

Mogul's present partner, is to join Mr. Prophet Piscator, on condition of his espousing Miss Wasp, who is dying for him. All this is made up by the lady-admiral.

The term of the "Copartnery to do the devil's business without mentioning his name in the firm," viz. M'Ravish, M'Killaway & Co. having expired, (we caution the public not to be over-joyful, for it is only the partnership, that has expired, not the partners.) Harry Mac Hairy, Esquire, the bum-bailiff, has been kicked out of the concern, and sent to graze along with Mr. M'Slaughterem. The M'Killaways and Tom Tan have thus at length succeeded in ousting all their old *friends*, and securing to themselves the whole of the rat-catching business, which they are hereafter to carry on in the same admirable manner, in which the late Sir Alexander's concerns have been managed by Mr. Tan, for the last ten or dozen years. Harry is said to be damnably vexed, (tho' he does not shew it) at not having made a better use of the power Sir Alexander put into his hands, and at being thus, first cajoled to do their dirty work, and then sent adrift to lick himself clean. Let the M'Killaways themselves too beware, *latet anguis in herba*.

POET'S CORNER.

An excuse for Pluramorism.

You say my attachment exists but in rhyme,
 And ask, "Can *he* love, who courts three at a time?"—
 That it is sincere, I devoutly attest
 Each pulse of affection that throbs in my breast;
 And, as to your question, protest, that 'tis you
 Are the actual cause that I court th' other two.
 The merchant, experienced in trade, must expect
 His vessel, like others, perchance may be wreck'd;
 And as 'twould be sad, should his fortune be lost
 At once, after all the exertion it cost,
 He prudently, therefore, commits to the sea
 His capital, not in *one* bottom, but *three*.
 Thus I, who could never be able to bear
 The loss of your hand, but should die of despair,
 To find, of my cares, a conclusion so hard,)
 Distribute 'mongst three lovely girls, my regard,
 That one, at the least, may remain to distil,
 A balm for the wound that would otherwise kill.

WILL-O-THE-WISP.

Gentlemen who frequent the coffee-house, will be good enough not to put on such long legs, or else not