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THE DREAM.

As the steed, from the battle, when the hand that should
guide,
No longer is able, the curb to control,
With terror-lent speed, o'er the plain gallops wide ;
Its course is uncertain ; uncertain its goal :
So our fancy, in sleep, by our reason forsaken,
Roams erratic and wide o'er a world of its own ;
Paints pictures fantastic, that fade as we waken,
And scours, in its course, o'er each circle and zone.
It was thus, when the grand scheme of Union I pondered
Some nights since, then laid myself down to repose,
With fancy my guide, into dream land I wandered,
And, evolved from the darkness, strange visions arose.
It seemed that the age when the nations consulted
The priestess at Delphi, and sages foretold,
Through two thousand years, rolling back, had resulted
Intermixed with the present, in the scene I unfold.
Thus the course, in which public opinion went flowing,
Received its direction from omen and sign ;
If those once at feud, in the same boat went rowing
The vessel that held them, should sink in the brine :
So, when two whiskered rats, in a sudden eruption,
Crossed *la place legislatif* in frolicsome play,
Certain statesmen were instantly charged with corruption,
For the vermin were seen to have scampered their way.