

A scene for gods and men, O drivelling Dick,
The puny puppet of a petty clique,—
What desperate toils to get enough to eat,
And very often very nearly beat!

I know you, sir, none better; you're a cad,
As foul a birth as time has ever had;
You sold yourself, your party and your friends,
For what?—to serve a recalcitrant's ends;
In policy, in party and in trade,
You crawfished out of every deal you made;
Into your kennel, dog, you'll die there soon,
As mean a whelp as ever bayed the moon.



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Ato-
biteth
and