

In hate arrayed their battle flag unfurl'd,
 Themselves expose before the jeering world
 But not for me in stern relentless verse
 To saterize the high religious farce*
 Leave it to die with all the woe it made
 Guilt, crime and bloodshed, and men's soul's betrayed.

A more immediate theme my muse is thine
 The poetaster's poem and scribbler's line
 The jingling lawyer poetizing clerk
 And self-applauded bard shall furnish work;
 Here shall they find that fame most justly due
 Nor be the author of their own review.†
 These Heliconian drunks who vomit rhyme
 And then applaud it as a thing sublime.

Attorney Lighthall,‡ what a task was thine !
 To print thy samples far across the brine,
 Raked from each dusty, long forgotten nook,
 The precious verses swell and form a book ;
 A book ye gods ! well might old Europe stare,
 At this collection of poetic ware.
 Haply for babes and sucklings formed to use
 A glorious supplement to Mother Goose.

'Tis he, the author of the "Confused Dawn"
 Sunk to the neck in literary spawn.
 Compiler, rhymers, author, advocate,
 Writer of disquisitions on the State.
 Analyst, sketcher, and what not,—besides
 Accoucher-general to the labouring scribes.
 'Tis he inspired by drunken folly's "pluck",
 Who, like his pioneer "took the axe and struck",
 And hewed himself a literary sty
 Where he and his shall unlamented die.§

* Recent developments have proved that THE PEOPLE take but little interest in the religious panic which shakes the POLITICIANS,

† This line will possess no obscurity for some of our drivers of the quill.

‡ This gentleman compiled a volume—chiefly rubbish—as indicative of Canadian ability in the art of poetry for the edification of the world at large, as the dedication thereto signifies, which were it not redeemed by selections from Mair, Sangster, McLachlan, and a few others, would not be worth the binding.

§ William Douw Lighthall, alias Wilfred Cheateauclair, alias Alchemist—which last he had from Ben Johnson, that he might appear learned—is, of all the scribblers mentioned in this book, most to be reprehended, for if his compilation was made in good faith it proves him "an arrant ass." But there are some who shrewdly suspect that he basely holds up many of those good people that they may be laughed at. Has written much—as he himself in the aforesaid compilation modestly setteth forth—published works numerous—but none of them were ever read except by the proofreader,

A to
 Yea
 And
 In s
 Fea
 Wh
 An
 Wh
 Th
 A
 W
 Th
 O
 Pi
 Po
 Ye
 Th
 A

W
 P
 F
 O
 W
 T
 W
 W
 A
 C
 T
 V

And

†† Th
 a joy for
 Folly, M