

So learn'd, so lapsed, and so lame—
 Gives him a preferential claim ;
 And as we fill cheques now and then
 No doubt we'll think of little KEN—
 As Gaffer's aider and abettor
 We own ourselves to be his debtor ;
 As we are solvent, he can wait,
 And brood upon his coming fate,
 Then by and bye, tho' times be dull,
 We'll settle his account in full.

Just retribution is a debt
 Of honour—no one should forget,
 And always to be promptly paid,
 Nor offsets over nicely made.
 Give Scripture measure for what's due—
 Press'd down and running over too.
 No compromises can atone
 For insolence in any one ;
 Society will not admit
 Of less than compensation fit,
 Especially, where spleen or spite,
 To liquidation does invite ;
 Nor to be weigh'd by consequences
 What may be meet for some offences ;
 But, as in making a silk purse,
 A sow's ear is not worth a curse—
 So poetry, on *puppies* may
 Be not the best adapted way.