The fame so long denied syours at last Broad as the sky and liberal as the blast— Without exception, graphic, terse, and true, Nor first submitted to its subject's view.

'Tis said advice is folly, still ye bards Reform your verse if you would win rewards. Fame is not bought, nor is the critic's pen An open sesame to the hearts of men-Assumption is not genius, nor is rhyme From known necessities perforce sublime, Simplicity and truth need not be great, 'Tis simply true that four and four make eight, 'Tis oft indeed the versifyers' curse, That they mistake impression for their verse. But oftener far they force th' unwilling muse Who yields no rapture when she would refuse; Reform ye scribblers, leave your mists and frogs, Lakes, Loons and Injuns and Acadian bogs-And hang the eternal paddle up to dry; Canoes good sooth; when Pegasus can fly. To read our bards the world might well mistake Our wide Dominion for an endless lake, Dotted with isles where birch expressly grows The raw material for bark canoes.

Ye trifling bards, leave these and kindred themes, Your crude philosophy and petty dreams: Leave Southern critics to their native songs. And homage yield where loyalty belongs—Content to win your native land's applause, Toil for her gloryt and support her laws.

<sup>\*</sup> One of the most ancient perogatives of poetry was to correct, or at least punish, the vices to which it is traditionally opposed; but our gentleman prefer to paddle a cance address purpkins, frogs, or some similar subject to striking those degraded, vicious, and mercenary boodlers who are a blet upon this age and country.

<sup>†</sup> Nearly all our bards occupy positions where Government salaries prevent them speaking; but the author of this poem congratulates himself upon the fact that he is free and will so remain; at the same time he considers it but just to himself to state that truth and integrity are to him of much greater importance than the frown or condemnation of the basest elave or the most illustrious criminal.