

SONG SUNG AT THE SYMPOSIUM IN THE
SALOON, 3^D OF JANUARY 1840.

ATTEND to my song, ye contributors all,
Now met to be merry in Ebony Hall:
Since justice has fully been done to the feast,
And the fury of hunger a moment has ceased,
Your hearts, I am sure, will allow it is fit
To drink, with due honours, a bumper to Kit!

A bumper to him, whose illustrious name
For ever must float on the full tide of fame:
While our little bark in attendance may sail,
Pursuing the triumph, and sharing the gale:
The fame will be ours on our tombs to have writ,
Here lies, who contributed something to Kit!

But while he is our head, and we're each but a limb,
He could do without us, though not we without him:
For were all his auxiliaries laid on the shelf,
He could knock off in no time a Number himself;

Let but steam and stenography help him a bit,
What tomes and what treasures might issue from Kit!

It is true he is old ; but 'tis easily seen,
Though his age may be gouty, it also is green :
He is garrulous, too, his detractors repeat ;
But where was garrulity elsewhere so sweet ?
Oh ! never did old age and eloquence sit
Half so comely on Nestor as now upon Kit !

And though thus resembling the Pylian Sire,
He has Ajax's force and Achilles's fire,
The softness that dwelt in Andromache's breast,
With the Ithacan's slyness to season the rest.
No wonder in Homer he made such a hit,
When Iliads and Odysseys centre in Kit !

The Crutch!—what a weapon in Christopher's hand!
The wind of its waving what force can withstand !
But his motto is noble, proclaim it aloud—
To spare the submissive and punish the proud :—
When his eye with benignity's beam is uplit,
What magic can equal the kindness of Kit !

Ere Christopher came a new era to bring,
The prose of the press was a pitiful thing :

There was hardness of heart, or else thickness of skull,
The witty were wicked, the worthy were dull:
The bright reconciliation of wisdom and wit—
To whom do we owe it?—entirely to Kit!

When riot and wrong seemed to rule in our isle,
And the boldest and best held their breath for a while,
Still true to his country and true to his creed,
Was Christopher found in the hour of our need:
When the ship on the breakers seemed ready to split,
The first boat to save her was manned by old Kit!

The times are much mended, but some things remain
That may call for the hand of the hero again:
For what with the Chartists, and what with the Church,
The law is of late rather left in the lurch.
Then his patriot rage may he never remit,
Till he floors every foeman of order and Kit!

Now may Christopher live, till in number we see
His years and his articles almost agree;
And may Maga's adherents, the high and the low,
Enjoy the best blessings her bounties bestow:
Even down to the *devils*, that never will quit,
But keep constantly howling for *copy* from Kit!

And here let our QUEEN put a close to my song—
May her life and her love both be happy and long !
A health to the youth' whom her choice makes our own,
May her heart prove a dowry more rich than her
 throne ;
And may all bad advisers be soon forced to flit,
And replaced by true subjects and sages like Kit !