

Deem themselves honored thus to drag their lord,
 It is because like old imperial Rome,
 Her second age of barbarism come
 Sunken to savage depths, the gothic rod,—
 Sways in the stead of the Olympian god;
 He stands in Canada, without a peer,
 That is if we must credit all we hear,
 If Roberts' Jingle is the best and first,
 Shield us ye powers from the last and worst.

Famed, "intellectual race," his sister too,
 Has joined her efforts to the puling crew,
 And babbles trashy gush, at such a rate
 As is but equalled by her brother's prate.
 Her verse has "body" Lighthall says discreet,
 But mentions nothing of its head or feet.

Up from the marshes swells a loon-like cry,*
 And cousin Stratton answers "Here am I."
 He who untrammel'd with his flimsy line,
 Flings his defiance, to the outraged nine
 And strong maintains, despite of friends or foes,
 That rhyme improves when it is mixed with prose.
 Who read his "Dream Fulfilled" with broken heart.
 Acknowledge poetry a vanished art,
 His "silver frost" whose "gems of fire" glow,†
 Omits no colors that the dyers know,
 Yet not in vain, his compilation made,—
 It will serve as hand-book to the dying trade.

A line for Carman, whose high-tidal verse,
 Is slightly passionate to say no worse,
 And something foolish is his "long red swan,"‡
 That spectral bark which still keeps driving on,
 Way, Carman, let it serve its own best,
 It is not worthy of the wind you waste.

*"Through the darksome splendor break the lonesome cry of loon."
 —From Stratton's "*Evening on the Marshes*."

†"Violet, orange, indigo, red,
 Green, yellow and blue from each dimond are shed,
 More beautiful these than the jewels of a throne,
 For the forest is nature's glory and crown."
 —From Stratton's *Hysterics upon Frost*

There is no known law in poetry which can make metre of this
 poem; if there is Stratton has the secret.

‡"THE 'RED SWAN' is Carman's favorite birch bark canoe, so
 named by him from the phenomenal rosinness of its bark material."
 —*Lighthall's Notes*

Carman has made it the subject of one hundred and fifty-four lines
 of phlegmy verse, which something resembles an Irish ballad.