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Bobbin, Tim.

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# HUMAN PASSIONS Sifted

*in above 120 Figures, Droll, Satirical, and Humorous:  
Designed in the Hogarthian Style, very useful for young Practitioners in Drawing.*

By Thos

Robin Author of the Lancashire Dialect.

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Robin inv. et del.

The Plates in this Book of Heads from No 1 to 4 are Published as the Act directs. May 1773.

J. Bowdler sculp.



*Publisd as the Act directs, May 1773.*

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## To his Subscribers,

Non-subscribers, to any Body, every Body, or No-Body,  
T. B. sends greeting.

THE said T. B. is apprehensive that some few of his Subscribers (other folks he cares little about) will think he has made too free with Pluralists, &c whilst others have plainly told him he cannot expose them too much: more he was unwilling to do than he has done, and less wou'd not have pleas'd the majority of his friends.

He believes also, one inquisitive person or another, will say, Who is this T. B.? where does he live? and what Business does he follow? He says mum — to the two last queries; but he thinks it a little incumbent upon him to answer ingenuously to the first, as it may in some sort apologize for his ludicrous draughts of that (shou'd be) Reverend Order the Clergy.

He's Lancashire born; and, by the bye, all his acquaintance agree, his wife not excepted, that he's an odd fellow.

In the reign of queen Ann he was a boy, and one of the nine children of a poor curate in Lancashire, whose stipend never amounted to thirty pounds a year; and consequently the family must feel the iron teeth of penury with a witness. These indeed were sometimes blunted by the charitable disposition of the good rector (the reverend Mr. H——n of W———n): so this T. B. lived as some other boys did, content with water-pottage, buttermilk and jannock, till he was between thirteen and fourteen years of age, when Providence began to smile on him in his advancement to a pair of Dutch-looms, when he met with treacle to his pottage, and sometimes a little in his buttermilk, or thinly spread on his jannock.

Hower, the reflections of his father's circumstances (which now and then start up and still edge his teeth) make him believe, that Pluralists are no good christians: that he who will accept of two, or more places of one hundred pounds a year, wou'd not say, *I have enough*, tho' he was pope Clement, Urban, or Boniface, cou'd affirm himself infallible, and offer his toe to kings. That the unequal distribution of church emoluments are as great a grievance in the ecclesiastical, as undeserv'd pensions and places are in the state; both of which, he presumes to prophecy, will prove canker-worms at the roots of those succulent plants, and in a few years cause leaf and branch to shrivel up, and dry them to tinder.

What can be greater tyranny in these diminutive popes, these luxurious lollers at ease, than to starve the far more laborious and religious part of their brethren, the lower clergy?

Or, how comes it, that all the pious instructions and florid preaching of our most learned divines, have not similar effects with the plain speeches of illiterate fishermen and mechanics on the first promulgation of the gospel? The answer is easy, for the reasons are plain: The life and doctrines of these last were of a piece; they had not, or wanted, the honours, power, or wealth of this world: they endured poverty, with all its biting attendants; run all hazards to reform the ignorance and follies of those times, by inculcating virtue, and truths appertaining to happiness in another life; so their audiences saw no reason to doubt but they believ'd what they taught; whilst our elevated ecclesiastics only now and then vouchsafe to point us out the road to future crowns of glory, whilst their mimic humility is content with mere dross — the pomps and vanities of this present world.

These oppressing Dignitaries shou'd blush, instead of complaining, that libertinism and freethinking drive on like jehu, whilst they court simony in public advertisements, make use of bribery to procure Dispensations, Pluralities, and Nonresidencies. The common people are not so hoodwink'd now as in times of yore: — They cannot but have some doubts of that religion which is only made a stalking-horse of by those who shou'd be their honest and holy guides. They see their actions — and know the marks they shoot at —.

Some of these dignitaries, it must be own'd, are more honest in one point than common, for they scorn that sneaking and fanatical sin of hypocrisy: they not only buy and sell the highest church-preferments without a blush, or prick of conscience, but they would establish Judaism by law, to please their court-patrons! — turn Mahometans for greater revenues: — or worship a Lama for — — — Hold, hold, — what will this Timothy say? Why the fool's growing angry because his father was poor; — but give him a — — — — — and he'll be as shush as a Bishop \* \* \* \* \* till then 'tis thought Timothy will do things his own way — — —.



T H E  
E X P L A N A T I O N  
O F  
The P L A T E S in the B O O K of H E A D S,  
E N T I T L E D  
H U M A N P A S S I O N S D E L I N E A T E D.

*Explantion of the FRONTISPIECE.*

**P** O O R Timmy keawrs in wofu fulky plight;  
His crap's aw done, an aw's e pieces quite!  
Wynte whistles in his empty bottil fooar;  
His jug is wawtit, glafs con ting no mooar.  
Mall-stick an pallet booath lye on the greawnd,  
Punch-bow's keel upport, an has lost its seawnd:  
Sad pleagues are theese—yets had be empty purse,  
Boh whot is that to that, ots ten times worse?  
For see!—the pyrates creep behunt an steyl  
What shou'd be clooas, an furnish e'ery meel.  
If that's naw wur, Tim s breans are addle groon;  
For mine is mine, an yoars is yoars, yo known.

Theese make his crook'd-rib bleawnge e doleso dumps,  
On winnaw speke be neither signs nor mumps:  
Hoo seys 'tis vein, an so hoo'l worch no mooar,  
An's thrown hur sleeve an knitting on the floor:

Hur wheel ne'er sturs, on winnaw yield a cop;  
On as for punch, Tim munnaw tutch a drop!—

Ah!—that oytch pyrate, with the will, had heart,  
With pistil cock'd, to ast the foot-pad's part:  
Then choance sometimes met throw the tyke his due,  
An clasp'd in ir'n, heng hee, for aw to view.

Boh sin the law is deawmp eh this sad kefe,  
On they steyl on, beawt redd'ning in the fece,  
Bowd methodist l'll turn, on thus presume  
Weh whining sob belch eawt their future doom.

*Theaw justice mey theese rogues, when deawn they're hurl'd,  
Cheer-men to eauthors in another world.*

*Explanation of PLATE 1 and 2.*

**F** O U R statesmen here, all plac'd and pension'd fit,  
Have drown'd all care, and murder'd patriot wit;  
Their bellies fill'd with wine, their chests with gold,  
Squeez'd from a nation which they've bought and sold.  
No conscience pricks;—no dread of public wrath;—  
They rob like Orford, or an earl of Bath!  
A groaning nation breaks no silken ease,  
And only study how l--d B--te to please:  
Thus warm'd within the down of regal wing,  
Whilst England mourns, her statesmen laugh and sing.  
O Britain's guardian, when wilt thou awake,  
And on such vipers deadly vengeance take?

He pull'd, the patient follow'd fast,  
Like Towzer in a string.

6.

He mis'd at first, but try'd again,  
Then clap'd his foot o'th' chin;  
He pull'd—the patient roar'd with pain,  
And hideously did grin.

But lo!—capricious fortune frown'd,  
And broke the clewkin string,  
And threw him backwards on the ground,  
His head made floor to ring.

7.

An old wife next, with wrapt-up jaw,  
And her last tooth, did come:  
This tooth, thought he, I soon can draw,  
And gain some credit from.

So he the pincers took in hand,  
And pull'd with might and main,  
But these slipp'd off, we understand,  
Which much increas'd the pain.

This made the doctor cast about,  
And muse—in doleful dumps:  
If fast with large teeth drawing out,  
What must I do with stumps?

He puzz'ling star'd; next man, thought he,  
I'll try the string again;  
The knack I've found most certainly  
To do't with little pain.

8.

Now string's put fast on tooth that aches,  
Which round his hand he wraps,  
A glowing coal i'the tongs he takes,  
And to his nose he claps.

The sight and smell of fire drove back  
The patient's head in fright,  
Who drew his own tooth in a crack,  
And prov'd the doctor right.

P L A T E 3.

**S** E E here an emblem of a married life,  
When filthy lucre joins a man and wife:  
Each three times married, both expected riches;  
Both sides are cheated,—and thus fight for th' breeches.  
Disorder reigns!—all pleasure flies away;  
Chagrin the night, and fury rules the day.

P L A T E 4.

**T** H I S hypocrite, whose holy look and drefs  
Seem Heaven-born, whose heart is nothing less:  
He preaches, prays, and sings for worldly wealth,  
Till old sly Mammon takes it all by stealth,  
And leaves him naked on a dreary shore,  
Where cant and nonsense draw in fools no more.

P L A T E 5, 6, 7, and 8.

**A** Doctor once much puzzl'd was  
To find out ways and means  
How teeth to draw of ev'ry class  
Without such wracking pains.

A packthread strong he ty'd in haste  
On tooth, which sore did wring;

E X P L A N A T I O N S.

PLATE 9.

THREE country bumpkins chanc'd to meet,  
Whose phizzes look'd like vizzards;  
The first, the second thus doth greet,  
Thy face is like some wizzard's.

The ugliest of the ugliest sort  
Thou art, or I'm mistaken;  
Sure nature made thee all for sport,  
Or fight hath me forsaken.

2d. But thou'rt all beauty in thy looks,  
And ev'ry feature's pleasing:  
This I wou'd swear on holy books,  
But for my sin increasing.

For sure thy nose, thy mouth, thy eye,  
Would frighten any mortal:  
Pluto and Jove will throw thee by,  
On ent'ring grim death's portal.

3d. The third and ugliest of the three,  
Cry'd, Lord! — how you're conceited!  
I cannot stand a mute and see  
Two neighb'ring friends thus cheated.

I wonder why such mortals shou'd  
About their beauty fall out!  
Were I as ugly I ne'er wou'd  
From my poor cottage crawl out.

For with an ax and alder-tree,  
I'd make two men as handsome:  
Or live a slave in Tripoly,  
And never sue for ransome.

PLATE 10.

SMART Captain Plume, much like a bird of prey,  
Doth seize on Rose, as mention'd in the Play:  
Bullock, her brother, with sagacious gloom,  
Says, Ruose, he'll lift thee — come away, come, come.

PLATE 11.

“HERE the fair humble penitent behold,  
“ To the good father all her sins unfold:  
“ He hears, absolves, but mark his leering eyes,  
“ And judge by them where his devotion lies.”  
At her warm altar oft he's bow'd the knee,  
Cancell'd the crime, and prais'd her chastity.  
But take the story, which I've lately got  
From that old conjurer, high Michael Scott.

Old wealthy Walter married buxom Sue,  
For young she was, and very handsome too:  
She daily pray'd; — her beads slipp'd too and fro,  
And to confession constantly did go;  
Till squint-ey'd jealousy prick'd Walter's mind,  
Who study'd hard the hated truth to find.

This brawny monk (quoth Walter to himself)  
Plagues me much more than hoarding all my pelf;  
But I'm determin'd to find out my doom,  
For no plague equals doubtful cuckoldom.

Now Walter follows holy Sue to church,  
And in a pew lies perdue on the lurch;  
He ey'd his wife, in penitential dress,  
Counting her beads, and hearing th' heavenly mass.  
This done, she in her turn fell down before  
The good monk John, and mutter'd something o'er:  
The father sigh'd — his bacon-head he shook,  
And into private he poor Suky took  
For to chastise — but not with whips, 'tis thought,  
Which made our cuckold hastily cry out,  
My God — my Suky! — ah, she's much too tender,  
Give me the lash; who knows but that may mend her?  
And down he falls upon his bended knees  
To have the stripes — which Suky quickly sees,  
And whispers John; — Good father, beat him hard,  
My sins are great, and sin shou'd not be spar'd.

Thus priests and monks of ev'ry order prove  
Meer wicked laymen, in the cause of love.  
And women's nature from the first to last,  
Will sometimes long forbidden fruit to taste.

PLATE 12, 13, 14, and 29.

SEE how these rustics liquor love to quaff:  
They cry, who want it; having it they laugh.  
O sweet possession! thou this diff'rence makes,  
Thou teems with smiles and sprightly pleasure takes;  
Whilst craving minds are gall'd with keen desire,  
For some lov'd object, which they can't acquire.

Thus fav'rites oft enjoy, with souls serene,  
What others want, and long may wish in vain.

PLATE 15.

HERE Simon cries for Phillida,  
And Mopfus laughs and loves her;  
Damon hath stole her heart away,  
No tears or laughing moves her.

PLATE 16.

AN envious whig who's lost his place at court,  
Quotes *Magna Charta*, and pleads warmly for't.  
Let him get in, poor *Magna* is no more! —  
Whigs pick our pockets, Tories make us poor!  
So ins or outs are all the fame t' a Briton,  
Bep—t by tories, and by wigs be—t on.

PLATE 17.

WHEN Charles the second's jocund reign began,  
All thought strict justice must lead up the van:  
His friends rejoic'd; — fanatics drown'd in sorrow,  
Did hide themselves, like rabbits in a burrow.  
They never thought to find one spark of grace,  
Or saint-like virtue in the Stuart's race:  
Knives, — ropes — and gallows, conscience kept in sight,  
And butchers cleavers broke their sleep at night.

The royalists, whose treasures paid the cost,  
Who friends — blood — parents — all — had for him lost,  
Expected justice, and to be employ'd,  
And seiz'd of lands their ancestors enjoy'd.  
But mark a Stuart: — he forsook his friends;  
Cherish'd his foes; and all for courtier's ends  
Rewarded rebels! — pension'd babes of grace!  
Kept old friends out! — and hypocrites in place!

So have I seen in these our modern times,  
Some men rewarded for rebellious crimes;  
Plaids and blue bonnets finil'd upon with grace,  
Enrich'd with pensions, and adorn'd with place.  
Whilst every patriot's frown'd upon with scorn,  
Oppress'd with taxes, grievous to be born!  
Poor England's loaden till his sinews crack,  
And quite broke down with weights upon his back;  
Wrinkl'd and bald, o'ercome with care and pain,  
But ease expects not whilst a R—mp doth reign.

You half French-Britons can you loll at ease,  
As under vines, rul'd by such —ngs as these;  
Who when they're finitten on the dexter jaw,  
Can turn the other, and fulfil the law?

PLATE 18.

HERE English beef and pudding lolls at ease,  
Whilst French soup-meagre dupes him in the peace:  
Wild Scotch instructions in side-pockets cramm'd,  
To see, and know them, is by Monsieur claim'd.  
Who loads his paunch with wine; he chinks his gold;  
And thus at Paris we were bought and sold!

And seventeen hundred and sixty-two will stand  
 A pyramid 'mongst blunders of this land!  
 Awake thou sluggard, stand thy country's friend,  
 And to this adage carefully attend:  
 "Fat bellies make lean pates, and dainty bits  
 "Enrich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits."



PLATE 19.

SO have I seen a justice on the bench  
 Brow-beat and scold a poor deluded wench,  
 Who when at home with Molly snugly plays,  
 Tickles her tuft, and laces on her stays.

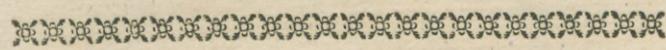


PLATE 20.

THE queereſt conſtraiſt which my fancy yet  
 Hath ſketched out, is here before you ſet.  
 The man behind in thoughtful look and dreſs,  
 Some ſage philoſopher, perhaps you'll gueſs.  
 The other heads, you'll ſay, are eaſier known,  
 And two French-fops, methinks, you've put them down.  
 But, ſtay, my friend, and liſten to my verſe;  
 Theſe moniſtrous heads too, are philoſophers:  
 Mere Solomons! — for herbs they know them all,  
 From ſturdy oaks, to houſe-leek on the wall.  
 Theſe living now, and that in times of old,  
 Seem eaſt and weſt, and makes the conſtraiſt hold:  
 Proves other nations can turn French-baboons,  
 Beſides mad Engliſh, and the wiſe Scots loons:  
 And faſhion here hath play'd her wildeſt pranks,  
 In dreſſing *Plato*, *Solander*, and *Banks*.

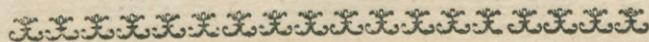


PLATE 21.

MY lord at Arthur's ſharp'd of all his ſtore,  
 I'th' morning queſted how to finger more:  
 He heard old Screwby oft ſupply'd the needs  
 Of broken rakes, who had good title deeds.  
 So he bunch'd up two packets, like in ſhape,  
 Ty'd in blue paper with a ſilken tape:  
 One deeds of land, ſeven hundred pounds a year,  
 The other parchments old, and cancell'd were.  
 The genuine packet he to Screwby took,  
 Who hemm'd and haw'd, and thro' the whole did look:  
 He lik'd the ware — and after coughing twice,  
 With twang of noſe, he query'd thus o'th' price.

And pray, my lord, what may you want on theſe?  
 One thouſand pounds, old father, if you pleaſe;  
 And in the morning this day week, at nine,  
 A thouſand more — ſecurity is thine.

My lord — a mortgage — mortgages I want,  
 Things dubious grow; — and money's wondrous ſcant:  
 On theſe fair terms, a thouſand down I'll lay,  
 And the remainder on the mention'd day.  
 So Screwby counts the caſh; the deeds ſecures:  
 My lord wheels off to gambling, rakes, and w—res.

Time on his wings brings the appointed day,  
 On which his lordſhip doth the viſit pay;  
 Who in his pocket takes the feigned deeds,  
 Beſides the thouſand which his project needs.

The uſual compliments no ſooner paſt,  
 My lord, in buſtle, ſeem'd to be in haſte:  
 Come, Mr. Screwby — come, the writings ſoon,  
 And let me ſee, if honeſty be done.

Old Screwby then lays down the mortgage deeds;  
 His lordſhip damns each article he reads,  
 And throws them down: — old Screwby all aghaſt,  
 Clearing his weaſand, thus broke out at laſt.

My lord, there's no man — no man, on my word,  
 Will lend his caſh; — and not be ſure, my lord.

Why damn your ſurety: theſe I'll never ſign;  
 Here, take your traſh; — and give me what is mine.

Old Screwby ſcratching both his elbows, ſaid,  
 My lord, for writings five pounds muſt be paid.  
 Here 'tis; but give me firſt of all what's mine;  
 Thou haſt the caſh, and mortgage deeds are thine.

But they're not ſign'd, and ſo not worth a ſtraw;  
 Nor ever ſhall be whiſt my breath I draw.  
 My lord took up and found the writings right,  
 And ty'd them up again in Screwby's ſight,  
 And in his pocket where th' ſham writings lay,  
 He put them cloſe, and coolly bad — good day.

Griev'd to the ſoul, old Screwby fore did fret,  
 That he cou'd not this precious morſel get:  
 His ſtick he takes — his greaſy hat puts o'er  
 His brown-white wig, and limp'd hard out of door  
 After his lordſhip: Ho — my lord — ho lo!  
 Pray what's to do, old father grey-beard now?

If't pleaſe you, Sir, what muſt I give in hand,  
 For you to ſign, and let this bargain ſtand?

Two hundred pounds —: beſides two thouſand down,  
 And then I'll ſign — the mortgage deeds your own.

Come back, my lord —: for witneſſes I'll ſend,  
 Sign you and ſeal, and ſo this job we'll end.

Gripe now in ſtretched bags of ſolid ſounds,  
 On table ſet twenty two hundred pounds.  
 His lordſhip throws the mimic writings down,  
 And thus each face has baniſh'd ev'ry frown.

The mortgage deeds are executed fair,  
 Gripe put's th' old parchments in his boſom bare;  
 Whiſt ſolid gold my lord lugs to his chair,  
 And makes it fly 'mongſt courtiers, whores, and plays.

The new-made deeds ſo fill'd old Screwby's head,  
 That the falſe writings never once were read  
 Till two months paſt; and then he nearly ſcans  
 The ſhould-be deeds of all the mortgag'd lands.  
 When lo! old leaſes, with determin'd dates;  
 Some cancell'd bonds; parchments of law debates,  
 Salutes with wonder his old winking eyes;  
 Which made him ſtart from chair in great ſurprize!  
 His piſs-burnt wig he whirls upon the ground,  
 And ſtamping on't, he wildly ſtares around!  
 What! — muſt our nobles cheat the poor — quo' he,  
 And ſtill be ſcreen'd from ſtocks, and pillory?  
 Muſt thus the king give titles to the great,  
 With power to ruin, murder, rob, and cheat?  
 Muſt ſome pack'd rogues thus plunder all the reſt,  
 And when we're bankrupts, laugh it into jeſt?  
 But I'll have right; — or ſtab the titled knave,  
 And ſweetly go reveng'd unto my grave.

Old Screwby now is cloſe upon the ſcent,  
 In ev'ry place his lordſhip did frequent.  
 Some knew the man; — ſome knew he lov'd a whore;  
 But all affirm'd he dy'd ſix weeks before.  
 At laſt he meets two friends, who teſtify'd  
 He very fairly in a duel dy'd.

Gripe, full to th' throat, his grief in ſighs burſt o'er;  
 Nor ever thought of his remaining ſtore.  
 For he by ſqueezing rich and poor, we find,  
 Full thirty thouſand ſtill had left behind:  
 But yet ſo hanker'd after what was gone,  
 He muſt have that, or elſe he wou'd have none:  
 For this loſt ſheep was ſuch a fatal blow,  
 He'd even fetch it, from the ſhades below.  
 This was reſolv'd —: Tears flow'd for loſs of ſelf;  
 He haſtens home, and there he hangs himſelf!

Calm reaſon judge; give ſentence if thou can,  
 Which murder'd moſt the character of man!

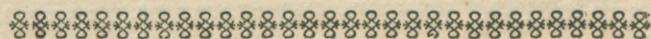


PLATE 22, 23, and 24.

BEhold the dreſs from monkey-lands brought o'er,  
 And by our Engliſh apes at preſent wore:  
 Hair comb'd with art, as ſleek as mouſe doth lie;  
 Pcmmatum fumes, ſweet-ſcented round them fly.

E X P L A N A T I O N S.

The plaister'd pyramid aloft doth rear,  
 And powder'd wings, expanded, fly in air!  
 A load of hair hangs tumbling on the back,  
 Which vaunts in size with muckle Sawney's pack.  
 Would you not laugh to see these frightful heads,  
 Beneath blue-bonnets, and o'er chequer'd plaids?  
 Then why the loons shou'd lengthen their long jaws  
 With French toupees, *nae Scoat, nae Sootheron knaws!*  
 Children unborn such portraits will surprize;  
 They'll lift their hands, and turn away their eyes!  
 Think their old dads deep learn'd in monkey tricks,  
 But sucking babes in all their politics.

Yet let it none but macaronies stain,  
 Who liv'd in George the third's mad fluctuating reign.

PLATE 25.

**T**HIS heart of oak, who in the storm  
 At the Havanna did perform  
 Great feats, and shew'd his mettle;  
 Is just arriv'd with thoughts elate,  
 And only dreams of being great,  
 And boiling oft his kettle.

One hundred pounds th' paymaster knew,  
 His part o'th' prize was justly due,  
 But then, poor tar must stay:  
 He did so, three long years and more,  
 The courtier still kept back the ore,  
 And holds it to this day!

When dunn'd again, he acts the farce,  
 Th' exchequer's low — our money's scarce,  
 And premiums hints at large:  
 My friend, quoth he, your time's not come;  
 Your impudence is troublesome;  
 Your debt I'll not discharge.

And now the tar six guineas owes,  
 But cannot pay them, so he goes  
 To lobspound, where he lay  
 Until this honest heart of oak  
 With usage bad, and grief was broke,  
 Such game our rulers play!

PLATE 26.

**O**LD squint-ey'd Nan, who by the paultry trade,  
 Of selling wooden-spoons and ladles made  
 A shift to live; — and get tobacco too,  
 And call'd sometimes where folks good ale did brew.

One sultry day old Nanny supp'd so deep,  
 That all she sold wou'd scarce the balance keep;  
 Which griev'd her sore; so she resolv'd to try  
 If wealthy farmer Jones would something buy.  
 She try'd indeed; — but found all out of tune,  
 For corn and cheese had drop'd that afternoon.  
 Nay more than that; he heard King George wou'd stay  
 Corn's shipping off, — and things wou'd lower each day:  
 They'd nothing buy. — Old Nanny shook her head,  
 And with a sigh, thus to the farmer said:  
*Weel measter, weel: — boh one think e yer ear,  
 Spoons win be spoons, who lives another year.  
 Eigh, — win they so, owd deme? quo' Mr. Jones,  
 If that be hit, I'll buy um aw for once.  
 I know the owd p:overb which is true I wot,  
 "A penny sav'd, is just a penny got."*

Thus Nan was broke; and well it was no worse,  
 And budg'd away with money in her purse,  
 And laughing said — *This feely lucky hit,  
 Shews gowd may harbour, where there's want o' wit.  
 Roytch fok I see, han naw awth' wit ith ward;  
 For int war so, the poor wou'd quite be marr'd.  
 Let't leet heaw't will, I've tow'd no lye, I'm sure,  
 Nan con tell true altho' hoose meety poor.*

PLATE 27.

**A** Well-fed vicar tired with thinking,  
 And fairly overcome by drinking;  
 Forgets his flock and holy cause,  
 Rakes with a vender of the laws,  
 Who scorns the trade of under-sapping,  
 Doth fairly take his rev'rence napping;  
 And with a glass of claret wine,  
 Law canonizes the divine.

PLATE 28.

**Q**UOTH Hal to Dick, I know its true  
 Thou courted Doll, my wife;  
 Nay, fame doth whisper k—d her too,  
 Which thought's the plague of life.

That fame, quo' Dick's, a lying bitch,  
 Whom none but fools will hear:  
 But knaves quo' Hal, give th' courtiers itch,  
 For which I wring thy ear.

PLATE 29.

**T**Ogether they totter about,  
 Or sit in the sun at the door;  
 And at night when old Darby's pot's out,  
 His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

PLATE 30.

**H**ERE Yeddart with his little nose  
 Doth envy Hodge his great one;  
 As often poorest folks do those  
 They have their cloaths and meat on.

For envy like to vital air,  
 Runs through all sorts of people:  
 Through th' pompous court and country bare,  
 And lords of ev'ry steeple.

PLATE 31.

**A** Pitcher fill'd with nappy ale,  
 Old Hodge and Roaf did hide  
 Within a hole i'th' kitchen wall,  
 And thought no mortal spy'd.

Arch Toby, seemingly asleep,  
 Saw what the carles had done;  
 And to the place did softly creep,  
 As soon as they were gone.

He found the tap most excellent,  
 And fell to't tooth and nail:  
 He drank till he was nearly spent,  
 And found his strength to fail.

So he another pitcher got,  
 And off he took the rest;  
 But left its likeness in the pot,  
 Which prov'd the cream o'th' jest.

For Hodge and Roaf had got their cheese,  
 And went to fetch the ale:  
 But only found a pint o'th' lees,  
 That purld from Toby's tail.

Finding but little left behind:  
 Old Hodge would have his half:  
 He drank — but pick'd it up we find,  
 And left it all for Roaf.

E X P L A N A T I O N S.

PLATE 32.

WHAT various ways we diff'rent mortals press,  
To that fam'd goal, the world calls happiness!  
Some take ambition's high and slipp'ry road;  
And some rich viands make their chiefest God.  
Some wine, some women; some love cards and dice;  
Some think full bags all human bliss comprise.  
Some love retirement; some for pleasure roam,  
And some for books do starve themselves at home.

But here old merry Kate, and Nan, and Bess,  
Find nearer ways to climb to happiness:  
Gin punch and flip, are all their sole delight;  
They laugh at th' world, and swear they're only right.

PLATE 33.

THUS plenty fits with pipe and liquor,  
In look and dress much like a vicar;  
Whilst poverty stands ragg'd and starving,  
Fat plenty gives her — *not a farthing*.  
Nor once vouchsafes to look upon her,  
Lest he shou'd lose both health and honour:  
For 'tis a scandal to be sure,  
That silk and lawn shou'd look o'th' poor;  
Whose meagre faces may infect,  
A body plump and intellect.  
Then who would run such risques as these,  
The poor and lousy for to please?  
Their heads were better stuff'd at college,  
With richer sense, and plumper knowledge:  
And learn'd — plumb-pudding presentation  
Chimes sweetly with a dispensation.

Then how can they forget the rules,  
They oft bring with them from the schools?  
Which are so rivetted and fast,  
They stick like burrs unto the last.

PLATE 34.

ADJUTANT.

THE prince commands that you bring up the horse.

GENERAL.

Ah Lord, what mean you by this strange discourse!

ADJUTANT.

The horse must aid the foot, and them preserve;

GENERAL.

But I think best the horse lie in reserve:  
For shou'd a ball but graze this skin of mine,  
As I'm all heart, I must my soul resign.

PLATE 35.

NOW poor old Toby knows the worst,  
For lo! his suit he's gain'd:  
Yet with a client's luck he's curst,  
For all his cash is drain'd.

His garden, with his cot he's sold,  
To pay the lawyer's fees:  
So Toby and his doxy old,  
Must want their ale and cheese.

PLATE 36.

BEhold ye worldlings whence true pleasure springs;  
Not from much wealth, or from the smiles of kings.  
A single bottle sets our minds at rest;  
'Tis not full bags, contentment makes the feast.

PLATE 37.

THE court and country here depicted are;  
One's fat and jolly; t'other's poor and bare:  
Plenty sits smiling on the courtier's brow,  
Whilst meagre want the country's face doth shew.

PLATE 38.

A soldier maim'd, and in the beggar's list,  
Did thus address a well-fed pluralist.

SOLDIER.

AT Guadalupe my leg and thigh I lost,  
No pension have I, tho' its right I boast;  
Your rev'rence please some charity bestow,  
Heaven will pay double — when you're there — you know.

PLURALIST.

"Heaven pay me double! vagrant, know that I  
"Ne'er give to strollers; they're so apt to lie:  
"Your parish and some work wou'd you become;  
"So haste away; — or constable's your doom.

SOL.

May't please your rev'rence, hear my case, and then  
You'll say I'm poorer than the most of men.  
When Marlbro' sieg'd Lisle I first drew breath,  
And there my father met untimely death;  
My mother follow'd of a broken heart,  
So I've no friend, or parish for my part.

PLU.

"I say begone" — With that he loudly knocks,  
And Timbertoe began to smell the stocks:  
Away he flumps: — but in a rood or two,  
He clear'd his weasand and his thoughts broke thro'.

SOL.

This 'tis to beg of those who sometimes preach  
Calm charity, and all the virtues teach;  
But their disguise to common sense is thin,  
A pocket button'd; — hypocrite within!  
Send me kind heaven the well-tann'd captain's face,  
Who gives me twelve-pence, and a curse, with grace:  
But let me not in house, or lane, or street,  
Those treble pension'd parsons ever meet:  
And when I die, may I still number'd be  
With the rough foldier to eternity.

The Passions or Dispositions of the Mind are expressed in the following Numbers.

- |                               |                                 |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------------|
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| Anger, 3. 9. 27.              | Innocence, 18, 19. 29.          |
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| Hope, 12.                     | Surprise, 7. 9. 12. 25. 30. 34. |
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Tim Bob. inv. et Pinx.

Published as the Act direct June 1773

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Tim Bob. inv. et Pinx.



J. Collier Inu. del.

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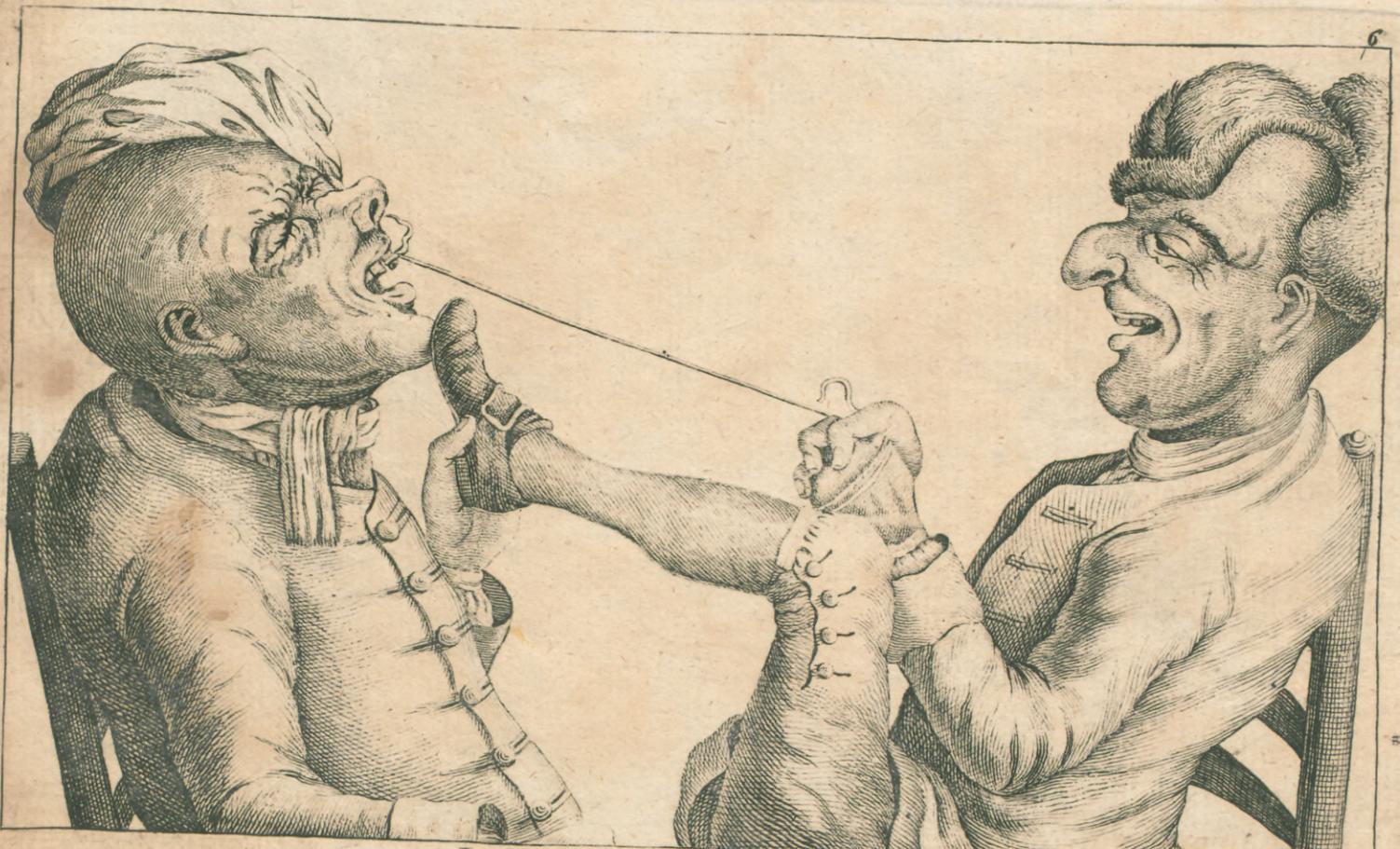
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*J. Collier del.*

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# THE Burralist and old Soldier



*Inv. Bobino Pinx. & sculp. 1770.*

*Published at the Art direct May 1773.*

*A Soldier maim'd and in the Beggar's List,  
Did thus address a well-fed Pluralist.*

*Sol.* AT GAUDALUPE my Leg and Thigh I lost,  
No Pension have I, tho' its Right I boast;  
Your Reverence please some Charity bestow,  
Heav'n will pay double... when you're there you know.

*Plu.* Heav'n pay me double! Vagrant know that I  
Ne'er give to Strollers they're so apt to lye:  
Your Parish, and some Work, would you become,  
Sohaste away, or Constable's your Doom.

*Sol.* May't please your Reverence, he army Cafe & then  
You'll say I'm poorer than the most of Men:  
When MALBRO' sieged LISLE, I first drew Breath  
And there my Father met untimely Death;  
My Mother follow'd, of a broken Heart  
So I've no Friend or Parish, for my Part.

*Plu.* I say, begone: with that he loudly knocks  
And Timber Toe, began to smell the Stocks,  
Away he stumps — but in a Rood, or two,  
He clear'd his Weaf and, and his Thoughts broke

*Sol.* This'tis to beg of those who sometimes preach  
Calm Charity, & ev'ry Virtue teach;  
But their Disguise, to common Sense, is thin,  
A Pocket button'd — Hypocrite within.  
Send me, kind Heav'n, the well tam'd Captains Face,  
Who gives me Twelve-pence and a Curse, with Grace,  
But let me not, in House, or Lane, or Street,  
These treble-pension'd Parsons ever meet;  
And when I die, may I still number'd be  
With the rough Soldier, to Eternity.

FRATRES IN MALO: or Tim Bobbin's Rap at the PYRATES.



Here is the man who sees this netley crew  
 We'd judge them brethren on the next view  
 Yet so it is—; the some look wondrous prim,  
 They're thieves alike; and all have robb'd poor Tim.  
 Now since the partial Law no man relieves  
 Against these Pirates, tho' the worst of Thieves,  
 Tim neeping takes his Room; resolv'd to sue,  
 And in's own Court, be Judge, and Witness too.  
 First Preston's Stuart heads the pilf'ring Troop;  
 His Bro of London stands the next its Group;  
 Which is the better man, or whether's worse  
 There's none can tell me—but secure your Horse.  
 As for the first, could Higginson but tell,  
 Or Peggy blazon what she knows too well!

Mankind would stain him; converse they'd refrain,  
 And brand his forehead for a second Cain.  
 Mark brazen'd Finch of Wigan how he stands  
 With Bandywitt in his pilf'ring bands;  
 Then bays'ten home— and dubs himself a Thief.  
 See Hitch, and Haws, two men of great repute;  
 By pilf'ring thrive like Caledonian Bute;  
 Nor do they care, from whom, or how it comes,  
 Their rob for trifles, that for mighty sums.  
 Then Bankrupt Scofield, Middlewick's Squire,  
 Would thrive like Hitch; grow high as Haws or higher  
 But he, like Phaeton, fell heels o'er board,  
 And lies ib' Care of Poverty, for dead.

Next dirty Eyres of Warrington appears;  
 He fears no Hemp—nor trembles for his ears;  
 In bigger-mugger, lives as Wizard black  
 Carving poor-lun, and Meary on his Back,  
 This makes him grunt—and Tom's stiff-bridle tires;  
 Which suits them all, as well as nibbling Eyres.  
 Last northern Smith, ob'd from the Lowland Glens  
 For B-r-r-y, and s-l—ng Geese and Hens  
 Comes pilg'ing on—scratching his lanky arm;  
 In robbing Sootherens, swears, there is no harm;  
 Sets up in Halifax, Pyrates his Books,  
 Dress'd up by Edinburgh and Glasgow Cooks;  
 And like your Chimney-sweep doth never bluss  
 But Pyrates on, nor values Hemp a Russ!

And in his Ores, twice, thrice; its just a going;  
 Prefers a Szepence to a mans' tending;  
 Yet till this, Saint old Kirk with Leeks demure  
 Lets fly his Gold for private Room and W—e.  
 Now of the Pythagorean System's true,  
 The time may come that we these Rogues may view;  
 Some as Cheefe Horses sweating in bad roads  
 Whipped hard by Anthers, and prick'd on by Goads;  
 Some as Scotch Pedlars with great heavy Packs  
 Of beggar'd Feels riding on their backs;  
 Others in cunning pilf'ring Fosses Furrs;  
 Hunted by Writers in the shape of Curs.  
 All these eight Saints for Tim, may make a Boat,  
 West him o'er Stays, and cheat old Charon's Boat;  
 And when on shore bear him on Palatines  
 In sweat and toil to balance former sins.

# THE DISAPPOINTMENT.



T. Bob. inv. et del.

*Alas! what misfortunes mortals do attend—  
 They come unlook'd for, numbers without end!  
 For see, this couple bad but just prepar'd  
 Love's Sacrifice and his warm Altar rear'd,  
 But lo! old Grandfather's fist and frown  
 Breaks the Utensils, and throws th' Altar down.*

*You, Sir, says she, when I was but eighteen  
 I durst not touch—I scarce a man had seen:  
 Nay, durst not think; or look one in the face,  
 But now shame's fled, and left no spark of Grace!  
 With that her Crutch these blessing Lovers parted  
 The Captain sighing—and Miss broken-hearted.*

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# The Morning Visit



Dean **M**Y Lord I hope your goodness will excuse  
 This early Visit, since my only views  
 Are center'd in the glory of your House,  
 And now have brought a trifle—for your Spouse  
 Of which I beg her kind acceptance— then  
 Rank me my Lord, amongst the happiest men.

Lord My rev'rend Dean, I'm glad to see you now,  
 Early or late; or any time. I vow:  
 What news abroad, my rev'rend Dean, what news?  
 Somethings behind— have you no trifling views  
 In which my Intrest can the least avail—?

Dean Indeed, my Lord, there is a flying tale  
 That my good Lord of B—h declines so fast  
 With Age, and Gout, this fit will be his last.

Lord I know he's old, and cannot long be here:  
 But, rev'd Dean, you know— what 'tis a Year:  
 'Twill gain me friends—

Dean \_\_\_\_\_ My Lord I know that's true,  
 And all the Intrest in my pow'rs your due  
 In future times the same shall me controul  
 My Friends— Estate— my Body, and my—

Lord 'Tis well my rev'rend Dean—all's very right:  
 On these conditions you're put down to night,  
 You shall succeed—

Dean \_\_\_\_\_ All grateful thanks are due:  
 My gratitude shall shine, my Lord—: my Lord adieu.

THEY WHO HAVE EARS TO HEAR, LET THEM HEAR.



*Tim. Babbitt int. et del.*  
Behold this Group of Oddities, and then  
You'll see how fancy works in different men!  
How Conscience warp'd distorts each holy face,  
Makes sighs and groans burst from these Babes of Grace.

*Tim. Babbitt int. et del.*  
One feels the Devil dancing in his maw;  
Another's fud him to a mere Out-law.  
Some feel sharp Thorns their Consciences to prick  
And old done deeds do make their Stomachs sick:

*Tim. Babbitt int. et del.*  
Whilt Lasses mourn some late tranfactions past,  
And looks repentant say—; they are my last.  
Thus crazy heads are whirl'd about with wind  
Puff'd out from crafty Knaves of ev'ry kind.

*Tim. Babbitt int. et del.*  
Eye how there was joy that be him found weeping and foot & sighs out of his mouth him into St. Andrew's Church on the 16 22-15

*Tim. Babbitt int. et del.*  
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