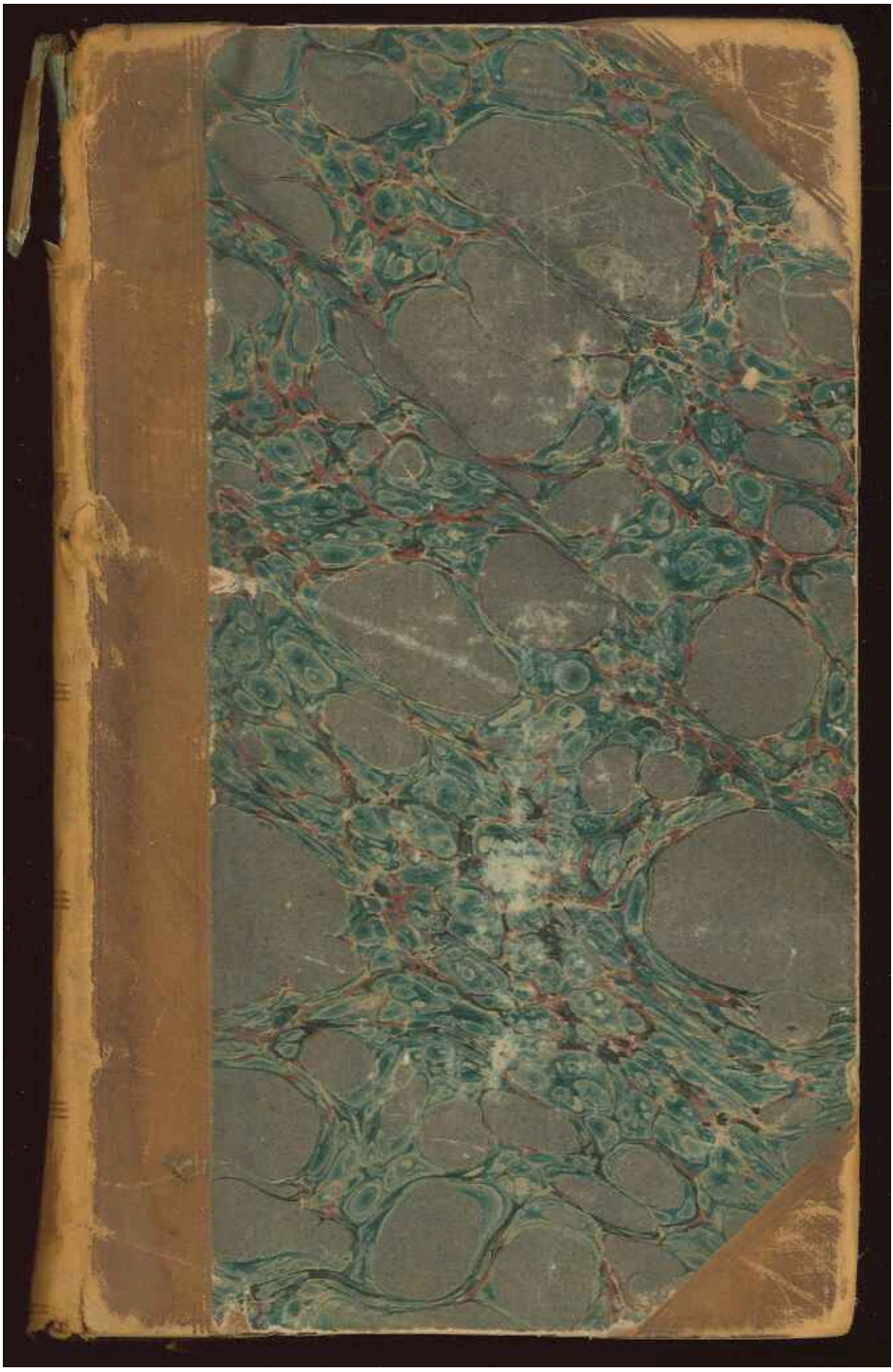


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A LECTURE ON HEADS

By Geo. Alex. Stevens

WITH ADDITIONS,
By Mr. Pilon

AS DELIVERED by Mr. Charles Lee Lewes.

TO WHICH IS ADDED, AN ESSAY ON SATIRE.
WITH FORTY-SEVEN HEADS By Nesbit, From Designs By Thurston.

1812.

titlepage (77K)

frontispiece (101K)

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

There having been several pirated editions published of this Lecture, it is necessary to describe their nature, and to explain the manner in which they were obtained; from which the public will judge, how much they have been imposed upon by the different publishers.

When the Lecture was first exhibited, a very paltry abridgment was published by a bookseller in the city. This edition was so different from the original delivered by Mr. Stevens, that he thought it too contemptible to affect his interest, which alone prevented him from commencing any legal process against the publisher for thus trespassing on his right and property.

Mr. Stevens, having exhibited his Lecture with most extraordinary success in London, afterwards delivered it, with a continuance of that success, in almost every principal town in England and Ireland. During this itinerant stage of its exhibition, it had received great additions and improvements from the hints and suggestions of Churchill, Howard, Shuter, and many other wits, satirists, and humourists, of that day. It therefore re-appeared again in London almost a new performance. This, I suppose, induced another bookseller in the Strand to publish his edition, with notes, written by a Reverend Gentleman: however this might be, Mr. Stevens obtained an injunction against the continuance of that publication; he was dissuaded from proceeding to trial by the interposition of friends, who persuaded the litigants, over a bottle, to terminate their difference; Mr. Stevens withdrew his action, and the publication was suppressed. I relate this circumstance from the authority of Mr. Stevens himself. The public will, no doubt, be surprised to find that this Lecture should ever have been pirated, by one who is now complaining of a similar act against himself. I am no advocate for any infringements of right or property; but I cannot avoid thinking, that

complaints of this nature come with a very ill grace from those who have committed the same species of literary depredations themselves. The last piratical publication of this Lecture was by a stationer in Paternoster-Row, who has had the assurance to use my name without having my authority, or even asking my permission. He likewise very falsely and impudently asserts, that he has published it as I spoke it at Covent-Garden theatre. It is so much the contrary, that it contains not a syllable of the new matter with which it was then augmented. With respect to the rest, it is taken from the spurious and very imperfect abridgment first mentioned in this piratical list. It is, therefore, evident, that the original Lecture was never before published until this opportunity which I have taken of thus submitting it to the Public, for their approbation and patronage, whose

Most humble and devoted servant

I am,

CHARLES LEE LEWES.

July 22, 1785.

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AN ESSAY ON SATIRE.

PROLOGUE,

Written By Mr. Pilon Spoken At The Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden, June 24, 1780.

All's safe here, I find, though the rabble rout
A few doors lower burnt the quorum out.
Sad times, when Bow-street is the scene of riot,
And justice cannot keep the parish quiet.
But peace returning, like the dove appears,
And this association stills my fears;
Humour and wit the frolic wing may spread,
And we give harmless Lectures on the Head.
Watchmen in sleep may be as snug as foxes,
And snore away the hours within their boxes;
Nor more affright the neighbourhood with warning,
Of past twelve o'clock, a troublesome morning.
Mynheer demanded, at the general shock,
"Is the Bank safe, or has it lower'd the stock?"
"Begar," a Frenchman cried, "the Bank we'll rob,
"For I have got the purse to bribe the mob."—
"Hoot awa, mon!" the loyal Scot replies,
"You'll lose your money, for we'll hong the spies:
"Fra justice now, my lad, ye shanna budge,
"Tho' ye've attack'd the justice and the judge."—
"Oh! hold him fast," says Paddy, "for I'll swear
"I saw the iron rails in Bloomsbury-square
"Burnt down to the ground, and heard the mob say,
"They'd burn down the Thames the very next day."
Tumult and riot thus on every side
Swept off fair order like the raging tide;
Law was no more, for, as the throng rush'd by,
"Woe to my Lord Chief Justice!" was the cry.
And he, rever'd by every muse so long,
Whom tuneful Pope immortaliz'd in song,

Than whom bright genius boasts no higher name,
Ev'n he could find no sanctuary in fame;
With brutal rage the Vandals all conspire,
And rolls of science in one blaze expire.
But England, like the lion, grows more fierce
As dangers multiply, and foes increase;
Her gen'rous sons, with Roman ardour warm,
In martial bands to shield their country arm,
And when we trembled for the city's fate,
Her youth stood forth the champions of the state;
Like brothers, leagu'd by nature's holy tie,
A parent land to save, or bravely die.
Did Britons thus, like brothers, always join,
In vain to crush them would the world combine;
Discord domestic would no more be known,
And brothers learn affection from the throne.
But know your Lecturer's awful hour is come
When you must bid him live, or seal his doom!
He knows 'tis hard a leader's post to fill
Of fame superior, and more ripen'd skill.
The blame will all be mine, if troops should fail,
Who'd lose their heads, but never could turn tail
Who no commander ever disobey'd,
Or overlook'd the signals which he made.
Under your auspices the field I take,
For a young general some allowance make;
But if disgracefully my army's led,
Let this court-martial then cashier my head.

ADDITIONAL LINES TO THE PROLOGUE, Spoken At Newbury, In Consequence Of Lady Craven Bespeaking The Lecture,

Who Had Published
Some Lines On Dreaming

She Saw Her Heart At Her Feet.

Written By Mr. Pratt.

'MIDST scenes like these, for so her lines impart,
The Queen of Benham lost that gem her heart;
Scar'd by the din, her bosom treasure flew,
And with it every grace and muse withdrew.
But far, or long, the wanderer could not roam,
For wit and taste soon brought the truant home!
One tuneful sonnet at her feet it sung,
Then to her breast, its snowy mansion, sprung;
Thither it went, the virtues in its train,
To hail the panting blessing back again.
On its fair throne it now appears as Queen,
And sheds its lustre o'er this humble scene;
Its radiant sceptre deigns o'er me to spread
The genial beams which fancy feign'd were fled.
Ah, no! her gentle heart this night is here;
Where'er 'tis wanted-you will find it there:
In vain the Muse shall fix it on the floor,
It knocks this ev'ning at the Lecturer's door,
And smiles, with him, that riot is no more.

LECTURE ON HEADS.

PART I.

Every single speaker, who, like me, attempts to entertain an audience, has not only the censure of that assembly to dread, but also every part of his own behaviour to fear. The smallest error of voice, judgment, or delivery, will be noted: "All that can be presumed upon in his favour is, *a hope* that he may meet with that indulgence which an English audience are so remarkable *for*, and that every exhibition stands so much in need *of*."

This method of lecturing is a very ancient custom; Juno, the wife of Jupiter, being the first who gave her husband a lecture, and, from the place wherein that oration was supposed to have been delivered, they have always, since that time, been called *curtain lectures*.

But, before I pretend to make free with other people's heads, it may be proper to say something upon my own, if upon my own any thing could be said to the purpose; but, after many experiments, finding I could not make any thing of my own, I have taken the liberty to try what I could do by exhibiting a Collection of Heads belonging to other people. But here is a head [shews Stevens"s head] I confess I have more than once wished on my own shoulders: but I fear my poor abilities will bring a blush into its cheeks. In this head Genius erected a temple to Originality, where Fancy and Observation resided; and from their union sprang this numerous and whimsical progeny. This is the head of George Alexander Stevens, long known and long respected; a man universally acknowledged of infinite wit and most excellent fancy; one who gave peculiar grace to the jest, and could set the table in a roar with flashes of merriment: but wit and humour were not his only excellencies; he possessed a keenness of satire, that made Folly hide her head in the highest places, and Vice tremble in the bosoms of the great: but now, blessed with that affluence which genius and prudence are sure to acquire in England, the liberal patroness of the fine arts, he now enjoys

that ease his talents have earned, whilst Fame, like an evening sun, gilds the winter of his life with mild, but cheerful beams. With respect, but honest ambition, I have undertaken to fill his place, and hope my attention and zeal to please, will speak in behalf of conscious inferiority.

p003 (31K)

A HEAD, to speak in the gardener's style, is a mere *bulbous excrescence*, growing out from between the shoulders like a wen; it is supposed to be a mere expletive, just to wear a hat on, to fill up the hollow of a wig, to take snuff with, or have your hair dressed upon.

Some of these heads are manufactured in *wood*, some in *pasteboard*; which is a hint to shew there may not only be *block-heads*, but also *paper-skulls*.

Physicians acquaint us that, upon any fright or alarm, the spirits fly up into the *head*, and the blood rushes violently back to the *heart*. Hence it is, politicians compare the human constitution and the nation's constitution together: they supposing the head to be the *court* end of the town, and the heart the *country*; for people in the country seem to be taking things to heart, and people at court seem to wish to be at the head of things.

We make a mighty bustle about the twenty-four letters; how many changes they can ring, and how many volumes they have composed; yet, let us look upon the many millions of mankind, and see if any two faces are alike. Nature never designed several faces which we see; it is the odd exercise they give the muscles belonging to their visages occasions such looks: as, for example; we meet in the streets with several people talking to themselves, and seem much pleased with such conversation. [*Here take them off.*] Some people we see staring at every thing, and wondering with a foolish face of praise, [*make a face here*]; some laughing, some crying. Now crying and laughing are contrary effects, the least alteration of features occasions the difference; it is turning *up* the muscles to laugh [*do so here*], and *down* to cry.

Yet laughter is much mistook, no person being capable of laughing, who is incapable of thinking. For some people suddenly break out into violent spasms, ha, ha, ha! and then without any gradation, change at once into downright stupidity; as for example-[*Here shews the example.*]

In speaking about faces, we shall now exhibit a bold face. [*Shews the head.*]

width="100%" />

p005 (43K)

This is Sir Whisky Whiffle. He is one of those mincing, tittering, tip-toe, tripping animalculæ of the times, that flutter about fine women like flies in a flower garden; as harmless, and as constant as their shadows, they dangle by the side of beauty like part of their watch equipage, as glittering, as light, and as useless; and the ladies suffer such things about them, as they wear soufflée gauze, not as things of value, but merely to make a shew with: they never say any thing to the purpose; but with this in their hands [*takes up an eye-glass*] they stare at ladies, as if they were a jury of astronomers, executing a writ of inquiry upon some beautiful planet: they imagine themselves possessed of the power of a rattle-snake, who can, as it is said, fascinate by a look; and that every fine woman must, at first sight, fall into their arms.—"Ha! who's that, Jack? she's a devilish fine woman, 'pon honour, an immensely lovely creature; who is she? She must be one of us; she must be comeatable, 'pon honour."—"No, Sir," replies a stranger, that overheard him, "she's a lady of strict virtue."—"Is she so? I'll look at her again—ay, ay, she may be a lady of strict virtue, for, now I look at her again, there is something devilish un-genteel about her."

p007 (92K)

Wigs, as well as *books*, are furniture for the head, and both *wigs* and *books* are sometimes equally voluminous. We may therefore suppose this wig [*shews a large wig*] to be a huge quarto in large paper; this is a duodecimo in small print [*takes the knowing head*]; and this a jockey's head, sweated down to ride a sweepstakes. [*Takes the jockey's head.*] Now a jockey's head and a horse's head have great affinity, for the jockey's head can pull the horse's head on which side of the post the rider pleases: but what sort of heads must those people have who know such things are done, and will trust such sinking funds with their capitals? These are a couple of heads which, in the Sportsman's Calendar, are called a brace of knowing ones; and, as a great many people about London affect to be thought knowing ones, they dress themselves in these fashions, as if it could add to the dignity of ahead, to shew they have taken their degrees from students in the stable, up to the masters of arts, upon a coach-box. [*Gives the two heads off, and takes the book-case.*]

The phrase of wooden-heads is no longer paradoxical; some people set up wooden studies, cabinet-makers become book-makers, and a man may shew a parade of much reading, by only the assistance of a timber-merchant. A student in the temple may be furnished with a collection of law books cut from a *whipping-post*; physical dictionaries may be had in *Jesuits' bark*; a treatise upon duels in *touchwood*; the history of opposition in *wormwood*; Shakespeare's works in *cedar*, his commentators in *rotten wood*; the reviewers in birch, and the history of England in *heart of oak*.

Mankind now make use of substitutes in more things than book-making and militia-men: some husbands are apt to substitute inferior women to their own ladies, like the idiot, who exchanged a brilliant for a piece of broken looking-glass; of such husbands we can only say, they have borrowed their education from these libraries, and have wooden, very wooden tastes indeed. [*Gives it off.*]

p009 (40K)

Here's a head full charged for *fun* [*takes the head*], a comical half-foolish face, what a great many upon the stage can put on, and what a great many people, not upon the stage, can't put off. This man always laughed at what he said himself, and he imagined a man of wit must always be upon the broad grin; and whenever he was in company he was always teasing some one to be merry, saying, "Now you, muster what do you call 'im? do now say something to make us all laugh; come, do now be comical a little." But if there is no other person will speak, he will threaten to "tell you a story to make you die with laughing," and he will assure you, "it is the most bestest and most comicallest story that ever you heard in all your born days;" and he always interlards his narration with "so as I was a saying, says I, and so as he was a saying, says he; so says he to me, and I to him, and he to me again;——did you ever hear any thing more comical in all your born days?" But after he has concluded his narration, not finding any person even to smile at what he said, struck with the disappointment, he puts on a sad face himself, and, looking round upon the company, he says, "It was a good story when I heard it too: why then so, and so, and so, that's all, that's all, gentlemen." [*Puts on a foolish look, and gives the head off.*]

p011 (45K)

Here is Master Jacky [*takes the head*], mamma's darling; when she was with child of him she dreamt she was brought to bed of a pincushion. He was never suffered to look into a book for fear of making him round-shouldered, yet was an immense scholar for all that; his mamma's woman had taught him all Hoyle by heart, and he could calculate to a single tea-spoonful how much cream should be put into a codlin tart. He wears a piece of lace which seems purloined from a lady's tucker, and placed here, to shew that such beings as these can make no other use of ladies' favours than to expose them. Horace had certainly such a character in view by his *dulcissime rerum*—"sweetest of all

things;" all essence and effeminacy; and that line of his—*Quid Agis, dulcissime rerum?* may be rendered, "What ails you, master Jacky?" As they have rivalled the ladies in the delicacy of their complexion, the ladies therefore have a right to make reprisals, and to take up that manliness which our sex seems to have cast off.

p012 (80K)

Here is a Lady in her fashionable uniform. [*Takes up the head.*] She looks as if marching at the head of a battalion, or else up before day to follow the hounds with spirit; while this lies in bed all the morning, with his hands wrapped up in chicken gloves, his complexion covered with milk of roses, essence of May-dew, and lily of the valley water. This does honour to creation; this disgraces it. And so far have these things femalized themselves, by effeminate affections, that, if a lady's cap was put on this head, Master Jacky might be taken for Miss Jenny [*puts a lady's cap on the head of Master Jacky*]; therefore grammarians can neither rank them as *masculine* or *feminine*, so set them down of the *doubtful* gender. [*Puts off the heads.*]

Among the multitude of odd characters with which this kingdom abounds, some are called generous fellows, some honest fellows, and some devilish clever fellows. Now the generous fellow is treat-master; the honest fellow is toast-master; and the devilish clever fellow he is singing-master, who is to keep the company alive for four or five hours; then your honest fellow is to drink them all dead afterwards. They married into Folly's family, from whom they received this crest, and which nobody chooses to be known by. [*Takes up the fool's cap.*]

p014 (45K)

This Fool's Cap is the greatest wanderer known; it never comes home to any body, and is often observed to belong to every body but themselves. It is odd, but the word nobody, and the term nothing, although no certain ideas can be affixed to them, are often made such use of in conversation. Philosophers have declared they knew nothing, and it is common for us to talk about doing nothing; for, from ten to twenty we go to school to be taught what from twenty to thirty we are very apt to forget; from thirty to forty we begin to settle; from forty to fifty we think away as fast as we can; from fifty to sixty we are very careful in our accounts; and from sixty to seventy we cast up what all our thinking comes to; and then, what between our losses and our gains, our enjoyments and our inquietudes, even with the addition of old age, we can but strike this balance [*Takes the board with cyphers*]—These are a number of nothings, they are hieroglyphics of part of human kind; for in life, as well as in arithmetic, there are a number of nothings, which, like these cyphers, mean nothing in themselves, and are totally insignificant; but, by the addition of a single figure at their head, they assume rank and value in an instant. The meaning of which is, that nothing may be turned into something by the single power of any one who is lord of a golden manor. [*Turns the board, shews the golden one.*] But, as these persons' gains come from nothing, we may suppose they will come to nothing; and happy are they who, amidst the variations of nothing, have nothing to fear: if they have nothing to lose, they have nothing to lament; and, if they have done nothing to be ashamed of, they have every thing to hope for. Thus concludes the dissertation upon nothing, which the exhibitor hopes he has properly executed, by making nothing of it.

p016 (61K)

This is the head of a London Blood, taken from the life. [*Holds the head up.*] He wears a bull's forehead for a fore-top, in commemoration of that great blood of antiquity, called Jupiter, who turned himself into a bull to run away with Europa: and to this day bloods are very fond of

making beasts of themselves. He imagined that all mirth consisted in doing mischief, therefore he would throw a waiter out of the window, and bid him to be put into the reckoning, toss a beggar in a blanket, play at chuck with china plates, run his head against a wall, hop upon one leg for an hour together, carry a red-hot poker round the room between his teeth, and say, "done first for fifty."

p017 (75K)

He was quite the thing, either for kicking up a riot, or keeping it up after he had kicked it up: he was quite the thing, for one day he kicked an old woman's codlin-kettle about the streets: another time he shoved a blind horse into a china shop—*that was damned jolly*: he was a constant customer to the round house: a terror to modest women, and a dupe to the women of the town; of which this is exhibited as a portrait. [*Take the head.*] This is the head of a Man of the Town, or a Blood; and this of a Woman of the Town, or a ———; but whatever other title the lady may have, we are not entitled to take notice of it; all that we can say is, that we beg Mirth will spare one moment to Pity; let not delicacy be offended if we pay a short tribute of compassion to these unhappy examples of misconduct; indeed, in the gay seasons of irregular festivity, indiscretion appears thus—[*takes off that, shews the other:*] but there is her certain catastrophe; how much therefore ought common opinion to be despised, which supposes the same fact, that betrays female honour, can add to that of a gentleman's. When a beauty is robbed, the hue and cry which is raised, is never raised in her favour; deceived by ingratitude, necessity forces her to continue criminal, she is ruined by our sex, and prevented reformation by the reproaches of her own. [*Takes it off.*] As this is the head of a Blood going to keep it up [*takes it off*], here is the head of a Blood after he has kept it up. [*Shews that head.*] This is the head of a married Blood—what a pretty piece of additional furniture this is to a lady of delicacy's bed-chamber: What then? it's beneath a man of spirit, with a bumper in his hand, to think of a wife: that would be spoiling his

sentiment: no, he is to keep it up, and to shew in what manner our London Bloods do keep it up. We shall conclude the first part of this lecture by attempting a specimen—[*puts on the Blood's wig*]: "Keep it up, huzza! keep it up! I loves fun, for I made a fool of my father last April day. I will tell you what makes me laugh so; we were keeping it up, faith, so about four o'clock this morning I went down into the kitchen, and there was Will the waiter fast asleep by the kitchen fire; the dog cannot keep it up as we do: so what did I do, but I goes softly, and takes the tongs, and I takes a great red-hot coal out of the fire, as big as my head, and I plumpt it upon the fellow's foot, because I loves fun; so it has lamed the fellow, and that makes me laugh so. You talk of your saying good things; I said one of the best things last week that ever any man said in all the world. It was what you call your *rappartées*, your *bobinâtes*. I'll tell you what it was: You must know, I was in high spirits, faith, so I stole a dog from a blind man, for I do love fun! so then the blind man cried for his dog, and that made me laugh; so says I to the blind man, 'Hip, master, do you want your dog?' 'Yes, sir,' says he. Now, only mind what I said to the blind man. Says I, 'Do you want your dog?' 'Yes, sir,' says he. Then says I to the blind man, says I, 'Go look for him.'—Keep it up! keep it up!—That's the worst of it, I always turn sick when I think of a parson, I always do; and my brother he is a parson too, and he hates to hear any body swear; so I always swear when I am along with him, to roast him. I went to dine with him one day last week, and there was my sisters, and two or three more of what you call your modest women; but I sent 'em all from the table before the dinner was half over, for I loves fun; and so there was nobody but my brother and me, and I begun to swear; I never swore so well in all my life; I swore all my new oaths; it would have done you good to have heard me swear: so then, my brother looked frightened, and that was fun. At last he laid down his knife and fork, and lifting up his hands and his eyes, he calls out, *Oh Tempora! oh Mores!*—'Oh ho, brother!' says I, 'what, you think to frighten me, by calling all your family about you; but I don't mind you,

nor your family neither—Only bring Tempora and Mores here, that's all; I'll box them for five pounds; here,—where's Tempora and Mores? where are they?—Keep it up! keep it up!"

END OF PART I.

PART II.

THE FIVE SCIENCES: ARCHITECTURE, PAINTING, POETRY, MUSIC, AND ASTRONOMY.

This is a small exhibition of pictures. These pictures are placed here to shew the partiality of the present times. Formerly seven cities contended for the honour of having Homer for their countryman; but as soon as it was known these sciences were born in England, the whole club of Connoiseurs exclaimed against them, saying, it was impossible that there could be any real genius among them, our atmosphere being too thick and too heavy to nourish any fine ideas. These sciences, being found out to be mere English, were treated as impostors; for, as they had not a handsome wife, nor sister, to speak for them, not one single election vote in their family, nor a shilling in their pockets to bribe the turnpike door-keeper, they could not succeed; besides, Chinese, zig-zag, and gothic imitations, monopolized all premiums: and the envy of prejudice, and the folly of fashion, made a party against them. They were so weak in themselves, as to imagine the merits of their works would recommend them to the world. Poor creatures! they knew nothing of the world, to suppose so; for merit is the only thing in the world not recommendable. To prevent starving, Architecture hired herself as a brick-layer's labourer to a Chinese temple-builder; Painting took on as a colour-grinder to a paper-stainer; Poetry turned printer's devil; Music sung ballads about the streets: and Astronomy sold almanacks. They rambled about in this manner for some time; at last, they picked up poor Wit, who lay ill of some bruises he had received one masquerade night.

p022 (84K)

p023a (64K)

p023b (54K)

As poor Wit was coming down the Haymarket, just as the masquerade was breaking up, the noise of a pickpocket was announced, upon which Buffoonery fell upon Wit, and mangled him most piteously. Invention stood Wit's friend, and help-ed him to make his escape to those Sciences. Now it happened that night, Lady Fashion had lost her lap-dog, which Wit found, and brought to these his companions, for whom Architecture built a little house; Painting made a portrait of it: Poetry wrote a copy of verses upon it, which Music put a tune to; and Astronomy calculated the dear creature's nativity; which so pleased Lady Fashion, that she recommended them to the house of Ostentation, but left Wit behind, because as wit was out of taste, Fashion would not have any thing to say to it. However, some of her Ladyship's upper servants invited Wit into the steward's room, and, according to the idea some folks have of Wit, they begged he'd be comical. One brought him a poker to bend over his arm; another desired he would eat a little fire for 'em before dinner; the butler requested a tune upon the musical glasses; my lady's woman desired he would tell her fortune by the cards; and the grooms said, "as how, if his honour was a wit, he could ride upon three horses at once." But before Wit could answer to any of these questions, the French governess belonging to the family came down stairs, and ordered Wit to be turned out of doors, saying, "Vat want you vid Vit, when you are studying à la Françoise? I'll vous assurez, I'll vous assurez, if you will have us for your masters, you must have no vit at all." [*The sciences taken off.*]

Poor Wit being turned out of doors, wandered about friendless, for it was never yet known that a man's wit ever gained him a friend. He applied himself to the proprietors of the newspapers, but upon their inquiring whether he understood politics, and being totally ignorant of them, they would not employ him. He enquired after Friendship, but found Friendship was drowned at the last general election; he went to

find out Hospitality, but Hospitality being invited to a turtle-feast, there was no room for Wit; he asked after Charity, but it being found that Charity was that day run over by a bishop's new set of coach-horses, he died broken-hearted, being a distemper which, although not catalogued in the Materia Medica, is very epidemical among beautiful women, and men of genius, who, having worn themselves out in making other people happy, are at last neglected, and left to perish amid age and infirmity, wondering how the world could be so ungrateful.

p026 (58K)

Here is the Head of a Connoisseur. [*Takes the head.*]—Though born in this kingdom, he had travelled long enough to fall in love with every thing foreign, and despise every thing belonging to his own country, except himself. He pretended to be a great judge of paintings, but only admired those done a great way off, and a great while ago; he could not bear anything done by any of his own countrymen; and one day being in an auction-room where there was a number of capital pictures, and, among the rest, an inimitable piece of painting of fruits and flowers, the Connoisseur would not give his opinion of the picture until he had examined his catalogue, and finding it was done by an Englishman, he pulled out his eye-glass [*Takes the eyeglass,*] "O, Sir," says he, "these English fellows have no more idea of genius than a Dutch skipper has of dancing a cotillion; the dog has spoiled a fine piece of canvas; he's worse than a Harp-Alley sign-post dauber; there's no keeping, no perspective, no fore-ground;—why there now, the fellow has attempted to paint a fly upon that rose-bud, why it's no more like a fly than I am like an a—a—." But as the connoisseur approached his finger to the picture, the fly flew away—His eyes are half closed; this is called the wise man's wink, and shews he can see the world with half an eye; he had so wonderful a penetration, so inimitable a forecast, he always could see how every thing was to be—after the affair was over.

p027 (77K)

Then talking of the affairs of administration, he told his lordship, that he could see how things were all along, they could not deceive him. "I can see if other people can't; I can see, if the ministry take the lead, they won't be behind hand." This man found out the only scheme that ever could be invented for paying off the national debt; the scheme that he found out, he discovered to the ministry as follows:

"Now, my lord duke, I have a scheme to pay off our nation's debt without burthening the subject with a fresh tax; my scheme is as follows: I would have all the Thames water bottled up, and sold for Spa water. Who'll buy it, you'll say? Why the waterman's company must buy it, or they never could work their boats any more: there's a scheme to pay off the nation's debt, without burthening the subject with a fresh tax." [*Takes the head off.*]

p029 (61K)

Here is a companion for that connoisseur; this is one of your worldly-wise men, wise in his own conceit; he laughed at all modes of faith, and would have a reason given him for every thing. He disinherited his only son because the lad could not give him a reason why a black hen laid a white egg. He was a great materialist, and thus he proved the infinity of matter. He told them, that all round things were globular, all square things flat-sided. Now, Sir, if the bottom is equal to the top, and the top equal to the bottom, and the bottom and the top are equal to the four sides, *ergo*, all matter is as broad as it is long. But he had not in his head matter sufficient to prove matter efficient; being thus deficient, he knew nothing of the matter. [*Takes off the head.*]

We shall now exhibit a Freeholder's Head in a very particular state—in a state of intoxication. [*Shews the head.*]

These pieces of money are placed like doors over the senses, to open and shut just as the distributor of the medicine pleases. And here is an election picture [*shews it*]: all hands are catching at this; 'tis an interpretation of that famous sentiment, "May we have in our arms those we love in our hearts." Now the day of election is madman's holiday, 'tis the golden day of liberty, which every voter, on that day, takes to market, and is his own salesman: for man at that time being considered as a mere machine, is acted upon as machines are, and, to make his wheels move properly, he is properly greased in the fist. [*Gives off the picture.*] Every freeholder enjoys his portion of septennial insanity: he'll eat and drink with every body without paying for it, because he's bold and free; then he'll knock down every body who won't say as he says, to prove his abhorrence of arbitrary power, and preserve the liberty of Old England for ever, huzza! [*Gives off the head.*]

The first contested election happened between the three goddesses upon Mount Ida, whose names were, Juno, Minerva, and Venus, when Paris was the returning officer, who decreed in favour of Venus, by presenting her with the golden apple. [*Takes up the money.*] Juno, on her approaching Paris, told him, that though it was beneath her dignity to converse with a mortal, yet, if he would be her friend, she would make him a nabob. Minerva told him how that learning was better than house and land, and if he would be her friend, she would teach him *propria quæ maribus*. But Venus, who thought it would be wasting time to make use of words, gave him such a look as put her in possession of the golden apple. The queen of beauty, out of gratitude to Paris, who had so well managed the election for her, made him a present of several slices of that golden pippin, and, in commemoration of that event, such slices have been made use of as presents at all other general elections; they have a sympathy like that which happens to electrical wires, let a hundred hold

them in their hands, their sensations will be the same; but they differ from electricity in one essential point, which is, that though the touch be ever so great, it never shocks people.

It is a general remark, that novelty is the master-passion of the English; nothing goes down without it, and nothing so gross, that it will not make palatable; the art therefore of insuring success in this town to every adventurer, is, to hit upon something new, as the phrase is; no matter what it is, it will prove equally attracting, whether it be a woman riding upon her head at Westminster-Bridge, or one without any head at all, debating upon politics and religion at Westminster Forum: but here, let not my fair countrywomen condemn me as an unmannerly satirist; we respect the taste and understanding, as much as we admire the beauty and delicacy of the sex; but surely no woman of sense would suppose we meant to offend her, if we said she was the most improper person in the world to be made a captain of horse, or a member of parliament.

p033 (52K)

This is the head [*takes the head*] of a Female Moderator, or President of the Ladies' Debating Society: she can prove to a demonstration that man is an usurper of dignities and preferments, and that her sex has a just right to participation of both with him: she would have physicians in petticoats, and lawyers with high heads and French curls; then she would have *young* women of spirit to command our fleets and armies, and *old* ones to govern the state:—she pathetically laments that women are considered as mere domestic animals, fit only for making puddings, pickling cucumbers, or registering cures for the measles and chincough. If this lady's wishes for reformation should ever be accomplished, we may expect to hear that an admiral is in the histerics, that a general has miscarried, and that a prime minister was brought to bed the moment she opened the budget.

This is the head [*shews it*] of a Male Moderator, and president of eloquence, at one of her schools in this metropolis. We have schools for fencing, schools for dancing, and schools at which we learn every thing but those things which we ought to learn: but this is a school to teach a man to be an orator; it can convert a cobler into a Demosthenes; make him thunder over porter, and lighten over gin, and qualify him to speak on either side of the question in the house of commons, who has not so much as a single vote for a member of parliament.

Here political tobacconists smoke the measures of government in cut and dry arguments; here opposition taylors prove the nation has been cabbaged; here sadlers, turned statesmen, find a curb for the ministry; here the minority veteran players argue that the scene ought to be shifted; that the king's household wants a better manager; that there is no necessity for a wardrobe-keeper; that his majesty's company are a set of very bad actors; and he humbly moves that the king should discharge his prompter. Some time ago, the president of this society had a great constitutional point to decide; but not acquitting himself to the satisfaction of the ladies, this spirited female seized the chair of state, and with the crack of her fan opened the business of the evening; declaring, as women had wisely abolished the vulgar custom of domestic employment, she saw no reason why their knowledge should be confined to the dress of a head or the flounce of a petticoat; that government, in peace and war, was as much their province as the other sex, nay more; with regard to peace, very little was to be expected where women did not rule with absolute sway; in respect to war, she insisted, at least, upon an equivalent, and quoted the examples of many heroines, from the days of Boadicea, who headed her own armies, down to Hannah Snell, who served in the ranks; she appealed to her auditors if, notwithstanding their plumes, that assembly had not as warlike an appearance as half the officers of the guards, and doubted not but they'd prove to have full as much courage, if ever put to their shifts. "In history and politics,"

continued she, "have not we a Macaulay? in books of entertainment, a Griffiths? and in dramatic works an author that, in the last new comedy of '*Which is the Man*,' disputes the bays with the genius of Drury? Ladies, were it possible to find a man that would dispute the eloquence of our tongues, I am sure he must readily yield to the superior eloquence of our eyes." The gallery cried 'Bravo!' the assembly joined in general plaudit; and Miss Susannah Cross-stich was chosen nem. con. perpetual president.

Before I put these heads on one side, I shall give a derivation of their title. Moderator is derived from *mode*, the fashion, and *rate*, a tax; and, in its compound sense, implies that Fashion advised these two to lay their heads together, in order to take advantage of the passion of the public for out-of-the-way opinions, and out-of-the-way undertakings. This head seems to be of that order that should inculcate the doctrine of charity, meekness, and benevolence: but, not finding his labours in the vineyard sufficiently rewarded, according to the value he sets upon himself, is now (like many of his functions) an apostate from grace to faction; and, with a political pamphlet in his hand, instead of a moral discourse, the pulpit is now become (as Hudibras expresses it) a drum ecclesiastic, and volunteers are beat up for in that place, where nothing should be thought of but proselytes to truth.

p038 (45K)

Among the many heads that have played upon the passions of the public, this is one [*takes the head'*] that did cut a capital figure in that way. This is the head of Jonas, or the card-playing conjuring Jew. He could make matadores with a snap of his fingers, command the four aces with a whistle, and get odd tricks. But there is a great many people in London, besides this man, famous for playing odd tricks, and yet no conjurers neither. This man would have made a great figure in the law, as he is so dexterous a conveyancer. But the law is a profession that does not want any jugglers. Nor do we need any longer to load our heads with

the weight of learning, or pore for years over arts and sciences, when a few months' practice with these pasteboard pages [*takes the cards*] can make any man's fortune, without his understanding a single letter of the alphabet, provided he can but slip the cards, snap his fingers, and utter the unintelligible jargon of 'presto, passa, largo, mento, cocolorum, yaw' like this Jonas. The moment he comes into company, and takes up a pack of cards, he begins, "I am no common slight-of hand man; the common slight-of-hand men, they turn up the things up their sleeves, and make you believe their fingers deceive your eyes. Now, sir, you shall draw one card, two cards, three cards, four cards, five cards, half a dozen cards; you look at the card at this side, you look at the card at that side, and I say blow the blast; the blast is blown, the card is flown, yaw, yaw: and now, sir, I will do it once more over again, to see whether my fingers can once more deceive your eyes. I'll give any man ten thousand pounds if he do the like. You look at the card of this side, you look at the card on that side; when I say blow the blast, the blast is blown, the card is shown, yaw, yaw." But this conjurer, at length discovering that most practitioners on cards, now-a-days, know as many tricks as himself, and finding his slights of hand turned to little or no account, now practises on notes of hand by discount, and is to be found every morning at twelve in Duke's-place, up to his knuckles in dirt, and at two at the Bank coffee-house, up to his elbows in money, where these locusts of society, over a dish of coffee and the book of interest, supply the temporary wants of necessitous men, and are sure to out-wit 'em, had they even the cunning of a... Fox!

p040 (44K)

Here is the head of another Fashionable Foreigner [*shews the head*], a very simple machine; for he goes upon one spring, self-interest. This head may be compared to a *disoblezeance*; for there is but one seat in it, and that is not the seat of understanding: yet it is wonderful how much more rapidly this will move in the high road of preferment than one of

your thinking, feeling, complex, English heads, in which honour, integrity, and reason, make such a pother, that no step can be taken without consulting them. This head, if I may be allowed to speak with an Irish accent, was a long time boasting of his *feats*: but the last *fète* he attempted proved his *defeat*; for, in springing too high, he got such a fall as would disgrace an Englishman for ever, and which none but a foreigner's head could recover.

Is it not a pity that foreigners should be admitted familiarly into the houses of the great, while Englishmen, of real merit, shall be thrust from their doors with contempt? An instance of which happened in the following picture—[*The picture brought, and he goes before it*.]

p042 (50K)

Here is an Opera Dancer, or Singer, maintained by us in all the luxury of extravagance; and in the back ground a maimed soldier and sailor, who were asking alms, and thrown down by the insolence of the opera singer's chairman; yet the sailor lost his arm with the gallant Captain Pierson, and the soldier left his leg on the plains of Minden. Instead of paying a guinea to see a man stand on one leg—would it not be better employed were it given to a man who had but one leg to stand on? But, while these dear creatures condescend to come over here, to sing to us for the trifling sum of fifteen hundred or two thousand guineas yearly, in return for such their condescension, we cannot do too much for them, and that is the reason why we do so little for our own people. This is the way we reward those who only bring folly into the country, and the other is the way, and the only way, with which we reward our deliverers. [*The picture taken off*.] Among the number of exotics, calculated for this evening's entertainment, the head of an opera composer, or burletta projector, should have been exhibited, could I have been lucky enough to hit upon any droll visage for that exhibition: but, after many

experiments, I was convinced that no head for that representation could be so truly ridiculous as my own, if this assembly do me the honour to accept it. [*Takes up the music-frame and book.*]

Suppose me, for once, a burletta projector, Who attempts a mock musical scrap of a lecture. Suppose this thing a harpsichord or a spinnet; We must suppose so, else there's nothing in it; And thus I begin, tho' a stranger to graces. Those deficiencies must be supplied by grimaces, And the want of wit made up by making of faces.

[*Changes wigs and sits down.*] Come, Carro, come, attend affetuoso, English be dumb, your language is but so so;

Adagio is piano, allegro must be forte,
Go wash my neck and sleeves, because this shirt is dirty
Mon charmant, prenez guarda,
Mind what your signior begs,
Ven you wash, don't scrub so harda,
You may rub my shirt to rags.
Vile you make the water hotter—
Uno solo I compose.
Put in the pot the nice sheep's trotter,
And de little petty toes;
De petty toes are little feet,
De little feet not big,
Great feet belong to de grunting hog,
De petty toes to de little pig.
Come, daughter dear, carissima anima mea,
Go boil the kittle, make me some green tea a.
Ma bella dolce sogno,
Vid de tea, cream, and sugar bono,
And a little slice
Of bread and butter nice.
A bravo bread, and butter
Bravissimo————-imo.

END OF PART II.

PART III.

[*Discovers two ladies on the table.*] In spite of all the sneers, prints, and paragraphs, that have been published to render the ladies' headdresses ridiculous, sure, when fancy prompts a fine woman to lead the fashion, how can any man be so Hottentotish as to find fault with it? I hope here to be acquitted from any design of rendering the ladies ridiculous; all I aim at is to amuse. Here is a rich dressed lady without elegance.—Here is an elegant dressed lady without riches; for riches can no more give grace than they can beget understanding. A multiplicity of ornaments may load the wearer, but can never distinguish the gentlewoman. [*Gives off the delicate lady.*] This is a representation of those misled ladies whose families having gained great fortunes by trade, begin to be ashamed of the industry of their ancestors, and turn up their nose at every thing mechanical, and call it *wulgar*. They are continually thrusting themselves among the nobility, to have it said they keep quality company, and for that empty qualification expose themselves to all the tortures of ill treatment; because it is a frolic for persons of rank to mortify such their imitators. This is vanity without honour, and dignity at second-hand, and shews that ladies may so far entangle the line of beauty, by not having it properly unwound for them, till they are lost in a labyrinth of fashionable intricacies. [*Gives the head off. Takes the head of Cleopatra.*]

p046 (57K)

Here is a real antique; this is the head of that famous demirep of antiquity, called Cleopatra, This is the way the ladies of antiquity used to dress their heads in a morning. [*Gives the head off.*] And this is the way the ladies at present dress their heads in a morning. [*Takes the head.*] A lady in this dress seems hooded like a hawk, with a blister on each cheek

for the tooth-ach. One would imagine this fashion had been invented by some surly duenna, or ill-natured guardian, on purpose to prevent ladies turning to one side or the other; and that may be the reason why now every young lady chooses to look forward. As the world is round, every thing turns round along with it; no wonder there should be such revolutions in ladies' head-dresses. This was in fashion two or three years past; this is the fashion of last year [*takes a head up*]; and this the morning headdress [*takes the head*] of this present *anno domini*. These are the winkers, and these are the blinkers. But, as the foibles of the ladies ought to be treated with the utmost delicacy, all we can say of these three heads, thus hoodwinked, is, that they are emblems of the three graces, who, thus muffled, have a mind to play at blindman's buff together. [*Gives the heads off.*]

p048 (36K)

We shall now exhibit the head of An Old Maid. [*Takes the head.*] This is called antiquated virginity; it is a period when elderly unmarried ladies are supposed to be bearing apes about in leading-strings, as a punishment, because, when those elderly unmarried ladies were young and beautiful, they made monkies of mankind. Old maids are supposed to be ill-natured and crabbed, as wine kept too long on the lees will turn to vinegar.

p049 (40K)

Not to be partial to either sex [*takes the head up*], as a companion to the Old Maid, here is the head of An Old Bachelor. These old bachelors are mere bullies; they are perpetually abusing matrimony, without ever daring to accept of the challenge. When they are in company they are ever exclaiming against hen-pecked husbands, saying, if they were married, their wives should never go any where without asking their

lords and masters' leave; and if they were married, the children should never cry, nor the servants commit a fault: they'd set the house to rights; they would do every thing. But the lion-like talkers abroad are mere baa-lambs at home, being generally dupes and slaves to some termagant mistress, against whose imperiousness they dare not open their lips, but are frightened even if she frowns. Old bachelors, in this, resemble your pretenders to atheism, who make a mock in public of what in private they tremble at and fall down to. When they become superannuated, they set up for suitors, they ogle through spectacles, and sing love songs to ladies with catarrhs by way of symphonies, and they address a young lady with, "Come, my dear, I'll put on my spectacles and pin your handkerchief for you; I'll sing you a love song; 'How can you, lovely Nancy!'" &c. [*Laughs aloud.*] How droll to hear the dotards aping youth, And talk of love's delights without a tooth! [*Gives the head off.*]

p050 (93K)

It is something odd that ladies shall have their charms all abroad in this manner [*takes the head*], and the very next moment this shall come souse over their *heads*, like an extinguisher. [*Pulls the calash over.*] This is a hood in high taste at the upper end of the town; and this [*takes the head*] a hood in high taste at the lower end of the town. Not more different are these two heads in their dresses than they are in their manner of conversation: this makes use of a delicate dialect, it being thought polite pronunciation to say instead of cannot, *ca'ant*; must not *ma'ant*; shall not, *sha'ant*, This clipping of letters would be extremely detrimental to the current coin of conversation, did not these good dames make ample amends by adding supernumerary syllables when they talk of *break-fastes*, and *toastesses*, and running their heads against the postasses to avoid the wild *beastesses*. These female orators, brought up at the bar of Billingsgate, have a peculiar way of expressing themselves, which, however indelicate it may seem to more civilized ears, is exactly conformable to the way of ancient oratory. The difference

between ancient and modern oratory consists in saying something or nothing to the purpose. Some people talk without saying any thing; some people don't care what they say; some married men would be glad to have nothing to say to their wives; and some husbands would be full as glad if their wives had not any thing to say to them. [*Gives the head off.*] Ancient oratory is the gift of just persuasion; modern oratory the knack of putting words, not things, together; for speech-makers now are estimated, not by the merit, but by the length of their harangues; they are minuted as we do galloping horses, and their goodness rated according as they hold out against time. For example, a gentleman lately coming into a coffee-house, and expressing himself highly pleased with some debates which he had just then heard, one of his acquaintance begged the favour that he would tell the company what the debates were about.

"About, Sir!—Yes, Sir.—About!—what were they debating about? Why they were about five hours long." "But what did they say, Sir?" "What did they say, Sir? Why one man said every thing; he was up two hours, three quarters, nineteen seconds, and five eighths, by my watch, which is the best stop-watch in England; so, if I don't know what he said, who should? for I had my eye upon my watch all the time he was speaking." "Which side was he of?" "Why he was of my side, I stood close by him all the time."

p053 (65K)

Here are the busts of two ancient laughing and crying Philosophers, or orators. [*Takes the two heads up.*] These in their life-time were heads, of two powerful factions, called the Groaners and the Grinners. *(Holds one head in each hand.)* This Don Dismal's faction, is a representation of that discontented part of mankind who are always railing at the times, and the world, and the people of the world: This is a good-natured fellow, that made the best of every thing: and this Don Dismal would attack his brother—"Oh, brother! brother! brother! what will this world

come to?" "The same place it set out from this day twelve-month." "When will the nation's debt be paid off?" "Will you pass your word for it?" "These are very slippery times—very slippery times." "They are always so in frosty weather." "What's become of our liberty?—Where shall we find liberty?" "In Ireland, to be sure." "I can't bear to see such times." "Shut your eyes then." [*Gives the heads off.*]

It may seem strange to those spectators [*takes the head*] who are unacquainted with the reasons that induce ladies to appear in such caricatures, how that delicate sex can walk under the weight of such enormous head-coverings; but what will not English hearts endure for the good of their country? And it's all for the good of their country the ladies wear such appearances; for, while mankind are such enemies to Old England as to run wool to France, our ladies, by making use of wool as part of their head-dresses [*lets down the tail and takes out the wool*], keep it at home, and encourage the woollen manufactory. [*Takes off the head.*]

But, as all our fashions descend to our inferiors, a servant maid, in the Peak of Derbyshire, having purchased an old tête from a puppet-show woman, and being at a loss for some of this wool to stuff out the curls with, fancied a whisp of hay might do. [*Takes the head.*] Here is the servant maid, with her new-purchased finery; and here is her new-fashioned stuffing. But, before she had finished at her garret dressing-table, a ring at the door called her down stairs to receive a letter from the postboy; turning back to go into the house again, the postboy's horse, being hungry, laid hold of the head-dress by way of forage. Never may the fair sex meet with a worse misfortune; but may the ladies, always hereafter, preserve their heads in good order. Amen.

p055 (66K)

Horace, in describing a fine woman, makes use of two Latin words, which are, *simplex munditiis*. Now these two words cannot be properly translated; their best interpretation is that of a young Female Quaker.

[*Takes the head.*] Such is the effect of native neatness. Here is no bundle of hair to set her off, no jewels to adorn her, nor artificial complexion. Yet there is a certain odium which satire has dared to charge our English ladies with, which is, plastering the features with whitewash, or rubbing rouge or red upon their faces. [*Gives the head off.*] Women of the town may lay on red, because, like pirates, the dexterity of their profession consists in their engaging under false colours; but, for the delicate, the inculpable part of the sex, to vermilion their faces, seems as if ladies would fish for lovers as men bait for mackerel, by hanging something red upon the hook; or that they imagined men to be of the bull or turkey-cock kind, that would fly at any thing scarlet. [*Takes the head off.*] But such practitioners should remember that their faces are the works of their Creator.—If bad, how dare they mend it? If good, why mend it? Are they ashamed of his work, and proud of their own? If any such there are, let 'em lay by the art, and blush not to appear that which he blushes not to have made them. If any lady should be offended with the lecturer's daring to take such liberties with her sex, by way of atonement for that part of my behaviour which may appear culpable, I humbly beg leave to offer a nostrum, or recipe, to preserve the ladies' faces in perpetual bloom, and defend beauty from all assaults of time; and I dare venture to affirm, not all the paints, pomatums, or washes, can be of so much service to make the ladies look lovely as the application of this. [*Shews the girdle of good temper.*]

p057 (90K)

Let but the ladies wear this noble order, and they never will be angry with me; this is the grand secret of attraction; this is the Girdle op Venus, which Juno borrowed to make herself appear lovely to her husband Jupiter, and what is here humbly recommended to all married folks of every denomination; and to them I appeal, whether husband or wife, wife or husband, do not alternately wish each other would wear this girdle? But here lies the mistake; while the husband *begs* his wife, the

wife *insists* upon the husband's putting it on; in the contention the girdle drops down between them, and neither of them will condescend to stoop first to take it up. [*Lays down the girdle.*]. Bear and forbear, give and forgive, are the four chariot-wheels that carry Love to Heaven: Peace, Lowliness, Fervency, and Taste, are the four radiant horses that draw it. Many people have been all their life-time making this chariot, without ever being able to put one wheel to it. Their horses have most of them got the springhalt, and that is the reason why married people now a-days walk a-foot to the Elysian fields. Many a couple, who live in splendor, think they keep the only carriage that can convey them to happiness; but their vehicle is too often the postcoach of ruin; the horses, that draw it are Vanity, Insolence, Luxury, and Credit; the footmen who ride behind it are Pride, Lust, Tyranny, and Oppression; the servants out of livery, that wait at table, are Folly and Wantonness; them Sickness and Death take away. Were ladies once to see themselves in an ill temper, I question if ever again they would choose to appear in such a character.

p059 (42K)

Here is a Lady [*takes up the picture*] in her true tranquil state of mind, in that amiableness of disposition which makes foreigners declare that an English lady, when she chooses to be in temper, and chooses to be herself, is the most lovely figure in the universe; and on the reverse of this medallion is the same lady when she chooses *not* to be in temper, and *not* to be herself. [*Turns the picture.*] This face is put on when she is disappointed of her masquerade habit, when she has lost a *sans prendre*, when her lap-dog's foot is trod upon, or when her husband has dared to contradict her. Some married ladies may have great cause of complaint against their husbands' irregularities; but is this a face to make those husbands better? Surely no! It is only by such looks as these [*turns the picture*] they are to be won: and may the ladies hereafter only wear such looks, and may this never more be known [*turns the picture*] only as a picture taken out of Æsop's Fables. [*Gives off the picture.*]

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

It is very remarkable there should be such a plentiful harvest of courtship before marriage, and generally such a famine afterwards. Courtship is a fine bowling-green turf, all galloping round and sweet-hearting, a sunshine holiday in summer time: but when once through matrimony's turnpike, the weather becomes wintry, and some husbands are seized with a cold aguish fit, to which the faculty have given this name—[*Shews the girdle of indifference.*] Courtship is matrimony's running footman, but seldom stays to see the stocking thrown; it is too often carried away by the two grand preservatives of matrimonial friendship, delicacy and gratitude. There is also another distemper very mortal to the honeymoon; 'tis what the ladies sometimes are seized with, and the college of physicians call it by this title—[*Shews the girdle of the sullens.*]

p061 (103K)

This distemper generally arises from some ill-conditioned speech, with which the lady has been hurt; who then, leaning on her elbow upon the arm-chair, her cheek resting upon the back of her hand, her eyes fixed earnestly upon the fire, her feet beating tattoo time: the husband in the mean while biting his lips, pulling down his ruffles, stamping about the room, and looking at his lady like the devil: at last he abruptly demands of her her,

"What's the matter with you, madam?"

The lady mildly replies,

"Nothing."

"What is it you mean, madam?"

"Nothing."

"What would you make me, madam?"

"Nothing."

"What is it I have done to you, madam?"

"O—h—nothing." And this quarrel arose as they sat at breakfast. The lady very innocently observed, she believed the tea was made with Thames water. The husband, in mere contradiction, insisted upon it that the tea-kettle was filled out of the New River.

p063 (81K)

From a scene of matrimonial tumult here is one of matrimonial tranquillity. [*Matrimonial picture brought on, and you go forward.*] Here is an after-dinner wedlock *tête-à-tête*, a mere matrimonial *vis-à-vis*; the husband in a yawning state of dissipation, and the lady in almost the same drowsy attitude, called, A nothing-to-doishness. If an unexpected visitor should happen to break in upon their solitude, the lady, in her apology, declares that "she is horribly chagrined, and most immensely out of countenance, to be caught in such a deshabille: but, upon honour, she did not mind how her clothes were huddled on, not expecting any company, there being nobody at home but her husband."

The gentleman, he shakes his guest by the hand, and says, "I am heartily glad to see you, Jack; I don't know how it was, I was almost asleep; for, as there was nobody at home but my wife, I did not know what to do with myself."

END OF PART III.

PART IV.

We shall now consider the law, as our laws are very considerable, both in bulk and number, according as the statutes declare; *considerandi, considerando, considerandum*; and are not to be meddled with by those that don't understand 'em. Law always expressing itself with true grammatical precision, never confounding moods, cases, or genders, except indeed when a *woman* happens accidentally to be slain, then the verdict is always brought in *man*-slaughter. The essence of the law is altercation; for the law can altercate, fulminate, deprecate, irritate, and go on at any rate. Now the quintessence of the law has, according to its name, five parts. The first is the *beginning*, or *incipiendum*; the second the *uncertainty*, or *dubitandum*; the third *delay*, or *puzzliendum*; fourthly *replication* without *endum*; and, fifthly, *monstrum et horrendum*.

All which are exemplified in the following cases, Daniel against Dishclout.—Daniel was groom in the same family wherein Dishclout was cookmaid; and Daniel, returning home one day fuddled, he stooped down to take a sop out of the dripping-pan, which spoiled his clothes, and he was advised to bring his action against the cookmaid; the pleadings of which were as follow. The first person who spoke was Mr. Serjeant Snuffle. He began, saying, "Since I have the honour to be pitched upon to open this cause to your Lordship, I shall not impertinently presume to take up any of your Lordship's time by a round-about circumlocutory manner of speaking or talking, quite foreign to the purpose, and not any ways relating to the matter in hand. I shall, I will, I design to shew what damages my client has sustained hereupon, whereupon, and thereupon. Now, my Lord, my client, being a servant in the same family with Dishclout, and not being at board wages, imagined he had a right to the fee-simple of the dripping-pan, therefore he made an attachment on the sop with his right-hand, which the

defendant replevied with her left, tripped us up, and tumbled us into the dripping-pan. Now, in Broughton's Reports, Slack *versus* Small wood, it is said that *primus strocus sine jocus, absolutus est provokus*. Now who gave the *primus strocus?* who gave the first offence? Why, the cook; she brought the driping-pan there; for, my Lord, though we will allow, if we had not been there, we could not have been thrown down there; yet, my Lord, if the dripping-pan had not been there, for us to have tumbled down into, we could not have tumbled into the dripping-pan." The next counsel on the same side began with, "My Lord, he who makes use of many words to no purpose has not much to say for himself, therefore I shall come to the point at once; at once and immediately I shall come to the point. My client was in liquor: the liquor in him having served an ejectment upon his understanding, common sense was nonsuited, and he was a man beside himself, as Dr. Biblibus declares, in his Dissertation upon Bumpers, in the 139th folio volume of the Abridgment of the Statutes, page 1286, where he says, that a drunken man is *homo duplicans*, or a double man; not only because he sees things double, but also because he is not as he should be, *profecto ipse* he; but is as he should not be, *defecto tipse* he."

p068 (55K)

The counsel on the other side rose up gracefully, playing with his ruffles prettily, and tossing the ties of his wig about emphatically. He began with, "My Lord, and you, gentlemen of the jury, I humbly do conceive I have the authority to declare that I am counsel in this case for the defendant; therefore, my Lord, I shall not flourish away in words; words are no more than filligree work. Some people may think them an embellishment; but to me it is a matter of astonishment how any one can be so impertinent to the detriment of all rudiment. But, my Lord, this is not to be looked at through the medium of right and wrong; for the law knows no medium, and right and wrong are but its shadows. Now, in the first place, they have called a kitchen my client's premises. Now a

kitchen is nobody's premises; a kitchen is not a warehouse, nor a wash-house, a brew-house, nor a bake-house, an inn-house, nor an out-house, nor a dwelling-house; no, my Lord, 'tis absolutely and *bona fide* neither more nor less than a kitchen, or, as the law more classically expresses, a kitchen is, *camera necessaria pro usus cookare; cum saucepannis, stewpannis, scullero, dressero, coalholo, stovis, smoak-jacko,pro roastandum, boilandum,fryandum, et plum-pudding mixandum, pro turtle soupos, calve's-head-hashibus, cum calipee et calepashibus*.

"But we shall not avail ourselves of an *alibi*, but admit of the existence of a cook-maid. Now my Lord, we shall take it upon a new ground, and beg a new trial; for, as they have curtailed our name from plain Mary into Moll, I hope the court will not allow of this; for, if they were to allow of mistakes, what would the law do? for, when the law don't find mistakes, it is the business of the law to make them." Therefore the court allowed them the liberty of a new trial; for the law is our liberty, and it is happy for us we have the liberty to go to law.

p070 (44K)

By all the laws of laughing, every man is at liberty to play the fool with himself; but some people, fearful it would take from their consequence, choose to do it by proxy: hence comes the appearance of keeping fools in great families. [*Takes the head.*] Thus are they dressed, and shew, by this party-coloured garment, they are related to all the wise families in the kingdom.

This is a Fool's Cap; 'tis put upon Nobody's head. Nobody's face is without features, because we could not put Anybody's face upon Nobody's head. This is the head of Somebody. [*Takes the head.*] It has two faces, for Somebody is supposed to carry two faces. One of these faces is handsome, the other rather ill-favoured. The handsome face is exhibited as a hint to that part of mankind who are always whispering among their acquaintance, how well they are with Somebody, and that Somebody is a very fine woman. One of those boasters of beauty, one

night at a tavern, relating his amazing amours, the toast-master called him to order, and a gentleman in a frolic, instead of naming any living lady for his toast, gave the Greek name of the tragic muse Melpomene; upon which the boaster of beauty, the moment he heard the word Melpomene, addresses the toast-master, "Oh! ho! Mr. Toastmaster, you are going a round of demireps. Ay, ay, Moll Pomene, I remember her very well; she was a very fine girl, and so was her sister, Bet Po-mene; I had 'em both at a certain house, you know where?" Can we help smiling at the partiality of the present times? that a man should be transported if he snares a hare, or nets a partridge, and yet there is no punishment for those whisperers away of ladies' reputations? But ill tongues would fall hurtless were there no believers to give them credit; as robbers could not continue to pilfer were there no receivers of stolea goods.

p072 (50K)

Here is the head [*takes it*] of Anybody, with his eyes closed, his mouth shut, and his ears stopped; and this is exhibited as an emblem of wisdom; and anybody may become wise, if they will not spy into the faults of others, tell tales of others, nor listen to the tales of others, but mind their own business, and be satisfied. Here is the head [*takes it*] of Everybody. [*Turns the head round.*] This is to show how people dread popular clamour, or what all the world will say, or what every body will say. Nay, there is not a poor country wench, when her young master the 'squire attempts to delude her, but will immediately reply to him, "Lord! —Your honour!—What will the world say?" And this, *what will the world say*, is what everybody is anxious after, although it is hardly worth anybody's while to trouble their heads with the world's sayings.

These four heads of Nobody, Everybody, Somebody, and Anybody, form a fifth head, called a Busybody. The Busybody is always anxious after something about Somebody. He'll keep company with Anybody to find out Everybody's business; and is only at a loss when this head stops his pursuit, and Nobody will give him an answer. It is from these four

heads the fib of each day is fabricated. Suspicion begets the morning whisper, the gossip Report circulates it as a secret, wide-mouthed Wonder gives Credulity credit for it, and Self-interest authenticates that, as Anybody may be set to work by Somebody, Everybody's alarmed at it, and, at last, there is Nobody knows any thing at all of the matter. From these four heads people purchase lottery-tickets, although calculation demonstrates the odds are so much against them; but Hope flatters them, Fancy makes them believe, and Expectation observes, that the twenty thousand pounds prizes must come to Somebody [*gives the head off*]; and, as Anybody may have them [*gives the head off*], and Nobody knows who [*gives the head off*], Everybody buys lottery-tickets. [*Gives the head off.*]

p074 (106K)

Most difficult it is for any single speaker long to preserve the attention of his auditors: nay, he could not continue speaking, conscious of that difficulty, did he not depend greatly on the humanity of his hearers. Yet it is not flattery prompts the lecturer to this address; for, to shew in how odious a light he holds flattery, he here exposes the head of flattery. [*Takes the head.*]

This being, called Flattery, was begat upon Poverty, by Wit; and that is the reason why poor wits are always the greatest flatterers. The ancients had several days they called lucky and unlucky ones; they were marked as white and black days. Thus is the face of Flattery distinguished; to the lucky she shews her white, or shining profile; to the unlucky she is always in eclipse: but, on the least approach of calamity, immediately Flattery changes into reproach. [*Opens the head.*] How easy the transition is from flattery into reproach; the moral of which is, that it is a reproach to our understandings to suffer flattery. But some people are so fond of that incense, that they greedily accept it, though they despise the hand that offers it, without considering the receiver is as bad as the thief. As every head here is intended to convey some moral, the moral of this

head is as follows: This head was the occasion of the first duel that ever was fought, it then standing on a pillar, in the centre, where four roads met. Two knights-errant, one from the north, and one from the south, arrived at the same instant at the pillar whereon this head was placed: one of the knights-errant, who only saw this side of the head, called out, "It is a shame to trust a silver head by the road side." "A silver head!" replied the knight, who only saw this side of the head, "it is a black head." Flat contradiction produced fatal demonstration; their swords flew out, and they hacked and hewed one another so long, that, at last, fainting with loss of blood, they fell on the ground; then, lifting up their eyes, they discovered their mistake concerning this image. A venerable hermit coming by, bound up their wounds, placed them again on horseback, and gave them this piece of advice, That they never hereafter should engage in any parties, or take part in any dispute, without having previously examined both sides of the question.

We shall now conclude this part of the lecture with four national characters.

p077 (52K)

Here is the head of a Frenchman [*shews the head*], all levity and lightness, singing and capering from morning till night, as if he looked upon life to be but a long dance, and liberty and law but a jig. Yet Monsieur talks in high strains of the law, though he lives in a country that knows no law but the caprice of an absolute monarch. Has he property? an edict from the Grand Monarch can take it, and the slave is satisfied. Pursue him to the Bastile, or the dismal dungeon in the country to which a *lettre de cachet* conveys him, and buries the wretch for life: there see him in all his misery; ask him "What is the cause?"

"*Je ne sçai pas*, it is de will of de Grand Monarch." Give him a *soupe maigre*, a little sallad, and a hind quarter of a frog, and he's in spirits. —"*Fal, lai, lai, vive le roy, vive la bagatelle*." He is now the declared enemy of Great Britain: ask him, "Why?—has England done your

country an injury?" "Oh no." "What then is your cause of quarrel?" "England, sir, not give de liberty to de subject. She will have de tax upon de tea; but, by gar, sir, de Grand Monarch have send out de fleet and de army to chastise de English; and, ven de America are free, de Grand Monarch he tax de American himself." "But, Monsieur, is France able to cope with England on her own element, the sea?" "*Oh! pourquois non?*" "Why not?"

p079 (51K)

Here is the head of a British Tar [*shews the head*]; and, while England can man her navy with thousands of these spirits, Monsieur's threats are in vain. Here is a man who despises danger, wounds, and death; he fights with the spirit of a lion, and, as if (like a salamander) his element was fire, gets fresh courage as the action grows hotter; he knows no disgrace like striking to the French flag; no reward for past services so ample as a wooden leg; and no retreat so honourable as Greenwich hospital. Contrast his behaviour with that of a French sailor, who must have a drawn sword over his head to make him stand to his gun, who runs trembling to the priest for an absolution—"*Ah, mon bon pere, avez pitié de moi!*" when he

should look death in the face like a man. This brave tar saw the gallant Farmer seated on his anchor, his ship in a blaze, his eye fixed on the wide expanse of the waters round him, scorning to shrink, waiting with the calm firmness of a hero for the moment when he was to die gloriously in the service of his country.

p080 (60K)

Here is the head of a Spaniard, [*Shews the head.*] But first I had better remove the Frenchman, for fear of a quarrel between the two allies. Now he has no dislike to England; he wishes, as Spain ever did, for peace with

England, and war with all the world; he remembers the latter end of the last war, the British fleets thundering in their ports, and the whole nation abhorring the French for the calamities brought upon them by an intriguing Italian cabinet. He was taken prisoner by the gallant Sir George Rodney; and the only favour he asked, upon coming to England, was not to be imprisoned with a Frenchman, detesting all connexion with that superficial, dancing, treacherous people. The Frenchman, vain and sanguine to the last, encourages his ally to persevere. *Attendre, attendre, mon cher ami.*—"Wait, my good friend, we shall get the game yet." "Certainly," replies the grave Don, "for we get all the rubbers." But, whilst these two are mourning over their losses by the war, here comes another to complete the procession of madness and folly.

p082 (50K)

This is the head [*shews it*] of Mynheer Van Neverfelt Large Breecho Love Cabbecho Dutch Doggero, a great merchant at Rotterdam; who had amassed an immense fortune by supplying the enemies of Great Britain with hemp, and who, if he had his deserts, should die as he has lived by it. He considers treaties as mere court promises; and these, in the vulgar acceptation of a pie-crust, whenever they cover any advantage, it is but breaking them, and down with friendship and honour in a bite. He looks upon interest to be the true law of nature, and principal a Sinking Fund, in which no Dutchman should be concerned. He looks upon money to be the greatest good upon earth, and a pickled herring the greatest dainty. If you would ask him what wisdom is, he'll answer you, Stock. If you ask him what benevolence is, he'll reply, Stock: and should you inquire who made him, he would say, Stock; for Stock is the only deity he bows down to. If you would judge of his wit, his whole Stock lies in a pipe of tobacco; and, if you would judge of his conversation, a bull and a bear are his Stock companions. His conduct to all men and all nations is most strikingly typified by Hogarth's Paul before Felix, in true Dutch gusto, where the guardian angel, Conscience, has fallen asleep, which Avarice,

in the shape of the devil, taking advantage of, saws asunder the legs of the stool upon which the apostle is exhibited standing. But the vengeance of Britain's insulted genius has overtaken him, in the east and in the west, and Holland has received blows, for her breach of compacts, she will remember as long as her dykes defend her from the encroachments of the ocean.

When men have eminently distinguished themselves in arts or arms, their characters should be held up to the public with every mark of honour, to inspire the young candidate for fame with a generous emulation. There is a noble enthusiasm in great minds, which not only inclines them to behold illustrious actions with wonder and delight, but kindles also a desire of attaining the same degree of excellence. The Romans, who well knew this principle in human nature, decreed triumphs to their generals, erected obelisks and statues in commemoration of their victories; and to this day the cabinet of the antiquarian preserves records of the victories of a Germanicus, the generosity of a Titus, or the peaceful virtues of an Antonius. Why then should not England adopt the practice of the Romans, a people who reached the highest pinnacle of military glory? It is true that some of our great generals have marble monuments in Westminster Abbey. But why should not the living enjoy the full inheritance of their laurels? If they deserve to have their victories proclaimed to the world by the voice of Fame, let it be when men are sensible to the sweetness of her trumpet, for she will then sound like an angel in their ears. Here is the head of a British Hero; a title seldom conferred, and as seldom merited, till the ardent valour of the youthful warrior is ripened into the wisdom and cool intrepidity of the veteran. He entered the service with the principles of a Soldier and a patriot, the love of fame, and the love of his country. His mind active and vigorous, burning with the thirst of honour, flew to posts of danger with a rapidity which gave tenfold value to his military exertions, and rendered his onsets terrible as resistless. No expedition appeared to him either difficult or impracticable that was to be undertaken for the good of the cause he had embarked in. Fortune too seemed enamoured of his valour, for she preserved his life in many

actions; and, though he cannot stretch forth an arm without shewing an honourable testimony of the dangers to which he was exposed, he has still a hand left to wield a sword for the service of his country. As he is yet in the prime of life, there is nothing too great to be expected from him. He resembles the immortal Wolfe in his fire and fame. And oh, for the good of England, that Wolfe, in his fortunes, had resembled Tableton!

END OF PART IV.

PART V.

We shall now return to the law, for our laws are full of returns, and we we shall shew a compendium of law [*takes the wig*]; parts of practice in the twist of the tail.—The depth of a full bottom denotes the length of a chancery suit, and the black coif behind, like a blistering plaister, seems to shew us that law is a great irritator, and only to be used in cases of necessity.

We shall now beg leave to change the fashion of the head-dress, for, like a poor periwig-maker, I am obliged to mount several patterns on the same block.

[*Puts on the wig, and takes the nosegay.*]

p087 (66K)

Law is law, law is law, and as in such and so forth, and hereby, and aforesaid, provided always, nevertheless, notwithstanding. Law is like a country dance, people are led up and down in it till they are tired. Law is like a book of surgery, there are a great many terrible cases in it. It is also like physic, they that take least of it are best off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman, very well to follow. Law is like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it; it is also like bad weather, most people are glad when they get out of it.

We shall now mention a cause, called "Bullum *versus* Boatum:" it was a cause that came before me. The cause was as follows.

There were two farmers; farmer A and farmer B. Farmer A was seized or possessed of a bull: farmer B was possessed of a ferry-boat. Now the owner of the ferry-boat, having made his boat fast to a post on shore,

with a piece of hay, twisted rope-fashion, or, as we say, *vulgo vocato*, a hay-band.

After he had made his boat fast to a post on shore, as it was very natural for a hungry man to do, he went up town to dinner; farmer A's bull, as it was very natural for a hungry bull to do, came down town to look for a dinner; and, observing, discovering, seeing, and spying-out, some turnips in the bottom of the ferry-boat, the bull scrambled into the ferry-boat: he ate up the turnips, and, to make an end of his meal, fell to work upon the hay-band: the boat, being eaten from its moorings, floated down the river, with the bull in it: it struck against a rock; beat a hole in the bottom of the boat, and tossed the bull overboard; whereupon the owner of the bull brought his action against the boat, for running away with the bull. The owner of the boat brought his action against the bull for running away with the boat. And thus notice of trial was given, Bullum *versus* Boatum, Boatum *versus* Bullum.

p089 (52K)

Now the Counsel for the bull began with saying, "My Lord, and you gentlemen of the jury, we are counsel in this cause for the bull. We are indicted for running away with the boat. Now, my Lord, we have heard of running horses, but never of running bulls before. Now, my Lord, the bull could no more run away with the boat than a man in a coach may be said to run away with the horses; therefore, my Lord, how can we punish what is not punishable? How can we eat what is not eatable? Or, how can we drink what is not drinkable? Or, as the law says, how can we think on what is not thinkable? Therefore, my Lord, as we are counsel in this cause for the bull, if the jury should bring the bull in guilty, the jury would be guilty of a bull."

The counsel for the boat observed that the bull should be nonsuited, because, in his declaration, he had not specified what colour he was of; for thus wisely, and thus learnedly, spoke the counsel.—"My Lord, if the bull was of no colour, he must be of some colour; and, if he was not of

any colour, what colour could the bull be of?" I over-ruled this motion myself, by observing the bull was a white bull, and that white is no colour: besides, as I told my brethren, they should not trouble their heads to talk of colour in the law, for the law can colour any thing. This cause being afterwards left to a reference, upon the award both bull and boat were acquitted, it being proved that the tide of the river carried them both away; upon which I gave it as my opinion, that, as the tide of the river carried both bull and boat away, both bull and boat had a good action against the water-bailiff.

My opinion being taken, an action was issued, and, upon the traverse, this point of law arose, How, wherefore, and whether, why, when, and what, whatsoever, whereas, and whereby, as the boat was not a *compos mentis* evidence, how could an oath be administered? That point was soon settled by Boatum's attorney declaring that, for his client, he would swear any thing.

The water-bailiff's charter was then read, taken out of the original record in true law Latin; which set forth, in their declaration, that they were carried away either by the tide of flood or the tide of ebb. The charter of the water-bailiff was as follows. "*Aquæ bailiffi est magistrates in choisi, sapor omnibus fishibus qui habuerunt finnos et scalos, claws, shells, et talos, qui swimmare in freshibus, vel saltibus reveris lakos, pondis, canalibus et well-boats, sive oysteri, prawni, whitini, shrimpi, turbutus solus*;" that is, not turbots alone, but turbots and soals both together. But now comes the nicety of the law; the law is as nice as a new-laid egg, and not to be understood by addle-headed people. Bullum and Boatum mentioned both ebb and flood to avoid quibbling; but, it being proved that they were carried away neither by the tide of flood, nor by the tide of ebb, but exactly upon the top of high water, they were nonsuited; but, such was the lenity of the court, upon their paying all costs, they were allowed to begin again, *de novo*.

p092 (55K)

This is one of those many thousand Heads [*takes the head*] who swarm in and about London, whose times and minds are divided between the affairs of state and the affairs of a kitchen. He was anxious after venison and politics; he believed every cook to be a great genius; and to know how to dress a turtle comprehended all the arts and sciences together. He was always hunting after newspapers, to read about battles; and imagined soldiers and sailors were only made to be knock'd on the head, that he might read an account of it in the papers. He read every political pamphlet that was published on both sides of the question, and was always on his side whom he read last.

And then he'd come home in a good or ill temper and call for his night-cap, and pipes and tobacco, and send for some neighbours to sit with him, and talk politics together. [*Puts on a cap, and takes the pipes and sits down.*]

p093 (69K)

"How do you do, Mr. Costive? Sit down, sit down. Ay, these times are hard times; I can no more relish these times than I can a haunch of venison without sweet sauce to it; but, if you remember, I told you we should have warm work of it when the cook threw down the Kian pepper. Ay, ay; I think I know a thing or two; I think I do, that's all. But, Lord, what signifies what one knows? they don't mind me! You know I mentioned at our club the disturbances in America, and one of the company took me up, and said, 'What signifies America, when we are all in a merry cue?' So they all fell a laughing. Now there's Commons made Lords, and there's Lords made the Lord knows what; but that's nothing to us; they make us pay our taxes; they take care of that; ay, ay, ay, they are sure of that. Pray what have they done for these twenty years last past?—Why, nothing at all; they have only made a few turnpike roads, and kept the partridges alive till September; that's all they have done, for the good of their country. There were some great people formerly, that lov'd their country, that did every thing for the good of their country;

there were your Alexander the Great—he lov'd his country, and Julius Caesar lov'd his country, and Charles of Sweedland lov'd his country, and Queen Semiramis, she lov'd her country more than any of 'em, for she invented solomon-gundy; that's the best eating in the whole world. Now I'll shew you my plan of operations, Mr. Costive.—We'll suppose this drop of punch here to be the main ocean, or the sea; very well. These pieces of cork to be our men of war; very well. Now where shall I raise my fortifications? I wish I had Mr. Major Moncrieff here; he's the best in the world at raising a fortification. Oh! I have it. [*Breaks the pipes.*] We'll suppose them to be all the strong fortified places in the whole world; such as Fort Omoa, Tilbury Fort, Bergen op Zoom, and Tower Ditch, and all the other fortified places all over the world. Now I'd have all our horse-cavalry wear cork waistcoats, and all our foot-infantry should wear air jackets. Then, sir, they'd cross the sea before you could say Jack Robinson. And where do you think they should land, Mr. Costive? whisper me that. Ha!—What?—When?—How?—You don't know.—How should you!—Was you ever in Germany or Bohemia?—Now, I have; I understands jography. Now they should land in America, under the line, close to the south pole; there they should land every mother's babe of 'em. Then there's the Catabaws, and there's the Catawaws; there's the Cherokees, and there's the ruffs and rees; they are the four great nations. Then I takes my Catabaws all across the continent, from Jamaica to Bengal; then they should go to the Mediterranean. You know where the Mediterranean is?—No, you know nothing; I'll tell you; the Mediterranean is the metropolis of Constantinople. Then I'd send a fleet to blockade Paris till the French king had given up Paul Jones; then I'd send for General Clinton and Colonel Tarleton; and—Where was I, Mr. Costive; with Tarleton;—Thank ye—so I was; but you are so dull, Mr Costive, you put me out. Now I'll explain the whole affair to you; you shan't miss a word of it. Now there is the king of Prussia and the empress of Russia, and the nabob of Arcot, and the king of the Hottentots, are all in the Protestant interest; they make a diversion upon all the Cham of Tartary's back setlements; then Sir Guy Carleton comes with a *circumbendibus*, and retakes all the

islands, Rhode Island and all; and takes 'em *here* and *there*, and *there* and *here*, and *every where*. There is the whole affair explained at once to you."

p097 (59K)

This is the head of a Proud Man: all heads in that predicament are unsound. This man was rich; and as wealth is a certain hot-bed to raise flatterers, he had enough of them; they told him he was every thing; he believed them, and always spoke in the first person, saying, I, I, I—I will have it so; I know it;—I, I—which puts one in mind of a school-boy toning out before his mistress's knees, I by itself I. Yet there is one piece of pride which may be thought excusable; and that is, that honest exultation of heart which every public performer feels from the approbation of his auditors; gratefully does he acknowledge their indulgence, and with sincerity declares that the utmost exertion of his abilities can never equal the favour of the public.

By way of Epilogue, here are two wigs. [*Takes two wigs.*] This is called the full-buckled bob, and carries a consequentially along with it: it is worn by those people who frequent city feasts, and gorge themselves at a Lord-Mayor's-show dinner; and, with one of these wigs on, their double chins rested upon their breasts, and their shoulders up, they seem as if they had eaten themselves into a state of indigestion, or else had bumpered themselves out of breath with bottled beer. [*Puts on the wig.*] "Waiter! bring me a ladleful of soup. You dog, don't take off that haunch of venison yet!—Bring me the lamb, a glass of currant jelly, and a clean plate. A hob-nob, sir." "With all my heart." "Two bumpers of Madeira!—Love, health, and ready rhino, to all the friends that you and I know."—On the contrary, these lank looks form the half-famished face. [*Puts on the Methodist hair, and takes the tub.*]

p098 (33K)

The floor of the world is filthy, the mud of Mammon eats up all your upper leathers, and we are all become sad soals. Brethren, (the word brethren comes from the tabernacle, because we all breathe therein), if you are drowsy I'll rouse you, I'll beat a tattoo upon the parchment case of your conscience, and I'll whisk the devil like a whirligig among you. Now let me ask you a question seriously. Did you ever see any body eat any hasty-pudding? What faces they make when it scalds their mouths! Phoo, phoo, phoo! What faces will you all make when old Nick nicks you? Now unto a bowl of punch I compare matrimony; there's the sweet part of it, which is the honey-moon: then there's the largest part of it, that's the most insipid, that comes after, and that's the water; then there's the strong spirits, that's the husband; then there's the sour spirit, that's the wife. But you don't mind me, no more than a dead horse does a pair of spectacles; if you did, the sweet words which I utter would be like a treacle posset to your palates. Do you know how many taylors make a man?—Why nine. How many half a man?—Why four journeymen and an apprentice. So have you all been bound 'prentices to madam Faddle, the fashion-maker; ye have served your times out, and now you set up for yourselves. My bowels and my small guts groan for you; as the cat on the house-top is caterwauling, so from the top of my voice will I be bawling. Put—put some money in the plate, then your abomination shall be scalded off like bristles from the hog's back, and ye shall be scalped of them all as easily as I pull off this periwig.

My attempt you have heard to succeed the projector, And I tremblingly wait your award of this lecture; No merits I plead, but what's fit for my station, And that is the merit of your approbation. And, since for mere mirth I exhibit this plan, Condemn, if you please—but excuse, if you can.

END OF THE LECTURE,

AN ESSAY ON SATIRE.

The vice and folly which overspread human nature first created the satirist. We should not, therefore, attribute his severity to a malignity of disposition, but to an exquisite sense of propriety, an honest indignation of depravity, and a generous desire to reform the degenerated manners of his fellow-creatures. This has been the cause of Aristophanes censuring the pedantry and superstition of Socrates; Horace, Persius, Martial, and Juvenal, the luxury and profligacy of the Romans; Boileau and Molière the levity and refinement of the French; Cervantes the romantic pride and madness of the Spanish; and Dorset, Gldharn, Swift, Addison, Churchill, Stevens, and Foote, the variety of vice, folly, and luxury, which we have imported from our extensive commerce and intercourse with other nations. We should, consequently, reverse the satirist and correct ourselves.

We should not avoid him as the detecter, but as the friendly monitor. If he speaks severe truths, we should condemn our own conduct which gives him the power.

It has frequently been observed, that the satirist has proved more beneficial to the correction of a state than the divine or legislator. Indeed he seems to have been created with peculiar penetrative faculties, and integrity of disposition, and a happy genius to display the enormity of the features, while it corrects the corrupt exercise of our vices. The legislator may frame laws sufficiently wise and judicious, to check and control villany, without the power of impeding the progress of vice and folly, while they are kept within the limits of only injuring ourselves. For law has no power to punish us for the vices which debilitate our constitution, destroy our substance, or degrade our character.

Nor can religion entirely extirpate vice, no more than she can even control folly. Her two principles, alluring to virtue by promise of reward, and dissuading from vice by threats of punishment, extend their

influence no farther than on those whose dispositions are susceptible of their impressions. So that we find numbers among mankind whose conduct and opinions are beyond her power. The atheist, who disbelieves a future existence, is not likely to check the exercise of his favourite vicious habits for any hope of reward or dread of punishment; and the debauchee, who, though he may not deny the truth of her tenets, yet is too much absorbed in his pleasures, to listen to her precepts, or regard her examples. Besides, there are many so weak in their resolution as not to be capable of breaking the fetters of habit and prepossession, although they are, at the same time, sensible of their destructive consequences. It is, therefore, that nature has implanted in us a sense which tends to correct our disposition, where law and religion are seen to have no power. This sense is a desire of public estimation, which not only tends to give mankind perfection in every art and science, but also to render our personal character respectable. It is this susceptibility of shame and infamy which gives satire its efficiency.

Without this sense of ourselves, the scourge would lose its power of chastisement. We should receive the lashes without a sense of their pain; and without the sense of their pain we would never amend from this affliction. From the desire of being approved and noticed, arises every effort which constitutes the variety of employments and excellencies the world possesses. It actuates the prince and the beggar, the peasant and the politician, the labourer and the scholar, the mechanic and the soldier, the player and the divine. In a word, there is not an individual in the community whose conduct is not influenced by its dictates. It is, therefore, not surprising that mankind should be so impressive to the power of satire, whose object is to describe their vices and follies, for the finger of public infamy to point at their deformities and delinquencies. Thus, where law cannot extend its awe and authority, satire wields the scourge of disgrace; and where religion cannot convince the atheist, attract the attention of the debauchee, or reform those who are subject to the power of habit and fashion, satire affords effectually her assistance. Satire reforms the drunkard, by exposing to the view of himself and the world the brutality of his actions and person when under

the influence of intoxication. Satire reforms, likewise, the inordinate actions of those who are not awed by the belief of future reward and punishment, by exposing them to infamy during their present existence. And those who are subject to the dominion of depraved habits satire awakens to a practice of reformation, from the poignant sense of being the derision and contempt of all their connexions; for there is no incentive so powerful to abandon pernicious customs as the sense of present and future disgrace. We may, therefore, conclude, that nothing tends so much to correct vice and folly as this species of public censure. Having thus made some observations on the general utility and necessity of satire, we shall proceed to examine which of its species is the most likely to be effective.

The most remarkable species of satire are, the narrative, dramatic, and picturesque; which have also their separate species peculiar to each. The narrative contains those that either reprove with a smile or a frown, by pourtraying the characteristics of an individual, or the general manners of a society, people, or nation; and are either described in verse or prose. The dramatic contains perfect resemblance, which is described by comedy; or caricature, which is described by farce. And the picturesque is what exercises the painter, engraver, and sculptor. In all these species the satirist may either divert by his humour, entertain by his wit, or torture by his severity. Each mode has its advocates. But we think that the mode should be adapted to the nature of the vice or folly which demands correction. If the vice be of an atrocious nature, it certainly requires that the satire be severe. If it be of a nature that arises more from a weakness of mind than depravity of feeling, we think it should be chastised by the lively and pointed sarcasms of wit; and, if the failing be merely a folly, it should only be the subject of humorous ridicule. With respect to determining which species of satire is the most preferable, the narrative of Horace and Juvenal, the dramatic of Aristophanes and Foote, or the picturesque of Hogarth and Stevens; we can best form our opinion from comparing their different defects and excellencies. As the narrative is merely a description of manners, it is devoid of that imitation of passion and character which gives effect to the dramatic.

But, as the language is more pointed, more energetic, and more elegant, it certainly must impress the reader more deeply. The dramatic, therefore, while it is calculated to affect more the spectator, is inferior to the narrative in the closet. The picturesque is more defective than either of the two former. It has only power to describe the action of an instant, and this without the assistance of reflection, observation, and sentiment, which they derive from their verbal expression.

We may, consequently, perceive that each species has defects to which others are not liable, and excellencies which the others do not possess.

Thus it is evident that a species of satire, which could blend all the advantages of all the three, can only be that which is adequate to the idea of perfect satire. This kind of satire is the Lecture on Heads. We cannot, therefore, be surprised that it should have been the most popular exhibition of the age. The heads and their dresses composed the picturesque: the assumption of character and dialogue by the lecturer, composed the dramatic; and the lively description of manners, the judicious propriety and pertinence of observation, composed the narrative. Thus did the genius of its author invent a species of entertainment which possessed excellencies that counterbalanced the defects of all other satirists, produced from the age of Aristophanes, who flourished four hundred and seven years before the Christian era, until his own time.

Having thus enforced the utility of satire in general, and specified the defects and properties of its particular kinds, we shall proceed to make a few observations on the peculiar merit of the Lecture on Heads. We have already seen that it possesses every quality of all other satires in itself: it only, therefore, remains to consider its wit, humour, character, and apparatus; which are its essensial properties. The wit of this Lecture is as various as the subjects which it satirises. Its brilliancy charms, its poignancy convicts while it chastises, and its pertinency always adorns the sentiment or observation it would illustrate. The variety of its species always entertains, but never satiates. Even puns please, from the aptness and pleasantry of their conceits. His wit is so predominant, that, if we

may be allowed the expression, it is discovered in his silence. A most striking example of this is where he uses the rhetorical figure called the Aposiopesis, or suppression, in displaying the head of a prostitute: he introduces it with saying, "This is the head of a woman of the town, or a ———; but, whatever other title the lady may have, we are not entitled here to take notice of it." Nothing can be more delicate than this suppression: it displays a tenderness and liberality to the frailty of female nature, which does as much credit to his feelings as to his genius.

We know not a more happy instance of giving expression to silence, or giving an idea without verbal assistance, than is contained in the above character.

The humour of this Lecture is grotesque, lively, and delicate; it varies its form with the character it ridicules. Nothing can surpass the humorous whimsicality of his situations and expressions; for they please as much from the fanciful manner in which he places the ridiculous to our view, as from the resemblance with which he so naturally describes the prototype. His description of a London Blood cannot fail to excite laughter in the features of the greatest cynic. The natural propensity which mankind has to laugh at mischief never was more happily gratified than from his describing this character *pushing a blind horse into a china-shop*. Had he chosen any other animal, the effect would not have been so great on his audience. If it had been an ass, it would have been attended with an idea of the obstinacy and the reluctance of this animal, which would have suggested its being too difficult; it would not, therefore, have excited, in any manner, the risible faculty. Had it been an ox, it would have connected with it the idea of too much fury and devastation to entertain with the picture. But choosing a blind horse, who, from his loss of sight and natural docility, may be easily supposed to be led into such a situation; the mind adopts the credibility, and enjoys the whimsical and mischievous consequence, while it condemns the folly and puerility of the Blood who occasioned it. It is this peculiar faculty of choice of subjects, situation, and assemblage, which constitutes the excellence of a humorist, which Stevens possessed in a

most eminent degree; for he displays it in almost every line of his Lecture. Indeed, in this art we know of none superior to him, except it be Shakespeare in some of his comedies, which are inimitable in every thing which relates to the *vis comica*. With respect to the characters of this Lecture, they are such as will be found to exist with human nature; except a few, who are described as the devotees to particular fashions; and such will always be found while vanity, luxury, and dissipation, exist in society. Therefore, from this universality of character, his Lecture will ever be worthy the perusal of every person who would wish to avoid being contemptible or ridiculous: for there is no person but may be liable to some vice or folly, which he will find exposed by this masterly, pleasant, and original, satirist.

His characters compose every part of the community. The old and young, rich and poor, male and female, married and unmarried, and those of every learned and unlearned profession, are the subjects of his whimsical, yet judicious and pertinent, censure.

Having thus made some general remarks on the wit, humour, and character, of this Lecture, it only remains for us to say a few words on its apparatus. This was merely the picturesque part of the satire, which gave that effect to the *tout ensemble*, which it would not otherwise have produced as a representation. It was by this appendage that Mr. Stevens was enabled to afford entertainment for nearly three hours without a change of person, although he changed his appearance. The apparatus was not only an ornament, but a visible illustration of what would otherwise have been only mental. It was, therefore, indispensable as a stage exhibition; for, to entertain an audience, the sight must be exercised as well as the mind. It is necessary to prevent languor, which will always be the consequence where reflection is more exerted than sensation. Thus, in every public exhibition, the senses of hearing and seeing should be gratified in every manner that is consistent with the nature of what is produced for the observation of the mind. But although this apparatus was necessary as a representation, it may be dispensed with as a closet satire: for, not being confined to read two or three hours,

we can shut the book whenever it becomes uninteresting, which we cannot at a public lecture. We are then confined to one place and one object during its performance. It is this which renders every lecture, that is not accompanied by some apparatus, so tiresome to the auditor. We, therefore, read such lectures as are upon literary Subjects with more pleasure than we hear them delivered. But lectures on anatomy, experimental philosophy, astronomy, and every other that admits of apparatus, we hear and see with much more pleasure and improvement than when we read them. In regard to the Lecture on Heads, as the apparatus is not necessary to make the reader comprehend the force and meaning of the satire more than he can from the words themselves, we make no doubt but its perusal will afford such pleasure as to increase its estimation, if possible, with the public. From a more close attention they will discover beauties of wit, humour, character, and imitation, that were not perceived during its representation: for the minds of an audience are very susceptible of being diverted from attending to what is represented before them.

The company whom they are with, or the attractions of others whom they see among an audience, frequently suspend the attention while it loses the greatest beauties of the performance. But, when we are reading a performance in our closet, whatever is capable of pleasing from its novelty, propriety, or excellence, is not liable to be lost from any obstruction or interference by other objects.

Consciousness, therefore, of the entertainment this Lecture will afford to the reader, as well as the auditor and spectator, is the chief inducement of submitting it thus, in its only original state, for his approbation.

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