

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;*
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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 *somebody else. He exercises his Limbs, like the*

Pike and Musket, and all his Postures are practised—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-Naturals, on which his Health and Diseases depend, are [i] stile novo. French [i] is his Holiday-Language, that he wears for his Pleasure and Ornament, and uses [i] English [i] only for his Business and necessary Occasions. He is like a [i] Scotchman, [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
