

CUS417/91.41

Nov. 6 1895

1 West Franklin St.

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Dear Mr. Gilman

The Dean has been distributing these & has had the audacity to use my nom-de-plume, E.Y.D. which is copyrighted.

Yours sincerely,

W<sup>m</sup> Osler

The Marsh-Market.

Nov. 5th

(With apologies to the late Mr. Keats.)

II  
 Much have I travelled in the realms of toughs,  
 And many dirty towns and precincts seen;  
 Round many a ward industrious have I been,  
 Which beats in fealty to the bosses hold.  
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
 That wide-os'd Gorman ruled as his demesne;  
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
 Till I heard Abel speak out loud and bold;  
 Then felt I like some watcher at the polls  
 When a repeater swims into his ken,  
 Or like stout Kelly when with eagle eyes  
 He stared at the Marsh-market--and all his men  
 Looked at each other, with a wild surmise  
 And said--Let us, too, vote again!

E. Y. D.

*all turned out at polls.*

*Have written Dr. Abel  
 about this. He demurs  
 and up at last*