

"Thus far I've held my undisturbed
 career
 Prepared for rancour, steel'd against
 selfish fear;
 This 'hing of rhyme I ne'er disdain'd
 to own,
 Though not obtrusive, yet not quite
 unknown;
 My voice was heard again, though
 not so loud,
 My page, though nameless, never
 disavow'd;
 And now at once I tear the veil
 away;—
 Cheer on the pack! the quarry
 stands at bay,
 Unscared by all the din of Mel-
 bourne House,
 By Lambe's resentment, or by Hol-
 land's spouse,
 By Jeffrey's pistol, Hallam's rage,
 Edina's brawny sons and brimstone
 page.
 Our men in buckram shall have
 blows enough,
 And feel they, too, are "penetrable
 stuff."
 And though I hope not hence un-
 scathed to go,
 Who conquers me shall find a stub-
 born foe.
 The time hath been when no harsh
 sound would fall
 From lips that now may seem im-
 bued with gall;
 Nor fools nor follies tempt me to
 despise
 The meanest thing that crawl'd be-
 neath my eyes.
 But now, so callous grown, so chang'd
 since youth,
 I've learned to think and sternly
 speak the truth;
 Learn'd to deride the critic's starch
 decree,
 And break him on the wheel he
 meant for me.
 Nay, more, though all my rival rhym-
 sters frown,

I, too, can hunt a poetaster down;
 And, armed in proof, the gauntlet
 cast at once
 To Scotch marauder and to Southern
 dunce."

The ring and rhythm of this scathing rebuke is successfully upheld throughout the poem. One by one he brings the "metre ballad-monsters" forth to receive from his caustic pen their diplomas, engrossed estoperpetua as graduates of the cowardly school of envious detraction. The poem is a masterpiece in its line, and well deserves the closest scrutiny by every student whose ambition extends to the cultivating of this literary style. Yet it is not in poetry alone that our standard models of invective may be found. Some of our greatest prose writers have left us specimens which in excellence far outclass all similar efforts in foreign literature.

This may be accounted for by the remarkable adaptability, which the english vocabulary affords this special style of composition. The strength, force and power of expression of the english language are perhaps such as have never stood at the command of any other language of man.

As Max Muller says, every country of the globe seems to have brought some of its verbal manufactures to the intellectual market of England; and we might add nor had they to be taken away unsold, but found in the English people appreciative and liberal purchasers. Hence our literature teems with the excellences of all, and in no style to a greater degree than in the eloquent invective.

The authors from whom we quote, have been purposely selected from different fields of thought, that the