

THE POETICAL REVIEW.

Oh Shades of Genius in that hoary pile !*
The proud possession of our parent Isle,
Whose dust shall sanctify that spot of earth
When time shall give new tongues and empires birth.
Oh Genius of the isle that nursed our sires !
Ye who awakened those immortal lyres
Your son who doth revere each hallow'd name,
Part of your fond impassion'd fire would claim.

Is it too much I ask, ye glorious dead ?
Is all that godlike inspiration fled ?
Must we your sons a lower mean persue
Nor hope to scale the heights our fathers knew ?
Proud of our country, lineage, and name,—
May we not hope to emulate your fame ?
And following your footsteps as we ought
Obey those precepts you yourselves have taught,
Yes we may write, although our prosy age,
Show not the fire of your immortal page
Our Muse, alas ! may not such strength display,
Yet is she worthy this degenerate day.

Hail, Vice and Folly ! you have flourish'd long
Twin monarchs of the realms of Law and Song
Before your throne behold what subjects kneel
All anxious to applaud and show their zeal ;
The honored Statesman, Counsels, learned-profound,
The worship'd Judge immaculately gowned,
The trimming Editor, politic Bard,
Whose inspiration needs must claim reward.
And lo ; Religion leaves her high resource
To try conclusions in the realms of Force
The cassock'd devo'ee with face severe
On this arena meets opposing peer ;

* We might have appealed to Parnassus but Westminster was preferred, which, although it contains not the dust of many of our mighty dead, is rightly associated with all that is great and glorious in our history.