

Even if there is, we count a title,
 Of no more value than a spittle.
 Our *nom de plume*, a certain guide,
 Of what we are, and, where abide,
 Nor, of such questionable shape
 To be mistaken for an Ape.

Nothing anonymous conceals
 The open front of Andrew Shiels,
 He's not ashamed, nor yet afraid
 To face his foes with naked blade,
 Provided always that, behind
 A hedge, no hiding place they find,
 Or, cover with that sapient sheet,
 The "CITIZEN," their cloven feet ;
 His visor's up, and is prepared
 The character he has to guard,—
 'Tis capital too fondly prized
 That reckless ruffians, tho' disguised,
 However much to pillage prone,
 May find it best to leave alone ;
 Nor is he ever known to yield
 One foot-breadth on the battle field,
 Tho' a gorilla, fierce and keen,
 His bold assailant erst has been,
 We played our part till it became
 More calm at least, if not more tame ;
 Driving it off to Downing Street
 To publish there its own defeat ;