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THE

Egyptian Obelisk

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CENTRAL PARK,
NEW YORK.

Institute. Independent

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DEDICATED TO

GEN. L. P. di CESNOLA,

ВΥ

CHARLES W. DARLING,

Corresponding Secretary

OF

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29.	6.6	6.6	American Historical Association.

(Organized at Saratoga, N. Y., Sept. 10, 1884.)

THE CENTRAL PARK OBELISK.

I am standing, Egypt, standing on my tottering base of stone,
As a relic of the ancient past, alas! I stand alone;
Yet I reach beyond this hemisphere, three thousand years and more,
Pointing backward, thro' those centuries, to the halcyon days of yore.

I bear upon my time-worn breast, strange characters, forsooth;
Tho' hard to read, yet be assured, the tale is one of truth;
I remember Cleopatra, how she floated on the Nile;
With Mark Anthony, her lover, glided she, mile after mile.

They say I was her "Needle," but it's needless so to speak,

For this was a wild fancy; a mere Egyptian freak

Of imagination, quite as strange as Aladdin and his lamp;

Sure, she could not handle me with ease, at home or in the camp

Cut and sculptured by Egyptians, from a Syene granite block, I yet preserve a sturdy front, enduring as a rock.

The oval of the Third Thothmes, I carry on my head,
And this is true as gospel, for by scholars it is read.

It is red, also, the granite, from which my shape was cut;
Old father "Time" has been at work; there always is a but—
The rolling years have made a change, and now my present hue
Is not the same as in those days when I was fresh and new.

Once I stood at Heliopolis, a city of great note,

And was brought to Alexandria, by Cæsar, on a float;

He placed me in position, before a temple there;

Then he died, and left me standing in a world of sin and care.

My mate was standing with me, till Mohammed Ali gave
Her to the English Christian dogs, oh! how I then did rave.
She has fallen, Egypt, fallen, from her pinnacle of state,
And therefore these—the English, are full worthy of my hate.

They hammered her, they twisted her, they trampled on her head,
Until her very heart of stone most pitifully bled.
They shipped her to their British isle, and when she did arrive,
They shouted, that wild populace, "Glory to the great Khedive."

Soon after, malheureusement, a naval man in blue,
By leave of reigning Pasha, shipped me to pastures new.
He trailed me aft a sailing craft, for I am large in size;
And thus did I, upon the wave, for ten days fall and rise.

I floated, as did Noah, in his quondam home, the ark,
But in course of time, I happily arrived at Central Park;
I am here beyond the billow, and the noise of ocean roar,
And a new career now opens on this free and friendly shore.

I accept the situation, and I rear my lonely head
Aloft, an ancient relic, o'er the living and the dead.
I remember, well remember, once I stood on Egypt's sand,
But my present mission is to teach the people of this land.

I remain a silent witness of the mighty men of old;

Of those long forgotten people, much can even now be told.

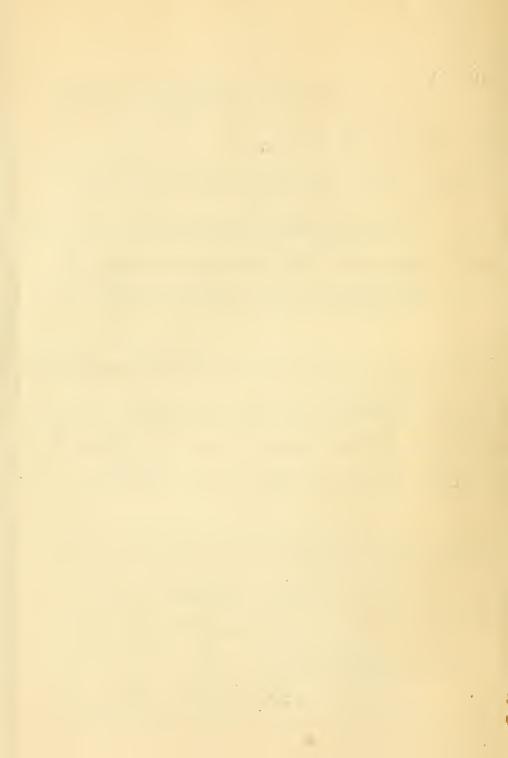
Before Neptune's famous temple I originally stood,

Where Egypt's famous sons obtained their spiritual food.

I had still a third dear sister, and her name was Arsinoe,
She too, at Alexandria, was viewed by friend and foe;
But Ptolemy Philadelphus sent his loved one from her home,
And gave her to a "Tribune" in the city of old Rome.

Hereafter no attraction, nor of mortal man the fear,
Shall make me fall or falter in my firm foundation here;
I'll stand until the end of time, when all things earthly rust,
And then, oh children now unborn, I'll mingle with your dust.

Washington, Jan. 4, 1888. My clean General: May I, in sending thanks to you, Escape Jum any risk, of thyme Inse in speaking of Th' Egyptian Obelish? Since you have caused that ancient Shufe To talk to me in verse, It seems but meet that I respond In thythen, short and terse. Then, thanks to you for this fine gift_ A New Year's Offering-It will be cherished eer by me, your friend, Horatio King) Gent C.W. Darling, Utica, N. y.



GEN. C. W. DARLING, UTICA, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—I beg to thank you for your beautiful poem on the Egyptian Obelisk, which has the true ring.

Very truly yours,

HENRY PHILLIPS, JR.,

(Honorary) Cor. Sec. of the American Philosophical Society; and of the Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia, Pa,

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