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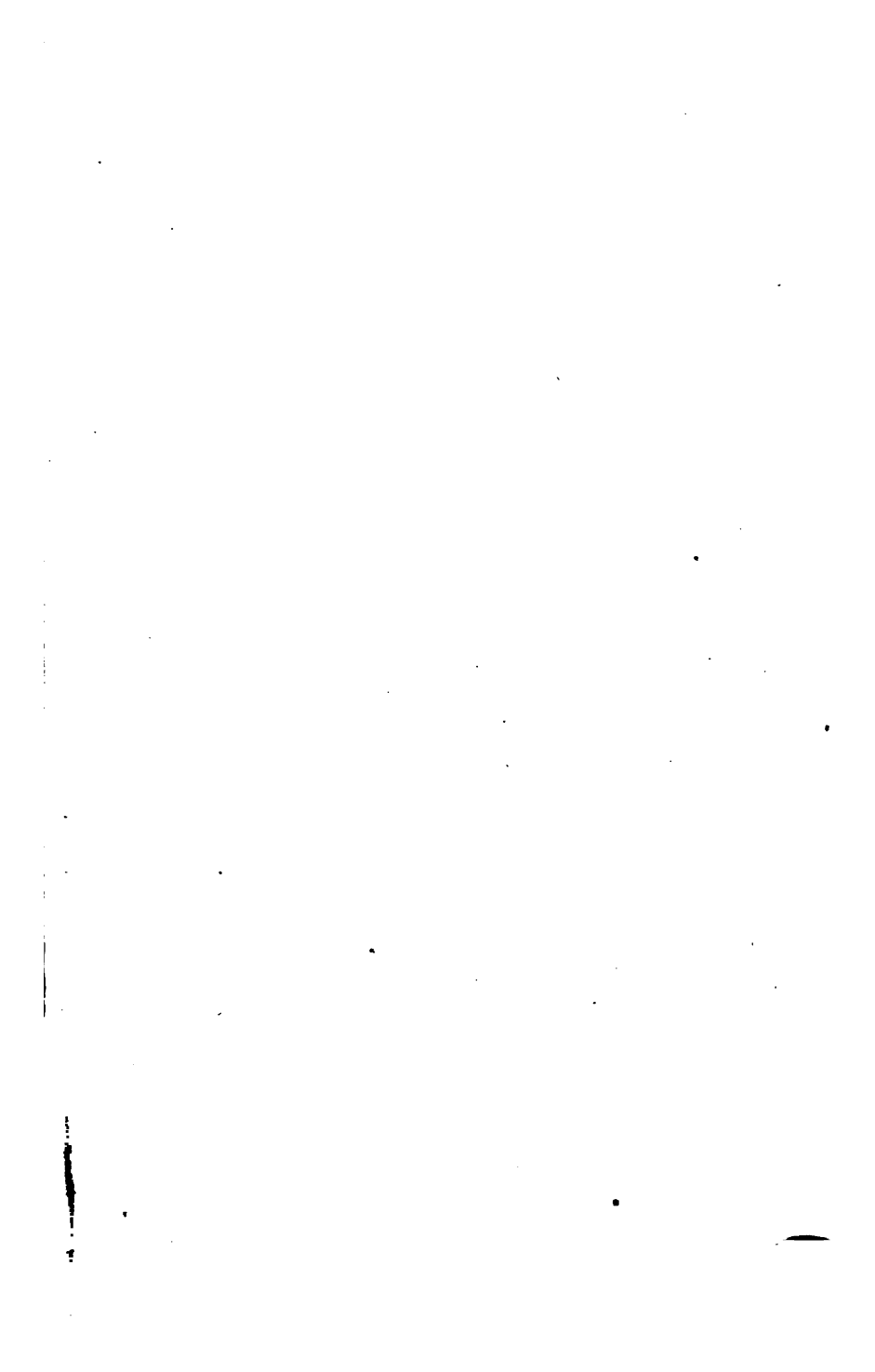
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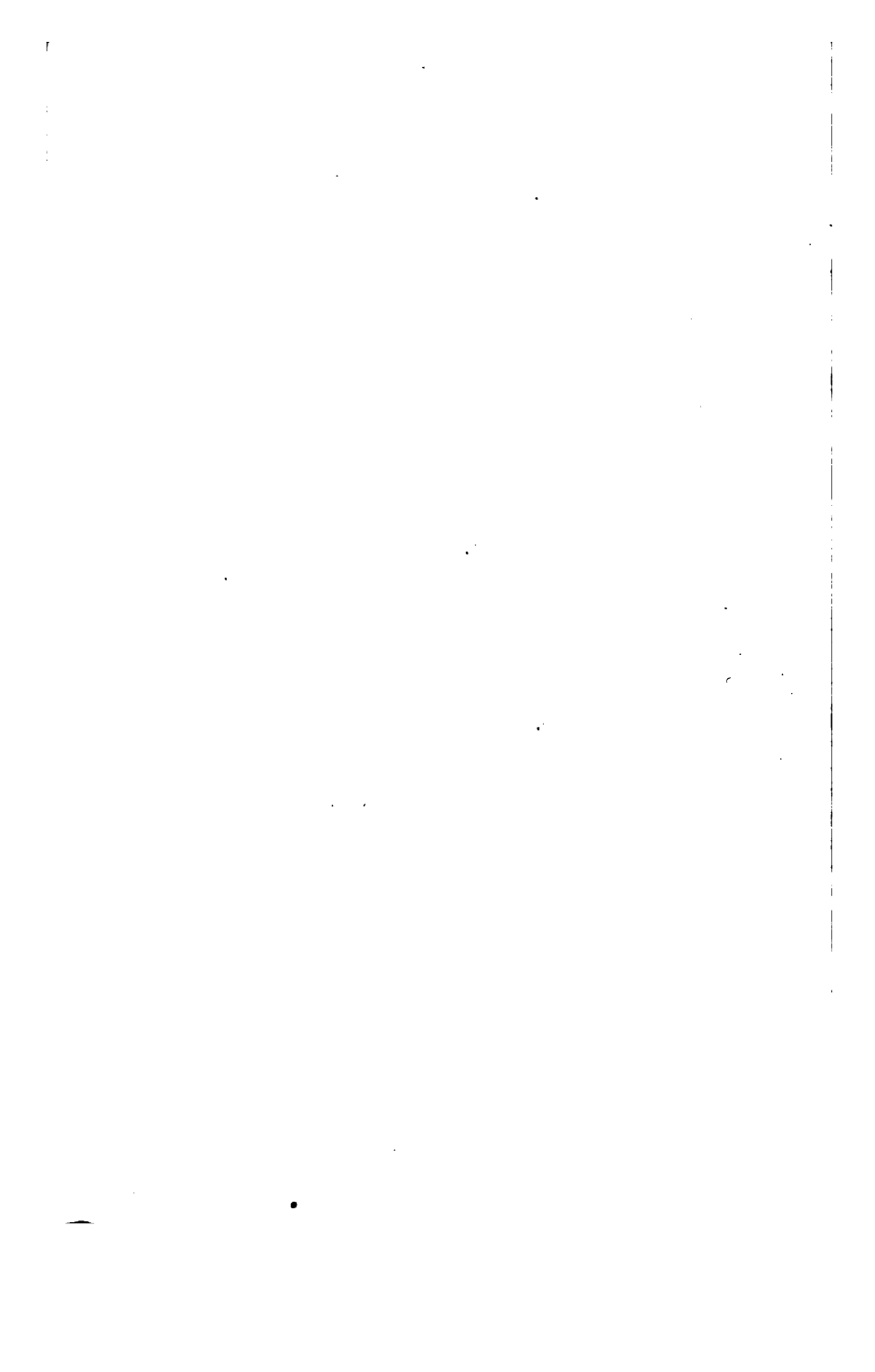
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T R I V I A :

OR, THE

A R T of Walking .

The S T R E E T S of

L O N D O N .

---

By Mr. GAY.

---

*Quo te Mæri pedes ? An, quo via ducit, in Urbem ?*  
Virg.

---

The T H I R D E D I T I O N .

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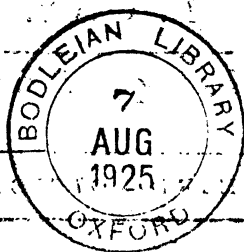


L O N D O N :

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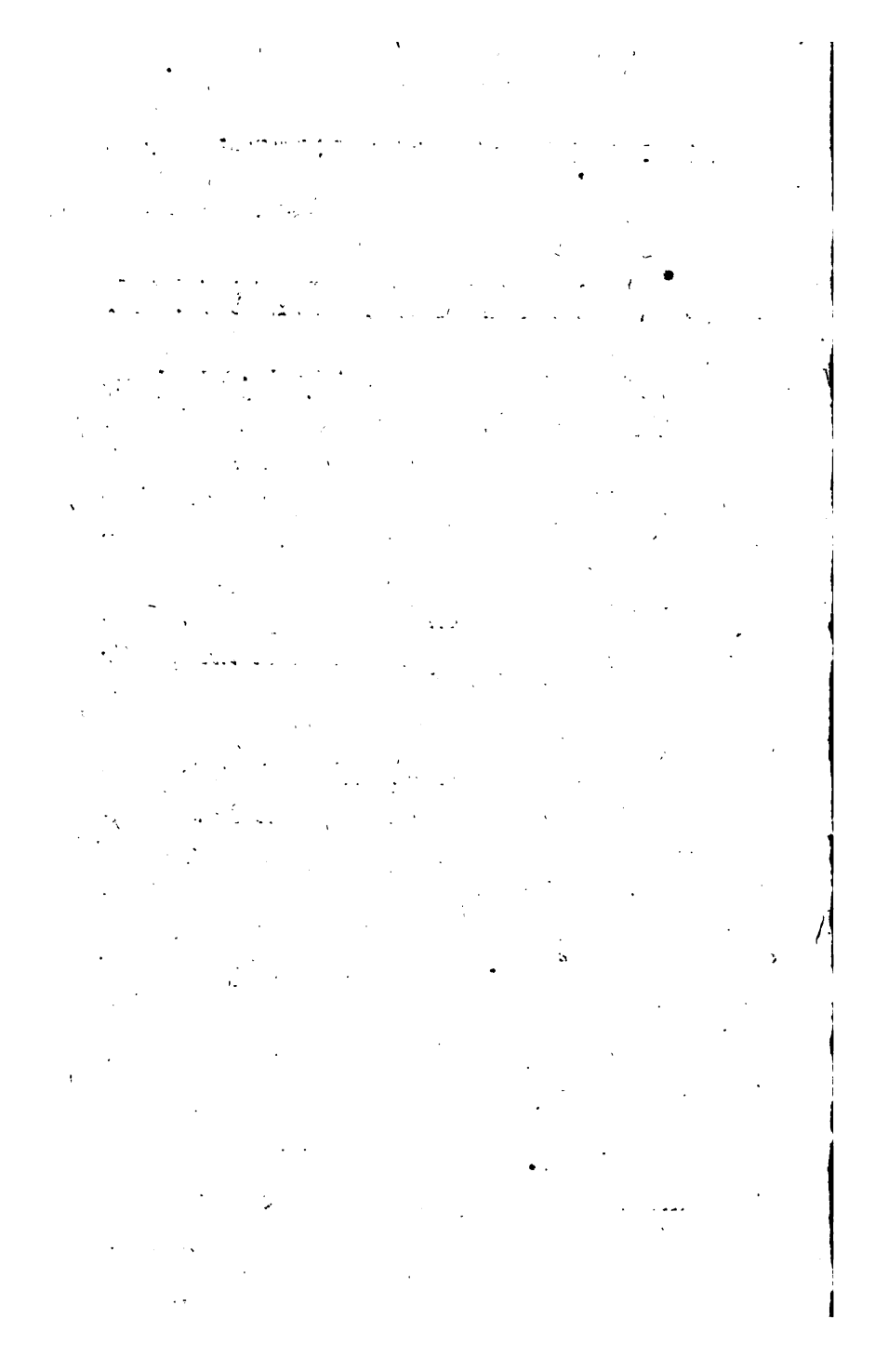


## ADVERTISEMENT.

**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 the 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 to 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 *Triviis*, indocte, solebas  
Stridenti, miserum, stipulâ, disperdere carmen?







# T R I V I A.

---

## B O O K I.

---

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

**T**Hrough 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,     5  
Thro' spacious streets conduct thy bard along;

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 smoothe 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 miry 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 sleet.  
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 ankle sprain ;  
And when too short the modish shoes are worn,  
You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn. 40

Not should it prove thy less important care,  
To chuse a proper coat for winter's wear.  
Now in thy trunk thy *D'oil* 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 :

\* *A Town in Oxfordshire.*

Be this the horse-man's fence ; for who wou'd wear  
Amid the town, the spoils of *Russia's* bear? 50

Within the *Roquelaure's* clasp thy hands are pent,  
Hands, that stretch'd forth, invading harms prevent.

Let the loop'd *Bavaroy* the fop embrace,

Or his deep cloke bespatter'd o'er with lace.

That garment best the winter's rage defends, 55

Which from the shoulders full and low 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 ;

Ev'n sturdy carr-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.

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

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;  
Rofy-complexion'd health thy steps attends,  
And exercise thy lasting youth defends.

Imprudent men heav'n's choicest gifts profane. 75

Thus some beneath their arm support the cane;  
The dirty point oft checks the careless pace,  
And miry spots thy 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 sings.

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,

\* *White's Chocolate-House in St. James's Street.*

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'* smother streets rehearse,  
 And with proud *Roman* structures grace their verse,  
 Where frequent murders wake the night with groans,  
 And blood in purple torrents dyes the stones; 96  
 Nor shall the Muse thro' 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 bless'd,  
 E'er 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 trip'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 trailing manteau sweeps the ground, 110  
 Her

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 sides ;  
In saucy state the griping broker sits,  
And laughs at honesty, and trudging wits :  
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 ;  
Or like the powder'd footman, with due care  
Beneath the flapping hat secure thy hair.  
Be thou, for ev'ry season, justly dress'd,  
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

The changing weather certain signs reveal.  
 E'er winter sheds her snow, or frosts congeal,  
 You'll see the coals in brighter flames 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, 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 gayly dress'd, the *Mall* adorn  
 With various dyes, and paint the sunny morn ; 145  
 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

\* *Haud equidem credo quia 'fit divinitus illis,  
 Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major.* Virg. Georg. 1.



When on his box the nodding coachman snores,  
And dreams of fancy'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 ;  
Soon shall the kennels swell with rapid streams,  
And rush in muddy torrents to the *Thames*. 160

The bookseller, 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 hosier's poles depending stockings ty'd 165

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

And dropping vaults distill unwholesom dews  
E'er the tiles rattle with the smoaking show'r,  
And spouts on heedless men their torrents pour.

All superstition from thy breast repel. 175  
 Let cred'ulous boys, and prattling nurfes 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 if the threatening 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 pavement 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  
 Shunt

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 scour,  
 Thy wig alas! uncurl'd, admits the show'r.  
 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 strait, 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,

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 origine deduce the name.

Where *Lincoln* wide extends her fenny soil,  
 A goodly yeoman liv'd, grown white with toil;  
 One only daughter blest'd his nuptial bed, 225  
 Who from her infant hand the poultry fed:  
*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 encreas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,  
 And *Patty's* fame o'er all the village flew.

Soon as the gray-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 burthen 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* ! recall thy nuptial vows, 245

Think on the graces of thy *Paphian* spouse,  
Think how her eyes dart inexhausted charms,  
And can'st thou leave her bed for *Patty*'s arms ?

The *Lemnian* Pow'r 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' unwholesome 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 hear 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 :

B

With

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 thro' the wintry ways.  
Strait the new engine on his 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 ; tho' 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.*



# T R I V I A.

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## B O O K II.

---

*Of walking the Streets by Day.*

**T**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.  
 You'll see a draggled damsel, 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 cloth'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 soils the fable dress ;

Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye,

Nor let the baker's step advance too nigh. 30

Ye walkers too that youthful colours wear,

Three sully'ing 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 clothes and eyes,  
When thro' the street a cloud of ashes flies ;  
But whether black or lighter dyes 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 throng 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,  
Left 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 thro' 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* antient limits spread,  
 An inrail'd column rears its lofty head,  
 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,  
 Enters the narrow alley's doubtful maze, 80  
 Tricks

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 passës 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 besom ply

To rid the slabby pavement; pass not by

E'er 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 tost,

Stay thy rash step, and walk without the post

What tho' the gath'ring mire thy feet besmear,

The voice of industry is always near. 100

Hark! the boy calls thee to his destin'd stand,

And the shoe shines beneath his oily hand.

Here let the Muse, fatigu'd amid the throng,  
 Adorn her precepts with digressive song;  
 Of shirtleless youths the secret rise to trace, 105  
 And show 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 seek amours; the vice the monarch lov'd,  
 Soon thro' the wide ethereal court improv'd, 110  
 And ev'n the proudest Goddesses now and then  
 Would lodge a night among the sons of men;  
 To vulgar Deities descends the fashion,  
 Each, like her betters, had her earthly passion.  
 Then \* *Cloacina* (Goddesses of the tide 115  
 Whose fable streams beneath the city glide)  
 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

\* *Cloacina* was a Goddess whose image Tattius (a King of the Sabines) found in the common sewer, and not knowing what Goddess it was, he called it *Cloacina*, from the place in which it was found, and paid to it divine honours. Lactant. 1. 20. Minuc. Fel. Oct. p. 232.

She gaz'd ; she sigh'd. For love can beauties spy  
In what seems faults to ev'ry common eye.

Now had the watchman walk'd his second round ;  
When *Cloacina* hears the rumbling sound  
Of her brown lover's cart, for well she knows 129  
That pleasing thunder : swift the Goddess rose,  
And thro' 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 !

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 midst 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, thro' various risques, in years improv'd,  
At first a beggar's brat, compassion mov'd ;

His

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  
The scorching dog-star, and the winter's air, 146  
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 sufferings 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 cleanse the miry feet, and o'er the shoe 155  
With nimble skill the glossy black renew.

Each pow'r 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  
Prest from th' enormous whale; The God of fire,  
From whose dominions smoaky clouds aspire,

Among these gen'rous presents joins his part, 165  
And aids with foot the new jappanning 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 sewers a lulling murmur keep,  
Whose torrents rush from *Holborn's* fatal steep :  
Pensive thro' idleness, tears flow'd apace, 175  
Which eas'd his loaded heart, and wash'd his face ;  
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

Had I the precepts of a Father learn'd,  
Perhaps I then the coach-man'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 dripping tresses, lank, and black  
As the smooth jet, or glossy raven's back ;  
Around her waist a circling cel was twin'd,  
Which bound her robe that hung in rags behind.

Now beck'ning to the boy ; she thus begun, 201  
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



The foot grows black that was with dirt imbrown'd,  
And in thy pocket jingling halfpence found. 210

The Goddess plunges swift beneath the flood,  
And dashes all around her show'rs of mud :

The youth strait chose his post ; the labour ply'd  
Where branching streets from *Charing-cross* divide ;  
His treble voice resounds along the *Meuse*, 215  
And *White-hall* 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 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  
May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o'erflow. 225

Though expedition bids, yet never stray  
Where no rang'd posts defend the rugged way.  
Here laden carts with thund'ring waggons meet,  
Wheels clash with wheels, and bar the narrow street ;  
The

The lashing whip resounds, the horses strain, 231

And blood in anguish bursts the swelling vein.

O barb'rous men, your cruel breasts assuage,

Why vent ye on the gen'rous steed your rage?

Does not his service earn your 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 would of *Watlingstreet* the dangers share,

When the broad pavement of *Cheapside* 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 wrinkled nose offend.

Where chandlers cauldrons boil; where fishy prey

Hide the wet stall, long absent from the sea; 250

And where the cleaver chops the heifer's spoil,

And where huge hogheads sweat with trainy oil,

\* *Thamesstreet*.

Thy

Thy breathing nostril hold ; but how shall I  
Pass, where in piles \* *Cornavian* 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 *Pall-mall*,  
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 ;  
Shops breathe perfumes, thro' sashes ribbons glow,  
The mutual arms of ladies, and the beau.  
Yet still ev'n here, when rains the passage hide, 265  
Oft the loose stone 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

\* *Cheshire antiently so called.*

Where wheels ne'er shake the ground ; there pensive  
stray,

In studious thought, the long uncrouded way.

Here I remark each walker's different face, 273

And in their look their various business 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 faves th' expensive coach.

Soft, at low doors, old lechers tap their cane, 281

For fair recluse, who travels *Drury-lane* ;

Here roams uncomb'd the lavish rake, to shun

His *Fleetstreet* draper's everlasting dun.

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,

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

Whose

Whose dashing hoofs behind them fling the mire,  
And mark with muddy blots the gazing 'squire.  
The *Parthian* thus his javlin backward throws, 295  
And as he flies infects pursuing foes.

The thoughtless wits shall frequent forfeits pay,  
Who 'gainst the 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?  
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 sultry 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 clothe 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,    325  
 Strike off the breaking balls against the post.  
 On silent wheel the passing coaches roll ;  
 Oft look behind, and ward the threat'ning 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 waist his tingling hands :

The

The sempstress speeds to *Change* with red-tipt nose ;  
 The *Belgian* stove beneath her footstool glows ;  
 In half-whipt muslin needles useless lie,  
 And shuttle-cocks across the counter fly. 345

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's* immortal hands ;  
 Columns with plain magnificence appear, 348

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 'prentice quits his shop to join the crew ;  
 Encreasing crouds the flying game pursue. 350

Thus, as you roll the ball o'er snowy ground,

The gath'ring globe augments with ev'ry round.

But whither shall I run ? the throng draws high,

The ball now skims the street, now soars on high ;

The dext'rous glazier strong returns the bound, 355

And jingling fashes on the pent-house sound.

O roving Muse, recall that wond'rous year,

When winter reign'd in bleak *Britannia's* air ;

When hoary *Thames*, with frosted ozers crown'd,  
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound. 360

The waterman, forlorn along the shore,

Pensive reclines upon his useless oar,

Sees 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 rase 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 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*



*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 when the *Thracian* furies *Orpheus* tore,  
And left his bleeding trunk deform'd with gore,  
His sever'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 hts 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 Kalendar to count their days.  
 When thro' the town with flow and solemn air,  
 Led by the nostril, walks the muzzled bear;  
 Behind him moves majestically dull,  
 The pride of *Hackley-hole*, the furly bull; 410

Learn hence the periods of the week to name,  
*Mondays* and *Thursdays* are the days of game.

When fishy stalls with double store are laid;  
 The golden-belly'd carp, the broad-finn'd maid,  
 Red-speckled trouts, the salmon's silver jowl, 415  
 The jointed lobster, and unscaley 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 twirle the sprinkling mop,  
 And cleanse the spatter'd sash, and scrub the stairs;  
 Know *Saturday's* conclusive morn appears.

Successive

Successive cries the seasons 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 prophan'd by mackrel cries.

Wallnuts the fruit'er's hand, in autumn, stain,  
Blue plumbs and juicy pears augment his gain ;  
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, thro' 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.  
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 teaz'd because they still delay. 460  
If e'er the miser durst his farthings spare,  
He thinly spreads them thro' 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 brass knocker, wrapt in flannel band,  
Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand ;

Th

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'st 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 ev'n thy fees suspend ;  
Come let us leave the *Temple's* silent walls,  
Me bus'ness to my distant lodging calls :

Thro' the long *Strand* together let us stray : 480  
With thee conversing, I forget the way.

Behold that narrow street which steep descends,  
Whose building to the slimy shore extends ;  
Here *Arundel's* fam'd structure rear'd its frame,

The street alone retains an 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 pasted here  
The colour'd prints of *Overton* appear.

Where statues breath'd, the work of *Phidias's* hands,

A wooden pump, or lonely watch-house stands. 490  
There

There *Essex* stately pile adorn'd the shore,  
There *Cecil's*, *Bedford's*, *Villers'*, 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 thro' ev'ry vein ;

There oft I enter (but with cleaner shoes)  
For *Burlington's* belov'd by ev'ry Muse. 500

O ye associate walkers, O my friends,  
Upon your state what happiness attends !  
What, tho' 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,

Or, box'd within the chair, contemn 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'erturns. 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 courfers tore the silver reins,  
 And the sun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.

If the pale walker pant with weakning 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 beards ?  
 Such, *Newgate's* copious market best affords.  
 Wouldst thou with mighty beef augment thy meal ?  
 Seek *Leaden-hall* ; *St. James's* sends thee veal. 546  
*Thamesstreet* gives cheeses ; *Covent-garden* fruits ;  
*Moorfields* old books ; and *Monmouthstreet* old suits.  
 Hence mayst 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,



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 *Stagyræ's* sage. 560

Here, fann'ring 'prentices o'er *Otway* weep,  
 O'er *Congreve* smile, or over *D\*\*\** sleep;  
 Pleas'd scempstresses the *Lock's* fam'd *Rape* unfold,  
 And \* *Squirts* read *Garth*, 'till apozems grow cold.

Q *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 fix? 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 sister to a lewd embrace.

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

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 sordid mind.  
This next in court-fidelity excels, 585  
The publick rifles, and his country sells.  
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





# T R I V I A.

## B O O K III.

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

**O** *Trivia* Goddess, leave these low abodes,  
 And traverse o'er the wide ethereal roads ;  
 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 heav'n's high bow'r  
 Direct my footsteps in the midnight hour !

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 tott'ring plank, or ladder's length ;  
 Still

Still fix thy eyes intent upon the throng, 15  
And as the passës 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,  
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread;  
Where not a post protects the narrow space, 21

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, crowds heap'd on crowds 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

From the high box they whirl the thong around,  
 And with the twining lash their skins resound :  
 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 \* *Itene* 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 :  
 Lur'd by the silver hilt, amid the swarm,  
 The subtil artist will thy side disarm.  
 Nor is thy flaxen wig with safety worn ; 55  
 High on the shoulder, in a basket born

\* New Forest in Hampshire, *antiently so called.*

Lurks the sly boy ; whose hand to rapine bred,  
 Plucks off the curling honours of thy head.  
 Here dives the skulking thief with practis'd sleight,  
 And unfelt fingers make thy pocket light. 60

Where's now thy watch, with all its trinkets, flown ?  
 And thy late snuff-box is no more thy own.  
 But lo ! his bolder theft some tradesman spies;  
 Swift from his prey the scudding lurcher flies ;  
 Dext'rous he 'scapes the coach with nimble bounds,  
 Whilst ev'ry honest tongue *stop thief* refounds. 66

So speeds 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

Breathless he stumbling falls : Ill-fated boy !  
 Why did not honest work thy youth employ ?  
 Seiz'd by rough hands, he's dragg'd amid the rout,  
 And stretch'd beneath the pump's incessant spout :  
 Or plung'd in miry ponds, he gasping lies, 75

Mud chokes his mouth, and plaisters o'er his eyes.

Let not the ballad-singer's shrilling strain  
 Amid the swarm thy list'ning ear detain :

Guard

Guard well thy pocket; for these *Syrens* 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 thro' 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 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 105  
 His hapless coat with spits of scaly rain.  
 But if unwarily he chance to stray  
 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 ale-house 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 not thy vent'rous steps approach too nigh,  
 Where gaping wide, low steepy cellars lie ;  
 If



If 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.

Tho' you thro' cleaner alleys wind by day,  
To shun the hurries of the publick way,  
Yet ne'er to those dark paths by night retire ;  
Mind only safety, and condemn the mire. 130  
Then no impervious courts thy haste detain,  
Nor sneering ale-wives bid thee turn again.

Where *Lincoln's-Inn's* wide space is rail'd around,  
Cross not with vent'rous step ; 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.  
Tho' thou are tempted by the link-man's call,  
Yet trust him not along the lonely wall ; 140  
In the mid-way he'll quench the flaming brand,  
And share the booty with the pilf'ring band.  
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 th' 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  
 Shou'd ne'er encroach where posts defend the street.  
 Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,  
 Whose flambeau gilds the shades of *Pall-mall*,  
 When in long rank a train of torches flame,  
 To light the midnight visits of the dame? 160  
 Others, 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 soul,  
 To cross 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 enclose 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-men 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 *Carybdis'* 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 mayst 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 brags 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 ransack'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 ragousts are found,  
 And in the soupe the slimy snail is drown'd.

When from high spouts the dashing torrents fall,  
 Ever be watchful to maintain the wall; 205  
 For should'st thou quit thy ground, the rushing throng  
 Will with impetuous fury drive along;  
 All press to gain those honours thou hast lost,  
 And rudely shove thee far without the post. 210  
 Then

Then to retrieve the shed you strive in vain,  
Draggled all o'er, and soak'd in floods of rain,  
Yet rather bear the show'r, and toils of mud,  
Than in the doubtful quarrel risque thy blood.

O think on *OEdipus'* detested state, 215  
And by his woes be warn'd to shun thy fate.

Where three roads join'd he met his fire unknown ;  
(Unhappy fire, but more unhappy son !)

Each claim'd the way, their swords the strife decide,  
The hoary monarch fell, he groan'd and dy'd ! 220  
Hence sprung the fatal plague that thin'd thy reign,  
Thy curst incest ! and thy children slain !

Hence wert thou doom'd in endless night to stray  
Thro' *Theban* streets, and cheerless grope thy way.

Contemplate, mortal, on thy fleeting years ; 225  
See with black train the funeral pomp appears !

Whether some heir attends in sable state,  
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 is the herse with 'scutcheons blazon'd round,  
And with the nodding plume of Ostrich crown'd ?

No :

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 wise 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

Why should I warn thee ne'er to join the fray,

Where the sham quarrel interrupts the way ?

\* Various cheats formerly in practice.

Lives there in these our days so soft a clown,  
Brav'd by the bully's oaths, or threat'ning frown?  
I need not strict enjoin the pocket's care, 255  
When from the crouded play you lead 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 thro' the roads  
Of *Drury's* mazy courts, and dark abodes, 260  
The harlot's guileful paths, who nightly stand,  
Where *Katherine-street* descends into the *Strand*.  
Say, vagrant Muse, their wiles and subtil arts,  
To lure the strangers unsuspecting hearts;  
So shall our youth on healthful sinews tread, 265  
And city cheeks grow warm with rural red.

'Tis she who nightly strolls with saunt'ring pace,  
No stubborn stays her yielding shape embrace;  
Beneath the lamp her taudry ribbons glare,  
The new-scour'd manteau, and the flattern air; 270  
High-draggled petticoats her travels show,  
And hollow cheeks with artful blushes glow;  
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 pinnars hide her livid eyes.

With empty bandbox she delights to range,

And feigns a distant errand from the *'Change* ;

Nay, she will oft the Quaker's hood profane,

And trudge demure the rounds of *Drury-lane*. 280

She darts from sarfnet ambush wily leers,

Twitches thy sleeve, or with familiar airs

Her fan will pat thy 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 thro' the street he reels from post to post,

Valiant with wine, nor knows his treasure lost.

The vagrant wretch th'assembled watchmen spies, 295

He waves his hanger, and their poles defies ;

Deep



Deep in the Round-house pent, all night he snores,  
And the next morn in vain his fate deplores.

Ah hapless swain, unus'd to pains and ills!  
Canst thou forego roast beef for nauseous pills? 300  
How wilt thou lift 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 wholesome 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 homeconduct thee, safe from nightly harm; 310  
But if they shake their lanthorns, from afar  
To call their brethren to confed'rate war  
When rakes resist their power; if hapless you  
Should chance to wander with the scow'ring crew;  
Tho' fortune yield thee captive, ne'er despair, 315  
But seek the constable's confid'rate ear;  
He will reverse the watchman's harsh decree,  
Mov'd by the rhet'rick of a silver fee.

Thus

Thus would you gain some fav'rite courtier's word ;  
 Fee not the petty clarks, 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 *Mohock'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 steepy torrents run ; 330  
 How matrons, hoop'd within the hoghead'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 ;  
 Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,  
 Or the dark caves to common sewers descend.

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

Of by the winds extinct the signal lies,  
Or smother'd in the glimmering socket dies 340  
E'er 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 thro' 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 thro' night would hire the harness'd  
steed,

And who would choose 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,

Thro'

Thro' the burst fash a blazing deluge pours,  
 And splitting tiles descend in rattling show'rs. 360  
 Now with thick crouds th' enlighten'd pavement  
 swarms,

The fire-man swears 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, 366  
 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, 371  
 And heaps on heaps the smoaky ruin 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 375  
 Is cover'd with a sanguine dreadful light:  
 '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. 380  
 Hark ! the drum thunders ! far, ye clouds, retire !  
 Behold ! the ready match is tip'd 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 smoky 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 toss upon the sulph'rous lake ; 390  
 Earth's womb at once the fiery flood shall rend,  
 And in th' abyss her plunging towers 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 bless 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

The bar'rous *Arabs* haunt ; or shiv'ring coast  
 Dark *Greenland's* mountains of eternal frost ;  
 Whom providence in length of years restores  
 To the wish'd harbour of his native shores ; )

Sets forth his journals to the publick view, 405

To caution, by his woes, the wand'ring 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-rais'd on *Fleetstreet* posts, consign'd to fame,

This work shall shine, and walkers bless my name.



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