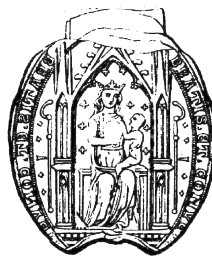


THE LOCAL MYTHSTORIAN

Uncovering the curious histories of Cheshire, Derbyshire and Staffordshire

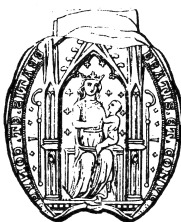


Happily Presents

The Merry Thought: or The Glass-House and Bog-House Miscellany

By Hurlo Thrumbo

Notes by Eli Lycett



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Samuel Johnson, born in Gawsworth Cheshire in 1691, was a man of many artistic and literary talents. His strange and wonderful life was explored in the feature I wrote for The Local Mythstorian - King of Chaos - but no matter how much of his story may be able to be understood through that process, I find new insights and intrigues are still readily forthcoming.

Here I present a transposition of the work “The Merry Thought or The Glass-House and Bog-House Miscellany” published by a figure who called themselves Hurlo Thrumbo in 1732. Time has come to see “Hurlo” as in fact Samuel Johnson, with this work being quite an oddity even for him.

Sometimes referred to simply as The Bog House Miscellany, it is a collection of graffiti from England’s public latrines ale-house windows. It is curious and unusual time capsule of (quite literally) 18th century English toilet humour. As such, no offence is intended, should anyone actually find anything to be offended by.

I have not altered the original text unless absolutely needed for understanding.

Hope you enjoy,

Eli Lycett

The Local Mythstorian

January 2020

THE
MERRY-THOUGHT:
OR, THE GLASS WINDOW AND BOG-HOUSE MISCELLANY

Taken from

The Original Manuscripts written in Diamond by Persons of the first Rank and Figure
in Great Britain; relating to Love, Matrimony, Drunkenness, Sobriety, Ranting,
Scandal, Politicks, Gaming, and many other Subjects, Serious and Comical.

Faithfully Transcribed from the Drinking-Glasses and Windows in the several noted
Taverns, Inns, and other Publick Places in this Nation. Amongst which are intermixed
the Lucubrations of the polite Part of the World, written upon Walls in Bog-houses.

Published by HURLO THRUMBO.

THE
DEDICATION

TO THE

Honourable and Worthy Authors
of the following Curious Pieces.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

Would it not be great Pity, that the profound Learning and Wit of so many illustrious Personages, who have favoured the Publick with their Lucubrations in Diamond Characters upon Drinking-Glasses, on Windows, on Walls, and in Bog-houses, should be left to the World? Consider only, Gentlemen and Ladies, how many Accidents might rob us of these sparkling Pieces, if the industrious Care of the Collector had not taken this Way of preserving them, and handing them to Posterity. In the first Place, some careless Drawer breaks the Drinking-Glasses inscribed to the Beauties of our Age; a furious Mob at an Election breaks the Windows of a contrary Party; and a cleanly Landlord must have, forsooth, his Rooms new painted and white-wash'd every now and then, without regarding in the least the Wit and Learning he is obliterating, or the worthy Authors, any more than when he shall have their Company: But I may venture to say, That good Things are not always respected as they ought to be: The People of the World will sometimes overlook a Jewel, to avoid a turd, through the proverb says shit luck is good luck.

Nay, I have even found some of the Spectator's Works in a Bog-house, Companion with Pocky-Bills and Fortune-telling Advertisements; but now, as Dr. R——ff said, You shall live; and I dare venture to affirm, no Body shall pretend to use any of your bright Compositions for Bum-Fodder, but those who pay for them. I am not in this like many other Publishers, who make the Works of other People their own, without acknowledging the Piracy they are guilty of, or so much as paying the least Complement to the Authors of their Wisdom:

No, Gentlemen and Ladies, I am not the Daw in the Fable, that would vaunt and strut in your Plumes. And besides, I know very well you might have me upon the Hank according to Law, and treat me as a Highwayman or Robber; for you might safely swear upon your Honours, that I had stole the whole Book from your recreative Minutes. But I am more generous; I am what you may call Frank and Free; I acknowledge them to be Yours, and now publish them to perpetuate the Memory of your Honours Wit and Learning:

But as every one must have something of Self in him, I am violently flattered, that my Character will shine like the Diamonds you wrote with, under your exalted Protection, to the End of Time. I am not like your common Dedicators, who fling out their Flourishes for the sake of a Purse of Guineas on their Dedicatees; No, Gentlemen and Ladies, all I desire is, that you will receive this kindly, though I have not put Cuts to it, and communicate what sublime Thoughts you may chance to meet

with to the Publisher, J. Roberts, in Warwick-Lane

Your Most Humble,

Most Obedient,

Most Obsequious,

Most Devoted,

And Most Faithful Servant,

HURLO THRUMBO.

In a Window at Maidenhead

Y dearest Kitty, says the Fryar,
Give me a holy Kiss, and I'll retire,
Which Kiss set all his Heart on Fire.

He had no Rest that Night, but often cry'd,
Z---nds, my dear Kitty shall be occupy'd;
I'll lay aside my Rank, I will not be deny'd.

To-morrow I'll try her,
Said the Fryar;
And so he went to her,
And did undoe her,
By making her cry out for Mercy;
And then he kiss'd her Narsey-Parsey.

Sun behind the Exchange

To Mr. Db, on his being very hot upon Mrs. N. S. 1714.

When the Devil would commit a Rape.

He took upon him Cupid's Shape:

When he the Fair-One met, at least,

They kiss'd and hugg'd, or hugg'd and kiss'd;

But she in amorous Desire,

Thought she had Cupid's Dart,

But got Hell Fire,

And found the Smart.

N. B. And then the Surgeon was sent for.

From the White-Hart at Acton

Kitty the strangest Girl in Life,

For any one to make a Wife;

Her Constitution's cold, with warm Desire,

She kisses just like Ice and Fire.

At the Bear-Inn, Spinham-Land

EVANK it is a Word of Fame,

Spell it backwards, 'tis your Name.

S. T. 1710.

Find it out if 'tis your Name,

R. M.

At the Cranes, Edgeworth

As I walk'd by myself,
I said to myself.
And myself said again to me:
Look to thyself,
Take Care of thyself,
For no Body cares for thee.
Then I myself
Thus answer'd myself,
With the self-same Repartee:
Look to thyself,
Or look not to thyself,
'Tis the self-same Thing to me.

John Careless.

On a Frier who cuckol'd a Dyer at Roan in France; and the

Dyer's Revenge in dying him Blue

There was a topping Dyer,
Was cuckol'd by a Frier:
He saw the Case,
How bad it was,

And feign'd to take a Journey,
Saying softly, Madam, —— burn ye

But stopping by the Way

He saw the Priest full gay,

Running fast to his House,

To tickle his Spouse:

'Tis d——n'd vile, thinks the Dyer,

But away went the Frier.

I'll be with you anon,

Says the Dyer, —— go on,

And as I am blunt,

If I find you have don't,

I'll dye you for Life,

For debauching my Wife;

And as good as his Word,

For he car'd not a T--d,

Away goes the Dyer,

Caught his Wife with the Frier.

And led the Monk down,

And pickled him soon,

In a Dye-Fat of Blue,

Which he ever will rue,

'Twas so lasting a Hue;

And that spoilt his hunting,

A Twelve-month or two

On a Tavern Window in Fleet-Street

An Address to our present Petit-Maitres.

No more let each fond foppling court a Brother,

And quit the Girls to dress for one another;

Old maids, in Vengeance to their slighted Beauty,

Shall one Day make you wish you'd done your Duty;

Thro' H--ll they drag ye on most aukward Shapes,

Yoak'd in their Apron-Strings, and led for Apes.

Written under a Couple of paultry Verses, in a Woman's

Hand

Immodest Words admit of no Defence;

For Want of Decency is want of Sense.

Eaton, on a Window.

When I came to V,

We made IV of us II;

Yet I took the Right Hand,

And then what came of V?

V was lesser by I
Then V had been beIV:
But an L and some Xes
Would make V LXXX.
If V could C as well as I,
'Tis a hundred to one, but I comply;
Then V and I together fix,
I'll stand by V, and make V VI.

On a Window in Mainwaring's Coffee-House, Fleet-Street

Omnia Vincit Amor.
If Kisses were the only Joys in Bed,
Then Women would with one another wed.

(At the Same Place)

Let Jove his Juno, and his Nectar boast,
Champain's my Liquor, and Miss K---g my Toast.

Rumford on a Window

When full of Pence, I was expensive,
And now I've none, I'm always pensive.

Underwritten.

Then be at no Expençe
And you'll have no Suspence.

Dean's Yard, Westminster, in Charcoal, on a Wall, a Verse
to be read upwards or downwards or arsey-versey the same

S A T O R

A R E P O

T E N E T

O P E R A

R O T A S

Maidenhead, in a Window

In a Window, In a Window,
I saw a Cat lick her Ear in a Window.
Nay, Sir, —— she cry'd, I'll swear I won't.
I vow I never yet have don't!

Lord! Pray, Sir, do not press me so;
I'll call for all the Folks below.
Good Lord! what is't? You're very rude;
And then she acted like a Prude.

And then,
Like Birds of a Feather,
They flock'd together.

Rebuses on Drinking-Glasses, at a private Club of
Gentlemen

Miss Wall-sing-ham.

What encloses a Plat, as I wish her dear Arms
Had my Body encompass'd, with Nightingale's Charms,
And the Leg of an Hog, gives my dearest her Name.
Her Beauties so great set my Heart on a Flame.

Rebus on Miss Nick-ells.

Take the Devil's short Name,
And much more than a Yard,
You've the Name of the Dame
I shall ever regard.

Rebus on Miss S. Bell.

The greatest Noise on Sundays made,
Tells us her Name in Masquerade,
Whom I must kiss, —— or be a Shade.

Rebus for Miss M. Cotton.

One of the softest Things in Nature,
Beareth the Name of my dear Creature

Rebus on Miss Anne Oliv-er.

A Pickle of excellent Growth,
And to *Sin against the Truth,
Tells the Name of a Virgin of Beauty and Youth.

* i.e. To Err.

Rebus on Miss Par-sons.

A famous Old Man of Old Time,
And his Children, the Males of his Line,
Give the Name of my Beauty Divine.

Rebus on Miss Har-ring-ton.

The Pleasure of the Sportsman's Chase;
The Pledge in Matrimonial Case,
With Twenty Hundred Weight beside,
Name her I wish to make my Bride.

At Epsom on a Window

When my brisk Lass
Upon the Grass,
Will sport, and Give her Love;
She'll wink and pink,
Till she can't think;
That's Happiness, by Jove!
Per Jovem Juro.

J. M.

Brentford at the Red-Lion, the Great Room

Says Sir John to my Lady, as together they sat,
Shall we first go to Supper, or do you know what?
Dear Sir John, (with a Smile,) return'd the good Lady,
Let us do you know what, for Supper's not ready.

Bridgnorth, at the Crown.

Jenny had got a Cl-p,
Which was my Mishap:

But Doctor R—— set me right,
And I'm now in good Plight.

January 30. 1720. J. W.

At the Swan at Chelsea, in one of the Summer-Houses;
supposed to be written by One who lost his Estate in the

South-Sea Year

Damn the Joke
Of all the Folk:
I've lost my Estate;
And all Men I hate:

I shall look through a Grate,
For I see 'tis my Fate.
The Devil take the Bubbles,
I'm in a Pack of Troubles,
S. B. 1721.
Under this is wrote,
Happy's the Man
That well could scan,
Which way his Fortune led him:
I have got what he lost,
I am gay while he's cross'd,
So adieu to good Mr. B——n.
Ha! ha! ha! 1722.

Upon a Clock in Tavistock-Street, Covent-Garden, 1712

I have no Legs,
And yet I go and stand:
And when I stand, I lie;
Witness my Hand;
Mentiri non est meum.
From a Window at Spring-Gardens, Vaux-Hall.
Exil'd from London, happy could I live,
Were this my Paradise, and this my Eve.

At the Cardinal's-Cap at Windsor.

Michael Hunt's Health.

Here's a Health to Mich. Hunt,

And to Mich. Hunt's Breeches;

And why may not I scratch Mich. Hunt,

When Mich. Hunt itches.

The Clock goes as swift as the Hours that fly,

When together in Bed are my Chloe and I:

But when she is gone, I bemoan my hard Fate,

It is Millions of Years till she knocks at my Gate.

Underwritten.

D——n the Clock for its Inconstancy; to give me Moments and Ages in the same

Time! O my Chloe!

R. W. 1720.

From a Window in Chancery-Lane

Here did I lay my Celia down;

I got the P-x, and she got half a Crown.

W. T. 1719.

Underwritten.

Give and take; Weight for Inches.

S. R.

From a Bog-House at Hampton-Court, supposed to be
written by a violent Lover

Oh! that I were a T---d, a T---d,
Hid in this secret Place,
That I might see my Betsy's A——,
Though she sh--t me in my Fac
R. M. 1703.

Written under this in a Woman's Hand.

'Tis Pity but you had your Wish.

E. W.

17

C

Nottingham, at the Castle: Jack N—— cured.

The Five and twentieth Day of July,
When Jack with Liquor grew unruly,
In comes Sir Richard with a Quart,
And drank him till he broke his Heart;
So down dropp'd Jack
Upon his Back,
And lay,
Till Day,
And went away.

R. C. July 26. 1716.

Catherine-Wheel, High-Wickham, upon a Window

Salley's my Toast from Head to Tail;

Not half so good is Toast and Ale.

J. S. Esq; of Oriel-College, Oxon.

Three-Pigeons, Brentford, in a Window

How vain the Hopes of Woman's Love,

While all their Hearts inconstant prove;

Nor M——k, nor will Dolly come;

Nor Sukey with her thumping B--m;

Nor Molly with her flaring Eyes;

Nor Nancy with her bouncing Thighs:

If one don't come, my Curse is this,

That they may never sh--t nor p--ss.

Six in the Morning, R. R. of Oxford.

Three-Pigeons, Brentford, upon a Drinking-Glass

Dear charming lovely Nancy L——r,

Thou art my only Toast, I swear.

T. T. from Coventry, Feb. 13. 1716.

(On another at the same Place)

My dearest Sukey Percivall,
Is all my Toast, and that is all.
Captain F——l, July 4. 1716.

Red-Lion, at Southwell, in a Window

Clarinda lay here
With a young Cavalier;
With her Heart full of Fear,
For her Husband was near.

L. L. Feb. 2. 1728.

Written under.

'Tis very true; for we saw Rem-in-Re through the Key-Hole

S.		
M.		
J.	}	<i>Feb. 3.</i>
M.		1728.
R.		
H,		

Written under.

If the Husband had come,
And had seen his Wife's B--m,
He'd a known by her Looks,
She'd been playing ——
At Hoy Gammer Cooks.

S. B. March 3. 1728

Windsor, the White-Hart, in a Window.

Now is my latest Guinea chang'd,
And gone where it was used to range:
When that was broke, it broke my Heart;
For now for ever we must part,

19

C2

Unless I boldly meet it on the Road,
And bid the Porter give it me, by G-d.

And so I'll do;

Tom. Stout

Will see it out, Feb. 2.

Underwritten.

Win it and take it, says Captain Hector: I defy the bold Robber; and I have an
hundred Guineas that I shall travel with to-morrow.

Feb. 16.

At the Cardinal's-Cap In Windsor, on a Window.

J. F. is fifteen, and so charming her Mien,
Her Eyes are like Brilliants, her Looks are serene,
And one Kiss from her Lips is worth ten from a Queen.

Tom. Fool, 1726.

(At the same Place, on the Wall)

Never had Mortal greater Wit
Than I who ever wanted it;
But now my Wants have made me scrawl,
And rhyme and write the Devil and all.

J. Forbes, 1720.

On a Summer-House near Farnham in Surrey.

I, C, U, B
Y Y for me.

J. S.

The Reading of it is supposed to be, viz.

I see you be
Too wise for me.
Star-Inn, Coventry.

Tell me where is Fancy bred?
In the Heart, or in the Head?
How begot, how nourished?

ANSWER,

Had not Celia come this Way,
My Heart would be my own this Day,
Fancy's engendered in the Eyes,
With gazing fed; and Fancy dies
In the same Cradle where it lies;

For she's a Wh-re, and I despise.

R. L. 1710.

At the Leg-Tavern, Fleet-Street

We suppose an Attempt to put the Lives of Adam and Eve, and their Sons, into
Verse.

Mr. Adam he was, the first Man alive,
And he married a fine young Gentlewoman, call'd Mrs. Eve.

And Mr. Adam and Mrs. Eve, between them twain
Got a pretty little Boy, called Master Cain.

At the Catherine-Wheel at Henley.
Clelia's Epitaph, who was slander'd to Death.

Death, to vindicate her Wrongs,
Gives her Fame which never dies;
So the Life that died with Shame,
Lives in Death with glorious Fame.

R. S. Oct. 17. 1708.

(At the same Place)

Three Bottles of Burgundy, and a brisk Lass,
With a thousand of Grigs, should it e'er come to pass,
Would make me behave my self just like an Ass.

L. M. of Oxon, 1709.

From the Temple Bog-House

No Hero looks so fierce in Fight,
As does the Man who strains to sh-te.

From the Crown at Basingstoke

(which was, in Ben Johnson's Time, the Sign of the Angel, and then inhabited by Mrs. Hope, and her Daughter Prudence. As Tradition informs us, Ben Johnson was acquainted with the House; and in some Time, when he found strange People there, and the Sign changed, he wrote the following Lines)

When Hope and Prudence kept this House,
The Angel kept the Door;
Now Hope is dead,
And the Angel fled,
And Prudence turn'd a Whore.

From the Bear at Oxford, by a Gentleman who had been affronted at the Angel.

They are all Bears at the Angel,
And all Angels at the Bear.

N.B. There are very pretty Girls at the Bear.

1710. N. R.

In a Boghouse at Richmond

To preserve our good Health,
Let us let a good F---t;
It is better than Wealth,
It will comfort your Heart:
And when you have done,
With the Crack of your B--m,
Bend your Knees,
And then squeeze,
And something will come,
You'll be better, tho' it's not so big as your Thumb.

G. S. 1716.

Crown at Basingstoke

Says Nan B——ch to Sir John, you're a scandalous Villain;
D'ye think I would do what I did for a Shilling?
In good Truth, says Sir John, when I find a Girl willing.
Let her take what she finds, and give Willing for Willing.

But if you insist upon Money for that,
I need not speak plainer, you know what is what,
I shall always look on you as a money-wise Cat.

I. E. July 17. 1713.

Beaconsfield in a Window

Blow me a Kiss, says a Nymph to her Swain,
And when I have got it, I'll give it again.
The Swain had been working, as sometimes Men do,
Till he'd hardly got Breath for to buckle his Shoe;
But turning around, he let a great F---t,
And blow'd her a Kiss according to Art.

B. R. 1715.

At the Swan at Chelsea, in a Summer-House Window.

Jenny demure, with prudish Looks,
Turns up her Eyes, and rails at naughty Folks;
But in a private Room, turns up her lech'rous Tail,
And kisses till she's in for Cakes and Ale.

L. M. July 17. 1727.

Mitre, Hampton, 1708

Celia, the Joy of all my Parts,
I kiss'd, and broke ten thousand Hearts:

There's ne'er a Man the Girl will see,
But dearest, dearest, dearest me.

I. H. Esq; I can boast,
The greatest Conquest o'er the greatest Toast.

Underwritten.

Proud Puppy, who pretend'st to find,

A Woman with a constant Mind,

Surely denotes that Love is blind.

For I have kiss'd her myself,

Or else I'm an Elf,

R. C. Fellow-Commoner, Oxon.

But leaves me starving with Despair.

'Tis now full Eight, I fear her Spouse

Has given her a Rendezvous.

D---mn the first Lines, they are not mine,

T'abuse a Lady so divine;

Altho' I waited for her Hours,

I have enjoy'd her lovely Powers,

Her Wit, her Beauty, and her Sense,

Have fully made me Recompence.

Captain R. T. July 10. 1710.

If thou can'st C,

Mind what I have to say to thee,

Thy Strumpet Wh--re abominable,

Which thou didst kiss upon a Table,

Has made thy manly Parts unable.

Farewel, &c. Z. B.

Toy, at Hampton-Court, 1708.

D--n Molley H——ns for her Pride,

She'll suffer none but Lords to ride:

But why the Devil should I care,

Since I can find another Mare?

L. M. August.

Star-Inn at Coventry

Letter to Will S---rs, Esq;

Dear Will,

I ever will

Be at your will,

Whene'er you will,

And where you will,

So that your Will

Be Good-Will,

I never will

Dispute your Will;

But give you Will

For Will.

At this Time,

At all Times,
Or any Time,
But such Times
As bad Times:
For Lemon Thyme,
Or Common Time,
Or Tripple Time,
Are not Times
Like your Times
And my Times
For Pastimes.
Then betimes
Suit your Time
To my Time;
Or my Time
Is lost Time.
I wish you well,
And hope you're well,
As I am well;
So all's well
That ends well;
Then farewell.
R. B. April 17. 1714.

Star at Coventry

Drunk at Comb-Abbey, horrid drunk;
Hither I came, and met my fav'rite Punk.

But she as well might have embrac'd a Log,
All Night I snor'd, and grunted like a Hog,
Then was not I a sad confounded Dog!

R. H.

I'll never get drunk again,
For my Head's full of Pain,
And it grieves me to think,
That by Dint of good Drink,
I should lie with my Phillis in vain.

R. H. 1712.

Salisbury, the King's Arms, on the Wall.

Here was a 'Pothecary's Wife,
Who never lov'd her Spouse in all her Life;
And for want of his Handle,
Made use of a Candle:
—— Light as a Feather,
To bring Things together.

S. C. 1710.

Underwritten.

Thou Fool, 'twas done for want of Sense,

I tickl'd her Concupiscence:

And that is enough to save her Credit.

S. B. 1712.

(Under this is wrote)

From the Story above,

The Girls that love,

Have learn'd the Use of Candles;

And since that, by Jove,

And the God of Love,

We have lost the Use of Handles.

W. S——pe, Feb. 2. 1714.

Stockbridge, at the Kings-Head

Salley Stukely is the prettiest Girl in England,

I wish I was to play a Game with her single-hand.

R. S.

Windsor, at the Cardinal's-Cap

Now my Sun is retired,

My Heart is all fired;

My Sylvia's lost

And I am toss'd,

Into Love's Flames,
What shall I do to gain her?
Sure something must restrain her,
Or else she'd come.
Then I'm undone.
Help me, dear Cupid,
Or I shall grow stupid;
And if you won't help me,
Then Bacchus protect me.
R. M. 1709.

Greyhound, at Maidenhead.

Dear Doll is a Prude,
And I tumbled her down;
And I tickled her Fancy
For half a Crown.
R. M——r, July 17. 1714.
At the Same Place.
Chloe's Character.
Her Voice is as clear as the Stream;
Her Character light as the Sun;
Her Dealings are hard as a Stone;
But her Promise as sure as a Gun.
A. P--pe, 1712

At the same Place.

A Hog, a Monkey, and an Ass,
Were here last Night to drink a Glass,
When all at length it came to pass,
That the Hog and the Monkey,
Grew so drunken,
That both were ready to kiss the A--se
of Tom. Dingle. April 17. 1710.

At the White-Hart, Windsor

How, do I fear my Lover will not come;
And yet I bid him not: But should he come,
Then let him read ——
Let Man--r--ing love on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wild Heart to thy loving Hand.
If thou dost love, my Kindness shall incite thee,
To bind our Loves up in a holy Band.
Anne Oph---lia, 1708.

From a Bog-House at Hampstead

Hard Stools proceed from costive Claret;

Yet mortal Man cannot forbear it.

So Childbed-Women, full of Pain,

Will grunt and groan, and to't again.

At Hampstead, in a Window.

Gammer Sprigins had gotten a Maidenhead,

And for a Gold Guinea she brought it to Bed;

But I found by embracing that I was undone;

'Twas a d---n'd p-ck-y Wh--re, just come from London.

R. L. 1710.

A strange Thing written upon a Glass Window in Queen Elizabeth's Time.

I, C, S, X, O, Q, P, U.

This must be left to the Decypherers.

Pancras Bog-House.

If Smell of T——d makes Wit to flow,

Laud! what would eating of it do.

From the Temple Bog-House.

If you design to sh--te at Ease,

Pray rest your Hands upon your Knees.

And only give a gentle squeeze.

F I N I S.