

A Fantastic

Non-Specific Humans A Soldier A Puppet sent over for others to dress themselves
by Pedants Scotchman a French Faction Pastoral Poet

Proper Names Pliney

Animals Comorant Dottrel Pastoral Poet's Flock Pliny's Portuguese Horses

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
