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Walk to Smith-field:

OR, A

True Discription of the Humours of *Bartholomew-Fair*, with the many comical Intrigues and Frolicks that are acted in every particular *Booth* in the Fair, by Persons of all Ages and Sexes, from the Court Gallant to the Countrey Clown:

With the old Droll-Players Lamentation for the loss of their Yearly Revenues; being very Pleasant and Deverting.

HAVING no Business of my own, nor no Inclination to engage in other Peoples; no Wife to Plague me nor no Children to Vex me: On *Monday* last, being the first Day of *Bartholomew-fair*, I was resolv'd, (tho I,m no Roman) to honour that Saint so far as to give him a Visit, at his appointed place of Solemnity in *Smithfield-rounds*, to help to support that famous annual and antient Custom of Debauchery so long practis'd; where I was no sooner arriv'd, but I found a numerous, tho confused Multitude, huddled together as thick as an assembly of religious Bretheren, and holy Sisters at a *Covent-garden* Conventicle, or Quakers Meeting-house; and gave as great attention to *Jack-Pudding* Doctin too, as they could to the best Tubster, or Holder-forth in Christendom, nay and you might perceive by their Countenances, that these *Bartholomew* Babes of Grace, thought it much more pleasant and perhaps as profitable; but being something Surstied with hearing the old thred-bare Arguments of *Merry Andrews*, and the other Foois without Doors, I had an itching Fancy to view the Asses of both Sexes within the Wooden Tents of Iniquity, (the whole Fair resembling nothing more than a fix'd Camp) only instead of standing Soulders like Rank and File, they were shuffled together with as confused a mixture as little Boxes in a Sharpers Luck in a Bag, insomuch that I found it mighty difficult to steer my Course above three Yards in half an Hour's time, but having gain'd some Experiance by my long continuance in the Crowd; I squeez'd and drew in my Paunch between the soft Bellied Femals, just like a fatt Man thro a narrow Stile, so that with artificial Hipp work and Chigh work, I labour'd as hard as ever any furious Lover did to riggle himself between the Knees of a coy Mistries.

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Having thus by Storm and much Faigue gotten out of this confused mixtute of Hips and Buttocks, I with much ado got into *Pye-Corner*, where I was inform'd our English *Sampson* perform'd his Wonders; when having paid my Fee at the Tent Door, I was admitted to a Seat of three Stories high, where I sat a considerable time with Patience upon force, Crowded up like a great Plumb in the Corner of a Minic'd-Pye; but before many Minutes was over, the renowned Man of *Kent* appears equip'd like one of the *London* Champions in the *Artillery-Ground*, at the mock storming of a Castle: Whereupon our *Sampson* having made a Congue for two to the Crow'd of *Philistans*, began to show them the sport they expected, Lifting to all our Wonders abundance of Weight hanging round like so many Bandileers of a Dutch Soldier; but how many hundred Weight they truly were (except you take his word for't in his Bill) 'twill be a hard matter to be resolv'd.

*He Fired a Cannon, and with his own Strength,
He lift it up tho' it was of great Length,
He broke a Rope, which did withhold two Horses,
They could not break it, with their two joint Forces:
Lord! quoth the Females what a Man is this;
We wish our Husband's Backs, as strong as his:
If in proportion all his Body's thus,
Oh! famous Man of Kent thou art for us.*

After the Show was over I made the best of my way to the next Booth, where was only a Popper Show, and being willing to see all, as near as Possible, (I mean the Rarities of the Fair) I was told by the Sweetner it was called *Jepthah's rash Vow*, or the *Virgin Sacrifice*, whereupon having paid two Pence Enterance, I nestled in between the soft Hips of two Blowlabellas, who allow'd me hardly so much room between their Buttocks as would have contain'd a Jointed Baby; however being surrounded on every side with Femals of all sorts and Sizes, and neither *Jepthah* nor his Virgin Daughter appearing so soon as I expected; I e'en fell Pell-Mell both back-stroke and fore-stroke, on my right and left Hand Mates, who both prov'd to be Citizeas Wives of no mean Figure, one of them telling me softly in my Ear, that they were both cutt Loaves, therefore much more safer to trade with than Virgins: While these amorous Intregues were managing between us, *Jepthah* had made his Vow, return'd from Battle, and seen his Daughter Sacrific'd before our show was begun, alais quoth a pretty Maid behind me (observing what I had been fumbling at) you have lost the sight of the Virgin, I faith Madam reply'd I tis to be fear'd I have, ever since I beheld your sweet Countenance, which put the young Creature to the Blush, and my hand Maids in a fitt of Laughter, but one of them had little cause for't, having lost her Gold Watch, and a Diamon Ring, during the time of her amorous Engagment.

*For while the pritty Wooden Idols skip'd,
Hends were in Plackets, and in Pockets slip'd;
Nay? I was buste too, to find the Frey,
I sometimes felt, but carried none away:
I seldom Div'd, but it was with consent,
They knew before hand what was my intent,
And were no Strangers to the thing I meant:*

*But being forc'd to leave this pleasant Game,
I went in Search for some more of that same.*

And in order thereto I hobbled to *Pinkeman's* Medley, which I next made choice of: having been so well pleas'd with the other two before, therefore I thought the whole Fair consisted of nothing else: However in I went, almost headlong, the Mobb by this time having invested the Tent, were perparing for a general assault, which to avoid, I plac'd my self as near as I could among the thickest of the Female auditors, as supposing that place most consistant with my Courage, and Abilities, for I must tell you, and that truely too, that if I must List my self it shall be in a standing Female Regiment, when they beat up for Volenteers, the Wars, of Venus being much more pleasanter, then the Tents of Mars, tho' perhaps altogether as dangerous if not much greater; having seen the Vaulting of the Horse, and part of the Ladder Dance perform'd very excellently I began to observe the old game going forwards, all over the Booth, where the pretty Females were seated, some appearing coy, and precise and some otherwise tho when all came to all, there was little differance, for the first said nay and took it, and the others took it without saying any thing, so that nothing but loves Harmony could be seen from one side of the Booth to the other.

*An old Miser got up at the close of the play,
And banded a Miss down the Steps and away:
To a House near a Church, but I'll leave you to think
Whither 't was not to tast something else beside Drink
For she left him in Pawn, and brought off all his Chink.*

By this time I was quite cloy'd with the sight of the little Wooden Animals skiping, I next coveted to see the natural performances of Flesh and Blood, therefore the Dutch Woman's Booth next presenting it self to my view, thither I crowded, and with some difficulty made a hard shift to get in, where Danish, Dutch, German and Bohemian Frows, made such a chattering in commendation of one anothers Dexterity in dismission of Mr. Barnes and other English Heros, that I fancy'd my self in the French Camp in Flanders: However considering the Wheel-barrow Dance by a little Girl often years of Age, and other strange performances, nothing but miracles could equalize them. Notwithstanding all there Dutch wonders there were English Men and Women too, at the same minute, and in the same Booth; performing that in private, by slight of hand, which ne'r a Forreign pretender of them all can out do.

*But Men or Women who come here from far,
They'r more esteem'd, than our true English are
A German Docter or a Dutch Minbeer,
They are advanc'd, as soon as they come here.*

Coming out of the Dutch Booth, a Bill was thrust into my hand, with a Man and Woman fighting for the Bretches, yet the Play was call'd the Devil and Dr. Faustus, nay thought I the Emblem is discription sufficient of the Play, for the Wife represents the Devil and the Husband Doctor Faustus, therefore I thought it needless to give Mony to see that acted in a Booth which I have been so often an Eye witness of in the open street.

*The Husband Conjures, with his Strength and Art
His Wife will break his Spells, if not his Heart.*

*For Gold, some Women's senses so bewitched,
They'll lose their Lives, before they'll lose the Braces.*

Having not yet forgotten what I saw perform'd among the Dutch Tater demaulins, alias Rope-dancers, I next made my approaches by a slow march (the Avenues being in a manner blockaded, by a confused higgledy-piggledy of Rabble, who were ready to mutiny,) to our English Company of Rope-dancers where I was scarcely settled, before the Mob, had entered, the Booth by a general storm, for having gain'd the out, works the Besieged fled out at the North-side in great disorder and confusion, leaving the victorious Rabble an intire possession of the Booth; but my self among other courageous Heros stood the Test, and saw very excellent performances both upon the slack and straight Rope, far exceeding any of the Dutch pretenders, to my wonderful Satisfaction, the Lady Mary as far out doing the Dutch Frows, as a Lady of Honour exceeds a Milk Maid in Dancing a Borrie or Minuet.

*Besides what Barns, and his fine Crew did Act,
I saw young Femals at the very Fact:
Nibbling at Pockets, whilst their Placket tear,
By Hands of those who know not what they are:
Young Prentice Boys who having Gold to spend,
The Sharpers had 'em at their Fingers end.*

All this variety of Diversion did not fully satisfy my roving and craving Appetite, I having a Months mind to a Musick-Booth too, but considering that Reformation of Manners had suppress'd them all but one, I declin'd going thither, lest I should be thought a Debauch'd Person; therefore to compleat all but the *Cloister* Revells, I design'd to end my Frolicks in the Booth call'd the *Creation of the World*, where being entered (as in other Booths) singled out the most likeliest, tho I was forced to Creep under the Rails to 'em as Hogs into an Orchard after a high Wind, or Flys into Pig Sauce for the sake of the Sugar, and met with little better success, for I had the hard Fortune, instead of steering my course to the young Lady I pitch'd upon, I run my Head under the Coates of an old Beldam of three-score years of Age, who unfortunately hatching just before the pretty Face I aim'd at: At which mistake the old Granum was so intrag'd, that it quite spoil'd my game with the young Lady, who I durst not take the liberty to come near, till the ceremony of the Poppets were ended tho my Cheps watered to be at her all the while, the show being ended she slip'd away among the crowd, and left me to seek out new Adventures.

<p>And thus was I left to my great Veraxion, To think what I lost in this little Creation. To the <i>Cloisters</i> I went where the Gallants resort, Where all sorts and Sizes come their for their sport; The Wives of our Traders, these Dames of the (City, Who there with their Lects, and their Glances in- (vite ye, Look for Gallants as other do Whores for their (pleasure, And love to be dealing in forbidden Treasures. Do but look on their Eyes, you may read at first (sight, How oft they desire to be Lov'd in a Night, With Mask on her Face, I saw one come peeping; Who hang down her Head as if she'd been sleeping, At her laels there appeared a young Babe of grace, With Speed in his Heels and a Gallows in's Face: Whose lawcy Behaviour and impudent Air, Plainly told he was born for a <i>Bartholomew-fair</i>;</p>	<p>He gave her the Wink and she follow'd him in, And in few words they clap'd up a Bargain to sin. When pretty well tired with seeing each Novis, Bow down to his Idol as she was a Goddess; I viewed the Shops where the Gaimsters did (Raffle, And law the young Hussies their Gallants to Baffle, For tho the fine Spark had sometimes good Fate, Yet the Shop had the Money, and the Whore had (the Plate: The old Droll Players Lamentation, &c Oh! Mourn with us, all you that live by Play; The Reformation took our Gains away: We are as good as Dead now Mony's gone, No Droll is suffered, no, no, not one. Jack-Pudding now our Grandeur doth exceed, And loathsom Granay is by fates Decree'd, To Laugh at us, and in our place succeed. But after-all, these times wou'd make one rave, That wou'n't let's play the Fool, as well as Knave.</p>
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