

The pearl-washed face devoid of shame,
With passion-kindled eye aflame
With fires of hell.

John Bull, however, plain John Bull,
Is there, and wants to see the pull
Between his children ;
His honest face, so rubicund,
In spite of all the punning punned,
Has smiles bewildering.

I like him more than I can tell ;
His rotund form becomes him well—
His corporation
Is index of an easy mind,
Content, wealth, ease, I call combined
Self-admiration.

Our friends from Scotland, and the Isle
That we call—sister ! Do not smile—
She's just now frisky ;
Intoxicated, we may say,
By madcap speeches—everyway
Far worse than whiskey.

Well, Pat is here to see the sights,
In fun and mischief he delights,
And wit uproarious.

(*Aside*) "I wish," says he, "our ship of Shtate
Could shlip away as clane and nate
From Queen Victorious.