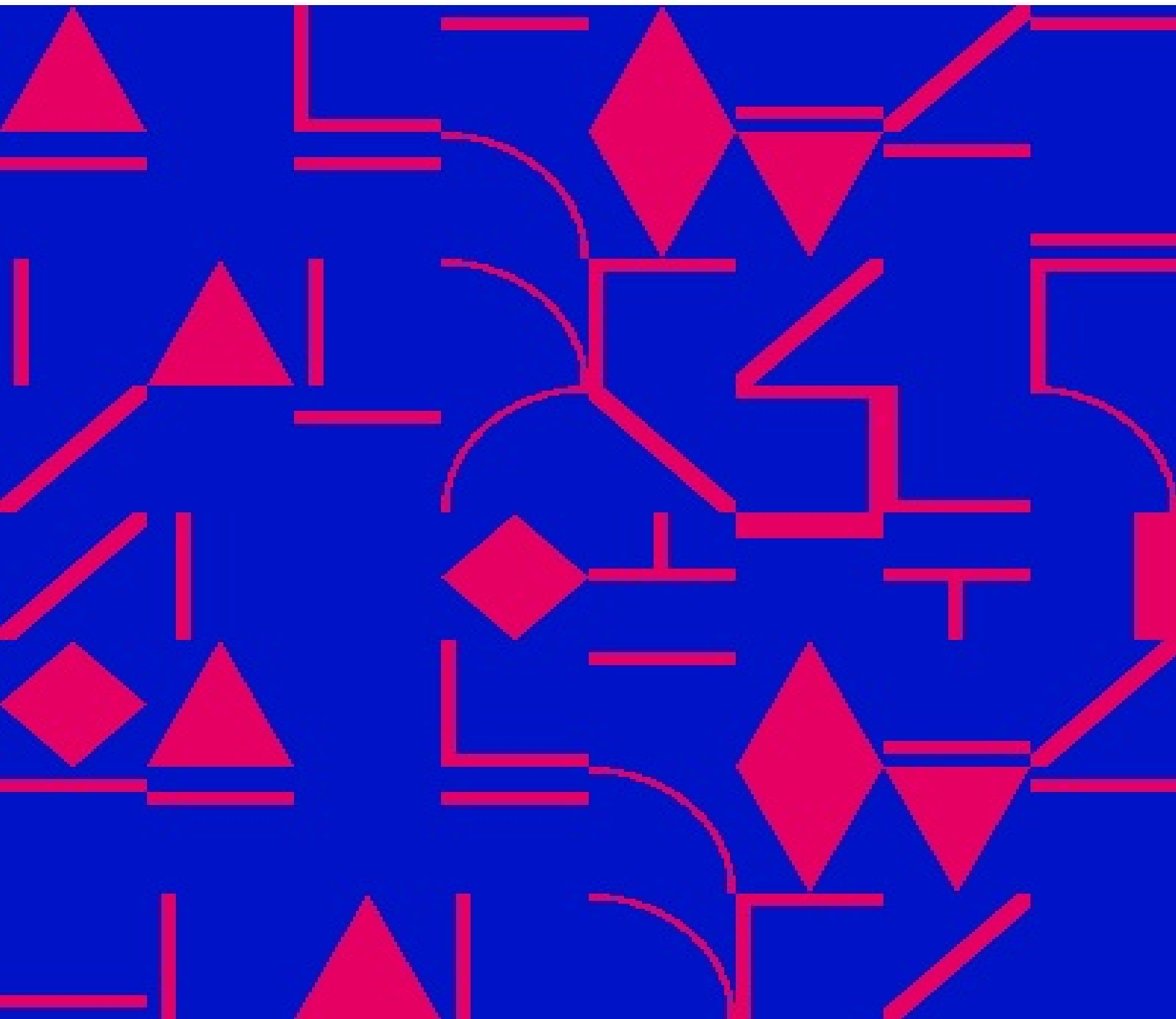


A Learned Dissertation on Dumpling (1726)

[and] Pudding and Dumpling Burnt to Pot. Or a Compleat Key to
the Dissertation on Dumpling (1727)

Henry Carey



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Author: Anonymous

Editor: Samuel L. Macey

Release Date: February 17, 2009 [eBook #28105]

Language: English

Character set encoding: UTF-8

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Editor's Introduction (1970)

Dissertation on Dumpling:

Dedication

Dissertation

Namby Pamby

Advertising

Key to the Dissertation:

Preface

Introduction

The Key

Notes to *Dumpling* and *the Key* (1970)

Augustan Reprints (1970)

THE AUGUSTAN REPRINT SOCIETY

A Learned Dissertation

ON

D U M P L I N G

(Anonymous)

(1726)

P U D D I N G A N D D U M P L I N G

B U R N T t o P O T.

OR,

A C O M P L E A T K E Y

T O T H E

D i s s e r t a t i o n o n D u m p l i n g

(Anonymous)

(1727)

Introduction by

SAMUEL L. MACEY

PUBLICATION NUMBER 140

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A Learned Dissertation on Dumpling and its *Key* (*Pudding and Dumpling Burnt to Pot*) are typical satiric pamphlets which grew out of the political in-fighting of the first half of the eighteenth century. The pamphlets are distinguished by the fact that the author's level of imagination and writing makes them delightful reading even today. In *Dumpling* the author displays a considerable knowledge of cooks and cookery in London; by insinuating that to love dumpling is to love corruption, he effectively and amusingly achieves satiric indirection against a number of political and social targets, including Walpole. The *Key* is in many ways a separate pamphlet in which Swift is the central figure under attack after his two secret visits to Walpole during 1726. *Dumpling* had a long life for an eighteenth-century pamphlet and was published as late as 1770. Dr. F. T. Wood has even suggested that it may have influenced Lamb's *Dissertation on Roast Pig*;¹ readers might wish to test this for themselves.

Dumpling and its *Key* were first claimed for Henry Carey by Dr. Wood (pp. 442-447). Carey (1687-1743) is generally thought to have been an illegitimate scion of the powerful Savile family,² with whose name he christened three of his sons. He was perhaps best known as a writer of songs. "Sally in our Alley" is a classic, and he has even a tenuous claim to the authorship of the English national anthem. Carey's *Dramatic Works* appeared in 1743, the year in which he met his death, almost certainly by his own hand. Several of the plays were successful and particular reference should be made to the burlesques *Chrononhotonthologos* (1734) and *The Dragon of Wantley* (1737). The latter even outran the performances of *The Beggar's Opera* in its first year. Not only do these plays show Carey's satiric bent, but so also do a considerable number of his poems. In 1713, 1720, and 1729 Carey published three different collections of his poetry, each entitled *Poems on Several Occasions*. Although a few of the poems were repeated, almost always revised, each edition is very much a different collection. An edition was brought out in this century by Dr. Wood.³

I am strongly inclined to support Carey's claim to the authorship of *Dumpling* and its *Key* despite Dr. E. L. Oldfield's more recent attempt to invalidate it.⁴ There were at least ten editions of *Dumpling* in the eighteenth century. The first seven (1726-27) appeared during Carey's life, and these (I have seen all but the third) contain the *Namby Pamby* verses which later appeared under Carey's own name in his enlarged *Poems on Several Occasions* (1729). There was also a "sixth edition" of *Dumpling* (really the eighth extant edition) in Carey's own name published "for T. Read, in Dogwell-Court, White-Friars, Fleet-Street, MDCCXLIV." Though *Namby Pamby* was not added to the first edition of the *Key*, it appears in the second edition. Both editions were published by Mrs. Dodd, of whom Dr. Oldfield says: she "seems to have been a neighbour, and known to Carey" (p. 375). Dr. Wood indicates that "at the foot of a folio sheet containing Carey's song *Mocking is Catching*, published in 1726, the sixth edition of *A Learned Dissertation on Dumpling* is advertised as having been lately published" (p. 442). Dr. Wood adds in a footnote that this song "appeared in *The Musical Century* (1740) under the title *A Sorrowful Lamentation for the Loss of a Man and No Man*." Even more striking would seem to be the fact that although there are ninety-one entries in his *Poems* (1729), Carey has placed the *Sorrowful Lamentation* directly adjacent to *Namby Pamby*.

Dr. Wood maintains of *Dumpling* that "the general style bears a close resemblance to that of the prefaces to Carey's plays and collections of poetry" (p. 443). I should like strongly to support his statement. Dr. Oldfield says that an inviolable regard for decency "is nowhere contradicted in Carey's works Yet the pamphlets, besides being palpably Whiggish, are larded *passim* with vulgarity of the 'Close-Stool' and 'Clyster' variety" (p. 376). The reader need look no further than *Namby Pamby* to see that Carey satisfies Northrop Frye's very proper observation: "Genius seems to have led practically every great satirist to become what the world calls obscene."

As for the pamphlets being "palpably Whiggish," the reader will not look far into the allegory before he realizes that one of the central attacks is against those well-known Whigs Walpole and Marlborough and their appetite for Dumpling (i.e., bribery and perquisites). Furthermore, the attack on Swift, which is central to the *Key*, is based on the very real fear that the Dean's two recent private interviews with Walpole might presage a return to that leader's Whig party in exchange for Dumpling. The last pages of the *Key* (pp. 28-30) deal with the possibility of an accommodation between Swift and Walpole which is, I feel sure, the main target of attack. In his poems (*Poems*, ed. Wood, pp. 83, 86, 88, and *passim*) Carey claims to stand between Whig and Tory, just as he does in the pamphlets (*Dumpling*, p. 1, and *Key*, p. 15 and *passim*).

Dr. Wood perceptively points to two parallels between *Dumpling* and the satiric *Of Stage Tyrants* (1735) which Carey openly addressed to the Earl of Chesterfield. *Dumpling's* "O Braund, my Patron! my Pleasure! my Pride" (p. [ii]) becomes: "O Chesterfield, my patron and my pride" (*Poems*, ed. Wood, p. 104). The passage which follows, dealing with "all the Monkey-Tricks of Rival Harlequins" (*Dumpling*, p. [ii]), becomes:

Prefer pure nature and the simple scene
To all the monkey tricks of Harlequin
(*Poems*, ed. Wood, p. 106).

Even more striking is a passage in the *Key*: "Mr. B[ooth] had spoken to Mr. W[ilks] to speak to Mr. C[ibber] . . ." (p. 111). This is similar to the following lines in *Stage Tyrants*:

Booth ever shew'd me friendship and respect,
And Wilks would rather forward than reject.
Ev'n Cibber, terror to the scribbling crew,
Would oft solicit me for something new
(*Poems*, ed. Wood, p. 104).

What is particularly impressive is that Carey not only refers to the three managers of Drury Lane but mentions them in the same order and as bearing the same relationship to himself. Several highly topical theatrical allusions in the pamphlets, by which the works can be dated, accord closely to the life, views, and writings of Carey. All three managers of Drury Lane were subscribers to Carey's *Poems on Several Occasions* (1729), which was dedicated to the Countess of Burlington, who (like the Earl of Chesterfield) was closely related to Carey's putative family. In the *Poems* these people and many others (including Pope) would have seen *Namby Pamby* under Carey's name and drawn the obvious conclusion that *Namby Pamby*, *Dumpling* and the *Key* were by the same author.

We have already seen how closely *Dumpling* and *Stage Tyrants* can be tied together; the reader can compare for himself that part of *Namby Pamby* containing "So the Nurses get by Heart / Namby Pamby's Little Rhymes," with the passage from the *Key*: "It was here the D[ean] . . . got together all his Namby Pamby . . . from the old Nurses thereabouts" (*Key*, pp. 16-17).

There exists in the Bodleian an early copy of *Namby Pamby* (1725?) "By Capt. Gordon, Author of the Apology for Parson Alberony and the Humorist." The joke here is surely in not only letting the Whig Gordon attack the Whig Ambrose Phillips but then, also by association, connecting Gordon's name with the attack on Walpole and Marlborough. There is a parallel to this: Carey's "Lilliputian Ode on Their Majesties Succession" appeared in *Poems* (1729), separated from the pieces previously mentioned by only one short patriotic stanza. Yet in the Huntington Library there is an almost identical version (1727) which was ostensibly published by Swift.

The first six editions of *Dumpling* appeared in 1726 and both editions of the *Key*

are dated 1727. Apart from the dates on the title page, this can be verified externally by the initial entries in Wilford's *Monthly Catalogue* (1723-30) of February 1726 and April 1727 respectively. Swift's first return visit to England (in March 1726 after twelve years) was subsequent to the publication of *Dumpling*; his second visit was in the same month as the publication of the *Key*, which assigns him *ex post facto* the authorship "from Page 1. to Page 25." of *Dumpling* (*Key*, p. ix).

Sir John Pudding and his Dumpling are manipulated throughout these pamphlets to carry a multiplicity of meaning which brings them almost as close to symbolism as they are to the allegory that Carey claims to be writing (*Key*, pp. 18, 24 and 29). Collation of *Dumpling* with its *Key* clearly reveals (with due allowance for satiric arabesque) a series of allegories moving backwards and forwards through history. At various stages, Sir John Pudding (ostensibly Brawn [or John Brand], the famous cook of the Rummer in Queen Street who appears in Dr. King's *Art of Cookery* [1708]), becomes identifiable with King John, Sir John Falstaff, Walpole, Marlborough, and even Queen Anne (for the change in sexes see *Key*, p. 18). All of these enjoyed Dumpling, and their tastes are ostensibly approved while at the same time being heavily undercut with satiric indirection. Naturally enough, Walpole (although a Dumpling Eater) is treated with considerable circumspection. Carey has warned us that he is a bad chronologist (*Key*, p. 21), and the Sir John Pudding (be he Walpole or Marlborough [d. 1722]), who at the end of *Dumpling* is referred to as "the Hero of this DUMPLEID," is for good reason spoken of in the past tense.

The fable of Dumpling, in the true spirit of *lanx satura*, allows Carey to attack by indirection a complete spectrum of traditional eighteenth-century targets. Like the musician and the satirist that he is, he builds up to a magnificent crescendo (pp. 19-24 of his "Dumpleid") which results in one of the finest displays of sustained virtuosity in early eighteenth-century pamphlet writing.

The notes which follow the texts point to a number of the contemporary allusions, but the reader will surely wish to recognize some of the references and the more delicate ironies for himself. As the author puts it on page 17 of *Dumpling*:

O wou'd to Heav'n this little Attempt of Mine may stir up some *Pudding-headed Antiquary* to dig his Way through all the mouldy Records of Antiquity, and bring to Light the Noble Actions of Sir *John*!

What scholar could refuse?

University of Victoria

NOTES TO THE INTRODUCTION

1. "An Eighteenth-Century Original for Lamb," *RES*, V (1929), 447.
2. An exception is Henry J. Dane who denies the relationship in "The Life and Works of Henry Carey," unpublished doctoral dissertation (University of Pennsylvania, 1967), pp. xxix-xxx, and *passim*.
3. *Poems*, ed. F. T. Wood (London, 1930).
4. "Henry Carey (1687-1743) and Some Troublesome Attributions," *BNYPL*, LXII (1968), 372-377.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

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A
Learned Dissertation
O N
D U M P L I N G;
Its Dignity, Antiquity, and Excellence.
With a Word upon
P U D D I N G.
A N D
Many other Useful Discoveries, of
great Benefit to the Publick.

*Quid Farto melius?
Huic suam agnoscit corpus energiam,
Suam aciem mens: —————
— Hinc adoleverunt præstantissimi,
Hi Fartophagi in Reipublicæ commodum.*

Mab. de Fartophagis, lib. iii. cap. 2.

L O N D O N.

Printed for *J. Roberts* in the *Oxford-Arms-Passage*,
Warwick-lane; and Sold by the Booksellers of *London*
and *Westminster*. 1726. [Price 6 *d.*]

TO

Mr. B R A U N D.

SIR,



*E T Mercenary Authors flatter the Great,
and subject their Principle to Interest and Ambition,
I scorn such sordid Views; You only are Eminent in my
Eyes: On You I look as the most Useful Member in a Body-
Politic, and your Art far superior to all others: Therefore,*

Tu mihi Mecænas Eris!

*O B R A U N D, my Patron! my Pleasure! my Pride! disdain
not to grace my Labours with a kind Perusal. Suspend a-
while your more momentous Cares, and condescend to
taste this little Fricassee of Mine.*

*I write not this, to Bite you by the Ear, (i. e.) flatter you out
of a Brace or two of Guinea's: No; as I am a true Dumpling
Eater, my Views are purely Epicurean, and my utmost
Hopes center'd in partaking of some elegant Quelque
Chose tost up by your judicious Hand. I regard Money but
as a Ticket which admits me to your Delicate
Entertainments; to me much more Agreeable than all the
Monkey-Tricks of Rival Harlequins, or Puppet-Show Finery
of Contending Theatres.*

*The Plague and fatigue of Dependance and Attendance,
which call me so often to the Court-end of the Town, were
insupportable, but for the Relief I find at A U S T I N's,
your Ingenious and Grateful Disciple, who has adorn'd
New Bond-street with your Graceful Effigies. Nor can he
fail of Custom who has hung out a Sign so Alluring to all
true Dumpling-Eaters. Many a time and oft have I gaz'd
with Pleasure on your Features, and trac'd in them the*

*exact Lineaments of your glorious Ancestor Sir J O H N
B R A N D, vulgarly call'd Sir J O H N P U D D I N G*

*Tho' the Corruption of our English Orthography indulges
some appearance of Distinction between B R A N D and
B R A U N D, yet in Effect they are one and the same thing.
The ancient Manor of B R A N D's, alias B R A U N D's, near
Kilburn in Middlesex, was the very Manor-House of Sir
J O H N B R A N D, and is call'd B R A N D's to this Day,
altho' at present it be in the Possession of the Family of
M A R S H.*

*What Honours are therefore due to One who is in a Direct
Male Line, an Immediate Descendant from the Loins of
that Great Man! Let this teach You to value your Self; this
remind the World, how much they owe to the Family of the
B R A U N D S; more particularly to Y O U, who inherit not
only the Name, but the Virtues of your Illustrious Ancestor.
I am,*

S I R,

With all imaginable
Esteem and Gratitude,
Your very most
Obedient Servant, &c.

Page 5. line 15, &c. for *Barnes* read *Brand*.



A

Learned Dissertation

O N

D U M P L I N G;

Its Dignity, Antiquity, &c.



H E Dumpling-Eaters are a Race sprung partly from the old *Epicurean*, and partly from the *Peripatetic Sect*; they were brought first into *Britain* by *Julius Cesar*; and finding it a Land of Plenty, they wisely resolv'd never to go Home again. Their Doctrines are Amphibious, and compos'd *Party per Pale* of the two Sects before-mention'd; from the *Peripatetics*, they derive their Principle of Walking, as a proper Method to digest a Meal, or create an Appetite; from the *Epicureans*, they maintain that all Pleasures are comprehended in good Eating and Drinking: And so readily were their Opinions embrac'd, that every Day produc'd many Proselytes; and their Numbers have from Age to Age increas'd prodigiously, insomuch that our whole Island is over-run with them, at present. Eating and Drinking are become so Customary among us that we seem to have entirely forgot, and laid aside the old Fashion of Fasting: Instead of having Wine sold at Apothecaries Shops, as formerly, every Street has two or three Taverns in it, least these Dumpling-Eaters should faint by the Way; nay, so zealous are they in the Cause of *Bacchus*, that one of the Chief among 'em has made a Vow never to say his Prayers 'till he has a Tavern of *his own* in every Street in *London*, and in every Market-Town in *England*. What may we then in Time expect? Since by insensible Degrees, their Society is become so numerous and formidable, that they are without Number; other Bodies have their Meetings, but where can the Dumpling-Eaters assemble? what Place large enough to contain 'em! The *Bank*, *India*, and *South-Sea* Companies have their General Courts, the *Free-Masons* and the *Gormogons* their Chapters; nay, our Friends the *Quakers* have their Yearly Meetings. And who would imagine any of these should be Dumpling-Eaters? But thus it is, the Dumpling-Eating Doctrine has so far prevailed among 'em, that they eat not only Dumplings, but *Puddings*, and those in no small Quantities.

The Dumpling is indeed, of more antient Institution, and of *Foreign* Origin; but alas, what were those Dumplings?

nothing but a few Lentils sodden together, moisten'd and cemented with a little seeth'd Fat, not much unlike our Gritt or Oatmeal Pudding; yet were they of such Esteem among the ancient *Romans*, that a Statue was erected to *Fulvius Agricola*, the first Inventor of these Lentil Dumplings. How unlike the Gratitude shewn by the Publick to our Modern Projectors!

The *Romans*, tho' our Conquerors, found themselves much out-done in Dumplings by our Fore-fathers; the *Roman* Dumplings were no more to compare to those made by the *Britons*, than a Stone-Dumpling is to a Marrow Pudding; tho' indeed, the *British* Dumpling at that time, was little better than what we call a Stone-Dumpling, being no thing else but Flour and Water: But every Generation growing wiser and wiser, the Project was improv'd, and Dumpling grew to be Pudding: One Projector found Milk better than Water; another introduc'd Butter; some added Marrow, others Plumbs; and some found out the Use of Sugar; so that, to speak Truth, we know not where to fix the Genealogy or Chronology of any of these Pudding Projectors, to the Reproach of our Historians, who eat so much Pudding, yet have been so Ungrateful to the first Professors of this most noble Science, as not to find 'em a Place in History.

The Invention of Eggs was merely accidental, two or three of which having casually roll'd from off a Shelf into a Pudding which a good Wife was making, she found herself under a Necessity either of throwing away her Pudding, or letting the Eggs remain, but concluding from the innocent Quality of the Eggs, that they would do no Hurt, if they did no Good. She wisely jumb'l'd 'em all together, after having carefully pick'd out the Shells; the Consequence is easily imagined, the Pudding became a Pudding of Puddings; and the Use of Eggs from thence took its Date. The Woman was sent for to Court to make Puddings for King *John*, who then sway'd the Scepter; and gain'd such Favour, that she was the making of her whole Family. I cannot conclude this Paragraph without owning, I received this important Part of the History of Pudding from old Mr. *Lawrence of Wilsden-Green*, the greatest Antiquary of the present Age.

From that Time the *English* became so famous for Puddings, that they are call'd Pudding-Eaters all over the World, to this Day.

At her Demise, her Son was taken into Favour, and made the

King's chief Cook; and so great was his Fame for Puddings, that he was call'd *Jack Pudding* all over the Kingdom, tho' in Truth, his real Name was *John Brand*, as by the Records of the Kitchen you will find: This *John Brand*, or *Jack-Pudding*, call him which you please, the *French* have it *Jean Boudin*, for his Fame had reached *France*, whose King would have given the World to have had our *Jack* for his Pudding-Maker. This *Jack Pudding*, I say, became yet a greater Favourite than his Mother, insomuch that he had the King's Ear as well as his Mouth at Command; for the King, you must know, was a mighty Lover of Pudding; and *Jack* fitted him to a Hair, he knew how to make the most of a Pudding; no Pudding came amiss to him, he would make a Pudding out of a Flint-stone, comparatively speaking. It is needless to enumerate the many sorts of Pudding he made, such as Plain Pudding, Plumb Pudding, Marrow Pudding, Oatmeal Pudding, Carrot Pudding, Saucesage Pudding, Bread Pudding, Flower Pudding, Suet Pudding, and in short, every Pudding but Quaking Pudding, which was solely invented by, and took its Name from our Good Friends of the *Bull and Mouth* before mentioned, notwithstanding the many Pretenders to that Projection.

But what rais'd our Hero most in the Esteem of this Pudding-eating Monarch, was his Second Edition of Pudding, he being the first that ever invented the Art of Broiling Puddings, which he did to such Perfection, and so much to the King's likeing, (who had a mortal Aversion to Cold Pudding,) that he thereupon instituted him Knight of the Gridiron, and gave him a Gridiron of Gold, the Ensign of that Order, which he always wore as a Mark of his Sovereign's Favour; in short, *Jack Pudding*, or Sir *John*, grew to be all in all with good King *John*; he did nothing without him, they were Finger and Glove; and, if we may believe Tradition, our very good Friend had no small Hand in the *Magna Charta*. If so, how much are all *Englishmen* indebted to him? in what Repute ought the Order of the Gridiron to be, which was instituted to do Honour to this Wonderful Man? But alas! how soon is Merit forgot? how impudently do the Vulgar turn the most serious Things into Ridicule, and mock the most solemn Trophies of Honour? for now every Fool at a Fair, or Zany at a Mountebank's Stage, is call'd *Jack Pudding*, has a Gridiron at his Back, and a great Pair of Spectacles at his Buttocks, to ridicule the most noble Order of the Gridiron. But their Spectacles is a

most ungrateful Reflection on the Memory of that great Man, whose indefatigable Application to his Business, and deep Study in that occult Science, rendred him Poreblind; to remedy which Misfortune, he had always a 'Squire follow'd him, bearing a huge Pair of Spectacles to saddle his Honour's Nose, and supply his much-lamented Defect of Sight. But whether such an Unhappiness did not deserve rather Pity than Ridicule, I leave to the Determination of all good Christians: I cannot but say, it raises my Indignation, when I see these Paunch-gutted Fellows usurping the Title and Atchievements of my dear Sir *John*, whose Memory I so much venerate, I cannot always contain my self. I remember, to my Cost, I once carry'd my Resentment a little farther than ordinary; in furiously assaulting one of those Rascals, I tore the Gridiron from his Back, and the Spectacles from his A—e; for which I was Apprehended, carried to Pye-powder Court, and by that tremendous Bench, sentenc'd to most severe Pains and Penalties.

This has indeed a little tam'd me, insomuch that I keep my Fingers to my self, but at the same time let my Tongue run like a Devil: Forbear vile Miscreants, cry I, where-e'er I meet these Wretches? forbear to ascribe to your selves the Name and Honours of Sir *John Pudding*? content your selves with being *Zanies*, *Pickled-Herrings*, *Punchionellos*, but dare not scandalize the noble Name of *Pudding*: Nor can I, notwithstanding the Clamours and Ill Usage of the Vulgar, refrain bearing my Testimony against this manifest piece of Injustice.

What Pity it is therefore, so noble an Order should be lost, or at least neglected. We have had no Account of the real Knights of the Gridiron, since they appeared under the fictitious Name of the *Kit-Kat Club*: In their Possession was the very Gridiron of Gold worn by Sir *John* himself; which Identical Gridiron dignified the Breast of the most ingenious Mr. *Richard Estcourt* that excellent Physician and Comedian, who was President of that Noble Society.

Quis talia fando temperet à Lachrymis?

What is become of the Gridiron, or of the Remains of that excellent Body of Men, Time will, I hope, discover. The World, I believe, must for such Discoveries be obliged to my very good Friend *J—— T—— Esq*; who had the Honour to be Door-keeper to that Honourable Assembly.

But to return to Sir *John*: The more his Wit engaged the King, the more his Grandeur alarm'd his Enemies, who increas'd with his Honours. Not but the Courtiers caress'd him to a Man, as the first who had brought Dumpling-eating to Perfection. King *John* himself lov'd him entirely; being of *Cesar's* Mind, that is, he had a natural Antipathy against Meagre, Herring-gutted Wretches; he lov'd only *Fat-headed Men, and such who slept o' Nights*; and of such was his whole Court compos'd. Now it was Sir *John's* Method, every *Sunday* Morning, to give the Courtiers a Breakfast, which Breakfast was every Man his Dumpling and Cup of Wine; for you must know, he was Yeoman of the Wine-Cellar at the same time.

This was a great Eye-sore and Heart-burning to some Lubberly Abbots who loung'd about the Court; they took it in great Dudgeon they were not Invited, and stuck so close to his Skirts, that they never rested 'till they Outed him. They told the King, who was naturally very Hasty, that Sir *John* made-away with his Wine, and feasted his Paramours at his Expence; and not only so, but that they were forming a Design against his Life, which they in Conscience ought to discover: That Sir *John* was not only an Heretic, but an Heathen; nay worse, they fear'd he was a Witch, and that he had bewitcht His Majesty into that unaccountable Fondness for a *Pudding-Maker*. They assur'd the King, That on a *Sunday* Morning, instead of being at Mattins, he and his Trigramates got together Hum-jum, all snug, and perform'd many Hellish and Diabolical Ceremonies. In short, they made the King believe that the Moon was made of Green-Cheese: And to shew how the Innocent may be Bely'd, and the best Intentions misrepresented, they told the King, That He and his Associates offer'd Sacrifices to *Ceres*: When, alas, it was only the Dumplings they eat. The Butter which was melted and pour'd over them, these vile Miscreants call'd *Libations*: And the friendly Compotations of our Dumpling-eaters, were call'd *Bacchanalian Rites*. Two or three among 'em being sweet-tooth'd, wou'd strew a little Sugar over their Dumplings; this was represented as an *Heathenish Offering*. In short, not one Action of theirs, but what these Rascally Abbots made Criminal, and never let the King alone 'till poor Sir *John* was Discarded. Not but the King did it with the greatest Reluctance; but they had made it a Religious Concern, and he cou'd not get off on't.

But mark the Consequence: The King never enjoy'd himself

after, nor was it long before he was poison'd by a Monk at *Swineshead* Abbey. Then too late he saw his Error; then he lamented the Loss of Sir *John*; and in his latest Moments wou'd cry out, Oh! that I had never parted from my dear *Jack Pudding*! Wou'd I had never left off Pudding and Dumpling! I then had never been thus basely Poison'd! never thus treacherously sent out of the World!—Thus did this good King lament: But, alas, to no Purpose, the Priest had given him his Bane, and Complaints were ineffectual.

Sir *John*, in the mean time, had retir'd into *Norfolk*, where his diffusive Knowledge extended it self for the Good of the County in general; and from that very Cause *Norfolk* has ever since been so famous for Dumplings. He lamented the King's Death to his very last; and was so cautious of being poison'd by the Priests, that he never touch'd a Wafer to the Day of his Death; And had it not been that some of the less-designing part of the Clergy were his intimate Friends, and eat daily of his Dumplings, he had doubtless been Made-away with; but they stood in the Gap for him, for the sake of his Dumplings, knowing that when Sir *John* was gone, they should never have the like again.

But our facetious Knight was too free of his Talk to be long secure; for a Hole was pick'd in his Coat in the succeeding Reign, and poor Sir *John* had all his Goods and Chattels forfeited to the King's Use. It was then time for him to bestir himself; and away to Court he goes, to recover his Lands, &c. not doubting but he had Friends there sufficient to carry his Cause.

But alas! how was he mistaken; not a Soul there knew him; the very Porters used him rudely. In vain did he seek for Access to the King, to vindicate his Conduct. In vain did he claim Acquaintance with the Lords of the Court; and reap up old Civilities, to remind 'em of former Kindness; the Pudding was eat, the Obligation was over: Which made Sir *John* compose that excellent Proverb, *Not a word of the Pudding*. And finding all Means ineffectual, he left the Court in a great Pet; yet not without passing a severe Joke upon 'em, in his way, which was this; He sent a Pudding to the King's Table, under the Name of a *Court-Pudding*, or *Promise-Pudding*. This Pudding he did not fail to set off with large Encomiums; assuring the King, That therein he wou'd find an Hieroglyphical Definition of Courtiers Promises and Friendship.

This caused some Speculation; and the King's Physician debarr'd the King from tasting the Pudding, not knowing but that Sir *John* had poison'd it.

But how great a Fit of Laughter ensu'd, may be easily guess'd, when the Pudding was cut up, it prov'd only a large Bladder, just clos'd over with Paste: The Bladder was full of Wind, and nothing else, excepting these Verses written in a Roll of Paper, and put in, as is suppos'd, before the Bladder was blown full:

**As Wynde in a Bladdere ypent,
is Lordings promyse and ferment;
fain what hem lust withouten drede,
they bene so double in her falskede:
For they in heart can think ene thing,
and fain another in her speaking:
and what was sweet and apparent,
is smaterlich, and eke yshent.
and when of service you have nede,
pardie he will not rein nor rede.
but when the Symnel it is eten,
her curtesse is all foryetten.**

This Adventure met with various Constructions from those at Table: Some Laugh'd; others Frown'd. But the King took the Joke by the right End, and Laugh'd outright.

The Verses, tho' but scurvy ones in themselves, yet in those Days pass'd for tolerable: Nay, the King was mightily pleas'd with 'em, and play'd 'em off on his Courtiers as Occasion serv'd; he wou'd stop 'em short in the middle of a flattering Harangue, and cry, *Not a Word of the Pudding*. This wou'd daunt and mortify 'em to the last degree; they curs'd Sir *John* a thousand times over for the Proverb's sake: but to no Purpose; for the King gave him a private Hearing: In which he so well satisfy'd His Majesty of his Innocence and Integrity, that all his Lands were restor'd. The King wou'd have put him in his old Post; but he modestly declin'd it, but at the same time presented His Majesty with a Book of most excellent Receipts for all kinds of Puddings: Which Book His Majesty receiv'd with all imaginable Kindness, and kept it among his greatest Rarities.

But yet, as the best Instructions, tho' never so strictly followed, may not be always as successfully executed, so not one of the King's Cooks cou'd make a Pudding like Sir *John*; nay, tho' he made a Pudding before their Eyes, yet they

out of the very same Materials could not do the like. Which made his old Friends the Monks attribute it to Witchcraft, and it was currently reported the Devil was his Helper. But good King *Harry* was not to be fobb'd off so; the Pudding was good, it sate very well on his Stomach, and he eat very savourily, without the least Remorse of Conscience.

In short, Sir *John* grew in Favour in spite of their Teeth: The King lov'd a merry Joke; and Sir *John* had always his Budget full of Punns, Connundrums and Carrawitchets; not to forgot the Quibbles and Fly-flaps he play'd against his Adversaries, at which the King has laugh'd 'till his Sides crackt.

Sir *John*, tho' he was no very great Scholar, yet had a happy way of Expressing himself: He was a Man of the most Engaging Address, and never fail'd to draw Attention: Plenty and Good-Nature smil'd in his Face; his Muscles were never distorted with Anger or Contemplation, but an eternal Smile drew up the Corners of his Mouth; his very Eyes laugh'd; and as for his Chin it was three-double, a-down which hung a goodly Whey-colour'd Beard shining with the Drippings of his Luxury; for you must know he was a great Epicure, and had a very Sensible Mouth; he thought nothing too-good for himself, all his Care was for his Belly; and his Palate was so exquisite, that it was the perfect Standard of Tasting. So that to him we owe all that is elegant in Eating: For Pudding was not his only Talent, he was a great Virtuoso in all manner of Eatables; and tho' he might come short of *Lambert* for Confectionary-Niceties, yet was he not inferiour to *Brawnd*, *Lebec*, *Pede*, or any other great Masters of Cookery; he could toss up a Fricassée as well as a Pancake: And most of the Kickshaws now in vogue, are but his Inventions, with other Names; for what we call *Fricassées*, he call'd *Pancakes*; as, a Pancake of Chickens, a Pancake of Rabbets, &c. Nay, the *French* call a Pudding an *English* Fricassée, to this Day.

We value our selves mightily for Roasting a Hare with a Pudding in its Belly; when alas he has roasted an Ox with a Pudding in his Belly. There was no Man like him for Invention and Contrivance: And then for Execution, he spar'd no Labour and Pains to compass his magnanimous Designs.

O wou'd to Heav'n this little Attempt of Mine may stir up some *Pudding-headed Antiquary* to dig his Way through all

the mouldy Records of Antiquity, and bring to Light the Noble Actions of Sir *John*! It will not then be long before we see him on the Stage. Sir *John Falstaffe* then will be a Shrimp to Sir *John Pudding*, when rais'd from Oblivion and reanimated by the All-Invigorating Pen of the Well-Fed, Well-Read, Well-Pay'd C— J— Esq; Nor wou'd this be all; for the Pastry-Cooks wou'd from the Hands of an eminent Physician and Poet receive whole Loads of Memorandums, to remind 'em of the Gratitude due to Sir *John's* Memory.

On such a Subject I hope to see Sir *Richard* Out-do himself. Nor *Arthur* nor *Eliza* shall with Sir *John* compare. There is not so much difference between a Telescope and a Powder-Puff, a Hoop-Petty-Coat and a Farthing-Candle, a Birch-Broom and a Diamond-Ring, as there will be between the former Writings of this pair of Poets and their Lucubrations on this Head.

Nor will it stop here: The *Opera* Composers shall have t'other Contest, which shall best sing-forth his Praises. Sorry am I that *Nicolino* is not here, he would have made an excellent Sir *John*. But *Senefino*, being blown up after the manner that Butchers blow Calves, may do well enough. From thence the Painters and Print-sellers shall retail his goodly Phiz; and what *Sacheverel* was, shall Sir *John Pudding* be; his Head shall hang Elate on every Sign, his Fame shall ring in every Street, and *Cluer's* Press shall teem with Ballads to his Praise. This would be but Honour, this would be but Gratitude, from a Generation so much indebted to so Great a Man.

But how much do we deviate from Honour and Gratitude, when we put other Names to his Inventions, and call 'em our own? What is a Tart, a Pie, or a Pasty, but Meat or Fruit enclos'd in a Wall or Covering of Pudding. What is a Cake, but a Bak'd Pudding; or a *Christmas*-Pie, but a Minc'd-Meat-Pudding. As for Cheese-cakes, Custards, Tansies, they are manifest Puddings, and all of Sir *John's* own Contrivance; for Custard is as old if not older than *Magna Charta*. In short, Pudding is of the greatest Dignity and Antiquity. Bread it self, which is the very Staff of Life, is, properly speaking, a Bak'd Wheat-Pudding.

To the Satchel, which is the Pudding-Bag of Ingenuity, we are indebted for the greatest Men in Church and State. All Arts and Sciences owe their Original to Pudding or

Dumpling. What is a Bag-Pipe, the Mother of all Music, but a Pudding of Harmony. And what is Music it self, but a Palatable Cookery of Sounds. To little Puddings or Bladders of Colours we owe all the choice Originals of the Greatest Painters: And indeed, what is Painting, but a well-spread Pudding, or Cookery of Colours.

The Head of Man is like a Pudding: And whence have all Rhimes, Poems, Plots and Inventions sprang, but from that same Pudding. What is Poetry, but a Pudding of Words. The Physicians, tho' they cry out so much against Cooks and Cookery, yet are but Cooks themselves; with this difference only, the Cooks Pudding lengthens Life, the Physicians shortens it. So that we Live and Die by Pudding. For what is a Clyster, but a Bag-Pudding; a Pill, but a Dumpling; or a Bolus, but a Tansy, tho' not altogether so Toothsome. In a word; Physick is only a Puddingizing or Cookery of Drugs. The Law is but a Cookery of Quibbles and Contentions. (a) *

* * * * *
 * * * * * is but a Pudding
 of * * * * *
 * * * * * : Some swallow every thing

whole and unmix'd; so that it may rather be call'd a Heap, than a Pudding. Others are so Squeamish, the greatest Mastership in Cookery is requir'd to make the Pudding Palatable: The Suet which others gape and swallow by Gobs, must for these puny Stomachs be minced to Atoms; the Plums must be pick'd with the utmost Care, and every Ingredient proportion'd to the greatest Nicety, or it will never go down.

(a) *The Cat run away with this part of the Copy, on which the Author had unfortunately laid some of Mother Crump's Sausages.*

The Universe it self is but a Pudding of Elements. Empires, Kingdoms, States and Republicks are but Puddings of People differently made up. The Celestial and Terrestrial Orbs are decypher'd to us by a pair of Globes or Mathematical Puddings.

The Success of War and Fate of Monarchies are entirely dependant on Puddings and Dumplings: For what else are Cannon-Balls, but Military Puddings; or Bullets, but Dumplings; only with this difference, they do not sit so well on the Stomach as a good Marrow-Pudding or Bread-

Pudding.

In short, There is nothing valuable in Nature, but what, more or less, has an Allusion to Pudding or Dumpling. Why then should they be held in Disesteem? Why should Dumpling-Eating be ridicul'd, or Dumpling-Eaters derided? Is it not Pleasant and Profitable? Is it not Ancient and Honourable? Kings, Princes, and Potentates have in all Ages been Lovers of Pudding. Is it not therefore of Royal Authority? Popes, Cardinals, Bishops, Priests and Deacons have, Time out of Mind, been great Pudding-Eaters: Is it not therefore a Holy and Religious Institution? Philosophers, Poets, and Learned Men in all Faculties, Judges, Privy-Councillors, and Members of both Houses, have, by their great Regard to Pudding, given a Sanction to it that nothing can efface. Is it not therefore Ancient, Honourable, and Commendable?

Quare itaque fremuerunt Auctores?

Why do therefore the Enemies of good Eating, the Starve-gutted Authors of Grub-street, employ their impotent Pens against Pudding and Pudding-headed, *aliàs* Honest Men? Why do they inveigh against Dumpling-Eating which is the Life and Soul of Good-fellowship, and Dumpling-Eaters who are the Ornaments of Civil Society.

But, alas! their Malice is their own Punishment. The Hireling Author of a late scandalous Libel, intituled, *The Dumpling-Eaters Downfall*, may, if he has any Eyes, now see his Error, in attacking so Numerous, so August a Body of People: His Books remain Unsold, Unread, Unregarded; while this Treatise of Mine shall be Bought by all who love Pudding or Dumpling; to my Bookseller's great Joy, and my no small Consolation. How shall I Triumph, and how will that Mercenary Scribbler be Mortify'd, when I have sold more Editions of my Books, than he has Copies of his! I therefore exhort all People, Gentle and Simple, Men, Women and Children, to Buy, to Read, to Extol these Labours of Mine, for the Honour of Dumpling-Eating. Let them not fear to defend every Article; for I will bear them Harmless: I have Arguments good store, and can easily Confute, either Logically, Theologically, or Metaphysically, all those who dare Oppose me.

Let not *Englishmen* therefore be asham'd of the Name of *Pudding-Eaters*; but, on the contrary, let it be their Glory. For let Foreigners cry out ne'er so much against Good Eating, they come easily into it when they have been a little

while in our *Land of Canaan*; and there are very few Foreigners among as who have not learn'd to make as great a Hole in a good Pudding or Sirloin of Beef as the best *Englishman* of us all.

Why shou'd we then be Laught out of Pudding and Dumpling? or why Ridicul'd out of Good Living? Plots and Politics may hurt us, but Pudding cannot. Let us therefore adhere to Pudding, and keep our selves out of Harm's Way; according to the Golden Rule laid down by a celebrated Dumpling-Eater now defunct;

*Be of your Patron's Mind, whate'er he says:
Sleep very much; Think little, and Talk less:
Mind neither Good nor Bad, nor Right nor Wrong;
But Eat your Pudding, Fool, and Hold your Tongue.*

P R I O R .

The Author of these excellent Lines not only shews his Wisdom, but his Good-Breeding, and great Esteem for the Memory of Sir *John*, by giving his *Poem* the Title of *Merry Andrew*, and making *Merry Andrew* the principal Spokesman: For if I guess aright, and surely I guess not wrong, his main Design was, to ascertain the Name of *Merry Andrew* to the *Fool* of a Droll, and to substitute it instead of *Jack Pudding*; which Name my Friend *Matt.* cou'd not hear with Temper, as carrying with it an oblique Reflection on Sir *John Pudding* the Hero of this D U M P L E I D.

Let all those therefore who have any Regard to Politeness and Propriety of Speech, take heed how they Err against this Rule laid down by him who was the Standard of *English* Elegance. And be it known to all whom it may concern, That if any Person whatever shall dare hereafter to apply the Name of *Jack Pudding* to *Merry Andrews* and such-like Creatures, I hereby Require and Impower any Stander or Standers by, to Knock him, her, or them down. And if any Action or Actions of Assault and Battery shall be brought against any Person or Persons so acting in pursuance of this most reasonable Request, by Knocking down, Bruising, Beating, or otherwise Demolishing such Offenders; I will Indemnify and bear them Harmless.

F I N I S .



Namby Pamby:

O R,

A P A N E G Y R I Con the
New V E R S I F I C A T I O N
Addre?s'd to A—— P—— E?q;

*Nauty Pauty Jack-a-Dandy
Stole a Piece of Sugar-Candy
From the Grocer's Shoppy-shop,
And away did Hoppy-hop.*

A L L ye Poets of the Age,
All ye Witlings of the Stage,
Learn your Jingles to reform;
Crop your Numbers, and conform:
Let your little Verses flow
Gently, sweetly, Row by Row:
Let the Verse the Subject fit;
Little Subject, Little Wit:
Namby Pamby is your Guide;
Albion's Joy, Hibernia's Pride.
Namby Pamby Pilli-pis,
Rhimey pim'd on Missy-Miss;
Tartaretta Tartaree
From the Navel to the Knee;
That her Father's Gracy-Grace
Might give him a Placy-Place.
He no longer writes of Mammy
Andromache and her Lammy
Hanging panging at the Breast
Of a Matron most distrest.

Now the Venal Poet sings
Baby Clouts, and Baby Things,
Baby Dolls, and Baby Houses,
Little Misses, Little Spouses;
Little Play-Things, Little Toys,
Little Girls, and Little Boys:
As an Actor does his Part,
So the Nurses get by Heart
Namby Pamby's Little Rhimes,
Little Jingle, Little Chimes,
To repeat to Little Miss,
Piddling Ponds of Pissy-Piss;
Cacking packing like a Lady,
Or Bye-bying in the Crady.
Namby Pamby ne'er will die
While the Nurse sings *Lullabye*.
Namby Pamby's doubly Mild,
Once a Man, and twice a Child;
To his Hanging-Sleeves restor'd;
Now he foots it like a Lord;
Now he Pumps his little Wits;
Sh—ing Writes, and Writing Sh—s,
All by little tiny Bits.
Now methinks I hear him say,
Boys and Girls, Come out to Play,
Moon do's shine as bright as Day.
Now my *Namby Pamby's* found
Sitting on the *Friar's Ground*,
Picking Silver, picking Gold,
Namby Pamby's never Old.
Bally-Cally they begin,
Namby Pamby still keeps-in.
Namby Pamby is no Clown,
London-Bridge is broken down:
Now he courts the gay *Ladee*,
Dancing o'er the Lady-Lee:
Now he sings of *Lick-spit Liar*
Burning in the Brimstone Fire;
Lyar, Lyar, Lick-spit, lick,
Turn about the Candle-stick:
Now he sings of *Jacky Horner*
Sitting in the Chimney corner,
Eating of a Christmas-Pie,
Putting in his Thumb, Oh, fie!
Putting in, Oh, fie! his Thumb,

Pulling out, Oh, strange! a Plum.
And again, how *Nancy Cock*,
Nasty Girl! *besht her Smock.*
Now he acts the *Grenadier*,
Calling for a *Pot of Beer*:
Where's his Money? He's forgot;
Get him gone, a Drunken Sot.
Now on *Cock-horse* does he ride;
And anon on Timber stride.
See-and-Saw and Sacch'ry down,
London is a gallant Town.
Now he gathers Riches in
Thicker, faster, Pin by Pin;
Pins a-piece to see his Show;
Boys and Girls flock Row by Row;
From their Cloaths the Pins they take,
Risqué a Whipping for his sake;
From their Frocks the Pins they pull,
To fill *Namby's* Cushion full.
So much Wit at such an Age,
Does a Genius great presage.
Second Childhood gone and past,
Shou'd he prove a Man at last,
What must Second Manhood be,
In a Child so Bright as he!

Guard him, ye Poetic Powers;
Watch his Minutes, watch his Hours:
Let your Tuneful *Nine* Inspire him;
Let Poetic Fury fire him:
Let the Poets one and all
To his Genius Victims fall.



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P R E F A C E

*I*T very much surprises me that six Editions of a Mythological Pamphlet, entituled, A Dissertation on Dumpling, should escape your Notice of that wonderful Unriddler of Mysteries the ingenious Mr. E—— C--- who has at the same Time given such Proofs of his Abilities in his many and most elaborate Keys to Gulliver's Travels; Keys, which Gulliver himself could never have found out! and withal, so pertinent, that I shall esteem those at the Helm, no great Lovers of Learning, if my Friend Edmund be not forthwith promoted: for as the Sweetness of a Kernel is uncomatable, but by the Fracture of its Shell, so is the Beauty of a Mystery altogether hid, till the Expounder has riddlemayreed the Propounder's Problem, and render'd it obvious to the meanest Capacity.

The only Plea I can use in Mr. C——'s behalf, is, that the Author of the Dissertation has been a little too free with his Character, which probably occasioned that Sullenness in our British Oedipus; who in Order to be revenged, has determined not to embellish the Work with his Interpretation, but rather let it rot and perish in Oblivion.

This, and nothing else, could be the Reason of so profound a Silence in so great a Mysterymonger, to remedy which Loss to the Publick, I an unworthy Scribler, and faint Copier of that great Artist, presume with aching Heart, and trembling Hand, to draw the Veil which shades the political Pamphlet in Question; and show it to my loving Countrymen in Puris Naturalibus.

If I succeed in this, I hope Mr. L——t, who all the World knows is a rare Chap to his Authors, will speedily employ me to unriddle, or at least make a Plot to the Rival Modes, which it seems the Author has omitted: it is true, he ought to have given it the Bookseller with the Copy, but has not so done, which makes me wonder he is not sued for Breach of Covenant; but what is that to me, if I get a Job by the Bargain? Let Booksellers beware how they buy Plays without Plots for the future.

I narrowly miss'd solving the Problem called Wagner and

Abericock; Mr. B—— had spoke to Mr. W—— to speak to Mr. C——, who had just consented to employ me, after having made me abate half my demand: But Houses running thin, Colley had undertaken the Job himself to save Charges; intending at the same Time, to annex a severe Criticism on Pluto and Proserpine.

This, gentle Reader, will, I hope, induce you to look on me as a Writer of some Regard, and at the same Time, to make a little Allowance for whatever Errors my great Hurry may occasion, being obliged to write Night and Day, Sundays and working Days, without the least Assistance. All our Journeymen Writers being now turned Masters, I am left to shift for my self; but am bringing up my Wife to the Business, and doubt not but a long War, and our mutual Industry, may rub off old Scores, and make us begin a new Reckoning with all Mankind; Pamphleteering having been so dead for many Years last past, that (God forgive me!) I have been oftentimes tempted to write Treason for mere Sustenance.

But Thanks to better Stars and better Days, the Pen revives, and Authors flourish; more Money can be made now of a Play, nay, though it be a scurvy One, than Dryden got by all his Works. Therefore now or never is the Time to strike while the Iron is hot, to write my self out of Debt, and into Place, and then grow idle and laugh at the World, as my Betters have done before me.



INTRODUCTION.

WHEN a Book has met with Success, it never wants a Father; there being those good natured Souls in the World, who, rather than let Mankind think such Productions sprang of themselves, will own the Vagabond Brat, and thereby become Fathers of other Mens Offsprings.

This was the Fate of Dumpling, whose real Father did not take more Care to conceal himself, than some did to be thought its Author; but if any one will recollect the Time of its Publication, they will find it within a Week after the Arrival of D——n S——t, from *Ireland*; the Occasion, as I am very well informed, was this, the D——n, one of the first Things he did, went to pay a Visit to Mr. T——, his old Bookseller; but, to his Surprise, found both the Brothers dead, and a Relation in the Shop, to whom he was an utter Stranger. Mr. M—— for such is this Person's Name, gathering from the D——n's Enquiries who he was, paid him his *Devoirs* in the most respectful Manner, solicited his Friendship, and invited him to a Dinner, which the D——n was pleased to accept. By the Way, you must know, he is a great Lover of Dumpling, as well as the Bookseller, who had ordered one for himself, little dreaming of such a Guest that Day. The Dinner, as 'twas not provided on purpose, was but a Family one, well enough however for a Bookseller; that is to say, a couple of Fowls, Bacon and Sprouts boiled, and a Forequarter of Lamb roasted. After the usual Complements for the unexpected Honour, and the old Apology of wishing it was better for his sake: The Maid, silly Girl! came and asked her Master if he pleased to have his Dumpling; he would have chid her, but the D——n mollified him, insisting at the same Time, upon the Introduction of Dumpling, which accordingly was done. Dumpling gave Cause of Conversation, but not till it was eat; for the Reader must understand, that both the Gentlemen play a good Knife and Fork, and are too mannerly to talk with their Mouths full. The Dumpling eat, as I said before, the D——n drank to the Bookseller, the Bookseller to the Author, and with an obsequious Smile, seem'd to say ah! Dear Doctor, you have

been a Friend to my Predecessor, can you do nothing for me? The D—n took the Hint, and after a profound Contemplation, cry'd, Why ay—Dumpling will do—put me in Mind of Dumpling anon, but not a Word more at present, and good Reason why, Dinner was coming in. So they past the rest of the Meal with great Silence and Application, and no doubt dined well. Far otherwise was it with me that Day:

I remember to my Sorrow, I had a Hogs Maw, without Salt or Mustard; having at that Time, Credit with the Pork-Woman, but not with the Chandler: Times are since mended, *Amen* to the Continuance!

The D——n, having eat and drank plentifully, began his usual Pleasantries, and made the Bookseller measure his Ears with his Mouth; nay, burst his Sides with Laughter; however, he found Interval enough to remind the D——n of Dumpling, who asked him if he had a quick Hand at Writing: he excused himself, being naturally as Lazy as the other was Indolent, so they contrived to ease themselves by sending for a Hackney Writer out of *Temple Lane* to be the D——'s *Amanuensis*, while he and his new Acquaintance crack'd t'other Bottle.

This Account may be depended upon, because I had it from the Man himself, who scorns to tell a Lye.

To be short, my Friend had the worst of it, being kept to hard Writing, without Drinking (Churls that they were) about three Hours; in which Time the Dissertation was finished, that is to say, from Page 1. to Page 25. the rest might probably be done at some other leisure Time, to fill up the Chinks, but of that he knows nothing; sufficient is it that the D——n was the Author. Proceed we now to the other Discoveries, by drawing the Veil from before the Book it self.



K E Y
T O T H E
D I S S E R T A T I O N
O N

D U M P L I N G.



Shall begin with his Motto, which says, *What is better than a Pudding?* The Body owns its Power, the Mind, its Delicacy; it will give Youth to grey Hairs, and Life to the most Desponding: Therefore are Pudding Eaters of great Use in State Affairs.

This Quotation is of a Piece with his Motto to the Tale of a Tub, and other Writings; altogether Fictitious and Drole: he adds to the Jest, by putting an Air of Authority or genuine Quotation from some great Author; when alas! the whole is mere Farce and Invention.

The Dedication is one continued Sneer upon Authors, and their Patrons, and seems to carry a Glance of Derision towards Men of Quality in General; by setting a Cook above them, as a more useful Member in a body Politick. Some will have this *Braund*, to be Sir *****, others Sir *****, others Sir *****; but I take it to be more Railery than Mystery, and that Mr. *Braund*, at the *Rummer* in *Queen-street*, is the Person; who having pleas'd the Author in two or three Entertainments, he, with a View truly *Epicurean*, constitutes him his *Mæcenas*; as being more agreeable to him than a whole Circle of Stars and Garters, of what Colour or Denomination soever.

In his Tale of a Tub, he has a fling at Dependance, and Attendance, where he talks of a Body worn out with Poxes ill cured, and Shooes with Dependance, and Attendance. Not having the Book by me, I am forced to quote at Random, but I hope the courteous Reader will bear me out. He complains of it again in this Treatise, and makes a Complement to Mr. *Austin*, Mr. *Braund*'s late Servant; who keeps the *Braund*'s Head in *New Bond-street*, near *Hanover-Square*; a House of great Elegance, and where he used frequently to dine.

The Distinction of *Brand*, *Braund*, and *Barnes*, is a Banter on Criticks, and Genealogists, who make such a Pother about the Orthography of Names and Things, that many Times,

three Parts in four of a Folio Treatise, is taken up in ascertaining the Propriety of a Syllable, by which Means the Reader is left undetermined; having nothing but the various Readings on a single Word, and that probably, of small Importance.

I heartily wish some of these Glossographists would oblige the World with a Folio Treatise or two, on the Word Rabbet: We shall then know whether it is to be spelt with an e, or an i. For, to the Shame of the *English* Tongue and this learned Age, our most eminent Physicians, Surgeons, Anatomists and Men Midwives, have all been to seek in this Affair.

St. André,		Douglas	
Howard,		and the	Spell
Braithwaite,	Spell it	Gentleman	it with
Ahlers and	with an e.	who calls	an i.
Manningham,		himself	
		Gulliver,	

And some of these great Wits, have such short Memories, that they spell it both Ways in one and the same Page.

The Master-Key to this Mystery, is the Explanation of its Terms; for Example, by *Dumpling* is meant a Place, or any other Reward or Encouragement. A *Pudding* signifies a P——t, and sometimes a C——tee. A *Dumpling Eater*, is a Dependant on the Court, or, in a Word, any one who will rather pocket an Affront than be angry at a Tip in Time. A *Cook* is a Minister of State. The *Epicurean* and *Peripatetic* Sects, are the two Parties of *Whigg* and *Tory*, who both are greedy enough of *Dumpling*.

The Author cannot forbear his old Sneer upon Foreigners, but says, in his [1st Page](#), “That finding it a Land of Plenty, they wisely resolved never to go home again,” and in [his 2d](#), “Nay, so zealous are they in the Cause of *Bacchus*, that one of the Chief among them, made a Vow never to say his Prayers till he has a Tavern of his own in every Street in *London*, and in every Market-Town in *England*”: If he does not mean Sir J—— T—— I know not who he means.

By the Invention of *Eggs*, [Page 4](#), is meant Perquisites. “He cannot conclude a Paragraph in his [5th Page](#), without owning he received that important Part of the History of *Pudding*, from old Mr. *Lawrence* of *Wilsden Green*, the greatest Antiquary of the present Age.”

This old *Lawrence* is a great Favourite of the D—s; he is a facetious farmer, of above eighty Years of Age, now living at

Wilsden Green, near *Kilburn* in *Middlesex*, the most rural Place I ever saw: exactly like the Wilds of *Ireland*. It was here the D—n often retired *incog.* to amuse himself with the Simplicity of the Place and People; where he got together all that Rigmayroll of Childrens talk, which composes his *Namby Pamby*. Old *Lawrence* told me, the D—n has sate several Hours together to see the Children play, with the greatest Pleasure in Life: The rest he learned from the old Nurses thereabouts, of which there are a great many, with whom he would go and smoke a Pipe frequently, and cordially; not in his Clergyman's Habit, but in a black Suit of Cloth Clothes, and without a Rose in his Hat: Which made them conclude him to be a Presbyterian Parson.

This Mention of old *Lawrence*, is in Ridicule to a certain great Artist, who wrote a Treatise upon the Word *Connoisseur* (or a Knower) and confesses himself to have been many Years at a loss for a Word to express the Action of Knowing, till the great Mr. *Prior* gave him Ease, by furnishing him with the Word *Connoissance*. Our D—n had drawn a Drole, Parallel to this, viz. *Boudineur*, a Pudding Pyeman; and *Boudinance*, the making of Pudding Pies: But several Men of Quality begging it off, it was, at their Request, scratch'd out, but my Friend, the *Amanuensis*, remembers particularly its being originally inserted.

If the Reader should ask, Who is that K— *John* mentioned in the [fourth Page](#), and which I ought to have taken in its Place. I beg leave to inform him, that by K. *John* is meant the late Q. —, with whom the D— of M— was many Years in such great Favour, that he was nick named K. *John*; it was in that Part of the Q—'s Reign, that Sir *John* Pudding, by whom is meant **** *you know who*, came in Favour; it is true, the Name is odd, and seems to carry an Air of Ridicule with it, but the Character given him by this allegorical Writer, is that of an able Statesman, and an honest Man.

And here, begging Mr. D—n's Pardon, I cannot but think his Wit has out run his Judgment; for he puts the Cart before the Horse, and begins at the latter Part of Sir **** Administration: But this might be owing to too plentiful a Dinner, and too much of the Creature. Be that as it will, I must follow my Copy, and explain it as it lies. Proceed we therefore to the Dissertation, [Page 6](#).

“But what rais'd our Hero most in the Esteem of this Pudding-eating Monarch, was his second Edition of

Pudding, he being the first that ever invented the Art of broiling Puddings, which he did to such Perfection, and so much to the King's liking (who had a mortal Aversion to cold Pudding) that he thereupon instituted him Knight of the Gridiron, and gave him a Gridiron of Gold, the Ensign of that Order; which he always wore as a Mark of his Sovereign's Favour."

If this does not mean the late Revival of an ancient Order of Knighthood, I never will unriddle Mystery more: To prove which, we need but cross over to the next Page, where he tells us, "Sir *John* had always a Squire, who followed him, bearing a huge Pair of Spectacles to saddle his Honour's Nose." [Diss. Page 7.](#)

After this, he very severely runs upon those would-be Statesmen, who put themselves in Competition with his Favourite, Sir ****, with whom he became exceeding intimate, and almost inseperable, all the Time he was in *England*.

The Story of the Kit Cat Club, *Dick Estcourt*, and *Jacob Tonson*, is a mere Digression; and nothing more to the Purpose, than that we may imagine it came uppermost. He returns to his Subject in his [9th Page](#).

"Now it was Sir *John*'s Method, every *Sunday* Morning, to give the Courtiers a Breakfast; which Breakfast was every Man his Dumpling, and Cup of Wine: For you must know, he was Yeoman of the Wine-Cellar at the same Time."

The Breakfast is Sir *** Levee, the Yeomanship of the Wine-Cellar, is the ***.

The Author of the Dissertation, is a very bad Chronologist; for at [Page 10.](#) we are obliged to go back to the former Reign, where we shall find the lubberly Abbots (*i. e.*) the High Church Priests, misrepresenting Sir *John*'s Actions, and never let the Q—— alone, till poor Sir *John* was discarded.

"This was a great Eye-sore, and Heart-burning to some lubberly Abbots, who lounged about the Court; they took it in great Dudgeon they were not invited, and stuck so close to his Skirts, that they never rested till they outed him. They told the King, who was naturally very hasty, that Sir *John*, made-away with his Wine, and feasted his *Paramours* at his Expence; and not only so, but they were forming a Design against his Life, which they in Conscience ought to discover:

That Sir *John* was not only an Heretic, but an Heathen; nay, worse, they fear'd he was a Witch, and that he had bewitch'd his Majesty into that unaccountable Fondness for a *Pudding-Maker*. They assured the King, that on a *Sunday* Morning, instead of being at Mattins, he and his Trigrimates got together hum jum, all snug, and perform'd many hellish and diabolical Ceremonies. In short, they made the King believe that the Moon was made of Green-Cheese: And to shew how the Innocent may be bely'd, and the best Intentions misrepresented, they told the King, That he and his Associates offered Sacrifices to *Ceres*: When, alas, it was only the Dumplings they eat.

“The Butter which was melted and poured over them, these vile Miscreants, called *Libations*: And the friendly Computations of our Dumpling Eaters, were called *Bacchanalian Rites*. Two or three among them being sweet tooth'd, would strew a little Sugar over their Dumplings; this was represented as an *Heathenish Offering*. In short, not one Action of theirs, but which these rascally Abbots made criminal, and never let the King alone till Sir *John* was discarded; not but the King did it with the greatest Reluctance; but they made it a religious Concern, and he could not get off on't.” [Diss. pag. 10.](#)

All the World knows that the *Tory* Ministry got uppermost, for the four last Years of the Queen's Reign, and by their unaccountable Management, teaz'd that good Lady out of her Life: Which occasion'd the D—n in his [eleventh Page](#) to say; “Then too late he saw his Error; then he lamented the Loss of Sir *John*; and in his latest Moments, would cry out, Oh! that I had never parted from my dear *Jack-Pudding*! Would I had never left off Pudding and Dumpling! then I had never been thus basely poison'd! never thus treacherously sent out of the World!—Thus did this good King lament: But alas! to no purpose, the Priest had given him his Bane, and Complaints were ineffectual.”

This alludes to Sir **** Imprisonment and Disgrace in the Year — Nay, so barefaced is the D—n in his Allegory, that he tells us, in his [12th Page](#), *Norfolk* was his Asylum. This is as plain as the Nose on a Man's Face! The subsequent Pages are an exact Description of the Ingratitude of Courtiers; and his Fable of the *Court Pudding*, [Page 13.](#) is the best Part of the whole Dissertation.

One would imagine the D—n had been at Sea, by his writing

Catharping-Fashion, and dodging the Story sometimes Twenty-Years backwards, at other Times advancing as many; so that one knows not where to have him: for in his [fifteenth Page](#), he returns to the present Scene of Action, and brings his Hero into the Favour of K—— *Harry*, *alias* **** who being sensible of his Abilities, restores him into Favour, and makes Use of his admirable Skill in Cookery, *alias* State Affairs.

“Not one of the King’s Cooks could make a Pudding like Sir *John*; nay, though he made a Pudding before their Eyes, yet they, out of the very same Materials, could not do the like: Which made his old Friends, the Monks, attribute it to Witchcraft and it was currently reported the Devil was his Helper. But good King *Harry* was not to be fobb’d off so; the Pudding was good, it sat very well on his Stomach, and he eat very savourly, without the least Remorse of Conscience.” [Diss. Page 15](#).

This seems to hint at the Opposition Sir ***** met with from the contrary Party, and how sensible the K—— was, that they were all unable to hold the Staff in Competition with him.

After this the D—n runs into a whimsical Description of his Heroes personal Virtues; but draws the Picture too much *Alla Carraccatura*, and is, in my Opinion, not only a little too familiar, but wide of his Subject. For begging his Deanship’s Pardon, he mightily betrays his Judgment, when he says, Sir *John* was no very great Scholar, whereas all Men of Learning allow him to be a most excellent one; but as we may suppose he grew pretty warm by this Time with the Booksellers Wine, he got into his old Knack of Raillery, and begins to run upon all Mankind: In this Mood he falls upon C—— *J——n*, and Sir *R—— Bl——re*, a pair of twin Poets, who suck’d one and the same Muse. After this he has a Fling at *Handel*, *Bononcini* and *Attilio*, the Opera Composers; and a severe Sneer on the late High-Church Idol, *Sacheverel*. As for *Cluer*, the Printer, any Body that knows Music, or *Bow Church Yard*, needs no farther Information.

And now he proceeds to a Digression, which is indeed the Dissertation it self; proving all Arts and Sciences to owe their Origin and Existence to *Pudding* and *Dumpling* (*i. e.*) Encouragement. His *Hiatus* in the [20th Page](#), I could, but dare not Decypher.

In his [22nd Page](#), he lashes the Authors who oppose the Government; such as the *Craftsman*, *Occasional Writer*, and

other Scribblers, past, present, and to come. *The Dumpling-Eaters Downfal*, is a Title of his own Imagination; I have run over all *Wilford's* Catalogues, and see no Mention made of such a Book: All that Paragraph therefore is a mere Piece of Rablascism.

In his [23d Page](#), he has another confounded Fling at Foreigners; and after having determinately dubb'd his Hero, the Prince of Statesmen, he concludes his Dissertation with a Mess of Drollery, and goes off in a Laugh.

In a Word, the whole Dissertation seems calculated to ingratiate the D—n in Sir **** Favour; he draws the Picture of an able and an honest Minister, painful in his Countries Service, and beloved by his Prince; yet oftentimes misrepresented and bely'd: Nay, sometimes on the Brink of Ruin, but always Conqueror. The Fears, the Jealousies, the Misrepresentations of an enraged and disappointed Party, give him no small Uneasiness to see the Ingratitude of some Men, the Folly of others, who shall believe black to be white, because prejudiced and designing Knaves alarm 'em with false Fears. We see every Action misconstrued, and Evil made out of Good; but as the best Persons and Things are subject to Scandal and Ridicule; so have they the Pleasure of Triumphant in the Truth, which always will prevail.

I take the Allegory of this Dissertation to be partly Historical, partly Prophetical; the D—n seeming to have carried his View, not only to the present, but even, succeeding Times. He sets his Hero down at last in Peace, Plenty, and a happy Retirement, not unrelented by his Prince; his Honesty apparent, his Enemies baffled and confounded, and his Measures made the Standard of good Government; and a Pattern for all just Ministers to follow.

Thus, gentle Reader, have I, at the Expence of these poor Brains, crack'd this thick Shell, and given thee the Kernel. If any should object, and say this Exposition is a Contradiction to the D—n's Principles; I assure such Objector, that the D—n is an errant *Whig* by Education, and Choice: He may indeed cajole the *Tories* with a Belief that he is of their Party; but it is all a Joke, he is a *Whig*, and I know him to be so; Nay more, I can prove it, and defy him to contradict me; did he not just after his Arrival and Promotion in *Ireland*, writing to one of his intimate Friends in *London*, conclude his Letter in this Manner?

Thus Dear **** from all that has occur'd, you must
conclude me a Tory in every Thing, but my Principle,
which is yet as unmoved, as, that I am,

Yours, &c.

This Letter, his Tale of a Tub, and in a Word, all his
Invectives against Enthusiasm and Priestcraft, plainly prove
him to be no *Tory*; and if his Intimacy, not only with Sir ****
himself, but most of the prime Men in the Ministry, cannot
prove him a *Whig*, I have no more to say.

F I N I S.

Advertisement to the Curious.

THE Author is Night and Day at Work (in order to get
published before the *Spaniards* have raised the Siege of
Gibraltar) a Treatise, entituled, *Truth brought to light*, or *D*
—n S—t's Wilsden Prophecy unfolded; being a full
Explanation of a Prophetical Poem, called *Namby Pamby*,
which, by most People, is taken for a Banter on an eminent
Poet, now in *Ireland*; when in Fact, it is a true Narrative of
the Siege of *Gibraltar*, the Defeat of the *Spaniards*, and
Success of the *British* Arms. The Author doubts not in this
Attempt to give manifest Proof of his Abilities, and make it
apparent to all Mankind, that he can see as clearly through a
Milstone, as any other Person can through the best Optic
Martial or *Scarlet* ever made; and that there is more in many
Things, not taken Notice of, than the Generality of People
are aware of.

NOTES TO *DUMPLING*

- [iii].25.
- P.2.30-31. Carey also attacks the Freemasons and Gormogons in *Poems*, ed. Wood, p. 118.
- P.5.3. Old Mr. Lawrence is mentioned several times (see particularly *Key*, pp. 16-17). There was a farmer Lawrence of 70 in Willesdon at the time, but I have found no direct connection with an antiquary, with Swift's Namby Pamby talk (see *OED* under *Namby Pamby*) and his *Wilsden Prophecy*; nor with Jonathan Richardson (see note to *Key*, p. 17). On another level, the laziness attributed to Swift (*Key*, p. viii) and the gridiron here connected with the Kit Cat club are both commonly associated with Saint Lawrence.
- P.6.11-12. "Bull and Mouth" refers to a tavern known as the Boulogne Mouth (John Timbs, *Clubs and Club Life in London* [London, 1872], p. 529).
- Pp.6.13-9.6. Knight of the Gridiron: Walpole was a member of the Kit Cat club, which originally met at the pie shop of Christopher Cat in Shire Lane. The "Second Edition" probably refers to the fact that the Order of the Bath was reintroduced for Walpole's benefit in June 1724. (See also *Key*, p. 19.) There is intentional confusion with Estcourt, who as providore of the Beefsteak club wore about his neck a small gridiron of silver and was made a Knight of Saint Lawrence. The Knights of the Toast were an associated group. The gridiron is a symbol both of gormandizing and of the roasting of Saint Lawrence.
- P.9.9. J[acob] T[onson], the publisher, founded the Kit Cat club which also met at Tonson's home in Barns Elms, and in Hampstead (which was only a few miles northeast of Willesdon).
- P.11.15-18. King John is reputed either to have been poisoned or to have died from overeating at Swineshead Abbey (18-19 October 1216).
- Pp.14.15-16.24. See also *Key*, pp. 25-26. King Harry, at this point, would appear to be George I, with either Walpole or Marlborough as Sir John Pudding. Nevertheless, there are carefully interpolated overtones regarding Falstaff and Hal. "One knows not where to have him" (*Key*, p. 25) is one of several apt Shakespearian allusions in the work.
- Pp.17.25-18.26. In *Dumpling*, pp. 17-18, and *Key*, pp. 26-27, the references are to the writers Sir R[ichard] B[lackmore] and C[harles] J[ohnso]n; opera in the hands of Nicolino, Senesino, Handel, Buononcini and Attilio; the high-church idol, Sacheverel (d. 1724); the *Craftsman* (founded to attack Walpole) and the *Occasional Writer* (Bolingbroke's 4 pamphlets of Jan/Feb. 1727); and finally the discredited music printer, Cluer. Carey's relationship to opera was ambivalent, but in *Mocking is Catching* he strongly attacked Senesino.
- P.24.5-29. Matt. Prior (d. 1721), despite his aristocratic pretensions, had been earlier associated with the Rummer Tavern. He was a member of the Kit Cat club until he became a Tory for *Dumpling*.
- P. [32].28. E[dmund] C[url] of the "ADVERTISEMENT" was a publisher notorious for stealing material. Carey complained frequently of his writings having been "fathered" by others.

NOTES TO THE KEY

- Title Page "J. W.": Dr. Wood suggests this is the fictitious John Walton of the "Proposals" at the end of *Dumpling*. My own preference is for Dr. John Woodward, the famous antiquarian and physician. As late as Fielding's "Dedication" to *Shamela*, Woodward was being mocked for suggesting that the "Gluttony [which] is owing to the great Multiplication of Pastry-Cooks in the City" has "Led to the Subversion of Government...." (See Woodward's *The State of Physick and of Diseases* [London, 1718],

pp. 194-196 and 200-201. Compare this with *Dumpling*, pp. 22-23, on the *Dumpling-Eaters Downfall*, also pp. 9 and 16, and Key, p. 17.) Swift deals with "repletion" in *Gulliver's Travels* (ed. Herbert Davis [Oxford, 1941], pp. 253-254 and 262).

- P.iii.1-22. L[intot] was Pope's publisher. B[ooth], W[ilks], and C[ibber] were the managers of Drury Lane. *The London Stage, Part 2: 1700-1729*, ed. Emmett L. Avery (Carbondale, Ill., 1960), shows that J. M. Smythe's *Rival Modes* was first played 27 January 1727 at Drury Lane; John Thurmond's pantomime *The Miser: Or Wagner and Abericock* was first played 30 December 1726 at Drury Lane; and Lun's pantomimes *Harlequin a Sorcerer: With The Loves of Pluto and Proserpine* and *The Rape of Proserpine* were first played at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre 21 January 1725 and 13 February 1727 respectively.
- P.iv.16-25. The preface ends on a similar note to Carey's *Of Stage Tyrants* (p. 108).
- P.[v].3-4. To "it never wants a Father," compare *Of Stage Tyrants* (p. 107).
- P.vi.1-9. Swift's "old Bookseller" had been T[ooke] (though there may be overtones here regarding Tonson). His new publisher was [Benjamin] M[otte].
- Pp.viii.24-ix.14. The "Hackney Writer out of *Temple Lane*" could very well be Carey. (See Carey's *Records of Love* [London, 1710], pp. 175, 93, and 104.)
- P.13.6-9. Carey's poem "The Plague of Dependence" cautions: "You may dance out your shoes in attendance;/ [while you] wait for a court dependence" (p. 90).
- Pp.14.7-15.2. Here Carey cleverly ties in Swift's surgeon Gulliver, through the "Pancake of Rabbits" (*Dumpling*, p. 17), with the topical and notorious case of Mary Tofts, who in November 1726 was "delivered" of fifteen rabbits. All the people mentioned were connected with this case. Nathaniel St. André was the surgeon and anatomist to the King, and Cyriacus Ahlers the King's private surgeon; John Howard was the apothecary. The imposture was finally brought to light before Sir Richard Manningham (the famous man-midwife who probably influenced Sterne) and Dr. James Douglas. Among the many contemporary pamphlets on this subject is one by Thomas Braithwaite.
- Pp.16.14-17.13. The following is a very revealing quotation from records in the Willesdon Public Library under F. A. Wood [not Dr. F. T. Wood], *Willesdon I*, 99: "These nurse children must have been sent from workhouses round Willesdon ... the parish must have become a baby farm.... The large number of deaths between 1702 and 1727 ought to have caused some official enquiry, which probably did take place, as after 1727 they soon ceased altogether."
- P.17.14-22. See Jonathan Richardson, *Works*, Strawberry Hill Press (London, 1792), pp. 198-199: "...had the honour of a letter ... the term *Connoissance* was used.... I must not conceal the name it was Mr. Prior." Richardson, a frequent visitor to Hampstead, painted both Prior and Pope. His essay on "The Connoisseur" was frequently published.
- P.18.6-22. See also p. 24 and *passim*. Robert Walpole was born and died at Houghton in Norfolk; he was helped up by Marlborough but lost power with him under the Tories. Walpole went to the Tower for five months in 1712 before going to his home county, where Defoe calls him "King Walpole in Norfolk."
- P.24.19-20. The "Fable of the *Court Pudding*" (see also *Dumpling*, pp. 13-14) ties together both meanings of the scatological Latin-English pun on the title page of *Dumpling*.
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