

kindness; with biting scorn, with scoffing and derision, we would wish to have nothing to do, but where we see folly like a turkey cock strutting about in fancied greatness, or ignorance like an ass obstinately pursuing its desires to the hindrance of the more wise but feeble, there be assured we shall give no quarter, as we ask none. Some sores require caustic and the knife, and as skilful physicians we shall use them when we think it necessary. But mid the thunders of our displeasure shall be heard,—

Sir Peter. Pooh, pooh! sir, no thunders here, if you please. You fly too high young man.—Some of our patrons will be tempted to add here, “the brayings of our ass.” You are rather prosy too. Give us life; man, life, a skip-and-a-hop-and-off-we-go sort of style. Still your article is not wanting in good ideas, which may be worked up to advantage. Has any other gentleman any thing to offer.

Mr. Jonathan. I, sir,—have—I believe something which will be to the point, and rather pointed, though I can’t say whether it will suit your taste or not. I will give you an opportunity to try its consistency.

Sir Peter. If it fulfil your promise, it cannot but prove acceptable.

Mr. Jonathan. Then with your permission, and that of my friends here I will read it.

Sir Peter. Go on sir.

Mr. Jonathan. Among the cursed humbogs of the day, the greatest is the profession by certain parties to appreciate merit, which they will not reward, though they have the means at hand. It is the greatest in its vileness, as it is in the extent to which it is practised. We are a sad instance of this practice. People acknowledged our merit, but took mighty good care not to buy our print. We set out with a determination to put down humbug, and became one of its first victims. But this was, could be, only for a time. We fell through weakness, and became the drudge of this taskmaster of the world. But his oppression was too great; the labour imposed upon us too heavy, to be long borne in silence; strengthened by the suffering we endured, by the very toil which was intended to crush our spirits, we rose against our enslaver, we asserted our liberty, and are prepared to maintain and defend it. Aid us reader with your pence, it is your cause we fight, as well as our own, the common cause of common sense and mirth. Shriek not from us in this hour of trial, or you will be must be set down, an ass? Yes! and more, as a miserable, sneaking, hypocritical, d—d—

Sir Peter. Stop sir!

Mr. Jonathan. Maker of—

Sir Peter. Stop! I say.

Mr. Jonathan. Never-to-be-acted-upon—

Sir Peter. How dare—

Mr. Jonathan. Professions.

Sir Peter. Have you at last stopped sir?

Mr. Jonathan. I have done.

Sir Peter. Done sir, done say you, done, I should say it was time sir; allow me to tell you that you are most damnably profane!

Mr. Jonathan. *Claudius accusat machos!*

Sir Peter. Well, well, sir. We’ll pass this. We were both perhaps a little hasty, though your profane expressions were written, sir, when you should have been coolly thinking of propriety, mine uttered in an unguarded moment. But do not let us soil our columns or our meetings with profanity.

Mr. Jonathan. I wrote it, sir, coolly, and could as coolly defend it, but I am ready to expunge it, if our friends here desire it. It is a matter of perfect indifference to me.

Sir Peter. Thank you. Your paper is certainly spirited, and truthful. But you seem, gentlemen, to have all forgotten, that one of our objects is to move mirth, of the three objects we should have in view, you seem to have paid attention to but two; against hypocrisy you have vented your bile, you have railed *en passant* at vice and folly; let us now hear, mingled with these strains, what will wake mirth.

Mr. Tape. I, sir, have done my utmost, my little utmost, to work a little trifle in verse, a very trifle sir, into shape for our paper. It is not of course quite like Tom Hood’s, or Douglas Jerrold’s, but, sir, I crave your kindness for my first effusion, and hope that it may haply prove suited to your taste.

Sir Peter. And I hope that all this apology was not necessary, if it were, I would give little for the verses. Hand them up sir. (reads)

MICKEY F***’S LAMENT

OVER THE

DESERTION OF A LATE RAPALE LEADER.

A Historical Ballad founded upon recent events.

Sure would ye hear, how Drummond dear
Did chate uz Pat’s so sadly o’;
It’s all too bad, its mane be dad
To thrate us all so badly o’!

He shouted first, as if he’d burst,
He was a great repaler o’.
But och be jud, tis clare as mud,
He did it for a falser o’.

Och sorra a bit of me iver saw his like. He looked as if butter wouldn’t melt in his mouth. Divil a bit could yez tell him from an honest man. Didn’t he give it swately to the Guv’nor and Guvermint and all thim divils. Och it’s a pity, so it is, that he’s such a desaver. How nicely he used to come out with.

Repale, repale, repale oho!
Well get repale for Ireland o,
And we, so jolly, shouted loud
While he put on the b arney o.

He wanted sticks, he wanted licks
Put on with the shillalah o;
No Tory chose, to show his nose,
Whin we march’d in so gaily o!

Ye see he wanted to get elected for the Lasheen canal, so we b’hoys kem in with our sticks, and elected him as nately as iver yez seen, while he sung out.

Repale, repale, repale oho!
Well get repale for Ireland o,