

ROSEBURG REVIEW.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1885

Correct Terminology.

In view of the confusion that now exists in the use of the words "tornado" and "cyclone," the attention of the public is requested to the following brief description of the characteristics of these very distinct kinds of storms, in order to attain, if possible, the desirable end of a uniform terminology:

CYCLONE. — A name suggested by Piddington in East India, about forty years ago, to apply to the violent storms of the Bay of Bengal and other tropical regions; synonymous with "typhoon" of the China Seas and "hurricane" of the West Indies. A broad storm, from 100 to 500 miles in diameter, characterized by a broad disc, from which heavy rain falls; with spiral inward blowing winds of destructive violence near the centre, but with a calm space (ten or fifteen miles in diameter) at the centre itself, known as the "eye of the storm." The barometer always records a low atmospheric pressure near the storm-centre. Cyclones have a progressive motion, not directly visible, but apparent in the passing changes of the weather that they bring. The broad storms, often of but moderate violence, accompanied by a heavy wide-spreading sheet of cloud with rain or snow, bring warm weather in their front half and cold in their rear, which frequently covers a considerable number of our states at once, exhibit nearly all the physical peculiarities of cyclones although this name is not generally applied to them by all meteorologists. In our country such cyclonic storms never leave a narrow path of destructive action along the track of their central passage, but they are rather beneficial than otherwise, as they bring the greater share of our rains. As a whole these cyclonic storms travel across the country, from west to east, at a rate of twenty-five to thirty miles an hour, the same storm often endures for a week and its path may be followed for several thousand miles.

TORNADOES. — Are very violent local storms, which appear, from records made by the numerous volunteer tornado reporters in co-operation with the Signal service, to be generated only in certain parts of the broad, relatively harmless cyclonic storm. Tornadoes are marked by their well-known whirling funnel cloud, and by their narrow path of destruction, within which few structures can withstand their violence. They are, therefore, very local. They advance at a rate of twenty-five to thirty miles an hour, corresponding to the progression of the great cyclonic storm within which they are generated, and a single tornado seldom endures more than an hour or two. A number of tornadoes frequently occur on the same day in adjacent states, they are commonly associated with thunder storms and with gales or squalls of violent straight-line winds. The name "tornado" has been used as here indicated since the early part of this century in this country and in Europe. Its replacement by "cyclone" is very recent and should be avoided in order to prevent confusion.

It is desired to give this matter as general publicity as possible so as to gain, in the coming tornado season, a use of the words "tornado" and "cyclone" that shall correspond with their original and technical meanings, and with their terminology of meteorologists throughout the world.

The Signal Service reports never apply the word "cyclone" to our western "tornadoes" and it is hoped that the press of the United States will follow the usage of the Service.

W. B. HAZEN.

[The above was handed us by Mr. Nany, our Signal Officer at this place.]

NIGARAGUAN TREATY.

This treaty has been defeated in Congress, and we are sorry it is so. No treaty made by the United States with any people or government for a long time would have been productive of so much good to our country as that Nicaragua treaty could have been. We are also surprised to find men, whom we thought would have been the very last to vote against such a measure, fighting that treaty to the teeth. We fear that Riddleberger was right when he said "the American people could not now construct a narrow gauge rail road, or dig a water ditch without the consent of England." We think it a mistake to pander to all the whims that our mother country requires at our hands. She is becoming too exacting, and the sooner we indicate that fact to her, the better. And we lost a splendid opportunity to do so when we failed to speak out on the treaty above mentioned.

Mardi Gras festivities at New Orleans have begun. Old "Re-x" came and received the keys of the city.

A Letter.

The following lines were written to Mr. Voltaire Gurney, by Clarke Melville, who is now, we are sorry to say, in the Oregon Penitentiary, and many believing that the lines contain true poetic merit, we are asked to publish, the same. While there is some material defect in this piece, and want of consecutive unity of thought, yet it is touched with pathos and some excellent practical hits:

DEAR GEORGE. — To-night I'm afraid of a steed of doubtful demerit and dubious speed. He's not bad, of course, but ring me not a curb with snakes turning in and horses standing out. A sorry old creature, you rightly may guess, But give him, my Pegasus, never stir less. Two years have tolled by with their frost and their snows. Their summers of pleasure and winters of woes, Since I, in disengagement, leaped from the heights of his back, and I saw him no more till to-night. When I killed him, and he in response to my call Came to me all brilled and maddled and all. Good trim for a canteen o'er roads rough and long. To the region of Fancy, the "Realms of Song." So we're off, and I, o'er the fields bare and brown, Thro' the gloom of the forest and glaze of the town. But instead of his feed keeping time to my rhyme, I didso ver' song to his step keepin' time. And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bay, Whereas few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I knew at the altar where Fame stands to crown The Victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty smooch in my face. But I'll ride to the finish whatever occurs. For once I lay'd down on my boots and my spurs And mounted my steed and set off on the track I have no inclination to ever look back. For no inclination Mrs. Lot for a similar fault Was turned in a trice to a pillar of salt. Your letter came to me on one of those days That are always detected—oh, sombre haze, As cold as dead love and as bleak as the past, Came up and the bright blue of Heaven o'er cast. And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bay, Whereas few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I knew at the altar where Fame stands to crown The Victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty smooch in my face. But I'll ride to the finish whatever occurs. For once I lay'd down on my boots and my spurs And mounted my steed and set off on the track I have no inclination to ever look back. For no inclination Mrs. Lot for a similar fault Was turned in a trice to a pillar of salt. Your letter came to me on one of those days That are always detected—oh, sombre haze, As cold as dead love and as bleak as the past, Came up and the bright blue of Heaven o'er cast. And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bay, Whereas few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I knew at the altar where Fame stands to crown The Victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty smooch in my face. But I'll ride to the finish whatever occurs. For once I lay'd down on my boots and my spurs And mounted my steed and set off on the track I have no inclination to ever look back. For no inclination Mrs. Lot for a similar fault Was turned in a trice to a pillar of salt. Your letter came to me on one of those days That are always detected—oh, sombre haze, As cold as dead love and as bleak as the past, Came up and the bright blue of Heaven o'er cast. And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bay, Whereas few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I knew at the altar where Fame stands to crown The Victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty smooch in my face. But I'll ride to the finish whatever occurs. For once I lay'd down on my boots and my spurs And mounted my steed and set off on the track I have no inclination to ever look back. For no inclination Mrs. Lot for a similar fault Was turned in a trice to a pillar of salt. Your letter came to me on one of those days That are always detected—oh, sombre haze, As cold as dead love and as bleak as the past, Came up and the bright blue of Heaven o'er cast. And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bay, Whereas few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I knew at the altar where Fame stands to crown The Victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty smooch in my face. But I'll ride to the finish whatever occurs. For once I lay'd down on my boots and my spurs And mounted my steed and set off on the track I have no inclination to ever look back. For no inclination Mrs. Lot for a similar fault Was turned in a trice to a pillar of salt. Your letter came to me on one of those days That are always detected—oh, sombre haze, As cold as dead love and as bleak as the past, Came up and the bright blue of Heaven o'er cast. And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bay, Whereas few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I knew at the altar where Fame stands to crown The Victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty smooch in my face. But I'll ride to the finish whatever occurs. For once I lay'd down on my boots and my spurs And mounted my steed and set off on the track I have no inclination to ever look back. For no inclination Mrs. Lot for a similar fault Was turned in a trice to a pillar of salt. Your letter came to me on one of those days That are always detected—oh, sombre haze, As cold as dead love and as bleak as the past, Came up and the bright blue of Heaven o'er cast. And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bay, Whereas few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I knew at the altar where Fame stands to crown The Victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty smooch in my face. But I'll ride to the finish whatever occurs. For once I lay'd down on my boots and my spurs And mounted my steed and set off on the track I have no inclination to ever look back. For no inclination Mrs. Lot for a similar fault Was turned in a trice to a pillar of salt. Your letter came to me on one of those days That are always detected—oh, sombre haze, As cold as dead love and as bleak as the past, Came up and the bright blue of Heaven o'er cast. And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bay, Whereas few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I knew at the altar where Fame stands to crown The Victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty smooch in my face. But I'll ride to the finish whatever occurs. For once I lay'd down on my boots and my spurs And mounted my steed and set off on the track I have no inclination to ever look back. For no inclination Mrs. Lot for a similar fault Was turned in a trice to a pillar of salt. Your letter came to me on one of those days That are always detected—oh, sombre haze, As cold as dead love and as bleak as the past, Came up and the bright blue of Heaven o'er cast. And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bay, Whereas few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I knew at the altar where Fame stands to crown The Victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty smooch in my face. But I'll ride to the finish whatever occurs. For once I lay'd down on my boots and my spurs And mounted my steed and set off on the track I have no inclination to ever look back. For no inclination Mrs. Lot for a similar fault Was turned in a trice to a pillar of salt. Your letter came to me on one of those days That are always detected—oh, sombre haze, As cold as dead love and as bleak as the past, Came up and the bright blue of Heaven o'er cast. And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bay, Whereas few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I knew at the altar where Fame stands to crown The Victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty smooch in my face. But I'll ride to the finish whatever occurs. For once I lay'd down on my boots and my spurs And mounted my steed and set off on the track I have no inclination to ever look back. For no inclination Mrs. Lot for a similar fault Was turned in a trice to a pillar of salt. Your letter came to me on one of those days That are always detected—oh, sombre haze, As cold as dead love and as bleak as the past, Came up and the bright blue of Heaven o'er cast. And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bay, Whereas few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I knew at the altar where Fame stands to crown The Victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty smooch in my face. But I'll ride to the finish whatever occurs. For once I lay'd down on my boots and my spurs And mounted my steed and set off on the track I have no inclination to ever look back. For no inclination Mrs. Lot for a similar fault Was turned in a trice to a pillar of salt. Your letter came to me on one of those days That are always detected—oh, sombre haze, As cold as dead love and as bleak as the past, Came up and the bright blue of Heaven o'er cast. And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bay, Whereas few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I knew at the altar where Fame stands to crown The Victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty smooch in my face. But I'll ride to the finish whatever occurs. For once I lay'd down on my boots and my spurs And mounted my steed and set off on the track I have no inclination to ever look back. For no inclination Mrs. Lot for a similar fault Was turned in a trice to a pillar of salt. Your letter came to me on one of those days That are always detected—oh, sombre haze, As cold as dead love and as bleak as the past, Came up and the bright blue of Heaven o'er cast. And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bay, Whereas few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I knew at the altar where Fame stands to crown The Victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty smooch in my face. But I'll ride to the finish whatever occurs. For once I lay'd down on my boots and my spurs And mounted my steed and set off on the track I have no inclination to ever look back. For no inclination Mrs. Lot for a similar fault Was turned in a trice to a pillar of salt. Your letter came to me on one of those days That are always detected—oh, sombre haze, As cold as dead love and as bleak as the past, Came up and the bright blue of Heaven o'er cast. And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bay, Whereas few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I knew at the altar where Fame stands to crown The Victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty smooch in my face. But I'll ride to the finish whatever occurs. For once I lay'd down on my boots and my spurs And mounted my steed and set off on the track I have no inclination to ever look back. For no inclination Mrs. Lot for a similar fault Was turned in a trice to a pillar of salt. Your letter came to me on one of those days That are always detected—oh, sombre haze, As cold as dead love and as bleak as the past, Came up and the bright blue of Heaven o'er cast. And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bay, Whereas few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I knew at the altar where Fame stands to crown The Victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty smooch in my face. But I'll ride to the finish whatever occurs. For once I lay'd down on my boots and my spurs And mounted my steed and set off on the track I have no inclination to ever look back. For no inclination Mrs. Lot for a similar fault Was turned in a trice to a pillar of salt. Your letter came to me on one of those days That are always detected—oh, sombre haze, As cold as dead love and as bleak as the past, Came up and the bright blue of Heaven o'er cast. And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bay, Whereas few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I knew at the altar where Fame stands to crown The Victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty smooch in my face. But I'll ride to the finish whatever occurs. For once I lay'd down on my boots and my spurs And mounted my steed and set off on the track I have no inclination to ever look back. For no inclination Mrs. Lot for a similar fault Was turned in a trice to a pillar of salt. Your letter came to me on one of those days That are always detected—oh, sombre haze, As cold as dead love and as bleak as the past, Came up and the bright blue of Heaven o'er cast. And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bay, Whereas few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I knew at the altar where Fame stands to crown The Victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty smooch in my face. But I'll ride to the finish whatever occurs. For once I lay'd down on my boots and my spurs And mounted my steed and set off on the track I have no inclination to ever look back. For no inclination Mrs. Lot for a similar fault Was turned in a trice to a pillar of salt. Your letter came to me on one of those days That are always detected—oh, sombre haze, As cold as dead love and as bleak as the past, Came up and the bright blue of Heaven o'er cast. And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bay, Whereas few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I knew at the altar where Fame stands to crown The Victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty smooch in my face. But I'll ride to the finish whatever occurs. For once I lay'd down on my boots and my spurs And mounted my steed and set off on the track I have no inclination to ever look back. For no inclination Mrs. Lot for a similar fault Was turned in a trice to a pillar of salt. Your letter came to me on one of those days That are always detected—oh, sombre haze, As cold as dead love and as bleak as the past, Came up and the bright blue of Heaven o'er cast. And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bay, Whereas few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I knew at the altar where Fame stands to crown The Victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty smooch in my face. But I'll ride to the finish whatever occurs. For once I lay'd down on my boots and my spurs And mounted my steed and set off on the track I have no inclination to ever look back. For no inclination Mrs. Lot for a similar fault Was turned in a trice to a pillar of salt. Your letter came to me on one of those days That are always detected—oh, sombre haze, As cold as dead love and as bleak as the past, Came up and the bright blue of Heaven o'er cast. And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bay, Whereas few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I knew at the altar where Fame stands to crown The Victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty smooch in my face. But I'll ride to the finish whatever occurs. For once I lay'd down on my boots and my spurs And mounted my steed and set off on the track I have no inclination to ever look back. For no inclination Mrs. Lot for a similar fault Was turned in a trice to a pillar of salt. Your letter came to me on one of those days That are always detected—oh, sombre haze, As cold as dead love and as bleak as the past, Came up and the bright blue of Heaven o'er cast. And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bay, Whereas few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I knew at the altar where Fame stands to crown The Victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty smooch in my face. But I'll ride to the finish whatever occurs. For once I lay'd down on my boots and my spurs And mounted my steed and set off on the track I have no inclination to ever look back. For no inclination Mrs. Lot for a similar fault Was turned in a trice to a pillar of salt. Your letter came to me on one of those days That are always detected—oh, sombre haze, As cold as dead love and as bleak as the past, Came up and the bright blue of Heaven o'er cast. And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bay, Whereas few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I knew at the altar where Fame stands to crown The Victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty smooch in my face. But I'll ride to the finish whatever occurs. For once I lay'd down on my boots and my spurs And mounted my steed and set off on the track I have no inclination to ever look back. For no inclination Mrs. Lot for a similar fault Was turned in a trice to a pillar of salt. Your letter came to me on one of those days That are always detected—oh, sombre haze, As cold as dead love and as bleak as the past, Came up and the bright blue of Heaven o'er cast. And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bay, Whereas few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I knew at the altar where Fame stands to crown The Victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty smooch in my face. But I'll ride to the finish whatever occurs. For once I lay'd down on my boots and my spurs And mounted my steed and set off on the track I have no inclination to ever look back. For no inclination Mrs. Lot for a similar fault Was turned in a trice to a pillar of salt. Your letter came to me on one of those days That are always detected—oh, sombre haze, As cold as dead love and as bleak as the past, Came up and the bright blue of Heaven o'er cast. And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bay, Whereas few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I knew at the altar where Fame stands to crown The Victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty smooch in my face. But I'll ride to the finish whatever occurs. For once I lay'd down on my boots and my spurs And mounted my steed and set off on the track I have no inclination to ever look back. For no inclination Mrs. Lot for a similar fault Was turned in a trice to a pillar of salt. Your letter came to me on one of those days That are always detected—oh, sombre haze, As cold as dead love and as bleak as the past, Came up and the bright blue of Heaven o'er cast. And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bay, Whereas few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I knew at the altar where Fame stands to crown The Victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty smooch in my face. But I'll ride to the finish whatever occurs. For once I lay'd down on my boots and my spurs And mounted my steed and set off on the track I have no inclination to ever look back. For no inclination Mrs. Lot for a similar fault Was turned in a trice to a pillar of salt. Your letter came to me on one of those days That are always detected—oh, sombre haze, As cold as dead love and as bleak as the past, Came up and the bright blue of Heaven o'er cast. And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bay, Whereas few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I knew at the altar where Fame stands to crown The Victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty smooch in my face. But I'll ride to the finish whatever occurs. For once I lay'd down on my boots and my spurs And mounted my steed and set off on the track I have no inclination to ever look back. For no inclination Mrs. Lot for a similar fault Was turned in a trice to a pillar of salt. Your letter came to me on one of those days That are always detected—oh, sombre haze, As cold as dead love and as bleak as the past, Came up and the bright blue of Heaven o'er cast. And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bay, Whereas few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I knew at the altar where Fame stands to crown The Victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty smooch in my face. But I'll ride to the finish whatever occurs. For once I lay'd down on my boots and my spurs And mounted my steed and set off on the track I have no inclination to ever look back. For no inclination Mrs. Lot for a similar fault Was turned in a trice to a pillar of salt. Your letter came to me on one of those days That are always detected—oh, sombre haze, As cold as dead love and as bleak as the past, Came up and the bright blue of Heaven o'er cast. And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bay, Whereas few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I knew at the altar where Fame stands to crown The Victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty smooch in my face. But I'll ride to the finish whatever occurs. For once I lay'd down on my boots and my spurs And mounted my steed and set off on the track I have no inclination to ever look back. For no inclination Mrs. Lot for a similar fault Was turned in a trice to a pillar of salt. Your letter came to me on one of those days That are always detected—oh, sombre haze, As cold as dead love and as bleak as the past, Came up and the bright blue of Heaven o'er cast. And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bay, Whereas few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I knew at the altar where Fame stands to crown The Victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty smooch in my face. But I'll ride to the finish whatever occurs. For once I lay'd down on my boots and my spurs And mounted my steed and set off on the track I have no inclination to ever look back. For no inclination Mrs. Lot for a similar fault Was turned in a trice to a pillar of salt. Your letter came to me on one of those days That are always detected—oh, sombre haze, As cold as dead love and as bleak as the past, Came up and the bright blue of Heaven o'er cast. And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bay, Whereas few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I knew at the altar where Fame stands to crown The Victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty smooch in my face. But I'll ride to the finish whatever occurs. For once I lay'd down on my boots and my spurs And mounted my steed and set off on the track I have no inclination to ever look back. For no inclination Mrs. Lot for a similar fault Was turned in a trice to a pillar of salt. Your letter came to me on one of those days That are always detected—oh, sombre haze, As cold as dead love and as bleak as the past, Came up and the bright blue of Heaven o'er cast. And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bay, Whereas few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I knew at the altar where Fame stands to crown The Victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty smooch in my face. But I'll ride to the finish whatever occurs. For once I lay'd down on my boots and my spurs And mounted my steed and set off on the track I have no inclination to ever look back. For no inclination Mrs. Lot for a similar fault Was turned in a trice to a pillar of salt. Your letter came to me on one of those days That are always detected—oh, sombre haze, As cold as dead love and as bleak as the past, Came up and the bright blue of Heaven o'er cast. And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bay, Whereas few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I knew at the altar where Fame stands to crown The Victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty smooch in my face. But I'll ride to the finish whatever occurs. For once I lay'd down on my boots and my spurs And mounted my steed and set off on the track I have no inclination to ever look back. For no inclination Mrs. Lot for a similar fault Was turned in a trice to a pillar of salt. Your letter came to me on one of those days That are always detected—oh, sombre haze, As cold as dead love and as bleak as the past, Came up and the bright blue of Heaven o'er cast. And when, in that kingdom of laurels and bay, Whereas few gather wreaths, tho' some find bouquets I knew at the altar where Fame stands to crown The Victor, and give to the vanquished—a frown, I'll be more than content if I miss the disgrace Of seeing her majesty smooch in my face. But I'll ride to the finish whatever occurs. For once I lay'd down on my boots and my spurs And mounted my steed and set off on the track I have no inclination to ever look back. For no inclination Mrs. Lot for a similar fault Was turned in a trice to