

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



3 1761 00280607 3

UNIV. OF
TORONTO
LIBRARY



Presented to
The Library
of the
University of Toronto
by

D. Owen, Esq.





FRANCIS GROSE. Esq^r. F.R.S. & A.S.

LE
877304

Handwritten notes and signatures at the top of the page.

THE
OLIO:
BEING
A COLLECTION
OF

ESSAYS, ANECDOTES, EPIGRAMS,
DIALOGUES, PIECES OF EPITAPHS, &c.
LETTERS, POETRY, CHIEFLY
BIOGRAPHICAL PARODIES, ORIGINAL.
SKETCHES. BON MOTS,

BY THE LATE
FRANCIS GROSE, Esq. F. R. S. & A. S.

SECOND EDITION,
CORRECTED AND ENLARGED, WITH
A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

London:

*277263.
119/32.*

PRINTED FOR HOOPER AND WIGSTEAD, NO. 212,
HIGH HOLBORN, FACING BLOOMSBURY-SQUARE.

1796.

AC

7

G7

1796



ADVERTISEMENT.

OF the various articles, original and compiled, which form the aggregate of this MEDLEY, the series of Essays entitled *The Grumbler* only were printed while the ingenious Author was living: of the rest it will be difficult to ascertain, whether he meant to give them to the public, or only to reserve them for his own amusement and the entertainment of his friends. To draw a conjecture, however, from the mode in which they were collected and preserved, it seems most likely to have been his intention, when at leisure from more important or interesting pursuits, to form them into a volume. The publisher therefore presumes, that he does nothing more than execute, though imperfectly, the designs of his deceased and much-lamented friend; with an anxious care at the same time, as far as his judgment goes, not to usher any thing into the world which was merely intended to be kept as an object of private curiosity.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Essays, written after the manner of Addison, and of the various periodical Essayists that followed him, were, under the assumed character of *A Grumbler*, addressed to one of the Author's intimate friends, who conducted a newspaper, and to whom the publisher committed the revivisal of the whole. The greater part of these Essays or Letters were printed in the paper alluded to, the *English Chronicle*; the others, which are now first published, were evidently intended as a sequel to that work.

THIS OLIO consists of a great variety of articles, in verse and prose; many of which were evidently written by Mr. GROSE, others collected or transcribed; and some, as appear from private letters, communicated by friends. The publisher regrets that he had not the means of arranging each in its proper class, nearly the whole being in the Author's own hand-writing; and particularly that his reading does not enable him accurately to distinguish the Anecdotes, Jest, Bon Mots, Epigrams, &c. which are original from those which are compiled.

A SKETCH

S K E T C H

O F

FRANCIS GROSE, Esq. F. A. S.

BY A FRIEND.

It was intended in this volume to have given some account of the Life and Writings of Mr. Grose; but that work being deferred to the next year, the following Poetical Sketch, by his friend Mr. Davis, of Wandsworth, may not be unaptly introduced; as it will give to those who were unacquainted with the author some idea of his character and person, while to those who had the good fortune to know him, it will be recognized as a spirited and well-drawn portrait.

SINCE, thanks to heaven's high bounty, free,
 And blest with independency,
 I taste, from busy scenes remote,
 Sweet pleasure in a peaceful cot;
 While other bards, for int'rest, chuse
 To prostitute their venal muse,

A SKETCH OF

And offer incense, with design
To please the great, at Falsehood's shrine;
Suppose for pastime I portray
Some valu'd friend in faithful lay.

GROSE to my pen a theme supplies.
With life and laughter in his eyes.
Oh! how I can survey with pleasure,
His breast and shoulders ample measure;
His dimpled chin, his rosy cheek,
His skin from inward lining sleek.

WHEN to my house he deigns to pass
Through miry ways, to take a glass,
How gladly ent'ring in I see
His belly's vast rotundity!
But though so fat, he beats the leaner
In ease, and bodily demeanour;
And in that mass of flesh so droll
Resides a social, gen'rous soul.

Humble---and modest to excess,
Nor conscious of his worthiness,
He's yet too proud to worship state,
And haunt with courtly bend the great.
He draws not for an idle word,
Like modern duellists, his sword,
But shews upon a gross affront,
The valour of a Bellamont.

On comic themes, in grave disputes,
His sense the nicest palate suits ;
And more, he's with good-nature blest,
Which gives to sense superior zest:

His age, if you are nice to know,
Some two and forty years ago,
Euphrosyne upon his birth
Smil'd gracious, and the God of Mirth
O'er bowls of nectar spoke his joy,
And promis'd vigour to the boy.

With Horace, if in height compar'd,
He somewhat overtops the bard;
Like Virgil too, I must confess,
He's rather negligent in dress ;
Restless besides, he loves to roam,
And when he seems most fix'd at home,
Grows quickly tir'd, and breaks his tether,
And scours away in spite of weather ;
Perhaps by sudden start to France,
Or else to Ireland takes a dance ;
Or schemes for Italy pursues,
Or seeks in England other views ;
And though still plump, and in good case,
He sails or rides from place to place,
So oft to various parts has been,
So much of towns and manners seen,

He

A SKETCH OF

He yet with learning keeps alliance,
Far travell'd in the books of science;
Knows more, I can't tell how, than those
Who pore whole years on verse and prose;
And while through pond'rous works they toil,
Turn pallid by the midnight oil.

HE'S judg'd, as Artist, to inherit
No small degree of Hogarth's spirit;
Whether he draws from London air
The cit, swift driving in his chair,
O'erturn'd, with precious firloin's load,
And frighted madam in the road;
While to their darling vill they haste,
So fine in Asiatic taste:
Or bastard sworn to simple loon:
Or sects that dance to Satan's tune.

DEEP in antiquity he's read,
And though at college never bred,
As much of things appears to know,
As erst knew Leland, Herne, or Stowe:
Brings many a proof and shrewd conjecture
Concerning gothic architecture:
Explains how by mechanic force
*Was thrown of old stone, man or horse:

* Vid. Pref. to Antiquities, p. 11.

FRANCIS GROSE, Esq.

Describes the kitchen, high and wide,
That lusty Abbot's paunch supply'd:
Of antient structures writes the fame,
And on their ruins builds his name.

* Oh late may, by the fates decree,
My friend's Metempsychosis be;
But when the time of change shall come,
And Atropos shall seal his doom,
Round some old castle let him play,
The brisk Ephemeron of a day;
Then from the short-liv'd race escape,
To please again in human shape.

* He was partial to the doctrine of transmigration.

Nov. 30, 1773.





I N D E X.

THE GRUMBLER.

	Page
Essay I. THE Author's account of himself -	1
II. On the improper application, and the ludicrous effect of certain names -	5
III. The vanity of funerals - - -	9
IV. Different significations annexed to the same words and expressions - -	12
V. On the irrational pursuits of <i>Virtu</i> -	16
VI. Public nuisances of the metropolis -	20
VII. Contrast between the tradesmen of the present and of former times - -	24
VIII. Frequency of perjury occasioned by the laws - - -	29
IX. Of the trade of begging - -	32
X. Of the common errors in the education of children - -	36
XI. Sketch of some worn-out characters of the last age - - -	40
XII. Complaint of a wife at her husband's rage for antiquities - -	45
XIII. Of the academies for young gentlemen and ladies - - -	50
XIV. Sketch of a modern connoisseur -	54
XV. On	

	Page
XV. On the distresses sustained from misplaced and overstrained civility -	58
*XVI. On the inconveniences and mortifications to which persons too delicate and dainty in their food are liable	64
XVII. On the ridiculous consequence assumed from superiority of places of residence	70
XVIII. Patriotism a narrow and self-interested energy of the mind - -	77
XIX. On the ludicrous incongruity of names given to ships in the royal navy -	81
XX. Pedantry not confined to men of letters	85
XXI. On the inattention to decorum and cleanliness of people advanced in years. -	83
XXII. On slip-flopping, or mis-application of words - - -	92.

EPISTLES, VERSES, &c.

Epistle to the right hon. Lord O - - - - w	- 96
Verfes on the Winchester Theatre, spoken by Mr. Davis, between the play of False Delicacy and the farce of the Jovial Beggars - -	100

* The First Sixteen only were printed in the life-time of the Author.

Verfes

	Page
Verfes published in the Salisbury Journal	101
Prologue, fupposed to be fpoken by a native of Ireland	102
Lines addreffed to Mrs. H-----, an antiquated Demirep	103
Poetical epiftle to Mrs. Green	104
Dialogue between a traveller from London and a waiter at a Scotch inn	105
Another Dialogue between an Englifhman and a Scotchman	114
Chronicles of Cox-heath camp	117
The Blunders of Barming-heath	121
Cox-heath advertisement	126
Specimen of modern oratory	127
———— of modern criticifm	128

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES

Of Mr. Jofeph Ames	133
Mr. William Oldys	136
Dr. Ducarrell	139
The Rev. George Harveft	143
Parfon Patten	150
John Warburton	158
Of	

	Page
Of Dr. Johnson - - - - -	161
Dr. Butler - - - - -	162
Sir John Hawkins - - - - -	163
General Lloyd - - - - -	164
Fournier - - - - -	165
Chatelain - - - - -	166
Tull - - - - -	168
Worldidge - - - - -	169
Hollar - - - - -	ib.
Heckel - - - - -	170
Parry - - - - -	171
Smith - - - - -	172

A N E C D O T E S

Of Lord Northington - - - - -	173
Lord Tyrawley - - - - -	175
The Antiquarian Society - - - - -	176
Lord Londonderry - - - - -	177
——— Winyard, Esq. - - - - -	178
Doctor Riley - - - - -	179
Mr. Cervetti - - - - -	180
Mr. Echard - - - - -	182
Mr. Constable - - - - -	ib.
The Earl of Harrington - - - - -	184
Of	

	Page
Of Sir Joseph Ayloffè	184
Mr. Caufield	185
Mr. Monings	186
Dr. John Egerton	ib.
Mr. Wilkes	187
George Selwyn	188
An Irish Lady	ib.
The Westminster electors	189
A sailor	ib.
Mr. Fox	190
Mr. Heyman	ib.
A reprobate buck Parson	191
The Copeluck Landlady	ib.
Dr. Halifax	ib.
A lover of music	192
Dr. Sharp	ib.
The Duke of Norfolk and George Selwyn	193
A bruising Parson	ib.
Dr. Wilson	194
George Selwyn	ib.
A young spark and quaker	ib.
Lieut. Forbes	ib.
An Irishman	195
An Irishman and tythes	ib.
An Irishman and suicide	196
The contempt of the clergy	ib.
The first regiment of guards	ib.
Col. Bodens	197

JESTS, BON MOTS, AND BLUNDERS.

	Page.
A very bad man - - - - -	197
A lady given to scolding - - - - -	ib.
An Irishman angling in the rain - - - - -	198
A jolly Bacchanalian - - - - -	ib.
George Selwyn - - - - -	199
An Irish servant - - - - -	ib.
Capt. Patrick Blake - - - - -	ib.
A lady reproving a gentleman - - - - -	200
Lieutenant S—— - - - - -	ib.
Lieutenants R—— and P—— - - - - -	201
Ensign B—— of the Surry militia - - - - -	ib.
Charles Fox and the butcher - - - - -	202
————— and Westminster voter - - - - -	203
————— and dead cat - - - - -	ib.
A clause in an Irish bill to limit the privilege of franking letters - - - - -	ib.
A clause in another bill for pulling down the old Newgate in Dublin, &c. - - - - -	204
Lieutenants B—— and D—— - - - - -	ib.
The Rev. Mr. Newman and ensign B—— - - - - -	205
Ensign B. and his mother - - - - -	ib.
Lord Thurlow and Mr. Pitt - - - - -	206
A drummer and recruit - - - - -	ib.

SKETCHES

SKETCHES of THE TIMES.

	Page
London - - - - -	207
Visiting - - - - -	208
Cries of London - - - - -	210
Illuminations - - - - -	211
Beggars - - - - -	212
Vagrant impostors - - - - -	214
Grave robbers - - - - -	216
Parish jobbing - - - - -	217
Coaches - - - - -	218
Church-yards - - - - -	222
Riding double - - - - -	224
Whitehall Eclogue - - - - -	226
Parody on the Indian death-song - - - - -	233

E P I G R A M S,

Written by a gentleman attending at the Secretary of State's office - - - - -	234
On a Scotch Presbyterian - - - - -	235
On the Drummers of the Westminster militia - - - - -	ib.
On a dispute between two musicians - - - - -	236
Robert's complaint - - - - -	ib.
Advice to a lady - - - - -	ib.
On Mr. Gipps and Mr. Taylor - - - - -	237
On a Parson - - - - -	238
	On

	Page
On an officer fantastically dressed	239
On a lady who squinted	ib.
On Mrs. Fury	240
Epigramme	ib.
Ditto	241
On a friend of the author's	ib.
Verfes of a Spanish poet	242
Degrees of swearing	ib.
On the fair sex	243

OBSERVATIONS ON DIFFERENT SUBJECTS.

On advertisements in public newspapers	244
On the comparative state of the deaf and blind	258
On the criminal laws of England	259
On general compliments	266
On the slave trade	ib.

L E T T E R S,

Giving an account of an extraordinary apparition	267
In vindication of Sir J— M— —	273
To the critic of the Gentleman's Magazine	277
From a lamp-lighter of Covent-garden theatre	282
By Mr. Stoppelear	ib.
On sealing letters	283

CURIOS

CURIOUS EXTRACTS, ANECDOTES,
AND STORIES.

	Page
From a register of East Dean, Suffex - -	284
From a treatise entitled a Christian's sacrifice	286
Longevity of the tortoise - -	288
Extraordinary anecdote - -	289
Others - - - - -	290
Curious lines - - - - -	292
Anecdote of Mr. Gostling - -	ib.
Story of Mr. Cosnan - - - -	293
—— Six-bottle Jack - - - -	294
Curious dissertation on Heraldry - -	295
Superstitious notions - - - -	296
On wigs - - - - -	297
Extempore verses - - - - -	298
Irish hand-bill - - - - -	299
Verses on the fire of London - - -	ib.



EPITAPHS.

E P I T A P H S.

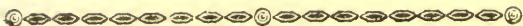
	Page
On a serjeant of the Surry militia - -	300
In the true stone-cutter's style - -	301
On a wife - - - -	ib.
On one Munday, who hanged himself -	302
On a dyer - - - -	ib.
On a ditto - - - -	ib.
On a seaman - - - -	303
On a tailor - - - -	ib.
On Alderman W—, of Guildford - -	ib.
On a disorderly fellow named Chest -	305
On Evan Rice, huntsman to Sir Thomas Maunsel	ib.
The same Englished - - - -	307
On Mr. Croft, a staymaker - - - -	308
On John Underwood - - - -	309
On John and Edward Topham - - - -	ib.
In Biddeford church-yard - - - -	ib.
In Dorchester church-yard - - - -	ib.
On Sir John Trollop - - - -	310
On the lady of Dr. Greenwood, who died in child-bed - - - -	ib.
On a lieutenant of marines - - - -	311
On a sailor in Leostoffe church-yard, Suffolk	312
In the church-yard of Sevenoaks, Kent -	ib.
In West Grinstead church-yard, Suffex -	ib.
On ——— Du Bois, a fencing-master - -	313
In	

In Rochester church-yard, Kent, in memory of Sarah Elway	- - - - -	313
In St. Margaret's church-yard, Rochester	- - - - -	ib.
In the church-yard of Christ-church, Hants	- - - - -	314
On Thomas Day	- - - - -	315
On an officer of excise	- - - - -	ib.
On John Treffry, Esq.	- - - - -	ib.
On John Langdon	- - - - -	316
On Mr. Levett's huntsman	- - - - -	317
On a bailiff	- - - - -	ib.
On a second wife	- - - - -	ib.
In Edmington church-yard, Essex	- - - - -	318
On a publican	- - - - -	ib.
On a sailor, in Harwich church-yard	- - - - -	319
Another	- - - - -	ib.
On a person of the name of Stone	- - - - -	ib.
On Thomas Hawkins, the first yeoman of the guard	- - - - -	320
In Hearne church-yard	- - - - -	321
In Guildford church-yard	- - - - -	ib.



1111

THE
GRUMBLER.



ESSAY I.

The Author's account of himself.

IT is an old, and I believe an acknowledged, observation, that Englishmen, assembled in a stage coach or other public vehicle, are, at their first meeting, shy, and apparently actuated by a kind of repulsive power, till jumbled together into a degree of intimacy, that is, till they have reciprocally announced themselves, their stations and connections. This being the case, and as I may probably take more than one journey in the vehicle of this paper, in company of some of the present readers, I think it necessary to introduce myself to them, to

A

give

give them some traits of my disposition and peculiarities, with the different causes which have conspired to constitute me, what I shall for the future style myself—A GRUMBLER.

To begin with my age—I am somewhat past fifty, and, though of a hale constitution, I have nevertheless received various bodily items and hints, that I am not exactly what I was twenty years ago. Now, as the idea of a decline is by no means an agreeable one, I comfort myself by attributing every ach and pain to the changeable weather of our climate, with which, using the freedom of an Englishman, I am continually finding fault. I am also sometimes led to conceive the ladies do not treat me with their usual attention; but this I charge to the extreme folly of the present times, which I cannot, however, help condemning.

THE make of my person is not a little calculated to produce discontent; for though my body contains as many cubic inches of flesh as would form a personable man, these are so partially distributed, that my circumference is nearly double my height; added to this, I have that appendage to my back, which is by vulgar naturalists held as a mark of nobility, entitling the bearer to the appellation of—My LORD.

The

The frequent recapitulation of this title makes me dislike to stir abroad on foot ; I cannot ride on horseback, and have not a sufficient income to afford a carriage, except on extraordinary occasions.

WITH respect to politics, I am a staunch Opposition-man and Grumbletonian, having neither place, contract, nor pension ; bred to no trade or profession, I have occasionally been the humble companion of men in power, but my merits and abilities have been overlooked by them all.

LASTLY, to complete the catalogue of the means of souring my temper, after twenty years close attendance on the humours of a peevish old maiden aunt, (a kind of Lady Bountiful) and during that time patiently listening to the roll of her former admirers, and the good offers she has refused, taking all the nostrums in her receipt-book for different disorders, swallowing her jellies and custards till ready to burst, suffering the impertinence of her favourite maid, being repeatedly bitten by her lap-dog, pinched by her parrot, and scratched by her cat—all this in hopes of becoming her heir—she has, in the sixty-ninth year of her age, thrown herself into the arms of

Mr. Dermot O'Flannagan, a Patagonian quarter-master of an Irish regiment of horse.

HAVING, from these and various other circumstances, acquired a habit of grumbling on all occasions, and having neither wife, children, nieces, or dependants, the common objects on whom these acrimonious particles are usually discharged, I have, by degrees, grumbled away all my acquaintances, except one old deaf lady, and thereby at length found my error, and in vain endeavoured to correct it; but, alas! it has taken too deep root in my constitution. This has obliged me to alter my plan, and convert this disposition to the public service, by venting my spleen on the vices and follies of the times. If, by accident, it should in any instance produce a reformation, I shall have done some good; if not, it will at least, in a scarcity of news, serve to fill up a space in your paper, and save you the trouble of reviving some bloody murder, or fabricating some wonderful sea-monster driven ashore near Deal or Dover.



E S S A Y II.

On the improper application, and the ludicrous effect
of certain names.

THE business of standing godmother and godfather to children is a matter of much more serious consideration and consequence than is generally conceived; I do not mean as to the solemn undertaking to instruct the infant in the duties of our religion—a subject more proper for the pulpit than this essay—but I confine myself simply to the naming of the child, whose future comfort, during great part of its life, depends on the name the sponsors are pleased to give it. Battles innumerable await a youth of spirit labouring under a singular name. The rage for fine names is incredible. Among the middle and lower order of tradesmen, we find few Joans, Hannahs, Sarahs, Rachels, or Elizabeths—but Anna-Marias, Charlotte-Matildas, Eliza-Sophias, and such other romantic and

royal appellations fill the parson's baptismal register, and lists of the little boarding-schools about Stoke Newington, Hoxton, and Islington, where young ladies of that rank receive the rudiments of their education. High-flown names of this kind sound ludicrously, when directed to perform the ordinary household drudgery. It would be next to impossible to refrain from smiling on hearing Clarissa ordered to wind up the jack, and Catharine-Ann-Maria to empty the ash-tub, or fetch a pail of water.

I remember a school-fellow of mine, who was a striking instance of the inconvenience of a remarkable christian name. He was a very honest simple lad, unluckily called Solomon. His name and mental abilities formed too strong a contrast, to escape the least boy in the school; therefore, not to speak of the jokes with which it furnished his companions, it lay too obvious to escape the master, who unfortunately was a punster, and who, in correcting him for a fault, could not refrain from imbittering the chastisement with some allusion to his name, or comparison of his wisdom or his judgment, with those of his royal namesake. If he appeared in a new coat, the whole school was convened by some wag or other, to see King Solomon in all his glory.

A god-

A godfather would do well to avoid such names as admit of any ridiculous diminutives, or are subject to vulgar witicisms. Edward, for example, is a name dignified by the Black Prince; and that warlike monarch, Edward III. yet all their laurels scarcely avail against the ridiculous appellations of *Neddy* or *Teddy* my godson.

DANIEL, though the name of a prophet, is, as every school-boy knows, subject to many bye-words and scurvy rhymes, which I will not here repeat. If any of that name pretends to foresee any thing likely to happen, he is jeeringly saluted as a prophet; and if he appears uneasy, terrified, or surpris'd, he is said to look as if just come out of the lion's den.

PETER is another name---I know not why---to which the idea of an odd fellow is generally annexed. There is scarce a regiment but has an officer nicknamed Peter, who is always an eccentric being, and frequently a stupid fellow. Was it not that Greek is almost as rare among military people as money, I should suspect it was built on some allusion to the Greek word signifying a *stone*.

REGARD should likewise be had to the sphere of life in which the boy is likely to move.—Theophilus, Nathaniel, Theodosius, Obadiah,

Noah, and Michael, are very good names for a dissenting minister, but would make an indifferent figure on a muster-roll, or list of dramatic performers in a strolling company.

ON the other hand—George, Alexander, Guy, Sampson, and Orlando, are exceeding good military names, and convey the ideas of fighting men, but favour too much of assault and battery to appear to advantage in a court of law. Hard names give the bearers somewhat like the external husk of learning; and Onesiphorus, Vincentius, Eustatius, and Desiderius, look well at the bottom of a legal opinion, or physical prescription, especially if precursors D. D. L L. D. or F. R. S.

IN many professions, it is well known a happy name has been the cause of a great fortune. Thus a Lottery-Office keeper, by the surname of Goodluck, either real or assumed, almost monopolized the sale of tickets. Had he been christened Fortunatus, nothing could have withstood him. Several pretty little competencies were afterwards picked up by gentlemen in the same profession, under the names of Wingold, Sharegold, &c. &c.



ESSAY III.

The vanity of Funerals.

THE good people of England are all extremely fond of expensive funerals ; but this is most conspicuous in persons of the lower order, and of them the women. Many a wife, who hated her husband most cordially, and never suffered him to enjoy one quiet day during his life-time, expends what ought to maintain her family for six months, that the poor dear soul may have a handsome funeral, a velvet pall, with brass handles and hinges to the coffin ; and will want shoes and stockings for a year to come, that the parson may be shod all round, that is, equipped with a hat-band, scari, and gloves.

It is in England only that the epithets of *delightful* and *charming* are applied to shrouds and coffins, and that with such energy, as almost to make one believe the speaker envied the person

for whom they were provided. In the West of England, I knew a number of old alms women each club their only sixpence, and deprive themselves of their afternoon's pipe and cogue, to pay for the hire of the best velvet pall for one of their sisterhood, to whom they would not have contributed one penny to save her life, or release her from a gaol.

To be buried, what is called *decently*, is a great object with almost every inferior tradesman or artificer ; and a surviving husband or wife, who should expend no more on the burial of their dear spouse, than their situation absolutely required and justified, would run the risque of being themselves torn to pieces, or interred alive, for having put their husband or wife into the ground like a dog.

IN one extravagance we however fall short of our ancestors ; that is, in the article of funeral sermons, which are not now so much in use. Formerly, for a funeral sermon, many a disconsolate widow or widower has paid their last half-guinea, guinea, or even more, according to the quantity of Latin with which it was larded.

FASHION and foppery affect even this last exhibition of human vanity. Particular undertakers

takers are famous for the elegant curve of their coffins, the neatness of their feather-edge, and taste in the hinges, plates, and decorations, but more especially for the becoming and genteel cut of their shrouds. Nor is personal flattery confined to the living, but is also poured forth on the dead; nothing being more common than to hear a nurse compliment the relations of the deceased, by declaring her master or mistress makes the finest corpse she has seen this many a day.

IN London, an expensive part of a country funeral is saved, at least to the meaner people; that is, the wooden rail or head-stone, inscribed with rude ill-spelt poetry, and decorated with sculls, cross bones, Time with his scythe and hour-glass, or little blubber-cheeked cherubims blowing the last trumpet.

ON the other hand, when a successful haberdasher or tallow-chandler is buried in his parish church, vanity often prompts his widow or heirs to put up a monument to his memory, under the accumulation of the following expences:—Forty pounds to the herald's office for a coat of arms; ten guineas to the master of the free-school, for a dozen Latin hexameters, recording his birth and virtues; and fifty guineas for a

small marble monument. In return for all this expence, the family will have an armiger on record ; his epitaph being in Latin, cannot be read and contradicted by his neighbours ; and in a few successive generations, the virtues there attributed to him may pass current.

t'



ESSAY IV.

Different significations annexed to the same words
and expressions.

MANY words in the English language, owing to the present perversion of manners, carry no positive or general ideas with them, nay, have even contradictory meanings, according to the latitude or longitude in which they are spoken. To know what is meant by any particular appellation, you must be acquainted with the age, constitution, party, residence, amusements and profession of the speaker.

FOR want of the previous consideration of some of these articles, I had like to have got
into

into an ugly scrape with a Captain O'Flanagan who was recommended to me by a relation I have in Ireland, as a gentleman of remarkable honour. On this character I introduced him into my family, and luckily detected him in an attempt to debauch my wife, and elope with my eldest daughter, after having, as I believe, cheated me out of a considerable sum of money at cards. On coming to an eclaircissement, he demanded satisfaction, for what he called an affront; and it was with the utmost difficulty I escaped a duel. I have since learnt from my cousin, who has served long in the army, that by a man of honour he meant only a man of courage—one that was always ready to fight on any occasion, right or wrong.

ANOTHER instance I met with in the country. In a visit to a friend, at a great town in the North, I accompanied him to the public bowling-green, where I saw a very genteel looking man, who seemed to be shunned by every body. By accident, entering into conversation with him, I found him a very well-informed, polite, and agreeable gentleman. In my way home, I could not help taking notice of what I had observed; and enquired of my friend the cause of this gentleman being thus evidently disregarded.

garded. "Cause enough," answered he; "that fellow is the greatest scoundrel upon earth."—"What has he done?" said I—"Has he any unnatural vices? Has he debauched the wife or daughter of his friend? Or is he a bad husband or father?"—"We don't trouble ourselves about his amours or connections," peevishly answered my friend; "but to do the fellow justice there is nothing of that—he is besides both a good husband and father." "What then, has he committed a murder, or been guilty of treason?" "No," added my friend—"besides, we have nothing to do with his quarrels, and don't trouble our heads with his party; we have nothing to say against him on those subjects." "What then, in the name of Fortune, can it be! Is he a cheat, a black-legs, or an usurer?" "No, no!" replied my friend, "no such thing; but if you will have it, know then, that good-looking plausible villain, in his own farm-yard, shot a bitch-fox, big with young."—Recollecting that my friend, and most of the gentlemen on the green, were staunch fox-hunters, my wonder ceased.

NOR are the times of the day any more marked or positive than other words; but morning, noon, and evening, mean very differently
from

from different persons, and in different places. I remember formerly having received an appointment to wait on a noble Lord the next morning: for want of duly considering his Lordship's rank and amusements, I went at ten o'clock; but after knocking full half an hour, was convinced by a slipshod footman, that morning would not commence in that house till some hours after the sun had passed the meridian.

ON a similar appointment from a Welch Squire, I was at his door at eight, having been told he was an early man; but judge my surprize, when his servant informed me, his master went out in the morning. On enquiry, I found morning in that house did not reach later than seven o'clock.

AN *honest fellow*, no longer ago than last week, cheated me confoundedly in a horse. He was recommended to me by my cousin, Justice Tankard. On my remonstrating to him the false character he had drawn of his friend, I learnt that with him an honest fellow meant only one who would not baulk his glass, and could swallow six bottles of port at a sitting.

THE term of *good man* has, it is well known, an almost infinite number of significations, some
of

of them diametrically opposite to each other, according to the different local situations where it is used, and the persons by whom it is uttered; but among them all, it is not more strange than true, that it is rarely used to express its literal meaning.



ESSAY V.

On the irrational pursuits of *Virtu*.

AMONG the numerous purchasers of coins, marbles, bronzes, antiquities, and natural history, how few of them have their pursuits directed to any rational object!

ANCIENT coins, inscriptions, or sculptures, are only so far useful, as they tend to the illustration of history, chronology, or the state of the arts, at the time they were executed. Nor are the greatest collections of natural history worth preserving, unless employed in enabling us to conceive some of the wise and wonderful arrangements of the CREATOR.

THESE

THESE are indeed the proper objects ; but I fear the majority of our present collectors are actuated by other motives, and rather hope that being possessed of rare and costly articles will serve for their passport to fame, be admitted as a proof of their learning and love of the sciences, and at the same time obliquely insinuating some idea of their riches.

MANY persons feel a kind of pre-eminency from possessing an unique of any species of virtue. This idea was carried so far by a connoisseur lately deceased, that he has been known to purchase duplicates of rare prints, at very considerable prices, and afterwards to destroy them, in order to render them still more scarce.

BESIDES these there are a species of collectors, who seem to have a rage for every strange and out-of-the-way production of either art or nature, without having any particular end or design ; such was the man whose character is here given.

JACK Cockle was from his infancy a lover of rarities ; all uncommon things were his game : when at school, he would give half his week's allowance for a taw of any uncommon size or colour, a double wall-nut, a Georgius halfpenny or a white mouse ; in short, any thing uncommon,

mon, whether natural or artificial, excited his desire to possess it.

As he grew up, his taste dilated, and monstrous births and anatomical preparations were added to the catalogue of his researches. Under this influence, I have known him ride twenty miles to purchase a tortoiseshell boar cat, a kitten with three eyes, or a pig with but one ear. All deviations from the common walk of Nature, whether of deficiency or redundancy, were his desiderata.

BEING possessed of plenty of money, it may easily be conceived that every thing deemed extraordinary, found, born, or produced, within forty miles of his residence was brought to him; so that in a short time his museum was filled with monsters and curiosities of every denomination, dried, stuffed, and floating in spirits; and as his possessions increased, his rage for collecting grew more violent. This pursuit not only served to amuse him, but besides made him derive a portion of satisfaction from real misfortunes. For instance:—Once, when his wife miscarried of a son and heir, he derived great comfort from bottling the fœtus of the young 'Squire. Another time, at the manifest risque of his life, he had a very large wen cut
from

from his neck, not so much with a desire to get rid of that unsightly incumbrance, as from the consideration of the addition it would make to his subjects in spirits. And not long ago, his wife being with child, was terribly frightened by a pinch from a lobster, carelessly left in a basket. Jack, who really loved her, was much distressed at the accident, but seemed to receive comfort from the opinion of the neighbouring old women, nurse, and midwife, that in all probability the child would in some of its limbs or members resemble the object of its mother's terror.

His desire to investigate uncommon objects in nature sometimes involved him in very disagreeable situations ; and once in Ireland, besides a terrible beating, had nearly drawn on him a criminal prosecution. The case was as follows : According to common report, there are in that country a few remaining descendants of the people with tails. To one of them, an old woman, he offered a handsome sum of money for an ocular proof of this phenomenon, and on her refusal, attempted to satisfy his curiosity by force ; a scuffle ensued, the old woman cried out, and brought two sturdy fellows, her grandsons, to her assistance, who beat him most cruelly,

cruelly, and to complete his misfortune, laid an indictment against him for an assault, with an attempt to ravish their grandmother; and it was not without a considerable expence, and great trouble and interest, that the matter was accommodated.



ESSAY VI.

Public nuisances of the metropolis.

SPECULATIVE writers on police lay it down as a maxim, that in all things private emolument and convenience must give way to public accommodation: just the contrary is however universally the practice of this metropolis, and that by persons of all ranks.

If a lady of fashion has a route, the public street is blocked up by carriages, so as for the greatest part of the evening to be rendered totally impassable; whereby the mail-coach, carrying the public dispatches—a physician going
in

in haste to a patient,—or an accoucheur to a lying-in woman, may be often stopped for several hours. It will be answered, they may go round: so they might, was there any signal hung out at the end of the street, as in the case of new paving it; but for want of this notice, carriages attempting to pass become so involved in the *melé*, as to be unable to extricate themselves. Nor is the nuisance less inconvenient to foot-passengers, the pavement being entirely occupied by chairs, whose poles present themselves like the spikes of a *cheval de frise*, threatening a fracture to the knee-pans of those who are so hardy as to attempt a passage. Any remonstrance or request to make way, would not fail to draw down the abuse of the party-coloured gentlemen attending.

BUT to leave the great, who seem in all countries to have the privilege of breaking the laws with impunity, let us see whether the public convenience is more considered by people in inferior stations.

How often do we find the foot-way at noon totally occupied by brewers, lowering down beer into the cellar of an alehouse? Ask one of them to permit you to pass, the consequence will be an insolent reply, curses attended with

with a torrent of abuse, if not a shove into the kennel.

SIMILAR encroachments on the public paths are daily made by grocers, cheese-mongers, and wholesale linen-draper, who in the busiest time of the day, in the most frequented streets, cause the articles of their commerce to be tossed into or out of a cart across the pavement ; in which case it requires some agility, as well as knowledge of the laws of projectiles, to avoid a blow on the head with a sugar-loaf, a cheese, or a roll of linen.

IF a cart is delivering or taking in a load in a narrow street, and the drivers find it convenient to drink a sup of porter at the neighbouring alehouse, no entreaties can prevail on them to hurry down their liquor, but the public way remains stopped up during their will and pleasure. Nothing is more common than for gentlemen's coachmen to place their carriages so as to occupy the public crossings, particularly in dirty weather. The erections called hoards, built up before houses under repair, are in general so managed as to become great interruptions to passengers, as well as harbours to pick-pockets. Was the accommodation of the public at all considered, way might be made through them.

If any lodger dwelling up two or three pair of stairs, amuses himself with cultivating the science of botany, by means of pots set on the leads, it is the business of passengers to guard against the water that runs through them, as well as against the pots themselves, which in windy weather are frequently blown down. In this case the general safety yields to the amusement of an individual.

I WILL not insist on the little inconveniencies arising to the public from servant maids washing their doors about noon, since that commonly happens but once a week, and does not endanger life or limb. Besides, the trundling of their mops frequently produces employment for that useful artizan, the scourer.



ESSAY VII.

Contrast between the tradesmen of the present
and of former times.

WHAT a contrast between a tradesman or citizen of former times, and those of our days ! To go no farther back than forty or fifty years, a thriving tradesman was almost as stationary as his shop ; he might at all times be found there : “ Keep your shop, and your shop will keep you,” was a maxim continually in his mind. Born within the sound of Bow-bell, he rarely ventured out of it, except perhaps once or twice in a summer, when he indulged his wife and family with an expedition to Edmonton or Hornsey. On this occasion, the whole family, dressed in their Sunday clothes, were crowded together in a landau or coach hired for the day. On Easter or Whitsunday he might likewise treat himself to a ride on a Moorfields hack, hired at eighteen

teen pence a side, through what was then called the Cuckolds Round.

If in holiday time a friend was invited to dinner, which was not often the case, his fare was a large plumb-pudding, with a loin of veal, the fat spread on a toast, well fauced with melted butter, a buttock of beef, or, if the guest was of the Common Council, possibly a ham and chickens. The drink was elder or raisin wine made by his wife, and strong ale in a silver tankard. The meat was brought up in new-scoured pewter; the apprentice cleaned the best knives, and the maid, with her hands before her, waited at table, serving every guest with a low curtesy. His wife was dressed in her best silk damask gown, with flowers as large as a fire-shovel, so stiff that it would have stood alone—probably left her by her mother or grandmother.

THESE tradesmen paid their bills when due, and would have conceived themselves ruined, had a banker's runner called twice for a draft; and after going through all parish and ward offices, as well as those of their company, terminated their days in rural retirement, at Turnham-green, Hackney, or Clapham Common; from whence they could now and then make a

trip, in their one-horse chaise, to visit the shop where they had acquired their fortune. The daughters of these men were taught all kinds of needle-work, and at a certain age were initiated into all the culinary secrets of the family, preserved in a manuscript handed down from their great grandmother. The sons, instead of losing their time in an imperfect acquisition of a little Latin, were well grounded in Cocker's and Wingate's arithmetic, and perfect adepts in the rule of three and practice.

A tradesman of the present day is as seldom found in his shop as at church. A man of any spirit cannot, he says, submit to sit kicking his heels there; it is consequently left to the care of his apprentices and journeymen, whilst he goes to the coffee-house to read the news, and settle the politics of the parish. His evenings are spent at different clubs and societies. On Monday he has a neighbourly meeting, consisting of the most substantial inhabitants of the parish: this it would be extremely wrong and unsocial to neglect. On Tuesday he goes to the Sols, or Bucks, among whom he has many customers. Wednesday he dedicates to a disputing club, in order to qualify himself to make speeches in the vestry, or at the Common Council.

cil. As a man of taste and cultivator of oratory, he forms an acquaintance with some of the under players, from whom on their benefit nights he takes tickets, and at other times receives orders. If he has the misfortune to sing a good song, at least a night in the week is devoted to private concerts, of gentlemen performing for their own amusement at some public-house. As a good husband, he cannot refuse to accompany his wife and daughters to the monthly assembly, held at a tavern in St. Giles's or Soho, and sometimes to a card party, to play an innocent game at shilling whist.

DURING two or three of the summer months, he and his family take *a tower*, as they term it, to Margate, Brighton, or some other of the watering places, where, to make a handsome appearance, and look like themselves, they are dressed out in every expensive piece of frippery then in vogue.

If a friend is invited to take a family dinner, nothing less than two courses will go down; besides the footman, the porter and errand boy exhibit in liveries. Claret and Madeira are the liquors.

ON a tradesman of this sort entering into the holy state of matrimony, his wife's drawing and

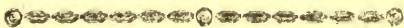
dressiug-rooms must be furnished according to the newest fashion, with carpets, curtains, looking-glasses, girandoles, and all the fashionable appendages.

If he has a family, the young ladies, as they are always styled, are sent to a boarding school, where they are taught to dance, to jabber a few mispronounced French phrases, and to thrum two or three tunes on the guitar or piano-forte; but not a single stitch of plain-work, for fear of making them hold down their heads, or spoiling their eyes; and as to housewifery, they could as soon make a smoke-jack as a pudding.

THE education of the male part of the family is not more sensible. At school they are taught the Latin grammar, and advance in that language to Corderius and Cornelius Nepos, which is forgotten in three months after they leave school. This, with a little French, dancing, and blowing a tune on the German flute, completes the piece.

THIS style of living is for a while supported by paper credit, and assisted by two or three tradesmen of the same description, who jointly manœuvre drafts of accommodation, and run through all the mazes of that art denominated swindling; till at length, overpowered by the accumu-

accumulated expences of renewals, interest, and forbearance money, this gentleman-like tradesman makes his appearance in the Gazette, preceded by a *Whereas*, and falls to rise no more, but terminates his life in the Marshalsea or King's Bench, his lady in the parish work-house, his daughters, if handsome, in a brothel, and his sons, unable to procure a livelihood by industry, make their exit at Newgate, or are sent on their travels at the national expence—to Botany Bay.



ESSAY VIII.

Frequency of perjury, occasioned by the laws.

THE great number of oaths, which different laws direct to be taken, has long been an object of complaint. On almost every occasion, in the Custom-house, before the Board of Excise, and those of every other branch of the revenue, gentlemen, merchants, and tradesmen, are required to swear to the different articles of their

business, commerce, or trade—often respecting circumstances it is almost impossible they should at all times know. Nevertheless, without taking such oaths, their different concerns must all be at a stand.

THE frequency of these oaths, and the slovenly, not to say irreverent and indecent manner in which they are administered tend greatly to take off their solemnity, by degrees to weaken their impression on the mind, and consequently to lessen the horror for perjury; so that nothing is more common than to hear persons, in every other instance men of integrity and conscience, talk very lightly of a Custom-house oath. Nay, indeed, it is said, and I fear with too much foundation, that there are a set of men who attend at the Custom-house, under the denomination of *Damned Souls*, in order, for a certain fee, to swear out any goods whatsoever for the merchants, although they never before heard of the articles, or saw the parties, and are totally strangers to every part of the business. But even these men have a kind of salvo to quiet their scruples—that is, to take a previous oath, by which they bind themselves never to swear to the truth, at the Custom-house or Excise Office. Surely great care ought to be
taken

taken to check every thing that may tend to familiarize perjury, or lessen the popular reverence for an oath. Against false evidence, backed by perjury, the life, honour, and fortune of the most harmless man is not safe.

LET any one, who hears an oath administered as it is too commonly done in our courts, say whether he thinks that a proper manner of addressing an appeal to the great Creator of all things, and whether he would not discharge a servant, who should not treat him with more respect?—Indeed oaths are so hastily and inattentively gabbled over by the generality of law-clerks, that the only intelligible sentence is the last, namely, Give me a shilling; so that few persons know the exact conditions of the oath they are taking.

MANY of the lower people are so little instructed in the nature of an oath, that they suppose they shall escape the guilt of perjury, by kissing their thumbs instead of the book; and others conceive, that the crime of a false oath is in the direct ratio of the book on which it is taken: it being perjury to forswear oneself on a common-prayer book, greater on a prayer-book and testament, and greatest of all on the prayer-book bound up with the old and new testament,

this constituting what is properly called a *bible oath*.

PERHAPS some plain practical discourses from the pulpit, on the subject of false swearing, and the nature and obligations of an oath, would be infinitely more serviceable to the generality of the people, than all the sermons on mystical points, that were ever delivered.



ESSAY IX.

On the trade of begging.

NOTWITHSTANDING the enormous sums collected for the poor notwithstanding the number of hospitals supported by voluntary contribution in the city and environs of London, there is no place where the feelings of humanity receive so many shocks. Every street, every alley presents some miserable object, covered with loathsome sores, blind, mutilated or exposed almost naked to the keen wintry blast.

Speak

Speak of this to any of the parish officers, and they will tell you these are all impostors, who, Faquir-like, practise voluntary austerities on themselves, in order to excite compassion, and procure money. Sure this very plea is a disgrace to our police, who ought in that case to apprehend and punish them. Should their distress be real, it is the greatest inhumanity not to relieve them.

How frequently in winter do we see a woman, with two or three half-starved infants hanging about her, apparently dying with the rigours of the season!—If humanity will not instigate the parish officers to take cognizance of them, sound policy ought; since these very children, thus educated, serve to carry on the succession of thieves and vagabonds.

THAT begging is a trade, and a very beneficial one, is well known? and it is said, that the community is under the regular government of a King or Superior, who appoints to every one a particular district or walk, which walks are farmed out to inferior brethren at certain daily sums. It is also reported, that beggars impose tasks on their children or servants, assigning them the harvest of particular streets, estimating each at a certain produce, for the amount of

which they are bound to account, under the penalty of a severe beating. A remarkable instance of this I learned from a person of credit, who overheard a beggar saying to a girl, whilst giving him some money, What is this for? Han't you been all about Bedford and Bloomsbury-squares? I am sure, huffey, if Ruffel-street alone was well begged, it would produce double this sum.

IN this community, natural defects, or bodily misfortunes, are reckoned advantages and pre-eminences. A man who has lost one leg yields the *pas* to him who wants both; and he, who has neither legs nor arms, is nearly at the head of his profession, very extraordinary deficiencies excepted;—an instance of which was given in a sailor, who had but one eye, one leg, and no arms. This man, asking in marriage the daughter of a celebrated blind man, was answered by her father—that he thanked him for the honour intended, which he should have accepted, had not his daughter received some overtures from a man who crawled with his hinder parts in a porridge-pot.

IT seems a fixed principle in beggars, never to do a day's work on any account, and rather to run away from a job half completed, than finish it to receive the stipulated hire.

I remem-

I remember an old Justice, that lived in a village in the vicinity of London, who, from his knowledge of this principle, long contrived to have his fore-court and garden weeded gratis by itinerant beggars. As he had a handsome house near the road, it naturally drew the attention of the mumping fraternity. On their application for charity, he constantly asked them the usual question, "Why don't you work?" To which the usual reply was always made, "So I would, God bless your Worship, if I could get employment." On this musing a while, as if inclined by charity, he would set them to weed his court or garden, furnishing them with a hoe and wheelbarrow, and promising them a shilling when their job was completed. To work then they would go, with much seeming gratitude and alacrity. The Justice stayed by them, or visited them from time to time till they had performed two-thirds of their task; he then retired to a private corner or place of espial, in order to prevent their stealing his tools, and there waited for what constantly happened the moment he disappeared, which was the elopement of his workman, who rather than complete the unfinished third of his work, chose to give up what he had done.

done. This method, with scarce one difapointment, the old Juſtice long practiſed ; till at length his fame having gone forth among the mendicant tribe, he was troubled with no more applications for charity.



ESSAY X.

On the common errors in the education of children.

IN this commercial country, how much more advantageous would it be to cultivate the ſtudy of arithmetic, geometry, and geography, which at the ſame time as they are the *ſine qua non* of an intelligent merchant, habituate the mind to a cloſe method of reaſoning, and will be found continually uſeful in every ſphere of life. The modern languages are indiſpenſably neceſſary:

FORMERLY a knowledge of the learned languages was requiſite, in order to peruſe many valuable treatiſes written on arts and ſciences ; but all theſe are now tranſlated, and many of them better treated in our mother tongue. But for the common occupations of life neither
 Greek

Greek nor Latin are absolutely required. A man may measure a yard of silk or linen, sell gauze or ribband, or weigh out plumbs or tea, without having read the Iliad or Odyſſey of Homer, the Odes and Satires of Horace, or the Georgics, Bucolics, and Æneid of Virgil; and ſhould he riſe to be a Common Council-man, or an Alderman, he may make a good ſpeech at the Veſtry or Common-hall, without ever having read Tully's Orations in the original tongue.

THE learned languages are indeed generally deemed indiſpenſably neceſſary for the profeſſions of Law, Phyſic, and Surgery; but I believe, on mature inveſtigation, this opinion will be found partly erroneous. For an Engliſh common lawyer, Greek is abſolutely out of the queſtion; and ſince the pleadings have been in Engliſh, every ſpecies of form and precedent may be found in Engliſh. A clergyman and a civil lawyer cannot do without them. With reſpect to the healing arts, good ſenſe, obſervation, much practice, with a knowledge of the human frame, and qualities and effects of medicines, will enable a man to cure a diſorder, although he never read or even heard of either Galen or Hippocrates. Indeed, it is believed
by

by many, that a total rejection of Latin, and writing the prescriptions in plain English, would save the lives of many patients, that now fall secret victims to the ignorance of apothecaries' apprentices, who, by misunderstanding an abbreviation, or misconstruing a sentence, may mistake not only the quantity, but the species of the component drugs ; and if this does not happen very frequently, it is not owing to the discretion of the physicians, who most of them affect a very illegible scrawl. Surely, considering the exorbitant fees they receive, they might not only write better, but also give the words at length, at least as many of them as know the terminations. With respect to a surgeon, if he is an adept in anatomy, has a good eye, and steady hand, he may set a bone, or perform an operation, without ever having learned his *Propria quæ maribus*.

I would not be understood to decry the study of Greek and Latin as ornamental accomplishments, but object to the common mode of its being taught indiscriminately to all, without regard to their future plan of life.

THERE cannot be a more mistaken notion than that of considering the knowledge of languages as learning and science, to which they are really
nothing

nothing more than vehicles. One might, with equal propriety, call a phial or pill-box medicine. Nevertheless, we daily see pedants, bristled all over with Greek and Latin, who do not know a right angle from an acute one, or the polar circle from the tropics, and understand no other history but that of the intrigues between the eight parts of speech, with a list of their progeny, lawfully begotten and base born. Yet these men look down with contempt on the mathematician, philosopher, and chymist, who can express themselves in their native language only.

WHAT has led me into this subject is, the consideration of the many years of his most precious time thrown away by almost every young man, in studying the learned languages, of which the greater part are scarcely ever flogged into the rudiments; and few acquire more in the eight or nine years commonly wasted on it than they completely forget in less than two.



E S S A Y XI.

Sketch of some worn-out characters of the last age.

ONE of our celebrated writers has observed, that there is nothing so indifferent to us, that we can say without a disagreeable sensation, "we have seen the last of it." To the truth of this remark; every man who has lived long in the world can give his testimony. I am myself a man of little more than fifty years of age, and yet I have nearly out-lived divers species of men and animals, as well as a variety of customs, fashions, and opinions; and I can truly say, that although some of them were not the most agreeable, I cannot help recollecting them with a degree of complacency closely bordering on regret.

WHEN I was a young man there existed in the families of most unmarried men or widowers of the rank of gentlemen, residents in the
country,

country, a certain antiquated female, either maiden or widow, commonly an aunt or cousin. Her dress I have now before me: it consisted of a stiff-starched cap and hood, a little hoop, a rich silk damask gown with large flowers. She leant on an ivory-headed crutch cane, and was followed by a fat phthyficky dog of the pug kind, who commonly reposed on a cushion, and enjoyed the privilege of snarling at the servants, occasionally biting their heels with impunity.

By the side of this good old lady jingled a bunch of keys, securing, in different closets and corner-cupboards, all sorts of cordial waters, cherry and raspberry brandy, washes for the complexion, Daffy's Elixir, a rich seed-cake, a number of pots of currant jelly and raspberry jam, with a range of gallipots and phials, containing salves, electuaries, julaps, and purges, for the use of the poor neighbours. The daily business of this good lady was to scold the maids, collect eggs, feed the turkies, and assist at all lyings-in that happened within the parish. Alas! this being is no more seen, and the race is, like that of her pug dog and the black rat, totally extinct.

ANOTHER character, now worn out and gone, was the country 'Squire; I mean the little independent

dependant gentleman of three hundred pounds per annum, who commonly appeared in a plain drab or plush coat, large silver buttons, a jockey cap, and rarely without boots. His travels never exceeded the distance of the county town, and that only at assize and session time, or to attend an election. Once a week he commonly dined at the next market town, with the Attornies and Justices. This man went to church regularly, read the Weekly Journal, settled the parochial disputes between the parish officers at the vestry, and afterwards adjourned to the neighbouring ale-house, where he usually got drunk for the good of his country. He never played at cards but at Christmas, when a family pack was produced from the mantle-piece. He was commonly followed by a couple of grey-hounds and a pointer, and announced his arrival at a neighbour's house by smacking his whip, or giving the view-halloo. His drink was generally ale, except on Christmas, the fifth of November, or some other gala days, when he would make a bowl of strong brandy punch garnished with a toast and nutmeg. A journey to London was, by one of these men, reckoned as great an undertaking, as is at present a voyage to the East Indies,

Indies, and undertaken with scarce less precaution and preparation.

THE mansion of one of these 'Squires was of plaister striped with timber, not unaptly called callimanco work, or of red brick, large casemented bow windows, a porch with seats in it, and over it a study; the eaves of the house well inhabited by swallows, and the court set round with holly-hocks. Near the gate a horse-block for the conveniency of mounting.

THE hall was furnished with fitches of bacon, and the mantle-piece with guns and fishing-rods of different dimensions, accompanied by the broad sword, partizan, and dagger, borne by his ancestor in the civil wars. The vacant spaces were occupied by stag's horns. Against the wall was posted King Charles's Golden Rules, Vincent Wing's Almanack, and a portrait of the Duke of Marlborough; in his window lay Baker's Chronicle, Fox's Book of Martyrs, Glanvil on Apparitions, Quincey's Dispensatory, the Complete Justice, and a Book of Farriery.

IN the corner, by the fire side, stood a large wooden two-armed chair with a cushion; and within the chimney corner were a couple of seats. Here, at Christmas, he entertained his tenants

tenants assembled round a glowing fire made of the roots of trees, and other great logs, and told and heard the traditionary tales of the village respecting ghosts and witches, till fear made them afraid to move. In the mean time the jorum of ale was in continual circulation.

THE best parlour, which was never opened but on particular occasions, was furnished with Turk-worked chairs, and hung round with portraits of his ancestors; the men in the character of shepherds, with their crooks, dressed in full suits and huge full-bottomed perukes; others in complete armour or buff coats, playing on the base viol or lute. The females likewise as shepherdesses, with the lamb and crook, all habited in high heads and flowing robes.

ALAS! these men and these houses are no more, the luxury of the times has obliged them to quit the country, and become the humble dependants on great men, to solicit a place or commission to live in London, to rack their tenants, and draw their rents before due. The venerable mansion in the mean time is suffered to tumble down, or is partly upheld as a farmhouse; till, after a few years, the estate is conveyed to the steward of the neighbouring Lord, or else to some Nabob, Contractor, or Limb of the Law.



ESSAY XII.

Complaint of a wife at her husband's rage for antiquities:

THERE is certainly some satisfaction in relating one's grievances, although without a chance of procuring any alleviation. Permit me, therefore, to trouble you with a recital of mine, which, from as happy a woman as any within the sound of Bow-bell, have made me extremely uncomfortable.

I am, Mr. Grumbler, the wife of a wealthy citizen, who, having made up his plumb, retired from business, with a resolution to spend the remainder of his days like a gentleman. For this purpose he took a handsome house in Bedford-square, and gradually dropping his mercantile acquaintance, cultivated an intimacy with Masters of Chancery and Counsellors, and was actually known and bowed to by one of the Welch Judges.

As

As my husband was of a convivial turn, he subscribed to most of the great hospitals, and was complimented by many of them with a Governor's staff. To this I had no great objection ; it introduced him into respectable company, and, except an extra fit or two of the gout, occasioned by their venison feasts, it was attended with few or no ill consequences. But mark the sequel.

ONE unlucky day, after dinner, my husband accidentally pulling out a handful of pocket-pieces, keep-fakes, and other trumpery, there happened to be among them a Pope Joan's sixpence, and some other old popish pieces, coined before Julius Cæsar, that had been given him by an old aunt ; they were noticed by a grave-looking doctor-like man, who sat near him, and who extolled them to the skies, as great curiosities, and begged leave to exhibit them to the Society of *Antic-queer-ones* ; to which my husband accompanied him, and had the honour of being introduced to several Lords, Bishops, and other great people, as the learned possessor of those valuable pieces of antiquity. It may easily be conceived that my husband did not want much entreaty to become a member of so respectable a Society ; he was therefore, in
an

an evil hour, proposed, and in due time balloted for and elected.

WHAT the religion of this Society may be I cannot take upon me to determine. From the number of Bishops and other Clergy that belong to it, one would be apt to think they are Protestants; though from the multitude of crosses, legends of saints, representations of nuns and friars, and other superstitious articles that form the subjects of their enquiries, they have greatly the appearance of *Papishes*.

WHATEVER may be their tenets, the alteration in the behaviour of my husband, shortly after his introduction into this fraternity is hardly to be conceived; it has so totally changed all his pursuits and amusements, that I have more than once thought this understanding somewhat deranged. Formerly he used to make a visit to the watering places every summer, where he attended the rooms, and associated with the company; or in his morning rides on the South Downs, from Brighthelmstone, would alight from the chariot, and divert himself with looking for wheat-ears, gathering mushrooms, or some other such rational pursuit. Now he minds nothing but hunting for large bumps of earth, or ragged stones set up an end; for these
he

he has strange names, which I have almost forgot: I think he calls them *Tumbulusses*, and *Cram-licks*, and says they were Pagan churches and burial places, and talks of digging them up. Surely no good can come of disturbing the bones of Christians; for, Mr. Grumbler, though they be Pagans, they are nevertheless Christians like you or me. He also takes tours to visit ruinous castles and abbeys, vaults and church-yards, and has a closet full of broken glass, and brass plates, purchased of country sextons, by them stolen from the windows and grave-stones of their respective churches.

BEFORE this unhappy period, when he received his dividends at the Bank, or India-house, he would bring me home some little piece of plate or ornamental china, for my mantle-piece or beaufet. Alas! those times are no more; all the plate and china are removed, and in their room the shelves stuffed full of broken pans, brazen lamps, copper chizzels, bell metal, milk-pots, and a parcel of outlandish halfpence eat up with canker. For one of these pieces, as green as a leek, I am told he actually gave a guinea. This piece, I understand, owes this amazing price to its being an eunuch. Folks must

must love those kind of cattle better than I do, to give so much for their effigies.

BESIDES laying out his money on these absurd nick-nacks, my husband is continually subscribing to and purchasing a number of strange books, whose names are followed by the letters F. A. S. What these letters mean I know not, but fear no good. T'other day he brought home a huge book, as big as a table, full of prints of tombs, coffins, men in armour, and ladies in winding-sheets ; and another almost as large, which he told me was the Domesday Book. Alas ! I fear these gloomy subjects will give the poor man a melancholy turn, that may end in suicide.

IN short, if his mind does not take a speedy turn, to more agreeable objects, we must part ; as I cannot think of living like an undertaker's wife, surrounded by every thing that can remind one of mortality.



E S S A Y XIII.

Of the academies for young gentlemen and ladies.

e

A PROPER attention to the education of children is in general deemed one of the most important considerations of life, yet in practice there is not one less attended to. A country 'Squire, before he puts out a puppy to a dog-breaker, carefully enquires into the man's abilities and qualification for his business; but the same 'Squire will entrust the care and instruction of his son or daughter to persons of whom he knows nothing at all, and that without the precaution of enquiring their moral characters, or capability of executing their undertaking.

FORMERLY such enquiry was less necessary than at present, as no one could keep a school without a licence from the bishop of the diocese,

case, who, it must be presumed, would not grant one without a previous scrutiny into the moral character and literary abilities of the candidate for such licence. This regulation was made to prevent the growth of Popery and fanaticism; but as neither is at present feared, and religion being pretty much out of fashion, the law, though still in force, is grown into disuse.

To look at the number of academies in almost every street, and to read the advertisements of them in our daily papers, one would be apt to think that the children of the present generation bid fair to have most excellent educations; but, on examining into the qualifications of the masters, and (as they are now politely called) the governesses of these seminaries, it will be found, that nine-tenths of them have scarcely one requisite for their profession.

To begin with the academies for young gentlemen.—The master, who is perhaps a broken exciseman, rarely professes more than to teach writing and arithmetic, though not to be idle, he hears the lesser boys repeat Lilly's grammar rules by heart. French is taught by a Swiss, or an Irish Papist, a deserter from the Brigades;

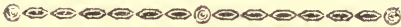
and the learned languages by an ungraduated Welch curate. Dancing is taught by a German valet-de-chambre, and music by a quondam fidler to a puppet-show.

THEIR bodily food is not more exquisite than that prepared for their minds: and many of these grammar-castles are held in an edifice of two rooms on a floor, and have an extensive play-ground for the children to exercise themselves in, measuring about fifteen feet by twenty.

THE qualifications of a governess of young ladies are still lower; that department being generally filled by discarded Abigails, who can scarcely read English, and jabber a few English phrases literally translated into French. If, besides this, they can flourish muslin, or perform two or three ornamental and useless species of needle-work, they consider themselves as fully competent. An assistant, called *Mademoiselle*, is a necessary post of the establishment. These ladies have commonly acquired their learning as half-boarders in some great school, and, like Chaucer's Nun, speak the French of Stratford near to Bow, being equally ignorant with her of the French of Paris.

AN itinerant dancing-master and a deputy organist teach the young ladies dancing and music; indeed the chief study of the governess is directed to these qualifications, particularly the former; and “Miss, hold up your head, and sit like a lady,” is an admonition she mechanically repeats every ten minutes. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at, that little or no useful needle-work is taught here, as that is apt to give young ladies a habit of poking out their heads.

SUCH are, in general, the instructors of the rising generation; what can be expected from such an education?



E S S A Y XIV.

Sketch of a modern connoisseur.

AS the present various exhibitions of paintings occasion the term *Connoisseur* to be frequently repeated, I shall, in this essay, endeavour to shew the necessary qualifications entitling any one to that denomination.

FORMERLY it was requisite that the person so described should be deeply initiated in the circle of fine arts; for example, that he should be completely read in the works of Vitruvius, Palladio, and all the famous architects; that he should be well versed in Geometry and Mechanics, understand Perspective, both linear and aerial, and not unacquainted with the principles of Anatomy. It was also necessary, that he was master of the theory of picturesque beauty, composition and design, and by a diligent study of
the

the best productions of the antique and most celebrated masters in Sculpture and Painting, to have made himself acquainted with their different styles, excellencies and defects. Such were the acquisitions required formerly to entitle a man to the appellation of *Connoisseur*. How unlike to these are the modern qualifications for the same denomination!

THE first requisite, nay, I may say the *sine qua non*, for forming a modern Connoisseur, is money; it being held impossible that a man of small or no fortune can understand any thing of the fine arts, or at least can demonstrate his proficiency in them, by purchasing, at great prices, the almost invisible pictures of the ancient masters.

THE next requisite, almost indispensably necessary, is to have made the grand tour, and to have visited the city of Rome. The finest pieces of art, considered and studied out of that country on any other spot whatsoever, convey no kind of instruction, the principles of connoisseurship being there inhaled with the air.

SOME little study is indeed necessary to put these acquisitions in a conspicuous light; but this is a mere matter of memory—I mean names and terms, such as Michael Angelo,

Raphael, the Carraches, Guido, Corregio, Titian, and Paul Veronese—the colouring of the Venetian school—*clair obscur*—keeping contour, grand gusto, with a few others easily acquired. To apply them with some degree of propriety, a few days spent in the company of the Ciceroni and picture-dealers of Rome will give a general and sufficient information. If to these acquisitions, the modern Connoisseur should add a journey through the Netherlands, he may encrease the catalogue of painters, with the names of Reubens, Vandyck, Teniers, Ostade, Berghem, Rembrandt, &c. &c. which, with a fortnight's study of *Du Piles*, and *Florent le Compte*, will make him pass in all companies for a consummate virtuoso.

ONE thing I had like to have omitted, which is of great efficacy in establishing the character of a profound judge in the arts;—this is, the candidate for that distinction must on all occasions remember to decry the works of English artists, particularly those who have never travelled; it being absolutely necessary, in order to paint the portrait of an Englishman, an English woman, an English horse, or to represent an English landscape, that the artist should have

studied

studied the men, women, animals, and views of Italy.

THE honorary title of an amateur or collector of prints, which is a connoisseur of an inferior order, likewise requires money as the first qualification. The means of being admitted to this honourable class, is to purchase at enormous prices, not the best pieces, but the scarcest of each master. Thus, the heedless Gold-weigher, the Horse with the White Tail, and Lazarus without a Cap, are all etchings by Rembrandt, absolutely necessary to be found in the collection of one desirous of being distinguished as an Amateur and capital collector.

A collector of Hogarth's must give a greater price for an impression of the head of a tankard or a shop-bill, engraved by that artist when an apprentice, than for his March to Finchley, Strollers in a Barn, Election dinner, or any of his best pieces. The great point of view in a collector is to possess that not possessed by any other. It is said of a collector lately deceased, that he used to purchase scarce prints, at enormous prices, in order to destroy them, and thereby render the remaining impressions more scarce and valuable.



ESSAY XV.

On the distresses sustained from misplaced and overstrained civilities.

POLITENESS and hospitality, though in themselves most amiable virtues, require a considerable portion of good sense and knowledge of the world, to govern the exercise of them, otherwise, even attended with the greatest sincerity, they frequently distress the parties on whom they are employed, more than the most virulent attacks of malevolence; and what makes these sufferings the more intolerable is, that should the sufferers complain, they are liable to be taxed, by superficial reasoners, with ingratitude. The truth of this assertion I most distressfully experienced in a late excursion to draw some ancient ruins, in which my time was limited to three days. Unluckily some friends who

who knew my errand, prevailed on me to take letters of recommendation to different gentlemen, residing near the subjects of my investigation.

THE first object of my enquiry was a ruined Abbey, which belonged to a gentleman who resided near it, and to whom I had a letter. As I was informed he was a man of taste, and a lover of the arts, I therefore promised myself great pleasure from his company, and contrived to reach his house the evening of my setting out. This I accomplished with much fatigue, intending to rise early the next morning to make the proposed drawing. On my arrival, I found him at tea with his family, in a cheerful parlour enlivened by a good fire, which, it being autumn, and the day rather cool, was far from disagreeable. On producing my letter, I was received with the greatest cordiality, and the tea-table ordered to be removed to the best parlour. This, as the carpet and chairs were to be uncovered, the silver urn heated, and the fire lighted, took up a considerable time, which was farther prolonged by the smoaking of the chimney; so that it was impossible to endure the room for near an hour after it was ready. When the smoke had subsided, and the room was re-
ported

ported habitable, another delay took place, occasioned by the absence of the lady and her eldest daughter, they having slipped away, to make themselves (as they expressed it) fit to be seen. All these matters combined in throwing back the supper 'till half an hour after ten o'clock. It was in vain for me to declare I never ate suppers, that the lightest meal prevented my sleeping the whole night; a most sumptuous supper was provided, and by dint of importunity I was forced to load my stomach with a variety of meats. This, with a cold caught by the dampness of the parlour, or that of the best bed with which I was honoured, prevented me from closing my eyes all the night. Indeed we did not retire to bed till half an hour after two. The servants seized my boots, and on my remonstrating against it, and mentioning my going out early in the morning, the lady of the house declared, she could not think of suffering me to go into the air with an empty stomach, but that she would take care breakfast should be ready by ten o'clock.

I was up and dressed long before the appointed hour; but as the servants had not been in bed the greatest part of the night, my boots were not for a long time forthcoming. At half

an hour after ten, my landlord made his appearance, and apologized to me for his lady, who had overslept herself, but would be down in ten minutes. Unluckily, the lady was of that age that still (as she thought) justified a pretence to admiration. Dressing was therefore a business, not to be slightly hurried over; and that favourite counsellor, the glass, was so often and so minutely consulted, that the clock announced the eleventh hour before Madam made her appearance. The arrangement of the family plate, the display of the best china, and a variety of other matters, made it near one before we arose from breakfast.

I was now making the best of my way to my horse, when the gentleman and his lady informed me, they intended to accompany me to the ruin. By half an hour after one we were fairly under way, but as it was not above a mile or two to the spot the gentleman took us round about the grounds, to shew me some improvements he had lately made, and a pretty Chinese summer-house planned by his lady. This took us up near an hour more; but in some measure to remedy the loss of time, they undertook to lead me by a short bridle-way through the fields, to the centre of the ruin; but

but here we were again disappointed ; for after passing through several gates, the last we came to was locked. We in vain attempted to pick the lock, or force it open ; and as none of us would venture to leap it, we were obliged to go back by the way we came. At length, however, by three o'clock we were actually on the desired spot. I, who had previously to my setting out made myself acquainted with the ichnography of the building, and pitched on the best point of view to draw it in, was proceeding to sketch it ; but the gentleman, who valued himself on his taste, insisted on my going to two or three other stations, in order to see all the beauties of the ruin. These he so minutely considered and discussed, that it was half an hour past three before I was permitted to return to the place I had first chosen.

THE object was the most picturesque that ever employed the pencil of an artist ; the light was happily circumstanced, and I had already sketched in three parts of the view, when my friend came up with his watch in his hand, to tell me we should with difficulty be home by dinner-time, and that if we did not make haste, the venison would be over-roasted. I made use of a thousand arguments and entreaties to induce

duce him to permit me to remain and finish my drawing ; but he was inexorable, and besides told me, he had invited a neighbouring connoisseur to meet me, knowing it would give me pleasure, and that I might come back and complete my sketch after dinner.

WE got back to a profuse dinner, which I will not describe, and did not leave the table till it was much too late to think of returning to the ruin ; besides, the lady insisted on my making one at a rubber of whist, which lasted till midnight, and it was near two of the clock before we retired to rest.

THUS two days were consumed without my having done a stroke in the business for which I came, and all occasioned by an ill-judged politesse and misplaced civility.



E S S A Y X V I .

ON the inconveniences and mortifications to which persons, too delicate and dainty in their food, are liable.

AMONG the many disagreeable consequences arising from an improper education, there is hardly one that renders a man more uncomfortable to himself, and troublesome to society, than that of being over dainty in his food, or over nice in the other articles of accommodation. Only sons of great families, especially if educated under the mother's eye, and sickly children raised by art, rarely escape these misfortunes. In many persons it is affected, under the idea of shewing their sensibility or importance. But of these I do not at present mean to treat.

ON the first appearance of these propensities to over-delicacy, it is the indispensable duty of all parents and guardians to oppose and counteract them with all possible vigour; the future
happi-

happinefs of their child or ward in a great meafure depending on it. A youth fhould be taught to eat all forts of wholefome food variously cooked ; to overcome all whims, vulgarly called antipathies ; to fuffer the common inconveniencies of heat and cold without murmuring ; and, though I do not require that he fhould be obliged to thruft his nofe into a ftink, I would have him learn to encounter one without fainting.

IN a late excursion into Wales, in company with a gentleman labouring under the misfortune of what is called a delicate tafte, I had an opportunity, and a very difagreeable one it was, of experiencing the many inconveniences to which one vifited with fuch a tafte is fubjected, and alfo fubjects the reft of the company.

THIS gentleman appears, from his ftrength, health, and fize, calculated to perform the moft athletic exercifes, and formed to endure every fpecies of hardship ; and though by no means wanting in either good fenfe or good nature, has, by the improper indulgence of a mother and maiden aunt, acquired fo many diflikes, antipathies, and refinements, that he feems in danger of ftarving in the larder of the London Tavern. But to give my reader fome idea of
his

his character, I will relate the transactions of a morning during the above-mentioned excursion.

ON our arrival at the inn of a small Welch town, we were received by the harper, with that celebrated Cambrian air called "*Of a noble race was Shenkin.*" This was meant to do us honour. A harper makes an indispensable part of the establishment of a Welch house of entertainment, and the tune is a favourite one throughout the country, as was testified by the gesticulations of all the surrounding natives, who were assembled round our carriage in great numbers. At the very first note, my friend, who values himself on his taste in music, stopping his ears, ordered our blind minstrel to cease that infernal din, which jarred his head to pieces. Taffy reluctantly obeyed, and the audience separated with murmurs of disapprobation.

ALTHOUGH it was now the month of May, my friend ordered a fire; but as the chimney smoked, he set open the doors and windows, by which the room was rendered colder than before the introduction of the fire. Upon this being observed to him, he replied it was his rule to have a fire till the middle of June.

As

As we had travelled all that morning over some bleak mountains, our appetites were pretty well whetted, and my companion enquired earnestly what we could have for dinner. The answer was, trouts, chickens, mutton-ham, and eggs.—A bill of fare sufficient to satiate the appetite of a London Alderman !

THE whole was ordered to be got ready. The first dish presented was the chickens; they were tolerably well roasted, but not quite trussed *secundem artem*. On observing this, my friend ordered them off the table, saying, they looked as if they had been drowned in a ditch, and were stretching out their legs and wings, as in the act of attempting to swim. To these succeeded a dish of fine little brook trouts; the landlady was interrogated when they were taken, and on her answering yesterday, they were sent after the chickens—my companion declaring it was another of his rules never to eat trout except just taken out of the water. The eggs were then produced—when were they laid?—this day—let me look at them, the grain of the shell is smooth, it should be rough;—the eggs were therefore condemned. The butter next underwent a scrutiny—when was it churned? —yester-

yesterday—is it salted, or without salt?—it has a sprinkle of salt in it. This, and it not being of that day's churning, caused its rejection. A fine plate of mutton-ham was next set on the table, but unluckily it had been cut across instead of with the grain of the meat.

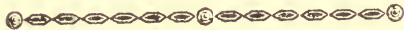
My friend now began to lament our misfortune in stopping at a house, where he could not get a morsel fit to put into his mouth. He, however, rather than starve, agreed to try an egg or two, although their shells were smooth; but unluckily, on calling for the salt, he found it was of the common sort, instead of rock salt.

He then asked for some bread and cheese, and skinning the loaf all round, broke the crust into mammocks and fragments, with which he strewed the table all over, and digging out the centre of the cheese, in a part before uncut, bit a small piece of it, and threw the rest down on the ground, declaring it was not fit for Christians. This last indignity to the cheese was too much for our landlady to bear, who, I saw, had for a long time with difficulty restrained her anger; but unable any longer to bridle it, she told him his *petters* had been entertained in her house, and found wherewithal to make a comfortable meal; that not longer ago than yesterday

day Squire Jones and Squire Davis both dined there, and went away well pleased ; that if he did not like her house, he might go where he could find better fare ; that she could not bear to see bread, the staff of life, so wasted. It was not without great difficulty I prevented the enraged daughter of Cadwallader from turning us out of her house ; but as I had made a hearty meal, and commended her provision, at my request she desisted from farther hostilities. My companion, who, as I before observed, was not deficient in good sense, saw he had gone too far, and in some measure made the *amende honorable*, by praising her ale, which she said was of her own brewing ; and the reconciliation was entirely completed by his observing, that Miss Winifred, one of the little dirty children running about the house, had a genteel appearance, and greatly resembled one of the young Princesses.



The Essays that follow seem to have been intended to form a part of the Grumbler; the Editor therefore thinks it proper to annex them to that work. Very few of them have been before printed; and none in any publication that has come out under the inspection of the Author.



ESSAY XVII.

On the ridiculous consequence afflued from superiority of places of residence.

SO prevailing is the love of superiority in the human breast, that most strange and ridiculous claims are set up for it, by those who have no real merit to offer. It is indeed absurd enough to value oneself for bodily perfections or mental powers, both being totally the gift of the Supreme Being, without the least merit

on

on our part. Nor is that consequence arrogated from illustrious birth at all justifiable, since the proof of possessing it cannot arise higher than probability; all ladies are not Sufannas, nor all servants Josephs: but suppose it proved, a good man does not want that addition, and to a bad one the virtues of his ancestors are a standing reproach. A lower kind of importance is frequently assumed, from the excellence of one's domestic animals, such as a fine pack of hounds, staunch pointers, or fleet horses; when the owner and arrogator of their merit has neither bred, chosen, nor taught them, and has had no other concern with them than simply paying the purchase money. How excellently does Dr. Young, in his *Universal Passion*, delineate and expose a character of this kind!

The Squire is proud to see his courser strain,
 Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain:
 Say, dear Hippolytus (whose drink is ale,
 Whose erudition is a Christmas-tale,
 Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,
 And friend received with thumps upon the back)
 When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
 And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,
 Is that thy praise?—Let Ringwood's fame alone,
 Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own,

Nor

Nor envies when a gipsy you commit,
 And shake the clumsy bench with country wit;
 When you the dullest of dull things have said,
 And then ask pardon for the jest you made.

BUT of all ridiculous pretensions to pre-eminence, that arising from the place of one's residence seems the most foolish, and yet nothing is more common, and that not limited to countries, provinces, or cities, but is regularly extended to the different parts of the town, and even to the several stories of a house. The appellation of country booby is very ready in the mouth of every citizen and apprentice, who feels an imaginary superiority from living in the metropolis; and let any one who has seen ladies from London, of the middling order, in a country church, answer me, whether they failed to display a contemptuous consequence founded on their coming from that city.

LONDON is divided into the suburbs, city, and court, or t'other end of the town, as it is vulgarly but commonly expressed, and again subdivided into many districts and degrees, each in a regular climax, conferring ideal dignity and precedency. The inhabitants of Kent-street and St. Giles's, are mentioned by those of Wapping, Whitechapel, Mile End, and the Bourough, with

with fovereign contempt ; whilst a Wapineer, a Mile-Ender, and a Borroughnian, are proverbially used about the Exchange to express inferior orders of beings ; nor do the rich citizens of Lombard-street ever lose the opportunity of retailing the joke on a Whitechapel fortune.

THE same contempt is expressed for the cits inhabiting the environs of the Royal Exchange, or residing within the sound of Bow Bell, St. Bennet's Sheer Hog, Pudding-lane, and Blow-bladder-street, by the inferior retainers of the law in Chancery-lane, Hatton-garden, and Bedford-row ; and these again are considered as people living totally out of the polite circle by the dwellers in Soho, and the opulent tradesmen settled in Bloomsbury, Queen's, and Bedford-squares, in their first flight from their counting-house in the city.

THE new colonies about Oxford-street sneer at these would-be people of fashion ; and are, in their turns, despised by those whose happier stars have placed them in Pall Mall, St. James's, Cavendish, and Portman-Squares.

THUS it is, taking this kind of pre-eminence in a general view ; but to descend to a smaller scale. The lodger in the first floor scarcely

D

deigns

deigns to return the bow to the occupier of the second in the same house ; who on all occasions makes himself amends by speaking with the utmost contempt of the garreteers over-head, with many shrewd jokes on sky-parlours. The precedency between the garret and the cellar, seems evidently in favour of the former, garrets having long been the residence of the Literati, and sacred to the Muses. It is not therefore wonderful, that the inhabitants of those sublime regions should think the renters of cellars, independent of a pun, much below them. Besides the distinctions of altitude, there is that of forward and backward : I have heard a lady who lodged in the fore-room of the second story, on being asked after another who lodged in the same house, scornfully describe her by the appellation of Mrs. Thingumbob, the woman living in the back room.

POLITE situations not only confer dignity on the parties actually residing on them, but also, by emanations of gentility, in some measure ennoble the vicinity: thus persons living in any of the back-lanes or courts, near one of the polite squares or streets, may tack them to their address, and thereby somewhat add to their consequence : I once knew this method practised

practised by a person who lived in a court in Holborn, who constantly added to his direction, "Opposite the Duke of Bedford's, Bloomsbury-square."

To prevent disputes respecting the superiority here mentioned, I have with much impartiality, trouble, and severe study, laid down a sort of table of precedency, and marshalled the usual places of residence in the following order, beginning with the meanest.—First then in order, of all those who occupy only parts of a tenement, stand the tenants of stalls, sheds, and cellars, from whence we take an immediate flight to the top of the house, in order to arrange in the next class the residents in garrets; from thence we gradually descend to the second and first floor, the dignity of each being in the inverse ratio of its altitude, it being always remembered, that those dwelling in the fore part of the house take the pas of the inhabitants of the back rooms; the ground floor, if not a shop and warehouse, ranks with the second story. Situations of houses I conceive to rank in the following order; passages, yards, alleys, courts, lanes, streets, rows, places, and squares.

As a comfort to those who might despond at seeing their lot placed in an humiliating degree,

let them remember that all but the first situations, are capable of promotion, and that the inhabitant of a yard or court, may, without moving, find himself a dweller in a street; many instances of this have happened within my memory: does any one hesitate at the appellation of Fludyer, and Crown streets, Westminster? and yet both these were, not long ago, simply Ax-yard and Crown-court, and have been lately raised to the dignity of streets, without passing through the intermediate ranks of lanes, &c. Cranbourn-alley has experienced the same elevation; and any one who should chance to call it otherwise than Cranbourn-street, would risk something more than abuse from the ladies of the needle, and sons of the gentle craft, resident there: Tyburn-road has been polished to Oxford-street; Broad-street St. Giles's, to Broad-street Bloomsbury; Hedge-lane, to Whitcombe-street; and Leicester-fields has of late been promoted to the rank of a square.



E S S A Y XVIII.

Patriotism a narrow and self-interested energy
of the mind.

IT is wonderful with what fervility men of sense adopt received opinions without examination, for the general consent gives a kind of sanction to them; yet it is not at all uncommon, upon a strict scrutiny, to discover, that we have been deceived by a plausibility of appearances; the truth is, the fear of incurring an imputation of arrogance or singularity in rejecting what has been long received as true has and does deter many from daring to think for themselves; yet it must be allowed this is a reprehensible timidity, and abuse of the reasoning faculties bestowed upon us.

AMONG the many splendid errors which will not bear the test of examination, is patriotism, by politicians, poets, and orators, in their declamations.

clamations held up as one of the most exalted virtues in the human breast ; and yet I think it may be demonstrated to be almost incompatible with Christianity or a liberal mind.

PATRIOTISM may be defined a love of one's native or adopted country, whereby we prefer its inhabitants, and their interests, to those of all other parts of the world.

IF this preference is unjustly grounded, that is, if the country be sterile, and the inhabitants uncivilized or immoral, such preference cannot be reconciled to common sense. The Gospel commands us to consider every man as our brother ; patriotism says our affections must be confined to a particular tract of country : patriotism is a kind of extended selfishness ; the character of a selfish man is not that with which any one would think himself much flattered : indeed if being born under a particular elevation of the Pole, gives the natives a title to one's affection, the regard due to the rest of mankind will be like all other qualities emanating from a centre exactly in the ratio of the squares of the distance from the place of our nativity, an estimate truly ridiculous, for the computation of which, instead of consulting one's reason,

reason,

reason, one must use a Gunter's scale, or a table of logarithms.

SUPPOSE the country of our affection engaged in an unjust war, does not patriotism demand of us our prayers for its success, and even our assistance in support of it; is this compatible with morality or christianity?

NOTHING can be so opposite to the feelings of a liberal mind, and even so shocking an insult to the Deity, as the prayers frequently put up in churches, supplicating the Father of mankind, that he would, out of his infinite mercy, permit and assist in the destruction of his creatures, perhaps defending themselves against the encroachments of an ambitious tyrant.

NATIONAL reflections are always considered as low and vulgar; are the distinctions made by patriotism more liberal? let us examine how we are apt to consider persons peculiarly attached to their own country in preference to all the world, when divested of prejudice, and uninfluenced by names.

ARE not the Scotch possessed of this national attachment, to a proverb; is it commonly mentioned among their virtues, or rather, is it not always brought in as an impeachment of their moral characters as men? and yet this is pa-

triotifm according to the ftrictest definition.— Can that be a virtue in one fet of men which is a vice in others ?

VULGAR patriotifm is an univerfal malevolence to all one's neighbours. Does not every country fervently pray that the commodities which they produce may fail in all other kingdoms and ftates ? that there may, for instance, be a fcarcity of corn on the Continent, or a failure of fuggars in the French iflands ; and that without the leaft confideration of the ruin and mifery to which fuch failure will fubject their fellow creatures.

LET those wifh to merit the name of patriots, in the only commendable fenfe of the word, confider the whole world as their country, and all mankind as their countrymen.

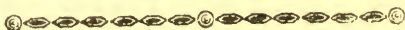
LET them then endeavour, by all means in their power, to produce happinefs to the whole, without geographical diftinctions, and that as well to animals as man.

BUT it may be urged, that patriotifm is the preferring the intereft of one's country to one's own immediate benefit ; if this is the effect of reafon, it is ftill felfifh, becaufe, the perfon making fuch preference thinks he fhall thereby, in the end, reap more benefit by the profperity of the

the

the society he belongs to, than by the immediate gratifications of his present interest; this is acting wisely, and as a miser or the most unfeeling Jew would do.

We are taught by history to look back with admiration and reverence to the example of those who have devoted themselves to death for the sake of their country; but instead of being ranked in the class of heroes, these men perhaps should rather be recorded as enthusiastic madmen, blinded by the vanity of making their names immortal.



E S S A Y XIX.

On the ludicrous incongruity of names given to ships in the royal navy.

IT seems extraordinary, that a little more attention is not given to the naming of the ships of our royal navy, particularly as they are by usage esteemed of the feminine gender, and spoken of by the sexual distinction *she*. No-

thing can be more absurd than to hear a failor praising the vessel to which he belongs, suppose the Jupiter or the Cato, by saying, *she* is a *fine man* of war: would it not be better to give such names as would not subject them to the like improprieties? Besides the ridiculous circumstance abovementioned, there are others not less striking; I have read in a newspaper, that the Queen gave the Monsieur a complete broadside, who was thereupon glad to sheer off; might not this, out of Portsmouth, be taken literally, and seem as if her gracious Majesty had been engaged in a scolding match with the Dauphin, and had sent him away as the vulgar saying is with a flea in his ear? When we hear a failor say, the Prince of Wales has been on board Poll Infamous, or that the Princess Royal has much injured her bottom, should we not tremble for the health of the royal offspring, by mistaking the Polipheme for the *Perdita*, or some other lady of that stamp; and the bottom of a ship for that of our King's eldest daughter?

A little contrivance would obviate these awkward circumstances: ships ought to be named from the different counties, as Kent, Suffex, Surry, or from certain properties or qualities,

as the Thunderer, the Terrible, or the Spitfire, names (as many married men can testify) that accord but too well with the feminine gender.

THERE is also another consideration to be had, which is to give vessels such names as may run easily through the mouths of common sailors, without being corrupted into low or indecent words, or liable to ludicrous equivoques, as is the present case respecting several ships now in commission; nothing is more common than to hear a sailor say he has been on board the Princess Royal; or to hear him mention the Castor and Pollux by a misnomer too gross to repeat. The Boreas and Pegase admit of more indelicate ideas, from the denomination of *Peg a-se*, and *Bore a-se*; and the *Eolus* is constantly degraded to an *Alebouse*; the *Belliqueux* into the *Belly Cooks*; the *Agamemnon* to *Eggs and Bacon*; and the *Bienfaisant* metamorphosed into the *Bonny Pbeasant*.

SHIPS being considered as of the feminine gender might not prevent their bearing the names of many of our Admirals, who may, without much impropriety, be spoken of as *old women*.

BESIDES

BESIDES the *slip-sloppery* here instanced, the names of the following vessels are thus corrupted: the *Fougeuc* becomes the *Fogey*, *Princess Louisa* the *Princess Loufy*, and the *Mars* affords the seamen too obvious an allusion to the *after* part of their persons. Nor, considering the uncertainty of all marine operations, would I recommend adopting the boastful names of the *Victory*, *Dreadnought*, *Conqueror*, *Invincible*, or *Inflexible*; as an unfortunate day may engage the *Gazette-writer* in an awkward combination of words, by being obliged to inform the public that the *Victory* was beaten off, the *Invincible* overpowered, the *Inflexible* forced to yield, and that the *Dreadnought* escaped by crowding all the sail she could carry.



E S S A Y XX.

Pedantry not confined to men of letters.

THE denomination of pedant has long been improperly confined to men of literature, although in reality it is equally applicable to men of every description. A pedant is one whose ideas are so totally engrossed by the object of his peculiar studies, that his common discourse is tinged with its technical terms. When this does not arise from affectation, it is by no means reprehensible, but serves to shew the parties have attended to the study of their occupations.

OWING to this kind of pedantry, the profession or occupation of the majority of any company may be discovered, every different calling having its peculiar allusions, jokes and witticisms. When a gentleman being asked for a toast gives the Chief Justice, his honour the
Master

Master of the Rolls, or repeats the bon mots of Mr. Justice Bullhead, or Sergant Splitcaufe, it requires no extraordinary sagacity to difcover that the propofer of fuch toasts is a limb of the law.

ON a like occafion, a perfon drinking his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, or his brother of York, the Bifhops of Durham or Winchefter, pretty clearly points out a candidate for ecclefiaftical preferment.

THE health of the Chancellor, is a more equivocal index, as he has confiderable patronage to beftow on the profefors of the law, as well as thofe of the gofpel; fo that the propofer of this toast may be either a candidate for a law office, or a living; to determine which it will be neceffary to confult the context of his difcourfe.

WHEN a fmart young fellow talks of the 18th, the 36th, or 64th, without difcriminating to what thofe number refer, now and then larding his difcourfe with an oath, and often emphatically mentioning *the fervice*, we may boldly pronounce him a military man.

IF he cites fome late determinations refpecting proofs, drinks the Mafter General, and talks
of

of the warren, it may be inferred that he is a military man, clothed in blue instead of scarlet.

SAILORS are so notorious for their professional allusions that they proclaim themselves in every sentence. In walking the street, if one of these gentlemen wishes you to quicken your pace, he will desire you to carry more sail ; if to wait for him, to lie to ; and if he desires you to hasten any business you are about, he will request you to bear a hand.

WHEN a buckish young fellow talks of Jack Sprat, of Queen's ; Tom Jackson, of Maudlin ; Joe Thomas, of Brazen Nose ; and Griff Jones, of Jesus ; he may be safely set down as an Oxonian or a Cantab.

THE Bedford, the Garden, the Town, the Ton, and the Houses, emphatically pronounced by a well-dressed man, mark the speaker to be a gentleman of gallantry and pleasure, and probably a wit and a critic.

THE Alley, Consols, Scrip, Omnium, Tickets, and the Rescounters, pronounced by a man in a cut wig, are indisputable marks of a stock-jobber, or lottery-office keeper. One of these recovering from an illness, on being interrogated as to his health, will answer, he is cent.

cent. per cent. better : or speaking of the circumstances of a friend or acquaintance, will observe, he is above or below par; taking up an empty bottle or bowl, he will pronounce it a blank ; and describing a person in a dangerous situation will declare he would not underwrite him on any consideration. If pedantry be an improper display of one's professional knowledge, these are all surely as much entitled to the denomination of pedants, as the scholar who makes an ostentatious shew of his learning.



E S S A Y XXI.

On the inattention to decorum and cleanliness of people advanced in years.

IT is a matter of frequent complaint from men advanced in years, that they are slighted by the younger members of society, on account of their infirmities ; this I think is rather ill-founded,

founded, and I, being of a middle age, and therefore an unbiaſſed judge, may be conſidered as of neither party: thus qualified, I ſet myſelf to examine the truth of their complaints, and after inveſtigation, am of opinion, that the fault chiefly originates with the ſeniors, who do not ſeem to diſtinguiſh between natural and unavoidable infirmities, and thoſe the conſequence of neglect or indulgence, nor to recollect, that though humanity makes it our duty to over-look and bear with the one, no ſuch toleration is required for the other. It would be inhuman to deſpiſe a man for a ſcald head, or ſcorbutic face; but it would be both juſt and proper to reproach him for an unwiped noſe or dirty teeth.

As I have been minute in my obſervations on this ſubject, I have generally obſerved, that maſters of families, even in the upper ranks of middling life, have, after attaining the term of ſixty years, aſſumed a ſort of licentious emancipation from moſt of the rules of good manners, and thoſe particularly which ought to be obſerved at table.

To evince the truth of my aſſertion, I ſhall lay before my readers the circumſtances that occurred in a viſit I made to a friend, who lives
with

with his father, formerly an eminent merchant, but now retired from business.

ON my arrival at the house rather late, I was ushered immediately into the eating-room, where the table was spread, and was seated next the old gentleman, who received me with many shakes by the hand, and one or two eructations in the face; it being a principle with him, that air should never be imprisoned in the human body; or to use his own words, wind was better in the wide world than in his small tenement.

COMPLIMENTS being over, the discourse turned on the weather, which Mr. — observed gave every body coughs and colds: indeed he shewed he had not escaped the common complaint, by repeatedly hawking and spitting thick phlegm against the bars of the grate, whence after frying for some time, it hung down in festoons of no very grateful appearance.

DINNER was now set on the table: the old gentleman helped the soup about, taking occasionally a sup or two out of the soup ladle.

THE boullie being much recommended, I requested some of it, and was helped by my old friend with the fork he had made use of not only in eating, but also in picking out a fragment

ment of the meat from between two decayed teeth.

A quarter of lamb was the next object on which he displayed his want of delicacy, for after separating the shoulder from the ribs, he dipped his fingers, well besmeared with Scotch snuff, into the saltseller, and taking up a large pinch of salt, sprinkled both with the mixture well rubbed between his thumb and fingers; the snuff thus rubbed off, he afterwards washed away by squeezing a Seville orange over the meat through his clenched hand.

AFTER chewing his meat for some time, he observed it was unwholesome to make a horse's meal; that is, to eat without drinking; and therefore seizing a large black jack that served as a magazine for the small beer, he without emptying his mouth, took a draft, and then applied himself to masticate what remained in his mouth.

No sooner was dinner over, than the old gentleman, addressing himself to me, said, Sir, I presume you have no objection to the smell of tobacco, and immediately ordered his pipe. A little pan was then set upon the floor, which served to spit in; but my host, either through infirmity or inattention, seldom con-
trived

trived to hit the mark, so that his saliva generally went upon the carpet, unless it was intercepted by my shoes, or the petticoats of a female relation of his, who sat next to us: whether the tobacco acted as a carminative, or that the food which he had taken into his stomach forced the wind downwards, the eructations with which I was saluted on my entrance were now changed into explosions by another passage; till by the combined powers of this narcotic herb, and the liquor which he greedily swallowed, my friend was fixed in his arm chair for the evening.



ESSAY XXII.

On slip-slopping, or the mis-application of words.

THE English, like most other of the modern languages, abounds in terms commonly supposed synonymous; in which nevertheless the critical are sensible of distinctions, more or less minute.

minute. An ignorance of such nice discriminations is pardonable in those who, from their situation, profession, or rank in life, could not be expected to have had the advantage of a classical education: but there is a grosser misapplication of words, which, from a character humourously delineated by Fielding, in one of the most popular of his novels, has been called *flip-flopping*. These mistakes never fail to excite laughter; but what often renders them the more ludicrous is, that a true word is spoken in a sense not intended by the speaker.

THESE flip-flops are frequently of the rank he has drawn his lady; that is, gentry at second hand, who pick up words thrown out by their superiors, and blunder in the application of them. Not long ago, I heard one of these ladies, who without the least reason was not a little vain of her person, declare, that she was extremely frightful, meaning only to convey an idea of the extreme delicacy of her nerves. Another, though no wise happy in either mental or corporeal endowments, always gives her dissent to any proposal, by declaring that she is not agreeable.

RIGHT, for obligation, is a common mistake. I ha'nt no right to pay that money, is among
the

the vulgar, a general answer to a demand which the speaker deems unjust. He had no right to be hanged, said one of another, whom he imagined not to have been legally convicted.

SUCCESSFULLY is another word used frequently for successively ; thus I remember to have heard a landlord of an inn, descanting on the hardship of quartering soldiers, declare, that in the very town, in which we then were, half a dozen landlords of the neighbouring inn had all been successfully ruined.

INGENIOUS is often substituted for ingenuous, come, be ingenious, and tell the truth, is an exhortation frequently used by justices clerks to culprit poachers, suspected of the wilful murder of divers hares and partridges. The same gentlemen are sometimes very strenuous for levelling the penalties.

CONSORT is sometimes mistaken for concert ; and judging of things as they ought to be, rather than as they are, this error is extremely natural. The meaning of these two words should not be so opposite as they often are ; but the fact is, that those whom destiny has joined do not always unite their mutual endeavours in harmony together.

EVEN

EVEN the church service itself is not exempt from this kind of slip-floppery. Almost every parish clerk is a lion instead of an alien, among his mother's children; one I remember who went to a length still more extravagant: in that verse in the chapter of Revelations describing the New Jerusalem, wherein it is said, the doors were of agate, and the windows carbuncles—the honest fellow read, the doors were of a Gate, and the windows crab's ancies.



E P I S T L E *

TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD ON—W,

MY LORD,

YOUR friend, in sad condition,
Implores your kind interposition,
To ward off an impending evil,
The corps is going to the Devil ;

The

* This was written in consequence of a regulation that was either made, or in contemplation, by the Colonel of the Surry regiment, for the whole battalion to be accoutred like the light infantry, with

The mess-room rings with daily racket
 About a cursed cap and jacket;
 A spirit vile of fustleering,
 Amounting nigh to mutineering,
 Sways an uncouth majority,
 And makes a cypher, Sir, of me.
 Your Lordship knows full well that I,
 (Thanks to your favour) do enjoy
 The honour'd post of adjutant,
 Paymaster, captain-commandant.
 The last, I fear, oh, sad vexation!
 Must suffer cruel amputation;
 For some there are, in impious spite
 Of all that's rational and right,
 Who set up the unjust pretence,
 That *rank* should conquer *influence*.
 To what a pass are matters come,
 Good heavens! then must I shew my b—m!
 How will the gaping rabble stare,
 At military pet-en-l'air!
 Without his joke not one will pass
 My huge rotundity of a—e;
 What food for each sarcastic snubber
 This load of adventitious blubber!

with caps and jackets. It need scarcely be mentioned, that the nobleman, to whom this humorous epistle was addressed is the Lieutenant of that county. ¶The cut prefixed to the epistle is from a caricature of the author, sketched by himself.

Not less conspicuous, let me tell ye,
 Will be my far-projecting belly;
 Which, thanks to good sir-loin and port,
 Looks like the bastion of a fort:
 Besides, this pretty joke will fill
 A gape-feed fare on Ludgate-hill;
 Where, class'd with Aldermanic paunches,
 A *new* edition of my haunches
 Will in conspicuous place be posted,
 And by the gaping cocknies roasted;
 But worst of all, when at the mess,
 With pond'rous breech the bench I press,
 They'll say (to one it is a million)
 I'm like a *but* upon a stillion;
 When by my wit a wight is stung,
 He'll say I'm frothing at the bung:
 A curse await this foul decree,
 Which gives such room for repartee,
 And blasts my just monopoly. }
 Ere in this jack-a-dandy plight,
 I boasted an *exclusive* right,
 To strew the bitter flowers of fancy
 Coeval with my adjutancy.
 Think not, however, Sir, that I,
 For self alone, make all this cry;
 Full many figures, lean and tall,
 Against this innovation bawl;
 Who dread they'll be by mobs dissected,
 And look like greyhounds when erected:

Few figures boast the grace to steer
 The mean 'twixt dwarf and grenadier.
 Set not this matter, Sir, at nought,
 But let your all-creative thought
 In horrid contrast paint together
 A Bantam cock cut out of feather,
 While capon thigh, and spindle shanks,
 Stalks like an ostrich thro' the ranks :
 The clothes e'en now, I'll answer for't,
 For decency are much too short ;
 Yet spite of all my threats and pray'rs,
 They tempt the amputating sheers ;
 A stag may urge as fair pretence
 To lop his scut's exuberance.
 Stand forth, my Lord, and interpose,
 And we shall crush an host of foes ;
 Hurl bold defiance at each elf,
 As if you did it from *yourself*.
 Convince each cap-mad, mad-cap wight,
 How sure is our coercive might ;
 But if you should in evil hour
 Neglect this delegated power,
 Which by these presents now I give you,
 I swear I'll never more relieve you
 From that incumbrance, volition,
 And then heav'n help your lorn condition.
 I'll not be any longer—that is—
 Your Lordship's *custos voluntatis* ;
 In short, my Lord, I will resign,
 Before a man of parts like mine,

Shall ignominiously suffer
 The taunts of each ill-natur'd scoffer;
 But I can't doubt your aid you'll grant

Your Grofs

And faithful

Adjutant.



*Verses on the Winchester Theatre being over the
 Shambles ; spoken by Mr. Davis, between the
 play of False Delicacy and the farce of the
 Jovial Beggars.*

WHOE'ER our stage examines, with surprize
 Perceives what inconsistencies arise,
 'Tis sure the strangest of the Muses rambles,
 From wit to beef, from Shakespear to the shambles ;
 Quick the transition, when the curtain drops,
 From soft Monimia's moans to mutton chops.
 How hard our lot, who, seldom doom'd to eat,
 Cast a sheep's eye on this forbidden treat ;
 Gaze on sir-loins, which, ah ! we cannot carve,
 And in the midst of legs of mutton starve.
 Divided only by one flight of stairs,
 A monarch swaggers, and a butcher swears.

While

While for her absent Romeo Juliet cries,
 Old women scold, and dealers damn their eyes ;
 Cleavers and scymitars give blow for blow,
 And heroes bleed above, and sheep below :
 Suet and sighs, blank verse and blood abound,
 And form a tragi-comedy around.
 With weeping lovers, dying calves complain,
 And seem to say, Chaos is come again.
 Hither your steelyards, butchers, bring, to weigh
 The pound of flesh Antonio's bond must pay ;
 Hither your knives, ye butchers, clad in blue,
 Bring, to be whetted by the ruthless Jew.
 'Tis strange, but humbly still our troop supposes,
 That at our stage you'll not turn up your noses.
 And we, true jovial beggars, fondly wish
 That no false delicacy will cry, pish.



Published in the Salisbury Journal.

IN James's reign a Jeffreys rose,
 Our throats to cut, and hides to curry ;
 King Bute has got, to crush his foes,
 Just such another tool in Murray.

P R O L O G U E,

Supposed to be spoken by a native of Ireland.

LADIES, your favor I again implore,
Grant it me now, I never ask'd before,
To speak an Epilogue, behold me here,
Against my will, turn'd out a volunteer.

[A great laugh.

Arrah, be asy, do not spoil my spaking,
What's that you laugh at, is it game you're making?
I'm wrong, 'twas Prologue that I should have said,
Fait I'm a novice in this spouting trade;
So've made a bull of that same term of art,
And fairly fet the horse before the cart;
'This slip has put me out, I'll try again,
'Tis pity we Irish are such bashful men.

Ladies,

'This night's the awful day, when all our band
For judgment 'fore your tribunal will stand.
We are no hirelings, no, we play for fame;
Profit, not praise, it is our only aim.
I'm out again; I'm bother'd so by fear,
I wish I could invisible appear:
For fait this audience, met to *see* our play,
Has made me quite forget what I'm to say.
So I no more will speak at all at all,
Save, Ladies, I'm your humble servant all;
Upon your candour all our hopes I stake,
'Trusting the deed you for th' intent will take.

Lines

*Lines addressed to Mrs. H——, an antiquated
Demirep.*

PATIENCE, I pray you, to my words attend,
 They speak the counsel of a real friend ;
 Tho' odious truths they usher to your ear,
 Such as you frequently must learn to hear ;
 Painful to vanity they may be found,
 But surgeon like, they probe to heal the wound.
 Long time ere this, your glass must needs have told
 How clumsy you are grown, as well as old :
 Why all that silk and gauze, ribbands and lace ?
 'They will not smoothe one wrinkle in your face :
 Your day is past, my words pray ponder well,
 Favours you now must buy instead of sell :
 What *Curtius* of these days, unhir'd, will brave
 The hideous yawnings of the hoary cave ?
 Or who, unpaid, will venture to abide
 The fumes exhaling from your greasy hide ?
 Or meet within your sweaty close embrace
 The poison of your lungs, breath'd face to face ?
 Those flabby d-gs that over-hang your stays,
 'Stead of desire, disgust and loathing raise ;
 Ready they seem over their bounds to start,
 Like fluid soil swashing in nightman's cart.
 Then leave desires that none will e'er supply,
 And to the bottle's aid for comfort fly ;
 Assume your bawd's degree, and dare defy
 Carts, justices, mill doll, and pillory.

Poetical Epistle to Mrs. Green.

HOPING no offence, my dear Madam Green,
 You're surely the strangest gentlewoman that ever was
 seen ;

Did'n't you say you'd come and see my drawings, and
 eat some of my plumb cake ?

Here I've kept it above a week, and all for your sake,
 And now it's as hard as a stone, and not worth a pin,
 To waste so fine a cake is I'm sure both a shame and
 a sin.

Besides, I've staid at home waiting for you morning after
 morning.

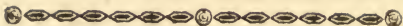
But I sha'n't do so again, and of that I now give you
 warning.

Indeed I consider this matter in a very serious light,
 And yourself can't say, it was at all behaving right :
 So if you don't come very soon, by way of amends,
 I can assure you, you and I will not be much longer
 friends ;

But when you come, don't bring any of your brats,
 For I hate little children as much as you do cats.

So hoping that of engagements in future you'll be more
 observant,

I am, Madam, your most obedient humble servant.



DIALOGUE,

Between a traveller from London, and a waiter at a
Scotch Inn.

WHAT, hip, halloo! house, drawer, waiter! isn't nobody alive in this here house? Zounds how you all moves like so many postfisks!---- Here, hostler, *carry* my horse into the stables.

Waiter. What's your wull, Sir?

Cockney. What's my wool? zounds! do you take me for a wool-feller, a sheep, or a negro? I have no wool, Sir.

W. I did not mean any thing but to ask what was your will.

C. What's my will! why what's that to you? I am not going to die; besides, you won't find a legacy there, I can assure you.

W. Sir!

C. What the devil are you dunny; won't you give me no answer; let me ax you, don't

you recollect me, as how I was squeegeed and scrouged into your little back room last season? I hopes as how I shall be better accommodated this here time: come, zounds, where's breakfast? you knows I ordered my breakfast always to be on table by nine.

W. Just so, Sir; but I am a little dull; but, Sir, I don't mind you nor your order.

C. Don't you, you rascal! Lord, Lord, what impudence! for a waiter to come for to go for to say to a gentleman to his face, as how he don't mind him nor his order.

W. Pardon me, Sir, I only said I did not recollect you: but, Sir, master will take care you shall have a bigger room.

C. Pray what is become of that fat Gemman that lives somewhere hereabouts, Mr. Thing-ammy, what's his name, the lawyer?

W. Oh! I think they call him Tod.

C. I don't enquire by what nick-name he is called, I wants to know his real name.

W. How caa ye him again?

C. I have not called him any thing yet.

W. I believe he *will* be an Irishman.

C. I don't know what he may change to, at present he is an Englishman.

W. Will

W. Will I get breakfast, Sir?

C. I don't know whether you will or not; I am no prophet; but I desire you would----pray what's o'clock?

W. It will be half ten.

C. Do you mean to say it is but five? for if I don't misreckon that's half ten.

W. No, Sir, I meant to say it was half an hour *from* ten.

C. Which do you mean, half an hour after nine, or half an hour past ten? both are half an hour *from* ten.

W. I only meant to say, it *will be* half an hour after nine.

C. Will be! I axed you what it was at this present hour, not what would it be.----How far is to Dumfries?

W. It will be twenty miles.

C. Damn your will-be's; how far is it now, and what fort of a road?

W. The road is pretty good; but on account of the late rains some of the waters are very big.

C. If they are very big, I hope they will be safely delivered in due time; but in the mean while can they be safely forded?

W. I'll enquire whether the waters will ride.

C. I have nothing to do with the horfemanship of the water----can I safely ride over the water?

W. Just so.

C. What is become of Miss E---; you know her, don't you?

W. Yes, Sir; she is a very *discreet* young lady, though a little *giddy* and thoughtless: she is married upon the Laird of Loch Cale, a cousin german of her own; but they don't live very happy, for when he is the worse of drink, he maltreats her very ill, and frequently beats her, and drags her by the hair of her head.

C. Ha! ha!---had he been content to seize hairs less in fight, or any hairs but these!

W. Poor lady! she is this time waited on; he ought to *think shame of himself* for such treatment.

C. What do you mean by waited on, does she receive company in form?

W. No, no, the Lord preserve me, I mean she lies now at the point of death.

C. Where is her husband?

W. I don't know; there is a charge of horn-
ing

ing and caption out against him, he has ruined himself by caution.

C. So, fo! this I take it is a Scotch action for *crim. con.*----but bring breakfast.

W. Do you *take* tea or coffee, Sir?

C. Take! I takes physic sometimes when I a'nt well; salts and manna, or jalap; but I always eats and drinks, for breakfast, coffee, tea, and buttered toftifis.----Have you any fruit here?

W. None at present but *peers*, and they sell for pence a-piece.

C. How many pence each?

W. Pence, Sir! why that's one penny.

C. Damn this ignorant fellow, he does not know nothing of his grammar; he puts the singular for the plural---no, no, I means the plural for the singular.

W. Would you please to have a few cale, Sir? they are very good.

C. Stay a moment---I will first fetch a little walk.

Enter English Servant.

W. What have you made of your master's breakfast will be cold.

E. Ser. Made of him! why faith neither a haggis nor a pie---but here he comes.

Enter

Enter Cockney.

C. I have altered my mind about walking ; waiter, where's the landlord, go and call him.

W. I *won't* get him now.

C. You won't get him now ! you are surely the most impudentest fellow living ; what do you mean by that, why won't you ?

W. Sir, I only mean I shall not find him ; he is gone to the field to his workmen.

C. Hey ?

W. Just so ; to try to win his hay.

C. *Try to win it !* So gambling goes on here too : with whom is he playing, and at what game ?

W. O, here's my master ; Sir, please to speak to the gentleman.

C. How d'ye do, landlord ? I thinks you looks much betterer than when I last saw'd you.

L. Yes, Sir, I am much better indeed ; I have *wanted* the gout these three months ; besides, I have *cut out my hairs*.

C. Nay, in God's name, if you want the gout, I wish you may have it ; but as to the cutting out your hair that must have been a terrible operation, who prescribed that ?

L. Nobody

L. Nobody, I cut it to wear a wig.

C. Pray how is your minister, he's a fine honest fellow?

L. That he is; but we have lost him; he was lately *transported*.

C. I hope not to Botany Bay; pray, what was his offence?

L. None to all; by transported we mean, in Scotland, removed to another parish; he has lately had a great mortification.

C. Which do you mean of body or mind? Bark is an excellent remedy for the first, and patience for the other.

L. Sir----I mean that an old gentleman has mortified, or left in perpetuity, a considerable sum of money for the augmentation of the salary of the church to which he is minister.

C. I am heartily glad of it. Well, waiter, take away the breakfast things.

L. Come here Wolley, *and draw the table*.

C. *Draw the table!* for what? I only wanted it to be cleared----Well, as I said, I'll go and fetch a walk; where's my hat?

W. I cannot find it; I have been searching both but and ben.

C. Don't tell me of *bat* and *ben*, as all the other fellows about the house: here, halloo!
has

has not nobody seen never a hat hanging on never a peg?

L. If it had been hanging, I am sure no one here would have lifted it.

W. I cannot find it.

C. I believe you have not troubled yourself to look for it, but I'll learn you better manners.

L. I am sorry I cannot stay to assist in the search; *I am very throng*; and besides must go to a roup two miles off, where there is some victual to be sold.

C. What, do they sell victuals by auction? I suppose it is the stock of some broken publican or butcher; and so you feeds your guests with second-hand provisions.

L. No, no; it is corn; oats, Sir; we call oats victual, here.

[*The waiter in removing the tea things throws some of them down.*]

C. So, there's multiplication going on.

L. You careless gillygawpus, you break more *lime ware* than your head's worth; but Ise gar you pay for them. When the man calls with pigs, I'll buy as many as you have broken, and deduct them out of your wages.]

C. What

C. What the devil, do your pig-drivers sell crockery?

L. No, earthen ware is called lime ware, and pigs, in Scotland.

W. I don't regard what master says in his passion; he is a very stingy, but a very generous man.

C. Stingy and generous! how do you make that out?

W. Very well; surely a man may be peevish and yet very generous.

C. So, then, stingy means peevish or touchy!

W. It does: but I am told this is not peculiar to the North.

The dialogue ends in this abrupt manner, and appears as if the author intended some further continuation. The design of it, however, only being to give a droll specimen of the Scotch idiom, and of the misunderstanding to which it gives rise in those who are not acquainted with it, the dialogue can hardly be considered as unfinished.



DIALOGUE,

Between an Englishman and a Scotchman

A. How d'ye do, Sandy?

B. Troth I've gotten a fair head.

A. I'm forry for it, that's a nauseous and troublesome disorder.

B. Sir!-----

A. Why I say a fore head, that is, I suppose, you mean a scald one, is a very troublesome disorder.

B. Hoot man, I only mean that I was a little the worse of drink last night, and so have a pain in my head this morning.

A. Worse of drink! I don't rightly understand you; did you drink any unwholesome liquor!

B. No, No, I was only a little fu.

A. I should never have guessed at that a man may be worse of liquor in many other ways; for example,

example, a man who surfeits himself by drinking cold water when he is hot may truly be said to be the worse of liquor.

B. Faith that's true; but without joking, I fear I shall fever----I was roving in the night.

A. Whither did you go?

B. No where; by roving, I mean I was what I believe you call light-headed or delirious.

A. Pray who was with you?

B. Three or four friends, one that you know, an Irishman, Paddy Murphy: there was likewise Sandy M'Gregor, the dull piper.

A. Dull piper must be a strange contradiction! pipers are generally merry fellows.

B. By dull, I only mean hard of hearing.

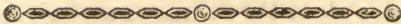
A. Was you merry?

B. Yes, at first, but as the liquor prevailed Murphy became ill to guide; I am sure he ought to think shame of himself. If I mind right he said, *he felt a bad smell*, and swore it was Sandy M'Gregor or his dog that made it. All those who were present *quarrelled him* for his behaviour: how soon this was said, Paddy lifted a *muckkin tin*, that was full of whiskey, and threw it at the *narrator*, who

seed

seed it coming, and dipping his head *timeously*, just *evited* it. The company were *difficulted* how to act *anent* in this matter, *severals* said he ought to be incarcerated for it, and not liberated in haste; some debarfed their reckoning and left the company. Paddy Murphy all this time cursing and swearing in a *fearful* manner, threatening Rob Wolles that he would break his impenetrable head, and let out the brains from his empty scull. None were exeemed from his abuse; but all the company gave it in *favour* of M^cGregor, who had, notwithstanding *of this* abuse, been extremely discreet.

This day Paddy was *summoned* before the justice, where he *pled* drunkenness. The justice having *deliberate* long, advised him to make it up, and so dismissed him. I am sure if I had it in *my offer* I will never fall in Paddy's company again.



MISCELLANIES.

Chronicles of Coxheath Camp.

This is one of the Author's fatirical effusions on the late General Keppel, who commanded at Coxheath.

IN the year of the reign of G the Third, king of England, there were great troubles in that kingdom, the people of America revolted, and the great king, even Louis the king of France, threatened to come over the seas, and to set his armies in array against the people of England, and to lay waste their cities.

2. WHEREFORE there was a great grief and terror went forth all over the land, and the elders held a council, and thought meet to call forth the young men of the nation, each armed with his sword and with his bow.

3. AND the young men left their farms and their looms, and their different occupations,
and

and ranged themselves under the command of their lords, their landlords, and their masters, who were captains of thousands, of hundreds, and of fifties.

4. AND the king fet over them as a leader of the whole host, a mighty man of war, named Cabello, or White Belly; and he ruled this host with a rod of iron; and they were encamped on the plains of Coxheath, on the south side of the river Medway, even as thou comest from Maidstone.

5. Now Cabello was prone to anger, depressing his inferiors to the dust; but to the great he bowed his head, like the bulrush to the western blast. He moreover abominated the inferior order of officers called subalterns, and neither communed with them, nor suffered them to eat meat at his table.

6. Now it came to pass, that the weather waxed cold, so that fires were directed, to be kindled to warm those soldiers who watched; but the wood for kindling the same was delivered out with a sparing hand, so that what was delivered out for four days would scarce suffice for one; and it was moreover diminished by the evil-doings of the ministers styled contractors, yet nevertheless it was said in the written orders of the
the

the day, ye shall not burn hedges, nor shall ye root up pales or other fences.

7. BUT behold one night, when there was no fuel, the watch of the left wing communed together, saying, "Lo, we perish with cold, were it not better that we put forth our hands and take such wood as we can find? this, peradventure, may not be discovered by White Belly, who sleepeth with his harlot."

8. AND lo they went forth, and took divers wooden utensils, with which they lighted fires, and warmed themselves. Now, these were the men who transgressed the commands of White Belly. The men of Berkshire, dwelling on the banks of the river Thames, west of the great city of London, these burned a post which they pulled up from the ground. Hop-poles were taken and consumed by the Yorkshire men, whose garments were faced with green; these men were cunning in all things appertaining unto horses.

9. THE 65th regulated band did likewise take and burn hop-poles; of these men White Belly had formerly complained to their chief captain.

10. THAT troop or company, styled by way of honour the Queen's Royals, on whose standard
is

is depicted a lamb, as an emblem of their primitive innocence, these also burned a gate, the post whereof had been demolished by the men of Berkshire.

11. Now when it was told unto White Belly the things that had been done, his countenance changed, and he grew exceeding wroth, and thus expressed his lamentations.

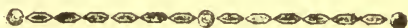
12. TWENTY weeks long have I been plagued with this stiff-necked generation, who have disregarded my words, and slighted the sayings of my mouth; woe unto them, for they shall be imprisoned and beaten with many stripes, and their leaders shall be publicly reprov'd in the orders daily delivered by Mall Bee, my scribe.

13. Lo I am fatigued, even unto death, by your misdeeds, O ye adjutants and subalterns; even by the misdeeds and neglects of the old bands as well as by those of the new; nor have ye regarded my commandments of the first day of the eighth month; wherefore I say, ye shall all be answerable, even every one of you that mounteth the quarter-guard; but as for the right wing, in the article of fires, they have not at this time offended.

14. LET the majors go into the rear of the encampment, even to the tents of the whore of Babylon,

Babylon, and there let them search out the unclean and disorderly harlots; let them also number the women and children dwelling in the huts.

HAVING uttered these words, exhausted by his passion, he belched, yawned, snored, and fell into a profound sleep; Mutton Head proclaiming glory, praise, and honour, be to thee, O White Belly!



The Blunders of Barmingbeath.

Another piece of ridicule on the generalship of the officers who commanded in Coxheath camp.

PREVIOUS to this great event, it was whispered through the camp, that some grand manœuvre would be exhibited in a few days; but of what kind was a perfect secret. The brigade majors gave distant hints that something capital was on the tapis, and the aids-du-camp, with importance in their looks, skimmed

F

about

about like swallows before a storm ; the major-generals reconnoitred, and the general himself was often on horseback, seemingly absorbed in thought, and big with some weighty purpose.

THE mighty secret was at length divulged, which was no less than a design of causing the first and third brigades, with a squadron of dragoons, in the whole forming a body of near three thousand men, to strike their tents, to load them on their bat-horses, and to march to Barmingheath, distant at least six miles from Coxheath ; there to encamp again for a few hours, then to strike, load, and return to their former ground. If some small mistakes attended the execution of this arduous undertaking, let it be considered that generals are but men—but to proceed to my story.

ON the 23d of September, at the usual time, a brigade order was issued, directing the first and third brigades to strike their tents at half after five, to load them on their bat-horses, and to march to Barmingheath. If the general forgot that the soldiers had no bread, it is at least a proof he was not one of those who are ever thinking about eating : besides, considering the many matters of consequence with which his head was occupied, so trifling a matter

as the soldiers dinners might easily slip his memory; nay, perhaps it was done on purpose to teach the militia the method of living without victuals, as on real service it is well known soldiers are sometimes obliged to fast. A less degree of indulgence, in proportion as a beast is inferior to a man, will suffice to excuse him for forgetting it was likewise forage-day; and indeed it would have had the appearance of partiality to have let the horses eat whilst their masters fasted: the major-general, who perhaps did not enter into this train of reasoning, after frequent messages to and from the contractors, procured each soldier half a loaf, which even the proverb allows is better than no bread; as for the horses, they were referred to another day.

AT half an hour after eight at night came out an after-order, directing the before-named two brigades to hold themselves in readiness to strike and march; this coming last, and being besides a general order, was by many supposed to supersede the brigade order; several regiments, therefore, waited for the order to strike: however, this did not occasion a delay of more than an hour; and what signifies an hour in a summer's day? Such trifling oversights must be excused in persons of great genius.

I will not mention the several arrangements respecting picquets, advanced and rear-guards, which were made and contradicted by various after-orders, except to observe, that as in weighty matters one cannot be too circumspect, so the frequent alterations are proofs of wisdom: a fool is always obstinate and immoveable.

HERE a new disposition respecting guards was shewn to the militia. The quarter guards, which had served for the advanced guard of each regiment, were, on their arrival on the ground, drawn up three deep, but afterwards formed into a rank entire.

IT is not material to observe, that the troops, who marched off in two columns at the same time, did not arrive together on the ground, owing perhaps to the first brigade having the longest way and the worst road; this was, however, productive of no ill consequence, and when the first brigade arrived, the whole was ordered to disperse and pitch on the beating of the assembly.

NOTHING could be better calculated for using troops to rough ground, the bushes here being in many places as high as a man's head, with sharp stubs and stumps; if this tore and destroyed the men's shoes and gaiters, it is to be remembered,

membered, that the British pay is the best in the world ; consequently, an English soldier can afford to replace them ; and besides, this found them a use for that superfluous money which might otherwise have been expended in drunkenness.

It being thus experimentally proved that the brigades could both strike and pitch their tents, after remaining a few hours, the tents were again struck and loaded, and the regiments returned to their former encampment, with very little loss, though in some confusion.

MUCH praise, it must be allowed, is due to our general, in the care he took to secure our retreat ; each regiment was followed by its own rear-guard, and in the rear of each column was a captain's guard, whose rear was again covered by the advanced picquets.

Now, to recapitulate the whole, every thing was planned and executed with all possible accuracy, except that the march was at first a little delayed ; the men and horses had nearly been without food ; the columns did not arrive at the same time in going, and in returning had like to have interfered ; every thing else very happily succeeded in the manner that might be expected from so judicious an arrangement.



C O X H E A T H.

Advertisement.

THE learned German professor Myn Heer Harman Sigismund Burgansius's astringent anti-cacative pills, now become necessary for the gentlemen of the army and militia, who may have occasion to mount quarter and other guards. These pills, taken according to the printed directions, will ensure the taker from any backward calls of nature, during the period of his guard, whether it be for twelve or twenty-four hours: they are farther useful in strengthening the retentive faculties against sudden frights, or other laxative causes. By the help of these pills, a noble general heard undismayed the thunder of the Moro, although on board a ship not above five miles out of the reach of the guns of that tremendous castle; a circumstance, it must be universally allowed, that could only be ascribed to their extraordinary

nary

nary virtue. Much more might be said of these salutary and wonder-working pills, and many other instances, certificates, and affidavits, might be produced; but the proprietor scorns to puff. These pills, at no more than two guineas per box, are sold by Mr. White Belly, at the sign of the Cock's Tooth and Head-ach, in Toleration-street, Maidstone. To prevent imposition, see that the box is signed *Mutton Head*.

N. B. *This squib was circulated about the camp on Coxbeath, on an officer of the Berkshire militia being put in arrest by General Keppel for leaving the quarter-guard to go to a certain place of conveniency.*



Specimen of Modern Oratory.

AS a mighty river, swelled by mountain torrents, over-running its banks, tramples under foot every intervening obstacle, and fired by opposition gathers new wings from every impediment; so oratory, applied to our passions,

fascinating our faculties, captivates our capacities, and impels our judgments.

COOL logical deductions may persuade the philosopher, who weighs each sentence in the microscopic eye of reason, and analyses each idea by the dispassionate square of ratiocination; but to charm the listening senate, and to lead that many-headed monster, the multitude, requires the musical flowers of a Burke, or the high-coloured and dazzling thunder of a Chatham.



Specimen of Modern Criticism.

THE author, in an ironical commentary on a silly, vulgar ballad, ridicules some of our grave commentators, who rake the rubbish of antiquity for beauties imperceptible to every other eye, and torture the sense to discover meanings that never were intended by the writer. It may be considered as a parody on Addison's pleasant criticism upon the old ballad of Chevy Chace.

THE

THE carrion crow sat upon an oak, (1)
 And spied a taylor cutting out a cloak ;
 With a heigh ho ! the carrion crow !
 Sing tol de rol, de riddle row !

THE carrion crow he began for to rave,
 And call'd the taylor a lousy knave ; (2)
 With a heigh ho ! &c.

OH wife, fetch me my arrow and my bow, (3)
 That I may shoot this carrion crow ;
 With a heigh ho ! &c.

THE taylor he shot, and he mis'd his mark, (4)
 And shot the old sow through the heart ;
 With a heigh ho ! &c.

OH wife, fetch me some treacle in a spoon,
 For the old sow is in a terrible swoon ; (5)
 With a heigh ho ! &c.

THE old sow died, and the bells they did toll,
 And the little pigs pray'd for the old sow's
 foul ; (6)
 With a heigh ho ! &c.

Zooks ! quoth the taylor, I care not a louse, (7)
 For we shall have black puddings, chitterlings,
 and soufe ;
 With a heigh ho ! &c.

THIS song, however it may wear the rustic garb of simplicity, and teem with the images of common life, carries with it evident marks of the touches of a master, who must have been endowed with much classical and medical knowledge, as well as skilled in natural history, and the popular opinions and manners of our forefathers.

(1) THE carrion crow was, in ancient times, always considered as an arborous bird: besides other classics, Virgil more than once mentions him as such, particularly in one or two eclogues, where, as in this little poem, he is described sitting on an oak.

(2) SOME learned commentators have this elucidation:

IT is not to be conceived that the crow actually uttered these words; they are rather assumed with the *licentia poetica*, which must not be unsparingly allowed to every original writer; though it is certain, that all birds of the crow kind are perfectly capable of imitating the human voice. It may be supposed sufficient that the taylor imagined that he heard them expressed by the crow. Our author was perhaps

perhaps desirous of giving some reason for the action of his hero.

(3) THE taylor calling for his bow proves beyond a dispute the antiquity of this little poem, and that it was written before the introduction of fire-arms.

(4) THIS shews an admirable attention to the truth and propriety of character; for the occupation of a taylor being sedentary and unwarlike, he cannot be expected to be a good toxophilite: therefore nothing could be more likely than his missing the mark, and shooting so wide of it as to hit the fow lying upon the ground rather than the crow, which was perched upon a tree.

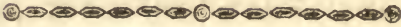
(5) TREACLE does not always mean that syrurp which school-boys are so fond of eating with new rolls, but a mixture so denominated in the *Materia Medica*; whence we may gather that our auther was no Tyro in the healing art.

(6) ANOTHER proof of the early date of the poem is afforded by this stanza. The circumstance of the pigs praying for their mother's soul shews clearly that it was written before the Reformation.

(7) THE introduction of the louse into the taylor's apostrophe, either uttered as a soliloquy,

or as an address to his wife, is an allusion to a common joke thrown out against the calling, the professors of which have the vulgar appellation of prick-louse.

THE above observations, though no doubt many others will occur to the intelligent reader, must place beyond a doubt the antiquity of the poem, as well as elucidate the meaning of the ingenious author.



BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES.

 MR. JOSEPH AMES.

MR. JOSEPH AMES was born at or near Great Yarmouth, in Norfolk, where he had a small estate. He was a member of both the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, and secretary to the latter. He was a very little man, of mean aspect, and still meaner abilities. The History of Printing, published under his name, was really written by Dr. Ward, professor of Gresham college, though perhaps the materials were collected by Mr. Ames, who had a considerable collection of black-letter books and other curiosities. This museum is ridiculed by Dr. Hill, in the Inspector.

It is said he had at first drawn up this history himself, which began with the word *whereas* :

Dr.

Dr. Ward, to whom he shewed the manuscript, objecting to such a beginning, as too like a bill in chancery, or an advertisement, Mr. Ames agreed to his altering it, but begged he would let the work begin with a W, as he had the block of a fine ornamented W for that purpose.

MR. Ames lived in the Hermitage, Wapping, and kept a very small ironmonger's shop. He was totally ignorant of every language but English, which last he did not speak with the greatest purity.

HE pretended to be a draughtsman—his performances were such as would disgrace a boy of ten years old: he also affected to understand the mathematics, and belonged to a society which assembled somewhere in Wapping; but his proficiency may be judged of, when, to my knowledge, he had no idea that two dissimilar bodies could have equal areas, namely, that a triangle could be equal to a square. He also pretended to be an *esprit fort* in matters of religion, so much as even to question the existence of a Deity; but this was only affectation, he having heard that great knowledge was apt to make persons sceptical: to this I am enabled to speak positively; for once, in crossing the

the

the water with him, to go to Sir Peter Thompson's, who lived at Dock-head, our boat was in danger of being jammed in among some floating ice, with which the Thames was then covered: at the sight of this he began to pray in a style of fervency that would have done honour to a bishop.

HE was, as has before been observed, a very little man, and generally wore a short red great coat, which did not come so low as the skirts of his under garment; he was, besides, remarkable for very long feet: he was troubled with an asthma, of which he died suddenly in his chair at Mr. Ingham Foster's counting-house in Clement's Lane.

HE left an only daughter, who was married to a mate of an Indiaman, of the name of Dampier, afterwards a captain. This gentleman had his portrait, a three-quarter length, extremely like him.

MANY persons of rank held Mr. Ames's antiquarian knowledge in high estimation; among them were the Dukes of Portland and the Archbishop of Canterbury.



MR. WILLIAM OLDYS.

WILLIAM OLDYS, Norroy King of Arms, author of the *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*, and several others in the *Biographia Britannica*, was the natural son of a Dr. Oldys, in the Commons, who kept his mother very privately, and probably very meanly; as, when he dined at a tavern, he used to beg leave to send home part of the remains of any fish or fowl *for his cat*, which cat was afterwards found out to be Mr. Oldys' mother.

HIS parents dying when he was very young, he soon squandered away his small patrimony, when he became at first an attendant in Lord Oxford's library, and afterwards librarian.

HE was a little mean-looking man, of a vulgar address, and, when I knew him, rarely sober in the afternoon, never after supper.

HIS favourite liquor was porter, with a glass of gin between each pot. Dr. Ducarrel told me, he used to stint Oldys to three pots of beer whenever he visited him.

OLDYS seems to have had but little classical learning, and knew nothing of the sciences; but
for

for index-reading, title pages, and the knowledge of scarce English books and editions, he had no equal: this he had probably picked up in my Lord Oxford's service, after whose death he was obliged to write for the booksellers for a subsistence.

AMONG many other publications, chiefly in the biographical line, he wrote the Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, which got him much reputation: the Duke of Norfolk in particular was so pleased with it, that he resolved to provide for him, and accordingly gave him the patent of Norroy King at Arms, then vacant. The patronage of that Duke occasioned a suspicion of his being a papist, though I think really without reason; this for a while retarded his appointment: it was underhand propagated by the heralds, who were vexed at having a stranger put in upon them.

HE was a man of great good nature, honour, and integrity, particularly in his character of an historian. Nothing, I firmly believe, would ever have biased him to insert any fact in his writings he did not believe, or to suppress any he did. Of this delicacy he gave an instance at a time when he was in great distress. After his publication of the Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, some
book-

bookfellers, thinking his name would sell a piece they were publishing, offered him a considerable sum to father it, which he rejected with the greatest indignation.

HE was much addicted to low company; most of his evenings he spent at the Bell in the Old Bailey, a house within the liberties of the Fleet, frequented by persons whom he jocularly used to style *Rulers*, from their being confined to the rules or limits of that prison. From this house, a watchman, whom he kept regularly in pay, used to lead him home before twelve o'clock, in order to save sixpence paid to the porter of the Heralds' Office by all those who came home after that hour: sometimes, and that not unfrequently, two were necessary.

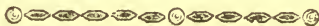
HE could not resist the temptations of liquor, even when he was to officiate on solemn occasions; for, at the burial of the Princess Caroline, he was so intoxicated that he could scarcely walk, but reeled about with a crown on a cushion, to the great scandal of his brethren.

HIS method of composing was somewhat singular: he had a number of small parchment bags, inscribed with the names of the persons whose lives he intended to write; into these bags he put every circumstance and anecdote he could

could collect, and from thence drew up his history.

By his excesses he was kept poor, so that he was frequently in distress; and at his death, which happened about five on Wednesday morning, April 15, 1761, he left little more than was sufficient to bury him. Doctor Taylor, the Oculist, son of the famous Doctor of that name and profession, claimed administration at the Commons, on account of his being *nullius filius, Anglice*, a bastard. He was buried the 19th following, in the north aisle of the church of St. Bennet, Paul's Wharf, towards the upper end of the aisle. He was about seventy-two years old.

AMONG his works is a preface to I. Walton's Angling.



DOCTOR DUCARREL.

DR. ANDREW COLTEE DUCARREL was descended from a French family, who fled from their country on account of their religion. They were possessed of considerable property: the
 Doctor

Doctor, it is said, had twelve thousand pounds for his share. He was educated at Eaton, and from thence went to the university of Oxford. After the usual time he took the degree of doctor of laws, and settled in Doctors Commons, where his chief employment was swearing the persons who, from the nature of their business, were obliged to make affidavits.

THE Doctor was a very weak man, and ignorant, though he was ambitious of being thought learned. Among the many publications which bear his name, none were really written by him; most of them were done by Sir Joseph Ayloffe, and the Rev. Mr. Morant, author of the History of Essex, to whom the Doctor applied on every emergency. He was so very illiterate, that on receiving a Latin letter from a foreign university, he took his chariot, and went down to Colchester, where Mr. Morant then lived, and got him to write an answer.

THE following is a catalogue of the works ascribed to the Doctor, with their true authors: a Tour through Normandy, quarto, the Rev. Mr. North; ditto in folio, Sir Joseph Ayloffe; Anglo-Gallic Coins, Rev. Mr. Morant; History of Lambeth, Mr. Morant; History of St. Catharine's Hospital, Mr. Morant; History of Croydon;

Croydon; this work was begun by Mr. Rowe Mores, but a quarrel happening between him and the Doctor, the latter took away the notes and materials, and gave them to Mr. Morant.

I have seen two of Mr. Mores's letters on this subject, reproaching the Doctor with ungrateful and ungentleman-like behaviour to him, and threatening to expose him to the world in general, and to the Archbishop in particular; and to strip him of those borrowed plumes he had so unjustly assumed. How the Doctor settled this matter is not known; it is, however, probable he found some means of appeasing Mr. Mores, as the threatened discovery was not made, and the History of Croydon was finished by Mr. Morant.

A Dissertation on Chesnuts was partly drawn up by Mr. Thorpe and Mr. Hasted of Canterbury.

Lambeth Callenders, by Rowe Mores and a poor French Clerk.

SOME account of John Tradescant. This was a child of many fathers; chiefly written by a South-Lambeth glazier, of the name of Buckmaster. The tomb was drawn and engraved by Pouncy.

THE DOCTOR, on recovering from a fit of sickness, in which he had been carefully nursed by his maid, out of gratitude married her; a circumstance that tended greatly to his future establishment, Mrs. Ducarrel being a sober careful woman.

THE DOCTOR was a large black man, with only one eye, and that of a focus not exceeding half an inch; so that whatever he wished to see distinctly, he was obliged to put close to his nose. The verses of Virgil on the Cyclops did not very ill describe him:

Monstrum horrendum, &c.

THE DOCTOR always was a great lover of the ladies as well as his glass; the latter grew on him so much, that he was constantly drunk every day, a little before his death: his liquor was generally port, or, as he called it, "kill priest."

THE DUTCH war had enabled the Doctor to lay by some money, which he left to his wife.



T H E

REV. GEORGE HARVEST.

MR. GEORGE HARVEST, minister of Thames Ditton, was one of the most absent men of his time; he was a lover of good eating, almost to gluttony; and was further remarkable as a great fisherman; very negligent in his dress, and a believer in ghosts. In his youth he was contracted to a daughter of the bishop of London; but on his wedding day, being gudgeon-fishing, he overstaid the canonical hour; and the lady justly offended at his neglect, broke off the match. He had at that time an estate of 300*l.* per annum; but, from inattention and absence, suffered his servants to run him in debt so much that it was soon spent. It is said, that his maid frequently gave balls to her friends and fellow servants of the neighbourhood, and persuaded her master that the noise he heard was the effect of wind.

IN

IN the latter part of his life no one would lend or let him a horse, as he frequently lost his beast from under him, or at least out of his hands, it being his practice to dismount and lead his horse, putting the bridle under his arm, which the horse sometimes shook off, and sometimes it was taken off by the boys, and the parson seen drawing his bridle after him.

SOMETIMES he would purchase a pennyworth of shrimps, and put them in his waistcoat pocket among tobacco, worms, gentles for fishing and other trumpery: this he often carried about him till it stunk so as to make his presence almost insufferable. I once saw such a melange turned out of his pocket by the Dowager Lady Pembroke. With all these peculiarities, he was a man of some classical learning, and a deep metaphysician, though generally reckoned a little cracked.

Mr. Arthur Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons, who lived at Ember Court, in the parish of Thames Ditton, was very fond of Mr. Harveit's company, as was also his son and successor Lord Onslow; so much, that he had a bed there, and lived more at Ember Court than at his lodgings (a baker's in the village.)

ONE day Lady Onslow, being desirous of knowing the most remarkable planets and constellations, requested Mr. Harvest, on a fine star-light night, to point them out to her, which he undertook to do; but in the midst of his lecture, having occasion to make water, thought that need not interrupt it, and accordingly directing that operation with one hand, went on in his explanation, pointing out the constellations with the other: this planet, said he, is a capital one, and is attended by its guards or satellites, meaning the planet Jupiter.

ON another occasion, having accompanied my Lord to Calais, they walked on the rampart; musing on some geometrical problem, he lost his company in the midst of that town; Mr. Harvest could not speak a word of French; but recollecting my Lord was at the Silver Lion, he put a shilling in his mouth, and set himself in the attitude of a lion rampant: after exciting much admiration, he was led back to the inn by a soldier, under the idea that he was a maniac escaped from his keepers.

SUCH was his absence and distraction, that he frequently used to forget the prayer days, and to walk into his church with his gun, to see what could have assembled the people there.

WHEREVER he slept, he used commonly to pervert the use of every utensil; to wash his hands and mouth in the chamber-pot, to make water in the bason or gullet, and to go into bed and between the sheets with his boots on.

IN company he never put the bottle round, but always filled when it stood opposite to him; so that he very often took half a dozen glasses running: that he alone was drunk, and the rest of the company sober, is not therefore to be wondered at.

ONE day, when Lady Onslow had a good deal of company, Mr. Harvest got up and said, Ladies, I am going to the *bogoi*, meaning a certain place. Being joked and reproved for this indelicate piece of behaviour, in order to mend it, he next day got up and desired the company to take notice he was not then going to the *bogoi*.

THE family had a private mode of warning him when he was going wrong, or into any impropriety: this was, by crying Col.Col. which meant *fellow of a college*; those inaccuracies in behaviour having been, by Lady Onslow, called behaving like a mere scholar, or fellow of a college.

ONE day Mr. Harveft, being in a punt on the Thames with Mr. Onflow, began to read a beautiful paſſage in ſome Greek author, and throwing himſelf backwards in an extaſy, fell into the water, whence he was with difficulty fiſhed out.

WHEN Lord Sandwich was canvaffing for the vice-chancellorſhip of Cambridge, Mr. Harveft, who had been his ſchool-fellow at Eaton, went down to give him his vote; one day at dinner, in a large company, my Lord jeſting with Harveft on their ſchool-boy tricks, the parſon ſuddenly exclaimed, *Apropos*, whence do you derive your nick-name of Jemmy Twitcher? Why, answered his Lordſhip, from ſome fooliſh fellow. — No, no, interrupted Harveft, it is not ſome, but every body, that calls you ſo:— on which my Lord, being near the pudding, put a large ſlice on the Doctor's plate, who inſtantly ſeizing it ſtopped his own mouth.

ONCE being to preach before the clergy at the viſitation, he had three ſermons in his pocket: ſome wags got poſſeſſion of them, mixed the leaves, and ſewed them all up as one. Mr. Harveft began his ſermon, and ſoon loſt the thread of his diſcourſe, and grew confuſed; but nevertheleſs continued till he had

G 2

preached

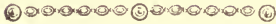
preached out first all the churchwardens, and next the clergy; who thought he was taken mad.

ONCE Lady Onslow took him to see Garrick play some favourite character. In order that he might have an uninterrupted sight, she procured a front row in the front boxes. Harvest knowing he was to sleep in town, literally brought his night-cap in his pocket. It was of striped woollen, and had been worn, since it was last washed, at least half-a-year. In pulling out his handkerchief, his cap came with it, and fell into the pit: the person on whom it fell tossed it from him, the next did the same, and the cap was for some minutes tossed to and fro all over the pit. Harvest, who was afraid of losing his property, got up, and after hemming two or three times, to clear his pipes, began the following oration: Gentlemen, when you have sufficiently amused yourselves with that cap, please to restore it to me who am the owner; at the same time bowing and placing his left hand on his breast. The mob, struck with his manner, handed up the cap on the end of one of their sticks, like the head of a traitor on the point of a lance.

THE

THE DOCTOR was a great lover of pudding as well as argument. Once, at a visitation, the Archdeacon was talking very pathetically on the transitory things of this life; among which he enumerated many particulars; such as health, beauty, riches, and power: the Doctor, who listened with great attention, turning about to help himself to a slice of pudding, found it was all eaten; on which, turning to the Archdeacon, he begged, that in the future catalogue of transitory things he would not forget to insert a pudding.

These pleasant biographical sketches are published from Captain Grose's manuscript: so is that which follows; though, with some other articles in this volume, it has already appeared in the Anecdotes of Mr. Andrews, to whom it was communicated by the author.



PARSON PATTEN.

THE Rev. Mr. Patten, curate of Whitstable, was of a very singular character: he had originally been a sea chaplain, and contracted much of the tar-like roughness: he was of an athletic make, and had some wit and humour, not restrained by any very strict ideas of professional propriety. He was for many years curate of Whitstable, at a very small stipend, and used to travel, to serve that and another church, in a butcher's cart. Whitstable is situated by the sea-side, and is extremely agueish; so that had he been dismissed, it would not have been very easy for the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was the rector, to have procured another curate at the same price. This he well knew; and, presuming on it, was a terror to every new Archbishop.

Mr. Patten was not a rigid high priest; he openly kept a mistress; and on any one going into

into church in sermon time, and shewing him a lemon, he would instantly conclude his discourse and adjourn to the alehouse. He used to call the Prebendaries of Canterbury, Cardinals, and all the young fellows of his acquaintance, who came over to Whitstable, *his nephews*.

WHEN Dr. Wake was Archbishop, some tale-bearer informed his Grace, that Patten had given a marriage certificate, which he had signed by the title of Bishop of Whitstable! At his next visitation the Archbishop sternly asked Mr. Patten whether that report was true? to which Patten replied, I shall answer your Grace's question by another—Are you fool enough to take notice of it?

WHEN Dr. Secker was enthroned, or soon after, he gave a charge to his clergy, and among other articles found great fault with the scanty allowance frequently paid to curates: Patten, who was there (though not summoned, the bishop fearful of some of his remarks, having ordered the Proctor to leave him out of the list) got up, and bowing to the Archbishop, said with a loud voice, *I thank your Grace*. After the charge was over, the Proctor, by mistake, called the Rev. Mr. Patten, who, bustling through the crowd, came up to the Archbishop:

he seeing he could not avoid it, began with the usual question, You are, Sir, I think, curate of Whistable? To which Patten replied, I am, may it please your Grace, and have for it received from your Grace's predecessors the paltry sum of thirty pounds per annum only, although the living brings in above three hundred. Don't enlarge, said the Archbishop; No, but I hope your Grace will, rejoined Mr. Patten.

The following Story, of Parson Patten laying a Ghost, I had from his own mouth.

A substantial farmer, married to a second wife, and who had a son grown up to man's estate, frequently promised to take him in as a partner in his farm, or at least to leave it to him at his decease; but having neglected to do either, on his death, his widow took possession of the lease, and carried on the business; the son in vain urging the father's promise, and requesting she would at least take him as a partner. In order to terrify his mother into a compliance, he used to rise at midnight, and with hideous groans to drag the waggon chain about the yard and outhouses, circulating a report that this noise was occasioned by his

his

his father's ghost, and that he would not rest quietly in his grave till his promise to his son was completed. This was carried on for some time; till at length the widow, who had no relish for giving up any part of the farm, applied to Mr. Patten (in whose parish the farm lay) for his advice, saying she would have the ghost laid in the Red Sea, if he could do it. Patten, though no believer in ghosts, resolved to turn this matter to his own advantage, and putting on a grave countenance, told her, that what she required was no small matter; that to lay a ghost, besides a good stock of courage, required much learning, as the whole form must necessarily be pronounced in Latin; wherefore he could not afford to do it under a guinea. The widow hereupon demurred for some time; but at length, tired out with the freaks of the supposed ghost, who every day became more and more outrageous, agreed to give it. Patten moreover, required a fire in the best parlour, two candles, and a large bowl of punch. These being all prepared, the Parson took his post, expecting the ghost. The farmer's son, who did not know the sort of man he had to deal with, thought he could frighten the Parson, and accordingly at twelve began his perambulation. No sooner

did Patten hear his chain and groans than he sallied forth, and, without any farther ceremony, seized the supposed ghost by the collar, belabouring him at the same time heartily with a good oak sapling. The young farmer, finding himself by no means a match for his opponent, fell down on his knees, and confessed the contrivance; beseeching the Parson, at the same time, not to expose him, nor reveal it to his mother-in-law, who would have been glad of the pretence to turn him out of the house. The Parson, on the young man's promise never to disturb the house again, let him go, and undertook to settle matters with his mother-in-law.

EARLY next morning she came down, anxious to know what had passed the preceding night, when the Parson, with a well-counterfeited terror in his countenance, told her he had been engaged in a terrible conflict, the deceased being one of the most obstinate and fierce spirits he had ever met with; but that he had at length, with great difficulty and expence of Latin, laid him: poor wicked soul, says he, I forgive him, though great part of his disquiet is owing to thirty shillings for tythes of which he defrauded me, but which he
desired,

desired, nay, commanded, you should pay; and on that condition only he has agreed to trouble the house no more: he does not insist on your completing his promise to your son, but wishes you would at least let him have a share in the farm. To all this the woman assented, and the Parson received the thirty shillings over and above the stipulated guinea. The woman likewise admitted her son-in-law joint partner with her in the lease.

AMONG the good qualities the Rev. Mr. Patten had to boast of, that of a good paymaster was not included: on the contrary, fame spoke so unfavourably of him, respecting this article, that none of the Canterbury tradesmen would let him have a single article of goods without first depositing the ready money for it. Under this predicament, his wig had long passed through the medium of strait hair to the state of curling negatively or inwards; or, in plain terms, was reduced to the condition of being only fit for a scare-crow: but how to get another was the difficulty; he had not the money, and Christian faith was wanting.

IN this situation, he accidentally heard of a new perukemaker from London, who had lately

settled in the High-street. To him he went a little before dinner time, and bespoke a full cauliflower wig. The barber, struck with the reverend appearance of his new customer, whose character had not reached his ears, gladly undertook to furnish him; and his dinner being ready, he respectfully begged the honour of the Doctor's company to partake of it, and afterwards introduced a large bowl of punch: Patten ate and drank heartily, and got into great good humour. When the bowl was out, the barber would have proceeded to business, and produced his measures; but Patten cut him short, and greatly surprised him, by saying, he need not trouble himself to measure him: he would get his wig elsewhere. The barber, fearing he had taken offence at something that had passed at table, humbly begged pardon if he had been wanting in respect, protesting it was unintentional, and contrary to his meaning. No, no, Sir, answered Patten, it is nothing of that: look you, I find you are an honest, generous fellow; it would be a pity to take you in; I should never have paid you for your wig; I will therefore get it elsewhere.

A neighbouring clergyman, who pretended

to great skill in the Hebrew and Oriental languages, shewed Patten his study, in which were books in almost every language. And pray, brother, said Patten, do you understand all these different tongues? On being answered in the affirmative; one would think, rejoined he, that you had got your head broken with a brick from the tower of Babel.

PATTEN long refused to read the Athanasian Creed. The Archdeacon, reproving him for that omission, told him, his Grace the Archbishop read it: that may be, answered Patten, perhaps he may believe it, but I don't: he believes at the rate of seven thousand per annum; I at that of less than fifty.

PATTEN, in his last sickness, was in great distress, which Dr. Secker hearing, sent him ten guineas by the Archdeacon; to whom he made the following acknowledgement: Thank his Grace most heartily, and tell him, now I know he is a man of God, for I have seen his good angels.



JOHN WARBURTON.

JOHN WARBURTON, Somersset Herald, was born in the north of England, and (as I have heard him say) was, at his first setting out in life, an exciseman; after which he became a supervisor. He had little or no education, being not only ignorant of the Latin, but incapable of writing two sentences in good English. All the publications under his name, both books and maps, were done by others, hired by him: his knowledge of the mathematics was not at all superior to his other literary acquirements; I can myself aver, that he scarcely knew the difference between a right and an acute angle; and when I knew him he could not have done his duty as an exciseman, though gauging, like navigation, as practised by our ordinary seamen, consists only in multiplying and dividing certain numbers, or writing by an instrument, the rationale of both which they are totally ignorant of. Although he wanted learning and true abilities,

lities, he possessed what, in the commerce of the world, often answers the ends of both ; that is, he was possessed of a deal of low cunning, and not being impeded by any principles of honour, he frequently gained both profit and reputation, to which he had not the least title.

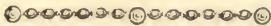
THE following is an instance of his readiness to catch at any opportunity that offered to impose on the unwary. Walking one day through the streets of London, he passed by the house of Mr. Stainbank, a rich merchant, over whose door he saw an atchievement or hatchment, on which were painted three castles, somewhat like those borne in the arms of Portugal : he went immediately home, and wrote a short note, begging to see Mr. Stainbank on very particular business. The gentleman came ; when Mr. Warburton, with a great deal of seeming concern, told him the Portuguese Ambassador had been with him, and directed him to commence a prosecution against him for assuming the royal arms of Portugal ; and besides, meant to exhibit a complaint against him to the House of Lords, for a breach of privilege. Mr. Stainbank, terrified at the impending danger, begged his advice and assistance, for which he promised to reward him handsomely. Warburton,

burton, after some consideration, said he had hit on a method to bring him out of this very ugly scrape; which was, that he should purchase a coat of arms, which he would devise for him, as like as possible to that on the achievement, and that he would shew it to the Ambassador, and confirm its being his legal coat of arms; and say, that the similitude complained of was owing to the blunder of the painter.

THE arms were granted in due form, and paid for; when Warburton, over and above his share of the forty pounds, asked and obtained a particular reward for appeasing the representative of his Portuguese Majesty.

NOTWITHSTANDING this, and many other like dirty tricks, he clearly proved the truth of that proverb which says, Honesty is the best policy—by dying a beggar.

His life was one continued scene of squabbles and disputes with his brethren, by whom he was despised and detected. He married his wife's son, when a minor, to one of his daughters.



DOCTOR JOHNSON.

DOCTOR Johnson's Dictionary was not entirely written by himself; one Steward, a porter-drinking man, was employed with him; Steward's business was to collect the authorities for the different words.

WHILST this Dictionary was in hand, Dr. Johnson was in debt to a milkman, who attempted to arrest him. The Doctor then lived in Gough-square. Once on an alarm of this kind, he brought down his bed and barricaded the door, and from the window harangued the milkman and bailiffs in these words: "Depend upon it, I will defend this my little citadel to the utmost."

ABOUT this time the Doctor exhibited a proof that the most ingenuous mind may be so debased by distress as to commit mean actions.—In order to raise a present supply, Johnson delivered to Mr. Strahan the printer, as new copy, several sheets of his Dictionary, already printed and paid for; for which he thus obtained a second payment. The Doctor's credit with his
Book-

Bookfeller not being then sterling, and the occasion for money very pressing, ways and means, to raise the supply wanted, were necessary to prevent a refusal.

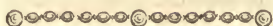
THESE circumstances the author mentions that he received from a person who was concerned in printing the Dictionary.



DOCTOR BUTLER.

DR. Ducarrel told me, that Dr. Butler, bishop of Oxford, was originally a printer's boy, styled a Devil; and that when Lidiard's *Naval History* was printing, he attended Sir Joseph Ayloff with the proof sheets. He was afterwards apprentice to Wilcox a bookfeller; and in order to obtain a woman with a good fortune, who had declared she would marry none but a clergyman, he officiated as such, though unordained. The acquisition of fortune with this wife enabled him to get a real ordination; but she having secured her money for her life, he was constrained for a livelihood to keep a lodging-house for Westminster boys. This wife dying, he married a second, also possessed of a good fortune.

SIR.



SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

SIR John Hawkins was the son of a poor carpenter in the city, and was brought up an attorney. Having a turn for music and writing small poems and songs, he was taken notice of by Mr. Belcher, the surgeon, Dr. Stanley, the blind musician, Mr. Twining, and divers other lovers of music, with whom he lived in the greatest intimacy. Afterwards marrying an old maid, with whom, at different times, he had near forty thousand pounds, he dropt and broke with all his former acquaintance, by various ungrateful and unhandsome methods.

Mr. Belcher used to tell the following story, to shew what a low kind of woman his mother was. He (Mr. Belcher) meeting her a short time before the abovementioned marriage took place, wished her much joy of her son's good fortune; on which she, to shew her son's worthiness of it, said, Lord, Sir, my son has half a dozen as handsome shirts as any gentleman in England need to wear!

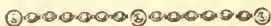


GENERAL LLOYD.

GENERAL Humphry Lloyd was clerk to Mr. Hugh Lloyd, an Attorney at Birth, near Ruthin, in Denbighshire. In 1746 he went out of curiosity to see the Rebels at Manchester. He had a freehold estate in Montgomeryshire, of about sixty pounds per annum, which he spent in about a year, at the Yacht, at Chester; after which, having taken in a Jew for three hundred pounds, he went abroad, and got into the Prussian service, and from thence into that of the Empress of Russia. This account I had from Captain Lloyd, who knew him. He rose to be second in command, and was so high in favour, as to venture inviting the Empress to sup or dine with him, which, though contrary to the etiquette of the court, she promised, but did not come; at which he pretended to be much offended, and shewed indecent signs of resentment so as to incur the anger of the Empress.

DURING his command of the Russian army, he is said to have unnecessarily burned a Turkish town,

town, whereby near five thousand persons perished. These particulars I had from the Rev. Mr. Tooke, chaplain to the British factory at Petersburg.



F O U R N I E R. -

DANIEL FOURNIER was educated a chaser, and afterwards successively followed the occupation of alamode-beef-maker, a cobbler and a dealer in butter and eggs. He likewise taught drawing; and at about the age of fifty he wrote his book of perspective: during the time he was writing it, he used to draw the diagrams on the alehouse tables with chalk or porter, and was known by the appellation of the Mad Geometer. He etched well, and was employed by M^r Kenzie to etch the survey of the Leeward Islands. He had a strong mechanical genius, and actually made a fiddle, and taught himself to play on it. He died in Wild-court, Wild-street, about the year 1766.



C H A T E L A I N.

CHATELAIN, the engraver, had been a lieutenant in the French service: his name was John Philipes, to which he assumed his mother's name of Chatelain. Mr. Gandon, the architect, told me he saw his commission, and once had a pocket-book of his with the military operations of a campaign he served: he was at the same time, as appeared from that book, a student in alchymy, on which subject he had many books.

CHATELAIN died of an indigestion after a hearty supper of lobsters: he then lodged at a carpenter's in a court near Shug-lane: going home after his supper of lobsters, he bought and eat an hundred of asparagus: he was buried by subscription.

CHATELAIN was a great epicure: Mr. Gandon, sen. going into King Harry's Head, the corner of Chancery-lane, saw a turkey and a large fowl roasting, which the landlord told him was for an *outlandish drawer*: on enquiry this proved

proved to be Chatelain, who told him he had quarrelled with his wife; that the turkey was for himself, and that the bitch (meaning his wife) might starve on the fowl and a pint of wine.

CHATELAIN used to be paid by several of his employers, particularly Messrs. Goupy, Pond, and Vivares, two shillings and sixpence an hour for etching: after earning half a guinea he would work no more, and never chose to bite in a plate.

HE had spent four years in making drawings of the environs of London: when standing to hear Whitfield preach, he had his pocket picked of his sketch-book. He was once taken up and pounded in St. Giles's pound by a farmer, for trampling down his grafs.

HE was a tall, well-looking man, and always wore a whitish coat.

CLEE, the engraver, used to invite him to dinner, and whilst it was getting ready, had chalk and other drawing materials put before him, always taking care that dinner should not be produced till the drawing was finished.

CLEE used likewise to lend Chatelain money on his drawings.

CHATELAIN died about May, 1758: he was, at the time of his death, about fifty years old.

Although

Although a great mannerist in his drawings, yet he was considered by Woollet and others as the father of the broad, free manner of etching.

THE above anecdotes were told me by Mr. Gandon, who knew them to be fact.



T U L L.

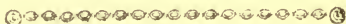
TULL painted small landscapes in the style of Gainsborough, or rather Risdale: there is a great deal of nature in his pieces, which were mostly views of cottages, &c. after nature. He was master of the charity-school of St. George's, Southwark, and died very young. Mr. Panton Betew, of Compton-street, Soho, had many of his pictures.



W O R L I D G E.

WORLIDGE in the early part of his life, was one that literally followed the precept of the scripture, taking no care for to-morrow. He was also a great epicure: one day, after having fasted for near twenty-four hours, not through devotion, but because he could not purchase a dinner, he luckily found half-a-guinea, with which he immediately purchased a pint of green pease, then just coming in season.

THIS anecdote I had from Mr. Bridges the player, who married one of his relations.



H O L L A R.

HOLLAR used to work with an hour-glass before him; the price he received from his employers was four-pence per hour. He was so scrupulously just, that if called out on any business,

H

though

though by the party for whom he was working, he always turned up his glass, in order to avoid charging for more time than what he actually employed in working.



H E K E L.

AUGUSTINE HEKEL was born at Augsbourg in Germany; his father was a chaser, and brought him up to that business. After working in most of the capital cities in Germany and France, he settled in England, and was esteemed the best workman of that time, particularly for the human figure. By his industry he acquired a competency that enabled him to retire to Richmond in Surry, where he amused himself with painting landscapes and flowers. He drew several views in and about Richmond (which were engraved by Bowles and Sayer); the battle of Culloden, engraved by Sullivan; and etched eight small views.



P E R R Y.

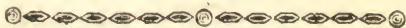
FRANCIS PERRY, born at Abingdon in Berkshire, was originally put apprentice to a hosier, but shewing a desire of becoming a painter, and persisting in it, his friends placed him with one of the Vanderbanks, who being a very dissipated and distressed man, employed him more in obtaining goods on credit, than painting or designing. Among other shifts he used to send him for coals, which he fetched in the tablecloth. He afterwards was a pupil to Mr. Richardson, with whom he learned to etch.--- In the rebellion he was employed as clerk to a commissary, and went down into Staffordshire, where he drew Litchfield cathedral; this he afterwards engraved and published.—His chief excellence was in engraving coins, which he did with great neatness. He was a very honest industrious man, blind of one eye; he etched several plates of antiquities.



S M I T H.

SMITH*, the mezzotinto scraper, had a blue paper book in which he had pasted many proofs of his works, really taken as such: for this, when he had left off scraping, he was much followed by the collectors. He used to receive them in great state, giving audience to them sitting on his close-stool, and required much praying as well as paying, to part with a print from his blue book. At length finding how readily, and at what high prices these prints went off, the old fellow procured some ordinary impressions, which he trimmed close, and stuck into that book, from whence they were purchased as proofs.

* Not J. R. Smith, who, as a mezzotinto engraver, takes the lead in this country, and is, by his works, well known in most parts of Europe.



AN E C D O T E S.

LORD NORTHINGTON, remarkable for his profligate and brutal manner of expressing himself on all occasions, which had procured him the nick-name of Surly Bob, being at the point of death exclaimed, I'll be damn'd if I am not dying!---During his sickness, his wife, daughter, and some female relations, coming to ask the state of his health, could not refrain from weeping; on which, in a passion, he roared out to his nurse, *turn out all those snivelling bitches except Bridget!* the lady distinguished by this delicate preference was his daughter, lady Bridget Lane.

DURING the same illness, he sent for the Duke of Chandois, then Marquis of Caernarvon, a man of great piety, who though surpris'd at the message, waited upon him, and begged to be honoured with his Lordship's commands.

I sent for you, says Bob, to beg you to recommend me some able parson, whose advice I might safely take in regard to the necessary settlements respecting the future welfare of my soul, which I fear will be shortly ejected from my body. My Lord, replied the Marquis, I am surpris'd at the question ; as Chancellor, your Lordship has had the disposal of much church preferment, which doubtless you always bestowed on pious and deserving persons. For example what think you of Dr. T——? Oh! name him not, loudly exclaimed the quondam Chancellor: that is one of my crying sins; I shall certainly be damned were it only for making that fellow a dean.

ON his death-bed he ordered his gardiner to cut down some clumps of trees, purely, as it is said, because they were agreeable to his son. The gardener, willing to worship the rising sun, neglected to do it, expecting every moment the death of his old master. He, enquiring whether his commands had been obeyed, and being answered in the negative, easily conceived the gardener's motive for disobedience, and sending for him up into his chamber, thus addressed him: *So, d---n you, you have not done*

as

as I ordered you; you think I am going; so I am and be d----d to you; but you shall go first; strip him, said he, to some of his attendants, and kick him out of the house.



LORD TYRAWLEY, a little before his death, was visited by several Englishmen who came with a pretence of asking how he did, but in reality to see if he was dying, that they might apply for his employments. The old General, who comprehended their motives for being so solicitous about him, gave them the following answer: Gentlemen, I know your reasons for enquiring after my health; I have but two things worth any one's having, my regiment, and my girl, neither of which will fall to your lot: I'll tell you how they will be disposed of; a Scotchman will get the one, and an Irishman the other.



WARRANTS for wax for the body of king Edward I. appearing in the Exchequer accounts, temp. Edward III. some doubts arose among the antiquaries to what purpose that wax was applied; some maintaining that it was to encrust the royal corpse, in order to preserve it from putrefaction; and others asserting, that it was used for tapers to burn about the tomb.

In order, if possible, to settle this dispute, several members of the Antiquarian Society obtained leave to open the tomb of that monarch, in Westminster Abbey, if possible to see whether any wax had really been used, and if it had produced the desired effect.

THE members present at this search were, the Dean of Westminster, now bishop of Rochester, with two of his Prebendaries; Sir Jos. Ayloff; the honourable Daines Barrington, and Mr. G-----.

AN account of the state in which they found the body is printed in the *Archæologia*.

WHILST the tomb was open, the Dean of Exeter observed Mr. G. to take something privately

vately out of it, and convey it hastily into his waistcoat pocket ; this he immediately taxed him with, and insisted that what he had taken should be restored, and replaced in the tomb. Mr. G—— at first denied it ; but Sir Joseph Ayloffé confirming the accusation, a search was insisted on, and the pocket turned inside out, when it was discovered that Mr. G—— had secreted—not a gold crucifix, nor valuable ring, but a joint of the King's middle finger, which was again deposited in the coffin, to the great displeasure of Mr. G——. The story was, however, for a while kept secret, but at length was whispered about, and soon became public.

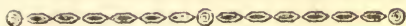


THE late Lord Londonderry, being engaged to dine at Hampstead, the night before he was to set out, dreamed that he broke his leg at a particular stile : his dream, from some circumstances, had so much weight with him, that he resolved to walk, and in getting over that very stile of which he dreamed, his foot slipped, so that he entangled and broke his leg. This story he himself told to Major Hayman Rook, who related it to me.



—— WINYARD, Esq. of Gloucestershire, a justice of the peace, and a great sportsman, attending the funeral of his wife, arrayed in all the pomp of woe, and seemingly torpid with sorrow, was suddenly roused from his grief by the starting of a hare, on which, as if forgetting the melancholy business he was about, he immediately threw down his cloak and other incumbrances, and towing* on two greyhounds, the constant attendants of all his steps, pursued the game. The hare being killed, he rejoined the procession, which had halted on the occasion, and the bearers had set down the corpse. Come, gentlemen, said he, resuming his melancholy tone, with his sable vestments, in the name of God let us proceed with the remains of my dearest wife, and finish the sorrowful ceremony for which we are met. This story was told me by Mr. and Mrs. Bathurst, of Lidney-park, Gloucestershire, who affirmed it to be literally true.

* Tow, tow, the word used in setting on the greyhounds in Gloucestershire.



DOCTOR RILEY, of Monmouth, an Irishman by birth, married a superannuated and sickly old woman, who was possessed of an annuity for life of 100*l.* per annum, and the house in which she lived, and of which by her marriage articles she retained the disposal. The Doctor, who to do him justice, had most carefully watched over her health with the greatest solicitude, either out of love to her, or her annuity, finding she could not live many days, made use of every endearment to induce her to leave him the house; among others, he consulted her about her funeral supper, asking her whether she did not think a gammon of bacon they had in the chimney, with half a dozen fowls then in the coop, would be sufficient? The old lady surviving a day or two beyond his expectation, and some of these fowls being killed for her use, he kindly expressed his fears to her, that there would not be sufficient left if she did not die in a day or two, for the above-mentioned occasion.

ANOTHER instance of his attention was, the recommending a particular person to make her shroud, saying, she was famous for making them neatly.

ALL these blandishments had not their desired effect; and though he even requested her in direct words to leave him the house, she bequeathed it to another.

IN August, 1775, when I was at Monmouth, these stories were told of the Doctor, his wife being just dead.



MR. CERVETTI, the famous player on the violoncello, so well known at the theatre by the nick-name of Nofey, one night, during his performance in the orchestra, received a violent blow on the nose with a potatoe, thrown from the upper gallery; being a man of spirit, he with difficulty contained himself till the conclusion of the piece, which was no sooner ended, than he ran up into the gallery, and asked who was the scoundrel that had dared thus to assault him: the man being pointed out, Cervetti seized

seized him by the collar, dragged him into the passage, and gave him a hearty drubbing. Some years after, returning from a ride, he met near Paddington, a cart load of convicts going to Tyburn: one of the prisoners seeing him, cried out, Nofey! Nofey! and telling the surrounding populace he had something particular to say to Nofey, Cervetti was stopped, and his horse led up to the cart, where he soon recognized the man who had thrown the potatoe, who told him, that being just going to leave the world, he was desirous of dying in peace with all mankind: he therefore had taken the liberty of stopping him, to ask his forgiveness for the offence he had formerly given him, and to assure him he entirely forgave him for the beating inflicted on him: then wishing him a good-day. bid the carter drive on.-----This story was often related by Cervetti to his friends.

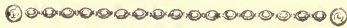


THE Rev. Mr. Echard, author of the *Causes of the Contempt of the Clergy*, was a man who frequently asked favours for others, but never for himself. Once Queen Anne, being on a visit to the University, the way was so crouded by a multitude of beggars, waiting to solicit her Majesty's charity, that no one could pass or repass. Dr. Echard, endeavouring to make his way through the croud, some of the ragged crew called out, make way there for Dr. Echard, as arrant a beggar as any among us.



ANNO 1779, one Mr. Constable of Woolwich, passing through the church-yard of that place, at 12 o'clock at night, was surpris'd to hear a loud noise, like that of several persons singing; at first he thought it proceeded from the church; but on going to the church doors, found them shut fast, and all within silent. The noise continuing, he looked round the church-yard,

yard, and observed a light in one of the large family tombs: going up to it, he found some drunken sailors, who had got into a vault, and were regaling themselves with bread, cheese, tobacco, and strong beer. They told him they belonged to the Robuste man of war, and, that having resolved to spend a jolly night on shore, they had kept it up in a neighbouring alehouse, till they were turned out by the landlord, and were obliged to take shelter here, to finish their evening. In their jollity, they had opened some of the coffins, and crammed the mouth of one of the bodies full of bread, cheese, and beer. Mr. Constable, with much difficulty, prevailed on them to return to their ship. In their way thither one of them being much in liquor, fell down and was suffocated in the mud. On which his comrades took him up on their shoulders, bringing him back to sleep in company with the *bonest gemmen* with whom he had passed the evening.-----This story is positively matter of fact.



WHEN the Earl of Harrington was on his death-bed, many of his mistresses called to see him ; some were denied and others admitted.-- Among the rest, one being extremely solicitous for admittance, she was told as a reason for the denial, that his Lordship had just received the sacrament ; to which she answered, supposing it some kind of physic, that she would wait patiently till it had worked off.



MAY 10th, 1777, Sir Joseph Ayloffé, Mr. Brander, Mr. King, Mr. Loft, Mr. Claxton, myself, with divers other members of the Antiquarian Society, went to see Westminster Abbey, when Sir Joseph took upon him the office of Cicerone, which he most ably discharged, to the great contentment of all present, and particularly one of the vergers, who in overflowings of his approbation, probably increased by his gratitude for half-a-guinea, with which he was rewarded

warded for his attendance, took Sir Joseph aside, and after much preface, presented him with a large half-decayed jaw-tooth, which he said he had extracted from the skull of King Richard the Second.



ANECDOTES, JESTS, BON MOTS.

CAUFIELD, to whom the management of the roads through the Highlands of Scotland devolved after General Wade, having brought his part of the road to join with that made by the General, in a fit of extasy commenced poet by the following verses, which preclude the necessity of saying he was an Irishman.

Had you but seen these roads before they were made,
You'd lift up your hands and blest Marshal Wade.

THE same gentleman meeting Mr. Thomas Sandby, exclaimed, my dear Sandby, I'm glad to see you! pray is it you or your brother?

MR.

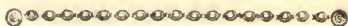


MR. MONINGS, master of the king's school, Canterbury, being at a place where a gentleman expressed great apprehensions on account of a bleeding he was next morning to undergo, by advice of his physician; a punster then present told him, he would recommend him to employ that gentleman (pointing to Mr. Monings), who was a very safe and able *flay-botomist*.



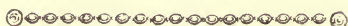
DR. JOHN EGERTON, the present bishop of Durham, on coming to that see employed one Due as his agent, to find out the true values of the estates held by lease under him, and in consequence of Due's report, greatly raised both the fines and reserved rents of his tenants; on which account the following toast was frequently drunk in and about Durham, "May the Lord take the Bishop, and the Devil have his Due."

MR.



MR. WILKES going to the King's-head chop-house in Paternoster-row, with a friend, in order to observe the humours of the place, accidentally seated himself near a rich and purse-proud citizen, who almost stunned him with roaring for his *steak*, as he called it: Mr. Wilkes in the mean time asking him some common question, received a very brutal answer; the steak coming at that instant, Mr. Wilkes turned to his friend, saying, see the difference between the city and the bear-garden, in the latter the bear is brought to the stake, but here the steak is brought to the bear.

THE same gentleman, during the prosecution carried on against him by administration, being in France, and at court, Madam Pompadour addressed him thus: you Englishmen are fine fellows, pray how far may a man go in his abuse of the royal family among you? I do not at present know, replied he drily, but I am trying.



ON the first of May, 1782, when debates ran high against the influence of the crown, and the patriots insisted much on the majesty of the people, George Selwyn, happening with some friends to meet a party of chimney-sweepers' boys, decorated with gilt paper, and other ludicrous ornaments, exclaimed, "I have often heard of the majesty of the people, but never before had the pleasure of seeing any of the young princes!"

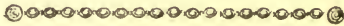


A gentleman who had been in the East-Indies, saying it was customary there to bury the dead within twenty-four hours after their decease---an Irish lady present, observed, she hoped she should not die in India, as in that case she should run a risque of being buried alive.



AFTER Lord John Townshend carried the Westminster election against Lord Hood, it was deter-

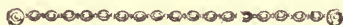
determined to have a cavalcade by way of triumph: this caused much speculation among some Irish chairmen, one of them offered to bet a crown it would be only a foot cavalcade.



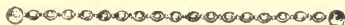
A sailor on board a ship of war being frequently drunk, the captain assured him the next time he was guilty of that offence, he should be severely punished; and at the same time forbid the purser and all other persons to let him have any liquor: shortly after this, fellow appeared very drunk; how he got the liquor no one could guess; the captain resolved to find out and punish the person who had thus disobeyed his order, promised to forgive him if he would tell how he got the liquor: after some hesitation, he hiccupped out, why, and please your honour, I tapped the governor; by which he meant he had stolen some of the arrack in which the body of an East-India governor was bringing home in that ship, for interment in England.

SOME

SOME persons representing to Mr. Fox the impropriety of the insult offered to Mr. Pitt, in his return from dining with the grocer's company; Mr. Fox declared himself entirely innocent of that matter, he being at that time in bed with Mrs. Armstead, who, he said was ready to prove it on oath. George Selwyn, who happened to be present, observed, this was the common defence of most culprits at the Old Bailey, who pleaded an alibi, and brought their whores to swear it.



MR. HEYMAN having exhibited a miserable picture of Peter denying Christ; a wag observed, that any one would have denied *such a Christ*.



A certain reprobate buck parson, going to read prayers at a remote village in the west of
England,

England, found great difficulty in putting on the surplice, which was an old fashioned one: damn this old surplice, said he to the clerk, I think the devil is in it! the astonished clerk waited till the parson had got it on, and then sarcastically answered, I thinks as how he is Zir.



IN Suffolk black puddings made in guts are called links: once when King George II. landed at Harwich, it was so dark by the time he reached Copeluck that lights were thought necessary: the harbinger or officer going before, enquiring of the landlady of the inn, if she had any flambeaux or could procure any? being answered in the negative, he asked her if she had any links? Ay, that I have, said she, and some as good as his Majesty, God bless him, ever eat in all his life.



DR. HALIFAX, when at the university, was known by the nick-name of Louse, from his courting the company of the *Heads* of Houses.

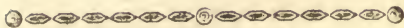
A lover



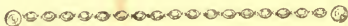
A lover of music having bored a friend who called on him, with a number of sonatas, and other pieces on the fiddle, observed to his friend, that they were all of them extremely difficult; his friend, who did not love music, dryly replied, I wish they had been all impossible:



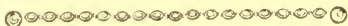
DR. SHARP of Hart Hall, Oxford, had a ridiculous manner of prefacing every thing he said with the words, *I say*: an under-graduate having, as the Doctor was informed, mimicked him in this peculiarity, he sent for him to give him a jobation, which he thus began; I say, they say, you say, I say, I say; when finding the ridiculous combination in which his speech was involved, he concluded by bidding him begone to his room.



THE Duke of Norfolk boasting to George Selwyn of his estates, many of which he had mortgaged for part of the purchase money, added, and what is more, they are all of my own creation. George drily observed to him, that to make all perfect, there must be a redeemer as well as a creator.



A certain bruising parson, of the name of Day, being examined at the Old Bailey on some point, the counsel, according to the laudable custom of the court, attempted to brow-beat him; I think you are the bruising parson, said he; I am, answered the reverend divine, and if you doubt it and will come out of court, I will give it you under my hand.



DR. WILSON, a particular friend and admirer of Garrick's, was a great punster; he one day seeing Dr. Brocklesby coming into Batson's

I

coffee-

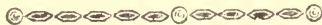
coffee-house, then chiefly used by physicians, addressed him by the name of Dr. Rock; to which the Doctor objecting with some warmth, Wilson undertook to prove it algebraically, thus, Brock—less B—that is, Brock without the B—which it cannot be denied is Rock.



GEORGE SELWYN, seeing Calcraft and Lord Granby sitting together on a bench in the Park, addressed the former thus; Date obolum Belifario.



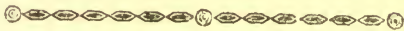
TAKE your nose out of the way and let me pass, said a young spark to a quaker with a large nose; freely, answered the friend, turning his nose aside with his finger, fools don't pay here.



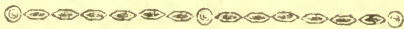
LIEUT. FORBES, of the royal regiment of artillery, having, as he thought, discovered some improvements on the mortar, caused one
to

to be made; but as after several trials, it was not found to answer, the Board of Ordnance refused to pay for it: wherefore he had the following motto engraved upon it:

Johannis Forbes, Aberdeeniensis,
Made this mortar at his own expences.



AN Irishman explaining the reason why the alphabet is called the Criss-cross Rowe, said, it was because Christ's cross was prefixed at the beginning and end of it.



AN Irishman speaking of the rapacity of the clergy, in exacting their tythes, said, By Jafus let a farmer be ever so poor, they won't fail to make him pay their full tenths, whether he can or not; nay, they would find it in their hearts instead of the tenth to take the twentieth if the law would permit them.



AN Irishman speaking of suicide said, the only way to stop it was, by making it a capital offence, punishable with death.

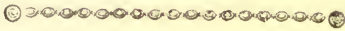


A gentleman observed to Dr. Echard, that in his treatise on the Causes of the Contempt of the Clergy, he had omitted one very material one: What is that, asked the Doctor? The good sense of the laity, answered the gentleman.

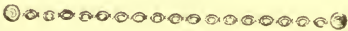


THE first regiment of foot, or royal Scots, are jocularly called Pontius Pilate's guards.— A certain officer, very apt to cut his jokes, seeing a very old serjeant of that corps, during a
total

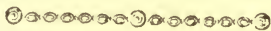
total eclipse of the sun, drily asked him, Pray, serjeant, was it much darker than this at the crucifixion?



COL. BODENS, who was very fat, being accosted by a man to whom he owed money, with a how-d'ye? answered, pretty well, I thank you; you find I hold my own: yes, Sir, rejoined the man, and mine too, to my sorrow.



ONE speaking of a very bad man, just dead, concluded with saying, well, let us say no more of him, he is now dead and at rest.—No, by G—d, answered a by-stander, not at rest, unless the devil is dead too.

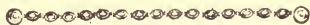


A lady dying, who was much giving to scolding particularly at the servants; her husband

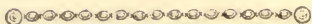
caused an atchievement to be put against his house, under which was the following common motto, *In Cælo quies*. The coachmen asked the undertaker's apprentice the meaning of these words, and on being informed it was *there is rest in heaven*, answered, then I'm sure mistress be'ant there.



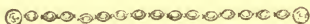
AN Irishman angling in the rain, was observed to keep his line under the arch of a bridge; upon being asked the reason, he gave the following answer: By Jafus all the fishes will be after crouding there, in order to keep out of the wet.



A jolly Bacchanalian, reproaching a sober man for refusing his glafs, observed, that he was like a brute beast, never drinking but when he was thirsty, and then nothing but water.



NOTWITHSTANDING the many stories told of George Selwyn respecting his fondness for seeing capital executions, I was told by the Rev. Dr. Warner, his particular friend, that there was not the least foundation for any of them; and that he doubted whether Mr. Selwyn ever purposely went to three executions in his life.

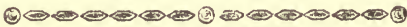


AN Irish servant enquiring for Lieut. Palles, among other descriptions, added, he was either nephew or niece to Col. Wilkinson, he could not tell which.

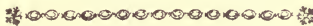


CAPTAIN Patrick Blake, well known for his many bulls, was in reality a well-meaning and religious man: once being in company where some young officers were talking lightly on religious subjects, he was observed to hear them with apparent uneasiness: at length one

of them mentioning the devil in rather a ludicrous manner, he jumped out of his chair and insisted on leaving off that indecent discourse, swearing by Jafus, the devil was an improper subject for their mirth, being the fourth person in the Trinity.



A lady reproving a gentleman, during the late hard frost, for swearing, advised him to leave it off, saying it was a very bad habit: very true, Madam, answered he, but at present it is too cold to think of parting with any habit, be it ever so bad.



LIEUTENANTS ——— being extremely ill and almost dead for want of rest, it was thought expedient to give him an opiate; whilst it was preparing, his disorder being at a crisis, he fell into a profound sleep; his friend and countryman Lieut. A— P——, who had attended him with the most unremitting care, seeing the state
 he

he was in, shook him violently by the shoulder, exclaiming, arrah my good friend, don't be after sleeping now, but wait till you have taken your sleeping stuff!



LIEUTENANTS R----- and P-----, being at Ringwood, entered into a dispute concerning the proportion allowed the military out of the produce of smuggled goods, seized under their protection: both agreed it was a moiety, but how much a moiety was they could not tell; after much altercation, it was agreed to decide it by a bet, and a serjeant was sent to Pool on foot, being near twelve miles distant, to ask the collector of the customs whether a moiety was third or a fourth.



ENSIGN B---, an Irish officer in the Surry regiment, overtaking some ladies walking in the Bishop's park at Farnham, thus addressed them,

Arrah, ladies, by my soul I have been after following you this hour and could not meet you before now.



MR. Fox, in his canvass for Westminster, against Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, in the year 1784, applied to a butcher at one of the markets; after making his bow, and telling his name and business, the butcher pressed him to walk in that he might introduce him to his wife and daughter, who had often wished to see him. Mr. Fox saying he should be happy to pay his respects to the ladies, was ushered into a back room, and formally introduced to the greasy females, whom he was desired by the butcher to salute, which he having done with much ceremony, the butcher turned to him, saying, and now, Sir, you have kissed my wife, and you have kissed my daughter, you may also kiss my a---e and begone, for I'll be damned if I vote for you.

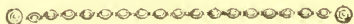
ASKING



ASKING another person for his vote, he received the following answer---I admire your head, but damn your heart: to which Mr. Fox replied, I approve your candour, but damn your manners.

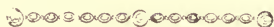


DURING the poll a dead cat being thrown on the hustings, one of Sir Cecil Wray's party observed it stunk worse than a fox :---to which Mr. Fox replied, there was nothing extraordinary in that, considering it was a poll-cat.

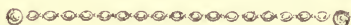


IN May 1784, a bill, intended to limit the privilege of franking, was sent from Ireland for the royal approbation: in it was a clause enacting, that any member who, from illness or other cause, should be unable to write, might authorise
some

some other person to frank for him, provided, that on the back of the letter so franked, the member doth, at the same time, give under his hand a full certificate of his inability to write.



IN another bill for pulling down the Old Newgate at Dublin, and re-building it on the same spot, in which the old materials were to be employed, it was enacted, that to prevent useless expence, the prisoners remain in the Old Newgate till the new one was finished.

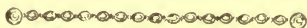


LIEUTENANTS B----- and D----- being at Portsmouth, and talking of the gallant defence made by a Spanish frigate then just taken and brought into that port: a dispute arose whether it was thirteen men out of fifteen, or fifteen out of thirteen that were killed at one gun: on which they referred to one of their countrymen standing by; who answered, he
would

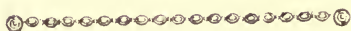
would not be positive which of the two it was, but believed the latter.



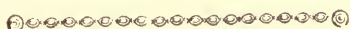
THE Rev. Mr. Newman of Froyle, having written an acrostick on Miss Hurst, one of the Farnham beauties, Ensign B---- begged leave to copy it, saying, he would present it to Miss Bever, as an acrostick of his own composition, made upon her.



THE same gentleman, having received a letter from Ireland, informing him, that his mother, who was a widow, had married again, went in great perturbation of mind to Captain G——, saying, blood and oons! there's that B. my mother, is married again; I hope she won't have a son older than me, for by Jafus if she has I shall be cut out of the estate!



IN the year 1790, when the Lord Chancellor Thurlow was supposed on no very friendly terms with the minister, Mr. Pitt; a friend asking the latter, how Thurlow drew with them? I don't know, says the premier, how he draws, but he has not yet refused his oats.



A drummer of the 104th regiment executing his duty on an Irish recruit, who was to receive a certain number of lashes; the fellow, as is customary, cried out, "Strike high, strike high:" the drummer, who was also an Irishman, desirous of obliging his countryman, did as he was requested; but the sufferer still continuing to roar out through pain, the drummer was offended——"The devil burn you," quoth he, "there is no pleasing you strike where one will."



S K E T C H E S O F T H E T I M E S.

*Several of these are in the Manner of Mercier's
Tableau de Paris.*

L O N D O N.

LONDON is of all places the most convenient and retired for a man of small fortune ; there every sort of necessary is to be had in the smallest quantities ; and provided a man has a clean shirt and three-pence in his pocket, he may talk as loud in the coffee-house as the 'squire of ten thousand pounds a-year. No one asks how he lives or where he dined : it is not so in the country ; your neighbours wanting that constant supply of news or amusement to be had in a great city, busy themselves in the minutest enquiries, not only scrutinizing into the birth, parentage,

parentage, education, and fortune, of their neighbours, but even retailing the articles of their daily housekeeping; insomuch that at the little chandler's shop in every village, it is exactly known how many eggs each inhabitant had in his last Sunday's pudding.



V I S I T I N G.

IN polite visiting it seems an implied contract that the parties shall not meet: a very fine lady at stated times sends round her empty chair attended by her footmen to leave her cards at the houses of those who stand on her visiting list: they, in their turn, repay her in like coin, both on those occasions ordering their servants to deny them; that is, to say they are not at home; a circumstance so usual, that an innocent country boy, servant to an eminent taylor, who had been chid for telling truth in going to the door, would not answer whether his mistress was at home or not till he had asked her.

WHEN a fine lady gives a route, and has assembled a multitude of persons, whose coaches and

and chairs block up the street, it is then that she takes an opportunity of visiting her friends; this she does to shew her superiority to vulgar customs, as low-bred people have the foolish notion, that when they have invited company, it is necessary to stay at home to entertain them. Indeed, as at a polite route there are generally more persons that can be properly noticed by the lady, it is best to speak to none.

AMONG inferior persons, routes and card-parties are meetings for the benefit of the mistress of the house, who, out of the card-money not only repays all her expences, but also puts something considerable in her pocket. It is inconceivable how low this practice of giving routes descends; I have known a lady living up two pair of stairs in a lodging, have routes weekly, at which she has had more than thirty people, in a couple of rooms, each about twelve feet square, and one of them somewhat incumbered with a bed.



CRIES OF LONDON.

THE variety of cries uttered by the retailers of different articles in the streets of London, make no inconsiderable part of its novelty to strangers and foreigners: an endeavour to guess at the goods they deal in, through the medium of language, would be a vain attempt, as few of them convey any articulate sound; a good ear will be of more use than a knowledge of all the languages spoken at the confusion of Babel, as it is by their tune and the time of day the modern cries of London are to be discriminated.

SOME trades have, from time immemorial, assumed the use of instrumental assistance; such as pie, post, and dust men, who ring a bell; the fow-gelder blows a horn.

MILK is generally notified by the word *mew*, except by one wench whose walk was in the environs of Soho-square. Her note was an inarticulate

inarticulate scream, seemingly uttered as if her posteriors were then actually piercing by a cobbler's awl.



ILLUMINATIONS.

HUZZA! liberty, liberty, for ever, huzza! put out your lights, put out your lights, exclaims a mob met to testify their approbation of the behaviour of a man who has, perhaps, insulted the religion, laws, and government of his country. These advocates for liberty think it right to force a poor tradesman to burn half a dozen pounds of candles, which he cannot afford to purchase, and if he has them not in the house, nor can procure credit for them, why then, out of their love for the liberty of the subject, they instantly break him five pounds worth of windows, which probably in the end procure him a lodging in a goal.

BEGGARS.



B E G G A R S.

THERE is not a greater reproach to the police of this town, than the number of beggars with which every street swarms. Besides the regular stands, which may, in the military sense, be considered as posts, the streets are patrolled by a variety of irregulars. Many beggars extort charities by practising Faquir-like voluntary austerities and cruelties on themselves; I have seen, during the sharpest frost, one of these wretches lying shivering on the steps of a house, almost naked, his flesh seemingly frost-bitten, and exposed to the open air; or a woman, with two or three infants hanging about her, apparently dying by the rigour of the season. In these cases, ought not the parish officers to take notice of such objects, and if really in distress, to succour them, or if vagrants and impostors, to bring them to condign punishment; as those very children, thus educated, serve to carry on the succession of thieves and vagabonds.

It is amazing to observe the industry of rogues to avoid being honest; I have known an ingenious villain bestow as much time and pains in plating a half-crown, as, if exerted in an honest way, would have earned three shillings.

BESIDES begging, there are various methods of levying contributions on the public; a very common one is for two or three sturdy fellows, after a frost, when the streets begin to thaw, to block up the kennel so as to cause an inundation or overflowing near a crossing, over which they lay a board, and with brooms in their hands extort a halfpenny each from every passenger. Here again the police is to blame; it being the duty of the scavengers to keep the streets and crossings clean and passable.

SWEEPERS of the crossings in wet weather are another species of beggars whose existence is founded on the non-performance of duty in the scavengers, when the streets are very dirty this is paying for something; but these sweepers are generally as importunate when the ways are dry and good as in the most dirty and miry state.

THE beggars of this metropolis may be divided into cripples, blind men, old men, women, and children, sweepers, match-girls, ballad-singers; and

and in winter, sham watermen, fishermen, and gardeners.

OF cripples there are divers sorts, some so from their cradles, such as the man who used to crawl upon all-fours; another whose lower parts were contained in a kind of porridge-pot.— These people may be said to have very good personal estates, their miserable appearances melting the most obdurate hearts into charity.

MUTILATED soldiers or sailors, a wooden leg or a stump hand, holding out the hat, frequently is more persuasive than the most melancholy tone of voice.

FORMERLY men who pretended their tongues were cut out by the Algerines, got a pretty good livelihood; but this mode of exciting compassion is now out of fashion.



VAGRANT IMPOSTORS.

Look at those wretched fellows dragging along their fishing-boat, decked with the insignia of mourning: the frost has totally shut up the element by which they earned their scanty main-

maintenance. Those are undoubtedly proper objects of charity particularly in this maritime country, where the fisheries serve as a nursery to our fleets, furnishing them with a number of the hardiest sailors. All this is very good, answered a bye-flander, to one who uttered these sentiments, on seeing a parcel of sturdy vagabonds drawing about a boat hung with mourning, and with a tumultuous cry, demanding and extorting charity from all passengers: all this is very fine, continued he, but how do you know those fellows are fishermen? In fact the contrary is the case, and to-morrow they will be begging as gardeners.

PRAY observe that poor woman, with those two helpless babes half-naked, starving on the steps of that great house, is she an object of charity, think you? None at all; in all likelihood one or both of these children are hired by the day or week, for the purpose of exciting charity—at best the beggar is a professional one.

GRAVE-



G R A V E - R O B B E R S.

HERE lies, in hopes of a joyful resurrection, the body of A. B. or C. D.—this we read on every tomb-stone, though perhaps not true of one in ten: they are, however, not deprived of the hope expressed in their epitaphs, being raised, not by the sound of the last trumpet, but by those jackalls to anatomists, called Resurrection Men.

THE numbers of dead bodies hacked to pieces by surgeons are scarcely credible; but it is so great that undertakers generally recommend two or three church-yards as more safe than others; indeed surgeons are not the only purchasers of dead bodies: the keepers of museums of wild beasts, are supposed to consume many of them, and to save the surgeons the disagreeable labour of re-interring the mangled bodies after they have done with them; by this means an Alderman, that was never out of the sound of Bow Bell, equally runs the risque of finding his tomb in
the

the bowels of tigers, lions, and crocodiles, with a man who indents to serve the East-India or Royal African Companies.



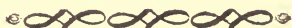
PARISH-JOBBI NG.

Look up at the inscription on that venerable building, defaced with plaster; what does it record? “Beautified by Samuel Smears and Daniel Daub, church-wardens.” And so these honest gentlemen call disguising that fine old stone building with a thick coat of lime and hair, or whitewash, *beautifying* it: what is the history of all this; why the plain matter of fact is, that every parish officer thinks he has a right to make a round bill on the parish during his year of power: an apothecary physicks the poor; a glazier, first in cleaning, breaks the church windows, and afterwards mends them, or at least charges for it; a painter repairs the commandments, puts new coats on Moses and Aaron, gilds the organ-pipes, and dresses the little cherubims about the loft as fine as ver-

K

milion,

milion, Pruffian blue, and Dutch gold can make them. The late church-wardens were a silver-smith and a woollen-draper; the silver-smith new-fashioned the communion-plate; and the draper new-clothed the pulpit, and put fresh curtains to the windows. All this might be modestly done were they not to insult the good sense of every beholder with their *beautified*; shame on them!



C O A C H E S.

LOGICIANS hold, that the minor is included in the major; our legislators, in forming the hackney-coach laws, have determined the contrary. The fare of a coach from any of the Inns of Court to Westminster Hall, is one shilling, and four barristers or attorneys, with their bags, may be transferred from Gray's or Thavies Inn, to that place, for three-pence each; but should those worthies attempt to convey their corpora from Gray's-Inn Lane to Great George-street, Mr. Jehu, the coachman, would levy eighteen-pence on them: the reason is, the gentlemen of the long robe, in forming these fares, took care to fix such as particularly regarded

regarded themselves, at a low price; these were specified in the body of the act of parliament; all other distances are determined by mensuration.

A coachman is liable to punishment for not having a check-string; but it was not till long after that regulation, that the law obliged him to take hold of it. A coachman may likewise have with impunity broken windows, that admit the wintry blast into the neck of an invalid; or a step insufficient to support the weight of a corpulent man, and liable by breaking, to fracture a leg or a thigh.

If the hackney coaches are thus badly regulated, how much worse are those travelling the short stages, near the metropolis, who are neither by law or interest, subject to any regulations at all. The coachman, more absolute than the Grand Turk, thrusts into his coach as much live lumber as it will hold, and at his discretion loads the outside till the centre of gravity rises so high as to make the coach liable to overset on the slightest inequality of ground: and thus critically balanced, so as to require the utmost caution and attention, if that great man chuses to get almost blind drunk, who shall prevent him? or if, in consequence of such drunkenness,

he breaks the legs and arms of half a score passengers, how is he to be punished, and indeed what recompence will it be to the sufferers supposing he was? It would be much better to prevent the accident.

SOME years ago, two or three odd fusty country gentlemen, who absurdly conceived it improper, that a stage-coachman should, without their consent, risk the limbs and lives of a score of his majesty's liege subjects at his will and pleasure, and for his profit, brought a bill into parliament, for restraining, in some measure, the power and avarice of that mighty man of the whip; it was thrown out by a great majority. What signifies it, how many of the canaille are crippled? No gentleman rides in a stage-coach. Besides the usual passengers conveyed in these vehicles, the coachman ekes out his profits by carrying down in a hamper, the body of some executed criminal, for the use of young surgeons of the village; a felon from Newgate, under the escort of a couple of thieftakers, to his trial at Kingston, Croydon, or some of the neighbouring assizes; or an inoculated patient, covered with pustules or scabs. It signifies nothing to object; from the authority of the coachman there is no appeal.

I have

I have heard of an itinerant showman, who conveyed a sick tiger cat as an inside passenger, in the stage-coach, from Conway to Holyhead; but this was done with the consent of the passengers, fraudulently obtained for the said tiger cat, under the denomination of Miss Jenny. I shall not insist on it as an instance against the driver.

IN long stages, the tyranny of the coachman shews itself in different instances. First, in setting off, if a passenger, who has paid earnest, is not at the inn precisely to the moment, Mr. Coachman frequently takes it into his head to drive off and leave him behind; but if an outside passenger, a servant of the inn, or any such important or privileged person, chuses to finish his pot or quartern at his leisure, the company are detained half an hour, or more, till it suits him to set off; or perhaps if Mr. Coachman, having over-slept himself in the arms of Betty the chambermaid, is not ready to mount till half an hour after his time, it is all very well; any representations, tending to hasten him, are heard with the utmost contempt.

AT dinner time, which is generally chosen as soon after, and as near the place of breakfasting as possible, no sooner are the passengers

set down to their twice-roasted leg of mutton, but the coachman attends to inform them he is ready, and in a few minutes repeats his summons in a peremptory tone. Notwithstanding this apparent haste, he will stop for an hour at any of his customary houses of call till he has smoked a pipe or two, and retailed all the scandal of the neighbouring inns. On changing coachmen, although the bills say nothing is to be demanded by them, yet if you do not regularly see them every time, you will be grossly abused, without a chance of redress.



CHURCH-YARDS.

FORMERLY few persons chose to be buried on the north side of a church; the original reason was this: in the times when the Roman Catholic religion prevailed, it was customary, on seeing the tomb-stone or grave of a friend or acquaintance, to put up a prayer for their soul, which was held to be very efficacious. As the common entrance into most churches was either at the west end, or on the south side of the church, persons buried on the north side

escaped

escaped the notice of their friends, and thereby lost the benefit of their prayers. This becoming a kind of refuse spot, only very poor, or persons guilty of some offence, were buried there: persons who, actuated by lunacy, had destroyed themselves, were buried on this side, and sometimes out of the east and west direction of the other graves. This is said to be alluded to in Hamlet, where he bids the gravedigger cut Ophelia's grave straight. The same was observed with respect to persons who were executed.

OBSERVE the yew tree, in many church-yards they are of a prodigious size. Some have supposed that yew trees were planted in church-yards in order to supply the parish with bow-staves, but more probably it was from the yew being an evergreen, and conveying an allusion to the immortality of the soul, and therefore considered as a funeral plant. This reason is likewise given for the use of rosemary and rue; but probably these were carried to prevent any infection from the open grave on a near approach to the coffin.

IN many church-yards there were anciently curious crosses, finely carved; the bases or fusts of many are still remaining.

The entrance into many church-yards has a covering, or kind of small roof; here the minister waits to receive a corpse: such a one is to be seen at Bexley and Erith, &c.

SEE the east end of the chancel, whether round or otherwise: round chancels are in general marks of great antiquity.

LOOK over the great west door; on each side of it are often the arms of the founder: the dates of repairs by church-wardens are frequently inscribed on stones near this and the south door.



RIDING DOUBLE.

THERE is no species of horsemanship that has bettered the fortunes of so many poor men, as that of riding before a lady on a *double horse*; it gives a man an opportunity of shewing at once the two qualities most admired by the ladies, vigour and tendernefs. For this purpose, the more stiff and erect he rides, the better, as it will give the lady the better idea of her safety. The vulgar appendage of a leather belt is unnecessary, and reflects no honour on the lady's skill:

skill: in case of danger, there will be more safety in holding fast by his waist or the pommel of the saddle, particularly as ladies are most apt to fall backwards. If the lady rides for any disorder, frequent questions as to her health, and how she likes the pace they are going, will afford a youth of any genius an opportunity of displaying his tenderness and politeness. By an attention to this art, Mr. Patrick O'Whack, a native of Ireland, obtained his mistress, the widow Lackman, of Lawrence-Pounteney-Hill; who, through too severe grief for the loss of her husband, apprehended a decline! she was recommended to ride on horseback, but not having been used to ride single, was mounted behind Mr. Patrick; the lady being fearful required a man stiff in the saddle, as sudden jerks and starts would have dismounted one not so well qualified.

ANOTHER lady, Miss Catharine Stote, aged about twenty-nine, afflicted with a violent chlorosis or green sickness, being advised to ride behind a man, on a hard trotting horse, chose a young fellow who had been a trooper in the Carabineers; who, by his excellent riding, and great attention, so prevailed on her affections,

that one morning, instead of their usual ride from Richmond to Brentford, they took the road to Gretna-Green, where the blacksmith linked them together.



WHITE-HALL ECLOGUE*.

NEAR that great edifice, the Horse-guards
 call'd,
 Whose disproportion'd parts wage cruel war
 With every rule of taste and architecture;
 Where, coop'd within the overshadowing niche,
 In all the foppery of fierce parade,

* This laughable parody on the Eclogues of Theocritus, Virgil, Pope, and other pastoral poets, appears to have been written before the reformation of the horse-guards. This corps was then upon a very different footing; most of the privates purchased their situations, which though not very lucrative, partook very much of the nature of a sinecure.— They had no duty but guard-mounting once a fortnight, and this they were at liberty to perform by deputy. In general they were connected with some kind of business, and several kept little shops in Westminster: hence their discipline was extremely defective, and they were not a little obnoxious to ridicule.

With

With well-stuff'd paunches, and with well-
 black'd boots,
 Leaving their shops, their bars, and warehouses,
 Fearless of gout and cold, the brave life-guards
 Brandish their swords, guiltless of human gore :
 What time the female tonsors had mow'd down,
 With busy fingers, all the bristly beards
 Of the coal-heaving * youths, ready to mount,
 And with well-powder'd chalk, whitened their
 heads,
 Like frosted plum-cake, glory of Twelfth-day ;
 When frying sausages, with favoury steams,
 Began to tantalize th' olfactory nerves
 Of pennyless soldiers, and the choice display
 Of apples, nuts, and gingerbread, had drawn
 Water in all the passing school-boys chops.

By chance, two soldier youths, one Bluster
 nam'd,
 A front-rank grenadier, the other Scamper
 Of the light infantry † ; together met——

* *Coal-heaving youths.*—The soldiers of the foot-guards, many of whom, when off duty, follow that laborious employment.

† This is an instance of the *licentia poetica*, assumed for the sake of contrast. From the whole tenor of this burlesque pastoral, the two leading persons are supposed to be soldiers in the foot-guards: yet the guards have no light companies.

When

When shaking hands, and in a friendly guise,
 Blasting each other's eyes, they thus begun :

B. What bundle's that you in your bosom hide,
 Is it some prog that you have made to-day ?

S. They're duds, which to the pop-shop I am
 carrying,

My shirt and shoes, that I may raise the wind,
 And treat my Peg at Astley's, or at Hughes's.

B. Should you be caught, you know the con-
 sequence——

That the spread eagle * is your certain lot :
 Your Peg is sure not worth so great a risk.

S. Speak not with such contempt of lovely Peg ;
 Our regiment has not so fine a blowen † ;
 Nor all the seven battalions such a mot ‡.

B. I'll lay a pot that I can shew a better—
 Fair she may be, but not compar'd to Nan ;

* *Spread eagle.*—This is a cant term among soldiers, and is meant to describe the situation of a man who is tied up to the hal'berts, to receive the punishment inflicted with a cat of nine tails.

† *Blowen.*—The explanation of this term in GROSE'S *Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue* is, the mistress of a gentleman of the scamp, or of a highwayman, or footpad : here it may be understood, either by metonymy, or literally, as the reader chuses.

‡ *Mot*, or *mort*, is in the same dictionary explained, a girl or wench.

Whose qualities exceed description's power!
 And for their persons, they in the same day
 Ought not, in common justice, to be nam'd!

S. Done, I should say, altho' it was a gallon,
 That Peg's a better and a fairer piece*.

B. As well might center with the front rank vie,
 Or the battalion with the grenadiers——
 But yonder's Brush, the drum—let him be judge,
 Alternate we'll relate our doxies charms,
 And in addition to the bet we've laid,
 A gill of lightning † shall reward the victor.

S. Peg, as a halbert stiff, is straight and tall,
 Her hair, black as mypouch, when fresh japan'd;
 Her pouting lips, red as an ensign's sash,
 When mounting his first guard—her skin as
 white

* *Piece.*—This expression might rather have come from the mouth of one of their officers, with whom it is not uncommon: it is pretty generally understood, though certainly not in the sense in which the lady of the late General G—ge conceived it—who, when complimented in a large company at Boston, of which town she was a native, on her beauty, declined the compliment by saying, that she did not like flattery—being conscious that she was far from handsome, and nothing beyond what the gentlemen of the regiment called a *good piece*.

† *Lightning.*—English gin; so called from its fiery quality.

As shirt, when wash'd, or gaiter dress'd for duty:
 And then so faithful to the company,
 That not a whole week's pay would, sober,
 tempt her

To sacrifice her virtue to another.

If drunk she sometimes errs, 'tis on the liquor,
 And not on her, that we should fix the blame.

B. Short, round, and fubsey, is my gentle Nan,
 Her kindness universal to the corps;
 She never lets a soldier sue in vain;
 What nature gave, freely will she dispense;
 And on a march, from none doth she withhold
 Her ever-ready bottle; but on credit
 Disposes of her gin thro' all the ranks.

S. Last month, when I was at the halberts
 flogg'd,
 Straight to the guard-house came my pretty Peg,
 A full canteen of royal gin she brought;
 Part bath'd my back, and part rejoic'd my heart:
 Tearing her smock, with it she staunch'd my
 wounds!
 That smock that heal'd my back, inflam'd my
 heart!

B. When last our necessaries were review'd,
 A shirt and hose I'd at my uncle's * lodg'd.

* *My uncle's.*—The pawnbroker's.

The guard-house, and the cat of nine tails then
 Seem'd unavoidable; but generous Nan
 From off a neighb'ring hedge supply'd my want!
 Poor girl! she got in trouble by the act—
 But smacking calf-skin* to an alibi,
 I serv'd her in her turn, and brought her off.

S. If ever I Peg's kindness do forget,
 May I be doom'd to an eternal drill;
 And when unto the halberts I am brought,
 May I be flogg'd by a left-hand drum,

B. When I leave Nan in the vile Harman's†
 hands,
 Or e'er her love forget, may ev'ry day
 Prove a review; or when the galling cat
 Harrows my bloody back, then may I want
 The comfort of a bullet for to chew.

S. In summer Peg a wheelbarrow does drive,
 And currants, plumbs, and cherries, cries for sale;
 Herself more sweet and luscious than her fruit.
 In winter on the quay at Billingsgate
 She oysters buys; and Petty France resounds
 With her sweet notes, as she retails them out.

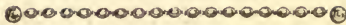
* *Smacking calf-skin.*—Kissing the prayer-book in taking an oath.

† *Harman.*—The cant term for constable.

B. Not fo my Nan : by mufick ſhe ſubſiſts ;
 Of Johnny Wilkes, and other patriots,
 Chanting the praiſe in piercing naſal notes.
 Barb'rous and bloody murders too ſhe cries,
 With dying ſpeeches, birth and parentage,
 Of thoſe advent'rous youths, who make their exit
 At fair of Paddington, or fall o'the leaf,
 Dancing on nothing at the Sheriff's ball.*

Drum. Halt, both :—to neither can I judge
 the prize ;
 Equal your ſtrains.—And now to the parade
 I ſtraight muſt go, rous'd by the drummer's call.

* *Sheriff's ball.*—An execution.—To dance at the ſheriff's ball, and loſe one's tongue out at the company--to be hanged.



Parody on the Indian Death Song.

THE capons are good, and the goose has
 his day,
 Yet the hog from them both bears our praises
 away ;
 Begin then to reckon how much we may gain,
 If to twenty-five stone our pig should attain.

Remember the price that he cost at the fair,
 Remember the pease that were bought for him
 there ;
 But since these have not been bestowed in vain,
 A lover of bacon should scorn to complain.

Remember the acorns he eat on each day,
 And the wash from our dairy, by John fetch'd
 away ;
 See the cost rises fast—now let's think of the
 gain.
 For at fourpence a pound there's no room to
 complain.

He

He goes to the shop where his father is gone,
 Whose weight by five score did not equal his son;
 Of his puddings and chit'lings at market the gain
 Will leave to his owner no cause to complain.

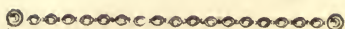
He's sold to the factor, who purchas'd his fire,
 And more of the breed does at all times desire;
 He deals like a chapman, nor envies our gain,
 And leaves us no room to grudge or complain.



E P I G R A M S.

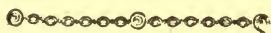
*Written by a gentleman attending at the Secretary
 of State's office.*

IN sore affliction, tried by God's commands.
 Of patience Job the great example stands:
 But in these days, a trial more severe
 Had been Job's lot, if God had sent him here.



On a Scotch Presbyterian.

AN old Scotch Presbyterian, four and fly,
 The Lord *preserve* me always us'd to cry:
 To whom a buxom wench did jeering say,
 Preserving you, were sugar thrown away:
 Preserves are ever made of sweetest fruits;
 With your sour nature vinegar best suits:
 Alter therefore your prayer, and from this day,
 Good Lord, pray pickle me, in future say.



*On the drummers of the Westminster militia beating
 a long time before their Colonel's quarters.*

MY lads, your Colonel I fear
 Will near be waked by drumming,
 Ring the bar bell,* he'll straight appear,
 With coming, gemmen, coming!

* He formerly kept a tavern.



On a violent dispute between two musicians.

SWEET Twedledum, dear Tweedledee,
 Ye sons of cat-gut, pray agree ;
 Strange 'twixt two fiddlers there should be
 So great a want of harmony.

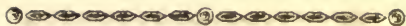


ROBERT complained much one day
 That Frank had ta'en his character away :
 I take your character, says Frank, G-d z—s,
 I would not have it for ten thousand pounds !



Advice to a Lady.

FOR ventry too old—leave off that sin ;
 Speak truth, and put some water in your gin.



On Mr. George Gipps, late an apothecary at Canterbury, and Mr. Taylor, paper-maker of Maidstone, being returned members of Parliament.

WHEN the freemen of Canterbury made
 George Gipps their choice,
 Those at Maidstone as free gave Squire Taylor
 their voice ;
 And each voter avowed he took this resolution,
 As the best way to save England's sick consti-
 tution ;
 For Gipps might purge her from all ills that
 betide,
 And Taylor find paper to wipe her b-ck--de.



ON A PARSON:

FROM

LILLY'S GRAMMAR:

Bifrons, custos—Bos, fur, sus, atque sacerdos.

BIFRONS—not living as he preaches,
 CUSTOS—of all that in his reach is ;
 BOS—when among his neighbours' wives,
 FUR—while he's gathering of his tythes ;
 SUS—fitting at a parish feast,
 SACERDOS—last, a finished priest.



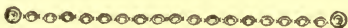
On seeing an officer fantastically dressed.

'Tis said that our soldiers so lazy are grown,
 With luxury, plenty, and ease,
 That they more for their carriage than courage
 are known,

And scarce know the use of a *piece*.

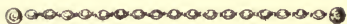
Let them say what they will, since it nobody galls,
 And exclaim out still louder and louder,
 But there n'er was more money expended in
 balls,

Or a greater consumption of powder.



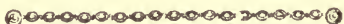
On a Lady who squinted.

IF ancient poets Argus prize,
 Who boasted of an hundred eyes,
 Sure greater praise to her is due,
 Who looks an hundred ways with two.



On Mrs. Fury.

To look like an angel the ladies believe,
 Is the greatest of blessings that heaven can give,
 But faith, they're mistaken; for nymphs, I assure,
 you,
 Its a far greater blessing to look like a Fury.



E P I G R A M M E.

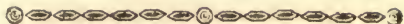
DAMON n'aime que lui; je ny vois aucun
 mal;
 Pouvoit il mieux choisir, pour etre sans rival ?

Translation.

DAMON loves but himself, no great harm
 in my mind,
 No choice could be better, for no rival he'll find

Another version.

To Damon's self his love's confin'd, no harm
 therein I see;
 This happiness attends his choice, unrivall'd he
 will be.

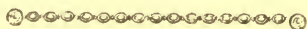


EPIGRAMME.

CHLORIS est avare, Chloris aime l'argent;
Elle achete son teint, la reste elle le vend.

Translation.

SALL is stingy, and loves to hoard money
full well;
Her complexion she buys, all the rest she will sell.



On a friend of the author's, and a brother antiquary, who went from the army into the church.

AN antiquarian born, a soldier bred,
I dam'd the living, and dug up the dead:
Japann'd, I now my former steps re-tread;
I bless the living, and inter the dead.



*The following verses are the work of an ancient
Spanish poet.**

ERES puta tan artera,
Qu'en el ventre de tu madre,
Tu cumistes de manera,
Que te cavalgne el padre.



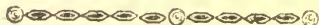
Degrees of Swearing.

IN elder time, an ancient custom was,
In mighty matters to swear by the mass;
But when the mass was down, as old men note,
Then swore they by the cross of the grey groate;
And when the cross was likewise held in scorn,
Then faith and troth were all the oaths were
sworn:

But when they had out-wore all faith and troth,
Then as God d-mme was the common oath,

* See Nell Gwyn, by Rochester.

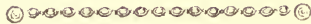
So custom kept decorum by gradation,
 Mafs, crofs, faith, troth, out-fworn—then came
 damnation !



*On the fair sex.**

WOMEN are dainty veffels,
 Yet tender, weak, and foft :
 They muft fometimes be borne withal,
 Since they do bear fo oft.

* This, like feveral others in the prefent collection, is an old epigram. From the quaintrefs of the expreffion we fhould date it as far back as the fixteenth century, or the beginning of the feventeenth; when from fovereign authority a play on words was received as genuine wit.



OBSERVATIONS

ON

DIFFERENT SUBJECTS.

*On the advertisements in the public newspapers.**

ALTHOUGH the great increase of knowledge in this kingdom is in general known, yet few who live remote from the capital are able

* The author had, among his various collections, preserved all the curious advertisements that fell into his hands, for a series of years, particularly those of empyrics and other impostors, who, through the venality of the press, and in many instances to the reproach of our police, prey upon the public, and draw large contributions from ignorant or deluded individuals. When he had got together a sufficient number, Mr. Hooper published them in the form of a pamphlet, to which this article was the preface. The pamphlet

was

able to form an adequate idea of the vast improvements made within this century, not only in the more abstruse sciences, but also in the arts and conveniencies of life ; for the truth of which assertion, I appeal to the numerous advertisements in our daily papers, and other public notices, wherein those discoveries not only stand uncontroverted by the police, but also in many instances confirmed, and in a manner attested, by letters patent ; circumstances that could not happen in a well-governed city, if not founded on truth, particularly as many of the medical improvements may materially affect the healths, and even the lives, of his Majesty's liege subjects ; added to which the sceptical disposition of the present race, so much complained of by divines, would not long suffer such pretensions, if false, to remain undetected. Justice here makes it necessary to observe and commend the spirit of philanthropy

was entitled *A Guide to Health, Beauty, Riches, and Honour.*

As it is now out of print, and is not to be re-published, the editor thinks that the preface, for the pleasantry with which it is written, no less than for the justness and good tendency of the satire, is worth being preserved ; and that it will form no uninteresting part of this medley.

reigning among the several ingenious professors of the different arts, sciences, and callings, who, like Mr. Ashley, the punch-maker, on Ludgate Hill, and that second Taliacotius Mr. Patence, surgeon by birth, dentist, and dancing-master, do not consult their own emolument, but labour solely *pro bono publico*: in short, we seem to be the wisest, wealthiest, and may, if we please, be the happiest people under the sun, as we are the most generous and disinterested. But lest foreigners should doubt the truth of these assertions, and deem them the vain boastings of a man endeavouring to raise the honour of his native country, I have, in evidence of my position, selected a few advertisements from the many daily offered to the public, containing invitations to Health, Beauty, Vigour, Wives, Places, Pensions, and Honours, all which may be had for money; and what leaves nothing to be wished for in this glorious country, is the candid and generous offers of that very necessary article so repeatedly made in every part of this metropolis. Some gentlemen, indeed, confine their offers to persons of fashion, or ladies and gentlemen only; but much the greater part of these beneficent beings, like the sun and rain,
are

are disposed to dispense their blessings indiscriminately on all. But should a mistaken pride or any other reason prevent the acceptance of these kind and disinterested offers, Mr. Molesworth and other gentlemen deeply skilled in the science of calculations, the mysteries of the Calaba, or possessed of some other profitable secret, with a like philanthropic spirit, are ready to direct you to the choice of the most fortunate numbers in the lottery, or such other methods of applying your money as will ensure your acquiring a capital fortune without risk, in a very short time: all which they might doubtless have secured to themselves, were they not actuated by that love for mankind, and contempt of lucre, always distinguishing true philosophy. Indeed the self-denial of one of these gentlemen is rarely to be paralleled, as at the very instant he, with the most unbounded generosity, offers thousands to persons unknown, himself labours under the frowns of fortune, as he acknowledges by his letter from the King's Bench.

Does a young lady shew signs of an ungraceful shape, Mr. Parsons, by his well-turn'd stays, prevents that misfortune;—and has it already taken place, the same artist will completely hide

it. Irregular or decayed teeth give place to those of Mr. Patence with six different enamels; and that wonderful operator replaces fallen noses, uvulas, broken jaw-bones, and, in a word, cures all the disorders to which the human frame is liable, as he offers clearly to prove by occult demonstration; being, to use his own words *mechanically accurated and anatomically perfected in the human structure*. Persons suffering under the racking paroxysms of the gout, so as to be unable to move, are radically cured of that terrible disorder by the month, the year, or for life, without medicine, by muscular motion only; or by another secret, which the generous possessor offers to communicate to the public for the trifling sum of twenty thousand pounds: and all the disorders contained in the catalogue of human misery yield to the wonderful baths of Dr. Dominicetti, whence, like Eason from the kettle of Medea, the patient springs out totally renovated. But, as Dr. Shee well observes, prevention is certainly even better than a cure. Mrs. Phillips modestly steps in with the offer of her wares, prepared with the result of thirty-five years experience. This public-spirited matron informs us, that after

ten years retirement from business, she has resumed it again, from representations, that since her recess, goods comparable to what she used to vend cannot be procured. Another lady, of the same profession, Mrs. Perkins, attempts to deny the authenticity of this account, and with a proper disapprobation of obscene publications, declares herself the true successor of the late Mrs. Phillips.

UNDER the article of temporary retirements for ladies, many asylums are offered, with assurances of kind entertainment, honour, and secrecy, that do credit to the feelings of the age; and one medical gentleman not only offers his obstetric assistance, but also undertakes to obliterate every vestige of pregnancy, or in the safest manner to remove the causes of sterility in any lady who wishes to become pregnant. An ingenious gentleman, Mr. Diderot, probably, from his name and language, a foreigner, even carries his discoveries of this nature still further, and undertakes to ensure to the ladies of this country, like the Houri of Mahomet, a perpetual succession of virginity. Perhaps the republication of these last notices may be by some people deemed reprehensible. To them it may be answered, that as they are solely introduced
in

in order to illustrate the state of our natural improvements, it cannot in justice be esteemed indecent. Indeed, where public information is concerned, even more indecent publications have been supposed justifiable; an instance of which appeared in that of Lady Grosvenor's trial, published under the sanction of the Civilians of Doctors Commons.

HERE too, notwithstanding the croakings of gloomy misanthropes, there appears no want of candidates for the holy state of matrimony, who, devoid, as they themselves testify, of either pecuniary or fleshly motives, seek only suitable helpmates for the purposes of domestic happiness and œconomy; and the many proffered retreats for youth and beauty in the houses of bachelors and widowers, shew that want of charity is not the vice of the present generation; and that propensity to friendship, which is inferred from the advertisements for a real friend, does the highest honour to the benevolence and amicable disposition of our countrymen.

ALTHOUGH the extraordinary discovery made by Mr. Lattese, the Piedmontese gentleman, cannot with propriety be included among our national improvements, yet his chusing this country to offer its application seems a flattering pre-

preference, and clearly indicates, that among our neighbours incredulity is not imputed to us. It will be extremely blameable to pass over uncommended that laudable, though unsuccessful attempt made by a set of worthy gentlemen to establish a temple sacred to both Hymen and Plutus, or, in other words, the Marriage Office in Dover Street, where negociation of money was also to be transacted, and this at the moderate price of five guineas, to be deposited on application, and which sum was afterwards lowered to two guineas.

THE flourishing state of philological learning must rejoice every lover of his country. This may be discovered in the stiles of most of the advertisements, but is peculiarly instanced in that elegant hand-bill by Giles Hudson, Esq. the Hackney card, and the proclamation of the Mayor of Maidstone.

FOR polite accomplishments there are great hopes we shall rival our neighbours of France, particularly under the tuition of Mr. Vandam, that universal genius Mr. Patence, and that elegant young dancer Mr. Peter Lepye, whose superior talents receive an additional lustre from the modesty with which they are announced.

THE

THE universal study of the mathematics is strongly marked by Mr. Nunn's advertisement, who makes breeches by geometrical rules, and has discovered a problem whereby he is enabled to cut them out with an accuracy before unknown. This, as the parts to be fitted are circumscribed by curve lines of different natures, shews his investigations must depend on the more sublime parts of geometry. Mr. Webb's challenge to foreigners on the art of ladies' shoe-making, as well as the testimony brought in the hand-bill, breathe the spirit of a true-born Englishman, and a worthy brother of the gentle craft.

THE grand scale on which business is carried on by our professors and artists in different walks, reflects an importance and dignity on the nation, as well as points out the enlarged ideas of those gentlemen. Thus, Mr. Perfect, of Town Mall, does not, like former keepers of mad-houses, take in lunatics; his more comprehensive mansion lodges and boards Lunacy itself. Mr. Pinchbeck, painter in general, executes all the branches of his business, from a hovel to a palace, and from a whiskey to a state-coach; and the ingenious Mr. John Callway,
the

the chimney-sweeper, does not, like his brethren, put out the fire in chimneys but, acting on a larger scale, extinguishes the chimneys.

THAT the occult science called white magic, and the study of astrology, flourishes among us, is evident from the hand-bills of Mrs. Corbyn from Germany, who answers all lawful questions; Mrs. Edwards, who dedicates her knowledge to the ladies; Mr. William Jones's nephew, the second, last, and only survivor of his family; the person who discovers whether affections are sincere; and that gifted sage of St. Martin's-lane, who cures the tooth-ach by a sweet scented letter. Even our nuisances are metamorphosed into gratifications by the superior skill of our mechanicks; as is shewn in Mr. Proffer's improvements on water-closets, where their natural offensiveness is not only subjected, but they are transposed to the agreeable side of the equation, and the question is converted from which is the least offensive, to that of which is the sweetest.

NOR are there wanting able instructors and guides to every species of business. Thus all matters respecting the purchase and sale of livings and other ecclesiastical preferments, are trans-

transacted in the most liberal manner, and with the strictest integrity, by a beneficed clergyman in the university of Cambridge, at his chambers in the Temple. And should your ambition incite you to figure in the state, or your necessities impel you to the finances, the gentleman up one pair of stairs, at No. 15, in the King's-bench Walks, generously offers to point out the doubtful road.

THE science of adorning and beautifying the human form seems to be systematically cultivated by many artists of all denominations, as is evident from the institutions of academies for hair dressing; and among the gentlemen of the comb and razor; it would be wrong to pass over the two men who have the neatest barber's shops in London, the modesty of whose prices demands the acknowledgement of the public. The professors of the cosmetic art offer innumerable pastes, washes, pomades and perfumes, by which the ravages of time are prevented or counteracted. Even our public spectacles bespeak a degree of improvement hitherto unknown: witness that wonderful wonder of all wonders, the brave soldier and learned Doctor Katterfelto, whose courage and learning are only equalled

equalled by his honesty and love for this country ; the first evinced in his returning the 2000l. to Capt. Paterfon ; and the second, in remaining here, though unpensioned, notwithstanding the many offers from the Queen of France, the request of his friend and correspondent Dr. Franklin, and the positive commands of the King of Prussia.

Mr. Van Butchell figures in the double capacity of a skilful operator on the teeth, and a laudable instance of conjugal affection ; his delicacy in not exposing the remains of his embalmed wife to every person indiscriminately, seems worth commendation.

HIGHLY eminent in the class of public exhibitors stands the learned Dr. Graham, whose philosophic researches and lectures, at the same time they tend to prove our future progeny, and to make this kingdom the region of health and beauty, serve also to destroy that *mauvaise, honte*, or timid bashfulness, so peculiar to the English ladies ; for which he at least deserves the warmest acknowledgments from all parents and husbands.

MR. Powell, the fire-eater, is undoubtedly, as his motto observes, a singular genius. Nor are the

the performances of Messrs. Astley and Hughes less remarkable, though I am sorry to be under the necessity of making an objection to part of their exhibitions as being liable to increase that spirit of expence and luxury too prevalent among us. The article I allude to is, that of shewing that one person may ride on several horses at the same time; a practice that may possibly become fashionable among the vain and extravagant; whereas, had they introduced some method by which one horse would be enabled to carry a greater number of persons than usual, their discovery would have been truly commendable. By the diligence of our keepers of itinerant menageries, we are indulged with the sight of the learned dog, the wonderful bird, and the surprising unicorn, with divers others too numerous to mention.

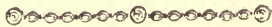
THE Bottle-conjuror appears to have been an impostor, and what he promised to perform seems to have been possible alone to those choir-singers who can officiate at two places at the same time.

CANDOUR has obliged me to insert some articles which do not tend to the honour of the parties concerned, or that of the country wherein they are suffered; such as those relative

to the sale of seats in Parliament, and guardians offering to dispose of their wards. For the first, it is no new matter, having been the usage time out of mind: and for the other, the selfishness of the proposal serves like shade in a picture, or discord in music, to form a contrast, and set off the disinterested offers of other advertisers.

It may perhaps be objected, that some of the advertisements here quoted are of long standing, and the writers dead; to which I shall borrow the answer of the ingenious Mr. Major in the case of his snuff, namely, that if the artists are dead, their arts and discoveries are not, but probably handed down with improvements.

IN fine, kind reader, from these premises my assertion seems incontrovertibly demonstrated, namely, that if we are not healthy, beautiful, rich, and wise, we have only our own incredulity or negligence to blame for it, since the means of these blessings are daily offered to us, with many other advantages set forth at length in the following collection, which, it is hoped, will make us set a proper value on our native country, and inspire foreigners with a due reverence for Old England.

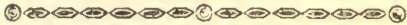


On the comparative state of the DEAF and BLIND.

It is a general observation, that deaf men appear more unhappy and melancholy than those afflicted with blindness; whence it is inferred that deafness is the greater evil.

BUT it should be considered, that this conclusion is drawn from the different appearances made by these persons when in company; where the blind man scarcely feels his deficiency, by which his hearing and attention is often benefited, whereas the deaf man being totally cut off by his disorder from all vocal intercourse, is by company reminded of his misfortune.

To judge fairly, one ought to contemplate the deaf man when alone in his study, and compare his enjoyments with those of the blind man in company; or compare the sufferings of the deaf man in company, with those of the blind man when alone. Perhaps blindness may be most tolerable to an illiterate man, and deafness to a learned one.



On the CRIMINAL LAWS of England.

THE sanguinary disposition of our laws is a matter generally and with reason complained of. This, besides being a national reproach, is, strange as it may appear, an encouragement instead of a terror to delinquents.

It is a well-known observation, that when the punishment of any crime is more severe than an offence deserves, the law is rarely put in execution; whereby the infringers of it escape with impunity, and the statute, instead of serving to deter, actually tends to persuade young adventurers to transgress, from the idea that the rigor of the law will not be inflicted on them.

Thus, privately stealing from the dwelling-house of any person being a capital felony, I have known a jury guilty of the greatest absurdity imaginable, to mitigate the punishment, when the offence was too clearly proved to justify an acquittal.

IN the case here alluded to, a man swore that going to bed in his own house he wound up his watch, and put it into his breeches pocket, and then put his breeches under his pillow and went to sleep. During the night, a thief having got privately into the house, stole this man's watch, and was detected in pawning it. The jury found the thief, a very young lad, guilty of stealing, but not in the dwelling-house. To make common sense of this verdict, the breeches must have conveyed themselves out of the house in order to be robbed, and then taken themselves back to their former station under the pillow, where the owner swore he found them. Besides the absurdity of this verdict, it contains a duplicity and evasion that disgraces a court, and effectually perjures the jury, as every one there must be sensible that his verdict was not according to the evidence: if the punishment is too severe, it would be much better to alter the law.

THE undervaluing of goods, in order to bring them within a particular sum, is another mode of mitigating certain statutes; but let any man seriously examine how far this is reconcileable to common sense. I am aware that the consciences of persons in business are but too supple
and

and well exercised in the article of false valuation, to boggle much in this instance; with this difference, that they in general are apt to overvalue the commodities they deal in: but how some of the more conscientious can justify doing this on oath, I cannot conceive.

LET us consider the effect this must have on the common people who appear as evidences in the court; if they see the jury quibbling, nay, even dispensing with their oath to find a verdict contrary to evidence, or determining that perhaps ten pounds worth of goods are only of ten shillings value, and that unopposed by the judge, who sits there to prevent manifest irregularities, will not they find themselves equally justified in delivering false evidence, particularly where it is to soften the rigour of what they may deem a hard law.

FOR the honour and welfare of the country let there be a revival of the penal laws, where let the punishment be so proportioned to the offences, that they may be fully and certainly put in force.

THE number of public executions in England are with great justice considered by foreigners as a national reproach. But this does not arise from any cruelty in our courts of judicature;

as it is most certain, that such is the mercifulness of our judges and jurors, that unless the guilt of a culprit is as manifest as the sun at noon day, he will not be found guilty; and when the number sentenced is compared with those ordered for execution, the clemency of his Majesty stands sufficiently manifest.

A principal cause of this frequency of executions we shall find in the disproportionate punishment allotted by our criminal code; death being alike the punishment of a robbery, committed by a half-famished wretch, who, to relieve the distresses of a starving family, robs a miser of a single shilling, and of the bloody ruffian, who from wanton cruelty, kills or maims the unresisting passenger.

IN vain may the legislature endeavour to deter offenders by adding fresh circumstances of terror to the ordinary punishments; these, if they operate at first, will, from usage, shortly become familiar, and consequently lose their efficacy.

THE only effectual method to lessen the number of capital executions is to prevent crimes, and this in their earliest stages.

THE great causes of all delinquency are gaming and idleness. To check the first, there
are

are already a great number of good and wholesome laws, were they but duly executed: perhaps to execute them impartially would be next to impossible, considering the rank and power of many persons, even elected and hereditary legislators, who openly and avowedly break those laws they have enacted; but in a less degree, the justices of the peace might surely venture to put the laws in force against publicans who permit gaming to be carried on in their houses.

SCARCE any justice would dare to search our gaming-houses in the neighbourhood of St. James's, where he might have occasion to commit a privy councillor, an ex-minister, or a secretary of state.

THE first great step towards a reformation of manners in this particular, and the extirpation of this vice among the higher orders could be taken only by his Majesty, in a resolution not to confer any place or appointment, of honour or profit, to any known gamester, however eminent his abilities, or distinguished his rank. Much also might be done by the abolition of horse-racing. The money granted for plates would be much better applied in premiums for useful discoveries, or improvements in husbandry,
manu-

manufactures and arts. Let lotteries also be abolished: this would sweep away those pests to society, the tribe of lottery-office keepers and insurers, wretches who have ruined thousands, and brought many to violent deaths.

EVERY parish should have an hospital, a house of industry, and a house of correction.

POOR who, after a life of labour, are rendered by age or sickness unable to work, to be maintained comfortably in the hospital, having done their duty towards the public: this would be an encouragement to other poor, who, from idleness, without dishonesty, were reduced to be employed in the house of industry. Here likewise ought to be employed any persons worthy of employment; also those, who having been tried for offences were acquitted. Justices to have power to oblige persons having no visible way of gaining a livelihood to work in the house of industry.

VAGABOND beggars, persons pretending to sickness, &c. to be sent to the house of correction, and from thence, on amendment, to be removed to the house of industry.

To carry this forward a stock might be raised either by rate or voluntary subscription, towards
pur-

purchasing materials for employing the different tradesmen, such as shoemakers, weavers, tailors, &c. with hemp, &c. for labourers.

SUPPOSE a lad, who by some accident has fallen into bad company, and guilty of some trifling felony, for which he has been tried and acquitted, either through the lenity of the jury, or for want of sufficient evidence; suppose him turned out of court penniless, without character, and in rags; how is such an one honestly to get his next day's dinner, or night's lodging? who will employ him, or will any one take him in except his old companions? the consequence is, he must of necessity either commit some fresh depredation on the public or perish; dreadful alternative! In this case let the jury have authority to pass him to his parish, there to be kept to labour in the house of correction till such time as he shews some signs of amendment, and let him then be removed to the house of industry. I foresee the objection that will be made to this: what, imprison a man who has been acquitted! where is then our liberty? In answer to these objections, I suppose his guilt evident to the jury, or at least his evil connections, the breaking him from which is such an abridgement of

liberty as confining a person affected with phrenzy, and preventing his casting himself headlong from a precipice.



ALTHOUGH we well know, that general compliments mean nothing, yet our vanity is gratified by the supposition, that we are thought of sufficient consequence to be flattered.



NOTHING seems more evident, than that we have no other right to make slaves of the negroes than that of superior abilities and power, yet it is on that right alone, that our superiority over animals is founded: for instance, what authorises us to oblige horses, asses, oxen, and other beasts of draught and burden, to labour for us, except our superiority in cunning? The difference of form surely gives no greater rights than that of colour. It is a miserable consideration, that the whole system of this world is founded on the right of power, the strong and cunning lording it over the weak and simple.

LET-



L E T T E R,

Giving an account of an extraordinary apparition.

SIR,

AS I know you are not one of those conceited sceptics, who affect to disbelieve every thing they cannot explain, I here send you a very curious narrative concerning an apparition lately seen near Gosport, in Hampshire, taken from the mouth of the party to whom it appeared; who related it to me, and is ready to testify the truth thereof upon oath before any magistrate in Great Britain: but before I proceed, permit me to observe, that I am well aware, that the whole will, by many of our fine gentlemen and free-thinkers, be treated as a fable, or the effects of a disturbed imagination: but let such be informed, that the notion of apparitions has prevailed from the earliest times,

M 2

among

among all nations, as well civilized as savages; that apparitions are mentioned in both the Old and New Testament; and what to these gentlemen may perhaps be more unexceptionable testimony, are treated of by many learned writers of ancient Greece and Rome. But to my story.

ABOUT two miles west of Gosport, there lately stood a sea mark, well known to all navigators by the name of Gill Kicker, near which is a burial ground, where most of the seamen who die on board the ships at Spithead were interred. It being thought expedient to erect a fort at this place, the Surry regiment of militia were pitched on to do that work.

To lay the foundations of this fort, it was absolutely necessary to disturb the peaceful mansions of the dead, and though the engineer and officers who superintended the working parties took great pains to avoid and prevent every unnecessary violation of these dormitories, yet from the inattention and wantonness of the soldiers, skulls, thigh bones, and other remains of mortality, were too often indecently thrown about; but what attention to propriety can be expected in this atheistical age, when blind reason

son is set up as a sovereign judge in matters of faith, and the divine right of kings and tithes are denied?

IN order to take care of the tools used in this work, a tent was pitched, in which a corporal and four men mounted guard every night; but nothing particular occurred till the 27th of the present month (August 1779), when this guard was mounted by Mr. Tobias Callingham, a corporal in the Southwark company of the above-mentioned regiment, a man remarkable for his sobriety, veracity, and religious turn of mind, and therefore not only much respected by his officers, but also by all his brother soldiers in the said company, which, if I may be indulged a digression, were ever famous for their strict observation of all the moral duties.

CORPORAL Callingham having, as I before mentioned, mounted his guard, passed the first part of the evening without any occurrence worth remarking; but about ten minutes after twelve at night, as he was returning from visiting a centinel he had posted over the tools, there suddenly appeared before him, at the distance of about six yards, the figure of an exceeding tall man, habited in a jacket, such as is commonly worn by Dutch sailors, a large pair of

breeches or trowsers, something like a handkerchief round his neck, and on his head a whitish cap; he appeared to have lost his right leg, which was supplied with the resemblance of a wooden one; he had one hand in his side pocket, and held the other in a beckoning posture; his countenance, to use the corporal's expression, was so ghastly as to make his hair lift his hat from his head; his mouth was open, as were also his eyes, his eye-balls fixed in the most frightful glare imaginable; and his whole face was of that dreadful, livid, and cadaverous hue, that marks an advanced state of putrefaction. The corporal declares he shall remember its looks to his dying day. All this he was enabled clearly to observe by the light of the moon, which, at that instant, shone with great brightness. At this dreadful apparition he was, as may easily be conceived, much terrified; but recollecting himself, and approaching nearer to it, he was thoroughly convinced it was no human being. He therefore fervently recited the Athanasian creed: on which he instantly felt a fresh accession of courage: this enabled him to speak to it, which he did with the usual adjuration, demanding who he was, and what caused his appearance? The spectre pointing to
a large

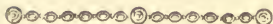
a large coffin, that day uncovered, vanished in a flash of fire.

THE corporal, overcome by this dreadful spectacle, fell down in a fit, and in the fall discharged his firelock, which alarmed the guard, who with great difficulty, by the help of some strong water, brought him to his senses, but not till they had carried him back to the tent; and it is observable that since this happened, from a man of a cheerful disposition, he is become extremely grave and thoughtful: it is also worthy of note, that though the centinel heard both Callingham's voice and the report of the piece, he did not see the apparition. Diverse are the conjectures respecting the cause of this preternatural visitation; but the general opinion is, that it is occasioned by the disturbance of the dead before mentioned, a matter strictly prohibited by the ancients, as both indecent and impious. The large coffin to which the spectre pointed, accidentally breaking next day in the removal, a pipe, a knife, and a tobacco box fell out of it, which being picked up, are now in the hands of the chaplain of the Surry regiment, ready to convince such as, like Thomas, the incredulous apostle, must not only see, but feel, before they believe.

I HAD nearly forgot to mention one very remarkable circumstance, which is, that during the appearance of this spectre, a small dog, called Fizgig, belonging to the corporal, seemed under the greatest terror imaginable, putting his tail between his legs, and creeping as close as possible to his master.

E. H.

This letter was in the author's hand writing: whether his own or transcribed is not certain: it was probably meant to ridicule some superstitious story in circulation at Gosport, about the time it was written.



L E T T E R

*In vindication of Sir J---ph M-wb-y.**

THE many illiberal sarcasms thrown out against that worthy patriot Sir J---ph M-wb-y, in the public papers, together with the very unfair accounts of his family, have provoked me to stand forth, and give the public a true and particular account of his birth, parentage, and education, in vindication of that much-injured patriot, who clearly evinces, that the greatest deservings are most liable to the fangs of detraction.

THAT the family of the M--b-ys or Malt--ys, have been long settled in Leicestershire, appears from divers antient records and memorials, many of them of a public nature, such as orders of the quarter sessions, church wardens' ac-

* This ironical letter seems to have been intended for one of the periodical publications of the day.

counts,

counts, warrants for removals, and a multiplicity of other parochial evidences.

THERE is also, as far back as Henry VIII. in the house of correction, against the wall, wrote in an ancient hand, the following triplet :

	When this you see,
Firing a stable,	Remember me,
Burning the Pope.	Joseph Ma-ee.
	1549.

Now tradition says, that this was wrote by the person whose name is therein mentioned, who was committed for breaking the popish justice's windows on a rejoicing night. This corresponds with what I have heard advanced by the worthy Baronet, namely, that his family had suffered in the cause of liberty and religion ; besides, the elegant *naiiveté* of the versification is so similar to some of the present gentleman's performances, that to me it fully demonstrates their consanguinity.

HAVING thus, I think, proved the antiquity of the family, permit me to say something of his more immediate progenitors. Methinks I see the good old man, his father, striding his faithful Dapple, and weighing out to the poor those joints of meat. which in London the unfeeling butchers

butchers bury, or throw into the Thames; I mean such as were unfold at the market, and were somewhat advanced towards that state which is so much esteemed in France, and distinguished by the title of the *Haut Gout*: in a word, he was, in the language of that country, a *cokerer*. Of the good lady, his mother, I am not so well instructed, saving that her declamations, probably in the cause of liberty, once procured her an immersion, by the orders of an arbitrary headborough who was a tailor: and I have some reason to believe, that she was the very person who gave such a noble instance of perseverance, by continuing the allusions to his trade with her hands after her head was under water.

FROM ancestors like these what less than a patriot could be expected; and such was his steadiness and prudence, that at the age of fifteen he was actually entrusted with the conduct of a large drove of hogs up to London, where he arrived safely, though not without some prodigies which foretold his future greatness: Parts like his could not remain long unnoticed; a wealthy uncle, struck with his genius, put him to school, where he made such progress

as to be actually in *As in præfenti* at the time of his leaving the school.

How greatly is it to be lamented, that, considering his vast propensity to letters, he left school so early as eighteen: however, there is great reason to hope, considering the assiduity with which he is now pursuing his studies, by means of a private tutor, that he will retrieve his loss, particularly as he is now not quite forty.

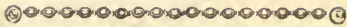
INDEED the fruits of his endeavours may be seen in those agreeable orations with which he sometimes charms the listening senate, and can only be equalled by the graceful manner in which they are delivered: even his enemies allow the force of his eloquence, and the beauty of his periods.

BUT whither am I running? warmed by the love of my subject, I have already exceeded the bounds of a letter, and shall reserve the farther account of his virtues to another opportunity.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

PASQUIN.

LET-



L E T T E R

To the Critic of the Gentleman's Magazine.

SIR,

AS you have thought proper, in the Gentleman's Magazine of April last, to insert some strictures on my little Essay on Ancient Spurs, printed in the last volume of the Archæologia, I, in return, beg leave to make some observations on your criticism.

FIRST, then, I must observe, that considering the offices which you hold in the Antiquarian Society, there is a manifest impropriety in your giving any opinion at all on the subject of their publications; for, should your judgment prove in their favour, it might be deemed interested and partial, if the contrary, it surely would ill accord with your duty to the Society, to point out the defects of any production edited under

under their sanction, and would be, to the utmost of your abilities, an attack on both their honour and interest. Besides, as these papers must have been voted worthy of publication by the majority of the Council, your attempt to prove the contrary is setting up your judgment in opposition to that majority: what shall we call this? I think it cannot properly be stiled modesty.

BUT even supposing there might be no impropriety in your acting as a self-appointed Reviewer of the Society's works, you would do well to observe, that criticism and abuse are very different things: the one may in most cases be executed by a gentleman, but the other not. Let me ask you, who do you think will send papers to the Society, if, after undergoing the usual ordeal, they are liable to your unhand-some animadversions?

I, however, cannot say I am surpris'd at the insult I complain of, as I am by no means a singular instance of your petulancy, especially since you have enjoyed the means of indulging it by the post of reviewer to the Gentleman's Magazine; whence, like a Yankey behind a tree, you lie perdue, and fire your blunderbuss at almost every

every person that comes within your reach, with as much assiduity as if you gained to yourself that credit of which you deprived others: thus rendering the Gentleman's Magazine, once a respectable compilation, the vehicle of your personal malignity.

BUT let us examine a little whether your criticism is more ingenious and liberal than properly directed. A person wishes to ascertain the form of an ancient spur, and for information searches the different repositories where antiquities of that kind are preserved, in order to judge from the original instruments: but you, Mr. Director, inform us, that the representations of things are better authorities for their forms than the things themselves, and that I ought to have sought for the desired information among monuments and pictures; had you fairly read the paper, you would have seen this had been also done. Indeed, was not your great disinterestedness universally acknowledged, we here might have been led to suspect, that you meant the pictures of monuments, and referred to your own late sepulchral publication.

IN the course of your criticism you say, we demur to the authenticity of Don Saltero's
coffee-

coffee-house. Is it to the coffee-house itself you demur? perhaps you may have had an extravagant bill brought you there; or is to the authenticity of the spur produced from thence? if the latter, permit me to ask you, what part of my assertion respecting that instrument is it you object to: Is it not a spur? I have only given it as such, and not as an ancient one: I hope, for the honest landlord's sake, you will not take it for a *king's finger*.

MR. Rowles's collection next becomes your object, introduced under the denomination of his lumber room and collection of old iron; this I understand is meant as a punishment for his having audaciously presumed to out-bid you for a lot of vertu at a public auction: would it not have been better to have informed the public of his enormous offence, as otherwise they may think you highly deficient in morals and good breeding, thus unprovoked contemptuously to stigmatize the cabinet of a brother connoisseur and antiquary: but to return to your charge, you seem to reprobate the searching for a spur in a collection of old iron: Would you have advised me to hunt for it in a ginger-break baker's shop?

YOUR

· YOUR observation, that the subject might have been both enlarged and reduced, places it under a particular predicament, there being some works that might be advantageously lessened, but not with any propriety enlarged.

HAVING thus shewn the futility of your criticism, and thereby the truth of that proverb which says, God sends curst cows short horns; let me advise you to devote part of that time to the correction of your own multitudinous errors, which you so improvidently spend in pointing out those of others, and ever to hold it in mind, that one who has a head of glass should never engage in throwing stones.

G.



Copy of a letter from one of the lamp-lighters of Covent Garden theatre, to the treasurer of that house.

SUR,

I am mutch as weful, ples to fend the munney by the bear; it is my whiff, and I fetts upon thrones tell she cum back.

Your humbel fervant,

H. Tomas.



Copy of a letter written by Mr. Stoppelear, a painter and player, brother to Mr. Michael Stoppelear, to Mr. Fleetwood, who requested him to play Macheath.

SIR,

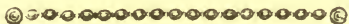
I thank you for the fever you intended me, but I have had a great cold and horseness upon me this twelvemonth, which lasted above six months, and is not gone yet, and I am apprehensive it will return.

I am

I am juſt able to keep my head above water by my painting, therefore do not chuſe to embark any more on the ſtage.

I met you laſt night according to your appointment, but you did not come; * however, if you will pleaſe to appoint any other time or place, I will not fail meeting you, whither you come or not.

*N. B. * Thus far is genuine. as I was informed by Mr. Forreſt, ſen. who was preſent when it was delivered to Mr. Fleetwood: the reſt has been added.*



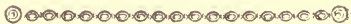
LETTERS were anciently faſtened with wax and ravelled ſilk, as low as 1595, and continued till 1678. One from Chriſtine II. of Sweden, to Charles II. Sir John Cullum ſays he ſaw ſo ſecured.

This cuſtom is mentioned by Shakeſpeare in his *Lover's Complaint* :

Letters ſadly penn'd in blood,
With ſleided ſilk, feat and affectedly
Enſwath' and ſeal'd to curious ſecrecy.

CHARLES

CHARLES V. when in the gout, s'efferoit d'ovrir la lettre de Henri, mais comme elle estoit en lacée avec de fils de foi, ses doights convert de nodus et presque perclus ne pouvoit les rompre. Hist. de France par M. Garnier, quoted L'Esprit les Journeaux, Ap. 1782.



CURIOUS EXTRACTS, ANECDOTES, AND STORIES.

Extract from a register, East Dean, Suffex.

AGNES PAYNE, the daughter of Edward Payne, was buried the first day of February. Johan Payne, the daughter of Edward Payne, was buried the first day of February.

IN the death of these two sisters last mentioned, is one thinge worth recordinge, diligently to be noted. The eldest sifter, called Agnes, being very sicke unto death, speechless, and as was thought past hope of speakinge : after
she

ſhe had lyen 24 hours without ſpeech, at laſt upon a ſuddayne cryed out to her ſiſter to make herſelf ready, and to come with her: her ſiſter Johan being abroad about other buſineſs, was called for, who being come to her ſick ſiſter, demaundinge howe ſhe did, ſhe very lowde or earneſtly bad her ſiſter make ready, ſhe ſtayed for her, and could not go without her: within half an houre after, Johan was taken very ſicke, which increaſinge all the night upon her, her other ſiſter ſtill callinge her to come away, in the morninge they both departed this wretched world together. O the unſearchable wiſdom of God! How deepe are his judgments, and his ways paſt fyndinge out!

TESTIFYED by diverſe ould and honeſt perſons yet living, which I my ſelfe have hard their father, when he was alive, report.

Arther Pollande, Vic.

Henry Homewood,	} Church-
John Pupp, -	



Extract from a treatise entitled a Christian's Sacrifice, an odd leaf in the possession of Mr. Gostling.

“HERE let us not omit amongst the conformities of these times to the world, women's painting their faces and breasts, and laying open their said breasts most immodestly, almost to their waists, yea, their picturing upon their breasts cherries and birds, yea, the patching of them also, and of their faces, here a patch and there a patch. Oh abominable, oh monstrous; the daughter of Zion before mentioned, and wicked Ifabel herselfe, never came to this height.

To the former may be added their wearing of strange haire, I mean the haire of other women, either bought of some that are poore, and for money glad to cut it off, to serve foolish desires of others, or taken from the heads of some before dead, the which strange haire likewise sometimes they dye, not according to the colour of their owne haire, but white, or of some other colour, according to the fashion of most,

so

that so all in colour of haire may be like one to another, how unlike soever in complexion; and all may weare one liverie, as serving all one mistress; the like may be said of their pendent locks, about their cheekes most undecently, howsoever they think themselves adorned thereby, and directly contrary to the precept of Paul and Peter. I suppose also, that if they knew their butter to be made by any wearing such lockes, they would not very willingly eat thereof. I could speake more homely hereof, but that I thinke some do it more of ignorance, and custome, and to satisfie the minds of some other, either husbands, or parents, or mistresses, than of any pride they take therein, either not knowing or not remembring what holy scripture hath said against the same.

BUT let us dive a little deeper into these deepe abominations of these times, drawne from the deepe pit of Hell itself. How therefore have men and women changed their sexe (as much as they can) one with another? Men wearing long haire like unto women, and women cutting off their haire like unto boyes, or beardlesse young men, wearing nothing thereon but hats, pulling them also off to such as they
meete.

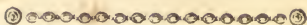
meete. Oh monstrous, oh monstrous. Are not these things in men, and also in women, directly contrary to the apostle's doctrine? Is not the doing of either or both, to gaine say to the face of the apostle?



Longevity of the tortoise.

IN the library at Lambeth Palace is the shell of a land tortoise, brought to that palace by Archbishop Laud, about the year 1633, which lived to the year 1753, when it was killed by the inclemency of the weather; a labourer in the garden having, for a trifling wager, digged it up from its winter retreat, and neglecting to replace it, a frosty night, as is supposed, killed it.

ANOTHER tortoise was placed in the episcopal house at Fulham, by Bishop Laud, when Bishop of that see, *anno* 1628: this died a natural death *anno* 1753. What were the ages of these tortoises at the time they were placed in the above gardens, is not known. Doctor Andrew Coltee Ducarel, who told me this anecdote, had often seen both these animals.



*Anecdote relating to the death of Anne Weatherly,
late of Whitstable, A. D. 1775.*

ANNE WEATHERLY, a young married woman, about a month or six weeks ago, accompanied her father to Hearne, a village about five or six miles from Whitstable. On their return home, she asked her father twice if he did not see Death standing before them; once in the path-way in the field, another time at a stile where they were to get over. He for some time endeavoured to laugh her out of it, as a mere whim. She continually asserted that she had actually seen Death: soon after which she became blind; the disorder then fell into her legs, so that it was with great difficulty she got home, was put to bed immediately, and died in a very few days.

THIS I had from her own brother.



ANNO ----- Colonel Guy Johnson, walking with his wife into Ticonderago, in America, she thought she saw a man then absent making a coffin out of some particular planks of wood, which she described; and farther said, she saw her name on it: this she told to many persons, and within four days afterwards she fell sick and died. The same man she saw returning was employed to make her coffin, and could find no wood proper for it, but was obliged to use some thick oak boards, designed for mantlets, apparently such as she had described.

THIS account I had from Colonel Johnson.



APRIL, 1788, Mr. Newton, the architect, told me the following story respecting Mr. Stuart, called the Athenian.

A day or two before Mr. Stuart's death, his maid-servant being cleaning the stairs, thought she

She saw her master come out of his bed-room in his night-cap, then go into his study, and thence come down stairs past her with uncommon quickness. As she had left him with Mrs. Stuart at dinner, she was much surpris'd at it, and went into the parlour and told her master and mistress what she had seen. Mr. Stuart reprov'd her, and bid her go about her business, affirming he had never been out of the room; he was at that time in good health: since his death, which happened suddenly, both the maid-servant and Mrs. Stuart confirm'd this story to Mr. Newton.

SOMEWHAT like this happened to Mr. Stuart himself; his son, a child of six or seven years of age, being in bed sick of the small pox, Mr. Stuart sitting in his study, saw this child come to the table with a pencil in his hand, as was his custom, and that he drew something on it, or seem'd to do; this he told Mrs. Stuart. The child died, and Mr. Stuart would never sit in that room afterwards, but brought down his papers, books, &c. into the parlour.



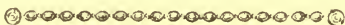
A London friend sent Mr. *Austen*, of *Rocheſter*, the following *moſt extraordinary ſublime lines* in *manuſcript*, ſaid to be *written by nearly an Idiot*, living ſtill March 16, 1779) at *Cirenceſter* :

“ COULD we with ink the ocean fill,
 Was the whole earth of parchment made,
 Was every ſingle ſtick a quill,
 Was every man a ſcribe by trade :
 To write the love of *God* alone,
 Would drain the ocean dry;
 Nor would the ſcroll contain the whole,
 Tho’ ſtretch’d from ſky to ſky.”



MR. Goſtling, ſen. paſſing by Bartholomew Cloſe, in company with his father, the old gentleman pointed to a houſe, where he ſaid dwelt a man, who, at the fire of London, found means to ſave the ſacramental plate of St. Paul’s,
 which

which he kept till that church was rebuilt; and when it was to be opened, he waited on the Dean, and told him, he need be under no kind of care about providing sacramental plate, as he would produce a set; which he accordingly did; and on receiving the thanks of the Dean, told him how he came by it: upon which the Dean changed his note, and said he was to blame in keeping it so private, as thereby had he died it would have been lost to the church. "Not so," replied he, "Mr. Dean, for I had mentioned it in my will." He also remembers a centinel with a pike, at Windsor palace gate. This was about seventy years ago, *i. e.* about 1706.



The Rev. Mr. Wood, of Douglas, told me the following story of a Mr. Cofnan, which his father had from his own mouth.*

THIS gentleman's house was haunted by a ludicrous demon, who played a thousand monkey tricks, such as scribbling upon a newly-plastered

* Mr. Cofnan was minister of Church-Santon.

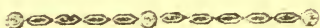
wall ; and once at noon-day, Mr. Stanton throwing a stone across a river, it was returned to him by an invisible hand, and that an hundred times successively : that he might not be mistaken, he had the precaution to mark it. This story making a noise, several substantial farmers called in to enquire into the truth of it : one among them doubting it, and in displaying his eloquence striking his hand on the table, a stone suddenly fell from the ceiling near his hand and stuck in the table, to the great astonishment of the whole company.



Story of Six-bottle Jack.

TWENTY-TWO clergymen of the isle of Man, having met on a political convocation, the subject to be discussed proved so dry that forty-four bottles of claret were drunk in discussing it : Parson Jack amused himself in arranging the empty bottles round the room where the meeting was held. Some pickthank told the effects of this meeting to Bishop Hildesley, who, being a very abstemious man, at the next convocation
 expa-

expatiated much on this horrid excess, as he called it. During his harangue, the eyes of the whole company were turned on Parson Jack, as the subject of the Bishop's admonition, as he only mentioned things in general. Jack seeing their mistake, loudly exclaimed, "You are mistaken, gentlemen, his Lordship does not mean me, he speaks only of *two bottles*, and he very well knows I am a *six-bottle man*."

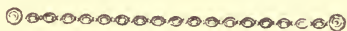


A curious Dissertation on Heraldry.

As I have heard there should be another division of gentry, which you have not touched; and that is a gentleman both spirituall and temporall, as when a person beeing eyther a gentleman of blood or coat armour is admitted into the holye order of priesthoode; this is a gentleman spirituall and temporall: spirituall in respect of his canonical orders; temporall by reason of his blood and coat armour. Christ was a gentleman as to his flesh, by the part of his mother, (as I have read), and might, if he had esteemed of the vayne glory of this worlde

whereof he often sayde his kingdom was not, have borne coat armour. The Apostles also (as my author telleth me) were gentlemen of bloud: and manye of them descended from that worthy conqueror Judas Maccabeus; but through the tract of time, and persecution of wars, poverty oppressed the kindred, and they were constrained to servile works. So were the four doctors and fathers of the church, (Ambrose, Augustine, Hierome, and Gregorie) gentlemen, both of bloud and coat armours. I have been taught how that such a gentleman of bloud, admitted into holye orders, ought to take two of his nearest coats and marshal them in his shielde, in a fielde, parted per chevron, the one above, the other beneath. The Glory of Generositie, page 98.

Blazon of Gentry; by John Ferne, 1586.



Superstitious notions.

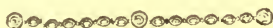
THE wounds of a murdered person will bleed afresh on the touch of the murderer.

If a witch is cut or scratched by any one, so as to draw blood, she can have no power over them.

them. It seems evident she never had, otherwise she would prevent such an outrage.

A witch cannot say the Lord's Prayer; a witch cannot step over two straws or switches laid cross-wise.

If the urine, hair, and pairings of the nails, of a person bewitched, be put in an earthen jar, with some horse-nails, and hung up in the chimney, the witch will be in the greatest torment imaginable, and under the necessity of endeavouring to get the bottle or jar into her possession.



W I G S.

THE wig has served as a distinguishing mark to several persons in latter times.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL Whitford, colonel of the 9th regiment, was known throughout the army by the nick-name of White Wig.

Two General Pattisons were also distinguished on a foreign expedition by the titles of Queue and Toupie.

MR.

MR. Wood, of the artillery, was distinguished from another officer of the same name in that corps, by the appellation of Wig-Wood.

GENERAL Skinner, the engineer, generally wore a large black wig. At Bellisle, a serjeant, who had heard him described by his wig, seeing him coming, turned out his guard by crying, " Turn out the guard, the wig! the wig!



*Extempore Verses, by a Watchmaker of -----
in Dorsetshire, on that Corporation; supposed to
be under the influence of Mr. Banks and Mr.
Bond, gentlemen of the neighbourhood.*

DAMN'D in with Banks,
Bound in by Bonds,
Ye dupes and slaves to men;
Cancel your Bonds,
Break down your Banks,
Then you'll be free again.

Aband-

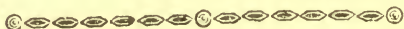


*A hand-bill stuck up in several parts of the city
of Dublin, July 31, 1784.*

THIS is to certify, that I Daniel O'Flannaghan, am not the person that was tarred and feathered by the Liberty mob, on Tuesday last; and I am ready to give twenty guineas to any one that will lay me fifty, that I am the other man who goes by my name.

Witness my hand, this 30th July.

Daniel O'Flannaghan.



*Written on the breast of an emblematical figure of
Gluttony, affixed against a public house in the
corner of Cock-lane, Pye-corner.*

* This boy is a memorial set up for the fire of London, occasioned by the sin of gluttony 1666.

A kind of verse on the above occasion.

* Ironmonger-lane was red-fire hot,
Milk-street boiled over,
It began at Pudding-lane,
And ended at Pie-corner.



E P I T A P H S.*

On a Serjeant of the Surry militia.

HALT, foldier, pafs not by in fuch a hurry !
 Here lies a ferjeant of the royal Surry ;
 John Dennis nam'd, a portly grenadier,
 Whom all the privates did both love and fear.
 Two companies he paid, yet none could fay
 He ever wrong'd a foldier of his pay.
 Grim Death, alas ! whose rofter all muft prove,
 Warn'd him for duty in the heavens above ;
 Mean time his body here muft reft in clay,
 Until turn'd out the laft grand mufter day !

* The author has made a very large collection of epitaphs; of thefe the moft curious have been felected; a few of the firft are apparently of the author's own compofing.

Epitaph,

Epitaph, in the true stone-cutter's style.

HERE lies the body of Thomas Dollman,
 A vastly fat, tho' not a very tall man ;
 Pay serjeant was he in the Royal Surry,
 A better *I thinks* you'll not see in a hurry :
 Full twenty stone he weigh'd, yet I am told,
 His captain thought him worth his weight in
 gold ;
 Grim death, *who ne'er to nobody* shews favor,
 Hurried him off, for all his good behaviour ;
 Regardless of his weight, he bundled him away,
 'Fore any one Jack Robinson could say :
 Soldier take care, and by him pray take warning,
 You may be dead ere night, tho' alive and well
 in the morning.

On a Wife.

My dame and I, full twenty years,
 Liv'd man and wife together ;
 I could no longer keep her here,
 She's gone the Lord knows whither.
 Of tongue she was exceeding free,
 I purpose not to flatter ;
 Of all the wives that e'er I see,
 None e'er like her could chatter ;

Her

Her body is disposed well,
 A comely grave doth hide her ;
 And sure her soul is not in hell,
 The devil could never abide her ;
 Which makes me think she is aloft ;
 For in the last great thunder
 Methought I heard her well-known voice
 Rending the clouds asunder.

On one Munday, who hanged himself.

SACRED be the Sabbath, fie on filthy pelf ;
 Tuesday begins the week, Munday hath hang'd
 himself.

On a Dyer.

I lived by dying, and acquired much wealth,
 Stuffs long I dyed, but lastly died myself.

Another.

I dyed to live, and yet tho' strange most true,
 By dying lost my life and business too.

On a Seaman.

MY watch perform'd, lo here at rest I lay,
Not to turn out till resurrection day.

On a Taylor.

CABBAGED by death and in his eye laid by,
The remnant of a taylor here doth lye.

*On Alderman W——, of Guildford, by Nicholas
Turner, Esq. of Stoke.*

HERE lies C—— W——n, maker of pipes,
Who died Sunday se'night of a fit of the gripes;
He was a broker, and a sworn appraiser,
Yet he hardly new a candlestick from a razor;
He was an alderman of our town, and twice
mayor,
But they tell me he could not read the Lord's
prayer:
Which shews how little learning it does require
To be made His Worship, Mr. Mayor, and an
Esquire;

He

He was so stingy, I have heard him say often,
 He would be bury'd in a second-hand coffin:
 So I bought him one, as you know I must,
 For I was appointed his executor in trust.
 I put upon it C——— W——ton, esquire,
 It looked as new as if it came out of the fire;
 It had brass nails, and lacquered hinges,
 It was as fine as tho' it came from the Indies.
 So the bell rung, and all the aldermen came,
 Except Master Allen, and he was very lame;
 So they talk'd how the poor man grew sicker
 and sicker;
 They eat some manchet, and had five shillings
 worth of liquor.
 Then Parson Banister came, as fierce as any
 Dervise,
 So I gave him a scarf, and he read the service:
 But lest you should think me indoctus et
 brevis,
 I must say something, so sit tibi terra levis.
 Lay heavy on him clay, 'tis now your turn,
 And the burn'd child cannot forget the burn;
 Don't you remember the injuries he has done,
 How he has wetted you, and dried you, and set
 you in the sun?

If these are injuries you can forgive,
 In this world I am sure you are not fit to live :
 Lay heavy on him clay, press him down well,
 He's in his last mould, so friends adieu, farewell.

On a disorderly fellow named CHEST.

HERE lies one Chest within another ;
 That chest was good that's made of wood ;
 But who'll say so of t'other ?

*On Evan Rice, huntsman to Sir Thomas Mansel ;
 said to have been written by Bishop Atterbury.*

Vos qui colitis Hubertum,
 Inter Divos jam repertum,
 Cornu, quod concedens fato
 Reliquit vobis, insonato
 Lætos solvite canores
 In singultus et dolores ;
 Nam quis non tristi sonet ore,
 Conclamato Venatore ?
 Aut ubi dolor justus, nisi
 Ad tumulum *Evani Risi* ?
Hic per abrupta et per plana
 Nec pede tardo, nec spe vanâ;

Canibus

Canibus et telis egit,
 Omne quod in sylvis deget ;
Hic evolavit mane puro
 Cervis ocyor ac Euro,
 Venaticis intentus rebus,
 Tum cum medius ardet Phœbus ;
 Indefessus adhuc quando
 Idem occidit venando.
 At vos, venatum, illo duce,
 Non surgetis alia luce ;
 Nam Mors mortalium venator,
 Qui, ferinæ nunquam satur
 Cursum prævertit humanum,
 Proh dolor rapuit Evanum ;
 Nec meridies, nec Aurora,
 Vobis red lent ejus ora ;
 Restat illi nobis flenda
 Nox perpetuo dormienda ;
 Finivit multa laude motum,
 In ejus situ large notum ;
 Reliquit equos, cornu, canes :
 Tandem quiescant ejus manes.

Evan Rice

Thomas Mansel servo fideli, dominus bene-
 volens posuit.

*On Evan Rice; Englished by the Reverend
Mr. Gostling.*

YE votaries of Hubert come,
(Saint Hubert he is call'd at Rome)
Ye who delight the horn to wind,
Which he to leave you was so kind;
Change your jolly hunting cries
To lamentations, sobs and sighs.
For who the loss will not bemoan
Of a keen sportsman dead and gone;
Or who the tribute of our eyes
May better claim than Evan Rice?
Over the hills and through the plain,
With feet not slow and hopes not vain,
All sorts of game, that fly or run,
He would pursue with dog and gun;
At break of day ere Phœbus shin'd,
Swifter than deer, swifter than wind,
Intent on sport he would be gone;
Nor did he mind the heats of noon,
Unwearied till the want of light
Would force him home to rest at night.
But all must now his death deplore,
He'll call you out to sport no more;

The

The more unwearied hunter, Death,
 Who runs down all things that have breath.
 Who spares no creature under Heaven,
 Alas! hath overtaken Evan.
 No more shall you, at noon or morn,
 Behold his face or hear his horn;
 He's gone to his perpetual sleep,
 While for him ye that knew him weep.
 He finish'd decently his course,
 Left hound and horn, left dog and horse;
 Of characters he bore the best,
 Long may his bones in quiet rest!

On Mr. Croft, a staymaker.

READER, this tomb a *body* chang'd contains,
 Who many *boddice* form'd with won'rous pains:
 Poor *Crofts* is now no more, how short his *stay*!
 Tho' he for others *stays* made many a day.
 The Fates, alas! his thread too soon have cut,
 And in one grave his bones and bodkins put:
 The power of death from hence learn nought
 escapes;
 For he's a shadow now, that dealt in shapes:
 And learn, ye British fair, this fix'd decree,
 Nor shape nor beauty from the grave is free.

On John Underwood.

AN cruel death ! that dost no good,
 With thy destructive maggots ;
 Now thou hast cropt our *Underwood*,
 What shall we do for *faggots* ?

On John and Edward Topham.

READER, we from this monument may gather,
 John Topham was one Edward Topham's father;
 And what's more strange, we find upon this stone,
 That Edward Topham was John Topham's son.

In Biddeford Church-yard, Devon.

THE wedding day appointed was,
 And wedding clothes provided ;
 But ere that day did come, alas !
 He sicken'd and he die did.

In Dorchester Church-yard.

FRANK, from his Betty snatch'd by fate,
 Shows how uncertain is our state :

He

He finil'd at morn at noon lay dead,
 Flung from a horse that kick'd his head :
 But though he's gone, from tears refrain,
 At judgment he'll get up again ;
 And then to heaven post-haste he'll ride,
 And sit with Betty by his side.

Sir John Trollop, Knt. is said to have had a grave dug for himself some years before his decease, in the chancel of a church built at his expence : by the side of the grave was placed his own figure in marble, with the right hand pointing to the building and his left to the grave : on his breast were painted the following lines :

I, Sir John Trollop,
 Made these stones roll-up ;
 When God shall take my soul up,
 My body shall fill that hole up.

On the lady of Dr. Greenwood, of -----, who died in child-bed.

O cruel tyrant, Death ! thou hast cut down
 The fairest *Greenwood* in all this town :
 Her worth and amiable qualities were such,
 She certainly deserv'd a lord or a judge ;

But

But her piety and great humility
 Rather made her chuse a doctor of divinity :
 For which heroic act among the rest,
 She was justly deem'd the Phoenix of her sex ;
 And, like that bird, a young she did create,
 To comfort those she left disconsolate.
 My grief for her was so fore,
 That I can only utter four lines more :
 For her's and other good women's sake,
 Never let a blister be put upon a lying-in-
 woman's back ;
 For in all disorders of the bladder and womb,
 It never fails, I think, to bring the patient to the
 tomb.

On a Lieutenant of marines.

HERE lies retir'd from busy scenes,
 A first lieutenant of marines ;
 Who lately liv'd in peace and plenty,
 On board the ship nam'd Diligente.
 Now strip'd of all his warlike shew,
 And laid in box of elm below ;
 Confin'd in earth in narrow borders,
 He rises not till further orders.

On a Sailor; in Leostoffe church-yard, Suffolk.

THO' Boreas' winds, tempestuous waves
 Have tost me to and fro,
 In spite of both, by God's decree,
 I harbour here below ;
 And tho' at anchor here I lie,
 With many of our fleet,
 Yet once again I hope to rise,
 My admiral Christ to meet,

In the church-yard of Seven Oaks, Kent.

GRIM death took me without any warning,
 I was well at night, and dead at nine in the
 morning.

In West Grinstead church-yard, Suffex.

VAST strong was I, but yet did dye,
 And in my grave asleep I lye ;
 My grave is steaned round about,
 Yet I hope the Lord will find me out.

*On ----- Du Bois, a fencing-master, born in a
baggage waggon, and killed in a duel: said to
be written by Lord Rochford.*

BEGOT in a cart, in a cart first drew breath,
Carte and tierce was his life, and a carte was his
death!

*In Rochester church-yard, Kent: in memory of
Sarab Elway, of the parish of Breadpoor.*

Tho' young she was,
Her youth could not withstand,
Nor her protect from death's
Impartial hand.
Life is a cobweb, be we e'er so gay,
And death a broom
That sweeps us all away.

*On a grave-stone in St. Margaret's Church-yard,
Rochester.*

CHRIST'S death my life, my life to death is
portal,
So through two deaths I have one life immortal.

In the church-yard of Christ-church, Hants, on the west side of the path leading to the porch.

WE were not slayne, but rays'd,
 Rays'd not to life;
 But to be buried twice,
 By men of strife.

What rest could living have,
 When dead had none?
 Agree amongst you,
 Heere we ten are one.

Hen. Rogers died April 17th, 1764.

I. R.

The meaning of the above Epitaph is doubtful. Tradition says it alludes to the following fact. The bodies of ten drowned persons being driven on shore, were buried in the field of a man who considered it as an invasion on his property, and caused them to be dug up again, when they were removed to the church-yard. The stone on which this inscription was engraved, having been thrown down and almost buried, was cleaned and again set up by Mr. Richmond, of Christ-church.

*On Thomas Dey, in the church-yard at Islington,
1784.*

ART thou alive Thomas?—Yes, with God
on high,
Art thou not dead Thomas?—Yes, and here
I lie.
I that with men on earth did live to die;
Died for to live with God eternally.

*In Alresford Church-yard, Hampshire: on an
officer in the excise.*

No supervisor's check he fears,
Now no commissioner obeys;
He's free from cares, entreaties, tears,
And all the heavenly orb surveys.

On John Treffry, Esq.

HERE in this chancell do I ly,
Known by the name of John Treffry,
Being made and born for to dye,
So must thou, friend, as well as I:
Therefore good works be sure to try,
But chiefly love and charity;

And still on them with faith rely,
So be happy eternally.

Soli Deo gloria.

This was put up during the lifetime of Mr. Treffry, by his direction; he was a whimsical kind of man: he had his grave digged, and lay down and swore in it, to shew the sexton a novelty, i. e. a man swearing in his grave.

At the east end of the chancel of Ledbury church, Herefordshire, lies interred Charles Godwyn, (son of Bishop Godwyn,) and Dorothy his wife, with this conceited inscription:

Præibit Dorothea,
Sequetur Carolus,
Ambo resurgent.

God-wyn the one, God won the other.

*On John Langdon, organ-builder and physician:
written by a schoolmaster near Cambridge.*

Musicus et medicus Langdon jacet hicce
Johannes.

Organa namque loqui fecerat ipse quasi.

Physician and musician both, John Langdon
lieth here,

Who tuneful organs made to speak, a sort of as
it were.

On Mr. Levett's huntsman, interred in Green-bill church-yard, near Litchfield, Staffordshire.

HERE'S run to ground just in his prime,
 The stoutest huntsman of his time ;
 None e'er lov'd better hound or horse,
 No ditch till this e'er stopp'd his course.
 Tho' out at length he here is cast,
 By fate untimely hurry'd ;
 Yet in at death, he'll be at last,
 When Death himself is worried.

On a Bailiff.

HERE lies a bailiff, who oft arrested men,
 And for large bribes did let them go again ;
 Now seiz'd by Death, no gold can set him free,
 For Death's a catchpole proof against a fee.

The following epitaph, made by a husband on the decease of his second wife, who happened to be interred immediately adjoining his former one, is copied from a stone in a church-yard in the county of Kent.

HERE lies the body of Sarah Sexton,
 Who was a good wife, and never vex'd one:
 I can't say that for her at the next stone !

A clergyman in Essex, near the place gave me (T. A.) from his own mouth, the following odd epitaph, that actually still exists in Edmington church-yard, Essex.

“ Hic jacet Newberrylidill,
 Vitam finivit cum Cohice Pill.
 Quis administravit ?
 Bellamy Su.
 Quantum quantitat ?
 Nescio. Scisne tu ?
 Ne suto ultra crepidam.
 Obiit Anno Dom. 1242. Ætat. 24.”

N. B. The clerk or church-wardens are allowed a small salary to keep it always in repair.

On a publican.

A jolly landlord once was I,
 And kept the Old King's Head, hard by,
 Sold mead and gin, cyder and beer,
 And eke all other kinds of cheer ;
 Till Death my license took away,
 And put me in this house of clay ;
 A house at which you all must call,
 Sooner or later, great and small.

On a sailor : in Harwich church-yard.

OH! why should I be loth to die,
 That liv'd so long in pain?
 To be with Christ is ever best,
 With him for to remain :
 But when pale Death drew my last breath,
 He freed me from all pain.
 He's anchor'd me here, without despair,
 Amidst my little fleet ;
 Yet once again we must set sail
 Our Admiral Christ to meet.

Another.

THO' Boreas' blasts and Neptune's waves
 Have tofs'd me to and fro,
 Yet, spite of both, by God's decrees,
 I harbour here below.

*In Northleach church, Gloucestershire, on a person
 of the name of Stone.*

JERUSALEM'S curse was ne'er fulfill'd in me,
 For here a stone upon a Stone you see.

In

In the north chancel in Boughton Church, on a marble stone is the following epitaph; written in old-print letters.

I now that lye within this marble stone,
Was call'd Thomas Hawkins by my name,
My terme of life an hundred years and one,
King Henry the Eighth I serv'd, which won
me ffame,

Who was to me a gracious prince allwaies,
And made me well to spend my aged daies.

My stature high, my body huge and strong,
Excelling all that lived in mine age;
But nature spent, death would not tarry long,
To fetch the pledge which life had laid to
gauge.

My fatal day, if thou desirest to know,
Behold the figures written here below.

15th March, 1587.

Tradition says that this Thomas Hawkins was the first yeoman of the guard.

In Hearne church-yard, Kent.

HERE lies a piece of Christ, a star in dust,
A vein of gold, a China dish, that must
Be us'd in Heaven when God shall feed his just.
Approved by all, and loved so well,
Tho young, like fruit that's ripe, he fell.

1737.

In Guildford church-yard.

READER pass on, ne'er waste your time
On bad biography and bitter rhyme;
For what I am this cumb'rous clay insures,
And what *I was*, is no affair of yours.

322

The following Works by FRANCIS GROSE, Esq:
Printed for M. HOOPER.

THE *Antiquities of England and Wales*, 8 Vols. elegantly printed on a Medium Quarto. Price, in Boards, 17l. 10s.

The same Work, 8 Vols. elegantly printed on a fine Imperial Octavo. Price, in Boards, 13l. 10s.

The *Supplement to the Large Edition* in 4 Vols. Royal Quarto; containing an *Addenda* to the Preface of the former Edition, and upwards of 300 Views, &c. including the County Maps, a General Index to the Six Volumes; and Index Map, shewing the Situation of every Building described in the Work, with a Portrait of the Author, engraved by Bartolozzi. In 2 vols. Price, in Boards, 7l. 13s.

Antiquities of Scotland, 2 Vols. elegantly printed on a fine Super-Royal Paper, to match the large Quarto Edition of England and Wales. Price, in Boards, 8l. 15s.

The same Work in 2 Vols. on Imperial 8vo. Boards, 6l. 6s.

Military Antiquities; being a *History of the English Army*, from the Conquest to the present Time, compiled from authentic Manuscripts, public Records, and other approved Authorities. Elegantly printed on a fine Medium Paper, in 2 large Volumes in Quarto; illustrated with upwards

wards of 80 Plates, finely engraved. Price, in Boards, 4l. 4s.

A Treatise on Ancient Armour and Weapons; (with a Supplement, containing 12 additional Plates of *Asiatic* and other Weapons) taken from the original Armour in the Tower of London, and other Arsenals, Museums, and Cabinets. Illustrated with 61 Copper-plates, containing upwards of 300 Subjects, beautifully engraved by Mr. Hamilton, President of the Society of Artists in Great Britain. Price, in Boards, 2l. 12s. 6d.

The Supplement may be had separate. Price 10s. 6d.

The History of Dover, by the Rev. William Darrell, Chaplain to Queen Elizabeth.—The Latin Manuscript from which this Work is printed was transcribed from the Original in the Library of the College of Arms, under the Inspection of the late W. Oldys, Esq. elegantly printed in Quarto and Octavo, the same Size as the large and small Editions of the Antiquities of England and Wales, with Ten beautiful Views, finely engraved from Drawings taken on the Spot, by F. GROSE, Esq. Small Paper, 14s. in Boards; large 16s. 6d.

Rules for drawing Caricatures; illustrated with Four Copper-plates; with an Essay on Comic Painting. Second Edition, to which are added 17 Prints, etched by himself from his own Drawings:

Books printed for M. HOOPER.

Drawings: the Subjects are principally singular and well-known Antiquarian Characters. Price 5s.

A Provincial Glossary, with a Collection of Local Proverbs and Popular Superstitions. The Second Edition, corrected and greatly enlarged. Boards, 5s.

A Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue.—The Second Edition, corrected, with large Additions. Price 5s. Boards.

A Guide to Health, Beauty, Honour, and Riches: being a Collection of humorous Advertisements, pointing out the Means to obtain those Blessings, with a suitable introductory Preface. Price 1s. 6d.

This Day is published, on a similar Plan to the
ANTIQUITIES of ENGLAND and WALES,

The ANTIQUITIES of IRELAND; being a Collection of VIEWS of the most remarkable Ruins and Ancient Buildings, accurately drawn on the Spot. To each View will be added an Historical Account of its Situation, when and by whom built (tracing the possessors from its Foundation to the present Time) with every interesting Circumstance relating thereto. Large Edition, on Super-Royal Paper, at 3s. 6d.; Imperial Octavo, 2s. 6d. *per* Number.

BINDING LIST SEP 15 1932

AC Grose, Francis
7 The Olio 2d ed., corr. and
G7 enl.
1796

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

