# Center [ 131 ]

[Double Rule]

# Center ACenter FANTASTIC

[Double line capital]Is one that wears his Feather on the Ins*ide*
*of his Head. His Brain is like Quicks*ilver,
apt to receive any Impres*s*ion, but retain none.
His Mind is made of changeable Stuff, that
alters Colour with every Motion towards the
Light. He is a Cormorant, that has but one
Gut, devours every Thing greedily, but it runs
through him immediately. He does not know
s*o much as what he would be, and yet would*
*be every Thing he knows. He is like a Paper-*
*Lanthorn, that turns with the Smoak of a*
*Candle. He wears his Cloaths, as the antient*
*Laws of the Land have provided, according*
*to his Quality, that he may be known what*
*he is by them; and it is as eas*y to decipher
him by his Habit as a [i] Pudding. He is rigg'd
with Ribbon, and his Garniture is his Tackle;
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all the res*t of him is Hull. He is s*ure to be
the earlies*t in the Fas*hion, as others are of
a Faction, and glories as much to be in the
Head of a Mode, as a Solider does to be in
the Head of an Army. He is admirably s*kil-*
*ful in the Mathematics of Cloaths; and can*
*tell, at the firs*t View, whether they have the
right Symmetry. He alters his Gate with the
Times, and has not a Motion of his Body, that
(like a Dottrel) he does not borrow from s*ome-*
*body els*e. He exercis*es his Limbs, like the*
*Pike and Mus*ket, and all his Pos*tures are prac-*
*tis*ed--Take him all together, and he is nothing
but a Trans*lation, Word for Word, out of*
*[i] French, [i] an Image cas*t in Plas*ter of [i] Paris, [i] and*
*a Puppet s*ent over for others to dres*s thems*elves
by. He s*peaks [i] French, [i] as Pedants do [i] Latin, [i]*
*to s*hew his Breeding; and mos*t naturally,*
*where he is leas*t unders*tood. All his non-Na\_*
*turals, on which his Health and Dis*eases de-
pend, are [i] s*tile novo. French [i] is his Holiday-Lan-*
*guage, that he wears for his Pleas*ure and Or-
nament, and us*es [i] English [i] only for his Bus*ines*s*
*and neces*s*ary Occas*ions. He is like a [i] Scotch-
man, [i] though he is born a Subject of his own

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Nation, he carries a [i] French [i] faction within
him.

#indent He is never quiet, but s*its as the Wind is*
*s*aid to do, when it is mos*t in Motion. His*
*Head is as full of Maggots as a Pas*toral Poet's
Flock. He was begotten, like one of Pliny's
Portugues*e Hors*es, by the Wind--The Truth
is he ought not to have been reared; for being
calved in the Increas*e of the Moon, he Head*
*is troubled with a ---*

*N.H. The las*t Word not legible.

#Center K3