

THE

11630. C. 5  
2

*Handwritten initials and scribbles*

L A D Y ' S  
D R E S S I N G R O O M .

To which is added, A

P O E M

O N

Cutting 'down the OLD THORN at *Market Hill*.

---

By the Rev. Dr. S—T.

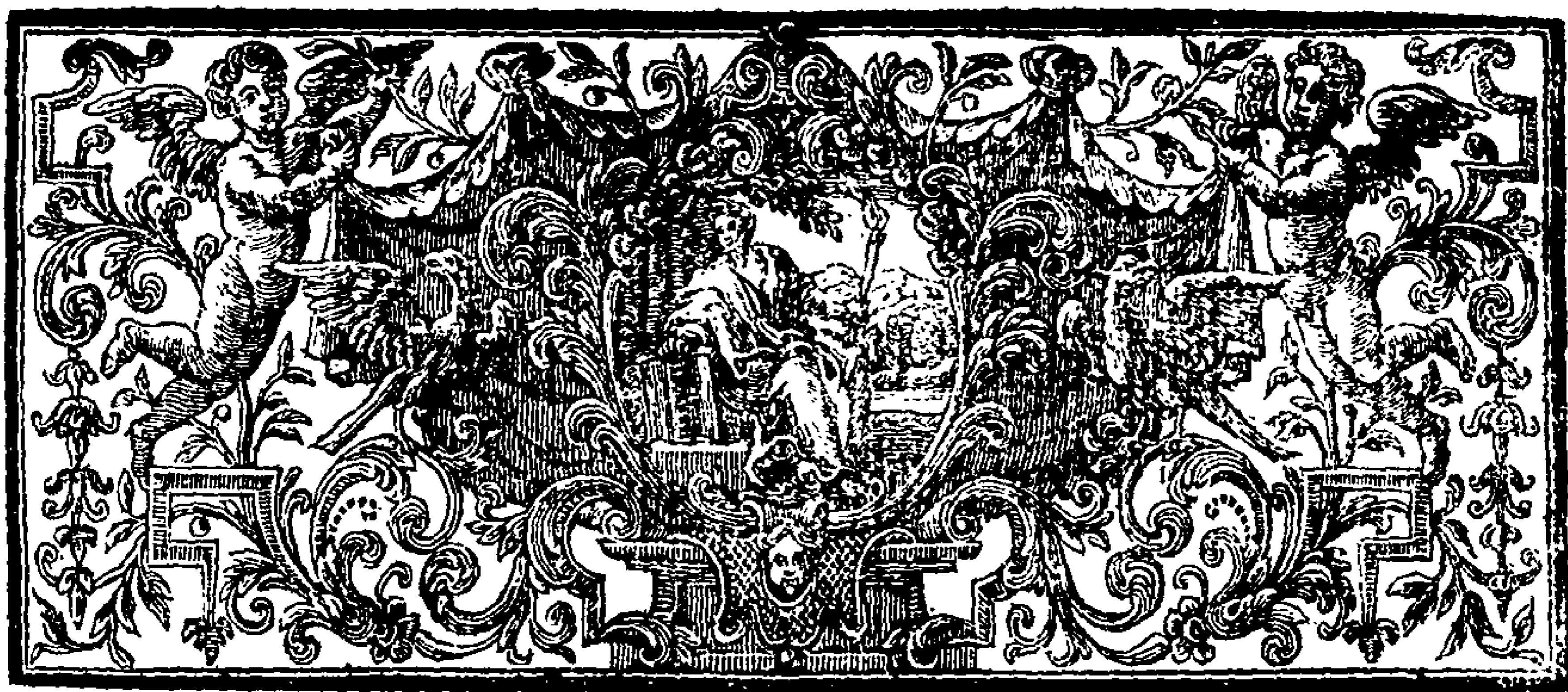
---

L O N D O N ,

Printed for J. ROBERTS at the *Oxford Arms* in *Warwick Lane*.

M D C C X X X I I .

(Price Six Pence.)



THE  
L A D Y ' S  
D R E S S I N G R O O M .



FIVE Hours, (and who can do it  
less in?)

By haughty *Celia* spent in Dressing;  
The Goddes from her Chamber

issues,

Array'd in Lace, Brocades and Tissues.

*Strephon*, who found the Room was void,  
 And *Betty* otherwise employ'd;  
 Stole in, and took a strict Survey,  
 Of all the Litter as it lay ;  
 Whereof, to make the Matter clear,  
 An Inventory follows here.

And first a dirty Smock appear'd,  
 Beneath the Arm-pits well besmear'd.  
*Strephon*, the Rogue, display'd it wide,  
 And turn'd it round on every Side.  
 On such a Point few Words are best,  
 And *Strephon* bids us guess the rest ;  
 But swears how damnably the Men lie,  
 In calling *Celia* sweet and cleanly.  
 Now listen while he next produces,  
 The various Combs for various Uses,

Fill'd up with Dirt so closely fixt,  
 No Brush could force a way betwixt.  
 A PASTE of Composition rare,  
 Sweat, Dandriff, Powder, Lead and Hair;  
 A Forehead Cloth with Oyl upon't  
 To smooth the Wrinkles on her Front;  
 Here Allum Flower to stop the Steams,  
 Exhal'd from four unfavoury Streams,  
 There Night-gloves made of *Tripfy's* Hide,  
 Bequeath'd by *Tripfy* when she dy'd,  
 With Puppy Water, Beauty's Help  
 Distill'd from *Tripfy's* darling Whelp;  
 Here Gallypots and Vials plac'd,  
 Some fill'd with Washes, some with PASTE,  
 Some with Pomatum, Paints and Slops,  
 And Ointments good for scabby Chops.  
 Hard by a filthy Bason stands,  
 Fowl'd with the Scouring of her Hands;

The Bafon takes whatever comes  
 The Scrapings of her Teeth and Gums,  
 A nasty Compound of all Hues,  
 For here ſhe ſpits, and here ſhe ſpues.  
 But oh! it turn'd poor *Strephon's* Bowels,  
 When he beheld and ſmelt the Towels,  
 Begumm'd, bematter'd, and beſlim'd  
 With Dirt, and Sweat, and Ear-Wax grim'd.  
 No Object *Strephon's* Eye eſcapes,  
 Here Pettycoats in frowzy Heaps;  
 Nor be the Handkerchiefs forgot  
 All varniſh'd o'er with Snuff and Snot.  
 The Stockings, why ſhou'd I expoſe,  
 Stain'd with the Marks of ſtinking Toes;  
 Or greaſy Coifs and Pinner's reeking,  
 Which *Celia* ſlept at leaſt a Week in?  
 A Pair of Tweezers next he found  
 To pluck her Brows in Arches round,

Or Hairs that sink the Forehead low,  
Or on her Chin like Bristles grow.

The Virtues we must not let pass,  
Of *Celia's* magnifying Glafs.  
When frighted *Strephon* cast his Eye on't  
It shew'd the Visage of a Gyant.  
A Glafs that can to Sight disclose,  
The smallest Worm in *Celia's* Nose,  
And faithfully direct her Nail  
To squeeze it out from Head to Tail;  
For catch it nicely by the Head,  
It must come out alive or dead.

Why *Strephon* will you tell the rest?  
And must you needs describe the Chest?  
That careless Wench! no Creature warn her  
To move it out from yonder Corner;

But

But leave it standing full in Sight  
 For you to exercise your Spight.  
 In vain, the Workman shew'd his Wit  
 With Rings and Hinges counterfeit  
 To make it seem in this Disguise,  
 A Cabinet to vulgar Eyes;  
 For *Strephon* ventur'd to look in,  
 Resolv'd to go thro' thick and thin;  
 He lifts the Lid, there needs no more,  
 He smelt it all the Time before.  
 As from within *Pandora's* Box,  
 When *Epimetheus* op'd the Locks,  
 A sudden universal Crew  
 Of humane Evils upwards flew;  
 He still was comforted to find  
 That *Hope* at last remain'd behind;  
 So *Strephon* lifting up the Lid,  
 To view what in the Chest was hid.

The Vapours flew from out the Vent,  
 But *Strephon* cautious never meant  
 The Bottom of the Pan to grope,  
 And fowl his Hands in Search of *Hope*.  
 O never may such vile Machine  
 Be once in *Celia's* Chamber seen!  
 O may she better learn to keep  
 \* " Those Secrets of the hoary deep!

As Mutton Cutlets, Prime of Meat,  
 Which tho' with Art you salt and beat,  
 As Laws of Cookery require,  
 And toast them at the clearest Fire;  
 If from adown the hopeful Chops  
 The Fat upon a Cinder drops,  
 To stinking Smoak it turns the Flame  
 Pois'ning the Flesh from whence it came;

\* Milton.



And up exhales a greater Stench,  
 For which you curse the careless Wench;  
 So Things, which must not be exprest,  
 When plumpt into the reeking Chest;  
 Send up an excremental Smell  
 To faint the Parts from whence they fell.  
 The Pettycoats and Gown perfume,  
 Which waft a Stink round every Room.

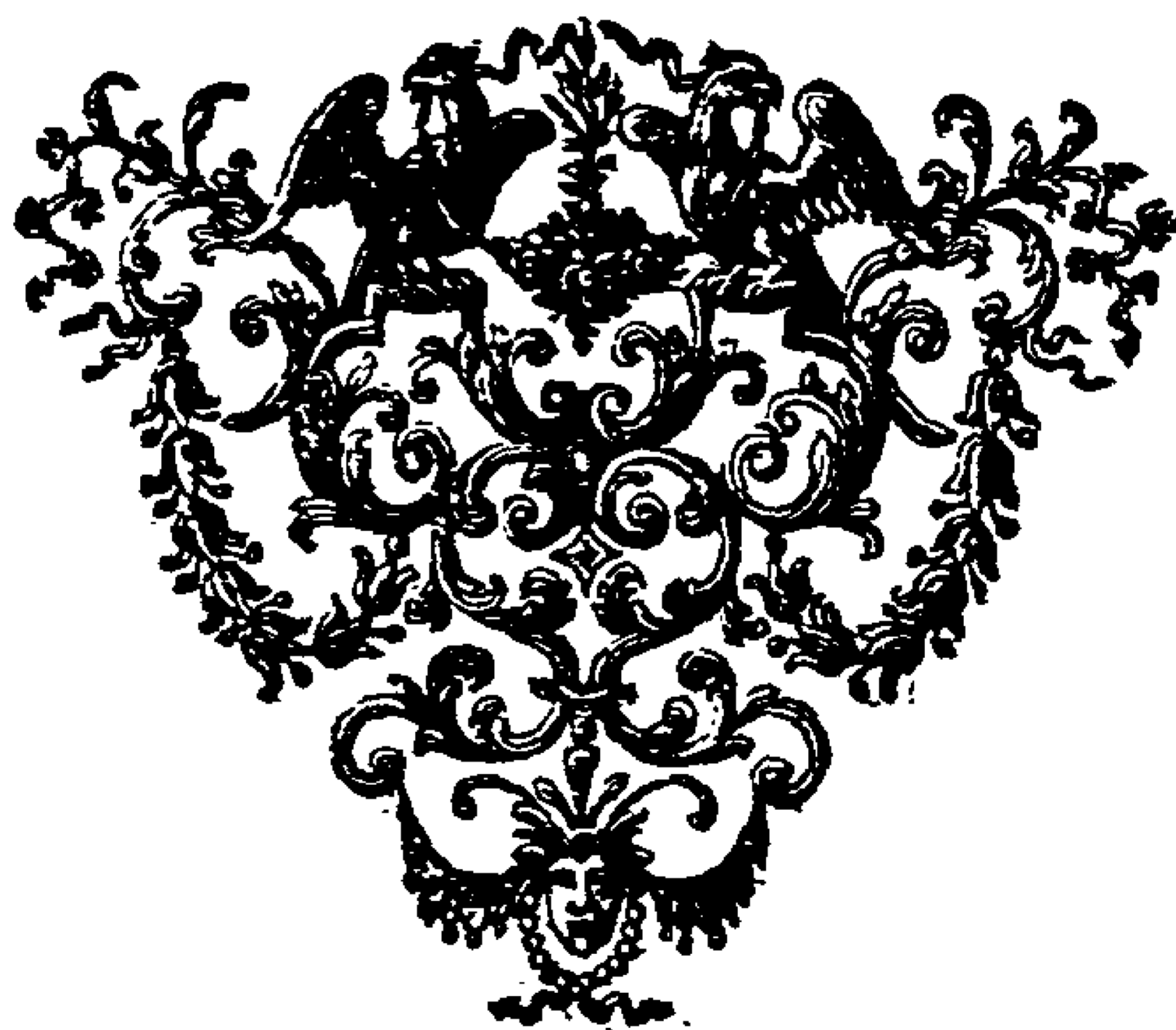
Thus finishing his grand Survey,  
 Disgusted *Strephon* stole away  
 Repeating in his amorous Fits,  
 Oh! *Celia, Celia, Celia* shits!

But Vengeance Goddesses never sleeping  
 Soon punish'd *Strephon* for his Peeping;  
 His foul Imagination links  
 Each Dame he sees with all her Stinks:

And

And, if unfav'ry Odours fly,  
 Conceives a Lady standing by;  
 All Women his Description fits,  
 And both Idea's jump like Wits:  
 By vicious Fancy coupled fast,  
 And still appearing in Contrast.  
 I pity wretched *Strephon* blind  
 To all the Charms of Female Kind;  
 Should I the Queen of Love refuse,  
 Because she rose from stinking Ooze?  
 To him that looks behind the Scene,  
*Statira's* but some pocky Queen.  
 When *Celia* in her Glory shows,  
 If *Strephon* would but stop his Nose;  
 (Who now so impiously blasphemes  
 Her Ointments, Daubs, and Paints and Creams,  
 Her Washes, Slops, and every Clout,  
 With which he makes so foul a Rout;)

He soon would learn to think like me,  
And bless his ravish'd Sight to see  
Such Order from Confusion sprung,  
Such gaudy Tulips rais'd from Dung.





A  
P O E M  
O N

Cutting down the OLD THORN at *Market Hill*.



*T Market Hill*, as well appears  
By Chronicle of antient Date,  
There stood for many a hundred  
Years

A spacious Thorn before the Gate.

Hither

Hither came every Village Maid,  
And on the Boughs her Garland hung,  
And here, beneath the spreading Shade,  
Secure from Satyrs fat and fung.

*Sir Archibald* that val'rous Knight,  
The Lord of all the fruitful Plain,  
Would come and listen with Delight,  
For he was fond of rural Strain.

(*Sir Archibald* whose fav'rite Name  
Shall stand for Ages on Record,  
By *Scotish* Bards of highest Fame;  
Wife *Hawthorden* and *Sterline's* Lord.)

But Time with Iron Teeth I ween  
Has canker'd all its Branches round;

No Fruit or Blossom to be seen,  
Its Head reclining towards the Ground.

This aged, sickly, sapless Thorn  
Which must alas no longer stand;  
Behold the cruel Dean in Scorn  
Cuts down with sacrilegious Hand.

Dame Nature when she saw the Blow  
Astonish'd gave a dreadful Shriek;  
And Mother *Tellus* trembled so  
She scarce recover'd in a Week.

The *Silvan* Powers with Fear perplex'd  
In Prudence and Compassion sent;  
(For none could tell whose Turn was next)  
Sad Omens of the dire Event.

The Magpye lighting on the Stock  
Stood chatt'ring with incessant Din;  
And with her Beak gave many a Knock  
To rouse and warn the Nymph within.

The Owl foresaw in pensive Mood  
The Ruin of her antient Seat;  
And fled in Haste with all her Brood  
To seek a more secure Retreat.

Last trolled forth a gentle Swine  
To ease her Itch against the Stump,  
And dismally was heard to whine  
All as she scrubb'd her meazly Rump.

The Nymph who dwells in every Tree,  
(If all be true that Poets chant)

Condemn'

Condemn'd by Fates supreme Decree  
Must die with her expiring Plant.

Thus when the gentle *Spina* found  
The Thorn, committed to her Care,  
Receive its last and deadly Wound,  
She fled and vanish'd into Air.

But from the Root a dismal Groan  
First issuing struck the Murd'rer's Ears;  
And in a shrill revengeful Tone,  
This Prophecy he trembling hears.

Thou chief Contriver of my Fall,  
Relentless Dean to Mischief born,  
My Kindred oft' thy Hide shall gall;  
Thy Gown and Cassock oft be torn;



And thy confed'rate Dame, who brags  
That she condemn'd me to the Fire,  
Shall rent her Petticoats to Rags,  
And wound her Legs with ev'ry Bry'r:

Nor thou, Lord *Arthur* \*, shalt escape:  
To thee I often call'd in vain,  
Against that Assassin in Crape,  
Yet thou could'st tamely see me slain,

Nor, when I felt the dreadful Blow,  
Or chid the Dean, or pinch'd thy Spouse.  
Since you could see me treated so,  
An old Retainer to your House;

May that fell Dean, by whose Command  
Was formed this *Machi'villian* Plot,

\* Sir *Arthur Archeson*, mentioned in the *Soldier and Scholar*.

Not leave a Thistle on the Land;  
Then who will own thee for a *Scot*?

Pigs and Fanaticks, Cows, and Teagues  
Through all thy Empire I foresee,  
To tear thy Hedges join in Leagues,  
Sworn to revenge my Thorn and me.

And thou, the Wretch ordain'd by Fate,  
*Neal Gabagan, Hibernian Clown,*  
With Hatchet blunter than thy Pate  
To hack my hallow'd Timber down;

When thou, suspended high in Air,  
Dy'st on a more ignoble Tree,  
(For thou shalt steal thy Landlord's Mare)  
Then bloody *Caitiff* think on me.

# Advice to a *PARSON*.

An *EPIGRAM*.

**W**OU'D you rise in the *Church*, be *Stupid* and *Dull*,  
Be empty of *Learning*, of *Insolence* full:  
Tho' *Lewd* and *Immoral*, be *Formal* and *Grave*,  
In *Flattery* an *Artist*, in *Fawning* a *Slave*,  
No *Merit*, no *Science*, no *Virtue* is wanting  
In him, that's accomplish'd in *Cringing* and *Canting*:  
Be studious to practice true *Meanness* of *Spirit*;  
For who but *Lord Bolton* \* was *mitred* for *Merit*?  
Wou'd you wish to be wrap'd in a *Rochet*—In short.  
Be as *Pox'd* and *Profane* as *Fanatical H*—

On seeing a worthy *Prelate* go out of *Church*  
in the Time of *Divine Service*, to wait on  
his Grace the *D*— of *D*—

**L**ORD † *Pam* in the *Church* (cou'd you think it) kneel'd down,  
When told that the *D*— was just come to *Town*,  
His *Station* despising, unaw'd by the *Place*,  
He flies from his *God*, to attend on his *Grace*:  
To the *Court* it was fitter to pay his *Devotion*,  
Since *God* had no *Hand* in his *Lordship's Promotion*.

\* Archbishop of *Cashe*!

† Another Word for a *Knave*.

*F I N I S.*

*E R R A T A.*

Page 10. l. 1. r. greasy. p. 12. l. 2. for Sight r. Eyes. p. 16. l. 9. r. trotte p. 11  
l. 12. r. Quean.