

"Indeed," he said, "I must confess  
 I know a thing or two;  
 In law, or physic, dress, or chess,  
 There 's nought I cannot do.  
 I'd challenge Lord John Russell  
 To sail the Black Sea fleet.  
 And Simpson and Pelissier  
 At tactics I could beat.  
 And then as for theology,  
 Why we 're the cocks and hens,  
 We 'd gravel all the parsons quite,  
 Both with arguments and pens.  
 There 's naught like *lay* reformers,  
 (I do n't allude to *eggs*,)  
 Our minds are quite unprejudiced,  
 And free from all the pegs  
 By which book-learning binds them down  
 To preconceived opinions;  
 While we, from all such knowledge free,  
 Rise up on soaring pinions.  
 'Tis plain that to reform the church,  
 The chiefest qualification,  
 Is to know nothing in the world  
 Of one's self-imposed vocation."

The pious plan so deftly laid,  
 Was straightway carried out,  
 And what the upshot proved to be,  
 You 'd like to hear, no doubt;  
 And if all 's well, perhaps I may  
 Inform you all another day.

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To—to, Nov. 5th, 1855.

GENTLEMEN:—Hearing that J—n To—to, the Lord Bishop, has  
 sent you a *decession*, I take the liberty of sending you a few lines to  
 lay before the vestry along with it. Hoping you will do as you are  
 bid, which is the duty of all churchwardens,

I am, yours truly,

MANUETUS.