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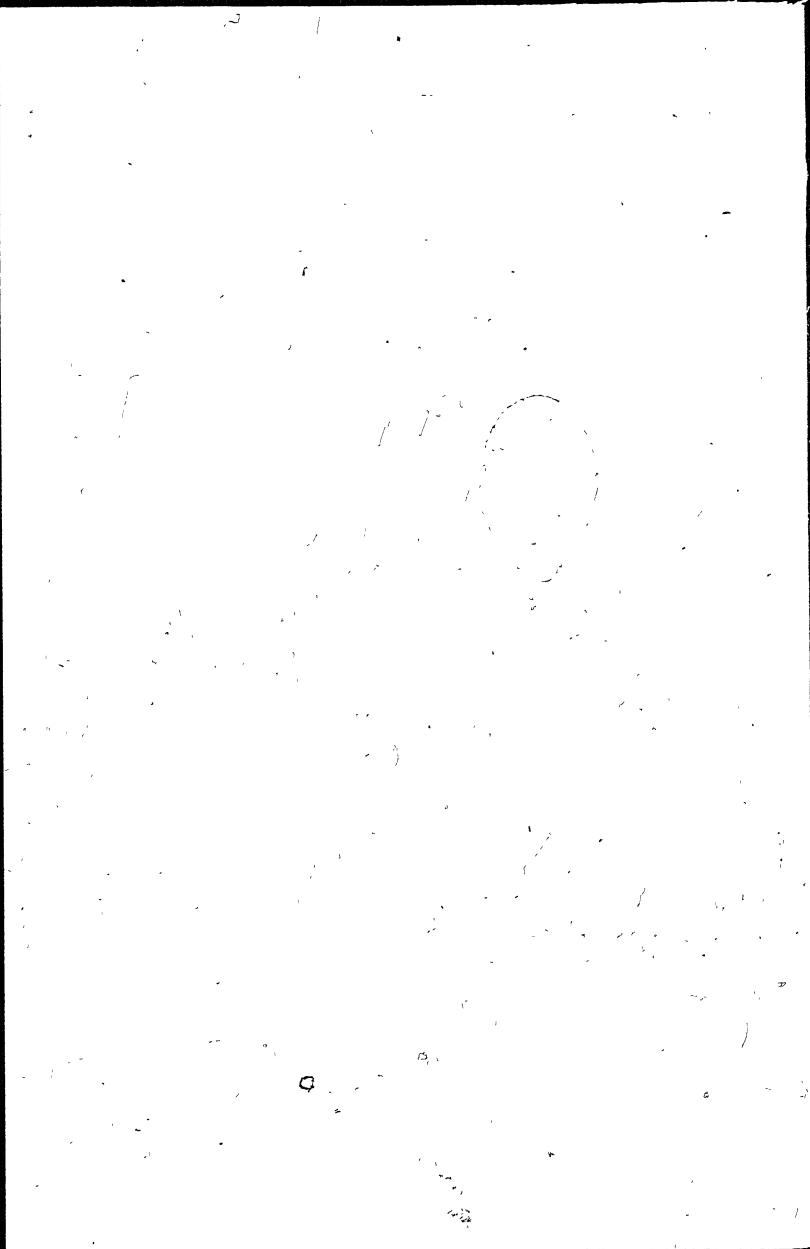
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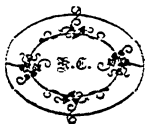


THE
NEW DOMINION.



A POEM.

BY W. R. M. BURTIS.

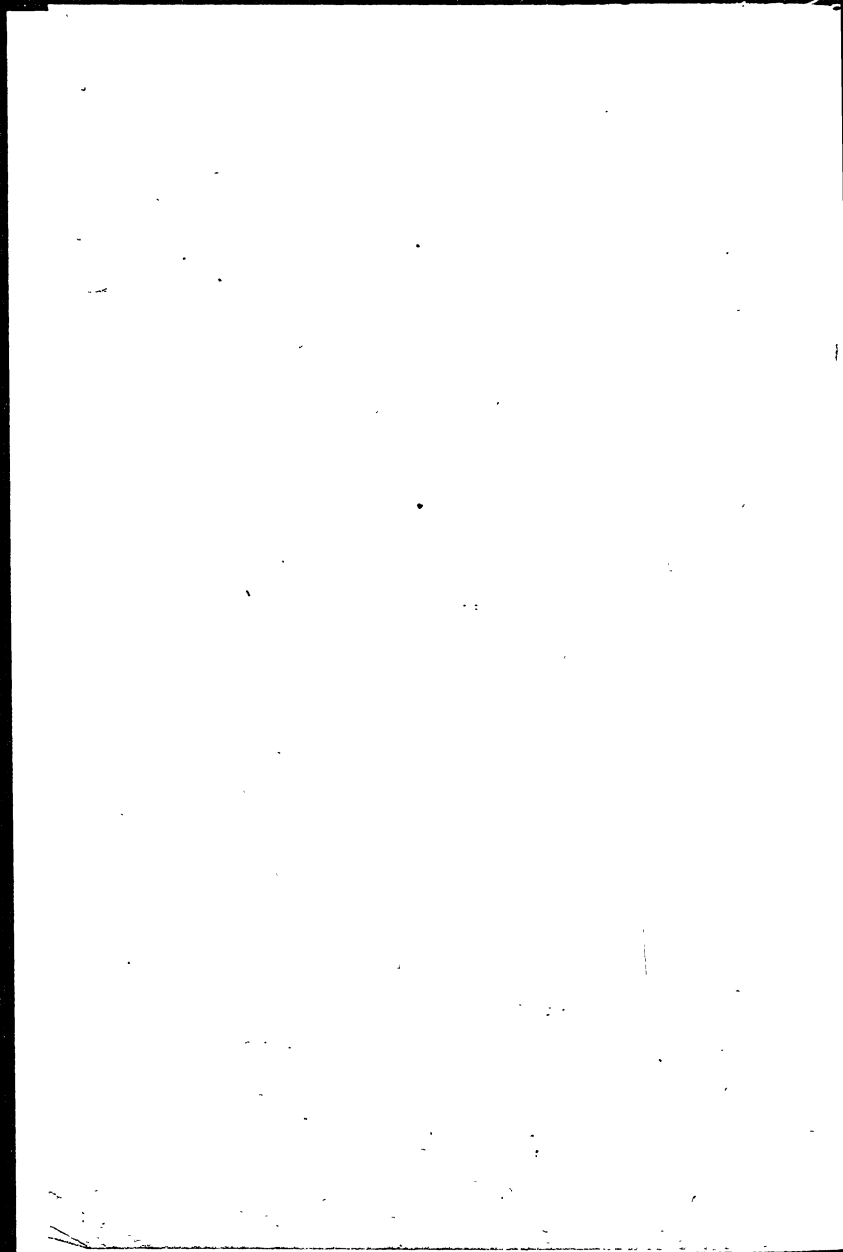


St. John, N. B.

J. & A. M' MILLAN.

1867.





The

New Dominion.

A POEM,

BY

W. R. M. BURTIS.



· SAINT JOHN, N. B.

J. & A. McMILLAN, 78 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

1867.

J. & A. McMillan, Printers, 78 Prince William Street.

PREFACE.

Believing that, in all the earth, "the Lord is *King*;" having, hence, no sympathy with those who solve political problems solely by the *rule of three*, and are consequently prone to prophecy that the New Dominion will fall a prey to the rapacity of the more populous nation on our border;—believing, for reasons which may be inferred, that the United States are only in the beginning of trouble;—that their debt will prove much more inconvenient than they seem to think it will, and be a source of commercial embarrassment for a long time to come;—being strongly impressed with the conviction that some of the States are much more likely to desire admission into the Colonial Confederacy, than the Confederacy to become a parcel of the United States;—believing that if our people would strive to walk in the path which "the vulture's eye hath not seen and the lion's whelp hath not trodden" and our legislators would always bear in

mind that it is for the welfare of *the people*, and not for sects and parties and classes, that the Governor of the universe causes the earth to rotate and seed-time and harvest to succeed each other, we should have nothing to fear, either from intestine dissention on the one hand, or external violence on the other;—the writer has penned the following lines in the humble hope that they may be instrumental in some measure, in rebuking that puling spirit which magnifies the arm of our neighbors at the expense of our faith, and also in promoting a spirit of goodwill among the various sects and nationalities of which the Union is composed, and submits them with trustfulness to an indulgent public.

THE NEW DOMINION.

"Beware * * * lest when thou hast eaten and art full, and hast built goodly houses and dwelt therein; and when thy flocks multiply, and thy silver and thy gold is multiplied, and all that thou hast is multiplied, then thine heart be lifted up and thou forget the Lord thy God."

The *Seer* stands at eventide
Watching sea-birds, as they ride
On the ocean's heaving breast,
While the sun goes down to rest;
Listening to the sullen roar,
Of the surf upon the shore;
Wondering what, if waves could speak,
They'd say to him if he should seek
To know their mind, or if they bore
Some message from a distant shore.

While thus he mused, and listening stood,
A sound, unmusical and rude,
Like echo from a noisy fair,
Came down upon the evening air.
Of pride and greed and anger telling,
And other passions ceaseless welling,
Like waters from a fount accurst
Never quenching human thirst.

The Seer thought of distant times,
And tumults old in other climes,
And sorrowed much to think that still,
Men are moved by evil will.

Soon they cease ; and then there steals,
Like music struck from silver bells,
Symphonies so low and sweet
As seldom on the wavelets meet,
Luring him to other climes
Whence seemed to come those happy chimes:

Whether or no, he could not tell,
But it seemed as though a spell
Had bound him, and that he
Could not, if he would, be free.
Soaring then on pinions light,
His spirit took an upward flight.

Far off, on the blue profound,
Suddenly, without a sound,
New land arose, as at the will
Of one of whom the poets tell,
Who, by the waving of a wand,
Could summon *genii* to his hand.

First, as on his sight it broke,
And wonder in his mind awoke,

The mountain-tops engaged his eye,
Towering far toward the sky ;
Resplendent in the setting sun
Or grandly bleak in twilight dun.

And then, as more familiar grew
Things which to him were new,
His eyesight pierced the deep defiles—
Nature's grand cathedral aisles—
Irregular and yet not rude,
Awful in their solitude,
As rifted from Plutonic rock
By some great centrifugal shock,
They seem like monuments sublime
Linking past with present time.

He hears a scream and then espies
Circling upward to the skies,
Half in anger, half in fright,
Till she's almost out of sight,
An eagle, startled from her nest
At sight of some unwelcome guest ;
When a heavy-laden train
Rushes up the narrow lane,
Looking as if poised on air
A thousand feet above the lair
Of gaunt grey wolf or grizzly bear.

Downward to the boundless plain
The fiery courser speeds amain,
Slackens not his headlong gait ;
Stopping not to breathe or bait ;
And only at the hostel gate,
Does that tireless courser wait.

Once upon the track again,
Scours along the distant plain ;
Scorning lightning, as in haste,
He charges madly through the waste :—
Lakes and rivers come and go ;
Who denies it shall be so ?
Things like these the *Seer* beholds
As the wondrous map unfolds.

What sea is that the *Seer* crossed ?
What land its mighty breast embossed ?
Whose towns and cities rose to view,
So fair and stately yet so new ?

The *sea* is that great ebbless tide
Which cannot for an instant bide ;
But ev'ry moment strikes a shore,
Which never had been reached before ;
Whose farthest coasts will hear its boom,
Never before the day of doom.

The *land* and what to it pertained :—
Works of art and chattels gained
By prosp'rous trade in foreign climes,
Wisely pushed in peaceful times,
Belong to those who proudly claim,
A *British* parentage and name ;
Contented that their lot should be,
A fruitful branch of a goodly tree.

Fostered by the iron hand
Of laws enforced by stern command
Of rulers chosen for their worth,
Among the noblest of the earth,
The arts and science prosper, till,
In ev'ry dale, on every hill
Are garnered fruits, which ne'er before,
Were gathered in more copious store.
In workshop, warehouse, factory, mill,
Are seen results of wondrous skill.
But, more pleasing far than all
The pictures hung in stately hall,
Or engines strong, or fabrics rare,
Exhibited in store or fair,
Is, that the people, taught to *think*,
Do their ancient quarrels sink.
One God—their Maker, Saviour, friend,
Of gifts the giver without end,

They recognize, and feeling then,
That He is *father* of all men,
And that for all alike He cares
Whom the earth prolific bears,
Each feels that, in ev'ry other,
Instead of foe he meets a *brother*.

As fruits of bowing to that law
Which wisdom infinite foresaw
Alone could save from dire distress,
And sorrows which on mortals press,
Where'er he looks—on every hand—
The *Seer* beholds a happy land;—

Rivers which, since birth of man
Had not been checked by wheel or dam,
Had been taught to know that they
Must henceforward him obey.

Lakes but late unruffled, save
By fragile bark of *nomade Brave*,
Or beasts, or tenants of the air,
Or winds that o'er their bosoms tear,
Are whitened now with many a sail
Set to woo the passing gale.

Prairies which before, at best,
Ever since the earth had rest,

Mighty beasts and birds had fed—
Mammals strange and Sauriaus dread,
Which had lived and passed away
Long before that ancient day,
When Eden's pathways Adam trod—
The last and noblest work of God,
Obedient to Divine behest,
From north and south and east and west—
From garden, orchard, harvest-field,
Their choicest fruits and flowers yield.

Calm, as with consciousness of power;
Couchant, as if prepared for war;
Majestic in that grand repose,
Which speaks his fearlessness of foes,
The king of beasts is seen to fill,
The honored post of *warder* still.
While over his majestic head
Proudly waves that banner red,
As free from stain as e'er before,
Since *Crescy's* field, or *Agincourt*.

What does that angry cloud portend
Which veils the land from end to end,
Whose boast once was, from sea to sea,
It cradled infant liberty?
Why leaps the lightning from on high?

Why booms the thunder through the sky?
Why has this day of trouble come?
What have the hapless people done,
That those terrific tongues of fire
Should threaten them with ruin dire?
Have they e'er forgetful been
Of duty to the great Unseen?
Puffed up with unbecoming pride,
His fearless statutes laid aside?
Or taken credit in their songs
For what to Him alone belongs—
Occurrences which such as they,
Could not foresee and might not stay?
Or have they threatened sword and fire
Those who without their leave aspire
To hold, as erst, the sacred soil
Our fathers won with grievous toil?
Usurping thus the throne of God,
Have they provoked His chastening rod?
Do they, under claim of right,
Wrongs commit in Justice' sight?
Of wealth and power ever greedy,
Do they oppress the poor and needy—
Like Leech or Vampyre crying—*give!*
For ever while their victims live;
Pitying none, so they may sate
Their appetite for show and state?

Whence come all those dreadful ills,
Which like so many trickling rills
That noiseless and unheeded flow,
And only to importance grow,
When by rains untimely fed,
They raise the swelling river's bed,
Till o'er its ancient banks it leaps;
And though the hapless country sweeps
Resistless in its mad career;
Destruction dealing far and near?

Have the flames of civil war
Destroyed their constitution, or
Is their patriotism dead?
Has *virtue* from their bosoms fled?
Is "*attic faith*" a thing unknown
To those who hate the kingly crown?

Not so! Faith and courage both are left.
Of virtue they are not bereft.
But what can single arms avail,
When multitudes the state assail;
When fired by insatiate thirst,
Th' infuriate pop'lace thoughtless burst
Through all restraint, and drain the cup,
Of *license*, not dreaming, while they sup,
That *demagogues* have spread the board,
And o'er them hangs the *Tyrant's* sword.

What more graphic or more true,
 Than the picture* *Cato* drew
 Of the proud Republic—Rome,
 Of freedom, once the honored home?
 Well does that patriot hand portray
Republics of the *present* day.
 This is what the Roman said
 Of his people long since dead,—
 Those magistrates who, for gain,
 Flatter the people, in the main,
 Are by acclamations stunned,
 And with undeserved honors crowned.
 Domestic rule is broken up.
 Maid with mistress claims to sup;

From Cicero's Commonwealth.

*NOTE.—“Then, those who feel in duty bound to obey the chiefs of the State are persecuted by the insensate populace, who call them slaves. But those in the magistracies who flatter the popular equality, and the demagogues who plead the levelling system and endeavour to abolish all distinctions between nobles and commons; these they stun with acclamations and overwhelm with honors. It inevitably happens in a commonwealth thus revolutionized, that liberalism superabounds in all directions: due authority is found wanting even in private families; and misrule seems to extend even to the animals that witness it. Then the father fears the son and the son neglects the father. All modesty is banished; they become far too liberal for that * * * the master dreads and cajoles his scholars, and they despise their masters. The conceited striplings assume the gravity of Sages, and Sages must stoop to the folly of children, lest they should be hated and oppressed. The very slaves hold themselves as high as their lords; wives boast the same rights as husbands; dogs, horses and asses are emancipated in the outrageous excess of freedom, and run about so violently that they frighten the passengers from the road. At length this infinite licentiousness produces such a morbid self-sufficiency; such fastidious and effeminate sentiments get possession of the people, that when they observe even the slightest exertion of magisterial authority they grow angry and seditious, and then the laws are necessarily infringed because there is no ruler who dare to execute them.”

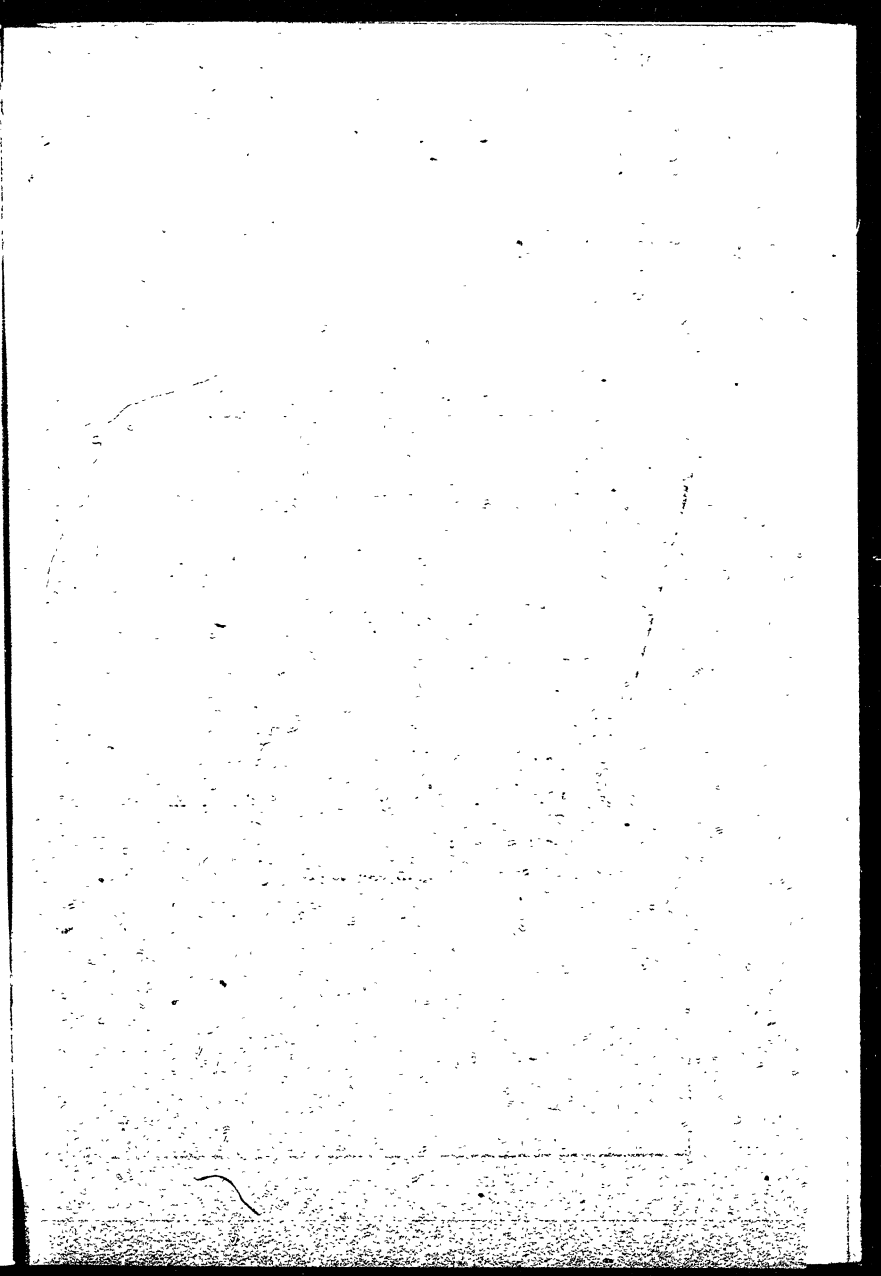
Children to their parents now,
Persistently refuse to bow.
The striplings with conceit o'erflow,
And after their own humours go.
As once the husband, now the *wife*,
Aspires to shine in public life.
To such excesses do they run—
Emancipation once begun—
That dogs and horses, asses too,
Run about with nought to do.

But what of our own loved home
When all those blessings trooping come!
Has it not a foremost place
In the great industrial race?

First to feel the genial ray
Of rising sun on that fair day, [ers
New Brunswick's youth put forth their pow-
Like hills refreshed with timely showers.
Her borders on the mighty sea,
Our *City* shall a merchant be
To many isles whose products rare
She has not yet begun to share.
To her markets shall be sent
Rich fabrics from the Orient;—
Gold and silver from Japan,
Diamonds bright from Hindostan;

Shawls and other costly gear,
From the looms of famed Cashmere :—
All climes and countries shall conspire
To habit her in rich attire ;
And “ perfect in her beauty,” she
Another *Tyrus* yet shall be.
But, unlike that Queen of Pride,
Which the King of Kings defied,
Let us hope that she, alway,
May to Him her homage pay.
Then like our glorious parent State,
On whose breath the nations wait,
Her foundations made secure,
To future ages shall endure.
A thousand years of passing time
Shall only see her in her prime ;
And full of health, she'll bow her head
When the graves give up their dead.





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