

# **PLEASANTRIES, IN RHYME AND PROSE**

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Pleasantries, in Rhyme and Prose by George Brewer

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**GEORGE BREWER**

**PLEASANTRIES, IN  
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# PLEASANTRIES,

IN

RHYME AND PROSE.

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ODES TO FLATTERY,	§	ALL WORKS AND NO WORKS,
——— POVERTY,	§	THE DEBTOR AND CREDITOR,
A VISIT FROM INDUSTRY,	§	THE DRAGON DAME AND THE
ODE TO MY PARROT,	§	HAMMER DAME,
THE APOTHECARY AND HIS	§	EPISTLE FROM ESCULAPIUS,
OUT-RIDER,	§	THE DERBIAD, &c. &c.

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BY

GEORGE BREWER,

*Author of Hours of Leisure, &c. &c.*

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO JOHN HIRST, ESQ.

Of Winchmore Hill, Southgate, Middlesex.

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"LIVE TRIFLING INCIDENTS AND GRACE MY SONG."

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TO

**JOHN HIRST, Esq.**

*DEAR SIR,*

THOSE who know you, and did know your late, highly esteemed, father, will not wonder that there should be *private* gratitude, that might produce *public* testimony of respect, and having myself, served my King, it cannot be matter of surprise that I desire to present my Work, to one who has also *served*, and more, commanded a troop in one of the most highly distinguished regiments in *that* service, *the Royal Horse Guards, Blue.*

Believe me, Dear Sir, that I shall always consider it an honor, and pleasure to have any opportunity of subscribing myself with sincere regard,

Your most

Devoted humble servant,

**GEO. BREWER.**

*Livias Cottage, Derby, }  
May 14th, 1819. }*





## PREFACE.

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I DO not know what may be expected from these said PLEASANTRIES of mine, but I know that my friends, and subscribers must be very pleasant, and good tempered people for waiting the event so patiently. I think that I have given expectation a fair opportunity. I hope however most sincerely that these few *Vagaries*, may afford my subscribers some amusement in return for their kindness, and politeness, my excuse for the delay of publication is an honest one, and complimentary to them. I cannot write when I please, and could not bring *myself* to consent to give them what I should *myself* call rubbish: my Verses such as they are, are my *own*. I could easily have packed up a few common place rhymes to have answer'd the purpose of making a book, nor should I have much cared for what the Messrs. Simpkins, Tompkins, or Hopkins of Society might have thought of the matter. I do not suffer these *dull homines* fit only to perpetuate the race of blockheads in the world, to

“Dixy my Arithmetic.”

Species who remind me of the excellent judgment in physiognomy of my friend Shakspeare,

“Whence got you that goose look?”

I am now perhaps one of the most independent men living, not from having *so much*, but from wanting *so little*. The

Italian proverb, that, "*Poverty makes strange bed fellows,*" does not apply in my case. I will never sacrifice to fools, no nor write verses in public houses for "*cheerful ale.*" I shall still wrap my old cloak about me, and pass the vulgar,

"The little vulgar, and the great."

But then I have an infinite respect for *exceptions*, for the *egregious* of Society. Would that I knew of a spot where the blockheads might constitute the *exceptions*, there indeed an author might "*fare sumptuously every day.*" How unhappy is the lot of him, who is in a region where

"Grave and formal pass for wise."

I recollect a pleasant fellow, who threaten'd that he would advertise for an entire *new set* of friends, and acquaintance, the *old* being neither useful, nor ornamental; that a man comes to be so shuffled, and sorted in the world, is often a *mauvaise plaisanterie* of Madam Fortune.

I amuse myself sometimes in my own room, where, save, and except some twinges of conscience for past offences against happiness, and prosperity,

"For madness ruled the hour;"

my mind is to me a *kingdom*, with some *pleasantries* of the imagination on the subject of my subscribers taking this my said Work into their hands. I fancy that I hear some *grave* Gentleman, say very *gravely* to another, as a salvo to his own Judgment, "Why Sir, I merely subscribed to serve the poor creature, probably I shall never look at his book," to which the other replies as *gravely*, "it was just so with

me Sir." Now all this ungracious reservation is the result of the *want* of pride. Few in the world with all their *pride*, are *proud* enough to say, unless bolster'd up by the opinion of a "thousand barren spectators." *I like this Work*: how do I honor the man who wills it, to judge for himself; nor do the words published by subscription necessarily imply that the Author is a *poor Poet*, though it most certainly does imply that the *Poet is poor*. It is not pretended that these rhymes are of the modern high standard and measure, I am not one of those of whom Pope said,

" But most by members, judge a Poet's song,  
And smooth, or rough with them is right or wrong;  
In the bright muse though thousand charms conspire,  
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;  
Who haunt Parnassus, but to please their ear,  
Not mend their minds as some to church repair;  
Not for the doctrine, but the music there,  
These equal syllables alone require."

It is possible that a man may write *Pleasantries* under very *unpleasant* circumstances, satire rises in the imagination to relieve as it were the sufferings it endures, and a contempt for the *motley* people, and *motley* things of the world, creates an effervescence that neutralises,

" For though oppression's of great use,"  
Yet satire has a spring,  
That starts up to resist abuse,  
" With formidable sting."

I hope however, that the pages of this volume that may be considered satirical, will be found without gall. Without