

Then, lo ! as Clote Scarpe sprites himself away  
 A second babel culminates the lay.\*  
 Yet this is not the mightiest of his strains  
 Nor lone abortion of his *unclean*† brains  
 Confederation Ode‡ and *do* Collect,  
 Shall teach us how to pray and what respect  
 While the dull humming of his tinsel song  
 Shall cheat the fools of literature along,  
 If he must roam on classic westermorland,  
 If he must write of that immortal strand,  
 And tantramarian nonsense turn his head,  
 None will complain if he will not be read.

But his reserved the spoils of glory are,  
 The harnessed bards, draw his triumphal car,  
 A stranger pageant than Rome ever knew  
 Here dazzling bursts on the astonished view,—  
 Dost ask why he priority can claim ;  
 Or exaltation of his unknown name,  
 Why every rhymster poetaster bard ;

\* " And when the beasts could see his form no more,  
 They still could hear him singing as he sailed,  
 And still they listened, hanging down their heads,  
 In long row, where the thin wave washed and fled ;  
 But when the sound of singing died, and when  
 They lifted up their voices in their grief,  
 Lo ; on the mouth of every beast, a strange  
 New tongue ; then rose they all and fled apart  
 Nor met again in council from that day."

—*The Departing of Clote Scarpe*

† ROBERTS TO CARMAN—

" With influences serene  
 Our blood and brain washed clean."

But as Thersites saith, "Would it were clear that I might water an  
 ass at it."

‡ We quote from this ode that the world may see how much it has  
 lost by neglecting to read it.

" Under this gloom  
 A deep voice stirs vibrating in men's ears,  
 As if their own hearts throbbed that thunder forth  
 A sound wherein who hearkens wisely hears  
 The voice of the desire of this strong North—  
 This north whose heart of fire,  
 Yet knows not its desire.  
 Clearly, but dreams, and murmurs in the dream  
 The hours of dreams is done ; lo, on the hills the gleam."

Truly this is mere prose chopped like the honorable Ross's stump  
 speeches into verse, or what these gentlemen please to call verse for  
 want of a better name.

The foremost name in Canadian song at the present day is that  
 of George Charles Douglas Roberts, poet, canoeist, and Professor of  
 Literature—*Lighthall* in his introduction.