



MISCELLANIES

IN VERSE and PROSE.

An EPISTLE to Lady BOWYER.

HOW much of paper's spoil'd! what floods
of ink!

And yet how few, how very few can think!

The knack of writing is an easy trade;

But to think well requires—at least a Head.

Once in an age, *one* Genius may arise,

With wit well-cultur'd, and with learning wife.

Like some tall oak, behold his branches shoot!

No tender scions springing at the root.

B

Whilst

Whilst lofty *Pope* erects his laurell'd head,
 No lays, like mine, can live beneath his shade.
 Nothing but weeds, and moss, and shrubs are found,
 Cut, cut them down, why cumber they the ground?

And yet you'd have me write!—For what?
 for whom?

To curl a Fav'rite in a dressing-room?
 To mend a candle when the snuff's too short?
 Or save rappee for chamber-maids at Court?
 Glorious ambition! noble thirst of fame!—
 No, but you'd have me write—to get a name.
 Alas! I'd live unknown, unenvy'd too;
 'Tis more than *Pope*, with all his wit can do.
 'Tis more than You, with wit and beauty join'd,
 A pleasing form, and a discerning mind.
 The world and I are no such cordial friends;
 I have my purpose, they their various ends.
 I say my pray'rs, and lead a sober life,
 Nor laugh at *Cornus*, or at *Cornus'* wife.
 What's fame to me, who pray, and pay my rent?
 If my friends know me honest, I'm content.

Well

Well, but th
 My self too pic
 The Preface d
 With lies enou
 Thus I step for
 My Patron's nar
 " One that has
 " One you may
 " For if you're
 " Regardless of
 " Believe me, fri
 Well then, to
 I've neither frier
 Quite from St. J
 I hardly know a
 Except one Mai
 I have no bus'ne
 The courtly Leve
 Who more than
 Or those whose a
 The pension'd Be

L L A N I E S.

ts his laurell'd head,
un live beneath his shade.
l mos, and shrubs are found,
hy cumber they the ground!

e me write!—For what?

a dressing-room?

en the snuff's too short?

mber-maids at Court?

bble thirst of fame!—

ne write—to get a name.

n, unenvy'd too;

with all his wit can do.

with wit and beauty join'd,

a discerning mind.

no such cordial friends;

hey their various ends.

I lead a sober life,

or at *Cornus*' wife.

who pray, and pay my rent?

me honest, I'm content,

M I S C E L L A N I E S.

Well, but the joy to see my works in print!

My self too pictur'd in a Mezzo-Tint!

The Preface done, the Dedication fram'd,

With lies enough to make a Lord asham'd!

Thus I step forth; an Auth'refs in some fort.

My Patron's name? "O choose some Lord at Court.

"One that has money which he does not use,

"One you may flatter much, that is, abuse.

"For if you're nice, and cannot change your note,

"Regardless of the trimm'd, or untrimm'd coat;

"Believe me, friend, you'll ne'er be worth a groat."

Well then, to cut this mighty matter short,

I've neither friend, nor interest at Court.

Quite from St. *James's* to thy stairs, *Whitehall*,

I hardly know a creature, great or small,

Except one Maid of Honour,* worth 'em all.

I have no bus'ness there. Let those attend

The courtly Levee, or the courtly Friend,

Who more than fate allows them, dare to spend.

Or those whose avarice, with much, craves more,

The pension'd Beggar, or the titled Poor.

B 2 These

* Honourable Miss *Lovelace*.

These are the thriving Breed, the tiny Great!
 Slaves! wretched Slaves! the Journeymen of State!
 Philosophers! who calmly bear disgrace,
 Patriots! who sell their country for a place.

Shall I for these disturb my brains with rhyme?
 For these, like *Bavius* creep, or *Glencus* climb?
 Shall I go late to rest, and early rise,
 To be the very creature I despise?
 With face unmov'd, my poem in my hand,
 Cringe to the porter, with the footman stand?
 Perhaps my lady's maid, if not too proud,
 Will stoop, you'll say, to wink me from the croud,
 Will entertain me, till his lordship's dress,
 With what my lady eats, and how she rests:
 How much she gave for such a birth-day gown,
 And how she tramps to ev'ry shop in town.

Sick at the news, impatient for my lord,
 I'm forc'd to hear, nay smile at ev'ry word.
 Tom raps at last,—“ His lordship begs to know
 “ Your name? your bus'ness?”—Sir, I'm not a foe.

I come

I come to, charm
 With verses, fo

“ Verses!—Ala

“ Pedants indee

“ But my good

“ Reads not ev'ry

“ But trust your

“ Was born a po

“ And if I find

“ I'll recommen

Shock'd at h
 Pocket my poe

Resolv'd no mo

Where footmen

Is there a Lo

Not places, pen

Unlac'd, unpow

Eats not on silve

* Right Hon. New
 28th year of his age.

Breed, the tiny Great!
 ! the Journey-men of State!
 uly bear disgrace,
 country for a place,

urb my brains with rhyme!
 creep, or *Glencus* climb?
 and early rise,
 I despise?

y poem in my hand,
 ith the footman stand?
 d, if not too proud,
 to wink me from the crowd,

his lordship's drest,
 ts, and how she rests:
 or such a birth-day gown,
 o ev'ry shop in town.

mpatient for my lord,
 ay smile at ev'ry word.
 His lordship begs to know
 his'nefs?"—Sir, I'm not a foe
 I come

I come to charm his lordship's list'ning ears
 With verses, soft as music of the spheres.

“Verses!—Alas! his lordship seldom reads:
 “Pedants indeed with learning stuff their heads;

“But my good lord, as all the world can tell,

“Reads not ev'n tradesmen's bills, and scorns to spell.

“But trust your lays with me. Some things I've read,

“Was born a poet, tho' no poet bred:

“And if I find they'll bear my nicer view,

“I'll recommend your poetry—and you.”

Shock'd at his civil impudence, I start,

Pocket my poem, and in haste depart;

Resolv'd no more to offer up my wit,

Where footmen in the feat of critics sit.

Is there a Lord * whose great unspotted soul,

Not places, pensions, ribbons can control;

Unlac'd, unpowder'd, almost unobserv'd,

Eats not on silver, while his train are starv'd;

* Right Hon. *Nevis* Lord *Loe* lace, who dy'd soon after, in the 28th year of his age.

Who

Who tho' to nobles, or to kings ally'd,
 Dares walk on foot, while slaves in coaches ride;
 With merit humble, and with greatness free,
 Has bow'd to *Freeman*, and has din'd with Me;
 Who bred in foreign courts, and early known,
 Has yet to learn the cunning of his own;
 To titles born, yet heir to no estate,
 And, harder still, too honest to be great;
 If such an one there be, well-bred, polite?
 To Him I'll dedicate, for Him I'll write.

Peace to the rest. I can be no man's slave;
 I ask for nothing, tho' I nothing have,
 By Fortune humbled, yet not sunk so low
 To shame a friend, or fear to meet a foe.
 Meanness, in ribbons or in rags, I hate;
 And have not learnt to flatter, ev'n the Great.
 Few friends I ask, and those who love me well;
 What more remains, these artless lines shall tell,

Of *honest* parents, not of *great*, I came;
 Not known to fortune, quite unknown to fame,

Frugal

Frugal and ph
 Nor knew a
 O be their pr
 For one has l
 Long may he
 Among my b
 I ask no mor
 To sleep in q
 No noisy slav
 My viands w
 No orphans
 No household
 No monstrou
 But just enou
 And if somet
Charlot shoul
 Enough for r
 In lords; sm
 Fortune her f
 An honest he

L L A N I E S,

to kings ally'd,
 vile slaves in coaches ride,
 d with greatness free,
 and has din'd with Me;
 urts, and early known,
 unning of his own;
 to no estate,
 onest to be great;
 well-bred, polite?
 or Him I'll write.

can be no man's slave;

I nothing have.

yet not sunk so low

near to meet a foe.

r in rags, I hate;

flatter, ev'n the Great.

those who love me well;

these artless lines shall tell,

ot of great, I came;

quite unknown to fame.
 Frugal

M I S C E L L A N I E S.

7

Frugal and plain, at no man's cost they eat,

Nor knew a baker's, or a butcher's debt.

O be their precepts ever in my eye!

For one has learnt to live, and one to die.

Long may her widow'd age by heav'n be lent

Among my blessings! and I'm well content.

I ask no more, but in some calm retreat,

To sleep in quiet, and in quiet eat.

No noisy slaves attending round my room;

My viands wholesome, and my waiters dumb.

No orphans cheated, and no widow's curse,

No household lord, for better or for worse.

No monstrous fums to tempt my soul to sin,

But just enough to keep me plain, and clean.

And if sometimes, to smoooth the rugged way,

Charlot should smile, or You approve my lay,

Enough for me. I cannot put my trust

In lords; smile lies, eat toads, or lick the dust.

Fortune her favours much too dear may hold:

An honest heart is worth its weight in gold.

Of