

We have received the following from Ragged Gown, in continuation.

Our orange done, we take a stroll
 Across into the *pidgeon*-hole.
 We come on Georgie writing verse :
 His eyes are wild—his hair is worse.
 But he don't rage and treat us shabbily,
 'Though of the *genus irritabile*.
 His frenzied face a smile unbends
 As he inquires for all my friends.
 It fills the room, its best adorer,
 'The genius of the *poet's corner*.
 Our timid reprint's 'neath it blighted :
 He has the business copyrighted.
 Of Burns we're talking in a trice,
 Whom Georgie thinks is "awful nice."
 Then, as we leave, and climb the stair,
 His voice comes through the silent air
 In accents gentle from his den :
 "Good-bye, dear Raggy—call again !"
 We'd reached the middle landing, where an
 Individual called Mc———
 Imposing frowned upon the view,
 And grunted, "Cia martha sibh diugh !"
 He passed on down, *cum vultu misero*,
 Commencing with the ghost of Cicero.
 "To number twelve we'll take our way, Sir,
 And call on Mr. A. D. ————
 The fellows mostly call him Dan ;
 But here we are, ye'll see the man,"
 He yelled come in ; we did ; and there,
 Ensconced within an easy chair,
 Sardanapalus sat, unable
 To move, his feet upon the table,
 Two apples in his mouth, three more
 In either hand, while on the floor
 A barrel stood ; and man a man
 Sat round and formed the tribe of Dan.
 They claimed connection—don't you see ?—
 By reasons of the parent tree.
 Then an adjustable cartoon
 They introduced him as ————
 Attracted my attention ; he
 Walked up and down the room in glee,
 Accompanying his facial chromos
 With gestures, songs, and happy *bon mots*.
 A Negro now, a Frenchman next,
 I was astonished and perplexed
 To know himself, and put the question,
 Whereon he laughed—to help digestion.
 At last, our host, by slow degrees
 Abating, now could talk with ease.