

THE

Gentleman's STUDY

IN

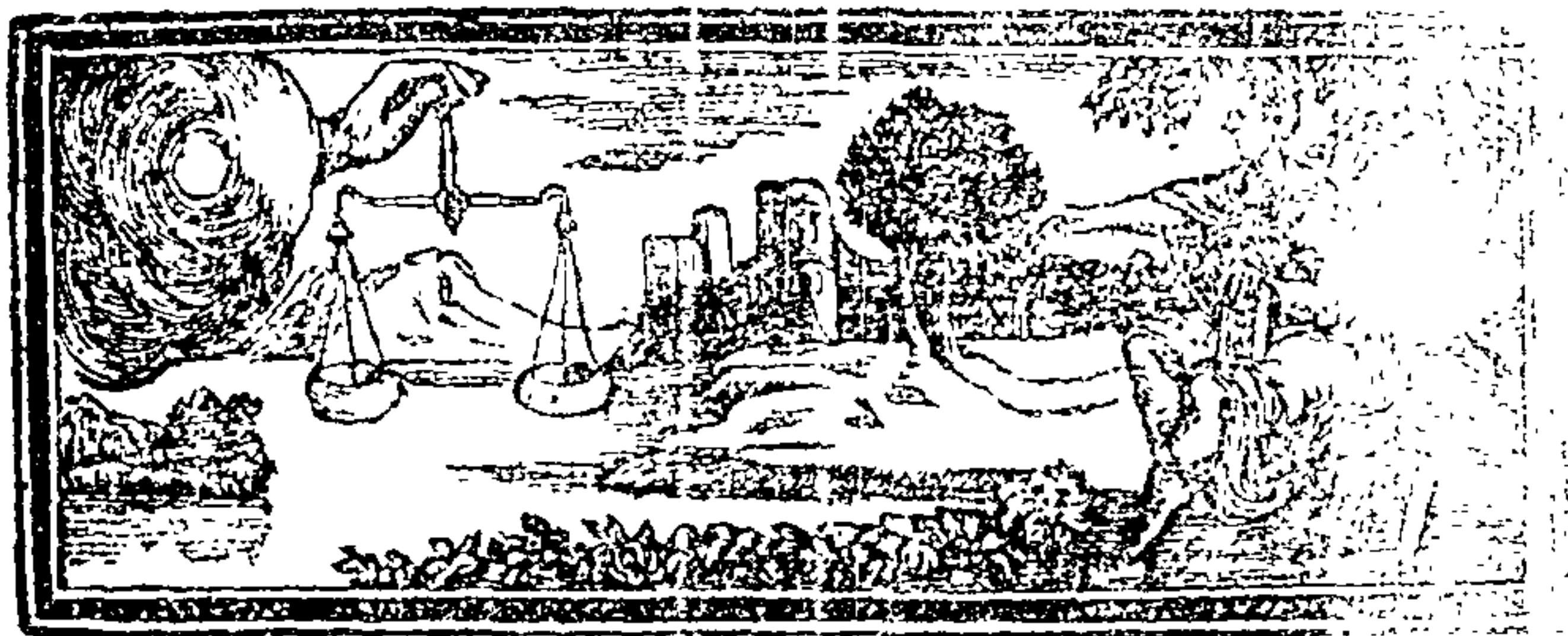
ANSWER

TO THE

Lady's Dressing-Room.



LONDON, Printed, and DUBLIN



T H E
G E N T L E M A
S T U D Y, &

SOME write of Angels, some of Goddess,
 But I of dirty human BODIES,
 And lowly I employ my Pen,
 To write of naught, but odious MEN.
 And Man I think, without a Jest,
 More nasty, than the nastiest Beast.

In House of Office, when they're bare,
 And have not Paper then to spare,
 Their Hands they'll take, half clean their Bottoms,
 And dawb the Wall, O——— rot 'em;
 And in a Minute, with a T——d,
 They'll draw them out, a Beast or Bird,

And write there without Ink or Pen,
 When Fingers dry, there's A—se again.
 But now high time to tell my Story ;
 But 'tis not much to all Men's Glory.

A Milliner, one Mrs. South,
 I had the Words from her own Mouth,
 That had a Bill, which was long owing,
 By *Strephon*, for Cloth, Lace and Sowing ;
 And on a Day, to's Lodging goes,
 In hopes of Payment for the Clothes,
 And meeting there ; and 'twas by Chance,
 His Valet *Tom*, her old Acquaintance,
 Who with an odd, but friendly Grin,
 Told her his Master's not within,
 But bid her if she pleas'd, to stay,
 He'd treat her with a Pot of Tea ;
 So brought her to the Study while,
 He'd go and make the Kettle boyl.

She sat her down upon the Chair,
 For that was all, that then was there,
 And turn'd her Eyes on every Side,
 Where strange Confusion she espy'd

There on a Block a Wig was sett,
 Whose Inside did so stink with Sweat ;
 The Outside oyl'd with Jessamin,
 To disguise the Stench that was within.

And next a Shirt, with Guffets red,
 Which *Strephon* slept in, when in Bed ;
 But Modesty forbids the rest :
 It shan't be spoke, but may be guess'd :
 A Napkin worn on a Head,
 Enough, Infection to have bred.

For there some Stocks lay on the Ground,
 One Side was yellow, t'other brown;
 And Velvet Britches (on her Word)
 The Inside all bedaub'd with T—d,
 And just before, I'll not desist,
 To let you know they were be-pifs'd;
 Four different Stinks lay there together,
 Which were, Sweat, Turd, and Pifs, and Leather.

There in a Heap lay nasty Socks,
 Here tangl'd Stockings with Silver Clocks,
 And Towels stiff with Soap and Hair,
 Of stinking Shoes there lay a Pair:
 A Night-Gown with Gold, rich Brocaded,
 About the Neck was sadly faded.

A Close-stool helpt to make the Fume,
 Tobacco-spits about the Room;
 With Flegm and Vomit on the Walls;
 Here Powder, Dirt, Combs, and Wash-balls:
 Oil-Bottles, Paper, Pens, and Wax,
 Dice, Pamphlets, and of Cards some Packs;
 Pig-tail and Snuff, and dirty Gloves,
 Some plain, some fring'd, which most he loves:
 A curling-Iron stands upright,
 False Locks and Oil lay down close by't;
 A drabbled Cloak hung on a Pin,
 And Bason furr'd with Pifs within:
 Of Pipes a Heap, some whole, some broke,
 Some Cut and Dry for him to smoke;
 And Papers that his A—se has clean'd,
 And Handkerchiefs with Snuff all stain'd:
 The Sight and Smells did make her sick,
 She did not come to herself for a Week.

A Coat that lay upon the Table,
 To reach so far she scarce was able,
 But drew it to her, resolv'd to try
 What's in the Pockets, by and by.

The first Things that present her View,
 Were Dunning-Letters, not a few;
 A then the next did make her wonder,
 T of Tavern-Bills such Number.
 A fine Snuff-box there lay hid,
 A bawdy Picture in the Lid,
 As she touch'd it, by the Mass,
 Turn'd, and show'd a Looking-Glass.

The rest she found since, I'm a telling,
 Advertisements of Land he's selling;
 A Syringe and some dirty Papers,
 A Bawdy-House Screw, with Box of Wafers.

Then all the Shelves she search'd around,
 Where not one Book was to be found;
 But Gally-Pots all in a Row,
 And glifening Vials, a fine show!

What one Pot held she thinks was this,
Diaclom magnum cum gummis,
 And spread there was with Art *secundum,*
Unguentum neapolitanum;
 Pots of Pomatum, *Panacea,*
 Injections for a *Gonorhea,*
 Of empty Ones there were a score,
 Of newly fill'd as many more.
 In plenty too stood Box of Pills,
 Nor did there lack for Chirurgeons Bills,

Nor nasty Rags all stiff with Matter,
 Nor Bottle of Mercurial Water;
 The Use of which he does determine
 To cure his Itch, and kill his Vermin:
 Oh, Heaven! says she, what Creature's Man?
 All stink without! and worse within!

With that she rose and went away,
 For there she could no longer stay;
 And scarce she got in the Bed Chamber,
 And thought herself there out of Danger,
 But quick she heard with both her Ears,
Strephon came swearing up the Stairs:
 She swiftly crept behind the Screen,
 In order not for to be seen.

Then in came *Strephon*, lovely Sight!
 Who had not slept a wink all Night,
 He staggers in, he swears, he blows,
 With Eyes like Fire, and snotty Nose;
 A mixture glaz'd his Cheeks and Chin,
 Of Claret, Snuff and odious Flegm;
 And Servant with him, to Undress him,
 And loving *Strephon* so caress'd him:
 Come hither *Tom*, and Kiss your Master,
 Oons to my Groin, come put a Plaster.

Tom dext'rously, his Part he play'd,
 To touch his *BUBO's* not afraid,
 Nor need he then to Hesitate,
 But strew'd on the *Precipitate*;
 Then, in a Moment, all the Room,
 Did with the Smell of Ulcer fume,
 And would have lasted very long,
 Had not four Belches smelt as strong.

Which from her Nose did soon depart,
 When overcome with stink of Fart,
 And after, then came thick upon it,
 The odious, nauseous one, of VOMIT,
 That pour'd out from Mouth and Nose,
 Both on his Bed, and Floor, and Clothes;
 Nor was it lessen'd e'er a-bit,
 Nor overcome by stink of S--t,
 Which in the Pot, and round about,
 The Brim, and Sides, he squirted out;
 But when poor Tom pull'd off his Shoes,
 There was a greater stink of Toes,
 And sure, a nasty loathsome Smell,
 Must come from Feet, as black as Hell.

Then toss'd in Bed, Tom left his Honour,
 And went to call up Peggy Connor,
 To empty th' Pot, and Mop the Room,
 To bring up Ashes, and a Broom,
 And after that, most pleasantly,
 To keep his Master Company,
 The Pris'ner now, being suffocated,
 And saw the Door was wide dilated,
 She thought high Time to post away,
 For it was Ten o'Clock i'th' Day,
 And e're that she got out of Doors,
 He Turns, Farts, Hiccups, Groans and Snores.

Ladies, you'll think 'tis admirable,
 That this to all Men's applicable;
 And tho' they Dress in Silk and Gold,
 Could you their Insides but behold,
 There, you Fraud, Lies, Deceit would see,
 And Pride, and base Impiety,
 So let them Dress the best they can,
 They still are fulsome, wretched MAN.