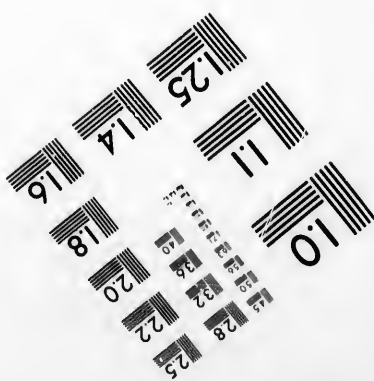
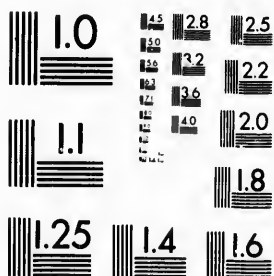


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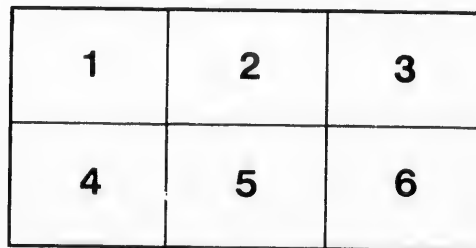
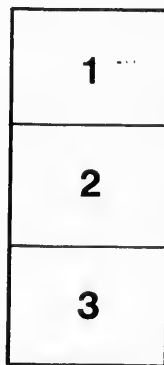
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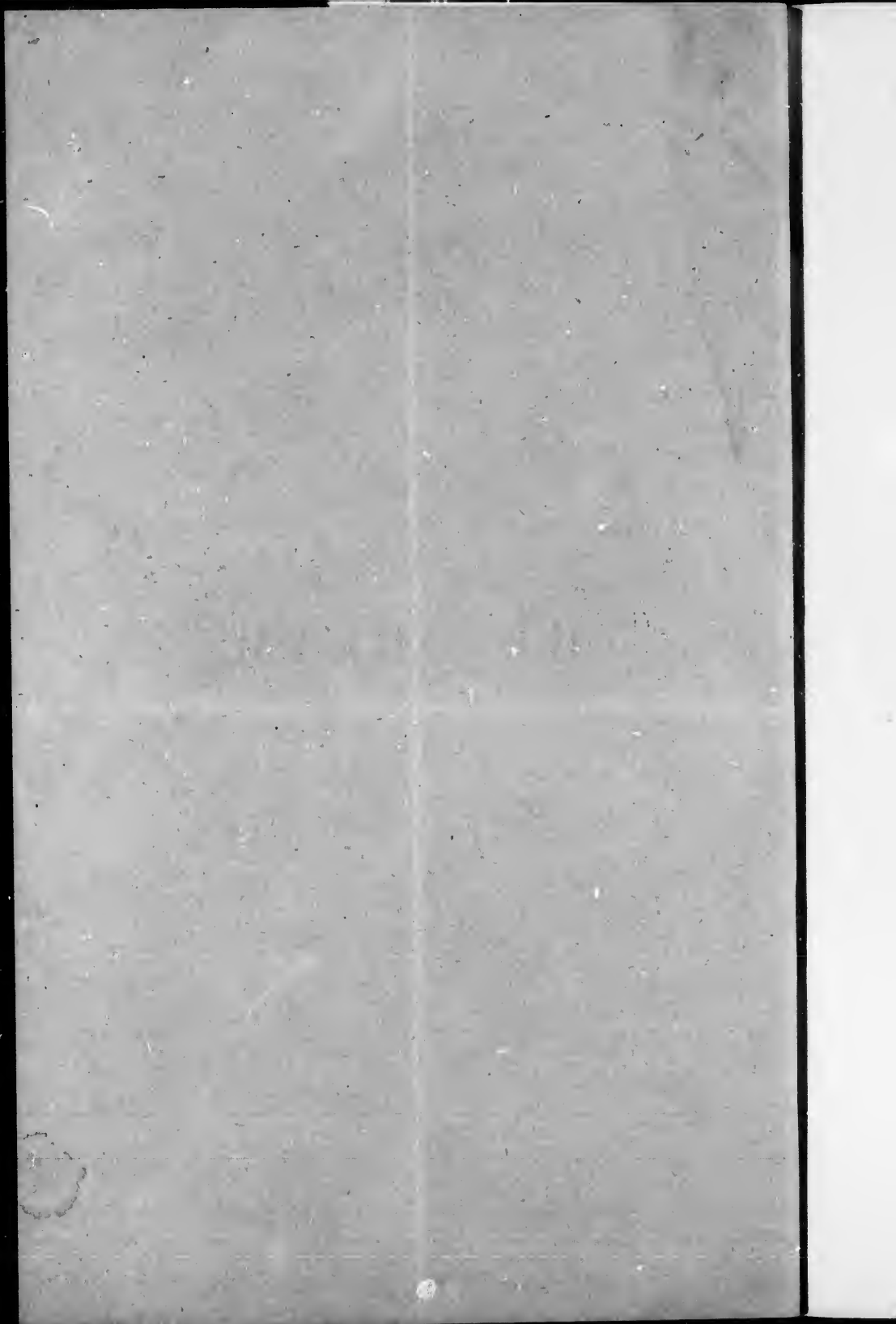
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THE DREAM.



THE DREAM.

TO
THE GOOD CAUSE,
THIS PAMPHLET IS DEDICATED,
WITH MANY SINCERE WISHES
FOR
ITS ULTIMATE SUCCESS,
BY THE AUTHOR.

H. S. Morgan Esq. Ottawa

THE DREAM.

As the steed, from the battle, when the hand that should
guide,
No longer is able, the curb to control,
With terror-lent speed, o'er the plain gallops wide ;
Its course is uncertain ; uncertain its goal :
So our fancy, in sleep, by our reason forsaken,
Roams erratic and wide o'er a world of its own ;
Paints pictures fantastic, that fade as we waken,
And scours, in its course, o'er each circle and zone.
It was thus, when the grand scheme of Union I pondered
Some nights since, then laid myself down to repose,
With fancy my guide, into dream land I wandered,
And, evolved from the darkness, strange visions arose.
It seemed that the age when the nations consulted
The priestess at Delphi, and sages foretold,
Through two thousand years, rolling back, had resulted
Intermixed with the present, in the scene I unfold.
Thus the course, in which public opinion went flowing,
Received its direction from omen and sign ;
If those once at feud, in the same boat went rowing
The vessel that held them, should sink in the brine :
So, when two whiskered rats, in a sudden eruption,
Crossed *la place legislatif* in frolicsome play,
Certain statesmen were instantly charged with corruption,
For the vermin were seen to have scampered their way.

And as nations of old held some augur more holy,
And his oracles prized, as exceeding in worth,
So, it seemed, we had one, that we credited solely :
He frowned, all was sadness—he smiled, all was mirth.
His temple, retired, in a solitude rose ;
Before stretched a plain, and beneath rolled the flood ;
Few sounds ever broke the eternal repose,
Save the moan of the sea in its angrier mood.
No gifts of rare gems ornamented the shrine,
No statues of ivory, nor robes stiff with gold ;
But homelier gifts, from earth, forest and mine,
The generous faith of its votaries told :
There were manganese lumps, by an alderman brought,
Who inquired how the balance of justice should turn,
And rich sealskins, given by one who has sought
The fate of an Arctic-bound vessel to learn.
A great "Globe" prospectus blazed bright on the wall,
The agent had asked where the flames next should rage ;
While, over the door, spread a deer's antlers tall,
From a hunter, who sought for advice of the sage.
A column of coal, a gift most baronial,
In a high niche, the place of a statue supplied ;
The donor had speered, if the Intercolonial
Would pass lands that he owned on the Cumberland side.
So I stood in my dream, at the tine-adorned portal,
And gazed, not unmoved, on so solemn a scene,
When a voice from within, cried, " Why comest thou,
mortal,
'To lift from the future, the God-woven screen ?
Wouldst thou know what the end of a journey may be,
If the stream of thy life shall flow calmly along ;

Would'st thou ask if thy love shall look kindly on thee,
 And smile for thee only, though suitors may throng?"
 The voice ceased, and sudden, there rushed to my tongue
 Words unframed in my mind, and unthought of before,
 And I cried "Oh Great Prophet! all countries have rung
 With the fame of thy wisdom, and depth of thy lore.
 I come not to know how a journey shall end,
 Not to ask if my pathway in life shall be smooth,
 Nor inquire if some fair one, on me only bend
 The glance of affection, or yield to my love.
 But pour, I beseech thee, the light of thy learning,
 On a question more worthy, a matter of state,
 That the people at last, all the future discerning,
 May yield to conviction, and cease from debate.
 Thou knowest that old party lines are extinguished,
 That "Liberal," and "Tory," are words of the past:
 That as Antis or Unionists now are distinguished
 The political factions, so lately recast.
 Thou hast heard how these latter together have battled,
 In Pulpit and Press, on the Platform and Bench,
 What volleys on volleys of arguments rattled,
 As each sought, from the other, the laurels to wrench.
 Now the heroes have wandered to far distant climes
 And other eyes look on the strife that they wage,
 Then read me, I pray thee, the signs of the times,
 And turn, with thy finger, futurity's page.
 Shall Howe's pamphlet succeed and the victory obtain,
 As the swamps won the war for the Turks at La Puit,
 When the Russians, attempting their trenches to gain,
 Found the morass so deep, that they could'nt get through
 it?

Or, shall statesmen, convinced by the answering letter,
 That Tupper has writ, with such judgment and force,
 Decide, of the two, that the Doctor's is better,
 And favour the Union, as matter of course" ?

Thus I, and awaited the answer in dread,
 When sudden the sage, on the threshold appeared ;
 The locks, of snow whiteness, rolled down from his head
 And low on his breast fell the waves of his beard ;
 His eye sought not mine, but looked far into space,
 As though fixed on some vision, to me not displayed,
 And a look as of pain, slowly stole o'er his face,
 As glides o'er the landscape, the night's sombre shade.
 But not in the slow moving anapaest, fashioned,
 Be the words that he spake, while the future he scanned ;
 In iambs, be moulded the language impassioned.
 That he strengthened with gesture of body and hand.
 " Oh ! thou," he cried, " my Country shalt see intestine
 broil,

And brother's blood, by brother shed, shall desecrate
 thy soil :

The fires of party hatred, so long allowed to sleep,
 Fanned by ambition's fevered breath, in flames again
 shall leap.

The scores on scores of leaders, by Annand scattered far,
 That taught, if Union should be forced, our only hope
 is war,

In many a distant hamlet, by forest, field and fell,
 Have roused the fiend rebellion, that years alone can quell.
 So, when at last the heroes, the glorious cause have won,
 And after long and patient toil, the Union web is spun ;
 When, smiled on by our Sovereign, the embassy returns,

With ire and desperate valour, each Anti zealot burns.
 And all the various chieftans of the Anti League are met,
 The sudden crisis to discuss ; dire mischief to beget :
 Merchants whose ships are ploughing the waves of every
 sea,

With princely fortunes gathered from the sale of Rum
 and Tea ;

Men skilful at the ledger, addicted to deride
 Each scheme that fails, when, by the rule of double
 entry, tried ;

Lawyers whose doors but seldom vibrate to client's knock ;
 A colonel of the conscript guard, unknown to battle's shock ;
 He, too, that held the balance in disputes that might arise
 About the *fish*, but now the *scales* have fallen from his eyes :
 All these, in secret conclave, bemoan the dire event,

That they with Canucks should be joined without their
 high consent ;

When up starts patriot William, who late for Fenians
 sighed,

And cries, " that we are sold my friends, will scarcely
 be denied.

I have stained the fame of Tupper till his oath's not
 worth a groat,

I have blacked McCully till he would not take another coat,
 And the Provincial coffers from the Beaver's maw, to save,
 Have taught that treachery hangs like mist on the St.
 Lawrence' wave ;

We all have boldly striven, this hated scheme, to foil,
 Led on by zeal, we've even dared, our hands with bribes
 to soil.

Full many a man, my Joseph, has hungered for his stew,

Or sighed for fat joints, growing cold, when button-
holed by you ;

And thou, my worthy Patrick, awhile forgot'st thy greed,
And for a future harvest, did'st sow dis-Union seed.

Thou namesake of the Prophet, whose ken of future times,
Availed thee more than Hilkiah's son, for thou did'st
make the dimes,

To all the calls of business, turned an unheeding ear,
And, crying in the market place, did'st seem another seer.
Yet vain have proved our efforts ; the Unionists prevail ;
Then shall we idly stand to day, and thus our shame bewail?

Or shall we rather gather the Antis, near and far,
And try one other arbiter ? My friends, I counsel war."'
Scarcely has the word been utter'd, when each tongue
takes up the strain,

And loud upon the startled air swells out the bold refrain.
" Nor we," continues William, " a hopeless cause espouse,
The people, long prepared for this, a single word shall
rouse ;

A thousand brave subscribers to the sheet that I control,
Shall leap responsive to my word, and sign the muster roll.
These, I shall lead to battle, and for a standard bear
A copy of the " Chronicle " proud fluttering in the air.
And you, ye merchant princes, your ledgers shall transfer
To Dooms-day books, and thence enlist each doubtful
customer.

The man who said last winter, that 'twas an error grave,
For England, when she lost the States, these Colonies to
save,

Together with that colleague, that taught maps to the
members,

And showed how bright a fire may glow from nature's
flickering embers,

Shall hold their county for us, and upon every ton,
Levy a contribution large, till our good fight be won—
Ritchie, the gentle martyr, who for our cause has bled,
In this, our dire extremity, shall serve us in good stead.
And, riding through each county, shall bear aloft his coat.
'To show where fierce McDonnell struck, where recreant
Miller smote.

And as when in the Forum, dead Cæsar's robe was shown,
Each drop of blood called forth a tear, each rent evoked
a groan ;

So, that mud-dabbled garment shall cause, with ire to
burn,

The hearts of all who'd, from their necks, the yoke of
bondage spurn ;

And every sacred tatter shall gather to our cause,
Men who respect their country, and would uphold her
laws."

Such is the counsel of the men, who, rather than be
foiled,

Would see the land that gave them birth, by civil dis-
cord spoiled.

But now another conference hear, another scene behold ;
Tupper and Archibald are met, and Jonathan the bold ;
Nor lacks the assembly members to represent each guild,
With men of learning, wealth, and note, the council
room is filled :

There he, who in our Province, the Sovereignty reflects,
Emblem of England's Guardian power, that shields us
and protects ;

There Ritchie, Lynch, and Henry, their briefs awhile
resigned,

And Wier, with his towering form and vanward march-
ing mind.

There he, who, o'er our coffers, presides in happy state,
And Chipman zealous in the cause and cunning in debate;
And many another name of note, not to the world
unknown ;

That I omit to mention all, is due to haste alone ;
When in the midst, the Doctor, rises with lofty mein,
And glancing round with restless eye, that seems to drink
the scene,

Addresses thus his hearers, in loud indignant tone,
“ Why we are met to day, my friends, Alas ! is too well
known.

Would Heaven, there were room to doubt that with
which fame hath rung,

But words must bear the stamp of truth, that hang on
every tongue.

The leaders of the Antis, in argument o'ercome,
Invoke the God of battles, and beat the muster drum—
Their power, though now but little, shall in a few days
hence,

Be much increased, their forces swelled, by thousand
malcontents.

Each one whose thirst for office, our party could not slake,
This chance to wreak his vengeance, right joyfully shall
take.

Every indignant rustic, that Archibald has shorn,
Of that prized boon, the right to vote, shall join the
hope forlorn.

And many a pedagogue, irate, forced by more stringent laws,
To quit the birch, shall leap to join the Antis and their cause.

All, all, who by neglect or act, have ever suffered wrong
From Liberal or Conservative, shall join the insurgent throng.

Then shall we now my comrades, at last forego the prize,
That after years of toil and care, gleams bright before our eyes?

For all our past exertions, have we but pain alone,
Or for impaired digestion, shall obloquy atone?
Are Annand, Jerry, Bobby, the only men of all
Who'd joy to see their country rise, or sorrow for her fall?
Shall we unfix our purpose, undo the work begun,
Because, forsooth! it seemeth good to "Citizen" or "Sun"
No! by the God that made us! by Heaven above us all!
We've pledged our faith to this good cause, by it we'll rise or fall.

We'll e'en meet them in conflict, if they perforce must fight;

And when the battle rages hot, may God defend the right!"

Loud are the acclamations that hail his accents high,
And noble ardour for the strife beams from each flashing eye;

When sage McCully rising, assumes the speaker's place;
His rugged form, his vigour speaks; with thought is stamped his face.

"Well has the case been opened," he cries, "and well are we

Agreed upon each separate count, yet would add a plea :
 This quarrel is intestine, nor seems it right to draw
 The troops of England to our aid, though in defence of law.
 My word for it, our cause shall find enough brave hearts
 and true.

Of native Nova Scotians, to rout this rebel crew.

* * * * *

Dispersed is now the Council ; its members scattered far,
 Gather each friend and partizan, and quick prepare for
 war.

With eloquent appeals for aid, the Press Provincial teems ;
 In every corner of the land, the sword or bayonet gleams.
 Deserted are the collieries, the shipyards quiet all,
 The fishermen their nets have left, responsive to the call ;
 And the choked flues of Halifax awhile shall smoke in vain
 The sweepers, with their bags of soot, have joined the
 Anti train.

The Devils from their presses, the cabbies from their
 stands,

The Peelers, from their wonted beats, have swelled the
 gathering bands.

O'er our once happy Province, discord alone holds sway,
 When now the party forces meet, drawn up in wide array.
 Upon a gentle eminence, the Unionists hold post,
 While further down, towards the west, spreads Annand's
 motley host.

Bright dawns the day of battle, but ere its hours have run,
 Widowed shall many a matron be, and sireless many a
 son.

Now in the Anti Camp, convened, the leaders, confer-
 ence hold,

And Otto rises, as he would his sentiments unfold,
 When James, upspringing quickly, cries "Brethren,
 forbear

To open thus your Council, ere you engage in prayer ;
 Myself will be the Chaplain of this puissant host,
 Here I'll remain and pray for you, when in the battle
 toss'd."

But Otto's words, arrested just as they took the wing,
 Were gathering venom, all the while, more potently to
 sting ;

"Those to the creamy hypocrite, may list," he cries,
 "who choose,

I'll to the front and range the troops, there's little time
 to lose."

"And I," cries Jones, "have fear that they may charge
 us in the rear,

Mine be the post of danger then, I'll take my station there.
 Annand leads on our centre, Stairs on our right commands,
 While, on the left, Ben Christmas heads his gallant Mic-
 mac bands.

But why stand idly talking? let us dispose our force
 To charge upon the enemy; to horse! my friends to
 horse!"

Then Annand mounts his charger, a badly spavined hack.
 His vertebrae like mountains, ran, a ridge along his back;
 And spurring slowly to the front, addresses thus the host,
 "Soldiers, be valorous to-day, or our good cause is lost;
 And when again our party shall o'er the land hold sway,
 Honours shall recompence each deed of valour done
 to-day."

Meantime, with intermittent glance, he scans the long
 array,

Where, rank on rank, extended far, his restless columns
 sway,

And proudly notes the banners that o'er the bearers float,
 Emblazoned with the various arms of many a chief of note.

Brave Dr. Cameron's standard a space conspicuous fills,
 Bearing a *rampant* mortar, and a *couchant* box of pills.

O'er stately Campbell waving, a roll of parchment pure,
 Bears an eye *argent*, quartered upon a Guinea or

'Twas he, who thrice last winter, expelled the list'ning
 crowd

When, in the gallery of the House, their raptures grew too
 loud.

So finely strung his system, it agonized him sore
 To hear their hoarse approval when Tupper held the floor.

A swine *vert*, playing on a harp, shows where brave P . . . r
 commands,

While a green cabbage on a lance, precedes the N . . . p
 bands.

Then proud the leader lifts his glance, where, fluttering
 far on high,

A copy of the "Chronicle" cuts sharp against the sky ;
 The "Chronicle" that sheet adored, of all his hopes the
 sum,

That curses Union while it puffs the Zylobalsamum.

And, as the glance were potent, new vigour to impart,
 He strikes the rowels in his steed and almost makes him
 start,

While loud he shouts "no more delay ! quick ! let the
 sweeps advance

And range themselves before our troops, the full length of
 a lance ;

And when in charging, they shall come in arms length of
the foe,

Let each at once his bag discharge in clouds of sooty snow;
Then through our opening columns, retreating at a run,
Our own good swords shall soon complete the work so
well begun."

Then simultaneous up the slope, the Anti lines advance,
Each rustic warrior burning to break a maiden lance :

But Jove, propitious to the cause on which the Sov'reign
smiles,

Æolus, keeper of the winds, with honeyed speech beguiles,
To call back to its caverns, the west wind sighing low,
And pour forth Eurus from his caves upon the Anti foe.
So, when with expectation large, according to command,
The sweeps, their bag of soots discharge upon the Union
band,

Caught up by Eurus, it rolls back in one huge ebon cloud,
And instant wraps brave Annand's lines within its sombre
shroud.

The moment, thus propitious, the Doctor hastes to seize,
And "charge for Queen and Union" swells forth upon
the breeze.

Down on the dust choked columns, they thunder to attack,
But find no foe behind the cloud, for each has turned his
back :

Horse and foot, indiscriminate, are mixed in headlong
flight,

While gallant Stairs leads on the van and Christmas heads
the right.

And Annand's gallant charger, his spavin all forgot,
Flies like an arrow, from the bow of some strong archer
shot ;

And Otto in his horses flank strikes deep the pointed spear
As though his ruined client's ghosts were thundering in
the rear,
While the pained air is rent with groans of those who
fall beneath
The feet of the stampeding braves, to die a bloodless
death."

The Prophet's gaze unfix'd,
No other word he spoke,
And startled by the sudden pause,
In terror I awoke.

HEROM.

ar
in
no
ss

