

Not aliens long, fate points the certain way
Unjust the doom but they must needs obey,
Yea sad thy lot thou lone ill-fated Gracé
To sing the wild dirge of thy dying race.

From the dark realms of deep hysteric prose
Arises compassed with poetic woes,
A lady novelist* whose polished pen
Can justly claim to rival Simpson's "Ben,"
Yes, let King Roberts heed his proud estate,
High though he is, fair Rothwell is as great,
Her verse transcendant, and her style intense,
Her very fault like his the lack of sense,
Perhaps compromise 'twixt them may atone
And yield the king a consort to his throne.

Fond old McLachlin† with the heart of fire,
Strong without fustian, caustic without ire,
Simple yet piercing, honest without rant,
And nature-loving void of barren cant;
Sick of this strained and artificial age
The reader turns to thy refreshing page,
And feels the shadow of the solemn woods
And sees the sheen of the broad winding floods.
Thank Heaven thou art no triton of the deep,
A birch bark shallop cannot make thee weep,
But thou canst smile at him who wildly shrieks
A worship to the *Neptune* of the *creeks*,
Yes, laugh out-right at those whose fancies rich,
See Naiads lave in each Acadian ditch.
Bow down, ye scribes before the mighty *Week*,
Malicious vendor of the base critique,
Lean Egotist, that claims the right divine
To whip the slavish scribblers into line,‡
High in its cob-webbed garret 'midst the dust
It famished, gnaws its literary crust,
And apes the journals of a bygone age
To damn the poet, or exalt his page;

* Annie Rothwell, whose poetry we hope to see properly appreciated, in point of "poetical Affluatus," as the professor saith, she is assuredly equal to the *Singer of Tantramar*, and no doubt Mr Roberts being a gentleman and a scholar, as well as a "canoeist," will be ready to acknowledge the extraordinary capabilities of this lady as rivalling his own.

† Alexander McLachlin, Poet, requires no introduction to make him known; his honest verses are like the man who writes them vigorous and plain; he does not produce froth, but ideas unaffected and beautifully clothed. He is the first poet in Canada.

‡ The *Independent Week* desires a prohibitory tax imposed upon the dime novel. Surely that most pretentious journal has no ambition to shine in the realm of fiction.