

now belong to one of the F. F. C.'s. (To  
GEORGE.) My son!

GEORGE.—My mother!

The editor-in-chief sings :

To-morrow this couple will happy be ;  
To-morrow must ring the marriage-bell,  
And whoever with this does not agree  
We'll roast him slowly, but roast him well.

Second Editor :

We'll roast him nicely,  
We'll roast him neatly ;  
We'll do it politely,  
We'll do it featly,  
And all in Christian love.

Third Editor :

Away with love, away with sorrow,  
Give me but plenty of good abuse,  
For if I live on each to-morrow,  
Some public character I must traduce.

The whole staff sing in chorus :

Roast him slowly, roast him slowly, roast him slowly,  
But roast him well ;  
For he's a Tory, for he's a Tory, for he's a Tory,  
O roast him well.

RONALD.—O, most sweet voices !

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.—I have not yet shaken  
hands with the bride. May you have every  
blessing, dear Angelina, and be the mother of a  
stalwart race of Grits. I suppose there is no  
difficulty about your future husband. He's  
sound?

GEORGE.—I take my politics from Angelina's  
eyes.

RONALD.—Better teachers than most men have  
in that corrupting science.