

**THE MOBIAD; OR,
BATTLE OF
THE VOICE**

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The Mobiad; Or, Battle of the Voice by Andrew Brice

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ANDREW BRICE

**THE MOBIAD; OR,
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THE VOICE**

THE
M O B I A D:
OR,
BATTLE of the VOICE.
AN
HEROI-COMIC POEM,
SPORTIVELY SATIRICAL:
Being a briefly historical, natural and lively, free and
humorous, DESCRIPTION
OF AN
EXETER ELECTION.
In SIX CANTO'S.

Illustrated with such NOTES as for *some* Readers may
be supposed useful.

By DEMOCRITUS JUVENAL, Moral
Professor of Ridicule, and plaguy-pleasant Fellow of
Stingtickle College;

Vulgarly

ANDREW BRICE, EXON.

---- Magno in populo cum sæpe coorta est
Seditio, sævitque animis ignobile vulgus,
Insequitur clamorque virum, furor arma ministrat,
Præsentemque viris intentant omnia mortem;
Difficile est fatiram non scribere.— Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res.

VIRG. JUV. HOR.

EXON: Printed and Sold by BRICE and THORN:
And sold also by T. DAVIES, in Great-Russel Street,
Covent-Garden, London. MDCCLXX.

The Author's Valedictory Sermon to this
hopeful Spark, his Progeny.

GO, thou playfome, sily-frickering, dry-bobbing Son of PHANTASY. That frolic Dame was *honestly* thy Mother; conceiv'd, form'd, and with no hard Travail — (*Indignation* aiding) — brought thee forth. HISTORIC TRUTH, however, had a finger in the pye, and (as another trite Saying goes) blow'd to thy making. Go; — try thy Fortune, as thy Betters have done. As Circumstances allow'd, I brought thee up to — what thou art; have now tolerably cloath'd thee in a decent plain Suit of Print: And what is to be done next but send thee into the World? Good Hands receive thee, and not harshly treat thee! And may'st thou best thrive in thy proper Vocation of *pleasing* and *profiting* thy Entertainers!

I should gladly have had bestow'd upon thee a short Testimonial of some or other Worthiness, or good Property, in thee; or else to have got some Respectable Name for thy Protection. But Patronage for Poetry, 'shou'd seem, is now no more the *Growth of every Clime* than is good Poetry itself. And alas! VIRGILS thrive not but in the cultivated warm Garden of a MORCENAS. Kind Fosterers, — (One Swallow making of itself — but One) — and even a tutelary Master, seem as difficultly to be met with. So that, at the last resort, thou must for a *good Run* trust to thy own Legs; — or, as some Folk seem to think, to the compulsive Conduct of thy own PLANET: A Guide very precarious truly; there being, they tell you, amongst the others, a villainous *Twelve-farthing* one, a cruel Envier of Merit, maliciously more busy with his Influence than all the rest. If such their Creed be orthodox, that mischievous Meddler, perhaps, too much tamper'd with my own Nativity: Forcing upon me a radical Itch of Scribbling, nay an *ungainful poetic Turn*; when SATURN himself might have taken me
under

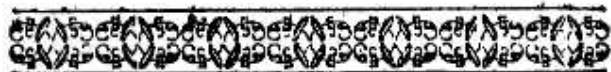
under his Care, and, giving me a P^repension to *deep lucrative Ploding*, dispos'd my Bent for *Money-raking* like a MIDAS; or any modern *Ways-and-Means* Monger that ever deserved ----- Preferment.

Be not dishearten'd neither, tho' modestly diffident. The Question should be, Hast thou any good Parts, or hast thou not? Humbly shouldest thou answer, it is not for thee to say; but that thou wouldest readily submit to a candid, though dreading a vastly rigid, Examination.

Now, if real Genius in thee beam sometimes forth, shine frequently, and more or less sparkle throughout thy Composition; the *Deus* or said *Planet* must load thy *Dice*, if thou findest the whole World inhospitable. And if a sprightly Genius have sound and manly Sentiment, and (what to this Kind of Poem is essential) *genest Drolery of Humour* for Companions, some sweet Souls may take you in together for very Joke's sake. But if thou hast *no Merit, no Worth, nothing lovely*, in thee, — I can't flattering say, thou deservest it.

Alas, Child! --- To say nothing of Erudition; --- Competency of Knowledge, Vivacity of Thought, and Maturity of Judgment, and a suitable Portion of well-govern'd **POETIC FIRE**, with certain other Sterling *Somewhats* not readily to be here, by me, express'd, but infinitely more valuable than *Jingle and Measure, Rhyme and Versification*, are requisite to the Constitution of right good **POESY**. Every jejune *Poem*, or starveling *Copy of Verses*, is not IT. If these *somewhats*, &c. are all lacking in thee, — I'd not give Two-pence a Year to insure thy Longevity. Well; mayest thou have equal Judges! May a good Report of thee comfort me, and recommend thyself! So *fare thee well at once*.

Exon, July the 4th, 1770.



P R E F A C E,

Written when the POEM was just finish'd,
and intended, at that Time, (viz. in 1738.)
to have been forthwith publish'd.

THE TATLER recounts how PACOLET his feign'd *Familiar* cured a common Swearer, by laying his own Language, penn'd, before him. Though the Story be Fiction, yet such Effect were in Reality not absolutely improbable. The wise SPARTANS experimented something like it, in exposing their Slaves, purposely *made* drunk, to the View of their Sons; who were thereby the more render'd Abhorrrers of such *unmanning* vile Debauchery. Could a Man, of good Sense and Fashion, but perfectly see and consider, in a sober Hour, his own very Person acting before others the silly and filthy Scene of a thorough Debauch, it might, possibly, set him more on his guard against the like Intemperance for future, as well as fill him with Shame and Contrition for the past.

Why, then, might not such, in a fort, behold himself, as it were in a *Mirrou*, in HOGARTH'S *MIDNIGHT CONVERSATION*, or some antick Chimney-piece more vulgarly bacchanalian? Why should the Moral of the pencil'd Satire be overlook'd or disregarded? One might be apt to fancy Tavern-Quarrels, painted artfully in Tipling-Rooms, might, if considerately observ'd, withhold real Gentlemen of Breeding from plunging into such Depths of Liquor as might overwhelm their Humanity, and transform them for a Time to such worse than Savages as in Colours represented. And we should imagine, a Man, in calm good Temper, might hate, yet despise, his own late Appearance pourtray'd the very Madman he look'd, and behav'd, in Height of that Rage he was, strangely he might think, thrown into.

And wherefore should not the Effect hold in parallel Examples? Why might not some heedfully perusing a boisterous *ELECTION*, in which they were Agents or Agitators, (especially of but little if any Moment) justly describ'd in *suited Verse*, be asham'd of the ridiculous or base Parts which they, as 'twere in Effigie, review they acted in the wretched Farce? Why should they not feel a Twinge of Thought at the Dangers which they, with others, prov'd instrumental — (though, it may be, unwittingly) — in occasioning, as well as Remorse at being any Way, even undesignedly, accessary to, Mischiefs therein committed?

This

This Poetic Sketch was drawn to that honest Intent. Though there are very few, if any, directly and personally characteriz'd, yet Numbers, if they have Eyes of Understanding, may discern their own Images in Description exposing themselves to Derision, Contempt, perhaps and Detestation. Also may be seen to what a distracted and unhappy Plight mere Whim and Fantast have brought us. Why then should it not conduce to the correcting our Conduct, discouraging Tumult, restoring Civility at least, and by Degrees recovering Trade, so foolishly destroy'd by hare-brain'd Faction? Why may we not hope there-upon that Persons of Equanimity may venture into publick and mix'd Conversation, be there us'd with Good-manners, and see the Company fit, and in due Season part, obsequious and mannerly at worst, — notwithstanding their having voted differently for a *Forty Man* (as they stile him), a Mayor, or Member of Parliament himself?

Though dreading a being surrounded in and by a MOB, especially a pent-up contending one, yet, to make proper Observations, and to collect apt Materials, I, for once, voluntarily hazarded myself even on the very Spot of thickest Uproar and Confusion. At which Time, worse than that of the Painter (who, surpassingly to delineate a Battle, in its various Horrors, to the Life, went joyfully to gaze at one, but therein lost both his Arms by his Curiosity) had like to have prov'd my Hap; not only almost crush'd to death in the

Throng, but like to have my small Portion of Brains press'd out, or my Head itself wrung off, in the Gateway, endeavouring, at last, to escape out of the crowded Hall.

However rough, unfinished, and incorrect, yea trifling and silly, the slight Performance be, or shall be said to be, — my Vanity flatters itself it is pretty natural, picturesque, and indifferently full of genuine Humour: Which are Hits and Ingredients not despicable in Pieces of this Nature. Yes, I am forward enough to fancy, that it is not quite devoid of such titillating as well as poignant *Humour* as may divert even where it nettles, please the Struck in despite of their Resentment, and force them at least to smile just upon biting their Lips or Knuckles.

It being calculated principally for the Use and Service of *this City*, — (though not to be *so very local* as not to fit other Places; — *Moss* being *Moss* every-where) — as well as the Subject is a Transaction upon the Spot, I thought fit to gather many of the collateral Incidents, Similes, Allusions, and other embellishing Circumstances, as well as some Words and Phrases of Propriety, from the proper Scene of Action, and Parts adjacent; so as to adapt the Poem most properly to the *Place*. The *Time* of the Main Action also consists of about *Six Hours*; each distinguish'd properly by concomitant Tokens, well known to the Inhabitants.