

N. B. I am a late settler in these parts. Hear you are a man of great influence. Always was a lover of the chace, and as I'm told this is becoming a very sporting country, wish you could establish me as whipper-in to the county-hunt, (if you have such an association.) It may be some recommendation to state that I am eleventh cousin to the famous *Tomz Moody*.

THE RAT AND THE COMMISSARY.

A TALE.

Snug in his easy chair, *full pay and peace*,
 A Commissary sat, no matter in what place—
 Enjoy'd his racy wine and blazing fire—
 (Alas! that poorer scribes drudge on in misery's mire!
 Due recompense merit doth seldom find,
 Ergo—your poets term dame Fortune blind;)
 Well Sirs! He had sucked in his Port in quiet;
 A gentle nap stole o'er his senses sweetly;
 But soon 'twas broken: all mad Bedlam's riot
 'Twas nothing to the din, stunning completely
 The sudden roused and half-bewilder'd sleeper.
 A milder temper, Sirs, might well be ruffled;
 The door burst open; in the servants scuffled,
 Each trying to be first. The brawny keeper
 Of a huge trap, impatient, forced his way,
 And thus began, " 'Twas I Sir, caught the thief."
 " No, Sir, " cries Peg, " Rat lies—this very day
 " I baited it with *half my dinner* my own self.
 " This many a day sure, all the pork and beef,
 " With sundry tidbits off the pantry shelf,
 " Which we, poor servants, were accused of stealing,
 " Getting hard blows from you, from madam railing,
 " Have been a prey to this here long-tailed codger;
 " But here he's safe at last, in trap a lodger."
 "—Ho! silence! damn my eyes, fetch me a poker."
 " I'll kill, I'll carbonade this plundering joker."
 On this the servants went their way,
 And left their master with his prey.
 Undaunted Ratty to the wires up sprung,
 And, as the story goes, thus foud his tongue.
 " Sir, if your goodly sitch I've dared to munch,
 " To give my grumbling intestines a lunch,
 In this inclement time,
 Metbinks 'tis a small crime,
 " You well might pardon; many friendly turns
 " We rats have served—remember, in *retuns*
 " How sumptuously our race hath fared—(on paper)
 " Flour, pork, good sacking too, and forage,
 " In short on all things fit for storage
 "—Stop"—" No, I'll end my speech, Sir, pray do'n't
 vapour,
 " Time immemorial every dying rogue.