

## RE-ELECTION OF MAYOR SEAVER.

### A Prophetic Ode,

*Written by the Hon. Jas. Torrington Spencer Lidstone.*

Published at the Opening of the Polls.

"In vain the steepy hill opposed my way,  
In vain the war of spears sung  
  round my head  
And planted all my shield—  
I won the rampart, and I gained the trenches,  
While their foremost men lag'd on the plain below."  
JOHN DRYDEN.

He is the pride of public life—of private life the charm,  
His liberal and his noble heart in friendship ever warm—  
The might of virtuous eloquence shall consecrate his name  
Foremost upon the banner rolls of everlasting fame,  
He stood a rock amidst a sea of fire in ages gone,  
He was your Mayor the year before the best—the *only one*,  
Although he reared no pondrous piles to give himself a  
NAME,—

When granite towers fall down to dust he'll live in death-  
less fame,

The Muse shall long his praise prolong—

You may well believe her—

No fanatic dare oppose the power of our Mayor Seaver.

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Not Homer's awful might nor Pindar's burning lyre,

So much my soul delight so much my soul inspire,

As your beloved form advancing on from victory

Where like an angel in the storm you made th' lightning's  
fly,

Transcendant honours wait on you full blown in blossom  
they shall flower,

While we have MEN with hearts so true to hold the reins  
of power,

As sunbeams thro' the gates of MORN light all the worlds  
on high,

So Boston's annals you'll adorn to late posterity.