

Till at last he cares little what's right or what's wrong.
 Oh, the Newspaper Hack!
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THE DRY-GOODS STATESMAN.

AIR :—SPRIG OF SHILLELAH.

“Our divided and unhappy country,” I see,
 Has its eyes and its hopes fastened fully on me,
 With my yard-stick, and Hymn Book, and house on
 For my name in the papers is constantly seen, [the hill:
 Where I now and then manage to humbug the green
 With blustering subscriptions to this and to that,
 Still catching the mackerel by throwing the sprat,
 And leading the Methodist grist to my mill.

What man in the city can come up to me?
 I’ve a shop, and a coachman, and am an M.P.,
 And am very effective at tea or in class.
 And what though some say that I have’nt much *nouse*,
 And cut but a very poor dash in the House,
 I’ve a smattering of French, and of Latin, and Greek,
 And the people of Eln Street believe I can speak—
 So that all, said and done, I can’t be such an ass.

But my poor sainted mother and father oft said,
 As between them I lay on a hard barrack bed:

“Oh! this Johnny of ours he will be a great man;
 For he’s not taught the vices of victuals and clothes,
 But, without shoes or stockings, he lives upon brose;
 And lets on to be pious, though he’s wide awake,
 And is gen’rous whenever there’s something to make,
 And keeps all he gets, and gets all that he can.”