

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!

In
Who bravely breaks the mold.

In vain recorded in historic page,
 They court the notice of a future age,
 Those twinkling tincy lustres of the land,
 Drop one by one from Fame's neglecting hand,
 Lethæan gulphs receive them as they fall,
 And dark oblivion soon absorbs them all.

So when a child, as playful children use,
 Has burnt to tinder a stale last year's news,
 The flame extinct, he views the roving fire,
 There goes my lady, and there goes the 'squire,
 There goes the parson, oh! illustrious spark,
 And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk.

R E P O R T

Of an adjudged Case not to be found in any of the Books.

I.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
 The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
 The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
 To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

2. So