

is rather diffuse and too general in its attempts at satire. It has been without doubt hastily and carelessly written. The author refers to our over-government thus:—

“Few nations rescued from despotic thrall
Can glory in a Parliament at all,
But Canada, the favoured child of Fate,
Despising one, may boast no less than eight.
* * * * *
By strange perversion of all social rules
The Provinces monopolize the fools.”

Rather clever though somewhat Irish to say that the Provinces monopolize all the fools when the whole of Canada consists of Provinces. He should have applied his own line—“While slaughtered English marks his mad career”—more closely. No impression is made upon this “son of Canada” by the “right divine of kings to govern wrong,” as he says:

“These kings, and what are they?
A sort of men who every faith betray;
Who in their persons every vice combine,
And compass evil by a “right divine.”
And Honesty and Virtue!—these are things
We never look for in the breasts of kings.”

Our Governor-General is not safe from this author's shafts, and his works are spoken of as being—

“Marvels for a royal-married lord,
But like great Milton's heavy works, 'tis said
Though all pretend, yet none have ever read;
Reposed 'mid embryo poems strewn around
Guido and Lita lie in a sleep profound,
While on a shelf, a skin of calf embalms
A mortified edition of the Psalms.”

Our “son of Canada” takes a pessimistic view of the future of Albion, and says—

“But now she sinks, her far-extending sway
Saps as it grows; too soon she must decay.”

The panacea for all our troubles is to be found in the last fifteen lines of this satirical poem, but whether this is also intended as satire each reader can easily decide for himself. On the whole, ten minutes may be passed somewhat curiously in reading this *brochure*—should our “son of Canada” who is imbued with the *cacoëthes scribendi* make any more attempts at satirical writing, I would advise him to do his work in a less cursory manner.

A friend has furnished me with a copy of “God save the King” literally transcribed from a copy of the London Magazine of 1745 which he has in his possession. I am sure it will be noticed with interest by the readers of the SPECTATOR. EDITOR.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

A Song for two voices. As sang at both Playhouses.

God save great GEORGE our King, Long live our no - ble King,
God save the King. Send him vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and glo - ri - ous,
Long to reign o - ver us, God save the King.

2.
O Lord our God arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On him our hopes we fix,
O save us all.

3.
Thy choicest gifts in store,
On George be pleas'd to pour,
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To say with heart and voice,
God save the King.