

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 *skil-/ ful 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/*

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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
