

The Times AND Witness

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IN THE WOODS.

Written for the Post and True Witness.

Human heart! thou contradiction all!
What is the mystery of thy restlessness?
Spring, summer, winter, and the painted Fall,
Are loved, when not—when here, and there,
Ah! heart! thou wast created not for here,
Nor for Time's petty, shifting scenes below;
The partial being of this changing sphere
Contents thee not, because half joy, half woe!

Why doth the contemplation of the flower
Lose in a mossy nook deep in the wood?
The spring of tears strike with a mystic power,
We know not how, yet sweet and pure and good?
It strikes a chord, and to the listening soul,
The universal harmony eolian breathes,
And yet, 'mid cause of joy, the glorious whole
Seems gentle sorrow with her exorcism wreaths.

Spirit of solitude! art thou some ill,
Half stained by the primeval angels' fall,
Doomed to sad wanderings 'mid this earthly
strife,
Waiting by lonely brooks the Father's call
Into those regions whence a desperate pride
Sent thee and forth to sigh, perchance to dream,
And supplicate the Power erstwhile defied—
Faint in the moonlight by some forest stream.

He's only deaf who calls the forest dumb;
His silence is the Nature's eloquence,
Whose meaning no man can ever come
Who lacks the light that illumines the dumb;
But, for that ear which lists the highest things,
There is a meaning in the humbled soul;
Nor grasp that blade of grass, and Nature sings
From that faint note a hymn that ends in God!

Far in the Afric wilds there are deep woods,
Whose tall trees taper to the torrid skies—
All verdurous; where death eternal broods;
Beneath whose gloom the brightest sun rays
die.
And yet, the winds that roll above their heads
Change them to pipes harmonious sweet as
reed.
How in his marvellous solitude by Pan
Which fills the soul and heal the heart that
beats.

O, saint of Africa! thy words of fire
Sing through the ages, true to-day as when
Thy soul, like some strong eagle, did aspire
To something nobler than the ways of man;
Heaven's holiest notes, and thy word,
True for all time and for eternity;
Our hearts, created for Thyself, O Lord!
Shall never rest until they rest in Thee!"

FR. GRAHAM.

IRISH NEWS.

This is the coldest winter remembered in Ireland. Birds have been discovered eating each other.

The condition of Dr. Butt is not improved (March 3). There is still ground for grave apprehension.

The Earl of Dartrey, with characteristic liberality, has sent a cheque for £10 to the Rev. D. Henn, C.C., as his contribution towards the completion of the new convent schools at Kilmacomas.

In Belfast, where the deaths from all causes numbered 5,152 there were 776 from the seven zymotic diseases—viz., 36 from small-pox, 204 from scarlatina (100 of which were recorded in the last quarter), 190 from fever, 200 from diarrhoea, 60 from whooping-cough, 52 from measles, and 7 from diphtheria. No deaths from smallpox were registered in the last quarter.

We regret to announce the death of the venerable and esteemed pastor of Kilmore, diocese of Armagh, the Rev. Father Irwin, who has, after many years spent in the sacred ministry, gone to enjoy the reward of his earnest labors. The deceased was one of the oldest clergymen in the archdiocese of Armagh, and was much esteemed wherever he was known. Father Irwin was at the time of death in his 70th year.—*Ulster Examiner*.

MONTAGNY STATISTICS.—The respective death-rates, represented by the deaths from the seven principal zymotic diseases, registered during the year in the seven provincial towns districts included in the population returns are—Belfast, 4.3 per 1,000 of the population, for increase since that year, 3.4 per 1,000; Cork, 2.8 per 1,000 of the population in 1871; Limerick, 2.6 per 1,000; Londonderry, 1.4; Waterford, 5.2; Galway, 6.1; and Sligo, 2.0 per 1,000.

"Almost every day, says the Dublin Nation, the Irish University question is made the subject of discussion in the British journals, but no longer do the comments of those organs of opinion run in the same vein. Some of the papers still hint at the Examining Board plan, others at something better, while others still hint that the Irish Bishops having been sounded upon the question, and having been found to maintain their old position; the Government have dropped the whole affair as one would a hot potato. Amidst these conflicting rumors it is difficult to hazard a guess as to what is going to happen, but we ourselves would not be surprised if the last mentioned report were true. It is impossible to think that the Bishops would exhibit a change of front, and please both them and the English Parliament in a task which they have not yet been subjected."

THE BISHOP OF BUFFALO IN SLIGO.—The Most Rev. Dr. Ryan, the distinguished and beloved Bishop of Buffalo, N.Y., accompanied by his accomplished chaplain, the Very Rev. Patrick Cronin, visited Sligo this week with a Mandamus from Rome, and was for some days the guest of the Most Rev. Dr. Gillooly, Dr. Ryan visited our several religious institutions, and expressed the greatest gratification at the progress religion has made in Sligo, under the solicitous guardianship of the deservedly venerated prelate of the diocese of Elphin. Dr. Ryan and his amiable and pious chaplain left on Thursday for Dublin, en route for his distant diocese, the good and truly devoted Catholics of which will hail with joy his return amongst them after a protracted absence in Rome, where he proceeded last September on his triennial visitation. He will sail in the City of Chester, which leaves Liverpool on the 21th inst. We must sincerely wish the illustrious prelate and Father Cronin a safe and happy passage over the broad bosom of the Atlantic.—*Sligo Champion*.

SCOTCH NEWS.

The Free Church at Fairlie, Ayrshire, was destroyed by fire on the 26th ult.

Symptoms of returning animation appear in the linen trade of Fifeshire.

The Dundee millspinners have found it necessary to give notice of another reduction in wages.

Lord Colin Campbell has been elected vice-president of the West of Scotland Literary Association.

The Duke of Sutherland is reported to have joined the movement in favor of "reciprocity," which is the new name for protection.

The Duke of Argyll was at the end of last month still suffering from a severe attack of gout, and was not able to be present at the opening of Parliament.

Lord Elcho has sent the silver Challenge Cup he promised the Agriculture Society's show at North Brewick, for the best or cleanest kept farm in the county.

The Town Council of Leith, at a special meeting held Jan. 28th, resolved to recommend the carrying out of an improvement scheme, under the Artisans' Dwellings Act, at a cost of £20,000.

The ice on Loch Lomond was on the 20th Jan. so strong that skaters were able to reach Inchmurrin, where the three first arrivals were in accordance with immemorial custom, each presented with the antlers of a deer.

Curling matches are being played rapidly in Clackmannanshire. Stirling Castle has vanquished the Alva men by eleven shots; Tullinn has beaten Dollar by ten shots; Tullinn has had to succumb to the superior playing of the Alloa men by three shots.

The Theatre Royal, in Glasgow, which was burned recently, was the largest theatre in Great Britain. It could seat 4,000 people, which is 400 more than La Scala, of Milan, and 300 more than the Grand Pavilion at Whitechapel. The size of the stage was next to that of the celebrated Grand Opera House, Paris.

The death is announced of Captain Waters, at the age of thirty-two years. He was the son of the late Mr. Andrew Waters, through whom he acquired a connection with the Glasgow Herald. At an early period of his life he displayed a great taste for art, and this led him to spend a considerable portion of his time abroad. Some very excellent sketches have proceeded from his pencil.

Faynouth Castle, Perthshire, has been for some time undergoing a number of extensive improvements, which are now approaching completion. The eastern wing, formerly of one storey, has been raised to a uniform height with the other wings of the building, while the various apartments on its ground floor have been more commodiously arranged. The improvements are estimated to cost about £4,000.

By the will of the late Mr. Thomas Kerr, South Grange, which is worth about £20,000, is left to his old friend, Mr. Thomas Throw, formerly solicitor in Dundee, in life, rent, and in fee to his son Mr. David Throw, the latter of whom is also to have the option of taking North Grange reckoned at £18,000 to £20,000 for the sum of £2,000. The estate of Newbigging (estimated at about £10,000) goes to Mr. Thomas L. Drimmiel, son of Mr. Kerr's former neighbor and friend, the late Mr. Daniel Drimmiel.

On the 24th January a grand county bonspiel came off on Loch Lomond, opposite Auchendennan House, for a pair of curling stones, presented to the Dumbartonshire Club by Mr. J. M. Martin, sr. of Auchendennan. After a keen competition the Helensburgh Club gained the prize. Dumbarton and Duntocher being next, and equal, a second prize in money was equally divided between them. One hundred and four curlers took part in the contest, which was witnessed by about 1,000 spectators.

The death is recorded of Christian Ross better known in Easter Ross as "Kirsty Roy," who lived alone in the lodge at Kincairn, Ross-shire. Kirsty was an eccentric "body," and did not associate much with her neighbors, and only a select few were allowed to enter her domicile. Her house was found in a state of absolute filth, and her body was covered with vermin, and it is said that she had not been in bed for a year. In her house were found £7 17s. 7d., a tubful of tea, a large quantity of sugar, etc. The floor of the house was strewn with iron, bones, rags, dishes, and a heterogeneous lot of stuff unmentionable. Several sums of money belonging to her were held by other persons.

"They are awfully religious in Scotland," says the London Universe. "Every one ought to know that. At least they are on the surface awfully religious. To sing or whistle or play on a piano on a Sunday is one of the most serious of offences. To get drunk publicly in a public-house on a Sunday, as we do in England and Ireland, is illegal, but to carry bottles of whisky about with you on a Sunday, and 'swipe' and get drunk on the roads and at home, is no disrespect to the Scottish Sabbath. They have also peculiar fast days in Scotland, which are remarkable for their public feasting, excursions, general jollity, and a little church-going. But woe to the theatre that keeps open on one of those fast days! Feasting and excursions and general jollity are quite the proper things for a Scotch fast day, it appears; but the moral line must be drawn at the playhouse. An actress named Baldwin has brought an action against the lessee of a Glasgow Theatre to recover £50 for breach of contract. Miss Baldwin was engaged to appear a certain number of nights, and the lessee refused to pay her for one (a fast day) on which the theatre was closed. We have not heard the result. Scottish law is peculiar—the Glasgow Bank to wit—and we should not be surprised if the young lady has sued in vain."

CATHOLIC NEWS.

CONVERSION OF A PROTESTANT MINISTER AND HIS FAMILY.—From the Baltimore Sun we learn that Rev. Dr. Daniel Gans has resigned the pastorate of the Third Reformed Church in that city, and that he and his family are under the instructions for their reception into the Catholic Church. Dr. Gans has a son practising law in Baltimore, and his wife and daughters are preparing to enter the Church with him. His conversion is the result of twenty years' deliberation and study, during which he found himself gradually estranged from Protestantism and drawn towards Catholic unity.

"It is regretted by all, but by none more than the clergy themselves," says the Catholic Columbian, "that priests in this country have to deal in financial affairs. Yet churches, schools and asylums must be built to meet the wants of a constantly-growing Catholic population; and it takes money to do all this. However, it redounds more to their great mission; onerous as the burden often may be, yet, as a Protestant lately said, 'Of the thousands of dollars passing daily through the hands of Catholic Bishops and priests, not one dollar is misused!'"

The same journal informs us that "a Protestant minister of some standing in one of our rural districts was asked to hasten and baptize a dying infant. Going to the door of his snug parsonage, he cast a searching glance at the ominous clouds, bethought himself, and replied, that since 'Baptism was only a matter of form, and not absolutely necessary,' his recent indisposition and the advice of his physician would not permit him to venture forth. This 'man' draws his salary for delivering choice pieces of poetry and flowery discourses, not for tramping through the woods, even though it were to baptize a dying child. *Zelus domus tue comedit me!*"

THE MARQUIS OF BUTE AND THE GREEK CHURCH.—Referring to a rumour that the Marquis of Bute has left the Roman Communion for the Greek Church, the Western Mail says:—"We are in a position to state that nothing whatever is known of the alleged change on the part of his lordship by the Roman Catholic clergy of Cardiff. Lord Bute, who left Cardiff on Monday, after a stay of some weeks, had Divine service, according to Catholic rites, celebrated as usual at the Castle, and was described to a representative of this paper on Wednesday, by one of the priests as being 'as good a Catholic as could be met with in a day's march.' It is supposed the rumour which has gained currency, owes its origin to the fact that Lord Bute and the Roman Catholic clergy of Cardiff some time ago contemplated acquiring the Greek Chapel at the docks for the purpose of a Catholic school—an idea which was subsequently abandoned; and that the fact having become known, has been somehow perverted into the rumour according to which his lordship is represented as having joined the Greek communion."

The New York Catholic, a new and sprightly weekly, published at the Boys' Protectory, Westchester County, N.Y., which we gladly welcome to our exchange list, remarks that very little is heard "just now about Dwight L. Moody in the Lord's vineyard. As he himself admitted some time ago, he is 'run dry.' When Brother Moody went to Boston in the spring of 1877, he announced that 'what God had done for other places is as nothing as to what he is going to do for Boston.' Brother Moody's work in the great city of culture was an utter failure, productive of much harm, which there was but little good to counterbalance. Yet, notwithstanding the sacrilege of his assumed familiarity with the Deity, there were enough believers in him to make possible a \$30,000 building for his temporary use. Those who put up their money expected to get it back again, but in this they were disappointed, as they richly deserved to be. Had the people of Boston possessed that religious feeling which they claim to possess, Brother Moody would have been scathingly rebuked for his blasphemy. But, as no rebuke was administered, it is to be inferred that such piety as they possessed was not seriously damaged by the 'Evangelist's' vagaries. The blasphemous mountebank now admits that he is 'run dry.' Like all adventurers, he has not been long in reaching the end of his tether."

"It is singular," remarks *McGee's Illustrated Weekly*, "how disagreeable very pious people can be. By 'pious people' we mean your professedly pious person, who takes so much credit to himself for neither murdering, stealing, nor running away with his neighbor's wife—things which he is never tempted to do—that he deems himself privileged to indulge in minor sins and neglect all the little virtues. Ill-natured sarcasm, meanness and uncharitableness are peccadilloes with him; only very venial faults, which many sed him to Purgatory, but which would, if he saw them in a less pious neighbour, assuredly be worthy of damnation. His small imperfections make his family miserable, but he beats his breast a great deal, scatters holy water with a lavish hand, and doesn't think of such trifles. He does more harm to religion than the most impudent reprobate. He prays against the things that do not tempt him, and, cloaked in religion, falls a willing victim to the temptations that best him. The mud splashed by such a man on the royal robes of religion mars her beauty to the eyes of many of who would otherwise find her fair. He is one of a legion of Pharisees who thank Heaven every Sunday, in long prayers and with much rolling of the eyes, that they are not as other men. Whether he really believes in himself or not is a question, and that he can believe in the greatness of God and yet hope to deceive Him, seems strangely inconsistent."

The Catholic Columbian says it "heard a Catholic mother make some appropriate remarks apropos to the little sensation a Catholic father created, because his daughter, being got to have a notice, here goes: 'We have seldom renewed anything so tenderly suggestive, so ethereally, soulful, so highly calculated to soothe the mind from earthly preoccupations, as the elegantly bound and handsomely illustrated volume, which,' etc., etc."

'society.' The loss is bemoaned and all exclaim 'what a pity!' This means, h.w. sad to see so much that is good and beautiful dedicated to the service of God, when the world, that is opposed to God, could have enjoyed them. At the end of time, however, when the world shall stand up to be judged, for eternity, the cry of 'what a pity,' will then mean 'why did I not serve my God in like manner. I had my early pleasures, now my eternal woes commence. She whom I pitied for dedicating herself to Almighty God, on earth, has had her sacrifices most meritorious and she is now about entering upon eternal delights.' 'Again, the poor girl, who has nothing but a life of drudgery in some one's kitchen or workshop, who is not admitted to the same table as her more worthy mistress; is looked down upon as a slave, is beside ed in her proper place. But let her enter a religious Order, where all live in a holy, happy community, working out their eternal salvation, and these employers, these mistresses that regarded her with disdain, will raise their hands and roll their eyes, in holy horror, at the machinations and diabolical schemes of papists and their nunneries. This is not an overdrawn picture. It is an every day occurrence. We will warrant that many such individuals could be found in this city to-day."

The Catholic Review remarks how "zealous people often wonder 'Why don't the Bishops found a university; why don't they erect seminaries; why don't they give us a normal school and better teachers?' and so on, down through all the catalogue of Catholic wants in America. After all, our Bishops, working with human material, must be given credit for some of the difficulties of these proposed tasks. That often they are not supported as they ought to be in the necessary works which they attempt, is not to be questioned. We commend to the really zealous and to the negligent a note appended to Chancellor Preston's circular concerning the collection for the seminarians of New York. Last year their expenses were \$21,901.74, while the collection for them in the preceding October amounted to only 11,968.69. We commend the fact, with its lessons and its moral, to the generous Catholics of New York, and also to the 'over zealous,' who are not always the generous."

"St. Francis Xavier's name still continues potent in working miracles," says the same journal. "At the late exposition of his body in Goa there was one very remarkable manifestation of his power, in the cure of a well-known citizen. Of this an Indian paper says: 'With regard to the case of Mr. Vanross, we are in a position to say that the facts as to his previous condition are not in the least exaggerated. We know that he has been bedridden for several years, and that in consequence of his inability to move about, he had to throw up his appointment in the office of the Commercial Agency at Alleppey. We are assured by his friends that he was with the greatest difficulty that he could feed himself—in fact, his helpless condition excited the sympathy and commiseration of all who saw him. That he should be able, after his pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Francis Xavier, to stand up and move about freely, is a fact which conclusively shows that the age of miracles is not yet past. There are many who do not belong to the Roman Catholic faith who have seen Mr. Vanross in his helpless state, and know his case well. Considering their well-known scepticism in the matter of miracles, we shall be glad to know how they account for the sudden improvement in his physical condition after the most eminent surgeons of the day had pronounced his case to be almost incurable."

GENERAL NEWS.

—England had one daily paper in Queen Anne's reign.

—The Emperor William is the only ruling European sovereign born in the last century.

—The wife of a prominent physician in Lexington, Ky., became deranged after attending a revival meeting, and was found wandering six miles from home, carrying a message from Christ to a friend.

—A writer on village life in England says that the support of illegitimate offspring is attempted to be evaded by reckless denials and an array of false witnesses such as would disgrace one of the corrupted courts of Hindostan.

—The inhabitants of Finland (Bussia) bury the dead only on Sundays. To preserve the bodies for the day of funeral they are put in the cellars where milk, butter, cheese, eggs, and other articles are kept. The doctors have taken ground against this custom and have given alarm by declaring it to be one of the surest ways of propagating such contagious diseases as cholera and typhoid fever.

—A baggage man on the St. Louis & Iron Mountain Railroad has been detected in mail robbery, after having opened about 20,000 letters within a year. He broke off the locks from the bags in his car, took out the letters that he judged contained money, and put on new locks, of which he had a supply. The case baffled the detectives for a long time, and the guilty man was at last exposed by privately marking the locks.

—With alum in his bread, coloring matter in his butter, and in his sugar, and poison in his getting food and drink that will not make him a skeleton nor kill him. Now comes the adulteration of coffee with date stones, which has been discovered in England. Several tons of "mellitine coffee" (a compound of coffee, chicory and date stones) were seized in Manchester recently.

—Jerusalem! Another volume of poetry. Another miserable, utterly unreadable, pernicious mass of undiluted hog-wash! Who in thunder buys such nauseating twaddle. Well, it's got to have a notice. Here goes: "We have seldom renewed anything so tenderly suggestive, so ethereally, soulful, so highly calculated to soothe the mind from earthly preoccupations, as the elegantly bound and handsomely illustrated volume, which," etc., etc."

LETTER FROM KINGSTON.

A Visit to the Penitentiary.

DEAR SIR,—Perhaps a brief sketch of what I have seen and learned during a short visit to the Kingston Penitentiary might not be altogether uninteresting to the readers of the Post and True Witness. This long established penal institution is situated in the Village of Portmouthe, on the shore of Lake Ontario, about two miles distant from the City of Kingston. The buildings, consisting of dormitories, workshops, dining hall, chapels and female prison, &c., &c., are constructed of cut stone, forming three sides of a square surrounded by high and massive walls of the same material, with watch towers on each wall. The buildings and yards cover about 12 acres of ground. The warden's house on the east side of the road leading past the prison, is a very fine residence, built of cut stone, surrounded with ornamental shade trees, grapevines, &c., &c., attended and kept in order by convict labour. There are about 80 officials connected with the prison, including about 40 guards, who keep constant watch day and night, and judging from the arrangements a convict has but a slight chance of escape. The Warden, John Creighton, bears the reputation of being a humane and efficient officer. The Deputy-Warden is John Flanagan, and is much respected. The Rev. P. A. Tohey is the Catholic Chaplain to the prison, his time being much occupied with his duties among the inmates. The Rev. Mr. Cartright attends to the spiritual wants of the Protestant prisoners. The prison at present contains about 800 convicts, including some 25 or 30 females, who are employed doing housework, knitting, &c., &c., but that department is not open to public inspection.

We met at the gate Mr. McGuire, an official connected with the prison for over 20 years. He at first stated that it was not visiting day, but added that strangers from a distance were privileged by a standing rule. Each visitor has to pay 25 cents, but on presentation of our cards the amount was returned by the book-keeper. So much for the privileges of the fourth estate. Entering under the grand dome we have at once a general view of all the corridors dividing the blocks of cells for the prisoners, which are arranged alphabetically from A to Z, and numbered from 1 to 65 tiers high. To one who had never been inside a penal institution, the size of the convict cells is not a little astonishing, 7 feet long, 7 feet high and 30 inches in width; a humorous remark was made that the smallest of the cells have, at least, one advantage: the bed-clothing could not fall off the occupant while asleep. We were then conducted through the various workshops. First, the foundry, where all kinds of light castings are made. We saw in course of construction metal chairs, such as are to be seen in the Academy of Music and other opera houses. This foundry has furnished the greater part of the metal work for the Parliament buildings at Ottawa and the Penitentiary at St. Vincent de Paul, the Blacksmiths' shop furnishing most of the wrought iron work for the above named places, also, for the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

The shoe department turns out all the work required for the inmates, and, besides, has lately filled an order for the Northwest Mounted Police. The quarries connected with the penitentiary and wharf are worked on an enormous scale, supplying all the stone required for building and other uses in the penitentiary, a large quantity for Government and private sale. The convicts cultivate a farm of 170 acres, on which is raised sufficient farm produce to supply the entire wants of the institution. The carpenter department employs about one hundred men, and here, also, has been done much work for the Military College, of Kingston, and the Department of Militia and Defence. The tailoring department employs about sixty men, and, besides clothing required for the institution, we saw in course of manufacture several very showy garments, intended as presents from the Government to the chiefs of the Northwest Indians.

We saw among the convicts some splendid-looking fellows, some hard and determined-looking characters, also several Indians and darkies. Under the management of Mr. Creighton, cases of flogging are very few, and the convicts appear to be well fed and clothed. Each one is, of course, numbered, and his clothing is made of different-colored material.

We were well received by the keepers of every department we visited, and left with the conviction that the Kingston Penitentiary also partook largely of the character of a reformatory.

What the Mounted Police cost.

The cost of the Mounted Police, 300 rank and file, is divided up in this way:—Pay, \$100,638; guides, teamsters, and interpreters, \$12,791; provisions, \$23,171; clothing, \$22,513; cartridges, &c., \$7,202; board of men and travelling expense, \$4,576; carrying mails, \$5,920; freight charges, \$31,332; saddlery, &c., \$6,338; horse feed, \$60,023; wagon furnishings, \$1,129; hardware, lumber, &c., \$10,603; stationery, \$1,050; stoves, \$3,911; wood and coal, \$11,003; postages and telegrams, \$1,236; general furnishings, \$2,358; medicines, \$3,151; sundries \$5,784; miscellaneous, \$5,561; total, \$344,376, less \$9,628 sale of stores, &c., leaving the actual cost of the force \$334,748. Of the supplies, Baker & Co., of Montana, furnished last year no less than \$116,000 worth. The cost of each man is over \$1,100. The cost of maintenance of each horse is \$200 a year, or four dollars a week.

"Darn a fool," says Harkins, who was vexed at his wife. "So mote it be, said Mrs. H., flourishing a damning needle, whereas about you you are out?" Harkins said some people were too smart to live long, and he was too awfully angry, when his wife congratulated him on his prospects for a long life. Oh, the tongues of these women!

Enology.
The poet of the Gazette in a sublime eulogy of John A., recently, strangely enough forgot the following lines:—

To the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B., &c., &c., at the opening of Parliament, 1879.
As never before with power and honor crown'd,
Thou dost with such a lavish hand dispense,
With hangers-on all our Dominion miss;
In spite of reason and of common sense;
Quench not the smoking flag of nation's zeal,
Which dost aspire to serve our country well.
Thou bold Mackenzie foam and Gordie base,
Welcome Premier! thou blossom of the Crown,
Unto John A. full loyal and staunch,
Thou happy mingling of the sage and clown.
To office-seekers thou art very dear!
And us still closer to the golden pair,
Thou dost with such a lavish hand dispense,
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Thou dost with such a lavish hand dispense,
With hangers-on all our Dominion miss;
In spite of reason and of common sense;
Quench not the smoking flag of nation's zeal,
Which dost aspire to serve our country well.
Thou bold Mackenzie foam and Gordie base,
Welcome Premier! thou blossom of the Crown,
Unto John A. full loyal and staunch,
Thou happy mingling of the sage and clown.
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