

For him undoubtedly his "kettle sings"  
 Divinest music of divinest things,  
 For his profession woe that such things be,  
 Limits the reverend gentleman to tea.\*  
 "Smile with the simple," Garrick sang of yore,  
 And they obey him who read Campbell o'er.  
 The "Poet of the Lakes" some wag once croaked  
 And Campbell wears nor deems the rascal joked;  
 A "brutal" joke to use his favorite word,  
 Nothing in titles could be more absurd,  
 His "North and Westward"† ever shall remain  
 A cracked memento of his doting strain,  
 A halting mimiced Tennysonian rant,  
 Without his vigor, but with all his cant;  
 Behold his soldiers lie with folded arms,—  
 False picture this of thundering wars alarms,  
 The leaden death leaves no such scenes as these  
 Where men die racked with mortal agonies,  
 Or falling swift the vital flood escapes  
 The quivering form, which writhes in hideous shapes;  
 Here is no pause the glassy eye to close,  
 The living think alone of living foes,  
 And rushing heed no comrade's dying groan  
 When, the next moment, death may be their own.

Next Scott,‡ shall lay his dainty "Isabelle"  
 In sleep divine (perhaps hypnotic spell),  
 Let him beware, the law is argus-eyed,  
 And specious phrase will save no rhymers' shide  
 The sleeping lady (if she ere awakes)—  
 May much resent the liberty he takes,  
 Observe decorum Scott, what e'er you do,  
 And never stay beyond the hour of two;  
 How e'er his *sleeping* "Isabelle" may pass,  
 If he will turn his pegasus to grass,  
 That spavin'd jade, may well acquittance plead  
 And let him henceforth, mount the silent steed.

\*"Ma jory, Marjory, make the tea,  
 Singeth the kettie merrily."—*Campbell's folk song.*

†"Only the rifles crack  
 And answer of rifle back.  
 Heavy each haversack,  
 Dreary the prairie's track,  
 Far to the North and the Westward."

Although these haversacks are so heavy, Campbell has his soldiers starving; probably our reverend friend being a man of peace imagines that the soldiers carry their kit in them.

‡Duncan Campell Scott, Government official, Indian Department, Ottawa, selfsatisfied writer and aspirant to literary fame.