

The other one will hold his soul and mind,
And all the good he ever did combined.
How stand the balances? The wretch descends
With speed so great that nigh his life it ends!
Add Truth and Charity, sure they will stay't?
And Meekness, too—no!—yet another weight;
Then Virtue—useless, it is still the same;
The brute descends to earth from whence he came.

One rogue may call another thief or liar,
Yet, neither dare to honesty aspire;
Each calls his brother in the trade a friend,
And each a gentleman turns in the end;
And in return for what you've done for me,
A right good fellow is what you must be.
Thus rogues in nations take the highest stand,
And live upon the fat of every land.

The glory of the crew is "Squealing Jock."
He dwelt a featherless and famished hawk,
Where Huron's waves leap on the rugged shore,
And through the night prolong their dismal roar;
But found no pleasure gazing on the wave,
For Nature hides her beauties from the knave;
And "dunners" all around rose mountains high,
Holding the scenes delightful from his eye;
Till, soaring far above his debts one day,
Of all the land he took a long survey;
Flapped his bare wings and, guided by the sound,
Flew to the place where revellers abound;
Chose out a spot; swooped down with battle cry,
While rage and envy glistened in his eye;
O'er threw his victim and with smiling face,
Took full possession of the envied place.*

* These lines explain themselves, and will be understood in the vicinity of this infamous place; but, I might just say for the benefit of those unacquainted with the particulars of this cowardly action, that the spot referred to is a fat County office, which he, Ahab-like, having set his heart upon, was determined to possess by hook or crook. Choosing the absence of the official as a favorable opportunity for attack, after vulgarly treating his (the official's) lady left in charge, he took possession of the books.