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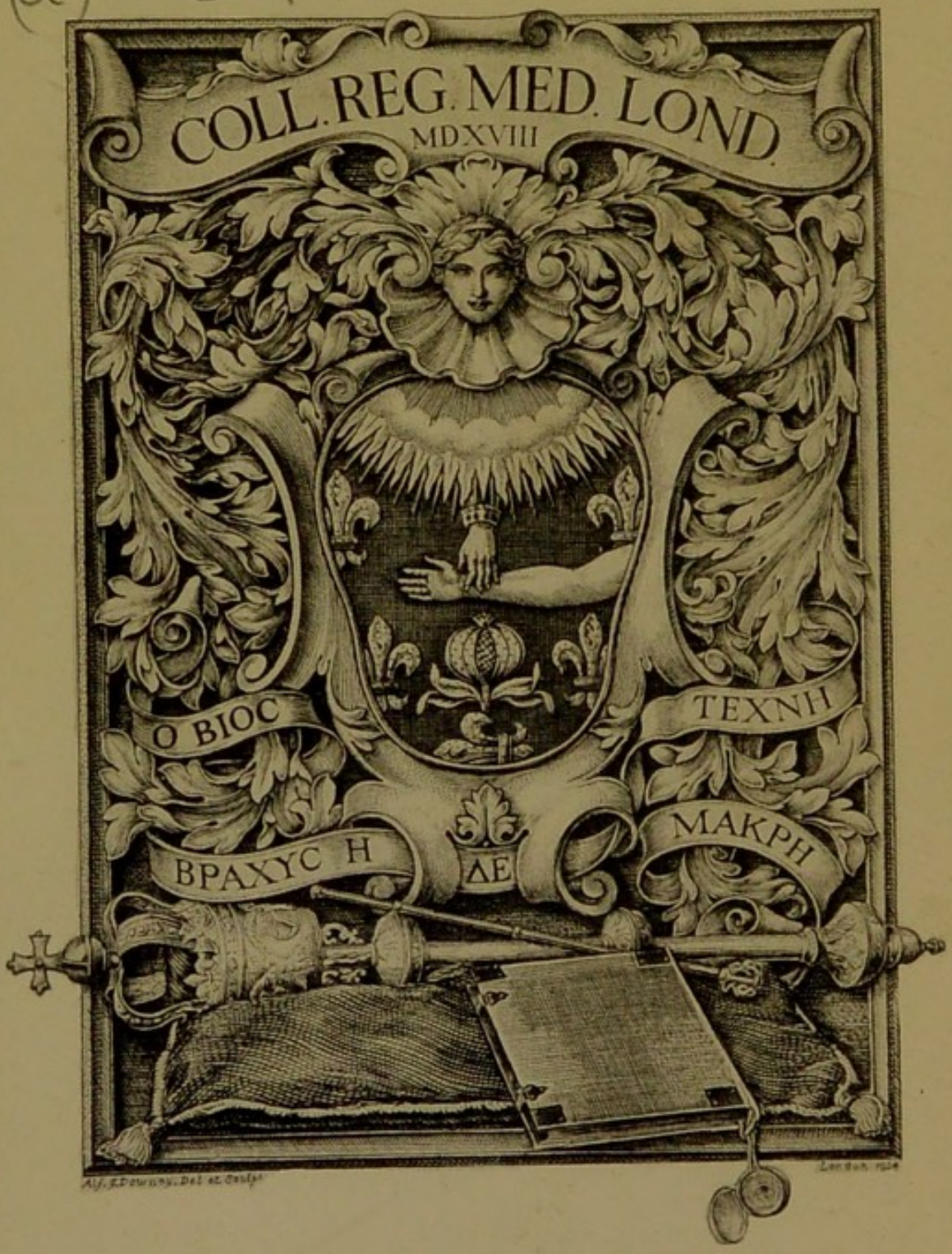

FRONTISPIECE.

But I thought I should faint when I saw him, dear Mother,
Feel my pulse with one hand, with a watch in the other. p. 13.

ANSTEY (C.)

THE

NEW BATH GUIDE:

OR,

MEMOIRS

OF THE

B—N—R—D FAMILY.

IN A SERIES OF

POETICAL EPISTLES.

Nullus in orbe locus Baïis prælucet amœnis. *Hor.*

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for Vernor, Hood, and Sharpe; Cuthell and Martin; J. Walker; Lackington, Allen, and Co.; J. Nunn; Otridge and Son; R. Lea; Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme; and J. Murray;

At the Union Printing-Office, St. John's Square, by W. Wilson.

1807.

TO THE READER.

I HERE present you with a collection of letters, written by a family during their residence at Bath.—The first of them from a romantic young lady, addressed to her friend in the country, will bring you acquainted with the rest of the characters, and save you the trouble of reading a dull introductory preface from

Your humble servant,

THE EDITOR.

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THE

NEW BATH GUIDE.

PART THE FIRST.

THE

NEW BATH GUIDE.

LETTER I.

MISS JENNY W—D—R TO LADY ELIZ. M—D—SS, AT —— CASTLE, NORTH.

A View from the Parades at Bath, with some Account of the Dramatis Personæ.

SWEET are yon hills that crown this fertile vale!
Ye genial springs! Pierian waters, hail!

Hail, woods and lawns! Yes—oft I'll tread
  Yon pine-clad mountain's side,
Oft trace the gay enamell'd mead,
  Where Avon rolls his pride.

A View from the Parades at Bath,

Sure, next to fair Castalia's streams,
  And Pindus' flow'ry path,
Apollo most the springs esteems,
  And verdant meads of Bath.

The Muses haunt these hallow'd groves,
  And here their vigils keep,
Here teach fond swains their hapless loves
  In gentle strains to weep.

From water sprung, like flowers from dew,
  What troops of bards appear!
The god of verse and physic too,
  Inspires them twice a year.

  Take, then, my friend, the sprightly rhyme,
While you inglorious waste your prime,
At home in cruel durance pent,
On dull domestic cares intent,

With some Account of the Dramatis Personæ.

Forbid, by parent's harsh decree,
To share the joys of Bath with me.
Ill-judging parent! blind to merit,
Thus to confine a nymph of spirit!
With all thy talents doom'd to fade
And whither in th' unconcious shade;
I vow, my dear, it moves my spleen,
Such frequent instances I've seen
Of fathers, cruel and unkind,
To all paternal duty blind.
What wretches do we meet with, often,
Whose hearts no tenderness can soften!
Sure all good authors should expose
Such parents, both in verse and prose,
And nymphs inspire with resolution
Ne'er to submit to persecution.
This wholesome satire much enhances
The merit of our best romances.

A View from the Parades at Bath,

And modern plays, that I could mention,
With judgment fraught, and rare invention,
Are written with the same intention.
But, thank my stars! that worthy pair,
Who undertook a guardian's care,
My spirit never have confin'd;
(An instance of their gen'rous mind)
For Lady B—n—r—d, my aunt,
Herself propos'd this charming jaunt,
All from redundancy of care
For Sim, her fav'rite son and heir;
To him the joyous hours I owe
That Bath's enchanting scenes bestow;
Thanks to her book of choice receipts,
That pamper'd him with sav'ry meats;
Nor less that day deserves a blessing
She cramm'd his sister to excess in:
For now she sends both son and daughter,
For crudities to drink the water.

With some Account of the Dramatis Personæ.

And here they are, all bile and spleen,
The strangest fish that e'er was seen;
With Tabby Runt, their maid, poor creature,
The queerest animal in nature.
I'm certain none of Hogarth's sketches
E'er form'd a set of stranger wretches.
I own, my dear, it hurts my pride,
To see them blundering by my side;
My spirits flag, my life and fire
Is mortify'd *au desespoir*,
When Sim, unfashionable ninny,
In public calls me *cousin* Jenny;
And yet, to give the wight his due,
He has some share of humour too.
A comic vein of pedant learning
His conversation you'll discern in,
The oddest compound you can see
Of shrewdness and simplicity,

A View from the Parades at Bath,

With natural strokes of awkward wit,
That oft, like Parthian arrows, hit;
For, when he seems to dread the foe,
He always strikes the hardest blow;
And when you'd think he means to flatter,
His panegyrics turn to satire;
But then no creature you can find
Knows half so little of mankind,
Seems always blundering in the dark,
And always making some remark;
Remarks that so provoke one's laughter,
One can't imagine what he's after:
And sure you'll thank me for exciting
In Sim a wond'rous itch for writing:
With all his serious grimace
To give descriptions of the place.
No doubt his mother will produce
His poetry for gen'ral use,

With some Account of the Dramatis Personæ.

And if his bluntness does not fright you,
His observations must delight you;
For truly the true creature's mind
Is honest, generous, and kind:
If unprovok'd, will ne'er displease ye,
Or ever make one soul uneasy.—
I'll try to make his sister Prue
Take a small trip to Pindus too.

And Me the Nine shall all inspire
To tune for thee the warbling lyre;
For thee the Muse shall, every day,
Speed, by the post, her rapid way.
For thee, my friend, I'll oft explore
Deep treasures of romantic lore:
Nor wonder if I gods create,
As all good bards have done of late;

Invocation.

'Twill make my verse run smooth and even,
To call new deities from heaven:
Come, then, thou goddess I adore!
But soft—my chairman's at the door,
The ball's begun—my friend, no more.

J—— W—D—R.

BATH, 1766.

LETTER II.

MR. SIMKIN B—N—R—D TO LADY B—N—R—D, AT —— HALL, NORTH.

Mr. B—n—r—d's reflections on his arrival at Bath.—The case of himself and company.—The acquaintance he commences, &c. &c.

We are all a wonderful distance from home!
Two hundred and sixty long miles are we come!
And sure you'll rejoice, my dear mother, to hear
We are safely arriv'd at the sign of the Bear.

'Tis a plaguy long way! but I ne'er can repine,
As my stomach is weak, and my spirits decline;
For the people say here,—be whatever your case,
You are sure to get well if you come to this place.

Reflections on the Arrival.

Miss Jenny made fun, as she always is wont,
Of Prudence my sister, and Tabitha Runt;
And every moment she heard me complain,
Declar'd I was vapour'd, and laugh'd at my pain.
What though at Devizes I fed pretty hearty,
And made a good meal, like the rest of the party,
When I came here to Bath, not a bit could I eat,
Tho' the man at the Bear had provided a treat:
And so I went quite out of spirits to bed,
With wind in my stomach, and noise in my head.

As we all came for health, (as a body may say)
I sent for the doctor the very next day,
And the doctor was pleas'd, tho' so short was the warning,
To come to our lodging betimes in the morning;
He look'd very thoughtful and grave, to be sure,
And I said to myself—There's no hopes of a cure!

The Doctor.

But I thought I should faint, when I saw him, dear mother,
Feel my pulse with one hand, with a watch in the other;
No token of death that is heard in the night
Could ever have put me so much in a fright;
Thinks I—'tis all over—my sentence is past,
And now he is counting how long I may last.—
Then he look'd at ——, and his face grew so long,
I'm sure he thought something within me was wrong.
He determin'd our cases, at length, (G—d preserve us!)
I'm bilious, I find, and the women are nervous;
Their system's relax'd, and all turn'd topsy turvy,
With hypochondriac's, obstructions, and scurvy;
And these are distempers he must know the whole on,
For he talk'd of the pericraneum and colon,

The Case.

Of phlegmatic humours oppressing the women,
From fœculent matter that swells the abdomen;
But the noise I have heard in my bowels, like thunder,
Is a flatus, I find, in my left hypochonder.
So plenty of med'cines each day does he send
Post singulas liquidas sedes sumend'
Ad crepitus vesper' & man' promovend';
In English to say, we must swallow a potion
For driving out wind after every motion;
The same to continue for three weeks at least,
Before we may venture the waters to taste,
Five times have I purg'd, yet I'm sorry to tell ye,
I find the same gnawing and wind in my belly;
But, without any doubt, I shall find myself stronger,
When I've took the same physic a week or two longer.

The Prescription.

He gives little Tabby a great many doses,
For he says the poor creature has got the *Chlorosis*,
Or a ravenous *Pica*, so brought on the vapours
By swallowing stuff she had read in the papers;
And often I've marvell'd she spent so much money
In Water-dock Essence, and Balsam of Honey;
Such tinctures, elixirs, such pills have I seen,
I never could wonder her face was so green.
Yet he thinks he can very soon set her to right
With *Testic' Equin'* that she takes ev'ry night;
And when to her spirits and strength he has brought her,
He thinks she may venture to bathe in the water.
But Prudence is forc'd ev'ry day to ride out,
For he says she wants thoroughly jumbling about.
Now it happens in this very house is a lodger,
Whose name's Nicodemus, but some call him Roger.

Acquaintance.

And Roger's so kind as my sister to bump
On a pillion, as soon as she comes from the pump;
He's a pious good man, and an excellent scholar,
And I think it is certain no harm can befal her;
For Roger is constantly saying his prayers,
Or singing some spiritual hymn, on the stairs.
But my cousin Miss Jenny's as fresh as a rose,
And the Captain attends her wherever she goes.
The Captain's a *worthy good sort of a man,*
For he calls in upon us whenever he can,
And often a dinner or supper he takes here,
And Jenny and he talk of Milton and Shakespeare;
For the life of me now I can't think of his name,
But we all got acquainted as soon as we came.

Don't wonder, dear mother, in verse I have writ,
For Jenny declares I've a good pretty wit;
She says that she frequently sends a few verses
To friends and acquaintance, and often rehearses:

Poetry the Fashion.

Declares 'tis the fashion; and all the world knows
There's nothing so filthy, so vulgar as prose.
And I hope, as I write without any connection,
I shall make a great figure in Dodsley's Collection;
At least, when he chooses his book to increase,
I may take a small flight as a *fugitive piece*.—
But now, my dear mother, I'm quite at a stand,
So I rest your most dutiful son to command.

S—— B—N—R—D.

BATH, 1766.

LETTER III.

MISS JENNY W—D—R TO LADY ELIZ. M—D—SS,
AT —— CASTLE, NORTH.

THE BIRTH OF FASHION.

A SPECIMEN OF A MODERN DE.

Sure there are charms by Heaven assign'd
To modish life alone;
A grace, an air, a taste refin'd,
To vulgar souls unknown.

Nature, my friend, profuse in vain,
May every gift impart,
If unimprov'd, they ne'er can gain
An empire o'er the heart.

Specimen of a Modern Ode.

Dress be our care in this gay scene
  Of Pleasure's blest abode:
Enchanting Dress! if well I ween,
  Meet subject for an Ode.

  Come, then, nymph of various mien,
Votary true of Beauty's queen,
Whom the young and ag'd adore,
And thy different arts explore.
Fashion come:—On me awhile
Deign, fantastic nymph, to smile.
Moria* thee, in times of yore,
To the motley Proteus bore;
He, in bishop's robes array'd,
Went one night to masquerade,
Where thy simple mother stray'd:

* The Goddess of Folly.

Specimen of a Modern Ode.

She was clad like harmless quaker,
And was pleas'd my lord should take
By the waist, and kindly shake her;
And, with look demure, said she,
" Pray, my Lord,—*do you know me?*"
He, with soothing, flattering arts,
Such as win all female hearts,
Much extoll'd her wit and beauty,
And declar'd it was his duty,
As she was a maid of honour,
To confer his blessiug on her.
There 'mid dress of various hue,
Crimson, yellow, green, and blue,
All on furbelows and laces,
Slipt into her chaste embraces;
Then, like sainted rogue, cry'd he,
" Little quaker—*you know me.*"

Fill'd with thee, she went to France,
Land renown'd for complaisance,

Specimen of a Modern Ode.

Vers'd in science debonair,
Bowing, dancing, dressing hair;
There she chose her habitation,
Fix'd thy place of education.
Nymph, at thy auspicious birth,
Hebe strew'd with flowers the earth:
Thee to welcome, all the Graces
Deck'd in ruffles, deck'd in laces,
With the God of Love attended,
And the Cyprian queen descended.
Now you trip it o'er the globe,
Clad in party-colour'd robe,
And, with all thy mother's sense,
Virtues of your sire dispense.

Goddess, if from hand like mine,
Aught be worthy of thy shrine,
Take the flow'ry wreath I twine.

Specimen of a Modern Ode.

Lead, oh! lead me by the hand,
Guide me with thy magic wand,
Whether, deck'd in lace and ribbons,
Thou appear'st like Mrs. Gibbons,
Or the nymph of smiling look,
At Bath yclept Janetta Cook.
Bring, O bring thy essence-pot,
Amber, musk, and bergamot,
Eau de chipre, eau de luce,
Sans pareil, and citron juice,
Nor thy band-box leave behind,
Fill'd with stores of every kind;
All th' enraptur'd bard supposes,
Who to Fancy odes composes:
All that Fancy's self has feign'd,
In a band-box is contain'd:
Painted lawns, and chequer'd shades,
Crape, that's worn by love-lorn maids,
Water'd tabbies, flower'd brocades;

Specimen of a Modern Ode.

Vi'lets, pinks, Italian posies,
Myrtles, jessamins, and roses,
Aprons, caps, and 'kerchiefs clean,
Straw-built hats, and bonnets green.
Catguts, gauses, tippets, ruffs,
Fans, and hoods, and feather'd muffs.
Stomachers and Paris nets,
Ear-rings, necklaces, aigrets,
Fringes, blonds, and mignionets;
Fine vermilion for the cheek,
Velvet patches *à la grecque.*
Come, but don't forget the gloves,
Which, with all the smiling Loves,
Venus caught young Cupid picking
From the tender breast of chicken;
Little chicken, worthier far
Than the birds of Juno's car,
Soft as Cytherea's dove,
Let thy skin my skin improve;

Specimen of a Modern Ode.

Thou by night shalt grace my arm,
And by day shalt teach to charm.

Then, O sweet goddess, bring with thee
Thy boon attendant Gaiety,
Laughter, Freedom, Mirth, and Ease,
And all the smiling deities;
Fancy spreading painted sails,
Loves that fan with gentle gales.—
But hark!—methinks I hear a voice,
My organs all at once rejoice;
A voice that *says*, or *seems to say*,
"Sister, hasten, sister gay,
"Come to the pump-room—come away."

J—— W—D—R.

BATH, 1766.

LETTER IV.

MR. SIMKIN B—N—R—D TO LADY B—N—R—D,
AT —— HALL, NORTH.

A CONSULTATION OF PHYSICIANS.

Dear mother, my time has been wretchedly spent,
With a gripe or a hickup wherever I went,
My stomach all swell'd, till I thought it would burst;
Sure never poor mortal with wind was so curst!
If ever I ate a good supper at night,
I dream'd of the devil, and wak'd in a fright:
And so, as I grew every day worse and worse,
The doctor advis'd me to send for a nurse,
And the nurse was so willing my health to restore,
She begg'd me to send for a few doctors more;

Consultation of Physicians.

For when any difficult work's to be done,
Many heads can dispatch it much sooner than one;
And I find there are doctors enough at this place,
If you want to consult in a dangerous case!
So they all met together, and thus began talking:
" Good doctor, I'm your's—'tis a fine day for walking—
" Sad news in the papers—G—d knows who's to blame!
" The colonies seem to be all in a flame—
" This *stamp act,* no doubt might be good for the crown,
" But I fear 'tis a pill that will never go down—
" What can Portugal mean?—is *she* going to stir up
" Convulsions and heats in the bowels of Europe?
" 'Twill be fatal if England relapses again,
" From the ill blood and humours of Bourbon and Spain."

But a tight little Doctor began a dispute
About administration, Newcastle, and Bute. page 27.

Consultation of Physicians.

Says I—' My good doctors, I can't understand
' Why the deuce ye take so many patients in hand;
' Ye've a great deal of practice, as far as I find;
' But since ye're come hither, do pray be so kind
' To write me out something that's good for the wind.
' No doubt ye are all of ye great politicians,
' But at present *my bowels* have need of physicians:
' Consider my case in the light it deserves,
' And pity the state of my stomach and nerves.'—
But a tight little doctor began a dispute
About administrations, Newcastle, and Bute,
Talk'd much of œconomy, much of profuseness,
Says another—" This case, which at first was a looseness,
" Is become a *Tenesmus*, and all we can do
" Is to give him a gentle cathartic or two;

Consultation of Physicians.

" First get off the phlegm that adheres to the *Plicæ*,
" Then throw in a med'cine that's pretty and spicy;—
" A *peppermint* draught,—or a——Come, let's be gone,
" We've another bad case to consider at one."

So thus they brush'd off, each his cane at his nose,
When Jenny came in, who had heard all their prose;
" I'll teach them," says she, " at their next consultation,
" To come and take fees for the good of the nation."
I could not conceive what the devil she meant,
But she seiz'd all the stuff that the doctor had sent,
And out of the window she flung it down souse,
As the first politician went out of the house.

The Disaster.

Decoctions and syrups around him all flew,
The pill, bolus, julep, and apozem too;
His wig had the luck a cathartic to meet,
And squash went the gallipot under his feet.
She said 'twas a shame I should swallow such stuff,
When my bowels were weak, and the physic so rough;
Declar'd she was shock'd that so many should come
To be doctor'd to death such a distance from home,
At a place where they tell you that water alone
Can cure all distempers that ever were known.
But, what is the pleasantest part of the story,
She has order'd for dinner a piper and dory;
For to-day Captain Cormorant's coming to dine,
That worthy acquaintance of Jenny, and mine.

Acquaintance.

'Tis a shame to the army that men of such spirit
Should never obtain the reward of their merit;
For the Captain's as gallant a man, I'll be sworn,
And as honest a fellow as ever was born:
After so many hardships and dangers incurr'd,
He himself thinks he ought to be better preferr'd.
And Roger, or, what is his name, Nicodemus,
Appears full as kind, and as much to esteem us;
Our Prudence declares he's an excellent preacher,
And by night and by day is so good as to teach her;
His doctrine so sound with such spirit he gives;
She ne'er can forget it as long as she lives.
I told you before that he's often so kind
To go out a riding, with Prudence behind,
So frequently dines here without any pressing,
And now to the fish he is giving his blessing;

The Dinner.

And, as that is the case, though I've taken a griper,
I'll venture to peck at the dory and piper.
And now, my dear mother, &c. &c. &c.

S——— B—N—R—D.

BATH, *1766.*

LETTER V.

MR. SIMKIN B—N—R—D TO LADY B—N—R—D, AT —— HALL, NORTH.

Salutations of Bath, and an adventure of Mr. B—n—r—d in Consequence thereof.

No city, dear mother, this city excels
In charming sweet sounds, both of fiddles and bells;
I thought, like a fool, that they only would ring
For a wedding, or judge, or the birth of a king;
But I found 'twas for *me* that the good-natur'd people
Rang so hard, that I thought they would pull down
the steeple.

Salutations of Bath.

So I took out my purse, as I hate to be shabby,
And paid all the men when they came from the Abbey:
Yet some think it strange they should make such a riot
In a place where sick folk would be glad to be quiet;
But I hear 'tis the bus'ness of this corporation
To welcome in all the *great* men of the nation;
For you know there is nothing diverts or employs
The minds of *great* people like making a noise;
So with bells they contrive all as much as they can,
To tell the arrival of any such man.
If a broker, or statesman, a gamester, or peer,
A nat'raliz'd Jew, or a bishop, comes here,
Or *an eminent trader in cheese* should retire,
Just to think of the bus'ness the state may require,

Salutations of Bath.

With horns, and with trumpets, with fiddles, and drums,
They'll strive to divert him as soon as he comes.
'Tis amazing they find such a number of ways
Of employing his thoughts all the time that he stays!
If by chance the *great* man at his lodging alone is,
He may view from his window the colliers' ponies,
On both the parades, where they tumble and kick,
To the great entertainment of those that are sick:
What a number of turnspits and builders he'll find
For relaxing his cares, and unbending his mind,
While notes of sweet music contend with the cries,
Of *fine potted laver, fresh oysters, and pies!*
And music's a thing I shall truly revere,
Since the city musicians so tickled my ear:
For when we arriv'd here at Bath t'other day,
They came to our lodgings on purpose to play;

Salutations of Bath.

And I thought it was right, as the music was come,
To foot it a little, in Tabitha's room;
For practice makes perfect, as often I've read,
And to heels is of service as well as the head:
But the lodgers were shock'd such a noise we should make,
And the ladies declar'd that we kept them awake;
Lord Ringbone, who lay in the parlour below,
On account of the gout he had got in his toe,
Began, on a sudden, to curse and to swear:
I protest, my dear mother, 'twas shocking to hear
The oaths of that reprobate gouty old peer:
"All the devils in hell sure at once have concurr'd
"To make such a noise here as never was heard;
"Some blundering blockhead, while I am in bed,
"Treads as hard as a coach-horse just over my head;

The Rencontre.

" I cannot conceive what a plague he's about:
" Are the fiddlers come hither to make all this rout
" With their d——'d squeaking catgut, that's worse than the gout?
" If the aldermen bade 'em come hither, I swear
" I wish they were broiling in hell with the may'r;
" May flames be my portion if ever I give
" Those rascals one farthing as long as I live!"
So while they were playing their musical airs,
And I was just dancing the hay round the chairs,
He roar'd to his Frenchman to kick them down stairs.
The Frenchman came forth, with his outlandish lingo,
Just the same as a monkey, and made all the men go;

The Rencontre.

I could not make out what he said, not a word,
And his lordship declar'd I was very absurd.
Says I, ' Master Ringbone, I've nothing to fear,
' Tho' you be a Lord, and your man a Mounseer,
' For the may'r and the aldermen bade them come here:
' ——— As absurd as I am,
' I don't care a damn
' For you nor your *valee de sham:*
' For a Lord, do you see,
' Is nothing to me,
' Any more than a flea;
' And your Frenchman, so eager,
' With all his soup meagre,
' Is no more than a mouse,
' Or a bug, or a louse,
' And I'll do as I please while I stay in the house:

The Fee.

'For the B—n—r—d family all can afford
'To part with their money as free as a Lord.'

So I thank'd the musicians, and gave them a guinea,
Tho' the ladies and gentlemen call'd me a ninny;
And I'll give them another the next time they play,
For men of good fortune encourage, they say,
All arts and all sciences too, in their way;
So the men were so kind as to hallow and bawl,
"God bless you, Sir, thank you; good fortune befal
"Yourself, and the B—n—r—d family all."

Excuse any more,—for I very well know
Both my subject and verse—*is exceedingly low;*

Conclusion.

But if any great critic finds fault with my letter,
He has nothing to do but to send you a better.
And now, my dear mother, &c. &c.

S—— B—N—R—D.

BATH, 1766.

LETTER VI.

MR. SIMKIN B—N—R—D TO LADY B—N—R—D, AT —— HALL, NORTH.

Mr. B—n—r—d gives a Description of the Bathing.

This morning, dear mother, as soon as 'twas light,
I was wak'd by a noise that astonish'd me quite;
For in Tabitha's chamber I heard such a clatter,
I could not conceive what the deuce was the matter;
And, would you believe it, I went up and found her
In a blanket, with two lusty fellows around her,
Who both seem'd a going to carry her off in
A little black box, just the size of a coffin:

Description of the Bathing.

'Pray tell me,' says I, 'what ye're doing of there?'
"Why, master, 'tis hard to be bilk'd of our fare,
"And so we were thrusting her into a chair;
"We don't see no reason for using us so,
"For she bade us come hither, and now she won't go:
"We've earn'd all the fare, for we both came and knock'd her
"Up, as soon as 'twas light, by advice of the doctor;
"And this is a job that we often go a'ter,
"For ladies that choose to go into the water."
'But pray,' says I, 'Tabitha, what is your drift
'To be cover'd in flannel, instead of a shift?
'Tis all by the doctor's advice, I suppose,
'That nothing is left to be seen but your nose:
'I think, if you really intend to go in,
'Twould do you more good if you strip to the skin.

Description of the Bathing.

'And if you've a mind for a frolic, i' faith,
'I'll just step and see you jump into the bath.'
So they hoisted her down, just as safe and as well
And as snug as a hodmandod rides in his shell:
I fain would have gone to see Tabitha dip,
But they turn'd at a corner, and gave me the slip,
Yet in searching about I had better success,
For I got to a place where the ladies undress:
Thinks I to myself they are after some fun,
And I'll see what they're doing, as sure as a
gun:
So I peep'd at the door, and I saw a great mat
That cover'd the table, and got under that,
And laid myself down there, as snug and as still,
(As a body may say) like a thief in a mill:
And of all the fine sights I have seen, my dea
mother,
I never expect to behold such another:

Description of the Bathing.

How the ladies did giggle, and set up their clacks,
All the while an old woman was rubbing their backs!
Oh, 'twas pretty to see them all put on their flannels,
And then take the water, like so many spaniels;
And tho' all the while it grew hotter and hotter,
They swam just as if they were hunting an otter,
'Twas a glorious sight to behold the fair sex
All wading with gentlemen, up to their necks,
And view them so prettily tumble and sprawl
In a great smoking kettle, as big as our hall:
And, to-day, many persons of rank and condition
Were boil'd by command of an able physician:
Dean Spavin, Dean Mangey, and Doctor De'squirt,
Were all sent from Cambridge to rub off their dirt.

Description of the Bathing.

Judge Bane, and the worthy old Counsellor Pest,
Join'd issue at once, and went in with the rest;
And this they all said was exceedingly good
For strength'ning the spirits, and mending the blood.
It pleas'd me to see how they all were inclin'd
To lengthen their lives for the good of mankind;
For I ne'er would believe that a bishop or judge
Can fancy old Satan may owe him a grudge;
Tho' some think the lawyer may choose to *demur;*
And the priest till another occasion *defer;*
And both, to be better prepar'd for herea'ter,
Take a smack of the brimstone contain'd in the water.
But, what is surprising, no mortal e'er view'd
Any one of the physical gentlemen stew'd;

Description of the Bathing.

Since the day that king Bladud * first found out these
bogs,
And thought them so good for himself and his
hogs,
Not one of the faculty ever has tried
These excellent waters to cure his own hide;
Tho' many a skilful and learned physician,
With candour, good sense, and profound erudition,
Obliges the world with the fruits of his brain,
Their nature and hidden effects to explain.
Thus Chiron advis'd Madam Thetis to take
And dip her poor child in the Stygian lake,
But the worthy old doctor was not such an elf
As ever to venture his carcase himself.
So Jason's good wife used to set on a pot,
And put in at once all the patients she got,

* Vide Old Bath Guide.

Description of the Bathing.

But thought it sufficient to give her direction,
Without being coddled, to mend her complexion:
And I never have heard that she wrote any treatise
To tell what the virtue of water and heat is.
You cannot conceive what a number of ladies
Were wash'd in the water, the same as our maid is:
Old Baron Vanteaser, a man of great wealth,
Brought his lady, the Baroness, here for her health;
The Baroness bathes, and she says that her case
Has been hit to a hair, and is mending apace:
And this is a point all the learned agree on,
The Baron has met with the fate of Acteon;
Who, while he peep'd into the bath, had the luck
To find himself suddenly chang'd to a buck.
Miss Scratchit went in, and the Countess of Scales,
Both ladies of very great fashion in Wales;

Description of the Bathing.

Then all on a sudden two persons of worth,
My Lady Pandora Macscurvy came forth,
With General Sulphur, arriv'd from the North.
So Tabby, you see, had the honour of washing
With folks of distinction, and very high fashion:
But in spite of good company, poor little soul,
She shook both her ears, like a mouse in a bowl.

Ods-bobs! how delighted I was, unawares,
With the fiddles I heard in the room above stairs;
For music is wholesome, the doctors all think,
For ladies that bathe, and for ladies that drink;
And that's the opinion of Robin, our driver,
Who whistles his nags while they stand at the river;
They say it is right that for every glass,
A tune you should take, that the water may pass,

Description of the Bathing.

So while little Tabby was washing her rump,
The ladies kept drinking it out of a pump.

I've a deal more to say, but am loth to intrude
On your time, my dear mother, so now I'll conclude.

S—— B—N—R—D.

BATH, 1766.

LETTER VII.

MR. SIMKIN B—N—R—D TO LADY B—N—R—D, AT —— HALL, NORTH.

A Panegyric on Bath, and a Moravian Hymn.

Of all the gay places the world can afford,
By gentle and simple for pastime ador'd,
Fine balls, and fine concerts, fine buildings, and springs,
Fine walks, and fine views, and a thousand fine things,
(Not to mention the sweet situation and air)
What place, my dear mother, with Bath can compare?
Let Bristol for commerce and dirt be renown'd;
At Sal'sbury pen-knives and scissars be ground;

Panegyric on Bath.

The towns of Devizes, of Bradford, and Frome,
May boast that they better can manage the loom;
I believe that they may;—but the world to refine
In manners, in dress, in politeness to shine,
O Bath! let the art, let the glory be thine.
I'm sure I have travell'd our county all o'er,
And ne'er was so civilly treated before;
Would you think, my dear mother, (without the least hint,
That we all should be glad of appearing in print)
The news-writers here were so kind as to give all
The world an account of our happy arrival?—
You scarce can imagine what numbers I've met,
(Tho' to me they are perfectly strangers as yet)
Who all with address and civility came,
And seem'd vastly proud of *subscribing* our name.
Young Timothy Canvass is charm'd with the place,
Who, I hear, is come hither, his fibres to brace;

Panegyric on Bath.

Poor man! at th' election he threw, t'other day,
All his victuals, and liquor, and money away;
And some people think with such haste he began,
That soon he the constable greatly outran,
And is qualified now for a parliament-man:
Goes every day to the coffee-house, where
The wits and the great politicians repair;
Harangues on the funds, and the state of the nation,
And plans a good speech for an administration,
In hopes of a place, which he thinks he deserves,
As the love of his country has ruin'd his nerves.—
Our neighbour, Sir Easterlin Widgeon, has swore
He ne'er will return to his bogs any more;
The Thicksculls are settled; we've had invitations
With a great many more on the score of relations:
The Loungers are come too.—Old Stucco has just sent
His plan for a house to be built in the Crescent;

Panegyric on Bath.

'Twill soon be completed, and they say all their work
Is as strong as St. Paul's, or the minster at York.
Don't you think 'twould be better to lease our estate,
And buy a good house before 'tis too late?
You never can go, my dear mother, where you
So much have to see, and so little to do.

I write this in haste, for the Captain is come,
And so kind as to go with us all to the Room;
But be sure by the very next post you shall hear
Of all I've the pleasure of meeting with there:
For I scribble my verse with a great deal of ease,
And can send you a letter whenever I please:
And while at this place I've the honour to stay,
I think I can never want something to say,
But now, my dear mother, &c. &c. &c.

S—— B—N—R—D.

BATH, 1766.

POSTSCRIPT.

I'm sorry to find at the city of Bath,
Many folks are uneasy concerning their faith:
Nicodemus, the preacher, strives all he can do
To quiet the conscience of good sister Prue;
But Tabby from scruples of mind is releas'd,
Since she met with a learned Moravian priest,
Who says, *There is neither transgression nor sin;*
A doctrine that brings many customers in.
She thinks this the prettiest ode upon earth,
Which he made on his infant that dy'd in the birth.

ODE*.

Chicken blessed
And caressed,

* The learned Moravian has pirated this Ode from Count Zinzendorf's Book of Hymns. Vide H. 33.

Moravian Hymn.

Little bee on Jesu's breast!
From the hurry
And the flurry
Of the earth thou'rt now at rest.

LETTER VIII.

MR. SIMKIN B—N—R—D TO LADY B—N—R—D, AT —— HALL, NORTH.

Mr. B-n-r-d goes to the Rooms. His opinion of Gaming.

From the earliest ages, dear mother, till now,
All statesmen and great politicians allow
That nothing advances the good of a nation
Like giving all money a free circulation:
This question from members of parliament draws
Many speeches that meet universal applause;
And if ever, dear mother, I live to be one,
I'll speak on this subject as sure as a gun:
For Bath will I speak, and I'll make an oration
Shall obtain me the freedom of this corporation;

On Gaming.

I have no kind of doubt but the Speaker will beg
All the members to *hear* when I set out my leg.
" Circulation of Cash—circulation decay'd—
" Is at once the destruction and ruin of trade;
" Circulation—I say—circulation it is,
" Gives life to commercial countries like this:"
What thanks to the city of Bath then are due:
From all who this patriot maxim pursue:
For in no place whatever that national good
Is practis'd so well, and so well understood.
What infinite merit and praise does she claim in
Her ways and her means for promoting of *gaming!*
And *gaming*, no doubt, is of infinite use
That same circulation of cash to produce.
What true public spirited people are here,
Who for that very purpose come every year!
All eminent men, who no trade ever knew
But *gaming*, the only good trade to pursue:

On Gaming.

All other professions are subject to fail,
But *gaming's* a bus'ness will ever prevail;
Besides, 'tis the only good way to commence
An acquaintance with all men of spirit and sense;
We may grub on without it thro' life, I suppose,
But then 'tis with people—*that nobody knows.*
We ne'er can expect to be rich, wise, or great,
Or look'd upon fit for employments of state:
'Tis your men of fine heads, and of nice calculations
That afford so much service to administrations,
Who by frequent experience know how to devise
The speediest methods of raising supplies:
'Tis such men as these, men of honour and worth,
That challenge respect from all persons of birth;
And is it not right they should all be carest,
When they're all so polite, and so very well drest,
When they circulate freely the money they've won,
And wear a lac'd coat, tho' their fathers wore none?

Panegyric on the Ladies.

Our trade is encourag'd as much, if not more,
By the tender soft sex I shall ever adore;
But their husbands, those brutes, have been known to complain,
And swear they will never set foot here again.—

Yet wretches ingrate! to find fault with your wives,
The comfort, the solace, and joy of your lives;
Oh! that women, whose price is so far above rubies,
Should fall to the lot of such ignorant boobies!
Doesn't Solomon speak of such women with rapture,
In verse his eleventh, and thirty-first chapter?
And surely that wise king of Israel knew
What belong'd to a woman much better than you!
He says, "if you find out a virtuous wife,
"She will do a man good all the days of her life;

And at cards all the night take the trouble to play,
To get back the money they spent in the day. page 59.

Panegyric on the Ladies.

" She deals like a merchant, she sitteth up late."
And you'll find it is written in verse twenty-eight,
" Her husband is sure to be known at the gate.
" He never hath need or occasion for spoil,"
When his wife is much better employ'd all the while;
" She seeketh fine wool, and fine linen she buys,
" And is clothed in purple and scarlet likewise."
Now pray don't your wives do the very same thing,
And follow th' advice of that worthy old king?
Do they spare for expenses themselves in adorning?
Don't they go about buying fine things all the morning?
And at cards all the night take the trouble to play,
To get back the money they spent in the day?
And sure there's no sort of occasion to shew
Ye are known at the gate, or wherever ye go.
Pray are not your ladies at Bath better plac'd
Than the wife of a king, who herself so disgrac'd
And at Ithaca liv'd in *such very bad taste?*

Panegyric on the Ladies.

Poor soul! while her husband thought proper to leave
her,
She slav'd all the day like a Spitalfields' weaver,
And then, like a fool, when her web was half spun,
Pull'd to pieces at night all the work she had done:
But these to their husbands more profit can yield,
And are much like a lily that grows in the field;
They toil not indeed, nor indeed do they spin,
Yet they never are idle when once they begin,
But are very intent on increasing their store,
And always keep shuffling and cutting for more:
Industrious creatures! that make it a rule
To secure half the fish, while they *manage* the pool;
So they win to be sure; but I very much wonder
Why they put so much money the candlestick under;
For up comes a man on a sudden, slapdash,
Snuffs the candles, and carries away all the cash:
And as nobody troubles their heads any more,
I'm in very great hopes that it goes to the poor.—

Advantages of Gaming.

Methinks I should like to excel in a trade
By which such a number their fortunes have made.
I've heard of a wise, philosophical Jew,
That shuffles the cards in a manner that's new;
One Jonas, I think;—and could wish for the future
To have that illustrious sage for my tutor;
And the Captain, whose kindness I ne'er can forget,
Will teach me a game that he calls Lansquenet.
So I soon shall acquaint you what money I've won,
In the mean time I rest your most dutiful son,

S——— B—N—R—D.

BATH, 1766.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE

NEW BATH GUIDE.

PART THE SECOND.

PART THE SECOND.

LETTER IX.

MISS JENNY W—D—R TO LADY ELIZ. M—D—SS,
AT —— CASTLE, NORTH.

A JOURNAL.

To humbler strains, ye Nine, descend,
And greet my poor sequester'd friend.
Not odes with rapid eagle flight,
That soar above all human sight,
Not Fancy's fair and fertile field,
To all the same delight can yield.

A Journal.

But come, Calliope, and say
How pleasure wastes the various day:
Whether thou art wont to rove
By Parade, or Orange Grove,
Or to breathe a purer air
In the Circus or the Square:
Wheresoever be thy path,
Tell, O tell the joys of Bath.

Ev'ry morning, ev'ry night,
Gayest scenes of fresh delight;
When Aurora sheds her beams,
Wak'd from soft Elysian dreams,
Music calls me to the spring,
Which can health and spirits bring:
There Hygeia, goddess, pours
Blessings from her various stores;
Let me to her altars haste,
Tho' I ne'er the waters taste,

A Journal.

Near the pump to take my stand,
With a nosegay in my hand,
And to hear the Captain say,
'How d'ye do, dear Miss, to day?'
The Captain;—Now you'll say, my dear,
Methinks I long his name to hear:—
Why then—but don't you tell my aunt,
The Captain's name is Cormorant:
But hereafter, you must know,
I shall call him Romeo,
And your friend, dear lady Bet,
Jenny no more, but Juliet.

O ye guardian spirits fair,
All who make true love your care,
May I oft my Romeo meet,
Oft enjoy his converse sweet;
I alone his thoughts employ,
Through each various scene of joy!

A Journal.

Lo! where all the jocund throng
From the pump-room hastes along,
To the breakfast all invited
By Sir Toby, lately knighted.
See, with joy my Romeo comes!
He conducts me to the Rooms;
There he whispers, not unseen,
Tender tales behind the screen;
While his eyes are fix'd on mine,
See each nymph with envy pine,
And, with looks of forc'd disdain,
Smile contempt, but sigh in vain!

O the charming parties made!
Some to walk the South Parade,
Some to Lincomb's shady groves,
Or to Simpson's proud alcoves,
Some for chapel trip away,
Then take places for the play;

Or to painters we repair,
Meet Sir Peregrine Hatchet there. page 69.

A Journal.

Or we walk about in Pattens,
Buying gauzes, cheap'ning satins:
Or to Painter's we repair,
Meet Sir Peregrine Hatchet there,
Pleas'd the artist's skill to trace
In his dear Miss Gorgon's face:
Happy pair! who fix'd as fate
For the sweet connubial state,
Smile in canvas *tête à tête*.
If the weather, cold and chill,
Calls us all to Mr. Gill,
Romeo hands to me the jelly,
Or the soup of Vermicelli:
If at Toyshop I step in,
He presents a di'mond pin;
Sweetest token I can wear,
Which at once may grace my hair,
And, in witness of my flame,
Teach the glass to bear his name:

A Journal.

See him turn each trinket over,
If for me he can discover
Aught his passion to reveal,
Emblematic ring or seal,
Cupid whetting pointed darts
For a pair of tender hearts;
Hymen lighting sacred fires,
Types of chaste and fond desires.
Thus enjoy we ev'ry blessing;
Till the toilet calls to dressing:
Where's my garnet, cap and sprig?
Send for Singe to dress my wig;
Bring my silver'd mazarine,
Sweetest gown that e'er was seen:
Tabitha, put on my ruff:
Where's my dear delightful muff?
Muff, my faithful Romeo's present!
Tippet too from tail of pheasant!

A Journal.

Muff from downy breast of swan!
O the dear enchanting man!
Muff that makes me think how Jove
Flew to Leda from above—
Muff that—Tabby, see who rapt then.
" Madam, Madam, 'tis the Captain!"
Sure his voice I hear below,
'Tis, it is my Romeo!
Shape and gait, and careless air,
Di'mond ring, and solitaire,
Birth and fashion all declare.
How his eyes, that gently roll,
Speak the language of his soul;
See the dimple on his cheek,
See him smile and sweetly speak:
" Lovely nymph, at your command,
" I have something in my hand,
" Which I hope you'll not refuse,
" 'Twill us both at night amuse:

A Journal.

" What tho' Lady Whisker crave it,
" And Miss Badger longs to have it?
" 'Tis, by Jupiter I swear,
" 'Tis for you alone, my dear;
" See this ticket, gentle maid,
" At your feet an offering laid:
" Thee the loves and graces call
" To a little private ball:
" And to play I bid adieu,
" Hazard, lansquenet, and loo,
" Fairest nymph, to dance with you."
—I with joy accept his ticket,
And upon by bosom stick it:
Well I know how Romeo dances,
With what air he first advances,
With what grace his gloves he draws on,
Claps, and calls up Nancy Dawson;
Me thro' every dance conducting,
And the music oft instructing,

A Journal.

See him tap, the time to shew,
With his light fantastic toe;
Skill'd in ev'ry art to please,
From the fan to waft the breeze,
Or his bottle to produce,
Fill'd with pungent *Eau de Luce.*—
Wonder not, my friend, I go
To the ball with Romeo.

Such delights if thou canst give,
Bath, at thee I choose to live.

J—— W—D—R.

BATH, 1766.

POSTSCRIPT.

Enclos'd you'll find some lines, my dear,
Made by a hungry poet here,

Postscript.

A happy bard, who rhymes and eats,
And lives by uttering quaint conceits;
Yet thinks to him alone belong
The laurels due to modern song.

SONG.

A CHARGE TO THE POETS.

Written at Mr. GILL'S, *an eminent Cook at Bath.*

Οὐ πρὸ παντὸς ἐστὶν ἀρτῦσαι καλῶς. Frag. Vet. Poet.

Ye bards who sing the hero's praise,
Or lass's of the mill, [*Forte.*
A loftier theme invites your lays,
Come tune your lyres to Gill.

Of all the cooks the world can boast,
However great their skill,
To bake, or fry, to boil, or roast,
There's none like Master Gill.

Song.

Sweet rhyming troop, no longer stoop
To drink Castalia's rill;
Whene'er ye droop, O taste the soup
That's made by Master Gill.

O taste this soup, for which the fair,
When hungry, cold, and chill,
Forsake the Circus and the Square
To eat with Master Gill.

'Tis this that makes my Chloe's lips
Ambrosial sweets distil; [*Affettuoso.*
For leeks and cabbage oft she sips
In soup that's made by Gill.

Immortal bards, view here your wit,
The labours of your quill,
To singe the fowl upon the spit
Condemn'd by Master Gill.

Song.

My humble verse that fate will meet,
  Nor shall I take it ill;
But grant, ye gods! that I may eat
  That fowl, when drest by Gill.

These are your true poetic fires
  That drest this sav'ry grill;
E'en while I eat, the Muse inspires,
  And tunes my voice to Gill.

When C—— strikes the vocal lyre,
  Sweet Lydian measures thrill;
But I the gridir'n more admire,
  When tun'd by Master Gill.

"Come, take my sage of ancient use,"
  Cries learned doctor H—ll:
"But what's the sage without the goose?"
  Replies my Master Gill.

Song.

He who would fortify his mind,
His belly first should fill; [*Forte.*
Roast beef 'gainst terrors best you'll find;
"*The Greeks knew this,*" says Gill.

Your spirits and your blood to stir,
Old Galen gives a pill;
But I the forc'd-meat ball prefer
Prepar'd by Master Gill.

While he so well can broil and bake,
I'll promise and fulfil,
No other physic e'er to take
Than what's prescrib'd by Gill.

Your bard has liv'd at Bath so long, [*Piano.*
He dreads to see your bill—
Instead of cash accept this song, [*Pianissimo.*
My worthy Master Gill.

LETTER X.

MR. SIMKIN B—N—R—D TO LADY B—N—R—D, AT —— HALL, NORTH.

Taste and Spirit——Mr. B-n-r-d commences a Beau Garcon.

So lively, so gay, my dear mother, I'm grown,
I long to do something to make myself known;
For persons of *taste* and true *spirit*, I find,
Are fond of attracting the eyes of mankind:
What numbers one sees, who, for that very reason,
Come to make such a figure at Bath ev'ry season!
'Tis this that provokes Mrs. Shenkin Ap-Leek
To dine at the ord'nary twice in a week,

Taste and Spirit.

Tho' at home she might eat a good dinner in comfort,
Nor pay such a cursed extravagant sum for't:
But then her acquaintance would never have known
Mrs. Shenkin Ap-Leek had acquir'd the *bon ton:*
Ne'er shewn how in taste the Ap-Leeks can excel
The Duchess of Truffles, and Lady Morell:
Had ne'er been ador'd by Sir Pye Macaroni,
And Count Vermicelli, his intimate crony;
Both men of such *taste,* their opinions are taken
From an ortolan down to a rasher of bacon.

What makes Kitty Spicer, and little Miss Sago,
To auctions and milliners' shops ev'ry day go?
What makes them to vie with each other, and quarrel
Which spends the most money for splendid apparel?

Taste and Spirit.

Why, *Spirit*—to shew they have much better sense
Than their fathers, who rais'd it by shillings and pence.
What sends Peter Tewkesbury every night
To the play with such infinite joy and delight?
Why, Peter's a critic, with true Attic salt,
Can damn the performers, can hiss, and find fault,
And tell when we ought to express approbation,
By thumping and clapping, and vociferation;
So he gains our attention, and all must admire
Young Tewkesbury's judgment, his *spirit* and fire.
But Jack Dilettante despises the play'rs,
To concerts and musical parties repairs;
With benefit tickets his pockets he fills,
Like a mountebank doctor distributes his bills;
And thus his importance and interest shows,
By conferring his favours wherever he goes:
He's extremely polite both to me and my cousin,
For he often desires us to take off a dozen;

Mr. B-n-r-d commences a Beau Garcon.

He has taste, without doubt, and a delicate ear,
No vile oratorios ever could bear;
But talks of the op'ras and his Signiora,
Cries *bravo, benissimo, bravo, encora!*
And oft is so kind as to thrust in a note,
While old Lady Cuckow is straining her throat,
Or little Miss Wren, who's an excellent singer;
Then he points to the notes, with a ring on his finger:
And shews her the crotchet, the quaver, and bar,
All the time that she warbles and plays the *guitar:*
Yet, I think, though she's at it from morning till noon,
Her queer little thingumbob's never in tune.
Thank Heaven! of late, my dear mother, my face is
Not a little regarded at all public places:
For I ride in a chair, with my hands in a muff,
And have bought a silk coat, and embroider'd the cuff;
But the weather was cold, and the coat it was thin,
So the taylor advis'd me to line it with skin:

Mr. B-n-r-d commences a Beau Garcon.

But what with my Nivernois' hat can compare,
Bag-wig, and lac'd ruffles, and black solitaire?
And what can a man of true fashion denote,
Like an ell of good ribbon ty'd under the throat?
My buckles and box are in exquisite taste,
The one is of paper, the other of paste:
And sure no Camayeu was ever yet seen
Like that which I purchas'd at Wicksted's machine:
My stockings, of silk, are just come from the hosier,
For to-night I'm to dance with the charming Miss Tozier:
So I'd have them to know, when I go to the ball,
I shall shew as much *taste* as the best of them all:
For a man of great fashion was heard to declare
He never beheld so engaging an air,
And swears all the world must my judgment confess,
My *solidity, sense, understanding* in dress;
My manners so form'd, and my wig so well curl'd,
I look like a man *of the very first world:*

Mr. B-n-r-d commences a Beau Garcon.

But my person and figure you'll best understand
From the picture I've sent, by an eminent hand:
Show it young Lady Betty, by way of endearance,
And to give her a spice of my mien and appearance.
Excuse any more, I'm in haste to depart,
For a dance is the thing that I love at my heart,
So now, my dear mother, &c. &c. &c.

S—— B—N—R—D.

BATH, 1766.

LETTER XI.

MR. SIMKIN B—N—R—D TO LADY B—N—R—D, AT —— HALL, NORTH.

A Description of the Ball, with an Episode on Beau Nash.

What joy at the ball, what delight have I found,
By all the bright circle encompass'd around!
Each moment with transport my bosom felt warm,
For what, my dear mother, like beauty can charm?
The remembrance alone, while their praise I rehearse,
Gives life to my numbers, and strength to my verse.
Then allow for the rapture the Muses inspire,
Such themes call aloud for poetical fire.
I've read how the Goddesses meet all above,
And throng the immortal assemblies of Jove,

Description of the Ball.

When join'd with the Graces fair Venus appears,
Ambrosial sweet odours perfume all the spheres:
But the Goddess of Love, and the Graces and all
Must yield to the beauties I've seen at the ball;
For Jove never felt such a joy at his heart,
Such a heat as these charming sweet creatures impart.
In short—there is something in very fine women,
When they meet all together—that's quite overcoming.

Then say, O ye nymphs, that inhabit the shades
Of Pindus' sweet banks, Heliconian maids,
Celestial Muses, ye powers divine,
O say, for your memory's better than mine,
What troops of fair virgins assembled around,
What squadrons of heroes for dancing renown'd,
Were rous'd by the fiddles' harmonious sound.
What goddess shall first be the theme of my song,
Whose name the clear Avon may murmur along,
And echo repeat all the vallies among!

Description of the Ball.

Lady Tettaton's sister, Miss Fubby Fatarmin,
Was the first that presented her person so charming,
Than whom more engaging, more beautiful none,
A goddess herself among goddesses shone,
Excepting the lovely Miss Towzer alone.
'Tis she that has long been the toast of the town,
Though all the world knows her complexion is brown:
If some people think that her mouth be too wide,
Miss Towzer has numberless beauties beside;
A countenance noble, with sweet pouting lips,
And a delicate shape from her waist to her hips;
Besides a prodigious rough black head of hair,
All frizzled and curl'd o'er her neck that is bare:
I've seen the sweet creature but once I confess,
But her air and her manner, and pleasing address,
All made me feel something I ne'er can express.

Description of the Ball.

But lo! on a sudden what multitudes pour
From Cambrian mountains, from Indian shore;
Bright maidens, bright widows, and fortunate swains,
Who cultivate Liffy's sweet borders and plains,
And they who their flocks in fair Albion feed,
Rich flocks and rich herds, (so the gods have decreed)
Since they quitted the pleasanter banks of the Tweed.
Yet here no confusion, no tumult is known,
Fair order and beauty establish their throne;
For order, and beauty, and just regulation,
Support all the works of this ample creation.
For this, in compassion to mortals below,
The gods, their peculiar favour to show,
Sent Hermes to Bath in the shape of a Beau:
That grandson of Atlas came down from above
To bless all the regions of pleasure and love;

Description of the Ball.

To lead the fair nymph thro' the various maze,
Bright beauty to marshal, his glory and praise;
To govern, improve, and adorn the gay scene,
By the Graces instructed, and Cyprian queen:
As when in a garden delightful and gay,
Where Flora is wont all her charms to display,
The sweet hyacinthus with pleasure we view,
Contend with narcissus in delicate hue;
The gard'ner industrious trims out his border,
Puts each odoriferous plant in its order;
The myrtle he ranges, the rose and the lily,
With iris, and crocus, and daffa-down-dilly;
Sweet peas and sweet oranges all he disposes,
At once to regale both your eyes and your noses:
Long reign'd the great Nash, this omnipotent Lord,
Respected by youth, and by parents ador'd;
For him not enough at a ball to preside,
The unwary and beautiful nymph would he guide;

Episode on Beau Nash.

Oſt tell her a tale, how the credulous maid
By man, by perfidious man, is betray'd;
Taught Charity's band to relieve the distrest,
While tears have his tender compassion exprest.
But, alas! he is gone, and the city can tell
How in years and in glory lamented he fell:
Him mourn'd all the Dryads on Claverton's mount;
Him Avon deplor'd, him the nymph of the Fount,
The crystalline streams.
Then perish his picture, his statue decay,
A tribute more lasting the Muses shall pay.
If true what philosophers all will assure us,
Who dissent from the doctrine of great Epicurus,
That the spirit's immortal: as poets allow,
If life's occupations are follow'd below:
In reward of his labours, his virtue and pains,
He is footing it now in the Elysian plains,
Indulg'd, as a token of Proserpine's favour,
To preside at her balls in a cream-colour'd beaver.

Description of the Ball.

Then peace to his ashes—our grief be supprest,
Since we find such a phœnix has sprung from his nest:
Kind heaven has sent us another professor,
Who follows the steps of his great predecessor.

But hark! now they strike the melodious string,
The vaulted roof echoes, the mansions all ring;
At the sound of the hautboy, the bass and the fiddle,
Sir Boreas Blubber steps forth in the middle,
Like a holy-hock, noble, majestic, and tall,
Sir Boreas Blubber first opens the ball:
Sir Boreas, great in the minuet known,
Since the day that for dancing his talents were shown,
Where the science is practis'd by gentlemen grown,
For in every science, in ev'ry profession,
We make the best progress at years of discretion.

Description of the Ball.

How he puts on his hat, with a smile on his face,
And delivers his hand with an exquisite grace!
How gently he offers Miss Carrot before us,
Miss Carrot Fitz-Oozer, a niece of Lord Porus!
How nimbly he paces, how active and light!
One never can judge of a man at first sight:
But as near as I guess from the size of his calf,
He may weigh about twenty-three stone and a half.
Now why should I mention a hundred or more,
Who went the same circle as others before,
To a tune that they play'd us a hundred times o'er?
See little Bob Jerom, old Chrysostom's son,
With a chitterlin shirt, and a buckle of stone,—
What a cropt head of hair the young parson has on!
Emerg'd from his grizzle, th' unfortunate prig
Seems as if he was hunting all night for his wig;
Not perfectly pleas'd with the coat on his back,
Tho' the coat's a good coat, but, alas, it is black!

Description of the Ball.

With envious eyes he is doom'd to behold
The Captain's red suit that's embroidered with gold!
How seldom mankind are content with their lot!
Bob Jerom two very good livings has got:
Yet still he accuses his parents deceas'd,
For making a man of such spirit a priest.
Not so Master Marmozet, sweet little boy,
Mrs. Dangleclub's hopes, her delight and her joy:
His pigeon-wing'd head was not drest quite so soon,
For it took up a barber the whole afternoon;
His jacket's well lac'd, and the ladies protest
Master Marmozet dances as well as the best:
Yet some think the boy would be better at school,
But I hear Mrs. Dangleclub's not such a fool
To send a poor thing with a spirit so meek,
To be flogg'd by a tyrant for Latin and Greek;
For why should a child of distinction and fashion
Lay a heap of such silly nonsensical trash in?

Description of the Ball.

She wonders that parents to Eton should send,
Five hundred great boobies their manners to mend,
When the master that left it (tho' no one objects
To his care of the boys in all other respects)
Was extremely remiss, for a sensible man,
In never contriving some elegant plan
For improving their persons, and shewing them how
To hold up their heads, and to make a good bow,
When they've got such a charming long room for a ball,
Where the scholars might practise, and masters and all:
But, what is much worse, what no parent would choose,
He burnt all their ruffles, and cut off their queues:
So he quitted the school with the utmost disgrace,
And just such another's come into his place.

Description of the Ball.

She says that her son will his fortune advance,
By learning so early to fiddle and dance;
So she brings him to Bath, which I think is quite right,
For they do nothing else here from morning till night;
And this is a lesson all parents should know,
To train up a child in the way he should go:
For, as Solomon says, you may safely uphold,
He ne'er will depart from the same when he's old.
No doubt she's a woman of fine understanding,
Her air and her presence there's something so grand in;
So wise and discreet; and, to give her her due,
Dear mother, she's just such a woman as you.

But who is that bombazine lady so gay,
So profuse of her beauties, in sable array?

Description of the Ball.

How she rests on her heel, how she turns out her toe,
How she pulls down her stays, with her head up, to show
Her lily-white bosom that rivals the snow!
'Tis the widow Quicklackit, whose husband last week,
Poor Stephen, went suddenly forth in a pique,
And push'd off his boat for the Stygian creek.
Poor Stephen! he never return'd from the bourn,
But left the disconsolate widow to mourn:
Three times did she faint when she heard of the news!
Six days did she weep, and all comfort refuse;
But Stephen, no sorrow, no tears can recal:
So she hallows the seventh, and comes to the ball.

For music, sweet music, has charms to control,
And tune up each passion that ruffles the soul!

Wonderful Effects of Music.

What things have I read, and what stories been told
Of feats that were done by musicians of old!
I've heard a whole city was built from the ground
By magical numbers, and musical sound;
And here it can build a good house in the Square,
Or raise up a church where the godly repair.
I saw, t'other day, in a *thing call'd an ode,*
As it lay in a snug little house on the road,
How Saul was restor'd, tho' his sorrow was sharp,
When David, the Bethlemite, play'd on the harp:
'Twas music that brought a man's wife from Old Nick,
And at Bath has the power to recover the sick:
Thus a lady was cur'd t'other day.—But 'tis time
To seal up my letter, and finish my rhyme.

S——— B—N—R—D.

BATH, 1766.

LETTER XII.

MR. SIMKIN B—N—R—D TO LADY B—N—R—D, AT —— HALL, NORTH.

A modern Head-dress, with a little polite Conversation.

What base and unjust accusations we find
Arise from the malice and spleen of mankind!
One would hope, my dear mother, that scandal would spare
The tender, the helpless, and delicate Fair;
But, alas! the sweet creatures all find it the case
That Bath is a very censorious place.
Would you think that a person I met since I came
(I hope you'll excuse my concealing his name)

A modern Head-dress.

A splenetic ill-natur'd fellow, before
A room-full of very good company swore
That, in spite of appearance, 'twas very well known,
Their hair and their faces were none of their own;
And thus, without wit, or the least provocation,
Began an impertinent formal oration:
" Shall nature thus lavish her beauties in vain,
" For art and nonsensical fashion to stain?
" The fair Jezebella what art can adorn,
" Whose cheeks are like roses that blush in the morn?
" As bright were her locks as in heaven are seen
" Presented for stars by th' Egyptian queen;
" But, alas! the sweet nymph they no longer must deck,
" No more shall they flow o'er her ivory neck;

A Modern Head-dress.

" Those tresses, which Venus might take as a fa-
vour,
" Fall a victim at once to an outlandish shaver;
" Her head has he robb'd with as little remorse
" As a fox-hunter crops both his dogs and his horse:
" A wretch that, so far from repenting his theft,
" Makes a boast of tormenting the little that's left.
" And first at her porcupine head he begins
" To fumble and poke with his irons and pins,
" Then fires all his crackers with horrid grimace,
" And puffs his vile Rocambol breath in her face,
" Discharging a steam that the devil would choke,
" From paper, pomatum, from powder, and smoke,
" The patient submits, and with due resignation
" Prepares for her fate in the next operation.
" When lo! on a sudden, a monster appears,
" A horrible monster, to cover her ears;—
" What sign of the Zodiac is it he bears?

And first at her porcupine head he begins
To fumble and poke with his iron and pins. page 100.

A Modern Head-dress.

" Is it Taurus's tail, or the *tête de mouton,*
" Or the *beard of the goat,* that he dares to put on?
" 'Tis a wig *en vergette,* that from Paris was brought,
" *Une tête comme il faut,* that the varlet has bought
" Of a beggar, whose head he has shav'd for a groat;
" Now fix'd to her head, does he frizzle and dab it:
" 'Tis a foretop no more.—'Tis the skin of a rabbit.—
" 'Tis a muff—'tis a thing that by all is confest
" Is in colour and shape like a chaffinch's nest.

" O cease, ye fair virgins, such pains to employ,
" The beauties of nature with paint to destroy;
" See Venus lament, see the Loves and the Graces,
" All pine at the injury done to your faces!
" Ye have eyes, lips, and nose, but your heads are no more
" Than a doll's that is plac'd at a milliner's door."

A Modern Head-dress.

I'm asham'd to repeat what he said in the sequel,
Aspersions so cruel as nothing can equal!
I declare I am shock'd such a fellow should vex,
And spread all these lies of the innocent sex,
For whom, while I live, I will make protestation
I've the highest esteem and profound veneration:
I never so strange an opinion will harbour,
That they buy all the hair they have got of a barber;
Nor ever believe that such beautiful creatures
Can have any delight in abusing their features:
One thing tho' I wonder at much, I confess, is
Th' appearance they make in their different dresses,
For indeed they look very much like apparitions
When they come in the morning to hear the musicians,
And some I am apt to mistake, at first sight,
For the mothers of those I have seen over-night:

Polite Conversation.

It shocks me to see them look paler than ashes,
And as dead in the eye as the busto of Nash is,
Who the evening before were so blooming and plump:
—I'm griev'd to the heart when I go to the pump:
For I take ev'ry morning a sup at the water,
Just to hear what is passing, and see what they're a'ter;
For I'm told the discourses of persons refin'd
Are better than books for improving the mind;
But a great deal of judgment's requir'd in skimming
The polite conversation of sensible women;
For they come to the pump, as before I was saying,
And talk all at once while the music is playing!
"Your servant, Miss Fitchet,"—"Good morning, Miss Stote."
"My dear Lady Riggledum, how is your throat?

Polite Conversation.

" Your ladyship knows that I sent you a scrall,
" Last night to attend at your ladyship's call,
" But I hear that your ladyship went to the ball."
" —O Fitchet—don't ask me—good heavens preserve—
" I wish there was no such a thing as a nerve;
" Half dead all the night, I protest and declare;
" My dear little Fitchet, who dresses your hair?
" You'll come to the rooms, all the world will be there.
" Sir Toby M'Negus is going to settle
" His tea-drinking night with Sir Philip O'Kettle.
" I hear that they both have appointed the same;
" The majority think that Sir Philip's to blame;
" I hope they won't quarrel, they're both in a flame:
" Sir Toby M'Negus much spirit has got,
" And Sir Philip O'Kettle is apt to be hot."—

Polite Conversation.

" Have you read the Bath Guide, that ridiculous poem?
" What a scurrilous author! does nobody know him?"
" Young Billy Penwaggle, and Simius Chatter,
" Declare 'tis an ill-natur'd half-witted satire."
" You know I'm engag'd, my dear creature, with you,
" And Mrs. Pamtickle, this morning at Loo;
" Poor thing! tho' she hobbled last night to the ball,
" To-day she's so lame that she can hardly crawl;
" Major Lignum has trod on the first joint of her toe—
" That thing they play'd last was a charming concerto;
" I don't recollect I have heard it before;
" The minuet's good, but the jig I adore;
" Pray speak to Sir Toby to cry out *encore*."

Polite Conversation.

Dear mother, I think this is excellent fun,
But if all I must write, I should never have done,
So myself I subscribe your most dutiful son.

S—— B—N—R—D.

BATH, 1766.

LETTER XIII.

MR. SIMKIN B—N—R—D TO LADY B—N—R—D, AT —— HALL, NORTH.

A PUBLIC BREAKFAST.

Motives for the same.—A List of the Company.—A tender scene.—An unfortunate incident.

What blessings attend, my dear mother, all those
Who to crowds of admirers their persons expose!
Do the gods such a noble ambition inspire;
Or gods do we make of each ardent desire?
O generous passion! 'tis your's to afford
The splendid assembly, the plentiful board;
To thee do I owe such a breakfast this morn,
As I ne'er saw before since the hour I was born;

Public Breakfast.

'Twas you made my Lord Ragamuffin come here,
Who they say has been lately created a Peer,
And to-day, with extreme complaisance and respect,
ask'd
All the people at Bath to a general breakfast.

You've heard of my Lady Bunbutter, no doubt,
How she loves an *assembly*, *fandango*, or *rout:*
No lady in London is half so expert
At a snug private party her friends to divert;
But they say that, of late, she's grown sick of the
town,
And often to Bath condescends to come down:
Her ladyship's favourite house is the Bear;
Her chariot, and servants, and horses are there.
My Lady declares that *retiring* is good;
As all with a separate maintenance should:
For when you have put out the conjugal fire,
'Tis time for all sensible folk to retire:

Public Breakfast.

If Hymen no longer his fingers will scorch,
Little Cupid for others can whip in his torch,
So pert is he grown, since the custom began
To be married and parted as quick as you can.

Now my Lord had the honour of coming down post,
To pay his respect to so famous a toast;
In hopes he her Ladyship's favour might win,
By playing the part of a host at an inn.
I'm sure he's a person of great resolution,
Though delicate nerves, and a weak constitution;
For he carried us all to a place cross the river,
And vow'd that the rooms were too hot for his liver:
He said it would greatly our pleasure promote,
If we all for Spring Gardens set out in a boat.
I never as yet could his reason explain,
Why we all sallied forth in the wind and the rain;

Public Breakfast.

For sure, such confusion was never yet known,
Here a cap and a hat, there a cardinal blown:
While his Lordship, embroider'd and powder'd all o'er,
Was bowing, and handing the ladies ashore:
How the misses did huddle and scuddle, and run;
One would think to be wet must be very good fun;
For by waggling their tails, they all seem'd to take pains
To moisten their pinions like ducks when it rains;
And 'twas pretty to see how, like birds of a feather,
The people of quality flock'd all together;
All pressing, addressing, caressing, and fond,
Just the same as those animals are in a pond.
You've read all their names in the news, I suppose,
But, for fear you have not, take the list as it goes:

There was Lady Greasewrister,
And Madam Van-Twister,
Her Ladyship's sister.

Public Breakfast.

Lord Cram, and Lord Vulter,
Sir Brandish O'Culter,
With Marshal Carouzer,
And Old Lady Mouzer,
And the great Hanoverian Baron Pansmowzer:
Besides many others, who all in the rain went,
On purpose to honour this great entertainment.
The company made a most brilliant appearance,
And ate bread and butter with great perseverance,
All the chocolate too, that my Lord set before 'em,
The ladies dispatch'd with the utmost decorum.
Soft musical numbers were heard all around,
The horns' and the clarions' echoing sound:
Sweet were the strains, as od'rous gales that blow
O'er fragrant banks, where pinks and roses grow.
The Peer was quite ravish'd, while close to his side
Sat Lady Bunbutter, in beautiful pride!
Oft turning his eyes, he with rapture survey'd
All the powerful charms she so nobly display'd.

Public Breakfast.

As when at the feast of the great Alexander,
Timotheus, the musical son of Thersander,
Breath'd heavenly measures;

The prince was in pain,
And could not contain,
While Thais was sitting beside him;
But, before all his peers,
Was for shaking the spheres,
Such goods the kind gods did provide him.

Grew bolder and bolder,
And cock'd up his shoulder,
Like the son of great Jupiter Ammon,
Till at length quite opprest,
He sunk on her breast,
And lay there as dead as a salmon.

Public Breakfast.

O had I a voice that was stronger than steel,
With twice fifty tongues to express what I feel,
And as many good mouths, yet I never could utter
All the speeches my Lord made to Lady Bunbutter!
So polite all the time, that he ne'er touch'd a bit,
While she ate up his rolls and applauded his wit:
For they tell me that men of *true taste*, when they
treat,
Should talk a great deal, but they never should eat:
And if that be the fashion, I never will give
Any grand entertainment as long as I live;
For I'm of opinion 'tis proper to cheer
The stomach and bowels as well as the ear.
Nor me did the charming concerto of Abel
Regale like the breakfast I saw on the table:
I freely will own I the muffins preferr'd
To all the genteel conversation I heard,
E'en tho' I'd the honour of sitting between
My Lady Stuff-damask and Peggy Moreen,
Who both flew to Bath in the *nightly* machine.

Public Breakfast.

Cries Peggy, " This place is enchantingly pretty;
" We never can see such a thing in the city:
" You may spend all your life-time in Cateaton-street,
" And never so civil a gentleman meet;
" You may talk what you please; you may search London through;
" You may go to Carlisle's and to Almanac's too;
" And I'll give you my head if you find such a host,
" For coffee, tea, chocolate, butter, and toast:
" How he welcomes at once all the world and his wife,
" And how civil to folk he ne'er saw in his life!"
" These horns," cries my Lady, " so tickle one's ear,
" Lard! what would I give that Sir Simon was here!
" To the next public breakfast Sir Simon shall go,
" For I find here are folks one may venture to know:
" Sir Simon would gladly his Lordship attend,
" And my Lord would be pleas'd with so cheerful a friend."

Public Breakfast.

So when we had wasted more bread at a breakfast
Than the poor of our parish have ate for this week
past,
I saw, all at once, a prodigious great throng
Come bustling, and rustling, and jostling along;
For his Lordship was pleas'd that the company now
To my Lady Bunbutter should curt'sey and bow;
And my Lady was pleas'd too, and seem'd vastly
proud
At once to receive all the thanks of a crowd:
And when, like Chaldeans, we all had ador'd
This beautiful image set up by my Lord,
Some few insignificant folk went away,
Just to follow th' employments and calls of the day;
But those who knew better their time how to spend,
The fiddling and dancing all chose to attend.
Miss Clunch and Sir Toby perform'd a Cotillion,
Just the same as our Susan and Bob the postillion;

Public Breakfast.

All the while her mamma was expressing her joy,
That her daughter the morning so well could employ.

—Now why should the muse, my dear mother, re-
relate
The misfortunes that fall to the lot of the great?
As homeward we came—'tis with sorrow you'll
hear
What a dreadful disaster attended the Peer:
For whether some envious god had decreed
That a Naiad should long to ennoble the breed;
Or whether his Lordship was charm'd to behold
His face in the stream, like Narcissus of old;
In handing old Lady Bumfidgit and daughter,
This obsequious Lord tumbled into the water;
But a nymph of the flood brought him safe to the
boat,
And I left all the ladies a-cleaning his coat.—

In handing old Lady Bumfidgit and d'aughter
This obsequious Lord tumbled into the water. page 117.

Public Breakfast.

Thus the feast was concluded, as far as I hear,
To the great satisfaction of all that were there.
O may he give breakfasts as long as he stays,
For I ne'er ate a better in all my born days.
In haste I conclude, &c. &c. &c.

S—— B—N—R—D.

BATH, 1766.

LETTER XIV.

MISS PRUDENCE B—N—R—D TO LADY ELIZ. M—D—SS, AT ——— CASTLE, NORTH.

Miss Prudence B—n—r—d informs Lady Betty that she has has been elected to Methodism by a Vision.

Hearken, Lady Betty, hearken,
To the dismal news I tell;
How your friends are all embarking
For the fiery gulph of hell.

Brother Simkin's grown a rakehell,
Cards and dances ev'ry day,
Jenny laughs at Tabernacle,
Tabby Runt is gone astray.

Just with Roger's head of hair on,
Roger's mouth and pious smile. page 119.

Miss B-n-r-d's Election.

Blessed I, tho' once rejected,
  Like a little wand'ring sheep,
Who this morning was elected
  By a vision in my sleep:

For I dream'd an apparition
  Came, like Roger, from above,
Saying, By divine commission
  I must fill you full of love.

Just with Roger's head of hair on,
  Roger's mouth and pious smile;
Sweet, methinks, as beard of Aaron
  Dropping down with holy oil.

I began to fall a kicking,
  Panted, struggled, strove in vain;
When the spirit whipt so quick in,
  I was cur'd of all my pain.

Miss B-n-r-d's Election.

First I thought it was the night-mare
Lay so heavy on my breast;
But I found new joy and light there,
When with heav'nly love possest.

Come again, then, apparition,
Finish what thou hast begun;
Roger, stay, thou soul's physician,
I with thee my race will run.

Faith her chariot has appointed,
Now we're stretching for the goal;
All the wheels with grace anointed,
Up to heaven to drive my soul.—

The Editor, for many reasons, begs to be excused giving the public the sequel of this young lady's letter; but if the reader will please to look into the Bishop of Exeter's book, entitled, "The Enthusiasm of Methodists and Papists compared," he will find many instances, (particularly of young people) who have been elected in the manner above.

LETTER XV.

MR. SIMKIN B—N—R—D TO LADY B—N—R—D, AT —— HALL, NORTH.

Serious Reflections of Mr. B-n-r-d.—His Bill of Expenses.—The Distresses of the Family.—A Farewell to Bath.

Alas, my dear mother, our evil and good
By few is distinguish'd, by few understood!
How oft are we doom'd to repent at the end,
Th' events that our pleasantest prospects attend!
As Solon declar'd, in the last scene alone,
All the joys of our life, all our sorrows are known.
When first I came hither for vapours and wind,
To cure all distempers, and study mankind,
How little I dream'd of the tempest behind!

Mr. B-n-r-d's serious Reflections.

I never once thought what a furious blast,
What storms of distress would o'erwhelm me at last.
How wretched am I! what a fine declamation
Might be made on the subject of my s tuation!
I'm a fable!—an instance!—and serve to dispense
An example to all men of spirit and sense,
To all men of fashion, and all men of wealth,
Who come to this place to recover their health:
For my means are so small, and my bills are so large,
I ne'er can come home till you send a discharge.
Let the Muse speak the cause, if a Muse yet remain
To supply me with rhymes, and express all my pain.

Paid bells, and musicians,
Drugs, nurse, and physicians,
Balls, raffles, subscriptions, and chairs;
Wigs, gowns, skins, and trimming,
Good books for the women,
Plays, concerts, tea, negus, and prayers.

Bill of Expenses.

Paid the following schemes,
Of all who it seems
Make charity-bus'ness their care:
A gamester decay'd,
And a prudish old maid
By gaiety brought to despair:

A fiddler of note,
Who, for lace on his coat,
To his taylor was much in arrears:
An author of merit,
Who wrote with such spirit
The pillory took off his ears.

A sum, my dear mother, far heavier yet,
Captain Cormorant won when I learn'd lansquenet;
Two hundred I paid him, and five am in debt:
For the five I had nothing to do but to *write*,
For the captain was very well bred and polite,

Distresses of the Family.

And took, as he saw my expenses were great,
My bond, to be paid on the Clodpole estate;
And asks nothing more, while the money is lent,
Than interest paid him at twenty per cent.

But I'm shock'd to relate what distresses befall
Miss Jenny, my sister, and Tabby and all:
Miss Jenny, poor thing, from this Bath expedition,
Was in hopes very soon to have chang'd her condition:
But rumour has brought certain things to her ear,
Which I ne'er will believe, yet am sorry to hear;
'That the Captain, her lover, her dear Romeo,
'Was banish'd the army a great while ago:
'That his friends and his foes he alike can betray,
'And picks up a scandalous living by play.'
But if e'er I could think that the captain had cheated,
Or my dear cousin Jenny unworthily treated,
By all that is sacred I swear, for his pains,
I'd cudgel him first, and then blow out his brains;

Distresses of the Family.

For the man I abhor like the devil, dear mother,
Who one thing conceals, and professes another.

O how shall we know the right way to pursue?—
Do the ills of mankind from religion accrue?—
Religion, design'd to relieve all our care,
Has brought my poor sister to grief and despair:
Now she talks of damnation, and screws up her face;
Then prates about Roger, and spiritual grace;
Her senses, alas! seem at once gone astray—
No pen can describe it, no letter convey.

But the *man without sin*, that Moravian Rabbi,
Has perfectly cur'd the Chlorosis of Tabby;
And, if right I can judge, from her shape and her face,
She soon may produce him an infant of grace.

Now they say that all people in our situation,
Are very fine subjects for regeneration;

A Farewell to Bath.

But I think, my dear mother, the best we can do,
Is to pack up our all, and return back to you.

Farewell then, ye streams,
Ye poetical themes!
Sweet fountains for curing the spleen!
I'm griev'd to the heart
Without cash to depart,
And quit this adorable scene!
Where gaming and grace
Each other embrace,
Dissipation and piety meet:
May all, who've a notion
Of cards or devotion,
Make Bath their delightful retreat!

S—— B—N—R—D.

BATH, 1766.

EPILOGUE

TO

THE SECOND EDITION;

CONTAINING

Criticisms, and the Guide's Conversation with three Ladies of Piety, Learning, and Discretion.

A Letter to Miss Jenny W—d—r, at Bath, from Lady Eliz. M—d—ss, her friend in the country; a young Lady of neither Fashion, Taste, nor Spirit.

The Conversation continued.—Their Ladyships' Receipt for a Novel.—The Ghost of Mr. Quin.

EPILOGUE;

Containing

CRITICISMS,

AND

The GUIDE's Conversation with Three LADIES of PIETY, LEARNING, and DISCRETION.

There are who complain that my verse is severe,
And what is much worse—that my book is too dear:
The Ladies protest that I keep no decorum
In setting such patterns of folly before 'em:
Some cannot conceive what the Guide is about,
With names so unmeaning to make such a rout.
Lady Dorothy Scrawl would engage to bespeak
A hundred such things to be made in a week:

Criticisms.

Madam Shuffledumdoo, more provoking than that,
Has sold your poor Guide for two fish and a mat;
A sweet medium paper, a book of fine size,
And a print that I hop'd would have suited her eyes.
And another good lady, of delicate taste,
Cries, "Fie! Mr. Bookseller, bring me some paste;
" I'll close up this leaf, or my daughter will skim
" The cream of that vile methodistical hymn."—
Then stuck me down fast—so unfit was my page,
To meet the chaste eyes of this virtuous age.

Guide. O spare me, good madam, it goes to my heart
With my sweet methodistical letter to part.
Away with your paste! 'tis exceedingly hard
Thus to torture and cramp an unfortunate bard:
How my Muse will be shock'd, when she's just taking flight,
To find that her pinions are fasten'd so tight!

Conversation.

First Lady. Why you know, beyond reason and decency too,
Beyond all respect to religion that's due,
Your dirty satirical work you pursue.
I very well know whom you meant to affront
In the pictures of Prudence and Tabitha Runt.—

Guide. Indeed, my good ladies, religion and virtue
Are things that I never design'd any hurt to.
All poets and painters, as Horace agrees,
May copy from nature what figures they please;
Nor blame the poor poet, or painter, if you
In verse or on canvas your likeness should view.
I hope you don't think I would write a lampoon;
I'd be hang'd at the foot of Parnassus as soon.

Second Lady. Prithee don't talk to me of your Horace and Flaccus,
When you come like an impudent wretch to attack us.

Conversation.

What's Parnassus to you? Take away but your rhyme,
And the strains of the bell-man are full as sublime.

Third Lady. Dost think that such stuff as thou
writ'st upon Tabby,
Will procure thee a busto in Westminster Abbey?

Guide. 'Tis true, on Parnassus I never did dream,
Nor e'er did I taste of sweet Helicon's stream;
My share of the fountain I'll freely resign
To those who are better belov'd by the Nine:
Give bustos to poets of higher renown,
I ne'er was ambitious in marble to frown:
Give laurels to those, from the god of the lyre,
Who catch the bright spark of ethereal fire;
Who, skill'd every passion at will to impart,
Can play round the head while they steal to the heart;
Who, taught by Apollo to guide the bold steed,
Know when to give force, when to temper his speed.

Conversation.

My nerves all forsake me, my voice he disdains,
When he rattles his pinions, no more hears the reins,
But thro' the bright ether sublimely he goes,
Nor earth, air, or ocean, or mountains oppose.—
For me, 'tis enough that my toil I pursue,
Like the bee, drinking sweets that exhale from the
dew,
Content if Melpomene joins to my lay
One tender soft strain of melodious Gray;
Thrice happy in your approbation alone,
If the following ode for my hymn can atone.

A LETTER

TO MISS JENNY W—D—R, AT BATH;

FROM

LADY ELIZ. M—D—SS, HER FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY,

A young Lady of neither Fashion, Taste, nor Spirit.

Oft I've invok'd th' Aönian quire,
  And Phœbus oft in vain,
Like thee, my friend, to tune my lyre,
  Like thee to raise my strain:

And when, of late, I sought their aid
  The flow'ry bank beside,
Methought, along the silent glade,
  I heard a voice that cry'd,

A Letter.

" Mistaken Maid! why idly waste
" Your hours in fruitless toil?
" You ne'er the hallow'd brook can taste,
" Or tread poetic soil.

" For since your friend pursues the path,
" Where wit and pleasure reigns,
" With her has fled each Muse to Bath,
" From these neglected plains.

" There many a bard's inspir'd with song,
" With epigram and ode;
" And *one*, the meanest of the throng,
" Takes satire's thorny road.

" For him Bath's injur'd genius now
" The hemlock juice prepares,
" And deadly nightshade o'er his brow
" For laurel wreaths he wears.

A Letter.

" Him, like the Thracian bard, shall curse
" Each nymph, each angry dame;
" Tho' far inferior be his verse,
" His hapless fate the same.

" Torn be the wretch, whose impious strains
" Profan'd their beauty's pride,
" No muse to gather his remains
" That flow down Avon's tide;

" But him shall many a drone pursue
" That hums around the stream;
" Him frantic priests, an insect crew
" That cloud Light's heav'nly beam.

" Then, lest his destiny you share,
" Rash nymph, thy strains give o'er!
" Be warn'd by me, of rhyme beware!"
The voice was heard no more.

A Letter.

Yet tho' I cease my artless lay,
Nor longer court the Nine,
This faithful tribute will I pay
At friendship's sacred shrine.

Here will I offer incense sweet,
Here light the hallow'd fires:
And oh! with kind acceptance meet
What true regard inspires.

Nor let my friendly verse offend
That poor deluded *maid,
Whose *faith* I ne'er can comprehend,
Or *grace* in dreams convey'd.

May no such *grace* my thoughts employ,
Nor I with envy view
Those scenes of dissipated joy,
So well describ'd by you!

* Miss Prudence B—n—r—d

A Letter.

Think not a parent's harsh decrees
From me those scenes withhold;
His soft request can ne'er displease
Who ne'er my joys controll'd.

But pining years opprest with grief
My tender care demand;
The bed of sickness asks relief
From my supporting hand.

Well do I know how sorrow preys,
E'er since the hour that gave
The partner of his happier days
To seek the silent grave.

In that sad hour my lips she prest,
Bedew'd with many a tear;
And "Take," she cry'd, "this last bequest;
"A dying mother's pray'r.

Look on thy aged Father's woe. page 139.

A Letter.

" O let the maxims I convey
" Sink deep into thy breast,
" When I no more direct thy way,
" Retir'd to endless rest.

" Look on thy aged Father's woe!
" 'Tis thine to soothe his pain:
" With Grace like this, Religion shew,
" And thus her cause maintain.

" Nor is't enough that Grace displays,
" Or Faith her light divine;
" In all thy works, in all thy ways,
" Let heav'nly Virtue shine:

" O! may the fountain of all truth
" Each perfect Gift impart,
" With innocence protect thy youth,
" With Hope support thy heart!

A Letter.

" So may'st thou learn thyself to know,
" Of all extremes beware,
" Nor find in age thy cup o'erflow
" With shame, remorse, and care:

" Then shall no madmen Light reveal,
" No visionary priest,
" With falsehood, ignorance, and zeal,
" Torment thy peaceful breast.

" Then shall no fears thy soul distress,
" Religion's doubts shall cease;
" Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
" And all her paths are peace."——

Such were the truths ere lost in death,
Her parting voice convey'd;
Such may I keep till latest breath
Thou dear lamented shade!

A Letter.

What tho' no Muse will deign, my friend,
  My homely joys to tell;
Tho' Fashion ne'er will condescend
  To seek this humble cell;

Yet freedom, peace, and mind serene,
  Which modish life disdains,
(Perpetual sweets!) enrich the scene
  Where conscious virtue reigns:

Blest scenes! such unrepenting joys,
  Such true delights ye give,
Remote from fashion, vice, and noise,
  Contented let me live.

ELIZ. MODELESS.

THE

CONVERSATION CONTINUED.

The LADIES' RECEIPT for a NOVEL.—The GHOST of Mr. QUIN.

Guide. Now I hope that this letter from young
Lady Betty,
Will be reckon'd exceedingly decent and pretty:
That you, my good ladies, who ne'er could endure
A hymn so *ineffably vile and impure,*
My indelicate Muse will no longer *bewail,*
Since a sweet little moral is pinn'd to her tail:
If not, as so kindly I'm tutor'd by you,
Pray tell a poor poet what's proper to do.

Conversation.

First Lady. Why, if thou must write, thou hadst better compose
Some *novels*, or elegant letters in prose.
Take a subject that's grave, with a moral that's good,
Throw in all the temptations that virtue withstood,
In epistles like Pamela's, chaste and devout—
Her book that *my family's never without.*—

Second Lady. O! pray let your hero be handsome and young,
Taste, wit, and fine sentiment, flow from his tongue:
His delicate feelings be sure to improve
With passion, with tender soft rapture and love.

Third Lady. Add some incidents too, which I like above measure,
Such as those *which I've heard* are esteem'd as a treasure,
In a book that's entitled—*The Woman of Pleasure.*

Conversation.

Mix well, and you'll find 'twill a *novel* produce
Fit for modest young ladies—to keep it for use.

Guide. Damnation—*(aside.)* Well, ladies, I'll do what I can,
And ye'll bind it, I hope, with your *Duty of Man.*
(*Guide mutters.*) "Take a subject that's grave, with a moral that's good!"
Thus musing, I wander'd in splenetic mood
Where the languid old Cam rolls his willowy flood.
When lo! beneath the poplar's glimm'ring shade,
Along the stream where trembling oziers play'd,
What time the bat low-flitting skims the ground,
When beetles buz, when gnats are felt around,
And hoarser frogs their am'rous descant sound.
Sweet scenes! that heavenly contemplation give,
And oft in musical description live!

Sudden arose the awful form of Quin. page 145.

The Ghost of Mr. Quin.

When now the moon's refulgent rays begin
O'er twilight groves to spread their mantle thin,
Sudden arose the awful form of Quin:
A form that bigger than the life appear'd,
And head like Patagonian *hero* rear'd.
Aghast I stood! when lo! with wild command,
And looks of courtesy, he wav'd his hand,
Me to th' embow'ring grove's dark path convey'd,
And thus began the venerable shade:
" Forth from Elysium's blest abodes I come,
" Regions of joy, where fate has fix'd my doom:
" Look on my face—I well remember thine;
" Thou knew'st me too, when erst in life's decline
" At Bath I dwelt—there late repos'd mine age,
" And unrepining left this mortal stage:
" Yet do those scenes, once conscious of delight,
" Rejoice my social ghost! there oft by night
" I hold my way:

" And from the mullet, and the sav'ry jole,
" Catch fragrant fumes, that still regale my soul!
" Sweet Bath, which thou these dreary banks along
" Oft mak'st the subject of thy wayward song."—

Guide. O spare me, blest spirit—

Ghost. Quit thy vain fears; I come not to accuse
The motley labours of thy mirthful Muse,
For well I ween, if rightly understood,
Thy themes are pleasant, and thy moral good,
Oft have I read the laughter-moving phrase,
And splayfoot measures of thy Simkin's lays,
Nor aught *indecent* or *obscene* I find,
That virtue wounds, or taints the virgin's mind:
Beware of that---O! why should I describe
What ills await the caitiff *scribbling tribe?*

The Ghost of Mr. Quin.

First see the mob who *novels, lewd* dispense,
The bane of virtue, modesty, and sense:
Next that infernal crew, detractors base,
Who pen *lampoons;* true satire's foul disgrace:
Nor less the punishment in realms below
For those who *praise unmerited* bestow,
Those pimps in science, who, with dullness bold,
The sacred Muses prostitute for gold:
Those too whom zeal to pious wrath inclines,
Pedantic, proud, polemical divines:
Bad critics last, whom Rhadamanth severe
Chastises first, then condescends to hear:
All, all, in fiery Phlegethon must stay,
Till gall, and ink, and dirt of scribbling day,
In purifying flames are purg'd away.---

Guide. O trust me, blest spirit, I ne'er would offend
One innocent virgin, one virtuous friend:

The Ghost of Mr. Quin.

From nature alone are my characters drawn,
From *little* Bob Jerom to bishops in lawn:
Sir Boreas Blubber, and such stupid faces,
Are at London, at Bath, and at all public places;
And if to Newmarket I chance to repair,
'Tis odds but I see Captain Cormorant there:
But he who his cash on physicians bestows,
Meets a *tight little doctor* wherever he goes.

Ghost. 'Tis true, such insects as thy tale has shown,
Breathe not the atmosphere of Bath alone,
Tho' there, in gaiety's meridian ray,
Vain fools, like flies, their gaudy wings display;
Awhile they flutter, but, their sunshine past,
Their fate, like Simkin, they lament at last.
Worse ills succeed; oft Superstition's gloom
Sheds baneful influence o'er their youthful bloom---

The Ghost of Mr. Quin.

Such Heav'n avert from fair Britannia's plains,
To realms where bigotry and slavery reigns!
No more of that.---But say, thou tim'rous bard,
Claim not the Wines of Bath thy just regard?
Where oft, I ween, the brewer's cauldron flows
With elder's mawkish juice, and puck'ring sloes,
Cyder and hot Geneva they combine,
Then call the fatal composition Wine.
By Cerberus I swear, not those vile crews,
Who vend their pois'nous med'cines by the news,
For means of death, air, earth, and seas explore,
Have sent such numbers to the Stygian shore.
Shun thou such base potations; oft I've thought
My span was shorten'd by the noxious draught.---
But soft, my friend!---is this the soil, the clime,
That teaches Granta's tuneful sons to rhyme?
On me unsavoury vapours seem to fix,
Worse than Cocytus or the pools of Styx;

The Ghost of Mr. Quin.

Inspir'd by fogs of this slow-winding Cam,
O say, does ——— presume thy strains to damn?
Heed not that miscreant's tongue; pursue thy ways,
Regardless of his censure or his praise.

Guide. But if any old lady, knight, priest, or physician,
Should condemn me for printing a second edition,
If good Madam Squintum my work should abuse,
May I venture to give her a smack of my Muse?

Ghost. By all manner of means: if thou find'st that the case,
Tho' she cant, whine, and pray, never mind her grimace,
Take the mask from her d---mn'd hypocritical face.

Conclusion.

Guide. Come on then, ye Muses, I'll laugh down
my day,
In spite of them all will I carol my lay;
But perish my voice, and untun'd be my lyre,
If my verse one indelicate thought shall inspire:
Ye angels who watch o'er the slumbering fair,
Protect their sweet dreams, make their virtue your
care!
Bear witness yon moon, the chaste empress of night!
Yon stars, that diffuse the pure heavenly light!
How oft have I mourn'd that such blame should accrue
From one wicked letter of pious Miss Prue?
May this lazy stream, who to Granta bestows
Philosophical slumbers, and learned repose,
To Granta, sweet Granta, (where studious of ease,
Seven years did I sleep, and then lost my * degrees)

* Vide University Register, Proctors Books, &c.

Conclusion.

May this drowsy current (as oft he is wont)
Overflow all my hay, may my dogs never hunt,
May those ills to torment me, those curses conspire,
Which so oft plague and crush an unfortunate 'Squire,
Some may'r to cajole me, some lawyer to chouse,
For a seven months' seat in the parliament-house,
There to finish my nap for the good of the nation,
'Wake---frank---and be thank'd---by the whole corporation:
Then a poor tenant come, when my cash is all spent,
With a bag full of *tax bills* to pay me his rent;
And O! may some dæmon those plagues to complete,
Give me *taste* to *improve* an old family seat
By *lawning* an hundred good acres of wheat!

Conclusion.

Such ills be my portion, and others much worse,
If slander or calumny poison my verse,
If ever my well-behav'd muse shall appear
Indecently droll, unpolitely severe.

Good ladies, uncensur'd Bath's pleasures pursue,
May the springs of old Bladud your graces renew!
I never shall mingle with gall the pure stream,
But make your examples and virtue my theme:
Nor fear, ye sweet virgins, that aught I shall speak
To call the chaste blush o'er your innocent cheek.
O! frown not, if haply your poet once more
Should seek the delightful Avonian shore,
Where oft he the winter's dull season beguiles,
Drinks health, life, and joy, from your heavenly smiles.

Conclusion.

To the Ghost.

For thee, who to visit these regions of spleen,
Deign'st to quit the sweet vales of perpetual green,
Forsake, happy shade, this Bœotian air,
Fly hence,---to Elysium's pure ether repair,
Rowe, Dryden, and Otway---thy Shakespeare is there:
There Thomson, poor Thomson, ingenuous bard,
Shall equal thy friendship, thy kindness reward,
Thy praise in mellifluous numbers prolong,
Who cherish'd his Muse, and gave life to his song.
And O may thy genius, blest spirit, impart
To me, the same virtues that glow'd in thy heart,
To me, with thy talents convivial, give
The art to enjoy the short time I shall live;
Give manly, give rational mirth to my soul,
O'er the social sweet joys of the full-flowing bowl!

Conclusion.

So ne'er may vile scribblers thy memory stain,
Thy forcible wit may no blockheads profane,
Thy faults be forgotten, thy virtues remain.
Farewell! may the turf where thy cold reliques rest,
Bear herbs, odoriferous herbs, o'er thy breast,
Their heads *thyme* and *sage*, and *pot-marjoram*, wave,
And fat be the gander that feeds on thy grave.

FINIS.

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