

And they form a *sum tottle* for making a saint  
That the Devil's own advocate could not gainsay.

Jump high ould D-B-q-r-e, D-x-n you roar,  
While McW-lt-r's spirit nraised from your eyes,  
Like a kite made of foolscap in glory shall soar,  
With a long tail of rubbish behind, to the skies.

PALLADIUS.

To—TO, Dec. 1st., 1855.

REV'D SIR:—Knowing you have a great respect for the dignitaries  
of the Church, I enclose you a few lines in praise of the Cardinal  
of Y—ville. I hope you will take care of them, and place them  
among your valuable papers.

I am Rev'd Sir.

A LAY REFORMER.

THE CARDINAL'S GOT A "BIG BEE" IN HIS BONNET.

McW-lt-r, McW-lt-r, how great is thy fame!  
St. Paul knows thy name you may depend on it:  
Poor P-t-r of Y—ville will tell you the same,  
That you 've got a "big bee" in your bonnet.

Your knowledge of law, it has gone far and near,  
Chancellor *Bacon* himself would be proud on 't:  
But to all your own friends the case is quite clear,  
You 've got a "big bee" in your bonnet.

The Rajah of Bellevue, the friend you ken weel,  
Has a very great wish, you may rely on 't,  
To sound your great praise, your glory to tell,  
But he's told by the Priest you've a "bee" in your bonnet.

Your friends in religion speak high in your praise,  
Your *sound* opinion they think highly on it,  
And wish you to teach them the whole of their days,  
But still they all say you've a "bee" in your bonnet.

Your *quality* shure none will dare to gainsay.  
Tho' *quantity* should dare to think on it,  
Your amiable sense will show the right way,  
Although you are blest with a *bee* in your bonnet.