

Or, shall statesmen, convinced by the answering letter,
 That Tupper has writ, with such judgment and force,
 Decide, of the two, that the Doctor's is better,
 And favour the Union, as matter of course" ?

Thus I, and awaited the answer in dread,
 When sudden the sage, on the threshold appeared ;
 The locks, of snow whiteness, rolled down from his head
 And low on his breast fell the waves of his beard ;
 His eye sought not mine, but looked far into space,
 As though fixed on some vision, to me not displayed,
 And a look as of pain, slowly stole o'er his face,
 As glides o'er the landscape, the night's sombre shade.
 But not in the slow moving anapaest, fashioned,
 Be the words that he spake, while the future he scanned ;
 In iambics, be moulded the language impassioned.
 That he strengthened with gesture of body and hand.
 " Oh ! thou," he cried, " my Country shalt see intestine
 broil,

And brother's blood, by brother shed, shall desecrate
 thy soil :

The fires of party hatred, so long allowed to sleep,
 Fanned by ambition's fevered breath, in flames again
 shall leap.

The scores on scores of leaders, by Annand scattered far,
 That taught, if Union should be forced, our only hope
 is war,

In many a distant hamlet, by forest, field and fell,
 Have roused the fiend rebellion, that years alone can quell.
 So, when at last the heroes, the glorious cause have won,
 And after long and patient toil, the Union web is spun ;
 When, smiled on by our Sovereign, the embassy returns,