

That England's topsy-turvy,
 Is clear from these mishaps, fir,
 Since traps, we may determinue,
 Will no longer take our vermin;
 But vermin take our traps, fir.

Let fophs, by rats infested,
 Then trust in *cats* to catch 'em;
 Lest they prove the utter bane
 Of our *studies*, where, 'tis plain,
 No mortal fits—to watch 'em.

A S I M I L E. By the Same.

WHAT village but has often seen
 The clumsy shape, the frightful mien,
 Tremendous claws, and shagged hair,
 Of that grim brute, yclep'd a *Bear*?
 He from his dam, as wits agree,
 Receiv'd the curious form you see;
 Who with her plastic tongue alone
 Produc'd a visage like her own.
 By which they hint, in mystic fashion,
 The powerful force of education.

Perhaps yon rural tribe is viewing,
 E'en now, the strange exploits of Bruin;
 Who plays his anticks, roars aloud,
 The wonder of a gaping crowd!

So have I known an awkward lad,
 Whose birth has made a parish glad,

Forbid,

Forbid, for fear of sense, to roam ;
 And taught by kind mamma at home ;
 Who gives him many a well-try'd rule,
 With ways and means——to play the fool.
 In sense the same, in stature higher,
 He shines, ere long, a rural squire ;
 Pours forth unwitty jokes, and swears,
 And bawls and drinks——but chiefly stares !
 His tenants of superior sense
 Carouse and laugh at his *expence* ;
 And sure the pastime I'm relating
 Must prove as pleasant as *Bear-baiting*.

The CEREMONIAL.

By the Same.

“ SIR, will you please to walk before ? ”
 S No pray, Sir—you are next the door.
 “ Upon mine honour, I'll not stir ! ”
 Sir, I'm at home ; consider, Sir.
 “ Excuse me Sir, I'll not go first. ”
 Well, if I *must* be rude, I *must* ;
 But yet I wish I cou'd evade it ;
 'Tis strangely clownish——*be* persuaded, &c. &c.
 ——Go forward, cits ! go forward, squires !
 Nor scruple each, what each admires.
 Life squares not, friends, with your proceeding :
 It flies, while you display your breeding ;
 Such breeding as one's granam preaches,
 Or some old dancing-master teaches——