

Oh Scott ! if thou would'st rise thy place resign,
 He knows no master, who would woo the nine,
 No bond official should hold Freedom's Bard,
 Enough for him posterity's reward.
 No poet ever lived, but sank to prose,
 Beneath the chains that governments impose ;
 Burns as exciseman, lost that gifted strain
 Which lit his soul when furrowing the plain,
 And Wordsworth though his heights he never knew,
 Sank to the baths of the laureate too ;
 Even Southey might have lived (at least in prose)
 If he had still preserved his youthful foes,
 While Tennyson had reaped, as much of fame
 Without Lord Laureate, added to his name.

Enough of him behold the *second* Scott*
 Another pearl of Lighthall's sample lot,
 Whose " Wahonomin " makes the reader stare
 To see the folly fondly garnered there,
 Where " buds of spring " there petals sweet disclose
 Above the drift of " fifty winters " snows,†
 Where empires wide cause, England's throne to fly,
 Above the clouded mountaintops so high,
 His necromancy makes the grasses wave,‡
 Despite of sense above the *new-made* grave,
 While presto change ! and lo his magic spell
 Transforms each heart into a " tolling bell."
 He cannot plead the specious plea of youth,
 So must prepare himself to hear the truth,
 By the Parnassian Nine it is decreed,
 If he must write that he alone shall read.
 And never hence vend mutilated verse
 Lest it return to him a sevenfold curse.

How sweet to read Llewellyn's§ holy verse,
 To divers magazines it finds its course,

* Frederick George Scott, Reverend, whose sermons must be more orthodox than his verse, else he had long since been convicted of heresy and false doctrine.

† " Great Mother they have told us that the snows
 Of fifty winters sleep around thy throne,
 And buds of spring now blossom with sweet breath,
 Beneath thy tread."—*Scott's Wahonomin*.

‡ " Wild the prairie grasses wave,
 O'er each hero's new-made grave."

Scott's " In Memoriam."

§ Llewellyn Morrison, scribbler of Toronto, who, though not incorporated in Lighthall's compilation, is as a deciple; of folly worthy of that honor.

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