

## About the Translator John Stevens

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John Stevens (c. 1662–1726) began his career as a translator and lexicographer in the late seventeenth century in London. He became an important figure in the history of translation into English of Spanish books on such subjects as history, travel, and geography. He also compiled an important Spanish-English dictionary, printed twice in the eighteenth century (1706, 1726). His translation *The Comical Works of Don Francisco de Quevedo* (1707), which includes *The Dog and the Fever* (attributed to Quevedo), was a great success and reprinted twice (1707, 1742). *The Cambridge History of English and American Literature* (1912) describes Stevens as “the most industrious and by no means the least distinguished of the translators of his time.” Despite the importance of Stevens’s works as translator and lexicographer, he remains an unknown and forgotten figure. See: Heberto Fernández and Monique C. Cormier, “A Forgotten Translator and Lexicographer of the Eighteenth Century, Captain John Stevens,” *Romanistik in Geschichte und Gegenwart* 14.1 (May 2008): 73–98; also, Ana María Murillo, “Wit, Faithfulness and ‘Improvements’ in English Translation Anthologies of Spanish Popular Literature (1700),” *International Anthologies of Literature in Translation*, ed. Harald Kittel, Berlin: Erich Schmidt, 1995: 30–39.

—JONATHAN COHEN—

*Supposed*

T H E

D O G and the F E V E R

An unaccountable

N O V E L:

O R, A

R A P S O D Y.

**A**S I was walking one Evening by the Mill-Dam, I heard some talking among the Reeds and Rushes. I made a full Halt like an Evesdropper, and listening with all the Ears I had, heard one say, *Madam, I am a Cinick Court Philosopher; I am so full I can hold no longer; I have a thousand Secrets upon the tip of my Tongue; I long to put my Finger in my Throat and disgorge my self, and your Ladyship is come pat for my purpose. No Body hears us, keep my Counsel as you hope to be Knighted. I will hint at Grievances. I took a fairer Standing to listen, and he went on and said, The Fox makes it his sport to devour the Goose. Does any Body hear us? I'll talk low, and sink my Voice a Note, as if a*  
*Man*

**B b 3**

**cause**

*The Dog and the Fever.**Pride and  
want.**Wits.*

cause he wears a Beard? Has a Beetle e'er the more edge for being made of Iron? Is not he very hungry, or ill befriended who fights for oaten Bread? 'Tis a sweet Sorrow to bury an outrageous Wife? 'Tis dangerous playing with a Cat without your Gloves, to jest with Women, or Money, to sow Briars, and walk barefoot. Some body stop my Mouth, but first give me leave for two words. Believe me, Madam, an old Man upon a Colt is as bad as Fleas upon a Dog, Mice upon Cheese, the Devil upon Women, for this is one Devil upon another. I would fain say something of those Gentlemen who fast themselves, that they may starve their Servants, and feed their Families upon their Pedegrees, that boast of their Progenitors, and forget to breed their Children. Those meer Wits made up of the scraps of other Men, all gaudy outfides and emptiness within. Blown Bladders, nothing but Hulk and Air, proud Peacocks, all noise and show. Men that quibble, and play upon words, and affect their own Nonsense as if it were Wisdom. They have as much Learning as Religion, and as much Sense as a Statue, and when they have once told you what Weather it is (for want of other Discourse) they have no more to say for themselves, and a Stock will entertain you as well as they. It is their practice to run in debt and never pay; to report Lies and assert them as Truth; to write ill Hands that they may be thought Schollars; to appear in a hurry that they may pass for Men

of



of business ; to talk much of their Stables when they are not worth a Horse, and Gal-  
lant the Ladies with a borrow'd Coach. But  
it is impossible to whistle and sip at the  
same time. Now do but mind what comes  
into my head. Thou stail Maid that wait'st  
for a sober Husband at fifty, dost thou not  
consider that as the time flies the Furrows  
sink, and that it is not only clean Linnen  
that makes a Feast. Prethee observe it is  
meer madness to put on Gloves when you  
are stark naked. If you are sharp set, have  
at all. If you are for kissing, be not coy.  
On with it. When you trust to the Dog,  
the Wolf often slips into the Sheep-fold.  
D'ye conceive me? Can I help it, if Pri-  
sons and Fasts be made only for the Poor?  
If Sparrows will fight for the Corn that is  
none of their own? If costly Living make a  
Man die poor? If he that aims too high  
falls into the Dunghil? If over-much Inci-  
vility be down-right Hipocrisy? If he that  
makes a faint at the heels lays his stroke  
upon the head? If he who strokes with  
one hand stabs with the other? If a Woman  
lays a Spell at her door that none may pass  
by, but they must step in? If he that breaks  
the head pretends to give the Plaister? If  
a Thief pass for a Gentleman, only because  
stealing has made him rich? I had as good  
undertake to wash the Blackamoor white,  
as to think to mend it? O thou wicked  
World, thus shamefully disguis'd! Who  
can lay open thy senseless Contrivances?  
Who can bring you to Reason whilst you  
wear

*Prepositer-  
ous Pra-  
ctices,*

*The  
World.*

wear that Fool's Coat? You are all sound and single, like a Morrice-Dance, and yet you are as lame as an old batter'd Horse. You are a Tree that bears no Fruit, meer Fuel for the Fire. Who can chuse but bless himself at thee, as if he saw the Devil? O thou lanthorn Jaw'd, sharp Bill'd old Fellow, art thou not ashamed to slander Truth? Your Nose and Chin look like a Nutcracker, or pair of Castanets. Don't think the Brains lie in the Beard. How come you, who ought to be as grave as an old Horse, to look as demure as a Whore at a Christening, and to talk as soberly as a formal Judge; how come you to trip and toy, and prate like a Magpy? But have a care how your Tongue runs in ill Company.

*Reflection.* Methinks I hear a dissembling Railer check me after this manner, Thou mangy Dog, where hast thou learnt Experience, or taken thy Degree, that thou shouldst take upon thee to play the Censor! Do not inculcate your Hipocritical Notions for Gospel Truths. Break not your rest at what does not concern you. Don't you know it sometimes costs as much pains to do Mischiefe, as to acquire Wealth? You are as sharp sighted as an envious Neighbour. All Truths are not to be spoke at all times. For tho' a Man be a Thief or a Cuckold, it is not proper to tell him so. Do you rail at little Meat, and abundance of Children, for the Belly that's full may well fast. Do not pretend to confine the

the

the Times to Monastical Rules. It is easier to bear with what's amiss, than go about to reform it. Your Wisdom seems to lie upon the catch, since it terminates in Queries. Do not play the Prodigal, for when you are come to the last, that's the day of Judgment ; yet if still you must give way to your currish Nature, do not let that surprise you, but if you must admire, let it be at the Liberty marry'd Men allow, at the fauning Grin of an Hypocritical Brother, at the Niceness of a Coward, at the mortal Strokes of a Physician, at the drunken Valour of a Catchpole, at the bawdy Jest of a Pedant, at the Secrecy of a Pimp, at the Cheapness of a Commission of the Peace, at the great Guts and small Brains of a Parson, at the patching up of a crack'd Bride for a silly Cully, at the Integrity of a Maid that's common as the High-way, at the Judge that cannot see Right, because the Bribe is before his Eyes, at the Lawyer that bauls according to his Fee, at an old Man that speaks of times past, at a Jew that expects those that are to come, at so much Pretence of Religion, and so little Practise, at the restless Clack of an old Women, at the leud Railer that acts the Preacher in a Bawdy-house, at the zealous Friend who plays the *Judas*, at the Anchorite who lives at Court, at the Saint that is all Tongue, at the restless Spirit of those in Command, at a Step-mother's kindness, at a Timpany that lasts just nine Months, at a common Cheat turn'd Gentleman, at a young Wench fluxing

*What may  
be rail'd at**The Fudge**old Wo-  
man.*



*Redant.*

fluxing for the Falling-sickness, at a Thief that can't give up the Ghost without the help of a Rope, at a Beggar that makes a costly Funeral, at a great House to a little Estate, at a mighty Schollar who has more Stomach than Learning, at a Woman who, like a Dog, cannot endure to be alone, at a great Wit that never thinks, at the Pedant who spews out fag-ends of Phrases, at a Sir Positive who pretends to submit out of good breeding, at trying a hem where there is no Eccho, at greasing a Cause that it may stretch, and opening the Purse to receive Judgment, at a Maid that is in cure for swollen Breasts, at a Fool that will be courted to do his own business, and at a Smith with a silk Apron.

*Strumpet.*

Friend, I must confess, you are in the right, but will you have me encourage other abuses by passing them by with *Pythagorical* Silence ; or shall I clear the Street for the Constables ? Saying, *Make way for the Rubbish*. Why may not I be nettled, if I see

*Detard.*

*Homer* nod ? I will bark when I spy the Bush at the Door, and the Strumpet in the House. I am no such Fool as to send to the Wolf for Meat ; or to take pet at Dinner time ; or to wet my Wings, tho I do not finge them. I have still my sting in me, and my Collar is stuck with Nails. Tell me then, what Tutor shall we find for a Child at sixty years of Age, who begins to prattle, had not he better drink, than try to look young, and is it not better for him to sweat than to cough ? I am in for it, but God's Will be  
done



done. Father advise with your Pillow, do not sputter for halte, take heed of smelling too strong of the Tavern-pot; do not forbear putting Water into your Wine, because there are Vermin in the River. Consider old Gentleman, that Wine is good when it is good, and I give you and a cholerick Man leave to exceed three, but not four Glasses. I cannot allow *Tiberius* himself to grow dry with drinking

I do not speak one word but what in a *Mysterious Words* figurative sense, contains more mysteries than it has Letters, and I fear lest all these Reeds should become Pipes, and make it known abroad that *Midas* has Asses Ears. But it is a folly to dye for fear; the Wolf may hear much before he mends. I am a Dog, as yet I do but bark, and not bite. God deliver me from running mad, for all this is but nibbling of Fleas. But since I have talk'd of running mad, there will be no such thing in nature, till there is a Quack *Charms* to cure it with Charms; nor any People possess'd till there is a Devil ferking Priest. It is no discretion to ride over a Bridge of a single Plank. I approve of writing with a Peacock's Quill, because the Feather is all Eyes. I am run without thinking into my dogged laconick way of speaking, like a wise Man's Bolt, a short Verse, or a Goat's Hair, Pardon me, Madam, for I design to cool my Pottage by barking; then to return to my subject again, pray Madam let me ask you.

*Sharp  
Queries*

For whom does the blind Man's Wife trick herself up? Why does the Preacher sell us the scraps he steals out of other Men's Sermons, above the common rate? What occasion is there for the Hen to crow before the Cock? What is the use of Patience, if we cannot find it when we want it? Why should we make red letter'd Saints of all the Martyrs that are hang'd for Treason? Why does he pretend to blush, who knows not what shame is? Why does the Mother of the Maids clap her Eyes in her Pocket, when she should look out sharp? What needs malice vent it self in railing at the Mule and the Friar, it is true *St. Francis* walk'd a-foot, because saddle Beasts were not so common then as they are now. Peace Railer, for the most penitential Anchorite has now and then a small flight of vanity. Alas! 'tis not safe trusting a left handed Man with Money. Nor is it good to receive with one measure, and deal out with another. The Mice will not play with the Kittens. Take notice that he who is not ripe at twenty, wise at thirty, and rich at forty, will never be ripe, rich, or wise. He who falls asleep catches no Fish. To live upon Trust is the way to pay double. He who sets one Foot in a Baudy-house, claps the other into an Hospital. I weep because the same sense that serves to see serves to shed Tears. But what cares the Moon for the Dog's barking at her. How comes it that there is no old Man without some ailing, and that hunger fetches the  
Wolf

*Things to  
be avoided*

Wolf out of the Wood. But to my lamentation again. Alafs! The Wedding year *Com-plaints* is a time to run in debt, or fall sick. Alafs! How the Crow bewails the scabby Sheep and then devours her. Alafs! The Ais brays when he pleases, and so does a Fool. Alafs! Troubles and Mushrooms never come up alone. Alafs! A Woman is sure to find what she likes; but whether she loves or is belov'd still she leaves the Purse empty; if she is handsome she is not all her Husband's, she hates an old Man; she is the Life and the Ruin of that Family; and to say the truth, Wine, Horses and Women are deceitful Commodities. They that have Goats have Horns. They who have but one Son make a Fool of him. He who has but one Pig, makes him fat; he who deals in honey licks his Fingers, and he who eats Sallad does not go to bed fasting. Alafs! The old Man that marries is like a Kid, for either he dyes soon, or lives to be a Goat; his whole Body wafts and his Head grows. Alafs! A good Goat, a good Mule, and a good old Women, are three scurvy Beasts. Alafs! Women and Wine are too hard for the greatest Sharper. A Woman, a Servant, a Phyfician, a Cat and a Lawyer, are five necessary evils. A Woman and a Goat if poor are a Feast for the *Necessary Evils*. Devil. There is no credit to be given to a Beard of three colours. The greatest Favourite is in most danger of falling. He who trusts no body is a fool, and he that trusts every body is mad. He who has a Cough



Cough, is in love, or has a witty Wife, needs no other plague, but he who has little Cloath must cut his Coat short. The abstemious Man refrains from Books, when he can feed on Partridges. The Cat values not the threats of the Mice; and he never wants a Stick that has a mind to beat his Dog. Believe me, Sweet Lady, she that white-washes her House, has a mind to lett it; but they that lett it will receive it in a worse condition. My Friend, he who expresses more kindness to you than usual, has a mind to deceive you; and he who bites four Fruit makes ugly Faces. To live without Troubles is no easy matter, among Mortals, and nothing is certain in a fading Life. The Earth produces all things and receives them again; and whatsoever time does, it undoes. It is a very hard matter to chuse Melons; for an old Woman to be holy, to make a Bed for a Greyhound, and to marry well. Take heed, my Friend, do not praise your self, and do not judge amiss of a good Man. Do not chuse a Wife or Silk by Candle-light. Do not enquire what it is that boils in my Pot. Do not chuse a Friend over your Cups. Do not charge your self with more than you can trust every body else with. Never trust a still Sea or a Woman. Believe me, there is no Rose without Prickles, nor a Goat starv'd to death. You conceive me. Every Schollar is not wise. All haste is follow'd by leasure. Time discovers all things. Every thing requires its due measure. Every

*Cautious.*

ry Cuckold has two to one. Every Mill requires Wind or Water. All excess is vicious. Every Man seeks his own ends. All Men praise their own. All Men have their Faults. Every Man that does a base Action is base. Every body loves to be belov'd again. The Bread that costs nothing is always best tasted. All that is fear'd is mistrusted. All Labour requires a Reward. All Lavishness is not Generosity. Money buys all things. A great want is never forgotten. All Misfortunes end or have an end. A slender Table makes a heavy Purse, and all Repentance is dear. My Friend, it is better to have but one Eye than to be quite blind. Better to live within compass than have great Revenues; and to have a Paun than a Surety. Bind so as you may unbind. Do not drink what you do not see. Do not make a jest of Truth. Do not look for Grapes from a Bramble; nor commend till you have made tryal. Pay what you owe and you'll know what is your own. Do not lay a snare that you may fall into it your self. Let me get by you and no matter whether you love me. Help me and I'll help you. Learn your self before you teach those you have a kindness for. Blow and you'll not scald your self. Chuse for your self, a Fish of three years old, Wine of two, Flesh of one, Bread of yesterdays baking, a new laid Egg, Cheese that weeps, and Broth full of Eyes. Little Venery, few Words, less Troubles and spare Diet are best; and take notice that  
Soup

Soup has seven good Qualities, It satisfies Hunger, quenches Thirst, fills the Belly, cleanses the Gums, causes Sleep, helps Digestion, and makes two Roses on the Face.

*Things not lasting.*

Believe me, a Dog's Breed, the Love of a Strumpet, a Farmer's Stock, and a Sharper's Cash does not last above three years.

*To grow rich.*

Do not lend, for if lending were good, a Woman would lend her self out. Three things will make you rich, Getting and not Spending, Promising and not Performing, Receiving and not Returning. Take notice, there are five sorts of things in this

*Devourers*

World that are most frequent and devour most, Falshood, the Itch, a Goat, Chilblains and Women. Let them that have Ears

*A Prayer.*

listen. The Lord deliver me from little pinking Eyes, and from parting two that are Cudgelling ; from making an Entertainment, because he who is at the charge, has the least Pleasure ; from building a House, because either it will be too big or too little, or too high or too low. Go on when you see a Hare, a Friar, a Schollar, or a Whore by the way-side. I mean the

*A Whore.*

Whore, whose Soul is as black as a Taylor's, and yet she expects to be fav'd, because she goes to Evening Prayers to pick up a Spark, and has a blind Man to call at her Door, that the Neighbours may take notice of her. My Tongue is like a Cat's, I draw Blood when I do but lick.

*A Tale*

When the Nuns of a Monastery in the City of *Granada*, had done singing Even-song, on the Eve of *Sr. John*, the Church being



being then full of People, one Doctor *High-flight*, a Madman, got into the Pulpit, I was then present, and he preach'd after this manner. Holy *Saint John*, whose Feast is kept as religiously as Gold in a Bag, or as the *Jew* does the Sabbath, if you assist me I'll bid you good Morrow, on this day when you have as many Songs sung in honour of you as there are Carols at *Christmas*. It was needless to give notice of my Sermon, because it would be like ringing a Bell to an Entertainment of Roots. But because Money does not encrease in the Bag, but the Purse is to serve upon occasion, I must tell you that I have a great Stock of contraband Ware, which has been detain'd in the Custom-house of Silence ; that is, it has been basking within me till I am almost burst, but now it shall all out at random, for I will not be like Mumchance, hang'd for saying of nothing, but will rattle it out, and talk my Belly full, and therefore Holy Sisters, I will tell my mind, tho' it be Hand over Head, and tho' I preach in a Desert, as the Saint did, whose Festival is kept this day, and who lost his Head for the Truth, and for a Harl——, I was going to speak it out, and perhaps it was because he show'd the Lamb to the Wolves. Believe me, dearly beloved, no Cuckold was ever lost for want of a Bell. Never believe an old Man who dyes his grey Hairs black, that would look like his own Son, and fills up the Furrows God has made, altering all his marks, as a Gipsy does who steals an Ass,

Observations.

Documents.

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and

and says, *Give me but a Bridle and I'll ne'er want a Steed.* Never trust Gipsies, the Month of *April*, nor Great Men, for every one of them is best and all nought. The World is mad, those who do but come in Batchelors, go out Sons-in-law. Scarce three Visits pass before there is a great Belly. It is good to visit an Aunt, but not every day. It is a cruel thing to bring People into the House to get great Bellies; Opportunities and Dangers are all one. Will any but a Fool hang a wooden Kettle over the Fire. He that will draw People to his Hermitage, pretends to work Miracles and multipleis Words to make them seem the more; for a Horse a Steed, and a Nag are three Names, and but the same thing. Every Coxcomb dies in his Profession; and none are damn'd but for being Coxcombs. There is no other Fuel in Hell. The World is supported by Coxcombs, for every House has one at least; and every Fool shoots his Bolt, but we are all such Sots that we can easily tumble without help. But the mischief is, we still rise to fall, and as we tumble we comfort our selves, saying, Every thing falls as well as we. You old Dolt that trust a Hag because she prays for the Souls departed, and perhaps it is for your honour that is dead; take heed, her long Veil is but a Cloak for much Knavery, and nothing is safe that comes within her reach. Look to your Daughter, you reverend old Cully, lest her Woman find her a Man; take notice they talk in private, are al-  
ways

Coxcombs.

Hypocrisy.

ways together, and keep as close as Hand and Glove. It is the pleafantest thing in the World to hear an old experienc'd Jade *Bawd's* instruct a young Damsel. The way to *Doctrine.* do business and mind the main chance, is to jilt many and value none. Sell your self very dear, and you'll be highly valu'd. Let not a day slip without spreading your Nets. If you meet with a lukewarm Lover, fire him. If you would not have the Pot burn too, stir it. If it boils over pour in cold Water ; if you would have it boil, stir the Fire, for tough Meat requires Fire and Fuel. I can assure you, none ever wanted boiling for want of being cover'd. Take care you have a lofty Gate for the honour of those that come in, and for the Horns of such as go out. Knead hard and you'll make good Dough. Oh thou wicked old Devil of a Contriver ! If there are not Faggots enough to serve turn, I will throw in all my Sermons to burn you. Who can endure a Coxcomb of a Lord, sprung up like a Mush-<sup>*Upstart*</sup>room out of a Dunghil, whose Father came <sup>*Lord*</sup>up in a leather Jerkin, and wip'd the Prentice's Shoes, when he had scarce Breeches to cover his nakedness, or Stockings to hide his kib'd Heels ; who, I say, can endure to hear this young Upstart, because he has got a Feather in his Cap, cry, Upon my Honour, when he might as well swear by his Father's Conscience, the Horse has a good share of Heels. Why Blockhead, has he any more than any other Horse ? What means so much noise and clamour but to

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show



*Holy Sister**Miser.*

show the emptiness of your Skull ? As the Dunghils at the Foot of them rise, so the lofty Towers fall ; and you are now so high, because you climb upon the ruins of others to reach at Nobility. Thou naked *Indian* Lord, all Smoke and no Fire, take notice, all your Gentility is in your Strut. I am satisfy'd you will rise up in Judgment against me, for it is not reasonable you should hear Gospel Truths sitting. It is a madness to enquire after the Iron Mines, only to buy a fine Needle ; or to ask after the Pedigree of a Swine you are to kill ; or to look a gift Horse in the Mouth. And so it is to take the holy Sister for a Saint, because she turns up the whites of her Eyes, when she says Grace, crying, *Blessed be the Lord that feeds us* ; and because she looks demure when the Wicked visit her, and cannot afford time to mind her House for praying ; for every wry Mouth is not a sign of death, nor a Crane's Neck a token of Patience. Do but observe a Fellow, how he endeavours to talk big, till he rattles in the Throat, and clapping his Hands in his Pockets swells like a Toad, making Faces as if he were hard bound. What Blockhead is he who toils all his Life to starve himself to death at last ? God gave him no Children, but the Devil furnish'd him with Nephews. He is all slick with Grease without, and as fat as a Hen on the Forehead. He is like a Swine, never good till he is dead, and his kindred divide the Spoil ; one takes the Blood, and the other lays hold of the Harlet, till

till they leave him Moneyless and naked. I happen'd once to get up in the dark to study, and thinking to lay hold of a Candle, I took up a Saucidge, then going to blow the Fire to light it, the Cat that lay by, seeing better in the dark, spy'd the Saucidge and snapp'd it out of my Hand, leaving me in a fright and disappointing my Study. Look out sharp then, for the Devil is the Cat, take heed you do not lay hold of the Saucidge instead of the Candle, for the Cat loses nothing for want stealing; no less does a knavish Lawyer, who pleads for his Client to devour him, and a cheating Scrivener to snap him of all he has. Woe be to the Man that goes to Law, who buys the Haltar to hang himself, believing he does all for his own advantage. But let us leave these black Sheep, among the Goats, and to come to what concerns us, I say God deliver you from going to Church for *Prayers* fashion sake; from making your Physician your Heir; from those who make no distinction of Persons; from a Parson turn'd Puritan, whom I would not trust with my Mother. God deliver you from a Gentleman who has a Lamp burning at his Door, but saves the Oyl out of his Salad, and feeds all the year upon his Pedegree; from a flat Nose, a toothless Mouth, and glaring Eyes; from inviting a Jew, tho he be your Uncle, to hear Mass, or eat Bacon, for he'll fly from *St. Antony's* Pig till he drops into *St. Antony's* Fire; from a Wench that is always mothering, and at last falls into Fits of the

Mother ; from spending your Money before it is earn'd ; from him that would be thank'd for feeding his own Swine ; from a continual gentle drip, which makes a hole in a Stone ; from gelding your self because you fell out with your Wife ; from a sharp sighted Neighbour ; from having a Vineyard next the Road ; from a talkative Woman ; from a Fire near Towe ; from having a young Barber practise on your Beard ; from carrying a light into the Wind ; from Flax in Eggs ; from crying out before you are hurt ; from treading the wrong way for fear of being follow'd by the track ; from Household-stuff that eats ; from the Courtesy of a Shop-keeper ; from a helve that is heavier than a Mallet ; from a fair Woman and Horns ; from an old Woman, who tells you that the wrinkles in her Face proceed from Jealousy ; from broad patches on the Temples, for the benefit of pleading the Head-ach ; from a Spendthrift that has no Estate, because he must either work Miracles, or steal from a sanctify'd Brother, in clouted Shoes and a little Band, with the Bible in his Hand, and the Alcoran in his Heart ; from the kindness of a Son-in-law, which is like the Winter Sun, scarce warm and soon gone ; from a Spoon made of new Bread, which sucks up all your Broth ; from Horn Flowers ; from a Woman that converses with the Devil and is frightened with a Mouse ; from a Judge that cannot be upright, because the Bribes weigh him down to one side, and from going on and ridding

no



no Ground. O thou wicked World, if you were not round, you would be long and slender ; but I don't know how to mend you. When the Storm is blown, the Vows are soon forgot. Nothing is more sure at a Feast, than a Hurry, Faults and a drunken Companion. Take notice , beloved, that if the Marksman is bad, the safest place to stand at is at the Mark. Other Men's Diseases are *Galen's* Harvest. Beetle Headed Schollars are fit to make Apothecaries. To lend Money to an Enemy is the way to gain him, and to a Friend to lose him. Every thing has its Season, Fire in Winter, and Horns in time of absence. The way to be rid of the Visiter, is, for the sick Man to call for the Close-stool. He, who cannot laugh, need but think of an old Woman that wears false Locks, or tickle himself. He, who cannot weep, may get him a Mother-in-law, or cut Onions. Do not put an embroider'd Crupper on an old Ass. It is hard that the Doctor should appear before his Learning. Believe me, the best travelling is, with a good Mule, a good Purse, and staying at home. Apply your self to the Church, the Law, the Sea, or the Court. Chew your Meat and soak it well ; and be assur'd there is no Cousin but does cousen ; nor any Tree that will produce unless it be prun'd. If you would enjoy a happy moment, drink cold Liquor, if a good hour dine at home ; if a good day, trim your self ; if a good Week, kill a Hog ; if a good Month, bath your self ; if a good Year, marry ; and if

*Instruction*

you would have a good Life, keep a good Conscience. If you take a fancy to any thing, let it be good Cloth to wear, rock Water to drink, the shade of the House to shelter you, and a Curate's Table to eat at, for he feeds on the fat of the Land. Believe me, it is no sign of Perfection to be stiff Neck'd, and hold up the Head. Never trust to provok'd Patience. Let your Nose be like a Hawk, your Ears like an Ass, your Scent like Monkey, your Mouth like a Pig, your Back like a Camel, and your Legs like Stag. Do not judge of all you see, believe all you hear, do all you are able, say all you know, keep all you have, or spend all you keep. When you meet with a short Beggar, give him a short answer. Take heed of light Fingers that take it as they find it. If you hate a Man, eat his Bread, and if you love him, do so too; and if there be short Commons, fall on first, I do not like a Maiden that can sing and dance, but one that can dearn Stockings and boil the Pot. If the Churchman visits the young Girls, ask no questions when their Bellies swell. The Constable had best keep the Watchmen's Lanthornes about him that he may not be piss'd upon in the dark. The Apothecary is like Pam at Loo, he is every thing that is wanting. Let not the Master keep a Servant out of kindness, but to do his business, for he does not follow him but his Money.

*Conclusion  
of the Ser-  
mon.*

*Observe the Sense that hidden lyes.  
Under this heap of Rapsodies.*

*Thy*

*Thus my Beloved I conclude*

*My Sermon, or my Interlude.*

The Fever who had stood mute all this *The Fever* while, now took her turn and said, I am *answers.* wonderfully edify'd at your Worship's Zeal for the Publick Good. I came to quench my burning Thirst at this Cristal Stream, and to cool my scorching Heat with the Clusters that hang from the Trees, and have been so intent upon your polite, pithy, and laconick Sentences, that I forget what I came about; for a word to the Wise is enough. I love Brevity, every thing that *Brevity.* is brief is my delight. *Seneca* for my Mony; there is no Lime and Sand, like cramping of Stones with Gold. Let *Cicero* prate on in tedious, endless Periods. *Tacitus* says more in a Line than he does in a Leaf. I am for quick Work; rather cut my Throat with a sharp Razor, than tickle me to Death with a Straw. The Sheets are troublesome to me, how shall I do to endure a Feather-Bed upon me?

I have been so great a Traveller, and seen so much of the World, that I can help your Worship out at a dead Lift; nor do I speak by guess, or hearsay, for that is talking at random, but what I have seen with my own Eyes, pardon me the Barbarity of the Expression. The *Turk* makes his defence a- *Methods* gainst me walking, the *Moor* fasting, the *against* *Dutch-man* drinking, the *English-man* eat- *Fevers.* ing, the *Flemming* vomiting, the *Spaniard* bleeding, the *Indian* dancing, the *Italian* sleeping, and the *French-man* purging. Whence more Diseases have ensu'd than  
your



your Worship laments. But self-do self-have, for sharp Grapes cannot make sweet Wine. But perhaps my scurvy Disposition sours things, and you bark at them. I was in a Passion to day to hear a little lousy marry'd Couple, clattering like Bells about point of honour, and he said, *You stout and I stout, Who shall carry the Dirt out?* I very often fly out into such a Passion, that I rave to see there are more Lords in the World than Gentlemen, and swarms of Knights that do not know good Manners. When a Man swears by his Conscience, I presently look whether he has not pick'd a Pocket. The most mischievous things in a House I perceive are a Woman, Smoak, a Cat, and the Pottage-Pot; and I find there are many Evils in one, in a Woman, in an Hospital, in a Shot, in a Goal, and in an Inn-keeper. The Lawyer's Gown makes the Client's Obstinacy. A Madman trusts another with his Wife, lets him try his Sword, and count his Money; and sets his House a fire to be reveng'd of the Mice, tho' it is certain that no Larder is clear of them. I perceive there is a scarcity of Friendship, but not of Friends; that Blindmen have looking Glasses, and Ideots Desks. A small Bait catches a large Trout. I never knew a Mother-in-Law good, tho' she were made of Gold. There are great Families of all sorts. Learning without Brains, I am fully satisfy'd, is meer Madness. The Dog fawns for Bread. He that would live in this World, must believe me and ask no Questions; let him pay and he'll grow rich; let

*Impertinents.*

*Feelings.*

*Mischievous things.*

*Sentences.*

let him gild them that they may swallow them; let him claw every one where it itches, and keep his Purse and his Mouth close. He must cut his Coat according to his Cloth; not rely upon Favour; not to draw so hard as to break; not meddle in more than he can go through with; not offend other Mens Ears; teach himself first: Let him think on several things and do one, and leave a Knocker at every door. He must understand that every Scale has its Counterpoise; that good words are worth much, and cost little; that Patience, Time, and Money, bring all things to pass; that to seem and not to be, is like throwing the Shuttle without weaving; and that Time, Words, and Stones, cannot be call'd back. He that would live to be old needs fear none but God; let him wear warm Cloaths, and eat moderately, for there is little due to Pleasure, and much to Health. Let him not go about to seek for Air which another has not breath'd. Let him hold fast the Beale with a Figtree leaf. Let him give his Man the Shoe that pinches him, and be contented with a little. Let him not trouble himself with wishing, for Death surprizes in the midst of hopes, and a gold Ring does not cure a Whitflaw, nor a Crown the Head-ach. But it is a very troublesome thing in this World, that the Mill has no need of noise, and yet cannot go without it.

The World is in such a condition, as God mend it. Going to Feasts is like go- *Feasts.*  
ing among wild Beasts. Money is the cure *Money.*  
of

*Fop.**Wrong  
Names.**Practices.*

of all Womens distempers. Good luck reaches farther than long Arms, and ill luck flies apace. He who was yesterday a Cuck-old is a Sot to day. An Estate of an hundred a year produces a Fop of Vanity enough for a thousand, and his Fortune is spent before he finds his Folly. No Man cuts his Coat according to his Cloth. Sorrows are drowned in Cups. Embroiderers and Botchers they say both live by stitching. Those who empty Privies call themselves Night-Men, the petty Clerks Secretaries, the Coblers Translators, the Ensigns Captains, and the Captains Collonels. Gaming-Houses are call'd Assemblies, the common Whores, Misses, and the Hangmen-Physicians. Asses dye and the Wolves bury them. We excuse those who do not give, that they may not take from us. Hopes of Pardon are the Encouragement to commit Crimes. A golden Dart kills whom it pleases. Interest puts an end to Friendship. Fruit that grows near the High-way, never comes to Maturity. Marry'd People scratch one another by Day, and at Night lie close Breech to Breech, with their Heads at a distance, like a Spread Eagle. The Pleasure of what we enjoy is lost by coveting more. Nothing is compass'd by wishing, but by strength of Application. He that seeks Gratitude finds Enemies. The thirsty Man, as soon as he has drank, turns his Back upon the Spring. The Cloud that is exhal'd by the Sun, darkens him. Tho' you stroak the Nettle never so lovingly it stings. The Swine does not look up  
at



at him that threshes down the Acorns. News swell in the Mouths of talkative Men, like Barley that is wetted. There are great Men that sell the Light of the Day, and the Liberty of easing the Body. But I am glad that those who flatter, rail; for he who has no better hold makes use of his Teeth. None give Alms but those who *Alms.* are full and the Dead; for a Swine is good for nothing till it is kill'd. Many rise under their Burden more like Camels, than Palm-Trees. I find but one good thing in this World, which is, that a little Woman in high-heel'd Shoes, is half Wood. Of a bad thing the less the better. Mens Honour stands upon Stilts. Some Gentlemen *Contradiction.* will eat cold Meat, because the common People eat it hot; and a gaul'd Ass hangs a Wisp at his Tail. The Soldiers cover their Folly with Feathers, tho' they smell strong for fear. Long Sleeves are the first that dip in the Dish. All things lie Heads and Points. Spots are taken out by daubing; *Remarks.* and no Door creaks when the Hinges are greas'd. The old Dotard dyes his Hair, and would make us believe it is a Miracle, and not daub. All Men take less care to be good than to be famous, and have less regard to their Conscience than their Reputation. They do not look into Virtue, but what others think; and only account that just which is profitable. Like Men, they are only intent on human Affairs; and still covet what they ought not. They would fain be lov'd without loving, and be commended without opening their close Fists.

**Fifts.** Let me tell them that the Bees do not meddle with the Flowers that are wither'd; and that a Man without Virtue is like Coin without a Stamp. We all know that Time and Straw ripen Medlers; and he who knows how to wait, finds every thing to his purpose. The Madman builds a House, and breaks a Colt for another. Every Pismire has its Shaddow, and then she is nearest being lost, like a Woman, when she takes her Flight. Good Service is rewarded with much Hatred. Where Embroidery is wanting, a patch'd Coat must serve. Blessed Poverty has no other Goods but that it deserves, and despises them. We know that those who complain of every thing never want the Head-ach; that there is no need of a Ferret to catch a Harlot; that every Body laughs at the Ape, and the Ape at every Body; that the Estate is not the Owner's but his that enjoys it; that there is nothing so tedious as planting an Oak, going to Law, and waiting for an old Man's Death; and that the Devil is good to his own. We know too that the Phenix, the Swans singing, the Seed of the female Fern, the Mermaid, the Fairies, the Truth, *Robin Goodfellow*, the wandring Jew, and many more of this sort, are the same as Fortune, Emptiness and Nothing. I would rather be fed with *Jack-Boots* well dress'd, than such unfavoury Stories. They are meer Notions, whipping the Shaddow, shutting up the Wind, ploughing up the Water, putting out an Almanack when the Year is past, and Clerks

hearing

*Fictions.*

hearing no Prayers. The great Thieves *Great Thieves, &c.* punish the little ones ; the large Fish devour the small. A rich Man's Follies are the Rule to measure him by. One Man carries his Brains in his Heels, like a Man going down Stairs, whose Wisdom appears by his setting down his Foot. Another is known by his Wife, by whose means he gets more than Importunity it self. The Scrivener claws, and writes, and scrawls, *Scrivener* till he brings a Man to make his Will upon his Nail, for all the rest he draws to himself. Another dies, and leaves abundance of Mourning to the Rich, orders Coaches and Plumes of Feathers to attend his Funeral, all Pomp and Majesty, as if he were to see it, but to the poor Relations he leaves their own Wants, Poverty and Beggery. Another to shew his Friendship, claps his Talons into your Hand like a Cat. One *Revenge* comes home and beats his Boy, because he was affronted ; another fills his Belly with Singing, because he has no Meat ; another betwixt two Stools comes to the Ground ; and another runs away to court the Widow at her Husband's Funeral. There are many who look fat like curl'd Dogs, and starve for downright Hunger. What shall I say ; there is nothing in this World, but what is downright Falsehood.

The Physicians pretend to be continually *Physicians* at War with me, and are dreadful Men at the Weapon of the Book of Death ; yet they advance me more than hard drinking, or other Excesses. No Stab of a Dagger is so fatal as their Bills. The Rings on their  
Fingers



Fingers look like the Spoils of those they have slain ; their Coaches like Triumphal Chariots, for the Conquests they make. They drench a human Body as if they were pouring Liquor into a Tub. They make Men pay for killing them, and then send them all into Sanctuary ; would they mistook the way to their Mouths as they do their Cures.

*Flights.*

*Etymologies.*

*Things not to be trusted.*

But let us advance one Step farther, for Enemies may serve for Witnesses, as well as Friends. What does it avail to draw one Foot out of the Mire, and stick the other in ? Is it any Greatness to spit Blood upon a rich Carpet ? Will it be any Cure to stroak the Eyes with the Edge of a Razor ? Can it be Wisdom to let loose the Dogs and tye up the Stones ? Is it any Devotion to pray to the Saint, only till you get over the River ? Is getting upon Stilts the best way to run fast ? Will an Egg be well dress'd that has no Salt ? I ask'd a Sportsman, whether he was bound, and he answer'd, To kill the next that comes in my way. A Pedant seeking for Etymologies, which is like pulling down a Wall to see what it was made of, that Apothecary, was made up of, a Pot I carry. I heard a Widdow call for some Soup and Wine, before her Husband was bury'd, that she might be able to weep, when the Company came. There is no trusting to a holy Sister, who rubs down the Parson after his Sermon ; nor to a Widdower that marries rather than burn ; nor to a mincing Gate ; nor a lisping Tongue ; nor a fair Face and blew Eyes ; nor to fair Words

words to soften a hard Heart, when Oyl of Flint is much better ; nor to a vain Man's unfledgy Brain ; nor to an ugly Woman's Washes ; nor to a Convert made by force ; nor to golden Locks, made such by a Poet ; nor to Love that claws, as the Cats do ; nor to a Glimpse of a Face through a Mask ; to the Learning of a poor Man ; the Strength of a Porter ; the turn of a Dye ; to past Prosperity ; to a Cloud in Summer, or fair Weather in Winter ; to a Mother-in-Law's Kindness, or a sanctify'd Lady ; to a new-built House, or a new Inn-keeper ; to a godly Visitor, or a Maidenhead that has been handled ; to Corn in a Granary, or Fire made of Straw ; to a left handed Lawyer, or to Wine in an open Vessel ; to a Man that has Reserves, nor to a Woman that lives every where but at home ; nor to one that takes your part for what he gets by you. Why does the Spark that would look like a Gentleman fast one night, and go the next supperless to Bed ? Why does the Linnen Draper darken his Shop, as if the Truth were to be sold there ? You little Gown-Man, that carry about *False Zeal* a Purse for a Gathering, all your Zeal is for a Cook's Shop. Good holy Sister, do not convert a Yawn into a Sigh, to inform me whereabouts you sit. Thou vain Fellow, do'nt you consider that in great Families there are Judges and Cobblers. Take notice thou nice Beau, that fine Cloaths hide a base Descent. Believe me, Hypocrite, when the Carrier prays, he has no Goods to carry. Thou eternal Talker, the Oven *Bablers* is heated at the Mouth. Remember thou great Favourite, that the higher the Mason goes the greater is his Fall ; and he who was never sick dyes of the first Fit. Do not go to Weddings, thou toothless old Grandame, but to Funerals. Have a care Constable, how you cry, stand, and deliver your Purse. Thou tedious, everlasting Comforter, bring a Light with you, if you design to stay and weep all night ; for he who rings the Bells backwards, is out of danger of the Fire. Why do you, sick Man, who made a Pro- *Sick Man* mise to go a Pilgrimage, eat and drink so high there, that you relapse ? You that look for Preferment, if

you would not have it slip from you, be sure you make it fast with Gold. If you are modest and bashful, take notice that the little Finger never dips in the Sauce as the rest do, because it draws back, and that it is Impudence that makes a Fortnne. I do not value Mony without a Man, thou Cow-hearted Fellow, I had rather have a Man without Mony. Mind me, you splatterfac'd Cully, if you know not how to chide, marry; but take notice, that a Hog upon trust affords a pleasant Winter, but a sorrowful Summer; besides, you know that a Woman is to go abroad three times, to be christen'd, to be marry'd, and to be bury'd; and that she has four good Qualities, to beever complaining, to lye without thinking, to go where she pleases, and to cry without a cause. Chastity alone does not make her good. Of Women and Oranges the smoothest are best. A Woman and a Glas are gone in a trice. A Woman and a Mule must be manag'd with Mildness. Of Love and Pottage, the first is the best. A Vessel and a Maid keep the Relish of what was first put into them. Womens Love, and Fire of Broom, burns fierce, but is not lasting. The Flower of the Almond-tree no sooner blows but it fades. A beautiful Wife takes away her Husband's Name. Wine in an open Vessel is good in the Morning, and Vinegar at Night. Observe my Friend, that Love does much, but Mony does all things. A silver Key opens an iron Lock. Do not chuse to live next to a Potter. Take notice that when the Knife is gone, they put a Stick in the Sheath. It signifies nothing to play well, if you lose. The Smoke shows where there is Fire. Mony, Love and a Cough, can never be hid. An Ass loaded with Gold, climbs to the top of the House. Care prevents Horns. If the Lady is gay, cloath her with the Rainbow, or with May Flowers; if she loves Toys, toy with her; if she wants a Necklace, clasp your Arms about her Neck; if she is fond of Rings, bring her a bundle of Rushes; if she is frolicksome give her Rope enough; and if she is good make the best of her.

*Woman's Qualities.*

*Maids.*

*Power of Gold.*

*To answer a Woman.*



But considering that the File rubs it self smooth, *The Fever concludes.*  
I will take care of my self; for unhappy is the rich  
Man, who lives poorly. What concerns me I'll do  
my self; but since you Mr. Dog, have learn'd Breed-  
ing at Court, I desire you will give me some short  
Instructions, for reforming of my Manners, because  
the Vulgar smell stronger than a sweaty Sock. Ma-  
dam, reply'd *Joler*, you would have me teach my *The Dog's*  
Grandame to suck Eggs, or set up for a *Lent* Preach- *Answer,*  
er. Let me tell you sweet Lady, it is good to ascer-  
tain the Bounds between Brothers; but because true  
Obedience does not consider its Strength, but the  
Command; and he who errs out of Obedience, is  
not blameable for his Error. I will let fly, and come  
of it what will.

Whosoever you are that will not be like a Mill- *Behavi-*  
Horse, that goes much and performs no Journey, *our.*  
take heed of being uncivil in your Discourse, for that  
will render you as odious as if you were wicked.  
Keep your Head steady, do not let it swing about  
like an empty Bladder hanging in the Wind. Do  
not hang down your Arms like the Sleeves of a Coat.  
Do not fix your Eyes on another's Face, as if you  
would look through him. Do not stand so close to  
him, as to blow into his Face. When you check  
your self do not foam at the Mouth, like a Horse  
that champs upon the Bridle. Do not flirt, or fly  
from one thing to another, nor cramp your Hands  
into your Pockets, like a Boy that has got the Itch.  
Do not shrink your self up, like a Maid just come  
from a Boarding-School. Do not twirle a Key up-  
on your Finger, as if you were twisting Thread;  
nor trample with your Feet like a Horse that is  
fretted with the Flies; nor with your Hands, as if  
you were weaving; nor blow your Nose with your  
bare Hand, making a Handkerchief of the same that  
stroaks your Beard as the Cat does; nor keep Time  
with your Hand like a Master of Musick. Do  
not wear your Jaws with handling, nor draw  
your Gloves through your Hands, as if you were  
stroaking the Sweat off; nor belch aloud, as if you  
holloo'd;

holloo'd ; nor breath so hard, as if you panted ; nor pick your Ears, and roul the Wax, tho' you mean no harm ; nor make Balls of what you pick out of your Nose, to strike another dead ; nor chew with both sides of your Mouth at once, lest you look like a *Bacchus* : When you yawn do not shew your Gullet ; nor go on with your Discourse yawning, lest an Answer be return'd braying. Do not take him you talk to by the Hand, since you are not to be marry'd to him ; nor do not punch him on the Breast, as if you would thrust him from you ; nor handle his Cloaths, like a Taylor that feels for the Grain of the Cloath ; nor finger his Buttons ; nor talk in your Throat, like a *Turkey-Cock* ; nor hum to your self, like an old Woman laying a Child to sleep, nor talk to your self, for all your Audience will be mad ; nor grind your Teeth, to set other Mens an Edge. Do not laugh out gaping, that a Penny Loaf may be thrown down your Throat ; nor take two Steps of the Stairs at once ; nor sit with your Legs one over the other like a Figure of Four. Never magnify things beyond Credibility ; nor snap your Nail against your Tooth to express you have nothing, as if you were nipling of Fleas ; nor wipe off your Sweat with the Napkin, unless you would have it pass for Grease. When you chew do not smack your Chaps, as if you snapp'd your Fingers. When you take your Leave do not offer at it often ; nor draw backwards like a Ram. Do not entertain the Spirit of Contradiction. Do not quarrel like a Mother-in-Law upon all occasions. Be not positive, for it will make you odious ; nor as nice as a Woman in the Straw. Do not play the Jester ; nor tell your Dreams ; nor your Wife's good Qualities, or your Childrens Witticisms. Be not too ceremonious, nor lavish of borrow'd Wit ; nor very full of Words ; and do not look grave when others laugh. Do not bite your Nails ; nor spit far from you ; nor move as if you admir'd your self ; nor jest with your Hands.

Endeavour to avoid all vulgar, nonsensical, insignificant, mean Expressions and Phrases, which have

no Grace, Wit, Mistry, or Allusion, for such words and Sayings are a Discredit to your self, and a Scandal to the Beauty of our Language ; as for Instance. Flim Flam ; Hiſtius Doctius ; Topsy Turvy ; Higgledy Piggledy ; Kim Kam ; to throw the Houſe out at the Windows ; to fall a running ; Slap daſh ; I have ſeen it with my own Eyes ; he does every thing hand over head ; a little Whipſter ; a meer *Tom Dingle* ; my whither d'ye go ; a Pimp-whisk ; a tatter demallion ; tittle tattle ; in ſpite of your Teeth ; as fine as Five Pence, or as the fore end of a Fiddle ; as clean as a Penny ; hab nab at a venture ; fouze it came down ; a ſwinging Fellow ; a ſwopping Wench ; Trash and Trumpery ; Whipſtitch ; I am in election ſo to do ; a ſtop in the Underſtanding ; a Whipper-Snapper ; I told him his own ; an old Curmudgeon ; he is in the Mumps ; I'll tell you my Tale and my Tale's Maſter ; ſo much for that ; do you take me Sir ; do not put Tricks upon Travellers ; I'll do it in a Trice ; the Devil and his Dam ; he thruſt himſelf in, without ſaying by your Leave, or with your Leave ; The Deuce take it ; a Pies on it ; go to ; he took up his Heels and run ; it is neither here nor there ; he could not lay his Eyes together ; he ſhow'd me his Teeth ; he is in a quandary ; he came in the nick ; put that and that together ; I value it not three Skips of a Louſe.

The Dog was in a fair way to hold on, and rip up all the Barbarities the Language could afford, and I no leſs deſirous to hear it out ; but when he came thus far, I heard a Noiſe, and I went off, for fear of being catch'd liſtning. Farewel,



THE  
Comical Works  
OF  
Don *Francisco de Quevedo*,  
AUTHOR  
OF THE  
**Visions :**

CONTAINING,

- I. The *Night-Adventurer*, or the *Day-Hater*.
- II. The Life of *Paul the Spanish Sharper*.
- III. The *Retentive Knight*. and his *Epistles*.
- IV. The *Dog and the Fever*.
- V. A *Proclamation*, by Old Father *Time*.
- VI. A Treatise of all *Things whatsoever*.
- VII. *Fortune in her Wits*, or the *Hour of all Men*.

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Translated from the Spanish.

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