



THE
CENTENNIAL:

AN
INTERNATIONAL POEM.

BY
W. A. STEPHENS,

Collector of Customs, Owen Sound, Ontario.

AUTHOR OF "HAMILTON" AND OTHER POEMS; "POETICAL GEO-
GRAPHY," AND "LECTURES;" ALSO, "DISCUSSION WITH A
ROMAN PRIEST ON PAPAL INFALLIBILITY."

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NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

IN REFERENCE TO THE POEM OF HAMILTON.

“There is both original thinking and much poetic feeling in this effort.”—*Emigrant and Old Countryman, New York.*

“On a review of the contents of this volume, there is much that will call forth the admiration of the reader.”—*Paisley Advocate.*

“Hamilton was published 30 years ago, and spoken of by us then in terms of great commendation, and which received the encomiums of the press of Canada and the United States.”—*Kingston British Whig, 1871.*

“The author has given us no little instruction, and a great deal of enjoyment and amusement as well. ‘The Lost Child’ gives us a picture of a household in a time of deep anguish, but in the midst of all, we can see that it is a household where God is honoured. And in the faith thus impressed on his young mind, our author has lived.”—*Owen Sound Advertiser.*

“No one, we think, can read this volume without being struck with the fact that the author’s genius is not of the ordinary character—indeed it requires an acquaintance with his peculiarities fully to appreciate him.

“The author is not content to take things as other people see them, but judges everything from his own stand-point—in fact, *originality* is a prevailing feature of his work.

“We can safely assert that we never saw a lecture calculated to start the reader on so many trains of thought as ‘Our Progenitors,’ by Mr. Stephens.”—*Owen Sound Times.*

“Who can read the ‘Infant Wanderer’ without emotion? Indeed we have seen the tears trickle down the rough cheek as well as the smooth, while reading it. It was said by a gentleman in this town before a large company that he had never read a poem with as much interest as this.”—*Owen Sound Comet.*

“The story of the ‘Infant Wanderer’ is a very happy narration of facts of which the writer was personally cognizant. ‘To my Mother.’ There is a chastity and beauty about it which the lover of true poetry cannot fail to appreciate.”—*Collingwood Enterprise*.

“Some of the later poems show that Mr. Stephens’ fondness for the muse is as strong and as ardent as it was in his younger days. He writes as vigorously as ever, and clothes his ideas in language choice and musical.”—*Toronto Telegraph*.

“It cannot be said that as literary compositions they are entirely faultless. It is but perfect truth to say that in many of the poems there is evidence of genius, and that the thoughts of the writer are never subordinated to mere versification. We warmly commend it as a whole to our readers.”—*Toronto Leader*.

“I have read through the volume of ‘Hamilton and Other Poems and Lectures,’ and take it altogether it is a remarkable book.”

This was said to a gentleman of his acquaintance by Mr. Lemon, a son of the late celebrated editor of the *London Punch*.

Extract from an editorial in the *Owen Sound Comet*, with the caption :

Thoughts Suggested on Reading W. A. Stephens’ Book of Poems.

“The blind old bard of Scio’s rocky isle,” gave his poetry to the world and the world has received it. Homer is no more, but the honeyed accents upon his verse have vibrated through all ages, and are repeated by every child of letters. How striking an example is this, of the permanent nature of the genuine Poetry. We quote from page 43 of Mr. Stephen’s book, the following lines addressed to the Muse :—

“O muse! what art thou? strange mysterious sprite,
Who first invoked thee from the realms of light?
What happy bard first waked the living lyre,
Didst he create thee, or didst thee inspire?”

“‘Wert thou the creature of his fancy wrought
To fulness by the fiat of his thought ;’
Or didst thou come to make thy being known,

“While intellectual glory round thee shone,
The lyre thy sceptre, and the mind thy theme.

- “ Dids't thou illumine in the olden time,
The mind of Homer with thy light sublime.
- “ Who roll'd in majesty the tide of song,
Bright'ning in glory as it rolls along—
In heavenly harmony through distant years,
Bright and immortal as revolving spheres?
- “ Now many names were saved by Homer's lyre,
From blank oblivion! his poetic fire
Enshrined their mem'ries, and bequeath'd each name,
An everlasting legacy to fame.”

PAPAL INFALLIBILITY AS SEEN IN THE LIGHT OF CATHOLICISM ; stated and defended by Rev. M. J. FERGUSON, Professor of St. Michael's College, Toronto ; and as seen, in the light of Revelation examined and exhibited by W. A. Stephens.

This pamphlet of 70 pages, contains a spicy discussion of Infallibility and other Roman Catholic dogmas, and is well worth reading.

A priest named Ferguson—of some fame as an orator—went to Owen Sound to enlighten the community on the doctrine of Papal Infallibility. He delivered an address, marked by Jesuitical adroitness and polish.

W. A. Stephens, a clear headed man, a gifted writer, and mighty in the Scriptures, was one of Mr. Ferguson's auditors, and took the liberty of reviewing the lecture in the same journal in which it was published. This brought on a written discussion with Mr. Ferguson, in which the marked gentlemanly, dignity and polish, in which that priest first appeared before the people of Owen Sound, was quite thrown off, and his character as a coarse-grained demagogue, is clearly revealed. Mr. Stephens in dignity, in logical ability, and scriptural knowledge, is immeasurably his superior, and the quiet, good-natured way in which he deals terrific blows on the head of his antagonist, is both amusing and instructive.

He took the opportunity to bring forth much Scriptural teaching concerning Christ, His Church and Christian liberty.

All who are interested in the discussion of the claims of the Papacy will find much that is interesting and profitable in this pamphlet.—*Christian Standard* of Cincinnati.

The following is a copy of an Autograph letter from the Right Hon. Mr. Gladstone : --

“ 11 Carlton House Terrace.

“ SIR,—I have to thank you for your courtesy in sending me a copy of your discussion on Infallibility with a Roman Priest.

“ I am truly glad to find that so lively an interest is felt beyond the Atlantic, on the questions raised by the Vatican Decrees : and that so many seem to reject the unfortunate and delusive notion that these decrees, and the ideas on which they rest, have now no power for mischief. And I trust that of the great energies which abound on the American Continent, a portion will be directed towards considering what are the most solid and durable means for controverting them.

“ I remain sir,

“ Your most faithful and ob't.

“ W. E. GLADSTONE.

“ W. A. Stephens, Esq.,

“ Owen Sound, Ontario.”

THE AUTHOR HAD INTENDED

TO

DEDICATE HIS POEM TO A CERTAIN DISTINGUISHED
AMERICAN SENATOR ;

BUT, HAVING CHANGED HIS MIND, HE BEGS LEAVE
TO DEDICATE IT

To the Reader,

HOPING THAT THIS INDISPENSABLE AND UBIQUITOUS
INDIVIDUAL MAY DERIVE
PLEASURE AND PROFIT FROM ITS PERUSAL.

P R E F A C E.

EXCEPTING the war for Southern Independence, no event in American history, since the Revolution, has attracted more generally the attention of other nations than the Centennial.

Notices and descriptions have appeared in all the journals of the world, and several books giving interesting and elaborate details and illustrations of the Great Exposition have been published. But I have seen no notice in the press of any Descriptive Poem, either published or in prospect, and I am not aware that any Descriptive Poem has been written upon any of the International Exhibitions of either Europe or America, so that mine may be looked upon as a Poetic Novelty, and, on this account, entitled to some attention as an International Poem.

I hit upon the stanza fortuitously, making the first verse while on the cars between Toronto and Hamilton; I have endeavoured to do *poetic justice* to the various individuals and subjects I have sketched or referred to. I sent some extracts from the poem to the Countess of Dufferin, being sketches of some of the celebrated men whose statues and portraits were

shown at the Centennial, and among the rest, a sketch of the Governor-General, to which I received a kind reply, concluding as follows :—

“ Their Excellencies in thanking you for the compliment you have, in the poem, paid the Governor-General, wish you every success in your somewhat laborious but very interesting task.”

It has been, of course, somewhat laborious, and very interesting to myself, but as to whether or not the good wishes of their Excellencies have been realized as to my success, the Public must be the Judge.

From the fact that several of my poetical pieces have been copied in the American and British press, I am led to hope that the “CENTENNIAL” will find its way to, and be favourably received in, both those countries. I may observe that one of the papers that thought my verses worthy of reproduction was the *Scotsman*, which is the acknowledged “*Thunderer*” of North Britain.

OWEN SOUND, ONTARIO, June, 1878. -

THE CENTENNIAL;

AN

INTERNATIONAL POEM.

We left the good City, Toronto,
With tickets to carry us on to
Where the world has been getting a *shove*,
To where all the world has been going,
To see what the world has been showing,
At the City of brotherly love.

The weather was mild and propitious,
We paus'd at the City ambitious,
Where we lunch'd in a vigorous mood—
At a snort from the horse, fed with firing
That travels without ever tiring,
We started off, just when we should.

Soon we reached the bridge, call'd Suspension,
Sustained by the marvellous tension,
Of cables on pillars made fast ;
Tho' firm in their ponderous power,
This passenger somewhat did cower
And felt safe when the gulf we had pass'd.

The twilight had come and was going,
The night into darkness was growing
As we cross'd 'tween Niagara's high walls,
Long the world has expended its wonder,
On the volume, the foam and the thunder
Of its mighty and marvellous Falls !

We have now left the *Lion* so regal,
 And entered the home of the *Eagle*,
 A great and a glorious land !
 May the white dove of peace spread her pinion
 'Tween this and our own wide Dominion,
 That has also a destiny grand.

I asked the people round me sitting,
 The question their attention hitting
 Both those in pantaloons and gown,
 If they earth's biggest town could mention,
 They had the usual comprehension,
 But failed, I answered, *Yankee Town*.

We roll'd through the dark until dawning,
 When after the night came the morning,
 And we saw the famed valley of coal :
 Its cities, its forests and fountains,
 Its villages, meadows and mountains,
 As the cars dashed along to their gal.

At Philadelphia arriving,
 We meet with many people striving
 To take us to a lodging home ;
 All, both their names and places stating,
 And how good they are narrating,
 Each says, " with me you'd better come."

We find the citizens are vieing,
 With the publicans in trying
 All strangers to accommodate ;
 Arriving hourly by the legion,
 From home and every foreign region,
 From Province, Empire, Kingdom, State.

We went with one, and our tired party
 Met with a welcome, warm and hearty,
 And all we wished in bed and board :

There were no dexterous devices
To bring in extras, and the prices
Were what both parties could afford.

Next morning I saw the Centennial,
Some think it is partly millennial
With peoples from every land.
I entered the house of the Nations,
Where every clime sent oblations,
To this Temple of Peace great and grand.

Great Britain and the Irish nation,
To greet the stripes and *constellation*,
Have sent their flag and treasured goods,
A most magnificent addition
To this great Union Exposition,
Burying here all former feuds.

And our Colonial nations aiding,
Cars and ships and steamers lading,
With contributions rich and rare,
Have helped the wond'rous aggregation,
Gathered here from every nation,
Unto this Universal Fair !

To this great rendezvous of nations,
With flags to indicate their stations,
In name and number thirty-eight,
Have come their choicest goods presenting,
While you with voice or thought commenting,
Can see the style of every State.

Brazil, Bolivia, China, Chili,
And Turkey, Tunis, Venezuela,
Sweden, Switzerland and Spain,
Siam, Sandwich Isles and Russia,
With Portugal, Peru and Prussia,
Or German Empire formed again.

Great Britain and each younger Britain,
 With Canada their names are written,
 And Belgium, France, United States,
 Columbia, Denmark, Equador,
 Old Italy and San Salvador,
 To come in rhyme, Honduras waits.

And here we'll mention ancient Norway,
 Where wintry storms make many a foray,
 And then, the Netherlands, so low :
 'Then, Nicaragua, Egypt's crescent,
 Liberia, Argentine are present,
 And Austria, Orange, Mexico.

God's primal law 'tis said is order,
 And I can say as one recorder,
 And all I think will say the same ;
 I saw nor heard no noisy swagger,
 No word profane, no tipsy stagger
 'Mong all the multitudes who came.

The managers deserve the laurel,
 Such moving crowds without a quarrel !
 The millions came and saw and went :
 No angry word and no confusion,
 Much less a blow or a contusion,
 To see in quiet, all were bent.

This fact will tell to every nation
 This people's great civilization !
 Men imitate what they admire ;
 Its exhibition was so ample,
 They'll recollect the great example,
 And to repeat it, will aspire.

The first Centennial Congregation,
 Sang with glorious exultation !
 In grand refrain, sublime and strong ;

Asking for their Father's blessing,
Their wishes and their hopes expressing
In words of Whittier's noble song !

America with vim and vigour,
Both her smaller States and bigger,
Went hard to work with hand and will,
To show that her Centennial nation,
Was equal to the great occasion,
In art, in science and in skill.

And nobly she has triumph'd, showing
That with the world she's onward going,
And never flagging in the race,
Her multitudinous collection,
Has bravely met the world's inspection,
And keeps with dignity her place.

And here her hearty welcome giving
To every other people living,
Shows that she can admire and learn ;
The while each nation from each other
Has learned to feel more like a brother,
And to their homes in friendship turn.

Her myriad towns and famous cities,
No doubt had organized committees
To aid their owners to display,
What they had made or had been growing,
That was most suitable for showing
Upon this great Centennial day.

London, Dublin, Edinburgh,
With British cities many other,
Glasgow, Belfast and Birmingham,
Sheffield and Paisley, Wolverhampton,
Manchester, Norwich and Southampton,
Have sent their wares all free from *sham*.

'Tis not presumed that any body,
 Would send or bring *Centennial* shoddy,
 But all endeavoured to excel ;
 By best material and labour,
 Each trying to surpass his neighbour,
 As all the visitors can tell.

'Tis said though, that this generation,
 Is given to adulteration,
 Which is a most perfidious crime,
 From love of money, root of evil,
 A wide-spread agent of the devil,
 Covering commerce with its slime !

If, do as you'd be done by ever,
 Should be the rule, which yet has never
 Gagged the world's voracious maw ;
 'Twould extirpate the selfish leaven,
 Would make the world more like to heaven,
 Fulfilling prophets and the law.

You cannot love *him* you are *cheating*,
 This saying does not need repeating ;
 Then where is room for love to God
 If you don't love your fellow being
 You can't love *him* you're never seeing,
 You have it neither flow'r nor bud.

Who says he has, is but a liar,
 Though he be preacher, priest, or friar,
 This can't be altered by his cant,
 For he who swindles, hates his brother ;
 So deal truly with each other,
 Lest sad remorse your conscience haunt.

Some boldly their opinion giving,
 Say honest men can't make a living
 By merchandise or any trade,

And add, so many live by cheating,
That they your honest aims defeating,
Will keep you always in the shade.

But this I say's a wicked libel,
'Gainst human conscience and the Bible,
To think that God has placed us here,
Where any needed avocation
Necessitates the violation
Of His own law so plain and clear.

Great Stewart's motto, "honest dealing,
With industry" is well revealing
How he became a millionaire,
This will keep his name in story,
Brighten his commercial glory
And keep his fame all bright and fair !

But there are even pious people,
Who go to houses with a steeple,
On every Sunday, and make prayers ;
Who on the week-days practise lying,
Both when in selling and in buying,
Despite of all their pious airs.

Some seem to think that this religion
Is used by such as a stool pigeon,
To bring the people to their net,
Perhaps they go to church, believing,
That a pardon there receiving,
They wipe away their weekly debt.

You should not be in business lazy,
But then it would be worse than crazy,
To e'er neglect the other part,
Which is to be in spirit fervent,
Through all the week be Jesus' servant,
Doing homage from the heart.

'Tis said, the famous Brooklyn Beecher,
 Author, lecturer and preacher,
 When holding forth on this same theme,
 Said dry goods' clerks all practise lying,
 To raise the price to them who're buying,
 And he denounced the cheating scheme.

At this a dry goods clerk, arising,
 His act, the audience all surprising,
 Said, "I'm a clerk, and I don't lie;"
 To which the veteran pulpit stager
 Replied, "young man, I never wager,
 But say, your case I thus will try."

I shall not say, I can't believe you,
 But I'll six hundred dollars give you,
 If for two weeks you'll tell the truth,
 'Bout all the goods you may be selling
 And this don't cause your prompt expelling—
 "I'll take your challenge," said the youth.

His merchant was a church professor,
 Claiming thus to be possessor,
 Of a living Christian faith—
 The clerk spoke truth in all his dealing,
 Nothing to cover fraud concealing.
 But here the true narrator saith.

Before his short probation ended,
 The two weeks time not near expended,
 His master brought him to the book,
 Because he honestly was trying,
 To serve him fairly without lying,
 For a new place he had to look.

A shrewd old quaker once was telling,
 That both to buying and to selling,
 Sin sticketh fast. If this be true,

Then ye who are in such occupation,—
Lead us not into temptation,
Is the pray'r that's best for you.

I heard a merchant, call him Castor,
Though not so wealthy as an Astor,
Yet rich for a provincial sphere,
Say "When we mark our goods on Monday,
We feel the influence of Sunday,
Our customers make profit here.

But when the week is onward dragging,
And Sunday influence is flagging,
To raise the price we feel more free."
Thus we find the selfish leaven
Struggling 'gainst the law of heaven.
"Do as thou would'st have done to thee."

We've here the grand association,
Formed to aid the circulation
Of God's own old two-volume book !
The first, a thousand years in writing :
The second sixty in inditing,
While many scribes God's spirit took.

Though all these years, his will controlling,
Good and evil deeds enrolling,
Of future, present, and the past,
In God's own sacred nomenclature,
Tells of law, and grace, and nature,
Which words shall in the heavens last !

Still wide and wider, spread its treasure,
Send it without stint or measure,
Everywhere by land and sea :
Send it on, God's wonderous blessing,
'Till its truths the world impressing,
Bring in a glorious jubilee !

Can Deism or Evolution
 Cleanse man's spirit from pollution ?
 The latter is, poor Darwin's God,
 It has no will, yet made creation,
 Can't know e'en Darwin's adoration !
 Yet we must bow at Darwin's nod !

Ye Darwinites who came from monkeys,
 Toads or tadpoles, dogs or donkeys,
 May glory in your noble blood !
 But we will go for lineage higher,
 To Adam, our first human sire,
 Whose life came from the breath of God !

Far worse than rottenness or rusting,
 Foul, detestable, disgusting,
 Through reptiles man's descent to bring,
 Denying the Divine narration,
 By Moses given of creation,
 Insult on God and man to fling !

Great Tyndall said, How condescending !
 Standing where clouds and Alps were blending,
 " It is some greater power than I
 That made this mountain panorama,"
 A crack in the free-thinker's glamour,
 Show'd that his system was a lie.

Who could not make one grain of granite
 Admits the power that made the planet,
 Excels himself, Great skeptic king !
 How wondrous thy self abnegation,
 And yet this *humble* revelation,
 Can but little comfort bring.—

You'd take away the christian's glory
 Put out of print the gospel story,
 And give an atheistic husk !

Obliterate the life of Jesus,
 And leave no cure for sin's diseases,
 And make our hopes go dov in dusk.

But Christ yet lives, His word still living,
 Is hope and life to sinners giving ;
 Although you kick against the goads,
 And His bless'd rule are disavowing.
 The time will come, when crush'd and bowing,
 His foes must find their dark abodes !

Can any skeptic who has written
 In France, America or Britain,
 Or anywhere where skeptics grow ;
 With all their boasted wit and science,
 Tell us one word that's worth reliance,
 As to where the dying go !

Though conscience asks, intensely yearning,
 Shall mind unto its dust returning
 E'er rise again above the sod ?
 The skeptic's answer is negation,
 A doubt his only revelation,
 Whilst spurning that which came from God.

Not one, from Rousseau, down to Lyndall,
 One single spark of hope can kindle,
 For solace in the dying hour.
 There, there's the place to test your thesis !
 All doubt and darkness yours,—but Jesus,
 Looks on his friends with love and power.

Grave, where's thy triumph now, when dying,
 The saint can say, on Christ relying,
 And where, O Death, is now thy sting ?
 The strength of sin is law when broken,
 Christ has fulfilled it, God has spoken,
 And now He reigns the saviour King.

When Tyndall from the heavens flinging
 Sun, moon and stars, and darkness bringing,
 By his grand scientific nod !
 He may declare the christian's Bible,
 A fraud, a fiction or a libel,
 Till then it is the word of God.—

There was in England once a Tyndall,
 How the mere scientist must dwindle,
 Compared with him who gave to God,
 Himself his work a whole oblation !
 To give the Bible in translation,
 Then seal'd his mission with his blood.

Now see this model of a steamer,
 With its cordage, masts, and streamer,
 And its iron coat of mail !
 When the first two iron-plated,*
 Met and fought as was narrated,
 The world all wondered at the tale.

Since then in almost every nation
 The iron clads for devastation,
 Or for defence are building fast.
 But none since then afloat or grounded,
 By each other have been pounded, †
 To this tho' they must come at last !

For all these ships are built for fighting,
 For war all desolating, blighting !
 These iron monsters must be tried,—
 With guns and rifles, swords, revolvers ;
 They will be found fell war involvers—
 All made to kill in hate or pride.

* The *Ericson* and *Merrimac* at Richmond.

† This was written before the Russian and Turkish war.

Diplomatists by talking, writing,
Oft try to keep the world from fighting,
While building ships and making arms—
A war was stopped by arbitration,
Each trusting to a neutral nation,
That put an end to war's alarms.

'Twas thought, in future times and places,
'Twould be adopted by our races,
As a most glorious precedent,
But in the East that's not the story,
For revenge, or land, or glory!
On bloody war the East is bent.*

Sailing on the mimic river,
With shield on arm and with his quiver,
His sail filled by a gentle breeze,
While the squirrel his attendant,
On the mast, quite independent,
Looks well at home, and at his ease.

With Hiawatha, the creation,
Of Longfellow; whose narration,
Of wondrous things he made him do,
Has given him a world-wide glory,
Behold him (ye have read the story)
Sitting in his light canoe!

Spain, the chivalrous old nation,
First led the Western emigration,
To this wide undiscovered land
Columbus, with sublime devotion,
Had pushed his keel across the ocean,
The first to find its seagirt strand.

Since then, mankind have worked and striven,
And four Centennials have been given,
Unto the lifetime of the world,

* This was written before the Turko-Russian war.

And the Atlantic channel crossing,
A million ships have braved its tossing,
All with their sails and flags unfurled.

Spain, like the rest, with fair ambition,
Has come to meet the world's attrition,
With her selected works and wares.
Alfonzo, her young Bourbon scion,
Has sent his likeness for a lion !
All worked in silk, he grandly stares !

And Russia, sends, to show the million,
That unique and grand pavilion !
That's all of India rubber made,
With soft voluptuous seat and cushion,
That might have suited ancient Sushan,
When Esther on the bed was laid.

And from her steppes, all vast and frozen,
For costly robes, she, furs has chosen
Which nobles and her princes wear
Oft when in palaces or sledges,
Caught on the land or glazier's edges,
Seal, sable, or the polar bear.

These animals in their own clothing,
You see around, almost supposing,
That they are living—so like life ;
Their furs and forms all perfect showing,
As when they were alive and growing,
Before they felt the trap or knife.

But our Dominion, now with credence,
For finest furs will claim precedence,
Over every other State,
In beaver, buffalo and otter,
In bear, and seal, (aquatic squatter),
And other kinds both small and great.

Ontario in education,
Is not surpassed by any nation,
Or in the old world or the new.
This is admitted by the many,
That she was fully up to any,
To take her exhibition through.

And full number two, she classes,
(None but Michigan surpasses)
In the show of autumn fruit,
And for machinery, cattle, cereals,
She showed grain, stock, and good materials,
For these, her fame has taken root.

Here's New South Wales, with gilded Hymala!
Of all her gold, a bright fac-simile!
One hundred fifty million D's,*
The product of good luck and, labor,
All gained by toil and fortunes favor,
In this new land beyond the seas.

But now we'll take a look at Sweden,
She's too far north to be an Eden,
But famed for iron work and steel,
Of which is made that massive column!
Great in height and large in volume!
Of her metallic wealth the seal.

And here you see her trav'ling striver,
The harness'd Rein-deer with his driver,
Safe sitting in his snow *canoe*!
The Rein-deer through the snow surrounding,
And o'er the frozen surface bounding,
All fleet of foot in service true.

And Norway, near the Arctic Ocean,
Set her machinery in motion

* Dollars.

To fill her own Centennial space ;
 With cordage, fishing apparatus,
 Woolens and toys, to show her status
 In this great commercial race.

Here Norwich has pavilion glories,
 Supreme it stands in art victorious,
 Its classic roof aloft it rears,
 A standing and a telling wonder,
 And no one thinks to rate it under,
 Anything that here appears.

'Tis made of iron, chaste and handsome,
 With arch, verandah, shaft and transom,
 And ornaments all rich and rare ;
 On roof and arch, floor, spandrel, column,
 Which to detail in lyric volume,
 The reader's patience might not bear.

In spandrels rich, with bas relieving,
 Birds and flowers together weaving,
 The daisy, pheasant, rose and lark,
 And other birds with sweet narcissus,
 And butterfly and bees and fishes,
 And fir and hawthorn, flower and bark.

And then, to eye and taste appealing,
 You see its grand and brilliant ceiling,
 Adorned in the chrysanthemum type,
 Both geometrical and floral,
 It would be worthy of Balmoral,
 Or any bower where art is ripe.

See here are needles by the million,
 From where they make them by the billion,
 The best that's shown in any land,
 Each made by *six score* operators,
 All dexterous manipulators,
 Well trained to use the eye and hand.

In drawing, boring, cutting, pointing,
In scouring, trimming, stamping, counting,
All with machinery so fine,
From Smith & Son, England, Worcester,
Shown to the world to interest her,
A wonder in the needle line.

Belfast, the birth-place of the poet,
Although he left too young to know it,
Has sent her Irish linens here,
Her exhibition is so ample,
Of choicest styles and finest sample,
She competition need not fear.

See now, that bright bespangled feather,
Six hundred gems whose light will never,
By time be dim'd, all brightly gleam,
With the Brunswick diamond gl'wing,
Tiffany, New York, the treasure showing,
To be of praise the brilliant theme.

And see the silver vase that's given
To Bryant, who has grandly striven,
With success for the muses crown,
His likeness is entwined with laurel,
This poet's fame all green and floral,
To future ages will go down !

See there, a statuary grouping,
Some quite erect, and others stooping,
Are giving us a stable scene,
A new-born Infant in the manger,
While upon the royal stranger,
The shepherds gaze with wondering mien.

And here, you see the eastern sages,
(All so honoured through the ages),
Have come to worship Judah's king,

First homage from a Gentile nation.
 But not alone their adoration,
 But also costly gifts they bring.

Some, are these two scenes confounding,
 Distinct in time and in surrounding,
 Impossible to be the same.
 It was the birth-night of Messiah,
 The shepherds heard the angels' choir,
 And to see the Infant, came.

But, guided by the wise men's saying,
 'Twas two years after that the slaying
 Of the martyr'd babes took place.
 The error cannot cause a schism,
 Or make, or modify an ism,
 So they may yield with pleasant grace.

There, monster mirrors girt with gilding,
 Duplicate the show and building,
 But your own figure intervenes,
 You cannot see what's right behind you.
 I mention this just to remind you,
 To move, and you'll get all the scenes.

With a radiant crown upon her,
 Standing there's a mild Madonna,
 With hers, and God the Father's child :
 The Pope has made her Queen of Heaven,
 And there to her a crown has given.
 Mother of God she has been styled.

The Bible tells us, she was human,
 A highly favoured, blessed woman,
 To whom none prayed nor thought divine,
 If any power to her revealing,
 Would show the many millions kneeling
 To her as God before her shrine.

Oh! what were her surprise and horror,
If Paradise could have a sorrow,
How struck with pity she would grieve,
To see them all with upturned feature,
Forsaking God to serve the creature,
Led by their teachers to deceive.

And there's a statue, called a Jesus,
Worshipped as per papal thesis,
Upon its breast a "bleeding heart,"
If Pilate from his legal station
Had ordered such a mutilation,
As of Christ's punishment a part,

To have his heart cut out, all bleeding,
(No sorrow of his brethren, heeding),
And have it fastened on his breast,
Oh! would it not have been another,
Stab, that was to pierce his mother
Already by deep woe oppress'd.

All image-worship is a sinning,
'Twas ever so since the beginning,
And brought down Heaven's avenging rod,
But one exception, He is giving,
It is to worship Christ, the living,
Image of the invisible God.

By whom all things have been created*
As is in Heaven's book narrated
Of things invisible or seen.
Thrones and dominions, principedoms, powers,
And all that sinks and all that towers,
All that is now, and what has been.

See, there's the Pope, with triple coping,
Upon the canvass, millions hoping,

* Collossians, 1, 15-16.

And he to hope no doubt would fain,
 (Nothing wiser of his schooling,)
 That he as monarch will be ruling,—
 And his old kingly crown regain.

See, there's the biggest ream of paper,
 And this saying is no vapour,
 'Twill make *three hundred thousand notes*—
 Three hundred thousand letter-writers,
 Might use their pens and brain inditers
 At once, in office, house and boats.

To send on business, news or pleasure,
 With drafts, or cards, or duns or treasure,
 Or tell of weddings, deaths or birth,
 Or tell of love and ask requital—
 To every one a question vital,
 All these to all parts of the earth.

Some would write to beg or borrow,
 Some, to ease their pent-up sorrow,
 Some, in sympathy and love,
 Some, about a cause on trial,
 Fearing laws avenging vial.
 Some glowing, write of things above.

The pen, what universal power,
 It holds exerted every hour,
 And chief when given to the press,
 It holds ubiquitous dominion ;
 It forms and guides the world's opinion,
 As wrong or right to ban or bless.

And there, the holy *twelve* are painted,
 With whom the world is all acquainted,
 As Christ's Apostles to the race,
 To tell them the marvellous story,
 Of Jesus, who now reigns in glory,
 And rules in the Kingdom of *Grace*.

The earnest artist aimed at giving,
Their dress and stature as when living—
 These friends and brethren of the Lord,
Girt with the strength of Juda's Lion,
They are to have twelve thrones in Zion,
 And judge the tribes, as saith the word.

And now, we'll see how China classes,
In her own lines she all surpasses.
 Hu Quang Young, long known to fame,
Has sent a most unique collection,
Each article in art perfection,
 " All China small boy know he name."

With large developed money hanker,
He is old China's richest banker,
 He sent his nephew Wu Ying Ding,
A mandarin who ranks 'mong scholars,
To represent the man of dollars,
 And his museum here to bring.

Now look—your fancy's scope expanding,
At those brilliant models standing,
 In miniature, nine storys high,
All showing China's style of building,
With their ornaments and gilding,
 And well arranged to take the eye.

These models here, are used as cases,
For costly things, and here are vases,
 Of rich and exquisite designs ;
With ear-rings, jewels, ancient china,
Aquariums, bronzes—nothing finer,
 In keeping as *celestial* lines.

And here, they have the samples showing,
Of all the teas in China growing,
 Used in the tea-pot's fragrant flow,

Full fifty kinds, or plain, or scented,
 Unto the view are here presented,
 From common hyson to pekoe.

Green teas they say, are *green'd* by poison
 E'en best imperial or hyson,
 And think, us foreigners are *green*,
 Such a course as this to follow,
 As of choice to poison swallow,
 "Such fools in *China* are not seen."

Boldly to compare and measure
 With the world here's Egypt's treasure,
 From the margin of the Nile.
 Industry is still in motion
 In the ancient land of Goshen,
 And here's a monstrous Crocodile.

If creed and politics are *rotten*,
 She grows abundant crops of cotton,
 Abundance used to fill her horn,
 Of things of war and things pacific,
 She seems to be in both prolific,
 And in Egypt still "there's corn."

CAPE COLONY AND THE GOLD COAST.

These Colonies have too, a showing,
 With diamond, gold and ostrich glowing,
 The ostrich here is tame as hens.
 They use an ostrich incubator,
 Which hatches out as well as nature
 And not by single *ones*, but *tens*.

Now, with heart and mind expanding,
 Japan, at last, allows of landing,
 And trading in her island lands ;

"Till late the monarch, as coast-warden,
Had kept a close commercial cordon
'Gainst foreigners as pirate bands.

But now, she finds there is no danger
In welcoming a foreign stranger,
Or visiting in foreign states :
To see and to be seen by others,
Each, as friendly human brothers,
With interest in their mutual fates.

And here, to show this is her feeling,
She brings her wares and goods, revealing
Her finer and mechanic arts.
Giving and taking commendation,
To and from each friendly nation,
Which pleasantly both meets and parts.

That she should be an *Eastern Britain*,
In Heaven's archives may be written,
That she should have the Christian light,
That ever purifies and blesses
Every one whom it possesses,
And dissipates the moral night.

When she shall have the words of Jesus,
To supersede the Pagan thesis,
And that she shall to other climes,
Send forth the Bible in translation,
And make the Gospel proclamation,
God send Japan these happy times.

GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

We'll now to the Hall of the Nation,
The Government's special creation,
To show their great power for defence.

Here the national heirlooms collected,
 Are looked at, admired, and inspected,
 By the on-moving crowd so immense.

Here are grouped the Indian races,
 With clothes of skins and copper faces,
 And with their native bow and spear.
 In life-like statues sternly standing,
 With haughty eye and mien commanding—
 There are no *living* Indians here.

The Indian cares not for the story,
 Of this great Centennial's glory,
 For him here, is no glory found,
 And much he fears ere next arriving,
 The grasping pale-face will be striving,
 To get his furthest hunting grounds.—

See here, is Washington's old armour !
 Hero, patriot and farmer,
 By his grateful country shown,
 Who led to victory her legions,
 Until through all her harass'd regions,
 The enemy was overthrown !

Who then by recent strife restricted,
 Could e'er have thought, much less predicted ?
 Yon youth yet scarce to manhood grown
 While solemn mem'ries round him hover'd,
 Would seek *his* grave stand there uncover'd,
 And he the heir to George's throne !

That he should leave before his going,
 A green memento, living, growing,
 An oak, fresh planted by his hand,
 To be to coming generations,
 A pledge of peace between our nations,
 And record of a scene so grand !

His parents both, no doubt commended,
Their son's kind act in which was blended,
True magnanimity and grace
To best of human instincts loyal,
Christian, noble, princely, royal,
And which oblivion can't efface.

His good illustrious sire, then living
A grandeur to the throne was giving,
And loved and honored by the race.
But shortly after he departed.
Leaving his consort broken-hearted,
The world could not supply his place.

There'd been a national commotion,
Had Albert lived and crossed the ocean,
To see this international fair,
Offspring of his great exposition.—
To found the system was his mission
Such glorious fruit as this to bear!

And here I'd say in admiration,
Of this greatly favour'd nation,
That they too love our gracious Queen,
And say, as sovereign, wife and mother,
That history has shown no other,
Who has a shield of clearer sheen.—

Two Georges held the highest station,
Each in his own dissevered nation,
The English George felt sore defeat.
Not often does the British Lion,
Give up what he has foot and eye on,
But here the loss was felt complete.

The Lion lost by his not heeding,
That 'twas a cub of his own breeding,
Who had rebelled against his sire—

The old one with stern indignation,
 Determined on harsh flagellation,
 And this but roused the young one's ire.

The youngster had his father's nature,
 All firm of will and strong of stature,
 Besides, he fought in his own den.
 Here o'ft they met in fiercest fielding,
 But the young one all unyielding,
 Had gained the victory and then,

They made a truce—The war was ended,
 And what was done could not be mended,
 The young one had for freedom struck.
 The old one, sullenly retiring,
 Could not, however, help admiring,
 His youngsters bravery and pluck !

But he who rules in earth and heaven,
 And who to man his bounds has given,
 In this has ordered all things well.
 He made a second British nation,
 To aid the world's emancipation,
 And freedom's votaries to swell.

'Twas better for our own Dominion,
 That here the Eagle spreads her pinion,
 For British Lords were slow to find,
 That British subjects there transplanted,
 Should have the fullest freedom granted,
 To rule themselves as they'd a' mind.

We have that now by charter royal,
 And we are quite as true and loyal !
 As any in the ancient realm,
 To our good Queen and would defend her
 If trial came and "no surrender !"
 We'd blazon on our flag and helm !

Now here they meet in kindly feeling,
Each the latent love revealing,
That warms in those of kindred vein,
Well knowing that, none but a scion,
From the stock of the old Lion,
Long such a struggle could maintain.

See here are objects new and hoary,
From ev'ry state and territory
Between the oceans east and west,
From Mexico to our Dominion,
With birds of ev'ry plume and pinion,
And beasts in their own clothing dress'd.

Taken in native glen and prairie,
In mountain, valley, rock and eyrie,
And here the government has brought
To show each faculty and function,
Both in contrast and conjunction,
The things that war and peace have wrought.

And here's exhibited dissection,
An open body for inspection,
That you may all its organs see,
Heart and stomach, lungs and liver.—
One weak in nerves, will slightly shiver,
To think there's just the same in me.

The Bureau doing signal service,
Foretelling storms that make us nervous,
Was organized by Gen'ral Myre.—
With self-regist'ring barometer,
Thermometer and anemometer,
And rain gauge and electric wire.

Three times a day at all their stations,
Each makes the nicest observations ;
All noting fully ev'ry change

In wind, rain, snow, evaporation,
 The mercury's falling or inflation,
 From most minute to greatest range.

With instruments all automatic,
 Then, as per orders strict emphatic,
 At Washington they get the sum,
 From which examined altogether,
 They *probabilitise* the weather,
 And when, and where, the storm will come.

And this, or hope or fear inspiring,
 They send to all the world enquiring,
 Which shown in print throughout the streets,
 Tell lady, gentleman, and *feller*,
 When they should carry an umbrella,
 And sailors when to furl their sheets.

These tempest currents have their fountains
 Often among the Rocky Mountains,
 Which starting from their granite scalps,
 Are sent away with force gigantic
 To sweep across the broad Atlantic,
 With greetings to their kindred Alps.

From our Columbia, here they're showing,
 A ship that was a tree when growing,
 'Tis eight feet wide and sixty long !
 It has no seams and needs no caulking,
 And it had ne'er a deck for walking,
 And is *one* timber sound and strong.

This chief in nature's great plantations
 'Had seen the rise and fall of nations,
 As many centuries had pass'd,
 While it had felt the tempest blowing,
 Which could not cause its overthrowing,
 But axemen brought it down at last—

See yonder, our Canadian Shanty,
First domicile of a new grantee,
 With scant supply of household goods,
A rustic yard and fences bound it.
If stumps and forest were around it,
 We'd have a settler in the woods.

Who now can hazard a conjecture,
What this old forest architecture,
 For our wide continent has done.
'Tis always found with pioneering,
And always slowly disappearing,
 As wealth and comfort have been won.

'Twas shanty-men laid the foundation
Of this great and growing nation,
 By their firm energy and thrift.
If shanties had not been erected,
Who e'er would cities have projected,
 Where palaces their turrets lift.

I have known in all its phases,
Shanty-life which is the basis,
 Of a the settlers' future good.
For there takes place the primal tussel,
Sustained by energy and muscle;
 In clearing off the forest wood.

All settlements have had their shanties,
Where wives and children, sisters, aunties,
 Have help'd to aid or cheer the toil
Required in clearing and in fencing,
Every one this way commencing,
 To bring his food from out the soil.

And I would ask you, while you glory
In your mighty nation's story!
 From days of Raleigh and of Penn.

To think, what would have been its station,
 And how diff'rent the narration,
 If there had been no *shanty-men*.

We'll leave the shanty now and wander,
 Unto the tropics over yonder,
 To see within the floral hall,
 The plants from lands that ne'er had snowing,
 That safely here are grandly growing,
 Although with us 'tis chilling fall.

For here a climate artificial,
 Produced by those appointed special,
 Gives them a little Torrid Zone,
 In which each plant, however tender,
 Has here from cold a safe defender,
 As in that clime where it was grown.

MACHINERY HALL.

The Krupp Gun, a piece of artillery,
 For defence, what a mighty auxiliary !
 Its bullet exceeds half-a-ton !
 Fifteen miles is its radius of ranging,
 It would not be pleasant exchanging,
 Such bullets with such a great gun.

If then, of its force you're inquiring—
 'Twill pierce through two-feet of cold iron,
 Which no metal clad could withstand.
 To what is the war genius coming,
 When bullets like these are sent humming,
 As by a magician's fell wand.

And here is the great aggregation,
 Of machinery from every nation !
 All driven by one monstrous wheel !
 Where are made to your order and liking,

All whirring and whizzing and striking,
Their products wood, iron and steel!

And see this Corliss Engine Tower,
Of fourteen hundred horses power!
Just fancy, fourteen hundred nags,
All hitched and harness'd, stretching, striving,
To drive what one steam valve is driving,
And does with ease and never lags.

And think, what an amount of breeding,
Of shoeing, harnessing and feeding,
There is about seven hundred span.
What hostlers, driving boys and bosses,
To match this single steam colossus,
And this is more than they all can.

The great American Ulysses*
Who public duty never misses,
First touched the monster into life
Since then it has been daily working
And without either jar or jerking,
With power and perseverance rife.

And see, how those force-pumps are going,
Filling yon tank to overflowing,
From which comes that great waterfall!
And see those jets, now upward dashing!
All hissing, curving, sprinkling, splashing!
The finest display in the hall.

See here, four mules, all standing steady,
In splendid harness, hitch'd and ready,—
Say, would you like a dashing drive?
You need not fear to mount the carriage,
Although you're on the tour of marriage.
For these good mules are not alive.

* Grant.

See that street-sweeper, with its scraper,
I shant describe it here on paper.

It truly is a great machine.—
And there's a ten-ton roadway roller,
Heavier than a mammoth's molar
Or grinders on what comes between.

“Come, look at me” with voice commanding,
Says that column stately standing,

“For I have come from many lands”
From where my owners e'er could find stones
To suit, for I am made of grindstones,
To turn by water, steam, or hands.

And there's an ice-plough, what a scratcher !
It cuts along like planing matcher,

The coulter scraping through the ice.
Unto the bottom it will burrow,
Making any width of furrow,
Which you can crack in pieces nice.

And there's a pump, 'tis said 'twill really,
Lift four million gallons daily,

Just let us think of this awhile,
'Twould fill one hundred thousand barrels—
If this were grog, what wars and quarrels,
There'd be in such a fearful pile !

We'll now see the women's pavilion,
'Tis made like the rest for the million,

Where ladies of genius and skill,
Have united their feminine forces,
To bring out and show their resources
The produce of patience and will.

There's Iolanthe, made in butter,
That's very queer, some one may matter,—
'Tis true as anything in books,

With graceful tresses, bust and feature,
She seems a sleeping, living creature—
 Made by a lady, C. S. Brooks,

You don't see any one that's fatter,
Model'd with a butter patter,
 And some little sticks, 'tis said,
There is no lady here looks sweeter,
 Don't you feel as you could eat her,
If you had enough of bread—

And now in another direction,
We'll go on a walk of inspection,
 To the fam'd Agricultural Hall.
Where farmers of every nation,
Have sent for the world's approbation,
 The products of summer and fall.

You see here, by each ripened sample,
How goo'd and how rich and how ample,
 The treasures that spring from the soil,
So that man while his face is perspiring,
As the sentence of old is requiring,
 Can rejoice in the fruit of his toil.

While efforts of skill and invention,
Are doing as was their intention,
 Making lighter the labour of man,
To lessen the terrible tussle,
'Tween labour and sinew and muscle,
 That has been since labour began.

And here, we admiringly wonder,
How matter by mind is brought under !
 And forced to obey its behest,
Whilst muscles of wood, steel and iron,
Will labor long hours without tiring,
 Or ever applying for rest.

Machines here for drilling and sowing,
For reaping, and raking, and mowing,
All which they do quickly and well.
While by the inventor's contriving,
The farmer can sit while he's driving,
His horses sleek Charley and Nell.

See this machine so widely noted,
The best extant it has been voted,
And is the Farmer's "harvest pride."
For if the crop be straight or tangled,
'Tis cleanly cut and never mangled,
And the grain laid side by side.

And it is just as good for mowing,
No matter how your grass is growing,
It cuts it quickly close and clean ;
'Tis proved the best at this Centennial,
And its fame will be perennial,
This Champion Grain and Grass Machine !

It would not do if none invented,
Though genius often is tormented
Because fruition is deferred ;
Yet hope of renown and of riches,
The sanguine inventor bewitches,
While his neighbours may think him absurd.

But if he succeeds in achieving,
Then doubting is changed to believing,
And they readily laud and caress ;
Because he has proved himself able
To place on his card and his label,
The gold-bearing stamp of success !

And these, past failures don't discourage,
As best they can, they meet demurrage,
Still hoping all won't be in vain.

Untill by chance or perseverance,
From disappointment get a clearance,
And thus their harbour safely gain.

But many fail, tho' always trying,
Until they reach the time of dying—
Find all their lives have been a risk,
Tho' offer'd with sublime intention
Upon the altar of Invention,
Their sun goes down with darken'd disk.

Yet some of these have caused advancing,
For light from them on others glancing,
Has showed where lies the hidden goal,
By which they gain new force and power,
And then as from a lofty tower,
They human destiny control !

The first whom good old history mentions
As named and famed for their inventions,
Are Jabel, Jubal, Tubal Cain.
Without which, civilization never
Did exist or could forever, ‡
Tho' e'er so long old Time might reign.

Inventors as material actors,
Are thus the nation's benefactors,
Reaching both to hall and cot ;
We're given steam as an example,
And sure the evidence is ample—
All honour to the name of Watt.

The Photo and the Telegraphing,
Now here a busy time are having,
Most wondrous strides of human skill,
To make the sun work at the eazel,
And lightning quick as spring of weazel,
To send on errands where we will !

His wife believed Daguerre was crazy,
 At least his brain was getting hazy,
 Because he hoped that he could fix
 The Camera's image, evanescent,
 So as to keep it ever present,
 By chemicals that he could mix.

And while in fear she cogitated,
 To Savary the thing she stated,
 Isn't this impossible to be?
 She asked the chemist; he replied,
 Quite free from all dogmatic pride,
 " That can't be told by you nor me,

" For many things believed by many
 To be impossible for any,
 Have been invented and made plain,
 And thus the hopes of M. Daguerre
 May an accomplished fact appear,
 And incredulity prov'd vain."

And when the Washington Professor
 Had felt himself the great possessor
 Of a mighty secret force,
 That soon would bring far distant nations
 Into the closest of relations,
 And make renown'd the name of Morse.

Many scoff'd, and 'twas no wonder,
 To think that that which made the thunder,
 And shines at once from east to west !
 And oft in thunder bullets falling,
 Man and woman sore appalling,
 Should be into man's service press'd.

The first that run on railway courses
 Of *this* country's Iron horse,
 Is standing there, from labour freed.

But thousands now of speed and power,
Are dashing onward every hour,
All of the Stephensonian breed !

Of Stephenson's first colt, the Photo,
Is also shown, first locomoto
That ever started with its train.
How wonderful the revolution
That Colt's example is producing
Throughout the world on land and main !

George Stephenson had anxious worry,
He ne'er had studied Lindley Murray,
But his great genius brought him through,
And his reply to the Committee,
Show'd him to be both wise and witty,
"It would be awkward for the Coo !"

The learned Committee felt the nettle,
But when his Colt had show'd its mettle,
His praises flew on eagle's wings ;
He took high rank 'mong benefactors,
Great among the world's great actors,
And then the honour'd guest of kings !

Most providential, 'tis appearing,
Soon after steam was put in gearing,
The lightning secret was unroll'd ;
Now tangles on the line of travel,
The wire can presently unravel,
And stops, and starts, be all controll'd.

All around with spreading pinion
The eagle shows who claims dominion—
Is everywhere on flag and hall ;
But they have here an eagle *living*,
That's *éclat* to Wisconsin giving,
As shown in Agricult'ral Hall.

There he is on flagstaff perching,
 If you through the world were searching,
 You could not find a bird like him.
 While cannons roared and swords were gleaming,
 He joined the battle wildly screaming,
 Which gave the soldiers fiercer vim.

They've made a *lion* of the eagle,
 And gave him honours almost regal,
 His story has the millions stirr'd ;
 He's often out on exhibition,
 A wonder in this Exposition,
 "Old Abe," they call the famous bird.

Though wounded twice, yet uncomplaining,
 Three years he kept at his campaigning,
 For his old namesake sallied forth ;
 The vet'ran now reward is reaping,
 From the State has home and keeping,
 Proud of this champion of the *North*.

The only case this bird approaching,
 Was when a host of Gaul encroaching,
 A warrior dared Rome's bravest chief,
 A bird then showed it was no craven,
 With beak and claws this sable Raven
 Helped to bring the Gaul to grief.*

Look at that carriage so resplendent,
 Utility with taste attendant,
 Have made a combination rare ;
 Four splendid steeds are in its traces,
 Superb for driving or for races,
 And yet they do not move one hair.

* As the history states, the raven flew in the face of the Gaul whenever he aimed his blows at the Roman chief, and this gave the Roman the opportunity of striking down his antagonist who could not see to defend himself.

Their forms a look of life are giving,
You think at first that they are living,
 With eyes that speak the spirit's fire ;
You think to see them rearing, prancing,
Bounding, curvetting, and dancing,
 And why not ? mentally inquire.

We'll now see the palace memorial,
Where treasures both bust and pictorial
 From masters both new and of yore,
Are seen by the thousands all gazing,
Some silent some audibly praising
 Their marvellous grace and contour !

In marble are Eves and Madonnas,
Sages and chiefs with highest honors,
 Whose names the world has got by heart ;
Here is seen each wealthy Astor,
With crowds in marble, bronze and plaster,
 In this grand gallery of art.

Some are dressed like them named Adam,
When the Lord's command forbade him
 To eat of Eden's fatal tree—
If any alive come to puberty,
Were shown in such palpable nudity,
 What indignant comment there would be !

But in marble each muscle and feature,
Of even the feminine creature,
 Are by the great masters design'd.
And altho' no drapery fold her,
Yet the most fastidious beholder
 Seems to all impropriety blind !

Look at this grand colossal picture,
The artist's thoughts are there a fixture,
 All blended in its touches rare ;

See, a mighty chief is falling !
 All the Roman State appalling !
 That is Julius Cæsar there.

First master of the world, then Roman,
 Had conquered every open foeman,
 Had won the first Imperial Crown ;
 But on the pinnacle of glory,
 Base assassins, (there's the story),
 Led by Cassius struck him down.

See, there's the third Napoleon standing,
 Surrendering to him commanding,
 And victorious at Sedan :
 Since Waterloo, no scene so galling,
 To stricken France, or so appalling !
 Had then been seen by eye of man.

And Germany will proudly glory,
 When e'er she sees this painted story,
 Of a rival nation's chief,
 Giving up his sword and sceptre !
 Power departing like a spectre,
 Amid his nation's helpless grief.

If it makes *human* more *ethereal*,
 To rise from Royal to Imperial,
 Then William made a great advance ;
 But this will scarcely be admitted,
 By those who late were 'gainst him pitted,
 The legions of defeated France !

And here's Von Moltke, famed for planning,
 His great campaigns, all closely scanning,
 The forces of each combatant ;
 Foreseeing by his calculations,
 Controlling all his combinations,
 Where victory her flag will plant.

And there's the Crown Prince, as befitting
 On his warrior charger sitting,
 Who went to England, but alone,
 Did not return, for England's daughter,
 He took a bride, across the water,
 Now heir with him to William's throne.

Our gracious Queen has house alliance,
 By princely and princess affiance,
 With Emperors, a Prince and King ;
 And this should help to heal dissention,
 And by its peaceful intervention,
 Always the healing waters bring.

His secret in another's keeping,
 See the mighty Samson sleeping,
 His head upon Delilah's knee—
 Gone for a time his sight and hearing,
 See the man attendant shearing,
 Those wondrous locks with hurried glee !

“ The Philistines are on thee, Samson,”
 A pris'ner now without a ransom—
 But late, omnipotent, but now,
 His captors mocking in derision,
 Exultingly destroy his vision—
 To prison grinding, make him bow.

In silver, she has now her wishes,
 Five thousand and five hundred pieces
 The Lords unto Delilah gave ;
 For him who sent the reynard blazers !
 Startling all the Timnité gazers !
 Fast flying from the flaming wave !

For him who had with jawbone bludgeon,
 Laid about with deadly dudgeon,
 Upon the trembling Philistine ! —

Never in his blows he blunder'd
'Till he had stricken down ten hundred,
Of those who kneel'd at Dagon's shrine.

But in due time his locks are growing,
And his enemies not knowing,
That this had brought returning power,
They led the "spoiler of their nation,"
To their great temple congregation,
To fill with merriment the hour.

Not thinking while the laugh was ringing,
What retribution it was bringing,
Which suddenly upon them falls.
He clasps the pillars, loudly crying,
And now his foes all dead and dying,
Lie crushed beneath the massive walls !

A man of fun, of wit, and sorrow,
There's Goldsmith, reckless of to-morrow,
Renown'd for hist'ry, fiction, song ;
To help the wretched ever willing,
By giving his last pound or shilling,
Thus doing oft himself a wrong.

Compassion once so deeply probing,
Impulsively his bed disrobing,
He gave a beggar all the clothes ;
When feeling cold, he ripp'd his ticking
And slept inside, the feathers sticking
All around him when he rose !

An artist by success rewarded,
Has there a natural scene recorded,
In tapestry, it comes from France ;
A group of lively, merry-makers,
All young delighted fun partakers,
With song and repartee and dance.

The party is of both the sexes,
All wish to know of their *unnexes*,
And now are standing, quiet, calm,
Around that old prediction seller,
An occult, wizzard, fortune-teller,
Now reading that young maiden's palm.

And there's the woe-worn Rizpa standing*
Where once the Gibeonites all banding
Had hanged the seven sons of Saul.
She shows of love what strong assurance,
By her long terrible endurance,
Through days and nights of watchful thrall!

From the beasts of darkness guarding,
Off, vultures and the eagles warding;
With sword in hand, by night and day.
See, she strikes that swooping eagle!
Dashing at those bodies regal,
In horror driving him away.

Look at yon God, the famed Apollo,
To ages past, and yet to follow,
A wonder, an embodied thought,
Which by the chisel's keen collision,
All that he saw by mental vision,
The artist from the marble brought.

Which millions in the Pagan ages,
With poets, orators, and sages,
Worship'd, calling it divine.
In Athens 'twas no doubt presented,
When the Apostle Paul commented,
On this and ev'ry heathen shrine.†

Behold him, as in Bible story,
Amid their pagan pride and glory!

* 2 Samuel xxi. 10.

† Acts xvii.

Fill'd with pity, love, and zeal,
 Pointing these learn'd foolish sages
 Unto the mighty Rock of Ages !
 To whom alone they ought to kneel.

“ I make known, for your devotions,
 That God, who made the earth and oceans ;
 That unknown God whom ye adore ;
 Yet know Him not, tho' your Creator,
 Than all in earth or heaven greater,
 And all creation ruling o'er.

In man-made temples never liveth,
 Who life and breath to all men giveth,
 And needeth nothing at your hands ;
 He of one blood made ev'ry nation,
 Appointed each his habitation,
 All made to dwell in their own lands.

“ We are His offspring,” said your poet,
 His words are true, and as ye know it,
 Attend and harken what I say :
 That ye should find the Lord by seeking,
 Who by His works and bounty speaking,
 Is close at hand, not far away.

In Him we live and have our being,
 That we are His own offspring, seeing,
 We should not think the Godhead then,
 Is like to aught in earth or heaven,
 To which an image has been given,
 By any cunning skill of men.

These times of ignorance o'erlooking,
 Allow'd to pass without rebuking—
 Now God's command is to repent,
 For He has fix'd a time for giving
 Judgment on the dead and living,
 In righteousness by Him sent.

Of which He this assurance giveth,
That tho' He died, yet now He liveth ;
On hearing this, some mock'd, some said :
(A cool indifference betraying)—
“ Again we'll hear Thee on this saying,”
But some who heard the truth obeyed.

As Dionysius and others,
Who join'd the Church as Christian brothers,
And now on Jesus Christ they call ;
But on that day, the Judge revealing,
When coming down through heaven's ceiling,
All they who mocked will think of Paul.

See yonder child, three months a baby,
What is its name ? It had none—may be
His mother had fix'd on a name,
In light and tiny boat 'twas floating,
Where no ferrymen were boating,
But soon a royal lady came.

Unconscious of its mother's weeping,
The little babe perhaps was sleeping,
His anxious sister looking on ;
The Princess saw the little vessel,
Where the baby boy did nestle,
Which curiously she looked upon.

At once the Princess sent a maiden,
Who hasten'd with her treasure laden,
And to her mistress brought the child ;
His sister watching, never raising
Her eyes, stands there in wonder gazing,
In pity, then the Princess smiled.

That one good act has given glory
To that young Princess, and the story
Throughout all ages has been told ;

What wondrous destiny awaited
The rescued babe, which was narrated,
As time did the events unfold.

O, was there ever such another
Scene as this, when his fond mother
Took him from the Princess' arms?
No one might now that infant slaughter,
Become the son of Pharaoh's daughter,
This puts an end to all alarms.

Moses, by his adoption Royal,
Became a Prince, both great and loyal,
But felt it did to him belong ;
Tho' it should cause his own proscription,
To kill a murdering Egyptian,
And thus avenge his kindred's wrong.

The Patriarchal system closes,
When the I AM appears to Moses,
Within the Bush that burned with fire ;
While all the wilderness illuming,
It blazed and burn'd without consuming,
Said Moses, " I'll the cause inquire."

" Moses to Pharaoh now I send thee,
I will be with thee to defend thee ;
Tell him to let my people go,
For I have heard their grief and moaning,
Heard their sighs and bitter groaning,
And all their misery I know.

He whom a King, twice doom'd to perish,
Whom that King's daughter saved to cherish ;
And forty years ago had fled.
He whom the King resolved on slaying,
From Midian, where he had been staying,
Returned with power as Israel's head.

To put an end to their affliction,
 By punishing the proud Egyptian,
 With lice and flies, and blains and blood.
 And many another blighting wonder,
 As hail and fire and bursting thunder.
 And then o'erwhelm'd him in the flood.

Then He 'mid Sinai's gloom and glory,
 As we are told in sacred story,
 Spoke, who holds the avenging rod.
 While to its base the mountain shaking !
 And Israel and Moses quaking !
 Ali heard the awful voice of God !

That babe we saw just wak'd from sleeping
 Piteously 'mong strangers weeping,
 Remained, till his great work was done.
 When all the statutes had been given
 Commanded by the Lord from Heaven,
 He died—his wond'rous race was run!

By the oracles that light us,
 See that youthful Moabitess,
 A scion from the line of Lot.
 In *law*, the daughter of Naomi,
 Her name sends forth a sweet aroma,
 Like fragrant flowers in garden plot.

“ Ask me not to leave thee—
 I'll go with thee and with no other ;
 I'll be thine own in love and truth,
 Nothing me from thee shall sever,
 Thy God shall be my God forever ;
 Thy people mine,”—Heroic Ruth.

Filial duty caus'd her going,
 What great results from this are flowing ;
 Small seeming cause great issue brings.

Of Hebrew women few stand higher ;
 'Tis David and our great Messiah,
 Begin and end her line of Kings.

There's Milton—since the fates of nations,
 Were prophesied in Revelations.

No *John*, the span of life has cross'd,
 Whose name in history stands higher,
 Than his, who strung his living lyre,
 To sing the song of Eden lost.

Except perhaps the Pilgrim dreamer,
 Whose book has gone with sail and steamer,
 Throughout the world to every clime !
 And in future generations
 His words will stay among the nations,
 Doubtless, till the end of time.

Power, did prison and defame him.
 E'en " pious Cowper " fear'd to name him,
 Lest at his fame, the world might sneer.
 But since ; the world was shown its folly,
 By the world-renowned Macaulay,
 Historian, statesman, poet, peer !

There's Lincoln, whose assassination,
 Following the devastation
 Of your great internal war,
 Fill'd the list'ning world with horror ?
 Causing deep indignant sorrow !
 And gave this land a fearful jar.

No other man has had the power,
 To do in one short pregnant hour,
 Since man controll'd men's destiny,
 What Lincoln did by proclamation.
 To tell the slaves throughout the nation,
 Your chains are broken ! You are free !

With earnest interest you tarry,
To see *this* picture drawn by Barry,
Of Adam and our mother Eve.
Beside the tree behold them standing,
Eve the fruit to Adam handing,
He eats, from death there's no reprieve.

But in due time there came another,
Offspring of a Virgin mother ;
Born both to suffer and to save.
He, too, was tempted, without sinning,
He stood the test, and victory winning
For us, He triumphed o'er the grave !

See, there's a son, he had no brother,
Follow'd by his widow'd mother
Coming from the town of Nain.
Many people from the city
Gathered there with solemn pity,
For her, whose son disease had slain.

But one of pity, love and power !
Meets her in that mournful hour ;
He touch'd the bier, it stopp'd and then,
The Saviour spoke with voice commanding !
The dead arose, and living, standing
Is in his mother's arms again !

There's young Whittington, whose story,
Comes along the line of glory !
He listens to the London chimes,
And hears, in clear articulation ;
With mellow musical vibration,
Lord Mayor Whittington, three times !

And here is one, in future ages,
Will rank as now, among the sages.
Will need no monumental pile,

To keep his thoughts before the nations,
 To lit'rature, his grand oblations
 Have made renown'd, the name Carlyle.

And here, you see, just from her landing,
 Denmark's lovely daughter standing,
 Her hand in Albert's, Prince of Wales :
 No doubt her charming Royal Highness,
 May feel a little happy shyness,
 While all the realm her marriage hails !

And see, in robes of Coronation !
 The monarch of the British nation,
 In Hayter's picture grandly drawn.
 It was in eighteen thirty-seven—
 She's forty summers nearer Heaven,
 Than when first her crown was worn.

And there is Wolfe—Quebec is taken ;¹
 Fallen the chief ! What thoughts awaken :
 While looking on his dying face,
 His victory, spite of foreign Fenian,
 Gives all our glorious Dominion !
 Unto the Anglo-Saxon race !

And here's Earl Dufferin, Vice-Regal,
 Whose gaze is a glance of the eagle,
 Of Sheridan lineage and speech,
 As is shown by his brilliant orations
 On grave or on festive occasions :
 He has fitting words always in reach.

With genial humour always present,
 Often keen, but ever pleasant,
 A model of consummate tact ;
 With grave and gay in nicest fusion,
 And always reaching his conclusion,
 By logic based on stubborn fact,

He holds the Executive oiler*
 As gov'nor the force of the boiler,
 That drives the great engine of State ;
 He watches with steady devotion,
 To stop any violent motion
 That danger or fear might create.

There's the fam'd of Asia Minor,
 Whose name in *color'd* speech is *Dinah*,
 Claim'd to be worship'd everywhere ;†
 Great is Diana of Ephesians !
 They shout without or rhyme or reasons,
 All for *her* honor that they care !

The crafty craftsmen, to each other,
 Admit, that there is quite another
 Cause that makes the hubbub rise ;
 But to the people are pretending,
 Diana's fame they are defending :
 'Tis not from selfishness they rise.

Such lengthened, loud vociferation
 Was never heard in any nation,
 Nor before that age nor since ;
 Av'rice leagued with Paganism,
 Resolv'd to crush the Christian schism,
 And by this tumult to convince.

But neither noise nor persecution,
 Could stop the mighty revolution,
 From the preaching of the Cross ;
 The Christians follow'd their high calling,
 Until they saw the idols falling,
 And paganism own'd her loss.

* One of His Excellency's own felicitous illustrations in a speech at Toronto.

† Whom Asia and the world worshippeth.—Acts 19, xxvii.

See, there's two millionaires—the Astors—
 Never meeting with disasters,
 With many *ups*, without the *downs* ;
 But the question comes, what profit ?
 If the end to them be Tophet,
 Where hope is gone and vengeance frowns ?

The first his genius boldly grasping,
 At millions he made sure of clasping,
 Chuckled o'er his rival's blind ;
 His son inherits love of money,
 Sweeter to his taste than honey,
 He, too, has left it all behind.

And here's the millionaire from Lisburn,
 He, too, has lately gone to his bourn,
 His work is o'er, his race is run ;
 He was a mighty prince, commercial,
 And look'd around with glass of Herschel,
 To see where money could be won !

He was no spasmodic jerker,
 But an earnest constant worker,
 In dealing honest, true and fair ;
 If for another generation,
 He could have plied his avocation,
 He might have been a billionaire !

And there is one, on death-bed lying ;
 Is sinking, helpless, *grasping*, dying—
 He's gone, his great career is o'er !
 A man of railways, bonds and steamers,
 Always an overmatch for schemers,
 And widely known as Commadore.

What may have been their thoughts and greeting,
 If these four have had a meeting,
 Upon that dim and distant shore—

If bringing what they've *there* been learning,
 To ~~his~~ old state, they were returning,
 Would they their former lives encore ?

Now, see, on mighty German Bismark,
 Deeply he h~~is~~s chisel'd *his* mark,
 What force in that one teeming brain—
 When e'er demanded by the hour,
 God raises up the men of power,
 To take and hold the guiding rein.

Look here !—with sudden inspiration,
 This girl arose to save her nation,
 From foreign bondage drear and dark ;
 But short was her career of glory,
 You have read the cruel story :
 Burn'd as a witch, was Joan of Arc !

There's Gortchakoff, renowned in Russia,
 As Prince Bismarck is in Prussia ;
 Chief in the councils of the Czar.
 In genius, bold and domineering ;
 He the Ship of State is steering,
 Supreme alike in peace and war !

There's one who holds the highest station
 In his *recuperated* nation, —
 To France a providential dower :
 McMahan, Irish in extraction.
 When in his favour came reaction :
 He gained the *suffrage* lease of pow'r.

Napoleon's there, whose will was iron,
 So scornfully denounc'd by Byron
 In his scathing, scorching ode,
 He claimed from Destiny his mission ;
 Part was to kill the Inquisition,
 And give to France her legal code.

He found his country in commotion ;
 Hot lava pour'd in stormy ocean !
 Might symbolize her fearful thrall
 He grasped the helm all grandly steering,
 All surrounding nations fearing !
 Till Destiny decreed his fall.

Here's Wellington the Duke of iron
 What grandeur does that brow environ ;
 Napoleon all his forces threw
 Against him, but the Lion Regal,
 Broke the pinions of the Eagle
 Upon the field of Waterloo !

The world in wonder watch'd their meeting,
 The earthquake shock of war there greeting ?
 As oft before England and France,
 Met in fierce national collision ;
 When Carnage had fulfill'd his mission,
 The Gaul retreats with shivered lance !

See, there's Prime Minister Disraeli,
 Great in debate as keen in sally,
 The most renown'd of Jewish race ;
 Since Scripture history was written,
 Some think him greatest in Great Britain,
 Or either in or out of place.

The world admired him first as Vivian,
 This would have kept him from oblivion,
 But he has grasp'd at grander things !
 His genius great as his ambition,
 With perseverance brought fruition ;
 And now in power he ranks with kings !

Now see the illustrious Gladstone standing,
 The homage of the world commanding,
 Great both alike with voice or pen.

In learning, genius, virtue, towers ;
 And is acknowledged by the powers,
 As one of Europe's ablest men.

And he has held the highest station
 In the halls of legislation,
 'Gainst tyranny he takes the van ;
 The Empire's with him in alliance,
 Joining in his stern defiance,
 Of the encroaching Vatican !

RUSSIAN PICTURES.

There, behold a daughter kneeling,
 With intensity of feeling ;
 The mother holds the salt and bread
 Above her child. The sire is blessing,
 Bible in hand their God addressing,
 For her who now is to be wed.

The mother's thoughts are backward flowing,
 And also they are forward going,
 Thinking of the time when *she*,
 By *her* father and her mother,
 Was bless'd, and given to another ;
 And what her daughter's fate may be.

And there, a father sits caressing,
 And to his bosom closely pressing,
 His lovely boy. The mother fair,
 Smiles upon them—none are *seeing*,
 Yon little, ragged, homeless being,
 Who yearns to have a parent's care !

And here's the Czar, whose northern regions
 Are marshalling their hordes and legions,
 For war's dread sanguinary work.
 It won't be now in the area

Of the memorable Crimea ;
 On his own ground they'll fight the Turk !
 England this time, has not " blunder'd ;"
 She will not send again " six hundred,"
 To save the waning Moslem Moon
 From its eclipse, but leave to Bruin,
 Either to renovate or ruin,
 One or other must come soon. *

There's Hamilton, an Alexander,
 His life was no serene meander,
 A statesman, upright, without slur—
 To custom's bloody mandate yielding,
 He met his foe in private fielding,
 And fell, she^t by the hand of Burr.

The slayer, then, a cute attorney,
 Left, but e'er he took his journey,
 A large town property he sold ;
 So that he might leave the faster
 To the great John Jacob Astor,
 For twenty thousand paid in gold.

But in the deed he stipulated,
 'Ere twenty years from it was dated.
 He might re-purchase back the same
 By the return of purchase money—
 The Astor felt not very funny,
 When Burr came back and made his claim.

Prepared with twenty thousand dollars,
 And interest, of course, that follows ;
 And then demanded back his deed,
 Or, in alternative, he offered,
 " Give me one hundred thousand, coffer'd ?"—
 Astor refused so much to bleed.

* This was written some months before the declaration of war.

But said to Burr, "please call to-morrow"—
Rather enjoying Astor's sorrow.

The *claimant* turned upon his heel—
Astor consults his law-adviser,
Who said, "To pay would be the wiser,
And better for your private weal."

Next day the *duelist* returning,
Met Mr. Astor with, "Good morning,"
Who said, "Dear Sir, I've changed my mind,"
"And so have I," said Burr, "I blunder'd.
Add *twenty* thousand to the *hundred*
And you'll have plenty left behind."

And he was close as sticking-plaster,
He would not bate by one piaster ;
The millionaire was forced to cave.
He gave the cheque and got the quittance,
Burr left New York with no small pittance.
He died, few sigh above his grave.

There's Daniel, statesman, saint and prophet,
Whom rivals thought to send to Tophet,
Condemn'd to death through these vile men.
But by an angel sent from Heaven,
The lions from their prey are driven,
And Daniel lives safe in the den.

Next morn', his foes their triumph humbled,
At once are taken, tied and tumbled
Into the den : what cries and groans !—
The hungry lions overpowering,
Glaring, tearing and devouring !
Break up and crush their quaking bones !

The King relieved from melancholy,
Punished thus, their sin and folly,
Who made *him* claim the place of God—
Warning to courtiers and to princes,
The providence of God evinces,
In slaying those who schem'd for blood !

There's Julian, the Imperial Pagan,
 Who'd worship Jupiter or Dagon,
 Or any but the Christian's God.
 Apostate, hoping through his thesis,
 To turn the world again from Jesus.
 Aw'd by *his* mighty *Jovine* nod !

Resolving in his pride of reason,
 Once more to make the Empire heathen,
 And raise again each Idol fane ;
 And sought, by military glory
 To raise his prestige, but his story
 Ends with defeat, and being slain.

He'd thought in spite of Juda's Lion
 To build the temple walls of Zion ;
 But earthquakes, fire-balls, lightnings came !
 All bringing terror and disaster,
 Showing that *there*, he was not master,
 And had to quit the work with shame.

And here's Dom Pedro, the Brazilian,
 The great Imperial civilian,
 Who came to see the world's great show.
 He wisely rules his realm gigantic
 Where Amazon fills the Atlantic,
 Beyond the Gulf of Mexico.

There's Horace Greeley, 'mong the sages,
 His fame will float through future ages,
 Philosopher, Philanthropist--
 When he was old, in evil hour,
 He tried for Presidential power,
 It kill'd him, when the prize he miss'd.

Ulysses Grant, his soldier rival,
 Had crushed the South, with fair reprisal,
 Giving the North her grand relief.
 Victorious over Lee and Greeley,
 His country gave her suffrage freely,
 In peace and war successful chief.

ELECTION DAY.

This mighty land is now deciding
Who is next to have the guiding,
And who the ship of State shall steer,
And represent these forty millions
Of sailors, soldiers, and civilians,
At Washington next current year.

Urged by their national devotion,
The citizens are all in motion,
Moving, if not heaven, the earth !
In constitutional collision ;
Each thinking that his own division
Holds all the country's public worth !

To-day the ballot-boxes gather
The votes to tell who they would rather
Place upon the four years' throne.
What care there is upon the shoulders
Of twenty thousand office-holders,
But it is not on them alone.—

But also on the myriads trying,
On party victory relying,
And all *pro bono publico*,
With anxious hearts and solemn faces,
To step into the vacant places.
This seems but fair as parties go.

The practice, tho', in our Dominion,
Is not to pluck official pinion
While the old officers are true.
Through either party's loss or gaining,
Good officers are left remaining,
Their *friends* though, get appointments *new*.

“Tilden is in,” the lightning flashes ;
The hopes of Hayes are now in ashes.
The Democrats are jubilant !

Then an uncertain flash is given ;
 Next, "Hayes successfully has striven,
 'Tis he who takes the place of Grant."

Again the news is, "There is doubting,"
 Each side the others news is scouting,
 But which is true can't be made out.
 The friends of each together huddle,
 Each blames the other for the muddle,
 And still the thing remains in doubt.

Some say it must be fix'd by fighting,
 But safety-valves of speech and writing
 Will moderate the wish for war ;
 And on both sides the many millions
 Of intelligent civilians
 Will stand for order and for law.

And your statesmen grandly guiding
 The good old ship will bring her riding
 Safe through the breakers into Port.
 We trust that this is heaven's decreeing,
 And that "the nation is agreeing,"
 Will sound from citadel and fort.*

She has agreed, well pleas'd I pen it,
 Ferry presiding, your wise Senate,
 To law and peace true homage pays :
 The ship has stood the surf's attrition,
 And, aided by the learn'd Commission,
 Is safe in charge of Captain Hayes !

MEMORIAL HALL.

Here the admirer fondly lingers,
 Among these works of brain and fingers,

* The above nine verses were sent to the Cincinnati "Christian Standard" before the Commission was appointed, and printed in that paper. The next verse was, of course, added after the Senate had given its decisions.

To view the present and the past ;
 But from this Hall they'll soon be going,
 From where they have for months been showing,
 To aid this Exhibition vast.

They who design'd, and who began it,
 Built all of iron, marble, granite—
 Each indestructible by fire,
 To be a monumental tower,
 Of this great culminating hour,
 Here to remain intact, entire.

And when arrives the next *centennium*—
 Ten decades nearer the millenium—
 We cannot tell what then shall be ;
 But trust *that* coming generation,
 Like *this*, will spend its admiration,
 On what shall here then gather'd be.

And also trust our own Dominion,
 Advancing with untiring pinion,
 Will have a great Centennial too !
 That when arrives, by will of heaven,
 Nineteen hundred sixty-seven,
 As you are doing, she will do.

That she shall see, in kindly greeting,
 The millions from the nations meeting,
 With their productions in review,—
 Then if this Lyric shall be living,
 Which I would hope, with some misgiving,
 They'll know if this prediction's true.

INDEPENDENCE HALL.

I came to see this plain old building,
 That's without ornament or gilding,
 Its stirring memories to recall ;
 To see the nation's heir-looms treasured,
 Which money value ne'er has measured,
 Within old Independence Hall.

There's large as life the *Third* young Georgius
In his regalia rich and gorgeous,
Near Pitt,* in intellect a king,
Whose words the ears of Senates tingled,
And with the thoughts of nations mingled,
Whose fame is still a living thing.

Here's Washington, who led his nation,
Throughout her federal probation,
In war and peace her primal chief,
His fame has glowed through a Centennial,
And at the end of a millennial,
It still will shine in full relief.

There's Franklin, he who bought the whistle,
And bottled Heaven's electric missile !
And in his famous Almanac,
Printed many a pithy saying
That with the people still are staying,
And dealt to loafers many a thwack.

See Jefferson, a man of power,
Who grasped the crisis of the hour,
And fearlessly with voice and pen
Maintained the cause with war impending,
Sustained the struggle till its ending,
And takes high rank 'mong famous men !

Here's Lafayette, young gallant Frenchman,
Who crossed the sea as Freedom's henchman
To break a nation's galling chain !
He fought on many a field of glory,
And when the Hero's head grew hoary,
He came unto this land again.

The Bard was young, but well remembers,
He walked the Revolution embers
Ablaze, loud were the people's cheers !

* Lord Chatham.

All joining in the grand ovation,
In which a liberated nation
Condens'd the gratitude of years !

See Penn, the Pennsylvania founder—
Of normal statesmen, few were sounder,
Judged by this great and wealthy State.
Friends think the eloquent Macaulay
Did something bordering on folly,
In slurring William Penn the Great.

And here's the famous Declaration,
That made America a Nation,
Attached each member's autograph,
Not knowing if they'd win or whether,
Fail—when all would *hang* together,
As Franklin said with *serious* laugh.

They knew attempts at revolutions,
Had ever brought down executions,
The victors always called for blood.
Patriots then, were *traitors* hanging,
They dared the battle's fiercest clanging !
They fought it out, and victors stood.

THE ILLUMINATION.

On the night of the ninth of November,
As the myriads there will remember,
The meteors flashed out on high !
As sprung from a barrel or socket,
Up goes the marvellous rocket,
Sprinkling the stars on the sky !

Many a fire conglomeration,
Goes up to spread its constellation,
In spangled clusters grandly bright !
While all the multitudes are gazing,
Cheer on cheer, their voices raising !
Evince their wonder and delight.

And still they blaze all upward flashing,

A flood of light on darkness dashing !
 Each one more brilliant than before.
 To please the foreigners and natives,
 These clever, earnest, operatives,
 Use all their pyrotechnic lore.

Showing the wondrous variations,
 Of prismatic corruscations,
 As if in ancient Genii's reign.
 The grandest I have looked on ver,
 And I may add most here will never
 " Look upon its like again."

The tenth, this day the business closes,
 The Corliss engine now reposes,
 By Grant, the President's command,
 And now the peoples of all races,
 Homeward, homeward turn their faces,
 Each to his own loved native land.

Bearing memories of pleasure,
 And a valued mental treasure,
 Which they never had before ;
 With many a souvenir to mind them
 Of what they're leaving now behind them,
 And which they'll ever keep in store.

Americans with true devotion,
 Set every faculty in motion,
 To make their show a grand success.
 They reached their highest expectation,
 Gained universal approbation,
 They could no more, they would no less.

'Twill be an epoch through the ages,
 As one of old duration's stages,
 A way-stone on the track of time,
 This first Centennial Exposition,
 All worthy of their high ambition,
 And of a Milton's song sublime !

