



The Merrythought
Or
The Glass-Window and Bog-House Miscellany
By
Hurlo-Thrumbo

With an Introduction by
Maximilian Novak

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Frontispiece



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Introduction by Maximilian Novak

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In the early 1730s, a mysterious editor (known only as *Hurlothrumbo*) committed to print a remarkable anthology: transcriptions of the graffiti from England's public latrines. For all its misogynistic and scatological tendencies, this little-known book of "latrinalia" offers a unique and fascinating window into Georgian life.

The literary scholar Roger Lonsdale once suggested that our knowledge of eighteenth-century poetry has depended heavily on what our anthologies have decided to print. For the most part modern anthologies have, in turn, drawn on collections put together at the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the next, when the ideal for inclusion was essentially that of "polite taste". The obscene, the feminine, and the political were by general cultural agreement usually omitted. Lonsdale is not the only scholar questioning the basis of the canon; indeed, revisionism is fast becoming one of the more ingenious—and useful—parlour games among academics. Modern readers are no longer so squeamish about obscenity nor so uncomfortable with the purely personal lyric as were the editors at the end of the eighteenth century. And we are hardly likely to find poetry written by women objectionable on that score alone. In short, the anthologies we depend upon are out of date.

Among the works that would never have been a source of poems for the canon, and one mentioned by Lonsdale, was the collection of verse published in four parts by J. Roberts beginning in 1731, *The Merry-Thought: or, the Glass-Window and Bog-House Miscellany*, commonly known simply as *The Bog-House Miscellany*. Its contemporary reputation may be described as infamous. James Bramston, in his *The Man of Taste* (1733), mentioned it as an example in poetry of the very opposite of "good taste". Polite taste, of course, is meaningful only if it can define itself by what it excludes, and nothing could be in worse taste than a collection of pieces written on windows, carved in tables, or inscribed on the walls of Britain's loos.

Just as the compilers of a modern work, *The Good Loo Guide*, were parodying a well-known guide book to British restaurants, so the unknown compilers of *The Merry-Thought* had some notion, however discontinuous, of parodying the nation's polite literature. Were not Alexander Pope and Jonathan Swift famous for their distinguished miscellanies? What could be more amusing than a collection of poems that represented a different poetic ideal—a collection of verse with none of the pretensions to artistic merit claimed by the superstars of the poetic world—the spontaneous productions of non-poets in moments of idleness or desperation? Apparently some of the inscribers in the bog-houses used excrement as a medium for—as well as a subject of—their inscriptions (a somewhat literal prefiguring of T. S. Eliot's claim that, to a certain extent, all poetry was a form of "defecation"). The *Merry-Thought*, then, is not even the kind of art that Dryden attacked in *MacFlecknoe* and Pope in his *Dunciad*—the work of bad poets masquerading as geniuses. Rather, it is a primitive form of folk art produced as a more or less spontaneous act of play or passion, and achieving some small degree of respectability only when practiced by a respected poet and collected with his more serious verse. Like modern "serial" graffiti, it could function as a form of communication since the first inscriptions often

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provoked those who followed to make their own contributions. (In this way too we could perhaps even see it as some kind of early incarnation of Twitter.)

Indeed, one of the more interesting aspects of graffiti is that in an impermanent form it testifies to the continuance over the centuries of certain human concerns. Studies of graffiti have often focused on particular modern conflicts between races or nations, on drug problems, and on specific political commentary. But such local matters aside, the content of modern graffiti is surprisingly like that of earlier periods: scatological observations, laments of lovers, accusations against women for their sexual promiscuity, the repetition of "trite" poems and sayings, and messages attributed to various men and women suggesting their sexual availability and proficiency. And if the political targets have changed over the years, many of the political attitudes have remained consistent. Graffiti is an irreverent form, with strong popular and anti-establishment elements. As actions common to all classes, eating, drinking, defecation, and fornication find their lowly record in graffiti-like form.

On the most basic level, a writer will observe that the excrement of the rich differs in no way from that of the poor. Thus one poem, taken supposedly from a "Person of Quality's Boghouse", has the following sentiment:

Good Lord! who could think,
That such fine Folks should stink?

There is nothing very "polite" about such observations, and no pretension to art. These verses belong strictly to folklore and the sociology of literature, but they suggest some continuing rumbles of discontent against the class system, the existence among the lower orders of some of the egalitarian attitudes that survived the passing of the Lollards and the Levellers. Who were the writers of these pieces? Were they indeed labourers? Or were they from the lower part of what was called the "middle orders"? Is there some evidence to be found in the very fact that they could write?

Graffiti may, indeed, tell us something about degrees of literacy. One wit remarked that whatever the ability to read or write may have been at the time, almost everyone seemed to have been literate when presented with a bog-house wall: "Since all who come to Bog-house write". The traditional connection between defecation and writing was another comparison apparent to the commentators. One wrote:

There's nothing foul that we commit,
But what we write, and what we sh—t.

And the lack of some paper or material to clean the rear end provoked the following sentiment in the form of a litany:

From costive stools, and hide-bound wit,
From bawdy rhymes, and hole besh—t.
From walls besmeared with stinking ordure,
By swine who ne'er provide bumfodder
Libera nos—

Other types of graffiti, however, vary from the very earnest expression of affection to the non-excrementally satiric. One of the more unusual is a poem in praise of a faithful and loving wife:

I kissed her standing,
Kissed her lying,

Kissed her in Health,
And kissed her dying;
And when she mounts the Skies,
I'll kiss her flying.

Underneath this poem, *The Merry-Thought* records a favourable comment on the sentiment.

Even more earnest is the complaint of a woman about her fate in love:

Since cruel Fate has robbed me of the Youth,
For whom my Heart had hoarded all its Truth,
I'll ne'er love more, despairing e'er to find,
Such Constancy and Truth amongst Mankind.
Feb. 18, 1725.

We will never know why she was unable to marry the man she truly loved, but her bitterness may have been short-lived. Just after this inscription comes a cynical comment identifying the lady as a member of the Walker family. And the writer insists that like all women she was inconstant, since he kissed her the next night.

This cynical approach to love and women dominates *The Merry-Thought*. Prevailing, women are depicted as sexually insatiable, as in a piece written by a man who takes a month's vacation from sex to recoup his strength. And the related image of the female with a sexual organ capable of absorbing a man plays a variation on the *vagina dentata* theme. In a more realistic vein, though equally cynical, is the poem on the woman who complained of her husband making her pregnant so often:

A poor Woman was ill in a dangerous Case,
She lay in, and was just as some other Folks was:
By the Lord, cries She then, if my Husband e'er come,
Once again with his Will for to tickle my Bum,
I'll storm, and I'll swear, and I'll run staring wild;
And yet the next Night, the Man got her with Child.
S. M. 1708.14

S. M. is clearly unsympathetic to the plight of married women in an age with only the most primitive forms of birth control. The picture of her as a long-suffering person is undercut by the casual male assumption that giving birth was not really dangerous and that women make too much of the pain and difficulty. That women were often forced to go through thirteen or fourteen deliveries when little thought had yet been given to creating an antiseptic environment for childbirth is apparently of little concern to S. M., who finds in the apparent willingness of the woman to have sexual intercourse one more time sufficient reason for contempt.

In addition to giving glimpses into social attitudes, *The Merry-Thought* has a variety of inscriptions that show the way these writings functioned. Professor George Guffey, in his introduction to part one of the 1982 Augustan Reprint Society edition of the work, remarks upon the proposal scene carried on in Moll Flanders between Moll and the admirer who will prove to be her third husband and her brother. Such scenes involving witty proposals and responses cut into the windows of taverns were real enough at the time. An exchange found in part two of *The Merry-Thought* is not, however, half so satisfactory. The woman takes umbrage at her admirer's

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suggestions that the glass on which he writes is "the Emblem" of her mind in being "brittle, slipp'ry, [and] pois'nous", and writes in retort:

I must confess, kind Sir, that though this Glass,
Can't prove me brittle, it proves you an Ass.

Though an easy cynicism about women's availability and about the body's insistently animal functions predominates, there is enough variety in *The Merry-Thought* to provide something of a picture of eighteenth-century society were any future anthropologists to come upon this volume as the sole remnant of that period. They would see a society engaged rather more in animal functions than in intellectual pursuits—a society rather more concerned with drinking, love, and defecation than the picture presented by the polite and intellectual literature of the time allowed. But they would also find in the satirical squibs on Corny, the Cambridge bookseller and printer, evidence of learning and university life as well as a criticism of opera. They would see numerous young men longing for their mistresses to soften their hearts toward them, and cynical older men who had lost their illusions about love. But they could also come upon a straight piece of philosophy taken from the still fashionable Flask tavern in Hampstead or lowly bits of pious folk wisdom. More often, however, they would uncover a society in which there was little of the generalized style that characterizes even the most personal formal poetry of the period. Many of the writers identify themselves and the names of the women they love or detest. In short, if these volumes do little else, they do provide a vivid glimpse into the personal life of the time, and to that extent an injection of some of these inscriptions into the anthologies of the period might help in providing a lively and piquant context for the serious artistic production of writers like John Gay and Jonathan Swift.

The announced "publisher" of this folio was one Hurlothrumbo, a character drawn from the theatrical piece of that name by Samuel Johnson of Cheshire (1691–1773). Professor Guffey has proposed that James Roberts, for whom the four parts were printed, "was almost certainly the collector of the graffiti" and that the name of Hurlothrumbo was invoked in order to attract some of the attention that Samuel Johnson of Cheshire and his play were still receiving two years after the play's first performance and publication. But Roberts would appear an unlikely candidate for the role of editor. I would suggest, rather, the possibility of a more direct and active connection with Samuel Johnson of Cheshire: that he was himself likely the compiler of the four parts of *The Merry-Thought* and that, whatever the individual versifiers may have intended, this infamous collection of graffiti—as collection—shares very closely with Johnson's other work a spirit of wild variety, eccentric juxtaposition, and essential anarchism that is meant to lead, not to clever parody of polite literature, but to a new, almost apocalyptic vision of the sublime.

At the first level, [*Hurlothrumbo: or, The Super-Natural*](#) (1729) itself appears to be quite simply a parody, in this case of opera in the form of a work mixing dialogue and song in a manner similar to but much wilder than Gay's *Beggar's Opera*. Johnson's apparent take-off on the heroics of opera managed to include in its attack a commentary upon the absurdity of contemporary tragedy as well as some specific references to those works that aimed at the sublime. Lines like "This World is all a Dream, an Outside, a Dunghill paved with Diamonds" seem to call the very nature of metaphor into question, especially when juxtaposed with other delirious lines such as "Rapture is the Egg of Love, hatched by a radiant Eye" or by songs such as that sung

by the king on contemplating the effects of swallowing gunpowder and brandy together:

Then Lightning from the Nostrils flies.
Swift Thunder-bolts from Anus, and the Mouth will break,
With Sounds to pierce the Skies, and make the Earth to quake.

Hurlothrumbo may be mostly nonsense, but from the standpoint of literary history, it is highly significant nonsense. It represented a revolt against all dramatic conventions and shared a number of qualities with graffiti, including the sense of spontaneity.

Had Johnson's intention been something as relatively uncomplicated as literary parody he would have achieved some minor fame in a century which could boast any number of geniuses who had specialized in deriding the pretentiousness of the more established literary forms, particularly tragedy, the epic, and the pastoral. But Johnson of Cheshire lacked the aesthetic distance required of sustained irony and had a grander purpose in mind. His tradition was not that of the parodist but rather that of the visionary—the mystic whose tendency is to merge the high and the low, the sublime and the absurd, within a single work. He was not attacking the extravagant rants of the heroic play as Fielding was to do in his [*Tragedy of Tragedies*](#) (1731) or reflecting on opera and pastoral as Gay had done in [*The Beggar's Opera*](#) (1728); rather he was trying, however unsuccessfully, to maintain his own work at the highest reaches of sublimity. He was like one of Pope's "Flying Fishes", who "now and then rise upon their fins and fly out of the Profound; but their wings are soon dry, and they drop down to the bottom."

In his preface to [*The Blazing Comet; or the Beauties of the Poets*](#) (1732), Johnson of Cheshire noted that "the same thought that makes the Fool laugh, may make the wise Man sigh". Given such an equivocal approach to the ways in which the audience responded to his work, the poet could easily shrug off audience laughter to his most "Sublime" lines. He was always ready "to leap up in Ecstasy; and dip ... [his] Pen in the Sun". Parts of *Hurlothrumbo*, particularly the scene between Lady Flame and Wildfire (both of whom are described in the list of characters as "mad") in which Wildfire threatens to cast off his clothes and "run about stark naked", bear an odd resemblance to "The King's Cameleopard" in *Huckleberry Finn*. But the disconnected verbal structure, along with the music and dancing, achieves a strange mixture that must have amused and, to a certain extent, bemused its audience.

Johnson called upon "Variety" as his most important artistic principle, and he developed his ideas on this subject in *A Vision of Heaven* (1738), a work which bears a striking resemblance to William Blake's [*The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*](#). Johnson argues that all surface appearances are merely a form of "Hieroglyphic" concealing a true vision of things. His narrator is capable of what Blake was to call "mental flight", and there is a particularly vivid passage in which the stars are seen as throwing down "freezing Daggers" at the poor starving children in the streets, and another in which we encounter an aged woman who wields a broom against spiders and against all the young women who threaten to come near the narrator. The mystic temperament is often capable of making connections between the spiritual and the excremental, between the sublime and the bathos of "Thunder-bolts from Anus". Blake, we should recall, has poems depicting himself defecating.

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Whether Johnson actually collected *The Merry-Thought* or not, the reasons for the association of these volumes with his name should then be clear enough. While Fielding might appropriate the title "Scriblerus Secundus" by way of staking out a line of descent for his humour and satire, *Hurlothrumbo* was so thoroughly connected with Johnson and his play that I can see no reason why he should not be considered the likely editor of such a varied and eccentric collection of verse and prose as *The Merry-Thought*. That the "Variety" bears no resemblance to that of serious art, however, should be as obvious as the difference between a William Blake and a Samuel Johnson of Cheshire. As William Hogarth was to remark, "variety uncomposed, and without design is confusion and deformity."

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Part 1

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, Politics, 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 Gamy,
Flumarum a Flumarum,
A Rigdum Bollarum
A Rigdum, for a little Gamey.*

Bethlehem-Wall, Moor-Fields.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Roberts in *Warwick-Lane*; and Sold by
the Booksellers in Town and Country. (Price 6 *d*)]

Editor's Note

N. B. There being a great Number of these pieces of wit and humour at most places of public resort in this kingdom, it is hoped that all, who are pleased with, or willing to promote this design, will be so good as to collect them and send them to the publisher hereof. The editor does not care how merry they are, provided they are not obscene.

Dedication

To the honourable and worthy authors of the following curious pieces.

Gentlemen and ladies,

Would it not be great pity, that the profound learning and wit of so many illustrious personages, who have favoured the publick with their lucubrations in diamond characters upon *drinking-glasses*, on *windows*, on *walls*, and in *bog-houses*, should be left to the world? Consider only, gentlemen and ladies, how many accidents might rob us of these sparkling pieces, if the industrious care of the collector had not taken this way of preserving them, and handing them to posterity. In the first place, some careless drawer breaks the drinking-glasses inscribed to the beauties of our age; a furious mob at an election breaks the windows of a contrary party; and a cleanly landlord must have, forsooth, his rooms new painted and white-washed every now and then, without regarding in the least the wit and learning he is obliterating, or the worthy authors, any more than when he shall have their company: but I may venture to say, that good things are not always respected as they ought to be: the people of the world will sometimes overlook a jewel, to avoid a t—d, though the proverb says, *sh-tt-n luck is good luck*. Nay, I have even found some of the *Spectator's* works in a bog-house, companion with pocky-bills and fortune-telling advertisements; but now, as Dr. *R—ff* said, *you shall live*; and I dare venture to affirm, no body shall pretend to use any of your bright compositions for bum-fodder, but those who pay for them. I am not in this like many other publishers, who make the works of other people their own, without acknowledging the piracy they are guilty of, or so much as paying the least compliment to the authors of their wisdom: no, gentlemen and ladies, I am not the daw in the fable, that would vaunt and strut in your plumes. And besides, I know very well you might have me upon the Hank according to law, and treat me as a highwayman or robber; for you might safely swear upon your honours, that I had stole the whole book from your recreative minutes. But I am more generous; I am what you may call frank and free; I acknowledge them to be yours, and now publish them to perpetuate the memory of your honours' wit and learning: but as every one must have something of self in him, I am violently flattered, that my character will shine like the diamonds you wrote with, under your exalted protection, to the end of time. I am not like your common dedicators, who fling out their flourishes for the sake of a purse of guineas on their dedicatees; no, gentlemen and ladies, all I desire is, that you will receive this kindly, though I have not put cuts to it, and communicate what sublime thoughts you may chance to meet with to the publisher, *J. Roberts*, in *Warwick Lane*, post paid, for

Your most humble,

Most obedient,

Most obsequious,

Most devoted,

And most faithful servant,

HURLO THRUMBO.

The Merry-Thought.

In a Window at Maidenhead.

Madam Catherine Cadriere's Case opened, against Father Girard's powerful Injunction.

My dearest *Kitty*, says the *friar*,
give me a holy kiss, and I'll retire,
which kiss set all his heart on fire.

He had no rest that night, but often cried,
Z—nds, my dear *kitty* shall be occupied;
I'll lay aside my rank, I will not be denied.
To-morrow I'll try her,
Said the friar;
And so he went to her,
And did undo her,
By making her cry out for mercy;
And then he kissed her *narsey-parsey*.
L. F. 1731.

Underwritten.

Dear *Kitty* could never have suffered disgrace,
If whilst the old friar was kissing her a—se,
She'd pulled up her spirits, and sh—t in his face.

From an hundred Windows.

That which frets a woman most,
Is when her expectation's crossed.

Sun behind the Exchange.

To Mr. D——b, on his being very hot upon Mrs. N. S. 1714.

When the devil would commit a rape.
He took upon him *Cupid's* shape:
When he the fair one met, at least,
They kissed and hugged, or hugged and kissed;
But she in amorous desire,
Thought she had *Cupid's* dart,
But got hell fire,
And found the smart.
N. B. And then the surgeon was sent for.

From the White-Hart at Acton.

Kitty the strangest girl in life,
For any one to make a wife;
Her constitution's cold, with warm desire,
She kisses just like ice and fire.

At the Bear-Inn, Speenhamland.

EVANK it is a word of fame,
Spell it backwards, 'tis your name.
S. T. 1710.

Find it out if 'tis your name,
R. M.

At the Cranes, Edgeworth.

As I walked by myself,
I said to myself.
And myself said again to me:
Look to thyself,
Take care of thyself,
For no body cares for thee.
Then I myself
Thus answered myself,
With the self-same repartee:
Look to thyself,
Or look not to thyself,
'Tis the self-same thing to me.
John Careless.

On a Friar who cuckolded a Dyer at Rouen in France; and the Dyer's Revenge in dyeing him Blue.

There was a topping dyer,
Was cuckolded by a friar:
He saw the case,
How bad it was,
And feigned to take a journey,
Saying softly, madam,—burn ye.
But stopping by the way
He saw the priest full gay,
Running fast to his house,
To tickle his spouse:
'Tis d—ned vile, thinks the dyer,
But away went the friar.
I'll be with you anon,
Says the dyer,—go on,
And as I am blunt,

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If I find you have don't,
I'll dye you for life,
For debauching my wife;
And as good as his word,
For he cared not a t—d,
Away goes the dyer,
Caught his wife with the friar.
And led the monk down,
And pickled him soon,
In a dye-fat of blue,
Which he ever will rue,
'Twas so lasting a hue;
And that spoilt his hunting,
A twelve-month or two, &c.
Daniel Cowper, &c.

On a Tavern Window in Fleet-Street.

An address to our present petit-maitres.

No more let each fond foppling court a brother,
And quit the girls to dress for one another;
Old maids, in vengeance to their slighted beauty,
Shall one day make you wish you'd done your duty;
Thro' h—ll they drag ye on most awkward shapes,
Yoked in their apron-strings, and led for apes.

Written under a Couple of paltry Verses, in a Woman's Hand.

Immodest words admit of no defence;
For want of decency is want of sense.

Eton, on a Window.

A Discourse by Numbers and Figures.

When I came to V,
We made IV of us II;
Yet I took the Right Hand,
And then what came of V?
V was lesser by I
Then V had been beIV:
But an L and some Xes
Would make V LXXX.
If V could C as well as I,
'Tis a hundred to one, but I comply;
Then V and I together fix,
I'll stand by V, and make V VI.

Hurlo-Thrumbo

On a Window in Mainwaring's Coffee-House, Fleet-Street.

Omnia vincit amor.
["Love conquers all"]

If kisses were the only joys in bed,
Then women would with one another wed.

At the Same Place.

Let *Jove* his *Juno*, and his *Nectar* boast,
Champagne's my liquor, and miss *K—g* my toast.

Rumford on a Window.

When full of pence, I was expensive,
And now I've none, I'm always pensive.

Underwritten.

Then be at no expense
And you'll have no suspense.
W. T.

**Dean's Yard, Westminster, in Charcoal, on a Wall,
a Verse to be read upwards or downwards or arsey-versey the same.**

SATOR
AREPO
TENET
OPERA
ROTAS

Maidenhead, in a Window.

*In a window, in a window,
I saw a cat lick her ear in a window.*

Nay, Sir,—she cried, I'll swear I won't.
I vow I never yet have don't!
Lord! Pray, Sir, do not press me so;
I'll call for all the folks below.
Good Lord! what is't? You're very rude;
And then she acted like a prude.
And then,
Like birds of a feather,
They flocked together.
S. T.

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Rebuses on Drinking-Glasses, at a private Club of Gentlemen.

Miss Wall-sing-ham.

What encloses a plat, as I wish her dear arms
Had my body encompassed, with nightingale's charms,
And the leg of an hog, gives my dearest her name.
Her beauties so great set my heart on a flame.

Rebus on Miss Nick-ells.

Take the devil's short name,
And much more than a yard,
You've the name of the dame
I shall ever regard.

Rebus on Miss S. Bell.

The greatest noise on Sundays made,
Tells us her name in masquerade,
Whom I must kiss,-or be a *shade*.

Rebus for Miss M. Cotton.

One of the softest things in nature,
Beareth the name of my dear creature.

Rebus on Miss Anne Oliv-er.

A pickle of excellent growth,
And to **sin* against the truth,
Tells the name of a virgin of beauty and youth.
* I.e. *to err*.

Rebus on Miss Par-sons.

A famous old man of old time,
And his children, the males of his line,
Give the name of my beauty divine.

Rebus on Miss Har-ring-ton.

The pleasure of the sportsman's chase;
The pledge in matrimonial case,
With twenty hundred weight beside,
Name her I wish to make my bride.

At Epsom on a Window.

When my brisk lass
Upon the grass,
Will sport, and give her love;
She'll wink and pink,
Till she can't think;
That's happiness, by *Jove*!
Per Jovem Juro. ["I swear by Jove"]
J. M.

The following is in a Cabaret Window at Paris, to be read forwards and backwards the same.

Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor.
["In bustling Rome you will quickly find love"]

Underwritten.

Le Diable t'emporte.

The Three Last Words, the Critics tell us, spells in English, The Devil take you.

At the same Place.

Chagrin come le Diable: ["Suffering like the devil"]
For a Girl has spoil't my *bauble*.

A Heathen Greek Line from a Wall at Westminster.

Souldramaton, Acapon, Alphagoose, Pastiveneson.

In English.

Shoulder of mutton, a capon, half a goose, pasty of venison.

In Dog-Latin at the same Place.

O mirum Fartum,
Perigrinum Gooseberrytartum.

N.B. Fartum is the only *Latin* Word for Pudding: And as far as I can trace it amongst the Antients, there is no *Latin* for a Gooseberry-Tart; so that the Lad who writ it, had no need to Apologize for making a Word or two: As for *Fartum*, 'tis allowed in our Times; for we say *Fartum pistum*, is a *baked Pudding*; and *Fartum coctum* is a *boiled Pudding*: And if the Boy loved these Things, what is it to us; let everyone mind his own Business.

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Brentford at the Red-Lion, the Great Room.

Says Sir *John* to my Lady, as together they sat,
Shall we first go to supper, or do you know what?
Dear Sir *John*, (with a smile,) returned the good lady,
Let us do you know what, for supper's not ready.

Bridgnorth, at the Crown.

Jenny had got a cl—p,
Which was my mishap:
But Doctor *R*—set me right,
And I'm now in good plight.
January 30. 1720. J. W.

**At the Swan at Chelsea, in one of the Summer-Houses; supposed to be written by
One who lost his Estate in the South-Sea Year.**

Damn the joke
Of all the folk:
I've lost my estate;
And all men I hate:
I shall look through a grate,
For I see 'tis my fate.
The Devil take the bubbles,
I'm in a pack of troubles,
S. B. 1721.

Under this is wrote,

Happy's the man
That well could scan,
Which way his fortune led him:
I have got what he lost,
I am gay while he's crossed,
So adieu to good Mr. *B—n*.
Ha! ha! ha! 1722.

Upon a Clock in Tavistock-Street, Covent-Garden, 1712.

I have no legs,
And yet I go and stand:
And when I stand, I lie;
Witness my hand;
Mentiri non est meum. ["I cannot lie"]

From a Window at Spring Gardens, Vauxhall.

Exiled from *London*, happy could I live,
Were this my Paradise, and this my *Eve*.

At the Cardinal's-Cap at Windsor.

Michael Hunt's Health.

Here's a health to *Mich. Hunt*,
And to *Mich. Hunt's* Breeches;
And why may not I scratch *Mich. Hunt*,
When *Mich. Hunt* itches.
The clock goes as swift as the hours that fly,
When together in bed are my *Chloe* and I:
But when she is gone, I bemoan my hard fate,
It is millions of years till she knocks at my gate.

Underwritten.

D—n the Clock for its inconstancy; to give me moments and ages in the same
time! O my *Chloe*!
R. W. 1720.

From a Window in Chancery-Lane.

Here did I lay my *Celia* down;
I got the p—x, and she got half a crown.
W. T. 1719.

Underwritten.

Give and take; weight for inches.
S. R.

**From a Bog-House at Hampton Court, supposed to be written by a violent
Lover.**

Oh! that I were a t—d, a t—d,
Hid in this secret place,
That I might see my *Betsy's* a—,
Though she sh—t me in my face
R. M. 1703.

Written under this in a Woman's Hand.

'Tis pity but you had your wish.
E. W.

Nottingham, at the Castle: Jack N— cured.

The five and twentieth day of *July*,
When *Jack* with liquor grew unruly,
In comes Sir *Richard* with a quart,
And drank him till he broke his heart;

The Merrythought

So down dropped *Jack*
Upon his back,
And lay,
Till day,
And went away.
R. C. July 26. 1716.

Catherine-Wheel, High-Wickham, upon a Window.

Sally's my toast from head to tail;
Not half so good is toast and ale.
J. S. *Esq;* of Oriel College, Oxon.

Three-Pigeons, Brentford, in a Window.

How vain the hopes of woman's love,
While all their hearts inconstant prove;
Nor *M—k*, nor will *Dolly* come;
Nor *Sukey* with her thumping b—m;
Nor *Molly* with her flaring eyes;
Nor *Nancy* with her bouncing thighs:
If one don't come, my curse is this,
That they may never sh—t nor p—ss.
Six in the Morning, R. R. of *Oxford*.

Three-Pigeons, Brentford, upon a Drinking-Glass.

Dear charming lovely *Nancy L—r*,
Thou art my only toast, I swear.
T. T. from *Coventry*, *Feb.* 13. 1716.

On another at the same Place.

My dearest *Sukey Percivall*,
Is all my toast, and that is all.
Captain *F—I*, *July* 4. 1716.

Red-Lion, at Southwell, in a Window.

Clarinda lay here
With a young cavalier;
With her heart full of fear,
For her husband was near.
L. L. *Feb.* 2. 1728.

Written under.

'Tis very true; for we saw *rem-in-re* through the key-hole.

SM}

JM}

Hurlo-Thrumbo

RH}

[*Rem-in-re*: "The thing in the thing" I.e. sexual intercourse]

Written under.

If the husband had come,
And had seen his wife's b—m,
Heed a known by her looks,
She'd been playing—
At hoy gammer cooks.
S. B. *March* 3. 1728.

Windsor, the White-Hart, in a Window.

Now is my latest guinea changed,
And gone where it was used to range:
When that was broke, it broke my heart;
For now for ever we must part,
Unless I boldly meet it on the road,
And bid the porter give it me, by G-d.
And so I'll do;
Tom. Stout
Will see it out, *Feb.* 2.

Underwritten.

Win it and take it, says Captain *Hector*: I defy the bold robber; and I have an
hundred guineas that I shall travel with to-morrow.
Feb. 16.

At the Cardinal's-Cap In Windsor, on a Window.

J. F. is fifteen, and so charming her mien,
Her eyes are like brilliants, her looks are serene,
And one kiss from her lips is worth ten from a queen.
Tom. Fool, 1726.

At the same Place, on the Wall.

Never had mortal greater wit
Than I who ever wanted it;
But now my wants have made me scrawl,
And rhyme and write the Devil and all.
J. Forbes, 1720.

On a Summer-House near Farnham in Surrey.

I, C, U, B
Y Y for me.
J. S.

The Merrythought

The Reading of it is supposed to be, viz.

I see you be
Too wise for me.

Star-Inn, Coventry.

Tell me where is fancy bred?
In the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?

[from *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III scene 2]

ANSWER.

Had not *Celia* come this way,
My heart would be my own this day,
Fancy's engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the same cradle where it lies;
For she's a wh—re, and I despise.
R. L. 1710.

**At the Leg-Tavern, Fleet-Street. We suppose an Attempt
to put the Lives of Adam and Eve, and their Sons, into Verse.**

Mr. *Adam* he was, the first man alive,
And he married a fine young Gentlewoman, called Mrs. *Eve*.
And Mr. *Adam* and Mrs. *Eve*, between them twain
Got a pretty little boy, called Master *Cain*.

At the Catherine-Wheel at Henley.

Clelia's Epitaph, who was slandered to Death.

Death, to vindicate her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies;
So the life that died with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.
R. S. Oct. 17. 1708.

At the same Place.

Three bottles of *Burgundy*, and a brisk lass,
With a thousand of *grigs*, should it e'er come to pass,
Would make me behave myself just like an ass.
L. M. of Oxon, 1709.

From the Temple Bog-House.

No hero looks so fierce in fight,
As does the man who strains to sh—te.

From the Crown at Basingstoke, which was, in Ben Johnson's time, the Sign of the Angel, and then inhabited by Mrs. Hope, and her daughter Prudence. As tradition informs us, Ben Johnson was acquainted with the house; and in some time, when he found strange people there, and the sign changed, he wrote the following lines.

When *Hope* and *Prudence* kept this house,
The *Angel* kept the door;
Now *Hope* is dead,
And the *Angel* fled,
And *Prudence* turned a whore.

From the Bear at Oxford, by a Gentleman who had been affronted at the Angel.

They are all bears at the *Angel*,
And all angels at the *Bear*.
N.B. *There are very pretty girls at the Bear.*
1710. N. R.

In a Boghouse at Richmond.

To preserve our good health,
Let us let a good f—t;
It is better than wealth,
It will comfort your heart:
And when you have done,
With the crack of your b—m,
Bend your knees,
And then squeeze,
And something will come,
You'll be better, tho' it's not so big as your thumb.
G. S. 1716.

Crown at Basingstoke.

Says *Nan B—ch* to Sir *John*, you're a scandalous villain;
D'ye think I would do what I did for a shilling?
In good truth, says Sir *John*, when I find a girl willing.
Let her take what she finds, and give willing for willing.
But if you insist upon money for that,
I need not speak plainer, you know what is what,
I shall always look on you as a money-wise cat.
I. E. July 17. 1713.

The Merrythought

Beaconsfield in a Window. I forgot the Sign.

Blow me a kiss, says a nymph to her swain,
And when I have got it, I'll give it again.
The Swain had been working, as sometimes men do,
Till he'd hardly got breath for to buckle his shoe;
But turning around, he let a great f—t,
And blowed her a Kiss *according to art*.
B. R. 1715.

At the Swan at Chelsea, in a Summer-House Window.

Jenny demure, with prudish looks,
Turns up her eyes, and rails at naughty folks;
But in a private room, turns up her lech'rous tail,
And kisses till she's in for cakes and ale.
L. M. July 17. 1727.

Mitre, Hampton, 1708.

Celia, the joy of all my parts,
I kissed, and broke ten thousand hearts:
There's ne'er a man the girl will see,
But dearest, dearest, dearest me.
I. H. Esq; I can boast,
The greatest conquest o'er the greatest toast.

Underwritten.

Proud puppy, who pretend'st to find,
A woman with a constant mind,
Surely denotes that love is blind.
For I have kissed her myself,
Or else I'm an elf,
R. C. Fellow-Commoner, Oxon.

Speenhamland; in a Window.

Sir *John* at this place
Kissed her grace,
Which he proved face to face
C. W. April 14. 1710.

Underwritten.

While this was a-doing,
Her maid I was wooing:
She did like her lady,
But made me a daddy.
J. W. April 12. 1711.

Hampton Court, at the Mitre, 1718.

How have I strove to gain the fair?
And yet how little does she care?
But leaves me starving with despair.
'Tis now full eight, I fear her spouse
Has given her a rendezvous.

Those five Lines were crossed out; but then follows:

D—mn the first lines, they are not mine,
T'abuse a lady so divine;
Altho' I waited for her hours,
I have enjoyed her lovely powers,
Her wit, her beauty, and her sense,
Have fully made me recompence.
Captain R. T. July 10. 1710.

Underwritten.

Friend Captain T,
If thou can'st C,
Mind what I have to say to thee,
Thy strumpet wh—re abominable,
Which thou didst kiss upon a table,
Has made thy manly parts unable.
Farewell, &c. Z. B.

Toy, at Hampton Court, 1708.

D—n Molly H—ns for her pride,
She'll suffer none but lords to ride:
But why the Devil should I care,
Since I can find another mare?
L. M. August.

Star-Inn at Coventry, in a Window.

Letter to Will S—rs, Esq;
Dear Will,
I ever will
Be at your will,
Whene'er you will,
And where you will;
So that your will
Be good-will,
I never will
Dispute your will;
But give you will
For will.

The Merrythought

At this time,
At all times,
Or any time,
But such times
As bad times:
For lemon thyme,
Or common time,
Or triple time,
Are not times
Like your times
And my times
For pastimes.
Then betimes
Suit your time
To my time;
Or my time
Is lost time.
I wish you well,
And hope you're well,
As I am well;
So all's well
That ends well;
Then farewell.
R. B. April 17. 1714.

Star at Coventry, on a Window.

Drunk at *Combe Abbey*, horrid drunk;
Hither I came, and met my fav'rite punk.
But she as well might have embraced a log,
All night I snored, and grunted like a hog,
Then was not I a sad confounded dog!
I'll never get drunk again,
For my head's full of pain,
And it grieves me to think,
That by dint of good drink,
I should lie with my *Phyllis* in vain.
R. H. 1712.

Salisbury, the King's Arms, on the Wall.

Here was a 'pothecary's wife,
Who never loved her spouse in all her life;
And for want of his handle,
Made use of a candle:
—Light as a feather,
To bring things together.
S. C. 1710.

Hurlo-Thrumbo

Underwritten.

Thou fool, 'twas done for want of sense,
I tickled her concupiscence:
And that is enough to save her credit.
S. B. 1712.

Under this is wrote.

From the story above,
The girls that love,
Have learned the use of candles;
And since that, by *Jove*,
And the god of love,
We have lost the use of handles.
W. S—pe, Feb. 2. 1714.

Stockbridge, at the Kings-Head.

Salley Stukely is the prettiest girl in *england*,
I wish I was to play a game with her single-hand.
R. S.

Windsor, at the Cardinal's-Cap.

Now my sun is retired,
My heart is all fired;
My *Sylvia*'s lost
And I am tossed,
Into love's flames,
What shall I do to gain her?
Sure something must restrain her,
Or else she'd come.
Then I'm undone.
Help me, dear *Cupid*,
Or I shall grow stupid;
And if you won't help me,
Then *Bacchus* protect me.
R. M. 1709.

Greyhound, at Maidenhead.

Dear *Doll* is a prude,
And I tumbled her down;
And I tickled her fancy
For half a crown.
R. M—r, July 17. 1714.

The Merrythought

At the Same Place.

Chloe's Character.

Her voice is as clear as the stream;
Her character light as the sun;
Her dealings are hard as a stone;
But her promise as sure as a gun.
A. P—pe, 1712.

At the same Place.

A hog, a monkey, and an ass,
Were here last night to drink a glass,
When all at length it came to pass,
That the hog and the monkey,
Grew so drunken,
That both were ready to kiss the a—se
of *Tom. Dingle. April 17. 1710.*

At the White-Hart, Windsor.

How, do I fear my lover will not come;
And yet I bid him not: but should he come,
Then let him read—
Let *Man—r—ing* love on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee,
To bind our loves up in a holy band.
Anne Oph—lia, 1708.

Salisbury, at the King's-Arms; seemingly to give the Reason why Miles seem shorter in one Place than another.

When I set out from *London*, I tramped on the way,
I was brisk, and my courage and heart was full gay;
So I fancied my journey was nothing but play,
But as I went forward, a day or two longer,
The miles seemed more lengthened as I grew less stronger,
And I wished in this case to grow younger and younger.
S. O. Oct. 17. 1717.
I walked all the way between London and Exeter.

At the Crown at Harlow.

When daisies gay, and violets blue,
And cowslips with their yellow hue,
And lady's smocks of silver white,
Paint all the meadows with delight,
Then shall I meet my charming fair,
On ouzy banks to take the air;

There shall we taste delicious love,
Equal to what is known above.

R. T. April 14. 1716.

[Note: The first four lines are from Shakespeare's *Love's Labour Lost* Act V scene 2 (slightly misquoted)]

**Upon a Window at the Old Crown at Ware in Hertfordshire;
supposed to be wrote by a slighted Lover.**

Go you false and faithless fair,
Gods above forbid my fate,
First me joys you do prepare,
Then you sorrows do create;
For 'tis the nature of your sex,
First to pleasure, then perplex,
Happy's he without your smiles.
Ever-blest he lives content;
In exorbitant exiles,
Never can his fate repent;
All his wishes and desires,
To destroy love's burning fires.

R. C. June 14. 1731.

At the Crown at Epping.

Tom. Rudge *won the hat from* George Redman.

April 17. 1714.

He lifted with such might and strength,
As would have hurled him twice his length,
And dashed his brains (if any) out:
But *Mars* that still protects the stout,
In pudding-time came to his aid.
Well done *Tom*; and *George* was a clever fellow too. *C. H. 1714.*

**Sent to the Compiler from a Drinking-Glass
at Pontack's Head Tavern in Fleet-Street.**

Might all my wishes but propitious prove,
And all my wants supplied by mighty *Jove*;
Give me dear *W—rs*, and I'll ask no more,
But think her dearer than the golden shower.
C. M.

**Sent to the Compiler from the same.
From the Bog-House at Pancras-Wells.**

Hither I came in haste to sh—t,
But found such excrements of wit,
That I to show my skill in verse,
Had scarcely time to wipe my a—se.

The Merrythought

Underwritten.

D—n your writing,
Mind your sh—t—ng.

On a Wainscot, at the Crown at Harlow.

Whilst Lady *Mary* slept at ease,
Secure from jealousy and fleas,
Her Lord with vig'rous love inclined,
To kiss her maid, and ease his mind:
The maiden did not long resist,
But gently yielded to be kissed;
And in the dance of lovers move,
With sprightly bounds to show her love.
When in the height of am'rous fire,
She cried, my Lord, I've one desire,
Tell me, my peer, tell me, my Lord,
Tell me, my life, upon your word,
Who does it best, my dame or me?
And then she fell in ecstasy.
My Lord in fire of his love,
Called her his minion, turtle dove;
You have the only art to please,
All this he swore upon his knees:
Your dame is like a log of wood,
Her love is never half so good.
My Lord, says she, all that I know;
For all the world has told me so.
S—d—rs, April, 1717.

In a Barber's Shop.

Wil. — always fights with his cunning,
Whilst one foot stands still, th'other is running.

At the Sugar-Loaf in Bell-Yard, Temple-Bar.

If *Venus*, or if *Bacchus*, be my boast,
Claret's my liquor, and Miss C— my toast.

Upon all the Windows of Note on the Roads.

If one stone splits the most obdurate glass,
Why needs there two to split a pretty l—ss.

Hurlo-Thrumbo

Underwritten.

Thou fool, I say, you never yet did know,
A l—ss was split without the use of two.
R. F.

Underwritten.

Nor that neither.
M. L.

From a Bog-House at Hampstead.

Hard stools proceed from costive claret;
Yet mortal man cannot forbear it.
So childbed-women, full of pain,
Will grunt and groan, and to't again.

At Hampstead, in a Window.

Gammer *Sprigins* had gotten a maidenhead,
And for a gold guinea she brought it to bed;
But I found by embracing that I was undone;
'Twas a d—ned p—ck—y wh—re, just come from *London*.
R. L. 1710.

A strange Thing written upon a Glass Window in Queen Elizabeth's Time.

I, C, S, X, O, Q, P, U.

This must be left to the Decipherers.

Pancras Bog-House.

If smell of t—d makes wit to flow,
Lord! what would eating of it do.

From the Temple Bog-House.

if you design to sh—te at ease,
Pray rest your hands upon your knees.
And only give a gentle squeeze.

FINIS.

N.B. A third part of this work being in the press, we entreat our kind correspondents would be speedy in sending their letters to J. Roberts.

The Merrythought

Part 2

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, Politics, 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 inserted several curious Pieces from both Universities.

Published by HURLO THRUMBO.

*Gameyorum, Wildum, Gorum,
Gameyorum a Gamy,
Flumarum a Flumarum,
A Rigdum Bollarum
A Rigdum, for a little Gamey.*

Bethlehem-Wall, Moor-Fields.

PART II

THE SECOND EDITION

LONDON:

Printed for J. Roberts in *Warwick-Lane*; and Sold by
the Booksellers in Town and Country. (Price 6 *d*)

Editor's Note

N. B. The editor returns his hearty thanks to those gentlemen who have favoured him with their letters, and entreats that they will be so good as to continue to communicate whatever they shall meet with of this kind to the publisher.

Introduction.

You will pardon the editor that he does not put things better in order; but he is so engaged in reading the letters sent him in from the two universities, after the publication of the first part, that he believes the preface is in the middle of the book; but I dare swear you'll find it somewhere or other, and so read on.

\$|

The Merry-Thought.

In Trinity-College Bogs.

Ye *Cantabs* mind when ye are sh—t—ng,
How nearly 'tis allied to writing.
—To writing, say you?—pray how so?
An uncouth simile, I trow.
—Hold, pray—condemn it not untried;
Hear only how it is applied.
As learned *johnian* wracks his brain—
Thinks,—hems,—looks wise,—then thinks again;—
When all this preparation's done,
The mighty product is—a pun.
So some with direful strange grimaces,
Within this dome distort their faces;
Strain,—squeeze,—yet loth for to depart,
Again they strain—for what? a fart.
Hence *Cantabs* take this moral trite,
'Gainst nature, if ye think or sh—te;
Use all the labour, all the art,
'Twill ne'er exceed a pun, or fart.

Red-Lion, Egham.

Coquettes will always merry prove;
But prudes are those *give down their love*;
And love and move, and move to love.

Underwritten.

A prude for my money, by G—d.
T. S. 1711.

**Written on the Looking-Glass of Mr. T—p—n,
Fellow-Commoner of Trinity-College, Cambridge.**

Imago in speculo loquitur ad T—p—n.
["The reflection in the mirror speaks to T—p—n."]

I.

Thou pretty little fluttering thing,
That mak'st this gaudy show;
Thou senseless mimic of a man,
Thou being, called a beau.

II.

Like me thou art an empty form,
Like me alone, thou'rt made;
Like me delusive seem'st a man,
But only art a shade.

Tuns in Cambridge, Window facing a certain Alderman's in the Market.

Is *Molly Fr*— immortal?—No.
She is; and I will prove her so.
She's fifteen now, and was, I know,
Fifteen, full fifteen years ago.

Underwritten.

The Fates from heaven late came post;
And thus addressed this *Cambridge* toast.
Say happy maid that can detain
Old hoary time in fettered chain,
What wouldst thou have to set him free,
And give thy captive liberty?
Miss *Molly* called mamma aside,
—Whispered awhile, then thus replied;
Upon my life, all I would have
From *Victor* is to be a slave;
I'll soon untie this captive's hands;
—Tie me but fast in *Hymen's* bands.

On the Same on another Pane.

At home Miss *Molly's* scarce fifteen.
Mamma says she's no more;
But if the parish-book says true,
Miss *Molly's* thirty four.
Poor Miss *Molly*!

**Wrote on Cor— Cr—d's (a Printer and Bookseller in Cambridge)
Window in the Shop.**

Ye longing sophs, say it who can,
That *Corny's* not a learned man.
He knows well each edition, sir,
Of *Aldus*, and of *Elzevir*;
Of *Beza* he profoundly reasons,

The Merrythought

And talks jocose of *Harry Stephens*.
Though (says a wag) all this I grant,
Yet *Corny* sure must learning want.
How so?—it's plain, (if that we may
B'lieve what men of themselves do say,)
For *Corny's* openly* confessed.
He's but a blockhead at the best.

* *Corny*, in printing a *Latin* book, censured by the University, was forced to plead *Ignoramus* ["We do not know"] to save his bacon.

Another in the Shop, on C—'s Title Page

Learning.

Within this learned receptacle of arts,
Corny, if asked, on each can show his parts;
Alike a *Newton*, or a *Ratcliffe* prove;
A *Coke* in law—an *Etheridge* in love.—
Reason profound—in hist'ry state each fact,
Teach *London** how to think, or *Walpole* how to act.
O say from whence should all this learning come.—
From whence?—from each dead sage around the room.
If *Corny* thence his fund of learning draws,
How great his skill in politics or laws?—
How deeply read?—how vast his learned store?—
—When—past the title, all his learning's o'er.

* Bishop.

Another in the Same.

Is *Corny's* learning much; my friends;
Since where it does begin,—it ends?

From a Window in Ardenham-House, Hertfordshire.

As glass obdurate no impression takes,
But what the radiant piercing diamond makes;
Just so my heart all other pow'rs defies,
But those of fair *Venilla's* brilliant eyes.

Written in a Lady's Dressing Room.

Brunetta, I grant you, can give her swain death;
But 'tis not with her eyes, but with her—ill breath.

From a Window in the Inner Temple-Hall.

Come hither, barristers of dress,
That once your lips may meet success:
From *Rufus*' filthy hall withdraw;
Here only ye can live by law.

A Rebus on Lady of Quality, on a Glass at the Old Devil Tavern.

What fly from her eyes, and the place whither I
Must soon be conveyed to, unless she comply,
Is the name of the beauty for whom I could die.

N. B. Darts and *shafts* fly from her eyes, and if one dies, one must be *buried*.

Under the Rebus on Lady Sh—bury, at the Devil Tavern, is this;

What opens a door, and a word of offence,
Tell the name of a nymph of wit, beauty, and sense.
Supposed to be for Miss Ke—ly.

From the Window of a Chamber in the Inner Temple.

For dear *Venilla* in my arms,
I'd scorn all other female charms;
Ten thousand beauties she can spare,
And still be *fairest* of the *fair*.

From innumerable Windows.

Like *Mars* I'll fight, like *Antony* I'll love,
I'll drink like *Bacchus*, and I'll whore like *Jove*.

**From the Apollo, the large Dancing-Room in the Devil Tavern,
written when some were engaged in a particular Country-Dance.**

This dance foretells that couple's life,
Who mean to dance as man and wife;
As here, they'll first with vigour set,
Give hands, and turn whene'er they meet;
But soon will quit their former track,
Cast off and end in back to back.

From the Angel Tavern, Temple-Bar.

'Tis hard! 'tis wondrous hard!
That the life of a man
Should be but a span,
And that of a woman a yard!

The Merrythought

From a Watch-Maker's Window, Fleet-Street.

Here time is bought and sold: 'tis plain, my friend,
My clocks and watches show what I intend;
For you I time correct,
My time I spend;
By time I live,
But not one inch will lend,
Except you pay the ready down or send:
I trust no time,
Unless the times do mend.

On a Watch-Case in a Gentleman's Pocket, given him by a Lady.

The Wretched pray to make more Haste,
The Happy say we fly too fast;
Therefore impossible to know,
Whether I go too fast or slow.
S. M.

At Holyhead, I suppose, written by some Creation-Mender.

Arra, now what signifies the making the two great lights?
The sun to light the day, and the moons to light the nights:
For the sun in the day-time there is no occasion,
Because I can see very well after my persuasion:
But for the moons, they are very good in a dark night,
Because when we cannot see they give us a light.

Crown at Harlow.

Rail at your father, rail at your mother,
Rail at your sister, rail at your brother,
Rail on, my boys, and rail at one another.

Underwritten.

Rail as you say, and you'll be all railed in.

**Written upon the Wall of Clements-Inn, when the Dial
was put up which is supported by a black Slave in a kneeling Posture.**

In vain poor sable son of woe,
Thou seek'st a tender ear;
In vain thy tears with anguish flow,
For mercy dwells not here:
From cannibals thou fly'st in vain,
Lawyers less quarter give;
The first won't eat you till you're slain,
The last will do't alive.

Hampstead on a Window.

I am a dog—
In true fidelity
I am a sun—
In faithful constancy:
I am a stoat,—
To please a lustful lass;
I am a hog,—
And you may kiss my a—se.
But if my *Celia* comes within my ken;
Then I shall be again like other men.

On another at the same Place.

My wife says, whither do you go?
And I return, my dear, I do not know;
Then d—n your blood, says she, to use me thus;
And then I call her caterwauling puss.

Hampton-Court, at the Mitre.

A ramp of very noted name,
I need not say, for all men know her fame,
Lascivious, as the human race could be,
She could not see a man, but fell in ecstasy.

On a Dyer's Sign at Southwark.

I dye to live,
I live to die,
And hope to live eternally.

At the Star at Coventry.

A poor woman was ill in a dangerous case,
She lay in, and was just as some other folks was:
By the lord, cries *she* then, if my husband e'er come,
Once again with his will for to tickle my bum,
I'll storm, and I'll swear, and I'll run staring wild;
And yet the next night, the man got her with child.
S. M. 1708.

By Desire not to insert the Place.

What care I for mistress May'ress;
She's little as the Queen of Fairies:
Her little body like my thumb,
Is thicker far than *other some*;
Her conscience yet would stretch so wide;

The Merrythought

Either on this, or t'other side,
That none could tell when they did ride.

Underwritten.

Swim for thy life, dear boy, for I can feel neither bottom nor sides.

In Pencil upon a Wall in a Tavern near Covent-Garden.

I become all things to all men, to gain some, or I must have starved.
Moll. Friskey.

Star-Inn at Coventry.

Molly the gay, the black, the friskey,
Would kiss like any wanton Gipsy;
Nor was her mouth alone the case,
A man of worth might kiss her a—se.

At a Tavern at the Royal Exchange.

I've now a coach and six before me,
Each female court'sies to adore me:
But from my dearest I can't part,
Without returning her my heart:
Tell her I am gone a month or longer,
While she may gain more love, and I grow stronger.
S. M. Oct. 17. 1720.

From a Tavern in Fleet-Street.

I'll drink like *Bacchus*, and I'll fight like *Mars*,
The kind I'll love, the cross may kiss my a—se.

In the same Room in a Woman's Hand.

Since cruel fate has robbed me of the youth,
For whom my heart had hoarded all its truth,
I'll ne'er love more, despairing e'er to find,
Such constancy and truth amongst mankind.
Feb. 18, 1725.

Underwritten.

I kissed her the next night, and she's one of the *Walkers* family.
Feb. 18. 1725.

Dublin in a Window in Castle-Street.

O mortal man that's made of clay,
Is here to-morrow, and is gone to Day.

In a Bog-House at Hampstead.

There's nothing foul that we commit,
But what we write, and what we sh—t.

Three-Pigeons at Brentford.

Wer't not for *whims*, candles, and carrots
Young fellows things might ride in chariots.
Tom Long, July 17.

Underwritten.

Heaven for all those helps to nature,
Or else poor P—could get no quarter.

Letter on a Window at Stony-Stratford, to Miss Mary V—d—le.

We shall B in better Q,
When U have I, and I have U.
T. M. 1720

From a Window in Hell, near Westminster-Hall.

Old *Orpheus* tickled his harp so well,
That he tickled *Eurydice* out of Hell,
With a twing come twang, and a twing come twang; but,
Some say *Euridice* was a scold
Therefore the Devil of her took hold,
With a twing come twang, &c.
S. S. 1714.

Underwritten.

If my wife had been e'er in the Devil's hands,
You know it would loose all other bands,
And I should been pleased with house and lands.
F. R. 1718.

*From a paper found in the street at twelve at night, 1708, near Covent-Garden.
Argument concerning a Greek opera that was to have been set on foot, when people
liked to see and hear operas first in Italian.*

The Merrythought

PREFACE.

As languages are introduced among us Christian People daily that we do not understand, by way of *Italian* opera, &c. why may we not entertain the public with a little *Greek*, as natural as igs squeak.—

*And for Latin, 'tis no more difficile,
Than for a Blackbird 'tis to whistle.
Hud.[ibras]*

I love dearly to quote my authors.

I have been with both the play-houses, and one says d—n it, it won't do; and t'other says, z—ds it will not take; then says I to myself, I'll have a *Greek* opera, by G—d; and with this resolution I set about it, and made a specimen, and so went with it in a chair to the opera-house, to give it the better grace. But that would not do neither; for one did not understand *Greek*; nor t'other did not understand *Greek*; and *Italian* was all in vogue: and I did not understand that; and so we could make no bargain, and I returned home.

Z—ds, thinks I, if I don't understand their barbarous language, must I let them have any thing of my ancient language? No, Messieurs! I'll let my opera remain in its infancy, and you shall curse yourselves before you have it complete; but that you shall know what fools you have been, I'll stick a needle through my nose, that you may look sharp; and then you will say, why did not US take it, for in the first scene I saw all the Audience laugh. But to the point, *I.e.* the second preamble or argument,

OPERA.

Scene is the city of *Athens*, and an old woman lives in a hollow tree, where she sells gin and gingerbread to the grenadiers; her name is Gammer *Hocus*. Then there comes a Goddess, who sells butter and eggs at *Athens* Market, upon her uncle's bald mare; and as the mare is a stumbling jade, so she falls down before *Hocus's* Tree, and hurts her rump, and then we begin.

N. B. When the Goddess *Cinderaxan* falls down before Gammer *Hocus's* door, or tree, she begins in *Ricitativo*—*Greek* fashion.

*O! mega mar, hocus the baldmare has cantedme ontoss;
* Phillàdram sukami, some Spirit offerme to suckon.
Dear Hokey behasty, forbum sufferssore by a Thumpon't;
No baldmare my Gammon shall contuseagain by one moretoss.
* Fill.*

Englised thus for the benefit of the ladies, though 'tis much the same in the *Greek*.

*O my Gammer Hocus, the bald mare has canted me one toss;
Fill a dram, sick am I, some spirit offer me to suck on.
Dear Hokey be hasty, for bum suffers sore by a thump on't.
No bald mare my Gammon shall contuse again by one more toss.*

Then out comes Gammer *Hocus*, when the Goddess had called for a dram in the second line, and sings with an air, seeing her Goddess-ship as dirty as the Devil.

*Cinderaxan's sablehewed Aspect,—
Fulloffun, though the Doxey can seem coy.*

And here we leave off. Is not the Devil in the -eople, that they will not encourage a good T-hing, when they have it before them.

Crown at Uxbridge, 1708.

An Acrostic upon something or other.

Commodious for a haven made,
Under a rising bank,
Nature has fixed a place of trade,
To men of any rank.

Underwritten.

Riddle my ree, &c.
And read the four first letters, and you'll see.
R. M.

A Man hanging for Love, drawn when Painting was in its Cradle, with his Dog barking at him, viva voce. From the three Pigeons at Brentford.



The occasion of this dangling story, was from a lady who hated him, and set him about it.

Go hang thyself, quoth cruel she,
Go hang thyself I say.
The man obeyed her presently,
And made himself away.
Mary Worthless.

The critics do not make out whether he *walked* off, or *went* off, neither does the figure determine which.

The Merrythought

Hang me, if I will *hang* for any woman,
For most of them alike are very common;
I'd sooner trudge as I have done before,
Than hang upon a d—d confounded whore.

Underwritten.

No matter if the man is longer than the gallows,
He smokes and drinks his glass like honest fellows.

Upon a Drinking-Glass at Charing-Cross.

Nanny Sach—I is all my toast;
She's all I wish for, and is all my boast.

Egham, at the Red Lion.

Help me, ye powers, to sing my *Sylvia*'s praise;
Nor *P—pe* nor *Sw—ft* can do it now a-days.
But you, nor I, or them, can ever boast,
There ever was in *Europe* such a toast;
All we can say, is, *Lucy* rules the roast.

At a Place not to be recorded.

A d—d confounded bitch,
Ugly and cunning as a witch.
Her bill shall be preferred by law;
The house we wish we'd never saw.
One pound five and ten pence;
Grant her repentance;
We'll never come here again;
And let her alone remain.
J. S.
R. S. 17 July.
1722. very truly.

I do not complain of my *Phyllis*,
Because I know what her proud will is;
For I know how she'll rant,
And I know what I want;
G—d d—n her old aunt;
I stand here, and wait for her, that *still is*.

On a beautiful Sempstress, in a Window at Charing-Cross.

Dolly, with beauty and art,
Has so hemmed in my heart,
That I cannot resist the charm.
In revenge I will stitch

Hurlo-Thrumbo

Up the hole near her breach,
With a needle as long as my arm.
R.

**Two Girls at a Bar, that would do't,
and one Gentleman would chatter too long.**

What the Devil should we meddle
With diddle daddle, fiddle faddle;
We shall lose the girls that please;
Go to bed, and take your ease.
M. C. to his Friend.

Underwritten.

I know they'll ease you both, for I have been aboard of them.
R. C.

I shall tell best at the next meeting:
The proof of the pudding is in the eating.

Blue Posts, Charing-Cross.

Use me friendly, use me kind;
I'll be the kindest of my sex;
I'll love, be constant, and you'll find,
I'll be your own in *Middlesex*.
Molly Sh—r.

Underwritten.

Take care you keep her country to yourself.
M. L.

Red Lion at Egham.

I *watch* and *pray* for dearest *nancy*,
Because I always love her fancy;
But then there comes,
Like bailiff bums,
The *watch* with lights we *can see*;
And then she'll pray,
And I must pay,
And retreat as clean as a tansey.

Underwritten.

For money one may whore,
And I'll say no more.—
R. T.

The Merrythought

At the same Place.

I am a young thing, just come from my mammy.
S. L.

Underwritten.

Then you want to be kissed, G—d d—n ye.
Captain R. T.

Bull-and-Mouth Street.

If virtue rules the minds of women,
They'll never let you touch their linen;
But if they are not virtue proof,
Then you may kiss them oft enough.

Uxbridge, at the Crown.

Molly came up to town precise,
Demure, yet fire in her eyes;
So did she look confounded civil;
With grace and beauty like a Devil;
But soon her eyes drew in some hearts,
And some *things else* like *Cupid's* darts,
Which gave her pains, and many smarts.

Underwritten.

Thou puppy,—
The fire of her eyes occasioned the flame of her heart,
And drew the fire to her lower part.
R. L.

From the same Place.

After a tedious journey, and my supper,
And dam—d uneasy with my crupper,
Jenny came up to warm my bed,
A pretty girl; but I was dead,
Or else I'd had her maidenhead.
R. T.

Swan at Uxbridge.

Who's been here,
The Devil I fear;
For he's left the bottles clear.
R. *Est—n*, 1710.

Hurlo-Thrumbo

Underwritten.

'Twas so; for nothing so like the Devil as an empty bottle.
G. S. 1711.

Boghuse at Uxbridge.

If a man should breathe backwards, and happens to stink,
You may say, if you will, it is natural *instinct*.

Underwritten.

You may quibble upon the word *instinct*, if you will; but I think 'tis better out than in, considering the case.
I. M. of Oxon.

**Betty Careless, her Prayers: From her Chambers in
Drury-Lane, on a Wall, written with a Piece of Charcoal.**

Grant us good lusty men, ye gracious pow'rs!
Or else stop up those craving things of ours!

**From the Plough Ale-House in Fore-Street,
near Cripplegate, written upon a Wall.**

Good bread and meat, strong beer withal,
Will make a t—d more lasting;
Therefore I think he is a fool,
That goes out in a morning fasting.
Tom. Rudge.

We suppose he wants to eternize his memory by eating a breakfast.

When I lay with my bouncing *Nell*,
I gave her an inch, and she took an ell:
But I think in this case it was damnable hard,
When I gave her an inch, she'd want more than a yard.

Hampstead, at the Flask.

Nothing so certain as the uncertainties of this life,
says one of the Greek philosophers.

Hoxton, on a Wall.

What Difference between King's T—ds and mine?
One may be costive, one be full of slime;
Yet equally will any hog that feeds,
Produce good pork by feeding on our needs.

The Merrythought

Underwritten.

You nasty dog, you may eat your pork yourself.

Hampstead, at the Flask.

Tell me why, ye gen'rous swains?
Tell me, ye Nymphs upon the plains?
Why does *Sylvia* leave the green?
Has she done anything obscene?
They all replied, your *Sylvia's* gone;
For she will do't with every one.

From the Red Lion at Egham.

She that thinks upon her honour,
Needs no other guard upon her.

Underwritten.

She that has a man upon her,
Never thinks upon her honour.

In Trinity College Bog-house, Dublin.

You who instead of fodder, fingers use,
Pray lick 'em clean, and don't this wall abuse.

Under which is written;

These house-of-office poets, by the L—d,
Instead of laurel, should be crowned with t—d.

In a Window, at the Sign of the Four Crosses, on the Road to West Chester.

Host! would you paint your crosses to the life,
Pull down your sign, and then hang up your wife.

On A Window at Canbury-House.

The breast of every *British* fair,
Like this bright, brittle, slippery glass,
A diamond makes impression there,
Though on the finger of an ass.

On a Person of Quality's Bog-house.

Good Lord! who could think,
That such fine folks should stink?

On a Window at Bushy Hall, Hertfordshire.

Love is like blindman's buff, where we pursue,
We know not what we catch, we know not who;
And when we grasp our wish, what prize is won?
Our Eyes are opened, and the play is done.

**Some Love Verses being first written on a Window in Brook-Street,
and scratched out, occasioned the following:**

Good grave papa, you hope in vain,
By blotting this to mend her;
She who writes love upon the pane,
Will soon leap out at window.

On the Middle Temple Boghouse.

Well sung of Yore, a Bard of Wit,
That some Folks read, but all Folks sh—t;
But now the Case is altered quite,
Since all who come to Boghouse write.

On the same Place.

Because they cannot eat, some authors write;
And some, it seems, because they cannot sh—te.

On a Glass at the Devil Tavern, Temple-Bar.

The stubborn glass no character receives,
Except the stamp the piercing brilliant gives.
A female heart thus no impression takes,
But what the lover tipped with diamond makes.

At Launder's Coffee-House, in the Old Play-House Passage.

Dear *Pat*, 'tis vain to patch or paint,
Since still a fragrant breath you want;
For though well furnished, yet all folks
Despise a room whose chimney smokes.

White-Hart at Watford.

Parody of four Lines of Dryden.

Glass with a Diamond does our Wit betray;
Who can write sure on that smooth slippery Way?
Pleased with our scribbling we cut swiftly on,
And see the Nonsense, which we cannot shun.

The Merrythought

In a Window at the King's Arms Tavern, Fleet-Street.

Both mine and women's fate you'll judge from hence ill,
That we are pierced by every coxcomb's pencil.

**Written in a Window at a private House,
by a desponding Lover in the Presence of his Mistress.**

This glass, my fair's the emblem of your mind,
Which brittle, slipp'ry, pois'nous oft we find.

Her Answer underneath.

I must confess, kind sir, that though this glass,
Can't prove me brittle, it proves you an ass.

Sent by an unknown Hand.

O ye powers above!
Who of mortals take care,
Make women less cruel,
More fond, or less fair.
Was *Helen* half so fair, so formed for joy,
Well fought the *Trojan*, and well burnt was *Troy*.

FINIS.

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Part 3

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, Politics, 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 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 Gamy,
Flumarum a Flumarum,
A Rigdum Bollarum
A Rigdum, for a little Gamey.*

Bethlehem-Wall, Moor-Fields.

PART III

LONDON:

Printed for J. Roberts in *Warwick-Lane*; and Sold by
the Booksellers in Town and Country. (Price 6 *d*)]

The Preface.

This is purposely to acknowledge the obligations I owe to several gentlemen, who have shown 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 holly and ivy: all these hazards did we run of having many curious pieces destroyed, and buried in oblivion. And then again, the cleaning the windows against the holidays might have endangered the loss of many of these brittle leaves of wit and learning. But now, we may sing *old rose*, since a large cargo is already arrived safe at the press. In order for a third part, I have myself taken care to visit most of the glaziers 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 uncopied; 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.

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 tipped her an angel before she lay down,
Which you know was but decent and right.
But an angel of darkness she proved 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 satisfied, unless I've twain,
The one stuck thick with plums, 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 peeped 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 dispatched 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 served him so?
What flesh alive could bear it?
I'd called a dozen times, I trow,
Yet the dog would bring no claret.
This discipline was not in vain,

The Merrythought

For he's his manners mended;
I've been here twenty times since then,
And always well attended.
[*Teaster: a sixpenny price]

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 kissed with every one, and *Moll* does plainly show her;
For *Molly* kind is kissed by none, but only all that know her.
I. S. 1718.

From another Pane in the same Place.

As dear *N—y B—k* looked into the street,
From this window where now I am musing,
I pooped her behind, but no body see't,
And she proved 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 don't let your anger abound,
For faith what you've wrote has no charm in't;
You often have tried 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.

Hurlo-Thrumbo

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 savoured 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 every gen'rous mortal grace our song.

Underwritten.

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

At Devizes, 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,
Filled all my mind with ecstasy;
And so we went to't.
L. T.

Bath, on Harrison's Windows.

I kissed her standing,
Kissed her lying,
Kissed her in health,
And kissed her dying;
And when she mounts *the skies*,
I'll kiss her flying.

Underwritten.

Well said, my boy.
R. S.

The Merrythought

Witney, on a Window.

Debauched by *Henry Rig*,
Who gave me a jig,
But not one grig:*
Howe'er he ran his rig.
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.
[*Grig: A farthing]

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 dressed;
When naked, clothed with wond'rous charms:
Her mien has oft my heart oppressed;
Her nakedness I have possessed;
And by the last I am distressed,
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 hanged 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!

Hurlo-Thrumbo

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 drowned.
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 experienced 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, Mashac, and Abednego:
If *Shadrac* had a fever and ague,
Then read in *English*,
Shadrack may shake, and a bed may go.
R. F.

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.

The Merrythought

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 everyone hiss,
And she better had stayed 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 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.*
["The canes of this era
Are the calamities of this era"]

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 wished for a thick one, and swore 'twas the best,
Altho' 'twere as short to the full as her snout;
But a small one procured 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 died.

**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

Hurlo-Thrumbo

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 Gardener's Window, who kept a Public House in the Road to Cambridge; inserted for the Benefit of bad Spellers.

Heer is good liker
Ov awl quinds toby sould,
And seville yewzitch.

The learned have examined the above inscription: some took it for gibberish; others for *Welsh*; 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 allowed 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, 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.*

The Merrythought

["Accumulate when you can,
Spend sensibly,
And you will get a good house."]

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

The cook, confound her, boiled no roots;
The hostler never cleaned 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 kissed her till she had her fill,
I thought it love, and with her will.
But then—
She made a da—ned confounded bill.
Captain R. T. 1718.

Underwritten.

See the Bill Gentlemen.

Thrice was I reckoned for my meat;
Thrice was I reckoned for Miss *Milly's* treat;
Thrice was I reckoned for my dirty boots;
Thrice was I reckoned for not having roots;
Thrice was I reckoned by the lazy fellows;
And thrice I swore, I wished 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 trahison!
Les couillions que je porte
Lors que leur maître est en prison
Ces gallans d'ausant a la porte.*

N. B. This is not rendered 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 night, whene'er I close my eyes to rest,

Hurlo-Thrumbo

I dream of laying in your snow-white breast.
But oft oppressed 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 inclined 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.

Reindeer, 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 show, or else your lover dies.
O that I but one good enjoyment had!
Grant it me soon, or else I shall go mad.

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 cured it,
And I've endured it.
The b—ch that gave it me,
She is gone over sea.
G—d d—n her a—se,
That fired my t—se.

The Merrythought

Peacock, Northampton.

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

Underwritten.

If you must make a rhyme upon your lass,
I'll make another—rhymer 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 coos, 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, forced 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 cheerful bottle and the jug,
Were not good liquor in its season,
An useful spur to human reason.
Probatum est, ["It is proven"]W. T.

Hurlo-Thrumbo

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 Boucherie, Paris.

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

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 looked 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 gained 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 hollowed 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 proved.

From a Window in Yorkshire.

Sir — was chosen our recorder,
Hoping he'd put our wrongs in order:
But, in truth, the young gentleman proved such a rake,
That he kissed all our wives, and made all our heads ache.

Uxbridge, the Crown.

Puns have two evil ends:
Sometimes they gain us foes,
Sometimes they make us lose
our friends.

The Merrythought

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 Wil-son.

What e'er a woman wishes most,
And that which married people boast,
Speaks the dear charmer, who's my toast.

Miss Hutch-in-son.

The place where rabbits are confined,
The place where strangers are refreshed;
And what best pleased 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 named in my song,
Tells the name of my charmer who's witty and young.

Miss Weathers.

Tell me her name, whose looks serene
Show her a goddess, or a queen;
Who, if in turbulent disguise,

Hurlo-Thrumbo

Will make you shudder at her eyes:
For *her*, all others I despise.

Rebus on Miss Sukey Dart.

Her name has pierced 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 destined 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 fly 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.

The Merrythought

Recruiting Officer.

Getting is a chance; but keeping is a virtue.

Devil Tavern, 1721.

Whene'er a man has gained his ends,
He is encompassed by his friends;
But when that man has lost his all,
And wants his friends, he's none at all.
In gay prosperity we see,
That every one will bend the knee,
And treat you with their flattery;
But in a contrary state,
When gaiety's destroyed by fate,
The man they loved 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 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 eased in his body, and pleased in his mind,
When he leaves both a t—d and some verses behind.

Underwritten.

You are eased in your body, and pleased in your mind,
That you leave both a t—d and some verses behind;

Hurlo-Thrumbo

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 answered too,
Save us from sudden death, was 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 governed 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 nobody 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*, cried out as she come,
thou monkey face, punkey face,
lousy face, frowzy face,
hold thy hand, make a stand, thou'lt be down.

The Merrythought

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.

| | |
|--|--|
|  <p>Buxom <i>Joan</i> 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 <i>Tom</i>, cry'd out as she Come, thou Monkey Face,</p> |  <p>Punkey Face, loufey Face, Frouzey Face, hold thy Hand, Make a Stand, thou'lt be down. No Sooner <i>Tom</i>. spoke, but Down comes <i>Joan</i>, with her Head and Bum up and down, So that her A-se was shown. Bald Mare ran galloping all the way home.</p> |
|--|--|

Temple, in a Gentleman's Chambers.

When *Phyllis* wore her brightest face,
All men rejoiced in every grace:
Her patch, her mien, her forward chin,
Cried, 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 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 gear,
And both went away without paying I hear,
For the cheat loved his money, and so did the peer.

Underwritten.

You rogue, tailor shan't catch me, while your legs they are crossed.
Don't cry, my dear girl, since you have got more than you lost.

FINIS.

The Merrythought

Part 4

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, Politics, 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.

Published by HURLO THRUMBO.

*Gameyorum, Wildum, Gorum,
Gameyorum a Gamy,
Flumarum a Flumarum,
A Rigdum Bollarum
A Rigdum, for a little Gamey.*

Bethlehem-Wall, Moor-Fields.

PART IV

LONDON:

Printed for J. Roberts in *Warwick-Lane*; and Sold by
the Booksellers in Town and Country. (Price 6 *d*)

Editor's Note

N. B. there being a great number of these pieces of wit and humour at most places of public resort in this kingdom, it is hoped that all, who are pleased with, or willing to promote this design, will be so good as to collect and send them to the publisher hereof. the editor does not care how merry they are, provided they are not obscene.

The Preface.

Mr. Bog,

Where wit and learning (as at present in this our isle) so much abound, great marvel it is to me, that so worthy a compiler of other men's labours as yourself, should be put to the little mean shifts of copying from such *cacascriptores*, who have from *Hudibras*, *Tom Brown*, and others of the like rank, their little bits and scraps, basely purloined, whereby you run a risk of being deemed yourself a plagiary: nor is it less unbecoming the dignity and fidelity of your undertaking, to supply the want of application and diligence, by filling up your lifeless pages with musical punctations, as vile and unrelishing as ever echoed from your own natural bagpipe. Therefore, that you may the better be enabled these indecencies equally to avoid, I send you the following *collectanea nasutula*: if you honour them, I shall honour your next performance; if not, *non cuicunque datum est habere nasum*.
[*cacascriptores*: "shit-writers"; *collectanea nasutula*: "gathered witticisms"; *non cuicunque datum est habere nasum*: "it is not given to everyone to have a nose (I.e. to be able to appreciate things)"]

The Merry-Thought.

From a Bog-house near Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

The WISH.

Oh! may our senate, learned and great,
(In order to perpetuate
The tuneful strains and witty flights,
Of him that studies while he sh—tes)
Decree all landlords, thro' the nation,
Shall lay (on pain of flagellation)
In some meet corner of their dark hole
A cuspidated piece of charcoal;
Or, where the walls are cased with wainscot,
A Piece of chalk with equal pains cut;
That those who labour at both ends,
To ease themselves, and serve their friends,
May not, reluctant, go from sh—t,
And leave no relict of their wit,
For want of necessary tools
To impart the *proles* of their stools:
Then *Cibber's* Odes, and *Tindal's* sense,
Caleb and *Henley's* eloquence,
Woolston, and all such learned sophi's,
Would be cut down in house-of-office:
Oxford and *Cambridge* too would join
Their puns, to make the boghouse shine
Each learned society would try all
(From lowest club, to that called royal,)
To furnish something might improve
Religion, politics, or love:
Grand *Keyber*, gormogons, freemasons,
And *Heydeger*, with all his gay sons,
Would find to suit, with Lectures there,
Their intellectuals to a hair:
Bodens might pick up wit from thence, and lay
The *drama* of another modish play.
So wise a law would doubtless tend
To prove our senate, learning's friend;
Whilst trade, and such like fond chimeras,
Might wait more fit and leisure *eras*.

From a Window at the Dolphin Inn in Southampton.

The wedding-night past, says Sir *John* to his mate,
Faith Madam I'm bit (tho' I find it too late)
By your d—ned little mouth, or else I'm a whore's son,
for the cross underneath's quite out of proportion.
Good Sir *John*, says my Lady, then under the rose,

The Merrythought

I'm as bad bit as you, by your plaguy long nose:
You have not by half so much as I wanted,
I've more than you want, yet y'are not contented.

From the Playhouse Boghouse.

Good folks, sh—t and write, and mend honest bog's trade,
For when you sh—t rhymes, you help him to bread:
He'll feed on a jest, that is broke with your wind,
And fatten on what you here leave behind.

From A Boghouse at the White Hart, Petersfield.

Were this place to be viewed by a herald of note,
He would find a new charge for the next new-bought coat,
Which *Guillim* ne'er thought of, nor one of the herd,
Viz. a wall erect argent, *gutte de t—d.*
And as a reward, for improving the art,
He should bear on a fess (if he paints it) a f—t.

Underwritten.

A Pox on your writing, I thought you were sh—g,
My great gut has giv'n me such twitches:
Had you scribbled much more, I'm a son of a whore,
If I should not have don't in my breeches.

From the White Lion, Bristol.

I'm witty, I'll write,
I'm valiant, I'll fight,
And take all that's said in my own sense:
In liquor I'm sunk,
And confoundedly drunk,
So there is the source of this nonsense.

From the same Place.

A wretch, whom fortune has been pleased to roll
From the tip-top of her enchanted bowl,
Sate musing on his fate, but could not guess,
Nor give a reason for her fickleness:
Such thoughts as these would ne'er his brain perplex,
Did he but once reflect upon her sex:
For how could he expect, or hope to see,
In woman either truth or constancy.

**Written on the Wall of one of the Summer-Houses in
Gray's-Inn Walks, under a curious Piece of Drawing.**

Come hither, heralds, view this coat,
'Twill bear examination,
'Tis ancient, and derives its note
From the first pair's creation.
The field is *Luna*, *Mars* a pale,
Within an orle of *Saturn*;
Charged with two pellets at the tail:
Pray take it for a pattern.

Underwritten.

I don't see your *Luna*, nor *Saturn*, nor *Mars*,
But I see her — plain, and I see his bare a—se.

From another Place in the same Walks.

Could fairest dear *Eliza* know how much I love,
My story might, at least, her gen'rous pity move;
Her pity's all my hope, nor durst I more implore,
With that I still might live, and still her charms adore.

Underwritten.

Poor wretch, alas! I pity thee with all my heart,
Since that, it seems, alone will cure thy love-sick smart:
For he that has not courage further to implore,
May surely have our pity, but deserves no more.

From a Bog-House at the George-Inn in Whitchurch.

From costive stools, and hide-bound wit,
From bawdy rhymes, and hole besh—t.
From walls besmeared with stinking ordure,
By swine who ne'er provide bumfodder
Libera Nos—["set us free"]

Upon a Pillar at the Royal Exchange.

This city is a world that's full of streets,
And death's the market-place where mankind meets;
If life were merchandise, that men could buy,
The rich would only live, the poor must die.

In the Window of a Greenhouse near Tunbridge.

Sitting on yon bank of grass,
With a blooming buxom lass;

The Merrythought

Warm with love, and with the day,
We to cool us went to play.
Soon the *am'rous* fever fled,
But left a worse *fire* in its stead.
Alas! that *love* should cause such ills
As doom to *diet-drink* and *pills*!

An Encomium on a Fart.

I sing the praises of a *fart*.
That I may do't by rules of *art*.
I will invoke no *deity*,
But *battered peas* and *firmity*;
And think their help sufficient
To sit and furnish my intent:
For sure I must not use *high strains*,
For fear it bluster out in *grains*.
When *Virgil's Gnat*, and *Ovid's Flea*,
And *Homer's Frogs* strive for the Day;
There is no reason in my mind,
That a brave *fart* should come *behind*:
Since that you may it *parallel*,
With anything that doth *excel*.
Music is but a *fart* that's sent
From the *guts* of an *instrument*:
The scholar *farts*; but when he gains
Learning with *cracking* of his brains;
And having spent much pain and oil,
Thomas and *Dun* to reconcile,
For to learn the abstracting *art*,
What does he get by't? not a *fart*.
The soldier makes his foes to run
With but the *farting* of a gun;
That's if he make the *bullet whistle*,
Else 'tis no better than a *fizzle*:
And if withal the winds do stir-up
Rain, 'tis but a *fart* in syrup.
They are but *farts*, the *words* we say,
Words are but *wind*, and so are they.
Applause is but a *fart*, the crude
Blast of the fickle multitude.
The boats that lie the *Thames* about,
Be but *farts* several docks let out.
Some of our *projects* were, I think,
But politic *farts*, *Foh!* how they stink!
As soon as born, they by-and-by,
Fart-like, but only breathe, and die.
Farts are as good as *land*, for both
We hold *in tail*, and *let* them both:
Only the difference here is, that

Farts are *let* at a lower *rate*.
I'll say no more, for this is right,
That for my *guts* I cannot write;
Though I should study all my days,
Rhymes that are worth the thing I praise:
What I have said, take in good part,
If not, I do not care a *fart*.

Written in Chalk under the George Inn Sign at Farnham.

St. *George* to save a *Maid*, a *Dragon* slew,
A gallant Action, grant the Thing be true.
Yet some say there's no *Dragons*.—Nay, tis said,
There's no *St. George*—Pray Heav'n there be a *Maid*.

In the Window of a fine Assembly-Room on a vast Appearance at its Opening.

The novelty this crowd invites,
'Tis strange, and therefore it delights;
For folks things eagerly pursue,
Not that they're good, but that they're new.
Pleasure must vary, or must cease,
We tire of bliss, grow sick of ease.
And if the year we're doomed to play,
To work would be a holiday.

**Over the Gate of Redgrave Hall, on a Visit made by
Queen Elizabeth to Sir Nicholas Bacon, then Lord Keeper.**

When great Eliza saw at *Redgrave-Hall*,
The apartments *few*, and those indeed but *small*,
Thus to its *Lord*, bespoke the gracious Queen;
Methinks for *you*, this *mansion* is too *mean*.
For me, my liege, quoth he, *of old 'twas meet*,
But you have made me for my house—too great.

Written by Sir Thomas More.

At last I've found a *haven* where,
I'll ride secure from *hope* or *fear*.
Thy game is, *fortune*, o'er with me,
And thou to others now may'st *flee*
To cheat them with *inconstancy*.

The Nature of Women: From a Summer-House near Richmond.

Fair and foolish, little and loud,
Long and lazy, black and proud;
Fat and merry, lean and sad,
Pale and peevish, red and bad.

The Merrythought

The Nature of Men, from the same.

To a red man read thy read;
To a brown man break thy bread;
At a pale man draw thy knife;
From a black man keep thy wife.

In a Chamber Window in Queen's College, Cambridge.

Our *bodies* are like *shoes*, which oft we *cast*,
Physick the *cobbler* is, and *death* the *last*.

On a Tomb.

Here, in their last bed,
The loving *Alice* rests with her love *Ned*.

Underwritten by a Cambridge Scholar.

Viator siste! ecce miraculum!
Vir & Uxor, hic non litigant.

Which in English may stand thus.

Behold a bed, where, without strife,
There rests a man, and eke his wife.

Tom of Bedlam's Sentiments on Marriage.

One asked a madman, if a wife he had,
A wife! quoth he.—no!—I'm not quite so mad.

**In the Vaults belonging to Trinity College, Cambridge,
there is cut the Form of a Tobacco-Box, with this Inscription:**

Pandora's Treasure.

Underneath,

Tobacco, that outlandish weed,
It dries the brain, and spoils the seed;
It dulls the spirit, it dims the sight,
It robs a woman of her right.

**An Epitaph on a Wicked Man's Tomb.
Written by Doctor Wild the famous Non-Conformist Minister.**

Beneath this stone there lies a cursed sinner,
Doomed to be roasted for the devil's dinner.

In the Vaults at Chelsea, and in an hundred other Places.

When the Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be,
When the Devil was well, the Devil a monk was he.

Sir Walter Raleigh on the Snuff of a Candle the Night before he died.

Cowards fear to die, but courage stout,
Rather than live in snuff, will put it out.

On Marriage: In a Window at Tunbridge.

If 'tis to marry when the knot is tied,
Why then they marry, who at *Tyburn* ride.
And if that knot, 'till death, is loosed by none,
Why then to marry, and be hanged's all one.

In a Window in a PublicHouse, near Tunbridge.

Sing high ding a ding,
And ho ding a ding,
I'm finely brought to bed;
My Lord has stole that troublesome thing,
That folks call a maidenhead.
Jane Hughes eighteen years of age.

A little below it, in the same Window.

Then sing high ding a ding,
And ho ding a ding,
You're finely brought to bed;
For something you've got for that troublesome thing,
A cl—p for a maidenhead.
By my Lord's Gentleman.

Written in the first Leaf of Arbor Vitæ.

Two D—s, and a Doctor, 'tis said, wrote this piece,
Who were modest as whores, and witty as geese.
They penned it, it seems, to show their great parts,
Their skill in burlesque, and their knowledge in arts
But what say the town—that 't has fully dissected,
That fools they are all—which had long been suspected.

At the Red Lyon at Egham, and in the Windows at many other Places.

Cornutus called his wife both whore and slut,
Quoth she, you'll never leave your brawling—but—
But, what? quoth he: quoth she, the post or door;
For you have horns to butt, if I'm a whore.

The Merrythought

In a Window at the Pudding House in the Road to Islington.

The end of all, and in the end
The praise of all depends:
A pudding merits double praise,
Because it hath two ends.

Underneath it.

A pudding hath two ends; you lie, my brother,
For it begins at one, and ends at t'other.

On Marriage. By a Batchelor.

Wedding and hanging, both the fates dispatch.
Yet hanging seems to me the better match.

In a Window at Bath.

On a gentleman's saying he had calculated his son's nativity, the boy being then about nine days old.

Lavinia brought to bed, her husband looks
To know the bantling's fortune in his books.
Wiser he'd been, had he looked backward rather,
And seen for certain, who had been its father.

In the Vaults at Tunbridge.

Dung, when scattered o'er the plain,
Causes noble crops of grain:
Dung in gardens too we want,
To cherish every springing plant.
Corn and plants since dung affords,
We eat as well as sh— our t—ds.

Written in the Window of a Lady's Chamber, who on a slight Indisposition sent for S. J. S.

The doctor more than illness we should fear;
Sickness precedes, and death attends his coach,
Agues to fevers rise, if he appear,
And fevers grow to plagues at his approach.

On Miss Green.

What gives the pleasant mead its grace,
What spreads at spring earth's smiling face,
What jolly hunters choose to wear,
Gives name to her whose chains I bear.

On Miss Partridge of Ely.

That of the pretty feathered race,
Which most doth courtly tables grace,
And o'er the mountains bends it flight,
Or lurks in fields with harvest bright;
For whose destruction men with care,
The noblest canine breed prepare,
Bestows a name on that fair maid
Whose eyes to love my heart betrayed.

On Miss Sk— at Tunbridge.

The *Irish* have a certain root,
Our parsnip's very like unto't,
Which eats with butter wond'rous well,
And like potatoes makes a meal.
Now from this root there comes a name,
Which owned is by the beauteous dame,
Who sways the heart of *him* who rules
A mighty herd of knaves and fools.

A Rebus written in one of the Windows of a large House near Epsom.

The Court of Love's assembled here,
'Tis *Venus* Queen of Beauty's sphere,
In all her charms she stands confessed,
And rules supreme the noblest breast.
Ye shepherds would ye learn the name
Of her who spreads so vast a flame,
Know that 'tis hid from the profane;
And that your strictest search is *vain*.

In a Window of the Great Room at Scarborough.

What strange vicissitudes we see
In pleasure, as in realms take place
For nothing here can constant be,
Where springing joys the old efface.
The theatre, of yore the field
Of conquests, gained by blooming maids,
Now must to modern operas yield,
As they, to courtly masquerades.
Nor better fares those sweet retreats
Which they in sultry summer chose:
Since *Scarb'rough*, paradise of sweets!
On ruined *Bath* and *Tunbridge* rose.

The Merrythought

Traced with a Smoke of a Candle in Newgate.

Dick, on two words, thought to maintain him ever:
The first was *stand*, and next to *stand*, *deliver*.
But *Dick's* in *Newgate*, and he fears shall never,
Be blest again with that sweet word *deliver*.

In the Window of a Coffee-House at Richmond.

My *Chloe* is an angel bright,
But *Chloe's* common—so is light.
And who with *Phæbus* fault shall find,
Because his beams to all are kind.

On a Panel at the Rose.

Nanny Meadows has undone me,
From myself her charms have won me.
With love's blazing flames I die,
Whither, whither shall I fly!

Underneath.

Prithee, coxcomb, without whining,
Say thou hast a mind to sinning
With a guinea, do but ask her,
Love you'll find—is no hard task, sir.

On a long-winded Preacher at Coventry: From a Window there.

Twelve minutes, and one tedious hour
Mills kept me once in pain,
But if I had it my power,
He ne'er should preach again.

A Liliputian Ode. Composed at Tunbridge.

Charming *Molly*,
Cease your Folly,
Learn to ease me,
No more tease me.
Love's but reason
When in season:
Nay, 'tis duty,
Youth and beauty
To improve
In happy love.
Therefore, *Molly*,
Cease your folly,

And instead of being coy,
Give, o give your lover joy!

The Fair Lady's Answer. In the same Measure.

Rhyming *Billy*,
Soft and silly,
Are the verses,
Muse rehearses,
When with straining
You're obtaining
Her assistance
'Gainst resistance,
Made by mistress
To your distress.
Therefore early
Quit them fairly,
If you'd be rid of woe,
Prithee, prithee, coxcomb, do.

The Clowns and the Conjuror. By a Lady.

A clown, who had lost his mare,
To his neighbour, a wit, did repair,
And begged him with him to go
To the famous Doctor *Foreknow*,
A conjurer powerful and strong,
Who would tell who had done the Wrong.
So when to the Door they came,
The wit, he besh—t the same:
Then knocking—the doctor appears,
And in midst of his passion he swears,
If he knew but the nasty dog
Who had sh—t at his gate like a rogue,
He'd do to him Lord knows what.
Quoth the wit—why know you not that?
Then, neighbour, e'en save your pence,
For his learning is all a pretence:
If he knows not who sh—t —of course,
He nothing can know of your horse.
And no light can his figures afford,
Whose conjuring's not worth a t—
So as wise our two clowns came home,
As any who on such errands roam.

On a Panel at the Faulcon in St. Neot's Huntingdonshire.

My maidenhead sold for a guinea,
A laced head with the money I bought;
In which I looked so bonny,

The Merrythought

The heart of a gamester I caught:
A while he was fond, and brought gold to my box,
But at last he robbed me, and left me the p—

Underneath.

When you balance accounts, it sure may be said,
You at a bad market sold your maidenhead.

The Inamorato. In a Window at Twickenham.

When dull and melancholy,
I rove to charming *Dolly*,
Whose sweetness doth so charm me,
And wanton tricks so warm me,
That quite dissolved in love,
No Trouble then I prove,
But am as truly blest
Upon her panting breast,
As if to me she brought
All for which *Cæsar* fought:
For I, like *Anthony*,
With beauty would be free,
Altho' again't should cost
The price of empire lost.

An Answer. In the next Pane.

You sure were full of Folly,
When in the praise of *Dolly*,
You wrote your am'rous ditty,
Which sure deserves her pity,
Since plainly it doth prove,
Your brain is cracked with love;
Who else would talk of giving
An empire for a —
When twenty will down
Each for a silver crown,
And thank you when they've done

In a Window. At Lebeck's Head.

If it be true each promise is a debt,
Then *Celia* hardly will her freedom get;
Yet she, to satisfy her debts, desires
To yield her body as the law requires.

In the Summer-House on Gray's Inn Terrace.

Who speaks to please in every way,
And not himself offend,
He may begin to work today,
But Heaven knows when he'll end.

In the same Place.

Dogs on their masters fawn and leap,
And wag their tails apace,
So tho' a flatterer wants a tail,
His tongue supplies its place.

In a Window of the Reindeer Inn at Bishop's-Strafford.

He that loves a glass without a G,
Leave out L, and that is he.

Wrote with a Pencil on a Panel in one of the Courts of Justice in Guild-Hall.

To go to law
I have no maw,
Altho' my suit be sure,
For I may lack
Clothes to my back,
E'er I that suit procure.

At the Tuns in Cambridge. Written with a Pencil on the Wall.

Marriage in days of old has likened been
Unto a publick feast, or revel rout,
Where those who are without would fain get in,
And those who are within would fain get out.

On two old Maids: Written with a Pencil in the Pump Room at Bath.

Why are *Doll's* teeth so white, and *Susan's* black?
The reason soon is known.
Doll buys her teeth which she doth lack,
But *Susan* wears her own.

In a Window, at the Rose Tavern in Catherine Street.

On Mrs. C— P—

So early *Con* began the wanton trade,
She scarce remembers when she was a maid.

The Merrythought

In the Window of a Sharper's Chambers in the Temple.

Oft with an oath has *Cog* the gamester said,
That no disease should make him keep his bed,
Urged for a reason, I have heard him tell it,
To keep my word—in troth I mean to sell it.

In a Bog-House at Putney.

The poor have *little*, beggars *none*,
The rich *too much*, *enough*, not one.

Written at the Request of a Lady who on her Wedding Day entreated an old Lover to write something upon her in the Window.

This glittering diamond, and this worthless glass,
Celia, display thy virtue and thy face;
Bright as the brilliant while thy beauty shows
Ev'n glass itself's less brittle than thy vows.

The Italian Gout.

If a man lets a fart in fair *Italy*,
From lovers he never is after free;
For why—amongst those dons, 'tis said,
'Tis a certain sign of a male maidenhead.

In a Window of a certain Lady of Pleasure's Lodgings in Bow Street.

When with *Phillis* toying,
Eager for enjoying,
What muse can say
How sweet our play,
What numbers tell
The joys we feel?
Happy lovers only know
Bliss unmixed with any woe.
The ambitious when raised to the summit of power,
In the midst of their joy fear that fortune may lower;
The miser, who thousands has heaped in his chest,
In the midst of riches is never at rest.
And the hero, whose bosom his glory still warms,
In the midst of his conquests fears the change of his arms.
But the lover, whose fondness his hours doth employ,
In the midst of her charms knows no end of his joy.
Then quit hopes of rising,
And riches despising,
Leave the camp and the court
For love's pleasing sport;

Hurlo-Thrumbo

By experience you'll know,
Love's pleasure's still flow,
Unembittered with care, and untinctured with woe.

In a Window at Parson's Green.

The Lover's Retreat.

From meaner pleasure I retire,
Yet real happiness pursue;
Friendship and love my breast inspire,
And I have met them both in you,
Whatever in my wish had place,
In thee, my lovely fair, I find;
All that's beauteous in thy face,
And all that's virtuous in thy mind.

Written by Mr.— in Chloe's Bed-Chamber.

Would you know the true road that to pleasure doth lead,
Then this way, ye swains, your footsteps must tread.
And then for the piece which this pleasure doth cost,
Why, 'tis only a guinea, you can't think it lost.
Since supper and lodging, and mistress and all,
Nay, and maid, if you like her, are ready at call.

The Thief and the Doctor.

A thief a parson stopped on the highway,
And having bid him stand, next bid him pay.
The parson drew his sword, for well he durst,
And quickly put his foe unto the worst.
Sir, (quoth the thief) I by your habit see,
You are a churchman, and debate should flee,
You know 'tis written in the sacred word,
Jesus to Peter said, Put up thy sword:
True, (quoth the parson) but withal then hear,
St. *Peter* first had cut off *Malchus's* ear.

**Pasquin against P. S. Quintus, when he forbid the
Bawdy-Houses at Rome, in Queen Elizabeth's Time.**

Lex prohibet pueros, prohibet lupanaria Sixtus;
Ergo quid agendum? Sit tibi amica manus.
["The law prohibits boys, Sixtus prohibits brothels
So what to do? Let your hand be your friend"]

The Merrythought

The Cure of Love.

Love is, as some physicians say,
A fever bred by too high feeding:
To cure it then the speediest way,
Would be by purging, and by bleeding.

**Written in the Window of the Bar of the
White Swan Tavern of the City of Norwich.**

MCCCMIXIXX.

———*firmissima vina,*
———*reponite mensis,*
———*& pocula porgite dextris.*
["———strongest wine
———move back the tables
———& hold out the cup with your right hand"]

In the Bog-House of the same Tavern.

Six pennyworth of whiting,
A hole to let light in,
Will make it fit to sh—te in.

Underneath.

By what's above, I welly ween,
The fool wants light to sh—t him clean.

In a Bog-House in St. Michael's Parish in Norwich.

Tim Kirby, Peter Harrod, and Will Hall,
Are three fit pieces for a bog-house wall.

Underneath. By another.

But *Old Nick* has got them all.

Written in a Bog-House at Ipswich.

Si desit stramen, cum digito terge feramen.

In English. By another.

If you cannot get some grass,
With your finger wipe your a—se

Hurlo-Thrumbo

And under that, by another.

Such wretched *Latin*, and such wretched verse,
Are proper *stremina* to clean my a—se.
[*Stremina*: straws]

In a Window at Mount Ephraim, near Tunbridge:

A Dialogue between a Lover and a Poet.

Lov. What is bright *Celia* like, dear poet, say?

Poet. Why *Celia*, sir, is like a summer's day.

Lov. Who to a day could liken such a woman?

Poet. Is she not very *fair*, and very *common*?

Written with a Pencil in the Vault at Chelsea College.

Who scribbles on the wall when he's at sh—,
May sure be said to have a flux of wit.

In the Vaults at Tunbridge.

Like claret-drinkers stools, a blockhead's brain;
Hardly conceives what it brings forth with pain.
Such is my case—who, while I'm thus indicting,
Prove the analogy 'twixt it and sh—.

Written on the Window of a Coffee-House.

Underneath, Coffee, Tea, &c.

The mistress by her window's represented,
For why, 'tis brittle ware, and painted.

On a Butcher's marrying a Tanner's Daughter at Reading.

A fitter match there never could have been,
Since here the *flesh* is wedded to the *skin*.

At Tunbridge.

Chloe is fair as *fields* in autumn seen,
Her temper gentle as the purling *stream*:
That's true; but then with those the rest conspire,
Lighter she is than *air*, and hot as *fire*.

In Mrs. Cowser's Window; in Russel Street, Covent Garden.

Love, 'tis said, his arrows shooting,
Wounds is ever distributing;

The Merrythought

But before I felt, I knew not,
That in poison dipped they flew hot.
To *Jenny* I owe
That this secret I know,
For her I felt smart
At first in my heart;
Which quickly she cured: but alack and alas!
I now feel a throbbing in a much lower place.
To *Jenny* I went; but, alas! it was in vain:
Though she gave me the wound, she can't cure me again.

An Epitaph on an old Maid.

Beneath this place there lies an ancient maid,
Whose secret parts no man did e'er invade;
Scarce her own finger she'd permit to touch
That virgin part, altho' it itched much.
And in her last expiring dying groans,
Desired no tomb, if it was built with stones.

The Effects of Love.

Love is the sweetest softest passion,
That can warm the human soul;
'Tis a gentle inclination
Which doth every care control:
Thro' our bosom love diffusing,
Tender thoughts is ever choosing;
Softest words its flame expressing,
Towards the dame our heart possessing.
Love still gentle makes and easy,
Soft in everything we do;
Bent on all things that may please ye,
Men are angels when they woo.

This was wrote somewhere; and means something, if you can find it out.

A beauty like hers whose charms I now sing,
Ne'er sparkled in vain in the box or the ring;
No youth of distinction who gazed on her eyes,
E'er retired, but he left her his heart as her prize.
Vain are all their endeavours, for still the coy maid,
At the mention of marriage, looked strangely afraid,
Nor e'er thought of yielding—until not long since
Eluding dull ties—she was joined to a P—

THE END