

# THE SENTENCE OF MOMUS: SATIRICAL VERSE AND PRINTS IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY BATH

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Momus,<sup>1</sup> the classical personification of ridicule and fault finding, may be seen as the deity presiding over the satirical writings of those poets – Horace and Juvenal, in particular – who castigated the follies and vices of the Augustan Age and Early Empire in which they lived. Every aspect of life came under scrutiny in the Roman satirists' hexameters. Juvenal himself described his work as a 'farrago';<sup>2</sup> and, according to one derivation, 'satire' took its name from the 'lanx satura', a ritual platter piled high with different ingredients. Horace's method, civilised and urbane, was to use character sketches, clever dialogue and colloquial idiom in making his points. Juvenal, on the other hand, had recourse to the violent shock tactics of exaggerated caricature and savage diatribe. Satirists of later times, seeking inspiration from these classical exemplars, tended to imitate the manner either of Horace or of Juvenal, and to signal their choice by prefixing a quotation from the writings of the master at the head of their own poems.

The chief satirists of the 'Augustan Age' in Britain, Swift and Pope (the Juvenal and Horace of their epoch) were aware of the parallels between their own leisured prosperous society and that of Imperial Rome during and just after the reign of Augustus: there needed to be a well-ordered, well-defined social framework binding institutions and people together, before it was possible to afford the luxury of criticism. Starting from this secure foundation they felt able to censure manners and morals in terms very similar to those used by their classical predecessors. If at the beginning of the eighteenth century English society in general offered the kind of conditions where satire might flourish, then it was likely that the microcosm of society existing in a spa town like Bath would provide the same sort of material for moralists and satirists, though necessarily within a smaller compass. It remained to be seen whether the provincial versifiers who practised in Bath or Tunbridge Wells or Cheltenham could rise to the level of a Swift or a Pope.

With the ever-increasing popularity of its spa from 1700 onwards, Bath was beginning to attract a wide clientèle – drawn largely, of course, from

the upper and middle classes, who could afford the time and the treatment – to come and be cured of their ills by bathing in and drinking the waters. Some might be genuine invalids, others suffering only from mild indisposition (brought on very often from eating and drinking too much), and perhaps a few out-and-out hypochondriacs: ‘...you know Bath is stocked with such as come hither to be relieved from luxuriant health, or imaginary sickness; and consequently is always as well stowed with gallants, as invalids, who live together in a very good understanding’.<sup>3</sup> Before long the balance began to tip in favour of the frivolous over the serious. Defoe remarked on ‘the gallantry and diversions of that place [Bath]’, pointing out that ‘in former times this was a resort hither for cripples... But now we may say it is the resort of the sound rather than the sick; the bathing is made more a sport and diversion, than a physical prescription for health; and the town is taken up in raffling, gaming, visiting and in a word, all sorts of gallantry and levity’.<sup>4</sup>

A society based like this on the leisure principle had need of a series of diversions and public activities to enable it to get through each day of the season without boredom. The ballad on *The Pleasures of the Bath* itemises the daily programme as follows: parading – ‘The way of the Morning/Is Dressing, Adorning’ – gambling, going to the playhouse or a concert, an airing on Lansdown, bowling, billiards, culminating in –

Sir, up to the Ball...  
 All sorts of Conditions,  
 City-Lawyers, Physicians,  
 Both good ones and bad ones,  
 The sober and mad ones;  
 Some to meet their old Friends,  
 And for various Ends,  
 Are galloping hither twice a Year.<sup>5</sup>

In the course of this life lived so openly in public, with so much restless activity harnessed to the pursuit of pleasure, there was scope for an exhibition of many different forms of folly (chiefly summarised under the headings of vanity and snobbery), as well as the deadlier sins of lust, avarice and greed; in short, a promising field for the moraliser and satirist... ‘tis a Valley of Pleasure, yet a Sink of Iniquity; Nor is there any Intrigues or Debauch Acted at *London*, but is Mimick’d here’.<sup>6</sup> On the whole, though, the critics tended to distinguish between vices and follies, and to concentrate their attention largely on the latter. In one of the

earliest collections of verse produced by spa society, *The Tunbridge and Bath Miscellany for the year 1714*, the touch tends to be humorous rather than censorious. Titles include *Upon Two Ladies in a Riding Habit*, *The Snoring Husband*, *Upon being suspected of writing the Lampoon, Love and Folly*. The nearest to a satirical thrust occurs only in *An Epistle to a Friend*:

Hither from Town the various Numbers come  
 To gain that Health abroad they lost at Home...  
 The batter'd Bromio here we may behold,  
 In Youth decrepit, and at Thirty old...  
 The Beau with stiff'ned Air, and formal Grace,  
 Shows his white Teeth, and his unmeaning Face,  
 To this fair Idol thrice obsequious bows,  
 And endless Love, in endless Nonsense vows.<sup>7</sup>

Richard Steele, writing *A Description of the Bath* as part of the same Miscellany, characterises these authors of occasional pieces – panegyrics and lampoons, ballads and madrigals – as ‘the Water Poets... an innocent Tribe who deserve all the Encouragement I can give them. It would be barbarous to treat those Authors with Bitterness, who never write out of the *Season*, and whose Works are useful with the Waters’. Pope dismisses the Water Poets with similar faint praise when he refers to them in the *Dunciad*: ‘Each Cygnet sweet of Bath and Tunbridge race/Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass’.<sup>8</sup>

The cygnets themselves, however, would dearly have liked to become swans: they had aspirations to be the Swifts and Popes of their own small pond. The publisher of *The Bath Miscellany for 1740* stated in his ‘Apology to the Reader’ that his intention was ‘...to oblige the Publick, by shewing these Specimens of concealed Genius’s, and to convince Pope and Swift that there are more Poets in England than themselves’.<sup>9</sup> The evidence to support this from the Miscellany itself hardly proves very convincing. *On Mr H...ley* attempts the epigrammatic manner of Pope – ‘Prophane, Obscene, Lew’d, Frivolous and Pert/Proud without Spirit, Vain without Desert’ – but fails to command the essential bite of the original. *On the Game of Whisk, or Occasioned by seeing a Parson play at Pharaoh* moralises rather than satirises as it seeks to relate the gambling scene to the theatre of life. There is a heavy-handedness about the collection, suggesting that the contributors found themselves in an awkward position as they wrestled with recalcitrant material: not sufficiently detached from the society they were commenting on, and inadequate to the task of raising

merely topical themes and personal references to the level of grand philosophical statement. They were clearly much more at home celebrating the charms of some young beauty of the day, as in the poem *Upon Miss Moor* which breathes a tone of respectful adulation found quite frequently in the verse offerings of the day. It recalls the hymn to ladies of fashion, as extolled in *A Dream, or the Force of Fancy*,<sup>10</sup> where a key supplied the real names of those masquerading as Julia or the 'Noble Zetsea' or the like. This type of flattery, addressed in the main to lovely women, continued to be exploited throughout the century (and beyond). It reappears, for instance, in William Madden's *Poem addressed to Miss Boyd* (1781) as well as in this *Hymn to Miss Lawrence in the Pump Room* published by an anonymous admirer in 1753:

Thee, LAURENTIA, loveliest maid  
 ...Thee the smoaking tides obey,  
 Joyous; and at thy command  
 Wash thy rosy-finger'd hand...

Although no hint of satire can be traced in such effusions the very lavishness of the flattery was in due course (as we shall see) to provoke disgust and eventually a satirical response.

Beneath its surface dressing of euphemism and gallantry the poem no doubt still served to remind its audience of one very serious aspect of the Bath waters: their ability (or sometimes failure) to restore health to the sick. Sixteen years earlier the voice of the genuine sufferer had broken out in quite violent tones, when the anonymous poem *The Diseases of Bath* had appeared, prefaced with a quotation from Juvenal. For the first time a note of genuine savagery was introduced, as the author lashed into the various miseries to be experienced while taking the cure in Bath and enduring the agonies of its so-called pleasure season. The poem begins quietly enough, describing 'the many mischiefs which the Bath distress' – agues, 'Quinzeys in the throat', catarrhs – and then proceeds to draw attention to the 'diseases' (in the sense of disadvantages) resulting from its low-lying position between hills: 'unwholesome fogs' and 'rough jarring Winds belch down rheumatic Spasms'; houses are 'but ill supplied; and Streets ne'er clean'; churches 'ill repair'd, cold, damp, obscene'. Having set the scene, the author then proceeds to vent real spleen on the various categories of the healing profession – surgeons, physicians, apothecaries – from whom he has clearly suffered. Just as his tag from Juvenal, '...circumsilit agmine facto/Morborum omne genus...',<sup>11</sup>



contains an attack on a particular doctor who regularly killed a number of his patients each autumn, so here our author concentrates on personalities of the day. From his condemnation of the surgeons – ‘a canibal, man-mangling Brood’ – he makes only one exception: ‘*Pierce*<sup>12</sup> is humane and, tho’ a surgeon bred,/Is much too honest to enhance his trade’. As for physicians ‘bred to fix our doom/...Five Plagues than Egypt’s seven far more severe/...This Comfort still remains amidst our Care:/Much the best Five are fall’n to our share’. In dealing next with the apothecaries – ‘Life they will spare, where they can sharpen death’ – the author’s voice rises to its highest pitch of invective. The picture he conjures up of ‘foul *Stercorio*’s<sup>13</sup> shop seems to prefigure in its lurid detail the scene depicted by Hogarth in plate III of *Marriage à la Mode*: a skeleton in a glass case, a dissected toad in a box, dried insects and bladders hanging from the ceiling, while various potions are being mixed ‘with unwash’d Hands’ and then handed out to the wrong patients. The same twist as before comes in the tail: even *Stercorio* is ‘...an Aesculapius where we’ve worse,/Twice nine we have in Town, all worse than he’.

Having disposed of the medical profession, the author hardly pauses before castigating the other miseries he has to endure while bathing, drinking the waters, and ‘enjoying’ a ball. Singled out for special censure is the amount of noise suffered – ‘What Tumult, Hurry, Noise and Nonsense blend/T’annoy the Senses, and the Soul t’offend!’ – ranging from the vapid chatter of the Pump Room and the Assembly Rooms, with the dandies telling their lewd stories, to the scraping of fiddles, the barking of dogs, and the ‘howling Chairmen’. All in all, the author has spent

...two long Months at Bath...in Pain:  
My Time, Expence, and Journey hither vain.

To prevent himself ever contemplating a return, he cites all those experiences which have made his stay such a trial:

May I with Fools be forc’d to spend my Days;  
My Nights, in seeing Strollers murder Plays;  
May I be cram’d with butter’d Rolls and Tea,  
Till *Leak* and I in choice of Books agree...

With this reference to the foremost of local booksellers and printers, the poem reaches its climax:

Till his spruce Mirrours cease t'attract a Fop;  
 Till ev'ry giddy Owl who haunts his Shop,  
 Shall, in this *Satire*, read their Follies o'er;  
 Repent, grow Wise; and move my Wrath no more.

In its devastating account of treatment for ill health, *The Diseases of Bath* had made out such a comprehensive indictment that there seemed little left for future satirists to feast on in that respect. Only Thomas Rowlandson, nearly eighty years later, was able to handle the reality of mortal sickness with a similar grim relish, in his representation of Death whipping up the team of the halt and the lame as his carriage 'Setts Off' from the Pump Room 'every Hour to Kingdom come' (Fig. 1). As for the other targets on the social scene which were hit with such ferocity in *The Diseases of Bath*, most succeeding critics preferred a less forceful technique. Rather than imitating Juvenal's savage rhetoric they tended to follow Horace's recommendation in his Tenth Satire: 'Humour is often stronger and more effective than sharpness in cutting knotty issues'.<sup>14</sup> The god Momus was now invited to preside in more genial mood, and on the whole to deliver less severe judgment. Thus the 'Two Brace of Beldams, ugly, old, and Maids,/Chief Spies of Death, and Natives of the Shades' observed prowling the Assembly Rooms in 1737 in pursuit of their prey, have by the end of the century been somewhat prettified into

*Fusty old maidens* (to look like the Graces),  
 With well *padded bellies*, and well painted faces,  
 With many an ogle, a simper and smile,  
 Attempt the soft heart of some swain to beguile.<sup>15</sup>

These are recognisably the same alarming apparitions, though rather differently rendered.

Vanity of dress and person, excusable in a girl if she is young and pretty, appear inexcusable (and therefore a fit subject for ridicule) if the girl has grown into an old maid while still trying to attract the opposite sex and desperately warding off the consequences of ageing with the help of powder and paint. And vanity in such matters is not confined to women, though when it shows itself in a man it helps to cast doubt on his masculinity: 'He's neither this, nor that, nor t'other,/But male and female mix'd together'.<sup>16</sup> Here we have the Bath Macaroni, from the poem of that title, another manifestation of the effeminate dandy already caught

admiring himself in 'Leak's...spruce Mirrours', and who makes one of his first appearances under the name of Sir Simon Trifle:

Mean while Sir SIMON TRIFLE rushes in,  
 Stroking his Fore-top, and his beardless Chin:  
 But why *Sir Simon*? for 'tis hard to tell  
 Whether he be a gentle Beau or Belle;  
 Trips to the Glass, his Features to survey...<sup>17</sup>

William Madden succeeds in giving the most rounded portrait of the type, as he fleshes out its salient characteristics:

Next let the Macaroni come,  
 All paste, all powder, and perfume,  
 With conscious air, and saunt'ring gait,  
 With club of most prodigious weight:  
 A cambrick bandage round his throat,  
 With demi-pockets to his coat;  
 ...With antick tricks, and plum'd conceit,  
 With purse as empty as his pate.<sup>16</sup>

In an anonymous undated squib entitled *Drawings from Living Models taken at Bath* the same generic type is observed, though accompanied by the suggestion that here it may well be based on a particular individual:

Who than SPORUS<sup>18</sup> more the Ton is?  
 SPORUS, Prince of Maccaronies!  
 In the science he professes,  
 Who excels? – who better dresses?  
 His want of learning, wit, or sense,  
 Are no defects of consequence.

The Macaroni as a phenomenon had already been noted in the *London Magazine* of April 1772. 'Our print-shops are filled with *Maccaronis* of a variety of kinds, representing with much drollery the absurdity of this species of character in various professions. We have the *Turf Maccaroni*, the *Parade Maccaroni*, the *Divine Maccaroni*, and a great many others'. A series of prints taking off the different types of Macaroni, and including two representatives specifically from Bath, was published in September 1772 by the London engraver Matthew Darly.<sup>19</sup> The series aroused so

much interest that a further illustration was engraved of 'The Macaroni Print Shop' itself, showing the Macaroni prints in the window of Matthew and Mary Darly's shop in the Strand while outside the living models gather on the pavement. Darly returned to the theme five years later when he issued a set of twenty-four *Bath Characters* containing a number of ambiguously titled sketches such as 'Namby Pamby' and 'A Bath play thing' (Fig. 2). The exquisite gentleman caught up in the convolution of his enormous muff cuts a figure with the same affectations of manner and dress as those shown by the Macaroni in Madden's poem. Darly's two Bath examples of the earlier series contrasted the youthful variety with the ageing or 'The Emaciated Bath Macaroni'. This again might almost serve for illustration to another poem, the *Memoirs of a Decayed Macaroni*:<sup>20</sup>



Fig. 2 'A Bath play thing': etching no. 21 in the series of *Bath Characters*, published by Matthew Darly, July 1777. (Courtesy Victoria Art Gallery, Bath Museums Service)

I am a decay'd Macaroni,  
 My Lodging's up three Pair of Stairs;  
 My Cheeks are grown wondrously bony,  
 And grey, very grey, are my Hairs.

After describing the numerous misfortunes which have blighted his career, culminating in the failure to secure a pension, the ageing beau finally sees the solution to his problems:

I'll hasten, O! Bath, to thy Springs,  
 Thy Seats of the wealthy and gay,  
 Where the hungry are fed with good Things,  
 And the rich are sent empty away.

The lively swing of the lines, the apt turn of phrase just hinting at a parody, indicate a writer of considerable ability, and doubtless experience, in the perfecting of light humorous verse. The poem (published in its later editions as by 'the Author of the New Bath Guide') was in fact by Christopher Anstey, who had achieved fame over twenty years earlier with his much longer and well sustained satire, *The New Bath Guide*. From the moment of its publication in 1766 the *Guide* had served as a model and a stimulus to wit. With it Anstey indeed set the fashion – and the standard – for brilliant little character vignettes which portrayed certain perennial types to be observed on the Bath scene: the dandy, the glutton, the gambler, the husband (or wife) hunter. Although (as we have seen) such an apposite title as *Sir Simon Trifle* predated the *Guide*, it was Anstey who really made an art form out of appellations like *Lady Greasewriter*, *Sir Brandish O'Culter*, *Lady Bumfidget*, and *Count Vermicelli*, which Horace Walpole commended as 'the best names that ever were composed'. Anstey also, and very neatly, provided an answer to the problem of how far a figure in a satirical poem should be related to a living model, and how far it should be taken as representing a universal type:

From Nature alone are my Characters drawn,  
 From *little BOB JEROM* to Bishops in Lawn:  
 SIR BOREAS BLUBBER, and such stupid Faces,  
 Are at *London*, at *Bath*, and at all public Places;  
 And if to *Newmarket* I chance to repair,  
 'Tis Odds but I see CAPTAIN CORMORANT there.<sup>21</sup>

The poem itself, while it includes a number of particular and topical Bath references to give the flavour of the place and time, has sufficient scope and is written from enough of a detached viewpoint to make its critique of manners and morals of enduring application. And, while it deals with the same range of subject matter as *The Diseases of Bath*, there is no stridency in the voice, just an amused tone of light banter. Anstey himself was a classical scholar of some distinction;<sup>22</sup> and when, after taking the waters at Bath, he transmuted his experiences into the sparkling fun of *The New Bath Guide*, he demonstrated all the urbanity and geniality of a writer whose natural affiliations were with Horace rather than Juvenal.<sup>23</sup> Another Horace, Horace Walpole, that discerning literary critic and purveyor of gossip, related in a celebrated letter to his friend George Montagu how he came to discover the poem.

What pleasure have you to come! There is a new thing published that will make you beppiss your cheeks with laughing. It is called The New Bath Guide. It stole into the world, and for a fortnight no soul looked into it, concluding its name was its true name. No such thing. It is a set of letters in verse, in all kinds of verses, describing the life at Bath, and incidentally everything else – but so much wit, so much humour, fun, poetry, so much originality, never met together before...<sup>24</sup>

Anstey, again unlike the author of the *Diseases*, deliberately distanced himself from a first-person narrative, and chose to cast the poem in the form of 'Memoirs of the B...n...r...d Family, in a series of Poetical Epistles'.<sup>25</sup> These letters in verse purport to be written home by a family of rustic innocents who come to Bath and sample what it has to offer. This gives Anstey the opportunity to poke fun at the doctors and their drastic cures, to ridicule the follies of gambling, overeating, husband-hunting, ostentation in dress and dancing, not to mention the pretensions of critics and 'enthusiasm' in religion. Through the individual voices contained in the letters of Simkin Blunderhead, his sister Prudence, and cousin Jenny, their characters are revealed and the drama unfolds on the stage of the Bath scene.

If, however, *The New Bath Guide* were nothing more than an ingenious narrative based on the medical and social round of Bath, with the action played out by a cast of well-observed characters, that would hardly account for the sensation it caused when it appeared, and for its enduring popularity<sup>26</sup>. Anstey's originality consisted in taking several aspects of a familiar theme, linking them with a sustained story line, but above all



Fig. 3 'The Gournet's Dinner', by Thomas Rowlandson: plate IX of the *Comforts of Bath*, a series of twelve aquatints published by S.W. Fores, London, 1798. (Courtesy Victoria Art Gallery, Bath Museums Service)

presenting them with a lively wit in the verse form itself which puts the poem in a different category from other similar effusions. Walpole had from the first noted Anstey's skill as a parodist and the variety of appropriate metres used to point up the satire.

...The man has a better ear than Dryden or Handel. A propos, to Dryden, he has burlesqued his *St Cecilia*, that you will never read it again without laughing. There is a description of a milliner's box in all the terms of landscape, 'painted lawns and chequer'd shades', a Moravian ode, and a Methodist ditty, that are incomparable...<sup>24</sup>

Thus Prudence, who fails to live up to her name and becomes so disastrously involved with the specious Methodist preacher, is heard speaking the language and using the ballad metre of a typical Methodist hymn. Cousin Jenny, on the other hand, frivolous by nature and with a weakness for plausible young men, recounts her adventures in the form of swiftly moving octosyllabic rhyming couplets:

Where's my Garnet, Cap and Sprig?  
Send for SINGE to dress my wig:  
Bring my silver'd Mazarine,  
Sweetest Gown that e'er was seen.<sup>27</sup>

Since she is also a literary young lady, and aspires to fine writing as she pens her letters to their friend Lady Betty in the country, Anstey puts into her mouth the parodies of Milton's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* which had caught Walpole's fancy:

Wonder not, my friend, I go  
To the ball with Romeo.  
Such Delights if thou canst give,  
*Bath*, at thee I choose to live.<sup>27</sup>

Simkin, who sustains the main burden of the narrative, adopts the measure of the longer four-footed couplet, a metre well suited to light verse, and one which had already been practised with great success by Matthew Prior and Swift.<sup>28</sup>

Anstey, with his wide knowledge of English as well as classical literature, was able to draw on these sources while at the same time wearing his scholarship lightly. Those who tried to copy the epistolary

form of the *Guide* and its beguiling metrical variety, in tackling a similar satirical theme, were markedly less successful: heavy-footed, where Anstey was nimble.<sup>29</sup> As one of his imitators ruefully observed:

To write like fam'd *A – tey* I never did dream  
 Who drinks such deep draughts of the HELICON Stream,  
 His genius produces the *richest of cream*;  
 Contented as I if the Nine I can bilk  
 Of a dry crust of bread, and a dish of *skimm'd milk*.<sup>30</sup>

Imitators who could only manage the 'dish of skimm'd milk' were better advised to try and mimic Anstey's tone of voice (if they could) and his playful skipping metre adapted for short sketches of individual types, rather than essay a pastiche on the scale of *The New Bath Guide*. As we have seen, the brief but pungent character sketch was achieved very successfully by Madden in *The Bath Macaroni*. Anstey's influence can also be felt in Sheridan's squib *The Ridotto of Bath*, according to its subtitle 'A Panegyrick' supposedly written by the 'under-server' Timothy Screw to his brother Henry a waiter at Almack's, which ironically and skilfully exposes the snobbery and gluttony of the company at the grand opening of the Upper Assembly Rooms on 3 September 1771:

...here no dull level of rank and degrees,  
 No uniform mode, that shews all are at ease;  
 But like a chess-table, part black and part white  
 'Twas a delicate checker of *low* and *polite*.  
 ...But, – silence ye Hautboys! ye Fiddles be dumb!  
 Ye dancers stop instant – THE HOUR is come;  
 The great! the all-wonderful hour – of EATING!  
 That hour, – for which ye all know you've been waiting.<sup>31</sup>

The description of gormandising that follows –

In files they march'd up to the sideboards, while each  
 Laid hands upon all the good things in his reach;  
 There stuck to his part, cramm'd while he was able,  
 And then carried off all he could from the table

– recalls Anstey's account of the public breakfast at Spring Gardens when Lady Greasewrister and Madam Van-Twister, Lord Cram and Lord

Vulter attack the viands with such relish. The spectacle of well-fed people gorging themselves to excess provided an obvious target for the satirist, and could be treated with the comparative restraint shown by Anstey and Sheridan, or with the unashamedly Rabelaisian coarseness of – say – Robert Bragge in his *Journey of Dr Robert Bongout, and his Lady, to Bath*.<sup>32</sup> Dr Bongout's exploits in the demolition of food, with all their crude natural consequences, are described with the same sort of gusto as the gluttonous orgy depicted by Thomas Rowlandson in his archetypal scene of greed, 'The Gourmet's Dinner'<sup>33</sup> (Fig. 3).

Rowlandson's famous series of prints, the *Comforts of Bath*, satirising various aspects of social behaviour at the spa, inevitably dealt with the same material as *The New Bath Guide*, so much so that at one point – later in the nineteenth century – a misleading suggestion was made that the plates had been done as actual illustrations for the poem.<sup>34</sup> There appears, however, a basic difference of style between Rowlandson's designs and Anstey's text. If, for instance, 'The Doctor's Surgery' (plate I of *Comforts of Bath*, Fig. 4), is compared with John Locker's apt illustration for the scene in the *Guide* of the conference of doctors discussing Simkin's medical problems (Fig. 5), the brutal animal vigour of Rowlandson's line seems distinctly at odds with the quieter more understated humour of the poem. Perhaps the point at which the draughtsman and the poet most sympathetically converge is in the scene of 'The Company at Play' (Fig. 6) where Rowlandson depicts what Anstey relates so memorably of the activities at any of the Assembly Rooms; gambling well to the fore, but also the restless parading to and fro of those anxious to see and be seen, while in the background the latest gossip is exchanged.

"Have you read the *Bath Guide*, that ridiculous Poem?  
 "What a scurrilous Author! does nobody know him?"  
 "Young BILLY PENWAGGLE, and SIMIUS CHATTER,  
 "Declare 'tis an ill-natur'd half-witted Satire".  
 "You know I'm engag'd, my dear Creature, with you,  
 "And Mrs PAMTICKLE, this Morning at Loo;  
 "Poor Thing! though she hobbled last Night to the Ball,  
 "To-Day she's so lame that she hardly can crawl;  
 "Major LIGNUM has trod on the first Joint of her Toe –  
 " – That THING they play'd last was a charming Concerto;  
 "I don't recollect I have heard it before;  
 "The Minuet's good, but the Jig I adore;  
 "Pray speak to SIR TOBY to cry out, *Encore*".<sup>35</sup> (Fig. 7)



Fig. 4 Detail from 'The Doctor's Surgery', by Thomas Rowlandson: plate I of the *Comforts of Bath*, 1798. (Courtesy Victoria Art Gallery, Bath Museums Service)

With the *Guide* Anstey took such good aim and scored so many palpable hits, that it was difficult to see what could be done further in this line. In fact Horace Walpole was of the opinion that he never managed to rise again to such heights of wit and fun. Certainly from 1770 onwards, when he settled in the Royal Crescent, Anstey lost the advantage he had enjoyed up to then of being a detached observer; and gradually he began to employ his talents in the cause of a number of rather parochial issues. In 1773, for instance, he brought out the mock heroic *Ode on an Evening View of the Crescent in Bath* addressed to the Rev. Sir Peter Rivers Gay, which sought in jocular vein to dissuade the reverend baronet from his scheme for turning the fields in front of the Crescent into kitchen gardens. Although the scheme came to nothing – perhaps blasted by Anstey's 'little whimsical spurt' – the ode itself was hardly of a calibre to enhance Anstey's reputation as a satirist, and he found himself censured by one critic for plunging 'his muse in the mud about a cabbage garden'.<sup>36</sup>

That he still had a muse, and one of some distinction, was shown in 1776 when he published *An Election Ball*, satirising in particular the

**Fig. 5**  
Detail from  
'So they all  
met together  
and began  
talking': no.4  
of eighteen  
watercolour  
illustrations  
by John  
Locker, 1801,  
to *The New  
Bath Guide*.  
(Courtesy the  
Henry E.  
Huntington  
Library and  
Art Gallery)



fashion for elaborate hairdressing and grotesque wigs, as well as including a few digs at snobs and social climbers. Though slighter in content than *The New Bath Guide*, it could still stand comparison with it for the liveliness and invention of the verse, written mainly in the same rollicking four-footed couplets and also using the epistolary form. The letters purport to have been written by a Mr Inkle, 'Freeman of Bath', to his wife at Gloucester; the family is clearly related to the Blunderheads (since Mrs Inkle is made out to be Simkin's aunt), and Mr Inkle and his daughter Madge confront a number of those problems which had puzzled the Blunderheads too when they made their *début* at Bath, especially in matters of dress and deportment. Horace Walpole, having pronounced that 'Mr Anstey... ought to have shot himself the moment he had finished the *Bath Guide*',<sup>37</sup> was determined to find the Inkles merely tiresome where before he had found the Blunderheads hilarious, and Anstey's use of the 'zimmerseshire' dialect in the first edition of *An Election Ball* 'stupidity itself'.<sup>38</sup> By the time of the second edition Anstey had resolved to get rid of the dialect, along with some other rusticities, as he mentions in the Preface to the Reader:

The following letters...made their first Appearance at Mrs Miller's Poetical Coterie, at Batheaston Villa, seeming in some Measure applicable to the Subject given out for the Poetical Amusements of the Week, which was, 'The Antient and Modern Dress and Manners of the English Nation Compared'. They have since been presented to the Publick under their original Disadvantage of the Somersetshire Dialect, which rendered them unintelligible to many of Mr Inkle's readers; he therefore applied to me to divest them of this Peculiarity...

The reference to 'Mrs Miller's Poetical Coterie' underlines the fact that Anstey now considered himself one of the literary group which frequented the salons held every other Thursday during the Bath season out at the Millers' villa at Batheaston. It may well have been Anstey's involvement with the members of this group, and his association with the kind of verse they composed, that lowered him so much in Walpole's estimation. From the moment in 1772 that Mrs Miller had returned from



Fig. 6 'The Company at Play', by Thomas Rowlandson: plate VIII of the *Comforts of Bath*, 1798. Although the *Comforts* were not designed specifically as illustrations to *The New Bath Guide*, here the two foreground figures might well represent Jenny and her 'Romeo', Captain Cormorant. (Courtesy Victoria Art Gallery, Bath Museums Service)

**Fig. 7** Detail from 'Mrs Pamtickle and Major Lignum': no.39 in a series of watercolour illustrations, c.1800, to *The New Bath Guide*, attributed to the Rev. John Sneyd (1766–1835). Sneyd was an accomplished draughtsman and caricaturist, the friend and patron of Gillray. (Courtesy Bath Central Library)



Rome determined to imitate in Bath the proceedings of the Academy of Arcadia – where poetical contests were organised on the lines of the ancient Olympic Games and where merit was rewarded with crowns of myrtle or laurel – Walpole was at once on hand with his barbed pen to puncture her and her husband's pretensions. In the often-quoted letter he wrote to the Countess of Ailesbury<sup>39</sup> describing what took place at the Batheaston fortnightly gatherings, Walpole perfectly captures the pompous theatrical form they assumed, with allusions to the Muses – Mrs Miller ('Mrs Calliope') being one of the Nine, and her villa their seat, Parnassus itself. He also refers to the first published collection of the verse produced by the participants, which came out in 1775 under the title of *Poetical Amusements at a Villa near Bath* (to be followed by three further volumes in 1776, 1777 and 1781). In her Preface to this first collection Mrs Miller reminds 'the candid Reader

...whilst he turns over these pages, that they were frequently the production of a few days, ...most of them of as many hours: ...That they originated amidst the hurry of plays, balls, public breakfasts, and concerts, and all the dissipations of a full *Bath Season*...alike unfriendly to Contemplation and the Muses.

Those, like Walpole, who found the goings on at Batheaston and its published products a source of wicked merriment were hardly likely to accept Mrs Miller's disingenuous apology for the quality of the verse. Almost as soon as *Poetical Amusements* appeared, so did a number of satirical ripostes, among them *The Sentence of Momus*,<sup>40</sup> in which the god of ridicule is invited to deliver judgment.

The muse has now thought it high time to return,  
 And shew what was done at the Tusculan URN;<sup>41</sup>  
 Around it a group of both sexes were got,  
 Of some, who were poets, and some, who were not.  
 A few came in friendship, but, as sure as a gun,  
 A great many more were assembled for fun,  
 On purpose to laugh at their hostess, and sneer,  
 All the while they kept eating and drinking her cheer.

The anonymous author goes on to reveal, through only the thinnest of asterisk disguises, the identity of several of the members, while commenting: "'Tis strange, such a group of aspirants to fame/So backward should be in acquiring a name'. A year later, in 1776, George Ellis published *Bath, its Beauties and amusements*, which – like *Momus* – included in its title a sly dig at Mrs Miller's publication, as well as another fairly unkind account of what went on in her salon.

Mrs Miller may well have taken some of the ridicule and criticism to heart. It is noteworthy that for the three succeeding volumes of *Poetical Amusements* she omitted any further contributions by herself or her husband, and directed her efforts as editor to securing contributions wherever possible from the more distinguished literary figures attached to the group, such as Anstey himself, the Rev. Richard Graves, Dr Thomas Whalley, and Anna Seward. The 'bouts rimés' which had featured so largely in the first volume were almost entirely suppressed, and along with them disappeared much of the cloying flattery addressed to herself in the role of Laura, or Myra, or Sappho. The poems tended now to be more serious and elevated in character, with a greater preponderance of abstract themes. Even so, the mockery persisted; and the group soon became notorious enough to attract attention in the national as well as the local press. When Edward Drax had his poem *On Chance* printed in the *Morning Post* of 21 February 1778, he had only to add the unwise extra information – 'Read at Bath Easton Villa' – for some wit to demolish him six days later with the lines:

Tho' Sceptics doubt – at *Bath* we know,  
 That *Chance*, not *Order*, reigns below;  
 Else why 'gainst Sense, and Nature's rule,  
 Does M-LL-R keep the Muses' school?  
*Chance* too, oh! DR-X, makes thee a Poet;  
 Who reads thy verse must surely know it!<sup>42</sup>

As early as 1774 it had become clear that the group had need of a defender; and it was Christopher Anstey who entered the lists with a poem, *The Priest Dissected*, in which he responded to specific attacks on himself and the Millers – 'certain illiberal and abusive paragraphs ...inserted in the public papers'.<sup>43</sup> Here, for once, Anstey abandoned his usual Horatian voice of genial humour, and sought to rend his adversary in a savage attack more reminiscent of Juvenal than Horace. Indeed a quotation apparently from Juvenal – 'Quis/Tam patiens tam ferreus ut teneat se?'<sup>44</sup> – was incorporated in *The Priest Dissected*, and characterised its tone:

Come, goddess, come, thy horrid rites begin,  
 Tear off at once his cassock and his skin,  
 And grant to me, sans pity or remorse,  
 Freely to descant on his mangled corse.

Unfortunately all these strenuous efforts rather misfired, since the anonymous clerical opponent whom Anstey felt convinced he was unmasking turned out to have been mistakenly identified, and he was left looking foolish. As soon as the error became apparent he tried to withdraw the poem, and cancelled his plans for adding a second part to it.<sup>45</sup> He then had to endure a number of 'squibs and crackers' set off against him in the *St James's Chronicle* during August 1774 by Philip Thicknesse, his quarrelsome neighbour in the Royal Crescent. When two further retaliatory poems on the same theme of *The Priest Dissected* appeared during 1776–7,<sup>46</sup> Anstey replied with some tolerant banter in *A Receipt to make a Bath-Easton Poet, and to obtain a Prize from the Vase*, which managed to take much of the sting out of the whole affair. He had undoubtedly learnt from it that he could do more for the Batheaston cause by resuming his natural vein of good humour, than by protracting a bitter controversy. In the longer poems that he produced at this time, such as *An Election Ball* and *Envy*, when alluding to the group he tried to concentrate on its more positive aspects. *Envy*<sup>47</sup> was written in 1778 'as a tribute of approbation,

as well as an encouragement to the sale of a collection of poetical pieces, then recently published for the benefit of a well-ordered charity, by the Lady, at whose elegant villa they had made their first appearance'.<sup>48</sup> Modelled on the fifteenth elegy of the first book of Ovid's *Amores*, the poem was designed to vaunt the superiority of the art of poetical composition to other callings, and – singling out various members of the Batheaston group by name – to praise Anstey's own fellow authors. It was also by way of an amiable riposte to certain lines satirising the group from Richard Tickell's poem *The Wreath of Fashion* which had been quoted in the April 24 issue of the *Morning Post*.<sup>49</sup>

Only two of Anstey's shorter poems were included in *Poetical Amusements*, and these in the last volume, brought out in 1781. *Winter Amusements*, described by Anstey himself as an Ode, was read aloud at Lady Miller's assembly on 3 December 1778, and received with enough praise for him to be awarded the crown of myrtle. The simple ballad pattern of the verse, and its pleasing lyric quality, must have been rather a surprise to those listening, who would have expected a more sophisticated and possibly a more satirical offering from the author of *The New Bath Guide*. They were right to be surprised; and Anstey had the next surprise up his sleeve. After his poem had been adjudged the winner, as was customary he was asked to read it out again. Instead he drew from his pocket, and proceeded to read aloud, a second set of stanzas, the *Epode*, in which pointed allusion was made to learned 'Historians and Doctors', and which concluded:

The conjugal blessing alone is decreed  
 The truest specific for *Widows indeed*:  
 And, I trust, they will find it, as long as they live,  
 The best of Amusements that Winter can give.

No-one in the audience would have been in any doubt that the 'Historian' referred to was the 47-year-old widow Catherine Macaulay, who had come to Bath to work on her monumental *History of England*, and who had just caused a minor scandal by her startling second marriage to a 22-year-old Scottish naval surgeon named William Graham. Quite apart from the ribaldry aroused by the spectacle of an older woman marrying a much younger man, Mrs Macaulay as a female with intellectual pretensions (in her case compounded by radical views) was liable to provoke the same sort of ridicule that greeted Lady Miller and her poetry productions. Both ladies relied on the adulation of their

circle of immediate admirers to sustain them and cushion them against outside attack. As we have seen, the excessive flattery lavished on Lady Miller only served to make her look more silly, and redouble the mockery from the wits. Similarly the exaggerated homage paid to Mrs Macaulay by her disciples on her birthday in 1777 (the year before her second marriage) had brought her into prominence and undoubtedly gave cause to unbelievers for some unholy amusement. Six *Odes* were 'presented to that justly celebrated Historian, Mrs Catherine Macaulay on her birthday, and publicly read to a polite and brilliant Audience, assembled April the Second, at Alfred-House, Bath, to congratulate that Lady on the happy Occasion'. The following extract from one of the *Odes*, *Hortensia's Birthday*, gives the authentic flavour of the offering:

Blest month! tho' sacred to the CYPRIAN DAME,  
 This honour'd day let sage MINERVA claim;  
 (Sacred to friendship and to social mirth)  
 The day, which gave her lov'd HORTENSIA birth.

Tho' deep immers'd in the historic mine,  
 She bids each fact with truth's bright lustre shine;  
 With Science fraught, yet see! she condescends,  
 To charm with smiles her LAELIUS and his friends.<sup>50</sup>

The immediate reaction to such fulsome praise came in the form of a satirical print by Matthew Darly, published on 1 May 1777, with the title of 'Catherine Queen of Bath' (Fig. 8). It shows Mrs Macaulay in the solemn act of composition, watched over benevolently by the clergyman Dr Thomas Wilson,<sup>51</sup> who was one of her most fervent adorers, and (perhaps a little whimsically) by the bust of King Alfred. This print, no. 20 in the set of caricatures of *Bath Worthies*, is paralleled by no. 5, 'Mount Parnasus or the Bath Sapho', which Darly did of Anna Miller for the same series (Fig. 9). Her fashionably dressed hair rises to monstrous heights, bearing with it as part of the padding the Charades, Puns, Epigrams and so on which Darly felt should be associated with her, to culminate at one peak with the famous Vase, while Pegasus prepares to leap from the other. Thus the two most noteworthy ladies of literary standing in Bath at the time were brought together, though it is doubtful whether in real life either actually attended the other's salon. Indeed there may well have been a rivalry between them, which would account for the way in which Anstey used the occasion of Catherine Macaulay's second marriage to

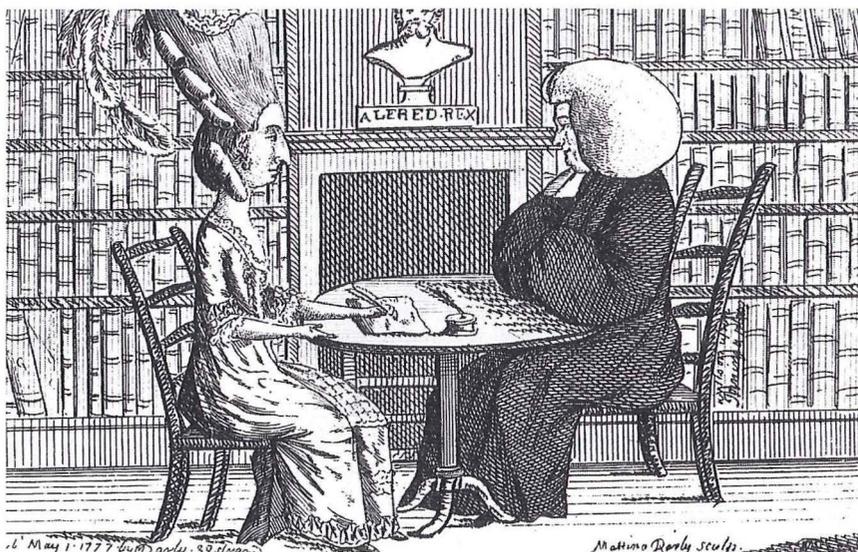


Fig. 8 'Catherine Queen of Bath': etching no.20 in the series of *Bath Characters*, published by Matthew Darly, 1 May 1777. The subject is the well-known historian, Mrs Catherine Macaulay (1731–91). (Courtesy Victoria Art Gallery, Bath Museums Service)

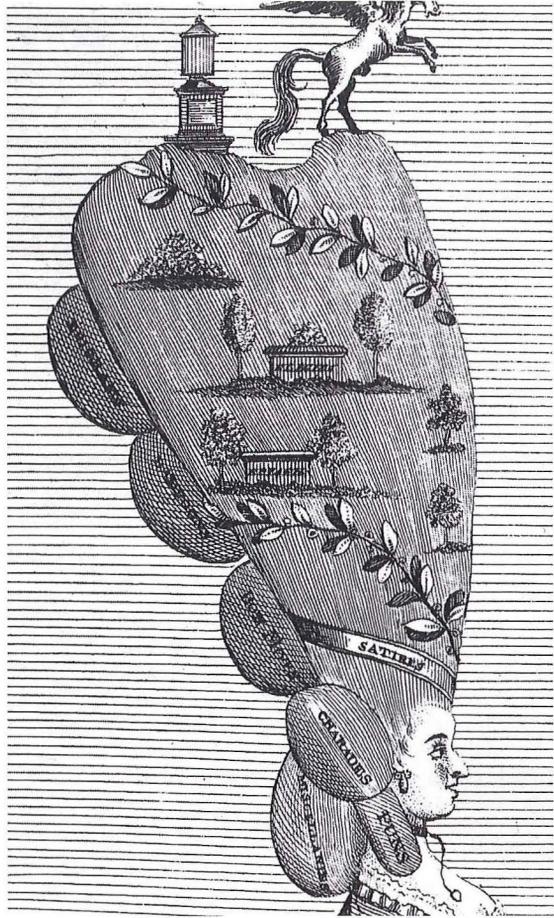
deliver his rather spiteful attack at the Batheaston assembly in December 1778. Horace Walpole, once again, thought that Anstey had done himself no favour by becoming involved with the petty backbiting of local literary coteries:

In truth, Dame Thucydides has made but an uncouth match;  
 but Anstey has tumbled from a greater height than she...  
 How could a man write the *Bath Guide*, and then nothing  
 but doggerel and stupidity?<sup>52</sup>

The question was a rhetorical one, to which Walpole hardly expected an answer. Part at least of the explanation could be found in Anstey's connection with the rather pedestrian activities of the Batheaston group, and his role as their apologist.

With the sudden death of Lady Miller in June 1781, however, the group as suddenly dissolved; there were no more fortnightly gatherings at Batheaston, and no further volumes of *Poetical Amusements*. Once this

Fig. 9 'Mount Parnassus or the Bath Sapho': etching no.5 in the series of *Bath Characters*, published by Matthew Darly, 1 July 1777. The subject is Mrs (soon to be Lady) Miller of Batheaston Villa. (Courtesy Victoria Art Gallery, Bath Museums Service)



focus for literary satire had been removed, Anstey's services were no longer needed to champion the Vase and its offerings. He himself continued to write (but only the minor occasional piece, such as an ode or a sonnet or Latin epitaph for a friend just died), until his own death in 1805.

During his final years, covering the last two decades of the eighteenth century, the gradual decline of Bath itself from its former pre-eminent position as the centre of fashionable life outside London certainly diminished the attractions it had once held for satirists of the social scene. As the material for criticism and ridicule became less abundant, so the humorous and satirical verse which had fed off it became increasingly

attenuated and lifeless. The most ambitious poem of this kind to appear in the 1790s was probably *A Postscript to the New Bath Guide* by 'Anthony Pasquin' (a pseudonym for John Williams). As the title suggests, it aims to imitate the form and content of Anstey's tour de force; but 'postscript' proves only too apt a word, since the imitation turns out so feeble and flavourless. Perhaps a more genuine homage was paid in the poem, *Bath, an Adumbration in Rhyme* (1795), which – despite certain metrical inadequacies – must have recalled to readers the kind of fun that Anstey and Madden and other anonymous contemporaries had had at the expense of 'Sir Stephen Newmarket, Sir Simon Profuse, / The Ladies St. Larum, and old Madam Goose', in palmy earlier days. Even here, however, the concluding lines are downbeat, and may serve as envoi for the century past:

Tho' much more of the rooms, the concerts and plays  
 'Tis true (if he chose it) the Poet might say;  
 But as thro' one day of folly, you've safely been led,  
 He'll wish you goodnight, and retire home to bed.

## Notes

- 1 Momus ('blame' or 'ridicule' in Greek), originally a mythological figure (son of the goddess Night), came to be regarded as a purely literary personification.
- 2 Juvenal, *Satires*, I, 85–6.
- 3 *Tatler* 15 May 1709.
- 4 Daniel Defoe, *A Tour through the Whole Island of Great Britain* (first pub. 1724–6). Defoe notes that 'the worst part' [of the 'gallantry and diversions' at Bath] calls for 'rather a satyr, than a description'.
- 5 *The Pleasures of the Bath* (Bristol, 1721).
- 6 Ned Ward, *A Step to the Bath, with a character of the place* (London, 1700). [The place] 'consists of greater variety of Persons, Remarkable for some Vice or Folly, than there are ingredients in a Lombard-Pye for a City Feast'.
- 7 *The Tunbridge and Bath Miscellany for the year 1714. Giving an Exact Description of those Places, with Characters of the Company. To which is Added, the Lampoon, and some other Pieces written there last Summer* (London, 1714).
- 8 Alexander Pope, *The Dunciad*, Book III, 155–6.
- 9 *The Bath Miscellany for the year 1740. Wrote by the Gentlemen and Ladies at that Place. Containing all the Lampoons, Satyrs, Panegyrics, Etc. for the Year* (London, 1741).
- 10 *A Dream, or the Force of Fancy. A Poem, containing Characters of the Company now at the Bath. With a Key Inserted* (London, 1710).
- 11 Juvenal, *Satires*, X, 218–221.

- 12 Jeremiah Peirce (1696–1765) became a Governor of the Mineral Water Hospital and remained senior surgeon until 1761.
- 13 The name is clearly derived from the Latin ‘stercus – oris’, meaning ‘dung’ or ‘excrement’: ‘His Shop a nauseous litter’d Magazine/Of all that is unwholesome and unclean’.
- 14 Translation by Niall Rudd (‘Penguin Classics’); Horace, *Satires*, I, 10. Quoted on the title page of *The Bath Macaroni* (See note 16).
- 15 *Bath: an Adumbration in Rhyme by an Officer* (Bath, 1795).
- 16 William Madden, *The Bath Macaroni* (London, 1781).
- 17 *Bath: a Poem* (London, Bath, Bristol, 1748).
- 18 The original Sporus was an effeminate favourite of the Emperor Nero. Latterly Pope had satirised Lord Hervey under this guise in his *Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot*.
- 19 Matthew Darly and his wife Mary were known chiefly for their publication of small prints mounted on paste-card which could be sent by post.
- 20 *Liberality, or Memoirs of a Decayed Macaroni: a Sentimental Piece* (Bath, London, 1788).
- 21 Christopher Anstey, *The New Bath Guide* (second issue of 1st ed. 1766). From the Epilogue (one of the additions to the poem made by Anstey at this stage).
- 22 At King’s College, Cambridge (where he became a Fellow in 1745) Anstey was distinguished for the quality of his Latin verse; and in 1762 he collaborated on the first translation into Latin of Gray’s *Elegy*. He later translated his own poem *An Election Ball* into a Latin version – *Ad C.W. Bampfylde: Epistola Poetica Familiaris* (1776) – so that it could be duly published with the illustrations done for it by his friend C.W. Bampfylde.
- 23 As if to underline this, the title page bears an apt quotation from Horace: ‘Nullus in orbe locus Baiis praelucet amoenis’. The reference to ‘sweet Baiae’ puts Bath on a par with one of the most renowned thermal and pleasure resorts of Roman times.
- 24 *Correspondence of Horace Walpole*, ed. W.S. Lewis, Vol. 10 (London and New Haven, Conn., 1941 ff.), p.218.
- 25 In adopting the epistolary form, Anstey was aware of the precedents afforded by Pope’s satirical epistles as well as by Matthew Prior’s two *Epistles to Alexander Fleetwood*.
- 26 It was first brought out by James Dodsley, the London bookseller, on 1 May 1766, and by the end of the year had gone through at least five editions, including a second issue of the 1st edition with significant additions. After the publication of the 2nd edition Dodsley purchased the copyright from Anstey for £250 – only to return it in 1777, because he confessed his profits from it had been greater than from any other book he had had in print for a similar period. For a full account of the later publishing history of the *Guide*, see William C. Powell, ‘Christopher Anstey: Bath Laureate’ (unpub. thesis, Philadelphia, 1944), pp.101–7.
- 27 *New Bath Guide*, Letter IX.
- 28 Powell, op. cit., pp.84–9.
- 29 The instant success of *The New Bath Guide* led to a number of imitations almost from the start, such as the *Poetical Epistles to the Author of the New Bath*

- Guide from a Genteel Family in* ——— shire (London, 1767). See Powell, op.cit., pp.93–5.
- 30 *The Register of Folly* (Bath, 1773). Quoted by Powell, op.cit. p.93.
- 31 *The Ridotto of Bath* (pub. originally in *Bath Chronicle* 10 Oct 1771).
- 32 Robert Bragge, *The Journey of Dr Robert Bongout, and his Lady, to Bath* (London, 1778).
- 33 Plate IX of the *Comforts of Bath*, twelve aquatints by Thomas Rowlandson (pub. by S.W. Fores, London, 1798).
- 34 In 1857 Robert Walker, a Bath publisher, having acquired the original copperplates of *Comforts of Bath*, issued one hundred sets of new impressions; and a year later he published another edition with appropriate quotations (slightly altered for the purpose) from *The New Bath Guide* printed below each plate.
- 35 *New Bath Guide*, Letter XII.
- 36 Letter in the *St James's Chronicle* 16 Mar 1774.
- 37 *Correspondence of Horace Walpole*, op.cit., Vol. 32, p.196, letter to Lady Ossory.
- 38 Ibid. Vol. 28, p.242, letter to William Mason.
- 39 Ibid. Vol. 39, pp.240–2. '...The collection is printed, published – yes, on my faith! There are *bouts rimés* on a buttered muffin, made by her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland...others very pretty, by Lord Palmerston... many by Mrs Miller herself, that have no fault but wanting metre...In short...there was never anything so entertaining, or so dull...'.
- 40 *The Sentence of Momus on the Poetical Amusements at a Villa near Bath* (Bath, 1775).
- 41 According to Mrs Miller: 'The vase was found by a labouring man in 1769 at Frascati, near the spot where is supposed formerly to have stood the Tusculanum of Cicero... It is at present the receptacle of all the contending poetical morsels which every other Thursday...are drawn out of it, indiscriminately, and read aloud by the gentlemen present'.
- 42 Quoted by Ruth Hesselgrave, *Lady Miller and the Bath-easton Literary Circle* (New Haven, Conn., 1927), pp.78–9.
- 43 Letter to Dodsley, 29 May 1774 (Bath Central Library). In his 'Advertisement to the Reader' prefacing *The Priest Dissected* and in footnotes to the poem, Anstey cites the *St James's Chronicle*, the *Evening Post* and *Public Advertiser*, the *Bath Journal* and *Bath Courant* as sources of the attacks.
- 44 Anstey in fact misquotes Juvenal's *Satires* I, 30–1.
- 45 *The Priest Dissected* was not included in John Anstey's collected edition of his father's *Poetical Works* (London, 1808), published after Anstey's death. A copy of the poem in Harvard University Library is inscribed: 'Mr Anstey found he had mistaken the object of his satire, and suppressed the copies'. See Powell, op.cit., pp.145–157, for a fuller account.
- 46 The anonymous *Madge's Addresses to Christopher Twist-Wit, Bath Laureat, and Miller's Plumian Professor* (1776); and *Epistle to Dr Shebbeare* (1777), by William Mason.
- 47 Published anonymously, as also was *A Receipt to make a Bath-Easton Poet* (1777). In both cases the secret of the authorship soon emerged.
- 48 From the 'Account of the Life and Writings of the Author' which John Anstey

wrote as a preface to his edition of his father's *Poetical Works* (1808). The 'collection of poetical pieces' being endorsed here was the third volume of *Poetical Amusements*. Proceeds from the sale of all four volumes were devoted to a 'Pauper-Scheme' supported by the Millers. It was, incidentally, in recognition of his work for charitable causes that John Miller was created an Irish baronet in 1778, to be known thenceforward as Sir John and his wife as Lady Miller.

49 See Hesselgrave, *op. cit.*, p.79.

50 Printed by R. Cruttwell (Bath, 1777).

51 Dr Wilson placed his Bath house – Alfred House, now 14 Alfred Street – at Mrs Macaulay's disposal and in 1777 even erected a statue to her, as History, at St Stephen's Walbrook, London, where he was rector.

52 *Correspondence of Horace Walpole*, *op. cit.*, letter to Lady Ossory, Vol. 33, pp.84-5.

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