

A traveller he in Venice, Florence, Rome,*
 Yea raves of French fields mad with flowery foun.
 And Mighty Blanc he fears might homage pay,
 In special robes persuading him to stay,
 Fear not; that mountain did not even pale,
 When Coleridge sang in deep Chimouni's vale;
 And greater bards have gazed in silent awe.
 While Blanc proved faithful to creation's law;
 Then deem not—calm amid eternal snows—
 A paltry lawyer shakes that deep repose.
 Would he had travelled to Parnassus height,
 The Genii there had bid him cease to write,
 Or haply shipped him to the stygian shore,
 Pluto had silenced him for evermore;
 Poor legal limb, devoid of sentiment,
 Your law demands a *motive* and *intent*,
 These you possessed in naked innocence,
 All that your doggerel lacks is common sense.

Who first shall claim Attorney Lighthall's praise?
 Professor Roberts with his Grecian lays,
 Famed manufacturer both woof and warp
 Of Mic Mac Hercules, the wondrous Scarpe,†
 Whose power fantastic claimed no orphean lute
 To fascinate and feed each savage brute;
 Wolf, panther, bear and rabbit, eagle all,
 "In long row" marshalled at his magic call,
 While big with fate the prophet strides the shore,
 As the inspired oft have done before;
 Once dined, they list a pro-duction speech
 That evil utterly are all and each
 That he, the commissary, must depart
 With other marvels of genetic art,

*AT ROME.

"End of desire to stray I feel would come,
 Though Italy were all fair skies to me,
 Though France's fields went mad with flowery foam,
 And Blanc put on a special majesty;
 Not all could match the growing thought of home,
 Nor tempt to exile. Look I not on Rome,—
 This ancient modern mediæval queen,—

And three dozen additional lines of equal beauty and lucidity.

†"The departing of Clote Scarpe," is another "thing of beauty AND a joy forever," which will add to the reputation of our Professor of Folly, Mr. Roberts.