

Center [131]

[Double Rule]

Center A

Center FANTASTIC

[Double line capital]Is one that wears his Feather on the Inside of his Head. His Brain is like Quicksilver, apt to receive any Impression, but retain none. His Mind is made of changeable Stuff, that alters Colour with every Motion towards the Light. He is a Cormorant, that has but one Gut, devours every Thing greedily, but it runs through him immediately. He does not know so much as what he would be, and yet would be every Thing he knows. He is like a Paper-Lanthorn, that turns with the Smoak of a Candle. He wears his Cloaths, as the antient Laws of the Land have provided, according to his Quality, that he may be known what he is by them; and it is as easy to decipher him by his Habit as a [i] Pudding. He is rigg'd with Ribbon, and his Garniture is his Tackle;
#Center K2

132 #Center A FANTASTIC.

all the rest of him is Hull. He is sure to be the earliest in the Fashion, as others are of a Faction, and glories as much to be in the Head of a Mode, as a Solider does to be in the Head of an Army. He is admirably skilful in the Mathematics of Cloaths; and can tell, at the first View, whether they have the right Symmetry. He alters his Gate with the Times, and has not a Motion of his Body, that (like a Dottrel) he does not borrow from some-

body else. He exercises his Limbs, like the
 Pike and Musket, and all his Postures are prac-
 tised--Take him all together, and he is nothing
 but a Translation, Word for Word, out of
 [i] French, [i] an Image cast in Plaster of [i] Paris, [i] and
 a Puppet sent over for others to dress themselves
 by. He speaks [i] French, [i] as Pedants do [i] Latin, [i]
 to shew his Breeding; and most naturally,
 where he is least understood. All his non-Na-
 turals, on which his Health and Diseases de-
 pend, are [i] stile novo. French [i] is his Holiday-Lan-
 guage, that he wears for his Pleasure and Or-
 nament, and uses [i] English [i] only for his Business
 and necessary Occasions. He is like a [i] Scotch-
 man, [i] though he is born a Subject of his own

Center A FANTASTIC. 133.

Nation, he carries a [i] French [i] faction within
 him.

#indent He is never quiet, but sits as the Wind is
 said to do, when it is most in Motion. His
 Head is as full of Maggots as a Pastoral Poet's
 Flock. He was begotten, like one of Pliny's
 Portuguese Horses, by the Wind--The Truth
 is he ought not to have been reared; for being
 calved in the Increase of the Moon, he Head
 is troubled with a ---

N.H. The last Word not legible.

#Center K3
