

The passions, humorously delineated / By Timothy Bobbin, Esq., author of the Lancashire dialect: containing twenty-five plates, with his portrait, title plate, and poetical descriptions.

Contributors

Bobbin, Tim, 1708-1786.

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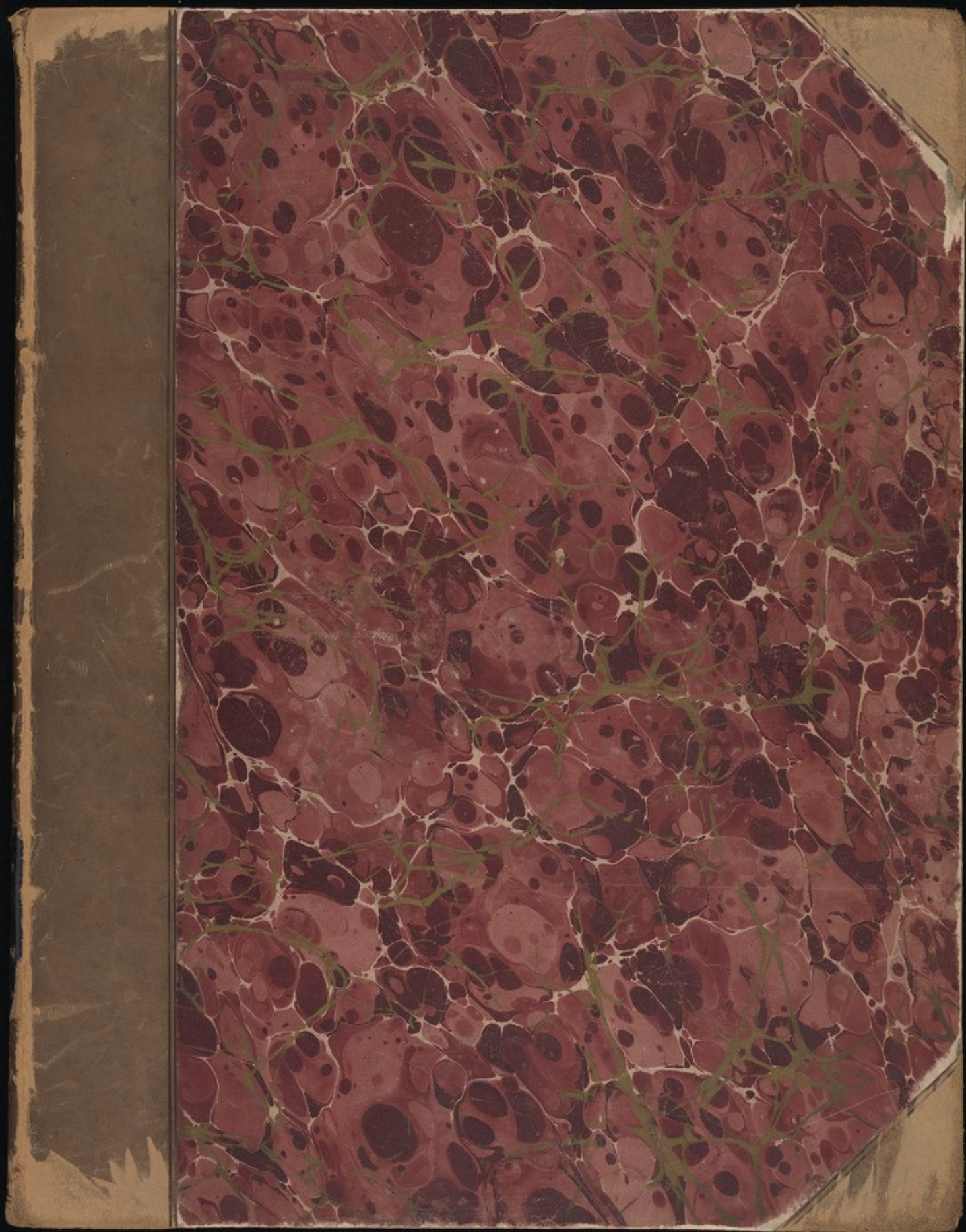
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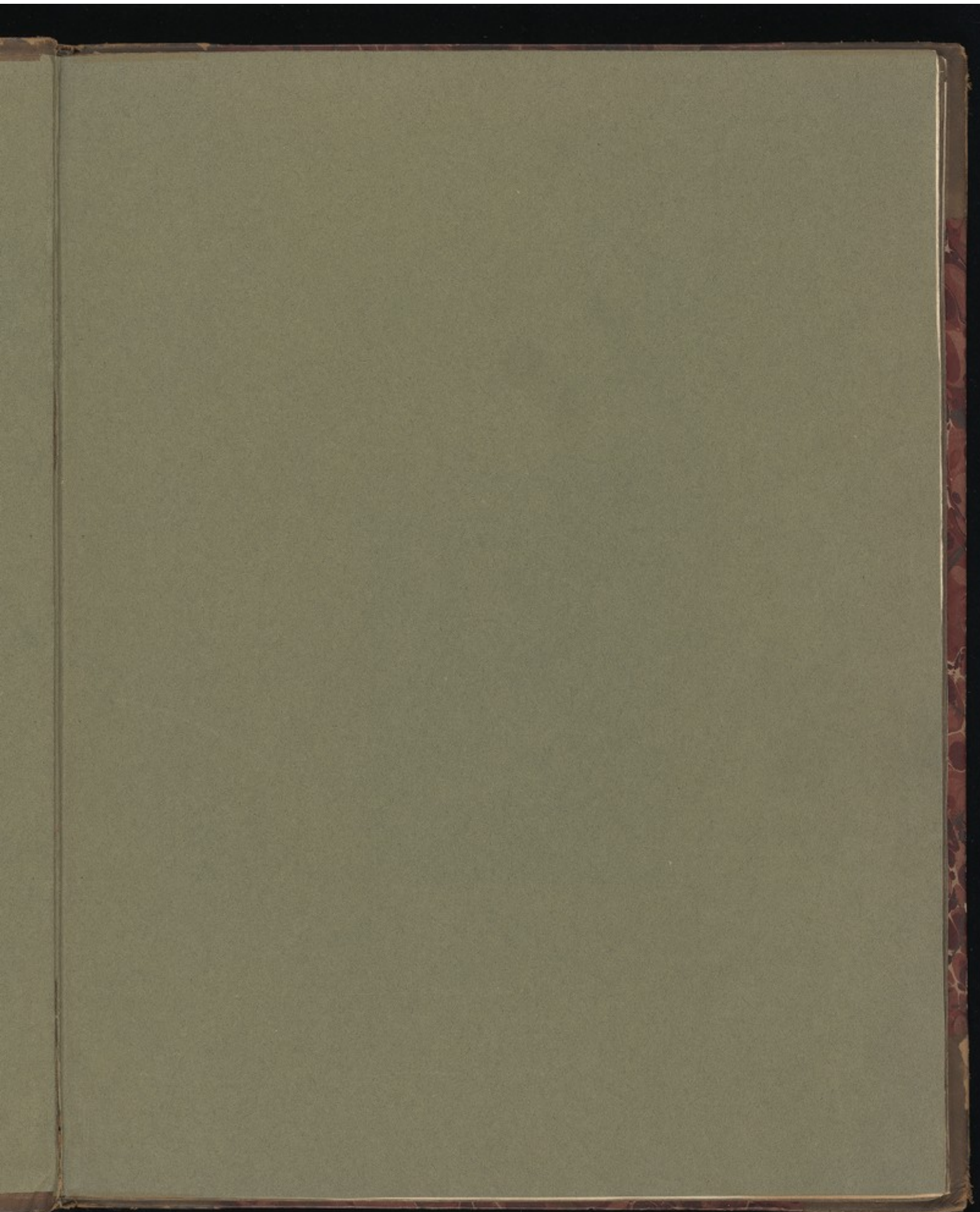


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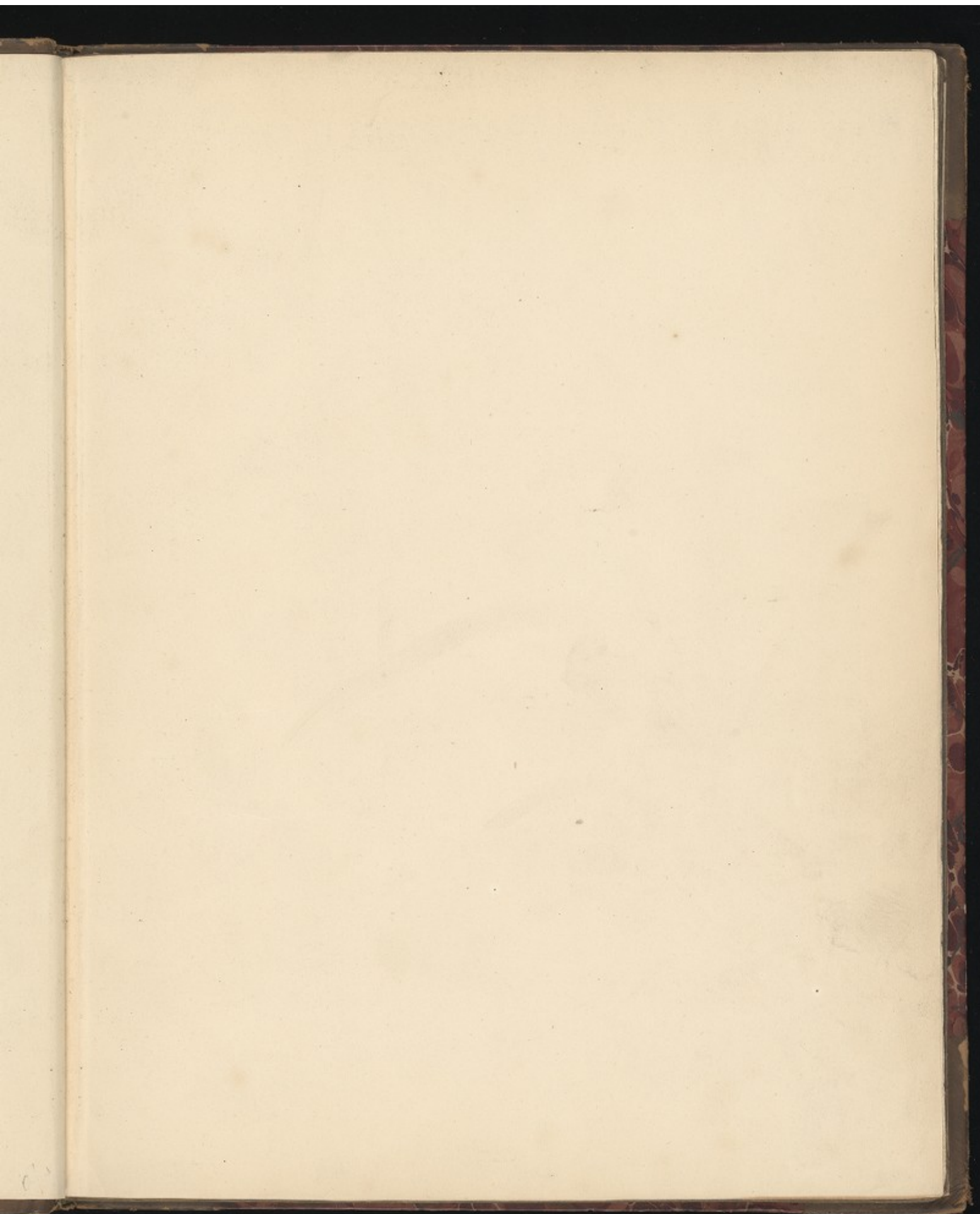
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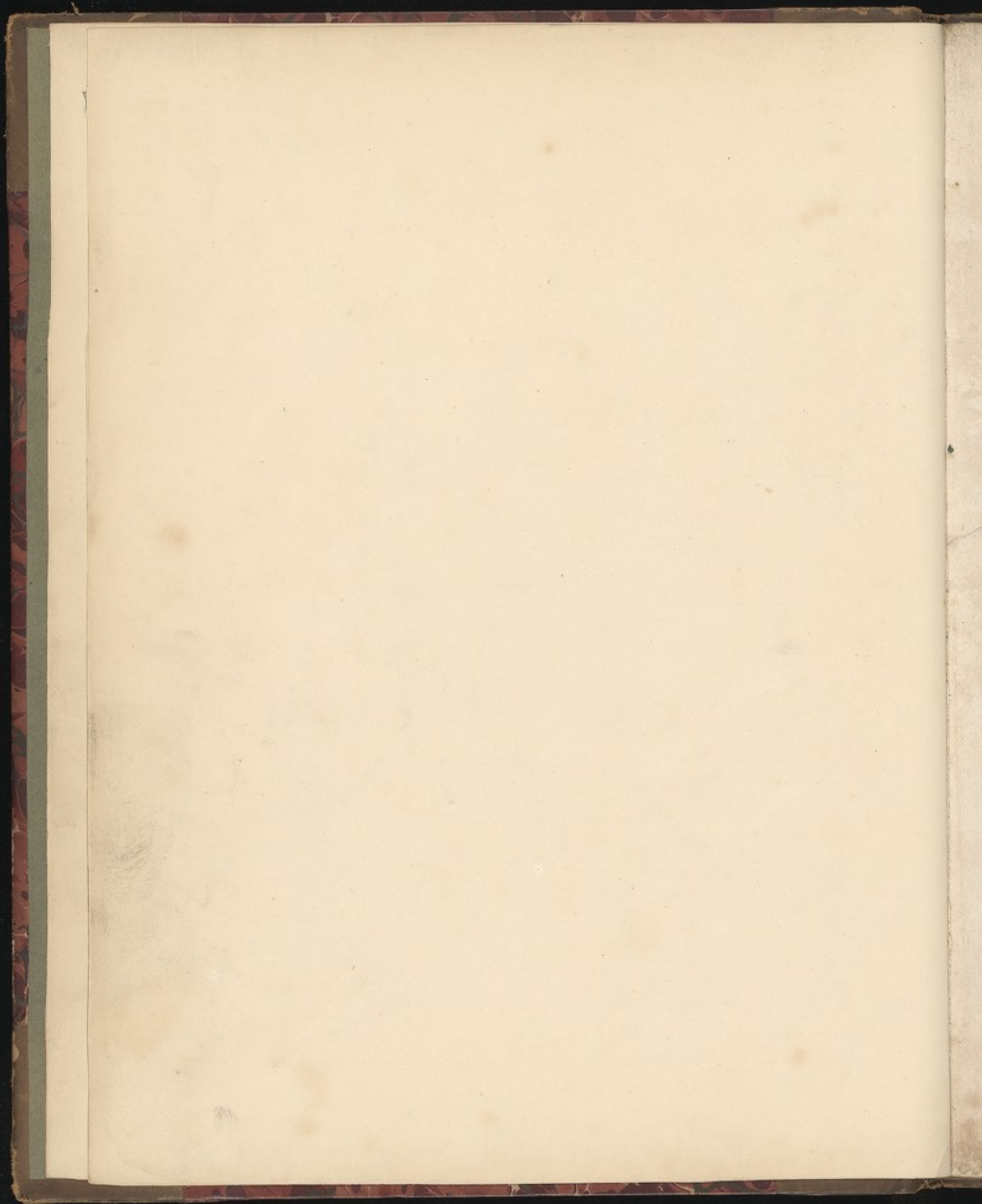
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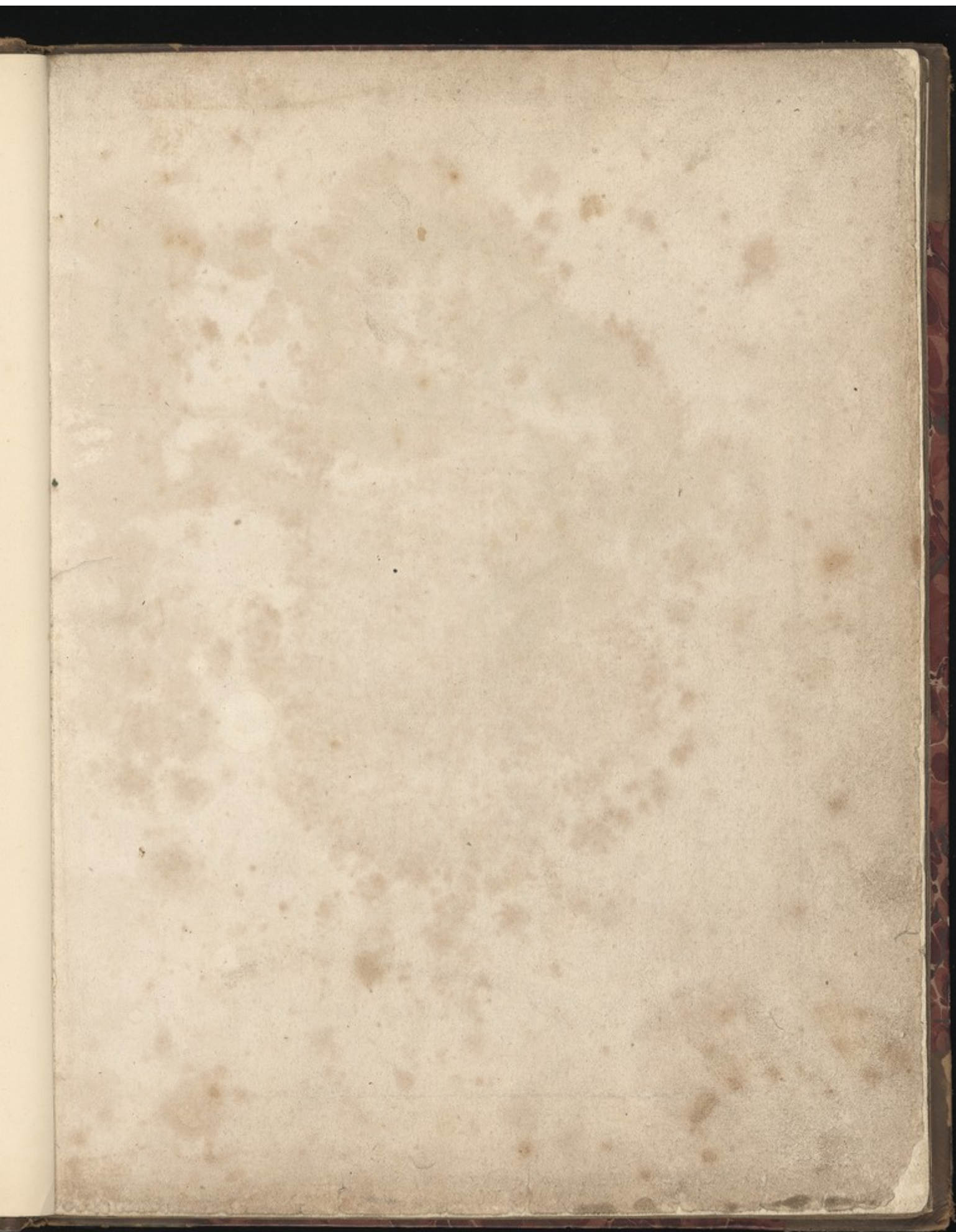


F. 2017

12/6









Respectfully

Inscribed to the

Gentlemen,

and

TRADESMEN of LANCASHIRE;

more particularly of MANCHESTER,

by the Publisher.

*Some will for pleasure, some for spite;
But want of Money makes me write.*

Pub. June 1840 by Geo. W. Jones, Leeds.

60435

F.2017

THE PASSIONS,
HUMOUROUSLY DELINEATED,

BY
TIMOTHY BOBBIN, Esq.

Author of the Lancashire Dialect:

CONTAINING
TWENTY-FIVE PLATES,
WITH HIS PORTRAIT, TITLE PLATE, AND
POETICAL DESCRIPTIONS.

London:

Printed for EDWARD ORME, Printseller to the King, Engtaver and Publisher,
BOND STREET, CORNER OF BROOK STREET;

1810:

By J. HAYES, Dartmouth Street, Westminster.

THE PASSIONS

HOMOEOPATHIC DICTIONARY

J. ROBERTSON, Esq.



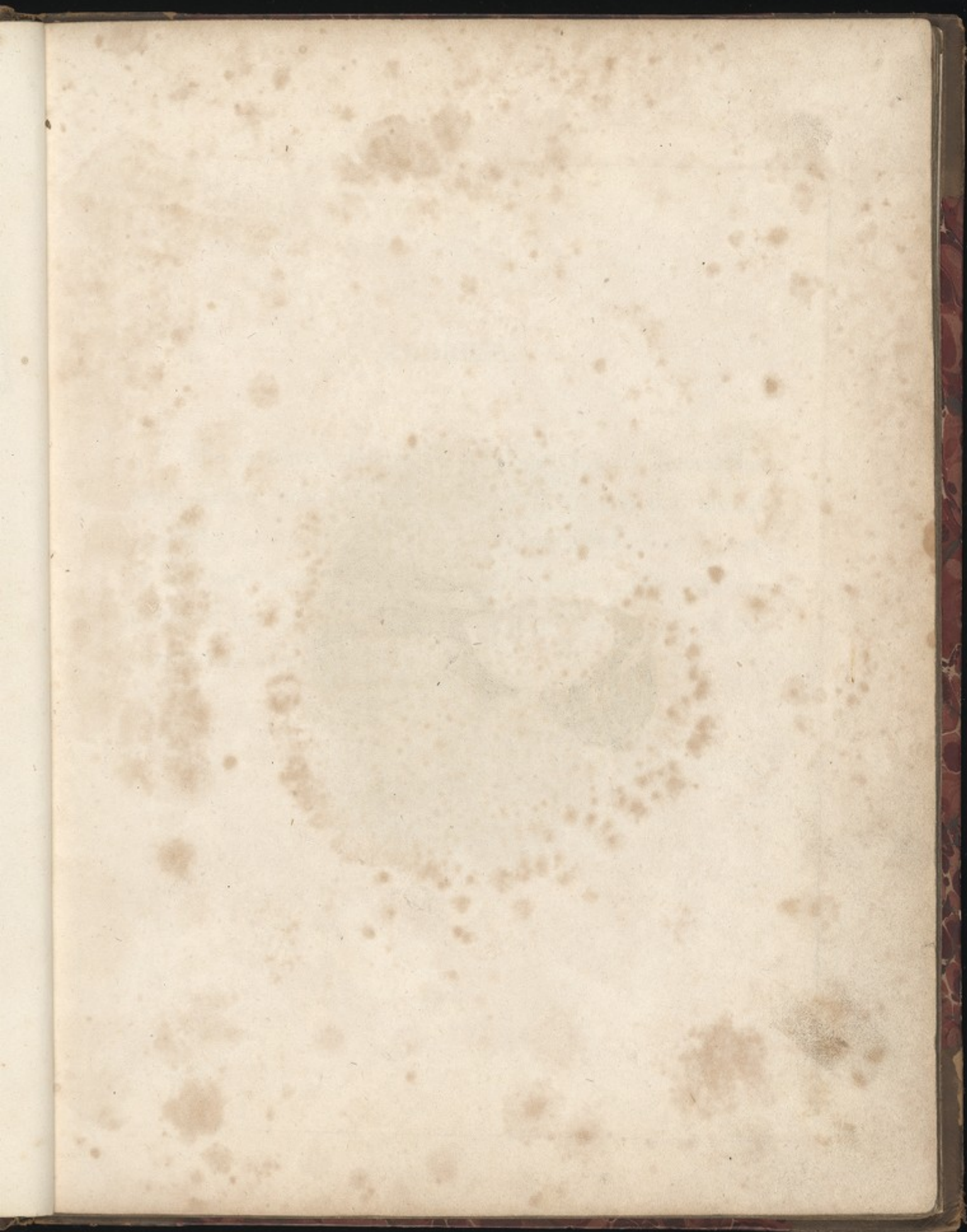
WITH HIS PORTRAIT, TITLE PLATE, AND
POETICAL DESCRIPTIONS

LONDON:

Printed by EDWARD ORME, Printer to the King, at the Crown and Ball Court, Strand.

1810.

By J. ROBERTSON, Esq.





T. BOBBIN ESQ^r

Engraved by R. D. Owen, London.

ADDRESS.

The engraved designs of this once famous Lancashire artist having been many years out of print, and now almost unknown to the world at large, the publisher, from a love of the early productions of art in his native county, has undertaken this new work, relying on the patronage of the admirers of originality and genius.

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CORNER OF BROOK STREET.

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10, BROAD STREET,
CORNER OF BRIDGE STREET.

PLATE I.

OLD Nanny, who by the pantry trail,
Of selling wooden shoes and butter milk,
A doll in love, and get tobacco too,
And sell'd her wares with cunning, & she said

One salty day old Nanny said so deep,
That all the world was woe the labour keep,
Which giv'd her cause to all PLATE I.

PLATE I.

HERE Simon cries for Phillida,
And Mopsus laughs and loves her,
Damon hath stole her heart away,
No tears or laughing moves her

SEE here an emblem

When fifth June joins

Each three times

Both sides are cheated

Disorder reigns

Chagrin the night, and fury takes the day

and yet a heart's deceit

and yet a heart's deceit

and yet a heart's deceit

and yet a heart's deceit

PLATE II.

SEE here an emblem of a married life,
When filthy lucre joins a man and wife :
Each three times married, both expected riches ;
Both sides are cheated, — and thus fight for th' br—ches,
Disorder reigns ! — all pleasure flies away ;
Chagrin the night, and fury rules the day.

PLATE III.

OLD squint-ey'd Nan, who by the poultry trade,
Of selling wooden-spoons and ladles made
A shift to live;—and get tobacco too,
And call'd sometimes where folks good ale did brew.

One sultry day old Nanny supp'd so deep,
That all she sold wou'd scarce the balance keep;
Which griev'd her sore; so she resolv'd to try
If wealthy farmer Jones would something buy.
She try'd indeed;—but found all out of tune,
For corn and cheese had dropp'd that afternoon.
Nay more than that; he heard King George wou'd stay
Corn's shipping off,—and things wou'd lower each day:
They'd nothing buy.—Old Nanny shook her head,
And with a sigh, thus to the farmer said:
*Weel measter, weel:—boh one think e yer ear,
Spoons win be spoons, who lives another year.
Eigh,—win they so, owd deme? quo' Mr. Jones,
If that be hit, I'll buy um aw for once.
I know the owd proverb which is true I wot,
“ A penny sav'd, is just a penny got.”*

Thus Nan was broke ; and well it was no worse,
And budg'd away with money in her purse,
And laughing said—*This seely lucky hit,*
Shews gowd may harbour, where there's want o' wit.
Roytch folk I see, han naw awth' wit ith ward ;
For int wur so, the poor wou'd quite be marr'd.
Let't lect heaw't will, I've tow'd no lye, I'm sure,
Nan con tell true altho' hoose meety poor.

PLATE IV.

MY lord at Arthur's sharp'd of all his store,
I'th' morning quested how to finger more :
He heard old Screwby oft supply'd the needs
Of broken rakes, who had good title deeds.
So he bunch'd up two packets, like in shape,
Ty'd in blue paper with a silken tape :
One deeds of land, seven hundred pounds a year,
The other parchments old, and cancell'd were.
The genuine packet he to Screwby took,
Who hemm'd and haw'd, and thro' the whole did look :
He lik'd the ware—and after coughing twice,
With twang of nose, he query'd thus o'th' price.

And pray, my lord, what may you want on these ?
One thousand pounds, old father, if you please ;
And in the morning this day week, at nine,
A thousand more—security is thine.

My lord—a mortgage—mortgages I want,
Things dubious grow ;—and money's wondrous scant :
On these fair terms, a thousand down I'll lay,
And the remainder on the mention'd day.
So Screwby counts the cash ; the deeds secures :
My lord wheels off to gambling, rakes, and w—res.

Time on his wings brings the appointed day,
On which his lordship doth the visit pay;
Who in his pocket takes the feigned deeds,
Besides the thousand which his project needs.

The usual compliments no sooner past,
My lord, in bustle, seem'd to be in haste:
Come, Mr. Screwby—come, the writings soon,
And let me see, if honesty be done.

Old Screwby then lays down the mortgage deeds;
His lordship damns each article he reads,
And throws them down:—old Screwby all aghast,
Clearing his weasand, thus broke out at last.

My lord, there's no man—no man, on my word,
Will lend his cash;—and not be sure, my lord.

Why damn your surety: these I'll never sign;
Here, take your trash;—and give me what is mine.

Old Screwby scratching both his elbows, said,
My lord, for writings five pounds must be paid.
Here 'tis; but give me first of all what's mine;
Thou hast the cash, and mortgage deeds are thine.

But they're not sign'd, and so not worth a straw;
Nor ever shall be whilst my breath I draw.

My lord took up and found the writings right,
And ty'd them up again in Screwby's sight,
And in his pocket where th' sham writings lay,
He put them close, and cooly bad—good day.

Griev'd to the soul, old Screwby sore did fret,
That he cou'd not this precious morsel get:
His stick he takes—his greasy hat puts o'er.
His brown-white wig, and limp'd hard out of door
After his lordship: Ho—my lord—ho lo!
Pray what's to do, old father grey-beard now?

If't please you, Sir, what must I give in hand,
For you to sign, and let this bargain stand?

Two hundred pounds—: for witnesses I'll send,
Sign you and seal, and so this job we'll end.

Gripe now in stretched bags of solid sounds,
On table set twenty two hundred pounds.
His lordship throws the mimic writings down,
And thus each face has banish'd evr'y frown.

The mortgage deeds are executed fair,
Gripe puts th' old parchment in his bosom bare;
Whilst solid gold my lord lugs to his chaise,
And makes it fly 'mongst courtiers, girls, and plays.

The new-made deeds so fill'd old Screwby's head,
That the false writings never once were read
Till two months past; and then he nearly scans
The shou'd-be deeds of all the mortgage lands.
When lo! old leases, with determin'd dates;
Some cancell'd bonds; parchments of law debates,
Salutes with wonder his old winking eyes;
Which made him start from chair in great surprize!
His grey-burnt wig he whirls upon the ground,
And stamping on't, he wildly stares around!
What!—must our nobles cheat the poor—quo' he,
And still be screen'd from stocks, and pillory?
Must thus the king give titles to the great,
With power to ruin, murder, rob, and cheat?
Must some pack'd rogues thus plunder all the rest,
And when we're bankrupts, laugh it into jest?
But I'll have right;—or stab the titled knave,
And sweetly go reveng'd unto my grave.

Old Screwby now is close upon the scent,
In ev'ry place his lordship did frequent.
Some knew the man;—some knew he lov'd a w—re;
But all affirm'd he dy'd six weeks before.

At last he meets two friends, who testify'd
He very fairly in a duel dy'd.

Gripe, full to th' throat, his grief in sighs burst o'er ;
Nor ever thought of his remaining store.
For he by squeezing rich and poor, we find,
Full thirty thousand still had left behind :
But yet so hanker'd after what was gone,
He must have that, or else he wou'd have none :
For this lost sheep was such a fatal blow,
He'd even fetch it, from the shades below.
This was resolv'd—: Tears flow'd for loss of pelf;
He hastens home, and there he hangs himself!

Calm reason judge; give sentence if thou can,
Which murder'd most the character of man!

PLATE V.

SMART Captain Plume, much like a bird of prey,
Doth seize on Rose, as mention'd in the Play:
Bullock, her brother, with sagacious gloom,
Says, Ruose, he'll list thee—come away, come, come.

PLATE VI.

A Doctor once much puzzl'd was
To find out ways and means
How teeth to draw of ev'ry class
Without such wracking pains.

A packthread strong he ty'd in haste
On tooth, which sore did wring;
He pull'd, the patient follow'd fast,
Like Towzer in a string.

PLATE VII.

He miss'd at first, but try'd again,
Then clap'd his foot o'th' chin;
He pull'd—the patient roar'd with pain,
And hideously did grin.

But lo!—capricious fortune frown'd,
And broke the clewkin string,
And threw him backwards on the ground,
His head made floor to ring.

PLATE VIII.

An old wife next, with wrapt-up jaw,
And her last tooth, did come:
This tooth, thought he, I soon can draw,
And gain some credit from.

So he the pincers took in hand,
And pull'd with might and main,
But these slipp'd off, we understand,
Which much increas'd the pain.

This made the doctor cast about,
And muse—in doleful dumps:
If fast with large teeth drawing out,
What must I do with stumps?

He puzz'ling star'd; next man, thought he,
I'll try the string again;
The knack I've found most certainly
To do't with little pain.

PLATE VIII.

An old wife next, with wry-up jaw,
And her last tooth, did come;
This tooth, thought he, I soon can draw,
And gain some credit from

So he the pincers took in hand,

PLATE IX.

Now string's put fast on tooth that aches,
Which round his hand he wraps,
A glowing coal i'the tongs he takes,
And to his nose he claps.
The sight and smell of fire drove back,
The patient's head in fright,
Who drew his own tooth in a crack,
And prov'd the doctor right.

PLATE X.

THREE country bumpkins chanc'd to meet,
Whose phizzes look'd like vizzards;
The first, the second thus doth greet,
Thy face is like some wizzard's.

The ugliest of the ugliest sort
Thou art, or I'm mistaken;
Sure nature made thee all for sport,
Or sight hath me forsaken.

2d. But thou'rt all beauty in thy looks,
And ev'ry feature's pleasing;
This I wou'd swear on holy books,
But for my sin increasing.

For sure thy nose, thy mouth, thy eye,
Would frighten any mortal:
Pluto and Jove will throw thee by,
On ent'ring grim death's portal.

3d. The third and ugliest of the three,
Cry'd, Lord!—how you're conceited!
I cannot stand a mute and see
Two neighb'ring friends thus cheated.

I wonder why such mortals shou'd
About their beauty fall out!
Were I as ugly I ne'er wou'd
From my poor cottage crawl out.
For with an ax and alder-tree,
I'd make two men as handsome:
Or live a slave in Tripoly,
And never sue for ransom.

Moral.

*This is an emblem of all human kind;
We every one to our own faults are blind:
Nay, though they're blazing, them we cannot see;
They're beauties all, or pass from censure free.*

PLATE XI, XII, AND XIII.

SEE how these rustics liquor love to quaff:
They cry, who want it; having it they laugh.
O sweet possession! thou this diff'rence makes,
Thou teems with smiles and sprightly pleasure takes;
Whilst craving minds are gall'd with keen desire,
For some lov'd object, which they can't acquire.

Thus fav'rites oft enjoy, with souls serene,
What others want, and long may wish in vain.

PLATE XIV, AND XV.

FOUR statesmen here, all plac'd and pension'd sit,
Have drown'd all care, and murder'd patriot wit;
Their bellies fill'd with wine, their chests with gold,
Squeez'd from a nation which they've bought and sold.
No conscience pricks;—no dread of public wrath;—
They rob like Orford, or an earl of Bath!
A groaning nation breaks no silken ease,
And only study how l—d B—te to please:
Thus warm'd within the down of regal wing,
Whilst England mourns, her statesmen laugh and sing.

O Britain's guardian, when wilt thou awake,
And on such vipers deadly vengeance take?

PLATE XVI.

WHAT various ways we diff'rent mortals press,
To that fam'd goal, the world calls happiness !
Some take ambition's high and slipp'ry road ;
And some rich viands make their chiefest God.
Some wine, some women ; some love cards and dice ;
Some think full bags all human bliss comprise.
Some love retirement ; some for pleasure roam,
And some for books do starve themselves at home.

But here old merry Kate, and Nan, and Bess,
Find nearer ways to climb to happiness :
Gin, punch and flip, are all their sole delight ;
They laugh at th' world, and swear they're only right.

PLATE XVII.

HERE Yeddart with his little nose

Doth envy Hodge his great one ;

As often poorest folks do those

They have their cloaths and meat on.

For envy like to vital air,

Runs through all sorts of people :

Through th' pompous court and country bare,

And lords of ev'ry steeple.

“**H**ERE the fair humble penitent behold,
 “ To the good father all her sins unfold :
 “ He hears, absolves, but mark his leering eyes,
 “ And judge by them where his devotion lies.”
 At her warm altar oft he’s bow’d the knee,
 Cancell’d the crime, and prais’d her chastity,
 But take the story, which I’ve lately got
 From that old conjurer, hight Michael Scott.

Old wealthy Walter married buxom Sue,
 For young she was, and very handsome too :
 She daily pray’d ;—her beads slipp’d to and fro,
 And to confession constantly did go ;
 Till squint-ey’d jealousy prick’d Walter’s mind,
 Who study’d hard the hated truth to find.

This brawny monk (quoth Walter to himself)
 Plagues me much more than hoarding all my pelf ;
 But I’m determin’d to find out my doom,
 For no plague equals doubtful cuckoldom.

Now Walter follows holy Sue to church,
 And in a pew lies perdue on the lurch ;
 He ey’d his wife, in penitential dress,
 Counting her beads, and hearing th’ heavenly mass

This done, she in her turn fell down before
The good monk John, and mutter'd something o'er :
The father sigh'd—his bacon-head he shook,
And into private he poor Suky took
For to chastise—but not with whips, 'tis thought,
Which made our cuckold hastily cry out,
My God—my Suky!—ah, she's much too tender,
Give me the lash ; who knows but that may mend her ?
And down he falls upon his bended knees
To have the stripes—which Suky quickly sees,
And whispers John;—*Good father, beat him hard,*
My sins are great, and sin shou'd not be spar'd.

Thus priests and monks of ev'ry order prove
Meer wicked laymen, in the cause of love :
And women's nature from the first to last,
Will sometimes long forbidden fruit to taste.

PLATE XIX.

THIS hypocrite, whose holy look and dress
Seem Heaven-born, whose heart is nothing less :
He preaches, prays, and sings for worldly wealth,
Till old sly Mammon takes it all by stealth,
And leaves him naked on a dreary shore,
Where cant and nonsense draw in fools no more.

PLATE XX.

THE court and country here depicted are ;
One's fat and jolly ; t'other's poor and bare :
Plenty sits smiling on the courtier's brow,
Whilst meagre want the country's face doth shew.

PLATE XXI.

BEHOLD ye worldlings whence true pleasure springs;
Not from much wealth, or from the smiles of kings.
A single bottle sets our minds at rest ;
'Tis not full bags, contentment makes the feast.

PLATE XXII.

NOW poor old Toby knows the worst,
For lo! his suit he's gain'd :
Yet with a client's luck he's curst,
For all his cash is drain'd.
His garden, with his cot he's sold,
To pay the lawyer's fees :
So Toby and his doxy old,
Must want their ale and cheese.

PLATE XXIII.

A PITCHER fill'd with nappy ale,
Old Hodge and Roaf did hide
Within a hole i'th' kitchen wall,
And thought no mortal spy'd.

Arch Toby, seemingly asleep,
Saw what the carles had done,
And to the place did softly creep,
As soon as they were gone.

He found the tap most excellent,
And fell to't tooth and nail :
He drank till he was nearly spent,
And found his strength to fail.

So he another pitcher got,
And off he took the rest ;
But left its likeness in the pot,
Which prov'd the cream o'th' jest.

For Hodge and Roaf had got their cheese,
And went to fetch the ale :
But only found a pint o'th' lees,
That purl'd from Toby's tail.

Finding but little left behind:

Old Hodge would have his half:

He drank—but pick'd it up we find,

And left it all for Roaf.

A PITCHER full of cream
Old Hodge and Roaf did find,
Within a hole i' th' kitchen wall,
And thought no mortal spy'd.
Arch Toby, seemingly asleep,
Saw what the cat had done,
And to the place did softly creep,
As soon as they were gone,
He found the tap most excellent,
And fell to tooth and nail;
He drank till he was nearly spent,
And found his strength to fail.
So he another pitcher got,
And off he took the rest;
But left its likeness in the pot,
Which prov'd the cream o' th' jest.
For Hodge and Roaf had got their choice,
And went to fetch the ale;
But only found a pint o' h' lees,
That purch'd from Toby's tail.

PLATE XXIV.

QUOTH Hal to Dick, I know its true
Thou courted Doll, my wife;
Nay, fame doth whisper k—d her too,
Which thought's the plague of life.
That fame, quo' Dick's a lying b—h,
Whom none but fools will hear:
But knaves quo' Hal, give th' courtiers itch,
For which I wring thy ear.

PLATE XXV.

“**T**OGETHER they totter about,
“ Or sit in the sun at the door;
“ And at night when old Darby’s pot’s out,
“ His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.”

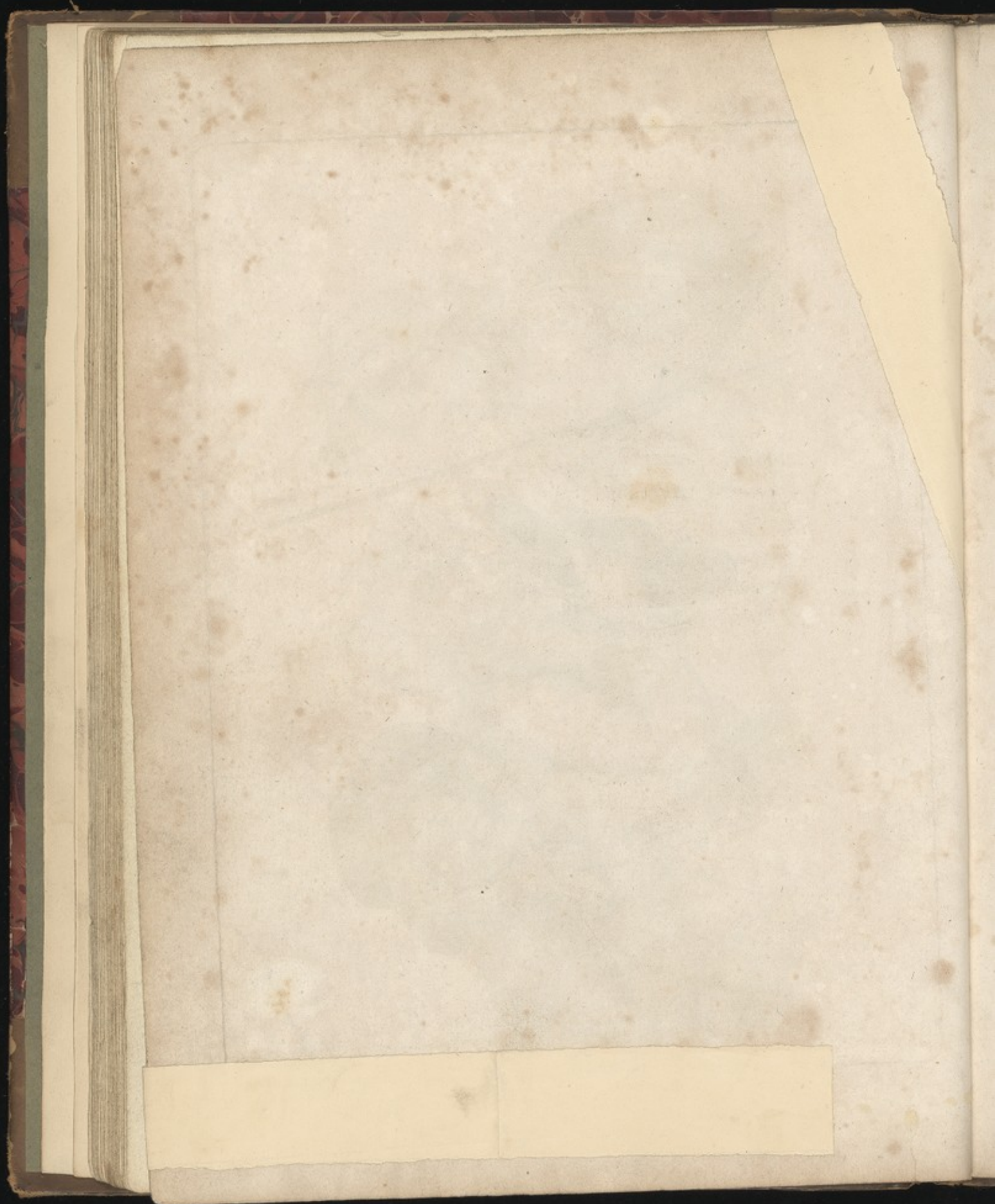
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HAYES, Printer,
Dartmouth-street, Westminster }



LOVE.

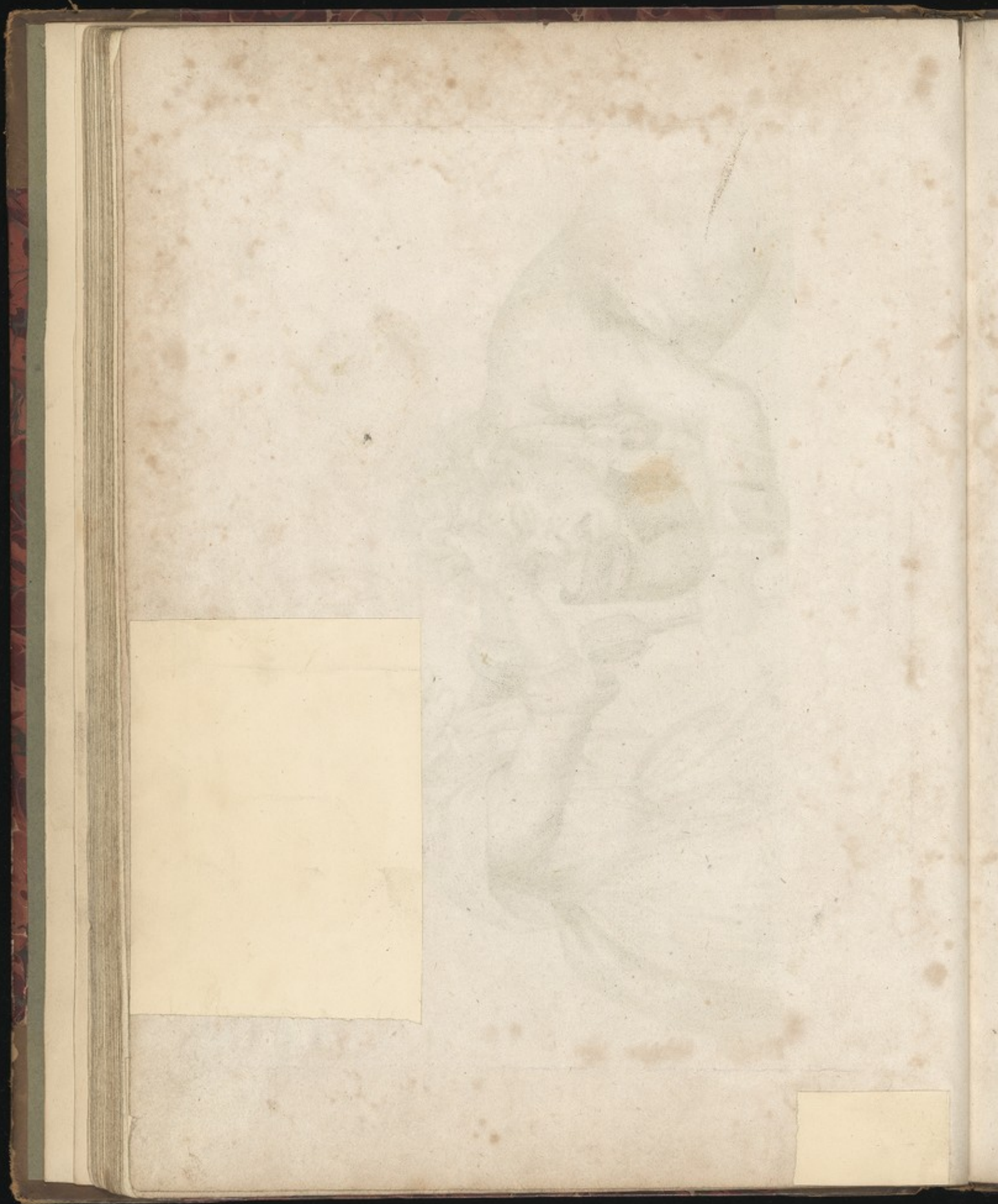
And some say it is the best of men's friends.





ANGER.

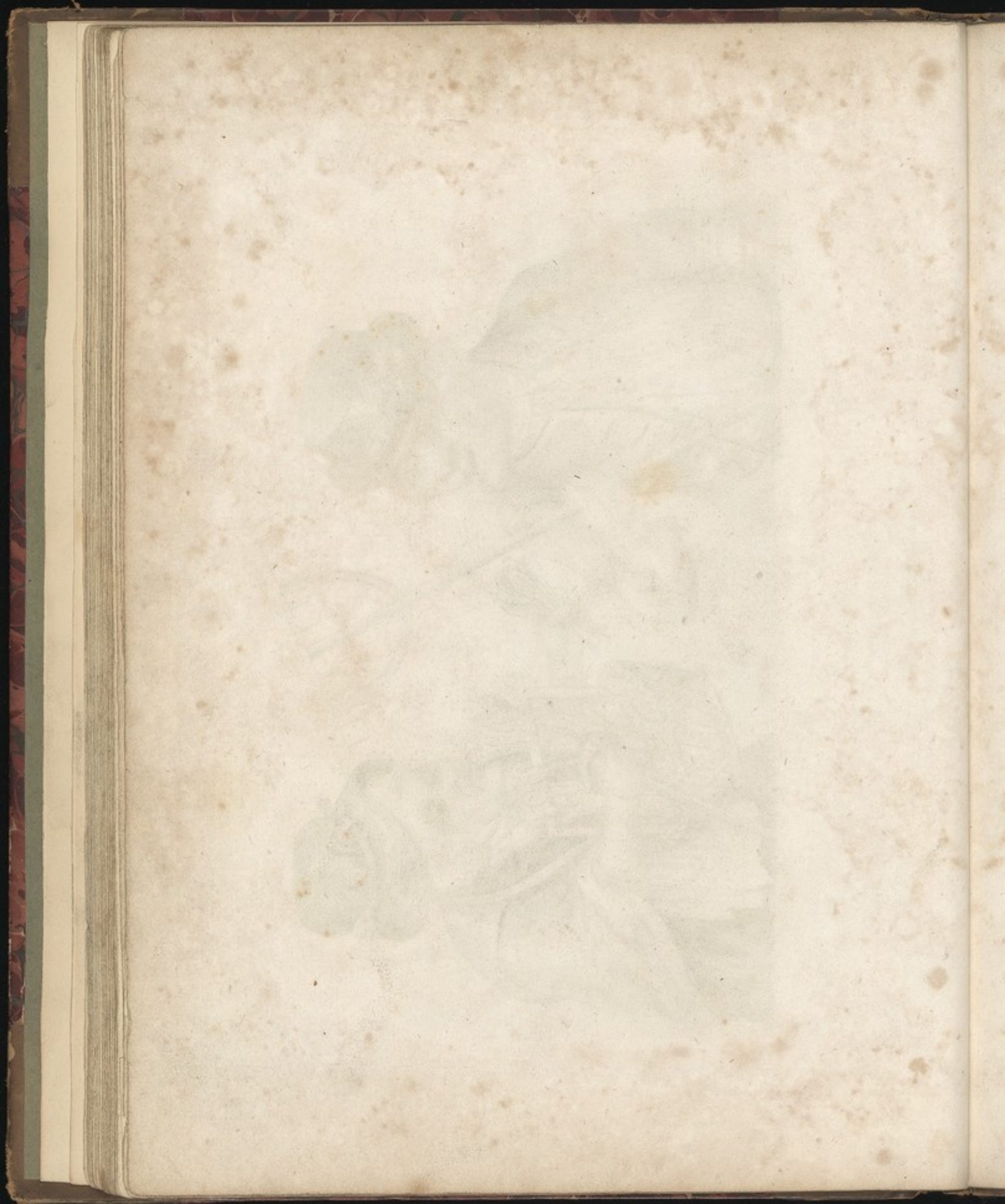
Published by R. Smeathman, London.





CREDULITY.

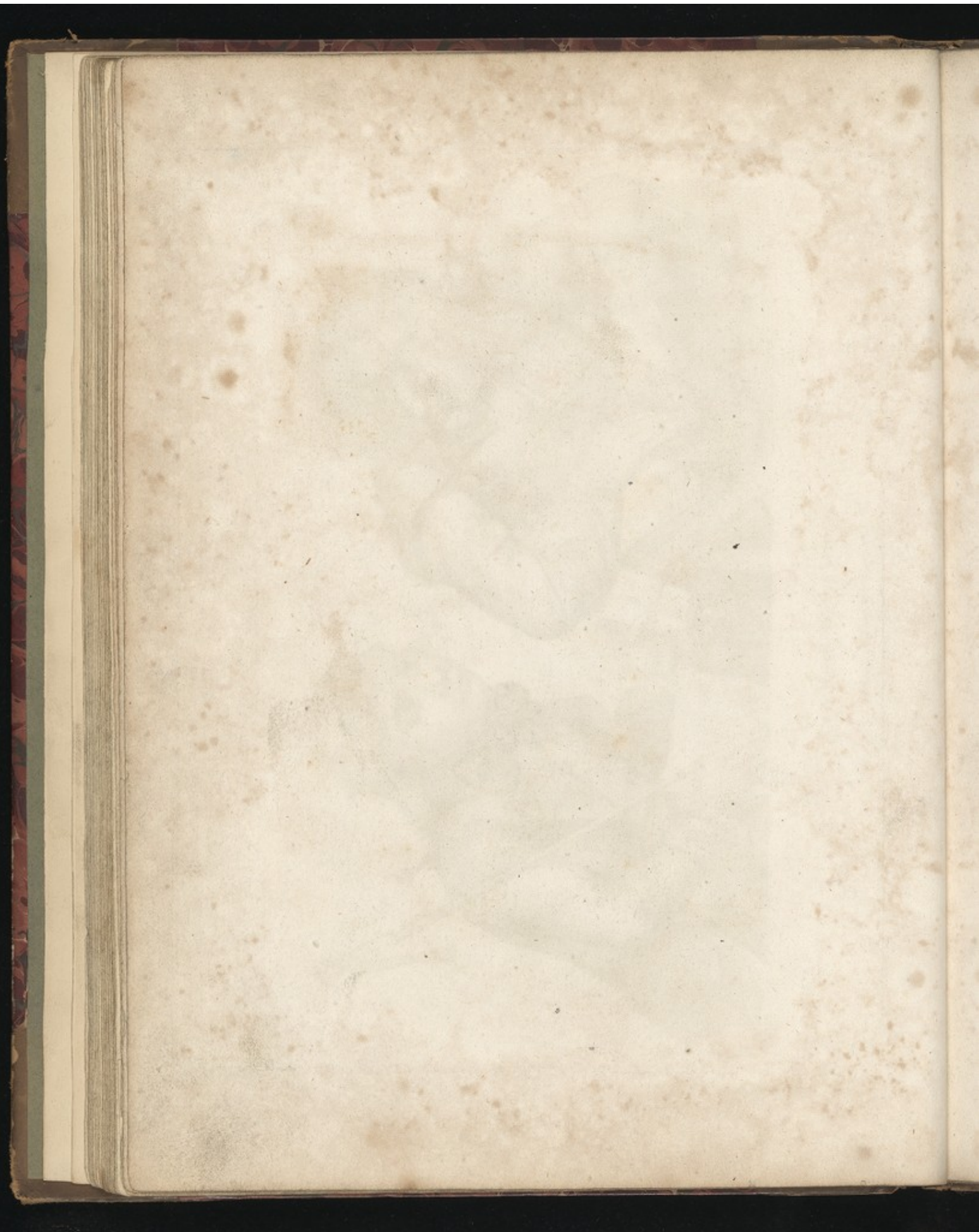
His face is full of the same credulity.





AVARICE & DISSIPATION

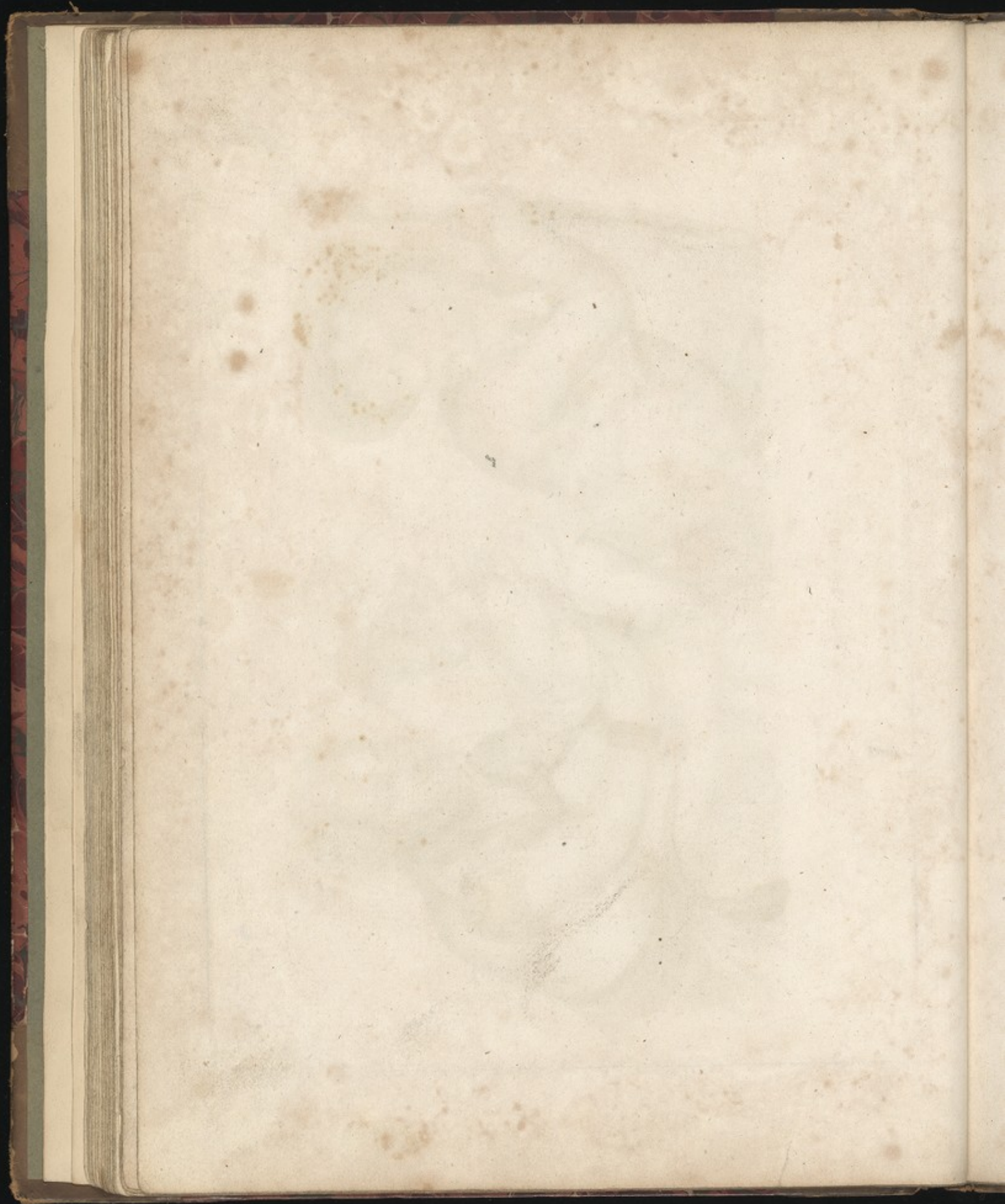
Pub. by R. Smith, Strand, London.





POLLY.

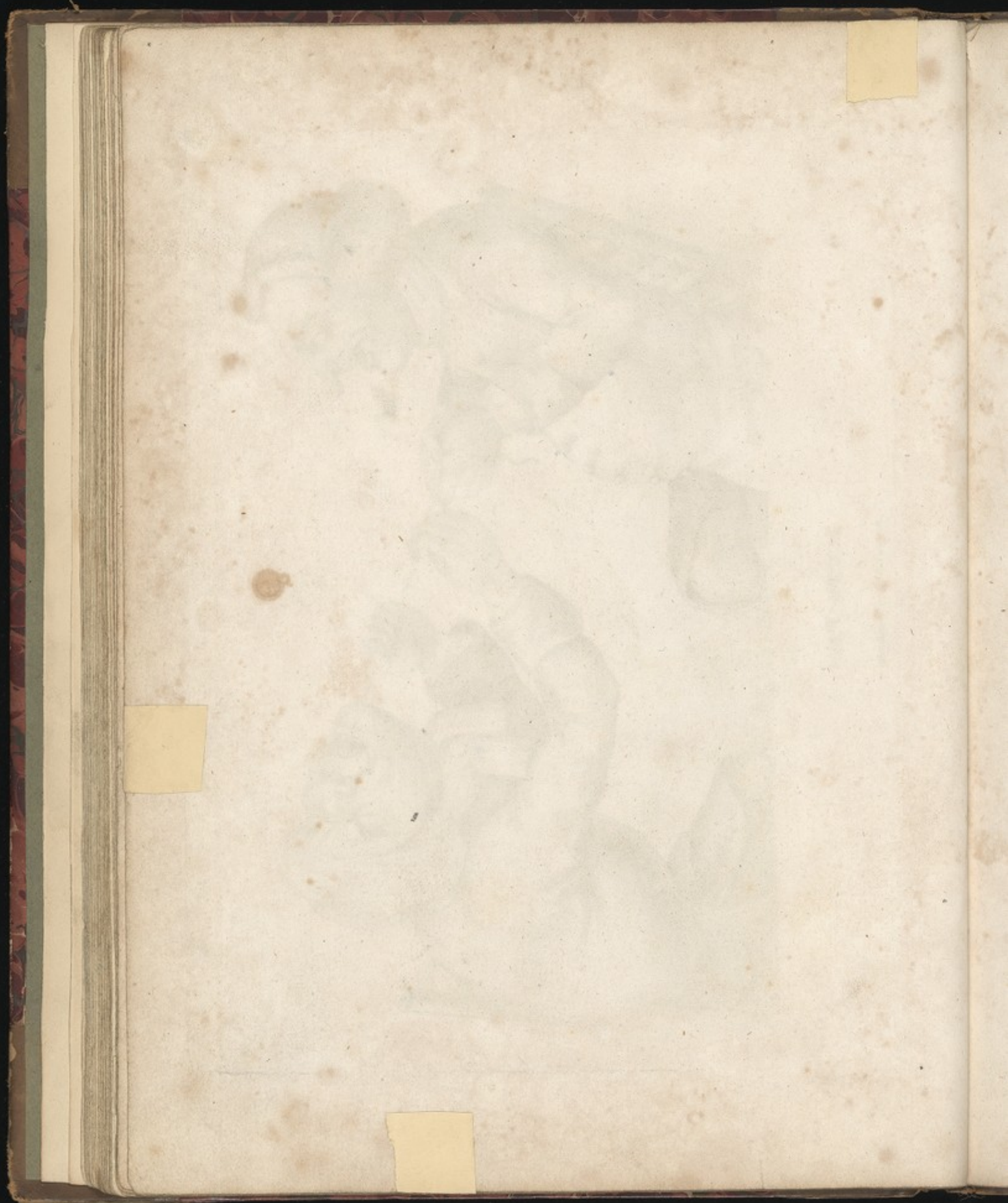
Published by W. G. & Co. 11, Strand, London.





ACUTE PAIN

Pub. June 4 1850 by John Brown London.





LAUGHTER & EXPERIMENT

The New & Improved Method of Drawing

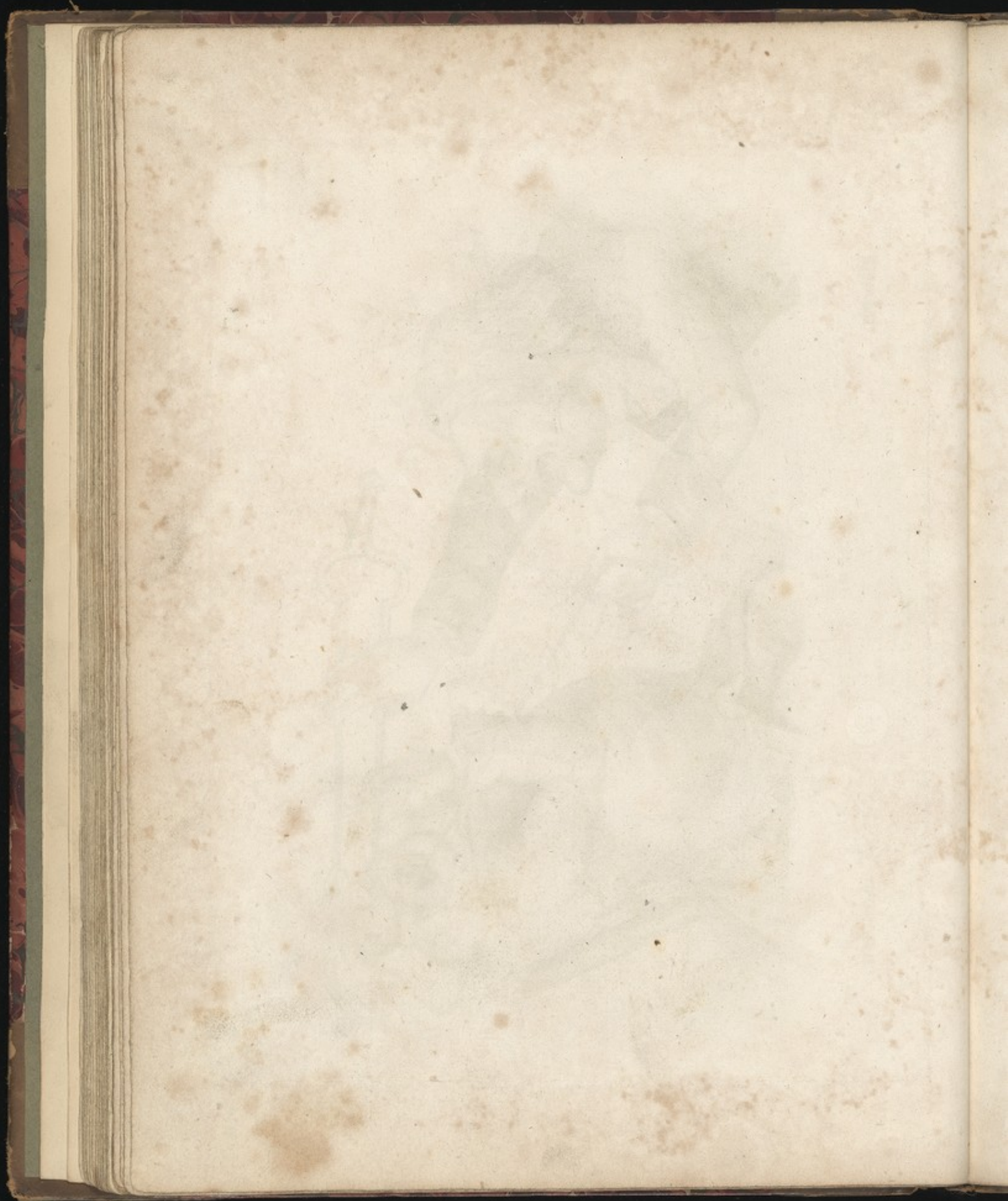


MIRZEH.

Published by W. Wood, London.

ANGUSHI.

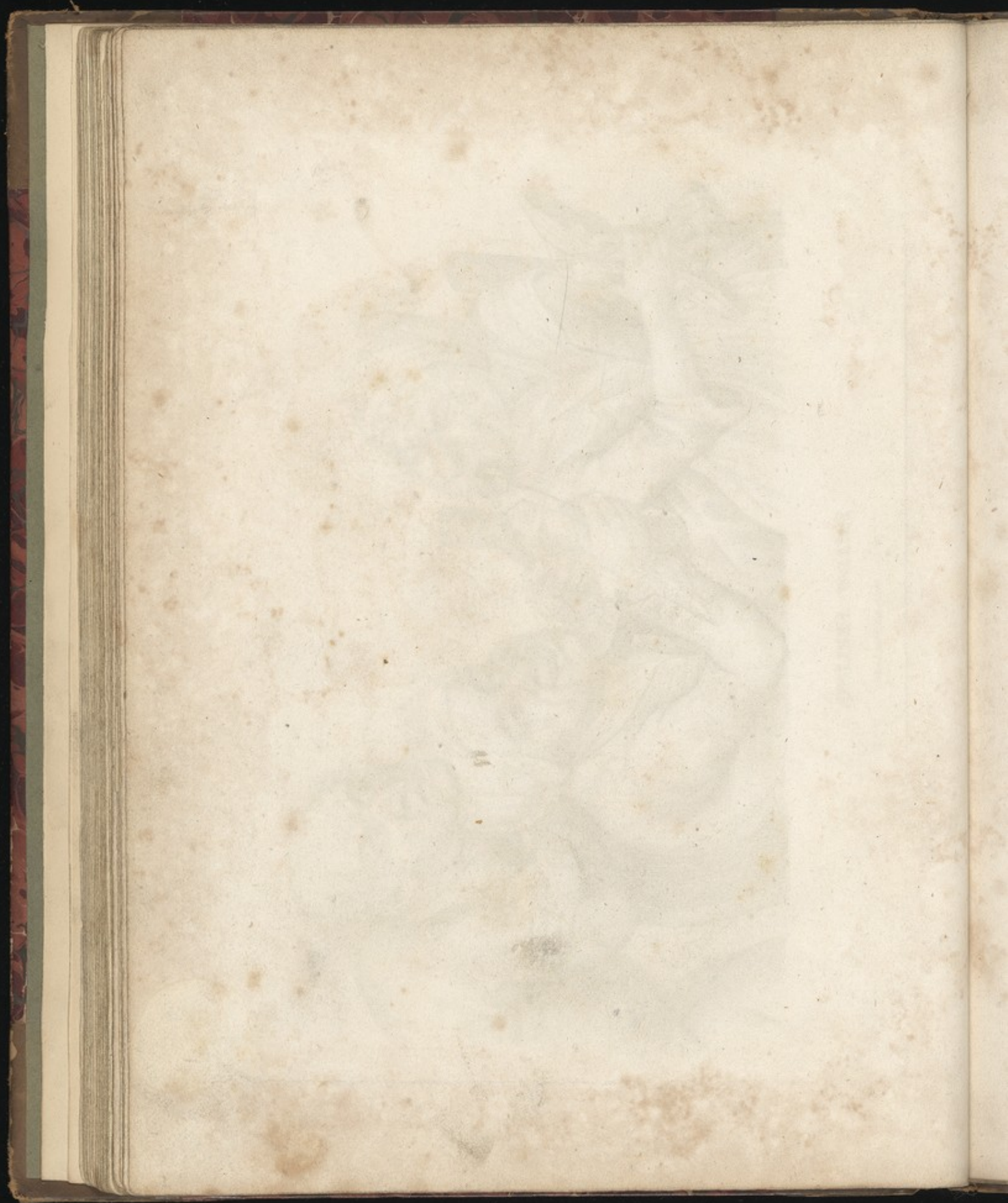






FELLOW FEELING.

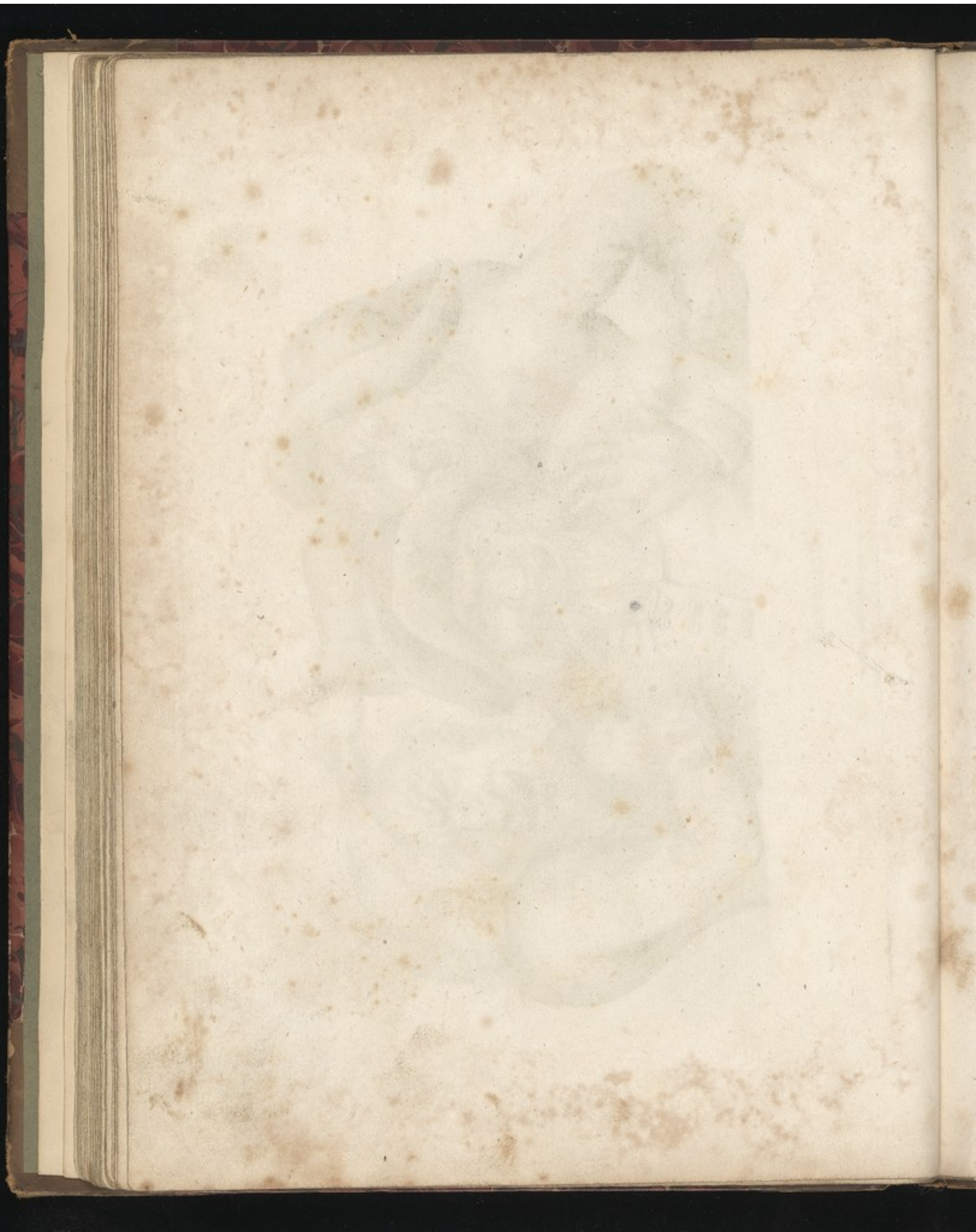
Pub. Nov. 1. 1866 by E. S. B. London.





U'GILNESS.

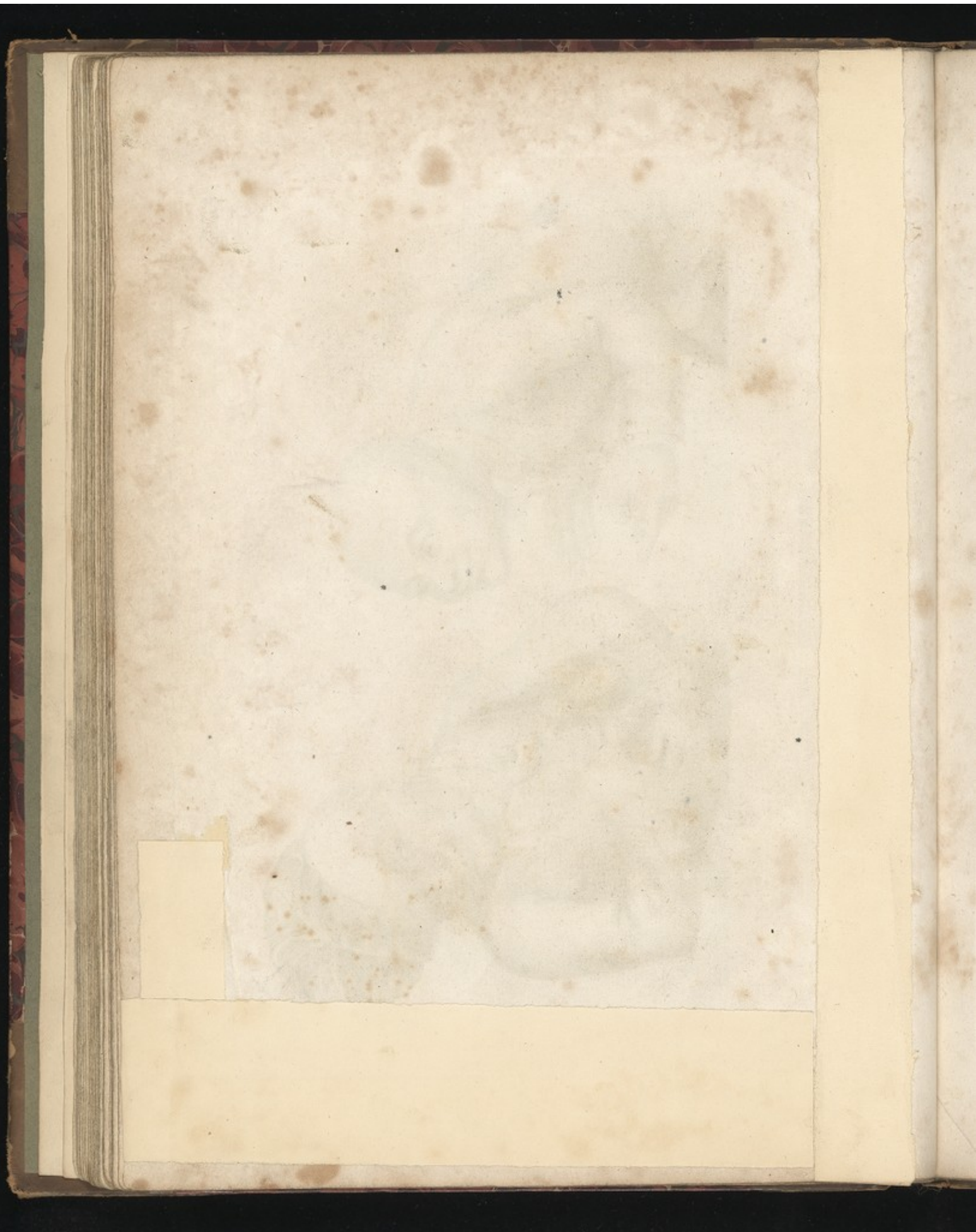
Printed and Sold by R. Owen, London.





DESIRE WITH HOPE.

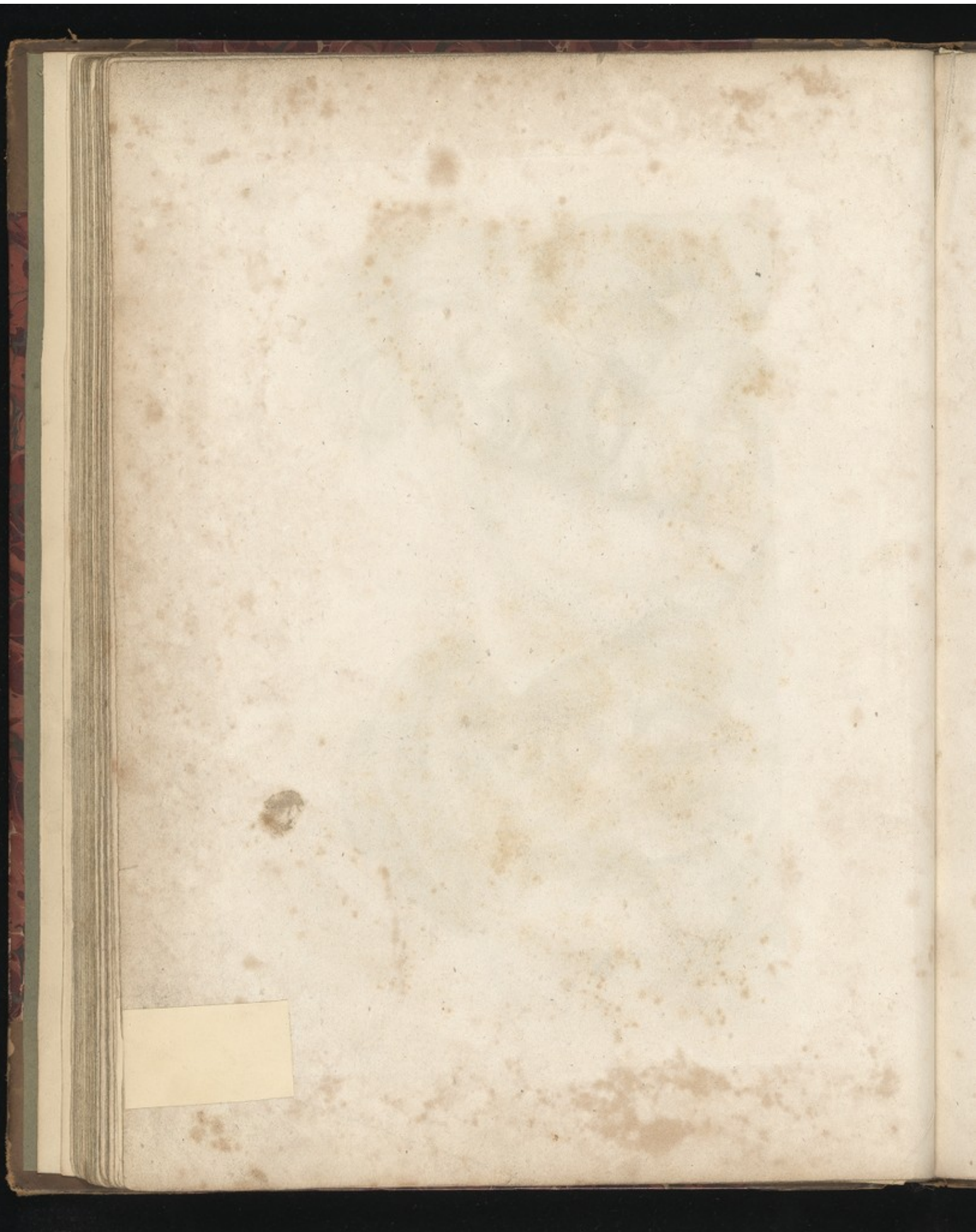
No. 100. 1810. by J. B. Colman, London.





POSSESSION & ENVY.

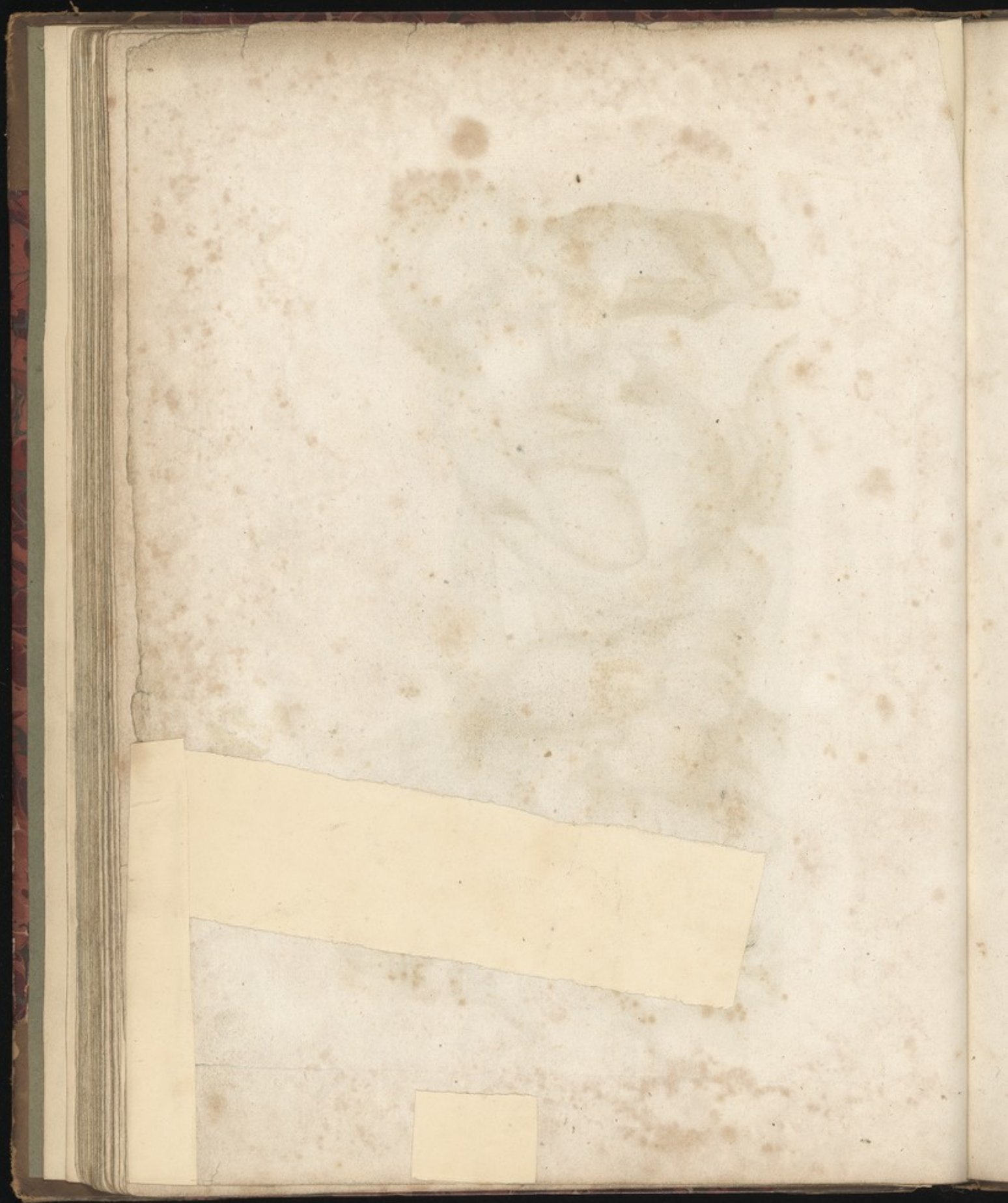
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WEeping & JOY.

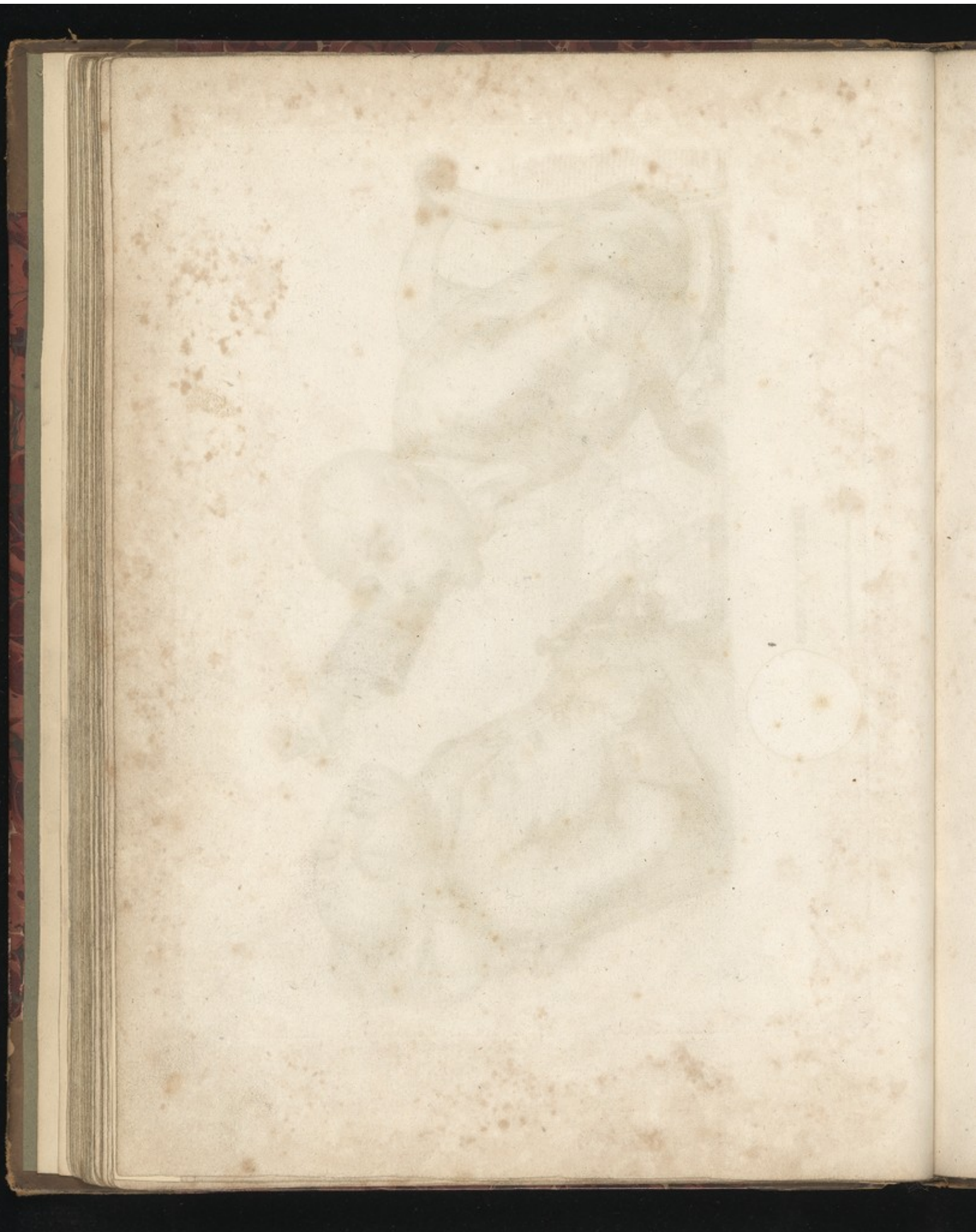
This scene has been by John Bull.





DRUNKENNESS

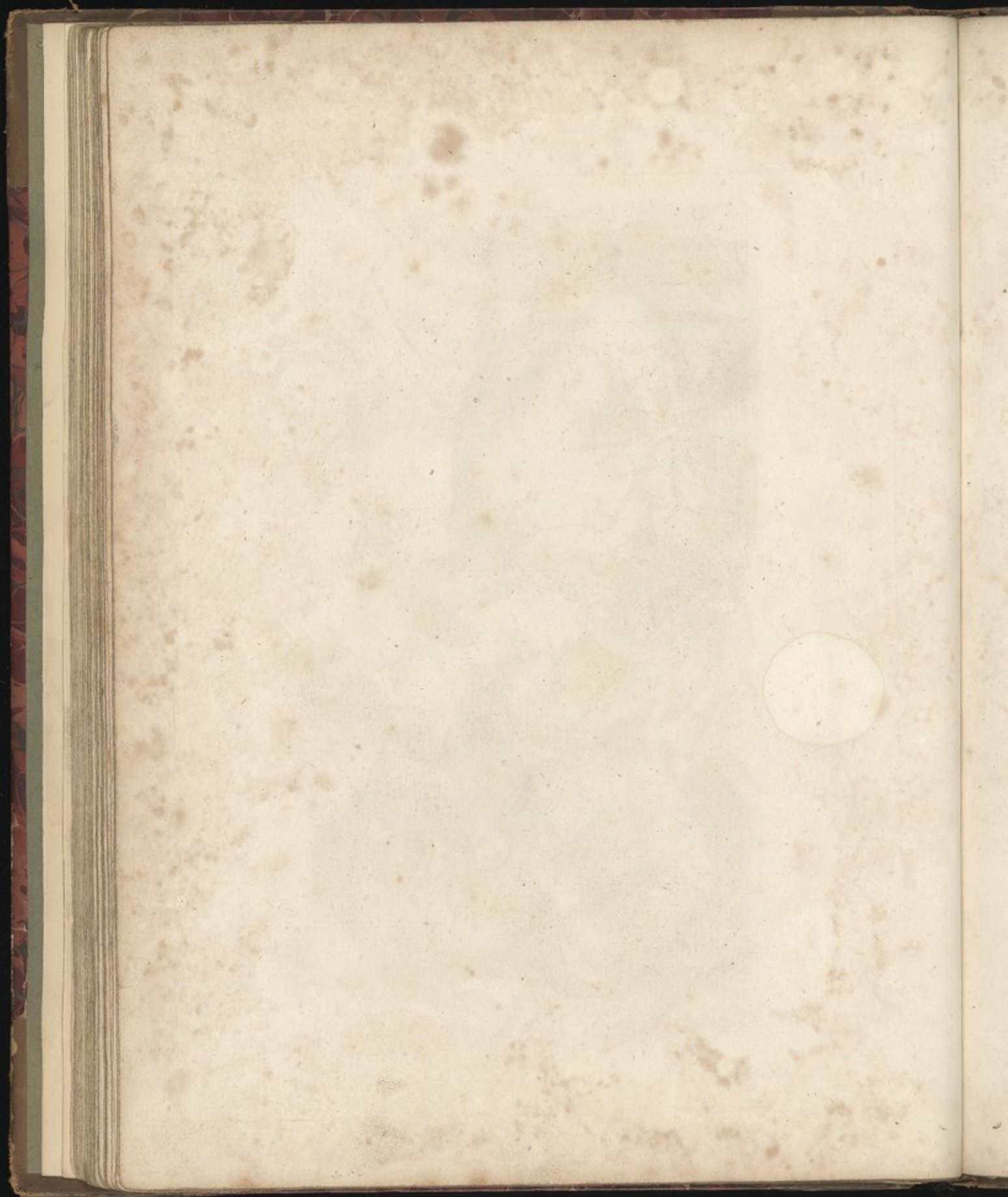
As seen in 1740 by Edward Landman.





INTEMPERANCE & RIDICULE

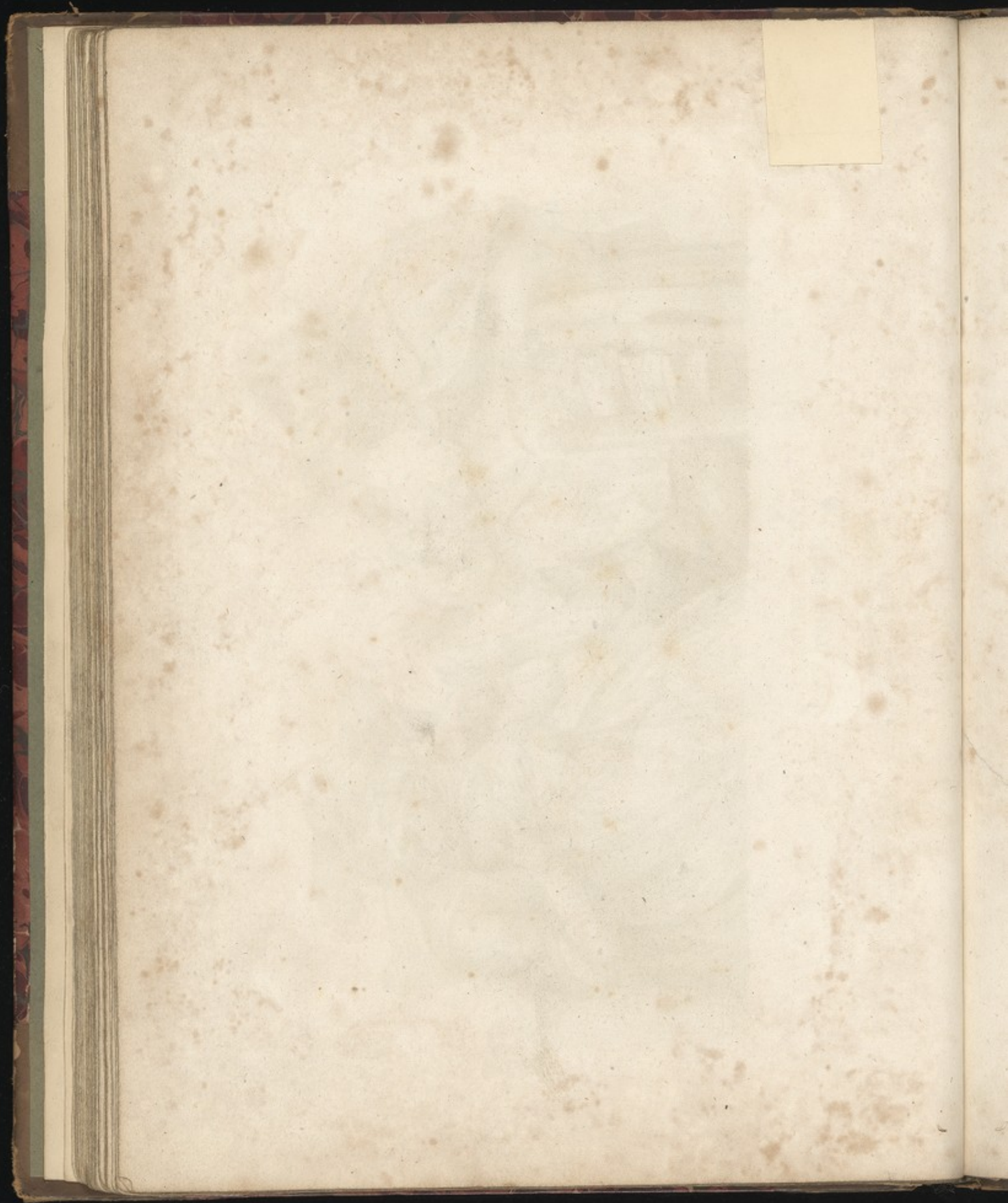
M. Jones delin. G. Fisher sculp. London.





DELIGHT.

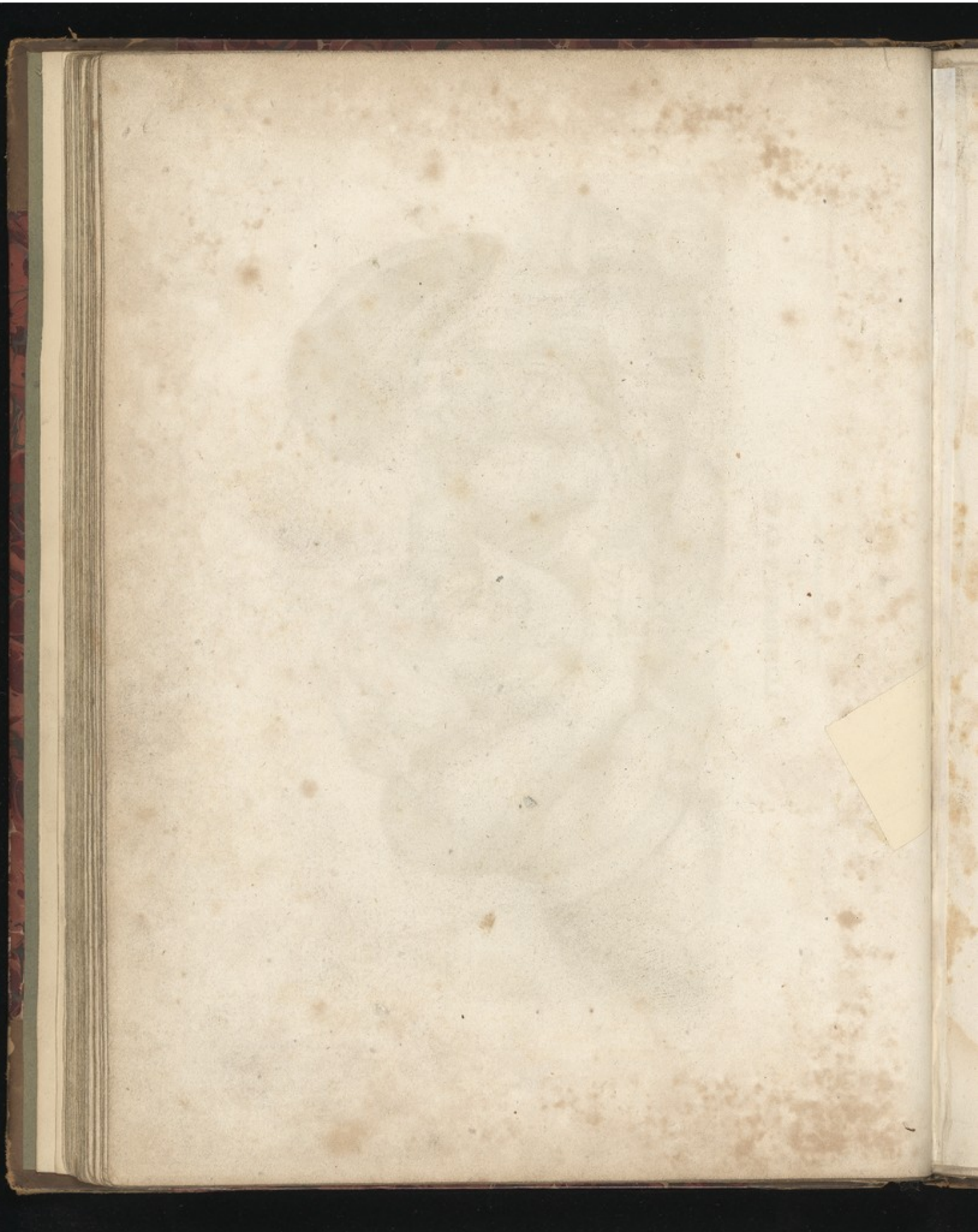
Printed & sold by S. & C. Newcomb, London.





ENVY & DEFORMITY.

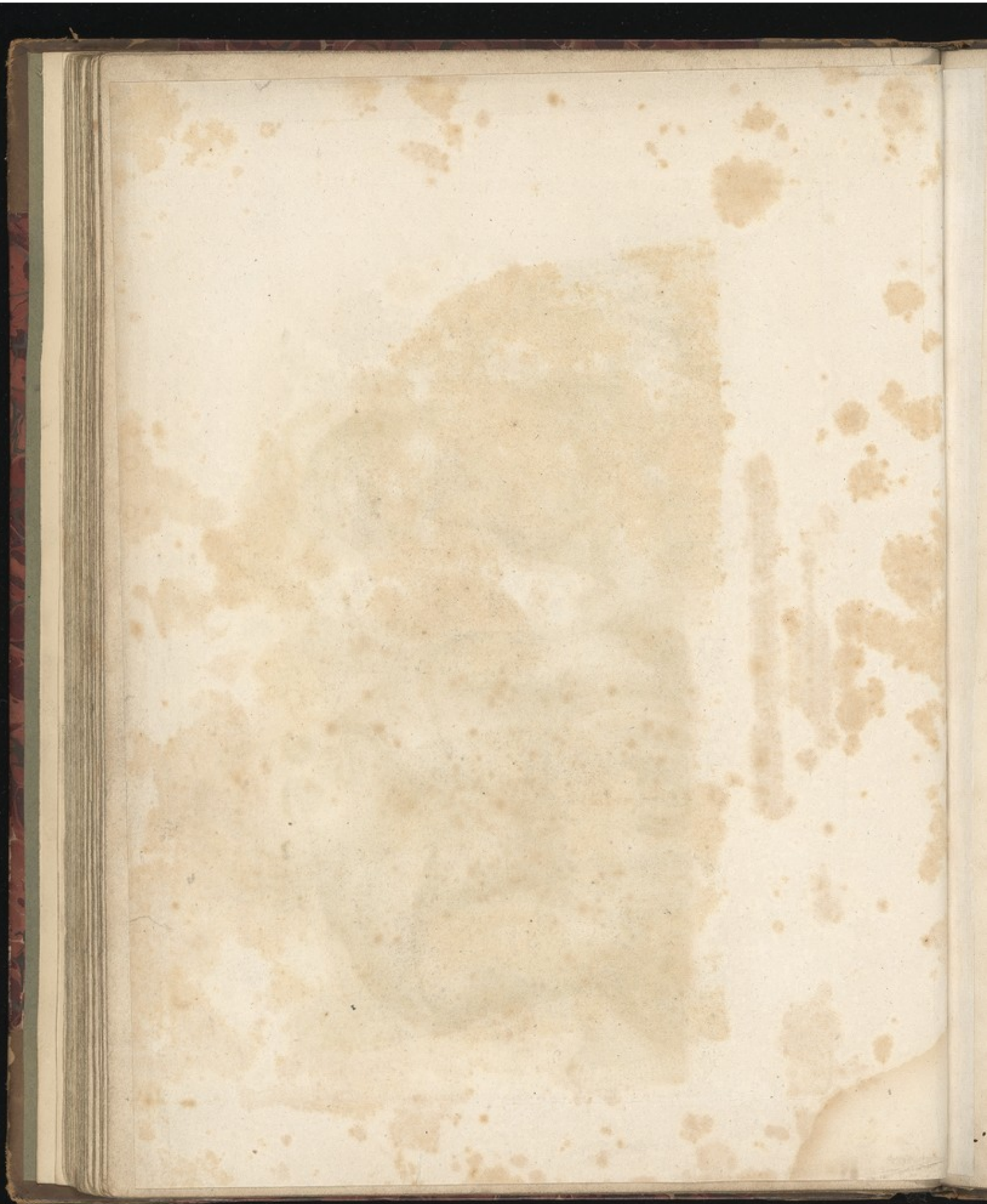
The New York Edition of Esda's Comedians.





PENITENCE, ADMIRATION, DESIRE.

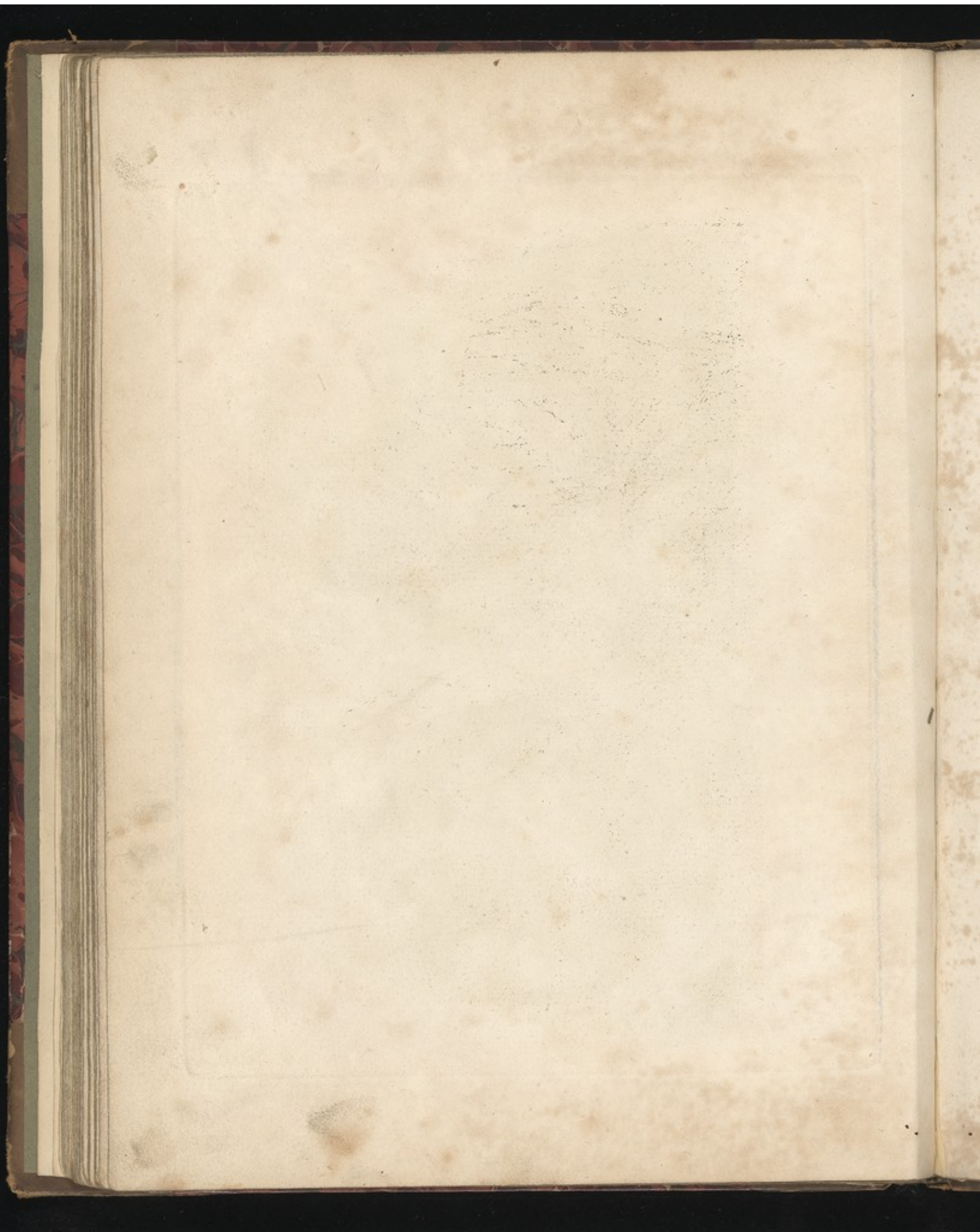
Publ. par la Comp. des Citoyens, Paris.





HYPOCRISY.

Printed and Sold by W. Woodcock, at the Sign of the Three Crowns, in Pall Mall.

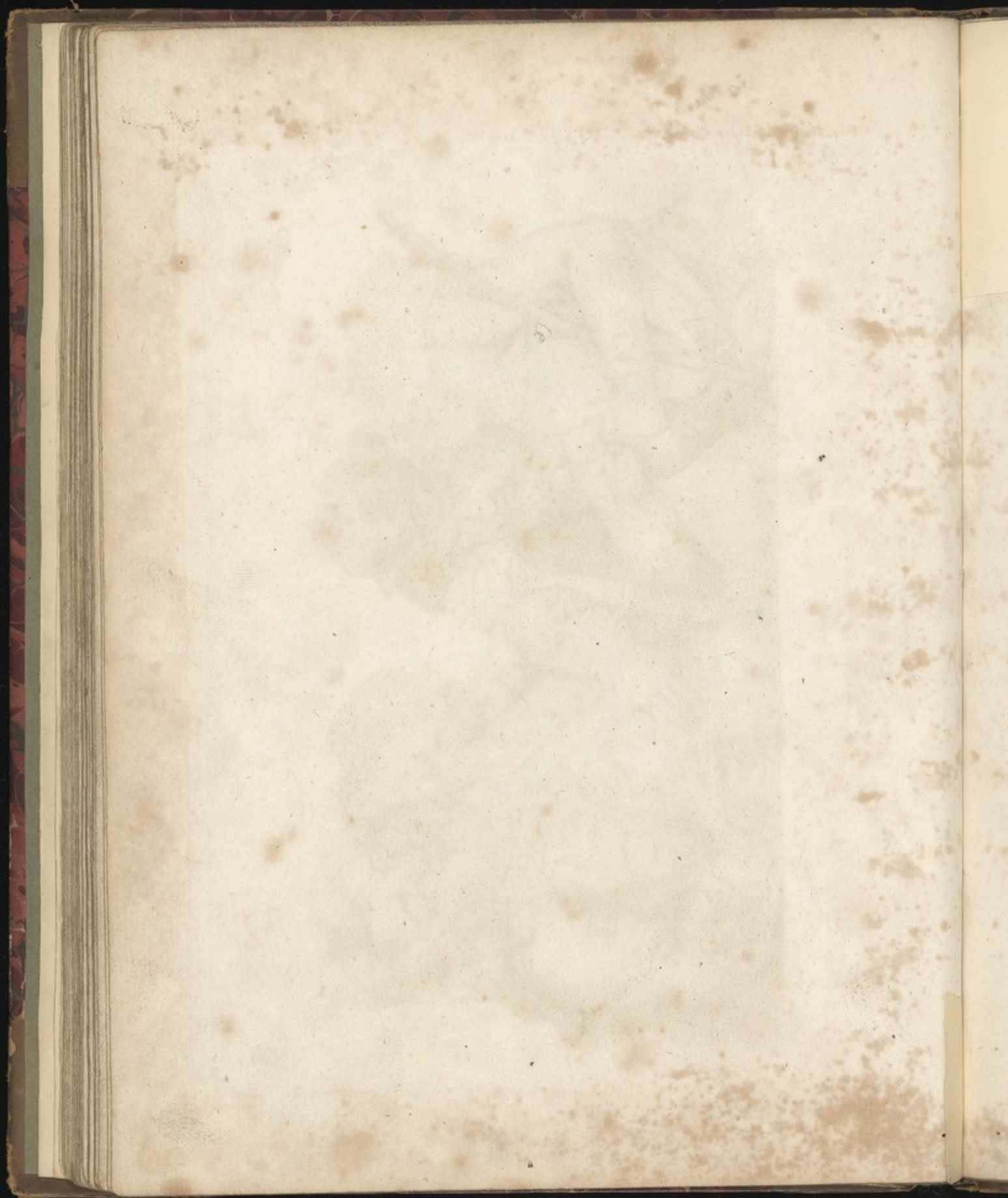




POVERTY.

PLENTY.

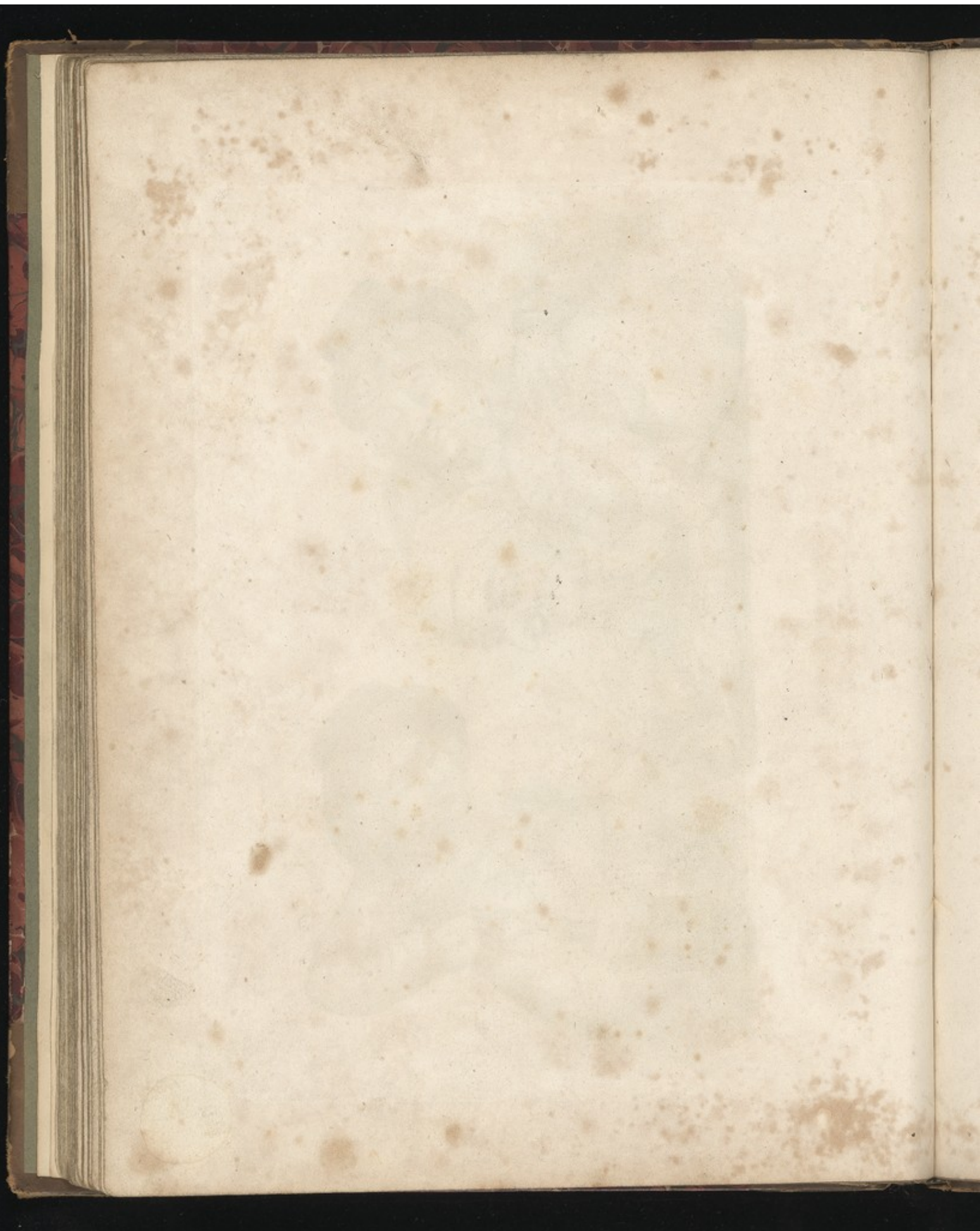
The same as in the first volume.





CONTENTMENT.

P. J. de Witt del.
W. B. Smith scul.

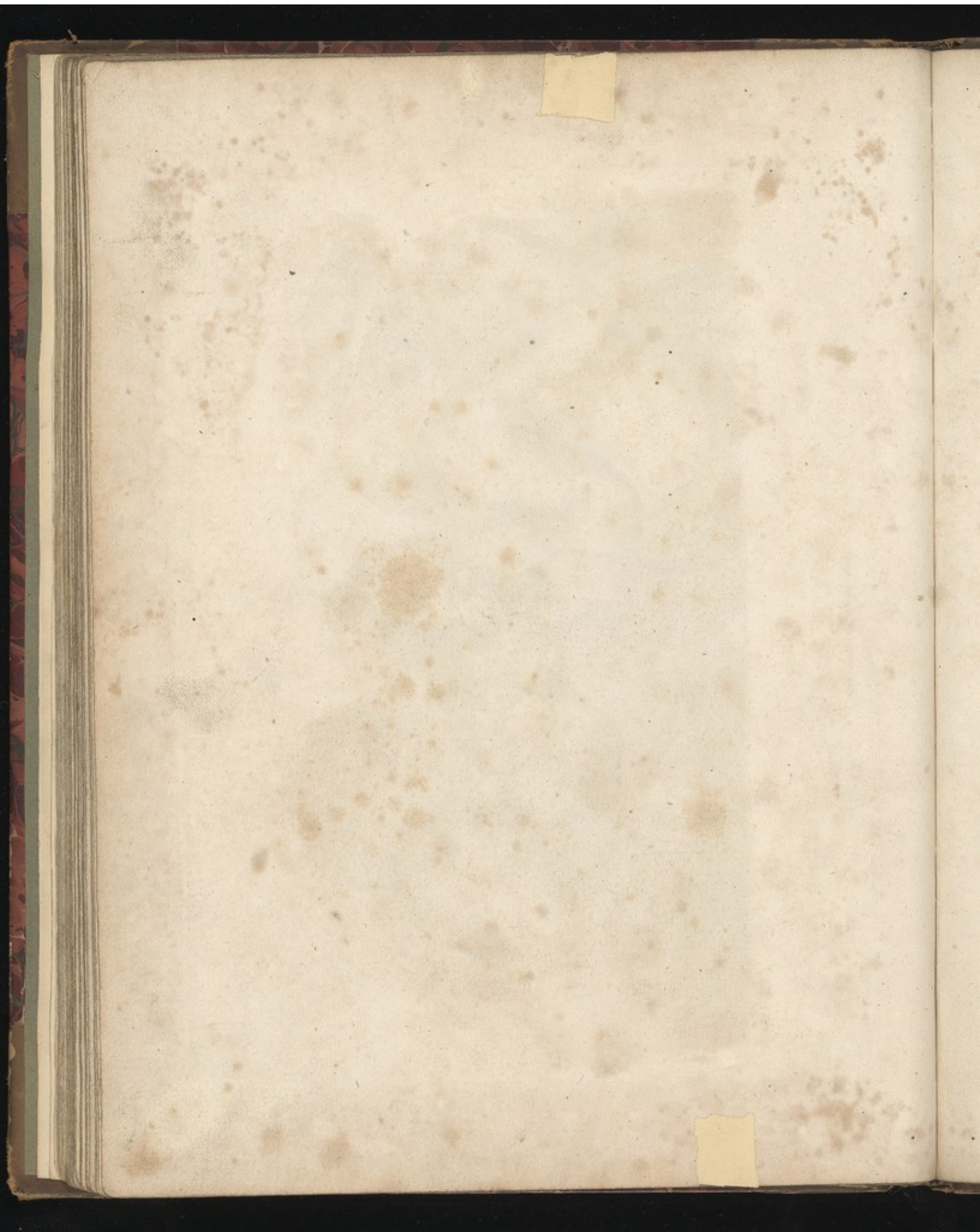




G. H. H. H.

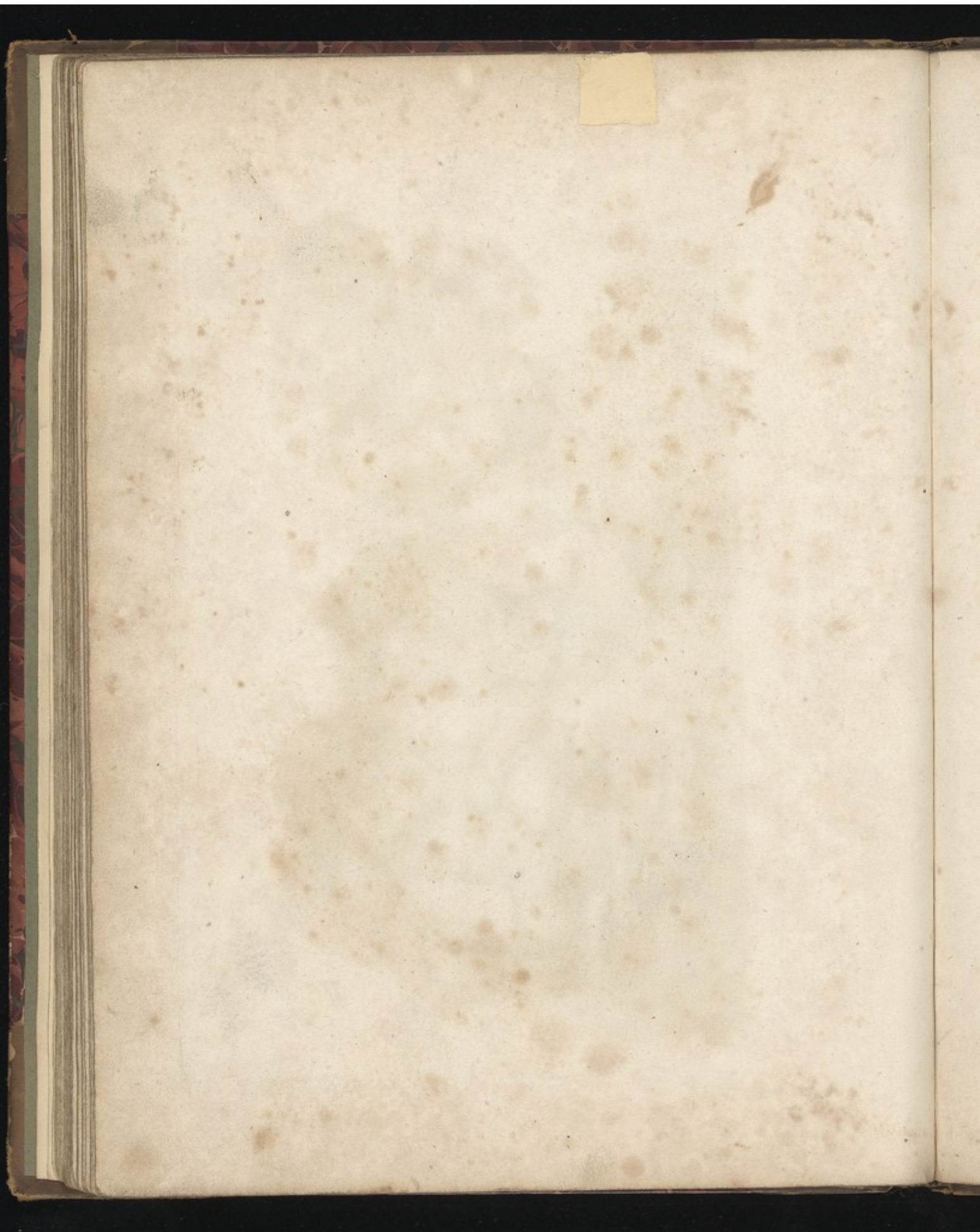
The New York Public Library

J. P. L. A. S. U. R. E.





DECEIT.





JENALOUSY & REVENGE

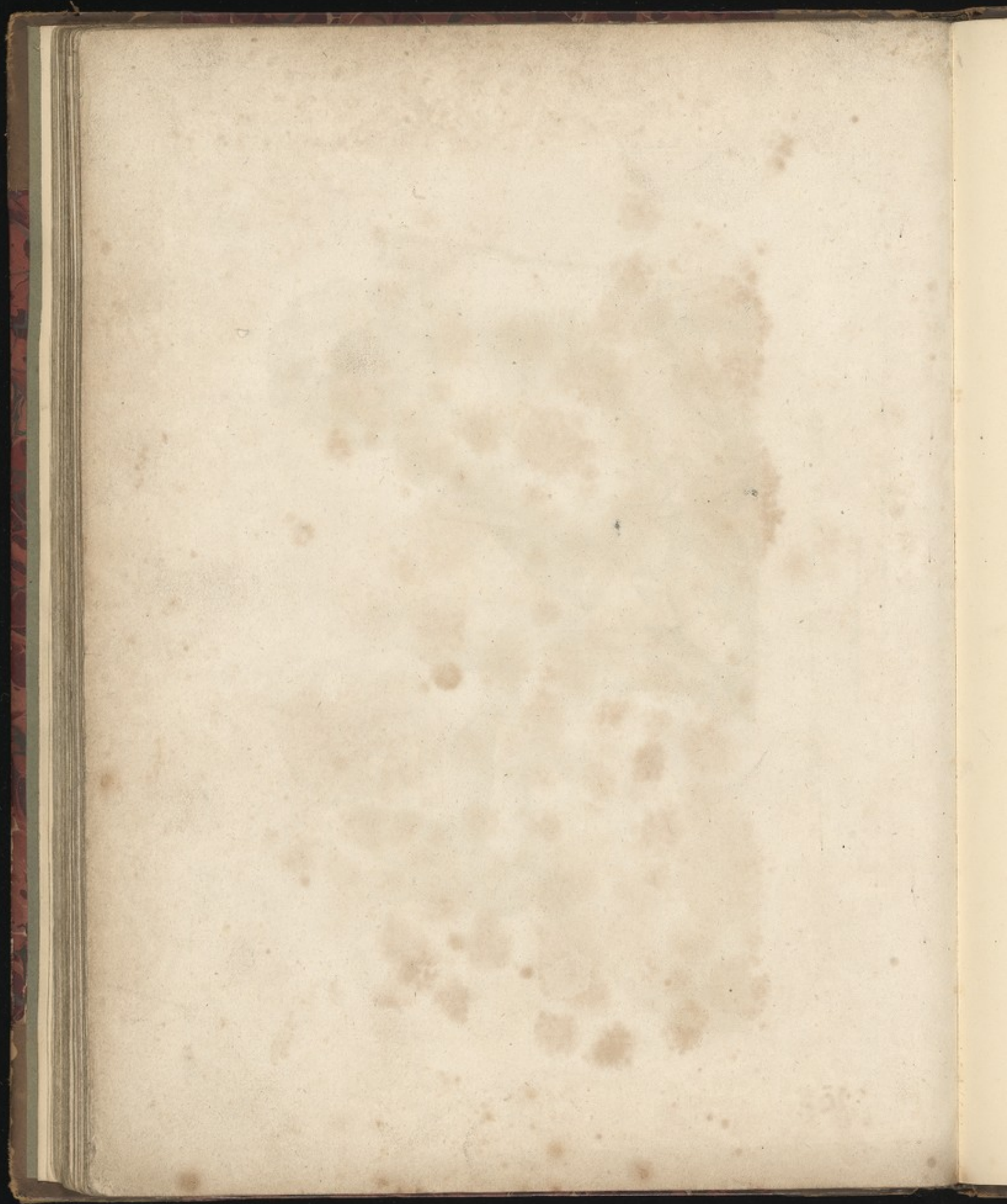
Published by R. D. Owen, London.

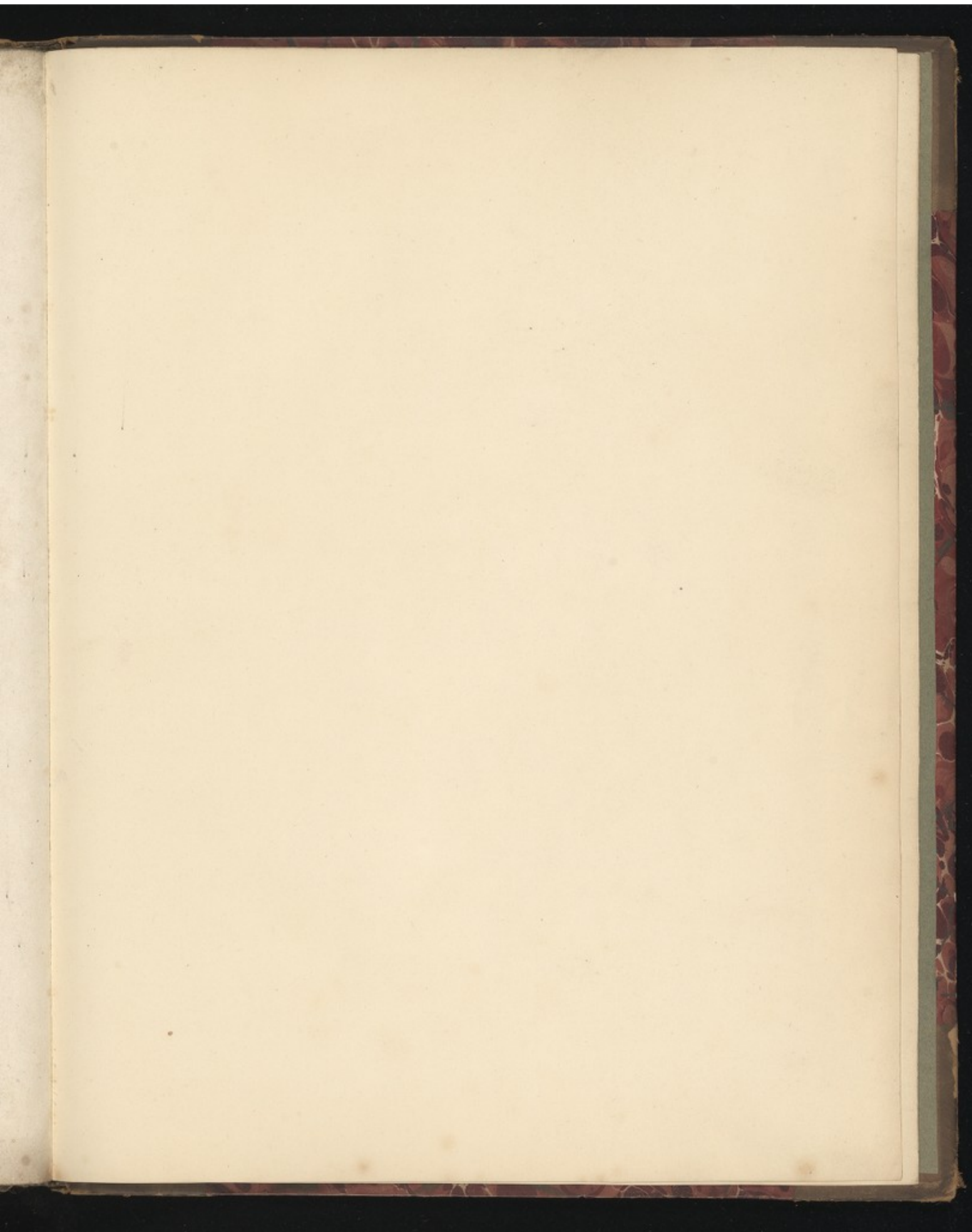


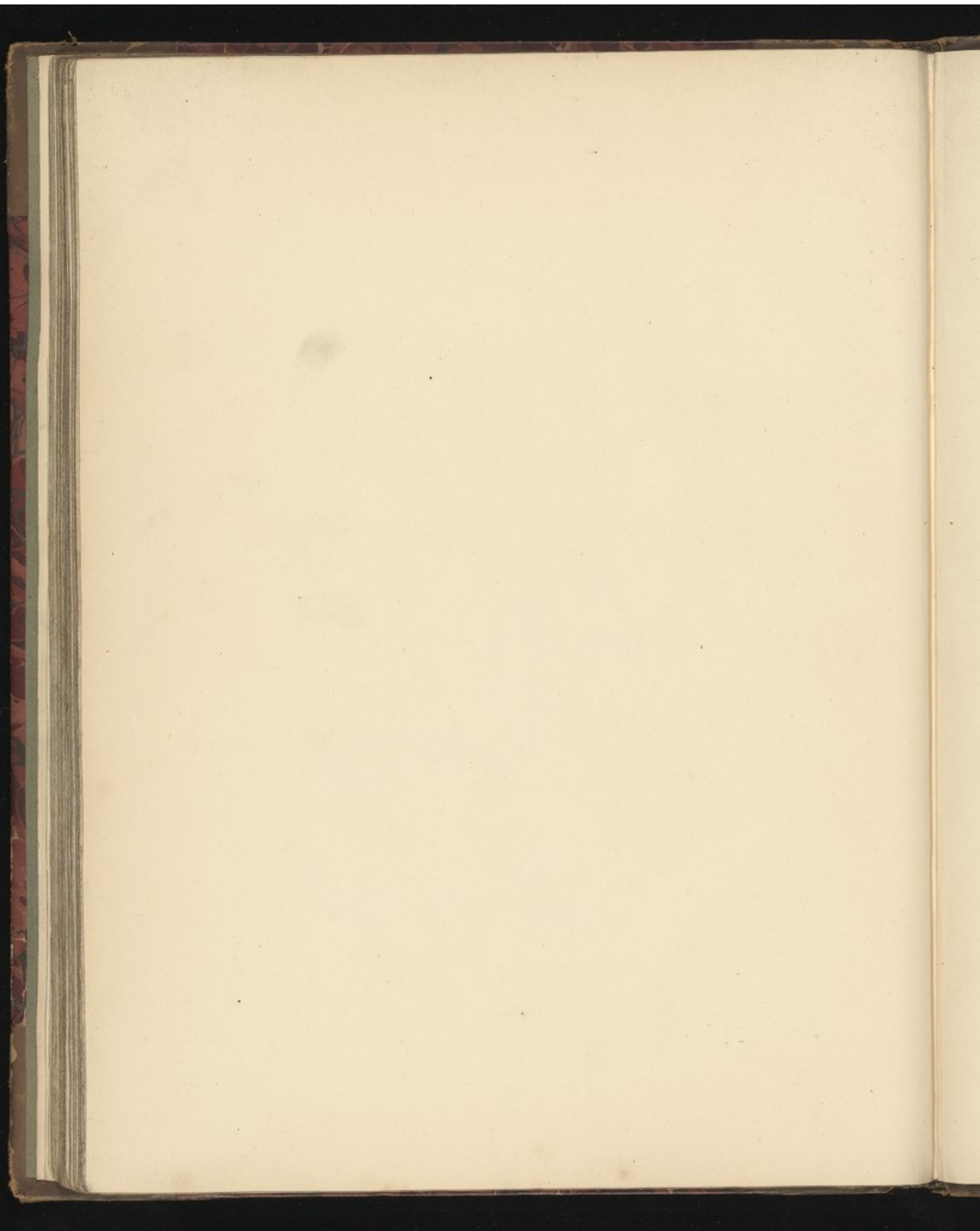


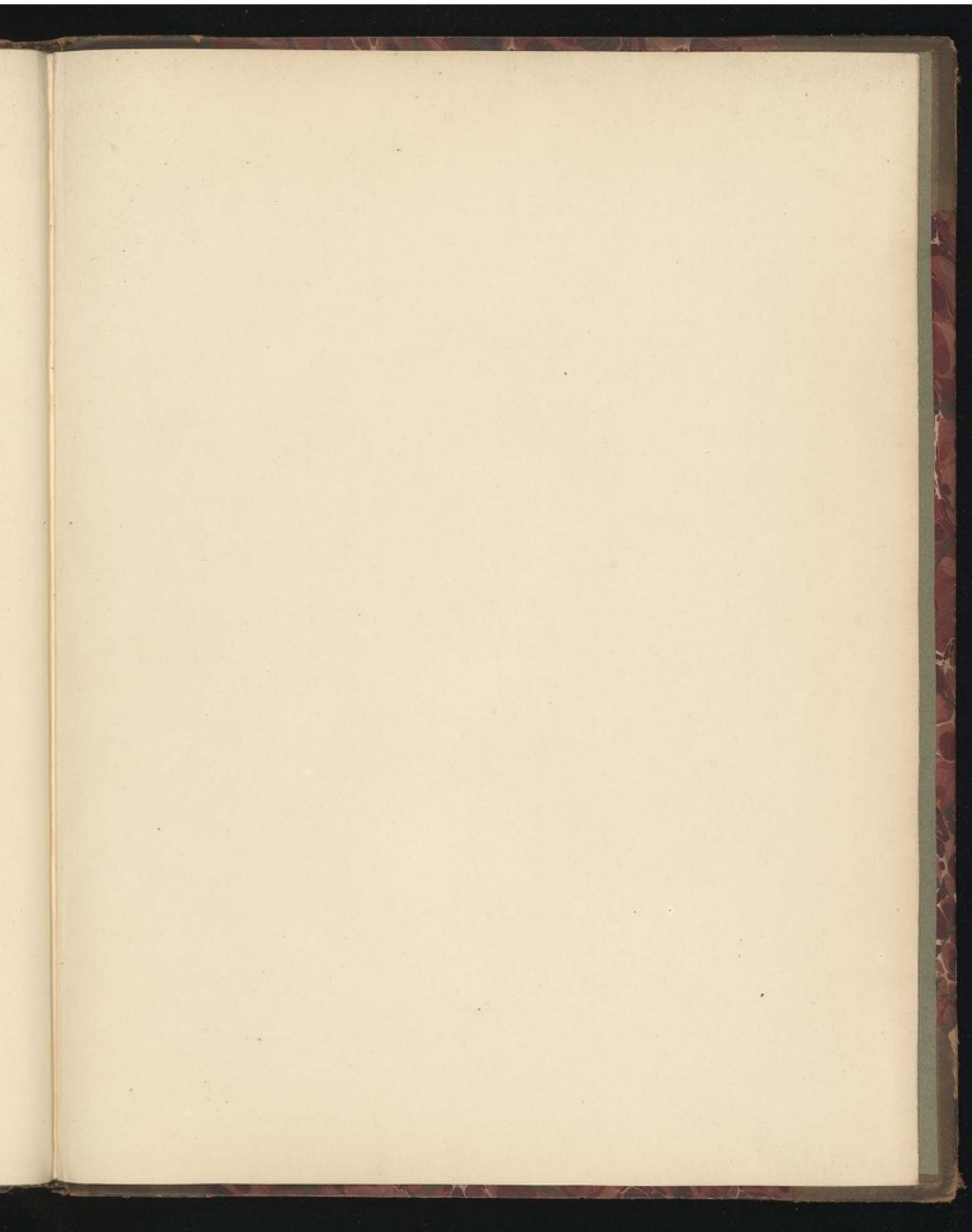
OLD AGE WITH MUTUAL CONTENT.

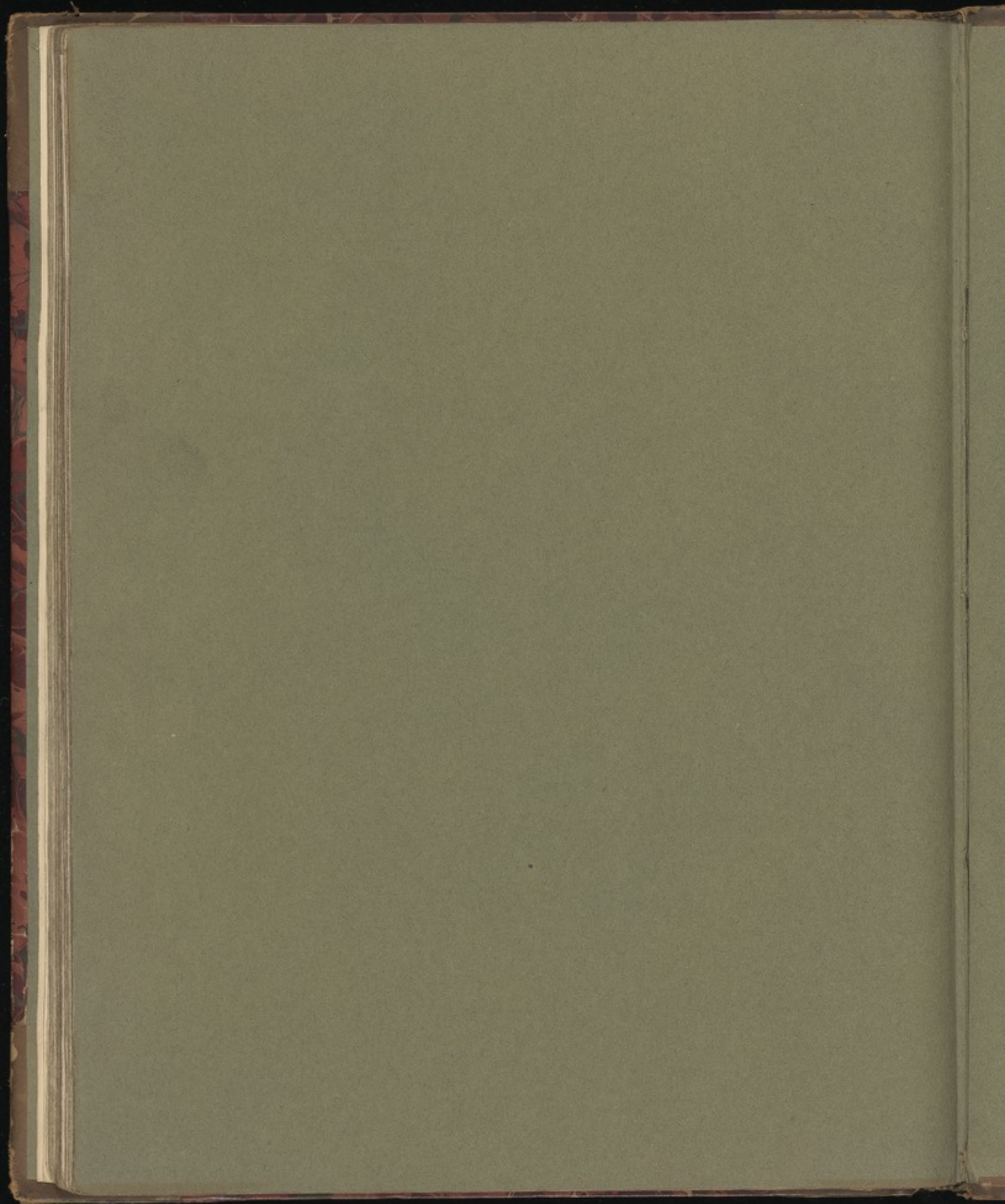
Published 1810, by D. Colclough, London.

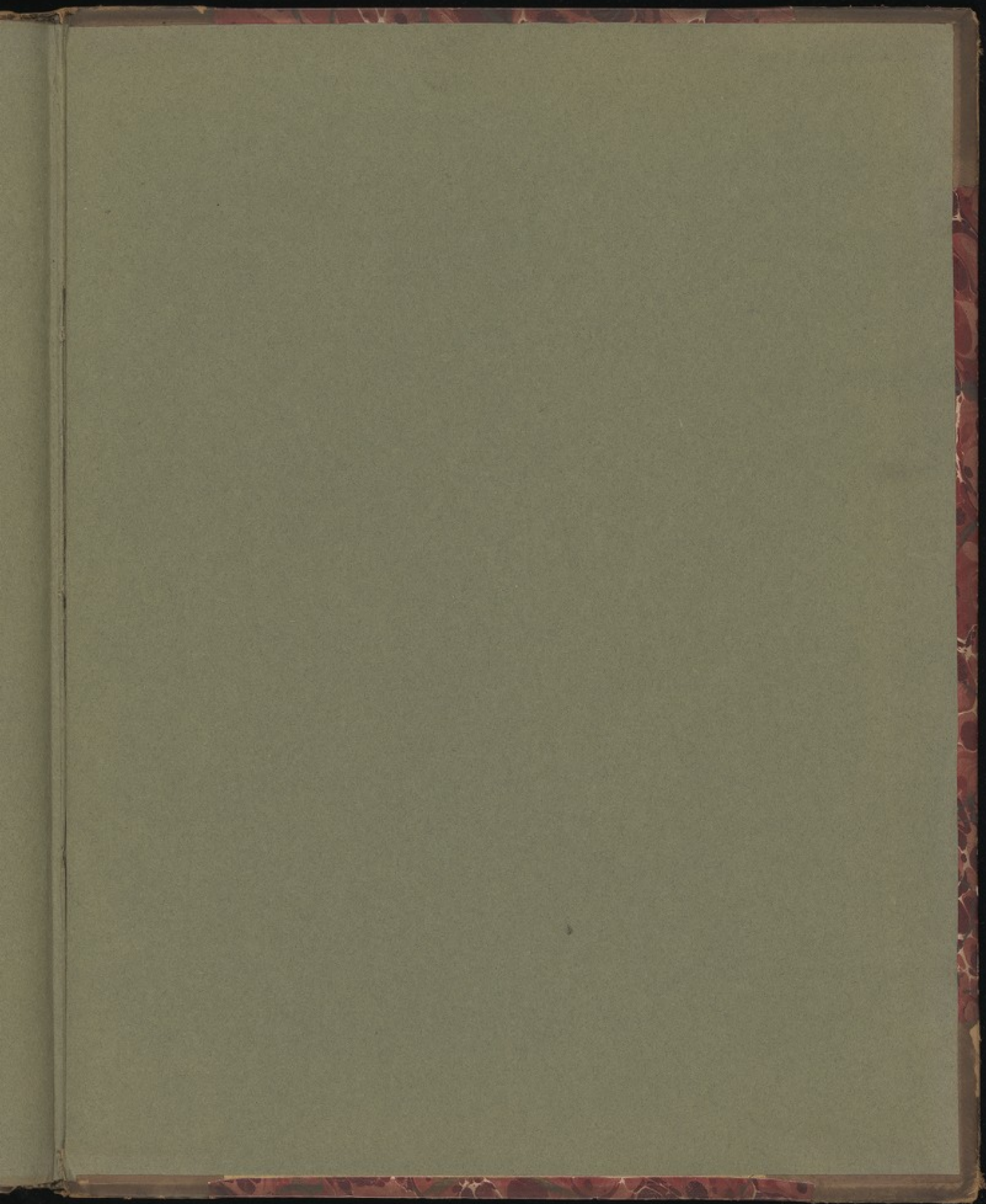


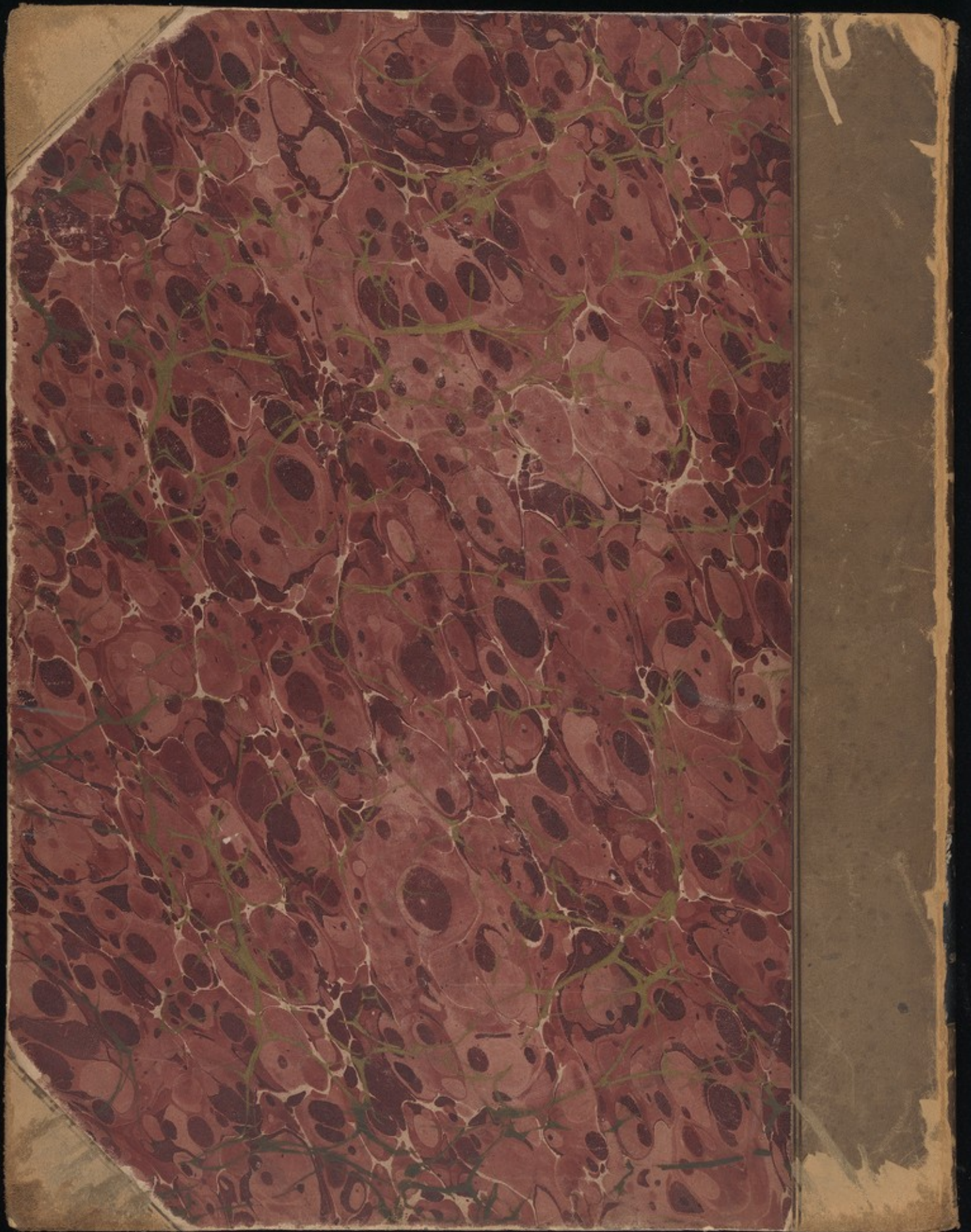












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