

Like paraphrases do his poems run,  
 Read backwards, forwards, and tis all as one,  
 His Easter effort, something novel shows  
 An ode quite innocent of rhyme or prose,  
 Yet let him rave his soul may reach the sky,  
 But with his body shall his verses die.  
 Imrie\* and he shall hands seraphic join  
 And praise each other for a pious line;  
 This later shall produce his pasted† praise,  
 And boast himself his fifteen hundred lays.  
 Long may he lay and hatch them if he choose  
 They'll ne'er produce him such another goose.  
 He who can sing Toronto's lovely bay  
 Ne'er shipped from Yonge St. in the month of May.  
 What devil tempted him this theme to choose  
 Surely his ranting bardship has a nose,  
 Yet for the man has nobly worked and striven  
 Depart in peace thy poems shall be forgiven.

Lo ! from the vasty deep, what doth appear ?  
 Davin‡ the author of the " Prairie Year,"  
 Whose verse is proof for those who make the claim,  
 Genius and madness, are almost the same,  
 For none believe a man possessed of wit  
 Could e'er produce such verse as Davin writ.  
 Who print his trash declare themselves his foes,  
 Abjure such folly sir, and stick to prose,  
 And should you find this penance too severe,  
 We'll pardon an oration once a year.

In Davin's columns Simpson, shows her " Ben,"§  
 A pearl from unsophiscated men,  
 A man, " no orator as Brutus " was,  
 Yet no conspirator against the laws,  
 Of folly. Heaven pardon Lighthall's crime,  
 He knew not what he did this ass sublime.

\* Imrie is not included in Lighthall's galaxy, and instead of giving thanks to the gods he was insulted.

† Imrie has a modest little hobby of collecting all the press notices of himself, and these he has printed in a neat pamphlet and presents without a blush to whoever will read them. He claims to be a patriot, too, but is an excellent trimmer.

‡ Nicholas Flood Davin—This gentleman's weak point seems to be his attempts at poetry; the fact of his being an M.P., can in nowise excuse the stupendous nonsense of "The Prairie Year," Lighthall calls it "Prairie Transcript," presumably from the fact that it is similarly monotonous.

§ It would be hard to decide which was the greater criminal, the author who wrote "Rough Ben," or the editor who permitted it to appear; perhaps the *Week* could tell us.