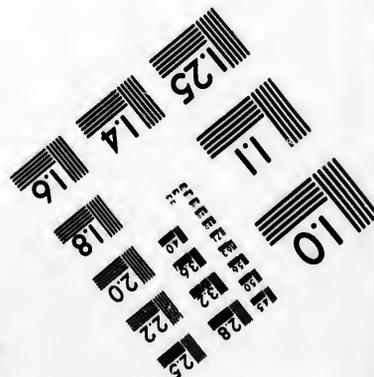
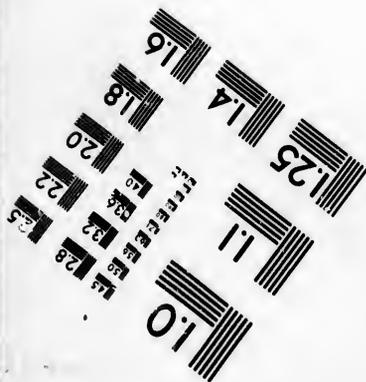
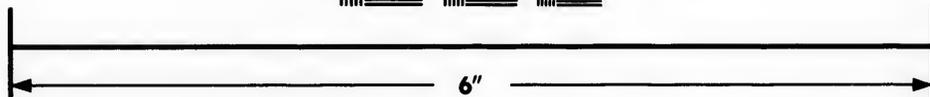
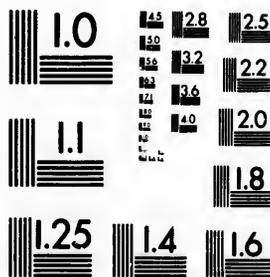


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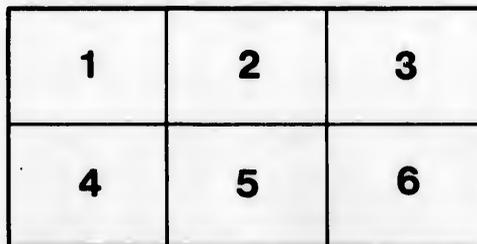
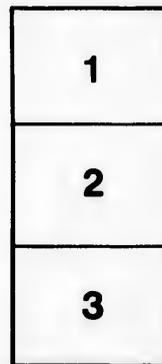
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POETICAL LEISURE HOURS

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ODE TO LIBERTY AND THE UNITED STATES

BY

EMILE COULON



SEQUEL
TO
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TOGETHER WITH AN
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PART I.

Caro lector, a los otros cantos espera
Los cuales seguiran, se entiende,
Si estos te gustan y la edicion se vende.

DE ESPRONCEDA.

CONTENTS OF PART I.

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INTRODUCTION.

IN as much as the French mind has a clearer and more acute perception of persons and things in general, (so says *William Matthews*, one of the best writers that this country has produced), as stated by *Dr. Lord of Stamford*, in his "*Beacon-Lights of History*," though lacking that schrewdness and boldness which characterize what people usually call the Anglo-Saxon race; it was my fate to return, after more than thirty years' absence, among a society where as a teacher and younger man, I had received so many marks of esteem, friendliness and consideration.

Returning, under sad circumstances, to what I had considered a *Home*; bereft of every one of my kindred, ease and comfort which I had unfortunately sacrificed in hair-brained speculations at the *Bourse of Paris*, hence on the *altar of Mammon*, I was gratified with the flattering recollection that my name and labours had not been altogether forgotten.

In order to insure a more *persistent* success, in my endeavors to regain that former favor I had enjoyed in my younger days, I published some **poetical effusions and portraits* in English and in French, with the expectation they would enhance my merit, and counterbalance my loss of *youth and beauty*.

* Printed and published in Toronto by M. M. Rowsell and Hutchison.

Alas! I was soon to learn that my compositions were beyond the mark, since they were keenly felt obnoxious by some, *because the cap fitted so well*; and from that time henceforth, I had to contend with a malicious and studied opposition, which should render vain and useless the laurels I had already won among the daughters of my former pupils.

It will not be presuming too much if I undertake to lay before *an unprejudiced public* my experience of nearly two years' residence in Toronto, during which time I employed my leisure hours to delineate some *peculiar features, tempers, thoughts and actions that forced themselves upon me*.

Though delayed in their publication, these compositions have still a smack of actuality; and this English portion, I hope, may be better understood than my former that had been almost all written in French.

EMILE COULON.

STAMFORD, CONN., March, 1899.

OUR EDITOR'S ANSWER

Let ye, however, recollect
We do not belong to a sect.

Be it, what it may, excellent,
Do not think for one moment
To bring out as a precedent
What you really think so potent.

And we cannot so well article,
Nor do we thus lightly chronicle
What might, indeed, mar the favour
Of those who do us the honour,

And to our work subscribe ;
Whose names we treasurely inscribe
In the close memory of our ledger,
By which our work fares the better.

INTELLECTUAL CULTURE

*Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind.*

SHAKESPEARE.

Intellectual culture is very low ebb'd,
Because it is with much care in idleness webbed !
Most of men make far more use of arithmetic
To pay off bills of fare, tailors' fashion to fit
Than use their own brains or something more poetic ;
Therefore, do they add very queer notions, to wit. :

They make up for any *inward deficiency*
 By secured flattery and *pompous self esteem*,
 Which consists in that light and loud proficiency
 With which vain glorious men, precious women do teem;
 In praiseworthy compliments on the cut of dress,
 The which does so poor people and shopkeepers impress.

With that lofty and so apparent mental show
 That *brass* will glitter brighter than gold any how.
 But then, what of that, since great physical training
 Sums up in the dear end all qualities wanting;
 And long live that *croquet* with its elegant swing
 That gives women a gentle and more ladylike spring!

For thus tennis, golf, baseball, boating, bicycling,
 To which may be added riding, enlarge muscles,
 More fit for athletes, say for big boys or young men;
 Since those exercises hasten the blood's pulses,
 But do not always suit, let us say, to maintain
 The languid air, the pallid and somnolent *cheek*

Of ladies who wouldn't for a world forego, each week,
 The remarkable, desirable, fashionable visits
 Where they can easily lavish their ready wits
 By conversations on good health and babies' praise,
 The weather, the rain, the sun, th' wind, the dust, the heat;
 Which combined with a few gossips, is all they can raise
 In so short a time and place where ladies so meet.

Such is for many the heavy duties of life
 For which husbands money make with trouble and strife.
 Let us no longer pity dear simplicity
 Which will not bring with it plentiful variety
 Of vanities, fancies or other implements
 That tell more than learning five or six elements.

MEDIOCRITY.*

There are, I am loath to say, many people
 Who do feel that sort of mediocrity,
 That will make them rise in audacity.
 Therefore, do they, *in their run for power,*
Upset all rules of common propriety.
 Their short sightedness with which they are blessed,
 Makes them see only what is interested.

* In answer to a lady.

FRIENDSHIP

*No, I am that I am, and they that level
 At my abuses reckon up their own.*

SHAKESPEARE, Son. cxxi.

Often is friendship, so called derived
 From strange causes as yet undecided.
 Oft too, does it spring from necessity;
 Oft 'gain and anon in adversity;
 Many a time also in dear piety,
 And, I may add to it, in vanity.

It may likely reckoned be perchance
As the result of that *nonchalance*
That requires, be it said, wherewith to fill
All those idle hours of him who has some ill,
Which he may from his brain disperse
By jovialities and gaieties diverse.

Let him not, indeed, meet such a fellow
Who would his own freedom and wit allow!
And make that friend, so far as we know,
Find pretty soon the real state of his brow.
Then, will that friendship be soon at an end,
Since it will no longer serve nor pretend
To humor the wiles and the morbid trouble,
When that head of his is *all in a muddle.*

Hidden weakness and heart's debility
Can't very long stand ready scrutiny;
His religion, ways, means, feelings and words
Couldn't vibrate any more on the same chords.
And a master, though, as he thought he was,
Makes him understand he no longer has
Any such parts as others possessed,
And as such gives him up quite disgusted.

Very soon will the green-eyed monster
All his venom and spite muster
To hurl down with vim and studied ardour
His sly dormant ire, and bring disfavour
Against him who was to have been his play,
And against which he has nothing to say.

Such a man is bereft of real goodness
 Who will not in others bear happiness,
 Because he himself sees no other fame
 Save that which is stamped with his own name.

URBANITY

*Lo, this only have I found that
 God has made man upright.*

ECCLESIASTES VII., 20

Some ignorant people take politeness
 As tantamount a sign of lowness;
 Therefore will they show high dignity
 By utmost want of civility.

And when for necessity used,
 Shall be received and hence diffused
 Among vulgar and common outcome
Of country cronies thus thought handsome

To adorn city streets, *grammar schools*,
 More fit to use a yard, sell cotton spools,
 Than cram their heads with literature
 That requires city life investiture;

Hence, they'll apply their figuring propensity
 To numbers, multiplication tables, their hobby,
 Which sure would give them greater measures
 Of what is drawn from Euclid's figures.

They will understand that better science
 Which sums up pounds, shillings and pence,
 Than that hollow, *light poetical art*
 That couldn't give them enough to hire a cart.

What matters it, if we should learn how
 The Greeks, Romans or others did know
 We, humble followers of those masters,
 Are nothing than poor imitators?

HUMBUGS

*Unless this general evil they maintain,
 All men are bad and in their badness reign.*

SHAKESPEARE, Son. cxxi.

The world, I am afraid, is all over the same !
 It is none the less for this or for that a great shame
 That we should see so many ills and quacks prevail
 In every department of life: it is wail.

Everybody seems to have no other thought
 Than vices and devices with which all is fraught;
 And which must give more power and have deal more sway
 Than good sense, charity or other points could weigh.

Struggle for poor and dear life has come to that extent,
That all will run, dance, laugh, cringe and even invent
 Harmful gossip, plausible stories and biggest lie,
 To get what will give them power sky high.

It's no use for man to strive and be respectable;
Feigned gentility, appearance more acceptable
 Than real worth, virtue, knowledge, sterling qualities,
 Which would put a slur on, make people quake to forties.

When you can by cheat, deceit your fortune insure,
 What matters it, if people know otherwise for sure?
 Your fellow bystanders who themselves are worthless,
 Require their friends to put up, silent, powerless,
 With your ways, means, pleasure, follies and meanest trick,
 However vicious, bad, hurtful, if they do stick.

"Let not adversity with pale face atrocity
 "Look close in your face; avoid its intensity
 "Which would make of you a miserable, a puper
 "Who, from being admired, would become admirer.

Show no science, no superiority, good breeding;
 It's no use, they must in the end be but ruining.
 Chances of feeling with vulgarity common
 Would work better for you, for this very reason
 That they would with scorn consider humility
Fit to command their attention, their charity.

Times have changed, and the ways of Old Testament
 Have come around 'gain with the same element:
 Jews* predominate now just as they did of yore;
 Jesus, I am afraid, for which I am so sore,
 Suffered ignominious death to redeem our sins
 That are growing again more plentiful than pins.

* In the sense of hypocrites and sinners.

The world, as it is, in its wanton selfishness,
 Becomes more in favour of and runs for riches.
 Art, science, painting, poetry, feeling, perchance,
 Shall no longer prosper; they are looked askance
 As slurs on stupidity, ignorance, favour,
 When, now-a-days, every thing depends on number.

“ Brass, cheek, impudence, common parlance seem to glim
 “ Bright above benevolent persevering vim;
 “ And must side with malice, prejudice, cowardice
 “ Which make up what's required for worldly device.

THEIR LADYSHIPS

*Feigned gentility, appearance more acceptable
 Than real worth, virtue, knowledge, sterling qualities
 Which would put a slur on, make people quake to forties.*

E. C.

I know not how many of those for evergreen
 Whom I have more than once or many a time seen,
Who, as ladies or women, did not really know,
 Because they were by nature more fit for the plow,
 And yet belonged, they said, to a first class band,
The difference between their left or their right hand.

It's indeed most ludicrous to hear them so speak
 Made up words and sentences as some of their streak,
 To impress and try and make knowing people believe
 They learned something else other than mend a sleeve.
 You'll see them for hours deaf, mute and dumb,
Not to know what to do, except look at their thumb.

Or, if tired of a day's shopping or visiting,
Fall asleep in the midst of *pathetic reading*.
They, of course, would sure on Sundays wear fine bonnets,
And look down 'pon people, as would so many hornets;
Return home, having understood of the sermon
As much as a fish would, were it even a salmon.

To think that such females as uncouth as their males,
Expect good, sensible people, from their very entrails,
To come and respect and honour *their ladyships*,
Makes an intelligent man laugh and split his lips.
Such is the power of position or favour,
That all in a rush the ignorant will clamour :

Hoy-toity, let us marry none else than *ladies*
Who will stamp us for *gentlemen* in those families
That will proudly look contemptuously on others
As a pack of small, insignificant strollers.
Long live my useful and high, lofty dignity
Which obliges vulgar people to call me a lady!

SHAKESPEARE

The immortal Shakespeare we all admire,
Never had, has or ever will he see
A mate who could really, truly aspire
To the height he carried beyond the sea,
At a time when learned men were as few
As quiet, harmonious peace, religion knew.

Elizabeth's reign, so glorious for a queen
By Shakespeare's creations, more enobled has been
Than by the deeds of all her warriors,
Or the former great names of conquerors.

Shakespeare was enough to give bright luster
To a country, a queen that did further
The religious tendency of the time
With which Henry VIII made politics chime.

There is far more depth and knowledge, art and science
In Shakespeare's ready wit and brilliant parlance,
Than politicians, scientists or preachers
Could ever think or dream of being masters.

His keen, deep knowledge of men and women,
Who did not *then* harp on *lady's nomen*,
Gives him who studies, a very bright view
Of men's passions, women's desires and due;

And whatever doth linger in people's hearts
Who to virtue prefer more winsome arts.

THE LITTLE FELLOWS

I have often been much amused
To see children go lazily to school,
Trying very hard to learn those parts
Of their lessons they were to repeat,
Which gave them such a heap of trouble,
When their chapters so awfully long,
Made them hate the very names and dates
With which history is so thronged.

I was ready to ask those children
What made them groan with so much pain!
They had, they'd say, so many lessons
From chapter such to such another,
Without omitting the dates and names
Of famous men, women or captains
That had overrun so many countries
And laid waste immense tracks of land,
To exhibit or show the valour
Of one nation over another.

A TRIBUTE TO FRANCE

*Respectfully inscribed to M. EMILE LOUBET, the worthy
President of the French Republic.*

When the Colonies of Great Britain
Formerly rose in anger to obtain
The liberties for which her children
Had left her *land* and her *main*,
It was thought that the sad memory
Of their struggles with the mother country
Would lie deeply and firmly set
In the hearts of those who had met
With *Washington* and *Lafayette*.

The sister *Republic* fast to the shore
Of fettered Europe against which she bore,
Single-handed, *her free and bravest sons*,
Contends *yet* with in and out passions
That would trample down her free institutions.

She still stands, after all, *phœnixlike*
As a *Beacon-light* and *foremost dike*,
To oppose with long tried energy
All religious or social tyranny;

She stands, though with *upbraided fickleness*,
An emblem of *selfwill and steadiness*,
As she *stands* the malicious oppositions,
The assaults of party and unruly factions.

Yet in the worst time of her life,
She placed herself, though with strife,
At the head of the *world-wide problem*
That identifies her metric system.

May France in the year *nineteen hundred*,
Show to the world *fair and uplifted*
That *flag* which carried the *gospel of freedom*
To peoples bent under the weight of thralldom.

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PART II.

Man is born on a battle field,
Round him, attend or resist the powers he *displeases*.

OWEN MEREDITH.

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S P E E C H

Delivered at the annual Banquet, Jan., 1898, of the Toronto Grammar School's Old Boys' Association.

PROFESSOR ALFRED BAKER, of Toronto University, presiding.

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On my return in December, 1896, and after a very long absence, I had the honour and pleasure so dear to me, to experience I had not altogether been forgotten, when I found myself once more among those I had known so young; among those who had been my colleagues, pupils and friends.

Years have passed, and a great many changes have taken place without ever in the least altering my love and passion for Canadian society, Canadian habits and ideas, or my sworn allegiance to this splendid Canada of ours.

I found on my arrival, that unlike me, those who had steadfastly remained at their post, had risen to eminence and well earned notoriety.

Some had become judges, eminent lawyers, engineers, principals of high schools, professors in Universities and thereof president and statesmen.

“Yet, I could not forget my former friends

“To whom I do give as many Godsend;

“They were by right installed in high places

“To bring forcibly out their clever faces,

“That had preserved the same dignity

“I had witnessed in their infancy;

“And which it was given me to behold,

“Both when we were young and are now old.

I strove to bring back again my name and labours to memory, and I published some few poems of my *Leisure Hours*.

It appears, however, that my endeavours did not realize my legitimate and sanguine expectations; in fact, it was mooted that those *poetical effusions would be injurious to me*; it was even written they would probably be very disadvantageous, since there was nothing so far that could be seen from which *the world would conclude I would be a good teacher or leader of conversation and the like*.

Perhaps again, it may have been thought I had too boldly stamped my *humble name* with names of a higher order.

Be it what it may, a strong current of opposition and other impediments deterred me from publishing other scripts in French and in English, which are still waiting for a more favorable opportunity.

Hence, I might say in my usual strain :

“ Beaten by the storms, the fates, the rain,
“ Shall I then hopelessly and in vain
“ Swerve from that spreading, shady maple-tree
“ That clung so long to my memory?

“ When thus *alone* I am in the world,
“ Sighing after that rest which no word
“ Can in any language well express,
“ By what art, by what other address
“ Shall I my Canadian love utter,
“ And live and be with you for ever ?

For the Land of, etc.

CONSOLATION

Le style, c'est l'homme.

OLD PROVERB.

There is *Consolation*, when loved by the *Muse*,
 To dip one's pen in ink and by *Her* art and use
 Defend one's name against the spiteful abuse
 Of him who would with a sly backbiting tongue,
 (*Pour into others' ready and willing ears*)
 All what might injure and work one's life wrong ;
 Following the onslaught of a cowardly foe
 That strikes one in the dark with a dastardly blow.

FRANCE TO CANADA

OR

FROM EASE AND COMFORT TO FAMINE

*The beast that bears me, tired of my woe,
 Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
 As if by interest the wretch did know
 His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee.*

SHAKESPEARE, SON. 1.

I was once your pupil, said he,
 When in my mansion, *in France*, he saw me.
 How judicious it is now, good judge,
 To remember the past without grudge !
 Yes, dear Emile, chimed in Mary,
 I am glad to see you with plenty.

My husband, once a language teacher,
 Thought he'd succeed better as a lawyer,
 Though he ne'er could with *ease and comfort* express
 What he had cramm'd with such effort and success;
 He eyed me to help him on his way,
 As I belong to a better family.

You plagued him, he told me so,
 Because you laughed at him high and low:
 He would revenge for *auld lang syne*.
 And now, my dear, not being thine,
 I must in duty bound obtain,
 Which gives me, though, so much pain,
 The forgiveness of my failings,
 My indifference to his feelings;
 Therefore, adieu and au revoir!

The parting was in sorry nor merry face
 Done with shakehands and the like as a solace.
 Thus ended that deep laid affair,
 Since all in love or war is fair.

COMPETITION AND OPPOSITION

*Miseria y avidez, dinero y prosa
 En vil mercado convertido el mundo.*

ESPRONCEDA.

If competition is to be the life of trade,
 Opposition is a road to fame, be it said.
 Indeed, so many there are who with levity
 Limit their free will, their own activity
 To no other aim than that pursuit general
 Which is nothing else than *material, commercial*;

And which with them maintain their short and fleeting days
 In that superfluous abundance which nature lays
 Within our reach, at our feet, and seems to prevail
Over our hearts, minds, feelings, as of no avail.

AT A PUBLIC TABLE

Would to God that common sense
 Were more common, more diffuse !
 It would be a great deliverance
 From so much nonsense in use.

What a fatigue !

To hear repeated *ad libitum*
 The see-saws so *hard* to fathom ;
 To hear the jests, the vulgarities
 That are akin to insanities.

Since refinement and politeness
Require intellect and fitness
 For social, genial intercourse
 Which, indeed, springs from a good source,

Then,

Ignorance, which too often bold,
 Fills many, many a household,
 Should not so lightly be let loose
 With its stories of Mother Goose,

Which make it so unpalatable
 At a *decent and public table*,
 For those whose ordinary thoughts
 Can't very well bear vulgar noughts.

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SPITE

*Yet I may look with heart unshook
On blow brought home or missed,
Yet may I hear with equal ear
The clarions down the list,
Yet rest my lance above mischance
And ride the barriere.*

RUDYARD KIPLING. Many Inventions.

Just as the course of true love never ran smooth,
So must I be prepared for any man's tout
That would with a slandering, lithesome mouth
Bring upon me, my life's greatest wrong to boot.

At all times have I seen young or old men's rancour
Ply with hypocrisy, want of faith and honour,
Dart at me their envious, treacherous scheme
That would lower me in other people's esteem.

With their grinning, malicious and dire hints
Expect to surprise with their stupid taints
The innocent pure and sympathetic strain
Of those whose love or friendship I could obtain.

May God in His power and divine Mercy
Thwart all those old flimsy weapons thrown at me!
Let Him, I beseech Him, the Almighty,
Help me to weather this long adversity.

May people in the truthfulness of my heart
Be assured I spurn the senseless art
Which consists in building a reputation
With men whose lives are *an utter negation*
Of all that which is noble, grand and true,
Provided they their own riches accrue.

SISTERS OF CHARITY *

*The mission of woman : born to nurse,
And to soothe, and to solace, to help and to heat
The sick world that leans on her—these were :*

OWEN MEREDITH.

Sweet angels of the present, sweet ones of the future!
Could any one behold in the wide spent nature
Th' earth's daintiest beauties to such goodness added,
And be indifferent to their actions acted ?

Those lovely, delicate and unspeakable graces
Would men's hearts with their pure angelic faces
Enrapture and make them ever sing the joys
Which Heaven itself seldom to mortals conveys.

In the unforgotten time past, the gods on earth
Did descend to mingle with men's homely hearths,
Since they found away from their high Olympus
Dearer and lovelier angels who now for us

Alone lay to our hearts and aching feeble bodies
Those balms the ancient gods beyond their towering skies
Envied us simple mortals we still are and then were,
And which they, though immortals, could not find elsewhere.

I wish I could under their gentle feminine hands
Rest for ever with them in everlasting lands,
Where they would my body nurse as well as my soul,
And my pains and worldly taints with their hearts condole!

* Who nursed me white gripped, January, 1898.

Life's short station would readily be well filled,
If love were to our race oftener distilled;
It would prove and show what sublime eternity
Prepares for those whose love recalls the Divinity.

VIRTUE, COURAGE, GOODNESS, CHARITY.

*Through wantonness if men profess
They weary of thy parts,
E'en let them die at blasphemy
And perish with their arts.*

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Virtue, courage, goodness and charity
Have at all times been hurt and hunted down
By those whose souls are full of depravity.
They know full well and they feel with a frown

On their brows steeped in wanton device,
That their only chance in their deep set vice,
Is to trample others so rich in virtues
Which their corrupt natures in their issues

Cannot bear to see with satisfaction
Rise unblemished any pure notion.

A long expectation, the dire insults
Will ever more increase in their results
The love which truth and perfect grandeur
Bring to those whose souls are full of valour.

Let us then bear with peaceful constancy
The envenomed traits of dire jealousy.

God will always side with the glorious angels
Who to His will, commands, shall not be rebels;
And who by their actions, fine thoughts and words
Must fill with their pure life all other worlds

With that delightful, seraphic atmosphere
Of *love, beauty, charity*, their real sphere;
Those angelic souls must in the end attain
The rewards which Christ promised they shall obtain.

CANVASSING UNDER DIFFICULTIES WITH
JOB'S PATIENCE.*

*Anon,
Still impell'd by necessity hungrily on,
He conquers the realms of his own reliance,
And the last cry of fear wakes the first of defiance.*

OWEN MEREDITH.

1

Some people say I have no patience,
That I tire myself out of existence;
That going at it slow and sure,
I'll get all I want at leisure.

2

To listen to ev'ry one's counsel
Does not a whit advance my sell;
For delays and hope can not stay
My pangs and worries of the day.

* Warner's World's Library.

3

Those whose daily life secure
Makes them feel happy and sure,
Do not in the slightest realize
Whence my wants and troubles arise.

4

To weather the ills and smarts,
The world's indifference and darts,
Requires Job's patience and endurance,
And I do not possess his reliance.

5

In the past ages long gone by,
Job lived under a milder sky ;
Did not require *the ups-to-date*,
Relied on God's mercy for his fate.

6

My daily fatigues the same
Tire me out and spoil the fame
I might in other ways and variety,
Turn to better account and tranquility.

7

By ryming in manifold verses
*My want, my pain, my loneliness,*⁴
Which make of me a woeful wanderer,
A species of an aimless adventurer.

TO A DEPARTED SISTER

*Like the ministering fairy that brings from her bower
To some maze all the treasures, whose use the fond elf
More enrich'd by her love, disregards for herself.*

OWEN MEREDITH.

O thou! dear sister, whose motherly, tender care
Of my youth and of me that for thee were
Thy only aim, only love and haven,
How nobly my life didst thou enliven!

Thou, ever so good, so pure, so strong and sweet
To me, thy *Emile*, always ready to meet,
To pet, to love, to cherish and to teach;
With thy sterling virtues his soul to reach!

How happy weren't we together the three of us!
Learned *Alphonse the sad*, thou sweet, gentle *Virginie*;
Myself, thy *Emile*, so restless, so mischievous;
Yet, ever ready to hearken to thine entreaty!

Be thou blessed by me surviving thee!
Thou, loving, charming and dear *Virginie*,
Whose memory recalls to my remembrance
The virtuous women of *la belle France*.

WHAT THE DUKE MAY HAVE SPOKEN

The Duke—

Uttering words he dared never recall,

Words of insult and menace he thundered down all.

OWEN MEREDITH. Lucile.

“ Either you are really noble, sincere and virtuous,
“ Or else false, dishonest, heartless and frivolous.
“ Your changing moods, your meanless, useless words
“ Must tear down a man’s soul, break the chords
“ Of the remaining life’s passion you raised in his bosom:

“ Unable your deceiving looks and alluring kiss to fathom.
“ You may sever forever that strong tie of my love,
“ And fling your heart away like the flight of a dove;
“ But you will nevertheless have wrought an everlasting
 shame
“ On woman’s endearing kisses and a virgin’s name,
“ By your heartless conception of a man’s passion
“ You entertained falsely by deep equivocation.

“ False to yourself as you are false to me,
“ You will make my fate a fate that Lucy
“ Prepared for those who durst their love to thee declare,
“ And invite them conquer thee, though false, if they dare.
“ Let us, Lucy, for ever part from each other’s heart,
“ And let me suffer the tribute of thy artful art.

“And further, Lucy:

“When woman in the pride of self-reliance
 “Means to have for others' love no compliance,
 “Then, does she in her fitful and selfish concern
 “Her nature descry, her calling undiscern;
 “Refuses the living, adheres to the past,
 “And makes the present and future the outcast.

THE DUKE'S SOLILOQUY

“Be it what it may, sore as my soul is,
 “None can expect much happiness here :
 “The ever changing moods of men and women
 “Keep our hopes, our pleasant dreams
 “From ever reaching the goal, the haven
 “Which sheltered our joys uncertain.

“We are the wanderers of this world ;
 “So many of us, let us say the word,
 “That had prepared in full piety
 “A quiet harbour full of modest plenty,
 “Struggle with trouble, with constancy
 “Which seem as frail as woman's frailty.

TO A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL

When religion, truth, and eloquence,
 Can in so many ways proclaim
 God's reign, His power and triumph
 Over men's weakness and passions,
 Then, go ye and teach all nations.

HOFFNUNG *

*Im Glueck nicht jubeln und im Thurm nicht zagen,
Das Unvermeidliche mit Wuerde tragen;
Das Recht thun, am Schoenen sich erfreuen,
Das Leben lieben und den Tod nicht scheuen,
Und fast an Gott und besseren Zukunft glauben,
Heisst leben, heisst dem Tod sein Bitteres rauben.*

STRECKFUSS.

HOPE

H Hearken not to thoughts of foolish pride,
E Endure adversity, its stings deride;
A Adhere to truth and to righteousness,
V Very justly love life, nevertheless;
E Elevate thy spirit, beauty endearing;
N Never fear death, hope for life everlasting.

Love God, believe in His Mercy,
Then, shalt thou live in happiness
And rob death of its bitterness.

L'ESPERANCE

L La vertu consiste à modérer notre joie,
E Et à ne point faiblir en chemin sur la voie,
C Chaque fois que l'on souffre un malheur, un chagrin,
I Image, avant-coureur d'une prochaine fin;
E En suivant le sentier de la douce, patience,
L La route suprême d'une pure conscience.

Aimons le bien, le beau; aimons, adorons Dieu;
Il offre sans cesse près de Lui en Haut-lieu,
Ce qu'Il nous a promis, cette vie éternelle
Qui rend pour nous la mort plus douce ou moins cruelle.

* Translated from the German.

FORTITUDE

*Privé de tous les miens et de ceux que j'aimais,
Je me vois aujourd'hui seul et triste à jamais.*

E. C.

Many a time do we not see
A man's life to be what it shouldn't be,
When he suffers the pangs, the worries,
The smarts of blasted hopes and joys.

It makes him, though, remember we were born
To suffer, to struggle, to fight and to mourn.

ODE

TO LIBERTY AND THE UNITED STATES.

Respectfully inscribed to WILLIAM MCKINLEY,
the glorious PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

*Le premier qui fut roi, fut un soldat heureux ;
Qui sert bien son pays, n'a pas besoin d'aïux.*

V.

I

Il est de ces preux qu'on compte par mille et mille
Qui, loin de leurs pays, fuyant les bruits de ville,
Laisèrent en ces climats de guerres tourmentés,
Des noms que l'histoire n'a guère rapportés.
Tout meurt, tout s'oublie : c'est en vain qu' on remue
Cendres et parchemins auxquels on attribue
Le souvenir de ceux qui, aux *Etats-Unis*,
Vinrent les aider en héros et en amis.

2

Plus d'un siècle écoulé, cette nouvelle terre,
Pleine de fers enfants qui eurent tout à faire,
Indomptables esprits, véritables chrétiens,
Hommes sobres, nobles, et d'âme et de cœur pleins,
Démontre que l'homme peut seul et sans *tutelle*
Avec la *Liberté* faire tout avec *Elle*;
Même atteindre à ce que les vieux Européens
N'ont su faire chez eux après plus de mille ans.

3

Du présent, du passé, l'expérience, l'histoire
Nous indiquent sciemment qu' il est un fait notoire
Que le peuple asservi, manquant de religion,
Manque aussi de force et pure et noble ambition
Pour acquérir surtout l'action bienfaitrice
Que, seul, la Liberté, meilleure institutrice,
Donne comme apanage à ses nobles enfants
Qui ont quitté leurs pays et aussi leurs parents ;
Créant, pour ainsi dire, une autre race d'hommes
Libres de préjugés et tout ce que nous sommes ;
Et rappelant enfin dans un sens religieux
Ce qui nous rapproche de plus en plus de Dieu.

4

C'est à leur rude école, exempte d'artifices,
Qu' on voit de nos aïeux les nobles sacrifices.
Ils nous ont par leur vie et l'exemple arrachés
A la tyrannie des rois et des *gens bornés*.

Ces courageux *pionniers*, qui avaient délaissé
Leurs berceaux, leurs foyers, ce qu' ils avaient aimé,
Ont vu leur constance, leur foi et leur puissance
Lutter, combattre et vaincre toute résistance.

5

Leur exemple bientôt aura passé les mers,
Car il donne aux nations encore dans les fers
La pensée exacte que toute créature
A droit à la justice, à la *saine culture*;
A ces biens d'ici-bas qui doivent pas à pas
Conduire nos âmes audelà du trépas.
Dieu ne nous a donné cette bien courte vie
Pour qu' à tout pour le ciel on la lui sacrifie :
Il nous l' a donnée pour que nous en usions
En toute jouissance, en de nobles ambitions.

6

Notre libre *Amérique* aura donné l'exemple
De ce que peut faire la liberté plus ample,
Ce n'est pas en vain que la France a eu raison
D'aider par ses armes cette jeune nation !
Henri IV. ambitieux préféra une messe
Pour conserver Paris et son trône en détresse ;
Il remit la France sous cet infâme joug
De ceux qui *conspiraient, avaient, possédaient tout.*

7

Le génie français dans toute sa puissance
A bravé les rois par sa *mêlé résistance*
Qui, malheureusement, dut amener plus tard

Cette Révolution, *ce terrible avatar*
D'un peuple trop longtemps courbé sous l'esclavage
D'où rois et princes fiers d'un si grand avantage,
Allaient se croire issus d'un bien plus noble sang
Que celui qui coule dans le corps d'un paysan.

8

Tout peuple qui du bien a conservé le germe,
Acquerra sûrement, je le dis haut et ferme,
Le fruit de ses labeurs en récolte assurés
Que Dieu promet aux arbres *droit* plantés.
Ceux qui auront ici le plus aimé leurs frères,
Honnêtement agi, et honoré leurs pères,
Jouiront de leur bonheur comme de leur salut,
Puisque l'amour du Bien avait été leur but.

9

Bénis soient les peuples sages, bons, vrais, austères !
Ils ont acquis pour eux et gloire et caractères ;
Ils auront enseigné avec le cours des ans
Que les hommes ne sont pas toujours des enfants.
Ils doivent selon Dieu, s'ils sont à son image,
Se développer par une conduite sage ;
Ne point être soumis à ces *trompeuses gens*
Qui se servent d'eux et les tournent en tous sens.

IO

Il n'en est pas ainsi *d'Espagne* si vaillante,
Autrefois si forte et aujourd'hui défaillante ;
De l' *Espagne* si riche où ne se couchait pas
Le soleil brillant sur ses *immenses Elats*.
Revenons à la foi, au sublime *Evangile* !
Sachons que nous l'avons tous comme guide habile.
L'idée chrétienne, la vie de Jésus
Qui vint sur la terre confondre les abus,
Sacrifiant sur la *Croix* cette mortelle vie
Pour nous arracher à une mort d'infamie,
Résume, en tant que nous, son exemple, *sa loi*,
La vie, éternelle, l'espérance et la foi.



THE END TO FIRST SEQUEL

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak ;

They are slaves who would not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think ;

They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

