

A DREAM OF PURE POLITICIANS.

Being the vision of a newly arrived Britisher who had been studying Canadian Politics—adapted by special permission of the Poet Laureate.

(Continued.)

"That is a calumny" I quick replied
And wheeling prompt as when one fronts a foe
I saw a figure standing at my side
Thickset, of stature low;

With bold black brows, who stood with hand upraised
As doth an Orator in act to speak
His slow, full tones fell, as I stood amazed
Like rain-drops on the deep.

"Namesake of him whose sweet proverbial prose
In serious families still bears honoured place
And oft assists the hoary grandsire's doze
In me you still may trace"

"That eloquence which did appal my foes
Whene'er my party to debate I led,
Have you not heard that ever when I rose
They either slept or fled?"

"There was no theme on which I could not preach
In heaven above or in the earth below,
'Tis very long since I have made a speech
That makes my only woe."

As one who dozzeth on a sultry day
Within a church, and feels a sense profound
Of drowsiness stealing his brain away
Lulled by monotonous sound,

And scarcely knoweth if he wake or sleep
But torpid stands; so stood I when that slow
And solemn verbiage ceased my sense to steep
In its prosaic flow.

Slowly my sense awakened, then I heard
A heavy footstep down the chamber pass
And saw a sturdy form with grizzled beard,
Brow-bound with triple brass.

"They brought me in, none so abused as I,
The Party's ultra purity to leaven,
I am the man of whom they once did cry
'His deeds small rank to Heaven.'"

"I farmed the lunatics and made it pay,
I packed them close as herrings in a cask;
Give me a contract rich as that to-day
And this is all I ask."

His flippancy with shame and with surprise
Proze my swift speech; he, turning on my face
The brazen gaze of his defiant eyes
Passed slowly from his place.

As one who hath been taunted or defied
I angry stood with brow that wore a frown.
"These are the men" the Premier loudly cried
"That drag all Parties down."

With that sharp sound the white dawn's earliest beams
Stol'n to my brain dissolved the mystery
Of folded sleep; the Captain of my dreams
Ruled in the Eastern sky.

The sun's bright radiance through the casement gushed
In bars of light, and with its ruddy beam
Gilded the dark Laurentian range, and flushed
The Ottawa's swift stream.

Ere closing up that visionary train
Leading his peerless lady by the hand
I last saw him, who in our hearts doth reign,
The Viceroy of our land.

Whose golden thoughts framed in his silver speech
Found a responsive echo in each breast,
Whose widespread generous sympathy could reach
To our remotest West.

W. "wixt contending faces
The scales of Justice held
Unmov'd by censure, nor by claim
Impar'd did he stand.

But not aloof, shut up in selfish state,
Looked coldly on us from his pride of place,
But mixing with us in our daily lives,
Lent to our sports the grace

Of Sympathy that gave a double zest;
Of emulation that did all impel
In each pursuit to show to him their best
Who did them all excel.

My vision passed, as he from this fair land
That loves him well, too soon alas! will part,
But DEFFAUX'S name enshrined will ever stand
On each Canadian heart.

ODE TO DARWIN.

Oh! Man of Science, thou whose mighty brain
Did out of chaos forge a wondrous chain
Which if imperfect, still to prove pretends
That man from monkeys, and baboons descends,
And monkeys, and baboons in turn evolve,
(By process rare, which to attempt to solve,
None dare,) from other and inferior orders still,
Sure never mortal conjured up at will
A scheme so reconcite, full of such learned terms
As "nebulular hypothesis", and "protoplasmic germs".
How great a pity that a plan so fair
Should be received with scollings light as air
For want of ample proof. Rejoice oh! Man
Of Science, the joyful news attend, thy plan
Is now complete, that which was lacking
Has been found, and thou canst straight send packing
Those sneering cavillers, who e'er were found
Foremost in trampling to the ground
Thy cherished views. With tables turned;
The mystery solved; the spurners shall be spurned.
A ray of light divine, through one small chink
Doth shine, and brings to view the "missing link".
What is that missing link? Methinks I hear thee ask.
To answer thee will prove no common task.
'Tis neither man nor ape, but half and half—
Perchance such definition may provoke a laugh—
A being full of selfconceit and cheek,
Who strives to use big words derived from Greek
Write about "obligations", is anxious to dispense,
And gabbles about "law", "philosophy", and "common sense"
With most uncommon want of sense and wit.
Such is the missing link, shouldst thou then deem it fit
Further to learn the habits of this creature rare,
Just lose no time, but to our shores repair
Where you will learn of all his tricks and capers
By carefully examining the Daily Papers.

THE WAY THE MONEY GOES.—Our New City Hall cost our citizens \$656,000 with the "extras" yet to hear from, which promise, from present appearances, to amount to nearly half as much more. Then besides all this, there is a thousand dollars a month to be expended in heating the place, as if the discussions in the City Council are not hot enough to warm it thoroughly from basement to attic. Only opened on Tuesday, and the roof of the Council chamber already leaking, and the floors literally rising from their level and gaping in astonishment at the cost! The pillars are cracked in some places, and not a few of our Aldermen in many places. So much for our noble pile and the "pile" that is gone to build it. So much for economy and so little for stout, honest workmanship! And yet our people will bring the American tourist next summer to admire our Civic Architecture, and won't forget to tell him how much it cost. Then will the American step daintily across our streets up to his knees in mud, look at our broken sidewalks, gaze at our dilapidated drill shed, view our City Temple from Craig street, and come to the conclusion that our City Council "are a lot of confounded idiots."

"Shedd's fragrant Cologne" sheds the loveliest smell,
Mrs. Stephens, Old Post Office, has it to sell.—*Advt.*