

Major B.—Your most obedient, gentlemen. Joey B. rough and tough Josh Bagstock salutes you; well known and frequently noticed by their late Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Kent and York, mentioned in a very unfair manner, travestied by an acquaintance, Boz.

Mr. Goosequill.—To what cause are we to attribute the honor of this visit?

Major B.—Joey B. is sly sir, devilish sly, Josh B. sees; the late Duke of York once remarked of him that he saw; he found you magical gentlemen out. Tell you the circumstances, quite romantic, or dramatic. After friend Dombey broke, as you are informed by Boz, Club quizzed old Joey B. most unmercifully, couldn't endure it. Soon after the native, immensely black fellow, most remarkably valuable in his way to J. Bagstock, died sir; some particularly meddling fellows raised a story about effect of blows on the head, as if blows on the head would hurt a black man. Altogether was too much; J. B. wasn't to be gammoned, came off to America—couldn't endure the States—Joey B. sir is tough, devilish tough—but couldn't stand tobacco spittle and all that, left the Yankees and came to Canada—fell in with Gubee—peculiarly nice man, told J. B. about you; Joey B. had a great desire to see you—found you out, and here is Josh Bagstock very much at your service.

Mr. Goosequill.—Really Major Bagstock, I do not know of what service you can be to us just now.

Major B.—Joey B. is sly sir, famous for procuring information, he could make disclosures that would startle you. His late Royal Highness the Duke of Kent remarked of Josh B. that he had a devilish startling manner of giving information. He's not to be done either, since Dombey has betrayed him—but Dombey has quite gone to the devil, and lives with his daughter in some out of the way place. Friend Gubee wished Joey B. to call and ask you to deny the assertion that the *Transcript* put forth that he has bitten a mad-dog—quite preposterous, highly scandalous conduct on the part of the *Transcript*. Were Gubee not peculiarly situated he would institute an action for libel. Here is friend Gubee's letter. Josh Bagstock rough and tough as he is, will no longer intrude, he has the honor of wishing you a very good evening.

All.—Good evening! (exit Major B.)

Mr. Tape.—What a visitation. Really Dickens must have seen him in a less ferocious state than he is at present. Travel must have increased his peculiarities. I started once or twice to catch his eyes lest they should fall on the floor.

Mr. Linkinwater.—I wish he had stopped longer. I would have enquired for Miss Tox. Let us hear Col Gubee's letter.

Mr. Goosequill.—It is addressed to Sir Peter, but as we are made acquainted with its object, I think we may venture to open it. (opens letter, reads.)

"No street Yesterday Morning."

My Dearest Sir Peter.

"Excuse me for troubling you. How do you do. Have you quite recovered, I was excessively pained to hear of your accident. Should be more careful; your life is most precious to us. My last

"came to hand. "Postage not paid," eh! very good that. How do you like the Major? gallant fellow; between ourselves, expects a colonelcy in the Irish Brigade! We public men must suffer much for our country. I have a favor to ask of you. These strange rumours—Me inflict a canine injury! wouldn't have thought that people would have believed it, but friends seem to be growing cool. Would have denied it before, but you know prejudice of other journals. Proud of your columns—columns of the line, Ha! ha, ha! *Transcript*, witty dog—at it again." Hydrophobia! Did you ever? Yes you will now, do dear-dearest Sir Peter unequivocally contradict such a maddening report, and I will lovingly appeal to the "Mothers of Canada," "a test in the virtue of which" &c. Ta ta! Mrs. Harris sends compliments.

Your &c.,

"GUBEE."

Mr. Goosequill.—It is time we should adjourn. This letter needs no comment.

Good night gentlemen. (exiunt omnes.)

"O Death it's my opinion

"You'll ne'er take such a thingamy bob.

"Into your dark dominion."

"BURNS."

A DIRGE.

If Barney, wretched and forlorn

With humble mien, and Phiz careworn;

Should sneak back to us all alone

Sans hopes, sans Pikes, with altered tone,

In accents tender to him speak

Say, Barney, are you getting weak?

O think of those he left behind,

And treat him like a brother kind,

'Twas Pity, that such friends should part

And few have such a Dev(i)l in heart

Ah, Barney in our optics keen,

Perceivest thou there aught that's green?

He must return with changed mind,

Then keep your feelings close confined;

Goodness, gracious, gracious goodness

Don't beguily of such rudeness:

What! His mother sold her nangle!

Don't believe it. That is scandal!

Barney's last news was a damper,

Half his rebel pluck did scamper,

On hearing of "Ould Ireland's" fate

They say, he squat him on a seat:

Fet don't, when Barney next does spout

Cry "Does your mother know you're out."

Alas, how blind poor mortals are,

Who could have thought or seen so far,

When he was called a Dev(i)l in name

"Of lies the sire" he'd one day shame,

Is he mad? we know none like him,

Prithce don't let Gubee bite him.