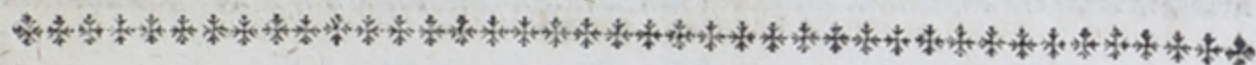


Sate down and scribbled in a trice,  
Just what you see—and you despise.

You who can frame a tuneful song,  
And hum it as you ride along;  
And, trotting on the king's high-way,  
Snatch from the hedge a sprig of bay;  
Accept the verse, howe'er it flows,  
From one, who is your friend in prose.

What is this wreath, so green! so fair!  
Which many wish, and few must wear?  
Which one man's indolence can gain,  
Another's vigils ne'er obtain?

For what must *Sal* or *Poet* sue,  
Ere they engage with *Ned* or you?  
For luck in verse? for luck at Loo?  
Ah no! 'tis Genius gives *you* fame,  
And *Ned* thro' skill secures the game.

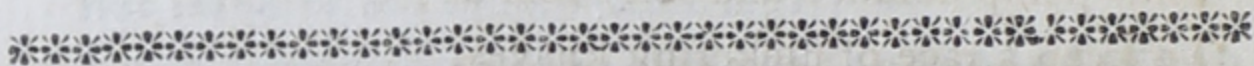


Written at an INN on a particular Occasion.

**T**O thee, fair Freedom! I retire,  
From flattery, feasting, dice, and din;  
Nor art thou found in domes much higher  
Than the low cot, or humble *inn*.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign,  
And every health which I begin,  
Converts dull port to bright champain;  
For Freedom crowns it at an *inn*.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,  
 I fly from Falshood's specious grin;  
 Freedom I love, and form I hate,  
 And chuse my lodgings at an *inn*.  
 Here, waiter! take my fordid ore,  
 Which lacqueys else might hope to win;  
 It buys what courts have not in store,  
 It buys me Freedom, at an *inn*.  
 And now once more I shape my way  
 Thro' rain or shine, thro' thick or thin,  
 Secure to meet, at close of day,  
 With kind reception—at an *inn*.  
 Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,  
 Where'er his various tour has been,  
 May sigh to think how oft he found  
 His warmest welcome—at an *inn*.



### The PRICE of an EQUIPAGE.

*Servum si potes, Ole, non habere*  
*Et regem potes, Ole, non habere*

MAR.

**I** ASK'D a friend, amidst the throng,  
 Whose coach it was that trail'd along:  
 "The gilded coach there—don't you mind?  
 "That with the footmen stuck behind."  
 O Sir, says he, what ha'n't ye seen it?  
 'Tis Timon's coach, and Timon in it.

'Tis