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T H E
Univerſity Miscellany :

O R,

More Burning Work

F O R T H E

O X F O R D C O N V O C A T I O N :

Containing,

I. Two SPEECHES ſpoken in the Theatre by the *Terræ Filius* (Mr. R-----s of Magdalen-Hall) at the Publick Act, 1703.

II. *Oxford* INTRIGUES ; a Lampoon.

III. A Latin ODE, upon this Queſtion,
An coitum plus ardent Virgines vel Viduæ?

IV. The *Player's* EPILOGUE at their leaving the Univerſity this Summer.

The Second Edition, Corrected.

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. Baldwin near the Oxford-Arms
in Warwick-lane. 1713. Price 6 d.



Oxford, Oct. 2.

THIS Day being appointed for the Admission of a new Vice-Chancellor of the University, the Reverend Dr. Gardiner, Warden of All-Souls College, was by the Chancellor's Letter continued in that Office for the Year ensuing. And whereas an infamous Libel, entituled, The Speech that was intended to have been spoken by the *Terræ Filius* in the Theatre at Oxford, July 13. 1713. &c. written by an Author as yet unknown, had been lately spread in the University; the Vice-chancellor, after his Admission, proposed to the House of Convocation, That they would decree the said Libel to be burnt, which was readily agreed to in a very full Assembly of Doctors and Masters, who upon this Occasion, shewed a general Abhorrence of that scandalous Libel. Accordingly, it was immediately burnt before the whole University, in the Area near the Theatre, by the Marshal of the Beggars.



THE FIRST
S P E E C H

Spoken at the
Publick ACT

ANNO 1703.



QUÆSTIO. *An animæ rationales sint æquales? Anglicè, Whether a Fool and a Physician be the same? i. e. whether a Doctor talks like an Apothecary? But the Case is plain, and so I have done with the Question. But what makes all this Mob here? are the Vigo Tars to be treated with Musick? are any German Troopers to be made Doctors? No, no, there is an Act: actum est igitur de dispensationibus. Ubi vero est Reverendus Vice-cancellarius? Facta est alea, i. e. I shall run a great hazard, if I don't look to the Main-Chance. Where are the Doctors? Profugerunt (sicut par est) ex-*

A 2

+ This hints at Dr. Delaune Pr. of St. John's.

Tadlow teriti. † *Tadlous* evanuit; *Haltonus* expalluit; *St. Johny* Dr. Hoy, sicut ipse ait, agrotum invisit, vel *Fell: Dr.* quod ager optaverit, agrotat ipse. Dr. Mill *videtur.* hath made his last Will, but I fear will never have done with his Testament. *Avolaverunt una Prickettus, Sherwinus, C——s, tria, aequè veneranda capita. Rogerus, maritus biennalis, jam primum uxorum invisit, uxorem! calibem magis quàm castam, semper sine viro, nunquam sine Socio, nam illa est under Covert Baron, sicut Dr. Meares est under Covert Femme. En! Anglo-Gallo-Scoto-Hybernici Collegii Magistrum, Dionysii ad instar Pædagogum simul & Tyrannum, per omnia Pædagogum, nisi in Grammaticâ, Ludimagistrorum adulatorem, Generosorum Poacherum & Kidnapperum.*

As sage Sow-gelder roves the Country round
To force a Trade, when none at home is found,
With horny Blafts, and with harmonious whine
He first Seduces, and then Gelds the Swine;
From Town to Town so *Maunder* strolls about,
To drain the Schools, and toot the Pupils out;
From Birch and Grammar free the Youth
he'll fet,
That here at leisure they may All forget.

Hic est Brewerorum infelix impugnator, Cervise programmatialis defensor acerrimus & potator indefessus, in alienis explorandis diligentior Barefooto, in Alehouses adeundis frequentior Crandonio, in lupanaribus perscrutandis sagacior Tindallo. Cur autem

autem juvenum inspicit cubilia? an pellicem quaerit an Uxorem? cur Lectum potius quam Museum? Quia Thalamum melius intelligit quam Libellum; quia rem habuit cum Upholstero, non cum Bibliothecâ. Hic est ille, quem Uxor sola experta est castum, Hospites soli sobrium, Ludimagistri soli liberalem, Amici soli terribilem, Oppidani soli doctum, Woodroffius solus non dementem. p. 18.

These Reverend Fools each others Faults expose,
For an Estate which both have Right to lose.

Disputant enim Viri pauperrimi de 10000 Pounds, de testamento ambiguo insanunt. You'll say I'm mad too for talking thus; if I'm mad, I'll put in my Claim too; If I am not mad, I'll be Guardian to him that gets it. Horum alter was a good Divine before he had his Common-place-book burnt; a good Lawyer before he su'd in formâ pauperis; a rich Man before he marry'd a Fortune; and a good Jockey before his Horses were seiz'd; But now he hath not a Horse left, besides his white Nag in the Revelations; de quo albo equo, tanquam suo, strenuè litigat. Pseudo-propheta canus, somniorum somniator-Chronologico, Saxonico, Olympico, Hebraico, Quakeris habitans proximus; Vaticinatori simillimus, Helvicus temporizans, si ipsi credas, pateriti & futuri sciens, si mihi, presentis solum studiosus. Dom. Com. cries, Here take him,

*This is
abomina-
ble for
Ludow-
cum facit
is truly
to, espe-
cially in
an Acad-
mick.*

him, *J——ll*; but honest *Paul* was too busy in making a Doctor of *St. John's*, Chaplain to the House, only he found there was no Precedent for a Chaplain in a red Coat. Had he not tript to *Holland*, the Arch-Bishop had spoil'd his Dragooning; *raros gerit capillos, nec tamen suos; Cabrus & Cincinnatus, Doctor gladius, togatus Colonellus*. Sometimes you would take him for a Colonel, sometimes for a Chaplain to a Regiment, with a Rose in his Hat, blue Breeches, and a Furbelow-Scarf on, with his Bottle-Scruce in one Hand, his Snuff-box in t'other, and a Looking-glass in the Lid of his Common-Prayer Book. *Obese hispullæ procus macilentus, i. e. a lean Dog to a fat B——ch.*

They took so many Bumpers in a Hand,
That neither He nor She could speak or stand:
The panting Nymph inflam'd with Love and
Wine,
To her charg'd Stomack claspt the sleek
Divine,
Till the crude Treat disgorg'd, his Heat allays,
And damp't the Passion she design'd to raise.

Clerum hunc delicatulum excipit alter agrestis, inurbanus, smitheus quidam procerus, macilentus, rubicundus, temulentus & disciplinarius, a Friend to Hedges and A——p, illi versiculorum, illi vestium consutoribus, i. e. the one a Taylor, the other a Botcher: Vir in Collegio celebs,

caelebs, domi cornutus, foris adulter. Having done with the Divines, we proceed to the Physicians.—— *Quæritur igitur cur in Comitibus non disputant medicinæ Doctores? Respondeo, abest Tadolus, ne schola ruat; abest Ludwellus, quia discomminatur; abest Creedus, quia bibit Ox-Eyes cum Bedelli uxore; abest demum Anatomia Professor, because he's afraid to see a Skeleton. Ab ignoto Anatomia Professore transeo ad ignotissimum Chymia Professore Beeson, qui sese huc precipitavit cum periwiggo pulverizato & essentiâ consperso, ut Doctorem T——m sublimaret, & quasi Regulum faceret: credidisses illum a T——i uxore fuisse philtratum; perorabat sine Sale, sine Mercurio, sine Spiritu, quasi Laudanum hausisset T——m. T——s novissimum fecerat corpus mortuum. Beestonus designavit a Blindhead, jam verò cum phlegmate detortus decessit; quem semper malim esse volatilem quàm hîc fixus, nisi per potestatem visitationis possit rectificari. A Punnis transeo ad P. Punsteros, i. e.*

I turn to you, *Cantabrigienses,*
 Who came hither without it, to know what
 good Sense is.
 For want of poor Carrier you on foot did all
 jog on;
 Since he dy'd from a Cart, you are bilkt of
 your Waggon.

Habetis

Habetis Bibliothecam sine Libris, Scholam sine Disputationibus, Fontem sine Aquâ, Collegium sine Capellâ, Capellam sine Collegio, Capita sine Cerebro, Loculos sine Nummis, & Gradus sine Exercitiis; Gradus enim apud vos vendit Pro-cancellarius, confert Bedellus, Bedellus ille Watts,

Qui dum alto invehitur curru, attonitusque per urbem

Lollat ovans, pedes it Procan. non passibus æquis.

4 *i. e.* The Beadle carries his Staff in his own Coach before the Procan. who trudges after him on foot. I have two things more to tell you; one is, that none of you must expect to go out *ud eundem*, because some of you that were matriculated and bound Apprentices to Apothecaries 5 Years ago, and are now Graduates in Physick, tho' not out of your Apprenticeships. The other, That you must not expect to be treated, no, not so well as you did the German Princess in *Theatro Cantab. Anglicè* the Black Bear Inn. *Vacuas nobis apposuistis bottellas, vobis apponentur ne quidem vacuæ.* You may shew your Teeth, we'll take care you shan't bite.

T H E



THE SECOND

S P E E C H.

Gentlemen, you may be surpriz'd to see me here again ; but having lately received a Challenge from Dr. *T—p* for my last Performance, I thought no Place so fit to give him the Meeting in as the Theatre, being resolv'd to encounter him at any Weapon but his Physick, or to meet him at any Place but an Apothecary's Shop ; which naturally introduceth my Question, *An tempus sit ens reale? Anglicè,* Is not this a proper time to expose Coxcombs? And now we speak of Time, here is choice of new Almanacks; Almanacks! *Partridge's Almanack, Gadbury's Almanack, Oxford Almanack!* Poor *Arthur's Almanack!* *En viri eruditissimi, Capellani Regii, Prolegomenorum Mæcenatis, Manuscriptorum Evisceratoris, variorum lectionum vindicis, Literarum Columnæ!* *En opera quibus inclarescit omnia. En Bibliotheca quæ superest universa! præter libellos pictos, præter ligneos, præter Gazzettos, Mercurios, & Flying-postos; En Almanackam,*

*nackum à Judæo Nicholao inchoatum, à Germano promotum, à Scoto Dariensi consummatum, H—
—nii scholiis, Grabii illustrationibus, K—lii &
sagacioris Barcletti emendationibus correctum,
curâ demum reverendi Theologi Philomath. edi-
tum : Tanta molis erat to make an Almanack.*
But to recommend to you this Great Work,
I'll present you with a Copy of Verses out of
the Runick of *Elstobius*, attempted in *English*
by the joint Labours of those equally eminent
Historians and Poets, *Killingworth* and *Tyrrell*.

Patridge and *Rider*, like dull Fellows,
The Time for cutting Corns will tell us ;
This labour'd Piece instructs us better,
How to hire Nags, or send a Letter ;
Does Wonders passing strange declare,
That Caps are Caps, tho' round or square ;
But most the Author shews his Learning
In well the Carriers Inns discerning.
Rejoice ye *Queen's-Men* all and some,
Here you'll discover *Peter's* come,
Unless to spite this Work of *Arthur's*,
Like *Cantab.* Carrier he'll too——
bilk his Quarters.

*Sed quid tibi, bone vir, cum Carriers ? numquid
tibi apportant argenti ?* Pox, they don't bring
Money enough to pay the Post. Why here's
a Sample of his Packets now : — A Letter of
Thanks from the Calves-head Club, for sing-
ing *Te Deum* at *St. Mary's* on the 30th of *Ja-
nuary*,

uary, with a Postscript to Mr. S—*th* of the
 same College, with their Acknowledgment
 for his constant Omission on that Day at his
 Parish-Church. A Letter from *Partridge*,
 that *Good-Friday* did not fall out on a Wednes-
 day, as the most correct Edition of this Al-
 manack has it. Another from one *V—y*, con-
 cerning the Progress of the Reformation of
 Manners, in answer to the Doctor's concern-
 ing the Progress of Learning. Other Answers
 to Letters concerning Caps, Flies, Cafes of
 Conscience, *Vigo-men*, Duns, Preferments,
 &c. *Missum tandem faciamus egregium hunc*
virum; Academicum indoctissimum, Mæcenatem
pauperrimum, & Politicum ridiculè diligentem.
Pricketti comptatorem, Shervini Pupillum, Prin-
cipalis Meares, vel saltem filia tutorem; cui à
Medicis commendat T—um, è Jurisconsultis
Logganum, & è Theologis nunc St—m nunc
seipsum, hominem per omnia sibi sicut & aliis dis-
similem. Cum Aldrichio High Churchman,
cum Bentleio Low Churchman, cum Tindallo
no Churchman. Here Mr. K—l, take away
your Pack.— sed abeat cum sarcinis nugatif-
simus Institutor. Hactenus de literis quas acce-
pit, nunc de Epistolâ quam ad Vice-can. officiosus
detulit: A Letter granted by the Delegates
 at the request of Sir *E—d W—p*, in be-
 half of his Daughter and Grand-daughters,
 praying that they may be dispens'd with for
 their Non-residence this Act Term. *Causa est,*
quòd seriis quibusdam Nuptiarum negotiis rure

detenta, Commoditatum causâ interesse non poterint. Placetne vobis, Tutores? Placetne vobis Pupilli? Hæc dispensatio concessa est, & nos pronunciamus concessam, modò steterint in proximis Comitibus. Jam ingreditur rubicundus Præpositus, sicut semper, cum Annâ suâ, qui illius gratiâ commendat Eringos & Jelly Broths, & non mirum est quòd illa egeat Marito, cum ille egeat Soopo. Bonus Præpositus, melior Custos; Annam enim diligentius custodit quàm Collegium. Amat tanquam Virginem, observat tanquam Uxorem, amplectitur tanquam Meretricem. Interiori cubiculo clausam tenet, solus ut reseret. Arcet socios (heu!) non arcendos. Arcetiùs obsessam clam ad Newingtonam devectat: Annam gestat equa, illa Dominum. Sociis imperitat, quia sociorum Uxoribus. Tres ancillas jamjam duxerunt Vulcani; quartam Vulcano simillimam, nisi quòd sordidior. R——o tandem offert Annam, & quòd vix credas, nondum gravida. Jam demum purpuratus Adulter Annæ renanciavit simul & Whiggismo, dehinc futurus, sicut Doctõris Kerchevatti Galerus, semper idem.

A pruriente Præposito itur ad suum Præsulem, who hateth the Church exceedingly, nay he hateth it implacably, nay he hateth it worse than any thing in the whole World. Rationem queris cur tam infensus sit Ecclesiæ hostis? Why truly a Church stands in his way, and hinders the Prospect of his new Buildings; besides, he can't make any Sine Cure without pulling it down; the only thing that preserves
it

it is, that Sir H—y A——st now and then gives him a Meeting there. *Castratum vult Liturgiam, non seipsum nec St——m*, whose Picture, dress'd in a Pinner, hangs at the Bed's-foot, *cujus ad effigiem non tantum meire nefas est. Si Musæum inspicias, nihil horum expectes, ibi invenies Episcopum inter Calvinistas orthodoxum, Civem inter Monarchicos perduellem, inter Tauntones Academicum, inter Academicos Stamfordiensem; nolit enim Scholares matriculari, quia ad eundem presentand. sunt apud Sheriff-Hales secundum statuta Pembrochi-ana comprehensionis & occasionalis Conformitatis. Sed ne præteream amplissimam eorum hospitalitatem, cum commemorantur Tesdalius & Wightwickius Triobolarii Fundatores; tho' they are sworn Enemies to an Organ, they regale themselves with Crandon's Bagpipes. ——— Sed ubi sunt inceptores in Theologiâ! G——s ad Reverendissimum evolavit perjurius, Academia simul & Fidei renuncians. Joannes quidam H——d spem omnem deponens Custodiæ Mertonensis non vult procedere, quia it costs too much Money; pecuniam enim omnem collocavit in bribendo butlero pro double Coll. & Doctori cuidam rivali, ut Wardenum tolleret, qui cum venenum designaverit, tum primum Pharmacum dedit, periclitante Wardeno deprompsit Dick Walkers, 18 d. egrotante Magpie, 3 d. convalescente, Sage Tea, with an Essay against Sugar; confirmatâ demum valetudine in æternum silent Mertonenses. Sicut vero H——d drinks*

drinks Tea *sine* Sugar, so *N—s librum sine sale*; as *H—d* bribes the Butler without Pence, so *N—s* the Pastry-cook with his Works : But the College put his Dedication in Crust to make it go down, and it is a Sign they did not like it, because they threw it in his Dish.

Audite, Cantabrigienses, Candidatus sine Suffragio, Scriptor sine Lectore, Author sine Emp-tore, Prædicator sine Auditore, Maritus sine U-xore; in Convocatione bilinguis, in Ecclesiâ bifrons, in Collegio tantum bipes, in omnibus denique Proteus nequissimus. Cùm verò agatur de electionibus Proteo succedat frater T—ll, cum fanatico suo grege: sed unde tot conquistavit suffragia, nisi quòd in synodo Cleri iniquissimi semper dederint sua; unus nimirum omnium amicorum virtutes complexus est, Subwardeni vel Vice-comitis immotam in Ecclesiam fidem, L—i acumen, Rh—ii castitatem, P—i literaturam, Th—ii modestiam, Sc—i eloquentiam, Woodroffii poesin, N—i calibatam, B—i stirpem, S—i religionem, omnium denique comprehensivam pietatem.

But we'll dismiss his Herd on this condition,
Be *Th—p* their Taylor, or, what's worse,
Physician.

But you Gentlemen of Cambridge are very unkind, you must pardon us if we shew some little Resentment; 'tis very hard you should bring

bring Competitors for our Poetick Lectures :
For tho' the Great Q——g has wrote *Tetra-
stichon Heroicum*, yet our A——p *totidem ver-
sus conscripsit suos*. But let us see whether
A——p or Q——g hath the greater Right
to the Bays.

*Qui soli possunt obstant ingentibus ausis,
Tu Deus omnipotens & Tu Rex maxime Regum.*
Q——g *Præsul Magd. Coll.*
S.S. Theologiæ Professor.

But for convenience of Mr. B——s, the present
Poetry-Trustee, I'll translate them.

What, *Lewis*, are your Senses lost ?
To run your Head against a Post.
Sure as a Die you'll go to pot,
Jove and *K. Billy* can do—God knows what.

But methinks we can match them with an
Oxford Triplet as good, on a Cuckold, taken
out of the *Hirco-cervus*.

*En hilari multum Rhedecyna nota Popelli
Plurima in ore vaga notissima bellua fama ;
Cornutum vocitant homines, sed cornua nusquam.*

English'd thus for the fake of his Friend the
Surgeon.

Lo known to all this merry Town,
 Of wandring Fame a Beast well known,
 They say has Horns upon his Head:
 But where are Horns? ay where indeed.

*Ignoscite tamen, O Cant. si lauream A—o de-
 feramus, deteriori quidem Poeta, sed doctiori,
 prout accidit, Grammatico.*

But, Gentlemen, to shew you that Dr. C—t
 is not the only Man of Correspondence, I
 have just now receiv'd an *Oxford Gazette*,
 which I am desired to communicate as a
 Supplement to my Speech.

Oxford, July 10th. Here was great Ex-
 pectation of a Musick Speech; but it was put
 off at the earnest Desire of Mrs. Walker and
 the Lady P—e.

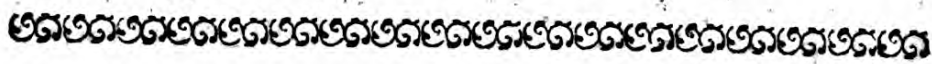
July 9th, Bal. Coll. This Day Dr. M—r
 sent for Dr. Fry to cure some College Books
 supposed to be troubled with an Apoplexy;
 but he succeeded in this as he doth in all
 other Cases.

We hear from *Christ Church* that they have
 whited their Spire against the Act, and in
 imitation thereof *Magdalen Hall* have painted
 their Gates, and are in hopes of seeing their
 Principal the next Act, which perhaps may
 be this time seven Years.

July 8th. The Tavern-keepers in *Oxford*
 have raised their Wine from 18 d. to 20 d. at
 the Instigation of Sir Richard Walker, Vint-
 ner.

ner. The Reason given is an extraordinary Blight of the Vintage in *Herefordshire*. The same Night his Lady, upon the addition of 2 *d.* in the Quart, thought fit to take place of some Countesses in the Side-box.

We hear Dr. G——ll, Canon of *Ch. Ch.* hath lately preached a Sermon concerning *Ideas*, but no body has had any *Idea* of his Sermon besides himself.



ADVERTISEMENT.

MR. *W-ft's* whole Edition of *Pindar* lying on the Bookseller's hands, is to be had at half Price, on which account this Author is said to have written his lamentable *Essay on Grief*.

A Satyr against the crying Sins of Hats and Pudding-sleeve Gowns, with a Sketch of a *Programma* against red Stockings, in a Sermon by the Reverend Mr. *E——b*, licens'd by *Roger*, not *L'Estrange*, but *M——r*.

There will shortly be publish'd a Treatise of Pairs by the Learned Master of *Un——ty College*, as an Appendix to his Almanack.

The grand Question discussed, how far Townsmens Wives may be discommoned.

Stolen or stray'd lately from *Cambridge*, several lean, bob-tail'd, crop-ear'd, lame Horses, some Brown, some Strawberry, supposed

to have been carried toward *Oxford* by some stroling Students and Fellow-Commoners. Whoever gives notice to the Mayor or Procan. of them or their Riders, shall have reasonable Charges.

Lost or mislaid several Boxes or Bundles, containing Paint, Patches, false Hair, false Teeth, Pomatum, and Allum-water, belonging to the Lady *P—e* and her Daughters; whosoever gives notice of them to Mrs. *H—t*, shall be well rewarded, because they can't stir abroad till they are found.

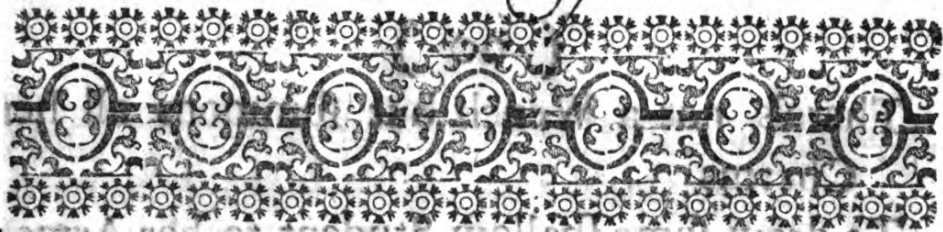
And now, Gentlemen, I think I have said enough to take a Trip to the Plantations; but that I may move off in Mode and Figure, *Quid existimas, Captain, de hac Questione, an Tempus est ens reale?*

Qui concionans metitur tempus per Hour-glass and makes nothing of it, & takes up Money super Bond, and pays neither Principle nor Interest, illi tempus est ens reale, sed datur quidam Head of a House, &c.

P.M. Dr. Woodroffius est quidam Head of a P. S. House. Sed Dr. Woodroffius, &c. Ergo,

P.M. Qui concionatur duller than H—e of Brazen Nose, and longer than H—r and H—s of Pembroke, concionatur per Hour-glass, and makes nothing on't. Sed Dr. Woodroffius. Ergo negatur minor.

Impossibile quidem est.



OXFORD INTRIGUES:

A

LAMP OON.

IN vain the learned Doctors rack
their Brains,

I Expound the Scriptures with
industrious Pains ;

In vain the sober Tutors swear and curse,
And spend in unregarded Chat their Hours ;

In vain they Syllogistically prove,
That 'tis a childish thing for Boys to love ;

Their Art will ne'er the giddy Youth reclaim,
They'll still hunt after Girls, be still the same,

Break off their Correspondence with the Nine,
And follow Ladies here, far less Divine.

But tell, my Muse, for thou can't justify
Each Woman's artificial Coquetry,

Whom we thro' wilful Ignorance deify.

C 2

}
There's

There's not a Wench but summons all her
Charms

To draw some shallow Student to her Arms ;
Patches, and paints with Art, to look more
fair,

T'entice to Marriage some young amorous
Heir ;

Ev'n *Ketty L*—— arm'd with Advantages
Of an old colour'd Scarf twice dy'd, can please.
The gawdy *Jay*, adorn'd with borrow'd
Plumes,

Feigns Visits, and about the City comes :

With wanton Trip and shattish Nod she goes
To Cousin *W--d*'s to show her last new Clothes.

With tilting Sleers and smiling Looks she greets
Each foppish empty Coxcomb that she meets,

And lest the sober Gown should wanton grow,
And greet her with a wisht-for Kiss or two,

In vain she scowers her nauseous hollow Teeth,
Uses Perfumes to cure her stinking Breath :

Still from her Mouth the infecting Air doth
fly,

An Antidote to Lust and Lechery.

What is't we look for in th' inconstant Sex ?

Born to molest us always and perplex.

What

What charming Goods, what tempting Quality,
Now Wit is laid aside, and Modesty?

In records by our Ancestors we're told,
Women were modest and reserv'd of old;

But Modesty is out of fashion grown,
They ev'n do tempt to Wickedness the Gown

To common Stews or Tavern they will go,
With a design to drink a Flask or two.

Thus manly Captain J—, as you may guess
By'r Pimples, and her fiery Face no less,
Will drink t' her share two Flasks, and never
marr it,

Then reel home late at Night, and spew clear
Claret.

But why, my Muse, wilt thou so tender be? }
Refuse to mention a whole Family? }

They are all Sisters in Iniquity :

With all the spight of hellish Fury blest,
Their damn'd malicious Tongues do never rest,

But scandal all the Ladies, if more fair,
And build on others Ruin their own Character.

Whence comes this gaudy Pomp and outside
Show?

To whom this great Magnificence they owe?

'Tis

'Tis not their Fortunes can suffice to buy
 Those few fine things; some Coxcomb does
 supply

With Necessaries the poor Family.

The noisy Rogue that does old Silver cry
 May for one Pound their Wardrobe dearly buy.

You'll find, if you but nicely view the House,
 A Pantry, but so poor 'twould starve a Mouse.
 You'll see, when thro' each humble Door you
 come,

Poverty reigns in every empty Room.

These are the Girls we blindly deify,
 Made up of Scandal and Impurity,

Impudence, Malice, Pride and Poverty.

Bring now fair *Esther*, who, where e'er she goes
 May easily be follow'd by the Nose;

With half a dozen Issues nightly drest,
 And something else (which shall be nameless)
 blest.

What Man of Sense above his Health can prize
 A painted Skin stuf full of Maladies,
 Or a fair Outside with an Inside foul,
 Like a Sir——ce in a gawdy Stool?

Conscious of all the Mischiefs she hath done,
 Her Mask where-e'er she goes is straight put on,
 To Mother *H-k-ts* daily she repairs,
 And lives upon the lech'rous Foreigners.

Bring

Bring next her Sister too, who has drawn in
 A long expected Woodcock to the Gin,
 Display her in her Airs of various kind,
 That he in his Amours has still been blind ;
 For I should think a Girl could never please,
 Plagu'd with a Rheumatism, or worse Disease.
 Nay, now she has him sure, 'tis ten to one
 But she'll make all his Bones ake like her own.
 Nay, and because already we've too few,
 Some Bawd or other has procur'd one new,
 Famous for her nice Dressing, Wit and Sense,
 But far more famous for her Impudence ;
 Of all the Qualities of Whores possess'd,
 Of all the worst her Tongue does never rest.
 Each Woman's Tongue is a tormenting Evil,
 Then she who all exceeds must be the Devil.
 Bring next the famous *S--ff--t* to the Bar,
 And all her Mob Retinue bring with her.
 Let *Mou--n* come, who can supply with ease
 All the Defects of Nature and Disease ;
 Who can with Paint her pocky Face set out,
 And please with artificial Dawb the easy Rout :
 Are then such common Strumpets of the Town
 Fit Company for one of her Renown ?
 She, if she don't prevent with timely Care,
 Will common grow, and lose her Character.

'Tis

'Tis not her radiant Skin and sparkling Eyes
Can guard her from the Town's malicious
Spies :

They'll soon the hidden Mysteries unfold,
And set her out like others to be sold :

She for a Fortune then no more must pass,
But must draw in that broken-winded Ass,
Who does so silly and so patient prove

To bear th' uneasy Load of her imperious Love.

Well may the prying and malicious Town
Observe *Su. H-k--ns* most familiar grown

With a handsom Clark of *Corpus*, 'tis well
known ;

By what bold Means th' Intrigue was car-
ry'd on,

Whence came this sudden Separation.

The Plot had well succeeded, had she Sense
To manage it, but she through Impudence,
And Leachery pusht on, did frantick move,
Expos'd to publick View her barefac'd Love.

Let not *Anne K——s* escape thy furious Zeal,
And let thy neighb'ring Bawd thy Fury feel ;
Let her no more unpunish'd keep the Trade ;

May she to all be an Example made :

Let all her pimping Tricks at length be known
Make her the publick Talk of all the Town ;

Tell

Tell them how this gay Bawd with subtle Arts
Entices Girls, and robs them of their Hearts,
And then bestows, without Remorse or Fear,
The Prize on some young cast-off Spark of
hers.

May her fond blinded Husband see her Sin,
And she no more in Kindness cuckold him ;
Cloy'd with the Pleasures of a marry'd Life,
And weary grown of being call'd a Wife :
When *D—ey's* gone, she prostitutes her
Charms,

Allures a Favourite *C—* to her Arms ;
Then he with strange Activity and Art
Supplies *D—k's* Place, and bravely play^s
his Part.

But let not vertuous Ladies punish'd be,
Let them be from such Imputations free,
Of scandalous Report and Infamy :
But only those who are so daring grown,
Who when they've sinn'd don't fear to make
it known :

But 'tis no wonder that such Whores as these,
Who are so well encourag'd, should encrease.
So much for these, behind does still remain
A num'rous, whorish, and remorseless Train.
I with impartial Truths have lash'd the best,
Let *Punch* the Beggar's Beadle whip the rest.



O D E

Dulcius quàm fit, putat esse mollis
Virgo quod nescit, fitis inde major
Cognitæ nondum Veneris Puellas

Torquet Adultas.

At recordantur Viduæ peractas
Cum Viris noctes, fitis inde major
Cognitæ dudum Veneris priores

Suscitat ignes.

Virgini ignosci Viduæne malis?
Illa quod nescit cupit experiri,
Hac quod experta est ardet, inde Virgo

Aquius ardet.



The Players Epilogue.

Spoken by Miss WILLIS.

OUR Plays concluding, now we change the
Scene,
And every Hero is Himself again:

CÆSAR

CÆSAR no more Rome's Liberty disputes,
 But doffs his Brilliant Buskins for his Boots.
 OTHELLO leaves his DESDEMONA undone,
 And ambles jocund on his Titt for London:
 He and IAGO now, like old Hail-fellows,
 May drown Dramatick Quarrels at an Alehouse.
 Ev'n spruce Sir COURTLY, late so nice and fine,
 Now condescends with dirty HOB to dine.
 Our Heroes too, tho' fine as Hands can deck 'em,
 Will soon their haughty Stomachs stay with
 Mutton Chops at Wickham.

For me, alas! I fear my Stomach's gone;
 Wou'd I had never seen this Book-learn'd Town!
 Not that you less to me than all are kind:
 But when I go, I leave my Heart behind.
 Our London Beaus are easily withstood:
 But here, I find, I am but Flesh and Blood.
 Oh! that this Heart, which ne'er yet felt Mishap,
 Must be subdu'd at length by Golden-tufted Cap!
 You've Masters here of Arts (I'm sure) unknown;
 'Tis not for nought you wear the Tissue-Gown.
 Is it in OVID's Art you learn to hide the Hook,
 Whilst you surprize and take us by the Book?
 Must of my Hopes, some Dowdy be Partaker?
 Must I resign you to a vile Bed-maker?
 Well, first I see, I must the Pain endure,
 And find out healing Salads for my Cure:
 Fail that, then fatal sure the Oxford Garb is,
 Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis
 herbis.

But hold! was ever such an heedless Elf,
 To talk of nothing but my slender self?

Beyond

*My Orders were, our humble Thanks to pay
For lavish Favours done to ev'ry Play.*

*Beyond our Hopes we've found a Welcome here,
And wish (with some of you) it might be ev'ry
Year :*

*'Tis hard, methinks, old Rules we should not
follow,*

Since semel in anno ridet APOLLO.

But since your learned Jubilees are scarce,

We must be humbly patient for some Years ;

Then I, perhaps, may see you less to Love inclin'd,

*And be reveng'd on all the Golden Tufts I leave
behind.*

FINIS.