

Even dwindle down till lost among
The undistinguishable throng.

Tho' half a buzzard, if inclined,
KEN need not go far off to find,
Nor waste his precious time to seek
A blush for his unblushing cheek.
There is more than one tender spot
At home, perhaps he think's forgot.
A verse of ours, without his leave,
Could instantly from time retrieve,
Or pencil in a paragraph,
A picture, would make people laugh.
Tho' little KEN, might little care,
To see himself distinguish'd there.

Altho' directed to forgive,
No prohibition positive
Enjoins how far, or in what way,
We should maliciousness repay ;
We'll take the universal plan,
To use our penchant as we can,
And with due courtesy report,
Proceedings in a Justice Court.

Some men are born to greatness ; some
Must wait with patience till it come ;
Whilst, actually, we have known 'em
Had greatness suddenly thrust on 'em ;
Even imbeciles have felt a touch