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**Poems On Several Occasions**

**Gay, John**

**London, 1745**

Trivia; or the Art of Walking the Streets of London.

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TRIVIA;

OR, THE

ART of WALKING

the Streets of

LONDON.

*Quò te Mæri pedes? An, quò via ducit, in Urbem?*  
Virg.

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G 5



T R I V I A

OF THE

ART OF WALKING

the MICK OF

L O N D O N

Printed and Sold by J. B. B. in the Strand in London.



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## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HE world, I believe, will take so little notice of me, that I need not take much of it. The criticks may see by this poem, that I walk on foot, which probably may save me from their envy. I should be sorry to raise that passion in men whom I am so much obliged to, since they allowed me an honour hitherto only shewn to better writers: That of denying me to be author of my own works.

Gentlemen, if there be any thing in this poem good enough to displease you, and if it be any advantage to you to ascribe it some person of greater merit; I shall acquaint you for your comfort, that among many other obligations, I owe several hints of it to Dr. Swift. And if you will so far continue your favour as to write against it, I beg you to oblige me in accepting the following motto.

— Non tu, in Trivii, indocte, solebas  
Stridenti, miserum, stipulâ, disperdere carmen?

T R I

ADVERTISMENT.

THE world I believe will take to this  
I have seen that I had not only  
The critical eye for the most part  
I have not only seen but also  
I have seen that I had not only  
I have seen that I had not only  
I have seen that I had not only  
I have seen that I had not only

And now it is my duty to  
I have seen that I had not only  
I have seen that I had not only  
I have seen that I had not only  
I have seen that I had not only  
I have seen that I had not only  
I have seen that I had not only  
I have seen that I had not only

Printed in New York by  
No. 100 Nassau Street

1811





# TRIVIA.

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## BOOK I.

---

*Of the Implements for walking the Streets,  
and Signs of the Weather.*



THROUGH winter streets to steer your  
course aright,

How to walk clean by day, and safe by  
night,

How jostling crouds, with prudence to decline,

When to assert the wall, and when resign,

I sing: Thou, *Trivia*, Goddess, aid my song,

Thro' spacious streets conduct thy bard along;

By

By thee transported, I securely stray  
 Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way,  
 The silent court, and op'ning square explore,  
 And long perplexing lanes untrod before. 10  
 To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways,  
 Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays ;  
 For thee, the sturdy paver thumps the ground,  
 Whilst ev'ry stroke his lab'ring lungs resound ;  
 For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide 15  
 Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside,  
 My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,  
 From the great theme to build a glorious name,  
 To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,  
 And bind my temples with a Civic crown : 20  
 But more, my country's love demands the lays,  
 My country's be the profit, mine the praise.

When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,  
 And *clean your shoes* resounds from ev'ry voice ;  
 When late their mtry sides stage-coaches show, 25  
 And their stiff horses through the town move slow ;  
 When all the *Mall* in leafy ruin lies,  
 And damsels first renew their oyster cries :

Then

Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,  
 Not of the *Spanish* or *Morocco* hide ; 30  
 The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,  
 And with the scallop'd top his step be crown'd :  
 Let firm, well-hammer'd soles protect thy feet  
 Thro' freezing snows, and rains, and soaking fleet.  
 Should the big laste extend the shoe too wide, 35  
 Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside :  
 The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,  
 Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ancle sprain ;  
 And when too short the modish shoes are worn,  
 You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn. 40

Nor should it prove thy less important care,  
 To choose a proper coat for winter's wear.  
 Now in thy trunk thy *D'oily* habit fold,  
 The filken drugget ill can fence the cold ;  
 The frieze's spongy nap is soak'd with rain, 45  
 And show'rs soon drench the camlet's cockled grain,  
 True \**Witney* broad-cloth with its shag unshorn,  
 Unpierc'd is in the lasting tempest worn :  
 Be this the horseman's fence ; for who would wear  
 Amid the town the spoils of *Russia's* bear ? 50

\* *A Town in Oxfordshire.*

Within





Within the *Roquelaure's* clasp thy hands are pent,  
 Hands, that stretch'd forth invading harms prevent.  
 Let the loop'd *Bavarois* the fop embrace,  
 Or his deep cloak be spatter'd o'er with lace.  
 That garment best the winter's rage defends, 55  
 Whose ample form without one plait depends;  
 By \* various Names in various counties known,  
 Yet held in all the true *Surtout* alone:  
 Be thine of *Kersey* firm, tho' small the cost,  
 Then brave unwet the rain, unchill'd the frost. 60

If the strong cane support thy walking hand,  
 Chairmen no longer shall the wall command;  
 E'en sturdy car-men shall thy nod obey,  
 And rattling coaches stop to make thee way;  
 This shall direct thy cautious tread aright, 65  
 Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.  
 Let beaus their canes with amber tipt produce,  
 Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.  
 In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,  
 And lazily insure a life's disease; 70  
 While softer chairs the tawdry load convey  
 To Court, to † *White's*, Assemblies, or the Play;

\* A *Joseph*, *Wrap-Rascal*, &c.

† *White's Chocolate-house* in *St. James's-Street*.

Rosy-complexion'd health thy steps attends,  
 And exercise thy lasting youth defends.  
 Imprudent men heaven's choicest gifts profane. 75  
 Thus some beneath their arm support the cane;  
 The dirty point oft checks the careless pace,  
 And miry spots the clean cravat disgrace:  
 O! may I never such misfortune meet,  
 May no such vicious walkers croud the street, 80  
 May Providence o'er-shade me with her wings,  
 While the bold Muse experienc'd dangers sing.

Not that I wander from my native home,  
 And (tempting perils) foreign cities roam.  
 Let *Paris* be the theme of *Gallia's* muse, 85  
 Where slav'ry treads the street in wooden shoes;  
 Nor do I rove in *Belgia's* frozen clime,  
 And teach the clumsy boor to skate in rhyme,  
 Where, if the warmer clouds in rain descend,  
 No miry ways industrious steps offend, 90  
 The rushing Flood from sloping pavements pours,  
 And blackens the canals with dirty show'rs.  
 Let others *Naples'* smoother streets rehearse,  
 And with proud *Roman* structures grace their verse,

Where

Where frequent murders wake the night with groans,  
 And blood in purple torrents dyes the stones; 96  
 Nor shall the muse through narrow *Venice* stray,  
 Where *Gondolas* their painted oars display.  
 O happy streets, to rumbling Wheels unknown,  
 No carts, no coaches shake the floating town! 100  
 Thus was of old *Britannia's* city blest'd,  
 Ere pride and luxury her sons possess'd :  
 Coaches and chariots yet unfashion'd lay,  
 Nor late-invented chairs perplex'd the way :  
 Then the proud lady tripp'd along the town, 105  
 And tuck'd-up petticoats secur'd her gown,  
 Her rosy cheek with distant visits glow'd,  
 And exercise unartful charms bestow'd ;  
 But since in braided gold her foot is bound,  
 And a long trading manteau sweeps the ground, 110  
 Her shoe disdains the street ; the lazy fair  
 With narrow step affects a limping air.  
 Now gaudy pride corrupts the lavish age,  
 And the streets flame with glaring equipage ;  
 The tricking gamester insolently rides, 115  
 With *Loves* and *Graces* on his chariot's fides ;  
 In saucy state the griping broker sits,  
 And laughs at honesty, and trudging wits :

For

For you, O honest men, these useful lays  
The muse prepares; I seek no other praise. 120

When sleep is first disturb'd by morning cries;  
From sure prognosticks learn to know the skies,  
Lest you of rheums and coughs at night complain;  
Surpriz'd in dreary fogs, or driving rain.  
When suffocating mists obscure the morn, 125  
Let thy worst wig, long us'd to storms, be worn;  
This knows the powder'd footman, and with care,  
Beneath his flapping hat secures his hair.  
Be thou, for ev'ry season, justly drest,  
Nor brave the piercing frost with open breast; 130  
And when the bursting clouds a deluge pour,  
Let thy *Surtout* defend the drenching show'r.

The changing weather certain signs reveal.  
Ere winter sheds her snow, or frosts congeal,  
You'll see the coals in brighter flame aspire, 135  
And sulphur tinge with blue the rising fire:  
Your tender shins the scorching heat decline,  
And at the dearth of coals the poor repine;  
Before her kitchen hearth, the nodding dame  
In flannel mantle wrapt, enjoys the flame; 140  
Hov'ring,

Hov'ring, upon her feeble knees she bends,  
And all around the grateful warmth ascends.

Nor do less certain signs the town advise,  
Of milder weather, and serener skies.

The ladies gaily dress'd, the *Mall* adorn 145  
With various dyes, and paint the sunny morn ;  
The wanton fawns with frisking pleasure range,  
And chirping sparrows greet the welcome change :  
\* Not that their minds with greater skill are fraught,  
Endu'd by instinct, or by reason taught, 150  
The seasons operate on ev'ry breast,  
'Tis hence that fawns are brisk, and ladies dress'd,  
When on his box the nodding coachman snores,  
And dreams of fanfy'd fares ; when tavern doors  
The chairmen idly croud ; then ne'er refuse 155  
To trust thy busy steps in thinner shoes.

But when the swinging signs your ears offend  
With creaking noise, then rainy floods impend ;

\* *Haud equidem credo, quia fit divinitus illis  
Ingenium, aut verum fato prudentia major.* Virg. Georg. L.

Soon

Soon shall the kennels swell with rapid streams,  
And rush in muddy torrents to the *Thames*. 160

The bookfeller, whose shop's an open square,  
Foresees the tempest, and with early care  
Of learning strips the rails; the rowing crew  
To tempt a fare, clothe all their tilts in blue:  
On hosiery poles depending stockings ty'd. 165

Flag with the slacken'd gale, from side to side:  
Church-monuments foretel the changing air;  
Then *Niobe* dissolves into a tear,  
And sweats with secret grief: you'll hear the sounds,  
Of whistling winds, ere kennels break their bounds;  
Ungrateful odours common-shores diffuse, 171

And dropping vaults distil unwholsom dews  
Ere the tiles rattle with the smoking show'r,  
And spouts on heedless men their torrents pour.

All superstition from thy breast repel. 175  
Let cred'lous boys, and prating nurses tell,  
How if the festival of *Paul* be clear,  
Plenty from lib'ral horn shall strow the year;  
When the dark skies dissolve in snow or rain,  
The lab'ring hind shall yoke the steer in vain; 180

But

But if the threatenng winds in tempests roar,  
 Then war shall bathe her wasteful sword in gore.  
 How, if on *Swithin's* feast the welkin lours,  
 And ev'ry penthouse streams with hasty show'rs,  
 Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain, 185  
 And wash the pavements with incessant rain,  
 Let not such vulgar tales debase thy mind ;  
 Nor *Paul* nor *Swithin* rule the clouds and wind.

If you the precepts of the Muse despise,  
 And slight the faithful warning of the skies, 190  
 Others you'll see, when all the town's afloat,  
 Wrapt in th' embraces of a kersey coat,  
 Or double-button'd frieze ; their guarded feet  
 Defy the muddy dangers of the street,  
 While you with hat unloop'd, the fury dread 195  
 Of spouts high-streaming, and with cautious tread  
 Shun ev'ry dashing pool ; or idly stop,  
 To seek the kind protection of a shop.  
 But bus'ness summons ; now with hasty scud  
 You jostle for the wall ; the spatter'd mud 200  
 Hides all thy hose behind ; in vain you scow'r,  
 Thy wig alas ! uncurl'd, admits the show'r.

So

So fierce *Alecto*'s snaky tresses fell,  
 When *Orpheus* charm'd the rig'rous pow'rs of hell,  
 Or thus hung *Glaucus*' beard, with briny dew 205  
 Clotted and straight, when first his am'rous view  
 Surpriz'd the bathing fair; the frighted maid  
 Now stands a rock, transform'd by *Circe*'s aid.

Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,  
 Defended by the riding-hood's disguise: 210  
 Or underneath th' umbrella's oily shed,  
 Safe thro' the wet on clinking pattens tread,  
 Let *Persian* dames th' umbrella's ribs display,  
 To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;  
 Or sweating slaves support the shady load, 215  
 When eastern Monarchs show their state abroad;  
*Britain* in winter only knows its aid,  
 To guard from chilly show'rs the walking maid.  
 But, O! forget not, Muse, the patten's praise,  
 That female implement shall grace thy lays; 220  
 Say from what art divine th' invention came,  
 And from its origin deduce its name.

Where *Lincoln* wide extends her fenny soil,  
 A goodly yeoman liv'd grown white with toil: One



One only daughter blest his nuptial bed,  
 Who from her infant hand the poultry fed: 225  
*Martha* (her careful mother's name) she bore,  
 But now her careful mother was no more.  
 Whilst on her father's knee the damsel play'd,  
*Patty* he fondly call'd the smiling maid; 230  
 As years increas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,  
 And *Patty's* fame o'er all the village flew.

Soon as the grey-ey'd morning streaks the skies,  
 And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,  
 Her cleanly pail the pretty housewife bears, 235  
 And singing to the distant field repairs:  
 And when the plains with ev'ning dews are spread,  
 The milky burden smokes upon her head,  
 Deep, thro' a miry-lane she pick'd her way,  
 Above her ankle rose the chalky clay. 240

*Vulcan* by chance the bloomy maiden spies,  
 With innocence and beauty in her eyes,  
 He saw, he lov'd; for yet he ne'er had known  
 Sweet innocence and beauty meet in one.  
 Ah *Mulciber!* recal thy nuptial vows, 245  
 Think on the graces of thy *Paphian* spouse,

Think

Think how her eyes dart inexhausted charms,  
And canst thou leave her bed for *Patty's* arms ?

The *Lemnian* power forsakes the realms above,  
His bosom glowing with terrestrial love : 250  
Far in the lane a lonely hut he found,  
No tenant ventur'd on th' unwholsom ground.  
Here smokes his forge, he bares his sinewy arm,  
And early strokes the sounding anvil warm :  
Around his shop the steely sparkles flew, 255  
As for the steed he shap'd the bending shoe.

When blue-ey'd *Patty* near his window came,  
His anvil rests, his forge forgets to flame.  
To bear his soothing tales she feigns delays ;  
What woman can resist the force of praise ? 260

At first she coyly ev'ry kiss withstood,  
And all her cheek was flush'd with modest blood :  
With headless nails he now surrounds her shoes,  
To save her steps from rains and piercing dews ;  
She lik'd his soothing tales, his presents wore, 265  
And granted kisses, but would grant no more.



Yet winter chill'd her feet, with cold she pines,  
 And on her cheek the fading rose declines ;  
 No more her humid eyes their lustre boast,  
 And in hoarse sounds her melting voice is lost. 270

This *Vulcan* saw, and in his heav'nly thought,  
 A new machine mechanick fancy wrought,  
 Above the mire her shelter'd steps to raise,  
 And bear her safely through the wintry ways,  
 Straight the new engine on the anvil glows, 275  
 And the pale virgin on the patten rose.

No more her lungs are shook with dropping rheums,  
 And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms.  
 The God obtain'd his suit ; though flatt'ry fail,  
 Presents with female virtue must prevail. 280  
 The patten now supports each frugal dame,  
 Which from the blue-ey'd *Patty* takes the name.





# TRIVIA.

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## BOOK II.

---

### *Of walking the Streets by Day.*



HUS far the Muse has trac'd in useful lays,  
The proper implements for wintry ways?  
Has taught the walker, with judicious eyes,  
To read the various warnings of the skies.  
Now venture, Muse, from home to range the town,  
And for the publick safety risque thy own.

For ease and for dispatch, the morning's best ;  
No tides of passengers the street molest.

H 2

You'll

You'll see a draggled damfel, here and there,  
 From *Billinggate* her fishy traffick bear; 10  
 On doors the fallow milk-maid chalks her gains;  
 Ah! how unlike the milk-maid of the plains!  
 Before proud gates attending asses bray,  
 Or arrogate with solemn pace the way;  
 These grave physicians with their milky chear, 15  
 The love-sick maid and dwindling beau repair;  
 Here rows of drummers stand in martial file,  
 And with their vellom-thunder shake the pile,  
 To greet the new-made bride. Are sounds like these  
 The proper prelude to a state of peace? 20  
 Now industry awakes her busy sons,  
 Full charg'd with news the breathless hawker runs:  
 Shops open, coaches roll, carts shake the ground,  
 And all the streets with passing cries resound.

If cloath'd in black, you tread the busy town, 25  
 Or if distinguish'd by the rev'rend gown,  
 Three trades avoid; oft in the mingling press,  
 The barber's apron foils the fable dress;  
 Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye,  
 Nor let the baker's step advance too nigh: 30

Ye

Ye walkers too that youthful colours wear,  
 Three fulying trades avoid with equal care;  
 The little chimney-sweeper skulks along,  
 And marks with footy stains the heedless throng;  
 When small-coal murmurs in the hoarser throat, 35  
 From smutty dangers guard thy threaten'd coat:  
 The dust-man's cart offends thy cloaths and eyes,  
 When through the street a cloud of ashes flies;  
 But whether black or lighter dies are worn,  
 The chandler's basket, on his shoulder born, 40  
 With tallow spots thy coat; resign the way,  
 To shun the surly butcher's greasy tray,  
 Butchers whose hands are dy'd with blood's foul stain,  
 And always foremost in the Hangman's train.

Let due civilities be strictly paid, 45  
 The wall surrender to the hooded maid;  
 Nor let thy sturdy elbow's hasty rage  
 Jostle the feeble steps of trembling age:  
 And when the porter bends beneath his load,  
 And pants for breath; clear thou the crouded road. 50  
 But, above all, the groping blind direct,  
 And from the pressing through the lame protect.

You'll sometimes meet a fop, of nicest tread,  
 Whose mantling peruke veils his empty head,  
 At ev'ry step he dreads the wall to lose, 55  
 And risques, to save a coach, his red-heel'd shoes,  
 Him, like the miller, pass with caution by,  
 Lest from his shoulder clouds of powder fly.  
 But when the bully, with assuming pace,  
 Cocks his broad hat, edg'd round with tarnish'd lace,  
 Yield not the way; defy his strutting pride, 61  
 And thrust him to the muddy kennel's side;  
 He never turns again, nor dares oppose,  
 But mutters coward curses as he goes.

If drawn by bus'ness to a street unknown, 65  
 Let the sworn porter point thee through the town;  
 Be sure observe the signs, for signs remain,  
 Like faithful Land-marks to the walking train.  
 Seek not from prentices to learn the way,  
 Those fabling boys will turn thy steps astray; 70  
 Ask the grave tradesman to direct thee right,  
 He ne'er deceives, but when he profits by't.

Where fam'd *St. Giles's* ancient limits spread,  
 An inrail'd column rears its lofty head,

Here

Here to sev'n streets sev'n dials count the day, 75  
 And from each other catch the circling ray.  
 Here oft the peasant, with enquiring face,  
 Bewilder'd, trudges on from place to place ;  
 He dwells on ev'ry sign with stupid gaze,  
 Enter's the narrow alley's doubtful maze, 80  
 Tries ev'ry winding court and street in vain,  
 And doubles o'er his weary steps again.  
 Thus hardy *Theseus* with intrepid feet,  
 Travers'd the dang'rous labyrinth of *Crete* ;  
 But still the wandring pass'es forc'd his stay, 85  
 Till *Ariadne's* clue unwinds the way.  
 But do not thou, like that bold chief, confide  
 Thy ventrous footsteps to a female guide ;  
 She'll lead thee with delusive smiles along,  
 Dive in thy fob, and drop thee in the throng. 90

When waggish boys the stunted beefom ply  
 To rid the slabby pavement ; pass not by  
 Ere thou hast held their hands ; some heedless flirt  
 Will over-spread thy calves with spatt'ring dirt.  
 Where porters hogsheds roll from carts aslope, 95  
 Or brewers down steep cellars stretch the rope,



Where counted billets are by carmen toft,  
Stay thy rash step, and walk without the poft.

What though the gath'ring mire thy feet befnear,  
The voice of induftry is always near. 100  
Hark! the boy calls thee to his deftin'd ftand,  
And the fhoe fhines beneath his oily hand.  
Here let the Mufe, fatigu'd amid the throng,  
Adorn her precepts with digreffive fong;  
Of fhirtlefs youths the fecret rife to trace, 105  
And fhew the parent of the fable race.

Like mortal man, great *Jove* (grown fond of change)  
Of old was wont this nether world to range  
To feek amours; the vice the monarch lov'd  
Soon through the wide ethereal court improv'd, 110  
And e'en the proudeft Goddeffs now and then  
Who lodge a night among the fons of men;  
To vulgar Deities descends the fafhion,  
Each, like her betters, had her earthly paffion.  
Then \* *Cloacina* (Goddeffs of the tide 115  
Whofe fable ftreams beneath the city glide)

Indulg'd

\* *Cloacina* was a Goddeffs whofe image *Tatius* (a King of the Sabines) found in the common-ftore, and not knowing what Goddeffs

Indulg'd the modish flame; the town she rov'd;  
 A mortal scavenger she saw, she lov'd;  
 The muddy spots that dry'd upon his face,  
 Like female patches, heighten'd ev'ry grace: 120  
 She gaz'd; she sigh'd. For love can beauties spy  
 In what seems faults to every common eye.

Now had the watchman walk'd his second round;  
 When *Cloacina* hears the rumbling found  
 Of her brown lover's cart, for well she knows 125  
 That pleasing thunder: swift the Goddess rose,  
 And through the streets pursu'd the distant noise,  
 Her bosom panting with expected joys.  
 With the night-wandering harlot's airs she past,  
 Brush'd near his side, and wanton glances cast; 130  
 In the black form of cinder-wench she came,  
 When love, the hour, the place had banish'd shame;  
 To the dark alley arm in arm they move:  
 O may no link-boy interrupt their love;

*Goddess it was, he call'd it Cloacina from the place in which  
 it was found, and paid to it divine honours. Lactant. 1. 20.  
 Minuc. Fel. Oct. p. 232:*

When the pale moon had nine times fill'd her space,  
 The pregnant Goddess (cautious of disgrace) 136  
 Descends to earth; but sought no midwife's aid,  
 Nor mid'ft her anguish to *Lucina* pray'd;  
 No cheerful gossip wish'd the mother joy,  
 Alone, beneath a bulk she dropt the boy. 140

The child through various risques in years improv'd,  
 At first a beggar's brat, compassion mov'd;  
 His infant tongue soon learnt the canting art,  
 Knew all the pray'rs and whines to touch the heart.

Oh happy unown'd youths, your limbs can bear 145  
 The scorching dog-star, and the winter's air,  
 While the rich Infant, nurs'd with care and pain,  
 Thirsts with each heat, and coughs with ev'ry rain?

The Goddess long had mark'd the child's distress,  
 And long had sought his suff'rings to redress; 150  
 She prays the Gods to take the fondling's part,  
 To teach his hands some beneficial art  
 Practis'd in Streets: the Gods her suit allow'd,  
 And made him useful to the walking croud.

To

To cleanse the miry feet, and o'er the shoe 155  
 With nimble skill the glossy black renew,  
 Each Power contributes to relieve the poor :  
 With the strong bristles of the mighty boar  
*Diana* forms his brush ; the God of day  
 A tripod gives, amid the crouded way 160  
 To raise the dirty foot, and ease his toil ;  
 Kind *Neptune* fills his vase with fetid oil  
 Preft from th' enormous whale : The God of fire,  
 From whose dominions smoky clouds aspire,  
 Among these gen'rous presents joins his part, 165  
 And aids with foot the new japping art ;  
 Pleas'd she receives the gifts ; she downward glides,  
 Lights in *Fleet-ditch*, and shoots beneath the tides.

Now dawns the morn, the sturdy lad awakes,  
 Leaps from his stall, his tangled hair he shakes, 170  
 Then leaning o'er the rails, he musing stood,  
 And view'd below the black canal of mud,  
 Where common-flores a lulling murmur keep,  
 Whose torrents rush from *Holborn's* fatal steep :  
 Pensive through idleness, tears flow'd apace, 175  
 Which eas'd his loaded heart, and wash'd his face ;

At

At length he sighing cry'd; That boy was blest,  
 Whose infant lips have drain'd a mother's breast;  
 But happier far are those, (if such be known)  
 Whom both a father and a mother own: 180  
 But I, alas! hard fortune's utmost scorn,  
 Who ne'er knew parent, was an orphan born!  
 Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,  
 Belov'd by uncles, and kind good old aunts;  
 When time comes round, a Christmas box they bear,  
 And one day makes them rich for all the year. 186  
 Had I the precepts of a father learn'd,  
 Perhaps I then the coachman's fare had earn'd,  
 For lesser boys can drive; I thirsty stand  
 And see the double-flaggon charge their hand, 190  
 See them puff off the froth, and gulp amain,  
 While with dry tongue I lick my lips in vain.

While thus he fervent prays, the heaving tide  
 In widen'd circles beats on either side;  
 The Goddess rose amid the inmost round, 195  
 With wither'd turnip-tops her temples crown'd;  
 Low reach'd her dipping tresses, lank, and black  
 As the smooth jet, or glossy raven's back;

Around

Around her waiste a circling eel was twin'd,  
 Which bound her robe that hung in rags behind. 200  
 Now beck'ning to the boy; she thus begun,  
 Thy prayers are granted; weep no more, my son:  
 Go thrive. At some frequented corner stand,  
 This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand.  
 Temper the foot within this vase of oil, 205  
 And let the little tripod aid thy toil;  
 On this methinks I see the walking crew  
 At thy request support the miry shoe,  
 The foot grows black that was with dirt embrown'd,  
 And in thy pocket gingling halfpence found. 210  
 The Goddess plunges swift beneath the flood,  
 And dashes all around her show'rs of mud:  
 The youth straight chose his post; the labour ply'd  
 Where branching streets from *Charing-cross* divide;  
 His treble voice resound, along the *Meuse*, 215  
 And *White-ball* echoes ----- *Clean your Honour's shoes.*

Like the sweet ballad, this amusing lay  
 Too long detains the walker on his way;  
 While he attends new dangers round him throng;  
 The busy city asks instructive song. 220

Where

Where elevated o'er the gaping croud,  
 Clasp'd in the board the perjur'd head is bow'd,  
 Betimes retreat ; here, thick as hailstones pour,  
 Turnips, and half-hatch'd eggs, (a mingled show'r)  
 Among the rabble rain : Some random throw 225  
 May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o'erflow.

Though expedition bids, yet never fray  
 Where no rang'd posts defend the rugged way.  
 Here laden carts with thundring waggons meet,  
 Wheels clash with wheels, and bar the narrow street ;  
 The lashing whip rebounds, the horses strain, 231  
 And blood in anguish bursts the swelling vein.  
 O barb'rous men, your cruel beasts asswage,  
 Why vent you on the gen'rous steed your rage ?  
 Does not his service earn you daily bread ? 235  
 Your wives, your children, by his labours fed !  
 If, as the *Samian* taught, the soul revives,  
 And, shifting seats, in other bodies lives :  
 Severe shall be the brutal coachman's change,  
 Doom'd in a hackney horse the town to range : 240  
 Carmen, transform'd, the groaning load shall draw,  
 Whom other tyrants with the lash shall awe.

Who

Who would of *Watling-street* the dangers share,  
 When the broad pavement of *Cheap-side* is near ?  
 Or who \* that rugged street would traverse o'er, 245  
 That stretches, O *Fleet-ditch*, from thy black shore  
 To the *Tow'r's* moated walls ? Here steams ascend  
 That, in mix'd fumes, the winkled nose offend.  
 Where chandlers cauldrons boil ; where fishy prey  
 Hide the wet stall, long absent from the sea ; 250  
 And where the clever chops the heifer's spoil,  
 And where huge hogheads sweat with trainy oil,  
 Thy breathing nostril hold, but how shall I  
 Pass, where in piles † *Carnavian* cheeses lie ;  
 Cheese, that the table's closing rites denies, 255  
 And bids me with th' unwilling chaplain rise.

O bear me to the paths of fair *Pell-mell*,  
 Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell ;  
 At distance rolls along the gilded coach,  
 Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach ; 260  
 No lets would bar thy ways were chairs deny'd  
 The soft supports of laziness and pride ;

\* *Thames-street.*† *Cheshire* *anciently so called.*

Shops





Shops breathe perfumes, thro' fashes ribbons glow,  
 The mutual arms of ladies, and the beau.  
 Yet still ev'n here, when rains the passage hide, 265  
 Off' the loose stones spirts up a muddy tide  
 Beneath thy careless foot; and from on high,  
 Where masons mount the ladder, fragments fly;  
 Mortar, and crumbled lime in show'rs descend,  
 And o'er thy head destructive tiles impend. 270

But sometimes let me leave the noisy roads,  
 And silent wander in the close abodes  
 Where wheels ne'er shake the ground; there pensive stray,  
 In studious thought the long uncrowded way.  
 Here I remark each walker's different face, 275  
 And in their look their various bus'ness trace.  
 The broker here his spacious beaver wears,  
 Upon his brow sit jealousies and cares;  
 Bent on some mortgage (to avoid reproach)  
 He seeks bye streets, and save th' expensive coach. 280  
 Soft, at low doors, old lechers tap their cane,  
 For fair recluse, who travels *Drury-lane*;  
 Here roams uncomb'd the lavish rake, to shun  
 His *Fleet-street* draper's everlasting dun.

Careful.

Careful observers, studious of the town, 285  
 Shun the misfortunes that disgrace the clown;  
 Untempted, they condemn the jugler's feats,  
 Pass by the *Meuse*, nor try the \* thimble's cheats.  
 When drays bound high, they never cross behind,  
 Where bubbling yeast is blown by gusts of wind: 290  
 And when up *Ludgate-hill* huge carts move slow,  
 Far from the straining steeds securely go,  
 Whose dashing hoofs behind them sling the mire,  
 And mark with muddy blots the gazing 'quire.  
 The *Parthian* thus his jav'lin backward throws, 295  
 And as he flies infests pursuing foes.

The thoughtless wits shall frequent forfeits pay,  
 Who 'gainst their centry's box discharge their tea.  
 Do thou some court, or secret corner seek,  
 Nor flush with shame the passing virgin's cheek. 300

Yet let me not descend to trivial song,  
 Nor vulgar circumstance my verse prolong;  
 Why should I teach the maid when torrents pour,  
 Her head to shelter from the sudden show'r?

\* *A Cheat commonly practis'd in the streets with three thimbles  
 and a little ball.*

Nature

Nature will best her ready hand inform, 305  
 With her spread petticoat to fence the storm.  
 Does not each walker know the warning sign,  
 When wisps of straw depend upon the twine  
 Cross the close street; that then the paver's art  
 Renews the ways, deny'd to coach and cart? 310  
 Who knows not that the coachman lashing by,  
 Oft with his flourish cuts the heedless eye;  
 And when he takes his stand, to wait a fare,  
 His horses foreheads shun the winter's air?  
 Nor will I roam when summer's fultry rays 315  
 Parch the dry ground, and spread with dust the ways;  
 With whirling gusts the rapid atoms rise,  
 Smoke o'er the pavement, and involve the skies.

Winter my theme confines; whose nitry wind  
 Shall crust the slabby mire, and kennels bind; 320  
 She bids the snow descend in flaky sheets,  
 And in her hoary mantle cloath the streets.  
 Let not the virgin tread these slipp'ry roads,  
 The gath'ring fleece the hollow patten loads;  
 But if thy footsteps slide with clotted frost, 323  
 Strike off the breaking balls against the post.

On

On silent wheel the passing coaches roll ;  
 Oft look behind and ward the threatening pole.  
 In harden'd orbs the school-boy moulds the snow,  
 To mark the coachman with a dextrous throw. 330  
 Why do ye, boys, the kennel's surface spread,  
 To tempt with faithless pass the matron's tread ?  
 How can ye laugh to see the damsel spurn,  
 Sink in your frauds, and her green stocking mourn ?  
 At *White's* the harness'd chairman idly stands, 335  
 And swings around his wattle his tingling hands :  
 The sempstres speeds to '*Change* with red-tipt nose ;  
 The *Belgian* stove beneath her foot-stool glows ;  
 In half-whipt muslin needles useles lie,  
 And shuttle-cocks across the counter fly. 340  
 These sports warm harmless ; why then will ye prove,  
 Deluded maids the dang'rous flame of love ?

Where *Covent-Garden's* famous temple stands,  
 That boasts the work of *Jones'* immortal hands ;  
 Columns with plain magnificence appear, 345  
 And graceful porches lead along the square :  
 Here oft my course I bend, when lo ! from far,  
 I spy the furies of the foot-ball war :

The



The 'prentice quits his shop, to join the crew,  
 Increasing crowds the flying game pursue. 350  
 Thus, as you roll the ball o'er snowy ground,  
 The gath'ring globe augments with every round.  
 But whither shall I run? the throng draws nigh,  
 The ball now skims the street, now soars on high;  
 The dext'rous glazier strong returns the bound, 355  
 And ginging fashes on the pent-house sound.

O roving Muse, recal that wond'rous year,  
 When winter reign'd in bleak *Britannia's* air;  
 When hoary *Thames*, with frosted oziars crown'd,  
 Was three long moons in icy fetters bound, 360  
 The waterman, forlorn along the shore,  
 Penfive reclines upon his usefess oar,  
 See harness'd steeds desert the stony town;  
 And wander roads unstable, not their own:  
 Wheels o'er the harden'd waters smoothly glide, 365  
 And rafe with whiten'd tracks the slipp'ry tide.  
 Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,  
 And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire.  
 Booths sudden hide the *Thames*, long streets appear,  
 And num'rous games proclaim the crouded fair. 370

So

So when a gen'ral bids the martial train  
 Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain;  
 Thick-rising tents a canvas city build,  
 And the loud dice resound thro' all the field.

'Twas here the matron found a doleful fate: 375  
 Let elegiac lay the woe relate,  
 Soft as the breath of distant flutes, at hours  
 When silent ev'ning closes up the flow'rs;  
 Lulling as falling water's hollow noise;  
 Indulging grief, like *Philomela's* voice. 380

*Doll* ev'ry day had walk'd these treach'rous roads;  
 Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads  
 Of various fruit; she now a basket bore,  
 That head alas! shall basket bear no more.  
 Each booth she frequent past, in quest of gain, 385  
 And boys with pleasure heard her shrilling strain.  
 Ah *Doll!* all mortals must resign their breath,  
 And industry it self submit to death!  
 The cracking crystal yields, she sinks, she dies,  
 Her head, chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies; 390  
 Pippins she cry'd, but death her voice confounds,  
 And pip-pip-pip along the ice resounds.

So

So when the *Thracian* furies *Orpheus* tore,  
 And left his bleeding trunk deform'd with gore,  
 His fever'd head floats down the silver tide, 395  
 His yet warm tongue for his lost consort cry'd;  
*Eurydice* with quiv'ring voice he mourn'd,  
 And *Heber's* banks *Eurydice* return'd.

But now the western gale the flood unbinds,  
 And black'ning clouds move on with warmer winds.  
 The wooden town its frail foundation leaves, 401  
 And *Thames'* full urn rolls down his plenteous waves;  
 From ev'ry penthouse streams the fleeting snow,  
 And with dissolving frost the pavements flow.

Experienc'd men, inur'd to city ways, 405  
 Need not the Calendar to count their days.  
 When through the town with slow and solemn air,  
 Led by the nostril, walks the muzled bear;  
 Behind him moves majestically dull,  
 The pride of *Hockley-bole*, the furly bull; 410  
 Learn hence the periods of the week to name,  
*Mondays* and *Thursdays* are the days of game.

When fifty stalls with double store are laid;  
 The golden-belly'd carp, the broad-finn'd maid, Red.

Red-speckled trouts, the salmon's silver jowl,      415  
 The jointed lobster, and uncaly soale,  
 And luscious 'scallops to allure the tastes  
 Of rigid zealots to delicious fasts ;  
*Wednesdays* and *Fridays* you'll observe from hence,  
 Days, when our fires were doom'd to abstinence.      420

When dirty waters from balconies drop,  
 And dext'rous damsels twirl the sprinkling mop,  
 And cleanse the spatter'd fash, and scrub the stairs ;  
 Know *Saturday's* conclusive morn appears.

Successive cries the season's change declare,      425  
 And mark the monthly progress of the year.  
 Hark, how the streets with treble voices ring,  
 To sell the bounteous product of the spring !  
 Sweet-smelling flow'rs, and elder's early bud,  
 With nettle's tender shoots, to cleanse the blood :      430  
 And when *June's* thunder cools the sultry skies,  
 Ev'n *Sundays* are profan'd by mackrell cries.

Walnuts the fruit'rer's hand, in autumn, stain,  
 Blue plumbs and juicy pears augment his gain ;

Next



Next oranges the longing boys entice, 435  
To trust their copper fortunes to the dice.

When rosemary, and bays the Poet's crown,  
Are bawl'd in frequent cries through all the town ;  
Then judge the festival of *Christmas* near,  
*Christmas* the joyous period of the year. 440  
Now with bright holly all your temples strow,  
With laurel green, and sacred mistletoe.  
Now, heav'n-born Charity, thy blessings shed ;  
Bid meagre Want uprear her sickly head :  
Bid shiv'ring limbs be warm ; let plenty's bowl 445  
In humble roofs make glad the needy soul.  
See, see, the heav'n-born maid her blessings shed ;  
Lo ! meagre want uprears her sickly head ;  
Cloath'd are the naked, and the needy glad,  
While selfish Avarice alone is sad. 450

Proud coaches pass regardless of the moan  
Of infant orphans, and the widow's groan ;  
While Charity still moves the walker's mind,  
His lib'ral purse relieves the lame and blind,  
Judiciously thy half-pence are bestow'd, 455  
Where the laborious beggar sweeps the road.

What-

Whate'er you give, give ever at demand,  
 Nor let old age long stretch his palsy'd hand,  
 Those who give late are importun'd each day,  
 And still are teiz'd because they still delay. 460  
 If e'er the miser durst his farthings spare,  
 He thinly spreads them through the publick square,  
 Where, all beside the rail, rang'd beggars lie,  
 And from each other catch the doleful cry ;  
 With heav'n, for two-pence, cheaply wipes his score,  
 Lifts up his eyes, and hastes to beggar more. 466

Where the brags knocker, wrapt in flannel band,  
 Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand ;  
 Th'upholder, rueful harbinger of death,  
 Waits with impatience for the dying breath ; 470  
 As vultures, o'er a camp, with hov'ring flight,  
 Snuff up the future carnage of the fight.  
 Here can't thou pass, unmindful of a pray'r,  
 That heav'n in mercy may thy brother spare ?

Come, F\* \* \* sincere, experienc'd friend, 475  
 Thy briefs, thy deeds, and e'en thy fees suspend ;  
 Come let us leave the *Temple's* silent walls,  
 Me bus'ness to my distant lodging calls :



Through the long *Strand* together let us stray : 480  
 With thee converſing I forget the way.  
 Behold that narrow ſtreet which ſleep deſcends,  
 Whoſe building to the ſlimy ſhore extends ;  
 Here *Arundel's* fam'd ſtructure rear'd its frame,  
 The ſtreet alone retains the empty name : 485  
 Where *Titian's* glowing paint the canvas warm'd,  
 And *Raphael's* fair deſign, with judgment, charm'd,  
 Now hangs the bell-man's ſong, and paſſed here  
 The colour'd prints of *Overton* appear.  
 Where ſtatue breath'd, the work of *Phidias's* hands,  
 A wooden pump, or lonely watch-houſe ſtands. 490  
 There *Eſſex's* ſtately pile adorn'd the ſhore,  
 There *Cecil's*, *Bedford's*, *Villers's*, now no more.  
 Yet *Burlington's* fair palace ſtill remains ;  
 Beauty within, without proportion reigns.  
 Beneath his eye declining art revives, 495  
 The wall with animated picture lives ;  
 There *Hendel* ſtrikes the ſtrings, the melting ſtrain  
 Tranſports the ſoul, and thrills through ev'ry vein ;  
 There oft I enter, (but with cleaner ſhoes)  
 For *Burlington's* a belov'd by ev'ry Muſe.

O ye associate walkers, O my friends,  
 Upon your state what happiness attends !  
 What, though no coach to frequent visit rolls,  
 Nor for your shilling chairmen sling their poles ;  
 Yet still your nerves rheumatic pains defy,      505  
 Nor lazy jaundice dulls your saffron eye ;  
 No wasting cough discharges sounds of death,  
 Nor wheezing asthma heaves in vain for breath ;  
 Nor from your restless couch is heard the groan  
 Of burning gout, or sedentary stone.      510  
 Let others in the jolting coach confide,  
 Or in the leaky boat the *Thames* divide ;  
 Or, box'd within the chair, condemn the street,  
 And trust their safety to another's feet,  
 Still let me walk ; for oft the sudden gale      515  
 Ruffles the tide, and shifts the dang'rous sail.  
 Then shall the passenger too late deplore  
 The whelming billow, and the faithless oar ;  
 The drunken chairman in the kennel spurns,  
 The glasses shatters, and his charge o'eturns.      520  
 Who can recount the coach's various harms,  
 The legs disjointed, and the broken arms ?

I've seen a beau, in some ill-fated hour,  
 When o'er the stones choak'd kennels swell the show'r  
 In gilded chariot loll, he with disdain 525  
 Views spatter'd passengers all drench'd in rain;  
 With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws near,  
 Now rule thy prancing steeds, lac'd charioteer!  
 The dust-man lashes on with spiteful rage,  
 His pond'rous spokes thy painted wheel engage, 530  
 Crush'd is thy pride, down falls the shrieking beau,  
 The slabby pavement crystal fragments strow,  
 Black floods of mire th' embroider'd coat disgrace,  
 And mud enwraps the honours of his face.  
 So when dread *Jove* the son of *Phæbus* hurl'd, 535  
 Scarr'd with dark thunder, to the nether world;  
 The headstrong coursers tore the silver reins,  
 And the sun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.

If the pale walker pant with weak'ning ills,  
 His sickly hand is stor'd with friendly bills: 540  
 From hence he learns the seventh-born doctor's fame,  
 From hence he learns the cheapest tailor's name.

Shall the large mutton smoke upon your boards?  
 Such, *Newgate's* copious market best affords,

Wouldst

Wouldst thou with mighty beef augment thy meal ?  
 Seek *Leaden-hall*, *St. James's* sends thee veal, 546  
*Thames-street* gives cheeses ; *Covent-garden* fruits ;  
*Moor-fields* old books ; and *Monmouth-street* old suits.  
 Hence may't thou well supply the wants of life,  
 Support thy family, and clothe thy wife. 550

Volumes, on shelter'd stalls expanded lie,  
 And various science lures the learned eye ;  
 The bending shelves with pond'rous scholiasts groan,  
 And deep divines to modern shops unknown :  
 Here, like the bee, that on industrious wing 555  
 Collects the various odours of the spring,  
 Walkers, at leisure, learning's flow'rs may spoil,  
 Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil,  
 May morals snatch from *Plutarch's* tatter'd page,  
 A mildew'd *Bacon*, or *Stagyra's* sage. 560  
 Here saunt'ring prentices o'er *Otway* weep,  
 O'er *Congreve* smile, or over *D \* \* sleep* ;  
 Pleas'd semstresses the *Lock's* fam'd *Rape* unfold,  
 And \* *Squirts* read *Garth*, 'till apozems grow cold.

\* The name of an Apothecary's boy, in the Poem of the Dispensary.



O *Lintot*, let my labours obvious lie, 565  
 Rang'd on thy stall, for ev'ry curious eye;  
 So shall the poor these precepts gratis know,  
 And to my verse their future safeties owe.

What walker shall his mean ambition fix  
 On the false lustre of a coach and six? 570  
 Let the vain virgin, lur'd by glaring show,  
 Sigh for the liv'ries of th' embroider'd beau.

See yon bright chariot on its braces swing,  
 With *Flanders* mares, and on an arched spring  
 That wretch to gain an equipage and place, 575  
 Betray'd his sifter to a lewd embrace.

This coach that with the blazon'd 'scutcheon glows,  
 Vain of his unknown race, the coxcomb shows.  
 Here the brib'd lawyer, sunk in velvet, sleeps;  
 The starving orphan, as he passes, weeps; 580

There flames a fool, begirt with tinsell'd slaves,  
 Who wastes the wealth of a whole race of knaves.  
 That other, with a clustring train behind,  
 Owes his new honours to a fordid mind.  
 This next in court-fidelity excels, 585  
 The publick rifles, and his country sells.

May

May the proud chariot never be my fate,  
If purchas'd at so mean, so dear a rate;  
O rather give me sweet content on foot,  
Wrapt in my virtue, and a good *Surtout*!

590







# TRIVIA.

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## BOOK III.

---

*Of walking the Streets by Night.*



*TRIVIA* Goddess, leave these low abodes,  
And traverse o'er the wide ethereal road;  
Celestial Queen, put on thy robes of light,  
Now *Cynthia* nam'd, fair regent of the  
Night.

At sight of thee the villain sheaths his sword,      5  
Nor scales the wall, to steal the wealthy hoard.  
O may thy silver lamp from heaven's high bow'r  
Direct my footsteps in the midnight hour!

When

When night first bids the twinkling stars appear,  
 Or with her cloudy vest inwraps the air, 10  
 Then swarms the busy street; with caution tread,  
 Where the shop-windows falling threat thy head;  
 Now lab'ers home return, and join their strength  
 To bear the tot'ring plank, or ladder's length;  
 Still fix thy eyes intent upon the throng, 15  
 And as the passers open, wind along.

Where the fair columns of *St. Clement* stand,  
 Whose straiten'd bounds encroach upon the *Strand*;  
 Where the low penthouse bows the walker's head, 20  
 And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread;  
 Where not a post protects the narrow space,  
 And strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;  
 Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care,  
 Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware,  
 Forth issuing from steep lanes, the collier's steeds 25  
 Drag the black load; another cart succeeds,  
 Team follows team, crouds heap'd on crouds appear,  
 And wait impatient, 'till the road grow clear.  
 Now all the pavement sounds with trampling feet,  
 And the mixt hurry barricades the street, 30



Entangled here, the waggon's lengthen'd team  
 Cracks the tough harness; here a pond'rous beam  
 Lies over-turn'd athwart; for slaughter fed  
 Here lowing bullocks raise their horned head.  
 Now oaths grow loud, with coaches coaches jar, 35  
 And the smart blow provokes the sturdy war;  
 From the high box they whirl the thong around,  
 And with the twining lash their shins rebound:  
 Their rage ferments, more dang'rous wounds they try,  
 And the blood gushes down their painful eye, 40  
 And now on foot the frowning warriors light,  
 And with their pond'rous fists renew the fight;  
 Blow answers blow, their cheeks are smear'd with blood,  
 'Till down they fall, and grappling roll in mud.  
 So when two boars, in wild † *Ytene* bred, 45  
 Or on *Westphalia's* fatt'ning chestnuts fed,  
 Gnash their sharp tusks, and rous'd with equal fire,  
 Dispute the reign of some luxurious mire;  
 In the black flood they wallow o'er and o'er,  
 'Till their arm'd jaws distil with foam and gore. 50

Where the mob gathers, swiftly shoot along,  
 Nor idly mingle in the noisy throng.

† *New-Forest in Hampshire, anciently so called.*

Lur'd.

Lur'd by the silver hilt, amid the swarm,  
 The subtil artift will thy fide difarm.  
 Nor is the flaxen wig with fafety worn; 55  
 High on the foulder, in a basket born,  
 Lurks the fly boy; whofe hand to rapine bred,  
 Plucks off the curling honours of thy head.  
 Here dives the skulking thief, with practis'd flight,  
 And unfelt fingers make thy pocket light. 60  
 Where's now thy watch, with all its trinkets, frown;  
 And thy late fnuff-box is no more thy own.  
 But lo! his bolder thefts fome tradesman spies,  
 Swift from his prey the fcudding lurcher flies;  
 Dext'rous he 'fcapes the coach with nimble bounds,  
 Whilft ev'ry honeft tongue *stop thief* refounds. 66  
 So fpeeds the wily fox, alarm'd by fear,  
 Who lately filch'd the turkey's callow care;  
 Hounds following hounds, grow louder as he flies,  
 And injur'd tenants join the hunter's cries. 70  
 Breathlefs he ftumbling falls: Ill fated boy!  
 Why did not honeft work thy youth employ?  
 Seiz'd by rough hands, he's drag'd amid the rout,  
 And stretch'd beneath the pump's inceffant fpout:  
 Or plung'd in miry ponds, he gasping lies, 75  
 Mud choaks his mouth, and plaifters o'er his eyes.  
 Let

Let not the ballad-finger's shrilling strain  
 Amid the swarm thy list'ning ear detain:  
 Guard well thy pocket; for these *Sirens* stand,  
 To aid the labours of the diving hand; 80  
 Confed'rate in the cheat, they draw the throng,  
 And cambrick handkerchiefs reward the song.  
 But soon as coach or cart drives rattling on,  
 The rabble part, in shoals they backward run.  
 So *Jove's* loud bolts the mingled war divide, 85  
 And *Greece* and *Troy* retreat on either side.

If the rude throng pour on with furious pace,  
 And hap to break thee from a friend's embrace,  
 Stop short; nor struggle through the croud in vain,  
 But watch with careful eye the passing train. 90  
 Yet I (perhaps too fond) if chance the tide  
 Tumultuous, bear my partner from my side,  
 Impatient venture back; despising harm,  
 I force my passage where the thickest swarm.  
 Thus his lost bride the *Trojan* fought in vain 95  
 Through night, and arms, and flames, and hills of slain,  
 Thus *Nisus* wander'd o'er the pathless grove,  
 To find the brave companion of his love,

The

The pathless grove in vain he wanders o'er:  
*Euryalus*, alas! is now no more.

100

That walker, who regardless of his pace,  
 Turns oft to pore upon the damsel's face,  
 From side to side by thrusting elbows tost,  
 Shall strike his aking breast against the post;  
 Or water dash'd from fishy stalls shall stain  
 His hapless coat with spirts of scaly rain. 105  
 But if unwarily he chance to fray,  
 Where twirling turnstiles intercept the way,  
 The thwarting passenger shall force them round,  
 And beat the wretch half breathless to the ground. 110

Let constant vigilance thy footsteps guide,  
 And wary circumspection guard thy side;  
 Then shalt thou walk unharm'd the dang'rous night,  
 Nor need th' officious link-boy's smoaky light.  
 Thou never wilt attempt to cross the road, 115  
 Where alehouse benches rest the porter's load,  
 Grievous to heedless shins; no barrow's wheel,  
 That bruises oft the truant school-boy's heel.  
 Behind thee rolling, with insidious pace,  
 Shall mark thy stocking with a miry trace.

120

Let



Let not thy vent'rous steps approach too nigh,  
 Where gaping wide, low steepy cellars lie ;  
 Should thy shoe wrench aside, down, down you fall,  
 And overturn the scolding huckster's stall,  
 The scolding huckster shall not o'er thee moan, 125  
 But pence exact for nuts and pears o'erthrown.

Though you through cleaner allies wind by day,  
 To shun the hurries of the publick way,  
 Yet ne'er to these dark paths by night retire ;  
 Mind only safety and condemn the mire, 130  
 Then no impervious courts thy haste detain,  
 Nor sneering alewives bid thee turn again.

Where *Lincoln's-Inn*, wide space is rail'd around,  
 Cross not with vent'rous steps, there oft is found  
 The lurking thief, who while the day-light shone, 135  
 Made the walls echo with his begging tone ;  
 That crutch which late compassion mov'd, shall wound  
 Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.  
 Though thou art tempted by the link-man's call,  
 Yet trust him not along the lonely wall ; 140  
 In the midway he'll quench the flaming brand,  
 And share the booty with the pilf'ring band.

Still

Still keep the publick streets, where oily rays  
Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways.

Happy *Augusta*! law-defended town! 145  
Here no dark lanthorns shade the villain's frown;  
No *Spanish* jealousies thy lanes infest,  
Nor *Roman* vengeance stabs the unwary breast;  
Here tyranny ne'er lifts her purple hand,  
But liberty and justice guard the land; 150  
No bravos here profess the bloody trade,  
Nor is the church the murd'rer's refuge made.

Let not the chairman with assuming stride,  
Press near the wall, and rudely thrust thy side;  
The laws have set him bounds; his servile feet 155  
Should ne'er encroach where posts defend the street.  
Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,  
Whose flambeau gilds the fashes of *Pell-mell*,  
When in long rank a train of torches flame,  
To light the midnight visits of the dame? 160  
Other, perhaps, by happier guidance led,  
May where the chairman rests with safety tread;  
Whene'er I pass, their poles unseen below,  
Make my knee tremble with the jarring blow.



If wheels bar up the road where streets are crost, 165  
 With gentle words the coachman's ear accost:  
 He ne'er the threat, or harsh command obeys,  
 But with contempt the spatter'd shoe surveys.  
 Now man with utmost fortitude thy foul,  
 To crost the way where carts and coaches roll; 170  
 Yet do not in thy hardy skill confide,  
 Nor rashly risque the kennel's spacious stride;  
 Stay till afar the distant wheel you hear,  
 Like dying thunder in the breaking air;  
 Thy foot will slide upon the miry stone, 175  
 And passing coaches crush thy tortur'd bone,  
 Or wheels inclose the road; on either hand  
 Pent round with perils, in the midst you stand,  
 And call for aid in vain; the coachman swears,  
 And car-man drive, unmindful of thy prayers. 180  
 Where wilt thou turn? ah! whither wilt thou fly?  
 On ev'ry side the pressing spokes are nigh.  
 So sailors, while *Charybdis'* gulph they shun,  
 Amaz'd, on *Scylla's* craggy dangers run.

Be sure observe where brown *Ostrea* stands, 185  
 Who boasts her shelly ware from *Wallfleet* sands;

There

There may'st thou pass, with safe unmiry feet,  
 Where the rais'd pavement leads athwart the street.  
 If where *Fleet-ditch* with muddy current flows,  
 You chance to roam; where oyster-tubs in rows 190  
 Are rang'd beside the posts; there stay thy haste,  
 And with the sav'ry fish indulge thy taste:  
 The damsel's knife the gaping shell commands,  
 While the salt liquor streams between her hands.

The man had sure a palate cover'd o'er 195  
 With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore  
 First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,  
 And risk'd the living morsel down his throat.  
 What will not lux'ry taste? Earth, sea, and air  
 Are daily ranfack'd for the bill of fare. 200  
 Blood stuff'd in skins is *British* christian's food,  
 And *France* robs marshes of the croaking brood;  
 Spungy morells in strong ragouffs are found,  
 And in the soupe the slimy snail is drown'd.

When from high spouts the dashing torrents fall, 205  
 Ever be watchful to maintain the wall;  
 For should'st thou quit thy ground, the rushing throng  
 Will with impetuous fury drive along;

All

All prefs to gain those honours thou haft loft,  
 And rudely shove thee far without the poft. 210  
 Then to retrieve the fhed you ftrove in vain,  
 Draggled all o'er, and foak'd in floods of rain,  
 Yet rather bear the show'r, and toils of mud,  
 Than in the doubtful quarrel rifque thy blood.  
 O think on *OEdipus*' detefted ftate, 215  
 And by his woes be warn'd to fhun thy fate.

Where three roads join'd, he met his fire unknown;  
 (Unhappy fire, but more unhappy fon!)  
 Each claim'd the way, their fwords the ftife decide,  
 The hoary monarch fell, he groan'd and dy'd! 220  
 Hence sprung the fatal plague that thin'd thy reign,  
 Thy curfed inceft! and thy children flain!  
 Hence wert thou doom'd in endless night to ftay  
 Through *Theban* ftreets, and cheerlefs grope thy way.

Contemplate, mortal, on thy fleeting years; 225  
 See, with black train the funeral pomp appears!  
 Whether fome heir attends in fable ftate,  
 And mourns with outward grief a parent's fate;  
 Or the fair virgin, nipt in beauty's bloom,  
 A croud of lovers follow to her tomb. 230

Why

Why is the herse with 'scutcheons blazon'd round,  
 And with the nodding plume of Ostrich crown'd ?  
 No : The dead know it not, nor profit gain ;  
 It only serves to prove the living vain. .  
 How short is life ? how frail is human trust ? 235  
 Is all this pomp for laying dust to dust !

Where the nail'd hoop defends the painted stall,  
 Brush not thy sweeping skirt too near the wall ;  
 Thy heedless sleeve will drink the colour'd oil,  
 And spot indelible thy pocket soil. 240  
 Has not wife nature strung the legs and feet  
 With firmest nerves, design'd to walk the street ?  
 Has she not given us hands to grope aright,  
 Amidst the frequent dangers of the night ?  
 And think'st thou not the double nostril meant, 245  
 To warn from oily woes by previous scent ?

\* Who can the various city frauds recite,  
 With all the petty rapines of the night ?  
 Who now the Guinea-dropper's bait regards,  
 Trick'd by the sharper's dice, or juggler's cards ! 250

\* *Various cheats formerly in practice.*

Why

Why should I warn thee ne'er to join the fray,  
 Where the sham-quarrel interrupts the way?  
 Lives there in these our days so soft a clown,  
 Brav'd by the bully's oaths or threatening frown;  
 I need not strict enjoin the pocket's care, 255  
 When from the crowd'd play thou lead'st the fair;  
 Who has not here, or watch, or snuff-box lost,  
 Or handkerchiefs that *India's* shuttle boast?

O! may thy virtue guard thee through the roads  
 Of *Drury's* mazy courts, and dark abodes. 260  
 The harlot's guileful paths, who nightly stand,  
 Where *Katharine-street* descends into the *Strand*.  
 Say, vagrant Muse, their wiles and subtil arts,  
 To lure the stranger's unsuspecting hearts:  
 So shall our youth on healthful sinews tread, 265  
 And city cheeks grow warm with rural red.

'Tis she who nightly strols with faunt'ring pace,  
 No stubborn stays her yielding shape embrace;  
 Beneath the lamp her tawdry ribbons glare,  
 The new-scower'd manteau, and the flattern air; 270  
 High-draggled petticoats her travels show,  
 And hollow cheeks with artful blushes glow;

With

With flatt'ring sounds she sooths the cred'lous ear,  
 My noble captain! charmer! love! my dear!  
 In riding-hood near tavern-doors she plies, 275  
 Or muffled pinnners hide her livid eyes.  
 With empty banbox she delights to range,  
 And feigns a distant errand from the *Change*;  
 Nay, she will oft the Quaker's hood prophane,  
 And trudge demure the rounds of *Drury-lane*. 280  
 She darts from sarinet ambush wily leers,  
 Twitches thy sleeve; or with familiar airs  
 Her fan will pat the cheek; these snares disdain,  
 Nor gaze behind thee when she turns again.

I knew a yeoman, who for thirst of gain 285  
 To the great city drove from *Devon's* plain  
 His num'rous lowing herd; his herds he sold,  
 And his deep leathern pocket bagg'd with gold;  
 Drawn by a fraudulent nymph, he gaz'd, he sigh'd;  
 Unmindful of his home, and distant bride, 290  
 She leads the willing victim to his doom,  
 Through winding alleys to her cobweb room.  
 Thence through the street he reels, from post to post,  
 Valiant with wine, nor knows his treasure lost.

The

The vagrant wretch the assembled watchmen spies, 295  
 He waves his hanger, and their poles defies;  
 Deep in the Round-house pent, all night he snores,  
 And the next morn in vain his fate deplorès.

Ah hapless swain, unus'd to pains and ills!  
 Canst thou forgo roast-beef for nauseous pills? 300  
 How wilt thou list to Heav'n thy eyes and hands,  
 When the long scroll the surgeon's fees demands!  
 Or else (ye Gods avert that worst disgrace)  
 Thy ruin'd nose falls level with thy face,  
 Then shall thy wife thy loathsome kifs disdain, 305  
 And wholsom neighbours from thy mug refrain.

Yet there are watchmen who with friendly light  
 Will teach thy reeling steps to tread aright;  
 For sixpence will support thy helpless arm,  
 And home conduct thee, safe from nightly harm; 310  
 But if they shake their lanthorns, from afar  
 To call their breth'ren to confed'rate war  
 When rakes resist their pow'r; if hapless you  
 Should chance to wander with the scow'ring crew;  
 Though fortune yield thee captive, ne'er despair, 215  
 But seek the constable's confid'rate ear;

He

He will reverse the watchman's harsh decree,  
 Mov'd by the rhet'rick of a silver fee.  
 Thus would you gain some fav'rite courtier's word :  
 Fee not the petty clerks, but bribe my Lord. 320

Now is the time that rakes their revels keep :  
 Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.  
 His scatter'd pence the flying \* Nicker flings,  
 And with the copper show'r the casement rings.  
 Who has not heard the *Scowrer's* midnight fame ? 325  
 Who has not trembled at the *Mobock's* name ?  
 Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds,  
 Safe from their blows, or new-invented wounds ?  
 I pass their desp'rate deeds, and mischiefs done  
 Where from *Snow-hill* black sleepy torrents run ; 330  
 How matrons, hoop'd within the hog'shead's womb,  
 Were tumbled furious thence, the rolling tomb  
 O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side,  
 So *Regulus* to save his country dy'd.

Where a dim gleam the paly lanthorn throws 335  
 O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbish grows ;

\* *Gentlemen who delighted to break windows with half-pence.*

Or



Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,  
 Or the dark caves to common-shores descend.  
 Oft by the winds extinct the signal lies,  
 Or smothered in the glimmering socket dies, 340  
 Ere night has half roll'd round her ebon throne;  
 In the wide gulph the shatter'd coach o'erthrown  
 Sinks with the snorting steeds; the reins are broke,  
 And from the crackling axle flies the spoke,  
 So when fam'd *Eddystone's* far-shooting ray, 345  
 That led the sailor through the stormy way,  
 Was from its rocky roots by billows torn,  
 And the high turret in the whirlwind born,  
 Fleets bulg'd their sides against the craggy land,  
 And pitchy ruins blacken'd all the strand. 350

Who then through night would hire the harness'd steed,  
 And who would chuse the rattling wheel for speed?

But hark! distress with screaming voice draws nigh'r,  
 And wakes the slumb'ring street with cries of fire.  
 At first a glowing red enwraps the skies, 355  
 And born by winds the scatt'ring sparks arise;  
 From beam to beam the fierce contagion spreads;  
 The spiry flames now lift aloft their heads,  
 Through

Through the burst fash a blazing deluge pours,  
 And splitting tiles descend in rattling show'rs. 360  
 Now with thick crowds th' enlighten'd pavement swarms,  
 The fireman sweats beneath his crooked arms,  
 A leathern casque his vent'rous head defends,  
 Boldly he climbs where thickest smoke ascends ;  
 Mov'd by the mother's streaming eyes and pray'rs,  
 The helpless infant through the flame he bears, 365  
 With no less virtue, than through hostile fire  
 The *Dardan* hero bore his aged fire.  
 See forceful engines spout their levell'd streams,  
 To quench the blaze that runs along the beams ;  
 The grappling hook plucks rafters from the walls, 370  
 And heaps on heaps the smoaky ruine falls.  
 Blown by strong winds the fiery tempest roars,  
 Bears down new walls, and pours along the floors ;  
 The Heav'ns are all a-blaze, the face of night  
 Is cover'd with a sanguine dreadful light : 375  
 'Twas such a light involv'd thy tow'rs, O *Rome*,  
 The dire presage of mighty *Cæsar's* doom,  
 When the sun veil'd in rust his mourning head,  
 And frightful prodigies the skies o'erspread.  
 Hark ! the drum thunders ! far, ye crouds, retire : 380  
 Behold ! the ready match is tipt with fire,

The nitrous store is laid, the smutty train  
 With running blaze awakes the barrell'd grain ;  
 Flames sudden wrap the walls ; with sudden sound 385  
 The shatter'd pile sinks on the smoaky ground.  
 So when the years shall have revolv'd the date,  
 Th' inevitable hour of *Naples'* fate,  
 Her sapp'd foundations shall with thunders shake,  
 And heave and tofs upon the sulph'rous lake ; 390  
 Earth's womb at once the fiery flood shall rend,  
 And in th' abyfs her plunging towr's descend.

Consider, reader, what fatigues I've known,  
 The toils, the perils of the wintry town ;  
 What riots seen, what bustling crouds I bor'd, 395  
 How oft I cross'd where carts and coaches roar'd ;  
 Yet shall I blefs my labours, if mankind  
 Their future safety from my dangers find.  
 Thus the bold traveller, (inur'd to toil,  
 Whose steps have printed *Asia's* desert soil, 400  
 The barb'rous *Arabs* haunt ; or shiv'ring crost  
 Dark *Greenland's* mountains of eternal frost :  
 Whom providence in length of years restores  
 To the wish'd harbour of his native shores ; )

Sets

Sets forth his journals to the publick view, 405  
 To caution, by his woes, the wandring crew.

And now compleat my gen'rous labours lie,  
 Finish'd, and ripe for immortality.  
 Death shall entomb in dust this mould'ring frame,  
 But never reach th' eternal part, my fame. 410  
 When *W\** and *G\*\**, mighty names, are dead;  
 Or but at *Chelsea* under custards read;  
 When Criticks crazy bandboxes repair,  
 And Tragedies, turn'd rockets, bounce in air: 414  
 High-rai'd on *Fleet-street* posts, consign'd to fame,  
 This work shall shine, and walkers bless my name.



