

A  
**FROLICK**  
TO  
**HORN-FAIR.**

With a WALK from  
**CUCKOLD'S-POINT**  
THRO'  
**Deptford and Greenwich.**



LONDON, Printed and Sold by *J. How*, in the *Ram-Head-  
Inn-Yard in Fenchurch-Street*, 1700.

334  
Books Sold by J. How, in the Ram-Head-Inn-Yard in Fanchurch-Street; J. Weld, at the Crown between the Temple-Gates in Fleet-street; and Mrs. Fabian, at Mercers-Chappel in Cheap-side.

1. **S**ot's Paradise: Or the Humours of a Derby-Ale-House: With a Satyr upon the Ale. Price Six Pence.
2. A Trip to *Jamaica*: With a True Character of the People and Island. Price Six Pence.
3. *Eclesia & Factio*. A Dialogue between *Box-Steeples-Dragon*, and the *Exchange-Grasshopper*. Price Six Pence.
4. The Poet's Ramble after Riches. With Reflections upon a Country Corporation. Also the Author's Lamentation in the time of Adversity. Price Six Pence.
5. The London Spy, the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, and Eleventh Parts. To be Continued *Monthly*. Price Six Pence Each.
6. A Trip to *New-England*. With a Character of the Country and People, both English and Indians. Price Six Pence.
7. Modern Religion and Ancient Loyalty: A Dialogue, Price Six Pence.
8. The World Bewitch'd. A Dialogue between Two Astrologers and the Author. With Infallible Predictions of what will happen in this Present Year, 1699. From the *Vices* and *Villanes* Practis'd in *Court*, *City* and *Country*. Price Six Pence.
9. A Walk to *Islington*: With a Description of New *Tunbridge-Wells*, and *Sadler's Musick-House*. Price Six Pence.
10. The Humours of a Coffee-House: A Comedy. Price Six Pence.

All Written by the same Author.

( 3 )

---

A

# FROOLICK

TO

## HORN-FAIR.

**W**HEN the near approach of *Horn-Fair* had Conjur'd up the Spirit of *Cuckoldome* in the Dissatisfied Minds of abundance of *City-Wives*, who have Just Reason to Complain of the Unkind Usage, and slender Performances of either their *Drowsie, Lazy, Morose, Inefficient, or Superannuated Husbands*, I happen'd (from the Hands of a frowful young Lady, who had griev'd for some time under the *Weakness* and *Imbecility* of an *Infirm Husband*) to receive this following *SUMMONS*, to attend her Person to *Charlton*, on the 18th of *October*, in order to Redress those Intolerable Grievances, which she wanted in all Love to exhibit unto me.

S I R,

*As it is a Duty Incumbent upon all Batchelors, to supply the Defects of their own Sex, who knowing their Deficiencies, have, contrary to the Laws of Nature and Sound Reason, bound themselves For ever and Aye, in the mutual and Indissoluble Tye of For better or for worse: I having just grounds of Complaint, in these my Juvenal Years, of the great and many Impediments on my Husbands part, which give me a Just and Unquestionable Title to your Aid and Assistance; and as Procreation is the Main End of Wedlock, and I, by the Infirmities of my Lawful and Well-belov'd Spouse, being in a great Measure depriv'd of the Wholesome, Delectable, and Indearing Means thereof, having full and true Desire of Compleatly answering my Duty, according to the known Laws of our Creation, That is, to do good in my Generation, and raise Seed to the World as may prove a Blessing to Posterity. I do therefore, by Virtue of this Summons, strictly Charge and Require you to meet me on the 18th of this Instant, by Nine of the Clock in the Morning, at the Mermaid-Tavern at Billingsgate, there to Drink Canary, and Eat Oysters, till Eleven; Then to take Boat and Land at Cuckolds-Point; and from thence (according to the Ancient and Laudable Custome of the Corniferous Society, and in pursuance of their Orders) to Walk from thence thro' Deptford and Greenwich to Horn-Fair, there to receive a Horn Fairing, as a Token of one Tears Friendship, which you are Carefully to Maintain and Preserve with all Love, Constancy, and Industry, till that Day Twelve-month, with that Uncomfortable She, from whose kind Hand you shall receive the Present: Having full Power given you, from that time, over*  
her

her own Body and her Husbands Goods, so far as they can be Clandestinely Converted, without discovery, to your Good Use and Benefit.

Therefore Fail not to give your Personal Appearance at the Time and Place, aforesaid, under a Weeks reserve, Lustily Fed, and well Account'd, as you will hazard the Revenge of a Desirous Woman, whose Name is under Written.

E-- F--

You Cannot but Imagine I Read the *Summons*, it being from a pretty Woman, with a little more satisfaction than a London-Prentice does his *Sundays Chapter*, or a Married Man that Intercepts a *Love-Letter* to his Wife; infomuch that I thought my self very highly Obliged to answer the Demands of the Fair Lady, yet could not forbear Reflecting on the Conjugal Vows she was under, and how far I must be guilty of the same Crime, in submitting to her Unlawful Desires, which I thought might as well spring from her own Exorbitant Concupiscence, as any Just Reasons she had to Complain of her *Bedfellow's Incapacity*. Labouring for some time under these Strugglings of Conscience, at last I bethought my self of an Old Story, which remov'd my Scruples, and restor'd me to my former Resolution of Pursuing the Intrigue. And that you may not be Unacquainted with this Balsamick Tale, so Excellent for Strengthening a Weak and Tender Conscience, I have here given it by the Way; in hopes not to Corrupt the Reader, but to make him Merry.

A Bachelor Gentleman, of Good Estate, desiring, thro' Covetousness, to encrease his Riches, apply'd himself to a Young Lady of Great Fortune; and notwithstanding his Estate was somewhat inferiour to her Portion, yet the Comeliness of his Person, and his Engaging Accomplishments soon prevail'd upon the Lady to become his Bride, who having nothing before her Eyes but the Prospect of a Happy Life, and the Comfortable Embraces of a Gentleman of Sweet Temper, Affable Behaviour, incomparable Wit, and Excellent Proportion, infomuch she gave him but very little Trouble to bring his Design to its propos'd Issue: So that they were soon Married, and Bedded accordingly, with all the Solemnities and Formalities of a Publick Nuptial. But as soon as the Frolicsome Company had quitted the Bridal Chamber, the Gentleman in his Minority having reciev'd a Kick from a Horse, which Occasion'd his Castration, was render'd incapable of gratifying the Expectancies of his Panting Bride, Concluding it the best Way to Discover his Infirmities, and put her past the thought of what is Natural in such a Case for the most Modest Woman to expect, which he accordingly discover'd, but with as much Art and Rhetorick as was possible to be us'd, to take off the Impression of so great a Disappointment, telling her, That tho himself was Impotent, he would grant her the Liberty of making good his Deficiency to herself, by choosing any other Person to be her Confidant, that should be most agreeable to her own Inclinations. The Young Lady fearing this might be some Trick of her Husbands to sst whether any other Person had any share in her Affections, made a Jest of his Discovery, and suspend'd her Choice till after a further time of Consideration: But found at last she was brought in Good-Earnest into this Misfortune; and being not a little Uneasy under this Intolerable Disappointment, began to be thoughtfully intent upon the freedom that was given her by her Impotent Bridegroom: And observing his Butler to be a handsome Jolly Young Fellow, Looking as if he was well Qualified for so pleasing a Task, infomuch that she resolv'd to pitch upon him to supply the Deficiency of her Unhappy Husband, and accordingly acquaints him with what Choice she had made; with which the Gentleman seem'd very well contented; and sending for his Butler into his Closet, inform'd him of the whole Affair, with all its Circumstances; telling him he would allow him

an Hundred Pounds a Year, as long as he would take Care, thro' Secresie and Prudence, to prevent any Disreputation that otherways might by his carelesse fall upon the Family. The Butler, over-joy'd at this Proposal, made so many fair Promises and Protestations, that the Master was well Satisfied, and thought him a proper Confidant for his purpose: So accordingly Lodg'd him in a Room near his own Bed-chamber, that his Lady without Danger of Detection, might change her Bedfellow as often as her Inclinations led her. This Good-Natur'd Liberty of the Gentlemans was mutually enjoy'd, between his Wife and his Servant, for a considerable time, without either Discovery or Mistrust; till at last, the Lady on a Summers day, having added an unusual Warmth to her youthful Desires by a Glass or two of Rich Wine at Dinner, above her ordinary Custome, went into the Buttery, where the Butler was alone in the Afternoon, taking a Lazy Nap to indulge his Idleness. The Lady shutting the Door, awak'd her Gallant, and soon made him sensible, by intelligible Signs, of what her Ladyship wanted.

He rubbing his Eyes, and speedily understanding her Meaning by her Gaping, laid her down with a Finger and a Thumb, upon a Lolling Convenience, in Order to Oblige her: In which Interim, the Chaplain being dry after his Dinner, came to the Buttery Door, and knock'd for Admittance into the Cellar. The Butler being too deeply Engag'd to answer, the Parson Judg'd by his Silence, he was making much of some of his Friends in Private; and having a mind to be Satisfied, peep'd thro' the Key-hole, and beheld with the Eyes of Truth, the sad Shame and Dishonour his Lady and the Butler, by the Instigations of the Devil, had brought upon the Family; and immediately Runs open-mouth'd to his Patron, and acquaints him, with a Sorowful Countenance, by what a Providential Accident he had stood Pimp to his Ladies Debauchery, setting forth the Villany and Treachery of his Servant in thus abusing of him.

The Gentleman being concern'd at their Imprudence, to be thus Foolishly detected, had no way left to excuse the Matter, but to tell the Truth, and discover his own Infirmity; also that it was done by his Inducement and Permission; and that he allow'd the Butler a hundred pounds per Annum to recompence his Diligence, and enjoy him to Secresie. Lord, Sir, says the Chaplain, Why would you not employ me? I'd have done it for Fifty with all my Heart, and have Read Prayers Twice a Day into the Bargain.

I rightly applying the Moral of this Story, rid my Conscience of those Doubts and Fears that would otherwise have retarded me from embracing so fair an Opportunity; that I began now to query with my self, which was the most inexcusable Fault, to commit the Sin, or disoblige the Lady; and remembering Ingratitude to be stil'd the worst of Crimes, and that to disoblige a pretty Woman in distrefs, and slight her Favours so generously thrown upon me, was Ingratitude; I soon reason'd my self into a compliance with my Mistress in Elect's Desires; and took up a sturdy Resolution of meeting my bold Challenger at the Place appointed.

When the happy Morning came, and nothing but Cuckold-makers, Cuckoldame, Cuckolds, and Horn-Fair, were the common discourses of every Sober Citizen to his next Neighbour, as soon as the Shops were open'd, I getting up an Hour before my time, had recourse to the Barbers, that my Face and Perriwig might not want the Advantages of his nice management, but have all the Effeminate Improvement of Powder, Washball and Perfume, that I might be as Fragrant to my Mistresses Noftrills, as a Bermoodoes Breez, and smell as Odiferous as any sweet-Bag.

B

When

When I was thus Wash'd, Curl'd, and Comb'd, like any Ladies Lap-Deg; and after I had spent as much time in Dressing, as a *Merchant's Wife* on a Sunday before *Church-time*, I did at last judge by my Glass I was a very compleat Figure to make an Amour, tho' to a squeamish Lady. My Shoes were as black as *Spanish-Balls* could make 'em, and Shin'd like a Physicians Ebony Cane new rub'd upon a Visit to an Alderman. My Stockins were garter'd up as tite as a *Boot* upon a *Lass*, and stuck as close to my *Calves* as a *Bag* to a *Boild-Pudding*. My Garters being as hard girted as a *Fillet* bound for Bleeding, that I did more pennance than a Man half Throated to be prick'd in the Jugular. My Knees hoop'd round with Rowles, turn'd up with that exactness, that a *Wedding Ring* upon a Citizens Wives *Thumb*, could no ways fit more precisely Regular. My *Breeches* stuck so close to the Ignoblest of my Flesh, that I durst not Stride an Inch beyond the given bounds of my Taylor, without the danger of a Rent; and when I came to a broad Kennel I was forc'd to Wade thro, because I could not venture to step over without Damage. My Coat was Cut *All-à-mode à la Patee*, with Skirts not much longer than those of a *Water-mans Jacket*. My *Linnen* was made by an *Inns-of-Court-Sempstress*, and was Digitiz'd with her *Handle-Bauble* Fingers, into as much Formality as a Ladies *Head-Dress*. My *Wig*, like the rest of the Fools, was so woundily be-Powder'd, that whenever the Wind sat in my Face, it endanger'd the Eyes of him that walk'd behind me. Which procur'd me as many *Curses* in a Day, as a Good Man has *Prayers* for his Charity. My *Hat* was in the *Mathematical Cook*, with the Brims tuck'd up to the Crown, into an exact Triangle. My *Gloves* were right *Coriivant*, and stunk so of *Muscovy Cats-Turd*, that Persons subject to Vapours started from me as I walk'd (like a *Beau* from a *Chimney-Sweeper*) for fear of being Suffocated. Thus equip'd according to the Nice Rules of Poppery and Courtship, I went along, Curling the Rudeness of the Wind, that at every Street's Corner ruffled the Curles of my Wig into some disorder, being forc'd to give as many stroaks to each Bushy side as a *Milk-Woman* does to a *Cows Teat* at a Meal, to reduce the stragling Hairs into their proper Places: Till at last, with a Panting Heart, like a dispirited Lover, I came to the Place appointed; where, with as much Courage as I could Summon together, I ask'd for my Lady, who was not yet come. I thinking it my Duty to wait, rather than hers, it made me Careful to be something Earlier than the Time prefix'd, to manifest my Diligence, as well as the eager Desires I had to her Dear Company. I bid 'em show me a Room, and then call'd for a Pint of *Canary*, as the most Amorous Cordial I could think on, over which, I sat near half an hour, sometimes *Disheartening* my self with the thoughts of being *Filid*, than *Comforting* my self up with the assurance of her *Sincerity*, from some little knowledge I had of her Person. At last, to remove my Doubts and Jealousies, in steps my Lady, Dress'd up with as much Art, as if all the *Tyre-Women* in both *Exchanges* had been her *Chamber-Maids*. But, to tell you the Truth on't, finding her no more afraid of Tumbling her *Pinnars*, than I was of Rumping my *Cravat*, our greeting was so mutually kind and satisfactory, That it would have made the Readers Heart go *Pit-a-Pat* to have seen our Loving Salutation. She begging Pardon for her Presumption, and desiring my good Construction of the Freedom she had taken. I answering her in a familiar Dialect, That her Company was the only Happiness I had long

Coveted;

Coveted; and had not the *Conjugal Obligations* she lay under frighted me from Discovering my Love, she long before now should have receiv'd sufficient Testimonies of my unextinguishable Affections; or had I in the least known the just Reasons she had to withdraw her Friendship, and alienate that *Beauty* and *Delight* remaining in her Dear self from her *Marriage-Bed*, no Addresses and Importunities should have been wanting from her humble Servant, to have happily supply'd those Impotencies, which, according to the Laws both Divine and Humane, she might Modestly Compain of.

In such a sort of Amorous Discourses, we express'd the Impatient Desires of each other. I well knowing nothing takes more with the *Fair-Sex*, under these Circumstances, than to put a Gloss upon the Iniquity. For he that has but the true Knack of extenuating a Crime, will have no great difficulty in drawing those to the Guilt, who give Credit to his Doctrine. Having now, by a few Love-Toys, and Light Expressions, together with the assistance of the Wine, introduc'd a little Familiarity, we agreed upon a Dish of Fish, that we might fortifie our Stomachs against the Cold Breezes we must expect upon the Water. During the Time the *Cook* was Labouring to Delight our Pallats, we Reciprocally oblig'd each other with Lushious Kisses and Eudearing Words, that melted both our Hearts into an equal Concupiscence of Loves Enjoyment.

Citizens and their Mates, Swarm now to the Water-side, in order to take Boat for the *Horn-headed Rendezvous* at *Charlton*: And nothing being heard beneath our Window, but the Wrangling of Water-Men about their Fairs, and the Noise Mouthing Acclamations of *Greenwich*, *Greenwich Ho*, That had we been Scared at the *Hockly-Hole-Theatre*, when the Blind-Bear had been let loose, our Ears could not have been terrified with more discording Out-Cries. Upon which we arose from our Seats, and mov'd to the Window, to divert our selves a little with seeing the *Batchelour Cuckold-Makers* and *Citizens Wives*; also *City Cuckolds*, and their *Maiden-Looking Mistresses*, stow themselves as close in a Boat together, as they do in a *Cheap-side Balcony*, at my *Lord-Mayors-Show*, to gaze like a Drove of *Bullocks*, between one anothers Horns, at the Triumphs of the City. The first Couple that I happen'd to know, pressing amongst the Crowd to board their *Double-handed Wherry*, were a *Jewish Wine-Merchant* and a *Vintners Wife*; who, I suppose, thro' the great delight they took in *Cuckold-Making*, went to do Reverence to *Cuckolds-Point*; and from thence to buy a *Horn-Tumbler* at the Fair to Drink the Husbands Health in; and so recal the Pleasures of their past Sins, by the Sweetness of reflection. My Lady observing I had added a more than ordinary Chearfulness to my Countenance, requir'd the reason of my Smiling. I told her I could not forbear Laughing to see a *Jew* scatter his Affections out of his Tribe, and make so much of a *Christian*; and to find a *City Dame*, with so good a Conscience, to have so much Charity for an *Unbeliever*. That Lady, said I, that you see with the *Jew*, is a very great Meeter, and a Mighty Religious Christain in her Way, having as Jolly a Man to her Husband as a Woman would desire to lie by. But I find, notwithstanding her seeming sanctity, she loves *Circumcision* much better than *Christian Baptism*. At which Information my Lady lifted up her Eyes, expressing her self after this manner, *Bless me! What is the World come to! That a Woman should be so Wicked! As if there were*

( 8 )

were not Good Christians enough deserving of a Womans Favours; but, like a Prophane Minx, she must bestow her Kindness on a Jew! Well, I would not be in her Condition, and have such a Sin to answer for, for the World. If I should, I am sure my Conscience would never rest after it, but should think every Minute I deserv'd Damnation. Foh! A Jew! A Stigmatiz'd Rusty-Bacon-look'd Infidel, that cannot Spit from him! A Black Goggle-Eyed Over-reaching Vagabond! Foh, I smell him hither, he stinks in my very Nostrils. If it were only thro the respect a Body has for ones Religion, sure I'd have chose a Christian for my Gallant, tho' he had been a Porter, or a Carman; and not have dishonour'd my Church so much as to have taken up with an Antichristian Vermin, a very Caterpillar of Christendom. I Vow and Protest, if I was in her Room, I should be afraid the Boat would sink. Thus did my Mistresses Zeal to the Christian Religion, carry her to such a Pitch of Envy, to see a Refin'd Protestant and an Infidel in such Charitable Communion with one another, That I was afraid, in the height of her Fury, she would have leapt out of the Window, and have separated the Righteous from the Ungodly; quite forgetting, as Whores do, their own Failings, when they brand another with the same Title; nor considering the Honest Design on foot betwixt her Ladyship and me; looking upon herself all this while, to be as Justifiable in what we had undertaken, as a Poor Woman that wants Bread, is in Begging a Cruff of her Neighbour.

We had rot at the Window spent much time in Prattle-Prattle, but the Vintner whose Wife was Stragled with the Jew, out of the Pale of the Church, had most Ceremoniously Joyn'd himself with an Iron-mongers Daughter, who in her early Years being Tempted by a Sea-Captain to taste the Forbidden Fruit, had unhappily brought herself under the Suspicion of Incontinence, and quite spoil'd her Market in the business of Matrimony; that she was grown a pretty stale Thorn-back, yet had Remains enough of her Youthful Perfections to entitle her to the handling of a Vintners Apron-Strings: I could not forbear Smiling, at the Odds of this Accident, when I consider'd what a rare Discovery there would be made on both sides, if they should Chance to meet in the Fair; for it is Reasonable to believe, they were absolute Strangers to each others Intrigue; for sure, thought I, it is Unnatural for a Marry'd Couple, to give one another the Liberty of Adultery; tho' it is very common I believe, for each other to take it. Since Chance had flung a thing so remarkably observable in my Way, I thought my self oblig'd to impart it to my Mistress, that she might share in the satisfaction of so Uncommon a Contingency; accordingly I shew'd her the Vintner, telling her he was the Husband of that Woman who had so highly disobligh'd her, in Communicating her Honour to a Jew, and Pinning her Faith upon the Sleeve of an Infidel; adding, that I knew the Woman that was with him, from whence I had reason to believe he was upon the like design with his Companion, as his Wife was with the Jew? Bless me! says she, If my Husband was like other Men, and shou'd serve me so, I'd study as many ways to Torment him, as ever a Papis Priest found to Punish a Heretick, marry wou'd I; he should neither Eat, Drink, nor Sleep in any quiet, till I had Plagu'd his Heart out, before he should run Rambling among strange Women; but as he is, by my Troth I may venture him, for I can guess by his Performances at Home, how his Abilities are Abroad. Which words, were no sooner out of her Mouth, but in the Crowd she espied him. Bless me! says she, Tonder he is with my Neighbour the Apothecaries Wife, pressing towards the

Stairs

( 9 )

Stairs, to go into a Boat: But I'll spoil their Intrigue, with a Poxt to 'em. Stay you here, says she, and I'll be with you again presently: Down Stairs she ran in a great Fury, lays hold of the Woman, as she was Descending the Stairs: How now Madam, says she? Whither are you going with my Husband? I thought I should Catch you one time or another; I had Intelligence of your Design last Night, and have been waiting for you in your House, this hour or two. The Poor Woman, so greatly Surpriz'd with this Discovery, was ready to sink down under the Hand of her Opponent; but the Husband thro' a great Presence of Mind, forces his Wife to quit her hold, and bid the other step into the Boat, ordering the Waterman to go off with her, and land her where the Gentlewoman directed, holding his Wife fast till the Boat was adritt; and so at once secur'd her from the Hands of the Mob, as well as her rash Adversary. Now thought I, I find when a Woman has a mind to be Lewd, she will not want a Pretence to Justifie herself in her Liberty; nor could I forbear thinking it was more her Ungovernable Lust, than her Husbands Impotency, that induc'd her to be Wicked; for it may be observ'd, the Common Excuses that a Woman makes to extenuate the Guilt of her Corruption, are either Love, Necessity, or the Mis-behaviour of their Husbands, either in his Neglecting what he ought to do, or Doing those things, which he ought to forbear: But while I was thus Ruminating on the Cunning of the Kind Sex, my Mistress had betaken herself to her Crocodile Submission; Crying, What had she done, to Occasion such Ill Usage from him, as to alienate his Affections, from his Lawful and Loving Wife, and place it upon other Women less deserving than herself? These Hypocritical Words, and Dissembling Tears, so softned the Heart, of the poor disappointed Cuckold, who at first was so highly displeas'd at her unexpected Discovery, that he had much ado to forbear striking of her; but she I suppose, well knowing how to appease his Fury, put on this Counterfeit Behaviour to bring him out of his Passion, to the Calm Use of his Reason, and Good Nature. The Fluminous Rabble all this while following the t'other Lady over the Water, who questionless was as well pleas'd at her safe Deliverance, as she was Concern'd at first for her Detection. By this time, my Lady and her Spouse, had withdrawn themselves a little out of the Crowd, she Soliciting his Company home, as she inform'd me afterwards, which she was very Sensible he would not Consent to; But told her Altho' she had spoil'd his Project in one Affair, he'd make himself amends in another; and since he was a Broad, he'd have his Belly full of Wine before he went Home again. Do that and Welcome, says she, For I would rather find you Tentimes in a Tavern, than Once in another Womans Company; and so they parted. She returning to me, extremely Delighted with the thoughts of her Adventure.

Indeed Madam, said I, I wonder you should give your self all this Trouble; for what's matter, who your Husband keeps Company with, if he be under such Circumstances as you Report him. Poh, says she, you don't know what Policy, I had in my Head; was it not much better for me to detect them, than to give them the Opportunity of Detecting us; for I suppose, they were bound to the same Port: And now I have stop'd their Journey, the Coast is Clear, and we may Accomplish our own Undertaking, with less Fear, and more Safety.

I could not forbear reflecting in my Thoughts on the Wit, as well as the Wickedness of Woman, who had no sooner a Conception of the Danger she herself must have been in, had she suffer'd them to have

C

proceeded

362

proceeded in their Voyage, but at the same Instant, projected a method to remove that stumbling Block out of her Way, which might otherways have prov'd of fatal Consequence to her own Intrigue. The Goodman, to be sure, making a kind Construction of her Accidental Discovery; and thought she had taken all that Pains, on purpose to detect him in his loose Practices, which he must needs acknowledge, as an argument of her Love, because she thought him worth her Looking after; and its commonly allow'd the greatest Demonstration a Woman can give of her Love, is her Jealousie; for its a certain Sign we value that most, that we are least willing, and most fearful should be Enjoy'd by another.

By this time we had an Island of Fish, floating in an Ocean of Butter, brought up to the Table; of which, like the Lady of a Feast, she Ceremoniously help'd me to a very plentiful Plate, I gratefully repaid her Favour with a Cringe, which she return'd with a Bow, that we Nodded at one another, like two Rams in a Challenge, just a going to Butt: Every Bit that was better than ordinary, she would force upon my Plate, that no Country Turkey Cock, fatted against Christmas to be sent to my Landlord at London, was ever so Cram'd: I believe, I swallow'd as many boild Shrimps, and fry'd Oysters, as an *Esrich* could *Hob-nails* at a Meal; besides shoveld down as much *Fresh Cod*, as my Lord Mayors Weapon Porter does *Custard* at a Feast; my Lady's chief Diversion all Dinner-time, being to fish in the Sauce for Delicious Morfels, to feast the Pallate of her new humble Servant; using so many kind Expressions to Court me to Eat, that I was quite surfeitd with her Sweet Words, before I had half satisfied my Stomach with our Enticing Dainties; being forc'd sometimes to be Unmannerly, and Bumpkin like, Court my Mistres to Eat, with my own Mouth full, for fear she should think by my long Silence, I did not regard her. When I by the Manly Industry of my Hands and Jaws, and my Mistres, by her Effeminate Piddling and Picking, had both satisfied our Appetites, with our Nice and Well-dress'd Dinner, according to Custom, we thought it necessary to make our Fish Swim a third time, in a more Noble Element, than either Butter or Water; calling accordingly for half a Flask of *Red*, that the Noble Tincture of the Wine, might Enrich our Food of a Purple Colour, and make its Juice the fitter for our Veins Reception.

All the Superfluous Implements of Eating being now taken away, we made each Glas a further Key to unlock the Secrets of our Souls, and began to Spin out the Threads of Love, to a lasting Length, Wetting each kind Word with Wine, that the Knot of Friendship might be ty'd the faster; how far our mutual desires might carry us beyond the Rules of Modesty, is neither my Business to tell, nor the Readers to enquire into; for there are many things that are Justifiable in Action, that are not Decent to Repeat; so that we will make that Modest by the Concealment, that might be thought Rude in the Discovery.

When our Flask was out, we thought it high time to begin our Voyage: In order to set forward, we call'd for our Reckoning, which my Lady after many Expressions of Apology, for her Rude Unpracticable Attempt, but she was Resolutely bound to Defray the Days Expence, Entreating me to excuse the affront; at which, tho' I seem'd to be dissatisfied, yet with much Perswasions, I was at last very heartily reconcil'd to my Mistres's Prodigality, and thought I had as much Reason to be good Humour'd, as if I had Paid it my self.

Having

363

Having thus pretty well secur'd our Bodies from the Coldness of the Water, we took Boat at *Billinggate-fairs*, and away for *Cuckolds-Point*; but were no sooner put off from the shore, but we were got into such an Innumerable Fleet, of *Oares*, *Skullers*, *Barges*, *Cock-boats*, *Bum-boats*, *Pinnaces* and *Tawles*; some Going, some Coming, and all attacking each other with such Volleys of hard Words, that I thought *Billinggate-Market* had been kept upon the *Thames*, and all the *Fish-Whores* in the Town, had been Scolding for a *Plate*, given 'em by some Rich *Oyster-Woman*, to encourage the Industry of the Tongue; calling my poor Lady and I, so often by the Opprobrious Names of *Whore* and *Rogue*, that for my Part, I thought they were Witches, and had known what we had been doing; tossing Ladles-full of Water into one anothers Boats, till the Passengers were many of 'em as wet, as a Turbulent Woman just taken out of the Ducking-Stool. At last an Unlucky *Rogue*, with *Bridewel-Looks* and a Ladle in his Hand, fishes up a floating Sir-reverence in his Wooden Vehicle, and gives it an Unfortunate Toss upon my Ladies Bubbias. She crying out to me her Protector, to do the Office of a Scavenger, and take away the Beastliness, she being herself so very Squeamish, that she could no more endure to touch it with her Fingers, than a *Monkey* does a *Mouse*, it being Lodg'd in the Cavity, between her Breasts and her Stays, she could not shake it off, but I was forc'd to lend a hand to remove the Poisonous Pellat from her Snowey-Temptations, giving on't a Toss into another Boat, with the like Success, wounding an old Cuckoldy Waterman just in the Forehead, and so Be-dung'd his *Brown-Antlers*, that I make no question but they spread and flourish'd, being thus Manur'd like the Horns of an Ox after well greasing, which put the grisly Churl (who I'll warrant, by his Grey Haires, had at least serv'd Nine Prentice-ships to the *Thames*) into such a wonderful Passion, that he began to roar out his Aquatick Scurrility at us, with as much Indignation and Revenge, as a she-Mumper when bilk'd of her Crib, or an Alley-Scold when call'd Barren-Bitch, by her Neighbour, clawing the Unfavoury Bird-lime off his Face, Snapping on't, as a *Barber* does Suds from the ends of his Fingers; Saluting my Mistres, and I, in the height of his Fury, after the following manner. *You Shiten-Skall'd Son of a T--d, that has spit your Brains in my Face, who was Begot in Buggery, Born in a House of Office, and Deliver'd at the Fundament, sit for nothing but to be Cast into a Gold-finders Ditch, there lie till you're Rotten, and then be sold out to Gardeners, for a hot Bed, to raise Pumpkins to feed the Devil withall. And as for you, You Brandy-Fac'd, Bottle-Nose'd, Bawdy, Brimstone-Whore, Every time you Conjobble together, may be Beger your Belly-full of live Crabs and Craw-Fish, that as you strive to pluck 'em out, they may hang by the sides of your Tiquoque, and make you Squeak nine times louder than a Woman frighted into Labour a Month before her Reckoning.* This, and such sort of Water-bred Language, he pelted at our Ears, till we were out of Hearing: Being both as glad when we had out-Row'd his Impudence, as a Man that has out-Run a Bailiff; for if ever any body was under an Ill-Tongue, we thought our selves at that time in the same condition.

Every Boat that came by had a pelt at my poor Mistres and I, who being but Two, besides Water-men, were most lamentably Maul'd by other Boats, who being better Man'd, were quite too many for us, and rattl'd us into Silence with a Broad-side of *Billinggate* Language, which was thrown on all sides so thick upon us, that we found it but a vain attempt to endeavour to be Heard amidst this Shower of ill-Words

Words

344

Words. We jog'd gently on, as fast as our Neighbouring Enemies would give us leave, who lay a *Head* of us, upon our *Bow*, *Broad-side*, *Quarters*, and *Stern*, that we could not turn our *Heads* any way out of *Tongue-Shot*, but either *Rogue*, or *Whore*, *Pimp*, *Cuckold*, or *Taylor*, hit us a box of the *Ear*, that almost *Deafen'd* us. *Dear Heart*, says my *Mistress*, *I wonder the Magistrates of the City do not take some care to prevent these sad Abuses upon the Water; for 'tis a shameful thing that Civil People should be call'd thus out of their Names.* Prethee, said I, never mind 'em; for if my Lord *M*— were here himself, they'd be as ready to call him *Cuckold* as they would any body else; and he would not know which way to help himself, but must put it up as we do, there's no remedy.

After we had spent about half an hour upon the *Water* in this *Misery*, we Arrived at our intended *Port*, *Cuckolds-Point*, where we Landed in a *Crowd*, with as much difficulty as a *Man* crosses the *Change* at *Two a Clock*, or squeezes into *Paul's* *Quire* on a *Sunday*, whilst they are *Singing of an Anthem*. Having discharged our *Water-men*, we went into the *House*, where the *Troop of Merry Cuckolds* us'd to  *Rendezvous*; Arm'd with *Shovel*, *Spade*, or *Pick-Ax*; their *Heads* adorn'd with *Horned Helmets*; and from thence to *March*, in *Order*, for *Horn-Fair*, *Leveling the Way* as they go, according to the *Command of their Leaders*, that their *Wives* might come after with their *Gallants*, without *spoiling their Lac'd Shoes*, or *dragging their Holiday Petticoates*. When we had procur'd a *Fire* to recover our *Natural Warmth*, of which the *Coldness of the Water* had almost *Robb'd* us, I began to enquire of the *Dame of the Tenement* from whence the *Custom of the Meeting*, *Marching* and *Marching*, of this *Cornigerous Troop* was at first deriv'd? Who told me, That in the time of *King John*, when *Religion* could no more keep a *Prince's* *Codpice Button'd*, then it can now infuse *Charity* in a *Priest*, *In the room of this*, *House* says she, here then stood a *Water-Mill*, and *Providence* having blest the *Knave the Miller*, with a *very handsome Wife*, *King John* coming often this *Way* to *Hunt upon Greenwich-Heath*, & thereabouts, happen'd to see her, and became so *Enamour'd* with her *Lovely Looks*, that he could by no means refrain his *Inclinations*, but must needs *Cuckold* the *Miller*; to which, when an *Opportunity* stood fair, the *Dame* consented; but as 'tis believ'd, so *Cunningly* manag'd the matter, that her *Husband* should come *Home*, and *Catch 'em* in the *Height* of their *Pastime*, which the *Miller* did accordingly, and *seeming not to know that he was King*, took him up in his *Arms* and *Threatn'd* to *fling him into the Mill-Dam*, and *Grind his Head off*, which so *frighten'd* his *Majesty*, that he told him if he would spare his *Life*, he would give him all the *Land* as far as he could see one *Way*. Which the *Miller* made him *Vow* to perform, before he would quit his *bold*; but then set him down *very Civilly*, and went into his *Mill*. Leaving the *King* to finish his *Business* with his *Wife*, as a means to further *Engage* him to the *Performance* of his *Promise*; the *Miller* waiting with a great deal of *Impatience*, till his *Wife* had submitted herself, like a *Good Subject*, to her dread *Sovereign*, and quietly *surrender'd* that *Fort*, upon *Discretion*, which the *King* greatly wanted to be *Master of*: But as soon as the *Fatigue* was over, and the *Royal Cuckold-Maker* had gratified his *ambition* in *adorning the Brows* of the *Mealy Peasant*, the *Miller* began to *Solicit* his *Imperial Rival* for the *generous Reward* he had *promis'd*, to facilitate the wearing of that *Forked Burthen*, which otherways would have sat very *uneasily* on his *Fore-head*. The *King* assur'd him he would be as *Good* as his *Word*, and bid him look out, and the *Land*, as far as he could see one *Way*, on that side the *River*, he should possess as his own, *Paying only* this annual *acknowledgment*, That he should once a *Year*, upon that day *Twelve-month*, which prov'd the 18th of *October*, *Walk* to the *farthest bound* of his *Estate*, with a *Pair of Bucks-Horns* on his *Head*, attended with all his *Family*; or in *Neglect* of which, the *Land* should be *forfeit*; to which the *Miller* had *Cunning* enough to very readily *Consent*. The *Cuckold-maker* and the *Cuckold* being thus *agreed*, he was about to turn and look up towards *London*; which the *King* forb'd him, telling him he had nothing that *Way* in his *Power* to dispose of, but order'd him to look downwards, and as far as he could see that *Way*, should be given him. The *Miller* having *Walk'd* his *Eyes* in *Maid's Water*, to make him *Clear Sighted*, according to the *Kings Order*, look'd downwards, and saw as far as *Charlton-Hill*, all which *Land* between that and the *Point*, he afterwards *Enjoy'd*, only performing the *forementioned Ceremony*, according to *Agreement*: Which, says she, was the *Original of this Custom*, and it is said that there are *Lands* bereabout, that are held even to this *Day* after the *same manner*.

With

With this piece of *History* we were mightily pleas'd, the *Woman* herself showing a great deal of *Zeal* in the belief of the *fame*; which indeed I swallow'd without *Chewing*, as the *Mob* does the *Political Reports of State*, or an *Ignorant Congregation* does the *Hum-Drum Doctrine of a Dark Priest*.

When we had Warm'd and refresh'd our *Chill'd* *Carcasses*, we set forward for *Deptford*; and having heard great *Commendation* of that *Serviceable Projection*, the *Wind*, I had a great desire to take a *View* of that by the *Way*, and so *Shap'd* my *Courte* accordingly. After we had pass'd by a long *Range* of little *Cottrages*, at the *Doors* of which sat abundance of *Dutch-Buttock'd* *Lasses*, with *Sea Handkerchiefs* about their *Pouting Bubbies*, which were swell'd with much *handling*, so far beyond their *Natural Proportion*, that their *Breast* and their *Bellies*, like *Mother Shipton's* *Nose* and *Chin*, met one with the other; some *Knitting*, some *Spinning*, and others *picking Okum*; but all, as I suppose, ready enough to quit their several *Exercises* and betake themselves to a *Pleasant Pastime*, if any *Body* will hire 'em. Having pass'd by a great *Number* of these *Condescending Mortals*, we came to a *Field* which led to the *Entrance of the Dock*, about a *Stones Cast* on this side which, were a *parcel of West-Indian-Creolians*, lately come on *Shore*, *Cooking* in the open *Air*, an *English* *Porker* after the *Indian* manner, which was attempted to be perform'd as follows: They drove *Sticks* in the *Ground*, and *Fenc'd* in a *square* place with *Old Tar-paulins*, leaving one side open for the *Wind* to *Fan* the *Fire* which was made in the middle with *Charcole*, directly over which lay the *Grunter* on a *Grid-Iron*, made of *Spits*; which were laid *Cross*, from side to side; the part that lay uppermost, being cover'd with the *Dripping-Pan*, to preserve it from *Cooling*, and the *Fat* dropping into the *Fire*, cast up such *savoury Fumes* from the *burning Grease*, that the *Nose* of foul *Candlesticks* thrust into a *Kitchen-Fire* by a *Good House-Wife* of a *Cook*, could not perfume her *Sluttish-ships Territories* with a more *Obliging Odor*; and about *Six* or *Eight* foot distance, from the *main-Fire*, was another *Fire*, to the *Windward* of the *Pig*, most *Cunningly* contriv'd to *Warm* the *Air*, as it pass'd, lest its *Coldness* otherways might be some *Impediment* to the *Grillading*, or *beastly* *Cooking* of their *Ill favour'd Beast*, whose *Eyes* were *Roasted* in his *Head* according to the *Negroes* *Cookery*, that he star'd like a *Dead Pig*; and that side that lay next to the *Fire*, with the *Smoak* of the *Dripping* was almost as *black* as the *Charcole* beneath it; that I question not but by the *Time* it was *Ready*, it stunk like a *piece of Cheshire-Cheese*, *Toasted* in the *Flame* of a *Candle*, and look'd all over as *black* as the *Rind* of a *Flitch of Bacon*, that has hung *Six months* in a *Country Chimney*.

We left them as *busy* about their *Savage Piece of Cookery*, as so many *chosen* *Housewives* *dressing* of a *Wedding Dinner*, and went into the *Yard* appertaining to the *Dock*, reported by *Competent Judges* to be able to receive *200* sail of *Large Ships*; which *Serviceable Project*, has so highly *Disoblig'd* the *King* of the *East*, that he had *Vow'd Cuckoldome* to the whole *Parish of Deptford*, which of late has occasion'd every *Marriner* and *Ship-Carpenter* adjacent, that has a *handsome Wife*, to look as *narrowly* after her, as a *Hen* does after her *Chickens*, to preserve 'em from the *Kite*. When we came about the middle of the *Dock*, we were oblig'd either to return back and go a *mile* about, or else cross the *Top* of the *Flood-gates*, at the *Mouth* of the *Dock*, which were about the *common breadth* of a *Deal Board*, and about *Ten Yards* over. My *Mistress* was much more ready to be at the *Pains*, than choose the *danger*; Remembring, *That the furthest way About, might be the nearest way Home*; and I was for running the *hazard*, to avoid the *Pains*, and endeavour'd to prevail on my *Lady* to take *Courage*, and run the *risque* of being *Duck'd*, to *abridge* our *Journey*; with much *ado*, by *upbraiding* her with *Cowardice*, and giving her some *Words of Encouragement*, I at last chas'd away her *Effeminacy*, and made her *resolve* to *endanger* the *Cooling* of her *Leachery*, to oblige her *Gallant*; which the *undertook* and perform'd with so much *Bravery*, that had the *Stoutest Stallion* in *Christendom* been on the other side, to have *receiv'd* her, she could not have run thro' the *danger* with a more *Undaunted Resolution*; but I found by her *Countenance*, she was as well pleas'd when she had got safe over, as a *Country Fellow* that has *Shot the Bridge*, or a *Town Bully* that had *surviv'd a Duel*.

From hence we proceeded till we came to *Deptford*, where I think the first *House* in the *Town*, like many others, is accounted a *Convenience* for his *Majesties Water-Rats*, when *residing* upon *Land*, to *Cool* their *Tails* in; when we came a little further into

D

into the Town, we might easily discern, by the built of the Houses, what *Amphibious* sort of Creatures chiefly Inhabited this part of the Kingdom; their Dens were chiefly Wood, all of one form, as if they were oblig'd by Act of Parliament, to all Build after the same Model; here a pretty Woman or two at a Door, there another of two at a Window, all looking as Melancholy as Old Maids and Widows, for want of Mite Conversation; gazing upon each Man that pass'd 'em, with as much Earnestness and Desire, as ever our Great Mother did upon the Forbidden Fruit. The Ladies that chiefly Inhabit these Cabins, were the Wives of *Mariners*, whose Husbands were some gone to the *East-Indies*, and some to the *West*, some *Northward*, some *Southward*, leaving their Disconsolate Spouses, to make Tryal of their Vertue, and live upon Publick Credit till their return, who if it were not for the Benevolence of a well-dispos'd Neighbouring Knight, and a few more Charitable Worthy Gentlemen, they might, tho' Married, grow Sullen, like the *Negro* Women, for want of Husbands, and pine away because Nature is not supply'd with due Accommodation. Many Shops we observ'd open in the Streets, but a Brandy-Bottle, and a Quartern, a Butcher mending of a Canvas Doublet, a few Apples in a Cabbage-Net, a Peel-full of *Dexford* Cheesecakes, an old Waste-Coat, a Thrum Cap, and a pair of Yarn Mittings, were the chief Shows that they made of their Commodities, every House being distinguish'd by either the Sign of the *Ship*, the *Anchor*, the *Three Mariners*, *Boatswain*, and *Call*, or something relating to the Sea: For as I suppose, if they should hang up any other, the *Salt-water Novices* would be as much puzzled to know what the Figure represented, as the *Irish-man* was, when he call'd the *Globe* the Golden *Cafe-body*, and the *Unicorn* the *White-horse* with a *Barbers Pole* in his Forehead.

The Women we chiefly met in the Streets, were Accounter'd most commonly like the meanest of our *Oyster-women*, in Ragged *Gowns*, Daggled *Petty-Coats*, Blew *Aprons*, Speckled *Handkerchiefs* about their Necks, and their Heads adorn'd with *Flat-Caps*; those that we met Coupled, had generally short squat well-truss'd-Fellows by their Sides, in New course *Clot-Coats*, Speckled *Breeches*, Grey *Stockings*, Round-Toe'd *Shoes*, Picked Heels, stitch'd round the Quarters, ty'd on with *Scarlet-Tape* instead of Buckles, with Mittings on his Hands, a *Four-Cap* on his Head, Arm'd with an Oaken Cudgel, with a Head as big as a four Pounder. I observ'd they all, *Spaniard-like*, kept up to one Fashion, so that the same Description would serve any I saw, with a very Slender Variation. Now and then, 'tis true, we met a Bluff Blade, who look'd as Burly as if he had Fed his whole Life-time upon Peas and Swines Flesh, with a Campaign Wig on, the Haires of which, for want of Combing once in a Month, hung in as many Tangle Locks, as if he had been flying, and a Sword ty'd on as high as the Waste-band of his Breeches, and had no more motion when he walk'd, than a Two-foot Rule, stuck into the Apron-Strings of a *Carpenter*: These sort of Sea Monsters, I observ'd the *Mumpers* saluted with the Title of *Noble Captain*, and had the right Knack of Coaxing these *Quarter-Deck-Blunderbusses* out of their Farthings and Half-pence, with the taking and insinuating Cant of Honour and Worthip, as fast as a Horse *Mounsebank* Gulls the Mob out of their Two-pences, by calling of them Gentlemen; his Noble Worship looking round him as big, after he had paid the *Beggar* a Penny for his Title, as an old Cozening *Cwmudgeon*, who has Built an *Alms-house*, or a Rich Citizen that has got a poor Brothers Child into the *Blew-Coat-Hospital*.

We walk'd on till we came to the upper End of the Town, where stood some very pretty Houses, whose Gates for Ostentation-sake, were made with Bars, that each Passenger might Delight his Eyes, with an External Prospect of these their most Creditable and Beautiful Habitations: In this Row stood a most famous *Hospital*, Erected for the Entertainment of Thirty-one Decay'd Masters of Vessels, or their Widows, depending on the *Trinity-House*; the Masters of which, having the Care thereof; to the relief and support of which Charitable Design, every Ship at her Clearing, pays according to her Burthen so much Money. Our Curiosity led us to take a Turn into it, which we found very Pleasant and Commodious, as to the Building and Situation; but when I enquir'd into the Allowance, I found it so very small, that it might rather be call'd *Pinch-Gut-Colledge*, than an *Hospital* for Poor Pensioners; who with much difficulty gaining Admittance into these Starving Confinces, have no more allow'd 'em, to find *Meat*, *Drink*, *Washing*, *Fire*, *Cloths*, and all Necessaries of Life, than Twelve Shillings per Month; and four Months in the Year

are

are set at five Weeks, to take in the Odd Month; most that are there having Paid more Money towards it, before they came into it, than ever their Allowance would amount to, if they were to Live Fifty Years in the *Hospital*; to which many great Legacies have been left, but the Number of Pensioners never Encreas'd, nor their Pensions Advanc'd; so that how it is sunk, or Imbezell'd, or to what Use Converted, no Body knows, but those Persons who have the Discretionary Power, as 'tis suppos'd, of laying it safe up in their own Pockets. An *East-India* Captain, some few Years since, Dying, Bequeath'd Thirteen Hundred Pounds to this *Hospital*; out of which Money, it never Receiv'd any other apparent Advantage, than the Statue of the Benefactor set up in the Garden, for the Pensioners to Feast their Eyes, instead of their Bellies, withal. The Members of this Society of *Tarpaulin Paupers*, are only during the Pleasure of the Masters of the *Trinity*, and are liable to be turn'd out, upon very slender Mis-behaviours. There is another such *Hospital* by the Church, Originally Founded by Queen *Elizabeth*, for but Twenty-one Poor Masters, or their Widows; and except in Number, is equal in every particular, with the former; so that by all the Observations I could make, in so short a Passage thro' the Town, I could not but think it very well deserv'd this following Character: The Town's without *Necessaries*, they've Butchers without *Meat*, Ale-houses without *Drink*, Houses without *Furnitwe*, and Shops without *Trade*; Captains without *Commissiion*, Wives without *Husbands*, Whores without *Smocks*, a Church without *Religion*, and *Hospitals* without *Charity*.

From thence we made the best of our Way, towards *Greenwich*, finding nothing remarkable by the Way, but now and then, a Knot of *London Prentices*, Arm'd with Ladles of Defence, to secure their Noddles and their Elbows, from the Insolent Assaults of the more Unlucky Mob, drawn out of *Spittle-Fields*, *Clare-Market*, and *Sweet St. Giles*; in which parts of the Town, Rude Rogues and Reprobates are as Plenty as Lice in a Campaign, or Flies in July in the Shop of a Confectioner. The first part of *Greenwich* Town that I came into was the *Church-Tard*, where the Numbers of the Dead, had almost Bury'd the Church, that could each Corps Buried against the Church Wall, raise his Head but half a Foot above the Surface of the Earth he lies in, he might peep in at the Church Window, on a *Sunday*, and frighten the whole Congregation out of the Church. As I Enter'd the Holy Ground, I took Notice of several Good Houses on the Left Hand, which look'd like Habitations fit for Christians to Live in; but in some parts of the Town, the Huts were no bigger than *Indian Wig-wams*, scarce big enough for a *Cuckold* and his Wife, to lye at length, without putting their Head or their Heeles in the Chimney Corner. Hearing the Kings House being Converted to an *Hospital*, for Disabled Seamen, as a means to Encourage others hereafter to venture their Limbs in the Nations Service, to be rewarded with a Lazy Life, no Money, and short Commons, when either Age or Lameness has made them a Misery to themselves, and a Burthen to the World; we took a Walk into it, to take a Brief Survey of this New and Well-intended piece of Charity; which like the gay Buildings of *Northampton*, looks very Stately and Magnificent without side, but Examine within, and you'll find but very poor Inhabitants; one part of it was almost finished, wherein I observ'd every Pensioner was design'd a distinct Cabbin to himself, and was allotted a little more room than he is like to Enjoy in the Church-Yard, and not much neither: When it's all Completed, 'twill be a Noble Edifice, not at all Inferiour to any of those great Gifts, where much more Grandure is Visible in the Walls, than Hospitality in the Kitchen; but its Situate in a good Place for a little Victuals to make a great show; for *Greenwich*, like a Spanish Town, is under such a Scarcity of Flesh Meat, that a Gentleman not long ago, brought his Mistress down with a Design to lye all Night in the Town, but was forc'd to go back to *London*, at seven a Clock at Night, against Tide, because never a Publick House in the Town could procure him a Supper. It's a rare place to Punish a Man troubled with a *Caninus Appetitus*, for a Walk in the *Park* is a rare thing to put his Stomach in an uproar, and the Town an excellent place to make him run Mad for want of Victuals to allay his Hunger: Here many Citizens in the Summer time keep their Wives at Board-Wages, purely because there's no manner of Dainties to incline them to Extravagance: here many of 'em also put their Children to Nurse, because it's a sharp Air, and fit for the Breeding up a Young thop-keeper.

From

From thence we walk'd on till we came upon the Heath; but Climbing up the Hill, we saw at the bottom of a deep Precipice, the Mouth of several Caves; Pray Sir, said my Mistress, *What Ugly Frightful Places are those at the bottom of the Fair?* Indeed Madam, said I, *I can't well tell; but they look as if they were the Back Doors to the Devils Territories, and that the People of Greenwich had found out a nearer Cut to Hell, than the rest of their Neighbours.* We were no sooner come upon the Heath, but every Fool was become a Tom-Ladle; and every Bush was made a Fence to a Furmity Kettle, the Gentlemen Quick-workers in the dark Mystery of Mischief, were here assembled in a body, in order to break the Elbows of all Nonconformists, that would not come over to the Ladle-Discipline; which my Mistress and I observing, were forc'd to Conform to the Custom of the Country, and each Arm our selves with a Ladle, as a Protection from the Rabbles Insolence; who indeed, were afterwards as Civil to us as could be expected of such Tameless Monsters; and let us pass with now and then a little Knock of the Elbow, not much harder than would have Crack'd a Fill-bert; which we were forc'd to bear, with all Patience and Submission, till we came into the Fair; of which I shall proceed to give you a True Character.

It stands near the Church, to make good the Old Proverb, *viz. The nearer the Church, the farther from God.* Tho' it's the Rudest Fair in England, it begins with a Sermon; which makes another Old saying Good, *viz. In the Name of the Lord begins all Mischief.* They say the Parson usually takes his Text upon this Occasion out of Solomons Proverbs; and I asking why he did so, was told, *Because Solomon was a great Cuckold-maker, and therefore his Doctrine was the fitter to be preach'd at Horn-fair.* The People of the Town eat so sparingly, that they never Exonerate but once a week, and that's on Sundays, making the Church-Yard their Dunghill, which you cannot cross without wading up to your Ancles in Sir-reverence. All that is Sold at the Fair of use, are Shoes, Pattins, and Leather-Breeches; the rest are Horn-Toys, and Fools-Baubles: The one bought to vex Cuckolds, and the other to please Children. The whole place, for the time, is a Common-Wealth, where the Rabble make Laws, and all that approach must keep 'em. It's an ill place for a Proud Man to walk with his Arms on Kimbo, for they have more spite against the Elbows than any part of the Body. He that brings Money to this Fair, must look after his Pockets; for the *Waterlane* Anglers are here as busie as *Milk-Maids* on a *May-day*. It is an Annual Rendevouz for the Mob of London, where it is as rare to see Persons of Creditable appearance, as 'tis to see an Honest man in *Newgate*, or a Fool in the Jews *Synagogue*. Here is a great deal of Furmity to be Sold, but very few People that buy any. Here are a great many Thieves, but few that have any thing to Lose; and abundance of Beggars, but few or none to relieve 'em. The Fair seems to stand bound'd between God and the Devil; for the Church stands at one end of it, and a Musick-house at t'other. It's good for nothing, as I know on, but to humble the Conceit that a Proud Man may have of his Person; for it's enough to make a Man out of Love with Humane Shape, to behold the Folly and Rudeness of so many Keptobates, that were at it. 'Tis a Sanctuary for Ill Manners, a Protection of all Rudeness, an Encouragement of Wickedness, a Revelling of young Libertines, a Looking-glass of Confusion, hurtful to good Manners, and hateful to all Good Men.

---

F I N I S.