MAH.

LINES

Addressed to the Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone on the commencement of the Franco-German war.

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tle muse Pilot, some say thou art afraid to steer Britannia's barque amid this vexed sea, Heed not the envious taunt, malignant jeer, Thy country knows thy worth and trusteth thee.

> From courts polite, where courtesy profuse But veil'd the rancor of their mutual hate, In maniac form war's demon is let loose, Nature's fair breast again to desolate.

> And if the foul contagion spread its breath O'er States where fear or avarice hath pow'r,