



### THE SENSATIONAL DRAMA THAT JACK WROTE

(DRAWN BY W. S. GILBERT, LONG BEFORE HIS NAME HAD BECOME A HOUSEHOLD WORD.)

#### MACHINE POEM.—THE MILLENIUM.

In *La Presse* and the *Past* try to make it appear that the Hon. Mr. Howell had a clandestine interview with Rev. Father Dowd on a recent Sunday, and that some political plot was being hatched. The Minister of Customs simply called upon the respected pastor of St. Patrick's upon learning of his protracted illness, and beyond the courtesies exchanged between gentlemen upon such occasions not a word was said. —*Montreal Gazette*.

Now the blessed time is near—  
Soon all creatures shall agree,  
Soon the Tiger and the Deer  
Will consort in amity;  
Soon the Lion with the Lamb,  
And the Muskrat with the Clam  
Will abide in harmony.

Oh! the happy, happy day!  
Wolves will smile as Lambskins bleat,  
Minnows will not dart away  
When the Pike is on his beat;  
Rabbits will with Ferrets walk,  
And the Pigeon and the Hawk  
With true suavity will greet!

Sweet millennium! harbingered  
By this friendly call of Howell,  
Just to cheer with pleasant word  
Father Dowd, the good old soul!  
Just to pass the time of day,  
Just to hope his Reverence may  
Soon be to the fore, and whole!

Not a word of race or creed,  
Not a breath on politics!—  
Orange lilies did not plead  
To enwreath the crucifix!

First, just this was spoke aloud,  
"Grandmaster Howell, 'tis Father Dowd!"  
Then they clasped their hands—the bricks!

Not a whisper, not a sound  
Of any bargain, good or bad—  
Mr. Howell, with how profound,  
Asked what pains his Reverence had—  
Learned the causes of disease,  
And recommended remedies,  
Fit to make his Reverence glad.

Then they parted—'twas a call,  
Friendly merely, void of guile,  
Without a taste at all, at all,  
Of current topics all the while—  
'Tis Mr. Howell's quite usual way  
To visit, every Sabbath day,  
Some good old priest and chat and smile!

Behold the orange loves the green!  
How wonders truly come to pass!  
And, possibly, may yet be seen,  
Each pious lodge attending mass!—  
That, at least, may credence win  
If this story's not too thin—  
But the public's not an ass!

Note.—Howell is a name of one syllable—pronounced *Bote*. —MACHINE