

THE  
L A D Y'S  
DRESSING ROOM.

To which is added,

- I. A POEM on cutting down the OLD THORN at  
*Market Hill.*
- II. ADVICE to a PARSON.
- III. An EPIGRAM on seeing a WORTHY PRELATE go out  
of Church in the Time of Divine Service to wait on his  
Grace the D. of D.

*&c.*

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By the Rev. Dr. S——T.

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The SECOND EDITION.

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We may observe, the finest Flowers, and the most delicious Fruits, some-  
times owe their Nutriment and Increase to such kind of Matter, as is most  
offensive to the Senses, which themselves have the greatest Power to gratify.

FIDDES.

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L O N D O N,  
Printed for J. ROBERTS at the *Oxford Arms* in *Warwick Lane.*  
MDCCXXXII.  
(Price Six Pence.)

THE

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LONDON.

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Printed for J. ROBERTS at the Golden Ball in Warwick Lane.  
MDCCLXXII.  
(The 2<sup>d</sup> Edition.)

(A)



T H E

L A D Y ' S

D R E S S I N G R O O M .

v. Swift. VII. 161.



I V E Hours (and who can do it  
less in?)

By haughty *Celia* spent in Dressing;  
The Goddess from her Chamber

issues,

Array'd in Lace, Brocades and Tissues.

A 2

*Strephon*

*Strephon*, who found the Room was void,  
 And *Betty* otherwise employ'd ;  
 Stole in, and took a strict Survey,  
 Of all the Litter as it lay ;  
 Whereof, to make the Matter clear,  
 An Inventory follows here.

And first a dirty Smock appear'd,  
 Beneath the Arm-pits well besmear'd.  
*Strephon*, the Rogue, display'd it wide,  
 And turn'd it round on every Side.  
 On such a Point few Words are best,  
 And *Strephon* bids us guess the rest ;  
 But swears how damnably the Men lie,  
 In calling *Celia* sweet and cleanly.  
 Now listen, while he next produces,  
 The various Combs for various Uses,

Fill'd

Fill'd up with Dirt so closely fixt,  
 No Brush could force a way betwixt.  
 A Paste of Composition rare,  
 Sweat, Dandriff, Powder, Lead and Hair;  
 A Forehead Cloth with Oyl upon't  
 To smooth the Wrinkles on her Front;  
 Here Allum Flower to stop the Steams,  
 Exhal'd from sour, unfavoury Streams;  
 There Night-gloves made of *Tripsy's* Hide,  
 Bequeath'd by *Tripsy* when she dy'd;  
 With Puppy Water, Beauty's Help  
 Distill'd from *Tripsy's* darling Whelp.  
 Here Gallypots and Vials plac'd,  
 Some fill'd with Washes, some with Paste,  
 Some with Pomatum, Paints and Slops,  
 And Ointments good for scabby Chops.  
 Hard by a filthy Bason stands,  
 Fowl'd with the Scouring of her Hands;

The

The Bason takes whatever comes,  
 The Scrapings of her Teeth and Gums,  
 A nasty compound of all Hues,  
 For here she spits, and here she spues.  
 But oh! it turn'd poor *Strephon's* Bowels,  
 When he beheld and smelt the Towels,  
 Begumm'd, bematter'd, and beslim'd  
 With Dirt, and Sweat, and Ear-Wax grim'd.  
 No Object *Strephon's* Eye escapes,  
 Here Pettycoats in frowzy Heaps;  
 Nor be the Handkerchiefs forgot  
 All varnish'd o'er with Snuff and Snot.  
 The Stockings, why shou'd I expose,  
 Stain'd with the Marks of stinking Toes;  
 Or greasy Coifs and Pinders reeking,  
 Which *Celia* slept at least a Week in?  
 A Pair of Tweezers next he found  
 To pluck her Brows in Arches round,

Or

Or Hairs that sink the Forehead low,  
Or on her Chin like Bristles grow.

The Virtues we must not less pass,  
Of *Celia's* magnifying Glass.  
When frighted *Strephon* cast his Eye on't,  
It shew'd the Visage of a Gyant.

A Glass that can to Sight disclose,  
The smallest Worm in *Celia's* Nose,  
And faithfully direct her Nail  
To squeeze it out from Head to Tail;  
For catch it nicely by the Head,  
It must come out alive or dead.

Why *Strephon* will you tell the rest?  
And must you needs describe the Chest?  
That careless Wench! no Creature warn her  
To move it out from yonder Corner;

But

But leave it standing full in Sight  
 For you to exercise your Spight.  
 In vain, the Workman shew'd his Wit  
 With Rings and Hinges counterfeit,  
 To make it seem in this Disguise,  
 A Cabinet to vulgar Eyes;  
 For *Strephon* ventur'd to look in,  
 Resolv'd to go thro' thick and thin,  
 He lifts the Lid, there needs no more,  
 He smelt it all the Time before.  
 As from within *Pandora's* Box,  
 When *Epimetheus* op'd the Locks,  
 A sudden universal Crew  
 Of humane Evils upwards flew;  
 He still was comforted to find  
 That *Hope* at last remain'd behind;  
 So *Strephen* lifting up the Lid,  
 To view what in the Chest was hid,



The Vapours flew from out the Vent,  
 But *Strephon* cautious never meant  
 The Bottom of the Pan to grope,  
 And fowl his Hands in Search of *Hope*.  
 O never may such vile Machine  
 Be once in *Celia's* Chamber seen!  
 O may she better learn to keep  
 \* " Those Secrets of the hoary deep!

As Mutton Cutlets, Prime of Meat,  
 Which tho' with Art you salt and beat,  
 As Laws of Cookery require,  
 And toast them at the clearest Fire;  
 If from adown the hopeful Chops  
 The Fat upon a Cinder drops,  
 To stinking Smoke it turns the Flame  
 Pois'ning the Flesh from whence it came;

\* Milton.

B

And

And up exhales a greasy Stench,  
 For which you curse the careless Wench;  
 So Things, which must not be exprest,  
 When plumpt into the reeking Chest,  
 Send up an excremental Smell,  
 To taint the Parts from whence they fell,  
 The Pettycoats and Gown perfume,  
 Which waft a Stink round every Room.

Thus finishing his grand Survey,  
 Disgusted *Strephon* stole away,  
 Repeating in his amorous Fits,  
 Oh! *Celia, Celia, Celia* shits!

But Vengeance, Goddess never sleeping,  
 Soon punish'd *Strephon* for his Peeping.  
 His foul Imagination links  
 Each Dame he sees with all her Stinks;

And

And, if unfav'ry Odours fly,  
 Conceives a Lady standing by:  
 All Women his Description fits,  
 And both Idea's jump like Wits:  
 By vicious Fancy coupled fast,  
 And still appearing in Contrast.  
 I pity wretched *Strephon* blind  
 To all the Charms of Female Kind.  
 Should I the Queen of Love refuse,  
 Because she rose from stinking Ooze?  
 To him that looks behind the Scene,  
*Statira's* but some pockey Quean.  
 When *Celia* in her Glory shows,  
 If *Strephon* would but stop his Nose;  
 (Who now so impiously blasphemes  
 Her Ointments, Daubs, and Paints and Creams,  
 Her Washes, Slops, and every Clout,  
 With which he makes so foul a Rout!)

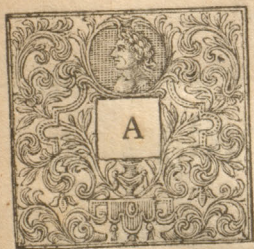
He soon would learn to think like me,  
And bless his ravisht Eyes to see  
Such Order from Confusion sprung,  
Such gaudy Tulips rais'd from Dung.





A  
P O E M  
O N

Cutting down the OLD THORN at *Market Hill*.  
*v. Swift. VII. 121.*



T *Market Hill*, as well appears  
By Chronicle of antient Date,  
There stood for many a hundred  
Years

A spacious Thorn before the Gate.

Hither

Hither came every Village Maid,  
And on the Boughs her Garland hung,  
And here, beneath the spreading Shade,  
Secure from Satyrs fat and fung.

Sir *Archibald*, that val'rous Knight,  
The Lord of all the fruitful Plain,  
Would come and listen with Delight,  
For he was fond of rural Strain.

(Sir *Archibald* whose fav'rite Name  
Shall stand for Ages on Record,  
By *Scotish* Bards of highest Fame,  
Wife *Hawthorden* and *Sterline's* Lord.)

But Time with Iron Teeth, I ween,  
Has canker'd all its Branches round;

No Fruit or Blossom to be seen,  
Its Head reclining towards the Ground.

This aged, sickly, sapless Thorn,  
Which must, alas, no longer stand,  
Behold the cruel Dean in Scorn  
Cuts down with sacrilegious Hand.

Dame Nature, when she saw the Blow,  
Astonish'd gave a dreadful Shriek;  
And Mother *Tellus* trembled so,  
She scarce recover'd in a Week.

The *Silvan* Powers, with Fear perplex'd,  
In Prudence and Compassion sent  
(For none could tell whose Turn was next)  
Sad Omens of the dire Event.

The

The Magpye lighting on the Stock  
Stood chatt'ring with incessant Din;  
And with her Beak gave many a Knock  
To rouse and warn the Nymph within.

The Owl foresaw in pensive Mood  
The Ruin of her antient Seat;  
And fled in Haste with all her Brood  
To seek a more secure Retreat.

Last trotted forth a gentle Swine  
To ease her Itch against the Stump,  
And dismally was heard to whine  
All as she scrubb'd her meazly Rump.

The Nymph who dwells in every Tree,  
(If all be true that Poets chant)

Condèm'n'd



Condemn'd by Fates supreme Decree  
Must die with her expiring Plant.

Thus when the gentle *Spina* found  
The Thorn, committed to her Care,  
Receive its last and deadly Wound,  
She fled and vanish'd into Air.

But from the Root a dismal Groan  
First issuing struck the Murd'rer's Ears;  
And in a shrill revengeful Tone,  
This Prophecy he trembling hears.

“ Thou chief Contriver of my Fall,  
“ Relentless Dean to Mischief born,  
“ My Kindred oft' thy Hide shall gall;  
“ Thy Gown and Cassock oft be torn;

C

“ And

“ And thy confed’rate Dame, who brags  
“ That she condemn’d me to the Fire,  
“ Shall rent her Petticoats to Rags,  
“ And wound her Legs with ev’ry Bry’r.  
  
“ Nor thou, Lord *Arthur* \*, shalt escape:  
“ To thee I often call’d in vain,  
“ Against that Affassin in Crape,  
“ Yet thou could’st tamely see me flain,  
  
“ Nor, when I felt the dreadful Blow,  
“ Or chid the Dean, or pinch’d thy Spouse.  
“ Since you could see me treated so,  
“ An old Retainer to your House,  
  
“ May that fell Dean, by whose Command  
“ Was formed this *Machi’villian* Plot,

\* Sir *Arthur Archeson*, mentioned in the *Soldier and Scholar*.

“ Not leave a Thistle on the Land;

“ Then who will own thee for a *Scot*?

“ Pigs and Fanaticks, Cows, and Teagues

“ Through all thy Empire I foresee,

“ To tear thy Hedges join in Leagues,

“ Sworn to revenge my Thorn and me.

“ And thou, the Wretch ordain'd by Fate,

“ *Neal Gabagan, Hibernian* Clown,

“ With Hatchet blunter than thy Pate

“ To hack my hallow'd Timber down;

“ When thou, suspended high in Air,

“ Dy'ft on a more ignoble Tree,

“ (For thou shalt steal thy Landlord's Mare)

“ Then bloody *Caitiff* think on me.

## Advice to a PARSON.

An EPIGRAM.

v. Swift xxiv. 571.

X  
WOULD you rise in the Church, be *Stupid* and *Dull*,  
Be empty of *Learning*, of *Insolence* full:  
Tho' *Lewd* and *Immoral*, be *Formal* and *Grave*,  
In *Flattery* an *Artist*, in *Fawning* a *Slave*;  
No *Merit*, no *Science*, no *Virtue* is wanting  
In him, that's accomplish'd in *Cringing* and *Canting*:  
Be studious to practice true *Meanness of Spirit*;  
For who but *Lord Bolton* \* was *mitred* for *Merit*?  
Wou'd you wish to be wrap'd in a *Rocket*—In short,  
Be as *Pox'd* and *Profane* as *Fanatical H*—

On seeing a worthy *Prelate* go out of *Church*  
in the *Time* of *Divine Service*, to wait on  
his *Grace* the *D*— of *D*—

v. Swift vi. 266.

LORD † *Pam* in the *Church* (cou'd you think it) kneel'd down,  
When told that the *D*— was just come to *Town*,  
His *Station* despising, unaw'd by the *Place*,  
He flies from his *God*, to attend on his *Grace*:  
To the *Court* it was fitter to pay his *Devotion*,  
Since *God* had no *Hand* in his *Lordship's Promotion*.

\* Archbishop of *Cashel*.

† Another Word for a *Knave*.

F I N I S.

A M O D E S T  
D E F E N C E  
O F A L A T E  
P O E M

(By an unknown Author, call'd,

The L A D Y'S D R E S S I N G - R O O M .

v. *Swift*. xxv. 167—

A Poem, or Pamphlet published in this Kingdom without a Name, will not long want one, if the Paper makes any Noise.

There is a certain *Person* of Distinction among us, who is conjectured to have written many Things, both in Prose and Verse, for the Service of the Nation, which, undoubtedly, were published with his own Consent. It is also believed, that he hath compos'd others occasionally, for the Amusement of himself and a few intimate Friends; which by the Indiscretion of others, were, from stolen and uncorrect Copies, dragged into Light.

But, I hold it for certain, that a much greater Number have, by the Boldness of *Printers*, and the Want of Judgment in *Readers*, been charged upon that *Author*, wherein he never had the smallest Finger, as I am assured he hath often declared; and which is remarkable, was as free in disowning some Writings charged upon him, of which he had no Reason to be ashamed, as he could be of the meanest Productions of *Hibernian Grub-street*: Of which I shall instance only one Pamphlet, which hath been very well received, as it justly deserved. It is entitl'd, *An Infallible Scheme to pay the Nation's Debts, by a Tax upon Vice*; which he disclaim'd any Share in, at the same Time giving it due Praises. And, I find, the *true Author* of that Pamphlet lies yet conceal'd; which is a Happiness that few *Writers* of any Distinction can arrive at, whether by their own Indiscretion, or that of their Friends, I shall not determine.

As

As to those *fatal Verses* called the *Lady's Dressing Room*, which have so highly inflamed the whole Sex, (except a very few of better Judgment) as I can by no Means justify the vulgar Opinion, that seems to fix it upon a Person, so well known for Works of a very different Nature; so I cannot but lament the prevailing ill Taste among us, which is not able to discover that useful Satyr running through every Line, and the Matter as decently wrapp'd up, as it is possible the Subject could bear.

*Cleanliness* hath, in all polite Ages and Nations, been esteem'd the chief corporeal Perfection in *Women*, as it is well known to those who are conversant with the antient *Poets*. And so it is still among the young People of Judgment and Sobriety, when they are disposed to marry. And I do not doubt, but that there is a great Number of young Ladies in this Town and Kingdom, who in reading that Poem, find great Complacency in their own Minds, from a Consciousness that the Satyrical Part in the *Lady's Dressing-Room*, does not in the least affect them.

Wherefore it is manifest, that no *Poem* was ever written with a better Design for the Service of the *Sex*: Wherein our *Author* hath observed to a Title, the Precepts of his Master *Horace*; or, indeed, rather hath gone very far beyond him, in the Article of *Decency*.

That great *Poet*, instructing us what Actions are fittest to be produced openly upon the *Scene*, and which are most proper to be only related to the Audience, goes many Lengths beyond the *Author* of the *Lady's Dressing-Room*; for at the same Instant when he says, some Actions should not appear as done upon the Stage, he allows they may be *recited* with *Pleasure* and *Elegance*; and yet when he comes to Particulars, his Recital is extremely gross, and so are his very *Precepts* which forbid the Actions: That if our infinitely more modest *Author* had imitated his *Master's Style*, the whole World might with great Appearance of Reason, have been up in Arms against him.

Therefore, to set these two *Poets* in a true Light, I have ventured, for the Satisfaction of both Sexes, to translate, as Literally as I could, ten Lines in *Horace*, upon the very same Subject, which our *Author* hath handled with a Decency so far superior to his *Roman Master*.

To justify the Truth of my Translation, I desire all fine Gentlemen and Ladies will appeal from me to the Information of the Learned, that I may be wholly clear from the least Censure of misrepresenting so great an Authority; for, indeed, if I have been guilty of any Fault, it is in palliating the gross Expressions in the Original, and softning them very much to the *Politeness* of the *present Age*.

The *Latin* is Word for Word as follows:

*aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur.*  
*degnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,*

*Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, & quæ  
 Ipse sibi tradit spectator. Non tamen intus  
 Digna geri promes in scenam: Multaque tolles  
 Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præfens.  
 Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet;  
 Aut humana palam coquat extra nefarius Atreus;  
 Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem.  
 Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.*

The literal Translation whereof is thus:

Some Ladies *do their Need* before your Face;  
 Some only tell the *Action*, and the *Place*.  
 Our Mind is less provok'd by what it hears,  
 Than when the *Faët* before our Eyes appears.  
 In Closet dark, your *Cedar-box* be hid;  
 Not in a Parlour shown without the Lid.  
 Some *Actions* must be alway out of Sight,  
 Yet *elegantly told*, may give Delight.  
 Nurse must not hold the Child, and cry *Eee, Hee*,  
 When Madam and her Friends are o'er their Tea.  
*Atreus*, with Ladies by, mistakes his Wit,  
 In new-born T---s to run a red-hot Spit.  
*Mis Progne* must not cry, *a Bird, a Bird!*  
 Before good Company, and shew a -----.  
*Cadmus*, who voids out Worms of monst'rous Size,  
 In mere good Manners should deceive our Eyes;  
 Must do his dirty Work behind the Scene,  
 And e'er he shews the *Vermin*, wipe them clean.  
 To bring such odious Objects full in View,  
 Though *Fools* may laugh, will make a *wise Man* spew.

I desire the Reader will compare the least exceptionable Lines in the *Lady's Dressing Room* with the least offensive of these in *Horace*; although purged by me, as much as could consist with preserving the true Sense of the Original: Yet this was the great *Master of Politeness* in the *Roman Empire*, at the Time it flourished most in *Arts and Arms*.

*Horace*, you see, makes Use of the plain slovenly Words, which our decent *Irish Poet* industriously avoids, and skips over a Hundred dirty Places, without fouling his Shoes. *Horace*, on the contrary, plainly calls a *Spade*, a *Spade*, when there was not the least Necessity; and when, with equal Ease as well as Significancy, he might have express'd his Meaning in comely Terms, fit for the nicest Ears of a *Queen* or a *Dutchess*.

I do

I do, therefore, positively decide in favour of our *Hibernian Bard*, upon the Article of *Decency*; and am ready to defend my Proposition against all Mankind; that in the ten Lines of *Horace*, here faithfully and favourably translated, there are ten Times more *slovenly Expressions*, than in the whole *Poem* called the *Lady's Dressing-Room*; and for the Truth of this Proposition, I am ready to appeal to all the young Ladies of the Kingdom, or to such a *Committee* as my very Adversaries shall appoint. v. *Swift*. xxiv. 606.

The Moral Translation which is thus

Some Ladies who have seen your Face,  
Some only tell the Nation, and the Place,  
Our Mind is less struck by what it hears,  
Than when the Face before our Eyes appears.  
In Obedience, your Commands he bid,  
Not in a ParLOUR shown without the bid.

For elegance, may give Delight,  
You must not hold the Child, and cry Ee Hee,  
When Madam, and her Friends are o'er their Tea,  
With Ladies he mistakes his Way,  
In new-dress'd to run a red-hot Spire,  
His Partner must not cry a look a look,  
Before good Company, and throw a  
Cowan, who is our Woman of monstrous Size,  
In more good Measures should receive our Eyes;  
Must do his dirty Work behind the  
And for he knows

## F I N I S

Though that may laugh, will make a safe show,

I desire the Reader will compare the least exceptionable Lines in the Poem with the least offensive of these in Verse; although perhaps by me, as well as could be done, the true sense of the Poem is preserved; yet this was the great defect in the Roman Empire, as the Poem is translated into Latin Verse.  
I have you see made use of the plain flowly Words, which our Poem has, but indifferently, and this is a blundered dirty Poem, without feeling the Poem. I have on the contrary plainly calls a Poem, a Poem, when there was not the least feeling, and when with equal ease as well as to be done, the Poem is translated in comedy Terms in for the most part of a Poem or a Poem.

I do