

6.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast,
The breath of heav'n must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

THE MODERN PATRIOT.

REBELLION is my theme all day,
I only wish 'twould come
(As who knows but perhaps it may)
A little nearer home.

2.

Yon roaring boys who rave and fight
On t'other side the Atlantic,
I always held them in the right,
But most so, when most frantic.

3.

When lawless mobs insult the court,
That man shall be my toast,
If breaking windows be the sport
Who bravely breaks the most.

4.

But oh! for him my fancy culls
The choicest flow'rs she bears,
Who constitutionally pulls
Your house about your ears.

5.

Such civil broils are my delight,
Tho' some folks can't endure 'em,
Who say the mob are mad outright,
And that a rope must cure 'em.

6.

A rope! I wish we patriots had
Such strings for all who need 'em—
What! hang a man for going mad?
Then farewell British freedom.

*On observing some Names of little Note recorded
in the BIOGRAPHIA BRITANNICA.*

OH fond attempt to give a deathless lot,
To names ignoble, born to be forgot!

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