George Stevens's celebrated lecture on heads : which has been exhibited upwards of three hundred successive nights to crowded audiences, and met with the most universal applause.

Contributors

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STEVENS

LECTURE
ON
HEADS

[1766]

GEORGE STEVENS's

CELEBRATED

LECTURE

ON

HEADS;

Which has been exhibited upwards of Three Hundred ſucceſſive Nights to crowded Audiences, and met with the moſt univerſal Applauſe.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

BY all the laws of laughing, every man has an unrighted doubt to play the fool with himſelf; under that licence this Exhibition is attempted: — Good wine needs no buſh;—the bad deſerves none:—If what I have to offer meets with your approbation, you will applaud it; if otherwiſe, it will meet with the contempt it deſerves. —— Some of theſe heads are manufactured in wood, and others in paſteboard, to denote that there are not only Blockheads, but Paper Sculls.

N° 1. This is one of thoſe extraordinary perſonages called Conquerors. He was called ALEXANDER the GREAT, from the great number of people his ambition had to cut to pieces; he was a moſt dexterous ſlaughterman, and thought mankind only made for him to cut away with; he was a great hero, warrier, and man-killer ——Formerly. And——N° 2. This is the head of a CHEROKEE CHIEF, called Sachem-Swampum-Scalpo-Tomakauk; ——He was a great hero, warrior, and mankiller—Lately. And

N° 3. This is the head of a QUACK DOCTOR;—a greater mankiller than either of the other two. The head of the quack-doctor is exhibited to ſhew the weakneſs of wiſdom, and the ſtrength of folly; for if wiſdom was not too weak, would ſuch fellows as Carmen, Coblers and Porters be permitted to vend their unwholeſome mixtures, under letters patent;—and if folly was not too ſtrong, would any body ſwallow their compoſitions!—The madneſs of * this head, made him a conqueror. — The folly of the town dubb'd † this a doctor — The exploits of Alexander are celebrated by half the great writers of the age! and yet this Alexander was nothing more than a murderer and a mad man; who ran from one end of the world to the other, ſeeking whom he might cut to pieces: —and § this copper-complexioned hero wants nothing to make him as great as Alexander, but the reſt of antiquity to varniſh over his crimes, and the pens of writers to illuſtrate his actions. —— The Quack-doctor is his own hiſtorian; and publiſher, in the Daily Advertiſer and Gazetteer, accounts of cures never performed, and copies of Affidavits never ſworn to.

N° 4. Here is the quack-doctor's coat of arms; — three ducks proper; and Quack, Quack, Quack, for the motto. —'Tis charged round with death's heads; and way of creſt, a number of quack puffs and bills of mortality.—It was made up for him by the worſhipful company of Undertakers, and preſented to him by the ſextons and gravediggers; to denote, that theſe people look upon Quack-doctors as their greateſt benefactors.

N° 5. The ornaments of ** this head, are not for what the wearer has done; on the contrary, he bears about with him the conſtant memorial of the faults of others, and is, by the ill judging part of the world, condemned for crimes he could not commit, and the very commiſſion of which conſtitutes all his unhappineſs. Theſe horns, like the cornucopia of the ancients, ſignify plenty; and denote, that this head hath abundance of brethren in affliction; they are gilt, to ſhew, that there are wretches baſe enough to accept the wages of diſhonour, even in a point the moſt delicate.——This braſs Buck's head, we all well know, is made uſe of both in public and private houſes; nor had it been made in this ſhape, but to accuſtom mankind not only to the ſight of horns, but to the uſe of hanging their hats upon them.

From the ancient cuſtom of adorning the temples, came the modern cuſtom of embelliſhing the whole head. Hence aroſe the whig manufactory—the conſequence of which we ſhall endeavour to illuſtrate.

N° 6. * Here is a head, and only a head; a plain, ſimple, naked, unimbelliſhed appearance; which, in its preſent ſituation, conveys to us no other idea, than that of a bruiſer preparing to fight at Broughton's. Behold how naked, how ſimple a thing nature is! But, behold, how luxuriant is † N° 7. Art! What importance is now ſeated on theſe brows! What reverence the features demand! What dignity is diffuſed on the whole countenance! ——This is a compendium of law. —— Special

* Alexander. † The Quack Doctor.
§ Cherokee Chief.

** The head of a cuckold.
* A Counſellor's head.
† A large tye wig upon the head.

pleadings in the fore top, pleas, rejoinders, replications, and demurs in each turn of the head—the knotty points of practice in the twist of the tail——the depth of the full bottom, denotes the length of a chancery suit, while the black coif at top, like a blister plaister, seems to tell us, that the Law is a great irritator, and never to be used but in very desperate cases.—But as it is not enough to suppose a resemblance, and as we have more blocks than one to try our wigs upon, we will make an exchange, and attempt an oration in praise of the law.

Law! law! law! is like a fine woman's temper — a very difficult study. —— Law! law! is like a book of surgery; —a great many terrible cases in it. — Law! it is like fire and water; very good servants; but, very bad, when they get the upper hand of us; 'tis like a homely genteel woman, very well to follow —'tis also like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us; — and again, it is like bad weather, most people chuse to keep out of it.—— In law! In law there are four parts; the Quidlibate, the Quodlibathe, the Quidproquo, and the Sinaquanon.—— Imprimis; the Quidlibate; or who began first? because, in all actions of assault, the law is clear, that pribis jokis, is absolutis maris, sina jokis; which being elegantly and classically rendered into English, is, that, whosoever he be that gave the first stroke it was absolutely ill, and without a joke.

Secondly, the Quodlibate, or the damages; but that the law has nothing to do with, only to state them; for whatever damages ensue, they are the client's perquisites, according to that antient Norman motto;—If he is cast, or castandum; he is semper idem, ruinandum.

Thirdly, the Quidproquo; seeing counsel. — Giving words for money, or having money for words: according to that ancient Norman motto, "Si curat lex," We live to perplex.

Fourthly; the Sinaquanon; or, without something, what would any thing be good for? Without this whig, what would be the outlines of the law!

I shall illustrate this by a case in point (Peere Williams, p. 96) Daniel against Dishclout —— Plaintiff Daniel was groom in the same family where defendant Dishclout was cook. Plaintiff Daniel had been drinking, or, as Dr. Bibbibus, in his dissertation on bumbers, he was Duplicans, that is, he was a double man; he was not as he should be, pse he; but as he should not be, Tipse he. —— Plaintiff Daniel made a forcible entry on the cook's premises, the kitchen. —— Now, the kitchen, according to serjeant Plodding, as he has it in his 149th vol. folio, of the abridgment of the statutes, page 1296, there he says, that the kitchen is, Camero necessaro, in usu cookerario, where she has the overlooking, the conduct, the management, the supervising, the seeing to, the superintendance, and the speculation of all the sauspannis, stewpannis, frienpannis, & stovis smoke-jacko, and where our cook was at this time employed in all the duties of her office; where she was rostandum, boilandum, fryandum, frigaseyandum, et plumb-puddinggandum, mixandum. At this time Plaintiff Daniel made forcible entry, &c. and demanded a sop in the pan; defendant Dishclout insisted on her right of refusal; —— a sop in the pan, gentlemen, is a very serious thing; and without perquisites what are all honours and places good for; Nothing more than an embroidered button-hole; and if we consider a minister of state as the nation's cook, then perquisites are the sop in the pan to the minister of state, with which omnium gatherum choose to grease their fingers. —— Well, Plaintiff Daniel demanded a sop in the pan; Defendant Dishclout insisted on a right of refusal; Daniel seized Dishclout by the left hand, there was the Quidlibate, or the assault. Dishclout took Daniel by the right hand, and pulled him into the dripping-pan; there was the damages—the dripping-pan.——Now, if the dripping-pan had not been there, he could not have fallen into the dripping-pan; and if he had not been there, the dripping-pan could not have received him. And this is law; and the loquaciousness of the law is multi loquacious; forasmuch, nevertheless, moreover, likewise and also. —— The Liberty of the Law is the happiness of the English, and is very happy for us Englishmen, that we have the Liberty to go to law.

N° 8. Here is a WIG, as STIFF as if chizzled out by a stone cutter; and as unnatural as Chinese ornaments; and yet these wigs, and the wearers of them too, are in fashion in some parts of the town; and thus plaistered, like the top of a cabbage plant after a shower of snow, 'tis called the Journeyman's Jemmy. And

N° 9. This is SIR LANGUISH LISPING, these creatures adorn the outside of their heads to attack ladies hearts, and they are promoted to places in the service of the ladies, in proportion to their respective merits; they are tea cup-carriers, fan-bearers, and snuff-box-holders. This is the He at the one end of the town, and this is the He at the other end of the town. It would, perhaps, give pain to any one of this audience, to have such a pomatum cake pasted to their heads: But the extreme delicate creatures these represent, seldom make any other use of their heads, than to have their hair or whigs dressed upon them. They smile, and simper, they ogle, they admire every lady, and every lady alike. Nay, they copy the manners of the ladies so closely, that grammarians are at a loss, whether to rank them with the masculine or feminine, and therefore put them down as the Doubtful Gender——These whigs, from the quantity of powder that is lavished upon them, are called Ammunition Caxons; and thus sweetened over like the sugar on the top of a twelf cake, may seem to denote, that the wearers must needs be very sweet fellows.

N° 10. Here is, a full FRIZZLED BOB. ——The wearer of this wig looks like an ostrich in a fright: as if he had run his head into a bush, and brought it away with him about his ears. —Wigs may be considered as bearing great analogy to books: this then, will be a huge quarto in large paper; as this is a duodecimo in small print, and belongs to Mr. Donefirst the long odds layer: and here is his Man Cross and jostle in, N° 11. "sweated down to ride a sweepstakes; and thus dressed, in the true turff taste, they are called a brace of "knowing ones."— The head of a HORSE-JOCKEY, and a jockey's-horse, may be said to have great affinity; because the jockey's head can pull the horse's head on which side the post he pleases; but what sort of heads must those people have, who knows these things are done, and yet trusts their capitals with such sinking funds! but we shall bear to say any more on this head, for fear of offending those high personages who chuse to resemble grooms and horse jockeys. — A conversation should have been formed for these heads, and they should have talked on various subjects, such as politics, religion, and old cream; eau de luce, lavender water, demyreps, and French chicken gloves.— But as all that has been said is to no purpose, and as least said is soonest mended; and as those that say nothing cannot be blamed for speaking, we have chosen to exhibit these capitals as mutes; and hope the audience won't take offence at it. — Some heads are mute, because they have nothing to say: some should be mute because they say nothing to the purpose; some men say nothing at all to their wives; and some married men would be extremely happy, if their wives said nothing at all to them.

N° 12. This is NOBODY's Head, or, the head of nobody; because thus adorned with the fool's cap, nobody chuses to own it.——Historians have left us in the dark with respect to these hood bonnets; but it is, however, supposed, that the first who wore them was, Judge Midas, who had the inimitable art of turning every thing he touched into gold; and now touch some people with gold, and you may make any thing of them; money getting, consisting in the art of making fools wise; or, of suffering ourselves to be made fools of.

N° 13. Life is said to be a lottery: and folly concerned in the chances.—Now let us see if this fool's cap has got any prizes! ——This may appear as a satyr against card-playing, but 'tis not a just one; on the contrary, most card players are said to belong to this * family, and generally bear their name; they are called COURT-

* Four knaves held up.

CARDS,

CARDS, becauſe, when they are turned up trumps, they become honours.—Which ſhews, if you deal fairly, you may gain honours, and that often, honours or no honours, depend entirely on a ſhuffle.

N° 14. This CREST belongs to thoſe eaſy kind of mortals, who are ſaid to be nobody's enemy but their own. They are divided into three claſſes;—there are your generous fellows,—— your honeſt fellows, —— and your deveriſh clever fellows.——As to your generous fellow; he is treat maſter; your honeſt fellow, he is ſinging maſter, who is to keep the company alive for four or five hours; and then your deveriſh clever fellow is to drink them all dead. —— They married into folly's family, and got this creſt, — "the fool's cap."— And which to this day nobody chuſes to be known by.

N° 15. If you aſk why we ſo frequently uſe the term nothing, let this ſerve as a reaſon, from ten to twenty, we go to ſchool to learn, what, from twenty to thirty, we are ſtrangely apt to forget; from thirty to forty, we think things muſt needs be as we would have them; from forty to fifty, we find ourſelves a little out in our reckoning: and from fifty to ſixty, upon caſting up life's debtor and creditor, we find § this the certain ballance. Theſe are a number of nothings, which in their preſent ſtate, have no power of conſequence; yet, are by the addition of one, they take the rank and precedence immediately; which ſhews, that in life, as well as arithmetic, nothing may be turned into ſomething, by the aſſiſtance of any one lord of a golden manor; take away the one and they are nothing again.——To nothing we muſt all come; happy are they, who amidſt the variations of nothing, have done nothing to be aſhamed of. If they have nothing to fear, they have every thing to hope.——Thus ends the diſſertation on nothing; which the exhibitor hopes he has properly executed, —— by making nothing of it.

From the diſſertation on nothing, we come to NOBODY'S genealogical tables.——This is nobody's creſt; becauſe, whoever this may ſuit, nobody cares to own it. — This is ſomebodys creſt; "a SCREEN," becauſe, in all political diſputes, ſomebody is ſuppoſed to be behind the ſcreen.—This coat of legs and arms belongs to thoſe eaſy kind of mortals, who are alwaps throwing their legs and arms about 'em: reſtleſs every where; at home no where: how they live, nobody knows, and how they die nobody cares. However inſignificant this may appear, yet that is of no ſmall importance; for the moment a man begins to think himſelf ſomething, he aſſumes a big look; we therefore have given him a big belly, with a vaſt corporation; as for the abſent members, let them be thus made out; let the mayor be the head; the two ſheriffs the arms, as they execute the law; the aldermen the legs, as they ſupport the chair; and, as to the eyes, noſe, mouth, &c. why let them be compoſed of a committee of common council men; and ſo the corporation is made out.

This is any body's coat of arms; the ſhield is blank, a blank for the creſt! it being as eaſy now a-days to buy and bear a coat of arms, as any other coat.—— The Herald's Office is the true Monmouth ſtreet in the Pariſh of Pedigree. It is honour's piece broker's ſhop, where every remnant of reputation is to be purchaſed. — It ſhould ſeem as if the Herald's Office had the virtue of Medea's kettle, where every plebean vulgarity is boiled away, and out they come ſpick and ſpan new gentlefolks.

N°. 18. This is every body's COAT OF ARMS — a bag of money and hands catching at it; money reaping being mankind's univerſal harveſt work, we have given a death's head to every body's coat of arms, being the exact likeneſs of every body drawn after life.

It may ſeem ſtrange that we ſhould exhibit ſuch terms as eſteem, generoſity, friendſhip, gratitude, public ſpirit, and common ſenſe; as belonging to nobody's family: but, the truth is, that theſe fine qualifications have been ſo ill uſed, that nobody cared to own them. The conſequence of which was, that they were ordered into the workhouſe: but the pariſh officers unanimouſly agreed, that they ſhould have no admittance there.—Mr. Overſeer, ſtanding up, and ſaying that "as how, — in the firſt place; imprimis, firſt of all, and foremoſt — Gemmen of the veſtry, Why what buſineſs have we with friendſhip! I take it, that as how the beſt friend a man has, is a man's own money in a man's own pocket: and friendſhip is nothing more or leſs, as I take it, in the whole verſal world, but to borrow a man's money out of a man's pocket. I come now to your gratitudes, and I take your gratitudes to be a ſort of a foreign lingo; which we Engliſh folk have nothing at all to do with. — and ye know my gemmen of the veſtry, ſince Self-Intereſt was member of parliament, Gratitude has been turned out of doors.

Mr. Headborough, ſlowly riſing from his chair, and gravely ſnuffing the candle, begg'd leave to be heard— and he ſaid, that as how, whereof, and wherefore, not ſo much for the ſaying of the thing, as tho'f it ſhould be ſaid, though to be ſure no man ſhould be certain ſure of his own judgment; yet for his part; now as to your generoſity, he look'd upon it to be a ſort of a ſomething of a foreign plant, and we have nothing to do with it. —— And as to your public ſpirit, why ye know gemmen of the veſtry, I need not tell you, that is nothing more than a licence for publicans to ſell ſpirituous liquors:— and as to your eſteem; wh--y ſome people eſteem brandy punch; and ſome people eſteem rum punch; for my part, give me a little ſup of your rum punch, and if I was the people of Jamaica, if the people of England would not drink rum punch, why they ſhould have no turtle, and then they would all be ſtarved. And

Now my gemmen of the veſtry, I come to my Imprimis, third and laſt; and that is your common ſenſe; and as to your common ſenſe, if I may be allowed to ſpeak my reflections about it; I look upon it to be too common and too vulgar a thing, for the gemmen of the veſtry to trouble their heads with, or be concerned about.

All theſe fine qualifications muſt have periſhed in oblivion, had not chance recommended them to the family of Oſtentation. Here is the lady of Oſtentation's manor, her name was vanity. She had a ſiſter named Wit, who ran away with judgment the houſe ſteward, from which two was begot Genius, but as 'tis very common to uſe genius ill, ſo, ſhe ſuffered many and great hardſhips, till at length ſhe was reduced to ſo low an ebb, as to be obliged to lodge in a garret with the poet Oblivion, and his mother Neceſſity. In proceſs of time Judgment, her father, found her out, and promoted a marriage between Genius and Science, and from that marriage were produced theſe five fine children, N° 19. ARCHITECTURE, N° 20. PAINTING, N° 21. POETRY, N° 22. ASTRONOMY, and N° 23. MUSICK. But the diſturbance at that time between the Goths and the Vandals, having overturned the temples of the Arts and Sciences, theſe ſcientifics took ſhipping, and a ſtorm ariſing at ſea, they were ſhipwrecked on the inhoſpitable coaſt of Suſſex, where, after being plundered of their wearing apparel, they were left to ſtarve, by the inhumanity of the country people. The reaſon why our ſea ſide ſavages may rob and plunder ſhipwrecked paſſengers with impunity, is owing to a defect in the Game Act, which was made for the preſervation of the game all over England, the gentlemen, who drew up that act, forgetting to make men, women, and children game, though it is ſo common, now-a-days to make game of men, women, and children. They begged their way up to London on foot, where they were in hopes that the merit of their works would recommend them, poor creatures! 'Tis a ſign they knew very little of the world, to imagine any ſuch thing; however, (to prevent ſtarving) Architecture turned bricklayer's labourer to a Chineſe builder: Painting, was a grinder of colours to a paper ſtainer: Poetry, turned printers devil: Muſic, ſung ballads about the ſtreets: and Aſtronomy, cried almanacks. In ſome little time lady Faſhion found them out, and, as ſoon as lady faſhion found them out, all the world ran mad for their company.

N° 24. This is a moſt curious exhibition, and very likely to make the learned look about them; for as there

§ A board held up, with a parcel of noughts.

is no mark or ſign to diſcover what it is, 'tis a ſure proof of its being a genuine antique. ——It may, for ought we know, be a King Solomon, or Queen Samerimis; an Old Venus, or a new Nabob, a methodiſt Preacher, or a Bottle Conjuror. It was intended to place the FACE of PROBABILITY upon it; but that motion was ſoon laid aſide, as people, in our days, are only fond of improbabilities; at length, a part of the bronze, or plaiſter, being rubbed off, a letter was diſcovered, by which it appeared to be the remains of the ſtatue of Honeſty; thus maul'd and mutilated by the various inroads that had been made upon it. — Imagine not ſpectators, that this buſt of honeſty is exhibited, as if the real face would be a ſtranger to any one of this company; — No, — She is only ſhewn here emblematically; the meaning of which is, that the manners of the times are ſuch, as may put Honeſty out of countenance. —— Not as a companion, but as a contraſt to the head of Honeſty, is

N° 25. This, the head of FLATTERY, exhibited. The ancients had days they called White, or Lucky days; thus it is with Flattery; to the fortunate ſhe turns her white, her ſhining ſide; to the unfortunate, ſhe is ever in eclipſe. Upon the approach of any ill-Fortune, Flattery, generally runs into Reproach; the meaning of which is, that it is a reproach to our underſtandings to ſuffer Flattery, yet we continue to accept the injury, tho' we deſpiſe the hand that offers it; not remembering that the receiver is as bad as the thief.

This being, Flattery, was begot on Poverty, by Wit, which is the reaſon why poor wits are generally the greateſt flatterers.

This Flattery was employed by the princes of the earth, to carry their congratulations to one another: but being at a certain time diſpatched by the Dutch with a card of compliments to the Hottentots, the ſhip ſhe went in was taken by a pyrate; the captain of which fell in Love with Flattery, left off the ſea for her ſake, took an inn, ſet up, and made Flattery his bar-keeper; a gentleman arriving in thoſe parts in purſuit of an heireſs, and having tried all efforts in vain, at laſt purchaſed Flattery of the inn-keeper; and by her means gained the lady. But to ſee the ingratitude of mankind, he had not been married a fortnight, before he kick'd Flattery out of doors; and from that time to this, ſhe has had no ſettled place of abode, but is uſually to be found at the beginning of courtſhip, and at the latter end of a petition. This being, Flattery, was the occaſion of the very firſt duel that ever was fought; ſhe was placed at the top of a pyramid, in the middle of an highway, where four roads met; two knights adventurers, the one from the north, and the other from the ſouth, arrived at the pyramid at the ſame inſtant; the hero from the ſouth who ſaw this white ſide, ſaid it was a ſhame, that a white, a ſilver profile, ſhould be truſted on the highway ſide. The hero from the north, who only ſaw this, ſaid, — A white, a ſilver profile, why it is a black one! Flat contradictions produced fatal demonſtrations; their ſwords flew out, and they cut and hued one another in a moſt unmerciful manner; till fainting with the loſs of blood, they both fell down, each on the oppoſite ſide to that on which the combat began; when looking up, too late, they beheld their miſtake. At this inſtant a venerable hermit coming by, bound up their wounds, and replaced them on their horſes; giving them this piece of friendly advice, "That, henceforward, in all political diſputes, and matters of a public nature, never to truſt themſelves till they had examined both ſides of the queſtion."

PART II.

IN the firſt part of this lecture we conſidered men's heads; in the ſecond part we ſhall conſider the head dreſs of the fine ladies; for as the world is round, and the world turns round, and every thing turns round with it; ſo no lunar, or ſublunar revolution, hath cauſed greater alterations in the affairs of men, than hath from time to time taken place in the head dreſſes of the ladies.

N° 26. From the Egyptians, from whom we derive all our arts and ſciences, philoſophy and faſhions, our good dames of antiquity ſeem to have borrowed this RIDING HOOD. Behold the riding hood! how the lappets, all down the ſide of the face, like the lappets on the ſide of the face of the Egyptian mummy: or like the cumbrous foliages of the full-bottom'd peruke: but our anceſtors diſliking the uſe of theſe full-bottoms, contrived a method of tying up their wigs behind; hence the origin of tye wigs!——The ladies, too, not to be behind hand with the gentlemen in their faſhions, contrived a way to tye up their tails too; and from the riding-hood, they tuck'd up their tails, and form'd the Ranelagh-hood; as for example;

N° 27. This is the hood in high taſte at the lower end of the town; and while this is wore by lady Mary, lady Betty, lady Suſan, and women of great diſtinction, this is wore by plain MOLL, and Beſs, and Sue, and women without any diſtinction at all! This is the invariable mode, or head dreſs of thoſe ladies, who uſed to ſupply the court end of the town with ſea dainties, before land carriage for fiſh came into faſhion! And there is not more difference between the head dreſs of theſe ladies, than in their mode of converſation; for while theſe fine ladies are continually making inroads upon their mother tongue, and clipping polyſyllables into monyſyllables; as, when they tell us they caant, and they ſhaant, and they maant; theſe coarſe ladies make ample amends for their deficiency, by the addition of ſupernumerary ſyllables; when they talk of breakfaſtes, and toaſteſes, and running their fiſteſtes againſt the poſteſes.

N° 28. Theſe are the ancient laughing and crying philoſophers, perpetual preſidents of the noble and venerable order of the Groaners and the Grinners. N° 29. This the preſident of the diſmal faction, is always crying for fear the world ſhould not laſt his time out; —This the member of the Choice Spirits, egad, he don't care whether it does or not. This laughs at the times; this cries at the times; and this blackguards the times; and thus the times are generally handled. Old people praiſe the times paſt, which they neglected to uſe when they might; young people look forward with anxious care to the time to come, neglecting the preſent; and almoſt all people, treat the preſent times, as ſome folks do their wives, — with indifference, becauſe they may poſſeſs them.

N° 30. This was the faſhionable mode, or HEAD DRESS, in the times of our forefathers and foremothers; when a member of parliament's wife was jogged up to town once a year, behind John, juſt to ſee my Lord Mayor's ſhew, and have her gown cut to the court faſhion; and then, with her pillion new ſtuffed, and her lap cramm'd with confectionary, ſhe was hoiſted back again, as fine as a gingerbread ſtall upon a fair-day. From Minerva's helmet, the ladies ſeem to have taken the cuſtom of wearing bonnets; the pompoon, or egret, from the halfmoon that encircled the temple of Diana.

From the ancients, too, came the cuſtom of giving lectures, Juno, that termagant of antiquity, being the firſt who ever gave her huſband a lecture; and which, from the place where it was delivered, was called a curtain lecture! And philoſophers are of opinion, that theſe curtain lectures are not yet entirely out of faſhion.

N° 31. Homer, the hiſtorian, from whom all theſe facts are taken, relates great things of the zone, or GIRDLE OF VENUS;——and to it he aſcribes great virtue; he ſays, that whatever lady wears Venus's girdle, will infallibly poſſeſs the beauties of Venus. Now, ladies, I have that very girdle mentioned by Homer; and every

* Good Temper.

lady

lady will look lovely, as long as ſhe chuſes to appear in it*.

N° 32. This is a real antique, the morning head dreſs of that celebrated demi-rep of antiquity, Cleopatra! this is what aſtronomers call the night rain, or ſhrouding the moon in a cloud; and to this day the ladies of Edinburgh, when they go abroad in the morning, fold a tarpin about their heads; or, as they expreſs it, they keep their heads about in plaid. But our ladies in the ſouth, diſliking ſo comb'rous a faſhion, and imagining that ſomething whimſically like it might be the invention of a new faſhion, invented this FRENCH NIGHT-CAP, or cheep-wrapper. A lady in this dreſs looks hooded like a horſe with eye-flaps, — to keep them from looking one way or the other; and perhaps that is the reaſon why moſt ladies in our day chooſe to look forward! One would imagine that this cap was invented by ſome ſurly duana, or ill-natured guardian, who being paſt the reliſh of beauty themſelves, would deny even the ſight of it to the reſt of mankind.

Since we are on the ſubject of ladies facies, permit me a word on the pernicious practice of face painting, or rubbing of rouge and white waſh on the complexion. Women of the town may be allowed the uſe of paint, becauſe the dexterity of their profeſſion, like that of pirates, conſiſts in fighting under falſe colours. But, for the delicate, the unculpable part of the ſex, to paint, looks as if they would fiſh for lovers, as men do for mackrel,—by hanging ſomething red upon the hook; as if they thought men were generally of the bull and turkey-cock kind, and would fly at any thing ſcarlet. Exerciſe is the beſt face painter; innocence the beſt giver of complexion. There is, however, a certain period in life among the ladies, no leſs an enemy to the face, than the cuſtom of face painting; 'tis called antiquated virginity; when elderly unmarried ladies are ſuppoſed to be condemned to lead apes about, becauſe, when they were young and handſome, they made monkies of mankind. Shakeſpear has beautifully deſcribed the difference of the two ſtates in theſe few lines; thus:

> But earthlier happier is the roſe diſtill'd,
> Than that, which withering on the virgin thorn,
> Lives, grows and dies in ſingle bleſſedneſs.

We have here two heads taken from theſe lines of Shakeſpear, N° 33. This is the MARRIED ROSE, N° 34. And this is that withering on the VIRGIN THORN. Diſappointments brings on wrinkles: the wrinkles, therefore of this face are no cauſe for wonder; the beſt wines, if kept too long will turn to vinegar. But as this ſubject ſeems to grow ſerious, we'll diſmiſs it with a wiſh,

" May each married lady preſerve her good man,
" And the young ones get good ones as ſoon as they
" can".

N° 35. Not to be partial to either ſex, this is exhibited as the head of an OLD BATCHELOR. Theſe old batchelors are mere bullies in love; continually abuſing matrimony, without daring to accept the challenge. They tell you, if they were married, their wives ſhould not go a broad when they pleaſe; the children ſhould never cry; the men ſhould not kiſs the maids: O! they would do mighty matters! But theſe lion-like talkers abroad, are mere balaambs at home; and continually under ſubjection to ſome termagant of a miſtreſs, who makes them amply repay to her inſolence, the contempt in which they pretend to have held the worthier part of the ſex. As a puniſhment for their infidelity, when they are old and ſuperannuated, they ſet up for ſuitors; they ogle through ſpectacles, and they ſing love ſongs, with catarrhs, by way of ſymphany. This lace coat, ſolitaire, and bag wig, ſhew what he would be, and this fool's cap, what he is.

N° 36. As this is a head in ancient primitive ſimplicity; ſo here is a head, in modern ſimplicity, and belongs to a laſs of the ſpirit, uſually called a QUAKER. And

N° 37. This is the head of one moved by the ſpirit. He wears this large umbrella like a covering, to keep off the outward light, to ſtrengthen the light within. As this is the hat of one moved by the ſpirit, ſo

N°. 38, and 39 This is a HAT in the true ſpirit of the MODE. This is a Niverne; or a Nivernoiſe; or a Nivernoiſe; or a Never-enough: (it's all the ſame in the Greek) a fellow with ſuch a hat as this looks like a man coming from market with a ſkimming diſh on his head. The French perhaps, have acted wiſely in curtailing the ſize of their hats, becauſe we have curtailed them of the fir trade; but, for Engliſhmen to wear ſuch hats, is neither ſound policy, or common honeſty; yet we perſiſt in copying the manners of the French, tho' we know they deſpiſe us for the imitation. — As there are two hats contraſted, ſo are here two heads contraſted.

This a plain, honeſt, well meaning, manly ſentiment ſpeaking countenance. This, with a French grin, and ſimper, ſeems to ſay— " Entendez vouz Monſieur; en- " tendez vous! Sir, you have no complaſance." To " whom, this replies, " But, Sir, we have ſincerity." " Sire, we have de grand Monarch." " And we have " liberty." " Sire, we come over to England every " year to learn you." " And yet, Sir, we are very " much your maſters." " Point de tout, Point de tout. " Not at all, not at all. You beat us in one part and " we go to anoder. The French be de viſe people, they " go all over the world to get money." And the Engliſh go all over the world to ſpend it.

PART III.

N° 40. IN the firſt part of this lecture, we conſidered wigs lexonically; in this part we ſhall conſider them phyſically; or rather, a phyſical whig: not as it relates to the faculty; but only with intent to ſhew, how ſome of the faculty treat their heads. This whig is charactura of both doctor and apothecary, according to the doctrine of topſey turvey; which ſuppoſes, that any apothecary may be a doctor, though no doctor can be an apothecary.

Preſuming we may now look ſomething like ſome of the faculty, we ſhall attempt a diſſertation on Sneezing and Snuff taking; and this we ſhall endeavour to execute in the true ſecundum—artum—medicum phraſe, which may ſerve either for doctor, or apothecary. Sneezing, otherwiſe, learnedly called ſternutation, is occaſioned by a violent, involuntary impreſſion, repreſſion, compreſſion, ſuppreſſion, and oppreſſion, of the animal ſpirits and nervous fluids; which acting on the nerves, which are ſubſervient to the muſcles and the diaphragma, communicate the ſame vibration, otherwiſe oſcellations, of the medellary ſubſtance, of the nerves, and excite thoſe impulſes and conceſſion of the thorax, which accompany ſternutation, by which means, the patient is in ſuch a ſort of a kind of a ſituation, that if he has a pocket handkerchief he may wipe his noſe with it. There are ſeveral ſorts of ſnuff; phyſical and metaphyſical. With phyſical ſnuff the town has been ſufficiently peſtered. Let us conſider metaphyſical. And firſt,

The ſnuff, of Self-conſequence: upon the ſudden acceſſion of any good fortune, pride uſually preſents the poſſeſſor with a box of the ſnuff of Self-conſequence. On opening the lid, the duſt flies into his eyes, and prevents his recollecting any of his old acquaintance. On theſe occaſions, the eyes of the ſnuff-taker are ſo injured, that he cannot recognize thoſe very friends, whom per-

* Good Temper.

haps (but the day before) he would have been glad to have received a dinner from——then,

Here is the ſnuff of contempt; that is ſure to be taken by all well dreſſed perſons, when they are in company with others with worſe cloaths on than themſelves: for though we know there is a materisl difference between real genius, and Monmouth-ſtreet finery, yet the Pantheon of parade ſhall have crouded auditors, while the Temple of Merit ſtands open without a worſhipper.—When the performance of an Engliſh artiſt is exhibited as the work of a maſter unknown, its merit will have due praiſe; but the moment his name is known, and he is found guilty of being an Engliſhman, admiration changes into diſguſt, and the club of connoiſſures take the ſnuff of contempt at him and his works immediately, Pſhaw;—Paltry;—Damn'd bad, vile, &c. &c.

Engliſhmen are ſuppoſed to be meer John trots, incapable of any thing, but hauling a rope, or pulling a trigger: nor would merit have been allowed in this particular, had not our ſoldiers and ſailors ſo very lately ſhewn all over the world ſuch capital performances.

N° 41. With theſe heads we intended to have begun our diſſection. This is the head of a blood: he wears a bull's forehead, for a fore-top, in imitation of that blood of old, Jupiter, who turned himſelf into a bull, to run away with Europa: and to this day your bloods are mighty fond of making beaſts of themſelves; this is a fine fellow to kick up a duſt; or to keep it up when it is kicked up: to chuck a waiter behind the fire; toſs a beggar in a blanket; play at chuck with china plates; hop round the room with a red hot poker in his mouth, upon one leg; ſay the belief backwards; ſwallow red hot coals. Oh, he was qu—ite the thing. He was a wit, at Wetherby's; a toaſt maſter at Bob Derry's; a conſtant cuſtomer, at the Round-hound, a terror to modeſt women, and a dupe to women of the town; as one of whom,

N° 42. This portrait is exhibited. This is a man of the town, or a blood; and this is a woman of the town, or a——but by what other name the lady chuſes to be called, we are not entitled to mention; ſuffice it to ſay, that when we attempted diſſection; we found this head proof againſt our keeneſt inſtruments; and this ſo ſoft, that it mouldered away at the firſt touch.

N° 43. This is the Tea-table CRITIC; or maſter among the maids. He was mama's darling. His mama would never let him learn to read, for fear he ſhould get a naſty cuſtom of holding down his head; but he was a prodigious ſcholar for all that; he had got four pages of Hoyle by heart, which his mama's woman had taught him: and he could calculate, he could calculate, how much cream ſhould be put into a codling tart. He died of a fit of deſpair for the loſs of his lap-dog; who was poiſoned with eating up the cold cream that was prepared for his mama's next day's complexion. We divided the ſuters of his head with an ivory bodkin; but inſtead of the cutis, and the cuticular; the cerebum, and the cerebellum, medula oblong, and other hard words, we found nothing of them; and, for brains, we diſcovered this pincuſhion. From the Tea-table Critic, we proceed to the Learned Critic, or Word-grubber.

N° 44. This was an hunter after commas, ſemicolons, and underevatas. This is a true claſſical conjugating countenance, and denotes dictionary dignity. He was one of thoſe learned Doctoribus's, who always argue Propria qua maribus. He has for a band, a pair of horn books, to denote that he was a man of mere letters. He loſt his beſt friend in a diſpute, relative to the pronounciation of a word; as he was one day walking in his friend's garden, little miſs came running to him, "Sir, ſaid ſhe, my papa's horſe Cicero has won the race;" foaming with rage, our grammariam bounces into the parlour, Madam, ſays he, Why do you bring up your children thus? How dare you ſuffer theſe violations of all grammar; you'll be the very deſtruction of all learning, and of all commom ſenſe! for the pronounciation of the word is not Cicero, but, Kikero." Nature never does her works by halves; ſhe proportions the parts of all animals, to the uſe for which they are deſigned; thus, the ears of this critic are immenſely large; they are called trap doors to catch ſyllabies! On the contrary; his eyes are half cloſed; that's called the Wiſeman's Wink; and ſhews he can ſee the world with half an eye. He died of inſanity of mind, occaſioned by a diſpute relating to the reſtoring of oiled butter; he ſaid, butter once oiled, could never be reſtored; and he proved it from the Greek too, at the very ſame interim, in came Betty the cook maid, with a little ſprinkling of flower, and no Greek, and reſtored it in a moment. When we came to a diſſection of this head, inſtead of the hard terms uſed by anatomiſts, we found none of the parts thereby inſcribed! we found only large fragments of abuſe! epitomes of indexes, and title pages: and all the brain covered over with a blotting paper. Before we opened

N° 45. This STOCK-JOBBER's head, we had a mind to make an experiment upon the ear: but, as no notes of muſic, the cries of diſtreſs, the praiſe of merit, and the demand of gratitude, the ſtock-jobber's head was like his ſtock, conſolidated. We then thought of a method of ſtriking one piece of money againſt another; we did ſo. We ſtruck one ſhilling againſt another; the chink of the money alarmed the member; and on our ſtriking one guinea againſt another, the ear expanded to its utmoſt extent: in other ſubjects, there are certain veſſels that convey to the face a conſciouſneſs of guilt, or the glow of innocence. In the ſtock-jobber they were all petrified. In other ſubjects, there are certain veſſels between the head and the heart; called the nerves of humanity! in the ſtock-jobber they were all eaten up by the ſcurvy.

N° 46. This is, Sir FULL FED DOMINE Double Chin; citizen, turtle, and veniſon eater. He was one of the common council of Farringdon Within; he was a very good ſort of a man; he was half brother to an alderman, and had been deputy of his ward; his time was taken up in the affairs of the ſtate, and the affairs of a kitchen. He loved politics, and he loved veniſon. He thought a cook was the greateſt genius in all the world, except a news writer: he conſtantly read every political pamphlet that was publiſhed, and on both ſides of the queſtion, and always framed his opinion according to the writer he read laſt; and according to the humour he happened to be in; he would take his cap and his pipe, and a glaſs of the righteous (as he called it) and he would be for ſetting the world to rights in an hurry. Ay! Ay! neighbour Coſtive; all for their own ends now a-days; all for their own ends; nobody do you ſee now a-days, loves their own country, ſince queen Semarimus, and ſhe invented Solomon Gundy, and that's the beſt eating in all the werſal world. If I was at the head of affairs, things ſhould not be as they are now; that's all; they ſhould not indeed, I would ſhew them another way of a manner of going to work: now I'll ſhew you my plan of operations: do you mind me now, mark what I ſay; ſuppoſe then theſe two or three bits of tobacco aſhes, to be the main land continent.——Ve—ry well! And ſuppoſe now, neighbour Spriggins, this little drop of milk punch, (well come, here's the king, God bleſs him) ſuppoſe this little drop of milk punch, to be the main ſea ocean; very well! very well! and ſuppoſe theſe three or four bits of cork to be all our great men of war: very well! But what ſhall I do now for fortified places? Oh, here I have it; he—re I have it. Here's your Havannahs, and your Pondicherries, and your Tilbury Ports, and your Tower Ditches; and all your damn'd ſtrong places? there's a plan of operations for ye now; A—h, Well, and then our army all ſhould wear a new uniform; all our horſe infantry ſhould wear air jackets, and all our foot cavalry ſhould wear cork waiſtcoats; and then ye know why they'd be all over the ſea before you could ſay Jack Robinſon. Well, and where do you think I'd land them now? You don't know; nor you don't know; how the devel ſhould you know. You don't underſtand geometry. Why I'll tell you where I'd land them; I would land them under the line, cloſe by the South Pole; there I'd land them; and then I'd ambuſcade all the Spaniards back ſettlements; and take from them all their (——P——ſhaw. You know what I mean well enough: all their——all

them

them d—mn'd hard names mentioned in news papers) all their Mexicos, and their Perus, and their Dimont Iſland! and then I'd come with a circumvendibus on the Dutch, in flatb—tom'd boats; (becauſe ye know that is a flatbottom'd country) open the ſluices—let in the water—drown all the poor Dutch, and then we ſhould have the turtles, and the Spice Iſlands, for nothing; and ther'd be a living in Old England.

While our politician was thus going on with his plan, cenſuring men and meaſures he know nothing about, and it happening at a time when our army lay encamped on one ſide of the river, and the French on the other; an officer in company, with his ſtick, gave our politician a rap on the knuckels: What's that for? A—y? Only, Sir, replied the officer, cooly to inform you, that that commander who croſſes a river, to attack an enemy in front, may chance to get a rap on the knuckles: that's all!—The alteration is eaſy from politicks to cenning.

N° 47. Behold here the head of a SHARPER. In Truth's dictionary, under the article Cunning, is the verb to ſharp; from whence the noun ſubſtantive ſharper: that we may offend no countrymen by the birth of our hero, be it known that he was born at ſea, on board a tranſport, in which, his mother was humbly requeſted, by a rule of court to take a ſeven years tower to America. At length, by his unſhaken reſolution. and matchleſs imprudence, he acquired a fortune of forty thouſand pounds.

This is his original face; a heavy, vulgar, incurious, down-looking countenance: this was his holliday face, that he went into company with; and, under this maſk battery he uſed to play off, all his ſlight of hand-artillery; and this was his face that he awoke at midnight with; when Conſcience aſſiſted by Memory, commanded him to undergo a ſelf examination; for, as there was nothing too baſe for him to commit, ſo neither was there any thing ſo dreadful, but he had reaſon to fear it. He lived in the utmoſt dread, and died in the utmoſt deſpair: putting a period to his exiſtence, with this: which, in the catalogue of medicines, bears this name*. He left all his fortune to the hoſpital of incurables, in Moorfields; that as he had got all his money by the incurables, ſo he was very willing now he could make no farther uſe of it, to return it to the right owners.

N° 49. Although he had lived a life ſo infamous, he was buried in all the purchaſed pomp: behold here the funeral of the gambler? and two of his torch bearers? Such is the partiality of fate, and ſuch the different rewards of merit and infamy; that, that ſoldier and ſailor, are employed at the price of a ſhilling, and glad too of the ſcanty pittance to attend the gambler to his grave; the ſailor loſt his arm in one of the famous ſea fights where Sir Edward Hawke commanded; and the ſoldier loſt his leg, in one of the ſix regiments who ſo bravely fought on the plains of Minden. To ſhew, however how we treat our ſoldiers and ſailors, when we have no occaſion for them, we will juſt beg leave to relate a little ſtory that happened in the year 1745; when our army was marching into the North, under the command of the gallant Duke of Cumberland. The landlord of the houſe where one of the ſoldiers happened to be, began to take great notice of him; and would ſay to him, why honeſt fellow, ſays he, you ſoldiers are the pillars of the nation; you are the braveſt men in nature; without a ſtanding army, we ſhould have no ſtanding corn; when you come home, pray come and ſee me, you, and your wife, and your children and ſtay as long as you pleaſe, a week, a month, or a year, as long as you pleaſe, and make yourſelves welcome to every thing you find here; and he always wound up his invitation with telling him that ſoldiers were the pillars of the nation. When the affair at Culloden was happily over, our ſoldier called, rather to thank him for his kind invitation, than with any deſign to accept it. But, the danger being paſt, and peace being reſtored, he began to talk about large taxes, and ſtanding armies; and he did not know what occaſion there was for a pack of lobſtering dogs to be crawling about the country, eating up peoples victuals and drink. He ſaw no occaſion we had for ſoldiers now, not he, we had peace, had not we? Why, cried our ſoldier, with a generous diſdain, I did not invite myſelf, did not you tell me to come, me and my family, and we ſhould be welcome; and ſays he, did not you always cloſe your invitation with ſaying, that we ſoldiers were the pillars of the nation? —— pillars of the nation?—Well, I believe I might ſay ſomething about pillars, but I meant—catter pillars.

N° 48. Thus, while true merit is neglected and deſpiſed, to ſhew how Genius and Science, can condeſcend to decorate unworthineſs; behold here, the monument of the GAMBLER,—Juſtice and compaſſion, are weeping over his medallion, and Honour deſcending with a crown of laurels, to reward his virtue; to the baſſo relief, are four little boys repreſenting the cardinal virtues, or as weeping for his death; but we, who are apt to moralize on things, rather think they are four little boys whoſe parents the gambler has ruined; and that they are now turned out of doors, and crying for cloaths to cover them.——From the head one who lived by his wit, we proceed to a real wit: as one mentioned by the famous Yorick. N° 50. TRISTRAM SHANDY; and he is ſuppoſed to have a good deal of the family likeneſs: when we came to a diſſection of this head, we found one of the moſt capital parts of the brain quite worn out: he lived ſo long depending on what others would do for him, that he was at length reduced to the neceſſity of aſking Charity: amongſt others of his reſting places, he one day ſat himſelf down at the door of a large manſion-houſe; ſome of the ſervants hearing he was a Wit, had him into the ſteward's parlour; and where, according to the notion ſome people have of wit, they deſired he would be comical. One of them ſaid, if he was a wit, to be ſure he could run round the room with a red hot poker between his teeth.——The cook-maid ſaid, to be ſure if the gentleman was a wit, ſhe hoped he would be ſo kind, and ſo civil, and ſo obliging, and ſo condeſcending, and ſo complaiſant, and ſo good, and ſo ſubmiſſive, as to tell her fortune on the cards.——The butler was rather for a tune on the muſical glaſſes.——The groom ſaid, if ſo be as how the gentleman was a wit, why he could not do no leſs than ride upon three horſes at once.——The laundry-maid, ſhe ſaid to be ſure he could ſwallow a box-iron and heaters.——While they were thus debating, down came the French Mammeſelle, and ordered him to be turned out of doors, ſaying, " ſhe wondered vat Engliſh vit " vas good for?"

Wit being thus turned out of doors, went to viſit Hoſpitality; but it being election time, there was no room for him there. He then paid his addreſſes to Merit; but Merit could do nothing for him, being at that time purſued by Faction. He then addreſſed himſelf to Charity; and ſhe would have done any thing in the world to ſerve him; but, as ill luck would have it, ſhe was herſelf that very morning ran over by the biſhop's new ſet of coach horſes. He died, at length, of mere hunger; and was interred in the poor's burial-ground, after his friends had raiſed money to pay the ſurplice fees:

And the modes of chriſtianity are ſuch in our days, that though any churchman may receive a large benefice, yet if any churchman be found guilty of giving away in charity, he would be thought guilty of being righteous overmuch.

N° 51. Behold here one of the righteous overmuch—yet nought doth he give away in charity! No! no! he is the bell-weather of the flock, who hath broken down Orthodox's bounds, and now riots on the common of Hypocriſy.——With one eye he looks up to Heaven, to make his congregation think he is devout, that's his ſpiritual eye; and with the other eye he looks down to ſee what he can get; and that's his carnal eye; and thus with looks flowing down his face, he ſays, or ſeems to ſay, or at leaſt, with your permiſſion, we'll attempt to ſay for him.——

* Saicide's Grand Speciſic.

Pre-

Brethren! Brethren! Brethren! The word brethren comes from the Tabernacle, becauſe we all breathe there—in.—If ye want rouzing I'll rouze you: I'll beat a tat-too upon the parchment caſes of your conſciences, and whip the Devil about like a whirl-a-gig.——Even as the cat, upon the top of the houſe doth ſquall; even ſo, from the top of my voice, will I bawl, and the organ pipes of my lungs ſhall play a voluntary among ye; and the ſweet words that I ſhall utter, ſhall ſugar candy over your ſouls, and make carraway comforts of your conſciences.—Do you know how many taylors makes a man?—Why nine——Nine taylors makes a man.——And how many makes half a man?—Why four journeymen and a prentice.——Even ſo have you all been bound 'prentice to misfortune the faſhion-maker; and now you are out of your times you have ſet up for yourſelves—My great bowels, and my ſm—all guts groan for you.——I have got the gripe of compaſſion, and the belly ach of pity.——Give me a dram.—Give me a dram——Do give me a dram-— A dram of patience I mean, while I explain unto you, what reformation, and what abomination mean! Which the worldly wicked have mixed together, like potatoes and butter-milk, and therewith made a ſinful ſtir about.——Reformation, is like the comely froth at the top of a tankard of porter;—and Abomination—is like the dregs at the bottom of the tap tub.——Have you carried your conſciences to the ſcowrers? Have you bought any Fuller's earth at my ſhop? to take the ſtains out!—You ſay, yes: you have! you have! you have!——But I ſay no: you lye! you lye! you lye——I am no velvet-mouth preacher; I ſcorn your lawn ſleeves——You are all full of filth; you muſt be boil'd down in our Tabernacle, to make portable ſoup, for the ſaints to ſup a ladle full of; and then the ſcum, and the ſcaldings of your iniquities, will boil over; and that is called the kitchen-ſtuff of your conſciences, that ſerves to greaſe the cartwheels that carry us over the Devil's ditch; and the Devils gap.—The devil's ditch; that's among the jockeys at Newmarket; and the Devil's gap, that's among the other jockeys; the Lawyers at Lincoln's-inn-fields.——And then there is the Devil among the Taylors, and the Devil among the Players! the players, they play the Devil to pay——The play-houſe is Satan's ground, where women ſtretch themſelves out upon the tenter-hooks of temptation.——Tragedy is the blank verſe of Beelzebub;——Comedy is his haſty pudding; and Pantomine is the Devil's country dance.——And yet, you pay the players for ſeeing plays; yes, yes; but you won't pay me; no, no, till Beelzebub's bum bailiffs lay hold of you; and then you think I'll pay your garniſh; but I won't, No; you ſhall lay on the common ſide of the world, like a toad in a hole that is baked for the devils dinner.——Do put ſome money in the plate——Put ſome money in the plate——and then all your iniquities ſhall be ſcalded away, even as they ſcald the briſtles off the hog's back; and you ſhall be cleanſed from all your ſins, as eaſily as the barber ſhaveth away the weekly beard from the chin of the ungodly.

Do put ſome money in the plate,
Or I, your preacher cannot eat:
And 'tis with grief of heart I tell you,
How much this preaching ſcow'rs the belly:
How pinching to the human tripe
Is pity's belly-ach, and gripe:
But that religion (lovely maid)
Keeps a cook's ſhop to feed the trade.
The motives of our deeds the ſame
With Whitefield, I put in my claim;
The pious thieves attack your purſes,
With cries, and tears, and pray'rs and curſes:
But, I, more modeſt in the trade,
Dare never damn the fools I've made;
But will, if ſo your worſhips pleaſe,
In future times, on bended knees,
Say, ſing, and ſwear, that thoſe alone are right,
Who croud this tabernacle every night.

FINIS.