

Oh! thou dictator's heart without the brain,  
 On neutral ground I meet thee once again,  
 And in thy teeth my gage of battle throw,  
 My one despised—and yes—my meanest foe.  
 What! though you claim a high ideal to give.  
 False the assertion, you but aim to live;  
 You teach no class, you elevate no aim.  
 Your freedom and a slave's are but the same;  
 Crazed vehicle of the rats your ancient ways  
 Are out of order these progressive days.  
 Your Latin'd pedagogues and sages Greek,  
 Thunder, but ah! a foreign\* tongue they speak,  
 Athens and Rome, their suns o'er ruins set  
 This last bequeathed what we would fain forget,  
 And for the first her lauded tongue and arts  
 Are but a foil to show the scholar's parts;  
 Their statesmen, true we have them here to-day,  
 Can squander revenues as fast as they,

Oh! soaring journal, what a theme for rhyme  
 When once per year, you swell to the sublime,  
 And tales contestant fill the laden air  
 With rhyme and prose sufficient and to spare,  
 Oh Pope, no painter but a prophet thou—  
 Those scenes ludicrous are exacted now,  
 On Jordan Street the sons of Folly throng,  
 Each with his story or competing song,  
 Mad with ambition, nay a passion worse,  
 Mad with the hope to clutch the promised purse,  
 Who shall succeed among the motley crew?  
 Avaunt ye classics; it is not for you.—  
 The daring hero of a cattle boat,  
 Who slushed the scuppers in his home-spun coat,

\* The *Week* instead of dominating public sentiment has succumbed to that power, and was forced to repudiate its former oracle that egregrious Theorist,—Dr. Goldwin Smith, who, has joined—in the support of the Olney doctrine—that Triumvirate, of which Michael Davitt, John Redmond and himself are the members. But we take this opportunity to tell this Dr. of *The Depths* that there are instincts in the human breast with which even his philosophy is unable to cope.

“No children are we to be flattered or fear'd,  
 But bold independence we love and adore,  
 And we'll stand by the column that victory rear'd  
 Till the last son of freedom succumbs in his gore.”

Meantime we can laugh at him and laugh also at Principal Grant who calls it an infringement of British liberty to tell the Dr. of Annexation to shut his mouth.