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De THE *Castro*

W O R K S

O F

Dr JONATHAN SWIFT,

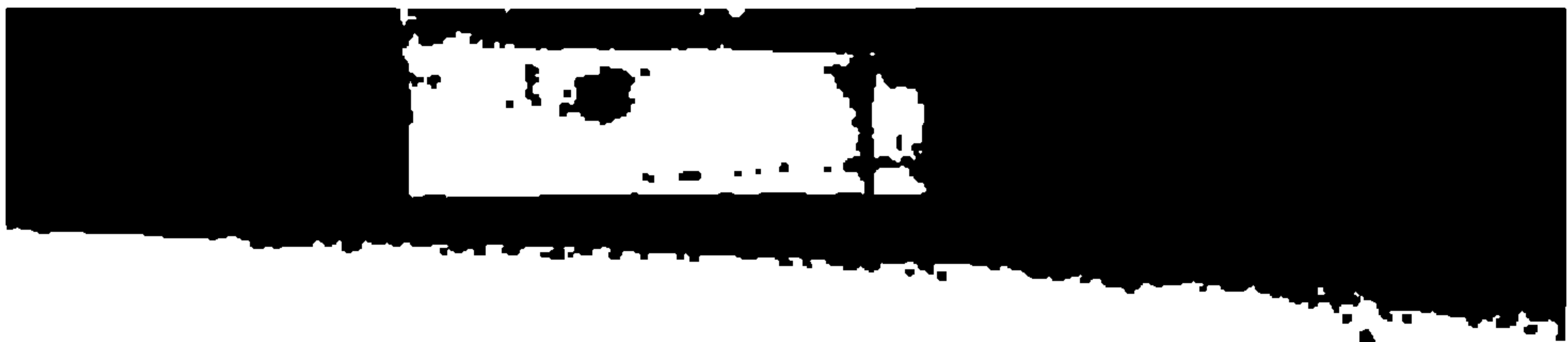
Dean of ST PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

V O L. VII.

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C O N T E N T S.

MISCELLANIES IN VERSE continued.

N. B. *Whatever verses are marked with an asterisk * prefixed, are not Dr Swift's.*

| | |
|---|----|
| A Beautiful young nymph going to bed | 8 |
| Strephon and Chloe | 3 |
| Apollo; or, A problem solved | 13 |
| The place of the damned | 14 |
| Judas | 15 |
| On Mr Pultney's being put out of the council | 16 |
| To Mr Gay | 17 |
| The hardship put upon the ladies | 22 |
| On the Bishops of Ireland | 23 |
| * The Earl of Orrery to Swift, with a present of a paper-book | 25 |
| * Dr Delany to the same, with a silver standish | 26 |
| Verses by Dr Swift, occasioned by the foregoing presents | 27 |
| A love-song in the modern taste | 28 |
| On the words <i>Brother-Protestants, &c.</i> | 29 |
| On poetry, a rhapsody | 31 |
| A character, &c. of the legion-club | 45 |
| An apology, &c. | 52 |
| * A new simile for the ladies. By Dr Sheridan | 57 |
| The answer; by Dermot O-Nephely | 61 |
| Tim and the fables | 66 |

POSTHUMOUS PIECES.

| | |
|---|-----|
| Ode to the Hon. Sir William Temple | 68 |
| Swift's letter to the Athenian Society | 74 |
| His ode to the same | 76 |
| Toland's invitation to Dismal | 83 |
| * A dialogue between a lawyer and Dr Swift | 87 |
| The beak's confession to the priest | 89 |
| On Dan Jackson's picture cut in paper | 97 |
| Another | 98 |
| Another | 99 |
| On the foregoing picture | 100 |
| Dan Jackson's answer. | 100 |
| Answer to Dan Jackson, by Mr George Rochfort | 101 |
| Answer by Dr Delany | 103 |
| Answer by Dr Sheridan | 105 |
| Dan Jackson's reply | 106 |
| Another reply by the Dean in Dan Jackson's name | 107 |
| Sheridan's submission | 108 |
| Tom Mullins and Dick | 109 |
| Dick, a maggot | 110 |
| Chd all in Brown | 111 |

| | |
|---|------------|
| Verſes made for women who cry apples, &c. | 114 |
| To love | 116 |
| * Verſes written upon a very old glaſs | 117 |
| Answered extempore by Dr Swift | 118 |
| * Verſes cut upon a pane of glaſs in the Dean's parlour | <i>ib.</i> |
| ————— On another window | <i>ib.</i> |
| Epitaph on Frederick Duke of Schomberg | 119 |
| A ballad on the game of traffio | 120 |
| Verſes ſaid to be written on the union | 121 |
| * Will. Wood's petition to the people of Ireland | 122 |
| An epigram on Wood's braſs money | 124 |
| On the Duke of Chandos | <i>ib.</i> |
| An epigram on ſcolding | <i>ib.</i> |
| Catulus de Leſbia | 125 |
| In Engliſh | <i>ib.</i> |
| On Mr Jaſon Haſſard's deſiring a motto to his ſign | <i>ib.</i> |
| The author's manner of living | <i>ib.</i> |
| To a lady | 126 |
| The diſcovery | 134 |
| The problem | 136 |
| A love-poem from a phyſician to his miſtreſs | 138 |
| On a printer's being ſent to Newgate, by — | 139 |
| On the little houſe by the church-yard of Caſtlenock | <i>ib.</i> |
| * Upon ſtealing a crown when the Dean was aſleep | 141 |
| The Dean's answer | 142 |
| * An epitaph on Dr Swift's dog | <i>ib.</i> |
| Riddles | 143—150 |
| To Dr Sheridan | 150 |
| * A rebus written by a lady on the Rev. Dean Swift | 152 |
| The answer | 153 |
| Written by the Rev. Dr Swift on his own deafneſs | 154 |
| In Engliſh | <i>ib.</i> |
| A letter to Dr Helſham | <i>ib.</i> |
| To Dr Sheridan | 156 |
| A letter to Dr Helſham | <i>ib.</i> |
| Probatur aliter | 158 |
| Tom's metamorphoſis into a poet and ſpaniel | 159 |
| * Mrs Pilkington to Dr Swift, on his birthday | 161 |
| A love-ſong | <i>ib.</i> |
| An epigram on Dick | <i>ib.</i> |
| The life and genuine character of Dr Swift | 162 |
| <i>The end of the MISCELLANIES in VERSE.</i> | |
| A letter to a young clergyman | 170 |
| An eſſay on the fates of clergymen | 189 |
| An eſſay on modern education | 197 |
| A letter to a very young lady on her marriage | 205 |
| A preface to Biſhop Burnet's introduction, &c. | 215 |
| Polite converſation. In three dialogues | 245 |
| Directions to ſervants | 344 |
| The duty of ſervants at inns | 402 |

MISCELLANIES in VERSE.

C O N T I N U E D.

A beautiful YOUNG NYMPH going to bed^o.

Written for the honour of the FAIR SEX, in 1731.

CORINNA, pride of Drury-lane,
For whom no shepherd sighs in vain,
Never did Covent-garden boast
So bright a batter'd strolling toast!
No drunken rake to pick her up,
No cellar, where on tick to sup;
Returning at the midnight-hour,
Four stories climbing to her bow'r;
Then seated on a three-legg'd chair,
Takes off her artificial hair. 10

Now picking out a crystal eye,
She wipes it clean, and lays it by.
Her eyebrows from a mouse's hide
Stuck on with art on either side,
Pulls off with care, and first displays 'em, 15
Then in a play-book smoothly lays 'em.

Now dextrously her plumpers draws,
That serve to fill her hollow jaws.
Untwists a wire, and from her gums
A set of teeth completely comes. 20

Pulls out the rags contriv'd to prop
Her flabby dugs, and down they drop.

^o This poem, for which some have thought no apology could be offered, deserves, on the contrary, great commendation; as it much more forcibly restrains the thoughtless and the young from the risk of health and life, by picking up a prostitute, than the finest declamation on the sordidness of the appetite. *Hawkes.*

Vol. VII.

A

2 A NYMPH GOING TO BED.

Proceeding on, the lovely goddess
 Unlaces next her steel-ribb'd bodice,
 Which, by the operator's skill, 25
 Prefs down the lumps, the hollows fill.
 Up goes her hand, and off she slips
 The bolsters that supply her hips.
 With gentlest touch she next explores
 Her shancres, issues, running sores; 30
 Effects of many a sad disaster,
 And then to each applies a plaister:
 But must, before she goes to bed,
 Rub off the daubs of white and red,
 And smooth the furrows in her front 35
 With greasy paper stuck upon't.
 She takes a bolus ere she sleeps;
 And then between two blankets creeps.
 With pains of love tormented lies;
 Or if she chance to close her eyes, 40
 Of Bridewell and the Compter dreams,
 And feels the lash, and faintly screams;
 Or by a faithless bully drawn,
 At some hedge tavern lies in pawn;
 Or to Jamaica seems transported 45
 Alone *, and by no planter courted;
 Or, near Fleet-ditch's oozy brinks,
 Surrounded with a hundred stinks,
 Belated, seems on watch to lie,
 And snap some cully passing by; 50
 Or, struck with fear, her fancy runs
 On watchmen, constables, and duns,
 From whom she meets with frequent rubs;
 But never from religious clubs;
 Whose favour she is sure to find, 55
 Because she pays them all in kind.

• ————— *Et longam incomitata videtur*
Ire viam. ————— *Virg.*

CORINNA wakes. A dreadful sight!
 Behold the ruins of the night!
 A wicked rat her plaster stole,
 Half eat, and dragg'd it to his hole. 60
 The crystal eye, alas! was miss'd;
 And puffs had on her plumpers p—s'd.
 A pigeon pick'd her issue-peas:
 And shock her tresses fill'd with fleas.

THE nymph, tho' in this mangled plight, 65
 Must ev'ry morn her limbs unite.
 But how shall I describe her arts
 To recollect the scatter'd parts;
 Or shew the anguish, toil, and pain,
 Of gath'ring up herself again? 70
 The bashful muse will never bear
 In such a scene to interfere.
 Corinna in the morning dizen'd,
 Who sees, will spue; who smells, be poison'd.

STREPHON and CHLOE*.

Written in the year 1731.

OF Chloe all the town has rung,
 By ev'ry size of poets sung:
 So beautiful a nymph appears
 But once in twenty thousand years;
 By nature form'd with nicest care, 5
 And faultless to a single hair.

* This poem has among others been censured for indelicacy; but with no better reason than a medicine would be rejected for its ill taste. By attending to the marriage of Strephon and Chloe, the reader is necessarily led to consider the effect of that gross familiarity in which it is so to be feared many married persons think they have a right to indulge themselves: he who is disgusted at the picture, feels the force of the precept, not to disgust another by his practice: and let it never be forgotten, that nothing quenches desire like indelicacy; and that when desire has been thus quenched, kindness will inevitably grow cold. Harkness.

4 STREPHON AND CHLOE.

Her graceful mien, her shape, and face,
 Confess'd her of no mortal race :
 And then so nice, and so genteel ;
 Such cleanliness from head to heel : 10
 No humours gross, or frowzy steams,
 No noisome whiffs, or sweaty streams,
 Before, behind, above, below,
 Could from her taintless body flow :
 Would so discreetly things dispose, 15
 None ever saw her pluck a rose.
 Her dearest comrades never caught her
 Squat on her hams, to make maid's water.
 I swear that so divine a creature
 Felt no necessities of nature. 20
 In summer had she walk'd the town,
 Her armpits would not stain her gown :
 At country-dances not a nose
 Could in the dog-days smell her toes.
 Her milk-white hands, both palms and backs, 25
 Like iv'ry dry, and soft as wax.
 Her hands, the softest ever felt,
 Tho' cold would burn, tho' dry would melt †.

DEAR Venus, hide this wondrous maid,
 Nor let her loose to spoil your trade. 30
 While she ingrosses ev'ry swain,
 You but o'er half the world can reign.
 Think what a case all men are now in,
 What ogling, sighing, toasting, vowing !
 powder'd wigs ! what flames and darts ! 35
 What hampers full of bleeding hearts !
 What sword-knots ! what poetic strains !
 What billet-doux, and clouded canes !

BUT Strephon sigh'd so loud and strong,
 He blew a settlement along ; 40

† Though deep, yet clear, &c. Denham.

And bravely drove his rivals down
 With coach and six, and house in town.
 The bashful nymph no more withstands,
 Because her dear pappa commands.
 The charming couple now unites : 45
 Proceed we to the marriage-rites.

Imprimis, at the temple-porch
 Stood Hymen with a flaming torch :
 The smiling Cyprian goddess brings
 Her infant loves with purple wings ; 50
 And pigeons billing, sparrows treading,
 Fair emblems of a fruitful wedding.
 The muses next in order follow,
 Conducted by their 'squire; Apollo :
 Then Mercury with silver tongue, 55
 And Hebe, goddess ever young.
 Behold, the bridegroom and his bride
 Walk hand in hand, and side by side ;
 She by the tender Graces drest,
 But he by Mars, in scarlet vest. 60
 The nymph was cover'd with her *flammeum* †,
 And Phoebus sung th' *epitalemium* ‡.
 And last, to make the matter sure,
 Dame Juno brought a priest demure.
 Luna ¶ was absent, on pretence 65
 Her time was not till nine months hence.

THE rites perform'd, the parson paid,
 In state return'd the grand parade ;
 With loud huzza's from all the boys,
 That now the pair must crown their joys. 70

BUT still the hardest part remains.
 Strephon had long perplex'd his brains,

† A veil which the Roman brides covered themselves with when they were going to be married.

‡ A marriage-song.

¶ Diana goddess of midwives.

6 S T R E P H O N A N D C H L O E .

How with so high a
Demean himself the
For as he view'd his person round, 75
Mere mortal flesh was all he found :
His hand, his neck, his mouth and
Were duly wash'd to keep them sweet ;
(With other parts that shall be nameless,
The ladies else might think me shameless.) 80

The weather and his love were hot ;
And should he struggle, I know what ———
 , let it go, if I must tell it ———
 sweat, and then the nymph may smell it.

While she, a goddess, dy'd in grain, 85
Was unsusceptible of stain ;
And, Venus-like, her fragrant skin
Exhal'd *ambrosia* from within.

 a deity endure

A mortal human touch impure ? 90
How did the humbled swain detest
His prickly beard, and hairy breast !
His nightcap border'd round with lace
Could give no softness to his face.

Yet if the goddess could be kind, 95
What endless raptures must he find !
And goddesses have now and then
Come down to visit mortal men ;

A certain goddess, God knows who,
(As in a book he heard it read),
Took Col'nel Peleus to her bed.
But what if he should lose his life .

And what if daring Strephon dies
By lightning shot from Chloe's eyes. 110

WHILE these reflections fill'd his head,
The bride was put in form to bed :
He follow'd, stript, and in he crept,
But awfully his distance kept.

' Now ponder will, ye parents dear ; 115
Forbid your daughters guzzling bear ;
And make them ev'ry afternoon
Forbear their tea, or drink it soon ;
That ere to bed they venture up,
They may discharge it ev'ry sop ; 120
If not, they must in evil plight
Be often forc'd to rise at night.

Keep them to wholesome food confin'd,
Nor let them taste what causes wind :
('Tis this † the sage of Samos means,
Forbidding his disciples beans). 125

O ! think what evils must ensue ;
Miss Moll the jade will burn it blue :
And when she once has got the art,
She cannot help it for her heart ; 130
But out it flies, ev'n when she meets
Her bridegroom in the wedding-sheets.

Carmine † and *diuretic* †
Will damp all passion sympathetic ;
And love such nicety requires. 135

One blast will put out all his fires.
Since husbands get behind the scene,
The wife should study to be clean ;
Nor give the smallest room to guess
The time when wants of nature press ; 140

† A well-known precept of Pythagoras, not to eat beans, which has been variously interpreted, and is supposed to contain some important meaning.

† Medicines to break wind.

† Medicines to provoke urine.

STREPHON AND CHLOE.

But after marriage practise more
 Decorum than she did before ;
 To keep her spouse deluded still,
 And make him fancy what she will.

In bed we left the married pair : 145
 'Tis time to shew how things went there.
 Strephon, who had been often told
 That fortune still assists the bold,
 Resolv'd to make the first attack ;
 But Chloe drove him fiercely back. 150
 How could a nymph so chaste as Chloe,
 With constipation cold and snowy,
 Permit a brutish man to touch her ?
 Ev'n lambs by instinct fly the butcher.
 Resistance on the wedding-night 155
 Is what our maidens claim by right :
 And Chloe, 'tis by all agreed,
 Was maid in thought, and word, and deed.
 Yet some assign a different reason ;
 That Strephon chose no proper season. 160

SAY, fair-ones, must I make a pause,
 Or freely tell the secret cause ?

TWELVE cups of tea (with grief I speak)
 Had now constrain'd the nymph to leak.
 This point must needs be settled fast : 165
 The bride must either void or part.
 Then see the dire effects of pease,
 Think what can give the cholic ease.
 The nymph oppress'd before, behind,
 As ships are toss'd by waves and wind, 170
 Steals out her hand, by nature led,
 And brings a vessel into bed :
 Fair utensil, as smooth and white
 As Chloe's skin, almost as bright.

STREPHON, who heard the fuming rill 175
 As from a mossy cliff distil,

Cry'd out, Ye gods ! what sound is this ?
 Can Chloe, heavenly Chloe, —— ?
 But when he smelt a noisome steam,
 Which oft attends that lukewarm stream : 180
 (Salerno * both together joins,
 As sov'reign med'cines for the loins) ;
 And though contriv'd, we may suppose,
 To slip his ears, yet struck his nose :
 He found her, while the scent increas'd, 185
 As mortal as himself at least.
 But soon with like occasions prest,
 He boldly sent his hand in quest
 (Inspir'd with courage from his bride)
 To reach the pot on t'other side : 190
 And as he fill'd the reeking vase,
 Let fly a rouser in her face.

THE little Cupids hov'ring round,
 (As pictures prove), with garlands crown'd,
 Abash'd at what they saw and heard, 195
 Flew off, nor ever more appear'd.

ADIEU to ravishing delights,
 High raptures, and romantick flights ;
 To goddesses so heav'nly sweet,
 Expiring shepherds at their feet ; 200
 To silver meads and shady bow'rs,
 Dress'd up with amaranthin flow'rs.

How great a change ! how quickly made !
 They learn to call a spade a spade.
 They soon from all constraint are freed ; 205
 Can see each other *do their need*.
 On box of Cedar sits the wife,
 And makes it warm for *dearest life* ;

* Vide Scol. Salern. rules of health written by the School of Salerno.

Mingers cum dambis res est saluberrima lumbis.

And, by the beastly way of thinking,
Find great society in stinking. 210
Now Strephon daily entertains
His Chloe in the homli' strains ;
And Chloe, more experienc'd grown,
With int'rest pays him back his own.
No maid at court is less ashamed, 215
How'er for selling bargains fam'd,
Than she to name her parts behind,
Or when abed to let out wind.

FAIR Decency, celestial maid,
Descend from heav'n to Beauty's aid ; 220
Though Beauty may beget desire,
'Tis thou must fan the lover's fire ;
For Beauty, like supreme dominion,
Is best supported by Opinion :
If Decency bring 'no supplies, 225
Opinion falls, and Beauty dies.

To see some radiant nymph appear
In all her glitt'ring birthday-gear,
You think some goddess from the sky
Descended, ready cut and dry : 230
But ere you sell yourself to laughter,
Consider well what may come after ;
For fine ideas vanish fast,
While all the gross and filthy last.

O Strephon, 'ere that fatal day, 235
When Chloe stole your heart away,
Had you but through a cranny spy'd
On house of ease your future bride,
In all the postures of her face,
Which nature gives in such a case ; 240
Distortions, groanings, strainings, heavings,
'Twere better you had lick'd her leavings,
Than from experience find too late
Your goddess grown a filthy mate.

Your fancy then had always dwelt 245
 On what you saw, and what you smelt;
 Would still the same ideas give ye,
 As when you spy'd her on the prisy.
 And, 'spite of Chloe's charms divine,
 Your heart had been as whole as mine. 250

AUTHORITIES, both old and recent,
 Direct that women must be decent;
 And from the spouse each blemish hide,
 More than from all the world beside †.

UNJUSTLY all our nymphs complain 255
 Their empire holds so short a reign;
 Is after marriage lost so soon,
 It hardly holds the honey-moon:
 For if they keep not what they caught,
 It is entirely their own fault. 260

They take possession of the crown,
 And then throw all their weapons down:
 Though, by the politicians scheme,
 Whoe'er arrives at pow'r supreme,
 Those arts by which at first they gain it, 265
 They still must practise to maintain it.

WHAT various ways our females take
 To pass for wits before a rake!
 And in the fruitless search pursue
 All other methods but the true. 270

SOME try to learn polite behaviour
 By reading books against their Saviour;
 Some call it witty to reflect
 On ev'ry natural defect:
 Some shew they never want explaining 275

† If virtue, as some writers pretend, be that which produces happiness, it must be granted, that to practise decency is a moral obligation; and if virtue consists in obedience to a law, as the moral laws enjoin both parties to avoid offence, decency will still be duty, and the breach of it will incur some degree of guilt. &c.

To comprehend a double meaning.

But sure a tell-tale out of school

Is of all wits the greatest fool :

Whose rank imagination fills

Her heart, and from her lips distils ;

280

You'd think she utter'd from behind,

Or at her mouth was breaking wind.

Why is a handsome wife ador'd

By ev'ry coxcomb but her lord ?

From yonder puppet-man inquire,

285

Who wisely hides his wood and wire ;

Shews Sheba's queen completely dress'd,

And Solomon in royal vest ;

But view them litter'd on the floor,

Or strung on pegs behind the door ;

290

Punch is exactly of a piece

With Lorrain's Duke, and Prince of Greece *.

A prudent builder should forecast

How long the stuff is like to last ;

And carefully observe the ground

295

To build on some foundation sound :

What house, when its materials crumble,

Must not inevitably tumble ?

What edifice can long endure

Rais'd on a basis unsecure ?

300

Rash mortals, ere you take a wife,

Contrive your pile to last for life :

Since beauty scarce endures a day,

And youth so swiftly glides away ;

Why will you make yourself a bubble,

305

To build on sand with hay and stubble ?

On sense and wit your passion found,

By decency cemented round ;

* For the same reason many an handsome wife is neglected for an homely mistress, who better knows her interest, and considers love as her trade. *Hawkes.*



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14 THE PLACE OF THE DAMNED.

Nine muses always waiting round him, 25
He left them virgins as he found 'em.
His singing was another fault ;
For he could reach to *B* in *alt* :
And, by the sentiments of Pliny,
Such fingers are like Nicolini ‡. 30
At last the point was fully clear'd ;
In short, Apollo had no beard.

The PLACE of the DAMNED.

Written in the year 1731.

ALL folks, who pretend to *religion* and *grace*,
Allow there's a HELL, but dispute of the place :
But if HELL may by logical rules be defin'd
The *place of the damn'd*—— I'll tell you my mind.
Where-ever the damn'd do chiefly abound, 5
Most certainly there is HELL to be found :
Damn'd *poets*, damn'd *critics*, damn'd *blockheads*,
damn'd *knaves*,
Damn'd *senators* brib'd, damn'd *prostitute slaves* ;
Damn'd *lawyers* and *judges*, damn'd *lords* and damn'd
squires ;
Damn'd *spies* and *informers*, damn'd *friends*, and 10
damn'd *liars* ;
Damn'd *villains*, corrupted in every *station* ;
Damn'd *time-serving priests* all over the *nation*.
And into the bargain I'll readily give you
Damn'd ignorant *prelates* and *counsellors privy*.
Then let us no longer by *parsons* be flamm'd, 15
For we know by these *marks* the place of the damn'd :
And HELL to be sure is at Paris or Rome.
How happy for *us*, that it is not at *home* !
J U D A S.

‡ An Italian.

On Mr PULTENEY being put out of the council.

Written in the year 1731.

SIR Robert * weary'd by Will Pulteney's teasings,
 Who interrupted him in all his leasings,
 Resolv'd that Will and he should meet no more:
 Full in his face Bob shuts the council door;
 Nor lets him sit as justice on the bench 5
 To punish thieves, or lash a suburb-wench.
 Yet still St Stephen's chapel open lies
 For Will to enter ——— what shall I advise?
 E'en quit the House, for thou too long has sat in't,
 Produce at last thy dormant ducal patent; 10
 There, near thy matter's throne in shelter plac'd,
 Let Will unheard by thee his thunder waste.
 Yet still I fear your work is done but half:
 For while he keeps his pen, you are not safe.

HEAR an old fable, and a dull one too; 15
 Yet bears a moral, when apply'd to you.

A hare had long escap'd pursuing hounds,
 By often shifting into distant grounds;
 Till finding all his artifices vain,
 To save his life he leap'd into the main. 20
 But there, alas! he could no safety find,
 A pack of *dog-fish* had him in the wind.
 He scours away; and to avoid the foe
 Descends for shelter to the shades below.
 There Cerberus lay watching in his den; 25
 (He had not seen a hare the Lord knows when);
 Out bounc'd the mastiff of the triple head;
 Away the hare with double swiftness fled.

* Sir Robert Walpole.

Hunted from earth, and sea, and hell he flies
 (Fear lent him wings) for safety to the skies. 30
 How was the fearful animal distress!
 Behold a foe more fierce than all the rest:
 Sirius, the swiftest of the heav'nly pack,
 Fail'd but an inch to seize him by the back.
 He fled to earth, but first it cost him dear; 35
 He left his scut behind, and half an ear.

Thus was the hare pursu'd, though free from guilt:
 Thus, Bob, shalt thou be maul'd, fly where thou wilt:
 Then, honest Robin, of thy corpse beware;
 Thou art not half so nimble as a hare: 40
 Too pond'rous is thy bulk to mount the sky;
 Nor can you go to *bell*, before you die.
 So keen thy *busters*, and thy *scut* so strong,
 Thy *turns* and *doublings* cannot save thee long*.

The author having been told by an intimate friend, that the Duke of Queensberry had employed Mr Gay to inspect the accounts and management of his Grace's receivers and stewards, (which however proved afterwards to be a mistake), writ to Mr. Gay the following poem,

In the year 1731.

HOW could you, Gay, disgrace the muses train,
 To serve a tasteless court twelve years in vain †!
 Pain would I think our *female friend* ‡ sincere,
 Till Bob, the poet's foe, possess'd her ear.

B 3

* This hunting ended in the promotion both of Will and Bob. Bob was no longer first minister, but Earl of Orford, and Will was no longer his opponent, but Earl of Bath *Hawks*.
 † See the libel on Doctor Delany and Lord Carteret, in vol. 6. p. 315.

‡ Mrs Howard, since Countess of Suffolk.

Did female virtue e'er so high ascend,
To lose an inch of favour for a friend? 5

SAY, had the court no better place to chuse
For thee, than make a dry-nurse of thy muse?
How cheaply had thy liberty been sold,
To squire a royal girl of two years old *; 10
In leading strings her infant steps to guide,
Or with her go cart amble side by side!

BUT princely Douglass † and his glorious dame
Advanc'd thy fortune, and preserv'd thy fame.
Nor will your nobler gifts be misapply'd, 15
When o'er your patron's treasure you preside:
'The world shall own his choice was wise and just,
For sons of Phœbus never brake their trust.

NOR love of beauty less the heart inflames
Of guardian eunuchs to the Sultan's dames; 20
'Their passions not more impotent and cold,
'Than those of poets to the *lust* of gold.
With Pæan's purest fire his fav'rites glow,
'The dregs will serve to ripen ore below;
His meanest work: for had he thought it fit, 25
'That wealth should be the appennage of wit,
'The god of *light* could ne'er have been so *blind*
'To deal it to the worst of human-kind.

BUT let me now, for I can do it well,
Your conduct in this new employ foretel. 30

AND first: To make my observation right,
I place a *statesman* full before my sight,
A bloated *minister* in all his geer;
With shameless visage, and perfidious leer;
Two rows of teeth arm each devouring jaw; 35
And, ostrich-like, his all-digesting maw.

* See Mr. Gay's letter to Dr Swift on this subject, in vol. 4.
let 27 p 70

† The Duke of Queensberry.

My fancy drags this *master* to my view,
 To shew the world his chief reverse in you.
 Of loud unmeaning sounds a rapid flood,
 Rolls from his mouth in plenteous streams of mad; 40
 With these the court and senate-house he plies,
 Made up of noise, and impudence, and lies.

Now let me shew how Bob and you agree :
 You serve a *patent prince*^{*}, as well as he.
 The *dual* coffers, trusted to your charge, 45
 Your honest care may fill, perhaps enlarge.
 His vassals easy, and the owner blest,
 They pay a trifle, and enjoy the rest.
 Not so a nation's revenues are paid :
 The servant's faults are on the master laid: 50
 The people with a sigh their taxes bring;
 And cursing Bob, forget to bless the King.

Next Harken, Gay, to what thy charge requires
 With *servants*, *tenants*, and the neighb'ring *squire*.
 Let all domestics feel your gentle sway : 55
 Nor bribe, insult, nor flatter, nor betray.
 Let due reward to merit be allow'd ;
 Nor with your KIND-ED *hauf* the palace crowd.
 Nor think yourself secure in doing wrong,
 By selling *rights* with a party strong. 60

Be rich ; but of your wealth make no parade ;
 At least, before your *master's* debts are paid.
 Nor in a palace, built with charge immense,
 Presume to treat him at his own expence.
 Each farmer in the neighbourhood can count, 65
 To what your lawful perquisites amount.
 The tenants poor, the hardness of the times,
 Are ill excuses for a servant's crimes.
 With int'rest, and a *premium* paid beside,
 The master's pressing wants must be supply'd : 70

* A title given to Dukes by the heralds.

With hasty zeal behold the steward come
 By his own credit to advance the sum ;
 Who, while *th' unrighteous mammon* is his friend,
 May well conclude his pow'r will never end.
 A faithful treas'rer ! what could he do more ? 75
He lends my Lord, what was my Lord's before.

THE law so strictly guards the monarch's health,
 That no physician dares prescribe by stealth :
 The council sit ; approve the doctor's skill ;
 And give advice, before he gives the pill. 80
 But the *state empiric* acts a safer part ;
 And while he *poisons* *wins* the royal heart.

BUT how can I describe the rav'nous breed ?
 Then let me now by negatives proceed.

SUPPOSE your Lord a trusty fervant send 85
 On weighty bus'ness to some neighb'ring friend :
 Presume not, Gay, unless you serve a drone,
 To countermand his orders by your own.

SHOULD some *imperious neighbour* sink the boats,
 And drain the *fish-ponds*, while your *master* dotes ; 90
 Shall he upon the ducal rights intrench,
 Because he brib'd you with a brace of tench ?

NOR from your Lord his bad condition hide
 To feed his luxury, or sooth his pride.
 Nor at an under-rate his timber sell, 95
 And with an oath assure him, *all is well*.
 Or *swear it rotten* † ; and with *humble airs*
Request it of him to complete your stairs
 Nor when a mortgage lies on half his lands,
 Come with a purse of guineas in your hands. 100

HAVE Peter Waters always in your mind ;
 That rogue of *genuine ministerial* kind

† These lines are thought to allude to some story concerning a great quantity of mahogany declared rotten, and then applied by somebody to wainscots, stairs, door-cases, &c.



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The ruling rogue who dreads to be cashier'd,
 Contrives, as he is *bated*, to be *fear'd* :
Confounds accounts, perplexes all affairs ;
For vengeance more imbroils, than skill repairs. 140
 So robbers, (and their ends are just the same),
 To 'scape inquiries, *leave the house in flame.*

I knew a *brazen* minister of state,
 Who bore for twice ten years the public hate.
 In ev'ry mouth the question most in vogue 145
 Was, *When will they turn out this odious rogue ?*
 A juncture happen'd in his highest pride :
 While *he* went robbing on, *old master* dy'd.
 We thought there now remain'd no room to doubt ;
His work is done, the minister must out. 150
 The court *invited* more than one or two ;
 Will you, Sir Spencer ? or, Will *you* or *you* ?
 But not a soul his office durst accept ;
 The subtle knave had all the plunder swept :
 And such was then the temper of the times, 155
 He ow'd his preservation to his crimes.
 The candidates observ'd his dirty paws,
 Nor found it difficult to guess the cause :
 But when they smelt such foul corruptions round him,
 Away they fled, and left him as they found him. 160

Thus, when a greedy sloven once has thrown
 His *shot* into the *mess*, 'tis all his own.

The HARDSHIP put upon the LADIES.

Written in the year 1733.

POOR ladies ! tho' their business be to play,
 'Tis hard they must be busy night and day :
 Why should they want the privilege of men,
 Nor take some small diversions now and then ?
 Had women been the makers of our laws ; 5
 (And why they were not, I can see no cause) ;

The men should stave at cards from morn to night ;
And female pleasures be to read and write.

The following poem was first printed in Fog's journal of the 17th of September 1733. The subject of it is now over; but our author's known zeal against that project, made it be generally supposed to be his. It was occasioned by the bishops of Ireland endeavouring to get an act to divide the church-livings; which bill was rejected by the Irish house of Commons *.

Written in the year 1731.

OLD Latimer preaching did fairly describe
A bishop, who rul'd all the rest of his tribe;
And who is this bishop? and where does he dwell?
Why, truly 'tis Satan, Archbishop of hell.
And he was a primate, and he wore a mitre
Surrounded with jewels of sulphur and nitre.
How nearly this bishop our bishops resembles!
But he has the odds, who *believes and who trembles*.
Could you see his grim Grace, for a pound to a penny,
You'd swear it must be the *baboon* of K — y: 10
Poor Satan will think the comparison odious:
I wish I could find him out one more commodious.
But this I am sure, the *most reu'nd old dragon*
Has got on the bench many b — s suffragan;
And all men believe he presides there *incog*. 15
To give them, by turns, an invisible jog.

Our bishops puff up with wealth and with pride,
To hell on the backs of the clergy would ride.

* See considerations on this bill, in vol. 3. p. 190.

They mounted and labour'd with whip and with spur,
 In vain—for the devil a parson would stir. 20
 So the Commons unhors'd them, and this was their
 doom,

On their crofiers to ride, like a witch on a broom.
 Tho' they gallop'd so fast, on the road you may find
 'em,

And have left us but three out of twenty behind 'em.
 Lord Bolton's good Grace, Lord Car, and Lord
 Howard †, 25

In spite of the devil would still be untoward.
 They came of good kindred, and could not endure,
 Their former companions should beg at their door.

WHEN CHRIST was betray'd to Pilate the Prætor,
 Of a dozen apostles, but one prov'd a traitor : 30
 One traitor alone, and faithful eleven ;
 But we can afford you six traitors in seven.

WHAT a clutter with clippings, dividings, and clea-
 vings !
 And the clergy forsooth must take up with their lea-
 vings.

If making *divisions* was all their intent, 35
 They've done it, we thank 'em, but not as they meant ;
 And so may such bishops for ever *divide*,
 That no honest Heathen would be on their side.
 How should we rejoice, if, like Judas the first,
 Those splitters of parsons in sunder should burst ? 40

Now hear an allusion :—A mitre, you know,
 Is divided above, but united below.
 If this you consider, our emblem is right ;
 The b——s *divide*, but the clergy *unite*. 44
 Should the bottom be split, our b——s would dread
 That the mitre would never stick fast on their head ;
 And yet they have learn'd the chief art of a sov'reign,
 As Machiavel taught 'em, *Divide, and ye govern*.

† Archbishop of Cashel, Bishops of Killaloe and Elphin.

But courage, my L—ds ; tho' it cannot be said
 That one *clever tongue* ever sat on your head ; 50
 I'll hold you a groat, and I wish I could see't,
 If your stockings were off, you could shew *clever feet*.

But hold, cry the b——s, and give us fair play ;
 Before you condemn us, hear what we can say.
 What truer affection could ever be shown, 55
 Than saving your souls, by damning our own ?
 And have we not practis'd all methods to gain you ;
 With the tithe of the tithe of the tithe to maintain

you ;
 Provided a fund for building your spittals ?
 You are only to live four years without victuals. 60
 Content, my good L—ds ; but let us change hands ;
 First take you our tithes, and give us your lands.
 So God bless the church, and three of our mitres ;
 And God bless the Commons for *biting the biters*.

To the Reverend Dr SWIFT, D. S. P. D.

With a present of a paper-book finely bound, on
 his birth-day, November 30. 1732 †.

By the Right Hon. JOHN EARL of ORBURY.

TO thee, dear Swift, these spotless leaves I send ;
 Small is the present, but sincere the friend.
 Think not so poor a book below thy care ;
 Who knows the price that thou canst make it bear ?
 Tho' tawdry now, and, like Tyrilla's face, 5
 The specious front shines out with borrow'd grace ;
 Tho' pasteboards glitt'ring like a tinsel'd coat
 A *rasa tabula* within denote :

† It was occasioned by an annual custom which I found pursued among his friends, of making him a present on his birthday.
Orbry.



26 VERSES BY DR DELANY.

You in a venal and corrupted age,
 And modern vices, should provoke thy rage ; 10
 Let us be more by their impending fate,
 A falling country and an heir'd state
 Thy great assistance should again demand,
 And call forth reason to defend the land ;
 Then shall we view these streets with glad surprise, 15
 Inspir'd with thoughts, and speaking to our eyes :
 Each vacant space shall then enrich'd, dispense
 True force of eloquence, and nervous sense ;
 Inform the judgment, animate the heart,
 And sacred rules of policy impart. 20
 The spangl'd cor'ring, bright with splendid ore,
 Shall cheat the fight with empty show no more :
 But lead us inward to those golden mines,
 Where all thy soul in native lustre shines.
 So when the eye surveys some lovely fair, 25
 With bloom of beauty grac'd, with shape and air,
 How is the rapture heighten'd, when we find
 Her form excell'd by her celestial mind !

VERSES left with a silver standish on the DEAN
 of ST. PATRICK'S desk on his birthday, by
 DR DELANY.

HITHER from Mexico I came
 To serve a proud Iernian dame :
 Was long submitted to her will ;
 At length she lost me at quadrille.
 Thro' various shapes I often pass'd, 5
 Still hoping to have rest at last :
 And still ambitious to obtain
 Admittance to the patriot Dean ;
 And sometimes got within his door,
 But soon turn'd out to serve the poor † ; 10

† Alluding to 500 l. a-year lent by the Dean, without interest, to poor tradelmen.

Not strolling idleness to aid,
 But honest industry decay'd.
 At length an artist purchas'd me,
 And wrought me to the shape you see.

 THIS done, to Hermes I apply'd : 15
 " O Hermes, gratify my pride ;
 " Be it my fate to serve a sage,
 " The greatest genius of his age ;
 " That matchless pen let me supply,
 " Whose living lines will never die." 20

 I grant your suit, the god reply'd,
 And here he left me to reside.

VERSES written by DR SWIFT, occasioned by
 the foregoing presents.

A Paper book is sent by Boyle,
 Too neatly gilt for me to soil.
 Delany sends a silver standish,
 When I no more a pen can brandish.
 Let both around my tomb be plac'd, 5
 As trophies of a muse deceas'd :
 And let the friendly lines they writ
 In praise of long departed wit,
 Be grav'd on either side in columns,
 More to my praise than all my volumes ; 10
 To burst with envy, spite, and rage,
 The vandals of the present age.

A LOVE-SONG in the MODERN

Written in the year 1733.

I.
FLUTTERING spread thy purple pinions,
 Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart ;

— **L O V E - S O N G**

I *is love in the dominions :*

Nature must give way to art.

II.

Wild Arcadians, ever blossoming,

Raptur'd making of your rocks,

See my weary days confining

All beneath your flow'ry rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,

Mour'd Adonis, during youth :

How the bear, in silence creeping,

Gar'd with murchising tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers ;

Fair *Disfortia*, string the lyre ;

Sooth my ever-waking slumbers :

Bright Apollo, lead thy choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,

Arm'd in adamantine chains,

Lead me to the crystal mirrors,

Wat'ring soft Elyfian plains.

VI.

Mournful Cypress, verdant willow,

Gilding my Aurelia's brows,

Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,

Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth Meander,

Swiftly purling in a round,

On thy margin lovers wander,

With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

'Thus when Philomela drooping

Softly seeks her silent mate,

See the bird of Juno stooping ;

Melody resigns to fate.



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30. BROTHER-PROTESTANTS.

Thus H——ce in the house will prate,
Sir, we the ministers of state.

Thus at the bar that blockhead Bettefworth, 25
Tho' half a crown o'erpays his sweat's worth,

Who knows in law nor text, nor margent,
Calls Singleton his brother-sergeant.

And thus fanatic saints, tho' neither in 30
Doctrin nor discipline our brethren;

Are *brother Protestants and Christians,*

As much as Hebrews and Philistines:

But in no other sense, than nature

Has made a rat our fellow-creature.

Lice from your body suck their food! 35

But is a louse your flesh and blood?

Tho' born of human filth and sweat, it

May as well be said man did beget it.

But maggots in your nose and chin

As well may claim you for their kin. 40

YET critics may object, Why not?

Since lice are brethren to a Scot:

Which made our swarm of sects determine

Employments for their brother-vermin.

But be they English, Irish, Scottish, 45

What Protestant can be so sottish,

While o'er the church these clouds are gath'ring,

To call a swarm of lice his brethren?

As Moses, by divine advice,

In Egypt turn'd the dust to lice; 50

And as our sects, by all descriptions,

Have hearts more harden'd than Egyptians;

As from the trodden dust they spring,

And turn'd to lice infect the king:

For pity's sake it would be just,

A rod should turn them back to dust. 55

LET folks in high or holy stations

Be proud of owning such relations:

Let courtiers hug them in their bosom,
 As if they were afraid to lose 'em :
 While I, with humble Job, had rather
 Say to corruption — *I beseech my father.*
 For he that has so little wit
 To nourish vermin, may be *bit*.

60

ON POETRY: A RHAPSODY.

Written in the year 1723.

ALL human race would fain be wits,
 And millions miss for one that hits.
 Young's universal passion, *pride*,
 Was never known to spread so wide.
 Say, Britain, could you ever boast
 Three poets in an age at most?
 Our chilling climate hardly bears
 A *sprig* of bays in fifty years:
 While ev'ry fool his claim alledges,
 As if it grew in common hedges.
 What reason can there be assign'd
 For this perverseness in the mind?
Beutes find out where their talents lie:
 A *bear* will not attempt to fly;
 A founder'd *horse* will oft debate
 Before he tries a five-barr'd gate;
 A *dog* by instinct turns aside,
 Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.
 But *man* we find the only creature
 Who, led by *folly*, combats *Nature*;
 Who, when *he* loudly cries, *Forbear*,
 With obstinacy fixes there;
 And where his genius least inclines,
 Absurdly bends his whole designs.
 Not *aspire* to the rising sun
 By valour, conduct, fortune won;

9

10.

15

20

25

Not highest *wisdom* in debates
 For framing laws to govern states;
 Not skill in sciences profound
 So large to grasp the circle round:
 Such heav'nly influence require,
 As how to strike the *musè's* lyre.

Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
 Not bastard of a pedlar Scot;
 Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
 The spawn of Bridewell or the stews;
 Not infants dropt, the spurious pledges
 Of *gyppes* litt'ring under hedges,
 Are so disqualify'd by fate
 To rise in *church*, or *law*, or *state*,
 As he whom Phœbus in his ire
 Hath blasted with poetic fire.

WHAT hope of custom in the *fair*,
 While not a soul demands your ware?
 Where you have nothing to produce
 For private life, or public use?
Court, *city*, *country* want you not;
 You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
 For poets law makes no provision;
 The wealthy have you in derision:
 Of state-affairs you cannot smatter;
 Are awkward, when you try to flatter:
 Your portion, taking Britain round,
 Was just one annual hundred pound †;
 Now not so much as in remainder,
 Since Cibber brought in an attainder;
 For ever fix'd by right divine
 (A monarch's right) on Grubstreet line.

Poor starv'ling bard, how small thy gains!
 How unproportion'd to thy pains!

† Paid to the poet-laureat, which place was given to Mr Colley Cibber, a player.

When letters are in vulgar shapes,
 'Tis ten to one the wit escapes;
 But when in capitals express'd,
 The dullest reader smokes the jest: 100
 Or else perhaps he may invent
 A better than the poet meant;
 As learned commentators view
 In Homer more than Homer knew.

Your poem in its modish dress,
 Correctly fitted for the press, 105
 Convey by penny-post to Lintot*,
 But let no friend alive look into't.
 If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the cost,
 You need not fear your labour lost: 110
 And how agreeably surpris'd
 Are you to see it advertis'd!
 The hawker shews you one in print,
 As fresh as farthings from the mint:
 The product of your toil and sweating; 115
 A bastard of your own begetting.

Be sure at Will's †, the foll'wing day,
 Lie snug, and hear what critics say,
 And if you find the gen'ral vogue
 Pronounces you a stupid rogue, 120
 Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
 Sit still, and swallow down your spittle.
 Be silent as a politician,
 For talking may beget suspicion:
 Or praise the judgment of the town, 125
 And help yourself to run it down.
 Give up your fond paternal pride,
 Nor argue on the weaker side:
 For poems read without a name
 We justly praise, or justly blame: 130

* A bookseller in London.

† The poets coffeehouse.

And critics have no partial views,
 Except they know whom they abuse :
 And since you ne'er provok'd their spite,
 Depend upon't their judgment's right.
 But if you blab, you are undone : 135
 Consider what a risk you run :
 You lose your credit all at once ;
 The town will mark you for a dunce ;
 The vilest doggrel Grubstreet sends
 Will pass for yours with foes and friends ; 140
 And you must bear the whole disgrace, 4
 Till some fresh blockhead takes your place.

Your secret keep, your poem funk,
 And sent in quires to line a trunk,
 If still you be dispos'd to rhyme, 145
 Go try your hand a second time.
 Again you fail : yet *Safe's* the word ;
 Take courage and attempt a third.
 But first with care employ your thoughts,
 Where critics mark'd your former faults : 150
 The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
 The *similes* that nothing fit ;
 The *cant* which ev'ry fool repeats,
 Town-jests, and coffeehouse conceits,
 Descriptions tedious, flat and dry, 155
 And introduc'd the Lord knows why :
 Or where we find your fury set
 Against the harmless alphabet ;
 On A's and B's your malice vent,
 While readers wonder whom you meant ; 160
 A public or a private *robber*,
 A *statesman*, or a south-sea *jobber* ;
 A *prelate* who no god believes ;
 A parliament, or den of thieves ;
 A pick-purse at the bar, or bench, 165
 A *dutchess*, or a suburb-wench :

Or oft when epithets you link
 In gaping lines to fill a chink ;
 Like stepping-stones to save a stride
 In streets, where kennels are too wide ;
 Or like a heel-piece, to support
 A cripple with one foot too short ;
 Or like a bridge, that joins a marsh
 To moorlands of a diff'rent parish.
 So have I seen ill-coupled hounds
 Drag diff'rent ways in miry grounds.
 So geographers in Afric maps
 With savage pictures fill their gaps,
 And o'er inhabitable downs
 Place elephants for want of towns.

BUT though you miss your third essay,
 You need not throw your pen away.
 Lay now aside all thoughts of fame,
 To spring more profitable game.
 From party-merit seek support ;
 The vilest verse thrives best at court.
 A pamphlet in Sir Bob's defence
 Will never fail to bring in pence :
 Nor be concern'd about the sale,
 He pays his workmen on the nail.

185

190

A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
 Inherits ev'ry virtue round,
 As emblems of the sov'reign pow'r,
 Like other baubles in the Tow'r :
 Is gen'rous, valiant, just and wise,
 And so continues till he dies :
 His humble *senate* this professes
 In all their *speeches, votes, addresses*.
 But once you fix him in a tomb ;
 His virtues fade, his vices bloom ;
 And each perfection, wrong imputed,
 Is fully at his death confuted.

195



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A nod, a shrug, a scornful smile,
 With caution us'd, may serve a while.
 Proceed no further in your part,
 Before you learn the terms of art ;
 For you can never be too far gone
 In all our modern critics jargon :
 Then talk with more authentic face
 Of *unities, in time and place* ;
 Get scraps of Horace from your friends,
 And have them at your fingers ends ;
 Learn Aristotle's rules by rote,
 And at all hazards boldly quote ;
 Judicious Rymer oft review,
 Wise Dennis, and profound Bosfu.
 Read all the *prefaces* of Dryden,
 For these our critics much confide in,
 (Tho' merely writ at first for filling,
 To raise the volume's price a shilling).

A forward critic often dupes us
 With sham quotations *peri lupfous* †:
 And if we have not read Longinus,
 Will magisterially outshine us.
 Then, lest with Greek he over-run ye,
 Procure the book for love or money,
 Translated from Boileau's translation ‡,
 And quote *quotation on quotation*.

AT Will's you hear a poem read,
 Where Battus from the table-head,
 Reclining on his elbow-chair,
 Gives judgment with decisive air ;
 To whom the tribe of circling wits
 As to an oracle submits.
 He gives directions to the town
 To cry it up, or run it down ;

† A famous treatise of Longinus.

‡ By Mr Welste^d

Like *courtiers*, when they send a note,
 Instructing members how to vote.
 He sets the stamp of bad and good,
 Tho' not a word be understood.
 Your lesson learn'd, you'll be secure 275
 To get the name of *connoisseur* :
 And when your merits once are known,
 Procure disciples of your own.
 For poets (you can never want 'em)
 Spread through *Augusta Trinobantum* †, 280
 Computing by their pecks of coals,
 Amount to just nine thousand souls :
 These o'er their proper districts govern,
 Of wit and humour judges sov'reign.
 In ev'ry street a city-bard 285
 Rules, like an alderman, his ward ;
 His indisputed rights extend
 Thro' all the lane, from end to end ;
 The neighbours round admire his *shrewdness*
 For songs of *loyalty* and *lewdness* : 290
 Outdone by none in rhyming well,
 Altho' he never learn'd to spell.

Two bord'ring wits contend for glory ;
 And one is Whig, and one is Tory :
 And this for epics claims the bays, 295
 And that for elegiac lays :
 Same fam'd for numbers soft and smooth,
 By lovers spoke in Punch's booth :
 And some as justly fame extols
 For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls. 300
 Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
 And Mævius reigns o'er Kentish town :
 Tigellius plac'd in Phœbus' car
 From Ludgate shines to Temple-bar:
 Harmonious Cibber entertains 305
 The court with annual birthday-strains ;

† The antient name of London.

Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace,
 Where Pope will never show his face ;
 Where Y——g must torture his invention
 To flatter *knaves*, or lose his *pension*.

310

BUT these are not a thousandth part
 Of jobbers in the poet's art,
 Attending each his proper station,
 And all in due subordination ;
 Thro' ev'ry alley to be found,
 In garrets high, or under ground :
 And when they join their *pericranies*,
 Out skips a *book of miscellanies*.

315

Hobbes clearly proves, that ev'ry creature
 Lives in a state of war by nature.

320

The greater for the smallest watch,
 But meddle seldom with their match.
 A whale of mod'rate size will draw
 A shoal of herrings down his maw ;
 A fox with geese his belly crams,
 A wolf destroys a thousand lambs :
 But search among the rhyming race,
 'The brave are worry'd by the base.

325

If on Parnassus' top you sit,
 You rarely bite, are always bit.

330

Each poet of inferior size
 On you shall rail and criticise ;
 And strive to tear you limb from limb,
 While others do as much for him.

THE vermin only tease and pinch
 Their foes superior by an inch.

335

So nat'ralists observe, a flea
 Hath smaller fleas that on him prey ;
 And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
 And so proceed *ad infinitum*.

340

Thus ev'ry poet in his kind
 Is bit by him that comes behind :

Who, tho' too little to be seen,
 Can tease, and gall, and give the spleen ;
 Call dunces fools, and sons of whores, 345
 Lay Grubstreet at each other's doors ;
 Extol the Greek and Roman masters,
 And curse our modern poetasters :
 Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
 How genius is no more rewarded ; 350
 How wrong a taste prevails among us ;
 How much our ancestors out-sung us ;
 Can personate an awkward scorn
 For those who are not poets born ;
 And all their brother-dunces lash, 355
 Who croud the press with hourly trash.

O Grubstreet ! how do I bemoan thee,
 Whose graceless children scorn to own thee !
 Their filial piety forgot,
 Deny their country, like a Scot ; 360
 Tho' by their idiom and grimace,
 They soon betray their native place :
 Yet *how* hast greater cause to be
 Asham'd of them, than they of thee,
 Degen'rate from their ancient brood, 365
 Since first the court allow'd them food.

REMAINS a difficulty still,
 To purchase fame by writing ill.
 From Flecknoe down to Howard's time,
 How few have reach'd the *low sublime* ? 370
 For when our high-born Howard dy'd,
 Blackmore alone his place supply'd :
 And lest a chasm should intervene,
 When death had finish'd Blackmore's reign,
 The *leader crown* devolv'd to thee, 375
 Great poet of the *hollow tree* *.
 But ah ! how unsecure thy throne !
 A thousand bards thy right disown :

D 3

* Lord Grimston, author of a play called *Love in an hollow tree*.

They plot to turn, in factious zeal,
 Duncenia to a common-weal ; 380
 And with rebellious arms pretend
 An equal priv'lege to *descend*.

In bulk there are not more degrees
 From *elephants* to *mites* in cheese,
 Than what a curious eye may trace 385
 In creatures of the rhyming race.
 From bad to worse, and worse they fall ;
 But who can reach the worst of all ?
 For tho' in nature depth and height
 Are equally held infinite, 390
 In poetry the height we know ;
 'Tis only infinite below.

For instance : When you rashly think,
 No rhymers can like Welsted † sink,
 His merits balanc'd, you shall find, 395
 The laureat ‡ leaves him far behind.
 Concannen, more aspiring bard,
 Soars downwards deeper by a yard.
 Smart Jemmy Moor with vigour drops,
 The rest pursue as thick as hops. 400
 With heads to points the gulph they enter,
 Link'd perpendicular to the centre ;
 And as their heels elated rise,
 Their heads attempt the nether skies.

O, what indignity and shame, 405
 To prostitute the muse's name !
 By flatt'ring k—s, whom heav'n design'd
 The plagues and scourges of mankind ;
 Bred up in ignorance and sloth,
 And ev'ry vice that nurses both. 410

† *See* the treatise on the Profound, in vol. viii. p. 60. and Mr Pope's Dunciad.

‡ In some editions, instead of *the laureat*, was maliciously inserted *Mr Fielding*; for whose ingenious writings the supposed author hath manifested a great esteem.

FAIR Britain in thy monarch blest,
 Whose virtues bear the strictest test;
 Whom never faction could bespatter,
 Nor minister nor poet flatter.
 What justice in rewarding merit! 415
 What magnanimity of spirit!
 What lineaments divine we trace
 Through all his figure, mien, and face!
 Though peace with olive bind his hands,
 Confess'd the conqu'ring hero stands. 420
 Hydaspes, Indus, and the Ganges *,
 Dread from his hand impending changes,
 From him the Tartar, and Chinese,
 Short by the knees intreat for peace †.
 The *consort* of his throne and bed, 425
 A perfect goddess born and bred.
 Appointed sov'reign judge to sit
 On learning, eloquence, and wit.
 Our eldest hope, divine I
 (Late, very late, O may he rule us!) 430
 What early manhood has he shown,
 Before his downy beard was grown!
 Then think, what wonders will be done
 By going on as he begun,
 An heir for Britain to secure 435
 As long as sun and moon endure.

THE remnant of the royal blood
 Comes pouring on me like a flood.
 Bright goddesses in number five;
 Duke William, sweetest prince alive.

Who shines alone without a mate.

•

et Indus

† Sir Robert Walpole afterwards Earl of Orford.

Observe with what majestic port
 This Atlas stands to prop the court:
 Intent the public debts to pay. 445
 Like prudent Fabius *, by delay.
 Thou great vicègerent of the king,
 Thy praises ev'ry muse shall sing!
 In all affairs thou sole director,
 Of wit and learning chief protector; 450
 Though small the time thou hast to spare,
 The church is thy peculiar care.
 Of pious prelates what a stock
 You chuse to rule the sable flock?
 You raise the honour of the peerage, 455
 Proud to attend you at the steerage.
 You dignify the noble race,
 Content yourself with humbler place.
 Now learning, valour, virtue, sense,
 To titles give the sole pretence. 460
 St George beheld thee with delight
 Vouchsafe to be an azure knight,
 When on thy breast and sides Herculean
 He fix'd the *star* and *string cerulean*.
 SAY, poet, in what other nation 465
 Shone ever such a constellation!
 Attend, ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays,
 And tune your harps, and strow your bays:
 Your panegyrics here provide;
 You cannot err on flatt'ry's side. 470
 Above the stars exalt your style,
 You still are low ten thousand mile.
 On Lewis all his bards bestow'd
 Of incense many a thousand load;
 But Europe mortify'd his pride, 475
 And swore the fawning rascals ly'd.
 Yet what the world refus'd to Lewis,
 Apply'd to George exactly true is.



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*Fair usage policy applies

LET them, when they once get in,
 Sell the nation for a pin ;
 While they sit a picking straws,
 Let them rave at making laws ;
 While they never hold their tongues, 50
 Let them dabble in their dung :
 Let them form a grand committee,
 How to plague and starve the city ;
 Let them stare, and storm, and frown, 55
 When they see a clergy-gown ;
 Let them, ere they crack a louse,
 Call for th' orders of the house ;
 Let them with their gosling quills,
 Scribble senseless heads of bills. 60
 We may, while they strain their throats,
 Wipe our a——s with their votes.

LET Sir T——m *, that rampant ass,
 Stuff his guts with flax and grass ;
 But before the priest he fleeces 65
 Tear the Bible all to pieces :
 At the parsons, Tom, holloo, boy,
 Worthy offspring of a shoeboy,
 Footman, traitor, vile seducer,
 Perjur'd rebel, brib'd accuser ; 70
 Lay thy paltry privilege aside,
 Sprung from Papists, and a regicide ;
 Fall a working like
 Raise the dirt about your hole.

COME assist me, muse obedient,
 Let us try some new expedient ;
 Shift the scene for half an hour,
 Time and place are in thy pow'r.
 Thither, gentle muse, conduct me ;
 I shall ask, and you instruct me. 80

* Sir Thomas P———, a P——— of Ireland,
 and son to the informer of that name.

48 A DESCRIPTION OF

SEE, the muse unbars the gate!
Hark, the monkeys, how they prate!

ALL ye gods who rule the soul *,
Styx, through hell whose waters roll!
Let me be allow'd to tell 85
What I heard in yonder hell.

NEAR the door an entrance gapes †,
Crouded round with antic shapes,
Poverty, and Grief, and Care,
Causeless Joy, and true Despair, 90
Discord periwig'd with snakes,
See the dreadful strides she takes.

By this odious crew beset,
I began to rage and fret,
And resolv'd to break their pates ‡,
Ere he enter'd at the gates; 95
Had not Clio in the nick
Whisper'd me, *Lay down your stick.*
What, said I, is this the *mad-house*?
These, she answer'd, are but shadows, 100
Phantoms bodiless and vain,
Empty visions of the brain.

IN the porch Briareus stands,
Shews a bribe in all his hands || ;
Briareus the secretary, 105
But we mortals call him C——y.
When the rogues their country fleece,
They may hope for pence a piece.

CLIO, who had been so wise
To put on a fool's disguise, 110

* *Di, quibus imperium est animarum, &c.*

Sit mihi fas audita loqui.

† *Vestibulum ante ipsum, &c.*

‡ *Et ni docta comes, &c.*

|| *Et centumgeminus Briareus, &c.*

Virg. lib. 4.

Ibid.

Ibid.

Ibid.

To bespeak some approbation,
 And be thought a near relation,
 When she saw three hundred brutes
 All involv'd in wild disputes,
 Roaring till their lungs were spent, 115
 PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT,
 Now a new misfortune feels,
 Dreading to be laid by th' heels.
 Never durst a muse before
 Enter that infernal door ; 120
 Clio stifled with the smell,
 Into spleen and vapours fell,
 By the Stygian steams that flew
 From the dire infectious crew.
 Not the stench of lake Avernus 125
 Could have more offended her nose ;
 Had she flown but o'er the top,
 She had felt her pinions drop,
 And by exhalations dire,
 Though a goddess, must expire. 130
 In a fright she crept away ;
 Bravely I resolv'd to stay.

WHEN I saw the keeper frown,
 Tipping him with half a crown,
 Now, said I, we are alone, 135
 Name your heroes one by one.

WHO is that hell-featur'd brawler,
 Is it Satan ? No, 'tis W——r.
 In what figure can a bard dress
 Jack the grandson of Sir H——s ? 140
 Honest keeper, drive him further,
 In his looks are hell and murder ;
 See the scowling visage drop,
 Just as when he murder'd T——p.

KEEPER, shew me where to fix 145
 On the puppy pair of Dicks ;
 VOL. VII. E.



50 A D E S C R I P T I O N . O F

By their lantern jaws and leathern,
You might swear they both are brethren :
Dick Fitz-Baker, Dick the player,
Old acquaintance, are you there ?
Dear companions, bug and hiss,
Toast *old glorious* in your piss.
Tie 'em, keeper, in a tether,
Let 'em starve and stink together ;
Both are apt to be unruly,
Lash 'em daily, lash 'em duly ;
Though 'tis hopeless to reclaim them,
Scorpion rods perhaps may tame them.

KEEPER, yon old dotard smoke,
Sweetly snoring in his cloak,
Who is he ? 'Tis humdrum W——ne,
Half encompass'd by his kin :
There observe the tribe of B—h—m,
For he never fails to bring 'em ;
While he sleeps the whole debate,
They submissive round him wait ;
Yet would gladly see the hunks
In his grave, and search his trunks.
See, they gently twitch his coat,
Just to yawn, and give his vote,
Always firm in his vocation,
For the c——, against the n——.

THOSE are A——s Jack and Bob,
First in every wicked job,
Son and brother to a queer
Brainsick brute, they call a peer.
We must give them better quarter,
For their ancestor trod mortar,
And H—th to boast his fame,
On a chimney cut his name.————

THERE fits C—nts, D—ks, and H——n,
How they swagger from their garrison.

Such a triplet could you tell . . .
 Where to find on this side hell?
 H—n, and D—s, and C—nts,
 Keeper, see they have their payments,
 Ev'ry mischief's in their hearts;
 If they fail, 'tis want of parts.

- Bless us, M—n! art thou there, man?
 Bless mine eyes! art thou the chairman?
 Chairman to your damn'd committee!
 Yet I look on thee with pity.
 Dreadful fight! what learned M—n
 Metamorphos'd to a Gorgon?
 For thy horrid looks, I own,
 Half convert me to a stone:
 Hast thou been so long at school,
 Now to turn a factious tool?
Alma mater was thy mother,
 Ev'ry young divine thy brother.
 Thou a disobedient varlet,
 Treat thy mother like a harlot!
 Thou ungrateful to thy teachers,
 Who are all grown rev'rend preachers!
 M—, would it not surprise one?
 Turn thy nourishment to poison!
 When you walk among your books,
 They reproach you with their looks;
 Bind them fast, or from their shelves
 They will come and right themselves;
 Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus,
 All in arms prepare to back us:
 Soon repent, or put to slaughter
 Ev'ry Greek and Roman author.
 Will you in your factions phrase
 Send the clergy all to grass,
 And to make your project pass,
 Leave them not a blade of grass?

How I want thee, hum'rous Hogarth !
 Thou, I hear, a pleasant rogue art ; 220
 Were but you and I acquainted,
 Ev'ry monster should be painted :
 You should try your graving tools
 On this odious group of fools ;
 Draw the beasts as I describe them 225
 From their features while I gibe them ;
 Draw them like, for I assure ye,
 You will need no *cor' catura* ;
 Draw them so, that we may trace
 All the soul in ev'ry face. 230

KEEPER, I must now retire,
 You have done what I desire :
 But I feel my spirits spent
 With the noise, the sight, the scent.
Pray be patient, you shall find 235
Half the best are still behind :
You have barely seen a score,
I can shew two hundred more.
 Keeper, I have seen enough.
 'Taking then a pinch of snuff, 240
 I concluded, looking round 'em,
May their god, the d——l, confound 'em.

AN A P O L O G Y, &c.

A LADY wise as well as fair,
 Whose conscience always was her care,
 'Thoughtful upon a point of moment,
 Would have the text as well as comment :
 So hearing of a grave divine, 5
 She sent to bid him come and dine.
 But you must know he was not quite
 So grave as to be unpolite ;



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Is Captain Crack' rode here †, pray ? ——— No.

Nay, then 'tis time for me to go.

Am I awake, or do I dream ?

45

I'm sure he call'd me by my name ;

Nam'd me as plain as he could speak,

And yet there must be some mistake.

Why, what a jest should I have been,

Had now my Lady been within.

50

What could I've said ? I'm mighty glad

She went abroad ——— she'd thought me mad.

The hour of dining now is past :

Well then, I'll e'en go home and fast ;

And since I 'scap'd being made a scoff,

55

I think I'm very fairly off.

My Lady now returning home,

Calls, Crack' rode, is the Doctor come ?

He had not heard of him ——— *pray see,*

'Tis now a quarter after three.

60

The Captain walks about, and searches

Through all the rooms, and courts, and arches ;

Examines all the servants round,

In vain ——— no doctor's to be found.

My Lady could not chuse but wonder:

65

Captain, I fear you've made some blunder :

But pray, to-morrow go at ten,

I'll try his manners once again ;

If rudeness be th' effect of knowledge,

My son shall never see a college.

70

THE Captain was a man of reading,

And much good sense, as well as breeding,

Who, loath to blame, or to incense,

Said little in his own defence ;

Next day another message brought :

75

The Doctor, frighten'd at his fault,

† The gentleman who brought the message.

" From the first fierce cockaded centry,
 " Quite thro' the tribe of waiting gentry ;
 " To pass so many crouded stages, 155
 " And stand the staring of your pages ;
 " And, after all, to crown my spleen,
 " Be told——*you are not to be seen* :
 " Or, if you are, be forc'd to bear
 " The awe of your majestic air. 160
 " And can I then be faulty found
 " In dreading this vexatious round ?
 " Can it be strange, if I eschew
 " A scene so glorious and so new ? ' '
 " Or is he criminal that flies 165
 " The living lustre of your eyes ?"

• A NEW SIMILE for the LADIES.

With useful ANNOTATIONS.

By Dr SHERIDAN.

*To make a writer miss his end,
 You've nothing else to do but mend.*

Written in the year 1731.

I OFTEN try'd in vain to find
 A simile † for woman-kind,
 A simile I mean to hit 'em,
 In ev'ry circumstance to hit † 'em.
 Through ev'ry beast and bird I went,
 I ransack'd ev'ry element,
 And after peeping through all nature
 To find so whimsical a creature,

† Most ladies in reading call this word a simile; but they are to note, it consists of three syllables, si-mi-la. In English, a likeness.

‡ Not to hurt them.

A cloud presented † to my view,
And straight this parallel I drew.

Clouds turn with ev'ry wind about,
They keep us in suspense and doubt,
Yet oft perverse, like woman-kind,
Are seen to scud against the wind;
And are not women just the same?
For who can tell at what they aim †?

Clouds keep the stoutest mortals under,
When bell'wing † they discharge their thunder;
So when th' alarm-bell is rung,
Of Xanti's †† everlasting tongue.

† Not like a gun or pistol.

‡ This is not meant as to shooting, but resolving.

¶ The word *bell'wing* is not here to be understood of a bull;
but a cloud, which makes a noise like a bull when it thunders.

†† Xanti, a nickname for Xantippe, that scold of glorious memory, who never let poor Socrates have one moment's peace of mind; yet with unexampled patience he bore her pestilential tongue. I shall beg the ladies pardon, if I insert a few passages concerning her; and at the same time I assure them, it is not to lessen those of the present age, who are possessed of the like laudable talents: for I will confess, that I know three in the city of Dublin, no way inferior to Xantippe, but that they have not as great men to work upon.

When a friend asked Socrates, how he could bear the scolding of his wife Xantippe? he retorted, and asked him, how he could bear the gaggling of his geese? Ay, but my geese lay eggs for me, replied his friend. So doth my wife bear children, said Socrates. *Diog. Laert.*

Being asked another time by a friend, how he could bear her tongue? he said, she was of this use to him, that she taught him to bear the impertinances of others with more ease when he went abroad. *Plut. de capiend. ex host. utilit.*

Socrates invited his friend Euthydemus to supper; Xantippe in great rage went in to them, and upset the table: Euthydemus rising in a passion to go off, My dear friend, stay, said Socrates, did not a hen do the same thing at your house the other day, and did I shew any resentment? *Plut. de ira corrigenda.*

I could give many more instances of her termagancy, and his philosophy. If such a proceeding might not look as if I were glad of an opportunity to expose the fair sex, but to shew I have no such design, I declare solemnly, that I had much worse stories to tell.

The husband dreads its loudness more,
Than lightning's flash, or thunder's roar.

Clouds weep as they do, without pain,
And what are tears but, womens rain ?

THE *clouds* about the welkin roam *,
And ladies never stay at home. 25

THE *clouds* build castles in the air,
A thing peculiar to the fair ;
For all the schemes of their forecasting †
Are not more solid, nor more lasting. 30

A *cloud* is light by turns, and dark ;
Such is a lady with her spark ;
Now with a sudden pouting † gloom
She seems to darken all the room ;
Again she's pleas'd, his fears beguil'd ‖. 35

And all is clear when she has smil'd.
In this they're wondrously alike,
(I hope the *smile* will strike ††).
Tho' in the darkest dumps †† you view 'em,
Stay but a moment, you'll see through 'em. 40

THE *clouds* are apt to make reflection †††,
And frequently produce infection ;
So Cælia with small provocation
Blasts ev'ry neighbour's reputation.

tell of her behaviour to her husband ; which I rather passed over, on account of the great esteem which I bear the ladies, especially those in the honourable station of matrimony.

* Ramble.

† Not vomiting.

‡ Thrusting out the lip.

‖ This is to be understood, not in the sense of wort, when brewers put yeast or barm in it ; but its true meaning is, *deceived, or cheated.*

†† His your fancy.

†† Sullen face. We have a merry jig called *Dimpley Deary*, invented to rouse ladies from the dumps.

††† Reflection of the sun.

THE *clouds* delight in gaudy show, 45
 For they, like ladies, have their beau ;
 The gravest matron * will confess,
 That she herself is fond of dress.

OBSERVE the *clouds* in pomp array'd,
 What various colours are display'd, 50
 The pink, the rose, the violet's dye,
 In that great drawing-room the sky ;
 How do these differ from our graces †
 In garden-silks, brocades and laces ?
 Are they not such another fight, 55
 When met upon a birthday-night ?

THE *clouds* delight to change their fashion :
 Dear ladies, be not in a passion,
 Nor let this whim to you seem strange,
 Who ev'ry hour delight in change. 60

In them and you alike are seen
 The fallen symptoms of the spleen ;
 The moment that your vapours rise,
 We see them dropping from your eyes.

In ev'ning fair you may behold 65
 The *clouds* are fring'd with borrow'd gold ;
 And this is many a lady's case,
 Who flaunts about in borrow'd lace ‡.

GRAVE matrons are like *clouds* of snow,
 Their words fall thick, and soft, and slow ; 70
 While brisk coquets ††, like rattling hail,
 Our ears on ev'ry side assail.

* Motherly women. P1

† Not grace before and after meat, nor their graces the
 duchesses ; but the graces which attended on Venus.

‡ Not Flanders lace, but gold and silver lace. By *borrow'd*,
 is meant such as run in honest tradesmens debts for what they
 were not able to pay, as many of them did for French silver lace
 against the last birthday. . Vid. the shopkeepers books.

†† Girls who love to hear themselves grate, and put on a
 number of monkey-airs to catch men.



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But can you guess from woman's air
One minute, whether foul or fair ? 45

Go read in antient books inroll'd
What honours we possess'd of old.

To disappoint Ixion's rape,
Jov's dress'd a *cloud* in Juno's shape ; 50
Which when he had enjoy'd, he swore,
No goddess could have pleas'd him more ;
No diff'rence could he find between
His *cloud* and Jov's imperial queen :
His cloud produc'd a race of *Centaur's* 55
Fam'd for a thousand bold adventures ;
From us descended *ab origine*,
By learned authors call'd *nubigenæ*.
But say, what earthly nymph do you know
So beautiful to pass for Juno ? 60

BEFORE Æneas durst aspire
To court her Majesty of Tyre,
His mother begg'd of us to dress him,
That Dido might the more caress him :
A coat we gave him dy'd in grain, 65
A *flaxen* wig, a *clouded* cane ;
(The wig was powder'd round with sleet,
Which fell in *clouds* beneath his feet :)
With which he made a tearing show ;
And Dido quickly *smot'd the beau*. 70

AMONG your females make enquiries,
What nymph on earth so fair as Iris ?
With heav'oly beauty so endow'd ?
And yet her father is a *cloud*.
We dress'd her in a gold brocade, 75
Besitting Juno's fav'rite maid.

'Tis known, that Socrates the wise -
Ador'd us *clouds* as deities ;

Apollo stirs not out of door, 115
 Without his lacker'd coach and four;
 And jealous Juno ever snarling,
 Is drawn by peacocks in her *berlin*;
 But we can fly where-e'er we please,
 O'er cities, rivers, hills, and seas; 120
 From east to west the world we roam,
 And in all climates are at home;
 With care provide you as we go
 With sunshine, rain, and hail, or snow. 125
 You, when it rains, like fools believe
 Jove pisses on you through a sieve:
 An idle tale, 'tis no such matter;
 We only dip a sponge in water,
 Then squeeze it close between our thumbs,
 And shake it well, and down it comes: 130
 As you shall to your sorrow know;
 We'll watch your steps where-e'er you go;
 And since we find you walk a-foot,
 We'll soundly souce your frize surtout.

'Tis but by our peculiar grace, 135
 That Phœbus ever shews his face:
 For when we please, we open wide
 Our curtains blue from side to side:
 And then how saucily he shows
 His brazen face, and fiery nose; 140
 And gives himself a haughty air,
 As if he made the weather fair.

'Tis sung, where-e'er Cælia treads,
 The v'lets ope their purple heads,
 The roses blow, the cowslip springs: 145
 'Tis sung; but we know better things.
 'Tis true, a woman on her mettle
 Will often piss upon a nettle;
 But though we own she makes it wetter,
 The nettle never thrives the better; 150

66) . T I M . A N D T H E F A B L E S .

While we by soft prolific show'rs
Can ev'ry spring produce you flow'rs.

Your poets, Chloe's beauty height'ning,
Compare her radiant eyes to lightning;
And yet I hope 'twill be allow'd,
That lightning comes but from a cloud.

BUT gods, like us, have too much sense
At poets flights to take offence:
Nor can hyperboles demean us;
Each drab has been compar'd to Venus.

We own your verses are melodious;
But such comparisons are odious.

T I M and the F A B L E S .

From the tenth Intelligencer.

M*Y* meaning will be best unravell'd,
When I premise that Tim has travell'd.

In Lucas's by chance there lay
The *fables* writ by Mr Gay.
Tim set the volume on a table,
Read over here and there a *fable*;
And found, as he the pages twirl'd,
The *monkey* who had seen the world:
(For Tonson had, to help the sale,
Prefix'd a cut to ev'ry tale.)

The *monkey* was completely dress'd,
The *bean* in all his airs express'd.

Tim with surprize and pleasure staring,
Ran to the glass, and then comparing,
His own sweet figure with the print,

Distinguish'd ev'ry feature in't,

The twist, the squeeze, the rump, the fidge an all,
Just as they look'd in the original.

POSTHUMOUS PIECES in VERSE.

ODE to the Hon. Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE.†

Written at Moorpark, June 1689.

VIRTUE, the greatest of all monarchies,
Till its first emperor rebellious man
Depos'd from off his seat

It fell, and broke with its own weight
Into small states and principalities,

By many a petty lord possess'd,
But ne'er since seated in one single breast.

'Tis you who must this land subdue,
The mighty conquest's left for you,
The conquest and discovery too:
Search out this Utopian ground,
Virtue's *serra incognita*,

Where none ever led the way,
Nor ever since but in descriptions found.

* This is the title given to the poems that follow, by Mr. Hawkesworth: tho' it is certain, that several of them were published in the author's lifetime.

† When the author's posthumous pieces were reprinted in Ireland, this and the subsequent odes were omitted. *Hawkes.*— These two odes, and a third, an ode to K. William, when his Majesty was in Ireland, are the only specimens of Dr Swift's that I know of in the Pindaric measure. It is reported, that, in the early part of his life, he writ several poems in that irregular kind of metre; whereby it is certain, that he acquired no sort of reputation. I have been told, that his cousin the famous John Dryden expressed a good deal of contempt for a pretty large collection of these poems, which had been shown to him in manuscript by his bookseller: for which treatment I verily believe it was, that, in return to his compliment, the Doctor hath on all occasions been so unmercifully severe upon that famous writer. But this kind of usage among the sticklers for reputation, is sanctified by immemorial prescription. To the best of my remembrance, Dryden himself hath declared,

*Poets should ne'er be drones, mean harmless things;
But guard, like bees, their labours by their stings.*

Swift.



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IV.

Curs'd be the wretch, nay doubly curs'd, 50
 (If it may lawful be

To curse our great enemy)

Who learn'd himself that heresy first

(Which since has seiz'd on all the rest),

That knowledge forfeits all humanity ; 55

Taught us, like Spaniards, to be proud and poor.

And fling our scraps before our door.

Thrice happy you have 'scap'd this gen'ral pest ;

Those mighty epithets, learn'd, good, and great,

Which we ne'er join'd before but in romances meet,

We find in you at last united grown. 61

You cannot be compar'd to one :

I must, like him that painted Veaus' face,

Borrow from ev'ry one a grace ;

Virgil and Epicurus will not do, 65

Their courting a retreat like you,

Unless I put in Cæsar's learning too,

Your happy frame at once controuls

This great triumvirate of souls.

V.

LET not old Rome boast Fabius' fate, 70

He sav'd his country by delays,

But you by peace,

You bought it at a cheaper rate ;

Nor has it left the usual bloody scar,

To shew it cost its price in war, 75

War ! that mad game, the world so loves to play,

And for it does so dearly pay ;

For tho' with loss or victory a while

Fortune the gamesters does beguile,

Yet at the last the box sweeps all away. 80

VI.

ONLY the laurel got by peace

No thunder e'er can blast,

Th' artillery of the skies

Shoots to the earth and dies :

ODE TO SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE. 71

Nor ever green and flourishing 'twill last, 85
Nor dipt in blood, nor widows tears, nor orphans
cries ;

About the head crown'd with these bays,
Like lambent fire the lightning plays ;
Nor its triumphal cavalcade to grace,
Make up its solemn train with death ; 90
It melts the sword of war, yet keeps it in the sheath.

VII.

THE wily shifts of state, those juggler's tricks
Which we call deep design and politics,
(As in a theatre the ignorant fray,
Because the cords escape their eye, 95
Wonder to see the motions fly ;)
Methinks, when you expose the scene,
Down the ill-organ'd engines fall ;
Off fly the vizors and discover all.

How plain I see through the deceit ! 100
How shallow ! and how gross the cheat !
Look where the pulley's ty'd above !
Great God ! (said I,) what have I seen !
On what poor engines move
The thoughts of monarchs, and designs of states ! 105
What petty motives rule their fates !
How the mouse makes the mighty mountain shake !
The mighty mountain labours with its birth,
Away the frightened peasants fly,
Scar'd at the unheard-of prodigy, 110
Expect some great gigantic son of earth ;
Lo it appears !
See how they tremble ! how they quake !
Out starts the little beast, and mocks their idle fears.

VIII.

THEN tell (dear fav'rite muse) 115
What serpent's that which still resorts,
Still lurks in palaces and courts.
Take thy unwonted flight,
And on the terras light.

See where she lies!

120

See how she rears her head,
 And rolls about her dreadful eyes,
 To drive all virtue out, or look it dead!
 'Twas sure this basilisk sent Temple thence,
 And though as some ('tis said) for their defence 125
 Have worn a casement o'er their skin,
 So he wore his within,
 Made up of virtue and transparent innocence:
 And though he oft renew'd the fight,
 And almost got priority of fight, 130
 He ne'er could overcome her quite,
 (In pieces cut, the viper still did reunite,)
 Till at last tir'd with loss of time and ease,
 Resolv'd to give himself, as well as country, peace.

IX.

SING (beloved muse) the pleasures of retreat, 135
 And in some untouch'd virgin strain
 Shew the delights thy sister nature yields:
 Sing of thy vales, sing of thy woods, sing of thy fields;
 Go publish o'er the plain
 How mighty a profelyte you gain: 140
 How noble a reprisal on the great!
 How is the muse luxuriant grown,
 When'er she takes this flight,
 She soars clear out of sight,
 These are the paradises of her own; 145
 (The Pegasus, like an unruly horse,
 Though ne'er so gently led
 To the lov'd pasture where he us'd to feed,
 Runs violently o'er his usual course.)
 Wake from thy wanton dreams, 150
 Come from thy dear lov'd streams,
 The crooked paths of wandring Thames.
 Fain the fair nymph would stay,
 Oft she looks back in vain,
 Oft 'gainst her fountain does complain, 155

74 TO THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

Some she condemns for life to try
 To dig the leaden mines of deep philosophy : 190
 Me she has to the muse's galley's ty'd,
 In' vain I strive to cross this spacious main,
 In vain I tug and pull the bar,
 And when I almost reach the shore,
 Straight the muse turns the helm, and I launch out
 again : 195
 And yet to feed my pride,
 Whene'er I mourn, stops my complaining breath,
 With promise of a mad reversion after death.

XII.

THEN (Sir) accept this worthless verse,
 The tribute of an humble muse, 200
 'Tis all the portion of my niggard stars ;
 Nature the hidden spark did at my birth infuse,
 And kindled first with indolence and ease,
 And since too oft debauch'd by praise,
 'Tis now grown an incurable disease : 205
 In vain to quench this foolish fire I try
 In wisdom and philosophy ;
 In vain all wholesome herbs I sow,
 Where nought but weeds will grow.
 Whate'er I plant (like corn on barren earth) 210
 By an equivocal birth
 Seeds, and runs up to poetry.

To the ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN; Moor-park, Feb. 14. 1691.

“SINCE every body pretends to trouble you with their
 “follies, I thought I might claim the privilege of an
 “Englishman, and put in my share among the rest. Be-
 “ing last year in Ireland, (from whence I returned about
 “half a year ago), I heard only a loose talk of your so-
 “ciety, and believed the design to be only some new fol-
 “ly”

“ ly just suitable to the age, which God knows I little
 “ expected ever to produce any thing extraordinary.
 “ Since my being in England, having still continued in
 “ the country, and much out of company, I had but little
 “ advantage of knowing any more, till about two months
 “ ago passing thro’ Oxford, a very learned gentleman
 “ there first shewed me two or three of your volumes,
 “ and gave me his account and opinion of you. A while
 “ after, I came to this place upon a visit to——, where
 “ I have been ever since, and have seen all the four vo-
 “ lumes, with their supplements; which answering my
 “ expectation, the perusal has produced what you find
 “ inclosed.

“ As I have been somewhat inclined to this folly, so
 “ I have seldom wanted some body to flatter me in it.
 “ And for the ode inclosed, I have sent it to a person of
 “ very great learning and honour, and since to some c-
 “ thers, the best of my acquaintance, (to which I thought
 “ very proper to enure it for a greater light); and they
 “ have all been pleased to tell me, that they are sure it
 “ will not be unwelcome; and that I should beg the ho-
 “ nour of you to let it be printed before your next vo-
 “ lume, (which, I think, is soon to be published); it be-
 “ ing so usual before most books of any great value a-
 “ mong poets: and before its seeing the world, I sub-
 “ mit it wholly to the correction of your pens.

“ I intreat therefore one of you would descend so far
 “ as to write two or three lines to me of your pleasure
 “ upon it. Which as I cannot but expect from gentle-
 “ men, who have so well shewn, upon so many occasions,
 “ that greatest character of scholars, in being favourable
 “ to the ignorant; so I am sure nothing at present can
 “ more highly oblige me, or make me happier.”

I am,

GENTLEMEN,

Your ever most humble

and most admiring servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

ODE to the ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

Moor-park, Feb. 14. 1691.

AS when the deluge first began to fall,
 That mighty ebb never to flow again,
 (When this huge body's moisture was so great,
 It quiet o'ercame the vital heat);
 That mountain which was highest, first of all
 Appear'd above the universal main,
 To bless the primitive sailor's weary fight;
 And 'twas perhaps Parnassus, if in height
 It be as great as 'tis in fame,
 And nigh to heav'n as is its name : 10
 So after the inundation of a war,
 When learning's little household did embark
 With her world's fruitful system in her sacred ark,
 At the first ebb of noise and fears,
Philosophy's exalted head appears : 15
 And the dove-muse will now no longer stay,
 But plumes her silver wings, and flies away;
 And now a laurel wreath she brings from far,
 To crown the happy conqueror.
 To shew the flood begins to cease, 20
 And brings the dear reward of victory and peace.

II.

THE eager muse took wing upon the waves decline,
 When war her cloudy aspect just withdrew,
 When the bright sun of peace began to shine,
 And for a while in heav'nly contemplation sat 25
 On the high top of peaceful Ararat;
 And pluck'd a laurel branch, (for laurel was the first
 that grew,
 The first of plants after the thunder, storm, and rain),
 And thence with joyful, nimble wing,
 Flew dutifully back again, 30



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Forgive a young, and (almost) virgin muse,
Whom blind and eager curiosity
(Yet curiosity, they say,

Is in her sex a crime needs no excuse) 65

Has forc'd to grope her uncouth way,
After a mighty light that leads her wand'ring eye :
No wonder then she quits the narrow path of sense,
For a dear ramble thro' impertinence ;
Impertinence, the scurvy of mankind. 70

And all we fools, who are the greater part of it,
Tho' we be of two diff'rent factions still,
Both the good natur'd and the ill ;

Yet wheresoe'er you look, you'll always find
We join like flies, and wasps, in buzzing about wit.
In me, who am of the first sect of these, 76
All-merit, that transcends the humble rules

Of my own dazzled scanty sense,
Begets a kinder folly and impertinence
Of admiration and of praise. 80

And our good brethren of the surly sect
Must e'en all herd with us their kindred-fools :
For tho', possess'd of present vogue, they've made
Railing a rule of wit, and obloquy a trade ;
Yet the same want of brains produces each effect. 85

And you whom Pluto's helm does wisely shroud
From us the blind and thoughtless croud,
Like the fam'd hero in his mother's cloud,
Who both our follies and impertinences see, 89
Do laugh perhaps at theirs, and pity mine and me.

IV.

BUT censure's to be understood
Th' authentic mark of the elect,
The public stamp heav'n sets on all that's great and
good,

Our shallow search and judgment to direct.

The war, methinks, has made 95
Our wit and learning narrow as our trade ;

Instead of boldly sailing far to buy
 A stock of wisdom and philosophy,
 We fondly stay at home in fear
 Of ev'ry censuring privateer ; 100
 Forcing a wretched trade by beating down the sale,
 And selling basely by retail.

The wits, I mean the Atheists of the age,
 Who fain would rule the pulpit, as they do the stage ;
 Wondrous refiners of philosophy, 105
 Of morals and divinity,
 By the new modish system of reducing all to sense,
 Against all logic and concluding laws,

And yet deny the cause. 110

V.

This hopeful sect, now it begins to see
 How little, very little do prevail
 Their first and chiefest force,
 To censure, to cry down, and rail,
 Not knowing what, or where, or who you be, 115
 Will quickly take another course ;
 And by their never-failing ways

We soon shall see them to their antient methods fall,
 And straight deny you to be men, or any thing at all.
 I laugh at the grave answer they will make, 121

general

'Tis but to say, that what we daily meet,
 And by a fond mistake

Perhaps imagine to be wondrous wit, 125
 And think, alas, to be by mortals writ,
 Is but a croud of atoms jostling in a heap,
 Which from eternal seeds begun,
 Jostling some thousand years till ripen'd by the sun ;
 They're now, just now as naturally born, 130
 As from the womb of earth a field of corn.

BUT as for poor contented me,
 Who must my weakness and my ignorance confess,
 That I believe in much, I ne'er can hope to see ;
 Methinks I'm satisfy'd to guess, 135
 That this new, noble, and delightful scene
 Is wonderfully mov'd by some exalted men,
 Who have well studied in the world's disease,
 (That epidemic error and depravity,
 Or in our judgment or our eye), 140
 That what surprises us can only please.
 We often search contentedly the whole world round
 To make some great discovery,
 And scorn it when 'tis found.
 Just so the mighty Nile has suffer'd in its fame, 145
 Because 'tis said (and perhaps only said)
 We've found a little inconsiderable head,
 That feeds the huge unequal stream.
 Consider human folly, and you'll quickly own,
 That all the praises it can give, 150
 By which some fondly boast they shall for ever live,
 Won't pay th' impertinence of being known :
 Else why should the fam'd Lydian King,
 Whom all the charms of an usurped wife and state,
 With all that power unfelt, courts mankind to be
 great, 155
 Did with new unexperienc'd glories wait,
 Still wear, still dote on his invisible ring ?

VII.

WERE I to form a regular thought of fame,
 Which is perhaps as hard t' imagine right
 As to paint *Echo* to the fight ; 160
 I would not draw th' idea from an empty name :
 Because, alas, when we all die,
 Careless and ignorant posterity,
 Altho' they praise the learning and the wit,
 And tho' the title seems to show 165
 The name and man by whom the book was writ,
 Yet how shall they be brought to know,

Whether that very name was he, or you, or I ?
 Less should I daub it o'er with transitory praise,
 And water-colours of these days : 170
 These days ! where e'en th' extravagance of poetry
 Is at a loss for figures to express
 Mens folly, whimsies, and inconstancy,
 And by a faint description makes them less.
 Then tell us, what is fame, where shall we search for
 it ? 175
 Look where exalted Virtue and Religion sit
 Inthron'd with heav'nly wit,
 Look where you see
 The greatest scorn of learned vanity,
 (And then how much a nothing is mankind ! 180
 Whose reason is weigh'd down by popular air,
 Who by that vainly talks of baffling death ;
 And hopes to lengthen life by a transfusion of breath,
 Which yet whoe'er examines right, will find
 To be an art as vain as bottling up of wind): 185
 And when you find out these, believe true fame is there,
 Far above all reward, yet to which all is due ;
 And this, ye great unknown, is only known in you.

VIII.

THE juggling sea-god, when by chance trepann'd
 By some instructed querist sleeping on the sand, 190
 Impatient of all answers, strait became
 A sealing brook, and strove to creep away
 Into his native sea,
 Vex'd at their follies, murmur'd in his stream ;
 But disappointed of his fond desire, 195
 Would vanish in a pyramid of fire.
 This sally, slipp'ry god, when he design'd
 To furnish his escapes,
 Ne'er borrow'd more variety of shapes
 Than you to please and satisfy mankind, 200

And seem (almost) transform'd to water, flame, and air,
So well you answer all phenomena's there :

Tho' madmen and the wits, philosophers and fools,
With all that factious, or enthusiastic dotards dream,
And all the incoherent jargon of the schools ; 205

Tho' all the fumes of fear, hope, love, and shame,
Contrive to shock your minds with many a senseless
doubt ;

Doubts where the Delphic god would grope in igno-
rance and night,

The god of learning and of light

Would want a * god, himself to help him out. 210

IX.

PHILOSOPHY, as it before us lies,

Seems to have borrow'd some ungrateful taste
Of doubts, impertinence, and niceties,

From ev'ry age thro' which it pass'd,
But always with a stronger relish of the last. 215

This beautiful queen, by heav'n design'd
To be the great original

For man to dress and polish his uncourtly mind,
In what mock-habits have they put her since the fall !

More oft in fools and madmens hands than sages,
She seems a medley of all ages, 221

With a huge fardingal to swell her fustian stuff,
A new commode, a top-knot and a ruff,

Her face patch'd o'er with modern pedantry,
With a long sweeping train 225

Of comments and disputes, ridiculous and vain,
All of old cut with a new die :

How soon have you restor'd her charms,

And rid her of her lumber and her books,

Dress'd her again genteel and neat, 230

And rather light than great,

* *Θεός ἀπὸ μηχανῆς.*

How fond we are to court her to our arms !
How much of heav'n is in her naked looks !

X.

Thus the deluding muse oft blinds me to her ways,
And ev'n my very thoughts transfers 235
And changes all to beauty; and the praise
Of that proud tyrant sex of boys.
The rebel-muse, alas, takes part
But with my own rebellious heart.
And you with fatal and immortal wit conspire 240
To fan th' unhappy fire.
Cruel unknown! what is it you intend ?
Ah, could you, could you hope a poet for your friend !
Rather forgive what my first transport said :
May all the blood, which shall by woman's scorn be
shed, 245
Lie upon you, and on your childrens head ;
For you (ah, did I think I e'er should live to see
The fatal time when that could be !)
Have e'en increas'd their pride and cruelty.
Woman seems now above all vanity grown, 250
Still boasting of her great unknown
Platonic champions, gain'd without one female wile,
Or the vast charges of a smile ;
Which 'tis a shame to see how much of late
You've taught the cov'rous wretches to o'er-rate,
And which they've now the conscience to weigh 256
In the same balance with our tears,
And with such scanty wages pay
The bondage and the slavery of years.
Let the vain sex dream on, their empire comes from us,
And had they common generosity, 261
They would not use us thus.
Well—tho' you've rais'd her to this high degree,
Ourselves are rais'd as well as she ;
And spite of all that they or you can do, 265

'Tis pride and happiness enough to me
Still to be of the same exalted sex with you.

XI.

ALAS, how fleeting, and how vain,
Is even the nobler man, our learning and our wit!
I sigh whene'er I think of it: 270

As at the closing an unhappy scene
Of some great king and conqu'ror's death,
When the sad melancholy muse
Stays but to catch his utmost breath.

I grieve, this noble work so happily begun, 275
So quickly and so wonderfully carry'd on,
Must fall at last to interest, folly, and abuse.

There is a noon-tide in our lives,
Which still the sooner it arrives,
Altho' we boast our winter-sun looks bright, 280
And foolishly are glad to see it at its height,
Yet so much sooner comes the long and gloomy night.

No conquest ever yet begun,
And by one mighty hero carried to its height,
E'er flourish'd under a successor or a son; 285
It lost some mighty pieces through all hands it past,
And vanish'd to an empty title in the last.

For when the animating mind is fled,
(Which nature never can retain,
Nor e'er call back again), 290
The body, tho' gigantic, lies all cold and dead.

XII.

AND thus undoubtedly 'twill fare,
With what unhappy men should dare
To be successors to these great unknown,
On Learning's high-establish'd throne. 295
Censure, and Pedantry, and Pride,
Numberless nations, stretching far and wide,
Shall (I foresee it) soon with Gothic swarms come forth
From Ignorance's universal north,



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86 T O L A N D'S I N V I T A T I O N.

To-morrow we our *mystic feast* prepare,
 Where thou, our latest *profelyte*, shalt share :
 When we, by proper signs and symbols, tell,
 How, by *brave bands*, the *royal traitor* fell ; 10
 The meat shall represent the *tyrant's* head,
 The wine, his blood, our *predecessors* shed ;
 Whilst an *alluding* hymn some artist sings,
 We toast confusion to the race of kings ;
 At monarchy we nobly shew our spight, 15
 And talk *what fools call treason* all the night.

Who, by disgraces or ill fortune sunk,
 Feels not his soul enliven'd when he's drunk ?
 Wine can clear up G—d—lph—n's cloudy face,
 And fill J—ck Sm—th with hopes to keep his place :
 By force of wine ev'n Sc—rb—r—gh is brave, 21
 Hal grows more pert, and S—mm—rs not so grave :
 Wine can give P—rt—d wit, and Cl—v—nd sense,
 M—t—g—e learning, B—lt—n eloquence :
 Ch—ly, when drunk, can never lose his wand, 25
 And L—nc—n then imagines he has land.

My province is, to see that all be right,
 Glasses and linen clean, and pewter bright ;
 From our *mysterious club* to keep out spies,
 And Tories (dress'd like waiters) in disguise. 30
 You shall be coupled as you best approve,
 Seated at table next the men you love.

*Et Moschi causam. Cras nato Casare festus
 Dat veriam somnumque dies : impune licebit
 Æstivam sermone benigno tendere noctem.*

* * * * *
*Quid non ebrietas designat ? Operta recludit ;
 Spes jubet esse ratas ; in praelia trudit inermem :
 Sollicitis animis onus eximit ; addocet artes.
 Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum ?
 Contracta quem non in paupertate solutum ?
 Hæc ego procurare et idoneus imperor, et non
 Invitus ; ne turpe toral, ne sordida mappa
 Corruget nares, ne non et cantharus, et lanx,
 Ostendat tibi te ; ne fidos inter amicos
 Sit, qui dicta foras eliminet : ut coeat par,*

That I am often found exceeding
 The rules of raillery and breeding,
 With too much freedom treat my betters,
 Not sparing even men of letters ;
 You, who are skill'd in lawyers lore,
 What's your advice ? shall I give o'er,
 Nor ever fools or knaves expose
 Either in verse or hum'rous prose, 10
 And, to avoid all future ill,
 In my scrutoir lock up my quill ?

SINCE you are pleas'd to condescend
 To ask the judgment of a friend,
 Your case consider'd, I must think 15
 You should withdraw from pen and ink,
 Forbear your poetry and jokes,
 And live like other Christian folks ;
 Or, if the Muses must inspire
 Your fancy with their pleasing fire, 20
 Take subjects safer for your wit
 Than those on which you lately writ,
 Commend the times, your thoughts correct,
 And follow the prevailing sect ;
 Assert that Hyde, in writing story, 25
 Shews all the malice of a Tory,
 While Burnet, in his deathless page,
 Discovers freedom without rage ;
 To Woolston recommend our youth
 For learning, probity, and truth, 30
 That noble genius, who unbinds
 The chains which fetter free-born minds,
 Redeems us from the slavish fears
 Which lasted near two thousand years ;

versy concerning Wood's halfpence. The Dean acknowledges his obligations to him in a lively and delicate compliment in the Drapier's letters, [in vol. 3. let. 3. p. 57.] The poem is a specimen of that sort of praise, or, to speak in the language of Lord Orrery, of that sort of flattery, with which Dr Swift was daily fed in Ireland. Swift.—The Dean appointed Mr Lindsay one of his executors. See vol. 4. p. 342.

A D I A L O G U E . 89

He can alone the priesthood humble,
Make gilded spires and altars tumble. 35

MUST I commend against my conscience
Such stupid blasphemy and nonsense?
To such a subject tune my lyre,
And sing like one of Milton's choir, 40
Where devils to a vale retreat,
And call the laws of wisdom fate;
Lament, upon their hapless fall,
That force free virtue should inthrall?
Or shall the charms of wealth and pow'r 45
Make me pollute the Muses bow'r?

As from the tripod of Apollo,
Hear from my desk the words that follow:
Some by philosophers misled,
Must honour you alive and dead; 50
And such as know what Greece has writ,
Must taste your irony and wit;
While most that are, or would be great,
Must dread your pen, your person hate,
And you on Drapier's hill † must lie,
And there without a mitre die.

The BEASTS CONFESSIO^N to the PRIEST,

On observing how most men mistake their own talents.

Written in the year 1732.

The P R E F A C E . .

‘ I HAVE been long of opinion, that there is not a
‘ more general and greater mistake, or of worse
‘ consequences through the commerce of mankind. than
‘ the wrong judgments they are apt to entertain of their

H 3

‘ OWN

† See the poem so called, in vol. 6. p. 342.



90 THE BEASTS CONFESSION

own talents. I knew a fluttering alderman in London, a great frequenter of coffee houses, who, when a fresh news-paper was brought in, constantly seized it first, and read it aloud to his brother-citizens; but in a manner, as little intelligible to the standers-by as to himself. How many pretenders to learning expose themselves by causing to discourse on those very parts of science wherewith they are least acquainted! It is the same case in every other qualification. By the multitude of those who deal in rhymes, from half a sheet to twenty, which come out every minute, there must be at least five hundred poets in the city and suburbs of London; half as many coffeehouse orators, exclusive of the clergy; forty thousand politicians; and four thousand five hundred profound scholars: not to mention the wits, the railers, the smart fellows and critics; all as illiterate and impudent as a suburb-whore. What are we to think of the fire dressed sparks, proud of their own personal deformities, which appear the more hideous by the *contrast* of wearing scarlet and gold, with what they call toupees * on their heads, and all the frippery of a modern beau, to make a figure before women; some of them with hump backs, others hardly five feet high, and every feature of their faces distorted! I have seen many of these insipid pretenders entering into conversation with persons of learning, constantly making the grossest blunders in every sentence, without conveying one single idea fit for a rational creature to spend a thought on; perpetually confounding all chronology and geography even of present times. I compute, that London hath eleven native fools of the beau and puppy-kind, for one among us in Dublin; besides two thirds of ours transplanted thither, who are now naturalized; whereby that overgrown capital exceeds ours in the article of dunces by forty to one; and what is more, to our further mortification, there is not one distinguished fool of Irish birth or education, who makes any noise in that famous metropolis, unless the London prints be very partial or defective; whereas London is sel-

dom

* Wigs with long black tails, worn for some years past. November 1738.

92 THE BEASTS CONFESSIO

Sometimes his friend he would not spare,
 And might perhaps be too severe :
 But yet the worst that could be said,
 He was a wit both born and bred ;
 And, if it be a sin or shame,
 Nature alone must bear the blame :
 One fault he hath, is sorry for't ;
 His ears are half a foot too short ;
 Which could he to the standard bring,
 He'd shew his face before the King :
 Then for his voice, there's none disputes
 That he's the nightingale of brutes.

THE swine with contrite heart allow'd,
 His shape and beauty made him proud :
 In diet was perhaps too nice,
 But gluttony was ne'er his vice :
 In ev'ry turn of life content,
 And meekly took what fortune sent :
 Inquire through all the parish round,
 A better neighbour ne'er was found :
 His vigilance might some displease ;
 'Tis true, he hated sloth like pease.

THE mimic ape began his chatter,
 How evil tongues his life bespatter :
 Much of the cens'ring world complain'd,
 Who said his gravity was feign'd :
 Indeed the strictness of his morals
 Engag'd him in a hundred quarrels :
 He saw, and he was griev'd to see't,
 His zeal was sometimes indiscreet !
 He found his virtues too severe
 For our corrupted times to bear :
 Yet such a lewd licentious age
 Might well excuse a Stoic's rage.

THE goat advanc'd with decent pace ;
 And first excus'd his youthful face ;



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*Fair usage policy applies

94 THE BEASTS CONFESSION

Why should he longer mince the matter ? 95
 He fail'd, because he could not flatter ;
 He had not learn'd to turn his coat,
 Nor for a party give his vote :
 His crime he quickly understood ;
 Too zealous for the nation's good : 100
 He found the ministers resent it,
 Yet could not for his heart repent it.

THE chaplain vows he cannot fawn,
 Though it would raise him to the lawn :
 He pass'd his hours among his books ; 105
 You find it in his meagre looks :
 He might, if he were worldly wise,
 Preferment get, and spare his eyes :
 But own'd, he had a stubborn spirit,
 That made him trust alone in merit : 110
 Would rise by merit to promotion ;
 Alas ! a mere chimeric notion.

THE Doctor, if you will believe him,
 Confess'd a sin ; and God forgive him !
 Call'd up at midnight, ran to save 115
 A blind old beggar from the grave :
 But see how Satan spreads his snares ;
 He quite forgot to say his pray'rs.
 He cannot help it for his heart
 Sometimes to act the parson's part : 120
 Quotes from the Bible many a sentence,
 That moves his patients to repentance :
 And, when his med'cines do no good,
 Supports their minds with heav'nly food,
 At which, however well intended, 125
 He hears the clergy are offended ;
 And grown so bold behind his back,
 To call him hypocrite and quack.
 In his own church he keeps a seat ;
 Says grace before and after meat ; 130
 And calls, without affecting airs,

96 THE BEASTS CONFESSION

Must at the rate that he goes on,
 Inevitably be undone.
 Oh ! if his Majesty would please
 To give him but a writ of ease, 170
 Would grant him licence to retire,
 As it hath long been his desire,
 By fair accounts it would be found,
 He's poorer by ten thousand pound.
 He owns, and hopes it is no sin, 175
 He ne'er was partial to his kin ;
 He thought it base for men in stations
 To croud the court with their relations :
 His country was his dearest mother,
 And ev'ry virtuous man his brother ; 180
 Through modesty or awkward shame,
 (For which he owns himself to blame)
 He found the wisest men he could,
 Without respect to friends or blood ;
 Nor ever acts on private views, 185
 When he hath liberty to chuse.

THE sharper swore he hated play,
 Except to pass an hour away :
 And well he might ; for to his cost
 By want of skill he always lost ; 190
 He heard there was a club of cheats,
 Who had contriv'd a thousand feats ;
 Could change the stock, or cog a die,
 And thus deceive the sharpest eye :
 No wonder how his fortune sunk, 195
 His brothers fleece him when he's drunk.

I own the moral not exact ;
 Besides, the tale is false in fact :
 And so absurd, that could I raise up
 From fields Elysian fabling Æsop, 200
 I would accuse him to his face
 For libelling the *four-foot* race.
 Creatures of ev'ry kind but ours
 Well comprehend their nat'ral pow'rs ;



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*Fair usage policy applies

And to make roasted silk to resemble his raw-bone,
 She rais'd up a thread to the jet of his jaw-bone;
 Till at length in exactest proportion he rose, 15
 From the crown of his head to the arch of his nose.
 And if Lady Betty had drawn him with wig and all,
 'Tis certain the copy had outdone the original.

Well, that's but my outside, says Dan with a va-
 pour. 19

Say you so?, says my Lady; I've lin'd it with paper.

P——D——*sculpt.*

A N O T H E R.

CLARISSA draws her scissars from the case,
 To draw the lines of poor Dan Jackson's face.

One sloping cut made forehead, nose, and chin,
 A nick produc'd a mouth and made him grin,
 Such as in tailor's measure you have seen. 5 }

But still were wanting his grimalkin eyes,
 For which grey worsted flocking paint supplies.
 Th' unravell'd thread through needle's eye convey'd,
 'Transferr'd itself into his pasteboard-head.

How came the scissars to be thus outdone? 10
 'The needle had an eye, and they had none.

O wondrous force of art! now look at Dan——

You'd swear the pasteboard was the better man.

The dev'l, says he, the head is not so full——

Indeed it is, behold the paper scull. 15

THO S——D *sculp.*

A N O T H E R.

DAN's evil genius in a trice
 Had stripp'd him of his coin at dice;
 Chloe observing this disgrace,
 On Pam cut out his rueful face.

Thy nose's length and fame extend
So far, dear Dan, that ev'ry friend
Tries who shall have it by the end.

30

And future poets, as they rise,
Shall read with envy and surprise,
Thy nose outshining Cælia's eyes.

SWIFT.

DAN JACKSON'S answer.

*My verse little better you'll find than my face is,
A word to the wise, ut pictura poëfis.*

THREE merry lads with envy stung,
Because Dan's face is better hung,

Combin'd in verse to rhyme it down,

And in its place set up their own ;

As if they'd run it down much better

By number of their feet in metre,

Or that its red did cause their spite,

Which made them draw in black and white.

Be that as 'twill, this is most true,

They were inspir'd by what they drew.

Let then such critics know, my face

Gives them their comeliness and grace :

Whilst ev'ry line of face does bring

A line of grace to what they sing.

But yet methinks, though with disgrace

Both to the picture and the face,

I should name the men who do rehearse

The story of the picture farce ;

The 'squire in French as hard as stone,

Or strong as rock, that's all as one,

On face on cards is very brisk, Sirs,

Because on them you play at whisk, Sirs

But much I wonder, why my crany

Should envy'd be by De el-any ;

5

10

15

20



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And then the ladies, I suppose,
 Will praise your longitude of nose,
 For latent charms within your cloaths, 15
 dear Danny.

Thus will the fair of ev'ry age
 From all parts make their pilgrimage,
 Worship thy nose with pious rage
 of love, Sir. 20

All their religion will be spent
 About thy woven monument,
 And not one orison be sent
 to Jove, Sir.

You the fam'd idol will become, 25
 As gardens grac'd in antient Rome,
 By matrons worshipp'd in the gloom
 of night.

O happy Dan ! thrice happy sure !
 Thy fame for ever shall endure, 30
 Who after death can love secure
 at fight.

So far I thought it was my duty
 To dwell upon thy boasted beauty ;
 Now I'll proceed a word or two t'ye, 35
 in answer

To that part where you carry on
 This paradox, that rock and stone,
 In your opinion, are all one.
 How can, Sir, 40

A man of reas'ning so profound,
 So stupidly be run aground,
 As things so different to confound
 t'our senses ?

ANSWER TO DAN JACKSON. 103

Except you judg'd 'em by the knock 45
Of near an equal hardy block :
Such an experimental stroke

convinces.

Then might you be, by dint of reason,
A proper judge on this occasion ; 50
'Gainst feeling there's no disputation,

is granted.

Therefore to thy superior wit,
Who made the trial, we submit ;
Thy head to prove the truth of it 55

we wanted.

In one assertion you're to blame,
Where Dan and Sherry's made the same,
Endeavouring to have your name

refin'd, Sir. 60

You'll see most grossly you mistook,
If you consult your spelling-book,
(The better half you say you took),

you'll find, Sir.

S, H, E, *she*—and R, I, *ri*, 65
Both put together make *Sherry*,
D, A, N, *Dan*—makes up the three

syllables.

Dan is but one, and *Sberri* two,
Then, Sir, your choice will never do ; 70
Therefore I've turn'd, my friend, on you

the tables.

Answer by Dr DELANY.

A Ssist me, my muse, whilst I labour to limn him
Credite Pisones isti tabulae persimilem.

You look and you write with so diff'rent a grace,
 That I envy your verse, tho' I didn't your face.
 And to him that thinks rightly, there's reason enough,
 'Cause one is as smooth as the other is rough. 6

But much I'm amaz'd, you should think my de- }
 sign

Was to rhyme down your nose, or your Harlequin- }
 grin, .

Which you yourself wonder the deed should malign. }
 And if 'tis so strange, that your monstership's crany, 10
 Should be envy'd by him, much less by Delany.
 Tho' I own to you, when I consider it stricter,
 I envy the painter, altho' not the picture.
 And justly she's envy'd, since a fiend of hell
 Was never drawn right but by her and Raphell. 15

Next, as to the charge which you tell us is true,
 That we were inspir'd by the subject we drew :
 Inspired we were, and well, Sir, you knew it,
 Yet not by your nose, but the fair one that drew it ;
 Had your nose been the muse, we had ne'er been in-
 spir'd, 20

Tho' perhaps it might justly've been said we were fir'd.

As to the division of words in your staves,
 Like my countryman's horn comb, into three halves,
 I meddle not with't, but presume to make merry,
 You call'd Dan one half, and t'other half Sherry : 25
 Now, if Dan's a half, as you call't o'er and o'er,
 Then it can't be deny'd that Sherry's two more,
 For pray give me leave to say, Sir, for all you,
 That Sherry's at least of double the value.

But perhaps, Sir, you did it to fill up the verse, 30 }
 So crouds in a concert (like actors in farce) }
 Play two parts in one, when scrapers are scarce. }
 But be that as 'twill, you'll know more anon, Sir,
 When Sheridan sends to merry Dan answer.



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You look and you write with ~~to the right a point~~
 That I envy your verse, tho' I didn't your fate.
 And to him that thinks rightly, there's reason enoug
 'Cause one is as smooth as the other is rough.

But much I'm amaz'd, you should think my de-
 sign
 Was to rhyme down your nose, or your Harlequin-
 grin,

Which you yourself wonder the deed should malign.
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 So crouds in a concert (like actors in farce)
 Play two parts in one, when scrapers are scarce.
 But be that as 'twill, you'll know more anon, Sir,
 When Sheridan sends to merry Dan answer.'

Answer by Dr SHERIDAN.

THree merry lads you own we are ;
 'Tis very true, and free from care,
 But envious we cannot bear,

believe, Sir,

For were all forms of beauty thine,
 Were you like Nereus, soft and fine,
 We should not in the least repine,

5

or grieve, Sir.

Then know from us, most beauteous Dan,
 That roughness best becomes a man ;
 'Tis women should be pale, and wan,

10

and taper.

And all your trifling beaux and fops,
 Who comb their brows and sleek their chops,
 Are but the offspring of toy-shops,

15

mere vapour.

We know your morning-hours you pass
 To cull and gather out a face ;
 Is this the way you take your glass ?

Forbear it. 20

Those loads of paint upon your toilet,
 Will never mend your face, but spoil it,
 It looks as if you did par-boil it.

Drink claret.

Your cheeks, by sleeking, are so lean,
 That they're like Cynthia in the wain,
 Or breast of goose when 'tis pick'd clean,

25

or pullet.

See what by drinking you have done,
 You've made your phiz a skeleton,
 From the long distance of your crown,

30

t'your gullet!

DAN

108 SHERIDAN'S SUBMISSION.

I hear with some concern you roar,
And flying think to quit the score,
By clapping billets on your door
and posts, Sir. 15

Thy ruin, Tom, I never meant,
I'm griev'd to hear your banishment,
But pleas'd to find you do relent
and cry on. 20

I maul'd you, when you look'd so bluff,
But now I'll secret keep your stuff ;
For know, prostration is enough
to th' lion.

SHERIDAN'S SUBMISSION. i

Written by the Dean.

*Cedo jam, misera cognoscens premia rixæ,
Si rixæ est, ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum.*

Poor Sherry, inglorious,
To Dan the victorious,
Presents, as 'tis fitting,
Petition and greeting.

TO you victorious and brave,
Your now subdu'd and suppliant slave
Most humbly sues for pardon.
Who when I fought, still cut me down,
And when I, vanquish'd, fled the town,
Pursu'd and laid me hard on. 5

Now lowly crouch'd, I cry *Peccavi*,
And prostrate, supplicate *pour ma vie*,
Your mercy I rely on.
For you, my conqu'ror and my king, 10
In pard'ning, as in punishing,
Will shew yourself a lion.



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Tom would pray for ev'ry Whig,^u 15
And Dick curse all the Tories.

Dick would make a woful noise,
And scold at an election ;
Tom huzza'd the blackguard boys,
And held them in subjection. 20

Tom could move with lordly grace,
Dick nimbly skip the gutter ;
Tom could talk with solemn face,
But Dick could better spatter. 1

Dick was come to high renown 25
Since he commenc'd physician ;
Tom was held by all the town
The deeper politician.

Tom had the genteeler swing,
His hat could nicely put on ; 30
Dick knew better how to swing
His cane upon a button,

Dick for repartee was fit,
And Tom for deep discoursing ;
Dick was thought the brighter wit,
But Tom had better learning. 35

Dick with zealous no's and ay's
Could roar as loud as Stentor,
In the house 'tis all he says ;
But Tom is eloquent. 40

DICK, A MAGGOT.

AS when from rooting in a bin,
All powder'd o'er from tail to chin,
A lively maggot fallies out,
You know him by his hazel snout :
So when the grandson of his grandfire
Forth issues wriggling, Dick Drawcanfir,

With powder'd ramp, and back and side,
 You cannot blench his tawny hide;
 For 'tis beyond the power of meal
 The gypsey visage to conceal: 10
 For, as he shakes his wainscot chops,
 Down ev'ry mealy atom
 And leaves the tassar phiz, in show
 Like a fresh t—d just dropt on snow.

CLAD ALL IN BROWN.

Imitated from COWLEY.

To DICK.

brute that stinks below,
 this brown dost thou appear?
 For, wouldst thou make a fouler show,
 Thou must go naked all the year.
 Fresh from the mud a wallowing sow 5
 Would then be not so brown as thou.
 'Tis not the coat that looks so dun;
 His hide emits a foulness out;
 Not one jot better looks the sun
 Seen from behind a dirty clout: 10
 So t—ds within a glass inclose,
 The glass will seem as brown as those.
 Thou now one heap of foulness art,
 All outward and within is foul;
 Condensed filth 15
 Thy body's
 Thy soul, which,
 Scarce glimmers like a dying snuff.

When pelted all with dirt they shine;

K 2 ..

Such their *exalted* bodies are,
 As shrivel'd and as black as thine.
 If thou wert in a cart, I fear
 Thou wouldst be pelted worse than they're.

Yet when we see thee thus array'd, 25
 The neighbours think, it is but just,
 That thou shouldst take an honest trade,
 And weekly carry out the dust.
 Of cleanly houses who will doubt,
 When Dick cries, *Dust to carry out?* 30

DICK'S Variety.

DULL uniformity in fools
 I hate, who gape and sneer by rules.
 You, Mullinix, and slobb'ring C——,
 Who ev'ry day and hour the same are ;
 That vulgar talent I despise
 Of pissing in the rabble's eyes.
 And when I listen to the noise
 Of idiots roaring to the boys ;
 To better judgments still submitting,
 I own I see but little wit in : 35
 Such pastimes, when our taste is nice,
 Can please at most but once or twice.

But then consider Dick, you'll find
 His genius of superior kind ;
 He never muddles in the dirt, 37 35
 Nor scow'rs the streets without a shirt ;
 Tho' Dick, I dare presume to say,
 Could do such feats as well as they.
 Dick I could venture ev'ry where,
 Let the boys pelt him if they dare ; 38
 He'd have 'em try'd at the assizes
 For priests and Jesuits in disguises ;



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O N I O N S.

COME, follow me by the smell,
 Here's delicate onions to sell,
 I promise to use you well.
 They make the blood warmer :
 You'll feed like a farmer ;
 For this is ev'ry cook's opinion,
 No far'ry dish without an onion :
 But lest your killing should be spoil'd,
 Your onions must be thoroughly boil'd ;
 Or else you may spate
 Your mistress a share,

 She cannot discover

5

10

15

O Y S T E R S!

CHARMING oysters I cry,
 My masters, come buy,
 So plump and so fresh,
 So sweet is their flesh;
 No Colchester oyster i

5

And rouse up your mettle ;
 They'll make you a dad
 Of a lass' or a lad ;
 And Madam your wife

Be she barren, be she old,
 Be she slut, or be she scold,
 Buy my oysters, and lie near her,
 She'll be fruitful, never fear her.

15

H E R.

H E R R I N G S.

BE not sparing;
Leave off swearing.

Buy my herring
Fresh from Malahide^o,

Better ne'er was try'd.

5

Come eat 'em with pure fresh butter and mustard,

Their bellies are soft, and as white as a custard.

Come, sixpence a dozen to get me some bread,

Or, like my own herrings, I soon shall be dead.

O R A N G E S.

COME buy my fine oranges, sauce for your veal,
And charming when squeez'd in a pot of brown
ale.

Well roasted with sugar and wine in a cup,

They'll make a sweet bishop when gentefolks sup.

T O L O V E.

IN all I wish how happy should I be,

Thou grand deluder, were it not for thee?

So weak thou art, that fools thy pow'r despise,

And yet so strong, thou triumph'st o'er the wise.

Thy traps are laid with such peculiar art,

5

They catch the cautious; let the rash depart.

Most nets are fill'd by want of thought and care,

But too much thinking brings us to thy snare.

Where held by thee, in slavery we stay;

And throw the pleasing part of life away.

200

^o Malahide, about five miles from Dublin, famous for her-
sings.



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In Jonathan's reign, if you come here to eat, - - 5
 You have choice of good wine, no choice of good
 meat.

Oh Jove! then how folly might all sides be blest,
 Wouldst thou but agree to this humble request:
 Put both deans in one; or if that's, too much trouble,
 Instead of the deans, make the dean'ry double. 10

AN EPITAPH by Dr SWIFT to the memory of
 FREDERICK Duke of SCHOMBERG, who was
 unhappily killed in crossing the river Boyne on
 the 1st of July 1690, and was buried in
 St Patrick's cathedral, where the Dean and
 chapter erected a small monument to his ho-
 nour at their own expence.

Hic infra situm est corpus
 FREDERICI DUCIS DE SCHOMBERG,
 ad BUDINDAM occisi, A. D. 1690.
 DECANUS ET CAPITULUM maximopere
 curavit atque etiam procuravit,
 UT HEREDES DUCIS monumentum
 In memoriam PARENTIS erigendum curarent:
 Sed postquam per epistolas, per amicos,
 diu ac sæpe orando nil profecere;
 Hunc demum lapidem ipsi statuerunt,
 † Saltem ut scias, hospes,
 Ubiviam terrarum SCHOMBERGENSES cineres delite-
 scunt.

*Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos,
 Quam sanguinis proximitas apud suos.*
 A. D. 1731.

† The words that Dr Swift here concluded the epitaph with,
 Saltem ut sciet viator indignitatem, quasi in cellula tanti du-
 cis cineres delitescunt. For the author was always heard to speak
 with great reverence of the memory of that brave duke, as
 well as his glorious master K. William; and indeed of all others
 who have struggled for the liberties of those kingdoms, against
 the repeated attempts of arbitrary power. Dub. edit. A

A BALLAD on the game of TRAFFIC†.

Written at the castle of Dublin, in the time of the Earl of Berkeley's government.

MY Lord ||, to find out who must deal,
 Delivers cards about,
 But the first knave does seldom fail
 To find the *Doctor* out.

But then his *Honour* cry'd, Godzooks!
 And seem'd to knit his brow:
 For on a knave he never looks
 But h'thinks upon Jack How.

† By casting our eyes over this ballad, we may observe in what manner the Earl and Countess of Berkeley, and their little group at the castle of Dublin, spent their evenings in private, when they were totally disengaged from the noise, the bustle, and the plague of business and ceremony. The several characters which make up this little group, are the Earl and Countess of Berkeley, Mrs Biddy Floyd, Mrs Herries, Mrs Weston, and Dr Swift. This ballad appears to have been designed as a piece of raillery upon the whole set, and written purely for their domestic entertainment. This poem, so far as it runs, is full of mirth and humour; the second stanza in particular is wonderfully striking,

But then his Honour cry'd, &c.

The surprise of my Lord Berkeley, and the bringing Jack How to remembrance upon the sight of a knave, for no other reason than because he was a famous anti-courtier in those times, perpetually opposing and thwarting the measures of K. William in the house of Commons, is a whimsical piece of drollery in the poetic strain, especially when addressed to a court-lord in one of the highest employments. We are at a loss to know whether any more characters were designed to have been introduced into this ballad; but we may reasonably suppose there were, because in reality it seemeth to have been broken off in the very midst of its career. However, indeed, the politeness of Dr Swift would not suffer him to enlarge or correct it, after my Lady Betty Berkeley had in a manner given it the finishing stroke; on occasion of which he writ the *Ballad to the tune of the Cutpurse*, [vol. 6. p. 75.], which hath abundance of life, humour, pleasantry, and politeness, Swift.

|| The Earl of Berkeley.



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122 WILL. WOOD'S PETITION.

See how the double nation lies;
Like a rich coat with skirts of frize:
As if a man in making posies
Should bundle thistles up with roses. 10
Who ever yet a union saw
Of kingdoms without faith or law?
Henceforward let no statesman dare
A kingdom to a ship compare;
Lest he should call our commonweal 15
A vessel with a double keel;
Which, just like ours, new rigg'd and mann'd,
And got about a league from land,
By change of wind to leeward side,
'The pilot knew not how to guide. 20
So tossing faction will o'erwhelm
Our crazy double-bottom'd realm.

* WILL. WOOD'S petition to the people of
IRELAND, being an excellent new SONG.

Supposed to be made and sung in the street of Dublin,
by WILL. WOOD, ironmonger and halfpenny-
monger. 1725.

MY dear Irish folks,
Come leave off your jokes,
And buy up my halfpence so fine;
So fair and so bright,
They'll give you delight;
Observe how they glister and shine.
They'll sell, to my grief,
As cheap as neck beef,
For counters at cards to your wife;
And every day 10
Your children may play
Span-farthing, or tofs on the knife.

Come hither and try ;
 I'll teach you to buy ,
 A pot of good ale for a farthing : 15
 Come ; threepence a score,
 I ask you no more,
 And a fig for the Drapier and Harding *.

When tradesmen have gold,
 The thief will be bold, 20
 By day and by night for to rob him :
 My copper is such,
 No robber will touch,
 And so you may daintily bob him.

The little blackguard, 25
 Who gets very hard
 His halfpence for cleaning your shoes ;
 When his pockets are cram'd
 With mine, and be——'d,
 He may swear he has nothing to lose. 30

Here's halfpence in plenty,
 For one you'll have twenty,
 Though thousands were not worth a pudden.
 Your neighbours will think,
 When your pocket cries chink, 35
 You are grown plaguy rich on a sudden.

You will be my thankers,
 I'll make you my bankers,
 As good as Ban Burton or Fade † :
 For nothing shall pass 40
 But my pretty brass,
 And then you'll be all of a trade.

I'm a son of a whore,
 If I have a word more.

* The Drapier's printer.

† Two famous bankers.

To say in this wretched condition.

45

If my coin will not pass,

I must die like an ass ;

And so I conclude my petition.

AN EPIGRAM ON WOOD'S BRASS MONEY.

CART'RET was welcom'd to the shore
First with the brazen cannons roar ;

To meet him next the soldier comes,

With brazen trumps and brazen drums ;

Approaching near the town, he hears

5

The brazen bell salute his ears :

But when Wood's brass began to found,

Guns, trumpets, drums, and bells were drown'd.

A N O T H E R .

On the D—E of C—s.

J—s B—s was the Dean's familiar friend :

James grows a Duke ; their friendship here must
end.

Surely the Dean deserves a fore rebuke,

From knowing James, to say, he knows a *Duke*.

AN EPIGRAM ON SCOLDING.

GREAT folks are of a finer mold ;

Lord ! how politely they can scold !

While a coarse English tongue will itch

For whore and rogue, and dog and bitch.



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THE VERSES ON A LADY.

On rainy days I dine alone,
And pick my chicken to the bone:
But this my servants much enrages,
No scraps remain to save board-wages.
In weather fine I nothing spend,
But often sponge upon a friend:
Yet where he's not so rich as I,
I pay my club, and so good b'y——. 10

To a LADY, who desired the author to write
some verses upon her in the heroic style.

Written at London in the year 1716.

AFTER venting all my spite,
Tell me, what have I to write?
Ev'ry error I would find
Through the mazes of your mind,
Have my busy muse employ'd,
Till the company is cloy'd.
Are you positive and fretful,
Heedless, ignorant, forgetful?
These, and twenty follies more,
I have often told before. 10

HEARKEN what my Lady says:
Have I nothing then to praise?
All it fits you to be witty,
Where a fault should move your pity.
If you think me too conceited, 15
Or to passion quickly heated;
If my wand'ring head be less
Set on reading than on dress:
If I always seem so dull t'ye;
I can solve the diff—culty. 20

You would teach me to be wise;
Truth and honour how to prize.

How to shine in conversation,
 And with credit fill my station;
 How to relish notions high; 25
 How to live and how to die.

BUT it was decreed by fate,
 Mr Dean you come too late;
 Well I know, you can discern
 I am now too old to learn: 30
 Follies from my youth instill'd
 Have my soul intirely fill'd:
 In my head and heart they centre;
 Nor will let your lessons enter.

BRED a fondling and an heirefs;
 Dress'd like any lady-may'refs; 35
 Cocker'd by the servants round,
 Was too good to touch the ground;
 Thought the life of ev'ry lady
 Should be one continual playday; 40
 Balls, and masquerades, and shows,
 Visits, plays, and powder'd beaux.

THUS you have my case at large;
 And may now perform your charge.
 Those materials I have furnish'd, 45
 When by you refin'd and burnish'd,
 Must, that all the world may know 'em,
 Be reduc'd into a poem.

BUT I beg, suspend a while
 That same paltry burlesque style; 50
 Drop for once your constant rule,
 Turning all to ridicule:
 Teaching others how to ape ye;
 Court nor parliament can 'scape ye;
 Treat the public and your friends 55
 Both alike, while neither mends.

SING my praise in strain sublime;
 Treat not me with doggral rhyme.



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Teaching by what *golden* rules
 Into knaves they turn their fools :
 How the helm is rul'd by Walpole,
 At whose oars, like slaves, they all pull :
 Let the vessel split on shelves ; 165
 With the freight enrich themselves :
 Safe within my little wherry,
 All their madness makes me merry :
 Like the watermen of Thames,
 I row by, and call them names. 170
 Like the ever laughing sage,
 In a jest I spend my rage.
 (Tho' it must be understood,
 I would hang them if I cou'd).
 If I can but fill my nitch, 175
 I attempt no higher pitch.
 Leave to D Anvers and his mate
 Maxims wise to rule the state.
 Pult'ney deep, accomplish'd St Johns,
 Scourge the villains with a vengeance : 180
 Let me, tho' the smell be noisom,
 Strip their bums ; let Caleb † horse 'em,
 Then apply Alecto's whip,
 Till they wriggle, howl, and skip.
 DUCK is in you, Mr Dean ; 185
 What can all this passion mean ?
 Mention courts, you'll ne'er be quiet ;
 On corruptions running riot.
 End, as it befits your station : .
 Come to use and application : 190
 Nor with senates keep a fuss.
 I submit and answer thus.

If the machinations brewing,
 To complete the public ruin,

† Caleb D'Anvers, the famous writer of the paper called the *Crossbow*. These papers are supposed to be written by the Lord *Abingdon*, and Mr Pulteney, created Earl of Bath.

Never once could have the pow'r
 To affect me half an hour;
 (Sooner would I write, in buskins,
 Mournful elegies on † Bluskins);
 If I laugh at Whig and Tory;
 I conclude *à fortiori*, 200
 All your eloquence will scarce
 Drive me from my fav'rite farce.
 This I must insist on. For, as
 It is well observ'd by † Horace,
 Ridicule has greater pow'r 205
 To reform the world, than four.
 Horses thus, let jokies judge else,
 Switches better guide than cudgels.
 Baffings heavy, dry, obtuse,
 Only dulness can produce; 210
 While a little gentle jerking
 Sets the spirits all a-working.

Thus, I find it by experiment,
 Scolding moves you less than merriment.
 I may storm and rage in vain; 215
 It but stupifies your brain.
 But with raillery to nettle,
 Sets your thoughts upon their mettle:
 Gives imagination scope;
 Never lets your mind elope; 220
 Drives out brangling and contention,
 Brings in reason and invention.
 For your sake, as well as mine,
 I the lofty style decline.

I, who love to have a fling 225
 Both at f—n—e—h—se and ———;
 That they might some better way tread,
 To avoid the public hatred;

† A famous thief, who was hanged some years since. See vol. 6. p. 151.

‡ *Ridiculum acri
 Fortius et melius, &c.*



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Ere I reach'd Parnassus' top, 265
 I should burst, and bursting drop.
 All my *fire* would fall in scraps ;
 Give your head some gentle raps ;
 Only make it smart a while :
 Then could I forbear to smile, 270
 When I found the tingling pain,
 Ent'ring warm your frigid brain ;
 Make you able upon sight
 To decide of wrong and right ;
 Talk with sense whate'er you please on ; 275
 Learn to relish truth and reason ?

Thus we both should gain our prize ;
 I to laugh, and you grow wise.

The DISCOVERY *.

WHEN wise Lord Berkeley first came here,
 Statesmen and mob expected wonders ;
 Nor thought to find so great a peer
 Ere a week past committing blunders.
 Till on a day cut out by fate, 5
 When folks came thick to make their court,
 Out slipt a mystery of state,
 To give the town and country sport.
 Now enters Bush † with new state-alt's,
 His Lordship's premier minister ; 10
 And who in all profound affairs
 Is held as needful as his clyster ‡.

* When the Earl of Berkeley went over to Ireland as one of the Lords Justices, the author, in compliance with his invitation, went over with him as chaplain and private secretary. But Bush, another of the Earl's attendants, having insinuated, that the place of secretary was not proper for a clergyman, found means, soon after they arrived at Dublin, to obtain it for himself.—Swift, fired with indignation at this injurious treatment, writ this satirical copy of verses. *Swift.*

† My Lord's wise secretary.

‡ Always taken before my Lord went to council.

With head reclining on his shoulder,
 He deals and hears mysterious chat,
 While every ignorant beholder
 Asks of his neighbour, Who is that?
 With this he put up to my Lord,
 The courtiers kept their distance due,
 He twitch'd his sleeve, and stole a word,
 Then to a corner both withdrew.
 Imagine now my Lord and Bush
 Whisp'ring in juncto most profound,
 Like good King Rhyz, and good King Uth,
 While all the rest stood gaping round.
 At length a spark, not too well bred,
 Of forward face and ear acute,
 Advanc'd on tiptoe, lean'd his head,
 To overhear the grand dispute,
 To learn what northern kings design,
 Or from Wharshall some new express,
 Papists disarm'd, or fall of conscience,
 For sake (thought he) it can't be less.
 My Lord, said Bush, a friend and haire,
 Disguis'd in two old threadbare coats,
 Ere morning's dawn stole out to spy
 How markets went for hay and oats:
 With that he draws two handfuls out,
 The one was oats, the other hay;
 Puts this to's Excellency's snout,
 And begs he would the other weigh,
 My Lord seems pleas'd, but still directs
 By all means to bring down the rates,
 Then, with a congee circumstance,
 Bush, smiling round on all retreats,
 Our list'ner stood a while confus'd,
 But gath'ring spirits wisely ran for't,
 Enrag'd to see the world abus'd,
 By two such whisp'ring kings of Brentford.

M 3

+ Vide the Rehearsal.

The



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A LOVE-POEM from a PHYSICIAN to his MISTRESS.

Written at London in the year 1738. *

BY poets we are well assur'd
 That love, alas ! can ne'er be cur'd ;
 A complicated heap of *ills*,
 Despising *boluses* and *pills*.
 Ah ! Chloe, this I find is true, 5
 Since first I gave my heart to you.
 Now, by your cruelty *hard-bound*,
 I strain my *gut*!, my *colon* wound :
 Now, jealousy my *grumbling tripes*
 Assaults with grating, grinding *gripes* : 10
 When pity in those eyes I view,
 My *bowels* wambling make me *spue*.
 When I an am'rous kiss design'd,
 I belch'd a hurricane of *wind*.
 Once you a gentle sigh let fall, 15
 Remember how I *suck'd* it all ;
 What *colic pangs* from thence I felt,
 Had you but known, your *heart* would melt,
 Like ruffling winds in caverns pent,
 Till nature pointed out a vent. 20
 How have you torn my *heart* to pieces,
 With maggots, humours, and caprices !
 By which I got the *hæmorrhoids*,
 And loathsome *worms* my *anus* voids.
 Whene'er I hear a rival nam'd, 25
 I feel my body all inflam'd,
 Which breaking out in *boils* and *blanes*,
 With *yellow filth* my linen stains.
 Or, parch'd with unextinguish'd *thirst*,
 Small beer I *guzzle* till I *burst* : 30

* Dean Swift was not in London after the year 1727.

And then I drag a bloated *corpse*,
 Swell'd with a *drop* like a porpus;
 When, if I cannot *purge* or *state*,
 I must be tapp'd to fill a *pail*.

On a PRINTER'S being sent to Newgate, by—.

BETTER we all were in our graves
 Than live in slavery to slaves;
 Worse than the anarchy at sea,
 Where fishes on each other prey:
 Where ev'ry trout can make as high rants 5
 O'er his inferiors as our tyrants;
 And swagger while the coast is clear:
 But should a lordly pike appear,
 Away you see the varlet scud,
 Or hide his coward snout in mud. 10
 Thus, if a gudgeon meet a roach,
 He dare not venture to approach;
 Yet still has impudence to rise,
 And, like Domitian, leap at flies.

On the little house by the church-yard of CA-
 STLENOCK.

WHOMEVER pleaseth to inquire,
 Why yonder steeple wants a spire,
 The grey old fellow, poet Joet,
 The philosophic cause will show.
 Once on a time a western blast
 At least twelve inches overcast,
 Rock'ing roof, weather-cock, and all,
 Which came with a prodigious fall;

† Mr. Bennet of Trim.

And tumbling topsy-turvy round,
 Light with its bottom on the ground. 10
 For, by the laws of gravitation,
 It fell into its proper station.

THIS is the little strutting pile,
 You see just by the church-yard stile ;
 The walls in tumbling gave a knock ; 15
 And thus the steeple got a shock :
 From whence the neighb'ring farmer calls
 The steeple, Knock, the vicar, † Walls.

THE vicar once a-week creeps in,
 Sits with his knees up to his chin ; 20
 Here conns his notes, and takes a whet,
 Till the small ragged flock is met.

A traveller, who by did pass,
 Observ'd the roof behind the grass ;
 On tiptoe stood and rear'd his snout, 25
 And saw the parson creeping out ;
 Was much surpris'd to see a crow
 Venture to build his nest so low.

A schoolboy ran unto't, and thought,
 The crib was down, the blackbird caught. 30
 A third, who lost his way by night,
 Was forc'd for safety to alight ;
 And stepping o'er the fabric-roof,
 His horse had like to spoil his hoof.

WARBURTON took it in his noddle, 35
 This building was design'd a model
 Or of a pigeon-house, or oven,
 To bake one loaf. or keep one dove in.

THEN Mrs Johnson gave her verdict,
 And ev'ry one was pleas'd that heard it : 40
 All that you make this stir about,
 Is but a still which wants a spout.

† Reverend Archdeacon Wall.



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Since oftentimes it has been found,
 A dream has giv'n ten thousand pound.
 Then sleep, my friend, dear Dean, sleep on,
 And all you get shall be your own.
 Provided you to this agree,
 That all you lose belongs to me.

The DEAN'S Answer.

SO, about twelve at night, the punk
 Steals from the cully when he's drunk;
 Nor is contented with a treat,
 Without a privilege to cheat.
 Nor can I the least difference find,
 But that you left no clap behind.
 But jest apart, restore, you capon ye,
 My twelve thirteens † and sixpence ha'penny.
 To eat my meat, and drink my medecine,
 And then to give me such a deadly rent—
 But 'tis observ'd, that men in gowns
 Are most inclin'd to plunder crowns;
 Could you but change a crown as easy
 As you can steal one, how 'twould please ye!
 I thought the Lady at St Cath'rines ‡
 Knew how to set you better patterns;
 For this I will not dine with Agmondisham §,
 And for his victuals let a ragman dish'em.
Saturday night.

* AN EPITAPH ON DR SWIFT'S DOG.

OF all the dogs array'd in fur,
 Here under lies the truest cur.

† An English shilling passes for thirteen pence in Ireland.

‡ Lady Montcashel.

§ Agmondisham Vesey, Esq; a very worthy gentleman, for whom the author had a great esteem.

He knew no tricks, he never flatter'd;
 Nor those he fawn'd upon, bespatter'd:
 So far a courtier, he would wait 5
 And condescend to lick a plate;
 But never strove, O Swift, when fed,
 To bite the hand which gave him bread.

Oh, that your dogs, who walk on two,
 Had only been but half as true! 10
 Thro' thick and thin, replete or hollow,
 Thy steps unerring he would follow;
 While they who pride in being scholars,
 Desert thee now with golden collars;
 Or, like Actæon's horrid pack, 15
 Return, to fall upon thy back.

The author and his friends used to divert themselves for amusement in making riddles; some of which have been printed, and were well received: as we hope the following will be, altho' we cannot tell the authors of each. [See vol. 6. p. 296.]

A R I D D L E.

I WITH borrow'd silver shine,
 What you see is none of mine.
 First I shew you but a quarter,
 Like the bow that guards the 'Tartar, 5
 Then the half, and then the whole,
 Ever dancing round the pole.
 And what will raise your admiration,
 I am not one of God's creation,
 But sprung, (and I this truth maintain),
 Like Pallas, from my father's brain. 10
 And after all, I chiefly owe
 My beauty to the shades below.
 Most wondrous forms you see me wear,
 A man, a woman, lion, bear,
 A fish, a fowl, a cloud, a field, 15
 All figures heav'n or earth can yield.

Like Daphne sometimes in a tree :
Yet am not one of all you see.

A N O T H E R.

BE'GOTTEN, and born, and dying with noise,
The terror of women, and pleasure of boys,
Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
I'm chiefly unruly, when strongest confin'd.
For silver and' gold I don't trouble my head,
But all I delight in is pieces of lead ;
Except when I trade with a ship or a town,
Why then I make pieces of iron go down.
One property more I would have you remark,
No lady was ever more fond of a spark ;
The moment I get one, my soul's all a fire,
And I roar out my joy, and in transport expire.

A N O T H E R.

TH E R E is a gate, we know full well,
That stands 'twixt heav'n, and earth, and hell,
Where many for a passage venture,
But very few are fond to enter ;
Altho' 'tis open night and day,
They for that reason shun this way :
Both dukes and lords abhor its wood,
They can't come near it for their blood.
What other way they take to go,
Another time I'll let you know.
Yet commoners, with greatest ease,
Can find an entrance when they please.
The poorest hither march in state,
(Or they can never pass the gate),
Like Roman generals triumphant,
And then they take a turn and jump out.



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Sometimes in panegyric high, 5
 Like lofty Pindar, I can soar,
 And raise a virgin to the sky,
 Or sink her to a pocky whore,
 My blood this day is very sweet,
 To-morrow of a bitter juice, 10
 Like milk 'tis cry'd about the street,
 And so apply'd to different use.
 Most wondrous is my magic pow'r:
 For with one colour I can paint;
 I'll make the devil a saint this hour, 15
 Next make a devil of a saint.
 Through distant regions I can fly,
 Provide me but with paper wings,
 And fairly shew a reason, why
 There should be quarrels among kings. 20
 And after all you'll think it odd,
 When learned Doctors will dispute,
 That I should point the word of God,
 And shew where they can best confute.
 Let lawyers bawl and strain their throats, 25
 'Tis I that must the lands convey,
 And strip the clients to their coats,
 Nay give their very souls away.

A N O T, H E R.

EVER eating, never cloying,
 All devouring, all destroying,
 Never finding full repast,
 Till I eat the world at last.

A N O T H E R.

WE are little airy creatures,
 All of diff'rent voice and features,
 One of us in glass is set,
 One of us you'll find in jet,
 T'other you may see in tin,
 And the fourth a box within;
 If the fifth you should pursue,
 It can never fly from you.

A - N - O - T - H - E - R.

ALL of us in one you'll find,
 Brethren of a wondrous kind;
 Yet among us all no brother
 Knows one tittle of the other;
 We in frequent councils are,
 And our marks of things declare,
 Where, to us unknown, a clerk
 Sits, and takes them in the dark.
 He's the register of all
 In our ken, both great and small;
 By us forms his laws and rules,
 He's our master, we his tools;
 Yet we can with greatest ease
 Turn and wind him where we please.

One of us alone can sleep,
 Yet no watch the rest will keep,
 But the moment that he closes,
 Every brother else reposes.

If wine's bought, or victuals dress,
 One enjoys them for the rest.

I'll see us all with winking feel;
 One for all of us will feel.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

Since criticism is the best food,
I mean the first in the world
That ever was printed. Dear Sir,
And all you get shall be your own
I thought you'd be the best,
That all you'd be the best.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

Some twelve or fifteen the poet
Said from the cull's when he's drunk;
Not a word with a man,
Who's a poet or a poet's son.
Not one of the best of the kind
But that you'd be the best of the kind.
But you'd be the best of the kind,
My dear Sir, I thought you'd be the best of the kind.
To be the best of the kind, and to be the best of the kind,
And then to be the best of the kind, and to be the best of the kind—
But you'd be the best of the kind, and to be the best of the kind,
Are not the best of the kind, and to be the best of the kind.
Could you but change a crown as easy
As you can steal one, how 'twould please ye!
I thought the lady at St Cath'rine's †
Knew how to set you better patterns;
For this I will not dine with Agmondisham ‡,
And for his victuals let a ragman dish'em.
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Though ten thousand cannons roar,
 Add to them ten thousand more;
 Yet but one of us is found
 Who regards the dreadful sound.

25

Do what is not fit to tell,
 There's but one of us can smell.

A N O T H E R

F O N T I N E L L A T O F L O R I D A .

WHEN on my bosom thy bright eyes,
 Florida, dart their heav'nly beams,

I feel not the least love-surprize,

Yet endless tears flow down in streams;

There's nought so beautiful in thee,

But you may find the same in me.

The lilies of thy skin compare;

In me you see them full as white

The roses of your cheeks, I dare

Affirm, can't glow to more delight

10

Then, since I shew as fine a face,

Can you refuse a soft embrace?

Ah lovely nymph, thou'rt in thy prime!

And so am I whilst thou art here;

But soon will come the fatal time,

15

When all we see shall disappear.

15

'Tis mine to make a just reflection,

And yours to follow my direction.

Then catch admirers while you may;

1

Treat not your lovers with disdain;

00 20

For time with beauty flies away,

And there is no return again.

To you the sad account I bring,

Life's autumn has no second spring.

Lady SENTRY got out of the church † when she grew
sick, 10

And, as fast as she could, 'to the deanery flew sick.

Miss MORICE was (I can assure you 'tis true) sick.

For who would not be in that numerous crew sick?

Suchanusic would make a fanatic of Jew sick:

Yet ladies are seldom at *ombre* or *luc* sick; 15

Nor is old Nanny SHALES ||, when'er she does brew,
sick.

My footman came home from the church of a bruise
sick.

And look'd like a rake, who was made in the stews
sick;

But you learn'd doctors can make whom you chuse
sick.

Poor I myself I was, when I withdrew, sick, 20

For the smell of them made me like garlick and rue
sick.

And I went thro' the crowd, tho' not led by a clue, sick.

You hop'd to find many (for that was your cue) sick;

But there were not a dozen, (to give 'em their due)
sick,

And those to be sure, stuck together like glue, sick. 25

So are ladies in crowds, when they squeeze and they
screw, sick.

You may find they are all, by their yellow pale, but,
sick;

So am I, when tobacco, like Robin, I chew sick;

To

† St Patrick's cathedral, where the music on St Cecilia's day
is usually performed.

|| Vill's Grattanwater-Belming at Clonbat.

Invading foes, without resistance,
 With ease I make to keep their distance ;
 Again, as I'm dispos'd, the foe 5
 Will come, though not a foot they go.
 Both mountains, woods, and hills, and rocks,
 And gaming goats, and fleecy flocks,
 And lowing herds, and piping swains,
 Come dancing to me o'er the plains. 10
 The greatest whale that swims the sea,
 Does instantly my pow'r obey.
 In vain from me the sailor flies ;
 The quickest ship I can surprize,
 And turn it as I have a mind, 15
 And move it against tide and wind.
 Nay, bring me here the tallest man,
 I'll squeeze him to a little span.
 Or bring a tender child and pliant,
 You'll see me stretch him to a giant ; 20
 Nor shall they in the least complain,
 Because my magic gives no pain.

A N O T H E R.

WE are little-brethren twain,
 Arbiters of los and gain,
 Many to our counters run,
 Some are made, and some undone. 5
 But men find it to their cost,
 Few are made, but numbers lost.
 Tho' we play them tricks for ever,
 Yet they always hope our favour.

To Dr S H E R I D A N.

DEAR Sheridan ! a gentle pair
 Of Galstown lads (for such they are)



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PHILOLOGERS of future ages,
 How will they pore upon thy pages ! 40
 Nor will they dare to break the joints,
 But help thee to be read with points :
 Or else, to shew their learned labour, you
 May backward be perus'd like Hebrew,
 Wherein they need not lose a bit 45
 Or of thy harmony or wit.
 To make a work completely fine,
 Number, and weight, and measure join ;
 Then all must grant your lines are weighty,
 Where thirty weigh as much as eighty. 50
 All must allow your numbers more,
 Where twenty lines exceed fourscore ;
 Nor can we think your measure short,
 Where less than forty fill a quart,
 With Alexandrian in the close, 55
 Long, long, long, long, like Dan's long nose.

A REBUS written by a LADY * on the Reverend
 Dean SWIFT. With his ANSWER.

CUT the name of the MAN who his *mi-*
stress deny'd, } *Jo-seph.*
 And let the *first* of it be only apply'd }
 To join with the prophet who DAVID did } *Natban.*
 chide.

Then say, what a *horse* is that runs very *fast*,
 And that which deserves to be *first* put the *last* ; 5
 Spell all then, and put them together, to find
 The NAME and the VIRTUES of him I design'd.
 Like the *patriarch* in Egypt, he's vers'd in the *state* ;
 Like the *prophet* in Jewry, he's free with the *great* ;
 Like a *racer*, he flies to succour with speed, 10
 When his *friends* want his aid, or *desert* is in need.
 The

* Mrs Vanhomrigh.



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TO DR SHERIDAN.

Nov. 23. at night.

IF I write any more, it will make my poor mule
sick.

This night I came home with a very cold dew sick,
And I wish I may soon be not of an ague sick;
But I hope I shall ne'er be, like you, of a farw sick,
Who often has made me, by looking afeer, sick. 5

A LETTER TO DR HELSHAM.

S I R,

Pray discruciate what follows.

THE dullest beast, and gentleman's liquor,
When young, is often due to the vicar.

The dullest of beasts, and swine's delight,
Make up a bird very swift of flight.

The dullest beast, when high in stature,
And another of royal nature,
For breeding is a useful creature.

The dullest beast, and a party distressed,
When too long, is bad at best.

The dullest beast, and the saddle it wears,
Is good for partridge, not for hares. 10

The dullest beast and kind voice of a cat,
Will make a horse go, though he be not fat.

The dullest of beasts and of birds in the air,
Is that by which all Irishmen swear. 15

The dullest beast and fam'd college for Teagues,
Is a person very unfit for intrigues.

The dullest beast and a cobbler's tool,
 With a boy that is only fit for school,
 In summer is very pleasant and cool. 20 }

The dullest beast, and that which you kiss,
 May break a limb of master or miss.

Of serpent-kind, and what at distance kills,
 Poor Mistress Dingley oft hath felt its bills.

The dullest beast, and eggs unbound,
 Without it I rather would walk on the ground. 25 .

The dullest beast, and what covers a house,
 Without it a writer is not worth a louse.

The dullest beast, and scandalous vermin,
 Of roast or boil'd, to the hungry is charming. 30

The dullest beast, and what's cover'd with crust,
 There's no body but a fool that would trust.

The dullest beast mending highways,
 Is to a horse an evil disease.

The dullest beast, and a hole in the ground,
 Will dress a dinner worth five pound. 35

The dullest beast, and what doctors pretend,
 The cook-maid often has by the end.

The dullest beast, and fish for lent,
 May give you a blow you'll for ever repent. 40

The dullest beast, and a shameful jeer,
 Without it a lady should never appear.

Wednesday night.

I writ all these before I went to bed. Pray explain
 them for me, because I cannot do it.



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He writ a merry farce for pepper,
 Taught actors how to squeak and hop it;
 A treatise on the wooden man^o;
 A ballad on the nose of Dant;
 The art of making April fools, 25
 And four and thirty punning rules:
 The learned say, that Tom went snacks
 With philomaths for almanacks;
 Tho' they divided are, and some say
 He writ for Whaley, some for Campsey I, 30
 Hundreds there are who will make oath,
 He wrote alternately for both:
 For tho' they made the calculations,
 Tom writ the monthly observations.
 Such were his writings; but his chatter 35
 Was one continued clitter-clatter.
 Swift slit his tongue, and made him talk,
 Cry *Cup of sack*, and *Walk, know, walk*:
 And fitted little prating Poll,
 For wiry cage in common hall; 40
 (Made him expert at quibble jargon,
 And quaint at selling of a bargain.
 Poll he could talk in different linguo's,
 But he could never learn distinguo's:
 Swift tried in vain, and angry therewith, 45
 Into a spaniel turn'd his parrot;
 Made him to walk on his hind-legs,
 And now he dances, fawns, and begs;
 Then cuts a caper o'er a stick,
 Lies close, will whine, and creep, and lick. 50
 Swift puts a bit upon his snout,
 Poor Tom he dares not look about;
 But soon as Swift once gives the word,
 He snaps it up, tho' 'twere a ~~rod~~.

• The sign of a wooden man in Essex-Street, Dublin.
 † A person remarkable for a nose of an enormous size.
 ‡ Two almanack-makers in Dublin.

• Mrs P^YLKINGTON TO DR-SWIFT, ON
his birthday.

WHILE I the godlike men of old,
 In admiration wrapt, behold!
 Rever'd antiquity explore,
 And turn the long-liv'd volumes o'er,
 Where Cato, Plutarch, Placcus shine
 In ev'ry excellence divine;
 I grieve, that our degenerate days
 Produce no mighty souls like these;
 Patriot, philosopher, and bard,
 Are names unknown, and seldom heard.
 Spare your reflexion, Phoebus cries,
 'Tis as ungrateful as unwise;
 Can you complain, this sacred day,
 That virtues, or that arts decay?
 Behold in SWIFT reviv'd appears
 The virtues of unnumber'd years;
 Behold in him, with new delight,
 The patriot, bard, and sage unite;
 And know, learn in that name
 Shall rival Greece and Rome in fame.

A LOVE-SONG:—

A Pud in is almi des ire,
 Mimis, tres I ne ver re quire;
 Alo veri findit a gestis,
 His mi feri ne ver at restis.

AN EPIGRAM ON DIC.

DIC, heris agro at, an da quarta finale,
 Foru ringat ure nos, an da stringat ure tale.

O 3

'The'

The LIFE and genuine CHARACTER of the Reverend Dr SWIFT, D. S. P. D.

Written by himself.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

The verses on the death of Dr Swift, written by himself, being very much inquired after by his friends, many of whom pretended to have genuine copies, altho' he never suffered any of them to take one; the following was published with breaks, dashes, and triplets, (which the author never made use of,) to imitate his manner of writing; by which, however, they were detected, altho' the genuine one was not published until the year 1729; but in order to oblige the reader, we publish the following, (altho' he would not own it); which, the best judges allow, hath many fine strokes of wit, and humour †.

To the READER.

This poetical account of the life and character of the Reverend Dr Swift, so celebrated thro' the world for his many ingenious writings, was occasioned by a maxim of Rochefoucault; and is now published from the author's last correct copy, being dedicated by the publisher to Alexander Pope of Twickenham, Esq.

To ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

Of Twickenham, in the county of Middlesex

AS you have been long an intimate friend of the author of the following poem, I thought you would not be displeas'd with being inform'd of some particulars, how he came to write it, and how I, very innocently, procur'd a copy.

It seems the Dean, in conversation with some friend, said, he could guess the discourse of the world concerning his character after his death; and thought it might be no improper subject for a poem. This happened above a year before he finish'd it; for it was written by small pieces, just as his wit or humour allowed him.

† See the Verses on Dr Swift's death, in vol. 6. p. 235.



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Bring from his heart *sincerer* groans,
Than if he heard you *broke your bones*. 30

Now, tell me truly, would you take well,
Suppose your *friend* and you were *equal*,
To see him always *foremost* stand,
Affect to take the *upper hand*,
And strive to pass in *public view*; 35
For much a *better man* than you?
Envy, I doubt, would pow'ful prove,
And get the *better* of your *love*:
'T would please your palate, *like a feast*,
To see him *mortify'd* at least— 40

'Tis true, we talk of *friendship* much,
But who are they that can *keep touch*—?

My *friend* should have, when I complain, 45

Our *friends* are of a *diff'rent* mind;
And were I *tortur'd* with the *gout*,
They'd *laugh* to see me make a *rust*, 50 }

And each to *poetry* pretends;
Would either *part* take it well,
To hear the other *bare the bell*—? 55

When you are *sick*, your *friends*, you say,
Will lend their *bowd'ge's* ev'ry day:
Alas! that gives you *small relief*—!
They lend for *matters*—; not for *grief*—:
Nor, if you dy'd, would fail to go
That *ev'ning* to a *puppet-show*—:



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- " Thought *Protestant* too good a name
 " For casting *hypocrites* to claim,
 " Whose *pragmatism* hides a sting
 " Destructive to the church and king :
 " Which might as well, in his opinion,
 " Become an *Atheist*, or *Socinian*." 175

A *Protestant's* a special *clunker* ;
 " It serves for *scptic* and *free thinker* :
 " It serves for *stubb*, *boy*, and *wood*,
 " For ev'ry thing, — but *what it should*.

WHAT writings has he left behind? ————— 180

- " I hear they're of a different kind :
 " A few in *verse* ; but most in *prose* ———"
 Some *big-flour pamphlets*, I suppose : ———
 All scribbled in the *worst of times*,
 To *palliate* his friend *Oxford's crimes*, 185
 To praise *Queen Anne* ; nay more, defend her,
 As never *forring* the *pretender* : ———
 Or *libel*, yet *conceal'd* from sight, ———
 Against the *court* to shew his *spite* :
 Perhaps, his *travels*, *part the third* ; 190
 A *lie* at ev'ry *second word* :
 Offensive to a *loyal ear* : ———
 But ——— *not the sermon*, 'you may *swear*. ———

- " Sir, *our accounts* are different quite,
 " And your *conjectures* are not right ; 195
 " 'Tis plain, his writings were design'd
 " To *please*, and to *reform* mankind :
 " And if he often miss'd his aim,
 " The world must own it, to their *shame* :
 " The *praise* is *his*, and *theirs* the *blame*. 200 }

" THEN, since you dread no further *lasts*,
 " You freely may forgive his *abst*."

The end of the MUSCELLANIES in VERSE.

A LETTER to a YOUNG CLERGYMAN lately entered into HOLY ORDERS^e.

S I R,

Dublin, Jan. 9. 1719-20.

ALTHO' it was against my knowledge or advice that you entered into holy orders, under the present dispositions of mankind towards the church; yet since it is now supposed too late to recede, (at least according to the general practice and opinion), I cannot forbear offering my thoughts to you upon this new condition of life you are engaged in.

I could heartily wish, that the circumstances of your fortune had enabled you to have continued some years longer in the university, at least till you were ten years standing; to have laid in a competent stock of human learning, and some knowledge in divinity, before you attempted to appear in the world: for I cannot but lament the common course, which at least some in rank of those who enter into the ministry are obliged to run. When they have taken a degree, and are consequently grown a burden to their friends, who now think themselves fully discharged, they get into orders as soon as they can, (upon which I shall make no remarks); till solicit a readership, and, if they be very fortunate, arrive in time to a curacy here in town, or else are sent to be assistants in the country, where they probably continue several years, (many of them their whole lives) with thirty or forty pounds a-year for their support; all some bishop, who happens to be not over-stocked with relations, or attached to favourites, or is content to supply his diocese without colonies from England, bestows upon them some inconsiderable benefice, when it is odd they are already incumbered with a numerous family.

^e This ought to be read by all the young clergymen in the three kingdoms. Tho' it be addressed only to a young clergyman, yet it is adapted to every age and understanding. It contains observations that delight and improve every mind; and may be read with pleasure and advantage by the oldest and most exemplary divines. *Errery.*



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But this would require too ample a disquisition, to be now dwelt on. However, I shall venture to name two or two faults, which are easy to be remedied with a very small portion of abilities.

The first is, the frequent use of obscure terms, which by the women are called *hard words*, and by the best sort of vulgar *low language*; than which I do not know a more universal, inexcusable, and unnecessary mistake among the clergy of all distinctions, but especially the younger practitioners. I have been curious enough to take a list of several hundred words in a sermon of a new beginner, which not one of his hearers among a hundred could possibly understand: neither can I easily call to mind, any clergyman of my own acquaintance, who is wholly exempt from this error, altho' many of them agree with me in the dislike of the thing. But I cannot so put myself in the place of the vulgar, and think *my* words difficult or obscure, which the preacher will not allow to be so, because those words are obvious to scholars. I believe the method observed by the famous Lord Falkland, in some of his writings, would not be a ill one for young divines. I was assured by an *English* son of quality, who knew him well, that when he doubted whether a word were perfectly intelligible or not, he used to consult one of his lady's chambermaids, (or a waiting-woman, because it was possible she might be a conversant in romances), and by her judgment was guided whether to receive or reject it. And if that *same* person thought such a caution necessary, in treatises offered to the learned world, it will be sure at least as proper in sermons, where the meanest hearer is supposed to be concerned, and where very often a lady's chambermaid may be allowed to equal half the congregation, both as to quality and understanding. But I know not how it comes to pass, that professors in most arts and sciences are generally the worst qualified to explain their meanings to those who are not of their tribe. A common farmer shall make you understand, in three words, *that his foot is out of joint, or his collar-bone broken*; whereas a surgeon, after a hundred terms of art, if you are not a scholar, shall leave you to seek. It is frequently the



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(perhaps with more freedom than prudence), my opinion upon the point.

THE two great orators of Greece and Rome, Demosthenes and Cicero, tho' each of them a leader (as, in the Greeks called it, a *strategos*) in a popular assembly, yet seem to differ in their practice upon this branch of their art. The former, who had to deal with a people of much more politeness, learning and wit, laid the greatest weight of his oratory upon the strength of his arguments offered to their understanding and reason; whereas Tully considered the dispositions of a nation more ignorant, and less mercurial nation, by dwelling almost entirely on the pathetic part.

BUT the principal thing to be remembered, is, that the constant design of both these orators in all their speeches was to drive some one particular point, either the condemnation or acquittal of an accused person, a persuasive to war, the enforcing of a law, and the like: which was determined upon the spot, according as the orators on either side prevailed. And here it was often found of absolute necessity, to inflame or cool the passions of the audience; especially at Rome, where Tully spoke, and with whose writings young divines (I mean those among them who read old authors) are more conversant than with those of Demosthenes, who by many degrees excelled the other, at least as an orator. But I do not see how this talent of moving the passions can be of any great use, towards directing Christian men in the conduct of their lives, at least in these northern climates, where I am confident the strongest eloquence of that kind will leave few impressions upon any of our spirits, deep enough to last till the next morning; or rather to the next meal.

BUT what hath chiefly put me out of conceit with this moving manner of preaching, is the frequent disappointment it meets with. I know a gentleman who made it a rule in reading, to skip over all sentences where he
spied

• This diffusive against an attempt to move the passions, is not intended to censure those discourses, by which hope and fear are excited, by an exhibition of their proper objects in proper language; but that cant only, by which hypocrites affect to be melted into tears. See p. 177. *Hawkes.*

turn to our thoughts and way of reasoning, that good and ill company does to our behaviour and conversation; without either loading our memories, or making us even sensible of the change. And particularly I have observed in preaching, that no men succeed better than those who trust entirely to the stock or fund of their own reason, advanced indeed, but not overlaid by commerce with books. Whoever only reads in order to transcribe wise and shining remarks, without entering into the genius and spirit of the author, as it is probable he will make no very judicious extract, so he will be apt to trust to that collection in all his compositions, and be misled out of the regular way of thinking, in order to introduce those materials which he has been at the pains to gather: and the product of all this will be found a manifest incoherent piece of patch-work.

SOME gentlemen, abounding in their university education, are apt to fill their sermons with philosophical terms, and notions of the metaphysical or abstracted kind; which generally have one advantage, to be equally understood by the wise, the vulgar, and the preacher himself. I have been better entertained, and more informed, by a few pages in the *Pilgrim's progress*, than by a long discourse upon the *will* and the *intellect*, and *simple* or *complex ideas*. Others again are fond of dilating on *matter* and *motion*, talk of the *fortuitous concurrence of atoms*, of *theories*, and *phenomena*; directly against the advice of St Paul, who yet appears to have been conversant enough in those kind of studies.

I do not find that you are any where directed in the canons or articles, to attempt explaining the mysteries of the Christian religion. And indeed, since Providence intended there should be mysteries, I do not see how it can be agreeable to *piety*, *orthodoxy*, or *good sense*, to go about such a work. For, to me, there seems to be a manifest dilemma in the case: if you explain them, they are mysteries no longer; if you fail, you have laboured to no purpose. What I should think most reasonable and safe for you to do upon this occasion, is, upon solemn days to deliver the doctrine, as the church holds it, and confirm it by scripture. For my part, ha-
ving



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“last bell rang to church;” and I shall readily believe, but not excuse you.

I cannot forbear warning you, in the most direct manner, against endeavouring to wit in your sermons; because, by the strictest computation, it is very near a million to one that you have none; and therefore many of your calling have consequently made themselves everlastingly ridiculous by attempting it. I remember several young men in this town, who could never leave the pulpit under half a dozen conceits; and this faculty adhered to those gentlemen a longer or shorter time, exactly in proportion to their several degrees of dulness; accordingly, I am told that some of them retain it to this day. I heartily wish the brood were at an end.

BEFORE you enter into the common unsufferable way of taking all occasions to disparage the Heathen philosophers, I hope you will differ from some of your brethren, by first inquiring what those philosophers can say for themselves. The system of morality to be gathered out of the writings or sayings of those ancient sages, falls undoubtedly very short of that delivered in the gospel; and wants, besides, the divine sanction which our Saviour gave to his. Whatever is further related by the evangelists, contains chiefly matters of fact, and consequently of faith; such as, the birth of Christ, his being the Messiah, his miracles, his death, resurrection, and ascension; none of which can properly come under the appellation of human wisdom, being intended only to make us wise unto salvation. And therefore, in this point, nothing can be justly laid to the charge of the philosophers, further than that they were ignorant of certain facts which happened long after their death. But I am deceived; if a better comment could be any where collected upon the moral part of the gospel, than from the writings of those excellent men; even that divine precept of loving our enemies, is at large insisted on by Plato, who puts it, as I remember, into the mouth of Socrates. And as to the reproach of Heathenism, I doubt they had less of it than the corrupted Jews, in whose time they lived. For it is a gross piece of ignorance among us, to conceive, that, in those polite and learned ages, even persons of any tolerable education

much less the wisest philosophers, did acknowledge or worship any more than one almighty power, under several denominations, to whom they allowed all those attributes we ascribe to the Divinity: and, as I take it, human comprehension reacheth no further. Neither did our Saviour think it necessary to explain to us the nature of God; because, as I suppose, it would be impossible, without bestowing on us other faculties than we possess at present. - But the true misery of the Heathen world appears to be, what I before mentioned, the want of a divine sanction, without which the dictates of the philosophers failed in the point of authority; and consequently the bulk of mankind lay indeed under a great load of ignorance, even in the article of morality; but the philosophers themselves did not. Take the matter in this light, and it will afford field enough for a divine to enlarge on, by shewing the advantages which the Christian world hath over the Heathen, and the absolute necessity of divine revelation, to make the knowledge of the true God, and the practice of virtue, more universal in the world.

I am not ignorant how much I differ in this opinion from some eminent fathers in the church, who arguing against the Heathens, made it a principal topic to decry their philosophy as much as they could; which I hope is not altogether our present case. Besides, it is to be considered, that those fathers, lived in the decline of ~~the church~~; and in my judgment (who should be unwilling to give the least offence) appear to be rather most excellent holy persons, than of transcendent genius and learning. Their genuine writings (for many of them have extremely suffered by spurious additions) are of admirable use for confirming the truth of ancient doctrine and discipline; by shewing the state and practice of the primitive church. But among such of them as have fallen in my way, I do not remember any, whose manner of arguing or exhorting I could heartily recommend to the imitation of a young divine, when he is to speak from the pulpit. Perhaps I judge too hastily; there being several of them in whose writings I have made very little progress, and in others none at all. For I perused only such as were recommended to me, at a

then, to convince them that it is so. The topics for both these, we know, are brought from *Scripture* and *reason*. Upon the former, I wish it were often practised, to instruct the hearers in the limits, extent, and compass of every duty, which requires a good deal of skill and judgment: the other branch is, I think, not so difficult. But what I would offer upon both, is this, that it seems to be in the power of a reasonable clergyman, if he will be at the pains, to make the most ignorant man comprehend what is his duty, and to convince him, by arguments drawn to the level of his understanding, that he ought to perform it.

But I must remember, that was,
not so much, to instruct you in as a
clergyman, or a preacher, as to warn you against
mistakes, which are obvious to the generality of man-
kind, as well as to me; and we who are hearers, may
be allowed to have some opportunities in the quality of
being standers-by. Only, perhaps, I may now again
transgress, by desiring you to express the heads of your
divisions in as few and clear words as you possibly can; otherwise I, and many thousand others, will never be able to retain them, nor consequently to carry away a syllable of the sermon.

I shall now mention a particular, wherei
body will be certainly against me, and the laity,
so a man, on my side. However it came about, I cannot get over the prejudice of taking some little
at the clergy, for perpetually reading their sermons; perhaps my frequent hearing of foreigners, who never make use of notes, may have added to my disgust. And I cannot but think, that whatever is read, differs as much from what is repeated without book, as a copy does from an original. At the same time, I am highly sensible, what an extreme difficulty it would be upon you to alter this method; and that, in such a case, your sermons would be much less valuable than they are, for want of time to improve and correct them. I would therefore gladly come to a compromise with you in this matter. I knew a clergyman of some distinction, who appeared to deliver his sermon without looking into his notes; which when I complimented him upon, he assured



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ness to our thoughts and way of reasoning, thought and ill company does to our behaviour and conversation; without either loading our memories, or making us even sensible of the change. And particularly I have observed in preaching, that no men succeed better than those who trust entirely to the stock or fund of their own reason, advanced indeed, but not overbid by commerce with books. Whoever only reads in order to transcribe wise and shining remarks, without entering into the genius and spirit of the author, as it is probable he will make no very judicious extract, so he will be apt to trust to that collection in all his compositions, and be misled out of the regular way of thinking, in order to introduce those materials which he has been at the pains to gather: and the product of all this will be found a manifest incoherent piece of patch-work.

Some gentlemen, abounding in their university education, are apt to fill their sermons with philosophical terms, and notions of the metaphysical or abstract kind; which generally have one advantage, to be equally understood by the wise, the vulgar, and the preacher himself. I have been better entertained, and more informed, by a few pages in the *Pilgrim's progress*, than by a long discourse upon the *will* and the *intellect*, and *simple* or *complex ideas*. Others again are fond of dilating on *matter* and *motion*, talk of the *fortuitous* *course of atoms*, of *theories*, and *phenomena*; directly against the advice of St Paul, who yet appears to have been conversant enough in those kind of studies.

I do not find that you are any where directed in the canons or articles, to attempt explaining the mysteries of the Christian religion. And indeed, since Providence intended there should be mysteries, I do not see how it can be agreeable to *piety*, *orthodoxy*, or *good sense*, to go about such a work. For, to me, there seems to be a manifest dilemma in the case: if you explain them, they are mysteries no longer; if you fail, you have laboured to no purpose. What I should think most reasonable and safe for you to do upon this occasion, is upon solemn days to deliver the doctrine, as the church holds it, and confirm it by scripture. For my part, I

ving considered the matter impartially; I can see no great reason which those gentlemen you call the *Free-thinkers*, can have for their clamour against religious mysteries; since it is plain they were not intended by the clergy, to whom they bring no profit, nor acquire any honour; for every clergyman is ready, either to tell us the utmost he knows, or to confess that he does not understand them: neither is it strange, that there should be mysteries in divinity, as well as in the commonest operations of nature.

And here I am at loss what to say upon the frequent custom of preaching against *Atheism, Deism, Free-thinking*, and the like; as young divines are particularly fond of doing, especially when they exercise their talent in churches frequented by persons of quality; which, as it is but an ill compliment to the audience, so I am under some doubt whether it answers the end.

—Because persons under those imputations are generally no great frequenters of churches, and so the congregation do but little edified for the sake of three or four fools, who are past grace: neither do I think it any part of *prudence*, to perplex the minds of well disposed people with doubts, which probably would never have otherwise come into their heads. But I am of opinion, and dare be positive in it, that not one in a hundred of those who pretend to be *Free-thinkers*, are really so in their hearts. For there is one observation, which I never know to fail, and I desire you will examine it in the course of your life, That no gentleman of a liberal education, and regular in his morals, did ever profess himself a *Free-thinker*. Where then are these kind of people to be found? Among the worst part of the soldiery, made up of pages, younger brothers of obscure families, and others of desperate fortunes; or else among idle townships, and now and then a drunken squire of the country. Therefore nothing can be plainer, than that ignorance and vice are two ingredients absolutely necessary in the composition of those you generally call *Free-thinkers*, who, in propriety of speech, are no thinkers at all. And since I am in the way of it, pray consider one thing farther. As young as you are, you cannot but have already observed, what a violent run there is among too

many weak people against university education: be firmly assured, that the whole cry is made up by those who were either never sent to a college, or, thro' their irregularities and stupidity, never made the least improvement while they were there. I have above a fancy of the latter sort now in my eye; several of them do this town, whose learning, manners, temperance, probity, good-will, and politics, are all of a piece: others of them sit in the country, oppressing their tenants, tyrannising over the neighbourhood, cheating the vicar, talking nonsense, and getting drunk at the lessons. It is from such familiaries as these, that the world is provided with the several tribes and denominations of *Frestbusters*; which, in my judgment, are not to be reformed by arguments offered to prove the truth of the Christian religion, because reasoning will never make a man correct an ill opinion, which by reasoning he never acquired: for, in the course of things, men always grow vicious, and then they become unbelievers. But if you could once convince the town or country profligate, by topics drawn from the view of their own quiet, reputation, health, and advantage, their infidelity would soon drop off. This, I confess, is no easy task; because it is, strictly in a literal sense, to fight with beasts. Now, to make clear, that we are to look for no other original of this infidelity, whereof divines so much complain, it is allowed on all hands, that the people of England are more corrupt in their *morals*, than any other nation at this day under the *sun*: and this corruption is manifestly owing to other causes, both numerous and obvious, much more than to the publication of irreligious books, which indeed are but the consequence of the former; for all the writers against Christianity, since the Revolution, have been of the lowest rank among men in regard to *literature, wit, and good sense*, and upon that account wholly unqualified to propagate *heresies*, unless among a people already abandoned.

In an age, where every thing disliked by those who think with the majority, is called *disaffection*, it may perhaps be ill interpreted, when I venture to tell you, that this universal depravation of manners is owing to the perpetual bandying of factions among us for thirty years past:



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gross in civilized countries. I mention this, because it is affirmed, that the clergy are in most credit where ignorance prevails, (and surely this kingdom would be called the paradise of clergymen, if that opinion were true); for which they instance England in the times of popes. But, whoever knoweth any thing of three or four centuries before the reformation, will find the little learning then stirring was more equally divided between the English clergy and laity, than it is at present. There were several famous lawyers in that period, whose writings are still in the highest repute; and some divines and poets, who were not of the church. Whereas now a-days our education is so corrupted, that you will hardly find a young person of quality with the least tincture of knowledge, at the same time that many of the clergy were never more learned or so severely treated. Here among us, at least, a man of letters, out of the three professions, is almost a prodigy. And those few who have preserved any rudiments of learning, are (except perhaps one or two (matrons) the clergy's friends and man: and I dare appeal to any clergyman in this kingdom, whether the greatest dunce in his parish be not always the most proud, wicked, fraudulent, and intractable of his flock.

I think the clergy have almost given over perplexing themselves and their hearers with abstruse points of predestination, election, and the like; at least, it is not they should; and therefore I shall not trouble you further upon this head.

I have now said all I could think convenient with relation to your conduct in the pulpit. Your behaviour in the world is another scene, upon which I shall readily offer you my thoughts, if you appear to desire them from me by your approbation of what I have here written; if not, I have already troubled you too much.

I am, Sir,

Your affectionate

friend and servant,

to their own security or interest. Thus, being void of all friendship and enmity, they never complain, or find fault with the times, and indeed never have reason to do so.

Men of eminent parts and abilities, as well as virtues, do sometimes rise in the court, sometimes in the law, and sometimes even in the church. Such were the Lord Bacon, the Earl of Strafford, Archbishop Laud, in the reign of King Charles I. and others in our own times, whom I shall not name: but these, and many more, under different princes, and in different kingdoms, were disgraced, or banished, or suffered death, merely in envy to their virtues and superior genius, which emboldened them, in great exigencies and distresses of state, (wanting a reasonable infusion of this *aldermanly* discretion,) to attempt the service of their prince and country out of the common forms.

This evil fortune which generally attends extraordinary men in the management of great affairs, hath been imputed to divers causes, that need not be here set down, when so obvious an one occurs; if what a certain writer observes be true, that *when a great genius appears in the world, the dunces are all in confederacy against him*. And if this be his fate, when he employs his talents wholly in his closet, without interfering with any man's ambition or avarice, what must he expect, when he ventures out to seek for preferment in a court, but universal opposition, when he is mounting the ladder, and every hand ready to turn him off when he is at the top? And in this point, fortune generally acts directly contrary to nature: for in nature we find, that bodies full of life and spirit mount easily, and are hard to fall; whereas heavy bodies are hard to rise, and come down with greater velocity, in proportion to their weight: but we find fortune every day acting just the reverse of this.

This talent of discretion, as I have described it in its several adjuncts and circumstances, is no where so serviceable as to the clergy; to whose preferment nothing is so fatal as the character of wit, politeness in reading or manners, or that kind of behaviour which we contract

* See the author's thoughts on various subjects, at the end of vol. 5. par. xv.



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with as heavy intellectuals; which, together with the coldness of his temper, and gravity of his deportment, carried him safe thro' many difficulties, and he lived and died in a great station; while his competitor is too obscure for fame to tell us what became of him.

THIS species of *discretion*, which I so much celebrate, and do most heartily recommend, hath one advantage not yet mentioned; it will carry a man safe thro' all the malice and variety of parties, so far, that whatever faction happens to be uppermost, his claim is usually allowed for a share of what is going. And the thing seems to me highly reasonable. For in all great changes, the prevailing side is usually so tempestuous, that it wants the ballast of those whom the world calls *moderate men*, and I call *men of discretion*; whom people in power may with little ceremony load as heavy as they please, drive them thro' the hardest and deepest roads, without danger of foundering, or breaking their backs, and will be sure to find them neither resty nor vitious.

I will here give the reader a short history of two *clergymen* in England, the characters of each, and the progress of their fortunes in the world; by which the force of worldly discretion, and the bad consequences from the want of that virtue, will strongly appear.

CORUSODES, an Oxford student. and a farmer's son, was never absent from prayers or lecture, nor once out of his *college* after *Tom* had tolled. He spent every day ten hours in his closet, in reading his courses, dozing, clipping papers, or darning his stockings; which last he performed to admiration. He could be soberly drunk, at the expence of others, with *college* ale, and at those seasons was always most devout. He wore the same gown five years, without draggling or tearing. He never once looked into a play-book or a poem. He read Virgil and Ramus in the same cadence, but with a very different taste. He never understood a jest, or had the least conception of wit.

FOR one saying he stands in renown to this day. Being with some other students over a pot of ale. one of the company said so many pleasant things, that the rest were much diverted, only Corusodes was silent and unmoved. When they parted, he called this merry com-
panion

portion aside, and said, "Sir, I perceive by your often speaking, and our friends laughing, that you spoke many jests; and you could not but observe my sense; but Sir, this is my humour; I never make a jest myself, nor ever laugh at another man's."

Corusons, thus endued, got into holy orders; having, by the most extreme parsimony, saved thirty four pounds out of a very beggarly fellowship; went up to London, where his sister was waiting-woman to a lady; and so got a solicitor, that, by her means, he was admitted to read prayers in the family twice a day, at ten shillings a month. He had now acquired a low, obsequious, awkward bow, and a talent of gross flattery, both in and out of season; he would shake the butler by the hand; he taught the page his catechism; and was sometimes admitted to dine at the steward's table. In short, he got the good word of the whole family, and was recommended by my Lady for chaplain to some other noble houses; by which his revenue (besides rails) amounted to about thirty pounds a year. His sister procured him a scarf from my Lord, who had a small design of gallantry upon her; and by his Lordship's solicitation, he got a lectureship in town of sixty pounds a year; where he preached constantly in person, in a grave manner, with an audible voice, a style ecclesiastic, and the matter (such as it was) well suited to the intellects of his hearers. Some time after, a country-living fell in my Lord's disposal; and his Lordship, who had now some encouragement given him of success in his career, bestowed the living on Corusons; who still kept his lectureship and residence in town; where he was a constant attendant at all meetings relating to charity, without ever contributing farther than his frequent pious exhortations. If any woman of better fashion in the parish happened to be absent from church, they were sure of a visit from him in a day or two, to chide and to dine with them.

He had a select number of poor, constantly attending at the front-door of his lodgings, for whom he was a common solicitor to his former patroness, dropping in his own half-crown among the collections, and taking it out when he disposed of the money. At a person of

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quality's house, he would never sit down, till he was thrice bid, and then upon the corner of the most distant chair. His whole demeanor was formal and starched; which adhered so close, that he could never shake it off in his highest promotion.

His Lord was now in high employment at court, and attended by him with the most abject assiduity; and his sister being gone off with child to a private lodging, my Lord continued his graces to Corusodes, got him to be a chaplain in ordinary, and in due time a parish in town, and a dignity in the church.

He paid his *curates* punctually, at the lowest salary, and partly out of the communion-money; but gave them good advice in abundance. He married a citizen's widow, who taught him to put out small sums at ten per cent, and brought him acquainted with jobbers in Change alley. By her dexterity he sold the clerkship of his parish, when it became vacant.

He kept a miserable house: but the blame was laid wholly upon *Madam*; for the good Doctor was always at his books, or visiting the sick, or doing other offices of charity and piety in his parish.

He treated all his inferiors of the clergy with a most sanctified pride; was rigorously and universally censorious upon all his brethren of the gown. on their first appearance in the world, or while they continued meanly preferred; but gave large allowance to the laity of high rank or great riches, using neither eyes nor ears for their faults. He was never sensible of the least corruption in courts, parliaments, or ministries, but made the most favourable constructions of all public proceedings, and power, in whatever hands, or whatever party, was always secure of his most charitable opinion. He had many wholesome maxims, ready to excuse all miscarriages of state: *Misera sunt homines; Erunt vitia domus hominum;* and, *quod supra nos, nil ad nos;* with several others of equal weight.

It would lengthen my paper beyond measure, to trace out the whole system of his conduct; his dreadful apprehensions of Popery; his great moderation towards Dissenters of all denominations; with hearty wishes, that, by yielding somewhat on both sides, there might be a
general



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deep in debt for a new gown and cassock, and now and then forced him to write some paper of wit or humour, or preach a sermon for ten shillings, to supply his necessities. He was a thousand times recommended by his poetical friends to great persons, as a young man of excellent parts, who deserved encouragement, and received a thousand promises: but his modesty, and a generous spirit, which disdained the slavery of continual application and attendance, always disappointed him; making room for vigilant dunces, who were sure to be never out of sight.

He had an excellent faculty in preaching, if he were not sometimes a little too refined, and apt to trust too much to his own way of thinking and reasoning.

WHEN, upon the vacancy of preferment, he was hardly drawn to attend upon some promising lord, he received the usual answer, that he came too late, for it had been given to another the very day before. And he had only this comfort left, that every body said, it was a thousand pities something could not be done for poor Mr Eugenio.

THE remainder of this story will be dispatched in a few words. Wearied with weak hopes, and weaker pursuits, he accepted a curacy in Derbyshire, of 30 pounds a-year; and when he was five and forty, had the great felicity to be preferred by a friend of his father's to a vicarage worth annually sixty pounds, in the most desert parts of Lincolnshire; where his spirit quite sunk with those reflections that solitude and disappointments bring, he married a farmer's widow, and is still alive, utterly undistinguished and forgotten; only some of the neighbours have accidentally heard, *that he had been a notable man in his youth.*

AN ESSAY ON MODERN EDUCATION †.

FROM frequently reflecting upon the course and method of educating youth in this and a neighbouring kingdom, with the general success and consequence thereof, I am come to this determination, that education is always the worse in proportion to the wealth and grandeur of the parents : nor do I doubt in the least, that if the whole world were now under the dominion of one monarch (provided I might be allowed to chuse where he should fix the seat of his empire), the only son and heir of that monarch would be the worst educated mortal that ever was born since the creation ; and I doubt the same proportion will hold thro' all degrees and titles, from an Emperor downwards to the common gentry.

I do not say that this has been always the case : for in better times it was directly otherwise ; and a scholar may fill half his Greek and Roman shelves with authors of the noblest birth, as well as highest virtue. Nor do I tax all nations at present with this defect ; for I know there are some to be excepted. and particularly Scotland, under all the disadvantages of its climate and soil, if that happiness be not rather owing even to those very disadvantages. What is then to be done, if this reflection must fix on two countries, which will be most ready to take offence, and which of all others it will be least prudent or safe to offend ?

BUT there is one circumstance yet more dangerous and lamentable : for if, according to the *postulatum* already laid down, the higher quality any youth is of, he is in greater likelihood to be worse educated ; it behoves me to dread, and keep far from the verge of *scandalum magnatum*.

RETRACTING therefore that hazardous *postulatum*, I shall venture no further at present than to say, that perhaps some additional care in educating the sons of nobility and principal gentry might not be ill employed. If

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† This Essay was also printed in the *Intelligencer*, N. 9. See vol. iii. p. 314.

this be not delivered with softness enough, I must for the future be silent.

In the mean time, let me ask only two questions which relate to England. I ask first. How it comes about, that, for above sixty years past, the chief conduct of affairs hath been generally placed in the hands of *new men*, with very few exceptions? The noblest blood of England having been shed in the grand rebellion, many great families became extinct, or were supported only by minors. When the King was restored, very few of those Lords remained, who began, or at least had improved, their education under the reigns of King James, or King Charles I.; of which Lords the two principal were the Marquis of Ormond, and the Earl of Southampton. The minors had, during the rebellion and usurpation, either received too much tincture of bad principles from those fanatic times, or coming to age at the restoration, fell into the vices of that dissolute reign.

I date from this era the corrupt method of education among us, and the consequences thereof, the necessity the crown lay under of introducing *new men* into the chief conduct of public affairs, or to the office of what we now call prime ministers; men of art, knowledge, application, and insinuation; merely for want of a supply among the nobility. They were generally (tho' not always) of good birth, sometimes younger brothers, at other times such, who altho' inheriting good estates, yet happened to be well educated, and provided with learning. Such under that King were, Hyde, Bridgeman, Clifford, Osborn, Godolphin, Ashley-Cooper. Few or none under the short reign of King James II. Under King William, Sommers, Montague, Churchill, Vernon, Boyle, and many others. Under the Queen, Harley, St John, Harcourt, Trevor; who indeed were persons of the best private families, but unadorned with titles. So in the following reign, Mr Robert Walpole was for many years prime minister, in which post he still happily continues: his brother Horace is Ambassador-extraordinary to France. Mr Addison and Mr Cragg, without the least alliance to support them, have been secretaries of state.



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persons of both sexes, comprehends the *whole duty of a gentleman*.

I cannot but think this wise system of education hath been much cultivated among us by those worthies of the army, who, during the last war, returning from Flanders at the close of each campaign, became the dictators of behaviour, dress, and politeness. to all those youngsters who frequent chocolate-coffee-gaming houses, drawing-rooms, operas, levees, and assemblies; where a colonel, by his pay, perquisites, and plunder, was qualified to outshine many peers of the realm; and by the influence of an exotic habit and demeanor, added to other foreign accomplishments, gave the law to the whole town. and was copied as the standard-pattern of whatever was refined in dress, equipage, conversation, or diversions.

I remember in those times an admired original of that vocation sitting in a coffee-house near two gentlemen, whereof one was of the clergy, who were engaged in some discourse that favoured of learning. This officer thought fit to interpose, and professing to deliver the sentiments of his fraternity, as well as his own, (and probably he did so of too many among them,) turned to the clergyman, and spoke in the following manner:

“ * D—n me. Doctor, say what you will, the army is
 “ the only school for gentlemen. Do you think my
 “ Lord Marlborough beat the French with Greek and
 “ Latin? D—n me, a scholar when he comes into
 “ good company, what is he but an ass? D—n me,
 “ I would be glad, by G—d, to see any of your scho-
 “ lars with his nouns, and his verbs, and his philoso-
 “ phy, and trigonometry, what a figure he would
 “ make at a siege or blockade, or rencounting——
 “ D—n me,” &c. After which he proceeded with a
 volley of military terms, less significant, sounding worse,
 and harder to be understood, than any that were ever
 coined by the commentators upon Aristotle. I would
 not here be thought to charge the soldiery with igno-
 rance and contempt of learning, without allowing ex-
 ceptions, of which I have known many; but, however,
 the

* See the poem called *The grand question debated*, in vol. 6. P. 343.

great estate, and hath no need to mind his book; which is a lesson he never forgets to the end of his life. His chief solace is to steal down, and play at span-farthing with the page, or young black-a-moor, or little favourite foot-boy; one of which is his principal confident and bosom-friend.

THERE is one young Lord * in this town, who, by an unexampled piece of good fortune, was miraculously snatched out of the gulf of ignorance, confined to a public school for a due term of years, well whipped when he deserved it, clad no better than his comrades, and always their play-fellow on the same foot; had no precedence in the school, but what was given him by his merit, and lost it whenever he was negligent. It is well known how many mutinies were bred at this unprecedented treatment, what complaints among his *relations*, and other *great ones* of both sexes; that his stockings with silver clocks were ravished from him; that he wore his own hair; that his dress was undistinguished; that he was not fit to appear at a ball or assembly, nor suffered to go to either: and it was with the utmost difficulty that he became qualified for his present removal, where he may probably be farther persecuted, and possibly with success. if the firmness of a very worthy governor, and his own good dispositions, will not preserve him. I confess, I cannot but wish he may go on in the way he began; because, I have a curiosity to know by so singular an experiment, whether truth, honour, justice, temperance, courage, and good sense, acquired by a *school* and *college* education, may not produce a very tolerable lad, altho' he should happen to fail in one or two of those accomplishments, which in the general vogue are held so important to the finishing of a gentleman.

IT is true, I have known an academical education to have been exploded in public assemblies; and have heard more than one or two persons of high rank declare, they could learn nothing more at Oxford and Cambridge, than to drink ale and smoke tobacco; wherein

* The author is supposed to mean the Lord Viscount Mont-cassel of Ireland.



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such knowledge is not to be obtained without a miracle, under the frequent, corrupt, and seditious methods of educating those who are born to wealth or titles. For I would have it remembered, that I do by no means confine these remarks to young persons of noble birth; the same errors running thro' all families, where there is wealth enough to afford, that their sons (at least the eldest) may be good for nothing. Why should my son be a scholar, when it is not intended that he should live by his learning? By this rule, if what is commonly said be true, that *money purchaseth all things*, why should my son be honest, temperate, just, or charitable, since he hath no intention to depend upon any of these qualities for a maintenance?

When all is done, perhaps upon the whole the matter is not so bad, as I would make it; and God, who worketh good out of evil, acting only by the ordinary course and rule of nature, permits this continual circulation of human things for his own unsearchable ends. The father grows rich by avarice, injustice, oppression; he is a tyrant in the neighbourhood over slaves and beggars, whom he calls his tenants. Why should he desire to have qualities infused into his son, which himself never possessed or knew, or found the want of in the acquisition of his wealth? The son, bred in sloth and idleness, becomes a spendthrift, a cully, a profligate, and goes out of the world a beggar, as his father came in. Thus the former is punished for his own sins, as well as for those of the latter. The dunghill, having raised a huge mushroom of short duration, is now spread to enrich other men's lands. It is indeed of worse consequence, where noble families are gone to decay, because their titles and privileges outlive their estates; and politicians tell us, that nothing is more dangerous to the public, than a numerous nobility, without merit or fortune. But even here God hath likewise prescribed some remedy in the order of nature; so many great families coming to an end by the sloth, luxury, and abandoned lust, which enervated their breed through every succession, producing gradually a more effeminate race, wholly unfit for propagation.

A LETTER TO a very YOUNG LADY ON her MARRIAGE *.

MADAM,

THE hurry and impertinence of receiving and paying visits on account of your marriage being now over, you are beginning to enter into a course of life, where you will want much advice to divert you from falling into many errors, fopperies, and follies, to which your sex is subject. I have always borne an entire friendship to your father and mother; and the person they have chosen for your husband, hath been for some years past my particular favourite; I have long wished you might come together, because I hoped, that, from the goodness of your disposition, and by following the counsel of wise friends, you might in time make yourself worthy of him. Your parents were so far in the right, that they did not produce you much into the world; whereby you avoided many wrong steps, which others have taken, and have fewer ill impressions to be removed; but they failed, as it is generally the case, in too much neglecting to cultivate your mind; without which it is impossible to acquire or preserve the friendship and esteem of a wise man, who soon grows weary of acting the lover, and treating his wife like a mistress, but wants a reasonable companion, and a true friend, through every stage of his life. It must be therefore your business to qualify yourself for those offices; wherein I will not fail to be your director, as long as I shall think you deserve it, by letting you know how you are to act, and what you ought to avoid.

And beware of despising or neglecting my instructions; whereon will depend not only your making a good figure in the world, but your own real happiness, as well as that of the person who ought to be the dearest to you.

VOL. VII.

S

I

* This letter ought to be read by all new married women; and will be read with pleasure and advantage by the most distinguished and most accomplished ladies. *Oratory.*

I must therefore desire you, in the first place, to be very slow in changing the *modest behaviour* of a *virgin*. It is usual in young wives, before they have been many weeks married, to assume a bold forward look, and manner of talking ; as if they intended to signify in all companies, that they were no longer girls, and consequently that their whole demeanor, before they got a husband, was all but a countenance and constraint upon their nature : whereas, I suppose, if the votes of wise men were gathered, a very great majority would be in favour of those ladies, who, after they were entered into that state, rather chose to double their portion of modesty and reservedness.

I must likewise warn you strictly against the least degree of *fondness* to your husband before any witness whatsoever, even before your nearest relations, or the very maids of your chamber. This proceeding is so exceeding odious and disgustful to all who have either good breeding or good sense, that they assign two very unamiable reasons for it. The one is gross hypocrisy, and the other has too bad a name to mention. If there is any difference to be made, your husband is the lowest person in company, either at home or abroad ; and every gentleman present has a better claim to all marks of civility and distinction from you. Conceal your esteem and love in your own breast, and reserve your kind looks and language for private hours ; which are so many in the four and twenty, that they will afford time to employ a passion as exalted as any that was ever described in a French romance.

UPON this head I should likewise advise you to differ in practice from those ladies who affect abundance of *uneasiness* while their husbands are abroad ; start with every knock at the door, and ring the bell incessantly for the servants to let in their master ; will not eat a bit at dinner or supper, if the husband happens to stay out ; and receive him at his return with such a medley of chiding and kindness, and catechising him where he has been, that a shrew from Billingsgate would be a more easy and eligible companion.

OF the same leaven are those wives, who, when their husbands are gone a journey, must have a letter
every .



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contrary to whatever they shall say or do. And this I take to be a good general rule, with very few exceptions. For instance: In the doctrines they usually deliver to young married women for managing their husbands: their several accounts of their own conduct in that particular to recommend it to your imitation; the reflections they make upon others of their sex for acting differently; their directions, how to come off with victory upon any dispute or quarrel you may have with your husband; the arts, by which you may discover and prevail upon his weak side; when to work by flattery and imitation, when to melt him with tears, and when to engage with a high hand: in these, and a thousand other cases, it will be prudent to retain as many of their lectures in your memory as you can, and then determine to act in full opposition to them all.

I hope your husband will interpose his authority to limit you in the trade of visiting. Half a dozen fools are, in all conscience, as many as you should require: and it will be sufficient for you to see them twice a-year; for I think the fashion does not exact, that visits should be paid to friends.

I advise, that your company at home should consist of men, rather than women. To say the truth, I never yet knew a tolerable woman to be fond of her own sex: I confess, when both are mixed and well chosen, and put their best qualities forward, there may be an intercourse of civility and good-will; which, with the addition of some degree of sense, can make conversation or any amusement agreeable. But a knot of ladies, got together by themselves, is a very school of impertinence and detraction, and it is well if those be the worst.

LET your men-acquaintance be of your husband's choice, and not recommended to you by any she-companions; because they will certainly fix a coxcomb upon you, and it will cost you some time and pains before you can arrive at the knowledge of distinguishing such a one from a man of sense.

NEVER take a *favourite waiting maid* into your cabinet-council, to entertain you with histories of those ladies whom she hath formerly served, of their diversions,
and

and their desires; to insinuate how great a fortune you brought, and how little you are allowed to squander; to appeal to her from your husband, and to be determined by her judgment, because you are sure it will be always for you; to receive and discard servants by her approbation or dislike; to engage you, by her insinuations, in misunderstandings with your best friends; to represent all things in false colours, and to be the common emissary of scandal.

But the grand affair of your life will be, to gain and preserve the friendship and esteem of your husband. You are married to a man of good education and learning, of an excellent understanding, and an exact taste. It is true, and it is happy for you, that these qualities in him are adorned with great modesty, a most amiable sweetness of temper, and an unusual disposition to sobriety and virtue. But neither good-nature nor virtue will suffer him to esteem you against his judgment; and although he is not capable of using you ill, yet you will in time grow a thing indifferent, and perhaps contemptible; unless you can supply the loss of youth and beauty with more durable qualities. You have but a very few years to be young and handsome in the eyes of the world; and as few months to be so in the eyes of a husband who is not a fool; for I hope you do not still dream of charms and raptures, which marriage ever did, and ever will put a sudden end to. Besides, yours was a match of prudence and common good liking, without any mixture of that ridiculous passion, which hath no being but in play-books and romances.

You must therefore use all endeavours to attain to some degree of those accomplishments, which your husband most values in other people, and for which he is most valued himself. You must improve your mind by closely pursuing such a method of study as I shall direct or approve of. You must get a collection of history and travels, which I will recommend to you, and spend some hours every day in reading them, and making extracts from them, if your memory be weak. You must invite persons of knowledge and understanding to an acquaintance with you, by whose conversa-

tion

tion you may learn to correct your taste and judgment; and when you can bring yourself to comprehend and relish the good sense of others, you will arrive in time to think rightly yourself, and to become a reasonable and agreeable companion. This must produce in your husband a true rational love and esteem for you, which old age will not diminish. He will have a regard for your judgment and opinion in matters of the greatest weight; you will be able to entertain each other without a third person to relieve you by finding discourse. The endowments of your mind will even make your person more agreeable to him; and when you are alone, your time will not lie heavy upon your hands for want of some trifling amusement.

As little respect as I have for the generality of your sex, it hath sometimes moved me with pity, to see the lady of the house forced to withdraw immediately after dinner; and this in families where there is not much drinking; as if it were an established maxim, That women are incapable of all conversation. In a room where both sexes meet, if the men are discoursing upon any general subject, the ladies never think it their business to partake in what passeth; but, in a separate club, entertain each other with the price and choice of lace, and silk, and what dresses they liked or disapproved at the church or the play-house. And when you are among yourselves, how naturally, after the first compliments, do you apply your hands to each others lappets, and ruffles, and mantuas; as if the whole business of your lives, and the public concern of the world, depended upon the cut or colour of your dresses? As divines say, that some people take more pains to be damned, than it would cost them to be saved; so your sex employs more thought, memory, and application to be fools, than would serve to make them wise and useful. When I reflect on this, I cannot conceive you to be human creatures, but a sort of species hardly a degree above a monkey; who hath more diverting tricks than any of you, is an animal less mischievous and expensive, might in time be a tolerable critic in velvet and brocade, and, for aught I know, would equally become them.

I would have you look upon finery as a necessary folly; ~~which~~



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pass it in time, by making collections from the books you read.

I know very well, that those who are commonly called learned women, have lost all manner of credit, by their impertinent talkativeness, and conceit of themselves. But there is an easy remedy for this ; if you once consider, that, after all the pains you may be at, you never can arrive, in point of learning, to the perfection of a school-boy. The reading I would advise you to, is only for improvement of your own good sense, which will never fail of being mended by discretion. It is a wrong method, and ill choice of books, that makes those learned ladies just so much the worse for what they have read. And therefore it shall be my care to direct you better ; a task for which I take myself to be not ill qualified ; because I have spent more time, and have had more opportunities than many others, to observe and discover, from what sources the various follies of women are derived.

PRAY observe, how insignificant things are the common race of ladies, when they have passed their youth and beauty ; how contemptible they appear to the men, and yet more contemptible to the younger part of their own sex ; and have no relief, but in passing their afternoons in visits, where they are never acceptable ; and their evenings at cards among each other ; while the former part of the day is spent in spleen and envy, or in vain endeavours to repair, by art and dress, the ruins of time. Whereas I have known ladies at sixty, to whom all the polite part of the court and town paid their addresses, without any farther view, than that of enjoying the pleasure of their conversation.

I am ignorant of any one quality that is amiable in a man, which is not equally so in a woman. I do not except even modesty and gentleness of nature. Nor do I know one vice or folly, which is not equally detestable in both. There is indeed one infirmity, which is generally allowed you ; I mean that of *cowardice*. Yet there should seem to be something very capricious, that when women profess their admiration for a colonel or a captain, on account of his valour, they should fancy it a very graceful becoming quality in themselves, to be afraid
of

of their own shadows ; to scream in a barge, when the weather is calmest, or in a coach at the ring ; to run from a cow at a hundred yards distance ; to fall into fits at the sight of a spider, an earwig, or a frog. At least, if cowardice be a sign of cruelty, (as it is generally granted), I can hardly think it an accomplishment so desirable, as to be thought worth improving by affectation.

AND as the same virtues equally become both sexes, so there is no quality whereby women endeavour to distinguish themselves from men, for which they are not just so much the worse, except that only of reservedness ; which however, as you generally manage it, is nothing else but affectation or hypocrisy. For as you cannot too much discountenance those of our sex who presume to take unbecoming liberty before you, so you ought to be wholly unconstrained in the company of deserving men, when you have had sufficient experience of their discretion.

THERE is never wanting in this town a tribe of bold ; swaggering, rattling ladies, whose talents pass among coxcombs for wit and humour ; their excellency lies in rude choking expressions, and what they call *running a man down*. If a gentleman in their company happens to have any blemish in his birth or person, if any misfortune hath befallen his family or himself, for which he is ashamed, they will be sure to give him broad hints of it without any provocation. I would recommend you to ~~the acquaintance of a common prostitute, rather than to that of such~~ termagants as these. I have often thought, that no man is obliged to suppose such creatures to be women, but to treat them like insolent rascals disguised in female habits, who ought to be stripped, and kicked down stairs.

I will add one thing, although it be a little out of place ; which is, to desire that you will learn to value ~~and esteem~~ your husband for those good qualities which he really possesseth, and not to fancy others in him which he certainly hath not. For although this latter is generally understood to be a mark of love, yet it is ~~indeed~~ nothing but affectation or ill judgment. It is true, he wants so very few accomplishments, that you

are in no great danger of erring on this side; but my caution is occasioned by a lady of your acquaintance, married to a very valuable person, whom yet she is so unfortunate as to be always commending for those perfections to which he can least pretend.

I can give you no advice upon the article of *expense*: only I think you ought to be well informed, how much your husband's revenue amounts to; and be so good a computer, as to keep within it, in that part of the management which falls to your share; and not to put yourself in the number of those politick ladies, who think they gain a great point, when they have teased their husbands to buy them a new equipage, a laced head, or a fine petticoat, without once considering what long scores remain unpaid to the butcher.

I desire you will keep this letter in your cabinet, and often examine impartially your whole conduct by it. And so God bless you, and make you a fair example to your sex, and a perpetual comfort to your husband, and your parents. I am, with great truth and affection,

M A D A M,

Your most faithful friend,

and humble servant.

A



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wholly new, or so long unpractised, that my small read-
 it. However, we to suppose, that
 a person of his Lordship's great age and experience
 would hardly act such a piece of singularity, without
 some extraordinary motives. I cannot but observe, that
 his fellow-labourer, the author of the paper called *The*
*Englishman**, seems, in some of his late performances,
 to have almost transcribed the notions of the Bishop.
 These notions I take to have been dictated by the same
 matters, leaving to each writer that peculiar manner of
 expressing himself, which the poverty of our language
 forceth me to call their style. When the *Guardian*
 changed his title, and professed to engage in faction, I
 was sure the word was given; that grand preparations
 were making against next sessions; that all advantages
 would be taken of the little dissensions reported to be a-
 mong those in power; and that the *Guardian*
 soon be seconded by some other *piquerers* from the same
 camp. But I will confess my suspicions did not
 so far, as to conjecture, that this venerable champion
 would be in such mighty haste to come into the field,
 and serve in the quality of an *enfant perdu* †, armed on-
 ly with a *pocket-pistol*, before his great *blunderbuss* could
 be got ready, his old rusty *breast-plate* scoured, and his
 cracked *head-piece* mended.

I was debating with myself this hint of pro-
 ducing a small pamphlet, to give notice of a large folio,
 was not borrowed from the ceremonial in Spanish ro-
 mances, where a *dwarf* is sent out upon the battle-
 ments, to signify to all passengers what a mighty *giant*
 there is in the castle; or whether the Bishop copied
 this proceeding from the *fanfaronnade* ‡ of Monsieur
 Bouffleurs, when the Earl of Portland and that General
 had an interview. Several men were appointed, at
 certain periods to ride in great haste towards the Eng-
 lish camp, and cry out, *Monseigneur vient, Monseigneur*
vient

* Mr Steele.

† *Enfant perdu*, one of the forlorn hope. The forlorn hope is
 a number of men selected for any desperate enterprise, or employ-
 ed for the first onset in a battle. *Hawkes*.

‡ *Fanfaronnade*, vain ostentation.

“ move
 “ might
 tage.”

oo, and the other
 not tell us so in plain terms?

I am wondering, how it came to pass, that this dimi-
 letter to Mr Churchill should understand the be-
 of *introducing* better, than the *introduction* itself;
 or why the Bishop did not take it into his head to send
 the former into the world some months before the lat-
 ter; which would have been yet a greater improve-
 ment upon the solemnity of the procession.

SINCE I writ these last lines, I have perused the whole
 pamphlet, (which I had only dipped in before,) and
 found I have been hunting upon a wrong scent; for the
 author hath, in several parts of his piece, discovered the
 true motives which put him upon sending it abroad at
 this juncture. I shall therefore consider them as they
 come in my way.

My Lord begins his *introduction* with
 the reasons why he was guilty of so many mistakes in
 the first volume of his *history of the reformation*. His ar-
 gues are just, rational, and extremely consistent. He
 says, “ he wrote in haste; which he confirms, by
 adding, “ that it lay a year after he wrote it before it
 “ was put into the *press*.” At the same time he menti-
 ons a passage extremely to the honour of that pious
 and excellent prelate Archbishop Sancto, which de-
 monstrates his Grace to have been a person of great di-
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 vate divine*, desired admittance to the Cotton li-
 brary, but was prevented by the Archbishop;” who
 “ said

• It is somewhat remarkable to see the progress of this story.
 In the first edition of this *introduction*, it should seem “ he was PRE-
 “ VENTED by the Archbishop,” &c. When the *introduction* was
 reprinted a year after with the *history*, it stands: “ A GREAT PRE-
 “ LATE had been before hand, and possessed him [Sir John Cotton]
 “ against me. — That unless the Archbishop of Canterbury would
 “ recommend me, — he desired to be excused. — The Bishop of
 “ Worcester could not prevail on the Archbishop to INTERFERE.”
 This is somewhat less than PREVENTING; unless the Archbishop
 be meant by the GREAT PRELATE; which is not very probable.
 L. B. 1702.



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216 A PREFACE TO THE BISHOP

wholly new, or so long unpractised, that my small reading cannot trace it. However, we are to suppose, that a person of his Lordship's great age and experience would hardly act such a piece of singularity, without some extraordinary motives. I cannot but observe, that his fellow-labourer, the author of the paper called *The Englishman* *, seems, in some of his late performances, to have almost transcribed the notions of the Bishop. These notions I take to have been dictated by the same matters, leaving to each writer that peculiar manner of expressing himself, which the poverty of our language forceth me to call their style. When the *Guardian* changed his title, and professed to engage in faction, I was sure the word was given; that grand preparations were making against next sessions; that all advantages would be taken of the little dissensions reported to be among those in power; and that the *Guardian* would soon be seconded by some other *piquerers* from the same camp. But I will confess my suspicions did not carry me so far, as to conjecture, that this venerable champion would be in such mighty haste to come into the field, and serve in the quality of an *enfant perdu* †, armed only with a *pocket-pistol*, before his great *blunderbuss* could be got ready, his old rusty *breast-plate* scoured, and his cracked *head-piece* mended.

I was debating with myself, whether this hint of producing a small pamphlet, to give notice of a large folio, was not borrowed from the ceremonial in Spanish romances, where a *dwarf* is sent out upon the battlements, to signify to all passengers what a mighty *giant* there is in the castle; or whether the Bishop copied this proceeding from the *fanfaronnade* ‡ of Monsieur Bouffieurs, when the Earl of Portland and that General had an interview. Several men were appointed at certain periods to ride in great haste towards the English camp, and cry out, *Monseigneur vient, Monseigneur vient*

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view †: then small parties advanced with the same speed, and the same cry: and this foppery held for many hours, until the Marschal himself arrived. So here the Bishop (as we find by his dedication to Mr Churchill the bookseller) hath for a long time sent warning of his arrival by advertisements in gazettes; and now his introduction advanceth to tell us again, *Monseigneur vient*. In the mean time we must gape, and wait, and gaze, the Lord knows how long, and keep our spirits in some reasonable agitation, until his Lordship's real self shall think fit to appear in the habit of a folio.

I have seen the same sort of management at a puppet-show. Some puppets of little or no consequence appeared several times at the window, to allure the boys and the rabble: the trumpeter sounded often, and the door-keeper cried an hundred times, until he was hoarse, that they were *just going to begin*; yet after all we were forced sometimes to wait an hour before Punch himself in person made his entry.

‡ But why this ceremony among old acquaintance? The world and he have long known one another. Let him appoint his hour, and make his visit, without troubling us all day with a succession of messages from his lackeys and pages.

[With submission, these little arts of getting off an edition, do ill become any author above the size of Marten the surgeon. My Lord tells us, that "many thousands of the two former parts of his history are in the Kingdom;" and now he perpetually *advertisset in the Gazette*, that he intends to publish the third. This is exactly in the method and style of Marten: "The seventh edition (many thousands of the former editions having been sold off in a small time) of Mr Marten's book concerning secret diseases," &c.

Does his Lordship intend to publish his great volume by subscription, and is this introduction only by way of *prospectus*? I was inclined to think so, because, in the prefixed letter to Mr Churchill, which *introduces* this *introduction*, there are some dubious expressions. He says, "The advertisements he published were in order to
 Vol. VII. T " more

My Lord is coming, my Lord is coming.

"move people to furnish ~~him~~ with materials,
"might help him to finish his work with great a
tape." If he means half a guinea upon the sub
on, and the other half at the delivery, why d
not tell us so in plain terms?

I am wondering how it came to pass, that this
native letter to Mr. Churchill should understand th
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been writing-proof. Poor Mr. Wharton in his grave is charged with the same accusation, but with circumstances the most aggravating that malice and something else could invent; and which I will no more believe than for hundred passages in a certain book of travels*. See the character he gives of a divine and a scholar, who shortened his life in the service of God and the church.

“ Mr Wharton desired me to intercede with Tillotson
 “ for a prebend of Canterbury. I did so, but Wharton
 “ would not believe it; said, he would be revenged;
 “ and so writ against me. Soon after he was convinced
 “ I had spoke for him; said, he was set on to do what
 “ he did; and if I would procure any thing for him,
 “ he would discover every thing to me.” What a spirit
 of candour, charity, and good nature, generosity, and
 truth, shines through this story, told of a most excellent
 and pious divine twenty years after his death, without
 one single voucher!

Come we now to the reasons which moved his Lordship to set about this work at this time. He could not delay it no longer, because the reasons of his engaging in it at first seemed to return upon him. He was then frightened with the danger of a Popish successor in view, and the dreadful apprehensions of the power of France. England hath forgot these dangers, and yet is nearer to them than ever, and therefore he is resolved to awaken them with his third volume; but in the mean time sends this introduction to let them know they are asleep. He then goes on in describing the condition of the kingdom after such a manner as if destruction hung over us by a single hair; as if the Pope, the devil, the pretender, and France were just at our doors.

When the Bishop published his history there was a Popish plot on foot; The Duke of York, a known Papist, was presumptive heir to the crown; the house of Commons would not hear of any expedient for securing their religion under a Popish prince, nor would the King, or Lords, consent to a bill of exclusion; the French King was in the height of his grandeur, and the vi-

* Burnet's travels.

gour of his age. At this day the presumptive heir, with that whole illustrious family, are Protestants; the Popish ~~pretenders~~ excluded for ever by several acts of parliament; and every person in the smallest employment, as well as the members of both houses, obliged to abjure him: the French King is at the lowest ebb of life; his armies have been conquered, and his towns won from him for ten years together; and his kingdom is in danger of being torn by divisions during a long minority: Are these cases parallel? or are we now in more danger of France and Popery, than we were thirty years ago? What can be the motive for advancing such false, such detestable assertions? What conclusions would his Lordship draw from such premisses as these? If injurious appellations were of any advantage to a cause, (as the style of our adversaries would make us believe), what appellations would those deserve, who thus endeavour to sow the seeds of sedition, and are impatient to see the fruits?

“ But, (saith he), the deaf adder stoppeth her ears, let the charmer charm never so wisely.” True, my Lord, there are indeed too many ~~adders~~ in this nation's bosom; ~~adders~~ in all shapes and in all habits, whom neither the Queen nor parliament can ~~charm~~ to loyalty, truth, religion, or honour.

Among other instances produced by him of the dismal condition we are in, he offers one which could not easily be guessed. It is this, “ That the little factious pamphlets written about the end of King Charles II.'s reign lie dead in shops, are looked on as waste paper, and turned to pasteboard.” How many are there of his Lordship's writing, which could otherwise never have been of any real service to the public? Hath he indeed so mean an opinion of our taste to send us at this time of day into all the corners of Holbourn, Duke-lane, and Moorfields, in quest after the factious trash published in those days by Julian Johnson, Hickeringill, Dr Oates, and himself?

His Lordship taking it for a *postulatum*, that the Queen and ministry, both houses of parliament, and a vast majority of the landed gentlemen throughout England, are running headlong into Popery, layeth hold on the occasion to describe “ the cruelties in Queen Mary's



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equal justice, and the clergy had not more ~~than~~ ^{one} plain of one than the others; whereas the four ~~that~~ ^{things} mentioned by him are of very different conditions. If I might venture to guess the opinion of the clergy upon this matter, I believe they would wish, if some small part of the ~~abbey-lands~~ ^{land} had been applied to the augmentation of poor bishopricks; and a very few acres to serve for glebes in those parishes where there are none; after which I think they would not say that the laity should relieve the rest. If the ~~case~~ ^{cases} some bishops and cathedrals were exorbitant before reformation, I believe the present clergy's wishes go no further, than that some reasonable temper had been used, instead of paring them to the quick. But as the ~~tithe~~ ^{tithe}, without examining whether they be of the institution, I conceive there is hardly one of that order in England, and very few even among the ~~that~~ ^{who} who love the church, who will not allow the misapplying those revenues to secular persons to have been first a most flagrant act of injustice and oppression, tho', at the same time, God forbid they should be restored any other way than by gradual purchase, by consent of those who are now the lawful possessors, by the piety and generosity of such worthy spirits this nation sometimes produceth. The ~~bishop~~ ^{bishop} knows very well, that the application of ~~tithe~~ ^{tithe} to the maintenance of monasteries was a scandalous usurpation, as in Popish times; that the monks usually sent out of their fraternity to supply the cures; and that as the monasteries were granted away by Henry VIII. parishes were left destitute, or very meagrely provided of any maintenance for a pastor. So that in many places the whole ecclesiastical dues, even to ~~marriages~~ ^{marriages}, ~~and~~ ^{and} offerings, and the like, are in lay hands, and the incumbent lieth wholly at the mercy of his patron for daily bread. By these means there are several hundred parishes in England under twenty pounds a-year, or many under ten. I take his Lordship's bishoprick to be worth near 2500 l. annual income; and I will engage at half a-year's warning to find him above a hundred beneficed clergymen, who have not so much among them all to support themselves and their families

most of them orthodox, of good life and conversation; as loath to see the fires kindled in Smithfield as his Lordship; and at least as ready to face them under a Popish persecution. But nothing is so hard for those who abound in riches, as to conceive how others can be in want. How can the neighbouring vicar feel cold or hunger, while my Lord is seated by a good fire, in the warmest room of his palace, with a dozen dishes before him? I remember one other prelate much of the same stamp, who when his clergy would mention their wishes that some act of parliament might be thought of for the good of the church, would say, "Gentlemen, we are very well as we are; if they would let us alone, we should ask no more."

Sacrilege (says my Lord) in the church of Rome is a mortal sin: and is it only so in the church of Rome? or is it but a venial sin in the church of England? Our li-
 tany calls fornication a deadly sin; and I would appeal to his Lordship for fifty years past, whether he thought that of sacrilege the deadliest? To make light of such a sin at the same moment that he is frightening us from an idolatrous religion, should seem not very consistent.
 "Thou that sayest a man should not commit adultery, dost thou commit adultery? Thou that abhorrest it dost thou commit sacrilege?"

To smooth the way for the return of Popery in Queen Mary's time, the grantees were confirmed by the Pope in the possession of the abbey-lands. But the Bishop tells us, that "this confirmation was fraudulent and invalid." I shall believe it to be so, altho' I happen to read it in his Lordship's history. But he adds, that although the confirmation had been good, the priests would have got their land again by these two methods. First, The statute of Mortmain was repealed for twenty years; in which time no doubt they recovered they would recover the best part of what they had lost; besides that engaging the clergy to re-
 new no leases, was a thing entirely in their own power; and this in forty years time would raise their revenues to be about ten times their present value.
 These two expedients for increasing the revenues of the church he represents as pernicious designs, fit only to be
 practised

bruce Popery, except a *pen* bull from the Pope, to the
the abbey and other church lands, and tithes, to the
present proprietors and their heirs. If this only difficulty
could now be adjusted, the *protestant* would be related
next sabbath, the two houses reconciled to the church of
Rome against Easter term, and the fires lighted in
Smithfield by Midsummer. Such horrible calumnies
against a nation are not the less injurious to decency,
good nature, truth, honour, and religion, because they
may be vented with safety, and I will appeal to any
reader of common understanding, whether this be not
the most natural and necessary deduction from the pas-
sages I have cited and referred to.

YET all this is but friendly dealing, in comparison
with what he affords the clergy upon the same article.
He supposes that whole Reverend body, who differ from
him in principles of *church or state*, so far from disliking
Popery upon the above-mentioned motives of *pride*,
quitting their wives, or *burning their relations*, that the
hopes of *enjoying the abbey-lands*, would soon bear down
all such considerations, and be an effectual incitement
to their perversion; and so he goes gravely on, as with
the only argument which he thinks can have any force
to assure them, that the "parochial priests in Roman-
" Catholic countries are much poorer than in ours, the
" several orders of regulars, and the magnificence of
" their church, devouring all their treasures; and by
" consequence, their hopes are vain of expecting to be
" richer after the introduction of Popery."

BUT, after all, his Lordship despairs that even this
argument will have any force with our abominable cler-
gy; because, to use his own words, "they are an infer-
" sible and degenerate race, who are thinking of no-
" thing but their present advantages; and so that they
" may now support a luxurious and brutal course of
" irregular and voluptuous practices, they are easily
" hired to betray their religion, to sell their country,
" and give up that liberty, and those properties, which
" are the present felicities and glories of this nation."

He seems to reckon all these evils as matters fully
determined



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ed by that submission which a corrupt clergy brought upon their innocent successors. He "will not deny" that his copiousness in these matters is, in his own opinion, one of the meanest parts of his new work." I will agree with him, unless he happens to be more *copious* in any thing else. However, it is not easy to conceive, why he should be so *copious* upon a subject he so much despiseth, unless it were to gratify his talent of railing at the *clergy*; in the number of whom he disdaineth to be reckoned, because he is a *bishop*; for it is a style I observe some prelates have fallen into of late years, to talk of clergymen as if themselves were not of the number. You will read in many of their speeches at Dr Sacheverel's trial, expressions to this or the like effect: "My Lords, if clergymen be suffered," &c. whercin they seem to have reason; and I am pretty confident, that a great majority of the clergy were heartily inclined to disown any relation they had to the *managers in law*. However, it was a confounding argument against Presbytery, that those prelates who are most suspected to lean that way, treated their inferior brethren with *haughtiness, rigour* and *contempt*: although, to say the truth, nothing better could be hoped for; because I believe it may pass for an universal rule, that in every diocese governed by bishops of the Whig species, the clergy (especially the poorer sort) are under double discipline; and the *laity* left to themselves. The opinion of Sir Thomas Moore, which he produceth to prove the ill consequences or insignificance of convocations, advanceth no such thing; but says. "If the clergy assembled often, and might act as other assemblies of clergy in Christendom, much good might have come;" but the misfortune lay "in their long disuse, and that in his own, and a good part of his father's time, they never came together, except at the command of the prince."

I suppose his Lordship thinks there is some original impediment in the study of divinity, or secret incapacity in a gown and cassock *without lawn*, which disqualifies all inferior clergymen from debating upon subjects of doctrine or discipline in the church. It is a famous saying of his, That "he looks upon every layman to be

“ an honest man, until he is by experience convinced to
 “ the contrary; and on every clergyman as a knave,
 “ until he finds him to be an honest man.” What opi-
 nion then must we have of a lower house of convocation;
 where, I am confident, he will hardly find three persons
 that ever convinced him of their honesty, or will ever
 be at the pains to do it? Nay, I am afraid they would
 think such a conviction might be no very advantageous
 bargain, to gain the character of an honest man with
 his Lordship, and lose it with the rest of the world.

In the famous *concordate* that was made between Fran-
 cis I. of France and Pope Leo X. the Bishop tells us, that
 “ the King and Pope came to a bargain, by which they
 “ divided the liberties of the Gallican church between
 “ them, and indeed quite enslaved it.” He intends in
 the third part of his history, which he is going to publish,
 “ to open this whole matter to the world.” In the
 mean time, he mentions some ill consequences to the
 Gallican church from that *concordate*, which are worthy
 to be observed. “ The church of France became a slave;
 “ and this change in their constitution put an end, not
 “ only to national, but even to provincial synods, in
 “ that kingdom. The assemblies of the clergy there
 “ meet now only to give subsidies,” &c. And he says,
 “ Our nation may see by that proceeding, what it is to
 “ deliver up the essential liberties of a free constitution
 “ to a court.”

ALL I can gather from this matter is, that our King
 Henry made a better bargain than his cotemporary
 Francis, who divided the liberties of the church between
 himself and the Pope, while the King of England seized
 them all to himself. But how comes he to number the
 want of synods in the Gallican church among the grie-
 vances of that *concordate*, and as a mark of their slavery,
 since he reckons all convocations of the clergy in Eng-
 land to be useless and dangerous? Or what difference,
 in point of liberty, was there between the Gallican
 church under Francis, and the English under Henry?
 But the latter was as much a Papist as the former, un-
 less in the point of obedience to the see of Rome; and
 in every quality of a good man, or a good prince (ex-
 cept personal courage, wherein both were equal,) the
 French

French monarch had the advantage, by as many degrees as is possible for one man to have over another.

HENRY VIII had no manner of intention to change religion in his kingdom. He continued to prosecute and burn Protestants, after he had cast off the Pope's supremacy; and I suppose his seizure of ecclesiastical revenues (which Francis never attempted) cannot be reckoned as a mark of the church's *liberty*. By the quotation the Bishop sets down to shew the slavery of the French church, he represents it as a grievance, that "Bishops are not
" now elected there as formerly, but wholly appointed
" by the prince; and that those made by the court
" have been ordinarily the chief advancers of schisms,
" heresies, and oppressions of the church." He cites another passage from a Greek writer, and plainly insinuates, that it is justly applicable to her Majesty's reign: "Princes chuse such men to that charge" (of a bishop)
" who may be their slaves, and in all things obsequious
" to what they prescribe, and may lie at their feet, and
" have not so much as a thought contrary to their
" commands."

THESE are very singular passages for his Lordship to set down, in order to shew the dismal consequences of the French *concordate*, by the slavery of the Gallican church compared with the freedom of ours. I shall not enter into a long dispute, whether it were better for religion, that bishops should be chosen by the clergy, or people, or both together. I believe our author would give his vote for the second, (which however would not have been of much advantage to himself, and some others that I could name;) but I ask, whether bishops are any more elected in England than in France? And the want of synods are, in his own opinion, rather a blessing than a grievance; unless he will affirm, that more good can be expected from a Popish synod than an English *convocation*. Did the French clergy ever receive a greater blow to their liberties, than the submission made to Henry VIII. or so great a one as the seizure of their lands? The reformation owed nothing to the good intentions of King Henry. He was only an instrument of it (as the logicians speak) by accident; nor doth he appear, throughout his whole reign, to have had any other views than
those



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234 A P R E F A C E T O T H E B I S H O P

“ the reformed ;” against which, as good luck would have it, I have nothing to object.

THIRDLY, he is somewhat rough against his own party, “ who having tasted the sweets of Protestant liberty, “ can look back so tamely on Popery coming on them ;” it looks as if they were bewitched, or that the devil were in them, to be so negligent. “ It is not enough, “ that they resolve not to turn Papists themselves ; they “ ought to awaken all about them, even the most igno- “ rant and stupid, to apprehend their danger, and to “ exert themselves, with their utmost industry, to guard “ against it, and to resist it. If, after all their endea- “ vours to prevent it, the corruption of the age, and “ the art and power of our enemies, prove too hard for “ us ; then, and not until then, we must submit to the “ will of God, and be silent ; and prepare ourselves for “ all the extremities of suffering and of misery ;” with a great deal more of the same strain.

WITH due submission to the profound sagacity of this prelate, who can smell Popery at five hundred miles distance, better than Fanaticism just under his nose, I take leave to tell him, that this reproof to his friends for want of zeal and clamour against Popery, Slavery and the Pretender, is what they have not deserved. Are the pamphlets and papers daily published by the sublime authors of his party full of any thing else ? Are not the QUEEN, the ministers, the majority of lords and commons, loudly taxed in print with this charge against them at full length ? Is it not the perpetual echo of every Whig coffeehouse and club ? Have they not quartered Popery and the Pretender upon the peace and treaty of commerce ; upon the possessing, and quitting, and keeping, and demolishing of Dunkirk ? Have they not clamoured, because the Pretender continued in France, and because he left it ? Have they not reported, that the town swarmed with many thousand Papists ; when, upon search, there were never found so few of that religion in it before ? If a clergyman preacheth obedience to the higher powers, is he not immediately traduced as a Papist ? Can mortal man do more ? To deal plainly, my Lord, your friends are not strong enough yet to make an insurrection ; and
it

It is unreasonable to expect one from them, until their neighbours be ready.

My Lord, I have a little seriousness at heart upon this point, where your Lordship affects to shew so much. When you can prove, that one single word hath ever dropt from any minister of state, in public or private, in favour of the pretender, or his cause; when you can make it appear; that, in the course of this administration, since the Queen thought fit to change her servants, there hath one step been made towards weakening the Hanover title, or giving the least countenance to any other whatsoever; then, and not until then, go dry your *chaff* and *straw*, give fire to the zeal of your faction, and reproach them with lukewarmness.

FOURTHLY, the Bishop applies himself to the *Tories* in general; taking it for granted, after his charitable manner, that they are all ready prepared to introduce Popery. He puts an excuse into their mouths, by which they would endeavour to justify their change of religion. "Popery is not what it was before the reformation; things are now much mended, and further corrections might be expected, if we would enter into a treaty with them. In particular, they see the error of proceeding severely with heretics; so that there is no reason to apprehend the returns of such cruelties as were practised an age and a half ago."

But, he assures us, is a plea offered by the *Tories* in defence of themselves, for going about at this juncture to establish the Popish religion among us. What arguments doth he bring to prove the fact itself?

Quibus indicis, quo teste, probavit?

Nil horum: verbosa et grandis epistola venit.

Nothing but this tedious *introduction*, wherein he supposes it all along as a thing granted. That there might be a perfect union in the whole Christian church, is a blessing which every good man wisheth, but no reasonable man can hope. That the more polite Roman-Catholics have, in several places, given up some of their superstitious fopperies, particularly concerning legends, *scapulars*, and the like, is what no body denies. But the material points in difference between us and them, are
universally

236 A PREFACE TO THE BISHOP

universally retained and asserted in all their controversial writings. And if his Lordship really thinks, that every man who differs from him, under the name of a *Tory*, in some church and state opinions, is ready to believe *transubstantiation*, *purgatory*, the *infallibility* of Pope or councils, to *worship saints and angels*, and the like; I can only pray God to enlighten his understanding, or graft in his heart the first principles of charity; a virtue which some *people* ought not by any means wholly to renounce, *because it covereth a multitude of sins*.

FIFTHLY, the Bishop applies himself to his own party in both houses of parliament, whom he exhorts to “guard their religion and liberty against all danger, at what distance soever it may appear. If they are absent and remiss on critical occasions;” that is to say, if they do not attend close next sessions to vote, upon all occasions whatever, against the proceedings of the Queen and her ministry; “or if any views of advantage to themselves prevail on them;” in other words, if any of them vote for the bill of commerce, in hopes of a place or a pension, a title, or a garter; God “may work a deliverance for us another way;” (that is to say, by inviting the Dutch): “but they and their families,” *i. e.* those who are negligent, or revolvers, “shall perish.” By which is meant, they shall be hanged, as well as the present ministry, and their abettors, as soon as we recover our power, “because they let in idolatry, superstition, and tyranny;” because they stood by, and suffered the peace to be made, the bill of commerce to pass, and Dunkirk to lie undemolished longer than we expected, without raising a rebellion.

His last application is to the Tory clergy, a parcel of “blind, ignorant, dumb, sleeping, greedy, drunken dogs.” A pretty artful Episcopal method is this, of calling his brethren as many injurious names as he pleaseth. It is but quoting a text of scripture, where the characters of evil men are described, and the thing is done; and at the same time the appearances of piety and devotion preserved. I would engage, with the help of a good *concordance*, and the liberty of perverting *holily* writ, to find out as many injurious appellations, as
the



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monwealth are less formidable evils than Popery, Slavery, and the Pretender: for if the Fanatics were in power, I should be in more apprehension of being starved than burned. But there are probably in England forty Dissenters of all kinds, including their brethren the Free-thinkers, for one Papist; and allowing one Papist to be as terrible as three Dissenters, it will appear by arithmetic, that we are thirteen times and one third more in danger of being ruined by the latter than the former.

THE other qualification necessary for all pastors, if they will not be *blind, ignorant, greedy, drunken dogs, &c.* is *to know the depths of Satan.* This is harder than the former; that a poor gentleman ought not to be parson, vicar, or curate of a parish, except he be cunninger than the devil. I am afraid it will be difficult to remedy this defect, for one manifest reason, because whoever had only half the cunning of the devil, would never take up with a vicarage of ten pounds a-year, *to live on at his ease,* as my Lord expresseth it; but seek out for some better livelihood. His Lordship is of a nation very much distinguished for that quality of cunning, (altho' they have a great many better,) and I think he was never accused for wanting his share. However, upon a trial of skill, I would venture to lay six to four on the devil's side, who must be allowed to be at least the older practitioner. Telling truth shames him, and resistance makes him fly; but to attempt outwitting him, is to fight him at his own weapon, and consequently no cunning at all. Another thing I would observe, is, that a man may be *in the depths of Satan,* without knowing them all; and such a man may be so far in *Satan's depths,* as to be out of his own. One of the *depths of Satan* is, *to counterfeit an Angel of light.* Another, I believe, is to stir up the people against their governors, by false suggestions of danger. A third is, to be a *prompter to false brethren,* and to send *wolves about in sheeps cleathing.* Sometimes he sends Jesuits about England in the habit and cant of Fanatics; at other times he hath Fanatic missionaries in the habits of——. I shall mention but one more of *Satan's depths,* for I confess I know not the hundredth part of them; and that is, *to employ his emissaries in crying out against remote*
imaginary

imaginary dangers, by which we may be taken off from defending ourselves against those which are really just at our elbows.

BUT his Lordship draws towards a conclusion, and bids us "look about, to consider the danger we are in before it is too late;" for he assures us, we are already "going into some of the worst parts of Popery." Like the man, who was so much in haste for his new coat, that he put it on the wrong side out. "Auricular confession, priestly absolution, and the sacrifice of the mass," have made great progress in England, and no body hath observed it; several other Popish points are carried higher with us than by the priests themselves:" and somebody, it seems, had the "impudence to propose an union with the Gallican church." I have indeed heard, that Mr Leslie published a discourse to that purpose, which I have never seen; nor do I perceive the evil in proposing an union between any two churches in Christendom. Without doubt, Mr Leslie is most unhappily misled in his politics; but if he be the author of the late tract against Popery*, he hath given the world such a proof of his soundness in religion, as many a Bishop ought to be proud of: I never saw the gentleman in my life. I know he is the son of a great and excellent prelate, who, upon several accounts, was one of the most extraordinary men of his age. Mr Leslie hath written many useful discourses upon several subjects; and hath so well deserved of the Christian religion, and the church of England in particular, that to accuse him of impudence for proposing an union in two very different faiths, is a style which I hope few will imitate. I detest Mr Leslie's political principles as much as his Lordship can do for his heart; but I verily believe he acts from a mistaken conscience, and therefore I distinguish between the principles and the person. However, it is some mortification to me, when I see an *avowed nonjuror* contribute more to the confounding of Popery, than could ever be done by a hundred thousand such introductions as this.

His Lordship ends with discovering a small ray of comfort.

* The case stated.

comfort. "God be thanked, there are many among us that stand upon the watch-tower, and that give faithful warning; that stand in the breach, and make themselves a wall for their church and country; that cry to God day and night, and lie in the dust mourning before him, to avert those judgments that seem to hasten toward us. They search into the mystery of iniquity that is working among us, and acquaint themselves with that mass of corruption that is in Popery." He prays, "that the number of these may increase, and that he may be of that number, ready either to die in peace, or to seal that doctrine *he* hath been preaching above fifty years with his blood." This being his last paragraph, I have made bold to transcribe the most important parts of it. His design is to end after the manner of orators, with leaving the strongest impression possible upon the minds of his hearers. A great *breach* is made, *the mystery of Popish iniquity is working among us; may God avert those judgments that are hastening towards us!* I am an old man, a preacher above fifty years; and I now expect, and am ready to die a martyr for the doctrines I have preached. What an amiable idea doth he here leave upon our minds of her Majesty and her government! He hath been poring so long upon Fox's book of martyrs, that he imagines himself living in the reign of Queen Mary, and is resolved to set up for a knight-errant against Popery. Upon the supposition of his being in earnest, (which I am sure he is not), it would require but a very little more heat of imagination to make a history of such a knight's adventures. What would he say to behold the "fires kindled in Smithfield, and all over the town," on the 17th of November; to behold the Pope borne in triumph on the shoulders of the people, with a Cardinal on the one side, and the Pretender on the other?" He would never believe it was Queen Elisabeth's day but that of her persecuting sister. In short, how easily might a windmill be taken for the whore of Babylon, and a puppet-show for a Popish procession?

BUT enthusiasm is none of his Lordship's faculty. I am inclined to believe, he might be melancholy enough when he writ this introduction. The despair at his age



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with such rubbish! *They stand upon the watch-tower!* They are indeed pragmatical enough to do so; but who assigned them that post, to give us false intelligence, to alarm us with false dangers, and send us to defend one gate, while their accomplices are breaking in at another? "They cry to God day and night to avert the judgment of Popery, which seems to hasten towards us." Then I affirm, they are "hypocrites by day, and filthy dreamers by night: when they cry unto him, he will not hear them;" for they cry against the plainest dictates of their own conscience, reason, and belief.

BUT, lastly, *they lie in the dust mourning before him.* Hang me, if I believe that, unless it be figuratively spoken. But suppose it to be true, why do *they lie in the dust?* Because they love to *raise* it. For what do *they mourn?* Why, for power, wealth, and places. There let the enemies of the Queen, and monarchy, and the church, *lie, and mourn, and lick the dust like serpents,* till they are truly sensible of their ingratitude, falsehood, disobedience, slander, blasphemy, sedition, *and every evil work.*

I cannot find in my heart to conclude, without offering his Lordship a little humble advice upon some certain points.

FIRST, I would advise him, if it be not too late in his life, to endeavour a little at mending his style, which is mighty defective in the circumstances of grammar, propriety, politeness, and smoothness. I fancied at first it might be owing to the prevalence of his passion, as people sputter out nonsense for haste when they are in a rage. And indeed I believe this piece before me hath received some additional imperfections from that occasion. But whoever hath heard his sermons, or read his other tracts, will find him very unhappy in the choice and disposition of his words; and, for want of variety, repeating them, especially the particles, in a manner very grating to an English ear. But I confine myself to this *introduction*, as his last work; where, endeavouring at rhetorical *flowers*, he gives us only bunches of *thistles*; of which I could present the reader with a plentiful crop; but

but I refer him to every page and line of the pamphlet itself.

SECONDLY, I would most humbly advise his Lordship to examine a little into the nature of truth, and sometimes to hear what *he* says. I shall produce two instances among an hundred. When he asserts, that we are "now in more danger of Popery than towards the end of King Charles II.'s reign;" and gives the broadest hints, that the Queen, the ministry, the parliament, and the clergy, are just going to introduce it; I desire to know, whether he really thinks *truth* is of his side, or whether he be not sure *he* is against him? If the latter, then *truth* and he will be found in two different stories; and which are we to believe? Again, when he gravely advises the Tories not to *light the fires in Smith-Field*; and goes on, in twenty places already quoted, as if the bargain was made for *Popery* and *slavery* to enter; I ask again, whether he hath rightly considered the nature of *truth*? I desire to put a parallel case. Suppose his Lordship should take it into his fancy to write and publish a letter to any gentleman of no infamous character for his religion or morals; and there advise him with great earnestness not to rob or fire churches, ravish his daughters, or murder his father; shew him the sin and the danger of these enormities; that if he flattered himself he could escape in disguise, or bribe his jury, he was grievously mistaken; that he must in all probability forfeit his goods and chattels, die an ignominious death, and be curst by posterity: would not such a gentleman justly think himself highly injured, altho' his Lordship did not affirm, that the said gentleman had picklocks or combustibles ready; that he had attempted his daughter, and drawn his sword against his father in order to stab him? whereas, in the other case, this writer affirms over and over, that all attempts for introducing *Popery* and *slavery* are already made, the whole business concluded, and that little less than a miracle can prevent *them*.

THIRDLY, I could heartily wish his Lordship would not undertake to charge the ions of one or two, and those probably nonjurors, n the whole body of the nation that differs from him. Mr Leslie writ a proposal

posal for an union with the Gallican church; somebody else hath carried the necessity of priesthood in the point of baptism farther than Popery; a third hath asserted the independency of the church on the state, and in many things arraigned the supremacy of the crown: then he speaks in a dubious insinuating way, as if some other Popish tenets had been already advanced; and at last concludes in this affected strain of despondency, *What will all these things end in? and on what design are they driven? Alas, it is too visible!* It is as clear as the sun, that these authors are encouraged by the ministry, with a design to bring in Popery; and in Popery all these things will end.

I never was so uncharitable to believe, that the whole party, of which his Lordship professeth himself a member, had a real formed design of establishing *Atheism* among us. The reason why the Whigs have taken the *Atheists* or *Freethinkers* into their body, is, because they wholly agree in their political schemes, and differ very little in church power and discipline. However, I could turn the argument against his Lordship with very great advantage, by quoting passages from fifty pamphlets wholly made up of *Whiggism* and *Atheism*, and then conclude, *What will all these things end in? and on what design are they driven? Alas, it is too visible!*

LASTLY, I would beg his Lordship not to be so exceedingly outrageous upon the memory of the dead, because it is highly probable, that in a very short time he will be one of the number. He hath in plain words given Mr Wharton the character of a most malicious, revengeful, tracherous, lying, mercenary villain. To which I shall only say, that the direct reverse of this amiable description is what appears from the works of that most learned divine, and from the accounts given me by those who knew him much better than the Bishop seems to have done. I meddle not with the moral part of this treatment. God almighty forgive his Lordship this manner of revenging himself; and then there will be but little consequence from an accusation, which the *dead* cannot feel, and which none of the *living* will believe.



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cause those materials were not in every hand. For instance, one lady can give an answer better than ask a question: one gentleman is happy at a reply; another excels in a rejoinder: one can revive a languishing conversation by a sudden surprising sentence; another is more dextrous in seconding; a third can fill the gap with laughing, or commending what has been said. Thus fresh hints may be started, and the ball of the discourse kept up.

BUT alas! this is too seldom the case, even in the most select companies. How often do we see at court, at publick visiting days, at great mens levees, and other places of general meeting, that the conversation falls and drops to nothing, like a fire without supply of fuel? This is what we all ought to lament; and against this dangerous evil I take upon me to affirm, that I have in the following papers provided an infallible remedy.

IT was in the year 1695, and the sixth of his late Majesty King William III. of ever glorious and immortal memory, who rescued three kingdoms from Popery and slavery, when, being about the age of six and thirty, my judgment mature, of good reputation in the world, and well acquainted with the best families in town, I determined to spend five mornings, to dine four times, pass three afternoons, and six evenings, every week, in the houses of the most polite families, of which I would confine myself to fifty; only changing as the masters or ladies died, or left the town, or grew out of vogue, or sunk in their fortunes, or (which to me was of the highest moment) became disaffected to the government: which practice I have followed ever since to this very day; except when I happened to be sick, or in the spleen upon cloudy weather; and except when I entertained four of each sex at my own lodgings once in a month, by way of retaliation.

I always kept a large table-book in my pocket; and as soon as I left the company, I immediately entered the choicest expressions that passed during the visit; which, returning home, I transcribed in a fair hand, but somewhat enlarged: and had made the greatest part of my collection in twelve years, but not digested into any method; for this I found was a work of infinite labour,

and

and what required the nicest judgment, and consequently could not be brought to any degree of perfection in less than sixteen years more.

HEREIN I resolved to exceed the advice of Horace, a Roman poet, which I have read in Mr Creech's admirable translation, that an author should keep his works nine years in his closet, before he ventured to publish them: and finding that I still received some additional flowers of wit and language, although in a very small number, I determined to defer the publication, to pursue my design, and exhaust if possible the whole subject, that I might present a complete system to the world. For I am convinced by long experience, that the critics will be as severe as their old envy against me can make them. I foresee they will object, that I have inserted many answers and replies which are neither witty, humorous, polite, nor authentic; and have omitted others that would have been highly useful, as well as entertaining. But let them come to particulars, and I will boldly engage to confute their malice.

For these last six or seven years I have not been able to add above nine valuable sentences to enrich my collection: from whence I conclude, that what remains will amount only to a trifle. However, if, after the publication of this work, any lady or gentleman, when they have read it, shall find the least thing of importance omitted, I desire they will please to supply my defects, by communicating to me their discoveries; and their letters may be directed to Simon Wagstaff, Esq; at his lodgings next door to the Gloucester-head in St James's street, (paying the postage). In return of which favour, I shall make honourable mention of their names in a short preface to the second edition.

In the mean time, I cannot but with some pride, and much pleasure, congratulate with my dear country, which hath outdone all the nations of Europe, in advancing the whole art of conversation to the greatest height it is capable of reaching; and therefore, being entirely convinced that the collection I now offer to the public is full and complete, I may at the same time boldly affirm, that the whole genius, humour, politeness, and eloquence of England are summed up in it.

Not

248 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Nor is the treasure small, wherein are to be found at least a thousand shining questions, answers, repartees, replies, and rejoinders. fitted to adorn every kind of discourse that an assembly of English ladies and gentlemen, met together for their mutual entertainment, can possibly want: especially when the several flowers shall be set off and improved by the speakers, with every circumstance of preface and circumlocution, in proper terms; and attended with praise, laughter, or admiration.

THERE is a natural, involuntary distortion of the muscles, which is the anatomical cause of laughter: but there is another cause of laughter which decency requires, and is the undoubted mark of a good taste, as well as of a polite obliging behaviour; neither is this to be acquired without much observation, long practice, and a sound judgment. I did therefore once intend, for the ease of the learner, to set down in all parts of the following dialogues, certain marks, asterisks, or *nota-bene's*, (in English, *markwells*,) after most questions, and every reply or answer; directing exactly, the moment when one, two, or all the company, are to laugh: but having duly considered, that this expedient would too much enlarge the bulk of the volume, and consequently the price; and likewise that something ought to be left for ingenious readers to find out; I have determined to leave that whole affair, although of great importance, to their own discretion.

THE reader must learn by all means to distinguish between proverbs, and those polite speeches which beautify conversation: for as to the former, I utterly reject them out of all ingenious discourse. I acknowledge indeed, that there may possibly be found in this treatise a few sayings, among so great a number of smart turns of wit and humour as I have produced, which have a proverbial air: however, I hope it will be considered, that even these were not originally proverbs, but the genuine productions of superior wits to imbellish and support conversation; from whence, with great impropriety, as well as plagiarism, (if you will forgive a hard word,) they have most injuriously been transferred into proverbial maxims; and therefore in justice ought to be re-

sumed



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After the same manner, it were much to be desired, that some expert gentlewoman gone to decay would set up public schools, wherein young girls of quality, or great fortunes, might first be taught to repeat this following system of conversation, which I have been at so much pains to compile; and then to adapt every situation of their countenances, every turn of their hands, every screwing of their bodies, every ~~exercise~~ of their fans, to the humour of the sentences they hear or deliver in conversation: but above all to instruct them in every species and degree of laughing in the proper seasons at their own wit, or that of the company. And if the sons of the nobility and gentry, instead of being sent to common schools, or put into the hands of tutors at home, to learn nothing but words, were consigned to able instructors in the same art, I cannot find what use there could be of books, except in the hands of those who are to make learning their trade, which is below the dignity of persons born to titles or estates.

It would be another infinite advantage, that, by cultivating this science, we should wholly avoid the vexations and impertinence of pedants, who affect to talk in a language not to be understood; and whenever a polite person offers accidentally to use any of their jargon-terms, have the presumption to laugh at as for pro-

~~cession~~

pronouncing those words in a genteeler manner. Whereas I do here affirm, that whenever any fine gentleman or lady condescends to let a hard word pass out of their mouths, every syllable is smoothed and polished in the passage; and it is a true mark of politeness, both in writing and reading, to vary the orthography as well as the sound; because we are infinitely better judges of what will please a distinguishing ear, than those who call themselves *scholars*, can possibly be; who, consequently, ought to correct their books: and manner of pronouncing, by the authority of our example, from whose lips they proceed with infinitely more beauty and signifi-
cancy.

BUT, in the mean time, until so great, so useful, and so necessary a design can be put in execution, (which, considering the good disposition of our country at present, I shall not despair of living to see), let me recommend the following treatise, to be carried about as a pocket companion, by all gentlemen and ladies, when they are going to visit, or dine, or drink tea; or where they happen to pass the evening without cards. (as I have sometimes known it to be the case, upon disappointments or accidents unforeseen); desiring they would read their several parts in their chairs or coaches, to prepare themselves for every kind of conversation that can possibly happen.

ALTHO' I have, in justice to my country, allowed the genius of our people to excel that of any other nation upon earth, and have confirmed this truth by an argument not to be controled. I mean by producing so great a number of witty sentences in the ensuing dialogues, all of undoubted authority, as well as of our own production; yet I must confess at the same time, that we are wholly indebted for them to our ancestors; at least, for so long as my memory reacheth, I do not recollect one new phrase of importance to have been added; which defect in us moderns I take to have been occasioned by the introduction of cant-words in the reign of King Charles II. And those have so often varied, that hardly one of them, of above a year's standing, is now intelligible; nor any where to be found, excepting a small
number

number strewed here and there in the comedies and other fantastick writings of that age.

THE Honourable Colonel James Graham, my old friend and companion, did likewise, towards the end of the same reign, invent a set of words and phrases, which continued almost to the time of his death. But, as these terms of art were adapted only to courts and politicians, and extended little farther than among his particular acquaintance, (of whom I had the honour to be one), they are now almost forgotten.

NOR did the late D. of R - - and E. of E - - - - succeed much better, altho' they proceeded no farther than single words; whercof, except *bite*, *bamboozle*, and one or two more, the whole vocabulary is antiquated.

THE same fate hath already attended those other town wits, who furnish us with a great variety of new terms, which are annually changed, and those of the last season sunk in oblivion. Of these I was once favoured with a complete list, by the Right Honourable the Lord and Lady H——, with which I made a considerable figure one summer in the country; but returning up to town in winter, and venturing to produce them again, I was partly hooted, and partly not understood.

THE only invention of late years, which hath any way contributed towards politeness in discourse, is that of abbreviating or reducing words of many syllables into one, by lopping off the rest. This refinement having begun about the time of the *revolution* I had some share in the honour of promoting it; and I observe, to my great satisfaction, that it makes daily advancements, and I hope in time will raise our language to the utmost perfection; altho' I must confess, to avoid obscurity, I have been very sparing of this ornament in the following dialogues.

BUT as for phrases invented to cultivate conversation, I defy all the clubs of coffee-houses in this town to invent a new one, equal in wit, humour, smartness, or politeness, to the very worst of my set; which clearly shews, either that we are much degenerated, or that the whole stock of materials hath been already employed. I would willingly hope, as I do confidently believe, the latter;
because,



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dered at ; because indeed, besides the smartness of the wit, and fineness of the raillery, such is the propriety and energy of expression in them all, that they never can be changed, but to disadvantage, except in the circumstance of using abbreviations: which, however, I do not despair in due time to see introduced, having already met them at some of the choice companies in town.

ALTHO' this work be calculated for all persons of quality and fortune of both sexes: yet the reader may perceive, that my particular view was to the *officers* of the *army*, the *gentlemen* of the *inns of court*, and of *both* the *universities*: to all *courtiers*, male and female, but principally to the *maids of honour*, of whom I have been personally acquainted with two and twenty sets, all excelling in this noble endowment ; till, for some years past, I know not how, they came to degenerate into selling of *bargains* and *Freetbinkers*: not that I am against either of these entertainments at proper seasons, in compliance with company, who may want a taste for more exalted discourse, whose memories may be short, who are too young to be perfect in their lessons, or (altho' it be hard to conceive) who have no inclination to read and learn my instructions. And besides, there is a strong temptation for court-ladies to fall into the two amusements above mentioned, that they may avoid the censure of affecting singularity, against the general current and fashion of all about them. But however, no man will pretend to affirm, that either *bargains* or *blasphemy*, which are the principal ornaments of *Freetbinking*, are so good a fund of polite discourse, as what is to be met with in my collection. For as to *bargains*, few of them seem to be excellent in their kind, and have not much variety, because they all terminate in one single point; and to multiply them, would require more invention than people have to spare. And as to *blasphemy* or *Freetbinking*, I have known some scrupulous persons of both sexes, who, by a prejudiced education, are afraid of sprights. I must however except the *maids of honour*, who have been fully convinced by a famous court-chaplain, that there is no such place as hell.

I cannot indeed controvert the lawfulness of *Freetbinking*.

thinking, because it hath been universally allowed, that thought is free. But, however, altho' it may afford a large field of matter, yet, in my poor opinion, it seems to contain very little of wit or humour; because it hath not been ancient enough among us to furnish established authentic expressions, I mean such as must receive a sanction from the polite world, before their authority can be allowed. Neither was the art of *blasphemy* or *Freetinking* invented by the court, or by persons of great quality, who, properly speaking, were patrons, rather than inventors of it; but first brought in by the Fanatic faction towards the end of their power, and after the restoration carried to Whitehall by the converted *rumpers*; with very good reason; because they knew that King Charles II. from a wrong education, occasioned by the troubles of his father, had time enough to observe, that Fanatic enthusiasm directly led to Atheism, which agreed with the dissolute inclinations of his youth; and perhaps these principles were farther cultivated in him by the French Hugonots, who have been often charged with spreading them among us. However, I cannot see where the necessity lies of introducing new and foreign topics for conversation, while we have so plentiful a stock of our own growth.

I have likewise, for some reasons of equal weight, been very sparing in *double entendres*; because they often put ladies upon affected constraints, and affected ignorance. In short, they break, or very much intangle the thread of discourse. Neither am I master of any rules to settle the disconcerted countenances of the females in such a conjuncture; I can therefore only allow *innuendoes* of this kind to be delivered in whispers, and only to young ladies under twenty, who being in honour obliged to blush, it may produce a new subject for discourse.

PERHAPS the critics may accuse me of a defect in my following system of *Polite Conversation*; that there is one great ornament of discourse, whereof I have not produced a single example; which indeed I purposely omitted, for some reasons that I shall immediately offer: and if those reasons will not satisfy the male part of

my gentle readers, the defect may be supplied in some manner by an appendix to the second edition ; which appendix shall be printed by itself, and sold for sixpence, stitched, and with a marble cover, that my readers may have no occasion to complain of being defrauded.

THE defect I mean is, my not having inserted into the body of my book, all the oaths now most in fashion for embellishing discourse ; especially since it could give no offence to the clergy, who are seldom or never admitted to these polite assemblies. And it must be allowed, that oaths well chosen, are not only very useful expletives to matter, but great ornaments of style.

WHAT I shall here offer in my own defence upon this important article, will, I hope, be some extenuation of my fault.

First, I reasoned with myself, that a just collection of oaths, repeated as often as the fashion requires, must have enlarged this volume, at least, to double the bulk ; whereby it would not only double the charge, but likewise make the volume less commodious for pocket-carriage.

Secondly, I have been assured by some judicious friends, that themselves have known certain ladies to take offence (whether seriously or no) at too great a profusion of cursing and swearing, even when that kind of ornament was not improperly introduced ; which, I confess, did startle me not a little, having never observed the like in the compass of my own female acquaintance, at least, for twenty years past. However, I was forced to submit to wiser judgments than my own.

Thirdly, As this most useful treatise is calculated for all future times, I considered in this maturity of my age, how great a variety of oaths I have heard since I began to study the world, and to know men and manners. And here I found it to be true, what I have read in an ancient poet,

*For now-a-days men change their oaths,
As often as they change their cloaths.*

In short, oaths are the children of fashion ; they are in some sense almost annuals, like what I observed before



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have lived at least a twelvemonth in town, and kept the best company. Of these spellings the public will meet with many examples in the following book. For instance, *can't*, *can't*, *can't*, *didnt*, *couldnt*, *wouldnt*, *isn't*, *'s*, with many more, besides several words which scholars pretend are derived from Greek and Latin, but now pared into a polite sound, by ladies, officers of the army, courtiers, and templars, such as, *geometry* for *geometry*, *verdi* for *verdict*, *lard* for *lord*, *learner* for *learning*; together with some abbreviations exquisitely refined; as, *pezz* for *positive*; *moib* for *mobile*; *plizz* for *philosophy*; *rep* for *reputation*; *plenipo* for *plenipotentiary*; *incog* for *incognito*; *bypps* or *hippo*, for *hypochondriacs*; *bar.* for *lambsore*; and *bamboozle* for *God knows what*; whereby much time is saved, and the high road to conversation cut short by many a mile.

I have, as it will be apparent, laboured very much, and, I hope, with felicity enough, to make every character in the dialogue agreeable with itself, to a degree, that whenever any judicious person shall read my book aloud, for the entertainment and instruction of a select company, he need not so much as name the particular speakers, because all the persons, throughout the several subjects of conversation, strictly observe a different manner peculiar to their characters, which are of different kinds. But this I leave entirely to the prudent and impartial reader's discernment.

PERHAPS the very manner of introducing the several points of wit and humour, may not be less entertaining and instructing than the matter itself. In the latter I can pretend to little merit; because it entirely depends upon memory, and the happiness of having kept polite company: but the art of contriving that those speeches should be introduced naturally, as the most proper sentiments to be delivered upon so great a variety of subjects, I take to be a talent somewhat uncommon, and a labour that few people could hope to succeed in, unless they had a genius particularly turned that way, added to a sincere disinterested love of the public

ALTHOUGH every curious question, smart answer, and witty reply, be little known to many people; yet there is not one single sentence in the whole collection, for
which

which I cannot bring most authentic vouchers, whenever I shall be called ; and even for some expressions, which, to a few nice ears, may perhaps appear somewhat gross, I can produce the stamp of authority from courts, chocolate-houses, theatres, assemblies, drawing-rooms, levees, card-meetings, balls, and masquerades, from persons of both sexes, and of the highest titles next to royal. However, to say the truth, I have been very sparing in my quotations of such sentiments that seem to be over free ; because, when I began my collection, such kind of converse was almost in its infancy, till it was taken into the protection of my honoured patronesses at court, by whose countenance and sanction it hath become a choice flower in the nosegay of wit and politeness.

SOME will perhaps object, That when I bring my company to dinner, I mention too great a variety of dishes, not always consistent with the art of cookery, or proper for the season of the year, and part of the first course mingled with the second ; besides a failure in politeness, by introducing a black pudding to a lord's table, and at a great entertainment. But if I had omitted the black pudding, I desire to know what would have become of that exquisite reason given by Miss Notable for not eating it? The world perhaps might have lost it for ever, and I should have been justly answerable for having left it out of my collection. I therefore cannot but hope, that such hypercritical readers will please to consider, my business was to make so full and complete a body of refined sayings as compact as I could, only taking care to produce them in the most natural and probable manner, in order to allure my readers into the very substance and marrow of this most admirable and necessary art.

I am heartily sorry, and was much disappointed, to find, that so universal and polite an entertainment as cards, hath hitherto contributed very little to the enlargement of my work. I have sat by many hundred times with the utmost vigilance, and my table-book ready, without being able, in eight hours, to gather matter for one single phrase in my book. But this, I think, may be easily accounted for, by the turbulence
and

and jutting of passions, upon the various and surprising turns, incidents, revolutions, and events of good and evil fortune, that arrive in the course of a long evening at play; the mind being wholly taken up, and the consequences of non-attention so fatal.

PLAY is supported upon the two great pillars of deliberation and action. The terms of art are few, prescribed by law and custom; no time allowed for digressions, or trials of wit. *Quadrille*, in particular, bears some resemblance to a state of nature, which we are told is a state of war, wherein every woman is against every woman; the unions short, inconstant, and soon broke; the league made this-minute without knowing the ally, and dissolved in the next. Thus at the game of quadrille, female brains are always employed in stratagem, or their hands in action.

NEITHER can I find, that our art hath gained much by the happy revival of masquerading among us; the whole dialogue in those meetings being summed up in one (sprightly, I confess, but) single question, and as sprightly an answer: *Do ye know me? Yes, I do*; and, *Do you know me? Yes, I do*. For this reason, I did not think it proper to give my readers the trouble of introducing a masquerade, merely for the sake of a single question, and a single answer; especially when, to perform this in a proper manner, I must have brought in a hundred persons together, of both sexes, dressed in fantastic habits, for one minute, and dismissed them the next.

NEITHER is it reasonable to conceive, that our science can be much improved by masquerades, where the wit of both sexes is altogether taken up in contriving singular and humourous disguises; and their thoughts entirely employed in bringing intrigues and assignations of gallantry to an happy conclusion.

THE judicious reader will readily discover, that *Frank* Miss *Notable* my heroine, and *Mr Thomas Neverest* my hero. I have laboured both their characters with my utmost ability. It is into their mouths that I have put the liveliest questions, answers, repartees, and rejoinders; because my design was, to propose them both as patterns for all young bachelors, and single ladies, to copy after. By which I hope very soon to see polite conversation



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ons come from the left and the right, till he is forced to give over.

I have likewise made some few essays towards *selling of bargains*, as well for instructing those who delight in that accomplishment, as in compliance with my female friends at court. However, I have transgressed a little in this point, by doing it in a manner somewhat more reserved than it is now practised at St James's. At the same time, I can hardly allow this accomplishment to pass properly for a branch of that perfect polite conversation, which makes the constituent subject of my treatise; and for this I have already given my reasons. I have likewise, for further caution, left a blank in the critical point of each *bargain*, which the sagacious reader may fill up in his own mind.

As to myself, I am proud to own, that, except some smattering in the French, I am what the pedants and scholars call a man wholly illiterate, that is to say, unlearned. But as to my own language, I shall not readily yield to many persons. I have read most of the plays, and all the miscellany poems that have been published for twenty years past. I have read Mr Thomas Brown's works entire, and had the honour to be his intimate friend, who was universally allowed to be the greatest genius of his age.

UPON what foot I stand with the present chief reigning wits, their verses recommendatory, which they have commanded me to prefix before my book, will be more than a thousand witnesses. I am, and have been likewise particularly acquainted with Mr Charles Gildon, Mr Ward, Mr Dennis, that admirable critic and poet, and several others. Each of these eminent persons (I mean those who are still alive) have done me the honour to read this production five times over, with the strictest eye of friendly severity, and proposed some, altho' very few amendments; which I gratefully accepted, and do here publicly return my acknowledgment for so singular a favour.

AND I cannot conceal without ingratitude, the great assistance I have received from those two illustrious writers, Mr Ozell, and Capt. Stevens. These, and some others of distinguished eminence, in whose company I
have

have passed so many agreeable hours, as they have been the great refiners of our language, so it hath been my chief ambition to imitate them. Let the Popes, the Gays, the Arbuthnots, the Youngs, and the rest of that snarling brood, burst with envy at the praises we receive from the court and kingdom.

But to return from this digression.

The reader will find, that the following collection of polite expressions will easily incorporate with all subjects of genteel and fashionable life. Those which are proper for morning-tea will be equally useful at the same entertainment in the afternoon, even in the same company, only by shifting the several questions, answers, and replies into different hands, and such as are adapted to meals, will indifferently serve for dinners or suppers, only distinguishing between day-light and candle-light. By this method no diligent person, of a tolerable memory, can ever be at a loss.

It hath been my constant opinion, that every man who is intrusted by nature with any useful talent of the mind, is bound by all the ties of honour, and that justice which we all owe our country, to propose to himself some one illustrious action to be performed in his life for the public emolument: and I freely confess, that so grand, so important an enterprise, as I have undertaken, and executed to the best of my power, well deserved a much abler hand, as well as a liberal encouragement from the crown. However, I am bound so far to acquit myself as to declare, that I have often and most earnestly intreated several of my above-named friends, universally allowed to be of the first rank in wit and politeness, that they would undertake a work so honourable to themselves, and so beneficial to the kingdom: but so great was their modesty, that they all thought fit to excuse themselves, and impose the task on me; yet in so obliging a manner, and attended with such compliments on my poor qualifications, that I dare not repeat. And, at last, their intreaties, or rather their commands, added to that inviolable love I bear to the land, of my nativity, prevailed upon me to engage in so bold an attempt.

I may venture to affirm, without the least violation
 Vol. VII. 2 of

of modesty, that there is no man now alive, who hath by many degrees so just pretensions as myself to the highest encouragement from the *crown*, the *parliament*, and the *ministry*, towards bringing this work to its due perfection. I have been assured, that several great heroes of antiquity were worshipped as gods upon the merit of having civilized a fierce and barbarous people. It is manifest I could have no other intentions; and I dare appeal to my very enemies, if such a treatise as mine had been published some years ago, and with as much success as I am confident this will meet, I mean, by turning the thoughts of the whole nobility and gentry to the study and practice of polite conversation; whether such mean, stupid writers, as the *Craftsman* and his abettors, could have been able to corrupt the principles of so many hundred thousand subjects, as, to the thame and grief of every Whiggish, loyal, and true Protestant heart, it is too manifest they have done. For I desire the honest judicious reader to make one remark, that, after having exhausted the whole *in sickly pay-day* * (:f I may so call it) of politeness and refinement, and faithfully digested it into the following dialogues, there cannot be found one expression relating to politics; that the *ministry* is never mentioned, nor the word *king* above twice or thrice, and then only to the honour of his Majesty: so very cautious were our wiser ancestors in forming rules for conversation, as never to give offence to crowned heads, nor interfere with party-disputes in the state. And indeed, altho' there seems to be a close resemblance between the two words *politeness* and *politics*, yet no ideas are more inconsistent in their natures. However, to avoid all appearance of disaffection, I have taken care to enforce loyalty by an invincible argument, drawn from the very fountain of this noble science, in the following short terms, that ought to be writ in gold, *Must is for the King*: which uncontrollable maxim I took particular care of introducing in the first page of my book, thereby to instil early the best Protestant loyal notions into the minds of my readers. Neither is it merely my
OWN

* This word is spelt by Latinists, *Encyclopædia*; but the judicious author wisely prefers the polite reading before the pedantic.



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IF my favourable and gentle readers could possibly conceive the perpetual watchings, the numberless toils, the frequent risings in the night to set down several ingenious sentences, that I suddenly or accidentally recollected ; and which, without my utmost vigilance, had been irrecoverably lost for ever : if they would consider with what incredible diligence I daily and nightly attended at those houses where persons of both sexes, and of the most distinguished merit, used to meet and display their talents ; with what attention I listened to all their discourses, the better to retain them in my memory ; and then at proper seasons withdrew unobserved to enter them in my table-book. while the company little suspected what a noble work I had then in embryo : I say, if all these were known to the world, I think it would be no great presumption in me to expect, at a proper juncture, the public thanks of both houses of parliament, for the service and honour I have done to the whole nation by my single pen.

ALTHO' I have never been once charged with the least tincture of vanity, the reader will, I hope, give me leave to put an easy question, - What is become of all the King of Sweden's victories ? where are the fruits of them at this day ; or of what benefit will they be to posterity ? Were not many of his greatest actions owing, at least in part, to fortune ? were not all of them owing to the valour of his troops, as much as to his own conduct ? Could he have conquered the Polish King, or the Czar of Muscovy, with his single arm ? Far be it from me to envy or lessen the fame he hath acquired ; but at the same time, I will venture to say, without breach of modesty, that I, who have alone with this right hand subdued barbarism, rudeness, and rusticity ; who have established and fixed for ever the whole system of all true politeness and refinement in conversation, should think myself most inhumanely treated by my countrymen, and would accordingly resent it as the highest indignity, to be put on a level, in point of fame, in after ages, with Charles XII. late King of Sweden.

AND yet so incurable is the love of detraction, perhaps beyond what the charitable reader will easily believe, that I have been assured by more than one credible

dible person, how some of my enemies have industriously whispered about, that one Isaac Newton, an instrument-maker, formerly living near Leicester-fields, and afterwards a workman in the Mint at the Tower, might possibly pretend to vie with me for fame in future times. The man, it seems, was knighted, for making sun-dials better than others of his trade; and was thought to be a conjurer, because he knew how to draw lines and circles upon a slate, which no body could understand. But adieu to all noble attempts for endless renown, if the ghost of an obscure mechanic shall be raised up to enter into competition with me, only for his skill in making pot-hooks and hangers with a pencil, which many thousand accomplished gentlemen and ladies can perform as well with pen and ink upon a piece of paper, and in a manner as little intelligible as those of Sir Isaac.

My most ingenious friend already mentioned, Mr Colley Cibber, who does so much honour to the laurel crown, he deservedly wears, (as he hath often done to many imperial diadems placed on his head.) was pleased to tell me, that if my treatise were shaped into a comedy, the representation performed to advantage on our theatre, might very much contribute to the spreading of polite conversation among all persons of distinction thro' the whole kingdom.

I own the thought was ingenious, and my friend's intention good: but I cannot agree to his proposal; for Mr. Cibber himself allowed, that the subjects handled in my work being so numerous and extensive, it would be absolutely impossible for one, two, or even six comedies to contain them. From whence it will follow, that many admirable and essential rules for polite conversation must be omitted.

AND here let me do justice to my friend Mr Tibbalds, who plainly confessed before Mr Cibber himself, that such a project, as it would be a great diminution to my honour, so it would intolerably mangle my scheme, and thereby destroy the principal end at which I aimed, to form a complete body or system of this most useful science in all its parts. And therefore Mr Tibbalds, whose judgment was never disputed, chose rather to fall in with my proposal, mentioned before, of erecting public schools

schools and seminaries all over the kingdom, to instruct the young people of both sexes in this art, according to my rules, and in the method that I have laid down.

I shall conclude this long, but necessary introduction, with a request, or indeed rather a just and reasonable demand, from all lords, ladies, and gentlemen, that while they are entertaining and improving each other with those polite questions, answers, repartees, replies, and rejoinders, which I have with infinite labour and close application, during the space of thirty-six years, been collecting for their service and improvement, they shall, as an instance of gratitude, on every proper occasion, quote my name, after this, or the like manner: “Madam, as our Master Wagstaff says; My Lord, as our friend Wagstaff has it.” I do likewise expect, that all my pupils shall drink my health every day at dinner and supper during my life; and that they, or their posterity, shall continue the same ceremony to my *not inglorious memory*, after my decease, for ever.



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Col. He's just coming towards us. Talk of the devil —

Neverout comes up.

Col. How do you do, Tom?

Neverout. Never the better for you.

Col. I hope your're never the worse: but pray where's your manners? don't you see my Lord Sparkish?

Neverout. My Lord, I beg your Lordship's pardon.

Ld Sparkish. Tom, how is it, that you can't see the wood for trees? What wind blew you hither?

Neverout. Why, my Lord, it is an ill wind blows no body good; for it gives me the honour of seeing your Lordship.

Col. Tom, you must go with us to Lady Smart's to breakfast.

Neverout. Must! why, Colonel, must's for the King.

[Col. offering in jest to draw his sword.]

Col. Have you spoke with all your friends?

Neverout. Colonel, as you're stout, be merciful.

Ld Sparkish. Come, agree, agree; the law's costly.

[Col. taking his band from his belt.]

Col. Well, Tom, you are never the worse man to be afraid of me. Come along.

Neverout. What, do you think I was born in a wood, to be afraid of an owl?

I'll wait on you. I hope Miss Notable will be there; egad she's very handsome, and has wit at will.

Col. Why every one as they like, as the good woman said when she kifs'd her cow.

Lord Smart's house; they knock at the door; the Porter comes out.

Ld Sparkish. Pray, are you the porter?

Porter. Yes, for want of a better.

Ld Sparkish. Is your lady at home?

Porter. She was at home just now; but she's not gone out yet.

Nevercut. I warrant this rogue's tongue is well hung.

Lady

Lady Smart's antechamber.

Lady Smart, Lady Answerall, and Miss Notable at the tea table.

Lady Smart. My Lord, your Lordship's most humble servant.

Ld Sparkish. Madam, you spoke too late; I was your Ladyship's before.

Lady Smart. O! Colonel, are you here?

Col. As sure as you're there, Madam.

Lady Smart. Oh, Mr Neverout! What! such a man alive!

Neverout. Ay, Madam, alive, and alive like to be, at your Ladyship's service.

Lady Smart. Well, I'll get a knife, and nick it down that Mr Neverout came to our house. And pray what news, Mr Neverout?

Neverout. Why, Madam, Queen Elisabeth's dead.

Lady Smart. Well: Mr Neverout, I see you are no changeling.

Miss Notable comes in.

Neverout. Miss, your slave: I hope your early rising will do you no harm. I find you are but just come out of the cloath-market.

Miss. I always rise at eleven, whether it be day or no.

Col. Miss, I hope you are up for all day.

Miss. Yes, if I don't get a fall before night.

Col. Miss, I heard you were out of order; pray how are you now?

Miss. Pretty well, Colonel, I thank you:

Col. Pretty and well, Miss! that's two very good things.

Miss. I mean, I am better than I was.

Neverout. Why then, 'tis well you were sick.

Miss. What! Mr Neverout, you take me up before I'm down.

Lady Smart. Come let us leave off children's play, and go to push-pin.

Miss. [to Lady Smart.] Pray, Madam, give me some more sugar to my tea.

Col. Oh! Miss, you must needs be very good-humour'd, you love sweet things so well.

Neverout

Neverout. Stir it up with the spoon, Miss; for the deeper the sweeter.

Lady Smart. I assure you, Miss, the Colonel has made you a great compliment.

Miss. I am sorry for it; for I have heard say, complimenting is lying.

Lady Smart. [*to Ld Sparkish.*] My Lord, methinks the sight of you is good for sore eyes; if we had known of your coming, we would have strown rushes for you. How has your Lordship done this long time?

Col. Faith, Madam, he's bet^ter in health than in good conditions.

Ld Sparkish. Well; I see there's no worse friend than one brings from home with one; and I am not the first man has carried a rod to whip himself.

Neverout. Here's poor Miss has not a word to throw at a dog. Come, a penny for your thought.

Miss. It is not worth a farthing; for I was thinking of you.

Colonel rising up.

Lady Smart. Colonel, where are you going so soon? I hope you did not come to fetch fire.

Col. Madam, I must needs go home for half an hour.

Miss. Why Colonel, they say, the devil's at home.

Lady Anne. Well, but sit while you stay, 'tis as cheap sitting as standing.

Col. No Madam, while I'm standing I'm going.

Miss. Nay, let him go; I promise him we won't tear his cloaths to hold him.

Lady Smart. I suppose, Colonel, we keep you from better company, I mean only as to myself.

Col. Madam, I am all obedience.

Colonel sits down.

Lady Smart. Lord, Miss, how can you drink your tea so hot? sure your mouth's pav'd.

How do you like this tea, Colonel?

Col. Well enough, Madam; but methinks it is a little more-ish.

Lady Smart. Oh Colonel! I understand you, Betty, bring the canister: I have but very little of this tea left; but I don't love to make two wants of one; want
when



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salt, we were not afraid the rain would melt us. He, he, he. [Laughs.]

Col. It rain'd, and the sun shone at the same time.

Neverout. Why, then the devil was beating his wife behind the door with a shoulder of mutton. [Laughs.]

Col. A blind man would be glad to see that.

Lady Smart. Mr Neverout, methinks you stand in your own light.

Neverout. Ah! Madam, I have done so all my life.

Ld Sparkish. I'm sure he sits in mine. Pr'ythee, Tom, sit a little farther: I believe your father was no glazier.

L. dy Smart. Miss, dear girl, fill me out a dish of tea, for I'm very lazy.

Miss fills a dish of tea, sweetens it, and then tastes it.

Lady Smart. What, Miss, will you be my taster?

Miss. No, Madam; but they say 'tis an ill cook that can't lick her own fingers.

Neverout. Pray, Miss, fill me another.

Miss. Will you have it now, or stay till you get it?

Lady Smart. But, Colonel, they say you went to court last night very drunk: nay, I'm told for certain, you had been among the Philistines: no wonder the cat wink'd, when both her eyes were out.

Col. Indeed, Madam, that's a lie

Lady Answer. 'Tis better I should lie than you should lose your good manners: besides, I don't lie, I sit.

Neverout. O faith, Colonel, you must own you had a drop in your eye: when I left you, you were half-seas over.

Ld Sparkish. Well, I fear Lady Answerall can't live long, she has so much wit.

Neverout. No; she can't live, that's certain; but she may linger thirty or forty years.

Miss. Live long! ay, longer than a cat or a dog, or a better thing

Lady Answer. Oh! Miss, you must give your vardi too!

Ld Sparkish. Miss, shall I fill you another dish of tea?

Miss. Indeed, my Lord, I have drank enough.

Ld Sparkish. Come, it will do you more good than a month's fasting; here, take it.

Miss. No, I thank your Lordship; enough's as good as a feast.

Ld Sparkish. Well; but if you always say no, you'll never be married.

Lady Answ. Do, my Lord, give her a dish; for they say, maids will say no, and take it.

Ld Sparkish. Well; and I dare say, Miss is a maid in thought, word, and deed.

Nevercut. I would not take my oath of that.

Miss. Pray, Sir, speak for yourself.

Lady Smart. Fie, Miss; they say maids should be seen, and not heard.

Lady Answ. Good Miss, stir the fire, that the tea-kettle may boil.—You have done it very well; now it burns purely. Well, Miss, you'll have a chearful husband.

Miss. Indeed, your Ladyship could have stirred it much better.

Lady Answ. I know that very well, hussy; but I won't keep a dog and bark myself.

Neverout. What! you are sick, Miss.

Miss. Not at all; for her Ladyship meant you.

Neverout. Oh! faith, Miss, you are in lob's-pound; get out as you can.

Miss. I won't quarrel with my bread and butter for all that; I know when I'm well.

Lady Answ. Well; but Miss——

Neverout. Ah! dear Madam, let the matter fall; take pity on poor Miss; don't throw water on a drowned rat.

Miss. Indeed, Mr Neverout, you should be cut for the simples this morning: say a word more, and you had as good eat your nails.

Ld Sparkish. Pray, Miss, will you be so good as to favour us with a song?

Miss. Indeed, my Lord, I can't; for I have a great cold.

Col. Oh! Miss, they say all good singers have colds.

Ld Sparkish. Pray, Madam, does not Miss sing very well?

Lady Answ. She sings, as one may say, my Lord.

Miss. I hear Mr Neverout has a very good voice.

Col. Yes, Tom sings well, but his luck's naught.

278 · POLITE CONVERSATION.

Neverout. Faith, Colonel, you hit yourself a devilish box on the ear.

Col. Miss, will you take a pinch of snuff?

Miss. No, Colonel, you must know that I never take snuff but when I am angry.

Lady Answ. Yes, yes, she can take snuff, but she has never a box to put it in.

Miss. Pray, Colonel, let me see that box.

Col. Madam, there's never a C upon it.

Miss. May be there is, Colonel.

Col. Ay, but May-bees don't fly now, Miss.

Neverout. Colonel, why so hard upon poor Miss? Don't set your wit against a child. Miss, give me a blow, and I'll beat him.

Miss. So she pray'd me to tell you.

Ld Sparkish. Pray, my Lady Smart, what kin are you to Lord Pozz?

Lady Smart. Why, his grandmother and mine had four elbows.

Lady Answ. Well, methinks here's a silent meeting. Come, Miss, hold up your head, girl; there's money bid for you. [*Miss starts.*]

Miss. Lord, Madam, you frighten me out of my seven senses!

Ld Sparkish. Well, I must be going.

Lady Answ. I have seen hastier people than you stay all night.

Col. [*to Lady Smart.*] Tom Neverout and I are to leap to-morrow for a guinea.

Miss. I believe, Colonel, Mr Neverout can leap at a crust better than you.

Neverout. Miss, your tongue runs before your wit; nothing can tame you but a husband.

Miss. Peace! I think I hear the church-clock.

Neverout. Why, you know, as the fool thinks —

Lady Smart. Mr Neverout, your handkerchief's fallen.

Miss. Let him set his foot on it, that it may'nt fly in his face.

Neverout. Well, Miss —

Miss. Ay, ay ' many a one says well that thinks ill.

Neverout. Well, Miss, I'll think on this.

Miss. That's rhyme, if you take it in time.

Neverout.



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280 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Neverout. Methinks, Miss, I don't much like the colour of that riband.

Miss. Why then, Mr Neverout, do you see, if you don't much like it, you may look off of it.

Ld Sparkish. I don't doubt, Madam, but your Ladyship has heard that Sir John Brisk has got an employment at court.

Lady Smart. Yes, yes ; and I warrant he thinks himself no small fool now.

Neverout. Yet, Madam, I have heard some people take him for a wise man.

Lady Smart. Ay, ay ; some are wise, and some are otherwise.

Lady Answ. Do you know him, Mr Neverout ?

Neverout. Know him ! ay, as well as the beggar knows his dish.

Col. Well ; I can only say that he has better luck than honest folk : but pray, how came he to get this employment ?

Ld Sparkish. Why, by chance, as the man kill'd the devil.

Neverout. Why, Miss, you are in a brown study ; what's the matter ? Methinks you look like mum-chance, that was hang'd for saying nothing.

Miss. I'd have you to know, I scorn your words.

Neverout. Well ; but scornful dogs will eat dirty puddings.

Miss. Well ; my comfort is, your tongue is no slander. What ! you would not have one be always on the high grim ?

Neverout. Cry map-sticks, Madam ; no offence, I hope.

[*Lady Smart breaks a tea-cup.*]

Lady Answ. Lord, Madam ; how came you to break your cup ?

Lady Smart. I can't help it, if I would cry my eyes out.

Miss. Why, sell it, Madam, and buy a new one with some of the money.

Col. 'Tis a folly to cry for spilt milk.

Lady Smart. Why, if things did not break or wear out, how would tradesmen live ?

Miss. Well : I am very sick, if no body car'd for it.

[*She spits.*]

I shall die, for I can't spit from me.

Neverout.

Neverout. Come then, Miss, e'en make a die of it, and then we shall have a burying of our own.

Miss. The devil take you, Neverout, besides all small curses.

Lady Astor. Marry come up: what, plain Neverout! methinks you might have an M under your girdle, Miss.

Miss Smart. Well, well, naught's never in danger; I warrant, Miss will spit in her hand, and hold fast. **Colonel,** do you like this bisket?

Col. I'm like all fools; I love every thing that's good.

Lady Smart. Well, and isn't it pure good?

Col. 'Tis better than a worse.

Footman brings the Colonel a letter.

Lady Astor. I suppose, Colonel, that's a billetdoux from your mistress.

Col. Egad, I don't know whence it comes; but whoever writ it, writes a hand like a foot.

Miss. Well, you may make a secret of it, but we can spell, and put together.

Neverout. Miss, what spells b double izzard?

Miss. Buzzard in your teeth, Mr Neverout.

Lady Smart. Now you are up, Mr Neverout, will you do me the favour, to do me the kindness, to take off the tea-kettle?

Ed Sparkish. I wonder what makes these bells ring.

Lady Astor. Why, my Lord, I suppose, because they pull the ropes. [Here all laugh.]

Neverout plays with a tea cup.

Miss. Now a child would have cried half an hour before it would have found out such a pretty play-thing.

Lady Smart. Well said, Miss: I vow, Mr Neverout, the girl is too hard for you.

Neverout. Ay, Miss will say any thing but her prayers, and those she whistles.

Miss. Pray, Colonel, make me a present of that pretty penknife.

Lady Astor. Ay, Miss catch him at that and hang him.

Col. Not for the world, dear Miss; it will cut love.

Ld Sparkill. Colonel, you shall be married first, I was just going to say that.

Lady Smart. Well, but for all that, I can tell you who is a great admirer of Miss. Pray, Miss, how do you like Mr Spruce? I swear I have often seen him cast a sheep's eye out of a calf's head at you: deny it if you can.

Miss. Oh! Madam; all the world knows that Mr Spruce is a general lover.

Col. Come, Miss, 'tis too true to make a jest on.

[*Miss blushes.*]

Lady Answ. Well, however, blushing is some sign of grace.

Neverout. Miss says nothing; but I warrant she pays it off with thinking.

Miss. Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, you are pleas'd to divert yourselves; but, as I hope to be fav'd, there's nothing in it

Lady Smart. Touch a gall'd horse, and he'll wince: love will creep where it dare not go: I'd hold a hundred pound Mr Neverout was the inventor of that story; and, Colonel, I doubt you had a finger in the pye.

Lady Answ. But, Colonel, you forgot to salute Miss when you came in; she said you had not been here a long time

Miss. Fie. Madam! I vow, Colonel, I said no such thing; I wonder at your Ladyship.

Col. Miss, I beg your pardon.—

Goes to salute her, she struggles a little.

Miss. Well, I'd rather give a knave a kiss for once than be troubled with him; but, upon my word, you are more bold than welcome.

Lady Smart. Fie, fie, Miss! for shame of the world, and speech of good people.

Neverout to Miss, who is cooking her tea, and bread and butter.

Neverout. Come, come, Miss, make much of naught; good folks are scarce

Miss. What' and you must come in with your two eggs a penny, and three of them rotten.

Col.



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284 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Lady Answ. Yes, with good looking to.

Miss feels a pimple on her face.

Miss. Lord! I think my goodness is coming out. Madam, will your Ladyship please to lend me a patch?

Neverout. Miss, if you are a maid, put your hand upon your spot.

Miss. — There —

Covering her face with both her hands.

Lady Smart. Well, thou art a mad girl.

[Gives her a tap.

Miss. Lord, Madam, is that a blow to give a child?

Lady Smart lets fall her handkerchief, and the Colonel stoops for it.

Lady Smart. Colonel, you shall have a better office.

Col. Oh, Madam, I can't have a better than to serve your Ladyship.

[To Lady Answerall] Madam, has your Ladyship read the new play written by a Lord? It is call'd *Love in a hollow tree.*

Lady Answ. No, Colonel.

Col. Why, then your Ladyship has one pleasure to come.

Miss sighs.

Neverout. Pray, Miss, why do you sigh?

Miss. To make a fool ask, and you are the first.

Neverout. Why, Miss, I find there is nothing but a bit and a blow with you.

Lady Answ. Why, you must know that Miss is in love.

Miss. I wish my head may never ache till that day.

Ld Sparkish. Come, Miss, never sigh, but send for him.

Lady Smart and Lady Answerall speaking together. If he be hang'd, he'll come hopping; and if he be drown'd, he'll come drapping.

Miss. Well, I swear you'll make one die with laughing.

Miss.

Miss plays with a tea-cup, and Neverout with another.

Neverout. Well ; I see, one fool makes many.

Miss. And you are the greatest fool of any.

Neverout. Pray, Miss, will you be so kind to tie this string for me with your fair hands ? it will go all in your day's work.

Miss. Marry, come up, indeed ; tie it yourself, you have as many hands as I ; your man's man will have a fine office truly : come, pray, stand out of my spitting-place.

Neverout. Well ; but, Miss, don't be angry.

Miss. No ; I was never angry in my life but once, and then no body car'd for it ; so I resolv'd never to be angry again.

Neverout. Well ; but if you'll tie it, you shall never know what I'll do for you.

Miss. So I suppose, truly.

Neverout. Well ; but I'll make you a fine present one of these days.

Miss. Ay ; when the devil's blind, and his eyes are not fore yet.

Neverout. No, Miss, I'll send it you to-morrow.

Miss. Well, well : to-morrow's a new day ; but I suppose, you mean to-morrow come never.

Neverout. Oh ! 'tis the prettiest thing : I assure you there came but two of them over in three ships.

Miss. Would I could see it, quoth blind Hugh. But why did you not bring me a present of snuff this morning ?

Neverout. Because, Miss, you never asked me ; and 'tis an ill dog that's not worth whistling for.

Ld Sparkish: [to *Lady A-sw.*] Pray, Madam, how came your Ladyship last Thursday to go to that odious puppet-show ?

Col Why, to be sure, her Ladyship went to see, and to be seen.

Lady A-sw. You have made a fine speech, Colonel : pray, what will you take for your mouth-piece ?

Ld Sparkish. Take that, Colonel. But, pray, Madam, was my Lady Snuff there ? They say she's extremely handsome.

Lady

Lady Smart. They must not see with my eyes, that think so.

Neverout. She may pass muster well enough.

Lady Answ. Pray, how old do you take her to be?

Col. Why, about five or six and twenty.

Miss. I swear she's no chicken; she's on the wrong side of thirty, if she be a day.

Lady Answ. Depend upon it, she'll never see five and thirty, and a bit to spare.

Col. Why, they say, she's one of the chief toasts in town.

Lady Smart. Ay, when all the rest are out of it.

Miss. Well; I wou'd'nt be as sick as she's proud, for all the world.

Lady Answ. She looks, as if butter wou'd'nt melt in her mouth, but I warrant cheese won't choke her.

Neverout. I hear my Lord What d'ye call him is courting her.

Ld Sparkish. What Lord d'ye mean, Tom?

Miss. Why, my Lord, I suppose Mr Neverout means the Lord of the Lord knows what.

Col. They say she dances very fine.

Lady Answ. She did; but I doubt her dancing days are over.

Col. I can't pardon her for her rudeness to me.

Lady Smart. Well; but you must forget and forgive.

Footman comes in.

Lady Smart. Did you call Betty?

Footman. She's coming, Madam.

Lady Smart. Coming! ay, so is Christmas.

Betty comes in.

Lady Smart. Come, get ready my things. Where has the wench been these three hours?

Betty. Madam, I can't go faster than my legs will carry me.

Lady Smart. Ay, thou hast a head, and so has a pin. But, my Lord, all the town has it, that Miss Caper is to be married to Sir Peter Giball. One thing is certain, that she hath promis'd to have him.

Ld Sparkish. Why, Madam, you know, promises are either broken or kept.

Lady



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288 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Neverout. Why, then, there's some dirt in my tea-cup.

Miss. Come, come, the more there's in't, the more there's on't.

Lady Answ. Poh! you must eat a peck of dirt before you die.

Col. Ay, ay; it goes all one way.

Neverout. Pray, Miss, what's a clock?

Miss. Why, you must know, 'tis a thing like a bell, and you are a fool that can't tell.

Neverout. [*to Lady Answ.*] Pray, Madam, do you tell me; for I have let my watch run down,

Lady Answ. Why, 'tis half an hour past hanging-time.

Col. Well; I'm like the butcher that was looking for his knife, and had it in his mouth: I have been searching my pockets for my snuff box, and, egad, here it is in my hand.

Miss. If it had been a bear, it would have bit you, Colonel. Well, I wish I had such a snuff-box.

Neverout. You'll be long enough before you wish your skin full of eyelet-holes.

* *Col.* Wish in one hand——

Miss. Out upon you: Lord, what can the man mean?

Ld Sparks. This tea's very hot.

Lady Answ. Why, it came from a hot place, my Lord.

Colonel spills his tea.

Lady Smart. That's as well done as if I had done it myself.

Col. Madam, I find you live by ill neighbours, when you are forc'd to praise yourself.

Lady Smart. So they pray'd me to tell you.

Neverout. Well, I won't drink a drop more; if I do, 'twill go down like chopt hay.

Miss. Pray don't say no, till you are ask'd.

Neverout. Well, what you please, and the rest again.

Miss

* This sentence is remarkably characteristic and beautiful. By the first it appears, that Miss knew the rest; and by the latter, that in the same breath she laboured to conceal her knowledge. Hawkes.

Miss *scoping for a pin.*

Miss. I have heard 'em say, that a pin a-day is a groat a-year. Well, as I hope to be married, forgive me for swearing, I vow 'tis a needle.

Col. Oh! the wonderful works of nature, that a black hen should lay a white egg!

Neverout. What! you have found a mare's nest, and laugh at the eggs.

Miss. Pray keep your breath to cool your porridge.

Neverout. Miss, there was a very pleasant accident last night at St James's Park.

Miss [*to Lady Smart.*] What was it your Ladyship was going to say just now?

Neverout. Well, Miss; tell a mare a tale——

Miss. I find you love to hear yourself talk

Neverout. Why, if you won't hear my tale, kiss my, &c.

Miss. Out upon you for a filthy creature!

Neverout. What, Miss! must I tell you a story, and find you ears.

Ld Sparkish. [*to Lady Smart.*] Pray, Madam, don't you think Mrs Spendall very genteel?

Lady Smart. Why, my Lord, I think she was cut out for a gentlewoman, but she was spoil'd in the making: she wears her cloaths as if they were thrown on her with a pitch-fork; and, for the fashion, I believe they were made in the reign of Queen Bess

Neverout. Well, that's neither here nor there; for, you know, the more careless the more modish.

Col. Well, I'd hold a wager there will be a match between her and Dick Dolt: and I believe I can see as far into a milstone as another man.

Miss Colonel, I must beg your pardon a thousand times; but they say an old ape has an old eye.

Neverout. Miss, what do you mean! you'll spoil the Colonel's marriage, if you call him old.

Col. Not so old, nor yet so cold——You know the rest, Miss.

Miss. Manners is a fine thing, truly.

Col Faith, Miss, depend upon it, I'll give you as

good as you bring. What! if you give a jest, you must take a jest.

Lady Smart. Well, Mr Neverout, you'll ne'er have done till you break that knife, and then the man won't take it again.

Miss. Why, Madam, fools will be meddling; I wish he may cut his fingers. I hope you can see your own blood without fainting.

Neverout. Why, Miss, you shine this morning like a sh — n barn-door: you'll never hold out at this rate; pray save a little wit for to-morrow.

Miss. Well, you have said your say; if people will be rude, I have done: my comfort is, 'twill be all one a thousand year hence.

Neverout. Miss, you have shot your bolt: I find you must have the last word — Well, I'll go to the opera to night — No, I can't neither, for I have some business — and yet I think I must; for I promis'd to squire the Countess to her box.

Miss. The Countess of Puddledock, I suppose.

Neverout. Peace, or war, Miss?

Lady Smart. Well, Mr Neverout, you'll never be mad, you are of so many minds.

As Miss rises, the chair falls behind her.

Miss. Well; I shan't be Lady Mayoress this year.

Neverout. No, Miss, 'tis worse than that; you won't be married this year.

Miss. Lord! you make me laugh, tho' I an't well.

Neverout, as Miss is standing, pulls her suddenly on his lap.

Neverout. Now, Colonel, come, sit down on my lap; more sacks upon the mill.

Miss. Let me go: ar'n't you sorry for my heaviness?

Neverout. No, Miss; you are very light: but I don't say you are a light hussy. Pray take up the chair for your pains.

Miss. 'Tis but one body's labour; you may do it yourself: I wish you would be quiet; you have more tricks than a dancing bear.

Neverout



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292 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Neverout. Miss, I want that diamond ring of yours.

Miss. Why then, want's like to be your master.

Neverout looking at the ring.

Neverout. Ay. Marry, this is not only, but also; pray where did you get it?

Miss. Why, where 'twas to be had; where the devil got the friar.

Neverout. Well: if I had such a fine diamond ring, I wou'd'nt stay a day in England: but, you know, far-fetch'd and dear-bought is fit for ladies. I warrant, this co't your father twopence halfpenny.

Miss sitting between *Neverout* and the Colonel.

Miss. Well; here's a rose between two nettles.

Nevercut. No, Madam, with submission, here's a nettle between two roses.

Colonel stretching himself.

Lady Smart. Why, Colonel, you break the King's laws; you stretch without a halter.

Lady Answ. Colonel, some ladies of your acquaintance have promis'd to breakfast with you, and I am to wait on them; what will you give us?

Col. Why, faith, Madam, bachelors fare; bread and cheese, and kisses.

Lady Answ. Poh! what have you bachelors to do with your money, but to treat the ladies? you have nothing to keep but your own four quarters.

Lady Smart. My Lord, has Capt. Brag the honour to be related to your Lordship?

Ld Sparkish. Very nearly, Madam; he's my cousin-german quite remov'd.

Lady Answ. Pray is he not rich?

Ld Sparkish. Ay, a rich rogue, two shirts and a rag.

Col. Well, however, they say he has a great estate, but only the right owner keeps him out of it.

Lady Smart. What religion is he of?

Ld Sparkish. Why, he is an Anythingarian.

Lady Answ. I believe he has his religion to chuse, my Lord.

Neverout

Neverout scratches his neck.

Miss. Fie, Mr Neverout, ar'n't you ashamed! I beg pardon for the expression; but I'm afraid your bosom-friends are become your backbiters.

Neverout. Well, Miss, I saw a flea once on your pin-ner; and a louse is a man's companion, but a flea is a dog's companion. However, I wish you would scratch my neck with your pretty white hand.

Miss. And who would be fool then? I wou'd'nt touch a man's flesh for the universe. You have the wrong sow by the ear, I assure you; that's meat for your master.

Neverout. Miss Notable, all quarrels laid aside, pray step hither for a moment.

Miss. I'll wash my hands, and wait on you, Sir; but pray come hither, and try to open this lock.

Neverout. We'll try what we can do.

Miss. We!—what, have you pigs in your belly?

Neverout. Miss, I assure you, I am very handy at all things.

Miss. Marry, hang them that can't give themselves a good word: I believe you may have an even hand to throw a louse in the fire.

Col. Well, I must be plain; here's a very bad smell.

Miss. Perhaps, Colonel, the fox is the finder.

Neverout. No, Colonel; 'tis only your teeth against rain; but——

Miss. Colonel, I find you would make a very bad poor man's sow.

Colonel coughing.

Col. I have got a sad cold.

Lady Asfw. Ay: 'tis well if one can get any thing these hard times.

Miss. [to Col.] Choke, chicken, there's more a-hatching.

Lady Smart. Pray, Colonel, how did you get that cold?

Ld Sparkish. Why, Madam, I suppose the Colonel got it by lying a-bed barefoot.

Lady Answ. Why then, Colonel, you must take it for better for worse, as a man takes his wife.

Col. Well, ladies, I apprehend you without a constable.

Miss. Mr Neverout ! Mr Neverout ! come hither this moment.

Lady Smart. [*imitating her.*] Mr Neverout ! Mr Neverout ! I wish he were tied to your girdle.

Neverout. What's the matter ? whose mare's dead now ?

Miss. Take your labour for your pains ; you may go back again, like a fool as you came.

Neverout. Well, Miss, if you deceive me a second time, 'tis my fault.

Lady Smart. Colonel, methinks your coat is too short.

Col. It will be long enough before I get another, Madam.

Miss. Come, come ; the coat's a good coat, and come of good friends.

Neverout. Ladies, you are mistaken in the stuff ; 'tis half silk.

Col. Tom Neverout, you are a fool, and that's your fault.

A great noise below.

Lady Smart. Hey ! what a clattering is here ! one would think hell was broke loose.

Miss. Indeed, Madam, I must take my leave, for I a'n't well.

Lady Smart. What ! you are sick of the mulligrubs with eating chopt hay ?

Miss. No, indeed, Madam ; I'm sick and hungry, more need of a cook than a doctor.

Lady Answ. Poor Miss ! she's sick as a cushion, she wants nothing but stuffing.

Col. If you are sick, you shall have a caudle of calf's eggs.

Neverout. I can't find my gloves.

Miss. I saw the dog running away with some dirty thing a while ago.

Col. Miss, you have got my handkerchief ; pray, let me have it.

Lady



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296 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Miss. My Lord, that was more their goodness than my desert.

Ld Sparkish. They said, that you were a complete beauty.

Miss. My Lord, I am as God made me.

Lady Smart. The girl's well enough, if she had but another nose.

Miss. Oh! Madam, I know I shall always have your good word; you love to help a lame dog over the stile.

One knocks.

Lady Smart. Who's there? you're on the wrong side of the door; come in, if you be fat.

Colonel comes in again.

Ld Sparkish. Why, Colonel, you are a man of great business.

Co'. Ay, ay, my Lord, I'm like my Lord Mayor's fool, full of business, and nothing to do.

Lady Smart. My Lord, don't you think the Colonel's mightily fall'n away of late?

Ld Sparkish. Ay, fall'n from a horse-load to a cart-load.

Col. Why, my Lord, egad I am like a rabbit, fat and lean in four and twenty hours.

Lady Smart. I assure you the Colonel walks as strait as a pin.

Miss. Yes; he's a handsome-body'd man in the face.

Neverout. A handsome foot and leg: God-a mercy shoe and stocking!

Col. What! three upon one! that's foul play: this would make a parson swear.

Neverout. Why, Miss, what's the matter? you look as if you had neither won nor lost.

Col. Why, you must know, Miss lives upon love.

Miss. Yes, upon love and lumps of the cupboard.

Lady Answ. Ay; they say love and pease-porridge are two dangerous things; one breaks the heart, and the other the belly.

Miss. [*imitating Lady Answerall's tone.*] Very pretty! one breaks the heart, and the other the belly.

Lady

Lady Answ. Have a care; they say, mocking is catching.

Miss. I never heard that.

Neverout. Why, then, Miss, you have a wrinkle—more than ever you had before.

Miss. Well; live and learn.

Neverout. Ay; and be hang'd, and forget all.

Miss. Well, Mr Neverout, take it as you please; but I swear, you are a faucy jack to use such expressions.

Neverout. Why, then, Miss, if you go to that, I must tell you there's ne'er a jack but there's a jill.

Miss. Oh! Mr Neverout, every body knows that you are the pink of courtesy.

Neverout. And, Miss, all the world allows, that you are the flower of civility.

Lady Smart. Miss, I hear there was a great deal of company where you visited last night: pray, who were they?

Miss. Why, there was old Lady Forward, Miss To-and-again, Sir John Ogle, my Lady Clapper, and I, quoth the dog.

Col. Was your visit long, Miss?

Miss. Why, truly, they went all to the opera; and so poor Pilgarlic came home alone.

Neverout. Alack-a-day, poor Miss! methinks it grieves me to pity you.

Miss. What! you think you said a fine thing now; well, if I had a dog with no more wit, I would hang him.

Ld Sparkish. Miss, if it is manners, may I ask which is oldest, you or Lady Scuttle?

Miss. Why, my Lord, when I die for age, she may quake for fear.

Lady Smart. She's a very great gadder abroad.

Lady Answ. Lord! she made me follow her last week thro' all the shops like a Tantiny pig*.

Lady Smart. I remember you told me, you had been with her from Dan to Bersheba.

Colonel

* St Anthony's pig. It being fabled of St Anthony the hermit that he wrought a miraculous cure on an hog, it became a custom in several places to tie a bell about the neck of a pig, and maintain it at the common charge in honour to his memory. Hence the proverb, *To follow like a Tantiny-pig.* Hawkes.

Colonel Spits.

Col. Lord! I shall die; I cannot spit from me.

Miss. Oh! Mr Neverout, my little Countess has just litter'd; speak me fair, and I'll set you down for a puppy.

Neverout. Why, Miss, if I speak you fair, perhaps I mayn't tell truth.

Ld Sparkish. Ay, but Tom, smother that, she calls you puppy by craft.

Neverout. Well, Miss, you ride the fore-horse to-day.

Miss. Ay, many one says well, that thinks ill.

Neverout. Fie, Miss; you said that once before; and, you know, too much of one thing is good for nothing.

Miss. Why, sure, we can't say a good thing too often.

Ld Sparkish. Well, so much for that, and butter for fish; let us call another cause. Pray, Madam, does your Ladyship know Mrs Nice?

Lady Smart. Perfectly well, my Lord; she's nice by name, and nice by nature.

Ld Sparkish. Is it possible she could take that booby Tom Blunder for love?

Miss. She had good skill in horse-flesh, that could chuse a goose to ride on.

Lady Answ. Why, my Lord, 'twas her fate; they say marriage and hanging go by destiny.

Col. I believe she'll never be burnt for a witch.

Ld Sparkish. They say marriages are made in heaven; but I doubt, when she was married, she had no friend there.

Neverout. Well, she's got out of God's blessing into the warm sun.

Col. The fellow's well enough, if he had any guts in his brains.

Lady Smart. They say, thereby hangs a tale.

Ld Sparkish. Why, he's a mere hobbledohoy, neither a man nor a boy.

Miss. Well, if I were to chuse a husband, I would never be married to a little man.

Neverout. Pray, why so, Miss? for they say, of all the evils we ought to chuse the least.

Miss.



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Ld Sparkish. Strait! ay, strait as my leg, and that's crooked at knee.

Neverout. Faith, Madam, if it rain'd rich widows, none of them would fall upon me. Egad, I was born under a threepenny planet, never to be worth a groat.

Lady Answ. No, Mr Neverout; I believe you were born with a caul on your head; you are such a favourite among the ladies. But what think you of widow Prim? she's immensely rich.

Neverout. Hang her! they say her father was a baker.

Lady Smart. Ay; but it is not, What is she? but, What has she? now-a-days.

Col. Tom, faith, put on a bold face for once, and have at the widow. I'll speak a good word for you to her.

Lady Answ. Ay; I warrant you'll speak one word for him, and two for yourself.

Miss. Well; I had that at my tongue's end.

Lady Answ. Why, Miss, they say, good wits jump.

Neverout. Faith, Madam, I had rather marry a woman I lov'd, in her smock, than widow Prim, if she had her weight in gold.

Lady Smart. Come, come, Mr Neverout, marriage is honourable, but house-keeping is a shrew.

Lady Answ. Consider, Mr Neverout, four bare legs in a bed; and you are a younger brother.

Col. Well, Madam; the younger brother is the better gentleman. However, Tom, I would advise you to look before you leap.

Ld Sparkish. The Colonel says true; besides, you can't expect to wive and thrive in the same year.

Miss [*shuddering.*] Lord! there's somebody walking over my grave.

Col. Pray, Lady Answerall, where was you last Wednesday, when I did myself the honour to wait on you? I think your Ladyship is one of the tribe of Gad.

Lady Answ. Why, Colonel, I was at church.

Col. Nay, then will I be hang'd, and my horse too.

Neverout. I believe her Ladyship was at a church with a chimney in it.

Miss.

Miss. Lord, my petticoat! how it hangs by jommetry!

Neverout. Perhaps the fault may be in your shape.

Miss. [looking gravely] Come, Mr Neverout, there's no jest like the true jest; but I suppose you think my back's broad enough to bear every thing.

Neverout. Madam, I humbly beg your pardon.

Miss. Well, Sir, your pardon's granted.

Neverout. Well, all things have an end, and a pudden has two, up up on me my-my word. [Stutters.]

Miss. What! Mr Neverout, can't you speak without a spoon?

Ld Sparkish. [to Lady Smart.] Has your Ladyship seen the Duchefs since your falling out?

Lady Smart. Never, my Lord, but once at a visit; and she look'd at me as the devil look'd over Lincoln.

Neverout. Pray, Miss, take a pinch of my snuff.

Miss. What! you break my head, and give me a plaister; well, with all my heart; once, and not use it.

Neverout. Well, Miss; if you wanted me and your vittuals, you'd want your two best friends.

Col. [to Neverout.] Tom, Miss and you must kiss and be friends.

Neverout salutes Miss.

Miss. Any thing for a quiet life: my nose itch'd, and I knew I should drink wine, or kiss a fool.

Col. Well, Tom, if that ben't fair, hang fair.

Neverout. I never said a rude thing to a lady in my life.

Miss. Here's a pin for that lie; I'm sure liars had need have good memories. Pray, Colonel, was not he very uncivil to me but just now?

Lady Answ. Mr Neverout, if Miss will be angry for nothing, take my counsel, and bid her turn the buckle of her girdle behind her.

Neverout. Come, Lady Answerall, I know better things; Miss and I are good friends; don't put tricks upon travellers.

Col. Tom, not a word of the pudden, I beg you.

Lady Smart. Ah, Colonel! you'll never be good, nor then neither.

Ld Sparkish. Which of the good's d'ye mean? good for something, or good for nothing?

Mis. I have a blister on my tongue; yet I don't remember I told a lie.

Lady Answ. I thought you did just now.

Ld Sparkish. Pray, Madam, what did thought do?

Lady Answ. Well, for my life, I cannot conceive what your Lordship means.

Ld Sparkish. Indeed, Madam, I mean no harm.

Lady Smart. No, to be sure, my Lord! you are as innocent as a devil of two years old.

Neverout. Madam, they say, ill doers are ill deemers; but I don't apply it to your Ladyship.

Mis mending a hole in her lace.

Mis. Well, you see, I'm mending; I hope I shall be good in time; look, Lady Answerall, is it not well mended?

Lady Answ. Ay, this is something like a tansy.

Neverout. Faith, Miss, you have mended it as a tinker mends a kettle; stop one hole, and make two.

Lady Smart. Pray, Colonel, are you not very much tann'd?

Col. Yes, Madam; but a cup of Christmas ale will soon wash it off.

Ld Sparkish. Lady Smart, does not your Ladyship think Mrs Fade is mightily alter'd since her marriage?

Lady Answ. Why, my Lord, she was handsome in her time; but she cannot eat her cake and have her cake: I hear she's grown a mereotomy.

Lady Smart. Poor creature! the black ox has set his foot upon her already.

Mis. Ay; she has quite lost the blue on the plum.

Lady Smart. And yet, they say, her husband is very fond of her still.

Lady Answ. Oh! Madam; if she would eat gold, he would give it her.

* *Neverout.* [to Lady Smart.] Madam, have you heard, that Lady Queasy was lately at the playhouse *incog*?

Lady Smart. What! Lady Queasy of all women in the world! Do you say it upon rep?

Neverout. Poz, I saw her with my own eyes; she sat among

* Here the author, for variety, runs into some cant words.



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304 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Col. Look ! egad; he look'd for all the world like an owl in an ivy-bush.

A child comes in screaming.

Miss. Well, if that child was mine, I'd whip it till the blood came ; peace, you little vixen ! if I were near you, I would not be far from you.

Lady Smart. Ay, ay ; bachelors wives and maids children are finely tutor'd.

Lady Answ. Come to me, Master ; and I'll give you a sugar-plum. Why, Miss, you forget that ever you was a child yourself. [*She gives the child a lump of sugar.*] I have heard 'em say, boys will long.

Col. My Lord, I suppose you know that Mr Buzzard has married again ?

Lady Smart. This is his fourth wife ; then he has been shod round.

Col. Why, you must know, she had a month's mind to Dick Frontless, and thought to run away with him ; but her parents forc'd her to take the old fellow for a good settlement.

Ld Sparkish. So the man got his mare again.

Lady Smart. I'm told he said a very good thing to Dick ; said he, You think us old fellows are fools ; but we old fellows know young fellows are fools.

Col. I know nothing of that ; but I know, he's devilish old, and she's very young.

Lady Answ. Why, they call that a match of the world's making.

Miss. What if he had been young, and she old ?

Neverout. Why, Miss, that would have been a match of the devil's making ; but when both are young, that's a match of God's making.

Miss searching her pockets for a thimble, brings out a nutmeg.

Neverout. Oh ! Miss, have a care ; for if you carry a nutmeg in your pocket, you'll certainly be married to an old man.

Miss. Well, and if I ever be married, it shall be to an old man ; they always make the best husbands ; and it is better to be an old man's darling, than a young man's warling.

Neverout.

Neverout. Faith, Miss, if you speak as you think, I'll give you my mother for a maid.

Lady Smart rings the bell.

Footman comes in.

Lady Smart. Harkee, you fellow ; run to my Lady Match, and desire she will remember to be here at six, to play at quadrille : d'ye hear ? if you fall by the way, don't stay to get up again.

Footman. Madam, I don't know the house.

Lady Smart. That's not for want of ignorance ; follow your nose ; go, inquire among the servants.

Footman goes out, and leaves the door open.

Lady Smart. Here, come back, you fellow ; why did you leave the door open ? Remember, that a good servant must always come when he's call'd, do what he's bid, and shut the door after him.

The Footman goes out again, and falls down stairs.

Lady Answ. Neck or nothing ; come down, or I'll fetch you down : well, but I hope the poor fellow has not sav'd the hangman a labour.

Neverout. Pray, Madam, smoke Miss's yonder biting her lips, and playing with her fan.

Miss. Who's that takes my name in vain ?

She runs up to them, and falls down.

Lady Smart. What, more falling ! do you intend the frolic should go round ?

Lady Answ. Why, Miss, I wish you may not have broke her Ladyship's floor.

Neverout. Miss, come to me, and I'll take you up.

Ld Sparkish. Well, but without a jest, I hope, Miss, you are not hurt.

Col. Nay, she must be hurt for, certain ; for you see her head is all of a lump.

Miss. Well, remember this, Colonel, when I have money, and you have none.

Lady Smart. But, Colonel, when do you design to get a house, and a wife, and a fire to put her in.

306 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Miss. Lord ! who would be married to a soldier, and carry his knapsack ?

Nevercut. Oh, Madam ; Mars and Venus, you know.

Cl. Egad, Madam, I'd marry to-morrow, if I thought I could bury my wife just when the honey moon is over ; but they say a woman has as many lives as a cat.

Lady Answ. I find, the Colonel thinks a dead wife under the table is the best goods in a man's house.

Lady Smart. O but, Colonel, if you had a good wife, it would break your heart to part with her.

Col. Yes, Madam ; for they say, he that has lost his wife and sixpence, has lost a tester.

Lady Smart. But, Colonel, they say, that every married man should believe there's but one good wife in the world, and that's his own.

Col. For all that, I doubt, a good wife must be bespoke ; for there's none ready made.

Miss. I suppose, the gentleman's a woman-hater ; but, Sir, I think you ought to remember, that you had a mother : and pray, if it had not been for a woman, where would you have been, Colonel ?

Col. Nay, Miss, you cry'd whore first, when you talk'd of the knapsack.

Lady An. But I hope you won't blame the whole sex, because some are bad.

Nevercut. And they say, he that hates woman, suck'd a sow.

Col. Oh ! Madam ; there's no general rule without an exception.

Lady Smart. Then, why don't you marry and settle ?

Col. Egad, Madam, there's nothing will settle me but a bullet.

Ld Sparkish. Well, Colonel, there's one comfort, that you need not fear a cannon-bullet.

Col. Why so my Lord ?

Ld Sparkish. Because they say, he was curs'd in his mother's belly, that was kill'd by a cannon-bullet.

Miss. I suppose, the Colonel was cross'd in his first love, which makes him so severe on all the sex.

Lady Answ. Yes ; and I'll hold a hundred to one, that the Colonel has been over head and ears in love with some lady that has made his heart ake.

Col.



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Neverout. Faith, Madam, all he gets by her, he may put it into his eye, and see never the worse.

Miss. Then, I believe, he heartily wishes her in Abraham's bosom.

Col. Pray, my Lord, how does Charles Limber and his fine wife agree?

Ld Sparkish. Why, they say, he's the greatest cuckold in town.

Neverout. Oh! but, my Lord, you should always except my Lord Mayor.

Miss. Mr Neverout!

Neverout. Hay, Madam, did you call me?

Miss. Hay; why, hay is for horses.

Neverout. Why, Miss, then you may kifs——

Col. Pray, my Lord, what's a clock by your oracle?

Ld Sparkish. Faith, I can't tell, I think my watch runs upon wheels.

Neverout. Miss, pray be so kind to call a servant to bring me a glass of small beer: I know you are at home here.

Miss. Every fool can do as they're bid. Make a page of your own age, and do it yourself.

Neverout. Chuse, proud fool; I did but ask you.

Miss puts her hand upon her knee.

Neverout. What! Miss, are you thinking of your sweet-heart? is your garter slipping down?

Miss. Pray, Mr Neverout, keep your breath to cool your porridge; you measure my corn by your bushel.

Neverout. Indeed, Miss, you lie——

Miss. Did you ever hear any thing so rude?

Neverout. I mean, you lie——under a mistake.

Miss. If a thousand lies could choke you, you would have been choked many a day ago.

Miss strives to snatch Neverout's snuff-box.

Neverout. Madam, you missed that, as you miss'd your mother's blessing.

She tries again, and misses.

Neverout. Snap short makes you look so lean, Miss.

Miss. Poh! you are so robustious, you had like to put

put out my eye; I assure you, if you blind me, you must lead me.

Lady Smart. Dear Miss, be quiet; and bring me a pincushion out of that closet.

Miss opens the closet-door, and squalls.

Lady Smart. Lord bless the girl! what's the matter now?

Miss. I vow, Madam, I saw something in black; I thought it was a spirit.

Col. Why, Miss, did you ever see a spirit?

Miss. No, Sir; I thank God, I never saw any thing worse than myself.

Neverout. Well, I did a very foolish thing yesterday, and was a great puppy for my pains.

Miss. Very likely; for they say, many a true word's spoke in jest.

Footman returns.

Lady Smart. Well, did you deliver your message? you are fit to be sent for sorrow, you stay so long by the way.

Footman. Madam, my Lady was not at home, so I did not leave the message.

Lady Smart. This it is to send a fool of an errand.

Ld Sparkish. [looking at his watch.] 'Tis past twelve a clock.

Lady Smart. Well, what is that among all us?

Ld Sparkish. Madam, I must take my leave: come, Gentlemen, are you for a march?

Lady Smart. Well, but your Lordship and the Colonel will dine with us to day; and, Mr Neverout, I hope we shall have your good company: there will be no soul else, besides my own Lord and these ladies; for every body knows, I hate a croud; I would rather want vittles than elbow-room: we dine punctually at three.

Ld Sparkish. Madam, we'll be sure to attend your Ladyship.

C. I. Madam, my stomach serves me instead of a clock.

Another footman comes back.

Lady Smart. Oh! you are the t'other fellow I sent: well,

well, have you been with my Lady Club? you are good to send of a dead man's errand.

Footman. Madam, my Lady Club begs your Ladyship's pardon; but she is engaged to-night.

Miss. Well, Mr Neverout, here's the back of my hand to you.

Neverout. Miss, I find, you will have the last word. Ladies, I am more yours than my own.

DIALOGUE II.

Lord Smart, and the former company at three o'clock coming to dine.

After salutations.

Ld Smart. I'M sorry I was not at home this morning, when you all did us the honour to call here: but I went to the levee to day.

Ld Sparkish. Oh! my Lord; I'm sure the loss was ours.

Lady Smart. Gentlemen and Ladies, you are come to a sad dirty house; I am sorry for it, but we have had our hands in mortar.

Ld Sparkish. Oh! Madam; your Ladyship is pleased to say so; but I never saw any thing so clean and so fine; I profess it is a perfect paradise.

Lady Smart. My Lord, your Lordship is always very obliging.

Ld Sparkish. Pray, Madam, whose picture is that?

Lady Smart. Why, my Lord, it was drawn for me.

Ld Sparkish. I'll swear the painter did not flatter your Ladyship.

Col. My Lord, the day is finely clear'd up.

Ld Smart. Ay, Colonel; 'tis a pity that fair weather should ever do any harm. [*To Neverout.*] Why, Tom, you are high in the mode.

Neverout. My Lord, it is better to be out of the world than out of the fashion.

Ld Smart. But, Tom, I hear you and Miss are always quarrelling. I fear it is your fault; for I can assure you, she is very good humour'd.

Neverout.



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meat, for we leave nothing to the poor; and they are an ungodly meat, because we never say grace.

Neverout. Faith, that's as well said, as if I had said it myself.

Lady Smart. Well, we are well set, if we be but as well serv'd. Come, Colonel, handle your arms: shall I help you to some beef?

Col. If your Ladyship please: and, pray, don't cut like a mother-in-law, but send me a large slice; for I love to lay a good foundation. I vow, 'tis a noble fir-loin.

Neverout. Ay; here's cut and come again.

Miss. But, pray, why is it called a fir-loin?

Ld Smart. Why, you must know, that our King James I. who loved good eating, being invited to dinner by one of his nobles, and seeing a large loin of beef at his table, he drew out his sword, and in a frolic knighted it. Few people know the secret of this.

Ld Sparkish. Beef is man's meat, my Lord.

Ld Smart. But, my Lord, I say, beef is the king of meat.

Miss. Pray, what have I done, that I must not have a plate?

Lady Smart. [to *Lady Answerall.*] What will your Ladyship please to eat?

Lady Answ. Pray, Madam, help yourself.

Col. They say, eating and scratching wants but a beginning: if you'll give me leave, I'll help myself to a slice of this shoulder of veal.

Lady Smart. Colonel, you can't do a kinder thing: well, you are all heartily welcome, as I may say.

Col. They say, there are thirty and two good bits in a shoulder of veal.

Lady Smart. Ay, Colonel; thirty bad bits, and two good ones: you see I understand you; but I hope you have got one of the two good ones.

Neverout. Colonel, I'll be of your mefs.

Col. Then pray, Tom, carve for yourself: they say, two hands in a dish, and one in a purse. Hah! said I well, Tom?

Neverout. Colonel, you spoke like an oracle.

Miss.

Miss. [to *Lady Answerall.*] Madam, will your Ladyship help me to some fish?

Ld Smart. [to *Neverout.*] Tom, they say fish should swim thrice.

Neverout. How is that, my Lord?

Ld Smart. Why, Tom, first it should swim in the sea, (do you mind me?); then it should swim in butter; and at last, sirrah, it should swim in good claret. I think I have made it out.

Footman. [to *Lord Smart.*] My Lord, Sir John Linger is coming up.

Ld Smart. God so! I invited him to dine with me to-day, and forgot it: well, desire him to walk in.

Sir John Linger comes in.

Sir John. What! are you at it? why, then, I'll be gone.

Lady Smart. Sir John, I beg you will sit down; come, the more the merrier.

Sir John. Ay; but the fewer the better cheer.

Lady Smart. Well, I am the worst in the world at making apologies; it was my Lord's fault. I doubt you must kiss the hare's foot.

Sir John. I see you are fast by the teeth.

Col. Faith, Sir John, we are killing that, that would kill us.

Ld Sparkish. You see, Sir John, we are upon a business of life and death: come, will you do as we do? you are come in pudding time.

Sir John. Ay; this would be doing if I were dead. What! you keep court-hours I see: I'll be going, and get a bit of meat at my inn.

Lady Smart. Why, we won't eat you, Sir John.

Sir John. It is my own fault; but I was kept by a fellow, who bought some Derbyshire oxen of me.

Neverout. You see, Sir John, we staid for you as one horse does for another.

Lady Smart. My Lord, will you help Sir John to some beef? Lady Answerall, pray eat, you see your dinner. I am sure, if we had known we should have such good company, we should have been better provided;

314 POLITE CONVERSATION.

vided ; but you must take the will for the deed. I'm afraid you are invited to your loss.

Col. And pray, Sir John, how do you like the town? you have been absent a long time.

Sir John. Why, I find little London stands just where it did when I left it last.

Nevercut. What do you think of Hanover-square? Why, Sir Sohn, London is gone out of town since you saw it.

Lady Smart. Sir John, I can only say, you are heartily welcome; and I wish I had something better for you.

Col. Here's no salt; cuckolds will run away with the meat.

Lt Smart. Pray edge a little, to make more room for Sir John. Sir John, fall to; you know, half an hour is soon lost at dinner.

Sir John. I protest I can't eat a bit; for I took share of a beef-stake and two mugs of ale with my chapman, besides a tankard of March beer, as soon as I got out of my bed.

Lady Answ. Not fresh and fasting, I hope?

Sir John. Yes, faith, Madam; I always wash my kettle, before I put the meat in it.

Lady Smart. Poh! Sir John, you have seen nine houses since you eat last; come, you have kept a corner of your stomach for a piece of venison-pasty.

Sir John. Well, I'll try what I can do when it comes up.

Lady Answ. Come, Sir John, you may go farther, and fare worse.

Miss. [to *Nevercut.*] Pray, Mr *Nevercut*, will you please to send me a piece of tongue?

Nevercut. By no means, Madam; one tongue's enough for a woman.

Col. Miss, here's a tongue that never told a lie.

Miss. That was, because it could not speak. Why, Colonel, I never told a lie in my life.

Nevercut. I appeal to all the company, whether that be not the greatest lie that ever was told.

Col. [to *Nevercut*] Pr'ythee, Tom, send me the two legs,



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318 POLITE CONVERSATION.

thing as good small beer, good brown bread, or a good old woman.

Lady Smart. [to *Lady Answ.*] Madam, I beg your Ladyship's pardon; I did not see you when I was cutting that bit.

Lady Answ. Oh! Madam; after you is good manners.

Lady Smart. Lord! here's a hair in the sauce.

Ld Sparkish. Then set the hounds after it.

Nevercut. Pray, Colonel, help me however to some of that same sauce.

Col. Come; I think you are more sauce than pig.

Ld Smart. Sir John, cheer up; my service to you. Well, what do you think of the world to come?

Sir John. Truly, my Lord, I think of it as little as I can.

Lady Smart. [putting a skewer on a plate.] Here, take this skewer, and carry it down to the cook to dress it for her own dinner.

Nevercut. I beg your Ladyship's pardon; but this small beer is dead.

Lady Smart. Why then, let it be bury'd.

Col. This is admirable black pudden: Miss, shall I carve you some? I can just carve pudden, and that's all: I am the worst carver in the world; I should never make a good chaplain.

Miss. No, thank ye, Colonel; for they say, those that eat black pudden will dream of the devil.

Ld Smart. O, here comes the venison-pasty: here, take the soupe away.

Ld Smart. [He cuts it up, and tastes the venison.] 'Sbuds, this venison is musty.

Nevercut eats a piece, and it burns his mouth.

Ld Smart. What's the matter, Tom? you have tears in your eyes, I think: what dost cry for, man?

Nevercut. My Lord, I was just thinking of my poor grandmother; she died just this very day seven years.

Miss takes a bit, and burns her mouth.

Nevercut. And pray, Miss, why do you cry too?

Miss. Because you were not hanged the day your grandmother died.

Ld Smart. I'd have given forty pounds, Miss, to have said that.

Col. Egad, I think the more I eat the hungrier I am.

Ld Sparkish. Why, Colonel, they say one shoulder of mutton drives down another.

Neverout. Egad, if I were to fast for my life, I would take a good breakfast in the morning, a good dinner at noon, and a good supper at night.

Ld Sparkish. My Lord, this venison is plaguily pepper'd; your cook has a heavy hand.

Ld Smart. My Lord, I hope you are pepper-proof: come, here's a health to the founders.

Lady Smart. Ay; and to the confounders too.

Ld Smart. Lady Answerall, does not your Ladyship love venison?

Lady Answ. No, my Lord, I can't endure it in my sight; therefore please to send me a good piece of meat and crust.

Ld Sparkish. [*drinks to Neverout.*] Come, Tom; not always to my friends, but once to you.

Neverout. [*drinks to Lady Smart.*] Come, Madam; here's a health to our friends, and hang the rest of our kin.

Lady Smart. [*to Lady Answerall.*] Madam, will your Ladyship have any of this hare?

Lady Answ. No, Madam; they say 'tis melancholy meat.

Lady Smart. Then, Madam, shall I send you the brains? I beg your Ladyship's pardon; for they say 'tis not good manners to offer brains.

Lady Answ. No, Madam; for perhaps it will make me hair-brain'd.

Neverout. Miss, I must tell you one thing.

Miss. [*with a glass in her hand.*] Hold your tongue, Mr Neverout; don't speak in my tip.

Col. Well, he was an ingenious man that first found out eating and drinking.

Ld Sparkish. Of all vittles drink digests the quickest: give me a glass of wine.

Neverout. My Lord, your wine is too strong.

Ld Smart. Ay, Tom; as much as you are too good.

Miss.

320 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Miss. This almond pudden was pure good ; but it is grown quite cold.

Neverout. So much the better, Miss ; cold pudden will settle your love.

Miss. Pray, Mr Neverout, are you going to take a voyage ?

Neverout. Why do you ask, Miss ?

Miss. Because you have laid in so much beef.

Sir John. You two have eat up the whole pudden betwixt you.

Miss. Sir John, here's a little bit left ; will you please to have it ?

Sir John. No, thankee ; I don't love to make a fool of my mouth.

Col. [*calling to the butler.*] John, is your small beer good ?

Butler. An please your Honour, my Lord and Lady like it ; I think it is good.

Col. Why then, John, d'ye see ? if you are sure your small beer is good, d'ye mark ? then give me a glass of wine. [*All laugh.*]

Colonel tasting the wine.

Ld Smart. Sir John, how does your neighbour Gatherall of the Peak ? I hear he has lately made a purchase.

Sir John. Oh, Dick Gatherall knows how to butter his bread as well as any man in Derbyshire.

Ld Smart. Why, he us'd to go very fine when he was here in town.

Sir John. Ay ; and it became him, as a saddle becomes a sow.

Col. I know his lady, and I think she is a very good woman.

Sir John. Faith, she has more goodness in her little finger than he has in his whole body.

Ld Smart. Weil, Colonel, how do you like that wine ?

Col. This wine should be eaten ; it is too good to be drunk.

Ld Smart. I'm very glad you like it ; and pray don't spare it.

Col.



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Neverout. Well, I'm very dry.

Miss. Then you're the better to burn, and the worse to fry.

Lady Anfw. God bless you, Colonel; you have a good stroke with you.

Col. O Madam, formerly I could eat all, but now I leave nothing: I eat but one meal a-day.

Miss. What! I suppose, Colonel, that is from morn-
ing till night.

Neverout. Faith, Miss; and well was his wont.

Ld Smart. Pray, Lady Answerall, taste this bit of venison.

Lady Anfw. I hope your Lordship will set me a good example.

Ld Smart. Here's a glass of cyder fill'd: Miss, you must drink it.

Miss. Indeed, my Lord, I can't.

Neverout. Come, Miss; better belly burst, than good liquor be lost.

Miss. Pish! well, in life there was never any thing so teasing; I had rather shed it in my shoes. I wish it were in your guts, for my share.

Ld Smart. Mr Neverout, you han't tasted my cyder yet.

Neverout. No, my Lord; I have been just eating soupe; and they say, if one drink with one's porridge, one will cough in one's grave.

Ld Smart. Come, take Miss's glass, she wish'd it was in your guts; let her have her wish for once: ladies can't abide to have their inclinations cross'd.

Lady Smart. [to Sir John.] I think, Sir John, you have not tasted the venison yet.

Sir John. I seldom eat it, Madam; however, please to send me a little of the crust.

Ld Sparkish. Why, Sir John, you had as good eat the devil, as the broth he is boil'd in.

Col. Well, this eating and drinking takes away a body's stomach, as Lady Answerall says.

Neverout. I have dined as well as my Lord Mayor.

Miss. I thought I could have eaten this wing of a chicken; but my eye's bigger than my belly.

Ld

believe I shall never see a goose again without thinking on Mr Neverout.

Ld Smart. Well said, Miss; faith, girl, thou hast brought thyself off cleverly. Tom, what say you to that?

Col. Faith, Tom is non-plus'd; he looks plaguily down in the mouth.

Miss. Why, my Lord, you see he is the provokingest creature in life; I believe there is not such another in the varfal world.

Lady Answ. Oh, Miss! the world's a wide place.

Neverout. Well, Miss, I'll give you leave to call me any thing, if you don't call me spade.

Ld Smart. Well, but after all, Tom, can you tell me, what's Latin for a goose?

Neverout. O my Lord, I know that; why, *brandy* is Latin for a goose, and *tace* is Latin for a candle.

Miss. Is that manners, to shew your learning before ladies? Methinks you are grown very brisk of a sudden; I think the man's glad he's alive.

Sir John. The devil take your wit, if this be wit, for it spoils company. Pray, Mr Butler, bring me a dram after my goose; 'tis very good for the wholefomes.

Ld Smart. Come, bring me the loaf; I sometimes love to cut my own bread.

Miss. I suppose, my Lord, you lay longest a-bed to-day.

Ld Smart. Miss, if I had said so, I should have told a fib; I warrant you lay a-bed till the cows came home: but, Miss, shall I cut you a little crust now my hand is in?

Miss. If you please, my Lord, a bit of under-crust.

Neverout. [*whispering Miss.*] I find you love to lie under.

Miss. [*aloud, pushing him from her.*] What does the man mean! Sir, I don't understand you at all*.

Neverout. Come, all quarrels laid aside: here, Miss, may you live a thousand years. [*He drinks to her.*]

Miss.

* Miss discovers her understanding by the manner in which she denies it; an inconsistency so common, that it deserves a note. See p. 288. Hawkes.



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326 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Sir John God forgive you ! that's very uncharitable : you ought not to judge so rashly of any Christian.

Nevercut. [*whispers Lady Smart.*] Was ever such a dunce ? How well he knows the town ! See how he stares like a stuck pig ! Well, but, Sir John, are you acquainted with any of our fine ladies yet ? any of our famous toasts ?

Sir John. No, damn your fire ships, I have a wife of my own.

Lady Smart Pray, my Lady Answerall, how do you like these preserv'd oranges ?

Lady Answer. Indeed, Madam, the only fault I find is, that they are too good.

Lady Smart. O Madam ; I have heard them say, that too good is stark naught.

Miss drinking part of a glass of wine.

Nevercut. Pray, let me drink your snuff.

Miss. No indeed, you shan't drink after me ; for you'll know my thoughts.

Nevercut. I know them already ; you are thinking of a good husband. Besides, I can tell your meaning by your mumping.

Lady Smart Pray, my Lord, did not you order the butler to bring up a bottle of our October to Sir John ? I believe they stay to brew it.

The Butler brings up the tankard to Sir John.

Sir John. Won't your Lordship please to drink first ?

Ld Smart. No, Sir John ; 'tis in a very good hand ; I'll pledge you.

Col. [*to Ld Smart.*] My Lord, I love October as well as Sir John ; and I hope you won't make fish of one, and flesh of another.

Ld Smart Colonel, you're heartily welcome. Come, Sir John, take it by word of mouth, and then give it the Colonel.

Sir John drinks.

Ld Smart. Well, Sir John, how do you like it ?

Sir John. Not as well as my own in Derbyshire ; 'tis plaguy small.

Lad

Lady Smart. I never taste malt' liquor; but they say 'tis well hopt.

Sir John. Hopt! why, if it had hopp'd a little further, it would have hopp'd into the river. O, my Lord, my ale is meat, drink, and cloth; it will make a cat speak, and a wise man dumb.

Lady Smart. I was told, ours was very strong.

Sir John. Ay, Madam, strong of the water; I believe the brewer forgot the malt, or the river was too near him. Faith, it is more whip-belly-vengeance; he that drinks most has the worst share.

Col. I believe, Sir John, ale is as plenty as water at your house.

Sir John. Why, faith, at Christmas we have many comers and goers; and they must not be sent away without a cup of Christmas ale, for fear they should knock behind the door.

Lady Smart. I hear Sir John has the nicest garden in England; they say, 'tis kept so clean, that you can't find a place where to spit.

Sir John. O Madam; you are pleased to say so.

Lady Smart. But, Sir John, your ale is terribly strong and heady in Derbyshire, and will soon make one drunk and sick; what do you then?

Sir John. Why, indeed, it is apt to fox one; but our way is, to take a hare of the same dog next morning. I take a new laid egg for breakfast; and faith, one should drink as much after an egg as after an ox.

Lady Smart. Tom Neverout, will you taste a glaís of October?

Neverout. No, faith, my Lord; I like your wine, and I won't put a churl upon a gentleman; your Honour's claret is good enough for me.

Lady Smart. What! is this pigeon left for manners? Colonel, shall I send you the legs and rump?

Col. Madam, I could not eat a bit more, if the house was full.

Lady Smart. [carving a partridge.] Well; one may ride on Stamford upon this knife, it is so blunt.

Lady Smart. My Lord, I beg your pardon; but they say an ill workman never had good tools.

Lady Smart. Will your Lordship have a wing of it?

328 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Ld Sparkish. No my Lord; I love the wing of an ox a great deal better.

Ld Smart. I'm always cold after eating.

Col. My Lord, they say, that's a sign of long life.

Ld Smart. Ay; I believe I shall live till all my friends are weary of me.

Col. Pray, does any body here hate cheese? I would be glad of a bit.

Ld Smart. An odd kind of fellow dined with me t'other day; and when the cheese came upon the table he pretended to faint; so somebody said, Pray take away the cheese: No, said I, pray, take away the fool: said I well?

Here a loud and large laugh.

Col. Faith, my Lord, you serv'd the coxcomb right enough; and therefore I wish we had a bit of your Lordship's Oxfordshire cheese.

Ld Smart. Come, hang saving; bring us up a half-p'orth of cheese.

Lady Answ. They say, cheese digests every thing but itself.

A footman brings a great whole cheese.

Ld Sparkish. Ay; this would look handsome, if any body should come in.

Sir John. Well; I'm weily broffen, as they sayn in Lancashire.

Lady Smart. O! Sir John; I wou'd I had something to brost you withal.

Ld Smart. Come, they say, 'tis merry in the hall when beards wag all.

Lady Smart. Miss, shall I help you to some cheese, or will you carve for yourself?

Neverout. I'll hold fifty pounds; Miss won't cut the cheese.

Miss. Pray, why so, Mr Neverout?

Neverout. Oh, there is a reason, and you know it well enough.

Miss. I can't for my life understand what the gentleman means.



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Col. Why, Sir John, you used to love a glass of good wine in former times.

Sir John. Why, so I do still, Colonel; but a man may love his house very well, without riding on the ridge; besides, I must be with my wife on Tuesday, or there will be the devil and all to pay.

Col. Well, if you go to-day, I wish you may be wet to the skin.

Sir John. Ay, but they say the prayers of the wicked won't prevail.

Sir John takes leave, and goes away.

Ld Smart. Well, Miss, how do you like Sir John?

Miss. Why, I think, he's a little upon the silly, or so: I believe he has not all the wit in the world: but I don't pretend to be a judge.

Neverout. Faith, I believe, he was bred at Hog's Norton, where the pigs play upon the organs.

Ld Sparkish. Why, Tom, I thought you and he were hand and glove.

Neverout. Faith, he shall have a clean threshold for me; I never darkened his door in my life, neither in town nor country; but he's a queer old duke, by my conscience; and yet, after all, I take him to be more knave than fool.

Lady Smart. Well, come; a man's a man, if he has but a nose on his face.

Col. I was once with him and some other company over a bottle; and, egad, he fell asleep, and snor'd so hard, that we thought he was driving his hogs to market.

Neverout. Why, what, you can have no more of a cat than her skin; you can't make a silk purse out of a fow's ear.

Ld Sparkish. Well, since he's gone, the devil go with him and sixpence; and there's money and company too.

Neverout. Faith, he's a true country-put. Pray, Miss, let me ask you a question.

Miss. Well; but don't ask questions with a dirty face. I warrant, what you have to say will keep cold.



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Miss. What! you think every thing is yours, but a little the King has.

Neverout. Co'onel, you have seen my fine pick-tooth case; don't you think this is the very same?

Col. Indeed, *Miss.* it is very like it.

Miss. Ay; what he says you'll swear.

Neverout. Well; but I'll prove it to be mine.

Miss. Ay; do if you can.

Neverout. Why, what's your's is mine, and what's mine is my own.

Miss. Well, run on till you're weary; no body holds you.

Neverout gapes.

Col. What, Mr *Neverout*, do you gape for preferment?

Neverout. Faith, I may gape long enough before it falls into my mouth.

Lady Smart. Mr *Neverout*, my Lord and I intend to beat up your quarters one of these days: I hear you live high.

Neverout. Yes, faith, Madam: I live high, and lodge in a garret.

Col. But, *Miss.* I forgot to tell you, that Mr *Neverout* got the devilishest fall in the park to-day.

Miss. I hope he did not hurt the ground: but how was it, Mr *Neverout*? I wish I had been there to laugh.

Neverout. Why, Madam. it was a place where a cuckold had been buried, and one of his horns sticking out, I happened to stumble against it; that was all.

Lady Smart. Ladies, let us leave the gentlemen to themselves; I think it is time to go to our tea.

Lady Answ. and Miss. My Lords and Gentlemen, your most humble servant.

Ld Smart. Well, Ladies, we'll wait on you an hour hence.

The gentlemen alone.

Ld Smart. Come, John, bring us a fresh bottle.

Col. Ay, my Lord; and pray, let him carry off the dead men, as we say in the army.

(Meaning the empty bottles.)

Ld Sparkish. Mr Neverout, pray, is not that bottle full?

Neverout. Yes, my Lord; full of emptiness.

Ld Smart. And, d'ye hear, John? bring clean glasses.

Col. I'll keep mine; for I think, the wine is the best liquor to wash glasses in.

DIALOGUE III.

The ladies at their tea.

Lady Smart. WELL, Ladies; now let us have a cup of discourse to ourselves.

Lady Answer. What do you think of your friend, Sir John Spendall?

Lady Smart. Why, Madam, 'tis happy for him, that his father was born before him.

Miss. They say, he makes a very ill husband to my Lady.

Lady Answer. But he must be allow'd to be the fondest father in the world.

Lady Smart. Ay, Madam, that's true; for they say, the devil is kind to his own.

Miss. I am told, my Lady manages him to admiration.

Lady Smart. That I believe; for she's as cunning as a dead pig, but not half so honest.

Lady Answer. They say, she's quite a stranger to all his gallantries.

Lady Smart. Not at all; but you know, there's none so blind as they that won't see.

Miss. O Madam, I am told she watches him as a cat would watch a mouse.

Lady Answer. Well, if she ben't foully belied, she pays him in his own coin.

Lady Smart. Madam, I fancy I know your thoughts as well as if I were within you.

Lady Answer. Madam, I was t'other day in company with Mrs Clatter; I find she gives herself airs of being acquainted with your Ladyship.

Miss.

336 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Miss. Oh, the hideous creature! did you observe her nails? they were long enough to scratch her grannum out of her grave.

Lady Smart. Well, she and Tom Gosling were banging compliments backwards and forwards: it look'd like two asses scrubbing one another.

Miss. Ay, claw me and I'll claw you: but pray, Madam, who were the company?

Lady Smart. Why, there was all the world, and his wife: there was Mrs Clatter, Lady Singular, the Countess of Talkham. (I should have named her first), Tom Gosling, and some others, whom I have forgot.

Lady Answer. I think the Countess is very fickle.

Lady Smart. Yes, Madam; she'll never scratch a grey head, I promise her.

Miss. And, pray, what was your conversation?

Lady Smart. Why, Mrs Clatter had all the talk to herself, and was perpetually complaining of her misfortunes.

Lady Answer. She brought her husband ten thousand pounds; she has a town-house and country-house: would the woman have her a — bung with points?

Lady Smart. She would fain be at the top of the house before the stairs are built.

Miss. Well, comparisons are odious; but she's as like her husband as if she were spit out of his mouth; as like as one egg is to another: pray, how was she dress'd?

Lady Smart. Why, she was as fine as fi'pence; but, truly, I thought there was more cost than worship.

Lady Answer. I don't know her husband; pray, what is he?

Lady Smart. Why, he's a counsellor of the law; you must know he came to us as drunk as David's sow.

Miss. What kind of creature is he?

Lady Smart. You must know, the man and his wife are couplid like rabbits, a fat and a lean; he's as fat as a porpus, and she's one of Pharaoh's lean kine. The ladies and Tom Gosling were proposing a party at quadrille; but he refus'd to make one. Damn your cards, said he, they are the devil's books.

Lady



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Miss. They say, she plays deep with sharpers, that cheat her of her money.

Lady Anne. Upon my word they must rise early that would cheat her of her money ; Sharp's the word with her ; diamonds cut diamonds.

Miss. Well, but I was assur'd from a good hand that she lost at one sitting to the tune of a hundred guineas : make money of that.

Lady Smart. Well, but do you hear that Mrs Plump is brought to bed at last ?

Miss. And, pray, what has God sent her ?

Lady Smart. Why, guess if you can.

Miss. A boy, I suppose.

Lady Smart. No, you are out ; guess again.

Miss. A girl then.

Lady Smart. You have hit it ; I believe you are a witch.

Miss. O Madam, the gentlemen say all fine ladies are witches ; but I pretend to no such thing.

Lady Anne. Well, she had good luck to draw Tom Plump into wedlock ; she ris' with her a—— upwards.

Miss. Lie, Madam ; what do you mean ?

Lady Smart. O Miss, 'tis nothing what we say among ourselves.

Miss. Ay, Madam ; but they say hedges have eyes, and walls have ears.

Lady Anne. Well, Miss, I can't help it ; you know I'm old tell-truth : I love to call a spade a spade.

Lady Smart. [*mistakes the tea-tongs for the spoon.*] What ! I think my wits are a wool-gathering to-day.

Miss. Why, Madam, there was but a right and a wrong.

Lady Smart. Miss, I hear that you and Lady Coupler are as great as cup and can.

Lady Anne. Ay, Miss, as great as the devil and the Earl of Kent.

Lady Smart. Nay, I am told you meet together with as much love as there is between the old cow and the hay stack.

Miss. I own I love her very well ; but there's difference betwixt staring and stark mad.

Lady Smart. They say she begins to grow fat.

Miss.

Miss Fat! ay, fat as a hen in the forehead.

Lady Smart. Indeed, Lady Answerall, (pray forgive me), I think your Ladyship looks thinner than when I saw you last.

Miss. Indeed, Madam, I think not; but your Ladyship is one of Job's comforters.

Lady Answ. Well, no matter how I look; I am bought and sold: but really, Miss, you are so very obliging, that I wish I were a handsome young lord for your sake.

Miss. O Madam, your love's a million.

Lady Smart. [to *Lady Answ.*] Madam, will your Ladyship let me wait on you to the play to-morrow?

Lady Answ. Madam, it becomes me to wait on your Ladyship.

Miss. What, then, I'm turn'd out for a wrangler.

The gentlemen come in to the ladies to drink tea.

Miss. Mr Neverout, we wanted you sadly; you are always out of the way when you should be hang'd.

Neverout. You wanted me! pray, Miss, how do you look when you lie?

Miss. Better than you when you cry Manners indeed! I find you mend like sour ale in summer.

Neverout. I beg your pardon, Miss; I only meant when you lie alone.

Miss. That's well turn'd; one turn more would have turn'd you down stairs.

Neverout. Come, Miss, be kind for once, and order me a dish of coffee.

Miss. Pray, go yourself; let us wear out the oldest: besides, I can't go, for I have a bone in my leg.

Col. They say, a woman need but look on her apron-string to find an excuse.

Neverout. Why, Miss, you are grown so peevish, a dog would not live with you.

Miss. Mr Neverout, I beg your diversion; no offence, I hope: but truly in a little time you intend to make the Colonel as bad as yourself; and that's as bad as bad can be.

Neverout. My Lord, don't you think Miss improves wonderfully of late? Why, Miss, if I spoil the Colo-

Miss. Th... as you do me; for you
cheat her c... dog.

Lady ... I say that again: why, if I
would c... ands, brother. [*Here a great, loud,*

Miss. ... pray, gentlemen, why always so fe-
she l... Miss? On my conscience, Colonel and
mar

is ...aining with your Ladyship to morrow.

Colonel. Ay, Colonel, do if you can.

Miss. I'm sure you'll be glad to be welcome.

Colonel. Miss, I thank you; and to reward you. I'll come
drink tea with you in the morning.

Miss. Colonel, there's two words to that bargain.

Colonel. [*to Lady Smart.*] Your ladyship has a very fine
watch: well may you wear it.

Lady Smart. It is none of mine, Colonel.

Colonel. Pray, whose is it then?

Lady Smart. Why, 'tis my Lord's; for they say, a
married woman has nothing of her own but her wed-
ding ring and her hair lace - but if women had been the
law makers, it would have been better.

Colonel. This watch seems to be quite new.

Lady Smart. No, Sir; it has been twenty years in my
Lord's family; but Quare put a new case and dial-plate
to it.

Nevercut. Why, that's for all the world like the man
who swore he kept the same knife forty years, only he
sometimes changed the haft, and sometimes the blade.

Lady Smart. Well, Tom, to give the devil his due,
thou art a right woman's man.

Colonel. Odd-so! I have broke the hinge of my snuff-
box; I'm undone besides the loss

Miss. Alack a-day, Colonel! I vow I had rather
have found forty shillings.

Nevercut. Why, Colonel; all that I can say to com-
fort you, is, that you must mend it with a new one.

Miss laughs.

Colonel. What, Miss! you can't laugh, but you must
show your teeth.

Miss.



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342 POLITE CONVERSATION.

Miss. I'm sure, if Mr Neverout or you were among them, it would make a fair.

Footman comes in.

Lady Smart. Here, take away the tea-table, and bring up candles.

Lady Answ. O Madam, no candles yet, I beseech you; don't let us burn day-light.

Neverout. I dare swear, Miss, for her part, will never burn day-light, if she can help it.

Miss. Lord! Mr Neverout, one can't hear one's own ears for you.

Lady Smart. Indeed, Madam, it is blind-man's holiday; we shall soon be all of a colour.

Neverout. Why, then, Miss, we may kiss where we like best.

Miss. Fogh! these men talk of nothing but kissing.

Neverout. What, Miss, does it make your mouth water? *[She spits.]*

Lady Smart. It is as good be in the dark as without light; therefore, pray, bring in candles: they say, women and linen shew best by candle-light. Come, Gentlemen, are you for a party at quadrille?

Col. I'll make one with you three ladies.

Lady Answ. I'll sit down, and be a stander-by.

Lady Smart. *[to Lady Answ.]* Madam, does your Ladyship never play?

Col. Yes; I suppose her Ladyship plays sometimes for an egg at Easter.

Neverout. Ay; and a kiss at Christmas.

Lady Answ. Come, Mr Neverout, hold your tongue, and mind your knitting.

Neverout. With all my heart; kiss my wife and welcome.

The Colonel, Mr Neverout, Lady Smart, and Miss, go to quadrille, and sit till three in the morning.

They rise from cards.

Lady Smart. Well, Miss, you'll have a sad husband, you have such good luck at cards.

Neverout.

D I A L O G U E III.

343

Neverout. Indeed, Miss, you dealt me sad cards; if you deal so ill by your friends, what will you do with your enemies.

Lady Answ. I'm sure 'tis time for honest folks to be a-bed.

Miss. Indeed my eyes draw straws.

She's almost asleep.

Neverout. Why, Miss, if you fall asleep, somebody may get a pair of gloves.

Col. I'm going to the land of Nod.

Neverout. Faith, I'm for Bedfordshire.

Lady Smart. I'm sure I shall sleep without rocking.

Neverout. Miss, I hope you'll dream of your sweetheart.

Miss. Oh, no doubt of it! I believe I shan't be able to sleep for dreaming of him.

Col. [*to Miss.*] Madam, shall I have the honour to escort you?

Miss. No, Colonel, I thank you; my mamma has sent her chair and footman. Well, my Lady Smart, I'll give you revenge whenever you please.

Footman comes in.

Footman. Madam, the chairs are waiting.

They all take their chairs, and go off.

D I R E C T I O N S

DIRECTIONS TO SERVANTS in general* ;

And in particular to the

BUTLER,
COOK,
FOOTMAN,
COACHMAN,
GROOM,
HOUSE-STEWART,
and
LAND-STEWART,

PORTER,
DAIRY-MAID,
CHAMBER-MAID,
NURSE,
LAUNDRESS,
HOUSEKEEPER,
TUTORESS, OF
GOVERNESS.

The DUBLIN EDITOR'S PREFACE.

“ THE following treatise of Directions to Servants,
 “ was begun some years ago by the author, who
 “ had not leisure to finish and put it into proper
 “ order, being engaged in many other works of great-
 “ er use to his country, as may be seen by most of his
 “ writings. But, as the author's design was to expose
 “ the villanies and frauds of servants to their masters and
 “ mistresses, we shall make no apology for its publi-
 “ cation, but give it our readers in the same manner as
 “ we find it in the original, which may be seen in the
 “ printer's custody. The few tautologies that occur in
 “ the characters left unfinished, will make the reader look
 “ upon the whole as a rough draught, with several out-
 “ lines only drawn. However, that there may appear no
 “ daubing or patch-work by other hands, it is thought
 “ most adviseable to give it in the author's own words.
 “ It is imagined that he intended to make a large vo-
 “ lume

“ * “ I have a thing in prose, begun above twenty-eight years a-
 “ go, and almost finished. It will make a four-shilling volume;
 “ and is such a perfection of folly, that you shall never hear of it
 “ till it is printed, and then you shall be left to guess. Nay, I
 “ have another of the same age, which will require a long time to
 “ perfect, and is worse than the former, in which I will serve you
 “ the same way.” Swift's letters, in vol. 4. let. 62. p. 145. at-
 tending to Polite Conversation, and Directions to Servants.



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346 DIRECTIONS TO SERVANTS.

WHEN you have done a fault, be always pert and insolent, and behave yourself as if you were the injured person. This will immediately put your master or lady off their mettle.

IF

tions that the utmost strength of wit can scarce sustain from sinking. A man of Swift's exalted genius ought constantly to have soared into higher regions. He ought to have looked upon persons of inferior abilities, as children whom Nature had appointed him to instruct, encourage, and improve. Superior talents seem to have been intended by Providence as public benefits; and the person who possesses such blessings, is certainly answerable to Heaven for those endowments which he enjoys above the rest of mankind. Let him jest with dignity, and let him be ironical upon useful subjects; leaving poor slaves to *heat their porridge, or drink their small beer*, in such vessels as they shall find proper. The Dean, it seems, had not this way of thinking; and having long indulged his passions, at last perhaps mistook them for his duty. The mistake is neither extraordinary nor surprising. In points of religion it has carried men into great extravagancies; in those of morality, into no less, but in politics, into the greatest of all. Our inclinations are so apt to hurry us into inconsiderate actions, that we are afterwards inclined to flatter ourselves they are right, only because they have proceeded from our own thoughts and directions. Thus Swift, when he had once established the rule of *vive la bagatelle*, was resolved to pursue it at all hazards. I wish his thoughts had taken another turn. The lower classes of mankind pass on unnoticed, the great only are censured. They ought to be particularly attentive to every step they take. The Dean of St. Patrick's should have known himself, as *rex idem hominum Pbrbique sacerdos*; and should have remembered, that kings and priests are extremely liable to be censured. Poor Swift! why did he sink below himself before he was deprived of reason? Forgive him that error, and draw a veil of oblivion over certain excrescencies of wit and humour; you will then admire him, as an honour to the public, and a scourge to all the knaves and fools of his time.—Several of Swift's posthumous pieces are neither worthy of his pen, nor of the reader's perusal. Many of them are spurious, and many more are trifling, and in every respect improper for the public view: so that what was once ludicrously said upon a different occasion, may be applied to several of Swift's writings, as "they put us in mind of the famous machine in Winstanley's water-works, where out of the same vessel, the spectators were presented with tea, coffee, chocolate, champagne, and four small beer." *Errery*.

For such misapplication of his talents, Swift fell under his friend Pope's correction; as appears from these lines:

If

IF you see your master wronged by any of your fellow-servants, be sure to conceal it, for fear of being called a tell-tale. However, there is one exception, in case of a favourite servant, who is justly hated by the whole family; who therefore are bound in prudence to lay all the faults they can upon the favourite.

THE cook, the butler, the groom, the market-man, and every other servant who is concerned in the expences of the family, should act as if his master's whole estate ought to be applied to that servant's particular business. For instance, if the cook computes his master's estate to be a thousand pounds a-year, he reasonably concludes, that a thousand pounds a-year will afford meat enough, and therefore he need not be sparing; the butler makes the same judgment; so may the groom and the coachman; and thus every branch of expence will be filled to your master's honour.

WHEN you are chid before company, (which, with submission to our masters and ladies, is an unmannerly practice),

*If, after all, we must with Wilmot own,
The cordial drop of life is love alone,
And SWIFT cry wisely, Vive la bagatelle!
The man that loves and laughs, must sure do well.*

Pope could not bear to see a friend so much valued, live in the miserable abuse of one of Nature's best gifts, unadmonished of his folly. Swift (as we may see by some of his posthumous pieces, so dishonourable and injurious to his memory) trifled away his old age in a dissipation that women and boys might be ashamed of. For when men have given into a long habit of employing their *wit* only to shew their parts, to edge their spleen, to pander to a faction, or, in short, to any thing but that for which Nature bestowed it, namely, to recommend and set off truth; old age, which abates the passions, will never rectify the abuses they occasioned; but the remains of wit, instead of seeking and recovering their proper channel, will run into that miserable depravity of taste here condemned: and in which Dr Swift seems to have placed no inconsiderable part of his wisdom. "I chuse," says he, in a letter to Mr Pope, [in vol. 4. let. 10. p. 42.] "my companions amongst those of least consequence, and most compliance; I read the most trifling books I can find; and whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling subjects." And again, [in a letter to Lord Bolingbroke, in vol. 4. let. 37. p. 87.] "I love *la bagatelle* better than ever. I am always writing bad prose, or worse verses, either of rage or raillery." &c. And again, in a letter to Mr Gay, [in vol. 4. let. 59. p. 136.] "My rule is, *vive la bagatelle*." Warburton.—See the notes in vol. 4. p. 126, 127.

348 DIRECTIONS TO SERVANTS.

practice). it often happens that some stranger will have the good nature to drop a word in your excuse : in such a case you will have a good title to justify yourself, and may rightly conclude, that whenever he chides you afterwards on other occasions. he may be in the wrong ; in which opinion you will be the better confirmed, by stating the case to your fellow-servants in your own way, who will certainly decide in your favour : therefore, as I have said before, whenever you are chidden, complain as if you were injured.

It often happens, that servants sent on messages are apt to stay out somewhat longer than the message requires, perhaps two, four, six or eight hours, or some such trifle ; for the temptation to be sure was great, and flesh and blood cannot always resist. When you return, the master storms, the lady scolds ; stripping, cudgelling, and turning off, is the word. But here you ought to be provided with a set of excuses, enough to serve on all occasions. For instance, your uncle came fourscore miles to town this morning on purpose to see you, and goes back by break of day to-morrow ; a brother-servant, that borrowed money of you when he was out of place, was running away to Ireland ; you were taking leave of an old fellow-servant. who was shipping for Barbadoes ; your father sent a cow to you to sell, and you could not get a chapman till nine at night ; you were taking leave of a dear cousin, who is to be hanged next Saturday ; you wrenched your foot against a stone, and were forced to stay three hours in a shop, before you could stir a step ; some nastiness was thrown on you out of a garret-window, and you were ashamed to come home before you were cleaned, and the smell went off ; you were pressed for the sea service, and carried before a justice of peace, who kept you three hours before he examined you, and you got off with much ado ; a bailiff by mistake seized you for a debtor, and kept you the whole evening in a spunging-house, you were told that your master had gone to a tavern, and came to some mischance, and your grief was so great that you inquired for his Honour in a hundred taverns between Pall-mall and Temple-bar.

TAKE all tradesmens part against your master ; and
when



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them to junket with your fellow-servants at night; and take in the butler, provided he will give you drink.

WRITE your own name, and your sweetheart's, with the snuff of a candle, on the roof of the kitchen, or the servants hall, to show your learning.

If you are a young lightly fellow, whenever you whisper your mistress at the table, run your nose full in her cheek; or if your breath be good, breathe full in her face. This I have known to have had very good consequences in some families.

NEVER come till you have been called three or four times; for none but dogs will come at the first whistle: and when the master calls, *Who's there?* no servant is bound to come, for *Who's there?* is no body's name.

WHEN you have broken all your earthen drinking vessels below stairs, (which is usually done in a week,) the copper pot will do as well; it can boil milk, heat porridge, hold small-beer, or, in case of necessity, serve for a jordan; therefore apply it indifferently to all these uses; but never wash or scour it, for fear of taking off the tin.

ALTHO' you are allowed knives for the servants hall at meals, yet you ought to spare them, and make use only of your master's.

LET it be a constant rule, that no chair, stool, or table, in the servants hall, or the kitchen, shall have above three legs; which hath been the ancient and constant practice in all the families I ever knew, and it is to be founded upon two reasons; first, to show that servants are ever in a tottering condition; secondly, it is thought a point of humility, that the servants chairs and tables should have at least one leg fewer than those of their masters. I grant there hath been an exception to this rule with regard to the cook, who by old custom was allowed an easy chair to sleep in, after dinner; and yet I have seldom seen them with above three legs. Now, this epidemical lameness of servants chairs, is by philosophers imputed to two causes, which are observed to make the greatest revolutions in states and empires; I mean love and war. A stool, a chair, or a table, is the first weapon taken up in a general rumping or skirmish; and after a peace, the chairs, if they be not very

as to walk th
is a foolish

pair of stairs after they

WHEN you stop to tattle with

out of

summer, is the ki
family ought to be consulted; whe-
concern the stable, the dairy, the
the cellar, the nursery, the , or
's chamber: there, as in your own proper cle-
u can laugh, and squall, and romp, in full se-

servant comes home drunk, and
ust all join

abroad together, to
ng, you need leave
you have a black-
attend the children,
ome, is to be de-

without danger of being caught some portunities must never be missed, because sometimes; and all is safe enough when you are in the house.

When your master or lady comes to see a servant who happens to be abroad; be, that he had but just that minute sent for by a cousin, who was dying.

If your master calls you by name, answer at the fourth call, you need not say, you came no sooner, because of what you were called for.

When you are chidden for a fault, the room, and down stairs, master plainly heard; this will make him innocent.

Whoever comes to visit you when they are abroad, never burden your person's name; for indeed you have many things to remember. Besides, it is not your master's fault he does not know names; and you will not remember them, and you can neither write nor read.

If it be possible, never tell a lie to your master unless you have some hopes that they will be in less than half an hour. When a servant tells all his faults must be told, although they are never known by his master or lady; and by others, charge to him. [Instance that if they ask any of you, why you never before? the answer is, Sir, or Madam, I am afraid it would make you angry; and you might think it was malice in me.]

Little masters and misses in a house are great impediments to the diversions of the house; the only remedy is to bribe them, with which they may not tell tales to papa and

I advise you of the servants, whose country, and who expect vales, always and file when a stranger is taking his



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part, I would rather chuse to keep the door always open, by laying a heavy stone at the bottom of it.

THE servants candlesticks are generally broken, for nothing can last for ever. But you may find out many expedients. You may conveniently stick your candle in a bottle, or with a lump of butter against the wainscot; in a powder-horn, or in an old shoe, or in a dirt sick, or in the barrel of a pistol, or upon its own grate on a table; in a coffee-cup, or a drinking-glass; a horn can, a tea-pot, a twisted napkin, a mustard-pot, an inkhorn, a marrowbone, a piece of dough; or you may cut a hole in the loaf, and stick it there.

WHEN you invite the neighbouring servants to joust with you at home in an evening, teach them a proper way of tapping or scrapping at the kitchen-door, which you may hear, but not your master or lady, whom you must take care not to disturb or frighten at such unseasonable hours.

LAY all faults upon a lap-dog, or favourite cat, a monkey, a parrot, a magpye, a child; or on the servant who was last turned off. By this rule you will excuse yourself, do no hurt to any body else, and save your master or lady from the trouble and vexation of chiding.

WHEN you want proper instruments for any work you are about, use all expedients you can invent, rather than leave your work undone. For instance, if the poker be out of the way, or broken, stir the fire with the tongs; if the tongs be not at hand, use the handle of the bellows, the wrong end of the fire-shovel, the handle of the fire-brush, the end of a mop, or your master's cane. If you want paper to finge a fowl, use the first book you see about the house. Wipe your shoes, for want of a clout, with the bottom of a curtain, or a damask napkin. Strip your livery lace for garters. If the butler wants a jordan, he may use the great silver cup.

THERE are several ways of putting out candles, and you ought to be instructed in them all. You may cut the candle-end against the wainscot, which puts the snuff out immediately: you may lay it on the ground, and tread the snuff out with your foot: you may hold it upside down, until it is chocked with its own grate;

or cram it into the socket of the candlestick : you may whirl it round in your hand till it goes out. When you go to bed, after you have made water, you may dip the candle-end into the chamber-pot : you may spit on your finger and thumb, and pinch the snuff till it goes out. The cook may run the candle's nose into the meal tub, or the groom into a vessel of oats, or a lock of hay, or a heap of litter. The house-maid may put out her candle, by running it against a looking-glass, which nothing cleans so well as a candle-snuff. But the quickest and best of all methods is, to blow it out with your breath ; which leaves the candle clear, and readier to be lighted.

THERE is nothing so pernicious in a family as a tell-tale, against whom it must be the principal business of you all to unite. Whatever office he serves in, take all opportunities to spoil the business he is about, and to cross him in every thing. For instance, if the butler be a tell-tale, break his glasses whenever he leaves the pantry door open ; or lock the cat or the mastiff in it, who will do as well : mislay a fork or a spoon so as he may never find it. If it be the cook, whenever she turns her back, throw a lump of soot, or a handful of salt, in the pot. or smoking coals into the dripping-pan, or daub the roast meat with the back of the chimney, or hide the key of the jack. If a footman be suspected, let the cook daub the back of his new livery ; or when he is going up with a dish of soup, let her follow him softly with a ladle-full, and dribble it all the way up stairs to the dining-room, and then let the house-maid make such a noise that her lady may hear it. The waiting-maid is very likely to be guilty of this fault, in hopes to ingratiate herself : in this case the laundress must be sure to tear her smocks in the washing, and yet wash them but half ; and when she complains, tell all the house, that she sweats so much, and her flesh is so nasty, that she fouls a smock more in one hour, than the kitchen-maid doth in a week.

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DIRECTIONS TO SERVANTS.

CHAP. I.

Directions to the BUTLER.

IN my directions to servants, I find, from my long observation, that you butlers are the principal persons concerned.

YOUR business being of the greatest variety, and requiring the greatest exactness, I shall, as well as I can recollect, run thro' the several branches of your office, and order my instructions accordingly.

IN waiting at the side-board, take all possible care to save your own trouble and your master's drinking-glasses: therefore, first, since those who dine at the same table are supposed to be friends, let them all drink out of the same glass without washing; which will save you much pains, as well as the hazard of breaking them. Give no person any liquor, until he hath called for it thrice at least; by which means, some out of modesty, and others out of forgetfulness, will call the seldomer; and thus your master's liquor be saved.

IF any one desires a glass of bottled ale, first shake the bottle, to see whether any thing be in it; then taste it, to see what liquor it is, that you may not be mistaken; and, lastly, wipe the mouth of the bottle with the palm of your hand, to shew your cleanliness.

BE more careful to have the cork in the belly of the bottle than in the mouth; and if the cork be musty, or white friars in your liquor, your master will save the more.

IF an humble companion, a chaplain, a tutor, or a dependent cousin, happen to be at table, whom you find to be little regarded by the master, and the company, which no body is readier to discover and observe than we servants; it must be the business of you and the footman, to follow the example of your betters, by treating him many degrees worse than any of the
rest;



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358 DIRECTIONS TO SERVANTS.

yourself the trouble of washing, and consequently the danger of breaking your glasses: secondly, you are sure not to be mistaken in giving gentlemen the liquor they call for; and, lastly, by this method you are certain that nothing is lost.

Butlers are apt to forget to bring up their ale and beer time enough, be sure you remember to have up yours two hours before dinner, and place them in the sunny part of the room, to let people see that you have not been negligent.

Some butlers have a way of decanting (as they call it) bottled ale, by which they lose a good part of the bottom: let your method be to turn the bottle directly upside down; which will make the liquor appear double the quantity: by this means you will be sure not to lose one drop, and the froth will conceal the mistake.

CLEAN your plate, wipe your knives, and rub the dirty tables, with the napkins and table-cloths used the day before; for it is but one washing, and besides it will save you wearing out the coarse rubbers; and in reward of such good husbandry, my judgment is, that you may lawfully make use of the finest damask napkins for night-caps for yourself.

When you clean your plate, leave the whitening plainly to be seen in all the chinks, for fear your lady should not believe you had cleaned it.

THERE is nothing wherein the skill of a butler more appears, than in the management of candles; which, although some part may fall to the share of the other servants, yet you being the principal person concerned, I shall direct my instructions upon this article to you only, leaving to your fellow-servants to apply them upon occasion.

FIRST, to avoid burning day-light, and to save your master's candles, never bring them up till half an hour after it be dark, although they are called for never so often.

LET your sockets be full of grease to the brim, with the old stuff at the top, and then stick on your fresh candles. It is true this may endanger their falling; but the candles will appear so much the longer and
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handsomer before company. At other times, for variety, put your candles loose in the sockets, to shew they are clean to the bottom.

WHEN your candle is too big for the socket, melt it to a right size in the fire; and to hide the smoke, wrap it in paper half way up.

You cannot but observe of late years the great extravagance among the gentry upon the article of candles, which a good butler ought by all means to discourage, both to save his own pains and his master's money. This may be contrived several ways; especially when you are ordered to put candles into the sconces.

SCONCES are great wasters of candles, and you, who are always to consider the advantage of your master, should do your utmost to discourage them; therefore your business must be to press the candle with both your hands into the socket, so as to make it lean in such a manner, that the grease may drop all upon the floor, if some lady's head-dress or gentleman's periwig be not ready to intercept it. You may likewise stick the candle so loose, that it will fall upon the glass of the sconce, and break it into shatters. This will save your master many a fair penny in the year, both in candles and to the glass-man, and yourself much labour; for the sconces spoiled cannot be used.

NEVER let the candles burn too low, but give them, as a lawful perquisite, to your friend the cook, to increase her kitchen stuff; or if this be not allowed in your house, give them in charity to the poor neighbours, who often run on your errands.

WHEN you cut bread for a toast, do not stand idly watching it, but lay it on the coals, and mind your other business; then come back, and if you find it toasted quite through, scrape off the burnt side, and serve it up.

WHEN you dress up your side-board, set the best glasses as near the edge of the table as you can: by which means they will cast a double lustre, and make a much finer figure; and the consequence can be at most, but the breaking half a dozen, which is a trifle in your master's pocket.

96 DIRECTIONS TO SERVANTS.

WASH the glasses with your own water, to save your master's salt.

When any salt is spill'd on the table, do not let it be lost; but when dinner is done, fold up the table-cloth with the salt in it, then shake the salt out into the salt-cellar to serve next day. But the shortest and surest way is, when you remove the cloth, to wrap the knives, forks, spoons, salt-cellar, broken bread, and suppers meat, all together in the table-cloth, by which you will be sure to lose nothing; unless you think it better to shake them out of the window amongst the beggars, that they may with more convenience eat the scraps.

Leave the drops of wine, ale, and other liquors in the bottles: to rinse them, is but loss of time; since all will be done at once in a general washing; and you will have a better excuse for breaking them.

If your master hath many muddy, or very foul and crusted bottles, I advise you, in point of confidence, that those may be the first you truck at the next alehouse for ale or brandy.

When a message is sent to your master, be kind to your brother-servant who brings it; give him the best liquor in your keeping, for your master's honour; and at the first opportunity he will do the same to you.

After supper, if it be dark, carry your plate and china together in the same basket, to save candle-light; for you know your pantry well enough, to put them up in the dark.

When company is expected at dinner, or in the evenings, be sure to be abroad, that nothing may be got which is under your key; by which your master will save his liquor, and not wear out his plate.

I come now to a most important part of your economy, the bottling of a hoghead of wine; wherein I recommend three virtues; cleanliness, frugality, and brotherly love. Let your corks be of the longest kind you can get; which will save some wine in the neck of every bottle. As to your bottles, chuse the smallest you can find; which will increase the number of dozens, and please your master: for a bottle of wine is always a bottle of wine, whether it hold more or less; and it



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that the merchant cheated him with a hoghead below the common measure :

When you are to get water on for tea after dinner, (which in many families is part of your office), to save firing, and to make more haste, pour it into the tea-kettle from the pot where cabbage or fish have been boiling ; which will make it much wholesomer, by curing the acid and corroding quality of the tea.

Be saving of your candles ; and let those in the sconces of the hall, the stairs, and in the lantern, burn down in to the sockets, until they go out of themselves ; for which your master and lady will commend your thriftiness, as soon as they shall smell the snuff.

If a gentleman leaves a snuff-box or pick-tooth-case on the table after dinner, and goeth away, look upon it as part of your vails ; for so it is allowed by all servants, and you do no wrong to your master or lady.

If you serve a country squire, when gentlemen and ladies come to dine at your house, never fail to make their servants drunk, and especially the coachman, for the honour of your master ; to which in all your actions you must have a special regard, as being the best judge for the honour of every family is deposited in the hands of the cook, the butler, and the groom, as I shall hereafter demonstrate.

Snuff the candles at supper as they stand on the table : which is much the secretest way ; because, if the burning snuff happens to get out of the snuffers, you have a chance that it may fall into a dish of soup, sack-poffet, rice-milk, or the like, where it will be immediately extinguished with very little stink.

When you have snuffed the candles, always leave the snuffers open ; for the snuff will of itself burn away so ashes, and cannot fall out, and dirty the table, when you snuff the candles again.

That the salt may lie smooth in the salt-cellar, press it down with your moist palm.

When a gentleman is going away after dining with your master, be sure to stand full in his view, and follow him to the door, and as you have opportunity, look full in his face ; perhaps it may bring you a shilling : but if the gentleman hath lain there a night, get the

cook, the house-maid, the stable-men, the scullion, and the gardener, to accompany you, and to stand in his way to the hall, in a line on each side of him. If the gentleman performs handsomely, it will do him honour, and cost your master nothing.

You need not wipe your knife to cut bread for the table, because, in cutting a slice or two, it will wipe itself.

Put your finger into every bottle to feel whether it be full; which is the surest way, for feeling hath no fellow.

When you go down to the cellar to draw ale or small beer, take care to observe directly the following method. Hold the vessel between the finger and thumb of your right hand, with the palm upwards: then hold the candle between your fingers, but a little leaning towards the mouth of the vessel; then take out the spiggot with your left hand, and clap the point of it in your mouth, and keep your left hand to watch accidents; when the vessel is full, withdraw the spiggot from your mouth, well wetted with spittle, which being of a slimy consistence will make it stick faster in the socket: if any tallow drops into the vessel, you may easily (if you think of it) remove it with a spoon, or rather with your finger.

Always lock up a cat in the closet where you keep your china plates, for fear the mice may steal in and break them.

A good butler always breaks off the point of his bottle-screw in two days, by trying which is hardest, the point of the screw, or the neck of the bottle: in this case, to supply the want of a screw, after the Rump hath torn the cork in pieces, make use of a silver fork; and when the scraps of the cork are almost drawn out, flit the mouth of the bottle into the cistern three or four times, until you quite clear it.

If a gentleman dines often with your master, and gives you nothing when he goes away, you may use several methods to shew him some marks of your displeasure, and quicken his memory. If he calls for bread or drink, you may pretend not to hear, or send it to another who called after him; if he asks for wine, let

352 DIRECTIONS TO SERVANTS.

that the merchant cheated him with a hoghead below the common measure :

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THE DIRECTIONS TO SERVANTS.

him this a while, and then send him small beer, give him always foul glasses; send him a scon when he wants a drink; wink at the footman to leave him without a plate. By these, and the like expedients, you may possibly be a better man by half a crown before he leaves the house, provided you watch an opportunity of knocking by, when he is going.

In your lady's love-play, your fortune is fixed for ever. A single evening will be a perquisite of ten shillings a week, and in such a family I would rather chuse to be butler than chaplain, or even rather than be steward. It is a good way money, and got without labour; unless you should happen to be one of those who either obligeth your lady with candles, or forceth you to divide it with some of your servants: but at worst, the old cards are ever good; and if the gamblers play deep, or grow peevish, they will change the cards so often, that the old pack will be a considerable advantage, by selling them to some of the ladies, or families who love play, but cannot afford to buy them new at second hand. When you attend at a gaming-table, be sure to leave new packs within the reach of the gamblers, which those who have ill luck, will be sure to take to change their fortune; and now and then a good pack mingled with the rest will easily pass. For a man who is very cautious on play-nights, and ready with his hand, will soon get out your company, and have no more to do with you, unless you give them when they call; but beware of the women, that there be no supper; because if you be so much invited in your master's family, you will be sure to considerably lessen your gains.

Next to this, it is very profitable to you as butler, if you can get the best wine you have no competitors except the steward, who is sure to steal and vend them for his own use, and he is bound to prevent any such advantage from being made by the footmen are not to be trusted, unless they be taken at a general bottling; and therefore if you can get a good stock of wine, it will make them.

The perquisite of a butler is very considerable, that it is not so much as you may think; it amounts only in a small family to about four shillings in the week, and about four shillings in the month, for your trouble and skill in the kitchen, and a large stock of glasses.

DIRECTIONS TO THE BUTLER. 365

glasses, and you or your fellow-servants happen to break any of them without your master's knowledge, keep it a secret till there are not enough left to serve the table, then tell your master that the glasses are gone: this will be but one vexation to him, which is much better than fretting once or twice a week; and it is the office of a good servant, to discompose his master and his lady as seldom as he can; and here the cat and dog will be of great use to take the blame from you. Note, that bottles missing are supposed to be half stolln by stragglers and other servants, and the other half broken by accident, and a general washing.

WHEN the backs of your knives until they are as sharp as the edge; which will have this advantage, that when gentlemen find them blunt on one side, they may try the other. And to shew you spare no pains in sharpening the knives, whet them so long, till you wear out a good part of the iron, and even the bottom of the silver handle. This doth credit to your master; for it shews good housekeeping, and the goldsmith may one day make you a present.

YOUR lady, when she finds the small beer or ale dead, will blame you for not remembering to put the peg into the vent-hole. This is a great mistake; nothing being plainer than that the peg keeps the air in the vessel, which spoils the drink, and therefore ought to be let out: but if she insists upon it, to prevent the trouble of pulling out the vent, and putting it in a dozen times a-day, which is not to be borne by a good servant, leave the spiggot half out at night, and you will find, with only the loss of two or three quarts of liquor, the vessel will run freely.

WHEN you prepare your candles, wrap them up in a piece of brown paper, and so stick them into the socket: let the paper come half way up the candle, which looks handsome, if any body should come in.

DO all in the dark, to save your master's candles.

C H A P. II.

Directions to the COOK.

ALTHO' I am not ignorant, that it hath been a long time since the custom began among people of quality to keep men cooks, and generally of the French nation; yet because my treatise is chiefly calculated for the general run of knights, 'squires, and gentlemen, both in town and country, I shall therefore apply to you Mrs Cook, as a woman. However, a great part of what I intend may serve for either sex. And your part naturally follows the former; because the butler and you are joined in interest: your vails are generally equal, and paid when others are disappointed: you can junket together at nights upon your own progue, when the rest of the house are a-bed; and have it in your power to make every fellow servant your friend; you can give a good bit or a good sup to the little masters and misses, and gain their affections: a quarrel between you is very dangerous to you both, and will probably end in one of you being turned off; in which fatal case perhaps it will not be so easy in some time to cotton with another. And now, Mrs Cook, I proceed to give you my instructions; which I desire you will get some fellow servant in the family to read to you constantly one night in every week when you are going to bed, whether you serve in town or country, for my lessons shall be fitted for both.

If your lady forgets at supper that there is any cold meat in the house, do not you be so officious as to put her in mind; it is plain she did not want it; and if she recollects it the next day, say, she gave you no orders, and it is spent; therefore, for fear of telling a lie, dispose of it with the butler, or any other crony, before you go to bed.

NEVER send up a leg of a fowl at supper, while there is a cat or a dog in the house, that can be accused for running away with it: but if there happen to be neither, you must lay it upon the rats, or a strange grey-hound.

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368 DIRECTIONS TO SERVANTS.

of a beef-stake and a pot of ale from the butcher, which I think in conscience is no better than wronging your master; but do you always take that perquisite in money if you do not go in trust, or in poundage when you pay the bills.

THE kitchen-bellows being usually out of order with stirring the fire with the muzzle to save the tongs and pocker, borrow the bellows out of your lady's bed-chamber, which, being least used, are commonly the best in the house; and if you happen to damage or grease them, you have a chance to have them left entirely for your own use.

LET a black-guard boy be always about the house to send on your errands, and go to market for you on rainy days; which will save your cloaths, and make you appear more creditable to your mistress.

IF your mistress allows you the kitchen stuff, in return of her generosity, take care to boil and roast your meat sufficiently. If she keeps it for her own profit, do her justice, and rather than let a good fire be wanting, enliven it now and then with the dripping, and the butter that happens to turn to oil.

SEND up your meat well stuck with skewers, to make it look round and plump; and an iron skewer, rightly employed now and then, will make it look handsomer.

WHEN you roast a long joint of meat, be careful only about the middle, and leave the two extreme parts raw; which may serve another time, and will also save firing.

WHEN you scoure your plates and dishes, bend the brim inward so as to make them hold the more.

ALWAYS keep a large fire in the kitchen, when there is a small dinner, or the family dines abroad, that the neighbours seeing the smoke, may commend your master's housekeeping; but when much company is invited, then be as sparing as possible of your coals, because a great deal of the meat being half-raw will be saved, and serve next day.

BOIL your meat constantly in pump-water, because you must sometimes want river or pipe water; and then your mistress observing your meat of a different colour, will chide you when you are not in fault.

WHEN you have plenty of fowl in the larder, leave
the

the door open in pity to the poor cat, if she be a good mouser.

If you find it necessary to go to market in a wet day, take out your mistress's riding hood and cloak, to save your cloaths.

Get three or four chairwomen to attend you constantly in the kitchen, whom you pay at small charges, only with the broken meat, a few coals, and all the sunders.

To keep troublesome servants out of the kitchen, always leave the window sticking on the jack to fall on their heads.

If a lump of foot falls into the soup, and you cannot conveniently get it out, stir it well, and it will give the soup a high French taste.

If you melt your butter to oil, be under no concern; but send it up, for oil is a genteeler sauce than butter.

SCRAPE the bottoms of your pots and kettles with a silver spoon, for fear of giving them a taste of copper.

When you send up butter for sauce, be so thrifty as to let it be half water; which is also much wholesomer.

If your butter when it is melted tastes of brass, it is your master's fault; who will not allow you a silver sauce-pan; besides, the less of it will go farther, and how missing is very chargeable. If you have a silver sauce-pan, and the butter smells of smoke, lay the fault upon the coals.

NEVER make use of a spoon in any thing that you can do with your hands, for fear of wearing out your master's plate.

When you find that you cannot get dinner ready at the time appointed, put the clock back, and then it may be ready to a minute.

LET a red-hot coal now and then fall into the dripping-pan, that the smoke of the dripping may ascend, and give the roast meat a high taste.

You are to look upon the kitchen as your dressing-room; but you are not to wash your hands till you have gone to the necessary-house, and spitted your meat, trussed your fowl, picked your salad, not indeed till after you have sent up your second course; for your hands will be ten times fouler with the many things you are forced

forced to handle; but when your work is over, the walking will serve for all.

There is but one part of your dressing that I would admit while the victuals are boiling, roasting, or broiling; I mean the combing your head, which I do so time, because you can stand over your cookery, and watch it with one hand, while you are using your comb with the other.

If any of the combings happen to be sent up with the victuals, you may safely lay the fault upon any of the footmen that hath vexed you; as those gentlemen are sometimes apt to be malicious, if you refuse them a sop in the pan, or a slice from the spit, much more when you discharge a ladleful of hot porridge on their legs, to send them up to their masters with a dishcloth pinned to their tails.

In roasting and boiling, order the kitchen-maid to bring none but the large coals, and save the small ones for the fires above stairs; the first are properest for broiling meat: and when they are out, if you happen to carry in any dish, you may fairly lay the fault upon want of coals; besides, the cinder-pickers will be sure to speak ill of your master's housekeeping, where they do not find plenty of large cinders mixed with fresh large coals. Thus you may dress your meat with credit, do an act of charity, raise the honour of your master, and sometimes get share of a pot of ale for your bounty to the cinder-woman.

As soon as you have sent up the second course, you have nothing to do (in a great family) until supper: therefore scour your hands and face, put on your hood and scarf, and take your pleasure among your cronies, till nine or ten at night. — But dine first.

Let there be always a strict friendship between you and the butler; for it is both your interests to be united; the butler often wants a comfortable bit, and you much oftener a cool cup of good liquor. However, be cautious of him; for he is sometimes an inconstant lover, because he hath great advantage to allure the maids with a glass of sack, or white wine and sugar.

When you roast a breast of veal, remember your sweet-heart the butler loves a sweet-bread; therefore



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fall and that would be a sign of ill luck. Only remember to lick your thumb and fingers clean before you offer to touch the salt.

C H A P. III.

Directions to the FOOTMAN.

YOUR employment being of a mixed nature, extends to a great variety of business, and you stand in a fair way of being the favourite of your master or mistress, or of the young masters and misses; you are the fine gentleman of the family, with whom all the maids are in love. You are sometimes a pattern of dress to your master, and sometimes he is so to you. You wait at table in all companies, and consequently have the opportunity to see and know the world, and to understand men and manners. I confess your vails are but few, unless you are sent with a present, or attend the tea in the country; but you are called Mr in the neighbourhood, and sometimes pick up a fortune; perhaps your master's daughter; and I have known many of your tribe to have good commands in the army. In town you have a seat reserved for you in the play-house, where you have an opportunity of becoming wits and critics. You have no professed enemy except the rabble, and my Lady's waiting-woman, who are sometimes apt to call you skip-kennel. I have a true veneration for your office, because I had once the honour to be one of your order, which I foolishly left by demeaning myself with accepting an employment in the customhouse. But that you, my brethren, may come to better fortunes, I shall here deliver my instructions, which have been the fruits of much thought and observation, as well as of seven years experience.

In order to learn the secrets of other families, tell them those of your master's; thus you will grow a favourite both at home and abroad, and be regarded as a person of importance

NEVER be seen in the streets with a basket or bundle in your hands, and carry nothing but what you can
hide

your pocket, otherwise you will disgrace your
to prevent which, always retain a blackguard
your loads ; and if you want farthings, pay
ood slice of bread, or scrap of meat.

Boy clean your own shoes first, for fear of
number, then let him clean your master's ;
on purpose for that use, and to run of errands,
ay him with scraps. When you are sent on an er-
and, be sure to edge in some business of your own, ei-
ther to see your sweetheart, or drink a pot of ale with
some brother-servants ; which is so much time clear
gained.

THERE is a great controversy about the most conve-
nient and genteel way of holding your plate at meals.
Some stick it between the frame and the back of the
chair ; which is an excellent expedient, where the make
of the chair will allow it. Others, for fear the plate
should fall, grasp it so firmly, that their thumb reacheth
to the middle of the hollow : which however, if your
thumb be dry, is no secure method ; and therefore, in
that case, I advise your wetting the ball of it with your
tongue. As to that absurd practice, of letting the back
of the plate lie leaning on the hollow of your hand,
which some ladies recommend, it is universally exploded,
being liable to so many accidents. Others again are so
refined, that they hold their plate directly under the left
arm-pit ; which is the best situation for keeping it warm :
but this may be dangerous in the article of taking away
a dish, where your plate may happen to fall upon some
of the company's heads. I confess myself to have ob-
jected against all these ways, which I have frequently
tried ; and therefore I recommend a fourth, which is, to
stick your plate, up to the rim inclusive, in the left side
between your waistcoat and your shirt. This will keep
it at least as warm as under your arm-pit, or ockster (as
the Scots call it); this will hide it, so as strangers may
take you for a better servant, too good to hold a plate ;
this will secure it from falling ; and thus disposed, it lies
ready for you to whip out in a moment, ready warmed,
to any guest within your reach, who may want it : and,
lastly, there is another convenience in this method, that
if, any time during your waiting, you find yourself going,

374 DIRECTIONS TO SERVANTS.

to cough or sneeze, you can immediately snatch out the plate, and hold the hollow part close to your nose or mouth, and thus prevent spirting any moisture from either upon the dishes or the ladies head-dress. You see gentlemen and ladies observe a like practice on such an occasion, with a hat or a handkerchief: yet a plate is less fouled and sooner cleaned than either of these; for when your cough or sneeze is over, it is but returning your plate to the same position, and your shirt will clean it in the passage.

TAKE off the largest dishes, and set them on, with one hand, to shew the ladies your vigour and strength of back; but always do it between two ladies, that if the dish happens to slip, the soup or sauce may fall on their cloaths, and not daub the floor. By this practice, two of our brethren, my worthy friends, got considerable fortunes.

LEARN all the new-fashion words, and oaths, and songs, and scraps of plays that your memory can hold. Thus you will become the delight of nine ladies in ten, and the envy of ninety-nine beaux in a hundred.

TAKE care, that at certain periods, during dinner especially, when persons of quality are there, you and your brethren be all out of the room together; by which you will give yourselves some ease from the fatigue of waiting, and at the same time leave the company to converse more freely, without being constrained by your presence.

WHEN you are sent on a message, deliver it in your own words, altho' it be to a duke or a duchess, and not in the words of your master or lady; for how can they understand what belongs to a message as well as you, who have been bred to the employment? But never deliver the answer till it is called for, and then adorn it with your own style.

WHEN dinner is done, carry down a great heap of plates to the kitchen; and when you come to the head of the stairs, trundle them all before you. There is not a more agreeable sight or sound, especially if they be silver, besides the trouble they save you; and there they will lie ready near the kitchen-door for the scullion to wash them.



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376 DIRECTIONS TO SERVANTS.

perquisite of the cook's kitchen-stuff; for she is the person you ought in prudence to be well with.

WHILE grace is saying after meat, do you and your brethren take the chairs from behind the company, so that when they go to sit down again, they may fall backwards, which will make them all merry; but be you so discreet as to hold your laughter till you get to the kitchen, and then divert your fellow-servants.

WHEN you know your master is most busy in company, come in and pretend to fettle about the room; and if he chides, say, you thought he rung the bell. This will divert him from plodding on business too much, or spending himself in talk, or racking his thoughts, all which are hurtful to his constitution.

IF you are ordered to break the claw of a crab or a lobster, clap it between the sides of the dining-room door between the hinges. Thus you can do it gradually, without mashing the meat; which is often the fate of the street-door key, or the pestle.

WHEN you take a foul plate from any of the guests, and observe the foul knife and fork lying on the plate, shew your dexterity, take up the plate, and throw off the knife and fork on the table, without shaking off the bones or broken meat that are left: then the guest, who hath more time than you, will wipe the fork and knife already used.

WHEN you carry a glass of liquor to any person who hath called for it, do not bob him on the shoulder, or cry, Sir, or Madam, here's the glass; that would be unmannerly, as if you had a mind to force it down one's throat: but stand at the person's left shoulder, and wait his time, and if he strikes it down with his elbow by forgetfulness, that was his fault, and not yours.

WHEN your mistress sends you for a hackney-coach in a wet day, come back in the coach to save your cloaths, and the trouble of walking: it is better the bottom of her petticoats should be daggled with your dirty shoes, than your livery be spoiled, and yourself get a cold.

THERE is no indignity so great to one of your station, as that of lighting your master in the streets with a lantern; and therefore it is very honest policy to try all arts how to evade it: besides, it shews your master to be
be

DIRECTIONS TO THE FOOTMAN. 377

be either poor or covetous, which are the two worst qualities you can meet with in any service. When I was under those circumstances, I made use of several wise expedients, which I here recommend to you. Sometimes I took a candle so long, that it reached to the very top of the lantern, and burnt it: but my master, after a good beating, ordered me to paste it over with paper. I then used a middling candle, but stuck it so loose in the socket, that it leaned towards one side, and burned a whole quarter of the horn. Then I used a bit of candle of half an inch, which sunk in the socket, and melted the folder, and forced, my master to walk half the way in the dark. Then he made me stick two inches of candle in the place where the socket was; after which I pretended to stumble, put out the candle, and broke all the tin part to pieces. At last, he was forced to make use of a lantern-boy, out of perfect good husbandry.

It is much to be lamented, that gentlemen of our employment have but two hands to carry plates, dishes, bottles, and the like, out of the room at meals; and the misfortune is still the greater, because one of those hands is required to open the door, while you are incumbered with your load. Therefore I advise, that the door may be always left at jar, so as to open it with your foot; and then you may carry out plates and dishes from your belly up to your chin, besides a good quantity of things under your arms, which will save you many a weary step; but take care, that none of the burden falls till you are out of the room, and, if possible, out of hearing.

If you are sent to the post-office with a letter in a cold rainy night, step to the ale-house, and take a pot, until it is supposed you have done your errand; but take the next fair opportunity to put the letter in carefully, as becomes an honest servant.

If you are ordered to make coffee for the ladies after dinner, and the pot happens to boil over, while you are running up for a spoon to stir it, or thinking of something else, or struggling with the chambermaid for a kiss; wipe the sides of the pot clean with a dishcloth, carry up your coffee boldly; and when your lady finds

378 DIRECTIONS TO SERVANTS.

it too weak, and examines you whether it has not run over; deny the fact absolutely; swear you put in more coffee than ordinary, that you never stirred an inch from it, that you strove to make it better than usual, because your mistress had ladies with her, that the servants in the kitchen will justify what you say. Upon this you will find, that the other ladies will pronounce your coffee to be very good; and your mistress will confess that her mouth is out of taste, and she will for the future suspect herself, and be more cautious in finding fault. This I would have you do from a principle of conscience: for coffee is very unwholesome; and out of affection to your lady, you ought to give it her as weak as possible. And upon this argument, when you have a mind to treat any of the maids with a dish of fresh coffee, you may, and ought to subtract a third part of the powder, on account of your lady's health, and getting her maids goodwill.

If your master sends you with a small trifling present to one of his friends, be as careful of it as you would be of a diamond ring: therefore, if the present be only half a dozen pippins, send up the servant who received the message, to say, that you were ordered to deliver them with your own hands. This will shew your exactness, and care to prevent accidents or mistakes; and the gentleman or lady cannot do less than give you a shilling. So when your master receives the like present, teach the messenger who brings it to do the same, and give your master hints that may stir up his generosity; for brother-servants should assist one another, since it is all for their master's honour, which is the chief point to be consulted by every good servant, and of which he is the best judge.

WHEN you step but a few doors off to tattle with a wench, or take a running pot of ale, or to see a brother-footman going to be hanged, leave the street door open, that you may not be forced to knock, and your master discover you are gone out; for a quarter of an hour's time can do his service no injury.

WHEN you take away the remaining pieces of bread after dinner, put them on four plates, and press them down with other plates over them, so as no body can
touch



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380 DIRECTIONS TO SERVANTS.

lace, except silver ; which will hardly fall to your share, unless with a duke, or some prodigal just come to his estate. The colours you ought to wish for, are blue, or filemot turned up with red ; which with a borrowed sword, a borrowed air, your master's linen, and a natural and improved confidence, will give you what title you please, where you are not known.

WHEN you carry dishes, or other things, out of the room at meals, fill both your hands as full as possible : for although you may sometimes spill, and sometimes let fall ; yet you will find at the year's end you have made great dispatch, and saved abundance of time.

IF your master or mistress happens to walk the streets, keep on one side, and as much on the level with them as you can ; which people observing, will either think you do not belong to them, or that you are one of their companions : but if either of them happen to turn back and speak to you, so that you are under the necessity to take off your hat, use but your thumb and one finger, and scratch your head with the rest.

IN winter-time light the dining-room fire but two minutes before dinner is served up, that your master may see how saving you are of his coals.

WHEN you are ordered to stir up the fire, clean away the ashes from betwixt the bars with the fire brush.

WHEN you are ordered to call a coach, although it be midnight, go no farther than the door, for fear of being out of the way when you are wanted ; and there stand bawling, Coach, Coach, for half an hour.

ALTHO' you gentlemen in livery have the misfortune to be treated scurvily by all mankind, yet you make a shift to keep up your spirits, and sometimes arrive at considerable fortunes. I was an intimate friend to one of our brethren, who was footman to a court lady. She had an honourable employment, was sister to an earl, and the widow of a man of quality. She observed something so polite in my friend, the gracefulness with which he tript before her chair, and put his hair under his hat, that she made him many advances ; and one day taking the air in her coach, with Tom behind it, the coachman mistook the way, and stopped at a privileged chapel ; where the couple were married, and

Tom

DIRECTIONS TO THE FOOTMAN. 381

Tom came home in the chariot by his lady's side : but he unfortunately taught her to drink brandy, of which she died, after having pawned all her plate to purchase it ; and Tom is now a journeymen maltster.

BOUCHER, the famous gamester, was another of our fraternity ; and when he was worth 50,000 l, he dunned the Duke of Buckingham for an arrear of wages in his service. And I could instance many more, particularly another, whose son had one of the chief employments at court ; and is sufficient to give you the following advice ; which is, to be pert and saucy to all mankind, especially to the chaplain, the waiting-woman, and the better sort of servants in a person of quality's family : and value not now and then a kicking, or a caneing ; for your insolence will at last turn to good account ; and from wearing a livery, you may probably soon carry a pair of colours.

WHEN you wait behind a chair at meals, keep constantly wriggling the back of the chair, that the person behind whom you stand may know you are ready to attend him.

WHEN you carry a parcel of china plates, if they chauce to fall, as it is a frequent misfortune, your excuse must be, that a dog ran across you in the hall ; that the chamber-maid accidentally pushed the door against you ; that a mop stood across the entry, and tript you up ; that your sleeve stuck against the key or button of the lock.

WHEN your master and lady are talking together in their bed-chamber, and you have some suspicion that you or your fellow-servants are concerned in what they say, listen at the door for the public good of all the servants, and join all to take proper measures for preventing any innovations that may hurt the community.

Be not proud in prosperity. You have heard, that fortune turns on a wheel ; if you have a good place, you are at the top of the wheel. Remember how often you have been stripped, and kicked out of doors ; your wages all taken up before-hand, and spent in translated red-heeled shoes, second hand toupees, and repaired lace-ruffles, besides a swinging debt to the wife and the brandy-shop. The neighbouring tapster, who before
would

would beckon you over to a savoury bit of ox-check in the morning, give it you *gratis*, and only score you up for the liquor, immediately after you were packed off in disgrace, carried a petition to your master to be paid out of your wages, whereof not a farthing was due, and then pursued you with bailiffs into every blind cellar. Remember how soon you grew shabby, thread-bare, and out-at heels ; was forced to borrow an old livery coat, to make your appearance while you were looking for a place ; and sneak to every house where you have an old acquaintance, to steal you a scrap to keep life and soul together ; and, upon the whole, were in the lowest station of human life, which, as the old ballad says, is that of a skip-kennel turned out of place : I say, remember all this now in your flourishing condition. Pay your contributions duly to your late brothers the cadets, who are left to the wide world : take one of them as your dependent, to send on your lady's messages when you have a mind to go to the ale-house ; slip him out privately now and then a slice of bread, and a bit of cold meat ; your master can afford it : and if he be not yet put upon the establishment for a lodging, let him lie in the stable, or the coach-house, or under the back-stairs ; and recommend him to all the gentlemen who frequent your house as an excellent servant.

To grow old in the office of a footman, is the highest of all indignities : therefore, when you find years coming on without hopes of a place at court, a command in the army, a succession to the stewardship, an employment in the revenue, (which two last you cannot obtain without reading and writing,) or running away with your master's niece or daughter ; I directly advise you to go upon the road, which is the only post of honour left you. There you will meet many of your old comrades, and live a short life, and a merry one, and make a figure at your exit ; wherein I will give you some instructions.

THE last advice I give you, relates to your behaviour when you are going to be hanged ; which either for robbing your master, for house breaking, or going upon the highway, or in a drunken quarrel, by killing the first man you meet, may very probably be your lot ; and is

owing



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384 DIRECTIONS TO SERVANTS.

then shew your skill, by driving to an inch by a precipice ; and say, you never drove so well as when drunk.

IF you find any gentleman fond of one of your horses, and willing to give you a consideration beside the price ; persuade your master to sell him, because he is so vicious that you cannot undertake to drive with him, and is foundered into the bargain.

GET a blackguard-boy to watch your coach at the church-door on Sundays, that you and your brother-coachmen may be merry together at the ale-house, while your master and lady are at church.

TAKE care that your wheels be good ; and get a new set bought as often as you can, whether you are allowed the old as your perquisite or not. In one case it will turn to your honest profit ; and in the other it will be a just punishment on your master's covetousness ; and probably the coachmaker will consider you too.

C H A P. V.

Directions to the G R O O M.

YOU are the servant upon whom the care of your master's honour in all journeys entirely depends : your breast is the sole repository of it. If he travels the country, and lodgeth at inns, every dram of brandy, every pot of ale extraordinary that you drink, raiseth his character ; and therefore his reputation ought to be dear to you ; and I hope you will not stint yourself in either. The smith, the saddler's journeyman, the cook at the inn, the ostler, and the boot-catcher, ought all by your means to partake of your master's generosity. Thus his fame will reach from one county to another : and what is a gallon of ale, or a pint of brandy in his Worship's pocket ? And although he should be in the number of those who value their credit less than their purse, yet your care of the former ought to be so much the greater. His horse wanted two removes ; your horse wanted nails ; his allowance of oats and beans was greater than the journey required ; a third may be retrenched, and turned into ale or brandy ;
and

DIRECTIONS TO THE GROOM. 385

and thus his honour may be preserved by your discretion, and less expence to him : or if he travels with no other servant, the matter is easily made up in the bill between you and the tapster.

THEREFORE, as soon as you alight at the inn, deliver your horses to the stable-boy, and let him gallop them to the next pond : then call for a pot of ale ; for it is very fit that a Christian should drink before a beast. Leave your master to the care of the servants in the inn, and your horses to those in the stable. Thus both he and they are left in the properest hands. But you are to provide for yourself ; therefore get your supper, drink freely, and go to bed without troubling your master, who is in better hands than yours. The ostler is an honest fellow, and loves horses in his heart ; and would not wrong the dumb creatures for the world. Be tender of your master, and order the servants not to wake him too early. Get your breakfast before he is up, that he may not wait for you. Make the ostler tell him the roads are very good, and the miles short ; but advise him to stay a little longer till the weather clears up, for he is afraid there will be rain, and he will be time enough after dinner.

LET your master mount before you, out of good manners. As he is leaving the inn, drop a good word in favour of the ostler, what care he took of the cattle ; and add, that you never saw civiler servants. Let your master ride on before, and do you stay until your landlord has given you a dram ; then gallop after him thro' the town or village with full speed, for fear he should want you, and to shew your horsemanship.

IF you are a piece of a farrier, as every good groom ought to be, get sack, brandy, or strong beer, to rub your horses heels every night ; and be not sparing, for (if any be spent) what is left, you know how to dispose of it.

CONSIDER your master's health ; and, rather than let him take long-journeys, say the cattle are weak, and fallen in their flesh with hard riding : tell him of a very good inn five miles nearer than he intended to go ; or leave one of his horses fore-shoes loose in the morning ; or contrive that the saddle may pinch the beast in his
VOL. VII. K k withers ;

withers ; or keep him without corn all night and morning, so that he may tire on the road ; or wedge a thin plate of iron between the hoof and the shoe to make him halt ; and all this in perfect tenderness to your master.

WHEN you are going to be hired, and the gentleman asks you, whether you are apt to be drunk ? own freely that you love a cup of good ale ; but that it is your way, drunk or sober, never to neglect your horses.

WHEN your master hath a mind to ride out for the air, or for pleasure, if any private business of your own makes it inconvenient for you to attend him ; give him to understand, that the horses want bleeding or purging ; that his own pad hath got a surfeit ; or that the saddle wants stuffing, and his bridle is gone to be mended. This you may honestly do, because it will be no injury to the horses or your master ; and at the same time shews the great care you have of the poor dumb creatures.

If there be a particular inn in the town whither you are going, and where you are well acquainted with the ostler or tapster, and the people of the house ; find fault with the other inns, and recommend your master thither : it may probably be a pot and a dram or two more in your way. and to your master's honour.

If your master sends you to buy hay, deal with those who will be the most liberal to you ; for service being no inheritance, you ought not to let slip any lawful and customary perquisite. If your master buys it himself, he wrongs you ; and to teach him his duty, be sure to find fault with the hay as long as it lasts ; and if the horses thrive with it, the fault is yours.

HAY and oats, in the management of a skilful groom will make excellent ale, as well as brandy ; but this is only hint.

WHEN your master dines or lies at a gentleman's house in the country, altho' there be no groom, or he be gone abroad, or that the horses have been quite neglected, be sure employ some of the servants to hold the horse when your master mounts. This I would have you do, when your master only alights to call in for a few minutes ; for brother servants must always befriend one another ; and that also concerns your master's honour ; because he



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himself as to come off with only a strain of a shoulder-
 slip.

WHEN you carry your master's riding-coat in a journey, wrap your own in it, and buckle them up close with a strap; but turn your master's inside out, to preserve the outside from wet and dirt. Thus, when it begins to rain, your master's coat will be first ready to be given him; and if it get more hurt than yours, he can afford it better; for your livery must always serve in year's apprenticeship.

WHEN you come to your inn with the horses wet and dirty after hard riding, and are very hot, make the ostler immediately plunge them into water up to their bellies, and allow them to drink as much as they please; but be sure to gallop them full speed a mile at least, to dry their skins, and warm the water in their bellies. The ostler understands his business; leave all to his discretion, while you get a pot of ale and some brandy at the kitchen fire to comfort your heart.

If your horse drop a fore-shoe, be so careful to alight and take it up: then ride with all the speed you can (the shoe in your hand, that every traveller may observe your care) to the next smith on the road, make him put it on immediately, that your master may not wait for you, and that the poor horse may be as short a time as possible without a shoe.

WHEN your master lies at a gentleman's house, if you find the hay and oats are good, complain aloud of their badness; this will get you the name of a diligent servant: and be sure to cram the horses with as much oats as they can eat, while you are there, and you may give them so much the less for some days at the inn, and turn the oats into ale. When you leave the gentleman's house, tell your master what a covetous hound that gentleman was, that you got nothing but butter-milk or water to drink; this will make your master out of pity allow you a pot of ale the more at the next inn. But if you happen to get drunk in a gentleman's house, your master cannot be angry, because it cost him nothing; and so you ought to tell him as well as you can in your present condition, and let him know

DIRECTIONS to STEWARDS. 389

it is both for his and the gentleman's honour, to make a friend's servant welcome.

A master ought always to love his groom, to put him in a handsome livery, and to allow him a silver laced hat. When you are in this equipage, all the honours he receives on the road are owing to you alone: that he is not turned out of the way by every carrier, is caused by the civility he receives at second hand from the respect paid to your livery.

You may now and then lend your master's pad to a brother-servant, or your favourite maid, for a short jaunt, or hire him for a day, because the horse is spoiled for want of exercise: and if your master happens to want his horse, or hath a mind to see the stable, curse that rogue the helper, who is gone out with the key.

WHEN you want to spend an hour or two with your companions at the alehouse, and that you stand in need of a reasonable excuse for your stay, go out of the stable-door, or the back-way, with an old bridle, girth, or stirrup-leather in your pocket, and on your return come home by the street-door with the same bridle, girth, or stirrup-leather, dangling in your hand, as if you came from the saddler's, where you were getting the same mended; (if you were not missed, all is well); but if you are met by your master, you will have the reputation of a careful servant. This I have known practised with good success.

C H A P. VI.

Directions to the HOUSE-STEWARD, and LAND-STEWARD.

LORD Peterborough's steward, that pulled down his house, sold the materials, and charged my Lord with repairs. Take money for forbearance from tenants. Renew leases, and get by them, and sell woods. Lend my Lord his own money. Gil Blas said much of this, to whom I refer.

C H A P. VII.

Directions to the PORTER.

IF your master be a minister of state, let him be at home to none but his pimp, or chief flatterer, or one of his pensionary writers, or his hired spy, and informer, or his printer in ordinary, or his city-solicitor, or a land-jobber, or his inventor of new funds, or a stock-jobber.

C H A P. VIII.

Directions to the CHAMBER-MAID.

THE nature of your employment differs according to the quality, the pride, or the wealth of the lady you serve; and this treatise is to be applied to all sorts of families; so that I find myself under great difficulty to adjust the business for which you are hired. In a family where there is a tolerable estate, you differ from the house maid, and in that view I give my directions. Your particular province is your lady's chamber, where you make the bed, and put things in order; and if you live in the country, you take care of rooms, where ladies lie who come into the house; which brings in all the vails that fall to your share. Your usual lover, as I take it, is the coachman; but if you are under twenty, and tolerably handsome, perhaps a footman may cast his eyes on you.

Get your favourite footman to help you in making your lady's bed; and if you serve a young couple, the footman and you, as you are turning up the bed-cloaths, will make the prettiest observations in the world, which whispered about, will be very entertaining to the whole family, and get among the neighbourhood.

Do not carry down the necessary vessels for the fellows to see; but empty them out of the window, for your lady's credit. It is highly improper for men-servants to know, that fine ladies have occasion for such
utensils.



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392 DIRECTIONS to SERVANTS.

examining the situation of the yard, the window, and the chimney, soon convinced the lady, that the stone could never reach the looking-glass, without taking three turns in its flight from the hand that threw it; and the maid being proved to have swept the room the same morning, was strictly examined; but constantly denied that she was guilty upon her salvation, offering to take her oath upon the Bible before his reverence, that she was as innocent as the child unborn: yet the poor wench was turned off; which I take to have been hard treatment, considering her ingenuity. However, this may be a direction to you in the like case, to contrive a story that will better hang together. For instance, you might say, that while you were at work with the mop or tumb, a flash of lightning came suddenly in at the window, which almost blinded you; that you immediately heard the ringing of broken glass on the hearth; that as soon as you recovered your eyes, you saw the looking-glass all broken to pieces: or you may alledge, that observing the glass a little covered with dust, and going very gently to wipe it, you suppose the moisture of the air had dissolved the glue or cement, which made it fall to the ground; or, as soon as the mischief is done, you may cut the cords that fastened the glass to the wainscot, and so let it fall flat on the ground: run out in a fright, tell your lady, curse the upsolterer, and declare how narrowly you escaped, that it did not fall upon your head. I offer these expedients from a desire I have to defend the innocent; for innocent you certainly must be, if you did not break the glass on purpose, which I would by no means excuse, except upon great provocations.

Oil the tongs, poker, and fire shovel, up to the top, not only to keep them from rusting, but likewise to prevent meddling people from waiting your master's coals with stirring the fire.

WHEN you are in haste, sweep the dust into a corner of the room; but leave your brush upon it, that it may not be seen, for that would disgrace you.

NEVER wash your hands, or put on a clean apron, till you have made your lady's bed, for fear of rusting your apron, or fouling your hands again.

WHEN

DIRECTIONS TO THE CHAMBER-MAID. 393

WHEN you bar the window-shuts of your lady's bed-chamber at nights, leave open the sashes, to let in the fresh air, and sweeten the room against morning.

IN the time when you leave the windows open for air, leave books or something else on the window-seat, that they may get air too.

WHEN you sweep your lady's room, never stay to pick up foul smocks, handkerchiefs, pinner, pincushions, teaspoons, ribbands, slippers, or whatever lies in your way; but sweep all into a corner, and then you may take them up in a lump, and save time.

MAKING beds in hot weather is a very laborious work, and you will be apt to sweat; therefore, when you find the drops running down from your forehead, wipe them off with a corner of the sheet, that they may not be seen on the bed.

WHEN your lady sends you to wash a china cup, and it happen to fall, bring it up, and swear you did but just touch it with your hand, when it broke into *three halves*. And here I must inform you, as well as all your fellow-servants, that you ought never to be without an excuse; it doth no harm to your master, and it lessens your fault: as in this instance, I do not commend you for breaking the cup; it is certain you did not break it on purpose; and the thing is possible, that it might break in your hand.

You are sometimes desirous to see a funeral, a quarrel, a man going to be hanged, a wedding, a bawd carted, or the like. As they pass by in the street, you lift up the sash suddenly, there by misfortune it sticks: this was no fault of yours; young women are curious by nature; you have no remedy but to cut the cord, and lay the fault upon the carpenter, unless no body saw you, and then you are as innocent as any servant in the house.

WEAR your lady's smock when she has thrown it off; it will do you credit, save your own linen, and be not a pin the worse.

WHEN you put a clean pillow-case on your lady's pillow, be sure to fasten it well with three corking pins, that it may not fall off in the night.

WHEN you spread bread and butter for tea, be sure that all the holes in the loaf be left full of butter, to
keep

394 DIRECTIONS TO SERVANTS.

keep the bread moist against dinner; and let the mark of your thumb be seen only upon one end of every slice, to shew your cleanliness.

WHEN you are ordered to open or lock any door, trunk, or cabinet, and miss the proper key, or cannot distinguish it in the bunch, try the first key that you can thrust in, and turn it with all your strength, till you open the lock, or break the key; for your lady will reckon you a fool to come back and do nothing.

C H A P. IX.

Directions to the WAITING-MÁID.

TWO accidents have happened to lessen the comforts and profits of your employment; first, that execrable custom got among ladies, of trucking their old cloaths for china, or turning them to cover easy chairs, or making them into patch-work for screens, stools, cushions, and the like. The second is, the invention of small chests and trunks, with lock and key, wherein they keep the tea and sugar; without which it is impossible for a waiting-maid to live: for by this means you are forced to buy brown sugar, and pour water upon the leaves, when they have lost all their spirit and taste. I cannot contrive any perfect remedy against either of these two evils. As to the former, I think there should be a general confederacy of all the servants in every family, for the public good, to drive those china hucksters from the door. And as to the latter, there is no other method to relieve yourselves, but by a false key; which is a point both difficult and dangerous to compass; but, as to the circumstances of honesty in procuring one, I am under no doubt, when your mistress gives you so just a provocation, by refusing you an ancient and legal perquisite. The mistress of the tea-shop may now and then give you half an ounce, but that will be only a drop in the bucket: therefore I fear you must be forced, like the rest of your sisters, to run in-trust, and pay for it out of your wages, as far as they will go; which.



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396 DIRECTIONS TO SERVANTS.

her often in mind, that she is rich enough to make any man happy; that there is no real happiness but in love; that she hath liberty to chuse where-ever she pleaseth, and not by the directions of parents, who never give allowances for an innocent passion; that there are a world of handsome, fine, sweet young gentlemen in town, who would be glad to die at her feet; that the conversation of two lovers is a heaven upon earth; that love, like death, equals all conditions; that if she should cast her eyes upon a young fellow below her birth and estate, his marrying her would make him a gentleman; that you saw yesterday on the Mall the prettiest ensign; and that if you had forty thousand pounds, it should be at his service. Take care that every body should know what lady you live with; how great a favourite you are; and that she always takes your advice. Go often to St James's park; the fine fellows will soon discover you, and contrive to slip a letter into your sleeve or your bosom; pull it out in a fury, and throw it on the ground, unless you find at least two guineas along with it; but in that case, seem not to find it, and to think he was only playing the wag with you. When you come home, drop the letter carelessly in your lady's chamber; she finds it, is angry; protest you knew nothing of it, only you remember that a gentleman in the park struggled to kiss you and you believe it was he that put the letter into your sleeve or petticoat; and indeed he was as pretty a man as ever she saw: that she may burn the letter if she pleaseth. If your lady be wise, she will burn some other paper before you, and read the letter when you are gone down. You must follow this practice as often as you safely can: but let him who pays you bed with every letter, be the handsomest man. If a footman presumes to bring a letter to the house to be delivered to you for your lady, altho' it come from your best customer, throw it at his head; call him impudent rogue and villain, and shut the door in his face: run up to your lady, and, as a proof of your fidelity, tell her what you have done.

I could enlarge very much upon this subject; but I trust to your own discretion.

If you serve a lady who is a little disposed to gallantries,

DIRECTIONS TO THE WAITING-MAID. 397

ties, you will find it a point of great prudence how to manage. Three things are necessary. First, how to please your lady; secondly, how to prevent suspicion in the husband, or among the family; and, lastly, but principally, how to make it most for your own advantage. To give you full directions in this important affair, would require a large volume. All assignations at home are dangerous both to your lady and yourself; and therefore contrive as much as possible to have them in a third place; especially if your lady, as it is a hundred odds, entertains more lovers than one, each of whom is often more jealous than a thousand husbands; and very unlucky rencounters may often happen under the best management. I need not warn you to employ your good offices chiefly in favour of those whom you find most liberal. Yet, if your lady should happen to cast an eye upon a handsome footman, you should be generous enough to bear with her humour; which is no singularity, but a very natural appetite. It is still the safest of all home-intrigues, and was formerly the least suspected, until of late years it hath grown more common. The great danger is, lest this kind of gentry, dealing too often in bad ware, may happen not to be found; and then your lady and you are in a very bad way, altho' not altogether desperate.

BUT to say the truth, I confess it is a great presumption in me, to offer you any instructions in the conduct of your lady's amours; wherein your whole sisterhood is already so expert, and deeply learned; altho' it be much more difficult to compass, than that assistance which my brother-footmen give their masters on the like occasion: and therefore I leave this affair to be treated by some abler pen.

WHEN you lock up a silk mantua, or laced head, in a trunk or chest, leave a piece out, that when you open the trunk again, you may know where to find it.

C H A P: X.

Directions to the HOUSE-MAID.

IF your master and lady go into the country for a week or more, never wash the bedchamber or dining



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proper places in the portmanteau. Stuff the shoes and slippers at the toes with a small lock of hay; fold up the cloaths so as that they may not be rumpled. When your master is in his room at night, put all his things in such a manner as he has them at home. Learn to have some skill in cookery, that at a pinch you may be able to make your master easy.

The groom. Carry with you a stirrup-leather, an awl, twelve horse-nails, and a horse's fore-shoes, pick, and an hammer, for fear of an accident; and some ends and pack-thread, a bottle-screw, knife and penknife, needles, pins, thread, silk, worsted, &c.; some plaisters and scissars.

Item. The servants to carry their own things. Have a pocket-book, keep all the bills, date the time and place; and indorse the numbers.

INQUIRE in every town, if there be any thing worth seeing. Observe the country-seats, and ask who they belong to; and enter them, and the countries where they are.

SEARCH under your master's bed when he is gone up, lest a cat, or something else, may be under it.

WHEN your master's bed is made, and his things ready, lock the chamber-door, and keep the key till he goes to bed; then keep it in your pocket till morn.

LET the servants of the inn be sure to wake you above an hour before your master is to go, that he may have an hour to prepare himself.

IF the ostler hath been knavish or negligent, do not let him hold your master's horse. Observe the same rule at a gentleman's house. If the groom hath not taken care of your horses, do not let him hold your master's.

INQUIRE at every Inn where you stay, what is the best inn in the next town you are to come to; yet do not rely on that, but likewise as you enter into any town to stay, ask the people which is the best inn; and go to that which most people commend.

SEE that your master's boots be dried and well liquored over night.

The end of the SEVENTH VOLUME.