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On the Headland

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ON THE HEADLAND

THE INVASION OF BRITAIN UNDER BOÄDICEA, BY SUETONIUS, 62 A.D.

A Sonnet

Through twilight haze, the West, with lurid red,
Flushed all the uplands. There, in trance, I stood
And watched the Vision,—saw the ensanguined feud
Rage on the summits, whence was heard the tread
Of conquerors coming and of captives led,
And moanings of a mangled multitude,
Where, 'mid the carnage on a field of blood,
I saw the Warrior Queen uncharioted.

The Sea, remembering, sobbed around her capes
Where ghostly kings, bewildered at their doom,
Sought the lost sceptre and the crumbled throne:
Then, in the air, triumphant spectral-shapes
Arthurian, passed in panoply and plume,
Led by the phantom-trumpets, faintly blown.

LLOYD MIFFLIN.

Columbia, Pennsylvania.