

His venom soil'd the "CITIZEN."
 It is not the first time that we
 With vipers made a little free,
 And those that fasten'd on our hands
 Shook off among the burning brands,
 And knew not, if we felt much harm, in
 The bites of such disgusting vermin.
 We'll find enough to make KEN sorry,
 Without the family Eunuch story !
 If Gaffer makes the balls, and KEN,
 For his amusement flings them, then—
 Then, by the castigating pow'rs,
 Retaliation shall be ours.
 To let the pair escape our rhyme
 Would be both meanness and a crime.
 Be it remembered we are none—
 Of those that's tamely trench'd upon ;
 We give no quarter,—none we crave
 From either hypocrite or knave ;
 But hold him as a treach'rous foe,
 Beneath the belt would strike a blow,
 And them assassins seek our track
 To make a stab behind our back.
 War to the knife, if it be war
 What may be done, at least we dare !
 No sanctities can Albyn see
 In an M. A. or LL.D.,
 More than in Gaffer, or in KEN,
 To paralyse a poet's pen ;