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THE
OLD SERPENT'S REPLY

TO THE
ELECTRICAL EEL.

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.]

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T H E
O L D S E R P E N T ' S R E P L Y
T O T H E
E L E C T R I C A L E E L.

Ainsi d'Adam la Compagne imbécile,
Dans son Jardin vivant sans volupté,
Dis que du Diable elle eut un peu tâté,
Devint charmante, éclairée & subtile,
Telles que sont les Femmes de nos jours
Sans appeller le Diable à leurs secours.

VOLTAIRE.

Suppose the SERPENT hum'd old Adam,
And tempted too his weak, young Madam,
To eat of fruit most evil :---
Yet in these days ---the ladies can,
Deceive the very sagest man,
And do't without the Devil.

ANON.

L O N D O N :

Printed for M. SMITH, and sold by the Bookfellers near TEMPLE-BAR, and
in PATERNOSTER-ROW.

L, DCC, LXXVII.

THE
OLD SERPENT'S REPLY
TO THE
ELECTRICAL FELL

Ainsi d'Adam la Compagne ambécille,
Dans son Jardin vivant sans trouille,
Dis que du Diable elle eut un peu d'air,
Devant charmant, éclairé & subtil,
Telles que sont les Femmes de nos jours
Sans appeller le Diable à leurs secours.



Suppose the SERPENT
Had tempted too his woman
To eat of fruit most evil;
Yet in those days — the ladies say
Devise the very subtle man,
And do't without the Devil.

L O N D O N

Printed for M. Smith, and sold by the Booksellers near Temple-Bar, and
in Essex-street-Road.
M D C C I X X V I I

T H E

O L D S E R P E N T ' S R E P L Y

T O T H E

E L E C T R I C A L E E L .

WHEN that the news arriv'd in Hell,
Old Belzebub began to swell-----

An Eel from Surinam!

Shall he subvert my glorious fame?

For all that he can do---or claim,

I do not care---a d---n.

B

Shall

Shall I, who've shone for ages past,

Receive from a poor Eel this blast,

I, who have hum'd the world;

I, who led Eve to taste the tree,

And mended Adam's pedigree,

Be in oblivion hurl'd?

No, to the churches of the globe,

To all the heroes of the robe,

Priests, Parsons, Bishops, Clerks,

I will this great impostor show,

And ev'ry pulpit shall allow

He has no stellar sparks.

Who clear'd the fight of Eden's Madam,

Who found the way to Heav'n for Adam;

Who cuckold * with the p---?

* It is said by the Spaniards that all cuckolds go to Heaven; now this was kind in the Serpent to consider the little inclination husbands had to good works, and so he secured them a situation, in case they were too lazy to labour for it themselves. This is named in Spanish, Un Don Diégo de Néche. In this case, when we consider Adam's situation, we must say with the Spaniard, Por ésto es úno Cornúdo, porque púrden mas dos que úno. A man must be a cuckold, for two to one are odds. So was his case; and by this fornication human nature was inoculated for the emolument of Dr. Rock, Dr. C---h---w, T---k---s, &c.

Else had the race been white and vain,
 All had been Guelphs †, you'd seen no Cain,
 Or visage like Charles Fox.

Mortals, 'twas my electrick flash,
 To me you owe the charcoal dash,
 I blackingballed the Jew:

Or you'd been rul'd by tiny things,
 Such as at Court wear stars and strings,
 And make their bows at Kew,

I am the Serpent did trepan,
 The buxom Eve from the first man,
 And taught her joys of life:

Or else the marriage state had been,
 One pure, unclouded virtuous scene,
 Devoid of jar and strife.

† The fairest family in the world, in point of complexion and character: what have the Jews and Gentiles lost by the introduction of Cain; and what hath Mr. C. Fox gained?

At this he turn'd to Mrs. Sin *,

The picture of chaste Lady G-----:

“ Madam, you can declare,

“ That all I've said---you do believe,

“ That I debauch'd fair Lady Eve;

“ And Cain was my true heir.”

Then from his folds erect he grew,

And sulphur flames began to spew,

Like conjurors at wakes;

Whose mouths would ruin *Hartly's* † scheme,

And e'en defy his best tin'd beam,

Though fire did flame in flakes.

* Mr. John Milton, in his excellent poem of *Paradise Lost*, thus describes this handsome, filthy gentlewoman.

-----Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape;
The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair,
But ended foul in many a fold,
Voluminous and vast!

You have seen landladies in England answer such description, with comely faces and rotundity of voluminous fat.

† Mr. David Hartly, member for Hull, an ingenious, igneous gentleman, who with great labour and application hath contrived tin plates of so light and durable a quality, as to resist the power of fire. He has set on fire a number of self constructed houses on Wimbleton Common, in which his Majesty and Mr. Pinchbeck, and other men of science, have been roasted, without any bad effects, but came forth with their garments unscorched, as pure as the three Jewish virtuosi, who exhibited in the fiery furnace.

In liquid fire he roll'd about,
 Like BODEN * at some dogdays rout,
 And stutted sense and wit:
 All Acheron † confess'd his rage,
 Not Garrick's ‡ Richard on the stage,
 So much alarm'd the *pit*.

The fiends all squeez'd into a nook,
 And only dar'd askance to look,
 As school-boys eye sweet buns;
 But, had you seen each devil's squint,
 They prov'd themselves of patriot mint,
 All Johnny § Wilkes's sons.

* Mr. Boden, a man of singular bulk, virtue, honour, wit and honesty, famous for stammering out good things.

† Acheron, a river of Hell.

‡ When the histrionick luminary did perform, his love soothed, and his rage surprized beyond all other little men.

§ Though Mr. Wilkes has not a face, that Zeuxis would have made his Helen, of Crotona from, yet he has a mind and a heart that would do honour to the first personages of nature.

Non Angelus, sed Anglus ipse fores.

C

Calms

Calms will succeed the fellest storms,

And lions will be mute as worms;

So when his wrath was spent,

Still he repos'd, unmov'd by gust,

As men who've difembogu'd their lust,

Or Methodists in Lent.

Awhile in sleep the Serpent lay,

All Hell enjoy'd the holy-day---

For such repose was rare:

But when he wak'd, new vigour flush'd,

And to the chair of state he rush'd,

Like * Townsend when Lord Mayor.

* When this wise piece of petulance was bated by Wilkes and the friends of England, he would fret and champ and paw the ground: one Horne, a priest of much fedition, led him astray, and so ruined the cause of freedom and the people.

* High on a throne of burnish'd state

More bright than that of Ruffia's Kate,

With costly di'monds pinn'd:

Or dizen'd English birth-day Earls,

Or black Kings hung with whitest pearls,

Or Nabobs † of the Ind.

‡ He from despair thus high uplifted,

Beyond all hope of e'er being shifted,

Now let his treason out;

Insatiate as a wolf of Ruffia,

And mad for war as th' King of Pruffia,

Like Judd || began to spout.

* High on a throne of royal state, which far

Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind :-----

I have made a sort of parody on this, or rather travestie, I hope without offence to Satan or his readers.

The military, amorous amazon of the two Ruffias--When you look on the portrait of Semiramis--you wish her for the companion. Not the Semiramis of Mr. Askcough--I would not place an Empress in such company---or flatter her with such a poet.

† We have had no constellations of late, that have blazed like the stars of the eastern hemisphere. I wish Lord Pigot don't set---like stars that rise no more. But there are no stellar luminaries, that the Scotch aurora-borealis don't destroy---it flashes on every horizon.

‡ He, meaning---L'Enfant malin quitient sous son Empire

Le Genre humain, les anes, & les Dieux---

|| Mr. Deputy Judd, a gentleman of the city, whose name always conveys to the mind, the idea of subtlety and wit, brightness and radiancy; he is celebrated for a penchant showed him by a belle esprit, at Henley upon Thames. He is esteemed a great orator, and a singular genius.

“ Angels

“ Angels, and Ministers of Grace!

“ Ye Devils in or out of place,

“ Attend my sage oration :

“ Sir Fletcher * Norton in his wig,

“ Nor black brags Crosby look'd so big,

“ When pleading for the nation.

“ Shall I---who have for ages shone

“ The hero of this hellish Throne,

“ A blight of fame---now feel---

“ Shall all my Serpent-virtue sink,

“ And ev'ry Devil calmly wink

“ On this Electric Eel?”

No sooner had he utter'd this,

But one infernal Serpent-hifs,

Fill'd all the hellish space :

* Few men perhaps have been so celebrated for their delicacy of thinking and speaking as this elegant and illustrious noble : unless Mr. Crosby, who, when Lord Mayor, united ease with grace on every swan-hopping expedition, to the universal admiration of every lady of the city.

So at the Play-house I have seen
 An Author change blue, black, and green,
 When hissing was his case.

The Serpent like Cameleon turn'd,
 And with apparent vengeance burn'd,
 Nor hardly held his station :
 But what's disgrace on earth---below
 Is the first compliment they show,----
 Hissing is approbation.

So have I seen the Commons' house,
 So still, you might have heard a mouse,
 When witty Barry * rose :
 When good Lord North, (who's † well I trow)
 Would bite his lip, and beat his brow,
 And wipe his Tory-nose.

* Mr. Barry, perhaps is the severest and pleasantest satirist that ever debated in the senate.---He seems to have studied under the Phrygian Æsop---for he always winds up the debate, with a striking fable, and not inferior to the orators of Athens.

† This good man had an attack of a new sort, but the physicians said it was a distemper of an American sort.

But this---is wand'ring from the point,

Satan he shook in every joint,

But then it came from pleasure.

All in one moment filent were,

The deadeft filence---'twas from fear,

No hope had fiends of treasure.

No fecret fervice-money * there,

No bribing for a Member's chair,

No punch at an election :

No, they were devils of a kind,

All of one wicked, curfed mind,

Nor knew like men defection,

* Secret fervice-money, is money given to fuch good men in the fenate, whose confciences are tender---to remove their nice fcraples, when it is neceffary to put on their winter boots, to wade with the minifter through thick and thin, in the dirtieft time of the feafon.

No

No Card'nal Horne* could here perplex,

No Luttrell † stand for Middlefex---

And gut the bowel'd laws :

All were unanimous in fin,

And when the Serpent did begin,

All own'd and prais'd the cause.

In unanimity there's merit,

If it is a rebellious spirit---

Even in mortal trash.

So Franklin ‡ when he first design'd,

To free his friends---and human kind,

Gave them th' electrick flash.

* This prelate was so named, from a propensity to card-playing.

† Since this gentleman made so bad a stand for this county, we hope he hath been more successful in standing for other counties of the same name; or else his reputation is very ill fob'd.

‡ The celebrated republican---who is negotiating with France on the part of America. A great philosopher experimental and natural. But the Magi of England don't believe a word about it---though he invented a conductor to lead all fire from his own country into Britain---and which will in time destroy it---tho' Lord G--- G--- threatens to go over with a squadron of horse---and subdue these head-strong people. For my part I recommend it---for courage is much wanting--and it is a commodity that evaporates if not used. It is the smoak of the human soul---which goes out at the mouth or the tail.

Elated all received the stroke,
And off they threw the chafing yoke,

It darted through the soul :

Banners of freedom they unfurl'd,
Which spread around the western world,
And chear'd the icy pole.

Now, devils---since we're of one mind,
And ye are candidly inclin'd

To hear, as well as feel ;

Shall all my honours sink in dust,
Shall all my virtues run to rust,

In this Electrck Eel ?

In many a wreath---did I not twine,
Around the tree of life divine,

And of its fruit too grapple ;

Did I not win Eve's beauteous face,

Did I not damn the human race,

By giving her the apple? *

And has it not succeeded well,

Each gentle devil sure can tell,

As well as mortal tripes ;

For surely every moment since,

May every mortal man convince,

It gave the world the gripes,

That, that ye devils, was my stroke.

That, was your cunning Isaac's joke---

Against the human make :

* Mr. Otway, who was suffocated by a hot bunn after long fasting---thus records this event.

Happy awhile in paradise she lay,
 But quickly woman long'd to go astray :
 Some foolish new adventure needs must prove,
 And the *first devil* she saw, she chang'd her love.
 To his temptations lewdly she inclin'd
 Her soul, and for an *apple*---damn'd mankind.

If there's any faith in precedent or quotation, I think this puts it beyond a doubt.

E

And

And if the pippins virtues are
 What the old gard'ner did declare,

Men's guts will ever ache.

Was it not I---young Paris led
 To Menelaus' * lady's bed,

To please the wanton boy ?

And was it not that vig'rous stroke,
 That all the Grecian patience broke,

And humbled mighty Troy ?

Did I not too convey the fop,
 And place him upon Ida's † top,

To see, to feel---but hush !

* Mrs. Helen --- a gentlewoman of strong passions, and as difficult to rule as Mrs. B---- or Lady T---l---

† The judgment of Paris---this youth was no other than a Paris friseur---and was to decide on the merits of the ladies' hair. He said Venus had the most brush---for she had been lately under the doctor's hands for the small-pox, and was obliged to have her hair cut short---à la brufe.

And did he not with rapture swear,

Venus was of the three---most fair,

And had the finest brush ?

Who lost Marc * Anthony the world ?

Who from the throne Pompeia † hurl'd ?

What was Cleopatra's grasp ?

No longer to such stories heel,

It was no small Electrick Eel,

But my Elastick Asp. ‡

* Marc Anthony, Esq. a country gentleman of great fortune turned soldier---to get rid of a scold of a wife call'd Mrs. Fulvia---whom Mr. Cæsar, a colonel of the army, refused to kiss.---But Tony of Rome gave up his time to a lewd Queen of Egypt---who was not only gypsy enough to tell him his fortune, but to ruin it, by way of proving her divination. A certain general now cross the Atlantick leaves the army---and dissolves himself in the bewitching company of a fair and beauteous mistress---once celebrated for her elopement with an equestrian Peer ; so that the army, as usual, will be conquer'd by charms, and not by arms. It is an old method of subduing men, and a never failing one. *Le monde bien perdu---et tout pour l'amour.*

† Pompeia, the first wife of Julius Cæsar, Esq. to whom one Mr. Claudius, a brazier of Rome, got to bed---and Cæsar repudiated his lady. Drs. Harris and Marriot can give all the particulars in the Commons of this adulterous case.

‡ It is said, this extravagant *Cornellys* of the Nile, receiv'd the asp, just before she died---but whose asp---historians have not yet determined. A circumstance of this sort fell out between Mr. Holland, comedian, and the innocent, and idiotical Mrs. Baddeley. When that worthy gentleman was in the last stage of the small-pox, it was found necessary to comfort him with some bread and wine, which was declared to be the eucharistic ceremony---and the lady hearing it ; cried out---“ For heav'ns sake then let me out of the room until it's over.”

Who

Who brought old Jove to Dance's bed,

And gave her a gold cover-lid ?

Was it an Eel did this ?

The godhead there did not avail,

It was the Serpent in his tail,

That conquer'd wanton mis.

Who fill'd the noble Philip's * dame,

With more than an immortal flame ;

And pregnant made the bride ?

I was the luscious matron's pander,

'Twas I begot great Alexander,

For I---the god belied.

'Twas I that David Rizzio got,

To tune the beauteous royal Scot,

And fiddle round her bed :

* The mother of Alexander is said to have been begotten by Jove in the form of a fiery serpent.

Or she had reign'd with angels smiles,

The Queen of all these flowery isles,

Nor lost her silver head. *

Think ye---Elizabeth could feel

Or pleasure with a wriggling Eel,

When she for Effex sigh'd :

The royal wench requir'd a King ;

Had Effex worn Hans Carvel's ring,

The dotard ne'er had died.

I was the Hero of the sport,

In Charles the Second's bawdy court,

Where wit, like flint and steel

Flash'd from the mouth of Wilmot lewd,

Who had a cure for ev'ry prude,

But---it was not an Eel.

* When the hapless Mary of Scotland was beheaded by her jealous sister Queen of England, her hair when the executioner held up her head, was discerned to be white---not by years, but by sorrow.

Peg Woffington of standing fame,

For *** once confes'd a flame,

With lewd ideas big :

He came---he saw---he * overcame,

But while beneath she own'd her flame,

She call'd the Eel---a † Grig.

Is there a wife of Britain's shore,

That would have wish'd the name of whore,

Had she no other hope ?

Our ladies ne'er had ta'en such riggs,

Unless far better things than griggs :

Had tempted to elope.

* Veni---vidi---vici---were the words of Cæsar's letter on a victory---lovers have used them as emphatically, particularly when they overcame their opponent---and indeed overcome in English is far more comprehensive, than vici. How far the hero of this stanza was like Cæsar, or unlike Cæsar, can only be determined by Mrs. G-----.

† Mr. John Ash, Doctör of Laws---says in his new dictionary, that a grigg " is a
* small eel---or any thing below the natural size."

Think

Think ye that * Petersham's gay dame,
Had ever cool'd her Cyprian flame,

With Grig---or Conger Eel?

No---it requires--- or *** lies,

Something of more important size,

To make the wanton feel.

What carried P***y cross the main,

What made my Lady fight in vain,

But such † Gymnotus thing?

F----r had never won her Grace,

Had this poor breed of Chevy-chase ‡

Lov'd kissing more than King.

* This amazonian Messalina had conceiv'd a passion for a certain Captain of the ton, with whom she was at cards---and he having lost a guinea to her, she courteously return'd it to him again, which he gave back with a smile, saying, my Lady---that is not my price.

† A genus of fishes without or back or belly fins, which is a very natural description of this very uncommon phenomenon.

‡ When M'Donald the celebrated Highland chief was in town, being an old warrior and a singular gallant fellow, it was a fashion to have him at the houses of all the nobility---among the rest he paid his respects to the Earl of Northumberland, but as he was leaving the room---his Grace asked him if he had seen Lord Percy---the chieftain answered no---Lord Percy being sent for---and coming into the room---the Highlander survey'd him with a fixed astonishment, then turning to his Grace, he said---“ *In troth, your Grace, 'twas another kind of a chield that slew the Douglafs.*”

Had our sweet Prince of C-----

To Grosvenor's quarters dar'd to stand,

(Who's known to love, not loth)

But 'twas the Eel that fail'd him there,

The Serpent had stood by the Fair,

And scorn'd the bible oath.

Ye Devils dear, ye all can tell,

That ever since I reign'd in Hell,

I've made it all my plan,

To drive these little grigs away,

That woman might enjoy the play,

And serpent part of man.

With me this maxim never fails,

I give to little dogs---long tails,

To * Hercules---a grig.

* None will dispute this circumstance, that have seen the most celebrated statues of this god---for Hercules was ever drawn with small distinctions

The Roman * Priapus can prove,
 How much he won the Ladies love,
 And tickled ev'ry gigg.

In this I never miss my hit,
 Unless I mean to spoil a wit,
 Or make a fellow filly :

On cow-legs then I fet him high,
 To knock his head again the sky,
 Like Chom in Piccadilly.

At this, the Devils all burst out,
 In one tremendous, hollow shout,
 And made Hell's conclave ring.

On earth---thus blackguards show their glee,
 And roar for Wilkes and Liberty,
 Before---their †gruel K----

* Priapus was a god worshipped with the most enthusiastic zeal by maids and barren wives---the figure was made of brass---and stood before the worshippers with a lamp in the centre of the body.

† Gruel is an insipid liquor, recommended by Doctors to dilute and cleanse---it is made of Scotch oat-meal and blended with English water---'tis a drink that can do nor good or harm.

No Eel---no Eel---the Devils roar!

(It echo'd round the Stygian shore:)

When stiff the Serpent rose;

Erect he rais'd his coral head;

Like Chesterfield politely bred,

He never pick'd his * nose.

Then to his hell-hounds thus he spoke,

“ Ye hellish furies---I invoke!

“ I thank ye for this peal!---

“ It shows your sense, it proves your truth,

“ For there's no girl---that loves a youth,

“ That wishes him---an Eel.”

Cetera desideruntur.

† After Mr. Stanhope had attain'd the age of 18---and had finished his studies and travels---he came through Paris on his return to London. Where Lord Chesterfield wrote to him to this purpose; viz. “ Now that you have compleated your studies, and are a master of the classicks in Greek, Latin, Italian, and Spanish---and have attained every knowledge of the arts and sciences---the Belles Lettres, and other high accomplishments---I must beg to remind you---that you may avoid an indecency practis'd by your countrymen---the picking of your nose---it is a business that should be always done when offerings are dropped to the Goddess Cloacina.

