THE

MERRY-THOUGHT:

OR, THE

Glaſs-Window and Bog-Houſe MISCELLANY.

Taken from

The Original Manuſcripts written in *Diamond* by Perſons of the firſt Rank and Figure in *Great Britain*; relating to Love, Matrimony, Drunkenneſs, Sobriety, Ranting, Scandal, Politicks, Gaming, and many other Subjects, *Serious* and *Comical.*

Faithfully Tranſcribed from the Drinking-Glaſſes and Windows in the ſeveral noted *Taverns*, *Inns*, and other *Publick Places* in this Nation. Amongſt which are intermixed the Lucubrations of the polite Part of the World, written upon Walls in Bog-houſes, *&c.*

Publiſhed by HURLO THRUMBO.

Gameyorum, Wildum, Gorum,
Gameyorum a Gamey,
Flumarum a Flumarum,
A Rigdum Bollarum
A Rigdum, for a little Gamey.
Bethlehem-Wall, Moor-Fields.

PART III.

LONDON:

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THE PREFACE.

THIS is purpoſely to acknowledge the Obligations I owe to ſeveral Gentlemen, who have ſhewn their Eſteem of the MERRY THOUGHT, in the large Collections they have communicated before the Holidays: For who knows, but many of their Pieces might have been loſt, by the Effects of Wine, Punch, and ſtrong Beer, in the *Chriſtmas* Time; or by a Game at Ramps, or Blind-Man's-Buff; or unlucky Boys; or the ſticking the Windows with Holley and Ivy: All theſe Hazards did we run of having many curious Pieces deſtroy'd, and bury'd in Oblivion. And then again, the Cleaning the Windows againſt the Holidays might have endanger'd the Loſs of many of theſe brittle Leaves of Wit and Learning. But now, we may ſing *Old Roſe*, ſince a large Cargoe is already arriv'd ſafe at the Preſs. In order

order for a third Part, I have myſelf taken Care to viſit moſt of the Glaſiers in Town, where I juſt came Time enough to ſave ſome few Scraps of Wit; and have bribed a great Number of Football-Players, not to uſe that Diverſion near ſome particular Places about this Great City, where many curious Epigrams, Sonnets, and Whims, are at preſent uncopy'd; and if they ſhould eſcape a few Days longer, will make a fourth Volume, with the kind Aſſiſtance of thoſe Correſpondents who have ſent me promiſſory Notes for the Delivery of certain Parcels of ſuch Wit, on or about the Twenty-fifth of this Inſtant *January*. I remain, Gentlemen, after hoping you are in good Health, as I am at this preſent Writing, and wiſhing you all many happy Years,

Your obliged humble Servant,

HURLO THRUMBO.

THE

MERRY-THOUGHT.

PART III.

Mr. *BOG*,

THE following *Miſcellanea Curioſa* you may either inſert in your third Part, or uſe them for your latter Part; which you pleaſe.

From a Window at the Angel in Marlborough.

W——s lay at the *Angel* in *Marlborough* Town,
And an Angel lay with him all Night:
He tipp'd her an Angel before ſhe lay down,
Which you know was but decent and right.
But an Angel of Darkneſs ſhe prov'd to be ſure;
For ſcarce twenty Angels would pay for his Cure.

Written on the Wall at the George in Sandy-Lane, in the Bath Road, a Place famous for Puddings.

The Puddings are ſo good in *Sandy-Lane*,
That if I chance to go that Way again,
I'll not be ſatisfy'd, unleſs I've twain,
The one ſtuck thick with Plumbs, the other plain.

At the Sun-Tavern at Billingſgate, written on the Wainſcot.

Upon the Ground he ſpread his Cloak;
The Nymph ſhe was not ſhy, Sir;
And there they fairly did the Joke,
Whilſt through this Crack peep'd I, Sir.
Oct. 27. 1722.

Underwritten.

Mr. Pimp, had I known your Worſhip was there,
Which I no more dreamt of, than ſleeping,
When once I'd diſpatch'd my Affair with the Fair,
By G——d, you'd paid dear for your Peeping.
Dec. 1722.

At the Red-Lion, Shrewsbury.

The Drawer, *Tom*, has ſcarce forgot,
Since I was here laſt *Eaſter*;
I broke his Head with the Pewter Pot,
And gave him not a Teaſter.
But why, d'ye think, I ſerv'd him ſo?
What Fleſh alive could bear it?
I'd call'd a dozen Times, I trow,
Yet the Dog would bring no Claret.
This Diſcipline was not in vain,
For h'as his Manners mended;
I've been here twenty Times ſince then,
And always well attended.

From

From a Window in Carliſle, the Sign forgot.

How, ſays the Proverb, can it e'er be thought,
What's bred i'th' Bone can out o'the Fleſh be brought:
Her Mother kiſs'd with every one, and *Moll* does plainly ſhew her;
For *Molly* kind is kiſs'd by none, but only all that know her. I. S. 1718.

From another Pane in the ſame Place.

As dear *N*——*y B*——*k* look'd into the Street,
From this Window where now I am muſing,
I poop'd her behind, but no Body ſee't,
And ſhe prov'd ne'er the worſe for my uſing.
T. B.

Underwritten.

Ungrateful Wretch, thou'rt ſcarcely fit to live,
Much leſs ſuch Favours worthy to receive.
A greater Curſe than leading Apes in Hell,
The Fool deſerves, that dares to kiſs and tell.

On the next Pane.

Dear Madam, pray dont let your Anger abound,
For Faith what you've wrote has no Charm in't;
You often have try'd me, and know I am ſound,
Then prithee now where was the Harm in't?
You did me a Favour, I did you one too,
And, if I'm not miſtaken, a greater;
I'll ſwear I can't love the Sport better than you,
So pray ſay no more of the Matter,

In a Bog-Houſe, at the Buſh at Carliſle, 1718.

Reader,

Within this Place two Ways I've been delighted;
For here I've ſ——, and likewiſe here have ſh——d.
They both are healthful, Nature's Eaſe require 'em,
And though you grin, I fancy you deſire 'em.

Underwritten.

What Beaſt alive, could bear to ſ——
In ſuch a filthy Hole as this is;
The nauſeous Stink, might, one would think,
Diſturb his Taſte for amorous Kiſſes.

Underwritten.

This was wrote by ſome Beau, the Fop you may know,
His ſqueamiſh Exception would make one believe it;
Though the Smell where we ſh——t, is not grateful a Bit,
Yet I ne'er knew a C——y that ſavour'd of Civet.

Oxon, on a Window.

Knowledge, thou Darling of the Soul,
Be thou my Help-Mate o'er a flowing Bowl;
Then will my Time ſlide eaſily along,
And ev'ry gen'rous Mortal grace our Song.

Under-

Underwritten.

D——n your Knowledge, ſays Captain *Blunt*; ſwear, drink, and ſmoke, and you're an honeſt Fellow. *Feb.* 13. 1720.

At the Devices, Wiltſhire.

Peggy came in with a ſmiling Face,
And every Feature had its Grace:
Her Cheeks were blooming, as I'd wiſh to ſee;
Her ſomething elſe above her Knee,
Fill'd all my Mind with Extaſy;
And ſo we went to't. L. T.

Bath, on Harriſon's Windows.

I kiſs'd her ſtanding,
Kiſs'd her lying,
Kiſs'd her in Health,
And kiſs'd her dying;
And when ſhe mounts *the Skies*,
I'll kiſs her flying.

Underwritten.

Well ſaid, my Boy. R. S.

Witney, on a Window.

Debauch'd by *Henry Rig*,
Who gave me a Jigg,
But not one Grigg:
Howe'er he ran his Rigg.

But

But if ever I touch a Man again,
Unleſs in Matrimonial Chain,
I'll rather ſuffer craving Pain,
I think; ——
—— Or take it once again.
For t'has ſet me a longing. *Anne S——te,*

At the ſame Place.

Give me the Laſs who has a Taſte of Love;
She I will kiſs luxuriouſly, by *Jove*;
But when I meet a Woman's cold Embrace,
She baulks my Love; and ſhe may kiſs my A--ſe.

Oxon, Merton-College, on a Window.

Bright is my *Silvia*, when ſhe's dreſt;
When naked, cloath'd with wond'rous Charms;
Her Mein has oft my Heart oppreſt;
Her Nakedneſs I have poſſeſt;
And by the laſt I am diſtreſt,
By the Embraces of her Arms.
What can we Mortals ſay of Love?
Why? 'Tis the Pleaſure of the Gods above:
But then, if Cl-ps proceed from Love,
How hot are all the Gods and Goddeſſes above!
A fine Reward, for Love for Love!

Underwritten.

Avoid the Thunder-Cl-ps, and After-Cl-ps, ſays *Jove.*

A young Lady, who hang'd herſelf, left the following Lines upon the Table.

O Death! thou pleaſing End of human Woe!
Thou Cure of Life, thou beſt of Things below!
May'ſt thou for ever ſhun the Coward Slave,
And thy ſoft Slumbers only eaſe the Brave!

At the Bull-Inn, at Ware.

On Miſs J—s.

My Good or Ill in her alone is found,
And in that Thought all other Cares are drown'd.
R. G—ll.

Woodſtock, in a Window.

Have you not in a Chimney ſeen
A ſullen Faggot, wet and green,
How coyly it receives the Heat,
And at both Ends doth fume and ſweat:
So fares it with the harmleſs Maid
When firſt upon her Back ſhe's laid.
But the kind experienc'd Dame
Cracks and rejoices in the Flame.

Merton-College, Oxon, in a Window.

A new Reading about the three Children in the Fiery Furnace. From the Hebrew.

Shadrack, Maſbac, and *Abednego:*
If *Shadrac* had a Fever and Ague,
Then read in *Engliſh,*
Shadrack may ſhake, and a bed may go. R. F.

Star,

Star, at Coventry.

What Lacing,
What Dreſſing,
What Moulding,
What Scolding,
What Painting,
What Fainting,
What Loving,
What Shoving,
What Cooing,
What Wooing,
What Croſſes,
What Toſſes,
What Actions,
What Fractions,
Before the Day was done.

Salisbury, on a Window.

My Dear, like a Candle,
Lights every one's Handle,
Yet loſes no Bit of her own:
She will piſs, and ſhe'll kiſs
Until every one hiſs,
And ſhe better had ſtay'd at Home.
As ſhe loſt nothing by it, ſhe may ſtill remain a Light to the World.

Anagram.

A Toaſt is like a Sot,
Or what is moſt
Comparable —— a Sot,
—— Is like a Toaſt;

For

For When their Subſtance
In the Liquor ſink,
Both properly are ſaid
To be in Drink.

Chriſt-Church, Oxon, in the Bog-Houſe.

Calami hujus Etatis
Sunt hujus Etatis calamitates.

Calais, at the Silver Lion.

At the Foot of a Bed where a Woman lay dying,
A Parcel of Goſſips in Council were ſat;
And inſtead of good Prayers, condoling and crying,
A *Thing* was the Subject of all the Debate.
One wiſh'd for a thick one, and ſwore 'twas the beſt,
Altho' 'twere as ſhort to the full as her Snout;
But a ſmall One procur'd the Applauſe of the reſt,
Provided in Length the Defect were made out.
Hold, quoth the ſick Siſter, you are all in the Wrong,
So I'll in a Caſe of this Weight to decide,
Heav'n ſend me at once both the Thick and the Long;
So cloſing her pious Petition, ſhe dy'd.

Written on the Pillory in a certain Market-Town in Shropſhire, on two Millers, named Bone and Skin, who exacted extravagant Toll.

Bone and Skin,
Two Millers thin,
Would grind this Town and Places near it.

But be it known
To Skin and Bone,
That Fleſh and Blood won't bear it.

Richmond, Yorkſhire, on a Window.

If Death doth come as ſoon as Breath departs;
Then he muſt often die, who often farts:
And if to die be but to loſe one's Breath;
Then Death's a Fart, and ſo a Fart for Death.

The Motto upon a Sign of a Gardiner's Window, who kept a Publick Houſe in the Road to Cambridge; inſerted for the Benefit of bad Spellers.

Heer is good Liker
Ov awl Quinds toby ſould,
And ſevile Yewzitch.

The Learned have examin'd the above Inſcription: Some took it for Gibberiſh; others for *Welch*; and ſome for one of the Eaſtern Languages; but a Gentlewoman of extraordinary Knowledge in this cramp Way of Writing, tells us, it muſt be read thus, in *Engliſh:*

Here is good Liquor
Of all Kinds to be ſold,
And civil Uſage.

And ſo we believe it was meant; for it is allow'd by all, that ſome few of the fair Sex can explain bad Senſe and bad Spelling, even better than moſt of the Heads of the Univerſities.

Oxford,

Oxford, in a Window at Chriſt-Church.

Anger may glance into the Breaſt of wiſe Men:
But it reſts in the Boſom of Fools.

From the ſame Place.

True Friendſhip multiplies our Joys;
It mends our Griefs, and makes them light as Toys.

From Queen's-College, Oxon.

All that we know of what is done above,
Is, that the Bleſſed ſing, and that they love.

Rue de Boucharie.

Amaſſer en Saiſon,
Diſpenſer par Raiſon,
Et vous aurez une bonne Maiſon.

In a Window at an Inn on the Weſt Country Road.

The Cook, confound her, boil'd no Roots;
The Hoſtler never clean'd my Boots;
The Tapſter too, would hardly ſtir;
The Drawer was a lazy Cur;
The Chamberlain had made no Bed;
The Hoſt had Maggots in his Head:
But *Millicent*, who kept the Bar,
Was worſe than all the reſt by far;
She was as many others are.

I kiſs'd her till ſhe had her Fill,
I thought it Love, and with her Will.
But then——————
She made a da——n'd confounded Bill.

Captain R. T. 1718.

Underwritten.

See the Bill Gentlemen.

Thrice was I reckon'd for my Meat;
Thrice was I reckon'd for Miſs *Milly*'s treat;
Thrice was I reckon'd for my dirty Boots;
Thrice was I reckon'd for not having Roots;
Thrice was I reckon'd by the lazy Fellows;
And thrice I ſwore, I wiſh'd them at the Gallows;
And if I come here any more,
Then call me a Son of a Whore. R. T. 1718.

Rue D'Auphine, at Paris.

O Quelle Grand Traiſon!
Les Couillions que je porte
Lors que leur Maître eſt en priſon
Ces Gallans d'auſant a la porte.

N. B. *This is not render'd into* Engliſh, *but 'tis Ingratitude enough for two Servants, that have been well entertained a long while by their Maſter, ſhould dance about a Priſon Door, while their Maſter is in it.*

On a Window at the Ram, Newmarket.

Come hither, deareſt, ſweeteſt Turtle-Dove;
You are my Goddeſs.——You alone I love.

At

At Night, whene'er I cloſe my Eyes to Reſt,
I dream of laying in your ſnow-white Breaſt.
But oft oppreſs'd with Grief and penſive Care,
I to enjoy ſuch Happineſs deſpair.
O wretched me! Celeſtial Pow'rs above!
O mighty Jove! what muſt I die for Love!
If you're inclin'd to cure the Wound you gave,
Come quick, relieve, and ſave me from the Grave.

Her Anſwer.

Unhappy Youth, pray trouble not your Mind,
By mighty *Jove*, I ſwear I will be kind.
I ſwear by *Venus*, and the Pow'rs above;
By *Cupid*'s Darts, and all the Joys of Love,
To thee, my Youth, my Swain, I'll ever conſtant prove.

Bog-Houſe at Epſom-Wells.

Privies are now Receptacles of Wit,
And every Fool that hither comes to ſh——t,
Affects to write what other Fools have writ.

Rain-Deer, Biſhop-Stafford.

Hail charming Maid! hail my enchanting Fair,
Thy Beauty's ſuch, what Mortal can forbear?
Have Pity on a Youth's deſpairing Cries,
Compaſſion ſhew, or elſe your Lover dies.
O that I but one good Enjoyment had!
Grant it me ſoon, or elſe I ſhall go mad.

Her

Her Anſwer.

Alas! poor Youth, if you go mad for Love,
Seek your Relief from mighty *Jove* above.
No Cure I have, my Body's chaſte and pure;
A wandering Youth I never can endure.

Pancras-Wells.

I have had a Cl-p,
By a ſad Miſhap;
But the Doctor has cur'd it,
And I've endur'd it.
The B - ch that gave it me,
She is gone over Sea.
G-d d-n her A-ſe,
That fir'd my T - ſe.

Peacock, Northampton.

I love dear *Betty*, and *Betty* loves me;
And it ſhall not be long before marry'd we be.

Underwritten.

If you muſt make a Rhime upon your Laſs,
I'll make another——Rhimer kiſs my A-ſe.

Boar's-Head, Smithfield.

D - n their Doublets, and confound their Breeches,
There's none beſh-t the Wall but Sons of B-ches.

May the *French* P--x, and the D--vil take 'em all,
That beſh-t their Fingers, and wipe them on the Wall.

Lambeth-Wells Bog-Houſe.

Suppoſed to be wrote by one who had a great Antipathy to Tobacco.

This is a Place that's very fitting,
To p--ſs, and f--rt, to ſmoke, and ſh--t in.

From a Window in a Great Houſe in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

A good Wife is like a Turtle that bills and cooes, and turns up her T—— l to her Husband.

King's-Head, Beaconsfield.

In Spring the Fields, in Autumn Hills, I love;
At Morn the Plains, at Noon the ſhady Grove;
But *Delia* always, forc'd from *Delia's* Sight,
Nor Fields, nor Hills, nor Plains, nor Groves delight.

At the ſame Place, 1731.

Love in Faſhion, is Copulation. *Le H——p.*

At the ſame Place.

The Brave and Wiſe would never hug
The chearful Bottle and the Jug,
Were not good Liquor in its Seaſon,
An uſeful Spur to human Reaſon.

Probatum eſt, W. T.

At Rumford, in a Window.

There's Nothing ſure can vex a Woman more
Than to hear the Feats of Love, and be Threeſcore.

Written on a Looking-Glaſs, in the Rue Boucharie, Paris.

Le Mond eſt plein de fous,& qui n'en veut point voir,
Doit demeurer tout ſeul, & caſſer ſon meroir.

The World is full of Fools and Aſſes,
To ſee them not —— retire and break your Glaſſes.

Oxon, in a Bog-Houſe.

With ſuch violent Rage,
Sir *John* did engage
With the Damſel which he laid his Leg on,
That his Squire, who ſtood near,
Swore it look'd like the Spear
Of St. *George* in the Mouth of the Dragon.

On a Drinking-Glaſs.

Guard well your Credit, for 'tis quickly gone:
'Tis gain'd by many Actions, loſt by one.

At York, in a Window.

When Mr. *H* —— was choſen Mayor,
We thought our Peace ſtood very fair,
And hollow'd when he took the Chair.
But ſee how Mortals may prove civil,
They change their State from Good to Evil:
Set a Beggar on Horſeback, he'll ride to the Devil.
And ſo it prov'd.

From

From a Window in Yorkſhire.

Sir —— was choſen our Recorder,
Hoping he'd put our Wrongs in Order:
But, in Truth, the young Gentleman prov'd ſuch a Rake,
That he kiſs'd all our Wives, and made all our Heads ake.

Uxbridge, the Crown.

Puns have two evil Ends:
Sometimes they gain us Foes,
Sometimes they make us loſe
our Friends.

At Epping, in a Window.

What care I, to acknowledge my Lord was my Father?
To inherit his Fortune and Weakneſs together;
If a Porter had got me with Health, I'd much rather.

Rebus on Miſs Jane Mar-tin.

To *ſpoil* the *Corniſh Ore*,
Names the Nymph that I adore.

Rebus on Miſs Bell-a-dine.

What in a Steeple bears a Sound?
What in the Horn-Book firſt is found;
And eat the Meal of glorious Noon;
Give me, Great *Jove*, this Lady ſoon,

Whoſe Name the firſt three Lines explain:
Her Love's my Life, my Death is her Diſdain.

On Miſs Hatt-on.

The Pride of Quaker *John*
Names the Nymph I dote upon.

Miſs Willſon.

What e'er a Woman wiſhes moſt,
And that which marry'd People boaſt,
Speaks the dear Charmer, who's my Toaſt.

Miſs Hutch-in-ſon.

The Place were Rabbits are confin'd,
The Place where Strangers are refreſh'd;
And what beſt pleas'd my Mother's Mind,
Tells you the Charmer of my Breaſt.

Miſs Shuttle-worth.

What a Weaver will toſs about all the Day long,
And a Value, whoſe Praiſe can't be nam'd in my Song,
Tells the Name of my Charmer who's witty and young.

Miſs Weathers.

Tell me her Name, whoſe Looks ſerene
Shew her a Goddeſs, or a Queen;
Who, if in turbulent Diſguiſe,
Will make you ſhudder at her Eyes:
For *her*, all others I deſpiſe.

Re-

Rebus on Miſs Sukey Dart.

Her Name has pierc'd my Heart,
And ſo we'll never part;
With her I ne'er can feel a Smart.

Crown at Harlow.

Death and Marriage are by Deſtiny,
And both theſe Things become a Maiden's Fee.
Whether they die between a Pair of Sheets,
Or live to marry, they will loſe their Wits;
So is it deſtin'd by the Gods above,
They'll live and die by what *they* love.

R. T. 1721.

York, on a Window.

What ſignifies your chattering, deareſt *Nancy*,
And ſwearing d--n your Blood, to pleaſe your Fancy;
For if your Scruples find that one won't do,
Z——ds, cock, and prime, and then take two.

Captain J. F. 1729.

Uxbridge, 1719.

Various Religions, ſeveral Tenets hold;
Yet all one God acknowledge, which is *Gold*.

Cheſter, in a Window, 1726.

A Fox was drawn in for Cakes and Ale,
And by a ſly Stratagem loſt his Tail.

'Tis no Matter, ſays *Reynard*, by Dint of Perſuaſion,
I'll make all my Brethren believe 'tis the Faſhion,
Though at the ſame Time, he was in a d——d Paſſion.

Underwritten.

—— Although they all come in,
There's none can laugh, but thoſe that win.
New Faſhions are Gins that I mortally hate;
I'll keep my old Faſhion, and keep my Eſtate.
No coaxing, no wheedling, good Mr. **Fox.**
Recruiting Officer.
Getting is a Chance; but keeping is a Virtue.

Devil-Tavern, 1721.

Whene'er a Man has gain'd his Ends,
He is encompaſs'd by his Friends;
But when that Man has loſt his All,
And wants his Friends, he'as none at all.

In gay Proſperity we ſee,
That ev'ry one will bend the Knee,
And treat you with their Flattery;
But in a contrary State,
When Gaiety's deſtroy'd by Fate,
The Man they lov'd before,
——————They hate.

In a Bog-Houſe over the Water, at the Spread-Eagle in Bunny in Nottinghamſhire.

The niceſt Maid, with the whiteſt Rump,
May ſit and ſh——te, and hear it plump.

On

On a Glaſs Window in the ſame Place.

For what did *Venus* love *Adonis*,
But for the Griſtle, where no Bone is?

In a Bog-Houſe at the Nag's-Head in Bradmere.

The greateſt Monarch, when a fighting,
Looks not ſo great as I, when ſh—ting.

In the ſame Place.

Such Places as theſe,
Were made for the Eaſe
Of every Fellow in common;
But a Perſon who writes
On the Wall as he ſh—tes,
Has a Pleaſure far greater than Woman.
For he's eas'd in his Body, and pleas'd in his Mind,
When he leaves both a T——d and ſome Verſes behind.

Underwritten.

You are eas'd in your Body, and pleas'd in your Mind,
That you leave both a T——d and ſome Verſes behind;
But to me, which is worſt, I can't tell, on my Word,
The reading your Verſes, or ſmelling your T——d.

From a Church Door.

On an Eminent Phyſician's being called out of Church.

Whilſt holy Prayers to Heaven were made,
One ſoon was heard, and anſwer'd too,
Save us from ſudden Death, wa ſaid,
And ſtrait from Church Sir *H*—— withdrew.

From the Four Swans at Uxbridge.

There's none but the Vicious, or the Baſe,
That falſe Reports can trouble or diſgrace:
The virtuous Man muſt ever ſtand ſecure
'Gainſt all the Lies which Falſehood can procure:
For a ſound Mind or Conſcience gives a Peace,
Which to Eternity can never ceaſe. *E. K.*

Underwritten.

D——n your conſcientious Raſcals; there's ſo few of them in this Age, that a Man appears ſingular who is govern'd thereby.

Capt. *T. R.* 1730.

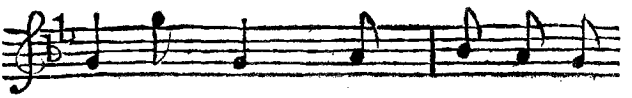
Rumford, on a Window.

How ſhall the Man e'er turn to duſt
Who daily wets his Clay.

Underwritten.

In Duſt he may fly
As Fools gallop by,
And no body can ſay Nay.

The galloping Song, from Newmarket, in the Compaſs of the Flute.



Buxom *Joan* got on a bald

Mare ; ſhe rid ramping on to

The Fair, with a Whip and

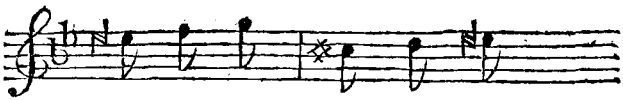
Spur. Such jogging, ſuch flogging,

Such ſplaſhing, ſuch daſhing, was ne'er ſeen there.

Jolly *Tom*, cry'd out as ſhe

Come, thou Monkey Face,

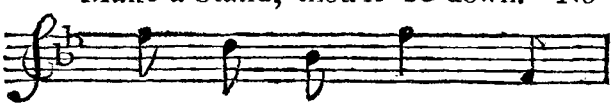
Punkey



Punkey Face, louſey Face,

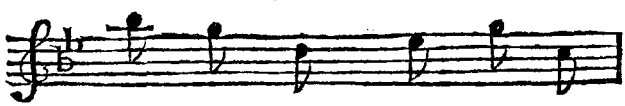
Frouzey Face, hold thy Hand,

Make a Stand, thou'lt be down. No



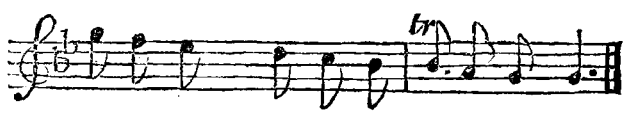
Sooner *Tom.* ſpoke, but

Down comes *Joan*, with her



Head and Bum up and down,

So that her A--ſe was ſhown.



Bald Mare ran galloping all the Way home.

Temple

Temple, in a Gentleman's Chambers.

When *Phillis* wore her brighteſt Face,
All Men rejoic'd in every Grace:
Her Patch, her Mein, her forward Chin,
Cry'd, Gentlemen, Pray who'll come in:
But now her Wrinkles are come on her,
All Men who ever were upon her,
Cry out, a Fart upon her Honour.

C. M.

On a Wall, at a School in Norwich. In Dog Latin.

J. Jackſon currit *plenum ſed*
Et læſit meum *magnum ad.* *R. L.*

The Engliſh Tranſlation, Word for Word.

J. Jackſon run *full-butt,*
And hurt my *Great Toe.*

Written on the Door of two celebrated Milliners.

Within this Place
Lives *Minerva* and *Grace,*
An Angel hangs out at the Door;
If you riſe in the Night,
And call for a Light,
Then preſently down comes a Wh——.

Angel, at Marlborough. Upon Miſs M--k.

Her Step delivers thoſe her Eyes enſlave,
She looks to conquer, but ſhe treads to ſave.

From

From a Window at Kidderminſter, Worceſterſhire.

A Scrap of a Lady's Life.

When firſt ſhe wakes, a Sigh or two ſhe fetches,
Then rubs her Eyes,—— and Arms and Legs ſhe ſtretches!
Oh! for a Husband, out ſhe gently cries,
If he were here, —— he would not let me riſe;
But I muſt up, for Fear my Love ſhould ſtay,
And we ſhould be too late at the new Play.
Here, *Jenny*, reach my Slippers, bring the Pot;
Then out ſhe jumps, and down ſhe gives a Squat,
I think I need not tell you what to do,
And then ſhe lets a merry Crack or two.

W. Overb--ry.

Bog-Houſe at Ludlow.

Two pitiful Dukes at our Race did appear;
One beſpoke him a Girl, the other new Geer,
And both went away without paying I hear,
For the Cheat lov'd his Money, and ſo did the Peer.

Underwritten.

You Rogue, Taylor ſhan't catch me, while your Legs they are croſs'd.
Don't cry, my dear Girl, ſince you have got more than you loſt.

FINIS.