

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

For fatherland, a town, for public, all
 Who at one time could hear the herald bawl:
 For him barbarians beyond his gate
 Were lower beings, of a different date;
 He never thought on such to spend his rhymes,
 And if he did, they never read the *Times*.

Now all is changed, on this side and on that,
 The Herald's learned to print and pass the hat;
 His tone is so much raised that, far or near,
 All with a sou to spend his news may hear,
 And who but, far or near, the sou affords
 To learn the worst of foreigners and lords!
 So comes the Pressman's heaven on earth, wherein
 One touch of hatred proves the whole world kin—
 "Our rulers are the best, and theirs the worst,
 "Our cause is always just and theirs accurst,
 "Our troops are heroes, hirelings theirs or slaves,
 "Our diplomats but children, theirs but knaves,
 "Our Press for independence justly prized,
 "Theirs bought or blind, inspired or subsidised.
 "For the world's progress what was ever made
 "Like to our tongue our Empire and our trade?"
 So chant the nations, till at last you'd think
 Men could no nearer howl to folly's brink;
 Yet some in England lately won renown
 By howling word for word, but upside down.

But where, you cry, could poets find a place
 (If poets we possessed) in this disgrace?
 Mails will be mails, Reviews must be reviews,
 But why the Critic with the Bard confuse?

Alas! Apollo, it must be confessed
 Has lately gone the way of all the rest.