

I once had hopes (how oft our hopes are vain,)
 Ere now to close this long and length'ning strain:
 But no! My *bantering* yrt must longer live
 A richer feast the Editors to give.
 And prove more worthy of the sire it knew,
 Ere it shall bid to such ungrateful crew
 A welcome — perhaps a last adieu. }

Now thin as gasses and as æther light,
 The *dear illusion* came to grace the fight.
 From Doodledoo an equal space he held
 Alike attracted, and alike repell'd;
 On this side now and now on that he danc'd,
 Retreating now, and now again advanc'd.
 As when some hound the fleetest of the pack
 Outruns the stag and strives to force him back,
 Now unresolv'd, and now resolv'd appears
 To grasp his prey, yet still to grasp him fears;
 Round him and round before and now behind
 Inclin'd to bite, and not to bite inclin'd;
 Foud now to seize him, fonder not to seize
 And whilst scurring give him his release.
 Such Doodledoo and Peregrinus such,
 This oft presuming, dar'd not that to touch.—
 Or as the meteors round the polar star
 Flit o'er the orb and then retreat afar;
 Illumine, dance, and flutter in the sky
 Now seem to stand, and now as lightning fly,
 So Doodledoo and Peregrinus came
 Close and more close, till now they are the same!

Prophetic ken has mark'd the world dissolv'd
 The globe in ruins, elements convolv'd;
 Great empires change, and cities first in fame
 Cease to exist or but exist in name.
 Where mountains stood, the liquid plain extends
 And ample river midst the desert ends;
 O'er spacious isles the swelling surge is borne
 And oceans chanuel from its reign is torn,
 Creation heaves, the fates her plan derange
 And nature teems with universal change;
 Before the fiat of the King Supreme
 Visuvius, Ætna burn in quenchless flame.—
 If such confusion may at last arise,
 And mingle earth and ocean with the skies,
 Why need we marvel at the change less dark
 Which now eclips'd the Editorial spark,
 And damn'd the Press ne'er to ascend again,
 Unless as uow to grace satiric strain;