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THE AMOROUS
H U M O U R S

A N D

AUDACIOUS ADVENTURES

OF ONE

W H † † † † † † † † D.

By a MUGGLETONIAN.

*Jew, Turk, and Christian, differ but in CREED ;
In Ways of Wickedness they're all agreed :
None upwards clear the Road ; they part, and cavil :
And all jog on, unerring to the Devil. Lanfd.*

L O N D O N :

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THE AMOROUS
H U M O U R S
AND
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HAVE You not seen, with dauntless
Pride,
The QUACK ascend with haughty
Stride!

His *Moor-field* Stage, to gull the Throng
Of Health and Wealth, with artful Tongue?
His Packets vend, by pois'nous Breath,
To give You Ease,--or certain Death.

So *Wh-----d*, in another Sense,
 Is QUACK to Souls, for ready *Pence* :
 Fills all the Rabble with Surprise,
 But Meteor-like deludes their Eyes,
 And leads the gazing Wretch astray,
 Out of the sure and ready Way ;
 To a Religion false and foul,
 Which drains the Purse --- deceives the Soul.

Ye Follow'rs of this *Witling's* Noise,
 Be cautious, when you hear his Voice ;
 Observe his Words, they'r loose as Sand ;
 And like his Doctrine ----- *contraband* **H**
 Whose fell Deceit is so apparent----
 To get your Gold.---Know, Gold's his Errant.

Let Reason aid and guide your Senses---
 He's lov'd, 'tis true,--by whom?--by *Wenches* :
 Or, think they'd give fine Cloaths away,
 Or, leave off drinking *Hyson* Tea ;

Or,

Or, break their fine enamell'd China *,
 For Love of one that's lov'd by many:
 Or, wear Straw Hat, and Ruffet Gown,
 If that his PARTS—were not well known?
 His PARTS so large—inflam'd my Lady,
 That ever since, she's had the *Hey-dey*
 In her Blood, from Head *all over*—
 Down to the bubbling Spring of Lover!
 Now, feeling talks to female Friends,
 And *W* —'d's Doctrine recommends;
 That he's the Man—Of *vastest Sense!*—
 And, *That he acts by th' Influence*
Of Moon and Stars:—Interprets Latin---
That we shou'd wear no Silk or Sattin;
Give all our Riches to the Poor:
So follow him,—and sin no more.—

* A young Lady, whom *W*——d persuaded to break her rich China, for that her keeping such gaudy Vessels, took off her Thoughts from *Him* and *Ch---st*.

Thus,

Thus, he depriv'd the Croud of Sense,
 And pick'd, as fast as Hops, Fool's Pence;
 To build, at *Georgia*, Orphan-Houses,
 And lie in *London* with Cits Spouses;
 Because, forsooth, he's better hung—
 With florid Speeches,—*Velvet Tongue*,
 Than all your common, simple *Laymen*,
 Who, to his godly Cant, cry — *Amen*.

See him erect, upon a Common,
 Casting his Eyes on *Heav'n*,—and *Woman*!
 Filling the Croud with panic Fear,
 With first a *Smile*, and then a *Leer*!
 Keep trifling with the Name of *JESUS*!
 With Views to grow as rich as *Croesus*:
 His Words are wild and incoherent,
 Yet, he asserts, he's *God's Vicegerent*!
 But Reason tells me by the Bye,—
 No Priest has Privilege to lye:

Tho'

Tho' he of Heav'n makes a Trade,
 And dresses Saints in Masquesade:
 The glorious Place to scandalize,
 Serves *Nonsense* up for *Sacrifice!*
 Just so of old the cunning Priest
 Th' Offal burnt and kept the rest.

In *Wh—d* this is verify'd;
 He loves *Tit-bits*,—or, he's bely'd:
 His *common* Sisters recommends
 T' indiff'rent Christians — or, his Friends:
 For well he knows his Friend *Jack W—*,
 In *probing* Consciences is less fly:
 And if my Memory tells me right,
 At a **LOVE-FEAST** one pious Night!
 A youthful Creature's lily Breast,
 Did much invade th' Impostor's Rest;
 Which, as she sigh'd, did fall and rise,—
 So, caught my Neighbour *W—d*'s Eyes:

The urchin God in Ambush lay,
 And smil'd as *W*—*d* seem'd to pray :
 As on her Breast he sat astride,
 He smok'd the Doctor's half-blind Side ;
 And tho' one Eye was much distorted,
 The Doctor with the other courted :
 Now *Lust* his G R A C E divine assails,
 And o'er the *Spirit*, *Flesh* prevails :
 With fierce Desires his Passions flush,
 And *Exposition* now grows hush !
 By Love inspir'd, the lech'rous Priest
 Longs for the T I T - B I T of the Feast.
 He felt,—Oh Heav'ns ! sad Shame to tell,—
 A Flame as hot—as hot as H---ll !—

This is your Priest for Abstinence !—
 This is the Priest from Providence !—
 Who'll shew us Heaven's *Milky Way*,
 And keep our Thoughts from going astray !

With

With Sawciness assumes to teach ;
 And shew us Heaven—out of Reach :
 Our Wives and Daughters too defiles,
 Each Day our Reason he beguiles !
 If through such Hands Religion comes,
 I'll haunt no more the sacred Domes,
 To hear thee, second-handed, tell
 The Joys of Heav'n and Pains of Hell !
 No;—I'll follow *Muggleton*
 And *Reeve*,—as all my Life I've done ;
 Before I'd follow such a Priest—
 Whose Life has been a *Publick Jest* !

Offspring of *Lust* ! Sly Debauchee !
 Old Father *Girard* lives in Thee :
 Thy Brother *W——ly*'s full as bad ;
 And 'twixt you both the Girls run mad.
 An Instance we've before our Eyes,
 Of one, a Stranger unto Vice ;

A pure and spotless Virgin *Sister*,
 'Till you and *W*——ly, *Finely kist her* ;
 Then took her under your *Tuition* ;
 So now she's in a fine Condition ! *
 Your Love for her, poor Girl, was such,
 You made her righteous *over-much* !
 And 'cause her Soul shou'd not be lost,
 Inspir'd her with the———
 So when for *God of Lust* she burns,
 You both inflame her —— by Turns :
 Both Nature and your God abuse,
 With vilest Arts that Man can use !

Vile *Letchers*, of the tip-top Sort !
 Who warmly pray, but *hotter sport* :

* A certain Girl, who was not only seduced from the true Religion, but vilely abus'd by the Impostor and his Friend, and being with Child, was prevail'd upon by 'em, to take Medicines and cause Abortion.

Well vers'd in Arts of *Quietism*,
 You shew your Heav'n through a Prism.
Salvation is the Bait you use,
 Weak *Innocence* the *Prey* you'd noose:
Damnation is your only *Driver*,
 And *Satan* is your sole *Contriver*.
 With *Whine* and *Cant*, and such like Tools,
 A *Knave* may trap ten thousand *Fools*.

Like Doctor *Rock*, thou'rt impudent;
 But what is worse,—more confident!
 For, in the last Page of thy *Journal*,
 When you've gone thro' your *Vice* diurnal,
 You'd fain assume ALMIGHTY POWER!
 Be *steeld with Shame*!—For *Shame* give o'er.

Be honest Principles your Guide,
 And lay the knavish Cloak aside;

Nor vily lead the weak astray,
 To make 'em quit the trodden Way,
 And, erring, follow thy *new Modes*,
 Through thick and thin, in dirty Roads.

Thou false, unlearned Hypocrite,
 Whose *Journal's* like thy *Doctrine*,—light :
 Who tak'ft J E H O V A H 's Name in vain ;
 And sacrific'ft his Son again !
 Thy Voice tho' loud, thy Mind's so low,
 It never can to Heaven go.
 Your *Heav'n's* on *Earth*,---well may you love it :
 For 'tis our *Wives*, and *Wealth* you covet.
 “ When King and People seek Extremes,
 “ Conscience, Religion are their Themes :
 “ And when a Change the State invades,
 “ The Pulpit forces, or persuades :
 “ If others give the Fuel Fire,
 “ The Breath of Priests the Flames inspire.

Thou

Thou *holy Cheat*, thou *Son of Night* ;
 Offspring of the dullest *Light* ; —
 Desist, and hide thy brazen *Face* ;
 Nor prate of *New-Birth*, or of *Grace* :
 Thy *Doctrine* preach to *Brutes* in *Stable*,
 Where thou wer't bred, and where thou'rt able,
 For *Horses* have both *Eyes* and *Ears* ;
 Go preach to them—they too've their *Fears* :
 And if great *Pythag*'s not bely'd,
 The *Souls* of *Men* in *Brutes* reside :
 According to the *Life* they've led,
 The *Soul* has momentary fled
 Into a *Bear*, a *Snake*, or *Fly*,
 There to remain till that does die ;
 Or any *Thing* that's animated,
 Which the *first Cause* at first created :
 Thine, for thy future *Ease*, shall pass
 Into the fluggish *Sand-Cart Ass*.

Thou

Thou foul abominable *Seducer*,
 Thou diabolical *Accuser*,
 Thou Fiend of pestilential *Evil*,
 Thou hypocritical fly *Devil*;
 Thou *Knave of Knaves*, thou *Holy Cheat*,
 Elate with Pride, and fell Deceit :
 Witness the Merchant's Wife at *Bristol*,
 Who lent thee Pounds and many a *Pistol*,
 And follow'd thee o'er Hill and Dale,
 T' allay the *Itch* rais'd in her *Tail* :
 This was her Way to be *New-born*,
 And make her Husband wear the *Horn* ?
 Yet you must be reputed Just,
 Because thou art brim-full of *Lust* ;
 Nor had this ever been found out,
 But that a *Butcher* was in doubt,
 About the Payment of a *Bill*,
 Who, in your *Cunning* had some Skill ;

He

He paus'd and thought, then paus'd again,
 From Time to Time he rack'd his *Brain*,
 How such a One, who always was,
 A Man who paid him present *Cash*,
 Shou'd be so backward in his Payment,
 Which made him lack both *Food* and *Raiment*.
 One Day poor *Kill-calf* chanc'd to meet,
 This worthy Merchant in the Street,
 His *Hat* pull'd off, and shrugg'd his *Shoulder*,
 Both Smil'd and Hemm'd to make him Bolder,
 God bless you Sir, I'm mighty Poor,
 You ne'er had such a *Bill* before:
 A *Bill!* the Merchant quick replies;
 Yes, Sir, the needy Butcher cries,
 A *Bill*, which shou'd it not be paid,
 Must shut up *Shop*, and knock off *Trade*:
 Forever since these *Preaching Fellows*,
 Who Merit nothing but the *Gallows*,

Have

Have hither been, all *Trading's* dead,
 And all the People seeming *Mad*;
 Your Wife I've seen in *briny Tears*,
 But durst not speak on't for my Ears,
 The squint-ey'd *Parson* too I've spy'd,
 Thro' Parlour Window, *Kiss your Bride?*
 The Neighbours say, he came from *LONDON*,
 To save the Souls of *People undone*:
 But he's a cunning crafty Elf,
 At saving Souls, to serve *Himself?*
 The Merchant hearing what he said,
Well, well, says he, — *and shook his Head!*
 Went Home, and looks upon his *Half*,
 As Cow does on a bastard *Calf*;
 But keeping *Temper*, cries *my Dear*,
 Was *Mr. W* — *lately* hear?
 Yes, yes, *my Dear*, and he does say;
I ought to Fast as well as Pray.

That

That what I lend is to the LORD,
He said so of his own Accord!
Now don't you think that he's inspir'd,
And by the Holy Spirit fir'd,
Such noble Thoughts he does express,
He must be Saint, or little less.

The Husband, Passion still subduing,
 Gave Honey-Words, as he'd been Wooing :
 Says he, My Dear, *Do what you can*
To serve so good and just a Man :
Did ever Mr. W——d kifs ye ?
Come, speak the Truth, I'd fain confess ye ;
Did you Money ever lend him ?
Or ever any Presents send him ?
 Still keeping Temper within Bounds,
 She, sighing, said,—*Yes—Fifty Pounds ;*
Which in Three Days will be restor'd :
'Twas lent to him,—not to the Lord.

Cou'd not I see this great Divine ?
 Replies the Man, in Fear of's Coin,
Invite him, pray, with us to dine ;
And get some 'Sparagus and Chicken ;
Perhaps he loves such Sort of Picking :
But, for the Rest of all my Life,
I'll hate Religion—and my Wife.

No sooner said, away she went,
 Brim-full of Joy, and sweet Content ;
 Until she reach'd the *Doctor's* Sight,
 And spoke him thus, in seeming Fright,
Dear Sir, I tremble ev'ry Joint !
I hope in God I've got my Point :
My Husband Sir's been pleas'd to say,
He wants to dine with you To-Day ;
He longs to see you :—So do I—
It may be, Sir, for—Charity.

For God's Sake do not fail at One :

Your most obedient—I must run.

As *Priests* pursue their Interest,
 Without Reserve,—With *damn'd* or *blest* ;
 'Tis equal whose they get, the *Ready*,
 From Rich or Great, or Poor or Needy :
 So *W——d* follows Lust and Ease,
 Deludes the Whole, himself to please.

The Clock had scarcely struck, before
 The *Imposior* knocked at the Door,
 Who was most courteously receiv'd,
 (*Saint-like* he spoke, tho' scarce believ'd ;)
 He talk'd of *New-birth*, then said *Grace*,
 Look'd round, and formal took his Place :
 He eat and drank and talk'd of *Love*,
 And other Things divine above,

'Till he had satisfy'd his Nature,
 Then return'd Thanks to his *Creator*.
 The Cloth at length is took away,
 The *Doctor* pleads he cannot stay ;
 The Merchant said, he should, in Jest! —
 Order'd a Bottle of the best ;
 ' Ask'd him Questions somewhat odd,
 ' About his Thoughts of *Christ* and *God* ;
 ' Desiring mildly of his *Spouse*,
 ' To quit the Room, or leave the House ?
 ' For he'd a Scruple in his Breast,
 ' Which Scruple solv'd he should have rest.'
 As good *Wives* always will obey,
 She dropt a Court'sey, went away.

The busy *Doctor* ask'd the doubt,
 But, in a Manner round about ; —
 ' Why, — *Doctor* — since you are so free,
 ' With my weak Wife as well as me ; —

' The

‘ The Question that I ask profound,—

‘ Did not you borrow fifty Pound?

‘ Of my poor easy, simple Wife,

‘ To save her Soul, and tease her Life’?

Yes, cries the *Doct̄or*, full of Fear ;

The *Money*—that—I had of her,—

Was for the *Service of the Lord*,

To her again ’twill be restor’d.

‘ But when?—Good *Doct̄or*, I must know—

‘ Before from hence I let you go :

‘ Refund the *Cash* !—Or, I’m a *Sinner*,

‘ I’ll make you now refund your *Dinner*.’

In Charity it is bestow’d,

To Poverty, I have avow’d ;

You’ll have it trebly to you paid,

At th’ Wicket of th’ *Elysian* Shade ?

‘ Thou Son of *Dagan* talk no more,—

‘ I’ll stick you up against the Door ;

‘ This

‘ This Moment give to me your Note,
 ‘ Or else, by *God*, I’ll cut your Throat;
 ‘ And draw it justly, on Demand,
 ‘ Then sign it with thy pious Hand;
 ‘ That I may have it paid To-morrow,
 ‘ Or else, this Sword shall end your Sorrow.’
 He durst not trifle any longer,
 With one he found to be the Stronger;
 But draws the *Note*, which *Note* was paid,
 Or, he at *Bristol* had been flea’d.

This is the Priest, without Design,
 Who’ll kiss your Wife, and lie with mine,
 Who makes *Cherry Fields* Pimp to Vice,
 On *God* the Father, father Lies:
 This is a hopeful *Dog* indeed!
 To pin one’s *Faith* upon his *Creed*;
 Who calls on *God* to lend his Aid,
 And makes chief *Handle* for his *Trade*:

Who

Who frightens simple, honest Men,
 With being damn'd—and born again;
 And that the beaten Path now trod,
 Is not the Way to meet with *God*?
 And that the *Holy Ghost* attends him;
 And *Christ* from's Enemies defends him:
 Makes use of all this *Prophanation*,
 Only to trick and cheat the *Nation*.
 Is there no *Law* extant to catch,
 This vile, designing, stupid Wretch;
 Who makes the *Subject* sell his *Land*,
 And boldly says, 'tis *God's* Command?
 Can nothing shew his Doctrine flagrant;
 Yet have an Act against the *Vagrant*?
 Who makes poor *Coblers* quit their Stalls,
 And leave behind their *Ends and Awls*;
 And on the *Parish* leave their Wives,
 To follow—where the *Devil* drives:

Where

Who has no Licence yet to preach ;
 Nor Sense, save Impudence, to teach :
 Who gathers all the *Shirtless Train*,
 To hear him pray, and then blasphame ?
 The mongrel Work of Heaven he gets,
 T' applaud his Acts and Counterfeits :
 In's *false Religion* Error shines,
 And *true Religion* undermines ?
 For let him start Absurdities,
 Tho' they're the grossest, basest Lies ;
 Some serious *Fools* will him approve,
 By often hearing, blindly love :
 His Time's consum'd in *gibble gabble*,
 To the unthinking head-strong *Rabble*.
 Such meddling *Priests* who vex the World,
 Shou'd all be in Confusion hurl'd ;
 For those that sow such Discontent,
 Should live in *Hell*, and there repent.

But

But let him go where-e'er he will,
 He helps the Scripture to fulfil ;
 For he's false Prophet, base Diviner,
 A canting, footy, fawning Whiner ;
 An inconsistent, mongrel Preacher,
 A sly, inveigling, secret Letcher !
 Who has debauch'd more Maids and Widows,
 Than there are *Piss-a-beds* in Meadows ;
 And strolls about from Place to Place
 To find who has the prettiest Face.

Should I but give a Catalogue
 Of Tricks perform'd by this same Rogue,
 His sly Intrigues, his hidden Vice,
 My Readers would believe 'em Lies :
 But I'll not any thing assert
 That's founded merely on Report,
 These Facts I state, I know 'em true,
 So take 'em in a curs'ry View :

D

This

This Villain, whose deceitful Tongue
 Has drawn to's Lust a greater Throng
 Of Women than the lech'rous *Turk*,
 Can yet—for Gain—do Porter's Work.
 Near the *Wheat-sheaf*, nigh the *Ditch-side*,
 He did seduce a Porter's Bride ;
 Who now for *W——d's* mighty zealous,
 Speaks of his *Parts*—at ev'ry Ale-house ;
 That's Doctrine's sound, nay, strong and nervous
 Would pierce a thing almost imperv'ous :
 That she'd five Guineas to him given,
 To put her in the Road to Heaven : —
 But 'twas her Husband she'd befriend,
 And, from pure Love, would thither send.

Two maiden Sisters, near th' *Old Fury*
 He did debauch — both now in *Drury*.

A widow Lady—now half mad,
He kiss'd her out of what she had.

A Goldsmith's Wife, who liv'd in *Cheap*,
A Fort'night in the Country kept.

Fourteen i'th' Parish of St. *Bride*,
In their Turns, have all comply'd.

I have not heard of one at Court
That to his Love-Feasts did resort;
The Reason's plain—there every Lady
Has other Drudges always ready.

But near the '*Change*, there's many one,
Who all the Night have been from home
At *W*——*d*'s luscious *Feast of Love*,
Whose ev'ry Action they approve,

Stand by him, with their Spouses Fortunes,
And give him *All* within the Curtains.

Near *Lombard-street*, there is but two
That ever had with him to do.

In *Holborn* five or six there liv'd
Who follow'd — only to be f——d ;

Snow-hill and *Newgate-street* there's seven
He shew'd, by turns, the way to Heav'n.

In *Fleet street* and near *Temple-bar*,
He'd three one Night to his own Share ;
And each confess'd — she'd been done over —
Most vigorously — by their black Lover.

In *Fetter-lane* and *Dowgate-hill*
Nineteen submitted to his Will

Some

Some now convuls'd with the *New Birth*,
Which, in good time, will be *brought forth*;
Some Sisters big with holy Child,
And Numbers made half mad and wild :
And I am sure, in six Months more
You'll find above a single score
Of Sisters, who now tightly lace,
Produce a holy Babe of Grace.
This is as true, as now I live,
So help me *Muggleton* and *Reeve*.

F I N I S.