

“ I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,
 I fly from falsehood’s specious grin ;
 Freedom I love, and form I hate,
 And choose my lodgings at an inn.

“ Here, waiter, take my sordid ore,
 Which lacqueys else might hope to win ;
 It buys what courts have not in store, —
 It buys me freedom at an inn.

“ Whoe’er has travelled life’s dull round,
 Where’er his stages may have been,
 May sigh to think he still has found
 The warmest welcome at an inn.”

Ere, however, quitting the grounds to buy freedom at the “Plume of Feathers,” I could not avoid indulging in a natural enough reflection on the unhappiness of poor Shenstone. Never, as we may see from his letters, was there a man who enjoyed life less. He was not vicious ; he had no overpowering passion to contend with ; he could have had his Phillis, had he chosen to take her ; his fortune, nearly three hundred a-year, should have been quite ample enough, in the reign of George the Second, to enable a single man to live, and even, with economy, to furnish a considerable surplus for making gimcracks in the Leasowes ; he had many amusements, — he drew tastefully, had a turn, he tells us, for natural history, wrote elegant verse and very respectable prose ; the noble and the gifted of the land honored him with their notice ; above all, he lived in a paradise, the beauties of which no man could better appreciate ; and his most serious employment, like that of our common ancestor in his unfallen state, was “to dress and to keep it.” And yet, even before he had involved his affairs, and the dun came to the door, he was an unhappy man. “I have lost my road to happiness,” we find him saying ere he had