

*Bumography :*

O R, A

T O U C H

A T T H E

*Lady's Tails,*

Being a LAMPOON (privately)  
dispers'd at *Tunbridge-Wells*,  
in the Year 1707.

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By a WATER-DRINKER.

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With the Names and Characters of the  
most Noted WATER-DRINKERS.

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A L S O,

A MERRY ELEGY upon *Mother Jefferies*,  
*the Antient Water-Dipper.*

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*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

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L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year MDCCVII.

*29. Novemb.*

AN  
**E S S A Y**  
 UPON  
**T A I L S,**

In a **LETTER** to the *Fair Sex*.

**LADYS,**

**I** Have in the following **LAMPOON** prepared you something to smile, something to frown at; if the Balance fall even I am satisfied: Shall I tell you ingenuously? I did this Year (being at Tunbridge-Wells) Indulge my self the Liberty of viewing your **MONSTROUS** (or New Fashion'd) Tails; which my Ingenious Friend, Mr. G——, observing, crys prithee **TOM**, (you are Poetically inclin'd) give **A Touch** at the **Lady's Tails**, I'll give you a Guinea for Half a Sheet upon that Subject: I reply'd the Subject was too vain, (I meant too Large and Notorious) to come into that Bulk, or Price, but I wou'd consider of it 'till the next Morning, and then he shou'd have my Answer: Which was, "The more I look'd on the Lady's Tails, the more Ridiculous they seem'd to me, (Their Tails being grown so High and Mountainous, that Three Ladys walking A-Breast wou'd Baricado the Walks in the broadest Place) and for that Reason I told him, tho' his Subject was **NEW** and Bold, I had ventur'd upon it.——"

Ladys, My Satyr being wholly New, I was forc'd to Coin a New Word for a Title to it, to call it **Wunography**: Or a Touch at the **LADY'S TAILS**: But whether it will **REFORM** or vex you I can't say; but if Variety (which few Ladys are Strangers to) has any Charm in it, this **MEDLEY** of Tails can't miss of a Kind Reception. However, (Ladys) the Tail is a Subject that was never writ on (I can't say never Huddled) before; and if I have said any thing to bumble your Back-sides, (whilst you are Tipling the Cold Element) I shall think Tunbridge-Wells the

Heliconian Spring, and that my MUSE drank Water to good Purpose.

I know some Morose Gentlemen will be ready to say, **Bumogra-phy** (or a Touch at the LADY'S TAILS) is a Subject below the Gravity of a Man (at least of a Christian) to employ himself about; but I wou'd have such DUNCES remember, that some Time is allowable for meer Recreation; and I don't think any good Man (had he seen how the Tunbridge-Ladys advanc'd their Tails) wou'd be angry that I TOUCH them in this Lampoon.

I am sure, to Censure the following Satyr is (in Effect) to encourage PRIDE, and that abominable LEWDNESS it attempts to Expose. I suppose none will think the worse of our Present Reformers, because they can tell us the Vile Practices of the HE-STRUMPETS \* and Town-Cracks: And therefore I don't see why A Modest Touch at the Lady's Tails, &c. (with a Design to REFORM both those and their Morals) shou'd displease any but ignorant Block-heads, or Lewd Women, who think REFORMA-TION a needless Thing. To those Accusers therefore that are so ready to throw THE FIRST STONE, I shall say no more than what St. Jerome did, being Censur'd to be Naught, because much Acquainted with Women; Nil mihi objicitur nisi Sexus meus. And if that be a Crime to be a Man, we have thank'd God amiss for making us so. But pray (Ladys) remember that Ignatius Loyola frequented Stews to convert the Sinners; and I hope some Boldness may be allow'd my Lines, to reclaim them. Let the Pulpits then talk Grave and Wisely; if I can but so Handle the Ladys as to Jest down Vice, I shall count it neither Sin nor Levity, that I Touch their Tails in the following Satyr.

However, 'tis some Excuse that some Reverend Gentlemen have set me a President in this Kind. Mr. JAY, a Pious Divine, banter'd the Lady's Top-knots. The Learned FELL shew'd his Aversion to Naked Breasts. The Grave and Ingenious ALSOP Satyriz'd Strange Apparel: And even the Fam'd Lu——s, in his **Wit-able** Days, has been Love-sick in his Letters. Ladys, the Truth is, considering how industriously you strive to Tempt and Cheat us with your Eyes and Tail, &c. I admire there is not more in Love. (I mean more Fools and Mad-men than now there is.) Formerly indeed the good Lasses were wont to expect their THENS, but you now a-days prevent them; that is, so early rig out your Tails for Sale, that you often Marry before you arrive at your Thirteenth Year.

We are not ignorant (Ladys) of those little Arts us'd by you to Wheedle us into Dotage, but of all the Parts of your Bodys we least

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\* A Title given to the Sodomite-Club, in my Satyr Entitled the **He Strumpets**. Sold by B. Bragge in Pater-noster-Row.

*expected your Tails shou'd have been the Bait to Tempt us into the Marriage-Noose: But perhaps you thus Court us Backwards to give us to understand in what Posture you love us best. (Poor Ladys!) how often have you Sigh'd in Private, and made Vows to Heaven in vain for the Blessing of Husbands? The Silent Language of your Tails (as well as your Modest Blushes) has sufficiently spoke your Passion; and we might (had we not been insensible) have read your Desires plainly Legible in your Languishing Eyes.*

*As soon as you arriv'd at the long wish'd for TEENS, what Arts have you not used to Engage our Rambling Affections? How have you made it your Business to spruce up, and FINIFIE your selves, that you might appear to the best Advantage? Witness your High Top-knots, Ridiculous Furbelows, Perpetual Washings, Curlings, Powderings, Various Garbs, (for at Tunbridge-Walks we don't find you twice in the same Gown in a Week's Time) Affected Postures, Tempting Smiles, and Amorous Glances And when all this will not Wound our Hearts, you then try what your Tails will do; and by these Battering Guns you even shoo your very Souls at us.*

1.

Leave these Deluding Tricks and Shows,  
Be Honest and Down-right;  
What Nature did to View Expose,  
Don't you keep out of Sight.  
The Novice Youth may chance Admire  
Your Dressings, Paints, and Spells;  
But we that are Expert desire  
Your Sex for somewhat else.

2.

In your Adored Face and Hair,  
What Virtue could you find,  
If Women were like Angels fair,  
And ev'ry Man were blind?  
You need no Pains or Time to wast,  
To set your Beauties forth,  
With Oyls, and Paint, and Drugs, that cost  
More than the Face is worth.

3.

Nature her self her own Work does,  
And hates all needless Arts,  
And all your Artificial Shows  
Disgrace your Nat'ral Parts.  
You're Flesh and Blood, and so are we,  
Let Flesh and Blood alone,  
To Love all Compounds hateful be;  
Give me the Pure, or none.

Now (Ladys) what are all these Love-Stratagems, but so many Modest Invitations for us to fall on? Yet (Cowards as we are) we seem still to decline the Encounter, and view you with no more Passion (for your Tails and Paint rather fright than allure us) than if we were only Ivory Statues, or so many Walking Pictures.

Can we think (Ladys) you were at all this Trouble with your Tails and Faces for nothing? or imagine that you wou'd ever have Trim'd up these Tenements of your Bodys so curiously, but with an Intent to LET THEM? No, (Ladys) we must confess our selves Inhumane, and more uncharitable than Beasts and Savages, to suffer so many Plump Virgins to Languish and Pine away with the Green-Sickness, when (as their Disease lay in their Tails) 'twas solely in our Power to cure them: But truly (Ladys) as much as you Languish at both Ends, (for the Head and Tail Sympathize in Womankind) we have no great Stomach to be thus Charitable; (I mean to wed you in Earnest) for we know, that for all your Angelical Looks, you are the Taylor's Creatures as much as Nature's; and owe not only your Fine Tails, but your Rosie Complexions, to the Dressing-Box: We are partly sensible how many loathsome hereditary Diseases you derive from your Wanton Mothers, and care not much for an Everlasting Bed-Fellow.

We understand right well your Treacherous Smiles, and your Dissembling Tears too, which you have always ready, at a Minute's Warning: What Pride you take in the Number of your Servants; and how subtly you manage them to the best Advantage; feeding all with equal Hopes to make every one the freer of his Presents. Thus you sit in JACK's Lap, and at the same Instant tread WILL on the Toe; Sell a Kind Look to one for a Diamond-Ring, and Half a Kiss to another for a Rich Locket, or Bracelet; and then laugh at both the silly Fops, for being Bubb'd so easily: Well therefore may you reckon your Tails (and Amorous Wiles) amongst your Studys: But that the Soul and Gallantry of a Man shou'd be basely Prostituted to them, is as Ridiculous as for an Eagle to stoop at Flies. We know not why a Woman's Tail (tho' never so Gay and Strutting) shou'd not be view'd with as little Ardour as an Handsome Statue. For what is the Influence of Flesh, as to the Eye, above that of Marble? When we come into a Spacious Gallery variously behung with Curious Pictures, we can walk it round, look on this Picture and like it, then turn our Faces, and forget it in the Beauty of the next. Why may we not do so with WOMEN, since they, upon the whole Matter, are but Pictures too; and for the most part scurvily PAINTED? Not but that we cou'd be content to Trifle away our Idle Hours with you, and allow you the End of your Creation, as Things born for our Pastime, and Delight: But you  
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## In a Letter to the Fair Sex.

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wou'd have us Passionately in Love with you: (Heaven Bless us!) And not only so, but to put on the Marriage-Shackles, a Slavery worse than those miserable Wretches suffer at Algiers, that tug continually at the Oar. We cou'd love you like any thing, no Body knows how long, but for settling of Joyntures, and Coupling for better, for worse. (Good Girls) we must therein beg your Diversion.

A Wife! (what shou'd we do with her?) the Philosophers themselves cou'd not tell how to define her, but call'd her Contrary to her Husband. One styles her a Hectick Fever, another a She-Clog. And I have heard of one that wou'd not go to Sea, saying he wou'd not ride on that Beast that is govern'd by a Tail.

We must tell you (Ladys) every one that wears a PETTICOAT is not capable of True Love, nor Merits the Affections of a Man: Nay, commonly it may be said, that the fairest of your Sex (where a Mixture of Pure White and Red, supposing it Natural, accomplishes the Face) do (often) prefer a Spark to a Husband. (Of which C——s Tail is a most Insatiable Instance.) 'Tis for this you flock to Tunbridge, Epsom, Dullidge, &c. Where, tho' washing the Teeming Vessel is very proper for Crazy Women, and such as wou'd Bless the World with a Race of Sound and Legitimate Children: But all this is but meer Pretence; for 'tis generally known (tho' not to the Cuckold your Husband) that some Amorous Intrigue or other is at the Bottom of all your Ramble. — A Woman's Subtilty wou'd beguile even Argus, whose Eyes, for his Prying, was deservedly clap'd into the Peacock's Tail.

Hence it is that so many Men repent their Bargain so soon, and with the same Eagerness have in one Years Time study'd both a Marriage, and a Divorce, having not more long'd to obtain, than having obtain'd to desert; on this Occasion the Proverb of HONEY-MOON came into the World: And if any can continue a long Affection for such, either the Man is extraordinary good, or the Woman exceeding cunning, or else he is a Raw Novice; who having no Experience of the Sex, imagines all to be as his Wife is, as the Roman Dame supposed all Men's Breath to stink (She having never kiss'd any else) because her Husband's did so.

But we need not argue the Case thus Seriously; for (Ladys) the Truth is, you wou'd not thus Rig out your Tails for Sale but to gain the greater Liberty, and make the Fops your Husbands Cloaks for your Wanton Sallics, knowing how much sooner you are Rifled Abroad, you lose nothing that they are like to miss when you come Home, and that whoever you afford the Pleasure of getting your Children, they must certainly be at the Charge of keeping them: Talk not then to us of making Love to your Virtues: If that be the only Charm, what need we LIE WITH YOU? And tho' possibly it may be true that there may be some Virtue in some Women, yet we are pretty confident (since your Pride has sunk from your Heads to your Tails) there is not  
any

any such Stock of it in any of you, as to make a Man run out of his Senses for the Love of it.

Not but there are some few Exceptions to these General Rules, of which the Author of these Sheets is one (unhappy) Instance. Yes, Ladys, it must be own'd (that I may come a little to Confession before I leave ye.) "Love is the Green-Sickness" in Men, (as well as in Women) it makes 'em stark Mad "for Toys and Trifles, as Maids are for Plaister and Oatmeal— Oh how it once set me a Rhiming (for that's the Infallible Token of a stark staring Lover) on my DEAR ANGEL! (as I then call'd her) I meant an Angel in Petticoats; for she had Hundreds of Thousands of little Virtues, and Graces, and Beauties, and Charms, that none cou'd distinctly see but my self, or he who look'd thro' the Telescope of Love.

Now (Ladys) you know WHAT LOVE IS, I'll tell you what 'twas I lov'd——

She was indeed—— A She-Phoenix—— A Nonfuch——  
A Half Angel—— A Paragon of Beauty and Virtue——  
Roses—— Stars—— Lillys—— Pinks—— Rubies——  
Pearls and Violets —— Nay, more, she was— (from Head to Tail) so Fine and Beautiful I can't describe her——

The Truth is, most of her Rubies and Pearls were those of her Teeth and Lips, and she wore more sparkling Diamonds in her Eyes than either on her Fingers, or in her Cabinet.

Her Estate I must confess was somewhat like a Molehill on the Globe of the Earth, like Great Britain in the Map, when the Grand Signior clap'd his Thumb upon't, or all that Grecian's vast Estate, and spacious Demmeans, which fill'd not so much as one single Line in the Description of the Globe.

But had she much, or had she little, I admir'd her; her Tail to me was the Golden Mountain: I doated, rav'd, storm'd, fretted, foam'd, and wanted nothing but a Chain, a Grate, and a Truss of Straw, to have made me as Mad as any in Bedlam.

I lov'd her to that Degree I grew careless toward any thing else: I cou'd neither See, Hear, Taste, Smell, nor Understand any thing in the World but what related to my Charming Rachelin, (as I call'd her;) with a little more Heroick Turn than plain Rachel: And thou'd our PARSON (with an Angel at his Elbow) have told me that Dear Woman had so much as one Speck of Deformity, one single Mole, either in Body, Tail, or Mind, I thou'd have said—— By your Leave Good Doctor—— I must suspend my Faith. No, my Beautiful Rachel had such a Soul it shin'd thro' her Body.

*Body, and such a Body you might see her Soul through't. And now I thought with my self, wou'd this Dear Creature but love me, I shou'd be a happier Person than King CÆSAR, and more Magnificent than Heliogabulus. 'Tis impossible, had I her, I shou'd not be content, tho' I went a begging with a Wooden Dish and Leg, and uot Feast, tho' I eat nothing but Sparibles and Pebble-stones.*

And then for Prose Love I believe I went as far as any Man——— Stabbing, Dying, Groaning, Hanging——— I made nothing of; 'twas my Daily Employment and Recreation——— To be short, thus I continu'd loving upon the Stretch, without Fear or Wit, so long, 'till I had forgot my self and every thing else——— I'll say no more, but it makes me still Light-Headed to think on't, since here only, from this unhappy Period, may I Date all the Unhappineses of my future Life. However, loose I am from the Gallow-Tree of Love, but know no more how I got clear than a Dog does, when the Halter breaks and he runs away: Tho' methinks I look back upon't much at the same unpleasant Rate, that the poor Cur leers over his Shoulder at the unlucky Branch which he has just escaped. And as the Dying Wretches use to say in those Circumstances———  
 “ I hope good People (whether you be young Maids or Batchelors) you'll all take Warning by my sad Example, who  
 “ alas, as little thought once of coming to this Place, as  
 “ any of you here present to behold and bewail my un-  
 “ fortunate End: But just at the End of the Speech comes a Gracious Reprieve, and instead of Plain Hanging, I am only to be Transported (with JOY I mean) at my unexpected Deliverance. But if e're I fall in Love again, unless by the Grave Way of Matrimony, or so, (for what's past was only Platonick) let me be turn'd over in good Earnest.

So that you see (Ladys) —— A Touch at your Tails is but a Piece of Innocent Revenge, which One of the FAIR (I shou'd say false) SEX might (Reasonably) have expected from me some Years ago———

Then Pray Gentlemen, (for Ladys, by your Leave, I wou'd here give a Word of Advice to my Fellow-Sufferers, the young Batchelors) — Fly Love as a Viper, and you'll easily out-run him, You are invulnerable behind, (as Achilles in his Heel) but if you look but over your Shoulder you're a Dead Man———  
 Of a Woman beware Before; (meaning her Eyes) of an Ass beware Behind; and of a Monkey on both Sides, is an Italian Proverb worth your Regard: For now a-days ev'ry Kitchen-Wench is smuging up her self; The Old Serpent, it seems, loves to lie in Rings. Nay, Albertus says, that a Woman's Hair, so, and so ordered, (not to tell you what Season it must be  
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cut) will turn into a Serpent: Then fly all their Alluring Arts; that is, (as I said before) — Fly Love as a Viper — for LOVE is a Double Bahlisk, and whoever sees first kills the Spectator as dead as a Log.

Whenever you perceive LOVE Bending his BOW at you, (that's the Ladies pretty Pinking Eyes) be sure you never stand him, and think to look him out of Countenance (as I did) for 'tis an Impudent Young Rogue as ever liv'd by March-pane and Sugar-Plumbs. Remember here Cowardice is the truest Valour, and the Victor is an Alexander. Wink when you fight with LOVE, if you ever hope to Conquer — Ha! — now he levels all his Ord'nance at ye — Whole Broad-sides — Upper and Lower Teer — You sink to the Deep if you lie there any longer; The Port-holes are all up — The Tomkins out, Prim'd, Match ready — The little Fire-ship of a Woman opens her Lips, and discovers Two Rows of Teeth enough to Charm an Angel — so Smooth, so White, so Even and so Pretty, there's no Remedy unless you get out of Gun-shot, (the Length of 50 Cables will hardly do) but she has ye between Wind and Water, Rakes ye 'fore and aft, and down you go to the Deep.

And therefore 'tis the Sythian Women put out the Eyes of all their Slaves and Prisoners of War, to make use of them more freely and Covertly. Oh the furious Advantage of Opportunity! He that shou'd ask me what was the First Part in Love, I shou'd answer him, To make use of Opportunity: The Second the same, the Third the same. 'Tis a Point that can do all — What can resist the Charms and Power of BEAUTY! Women were made to Conquer; Who can withstand the Armies of their Looks, the Rhetorick of their Eyes, the Influence of their Tongues!

Then Gentlemen, (if you'd avoid being in Love) — Fly the Face of a Pretty Woman; there's Pitch and Birdlime in her Lips and Fingers, an Itch of Amourousness of Skin all over; and (sure I am) there's the Devil in her Tail; for a Man may as soon hug a Flame without Burning, as not be Fired if he embraces Petticoats. Democritus put his Eyes out to avoid the Sight of 'em. Then I don't wonder that Women (the Sawce of all Delight and Pleasure) do so easily Triumph over our Affections, for they have such an Army of Charms (both in Face and Tail) that 'tis (almost) impossible to withstand them, unless one were constituted and jamed all of STONE, or wou'd be thought to fight against the Powers from Above.

Then Beware of a Pretty Face — and for Womens Tails they are meer Decoys! Fly 'em as you wou'd a SYREN, for my Lips can't describe their Deluding Charms — I want the Assistance of their Tongues, in which there is so much FLOQUENCE, that with the same Celerity and Nimbleness they begin Battle and Victory — I

*I own, Their Beauty clearth the Countenance, and a Man loveth nothing better; He gazes on a Pretty Woman and desires her more than Gold—— These Beams and Circulations of Light, with the Powerful Graces they have about them, tye us unto them in Chains both of Love and Wonder. REASON it self will appear more Eloquent in the Mouth of a Fair Maid than in that of the most Florid Orator; And there are no Figures in all the System of Rhetorick, so moving and forcible, as the Peculiar Graces of that Sex—— But still (Gentlemen) remember, as Charming as Women are, they are as False as they are Beautiful: For my own share, cou'd I ever find of a Second Dotage, it shou'd be only “ The Virtue, Discretion, and Good Humour of a Woman shou'd Captivate my Heart. But (alas Gentlemen,) most Women are grown so False, you were better Fly than Embrace ’em.*

Then you who wou'd not love do this,  
 Learn of me what *Woman* is:  
 Something made of Thread, and Thrumb,  
 A meer Botch of all and some.  
 Pieces, Patches, Ropes of Hair,  
 Inlaid Garbage ev'ry where.  
 Outside Silk, and Inside Lawn,  
 Scenes to cheat us neatly drawn.  
 False in Legs, and false in Thighs,  
 False in Breast, Teeth, Hair and Eyes.  
 False in TAIL, and false enough,  
 Only true in Shreads and Stuff.

*Perhaps 'twill be thought an ungrateful Return thus to Touch the Tails of the Fair Sex, which are the Moulds in which all the Race of Adam are cast: But tho' we are under some (small) Obligations to 'em, (for in them we live before we breath, and when we have tasted the Vital Air, 'tis but to die an Amorous Death, that we may live more pleasantly in them again, &c.) yet all this does not justify DOTAGE, or excuse our Hanging our selves for them. Besides, it must be own'd that CHILDREN are the poorest way of Immortalizing as can be, and as Natural to a Beggar as a Prince: Nor is that Trifling Pleasure they give us in that DEAR MINUTE we call Enjoyment, (the only Charm that their Tails can Boast of) sufficient to make amends for that abominable PRIDE and FALSEHOOD that is found in them, not only during that MINUTE they are most pleas'd, but for Years after, even 'till FRIENDLY DEATH set us at Liberty.*

*Then (Gentlemen) ne're DOAT on a Woman's Tail, or a Pretty Face, but FLY THE SEX: For after all that can be said in their Favour, this Fine Charming Creature Woman——*

IS—— IS—— IS—— *What IS she? Why she IS——*  
*Proud as Lucifer, and False as Hell—— So that generally*  
*speaking, ev'ry Marry'd Couple are but Two ty'd together to*  
*make each other miserable—— And which yet makes these*  
*SYRILINS the more Pernicious, they are all WITCHES, perfect*  
*Witches; we cannot behold them without making War (ev'n) with*  
*our own Hearts. There are more Spells and Witchcrafts in the*  
*Corner of their Eye (or Tail) than in all the Earth besides.*  
*A Woman's Tail draws MORE than a Yoke of Oxen. The Al-*  
*lurements and Attractions of one Beauty, are stronger than En-*  
*chantments: And all those Magicians who have made use of Ima-*  
*ges of Wax, have not wrought so strange Effects as this little*  
*Piece of Clay produces. WONDERFUL! A Woman's Tail*  
*is a Paradox: For, tho' we find them false, yet still we think*  
*them true — They Command and Please; And which is more to*  
*WONDER, they please by Commanding. Nature hath so order'd*  
*them, that they shou'd Rule over others Affections, by Commanding*  
*their own: Nay, BEAUTY, without Virtue, (like a Bait*  
*floating without a Hook) entices us all, tho' it holds none. 'Tis*  
*the Woman's Tail that is still Victorious! See ALEXANDER*  
*that had thrown so many Kingdoms into Chains, is now Fettered*  
*himself! And THAIS is as Great to him as the whole World*  
*seem'd Little. He counts it not so Glorious to snatch Sceptres out*  
*of the Hands of Kings as now to have the Honour to kiss hers.*  
*Behold! CAESAR at once both Lord of the World and the Prey of*  
*Cleopatra! to whom willingly he submits his Neck, that had sub-*  
*du'd so many Nations: (Even) PHILOSOPHY too, that loves*  
*the Naked Truth, wish'd well to this softer Sex. Divine Plato*  
*consum'd himself in such a Heat, that he cou'd run thro' Fire to*  
*come to the Embraces of his Archianassa; and forgetting his Do-*  
*ctrine of Ideas, knows none but those of her Face and Tail.*  
*Aristotle he Adores his Hirpilis, and Sacrifices to her as to Ceres.*  
*The Peripatetic was here at a stand, and half doubts whether his*  
*Error of Nature\* be not a Deity, or at least some one of those Turn-*  
*spit Intelligences that had left Work, and was now drop'd out of*  
*Heaven to move his Affections. And thus Woman's Tail (and*  
*neither GOLD nor ALEXANDER) is the Universal Conque-*  
*ror——*

*Then Gentlemen, if you'd indulge your Passions, and so be ruin'd*  
*by a False Mistress, gaze much on her Face and Tail, and seek*  
*all Opportunitys to have her Company. But if you'd be cur'd of*  
*Love, Fly from the Fair Cockatrice—— Shut your Eyes,*  
*your very Souls, your Memorys, your Imaginations——*  
*There was an honest old rough Fellow among the Grecians, who*  
*being ask'd what Remedys shou'd be us'd for one in Love, he*

\* *Mulier est Natura aberratio. Aristotle.*

bluntly assign'd One of these Three following. Either (says he) let 'em fast it out, or let Time cure it: Or if both these fail, there's no Cure but one, and that's a Halter. But I en't so much for this Hempen Remedy: For, tho' (as Hudibras says)

He that Hangs, or beats out's Brains,  
The Devil's in him if he feigns;

Yet Gentlemen, the Tears of a Mistress (shou'd she repent of her Cruelty) won't bring you to Life again. No Surely, shou'd she weep a Deluge! I therefore advise you to study — The Art of Forgetfulness, as the best (and perhaps the only) Remedy for Love — Not only Fly Her Company, but wholly Forget Her, and your HEART is perfectly cured; Turn Her out, never so much as Dream of Her; at least, not without chiding your selves afterward. Don't so much as think of your Dear Charmer, tho' you can't help it: That is, Resolve you will not, tho' you do and must at present; for in Time, at least you'll get some Ground; and if it be never so little at first, your Heart will by Degrees be all your own. If she intrude never so often, tell her she has nothing to do there; Her Reign's at an End: Tell her she has a Sting in her Tail; that she's False tho' Beautiful; and Drive her out as you wou'd a Fury. Think how like a Fool you look, and how many Monkey Tricks this Love makes you play daily. Consider what you get if you obtain your Desires; either to be fairly cheated, and turn'd off, to make Room for some New Fool, or tyr'd with an odious Satiety, TOM — come hither and kiss me, Why I'll kiss a Cherry as amourously as most Women kiss their Husbands now a-days; to all which do but add A Real Will to be cur'd, and a firm Belief that you may be so, and (believe one that has try'd) your RECOVERY is more than half perfected.

Again, Gentlemen, as you must Fly Love, and the Opportunitys that lead to it, if you wou'd shun Hanging your selves; so if you wou'd'nt be in Love, never be Idle, nor worse employ'd than if you were. Do not read Romances, Play-Books, Amorous Tales; at least 'till your Minds are formed, and you have seen something of the World, otherwise you'll be Immediately for Christening your selves with one Barbarous Heathen Name or other, unless you light on the Seven Champions; and then — Whip — you are St. George, and I know not what, and the next Tawdry Sempstress you Court, the Beautiful Sabra, only Daughter to the Black King of Morocco —

Above all, Keep Sober; have a Care of Clarret, use Phlebotomy — believe all Tails to be False or Proud — Or in fewer Words, don't play the Fool — and you need not fear falling in Love —

Gentle-

## An Essay upon Tails,

Gentlemen——— if these Directions were well observ'd, they wou'd cure the Lover of MAD FITS: But lest they shou'd prove Ineffectual, (that if possible I may prevent your Hanging) I will give ye another Receipt to Cure MAD LOVE—— Probatum est.

Take Cupid, and Still him alive, Six Ounces of Hearts-Ease, a Pint of Virtue, One Drachm of Love, (for a little of that goes a great way) take Charity, and heat it, for it is naturally cold; Boyl these together, and drink a Draught every Morning——— Or else

Take an Ounce of Common Prudence, a Scruple of Self-Love, and a Drachm of the Powder of Fore-sight, with Half a Pound of other Folks Dear-bought Experience; (which may be had at a Cheap Rate, almost in ev'ry Family) mix these well together, and Temper with it a few Drops of Serious Consideration, and apply it warm to the soft Place of the Head; and repeat it as often as the Fit begins to come upon you.

*This Receipt has wrought many Cures, and if rightly applied, (to the Head or Tail) never fails.*

But perhaps (Gentlemen) you'll ask here, wou'd not a Chaste and Obliging Mittress merit (at least) *Love for Love*? What, are all Female Tails Lewd, and False? Is there no Good Wife to be had? Or if there be, pray give us her true Character; for (being Single and Resolv'd to Marry) we desire to know her.

To this I answer——— A Virtuous Wife is a Crown to her Husband, and he that draws such a BENEFIT TICKET can scarce LOVE, or Caress her enough. The Misfortune is in the CONJUGAL LOTTERY, for One Prize there's a Thousand Blanks. But that you might not mistake her Person, (for a Sho-Devil can assume the Phiz of a Good Wife) I shall here set her PICTURE before you; therefore (Gentlemen) wipe your Eyes, (I mean those of your Understanding, if you have them about you) and View her in her Native Lustre———

A Good Wife is the Perfection of a Man, or a Lost RIB (or rather Tail) restored, to compleat and perpetuate Humane Nature: A True Copy of our Mother Eve, before she Dialogu'd with the Serpent: A Second Edition of Female Divinity, with the Erratas Corrected———

She's an Innocent JULEP in an Amorous Fit, and a most Restorative Cordial after 'tis over———

A Young Man's Mistress to advise him, a Middle Ag'd Man's Companion to Solace him, and an Old Man's Nurse to Cherish him——

She's a HELP-MEET in the Cares of the World, and Toils of Business, and the most agreeable Diversion at Hours of Leisure : An Inseparable SECOND SELF, that mitigates all a Man's Misfortunes, by dividing, and sharing them, and Doubles his Joys and Prosperitys, by an equal Participation——

Her Tongue is the Guardian of her Husband's Honour, and her Tail the Conduit thro' which Successive Nobility derives its Glories ; and to whose Integrity the Law commits the Conveyance both of Titles and Inheritances——

She is the ELIXIR of Temporal Comforts ; the only Amulet against the Malice of Fortune——

In short, a Chaste and Loving Wife is the most desired Thing here below, and next to *Abraham's Bosom*, ev'ry Wise Man wou'd chuse to lie in hers——

But this is (chiefly) a Draught of her Perfections, with Respect to her Tail ; (A *Biographical* Description of a Good Wife) be pleased to take a more Particular Survey, and each ITEM will Transport you with Love and Wonder.

She scarce thinks her self obliged to those that Applaud her for being CHAST, since 'twou'd be a Curse and a Punishment for her to be otherwise ; And tho' Self-Murderers are justly Condemn'd, yet we never read of Rewards given to People meerly because they did not make away themselves. Modesty is the greatest Commendation for a Lewd Tail, but in a Chaste one 'tis the least——

She chuseth not her Husband by the Strength of his Back, nor at all considers the *Lusty Calf*, or Complexion : If Rude Language assault her Ear, Innocency keeps it out from infecting her Mind, and saves her other Virtues the Labour.

She prevents the Designs of the Debauched at a Distance, and by a strict Guard on her Virtue, secures her self from being Tempted, holding it for a *Maxime*, (tho' a *Paradox*)

*That she alone is Chaste that ne've was try'd,  
He comes too near, that comes to be deny'd.*

Thus (the Good Wife) shuns all Occasions that may commit a Rape upon her Tail, or Mind, or fill either with Wand'ring Ideas ; and therefore reads *The Practice of Piety* oftner than *Cleopatra*, or *Cassandra*, and takes more Pleasure in some *Divine History*, with her curious Needle, than in the alluring Scenes of the most Tickling Comedy——

She loves but one, and that is him she shou'd : *Viz.* Her HUSBAND, and she loves him because he is so ; and if he  
prove

prove cross, or unkind, it may exercise her Patience, but never destroy her Affection.

This Love she demonstrates in the whole Series of her Life, by Endearing Obligations, and the greatest Respect, as remembering tho' her *Tail* does Conquer his weak Side, yet that God and the Law have appointed him to be her HEAD, and therefore endeavours to conceal his Infirmitys, as knowing she is Brightned by her Husband's Honour, and must be Darkned if he suffer an Eclipse. If ever she be forced to tell him of a *Fault*, she does it so sweetly, and with so much Discretion, that he finds Reason to be angry with himself, but none to be offended with her, who studys his Temper (both at Bed and Board) to work the better Effects on his Humours——

In short, the *Tail* of a Good Wife has so much *The Ascendant* that she Commands her Husband by Obeying of him, as was said of *Parthenia*—— *He Rul'd because she wou'd Obey, and she in so Obeying Rul'd as much as he*—— She takes the fittest Opportunitys to advise her *Spouse*, and has a special Care never to speak out of Season——

The Good Wife rules the Roughness of her Husband's Spirit, by the soft Compliances of hers: A *Flint* that defys the Anvil, may easily be broken upon a Feather-Bed——

Her *Industry* and *Frugality* are not less Remarkable than the Chastity which Refines her *Tail*. She considers she is call'd A HOUSE-WIFE, and endeavours to make good the Title, both by refraining from Gadding Abroad, and abhorring Sluttishness at Home——

She provides Liberally for her *Family*, but has an Eye that nothing be wasted, and remembers that an ill manag'd Kitchen has destroy'd many a Noble Hall——

She knows no Necessity for a Breakfast in her Bed, and can get up without being roused by the Trenchers rattling to Dinner——

She spends more Time in Prayer and Exercises of Devotion than between the Glass and the Dressing-Box——

She suits her Dress and Apparel (but more especially her *Rump* and Top-knots) to her Husband's Quality, rather than the Fashion; yet loves *Neatness*, and cannot endure any Paint on her Checks, but the Natural Vermilion of Modest Blushes——

Her GOOD MAN dares trust her with his Cash without an Exact Account; nor does she call him to Task for ev'ry odd Two-Pence——

She is not perpetually draining his Purse for Modish Vanities, and envys not her next Neighbour's New Gown, or Richer Laces——

She never upbraids him with her Great PORTION, or her High Birth, and is better employ'd at Church than to observe who has the *Biggest Tail*, the *Richest Fan*, or the most *Glitt'ring Pendants*—

She is very Tender of her Children, and thinks them her Choicest Treasure; yet gives them no Occasion to Curse her hereafter, for over-fond Indulgence—

She is Courteous and Sociable to her Neighbours, but scorns to go a hunting after Gossipings, and thinks her Time better spent at Home, (tho' but in Patching a Dish-Clout) than in Idle Visits, (or Expensive Assignations) for carrying on the GRAND AFFAIR of *Tatling*—

*In Brief*— She is Religious without Hypocrisy, Discreet without Pride, Loving without Folly, Pleasant without Vanity, Grave without Clownishness; and he that enjoys her need not fear a Legitimate Offspring, for her *Tail* is as Chaste as Ice—

You have here [in LITTLE] the Character of a Good Wife, and he that finds her, has no greater Happiness to wish for on this Side Heaven.

And now (Gentlemen) I doubt not but you like the WIFE I propose well enough, and begin to cry— Where is she? Where is she? Who can find this Virtuous Woman? \*— Truly, I shall neither send you to Utopia, nor direct you Point-Blank to her Dwelling, for she lives very Privately; some say 'tis at the Sign of The Philosopher's Stone, in Phoenix-Alley; but if you will but observe the following Directions, and add thereto a Competent Dose of your own Discretion, 'tis much to be hoped, you may light upon one of her SISTERS, (or in Plainer Words) with a Tail that is Sound, Chaste, and Obliging.

1. Let PIETY and Solid Virtue be the Principle Motive of your Addresses, for be sure where those are wanting, let the Proverb say what it may, those Marriages were never made in Heaven.

2. Let her be descended of Honest Parents, yet not too high above your own Degree; for where there is too much Difference in Quality 'tis rare if they Draw equally in the Marriage Yoke.

\* Prov. 31. 10.



3. Be not Cheated with the Modish Conceit of a Brisk and Airy Girl, lest her Tail (tho' light) weigh down your Head with a Pair of HORNS; a Solid Breeding, and Deportment, is infinitely more Commendable than that Fantastical Gaiety: Singing, Dancing, &c. are Innocent Accomplishments, yet can scarce Answer for the Charge and Time lost in acquiring them, and are far more taking in a Mistress, than a Wife.

4. Never let MONEY Bribe you to a Bed you loath, or make you accept of a Wife in whose Person you can take no Delight; yet do not on the other Side, cast away your self, for A PRETTY FACE, which (shou'd you 'scape Cuckoldom) Three Days Sickness can destroy. Marry no Celebrated BEAUTY, for then (as Osborn observes) "Every one will have a Lick at your Honey-Pot.

5. After her Qualities, let your next Consideration be her PORTION; for tho' Riches alone, of themselves, are not a sufficient Ground for a MATCH, (for then it wou'd not be a Marriage, but a meer Bargain for the Use of a Tail) yet they are excellent good, and comfortable Additions, the Hottest Love being apt to cool and Decay, where there is not the Fuel of a Competent Estate to feed, and maintain it.

Tho' Virtue, Riches, and Good Nature, are excellent Things by themselves, yet found all together, they are not enough to justify your  
Choice

Choice, unless she be FIT TO, I mean of a like Humour, and agreeable Temper, to suit with yours, for all Love is both begot and continu'd by Likeness.

I have a great many other Documents to give, but follow these, and you need not doubt of a Good Wife, and a Chaste Tail, (both which I heartily wish you) — And so Gentlemen, Farewel t' ye, for the Ladys will think I have quite forgot 'em.

Your Servant **Ladys!** (well overtaken,) well, what think ye of this — Advice to the Batchelors? — Pray come to CONFESSION, (as I have done) don't you think there's Occasion for't? I profess (Ladys) that Pride and Falshood I found in that COY WOMAN I once thought — An Angel, A Goddess, &c. makes me (tho' 'tis Ten Years since) almost hate the Sight of a Pretty Face, or a Woman's Tail, &c. She was indeed A SHE-PHÆNIX, a matchless Creature for Wit and Beauty; but this she heard so often from me and others, that it made her Vain and Proud, and STRUT BEHIND like a meer Dutchess; for (Ladys) you know the Saying, "Once tell a Woman she's Handsome, and the Devil will be telling her of it to the End of her Life — 'Tis true Love is a Natural DISTEMPER, a kind of Small Pox, most have either had it, or are to expect it; but when the DISTEMPER Rages with that Violence as to make the Lover (as it did me) go Two Long Miles to see the Happy Place (an Old Stump of a Tree) where his Mistress had once sate; it is then Love (almost) to DISTRACTION. A True Lover is a meer Dog in a Halter, drag'd here and there, as his Mistress pleases — The Man is MAD, (or I think worse) for he doats on a Tail, a Woman, a Thing in Petticoats! Now most Batchelors need ADVICE in these Love-Matters, (especially when the Passion rises to Dotage, or Love-Melancholy) but you (Ladys) have little need of Direction here, for if I may Judge your Sex, (by that GAY TRIFLE I first Courted) I have Reason to say that — Pride, Inconstancy, and Falshood — are so properly Feminine Virtues, that the Women of this Age have (almost) wholly engross'd the Practice of 'em — 'Twas this made SEYMOUR \* cry,

Seek not to know a Woman, for she's worse  
Than the Ingredients Cram'd into a Curse.  
If Peevish, Sullen, Proud, an Errant Whore,  
A Rotten Tail — nay Painted, which is more :

\* Author of that Ingenious Satyr on Marriage, Entituled Conjugium Conjurgium. 1

I wou'd forgive her, and Connive at this,  
 Alledging that she but a Woman is ;  
 But she is worse, and may in Time Forestall  
 The Dev'l, and be the Damning of us all.

*In a Word, (Ladys) 'tis your whole Study to improve, and set off Nature (with Top-knots, Furbelows, Tails, &c.) that Most Young Men, before they have shifted off the tender Years of their Intancy, are subdu'd either by your Tempting Dresses or Wanton Looks. 'Twas necessary then to acquaint the young and unwary Lovers with those Dangers that wait on the Tails (and Carriage) of Proud and Intriguing Women, whose ALLUREMENTS have been so Fatal to Mankind, (but more especially to young Batchelors) that I may venture to say, " There are few Persons who have been reduced from a plentiful Fortune into a State of Poverty, but the World may observe WOMEN have always had the greatest Share in their Ruine——"*

*Having (Ladys) undertaken—— An Essay upon Tails—— I wou'd next make merry with the various Tails there be in the World: And here I shou'd shew you—— That Tail is the same as Talley, and signifies a Cleft Piece of Wood to notch an Account upon—— Again, Tail signifies (cut, or divided,) a Fee (opposite to Fee Simple) not in a Man's free Power to dispose of; and in this Sense the Lawyers study the Tail, and ev'n plead (sometimes) upon Tails—— TAIL-GENERAL is an Estate limited to a Man and his Issue by any Wife—— TAIL-SPECIAL is Land limited to a Man and his Wife, and the Heirs of their Particular Bodys—— The TAILS of Kentish-men, is a feigned Punishment for their Cutting off the TAIL of St. Thomas of Canterbury's Hoofe—— The Female Tail, (or the Strutting Rump) is a perfect Jest to the Chaste and Grave Part of the World—— But these Tails (with the Virgin, Marry'd, Widow, and Whoring Tail, &c.) are so largely (and deservedly) Touch'd, in the following Satyr, I shall say no more of 'em in this Place.*

*If all this won't excuse my Touching the Lady's Tails, &c. there is nothing will: however, 'tis some Excuse for my Publishing this Satyr, as 'tis (A Humourographical Jest) a sort of Sowing my Wild Oats: and I don't think I can better shake Hands with Lust, and Vanity, than in taking Leave of a Woman's Tail——*

*But Ladys, I'll stop here, having lash'd you enough in Prose, (and I fear more than your Tails can bear;) but I have Touch'd them the more largely in this Preface, as their Ridiculous Height and Pride gave Birth to the following POEM; which (Ladys) is (chiefly) Published for your Recreation, as 'twas mine in the Composing; and if it please I have my Wishes: For Applause*

Applause (or Censure) I think not on't, having out-liv'd that Vanity. However, I may venture to say, (A Modest Tail is so great a Rarity) that I have here Saddled a Muse that was never rid on before; for tho' I'm oblig'd— to the Folly of Love, and the Dear Experience of Two Rakes, for some Hints in the following Satyr, yet they are so much alter'd, enlarg'd and improv'd, that the Several Tails (as now Array'd) make One Original Poem. But if after all, my Poem shou'd only wipe—— I shan't complain, for not one Verse in Sixty is worth Reading; then what must my MUSE expect that has but a JADE to Ride on?

However, 'tis some Recommendation of this Poem, that 'tis Impartial; For, (Ladys) you are here presented—— with the Names and Characters of the most Noted Water-Drinkers, for the Year 1707: as they were deliver'd to me (at Tunbridge-Wells) by Persons of undoubted Credit, (so much as the Death and Funeral of MOTHER JEFFRIES\* and her Dipping-Sifters, are here Recorded in a MERRY ELEGY) and had my Stay been longer than a Fortnight, the Characters had been more Compleat; but whatever Beauty the Poem wants, 'll answer for its Impartiality, and yet I treat every Lady with as much Respect as either their Sex or their Tails deserve. I know (Ladys) “ The Magistrates have done their Parts, and nothing “ is required farther (for the more effectual Promotion of Female “ Glory) but your Care to avoid the Lust and Subtilty of those “ Private Madams, whose Gay Apparel and false Pretence to “ Modesty, gives them Covert in Reputable Families, where they Herd with the Virtuous, declaim against the Vices of the Age, and seem to wonder at that Wickedness in others, which themselves do praedice daily, to maintain their Pride.

I do not (by these Reflections) intend any Affront to the Chaste, or Virtuous, nor wou'd I have them offended at this Satyr, for “ my Design is rather to raise them to such an Esteem that none “ shou'd have Title to Love, or Admiration, but such Wo- “ men whose Affection to Virtue, and Resolutions against Vice, “ shall oblige them to be Chaste and Faithful—— And as Modest Tails, &c. are treated with all the Decency and Honour due to their Sex and Merits, so likewise are the Wanton Ladys as Impartially Handled.

Here Rambling (and Proud) Tails will find themselves severely, because Truly Expos'd, in the Characters I have given of them; but however True in themselves such Characters are, I suppose no Guilty Lady will have so little Wit as to own her self the Person meant; or if she does, she is welcome to Publish a Truth that had been for ever concealed, had not her own Wincing Ex-

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\* An Antient Water-Dipper, and well known to all that frequent Tunbridge-Wells.

posed her: I don't speak this out of any Fear of the Persons I have here Characteriz'd; for if any GALL'D LADY think good to Wince, she shall find I am able to prove what (with Respect to her Sex and future Amendment) I have as yet Conceal'd under Initial Letters, for I have been so Faithful to the Merits of the Ladys I here describe, that (even) the Modest (as well as the Lewd) Tails, are not forgotten in this Satyr; but I have been the more sparing upon that Head, not only as Tunbridge was not over-stock'd with them, (for those few Days I was at the Wells), but as I know Ladys of a Modest and Virtuous Character had much rather deserve well than to hear of it again: However,

I have Characteriz'd Madam  
 \* A Maiden Gentlewoman P — — — mer, \* (my Fellow-Tra-  
 now living in Southwark. yeller down to the Wells) and  
 some other Ladys, whose spot-  
 less Virtues were too conspicuous to lie conceal'd, and for that  
 Reason have Impartial Treatment in this Poem — — — I know  
 (Ladys) Impartiality here will be thought a Crime; for see-  
 ing the Reforming of Haughty and Lewd Tails is the Design of  
 the following Satyr, I must expect that those Vain Women that  
 are touch'd to the Quick, (that's touch'd in the Tail) will be  
 angry at it, (and for that Reason it creeps Privately into the  
 World;) but if it has the Honour to Humble the Ladys, (I mean  
 lower their High Tails) let 'em fret on, 'tis the same Thing to  
 me, for of all Vexations incident to Flesh and Blood, Heaven  
 preserve me from — — — Pride, Dotage, and Lewd Tails — — —  
 and when ever (tho' it shou'd not be 'till your 80th Year) You  
 Ladys Reform in that Particular, I shall then (but not before)  
 esteem it an Honour to have Leave to subscribe my self,

(D E A R L A D Y S)

Your Most Humble,

A N D

Most Obedient Servant,

T O M — — The Water-Drinker.

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To Divert the Reader, (as well as to fill up Two Vacant Pages) I'll here present him with A Prose, and Merry Description of Tunbridge-Wells, (where the following LAMPOON was both Written and Acted), as 'twas sent in a Letter to the Best and Dearest Friend I have in the World: A Copy of which follows; VIZ.

My Dear, and Constant Friend,

I shou'd be extreamly Di'order'd, that I cannot tell with what Joy and Respect I receiv'd your last, (which was sent me to Tunbridge, where I still am Drinking the Waters) did I not believe a Mind so extraordinary as yours, cou'd guess at my Thoughts— You tell me (Dear Sir) that you have resigned *the up all the Pure and Intellectual Part of your Affections*; and that you hardly love your own Happiness more Intensely than TOM— &c. — Why 'tis with me, I stretch all Objects to Infinite, when I think of you, and make all my Comparisons beyond Proportion: The Sun and the Stars are Common Things with me; and I can find nothing in Nature goodly enough to serve for a Similitude of that Friendship I bear you— I feel a Joy at the only sight of your Name: And the Honour you do me in saying you are mine, in the greatest Sincerity, is so engaging, that tho' perhaps it be Fortune that does it, I cannot but love you for it: Be assured, in what Corner of the Earth soever the Malice of my Brother shall throw me, I will still (on my part) inviolably preserve our Sacred Amity: Then in vain do Relations and Sicknes strive to divide us, by hurrying our Bodys to such Remote Distances, since in Spight of all, I continually converse with you, and at such Times as I know not where you are, my Better Part visits you— In a Word, if my Friendship be a Blessing that you prize, (as you tell me 'tis) 'tis a Blessing you can never lose; for our Friendship is now become nearer than an Alliance, And I do assert, that the Knot which Nature hath made, Virtue hath ty'd. Let this engage you to all the Freedom imaginable in what you write, and to write often; I need not desire you to write nothing but the Truth, for I know you approve of no Lies but those of the Muses, and that Fictions in Poetry you can bear withal, but banish them from your Conversation. But *wo is me!* how little TOM— is satisfied with himself, when he really loves, and when his Sentiments and Ideas are above his Actions, there is not a Word I speak to you contents me— But whither away Pegasus! Let's give FIDO one Glimpse of Tunbridge-Wells and then we'll part. 'Tis true, I have a bad Faculty at giving Descriptions, and this Task would better become a *Virtuoso's Pen* than a Head so weak as mine, whose Philosophy reaches little farther than to observe, that the Water I drink each Morning, makes me Drowsy, and before Twelve, as Hungry as a very Horse: To discourse pertinently on such an Abstruse Subject, requires a large stock of Knowledge in MINERALS, those Secrets which our Mother Earth seems to envy her Children, 'till they (like Unnatural Neros) digging up her Bowels, force her to discover them— But (Dear Sir) I will make no Excuses, and tho' it were to talk something of Tunbridge, tho' at the same Time it discovers my Ignorance. These Tunbridge-Wells (which we may fitly stile our English *Peruvia*) situate up in a Valley surrounded with Stoney Hills, that are rendred Remarkable by divers Rocks, which standing Above-Ground, carry some Resemblance with the Wonderful Stone-binge. The common Use and Benefit on is naturally so Barren, as it 'twas design'd for the *Plagium of Famine*: But this Sterility provident Nature hath sufficiently compensated by those Medicinal Waters, which Yearly attracting a vast Concourse of People,

## A Merry Description of Tunbridge-Wells.

affords great Advantage to the Neighbouring Inhabitants. The Water of these Springs is somewhat bitter, or rather relishing of the Rust of those *Iron Mines* through which (as in a *Limbeck*) it hath been distilled in its *Subterranean Passage*; which renders it a little ungrateful to the Coy Taste of such as come out of meer Wantonness to Tipple there; but when it hath been Familiarized by Use a while, it soon becomes less nauseous; and 'tis certain one can never be able to drink half so much of any other Liquor (tho' never so pleasant) as one may of this. I drink NINE GLASSES every Morning, (for as *Taylor* says)

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*'Tis Ale of Grandam, Nature's Brewing,  
And seldom sets her Guests a Spewing.*

Its Operations are chiefly *Diuretick*, and is therefore excellent against all Diseases caused by *Obstructions*, *Agues*, *Scurvy*, *Green Sickness*, &c. Strengthens the *Nerves*, and their Original, the *Brain*: Besides, they tell me it hath some good Influence on the *Alamode Disease*, (A *POCKY TAIL*) and that some *London Sparks*, who have receiv'd Signal Testimonies of their *Mistress's Kindness*, are come hither to wash them off; particularly *Monfieur B*— and a *Dutch Captain*— In short, 'tis a Universal Remedy.— But I'll not dwell at the *Wells*, but *Ramble for a View of the Country round it*; where the first Thing that salutes my Eye is *Crowbrough-Beacon*, where I found an unlimited Prospect— At this very Moment I see such pleasant Hills and Fruitful Plains, that the *Elisium Fields* cou'd never be more Charming; *But alas, I do not see you there*, and then what Pleasures can all these Varietys afford me? Rather they call back my Wandring Sorrows, while the Prospect of so many Places so proper for such *Tender Conversation* as ours; makes me more sensible of the hard Fate that parts us: Methinks that in this lovely Residence every thing talks of Friendship, and that a warm Passion (such as ours) becomes it; mine makes me seek out Lonely Walks, and Gloomy Retirements.

My *Afternoons Walk* is to muse on your Letters, in a Shady Bower, near my Lodging; Here 'tis that *I shou'd run to meet you*; you are one of those whole least Favours are obliging; Here 'tis I remember with Delight your very Words: *Nay, your very Reproaches themselves are Dear to me*. I look upon 'em the Effect of a singular Friendship.— From hence I go to a *Neighbouring Village*, where I search for you every Morning, but *can find you no where but in my Heart*; Nevertheless, in that same Heart you are so faithfully lodged; that there is nothing I can desire from you, unless it be a mutual Return of Friendship.— As I return to my Lodging at Night, I wander thro' a *Pleasant Grove*, which (cou'd *F I D O* be present) it wou'd not a little delight us to see the pretty Birds incessantly dancing on the Branches, *Making Love*, upbraiding duller Man with his *Defect, or want of Fire*: Man, the Lord of all, be to be stinted in the most Valuable Joy of Life, is it not pity! Here are no troublesome Honours amongst the pretty *Inhabitants of the Woods and Groves*, fondly to give Laws to Nature; but uncontrouled they play, and sing, and love.— No Parent chiding their dear Delights— No Lewd Thoughts to corrupt their *Tails*— No Slavish *Matrimonial Tyes* to restrain their Nobler Flame.— No Spys to interrupt their Bless'd Appointments, but every little *Nest* is free, and open to receive the Young Fledg'd Lover; every Bough is conscious of their Passion, nor does the Generous Fair (like *F I D O* and his *Mistress*) languish in the tedious Ceremony, but meeting, *look, and like, and love*; embrace with their Wingy Arms, and salute with their little opening Bills.— This daily I find their *COURTSHIP*. And thus 'tis with the *Flocks and Herds*, while scanted Man, thro' a Thousand Hardships, arrives at Happiness, and even too, perhaps, his Words are unregarded, and all his Sighs and Tears are vain.— And now I am at Home, and so *Good Night* ' ye —————

*I am (Dear Sir)*

*Your Affectionate Friend, and Humble Serv<sup>t</sup>.*

*T O M— The Water-Drinker.*

# Bumography :

O R, A

## Touch at the LADY'S TAILS.

**Y**E Sons of Women hither throng,  
Prick up your Ears unto my Song;  
Whilst I the Tail both lash and sing,  
(The Tail, that strutting Female Gin)  
That Triumphs over ev'ry Thing. }

The Tail above the Head prevails,  
And tho' 'tis often dress'd for Sale,  
Yet Heav'n and Earth do Honour Tails. }  
For First, to prove that Tails are fine,  
A Tail does in the Heav'n shine ; }  
(A Cynosure \* there we find.)

On Earth we find, in ev'ry Place,  
Some Tail to slap you in the Face:  
The Kingly Lion whirls his Train,  
Whisking the Conq'ring Gnat in vain:  
The Gnat in the next Fight does fail,  
And droops beneath the Bullock's Tail. }  
The Turks, when they'll their Foes assail,  
For Flag hang out a Horse's Tail.

But Female Tail does much surpass  
All other Tails that ever was.  
Hav't you seen Nymphs at some bright Hall,  
In a Triumphant Dance, or Ball,  
Move smooth, like Gales of Western Wind,  
Whilst Wanton Tail Charms all behind.  
Then, Gentle Muses, pardon pray  
If at your Nine-Holes I must play ;  
And Tunbridge-Ladys think not much,  
If I do give—— Your Tails a Touch.

The whole Creation, without Doubt,  
From Nothing's Hollow Tail came out.

\* A Cynosure,—— the Constellation call'd The Little Bear,  
in Greek is Cynosura; which is in Plain-English Dog's Tail.



It is the fruitful *Tail* that brings  
Succession to the Race of Kings.

The *Thundering Jove* did never fail  
To be a Captive to a *Tail*.

A *Tail's* the Household God at least,  
Of Prince, of Peasant, and of Priest;  
And with ONE SINGLE HAIR can draw  
*More than Divine or Humane Law.*

(Except where Grace does so Refine  
To make the very TAIL Divine)

We see ev'n STICKS do adore it,  
And Rampant Kings do fall before it;  
Yet *Tail's* a Fool, and I deplore it.

A *Tail* was in the first Transgression;  
The *Tail* was curs'd from the Creation.

On *Tails* there is so great a Curse;  
Of Birds a *Wag-Tail* is the worst,  
And Birds call'd *Teals* \* are kill'd with Lust.

A *Wagtail* is a Rampant Woman,  
She *Wags* indeed, for she is Common.  
She *Wags* as fast as Lust will pace:

A *Wagtail* never yet was Chaste.  
The greatest Stabs that Man assails,  
Do all lie in the *Women's Tails*:  
I mean the *Pox*, that rots the Bones,  
And a *Clap* is got at once.

In that Gay Minute you enjoy,  
*Lewd Tails* do hug but to destroy.

A *Fire-ship* is ev'ry Woman  
Whose *Tail* is Pocky, Lewd, or Common.  
Such *Ships* as these are full of Ails,  
In which that Man is *Burnt* that Sails.

Is *Burnt*! This comes of Lewd Amouring:  
These are the COMFORTS found in *Whoring*.  
POX! Thou'rt so good, 'tis Fear of thee  
That Virgins prize their Chastity.

And Men's Desires are Honest made,  
By finding where a *Clap* is laid:  
'Tis in the *Tail*, and they're afraid.

GREAT POX no Limits does contain:  
Thy Pow'r, or thy spreading Fame,  
Thy Poison glides thro' ev'ry Vein.

Or if Revenge makes thee destroy,  
Like *Turk* thou kill'st in Time of Joy.

---

\* The *Teal*, and *Sparrow* are Two Birds so very Salacious,  
that they rarely live above Two Years, killing themselves  
with Excess of Venerly.

Thou mak'st the Whoring Beau repent ;  
His Pleasure proves his Punishment :  
For to Reform is thy Intent.

And when thou'rt done thy greatest Hurt,  
Th' unhappy Sinner dost convert.

As for the Crack she fain wou'd break  
Her Marriage-Vow but for thy sake :  
For Pox i' th' Tail wou'd speak thus much,  
That BEAU had giv'n WIFE A TOUCH.  
Or if she dares Enjoy a Friend,  
They both are Pox'd: And when they end,

Both BEAU and CRACK this Epitaph may have,  
And so we'll leave 'em stinking in their Grave.  
Here lies a BEAU Two sever'al Births did pass,  
First made a Man and after made an Ass.  
He also had a Double Death, or Wound,  
For he that's Pox'd rots 'bove and under Ground.  
Two Burials too it was his Fate to have,  
First in a Wig, \* and after in a Grave.  
Here also lies the SHAME of Woman-kind,  
(Who being Lwd, as many Deaths did find ; )  
For first she dy'd Before, and then Behind.  
Behind she dy'd, for Tail had kill'd her BEAUS,  
Before she dy'd, for Pox had eat her Nose.  
Before and 'cke behind, both dy'd in Puffe,  
And here lie bury'd—— with a Dreadful Curse.

\* Believe me Ladys, your High Tails and Top-knots are no other than Satyrs on the Men's High Crisped Wigs and Dangling Locks, their spruce Cravat-Strings, Sword-knots, and the rest of their Finical Dress. So that the BEAU, whose Epitaph is here attempted, is a meer Walking Jest: For how does he powder, and curl, and even paint (sometimes) to angle for Admirers? Being thus Equipp'd, the good natur'd Animal Fancies every Body's in love with him, that casts an Eye on his Accomplish'd Phis'onomy and Dress, as he walks along the Street; I shou'd have said danc'd along, for he scorns to walk the Vulgar Mechanick Pace. But, 'tis a most abominable Piece of Pride, to see a Fellow, as soon as he's out of his Bed in a Morning, to run to the Looking-Glass, and pay his first Devotions to the worshipful Figure of himself, to play the Narcissus with his own Shadow, and make his Court with an Hundred and Twenty Grimaces, to his pretty Pigs-nies? Is it not a Manly Exercise to see a Coxcomb stand licking his Lips into Rubies, painting his Cheeks into Cherries, patching his Pimpenits, Carbuncles and Buboos, to see him striving to out-do Appelles in counterfeiting the lovely Eye-brow,

Then who wou'd *Touch* a Woman's Tail,  
 'Tis either Pox'd, or dress'd for Sale ;  
 The Chafest Bum is full of Ails !  
*Tails* strut and boast of Victories,  
 (For *Tails* draw more than Horse or Dice)  
 Yet none will say that *Tails* are wise.  
 For Pious Hales told CHARLES the Second,  
 Below the Waist was no Discretion.

to be Two long Hours in Careening his Hair and Peruke, and (perhaps) as tedious in adjusting his Cravat-string ; what a Time-waster is Pride ? (especially Pride in dressing) yet 'tis very Comical to see this Fop strutting up and down his Chamber, surveying himself from Head to Foot, first turning one Shoulder then t'other, now looking fore-right in the Glass, then turning his Posteriors, tissing with the Curls in his Wigg, tying and untying his Cravat, writhing himself into as many Postures as he in the Pall-mall ; and yet, after all this Fore-noon's Speculation, is not satisfy'd 'till he has consulted his flattering Valet ? Reader, I will not trouble you with all the impertinent Dialogue that passes between 'em ; but after Monsieur *Graw-bone* has compleatly equipt his Mr. *En Chevalier*, the Spark sallies forth of his Chamber like a Peacock, beseeching the Winds to favour his delicate Friz, and not put a Lock or a Curl out of Joint ; and now the first Visit he makes, is to his *Sempstress*, on purpose to be admir'd by little *Miss* that sits behind the Counter, with whom he enters into a profound Chat, about the *Newest Fashion for Cravats*, what colour'd Ribbon is most proper for that Season ; how deep Men wear their Ruffles ; when he has run himself out of Breath, with a Catalogue of the various Whims such Coxcombs as he wear about 'em, he makes a Parenthesis (by peeping in the Glass that hangs up in the Shop) finding Fault with his Barber, Laundress, Taylor, &c. on purpose to draw her Eyes towards his charming self—— Here begins the *Rehearsal of his Morn'ing's Chamber Work* ; he picks a Quarrel with his Cravat, that he may engage pretty *Miss* to tie it anew for him, and then he has a fair Opportunity to make Love by a Thousand little Effeminate Tricks. Then his Ruffles don't sit to please him, and *Miss* is employ'd again ; here's another Advantage to shew his *White Hand*, which this *She-Trader* (to oblige her Customer) never fails to admire ; for, (Woman-like) she's pleas'd with every thing that looks gay, which occasion'd that old Saying, That *fine Cloaths please Women and Fools*—— But I won't enlarge in the *Beau's Character*, having drawn him at full length, (I mean from Head to Foot) in a *Merry Poem* now ready for the Press.

# Touch at the LADY'S TAILS. 5

The *Tail* did never keep to Rule,  
 It is a Wanton Fickle Tool,  
*And makes the Wisest Man a Fool.*  
 'Tis true, Men of *Platonick* Vein  
 Disown Enjoyment but i' th' Brain;  
 But *Touching Tail* are *Flesh* again.  
 'Twas *Tails* began the Wars of *Grece*,  
 And often Buckle up a Peace;  
 For *Tails* can Rule just as they please.  
 But mark, when *Tails* do Rule the Roast,  
 That Kingdom's either *Mad* or lost.  
 Pray what did C——'s CRUPPER cost?  
 She was profuse of Noble Blood,  
 But not one Drop of it was good.  
 She was a W——, the worse her Fate,  
 But yet she was a W—— of S——te.  
 'Tis here we view *Immodesty*;  
 A *Wanton Tail*, a *Rolling Eye*,  
*Of Wit and Beauty she had store*;  
 'Tis pity C—— is a W——  
 A *Rich* one too, and full of Charms,  
 And did subdue A MAN OF ARMS:  
 For who can Fight where *Tail* disarms?  
 Who was't the *Capitol* betray'd,  
 But a meer W—— some call a *Maid*?  
 'Twas *Tails* inflam'd that lasting Jar,  
 Which burnt *Troy* after Ten Years War,  
 No Kingdom is to Ruine brought,  
 But still a *Woman* is i' th' Plot.  
 Let who will lead the Van, 'tis clear,  
 In *Mischief Tails* bring up the Rear.  
 A *Tail* inflames the World with Ire,  
 And can as soon *Piss* out the Fire.  
 Who can its VICTORIES rehearse?  
 Its *Trophies* fill the Universe:  
 For, don't Men kneel to *Tails*, or worse?  
 They Kneel, they Doat, but flight as soon,  
 For *Tail* and *Woman's* a *Lampoon*.  
 Yet for the Plague of *Humane Race*,  
 These DEVILS have an *Angel's Face*.  
 Such Youth, such Sweetness in their *Look*,  
 Who can be Man and not be took!  
 Or if *Alluring Looks* do fail,  
 (*For Ladys they were made for Sale*)  
 Then BUM is dress'd and must prevail.  
 Ladies, 'tis own'd you can subdue  
 Our very *Souls and Bodies too*:  
 But when to *Conquest* you enclin'd,  
 It was unjust, and most unkind,  
 Thus to attack us from *Behind*,

6 **Bumography : Or, a**

*Behind! Your Tails do Conquer more  
Than both the Eyes you wear Before.  
Against the Love your Eyes can dart  
We do with Ease secure our Heart.  
We gaze o'th' Beauties of your Phiz,  
And never hurt our Faculties.  
But now Entirely to quail  
Our Hearts, you Conquer with the Tail.  
This New Resistless Foe destroys  
More than your Lips, your Smiles, your Eyes.  
And Tail does give the greater Fall,  
As here we have no Guard at all.  
When your Conq'ring Tails appear,  
No other RAY is shining near.  
Your Eyes that Charm so many Ways,  
And all the beauties of your Face,  
Are hid, (like Stars at Rising Sun)  
At first Approach of Lady's BUM.  
Oldham, who hated Tails in Youth,  
Cry'd " (Nymph). 'tis thus with you in Truth.*

*" My Heart, before Averse to Love,  
" No longer cou'd a Rebel prove,  
" When on the Grass you did display  
" Your RADIANT BUM to my Survey,  
" And shamed the Lustre of the Day.  
" Henceforth, fair Maid, I'll not pursue  
" Any Charm but Tails and you:  
" And in yours I do proclaim  
" The Fairest Tail that e'er was seen.*

*Then, Tunbridge-Ladys, never place  
Such Dazling Beams upon your A———  
For shou'd they shine unclouded long,  
All Humane kind wou'd be undone.  
For as Witty Oldham spoke,  
(Who now did nought but Tails invoke)  
" Not the Bright Goddesses on high,  
" That Reign above the Starry Sky,  
" Shou'd they turn up to open View,  
" All their Immortal Tails can shew  
" Such Tails as Tunbridge-Ladys do.  
Yet the Tail, altho' so pretty,  
Has no Sense of Love or Duty.  
It is a Bold and Rocky Piece ;  
It wounds us oft, but gives no Ease.  
It stabs us in the Tender Part,  
(For Tails pierce thro' the very Heart.)*

# Touch at the LADY'S TAILS.

7

*Tail* has no *Eyes*, but many *Leaks* ;  
It breaths in *Farts*, but rarely *Speaks*,  
For *Tail* is meerly made of *Freaks*.

Oh *TAIL!* Oh *LUST!* who can rehearse  
In *Prose*, or much more lasting *Verse*,  
What *Mischiefs* have by thee bin done?  
And all by hoisting up the *BUM*.

The *Thoughts* of this should make us fly  
A *Woman's Tail*——— 'Tis touch and die.  
They swell their *Tails* to cheat our *Sense* :  
Their *Tails* are big with *Impudence*.

*Love* that's discreet is *Love* by *Rule*,  
But *Women LOVE* to play the *Fool*.

*DOAT!* —— no I wou'd the *Sex* deride,  
Except an *Angel* were the *Bride*.

What *Doat* upon a *Tail* that brings  
A *Minute's joy* with *Forty Stings!*

From *Woman's Tail* *Damnation* springs!  
Then try the *Sex*, they have the *itch*

Of *LOVE*, and where they gaze bewitch.

Then *Tails* and *Giances* are a sort of *Pitch*.

What is the *Reason Love is Blind?*

'Tis 'cause the *Tail* is plac'd behind.

We see no *Tails* but in the *Mind*.

For here and the e, and this and that

We *Doat* on, for I know not what :

But *Tail* is what we wou'd be at.

*LUST* does somewhat *Rampant* prove,

And strait is *Christ'ned* into *LOVE*.

So that tho' *Beasts* we are in *Shame*,

We must be *LOVERS* all in *Name*.

We of the *Tail* an *Idol* make,

And doat upon't for *Fancies* sake.

The *Black* we see do *Fair* admire,

And *Fair* there be that *Black* desire.

A sort there is affects the *CRUMP*,

And all alike; but for the *RUMP*.

*BUMOGRAPHY*——— is still the *Theam*  
Of ev'ry *Lover* in his *Dream*.

Our *Thoughts* create the pretty *Creature*,

And our *Tongues* commend the *Feature*.

Or else the *Tail* first warms *Desire*,

And then the *Face* maintains the *Fire*.

Does not then *Cupid's Eye-sight* fail,

That for the *Heart* does wound the *Tail*.

Then *Keeping-Cits* are surely *Blind*,

That *Doat* on *Women* for their *Kind* ;

For *Tails* are *Fireships* behind.

But Ladys that wear Cypress Veils,  
 (Turn'd lately to white Linnen Rails,)  
 Now to your Girdles wear your Bands,  
 And shew your Tears instead of Hands.  
 What cou'd you do in *Lent so meet*,  
 As fittest Dress, to wear a SHEET?  
 For *Tail* shou'd fast, you tempt us by't.  
 Yes, tempt us by't, and think't no Ill,  
 " For *Cracks*, whose wanton Eyes do kill,  
 " Will turn up *Tails* for half a Gill.  
 " And think no greater Obligation  
 " Than the *Sweet Tye* of Copulation.  
 This makes me think of *Grays-Inn-Walks*,  
 Where *Crack* oft sits disconsolate,  
 Cursing the Rigour of her Fate;  
 (For SHE-TAILS now scarce Earn their Bread,  
 Since HE-WHORES learnt the *Sodom-Trade*.)  
 'Till Squire *Inspid* having spy'd her,  
 Takes Heart of Grace and squats beside her.  
*He thus accosts*—— Madam, *By Gad*,  
 You are at once both fair and fad.  
 She impudently does submit  
 To all the BOMBAST of his Wit:  
 The Bargain made, she first is led  
 To the Three Tuns, and so to Bed.  
 Not like the Wise *Demosthenes*,  
 Who knowing *Tails* had got the *Itch*,  
*Ne've bought Repentance of the B——ch*.  
 But *Tails* that do will find it Meet  
 To wear their Linnens to their Feet;  
 And then the *Night-rail* proves a *Sheet*  
 To cover BUM, or what's as sweet.  
 By which Device, and wise Excess;  
*You do your Penance in a Dress*.  
 And none shall know by what they see,  
 Which Lady's censur'd and which free:  
*A Woman's Tail's a Mystery*.

Thus, *Tunbridge-Ladies*, having Firk'd  
 Your *Tails*, that ne're before were Jerk'd,  
 And shewn which way you might repent,  
 (Yet privately be Penitent.)  
 I next (*an't please ye*) will describe  
 Your *Tails* that strut so high and wide:  
 (For *Tail* is all a Woman's Pride.)  
 They are a MOUNTAIN that does spread,  
*Like Ossa set on Pelion's Head*.  
 Your Pride's Revers'd, that's Backwards grew,  
 For now your *Tails* wear *Top-knots* too.

# Touch at the LADY'S TAILS.

9

Top-knots your Shame, but Aged Pride;  
For they of Old so high did ride,  
That *Juvenal* did thus describe.

}

*Such Rows of Curls press'd on each other lie,  
She builds her Head so many Stories high,  
That look on her before, and you wou'd swear  
Hector's Tall Wife, Andromache, she were.  
Behind a Pigmy: So that not her Waist,  
But Head seems in the Middle to be plac'd.*

But where's the Head now plac'd I pray?  
When Top-knots do the Tail array!  
But 'tis all one, if you are Fine,  
Whether you dress the Head or Loyn:  
For now your Tail-knots strut as high  
As those of Proud *Andromache*.  
Steeple-Crown'd BUMS, who think it Scorn  
To be by any Spire o'reborn.  
A Tail which wou'd not be content,  
If meted by the Monument:  
So scorns the May-pole in the Strand,  
To measure with a Fishing-Wand.  
Your RUMP is like a *Turkey's Tail*,\*  
It spreads like that, and struts for Sale:  
But PRIDE of both will have a Fall.  
Your *Turkey-Tail*, that thus is prais'd,  
Is (Bubble-like) with Paper rais'd.  
That Tail can ne're be Chaste, or Right,  
Whose very SUBSTANCE is but Light,  
A Paper-Tail is all a Jest:  
And such is Woman at the best,  
Since MOUNTAIN-TAILS were in Request,  
A *Fardingal* had once the Lot  
To strut before your Tempting-Spot;  
But now your Tails so spread we find,  
Your Tails grow *Fardingals* behind.

}

}

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\* That a *Turkey-Cock's* Spreading Tail is a fit Emblem to represent the Proud and Strutting Rumps of the English Ladys, is clear from *Osborn*; who in his *Book of Paradoxes*, P. 115. has these Words. "One Day Ruminating upon PRIDE, and the dismal Effects it draws upon Mankind, I had all the Posture, and Evidences brought in against those Arraigned for this Diabolical Passion, acted before me by a *Turkey-Cock*."



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 (Turn'd lately to white Linnen Rails,)  
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 Yes, tempt us by't, and think't no Ill,  
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 " Will turn up *Tails* for half a Gill.  
 " And think no greater Obligation  
 " Than the *Sweet Tye* of Copulation.  
 This makes me think of *Grays-Inn-Walks*,  
 Where *Crack* oft sits disconsolate,  
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 (For SHE-TAILS now scarce Earn their Bread,  
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# Touch <sup>51</sup> at the LADY'S TAILS. 9

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We might, for certain, sooner name  
 The Tackle of the *SOVERAIGN*,\*  
 Than count the *Pleatings* found of late  
 Upon a Lady's *Tail* and *Pate*,  
 When she does *Dress*, or *Sail* in *State*; †  
 When she does *Dance*, or *Gad* to *talk*,  
 Or shew her *Shapes* at *Tunbridge-Walk*.  
 But still her *Tail* rides *Admiral*,  
*Exceeds* in *Mast*, in *Bulk*, in *all*.

The only *Tails* this *Year* at *Wells*,  
 That were *Pure*, *Chaste*, and *nothing* else,  
 That had no *Spot*, no *Strutting* *Pride*,  
 Whose *Tails* were (almost) *Angeliz'd*,  
 Were *Madam T*———*lor*, and her *Neice*,  
 The *Charming W*———*let*, *Pious* *Fleece*;  
 The *Lady R*———*bert's*, *Modest* *Furrough*,  
 The *Wise* and *Noble P*———*ough*;  
 The *Humble C*———*fer*, *Witty* *Bruce*,  
 And *Sixty* *Names* I'll here *excuse*.

But of all *Tails* upon the *Green*,  
 'Twas *P*———*mer's* that was thought the *QUEEN*.  
 She has *Wit*, and *Sense*, and *ev'ry* *Grace*,  
 A *Tail* and *Head* so full of *Rays*,  
 She was the *BEAUTY* of the *Place*.  
 And since this *Lady's* *Wit* and *Eyes*  
*Refin'd* my *Soul* and *Faculties*,  
 From *London* down to *Tunbridge-Wells*,  
 I'll praise her *Tail*, and something else.  
 Yes, *P*———*mer!* when we gaze on you  
 We have an *Angel's* *Tail* in *View*:  
 A *Tail* so *Chaste*, and yet so *fine*,  
 We count your——— *Very* *Tail*——— *Divine*.

\* A First Rate Ship.

† See this confirm'd by the *Ingenious* *Alsop*: For in his  
 Sermon upon the *Sinfulness* of *strange* *Apparel*, he there asserts,  
 " It is almost as easy to enumerate all the Tackling of the  
 " *Royal* *Sovereign*, as the *Accoutrements* of a *Capricious*  
 " *Lady*: And perhaps it requires not much more *Time* to  
 " *Equip* and *Rig* out a *Ship* to the *Indies*, as a *Whymfical*  
 " *Madam*, when she is to *Sail* in *State*, with all her *Flags*,  
 " *Streamers*, *Pendants*, bound for a *Court* *Voyage*. With  
 " less *Labour* did *Adam* give *Names* to all the *Creatures* in  
 " *Paradise*, than a *Tire* *Herald* shall give you the *Nomencla-*  
 " *ture* of all the *Trinkets* that belong to a *Lady's* *Closet*:  
 " And yet all this is but to consume a whole *Morning* to  
 " put on, which must waste the whole *Evening* to put off.

# Touch at the LADY'S TAILS.

11

Of *Phaeton* we'll not complain,  
 Your *Tail* does more——— *Your Eyes do flame,*  
 Your *Looks* have Fir'd the World again. }  
*Looks* so Divine, so Bright and Pure,  
 Not *Simple Essences* are more.  
 You're sweet as Flowers, while they consume  
 And waste their Lives in Rich Perfume.  
 You're hardly MATTER, and your Mind  
 So Chaste——— your *Tail* so much Refin'd,  
 We guess that Heav'n did delay,  
 Curious to find some Nobler Clay, }  
 Whilst your Soul, stole un-array'd away.  
 Or you came thus to let us see  
 What at the Resurrection we shall be.  
 P——mer he is a happy Man,  
 Who does thy *Tail* end Beauty scan.  
 But since F—— John, &c. (you know the rest)  
 Is of all Complements the high'st,  
 Much happier he, who sighs for thee,  
 And finds thy *Tail* has *Simpathy*.  
 But he's still happier——— (ever Blest)  
 That meets thy *Tail* before the Priest.  
 That has his Eyes and wishes Joyn,  
 That says of P——mer——— *She is mine.*

Another *Tail* that Grac'd the Wells,  
 Was modest SUSAN, full of Spells.  
 There's ev'ry Charm and ev'ry Grace  
 Dwells in this *Virgin's Tail*, and Face.  
 So much Sweetness, so much Youth,  
 So much Innocence, and Truth,  
 I never saw in *Dipping Tail*,  
 Or any Lady Dress'd for Sale.  
 Yes, *Water-Nymph*, your *Tail* excels  
 All other *Tails* upon the Wells,  
 (Save P——mer's, that Charms, and nothing else.) }  
 Your *Tail* is Plain, and yet 'tis Fine ;  
 You're an *Incarnate Seraphim*,  
 That scarce was Born——— You're so Divine. }  
 You live above the Lure of Sense,  
 You have no Ear for Tempting Pence ;  
 You're perfect Country-Innocence. }  
 Nay, SUSAN's *Tail* is so Refin'd,  
 She has no Pride in Dress or Mind ;  
 She's modest Before, and Low Behind. }  
 To such a Pitch her *Tail* is wrought,  
 She is a sort of *Walking Thought*.

See all her Beautys, how they shine!  
 Perfect they be, and all Divine,  
 Tho' dress'd in Straw-Hat, Red-Coat, Damascen. }  
 Oh! see how each returning Grace  
 Points both her Eyes, and Paints her Face.  
 The Lilly and the Rose succeed  
 The Sickly White, and glowing Red.  
 But that which is the Charm of all,  
 She's PUKE-VIRGIN in her Tail.

But Painter, I have often seen  
 What a Flatt'rer thou hast been.  
 Then take thy Pencil now and shew  
 What 'tis thy Art with Truth can do.  
 Then Paint me with the nicest Care,  
 A Wife that's Young and wondrous Fair!  
 Paint SMITH the Coachman's Daughter here,  
 With Velvet-Tail and Charming Air.  
 On both her Eyes employ thy Skill,  
 Make 'em both kind, but make 'em kill.  
 Draw—— First her Forehead, then her Nose;  
 Here all that's Beautiful suppose.  
 Paint Lips so Red, and Teeth so White;  
 Your Fancy cannot do her Right.  
 Such perfect White, and such a Red  
 Ne're can be either thought or said.  
 PAINTER! —— thy Colours will not do,  
 Search far Abroad, and seek for New.  
 See if all Nature can supply  
 Bright Colours of so fine a Dye.  
 Next Draw her Neck, and then her Breast;  
 Draw—— what must never be exprest.  
 Lastly—— that you may Honour win,  
 Pray Draw her Shining Tail, and Skin, }  
 And see this be the most Refin'd.  
 For she that's Modest cannot fail  
 To be an Angel in her Tail.

These Tails are Chaste, (so clear'd from Sense)  
 Their very Tail's an Excellence!  
 An Excellence—— the most Refin'd! }  
 For he that's Pure, and Chastly joyn'd,  
 May Feast on Raptures unconfin'd. }  
 Vast and Extensive! Such as prove  
 The Immortality of Love!  
 For who but a DIVINITY }  
 Cou'd mingle Souls to that Degree? }  
 And melt them into Extasie!

But for those Lewd and Wanton Tails,  
 (C——s, T——ns—— Bouncing Molls)  
 That meerly Ply about the Wells.  
 They did so Strut and shew their Shapes  
 To Beaus and Cuckolds on the Walks.  
 They did so Frisk it ev'ry where,  
 So cling to this, on t'other Stare,  
 'Tis thought their Tails are past Repair.

}

}

C—— seeing this, did come this Year  
 To cleanse her Tail with Adam's Beer.  
 She wan't so wholly void of GRACE,  
 But she'd in a Nameless Place,  
 In Privacy demurely scatter  
 The kind Effects of Mineral Water :  
 (For Tail's the Engine in this Matter.)  
 And for the Ladys of her Train,  
 They were as Lewd as she had been.  
 But Ob! to hear their wild Descants,  
 And most unheard, uncommon Rants,  
 Wou'd make one swear that Aristotle  
 Wou'd have improv'd to hear their Tattle.  
 Yet this we must not Bawdry call ;  
 No, no, 'tis PHILOSOPHICAL.  
 What they Obscene in us condemn,  
 Is but meer Natural Talk with them.  
 Then Ladys, do not think it much  
 That here I give your Tails—— A Touch.  
 For if I come to th' Wells again,  
 (If Tails Reform) I'll Touch the Men.

}

Thus far of Tails in General ;  
 But BUMOGRAPHY takes in all  
 That have a Chaste or Wanton Tail.  
 And here no Maid or Womankind  
 That does adorn her BUM behind,  
 Shall 'scape a Modest Touch or Two,  
 (For Tail, I'll boldly handle you.)  
 And yet be Fair and Honest too.

}

}

And here the Virgin Tail, as such,  
 Is the first Tail shall have—— A Touch.  
 I' th' Virgin Tail does first appear  
 That Forward Itch which cost so Dear,  
 Nor are Young Boys exempted here.  
 They Doat so soon on Woman's Tail  
 That when their Play Things can't prevail,  
 They Hire Maids to make a Sale.

}

And Forty Times (as has been said)  
 Some Girls do sell their Maiden-head.  
 Virgins are full of Loving Ails,  
 Which seize their Hearts and then their Tail.  
 Then of all Parts beware their B——ch,  
 For that's the *First* that gets the *Itch*.  
 A Tail's the Bane of all that's Brave;  
 It turns *Muth* to a whining Slave.  
 Forgetful of his Fame and Toils,  
 It melts the *Warriour* down to Smiles.  
 Hercules his Club laid by,  
 The Man's no more than You or I.  
 He slew a Lion once; but now  
 (Since Tail has prov'd his Overthrow)  
 He han't the Heart to kill a Cow.  
 From Cupid's Toils he can't get free,  
 Cupid's a greater Hercules than he.  
 What mighty Ills are done by Love,  
 (To Boys and Girls, when first they rove)  
 How fatal often does it prove?  
 Then of all Goods that dress for Sale,  
 Ne're Traffick for a *Virgin Tail*.  
 The Great *Mark Anthony* can tell  
 How for a Tail his Glory fell.  
 Doating—— the Youth at *Capua* lay,  
 And for a Tail gave *Victory* away.  
 Oh! that a Creature form'd to wear  
 God's Image and his Likeness bear,  
 Shou'd like a Fool, himself disgrace,  
 To Doat upon *A Baby-Face*,  
 Whose Glory must resign its Light  
 To the surrounding Shades of Night.  
 BEAUTY indeed, like Painted Sign,  
 May stay us; but 'tis Sprightly Wine,  
 And *Welcome* makes us light and Dine.  
 For who will stay in such a Place,  
 Where nought appeareth but a *Face*  
 (That's Charming) set in *Mortal Case*?  
 Or say the *Female Angel* be  
 From the sad Hand of *Sickness* free:  
 Yet Time hasts on with *Envious Pree*,  
 To spoil the Lustre of her Face;  
 Her *Very Tail* in Time decays.  
 Thus the Fair *RACHEL* \* heretofore,  
 The Doating Fools did all adore,

---

\* The young Gentlewoman mention'd before in *The Advice to the Bachelors*, with whom the Author of this Satyr was so Passionately in Love.

With Tarnish'd Beauty now does shine,  
 And from her once bright Height decline.  
 She don't a Glimmering Passion raise,  
 Whose Eyes cou'd kill in former Days:  
*Her very Tail exceeded Praise!*  
 Who then wou'd Build on such weak Ground,  
 Whose very Bottom is unfound?  
 Or fix the Height of his Dear Bliss  
 On such a WHIM as Woman is?  
 And if she's Young, ('tis still the worse)  
 Her Beauty often proves her Curse.  
 Virgins so stray, and love to kiss,  
 Their very Tail's——— *A Rod in Piss.*  
 Sure Doating Fool he may be thought,  
 That is with Tinsel'd Beautys caught.  
 Its Killing Power in Fancy lies;  
 Let that but fade and Beauty dies.

Or Foolish Youth, is't Gay Attire  
 That makes thee Doat so and admire?  
 All Eyes will shine. and cast a Light,  
 Where Art and Nature makes them Bright.  
*A Virgin's Tail's a Cheating Sight.*  
 A Maid——— in all her Glitt'ring Art,  
 Is of her self the smallest Part.  
 Of all the Charms that Grace the Dame,  
 The largest Share her Robes will claim.  
 So the Stage Queens in Plays look fine,  
 When by false Lights their Beautys shine;  
 But when, *Bold Whores*, undress'd they are,  
 With Ruful Forms the *Punks* do scare.  
 Ranfack her Chamber, there you'll find  
 (Except her Tail has struck thee Blind)  
 Such Sights as will disgust your Mind.  
 Here *Padded Stays*, there *Fucus* stands,  
 With other Sights t' offend thee Man!  
 Mark but her *Pliz* before she rise,  
 Before her Paint does cheat your Eyes.  
 Your GODDESS will your Stomach turn,  
 And you'll grow cold that once did Burn.  
 Cursing your Folly, you'll confess  
 You Doated on a Gawdy Dress.  
 The Devil strangely does prevail  
 In the *She* or *Maiden Tail!*  
 For ev'ry Thing you Doat upon  
 On Virgins, when they Dress for Men,  
 Is either Painted, Bought, or Stol'n.



Wou'd you not think that *seeming Feature*  
 Were indeed a Living Creature?  
 You'd think it *Hair, Eyes Teeth and Nose,*  
 And those her *Legs* on which she goes.  
 That her own *Look,* and that her *Face;*  
 But I cou'd send you to the Place  
 Where all these *Toys* were bought, and she  
 Has nothing her own but *Vanity.* }  
 Her *Dress* and *Tail's* all **PLAGIARY!**  
 Those *Stars* that cast so great a *Light,*  
 Are shut into a *Box* at *Night.*  
 Her *Nose*—— (like a **PORTCULLIS,** where  
 The God of War keeps all in *Fear*)  
 By *Artful Surgeons* is let down,  
 No *Air* breaths through that *stinking Room.*  
 Nought issues out until the *Bell*  
 At *Ten a Clock* does summon *Nell,*  
 Her *Chamber-maid,* and *Nelly* strait  
 Draws the **PORTCULLIS,** opens ev'ry *Gate.*  
 Let's loose the common **SEWER** of her *Brain,*  
 Which like a *Jakes,* or *Sink,* had lain.  
 Her *Rump* and *Merkin* too, it's said,  
 Each *Night's* committed to her *Maid.*  
 These are the **ARTS** of *Virgin Tail,*  
 When first they *Tempt* and *Dress* for *Sale.*  
 This *Whining Fool*—— you must endure,  
 If *Love-sick,* and you'd have a *Cure.*

But since 'tis hard (or *Death*) to part, }  
 And tear a **MISTRESS** from one's *Heart,*  
 Whose *Tail* has *Charm'd* with so much *Art;* }  
 That you may further hate her *Sex,*  
 Search out how many *Ways* she'll vex:  
 For *Tail* en't all a *Virgin's Evil,* }  
 For tho' you *Court* on '*Count* that's *Civil,*  
 Your **MISTRESS** she will play the *Devil.* }  
 One *Day* she's sullen, dull and *sad,*  
 The next she's merry, gay and *fad;*  
 (And then her *Tail* it loves to *gad.*) }  
 Observe her close deceitful *Wives,*  
 Her *Jilting Humours,* *Tempting Smiles;*  
 Her *Loffy Looks,* and *Peevish Scorn,*  
 Which in your **COURTING-HOURS** are born!  
 Then waste no *Time* i' th' *Doying Trade,*  
 And be the *Jest* of *Madam's Maid.*  
 Fancy her *Lewd,* tho' she deny }  
 Her *Hand,* and with *Affected Eye,*  
 Crys *Pub!* —— her *Tail* gives this the *Lye.* }

Yours

Your Back once turn'd, the Wanton-Fair  
 Assumes her old Intriguing Air;  
 Laughs out, and turns to Ridicule  
 The Courtship of her Doating Fool.  
 Then mask'd she drives it in the Dark,  
 To meet her Favour'd (Midnight) Spark;  
 For few Turn Tail, nay scarce will speak,  
 If Wine, or Money, do but speak.  
 What Virgin Tail, or Eye so bold,  
 To stand the Shot, or Blaze, of Gold?  
 How oft has one Pure Maid bin Sold?

And there be Tails (tho' very few)  
 Who pass for Pure Virgins too;  
 That do Transgress as much as those  
 Who fill their Lovers, Pox the Beaus.  
 The KEEPING-LADYS here I mean,  
 Whose Goatish Tails are so unclean,  
 They buy their Hell, do purchase Lust,  
 And are of Prostitutes the worst.  
 They'll Swear (perhaps) that they are Pure,  
 That none but Needy Strumpets Whore:  
 That such do scarce of Crack partake,  
 Who only Whore for Whoring Sake.  
 If they do Whore 'tis with a Friend;  
 They take no Money, (rather lend)  
 Turn Tail to Tail, and there's an End.  
 An End! No, Goats, take this from me,  
 There is no End of L———.

A Whorish Thought, a Lustful Eye,  
 And all Preposterous Venerary,  
 Is Down-right Heart Adultery.\*

Perhaps you'll say I don't do well  
 To charge the Maids in General,  
 As if all Tails Rid Post to Hell.  
 Alas! most Virgins are the same,  
 They differ but in Face and Name:  
 So early Lewd, it may be said,  
 That they scarce had a Maiden-head!  
 Did this NEW HINT but once prevail,  
 The Old Procuring Trade wou'd fail,  
 We shou'd so hate a Virgin Tail.  
 For what we Doat on is a Woman,  
 A Maid——— (if she be so that's Common.)  
 Yet Doat we must when we approve,  
 There's no Dislike in Doating Love;

\* Mat. 5. 28.

Be our MISTRESS Short, or Tall,  
 And much Distorted therewithall.  
 Or what if she be one of those  
 That *Half an Acre* hath of Nose :  
 What if her *Forehead* and her *Eyes*  
 Be full of *Incongruities* ?  
 Or were her Lips ill hung, or set,  
 And all her Grinders Black as Jet !  
 Be she *Whore*, or be she *Chaste*,  
 Does she gorge, or does she fast,  
 Has she a *Tail*, or has she none,  
 She is to us a PARAGON.  
 If this be Love, (as 'tis I guess)  
 Some Doat to such a mad Excess,  
 Nothing but *Tail* can make it less.  
 By *Tail* I mean that *Rampant Mass*  
 That sends our very Calves to Grass.  
 That *Tempting Rump*, that meer Decoy,  
 That wasts our Strength to give us Joy.  
 The *Virgin Tail* is a *Lantern* !  
 And *Marriage* is but *Honey-Moon*.  
 The *Virgin Tail* is so Accurst,  
 Enjoyment ne'er did cure Lust ;  
 Fruition, with Fruition's burst.  
 Yet Dotage is a growing Evil ;  
 Nay, Dotage sure is the Devil.  
 In Paradise he made his Suit,  
 And Doated 'till Eve eat the Fruit.  
 And ever since that *Doating Match*,  
 All *Virgin Tails* have got the Itch.  
 Nor are their Flames to Man confin'd,  
 But raging, seize on their own Kind.  
 Men's kissing Men — has brought such Harms,  
 Their Love Springs now from Female Charms,  
 And Man they mimic in each others Arms.  
 And here such Deeds remain untold,  
 Too gross for modest Ears to hold.  
 Cou'd you but hear the *Fine Harangue*  
 In Private, to the Female Gang,  
 The Blood into your Cheeks wou'd rush,  
 And *Cresswell* (were the living) blush.  
 The Thoughts of this shou'd make us fly  
 The *Virgin Tail* — 'Tis *Venerary*.  
 Love that is Chaste, is Love in Truth,  
 But where's the SHE that's Chaste in Youth ?  
 Then never Doat, as *Udale* sings,  
 Upon a *Virgin Tail* : It stings.  
 What tho' she's made of *Finer Mold* ?  
 She's either *Foolish*, *Whore*, or *Scold*.

Women were destin'd to obey,  
 Men condescend where Women sway.  
 Man is their Lord, and if he Doat,  
 The Breeches kneel to th' Petticoat——

Then, Doating Fool, suspect that Tail,  
 Where Youth, and Beauty, Dress for Sale,  
 Let Virgins Pine, and gnaw the Sheets,  
 Insult their Gold and Tempting B——ch.  
 Despise their Charms, (they will grow Old)  
 And after Conquest still be Bold.  
 Souls bent the Force of Love Despise,  
 For Cupid if resisted flies,

But Maids ben't all that Dress for Sale,  
 For WIDOWS too mount up the Tail;  
 For that must COURT if Money fail. }  
 Some Widows tear off all their Hair,  
 And seem the Emblem of Despair.  
 Her Kindred think some mighty Matter  
 Is meant by all these Tears and Clatter;  
 When her whole Mourning's but a Cheat:  
 She only weeps when others see't.  
 Her Sorrows to her Hopes give Place,  
 She now Projects some New Embrace.  
 E're Spouse can in the Grave be laid,  
 Her Thoughts are of a Bridal-Bed.  
 Why else is RUMP so magnify'd,  
 (That's made to mourn so Big and Wide? )  
 Her Tail is round with Sables pin'd, }  
 But still her Lust is unconfin'd.  
 See't mourning in her Tail behind.  
 On Widow now this BILL is set,  
 Here is a House that won'd be let.  
 A Maiden's Virtue may be Sense,  
 But who e're heard of Widow's Continnence?

1.  
 Nay, Dry (for Shame) those Blubber'd Eyes,  
 And cease to sigh that Breath away.  
 Fates are not mov'd with Tears and Cries,  
 Nor Formal Sighs as vain as they.  
 Joys are not Joys that always stay,  
 And Constant Pleasures don't delight but cloy.

2.  
 Though he be gone that was your Dear,  
 Must you for ever mourn and pine?  
 The Sun that's Buried the last Year,  
 Does now in Newer Glory shine.  
 Your Nuptial Joys and Pleasures be  
 Not Dead, but only Inherited by me.

3.

Hymen's an Artist, and can do  
 The next Time better than before.  
 Giants great Heights can reach unto,  
 But on their Shoulders Dwarfs reach more:  
 Men more Refin'd do Daily grow,  
 The nearer to Divinity they go.

4.

Then don't (my Dear) thy Heart confue  
 To one whose Being's past away,  
 And make me with Desires to pine,  
 Whilst he must glut that can't enjoy.  
 Love's stifled when it is confin'd  
 To this or that; its Object is Mankind.

Few Widows will such Truths reveal,  
 But 'tis the Language of their Tail:  
 Why else is't dress'd so high for Sale?

}

And full as frightful to my Arms  
 Is an OLD MAID depriv'd of Charms.  
 For tho' she's vain, and thinks to please,  
 (By setting Tail in LITTLE-EASE,  
 Yet Fifty's an Incurable Disease!  
 Oh! with what Pleasure she'll relate,  
 (Like NOBBS, the Wars of 48)  
 What fine young Sparks her Servants were,  
 And how she kill'd them with Despair:  
 How that her Virtue was above  
 Their Praise, and they beneath her Love.  
 Her Virtue, 'tis her Canting Stile,  
 'Twas PRIDE preserv'd her all the while.  
 Pure Virtue is a Virgin's Crown,  
 But PRIDE 'tis keeps their Linnen down.  
 They are Gay, then Dull, then Common;  
 There is no Riddle but a Woman.

}

But lest the THORN-BACK shou'd aver,  
 I'm partial in my Lashing her,  
 I'll touch some Tails as old as she,  
 (I mean the CRONES of Eighty Three)  
 And having touch'd their Tail and Mein,  
 To THORN-BACK I'll return agen.

I cou'd here take a large Survey  
 And shew how Tails lead Men astray,  
 That now are Old, but will be Gay.  
 But each Fond Lover, with his Muse,  
 Will still his Mistress Tail excuse:  
 For is his Mistress Ugly thought,  
 And in her Tail has got a Blot,  
 She's still his Goddess, and what not?

}

}

If she with Spots be Larded o're,  
*Tush, Venus had a Mole before!*  
 If Foolish, Innocent she is;  
 Nay, her meer Spight is sure to please.  
 If Tawdry, she is Modish thought;  
*Love makes a Venus of a Slut.*  
 If old, AGE for Respect does call:  
 Has she but Money she has all.  
*Great Riches makes a youthful Tail,*  
 For such may Wed tho' ne're so stale.  
*Gold Heaps* does ev'n Youth restore,  
 For such may Wed at Fourscore.  
*Maids* that are Rich are never Old:  
*In Spouse the Cream o' th' Jest is Gold.*

Old Grannums too, who one wou'd think  
 Stood just on Life's Extreamest Brink,  
 In Spight of Nature will be Young,  
 At Church, or where they use to Throng.  
*If Venus Capers in their Tail,*  
 Then strait their Love grows Conjugat:  
 And now tho' they are Fourscore,  
 (If you their *Wedding Boys*, deplore)  
 They'll cry— *What, wou'd you have me Whore?*  
 They are at *Balls* with Laughter seen,  
*Dress'd just like Girls of Seventeen.*  
 Oh! ——— with what a Charming Grace  
 That *Fine Settee* becomes a *Wainscot Face!*  
 How *Shipton* looks dress'd up in *Point!*  
 For such she is, tho' she anoint  
*Her Tail with Beaus, and Face with Paint.*  
 See how she looks, how Plump and Clear!  
 Yet all can't hide her *Fourscore Year:*  
 But so much LUST lies in the *Tail,*  
 As AGE it self can never quail.  
 For *Grannum* seeks to cheat the Eye,  
*And hide her Years by Mimickry.*

Imagine now from *Play* return'd  
 The *Thorn-back* I before did spurn:  
 Suppose her vex'd at what she did,  
 And now prepares to go to Bed;  
 (For *Old Maids* have a *Sleepy Head.*)  
*Her Locks* (mistaken for her own)  
 Are strait upon her *Toilet* thrown:  
 Next her *Glass Eye* put in a *Box,*  
 With *Iv'ry Teeth* which has no *Pox,*  
 (For *Old Maids* are a *Paradox.*)

Her Bodice which her BUNCH did hide,  
*Are with her B——cks laid aside.*

Thus she, whose Tail an Hour ago,  
 Did like a Very MOUNTAIN show,  
 Slides into Sheets, where we must fix her  
*Of Pride and Lust an equal Mixture.*  
 Nor do I wrong her in the least,  
 For *Virgin Tails* do so Transgress,  
*Old Maids are all a perfect Jest.*

Now Tail on whom we lay this Blame,  
 Which so enclines to act our Shame;  
*E'en in Fruition fobs our Gains,*  
 And with short Pleasure baulks our Pains.  
 Nauseous the Bliss, a Fulsome Toy,  
 Which we regret while we enjoy.

“ *So Trifling there's no Comfort in it;*  
 “ *'Tis thought and finish'd in a Minute.*  
 “ *'Tis like a String screw'd up with Hast,*  
 “ *It breaks, and is too fine to last.*  
 “ *Poor Mortals, your sublimest Joy*  
 “ *Preys on it self, and does it self destroy.*  
 And when the EAGER SPORT is o're,  
 We lie like Fishes gasping on the Shore.

Oh BUM! most Rigid are thy Laws,  
 Since blindly thus we Dive for Joys.  
 We well may blame those Parts are hidden,  
 (Tho' thought the best) *because Forbidden.*  
 Then who without Amazement can  
 Survey that Precipice of Man,  
 If *Woman's Tail* (alone) can Damn!

There is a Tail that's yet behind,  
 That I shou'd Touch in Womankind;  
 But 'tis so Pox'd, and so unjust,  
 I dare not give——— *this Tail a Touch.*  
 The *Brimstone Whore* I here Arraign,  
 Who's perfect Beast, and perfect Mange,  
 A NIGHT-WALKER—— we do her call,\*  
 But in the DAY she'll backwards fall.  
 She is a Prostitute to all.

\* She also goes by the Genteel Name of MISS. Of which  
 take this short Account.

MISS is a well Bred Name, which the Civility of the pre-  
 sent Age bestows upon one, who by the Ill Nature and In-  
 decency of former Times, was stil'd *Whore* and *Strumpet.*  
 She's a Chearful Companion for a young Squire, or a Gentle-  
 man,

She acts the Devil in her Lust,  
 She is so Lewd, and so Accurst,  
*Her Very Tail's a Succubus.* }  
*Chaste Tails* we safely may caress,  
 That strut it in a *Paper Dress*;  
 But for the *Tails* that ply for Hire,  
*They are perfect Brimstone, mix'd with Fire.*  
 The Common Whore's ——— *An Hospital:*  
*She must be Pox'd that lies with all.*

man, that's over-grown in the Purse: She differs pretty much from a Common Prostitute, and your Night-Walker; tho' which of 'em is the greater Sinner, seems hard to determine. So long as her Credit and her Charms are current, she deals by Wholesale: But upon the Decay of these, thro' Use, and the Length of Time, she enlarges her Acquaintance, and Bargains her self away by Retail, to all Comers, for Half Crowns, a Pair of Gloves, &c. She's the proper Business of Gallants, the Citizen's Diversion, an Estate in Fee Tail for a Lawyer, a necessary Experiment for young Doctors and Chyrurgions, and a comfortable Importance for the P——ns. Her Rise is frequently from a Waiting-Woman to my Lady; where the Coach-man, the Foot-Boy, and perhaps the —— are oblig'd in their Turns, 'till Nature improves upon the Game, then she rubs off, with what Terms she can make, and takes a Garret in C——nt G——n, or D——ry-Lane, for 1 s. 6 d. per Week; 'till she brings forth the new Piece of Humane Nature, and with the utmost Providence, puts it off in a Hand-Basket, to the Care of the Parish. Old Scores thus wip'd off, and her Conscience discharg'd, she begins to lay a new Scheme of Life. She Paints and Patches, keeps her Lips Fresh with Vermilion, learns to languish with her Eyes, and to flatter with her Fan; she studys Plays, and Romances, and you'll meet her without Fail at the Play-House, when the Fifth Act is begun; because Entrance may be had, when the Play is far run, upon reasonable Terms. The first Game that offers, finds her wonderfully squeamish, she makes infinite Pretences to Honour and Conscience, but the Proposal of Articles quite ruins her, she melts down apace, and swears how dearly she loves him. The Flag thus hung out, and the Surrender agreed upon, why then—— The next Visit he makes, she's all out of Humour, she wants such a Head-Dress, something or other in Furbelow, and then, she's so much indebted to be sure: In short, she rings the Changes upon his Estate, 'till 'tis sunk; and his Credit suspected, and then she discards. She renews her Intreagues to the best Advantage she's able, 'till Diseases come on, with which she may struggle some Years, like a disabl'd Privateer, that has received many



Nay, had the Devil bin her CULLY,  
 She cou'd not act a Lewder Folly.  
 She'll stare, then kifs, then Backwards fall,  
 And acts the Song of—— *Up Tails all.*  
 She is not squeamish in Amour,  
 She'll lie with Man, with Dog, with Boar.  
 Who gives her most is valu'd best,  
*If it be either Man, or Beast.*  
 But yet she's cheap in L——ry,  
*For Two Pence wet and Two Pence dry*  
 Will make the stoutest Crack comply,  
 That does in Street or Brothel ply.  
 She-Whore's for Riches, and wou'd thrive,  
 But is the poorest Slave alive.  
*The Night-Walker scarce Earns her Breath,*  
 Her Trade's a sort of **POCKY DEATH.**  
 Yet nothing Tempts like Womankind,  
 When she to Lewdness is enclin'd;  
 Or does expose to open View  
 Her **NAKED TAIL**, and *Honour* too.  
 Grave *SENECA* cou'd scarce refine  
 His **MORALS** from a Whore, and Wine.  
*Two Naked Strumpets were his Bane.\**  
 The **Bloody J——ries** on the Bench,  
 (When Life and Death were in Suspence)  
*Wou'd Leer upon a pretty Wench.*  
 Then *Naked Breasts* we shou'd deplore:  
 When they *Heave up* so high before,  
 They speak thus—— *Here, Sir, is a Whore.*  
 For why shou'd *Cracks* thus Tempt the Men  
 With *Naked Breasts* and *Charming Skin*?  
 But that they know we love the Sin.  
 By these their *Artful Nudities*,  
 The Common Whores do Tempt to Vice  
 Unwary Youth, and some more wise.  
 By *Tail*, and by their Tempting Look,  
 They draw the Lawyer from his **COKE**,  
 And ev'n Hermits from their Book.

\* See L' Est-  
 range's Pre-  
 face to Seneca's  
 Morals.

many Shots between *Wind* and *Water*, she's oblig'd to put in frequently at *Epsom*, or *Tunbridge*, where she gets her Bottom rented; but at last, Nature sinks, and she's thrown in an *Hospital*, too abominable to be Touch'd with any Thing but a Pair of Tongs, or a Rescue; where, if she has Time, she usually wants a heart for Repentance.

# Touch at the LADY'S TAILS. 25

For few have kept their Conscience pure,  
 Where Tail and Nakedness allure :  
*A Strumpet's Tail's a Common-sore.*  
 Her Naked Arms and Whorish Mein,  
 Have conquer'd Good and Learned Men.  
 Ev'n Pious *Randolph* thus did speak. \*  
 " I once a Country-Walk did take,  
 " (*Perchance for Meditation sake*)  
 " Where I Six Virgins chance to find,  
 " Stark Naked, Beautiful and Kind,  
 " (*Streight all Things else were out of Mind.*)  
 " but being Modest, Kind, and Young,  
 " I found their Cloaths and ty'd them on :  
 " Then with them to the Tavern went,  
 " Where Tails were dress'd and Money spent,  
 But how all Night they sport and play,  
 Pardon my MUSE, I dare not say,  
 For all have one Time run astray. †  
 But Sirs—— who can enough deplore  
 That Fatal Gulph—— *A Common Whore?*  
 Who knows her Arts of drawing in?  
 (*And Tail's made Broker to the Sin.*)  
 Then to the Hospital bequeath her,  
 'Tis there we found her, there we leave her.

}  
 } \* See his  
 } Book of Po-  
 } ems, writ while  
 } he liv'd in  
 } Cambridge.

}  
 } † *Semel in-*  
 } *sanivimus om-*  
 } *nes.*

The BAWD, who's past her Whoring much,  
 Is the next Tail I here shou'd Touch :  
 But she so stinks, and is so Old,  
 I scarce dare Touch her with a Pole.  
 But since her Tail has bin the Gin,  
 To teach young Virgins how to Sin ;  
 To WHORE—— (*I blush to name the Crime.*) }  
 I'll venture here to be so kind  
 As just to Touch her Tail behind.  
 That's I'll here write her Epitaph,  
 For she's so Pox'd, she now does rot.

}  
 }

1.  
*Here lies beneath this Marble Stone,  
 The strangest Tail that e're was known ;  
 It rots above, and under Ground.*

2.  
*The Mem'ry of this Carted Bawd  
 Did Rot e're since she was Interr'd :  
 And here her Tail lies Rotten Dead.*

3.  
*She liv'd on Earth a Constant Wretch,  
 A Whore when young, a Bawd in Age ;  
 And now Damnation is her Stage.*