

## ABUSE OF GREAT NAMES.

Fortune alas! how sportest thou on earth!  
 Fame; thou'rt a wind—a bubble gave thee birth!  
 Say, where those names that set the world on fire!  
 Where do the pride of Rome and Greece retire?  
 HECTOR'S dread name now marks the butchers dog!  
 CATO tends sheep! and BRUTUS drives a hog!  
 Look ye for POMPEY, search the tanner's yard!  
 You'll meet with CÆSAR in yon orchard's guard:  
 But rivals still for fame, unknown to fears,  
 A bone unpicked shall set them by the ears;  
 See SCIPIO bolt of war! the bull essay,  
 Whilst NERO, blood hound still makes man his prey:  
 Thus fares it with renown —nor Gods retain  
 One jot of reverence for their name or fame,  
 JUNO, Mars, Venus,—lapdogs now and bitches  
 With mangy coats are drown'd and float in ditches!  
 Liv'd ye on earth, ye once fam'd pair of sages\*  
 Who view'd from different points the crimes of ages  
 How wouldst thou weep for greatness so burlesq'd,  
 How wouldst thou laugh at dogs in regal vest.  
 \* Hæraclitus and Democritus.  
 One pitied, one condemn'd the woful times,  
 One laughed at follies, one lamented crimes:

## THEN LET FOLKS JEER.

WARM be my gear,  
 And let folks jeer.

To ruling states let others turn,  
 For conquest and for kingdoms burn;  
 But let my humble mouth be burning  
 With rolls, hot buttered every morn-  
 ing;

And, in the winter cold and drear,  
 A dram, or jug of good strong beer.  
 Then let folks jeer.

From golden vase let princes eat,  
 'Midst thousand fears, the pampering  
 treat;

And taste of Car's all-bittering pill,  
 'Tis gilded, but 'tis bitter still.  
 The store my board is want to bear  
 Is frugal, but 'tis wholesome cheer;  
 So let folks jeer.

And while the hills and mountains  
 grow,

With silvery ice and driven snow,  
 Then be my smiling heart well stored,  
 With crackling chesnuts, a good  
 board;

Nor want there friends, the house to  
 cheer,

With goblin tales of pleasant fear;  
 Then let folks jeer.

Let merchants, and I wish them joy,  
 To seek more gold their hours em-  
 ploy,

Whilst I alone the breezy strand,  
 Seek shells and cockles in the sand,  
 And Philomel's sweet accent hear,  
 From trees that guard you fountain  
 clear;

And let folks jeer.

Leander haply would delight  
 To stem the waves at dead of night,  
 Nor fear to cool the amorous flame  
 That led him to the expecting dame;  
 I better like, devoid of fear,  
 To ford you stream so bright and  
 clear;

And let folks jeer.

For love, the cruel little knave  
 To Pyramus and Thisbe gave,  
 A sword instead of bridal bed,  
 And join'd them both, but join'd  
 them dead;

A pastry be my Thisbe here,  
 And use my tooth for a rapier;  
 So let folks jeer.