

NEMESIS

OR

Literary Philistinism

A

SATIRE IN PROSE AND VERSE

DEDICATED TO

Professor GOLDWIN SMITH

BY

JOHN W. DOUGLAS,

Of Shelburne, County Dufferin, Ontario, Barrister-
at-Law, late Sen'r Major 42d Battalion.

PRICE, TWENTY CENTS.

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year 1903, by John W. Douglas, B.A., of Shelburne Ontario.*

NEMESIS

OR

LITERARY PHILISTINISM.

A POETICAL SATIRE, WITH PREFACE,

DEDICATED TO PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH,

The most Eminent Example from a patriotic standpoint of Literary Philistinism, Hessianism, and Disloyalty of modern times.

INTENDED AS

A protest against disloyalty, actual and constructive,

AND

A tribute to the valor and patriotism of the Colonial Contingents, who so gloriously upheld the honor of the EMPIRE in Africa, and also to every other subject whose "heart within him burned" to the same end.

BY

JOHN W. DOUGLAS, of Osgoode Hall, Toronto, Canada,
Barrister-at-Law, late Senior Major of the 42d Battalion.

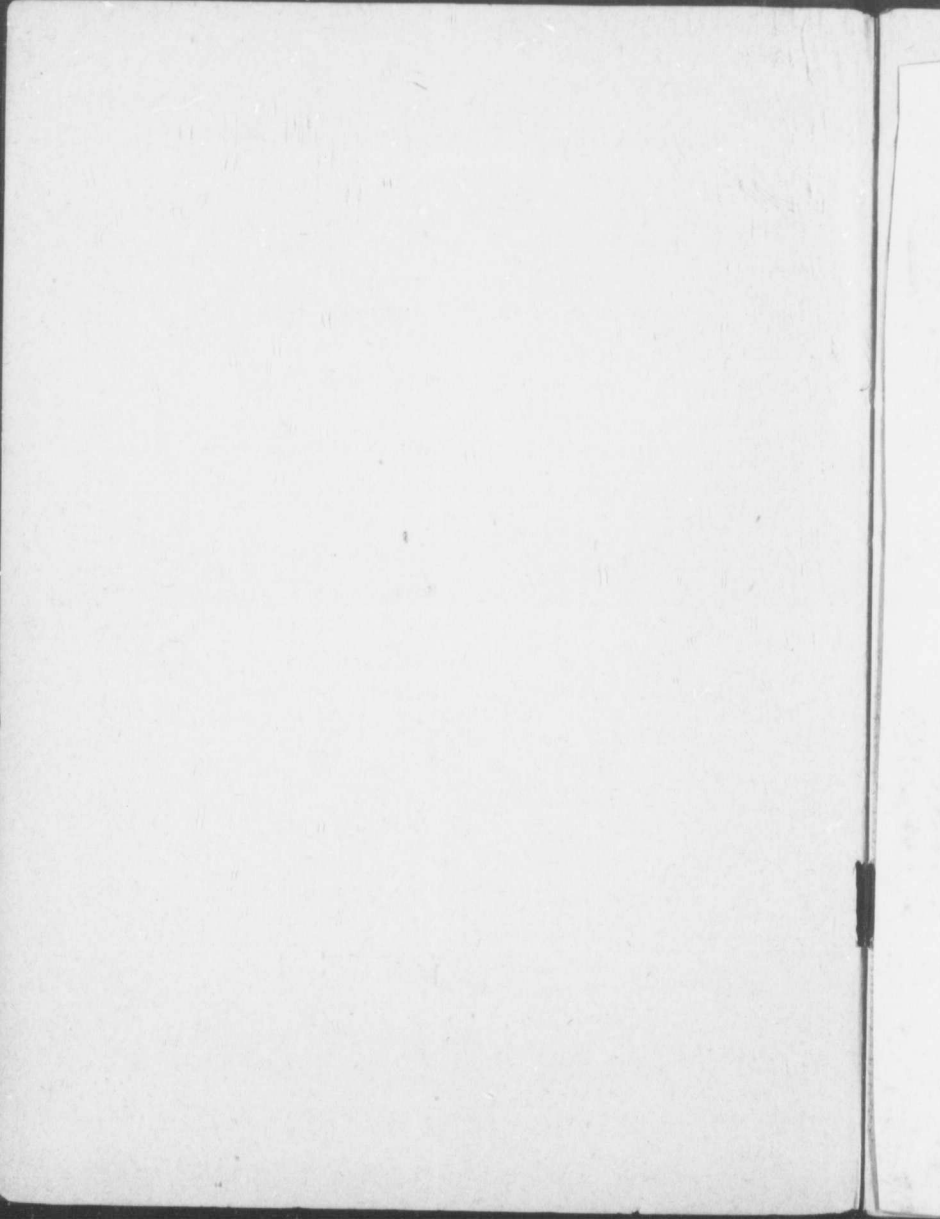
WITH A

couple of Canadian Patriotic Songs by the same.

SHELBURNE, ONTARIO, CANADA, JULY 1903.

*MOTTO—Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam;
His first best country ever is his home.*

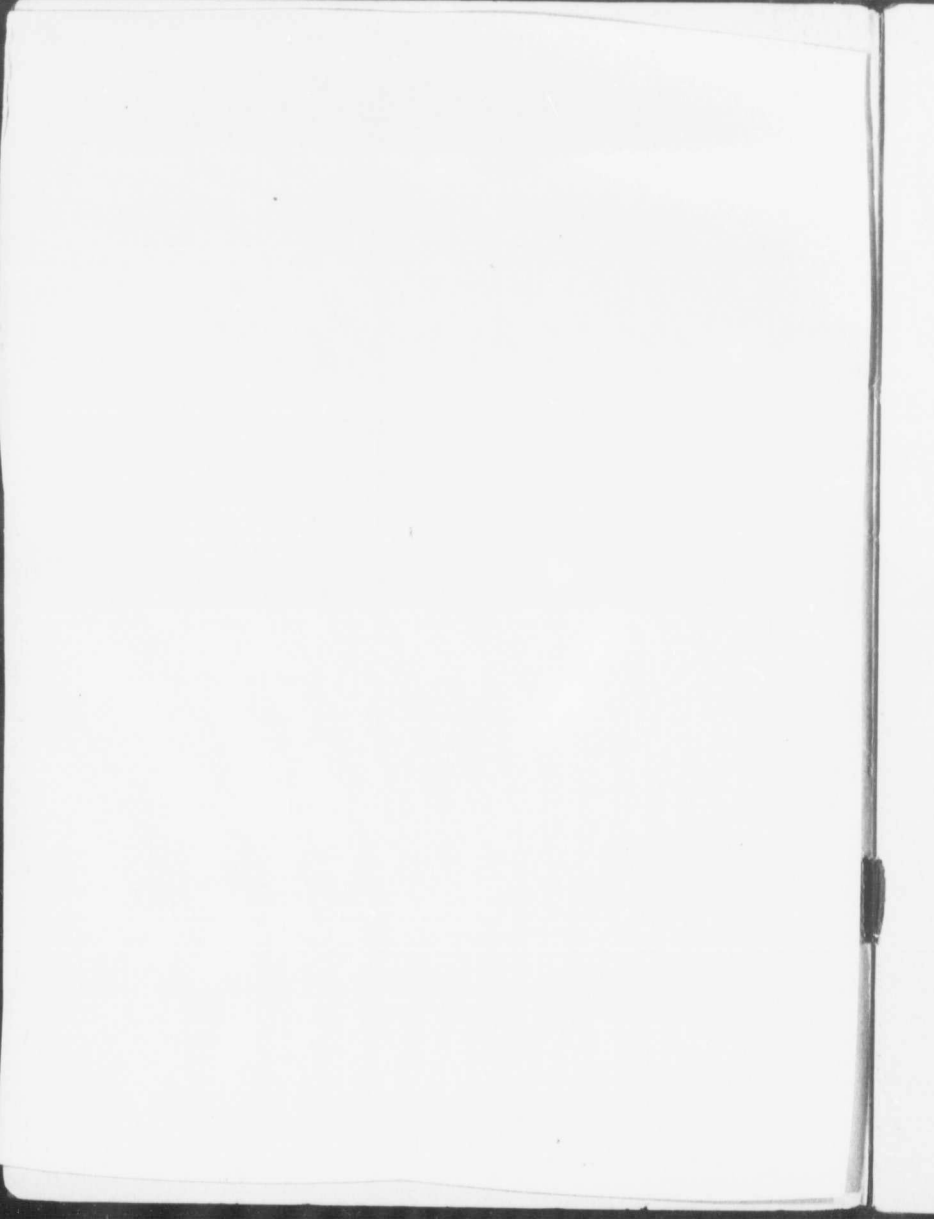
GOLDSMITH.





MR. GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN & FRASER



SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD'S master mind was a powerful factor in bringing about Confederation, and his life was consecrated to the welfare of Canada, and, to this end, in welding her to the Empire.

He well knew the depressing effect of a cry against his foes, and the power of a motto to rouse the enthusiasm of friends.

His last appeal to the Electorate, in which he was successful, ended with the motto, "A British subject I was born, a British subject I will die." This, with his tragic death, aroused an enthusiasm for the Empire, which has grown with passing years, and is the creed of Canada to-day. The motto is one that ought not to be forgotten, and I hope the subjoined song may help to perpetuate its memory. Sir John's will live while Canada is a nation.



SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD'S MOTTO:

A Patriotic Canadian Song (with air),

By Major John W. Douglas, of Shelburne, Ontario, Canada.

Inscribed by special permission to their Excellencies Lord
and Lady Minto.

Our fair Dominion sprung to life
Under a leader great;
His master hand for many a year
Guided the Ship of State.
When foes assailed, and traitors schemed.
His patriot aim was high:
"A British subject I was born,
I'll a British subject die.

Chorus—His death song this—grand legacy!
Up! let it rend the sky—
That British subjects we were born,
We'll British subjects die.

He lived, he died for Canada,
Nor greed of pelf could move;
Nor love, nor hate, ambition, nought
From Canada his love
Could for a moment turn aside:
He died—blest destiny!
A British subject born to live,
A British subject die.

Chorus—Sing his death song in Canada:
It makes for liberty—
As British subjects we were born,
We'll British subjects die.

Those British Isles! we love them, yes!
Thinking of Runnymede,
Of Pym, and Hampden, Cromwell too,
They patriots were indeed.
Through them we heir true liberty:
Then ring the welkin high
With this, that British freeman born,
We'll British freemen die.

Chorus—Through them we heir, etc.

Defence our motto, God our stay,
The foe may come—we'll fight
For Canada—to Canada
We will uphold our right.
The foe may come—but HE WILL GO,
The dear-taught lesson why
He'll learn—'tis British subjects born,
We'll British subjects die.

Chorus—The foe may come, etc.

All hail, ye Nations that uphold
The Empire's Majesty.
"God and the Empire." this our faith
In peace and war shall be.
Brothers in peace! Comrades in arms!
We swear by Heaven on high,
That 'neath the Union Jack we'll live,
And British subjects die.

Chorus—Brothers in peace, etc.

Shelburne, June, 1901.

Note.—Their Excellencies are in no way responsible for
"Nemesis."

INTRODUCTORY.

Attacking, as I am, so distinguished a man as Professor Goldwin Smith, I had better, perhaps, give some account of myself. Especially is this so as the Professor is an old man. I am not young myself, but age and passing years have operated differently with me than with the Professor in whom the dry-rot of years seems to have extinguished patriotism, whereas with me they have simply intensified my love for the Empire.

Born in March, 1840, at Perth, County Lanark, Ontario, Canada, I attended Common and Grammar schools there till 1854, when I went "behind the counter" in my father's "store," where, for about eight years, I acted as merchant's clerk and kept my father's Revenue books, for he was Collector of In-land Revenue for many years, part of the time for the United Counties of Lanark and Renfrew, then for Lanark after the separation. Entering the law office of the late William M. Shaw, I graduated as Barrister-at-Law in 1868. During that time I was "out" against the Fenians in 1866 and 1870, in the former year from 8th March till 27th November. The Law Society allowed all students on frontier duty then their time as if served.

I practised law for about twelve years in Perth; then owing to ill health I went to the Northwest, where I remained for five years. Returning to Ontario, I resumed the practice of my profession here and have continued this to date.

Entering the Volunteer Force at the time of the Trent affair, I remained connected with it (save for a short time)

for about twenty-one years. My retirement was necessitated by my removal out of the limits. I was at the time Senior Major 42nd Battalion. My grandfather on my mother's side, a soldier of Wellington's times, was recruiting Sergeant for the Eighteenth Light Dragoons, and, being sent to Canada, I am proud to say, had a hand in the glorious victory of Crysler's Farm.

My youthful years were spent among veterans who had fought in Spain and at Waterloo. One of these, William Brooke, a Peninsula veteran, had a medal with no less than eleven! clasps, yet to be seen in Perth. He fought at Martinique, Albuero, "Cuidod Rodrigo," Badajos, Salamanca, Vittoria, Pyrenees, Nivelles, Nive, Orthes and Toulouse, and died at 76 of the only wound he got! (of erysipelas). It will not be wondered at that I am a dyed-in-the-wool Britisher, nor that I have a sublime contempt for one of British birth who goes back upon the grand and glorious British Empire, the real parent of all the freedom the world enjoys.

JOHN W. DOUGLAS

Late Senr. Major 42nd Battalion

Shelburne, July, 1903.



NEMESIS,

OR

LITERARY PHILISTINISM.

A Satire in prose and verse, by Major Douglas, Shelburne, Ont.

PREFATORY REMARKS.

To the Public:—

Some years ago there was an annexation propoganda started in Canada to which Professor Goldwin Smith gave his ardent support. He had the audacity to argue that Canada was a source of weakness to the Empire, to which its loss would really be a gain. Englishmen then knew—and even at this late day, a large proportion of them know—next to nothing of Canada. The treating of Colonials as inferior animals lost Britain the United States; but even that enormous folly has not opened the Professor's eyes. His estimate of the outlook for Canada, namely, that she had no future save as an adjunct of "America," which, with him and the average Englishman, meant the United States, was only another instance of the colossal ignorance of most Englishmen with regard to Canada.

There is nothing men resent more than undeserved pity, so his commiserations on Canada's deplorable state, disannexed, and his writings in favour of annexation, met contempt and scorn.

One would have imagined that self-respecting Canadians would have refused to honour such a recreant, but not so, for only a short time had elapsed before our University authorities wished to confer honorary degrees upon him. This degradation was happily spared Canada, mainly through the patriotic efforts of Col. George T. Denison.

Now, if content to enjoy honours to which he is legitimately entitled, he might live and die, no one molesting him. When, however, disloyalty boldly makes bid for honours, due solely to patriotism, why should it not get a rebuff?

It is rumoured that another attempt is to be made in the direction of giving the Professor honours, and this after he has made himself obnoxious by a similar instance of disloyalty but of a more aggravated character. While all Canada was convulsed with patriotic impulses, and sending her sons to Africa to uphold the integrity of the Empire, the Professor, with all the power of a mighty pen, was to all intents and purposes a Boer soldier inciting Boer legions to a bitter and prolonged resistance that meant death and maimed bodies to "our boys," and was certainly intended to bring about, if possible, intervention, and the consequent dismemberment and disgrace of the Empire.

Are the possession of great learning and a reputation for charity—a charity probably founded on gifts of money earned by defaming his country—and that entails no personal sacrifice,—to outweigh such disloyal, not to say criminal acts? No wonder Canadians have, in the past, despised their country, if this has been the teaching of our professors. Perhaps this is an explanation of the enormous exodus of Canadians in the past.

Compared with honours from Oxford and Cambridge, those of our Universities may seem trivial, but is it not a case of Eve and the forbidden fruit with the Professor?

The poem following was penned to arouse public opinion, and, if possible, prevent honours being conferred upon one with such distorted ideas of the duty of a subject.

I had no idea of publishing it with a prose preface, but, after reflection, I decided that this was necessary. My remarks will have application almost wholly to Professor Smith's action re the Boer war.

I assume for the moment that the Professor is a British subject, though it is doubtful that he is so.

If I am right in this, it can be well predicated of men of his ilk that "such men are dangerous." A "lean and hungry Cassius," he really envied the aristocracy of England their

lineage, and impotent to acquire the honour of a noble ancestry, as regards title, the theoretic beauties of democracy captivated him, but the actuality disgusted him, as it did Moore. Those who charitably condone his vagaries by ascribing them to the fact of his being a "crank," really condemn him, for a crank is a man whose moral perceptions are so perverted that he is, in certain things, regardless of public opinion, and takes any course so long as it brings notoriety.

Professor Smith needs no knight errant to assist him in his defence, if any, but should any such appear, I beg to say to him and them in advance that the stock phrase, "freedom of opinion," will not suffice as a good defence to the indictment which the Professor's own acts prefer against him. I am a Canadian, and so British born, and a great stickler for freedom of opinion, but I rise to remark that freedom of opinion is a far different thing from freedom of action. It may be Professor Smith's opinion that a certain law is unjust, yet if he undertakes to break it he speedily finds himself in limbo. Just so it is with regard to one's country. A loyal subject may well consider this or that war unrighteous, but his country once committed to it, he used his best endeavours for the success of his country's arms. Is there any country not in the last stages of decrepitude that this truly patriotic duty is not cast upon its citizens? Was there ever a State where the citizen was to judge whether or not he was to assist the enemy in a death struggle against his country?

If Professor Smith contends for this right which he has exercised, I beg to say, carried to its legitimate conclusion, such a doctrine would justify the desertion of a whole army to the enemy, if that army deemed the cause it was fighting for unjust, and, on the other hand, would warrant active warfare against other legions of the country who saw differently. Such a doctrine would lead to the disruption of States and of society.

Well, Professor Smith, in effect, rendered active assistance to the Boers in the late war, and he and others of his ilk are largely responsible for the prolongation of a useless contest, and upon him and them must rest the responsibility for an immense expenditure of blood and treasure.

True, Professor Smith was not a soldier, but if not he was a subject—a giant intellectually—and so a powerful factor in forming public opinion, even in British possessions where he is too well known, but also in foreign and hostile countries. A man can aim a rifle, a battery of cannon, or a machine gun from behind the ramparts of intellect. Armies are now to a large extent “run” by statesmen, and their operations can be thwarted by the brains and machinations of men like the Professor.

Professor Smith is popularly credited with a universal knowledge of history. With a mind dulled by cynicism, or cold as a frog as regards loyalty, its lessons have been lost upon him, and he scouts the doctrine so beautifully and forcibly laid down by Gibbon, that it “is the first duty of the patriot to prefer and promote the exclusive benefit and welfare of his native country.” Poets and historians, as well as patriots, have lived in vain if he is right.

He, or his defenders, may flippantly remark, that “patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.” To this I rejoin that “hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue.” The professor will not have the hardihood to class patriotism with the vices. Vice—the vice of disloyalty—had in his person, not the grace to even simulate a support to his country in the late war, but with brazen effrontery boldly espoused the cause of the enemy.

Now, suppose Britain in the wrong; would he have a brave and intelligent people like the British, when their country was invaded, lie down like poltroons and curs and let their subjects be slain, their country ravaged, and the Empire disintegrated, by a semi-savage, bigoted and cruel people like the Boers? His advocacy of such a course would stamp him as sublime in his lack of manliness and patriotism, and every generous sentiment that could actuate the people of a country and make for the building up of a nation.

Nations are only the aggregate of individuals, and as the latter think and do wrong, so it is with nations; but a nation once involved in a conflict, it behooves every good citizen to help bring it out victorious, and this accomplished, to counsel magnanimity towards a beaten enemy.

Britain's action in the late war could be justified upon the ground of force. Blackstone says that colonies are acquired by "conquest, occupation and cession." Professor Smith justified the expulsion of Spain from the western hemisphere upon the ground of tyranny and bad government, and his argument, if good, has resistless force against the Boers.

But what of the Boers' title to the country?—based on conquest beyond peradventure—for they were not the original inhabitants of the country—and if "might is right," what reason have they or he to complain?

If conquest justified Uncle Sam in ending Spanish tyranny even if the Boers had not thrown down the gage of battle, the Empire was justified in ending the worst tyranny of modern times, that of the Boers. Their treatment of the natives was barbaric, and unjust and tyrannic laws framed to favour a class, were enforced with ingenious, not to say devilish tyranny. Had the Professor gone to reside in Boerland he would have found himself coupled in the same laws that tagged a Caffre as a beast of burthen.

"You do take my house when you do take the prop that doth sustain my house," may be paraphrased thus, "You do ravish homes, aim cannon and machine guns against your fellow countrymen when you do hound on the Boer against your native country." This logic seems irrefragable, and if so, Professor Smith is entitled to be execrated as an enemy of his country—perhaps I should have said, of his quondam country, for it has been stated that he became a citizen of the neighbouring Republic. If so, his acts show him a double-dyed disloyalist, for as the intellectual head of an annexationist propoganda he has violated the rights of hospitality and justified the use of the word "renegade" in the poem. The people of Canada, and the Empire, know the facts, so I leave them to give what answer their reason dictates.

Professor Smith had not divested himself of the idea that "Colonists" were inferior animals when he penned his articles on Annexation, nor enlightened his colossal ignorance on the natural possibilities of Canada. His arguments were inferentially most insulting to Canadians as they postulated that

Canadians had not the brains necessary to exploit successfully what few advantages Canada possessed.

What are the facts? There is no country under the sun possessed of greater natural advantages than Canada. Her phenomenal progress since the Professor's annexation articles were published show how crass was his ignorance of her resources and of the intellectual calibre of her statesmen and people generally.

Lest he seek to contend that it is Yankee capital and Yankee brains that are shoving Canada ahead, I beg to say that Canadian brains have furnished Uncle Sam with the greater number of the best inventions which have made the United States bound forward in her wonderful progress; and I further assert that Canada does not owe as much to Yankee capital and brains as the States does to British brains and capital.

Ignorant as a horse, then, of the geography and capabilities of Canada, if, in view of the evidence furnished by his writings, "America" with him meant the United States, and the "United States"—well, the earth.

The signs as above stated are that another attempt is to be made in the directions of giving the Professor academic honours. As the Trojans had a well founded distrust of gifts from their foes, so may Canadians of donations from the Professor—to the University, I mean, for I wish to rob him of no credit that he deserves for private charity. The adulations which were showered upon him at a recent function have a suspicious look.

In stepping into the breach to stop, if possible, this act of national abasement, I essayed the task at first in rhyme, which I had occasionally penned for amusement and of which in literature I have always been passionately fond, but reflection decided me that a prose preface was necessary, hence this is prefixed to the poem.

I hope it may not be considered that I have made an egregious failure at my self-imposed task. Only that I feel that I have patriotism and right upon my side, and so may well expect a sympathetic verdict on the part of every loyal and patriotic citizen, I would feel great diffidence in facing this unpa-

triotic Philistine. If my humble efforts influence others with more powerful pens to raise a storm such as may prevent our national abasement I shall feel amply rewarded.

Professor Smith, and his defenders (if any), may charge me with "abuse." It can be no abuse to call treachery and disloyalty by these terms. In the poem, it is true, I do not mince matters. I but call "a spade a spade," and why should I not? Of what use, I ask, to attempt to stalk a rhinoceros with swan shot, or an elephant with peas? We have in the Professor an unpatriotic pachyderm, whose bold and insolent adoption of the role of disloyalty indicates that he is wholly regardless, not only of the teachings of history and political economy, but of public opinion, for it is clearly evident that he ARROGATES the RIGHT to be above these. Reasoning with a bully is vain, and is not this intellectual giant adopting that role? Only a knock-down argument will avail. Before closing—addressing the Professor—I beg to say that attacking me personally, sneering at my bad prose or "spavined dactyls," will not avail as a defence before the people of the Empire—nay of the world—for your action strikes at the very root of nations. You must plead to the indictment, which is, that you have acted disloyally, not to say traitorously. Can you truthfully plead "not guilty"? I take it that you cannot, in view of certain Pro-Boer and annexation articles; and, if so, what have you to say in palliation or excuse? Your wonderful literary attainments but aggravate guilt, so how can you honourably accept honorary degrees from a British University? If you essay to grasp the honours, and like "Morocco," choose the "golden casket," will you not justly merit his reward?

JOHN W. DOUGLAS.

Shelburne, Ont., July, 1903.

“NEMESIS,”

OR

LITERARY PHILISTINISM.

A poetical Satire dedicated to Professor Goldwin Smith, as the most eminent example, from a patriotic standpoint, of literary Philistinism, Hessianism and disloyalty of modern times.

TEXT—“Wha will be a traitor knave?”—Burns.

ANSWER—Goldwin Smith.

In a tilt against this literary Anak I invoke the aid of all the powers that are the guardians of the glorious flame of loyalty and patriotism.

“Gie me a spark o’ Nature’s fire.”—Burns.

There is a party by the name of Smith,
Goldwin, to wit, who is my great aversion,
You’ll think it strange that I detest him with
My very soul, and that his name a Tertian
Ague almost gives me. Well, read on,
You’ll know the wherefore ere this rhyme is done.

Should not this man with intellect gigantic
Not meet with scorn proportionate to his parts?
He crossed—a stormy Petrel—the Atlantic,
Britain deserting: he with all the arts
Of an arch traitor, still the part he played,
Against his country, of the renegade.

These are harsh terms you'll say. Why should we blink
The truth? and why not call a spade a spade?
Smith arrogates the right to do and think
As Smith thinks right, and Smith harsh things has
said
About the Boer war; Smith need not whine
If Smith's repaid in Smith's own current coin.

Upon the Boer war, and annexation,
Men know Smith's actions. See the dictionary
The meaning of these words, Smith's condemnation.
For has not Smith "contrived against the very
Life of"—his country? Smith cast in Smith's lot
With Boer and Yankee, and for both has fought.

Boer, and Smith, and Yankee, side by side,
With Europe's venom—Smith the phalanx led.
With shot and shell from tongue and pen Smith plied
Smith's countrymen—An Empire mourns its dead.
Britain not only mourns but long will sweat
To pay what Smith helped pile, a monstrous debt.

You'll think, perhaps, that I am playing fool
To tackle such a literary giant;
Remember, David used a very simple tool
To slay the cursed Philistine defiant:
While but a literary tyro, yet I may,
My cause being right, this Philistine now slay.

I read in youth of Jack the Giant-killer,
Of Bunyan's giants, those of Brobdignag;
Of giant millionaires with so much "siller."
That in their presence Croesus could not brag.
Giants of virtue, intellect and strength
Vanquished by very simple means at length.

'Tis "pleasant, sure, to have a giant's strength,"
But tyrannous to use it as a giant:"
This literary Anak has at length
Presumed too far—has been so far defiant
Of patriot laws that subjects good should rule
That loyal people think him knave, or fool.

Now, Blackstone speaks of men who get "so learned
They lose their common sense." Sir Hudibras
Bright intellect with greatest ease discerned
"A hair 'twixt south and southwest side," but was
Like Smith befogged with brains, so he had bother
'Twixt wrong and right, to tell the one from t'other.

May I enquire—does learning give the right
To front on patriotism "south by north"?"
And when, I ask, did intellectual might
Superior rise to fealty on earth
Is Smith, like Southey, free to praise St. Peter?
Or write the Devil up, if HE pays better?

It's a free country that we live in, so
All men's opinions are with freedom stated;
But yet disloyal men are made to know
Disloyalty's a ship with sorrow freighted.
If from the rope the traitor is exempt,
He's punished with contumely, contempt.

Not always does he meet with his deserts,
However, fear, a sycophantic crew,
Because a man is rich, has clever parts,
Is polished in his manners, may, and do
A traitor court, nor treat him with that scorn
Would make him wish he never had been born.

In youth I revelled in an atmosphere
That fanned to fire the flame of patriotism;
At tales of ruth I dropped full many a tear,
While later years have furnished me a chrism
That gives some "glorious" deeds a shady hue,
Yet still they leave me to my country true.

My native town, the country all around,
Settled with veterans was, who'd fought in Spain.
Each pension day recurring, they were found
Togged in their much loved uniform again:
They spoke of tented field and of the trench—
Showed how "The Duke" had always beat the French."

In fancy I have fought with them in Spain—
At Salamanca and at Badajos;
I've met the French on Talavera's plain;
The Pyrenees at Orthes and Toulouse;
Yes, in a score of battles had a hand—
Helped beat the French by Wellington's command.

Whate'er their failings were, yet those who fought
With Wellington in Spain were warriors true;
They loved their native land as patriots ought,
Immortal are their deeds of derring do;
Listening entranced, tingling my blood would run
As "crutches shouldered showed how fields were won."

With them the dastard traitor met his doom,
For him unutterable was their scorn,
For him within their ranks there was no room,
Unless the creaking gibbet to adorn;
Contumely he met, so why not Smith,
Who plays the traitor to his kin and kith?

Yes why? because, forsooth, he is a crank!

In the near past on high such cranks were strung;
If on the deck, perchance they "walked the plank,"
Hanged at the yardarm taunts at them were flung:
Yes, treachery's deserts, or soon or late,
Consigned each wretch to an ignoble fate.

Smith was a Briton born; in Britain grew

To manhood, got his education there.
Bumptious, and clever, soon he thought he "knew
It all." D'Israe'i flayed him in Lothair;
And thus a natural born aristocrat
Disgruntled grew and so turned Democrat.

Though a professor, yet "America"

With him meant just "The Great United States":
Nine out of ten of Englishmen display
This wretched ignorance, and so ingrates
Prove to Canadians who, in time of need,
Died for the Union Jack with this their meed.

Britain deserting, he a pilgrim went

To play the part of priest to Uncle Sam,
At Freedom's shrine. He knew not what this meant;
He found each demagogue a great "I am,"
Who'd poke his ribs, ask, "Don't we, as a Nation,
"I say, Professor, beat the whole creation?"

Like Moore, Smith sickened, yes—like him in fine,

Of blatant Democrats he quickly soured.
'Twas only then he learned there was a line
Where the "Jack" floated, Stars and Stripes were
lowered:
Geography he studied, and got on to
The fact that such a place existed as Toronto.

A place congenial as aristocrats
And polished gentlemen were there in plenty;
And so he left the land of "sharps and flats,"
And on a tour of observation bent, he
Turned his vagrant steps towards Canada,
Home to the Union Jack. But was it, say,—

Was it with burning heart, as sung by Scott?
"Not by a jugful," for he came intent
On traitorous ends, to vend his cursed rot
To Yankees gullible. On him they spent
The "stuff"; in short the "mineral whose hue"
"Can make a patriot, and unmake him too."

Settled in Toronto, from that vantage ground
Posing a Canadian, thence he quickly slandered
Canadians, and Canada, as he found
It paid the renegade to play. He pandered
To Yankee hatred, Yankee prejudice.
"Why Goldwin Smith in Canady says this—

"That Canady is ripe for annexation."
"Nature has said it and the Stars and Stripes"
—(They'd read the trash with licorish exultation)—
Will float o'er Canady." And Goldwin swipes
With many a chuckle and sardon'ic grin,
The Yankee's "stuff"—gets lots of surplus "tin."

Smith was pro-Boer; yes, of course, he was,
His plea their cause was that of Liberty.
In Freedom's name he championed that cause.
Hypocrisy sublime! 'twas enmity
That animated—o'er him had control—
'Gainst Britain and the Empire filled his soul.

The Boers and Freedom! Freedom to do what?
To roam the veldt in dirt and ignorance,
Reduce to slavery the Hottentot
And Caffre and thus Liberty (?) advance?
Well, liberty and law, what were they for,
If not to oppress and grind the Uitlander?

Their record what? Why devilish ingenuity
They exercised to bleed the Briton white.
Governing themselves, perspicuously,
Strongly he argued for the Boers that right.
But was this just? Here he has become
Deaf as an adder, like an oyster dumb.

The Boers and Liberty. Again I ask
Was it to jambok slaves, and drive them till
They sweat and fainted 'neath the grievous task?
That liberty to grind at their sweet will
The unfortunate black—in idleness to eat
The bread their victims earned with toil and sweat?

Smith's mighty pen upheld all this, and worse!
To cruel lash, and toil, and curses rude
Unto the law slaves were denied recourse,
An odious tag proclaimed their servitude.
Smith and the Boers' Freedom, mark it well,
Ye shades of Pym, and Hampden, Wallace, Tell!

An oligarchy ruled in Boerland;
Tyrannie laws prevailed, so slavery
Flourished—oppression, ignorance. They planned,
The fatuous fools, "to drive into the sea"
The Empire that gave Freedom to the world,
And like the "wicked ten" from power are hurled.

Of history, he, the very depth has sounded,
Ancient and modern, sacred and profane,
And yet forgot the traitor always hounded;
Or has he chosen liberty to strain,
And turn to license, treason to uphold?
To miss the point that histories unfold.

We know men travel, and yet prove purblind
To Nature's glories and to those of art.
Could he in history's pages nothing find
To prove the patriot's was the better part?
He could, but would not, so with judgment bad—
Or heart—he's with our foemen found arrayed.

For war prolonged must he not bear the blame?
His name is world wide as a literateur,
The Boer champion he must bear the shame,
"By merit raised to this bad eminence." 'Tis sure
His pen raised Boer hopes doomed to be blasted,
Oceans of blood and treasure to be wasted.

How much of misery lies at his door?
Mothers of Canada, the veldt is red.
Your manly sons, Oh Heaven! you'll see no more;
'Midst Afric's sands is made their narrow bed.
Let history's records down the ages tell,
Heroes they fought, and patriots they fell.

Inborn is courage; this the Boer had,
No credit to him. But the intellect
Only yields justice. As the Boer made
Use of his power injustice to direct.
A cursed anachronism, lo! he dies—
The world is better, Afric's destinies.

Rhodes was a patriot. He a fortune made
Solely to spend it for his country's glory.
Smith has a fortune, recreancy has paid,
What of the party in the Scripture story?
And thirty pieces? Well, shrewd is the plan—
Sell country—then play Good Samaritan.

'Twas said that Britain coveted the treasure
Nature had planted in the golden Rand.
Here was the question that showed Goldwin's measure:
All in the Empire he knew equal stand.
'Twas said that Britain would the Boer enslave;
Silent, he currency to these slanders gave.

Talking of Smith, I heard the other day
A man observe "he was a bl'atheskite."
'Twas rough, 'twas his opinion, 'twas his way
To give a strong opinion impolite.
"Smith gave opinions, had too much to say,
What were they worth? why, d—n then, anyway."

Some reason in his choler—was there not?
Opinion's cheap. How sweet it is to pose
As a wisacre, and uncover what
The future hides? There's little you can lose.
Women—and Smith—opinions give, you know,
In scores, if right, it's then—"I told you so."

Genius and madness nearly are allied.
Learning—and judgment—there's a yawning chasm
Only too often 'twixt these two, as wide
As 'tween a genius and the protoplasm
They say man rose from "Into college classes,"
Pope says, men "go in stirks, and come out asses."

Perchance 'tis thus Smith "spouts and spouts away
In one weak, washy everlasting flood."
Of wise(?) advice. He'd run "this Canada
Of Ours" upon his hazy, crazy plan that would
Materialize opinions expectation
End in his darling fadlet Annexation.

The angry man referred to, wrathfully
Asked "Why in — (well, I guess you know the word)
'Tis known as "Hades" now euphoniously—
"Didn't Smith stay in Yankeeland, if good
Compared with Canada, if better, best
His faith by residence would this truth attest."

Smith was referred to as "the venerable
Professor" in Parliament the other day;
When, I now ask, are grey hairs honourable?
Not all the genius of a Shakespeare may
Nor of a Milton, make a "grand old man"
Out of a traitor, argue it who can.

History may lie, does; yet one truth it teaches—
Nothing for lack of patriotism can atone;
And poetry! how gloriously it preaches?
The patriot is his country's corner stone.
One sin in Scripture was unpardonable;
In history the same, or it's all fable.

An educated man stands in the dock
A guilty man of heinous crime convicted;
Judgment delivered with reproof look
Is by no thought of mercy then restricted;
Learning then only aggravates the crime,
Culture but makes the wretch's guilt sublime.

Canada has flourished like a green bay tree;
There is no land to-day beneath the sun
Where peace and happiness and prosperity
So universal reign. There is not one
Where the reward of industry's so sure,
Where, I affirm, that no one need be poor.

"A decent competence we fully taste,"
The poet says, and competence is here;
"It strikes our sense and gives a constant feast,"
Again affirms. Smith battens on good cheer,
Maugre his recreancy, and enjoys it too,
Even if 'tis bought with "stuff" of dirty hue.

Smith would us have this happy state exchange
For fancied blessings 'neath the Stars and Stripes;
Substance for shadow, like the dog to change,
And as a Nation play the suicide's
Ignoble part—and dead and gone,
Mercies to share, dispensed from Washington.

WHAT are the BLESSINGS? south of "forty-five?"
Rotten divorce laws, legal prostitution,
Contempt for law, and so law breakers thrive.
Lynching is recognized an institution.
Killing's no murder—even a governor—
Yes, ANY man can murder—unless poor.

Just now they roast a "nigger" every day,
And things are lively way down in Kentucky.
The knife, the rifle and the pistol play
Their part in Justice(?). Even a judge is lucky,
And State attorney, safe from "pumping lead."
For in the halls of justice they're shot dead.

And as for robbers, Rob Roy was a fool
Compared with such cutpurses as Rockefeller.
Of robbing "Rob the A. B. C. at school
Had only learned. In the U. S. for wen, or
Ill, with high and low, in every station,
The Highland Chieftain's way is quite the fashion.

True, they all try to steal "by line and level,"
Old Lambro was "the mildest mannered man"
"That ever slit a throat." In arts they revel
To soften his rough ways, so scheme and plan
Supplant claymore, and cutlass, pistols, threats—
They LAW invoke, and all the Nation sweats.

And down in Delaware—why, law and order
Are not exactly synchronous, for there
Mob law, and lynching, general disorder
And moral cussedness, are the dainty fare
One may enjoy by changing situation—
This charlatan prescribes by annexation.

The British Isles contain some forty millions,
And "mostly fools," the sage of Chelsea said;
Well, since his time augmenting this Dominion's
Sparse population, some of these have made
Their homes with us. Perhaps that's why the moon
Has, at its full, made ONE now play this tune.

We are all failures! yes, Canadians are;
Five million people of this Great Dominion,
His head would furnish brains (leave some to spare)
For the whole callow lot in his opinion:
And Canada—a failure too—'tis thus his prate goes—
Has been and will remain but small potatoes.

When quacks and charlatans the dose prescribe,
The patient dies. Is Goldwin not a quack?
Experience he has none. Like all his tribe,
The critic tribe, I mean (of whom no lack),
They serve no time, yet know by intuition
The panacea sure for our condition.

He's wise, and wise men once met Stephenson;
Presto, they dubbed his railway a delusion.
He built it, ran it, and when this was done,
College bred asses they, the world's conclusion—
Each was "a blockhead, ignorantly read,"
"With lots of learned lumber in his head."

Canadians have been called meanspirited;
Nor is it any wonder this was so.
Our very college Dons well merited
This epithet contemptuous. We know
They would have honoured this calumniator
Who has no country and who IS a traitor.

He STAYS in Canada and eats our salt—
Straighthway maligns the very cravens who
Cringe at his shrine. He thinks each one a dolt.
Turn to some Yankee Journal, or Review,
They'll find his verdict—Canada and Canucks—
Unless annexed will not amount to "shucks."

And yet—"Oh tempora! Oh mores!"
Honours, D.D.'s, they'd add "the sum of more"
"To that which has too much." The more he scores these
Uriah Heaps, this Baal, who bow before—
Till good Canadians think their heads are mellow—
The more they sing "He is a jolly good fellow."

And a Chief Justice joins in the refrain!—
“The Maple Leaf Forever”—fudge and stuff!
And “Rule Britannia”—well, the same again!
And “Wha will be a traitor knave,” all “guff”!
Die for your country! fools! no! run it down;
Judges and Dons will you with honour crown.

Campbell and Burns and Muir were surely fools;
David and Shakespeare both were proper asses.
Let Psalm and song be banished from our schools;
No use for patriots in our college classes.
Our dictionáries certain words encumber;
“Patriot,” “loyalist” there, are useless lumber.

'Tis thus we see a new apotheosis;
Money and brains can traitors deify;
And every patriot from the time of Moses,
Judges, professors, now transmogrify
Into an ass—prove that his life was vain;
The more he loved his country, more inane.

Now in the “good old times” there were displayed
The homely virtues such as patriotism.
And loyalty, yes, and the man who laid
His life for country down, needed no chrism,
None, to baptise him into life eternal,
Upon the scroll of Fame, for there 'twas vernal.

But these are times commercial; and “what’s in it?”
Is now, alas! the first consideration;
And money—even learned men will win it—
Yes, only too many will of every station,
At the expense of principle—and worse—
They’d sell their country if it filled their purse.

So patriotism of the good old quality
Some thought, and think as scarce, yes, as hens' teeth;
Without compunction men their nationality
Change, country forswear, and very quickly with
The change, their loyalty gets rotten,
With patriotism as a rule forgotten.

This man without a country greedy is
Of honours, yes, and so would honours have;
He HAS high honours, which by brains are his
Of right as literateur, yet still the grave
Will him dishonoured claim, one great among
Traitors "unwept, unhonoured and unsung."

Honours he'd have, if but to silence those
Who view him with contempt for recreancy
To King and Country; and full well he knows
How all the arts of Chesterfield to ply;
On reputation, on good nature trade,
And as Lord Bountiful to masquerade.

Five thousand dollars! Well he once was foiled
In an attempt to get the name of Smith
On Honour's roll, that would that roll have soiled,
As a maligner of his kin and kith.
Would he BUY honours? If 'tis so, he thus
May find he plays the part of Tantalus.

The "greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind."
Bacon—sold Justice, but his country loved—
The palm of merit has to Smith resigned,—
Smith "goes one better" as his course has proved:
He stabs his country, with his villain pen,
Did it with malice, and would stab again.

Nay! HAS done this, for he quite recently
One of his cursed shafts at Chamberlain
Winged "home," but Chamberlain complacently
At impotent malice laughed, may laugh again;
An Empire wrecker and its builder met,
One self-condemned, the other justly great.

Did I say "Home?" It is no home for him,
For "home" implies hope, reverence, and respect;
Who that loved home would in the danger time
With villian heart the foeman's blade direct?
It SHOULD be home. Ah! what awaits him there?
The mother's curses, not the mother's prayer.

When Europe's venom, and when Yankee hate
Yelled "tyranny," who joined the hue and cry?
Twas "greed, the Rand and gold." It was their fate
That Africa should thunder out, "a lie!"
The land of Pharoah back the slander throws—
Behold how Egypt blossoms as the rose.

Who hounded on the Boer in the fight?
Who sped the shaft that laid each Briton low?—
Who yelled out "tyranny" with all his might?
At Boer triumphs who rejoiced all through?
Whose aim was intervention? cursed ingrate.
Through this the Empire would disintegrate.

"What shall the harvest be?" Aye! what indeed?
What COULD the harvest be but one of blood?
If "as men sow they reap," Smith has his meed.
He sowed to reap, no reason why he should
Not get his just reward. Which shall it be?
The crown of honour? of apostacy?

Ah! the veldt peopled is with Britain's sons;
From east, and west, and north, and south. They lie
Beneath the veldt. For THEM "home" orisons—
CURSES for Smith. Methinks each hollow eye
With piercing glance proclaims disdain and scorn
For this unnatural son by mother borne.

Was British soil invaded? Up they sprang,
At Britain's, Afric's call, Australia,
New Zealand, and from Canada, the clang
And clash of marching legions on their way;
With shouts defiant, many an answering yell,
Rushed to the fray, and "foremost fighting fell."

And India's millions panted for the fray—
Jamaica's sable freemen yearned to fight—
And the Red Indian, and the Maori;
By all that's sacred, 'twas a glorious sight!
For Motherland, lo! up in arms they spring,
Their lives they offer and their treasure bring.

BROTHERS, I GREET YOU! "GOD AND THE
EMPIRE," still

Our shibboleth. The Barons of King John!
A glorious heritage—Freedom—and the will
To guard with jealous eye the priceless boon,
They gave, we so inherited. The roll
Of heroes since would make an endless scroll.

Aye! All their glory's ours—we have part
In all the famous battles of the past;
For freedom, and 'gainst foes, within, without,
We share, and shall uphold, while time shall last:
And better still, the sacred trust we'll guard,
So that our freeborn sons it shall reward.

JOHN W. DOUGLAS,

Late Senior Major 42nd Battalion.

Shelburne, Ontario, Canada,

July, 1903.

"HARK TO THE MEASURED TREAD."

NOTE.—In the limits of this short song the author has endeavoured to crystallize the almost inevitable feelings of a patriotic Canadian who, hearing an armed force approaching, and discovering them to be enemies, bent on invading his beloved Canada, calls upon his countrymen to rise, and drive back the invaders. The din of battle in the second verse, is followed in the third by the paeans of victory mixed with sorrow begot of regret for the brave who have died in the defence of country.

CANADIAN PATRIOTIC SONG.

"HARK TO THE MEASURED TREAD."

Inscribed by special permission to Lord Strathcona, Canadian High Commissioner.

By Major John W. Douglas, of Shelburne, Ontario, Canada

Hark to the measured tread! Who is it comes?
See! they approach, and in martial array!
Shrill sound the fifes, and loud roll the drums.
Are they friends? or must we prepare for the fray?
What banner is this that flaunts to the sky?
'Tis not the glorious old cross of St. George;
On it no Maple Leaf do we espy.
They're foes who chains for our country would forge.

Chorus—Strike then for Canada, loved ones and home,
Freedom we'll have, so death let us brave.
Over us nought but the old Union Jack
Twined with the Maple Leaf, ever shall wave.

What! shall we cravens be? Our fathers bled!
Sacrificed all for their country and king.*
Ne'er then of us, their sons, be it said,
"Cowards ye are," back the charge let us fling.
Not of our land shall the foe have a foot.
Back let us drive them, or conquer or die;
Maddened so long as our soil they pollute,
Shoulder to shoulder on, soon they will fly.

Chorus—Strike then for Canada, etc.

On then to victory, strike, and strike home.
Hurrah! no measured tread now do we hear.
See! they retreat! horses covered with foam,
Men terror-stricken, and pallid with fear.
Victory! Victory! Requiems sing,
O'er comrades slain bravely facing the foe.
O'er them spread laurel, their praises shall ring,
Down through the ages immortal shall go.

Chorus—Grasp, wring the victors' hands, welcome them home,
Conquerors they fought the fight of the brave.
Floating triumphant, the old Union Jack
Twined with the Maple Leaf, ever shall wave.

*This was literally true of the United Empire Loyalists.



