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The following laughable performance on an obnoxious character at Canterbury in England, is copied from the London Oracle.

FUNERAL ORATION,

By the DEAN of HARING.

TEXT—*He died, and now ſtinketh.*

Friends, brethren, and chriſtians,

LISTEN, O liſten unto the words of my mouth, y all you now aſſembled, whether men, women, boys or girls, poor or rich, tailors or gentlemen, taylors or bakers, brickmakers, or lawyers, liſten I ſay, what I ſhall unfold.—You ſee my brethren, our great ſupporter, Brutus, is more.—Even he whoſe genius ſhook this wicked city, lies now a *remnant* of mortality — Alas! of what little conſequence is man.—To-day a prince, a *pair* of a *taylor*—tomorrow, death *takes meaſure* of him, the *thread* of life is cut as the apoſtle ſaid, *he ſtinketh*. Say brethren, ſhall it be with all—ye the time will come, when *you*, this *city* and *myſelf*, together with the *members*, *Mayor*, *Aldermen*, and *Corporation*, ſhall diſſolve, and like the baſeleſs fabrick of viſion, leave not a *ſmell* behind.

"And now my brethren I will tell you who Brutus was—he very Brutus whoſe poor remains reſt now before us.—He was lineally deſcended from the celebrated Roman Brutus, *Marcus*, Junius whoſe dagger penetrated the boſom of *Cæſar* the conqueror not only of Britain, but of the world.—It is true he was an humble mortal, for his occupation was that of a *taylor*; but then, not all the genious, and united powers of the Roman ſtate, nor all the abilities of the univerſe combined could vie with him in the working of *buttons*. The deſcendant of that illuſtrious Britain who ſlayed the taylor in ordinary of the emperor Domitian—nay, my friends he had the honour to make the *wedding breeches* for the celebrated *Tacitus* when he married the daughter of that accompliſhed Roman. Having ſailed up the harbour of Rutupium, (now called Sandwich) he viſited Canterbury where he remained until his death, and having left the art of *breeches making* to his poſterity.

"Our Brutus (who is now but a *blod*) inherited the virtue of his great progenitor—a hereditary hatred to all tyranny and uſurpation travelled down to him, he could therefore patiently behold that wretched conclave of city cardinals, vulgarly called aldermen, lord it uncontroulably over your municipal affairs. In the caſe of the people he gloriouſly quitted his *gooſe*, his *thimble*, his *ſheers*, and his cuſtomers then arming with a *pen*, he became terrible to thoſe ariſtocratic minions who devour all the good things of Canterbury. (*Here the Dean is to ariſe in a paſſion.*) Do they not gormandize on *turtle*?—They do voarciouſly.—Do they not eat of *veniſon*, and of the beſt flavor?—Have they not *marrow puddings* for dinner, and *mutton kidneys* for ſupper?—They have, and you know it.—Have they not pyes, cuſtards, jellies, whip, and macaroni at their tables, and do they not get drunk on the richeſt wines, with Claret, and Iriſh Uſquebaugh, until they can remain no longer on their broad bottoms! I tremble at the very thought of the aldermanic voluptuouſneſs that reigns in this city.—But who pays for all theſe wicked feaſtings?—you pay for them my brethren, and have they given you even a ſpoonful of *turtle ſoup* for your money? not a ſolitary ſmell to gratify your poor noſes; no, my brethren, your *aldermen* ſwallow up the whole and are moſt of them ſo fat and lazy, they can hardly waddle once in a month to church where they ſhould go daily. They want much purging in body and ſoul, without which they will be——whre do you think they will be? verily my brethren?—I'll tell you—*Pog Trantum's* houſe, which is ten miles beyond hell.

"But why ſhould I talk of amendment in your members, aldermen, or corporation.—They are indeed *laſt muttons*, and I drop a tear when I conſider the ſtate of their poor ſouls. But theſe things are but vanity—even turtle, veniſon, marrow puddings, &c. &c. nay, wine itſelf, ſtop but a few hours in the belly, and are diſmiſſed as filthy tenants of a poor habitation. Conſider this my friends, and remember alſo, that a *Woodcock* or a *black John*, are alike when they quit this wretched carcaſe of mortality. Teach your wives, my friends, not to expect the *good things* of this world, but to hope for them in the next, ſo ſhall your *days* be peaceful, and your *nights* be devoted to tranquility and reſt.

"Let us now conſider what the duties of a chriſtian are, and upon what grounds we may expect to be returned for a ſeat of greater durability than thoſe of either Mr. *Robinſon* or Mr. *Gipps*.—You ſhould be in the firſt place be *charitable*, for we are told that virtue covers a multitude of ſins—you ſhould neither be inſolent or arrogant, but *like me*, humble, lowly, penitent, and obedient—you ſhould not write in the *Devil's Miſſellany*, commonly called a newſpaper, or aſſiſt French Quacks in robbing the public, under pretence of curing the gout—you ſhould not libel *your neighbours* through the medium of a preſs belonging to a *ſmiling* ſycophant—You ſhould not drink punch at the *Fleece* before dinner, or ſmoke your pipes at the Shakeſpear until morning.—In a word, my brethren, you do theſe things which you ſhould not do, and your wives ſay you omit doing what you ſhould do;—what then will become of your poor ſouls? Oh frightful, frightful? But repent, I ſay, repent—by repentance you will have the benefit of an *Act of grace*, and be *white-waſhed*; like our old friend Brutus.

"Now to *conclude* and make *an end*—look on thoſe poor remains, and remember Brutus, your friend and neighbour, was treacherouſly *murdered*—ſtill you ſhould recollect that it is our duty to pray for the wicked—ſhape your lives *by my example*, for notwithſtanding the ungodly of this city have reviled me, and have called me *Parſon Noodle* on one day, and *Parſon Doodle* on another—ſtill have my prayers.—Farewel."

After this *moving* diſcourſe, the corps will be incloſed in the arms of our mother Earth and the *Dean* will dine with Mr. *Epps*.

Yours again, Mr. Printers,
TOBY TICKLE.

The PHILOSOPHICAL COBLER.

HIS cottage was ſituated on the margin of a lake, at the diſtance of a quarter of a mile from the great road, and at the diſtance of half a mile from any town or village. A few acres of ground which he rented, the privilege of fiſhing for eels and other ſmall fiſhes in the lake, with the produce of his calling, enabled this philoſophic cobler to live with eaſe, and with decent hoſpitality. He exerciſed by turns the vocations of an huſbandman, of a fiſher, and of a cobler. We arrived at his humble manſion in the evening—"You are welcome, ſtrangers, ſaid he, to my houſe. But luxury has made great ſtrides ſince the ſong was firſt compoſed—

A cobler there was, and he liv'd in a ſtall,
Which ſerv'd him for parlour, for kitchen, and all.

Step in and you ſhall ſee the firſt; as to the ſecond, pleaſe God, you ſhall by and by be ſatisfied of its exiſtence by an appeal to another ſenſe beſides that of ſeeing."

On entering this parlour I was ſtruck with a ſpectacle which announced to me at once that I had the good fortune to be received under the roof of a philoſopher and a humouriſt, as well as an hoſpitable man. A ſkeleton of gigantic dimenſions, fixed in a corner of the room, ſerved as a caſe for a clock, of which he himſelf had been the artificer. Glaſs beads, placed in the ſockets of the eyes, and moved by the motion of the pendulum, ſtruck the ſurpriſed ſpectator with horror. "That (ſays he) is the ſkeleton of my grandfather, which I made with the aſſiſtance of a poor ſtudent from Edinburgh. I have fitted up a clock in the middle of it, which ſerves at once as a *memento mori*, and to meaſure time. This ſkeleton I call the miniſter, becauſe he preaches, in his *tick tick* way, and the ſerious expreſſion of his eyes and countenance, many an excellent ſermon. Scarcely any occurrence happens or paſſion ariſes, but one look of the miniſter produces the happieſt effect."

We had not well recovered the ſhock which this ſight had occaſioned, when a lovely young woman came ſmiling into the room, with an infant in her arms, little more than two years of age. After a few kind ſalutations to us, ſhe held up her little girl to the ſkeleton, whoſe rueful mouth the child kiſſed with great cordiality, and ſhook both its hands, ſaying, "Good night, dard dada." A boy of four years old ſaid diſtinctly at the ſame time "Good night grandfather."—"Theſe are our childeen," ſaid the cobler, "they, in this manner, ſalute their grandfather every morning and every evening. That old man whom you ſee buſy in the garden is my father, he is to be placed, after his death, by the ſide of the miniſter, and is to be a frame for a piece of mechaniſm, contrived to play ſome ſolemn church muſic, ſo that he will be in the ſtation of clerk to the miniſter. Look how cheerful and briſk he is under his years; it is the certainty, I aſſure you, that he will not be buried in the cold, dark, and ſilent grave, deprived of all company, and of the cheerful light of the ſun, but every day be a witneſs of what is going on in his family, and be embraced by his progeny, that ſupports him in a good mood, even at the advanced fourſcore years.—This mode of the remains of our progenitor continued the cobler, may ſeem ridiculous to you a little extravagant and ſuperſtitious, tince ſkeletons, to all appearance, have no ſenſe either of good or evil—it is ſo; but, if it ſerves a good purpoſe, it is very excuſeable. We are not always, indeed we are very little, governed by reaſon. We ſuffer greatly from the illuſions of imagination, and if we can cheat ourſelves into a little happineſs by the ſame means, is it fair to fright that we ſhould do it. The very dread of death proceeds from the imagination; We, ſomehow, without conſidering or the abſurdity of the idea, naturally conclude, that when emboſomed in the earth, we ſhall be uneaſy at the ſolitude and ſilence of that gloomy abode, not conſidering that a ſound ſleep of half an hour, or a million of years, is preciſely the ſame thing.

We prolonged the miniſter o'clock. gard[en] te[a]

again, a roaſt pig was laid ſmoking on the board, beſides a large diſh of fried eels. "My dear," ſaid the cobler, this is not well done; that pig might have been ſold for four ſhillings at any rate if you had a mind to it; the fool, by affecting a magnificence above our fortune, it would have been better to have reſerved it for to-morrow's dinner, being Sunday. The eels I would have excuſed, as we have plenty of fiſh." Grace was not yet ſaid, and we ſtood talking to each other. "Gad-dill my brother," ſaid the ſquaker. Two young men, of modeſt and ingenuous appearance, came into the room, and in a few words expreſſed their ſatisfaction at ſeeing us, and their readineſs to ſerve us. The boy that looked after the cow and pigs, and a few ſheep that fed on an adjoining common, was called, and a little girl that aſſiſted her miſtreſs in the houſhold concerns. The houſe dog, a gentle and affectionate creature, was brought in; he ſat down by the door, and by looks and mute geſtures ſignified his complacency in all our happineſs. The cat ſat purring below the table. Two cows, at that inſtant, came lowing into the yard. The pigs iſſued out of their cribs; but the feathered flocks had long gone to reſt. Clover was adminiſtered to the cows, who were conſidered as a kind of houſhold gods; and grains, with roots, and ſome of the offals of the kitchen, to the ſwine and rabbits. Our landlord pointed to the clock, as it ſtruck nine. All eyes were fixed upon this *memento mori*; and his youngeſt brother, while even dome[ſtic] animals ſeemed to wait for their food on God, by way of grace, read, with a devout and affecting air, the 104th pſalm. The little group of animals, the aſſemblage of living creatures that ſtruck the eye, gave infinite efficacy to the [w]ords and other expreſſions in that divine ode: "He ſendeth the ſprings into the valleys, which run among the hills. They give drink to the every beaſt of the field: the wild aſſes quench their thirſt. He cauſeth the graſs to grow for the cattle, and herb for the ſervice of man, that he may bring forth food out of the earth. The young lions ſeek their meat from God, and gather themſelves together, and lay them down in their dens. Man goeth forth unto his labour until the evening. All creatures wait on God, that he may give them their meat in due ſeaſon. That which they gather they have; they open their hand, they are filled with good: thou hideſt thy face; they are troubled: thou takeſt away their breath, they die, and return to their duſt: thou ſendeſt forth thy ſpirit, they are created: and thou reneweſt the face of the earth."—I cannot help comparing this grace with the ſhort, and ſometimes ſenſeleſs ejaculations uttered by the ſpruce precipitate [ſ]ons of giving, of tic chaplains, dignitaries of the buſhy wigged eſtabliſhed in lawn ſleeves, as by law *Hierophants* been practiſed. Had a grace, I could not the feeling[s] of