

Fun upon fun; or the humours of a fair. Giving a description of the curious amusements in early life: also an account of a mountebank doctor and his Merry Andrew.

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FON

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FUN UPON FUN;

OR THE
HUMOURS OF A FAIR.

Giving a Description of the Curious
AMUSEMENTS IN EARLY LIFE:

ALSO AN ACCOUNT OF A
MOUNTEBANK DOCTOR

AND HIS
MERRY ANDREW.



GLASGOW:

Sold by J. LUMSDEN & Son.

[*Price Twopence.*]

23750/p





THE
MERRY ANDREW;
OR THE
HUMOURS OF A FAIR.

*Which begins in a Manner not at all
Wonderful.*

HALLOO Boys! halloo Boys!
Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

Come Tom, make haste, the
Fair is begun. Here is *Jack
Pudding*, with the Gridiron
on his back, and all the Boys
hallooing.

Make haste, make haste,
but don't get into the crowd;
for little boys are often trod

upon, and even crushed to death, by mixing with the mob. If you would be safe, by all means avoid a crowd. Look yonder, *Dick Wilson* there has done the very thing I cautioned you against. He has got into the middle of that great mob. A silly chit: that boy is always thrusting his nose into difficulties: surely there never was such an impertinent little monkey.—

How shall we get him out? see, how the rogue scuffles and roars. He deserves all the squeezing he has got, because he will never take advice, and yet I am sorry for

him. Who tapped me on the shoulder? Oh, *Sam*, what are you come puffing and blowing! Why, you look as busy as a fool in the fair. Well, what news do you bring from the region of nonsense? I have not seen it, and should be glad to know what is done without the trouble of attending.



CHAP. II.

*Sam Gooseberry's Account of the
wonderful Things of the Fair.*

WHY, there is such a mobbing at the other side of the Fair, says *Sam*, as you never saw in your life, and one fat fellow has got among them that has made me laugh immoderately—Stand further, good folks, says he, what a mob is here! Who raked all this filthy crowd together? Honest friend, take away your elbow. What a beastly crew am I got among? What a





DICK WILSON



GAFFER GINGERBREAD

smell? Oh, and such squeezing. Why, you overgrown sloven, says a footman that stood by, who makes half so much noise and crowding as you; reduce your own fat paunch to a reasonable compass, sirrah, and there will be room enough for us all. Upon this the whole company set up a shout, and crowding around my friend, Tunbelly, so left an opening, through which I made my escape, and having brought off *Dick Wilson* with me, who, by being heartily squeezed, and having twelve of his ten toes trod off, is now cured of his

impertinent curiosity. But you desire an account of the fair, and I mean to gratify you. The first thing I saw which gave me pleasure, was old *Gaffer Gingerbread's* stall.

Here's gingerbread, gingerbread here of the best.

Come buy all I have, and I'll give you the rest.

The man of the world for gingerbread. What do you buy, what do you buy? says the old gentleman; please to buy a gingerbread wife, Sir; here's a very delicate one. Indeed there is too much gold on the nose: but that is no ob-

jection to those who drive Smithfield bargains, and marry their wives by weight.— Will you choose to have a ginger-bread husband, Madam; I assure you, you may have a worse; or a watch, Madam; here are watches for belles, beauxs, bucks, and blockheads. But here comes Mr. Punch. See, there he is with his haunch at his back. The crowd that came with him obliged us to leave the place; but just as we were going, *Giles* called out, gentlemen, buy a house before you go. 'Tis better to buy than to build. You have heard of the Cock that crowed in the morn,

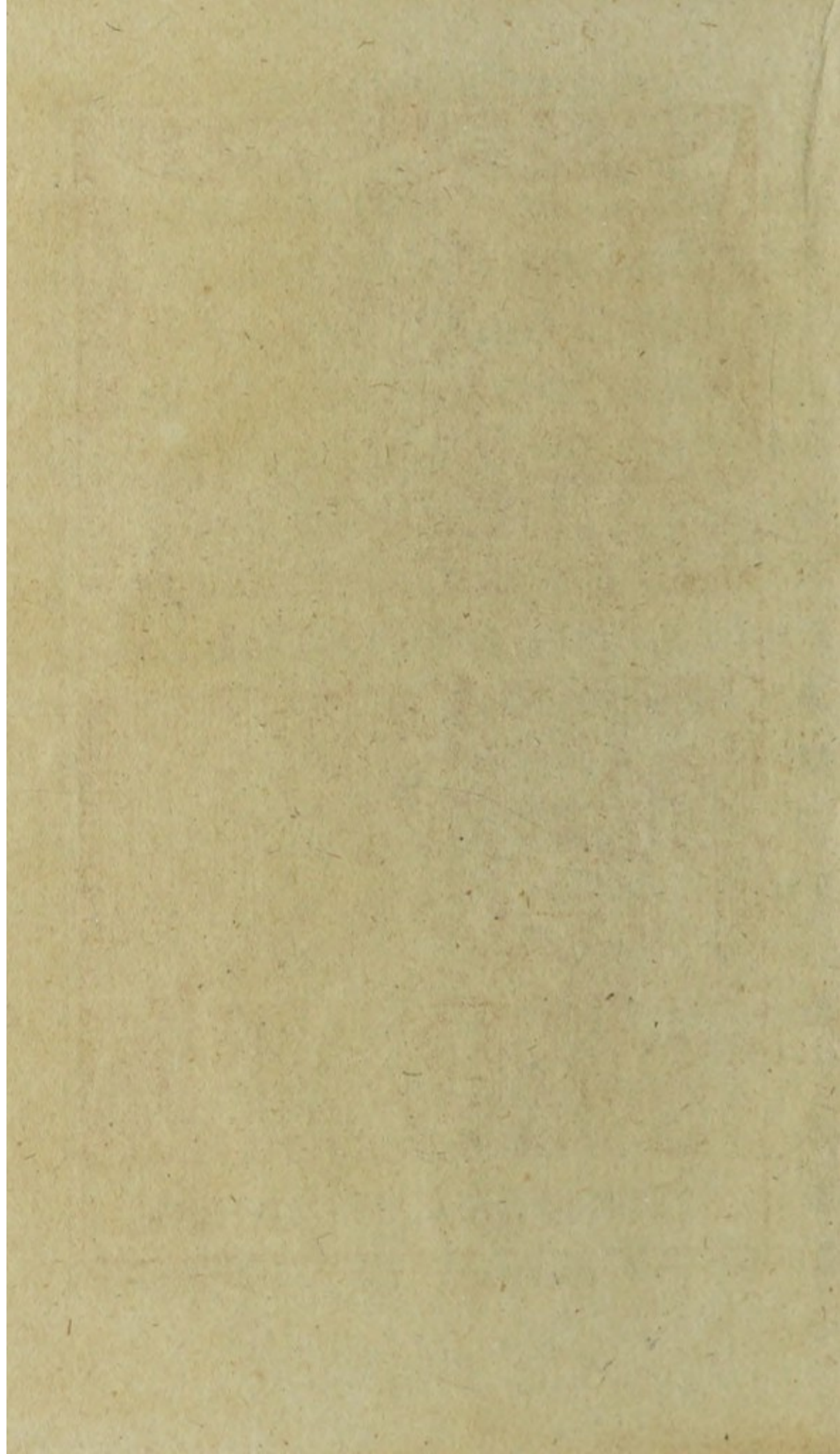
that waked the Priest all shaven
and shorn, that married the
Man all tattered and torn, that
kissed the Maiden all forlorn,
that milked the Cow with the
crumpled horn, that tossed the
Dog, that worried the Cat, that
killed the Rat, that eat the Malt,
that lay in the house that Jack
built. If there is any part you
do not like, you may eat it;
and I sell it for a penny. Buy
gentlemen, buy, and don't
build. Many of my friends
have ruined themselves by
building. The insufferable fol-
ly of building a fine house, has
obliged many a man to lie in



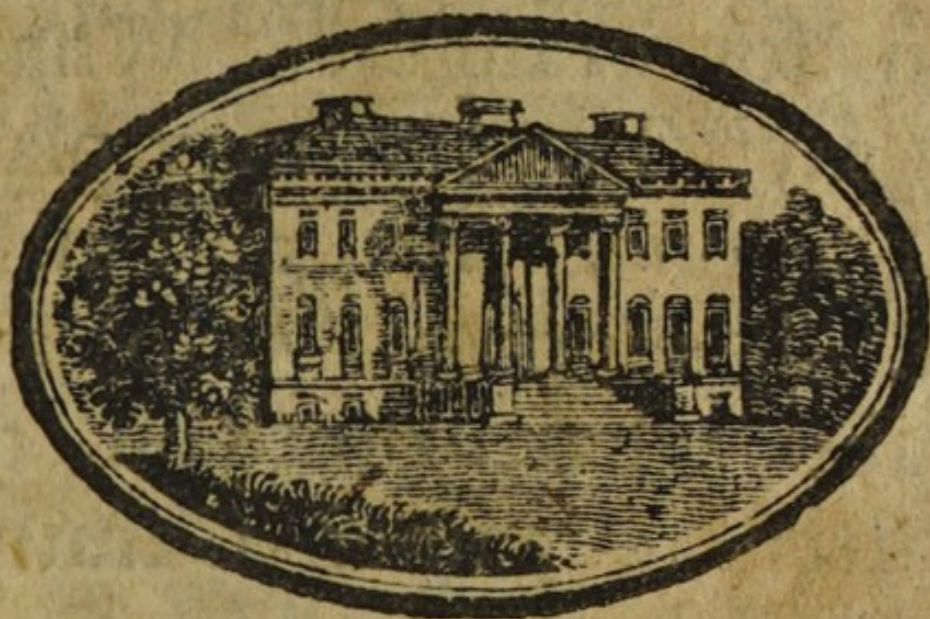
MR PUNCH



WHEEL of FORTUNE



the street. Observe what the poet says on the subject:



The man who builds the finest
place,
And cannot for it pay,
Is sure to feel his wretched
case,
While others in it lay.

A little further we saw one with the Wheel of Fortune before him, playing with children for oranges. What do you say? Twenty may play as well as one. Ay, and all may lose, I suppose. Go away, sirrah; what, do you teach children to game? Gaming is a scandalous practice. The gamester, the liar, the thief, and the pick-pocket, are first cousins, and ought all to be turned out of company.

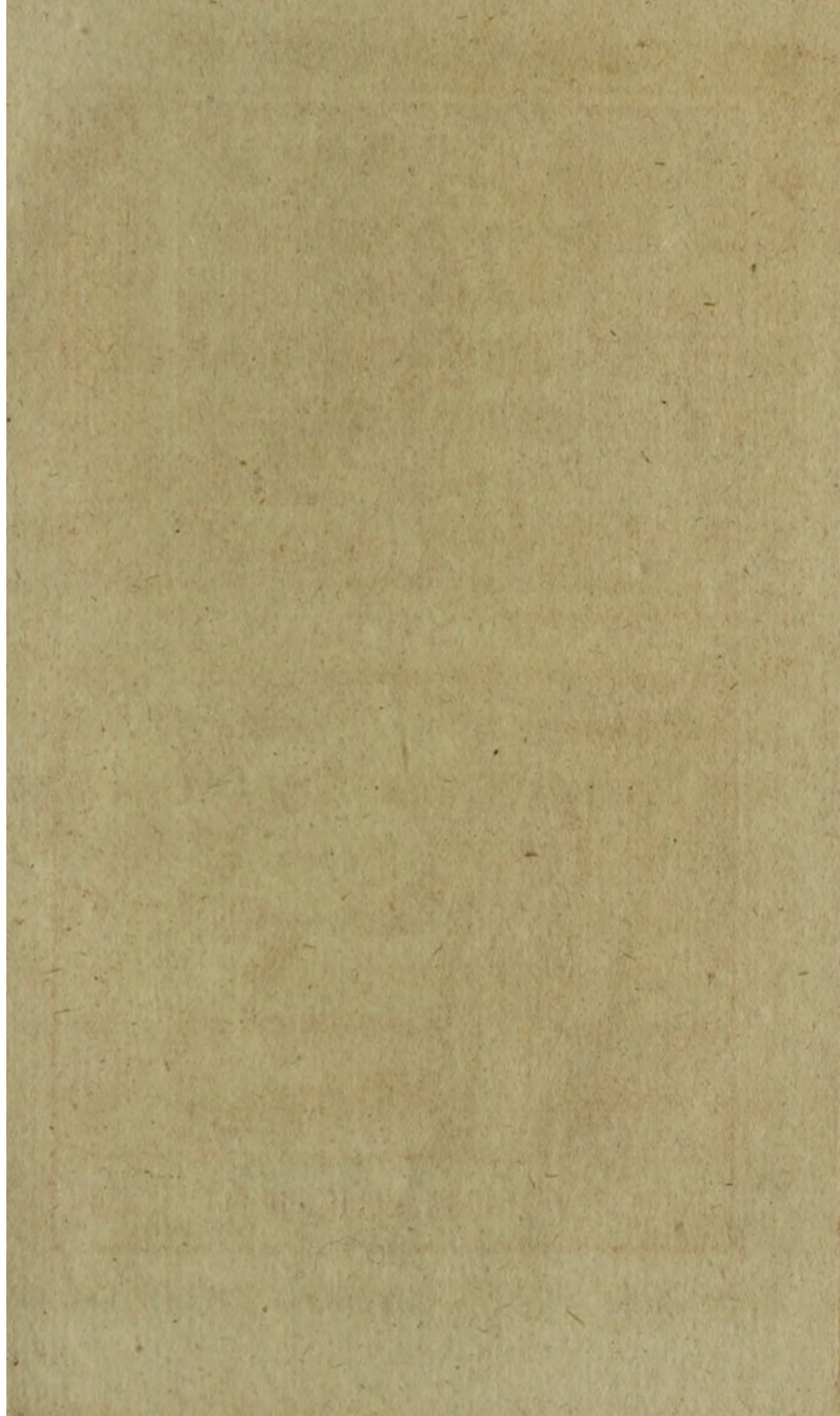
At this instant up came *Dick Sadbury* crying. And what do you think he cries for? Why, he has been at the gaming table; or, in other

words, at the Wheel of Fortune, and lost all the money that was given him by his father and mother, and the fairing that he received from Mr. Long, Mr. Williams, and Mrs. Goodenough. At first he won an orange, put it in to his pocket, and was pleased; and then he won a knife, whipt it up, and was happy; after this he won many other things, till at last Fortune turned against him, as at one time or other she always does against those that come to her wheel and seek her favours, and he was choused of all his money

and brought nothing away but
a halfpenny Jew's harp. Why
do you bellow so, you mon-
key? Go away, and learn more
sense for the future.

Would you be wealthy, hon-
est Dick,
Ne'er seek success at Fortune's
wheel;
For she does all her vot'ries trick,
And you'll her disappointments
feel;
For wealth, *in virtue* put your
trust,
Be *faithful, vigilant, and just.*

Never game, or if you do,
never play for money. Avoid





DICK SUDBURY



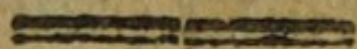
MOUNTBACK DOCTOR

a gamester, as you would a mad dog, or as a wolf that comes to devour you.

Hey day! who comes here?
Oh, this is the Mountebank.

He talks of curing every sore,
But makes you twice as many
more.

But hear him! hear his speech,
and observe the merry Andrew.



The DOCTOR'S SPEECH.

Gentlemen and Ladies, I
am the doctor of all doctors,
the great doctor of doctors,
who can doctor you all. I

ease your pains gratis, cure you for nothing, and sell you my packets, that you may never be sick again. (Enter *Andrew* blowing on a scrubbing-broom.) Sirrah, where have you been this morning?

Andrew. Been, Sir! why, I have been on my travels, Sir, with my knife, Sir; I have travelled round this great apple. Besides this, I have travelled through the fair, Sir, and bought all these gingerbread books at a man's stall, who sells learning by weight and measure, arithmetic by the gross, geometry by the square, and physic and philo-

sophy by the pound. So I bought the philosophy, and left the physic for you, master.

Doctor. Why, sirrah, do you never take physic?

Andrew. Yes, master, some times.

Doctor. What sort do you take?

Andrew. Any sort, no matter what; 'tis all one to me.

Doctor. And how do you take it?

Andrew. Why I take it; I take it: and put it upon the shelf: and if I don't get well, I take it down again, and work it off with good strong ale.

But you shall hear me read in
my golden books, master.

He that can dance with a bag
at his back,
Need swallow no physic, for
none he doth lack,
He who is healthy, and cheer-
ful and cool,
Yet squanders his money on
physic's a *fool*,
Fool, master, fool, master,
fool, fool.

Doctor. Sirrah, you block-
head, I'll break your head.

Andrew. What, for read-
ing my book, Sir?

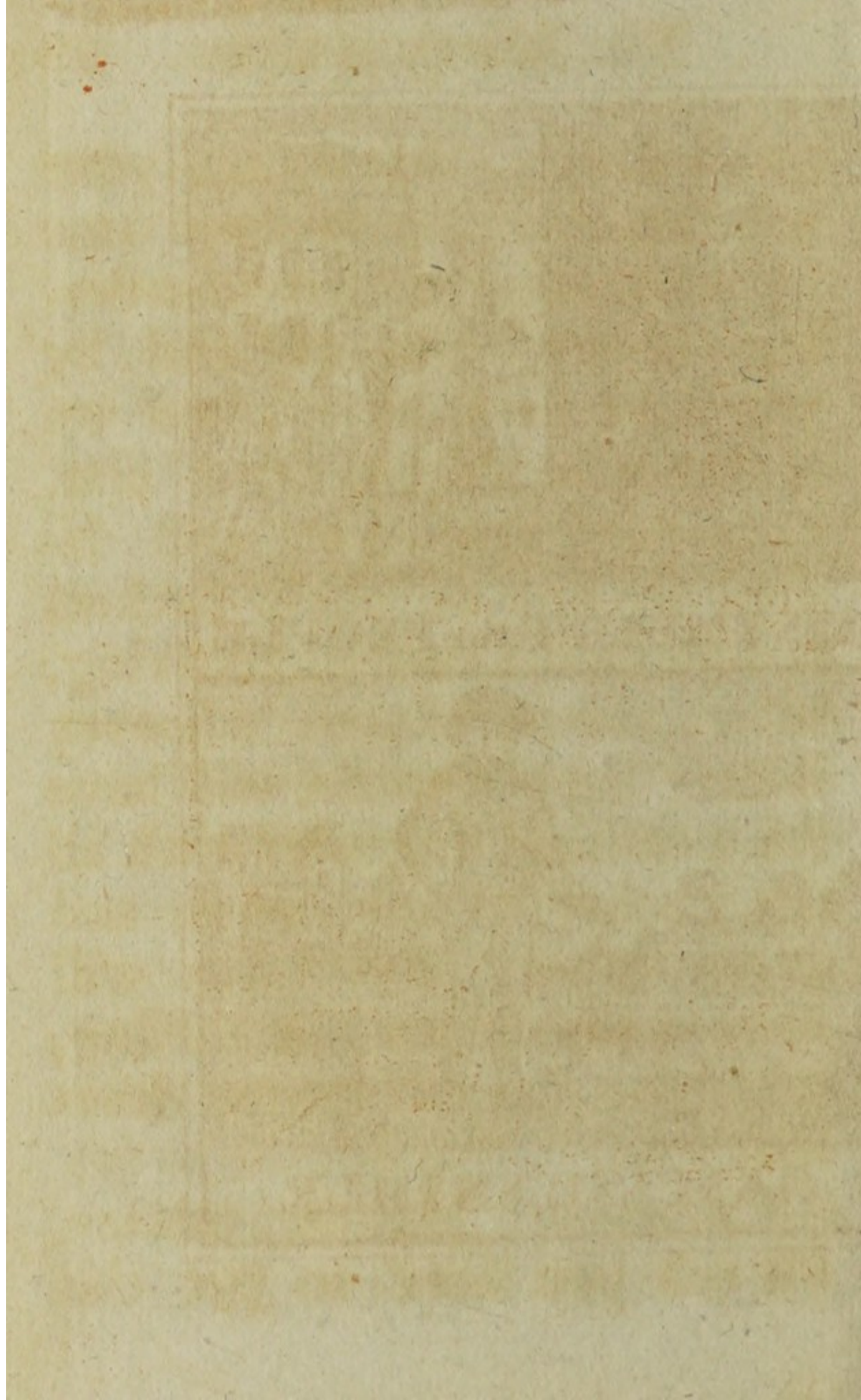
Doctor. No; for your im-
pudence, puppy. But come,



ASSEMBLING the PEOPLE



SAM SENSIBLE



good people, throw up your handkerchiefs, you lose time by attending to that blundering booby, and by and by you'll be in a hurry, and we shall not be able to serve you. Consider, gentlemen and ladies, in one of these packets is deposited a curious gold ring, which the purchaser, whoever it may happen to be, will have for a shilling, together with all the packet of medicines; and every other adventurer will have a packet for one shilling, which he may sell for ten times that sum.

Andrew. Master, master, I'll tell you how to get this

ring, and a great deal of money into the bargain.

Doctor. How, sirrah?

Andrew. Why, buy up all of them yourself, and you will be sure of the ring, and have the packets to sell for ten shillings a piece.

Doctor. That's true: but you are covetous, sirrah: you are covetous, and want to get money.

Andrew. And master, I believe you don't want to get physic.

Doctor. Yes I do.

Andrew. Then 'tis to get rid of it. But,

He that can dance with a
bag at his back,

Need swallow no physic, for
none he doth lack.

Huzza, halloo boys, halloo
boys, halloo!

CHAP. III.

Sam Sensible's *Account of what
he had seen in the Fair, parti-
cularly a description of the Up-
and-Down, and other things.*

IT is strange! but some child-
ren will never take ad-
vice, and always are run-
ning into danger and diffi-
culties: that silly chit, *Wat
Wilful*, has been riding upon

the Up-and down, and is fallen off, and almost killed.— You know what I mean by the Up-and-down? It is a horse in a box, a horse that flies in the air, like that which the ancient poets rode on.

In the next page you see poor *Wat* and his mother lamenting over him.

If he had taken her advice, all had been well; for as he was going to mount, *Wat*, says she, don't be so ambitious. Ambitious people generally tumble; and when once down, it is not easy to get up again. Remember what your poor father used





UP and DOWN



WAT and his MOTHER

to read about Cardinal Wolsey.

“Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness! This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth the tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms, and bears his blushing honours thick upon him: The third day comes a frost, a killing frost, and when he thinks, good easy man, full surely his greatness is a ripening, nips his root and then he falls as I do. I have ventured, like little wanton boys that swim on bladders, these many summers in a sea of glory: But far beyond my depth! My

high blown pride at length broke under me, and now has left me weary, and old with service, to the mercy of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me. Vain pomp and glory of the world I hate ye, I feel my heart new opened."

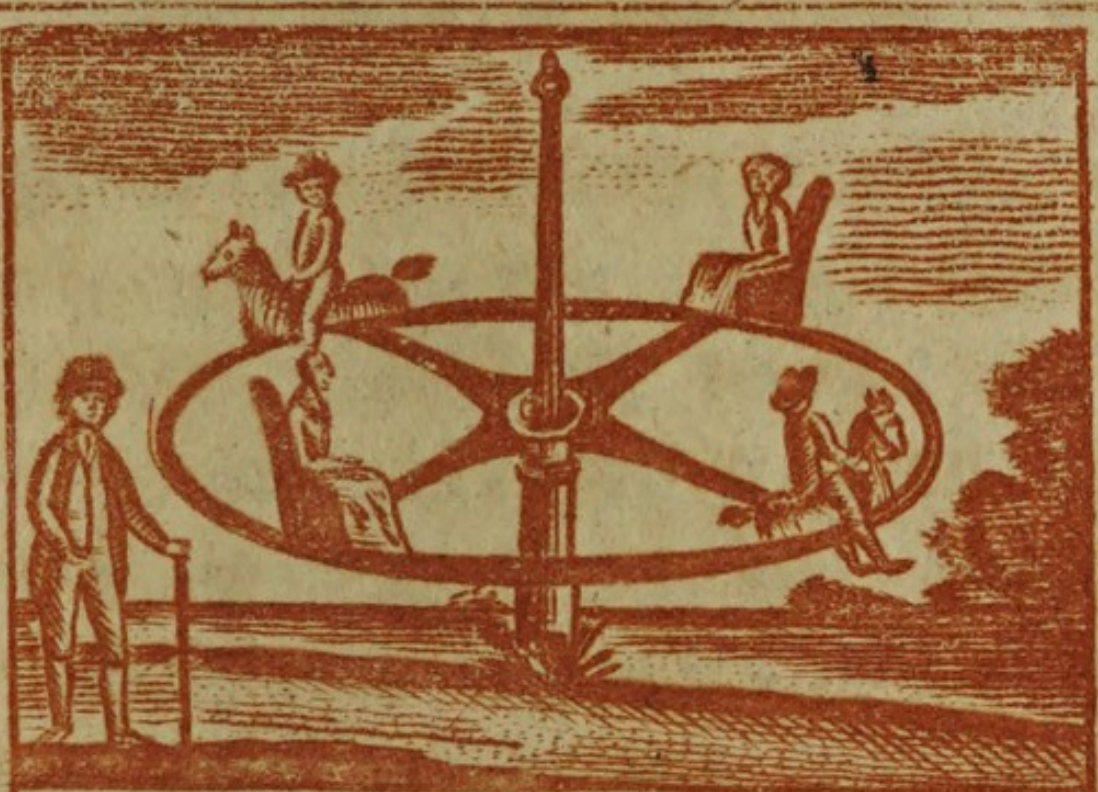
But *Wilful* would, and so down he tumbled, and lies there a warning to the obstinate and ambitious. Had he taken his mother's advice, and rode upon the Roundabout, as *Dick Stamp*, and *Will Somer* did, he might have whipped and spurred for an hour without doing any mis-

chief, or receiving any hurt. But he was a proud and obstinate silly boy.

DESCANT ON TIME.

Now, my young friends, though you have had a treatise on many pleasing and important subjects, yet there is one remains, and that *one* should not be forgot. Therefore I shall introduce a descant on Time; and this I hope will meet with your approbation; for the sole intent of this little book is to furnish you with such lessons as may improve your understanding, and ripen your judgement.

You have just been informed by the Poet, that Time is a wonder worker, and truly it may well be called so. It is an awful revolutionist, for it brings strange things to pass, and occasions innumerable vicissitudes in the world. Though it is continually moving on, yet its advancements are so slow and progressive, that we frequently disregard its course. But that time is uncertain, and Death may cut you off even in your youth. Therefore, improve the present hour, for you know not what the next day may bring forth.



ROUND ABOUT



OLD TIME



Slow as it seems to be, it steals upon us, and gently leads us from childhood to old age. When we arrive at our three-score years, then we begin to think that time runs on apace, and wish we had employed the fleeting hours to more advantage. Here, my young friends, is the fatal error which thousands experience to their cost; for they pursue their foolish vanities, and never consider that time is given us for the express purpose of preparing for eternity. Let me admonish you to think better, and always bear this truth in your minds.

ON LEARNING.

It is impossible to enumerate all the advantages which are derived from education or learning. It qualifies us for every station, and never fails to prove an invaluable ornament to its possessor.—But the Dunce appears in a very different light; for he is the stoff of society, and must of necessity drudge through a life of ignorance and slavery.

ON BUSINESS.

It is of little consequence what your calling is, provided you fulfil your station with honesty and integrity, for that is the true source of contentment: and, if you are satisfied with that state in which

God hath placed you, not even kings can desire, or be possessed of more, perhaps not so much; because higher the station, the greater the cares.

ON IDLENESS.

It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time to be employed in its service: but idleness taxes many of us much more, if we reckon all that is spent in absolute sloth, or in doing of nothing, with that which is spent in idle employments or amusements, that amount to nothing. Sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. "Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears, while the used key is always bright."

SELECT SENTENCES

FOR THE CONDUCT OF LIFE.

Disdain not who is below you in the gifts of fortune, since he may be as far above you in the gifts of the mind, which are the only true riches.

Be very careful how you spend your time; for when it is once past, it can never be called back again.

Quiet persons are always the objects of love and esteem; having therefore a hatred to all quarrels and debates. Study to inform your minds, and reform your lives.

He that lives by the rules of reason shall never be poor; and he that governs his life by any other rule, shall never be rich.





GOOD GIRL



BAD GIRL

TO A GOOD GIRL.

SO, pretty Miss *Prudence*, you're
come to the Fair,
And a very good girl they tell me
you are,
Here, take this fine orange, this
watch, and this knot,
You're welcome, my dear, to all
we have got.

TO A NAUGHTY GIRL.

SO, pert Mistress *Prate apace*,
how came you here?
There is nobody wants to see you at
the Fair.
Not an orange, an apple, a cake,
or a nut,
Will any one give to so saucy a slut.

F I N I S.

