

**The electrical eel, or, *Gymnotus electricus* : inscribed to the honourable members of the R\*\*\*I S\*\*\*\*\*y / by Adam Strong, naturalist [pseud].**

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Wellcome Collection  
183 Euston Road  
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ELECTRICAL EEL:

O R,

GYMNOTUS ELECTRICUS.

[Price ONE SHILLING and SIXPENCE.]





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T H E  
ELECTRICAL EEL:  
O R,  
GYMNOTUS ELECTRICUS.

INSCRIBED TO THE  
Honourable Members of the R\*\*\*L S\*\*\*\*\*Y,

B Y  
A D A M S T R O N G,  
N A T U R A L I S T.

A NEW EDITION, with considerable ADDITIONS.

---

So glister'd the *smooth Eel*, and into fraud  
Led EVE, our credulous Mother, to the tree  
Of *Prohibition*, ROOT of all our woe!

---

MILTON.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. BEW, in PATERNOSTER-ROW.

M,DCC,LXXVII.



349624

ELBERTA GABLE

CYNTHIA ELLIOTT

Handwritten: M. G. of the first story

ADAM STROCK

WATSON



EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

TO  
 The most HONOURABLE  
 And  
 LEARNED MEMBERS  
 Of  
 The ROYAL SOCIETY of ~~\*\*\*\*\*~~, celebrated for their universal  
 Researches into the  
 Occult Mysteries  
 Of  
 N A T U R E :  
 This  
 Treatise on the natural, secret, powerful, and most efficacious  
 Principles of ELECTRICITY,  
 Not  
 Derived from the friction of Bodies, but proved and deduced from  
 The GYMNOTUS ELECTRICUS,  
 Is  
 Now offered by an ADEPT,  
 To  
 Their sagacious considerations; to prove,  
 That  
 This rare Phænomenon  
 Of NATURE,  
 Is the original SERPENT of SIN,---as mentioned  
 By that very Wife,

A

But



But old Philosopher,  
 And Phyfician, MOSES,  
 To have tempted the divine EVE, in the living Garden of EDEN.  
 As thefe Labours and Studies,  
 To fix the Genus and Properties  
 Of this infinuating Reptile,  
 Have been the purfuit of the Author's Life, from Fifteen to  
 Thirty Eight,  
 He flatters himfelf, that the Reward of his Studies  
 Will be an Honourable Admiffion  
 Into  
 YOUR LEARNED SOCIETY;  
 And if  
 He has fo well ufed his time, in the pleafing investigations  
 Of  
 The natural virtues of the EEL,  
 He will, with unfeigned  
 Gratitude, confefs,  
 That it is the only circumftance of his Studies  
 That hath  
 Produced him any fignal Reward.  
 For to obtain  
 Such a Meed, and fuch a Difinction,  
 For the pleafures of  
 Diving into the fecrets  
 Of Nature,  
 Will be a gratification to his mental faculties,

Unexpe-

[ iii ]

Unexperienced in any former part  
Of his Life.

Nor will he be wanting in the most upright  
Testimonies of gratitude, to acknowledge the  
Insuperable honour confer'd

On, GENTLEMEN,

Your Humble, and

Obedient Servant,

ADAM STRONG, NATURALIST.

T H E



Unpublished in any form

Of the

For will be standing in the

Refinement of style, in accordance

with the highest

Of

From

Of

ADAM

THE

---

T H E

ELECTRICAL EEL:

O R,

GYMNOTUS ELECTRICUS.

---

**I**N days of yore, when Mr. Adam,  
Possess'd fair Eve, as Miss or Madam,  
In all the pride of love;  
For Heav'n allowed no other Man  
To court as Fop;---or Bull,\* or Swan,  
Or chaste coquetting Dove.

\* It is scarce necessary to say that Europa received the polite addresses of Jove as a Bull---she liked the low of the animal: as did Miss Leda the feather of the Swan. These, tho' very old tales, have been put to the blush, by the more accomplished addresses of the Pidgeon.



Yet she, fly creature, could contrive,

(For female fancy's all alive)

To furnish an intrigue ;

As well as modern ladies do,

In spite of husbands strong and true,

With Captain or with Teague.\*

Upon the blooming Tree † of Life,

(You know the tale) this beauteous wife,

Fair as the gentle May:‡

Cast such a fly, bewitching glance,

The very fruit § began to dance,

A smart electrick hay.

\* The ladies at St. James's can vouch for the propriety of this observation, from the celebrated *Jemmy H-----y*, to the *Mr. O'-----B-----*.

† O Serpent cunning to deceive,  
Sure 'tis the tree that tempted Eve,  
The crimson apples hung so fair,  
Alas! what woman could forbear.  
The tree alone which could content her,  
All nature, Susan, seeks the centre:  
Yet let us still poor Eve forgive,  
It is the tree by which we live,  
For lovely woman still it grows,  
And only in the centre blows.

ANON.

‡ Mr. Pope has told this cuckoldom from Chaucer with pleasantry in his Poems.

§ And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,  
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit  
Of vegetable gold.

MILTON.

'Tis



'Tis very strange---when ladies whims,  
Will risk their slender, taper limbs,  
Their passion's such to climb.

O could I rise in poesy,  
As Eve did to the vital Tree,  
I'd reign the true sublime.

By this crab-apple tree of knowledge,  
The claffick fruit of ev'ry college,  
There was a pond \* most rare,  
Where this fair, ancient, country lass,  
For want of barber, toilet, glafs,  
Comb'd out her auburn hair.

\* Milton says it was a river, spread into a liquid plain, on the green bank of which Eve laid down and saw herself---

-----I started back,  
It started back: but pleas'd I soon return'd;  
Pleas'd it return'd as soon; with answering looks  
Of sympathy and love.

In short, she looked as well in it as any other lady in her glafs, nor was she a bit better pleas'd with herself than Mrs. Baddeley, when she practises look to fing,-----

“ No flower that blows, is like the rose.”  
Nor do I think she had finer teeth, or shewed them half so much.

Within



Within this bright, translucent wave,

She to herself became a slave,

And did her charms adore ;

There she would gaze away whole hours,

And study attitudes and lures,

Like A\*\*\*\*r--B\*\*\*\*y\*\*\*\*re.

The beasts grew amorous of her face,

Levee'd her beauties, prais'd her grace,

None her attention drew,

'Till from the pond the lengthen'd Eel,\*

Bewitch'd, began her pow'r to feel,

And from the mud he grew.

He grew erect†---he won her eyes,

Both by his sleekness and his size,

And thus the Dame ‡ address'd:

“ Fair

\* Mr. Milton has taken the liberty to make this speaking reptile a serpent, from the authority of Moses ; but all Philosophers and Naturalists allow the creature to be the *Gymnotus Electricus*.

† Milton agrees in the erect posture that he stood before Eve---

-----His head,  
Crested aloft---and carbuncle his eyes :  
With burnish'd neck of verdant gold erect  
Amidst his circling spires-----  
Pleasing was his shape and lovely-----

‡ All the Poets and Patriarchs have given speech to the serpent, therefore the elocution



“ Fair, beauteous lady---give your hand,

“ For you alone can make me stand,

“ As you have made me blefs’d.”

Pleas’d with his manners and his speech,

She did the creature next beseech,

To leave his oozy bed ;

He did---and in a moment press’d,

The place---in Paradise the best,

As by Dan Mofes said.

Th’ electrick fire soon warm’d her heart,

The fire to all she did impart,

And nature own’d the feel:

From that gay period up to this,

The Wife, the Matron, and the Mifs,

Hallow’d---th’ Electrical Eel.\*

tion of my Eel is not more surprifing than Mr. Cox’s felf-moving thing, which he calls an Automaton. And as the Eel is of the genus of the Serpent, the mistake might eafily be made by fome of the old lady authors:---but what further confirms me that it was an Eel, and not a Serpent, the firft notice the creature took of the young gentlewoman was, when she came to obferve her trefles in the fountain, or the pond.

\* Many hiftorians continue the worfhip of Serpents to the Egyptians, but it is a creature univerfally adored by the fair fex of all countries, under the name of the Eel.



What are so like to Snakes as Eels,

They're similar as two coach wheels,

And what pray's in a name ?

The Devil's us'd for every thing,

Afs, Monkey, Tyrant, Fool, or King,

And Devil's all the same.

Fable, and metaphor are things,

Which fledge the Poet's callow wings,

And make them all so civil;

And if you dare your bard believe,

An Eel electrified dame Eve,

Nor Serpent---or a Devil.

Therefore to end this long dispute,

And make all claffick blockheads mute,

Who now abuse each other :

Let them this orthodoxy feel,

This arbor vitæ was an Eel,

And long'd for by our mother.



Is it not since the favourite fish,  
 And ev'ry matron's standing dish,  
 That dare to see or feel?  
 Is there a dame who love the joke,  
 But what hath felt th' electrick stroke\*  
 Of this elastick Eel?

Therefore the Serpent and the Tree,  
 Divested of fring'd fmile,  
 Is a plain Eel of course;  
 Which ev'ry cook-maid in the land,  
 At certain times doth take in hand,  
 And skin without remorse. †

Torment no more our tuneful ears,  
 " With holy oil and pious tears,  
 " Of Moses' beard and rod;"

\* See the Advertisement. The shock felt at 2s. 6d.---the spark extracted at 5s. Nothing of this sort was ever offered so cheap to the publick before, particularly in King's-Court, or Covent-Garden.

† This barbarity in our servants is obvious; roasting of Lobsters, and skinning of Eels, are expressions almost proverbial of cruelty.



The pious father---he lov'd fish;

At ninety, what was Sarah's dish?

A very nice crimp'd Cod.

What makes our first felicity,

But this pure electricity,

Divested of all fiction:

Motion makes heat, and heat makes love,

Creatures below, and things above,

Are all produc'd by friction.\*

In David's time the thing was plain;

For what was old Uriah slain,

That man of flint and steel?

Sure Bethsheba hath made it clear,

She did not like Uriah's spear,

As well as David's Eel.

\* Friction, as defined by Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, is the rubbing of two bodies together. Bacon says, in his Natural History, that gentle friction draweth forth the nourishment, by making the parts a little hungry, and heating them,---this friction I wish to be done in a morning.

In Cleopatra's \* luscious time,

When luxury was in its prime,

And Cæsar in his glory :

What was the wanton Gypfy's joy?

Not the high mettled hook'd-nos'd boy,

Nor all his deeds in story :

No, it was this phænomenon,

This hieroglyphick rais'd on stone,

The Eel of mighty Tyber, †

Which always did create a smile ;

It beat the Snakes of slimy Nile,

In gristle, nerve, and fibre.

\* This riggish gentlewoman, when but fifteen, was carried on the back of Apollodorus, through her brother's camp, and laid at the feet of Cæsar. She afterwards hopped on one leg 150 paces in the public market place, and died by the bite of Mark Anthony's Eel, tho' historians have confounded it with Asp.

† The world has ever confessed the taste of Cleopatra, and by the preference she gave to Pompey, Cæsar, and Anthony, it is plain she preferred the Eels of Tyber to the Serpents of the Nile.



'Twas this the sturdy Tarquin \* bore,

And stab'd Lucretia to the core ;

But not with pointed steel :

For she, most chaste, and virtuous dame,

Rather than tarnish Roman fame,

Receiv'd the silver Eel.

The beauties of Indostan's † clime,

Where virtue's in its sacred prime,

Where loving living dames

Mount gorgeous dress'd the funeral pile,

And on the Eel that's dead they smile,

And for it grill in flames.

\* There is no part of the Roman History so little understood, as this :---it was not that Lucretia did not like the addresses of the sturdy Tarquin, but her slave was privy to the adultery, so she made the best of a lost game. Many English Ladies would do the same, but for the happy convenience of divorce,---for there is no fame they value equal to life.

For she that kisses and is taken,  
Still does not hope in vain ;  
For tho' she's caught---she saves her bacon,  
And lives to kifs again.

† The women of India always burn with their dead husbands; surely this is a great sacrifice to the Caro sposo.---In England, it is reversed, the wives always burn for any other man than a husband.

More

More modern Belles, in this great town

Have added to this fish---renown,

By sacrifice and zeal :

Pray, who so oft' hath prostrate been,

As lady Sarah ---- (beauty's Queen)

To this erected Eel.

What led the Grosvenor astray,

What witch'd the Lady M<sup>ary</sup> H<sup>ay</sup>---

And her simplicity ?

Pardon the plainness of my diction,

'Tis thunder that is made by friction,

And electricity.\*

What made the pretty H---- fly,

With S----n to a milder sky,

And dance the Cyprian reel ?

But this smart, short electrick shock,

Which will invig'rate hen or cock,

And flash like flint and steel.

\* Bodies electrified by a sphere of glass turned nimbly round, emit flame. A property in bodies when rubbed till they are warm, draw substances to them. QUINCY.

But



But see the luscious Ligonier,  
Prefers her post-boy to her Peer,

His stable---straw cotillon:

What Devil could possess her head,  
To make her leave his Lordship's bed?

---The Eel of Bob Postillion.

The gaudy ----- quits her Duke,  
Spite of intreaty and rebuke,

Her friends, and little nursery:

The gentle lady could not rest,  
This Eel was upper in her breast,

'Till she was under ~~~~~~~~~.

What gave the C----- pain and spleen,  
To fight and follow Count De G-----,

Cet gallant de dix mille?

His gay high dressing with her took,  
He doubtless is the first French cook,

For stuffing spitch'd cock-Eel.

What

What made poor <sup>Queen Mary</sup> \*\*\*\*\*'s Countess burn,

And from her Indian hero turn,

So gallant once and gay:

In taste of colours, Ladies vary,

<sup>Scarlett</sup> \*\*\*\*\* she thought was far more airy,

Than cold and sober <sup>Gray</sup> \*\*\*\*\*.

But Electricity was vain:

From Grosvenor-square to Drury-lane,

All sorts of Eels she tried.

Yet poor Gymnotus made remark,

Her wants were such for fire and spark,

No Devil had supplied.

In such a case--- what lady cou'd,

(Compos'd of am'rous flesh and blood)

Have any hesitation----

Whether she'd chuse a shrivell'd man,

Dry as a chip, from Indostan,

Or one of th' <sup>Irish</sup> \*\*\*\*\* Nation.

E

A Lady



A Lady--- like a Chinefe pig,  
And even too with young ones big,

Both frifky, fond, and wild :

Had better tho' her fame's at ftake,  
A double confumation make,

To help an embryo child.

Againft her choice, who dare fay nay?  
For youth---- fhe left a man quite \*\*\*\*\*

A worn-out Maccaronie :

For when we come to wear and tear,  
All Matrons will this truth declare,

Work's better for being \*\*\*\*\*.

And therefore ceafe to name the duel,  
The thing in truth was bold and cruel,

Such men there was no parting :

Or who would ftand a--- praftife mark,  
For twenty minutes in the dark,

Not even *Target Martin*.\*

\* Who ufed fo to praftife before he fought with Wilkes---

Brave Piercy, bold--- in Chevy Field,  
 To whom the Douglass deign'd to yield,  
     Ne'er fought so long and well :  
 Hot Witherington in doleful dumps,  
 In half the time was on his stumps,  
     And tumbled down to Hell.

The \* deed--- the mighty deed is done,  
 The Heroes fight--- the Lady's won,  
     And She, most virtuous dame,  
 Rifes and leaves her man of \*\*\*\*,  
 And madly throws herself away,  
     A blot to female fame.

\* There never was known a Rencountre, wherein more true spirit was shown than in this---and tho' the Gentleman challenged had no ways deserved the violent attack of the other---yet when brought forth--- the challenger owned, that he fought like Achilles.

What



What made the fair T----- figh,

And troll the tongue and roll the eye,

That wench of manners pith?

Eccentrick girl---she gain'd a deal,

When she receiv'd the Conger-Eel,

Of gallant L----- S---th.

Why should the F---r---r hunt the town,

To fix the boy of County Down,

Where harlots make their meal?

Ah---honey dear---her taste is good,

She must have one of Liffey mud,

True, Irish collard Eel.

See the high priestefs of out shore,

Who of this fish hath gorged more,

Than is in Shannon's river:

See C---g---s he droops within her arms,

Says, fighting o'er her faded charms,

No Eel can flash \* for ever.

\* By the advertifement, the Eel is grown so feeble this cold weather, that the spark is only extracted three times a week.

The first edition of this Poem was published in March. What



What is this quick electrick fire,

That raises every maid's desire,

In little, or in much :

Where is there one---nor longs to feel,

The vigour of th' electric Eel,

T' extract the fire by touch ?

There's not a lecher of these days,

Cold votaries to Charlotte Hayes,

Whose knell the Loves have rang,

Old H-----n, and F-----h dry,

Lank V---l, and poor Captain P---,

And shrivell'd Count H---g.

With L--y--l--n these tried the shock,

But they were lifeless as a rock,

And dead as County Paris :

He, electricity defies,

Who feels no fire from beauty's eyes,

The eyes of Sally Harris. \*

\* The rape of Pomona is well known to the bucks of the turf, and how she took  
500l.---the match was weight for inches.



Poor Jemmy Twitcher, pious Sire, *Earl of Sandwich*

He sham bled forth---- in hopes the fire,

Might help his ancient clay :

For he alas ! for many days,

By Spanish flies \* had been in blaze,

To warm his own fair R<sup>a</sup>---y.

But Spanish flies were all in vain,

The Cupids they had left his train,

With him--- the Eel was dead :

Cantharides, did even fail,

They never touch'd poor Ttwitcher's tail,

But fir'd his Lordship's head.

\* The fate of poor General Armiger should be a caution to these old Bucks, how they tamper with such provocatives. When the General died, the King asked Lady Bridget T----- what occasioned his sudden death : She replied, " Please your Majesty, the Night Mare." But it was better explained in the following distich by a wag on the occasion.

On the Death of General Armiger.

He was a Soldier cannot be denied,  
For in the Covert-way he fought and died.

ANON.

Green



Green\* A<sup>gnew</sup>----w too desired much,

To have a smart electric touch,

To help a dull translation : †

Gymnotus said,---the work is trash,

He shall not have a vivid flash,

To save it from damnation.

Ye gaudy guards---ye all might laugh,

To hear the Prince of Paragraph,

Invoke a vivid spark :

But Cosmo ‡ did in vain desire, *Duke of Encomi*

The Eel, nor his electric fire, *Travels, 1820 46*

Could touch a Soul so dark.

\* Thomas Cecial's nose, was de color amoratado, como de Berengena---of a darkish green colour, like a Berengene, or malum insanum--a mad apple. Covarruvias (a Spanish author) observes, that he who eats this fruit, will be of a dark green colour.

SHELTON, p. 2. C. 14.

† Perhaps no man ever disgraced a stage so highly, by a piece of five acts, as this military hero; nor any man discredited so much the immortal Voltaire. We may say of it, as of the Rehearsal---if it was not for the character of Bayes---there would not be wit enough about it to keep it sweet; and was it not for the sweet vernal rose of Sheridan's Epilogue, it would stink.

‡ Celebrated for his Letters on the Ton, and dealing in scandal at the expence of all he visited.

D----g



*Running*

D---g, that cataract of law,

Who can make out, or mend a flaw,

For the first time did fail;

His eloquence in vain he rung,

He hath the Eel about his tongue,

But not about his tail.

This strange Electricus Gymnotus,

From Surinam was lately brought us,

To help our dull conditions:

But the Torpedo \* numb'd the state,

So all thy fire is brought too late,

To warm our dispositions..

\* A fish that benumbs the hand when touched, but may be eaten; so say Naturalists; but I rather think it infects the intellects, and the present system of politicks, proves the diet dangerous to such men as are to conduct a state and its affairs.

A D V E R -



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

“ This wonderfull electrick fish,  
 “ Through all the world a standing dish:  
 “ The first that e’er was shown  
 “ Of such a size---of such a length;  
 “ There’s none---but what applauds its strength,  
 “ Who’ve felt it in the town.

“ Each Domino, and Domina,  
 “ Attend these rare phœnomena;  
 “ Ye maids pray make the trial:  
 “ It hath the properties of wine,  
 “ Of fire, of love,---the true divine,  
 “ It beats the *Leyden* \* *Phial*.

“ ’Tis hop’d the virtuosi wife,  
 “ And ladies too will turn their eyes,  
 “ And deign the thing to feel:

\* *Leyden Phial*.---There is no occasion to explain the strength of this Phial, every old woman in Billingsgate hath tried its powers.



“ As nature’s subject to decay,

“ Their warmth alone can fix its stay,

“ Or cold may freeze the Eel,

“ We do not mean by words---t’ impose :

“ The precious time, Oh do not lose !

We mean no false seduction !

“ Here all the virtuosi mingle ;

“ And ’tis allow’d by Sir *John Pringle*,\*

“ A rare, and great production.

“ It hath been smuggled round the globe,

“ Beneath the petticoat and robe,

“ But not in such condition :

“ Ladies, and Gentlemen attend,

“ This Eel will prove a mutual friend,

“ And please-----on exhibition !”

\* Sir John Pringle hath repeatedly declared, he never saw any thing like it in all his practice among the whole College of Physicians.



Lord \* M---, to Kitty Frederick brought

An Eel---which was of no great note :

Then be nor coy---or filly !

But now repair to see, and feel---

Lord † Ch---l---y <sup>olunndely</sup> shows this wond'rous Eel,

And---lives in Piccadilly.

*CETERA DESUNT.*

\* This noble Peer of the verdant ribbon and north star, hath systematically proved, and by it, destroyed the fame of Euclid, by the plainest demonstration in life, that no man can raise a perpendicular at will---

*Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.*

† It is difficult to dermine where his Lordship procured this Eel:---it is given out that he found it in a river of Surinam, but I believe the Circumstance no more than Lady Grosvenor, or Mrs. E---l---t.

*Engleheart*



Lord's name to the Lord's name

An Act--which was of no great note

Then he wrote to the Lord

But now repeat to the Lord

Lord's name to the Lord's name

And--which is the Lord's name

THE END OF THE WORLD

The Lord's name to the Lord's name  
And he is the Lord's name to the Lord's name  
And he is the Lord's name to the Lord's name

And he is the Lord's name to the Lord's name

And he is the Lord's name to the Lord's name  
And he is the Lord's name to the Lord's name  
And he is the Lord's name to the Lord's name