

As, just as it comes in our head,
 Sometimes we go at railway speed,
 Or if there be a special cause,
 Are not averse to make a pause—
 But seldom fail, when 'tis a person,
 To let him off without diversion—
 Noting the demon all the while,
 That lurks beneath a borrow'd smile.

If this last paragraph seem odd,
 Just read it as an episode,
 Or a parenthesis ; digression
 May comprehend some useful lesson.
 Well,—Gaffer falling, falling *in*†,
 Came to buffoonery at last ;
 Making the folk that cross the ferry
 With his *he-ha, ha-hawing* merry,
 Until the creature's shrivell'd soul
 Took flight at hearing a dog howl—
 And these few strokes of Albyn's pen,—
 Here labels him *fag-end of men*.

—ALBYN.

Dartmouth, June, 1875.