



*A Letter to the Right Honourable the
Lady RUSSEL.*

Written at her Ladyship's Desire, on the
Conversation at Breakfast.

AT my low Cottage, on a chearful Morn,
When slanting Beams did ev'ry Scene adorn;
By Goodness prompted, native of their Breasts,
Sir *Harry* and my Lady were my Guests.

My Treat was homely, and my Table small,
My Cloth and Dishes clean, and that was all:
For thus it suited to my low Estate,

'Twere insolent to imitate the Great.

Hum'rous our Talk, and innocently gay;

Our Subjects various; Manners, Men, and Play,

And

And Love, and Wedlock; This our fav'rite Theme,
And each to their own Fancy form'd the Scheme:

“ Maid! *said Sir Harry*, come, it's Time to wed;

“ By Sympathy chuse *C*—— to be your Head.

“ Two Bodies so exactly pair'd! 'tis plain

“ Heav'n made the Match, and destin'd him the Man.”

My Lady offer'd me her Farmer's Son.

Sir Harry positive for *C*—— alone.

Soon I accepted, either was my Choice;

“ Most Votes shall carry't. --- Mine's a neutral Voice.

“ So I may wed, I'm not exceeding nice;

“ My humble Wishes, Sir, no higher rise,

“ Than that the Man be honest, free from Vice;

“ Improv'd by Learning both of Books and Men;

“ His Genius witness'd by his well-known Pen;

“ True to his Country, and fair Virtue's Cause;

“ Unaw'd, unbrib'd, by Pow'r or by Applause;

“ From Superstition and Prophaneness free;

“ His Fortune equal to himself and me.

“ This

“ This Praise to C — his Friends allow is due ;

“ And Part, dear Farmer, I believe of you.”

THE P——, absent, could not speak his Mind ;
 But the young Farmer, complaisant and kind,
 Bow'd, smil'd, and drank my Health. An Omen fair !
 But, ah ! a young and fairer Maid was there ;
 I fear my Rival's Charms, I fear her Art,
 Each serve to move, and both to win his Heart.

THUS far in Mirth.— But now for steady Truth ;
 I'm climb'd above the Scale of fickle Youth.
 From Pain of Love I'm perfectly at Ease,
 My Person Nature never form'd to please.
 Friendship's the sweetest Joy in human Life,
 'Tis *that* I wish — and *not* to be a Wife.

THUS, Madam, your Command I have obey'd
 In artless Lines: Of Censure not afraid :

Your

Your Goodness will accept my humble Lays ;
Content with this, I seek no better Praise.
Rough as the Road on which I gave them Birth,
Dull as the clouded Morn, or barren Heath.
Vainly I wish, oh could I tune my Song
Sweet as your Name, and as your Virtue strong !
With Pleasure I'd the grateful Theme pursue,
But, I despair — And humbly bid, *Adieu.*

