

THE  
FAVOURITE,  
A  
SIMILE.

WHEN Boys at ETON once a Year  
In Military Pomp appear,  
He, who just trembled at the Rod,  
Treads it a HEROE, talks a GOD,  
And in an instant can create  
A DOZEN *Officers of State* :  
His little Legion All assail,  
Arrest without Release, or Bail :  
Each passing Traveller must halt,  
Must pay the *Tax*, and eat the *Salt*.  
You don't love *Salt*, you say----- and storm-----  
Look o' these *Staves*, Sir----- and *Conform* ;  
But yet this *Sun*, that shines so bright,  
In *sable Gown* will set at Night,  
And Morn return with *College Appetite*.

Thus

