CANTO IV.

A S when a school boy weary of his toys, Yields to disgust and idly some destroys; Some worn with use, some without use grow stale, And all alke to please his fancy fail ; Flings them aside — their novelty is o'er, No matter what, and fondly cries for more; And if perchance some triffes he obtain, A top or kite to play he goes again. To him the play thing, recent from the store Has charms exceeding all that's gone hefore; Extolls awhile, and then awhile he plays, And so a day, or who can tell for days; When night arrives he treats them with disdain, And for some novelty is ripe again.

Such was the plan the Editors pursued, Whene'en their warniest allies were subdu'd; They gain'd no pension for their martial deeds, But graced the list of vanquish'd invalids; Modestus, Mentor, Julian, Thawckum too And all that came to combat Doodledoo; Acadiensis ev'n the great unknown Had small remembrance when his aid was gone. Whee'er they were or what, it matter'd not When vanquish'd once, they were at once forgot. Their former names they left without a'sigh And new ones forg'd to hide their infamy.—

But if perchance some vagrant stränger came, They eager gave him Editorial fame— So "Peregrinns," when he join'd their cause Had labour'd periods fram'd npon his paws. They fondly d. em'd they might for once at least Applaind with safety the illustrious beast; And for a combat quite impatient grew That he might crush that devil Docoledoo— Already deom'd to perish like a spider Beneath the claws of this ideal leader. Strang- blindness this I they blame e'en while they praise

And though two objects, but on one they gaze.

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