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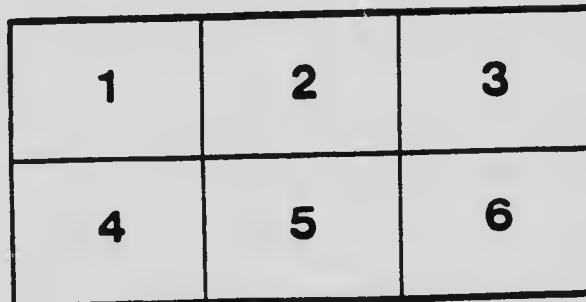
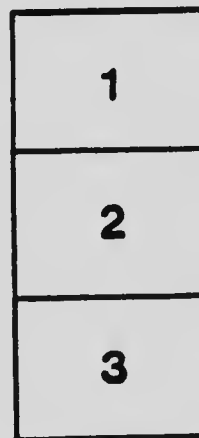
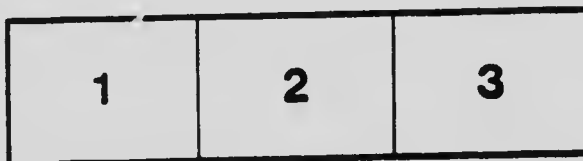
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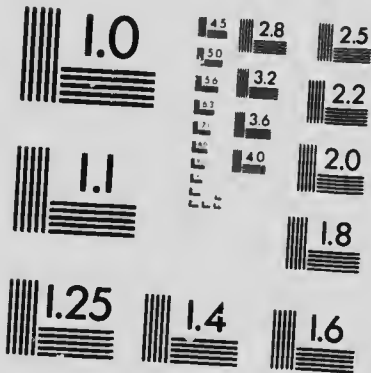
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IN HADES

BY
DR. D. LOWREY



In Hades

By
Dr. D. Courey



Toronto, 1906

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Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six, by DAVID LOWREV, at the Department of Agriculture.

In Hades.

WITH his clans in council assembled,
The lord of the regions profane
Asked two of his mightiest angels
To rise in their place, and explain
What progress their legions were making
In his vicious and vast domain—
In his distant and dour domain.

The first to make answer was Bacchus
Of ancient and evil renown,
Who said: " Spite of rabid reformers
Who seek to hold wrong-doing down
By hand of the law, I am able
To state that I still wear the crown—
Though s-repressed I still wear the crown.

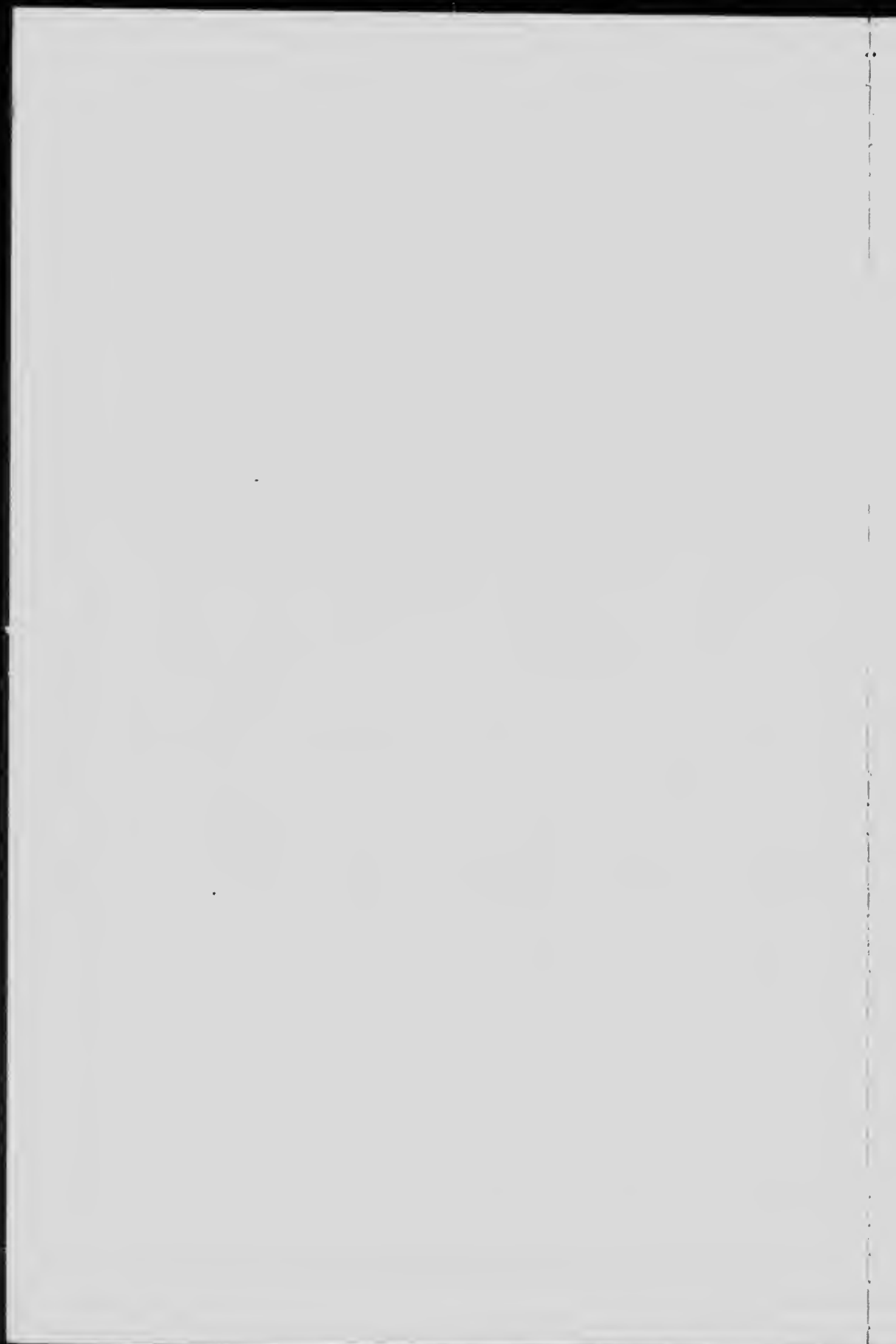
“ Of all my corrupting agencies
The saloon is foremost by far;
But over it, while I am speaking,
There blazes an ominous star,
And hosts are preparing for battle
Whose slogan is ‘Banish the Bar!’
The hour has struck — Banish the bar.

“ From hamlet, from town, and from city,
From prairie, and hillslope, and dale,
Comes a sound like the roar of ocean
Before which my warriors quail,
And this is the message it brings me —
The bar-room must bow to the gale—
Go down in the wrath of the gale.

“ If so we shall turn to Narcotia—
High Priestess of hell, now, as when
She first called from hemlock and poppy
The spirits that haunted her den,
And heaped high on her burning altars
The aims and ambitions of men—
The smothered ambitions of men.



"The first to make answer was Bacchus,
Of ancient and evil renown."



“Centuries later came Nicotine,
The comeliest devil of all;
How I longed for a comrade so leal
When, standing with back to the wall,
I fought the hot foeman! Behold him
’Mong the princes of Tophet a Saul.
Majestic, imposing—a Saul!”

This heated harangue having ended,
Beelzebub called Nicotine.
Then that bland and engaging spirit
Of angelic splendor and mien,
With eloquence stolen from heaven
Stood forth to enlighten the scene—
To shed lurid light on the scene.

“As your Majesty knoweth, I foster,”
Said he, “among peoples uncouth,
And the cultured as well, a habit
That sways without reason or ruth
Whole nations. I scoff at the prayers
Of mothers—concerned about youth—
The perils and pitfalls of youth.

“ A custom that coarsens the morals—
 Puts Will under Appetite’s rule—
Is one to sustain. The smokers’ club
 Is your Majesty’s Sunday School,
And the songs that rise through clouds of blue
 Your diet of worship in full—
 Your incense and praises in full.

“ A question is pondered in churches,
 In sessions convened on behalf
Of ‘ the wandering boy,’ and the problem
 Is solved in a way makes me laugh ;
While they’re laying deep plans to catch him
 I’m hauling him in with my gaff—
 Impaled on my narcotic gaff.

“ And that boy to maturity grown
 Doth arguments endless evoke,
Why comes he not in?—the old question—
 And we smile at the gray-haired joke,
For we know the weightiest reason is
 He bows at the altar of smoke —
 In the dreamy joss-house of smoke.



"— the many good souls that help us—
The doctors and deacons that smoke."

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“ Nor opium eater, nor slave of drink
Is more surely baited and caught ;
The teeth of the trap are less cruel
But the spring is the strongest wrought ;
And, then, it is quite respectable,
Which some other habits are not—
Which most other vices are not.

“ ‘ Respectable,’ ah! that reminds me,
Hell’s blessing I pause to invoke
On the many good souls that help us—
The doctors and deacons that smoke,
On a million fathers that fasten
O. their children’s shoulders a yoke—
On the necks of their offspring a yoke.

“ On hundreds of learned professors,
And dozens of dignified deans ;
On hosts of teachers that mould and mar
Developing boys in their teens ;
Corrupting the young by example
Is ever the surest of means—
The surest and *meanest* of means.

“ Know they, or care, that their Captain said,
When he trod humanity's deck,
'Twere better to lie beneath the sea
With a millstone about one's neck
Than to be by example the cause
Of even one little one's wreck—
One simple confiding child's wreck?

“ Keep these mentors in midnight we must,
For, if ever the light of day
Dissolve the glamor, our cause is lost,
There will be the devil to pay,
So we'll quietly keep on doping—
'Tis the only reliable way—
The old and effectual way.

“ I've snared the lords of creation,
I've thrown the noose round their necks,
And now I'm pursuing their offspring
With wiles that the mothers perplex;
And soon 'tis my hope and ambition
To capture—why not?—the fair sex—
The gentler and cleaner-souled sex.



"Lo! the arches of Hades rang
With the pæan the quartette rendered."



“ Adam snared—Eve tempted and taken,
And their progeny all in line—
In course of a few generations
With the world for my concubine,
And earth's hills aflame with my fires,
How we'd flout the Powers Divine!
Good men, angels and Book Divine!

‘ We are labelled promoters of vice,
And, doubtless, the title applies,
But honor or odium, whichever 'tis,
Must be shared with our good allies;
To the lot our warmest thanks are due,
Then let our acknowledgments rise—
In songs of praise let them rise.”

The idea caught the convention,
And forward Beelzebub sprang,
And blending his voice with the others,
Lo! the arches of Hades sang
With the pæan the quartette rendered—
And this was the chorus they sang—
The echoing song that they sang.

"Let favors and benisons fall
On friends and supporters all—
Who help us the weak to enthrall.
Accurst be the critic who draws
Mankind's ken to the broken laws
With his preachments and pious saws.

"Ent'roned in diaphanous calms,
We yield King Tobacco the palm,
And crown him with laurel and psalm.
He sweepeth his circles afar,
Provoking least protest and jar,
But leaving on nations his scar.

"The world to him sacrifice brings,
From the pauper he tribute wrings,
From conquered commanders and kings.
To our deputies then be thanks,
Confusion and worse to the cranks,
Who aim at impairing our ranks. Amen."

