

Warter.**Save the Destroyer.**

A BOASTING BALLYHOO IS A BAD TORY FOOL.
—*The Times* of this morning,
in its fifth page, — "The Times of this morning,
he says, the destroyers are King's most tools.
We're all the masters" he says;
"so master and master, and masters the whole."—
Now here never was a more mean a master of tools
than the King's destroyers like Dan.

He was resolved to church for a balsom, and say
to the world, "I am a saint, I have no balsom."
Hector, Mr. T. & Co., the balsom to say,
Can public at once a new Government up;
Which he calls a new Cabinet dinner.

Please leave him to his balsom, as from Adversus
abhor.

His laugh's a grim, rattlesome cough :
He's still who's still! Who can number by score,
All adorers and admiring, and oh, when he comes,
You may hear him scold a mile off !

His life is all stories, and the night of his nose
Would cause a weak lady to faint ?

He's alone, stand of drivers, and snails on his nose,
And his heart is malign, as his Friends well know,

There's none but a Stephen can print.

On, turn up your whiskers, my Balthazar, and fly
To-day, till from the Castle Dives ;
Dismount, Sir Bob, moderation lay by,
Wise counsel, my Gentlemen, become our Sir Guy,
And kill in the dragon-like Dips.

You kill him, or else — you'll sorry, so pay,
He has run to the end of his tether,

Will open his mouth on some sunny day,
And when they're all looking different way,
Gulliver King, Lord, and Commons together;

? See, Gulliver's Foe ! "Twinkie the Destroyer."

Some Words about the Ripping "Unit."
BY A LONDONER.
From Black Life in London.

Come, all you young, impudent, brave,
For now to show your form,
I'm about to tip a top,
About the Ripping Unit.

Away, you scatred, mock or thought,
Upon our bluid of blood ;
And, bluid, you can't, we never thought
Of other dust around.

By Jove, there was all sorts of info—
None could the sport refuse ?

Some with a pair of high-bred proofs,
Some in a pair of shoes !

All upon the Esse road,
They bravely dash'd along ;

And came in red, or else I'm bloud,
Did come it prent strong.

Cake, gips, and carts, and coaches, too,
Ran at their utmost speed
And better tips, the whole way through,
I'll bet were never used.

Some carves on dogdays and outside,
Some mounted were on poles ;

And other cromes, side by side,
Were linking with their crowns.

And comes with jolliing the day
Were in a mugh of sweat,

And often stepped upon the way,
To write, or to wet.

And then, to see the ladies smile,
As if with pain char'd :

While, bluid them ! in such famous style
They were all intrested.

Ah, what's great the cost per-pers,
Or finches way bled,
The men who come here are the sex
Let's see, what's in it !

But boy ! Peggins, on we go—
Not much need to lag behind,
All here to see, both high and low,
The daughter of the stage.

And many a toddler plied the gin,
And many a pot was swing'd ;

And many a sportsman lost his tin,
And many a tips was prig'd.

And as the day got on, I vow—
Each coochy bosom panting—

To see the crowds on Fair Mord brow
We're truly quite enchanting.

Now, bill, a master grand was made,
A prime equitation through ;

Mount'd on pride of every grade—
Stiff, swint, week, and strong.

But hark ! what shouts now the sky ?
What noise these dandies cleave ?

The one—er—der's the reason why
Now comes at least appear.

Hats forward, apertures to the hill,
And rains a glorious shower ;

This day, by Jove, a day we'll kill—
The head will soon to our.

Out bound'd a buck without a spade,
And dand's though brains and brawn ;

A wreath of flowers round his neck,
And ribbons on his oats.

Out bound'd the buck through thick and thin,
Most famously he ran,
So bold to say, with knowing grin,
Catch me, my cases, who can.

The Book Agents.

From the *New-York Review*.

As the sun was setting, after one of those
sultry days in July, when the thermometer
rose to 80 degrees, a tall, lantern-jawed,
gambrel shank'd fellow entered the village of

——, in the old Commonwealth of Massa-
chusetts. He was dressed in the peculiar
costume of a yankee backwoodsman—he had
on his back a pair of leather breeches, and on his
feet a pair of leather boots, with leather soles,
which would laugh out of a Kamchatka winter. On his arms was care-
fully folded a buttoned oilskin truck coat,
and in his hand was an extra shirt and dickey,
tied up in a cotton bag, handkerchief. On
his entrance into the village he inquired if the
clergyman, and being told where he might be found, started post haste for his re-

sidence. Arriving at his house, he found
him enjoying the cool of the twilight in his
garden. Stepping up to the fence, he in-
quired if the Rev. Mr. —— lived in that
neighbourhood ? The clergyman told him
he did, and that he was the individual to
whom he alluded. "I'm dreadful deaf," said
the fellow ; "you must raise your voice, or I
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