

In faith, my lad, why that was rarely play'd,  
 Could you with half the ease, but learn your trade,  
 With which you gamble, shoes would better fit,  
 And boots more tight on fops and blacklegs sit.  
 But yonder skambling Mac, with mace in hands,  
 Looks just as he behind the counter stands,  
 Handling his yard, and aping cockney-graces,  
 He bows and cheats, and stares girls in their faces.  
 See how French Peter smiles, and well he may,  
 The cunning dog has made some pence to-day,  
 By specuiating 'mongst old market-fags,  
 In feathers, flannel, buttons, and old rags,  
 Branches of commerce which, if fame speaks truth,  
 He has excell'd in from his earliest youth,  
 I doubt if, Bayard-like, this scaramouch  
 Can boast he is *sans peur et sans reproche*.  
 Welcome, Sir Sawney, how is aw' at home?  
 What tempted you from Scotia's hills to roam?  
 To leave her ait-meal bannocks and kail-brose,  
 And doff your bonnet, kilts and tartan-hose?  
 "Why, gif ye speer at that mon, ye maun ken,  
 "I left them a'to be a gentleman."  
 True, and you've proved that, when it suits, you can  
 Be just as much a rogue as gentleman.

Here must I quit, no farther can I rhyme.  
 The cloth is laid, so more another time.

A HALF-PAY OFFICER.

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A DIALOGUE AT M'KILLAWAY-LODGE.

Sir PLAUSIBLE POMPOUS M'KILLAWAY, LORD  
 GODDAMNHIM, & ANGUS CAT, Esquire, dis-  
 covered drinking wine after dinner.

*Sir Plausible.* So! I'm informed that the rascal has had the audacity to make mention of my name in his Scribbler.\*

*Lord Goddamnhim.* I wish the Scribbler, Goddamnhim, with its printer, subscribers, distributors, collectors, and correspondents, Goddamn them, at the devil, damn them all I say, for

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\*Nor will it be the last time, Sir Plausible, I did not know you till the 2d Nov. 1821, though I was acquainted with you long before. But now I know you, and will treat you accordingly. L. L. M.