

POEMS

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Poems by John Brooke

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JOHN BROOKE

POEMS

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BY
JOHN BROOKE.

ON

DEDICATED
To my Country, Canada.



Toronto:
HUNTER, ROSE AND COMPANY.

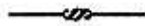
1882.

Entered according to the Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year
one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two, by JOHN BACON, in the
Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

W. M. W. L. S. 2

Western Minn. Lit.
4.
6-18-1924

PREFACE.



IN the composition of the poems in the following pages, the writer has endeavoured to convey to others the pleasant feelings derived from charitable impulses, hopefulness in sustaining them, faith in the Giver of all good, whose purposes alone can be carried out. Having been written more for recreation than with the intention of publishing them, the writer leaves them with his countrymen, who, he trusts, will charitably judge

THE AUTHOR.

Notices of the Press,

On my first Reading in aid of the Widows' Home, Brantford, Ontario.

"An intellectual treat—such it was. We refer to Mr. John Brooke's readings in the City Hall last night, which were listened to by quite a large audience. Mr. B., who has been for many years a resident of Brantford, undoubtedly deserved this flattering reception at the hands of the public, while the object, assisting the Widows' Home, was one worthy of every assistance and characteristic of Mr. B.'s charitable nature. The many tellingly excellent poems composed by himself, were rendered in a style that displayed, in every particular, ability of the most pronounced description. The humorous and the pathetic were handled by him in turns with the most marked effect, and the evening's entertainment was altogether highly enjoyable."

—Brantford, Ontario, *Evening Telegram*, 23th Dec., 1880.

Programme of my first Reading.

LITERARY ENTERTAINMENT

IN AID OF

THE WIDOWS' HOME.

MR. JOHN BROOKE,

For many years a resident of Brantford, will favour the citizens with a rendition of a few of his Select Poems (composed by himself),
on this

MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 27TH, 1880,

IN THE

CITY HALL.

ADMISSION, 15 cents. Reserved seats 25 cts. Children under 10 years, accompanied by their parents, Free.

• PROGRAMME :

PART I.

Music	G. T. R. Band
To the Ladies	
Key to My Writings	
Music	G. T. R. Band.
Dog and Gun	
A True Hunter's Game	

PART II.

Music	G. T. R. Band
A Day's Woodcock Shooting	
Music	G. T. R. Band
The Boy's Secret	
Drowned Twins	
Old England	
Music	G. T. R. Band

I was one of seven hundred, patronizing the Brantford Glee Club Concert which came off on the 1st February, 1881, in Wyckliffe Hall, and was called upon by the audience to favour them, by reading one of my poems ; I complied with their request.

Notices of the Press on that occasion as follows:—

Glee Club Concert last night, *Brantford Evening Courier*, 2nd February, 1881 :

"Last but not least came Mr. John Brooke with a poem, 'The Boy's Secret.' We regret it was so short, as it was so thoroughly enjoyable."

Evening Telegram, 2nd of February, 1881.

"Mr. John Brook wound up the Evening's Entertainment with an Oration which fairly captured the House. The Glee Club have reason to feel satisfied with the result obtained last Evening."

Glee Club Concert, *Brantford Reporter*, 2nd February, 1881.

"Mr. John Brooke at the conclusion was called upon for one of his readings ; as usual, it had the effect of convulsing the audience.

The Glee Club have room for improvement in the management of Concerts."

Also the following :

"When Poet Brooke announced, Wednesday evening, at Wyckliffe Hall, that he intended leaving in a few days for New Brunswick, the applause was hearty ; when he added, ' Prince Edward Island,' it was deafening, and if he had said he was going away never to return, the audience would have gone into ecstasies."

This paper is opposed to a natural and national protection.

J. B.

Criticisms and Replies.

Note the using of my name
For the purpose of gain ;
Unnatural, dishonest to my country and me.
Debae'd are such minds. Ah ! how can this be ?

Brantford Evening Telegram, December 28th, 1890.

Mr. John Brooke and the Expositor.

EDITOR TELEGRAM.—In the *Expositor* of the 28th I find this article headed "Intellectual—An evening with a poet," which treats of my readings on Monday evening, 27th inst :—

" We have heard of some dark scenes, but rarely encountered anything so utterly ludicrous as the trashy twaddle, the incongruous mixture of nonsense and whitewash, that was given in the City Hall, Monday evening. The reciter told of love, and pictured the coy maiden as ' Then with her eyes, a beautiful blue, says Johnnie, my dear, I'll marry you,' and resurrected what we supposed were a pair of dead cats, but which he referred to as drowned twins, dragged from the bottom of a creek, ' cold and c-ullammy dead ;' spoke of the ' stoical Indian,' who with one brave stroke cut off so many rattles from a rattlesnake's tail. Ever and anon as the inspiration seized upon him, his countenance, lighted by fitful changes, told of youthful passion, of hope, of despair, or gloom. With attitudes that would have done honour to Demosthenes did he betray the latent oratorical or theatrical genius that lies beneath that heart he, last evening, so mercilessly pounded. With a roar, as of a hunted beast, he told of his hunt on the Grand River, and wrought himself