W Thus the Meet Bavo dure in his Plames, New Mew aftimes:

Begins to bully, frown, and brille;

And to his Band of hirching Tortang

Schemes, his Projects, all muft

Gives Penfions, Place Hill, Garters;

FAVOURITE,

What, don't you like him? --- to the Tow'r. You live at 'tis frange --- but let this Fume

SIMILE.

To a Welch Farm, and Country I HEN 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 fay---- 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