

II.

I wish you much pleasure,
And mirth without measure,
My wishes, I'm sure they are fervent,
You may all believe me,
I do not deceive ye,
So believe me your most humble servant.

End of the Fourth Part.

A

LECTURE ON LECTURES,

By LANCELOT LAST;

As delivered with Applause in the COMIC
MIRROUR.

Written by G. S. CAREY.

LADIES and Gemmen, I am going presently, as you will presently find, to give you a Lecture on Lectures; but first and foremost, I think it necessary that I should give some account of myself, because why, a man who can give no account of himself, is to all intents and purposes a *vagran*.

First, as to my name, Lancelot Last, at your service, by trade, when I used to follow it, a Shoe-maker; but happening to see one of your lectures in our town, I was inspired, as it were; and

and knowing him to be no better a *schollard* than myself, I took off my *apron*, threw down my *lap-stone*, kick'd up my *last*, gave up my *awl*, and so fate off to lecture.

I was a long time before I could determine with myself what subject to begin upon, at last *Stronomy* came into my head, but I found the stars were out of my reach, and whenever I dipp'd into that science, I was presently lost as it were, in a cloud.

Then *Ottamy* came into my head, I was at home to a peg in *Ottomy*, for as to plucking out a tooth, picking out a corn, or curing the gripes, nobody is more skilful than myself; but when I came to the *imputation* of a leg, and as I am naturally tender-hearted, I found it too *cutting* a business for me.

Then says I to myself, what think'st thou Lancelot Last of Chymistry, I thought as how that business was something in my way, for as to your *consalves* and *presarves*, nobody is more *larned* in that way than myself, but then *thinks* I again, some of my auditors may have an objection to the name of *phyfic*, and *phyfic* now-a-days is nothing but a *drug*.

Then,

Then Heraldry came into my head, but happening to see the king's arms on a hackney-coach, I thought the dignity of that science was gone to the dogs.

I was advised by a friend to set about Midwifery. But my mind was big with a thousand apprehensions whenever I thought on midwifery, so I gave it up because I thought I should never be able to *deliver* myself on that subject.

I would have set about a Lecture on Heads, but my friend, Alexander Stevens, had dissected every head in the kingdom so well, that I should have been set down as one of his *block-heads*, if I had meddled with ever a one.

I thought the *Heart* would be no bad subject, but I could find so very few good ones, that I had not a heart to set about it.

Thinking of bad hearts put the *Law* into my head, and I thought a Lecture on the Law would be no bad thing; then says I to myself, the Law is no good thing in itself, but would it not be better if I could make a good subject out of it. I thought and I ponder'd about it 'till I found
myself

myself like a poor fly in a cobweb. The law always puts me in mind of a coffin—once in, your never out again.

If none of these subjects will do, what in the name of Lucifer will do,—Lucifer! who the devil is Lucifer?—A great orator mayhap.—Odds-bobbs, an orator.—It directly came into my head that a lecture on oratory would be the best thing I could set about, and so I begins my lecture on oratory.

Ladies and gemmen, now according to the learned, and I am something of a *schollard* myself. Oratory means jawing, because why, why because no orator can speak without his jaws; perhaps you'll think I can't give you a Latin *devination* for it, now you'll find yourselves mistaken, what is English for *Os*? why bones to be sure, and the jaws being full of bones they are *fix'd* proofs that the word oratory comes from *Os*.

Now I think it is necessary that you should know what an orator is——and what is it you will say; I answer, it is a man——and what is he to do?—I answer, to speak words——and
what

what are words?—I answer, letters put together, but there can be no word without a *vowel*;—because why; why do you see, because they can't.

What are the necessary qualities of an orator—The first, he must spit, then wipe his mouth, then lay his hand upon his heart, then turn up his eyes, then out comes a word, then another follows it, and then, like a post-horse, let him get on as fast as he can.

An orator should be a good mimic too——
Odds-bobbs, now I talk of mimics, I must take care what I am about, for I am surrounded by mimics here, and they will be for taking me off, perhaps, now you shall see I will save them the trouble, and take off myself.

[going off]

F I N I S.