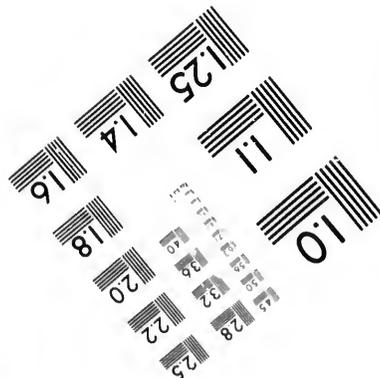
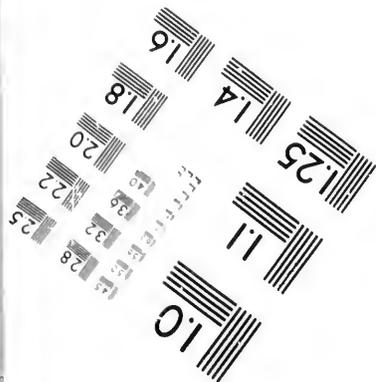
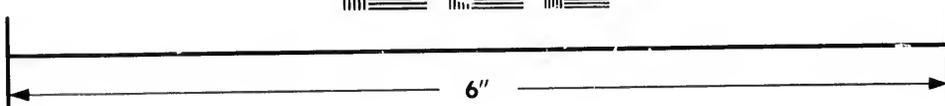
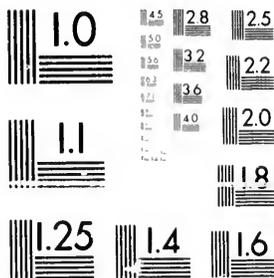


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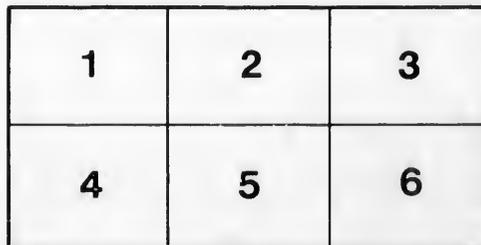
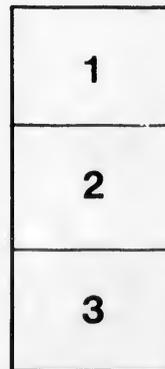
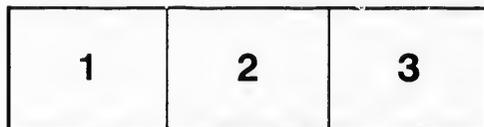
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CANADIANA



THE  
ROUT OF THE MUSES.

A POLITICAL POEM

BY

B. FRANK BOLTON.





## INTRODUCTORY.

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**A**LTHOUGH the subject of the following pages is now become a matter of history, yet I doubt not it will find an interest, though that must be the result of an appeal to memory. As a poem the Author claims little for it; as a political production it is still more valueless. But in this day when everyone who writes may rhyme, I have an ambition to see some of my writing in print, and have chosen this as fittest to do so public a garb.

I am fully aware of the vulnerability of my plan and the general loose treatment of my subject, and since I may urge no excuse, will say in extenuation, I wrote as prompted by my own convenience—at certain times I wished to write of certain persons—the following is the result. Further introduction is needless. For explanation of such obscurities as are to be found, the reader is referred to notes at the end of the book.

THE AUTHOR.

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CANADIANA

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## THE ROUT OF THE MUSES.

A Political Poem.

When Winter's shroud drapes o'er the Summer's joys,  
Enfolding earth in all his pow'r employs  
To drive sweet Beauty's hasty blush away,  
And substitute dull white and duller gray ;  
When robe o'er robe of bleached death downfalls,  
As Autumn shrieks her last despairing calls ;  
When Life forgets 'twas ever aught but cold,  
And frigidly looks numbed and gray and old,  
And puiss together for the wintry space,  
Summer's extensions of o'erflowing grace,  
To find in huddled warmth a little pleasure,  
And guard its spark as some ill-gotten treasure ;  
When wandering down in careless aimless fashion,  
Unwitting pity and unknown to passion,  
The frosty buds fall blunting love of life,  
Lending no charm by aught but crazy strife,  
Begetting chill, cold, cough and many a shiver,  
Man freezes o'er like some great northern river—  
Although beneath a mighty stream may flow,  
Above is naught but cold and ice and snow.  
That's one of Winter's sides ; there is another ;  
But if you'd paint a family, see the mother ;  
Then give her and her opposite fair turns,  
To any number, and one easy learns  
The family's like. So on we'll heedless pass  
And try apply the above to some life's ass.

She was a lady whom what's writ resembles.  
 (My muse just now so at my rashness trembles,  
 I scarce can think of aught that's rhyme or reason,  
 Such is her horror of such blatant treason).  
 In youth as other maids she loved the world,  
 And all her love in that love she imperilled ;  
 Loving the world, a worldling her heart found,  
 And faithless to the vows that her love crowned,  
 He heartless left her wretched and in shame,  
 With naught to comfort in her state or name ;  
 And so through life, with canker at her heart,  
 Grew hate of all, till hate was of her part,  
 And now as heroine I bring her forth,  
 The cloud of youth, the ghost of murdered Mirth,  
 Her age uncertain and her looks pronounced ;  
 No single feature, but itself announced,  
 As the sharp symbol of a keener thought,  
 That lurked in ambush, in some deadly spot,  
 Bristling with feint and tierce of verbal measure,  
 The very hell of all acquaintance pleasure.  
 Prim and religious, austere as a nun—  
 Sweet bud of earth burned in religion's sun—  
 Ne'er veering from the path of rectitude,  
 Sure of the ground whereon she always stood,  
 Viewing with eyes that never saw excuse,  
 The faults of others deemed she her abuse ;  
 And when by chance the righting of a wrong  
 Came in her way, 'twas not unrighted long.  
 Thus rectifying, she became so just,  
 That heaven's keys had been but paltry trust ;  
 So well was blazoned her discrimination,  
 The devil a goat had e'er approached her station.  
 She was a mother. How ? Say I ne'er knew,

Or do not ask. Questions can't be too few.  
 A numerous progeny her years did prove,  
 And gave her cares another soul would move ;  
 But Marcia's never. In the darkened past,  
 Emotion of the gentler kind, had fast  
 Hurried from her and left but hideous shade,  
 That with her pointless feelings sometimes played ;  
 And heavy on her hands her offspring hung,  
 Like poets' songs that never have been sung.  
 Their mother so absorbed the family fame,  
 That their importance dimmed before her flame ;  
 And so they lived upon her greatness crumbs,  
 And sucked in silence their unheeded thumbs,—  
 In silence—well I'll qualify a little—  
 By chaos truth is getting very brittle ;—  
 Sometimes in the great storms of raging right,  
 They swelled the din with an untuneful mite  
 Of hungry cavilling against the sins  
 That pricked so hard their mother's vengeful shins.  
 Not unemployed they always filled her path ;  
 Sometimes they pimped to feed her righteous wrath,  
 And gathered such an hoard of horrid scandal,  
 She grew confused in choosing the best handle,  
 Wherewith to play the Michael here on earth,  
 And hurl those who insulted her pure worth,  
 From stations that a thoughtless, sinful world  
 Had placed them in. Her sails were never furled,  
 And like a privateer whose letter of marque  
 Was gotten of God, invulnerable her barque,  
 She cruised about to hurry on Doomsday,  
 By making earth more fit for godly sway.  
 Her home is in a city young and fair,  
 The focus of a country's hot ambition,

Where bald dispute a powdered wig does wear,  
 To hide the shame of insult's oft commission.  
 A guest she is, with naught her stay to limit,  
 Unless her host does quench her light or dim it  
 By visiting himself or, conscience-twirged,  
 And fearing some late thought to be hell-singed,  
 He ranges round an host of moral aids,  
 And the domain of vice straitway invades.  
 Then for a time our heroine needs be still,  
 Until his vigor has worn out his will,  
 And Alvan's mind relaxes into vice,  
 The fruit of sloth and past misdealing's price.  
 Then rings the hall with her adjusting voice ;  
 Then in a filial awe her sons rejoice ;  
 Then sits in penitence Alvan the sinful ;  
 The hall with Virtue's dreadful voice grows dinful ;  
 Lowers dark the cloud of sin that drapes the life,  
 But to be shattered in the wordy strife,  
 And let through light that the whole world may bless,  
 If Alvan will but let her forward press  
 And lead the charge up toward the frowning height,  
 But she can take and whence alone is light.  
 In Alvan's rule she sees a Chinese wall,  
 That does imprison, while it guards the hall ;  
 And till its ruins are the firm foundation  
 Of well-hinged gates, to mark a new relation  
 Between the world and inmates of the hall ;  
 Her host shall daily hear her " Ruin " call.  
 Applauding voices mark her speech's end ;  
 Her host's lit face an honor too does lend ;  
 For Marcia's words have found a certain goal,  
 And stirred the passions stagnate in his soul.  
 Up Alvan rises to th' unequal fight,

To prove that his intentions all are right,  
 That for the weal of all the world he lives,  
 And to improve man's lot he daily strives.  
 He swears he uses all his neighbors well,  
 And with strict justice does their clamors quell.  
 When their hens ruin his potato-patch,  
 He sends his brood in right return to scratch ;  
 When they their fingers stick into his pot,  
 He builds a fire that for them is too hot,  
 Then proves the stove whereon the pot does boil  
 And all appurtenances, e'en the soil  
 Whereon it stands, belong alone to him.  
 They, in a mildness shames their former vim,  
 Agree he's right and thus the matter settle,  
 And leave him boiling undisturbed his kettle.  
 And when his family take a wrong way,  
 He is the first to follow those who stray.  
 Ursula heaped on his aged head the grief  
 Of unthanked love. But her complaint was brief.  
 First the strong arm of parent did restrain,  
 And then the parent's love did sooth the pain ;  
 And the new garb she so much did desire,  
 Kindled anew a filial love's strong fire--  
 Here Marcia turns and to her waiting sons  
 Her discourse thus, filled with a fierce scorn, runs :  
 " Yon dotard scarce deserves your words or time ;  
 Yet punish him ; it needs not aught sublime ;  
 But meet him with the weapons he has chosen,  
 Or meaner, till his verbal flood is frozen.  
 Then on his fall build up the grander scheme  
 Of earth's redemption from the tinselled gleam  
 Of wit, that passed so with the hungry mass,  
 That jilted wisdom at the bray of ass."

One thinking son reminds her she forgot  
 To state the scheme that her great mind had wrought.  
 She answered "'tis to open every dwelling  
 To all our kind with which the land is swelling,  
 And feed the hungry, cozen with the great,  
 By close example win from their sad state  
 The sinful wretched who are homeless wandering,  
 In sin's commission on their misdeeds pondering,  
 And turn to use the virtues all outside us,  
 That o'er our gates now mock us and deride us.  
 Thus pluck the fruit intended for our use,  
 Nor longer what is for our good refuse."  
 A favorite son with pleasure lists the mother,  
 His gathering smiles all telling that another  
 Like her for him lives not. . And the brave face  
 With which unrivalled he assumes his place,  
 Foretells her cause will find in his true heart  
 The power and will to do a loyal part.  
 Though not the eldest yet in this he leads  
 By reason of a kidney for all creeds,  
 And power to speak in words of wondrous fleetness  
 That bear a force excusing want of sweetness,  
 And find a ready way in thoughtless throng—  
 These give him right to battle first with wrong,  
 And Urban rises in his might of thought,  
 To show his host the ills that he had wrought.  
 "Good Alvan, thou hast but told thine intentions,  
 Those damning things one scarcely ever mentions,  
 Unless to hide conception of deceit,  
 Or lack of power to make his doings meet  
 Th' approval of the waiting ones who loan  
 Their interest to him, and Hope has flown,  
 Appalled by the inert discourtesy

With which thou treatest those who wait on thee ;  
 And grudging thee thy claim, they bide their time.  
 And when is come the end of thy long crime,  
 When their long bondage with thy pow'r is ended,  
 Then broken laws may be renewed or mended.  
 Shut are thine ears to words of sound advice,  
 Cold is thy soul to view thy family's rise,  
 Impeded by an impost of the devil,  
 While thou in lazy power dost daily revel.  
 The intercourse 'twixt man and man that gives  
 The dullest soul, the dullest life that lives,  
 An interest in his kind and bids him place  
 Esteem upon his dealings with his race,  
 By specious argument and fitful reason  
 Thou criest down. Thy ready howl is "Treason  
 To our kind," if one dare raise dissenting voice,  
 Or dare express than thine another choice  
 Of means whereby a lasting good may come,  
 And waft our drifting vessels nearer home.  
 Because, forsooth, the simples in thy care,  
 With reverence that daily less does wear,  
 Will view through dimness of unlightened ages,  
 Warped, twisted, colored to suit Fancy's pages,  
 A mythic bond, the fungus of tradition,  
 A leading link 'twixt them and their perdition,  
 And grace it with the name of filial love,  
 Thou here deniest the right to forward move,  
 To grasp in friendship friendship's outstretched hand,  
 And win th' applause of this and every land,  
 To bind our joys and woes with other lives,  
 And from th' arena where all passion strives,  
 Win such full happiness as with our own,  
 May free our life from every grief-wrought groan."

Amid the cheering such a speech did merit,  
 And with a grace he never did inherit,  
 Since to his mind the past held little glorious,  
 He took his seat his great opponent furious.  
 But not himself did deign to make reply ;  
 'Twas his great friend Beriah rose to try  
 Dispel from Urban's mind the sad illusion,  
 That so oft led him to such ill conclusion.  
 A man he was of philanthropic cast,  
 Who all his years in loving man had passed ;  
 And since he loved, his passions being strong,  
 No selfish strain was heard in all his song,  
 And thinking thus, e'en in his budding youth  
 He made great search for justice, right and truth.  
 With Alvan long himself he had allied,  
 As closely as to bridegroom clings a bride ;  
 The two together had their good deeds done,  
 One in performance and in guerdon one.  
 When man's poor body felt of life the ills,  
 His skilful hand prepared the best of pills ;  
 And when man's mind upon a sad occasion  
 Was wracked with sinful thought, his sweet persuasion  
 Did cast the devil out and bring him peace ;  
 And to win for the multitude a lease  
 Of purer life, he gave his potent aid,  
 And daily for it in all places prayed.  
 A travelled man he was. In countries far  
 Away he sought the pow'r all ill to bar  
 From the chosen flock of his especial care ;  
 Told of their virtues ; did their vices spare ;  
 And forced their enemies their rights respect,  
 And well upon encroachment to reflect.  
 And public monies to him were entrusted,

In the full faith that well would be adjusted  
 All errors by his predecessors made,  
 And a great waste of common fund be stayed.  
 But that fatality that's in a name,  
 Drew down on him an overweight of blame ;  
 And chief among the cavillers was found  
 Sarcastic Urban who, in the strange round  
 Of mundane tides, some monies once had held,  
 And pacing publicly had been impelled  
 To mount the great Bellerophon of Ruin,  
 And find himself dismounting mercy suing.  
 And now Beriah rose his speech to answer ;  
 His harp so strung as to inflame each dancer  
 To the redeeming strains he fourth would pour,  
 To still their loud-despairing wails e'ermore.  
 " When Urban's words before us place Tartarus,  
 And to the fearful leap he loves they dare us,  
 When he finds music in the 'deep damnation'  
 Of goodly life's unterm'd adulteration,  
 When he tells that an average of badness  
 Will give more lasting joy, more certain gladness,  
 Than the extremes of righteousness and sin,  
 E'en though the voice of pray'r drowns blasphemous din,  
 When all his power (and it might be less),  
 When all his thought (and weighty it does press)  
 Go forth to prove sequestered virtue dies  
 The dreary death, from mixing not with vice,  
 There rises in my mind a dreadful doubt  
 That puts my faith in honesty to route—  
 A doubt of Urban's wishing us a fare well—  
 A doubt if love of heaven makes fear of hell—  
 A doubt of truth if such strange garb she dons—  
 A doubt of wisdom's blessing Marcia's sons—

Here have we lived unscathed by the great storms  
 Of vicious thought and modern sins misforms,  
 For many a year, but by a deputy  
 Commingling with the world, where vice is free  
 To lead its votaries to the deep hell  
 That in the end all common good does quell.  
 Not in seclusion, but as Adam first  
 Lived, e'er by Satan's wiles to knowledge curst,  
 In reach of the forbidden fruit, ne'er wanting.  
 And now why needless mix with widely flaunting,  
 Racking, restless and speculative strangers,  
 And dare untried such myriads of dark dangers?  
 Why let the storms that burst on our breakwater,  
 Bespray our city or cause it to totter  
 Before a flood of jealous, boastful raiders,  
 Censorious and all-absorbing traders,  
 The vagabonds that spurn the least restraint  
 Of Law or Order, and their misdeeds paint  
 With colors purloined from chaste Liberty's palette,  
 Each one a Thor with some curst crime for mallet?  
 Worthless in all that we have valued e'er,  
 Admission of them means an hell of care.  
 The brotherhood o'er which this roof does rise,  
 Must not too readily make sacrifice  
 Of all their memories of filial love.  
 Myth may be nonsense, yet may sometime move ;  
 A fungus e'er now has possessed some beauty;  
 But flow'rs loose scent being plucked by fingers sooty.  
 Urban, thy words betray a certain passion,  
 When thou dost speak so much in vandal fashion,  
 That shows a fearful stain upon thy soul,  
 Disbeautifying as belle's face a mole.  
 And oh ! beware of Envey's dreadful canker ;

Make Jealousy but seldom conscience's banker ;  
 And let not estimate of thine own worth  
 Blind thee to else that's good upon the earth.  
 Thy parent's training of thee was intended,  
 The human faults in thee well to have mended ;  
 But ( and I say it with an honest grief,  
 And saying it am thoughtful very brief )  
 Thou surely knowest since she fell from grace,  
 That her poor steed has had but sorry pace,  
 And that her mind once envied and admired,  
 Has 'neath hot madness hopelessly retired.  
 Accept thou, son, of warning Fate's example,  
 The joys that be and privileges ample  
 Reach not for heaven lest from earth you fall ;"  
 And rang with cheers the loud applauding hall.  
 Now this was sound advice we all well know ;  
 And being sound we all should praise the flow  
 Of morals from Beriah brave and strong,  
 In the defence of right 'gainst raid of wrong.  
 But people always have their own opinions,  
 And thoughtful minds find ever ready minions  
 To swell alternatives and make one's choice  
 Most difficult ; and so with goodly voice  
 Theobald, second pledge of Marcia's love,  
 Does rise himself an orator to prove.  
 The proof was needless ; all his hearers knew  
 He had one thought and vented not a few.  
 One thought he had I say ; I'll tell it you,  
 But will not say how, when or where it grew.  
 It was his own by other folk untouched ;  
 For hands are seldom clean when filth is cluched.  
 He thought, and deeply, yet alone he thought  
 That all his sisters had unhappy lot,

That they too much were credited with sense,  
 That virtue cowered 'neath too low a fence,  
 That common understanding men should make,  
 ( They being strong and all their sisters weak )  
 That rose's perfume should not be called sweet,  
 Till every petal should have color mete,  
 Till scratched by brier was every hand that held it,  
 Till thorns had pricked each hasty nose that smelled it,  
 And that the plucking of the ripened rose  
 Should be a duty—not just for the nose,  
 And that each bush whereon the rose did grow,  
 Should have its root in unimpassioned snow.  
 Of course this thought, clad in his classic diction,  
 Assumed a beauty all unknown to fiction.  
 His botany was said to be well learnt,  
 And all his Eden-roses safely burnt  
 In the hot sun of aged virtue's passion,  
 And thus secured from blight of mode or fashion.  
 I mention this as half an explanation ;  
 'Twill light some figures of the chaste oration  
 He gave, and show more clearly how a whim,  
 Inspired to action by a bastard vim,  
 Will often fasten on the strongest minds,  
 And drown all rivals there it haply finds.  
 Theobald's whim at last became disease,  
 That naught but talking could bring slightest ease.  
 Applying oft does need of drugs insure,  
 And he had sworn that he would have a cure.  
 So since his using of the veröal plaster,  
 Was not unoft, of speeches he was master.  
 " My brethern you are in deceitful maze ;  
 Your many words do lighten not but craze ;  
 And round your minds there clings a filthy veil

That bids your efforts for all good to fail ;  
 It is the Lethe of progressive thought  
 The blistering heat of pointless passion's rot ;  
 And as you struggle 'neath its growing weight,  
 Like quicksand it insures your horrid fate.  
 Let us remember from whom we are sprung ;  
 For there was music when our fathers sung ;  
 And there was honor that need never shame us ;  
 Let not its blushes make us this day famous.  
 Dare we nor tread the paths they opened for us ?  
 Dare we not raise their oft-applauded chorus ?  
 Dare we not match our music with our neighbors' ?  
 Shall they with ease progress while our steed labors ?  
 May we ne'er show the pleasures of our home,  
 Unto all comers who may choose to come ?  
 'Tis right we should, and should be done as right ;  
 Conserving bushels ne'er should hide our light.  
 You say the influx may bring with it harm ;  
 Scant cause have you for any such alarm.  
 Behold the maid reared in all close seclusion,  
 In virtue strong, since vice ne'er caused confusion ;  
 Behold the virgin's wreath in rich profusion,  
 Surmount the brow where evil never strayed  
 A moment's space, and evil thought ne'er preyed ;  
 Behold her as some sheltered unblown rose  
 That in an evil hour all upward grows,  
 Till high above the shelter it has known,  
 It feels the mountain-blast on it come down,  
 And tottering 'neath th' unwonted weight it breaks,  
 And strews the ground too young with all its beauty ;  
 (I pray you sirs since points my figure make,  
 To let it do its bound and utmost duty)  
 Behold the maid that falls thus 'neath the gale,

Quaking her limbs in all their powers fail,  
 Behold her sink. You say ne'er her expose ;  
 You cannot help it ; Chance and Man are foes ;  
 And vice unfrightened, unconciliate,  
 Nor justice fears, nor pities helpless state.  
 But see the maid who grew amid the winds,  
 And built her thoughts on choice from other minds,  
 Protected in just Reason's ample arms,  
 Proud in the strength that laughs at danger's charms,  
 Who bore her life as Milo bore his ox,  
 Who 'mid youth's brooklets learnt to shun the rocks  
 That merciless rear their slimy massiness,  
 To death's drear height beneath the river's face ;  
 Who met temptation as an ancient foe,  
 And struck him sorest whom she best did know ;  
 Who listed love-speech with suspicious ear,  
 And heard the devil though but man was near ;  
 Who in her strength and knowledge well entrenched,  
 Defied dishonor and in fear ne'er blenched.  
 And thus my brothers do I think our hall,  
 Though inconvenience on us first may fall,  
 May still be opened and that future bliss  
 May find us out, though 'tis through tempter's kiss—  
 I mean the bliss of foiling unmasked sin—  
 Unmasked by knowing, foiled by letting in."  
 And in this strain an hundred took good turn,  
 Bespeached the hall with words that oft did burn,  
 And words that oft dull Morpheus did induce  
 And set twixt sleep and logic shameful truce.  
 And on a day when thus the discourse ran,  
 When idle thought its daily course began,  
 Amid the pickings of this marrowless bone  
 That for so long would not be let alone,

When gossip lost its cloak by half a fold,  
 And ears fatigued forgot their office old,  
 When magpie's chatter drowned the nightingale,  
 And quickened interest trimmed an hasty sail,  
 To seek afar fresh liveliness and love,  
 Her inert soul anew to please and move,  
 A stir was heard without and in a trice  
 Hushed were they all as shivering, fear-stilled mice,  
 When midnight cats fall on a stolen broil,  
 O'er some new guerdon of unlicensed toil,  
 And nearer still a footstep falls, more loud,  
 Firm and determined, shrinks the crowd,  
 And Marcia steps within the door. "All hail  
 My sons," she cries, "and to mine host all hail ;  
 What have ye done since hence I set my sail ?"  
 Rudolph arises and does shortly tell—  
 Himself says shortly ; what's the depth of hell— ?  
 Rehearses all the speeches one by one,  
 And criticizes each rehearsal done ;  
 And then his own opinion supplements  
 In much this wise—but e'er his speech commenced,  
 I'll show you all the man—well, only part,  
 If you will have it so—He has a heart  
 Warm with the love of his ne'er resting voice,  
 So warm his soul does know no other choice ;  
 And the warmed blood from heart to head does rise,  
 And freights his mind with most exhilarant thought ;  
 A warming twinkle flashes from his eyes,  
 And on his nose a patch of warmth is caught ;  
 And o'er his face, when happy with his tongue,  
 A smile will run, as when from mountain sprung,  
 The lava spreads o'er all the monster's side  
 And flooding, damming, bursting far and wide,

Each rough irregularity does hide.  
 When Cicero, Demosthenes and like  
 Great men hedged round themselves the dyke  
 Of fame that years of vandalism move not,  
 Did they employ each art their fancy caught,  
 T' impel their words into their hearers' souls,  
 With such enforcement as to find fast goals ;  
 But our Rodolph such pretty dodge disdains,  
 And in one simple gesture auditor trains.  
 To mark the depth of all that holds his mind,  
 As labyrinthine threads themselves unwind.  
 The index finger of a ruddy hand,  
 The shake of which bids beating heart to stand,  
 As menace, promise, or denial strong,  
 Or fierce affirming, or deep curse of wrong,  
 Or passioned thought that draws the muses round,  
 Or malison that ne'er before was sound,  
 Bursts forth affrighting what may be reply,  
 His only call for aid one can descry.  
 There is a poetry in all his motions,  
 As there is salt in all the swelling oceans.  
 And all his knowledge is at such a pass,  
 The priests of Baal swear he's Baalam's ass ;  
 But on the technicalities of brays,  
 He bids their wtlings forth again to graze,  
 And quotes the Bible better than they read,  
 To prove the founding of his patron's creed.  
 Not as a son of Marcia's love he rises  
 To tell her where are hidden Fortune's prizes ;  
 But as the aptest in a ready throng  
 To sing the postscript to a mongrel song ;  
 And also stay her sons from arrogating  
 Unto themselves the victory yet in waiting.

"Grave sirs and reverend, ( excuse misnomer,  
 But compliment ne'er wandered far for owner )  
 And you dear Madam, for a moment's space,  
 Let me attempt this folly here to trace.  
 Host Alvan has belied his ancient fame,  
 And well excused the faults that point his name ;  
 And sneering Urban has his reputation,  
 Well held by sneering upon least occasion,  
 And said some things too mean for other's mention,  
 And much below your Worships' grave attention.  
 Beriah's told us in his pompous way,  
 Where he has been and how long he did stay,  
 What there he saw, the virtues and the vices ;  
 But never a word of wines at foreign prices.  
 Theobald too got on his hobby-horse,  
 And rode the devil out of him round the course ;  
 Made ladies blush or wish they had not painted,  
 And on my honor some there were who fainted.  
 But to no purpose. Still 'twas all midnight.  
 No single argument has given us light.  
 And now you come here Lady Marcia, we  
 Are all confessed we're very much at sea.  
 However I am ready to point out,  
 In a short space ; nor leave the slightest doubt,  
 That all your plan is but the bright ideal  
 Of Fancy credulous and most unreal.  
 You Marcia opened our Pandora box,  
 And even Hope fled with the 'scaping flocks  
 Of spreading woes that you so illy guarded,  
 And nought but tears have since your cares rewarded.  
 Your offspring weep and you yourself do weep,  
 And dream of ruin even in your sleep.  
 But Lady when you dropped the box of Hope,

Wise Asaph's hand immediately did grope  
Amid the brambles where it haply fell,  
Found it and 'twixt the lid and box—ah well  
For us Asaph that this is so—he found  
An arm of Hope—that answers for a ray—  
And paring, carving till he made it round  
And shapely, on a most o'erjoyful day  
He showed it us and won our approbation ;  
And not for whim or mean self-gratulation,  
Will we give up what has served us so well,  
E'en though your sons all swear 'tis path to hell.  
Your scheme you say e'er now has had its trial,  
And to its failure give I no denial.  
Your fancy leads you to Utopian realms,  
Where folly's passion wisdom's kindness whelms ;  
And though to you your scheme may promise gain,  
Yet 'tis but phantasy of disordered brain  
Deranged by thirst of power and mean ambition,  
Deflowering peace and seeding rank sedition.  
In the dark past made dark by your poor follies,  
And by intent that often history collies,  
You let your dreams lead you and all your train  
To ruin's verge and felt disaster's pain.  
Dark lowered the clouds and deeper fell the night ;  
Your reason tottered in the self drawn fright,  
And giddy with the danger you had courted,  
You hurled to chance the power you had sported.  
A season's clearing gloomed our zenith still,  
But all soon fled 'fore Reason's conquering will ;  
And bright again shone forth the prosperous sun  
You'd darken now in face of what you've done.  
But think not lady that your weed has root,  
Or Atalanta does not know the fruit—

The counterfeit of what you'd have her think—  
 With which you tempt her in her course to sink  
 And stop. There is a precipice whose brink  
 Does bound a gulf as deep as hell from heaven,  
 And on't you stand. Just warning you are given ;  
 Think not our home in social self may fall ;  
 Think not distruction threats our bounded hall ;  
 See not thyself reflected in all life ;  
 Some always issue scathless from a strife.  
 Still does the pitcher by the fountain hang ;  
 The silver cord and golden bowl yet meet  
 The eye ; the cistern wheel doth yet revolve ;  
 The voice of gladness yet doth ring the land ;  
 Nor mourner's wail nor desolation's mark  
 Are heard or seen ; still shines the sun ;  
 And still doth he give place to moon and star.  
 Then Marcia know that life we yet may live,  
 And that our thanks our hearts may yet out-give ;  
 Strive not to plunge for sake of poor ambition,  
 Our peaceful hall into thy mind's condition "  
 " Hell has no fury like a woman scorned,"  
 A bard full sage the world has thus forewarned ;  
 But man forgets advice and danger ties  
 Full oft. Rudolph thus does. Her passions rise ;  
 And such a storm as broke o'er that fair hall,  
 But seldom man is fated to see fall.  
 Hoarse with the rage she was so long suppressing,  
 Pale with the ire defeat was long caressing,  
 Flaming her eye and stretched on high her arm,  
 Like some dread priestess coming doom does warn  
 To the foretelling of fate's dark passion's decree,  
 Her long-pent words in passion's tempest free,  
 She speaks, "Woe, woe, as to Jerusalem woe,

For Faction's rise a common ruin falls ;  
Woe, woe, and unto Rome came woe,  
O'erweening pride surmounts fast crumbling walls :  
Woe, woe, as unto man comes woe,  
When man forgets he has but part of life ;  
Woe, woe, as sure as hell is woe,  
Fate conquers mortal in unaided strife.  
"Next year, next year" but fate on man ne'er waited ;  
It comes like morn, dark often, ne'er belated."



## NOTES.

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*"But Marcia's Never."*

MARCIA—(a hammer)—the Reform Party.

I have throughout this work used such names as this, and for the better understanding of it, subjoin the following list of names with their meaning, and the names of the persons to whom they refer. In the choice of names I have been guided by the popular opinion of the characters I have introduced, and I beg no one to think my nomenclature libellous in fact or intent.

ALVAN.—(the unrighteous)—Sir John A. Macdonald

URBAN.—(polished)—Sir R. Cartwright.

BERIAH.—(in calamity)—Sir Charles Tupper.

THEOBALD.—(bold for the people)—Hon. Mr. Charlton

RODOLPH.—(aiding in council)—Hon. N. F. Davin.

As will be seen from this the names are not taken haphazard, and each is pointer to some characteristic generally ascribed to the person to whom it is applied.

In addition to the above I have given to the Province of Manitoba, in mentioning the disagreement of the government of that province with the Federal Government, the name of URSULA.—(a she-bear).

ASAPH.—Sir Leonard Lilley.

*"When they their fingers stick into his pot."*

Alludes to the still unsettled Fishery Question between United States and Canada.

At the time this was written it was believed the American Senate would ratify the settlement arrived at by the representatives of the countries party to the dispute.

*"And when his family,"* &c.

Alludes to the trouble between Manitoba and Dominion Government concerning the building of a railway in Manitoba in 1888.

*"A mythic bond,"* &c.

It is scarcely necessary to recall Sir Richard Cartwright's attack on that sentiment so dear to many Canadians—that binds us to Britain and British interests.

*"Bellerophon of ruin."*

I have heard that Sir Richard Cartwright, before he held a portfolio, learnt some of the duties of the position he afterwards so honorably filled by a financial failure.

*"It was his own by other folk untouched."*

The reader will readily remember Mr. Charlton's persistency with regard to the Seduction Bill he brought before the House so many times.

*"The priests of Baal,"* &c.

All will remember the display of Biblical knowledge by Mr. N. F. Davin, and some honorable members of the opposition, during the debate on the Unrestricted Reciprocity Bill of 1888.

*"But never a word of wines at foreign prices."*

It is but a short time since the Liberals were wonderfully exercised over the wine bill of our High Commissioner in London.

*"Or Atalanta does not know the fruit."*

Atalanta, a Bœotian maiden, agreed to marry which of her suitors should outstrip her in running. One of them caused her to delay in her race by flinging golden apples in front of her and so won the race.

*"Still does the pitcher,"* &c.

Ecclesiastes, Chap. xii.

*"Next year, next year."*

Sir. Richard Cartwright's words according to reports of the time when the result of the Division on the U. R. Bill became known.

