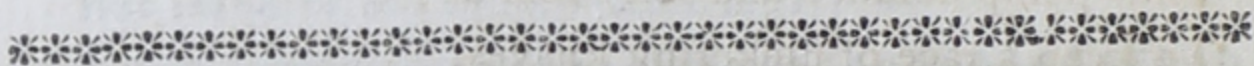


I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,  
 I fly from Falshood's specious grin;  
 Freedom I love, and form I hate,  
 And chuse my lodgings at an *inn*.

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

'Tis odd, methinks, you have forgot  
 Your friend, your neighbour, and—what not?  
 Your old acquaintance, Timon! —“ True,  
 “ But faith his equipage is new.  
 “ Bless me, said I, where can it end?  
 “ What madness has possess'd my friend?  
 “ Four powder'd slaves, and those the tallest!  
 “ Their stomachs, doubtless, not the smallest!  
 “ Can Timon's revenue maintain  
 “ In lace and food, so large a train?  
 “ I know his land—each inch o' ground—  
 “ 'Tis not a mile to walk it round —  
 “ And if his whole estate can bear  
 “ To keep a lad, and one-horse chair,  
 “ I own 'tis past my comprehension!” —

Yes, Sir; but Timon has a pension.

Thus does a false ambition rule us;  
 Thus pomp delude, and folly fool us;  
 To keep a race of flickering knaves,  
 He grows himself the worst of slaves.



A B A L L A D.

—— *Trahit sua quemque voluptas.* VIRG.

**F**ROM Lincoln to London rode forth our young squire,  
 To bring down a wife, whom the swains might admire:  
 But, in spite of whatever the mortal could say,  
 The goddess objected the length of the way!