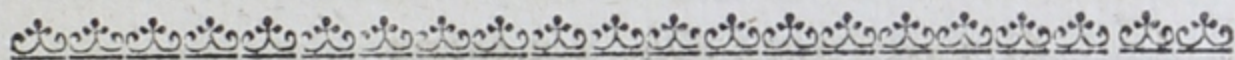


'Tis odd, methinks, you have forgot
 Your friend, your neighbour, and—what not?
 Your old acquaintance, Timon! —“ True,
 “ But faith his equipage is new.
 “ Bless me, said I, where can it end?
 “ What madness has possess'd my friend?
 “ Four powder'd slaves, and those the tallest!
 “ Their stomachs, 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.

FROM 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!

To give up the op'ra, the park and the ball,
 For to view the stag's horns in an old country hall :
 To have neither China nor India to see !
 Nor lace-man to plague in a morning — not she !

To relinquish the play-house, Quin, Garrick, and Clive,
 Who by dint of mere humour had kept her alive ;
 To forego the full box for his lonesome abode !
 O Heav'ns ! she should faint, she should die on the road !

To forget the gay fashions and gestures of *France*,
 And to leave dear Auguste in the midst of the dance ;
 And Harlequin too ! — 'Twas in vain to require it —
 And she wonder'd how folks had the face to desire it !

She might yield to resign the sweet fingers of Ruckholt,
 Where the citizen-matron regales with her cuckold ;
 But Ranelagh soon would her footsteps recall,
 And the music, the lamps, and the glare of Vaux-hall.

To be sure she could *breathe* no where else than in town,
 Thus she talk'd like a wit, and he look'd like a clown :
 But while honest Harry despair'd to succeed,
 A coach, with a *coronet* trail'd her to Tweed.



The EXTENT of COOKERY,

— *Aliusque et Idem.*

WHEN Tom to *Cambridge* first was sent,
 A plain brown *bob* he wore ;
 Read much, and look'd as tho' he meant
 To be a fop no more.

See