

The GENUINE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
Charles Cotton, *Esq;*

CONTAINING,

- I. SCARRONIDES: Or, VIRGIL TRAVESTIE.  
II. LUCIAN Burlesqu'd : Or, The SCOFFER  
SCOFF'D.  
III. The WONDERS of the PEAKE.

---

Illustrated with many Curious Cuts, all New-design'd,  
and Engrav'd by the best Artists.

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The THIRD EDITION, Corrected.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for J. WALTHOE, R. WILKIN, J. and J. BONWICKES,  
S. BIRT, T. WARD, and E. WICKSTEED. 1734.

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cm

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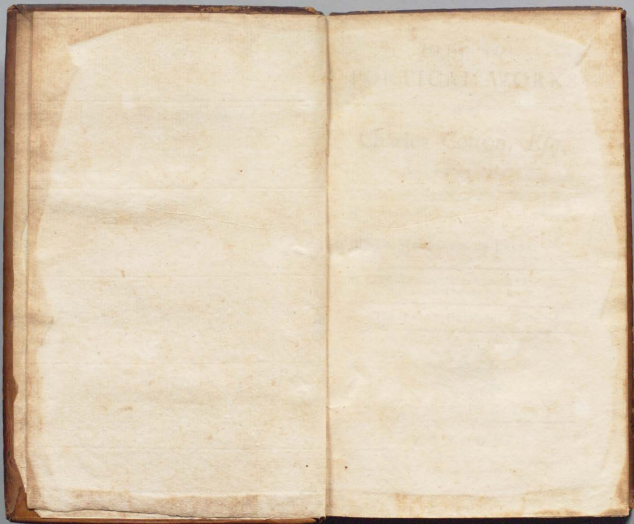


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SCARRONIDES:

OR,

VIRGIL Travestie.

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A

MOCK-POEM

ON THE

First and Fourth BOOKS

OF

VIRGIL's *Æneis*,

In *English* BURLESQUE.

---

By CHARLES COTTON, Esq;

---

The TWELFTH EDITION.

---





A Murrain cury all curst Wives!  
*He needs must go, the Devil drives.*  
 ¶ Much suffer'd he likewise in War,  
 Many dry Blows, and many a Scar:  
 Many a Rap, and much ado  
 At Quarter-staff and Cudgels too;  
 Before he could be quiet for 'em,  
 (Pox of all Knaves, for I abhor 'em)  
 But this fame Yonker at the last,  
 (All Brawls and Squabbles over-past)  
 And all these Rake-hells overcome,  
 ¶ Did build a pretty *Grange*, call'd *Rome*.  
 ¶ But oh, my Mus! put me in mind,  
 To which o'th' Gods was he unkind:  
 ¶ Or, what the plague did *Juno* mean,  
 (That cross-grain'd, peevish, scolding Quean,  
 That scratching, cater-wawling Puss)  
 ¶ To use an honest Fellow thus?  
 (To cury him like Pelts at Tanners,)  
 ¶ Have Goddesses no better Manners?)  
 ¶ A little Town there was of old,  
 Thatch'd with good Straw to keep out Cold,  
 Hight *Carthage*, which (if not bely'd)  
 Was by the *Tyrians* occupy'd;

¶ *Multi quoque et bello passus, dum conderet urbem*  
 ¶ *Et Arque alta moenia Romæ*  
 ¶ *Musa, mihi causas memora; quo nuncius Iaso:*  
 ¶ *Subiit dolens Regiua Driam, et tot volvere casus*  
 ¶ *Insignem pietate virum, tot adire labores*  
 ¶ *Impulerit. Tantæque animi celestibus ira?*  
 ¶ *Urbs antiqua fuit, Tyrii tenuere Coloni,*  
 ¶ *Carthago*

¶ The

¶ The lustiest Carles thereabouts,  
 Rich Cuffs and very sturdy Louts.  
 ¶ Now this fame *Carthage*, you must know,  
*Juno* did love out of all wiles:  
 There are alive that yet will swear it,  
 No Village like it, no Place near it:  
 ¶ Except a Place, forsooth, that's famous  
 For her own Birth, a Farm call'd *Samos*;  
 Here she her Trinkets kept, and odd Things,  
 Her Needles, Poking-sticks, and Bodkins;  
 And here in House with her own Key locks,  
 ¶ She us'd to keep her Coach and Peacocks.  
 This Place then mainly pleas'd her Humour,  
 ¶ But she had heard a scurvy Rumour;  
 That *Trojans*, arm'd in Coats of Chamlet,  
 Should one Day overthrow her Hamlet;  
 Plunder her Chests, Joint-stools, and Tables,  
 And burn her Cow-houses and Stables.  
 ¶ She, fearful of this sad Prediction,  
 (Which prov'd a true one, and no Fiction)  
 ¶ And mindful of her injur'd Honour,  
 When *Paris* gave the Apple from her;

¶ *Studisque asperima belli:*  
 ¶ *Quam Juno ferit terris magis omnibus unam*  
 ¶ *Posthabita coluisse Samo; hic illius arma,*  
 ¶ *Hic currus fuit:*  
 ¶ *Progeniem sed enim Trojano à saepeque duci*  
 ¶ *Audierat, Tyrius olim qua verteret arce.*  
 ¶ *Id metueni,*  
 ¶ *Necdum ritam causa irarum, sævique dolores*  
 ¶ *Exciderant animo. Manet alia mente positum*  
 ¶ *Judicium Paridis,*

A 4

Did



Did many Years bend her Devotion,  
To drown *Aeneas* in the Ocean;  
And many a slippry Trick she plaid him,  
Till *Jove* at last o'er Sea convey'd him;  
\* So hard it is, where an old Grutch is,  
To get out of a Woman's Clutches.  
*Aeneas* had not been o' th' Water  
Above an Hour, or such a matter;  
Nor further row'd, than we may rate  
Twixt *Parjou's* Dock and *Billinggate*,  
Or fly, betwixt *Dever* and *Calice*,  
\* When *Juno* (full of her old Malice)  
Thus with herself began to mutter;  
Cannot I drown these Crows i' th' Gutter?  
Must they go on, fearing no Colours?  
And cannot I squander their Scullers?  
Must these same *Trejan* Rascals nose me,  
† Because the *Fates* (forsooth) oppose me?  
\* *Tallas* could Wherries burn and *Calices*,  
And clatter *Mortals* Bones like *Tallies*:  
\* But I, *Jove's* Sister and his Wife,  
Can do no Mischief for my Life.

\* *Tanta malis erat Romanam condere gentem,  
Vix è conspectu Siculae telluris in altum  
Vela dabat laeti, & stygias salis ære rubeant;*  
\* *Cum Juno, æternum servans sub pectore vulnus,  
Hæc fecum; Mene incepto dædister victam?*  
† *Quippe votor fati!* (\* *Palladine exenere classem  
Argivum potuit?*)  
\* *At ego qua Divum lædæo Regina, Jovisque  
Et soror, & Conjux, una cum gente ius anovi  
Bella gero*

‡ *Juno*

\* *Juno* enrag'd, and fretting thus,  
c Runs me unto one *Aeolus*:  
This *Aeolus*, as Stories tell us,  
Could backward blow, like a Smith's Bellows,  
A Day, a Week, a Month together;  
And by his Farting, smake foul Weather;  
Blow Men, and Trees, and Houses down;  
Great Ships and almost Fishes down.  
He was, *in fine*, the load o' th' Parters:  
Yet could command his hinder Quarters,  
Correct his Tail, and only blow  
If there Occasion were, or so:  
d Whom *Jove* observing to be so stern,  
In the wise Conduct of his Postern,  
He made him King of all the Puffers,  
Which he (because he knew them Huffer)  
Durst no where venture, I must tell ye,  
But in the Caverns of his Belly:  
Which having but one Postern-Gate  
For these mad Boys to sally at,  
He might the faster peg them in,  
And by the plucking out a Pin,  
Then (at his Ease) *Arjing* about  
To any Quarter, let them out.  
e To this same King Queen *Juno* poled,  
And thus in flatter'ing Terms accol'd;

b *Talia flammato secum Dea corde volatans,  
\* Æoliam venit: hic vasto Rex Æolus antro  
Lullantem ventos tempestatæque sonoras  
Imperio premit*  
d *Sed Pater omnipotens  
Regemque dedit, qui sedere certo  
Et premere, & laxare sciret dare iussus habenda;*  
e *Ad quem tum Juno supplex his vocibus a'q' est:*

‡ *J*

‡ *Thoz*





† Thou mighty King, whose potent Sway  
The lawless *Blasphemers* do obey;  
Whose Nod the stubbornst Winds do dread;  
(Even altho' in *Scotland* bred.)

Thou, whose unruly Empire reaches  
As far as the wide *Compass* stretches;  
Hear a poor Queen's Request, and say,  
Thou'lt do't: For I must have no Nay.

\* There are a few Tatter-de-millions,  
That (with a Pox) would be *Italians*,  
And into *Latium* now are going.

With Oar and Sculls tugging and rowing;  
A Crew of drunken roaring Ruffins,  
Lewd, wand'ring, sturdy Ragamuffins:  
Rascals, I hate, as I do Garlick,  
And yet the Rogues are stout and warlike:

† If therefore thou wilt smoke these Roysters,  
And fowle them all like pick'd Oysters,  
There is a pretty Maid of mine,  
Call'd *Dis*, shall be thy Concubine.

*Aeolus* hearken'd to this Story,  
With no small Pride, no little Glory,  
To have a Queen so gay and trim,  
Come to request a Boon of him!

† *Aeolus* (namque tibi Divum pater atque hominum Rex  
Et mulcere deult stultus Et tollere vento)

\* *Gens inimica mihi Tyrrhenum navigat aquas,  
Ihum in Italiam portans,*

† *Incute vim ventis, submersisque obrue puppes,  
Aut age diversas, Et disice corpora ponto.*

*Sunt mihi bis septem praestanti corpore Nymphae:*

*Quarum, qua forma pulcherrima, Deicipiam  
Connubio jungam stabili, propriamque dicabo:*

But

But th' *Wench*, 3<sup>th</sup> Tail of the Preamble,  
O that! That made his Bowels wamble,  
(And Wind, you know, under Correction,  
Is a main Caufer of Erection;)

He, lil'n'ng flood, wringing and scraping;  
But durst not bow, for fear of 'scaping,  
Until at last, with Cap in Hand, Sir,  
† He thus return'd with modest Answer.

O Queen, (quoth he) my Thanks are real,  
That you will use your Servant *Aeol*:  
And should I not pay your Civility,

To th' utmost of my poor Ability,  
Who art great *Jove's* Sister and Wife,  
It were e'en Firy of my Life:

I'll play these Rake-hells such a Hunts-up,  
As, were they She's, would turn their --- up.  
Say you no more, the Thing is done;  
I'll drown 'em ev'ry Mother's Son.

But since your Grace is nice of smelling,  
I wish you were at your own Dwelling;  
There's Reason for't, (saving your Favour)  
For truly (Madam) I shall favour.

But, I beseech your Grace, in no wife  
Forget the *Woman*, that you promise.  
*Juno* at that, away does go,

And in less while than I am speaking,  
Was got as high as Top of \* *Reking*:  
No bigger now than School-boys Kite,  
And now clean vanish'd out of Sight.

\* *Mens Sa-  
lopiensis.*

† *Aeolus haec contra. Tuus, o Regina, quid optes,  
Explorare labor, mihi iussa capessere fas est.  
Tu mihi, quodcumque hoc regui, in scelerata, Jovemque  
Caucilias*

A 6

*Aeol,*

*Æol*, who all the while stood gaping  
 At her fine Peacock's gawdy Trapping,  
 Seeing her mount *Olympus* Stair-case,  
 Began t' untruss, to ease his Carcase,  
 Twice belch'd he load from Lungs of Leather,  
 To call his roaring Troops together;  
 And twice (as who should say, we come)  
 They roar'd i'th' Concave of his Womb:  
 With that he turns his Buttocks Sea-ward,  
 And with a gibing kind of Nay-word,  
 Quoth he, Blind Harpers, have among ye;  
 'Tis ten to one but I bestring ye.  
 At the same Word, sitting one Leg,  
 And pulling out his trusty Peg,  
 He let at once his gen'ral Muster  
 Of all that e'er could blow or bluster;  
 And (like a Coxcomb) in his Tuel  
 Left not one Puff to cool his Gruel.

Have you not seen below the Sphere  
 A mortal Drink call'd Bottle-Beer,  
 How by the Tapster, when the Stopples  
 Is ravis'd from the teeming Bottle,  
 It bounces, foams, and froths, and flitters,  
 As if 'twere troubl'd with the Squitters?

*hæc ubi dicta, cavum cœverit cuspide montem  
 impulit in læni: ac venti, velut agmina fatis,  
 Quæ data porta ruunt, & terras turbine perflant.  
 Incubère mari, rotâque à scabulis imis.  
 Hinc Eurûque, Notûque ruant, crebèrque precelli  
 Africus, & vastos volvant ad litora fluitus.  
 Insequitur clamorque virum, stridorque rudentium,  
 Eripuit subitò nubes cœlûque, dièque  
 Teucrorum ex oculis; ponto nox incubat atra.  
 Invenère poli, & crebris micat ignibus æther;  
 Resistentque viris tentant omnia mortem.*





*Æolus at the request of Juno raises a Storm to wreck the Trojans*

Ev'n so, when *Æol* pluck'd the Plug  
From th' Muzzle of his double Jug,  
The Winds burst out with such a Rattle,  
As he had broke the Strings that twattle,  
Bounce, cries the Port-hole, out they fly,  
And make the World dance *Barnaby*;  
Throughout the Seas and Coasts they wander,  
One *Boreas* was their chief Commander;  
A huffing *Jack*, a plund'ring *Teavor*,  
A vap'ring *Scab*, and a great Swearer.

This Fellow, and his boist'rous Rout,  
Finds me o'th' Sea, the *Trojans* out,  
*Æneas*, and his wand'ring Mates,  
Were, at that Time, angling for *Sprats*,  
Thinking no harm no more than we do,  
(For all was fine and fair to see to)  
When, all o'th' sudden; oh, who'd think it!  
(By this good Drink, I mean to drink it!)  
It grew so dark, that wanting Light,  
They could not see the Fishes bite;  
And frist, ere one could say what's this?  
The Winds began to howl and hiss,  
And in the turning of a Hand, Sir,  
They grew so big, one could not stand, Sir,  
Then follow'd Rain, Lightning, and Thunder,  
As the whole World would fly a-funder,  
*Æneas* hearing the Winds threatening,  
And \* seeing monstrous Billows beating,  
Knowing they purpos'd to dispatch him,  
And that the *Haddocks* watch'd to catch him;  
Fell presently in a cold Sweat,  
So sick he could not drink nor eat;

\* *Exemplis Æneæ solvuntur frigore membra:*



'Twas all the World to twenty Pound,  
He had not fall'n into a Swoon;  
But by *Jove's* Favour being blest,  
With Guts in's Head above the rest;  
Like to a ranaing Chapman, he  
Made Virtue of Necessity.

And in the midst of all Despairs,  
Thought it his best to fall to Pray'r.

With woeful Heart, and blubber'd Eyes,

Lifting his *Mutton-hits* to th' Skies,

He therefore pray'd, O *Jupiter!*

Either hear now, or never hear;

Now, now, thy trusty *Trojans* cherish,

Help now, or never, else we perish.

Could not *Tydidus* at *Troy Town*,

Should he be hang'd, once knock me down?

Nor yet the merry *Greek, Achilles*,

When he kill'd lusty *Heſtor*, kill these?

And must we now be sent for *Dishes*,

To *Sharks*, and such like greedy *Fishes*?

Thus went he on with his *Orisons*,

Which, if you mark 'em well, were *wiſe ones*,

Now praying, now expostulating;

But he might e'en have held his prating;

For *Jove*, if he had been more near him,

The Noise was such, he could not hear him:

*Ingenit, &c, duplices tendens ad sidera palmas,  
Talia voce refert;*

*O Danium fortissime genis*

*Tydidus, Mene Iliacis occumbere campis*

*Non potuisse, tuoque animam hanc effundere dextrâ?*

*Sevus ubi Eacidae telo jacet Heſtor,*

*Talia jactanti*

9 The

9 The Winds grew louder still and louder,

And play'd their Gambols with a Powder,

Then, then indeed, began the Pudder,

Here an Oar broke, and there a Rudder,

Like a Boat kicking on the Surges,

And there one sinking in a *Gurges*.

Three Boats a Wind call'd *Notus* rustles,

Upon a pairy Bed of *Muscles*,

And there did roaring *Eurus* dabble ye,

In Quick-sands deep, moſt lamentably.

One *Wherry* that the *Lycians* carry'd,

And one *Orontes*, never marry'd,

Was, juſt about the Time of Dinner,

O'erwhelm'd, and all the Men within her.

*Orontes*, tho' he was confounded,

Yet very loth to be thus drowned,

Did all he could with might and main.

To have swim back to Land again.

His Skill he to the Trial puts,

But could not do it for his Guts:

And therefore was souc'd up for *Cod-fish*;

I doubt he grew'd but very odd-fish.

*Stridens Aquilone procella  
Velum adverſa ferit, fluctuſque ad ſidera tollit.  
Evanguntur remi, sum præra avortit, & natis  
Dat latus;*

*Tres Notus abreptas in saxa latentia torquet:*

*Tres Eurus ab alto*

*In Brevia & Syrtis arget, (miserabile viſa).*

*Unam, qua Lycios, fulmineque vehebat Orontem.*

*Ipsius ante oculos iogens à vertice Pontus*

*In puppim ferit: Excussit, pronuſque Magister*

*Volucit in caput. Aſſi illam ter fluctus ibidem*

*Torquet agens circum, & rapidus vorat equore vortex.*

10 Now





Now might you see the *Trojans* trimming  
 Upon the foaming Billows swimming;  
 Sculls, Oars, and Stretchers, with their Benches,  
 Floating amongst the rowling Treaches;  
 Hats, Caps, and Caslocks, Bands and Ruffs,  
 (Indeed, I think, they wore no Cuffs.)  
 Balk-flaves and Cudgels, Pikes and Truncheons,  
 Brown Bread and Cheese, that swam by Lunchcons,  
 With Treasure past all moetal marching,  
 That any Man may have for fetching.  
 \* In the mean time, this Hurly-burly,  
 That still increas'd more loud and furly,  
 Rous'd *Neptunus* with the strange Commotion,  
 Who liv'd i' th' Bottom of the Ocean.

This *Neptune* was of old a Fisher,  
 And to *Evans* a Well-wisher:  
 'Cause, on a Time, *Venus* that bore him,  
 Spoke a good Word t' her Father for him,  
 And made him, for his good Conditions,  
 King over all his Pools and Fish-ponds.

This Blade, when he first heard the Sea-ring,  
 Was pickling Püchards, Sprats, and Herring;  
 But at the Noise he throws his Tray,  
 Fishes, and Salt, and all away.  
 And taking up his three-fork'd Trout-spear,  
 † Hey, hey, (quoth he) what a brave Rout's here?

¶ *Apparent vari nantes in gurgite vasto;  
 Arma virum, tabulæque, & Troia gaza per undas.*

¶ *Invenit magno misceri murmure Pontum,  
 Emisissimæ Hissem sensit Neptunus, & imis  
 Stagnus risissa vadis.*

† *Graviter commotus, & alto  
 Prospiciens, summâ placidam caput extulit undâ.  
 Dissipatam Æneæ tero vides æquæ Classem,  
 Finibus oppressis Troas, etique ruinâ.  
 Nec latuere doli fratrem Junonis, & ira:*

Un-

Under his Arms he had two Bladders,  
 By which he mounted without Ladders;  
 And thrusting's Head above the Water,  
 Says, What a vengeance, ho's the matter?  
 Then seeing round how Things were vary'd,  
 And how the *Trojans* had miscarry'd;  
 He straight began to smell a Rat,  
 And soon perceiv'd what they'd be at:  
 For he knew all *Juno's* contriving,  
 And spite, as well as any living.

Have you not seen upon a River  
 A Water-Dog that is a Diver,  
 Bring out his Mallard, and est-foons  
 Be-shake his shaggy Pantaloons?  
 So *Neptune*, when he first appears,  
 Shakes the silt Liqueur from his Ears,  
 And made the Winds themselves to doubt him,  
 He threw the Water so about him.  
 Vext at the Plucks to see this clutter,  
 He scarce could speak, but spurt and sputter.

‡ Till beck'ning *Zephyrus* and *Eurus*,  
 He thus began in Language furious:  
 How durst you, Rogues, take the Opinion  
 To vapour here in my Dominion,  
 Without my Leave; and make a hurry,  
 That Men cannot be quiet for ye?

‡ *Eurum ad se Zephyrimque vocat; debinc talis faturo:  
 Tentatis vos generis tenuis falacia vestri?  
 Jam Cælum, Terramque, mea sine Numine, Ventis  
 Misere, & tantis ausibus tallere volatis?  
 Eurus ego! — sed motus præstat componere Fluctus.  
 Post nulli non simili potest commissa iactis.*

Rasgals,



Rascals, I shall! — But well! Go to,  
I now have something else to do;  
If e'er again I catch you creaking,  
'Tis odds I spoil your Baggipes squeaking.  
\* And Sirrah, you there: Goodman \* *Blaster*,  
Go tell that farting Fool your Master,  
That such a whistling Scab as he,  
Was ne'er cut out to rule the Sea;  
\* But that it to my Empire fell:  
Bid him go vapour in his Cell;  
There let him puff and domineer,  
But make no more such foisting here:  
And for what's past, (if my Aim mis' not)  
I'll teach him fixel in his Piss-pot.

\* Scarce had he bubb'd out his Sentence,  
But that they fled to shew Repentance.  
And he that erst had made a din most,  
Now cry'd, The Devil take the hindmost.  
Ev'n as a Flock of Geese do flutter,  
When crafty *Reynard* comes to supper;  
So nimbly flew away these Scoundrels,  
Glad they had 'scap'd, and sav'd their Poundrels.  
<sup>d</sup> Now all was fair again and frolick,  
The Sea no more troubled with Cholick;

\* *Maturate fugam, Regique hac dicite vestro;*  
*Non illi Imperium pelagi*

<sup>b</sup> *Sea mihi forte datum. Tunc ille immania saxa,*  
*Vestras, Euro, domos; illa se patiat in Aula*  
*Abolis, & clauso ventorum carcere regunt.*

\* *Sic ait, & dicto citius tumida aquora placat.*

<sup>d</sup> *Collellaque fugat undas, solentique reducit.*  
*Cymohoe sumis, & Triton adnixus, atato*  
*Detrahunt naues scopulos; levat ipso Tridenti,*  
*Et vastas aperit Syrtas, & temperat aquor,*

\* *Speaking*  
*to Borcas*  
*himself.*

The

The Sun shone bright, as on *May-Day*,  
Had there been Grass, one might made Hay:  
But yet some Boats stuck on the Flats,  
Their Men all dastid like Water-Rats.  
*Neptune* at this his Speed redoubles,  
To ease them of their Peck of Troubles:  
He thrust his *Mack-Fork* in two Faddom,  
Betwixt the Boats, and that that staid 'em,  
And list'd them sheer off as clever,  
As he had had a Crow or Leaver:  
Now, Sirs, (quoth he) you may go forward,  
And row East, West, or South, or Northward;  
If the Rogues come again, I'll swill 'em,  
I love a Dog that comes from *Ilium*.  
And you, *Aeneas*, and your Men,  
If e'er you come this way agen,  
I hope you'll call, or I'll be sorry;  
I'll have a Dish of Lobsters for ye.  
*Aeneas*, who was gentle-hearted,  
Scrap'd him a Leg, and so they parted.  
They take their Sculls again, and ply 'em,  
Hanging their Jerkins out to dry 'em;  
Away they cut as swift as Swallows,  
Ploughing the Sea as Men do Falows:  
Till ere a Man could well tell Ten,  
Or go to th' Door, and back agen,  
\* They all as plainly saw the other  
Side, as we now see one another:  
Then there old tugging was, and pulling,  
Never such plying and such sculling:

\* *Sua proxima, litora curvis*  
*Contendunt petere, —*

\*They

They whoop'd, and sung gladder and gladder,  
I think, *Mare's* Hares were never madder.  
At last, all Dangers notwithstanding,  
They came unto a Place of Landing;  
A Pair of Stairs they found, not big Stairs,  
Just such another Pair as *Trigg-Stairs*,  
Not made for Watermen, but Women,  
That use to come and wash their Linen;  
There was old striving then and thrusting,  
Which with their Sculler should get first in.  
Sirs (quoth *Aeneas*) shew some breeding,  
Let's have no more haste than good speedings;  
Have Patience, Gentles, I implore ye,  
And let your Betters go before ye:  
With that, they all gave Place, and Reason;  
It else had been no less than Treason;  
Whilest our *Aeneas*, at two Leapings,  
Set the first Foot upon the Steppings;  
Then all the rest came in a Bundle,  
As they would burst each other's Trundle;  
Wearry they were, the Wind had douc'd 'em,  
And so they sit 'em down and loud 'em.  
After a while, a Fellow knocks  
Fire, with a Steel and Tinder-Box.

*Est in secessu longo locus; insula portum  
Efficit objectu laterum; quibus ornus ad alto  
Frangitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos.*

*Æneæ, collectis navibus omni  
Ex numero, subit; ac magnus telluris amore  
Egressi optatâ Troës patienter arenâ,  
Et sâle tabentes artus in litore ponunt.*

*Ac primum silici scintillam excudit Achates,  
Suscipitque ignem solis, atque arida circum  
Nutrimenta dedit, rapuitque in somno flammam.  
Tum Cereetem corruptam sennis, Cercælique aram  
Excipit sibi verum, frugisque receptas  
Et terrore paratâ flammis, & frangere saxo.*

For

For each Man had his Flint and Touch-wood,  
The World besides could shew no such Wood;  
Then Sticks they gather, Leaves and Briers,  
And tell a making them good Fires;  
Then Skellets, Pans, and Poinets put on,  
To make them Porridge without Mutton.

In the mean time *Aeneas* got him  
Up to a Hill to look about him,  
And as he there a while stood gazing,  
He saw some Sheep below him grazing.  
O ho, quoth he, I'll soon be w' ye,  
Befsworn I'm glad at Heart to see ye.

This said, away my Youth does go,  
And fetches straight a good Yew-Bow;  
His Arrows under's Belt he sticks too,  
(For he could shoot at Buts and Pricks too)  
His Head he put a good Steel Cap on,  
Because he knew not what might happen:  
And thus as if he went to Battle,  
He goes to murder poor Mens Cattle.

His Arrow in the Striag he nocks,  
And shoots among the harnicks Flocks:  
Theie prov'd at Chance to be the fairest,  
But he fill shot at that was nearest.

*Æneæ scopulorum interea conscendit & cœcum  
Prospectum lato pelago petit*

*Æneæ, collectis navibus omni*

*Ex numero, subit; ac magnus telluris amore*

*Egressi optatâ Troës patienter arenâ,*

*Et sâle tabentes artus in litore ponunt.*

*Ac primum silici scintillam excudit Achates,*

*Suscipitque ignem solis, atque arida circum*

*Nutrimenta dedit, rapuitque in somno flammam.*

*Tum Cereetem corruptam sennis, Cercælique aram*

*Excipit sibi verum, frugisque receptas*

*Et terrore paratâ flammis, & frangere saxo.*

a Seven

<sup>n</sup> Seven Lordly Tups he wounded mortal,  
The other Shots he made were ſhort all:  
Theſe to his hungry Mates he hurries,  
(Pray what's his due that Mutton worries?)

<sup>o</sup> Here, Lads, quoth he, here's Sides and Haunches,  
Fall to, and fill your empty Paunches.

Scarce had he made an end of Boaſting,  
<sup>p</sup> But was to Boiling ſell, ſome Roaſting:

Twas ſoon enough, and to't they fall,  
They eat up Mutton, Guts and all;

Yet ſcarce could ſatisfy their Hungers,  
Theſe *Trojans* were ſuch Mutton-mongers.

<sup>q</sup> There was by Chance a *Stoop of Liquor*,  
Cork'd up in Bottles made of *Wicker*,

Giv'n by my Hoſteſs, I conceive,  
When firſt *Aeneas* took his leave:

This Drink (to make the Feaſt the fuller)  
*Aeneas* fetch'd out of his Sculler;

And, like a Man had ſomething in him,  
Gave it as free as e'er 'twas giv'n him:

Himſelf a Diſh he firſt pour'd our,  
For fear it would not go about:

Then ſtroaking up his *Whiskers* greaſy,  
He thus begins in Words moſt eaſy:

<sup>n</sup> *Nec prius abſiſſit quam ſeptem ingentia villarum*  
*Corpora fundat humi.*

<sup>o</sup> *Et ſocios pariter in omnes.*

<sup>p</sup> *Pars in fruſtra ſecant, verabique trementa ſigne*  
*Litore abena locant illi, flammaſque miſiſtrant.*

<sup>q</sup> *Vina, bonis que deinde caſis overat Aracelles*  
*Litere Trinacrio, dederatque abentibus Hiero,*  
*Dividit, & diſtiſi marentia peſtora mulcet.*

\* Here,

\* Here, Lads, have at ye, and be merry, and work  
W'are got at laſt ſafe o'er the Ferry:

And tho' we've had but angry Work, yet  
Let's make the beſt of a bad Market:

To-day let's drink, and hang To-morrow,  
A Grain of Mirth's worth Pounds of Sorrow:

\* Be blith and jolly then as may be,  
Faſt Heart, you know, ne'er wins fair Lady:

What tho' a while we fair but hardly,  
Yet in the End does our Reward lie:

We ſhall win Houſes, Lands and Doxies,  
With dainty Patches where no Fox is:

And then all this that ſeems t'undo us,  
Will be but Sport and Paſtime to us.

\* Thus did the ſubtle Fornicator  
Set a good Face on a bad Matter:

As who ſhould make 'em underſtand  
How pretty a Fellow he was on's Hand:

When I (tor all's brave all) muſt tell ye,  
His Heart then panted in his Bely.

\* Down glides his Ale over his Palet,  
As glib as had been Oil of Sallet:

And all the reſt, in their due Order  
Quaff'd till their Drink would go no further.

\* *O ſocii (ſequo enim ignari ſervus autè malorum)*  
*O paſſi gravatara; dabit Deus his quoque ſuam.*

*Vos & Scyllæam rabiem, pentiſiſque ſonantes*  
*Arctelli ſcopulor; vos & Cyclopa ſaxa*

*Experti; \* Revocate animo, maſtinatione timorem*  
*Mittite; ſorſan & hac olim meminiffe juvabit.*

*Per varios caſus, per tot diſcrimina rerum,*  
*Tenuimus in Latium; ſedes ubi ſata quietas*

*Oſtendunt:*

\* *Talia voce referet, curſiſque ingentibus æger*  
*Spem vultu ſimulat; premit altum corde dolorem.*

\* *Implentur veteris Bacchi, pinguisſique ferina.*

\* Now





\* Now having ſpent their Drink and Vittles,  
They riſe and wipe their greasy *Thimbles*;  
And ſtroaking them, began to mind 'em  
Of thoſe were left at Sea behind 'em:  
With that, *Æneas* made a Motion  
To climb the Hills, and look on th'*Ocean*,  
If from the Cliffs and Promontories,  
They might eſpy their Fellow *Tories*:  
At that they went, ſome this, ſome that Way,  
Some went not far, and ſome a great Way:  
Some whoop'd, ſome hollow'd, and ſome ſhouted,  
Some thought 'em ſafe, and others doubted;  
Some laid their Ears to Ground in cunning,  
To liſt if they could hear them coming:  
But all in vain; for none could ſpy 'em

They call'd their Friends, for none was nigh 'em.  
At laſt, by general Approbation,  
They laid 'em down, as was the ſaſhion,  
And ſlept, being tir'd with Pains and Feaſting,  
When Belly's full, Bones will be reſting.

Aſleep they lie ſnoozing and ſnoozing,  
With ſuch a Noiſe as made the Shore ring,  
Or ſuch a Din as Dogs do utter,  
When they by Night together clatter;  
Snaezing and ſwearſing in lewd ſaſhion,  
For Bitch of evil Converſation:

<sup>2</sup> When *Jove*, who was, belike, at Leiſure,  
Walking, or for his Health, or Pleaſure.

\* *Postquam exempta fames epulis, mensaque remota,  
Amiſſoſ longo ſocios ſermone requirunt;*  
<sup>2</sup> *Spemque, metumque inter dubiis, ſeu vivere credant,  
Sive extrema pati,*

<sup>2</sup> *Cum Jupiter æthere ſummo  
Deſpicens mare vulſuolum, terræque iacentes,  
Læſæque*

Looking

Looking about on ev'ry ſide him,  
<sup>2</sup> O' the *Libyan* Coaſts at laſt eſpy'd 'em,  
And ſaid in merry kind of Japping,  
Indeed, Sirs, have I ta'en you napping?  
Scarce had he ſpoke, when all o'th'*ſudden*,  
Whiſt he was on the *Trojans* ſtanding,  
Who ſhould come there to do her Duty,  
But *Venus* that was Queen of Beauty.

\* This *Venus*, without counterfeiting,  
Was a fine Laſt on's own begetting:  
Thou ne'er ſaw'ſt prettier in thy Liſe,  
Although he had her not by's Wife,  
But by a Fiſh-wench he was Kind to,  
And ſo the came in at the Window:  
Now *Venus* was *Æneas* Mother,  
And him the had by ſuch another  
Royſter as *Jove* was, when on Groundſid  
He firſt her Mother's Privy-counſel:

In the Behalf then of her By-blow,  
Which had endured many a dry-Blow,  
<sup>b</sup> She weeping came, ſighing and throbbing,  
And hardly could ſhe ſpeak for ſobbing.  
Until at laſt, with a fine Linen,  
Wrought round with Blue, of her own ſpinning,  
Wiping her Face from Tears and Snivil,  
She thus begun in Words moſt civil:

<sup>2</sup> *Et Libya deſixit lumina Regniſ.*  
<sup>b</sup> *Atque illum tales jaſtantem pœſſore curas,  
Triſtor, & lacrymis oculos injuſta mirantes,  
Alloquitur Venus:*

B

60



“ O thou, of Gods and Men, the King,  
That can't do any kind of Thing;

That past their wits dost Mortals frighten;  
When thou or Thunder dost, or Lightning;  
What could *Aeneas* do to thee?

Who can't a *Fart* for no Body :

“ Or the poor *Trojans*, what have they done,

That thus they still must be made Fools on ?

And that thou wilt for no Persuasions

Let them go follow their Occasions ?

“ I'm sure you promis'd me, and swore it,

(Ev'n let who can, forgive you for it)

That you would make 'em This, and That,

Kings, Captains, and I know not what;

And that out of your bounteous Givings,

They should have all both Lands and Livings,

And all live well in *Italy* :

But I perceive 'twas all a *Lie*.

“ *Jove* stroking up his great Mustachoes,

Smil'd for to see her so courageous ;

For had she broke a *Pot* or *Platter*,

He could not well be angry at her,

“ O, qui Rex Hominiūque, Deūque  
Ateris regis imperitis, Et fulmine totos

“ Quid Troes patere ? quibus tot saeva passis  
Caecis ob Italiam terrarum clauditor Orbis ?

“ Certe hinc Romanos olim, solventium aoni,  
Illos fore dactyli revocato à sanguine Teucri,

Qui Mare, qui Terras omni ditios tenerent,  
Pollicens. Qua te, Genitor, sententia vertis ?

“ Olli subridens Hembium sator atque Deorum,

He lov'd her so, which 'tis too common,

Either in Man, or else in Woman ;

Their Bastards they will clip and kiss ye,

More dearly than their lawful Issue.

“ *Jove* looking then most sweetly at her

(For she had made his Mouth to water)

Took *Venus* by the Chin, and gave her

A Kiss of a lascivious Flavor.

“ My pretty Wench (quoth he) I prithee,

Let's have no more such puling with thee :

All shall be well enough, ne'er fear it,

And by my Beard once more I swear it,

Thy Son *Aeneas*, thou dost doubt so,

Which makes thee whimper, cry, and pout so,

Shall be a King, a Prince at least ;

I speak in earnest, not in jest.

With that he whistled out most mainly,

You might have heard his Fift as plainly,

From one side of the Sky to th' other,

As you and I hear one another.

Thrice whistled he, when by and by,

Out came his Foot-Boy *Mercury*,

And ask'd him without more ado,

What 'twas he whistled for, and who ?

This *Mercury*, you must understand, Sir,

Had formerly been a *Roye-Dancer* :

“ Vultu, quo Caesum, Tempostatēque serenas,  
Oscula libavit Gnatae ; debinc talia fatur :

“ Parce metu, Cytherea ; manent immota tuorum  
Fata tibi. Ceras urbem, Et promissa Lavini

Mania, sublimēque feret ad sidera caeli  
Magnanimum Aeneam, ———

A nimble Rascal, and a Dapper,  
Full desfly could he cut a Caper,  
\* Dance, run, leap, frisk and curvet,  
Tumble and do the *Somerse*;  
And fly with artificial Wings;  
Ty'd to his Head and Heels with Strings:  
'Twas he first taught to fly th' Air,  
As we have seen at *Barle-Fair*;  
A nimble, witty Knave, I warrant,  
And one that well could say his Errand:  
An excellent Servant in plain dealing,  
But that he was inclin'd to Stealing.

<sup>1</sup> Sirrah, (quoth *Jove*) go take your Pumps,  
And haste to *Carthage*, stir your Stumps,  
And, as thou art a cunning Prater,  
Play me the fine Insinuator:  
*Dido* and all her *Carthaginians*,  
Possess throughout with kind Opinions  
Of the poor *Trojans*, lest Queen *Dido*  
Not knowing Things so well as I do,  
Should shew 'em all a Trick of *Pose-pops*,  
And chance t' indict 'em for a Treipals.  
Away he flies *Jas* further Speech,  
As he had had a Squib in's Breech;  
And suddenly, without discerning,  
<sup>2</sup> Set all the *Tyrans* Bowels yearning;

<sup>1</sup> *Hæc ait, & Mâit genitum demittit ab alto ;  
Ut terra, usque nova pateant Carthaginis arces  
Hospitio Teucris ; ne facti nescita Dido  
Fimibus arceat. Volat ille per æra magnus  
Remigio Alarum ; & Libyæ citus afficit oris :*  
-----  
<sup>2</sup> *Ponantque ferocia Pœni  
Corda, volente Deo ; impiis Regina quietum  
Accipit in Teucros autotum, mentemque benignam.*

*Dido,*



*Venus addresses Jupiter in behalf of her son Aeneas  
whom afterward she meets in a Wood.*

*Dido*, for her part, swore, a *Trojan*  
Should do the Feast for her, or no Min.  
Mean while the *Trojans* slept at ease,  
Unless sometimes bit by white Fleas,  
Their soft Repose in quiet taking,  
<sup>1</sup> Only *Aeneas* he was waking;  
Who whilst the Night was dark and o'ercast,  
Like one that had an excellent Fore-cast,  
Lay thinking now his Guts grew limber,  
How they might get more *Belly-Tinker*:  
No sooner the Light first came creeping,  
But that he cry'd, Ah Fool, art peeping?  
And up he starts to go a stealing,  
Either a Mutt'ning or a Vealing;  
And yet he thought, being a Stranger,  
To go alone might be some Danger;  
<sup>2</sup> Therefore he deem'd it not amiss,  
To call a Trusty Friend of his;  
And that he might go on the bolder,  
He laid a Two-hand Bar on's Shoulder.  
Thus going then abroad for Food,  
<sup>3</sup> he meets his Mother in a Wood;  
So smug she was, and so array'd,  
He took his Mother for a Maid:  
A great Mistake in her whose Bum  
So oft had been God *Mars*'s Drum,

<sup>1</sup> *At pius Aeneas, per noctem plurima volvens,  
Ut primum lux alma data est, ———*  
<sup>2</sup> *ipse suo graditur comitatus Achate;*  
*Bina manu lato crispans hastilia ferro,*  
<sup>3</sup> *Cui mater media sese tulit obvia sylva,  
Virginis es, habitumque gerens, ———*



When oft, full oft the lusty Drum-stick,  
 Breaking quite through would in her Bum stick.  
 Full oft when *Song* was blowing Bellows,  
 Would she be trucking with good Fellows;  
 And let herself be chucked as tamely,  
 As if therein there did no Blame ly,  
 By *Mars*, and many a one beside,  
 Or else she foully is bely'd.

° Well met, young Men, quoth *Venus* kindly,  
 As you came through the Woods behind ye,  
 Pray did you not, for all your haste, note  
 A Lais in Petticoat and Waistcoat;  
 With such a Pelt as mine thrown o'er her,  
 Driving a Sow and Pig before her?

\* No truly (quoth *Aeneas* mild)  
 I saw nor Man, Woman or Child;  
 Yet, though I say't, had I been nigh her,  
 I could as well as others, spy her:  
 But who art thou that speak'st so shrill,  
 As if thy Words came through a Quill?  
 Thou art of gentle Kindred surely,  
 Thou look'st and speak'st so demurely:  
 ¶ Therefore, Good Mistress, or Good Lady,  
 I do beseech you, if it may be,

—————° *Hæc, inquit, juvenes, monstrate mearum  
 Vultus si quam hic errantes forte ferorum,  
 Succidam piæveræ, & maculosa regimine lyncis,  
 Aut spumantis æqui, coram clamore prementem?*

—————¶ *Veneris contra se filius ævis:  
 Nulla tuarum audiam mihi, neque visæ ferorum.  
 O (quam te memorem!) virgo: namque haud tibi vultus  
 Meritali, nec vox hominum sanæ: O Dea, certe;  
 ¶ An Phœbi feræ, an Nympharum sanguinis una?*

To put us out of Fear or Dangers,  
 † Tell's where we are, for we are Strangers?  
 ° *Venus*, at that wriggling and mumping,  
 Cries, Pray young Man leave off your tramping,  
 For until now I've met with no Man,  
 E'er took me for a Gentlewoman;  
 She that I ask for is my Sister,  
 I wonder how the Pox you mist her!  
 We were this Morning sent in haste  
 To fetch a Sow that lies at Mast.

† Yond Town was built by one *Agenor*,  
 The Land's 's good it needs no *Mæstor*:

° One *Dido* now is Queen on't, who  
 Ran hither a good while ago:  
 She is a Queen of gentle bearing,  
 Whose Story will be worth the hearing:  
 \* But should I tell it all out-right,  
 I think 't would last a Winter's Night.  
 † Therefore in short, this same Queen *Dido*,  
 Who now, alas! is left a Widow!  
 Had one *Sichæus* to her Honey,  
 A wealthy Man in Land and Money:  
 † Whom one *Pigmalion*, unawares,  
 Kill'd, as he was saying on's Prayers;

—————° *Quo sub caelo tandem, quibus orbis in oris  
 Jactator, occas: ———*

† *Tunc Venus: Haud equidem tali me dignor honoræ,  
 † Punica reges vides, Tyrios, & Agenoris urbem:  
 † Imperium Dido Tyriæ regit urbs profella,  
 ———° longa est injuria, longa  
 Ambages; sed summa sequar fastigia rerum,  
 † Hinc coepit Sichæus erat, altissimus agri  
 ———¶ Ille Sichæum,*

*Impius ante aras, atque auri cæcus amore,  
 Clam ferro incautum superat, ———*



Only for lucre of his Pelf,  
Which he had thought t'have had himself,  
a And fo'ld Queen *Dido* off some Seafon,  
(Who cry'd and blubber'd out of reason)  
By telling her a Fim-flam Prattle,  
That he was gone to buy some Cattle :  
But on a Time, as without doubt,  
*Murder at some odd time will out :*  
One Night as she did sleep and snore,  
As she had never slept before,  
b Into her Chamber, Doors unlocking,  
Comes me her Husband without knocking,  
A Link he in his Hand did brandish,  
His Face was paler than your Band is ;  
Never he came, and would have kiss'd her,  
At which she well nigh had bepiss'd her ;  
But being a Ghost of civil fustion,  
He gave her *Words of Consolation*.  
Quoth he, I murder'd am, my Jewel,  
By ways most Barbarous and Cruel :  
And for to shew I tell no Fibs,  
c Leok what a Hole here's in my Ribs.  
And if thou stay'st, that Rogue *Pigmalion*  
Intends to use thee like a Stallion :  
d Therefore be gone, thou, and thy Meany,  
But leave the Rascal ne'er a Penny

—  
e *Ægram,*

(*Maisa malus simulans*) *vana spe lusti amantem.*

f *Ipsa sed in somnis indumentis ventis imago*  
*Conjugis, ora mediæ atollens pallida miris :*

—  
g *Træjectaque pectora ferro*

*Nudavit,*

h *Item celerare fugam, patriæque excedere suadet,*

*Auxiliisque vis, veteres tellure recludit*

*Thesauros, ignotum argenti pondus ævari.*

To

To bless himself ; it lies each Farthing,  
In an old Butter-pot t' th' Garden.

e *Dido* at this, rises up early,  
And with her Servants very fairly,  
Not caring for *Pigmalion's* Curfies,  
Steals all his Money-bags, and Purfies ;  
And in a Boat prepar'd o' th' nonce,  
Slipt all his Goods away at once,  
And got off safe, whilst all this Geer  
Was order'd by a *Wasscooter*.

f At last she came with all her People,  
To yonder Town with the Spire-Steeple,  
And bought as much good feeding Ground for  
Five Marks, as some would give five Pound for ;  
Where now she lives a Huswife Dairy,  
Has her Ground stockt, and keeps a Dairy :

g And now, young Men, I pray ye, shew me  
Whence do ye come, or whither go ye ?

h This being said, our lusty Swabber  
Grom'd like a Woman in her Labour,

—  
i *Ille commota, fugam Dido sociisque parabat,*  
*Convulsus, quibus aut odium crudele tyranni,*  
*Aut metus acer erat : naves, quæ sorte parata,*  
*Corripuit, curâque suo ; portantur Avari*  
*Pygmalionis opes pelago ; Dux femina falli.*

k *Devenere locas, ubi nunc ingenia cerne*  
*Mania, surgentemque nova Carthæginis arce,*  
*Mercantique silam, falli de nomine Hyjam,*  
*Taurino quantum possent circundare tergo.*

l *Sed vos qui tandem ? quibus aut venistis ab oris ?*

m *Quòve tenetis iter ?* h *Inserenti talibus ille*  
*Susprensus, inòque trabenti à pectore vocem :*  
*O Dea, si primâ repetens ab origine pergam,*  
*Et vacet annales nostrorum audire laborum ;*  
*Antè diem clausò componet vesper Olympo.*

B 5

And



And looking rufully upon her,  
Oh! Dame, quoth he, brim full of Honour,  
Should I begin my Story spinning  
From the first End to th' last Beginning,  
I doubt to finish we should miss time,  
For it would last till t' morrow this time.

<sup>1</sup> We Trojans are of *Troy-towa* Race,  
(If e'er you heard of such a Place)

<sup>2</sup> And I *Aeneas* fam'd in Fight;  
But much more for a Carpet-Knight;

Who bring along our Country-Gods,  
A Company of smoaky Toads,  
Catch'd out o'h' Fire from the *Greek*,  
When all the Town was of a Reek;  
And can derive my Pedigree,

(Although I say't) with any He,  
That is perhaps fuller of Pride,

Especially by th' Mother's side.  
Did my Fame never hither come?  
I'm talk'd of far and near at home;

To tell you truly as a Friend,  
<sup>3</sup> For *Italy* we do intend,

And put to Sea in paltry Weather,

<sup>4</sup> With twenty Pair of Oars together:

<sup>1</sup> Nos Trojæ antiquâ (si vestras forte per aures  
Trojæ nomen iis) —

<sup>2</sup> Sum pius Aeneas, raptos qui ex hoste Penates  
Classe vela mecum. —

<sup>3</sup> Italiam quaero patriam & genus ab Jove summo.

<sup>4</sup> His densi Phrygiæ confectis navibus aquar,  
Matre Deâ monstrante viam, data fata sequimur.  
Vix septem convulsa vadis, Eurique superius.

Of which there hardly are left seven,  
Which put into the Shore last Even.

<sup>1</sup> Pours the while *Aeneas* crying,  
And seeing he could scarce hold crying;  
Thus cut him off in courteous Fashion,  
I'h' middl on's pitiful Relation:

<sup>2</sup> Who e'er thou art, take Heart I say,

Rome can't be built all on a Day;  
And tho' you've suffer'd some Disasters,  
Yet let me tell you this, my Masters,  
'Tis a good Sign that those Gods love ye,  
For all your haste, that hither drove ye:  
You might have walk'd your Pumps a-piece,  
E'er light on such a Place as this is.

<sup>3</sup> Go me to th' *Queen* now out of Hand,

And show her how your Matters stand:  
She'll make you welcome for her Part:

She loves tall Fellows in her Heart:  
<sup>4</sup> There, on my honest Word, you'll meet

Your lost Companions, I fore-see't;  
And have all Things that you would wish.

<sup>5</sup> Or surely I was taught amis:

(And I a Father had could make,  
In time of need an Almanack)

— <sup>1</sup> Nec plura querentem

Passa Venus: medio sic interfata dolore est:

<sup>2</sup> Quisquis es, laudâ (credo) invisus caelestium aurâs

Vitales carpit, Tyriam qui advenis urbem.

<sup>3</sup> Perge modo atque hinc te Regina ad limina perfr.

<sup>4</sup> Namque tibi reducam socios, classemque relaxatam

Navium. —

<sup>5</sup> Ni frustra augurium vovî decuire parentes.

Cheer up your Hearts, your Spirits rally,  
And ne'er stand fooling shall I, shall I,  
But budge, jog on, bestir your Toes,  
\* There lies your Way follow your Nose.

With that she turn'd to go away,  
And did her freckl'd Neck display;  
By which, and by a certain Whiff,  
Came from her Arm-pits, or her Cliff,  
And a fine Hobble in her Pace,  
*Æneas* knew his Mother's Grace :

\* Mother, quoth he, why dost thou run thus?  
And with thy *Musling* cheat thy Son thus?  
Why may we not shake one another  
By th' Hand, and talk like Son and Mother?  
Oh think upon our woeful Cases,  
Whilst thus we wander in strange Places.

But she was gone; for when the list,  
She foist away could in a Mist;  
Nor could she tarry, to say truly,  
For she had made a Promise newly,  
To meet a Friend of hers to dally,  
In a blind Street they call *Ram-ally*.

\* *Perge modo; & quâ te ducit via, dirige gressum.*

† *Dixit; & averteus sese cervicè respicit;*

*Ambròsius coma divinus vertice colorem*

*Spirare; pedes vestis depressit ad imas;*

*Et vera luctu patuit Dea. Ille, ubi matrem*

*Agnovit, tali fugientem est voce sequutus:*

‡ *Quid nazum totis crudelis tu quoque fassis*

*Luctu imaginibus? cur dextra iungere dextram*

*Non datur, ac veras audire, & ridere vocis?*

§ *At Venus obscuro gradientes aere sessis,*

*Et multo nebula circum Dea fudit amictu,*

*Cernere ne quis eos, non quis contingere possit,*

*Molirive moram.*

¶ *Ipsi Paphum sublimis abis,*

*Æneas* then began to find,  
That there was something in the Wind;  
And said, my Mother's a mad Shaver,  
No Man alive knows where to have her;  
But I'd as live as half a Crown,  
We two could walk fo into th' Town.

*Venus* heard what he said, for she  
Could hear, as far as we can see,  
And in a Moment to befriend 'em,  
Two Cloaks invisible did lend 'em.

Thus cloakt, their Knavery to better,  
Away they trudge it helter skelter,  
Until *Æneas* and his Friend,  
Safely arriv'd at the Town's end.

\* *Æneas* star'd about and wondred,  
To see of Houses a whole Hundred;  
But when he saw the Folks were there,  
He thought it had been *Carthage-Pair*.

† The Town was full all in a Pother,  
Some doing one Thing, some another,  
Some digging were, some making Mortar,  
Some hewing Stones in such a Quarter:  
For they were all, as Story tells,  
Building or doing something else:  
‡ And to be short, all that he sees,  
Were working busily as *Feca*.

‡ *Corripere viam iteres, quâ semita monstrat.*

*Tanquam ascendebant collem, qui plurimus urbi*

*Imminet, adversâque aspectat desuper arce.*

§ *Miratur molem Æneas, magalia quondam:*

¶ *Instant ardentes Tyrii; pars ducere muros,*

*Molirive arcem, & manibus subvolvère saxa:*

*Pars aptare locum tellis, & concludere sulco.*

‡ *Qualls apes astare nova per fœca rura*

*Exerit sub sole labor,*

A Pth' middle of the Town there stood  
A goodly Elm o'ergrown with Wood:  
And under that were Stocks most duly,  
To lock them fast that were unruly:  
There sat they down to ease their Travel,  
Picking their twenty Toes from Gravel,  
And look'd about as they lay lurking,

\* To see the busy *Tyrinus* working:  
But none could see them for their Spell,  
They were so hid, they might as well,  
Tho' they had betn never so nigh 'em,  
See through a double Door as spy 'em.  
Near stood the Church, a pretty Building,  
Plain as a Pike-staff without gilding,

I cannot liken any to it,  
Unless't be *Pavras*, if you know it.  
† This Church *Queen Dido*, 'tis related,  
Built, and to *Janus* dedicated,  
And was beholden unto none,  
But built it all both Stick and Stone,  
At her own proper Cost and Charges;  
No Church Pth' Country near so large is:  
It was well laid with Lime and Mortar;  
For so the Workmen did exhort her,  
Because it would be so much stronger,  
And so, you know, would last the longer:

\* *Lucus in urbe fuit media, latissimus umbra:*  
† *Infer se septus nebula, mirabile dictu,  
Per medias, misissetque viris; neque cernitur ulli.  
‡ Hic templum Junoni ingens Sitionia Dido  
Condebat,*

It

It had a Door peg'd with a Pin,  
To shut Folks out, or let Folks in,  
And in a pretty wooden Sceptle,  
A Low Bell hung to call the People.  
*Aeneas* and his Friend went thither,  
Seeing a many Folks together,  
Whose misty Cloaks so well did hide 'em,  
That in they went, and no one spy'd 'em.

\* But then they wonder'd to behold  
The Images so manifold,  
That staring stood in sundry Places,  
As if they would fly in their Faces:  
Then quoth *Aeneas* to's Comrade,  
This Fellow Master was on's Trade;  
That pictur'd these: Look, look, as I am,  
An honest Man, yonder's our *Prizam*;  
See where he stands in Silk and Sattin,  
As he could speak both Greek and Latin:  
Whoop, yonder's *Heitor* too, and *Troilus*.  
Look thee, how there the *Graecians* foil us;  
‡ And there our trusty *Trojans* do  
Bang them, and pay them quid for quo.  
Yonder *Achilles* gives a Rap,  
With his Cock-feather in his Cap:

\* *Artificumque manus inter se, operamque laborem  
Mirator; videt illas ex ordine pugnas,  
Bellaque jam facta totum vulgata per orbem;  
Atidas, Prizamque, & secum amboque Achillem.  
Constitit, & lacrymans, Quis jam locus (inquirit) Achate,  
Quae regio in terris nostris non plena laboris?  
— videbat, uti bellantes Pergama circum  
Hac fugerent Graii, premeret Trojans juvenutus:  
Hac Elyge; inflaret turru cristatus Achilles.*

And

And yonder's one, for all's Bravado,  
Knocks him with luſty Baſtinado.  
How came theſe here to be Piſtur'd thus?  
Sure all the World has heard of us.

<sup>b</sup> Whilt thus *Aeneas* ſad and maddy,  
Stood muſing in a dark brown Study,  
In comes Queen *Dido*, that fair Lady,  
In Apron white, as on a *May-day*;  
A crew of Roysterers waited on her,  
Which there were call'd her Men of Honour:  
All clad in fair blue Coats and Badges,  
To whom Queen *Dido* paid good Wages.

<sup>1</sup> Ev'n as a proper Woman flows,  
When unto Wake, or Fair ſhe goes,  
Glad in her beſt Apparel, ſo  
Queen *Dido* all this time did ſhow,  
And was ſo brave a buxom Laſt,  
That ſhe did all the Town ſurpaſs,  
Into the miſt o' th' Church ſhe marches,  
And there betwix a Pair of Archer,  
Upon a Stool ſet for the nonce,  
She went to reſt her Marrow-bones,  
And on a Cuſhion ſtuft with Flocks.  
She clapt her dainty Pair of Docks.

<sup>b</sup> *Haec dum Dardanio Aeneas miranda videntem,  
Dum ſuſpet, obtutuſque haeret deſpectus in uno:  
Regina ad templum formâ pulcherrima Dido  
Iteſſa, magnâ juvenum ſuſcipere catervâ.  
<sup>1</sup> Qualli in Eurota ripis, aut per ſuga Cythi  
Exeret Diana choras, quam mille ſequuntur  
Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades; illa phœtream  
Fert humero, gratiſſaque Deas ſupereminet omnes.*

<sup>a</sup> There

<sup>a</sup> There *Dido* ſat in State each Day,  
To hear what any one could ſay;  
Some to rebuke, and for to ſmooth ſome,  
And give out Laws wholeſome, or toothſome;  
To puniſh ſuch as had Inſolence,  
And make them good *Noſens* or *Volens*;  
And there likewiſe each Morning-tide,  
She did the young Men's Tasks divide;  
Wherein great Policy did lurk,  
Each knew his Jobb of Journey-work,  
And fell about it without jangling:  
But that which kept them moſt from wrangling,  
Was, that they ſtill drew Cuts to know,  
Whether they ſhould work hard or no:  
And who had the longeſt Cut, and th' beſt,  
Had ſtill more Work than all the reſt.

<sup>1</sup> Here whilt *Aeneas* ſqueez'd and thruſt is,  
To ſee Queen *Dido* doing Juſtice:  
Who ſhould he but his Fellow ſpy,  
Got into *Dido's* Company:  
There *Anteus* was (no Mortal fiercer)  
And one *Sergeſtus* too, a Mercer,  
With other *Trojans* that would vapor,  
*Claonthus* too, the Woolen-dramer,  
All which and forty *Trojans* more,  
Were wonderfully got to Shore.

<sup>b</sup> *Tam ſeribus Diva mediâ reſſudat templi.  
Septa armis, ſolique altè ſubnixâ reſedit;  
Fura dabat, legèſque viris, operamque laborem  
Partibus aquabat juſſis, aut forte irabebat.  
<sup>1</sup> Cum ſubitò Aeneas courſu accedere magno  
Anthea, Sergeſtunſque videt, fortetempus  
Claonthusum,  
Teucrorumque alios; ater quos aquare turbo  
Diſpulerat, penitunſque alius avexerat oras.*

<sup>m</sup> At



<sup>22</sup> At this *Aeneas* and his Friend,  
Were e'en almost at their Wits End;  
Z'id, *Jove* forgive me that I swear,  
Quoth he, how think'st, how came they here?  
Nay, quoth the other presently,  
*Aeneas*, what a Fox know I?

<sup>23</sup> *Aeneas* was so glad on's Kin,  
He ready was to leap out on's Skin;  
And so was t'other, for in Sadness,  
They were e'en mad, 'twixt Fear and Gladness.  
But yet it seems they were so wise,  
To keep 'em safe in their Disguise:  
Until their Friends had try'd the Opinions  
Of the kind-hearted *Carthaginians*.

<sup>24</sup> At last they saw one *Ilioneus*.  
A *Trojan* very Ceremonious:  
A Youth of very fine Condition,  
A very pretty Rhetorician:  
One that could Write, and Read, and had  
Been bred at Free-school from a Lad,  
Thrust up to *Dile* in good Fashion,  
And thus begins his fine Oration:  
<sup>25</sup> O *Queen*, who here hast built a Village,  
And keep'st thy Ground in hearty Tillage,

<sup>26</sup> *Obscurus simul ipse, simul pulcherrimus Achates,*

<sup>27</sup> *Lactisque, melisque, avidi conjungere dextras*  
*Ardebat; sed res animos involuta turbat.*

*Dissonant, & nube cavâ speculantur amisti,*

*Sua fortuna viris;*

<sup>28</sup> *Postquam introgressi, & coram data copia sanâ,*

*Maximus Ilioneus placido sic pectore capis:*

<sup>29</sup> O *Regina*, novam cui condere *Jupiter* urbem,

*Justitiâque dedit gentes frangere superbas;*

*Troes te miseri, ventis maria omnia velli*

*Oramus; prohibe insanos à navibus ignes:*

*Parce pio generi, & propius res aspice nostras.*

O thou, who hast the Royal Science  
To govern Men as wild as Lions,  
Behold us here, who look like Men  
New eaten and spew'd up agen:  
So spitefully has Fortune crost us,  
So woefully the Seas have tost us.  
A few poor *Trojans* here you see,  
Even as poor as poor may be;  
Thrown on the Shore by Wind and Weather,  
Ill Luck, the Devil, and all together;  
And humbly do beseech your Grace,  
To pity our most woeful Case.  
Your Men are all in hurly-burly,  
And look upon us grim and furlly:  
So that if you be not good to us,  
They'll burn our Boats, and quite undo us:  
Therefore we pray you, send some one,  
To bid 'em let our Boats alone.

<sup>30</sup> Alas, we come not to purloin,  
Either your Cattle or your Coin,  
Neither to fish Linen or Woollen,  
Nor yet to steal away your Pullen;  
We have no such knavish Ends as these,  
But only to beg Bread and Cheese.

<sup>31</sup> We were hard rowing to a Place,  
A hardish Kind of Name it was,

<sup>32</sup> *Non nos aut ferro Lybicos populare Penates*

*Venimus, aut raptas ad litora vertere pradas:*

*Non ea vis animo, nec tanta superbia vitis.*

<sup>33</sup> *Est locus (Hisperiam Graji cognomine dicunt)*

*Terra antiqua, potens armis, atque ubere gleba;*

*Onentri coluere viri: nunc fama, minaras*

*Italiam dixisse, ducis de nomine, gentem*

*Hinc cursus fuit:*

Where once your what shall's call'ums (rot 'em,  
It makes me mad I have forget 'em)  
Liv'd a great while; but now d'ye see,  
'Tis known by th' Name of *Italy*:

<sup>1</sup> When on a sudden one *Orion*  
Powder'd upon us, like a Lion,  
And squander'd us on Flats and Shelves,  
Enough to make us drown ourselves:  
So that of Sixscore Men, and dest ones,

Even here, O Queen, are all that's left on's.

<sup>2</sup> Then what should all your *Trojans* thus  
To fowl and look askew at us;  
O where the Devil were they bred?

Sure ranker Clowns ne'er liv'd by Bread!

And, for to tell your Grace my Thought,

I think they're better fed than taught;

For (as I am an honest Man,

Let 'em deny it if they can,

<sup>3</sup> No sooner landed we to bait us,

But that the Rogues threw Cow-turds at us:

But, *Queen*, I hope, thou'lt teach the Wretches

Henceforth to meddle with their Matches.

<sup>1</sup> Cum subito assurgens fœtus nimborum Orion  
In vada sacra tulit, pœnitique precucibus Ausonii,  
Pérque nodas, superante sale, porque involta saxa  
Diffudit; huc pauci vestris aduocimus oris.

<sup>2</sup> Quod genus hoc hominum? quæve huc tam barbara morem  
Permittit patria? Hospitio prohibemur arena:  
Bella cœnt, primæque volant consistere terra.

<sup>3</sup> *Æneas*

<sup>4</sup> *Æneas* once did us command,  
A taller Fellow of his Hand,  
Nor honestier, ne'er did, or shall  
Draw up a Trapflick to a Wall.  
If he but live, and that already  
He be not drowned in some Eddy,  
You of your Cost will ne'er repent you,  
For to a Penny he'll content you.

<sup>5</sup> Look then o'th' *Trojans* and befriend 'em,

Let's draw our Bots ashore and mend 'em,

We'll promise you, that if we meet,

Our Captain with the rest o'th' Fleet.

And if he be not turn'd t' a Gudgeon,

We towards *Italy* will trudge on;

<sup>6</sup> And if that he shall still be lacking,

Then back again we'll straight be packing.

<sup>7</sup> *Dido* like Woman of good Fashion,

Gave special Heed to his Relation,

<sup>4</sup> Rex erat Aeneas nobis; quo iustior alter  
Nec pietate fuit, nec bello major, & armis;  
Quem si fata virum seruant, si vesctur aurâ  
Æthereâ, neque adhuc crudelibus œcubat umbris,  
Non metus, officio nec te certasse priorem  
Pœnitent.

<sup>5</sup> Quassatam ventis liceat subducere classem,  
Et hinc aptare trabes, & stringere remos;  
Si datur Italiam, sociis & rege receptis,  
Tendere; ne Italiam læti, Latiniq; petamus:  
<sup>6</sup> Sin assumpta salus, & te, pater optime Teucrum,  
Pavens habet Ligyæ, nec spes jam restat Iuli:  
At freta Sicavæ saltrem, sedoq; paratas,  
Unde huc advenit, regemq; petamus Aesthen.

<sup>7</sup> Tum breviter Dido, curam demissa, profatur:  
Salvite corde metum, Teucri, secludite curas.  
Res dura, & Regni novitas, me talia cogunt  
Moliri,

And



And all the while he did relate it,  
Mumpt like a Bride that would be it.  
At last when he had told his Tale,  
Mantling like Mare in Martingale,  
She thus reply'd, *Trojans* be cheary,  
Pluck up your Hearts, and rest you merry;  
Our Town-folks here are something wary,  
Not that they any Ill-will bear ye;  
For they are very honest Fellows,  
But that of late a Chance befel us.  
To tell you true, the other Day,  
When all my Folks were gone to th' Hay,  
A lusty Rascal, such a one  
As one of you (dispratic to none)  
Comes into th' Yard, and off the Hedge,  
Where all our Cloaths were hung to bleach,  
Whips me a Brand-new Flaxen Smock,  
The very best of all my Stock;  
And runs away w't in a Trice:  
(T had ne'er been on my Back past twice:  
But you, I know, such Baseness scorn,  
You all are Men well bred and born:  
<sup>a</sup> Who has not heard o'th' *Trojan* People,  
And of *Aeneas* and his Swipple?  
Nor shall you find us Dames of Tyre,  
So far remov'd from *Phœbus* Fire;  
But we can cherish lusty Yeomen,  
And carry Toys like other Women.

<sup>a</sup> *Quis genus Evendūm, quis Troja nesciat urbem?  
Virtutisque, virgine, aut tanta incendia belli?  
Non obrita aëto gestamus plectra Panni;  
Nec tam aversus equos Tyria sol jungit ab arbe.*

<sup>b</sup> Therefore

<sup>b</sup> Therefore you shall, whether you go  
Straight on to *Italy*, or no;  
Or whether you row on the Main,  
To your own Parish back again,  
Have what you want, nor will I dun ye,  
But pay me when you can get Money:  
<sup>c</sup> But if you tarry here, this Town  
That I now build shall be your own;  
And be as free you *Trojans* shall,  
As any *Tyrus* of 'em all.  
A Man's a Man, as I have read,  
Though he have but a Hoac on's Head:  
<sup>d</sup> And I could wish that the same Weather  
That blew your tatter'd Scullers hither,  
Would blow *Aeneas* hither too,  
And then there were no more to do.  
<sup>e</sup> But I'll send out my Men; who knows,  
But he may now be picking Sioes  
In our Town-woods, or getting Nuts.  
For very need to fill his Guts?  
<sup>f</sup> *Aeneas* in his misty Cloak,  
Heard every Word *Queen Dido* spoke.

<sup>b</sup> *Seu vos Hesperiam magnam, Sationidque arva,  
Sive Eryci fovei, regemque optatis Actifen,  
Anxillio tanto dimittam, epibusque juvabo.*

<sup>c</sup> *Vultis & his mecum pariter considere regnis?  
Urbem quam statim, vestra est, subactis naves.  
Tros, Tyriisque mihi nulla discrimine agatur.*

<sup>d</sup> *Atque utinam Rex ipse Noto compulsus eodem  
Affores Aeneas!*

<sup>e</sup> *Per litora tertio  
Dimittam, & Libya lustrare extrema jubebo;  
Si quibus epibus sylvos, aut urbis erret.*

<sup>f</sup> *Hic animam arrepti dicitis, & fortis Athabates,  
Et Pater Aeneas, parandulum erampere urbem  
Arabant.*

Her Honey Words made his Mouth water,  
 And he e'en twitter'd to be at her :  
 But he was so o'erjoy'd, he flood  
 Like a great Sloven made of Wood ;  
 And could not speak (though he was willing)  
 Would one have gave him forty Shilling.  
 At last his Friend jog'd him with's Hand,  
 How like a Logger-head you stand !  
 Quoth he, for certainly I think,  
 Thou'rt either mad, or in thy Drink :  
 Dost thou not see our Friends all round,  
 Excepting one whom we saw drown'd ;  
 And all as well as Heart can wish,  
 And yet thou stand'st as mute as Fish !

<sup>b</sup> Scarce he had spoke, but off he threw  
 His Mantle made of Mists so blue,  
 And stood as plainly to be seen  
 As any there, *God bless the Queen.*

<sup>c</sup> For's Mother had so dizen'd him,  
 That he should shew both neat and trim :  
 Tho' (truly) he was but an odd Man,  
 Splay-mouth'd, crump-shoulder'd, like the God Pan :  
 Yet could he not th' Nick invent  
 Her Majesty a Compliment :

<sup>e</sup> ——— Prior *Aeneam* compellat Achates :  
 Nate Dea, que nunc animo sententia surgit ?  
 Omnia tuta vides; classem, sociisque receptos,  
 Unus ades, meo in faucibus quem vidimus ipsi  
 Submersum :

<sup>b</sup> Vix ea factus erat, cum circumfusa repente  
 Scindit se nubes, & in aethera purgat apertum :  
 Restitit *Aeneas*, claraque in luce refulsit.

<sup>c</sup> O, humerisque Deo similis; namque ipsa decerans  
 Caesariem nato genitrix, lumenque parenta  
 Eurpæarum, & laetis oculis afflavit honores.

But

But scratch'd his Head, and 'gan to sputter,  
 His Elbow rub'd, and kept a Clutter,  
 Mopping and mowing, till at last,  
 All Difficulties over-past,

<sup>k</sup> In Courty Phraze it thus came out:  
 Madam (quoth he) your humble Trout:  
 That same *Aeneas*, whom you prize thus,  
 Is here without *Deceptio visus* :  
 I that same very Man am here,  
 And come to taste of your good Cheer:  
<sup>l</sup> O *Dido*, Primrose of Perfection,  
 Who only grantest kind Protection  
 To wandring *Trojens*, how shall we  
 E'er pay thee for this Courtescie!  
 We never can, my dainty Friend,  
 Then let *Jove* do't, and there's an End.

<sup>m</sup> Thus having ended his fine Speech,  
 Towards the Queen he turn'd his Breech ;  
 And spoke to's Men, says, Lads how is't ?  
 Come, give me every one a Fill ;

<sup>k</sup> Tum sic Reginam alloquitur, eunisque rependit  
 Improvisus ait, Coram, quem quaritis, adsum  
*Tivus Aeneas*,

<sup>l</sup> O sola infans; Treja miserrata labores,  
 Quae nos, reliquias Danaum, terraque, marique  
 Omnibus exhaustos jam casibus, omnia egenos,  
 Urbe, domo, sociis, Grates perolvere dignas  
 Nos optis est nostrae, *Dido*; nec quicquid ubique est  
 Gentis Dardaniae, magnum que sparsa per orbem.  
 Dii tibi (si qua piis respectant numina, siquid  
 Usquam iustitiae est, & mens sibi conscia redi)  
 Praemia digna feram

<sup>m</sup> sic factus; amicum  
 Illucen petit dextrâ, levâque Serpensum ;  
 Post, alios, fortènamque Gyas, fortènamque Clouthum;

C

How



How dost thou, Gay? and Sirs, how d'ye?  
Now by my Troth, I'm glad to see ye;  
'Tis better being here I trow,  
Than where we were a while ago,  
No longer since than Yesterday:  
Welcome to Tyre as I may say.

With that to shaking Hands they fall,  
And he most friendly shak't them all:  
Surely he was no Counterfeiter,  
No Bandog could have shak'd 'em better.

<sup>n</sup> Queen *Dido* ravi'll'd to behold  
The Carriage sweet of this Springold,  
Star'd for a while as she'd look through him,  
And then thus brake her Mind unto him:

° O thou who hast so finely been bred,  
And com'd art of such honest Kindred,  
By what strange Luck hast thou been hurry'd,  
As if the Fates would thee have worry'd;  
'Tis strange thou hast not burst thy Hoops,  
Thou'it been so bang'd about the Scoops.

¶ Art thou *Aeneas* with th' great Ware  
So famous for a Cudgel-player,  
Whom *Venus* with her fine Devices,  
Bore that old Knocker, good *Anchises*?

° My Father *Belus* went with *Tener*,  
(I think he had not many spruce)

<sup>n</sup> *Obstatuit primo aspectu Sidera Dido,  
Cesum deinde viri tantis, quæ sic ere locuta est:  
° Quis te, nata Dea, per tanta pericula casus  
Insequitur? qua vis immensus applicat vis?  
¶ Tuus ille *Aeneas*, quem *Dardanio* Anchise  
*Alma Venus* Phrygiæ genuit *Simoëntis* ad unam?  
° Atque equalem *Tenerum* memini *Sidera* venire,  
*Fratribus* expulsam patris, nova regna petentem  
*Auxilio* *Vesp.**

To take Possession of an Island,  
That was some twenty Rood of dry-land.  
¶ And he still gave great Commendations  
Of *Trojan*'s 'bove all other Nations;  
He could have nam'd you all by dozens,  
And told me you and he were Cousins.

¶ Therefore, young Men, to *Carthage* you  
Are welcome without more ado:  
I have myself (I'd have you know)  
Been driven to my Shiffs e'er now,  
And therefore in my Jurisdiction,  
Pity a Beast that's in Affliction:

¶ With that she stretched forth a Hand,  
So white, it made *Aeneas* stand  
Aman'd to see't (for know that she  
Still wash't her Hands in Chamber-lee)  
And led *Aeneas* in kind Fashion,  
Towards her Grace's Habitation;  
And made a Curtsy at the Door,  
And pray'd him to go in before:  
But he most courteously cry'd, no,  
I hope I'm better bred than so;  
But let him say what he say could,  
*Dido* swore *Faith and Troth* he should:

¶ *Ipsæ hostis Teneros insigni laude ferebat;  
Siquæ ortum antiquæ *Tenacrorum* à stirpe volebat.  
¶ Quare agite, ô, tellus, juvenes, succedite nostris.  
Me quoque per multos similis fortuna labores  
Faciatarum, hæc demum voluit consistere terra.  
Non ignarus mali miseris succurrere dico.  
¶ Sic memorat; simul *Aeneas* in regia dicit  
Tulla.*



Well (quoth *Aeneas*) I see still  
Women and Fools must have their Will:  
And thereupon without more talking,  
Enters before her proudly flaking,  
Scarce were they got within the Doors,  
But *Dido* call'd her Maids all Whores,  
And a great Coyl and Scolding keeps,  
Because the Houſe was not clean ſwept.

<sup>a</sup> Then all in haſte away the ſends  
Viſtuals unto *Aeneas*' Friends;  
Peaſe perridge, Bacon, Pudding, Sowſe,  
O'th' very beſt ſhe had i'th' Houſe,  
Butter, and Curds, and Cheeſes plenty,  
To fill their Guts that were full empty,  
Bidding them eat, and never ſave it,  
But call for more, and they ſhould have it.  
<sup>b</sup> This being done, the dainty Queen  
Conducts the *Trojans* further in;  
Into a Parlor neat ſhe takes 'em,  
And there moſt fairly welcome makes 'em:  
She ſerv'd 'em Drink and Viſtuals up,  
As long as they would eat or ſup;  
Whilst each one there ſo play'd the Glutton,  
That he was forced to unbutton.  
No ſooner had the *Trojans* bold  
Stuff'd their Guts full as they would hold;

<sup>a</sup> *Nec minus interea fecit ad littora mixta  
Viginti lauras, magnorum horrentia centum  
Terga suum, pingues centum cum matribus agnos:*  
<sup>b</sup> *At domus interior regali splendida luxu  
Instruitur: mediisque parant convivium testis.*

But

But that *Aeneas* ſtrait begun,  
<sup>a</sup> All to bethink him of his Son.  
<sup>\*</sup> Now you muſt know that ſhe had had  
A Wench, and by that Wench a Lad:  
The Laſt *Creaſa* had to Name,  
Whom (be it ſpoken to their Shame)  
The *Greeks* (when firſt they took *Troy* City,  
Did thruſt to Death, without all Pity:  
Firſt of that Sex ſure in fair Juſting,  
That ever ſuffer'd Death by thruſting.  
<sup>d</sup> His Son *Aſcanius* hight, a Page,  
About ſome dozen Years of Age,  
This Boy *Aeneas* ſent *Achates*  
To fetch (quoth he) ſince we feed gratis,  
Why ſhould not now my little Baſtard,  
(That I dare ſwear would prove no Daſtard)  
Come to Queen *Dido*'s Houſe, and teat  
As we have done o'th' very beſt?  
Go fetch him then, <sup>e</sup> and let him bring's  
Out of my Coſter, thoſe gay Things  
I ſhould at *Troy*; which for their Fineneſs  
He ſhall preſent unto her Highneſs.  
There is a Riding-hood and Safe-guard  
Of yellow Lace, bound with a brave-guard,

<sup>e</sup> *Omnia in Aſcanio chari ſunt cura parentis.*  
<sup>d</sup> *Aeneas—rapidium ad naves praemiſit Achatem  
Aſcanio ferat haec, iſſonſoque ad manū ducat.*  
<sup>e</sup> *Mumera praeterea, ſiliari erecta ruſiſis,  
Ferre iubet; palliis ſignis, aurique rigentem,  
Et circumſectum croceis velamen Acantho;  
Ornatus Argivæ Helenæ; quos illa Mycenis,  
Pergama cum peteret, inconceſſiſſique Hymenæos,  
Extulerat: —*

Indolent:

C 3

Which

\* See *Servius* upon  
*Virgil.*



Which *Helen* wore, the very Day  
That *Paris* stole her quite away.  
‡ Then there's a *Distaff* neatly wrought,  
That *Paris* too for *Helen* bought,  
For carved Works fit to be seen,  
Betwixt the Legs of any Queen.  
And then there is a fair great Ruff,  
Made of a pure and costly Stuff,  
To wear about her Highness Neck,  
Like *Miss Kocaney* in the *Peak*;  
And last a Quoit, wrought gorgeously  
With *Tinsel*, and *Blue Coventry*:  
Then go as fast as th' canst, I prithee,  
And bring him and these Presents with thee.  
‡ Away goes he, as he was bidden,  
Running as fast as if h' had ridden;  
But *Venus* that same cunning Dame,  
Had yet another Trick to play 'em.  
‡ She had no very good Opinion  
Of your so smooth tongu'd *Carthaginian*:  
Nor knew she but the Queen might be  
As full of Craft as *Courtesy*;  
‡ And she was sure that *Juno* would  
Do all the Mischief that she could;

‡ *Præterea sceptrum, Iliote quod gesserat olim,  
Maxima nastarum Præmi, collaque mœnile  
Baccatum, & duplicem gemmis auriq; coronam.*

‡ *Hæc celerans, iter ad novæ tendebat Achæos.  
At Cytherea novas artes, novæ pectore versat  
Consilia:*

‡ *Quippe domum times ambiguum, Tyriôq; bilingues.  
‡ Uris atrox Juno,*————

Therefore

Therefore she in all haste did run  
T' a Boy call'd *Cupid* was her Son.  
This *Cupid* was a little Tynny,  
Coggling, Lying, Pevvish Nynny;  
No bigger than a good Point Tag,  
But yet a vile unhappy Wag:  
He ne'er would go to School, but play  
The Truant ev'ry other Day:  
Run Men into the Breach with Pins,  
Throw Stones at Folks and break their Slains;  
Kill Peoples Hens, and steal their Chicks,  
And do a thousand Raggy Tricks:  
But with a Bow the Sheet-breech Elf  
Would floor like *Robin Hood* himself;  
And had, I warrant, ev'ry Dart,  
Poys'n'd with such a subtle Art,  
That where they hat their Pow'r was so,  
It made Folks love, would they or no;  
And for this Trick the hopeful Youth  
Was call'd *The God of Love*, forsooth.  
To this young Squire Dame *Venus* trotted,  
As I (if you have not forgot it)  
Told you before, and thus began  
To flatter up her graceless Son;  
‡ My Golly Locks, (quoth she) my Joy,  
My pretty little tynny Boy;  
Thy Mother *Venus* comes to thee  
T' implore thy little Deity.

‡ *Gnate, mea vires, mea magna potentia solus,  
Gnate, Patris summi, qui tela Typhœa tenentis;  
Ad te confugio, & supplex tua nomina pŕo.*

C †

‡ Thog

1 Thou know'it as well as any other,  
 How *Juno* vñe has us'd thy Brother,  
 Our poor *Aeneas*, what a Clatter,  
 She made to drown him on the Water;  
 Nay, she would do more mischief still,  
 If the curst *Quæsa* might have her Will.  
 2 *Aeneas* now is at a Place,  
 Call'd *Carthage*, with a handiome Lads,  
*Queen Dido* nam'd, where now he is  
 Made on as much as Heart can wish;  
 3 But lest the *Queen* should change her Mind  
 As Weather-cocks do with the Wind,  
 And thorough *Juno's* Wiles at last,  
 Shew him a Women's slipp'ry Cast:  
 My pretty Archer, let us two  
 Shew the proud Slut what we can do.  
 My Son *Aeneas* does dispatch  
*Achates* to the Wharf to fetch  
 My little Grandchild, who must come  
 To sup in *Dido's* Dining-room.  
 Now since that thus in short the Case is,  
 And that thou canst sò well cut Faces:

1 *Frater ut Aeneas pelago tunc omnia circum  
 Litora pelleret, nullis Junonis iniqua,  
 Nota fides:*

2 *Hanc Phœnissâ tenet Dido, blandisque moratur  
 Viribus: & verior, quo se Junonis vertant  
 Hospitia, haud tanto cessabit cardine verum.*

3 *Quœstra capere autê dolis, & eligere flammâ  
 Reginam mœdior, ne quo se numine mutet;*

o 2 I would have thee to set thy *Physi-  
 Nomy* in such a Shape as his:  
 And go along as meek and mild  
 As any litle sucking Child:  
 When thou com'st there, I know the *Queen*  
 Will clip and kiss thee Cheek and Chin;  
 Dandle, and give thee Figs and Raisons,  
 Then must thou play thy petty Treasons,  
 Lick her Lips, Flatter her, and Cog,  
 And set her Highness to o'th' Gog,  
 That Fame and Honour she may go by,  
 And let *Aeneas* sisk her Toby.  
 3 This is my Plot, and that sought cross it,  
 I'll make the Child a sleeping Posset;  
 And when he's fast, I will him hide  
 I'th' Top o'th' Garret upon Ide.  
 4 *Cupid* who Mischief lov'd, I think,  
 Better by half than Meat or Drink,  
 Without all Manner of Reply,  
 Prepares him for his Roguery.

o — *Faciem mutatus & ora Cupido*

*Pro Julei Alcandio veniat.*

1 *Tu faciem illius noctem non amplius unam,  
 Falle dolo; & notos pueri puer indue vultus.  
 Ut, cum te gremio accipiet lætissima Dido,  
 Regale inter mœnas, laticœque Lyorum  
 Cum dabit amplexus, neque offensa dulcia figet,  
 Osculum insipens ignem, fallaque veneno.*

2 *Hunc ego sopitum somno, super alta Cythera  
 Aus super Idaliam sacratâ sed recandam.*

3 *Paret Amor sibi charæ genaricis, & alar  
 Exiit, & gressu gaudens incedit illi.*



His Wings he from his Shoulders throws,  
 Becauſe they'd not go into's Clothes;  
 And dreſt himſelf to ſuch a Wonder,  
 That none could know the Lads aſunder.

<sup>b</sup> But *Venus* gave th' other a Sop,  
 That made him Sleep like any Top;  
 And whilſt he taking was a Nap,  
 She laid him neatly in her Lap,  
 And carry'd him t' a Houſe that ſtood  
 Upon a Hill near to a Wood:  
 And when ſhe had the Urchin there,  
 She laid him up in *Lavender*.

<sup>c</sup> In the mean time, Sir *Cupid* goes  
 To th' Court in young *Iulus* Cloaths;  
<sup>d</sup> Who ſhould he ſee when he came there,  
 But *Dido* ſitting in a Chair,  
 T'h' midſt of all the *Trojan* Blades,  
 Vap'ring and Swearing at her Maids!  
 Under her Feet a Cricket ſtood,  
 Whereon ſhe ſtamp'd as ſhe were wood;  
 And likewiſe there was finely put  
 A Cuſhion underneath her Scut.

<sup>a</sup> *At Venus Aſcanio placidam per membra quietem  
 Irrigat; & ſotum gremio Dea tollit in altos  
 Rhalis laci: ubi molles amaracus illius  
 Floribus, & dulciſpirans completitur umbra.  
<sup>b</sup> Jamque ibat diſto parenti,  
<sup>c</sup> Cum venit, aulaſ jam ſe regina ſuperbis  
 Aurea compoſuit ſponda, medianque locavit.  
 Jam pater *Enas*, & jam *Trojana* juvenatus  
 Convocant, ſtratque ſuper diſcumbit uſtro.*

There

There as ſhe ſat upon her Crupper,  
<sup>e</sup> She bad her Folks to bring in Supper,  
 And in they brought a thundring Meal,  
 Great Joints of Mutton, Pork, and Veal,  
 Hens, Geefe, and Turkeys, Ducks, and Guſtards,  
 And at the laſt, Fools, Flawns, and Buſtards:  
 The *Trojans* eat and make good Cheer,  
 Tunning themſelves with Ale and Beer;  
 There was old Drinking then and Singing,  
 And all the while the Bell was ringing:  
 One would have thought by the great Feaſt,  
 'T had been a Wedding at the leaſt.  
 Whilſt thus they Eat, and Drink, and Chat,  
<sup>f</sup> *Cupid* that little cogging Brat,  
 So cunning was in Counterſeiting,  
*Eneas* thought him on's own getting,  
 At laſt Queen *Dido* in her Lap,  
 Sets me the Mountebanking Ape,  
 And kiſſ his Lips all on a Lather,  
 And thus beſpeaks the new made Father.

By th' Mack (quoth ſhe) thou *Trojan* truſty,  
 Thou got'ſt this Boy when thou wert luſty;  
 And any one that does but note him,  
 May ſoon know who it was begot him;

<sup>e</sup> *Quinquaginta datus ſamula, quibus ordios longo  
 Cura penum ſtrivere, & ſammis adolere Penate.  
 Contraque alta, retulimque pares atate miſulivi,  
 Qui depibus meoſas onereus, & pocula ponant,  
<sup>f</sup> Ille, ubi complateu *Enecæ*, colloque pepulit,  
 Et magnam falſi implevit genitoris amore,  
 Reginam petiſ; hac oculis, hac pectore tuo  
 Hares; & interdum gremio foveſ iuſula *Dido*,  
 Inſidiat quatuor miſera *Deus*.*

C 6

1



I dare besworn 'twas thou didst get him,  
He's e'en as like thee as th' hadst spit him.

<sup>a</sup> Whilst thus the Youth the kiss'd and dand'd,  
Capit had so the Mutton hand'd,  
That she began upon a sudden  
To feel a longing for White Pudden.

<sup>b</sup> When they had sups, and that the Waiters  
Had Trenchers ta'en away, and Platters;

<sup>c</sup> Up from her Chair Queen *Dido* starts,  
And takes a Mug that held two Quarts  
Of Drink, that she wish much for bearing,  
Had sav'd long since for her Sheep-shearing:  
And thus begins; Here, Sirs, here's to you.

And from my Heart much good may do you:

<sup>d</sup> *Aeneas*, here's a Health to thee,  
To ——— and to good Company;  
And that he will not pledge me fairly,  
And name the Words as I do barely;  
I do pronounce him to be no Man,  
And may he never tickle Woman.

<sup>e</sup> With that she set it to her Nose,  
'And off at once the *Rumkis* goes;

————— <sup>a</sup> *At memor ille  
Marris Acidalix, paulatim abolere Sichaum  
Incipit, & utco tentat pravertere amore  
Fampridem resales animos;* ———

<sup>b</sup> *Postquam prima quies estalis, mensaque remota,  
Crateras magno statuit, & vin coronant.*

<sup>c</sup> *Hic Regina gravem gemmis, aureisque poposuit,  
Impletisque mero pateram: quam Belus, & comes  
A Belo soluit.* ———

<sup>d</sup> *Assis latrice Bacchus dator, & bona Juno  
Et vos, & coctum Tyrii, celebrato furventes.*

<sup>e</sup> *Dixit, & in mensa laticam libavit honorem,  
Primaque libate summo tenui strigiti ore.*

No

No Drops besides her Muzzle falling,  
Until that she had sup't it all in:

Then turning't <sup>a</sup> *Topsey* on her Thumb,  
Says, Look, here's *Supernaculum*.

*Aeneas*, as the Story tells,  
And all the rest, did bless them selves,  
To see her troll off such a Pitcher,  
And yet to have her Face no richer.  
By *Jove*, quoth he, (knocking his Knuckles)  
I'd not drink with her for Shoe-buckles:  
But, Madam (says he) sweetly bowing,  
I hope your Grace does not make <sup>b</sup> *Plowing*:  
For if you do at this large rate,

There will be many an aking Pate:  
<sup>c</sup> With that he took a lussy Swammer,  
'Here, Sirs (quoth he) I drink this Brimmer,  
In kind Return for our Protections,  
Unto Queen *Dido's* best Affections.

<sup>d</sup> Down went their Caps, and to't they fell,  
Roaring and swaggering pell-mell.

<sup>e</sup> Whilst a blind Harper did advance,  
That wore Queen *Dido's* Cognizance,  
A Minstrel that *Iopus* hight,  
Who play'd and sung to them all Night:  
He sung them Songs, Balads, and Catches,  
Of Mens Devices, Womens Patches;

————— <sup>a</sup> *Ille impiger hausit  
Spononstem pateram, & pleno se preluit auro.*  
<sup>b</sup> *Post illi prateres.* ———

<sup>c</sup> *Cithara crinitus Iopus  
Personat aurata, docuit que maximus Atlas.  
Hic canit errantem Lunam,* ———

With

<sup>a</sup> *Alias  
Kcxy.*

<sup>b</sup> *Ending  
etc, and  
beginning  
another.*



With ancient Songs of high Renown,  
 And even one they call *Troy Town* :  
 At that *Æneas* shak'd his Noddle,  
 As one would do an empty Bottle :  
 (Quoth he) if he that wrote this Ditty  
 Had been with us i'th' midd' o'th' City,  
 When Faggot-sticks flew in Folks Chops,  
 And knockt Men down as thick as Hops,  
 I do believe for all's fine *Chiming*,  
 He would have had small Mind of Rhiming :  
 Yet for to give the Devil's Due,  
 Who'er it was, the *Ballad's* true.

¶ From *Dido* then a Belch did fly,  
 Tis thought she meant it for a Sigh,  
 And Tears ran down her fair long Nose :  
 The Queen was *maudlin*, I suppose.

¶ (Quoth she) *Æneas*, out of Jestin,  
 Thou needs must tell, at my Requestin,  
 All the whole Tale of *Troy's* Condition,  
 Since first you troubled was with *Grecian* ;  
*Hector's* great Frights, and *Priam's* Speeches,  
 And eke describe *Achilles* Breeches,  
 How strong he was when he did grapple,  
 And if *Tyides* Horie were dapple :  
 Tell me, I say, of *Paris* Lech'ry,  
 The *Grecians* Quarrel, and their Treach'ry,

¶ *Infelix Dido, longamque bibebat amorem ;*  
 ¶ *Multa super Priamo regitavi, super Hectore multa ;*  
*Nunc, quibus Aurora venisset filius armis ;*  
*Nunc, quales Diomedis equi, nunc, quantus Achilles :*  
*Imo age, et à prima die, hospes, origine nobis*  
*Insulatus, inquit, Danaum, casisque tuorum,*  
*Errerisque tuos : —————*

Your

Your Challenges, your Fights, and Battles,  
 And how you lost your Goods and Chatties,  
 And to what Places you have wander'd  
 E'er since you were so basely squander'd.  
 All these Things would I know most duly,  
 Then tell me speedily and truly.

*The End of the First BOOK.*



SCAR.

SCARRONIDES:

OR,

VIRGIL Travestie.

---

A

MOCK-POEM

In Imitation of the

FOURTH BOOK

OF

VIRGIL's *Æneis*,

In *Engliſh* BURLESQUE.

---

By CHARLES COTTON, Esq;

---

THE TWELFTH EDITION.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~  
 VIRGIL  
 TRAVESTIE.

---

The FOURTH BOOK.

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**I**N this Fourth Book we find it written,  
 That *Dido* Queen was deeply smitten;  
 Much taken with the *Trojan's* Person,  
 Than which a properer was scarce one:  
 Much of his Breeding did she reckon;  
 But that which stab'd her was his Weapon;  
 For which she did so scald and burn,  
 That none but he could serve her turn.  
 † The Sun, that spruce light-headed Fellow,  
 With frizled Locks of fangled Yellow,

---

† *At Regina gravi jam dudum saucia cura  
 Vultus alit venis, & caeco carpitur igni.  
 Multa viri virtus animo, multaque reclusas  
 Genulis laqueos, haerent infixis-petere vultus,  
 Verbaque; nec placidam mentis dat cura quietem.  
 † Postera Phœbeis iustabat lampade terras,  
 Humentemque Aurora polo dimoverat umbram;  
 Cum sic unanimes allegitur mali fama forem.*

The



The Windows crept by Radiation,  
 Like Son begot in Fornication,  
 When *Dido*, mad to go to Man,  
 Just thus bespoke her Sister *Nau* :  
 \* I've been all Night (quoth she) my *Nancy*,  
 So strangely troubl'd in my Fancy,  
 I could not rest till Morn'ing-peep,  
 Cdd Dreams have so disturb'd my Sleep :  
 † What a stout Stripling's this *Aeneas*,  
 That thus has cross'd the Seas to us !  
 I do believe, nay, dare swear for him,  
 No Mortal Woman ever bore him :  
 \* But some Great Lady in the Sky,  
 That nurs'd him up with Furnity.  
 I hate a base cowardly Drone,  
 Worse than a Rigil with one Stone :  
 But this bold *Trojan* I delight in,  
 † How bravely does he talk of Fighting !  
 I tell thee, *Nancy*, werc't not that  
 Folks would be apt to talk and prate,  
 Should I so soon new Suitors have,  
 † My Husband yet scarce cold in's Grave ;

<sup>c</sup> *Aena soror, qua me suspensam infomula torrent ?*  
<sup>d</sup> *Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes !*  
<sup>e</sup> *Quem sese ore ferens ! quam ferti pectore, & armis !*  
<sup>f</sup> *Credo equidem (nec vana fides) genus esse Deorum.*  
<sup>g</sup> *Degeneret animos elioer arguit. † Hec quidem ille*  
<sup>h</sup> *factatus satis ! Quae bella exhausta canebat !*  
<sup>i</sup> *Ne cui me vinclo vellem sociare iugali,*  
<sup>k</sup> *Postquam primus amor acceptam morte secessit,*  
<sup>l</sup> *si non pertaxam thalami, redaque fuisset,*  
<sup>m</sup> *Hinc mihi forsitan poeni succumbere culpa.*

And were I not with my first Honey  
 Half tyr'd as 'twere with Matrimony ;  
 I could with this fine Youngster tall,  
 Find in my Heart to try a Fall.  
 † I must confess since that sad Season,  
*Pygmalion* cut my Husband's Weazon :  
 This only (not to mince the Matter)  
 Has made my Jiggambob to water :  
 † But may I first, I *Jove* implore,  
 Sink thorow this my Chamber-floor,  
 Down quick into the Cellar's Bottom,  
 E'er I commit the Thing you wrot on ;  
 Or any Thing by Lust's Suggestion,  
 \* That my good Name may bring in question,  
 † Which *Idid*, she wept in manner ampler,  
 Than Girl new whipt for losing Sampler,  
*Nau* in her Answer was not long,  
 For nimble Baggage of her Tongue  
 She was, (as some would say that knew her)  
 As was in that, or next Town to her.  
 † O Sister dearer to me far,  
 Than Sun-shine Days in Harvest are :

<sup>a</sup> *Aena (stator enim) miseri post fata Sichæi*  
<sup>b</sup> *Conjugis, & sparos fraterna cade Penates,*  
<sup>c</sup> *Salus hic inflexit sensus, animamque labantem*  
<sup>d</sup> *Impulsi; agnosco vatori vestigia flamma.*  
<sup>e</sup> *Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima delibat,*  
<sup>f</sup> *Vel pater omnipotens adigat me ———*  
<sup>g</sup> *Ante pudor quam te vincam, aut tua jura resolvam :*  
<sup>h</sup> *Sic effata, sanum lachrymis implevit obversis.*  
<sup>i</sup> *Aena refert ; o luce magis dilecta ferari.*



Wilt thou (quoth she) O Woman woad,  
 Still stop the Current of thy Blood,  
 And lose the Time by vain Pretences  
 Of making pretty Boys and Wenches?  
 Wilt thou cut Faces evermore,  
 For Husband Dead as Nail in Door?  
 Dost thou believe, thou pulling Thing,  
 That dead Folks care for whimpering?  
 Yield, and be nought at last, y'have paid  
 The Fool too long, here be it said,  
 And stood too much in your own Light,  
 Or long enough ago you might  
 Have match'd yourself, and that well too,  
 To rich and proper Men enow.  
 What though you have said many nay,  
 Yea, and burnt Day-light, as we say,  
 Goodman *Iarbas* here hard by,  
 And others of good Yeomanry,  
 That might have past, because forsooth;  
 They could not please your dainty Tooth,  
 Must you still mince it at this rate,  
 With one you twit'er to be at?

<sup>n</sup> *Sed sine perpetua marens carpere iuventu?*  
*Nec dulces natos, Veneris nec premia nris?*  
<sup>o</sup> *Id cinerem, aut manes credis curare sepultos?*  
<sup>p</sup> *Esse; agrum multo quosdam flexere mariti;*  
<sup>q</sup> *Nos Latyze, nos ante Tyro; despectus Iarbas,*  
*Ductoresque alii, quos Africa terra triumphis*  
*Dives alit?* <sup>r</sup> *Placitoque etiam pugnabis amori?*  
*Nec venie in montem, quorum consederis arvis?*  
*Hinc Gatula urbes, genus insuperabile bello,*  
*Et Numida infranti cingunt, & inhospita Syrtis:*  
*Illic*————

*Barcel*————

You

You ne'er consider'd what a Throng  
 Of fawcy Knaves you live among,  
 Base ill-bred cheating sorry Currs,  
 Raucals as false as Moorlanders,  
 Such Fellows, as I greatly doubt me,  
 If you no better look about ye,  
 And leave this foolish twittle twattle,  
 To match with one will rent your Cattle,  
 Will in short Space not leave a Goose,  
 Turky, or Hen, about the House:  
 \* Your Brother too, he swears and curses  
 About his Mony-Bags and Purfes,  
 † I do believe that *Jove* and *Juno*,  
 (Whom all the World, and I, and you know)  
 Have ever been your faithful Friends  
 For some most secret courteous Ends.  
 Over blue *Neptune's* bouncing Ferries,  
 Have hither sent these *Trojans* Wherries.  
 Oh, were these *Trojans* marry'd to us,  
 How oft, and ably would they do us!  
 † What a fine Town would ours be then,  
 How bravely stor'd with lusty Men!  
 Then, without any more ado,  
 Sister, say Grace, and so fall roo:  
 They in good Manners Ten to One,  
 Will make an Offer to be gone;  
 And rather truit their rotten Barges,  
 Than stay to put you to more Charges;

<sup>q</sup> *Germanique minas?* —————

<sup>r</sup> *Dis equidem suspicibus reor, & Junone secundâ*  
*Huc cursum Iliacas vento tenuisse carinas.*

<sup>s</sup> *Quam tu urbem solor hanc cernes? qua surgere regna*  
*Coopugio tali! Toverum comitantibus armis,*  
*Puica se quantis atrollet gloria rebus!*

\* But

\* But you may make 'em at Command,  
As easily stay as kiss your Hand.  
\* Can you not tell 'em that the Weather  
'S too cold, or hot (no Matter whether)  
Their Scullers torn and flatter'd so,  
That they must mend 'em e'er they go;  
And in Conclusion, with good Reason  
Wish 'em to expect a better Season?  
† With such like Documents as these are,  
Which the young Slut knew best would please her,  
Nasty so tickled up her Grace,  
That *Dido* scarce knew where she was.  
Nay some affirm a dangerous Matter,  
She'd much ado to hold her Water:  
And counsel'd in that tempting Strain,  
I wonder how she could contain:  
But certain 'tis, that this Advice,  
So wrought upon this Widow nice,  
That she, who Maid, Widow and Wife,  
Had priz'd her Honour 'bove her Life;  
\* Now car'd no more for her good Name,  
Than any common Trading Dame.  
† But to the Church (forsooth) anon,  
That Matters might go better on,

\* *In modo* —

*Indulge hospitio, consueque inuella marandis:  
\* Dum pelago deserti hyems, & aequos Orion,  
Quassataque raris, & non tractabile calum.  
† Huius dictis incensum animum inflammavit amore,  
Spemque dedit dubia \* mentis, solviturque pudorem.  
\* Principio Delubra adent, pacemque per aras  
Exquirunt.* —

(Like

(Like People o'th Phanstick-fry,  
Whose Sanctity's Hypocrisy)  
They must, and slipping on their Pattens,  
They went, as who should say, to Mattens.  
Thither now come, fair *Dido* squares  
Her Bum on Haslock made of Mats:  
For you must know, as *Storj* says,  
Queens, like the Godly in these Days,  
In Manner insolent and slighly,  
Disdain'd to kneel to God Almighty.  
But *Amus*, who was but a Spinster,  
Kneel'd low on Stones as hard as Flints are!  
Their Eyes they roll'd, and bow'd their Bodies  
To this, and t' other God and Goddesse,  
\* To *Ceres*, *Phœbus*, and *Lycus*,  
And twenty harder Names than \* *The'as*. \* *A Figure*  
\* But *Juno* had most Veneration, *so new, that*  
As she was Queen of Copulation, *modera Au-*  
Prayers being done, up *Dido* roste, *thors have*  
And to the Priest demurely goes; *yet no Name*  
She gently pulls him by the Garment, *for it.*  
The rev'rend Type of his Preferment,  
And with most gracious Looks and Speeches,  
To borrow a Word or two beseeches.  
The Priest bow'd low in aukward wise,  
As 'tis, you know, Sir *Roger's* guise,  
And in obsequious Manner told her,  
Her Grace with him might make much bolder.  
This Priest was held a mighty Clerk,  
In Mysteries profound and dark;

† *Legifera Cereri, Phœbôque, patrique Lyco,  
\* Juvoni ante omnes, cui vincula jugalis cura.  
† Hæc tenens dextrâ pateram pulcherrimâ Dido, &c.*

D

\* Had



\* Had Skill in Physick, and was able  
To tell Folks Fortunes by their Table.  
Him the conjures, intreats, and prays,  
With all the Cunning that she has,  
Grasps his Fist; nay more, engages  
Thenceforth to mend his Quarters-wages,  
If he would but resolve the Doubt  
That she then came to him about.  
But 't had been vain, had he been wiser,  
Or to instruct, or to advise her.

<sup>d</sup> Alas, poor Priest! how fruitless is't  
To judge by *Physiomy* or *Fish*.  
Or what do Prophecies avail,  
When Women have a Wisk 'th' Tail?

<sup>e</sup> *Dido* for Love, in woeful wise,  
Bubbles, and boils, and broils, and fries,  
And in her am'rous Moods and Temes,  
Ev'n like one out of all her Senses:  
About the Town she runs and reels,  
With all the School-boys at her Heels:

So I have seen in Pastures fair,  
Where Cattle educated are,  
<sup>f</sup> An Heifer young when she doth itch,  
With *Gad-bees* sticking in her Breach,  
From stony Brake on sudden rise,  
And with her Tail erect to th' Skies,

<sup>e</sup> ——— *Spirantia consulis exta.*

<sup>d</sup> *Hec, vacuum ignara mentes: quid vota furentem,  
Quid Delabra jurant? est mollis flamma medullas  
Inceres, & taciturno vivit sub pellore vitulus.*

<sup>e</sup> *Vitulus infelix Dido, totaque vagatur  
Urbe furax. f Quails conspexit cervæ sagittâ,  
Quam procul* ———

<sup>f</sup> Run through the Field with frisks and kicks,  
In various Caprcols and Tricks,  
Some case, poor Thing, alas! to find;

<sup>h</sup> When, lo! the Scing sticks fast behind:  
One while she takes her <sup>1</sup> lusty Lover,  
Meaning her Passion to discover;  
She leads him out from Place to Place,  
And shews him all that e'er she has;  
Discloses all her secret Wealth,  
And says, If *Jove* send Life and Health,  
That she (though simply there she stand)  
Will make that Living as good Land,  
If she continue but a while on't,  
As any lies within five Mile on't.  
Then she <sup>2</sup> begins to mump and smatter,  
Willing to break into the Matter,  
And ask the Question, when (alas!)  
To see how Things will come to pass,  
When the most fain would break her Mind  
She sooner could by half break Wind,  
Than speak a Word: Virtue, forsooth,  
And Modestly so stopt her Mouth;  
<sup>1</sup> Over and over then she treats  
Him, and his Mates, with sundry Meats,  
Whilst *Trojan*, round besiege her Boards,  
Merry as *Greeks*, and drunk as *Lords*,

——— *Ille fugæ sylvæ, saltisque peragrat.*

——— <sup>h</sup> *Hæret lateri leibalis arando.*

<sup>1</sup> *Nunc mediæ Æneam secum per moenia ducit,  
Stœniâque ostentat opes, urbemque paratam.*

<sup>2</sup> *Incipit essari, mediâque in voce resipit.*

<sup>1</sup> *Nunc eadem, lætante die, convivium quatit;*



When sure as e'er they sit at th' Table,  
 m She calls again to hear *Troy's* Fable:  
 Nay, lov'd it so, that she, 'tis said,  
 The Ballad then of *Troy-Town* made.  
 We owe her for't, and let us pay't her;  
 Who English'd it, was her Translator.  
 n Now when with raking up the Fire  
 Each one departs to *Bedfordshire*:  
 And Pillows all securely snort on,  
 Like Organists of fam'd *Hog-worten*:  
 o *Dido*, poor Queen, alone doth lie,  
 Dreaming on true Love's *Phys'nary*:  
 And in that Humour, she the small  
 p *Africanus* takes, *Troy's* *Juvencal*:  
 And in her Lap on Tuft of Sorrel,  
 Laying the little wanton Gorrel,  
 Oft would she fighting say, *This Lad*,  
 O that he were but like his Dad!

This Life the woeful *Dido* led,  
 Eke at her Board, and eke at Bed:  
 q Her Housewifery no more regarding,  
 Neither her Spinning nor her Carding;

m *Ulaeque iterum demens audire labores  
 Expesit, penditque iterum narrantis ab ore.*  
 n *Vest, ubi digressi, lumineque obscura vacillans  
 Luna premit; suadentque cadentia sidera fomias:*  
 o *Sala domo maris vacua, stratisque relictis  
 Incubat* ———  
 p *Aut gremio Africanum genitoris imagine capta  
 Detinet, infandum si fallere possit amorem.*  
 q *Non capta assurgunt turres; non arma juveniles  
 Exercet, portusque, aut propugnacula bello  
 Tutam parant; pendens opera interrupta, minaque  
 Murorum ingentes, equataque machina caelo.  
 Quam sicut ac tali personat pars arveri*

But

But, like a Dame of Wits bereaven,  
 Let all Things go at six and seven.  
 Which when Queen *Juno* (for these two  
 Were Clove and Orange you must know)  
 Perceiv'd, and that, than blind Cheeks blinder,  
 She threw all Care and Shame behind her:  
 She *Pouns* in these Words accosts,  
 † You and your Son may make your boasts,  
 With Shame enough, that God and Goddess,  
 Like subllunary Busy-bodies,  
 To make a Woman light as Feather,  
 Do lay your learned Heads together.  
 † 'Twas not for nought that I was ever  
 Afraid of you two coming hither;  
 You, and your little blinking Urchin  
 Against this Town have still been lurching.  
 † But when shall we give o'er this Pother,  
 And leave off vexing one another?  
 Be thou but mine, I'll be thy Friend,  
 † Let's marry 'em, and there's an End,  
 Thou hast thy Wish, thy little Archer  
 Has made our *Dido* mad as March-hare.

*Chora Jovis conjux, nec famam obflare furori;  
 Talibus aggreditur Venereus Saturnia dictis:*  
 † *Tuque, puerque tuus: magnum, et memorabile nomen,  
 Una dolo atrox si fœmina vixit duorum est.*  
 † *Nec me adeo fallit, veritatem te mania nostra,  
 Suspensas habuisse domos Carthaginiæ alæ.*  
 † *Sed quis erit modus? aut quo nunc certamine tanto?*  
 † *Quis potius pacem æternam, pactisque Hymeneas  
 Exercemus? habes, taxa quod mente perilli.  
 Ardet amanti Dido, traxitque per ossa furorem.  
 Commotum hunc ergo populum paribusque regamus  
 Auspicis* ———

D 3

Then

Then let us all old Quarrels quit,  
 Leave being such a peevish Tit:  
 \* Troy Lads shall marry Tyrian Ladies,  
 And we will be as merry as paffes,  
 † Venus, who knew she did but glaver,  
 For all the fine smooth Words she gave her,  
 And proffer'd Love's not worth a Cow-turd,  
 (You know) if spoke but from Teeth outward,  
 ‡ Like cunning Quean in Smiles array'd her,  
 And in her own Coin thus she paid her:

O Juno, Queen, Jove's Bedfellow,  
 Who here above, or who below,  
 § With thee would quarrel or contend,  
 And not still rest thy loving Friend?  
 ¶ I like the Motion well, but that  
 † There's one main Thing I stumble at;  
 And that in downright Truth is this,  
 (Jove pardon if I think amiss)  
 I am afraid (this Doubt I put ye,  
 Indeed, I'aw now, is something Snuttty)  
 But I the Scruple must not smother;  
 Women you know, to one another  
 May freely speak (and here be't said  
 'Twixt you and me) I'm sore afraid,  
 My Son's so big (which rarely falls)  
 About his \_\_\_\_\_, and Genitals,

— \* *Licet Phrygio servire marito,  
 Dotalisque tue Tyrios permittere dextra.*

† *Olli (sensu enim simulata mente locutam)*

‡ *Sic contra est ingressa Venus*

— § *Quis talia domos*

*Abunat? aut tecum malis contendere bello?*

¶ *Si modo, quod memoras, saltum fortuna sequatur:*

*Sed facti incerta feror; Si Jupiter unam*

*Esse velit*



*Dido discovers her liking for Aeneas to her Sister Nanny.  
 Juno discovers Venus about uniting Dido and Aeneas, and  
 contriveth an opportunity for them to make trial &c.*

That

That I am half afraid lest he  
Should chance to spoil her Majesty.  
\* At that Queen *Juno* smil'd and said,  
Of that (Wench) never be afraid,  
For if they once do come together,  
He'll find that *Dido's* reaching Leather :

If then that *Dido* and thy Son,  
To do as other Folks have done,  
\* Thou give Consent : (mark) and in few Words,  
Which shall be friendly Words and true Words;

I'll tell thee how I've cast about,  
And laid a Plot to bring 'em to't :

\* To morrow ere the Sun (Hew'n a biefs him)  
Can see to rise, at least to dress him,  
*Aeneas* and the Queen have made,  
(The Queen and he I should have said)

A Match to go after her wonting;  
Into the Woods a Squirrel-hunting:  
Now I, whilst all on ev'ry Side,

The Thickets round are occupy'd,  
And eagerly their Game are following,  
As Hunters use, whooping and hollowing :

\* Will cause big-bellied Clouds to pour  
Upon their Coxcombs such a Shower,

---

—\* *Tum sic excepit Regia Juno*  
*Mecum erit iste labor:*

—\* *Quae, qua ratione, quod instat,*  
*Confiteri possit, paucis (advertite) docebo.*

\* *Venatus Aeneas, unaque miserima Dido,*  
*In nemus ire parant, ubi primos craftius ortus*  
*Extulerit Titan, radisque retexerit orbem.*

\* *His ego nigrautem commissa grandine nubium,*  
*Dum trepidant aë, saltisque indagine cingunt,*  
*Desuper infundam*—





And will with Rain and Hail so clout 'em,  
They'll not have one dry Thread about 'em.  
\* Besides, such Thunder-claps shall burst out,  
As some of 'em shall smell the worle for't.

<sup>2</sup> *Trojans* and *Tyrans* helter-skelter,  
Will then all run to seek for shelter.  
Then each one there will shift for one,  
And leave the Queen and him alone.

<sup>1</sup> *Dido* and *Dido* in this Cafe,  
Shall find a Cave as fit a Place  
For such an Use, so fine and dark,  
That if *Aeneas* be a Spark,  
They there in spight of all foul Weather,  
May take a gentle Touch together :

So each of other may have Proof,

\* And marry after time enough.  
*Venus* who very well could fadom  
The bottom of this subtille Madam,  
Soon smelt her Practice, and her Art  
As strong as she had let a Fart :

Yet that she might her Malice blind,  
And fit the Lady in her kind,  
<sup>1</sup> She seems her free Consent to give,  
And trips it laughing in her Sleeve.

— \* *Ex tonitru caelum omne cisko.*

\* *Diffugiunt comites, & molle regentur opaca.*  
<sup>1</sup> *Speluncam Dido, dux & Trojans eandem*  
*Devenient: adero, & tua si mihi certa voluntas,*  
*Consubio jungam stabili.*

\* *propriaeque dicabo:*  
*Hic Hymeneus erit.*

— <sup>1</sup> *Non adversata petenti*  
*Ammittit, atque doli risi Cythoera reperit.*

— Mean

Mean while the Sun, as it his Course is,  
It up to dress and water's Horfes;  
Then out the merry Hunters come,  
With them a Fellow with a Drum \*,  
Our *Tyrans* Squirrels will not budge else,  
All arm'd they were <sup>2</sup> with Staves and  
Cudgels;

kes too they had of all Sorts, \* *Bandogs,*  
*Spaniels, Water-dogs, and Land-dogs:*  
These for the Queen expecting, tarry,  
No longer lay than ordinary;

She at Night could take no Ease,  
Had been bit so sore with Fleas,  
Her Mire well trapt of her own spinning,  
And to the Pails stood likewise whinning;  
Why (as Poets sing the Fable)  
Her Foal was bolted up in th' Stable.

At last she sallies from the House,  
So fine and brisk as Body-louse.  
The Hood and Safe-guard had bran new,  
The Lace was yellow, Cloth was blue;

*Oceanum interea surgens Aurora reliquit:*  
*portis jubare exorto, delecta juventus.*

— *stia rara, piaga.*

— <sup>2</sup> *Lato venabula ferro,*

— <sup>3</sup> *odora exanum vis.*

*Reginam Thalamo cunctantem, ad limina priores*  
*incertum expectant.*

— <sup>3</sup> *Ostrisque insiguit & auro*  
*ut fouisset, ac strana ferox spumantia mandat.*

— *Tandem progreditur*  
*vidoniam picto obliamydem circumdata limbo:*

\* *A very necessary Instrument in Squirrel-hunting.*

E 5

Faſt



And will with Rain and Hail so clout 'em,  
They'll not have one dry Thread about 'em.  
# Besides, such Thunder-claps shall burst out,  
As some of 'em shall finell the worse for't.

<sup>b</sup> *Trojans* and *Tyrinus* helter-skelter,  
Will then all run to seek for shelter.  
Then each one there will snift for one,  
And leave the Queen and him alone.

<sup>c</sup> *Dido* and *Dido* in this Cafe,  
Shall find a Cave as fit a Place  
For such an Use, so fine and dark,  
That if *Aeneas* be a Spark,  
They there in spight of all foul Weather,  
May take a gentle Touch together :

So each of other may have Proof,  
# And merry after time enough.  
*Venus* who very well could sadom  
The bottom-of this subtle Madam,  
Soon finelt her Practice, and her Art  
As strong as she had let a Part:  
Yet that she might her Malice blind,  
And fit the Lady in her kind,  
<sup>d</sup> She seems her free Consent to give,  
And trips it laughing in her Sleeve.

— # *Et tœmitru cœlum omne cœlo.*

<sup>b</sup> *Diffugient comites, & nocte tegentur opacâ.*  
<sup>c</sup> *Spilœncans Dido, dux & Trojans tandem*  
*Decœnent: adero, & tua s̄ mibi certa voluntas,*  
*Connubi iugam stabili.*

<sup>d</sup> — *propriaque dicabo:*  
*Hic Hymeneus erit*

— <sup>e</sup> *Non advesata petenti*  
*Aennis, atque delis risti Cythœra reperiti.*

# Mc

<sup>m</sup> Mean while the Sun, as it his Course is,  
Got up to dress and water's Hories;  
When out the merry Hunters come,  
With them a Fellow with a Drum #,  
Your *Tyrinus* Squirrels will not budge else,  
Well arm'd they were <sup>n</sup> with Staves and  
Cudgels;

Tykes too they had of all Sorts, <sup>o</sup> Pandogs,  
Curs, Spaniels, Water-dogs, and Land-dogs:  
<sup>p</sup> These for the Queen expecting, tarry,  
Who longer lay than ordinary ;  
For she at Night could take no Ease,  
She had been bit so sûre with Fleas.

<sup>q</sup> Her Mare well trapt of her own spinning,  
Ty'd to the Pails stood likewise whinning ;  
For why (as Poets sing the Fable)  
Her Foal was bolted up i' th' Stable.

<sup>r</sup> At last the fallies from the Houfe,  
As fine and brisk as Body-louse.

<sup>s</sup> She Hood and Safe-guard had bran new,  
The Lace was yellow, Cloth was blue ;

— <sup>m</sup> *Oceanum interea surgens Ancora reliquit:*  
*It portis jubare exorto, delecta juvenens.*

*Retia vara, plage* —  
— <sup>n</sup> *Lato venabula ferro,*  
— <sup>o</sup> *adœra caenum cœ.*

<sup>p</sup> *Reginam Thalasso cœcillantem, ad limina privæ*  
*Pavorum expectant,*

— <sup>q</sup> *Ostrœque insignis & auro*  
*Stat sonipes, ac fraena ferax stumantia mandat.*

<sup>r</sup> *Tandem progreditur* —  
<sup>s</sup> *Sidoniam picto chlamydem circumdata lybdo:*

\* *A very necessary instrument in Squirrel-hunting.*

E 5

Falt

Faſt to her Girdle ty'd with Thong,  
 † A Bunch of Keys compleatly hung:  
 For why, well knew the thrifty Queen,  
 That Servants ſtill have ſlipp'ry been:  
 Which made her, careful of her Pelf,  
 Evermore keep the Keys herſelf.  
 ■ With her *Iulus* came, that Strippling,  
 A Youth e'en ſpoil'd for want of whipping;  
 For's Father and his fooliſh Grannam  
 Had ever made a Wanton on him:  
 \* | ut when his Sire appear'd in play,  
 Mounted upon his Galloway,  
 Tis ſaid by ſome that better knew him,  
 The reſt look'd like Tooth-drawers to him:  
 † No ſprightly Groom ſo trim and trick is,  
 That juſt upon Preferments prick is,  
 † As was *Aeneas*, Stories ſay,  
 When clad in Clothes of Holy-day,  
 His Breeches ſav'd from *Troy's* Combustion,  
 Were Kendal, and his Doublet Fuſtian:

<sup>a</sup> Cui phœetra ex auro  
 Aurea purpuream ſubnectit fibula veſtem.

<sup>b</sup> Et latus *Iulus*,  
 Inſert ſe ſœctum *Aeneas*

<sup>c</sup> Quælibet ubi *hybernæ* Lyciam, *Næubique* ſuentæ  
 Deſerit, ac *Dælium* maternam inviſit *Apollo*,  
 Inſtantæque choros:

<sup>d</sup> Mellique ſuentem  
 Fronte premit crivum ſœgens, atque implicat auro:

Hand illo ſegnius ibat  
*Aeneas*: tantum egregia decus eviſit ore.

Pink

Pink with moſt admirable Grace,  
 And richly laid with green Silk-lace.  
 † Athwart his brawny Shoulders came  
 A Buldrick made, and trim'd with th' ſame;  
 Where T'wibil hung with Basket-hilt,  
 Grown ruſty now, but had been gilt;  
 Or guilty elic of many a Thwack,  
 With Dudgeon Dagger at his Back.  
 Upon his Head he wore a Hat,  
 Inſtead of Sattin, fac'd with Fat,  
 Which being limber grown, we find  
 Moſt ſwaſingly pin'd up behind;  
 With Brooch as gaudy and as tall  
 As ev'ry foremoſt Horſe of all.

In beſt Apparel thus array'd,  
 They now begin their Cavalcade  
 Towards the Woods, <sup>b</sup> where be'ng ere long  
 Arriv'd (for 'twas not paſt a Furlong  
 From *Carthage* as the Learn'd compute it,  
 And let who has been there conſute it)  
 They ev'ry way diſperſe themſelves,  
 To watch the little nimble Elves;  
 As who ſhould ſay, Come this, or that Way,  
 T' other, or any Way, have at ye.

The Drummer now 'gan lay about him,  
 And all the People fall about him,  
 Such Peals they gave of Men and Boys,  
 A Man could hardly hear for Noiſe;  
 Nay, *Dido* Queen, they ſwore that heard it,  
 Shouted as loud as any there did.

<sup>a</sup> Tota ſonant humeris

<sup>b</sup> Poſtquam altis ventum in montes, atque in via ſaxo,

Ece ſera ſaxi deſcenda vertice

D 6

\* The

<sup>c</sup> The frighted Squirrels Stumps belabor  
As they had danc'd to Pipe and Tabor;  
Skipping and leaping in their Dances  
From Tree to Tree o'er Boughs and Branches,  
Now on the utmost Top, and then,  
At one Leap at the Root agen.

<sup>d</sup> But young *Ascanius*, Hopes o'th' Hoofe;  
Car'd not for Squirreling a Loufe;  
For he's, whilst they are at their Chase,  
Playing at *Hide and seek*, or *Base*  
Among his Mates, and wishes rather  
(And so the Stripping told his Father)  
For naughty Vermin that would bite him,  
Or Thro' the Nest, thought' did

<sup>e</sup> Mean while the Clouds began to clatter,  
And to pour down whole Pails of Water,  
The Thunder quite out-roar'd the Drum,

<sup>f</sup> And Hail-stones bigger than one's Thumb,  
Came pelting down. Then all to five 'em,  
Ran as if twenty Devils drave 'em;

<sup>c</sup> *Decurrere jugis; alla de parte parentes  
Transmittunt cursu campos, aque agmina cerui  
Fulvoralenta faga glomerant, montisque relinquunt.*

<sup>d</sup> *At puer Ascanius mediis in vallibus æri  
Clandet equos, jamque hoc cursu, jam præterit illos:  
Spumantemque dari (pecora inter inverta) voris  
Opas aprum, aut fulvum descendere monte levem.  
<sup>e</sup> Interea magno misceri marmure caelum  
Intulit:*

<sup>f</sup> *Insequitur commissa grandine nimbus  
Et Tyxii comites passim, & Trojana juvenus,  
Dardanisque nepos Venereit, diversa per agros  
Tecta metis petiõre, riuoni de montibus annes  
fulsere ignes*

Whilst

Whilst young *Ascanius* and his Mates,  
Were wastil and dastil like Water-rats.  
Fair *Dido* then, for all her Hoops,  
Bang'd her old Mare about the Stoops,  
And jogg'd her Buttocks, though a Queen;  
For fear of being wet to th' Skin;  
Nay, ev'n *Æneas* self, forgetting  
His Reputation, shunk th' wetting,  
And ran, or would have done at least.  
But that his Horse, a sober Beast,  
Proceeded slow, with Motion grave,  
And crav'd the Spur, in Care to save  
His Master's Neck, as some suppose,  
Though his Care was to save his Clothes;  
He spur'd, nor yet was *Dido* idle,  
For gingle, gingle, went her Bridle,  
\* Till Fortune or Dame *Juno* rather,  
Clapt 'em into a Cave together.

The Cave so darksom was, that I do  
Think *Jean* had been as good as *Dido*:  
But so it was, in that Hole, they  
Grew intimate, as one may say:

The Queen was blithe, as Bird in Tree,  
And bill'd as wantonly, whilst he,

<sup>b</sup> By hindlock seizing fast Occasion,  
Slip't into *Dido's* Conversation:  
And in that very Place and Season,  
<sup>c</sup> 'Tis thought *Æneas* did her Reason.

<sup>e</sup> *Spulvum Dido, dux & Trojanus eandem  
Devenunt; prima & Tellus, & prouus Juno  
Dant signum*  
<sup>f</sup> *Concins ather  
Cannubii*

i This



<sup>1</sup> This Sport of Mischief much was Cause,  
For sweet Meat will have fower Sauce;  
And they their Time in Cave so spending,  
Beginning was of *Dido's* Ending.  
Her Majesty now no more nice is;  
<sup>2</sup> Nor seeks she now by fine Devices  
To hide her Shame; but leads a Life,  
As if they had been <sup>1</sup> Man and Wife.  
<sup>3</sup> At this a Wench call'd *Fame*, flew out  
To all the good Towns round about.  
This *Fame* was Daughter to a Cryer,  
That whilom liv'd in *Carthage-shire*,  
<sup>4</sup> A little prating Slut, no higher,  
When *Dido* first arriv'd at *Tyre*,  
Than this———But in a few Yeats Space  
Grown up a lusty strapping Laſt.  
A long and lazy Quean I ween,  
She was brought up to fow, nor spin,  
Nor any kind of Housewifery,  
To get an honest Living by;  
<sup>5</sup> But saunter'd idly up and down,  
From House to House, and Town to Town,

<sup>1</sup> Ille dies primus leti, primisque malorum  
Causa fuit

<sup>2</sup> Neque enim specie, famave movetur,  
Nec jam furivum Dido meditatur amorem.

<sup>3</sup> Coejugium vocat: hoc preterit nomine culpam.

<sup>4</sup> Exemplo Libyæ magnas in fama per urbes,  
Fama

<sup>5</sup> Parva metu primo, mox sese attollit in auras,  
Ingrrediturque solo, & caput inter nubila condit.  
Mollitate viget, virisque acquirit emendo.

<sup>6</sup> Pedibus celerem, & pernicibus alis;  
Cui——tot vigilæ scali——

To spy and listen after News,  
Which she so mischievously brews,  
That still whate'er she sees or hears,  
Set Folks together by the Ears.  
<sup>1</sup> This Baggage that still took a Pride to  
Slander and back-bite poor Queen *Dido*;  
Because the Queen once on Detection,  
Sent her to th' Mansion of Correction.  
<sup>2</sup> Glad she had got this Tale by th' end,  
Runs me about to Foe and Friend;  
<sup>3</sup> And tells them that a Fellow came  
From *Trey*, or such a Kind of Name,  
To *Tyre*, about a Fortnight since,  
Whom *Dido* feasted like a Prince:  
Was with her always Day and Night,  
Nor could endure him from her Sight,  
And that 'twas thought she meant to marry him.  
<sup>4</sup> At this Rate talk'd the foul-mouth'd Carrion!  
<sup>5</sup> At last she does t' *Arbas* go,  
<sup>6</sup> She never in such Things was slow;

<sup>1</sup> Monstrum horrendum ingens:——

<sup>2</sup> Hac tum multiplici populus sermone replebat  
Gaudens.

<sup>3</sup> Venisse Æneam Trojano à sanguine cretum;  
Cui se pulchra vira arguetur iungere Dido.

Nunc hœmenni inter se iuxta, quam longa, fœvere,  
Regnarum immemores, turpique cupidine captos.

<sup>4</sup> Hac passim dea sedes virum diffusit in ora.

<sup>5</sup> Protinus ad regem cursum detorquet Arbas:  
<sup>6</sup> Fama, malum quo non aliud velocius nihil.

Ille Amovet sativ——

Centum aras posuit——

———Pecudamque cruro

Pinguè solent, & variis florentia limina fertis.

And tells him all. Now this *Larbas*,  
 For *Dido's* Love was in a hard Case,  
 And had been long. Oft did he woe her.  
 And did the best he could do to her:  
 But still in vain he broke his Mind,  
 'Twas throwing Stones against the Wind;  
 For though the wise and healthy knew him,  
*Dido* had nothing to say to him.  
 'Tis true, the Field he had great Flocks on,  
 Sheep, Goats and Cows, Horses and Oxen;  
 With Money Store and other Riches:  
 But one foul Flaw he had in's Breeches  
 Spoil'd all; for she had heard the Thing,  
 One Time as she was Gossiping,  
 As in such Matters while you live,  
 Women will be inquisitive:  
 Which was, that he (as *Story* tells)  
 A Rupture had in's Testicles,  
 Which was enough to make her hate him,  
 Nay, ev'n as 'twere abominate him.  
 When *Eneide* had told him of the *Trojan*,  
 \* *Larbas* took it in such dudgeon,  
 Such high Abuse, and evil Part,  
 He almost could have found in's Heart  
 To've ta'en his Knife, and in that Passion  
 Whipt off his Tools of Generation,  
 And thought to've don't; but did not yet,  
 Like one that had in's Anger Wit:  
 But since to curse it was no boot,  
 Would try if Praying would not do't.

\* *Ipse amens animi, & ruitore accensus amaro,*

\* And



*Dido after weeping over Aeneas in Effigie hangs herself*



γ And therefore thus in heavy Gear,  
Made his Case known to *Jupiter*.

\* O *Jupiter*, most great and able,  
Whose Health I ev'ry Day at Table  
Drink once or twice! Dost thou (O where is  
Thy Sight!) not see, what Doings here is;  
β Shall we when thou thunder'st, dost think,  
So as to sower all our Drink;

And when the Clouds in Storms do burst,  
Not care, but bid thee do thy worst?

γ A wandring Woman that had scarce  
A Rag to hang upon her——

When she came hither first, and wou'd  
Have then been glad to——for Food.

Is now forsooth, so proud (what else!  
And stands so on her Pantables,

δ That she has said me Nay most slighty,  
And (on the very nonce to spite me)

Has marry'd a spruce Youth, they say,  
(Whom some ill Wind blew that-away)

One Squire *Aneas*, a great Kelf,  
Some wandring Hangman like herself:

---

γ *Dicitur ante aras——*

*Multa Jovem manibus supplex orasse supplex;*

*² Jupiter omnipotens, cui nunc Manusia piliis*

*Gens epulata toris, Lenaxum libat honorem,*

*Adspicis hæc? an te, genitor, cæci fulmina torques,*

*Nequicquam horreamus?*

———<sup>β</sup> *Cæciq; in nubibus ignes*

*Terrificant animos, & inania murmura miscent:*

γ *Fœmina, qua nostris errans in sinibus——*

———<sup>δ</sup> *Conubia nostra*

*Reppulit, ac dominum Ænean in regna recepit.*

• And

° And now this Swabber, by the Maskins,  
Thunders up *Dido's* Gally-Gaskins,  
Whilst I (for still thou desist art to't)  
May pray, and pray, and pray my Heart out.

‡ Thus woefully *Iarbas* pray'd,  
Whilst *Jesse* heard ev'ry Word he said;  
And turning strait his Eyes to *Tyre*,  
To look for *Dido* and her Squire,  
All in a Chamber sately matted,  
He very fairly spy'd 'em at it.  
At which, as 'twere, somewhat in Fury,  
He calls his nimble Youth *Mercury*,

‡ And thus bespake him; Sirrah, hear ye,  
Put on the Wings that use to bear ye,  
And cut away to *Carthage* quickly,  
Where th' *Trojan* does with the great ——— lie.

‡ Tell him from me that his snug Mother  
Did pass her Word that he another  
Manner of Life and Conversation  
Should lead, and leave this Occupations

° Er nunc ille Paris ———

——— Raptō potitur; nos munera templi  
Quippe tuis serimus, famamque fovemus inane.

‡ Talibus errantem dilectis, araque tenentem  
Audit omnipotens, aculōque ad moenia torsit  
Regia, & oblitus fama melioris amantes.

‡ Tunc sic Mercurium alloquitur, ac talia mandat:  
Vade, age, nate, voca Zephyros, & labere pennis,  
Dardaniamque ducam, Tyria Carthagine qui nunc  
Expectat ———

Alloquere, & ceteros deser mea dilecta per auras.  
‡ Non illum nobis generis pulcherrima talem  
Fronsisit ———

† Or

‡ Or twice the *Græcian* Cavaliers,  
Had beaten's Brains about his Ears,  
Ere this: And tell him more, \* that he,  
Who means to conquer *Italy*,  
Must with his Wock go thorough Scitches,  
And not run hunting after Bitches:

‡ But if he will not venture's Pare,  
A Rap or two for an Estate,  
As by his Pranks it doth appear,

‡ Methinks tho' he might do't for's Heir;  
‡ Ask what the Devil 'tis he means,  
To spend his Time thus among Queens;

Not minding Milchieft, or Milhaps,  
Nor fearing *Dido's* After-claps.  
‡ Bid him be trudging, he were best;

‡ If I come to him, I protest,  
I'll send him packing else, such new-ways,  
He shall remember me these two Days.

° This said, *Jesse* need not bid him twice,  
Away he trips it in a Trice,

———<sup>1</sup> Graiūque ido his vindicat armis.

\* Sed fore, qui gravidam imperiis, bellique frementem  
Italiam regeres, genus alto à sanguine Teneri  
Proderes, & totam sub leges mitteres orbem.

‡ Si nulla accendit tantarum gloria rerum,  
Nec super ipse sua molitur laude laborem.

‡ Ataniano pater Romanas invadet arces?

Nec prolem Anjoniam, & Lavinia respicit arva?

‡ Quid struit; aut qua spe inimica in gente moratur?

‡ Naviget: hac summa est, hic nostri nuarius esto.

° Dixerat. Ille patrii magni parere parabat  
Imperio ———

† To



♀ To make them ready to be gone:  
 And firſt his Pumps he faſtned on;  
 Which being neatly pinckt and cut,  
 And finely fitted to his Foot:  
 Had Wings ty'd on with Thongs of Leather,  
 Or taching Ends, I know not whether,  
 Which he could fly wiſhal as well,  
 As he'd been brought up to't from th' Shell.  
 ♀ Then in his Hand he takes a thick Bat,  
 With which he us'd to play at Kit-Cat,  
 To beat Mens Apples from their Trees,  
 With twenty other Rogueries;  
 Beſides (as Rakechells will abuſe Days)  
 To throw at Cocks upon *Shrove-Tuſdays*.  
 ♀ Thus dight, he like a Partridge ſprings,  
 Cutting the Air with nimble Wings:  
 'Twas well his Care had ty'd 'em faſt,  
 Elſe ten to one he'd flown his laſt:  
 No Swallow could have overgone him,  
 He flew as if a Hawk had flown him,  
 Until he ſaw a very high Hill,  
 A higher Hill by far than my Hills:  
 ♀ *Atlas* 'twas call'd; ſo high a one  
 That *Pen-men-maure's* a Cherry-Ronc

——— ♀ *Et primum pedibus talaria neſſit*  
*Aures: qua ſublimem alis, ſive aquora ſupra,*  
*Seu terram, rapido pariter cum flamma portant.*  
 ♀ *Thum virgam cepit; hanc animas ille evocas Orco*  
*Paſſentes, alias ſub triſtibus Tartara mittit,*  
*Dat ſomnos, admittique, & lucina morte reſignat.*  
 ♀ *Illa fretus agit ventos, & torrida tranat*  
*Nubila* ———  
 ♀ *Fanque volans apicem, & latera ardua cernit*  
*Atlantis duri* ———

Compar'd

Compar'd: You could not thruſt a Knife  
 'Twixt Heaven and it, to ſave your Liſe;  
 ♀ It props the Sky, as *Virgil* marks,  
 Or elſe 'tis thought we ſhould have Laſks:  
 ♀ Here firſt did *Mercury* alight,  
 To bait and reſt him after's Flight;  
 Where having prun'd his Heel; a little,  
 And ſmooth'd his Plumes with ♀ ſaſting Spittle.  
 ♀ From thence he took another Freak,  
 As if he meant to break his Neck.  
 ♀ Even as a Hawk her ſelf doth carry  
 From Kill-ducks; Place to ſtop her Quarry:  
 So *Mercury* to mortal View,  
 Himſelf from *Atlas* headlong threw.  
 Stones caſt by ſam'd *Parisian* Slinger,  
 Compar'd to him, would ſeem to linger;  
 And Arrows looſ'd from *Grub-ſteet* Bow  
 In *Finsbury*, to him are ſlow:  
 Nay Lightning darted from above,  
 With flaming Tail from angry *Jove*,  
 Would in compariſon appear,  
 To creep like lazy Loyterer.  
 ♀ The firſt Place after this Vagary  
 He lighted on, was *Did's Dairy*:

\* 'Tis con-  
 ceiv'd he did  
 that before  
 he baited.

——— ♀ *Caelum qui vertice ſuſcit.*  
 ♀ *Hic primum paribus nitens Cylleniis alis*  
*Conſpicit; \* Hinc toto precepi ſe corpore ad undas*  
*Miſit; † Avi ſimilis, qua circum litora, circum*  
*Piſcoſos scopulos, humilis volat aquora juxta:*  
*Haud aliter terras inter, caelumque volabat,*  
*Litus arenofum Libyæ, ventisque ſecabat.*  
 ♀ *Ut primum alatis tetigit Magalia plantis;*  
*Aeneam fundantem arceæ, ac tella novantem*  
*Conſpicit* ———

Whence

Whence he *Aeneas* soon did spie,  
 Ord'ring her Highness' Husbandry:  
 He took upon him as her Spouse,  
 And vapour'd like the Man o'th' House;  
 For all that Time, as't came to pass,  
 In Quarrel high engag'd he was,  
 And ready in his Fumigation,  
 (As Histories do make Relation)  
 To fall to Logger-heads, as't appears,  
 With a few Sawcy Carpenters,  
 Who building were an House of Ease,  
 For *Dido* in Necessities:  
 They would not follow his Advice,  
 (As Workmen still are otherwise)  
 Which made him foam, and flur out Spittle,  
 Because they made the Holes too little.  
 \* Down hanging by his Side he had  
 A dangerous bright-brown flashing Blade,  
 'T had been new furbish'd up at *Tyre*,  
 A better never pass the Fire.  
 \* Upon his Back he had a Jerkin  
 Lin'd through, and through with fable Merkin,  
 Giv'n as a Present by the Queen:  
 It had indeed her Husband's been;  
 But neither by the Nap, nor Tearing,  
 Was it a Pin the worse for wearing.  
 This (as of either Queen or King,  
 Vile People will be censuring)

—\* *Ille stellatus iaspide sulca*

*Busis erat*

—<sup>b</sup> *Tyrisque ardebat murice Lena  
 Demissa ex humeris: Divas qua munera Dido  
 Fecerat, & tenui telas diserverat auro.*

Was given *Aeneas* for a Charm,  
 And though the Queen might think no Harm,  
 Yet some have given a perious Hint  
 Of a strange hidden Virtue in't.  
 Equipt thus fine, *Mercury* found him,  
 \* And roundly in his Ears thus round him:  
 Thou here thy self most busy makes  
 In building for the Queen a Jakes,  
 But never think't, such is thy Wiseness,  
 What will become of thine own Business;  
 The Thunder-thumper, who by Threaves,  
 Makes Men to quake like Aspen-leaves;  
 † He whom the rest o'th' Gods do honour,  
 Has sent me from *Olympus* Manor,  
 To ask thee what thou dost intend,  
 Thy Time thus wickedly to spend;  
 And loyer here like a Hum-drum,  
 Not caring what thou dost, nor whom.  
 \* He says, though fearful as a Stranger,  
 Thy Coxcomb thou'l't not bring in Danger,  
 To mend thy State, nor get thy Living  
 By any honest Way of thriving:

—<sup>c</sup> *Continuo invocavit: Tu nunc Carthaginis alta  
 Fundamenta locas, pulcherrimamq; uxoris urbem  
 Extruis, (heu) regni, veramque oblite tuarum.  
 Ipse Deum tibi me clavo demittit Olympo  
 Regnator, caelum & terras qui numine torquet.*

—<sup>d</sup> *Ipse hoc ferre iubet ceteros mandata per auras.  
 Quid struis? aut qua spe Libycis teris acia terris?  
 Si te nulla movet taurarum gloria verum,  
 Nec super ipse tua—&c.—*

† He thinks, though, thou might'ſt take ſome care  
Of him that is thy Son and Heir,  
And not thrall here like Bore unworthy,  
When he has made Provision for thee.

‡ *Mercury* vaniſh, having ſpoke as  
Y'have heard; like any *Hecy-pocis*.  
And homeward did forthwith aſpire,  
Nor ever ſtay'd to drink at *Tyre*.

§ But *Don Aeneas* at the Viſion  
Was in a very ſad Condition;  
He could not ſpeak to Foe or Friend,  
And eke his Hair did ſtand an end  
So ſtiff, it thruſt his Hat ſo far  
Above his Head into the Air,  
That a great Turkey might have flown  
Betwixt his Bonnet and his Crown.

¶ Half-frighted out on's little Wit,  
† He now had Eggs (ſ'neath) o'th Spit,  
Till he was gone: \* But how (alas!)  
To break the Matter to her Grace,  
He knew no more, the baſful Groom,  
Than did the furtheſt Man of *Rome*,

† *Aſcanium ſurgentem, & ſpes herediſi Iuli,  
Reſpice cui regnum Italia, Romanique tellus  
Dedebunt*

‡ *Talli Cyllenius ore locutus,  
Mortales viſus medio ſermone reliquit,  
Et procul in tenuem ex oculis evanuit auram.*

§ *At verò Aeneas aſpectu obvolutus amens,  
Arctæque horrere comas, & vox faucibus haſit.*

¶ *Aedes abire fuga*

\* *Hui! quid agat?*

† *Neg.*

† Nor could he frame him to begin,  
T'appears that loving Soul the Queen,  
For nought more vexes Womens Bloods,  
Than to be left ſo in the Suds.

In this Quandary ſcratching's Pace,  
After a pensive long Debate,  
He calls, at laſt, his Fellow Rake-hells,

‡ And bids 'em get their Tools and Tackles,  
Aboard their Wherries, and be heedful  
To lay in all Things that were needful,  
Eſpecially good Meat: \* but ſlow it  
So ſecretly, that none might know it;

¶ That on Ocaſion in a Trice, Sir,  
They might be gone, and none the wiſer;  
And ſince he humbly did conceive,  
To ſteal away and take no Leave,

Would be uncivil, and enough  
To tear a Heart though made of Buff:

He was reſolv'd to take the Queen,

¶ When ſet upon ſome merry Pin,  
And tell her plain with Vows moſt fervent,  
He was her Grace's humble Servant.

† *Quo nunc Regiam ambire ſurrentem  
Audeſt aſſata? qua prima exordia ſumas?  
Atque animum nunc huc celerem, nunc dividis illuc,  
In partemque rapis varias*

‡ *Clasſem aptens taciti, ſocios ad littora cogant,  
Arma parent*

¶ *Et qua ſit rebus cauſa novandis,  
Diſſimuletis, ſeſe interea, quando optima Dido  
Noſciet.*

\* *Et qua molliſſima ſandi  
Tempora; quis rebus dexter modus*

E

‡ *But*

\* But *Dido*, *Carthage* Queen (for who  
 Can think to cheat a Woman so ?)  
 Was soon, I warrant you, aware  
 O'th' slippery Trick he meant to play her.  
 'Tis true, she ever had been jealous  
 Of all such vagrant Kind of Fellows,  
 And kept her Things safe under Lock,  
 E'er since the stealing of her Smock ;  
 But now to add unto her Fear,  
 She had it buzz'd into her Ear,  
 \* By that mischievous prating Whore,  
*Fame*, that I told you of before ;  
 \* Not, as they say, out of good Will,  
 But to be brewing *Mischief* still ;  
 That he, for all his fair Pretences,  
 \* Had greas'd his Boots, and wait'd his Benches ;  
 And now was ready set on Wheels,  
 To shew a nimble Pair of Heels.  
 \* This sudden News, I do assure ye,  
 Put *Dido* in a desperate Fury,  
 And made her shriek about and gad,  
 That all her People thought her mad ;  
 Whilst she from House to House did fly,  
 As she had run with *Hue and Cry*.

\* *At regina dolos (quis fallere possit amantem ?)*  
 \* *Præsenâ, morsusque excepit prima futuros,*  
*Omnia iusta timens*

\* *Eadem impia fama furenti*  
*Detulit*

\* *Armari classem, cursumque parari.*  
 \* *Sequitur inops animi, totaque incensa per urbem*  
*Bacchantur*

\* Evca

\* Ev'n as a Filly never ridden,  
 When by the Jockey first bestridden,  
 If naughty Boy do thrust a Nettle  
 Under her Dock to try her Mettle,  
 Does rise and plunge, curvet and kick,  
 Enough to break her Rider's Neck ;  
 Ev'n so *Queen Dido* at that Tale,  
 Laying all Majesty aside,  
 Play'd such mad Freaks, that well were they  
 Could farthest get out of her Way.  
 Thus flinging round from Place to Place,  
 At last, to make it short, her Grace  
 Finds me amongst a Crew of Mad-caps,  
*Æneas*, at one Mother *Red-Cap's*.  
 Well overt'n (quoth she) half weeping,  
 \* *Æneas*, thou'rt a precious Pepin,  
 To think to steal so sily from me,  
 When thou hadst had thy foul Will o'me.  
 \* Could not my Love (thou Knave) have staid thee,  
 Nor yet the Promise thou hast made me :  
 Nor that thou know'st if thou wert gone,  
 My Work would all be left undone ?  
 But that thou'lt sink away, thou *Varlet*,  
 And leave me like forsaken Harlot ?

\* *Qualis commotis excita sacris*  
*Thyas, ubi audito stibulant Trieterica Baccho*  
*Orgia, nocturnisque vocat clamore Cybaron.*  
 \* *Tandem his Æneam compellat vocibus Ætro ;*  
 \* *Disfingulare etiam sperasti, perfile, taurum*  
*Pesse nefas, tacitûsque meâ decedere terrâ ?*  
*Nec te nosse amor, nec te data dextera quondam*  
*Tovet ?*

E 2

\* Iq



\* In Winter too, o'er bluſ'tring Seas,  
 When it 'twixt two a Bed doth freeze?  
 b What though thou haſt, as thou haſt none,  
 A Houſe to go to, of thine own,  
 Could'ſt find yet in thy Heart to 'reave me  
 Of thy dear Company, and leave me?  
 c By this ſil: Rheum thou ſeeſt that wets  
 My Cheeks, and by thy Hand that ſweats,  
 That lawdy Fiſt, that has been laid  
 So oft where now ſhall not be ſaid;  
 I'm brief, by the whole Matter's Carriage,  
 And by the Earnest of our Marriage:  
 And by thoſe ſweet Delights we ſtole,  
 When the Rain drove me into th' Hole;  
 d If that Boat pleas'd thee; or ſince any  
 Which (*Jove* forgive us) have been many,  
 I do beſeech thee, *Trojan* ſine,  
 Not to undo both me, and mine.  
 e For thy ſweet ſake the knaviſh *Lybians*,  
 The *Tyrans*, and the vile *Numbians*,

\* *Quin etiam hyberno moliris fidere claſſem.*  
*Et mediis properas Aquilonibus ire per altum.*  
*Crudelis t' b Quid, ſi non arva aliena, domoque*  
*Tegetas petere?*

*Moue fugi? c Per ego has lacrymas, dexteramque tuam, te,*  
*Per Convulſia noſtra, per læcepas ſijmewas.*

*d Si bene quid de te morari, ſunt aut tibi quicquam*

*Dulce mecum; miſerere domus laboris;*

*Ora, ſi quis adhuc precibus locus;*

*e Te propter Libycæ gentes, Nonnumquam Tyranni*

*Od re, inſenſi Tyrii; te propter evadens*

*Exclusus pudor;*

In

In miſt of which is my Abode,  
 Hate me, as one would hate a Toad.  
 For thee I fiſt forewent all Shame,  
 f And that I liv'd by my good Name;  
 And wilt thou, having ipent thy Ardor,  
 And eat me out of Houſe and Harbor,  
 g So baſely to my Foes betray me,  
 And neither ſtay with me, nor pay me?  
 h No ſooner ſhall thy Back be turn'd,  
 But all my Buildings ſhall be burn'd;  
 That Rogue *Pygmalion* will ha' me,  
 Or elſe *Larbas* here will ta' me,  
 If (as we oit have ventur'd it,  
 I had but a big Belly yet.)  
 A little *Trojan* coming on,  
 To play withal when thou art gone,  
 Then let the Rogues do what they durſt do,  
 I ſhould have ſomething yet to truſt to.  
*Æneas* ta'en thus baſely tardy,  
 i Turn'd pale, and like a ſtick'd Pig ſtar'd ye:  
 He could not ſtand upright, but lean,  
 One might have fell'd him with a Dean;

f *Et, quâ ſolâ ſulera adibam,*  
*Fama prior*

g *Cui me moribundam deſeris, hoſper!*

h *Quid morer t' an mea Pygmalion dum mexia frater*

*Deſtruat? aut captam ducat Getulus Larbas?*

*Saltem, ſiqua mihi de re ſuſcepſta fuiſſet*

*Aut faciam ſoboles, ſiquis mihi parvulus auſâ*

*Luderet Æneas,*

*Non equidem evincio capta, aut deſerta ridere.*

i *Ille Jovis monitis immota tenebas*

*Lumina, & obſtinu curam ſub corde premebas.*

E 3

Noy,

Nay, he was struck so at her Speeches,  
Some say he did defile his Breeches,  
His Bowels did so yearn upon her;  
But being that may wound his Honour,  
I'll not affirm it, but proceed,  
To tell you what he said and did;  
Much was he mov'd at *Dido's* Words,  
Which stab'd him through and through like Swords;  
Much griev'd to see her weep and sob so,  
To throw about her Snout and thro'd so:  
But *Mercy's* Messige more prevailing  
Than her Colloguing or her Railing,  
After a many fine Good-morrrows,  
<sup>a</sup> He thus began to save her Sorrows:  
Should I (quoth he) O Queen, deny,  
That thou'rt the Flow'r of Courtisie;  
Or any Slanders vile contrive,  
I were the basest Knave alive.  
I must confess that thou, O Queen,  
To me, and to us all hast been  
More like a Mother than a Friend,  
So much I'll say, and there's an End;  
<sup>1</sup> And if I ever do forget ye,  
Or fail to drink a Health to *Betty*,  
Let me be hang'd as high, or higher  
Than Top of *Carthage* Steeple-Spire:

<sup>a</sup> Tandem pauca refert: Ego te, quae plurima fando  
Enumerare vales, nunquam, Regina, negabo  
Promeritam

<sup>1</sup> Nec me meminisse pigebit Elise,  
Dum intener ipse mei, dum spiritus hos reget artus.

<sup>m</sup> Few

<sup>m</sup> Few Words are best; if you'll be civil,  
I'll tell the Truth and shame the Devil.  
<sup>n</sup> I ne'er had Thought, much less Desire  
Bastily to build a Sconce at *Tyre*;  
And steal away from thee, my Hony.  
<sup>o</sup> But for the Thing call'd Matrimony,  
Although I did the Thing you wrot,  
*Jove* be my Judge, I meant it not,  
Indeed I took it for a Kindness,  
To be familiar with your Highness:  
But if I ever thought of other,  
Than one good Turn requires another;  
Or on such Terms e'er gave my Fist,  
I'm th' arrant'st Rogue that ever pist.  
<sup>p</sup> I must confess, that if it lay  
In my own Power, as one may say,  
That I had some good Bargain made,  
And bound my Son here to a Trade,  
Plac'd all my Followers, and therefore  
Had no one but myself to care for:  
I would as willing match with you,  
As any Woman that I know:  
<sup>1</sup> But as Things stand, I needs must follow  
The Council of my Friend *Apollo*,

<sup>m</sup> Pro ra pauca loquar

<sup>n</sup> Nec ego hanc abscondere furto  
Speravi (ne fuge) fugam

<sup>o</sup> nec conjugis unquam

Præstendi sadas, aut hoc in fœdera veni.

<sup>p</sup> Me si fata meis paterentur docere vitam

Auspicii, Et sponte meâ componere curas:

<sup>1</sup> Sed nunc Italiam magnam Geyncus Apollo,

Italiam Lycie passere caespere fert:

Ille amor, hac patria est

E 4

Who

Who sends me Word I must convey me  
To *Egeis* with all speed that may be,  
Where by a dainty River's Side,  
A Farm lies ready cut and dry'd,  
Will hold both me, and all my Meany,  
And cheap as forty Eggs a Penny,  
There then in downright Truth do I  
Intend to live and occupy.

† And if so be that you, who are sage,  
Delight so in your Town of *Carthage*;  
Why should it be in us to forest Sin,  
Who have no Houſe to thrust our Pates in,  
To travel to a Foreign Nation,  
For some convenient Habitation?

‡ I can no sooner go o' Nights  
To Bed (*Jove* bleſs us all from Sprights)  
But that ere I can frame to ſnore,  
My Father's Ghost comes through the Door,  
Though shut as fire as Hands can make it,  
And leads me such a fearful Racket;  
I ſlew all Night in my own Grealie,  
So that your Maids may if they please,  
Wring from the Shirt wherein I swallow,  
Each Morning-tide, as much good Tallow,  
As well would liquor all their Sandals,  
And make beside six Pound of Candles.

————— † *ſi te Carthagine arces  
Phœniſſam, Libyæque aspectus ætinet orbis;  
Quæ tandem, Antioiâ Teucro, conſidere terrâ,  
Iucidia eſt? & nos ſas extra querere Regna.  
‡ Me Paris Anchisæ, quoties hæmuntibus umbriſ,  
Nox operit terras, quoties aſtra igna ſurgunt,  
Admonet in ſomnis; & turbida terret Imago,  
Me puer Aſcanius, ———*

And

And all this is to have me gone,  
And not stay here t' undo my Son:  
† Besides not past an Hour ago,  
*Jove* sent his Lacquey to me too;  
I saw him fly, I'll \* take my Oath,  
(And Man has but his Faith and Troth)  
As plainly o'er your Dairy-Top,  
As e'er I saw him on the Rope:  
And heard him speak as plain but e'en now,  
As I hear you, or you hear me now  
‡ Then let me be so much beholding  
Unto your Grace to leave your Scolding;  
For I this Voyage undertake,  
Even like a Bear than's drawn to th' Stake.

‡ This said, the Queen in wrathful wit,  
Rowling about her goggle Eyes,  
As she would throw 'um in his Face,  
Unto her Fury thus gave place.  
Stinkard (quoth she) now thy false Heart  
Shews what a cheating Knave thou art,  
The Symptoms of a Rogue thou hast all,  
Thou a true *Trojan*, thou a Rascal!

† *Nunc etiam interpres divum, Jove missus ab ipſo,  
—Celeres mandata per auras*

*Detulit:* ———

‡ *Troſtor utrumque caput ———  
————— Ipſe deum maniſeſto in lumine vidi  
Intrantem muros, vocemque his auribus hæc,*

‡ *Deſine inique tuis incendere reges querelis;  
Italiam non sponte ſequor. ———*

‡ *Talia dicentem jamduldam averſa tænetur,  
Hinc illic volvens oculos, totumque pererrat  
Luminibus tacitis, & ſic accenſa profatur:*

E 3

No

<sup>a</sup> No Man or Woman of good Fashion,  
E'er coupl'd for thy Procreation ;  
But whipt thou wert of Tinker's Bitch,  
Under some Hedge, or in some Ditch :  
Nay, I'll not balk you, Sir ; nor care,  
For all you look so big and rare :  
Let thy foul Hide with Malice burst,  
I do despise thee, do thy worst.  
<sup>b</sup> Instead of sighing in this Case,  
Full sower thou believest in my Face ;  
And thou so stubborn art and canker'd,  
Thou shed'st no Tears, but Tears o'th' Tankard.  
Hadt thou but counterfeited Passion,  
To signify Commiseration,  
Or other'd but a sower Face, it  
Had been a Sign of some small Grace yet :  
But like a Logger-headed Lubber,  
Thou grinning stand'st, and seest me blubber ;  
<sup>c</sup> And *Jove* nor *Juno*, for ought I see,  
Will neither of 'em both chastise thee.  
<sup>e</sup> There's no Truth in this Age we live in :  
A wand'ring Beggar hither driven ;  
Who had, when weak as he could crawl,  
No Cross to bless himself withal ;

<sup>a</sup> Nec tibi Diva parens, generis nec Dardanus anctior,  
Perfide: sed divis gemit te cautibus horrens  
Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admirant ubera Tigres.  
Nunc quid distimulo ?

<sup>b</sup> Num struxit ingemuit nostro t. num lumen flexit ?  
Num lachrymas vultus dedit ? aut miseratus amantem est ?

<sup>c</sup> Jamjam nec maxima Juno,  
Nec Saturnus hoc oculis pater afficit equis.

<sup>e</sup> Nunquam tuta fides. Ejectum litore, egentem  
Excepi, ———

I have receiv'd to Bed and Board,  
Feasted and clad him like a Lord,  
<sup>d</sup> And (like a simple hair-brain'd Jade)  
This Youth hail Fellow with me made :  
And now, forsooth, he cannot stay,  
*Apollo* bids him run away ;  
<sup>e</sup> Nay, though I have in friendly wise,  
Cur'd his Mens Scabs, and kill'd their Lice ;  
<sup>f</sup> Yet having now fall'n to his Lot,  
A good rich Farm lies piping hot ;  
Should he stay here, it would undo him,  
And *Jove* has sent his Footman to him :  
As if the Deities were so  
Concern'd, they'd nothing else to do,  
But send their Lacqueys and their Pages,  
To him on How-d'ye's and Messages.  
But I'll waste on thee no more Breath,  
For whom the Wind that fumes beneath,  
Is far too sweet : Avaunt, thou Slave !  
Thou lying Coney-catching Knave,  
Be moving, do as thou hast told me !  
<sup>g</sup> No Body here intends to hold thee !  
<sup>h</sup> Go ! seek thy Farm, I hope 'twill be  
Fith' very Bottom of the Sea :

<sup>d</sup> Et regni domus in parte locavi :  
Nunc angur *Apollo*.

<sup>e</sup> Amissam classem, socios à morte reduxi.

<sup>f</sup> Nunc Lyciæ sortes, nunc et *Jove* missus ab ipso  
Interpres Divum fert horrida jussa per auras ;  
Sicilicet is superis labor est ; cæ cura quietos  
Solicitas :

<sup>g</sup> I, sequere Italiani venis, ———

Neque te teno ———

<sup>h</sup> Pete regna per undas : ———

Spero equidem medii, ———  
Supplicia hauriturum scopuli: ———



But should'st thou 'scape, and not in Dike lie,  
Drown'd like a Puppy, as 'tis likely,  
Since in the Proverb old 'tis found,  
*Who's born to hang, will ne'er be drown'd:*  
Yet should'st thou not be much the nigher.

1 I'll haunt thee like a going Fire,  
As soon as I can turn t' a Ghost,  
Which will be in a Week at most:  
Then in the midnight Sleep I'll wake thee,  
And ride thee worse than any Hackney.

I'll terrifie thee Day and Night:  
Nay, if thou do'st but go to——

There will I stand with flaming Taper,  
To fixel thy Tail instead of Paper.

2 I'll make thee rue the Time that e'er  
Thou cam'st to play thy Knave's Tricks here.

3 In Middle of this wrathful Speech  
Down drops Queen *Diab* on her Breech:  
Her Mouth was splot, and on the Ground  
She silent lay in doleful S wound:  
Shut were her Eyes, nor had the Hearing  
For what *Aeneas* was <sup>in</sup> preparing,  
Upon this pitiful Occasion,  
To say in's own Justification.

1 *Seqnar atris ignibus absens:*  
*Et, cum frigida mors animâ seduxerit atris,*  
*Omnia umbra loci adero,*

2 *Dabit, in probe, penas,*  
3 *Hic medium dictis sermone abrumpt, & aurâ*  
*Agra fugit.*

4 *Lingens multa metu evocantem, & multa parantem*  
*Dicere.*

In haste the *Tyrans* all advance  
To 'wake her Grace out of a Trance;  
They try'd to raise her in such sort,  
As when Men cry, *Le Corps est mort:*  
But here the Charm would not prevail,  
They could not raise her from her Tail:  
For though full light when her own Woman,  
Yet in this heavy Dump was no Man  
Could raise her up, though ne'er so mighty,  
Sorrow had made her Bum so weighty.

5 At last a Crew of strapping Jades,  
That were, or should have been her Maids,  
Gath'ring her up, away convey'd her,  
And having in her own Bed laid her,  
With Rugs they bolster'd her about,  
To try if she could sweat it out.

6 *Aeneas*, though 'twas his Desire  
Something t' have said might pacifie her,  
And though his Heart did bleed within him,  
To think of what had past between 'um,

7 Yet because *Jove* so loud did threaten,  
He sooner durst his Nails have eaten,  
Having so terribly been chidden,  
Than not t' have done as he was bidden:  
Therefore in haste his Hostess beck'ning,  
To come and bring 'um in a Reck'ning.

5 *Suscipiant famula, collasque membra*  
*Marmore referunt thalamo, stratisque reponunt.*

6 *At pius Aeneas, quoniam lenire dolentem*  
*Solando cupit, & dictis avertere curas;*  
*Multa gemens, magnoque animo labe factus amore:*  
7 *Justa tamen divinis exequitur.*

Strait to the Wharf repairs the Hot-shot,

<sup>2</sup> Without once calling for his Shot-pot.

The *Trojans* now by this Commission,

Launch all their Boats with Expedition;

You now upon the Ocean might see,

<sup>2</sup> The new greas'd Wherries swim most tightly,

They had new made 'em fine long Poles,

New pitch their Oars, and made new Thoules:

Though many Things were left undone,

<sup>4</sup> They were so eager to be gone.

<sup>1</sup> Then might you see 'em make their Sallies

From *Carthage-Town*, through Lanes and Alleys,

Stealing away with lewd Intentions,

To cheat the *Tyrrians* of their Penions,

Fearing their Landladies would brabble,

And dun 'em for their *Quarter's Table*.

<sup>3</sup> As Hodge-hogs when they go to th' Wood,

To fetch a Hoard of Winter-food,

Return well laden with their Vict'les,

Fine yellow Crabs stuck round their Prickles:

Ev'n to the *Trojans*, without doubt,

Were at this Season hung about

—<sup>3</sup> *Classique revisit.*

*Tum vero Teuci incumbunt, & litore cessas*

*Deducunt tato navis:*

—<sup>1</sup> *Natat uncta carina:*

*Frudentisque ferunt remos, & robera sylvia*

*Infabricata,*

—<sup>5</sup> *Fuga studio.*

<sup>1</sup> *Migrantes cernas, tacitæ ex urbe ruinas.*

<sup>2</sup> *At veluti ingentem formica foveis æternum*

*Cum populans, hyemis memores, tellure reponunt:*

*It nigrum campis agmen, prædantque per herbæ*

*Cavocillans calle angusto, pars granaia tendunt*

*Obvixæ frumenta humeris; pari*

With

With Fardles, Bundles, Bags and Wallets,

To cloath their Backs; and feed their Palates.

<sup>\*</sup> But what thought *Dido* in this Case,

When thus she saw them sink their Ways,

From Garret-window saw 'em row,

And heard them crying *Saftward Hoe!*

<sup>1</sup> To see how Love makes Folks do Things,

Against the Hair, against the Shins!

For she, though full of Indignation,

To be forsaken in this Fashion;

And had she known but how to get him,

Could doubtless without Salt have eat him:

Yet ne'ertheless, Love over-ruling,

<sup>2</sup> She fell again to her old puling;

And once more meant to try if pity

Would not recall him to the City.

<sup>3</sup> Look thee (quoth she) where he (*my Navy*)

Whose able Parts I do much fancy,

Has trust up all his Tools together,

To carry 'em the Lord knows whither.

<sup>4</sup> Hark how his Rabble-Gang do shout,

And shove a-Stern to hasten out;

A Rout of base unthankful Peasants!

The Devil cut their yelping Weazens:

<sup>\*</sup> *Quis tibi tunc, Dido, cernenti talia sensus?*

—*Cum litora fervere late*

*Prospectæ arce ex summa, totumque videras*

*Miseri autè oculos tantis clamoribus aquor.*

<sup>1</sup> *Improba A M O R, quid non mortalia pectora cogit?*

<sup>2</sup> *Iri iterum in lacrymas, iterum tentare precando*

*Cogitur,*

*Nequid inexpertum, frustra moritura, relinquit.*

<sup>3</sup> *Anna, vides tato proferari litore circum,*

—<sup>b</sup> *Vocat jam carbasus auræ,*

*Puppibus & lati naute imposuere coronas,*

The





The brawling Rascals egg him on,  
 And make him madder to be gone.  
 Had I once dreamt the Tearing Devil  
 Could ever have been so uncivil,  
 Thus like a Jade to break his Tether,  
 I should have kept my Legs together:  
 Or have made bold t' have ty'd him faster,  
 To the due Limits of his Pasture:  
<sup>c</sup> But since he holds me at this Distance,  
 I beg thy siterly Assistance:  
 Thou know'it the Temper of the Block-head,  
 And to a Hair canst fit his Pocket:  
 Therefore (dear Nanny) I implore thee,  
 If e'er thou'lt do any Thing for me,  
<sup>d</sup> Run to the Wharf with might and main,  
 And try to bring him back again:  
 I promise thee, and if I break  
 My Word, pray *fove* I break my Neck,  
<sup>e</sup> If thou canst bring him to my Bow,  
 I'll give thee for thy Pains a Cow.  
<sup>f</sup> Tell him I e'er had more Discretion,  
 Than to join Issues with the *Gracian*:

— <sup>c</sup> *Soror* — *miseræ hæc tamen unum  
 Exequere, Anna, mihi, solum nam profusis illæ  
 Te colere, arcana etiam tibi credere sensus,  
 Sola viri molles aditus, et tempora noras.*  
<sup>d</sup> *I, foras, atque hostem supplex assare superbum.*  
<sup>e</sup> *Extremam hæc oro veniam (miserere sororis)*  
*Quam mihi cum dederis, cumulata morte relinquas.*  
<sup>f</sup> *Non ego cum Danais Trojanam excindere gentem  
 Anside juravi, classisque ad Pergamam missi:  
 Nec patri Anchisæ cineres, manusve revelli.  
 Cur mea dista negat duras demittere in curas?*

I neither did meddle nor make,  
 But as they brew'd so let them bake:  
 Nor did I e'er make skittle Pin-bones,  
 Or Bobbins, of *Lackfus'* Shin-bones:  
 Why should he then without all Sense,  
 Thus use me like a Kitchin-wench?  
<sup>a</sup> I would but beg one Kiandness from him:  
<sup>b</sup> I will no more claim Promise on him:  
 But only that he'll tarry here,  
 Half, or a Quarter of a Year;  
 Whereby I may, before he go,  
<sup>c</sup> Wean my self from a Bed-fellow:  
 Or (if my Constitution can  
 Not well subsist without a Man)  
 Until I can my self supply,  
 With one to do my Drudgery:  
 I'll ask no further Obligation,  
<sup>d</sup> But let him to his Navigation;  
 He may to *Latium* then address,  
 And swim or sink, all's one to *Befs*.  
<sup>e</sup> Scarce had the woful *Dialo* done,  
 When *Naw* prepar'd her to be gone;  
 She tucks her Coats about her Haunches,  
 And to the Water-side advances:  
 She tript so neatly to the Pier,  
 It would have done one good to see her:  
 One would have thought she'd gone in haste,  
 Midwife to fetch, she went so fast.

— <sup>a</sup> *Extremum hæc miseræ det manus amari.*  
<sup>b</sup> *Non iam conjugium antiquum, quod prodidit, oro;  
 Tempus inane peto, requiem, spatiumque* —  
<sup>c</sup> *Dum mea me vicissim deceat fortuna dolere.*  
<sup>d</sup> *Nec pulchre ut Latio careat, regnumque relinquat.*  
<sup>e</sup> *Talibus arabas, talique miserima fletus  
 Ferteque, referteque soror* —

At last he came unto the Place  
Where *Dido's* dear *Aeneas* was;  
She found him set amongst his Mates,  
The rest o'th' *Trojan* Runagates,  
Puff'd like a Foot-ball with Vain-glory,  
Roaring and drinking tosy-rosy;  
Like one that knew a Pot it'h' Pate,  
Would be a Mile or two o'th' Gate.

The *Trojan* had no sooner spy'd her,  
But though he could not well abide her,  
Yet 'cause he would part fairly with her,  
He askt what Wind had blown her thither.

She putting Finger in the Eye,  
(As Women when they list can cry)  
Told him in what a sad Condition  
Her Sister was; her last Petition;

And pray'd him, as he was a true Man,  
Not to undo a proper Woman.

But she might e'en have sav'd her Juice,  
And kept her Tears for better Use.

His Resolution still opposes,  
He would go, 'spite of all their Noses;

And like to Hemp, which, as I take it,  
The more you twist, you stronger make it:

<sup>a</sup> Sed nullis ille movetur  
Fletibus, aut voces ullos tractabilis audit.  
Lacryma voluntur inanes.

<sup>b</sup> Fata obstant, &c.

<sup>c</sup> At velanti amplexu nullulo cum robore quercum  
Alpini Borea vinct hinc, unice flantibus illuc,  
Erucere inter se certant, &c.

<sup>d</sup> Ipsa hares scopulis, &c.  
Haud felix affuiti hinc atque hinc vocibus heros  
Dondit.

<sup>e</sup> Meis immota manet.

Ev'n so, the more she try'd to twind him,  
She still more obstinate did find him.

Then *Dido* madder grew and madder,  
No Friends she had could now persuade her;  
She stamp'd and star'd, as she were wood,  
And in her melancholy Mood,  
Calling to mind in woeful wise,

*Aeneas* and his Treacheries,  
How often he had stab'd her Honour,  
That Men would now make Ballads on her;  
She was resolv'd, without Delay,

Fairly to make herself away,  
And meant to put her Resolution  
Into most tragick Execution.

She had, alas! too just Incitement,  
Thus to prefer her own Indictment;  
And Reason good, by all Relation,  
Thus to proceed to Condemnation:  
For such Portents, and dire Presages,  
As still have been Disaster's Pages,  
Foretold her Overthrow so plainly,  
She saw 't oppose it would in vain be.

She call'd to wash, and do you think?  
The Water turn'd as black as Ink;  
And that by chance being Churning-day,  
Her Cream most strangely turn'd to Whey!

<sup>a</sup> Tum vero infelix satis exterrita Dido

<sup>b</sup> Mortem oras: tudet caeli convexa tueri.

<sup>c</sup> Quo magis inceptum peragat, lucemque relinquat,

<sup>d</sup> Vidit, thuricremis cum dona imponeret aris,

Horrendum ditum! lactes nigrescere sacros;

Fusisque in obsecrum se vertere visa crurem.

Hic visum nulli, non ipsi effata forari.

This *Dido* saw, but would by no Means  
Tell her own Sister of the Omens.  
But that which gave the most Persuasion  
Unto her full Determination,

Was this: She kept *Sichæus* Bones  
In a great Coffer made o'th' nonce,  
As sundry others have done the like,  
By way of superstitious Relick,  
In a dark Cellar under-ground;

<sup>a</sup> From whence each Night a dismal Sound  
Pierc'd *Dido's* tender Ear, and with't her,  
Nay, like a Husband admonish't her,  
To fit her for her latter End.

For why, he told her, as a Friend,  
That in a very short Space, she  
Should of this World, no Woman be.

<sup>x</sup> The Screech-Owls too, were her Molesters,  
Who still were chanting out their Vespers:

<sup>y</sup> Besides she had her Fortune told her,  
When 'bout some Doz'n or so, no older;  
That she should but one Husband have,  
And after that a scurvy Knave  
Should steal her Honour like a Thief,  
And make her hang her self for Grief:  
These sad Portents falling so thick,  
And pat on one another's Neck,

<sup>a</sup> *Hinc exaudiri vocis, & verba vocantis  
Vixi curi; non cum terras obscura teneret:*

<sup>x</sup> *Solæque culminibus ferali turbine bato  
Sæpe queri, ———*

<sup>y</sup> *Multræque præterea vatum prædilla priorum  
Terribili monitu horrificans: ———*

Put the poor Queen besides her Senies,  
As a just Plague for her Offences.

<sup>a</sup> She dreams *Jacas* now is going,  
Like a false Friend to her Undoing,  
And that she must when *Trojan* goes,  
For ever lose her Play-fellows,  
Which to the Woman's Cause sufficient,  
Let her be ne'er so well condition'd,  
To raise her to Extravagancies,  
When she must part with what she fancies.

<sup>a</sup> Ev'n as a Bitch's Fury up is,  
When People come to steal her Puppies:  
So far'd the wrathful Queen that Day,  
When *Dido* must be ta'en away:  
She was so much concern'd about him,  
She could not, would not live without him;

But in her desperate Resolutions,  
<sup>b</sup> Would hang her self to try Conclusions,  
The Time and Manner she projected,  
And that she might not be suspected,  
She foug'd her Vissage up with Smiles,  
And thus her Sister *Nau* beguiles:

<sup>a</sup> *agit ipse furcentem  
In somnis ferus Rencas, semperque relinquit  
Sola sibi, semper longam incomitata videtur  
Ira viam, ———*

<sup>a</sup> *Eumenidum voluti demens videt agmina Pentheus,  
Aut Agamemnonius feris agitur Orestes,  
Ergo ubi concepit furias, ———*

<sup>b</sup> *Decrevitque mori, tempus secum ipsa, modicumque  
Exigit, & maximo dicti aggressa sororem,  
Considium vultu tegit, ac spem fronte serenat:*

<sup>e</sup> Nany (quoth she) I've found at last  
A Way, for all *Æneas* Haste,  
If thou in the Exploit wilt join,  
Shall pay him back in his own Coin,  
And bring him back by our contriving,  
Since he's so goodly, dead or living,  
Seeing the Rogue my Love disgraces,  
I'll spoil his Sport in other Places.

<sup>d</sup> A Mile from hence or such a Space,  
Down in a Bottom of a Place,  
Far out of all Highways and Roads,  
Where nothing breeds, but Frogs and Toads,  
Snakes, Adders, and such wicked Vermin,  
That (can they catch 'em) will not spare Men:  
There in a Cave lies an old <sup>e</sup> Wretch,  
An ugly, rotten, toothless Witch,  
So old, that one would think she were  
The eldest Devil's Grandmother.

<sup>f</sup> Now this old Beldam can do Wonders;  
If she but say the Word, it Thunders,

<sup>e</sup> *Inveni, germana, viam (gratave forori)  
Quæ mihi reddat eum, vel se me solvas amantem.*

<sup>d</sup> *Oceani finem saxta, solennique cadentem,  
Ultimus Æthiopum locus est, ubi maximus Atlas  
Axam humero torquet.* —

<sup>e</sup> *Hinc mihi Mælybe gentis monstrata sacerdos,  
Hesperidum templi custos, ejulæque aræconi  
Quæ dabat.* —

*Spargens humida mella, saporiferamque papaver.*

<sup>f</sup> *Hæc se carminibus promittit solvere mentes  
Quas vult; atq; aliis duras immittere curas:  
Sistere aquam fluvii, & vertere sidera retrò;  
Nocturnoque ciet manus. Mægire videbis  
Sub pedibus terram, & descendere montibus ornos.*

Lightens.

Lightens, or Rains, or Hails, or Snows,  
Or any Weather you'll suppose;  
She'll make a Cowi-flash by her Spelling,  
Amble like any double Geiding;  
And in the deep o' th' Night the bafe Hag  
Can of a Cudgel make a Race-Nag;  
A Walnut she to Sea can rig out,  
And of an Egg shell make a Frigot;  
Nty, in a Thimble stem the Flood,  
Provide the Thimble be of Wood.  
She can, where she does owe a Spight,  
Spoil any Bridegroom's Wedding-night,  
And the Bride's Longing disappoint,  
By virtue of a Godpiece-point.  
She can make People love or hate,  
Ev'n whom she please, and at what Rate;  
And by her Magick and her Spells,  
Make Folks, or hang, or drown themselves.  
In short, there's nothing that has Ill in't,  
But she has admirable Skill in't,  
And does her Mischiefs too as quick  
As any Juggler does a Trick.

<sup>e</sup> I take the Gods to witness, Sister,  
I'm led into this Couric similer,  
Out of no End Men wicked call;  
But only for Revenge, that's all;  
And since I am so busely croit,  
I'll have this Hag, or it shall cost  
More than I'll speak of; she perchance  
May lead my Trojans such a Dance,

<sup>e</sup> *Teſor, clara, Deos, & te, germana, tuumque  
Duce caput, magiceas invocam accingier artes.*

Shall



Shall make him glad, as fast as may be,  
To come again and cry *Peccavi*;  
Or make him hang himself at least,  
For an Example to the rest  
O' th' Tribe of false dissembling Yeomen:  
That take a Pride to ruin Women:  
And by good Luck the<sup>a</sup> now hard by here,  
Come not an Hour ago to *Tyre*,  
Sent for, it seems, about no ill Deed,  
To bless a Sow that lites in Childbed,  
And I'll go fetch her, by her Favour,  
With a *Sabazza*, but I'll have her.  
<sup>b</sup> In the mean Time go thou and tie  
Falk to the great Beam, where I lie,  
The best new Halter thou canst choofe,  
And make a dainty running Noose;  
Like that fell to the Fellow's Share,  
That made a Woman of a Mare.  
<sup>c</sup> Then take me out *Aneas*' Rayment,  
All I have left in Part of Payment:  
His greasie Doublet and his Trowles,  
Where many a wandring *Trojan* Loose is:  
The Treasure he has left behind him;  
In the great standing Peels you'll find 'um;  
Stuff me 'um up with Straw or Litter,  
The worse the Stuffing is, the fitter;  
And ram the Tatters with a Vengeance,  
As People use to ram their Engines;  
Make haste and do as I have bid ye;  
I'll hang the Rascal in Edgile:

<sup>b</sup> *Tu secreta Pyram tello interire sub auras  
Erige.* <sup>c</sup> *Et arma viri, scilicet qua fixa reliquit  
Impius, excelsaque omnes, lictamque jugalem,  
Duo perit, suscipitq; onas:*

So

So I'm advis'd to do, and so  
<sup>a</sup> I mean to serve him, if I blow;  
Which, though I cannot wreck my Teen, it  
Will stay the Stomach of my Spleen yet.  
<sup>b</sup> Thus having said, the Queen chang'd Colour,  
No Ghost could e'er look pitifuller:  
One would have thought by her Dejection  
And by her woeful wan Complexion,  
She had been going just o'th' sudden,  
To drop, and give the Crow a Pudden.  
<sup>c</sup> *Nancy*, (although she saw the Queen  
Ready to burst her Hoops for Teen)  
And well enough mark'd how the look'd too,  
Yet by her fine Pretence was rook'd so,  
She did no further on't consider,  
<sup>d</sup> But went about what she had bid her,  
Dreaming no more than her last Even,  
*Dido* had been so loudly given.  
Away therefore my *Lais* does trot,  
And presently an Halter got,  
Made of the best strong hempen Seer,  
And ere a Cat could lick her Ear,  
Had ty'd it up with so much Art,  
As *Dus* himself could do for's Heart:  
The Rope, and say 'twas got o'th' sudden,  
Did prove so prime a special good one,  
That with fair Usage it might come  
To hang up *Carthage* all and some.

<sup>a</sup> *Abolere nefandi  
Cuncta viri monumenta jubet, monstratque sacerdes.*  
<sup>b</sup> *Hac effata silet; pallor simul occupat ira.*  
<sup>c</sup> *Non tamen Anna novis prætexere funera sacri  
Germanam credit: nec tanto mento furor  
Concipit, aut graviora timet.*  
<sup>d</sup> *Ergo jussa parat.*

F

The



The Trojan Doublet she had fill'd so,  
 'Twas very strange the Buttons held so;  
 And that the Crumming of his Breeches,  
 Had not quite broken out the Stitches,  
 His very Stockings, though they were  
 About the Feet out of Repair;  
 Yet she made shift to stuff each Start-up,  
 And tie 'um to the rest on's Wardrobe:  
 Having thus brac'd him like a Drum,  
 She laid him out in *Dido's* Room;  
 " Display'd upon a fair long Board,  
 Ready when *Dido* gave the Word,  
 To be advanc'd into the Haller,  
 Without the Benefit on's Pfalter,  
 Scaree had she thus dispos'd her Trinkums,  
 When up the Stairs, behold the Queen comes,  
 ♪ Leading along th'old rotten Gammer,  
 Into her Highness' mated Chamber.  
 When she was come and saw the portly  
 Trophy in that most noble Sort lie,  
 As she oft-times had seen the Sinner  
 Lie gorg'd on Benches after Dinner;  
 She fell again into a Passion,  
 Caus'd by a sweet Commemoration,  
 Of past Delights, seeing those Breeches,  
 And humbly the old Gib beseeches  
 To shew her utmost Skill and Cunning,  
 To keep her Trojan Dear from running.  
 The mumbling Witch bid her not fear.  
 But rest content, and of good cheat,

—<sup>o</sup> Exuvias, costumque reliquam,  
 Effigiemque vero lecat.

♪ Stans ara circum, & crines effusa Sacerdos,

And

And she should see she'd make him stay,  
 Or foul her Art should fly her way.  
 ♫ With that the Hag begin her Charm,  
 You would have thought she'd had a Swarm  
 Of Wasps and Hornets: in her Throat,  
 There came so strange a Humming out:  
 And as the spoke, her hollow Chaps,  
 Bound up in two thin shrivell'd Flaps  
 Of old abominable Leather,  
 Like Bellows heav'd and clapt together,  
 Her little Eyes being fiery red,  
 Were sunk so far into her Head,  
 They look'd when most she star'd at full,  
 Like Farthing-Candles in a Skull.  
 Her Nose hung like an Arch between  
 Her wrinkled Forehead and her Chin:  
 A craggy Passage, and uncouth,  
 Over the dreadful Gulf her Mouth;  
 And Elf-locks hung so on each Shoulder,  
 'Twould make one tremble to behold her.  
 This Witch a Ribble-row rehearfe,  
 Of scurvy Names in scurvy Verbs,  
 Which by the Manner of her Mouting,  
 Was certainly *Baroque*, or nothing:  
 And in these Rhymer, as round the limps,  
 Calls her Familiars and her Imps,  
 † Sprinkling the Chamber in her Motion  
 With a rapid brackish Lotion,

‡ Ter centum totas ora Deo, Erebinque, Cbaſque,  
 Ter geminamque Hecaten, tria virgino ora Dianæ,  
 † Sparſerat, & latice ſumulator fontis Averni;

F a

Fer





For ought I know, of her own making,  
Be her much stirring and Pains-taking.

(\*) A red heart Breaker next the mould' d off,  
A Wart that *Dido* was full proud of,  
And burnt it for a strong Perfume,  
And pow'rfull Spell to make him come.  
Then Hand in Hand to dance they fall,  
A grave and solemn Magick-brawl,  
In such hard Figures none could tread 'um  
But the old holding Hag that led 'um;  
Poor *Dido* too, alas! made one,  
Although her dancing Days were done:  
And tho' oppress'd with Woe and Care, cut  
Capers, and Tricotee'd it (\*) barefoot  
= Imploring all the Deities.  
At ev'ry Step, both he's and she's,  
To turn *Æneas* back, and make him  
Follow the Work he'd undertaken;  
Or if he would not turn, t' afford  
The Grace to turn him over-board.  
Thus to her Footing the poor Jade,  
Out of all Measure curs'd and pray'd  
Against her Love had so offended,  
Till Dance and Charm together ended.

\* *Quæritur & nascentis equi de fronte revulsus,  
Et matri præceptus amor.*

† *Unum equam pedem vincit,*  
*Tollitur mixtura Deis,*

‡ *Tum, si quod non agno federe amantes  
Cura nomen habet, justinque, memorque, precatur.*

\* 'Twas

\* 'Twas now the Time when Candles are  
Repriev'd by the Extinguisher;  
When ev'ry Thing to sleep down lies,  
Dogs in their Kennels, Hogs in Scies;  
And Men and Woman rest their Heads  
And Heels, on Flocks, or Feather-beds.  
Now Men and Fiffes, Birds and Beaſt,  
And every thing was laid to rest;  
‡ All but the woful Queen (alas!)  
Who now was brought unto that Paſs,  
What with her Love, and what with Spight,  
She could not sleep one Wink all Night.  
Her Stomach was now piping hot,  
‡ It boild and bubbled like a Pot,  
And did ſo ſtrong a Wambling keep,  
She fitter was to ſpew than ſleep.

Have not you ſeen an Animal  
Yclept an Hoſie, when in his Stall,  
The Botts, that terrible Diſeaſe,  
Doth on his tender Bowels ſeiſe,  
What Groans he fetches, and what Pranks  
He rouling plays upon the Planks?  
So *Dido*, croſt in her Amours,  
Tumbled away her ſleeping Hours,

\* *Nox erat, & placidum carpebant ſeſſa ſoporem  
Corpora per terras; ſilvaque, & ſæva quæſierunt  
Ægona*

*Cum tacet amnis ager, pecudes, piſcæque volucres,  
Quaque lacus late liquidus, quaque aſpera demis  
Rura tenent, ſomno poſita ſub nocte ſilenti  
Lenibant curas,*

‡ *At non iuſtæ animi Phœniciffa, nec unquam  
Solvitur in ſomnos, ocellivo, aut peſtore noctem  
Accipit:*

‡ *Magnæque irarum fluctuant æſtu.*

Now on her Back, and in such Fashion,  
As if the lay for Consolation;  
Now on her Belly, now her Side,  
All Postures, and all Ways she try'd;  
But all in vain, nothing would do,  
Her Heart was so oppress'd with Woe,  
And Love within her did so rumble,  
She could do nought but tois and tumble:  
At last in midst of Agitation,  
e She thus brake out into a Passion;  
Which Way, poor *Dido*, should'st thou turn thee,  
Whilst cruel Love does thus Heart-burn thee?  
Thou now of Hope hast not one Spark left,  
Th' hast brought thy Hogs to a fair Market,  
Not one poor Dram of Consolation,  
O Woman vile in Desperation!  
What shall I do in this Condition,  
To keep me from the World's Derision?  
e Shall I invite to be my Spouse,  
Some one I have forbid my House?  
Some saucy, proud *Numilius* Jack,  
And humbly beg of him to take  
d *Aeneas* Leavings, or like *Trull* here,  
Run away basely with this Sculler?

———— a *In geminant cura, rursusque resurgens*  
Sevit amor.

b *Sic ades insistit, secumque ita corde volutat!*  
Ei quid agam?

———— c *Rursusque procosirrija priores*  
Expectat? *Nomadiumque petam conuubia supplex,*  
*Quos ego sum totius, iam dedignata maritos?*

d *Illicae igitur classes, atque ultima Teucrarum*  
*Iussa sequar?*  
———— *Sola fugâ nauis comitabor evantes?*

e Oc

e Or shall I raise the Town in Swarms,  
And bring him back by Force of Arms!  
Alas, I fear it is no boot!  
Foul means would never bring him to't.  
f No, no, I'll die; this Halter yet,  
When all Trades fail, shall do the Feat,  
Ah! Sister, Sister, hadst not thou  
Play'd Mistress *Quicky's* Office so,  
And sooth'd me up 'till I grew jolly,  
I never had committed Folly:  
No, had I made the least Resistance,  
And kept the saucy Knave at Distance,  
I might have us'd him as my list,  
And ne'er been brought to this I wist.  
h Thus lay the wretched Queen debating,  
*Nau*, Fortune, and her Lover rating;  
i Whilst he Drum-ful with his Potation,  
Ne'er dreaming of the doleful Passion  
He had most vilely left his Drub in,  
Lay drunk and snoring in his Cabin:  
k But *Mercery*, tho' he slept profoundly,  
l Made bold to beat up's Quarters roundly.

———— c *An Tyrus, omnique manu stipata meorum*  
Insequar?

f *Sola morere, ut merita es, ferruque averti dolerem.*  
———— g *Tu prima furcens*

*Hic, germana, mali oneras,*

h *Tantos illa suo rumpendar peiore questus,*

i *Rucas celsa in puppi,*

*Carpebat somnos,*

k *Hinc se forma Dei*

*Obtulit in somnis*

*Omnia Mercurio similis,*

———— l *Rursusque ita visa monere est;*

*Nata Dea,*

F 4

And

And thus 'gin rattle him: Thou lousie,  
Mangy, careles, drunken, drowlie  
Coxcomb! how oft must I be sent  
Hither from *Joes* to compliment  
Your Worship to a rev'tent Care  
Of the young Bassard here, your Heir?  
Whil'it thou ly'st tippled, or tipping;  
Nor car'st what Danger the poor Striping  
Lies open to. <sup>m</sup> Y'ad best shone oa,  
some body will be here anon:  
Take t'other Nap, do, till the Queen come,  
She'll reckon with you for your In-come:  
She'll rouze ye, faith! And (Goodman Letcher)  
Tis ten to one, with a good Stretcher  
About your Ears: Therefore my loving  
Acquaintance, you were best be <sup>n</sup> moving;  
Upon my Word th' Advice is wholsome,  
Stay not until the angry Soul come:  
For if thou dost, mark what I say,  
And be'st not gone before't be Day,  
<sup>o</sup> If *Carthage* bea't about your Ears  
As soon as ever Day appears,  
And do not thrash your Back and Side,  
Far worse than *Agamemnon* did

— <sup>m</sup> *Potes hoc sub casu ducere somnos?*  
*Nec, quæ circumstant te deinde pericula, cernis?*  
*Demens!* —

*illa doles* — *in pectore versat.*

<sup>n</sup> *Non fugis hinc præcepti, dum præcipitare potestas?*  
*Eia age, rumpe moras:*

<sup>o</sup> *Fam mare turbari trabibus, sævâque videbis*  
*Collucere facies, &c.* — — — — —  
*Si te hui attingerit terris Aurora morantem.*

Those

Those of your Woman-stealing Rabble,  
Give me but Six-pence, if thou'rt able,  
And here's my Hand, I do not sport,  
I'll give thee twenty Shillings for't.  
<sup>p</sup> Thus having said, away he flies,  
Ere Tols-pot could unglew his Eyes,  
Which were so cemented in that Cafe,  
The Page was got as far as *Atlas*  
Back on his Way, ere he could free 'um  
From gowl and matter fit to see him:  
But having streakt and yaun'd a while,  
Snorted, and kept the usual Coil  
That Drunkards use in such like Cafes,  
And made some dozen Devil's Faces;  
At last he got his Eyes unglew'd  
Into a pretty Magnitude,  
He star'd about to see the Vision  
Had giv'n that courteous Admonition;  
But 'twas so dark, as well it might,  
Being 'twixt twelve and one at Night;  
That had the nimble Courier  
In Kindness said his Leisure there,  
Tho' clad in *Falstaff's* *Keudal Green*,  
He could not possibly be seen.  
<sup>q</sup> *Aeneas* troubled herewithal,  
Seeing he could noe see at all,  
Starts from the Tilt where he had lain,  
And calls upon his Mates amain.

— <sup>p</sup> *Sic status, nocti se immiscuit atra.*  
<sup>q</sup> *Uim vero Aeneas subitis exterritus umbris,*  
*Corripit à somno corpus, sociisque fatigat.*

F 5

r Rise



7 RISE, Sirs, quoth he, and look about ye,  
 8 I've had from *Jove* another how d'ye.  
 His Man was here, and calls to go still,  
 His sweaty Pumps are in my Noisè still.  
 He swears, and offers to lay odds on't,  
 And if he say't, I'll lay my ——— on't,  
 That if we do not leave the Dock,  
 And get us hence by four a Clock,  
 We shall be murder'd, if we were  
 Ten times as many as we are:  
 Therefore I think it not amiss for's  
 To launch, for there are Rods in Pils for's.  
 Let us but ply our Oars like tall Men,  
 Till we be got clear out of all Ken;  
 Then if they have a mind to lace us,  
 Let *Carthage*, if they can, come trace us.  
 1 And thou, O *Jove*, (top of my Kin!)  
 Who hitherto, so kind hast been,  
 2 If now thou stick, and do not fall's,  
 Let *Dido* whistle in our Tails.

Thus having spoken, and thus pray'd,  
 \* Forthwith he drew his doughty Blade,  
 And at one Slash, to all Men's wonder,  
 Cut the Boat's triple Cord asunder:

7 *Præcipites vigilate viri,*

8 *Deus astere missus ab alto,  
 Fossinare fugam, torvisque incidere funes*

Ecce iterum simulat.

1 *Sequitur se, sancte Deorum,*

*Quisquis es,*

2 *Adju, O, placidisque juves, & hylera celo*

*Dextra ferat!*

x *Dixit, vaginâque evipit enses  
 Fulmineum, striditque seris retinacula ferro.*

7 At which the Gang, spur'd by so ample,  
 So mighty and renown'd Example,  
 Cut all the rest, nor Staying Brooks,  
 But let the Devil take the Hooks,  
 And shipping Oars, to work they fall,  
 Like Men that row'd for good and all.  
 Had it been Day, no doubt one might  
 Have then beheld a gallant Sight.  
*Neptune's* great Whiskers had not been  
 So neatly 2 brush'd as they were then  
 Of many a Year: Crabs that did nest  
 Full deep therein, could take no rest.  
 3 They lather'd him in the great Basin,  
 So admirably well, that *Jafon*,  
 Although he sav'd the Golden Fleece,  
 Ne'er washt him half so well as these.  
 4 *Aurora* now, who, I must tell ye,  
 Was grip't with Dolours in her Belly,  
 Starts from her Couch, and o'er her Head  
 Slipping on Petticoat of Red,  
 Forth of the Morning Doors she goes,  
 In hasty wise to pluck a Rose;  
 When *Dido*, who was broad awake,  
 Hearing the rusty Hinges creak,  
 Ran to her 5 Peeping-hole, to spy  
 What was become o' th Trojan'ry.

7 *Idem omnes simul arder habet: —*

*Rapitione, rursusque:*

*Litora deseruere: —*

2 *Et cavaia verrant.*

3 *Adiuxi torquent spuma,*

4 *Et jam prima novo spargebat lumine terras*

*Talioni croceum loquens Aurora cubile;*

5 *Regina à speculi, in primis albescere lucem*



But out, alas! <sup>d</sup> The devil a Sail  
Was left 't' th' Port; bare as my Nail  
The Dock was strip; whilst far from Shore  
They row'd as they ne'er row'd before.  
At which sad Sight, in Wrath (God bless us!)  
<sup>e</sup> Tearing her dainty yellow Tresses,  
She sighing said, Was ever seen  
So pitiful an undone Queen!  
And shall this filthy Trojan Royster  
Undo, as one would do an Oyster,  
Poor *Dido* thus, and run away,  
Maugre what I can do or say!  
Hey, how the treach'rous wenching Knave  
Bounces and volts from Wave to Wave,  
As he were making Ducks and Drakes,  
With Wherries upon *Nepesina's* Lakes!  
The Devil fare farts in his Poop,  
And puffs his kicking Sculler up;  
Or else some dirty Suburb-Drab  
Has helpt the Rasical to a Clap,  
And sent a running Nag to Sea,  
He could not else make so much way.  
<sup>f</sup> Cannot I burn, or sink their Floats;  
A lousie Fleet of rotten Boats!  
Yes, I'm a Queen: To Sea, my People;  
Let none remember he's a Cripple:

<sup>d</sup> *Vidit. Et equatis classem procedere velis,  
Litoraque, Et vacuos sensis sine remige portus.  
e* *Flaventesque abscessa comas, Proh! Jupiter! ibit.  
Hic, ait, Et vestris illustris advena regnis?  
f* *Non arma expedient? totaque ex urbe sequentur?*  
ite,  
*Ferte citi flammis, date vela, impellite remos.*

But

But run and row, found and unfound,  
And those you kill noc, bring Home bound.  
<sup>g</sup> But tarry here, goody Magistrate,  
Your big Commands come now too late.  
Poor *Dido*, Sorrow makes thee giddy,  
They're got to Sea five Leagues already.  
<sup>h</sup> Queen, thou art mortal, and must die  
A Sacrifice to Lechery.  
Time was thou might'st have something done,  
But now farewel Dominion.  
<sup>i</sup> This was our huffing *Trejan* Captain,  
That his fair Mother's Smock was lpt in.  
Of twenty *Greeks* this was the Cab,  
And brought his Gods away in's Phob,  
And through the Fire a-pick a-pack.  
Bore the old Sinner on his Back,  
Bed-rid *Anchises*; this was he  
Made the brave Voyage o'er the Sea.  
This was your trusty *Trejan*, this:  
Now he shews what a Man he is!  
<sup>k</sup> Whilst he was here, why did I not  
Cat the false Rogues devouring Throat?  
<sup>l</sup> Or of his Bastard make a Pyc,  
And being bak'd in Paste of Ryc,

<sup>g</sup> *Quid loquer? aut ubi sum? Qua mentem insania mutat?*  
*Infelix Dido!*  
<sup>h</sup> *Nunc te facta impia tangunt?*  
*Tam decuit, cum sceptris dabis. i* *En dextra, fulisque!*  
*Quem secum patrius alius portare Penates:*  
*Quem subisse humeris coniectum atate parentem.*  
<sup>k</sup> *Non potui abreptum avellere corpus, Et nonis*  
*Spargere?*  
<sup>l</sup> *Non ipsum absumere ferro*  
*Africanum*

p Make



= Make the good Trencher-man, his nasty  
 Sire, eat his Brat for Mutton-Pasty!  
 Why did I not, ere this Disgrace,  
 Kill him and all his treach'rous <sup>o</sup> Race?  
 I then had dy'd reveng'd, where I  
 Shall now depart most inekingly.  
 ° Thou, *Sol*, who didst in pimping Sort,  
 Because thou would'st not spoil our Sport,  
 Creep into Clouds, that rainy Weather;  
 And you, that brought young Folks together,  
 † Procure'st *Juno*, *Jove*, and all  
 Ye Members of *Olympus* Hall;  
 I charge ye, as y're Folks of Fashion,  
 Grant this my latest <sup>¶</sup> Supplication.  
 If nothing can the Rogue withstand,  
 But that he must get safe to <sup>‡</sup> Land,  
 Let it be such a Land as he  
 Had better far upon the Sea  
 With all his Comrogues have been drown'd,  
 Than such a wretched Place have found.  
 May he, where he expects his Letases,  
 Ne'er know what such a Thing as Peace is:

—<sup>m</sup> *Patriisque epulandum apponere mensis?*

—<sup>n</sup> *Natumque, patrimque,*

*Con genere extinxerit, memet super ipsa dedissem.*

° *Sol, qui terrarum flammis opera omnia listras:*

¶ *Tuque harum interpres curarum, & consilia Juno,*  
*Nocturnisque Hecate*

*Et dira utrices, &c.*

—<sup>¶</sup> *Nigras audite preces* —

—<sup>‡</sup> *Si tangere porrus*

*Infandum caput, ac terribi adpare necesse est.*

° But

° But be drub'd daily Back and Side,  
 Till his Bones rattle in his Hide.  
 May he ne'er sleep an Hour in quiet,  
 But be disturb'd with Rout and Riot;  
 Black be his Days, and may his Nights  
 Swarm with Hobgoblins, Ghosts and Sprights;  
 May Strangers daunt him with Bravado's;  
 † And spirit's Son to the *Barbado's*,  
 May he at last fall worse than Sea-sick,  
 And find no Quack to give him Physick:  
 ° No Help for Money, or for Love found,  
 But let him die and rot above Ground;  
 May none give House-room to the Mungril:  
 But let him perish on some <sup>‡</sup> Dunghil.  
 And when his treach'rous Soul's departed,  
 Let his foul Carcass be deserted.  
 As Traytors Quarters Men expole  
 To Hogs, and Dogs, and Kites, and Crows.  
 † This my last Pray'r is, hear it then,  
 I shall ne'er trouble you again.  
 And be't your Care, ye *Tyrian* <sup>‡</sup> Nation,  
 To plague this wicked Generation.

—<sup>°</sup> *Bello audacis populi vexatur, & armis,*

*Finibus extorris* —

—<sup>†</sup> *Complexu avulsus tili,*

—<sup>°</sup> *Auxilium implora,*

—<sup>‡</sup> *Videatque indigna suorum*

*Funera:* —

— *Medisque inhumatus arund.*

† *Hec precat, hanc vocem extremam* — *suolo.*

‡ *Tum vos, O Tyrii, serpens & genus omne saturnum*

*Execrante odiis, civerique hac mittite nobro*

*Munera:* —

K.iii



Kill 'em like Rats, that I may have  
 Heaps of the Rogues pil'd o'er my Grave,  
 2 And may those Children that are yet  
 To bear, and those that are to get,  
 Torment them still by Land and Water,  
 And still may those that follow after  
 Hate worse and worse, that so it fall,  
 The last may hate them worst of all.

3 This said, she let a Groan, and sigh'd  
 A doleful Sigh, that prophes'd  
 The Thred was spun, and that the *Parce*  
 Would shortly cut it without Mercy.  
 4 In Mind she weigh'd, as she sat crying,  
 What kind of Death was best to die in.  
 Poyson she thought would not be quick,  
 And, which was worse, would make her sick;  
 That being therefore wav'd, she thought,  
 That neatly cutting her own Throat,  
 Might serve to do her Business for her;  
 But that the thought upon with Horror,  
 Because 'twould hurt her; neither cou'd  
 She well endure to see her Blood.  
 The next came in her Thoughts was Drowning  
 That Way she thought 'twould be a done Thing  
 Soon, and with some Delight; for why  
 Sorrow had made her Grace a-dry.

— \* *Pugnent ipsique nepotes.*  
*Exoriaris aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.*  
 — Nullus amor populis, nec fœdera sentio.  
 3 *Hac ait*

— 4 *Et pariter animam versabat in omnis,  
 Divisam querens quamprimùm abstrahere incem.*

But

But then again she fell a thinking,  
 She should be somewhat long a sinking,  
 Having been ever light of Members;  
 And to displease her more, remembers,  
 'Twould spoil the Cloaths might do some one  
 Credit when she was dead and gone.  
 On these mature Deliberations,  
 She lik'd none of these dying Fashions:  
 But looking up, and seeing the Rope  
 Ty'd to the Beam i'th' Chamber-Top,  
 With neat alluring Noose, her sick Grace  
 E'en long'd to wear it for a Necklace:  
 And in that Circle in Conclusion,  
 She prick'd the Point of Resolution.  
 4 But an old Woman being by her,  
 One of her Chattels, brought from *Tyre*  
 An ancient Heir-loom to the Queen,  
 'Cause she her Husband's Nurse had been;  
 She meant to send her first away,  
 On sleevesless Errand (as we say)  
 That she might have her Swing alone,  
 To do her Execution.

5 *Cicely* (quoth she) go to my Sister,  
 Bid her tie up her Head, and wish her  
 To wash her Hands in Bran or Flower,  
 And do you in like Manner scour  
 Your dirty Golls; for I intend  
 Make a good Cheefe, and for a Friend too,

d *Tam brevis Barcen nutricem affata Sibiæ;*  
 e *Annam chara mihi matris hæc sibi sororem:*  
*Die corpus properat fluviali spargere lymphâ,*  
 — *Tuque ipsa piâ tege tempora vitâ.*

O'th'



O'th Morning's Milk, let it be her Care  
To take the great brass Pan i'th' Larder,  
And fill the Milk into't: And hear ye?  
Take you the large Cheefe-Fat i'th' Dairy,  
And scour it clean with Sand; bid *Jean* too  
Get on the Pot, that she may come to;  
And when the Cheefe is come, but break it,  
And call; for I'll come help to make it.  
f The hobbling Trot limps down the Stairs,  
And now the desprate Queen prepares,  
g Although her woful Heart did pantle,  
To make herself a sad Example.  
h Towards the fatal String she moves  
With tardy Pace, as it behoves  
Those who by *Nicholas* led astray,  
Wilfully make themselves away.  
When she came underneath the Halter,  
The Colour in her Face did alter;  
Whilst down her Cheeks round Liquor rowis,  
As if her Eyes had been at Bowls.  
First she beholds with trickling Eyes,  
i *Aeneas* his most dear Disguise:  
And as the Trowles the survey'd,  
Reflecting how she'd been betray'd:  
Sighing, cry'd out, O thou who wext  
The Joy and Comfort of my Heart,

— f *Ille gradum studio celerabas anili.*  
g *At trepida — & pallida morte futura*  
*Interiora domus irruptis limina, & altos*  
*Conscendit furibunda rogos.*  
— *paulus lacrymis, & mente morata,*  
i *Hic, postquam Iliacas vestes, notamque cubile*  
*Compexit.*  
h *Dulces exordia, dum fata, Deliquit soboles;*  
— *Dixitque avissima verba.*

Whilst

Whilst Casket to my dearest Jewel;  
But since the Fates have been so cruel,  
My Grief and Shame, farewell for ever;  
And here I prophesy that never,  
Whoever may hereafter wear thee,  
Shall mortal *Bills* e'er come near thee.  
Farewell, my latest Leave I take,  
And kiss the Case for Ilo-Boy's sake.  
Thus having said, she mounts the Table  
Because tho' tall, she was not able  
To reach the Halter that must tye  
Her fast to doleful Destiny;  
And having like too apt a Scholar,  
Thrust her plump Neck into the Collar,  
As 'tis, you know, the hanging Fashion,  
She thus began her last Oration:  
j That I have liv'd, quoth she, and how,  
I doubt, alas! too many know;  
But that I now will die, is known  
To no one but my self alone:  
And if I Nature's Debt do pay,  
And hang my self before my Day,  
The censuring World can say but this,  
That I'm the better Pay-mistress;  
And though I die a Death they say,  
Makes Sufferers themselves bewray,  
And die uncleanly Corps; yet I  
Shall leave, although I purging die,  
And go out strong as Candle-snuff,  
A Fame shall favour sweet enough.

j *VIXI, & quem dederat cursum fortuna, peregi.*

n For

\* For murder'd Spouse I've made amends yet  
 As far as Stealing could revenge it,  
 And made *Pygmalion*, that undid us,  
 Pay Sauce for making People Widows.  
 And at my proper Cost and Charges,  
 A Village built, which for it's Largeness,  
 \* In a few Years might well have grown  
 To be a pretty Market-Town.  
 Had not this *Trojan* Varlet come  
 T' undo what all my Care had done.

Then going to turn off: \* But must  
 I go, quoth she, and is it just,  
 I die like Felon vile, or Traytor,  
 Sans Vengeance on this Fornicator?  
 † And whilst the Stallion proudly stalks it,  
 Must I be thus hang'd up for Hawks-meat?  
 Yes, die, as 'twas foretold thee long since,  
 If but to trouble the Knave's Conscience:  
 Then 'cause she would, to part the sweetest,  
 A Portion have of *Hopkins* Meeter,  
 As People use at Execution,  
 For the *Decorum* of Conclusion,  
 Being too sad to sing, she says,

Which with a Grace like his that pen'd it,  
 To her great Comfort, being ended,

\* *Urbem praclamam statui; mea maenia vidi;*

*Ultra virum, pacem inimico à fratre recepi.*

† *Felix, heu nimiam felix, si litera tantum*

*Nuncquam Dardania tetigisset nostra carina!*

\* *Sed moriamur, ait; sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.*

† *Hauriat hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab albo*  
*Dardanus, & nostra secum ferat amina mortis.*

And

And Ceremonies now compleat,  
 Proceeding to the final Feast;  
 Thus, thus, (quoth she) to shades of Night  
 I go, and thus I take my Flight.

† With that she from the Table swung,  
 And happy 'twas the Rope was strong  
 Enough, in such a Swing to stop her,  
 Her Grace might else have broke her Crupper:  
 † So have I seen in Forest tall,  
 From friendly Cup the Acorn fall,  
 And Bullacc tumble from the Tree,  
 As ripe for hanging, down fell she.  
 She caper'd twice or thrice most finely;  
 But th' Rope embrac'd her Neck so kindly,  
 Till at the last in mortal Trance,  
 She did conclude the dismal Dance:

A yellow aromattick Matter  
 Dropt from her Heels commixt with Water,  
 Which sinking through the Chamber-floor,  
 \* Set all the House in sad Uproar,  
 All at the first that they amiss thought,  
 Was that her Grace had mist the Piss-pot;  
 And when the Stairs they had ascended,  
 And saw her Majesty suspended;

† *Dixerat; atque illam media inter talia*

\* *Non aliter, quam si inimicus tuus hostibus omnis*  
*Carthago,*

† *It clamor ad alta*  
*Atria; concussam bacchatur fama per urbem,*

The

The Servants frighted past their Senses,  
Tumble o'er Buffets, Forms and Benches,  
And ran to all the next Abidings  
With open Cry to tell the Tydings.

<sup>a</sup> Ev'n like unto the dismal Yow,  
When trifful Dogs at Midnight howl,  
Or like the Dirges that through Noise  
Hum out to daunt their Pagan Foes,  
When holy Round-heads go to Battle;  
With such a Yell did *Caribage* rattle:

<sup>b</sup> At the first News poor *Nancy* skreeks,  
And tearing Hair, and scratching Checks,  
Ran up the Stairs, and like a Fell-screw,  
Made all that slept her, feel her Elbow;  
Till having jostled all Opposers,  
And thrust some twenty on their Noises;  
At last the Place she set her Feet on,

Where *Diis* hung to dry or sweeten:

<sup>c</sup> Was it for this, ah Sister, Sister,  
That I was sent to Casser *Twissler*  
To buy a Rope! <sup>d</sup> Was this, quoth she,  
Your fine Device to cozen me!  
Could none a Halter else prepare ye,  
But I must be made accessory!  
Why knew I not thy dire Intent, as  
I still thy chiefest Confident was!

<sup>a</sup> *Lamentis, gemituque, & fœmine ululatu*  
*Tecta fremunt; resonat magnis plangoribus æther:*  
*Non aliter, quam si, &c.*

<sup>b</sup> *Audis exanimis, trepidisque exterrita cursis*  
*Unguibus ora savor fœdians, & pectora pugnis,*  
*Per medias ruit.*

<sup>c</sup> *Hoc illud, germana, fuit?*

<sup>d</sup> *Me fraude peribant!*

*Hoc rogus iste mihi, hoc ignes, ataque parabant?*

<sup>e</sup> What

<sup>a</sup> What did'st thou know, but kindly I  
Might e'en have hang'd for Company?  
But in thy Ruin, I and all

The People suffer great and small,

And in this wifful Woman-slaughter,

<sup>b</sup> Th'ast hang'd up *Caribage* Son and Daughter.

<sup>c</sup> But stay, methinks I am not hasty

To close those Eyes that stare so ghastly:

<sup>d</sup> Which said, her Buttocks on the Board

She tog'd, that all the Chamber roar'd;

And being an active Lass, and light,

At one Jump more stood bolt upright.

<sup>e</sup> Thrice in her Arms did *Nancy* catch her;

Thrice thump her Bosom to dispatch her,

And thrice her latest Breath did roar,

In hollow Sound at Postern-door.

<sup>f</sup> Then *Juno*, who had ever been

As 'twere sworn Sister to the Queen;

Hearing the lamentable Cries

That from her Village pierc'd the Skies,

Down towards *Caribage* bent her Looks,

Where seeing all Things off the Hooks,

<sup>a</sup> *Comitensque sororem*  
*Sprevisi maritus: eadem me ad fata vocasset:*  
*Idem amplexu ferro dolor, &c.*

<sup>b</sup> *Extinxi me, tæque soror, populismque, patriæque*  
*Silones, urbemque tuam; date vulnere lymphis*  
<sup>c</sup> *Abluam,*

<sup>d</sup> *Sic fata, gradus exarserat alto,*

<sup>e</sup> *Seminimimique sua germanam amplexa fovibat*

*Cum gemitu, &c.*

<sup>f</sup> *Tiv sese attollens*

*Ter revoluta tero est,*

<sup>g</sup> *Tim Juno*

And

And *Dido* in unseemly Sort  
 Hang dangling there; being sorry for't,  
 † And loth a Queen in Hempen Tackle  
 Should to *Plibians* be Spectacle;  
 She call'd a little Emiliary,  
 That us'd her Embassies to carry;  
 One Mrs. *Iris*: A main pretty  
 Nimble House-wife, and a witty;  
 One that if bidden once, would do't;  
 And had the Length of *Juno's* Foot  
 So right, that for her Parts and Feature,  
 She was become her Mistress Creature.  
 This Girl was born (as Poets hint to's)  
 At a small Hamlet near *Olympus*.

And though by Birth a Dyer's Daughter,  
 Yet had her Friends full well up brought her,  
 And because *Juno* gave great Wages,  
 Prefer'd her thither for a Page's,

Her *Juno* call'd away from Searching,  
 And big with Tears, bid her be marching,  
 \* Put on her Wings, and swiftly clip it,  
 To cut down *Dido* from the Gibbet.

*Iris* when young, had learnt to flie  
 (As Youth is full of Waggerly)  
 Of a tame Jack-daw that she had,  
 And for her Journeys, lately made  
 Fine party-colour'd Wings to flie in  
 No worle than of her Father's Dying;

— † *Longum miserata dolorem*

— ‡ *Irim demisit Olympo,*

*Quæ instantem numquam, necque resolveret artus.*

Who

Who knowing that his Daughter was  
 To be prefer'd to such a Place,  
 And what the maist b' employ'd about,  
 Had spar'd no Cost to fet her out,  
<sup>b</sup> At the Command of Heaven's Goddess,  
 She ties these Wings fast to her Bodice,  
 Which waving did adorn the Sky,  
 With all the fair Variety

Of Colours that the Rain-bow shows,  
 When clad in her most gaudy Cloaths.  
 Full swift she flew, till coming near  
*Carthage*, she made a Chancelleer,  
 And then a Stoop, when having spy'd  
 Queen *Dido's* Window staring wide  
 Set open you may well presume,  
 (As there was Cause) to air the Room,  
 She nimbly, to all Folks Amazement,  
 Whips like a Swallow through the Casement.

(i) O'er *Dido's* Head she took her Stan'd,  
 And cries, whilst flourishing a Brand,  
 Sent down from *Juno* Queen come I,  
 Epilogue to this Tragedy;  
 And thus, O *Dido*, fet thee loose  
 From Twitch of suffocating Noose.

<sup>b</sup> *Ergo Iris croceis per caelum rosida pennis,  
 Mille trabibus variis adverso Sole colores,  
 Devalat.*

<sup>1</sup> *Et supra caput assisit: Hinc ego Diis  
 Sacrus: iussa fero, siquæ isto corpore solvo.*

G

\* Which



\* Which said, and tossing high her Blade  
 With great Dexterity, the Maid,  
 † O wonderful! ev'n at one side-blow  
 Spoil'd a good Rope, and down dropt *Dido*.

\* Sic ait

† *Et dextra crinem fecit: amnis & uia  
 Dilapsus calor, atque in ventos scita recessit.*

The End of the Fourth BOOK.

*Burlesque*

*Burlesque upon Burlesque:*

OR, THE  
 SCOFFER SCOFFT.

Being some of

LUCIAN'S  
 DIALOGUES

Newly put into

*English* Fustian,

For the Consolation of those who had  
 rather *Laugh and be Merry*, than be  
*Merry and Wise*.

By CHARLES COTTON, Esq,

THE FIFTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year M.DCC.XXXIV.







## PROLOGUE.

*G*entles, Behold a Rural Muse,  
*In home-spun Robes, and clouted Shoes,*  
*Presents you old, but new-translated Noms.*

*We in the Country do not scorn*  
*Our Walls with Ballads to adorn,*  
*Of Patient Grizell, and the Lord of Lorne.*

*Old Tales, old Songs, and an old Jest,*  
*Our Stomachs easi'ly digest;*  
*And of all Plays Hieronymo's the best.*

*We bring you here a Fustian-piece,*  
*Writ by a merry Wag of Greece,*  
*Which yet the Learned say's not much amiss.*

*And if 'gainst Style except you shall,*  
*We must acquaint you once for all,*  
*'Tis but Barlesque in the Original.*

*The Subject is without Offence,*  
*Do but some smutty Words dispense,*  
*We'll make amends with Rhime, if not with Sense.*

G. 2.

*Besides.*

*Besides, you must not take a Pique,  
If he sometimes speak plain and greek;  
Without that License he could be no Greek.*

*But we our selves so hate Prophaners,  
'And all Corrupters of good Manners,  
He's qualified for all Entertainers;*

*And is so well reform'd from Riot,  
His Book is made so wholesome Diet,  
Virgins and Boys can run no danger by it.*

*But why a Prologue, you will say,  
To what nor is, nor's like a Play?  
That I expect you in my Dish should lay.*

*Why, though this Antick new-wamp'd Wit,  
With no such vaine D sign was writ,  
That it should either Gallry, Box, or Pit:*

*Yet my renowned Author says,  
These Scenes with those may pass for Plays  
Were writ Tib' Dutchess's of \_\_\_\_\_ Days.*

*But she is gone, (I speak it quaking,  
The sleeping Lions's for waking)  
To write in a new World of her own making.*

*And now that she has shut the Pit,  
You even must contented sit,  
And take such homely Fare as you can get.*

For

*For This, the Rhimer says that penn'd it,  
For a five Piece 'twas not intended,  
Since in a Mouth 'twas both begun and ended.*

*Some Favour he expects therefore,  
And does your Mercies (Sizs) implore  
On one that never troubled you before.*

*But yet he bid me, ere I went hence  
To tell you, that whate'r's your Sentence,  
It shall not cost him half an Hour's Repentance.*



G 3

Pro-



Prometheus, or Caucasus.

*THE Author, (who, no doubt, had Wit)*  
*This Piece of Railery then writ,*  
*When Paganism was in Fashion:*  
*By this ridiculous Narration*  
*To beat into the Brains o' th' rude*  
*And logger-headed Multitude,*  
*That what the wanton Poets feign*  
*Of our Prometheus, is vain,*  
*And fit to be (here he it said)*  
*By none but Coxcombs credited.*  
*Whereto his Meaning further is,*  
*To take away th' Authorities*  
*Of Lies and Fables, which did pique*  
*The Rabble into false Religion.*  
*Which also was his drift (in odds)*  
*In th' other Dialogues o' th' Gods;*  
*Of which, this here plac'd first of all*  
*Seems to be Captain General.*






J. Goussier del.

M. P. Goussier sculp.

*Mercury & Vulcan nailing Prometheus to a Rock*

  
**DIALOGUE.**

VULCAN, MERCURY, and PROMETHEUS.

*Merc.* SO, now to *Caucasus* we're got;  
 Come, *Vulcan*, let us look about  
 For some good *Rock*, where we may fall  
 To nailing fast the *Criminal*.  
 'Tis more than time that we had done it:  
 But let's choose one has no *Snow* on it:  
 That of both *Manacle* and *Gieve*  
 The *Nails* we to the *Head* may drive,  
 And one that also on each side  
 Does open lie to be defcry'd,  
 That *Passengers* may be aware on't,  
 And the *Rogue's* Shame the more apparent.

*Vulcan.* Content; but we must nail him so,  
 That he may neither hang so low,  
 That *Mortals* soon as they shall spy him  
 May presently come and unty him;  
 Nor must we fatten him so high,  
 As to be out of Reach of *Eye*;  
 The *Torment* then would be unknown,  
 That's meant an exemplary one.  
 Therefore be rul'd by my *Advice*,  
 We'll hang him on this *Precipice*  
 I'th' middle of the *Mountain* there,  
 Chaining one hand to this *Rock* here,

G 4

T'other

T' other to that that's opposit,  
And there he will hang fair in fight;  
Where *Friend* and *Foe* at ease may view him,  
But the *grand Devil* can't get to him.

*Merc.* I like thy *Reasons* wondrous well;  
They both are inaccessible.

Come (*Sir Prometheus*) if you please,  
And mount a *Step* for your own Ease;  
Nay, never hang an *Asse* for th' matter,  
It is in vain to cog and flutter:

Come on, I say, and ne'er draw back for't,  
Or those large *Lags* of yours will crack for't;  
Why when, I say! come mount apace,  
And hang, Man, with a handsome grace.

*Prom.* Hail me not, pritheer, on this fashion,  
But take some small Commiseration.

Upon a *paucere Diabli*  
Unjustly made thus miserable,

*Merc.* What! I believe thou art so kind  
(Thou bear'st a very loving Mind)  
To have us trust'd up in thy room  
For disobeying great *Jove's* Doom!  
Do'st think this *Caucasus* to be  
Too little to hold all us three?  
Or would it Comfort be to thee,  
T'have *Fellows* in thy Misery?

*Your Servant, Sir,* we thank you kindly,  
And in return we mean to bind ye  
Where any *Friend* you have may find ye.  
Come (*Sir*) your right Hand; *Vulcan* drive:  
Well driven, as I hope to live!

Such things I see thou hast an Art in;  
That Hand I warrant's fast for *Barving*.  
Come (*Sir*) your left; here strike again.  
And drive this *Home* with might and main.

Ha!

Ha! ha! old *Smutty-face*, well said,  
Th' *ass* hit the *Nail* (I faith) o'th' *Head*.  
Here, here, now take me this right *Leg*.  
And drive me here another *Peg*.  
Well said! here make me this fast too,  
And then there is no more to do.  
'Slid, thou hast done it to a *Hair*:  
So, now (*Sir*) you may take the *Air*,  
And may contemplate all alone;  
The *Vulture* will come down anon  
To prey upon your *Entrails, Dew*,  
A *Recompence*, a worthy one,  
For your most fine *Invention*.

*Prom.* O gentle Mother *Earth* that bore me,  
And in thy *Throes* didst loud groan for me!  
Thou *Saturn*, and *Japetus* too,  
*Alas the Day*, what shall I do?  
What! must I undergo this wo-thing,  
And suffer thus for doing nothing?

*Merc.* No! call't it nothing (*wicked Beast*)  
To cheat great *Jove* at a great *Feast*!  
To give him *Bones* (a *Trick* that new is)  
Smear'd over with a little *Brewis*,  
And keep the bell o'th' *Meat* (forsooth)  
For your own *Worship's dainty Tooth*!  
Besides, I wonder much (*Wife-aker*)  
Who 'twas that made you a *Man-maker*?  
That subtle crafty *Animal*;  
And *Woman* too, the worst of all!  
And then to steal the *Fire* from *Heaven*,  
Which only to the *Gods* was given;  
And that they prize above all measure  
Much more than all their other *Treasure*;

G 6

After

After all which, hast thou a Face,  
So varnish'd, nay, so vamp'd with Brass;  
Or rather steel'd with Impudence,  
To preach to us thy Innocence!  
And to complain thou hast wrong done thee!  
Thou wicked Rogue, now out upon thee!

*From.* Hast thou the stony Heart to rate  
And use me thus in this Estate?  
And to reproach me for Things here,  
For which, by all the Gods I swear,  
And all of them to Witness call  
That dine and sup in *Jove's* fair Hall,  
I deserve, rather than this Doom,  
A Pension ith' \* *Pryonium*.

And if thou would'st but give me Leisure,  
*In Sadosis*, I could take a Pleasure  
(For all, I know, thou must do glory  
In thy renowned Oratory)  
Now with thee to dispute the Case,  
And argue't with thee *Face to Face*;  
To baffle in thy Person here  
Thy mighty Master *Jupiter*.

Take then upon thee his Defence  
With all thy mighty Eloquence,  
And make't appear that he has Reason  
To chain me here this bitter Season,  
In Prospect of the *Capitan Ports*,  
To which the trading World resorts,  
To all those Crowds of Men to be,  
A Spectacle of Misery;

Yea, (and what's more) of Horror, ev'n  
To *Seythians*, to whom is giv'n  
By all that have been hither \* driv'n  
The Name of bloody't under Heav'n.  
*Necessity of Trading, as well as by the Winds*

\* *The Ex-  
chequer of  
Athens.*

\* *The An-  
chor means  
driven by*

*Merc.* Faith, thy Defence comes now too late;  
But, if thou hast a mind to prate,  
We'll give thee hearing, and we may;  
For we are here enjoy'd to stay  
Until we see the \* *Pigeon-driver*. \* *The Vul-  
ture.*  
Come down to prey upon thy Liver.  
In the mean time we'll shew our Breeding  
In our Attention to thy Pleading;  
Make use of Time then, and be quick  
In pouring out thy Rhetorick,  
'Twill doubtless ravish; for I hear  
Thou art a mighty *Sophister*.

*From.* Nay, to speak first it is thy part,  
Because thou my Accuser art;  
And in so doing, take heed, pray,  
You don't your Master's Cause betray;  
*Song* here shall stand by, and be mute,  
And be the *Judge* of our Dispute,

*Vale.* Who, I be *Judge* against my Father!  
Thy Peacher and thy Hangman rather,  
For having my own Forge bereaven  
Of Heat, by stealing Fire from Heaven.

*From.* Why then I'll tell you what to do,  
Your Accusations split in two;  
\* *Thou* of the *Thefts* to speak hadst best,  
And let *him* handle all the rest;  
T'other Offences leave to him.

And also it would ill becom  
The *God of Thieves* in open Session  
To speak against his own Profession.

*Vale.* No, no, to meddle I am loth,  
*Mercury* here shall speak for's both:  
He is a *Clerk* of better reading,  
For my Part I've no skill in pleading:

He

\* *Speaking  
to Vulcan.*





He has been bred to't, I was ne'er  
 Cut out to be a *Barrister*;  
 My Head too heavy was and logger,  
 Ever to make a *Petifogger*.  
 I'll ne'er deny it, I've more Art  
 In clotting of a crazy Cart:  
 'Tis he by lawling, 'tis well known,  
 Has gotten many a good Half-Crown;  
 And by *that Trade* has got his living,  
 (For all thy talk) as well as *Thieving*.

*Merc.* It would require a tedious Time,  
 Piecemeal to handle ev'ry Crime  
 Of which thou'oulic, mangy, filthy,  
 Abominable *Knave*, art guilty:  
 Nor it's enough in running fashion  
 Barely to name each Accusation:  
 But, since my *Gentleman* confesses,  
 Nay, glories in his Wickednesses,  
 My Task by that so much the less is,  
 And it great Folly were to babble  
 A great long tedious Ribble-rabble  
 Of Crimes would load a Council-Table,  
 And go about with grave Sentences  
 To prove a *Bead-Roll* of Offences,  
 Of which, without being so strict,  
 He is by his own Mouth convict;  
 And therefore I shall say but this,  
 That undeniably it is  
 The greatest Injury can be  
 To *Jupiter's* great Clemency,  
 So often to relapse into  
 Crimes (*Sir*) for which you full well knew  
 The Gallows were long since your Due;

And,

And, in defiance still of Heaven,  
 To sin as often as forgiven.

*From.* A great Case in few Words laid open;  
 Learnedly has your *Worthship* spoken:  
 Good *Master Serjeant*, y'ave undone  
 The *Lawyers* ev'ry Mother's Son:  
 'Tis pity but you had held on,  
 It was so pithy an *Oratio*.  
 But now how wise your Accusation  
 Is in the Substance, would be known,  
 And that (*Sir*) we shall see anon.  
 But since you think ye've said enough,  
 Without one Syllable of Proof,  
 I'll enter into my Defence,  
 To answer your great Eloquence.  
 And first and foremost, here I all  
 The *Gods* in *Heav'n's* to witness call.  
 It pities me to th' Heart to see  
 That the great *Jupiter* should be  
 So out of humour, and so grim,  
 As to pronounce this heavy Doom.  
 Not only on a Man, but even  
 A *God* who has a Right in *Heaven*,  
 One of the merriest of *bees* *Blades*,  
 And one too of his old *Comrades*,  
 Nay, one that sometime (much good do him)  
 Has been full serviceable to him:  
 And all this only for a Jest,  
 I put upon him at a Feast!  
 But had I thought he'd been so ladden  
 Of his bak'd, fry'd, boil'd, roast and sodden,  
 I should (I am not such a *Noddy*)  
 Have jested with some other *Body*.

Thou

Thou know'st what Liberty of jesting  
 Ev'ry one takes when they are feasting.  
 Where we throw Cushions, Chairs, and Stools,  
 And none but Children, or mere Fools,  
 Any Thing ever do take ill,  
 Let a Man do what'e'r he will:  
 But evermore the better Sort  
 Turn all to Railery and Sport.  
 But for one, of the State that his is,  
 To let such a poor Thing as this is  
 (Scarcely the Shadow of a Wrong)  
 Lie festring in his Heart so long,  
 And to this damnable Degree  
 To wreak his Anger as you see,  
*In my poor Judgement, is a Part*  
 So much below the gen'rous Heart  
 Not only of a God to do,  
 And of all Gods the *Sov'reign* too;  
 But even of a *Gentleman*,  
 A civil, and a well-bred Man:  
 For if such honest Libertines,  
 Such Pastimes, and such Tricks as these,  
 Must banish'd be from merry Meetings,  
 I fain would know what at such Sitings  
 There will be left to do, but fill  
 One's Guts like Brutes, so munch and swill?  
 Which is unfit (if I am able  
 To judge) of any civil Table.  
 I did not then, I swear, imagine  
 He would have taken't in such dudgein;  
 Or that he'd had so little Wit,  
 As the next Day to think of it;  
 Much less he would have been so canker'd,  
 So false a *Bruther of the Tankard*,

As

As to have plagu'd me in this sort  
 For what I only did in Sport.  
 What! if in Play I made one Mefis  
 Than others something worse and leis,  
 And offer'd 'em to his refusing,  
 Only to try his Wit in chusing?  
 Was that so heinous an Offence,  
 He must bear Malice ever since,  
 And nourish such a damn'd Malignity,  
 As if the uttermost Indignity  
 Both to his Person and his *Crown*,  
 I offer'd had that e'er was known?  
 But come now, at the *worst let's take it*,  
 And *make's as ill as ill can make it*:  
 Suppose, more than thou didst at first,  
 Not only that his Share was worst,  
 But that he'd had no Part all,  
 Must he for this make all this Brawl?  
 And must he (as th' old Saying is)  
 For such a trivial Toy as this,  
 (A Thing indeed not worth a Feather)  
*Shuffle both Heav'n and Earth together?*  
 And of one Meal for the great Lollies,  
 Of nothing talk but Stocks, and Crosses,  
 Racks, Gibbets, and these new Devices,  
 Of Vultures, Rocks and Precipices!  
 Let him take heed when this is bruited,  
 That this Proceeding he's imputed  
 To an Unworthineis of Spirit:  
 I promise you I greatly fear it;  
 For a great thing I fain would know,  
 What would this *Thunder* stick to do,  
 Who makes this strange unheard-of Cluster  
 For losing of his Bread and Butter?

How



How many Men would scorn this odd,  
 This strange Proceeding of a God!  
 Does any *History* relate,  
 That ever Man of any State,  
 So greedy was, or passionate  
 To make, or put his Cook away,  
 For licking of his Fingers, pray?  
 Or if a *Tripe*, or so, he rises,  
 One ne'er regards such petty *Trifles*;  
 Or if one do chastise him for it,  
 'Tis only with a *Kick*, or *Whirret*;  
 But for so small a *Peccadill*  
 To send a Man up *Holborn-hill*,  
 An Act is of an odious Dye,  
 And an unheard-of Cruelty!

Thus much to say I've ta'en occasion  
 To th' first Point of my Accusation;  
 Wherein so pitiful's the Matter  
 Which does my Innocence bespatter,  
 That (though I do not often use it)  
 I almost blush'd but to excuse it;  
 They then may sure blush well enough,  
 Who charge me with such *wretched Stuff*.

Let's now to the next *Charge* proceed,  
 And that's a heinous one indeed,  
 The making *Man*; wherein I am  
 To seek 'gainst what you would declaim;  
 Whether the Thing a Crime you call  
 Consist in making *Man* at all;  
 Or that it only is the *Fashion*  
 That wants your Worship's Approbation;  
 But we'll examine *both*, that's faire;  
 And to the *first*, I do declare,  
 The Gods so far from losing are,

Any

Any thing by this new Creation,  
 That (if they would be Folks of fashion,  
 And with their Neighbours would be quiet)  
 They're infinitely Gainers by it.  
 And (tho' they will be so outrageous)  
 For them 'tis much more advantageous,  
 That there be Men, tho' they be evil,  
 Deform'd, and wicked as the *Devil*,  
 And good, or bad, or low, or tall,  
 Than that there should be none at all.  
 And (back into past-time to go.)  
 In the beginning, you must know,  
 The *World*, which now no Tenants wants,  
 Sive *Gods*, had no *Inhabitants*.  
 At which good Time the *Earth* (alas!)  
 Nought but a vast wild *Desart* was,  
 All over-grown with Trees and Bushes,  
 Mansions for *blackbirds*, *Jays*, and *Thrushes*,  
 Where there no riding was, but walking,  
 Good store of *Game*, but no good *Hawkings*;  
 Where Herds and Deer did graze and fill 'em,  
 But no Body to hunt and kill 'em,  
 For whence (Sir *Mercy*) by your leave,  
 Do you in your wise Head conceive  
 Come all those goodly well-till'd Fields,  
 That so good *Wheat* and *Barley* yield,  
 Whence these fine *Gardens* with their Flowers,  
 The *Temples* with their stately *Towers*,  
 Of *Altars* all this mighty Store,  
 And *Statues* which the World adore,  
 And several Things that I could mention,  
 But from Man's Labour and Invention?  
 Therefore as I, who from a *Groom*,  
 No bigger than a *Miller's Tounse*,

Have



Have still been taking daily Pains,  
 And cudgeling about my Brains,  
 To find Inventions out that shou'd  
 Conduce unto the publick Good,  
 Was musing after my old rate,  
 And meditating this and that,  
 An old *Diogenes* in Tub-like  
 For something useful to the Publick;  
 As Poets sing, without delay  
 I took some Water and some Clay,  
 And temp'ring them together \* thus,  
 Ev'n made a Man like one of us,  
 Wherein *Minerva* was an Actress,  
 (I'll not conceal my Benefactress)  
 And this is all, as I am civil,  
 That I committed have of Evil,  
 A mighty matter (without doubt)  
 For *Jove* to keep this Stir about!  
 But what complain the *Gods* of, trow?  
 What is it that offends them so?  
 Do not my *Creatures* them adore?  
 Are they less *Gods* now, than before  
 I undertook this *Puppets* Trade,  
 And Male and Female *Babies* made?  
 For but to see how *Jupiter*  
 Does fret, and fume, and stamp, and stare,  
 Threaten, and buff, and swear and swagger,  
 And clap his Hand on *Dudgeon* Dagger,  
 A Man would think that he had lost  
 The Half of his Estate almost,  
 At least his Grandfather's Seal-Ring,  
 Or some most dear-belov'd Thing.  
 What! is his *Majesty* afraid,  
 That's dapper Fellows I have made,

\* *Between*  
*his Finger*  
*and his*  
*Thumb.*

Against

Against his Pow'r should rant and roar,  
 As did the *Giants* heretofore!  
 Or, if they should turn *Mutineers*,  
 (Which yet they dare not for their Ears)  
 Is He, who could the Sons of *Titan*  
 (For all their huffing) make be—um,  
 Much more reduce them all to Reason,  
 Grown feebler now, than at that *Season*?  
 The *Gods* then by my fine Device  
 Sustain no kind of Prejudice.  
 But, to shew forth and make it plain,  
 That they by my Invention gain,  
 Do but behold the Earth, which was  
 In former Days a barren Place,  
 With Thorns and Brambles over-spread;  
 But now improv'd and husbanded,  
 Affording Things innumerable  
 To cloath Man's Back, and store his Table;  
 For of it self it nought produces  
 But Crabs, and Fruits of sower Juices.  
 Nay, ev'n the Sea is in some Fashion  
 Appeas'd and tam'd by Navigation.  
 The Islands are inhabited,  
 The World's round Face with *Cities* spread,  
 Where Men do sacrifice, and pray  
 On many a merry *Holy-day*.  
 In short (as the small Poet says)  
 Temples, Towns, Streets, nay, the High-ways,  
 (As oft as People travel there)  
 Are all brim-full of *Jupiter*.  
 Again, if one could make a Story  
 That I had aim'd at my own Glory  
 In doing this, it something were;  
 But it does contrary appear:

For



For 'mongst so many Fanes that rise  
To such a *Crew of Deities*,  
Of any one didst hear't related  
Unto *Promethus* dedicated?  
Which does sufficiently declare,  
That I my own particular  
Honour and Interest have neglected,  
And, but the Publick, nought respected.  
Consider further (*Mercury*)  
That that we call Felicity,  
Without a Witness looking on  
Can be but an imperfect one;  
And that if Mortals there were none  
To see this great Creation,  
The World would be but a dead *Mas*,  
And our Advantages much less,  
(Tho' the strange Fabrick will require it)  
In having no one to admire it.  
Again, as Things to us are known  
But only by Comparison;  
So if unhappy Men were none,  
Our Happiness would be unknown;  
And for such Benefits as these,  
Instead of giving me large Fees,  
At least great Honour for Reward,  
You crucify me, which goes hard;  
That Smart unto my feeling Sense  
Must be my *Virtue's* Recompence.  
But what! there are Adulterers,  
Murderers, Robbers, Ravishers,  
Perhaps you'll argue amongst *Men*;  
Why, if there are, I pray what then?  
Are there not amongst *Us* the same,  
As void of Honesty and Shame?

And

And yet for this we don't condemn  
The Heav'n and Earth that nourish'd them,  
But you will add, perhaps, this more,  
That we've more Trouble than before,  
And are put to't to find Supplies  
For many more Necessities:  
Who ever heard, I know would fain,  
A Shepherd of his Flock complain  
For Fruitfulness, tho' they yearn'd double,  
Because they helpt him to more Trouble?  
If painful 'tis, 'tis profitable,  
Nay, pleasant too, and honourable;  
And this Advantage brings with't too;  
It finds us something still to do;  
Whereas we otherwise should go  
With Hands in Pockets ev'ry Day,  
And nothing have to do but play;  
Or fwill and guttle every Day  
With *Neïtar* and *Ambrosia*.  
But that at which most vext I am,  
Is to hear those the most exclaim  
Of Men, who least can be without 'um,  
And if they Women meet do rout 'um,  
For the fine Knacks they wear about 'um.  
And though they keep this mighty Pother,  
Do love them more than any other.  
Nay, and each Day to thousand Shapes  
Transform themselves to act their Rapes,  
And not contented (as they say)  
To take a *Swatch*, and so away;  
But that they may stick longer to't,  
E'vn make them *Goddesses* to boot,  
But some may say, that I had Reason,  
And that *Man-making* was no Treason,

Only



Only it should not have been thus,  
 To make him like to one of us.  
 And could I in ingenuous Modest  
 Have chosen out a fitter Model  
 Whereby my Art might be express'd,  
 Than that I knew was perfectest?  
 Had I begun my Making-Trade  
 With Four-legg'd Beasts, and Brutes had made,  
 Perhaps it would have been no Sin,  
 And I no Criminal had been:  
 But from such *Creatures* of mere Sense,  
 Devoid of all Intelligence,  
 With Faces prone, and Looks dejected,  
 What Service could you have expected?  
 The Gods had been without Dispute,  
 Most rarely-worship'd by a Brute:  
 A great *Bull* would have been, I fear,  
 But an obdrep'rous Worshippinger,  
 And belov'ing Prayers, I'm afraid,  
 Great *Jupiter* would have dismiss'd.  
 An *Ass* or *Horse* in senseless wise  
 Would *bray* or *whinny* Liturgies.  
 To hear (Sir *Merc'ry*) it would fear ye  
 A Wolf bawl out a *Misereere*;  
 And t'hear a Lion, worie than that,  
 Rouring out a *Magnificat*.  
 Come, come, (*my Masters*) say I must  
 That you are horribly unjust,  
 You sicken not far as *Egypt* roam  
 Only to snuff a *Hecatomb*,  
 And him the Cause you Malice dooms,  
 You *Altars* have and *Hecatombs*,  
 But come, enough of this! Let's on  
 To my last Accusation,

The

*The Stealing Fire.* And first, have I  
 Impov'rish'd any Deity,  
 By having given it to Men?  
 Or have you now less Fire, than when  
 I had therewith inspir'd no Creature?  
 And is it not the proper Nature  
 Of that warm *Element* to dart  
 Its Rays and Heats to ev'ry Part,  
 And yet still to continue Fire,  
 Keeping its *Virtue* still entire?  
 Then what a vain Objection's this,  
 A poor *Fetch*, and a meer *Caprice*,  
 Below, and unbefitting all  
 The Poets *Benefactors* call!  
 Besides, had I poison'd ev'n  
 To the last spark of Fire in *Heav'n*,  
 I had not wrong'd the Gods a bit;  
 They boil no Pot, nor turn no Spit:  
 For your *Ambrosia* does not need  
 To be *scald'd*, or *fric'd*.  
 A Cook may there forget his Trade,  
 Where nor *Pottage*, nor *Oxlio's* made,  
 Whereas poor Men, contrariwise,  
 Want it for their Necessities;  
 If for no other Use at all  
 But t' sacrifice to you withal.  
 Do you not love to smell the Roast  
 Of a good Rammith Holocaust?  
 So that 'tis plain (for all Pretences)  
 You speak against your Consciences,  
 I wonder (hang me if I don't)  
 Since this is such a great Affront,  
 And of your Fire since y're so wary,  
 You ha'n't forbid *Dus Luminary*

H

Tim.





T'impart his Light, which is, I'm sure,  
A Fire more glorious and more pure;  
And that, t' o'erthrow the use of Dial,  
You do not bring him to his Trial,  
For having thus, without all Measure,  
Profusely squander'd out your Treasure,  
And, like a treacherous Trust-breaker,  
Lewdly embezzel'd your Exchequer.

This is (you Pair of *Jove's* Bumbailiff,  
Or *Hangmen* rather) *Sum totalis*  
Of what I'd for my self to say;  
If you confute me can, you may;  
But (for I ever lov'd Plain-dealing)  
(O *Mercury*, thou God of Stealing)  
To tell thee the plain Truth o'th' Story,  
'Tis past, I doubt, thy Oratory;  
But do me right, *pledge and twerk Water*;  
Reply, altho' not much to th' Matter.

*Merc.* It is not easie (I confess)  
To baffle such a Plate of Brass;  
For in my Days I ne'er did hear  
So impudent a *Sophister*.  
And well's thee *Jupiter's* not near thee,  
Who, had he chanc'd to over-hear thee,  
I confidently, do assure thee,  
Thou would'st have so provok'd his Fury,  
By stand'ring him under pretence  
Of pleading in thy own Defence;  
So vildly stand'ring him, that he  
For such a grand Indignity  
Would in his burning Indignation  
Have sent thee down, instead of Once,  
A dozen *Vultures* of a Feather  
To prey upoua thy Lungs together.

But

But tell me why thou, being a *Prophet*,  
(For surely thou knew'st nothing of it)  
Hadst not the Knowledge to foresee  
The Evil was to fall to thee?

*Prom.* Oh (*Mercury*) hold thee content;  
One may foresee, but: not prevent.  
I did foresee it well enough;  
Of which to give thee further Proof,  
Know, that I likewise did foresee,  
A \* *Ithas* should deliver me,  
One of thy old Acquaintance, and  
A proper Fellow of his Hand,  
Who with a lussy Bolt and Tiller  
Will come and be my *Vulture's* Killer.

\* *Hercules.*

*Merc.* I wish he were already come,  
And that in *Jove's* great Dining-Room  
We were, with each one a good Thwittle,  
Again set down to swill and vittle,  
Provided (*Seignior*) do you see,  
That you should not the Carver be,  
Especially (my Friend) for me.

*Prom.* Why thou wilt see me there agen,  
Marry, I cannot just say when:  
But I will tell thee 'twixt us two,  
I shall so rare a Service do  
For *Jupiter*, that for my Labour  
He will restore me to his Favour.

*Merc.* What Service is it that so great is?

*Prom.* Thou know'st a Lads call'd *Madam Tivv's*,  
A pretty little wanton *Drab*;  
But I a Secret will not blab,  
That is to purchase and advance  
My Peace and my Deliverance.

H 2

*Merc.*

*Merc.* If it be so, thou dost full well,  
Yea, and full wisely, not to tell:  
But, *Valcan*, come, we must away,  
For yonder is the *Bird of Prey*.  
I see him in a *Kill-duck* Place,  
Ready to make a *Scoop*: Alas!  
Beware thy *Liver* now, I'm sorry  
(*Prometheus*) very sorry for ye,  
And with thy *Liberator* were  
As ready, as the *Dunger's* near.



THE

THE  
DIALOGUES  
OF THE  
G O D S.

PROMETHEUS *and* JUPITER.

*P.* O *H, Jupiter!* I'm glad to see thee;  
And now th' art here, take pity, prithee,  
Upon a poor old *Clinque and Quater*,  
Has paid for playing the Creator.  
In truth, I've suffer'd out of reason,  
And eke withal so long a *Season*,  
That, if thou would'st be good condition'd,  
Thou'd'st think that that were e'en sufficient  
For a far greater Fault than mine is,  
And to my Torments put a *Finis*.  
Never was *Man* tormented thus!  
Hang me if this same *Caucasus*  
Be not the coldest *Habitation*.  
I think in all the whole Creation;  
And 'twixt the *Peltave*, and the *Weather*,  
The *Gold*, the *Kite*, or both together,

H 3

Alho

Altho' I do not eat a jot,  
*(Saving thy Presence)* I have got  
 So damn'd a griping in my Guts,  
 That, as I'd surfeit of Nuts,  
 I've thirty Stools a Day at least;  
 Then prithee let me be releas'd;  
 For I have purg'd so wondrous sore,  
 That, truly, I can do no more.

*Sup.* Who, I release thee? that's a good one!  
 Release a Rogue, release a Pudden!  
 I would thou couldst persuade me to it:  
 For what, I prithee, should I do it?  
 For which of these fine Pranks th' hast plaid?  
 The pretty Fellows thou hast made,  
 Have caus'd such Mischief 'mongst the Gods,  
 That we e'er since have been at odds?  
 Or, for thy sitching Fire from Heaven,  
 To animate the uncouth Leaven?  
 Or, which of Crimes is not the least,  
 Cheating thy Master at a Feast?  
 When, like a sawcy ill-bred Waiter,  
 Thou for thy self the Flesh couldst cater,  
 And trait'rously, and for the noes,  
 Mad'st me thy Dog, to pick thy Bones?  
 For which, *Sir Sauce-box*, dost thou see,  
 Since thou'lt make Men, I'll unmake thee;  
 And I have hung your *Worship* there  
 In this convenient nipping Air,  
 As I conceive it did require,  
 To cool thee after Stealing Fire:  
 And as to those thy Belly-gripes,  
 Know, *Regus*, my *Vulture* loves fat *Tripes*,

And

And I will feed him upon thine,  
 Because thou once defecatedst mine.

*Prov.* But for these Faults, and for a Score  
 Greater than these, nay, Twenty more,  
 Have I not suffer'd full enough?  
 For tho' my Hide be well and tough,  
 Thou know'st it is not made of Buff,  
 And neither Frost, nor *Vulture*-proof.  
 Besides, this *Vulture*, by this Light,  
 Is the plain *Devil* of a *Kite*,  
 His hooked, black, deformed Beak,  
 I think, thro' *Mars* his Shield would peck;  
 His Feet, wherewith my Sides he tickles,  
 Have *Talons* more like Scyths than Sickles;  
 When he's in's Place high in the Air,  
 He seems as big as *Cassiare*,  
 Where some Time lying on his Wings,  
 After a few preparing Rings,  
 He makes his Stoop, and down he comes  
 (Whil'st Fear my very Heart benums)  
 With such a Whirlwind and a Powder,  
 That, tho' thy Thunder may be louder,  
 Thy Lightning is not half so quick,  
 Nor does it make one half so sick;  
 And gives my Liver such a Thump,  
 That the Blow echoes at my Rump.  
 Then fastning in my Ribs his Pounces,  
 He tears my Stomach out by Ounces,  
 Preys on my Liver, Lights, and Lungs,  
 And in my Paunch his Beak bedungs.  
 So that by Even yesternight,  
 Coming to take his supping Flight,

H 4

As



As in my Bowels he was tugging,  
He lights upon a Muger-pudding,  
Which as he pull'd still, still did follow,  
So much more fast, than he could swallow,  
That last I not (upon my Word)  
Because I know thou lov'st the Bird,  
With my Teeth caught him by the *Traile*,  
He'd ne'er on Carrion prey'd again.  
Therefore if all the Miseries  
I have endur'd will not suffice,  
Yet let this one good Office do't,  
And ease me at my humble Suit.

*Jup.* Where th' Pains whereof thou dost complain,  
As many and as great again;  
Yet were they not the Hundredth Part  
Of what is justly thy Desert.  
Thou should'st by *Causasus*, thou *Scab*,  
Be crush'd as flat as *Verjuice-Crab*,  
And not be only ty'd unto it  
To choke a *Spar-hawk* with thy Suet.  
Nay, thou art such a Malefactor,  
And in all Ills so vile an Actor,  
As should not only have thy Liver  
Prey'd on by twenty Kites together;  
But yet moreover have thine Eyes  
Pick'd out, to pay thy Treacheries,  
And even thy felonious Heart,  
Hast thou but half of thy Desert.

*Pro.* Well, thou may'st follow thine own Will,  
And if thou wilt, torment me still;  
But if thou would'st but be contented  
To pardon me, thou'dst ne'er repent it:

For

For I shall such a Caution give thee,  
Will make thee glad thou didst reprieve me.

*Jup.* What! I perceive thou now would'st fain  
Be loose, to gull me once again.

*Pro.* Pristhee, by that what should I get?  
Canst thou Mount *Causasus* forget?

Or if there yet were no such Place,  
Hast thou not thousand other Ways,  
Whose Pow'r's so uncontrou'd and ample,  
To make me a most *fid Example*?

*Jup.* Come, come, I cannot stay to prattle,  
Nor hear thy idle *Tittle Tattle*.

What (for no more thou now shalt dorre me)  
If I release thee wilt do for me?

Come, leave thy wheedling and thy cogging,  
And tell me, for I must be jogging.

*Pro.* Wilt thou not take it, *Jove*, in dudging,  
If I now tell thee where thou'rt trudging?

And wilt thou henceforth now believe me,  
And in thy Heart that *Credit* give me,  
If I tell Truth unto a *Tittle*,

That I can prophesy a little?

*Jup.* What else?

*Pro.* Why then, to cure thy Itching,  
*Jove*, thou now art going a *Bitching*,  
And so immoderate thy Heat is,  
As none can quench but *Nereid Urins*.

*Jup.* Well, if I should play such a *Fest*,  
What Issue shall we two beget?

*Pro.* What Issue! marry out upon her!  
By no means meddle with that *Spanner*:  
For if thou dost, I'll tell thee what,  
A *gracel's Child* will be begot

H 5

Betwixt



Betwixt thee and that *blue-ey'd Slatern*,  
Will thee depose, as thou didst *Saturn*;  
At least so threst the Destinies:  
And therefore, if thou wilt be wife,  
Let her alone, and come not at her,  
But elsewhere, lead thy *Nag* to water.

*Jup.* Well, since tho' 'st his *Nail e'rb' Head*,  
I'll once by thy Advice be led,  
And for thy Counsels Recompence  
*Vulcan* shall come and loose thee hence.  
For all past Faults I quit thee clear.

*Prom.* Why then I thank thee, *Jupiter*.



D I A-

—————  
D I A L O G U E.

JUPITER and CUPID.

*Cap.* A H *Jupiter*, I prithee, hear,  
For thine own sake, good *Jupiter*,  
If I am guilty of a Crime,  
Do but forgive me this one time,  
And if I e'er do so agin,  
Then whip me till the Blood do spin.  
What! will not *Jove* be reconcil'd,  
But still bear Malice to a Child?

*Jup.* A Child, thou little *Rakehell* thou!  
A pretty Child, thou art I trow!  
Older than *Japhet*, little *Hang-string*,  
Tho' one might wear thee in his *Band-string*.  
And then for Art and Subtlety,  
*Prometheus* is an *As* to thee.

*Cap.* That *Painters* best and *Poets* know,  
Whoever represent me so?  
And unto them I do refer it,  
Who, if they are put to't, will swear it:  
But were I what thou'dst have me be,  
What Mischief have I done to thee,  
That ought t' engage thine Indignation  
To use me on this cruel Fashion?

*Jup.* What dost thou ask me, *Ne'er-be-good*?  
When thou hast so enflam'd my Blood,

H 6

That

That, as I Philters swallow'd had,  
I ev'ry Day run whinnying mad  
For ev'ry Woman that I see,  
And yet thou mak'st not one love me:  
So that each Day to screen my Vices,  
I'm put to pump for new Devices,  
And to put on a thousand Shapes,  
The better to commit my Rapes.

*Cap.* That is, because the Women fear thee,  
And therefore tremble to come near thee.

*Jup.* And yet the ill-condition'd *Troads*  
Can love, forsooth, the other Gods:

*Apollo* he can have his Joys  
Both with the Wenches and the Boys.

*Cap.* The Cause of that is quickly guess'd,  
He's handsome, and goes sprucey dress'd,  
And yet for all his powder'd Locks,  
His *Songs* and *Sonnets* with a *Pox*,  
And that he goes so fine and trim,  
*Daphne* could never fancy him;  
Nor could he e'er her Liking move,  
So absolutely free is Love.

But wouldst thou spend each Day and Hour  
In Dressing, and not look so fowre,  
Which (in plain Truth) does mainly fight 'em,  
I make no Question but thou'dst finite 'em.  
But then it will be requisite,

If thou wilt turn a *Carpenter-Knight*,  
To lay those by all Women dread,  
Thy *Thunder* and thy *Gorgon's Head*.

*Jup.* What, *Rague*, wouldst have me to lay by  
The Ensigns of my Deity.

That's

That's pleasant Counsel, faith; but yet  
I think I shall not follow it:  
No, Sirrah, I shall more prefer  
The Dignity of *Jupiter*.

*Cap.* Then thou must Women let alone.

*Jup.* No, I shall wench still, ten to one;  
And yet (for all thy haste) not bate  
One Inch or Title of my State.  
Howe'er, since thou so well hast pratled,  
My Anger is for once abated,  
And I forgive thee all old Grutches.

*Cap.* I'm glad I'm got out of his Clutches.







## DIALOGUE.

MERCURY and JUPITER.

*Jup.* DOST thou know *Io*, *Mercury*?

*Merc. Io*, yes surely, — let me see, —  
Oh, *Inachou's* pretty Daughter!

*Jup.* The same, thou know'st I long have sought her;  
And now at last that I have caught her, }  
Dost think but *Juno*, my curst *Wron*,  
Has turn'd the *Girl* into a *Cow*,  
Out of pure Jealousie to cheat me,  
And of my Pleasure to defeat me;  
And has deliver'd her to keep  
T' a *Monster* that does never sleep;  
But having Eyes in every Place,  
Ev'n in his Arse as well as Face,  
A hundred spread all o'er his Parts,  
Both where he speaks, and where he farts,  
Whilst some of them a Nap do take,  
Others are evermore awake.  
So that unless I had a Spell  
To Bull my *Cow* invisible,  
I ne'er can think to take him napping,  
And from his Sight there's no escaping,  
But Thou, I know, a Way canst tell  
To rid me of this *Centinel*;

Thou

Thou Wit and Courage hast enough;  
Prithee now put them both to Proof.  
Go then to the *Nemean Grove*,  
Where the foul *Monster* guards my *Love*,  
And for my sake take so much Pains,  
As fairly to knock out his Brains.  
When having barter'd his thick Skull,  
To *Aegypt* drive my lovely *Mull*,  
Where they shall pay her Sacrifices  
Under th' adored Name of *Isis*:  
There she shall sway the Winds and Waves,  
And be the *Queen* of *Galley-slaves*.

*Merc.* I go, and if I find him once,  
With my *Bastoon* I'll bang his Sconce  
So pretty well, as shall suffice  
To put out all his hundred Eyes.



D I A.



## DIALOGUE.

JUPITER and GANYMEDE.

*Jup.* Come kiss me, pretty little Stranger,  
Now that we are got clear from Danger;  
And that to please my pretty Boy,  
I've laid my Beak and Talons by.

*Gan.* What are become of them, I trow!  
Thou hadst them on but even now.  
Didst thou not come where I did keep,  
Thinking no harm, my Father's Sheep,  
In Eagle's Shape, and with a Swoop,  
Like a small Chicken, trust me up?  
And art thou now turn'd Man! this Change  
Is very wonderfully strange:

Sure thou art one of those fame Folk as  
I've heard 'em call a *Hocus-focus*.

*Jup.* No, my sweet Boy, thou tell'st a Flam,  
Nor Eagle I, nor *Jugler* am:  
But Sov'reign of the Gods, who have  
Transform'd my self (my pretty Knave)  
Into these Man and Eagle's Shapes;  
To strip my little *Jack-a-napes*.

*Gan.* Sure, thou art our *God Pan*, and yet  
Thou hast no Horns, nor cloven Feet,

Nor

Nor yet a Pipe, as I do see,  
The Marks of that great *Drivy*.

*Jup.* Know'lt thou no other Gods but he?  
*Gan.* No; but to him I know that we  
Er'ry Year sacrifice a *Goat*,  
Before the Entry of his *Great*.  
And as for thee (altho' with Trembling)  
I tell thee plain without duffembling,  
I judge thee for to be no better  
Than that bad Thing some call a *Setter*,  
Others a *Spiris* that doth lye

In wait to catch up *Infantry*;  
Who give them Plums, and fine Tales tell 'em,  
To steal them first, and after sell 'em.

*Jup.* But hark thee, Child! didst never hear  
Of a great God call'd *Fupiter*?  
Didst never see upon a High-day  
An Altar dress'd upon *Mount Lia*,  
Where Folks come crowding far and near  
To offer to the *Thunderer*?

*Gan.* What art thou he that makes the Rattle  
Th' Air, which frights both Men and Cattle,  
Sow'r's all the Milk, and doth so clatter  
Both above Ground and under Water,  
That Men not dare to shew their Heads,  
Nor Eels lie quiet in their Beds?  
If thou be that fame *Fupiter*,  
To thee my *Father* ev'ry Year  
Does sacrifice a *Tup*, a good one;  
Then speak in truth and conscience, wou'd one  
Be so ungrateful a *Cuckow-dog*,  
To steal away his Age's Cudgel?

Besides,

Besides, what have I done, I pray,  
Should make thee spirit me away?  
Who knows but now, whilst I'm in Heaven,  
My Flock being left at six and seven,  
The *Wolf's* amongst them *breaking's* *Fest*,  
The *Wolf*, perhaps worrying up the last?

*Jup.* Why, let the *Wolf* 'em play the *Glutton*,  
'Tis but a little rotten *Mutton*.

*Fie*, what a whimpering dost thou keep  
For a few mangy lowlie Sheep!  
Thou must forget such things (my *Lad*)  
Why, thou art now immortal made,  
Fellow to th' *Gods*, and therefore now  
Must think no more of Things below.

*Gan.* What then I warrant, *Jupiter*,  
Thou dost intend to keep me here,  
And wilt not deign to make a *Stoop*  
To set me where thou took'st me up.

*Jup.* I think I shall not, (my small Friend)  
For if I do, I lose my End;  
And all that I by that should gain,  
Would be my *Labour* for my Pain.

*Gan.* Ay, but my *Sire* will angry be,  
So angry when he misses me,  
That he will soundly *strike* my *Deek*  
For thus abandoning his Flock.

*Jup.* For that (my pretty *Boy*) ne'er fear;  
For thou shalt always tarry here.

*Gan.* Nay but I *wonnot*, so I *wonnot*;  
Nor you shan't keep me, no you shan't;  
*Spite* of your *Nose*, and will ye, will ye,  
I will go home again, that will I.

But

But if thou wouldst so far befriend me,  
As set me down where thou didst find me;  
I'll sacrifice (I do not mock)  
To thee the fairest *Tup* th' Flock.

*Jup.* Thou'rt simple, and a Child indeed,  
To think that I such Offerings need!  
*Tup-mutton's* 'tome the worst of *Meats*;  
And thou too must these Things forget:  
Thou'rt now in Heaven sit to do  
Thy *Father* good and *Country* too;  
Nor needst thou now his *Anger* fear.

His Arm's too short to reach thee here;  
Nor shalt thou henceforth dread the *Beef*,  
Thou no more *Buy* art, but a *God*;  
Far better Fare thou shalt find here,  
Than that same *sowre-saw'd* *whopping-cheer*;  
Far better here thou shalt be fed,  
Than with hard *Crufts* of dry *Brown Bread*,  
*Sowre Milk*, *salt Butter*, and *hard Cheese*:

No, thou shalt feed, instead of these,  
Or your *sip-sap* of *Cards* and *Whys*,  
On *Nettar* and *Ambrosia*.

And if thou'lt do as thou shouldst do,  
Shalt see the *Constellation* too  
Shine brighter, and in higher Place,  
Than all the rest the Sky that grace.

*Gan.* Ay, but when I've a mind to play,  
What *Play-fellows* are here, I pray?  
For ev'ry Day (excepting *Fridays*)  
I'd *Play-fellows* *ding-dong* on *Ida*.

*Jup.* Why *Cupid* shall attend thy Call,  
To play at *Cat*, or *Trap*, or *Ball*,

Duff.

*Dust-joint, Span-counter, Skittle-pin,*  
 And thou no more shalt play for Pins:  
 But have a care, the little *Guts*  
 Will be too hard for thee at *Batts*.  
 Thou'lt have thy Belly full of Sport,  
 I give thee here my Promise for't,  
 And brave Sport too; but then (I trow)  
 Thou must forget the Things below.

*Gau.* Well, but thou hast not told me yet  
 What I must do to earn my Meat?  
 Hast thou here any Flocks of Sheep  
 To send me out a-Days to keep?

*Jup.* No, thou a Life shalt have much fairer,  
 Thou to the Gods shalt be *Cup-bearer*,  
 And purest *Neelar* to them fill,  
 Whilst at their merry Feasts they swill.

*Gau.* Is that same *Neelar* which they drink  
 Better than *red-Cows Milk*, dost think?

*Jup.* Thou'dst ne'er drink other whilst Life lasted,  
 Hadst thou but once that Liquor tasted.

*Gau.* But then where must I lie a-nights?  
 For I am monstrous 'fraid of *Sprights*.  
 I hope, in hot and in-cold Weather  
*Cupid* and I must lie together.

*Jup.* No (Sirrah) thou shalt lie with me,  
 For therefore did I spirit thee.

*Gau.* Why art not thou, poor little one,  
 Old enough yet to lie alone?

*Jup.* Yes; but there is a certain Joy  
 In lying with a pretty Boy.

*Gau.* A pretty Boy! that's better yet,  
 What's Beauty when one cannot sleep?  
 When one is fast asleep (I wia)  
 One little cares for Prettiness.

*Jup.*

*Jup.* That's true; but Dreams proceed from it,  
 Which are so tickling and so sweet.

*Gau.* But when I pig'd wish-mine own *Dad*,  
 I w'd make him hopping mad;

Who, as he lay a-Bed, would grumble,  
 That I did nought but tois and tumble,

Talk in my Sleep, and paw'r, and kick  
 His Sides and Paunch so hard and thick,

He could not sleep one wink all Night;  
 For which, so soon as 'et 'twas light,

He pack'd me to my Mother duly.  
 Seeing then in Bed I'm so unruly,

If thou didst only bring me hither,  
 That thou and I may lie together,

Thou may'st e'en set me down again,  
 For I shall certain be thy *Bane*.

*Jup.* Why, kick thy worst, my little *Deat*,  
 I like thee ne'er the worst for that:

'Tis better far than lying still.  
 But I can kiss thee there my fill.

*Gau.* Why each one as he likes (you know)  
*Qua's* good Man when he kiss'd his Cow;

You may do what you will, but I and you  
 Shall sleep the while most certainly.

*Jup.* Well, well! For that as Time shall try:  
 In the mean time, you, *Mercury*,

Here take and make my pretty Page  
 Drink the immortal Beverage,

That after I may him prefer  
 To be my chiefest *Cup-bearer*;

But ere to wait you bring him up,  
 First teach him to protect the Cup.

D I A.



## DIALOGUE.

JUNO and JUPITER.

*Jun.* WHY, what a strange Life dost thou lead!  
Since thou hast got this *Ganymede*,

I, who have been thy faithful Wife,  
Can't get a Kiss, to save my Life:  
But thou dost look so strangely on me,  
As if till now thou ne'er hadst known me.

*Jup.* What will not, Wife, thy jealous Pate,  
To vex thy self and me, create?  
Was such a Jealousy e'er known  
To that degree of Frenzy grown,  
As to run supposition-mad  
Of a poor silly harmless *Lad*!

I thought none but the Female Kind  
Could raise such Whimfies in thy Mind.

*Jun.* Nay, faith, thou'rt exilent at both Trades,  
Both at thine *Togles*, and thy *Jades*.  
And all my Chiding's to no end;  
I think, *thou art too old to mend*;  
Else, maugre thy bad Inclination,  
Thou'dst tender more thy Reputation.  
Does't fit the *King of Gods*, I pray,  
To *Maquerade* it ev'ry Day,  
And to transform himself one while  
To *Gold*, a Virgin to beguile;

Another

Another while into a *Bull*,  
To make another *Maid a Trull*;  
And then into a *Swan*, to try  
The treading way of *Leibery*;  
And to put on all these strange Shapes,  
In order to adult'rous Rapes?  
And yet for all thy Pranks on Earth,  
(Unfitting far thy Place and Birth)  
Thou hitherto hast ever yet  
Had either so much Grace or Wit,  
Manners, or Shame, or all together,  
As not to bring thy *Trollops* hither,  
As thou hast done this *Dandisprat*  
For all the *Gods* to titter at:  
And all under Pretence, the Youth  
Must be your *Cap-bearer* forfooth;  
As all the *Gods* inhabit here  
Unworthy of the *Office* were,  
As if my Daughter *Hebe* was,  
Or *Vulcan* weary of the Place;  
Or any of the *Gods* indeed,  
Might not perform it for a *Need*.  
And then, which more does vex me still,  
He never does the *Goblet* fill.  
And ready with it waiting stand,  
But ere thou tak'st it at his Hand,  
Thou fill'st a kissing him 'fore all  
The *Gods* in the *Olympick-Hall*;  
Which thou dost too with so much Passion,  
And after such immodest Fashion,  
That the *Boy's* Kisses, one would think,  
Were sweeter than the *Heavenly Drink*.

Nay,

Nay, thou fall out for Drink dost call,  
When th'ast no list to drink at all,  
No more than thou hadst need to piss,  
Only a mere Pretence to kiss.  
Sometimes thou mak'st him drink to thee,  
A kind of starving *Letchery*,  
Of which the Meaning's only this,  
To place thy Mouth where he did his,  
Which ravishes thee, whilst thou think'st,  
Thou kiss'st all the while thou drink'st.

'Twas a fine Sight last Day to see  
Thy little *Caramite* and thee  
Playing at *Nine-pegs* with such Heat,  
That mighty *Jupiter* did sweat

In *Querps*, to th' Beholders Wonder,  
Diverted of his *Shield* and *Thunder*;  
I both know all thy Pranks and thee,  
Think not to make a Fool of me.

*Jup.* Hey! whist! I think our *Dame's* grown wild!  
What harm's in kissing a fine *Child*,  
And adding that Delight to *Nectar*,  
That I must have this *Cossein Leisure*?  
If thou but tasted hadst the *Blisses*  
Are wrapt up in his lascivious *Kisses*,  
Thou wouldst be of another Mind,  
And not reproach me in this kind.

*Jus.* I thought that I should trap thee soon;  
Thou now speak'st perfect, *Bongeroon*,  
I should have little *Wit* (I trow)  
And very little *Virtue* too,  
Should I defile my Lips so much,  
As such an *Urchin* once to touch,

*Jup.*

*Jup.* That *Urchin* thou dost so despise,  
And speak'st of in such taunting *wits*,  
Pleases me more (my haughty *Dame*)  
Than some *Body* I will not name.  
Urge me not to't, thou wer't not best,  
And cease my Pleasure to contest.

*Jus.* Not I, I shall not be so rash:  
No, prithee, marry thy *Barbach*  
To spite me worse. Go hug thy *Chit*;  
But yet withal do not forget  
How thou dost use me on the *Score*  
Of this thy little *stripling Where*.

*Jup.* I know what 'tis, thoud'st have thy *Cripple*  
Wait here, and fill me out my *Tipple*,  
When he comes with his dir y *Gells*  
From raking up his smutty *Coals*,  
Sweating and stinking from his *Ferge*,  
Enough to make one to disgorge;  
And in this cleanly plight, I know,  
Thou fain wouldst have me kiss him too;  
Ev'n when he does so nasty seem,  
That thou, his *Mother*, keck'st at him.  
It would be wisely done (no doubt)

For such a foul unseemly *Lout*  
To put away my *Ganymede*,  
So sweet a *Boy*, so finely bred,  
And (which thy *Mind* does more molest  
A hundred times than all the rest)  
Whose every delicious *Kiss*  
Is sweeter far than *Nectar* is.

*Jus.* Ay, ay, my Son'thou dost abhor,  
Now thou hast this trim *Servitor*:

I

But

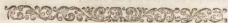


But till thou had'st this *Ship-Jark* got  
With *Vulcan* thou didst find no Fault.  
And all his Collow, and his Soot?  
His Dirt, and Swear, and Stink to boot,  
Not hindred, but thou took'st delight  
Both in his Service and his Sight.

*Jup.* Thou dreadful *Scold*, thy *Dis* furcasse,  
And (if thou canst) once hold thy Peace,  
Thy Jealousy does but improve  
My Indignation and my Love.  
Let *Vulcan* serve thee as he did,  
If thou dislikest *Gaiymede*:  
But hang me if I drink a Sup,  
Unless my Boy present the *Cup*.  
Nay, at each Draught, I'll tell thee more,  
He'll give me Kisses half a Score.  
Come, come, my pretty *Favourite*,  
Do not thou whimper for her Spite:  
Let who dares vex my Boy, thou'll see,  
I'll order 'em, I warrant thee.



D I A-



## DIALOGUE.

## JUNO and JUPITER.

*Jun.* NOW, *Jupiter*, that none is near us,  
To hearken or to over-hear us,  
Tell me, I prithee, and be clear,  
What think'st thou of this *Idiot* here?

*Jup.* Why, I think *Idiot* (Wife) *erme-blue*,  
An honest Man as e'er I knew;  
A sturdy Piece of Flesh, and proper,  
A merry *Grig*, and a true *Toper*.  
Nor had I, but I thought him so,  
Made so much on him as I do;  
Neither, but that I understood  
His Company was very good,  
Had I (be sure) been so affable  
As to admit him to my Table.

*Jun.* See, see how one may be deceiv'd!  
'Tis odds I shall not be believ'd:  
But *Idiot* is (without Offence)  
The sawyest Piece of Insolence  
That ever came within thy Doors,  
And siter Mate for *Rogues* and *Whores*,  
By much, than (*Jupiter*) for thee,  
Or any of thy Family.  
Nay, siter, for his \* former Pranks,  
As well as these, the Hang-man's Thanks,  
I \* *his Father-in-law*

\* Because  
he kill'd

his Father-in-law

As he now handled has the Matter,  
Than put his Spoon into thy Plaster.  
Yet thou may'st entertain him still,  
Only to gormandize and swill:  
But, for my part, I'll ne'er endure him;  
Nor shall he stay here, I'll assure him.

*Jup.* What has he done to move thee thus;  
Come, prithee, now be serious,  
And tell me true, nay, quickly do it,  
For I am resolute to know it.

*Jus.* What has he done! why, 'tis so wicked,  
That truly I'm ashamed to speak it.

*Jup.* What, with some *Godolefs* he'd have bin  
Playing, belike, at *to-and-to*,  
And would be at the Rutting-sport?  
For so thy Words seem to import.

*Jus.* Well, and dost thou conceive that fit,  
That thou dost make so light of it?  
Is that no Fault? nay, could he yet  
A Crime more capital commit?  
That's it indeed, th'ast hit upon't;  
And greater still to make th' Affront,  
No Body else could serve the Youth,  
But even I my self, forsooth.  
I did not heed his Love at first,  
Not dreaming that the Rascal durst  
Have aim'd at me; but at the last,  
Observing what Sheeps-eyes he cast,  
What Sighs he fetch'd, how now and then  
He wept, and sigh'd, and wept again,  
Drank after me, and then would leech,  
And kiss the Cup; I then saw clear,

Though

Though ne'er before I did suspect it,  
His Folly was to me directed.  
Yet still I thought, Time would blow over  
This Humour of my sallow Lover;  
Wherefore (tho' vex'd) I thus long drove it,  
Asham'd, I swear, to tell thee of it,  
Till now at last the sallow *As*  
Has put on such a brazen Face,  
As, without all respect, to be  
So bold as to solicit me.  
But now to speak 'tis more than Time,  
When to conceal it were a Crime:  
And therefore, flying from his Tears,  
And stopping with both Hands both Ears,  
From being guilty Auditors  
Of what my Vertue so abhors,  
I strait came running unto thee  
Fast as my Legs would carry me,  
To tell thee how this *Gaaz*, this *Satyr*,  
This *Rogue*, this *Slave*, this *Fornicator*,  
Whom thou hast entertain'd and fed,  
Attempts the Honour of thy *Bed*,  
To th' end thou may'st the Whelp chastise  
In just and exemplary wise.

*Jup.* This is a daring *Rogue*, I swear,  
T'attempt to cuckold *Jupiter*!  
It was the *Nectar* in his Pate,  
That did this Insolence create:  
But I my self, I must confess,  
Am Cause of these Miscarriages,  
By over-loving Mortals so  
Extravagantly as I do,

I 3

And



And by permitting them to be  
Over-familiar, and too free  
With my Divinity and me,  
He else had ne'er attempted Thee.  
For 'tis no wonder, when they eat  
The very same provoking Meat,  
And Liquor drink, the Blood that fires,  
If they have then the same Desires.  
And quite forgetting then their Duties,  
Are smitten with immortal Beauties.  
Besides, thou know'st as well as I,  
So much of *Cupid's* Tyranny,  
So great, no Tyrant here above is  
Near, as that little *Bastard* Love is.

*Juv.* He Master is of thee indeed,  
And thee still by the Nose does lead,  
(As the old Saying is) and makes  
Thee play a thousand senseless Freaks!  
But come, I faith, I faith, I know  
What makes thee pity *Teio* so:  
To pardon him thou art inclin'd,  
'Cause he but pays thee in thy kind:  
Time was thou his Wife didst dishonour;  
And gatt'st *Pirithous* upon her.

*Jup.* Fie, will that never be forgot?  
Come, I'll acquaint thee with my Plot.  
It would to banish him appear  
A Sentence somewhat too severe:  
His being o'er Head and Ears in love,  
Does (I confess) my Pity move.  
Since therefore he's so woe begun,  
So sighs, and cries, and so takes on,

I tell

I tell thee plain, I do protest,  
Things being thus, I think it best—

*Juv.* What that I lie with him, I warrant!

*Jup.* Dost think I am a Sor so errant?

No, I'm not so kind to him neither;  
I prithee hold thy Legs together:  
That's more than will be well allow'd.  
But I will dizen him a Cloud  
So like to thee, as shall persuade him  
He has made me, what I have made him,  
And that in pure Commiseration,  
In Part to satisfy his Passion.

*Juv.* Why, this will be for to reward him,  
For what thou should'st at least discard him.

*Jup.* But speak in pure Sincerity,  
What Harm will this do thee or me?

*Juv.* Why, he will think it me, that's flat,  
Then I shall pass for I know what.

*Jup.* No matter what's by him believ'd,  
'Tis only he will be deceiv'd;

And if a Cloud like Thee I make,  
No *Juno*, 'tis but a Mistake,  
And he by this, my pretty Chest,  
A Race of *Centaurs* shall beget.

*Juv.* But if (as now-a-days thou know'st,  
Men are too apt to make their Boast)  
This *Regue* so soon as he has done  
As they all do, should straightway run,  
And publish to the World, that he  
Has had his filthy Will of me:  
Pray, after such a fine Oration,  
Where then were *Juno's* Reputation?

I 4

*Jup.*

*Jap.* Should he do such a Thing as that,  
I'd teach the *Rascal* how to prate;  
And if he needs must kiss and tell,  
I'll kick him headlong into Hell,  
Where to a Wheel he shall be bound,  
And, like a *Mill-horse's* Mill turn round,  
And never have a Moment's Rest,  
Nor thence shall ever be releas'd.

*Jun.* If he do prove so damn'd a Dog,  
'Twill be but Justice on the *Rogue*.



## DIALOGUE.

VULCAN and APOLLO.

*Ap.* **G**ood speed, of Fire thou sooty King,  
I ever hear thy Anvil ring:  
Thy Smoak still mounts from *Aetna*-hill;  
I think thy Bellows ne'er be still:  
Surely it costs thee much in Leathers,  
For thou dost blow and strike all Weathers.

*Vulc.* Good-Jen, *Apollo*, and well met,  
Hast seen the little *Mercy* yet,  
How fine a Child, how sweet a Face,  
And what a smiling Count'nance 't has?  
Which plainly does (methinks) presage  
Something when he shall come to Age,

That

That is extraordinary and great,  
Tho' he is but an Infant yet.

*Apollo.* A pretty Infant questionless!  
Old *Japhet's* Sire in Wickedness.

*Vulc.* What Harm can he have done, I trow,  
That came into the World but now?

*Apollo.* Go, and ask *Nephtis* that, I pray,  
Whose *Trident* he hath stolc away.  
Or *Mars*, that Question can decide,  
Whose Sword he pilfer'd from his Side;  
To whom my self I too could joyn,  
Whose *Bow* and *Shafes* he did purloin.

*Vulc.* What such a mazardly *Pigwiggan*,  
A little *Hang-strings* in a *Biggin*?  
Away, away, *Apollo* flouts!

What a *Filow* in Swathing-clouts?

*Apollo.* Well think so; but if this *Filow*  
Come here, thou'lt see what he can do.

*Vulc.* H's been already here to Day.

*Apollo.* Well, and is nothing missing, pray?

*Vulc.* Not that I know of.

*Apollo.* That may be;  
But prithee look about and see.

*Vulc.* I cannot see my *Pincers* tho'.

*Apollo.* O cry you mercy, can't you so?

There's one *Cast* of his Office now.

Now dare I venture twenty Pound

They'll be amongst his *Drinkers* found.

*Vulc.* Faith, and assure thy self I'll try;

Is the young Thief indeed so fly?

Such lucky *Cocks* there's so great need on,

We'll keep this hopeful Youth to breed on.

I f

A

A precious *Pepin*, and a trim,  
 A right *Arch-bird*, I'll warrant him.  
 An *Infant* quotha! marry hang him,  
 If he were mine, I would so bang him.  
 What, were my Tongue so hot, I trow,  
 To stick to your small Fingers so?  
 I'll make a Burn-mark with a T,  
 To fit you with, Sir *Mercury*.  
 But I'm astonish'd at the Lad,  
 How he so soon could learn his Trade;  
 He learnt (to be a *Rogue* so pure)  
 To steal in's *Mother's* Belly sure.

*Apollo*. These are his Recreations, these;  
 But he has other *Qualities*.  
 Mark but that nimble Tongue of his,  
 What a pert prating *Urchin* 'tis;  
 His Mouth will one Day be a Spout  
 Of Eloquence, without all doubt:  
 He'll be an *Orator*, I warrant,  
 And if he be not, let me hear on't;  
 And a prime Wrestler as e'er *scipps*,  
 E'er gave the *Corinth-bug*, or *hips*;  
 Or I am much mistaken in him,  
 And any one would say't had seen him:  
 For he already has at first  
 Put *Mouffier Cupid* to the worst,  
 And gave him such a dreadful Fall,  
 I thought had broke his Bones withal,  
 In troth I ne'er saw such another,  
 But *Love* went pulling to his *Mother*,  
 Which as the *Gods* were laughing at,  
 And *Venus* went to moan her *Brat*,

While

Whilst she was kissing the small *Archer*,  
 And drying's Tears with Lawn-handkercher,  
 In comes that crafty Youth, and fly,  
 That little filching *Mercury*,  
 And in a Twinkling (I protest)  
 Whips me away her am'rous *Cest*;  
 Nay, and *Jove's Thunder* too had got,  
 But 'twas too heavy and too hot;  
 But yet his *Scepter* went to pot.

*Vale*. By *Jupiter*, a hardy Youth!

*Apol*. Nay he's a *Minstrel* too.

*Vale*. In truth!

*Apol*. Yes, faith, a better never plaid;  
 Nay, and the little *Rogue* has made  
 A *Fiddle* of a *Tortoise-shell*,  
 On which he plays so rarely well,  
 That he puts fair to put down me,  
 Who am the *God of Harmony*.  
 His *Mother's* troubled at his ways,  
 He never sleeps a-nights, she says;  
 But goes, for all that, she can say;  
 As far as *Hell* to seek for Prey;  
 And he has got by Slight of Hand,  
 A most incomparable Wand,  
 Of so strange Virtue, that 'tis said,  
 It with a Waft does raise the Dead,  
 And both the Dead from *Death* can save,  
 And send the Living to the *Grave*.

*Vale*. Nay, nay, of that I must acquit him,  
 For I to play withal did give him.

*Apol*. That's well, and he in recompence  
 Has stol'n away thy Pincers hence.

I G

*Vale*.

*Vale.* Sh'igs, well remembered! I'll be gone  
To search his Corners for my own:  
And if I find 'em in his Cradle,  
Take it from me, his Sides I'll fwaddle;



## DIALOGUE.

VULCAN and JUPITER.

*Vale.* **H**ere, I have brought thee home a *Hatchet*,  
If any *Smith* for Temper match it,  
Or Edge, I'll say no more but so.  
I'll ne'er strike Stroke more whilst I blow.  
And now 'tis here new from the *Smithy*,  
What must we do with it, I prithee?

*Jup.* Why cleave my aking Head with it.

*Vale.* How, cleave thy Head! the *Deil* a bit,  
Thou say'st so but to try my Wit.  
But tell me quickly, prithee do,  
What Use thou'lt have it put unto?  
For *I Sof's Coach-horses* must shoe.

*Jup.* Why, for to cleave my Head in two.  
I am in earnest; therefore do it,  
Or (thou lame *Rascal*) thou shalt rue it;  
And if thou be'lt so flie of mine,  
Beware that great *Calves-head* of thine!  
Fear not, but strike with might and main,  
For my Scalp splits with very Pain,

And

And I do suffer all the *Threes*.

A Woman in her Labour does.

*Vale.* In Labour quotha! 't may be so:  
But let's consider what we do;  
For I'm afraid I hardly shou'd  
Lay thee as Dame *Lucina* wou'd.

*Jup.* Wilt thou leave prating (*Sirrah*) once,  
Lest I make bold with thy wife Sconce:  
Do thou but strike courageously,  
And home, and leave the rest to me.

*Vale.* Why, *Jupiter*, if thee I kill,  
Bear witness 'tis against my Will:  
There is no Help, I must obey,  
Have at thy *Coxcomb* then I say;

For with this *Butcher's* Blow of mine  
I'll cleave thee down unto the *Chine*.  
*Good Gods!* no wonder if thy Brains  
Suffer'd intolerable Pains,

When such a lusty strapping *Trull*  
As this by kicking in thy Skull;  
Nay, and an *Amazon* to boot,  
Which though not arm'd from Head to Foot,

Is furnish'd yet to take the Field,  
And his both *Helmet, Lance, and Shield*.  
'Twas breeding that brave *Lass*, belike,  
Made thee so cross and choleric,  
And yet the *Girl* (I vow and swear)  
Is most incomparably fair:

Prithee, for having laid thee well,  
Give me her for my *Dowlabel*,  
For though new-born, the *Wench* is able,  
And I'll uphold her marriageable.

*Jup.*





*Jup.* With all my Heart, I give her free;  
But thou't ne'er make her marry thee:  
For she will never be a *Wife*,  
But live a *Virgin* all her life.  
Therefore ne'er offer to persuade her;  
For thou art sure to lose thy Labour.  
*Vne.* Well, well, for that let me alone;  
I'll make her coming, ten to one;  
I have been in my Days a Blade  
At winning of a pretty *Maid*,  
And can bring this to my Command,  
*As easily as kiss my Hand*,  
Provided I have thy Consent.  
*Jup.* Why thou mayst try, but thou't repent.



## DIALOGUE.

NEPTUNE and MERCURY.

*Nept.* **H**Ark, Cousin *Mercury*, do'tt hear,  
Could not one speak with *Jupiter*?  
*Merc.* No, save thy Labour and be gone,  
He's busy and will speak with none.  
*Nept.* But prithee, let him know 'tis I.  
*Merc.* I tell thee, he'll see no Body,  
And therefore, prithee, go thy way;  
For he'll be seen of none to Day,  
*Nept.* Are he and's Wife, if one may axe,  
*Making the Beast with the two Backs?*

*Merc.*

*Merc.* Could'st thou no other Question find?  
They two but seldom are so kind.  
*Nept.* Then *Ganymede* and he're together.  
*Merc.* No truly, Seignior *Neptune*, neither.  
*Nept.* What then? I'll know spite of thy Noſe.  
*Merc.* You'll ask me leave first, I suppose.  
But he's not well, will that suffice?  
*Nept.* Not well! where is it his Grief lies?  
*Merc.* Why, I'm asham'd to tell thee where.  
*Nept.* What a \* Relation so near!  
Leave fooling (Cox.) I prithee, now, \* Brother  
And tell me, for I long to know, *to Jupiter*  
*Merc.* Why, since I see, thou't not be sed,  
Know, that he's lately brought to Bed.  
*Nept.* How! this is monstrous by this Light!  
What is he an *Hermaphrodite*?  
I ne'er perceiv'd his Belly rise  
Above the ordinary *Size*.  
*Merc.* That's likely; neither, I must tell ye,  
Was he deliver'd from his Belly.  
*Nept.* From what part then? was't from his Head,  
As when he his *Miſerica* bred?  
Is that deliver'd once again?  
He has a wondrous fruitful Brain.  
*Merc.* No, this Birth issu'd from his Thigh.  
*Nept.* Go, Sirrah, now I know you lye.  
What would'st thou have me such a *Noddy*,  
To think he spawns all o'er his Body.  
*Merc.* Well, but there is none in't than so,  
And thou the Truth of all shalt know.  
*Juno*, whose spiteful Jealousy  
Thou know'st, I'm sure, as well as I,

Ya

In Malice, *Semele* persuades  
 (One of his best beloved *Jades*)  
 Since *Jupiter* did her so honour,  
 As Children to beget upon her:  
 She so much Kindness had for her,  
 That she no longer should incur  
 A Common *Lemman's* Imputation:  
 But for her better Reputation,  
 No more with him in private lye:  
 But make him own her publickly.  
 Therefore, my *Semele* (quoth she)  
 Prithee, for once be rul'd by me,  
 And if he have true Kindness for ye,  
 Make him come next in all his Glory;  
 Not sneaking in a mean Disguise,  
 Like Rogues, to midnight Letcheries:  
 But like himself rob'd round with wonder,  
 And with his *Lightning* and his *Thunder*:  
 So all will honour and adore thee,  
 Who now despise thee, and abhor thee.  
 The *Girl*, thus tickled in her Ear,  
 And proud her self as *Læiſer*,  
 So order'd it with this great *King*,  
 Whom Whores can make do any Thing,  
 That he came next in this Attire:  
 But then before he could come nigh her  
 His *Lightning* set the Room on fire,  
 And with its all-consuming Flashes,  
 Reduc'd the Room and House to Ashes.  
 In which Case, all that we could do  
 Was but to save the *Embryo*:  
 (For she was then with Child, be't known,  
 By *Jupiter*, and sev'n Months gone)

Which

Which ripping from her Belly, I  
 Put warm into thy Brother's Thigh,  
 There to complet the Term requir'd;  
 Which being but just now expir'd,  
 He's brought to Bed, and Truth to speak,  
 With his hard Labour very weak.

*Nept.* And where is this same twice-born *Child*?

*Merc.* To *Ny's* I have carry'd it,  
 By the *Nymphs* there to be brought up,  
 Who know'ng he will be giv'n to th' *Cup*,

And in hard Drinking very vicious,  
 Have aptly Nam'd him \* *Diogenes*.

*Nept.* Then of this Child he's *Syre* and *Dam*,  
 And it may call him *Dad* and *Mam*?

*Merc.* Yes truly, it is even so,  
 He any of these may answer to:  
 But I can't stay to tell thee more;  
 For I should have been gone before,  
 And in this Stay have done amiss  
 To prate at such a Time as this.  
 I now must use both Heels and Wings,  
 Water to fetch and other Things  
 For *Child-bed-women*, and had need  
 Repair my Negligence with Speed:  
 All the good Wives else will me blame,  
 For now I the *Mas-midwife* am.

D I A-



## DIALOGUE.

## MERCURY and the SUN.

*Merc.* **J**ove (*Sol*) commands thee by me here  
 To stop thy Steeds in their Career;  
 For the full Space of three whole Days  
 He will not have thee shine, he says:  
 But thou art to conceal thy Light,  
 For he will have that Term all Night.  
 Therefore I think, *Sol*, thy best Course is,  
 To let the Hours untear thy Horses,  
 Get a good Night-Cap on thy Head,  
 Put out thy Tareb, and go to Bed.  
*Sol.* 'Tis an extravagant Command,  
 And that I do not understand.  
 What have I done, I fain would know,  
 That *Jupiter* should use me so?  
 What Fault committed in my Place  
 To pull upon me this Disgrace?  
 Have I not ever kept my Horses  
 In the Precincts of their due Courses;  
 Or though twelve *Jons* are in my way,  
 Did I e'er drink, or stop, or stay?  
 Bear witness all the Gods in *Heav'n*,  
 If I've not duly *Morn*, and *Even*,  
*Rosen*, and set, and care did take  
 To keep touch with the *Almanack*.

What

What then my Fault is, I confess,  
 If I should die, I cannot guess:  
 And why he should, much less I know,  
 Suspend me *ad officio*.  
 It sure must be a great Offence  
 Deserves the worst of Punishments,  
 As this is he on me doth lay,  
 That *Night* must triumph over *Day*.

*Merc.* Fie, what a Clutter dost thou make,  
 And all about a mere Mistake?

Thou talk'st of Anger and Disgrace,  
 There's no such Matter in the Case.  
 Thou wide art of his Meaning quire,  
 He bids thee to withdraw thy Light,  
 That for three Days it may not shine  
 In order to a great Design  
 He has, that won't endure the Sun,  
 But is by *Owl-light* to be done.

*Sol.* Faith, tell me that Design of his,  
 What he's about, and where he is.

*Merc.* I'll tell thee, if thou needs wilt know,  
 He's Cuckolding *Amythyrrio*.

*Sol.* 'Tis very fine! and won't one Night  
 Take the Edge off his Appetite?  
 Cannot one *Night* give him enough?  
 Is the old *Letcher* still so tough,  
 A *Swing-bow* of so high renown,  
 A Wench can't sooner take him down?

*Merc.* No, but he means to get of her  
 A very mighty *Man of War*,  
 Of Heart most stout, and Limbs most vast,  
 Which is not to be done in half:

But

But of another kind of Fashion,  
Than ev'ry common Generation.

*Sol.* Why, let him say about him then

To finish this great Man of Men:

But let me tell thee, these strange ways

Were not in use in *Saturn's* Days.

He ne'er left *Rhea* in his Life

To letcher with another's Wife:

But for one Whore now (which is scurvy)

All Things must turn'd be *topsy-turvy*.

In the mean Time 'tis ten to one

My Horsts will be *Rosy* grown

For want of Use, and Thorns, I know,

In my *Career* will spring and grow;

And Mankind must in *Darkness* languish

Whilst he his bawdy *Lauance* does brandish,

And stews himself in his own Grease,

To get this admirable Piece.

*Merc.* Peace, Peace, Friend *Sol*, no more of that,

Lest he do teach thee how to prate,

In the mean Time I must be gone

With the same Massage to the *Moon*,

To keep within, and veil her Face,

As many *Nights*, as thou dost *Days*.

My last Commission is, to *Sleep*

That *Mortal's* Eyes he so long keep

Seal'd up in Rest, and all the while

Feed them with *Dreams*, Time to beguile,

That when thy *Light* unfolds their Eyes,

(And then it will be time to rise)

They may when that *Day* does begin,

Nor know how long a *Night* 't has been.

D I A-



## DIALOGUE.

VENUS and the MOON.

*Vin.* TELL me, my pale-complexion'd *Lefs*,  
Bright *Cynthia*, how comes this to pass,

That thou'rt accus'd of Things, I swear,

I'm sorry and ashamed to hear?

It is reported ev'ry where,

That thou, in midst of thy *Career*,

Thy *Chariot* often stop'st, and there,

(Which is a piece of impudence)

Under a pitiful Pretence,

Of making Water, steal'st it'h' Night

T' a *Hummer*, that *Eudymion* hight.

Where (little to thy Praise be it spoken)

His *Village* thou dost gaze, and look on

(Which none but your light *Huswives* do)

As thou would'st look him through, and through;

Whilst he not dreaming of thy *Folly*,

Lies gaping like a great *Leb-lolly*,

On *Cerberus Latens* loudly snoring,

Insensible of thy *Amorings*.

Nay, if the lumpy *Boy* should wake,

Thy *Kisses* he'd not kindly take;

Nor would he understand thy *Passion*

As all to be an *Obligation*.

LUNA.

*Lana.* Why 'tis that Ne'er-be-good, thy Son,  
Has made me do what I have done.

*Venus.* Ay! hang him little *Gallow-sings*,

He does a thousand of these Things,

And well may do it to another,

That spares not me who am his *Mother*.

He set me fo upon the *Hy-day*,

As made me oft descend on *Ida*;

To get *Auchisja*, young and able,

Make me a *Handie* to my *Ladle*:

And to Mount *Libanus* 't *Adonis*.

(Who, Rest go with him, dead and gone is.)

But then the Boy was wholly mine,

Till stole away by *Proserpine*,

Who, to speak plain, and not to lye,

Had a sweet Tooth as well as I;

And kept him for her *Drudgery*.

'Till seeing me to weep and mourn,

She sent him me sometimes in turn;

For which his Pranks, I'll tell thee what,

I threaten'd have the graceless *Braz*

A hundred Times at least, I know,

To break his *Quiver* and his *Bow*,

To clip his Wings, and Play debar him,

And every Thing I thought would scare him;

Nay, but last Day, I tell thee true,

I plainly took the Youth *so do*,

And with one of my *Shoes* with *Claps*,

Whipt me the rogy *Jack-no-apes*,

Until I had almost fetch'd Blood:

But all I see will do no good,

He quickly has forgot the Pain,

And does the same thing o'er again,

And

And so he will do still, but tell though,

Is thy *Sweet-heart* a pretty Fellow?

For if he's handsome, or have Wit,

There is in that some Comfort yet.

*Lana.* Thou know'st no *Loves* do foul appear:

But it is true, I can't forbear

Staring and gazing in his Face,

When coming weary from the *Chace*,

His Mantle he on Ground does spread,

And falls asleep leaning his Head

On his right Arm, which does embrace,

Being twin'd about his Head, and Face,

Whilst from his left his *Arrows* all,

Do dropping negligently fall.

Then stealing, and on *Tip-tee* too,

As Folks to make less Noise still do,

For Fear of waking him; I there

Perceive his Breath perfume the Air,

And in soft Breathings yield a Scent

So ravishing, and redolent,

That I am forc'd to sit down by him,

And sigh, and kiss, and kissing eye-him;

When sitting thus, and sometimes stealing

A little, little Touch of feeling,

Whilst I still gaz'd upon his Face,

It tingles in a certain Place

To that degree, that I protest——

I know that thou can'st guess the rest,

As having in thy self made proof.

Thou know'st what Love is well enough:

But then, O then, I am all Fire,

And even ready to expire.

D I A.



## DIALOGUE.

VENUS and CUPID.

V. **W**Hy, what work (Sirrah) do'st thou make!  
 Thou ev'ry Hour mak'st my Heart ake  
 For fear of thee, thou graceless *Whelp*,  
 In doing things I cannot help.  
 I do not, *Rake-bell*, mean those Pranks  
 (Though even they deserve small Thanks)  
 Thou play'st on *Earth*, where thou hast done  
 The strangest Things that e'er were known;  
 Set Men a rambling, Women gadding,  
 Young, old, sound, lame, and all a madding:  
 Fill'd the whole World with dismal Cries  
 Of *Rapes*, *Rapes*, *Adulteries*,  
 Instead of harmless Recreation  
 Allow'd in simple *Fornication*:  
 Nor is the common *Rout* alone  
 Subject to thy *Domitian*:  
 But thou hast made the greatest *Kings*  
 Do more, nay, yet more senseless Things,  
 Than th' arrant'st (as one may 'em call)  
*Tag-rag Plebeians* on 'em all.  
 Yet fill these People Mortals be,  
 And subject to thy *Deity*;  
 Nor (though blame-worthy) is th' Offence  
 Of such a dang'rous Consequence,

As

As those thou do'st commit above,  
 Where thou confound'st as all with *Love*,  
 Ev'n the *Gods King* thou do'st not spare,  
 But mak'st the mighty *Thunderer*,  
 Better to play his am'rous Prizes,  
 Put on ridiculous *Disguises*,  
 Whilst *Jupiter* we all despise,  
 (Who, one would think, should be more wise)  
 For those his childish *Amusements*,  
 Next unto *Carian Lotus Crown*,  
 Thou mak'st the sober *Moss* come down,  
 Than whom a better Fame had none,  
 To visit her *Eadyminon*.  
 The *Sun*, who diligent went to be,  
 Thou mak'st to slay with *Clymene*,  
 Neglecting his *diurnal Courses*,  
 And turn to Grass his fiery *Horses*,  
 Sans naming, thou mischievous *Elf*,  
 What thou hast done to me my self,  
 Who tho' thy *Dam*, and a fond *Mother*,  
 Thou hast us'd worse than any other:  
 Yet these (tho' such Things ne'er were heard on)  
 Were yet within the Pale of Pardon,  
 And might in Time have been o'erblown,  
 Hadst thou let *Cybele* alone:  
 But to attacque a poor old *Mumps*,  
 Whose Teeth were long since turn'd to *Stumps*,  
 Great *Grannam* to so many *Gods*,  
 Deserves a whole Cart-load of *Rods*,  
 And thus to make a poor old *Wren*  
 Fly raging up and down (I woe)  
 Set in her *Chariot* drawn with *Lions*,  
 And bidding Gravity Defiance,

K

As



As if she were stark-staring mad,  
 After a Scurvy flit-breech Lad,  
 And ev'n of Stocks, and Scones enquire  
 Of *Ays*, her small *Apple-squire*,  
 Is such a Thing (my graciell's Son)  
 As certainly was never done.  
 Nor in her Inquisition,  
 Does she yet play the Fool alone;  
 But, which is a most gross Mistake,  
 And does her Shame more publick make,  
 She does ev'n here her State maintain,  
 And goes with all her *Jangling Train*  
 Of *Corybantes* at her Heels,  
 Who, as their Brains were set on Wheels,  
 Disperse themselves all over *Ides*,  
 Whooping aloud on ev'ry Side  
 (No wiser than their mad old Dame)  
 Calling and whooping *Ays* Name,  
 Where some in Fury are fo' wood,  
 As with one Arm t'let t'other Blood,  
 Some weep in Blood, and some in Tears,  
 Some with their Hair about their Ears,  
 Run headlong down the Precipices,  
 Enough to dash themselves in pieces,  
 One winds a *Horn* with mighty Labour,  
 Another Thumbs it on a *Taber*,  
 Another a *Brass* *pas* employs,  
 Or any use *Cymbals*, *Shoams*, *Hoboy*,  
 Or this Thing will make a Noise,  
 With which they make that hideous Din,  
 That the whole Mountain rings agin.  
 Nay, so obditeperous they are,  
 And make that dismal *Tumtare*,

What

What with their yelling, and their tink'ing,  
 That unto any Mortal's thinking,  
 Hell is broke loose, it sounds so odd,  
 And all the *Devils* got abroad,  
 Which makes me fear, for these Offences,  
 If e'er th' old *Hagg* to her owa Senes  
 Return again, she will on thee  
 Direly revenge this *Roguary*,  
 And either without Form or Jury,  
 Presently kill thee in her Fury,  
 Or else unto her *Lions* throw,  
 Or *Priests*, the fiercer of the two.  
 Ch. Your Care's worth Thanks; but truly, *Mother*,  
 I neither fear the one nor t'other;  
 For her *Priests* Fury I not weigh't,  
 They all are too effeminate;  
 Nor of her *Lions* fearful am;  
 For those already I've made tame,  
 So tame, that often I astride  
 A *cock-horse* on their Backs do ride,  
 Spur 'em, and by their sluggy Mains,  
 Guide 'em as easie as with Reins;  
 Play with their Beards, their Lips, their Paws,  
 Make 'em extend their crooked Claws,  
 Nay, thrust into their Mouths my Fist,  
 And do with 'em e'en what my list.  
 And then for *Rhea*, *Mother*, she  
 Too busie is, I warrant ye,  
 About her Love, to think of me.  
 But after all this Scolding now,  
*Mother*, I very fain would know,

K 2

Where-

Wherin I've done so much amiss,  
 When all I've done's but only this,  
 To make that lov'd that lovely is:  
 Which, why it should be thus referred,  
 I know not; would you be contented  
 To have *Mars* cur'd (faith, now tell true)  
 Oth' *Passion* that he has for you?  
*Venus*. O thou art a malicious *Bras*,  
 To say so damn'd a Thing as that;  
 But, *Sirrah*, one Day possibly,  
 Thou'll think of what I've said to thee.

## DIALOGUE

### HERCULES, ÆSCULAPIUS, and JUPITER.

*Jup.* **W**Hy, what, *Sirs*, are you both stark-mad!  
 Is there no Reverence to be had!  
 Are you not both assur'd to braul,  
 And make this Bustle in the Hall,  
 Together thus by th' Ears to fall  
 Like *Rogues*, and one another Maul  
 With Pots and Jugs, and all Things shuffel,  
 As you were at a *Comer-festive*?  
 D'ye make an *Ale-house* of my *Haus*?  
 If I reach one of ye a *Douge*,  
 You'll learn more Manners, than to brabble,  
 And make an Uproar at my Table.

*Here.*

*Here.* Is it fit, *Father*, that this *Jack*,  
 This paltry *Mountebanking Quack*,  
 This *Sringe*, *Glisten-pipe* before ye,  
 This *Leech*, this vile *Suppository*,  
 This *Son* of twenty thousand *Fathers*,  
 This *Pack* of *Galley-pats* and *Bladders*,  
 Before this heav'n'y Company  
 Should offer to take Place of me?  
*Æsculap.* *Sirrah*, my noble Art disclaims  
 All these abominable Names  
 Thou vomit'st forth so fluently;  
 Nor does the *Quack* belong to me;  
 Thy *Mountebank* I do disclaim,  
 In my Profession can't defame,  
 No *Hocus* nor no *Leech* I am;  
 But the renowned *God of Physick*,  
 Who cure my Patients when they lye sick,  
 Thy *Better* (*Ruffian*) in desert;  
 Or his, whoever takes thy Part.

*Here.* In what (*Hippocor*) would'st thou be  
 Thought the Advantage have of me?  
 Is it because a *Thunder-clap*  
 Gave that *Calves-head* of thine a Rap,  
 A due Reward for the Desert  
 Of thy vast Knowledge and great Art  
 For (*Master Doctor*) in pure Pity  
 Great *Jove* did only here admit ye?  
*Æscul.* It does become thee well; I faith,  
 Thus to reproach me with my Death,  
 Having thy self without Reprieve  
 On *Oinas* Top been burnt alive;  
 For an Example unto all,  
 Like a notorious *Criminal*.

*odw*

K 3

*Here*

*Here.* But that was voluntary yet,  
 After I had wick Labour great  
 (Since my own Acts I must rehearse)  
 Of *Moysters* purg'd the *Universse*.  
 But what hast thou done for thy Part,  
 With all thy so much boasted *Art*,  
 But *Emp'rick*-like impos'd thy *Cheats*,  
 By virtue of some stol'n *Receipts*,  
 Which, set off with a brazen Face,  
 Perhaps at *Country-Fairs* might pass?

*Æscul.* Thou say'st well; for 'twas I apply'd  
 The *Unguent* to thy roasted *Hide*,  
 When thou cam'st hither (*Captain Swallow*)  
 Scorch'd like a *Herring*, or a *Rasber*,  
 Sing'd like a *Hog* (oh! thou stink'st still)  
 And spitch-cock't like a salted *Eel*:  
 But I, like thee, have never bin  
 Prentice t'a Whore to learn to spin.  
 A little domineering *Trull*,  
 That made the big-bon'd *Bobby* pull  
 Coarse Hempen-Hards, flaver and twine  
 A Thread, no doubt, as *Carr-ropes* fine;  
 And when the awkward *Cluster-fist*,  
 (As he did oft) his Lesson mist'st,  
 And broke a Thread, then you might see 's  
 Take him a Whirret on the Ear,  
 Calling him *Dunce*, and *Loggerhead*,  
 Whilst the tall Soldier quak't for dread.  
 Nor (*Sirrah, Sawce-box*) dost thou heat?  
 I ne'er was yet the Murderer  
 Of my own Wife; nor yet did I  
 E'er slaughter my own *Pregeny*,

Who

Who, *Innocents*, could none provoke,  
 As thou hast, to thy Praise be't spoke.

*Here.* 'Twere good thou left'st thy prating, *Farrier*,  
 And quickly too, or this tall Warrior,  
 Whom thou so seemest to despise,  
 Will kick thee headlong from the Skies,  
 And make thee fly from the *Crystal Vault*  
 Take such a dainty *Somer-fault*,  
 That when thou comest to the Ground,  
 Thy Neck, I doubt, will scarce be found.  
 Then thou may'st try thy Skill in vain,  
 And strive to set it right again,  
 When all thy Art will never do't,  
*Phys'k*, and *Surgery* to boot.

*Æsc.* Thou kick me down, thou vap'ring Scab!  
 Thou kiss the *But-end* of a *Drab*.  
 Thou spinn'st already, and shalt feel  
 I have a *Fist* will teach thee reel.  
 Let's have fair Play, and make a *Round*,  
 I'll cuff with thee for twenty Pound:  
 Or I will meet thee where thou wot,  
 Either with *Seconds*, or without,  
 With any Weapon thou dost like  
 Betwixt a *Boakin* and a *Fike*,  
 Where I will pay thee thy Desert:  
 And (thou great *Lubber*) tho' thou art  
 A pretty Fellow with thy *Club*,  
 I will thy *Lion's-skin* so drub,  
 If once thou dar'st to bid me Battle,  
 Thy Bones shall underneath it rattle.

*Imp.* *Basia!* no more, you wrangling *Therds*,  
 Give o'er these *Cosermonger's* Words.

K 4

O 7

Or, I protest (which I am loth)  
 I'll by the Shoulder thrust you both  
 Out of any Hall, and eke my Doors  
 And pack you down amongst *Officers*  
*Porters*, and *Tripe-women*, to prate,  
 And cuff it out at *Billing-gate*  
 But first, I the *Dispute* will end,  
 For which so sweetly you contend,  
 Know then (my Brace of ill-bred *Huffens*)  
 You Pair of bawling drunken *Chuffens*  
 You neither of you here have place,  
 But meerly of my special *Graces*  
 And therefore two great *Cocottes*  
 Here to begin a Civil-war,  
 And for a Thing to keep ado  
 Y'ave neither of you Title,  
 But henceforth (ye unmann'd *Asses*)  
 That you may know your *Worshipp's* Place,  
 And no more such a Rumble keep,  
 I'll have it go by *Elaborate*  
 And as the *Declar* order is,  
 So the Precedence shall be his.



## DIALOGUE.

MERCURY and APOLLO.

*Merc.* A *Pollo*, what's the Matter, pray,

You look so mustily to Day?

*Apol.* Why, never any, certainly,

Was yet so crost in love as I;

And any else, I think, would die of

Half the mischievous Luck that I have.

*Merc.* Hast thou new Cause with *Fate* to quarrel,

Since *Daphne* turn'd was to a *Laurel*?

*Apol.* Oh yes, yes, yes, my honest Friend,

My *Hyacinthus* timeles End.

*Merc.* Who of his Murder was the Author?

*Apol.* My self am guilty of the Slaughter.

*Merc.* What, didst thou do it in thy Fury?

Thou'rt passionate.

*Apol.* No, I assure ye,

The Passion I had for that Creature

Was of another sort of Nature;

But playing with the Boy at *Mall*,

(I rue the Time, and ever shall)

I struck the *Ball*, I know not how,

(For that is not the Play, you know)

A pretty Height into the Air,

Whn *Zephyrus* (who't seems, was there)

And long (as thou thy self hast seen)  
 Has jealous of our Friendship been,  
 Beat down the Ball without remorse,  
 With such a most confounding Force,  
 And gave his Head so damn'd a Thumm,  
 As breaking *Pericranium*,  
*Scalp*, *Dura*, and eke *Pia Mater*,  
 His Brains came popping out like Water,  
 And the Boy dy'd so prettily,  
 'Twould e'en have done one good to see.  
 I presently pursu'd the *Traitor*,  
 T'ave been reveng'd; but no such Matter.  
 I nocht an Arrow to have shot him,  
 But he soon out of distance got him.  
 Besides, although in a *long Bow*  
 I shoot as well as most I know,  
 Yet (like a *Dancer*) I ne'er could yet  
 The Knack of shooting flying get.  
 He was too swift, and I too slow  
 To overtake the Wind, I trow.  
 So, seeing then the bloody Slave  
 Got into *Aeolus* his Cave,  
 I back to my departed *Joy*;  
 Where taking up the lovely *Boy*,  
 I honourably brought him home,  
 And built him a most stately Tomb,  
 Where my *Amours* and *He* for ever  
 Are buried, and entomb'd together.  
 And yet, my *Sweet-heart* to survive,  
 And keep my Comfort still alive,  
 I from his Blood have caus'd to spring  
 A Flow'r the pretty't baubling Thing

For

For Beauty, and for Sweetness too,  
 On the *Earth's* Womb that ever grew:  
 Which also in its Foliage wears  
 Some *Hieroglyphick Characters*,  
 Whose Sense in mystick Figures bears  
 The Story of my Sighs and Tears.  
 And yet, alas! for all I strive  
 My rooted Sorrow to deceive,  
 By all the most diverting Ways,  
 I must lament him all my Days.

*Merc.* Then, Friend *Apollo*, thou art not  
 The *God of Wisdom*, but a *Sot*:  
 For those who will descend so far  
 As to love Things that mortal are,  
 Must for Events like these prepare.  
 Mortals to Fate are subject all,  
 Who sooner must, or later fall;  
 And the Word *Mortal* does imply,  
 That they are only born to die.



K 6

DIA-

~~INVENTED BY~~  
DIALOGUE

APOLLO and MERCURY.

*Merc.* **T**IS a strange Thing, methinks, *Apollo*,  
That this foul Thief all snatched with Collow,  
This *Vulcan*, this old limping *Regae*,  
This nasty, swarthy, ill-look'd *Dog*,  
Should have the Luck to marry these,  
So fair, so handsome *Goddesses*,  
Nay, more (which makes me hate the Slave)  
The very fairest that we have:  
Nor can it sink into my Paie  
How they can hug so foul a *Mate*;  
Or when from's *Forge* he comes at Night,  
In that same nasty stinking Plight,  
All Soot and Sweat, so black and grim,  
How they can go to Bed to him:  
Or rather not abhor, and fear him,  
And even vomit to come near him.  
*Apol.* Why, 'tis a Wonder, certainly,  
To ev'ry one, especially,  
One so unfortunate as I.  
Who though (I speak *sans* Vanity)  
I'm something better made than he,  
Nor to say more, nevertheless  
Despair of so much Happiness.

*Merc.*

*Merc.* It to much purpose is for thee  
To boast thy *Form*, and *Harmony*:  
These Cattle care not of a Fig,  
For thy fine friz'd *Perwig*,  
Nor thy well playing of a Fig.  
As little would it profit me  
To brag of my *Activity*,  
That I could wrestle, leap and run,  
And sell a *Rogue* with my *Batton*:  
Nor better Favour should I gain  
By shewing them *Leger-demain*.  
No, no! I see, there are no Arts  
To conquer the *Madous*'s Hearts;  
And we at *Bed-time*, when all's done,  
Shall find that we must lie alone:  
Whilst a *Mechanick Cripple* here,  
(Who doubtless, does a *Vizor* wear,  
Or has the worst of all ill Faces)  
Is towing *Venus*, and the *Graces*.  
*Apol.* Thy Fortune yet's not quite so bad:  
Thou some *Luck* in thy Life hast had.  
Thou something hast to bray on yet,  
One fit with *Venus* thou wast great,  
When from your mutual Delight  
There sprung a race *Hermanphrodite*:  
But of two Persons I ador'd,  
The one my love so much adhoer'd,  
That rather than she'd suffer me,  
She would be turn'd into a Tree:  
And t' other, to my Flame more true,  
I most unfortunately flew.  
But tell me how these handsome Lasses,  
Thy Mistress *Venus*, and the *Graces*,

Can





Can possibly so well agree,  
And live together quietly?  
How comes it neither jealous are,  
*Venus* of Them, nor they of Her?

*Merc.* That's nothing strange, where no great Love is,  
Besides, fair *Venus* oft above is  
Passing her Time most jocularly  
In *Heav'n's*, with better *Company*.  
While t'other are constrain'd the while  
To stay with him in *Leunos* Isle.  
And little wanton *Venus* cares  
Who with her in the *Black Smith* shares;  
She finer Fellows has than he  
To help to do his *Drudgery*.

*Mars* and She (Jove forgive them for't)  
Have now and then a Night of Sport,  
A Youth of other kind of Mettle,  
Than that old *Outside of a Kettle*?

*Apol.* But dost thou think *Vulcan* does dream  
That *Captain Swash* does Cuckold him?

*Merc.* Nay, faith, he knows it well enough;  
But he so dreads that *Man of Buff*,  
That whatsoever he sees or hears,  
He dares not mutter for his Ears.  
Besides, thou know'st, and oft has seen't,  
How monstrous rude and insolent  
The huffing angry Boys of War  
With pitiful *Mechanicks* are.

*Apol.* Well, but I'm told the *Hob-nail-maker*  
Is plotting, for all that, to take her,  
And is contriving a strange *Gin*  
To trap her and her *Bravo* in.

*Merc.*

*Merc.* I can say nothing as to that,  
But (betwixt Friends) I'll tell thee what,  
So her *Bumfiddle* I had clapt,  
I'd be contented to be trap't.



## DIALOGUE.

JUNO and LATONA.

*Jun.* IN truth (*Latona*) thou dost bear  
Such lovely *Bras* to *Jupiter*,  
That I have thought it pity often  
They were not lawfully begotten.

*Lat.* They like their other Neighbours are,  
Not over-foul, nor over-fair;  
They pretty passable are, though  
(Thank Jove) the *Children* are so-so:  
But each one must not think to bear  
So fine a piece as *Mulciber*.

*Juno.* I understand thee well enough,  
Jeer on, my *Back* is broad enough:  
*Vulcan* is not so finely drest  
As *Don Apollo*, 'tis confess'd;  
Yet *Venus* (though he's not so trim)  
Found in her Heart to marry him.  
And if the *Artizan* be lame,  
We are for that Mischance to blame,  
For ev'ry one knows how it came.

But

But though a *Cripple* in his Feet,  
His Hands do recompence it yet;  
For better Workman never smote  
With *Hammer* whilst the *Iron* was hot.  
'Tis he embellish'd the Skies  
With all those pretty twinkling Eyes:

'Tis he alone can undertake  
*Jupiter's Thunder-bolts* to make;  
Nay, all the *Deities* beside  
Are from his Industry supply'd;  
And he's put to't so to find Wares  
To furnish all his *Customers*,

That oftentimes constrain'd they are  
To beg, intreat, and *steak him fair*  
To get him make their *Iron-ware*.

They are all bound 'him (on my Word),  
*Mars* for his *Cuirace, Shield, and Sword*,

The blurr'ing *Eel* for his *Biden*,  
And *Neptune* for his massy *Trident*,  
*Ceres* for *Sickles, Pan* for *Crooks*,

*Pomona* for her *Pruning-hooks*,  
*Priapus* for his *Crafting-knives*,  
And *Sir Prometheus* for his *Gleives*.

Nay, hold! I have not yet half done,  
He's *Smith* and *Ferrier* to the *Sun*,

Does th' *Iron-work* his *Chariot* needs,  
*Shoes, Bloods, and Drenches* both his *Steeds*;

Of which the one the other Day

He of a *Gravel* cur'd, they say,

And 't'other of a *Fistula*.

Nay, a new Pair of *Wheels* are made,  
(The old ones being much decay'd)

For

For which he makes such lasting *Tire*,  
As all the *Black-Smiths* do admire:

*Bushes* the *Naves*, *clouts* the *Axle-trees*,  
And twenty finer Things than these;

The *Goldesses* are fain to woe him,  
And come to be beholden to him,

To make their *Needles* and their *Shewers*,  
And those fine *Pattens* his *Wife* wears;

Are of his making too the *swears*,  
By which it evident appears,

He's best at any *Iron-Thing*,  
That ever made an *Axle* ring;

But that great ramping *Fuss*, thy *Daughter*,  
A *Mankind-Trull*, inur'd to slaughter,

To the *sefi Sex's* foul *Disgrace*,  
Rambles about from *Place* to *Place*,

And ev'n as far as *Sythia* ranges,  
Where *Murder* she for *Love* exchanges;

And without *Sense, Grace*, or good *Manners*,  
Butchers her courteous *Entertainers*;

In this more fierce and cruel *far*,  
Than the most bloody *Scythians* are.

And then thy *Son*, that hopeful *Piece*,  
*Apollo, Jack-of-all-trades* is:

Of many *Arts* (so *foolish*) he's the *Master*,  
An *Archer, Elder, Postmaster*,

A kind of *Salt-in-bacon* too,  
Which thorough *Provinces* does go,

And kills *cum privilegio*.  
Nay, he pretends to more than this,

He sets up *Oracle-shops* in *Greece*,  
At *Delphos, Diayna*, and *Clarus*,

To each of which he hath a *Warehouse*  
Stuff

Stuff full of Lyes, for great and small,  
 To gull poor silly Souls withal.  
 Yet so, that all his fustian Fictions,  
 (Which he pretends to be Predictions)  
 Though ev'ry one of them a Lye,  
 Are couch'd so wondrous cunningly,  
 That howsoe'er Things come about,  
*He has a Back-door to get out.*  
 In the mean Time the World abounding  
 With Puppies (that, it seems, escap'd drowning)  
 By these *impossures*, and damn'd *Cheats*,  
 Of Fools he store of Money gets:  
 But yet the Wife too well do know  
 His Cheats, to part with Money so;  
 They find his Skill in *Prophecy*,  
 Who was so wise not to foresee  
 That he one Day against his Will  
 Should his dear *Hycinthus* kill;  
 Nor that fair *Daphne*, his coy *Miss*,  
 Would never like that Face of his,  
 For all he wears his Beard so sprig,  
 And has a fine *Gold Periwig*.  
 I wonder then, that thou shouldst be  
 Preferr'd thus before *Nisbe*;  
 Or, that thy *Lissie* should be thought  
 Fairer than those that the hath brought.  
*Las.* Come, come, thy Spite and Malice few know  
 Better than I do, *Madam Juno*!  
 I know; but care not of a *Clap*,  
*Where she shoe wrings your Lady-ship*.  
 Thou'rt vext unto the Heart (I trow)  
 To see my Children triumph so,  
 And shine in Heaven as they do;

And

And that they celebrated are,  
 The one for beautiful and fair,  
 And t'other for his Skill so rare  
 O'th' *Harp*, *Theorbo*, and *Guitarre*.  
*Ju.* What senseless Things fond Mothers are!  
 Thou mak'st me laugh, I vow and swear,  
 To think thy Son thou shouldst maintain  
 To be a good *Musician*;  
 That miserable *Harper*, who,  
 For raking his vile *Gridin's* so,  
 Instead of *Marsias* had been fled,  
 And had his Skin stript o'er his Head,  
 Had not the *Nine* corrupted *Wenches*  
 Giv'n Sentence 'gainst their *Consciences*.  
 As for thy Daughter's mighty *Grace*,  
 With her pale, Full-moon, *Plaster face*,  
 She such a very lovely Piece is,  
*Ahean* was pull'd all to pieces  
 By his own *Hounds* (*Ill-manner'd Cur*),  
 Who did like *Dogs*, but th' Fault was hers)  
 'Tis said, for having seen her naked;  
 But who think that was all, mistake it:  
 For I can tell 'em in their Ear,  
 She made them worry him, for fear  
 He should tell *Tales*, and blaze a *Story*  
 (She knew must needs be detractory)  
 Of what a filthy fulsom *Queen*  
 He bathing had stark-naked seen,  
 For the *Virginity* (forsooth)  
 She brags of, is a gross Untruth;  
 Alas! a meer Pretence, and what  
 All Women needs must titter at:

For

For she could never, if a *Maid*,  
 Practice so well the *Midwife's Trade*,  
 And be so skill'd in that *Affair*,  
 Without Experience, we may swear  
 And therefore she has had her Share  
 Of doing too, I warrant her.

*Lac.* Well (*Juno*) well, I must dispense  
 With this thy railing Infolence,  
 And the who is in *Bed and Throu*  
*Great Jupiter's Companion*,  
 May say her Will to any one,  
 Or else, my haughty Dame, I wis,  
 Thou durst not talk such Stuff as this.  
 Thou sett'st thy *Tipper* wondrous high,  
 And rant'st, there is no coming nigh  
 See what a goodly Port she bears,  
 Making the *Pea* with the *two Ears*;  
 But yet ere long, I hold a *Grass*,  
 That we shall hear thee change thy *Notes*.  
 This *Pride* will have a Fall, no doubt,  
 And we shall see thee lour and pout,  
 And your insultring *Majesty*,  
 Tame as a Lamb, sit down and cry,  
 When, wounded with some mortal Beauty,  
 Your *Good-man* shall forget his Duty,  
 And go to court her at th' expense  
 Of *Juno's* due *Reverence*.



## DIALOGUE.

APOLLO and MERCURY.

*Ap.* WHY, how now (*Seigneur Mercury*)  
 Y'are wonderfully rapt, I see!

What is it makes your *Worship*, pray  
 So merry 'bout the Mouth to Day?

*Merc.* Why, to see that that I have seen,  
 Would make a *Dog* to break his *Spleen*;  
 A Sight (*Apollo*) that would make  
 Thy Heart-brings too with Laughing crack.

*Apol.* Govern thy Mirth a while, at least,  
 So long that I may hear the Jest;  
 So long that baying Laughter spare,  
 That I in turn may laugh my share.

*Merc.* Why, our brave *Cavaliero Mars*  
 (For laughing I can tell thee scarce,  
 The Jest so pretty and so odd is)  
 Is nipping ta'en with *Beauty's Goddess*.

*Apol.* How ta'en? I prithee, now be plainer,  
 When, doing what, since what Manner?

*Merc.* Just now, whilst *Straw* was Oxen stoing,  
 And (in plain Terms) at *down-right doing*,  
 The Manner thus: you are to know  
 Oh I could die with laughing now!

*Apol.* Thou tit't'ring Calf, I prithee, cease,  
 And either speak, or hold thy Peace.

*Merc.*

*Merc.* Why then, be't known to all good-fellows,  
That *Vulcan* having long been jealous  
Of an Intrigue 'twixt his fair *Wife*  
And this same huffing *Iron-filer*,  
It having held on many a Year,  
The smoaky *Limps* did more than fear  
He had through *Venus's* Water-gap  
Stuck a *Ball's Feather* in his Cap;  
Which long has made him eye and watch him,  
Hoping to find a Time to catch him.  
He to this purpose then had set  
About his *Bed* so rare a Net,  
Made of so small, but holding Wire,  
(Wherein his Art we all admire)  
As without very special heed  
Was hardly to be seen indeed;  
Which having, unperceived, laid,  
He careless went about his *Trade*  
But scarcely was he gone an *Acre*,  
When in slips *Captain Cuckold-maker*,  
And whips me into *Bed to's Wife*,  
Where, whilst she whistled on the *Fife*,  
He beat (oh, never such a *Drum!*)  
A Point of War upon her *Bum*.  
Now as they thus, with pleasing Labor,  
Did jump and jig to Pipe and *Tabor*,  
Playing in Concert, and Time keeping,  
The *Sus*, who ever must be peeping,  
When she, each sure, thought none was nigh 'em,  
Thorough the *Glas* had Luck to spy 'em;  
Which having done, away he goes,  
And, out of Envy, I suppose,

(Of that, methinks, it rankly favours)  
Tells me lame *Vulcan* strait, that *Mavors*,  
Whilst he at Work did sweat and sweeter,  
Was thundring *Venus Helter-skelter*.  
At which, the *God* with smutty Face  
Starting, as if to run a Race,  
Throws down his Tools, *sans* more ado,  
And tript it with his Patten-sloe  
So nimbly, that (to make it short)  
He comes i'th' middle of their Sport,  
And, like a cunning old *Trepanner*  
Took the poor Lovers in the *Manner*;  
And there, as one would take a Lark,  
Trap't the fair *Madam* and her *Spark*.  
*Venus* confounded, you must think,  
Chopt down her Hand to hide her *Chink*.  
*Mars*, tardy 'en, at first did fret,  
Struggled, and flutter'd in the Net,  
And strongly did about him lay,  
Thinking by force to make his way;  
When finding 'twas beyond his *Streis*,  
He 'e'en was fain to acquiesce,  
(For striving made him but more fall)  
And to *Eatresties* fell at last.  
But fair Words *Vulcan* little heeded:  
He then to Menaces proceeded,  
Making a kind of mixt *Oration*,  
Half Kill and Slay, half *Supplication*.  
*Apol.* 'Tis very pleasant, fitch! and lo  
*Vulcan* (I warrant) let him go.  
*Merc.* So far from that, that without Shame,  
Civil Regard to his Wife's Fame,



Or any Sense on's own Disgrace,  
He all the Goals unto the Place  
Very judiciously has brought,  
To show them what fine Fish h's caught;  
Where now they are, and all become  
Spectators of his *Cockledom*.

In the mean time, the loving Pair,  
Seeing themselves thus caught P' th' Snare,  
Hang down their Heads, and with Shame's Wing  
(For want of other Covering)  
In bashful Blushes do express,  
They fain would hide their Nakedness.

*Apol.* But all this while, is *Dirty-face*  
So stupid, and so damn'd an Ass,  
As not to blush in such a Case,  
At publishing his own Disgrace?

*Merc.* Who he? why he, of all the rest,  
Is the most ravish'd with the Jest,  
And Blushes no where does disclose,  
But (where he always does) in's Nose:  
Yet, tho' the Sight be but unseemly,  
I envy this same *Mars* extremely,  
To be surpris'd in Bed with her,

Who is of Goddesses the Star,  
With whom no other can compare,  
For sweetly, excellently fair,  
Believ't, *Apolla*, is most rare!  
And then to be ty'd to her too,  
With Bonds that no one can undo;  
To her, I say, than fairest fairer,  
O that's more ravishing and rarer!

*Apol.* Thou speak'st so feelingly, I wis,  
With such a tickling Emphasis,

As

As thoud't a mind to have it thought  
Thou wouldst thy self be fain so caught.

*Merc.* Marry, who doubts it? Ay, or else  
Would I had *Clapper* lost and *Bells*.  
Do but go with me now, and see  
*Beauty* in her Captivity;  
And if thou be't not of my Mind,  
I then (my Friend) shall be inclin'd,  
Or to suspect that there may be  
Something in't of Frigidity;  
Or wonder that thy Continnence,  
Beholding so much Excellence,  
Should be so constant, and so great,  
Which rare is in a *Carrot-pate*.



## DIALOGUE.

JUNO and JUPITER.

*JAN.* N'E'er stir (thou mighty God of Thunder)  
I cannot chuse, methinks, but wonder  
How thou canst be content to have  
Such an effeminate drunken Knave  
As *Bacchus* is, to call thee Father!  
If he were mine, I should much rather  
Adopt, than such a *Rake-hell* own,  
A foak'd *Dutch Swabber* for my Son.  
A drunken Whelp, whose whole Delight  
Is swimish Swilling Day and Night,

L

Wah



With a loud Crew of hair-brain Jades,  
A Knot of very fine Comrades;  
Yet good enough for him they be,  
And far more Masculine than he:  
Whilst to their Tabors and their Pipes  
He jolts about his swagging Tripes,  
With his Hair crisp so neat and fine,  
And crown'd with Chaplets of the Vine,  
More like a *Morris-dancer* far  
Than any Son of *Jupiter*.

*Jup.* Yet this effeminate drunken Sot,  
This *Swabber*, and I can't tell what,  
With which thy over-lib'ral Clapper  
Is pleas'd his Merit to bespatter,  
Has in a very little Space  
Conquer'd both *Lydia* and *Torace*,  
Which are no common Victories:  
Nay, of the *Indies* too made Prize,  
After triumphantly he had  
Their huffing King a Captive made,  
For all's *Bravadoes*, and his *Rants*,  
And his *Life-guard* of *Elephants*.  
Is this a despicable Son,  
Who has so noble Conquests won?  
Nay, and (which yet appears more great)  
Without the Pother, Toil, and Sweat,  
The Wounds, the Blood, the Smart, and Pain,  
With which all others Conquest gain?  
This Fellow subjugates the Earth  
In a perpetual Roar of Mirth,  
Of Fiddling, Dancing, Wenching, Drinking,  
Who, none would think he least was thinking

Of any such important Matter,  
Or plotting Things of that high Nature:  
And often (which is stranger yet)  
At Times when he seems most unfit  
Either to act, or to command;  
So drunk, he cannot go nor stand.  
And if at any time there are  
Any so impudent to dare,  
Either to censure or despise  
His jovial *Rites* and *Mysterieis*,  
He takes them in his Lime-twigs strait,  
And teaches them so well to prate,  
That once (among a many ocher  
Reverages dire) he made a \* Mother,  
For an Impiety like this,  
Tear her own Illue piece by piece:  
And was not this, I fain would hear,  
Worthy the Son of *Jupiter*!  
And if he be (as now-a-days  
Many young People take ill Ways)  
A *Toy-pot*, and a drunken *Toy*,  
It always is at his own Cost,  
And none (for all's *Debauchery*)  
Can say so much as *black's his Eye*.  
Besides, if he such Things can do  
When drunk as *Denn*, or *Wheelbarrow*,  
What would not this *God of October*  
Perform, I prithee, when he's sober?  
*Jus.* Why, this is wonderfully fine!  
Wit's not proceed to praise (Friend mine)  
His rare Invention of the Vine,  
That Parent of accursed *Wine*,

OF

L a

After

After thou hast, with thine own Eyes,  
Beheld the many Miseries  
And Mischief that the World disquiets,  
Frays, Bloodsheds, Refines, Routs, and Riots,  
Brawls, Erabbles, Strokes, the Dev'l and all,  
Of which it is th' Original?  
And that it cost the first \* *Eoon-blade*,  
To whom he this fine Present made,  
Even his Life, who had his Brains  
Beat out his *Coxcomb* for his Pains?

*Jap.* Pish! pish! thou talk'st thou know'st not what!  
The *Wine* for this is noe in fault;  
'Tis not the *Wine*, but the Excess,  
That causes all this Wickedness.  
*Wine* of it self's a gen'rous Juice,  
Of which the right and moderate Use  
Quickens Man's Wit, and cheers his Heart,  
Gives Vigor unto ev'ry Part,  
And the whole Man with Fire supplics  
Both to Design and Enterprize:  
But Jealousy and Envy make  
Your *Ladyship* thus ill to speak:  
There was a *Semele*, I trow,  
Who still sticks in thy Stomach so;  
Thou else would'st have more Wit or Shame  
Than thus indifferently to blame,  
With thy eternal *Bibble Babbie*,  
What's ill, with what is commendable.

\* *ICAVUS.*

D I A-



## DIALOGUE.

VENUS and CUPID.

*Ven.* **C**OME on (*Sir Love*) since none is by  
But your small Deity and I,  
I must examine you a little,  
And tell me true upon a Tittle,  
*Sirrah*, it were your best, or else  
I'll jerk you with my *Fustables*:  
How comes it (*Touche*) to pass, that you  
Who all the Deities subdue,  
And at thy pleasure canst make *Noddies*  
Of every *God*, and every *Godde's*;  
Nay, even me dost so inflame,  
Who (*Skit-breech*) thy own Mother am:  
But yet *Dame Fallos* canst not stir,  
As if (*forsooth*) alone for her  
Thou hadst no Arrows in thy Quiver,  
Nor yet a Torch to singe her Liver?  
*Cup.* Why (to confess the Truth) I spare her  
For no very good Will I bear her:  
But she is such a strapping *Jade*,  
*In Jades*, Mocher, I'm afraid  
To meddle with her. 'Tother Day  
I for her in close Ambush lay,  
And a convenient Stand had got,  
Intending to have pink'd her Coat;

L-3

And

And to that end had chose an Arrow  
 (With which I soon to miss a Sparrow)  
 Had notch'd it, and without all dread,  
 Had drawn it, almost to the Head;  
 When by the snapping of a Twig  
 Epping me, she look'd so big,  
 And did her Lance so fiercely brandish,  
 My Face turn'd whiter than your Hand is;  
 And I such Fear was struck withal,  
 That Bow and Shaft from Hand did fall;  
 Nay, I my self came tumbling down,  
 As she had shot me with a Frown,  
 So suddenly, that, but my Wings  
 By voluntary Flutterings  
 Broke the main Fury of my Fall,  
 I think, I'd broke my Neck withal;  
 And yet was not the Squelch so ginger,  
 But that I sprain'd my little Finger.

*Pen.* But *Mars* more dreadful is than she,  
 For all her Lance and Shield, can be;  
 His Looks were terrible and grim,  
 Yet thou art not afraid of him.

*Cup.* I twice dare him, ere once offend her;  
 He frankly does his Arms surrender  
 To my dispose, nay, very often  
 Calls me his *Iron-sides* to soften:  
 Whereas this sower *Pal of Ambrós*  
 Huff; it, and looks a-skew at me;  
 And when the domineering *Drab*  
 Beheld me, like a half-Redg'd Squab  
 Come fluttering headlong from the Bough,  
*Sivrah* (quoth she) thou *Baslard* thou,

If with thy famous Archery  
 Thou dar'st to make a Butt of me,  
 Assure thy self, my mortal *Javelins*  
 Shall in a Moment be thy Navel in;  
 Or I will catch thee up by one  
 Of those fat Stumps thou walk'st upon,  
 And give your *Rogue-ship* such a Swing,  
 As (*Monsieur Chitty-face*) shall fling  
 You and your Implements to Hell:  
 And therefore (*Den*) consider well  
 Whom thou attack'st. Go, bird at other  
 Ladies of Pleasure, shoot thy *Mother*,  
 She such a constant Friend to Love is,  
 She'll take it for a Son-like Office;  
 But level not me at thy *Tiller*:  
 For if thou dost (thou pore-blind Killer)  
 I've told thee what thou art to fear,  
 And I will do it, as I'm here.  
 Thus said, she (which not to dissemble)  
 Indeed, ha, *Mother*, made me tremble,  
 And that too with so fierce a Look,  
 As my poor Heart could no way brook;  
 But, like an *Aspen-leaf* I shook,  
 And star'd, as I'd been Planet-struck.  
 Which Face so terrible appears  
 In that same Steel-Mount of hers;  
 And then her Shield's so full of Dread,  
 With that foul staring *Gorgon's* Head,  
 Which dress'd up in a *Tour of Snakes*,  
 The Sight so much more horrid makes,  
 That the Remembrance makes me sweat;  
*Uls fish!* methinks, I see it yet.

*Venus.* Dame *Pallas* and *Medusa's* Head  
Are mighty dang'rous Things indeed:  
But yet for all this mighty Fear,  
Thou nothing mak'st of *Jupiter*,  
For all the *Thunder* he does bear.  
But (*Sirrah*) after these *Excuses*,  
How comes it that the *Nine* fair *Muses*,  
Who *Geryon's* Head nor *Thunder* have,  
Should 'scape thy Darts, thou *jangling Knave*;  
Who, for all thou to do art able,  
Do still remain invulnerable.

*Cap.* Why, faith, I do those *Damsels* spare,  
Out of the *Reverence* that I bear,  
To their good *Singing*; who, when I  
Happen into their *Company*,  
Sing me, and that without *Intreaties*,  
Such *Sonnets*, *Madrigals*, and *Ditties*,  
As ravish me, to tell you plainly;  
For, you know, I love *Ballads* mainly:  
I then were an *ingrateful Dog*,  
Should I those *Virgins* set a-gog  
With a mad *Flame*, that nothing dreads,  
And make them loose their *Maidenheads*;  
By which their *Voices* ev'ry one  
Would be foul crack'd, nay, spoil'd and gone.

*Venus.* But what has *Diana* done,  
That thou shouldst let her too alone?  
Which way has she (*small Quiver-bearer*)  
Oblig'd the *Deity* to spare her?

*Cap.* Oh, that *Doxzella*, by relation,  
Is ta'en up with another *Passion*.

*Ven.* What *Passion's* that of *Love* takes place?

*Cap.* Why, she's enamour'd of the *Chace*,

Where-

Wherein the lusty well-breath'd *Dame*,  
So fast pursues the flying *Game*,  
The *Hart*, and *Hind*, the *Buck*, and *Doe*,  
And skims thro' Woods and Forests fo,  
That should I stalk at her a *Year*,  
I ne'er shall get a *Shoot* at her;  
And to pursue her is no boot,  
The *Damsel* is too swift of *Foot*:  
But for her *Brother*, that *Prince Eric*,  
For all his dainty fanded *Hig*,  
And that he shoots at fourteen-score,  
I think —————

*Ven.* Thou needst to say no more;  
Thou oft has made thy fiery *Dart*  
Fizz in the *Hollow* of his *Heart*.



L 5

The



*The Judgment of Paris.*

DIALOGUE.

JUPITER, MERCURY, PARIS, and  
*the Three Goddesses.*

*Jup.* **H**ey! Lacquey *Mercury*, appear!

*Merc.* *An't like your Majesty*, I'm here.

*Jup.* Here (*Sirrah*) take this golden Apple,  
And go where *Paris* tends his Cattle

On *Ida's* Top, to that smug *Paris*,  
Who all the Shepherds much more fair is;  
That smooth-fac'd *Trojan*, and acquaint him,  
That I of *Beauty* Judge appoint him,  
Because he is a pretty Fellow,

And sometimes makes his Neighbours yellow,  
And that he knows, tho' clad in Frock,  
*A Woman from a Water-cock.*

Come (*fair ones*) come, what are you doing?

It is high time that you were going;  
I'll not be Judge, I swear, that's flat;  
I think, I know enough for that:  
For if I should decide the Scife  
Betwixt my *Daughters* and my *Wife*,

Such





*The Judgement of Paris*

Such Matters I am so expert in,  
 That Two I should offend, that's certain:  
 And, to be plain, I mainly dread  
*Pulling an old House o'er my Head.*  
 Then silence I can please but one,  
 I will e'en fairly let's alone!  
 For you are three that for it grapple,  
 And you all know there's but one Apple,  
 And I could wish, wert I that gave it,  
 That ev'ry one of you might have it:  
 But none of you need doubt t' appear  
 Before this new *Lord Chancellor!*  
*Don Paris*, who is to decide  
 Your Controversie upon *Ides*,  
 Though *Chaucerius* admit no *Jury*,  
 For he's a *King's Son*, I assure ye,  
 Descended from an honest Breed,  
 Own Cousin here to *Ganymede*,  
 So upright and so innocent,  
 That you all ought to rest content,  
 And have no reason to eschew him,  
 But wholly put the Matter to him.  
*Venus*. For my part, *Father Jupiter*,  
 I am content, and am so far  
 From questioning, much more refusing,  
 Any for *Judge* is of thy chusing,  
 That I should never doubt the Matter,  
 Were *Momus* self the *Arbitrator*,  
 And willingly to this submit,  
 Who, if he have or Eye, or Wit,  
 Will surely understand the Duty  
 That he and all Men owe to *Beauty*;



And if my Rivals do consent,

For my part, I am most content.

*Juno.* I from the *Sentence* shall not budge,

Tho' *Mars* himself were to be *Judge*,

Altho' thy *Pavaneur* he be,

And likely to incline to thee.

*Jup.* Art thou, *Minerva*, too agreed?

She blushes, and holds down her Head.

But Modesty's the Maiden's Grace;

Besides, I hate a brazen-Face,

And thou wert virtuously rear'd;

*Maids should be seen, they say, not heard.*

Therefore, I see, thou'rt, too, content,

And modest *Silence gives Consent*.

Go on then in a happy Hour,

And let not those who lose, look sower,

Stomach th' Award, nor bear a Grudge

To him whom I have made your Judge:

For there is but one *Golden Ball*,

Which can't be given to you all;

Nor yet can sev'ral *Beauties* strike

The young Man's Liking all alike:

And therefore he must give't to one,

Or keep't himself, and give it none.

*Merc.* Come now, ye've heard your Charge, I pray,

Let us be jogging, Ladies, gay,

And set forth towards *Thyrgia*;

I'll lead the best and nearest way,

That you may neither stop nor stay;

For such wild Cattle often stray.

And for the Business of the Ball

Never concern your selves at all!

I know this *Paris* well enough,

And of his *Dealing* have had Proof:

He is a very honest *Touner*,

A bonny Lad, and a great *Flouter*

As out on's fight did ever thrust his —

I'll warrant you, he'll do you Justice.

*Ven.* The *Character* thou giv'st the Youth,

Does even ravish me, in truth;

I've heard none such this many a Day:

But is he marry'd, prithee, say?

*Merc.* He was a *Bachelor* last *Friday*,

But he \* a *Sweet-heart* has on *Ida*

If I mistake not; but she is

Some coarse, some home-spun, rustick Piece,

That only now and then attends him;

To draw the Humours out offends him;

A necessary piece of Wealth,

To keep his Body in good Health,

With whom he plays, to help Digestion:

But what makes thee to ask that Question?

*Ven.* I know not how it came to pass,

Of something else I think it was.

*Pal.* You, nimble *Monsieur Merc'ry* there,

*Captain Conductor*, do you hear?

You ill discharge your Trust (I trow)

To hold Discourse and whisper so

With *Madam Venus* on the Way;

Is that in your *Commission*, pray?

*Merc.* Why, if to pass the Time we chat,

What can you (*Madam*) make of that?

'Twas no such Secret never fear it,

That we talk'd of, but you may hear it,

\* *Oenone.*

She

She only ask'd if *Faris* were  
A marry'd Man, or Batcheler,

*Pal.* And good-now, what is that to her?

*Merc.* Nay, what know I (my Lady fine?)  
She lays it was without Design.

*Pal.* And is he marry'd?

*Merc.* I think not;

For why should he be such a Sot,  
As to go tie himself to one,  
When all he speaks to are his own?

*Pal.* What! is the Fellow a meer *Bumpkin*,  
A down-right Clod? or has he something  
Of Honour and Ambition in him?  
For thou, it seems, hast often seen him.

*Merc.* Why, faith, the Fellow being young,  
Of active Limbs, and pretty strong,  
And being Son unto a *King*,  
I think, he would give any Thing,  
Nay (on my Conscience) half his Cattle,  
To signalize himself in Battle;  
And would be glad 'mongst armed Bands  
To shew how tall he is on's Hands,  
Always provided in the Case,  
The *Roysters* would not spoil his Face.

*Viv.* Why look you now, I can connive at  
Your two discouraging thus in private,  
Who, tho' you have much longer chatted,  
Yet you see, I'm not angry at it.  
I'm of another kind of Nature,  
And no such froward snappish Creature.

*Merc.* Nor is there Cause here, I assure ye,  
To put your *Ladyship* in Fury;

For

For all she ask'd me, was no more,  
But just the same you did before,  
And I return'd in answer too,  
The same to *Her* I did to *You*.

But yet this little snapping Fray  
Has helpt well onward on our Way:  
Helpe us well onward only, said I!  
Why, we're past all the Stars already,

And over *Thyrgia* now are come;  
And so, fair Ladies, welcome home:  
And see, sweet Charges, I have spy'd  
The famous Mount ycleped *Ida*;  
And now I come a little nigher,

I think, I see your *Apple-Squire*.

*Juno.* Whereabouts is he? Prithce shew;  
For hang me if I see him now.

*Merc.* A little on your left-hand, *Madam*,  
Driving his Flocks, I think, to shade 'em  
O'th' side of the high Mountain yonder;  
You there may see your *Coyard-monger*:  
His Flock lies open to your View,  
And yonder is his Cabbins too.

*Jun.* Where is this Youngster, with a Pox?  
I see no Cabbins, nor no Flocks.

*Merc.* A better pair of Eyes *Jove* send ye;  
I doubt, your *Bon-grace* does offend ye;  
Your Maid'nhead hangs not in your Light,  
*Jove* is too good a *Carpet-Knight*;  
I ne'er saw th' like in all my Days;

Why he's as plain as *Nose on Face*,  
Guide your Eye by my Finger here,  
Do you not see some Flocks appear

Coming

Coming from out yon Rocks, pray speak,  
And one with Sheep-hook on his Neck,  
Sending his Cur to fetch 'em in?  
They're plain enough, sure to be seen!

*Jus.* Oh, now I see'm; Is that the Youth?

*Merc.* That, *Madam*, 's even he, in truth:  
But now, that we are got so near,  
I think, it good Discretion were  
That ere we further go, we here  
Do make our stop, and light, for fear,  
Lest whilst on us he least is sludd'ng,  
Flutt'ring about his Ears o'th' sudden,  
We should, perhaps, affright him so,  
That the poor Shepherd would not know  
Nor what to think, nor what to do.

And he, who to determine is  
Of such a tickle-point as this,  
Had need to have his Wits about him,

*Jus.* Which if he have, I nothing doubt him.  
So, now we're down; and now, I pray,  
Let *goody Venus* lead the Way;  
For doubtless, she, of all the rest,  
Most reason has to know it best,  
As having oft, to feed her Vices,  
Been here to feck her Friend *Auchisifer*.

*Ven.* Well, *Governasts of Heav'n's Commander*,  
It is well known thy Tongue's no Slander;  
Slander to her who Slander broaches,  
I scorn both thee and thy Reproaches.

*Merc.* *Fy!* (*Ladies*) *fy!* is this your Breeding  
To squabble now you come to pleading!  
But I shall this Dispute decide,  
I my own self will be your Guide;

Far I remember well when *Jove*  
Unto young *Gaunymede* made love,  
I often on this Hill did light  
To see the little *Favourite*,

To bring him *Plums* and *Machawons*,  
Which welcom are to such small *Greens*;  
And when he carry'd him away,  
I flew about 'em all the Way,

To hold him up: and we must be  
Near to the Place; for now I see  
(Or I mistake) the very *Rock*  
Where he sat piping to his Flock,  
When *Jupiter* in shape of Eagle

Came, the young Scripling to inveigle,  
And seizing him like any *Sparrow*,  
With his Beak holding his *Tarsus*,  
To make him sure, as swift as *Hobby*,  
He bare him into Heav'n's *Lobby*;

Whilst the *poor Boy*, half dead with Fear,  
Writ'h'd back to view his *Spiriter*;  
And then it was that he let fall  
The Flute he piping was withal,  
When I, who will no Gain let go by,  
Seeing my Time, catch'd up the *Hobby*.  
But here is your *Commissioner*  
Of *Oyer* and of *Terminer*;

Let's civilly salute him, pray,  
And give his *Lordship* time o'th' Day.  
*Good day*, thou top of Shepherds Fame.

*Paris.* To thee (*fair Sea*) I with the fame.  
What Ladies are these pretty Faces  
Thou lead'st into these desert Places?

They are too fine and tender, sure,  
These scratching *Brambles* to endure.

*Mer.* Ladies! thou (*Pari*) mov'st my Laughter,  
They're *Deities* ev'ry *Mother's Daughter*.

You have before you, I'd have you know,

*Venus*, *Minerva*, and *Queen Juno*.

'Tis Truth I tell you (*Sir*) and I

Am *Cavaliero Mercury*.

What! thou turn'st Colour (*my good Friend*)

And seem'st to be at thy Wits end?

Take Courage (*Pari*) I exhort thee,

We are not hither come to hurt thee,

But 'cause thy Judgment we approve

Bore others, in Affairs of Love,

And know thee for a *Fornicator*,

We come to make thee *Arbitrator*

Of a long Suit these *Goddeesses*

Depending have i'th' *Common-Plains*,

About Priority of Beauty:

And therefore (*Pari*) do thy Duty.

As to the rest, the Victors need,

Thou may'st it about this Apple read.

*Par.* Let's see't. Hump! What's written here?

Give this unto the fairest *Air*,

*Great Gods!* how should a mortal Wit

Be able to determine it!

Too mean Man's Skill, without dispute, is,

To judge of your *immortal Beauties!*

To judge of such *Celestial Lassies*.

A *Swain's* Capacity surpasses!

Or that if any human Wit

Were capable of doing it,

Some

Some *Courier* it should be, no doubt,  
Much rather than a *Collin Clout*.

If I were put to it to tell

Which of my Sheep does bear the Bell,

Or to point out the fairest Goat,

I'd guess with any for a Goat;

And I have such good Judgment in it,

That, peradventure, I might win it:

But these are *Beauries* so Divine,

And all with such Perfections shine,

That a Man's Eye has much ado

To leave One to look on to'ther Two,

But with the first so captivated,

From thence he hardly can translate it;

But 'tis there riveted, concluding,

That fairest is without disputing.

Besides (to speak the Truth) my Sight

So dazzled is with so much Light

Of heavenly Beauty, that I vow,

Two Eyes, methinks, are not enow;

But I at such a time as this

Would be all Eyes, as *Argus* is,

With fuller Sight to look upon

So much, so rare Perfection.

And yet, ev'n in that State, I fear,

One being *Wife* to *Jupiter*,

The other Two his *Daughters*, I

Should do very imprudently,

In a Contest of such high Nature,

As this for Preference of Feature,

Either to meddle or to make,

But as they brew, so let 'em bake.

*Merc.*

*Merc.* You sometimes may Discretion use,  
But here you can nor will nor chuse:

*Jupiter* says it shall be so,  
And what that means, you needs must know.  
'Tis then in vain to prate and babble,  
His Orders are irrevocable.

*Par.* Why then have at 'em! and let those  
Whose Luck 'twill be the Prize to lose,  
Blame their ill Fortune, and not me,  
For I can please but One of Three.

*Merc.* Nay, they're all bound to that already;  
To Judgment therefore, and be speedy.

*Par.* Why seeing that it must be so,  
Stand out (*fair Ladies*) all a-row:  
But first (*Sir Merc'ry*) I would know,  
If I may see 'em nak'd or no:  
For Womens chief Perfections do  
Lie underneath their Cloaths below;  
Which they must either naked show  
And strip themselves from Top to Toe,  
And ev'ry Goddess lay her Tail  
As bare and naked as my Nail,  
That I may see out of the Case  
All Things as well as Hands and Face;  
Or I shall never be so wise,  
Where I can have no use of Eyes,  
With Justice to award the Prize.

*Merc.* Why, thou art *Dominus sac-sotum*,  
And may'st at will Unpetticoat 'em.

*Par.* Why then, if I may rule the roast,  
I affect naked Women most;  
And therefore, *Merc'ry*, so present 'em,  
I may see all that *Jove* has sent 'em.

*Merc.*

*Merc.* Come, Ladies, blanch you to your Skins,  
'Tis but a Penance for your Sins,  
And what you are oblig'd to do;  
Your Governour will have it so.  
And whilst your Judge with leering Eyes  
Into each Chink and Cranny pries  
Of all your Curiosities,  
I'll be so civil, and so wise,  
Lest any Mischief should arise,  
To turn my Back, which is of all  
Respects the most unnatural;  
And whilst your Treasures you display,  
Turn my Calves-head another way.

*Jen.* Why, an't be your Worship's Ease,  
You may e'en do so if you please:  
But otherwise (my modest *Dou*)  
Some here can abide looking on;  
And, tho' you are a nimble one,  
Let our Apparel but alone,  
And there is nothing, I dare say,  
Your Modesty can steal away.  
In the mean time, Gramercy *Paris*!  
He loves, I see, that Play that fair is,  
And most judiciously has spoken,  
He will not buy a Fig a Poke in;  
But wisely will bring all Things out,  
And see within Doors and without;  
And I will shew thee such a Sight,  
That if thou hast an Appetite,  
And art indeed, a true-bred Cock,  
When I pull off my Cambrick-Smock,  
Shall make thee glory in thy Being,  
And bless *Jove* for thy Sense of Seeing.

Thou'rt

Thou'lt then see I not only have  
Eyes, Cheeks, and Lips that can enslave,  
And outward Beauties (or else some lie)  
As captivating and as comely,  
As either *Juno's* here, or *Hers*,  
Who stand my fair *Competitors*;  
But such a Skin, so smooth and supple,  
Of Legs so white a parting Couple,  
Such Knees, such Thighs, and such a *Bum*,  
And such a, such a *Medicum*,  
Shall make thy melting Mouth to water  
Perhaps by Fits, for sev'n Years after.

*Pal.* Take heed (*young Paris*) thou'rt a *Novice*,  
And *that* the cunning *Dams of Love* is;  
Look not upon her, 'tis not best,  
Until she have put off her *Coff*;  
For she's a *Sorceress*, and carries  
Enchantments in it, *Monsieur Paris*,  
She's nought but Treachery and Treason,  
Nor, to say truly, is it reason,  
Now that her *Beauty's* brought to th' Test,  
That she shall come so finely dress'd,  
Like a patch'd *Minx*, and painted *Where*;  
But when she comes her *Judge* before,  
As she came into th' World, I take it,  
Should appear open, plain, and naked,  
Strip'd of her Pouncings and Devices,  
Her Shifts, her Tricks, and Artifices.

*Par.* Troth, she speaks Reason; come, lay by  
That tawdry *Girl's* presently.

*Yes.* Make her her *Helmet* then lay by,  
She shall be strip'd as well as I,

There's

There's no Enchantment in my *Coff*;  
But that fine *Cask* has such a *Crest*,  
As is enough, to look on it,  
To fright a Shepherd out on's Wit.  
Sure, she's afraid that her blue Eyes  
Want Power to obtain the Prize,  
And if she finds they cannot do't,  
She means to fright or beat thee to't:  
And I commend her Wisdom truly;  
For her blue Eyes will come off bluely.

*Pal.* No, I as thee as soon will strip,  
And for to please your *Ladyship*,  
There lies the over-awing *Crest*.

*Yes.* 'Tis very brave, and there's my *Coff*;  
*Jun.* Fie, what a tedious work you make it!

Let's strip, I long to be stark-naked;  
And now we naked are (*sir Paris*)  
Consider, pray, which the most fair is.

*Par.* Ay, marry, here's a Sight worth seeing,  
Tho' one had spent's Estate in seeing.  
Oh what rare Flesh! what Excellencies!  
What dainty, super-dainty Wenches!  
What a brave *Lais* is *Madam Pall*!  
What State does *Juno* move withal!  
By which 'tis evident they are  
*Daughter* and *Wife* to *Jupiter*.  
But *Ponus* is, indeed, a Pearl;  
Did ever Man see such a Girl?  
Oh, what a lovely Face is there!  
What crisped Locks of amber Hair!  
What a white Neck! what *Breasts*! what Shoulders!  
Belly and Back to catch Beholders!

What



What Hips! what Hanches! what rare Thighs!  
Enough to make the Dead to rise!

To which, in Love I'm not so simple,

But to observe she has a *Dimple*,

And such a one, as who would not

Put all his *Flesh* into the *Por*?

In fine (as good *Sir Martin* says)

I have not Wit enough to praise

The several Beauties and the Graces

Adorn them all in all their Places;

The Sight whereof's a Happiness

Too great for *Tangus* or *Pou* t'express,

Nay, any one of them would be

Too much for mortal Eye to see.

Yet, since the mighty *Jupiter*

Has my poor Judgment priz'd so far,

As simple Me a *Judge* to make,

That in my Choice I mayn't mistake,

And thrust, like over-greedy *Sor*,

My *Spaw* into th' wrong *Porridge-pot*,

Better to manifest my Art,

I'll study every one apart,

And view 'em one by one at Leisure,

(Which also will prolong my Pleasure)

For in beholding them in *Muster*,

They do confound me so with Lustre,

I shall my Reputation lose,

And ne'er know rightly how to chuse.

*Par.* Content; my Cause I nothing doubt,

And stare till both thy Eyes start out.

*Par.* Why then, let *Madam Favo* stay:

She's the best Woman (by my Toy)

And

And whilst her Beauties I admire,

I'll have the other Two retire,

*Par.* Come on (*Sir Paris*) now survey me,

And turn me round as thou wouldst ha' me,

I'll stand or lie as thou dost pray me,

And *snaps* too, if thou'lt not betray me.

But when thou round about hast ey'd me,

High, low, between, and ev'ry Side me,

(*Young Paris*) I would thee advise,

In loving and in courteous wise,

To think that thy Preferment lies

In thy awarding me the Prize:

And tho' I need not bribe nor sue

For that I know to be my Due,

Yet, if thou'lt favour me this Day,

I'll make thee King of *Asia*.

*Par.* Troth, I am not ambitious, *Madam*;

And as for *Kingdoms*, if I had 'em,

To *King-ir* passes my poor Skill,

And I should be a Shepherd still.

But this the short is, and the long,

I'll do your Majesty no wrong:

And now I've seen what I desire,

Be pleas'd, I pray you, to retire,

And send my *Lady Pallas* hither,

For I can't deal with two together.

*Pal.* Here (thou best Judge of best Deserts)

Contemplate on *Minerva's* Parts:

I hope, or thou deservest whipping,

Thou wilt give me the *golden Pippin*:

Which if thou dost (*Youth*, mark me well)

I'll render thee invincible:

M

And

And whether thou with doughty *Knights*,  
Arm'd, or unarm'd, shalt enter Fight;  
Nay, with a *Giant*, or an *Essin*,  
Thou ever shalt be sure to beat him.

*Far. Lady*, I never did delight in  
This scurvy dang'rous Thing call'd Fighting;  
And therefore shall not be a Dealer  
In the Commodity call'd Valour.  
Besides, my *Father's Kingdoms* are  
Quiet (*thanks be to Jove*) from War;

I with a *Taylor* play'd, indeed,  
At *Cudgels*, but he broke my Head;  
And had such scurvy Luck in Battle,  
I rather had by half ten'd Cattle:  
But tho' I'm but a Country-Peasant,  
I'll not be brib'd with Gift nor Present;  
And yet I can't but thank you still  
(*Fine Madam*) for your great good Will,  
Which I so kindly take, I swear,  
My Equity you need not fear;  
For I'll do Justice, right or wrong.

And there's an end of an old Song.  
But to advise you I'll be bold,  
Pray, d'on your Cloaths fear taking Cold,  
And your steel Cap will do no harm,  
To keep your learned Head-piece warm;  
And pray, as hence you do go fro me,  
Send *Madam Venus*, hither to me.

*Venus*. Here's *Venus*, that you call for so;  
Survey me now from Top to Toe:  
And if thou find'st when thou hast view'd me,  
Any one Wrinkle more than shou'd be,

Or

Or if my Bum have any Flaws in't,  
I'll give thee leave to put thy Nose in't.  
I'll tell thee without Fraud or Guile,  
I have, and for no little while,  
(Having ta'en note of thy Desert,  
And what a pretty Fellow th'art,  
Thy Youth, thy Feature, Shape, and Fashion)  
Had on thee very great Compassion,  
To see thee tending rotten Flocks,  
Amongst these solitary Rocks,  
Great Cities, nor Assemblies heeding,  
Where young Men use to get their Breeding;  
But wasting here thy Time in Caverns,  
Which would be better spent in Taverns.  
What's to be learnt amongst these Groves,  
By still conversing with thy Doves,  
I prithee, say, and do not lie,  
But Ignorance and Clownery?  
What Pleasure's in this Rural Life?  
'Tis time that thou hadst got a Wife,  
Or, which is better, a fine Miss,  
Not some coarse Sw-bur'd Trull, I wis;  
But of fam'd *Argos* some rare Piece,  
Of *Corinth*, or some Town in Greece,  
Such as the *Spartan Helen* is,  
Her Sexes Pride and Master-piece,  
As handsome *Paris* is of his.  
And who (I know it) is as free,  
*Buxom*, and amorous as He.  
And if the little wanton *Tis*  
But saw thee once, I'm sure of it,  
She would both *Home* and *Husband* quit,  
To follow thee for dainty Bit;

M a

She

She would both *love and long* to see; and  
Didst never hear of her before?

*Par.* No, ne'er a Syllable (I vow);  
But very fain would hear it now.

*Ven.* Why, she is Daughter to that \**Fair,* \**Lady.*  
For whom *our am'rous Jupiter*  
Transform'd himself into a *Swan*  
Her *Maiden-head* for to *strapan*.

*Par.* And is she wonderfully fair?

*Ven.* Why, what a *Country-guest* is there!  
How should she, canst thou think, be *other,*

Having a *Swan* unto her *Mother*?  
Nor is she *grace*, you may suppose,

Whom an *Egg-shell* did once *envelope*.  
Hadt seen her once, wretche a *Prize,*

Naked, as 'tis her *Country-guide*,  
I dare most confidently *swear,*

Thou'dst long to try a *Fall* with her,  
Already they're at *Wars* about her;

For *Thyfeus*, like a boist'rous *Suiter*,  
To spirit her away made bold,

When she was but *pood* ten *Years* old,  
A little *suetty Chattering*;

But now she's quite another *Thing*.  
A *Miracle*, I do profess,

Her *Beauty* with her *Age's* increase,  
That she is now the *only Miss*

Of all the *prince young Isles* of *Greece*,  
A thousand *Suitors* all have sought her;

But *Menelaus* now has got her,  
Yet for all that, shew me but *Favour,*

And say the *Word*, and thou shalt have her.

Par.

*Par.* How can I have her (that's a jell!)  
When she is married, thou say'st?

*Ven.* Is that a *Thing* to be so wond'rod?  
'Tis the least *Matter* of a *Hundred*;

For that, *Man*, never scratch thy *Pate*,  
I can do greater *Fears* than that.

In the mean time (*Sir*) by your *leave*,  
You're a meer *Novice*, I perceive.

*Par.* But which way you intend to go  
About it (*Madams*) I would know.

*Ven.* Why, the *Design* of it is this,  
Thou shalt go travel into *Greece*,

Wherein thy main *Pretence* shall be  
Only for *Curiosity*,

To see what thou hast heard the *Fame* ont:  
And when thou com'st to *Lacedaemou*,

Ere thou'rt well got into thy *lan*,  
I'm certain that the lovely *Queen*

Will forthwith make her *Hem-pockt Spunge*  
Send to invite thee to his *House*,

Which is as fair as fair can be;  
And for the rest, *leave that to me*.

*Par.* Why, I will try my *Luck*, in *Goddle*;  
But it won't sink into my *Noddle*,

That such an *admirable Piece*,  
The very *Flower* and *Pride* of *Greece*,

And a great *Queen*, as that you mean,  
Should be so impudent a *Queen*,

To leave her *Country*, and her *Honour*,  
To whom she's join'd in *Matrimony*,

And run away with such a *one*  
As I, a *Stranger* and *unknown*.

M 3

Ven

*Pen.* Why, I confess, it something odd is,  
 But there's the Power of the *Goddeſſe*;  
 And that's a Trick that I deſie  
 Beſt on 'em all to do but I.  
 Now, I two Sons have, *you muſt know*,  
 Which theſe mirac'ous Feats can do;  
 Of which the one by Art is able  
 To make a Party amiable,  
 And t' other has the Pow'r to move  
 Who ſees that Lovelineſs, to love.  
 In order then to this Deſign,  
 I mean to place theſe Brats of mine,  
 Who are t' effect this Enterprize,  
 One of them (*Paris*) in thine Eyes,  
 And t' other I'll convey by Art  
 Into fair *Helen's* tender Heart:  
 Which being order'd (by my troth)  
 The Devil muſt be in you both,  
 If what remains do want fulfilling,  
 When both of you are made ſo willing,  
 But yet on ſurer Grounds to go,  
 (*For one can't be too ſure, you know*)  
 I'll give thee *two Strings to thy Bow*,  
 And thou ſhalt have with thee the *Graces*,  
 (Three very pretty little Ladies,  
 Who can do much in ſuch like Caſts.)  
 In thy Adventure to attend thee,  
 Whoſe Services will much betray thee;  
 For they to grace thee not deſpiting,  
 Shall daily wait upon thy ruiing,  
 (And never *Aſſian Cavaliers*  
 Could boaiſt they had ſuch *Cōamōriers*)

Wheret

Where dreſſing thee each Day, the whilſes  
 One tricks thy Face in winning Smiles,  
 With greater Power to accoſt her,  
 T'others in ſuch a ſwimming Poſture  
 Thy Arms and Hands, thy Legs and Feet,  
 In ſuch a graceful Mien ſhall ſet,  
 As ſhall, if *Nell* have any Senſe,  
 So tickle her *Conſcience*,  
 That ſhe will run the whole World over  
 With ſuch a rare accompliſh'd Lover.

*Par.* Theſe are fine Promiſes, indeed,  
 And tho' *Jove* knows how I ſhall ſpeed,  
 Yet I'm ſo raviſh'd with this Geer,  
 That I already burn to ſee'r;  
 And you have (*Madam*) ſet m' Ambition  
 So hot upon this Expedition,  
 That ere a Man can ſay, what's this,  
 Methinks, I'm travelling to *Greece*,  
 Am come to *Sparta* ſafe as may be,  
 Have ſeen, attack'd, and won the *Lady*;  
 Who having with her *Jewels* li'd me,  
 And being lightly whipt behind me,  
 None to our Journey being privy,  
 Am poſting her to *Troy Tanivy*;  
 All which does in my Mind ſo run,  
 That I am mad it is not done.

*Pen.* Soft! do not ſpur too faſt your *Dapple*,  
 Till firſt y've given me the *Apple*.  
 There lies my Service's rewarding;  
 That I muſt have, or elſe no Bargain.  
 Then give it me, I priſhee, do;  
 Come, come, thou know'ſt it is my Due;

M 4

I e'er shall either fret and fume, or  
So muffy be and out of Humor,  
That the Event is to be doubted,  
I'll ne'er go chearfully about it:  
And then, be sure, no good can come,  
For one must never go *Hum-drum*  
About so nice a Work as this is,  
But it is Mettle carries *Misses*:

And therefore, without more Protraction,  
Give me the little Satisfaction;

And (*Paris*) when thou com'st to Bedding,

O! how I'll trip it at thy *Wedding*!

*Par.* Nay, you're a *Figger*, we all know;  
But if you should deceive me now!

*Pen.* Who, I deceive thee! Never fear me:  
But if thou art distrustful, I swear me.

*Par.* No, that *Security's* too common,

Besides, *Oaths* never bind a Woman:

But (*Madam*) if you can afford

Once more to promise on your Words,

That I shall have this bonny *Nelly*,

More of my Mind I then shall tell ye.

*Pen.* Why then, know all Men by these *Presents*,

That spite of *Truces*, *Couriers*, *Tenants*,

And all, both Man and Woman-kind,

I here my self most firmly bind

To give thee *Helen* Pride of *Greece*,

To be thine own *Lynalrides*;

That I will pay down *Sparta's* Sponje

In the now very Dwelling-houfe

Of *Signior Prism King of Troy*;

And then (*str Paris*) give you Joy.

Nay,

Nay, I do bind my self beside,  
To be in Person mine thy Guide,  
And will (since thy Wit won't suffice)  
Carry on the whole Enterprize.

*Par.* You my Request are gone beyond,  
I (*Madam*) did demand no *Boud*,

And will you bring your *Cupids* too  
(*My lovely Dame*) along with you?

*Pen.* Pish! never doubt it, Man, I'll do't,  
*Desire*, and *Hymes* too to boot.

*Par.* Then call the others in that went hence,

That I may now proceed to Sentence.

Fair Goddesses, I pray, draw near.

*Jupiter* has employ'd me here

In such a very nice Affair,

So much, indeed, against the Hair,

That had his *Majesty* thought fit

To have exempted me from it,

I would have given (or I'm a Knave)

A Score of the best *Ewes* I have:

But since he's pleas'd to have it so,

I must per-force obey, you know;

Yet ere I do pronounce the Sentence,

Let me, upon this final Acquaintance,

Entreat the Losers to be civil,

And at my Hands not take it evil;

If I like one above the rest,

I cannot help it, I protest:

Here is a *Golden Apple* here,

Which must be thought such Price to bear

(Thro' Cunning o'th' malicious \* *Donor*)

That none, forsooth, must be the Owner,

\* *The Goddess*  
*Discordia.*

M s

But

But she who is the fairest Fair;  
 When, from my Heart, I vow and swear,  
 And, without Fraud or Flattery,  
 There is not one of all you three  
 For whom a Busbel's not too few,  
 Had but your Beauties half their Due—  
 Which Beauties (gentle *Madams*) I  
 Consider'd have impartially,  
 And find them all so excellent,  
 That truly I could be content,  
 Where it consistent with my Duty,  
 To give to each the Prize of Beauty:  
 But I am ty'd, when all is done,  
 T'award it only unto One.  
 Now, *Venus* being in those Parts  
 Which have the greatest Pow'r o'er Hearts,  
 The most exactly shap'd of all,  
 I judge to her the *Golden Ball*.  
*Juno*. Learnedly spoke! I had not car'd,  
 If *Pallas* here had been preferr'd;  
 But to bestow it on that *Trapez*,  
 It made me!  
*Pallas*. Hang him, Jack-an-apes.



D I A-



## DIALOGUE.

## MARS and MERCURY.

*Mars*. **H**AST heard o'th' loud *Rhedomontade*  
 That t'other Day *Jupiter* made?  
 Which was, That if we on this Fashion  
 Daily provok'd his Indignation,  
 He would, if anger'd once again,  
 From *Heav'n* to *Earth* let down a Chain;  
 With which he up to him would hale  
*Mankind*, the *Elements*, and all,  
 With such a mighty Strength, that tho'  
 We all had hold of it below,  
 And pull'd to stay't, we could not do't.  
 But he would pull us up to boot.  
 Now, I must needs confess, no one  
 Of all us Deities alone  
 Is able near, unless he list,  
 To grapple with his Mutton-sit;  
 And he will lose, who ever vies  
 With him at any Exercise:  
 But to imagine that all we  
 So brave a jolly Company,  
 Join'd all together, should not be  
 As strong, nay, stronger far than *He*;  
 In truth, in him I do conceive it  
 An Arrogancy to believe it,

M 6.

And



And Vanity devoid of Wit,  
So openly to publish it.  
And yet for all his mighty Vaunting,  
His domineering, and his ranting,  
All of the Gods, and I and you know,  
When *Neposue*, *Pallas*, and *Queen Juno*,  
By Combination had trapn'd him,  
And had intended to have chain'd him,  
He'd much ado, tho' his Strength such is,  
To disengage him from their Clutches:  
Nor had he done it for all that,  
(Tho' now he vapour can and prate)  
For all his striving and his strugling,  
His writhing, wrigling, and his juggling,  
Nor all his Strength, which now to great is,  
Had not his old Friend, *Madam Thetis*,  
In time of Danger sent him there  
*Eriareus* the *Hot-cockle-Play'r*,  
With a whole hundred Cluster-fists,  
To disengage him from the Lists.  
And, by my Faith, he came in Season  
To rescue him from the High-treason;  
Or else, with this my buffing *Dow*  
I know not how it would have gone.

*Merc.* Prithee, hank up thy Tongue again,  
And do not give it so much Rein:  
These Words do make my Ears to tingle:  
'Tis well that thou and I are single,  
This Language is unsafe, I swear,  
For thee to speak, or me to hear.

*Mars.*

*Mars.* Dost think I have so little Wit  
To talk thus unto all I meet?  
No, Friend, I wiser am than so,  
I know well whom I speak it to;  
One, who not only has a Talent  
In speaking, but in being silent:  
But should another chance to come,  
Of *Movers* not a Word, but *Mum*.



## DIALOGUE.

PAN and MERCURY.

*Pan.* Good Morrow (*Father!*) how dost do?

*Mer.* Good Morrow, Son, since 't must be so;  
But why call'st thou me *Father*, trow?  
For to behold those goodly *Horas*,  
That py'd Beard, which thy Face adorns,  
That single wagging at thy Butt,  
Those *Gambrels*, and that *Cloven-foot*,  
Thou dost much more (not to dissemble)  
A *He-goat* than a *God* resemble.

*Pan.* 'Tis very well! But all this while  
Thou thine own Issue dost revile,  
And giv'st thy self many foul Rubs.  
Prithee, what's He that gets such *Cubs*?  
For all this handsome Shape you see,  
Came from my *Father*, and thou'rt he.

*Mere.*

*Mer.* I would thou couldst persuade me to it!  
But thou't have much ado to do it!  
I'll make much of my self, I'd need,  
If but in Rev'rence to my Breed.  
But if thy happy *Sire* I am,  
Who, the great *Devil*, was thy *Dam*?  
Did I not meet with some *She-Goat*  
Travelly'd in a Petticoat?  
For never sure did *Woman* bear  
So uncooth a prodigious Heir.

*Pan.* No, *Father*, I would have thee know't,  
Thou didst not couple with a *Goat*;  
Th'ast not forgot yet, I dare say,  
How once in fair *Arcadia*  
With beastly Lust, and barb'rous Pow'r  
Thou didst a pretty Maid deslow'r:  
What need'st thou bite thy Fingers ends?  
I only speak it amongst Friends.  
It is *Penelope* I mean.

*Mer.* I do remember such a *Queen*,  
A pretty *Girl*! But how could sic  
Bring out so foul a Beast as thee,  
More like a Devil than like me?

*Pan.* Nay, I'm as like my *Dad*, in foath,  
As he had spit me out on's Mouth,  
That is, as like what then thou wert  
When thou play'dst that uncivil Part;  
For then, if th'ast it not forgot,  
Thou turn'd'st thy self into a *Goat*,  
With a Face foul as any *Vizor*,  
In policy for to surprize her.

*Mer.* Yes, I remember; out upon it!  
But troth, I am asham'd to own it.

*Pan.*

*Pan.* Faith, for the Rape I cannot blame ye,  
But as for me, I shall not shame ye,  
And few there are prefer'd before me;  
For besides that, they do adore me  
All o'er *Arcadia*; where possift  
I'm of thousand Flocks at least;  
My Qualities have purchas'd Fame,  
For *Dollor* I of Musick am;  
And more, have made my Valour known  
In the great Field of *Marathon*;  
For which good Service the *Athenians*  
Have given me a fine Convenience  
Wherein to sit, eat, drink, or snort,  
A *Grotto* underneath their Fort,  
Where thou shalt see, if thou com'st thither,  
How highly I am honour'd (*Father*).

*Mer.* What, art thou marry'd?

*Pan.* No, not yet;  
I hitherto have had more *Wit*.

*Mer.* I wonder at it not, in truth;  
For who'd have such a sweet-fac'd Youth?

*Pan.* Pish! had I nothing else to do,  
(*Father*) I could have *Wives* enow,  
And therefore that's a vain Objection:  
But I've so am'rous a Complexion,  
And do with Love so scald and burn,  
One *Wife* would never serve my Turn.

*Mer.* Thou buggers't then the *Goats*, I doubt.

*Pan.* Good Words! no, I'm not so put to't;  
*Echo* and *Pitys*, full of Bliss,  
Are both content to be my *Misses*,  
And all the Rout of *Bacchanals*  
Come with a Powder when *Pan* calls:

By

By which (*Good Father*) you may know,  
I better spend my Time than so.

*Mere.* Believe't, they're wondrous kind to thee,  
And tis no wonder tho' they be,  
Th'ast such a charming *Phys'omy*.  
But I have a Request unto thee,  
Will do me good, and no harm do thee,  
It is so small; which is, that seeing  
I was so blest to give thee Being,  
Thou in return will be so civil  
As not to pay my good with evil,  
But where'soe'er we chance to meet  
In House or Field, or in the Street,  
So oft as we shall come together,  
Thou do forbear to call me *Father*,  
For, not to mince the Verity,  
I'm damnably ashamed of thee:  
But for this once shake Hands and part,  
And so farewell with all my Heart.



D I A.



## DIALOGUE.

APOLLO and BACCHUS.

*Ap.* W Ho'd think that such a *Jack-an-ape* as  
*Capid*, the mighty-too'd *Priapus*,  
And *Androgynus*, of all others,  
Should all of the same Womb be Brothers,  
Being so much unlike in Feature,  
In Humour, and in Shape, and Stature;  
For one's a little *Goddikin*,  
No bigger than a *Skittle pin*,  
Yet little as he is, can scare us,  
If once he takes his Bow and Arrows,  
And of the other two, the latter  
Can make nor Man's, nor Maiden's Water,  
The t'other somewhere is more tall  
By *Hanulins* than the best cow's all.  
*Bacchus.* Why this Diversity each gathers  
From the Variety of Fathers!  
Tho' ev'ry Day, indeed, presents  
As great and strange a Difference,  
Ev'n amongst those who had no other  
But the same Father and same Mother.  
*Apol.* Yet 'tis quite otherwile, you see,  
Betwixt my Sister *Die* and me,  
Who the same Vertues have and Vice,  
And follow the same Exercise.

*Bacch.*

*Bacch.* But the mad Hag in Petticoats  
In *Scythia's* busy, cutting Throats,  
Whilst thou dost Men of Money fleece,  
With giving *Physic* here in *Greece*;  
And pray, what *Sympathy's* in this?

*Apoll.* Why, *Bacchus*, dost thou think that she  
Takes a Delight in Cruelty,  
In hearing Blood in Throats to rattle,  
Like Liquor from a strait-mouth'd Bottle?  
Alas! she only does it, she,  
Meerly out of Complacency,  
T' accommodate her self to th' Fashion,  
And Humour of that barb'rous Nation;  
At which she takes so great Offence,  
That she but waits to steal from thence,  
When any *Grecian* Ship comes thither,  
To take her in, and bring her hither.

*Bac.* Why, truly, then I do commend her,  
And a good Gale of Wind *Jove* send her.  
In the mean time, I needs must tell you,

*Priapus* is a beasty Fellow:  
For (no one being by but us)  
Calling at's House at *Lampisacus*,  
After we'd eaten well, and much,  
And quaff'd it smartly *Wpp-Dutch*,  
It being pretty coldish Weather,  
He needs must have us lie together:  
And so we did, when in the Night,  
When least (I swear) I dreamt of it,  
Betwixt some twelve and one a Clock,  
He tilts his *Tantrum* at my Neck,  
Till, with Extremity of Pain  
He plainly made me roar again.

*Apoll.*

*Apoll.* A very edifying Story!  
And what did you, whilst he did bore ye?

*Bac.* What should I do, but make the best on't?  
I only laugh'd and made a Jest on't?

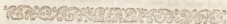
*Ap.* Some would, perhaps, have kept a Pother;  
But thou, I think, couldst do no other,  
But put on Patience, and lie still;  
Alas! he did it in good Will,  
And it had been Ill-nature in thee,  
When he good Meat and Drink had gi'n thee,  
For to grudge him who fed thee *gratis*,  
So small a Courtesie as that is.

Besides, he great Temptations had,  
For thou'rt a pretty smock-fac'd Lad.

*Bac.* But yet o'th' Two (my Friend *Apoll*)  
Thou art by much the pretty'r Fellow,  
And therefore if he once make Suit t'ye  
To lie in's House, faith, look about ye.

*Ap.* Well, well! but he were best take heed  
How he attacks my *Maiden-head*:  
His mighty *Trap-stick* cannot scare us,  
For we have good Yew-bow and Arrows,  
As well as a white Wig to tempt him;  
And if he draw, he will repent him.  
Besides, I'm so set round with Light,  
And am withal so quick of Sight,  
That much I do not need to fear,  
To be surpriz'd in my Rest.

DIA.



## DIALOGUE.

MERCURY, and his Mother MAYA.

*Mer.* **B**ellow your Council on some other,  
Tis Labor lost on me (*good Mother!*)

For ere I'll lead the Life I do.

And be this *Drudge*, I tell you true,

And so I'll tell old *Father Lajlor*,

I am resolv'd, ev'n to turn *Thresher*.

St'fish! I'm a Slave, a Pack-Horse made:

Would I'd been *Errand* to a Trade,

Or bred up with some honest *Farmer*,

Who would have clad me perhaps warmer,

Though not so fine, and giv'n me rest,

And not have work'd me like a Beast.

A God, quotha! No Deity

Was ever, sure, so us'd as I:

But ere this Life I'll long r lead,

I'll *Stroll* for *Lover*, or beg my Bread,

And run, nay, fly, let who will hear me.

Far as my Legs or Wings will bear me.

*Maya.* Nay, prithee Son, govern thy Passion,

And do not talk of this wild Fashion.

*Mer.* Why should I not speak out (*forsooth*)

So long as I speak nought but Truth?

Tut! tut! I scorn to mince the Matter,

I was not bred to lye and flatter:

And

And being thus abus'd, must speak,

And ease my Heart, or it will break.

I speak no Treason. Have I not

Very good reason to find fault,

When *Jupiter* does force on me

More Work, more Toil, and Drudgery,

(Which, *Mother*, cannot be deny'd)

Than upon all the Gods beside?

First, I by Spring of Day must come

To wash and rub the Dining-room,

(Which does not always smell of *Amber*)

Next, I must clean the Council-Chamber,

And dust the *Wool-packs*: After that

I must go dress the Rooms of State,

Brush Cushions, Chairs, and Foot-cloths too,

(Which takes up no small Time to do.)

Nay, all this yet will not suffice,

But, I must sweep the Galleries,

Tho' others are more fit to do,

The *Lobbies*, and *Back-stairs* to boot:

Then having swept my Face of Fat,

Powder'd, and put a clean *Crest*,

I must sit Anti-Chamber wait

*Jupiter's* rising to receive

Such Orders as he's pleas'd to give,

(Which ever numerous are, no doubt)

And then must carry them about,

Work that requires a supple Ham,

Then *Steward* I o'th' *Household* am,

Yes, and Cup-bearer too, at least,

As often as he makes a Feast,

And had that Office ev'ry Day

Till *Gauymede* came into Play.

But



But all this Work is nothing yet,  
 And I could well away with it:  
 And that by which I am oppress'd,  
 Is, that at Night, when all's releas'd,  
 And every one goes to his Rest,  
 No one but me employ he can  
 To convoy a great *Caravan*  
 Of pale-fac'd dead Folks unto *Hell*;  
 Company that it's Night might well  
 The stoutest *God* in *Heav'n's* daunt;  
 Where also, before *Rhodamans*  
 I must indict and prosecute 'em,  
 Which ere by Law we can confute 'em,  
 Repeating every little Crime,  
 Does take up such a world of Time,  
 The Day is ready for to peep in;  
 And then what time have I to sleep in?  
 And yet all this, this *Jupiter*,  
 Whom I have serv'd so many Year,  
 (Wherein h'as had good Service on me)  
 The Conscience has t' impose upon me,  
 As not enough employ'd I were  
 In being *Serjeant, Orator,*  
*Cup-bearer, Wrestler, and what not,*  
 But I must on those Errands trot,  
 To be deprived of the Rest  
 Mortals allow to ev'ry Beast.  
*Castor* and *Pollux*, each one knows,  
 By turns are suffer'd to repose;  
 But I am tolt like *Tennis-Ball*,  
 And am allow'd no Rest at all.  
 But am dispatch'd both Morn and Ev'n  
 From *Heav'n's* to Earth, from Earth to *Heav'n's*;

Whilst

Whilst *Bacchus* here, and *Hercules*,  
 Who are no Sons of *Goddesses*,  
 As I am, but more meanly born,  
 Of wretched Mortals, and forlorn,  
 At great *Jove's* Board in Feast and Play  
 Merrily pass the Time away.  
 I need had of a Horse to ride on;  
 For I'm but just now come from *Sidon*,  
 Where I have with *Europa* been;  
 But I am sent away agen  
 To *Argos* with another *How-d'ye*,  
 To *Danae*, a wretched *Dowdy*,  
 When I am almost spent, I vow t'ye;  
 Nay, more than that, I must, they say,  
 Make too *Bacchus* in my way,  
 To visit there *Antiope*.  
 But flatly I've refus'd to do it;  
 For (Mother) I'll not melt my Suet  
 For no good Words that can be given,  
 Nor ne'er a *Jupiter* in Heaven.  
 And tho' ('tis true, he keeps me brave,  
 On's Service I such Comfort have,  
 I sometimes would be sold a Slave,  
 And run the Risk of all Disaster,  
 Fall what fall can, to change my Master.  
*Mays*. Come, prithee, moderate thy Passion,  
 These are but Words of Indignation.  
 I'll have no Talk of Parting neither:  
 What! what! you must obey your Father,  
 And never think he does you wrong;  
 You must take Pains too whilst you're young,

And



And do what'er he bids you do,  
 And fear not, you'll have Sons enow  
 When you are old, to work for you.  
 I prithee, then, no longer stand,  
 But go, and execute's Command:  
 I know, he's choierick if thwarted,  
 And to be apt to be transported.  
 Love too is such an odd Disease,  
 That Lovers are most hard to please;  
 Will always have their own fond ways,  
 And are impatient of Delays.



## DIALOGUE.

JUPITER and SOL.

*Jup.* Why, thou unlucky scindick Fool,  
 Thou Dunce, thou Loggerhead, thou Owl!  
 Th'ast made fine Work here, hast thou not?  
 To go and trust thy *Chariot*  
 With a young giddy hair-brain'd Sor,  
 Who, unto thy eternal Shame,  
 One halt o'th' World has set on flame;  
 And (which, to think on't, makes me shudder)  
 So hard has frozen up the other,  
 That if I had not knock'd him down,  
 With a good Rap upon his Crown,  
 And turn'd him topsy-turvy under  
 With a good rattling Clap of Thunder,

At

At the mad rate that he was driving,  
 He had destroy'd all Creatures living,  
 And all Mankind, had he on posted,  
 Had either frozen been, or roasted;  
 And then you'd made (I hope you'd grant)  
 A pretty piece of Business on't.

*Sol.* Oh *Jupiter*, I guilty am,  
 Yes, inexcuſably to blame,  
 And, without Mercy, am undone,  
 For my Indulgence to a Son,  
 I could not for my Heart deny:  
 And then to see a \* *Mistress* cry,  
 And Tears run trickling down her Face,  
 Would e'en have mov'd a Heart of Brass.

\* *Clytem.*

'Twas that that did my Reason charm,  
 But (as I'm here) I thought no harm.

*Jup.* No harm! how dar'it thou tell me so!  
 Did'st not thy *Horses* Fury know?  
 What, hast thou been my *Charioteer*  
 So many hundred thousand Year;  
 Yet, *that thou knew'st not*, now canst swear,  
 What fiery headstrong *Jades* they were?  
 Yes, (*Sirrah*) you knew well enough  
 How hard to rule they were, and rough,  
 And that they would do more than trot,  
 If bridle once in Teeth they got;  
 And that if once they got a Foot,  
 Much more a Wheel, out of the *Rut*,  
 All would be lost. You knew all this,  
 And yet for your *Lyncebrides*,  
 To humour her (forsooth) you must  
 Like a damn'd *Regue*, betray your Trust,

N

Endanger

Endanger all the World, and set  
A *Noisic* in that dang'rous Seat,  
Who to drive *Tops* was fitter far,  
Than guide the Day's triumphant *Carr*.

*Sol.* I must confess (as your *Grace* says)  
I knew the *Jades* were *Run-aways*,  
And therefore did the wilful *Aff*  
With my own Hands i'th' *Coach-box* place;  
Taught him the Reins to draw and slip,  
And shew'd him how to hold his Whip;  
Taught him the right *Poppysion* too,  
Which both the *Horses* full well knew,  
And my own hold before I quitted,  
No one Instruction I omitted,  
That I conceiv'd was necessary.  
Assur'd then he could not miscarry.  
I left him to himself, and bid him,  
*Touchez vous fils*, and so good *speed* him.  
He crack'd his Whip o'er the mad *Castle*,  
The *Chariot* wheels began to rattle,  
And thro' the *Eastern-gate* they run;  
But my fool-hardy, awkward Son,  
So ill (*was worth the Time I got him*)  
Retain'd the *Lessons* I had taught him.  
That he had scarce, it should appear,  
A Furlong got in his *Career*,  
When th' *Stallions* with the flaming Mains  
Finding by Sackness of the Reins,  
They'd got another *Charioteer*,  
Away they strain'd in wild *Career*,  
And left the *Road*, which they had kept,  
Altho' the Wind they had out-stripe

In speed; yet running the right way,  
'Twould but have made a shorter Day:  
But the rash *Boy*, amaz'd with Light,  
And dizzy at the fearful Sight  
Of the *Abyss* he saw below him,  
Both *whipt*, and *Reins* he strait cast fro' him.  
And by the *Coach-box* held him fast,  
Till thou in Wrath gav'st him his last.  
So for his temerarious Action,  
My *Boy* has paid full Satisfaction,  
And in his Loss, I think that I  
Too, punish'd am sufficiently.

*Jup.* He, I confess, has had his Payment;  
But thou, who wert the most to blame in't,  
Deserv'st, at least, to be strappado'd,  
Nay, flerd alive, and carbonado'd:  
But I incline to Mercy rather,  
And pardon an indulgent Father,  
On this Condition (ne'ertheless),  
Thou never so again transgress;  
For if thou dost (thou *Rascal* thou)  
I'll make thee both to feel and know,  
That this same *Thunder* which I handle,  
Is hotter than your *Farting-Candle*.  
In the mean time, this I'll do for ye,  
Because I see thou art so sorry,  
I will that *Pha'os's* Sisters go  
Inter him on the Banks of *Po*,  
Just where he fell, and for their Guerdon,  
I'll do a Thing was never heard on;  
Transform 'em into *Poplars* all,  
From whom a certain *Gum* shall fall,

To imitate the Tears they shed  
Over the hare-brain'd *Logger-head*.  
As to the rest, it fits thy Case  
Thy broken *Waggon* to repair,  
Which will require, rightly to do it,  
A *Carpenter* and *Wheel-wright* to it:  
For first, the *Carriage* is broken,  
And one o'th' *Wheels* has but one *Spoke* on;  
The *Harnes* too so much amiss is,  
'Tis torn in twenty thousand pieces.  
But as to that, I (to befriend thee)  
A special *Cobler* strait will send thee;  
And when th'ast got thy *Tackles* mended,  
Begin anew where thy *Son* ended.  
But now they've learnt a reddy *Trick*,  
The *Jades*, no doubt, will frisk and kick,  
As they were new again, to break,  
And may endanger too thy *Neck*;  
I promise ye, I mainly doubt ye,  
And therefore (*Sirrah*) look about ye.



## DIALOGUE.

APOLLO and MERCURY.

*Apol.* I'M so confounded with this *Pair*,  
This *Cassor*, and this *Pollux* here,  
This *Beace of Cygnets*, that one *Dratler*  
I'm still mistaking for the other;  
Which puts me out of *Count'nance* so,  
I know not what to say or do,  
For they're so like, that when I meet 'em,  
And with *Respect* would kindly greet 'em.  
*Servant*, *Dou Cassor*, strait cry I;  
I'm *Pollux*, cries he by and by.  
Then presently my self I flatter,  
The next time sure to mend the *Matter*;  
When meeting one of 'em alone,  
What, *Monsieur Pollux*? and go on,  
I'm proud to be your *Servant* *knew*;  
And then 'tis *Cassor*, ten to one.  
Now, tho' herein there ever is  
As much to hit, as there's to miss.  
Yet o'th' wrong *Name* I always fight,  
And never yet was in the right.

If thou canst give me then some Mark  
Particular to either *Spark*,  
That I may one from t'other know,  
I prithee (honest *Mercy's*) do.

*Mer.* Why, that you Yesterday embrac'd here,  
When we together were, was *Cassio*.

*Ap.* But how can't know him from his *Brother*,  
When they're so like to one another?

*Mer.* Why, *Pollux* is so giv'n to huffing,  
His Face still black and blue with Cuffing;  
And, to be more particular,  
His left Check wears a noted Scar  
Of a good Whirret *Belrix* gave him,  
Which over-board, no doubt, had drove him,  
Had not Friend *Jason* stept to save him;  
Which *Scumbrodibus* he got  
By being of an *Argonaut*,  
When *Jason* sailed into *Greece*  
To steal away the *Golden-Fleece*.

*Apol.* Gramercy, faith, I'll swear a Book on  
Thou hast oblig'd me by this Token:  
For which was which I ne'er could tell;  
But seeing each with his half-Shell,  
His white Horse, Jav'lin, and his Star,  
To me the same they always were;  
And I, when I would seem well bred,  
Did still confound 'em, as I said:  
But since I'm so beholden to thee,  
Resolve me one Thing more, I prithee;  
And tell me why these *Brothers* never  
Are to be seen in *Heav'n* together?

*Merc.*

*Merc.* Why, you must know, that *Jupiter*,  
Upon the hatching of this Pair,  
These *Twins* of *Lads* fair, decreed,  
(I think for to preserve the Breed)  
That one the *Destinies* should curtail,  
But t'other be ordain'd immortal;  
Which known to them, as well as others,  
They, like two very loving *Brothers*,  
By an Affection very rare,  
The Good and Ill alike would share:  
Thus when one dies, the other mourns,  
And so they live and die by turns.

*Apol.* 'Tis sign of very good Condition,  
But 'tis a Friendship sans Fruition;  
For in this manner neither *Brother*  
Can ever see or speak to t'other.  
But of what Calling are these *Blades*?  
For we have all of us our *Trades*:  
I am a *Prophet* and *Musician*,  
My \* Son's a special good *Physician*,  
My *Sister* plays the *Midwife's* Part,  
And thou a famous *Wrestler* art.  
Are these two good for nought, dost think,  
But only for to eat and drink?

*Merc.* O yes, I promise ye, their Stars  
Propitious are to *Mariners*,  
And save 'em oft, when, to one's thinking,  
They even are as good as sinking.

\* *Esculapian*.

*Apel.* A charitable good Vocation,  
I with them nigh when I've occasion.  
*Good Seamen,* say'th thou (*Merc'ry*) marry,  
A Calling very necessary,  
And will (no doubt) when Men are *Sea-sick*,  
Do 'em more good by half than *Physick*.

*The E N D.*



EPI-



## EPILOGUE.

AND new (*my Masters*) rest you merry,  
I doubt, both you and I are weary,  
Else I should very much admire,  
Such *Trampery* a Dog would tire.  
Yet in the precious Age we live in,  
Most People are so lowly given,  
Coarse hempen Trash is sooner read,  
Than Poems of a finer Thread:  
Which made our Author wisely choose  
To dizen up his dirty Muse  
In such an odd fantastick Word,  
As ev'ry one, he knew, would read.  
Yet is he wise enough to know  
His Muse, however, sings too low,  
(Tho' warbling in the newest Fashion)  
To work a Work of Reformation,  
And so writ this (to tell you true)  
To please Himself as well as You.  
Yet if (*beyond his Expectation*)  
This shall be grac'd with Acceptation,  
Like others much of the same Fashion,  
Which all have had your Approbation,

N 5

The

*The Rhymers will so kindly take it,  
That he his Bus'ness then will make it  
No more thus sawcily to scoff ye,  
But something bring more worthy of ye.  
In the mean time, he bids me say,  
If you'll not hiss this Puppet-Play,  
He'll do what ne'er was done by \* any,  
And raise the † Dead to entertain ye.*

\* Poet, he means.

† Lucian's Dialogues of the Dead.



THE

THE

WONDERS

OF THE

PEAKE.

By CHARLES COTTON, Esq;



THE FIFTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for J. WALTHOE, R. WILKIN, J. and J. BONWICKS,  
S. BIRT, T. WARD, and E. WICKSTEED. 1734.





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Printed by J. W. Smith, at the Sign of the Green Dragon, in Strand.  
A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.

To the Right Honourable  
*ELIZABETH*

Countess of *Devonshire,*

THIS  
*ESSAY*

Is with all Acknowledgment and  
Devotion humbly Dedicated,

BY  
*Her Ladyship's*  
*Most Humble and*

*Most Obedient Servant,*

*Charles Cotton.*



THE  
WONDERS  
OF THE  
PEAKE.

DURst I expostulate with *Providence*,  
I then should ask, Wherein the Innocence  
Of my poor undesigning Infancy,  
Could *Heav'n's* offend to such a black degree,  
As for th' Offence to damn me to a Place  
Where *Nature* only suffers in Disgrace?  
A Country so deform'd, the Traveller  
Would swear those Parts *Nature's* *Puslands* were:  
Like *Warts* and *Wens*, Hills on the one \* *side* swell,  
To all but *Natives* inaccessible;  
† T' other a blue scrofulous Scum defies,  
Flowing from th' Earth's impostumated Boyles;  
That seems the Steps (Mountains on Mountains throw'd)  
By which the *GIANTS* storm'd the *Thunder's* Throne.

\* *The Peake.*

† *The Morelands.*

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Charles Cotton.

This from that *Prospect* seems the sulphurous Flood,  
Where sinful *Sodom* and *Gomorrhah* flood.

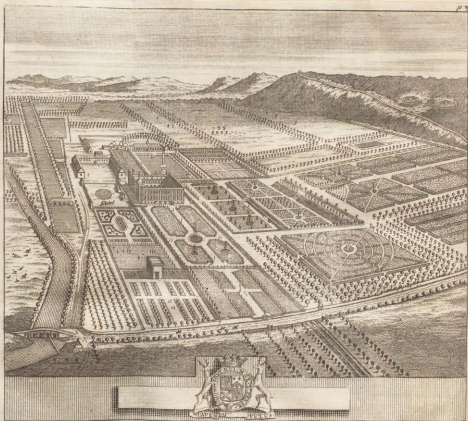
Twixt these twin-Provinces of *Britain's* Shame,  
The Silver Dove (how pleasant is that Name!)  
Runs thro' a *Vale* high-crested *Cliff*; o'erhade,  
(By her fair Progress only pleasant made:)  
But with so sweet a *Torrent* in her Course,  
As shews, the *Nymph* flies from her native Source,  
To seek *what there's deny'd*, the *Sun's* warm Beams,  
And to embrace *Trent's* prouder swelling Streams.  
In this so craggy, ill-contriv'd a *Nook*  
Of this our little World, this pretty *Brook*,  
Alas! 'tis all the Recompence I share,  
For all th' Intemperances of the *Air*,  
Perpetual *Winter*, endless *Solitude*,  
Or the Society of Men so rude, *unpleasant* I find  
That it is ten times worse. Thy *Murmurs*, (\* *Dove*)  
Or Humour of Lovers; or Men fall in love  
With thy bright Beauties; and thy fair blue Eyes  
Wound like a *Parthian*, whilst the Shooter flies  
Of all fair *Theris's* Daughters, none so bright,  
So pleasant none to taste, none to the Sight,  
None yields the gentle *Angler* such Delight,  
To which the Bounty of her Scream is such,  
As only with a swift and transient Touch,  
T'enrich her sterile Borders as the glides,  
And force sweet *Flowers* from their marble Sides.  
North-East from this fair *River's* Head, there lies  
A † *Country* that abounds with *Rarities*;

\* The River Dove.

† The Peak.

They





The Duke of DEVONSHIRE'S House at CHATSWORTH near the Peak DERBYSHIRE.

1675. Front

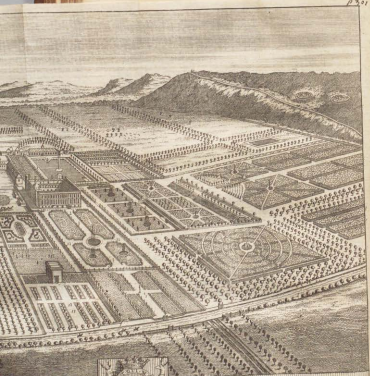


of the P  
 They call them *Wonders* there,  
 But the whole Country sure's  
 And *Mother* of the rest, which  
 And one of them so singularly  
 As does, indeed, amount to  
 And all the Kingdom boasts, so  
 It ought not, I confess, to be  
 By my poor *Muse*; nor should  
 Presume to take a *Crayon* up,  
 But the faint *Land-scape* of so  
 Yet, noble *Chatsworth* (for I  
 Pardon the *Love* will prompt the  
 My Pen must do thee, when be  
 I fix *Dis honour*, where I would

The first of these I meet with  
 Is a vast *Cave*, which, the old Pe  
 One *Pool*, an *Out-law*, made his  
 But why he did so, or for what  
 The *Beagles* of the *Law* should pr  
 As, *sight* of *Horror's* self, to ear  
 Is in our Times a *Riddle*; and in  
*Tradition* most unkindly silent is:  
 But whatso'er his *Crime*, than su  
 A worse *Imprisonment* he could r

At a high *Mountain's* Foot, wh  
 O'erlooks the *Marshy* Prospect of  
 Under its *Basis* there is an \* *Oversight*  
 Which *Summer-Weeds* do render so

\* The Earl of *Devonshire's* House.  
 \* *Pool's* Hole.



DEVONSHIRE House at CHATSWORTH near the Peaske DERBYSHIRE.  
1663. Scott Pease

of the PEASKE.

They call them *Wonders* there, and be they so;  
 But the whole Country sure's a *Wonder* too,  
 And *Mother* of the rest, which *Seven* are;  
 And one of them so singularly rare,  
 As does, indeed, amount to *Miracle*,  
 And all the Kingdom boasts, so far excel.  
 It ought not, I confess, to be Profan'd  
 By my poor *Muse*; nor should an Artless Hand  
 Presume to take a *Crayon* up, to trace  
 But the faint *Landscape* of so brave a Place.  
 Yet, noble *Chatsworth* (for I speak of thee)  
 Pardon the Love will prompt the Injury  
 My Pen must do thee, when before I end,  
 I fix Dishonour, where I would Commend.

The first of these I meet with in my way,  
 Is a vast *Cave*, which, the old People say,  
 One *Pool*, an *Out-law*, made his Residence;  
 But why he did so, or for what Offence,  
 The *Beagles* of the Law should press so near,  
 As, spite of Horror's self, to earth him there,  
 Is in our Times a *Riddle*; and in this,  
*Tradition* most unkindly silent is:  
 But whatso'er his Crime, than such a *Cave*  
 A worse Imprisonment he could not have.

At a high *Mountain's* Foot, whose lofty Crest  
 O'erlooks the Marshy Prospect of the *West*;  
 Under its Base there is an *Oversore*  
 Which Summer-Weeds do render so obscure.

|| The Earl of Devonshire's House.  
 \* *Pool's Hole*.

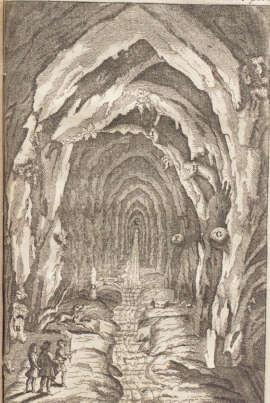
The



The careless Traveller may pass, and ne'er  
Discover, or suspect an Entry there;  
But such a one there is, as we might well  
Think it the *Crypto-Porticus* of Hell,  
Had we not been instructed, that the Gate,  
Which to *Distraction* leads, is nothing straight.

Thro' a blind Door (which some poor Woman there  
Still keeps the Key of, that it may keep her)  
Men bowing low, take leave of Day's fair Light,  
To crowd themselves into the Womb of Night;  
Thro' such a low and narrow Pass, that it  
For *Badgers*, *Hobbers* and *Foxes* seems more fit,  
Or for the yet less sorts of *Chacons*, than  
T'admit the Stature, and the Bulk of Man;  
Could it to Reason any way appear,  
That Men could find out any Business there.  
But having fifteen Paces crept, or more,  
Thro' pointed Stones and Dirt upon all four,  
The gloomy Grates lets Men upright rise,  
Altho' they were six times *Golli's* Size.  
There, looking upward, your astonish'd Sight  
Beholds the Glory of the sparkling Light.  
Th' enamel'd Roof darts round about the Face,  
With so subduing, but ingrateful Rays;  
As to put out the Lights, by which alone  
They receive Lustre, that before had none,  
And must to Darkness be resign'd when they are gone.  
But here a roaring *Torrent* bids you stand,  
Forcing, you climb a Rock on the right Hand,

Which



The Entrance into *l'ave*. *B.* the representation of Plants in Rocks of a black  
ominous substance, *C.* the figure of a Lion, *D.* the Queen of *Port* Pillar,  
the top of a *Human Crisp*, *E.* the sparry globe call'd *Font. G.* a sparry  
substance call'd *Cristone Nagoroh*, *H.* the Pillar of *Bascon*, *I.* the *Chao*, *K.* the  
Pillar Eye. All these are formed by dripping of Water from the Rocks  
of a sparry matter call'd *Nalactites*.



Which hanging, pent-house-like, does overlook  
 The dreadful Channel of the rapid Brook,  
 So deep, and black, the very Thought does make  
 My Brains turn giddy, and my Eye-Balls ake.  
 Over this dang'rous *Precipice* you crawl,  
 Lost if you slip, for if you slip you fall;  
 But whither, faith, tis no great matter, when  
 You're sure ne'er to be seen alive agen.  
 Propt round with *Penfants*, on you trembling go,  
 Whilst, ev'ry Step you take, your *Guides* do show  
 In the uneven Rock the uncouth Shapes  
 Of *Men*, of *Lions*, *Horses*, *Dogs* and *Apes*:  
 But so resembling each the fancy'd Shape,  
 The *Man* might be the *Horse*, the *Dog* the *Ape*.  
 And straight just in your way a \* Stone appears,  
 Which the resemblance of a *Hay-cock* bears,  
 Some four *Foote* high; and beyond that, a less  
 Of the same Figure; which do still increase  
 In Height, and Bulk, by a continual Drop,  
 Which upon each distilling from the Top,  
 And falling still exactly on the Crown,  
 There break themselves to Mists, which trickling down,  
 Crust into Stone, and (but with Leisure) swell  
 The Sides, and still advance the Miracle.  
 So that in time, they would be tall enough,  
 If there were need, to prop the hanging Roof.  
 Did not sometimes the curious Vifters,  
 To steal a Treasure, is not justly theirs,  
 Break off much more, at one injurious Blow,  
 Than can again in many *Ages* grow.

\* The *Founts*.

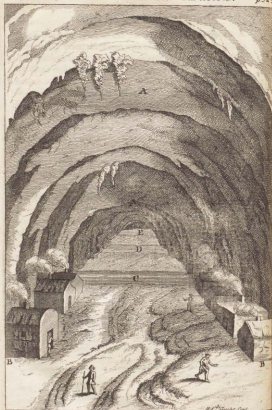
These the wise *Natives* call the *Foeces*; But there,  
 Descending from the Roof, there does appear  
 A bright transparent \* *Cloud*, which from above,  
 By those false Lights, does downward seem to move,  
 Like a *Machine*, which, when some *God* appears,  
 We see descend upon our *Theaters*.

Unlike in Figure, and in Posture, this  
 With the two nam'd before, owes its Increase  
 To the same Cause the others grow up by,  
 Namely, the Petrifying Quality  
 Of those bright Drops, which trickling one by one,  
 Crust, as they glide, delib'rately to Stone;  
 By which the *Sibiria* longer, bigger grows,  
 And must touch Ground at last; but when, who knows?  
 To see these thriving by these various Ways,  
 It seems, methinks, as if the first did raise  
 Their Heads, the pond'rous *Vaults* so to sustain,  
 Whilst t' other pendant *Pillar* seems to strain,  
 And at full Stretch endeavour to extend  
 A stable Foot to the same needles End.  
 And this, forsooth, the *Bacon-Flitcb* they call  
 Not that it does resemble one at all;  
 For it is round, not flat: But I suppose,  
 Because it hangs i'th' Roof, like one of those,  
 And shines like Salt, *Peak Bacon-eaters* came  
 At first to call it by that greasie Name.  
 This once a Fellow had, another *Ston*:  
 Of the same Colour, and Proportion:

\* The *Bacon-Flitcb*.

But





A the Devils Arfe. B. Houses within the Arfe where many poor peo-  
ple live. C. the first Water. D. the second Water. E. the third and last  
Water. where the Rock and the Water cleave and you can pass no  
farther.

But long ago, I know not how, the one  
Fell down, or esten was; for now 'tis gone.  
The next Thing you arrive at, is a \* Stone,  
In truth, a very rare, and pretty one;  
Which, on a Rock's sharp Ridge taking its Root,  
Rises from thence in a neat round turn'd Foot  
Twelve Inches high, or more, wherein are all  
The Mouldings of a round turn'd Pedestal,  
Whence bubbling out in Figure of a Sphere,  
Some two Foot and a half Diameter.  
The whole above is finish'd in a small  
Pellucid Spire crown'd with a Crystal Ball.  
This, very aptly, they *Pool's Lanthorn* name,  
Being like those in *Admiral Poops* that flame.  
For several Paces beyond these, you meet  
With nothing worth observing, save your Feet,  
Which with great Caution, you must still dispose  
Left, by mischance, should you once Footing lose,  
Your own true Story only serve to grace  
The lying Fables of the uncouth Place:  
But moving forward o'er the glassy Shoar,  
You hear the *Torrent* now much louder roar,  
With such a Noise striking th' astonish'd Ear  
As does inform some *Cataract* is near:  
When soon the Deluge, that your Fear attends,  
Contentibly in a small *Riv'let* ends;  
Which falling low with a precipitous Wave,  
The dreadful *Echo* of the spacious Cave,  
Gives it a hollow Sound, a Man would fear,  
The Sea was breaking in a Channel there:

\* *Pool's Lanthorn*.

And

And yet above, the *Current's* not so wide,  
To put a *Maid* to an indecent Stride;  
Which thro' bright Pebbles, trembling there does crawl,  
As if afraid of the approaching Fall,  
Which is a dreadful one; but yet how deep,  
I never durst extend my Neck to peep,  
Beyond this little *Rill*, before your Eyes  
You see a great transparent † *Pillar* rise,  
Of the same shining Matter with the rest;  
But such a one, as *Nature* does contest,  
Tho' working in the Dark, in this brave Piece  
With all the *Obelisks* of Antique *Greece*;  
For all the Art the *Chizel* could apply,  
Ne'er wrought such curious folds of *Drapery*.  
Of this the Figure is, as Men should crowd  
A vast *Colossus* in a Marble Shroud,  
And yet the Pleats so soft and flowing are,  
As finest *Folds*, from finest *Looms* they were;  
But, far as Hands can reach to give a Blow,  
By the rude *Clews* broke, and disfigur'd so,  
As may be well suppos'd, when all that come,  
Carry some Piece of the *Rock-Crystal* home.  
Of all these *Rav'ries*, this alone can claim  
A doubtless Right to everlasting Fame;  
The fairest, brightest *Queen*, that ever yet  
On *English* Ground unhappy Footing set,  
Having, to th' rest of th' *Isle's* eternal Shame,  
Honour'd this Stone with her own splendid Name.

† The *Queen of Scots Pillar*.

For

For *Scotland's* Queen, hirer by Art betray'd,  
And by false Friendship after *Captive* made,  
(As if she did nought but a *Dungeon* want  
T' express the utmost Rigour of *Refrain*)  
Coming to view this *Cave*, took so much Pains,  
For all the *Dump*, and Horror it contains,  
To penetrate so far, as to this Place,  
And seeing it, with her own Mouth to grace,  
As her *Non Ultra*, this now famous *Stone*,  
By naming, and declaring it her own;  
Which, ever since, so gloriously call'd,  
Has been, the *Queen of Scots* her *Pillar* call'd.

Illustrious *MARY*, it had happy been,  
Had you then found a *Cave* like this, to skreen  
Your Sacred Person from those *Frontier Spies*,  
That of a *Sov'reign Princess's* durst make Prize.  
When *Neptune* too officiously bore  
Your cred'ous Inn'cence to this faithless Shore.  
O *England!* once who hadst the only Fame  
Of being kind to all who hither came  
For Refuge and Protection; how couldst thou  
So strangely alter thy *Good Nature* now,  
Where there was so much Excellence to move,  
Not only thy *Compassion*, but thy *Love!*  
'Twas strange, on Earth, (save *Calidonian* Ground)  
So impudent a *Villain* could be found,  
Such *Majesty*, and *Sweetness* to accuse;  
Or after that, a *Judge* would not refuse  
Her Sentence to pronounce; or that being done,  
Ev'n 'mongst the *Bloody* it *Hangmen*, to find one  
Durst, tho' her Face was veil'd, and Neck laid down,  
Strike off the fairest Head ere wore a *Crown*.

And



And what *State-Policy* there might be here,  
Which does with Right too often interfere,  
I'm not to judge; yet thus far dare be bold,  
A fouler Act the *Sun* did ne'er behold;  
And 'twas the worst, if not the only *Stain*,  
I th' brightest *Annals* of a *Female* Reign.

Over the *Brook* you're now oblig'd to stride,  
And, on the left Hand, by this *Pillar's* side,  
To see new *Wonders*, tho' beyond this *S*-one,  
Unless you safe returns, you'll meet with none,  
And that, indeed, will be a kind of one:  
For from this Place, the Way does rise so steep,  
Craggy, and wet, that who all safe does keep,  
A stout and faithful *Genius* has, that will  
In *Hell's* black *Territories* guard him still,  
Yet to behold these vast prodigious Stones,  
None who has any kindness for his Bones,  
Will venture to climb up, tho' I did once;  
A certain Symptom of an empty Sconce:  
But many more have done the like since then,  
That now are wiser than to do't agen.  
Having swarm'd sev'n score Paces up, or more,  
On the right Hand, you find a kind of Floor,  
Which twining back, hangs o'er the Cave below,  
Where, thro' a Hole, your kind *Conductors* show  
A Candle left on purpose at the Brook,  
On which, with trembling *Horror*, whilst you look,  
You'll fancy't from that dreadful Precipice,  
A *Spark* ascending from the black *Abyss*,  
Returning to your *Road*, you thence must still  
Higher, and higher mount the dang'rous Hill,

Till

Till, at the last, dirty, and tir'd enough,  
Your giddy Heads do rouch the sparkling Roof,  
And now you here a while to pant may sit,  
To which *Advent'urers* have thought requir'd  
To add a *Bottle*, to express the *Love*  
They owe their *Friends* left in the *World* above.  
And here I too would sheath my weary'd Pen,  
Were I not bound to bring you back agen;  
You therefore must return, but with much more  
Delib'rate *Circumspection*, than before:  
Two *Hob-nail Peakrills*, one on either side,  
Your *Arms* supporting like a bashful *Bride*,  
Whilst a *Third* steps before, kindly to meet  
With his broad *Shoulders* your extended Feet,  
And thus from *Rock* to *Rock* they slide you down,  
Till to their *Footing* you may add your own:  
Which is at the great *Torrent*, roars below,  
From whence your *Guides* another *Candle* show  
Left in the *Hole* above, whole distant Light,  
Seems a *Star* peeping thro' a fallen Night.

You there with far less painful Steps, but yet  
More dang'rous still, the way you came repeat.  
Your *Peaks*-bred *Caveway* of rude Men and Boys,  
All the way hooting with that dreadful Noise,  
A Man would think it were the dismal Yell  
Of Souls tormented in the Flames of Hell;  
And I almost believ'd it, by the Face  
Our *Masters* give us of that unknown Place.  
But being conducted with this *Triumph* back,  
Before y'are yet permitted leave to take  
Of this *Infernal Mansion*, you must see  
Where *Master Pool* and his bold *Trombony*

O

Took



Took up their dark Apartments, which do lie  
 Over the narrow Pass you enter'd by;  
 Up an Ascent of easy mounting, where  
 They shew his Hall, his ParLOUR, Bed-chamber,  
 Withdrawing-Room, and Closet; and, to these,  
 His Kitchens, and his other Offices,  
 And all contriv'd to justify a Fable,  
 That may, indeed, pass with the ignorant Rabble,  
 And might serve him perhaps a Day, or so  
 When close pursu'd; but Men of Sense must know,  
 Who of the Place have took a serious View,  
 None but the Devil himself could live there Two.  
 And I half think your selves are glad to hear  
 Your own Deliverance, to be so near:  
 Then once more thro' the narrow Passage strain,  
 And you shall see the cheerful Day again;  
 When, after two Hours Darkn'd, you will say,  
 The Sun appears dress'd in a brighter Ray:  
 Thus after long Restraint, when once set free,  
 Men better taste the Air of Liberty.

Six hundred Paces hence, and Northward still,  
 On the Descent of such a little Hill,  
 As by the rest of greater Bulk, and Fame,  
 Environ'd round, scarcely deserves that Name,  
 A Crystal \* Fountain-Spring in healing Streams,  
 Hot (tho' close shaded from the Sun's warm Beams,  
 By a malicious Roof, that covers it  
 So close, as not his prying Eye t' admit

\* St. Ann's Well at the Buxtons, the 2d Hinder.

That

That elsewhere's privileg'd, here to behold  
 His beamy Face, and Locks of burning Gold,  
 In the most flatt'ring Mirror, that below  
 His Travel round the spacious Globe can show)  
 So fair a Nymph, and so supremely bright,  
 The teeming Earth, did never bring to light;  
 Nor does the rush into the World with Noise,  
 Like Neptune's ruder Sex of roaring Boys;  
 But boils and simmers up, as if the Heat  
 That warms her Waves, that Motion did beget.  
 But where's the Wonder? For it is well known,  
 Warm and clear Fountains in the Peake are none,  
 Which the whole Province thro' so abound,  
 Each Freeman almost has them in his Ground.  
 Take then the Wonder of this famous Place;  
 This tepid Fountain a Twin-Sister has,  
 Of the same Beauty and Complexion,  
 That, bubbling six Foot off, joins both in one;  
 But yet so cold withal, that who will stride  
 When Bathing, cross the Earth but half so wide,  
 Shall in one Body, which is strange, endure  
 At once an Ague and a Calenture.  
 Strange! that two Sisters springing up at once,  
 Should differ thus in Constitutions;  
 And would be stranger, could they be the same:  
 That Love should one half of the Heart inflame,  
 Whilst t'other, senseless of a Lover's Pain,  
 Freezes it self, and him in cold Disdain;  
 Or that a Naiade, having careless play'd  
 With some male wanton Streams, and fruitful Maid,  
 Should have her Silver Breasts at once to flow,  
 One with warm Milk, t'other with melted Snow.



Yet for the *Patient's* his more proper still,  
Fit to enflame the Blood is cold and chilly,  
And of the Blood t'allay the glowing Heat,  
Wild Youth, and yet wilder Desires beget:  
Hither the *sick*, and *Lame*, and *Barren* come,  
And hence go *healthful*, *sound*, and *fruitful* Home.  
*Bacrus's* in Beauty famous: But in this  
Much more, the *Pilgrim* never frustrate is,  
That comes to bright *St. Avo*, when he can get  
Nought but his Pains, from yellow \* *Somer's*.  
Nor is our *Saint*, tho' sweetly humble, shut  
Within coarse Walls of an indecent *Hut*;  
But in the Centre of a *Palace* springs  
A *Mansjon* proud enough for *Saxon* Kings;  
But by a *Lady* built, who Rich and Wife,  
Not only *Houses* rais'd, but *Families*,  
More, and more great than *England*, that does flow  
In *Loyal Papers*, can from one Fountain show.  
But, either thro' the Fault of th' *Architect*,  
The Workman's Ign'rance, *Knaw'ry*, or Neglect,  
Or thro' the searching Nature of the *Air*,  
Which almost always breathes in *Tempests* there;  
This *Structure*, which in Expectation shou'd  
Ages as many, as't has Years, have stood;  
Chink't and decay'd so dangerously fast,  
And near a *Ruin*, till it came at last,  
To be thought worth the Noble † *Owner's* Care,  
New to rebuild, what Art could not repair,  
As he has done, and like himself, of late  
Much more commodious, and of greater State.

\* Bath in *Somersetshire*.† *William* Earl of *Devonshire*.

North-

*North-East* from hence, three *Peak's* Miles at least,  
(Which, who once measures, will dread all the rest.)  
At th' Instep of just such another Hill,  
There creeps a Spring that makes a little || *Rill*,  
Which at first Sight to curious *Visitors*,  
So small and so contemptible appears,  
They'd think themselves abus'd, did they not stay  
To see wherein the Wonder of it lay.  
This Fountain is so very very small,  
Th' Observer hardly can perceive it crawl  
Thoro' the *Sedg*, which scarcely in their Beds  
Confess a Current by their waving Heads.  
*Ith'* Chinks thro' which it issues to the Day,  
It *flagrant* seems, and makes so little Way,  
That *Thistle-down* without a Breeze of Air,  
May lie at *Hall*, and be becalmed there;  
Which makes the wary *Owner* of the Ground,  
For his Herds use the tardy Waves impound,  
In a low *Cistern* of so final Content,  
As stops so little of the *Element*  
For so important use, that when the *Cap*  
Is fullest crown'd, a *Cow* may drink it up.  
Yet this so still, so very little Well,  
Which thus beheld, seems to contemptible,  
No less of real *Wonder* does comprize,  
Than any of the other *Rarities*:  
For now and then, a hollow murm'ring Sound,  
Being first heard remotely under Ground,  
The Spring immediately swells, and straight  
Boils up thro' several Pores to such a Height,

|| *Wedding-wall*, or *Tydes-well*, the third Wonder.

O 3

As,

As, overflowing soon the narrow *Sloar*,  
 Below does in a little *Torrent* roar.  
 Whills, near the Fountain-Mouth, the Water sings  
 Thoro' the secret *Conduits* of her Springs,  
 With such a Harmony of various Notes,  
 As *Grotto's* yield, thro' narrow brazen *Throats*,  
 When, by the Weight of higher Streams, the low'r.  
 Are upwards forc'd in an inverted Show'r.  
 Put the sweet *Musick's* short, three Minutes space  
 To highest *Mork* this *Ocean* does raise,  
 And half that Time retires the ebbing Waves,  
 To the dark Windings of their frigid *Caves*.

To seek invictigable *Causes* out,  
 Serves not to clear, but to increase a Doubt,  
 And where the best of *Nature's Spies* but grope,  
 For me, who worst can speculate, what Hope  
 To find the secret Cause of these strange *Tides*,  
 Which an impenetrable *Mountain* hides  
 From all, to view these *Miracles* that come,  
 In dark *Recesses* of her spacious Womb?  
 And \* *He* who is in *Nature* the best read,  
 Who the best Hand has to the wisest Head  
 Who best can *Think*, and best his *Thoughts* express,  
 Does but, perhaps, more rationally guess,  
 When he his Sense delivers of these *Things*,  
 And *Fancy* sends to search these unknown *Springs*.

He tells us first, these flowing Waters are  
 Too sweet, their *Fluxes* too irregular,

\* Mr. Hobbes.

To owe to *Neptune* these insatiable Turns;  
 Nor yet does *Phoebe* with her Silver Horns,  
 In these free-franchis'd, subterranean *Caves*  
 Push into crowded *Tides* the frighted Waves.  
 But that the *Spring*, swell'd by some smoking Show'r  
 That teeming Clouds on *Tollus* Surface pour,  
 Marches amain with a Confed'rate Force,  
 Until some straighter Passage in its Course  
 Stops the tumult'ous Throng, which pressing fast,  
 And forc'd on still to more precipitous Ha't  
 By the succeeding Streams, lies *Gargling* there,  
 Till in that narrow Throat, th' obstructed Air  
 Finding it self in too strict Limits pent,  
 Oppos'd so th' invading *Element*,  
 At first to make the half-choakt Gullet heave,  
 And then disgorge the Stream it can't receive.

Than this, of this *Peake-Wonder*, I believe,  
 None a more plausible Account can give.  
 Tho' here it might be said, if this were so,  
 It never would, but in wet Weather flow;  
 Yet in the greatest Droughts the Earth abides,  
 It never fails to yield less frequent *Tides*,  
 Which always clear, and unpolluted are,  
 And nothing of the *Wash* of *Tempest's* share.  
 But whether this a Wonder be, or no,  
 'Twill be one, Reader, if thou seest it flow:  
 For having been there ten times, for the nonce,  
 I never yet could see it flow but once,  
 And that the last time too, which made me there  
 Take my last leave on't, as I now do here.



Hence two Miles East, does a Fourth Wonder lie,  
 Worthy the greatest Curiosity,  
 Call'd \* *Elden-Hole*; but such a dreadful Place,  
 As will procure a tender Muse her Grace  
 In the Description, if the chance to fall,  
 When my *Hand* trembles, and, my *Cheeks* turn pale:  
 Betwixt a verdant *Mountain's* falling Flanks,  
 And within Bounds of easy swelling Banks,  
 Then hem the *Wonder* in on either side,  
 A formidable *Scissure* gapes so wide,  
 Steep, Black, and full of Horror, that who dare  
 Look down into the *Chasms*, and keeps his Hair  
 From lifting off his Hat, either has none,  
 Or for more modish Curls cashiers his own.  
 It were injurious, I must confess,  
 By mine to measure braver Courages:  
 But when I peep into't, I must declare,  
 My *Heart* still beats, and *Eyes* with Horror stare,  
 And he, that standing on the Brink of *Hell*,  
 Can carry it so unconcern'd, and well,  
 As to betray no Fear, is, certainly,  
 A better *Christian*, or a worse than I.

This yawning Mouth is thirty Paces long,  
 Scarce half so wide, within lin'd thro' with strong  
 Continuous Walls of solid perpend Stone:  
 A Gulf wide, steep, Black, and a dreadful one;  
 Which few, that come to see it, dare come near.  
 And the more daring still approach with Fear,

\* *Elden-Hole*, the Fourth Wonder.

Having

Having with Terror here beheld a Space,  
 The ghastly Aspect of this dang'rous Place;  
 Critical *Passengers* usually found,  
 How deep the threat'ning *Gulph* goes under-ground,  
 By tumbling down Stones fought throughout the Field,  
 As great as the officious *Boars* can wield,  
 Of which such *Millions* of *Tons* are thrown,  
 That in a *Country*; almost all of Stone,  
 About the *Plains* they something scarce are grown,  
 But being brought, down they're condemn'd to go,  
 When *Silence* being made, and Ears laid low,  
 The first's turn'd off, which, as it parts the Air,  
 A kind of *Sighing* makes, as if it were  
 Capable of that useless Passion, *Fear*:  
 Till the first Hit strikes the astonish'd Ear,  
 Like *Thunder* under-ground; thence it invades,  
 With louder *Thunders*, those *Tartarean* Shades,  
 Which groan forth *Horror*, at each *pond'rous* Stroke  
 Th'unnat'ral *Issue* gives the *Parents* Rock;  
 Whilst as it strikes, the Sound by turns we note,  
 When nearer *flat*, *sharper* when more remote,  
 As the hard Walls, on which it strikes, are found  
 Fit to reverberate the bell'wing Sound:  
 When, after falling long, it seems to hiss,  
 Like the Old *Serpent* in the dark *Abys*:  
 Till *Echo*, tir'd with posting, does refuse  
 To carry to th' inquisitive *Perdus*,  
 That couchant lye above, the trembling News,  
 And there ends our Intelligence; how far  
 It travels further, no one can declare;  
 Tho' if it rested here, the Place might well  
 Sure be accepted for a *Miracle*.

O f

Your

Your *Guide* to all these Wonders, never fails  
To entertain you with ridiculous Tales  
Of this strange Place, one of the *Geese* thrown in,  
Which out of *Peake's Bay* two Miles off, was seen  
Shell-naked fully, rifled of her Plume,  
By which a Man may lawfully presume,  
The Owner was a Woman grave, and wife,  
Could know her *Geese* again in that Disguise.

Another lying Tale the People tell,  
And without smiling of a pond'rous Bell,  
By a long Rope let down the *Pit* to sound;  
When many hundred Fathoms under Ground  
It flopt: But tho' they made their *Shouts* crack,  
All the Men there could not once move it back;  
Till, after some short Space, the plunder'd Line  
With scores of curious *Knots* made wondrous fine,  
Came up again with easy Motions,  
But for the jangling *Plummet*, that was gone.

But with these idle *Fables* feign'd of old,  
Some modern Truths, and sad ones too are told:  
One, of that mercenary *Fool* expos'd  
His Life for Gold, t'exploze what lies enclos'd  
In this obscure *Vacuity*, and tell  
Of stranger Sights than *Thesens* saw in Hell:  
But the poor *Wretch* paid for his Thirst of *Gain*:  
For being cran'd up with distemper'd Brain,  
A fault'ring Tongue, with a wild staring Look;  
(Whether by *Damps* not known, or *Haverr* strook)  
Now this Man was confederate with *Mischance*  
Gainst his own Life, his whole Inheritance,

Which

Which bates the Pity human Nature bears  
To poor involuntary *Sufferers*:  
But the sad Tale of his feverish Fate  
Whose Story's next, Compassion must create.  
He raving languish'd a few Days, and then  
Dy'd; peradventure to go down agen,  
In Savages and in the silent Deep,  
Make the hard Marble that destroy'd him, weep.

A *Stranger*, to this Day from whence not known,  
Travelling this wild Country all alone,  
And by the *Night* surpriz'd by *Dejiny*,  
(If such a Thing, and so unkind there be)  
Was guided to a *Village* near this Place,  
Where asking at a House, how far it was  
To such a *Town*, and being told so far;  
Will you my Friend; t' oblige a *Traveller*,  
Says the benighted *Stranger*, be so kind  
As to conduct me thither? you will bind  
My Gratitude for ever, and in Hand  
Shall presently receive what you'll demand.  
The *Fellow* hum'd, and haw'd, and scratch'd his *Fate*.  
And, to draw on good Wages, said, 'twas late,  
And grew so dark, that tho' he knew the way,  
He durst not be so confident, to say,  
He might not miss it in so dark a Night:  
But if his *Worship* would be pleas'd t' alight,  
And let him call a Friend, he made no doubt,  
But one of them would surely find it out.  
The *Traveller* well pleas'd, at any rate,  
To have so expert *Guides*, dismounted straight,  
Giving his Horse up to the treach'rous Slave,  
Who having hous'd him, forthwith fell to have

O 6

And



And poize the *Portmanteau*, which finding Freight  
At either End, with Lumps of tempting Weight,  
The *Devil* and *He* made out a short Dispute  
About the Thing they soon did execute:  
For calling t' other *Rogue*, who long had bin  
His 'Complice in succeeding Acts of Sin,  
He tells him of the *Price*, lets out the Gain,  
Shews how so secure and easy to obtain;  
Which prest so home, where was so little need,  
The *Stranger's* Ruin quickly was decreed.  
Thus to the poor *Prostrated*, the *Villains* go,  
And with joynd Confidence assure him so,  
That with his hap to meet such *Friends* content;  
He put himself into their *Hands*, and went.

The guilty *Night*, as if she would express  
Confederacy with such black Purposes,  
The sparkling *Hemisphere* had overspread  
With darkest Vapours from foul *Lerna* bred;  
The World was hush'd all, save a sighing Wind,  
That might have warn'd a more presaging *Mind*;  
When these two Sons of *Satan*, thus agreed,  
With seeming Warmth, and Care proceed,  
All the while mixing their amusing Chat  
With frequent Cautions of this Step, and that  
Till after that six hundred Paces gone,  
*Master*, here's but a sorry Grip, says one  
Of the damn'd *Rogues* (and he shew'd very right)  
*Pray*, for more Safety, Sir, be pleas'd t' alight,  
And let him lead your Horse a little Space,  
Till you are past this one uneven Place,  
You'll need t' alight no more, I'll warrant you;  
And still this Instrument of Hell said true.

Forth-

forthwith alights the innocent *Traveller*,  
One leads his Horse, the other takes his *Hand*  
And with a Shew of Care, conducts him thus  
To these deep Thresholds of black *Erebus*!  
And there (O Act of Horror, which out-view  
The direst of inhuman Cruelties!)  
Let me (my *Mus*) repeat it without Sin,  
The barb'rous *Villains* push him headlong in.  
The frighted Wretch having no time to speak,  
Fore'd his distended Throat in such a Skriek,  
As, by the Shriekness of the doleful Cry,  
Pierc'd thro', and thro' th' immense *Swainy*,  
Informing to the half-dead *Faller's* Ear,  
What he must suffer, what he had to fear;  
When, at the very first befending Knock,  
His trembling Brains smear'd the *Tarpian* Rock,  
The flatter'd Carcass downward rattles fast,  
Whilst thence dismiss'd, the Soul with greater Hast  
From those Infernal Mansions does remove,  
And mounts to seek the happy Seats above.  
What Bloody *Arab* of the feeblest Breed,  
What, but the yet more fell *—* Seed,  
Could once have meditated such a *Deed*?  
Put one of these *Heav'n's* Vengeance did ere long  
Call to Account for this poor Creature's Wrong;  
Who, hang'd for other Crimes, amongst the rest,  
This horrid Murther at his Death coasted:  
Whilst t' other *Rogue*, to *Justice* foul Disgrace,  
Yet lives, 'tis said, unquestion'd near the Place.  
How deep this *Gulph* does travel under-ground,  
Tho' there have been Attempts, was never found:  
But I my self, with half the *Peak* surrounded,  
Eight hundred fourscore and four Yards have founded.

And



And, tho' of these *fourcore* return'd back wet,  
The *Plummet* drew, and found no Bottom yet:  
Tho' when I went again another Day,  
To make a farther and a new Essay,  
I could not get the *Lead* down half the way.

Enough of *Hell!* From hence you forward ride,  
Still mounting up the *Mountain's* groaning Side,  
Till having gain'd the utmost Height, your Eye  
*North-ward* a Mile, a \* higher does deicry,  
And steeper much, tho' from that Prospect green,  
With a black, moorish Valley stretcht between.  
Unlike in Stature, and in Substance, this  
To the *South-East* is a great Precipice,  
Not of firm Rock, like the rest here that shroud  
Their low'ring *Summits* in a dewy Cloud;  
But of a shaly Earth, that from the Crown  
With a continual Motion smouldring down,  
Spawns a leis *Hill* of looser Mould below,  
Which will in time tall as the Mother grow,  
And must perpetuate the *Wonder* so.  
Which *Wonder* is, that tho' this Hill ne'er cease  
To waste it self, it suffers no Decrease:  
But 'twould a greater be, if those that pass  
Should miss the *Atoms* of so vast a *Mass*:  
Tho' *Neighbours*, if they nearer would enquire,  
Must needs perceive the piling *Cliff* retire:  
And the most curiosey Beholder may  
Visibly see a manifest Decay,

\* *Mam Tor*, the fifth Wonder.

By

By jutting Stones, that, by the Earth left bare,  
Hang on the trip, suspended in the Air.  
This haughty Mountain by indulgent *Fame*  
Prefer'd to *Wonder*, *MAM-TOR* has to Name,  
For in that Country *Jargon's* uncouth Sense  
Expressing any craggy Eminence,  
From *Tow'r*: But then, why *Mam*, I can't surmise,  
Unless because *Mother* to that, does rise  
Out of her Ruins: Better then to speak,  
It might be call'd *Phoenix* of the *Peake*:  
For when this *Mountain* by long *Wasting's* gone,  
Her *Askes* will, and not till then be one.  
Which ere I quit, I must beg leave to tell  
One Story only of this *Miracle*.

Of late, a Country-Fellow, it seems, one  
Who had more Courage than Discretion;  
Untempted, or by *Wager*, or by *Pike*,  
And obstinately deaf to all Advice,  
Would needs attempt to climb this Precipice.  
Thus then resolv'd, th' *Encladus* sets out,  
With a Peak-heart *Heaven* defying, stout,  
A daring Look, and vast *Colossian* Strides,  
To stoem the *frowning Mountain's* mouldring Sides,  
Wherein the first Steps of th' *Adventurer's* Proof,  
Were easy and encouraging enough,  
Scarce *Pent-house's* steep, and ev'ry Step bid brand  
Assured Footing in the yielding Sand;  
And higher, tho' much steeper; yet the Hill,  
By leaning backward, gave him Footing still;  
Tho' still more tickle, and unsafe, as higher  
The hare-brain'd Fool did in's Attempt aspire.  
But being arriv'd to the stupendous Place  
Where the *Cliff's* Beetle-brows o'erlook his *Dash*,

The



The jutting Front with threat'ning Ruin there  
 Bad stand unto the bold *Adventurer*.  
 Then from that sup'ring Height, too late,  
 Th' alonist Wretch saw his approaching Fate:  
 Thence first he downward cast his woeful Eyes,  
 Sadly to view the dang'rous Precipice,  
 Which the bold Stormer with such Horror strook,  
 As all his Limbs with a cold Trembling shook  
 With so unseasonable an Ague-Fit,  
 That Hands and Feet are ready hold to quit,  
 And to the Fool their Master's Fate submit.  
 How to advance a Step he could not tell,  
 And to defend was as impossible:  
 But thus environed with black Despair,  
 He hung suspended in the liquid Air.  
 He then would fain have pray'd; But *Autobers* say,  
 Few of the *Province* gifted are that way,  
 And that to swear, curse, slander and forswear  
 More nat'ral is to your *Peake-Highlander*;  
 Tho' there are many vertuous People there.  
 But be it how it will, the Fellow hung  
 On stretch'd-out Sinews so exceeding long,  
 Till ready to drop off, Necessary  
 Bad mount, and live; or else fall down, and die,  
 With last Effort he upward then gan crawl,  
 To rise, or from a nobler Height to fall;  
 And as he forward strove, began to try  
 This, and that hanging Stone's Stability,  
 To prove their Firmness, and to feel what hold  
 The *Earth-bound* Ends hid in the crumbling *Mold*,  
 Some of which hanging *Tables*, as he still  
 Made further Progress up the tickling Hill,

He

He found so loose, they threatned as he went,  
 To sweep him off, and be his *Monument*.  
 But 'tis most certain, that some other End,  
 In *Fate's* dark *Leaves*, for the rash Fool is pend,  
 Not by a Fall so noble, and so high,  
 Tho' by a Slip, perhaps, 'twixt *Earth* and Sky:  
 For, to th' *Spectators* Wonder, and his own,  
 He panting gain'd at last the Mountain's Crown.

Hence an uneven Mile below, in Sight  
 Of this strange *Cliff*, and almost opposite,  
 Lies *Cassleton*, a Place of noted Fame,  
 Which from the *Castle* there drives it Name.  
 Ent'ring the *Village* presently y'are met  
 With a clear, swift and murm'ring *Rivulet*,  
 Towards whose *Source*, if up the Stream you look  
 On your right Hand close by, your Eye is struck  
 With a stupendous Rock, raising so high  
 His craggy *Temples* tow'rd's the Azure Sky,  
 That if we this should with the rest compare,  
 They *Hills*, *Mole-hills*, *Warts*, and *Pebbles* are.  
 This, as if King of all the *Mountains* round,  
 Is on the Top with an old *Tower* crown'd,  
 An *Antick* Thing, fit to make People stare;  
 But of no Use, either in Peace, or War.  
 Under this *Castle* yawns a dreadful \* *Cave*,  
 Whose Sight may well astonish the most Brave,  
 And make him pause, ere further he proceed  
 To explore what in those gloomy Vaults he hid.  
 The *Brook*, which from one mighty *Spring* does flow,  
 Thro' a deep stony Channel runs below,

\* *Peake's Ark*, the Sixth Wonder.

Whila

Whilt o'er a Path level, and broad enough  
 For human Feet, or for the armed Hoof,  
 Above you, and below, all Precipice,  
 You still advance towards the Court of DIS.  
 Over this Caufy as you forward go,  
 On your right Hand, crofs the deep Courie below,  
 You fee the Fountain's long imprifon'd Streams  
 Leap out to wanton in the Sun's warm Beams.  
 There thro' a Marble-Pipe fome two Foot wide,  
 And deeper than a Pike's length can decide,  
 Sick of long wandring in thofe envious Caves,  
 She here difgorges her tumult'ous Waves  
 With fuch a Force, that if you coit a Stone,  
 Any thing flat, altho' a heavy one,  
 Tho' the Fall make it fink, it will remain,  
 Like Squamifh Patients, throw it up again,  
 As a pale Leaf, kill'd by the Winter's Frown;  
 Nor, till it gain an Edge, receive it down.  
 So that it feems by the ftrange Force it has,  
 Rifing from fuch a pond'rous Mountain's Bafe,  
 As if preft down with the great Weight, it thence  
 Deriv'd this fupernatral Violence.

Above the Spring, the Channel goes up fill,  
 Dry now; but which the Cave does fometimes fill  
 With fuch a roaring, and high fwelling Tide,  
 The tall'eft Firft-rate-Frigate there may ride.  
 Now to the Cave we come, wherein is found  
 A new ftrange Thing, a Village under Ground;  
 Houfes, and Barns for Men, and Beasts behoof.  
 With diftinct Walls, under one foild Roof.  
 Stacks both of Hay, and Turf, which yield a Scent,  
 Can only fume from Satan's Fundament;

For

For this black Cave lives in the Voice of Fame  
 To the fame Senfe by a yet coarfer Name.

The Subterranean People ready ftand,  
 A Candle each, moft two in either Hand,  
 To guide, who are to penetrate inclin'd,  
 The Ineffimum Rectum of the Fiend.  
 Thus, by a blinking and promifcuous Light,  
 We now begin to travel into Night,  
 Hoping, indeed, to fee the Sun agen;  
 Tho' none of us can tell, or how, or when.  
 Now in your way, a foft Defcent you meet,  
 Where the Sand takes th' Impreffion of your Feet,  
 And which ere many Yards you meaiur'd have,  
 Brings you into the Level of the Cave.  
 Some Paces hence the Roof comes down fo low,  
 The humbleft Statures are compell'd to bow,  
 Firft low, then lower; till at laft we go  
 On four Feet now, who walk but now on two;  
 Then ftraight it lets you upright rife, and then  
 Force you to ftoop down, and to creep agen;  
 Till to a filent Brook at laft you come,  
 Whole limpid Waves dart Rays about the Room:  
 But there the Rock its Bofom bows fo low,  
 That few Adventurers further prefs to go;  
 Yet we muft thro', or elfe how can we give  
 Of this ftrange Place a perfect Narrative?  
 But how's the Queftion: For the Water's deep,  
 The Bottom dipping, flippery, and fteep;  
 Where if you flipe, in ill Hour you came hither.  
 You fhoot under a Rock the Lord knows whither.  
 Then 'tis twelve Paces broad, to that fo low  
 The Rock does tow'nds the Water's Surface bow,

That



That who will pass, in double Danger's bound;  
 Rising he breaks his Skull, he's stooping drown'd.  
 Thrice I the *Pass* attempted with Despair,  
 And thrice I did ingloriously retire;  
 Till Shame did that my Courage fail'd to do,  
 And maugre Difficulties, forc'd me thro',  
 As my Foot chockt upon the further Shoar,  
 My Heart began to rise, was sunk before,  
 And as soon felt a new Access of Pain,  
 Now I was here, how to get back again.  
 And with good Cause; for if (as sometimes here  
 By Mounts of Sand, which it does appear  
 A rapid Current navigably deep,  
 The Sides and Bottom of the *Cave* does sweep)  
 There now should the least *Rill* of Water come  
 To fill the fore-nam'd very little Room,  
 And higher should, but poor six Inches, swell,  
 'Twould render all *Retreat* impossible.  
 But that *Thought* comes too late; and they who take  
 A *Voyage* once over the *Syzyian* Lake  
 (Where Souls for ever us'dly remain)  
 Have better Luck, if they return again.

Being o'er this dang'rous *Pass*, above us now  
 Are high-roof'd *Vaults*: Oh, for a *Golden Bough*  
 To charm the *Trains* of that infernal *God*  
 Who in these *Caverns* makes his dark Abode!  
 The *Cave* is here not only high, but wide,  
 Stretching it self so far from Side to Side,  
 As if (pass these *blind Creeks*) we now were come  
 Into the Hollow of the Mountain's *Womb*,  
 The stately Walls of differing *Fabrick* are,  
 One sloping, & other perpendicular.

I *Fabrick* say, because on the right Hand,  
 If you will climb the *Acherontick* Strand,  
 A curious *Portal* greets the wondering Eye,  
 Where *Architecture's* chiefest *Symmetry*  
 Is ev'ry where observ'd, and serves to show  
 The poor \* *Design* above to this below.  
 Two *Tuscan Columns* jutting from the Wall,  
 With each his proper *Base*, and *Capital*,  
 Support a well-turn'd *Arch*, and of one Piece,  
 With all its *Mouldings*, *Frieze* and *Coronice*.  
 Oh! who that sees these Things, but must reflect  
 With Wonder on th' Almighty *Architect*,  
 Whose Works all human *Art* so far excell?  
 For, doubtless, he that *Heaven* made, made *Hill*.  
 This leads into a handsome Room, wherein  
 A *Bay* stands with Waters *Crystalline*,  
 To welcome such, as once, at least, shall grace,  
 With unknown Light this solitary *Place*.  
 On this Side many more small *Grotto's* are,  
 Which, were the first away, would all seem rare;  
 But that once seen, we may the rest pass by,  
 As hardly worth our Curiosity.  
 But we must back, ere we can forward go,  
 Into the *Channel* we forsook below;  
 Thro' which the rugged *Pass* does only lie  
 To a further, and compleat *Discovery*.  
 Being return'd, we now again proceed  
 Thoro' a *Vale* that's filebeous indeed;  
 Squeezing our Guts, bruising our Flesh and Bones  
 To thrust betwixt massy, and pointed Stones,

\* The *Castle* over it.

Some three, some four, and others five Foot high,  
 Puffing and sweating in our Industry:  
 Till after three, or fourscore Paces more,  
 We reach the second *River's* marble Shore,  
 Four times as broad, as that we pass before.  
 The *Water's Margin* here goes down so steep,  
 That at first Step you chop in Middle-deep;  
 But, tho' the Way be cumbersome and rough,  
 'Tis no where more, and fordable enough.  
 This, as the other, clear, differs in this,  
 The Bottom is of Sand, this Stony is;  
 And here withal the Water is so strong,  
 That as you raise one Foot to move along,  
 Without good heed, you will have much ado  
 To fix the other Foot from rising too,  
 And yet there is no Current here, nor Spring  
 T' occasion such an unexpected Thing:  
 For tho' the *Country-People* are so wise  
 To call these *Rivers*, they're but *Stagnancies*  
 Left by the Flood; which, when retir'd again,  
 The *Cave* does in her hollow *Lap* retain.  
 As here thro' *cobling Stones* we stumbling wade,  
 The narrow *Cave* casts such a dreadful Shade,  
 That being thence unable to discover  
 With all our Light, how far the *Lake* was over,  
 We made a Halt, and, as the rest desir'd,  
 I now half-willing was, to have retir'd;  
 And had not *Revelation* then slept in,  
 The great *Adventure* had not finish'd bin.  
 But o'er we got, and from our Cloaths there rain'd  
 A welcom Show'r upon the thirsty Sand,  
 Of which we here vast Mountains saw, by *Sens*  
 Of *Torrents* waite from distant *Provinces*;

For

For the hard Ribs of the *Cave's* native Stone  
 So solid is, that that I'm sure yields none.  
 Over these *Hills* we forward still contend,  
 Wishing and longing for our Journey's end,  
 Till now again we saw the *Rock* descend,  
 Forming a Roof so even, smooth, and sleek,  
 Without, or Crack, or Seam, or Chink, or Nick,  
 Some twenty Paces long, and ten Foot high,  
 As the *Mechanic Trowel* may defy,  
 T' th' midst of which a *Cayola* does rise,  
 (As if to crown the other Rarities)  
 In th' exact Hollow of a weighty *Bell*,  
 Which does in Beauty very much excell  
 All I e'er saw before, excepting none,  
 Tho' I have been at *Lincoln*, and at *Rease*.  
 Just beyond this a purling *Rill* we meet,  
 Which tho' scarce deep enough to wet our Feet,  
 Had they been dry, must be a *River* too,  
 And has more Title than the other two;  
 Because this runs, which neither of them do.  
 Tho' ev'ry *Keuel* that we see does pour  
 More lib'ral Streams in ev'ry *Thunder-show'r*.  
 Just where 'tis met, as if to smother the Light,  
 It under Ground vanishes out of Sight;  
 We take the obvious Stream to be our *Guide*,  
*Sand-Hills*, and *Rocks* by turns on either Side,  
 Plashing thro' *Water*, and thro' slabby *Sand*,  
 Till a vast *Sand-Hill* once more bids us stand:  
 For here again, who'er shall try, will know,  
 The hum'rous *Rock* descends so very low,  
 That the swollen Floods when they in Fury rave,  
 Throw up this *Mountain*, that almost chokes the *Cave*.  
 Where,

Where, tho' the *Brook* offer'd to guide us still  
Thro' a blind *Creek* o'th' right Hand of this *Hill*;  
We thought it not Prudence to follow it,  
Unlikely, we conceiv'd, our *Bulks* t' admit:  
But storm'd the *Hill*, which rising fast and steep  
So near the Rock, we on all four must creep  
It on the other Side as fast does dip;  
And to reward us for that mighty Pain,  
Brought us unto our little *Nymph* again.  
Which we some Paces follow'd still, when there  
A sudden Noise striking th' astonish'd Ear,  
We neither could guess *what*, nor tell from *whence*,  
Struck us into Amazement, and Suspence.  
We stood all mute, and palled with the Sight;  
A Paleness so increas'd by paler Light,  
That ev'ry Wand a *Caduce* did appear,  
As we a *Caravan* of dead Folks were:  
But really so terrible a Sound,  
Sure, ne'er was heard above, or under-ground.  
To which the Difficulties we had had,  
And Horror of the Place did so much add,  
That it was long before a Word came out,  
To ask a Question, or resolve a Doubt.  
But, by some one, the Silence being broke,  
We all together in Confusion spake:  
But all *cross-purpose*, not a Word of Sense,  
Either to get or give Intelligence.  
So when a tall, and richly laden Ship,  
Ploughing the Sea with all her Sails a-trip,  
Suddenly strikes upon some unseen Rock,  
Her Seams laid open by the pond'rous Shock,  
The *Passengers*, and *Seamen* tear their Throats  
In confus'd Cries, and undistinguis'd Notes.

Some

Some thought a Flood was just now breaking in,  
Some that *Pyraecmon* had at th' Anvil bin,  
With *Bronzes*, forging *Thunderbolts* for *JOYE*,  
O: for some *Hero* Arms th' World above;  
Some said, it *Thunder'd*; others this, and that,  
Ev'ry one fear'd, but not a Man knew what.  
Till at the last, a little calmer grown,  
Again we list'ned, then spake one by one;  
Began to think and temperately debate,  
What we were best to do in this Estate.  
The major *Vote* was, quickly to retire,  
Which also thosé oppos'd it, did desire;  
Tho' in the end we all agreed to see  
What the *great Cause* of this *strange Noise* might be:  
Nor were we long in doubt; For ere we had  
But twenty Paces further Progress made,  
Before our Eyes we saw it plain appear,  
And then were out of *Countenance* at our *Fear*.  
On the right Hand our open Passage lies,  
Where once again the Roof does sloping rise  
In a steep, craggy, and a lubrick Shore,  
As high, at least, as any where before;  
Where from the very top of all the *Hill*,  
A murmur'ing Fountain does her Streams distil;  
Which thence descending with a headlong *Wave*,  
Roars in remoter Windings of the *Cave*;  
Tho' here it does in gentle Whispers brawl  
Thro' little Stones, and is scarce heard at all.  
The *Water* falling down so silent here;  
And roaring louder than the *Thunderer*,  
At a remoter Distance seems, as if  
The *Crystal Stream*, that trickles from the *Cliff*,

Wee



Were a *Catarb*, that falling from the Brain  
Upon his leathern Lungs, did thus constrain  
The *Finn* to cough so very loud, and rear  
His *Marble Throat*, and fright th' *Adventurer*.  
But if this liquid Cave does any where  
Deserve the Title of a *Grot*, 'tis here:  
For here, as from her *Urn*, the *Nymph* does pour,  
The Water breaks on Rocks in such a Show'r,  
Sparkling quite round the Place, as made us doubt,  
'Twould hazard spitting all our *Cavities* out;  
Which had it happen'd so, we fairly might  
Have bid unto the World a long good Night:  
Wherefore it did concern us to make haste,  
And thus we have the third fam'd *River* past.

Up the old *Channel* still we forward tend,  
Wondring, and longing when our *Search* should end;  
For we are all grown weary of the Night,  
And wond' to see the long-forsaken Light,  
And, *Reader*, now the happy Time draws near,  
To end your Trouble, as it did our Fear:  
For many Paces more we had not gone,  
Before we came to a large Vault of Stone,  
Curiously arch'd, and wall'd on either side,  
Some thirty Paces long, and thirteen wide,  
Scarce ten Foot high, which does cleave the Place  
Unhappily of due *Proportion's* Grace.  
This full of Water stands, but yet so clear,  
'That thoro' it the Bottom does appear  
So smooth, and even laid with glitt'ring Sand,  
'That the most tim'rous will not make a Stand,  
But boldly steps into't to see the End  
To which all these so strange *Meanders* tend:

The

The first Step's Ankle-deep, the next may be  
To the Mid-leg, and no where past the Knee,  
Saving, that at the very End of all,  
Where the *Rock* meets us with an even Wall.  
Under the Foot, and in the midst of it,  
There is a pretty Semi-circ'lar Pit,  
About some four Foot wide, and six Foot deep,  
Which underneath the *Basis* dipping steep,  
And the impending *Rock*, at least, three Foot,  
Descending with a sharp round *Peak* into't,  
Shuts up the Cave, and, with our own Desire  
Kindly complying, bids us to retire.  
Nor did we there make any longer Stay,  
Than only stooping with our Sticks 'easily,  
If pottering this, and that way, we could find  
How deep it went, or which way it did wind.  
Tho' 'twas in vain: For the low bended *Rock*  
Did those ridiculous Endeavours mock.  
This the fourth *River* is, altho' of more  
Than three, and one unfordable, before  
None ever heard: and if a further Shore  
Belong to this, none ever past it o'er;  
Nothing with Legs, and Arms can come unto't,  
They must be *Fans*, and 'tis a *Fish* must do't.  
But I am well assur'd, none ever was  
Till now so far in this unwholsom Place;  
From whence with *Falls* and *Knocks*, tho' almost lame,  
We faster much retreated, than we came;  
And meas'ring it, as we return'd again,  
Found it five hundred Paces by the *Chain*.  
We now once more behold the cheerful *Sun*,  
An one would think, 'twere time we here had done.

P a

But





But ere I go, I must one Story tell  
Concerns the Place; so great a *Miracle*,  
As can't omitted be without Offence,  
It being an Effect of *Providence*.

The *Tow'r* that stands on tip-toe in the Air,  
And o'er the Channel perpendicular,  
Is on a Hill by't self, tho' not so high  
By infinite Degrees, as one clofe by,  
A narrow *Valley* interpos'd between:  
But this is all a *Crag*, the other green.  
On ev'ry Side from this old *Castle* down,  
Is perfect *Cliff*, except towards the Town;  
Where the *Alcent* is steep, but in the Rock,  
Forc'd by the pond'rous *Hammer's conqu'ring Strawk*,  
A winding Way from the rough *Mountain's Foot*,  
Was made the only *Avenue* unto't.  
Tis true, that juſt over the *Cave*, the *Hill*  
In an extended *Ridge* continues ſtill:  
But to ſo ſmall a *Neck's* contract'd there,  
The *Tow'rs* blocks the *Paſs* up with one *ſquare*:  
And yet at once there has a *Paſſage* been  
Into the *For* this way is to be ſeen,  
By Ribbs of *Arches* ſtanding of Free-ſtone,  
On which a *Bridge* has formerly been thrown,  
Over a *Graff* parts the Hill's *double Crown*:  
But if by *Art*, or *Nature* made, not known,  
For it with *Ducks* and *Thiſtles* is o'ergrown,  
On one Hand of this *Bridge*, a *Cliff* doth fall  
O'er the *Cave's* Mouth, ſteep as a *perpend* Wall;  
On t'other Hand one very near as ſteep  
Looks down into the *Vale*, but not ſo deep;

For I am moſt aſſur'd, that we did go  
Under the *Vale* when in the *Caves* below;  
And the whole Diſtance not twelve Paces  
Betwixt the one, and t'other *Precipice*.  
This *Valley* (which by the \* *Cave's*-way is known)  
Is one of the chief *Paſſes* to the *Town*,  
And where it more remotely does beg'n  
Gently to *dimple* theſe two Hills between,  
Falls with ſo eaſy a *Deſcent*, as ne'er  
Could trouble the moſt *Southern Traveller*:  
But that o'er-ſliffe, his Neck muſt dearly pay  
The *Riſhneſs*, if he will attempt that way;

A *Country-fellow* ſome Year ſince, who was  
Nothing a *Stranger* to the tickle *Paſs*,  
Be'ng by his *Maſter* ſent ſome Friends to guide  
O'er thoſe wild *Mountains* of the *Foreſt* wide,  
By them was ſo rewarded, as to make  
Him, who had guided them, his way miſtake:  
For coming back; when *Night* the *Day* had cloſ'd,  
Careleſs, and drunk enough, may be ſuppos'd.  
He learn'dly the *Paſs* did overſhoot,  
Thinking he was not yet arriv'd unto't:  
But trotted on along the *Mountain's Ridge*,  
Until he came almoſt unto the *Bridge*  
Cloſe by the *Tow'r*, which tho' it could not be  
Thirty Yards off, it ſeems, he could not ſee;  
To that degree, either the *Miſts* or *Night*,  
Or his *Poſition*, did obſtruct his Sight.

\* The Valley on the back-ſide of the *Caſtle*, call'd the  
*Cave*, and the *Cave's*-way.



But here he thought to turn into the Vale,  
 Altho' his *Mare*, who having had no *Ale*,  
 Was unto both their *Safeties* more awake.  
 At first refus'd the dangerous Step to take;  
 Like unro peevish *Balaam's* faithful *Ass*,  
 Who more clear-sighted than the *Prophet* was,  
 Proving his *Rider* so, for once, at least,  
 If not the greater *Ass*, the greater *Beast*:  
 But being spur'd up to the Place again,  
 Angry, it kems, her Counsel was not ta'en,  
 She took a greater Leap, against her Will,  
 Than *Pegasus* from t'other *Lib-top* Hill,  
 With all th' Advantage that he had of *Wing*,  
 When from his *Pinch* started the *Poet's Spring*;  
 And from the *giddy Height*, the *Lord* knew whither,  
 Down with a *Veng'ance* they both went together,  
 Where they did part, himself could ne'er declare,  
 If on some *Ras* by th' way, or in the *Air*:  
 But at the Bottom he was left for dead,  
 With a good *Memoirandum* on his Head,  
 That hy'd him so asleep, he did not wake  
 Till with the Cold his Bones began to ake:  
 And then he stirr'd, rowling his heavy Eye  
 Towards the *Pauls* of the enamell'd Sky,  
 Which now thick set with sparkling *Stars* he sees,  
 That but of late had been no *Friends* of his;  
 And, by the Favour of the twinkling Light,  
 The *Castle* too appear'd above in Sight;  
 By which he faintly recollected where  
 His *Worship* was, tho' not how he came there:  
 But this small Sense did opportunely come  
 To help him make a shift to stumble Home.

Thither

Thither he comes, and knocking at the Door  
 (Tho' not so hard as he was knockt before)  
 His Master hears at first, and cries, *Who's there?*  
*Why* (poorly cries the other) *I am here.*  
 Up starts the Master straight, and lets him in;  
*Th' Name of God* (quoth he) *where hast thou bin,*  
*That thou'rt thus late!* To which the wife Reply  
 Was this, *Nay, Master, what the Deel know I!*  
*But somewhere I have had a lugeous Faw*  
*I'm sure o' that; and, Master, that's meet aw.*  
 A Candle then was lighted, when his Sconce  
 Did represent *Raw-head*, and *Bloody-Loves.*  
*A lugeous fall indeed*, the Master said,  
*Thy very Looks would make a Man afraid;*  
*Thou hast drunk deep thy Hogs-head on the tile,*  
*But where's my Mare!* No matter where, *too's ill*,  
 Replies the Man, *Th' Morning's send, and see,*  
*The Devil's Pow'r go with these Tarrs for me.*  
 His Dame was call'd, and he soon got to Bed,  
 Where she did wash, and dress his great *Calves head*  
 So well, that in the Morning 'twas his care  
 To go, and stea, not to fetch home his *Mare*:  
 But she had thar'd his Fortune, and was found  
 Grazing within the Valley safe and sound,  
 Sans Hurt, or Blemish, save a little Strip  
 Of Hair and Skin rippled upon her Hip.  
 The Hat, Saddle, and Cloth, denoted well,  
 As they were scatter'd, found just where they fell.  
 And yet, as oft as I the Place do view,  
 I scarce believe, altho' I know this true:  
 But who's'er shall happen to come there,  
 Will not reprove what I've deliver'd here;

P 4

Since

Since with his Eyes he may the Place behold,  
And hear this Truth affirm'd that I have told.

*Southward* from hence ten Miles, where *Durwest* lavoe  
His broken Shores with never-clearing Waves,  
There stands a stately, and stupendous \* *Pile*  
Like the proud *Regent* of the *British* Isle,  
Shedding her Beams over the barren Vale,  
Which else bleak *Winds*, and nipping *Frosts* assail  
With such perpetual *War*, there would appear  
Nothing but *Winter*, ten Months of the Year.

This *Palace*, with wild Prospects girded round,  
Stands in the middle of a falling Ground,  
At a black *Mountain's* Foot, whose craggy *Brow*  
Secures from *Eastern* *Tempests* all below,  
Under whose shelter *Trees* and *Flowers* grow,  
With early *Blossoms*, msugre native *Sonns*,  
Which elsewhere round a *Tyranny* maintain,  
And binds cramped *Nature* long in *Crystal* *Chairs*.  
The *Fabrick's* noble Front faces the *East*,  
Turning her fair broad Shoulders to the *East*;  
On the *South-side* the stately *Gardens* lie,  
Where the scorn'd *Peake* rivals proud *Italy*.  
And on the *North* several inferior *Islets*  
For servile use scatter'd, do lie in Spots.

The outward *Gate* stands near enough to look  
Her *Oval* Front in the objected *Brook*;

\* *Chatsworth*, the *Seventh* *Wonder*.

But

But that she has better Reflection  
From a large *Mirror* nearer of her own;  
For a fair *Lake*, from *Wast* of *Floods* unmixt,  
Before it lies in *Area* spread betwixt,  
Over this *Fond*, opposite to the *Gate*  
A *Bridge* of a quaint Structure, Strength and State,  
Invites you to pass over it, where dry  
You trample may on Shoals of wanton *Fry*,  
With which those breeding *Waters* do abound,  
And better *Carps* are no where to be found.  
A *Tow'r* of *Antique* *Model* the *Bridge* too't  
From the *Peake-rabble* does securely shut,  
Which by *Stone*-stairs, delivers you below  
Into the sweetest *Walks* the *World* can show.  
There *Wood* and *Water*, *Sun* and *Shade* contend,  
Which shall the most delight, and most befriend;  
There *Grass* and *Gravel* in one Path you meet,  
For *Ladies* tend'rer, and *Mens* harder Feet.  
Here into open *Lakes* the *Sun* may pry,  
A *Privilege* the closer *Groves* deny;  
Or, if confed'rate *Winds* do make them yield,  
He then but chequers what he cannot gi'd.  
The *Fonds*, which here in double Order shine,  
Are some of them so large, and all so fine,  
That *Neptune* in his *Progress* once did please  
To frolick in these *Artificial* *Seas*;  
Of which a noble *Moument* we find,  
His Royal *Chair* left, it seems, behind;  
Whose *Wheels* and *Body* moor'd up with a *Chain*,  
Like *Drake's* old *Hulk* at *Deptford*, still remain.  
No Place on *Earth* was ere discover'd yet,  
For *Contemplation*, or *Delight* so fit,

P 5

The

The Groves, whose curled Brows shade ev'ry Lake,  
 Do ev'ry where such waving Landkips make,  
 As Painters baffled Art is far above,  
 Who Waves, and Leaves could never yet make move.  
 Hither the warbling People of the Air  
 From their remoter Colonies repair,  
 And in the Shades, now setting up their Nests,  
 Like *Cæsar's Swifs*, burn their old native Nests,  
 The *Muses* to perch on the bending Sprays,  
 And in the thickets chant their charming Lays:  
 No wonder then, if the \* *Heroick Song*  
 That here took Birth, and Voice do flourish long.

To view from hence the glittering Pile above,  
 (Which must at once Wonder create and Love)  
 Environ'd round with Nature's Shames, and Ills,  
 Black Heaths, wild Rocks, bleak Craggs, and naked Hills,  
 And the whole Prospect so inform, and rude,  
 Who is it, but must presently conclude,  
 That this is *Paradise*, which scated stands  
 In midst of *Deserts*, and of barren *Sands* ?  
 So a bright *Diamond* would look, if set  
 In a vile *Socket* of ignoble *Jets*,  
 And such a Face the new-born *Nature* took,  
 When out of *Chaos* by the *Fiat* struck.  
 Doubtless, if any where, there never yet  
 So brave a *Structure* on such Ground was set,  
 Which, sure, the *Foundress* built, to reconcile  
 This to the other Members of the *Isth*,

\* M. Hobbs de *Lir. Pœ.*

And

And would therein, first her own *Grandeur* show,  
 And then what *Art* could, spite of *Nature*, do.

But let me lead you in, 'tis worth the Pains  
 To examine what this Princely House contains;  
 Which, if without so glorious to be seen,  
 Honour and Virtue, make it shine within  
 The fore-nam'd *Outward Gate* then leads into  
 A spacious *Court*, whence open to the View  
 The noble *Front*, of the whole *Edifice*,  
 In a surprizing Height, is seen to rise.  
 Ev'n with the *Gate-house*, upon either Hand  
 A neat square *Turret* in the Corners stand,  
 On each Side *Plates* of ever springing Green,  
 With an ascending *Pavio-Walk* between,  
 In the green *Plat* which on the Right-hand lies,  
 A *Fountain* of strange Structure high doth rise,  
 Upon whose slender Top, there is a vault,  
 I'd almost said, prodigious *Bayow* plac't;  
 And, without doubt, the *Model* of this Piece  
 Came forth some other *Place*, than *Rome* or *Greece*.  
 For such a *Sea* suspended in the Air,  
 I never saw in any Place, but there;  
 Which should it break, or fall, I doubt, we should  
 Begin to reckon from the second *Flood*.  
 Tho' this divert the Eye, yet all the while  
 Your Feet still move towards th' attractive *Pile*,  
 Till fair round *Stairs*, some fifteen *Grades* high,  
 Land you upon a *Terrass*, that doth lie  
 Of goodly Breadth along the Buildings, square  
 Well pav'd, and fence't with *Rail*, and *Balustr*:  
 From hence in some three Steps, the *inner-Gate*  
 Rises in greater Beauty, Art, and State.

P 6

Than



Than the proud *Palace* of the *Sun*, and all  
 Vain *Poets* thus vainer *Romance* withal.  
 A *Vice* that much the *Gallick Muse* infests,  
 And of good *Witners*, makes vile *Architects*.  
 This to the *Lodge* admits, and two Steps more  
 Set you upon a level *Axler Floor*,  
 Which paves the inner *Court*, a curious Place  
 Form'd by the am'rous *Stuprator's* kind Embrace.  
 I th' Center of this shady *Court* doth rise  
 Another *Fountain*, of a quaint Device,  
 Which large-limb *Hercles*, with majestic Port,  
 In their Habillments of War, support  
 Hence, cross the *Court*, thro' a fine *Peristie*,  
 Into the *Body* of the House you go,  
 Where a proud *Hall* does not at all abate  
 Any thing promis'd by the outward State.  
 And where the *Reader*, we intreat, will please  
 By the large *Foet*, to measure *Hercules*:  
 For sure, a vain, and endless Work it were,  
 T' insift upon ev'ry Particular.  
 And should I be so mad to go about  
 To give account of ev'ry thing throughout,  
 The *Rooms* of *State*, *Stair-Cases*, *Galleries*,  
*Lodgings*, *Apartments*, *Closets*, *Offices*,  
 Or to describe the Splendors undertake,  
 Which ev'ry glorious *Room*, a *Heav'n* make;  
 The *Pictures*, *Sculpture*, *Carving*, *Graving*, *Gilding*,  
 'Twould be as long in Writing as in Building.  
 Yet, *Chafworth*, tho' thy *Prissine Linaments*  
 Were Beautiful, and Great to all Intents,  
 I needs must say, for I have seen both *Faces*,  
 Thou'rt much more lovely in the *modern Graces*.

Thy now great \* *Mistress* has adorn'd thee in,  
 Than when thought *fine enough* to hold a † *Queen*.  
 Thy † *Fountain*, dress'd thee in such *Robes*, as thy  
 In those old-fashion'd Times reputed gay.  
 Of which new-strip, and the old rulling *Pride*  
 Of *Ruff* and *Forslingale* now laid aside,  
 Thy Shapes appear, and thou thyself art seen  
 A very *Christian*, and a *modish Queen*:  
 Which (tho' old *Friends* pass ill) is *Recommence*  
 For a few *Gorb*, and *Pandal* Ornaments;  
 And all these Glories glitter to the Sight  
 By the Advantage of a clearer Light.  
 The *Glaziers* Work before substantial was,  
 I must confess, thrice as much *Lead*, as *Glass*,  
 Which in the *Sun's Meridian*, cast a *Light*,  
 As it had been within an Hour of Night.  
 The *Windows* now look like so many *Suns*,  
 Illustrating the noble *Room* at once:  
 The *prim'itive Casements* modell'd were, no doubt,  
 By that thro' which the *Pigeon* was thrust out,  
 Where now whole *Sashes* are but one great *Eye*,  
 T'examine, and admire thy Beauties by.  
 And, if we hence look out, we shall see there  
 The *Gardens* too i'th' *Reformation* share,  
 Upon a *Terrass*, as most Houses high,  
 Tho' from this Prospect humble to your Eye;

\* The then Countess of Devonshire, so this of *Amble* had  
 † The *Queen* of Scots.  
 † The Countess of Shrewsbury.

A stately *Plat*, both regular, and vast,  
 Suiting the rest, was by the *Founders* cast,  
 In those incurious Times, under the *Rose*,  
 Design'd, as one may fluently suppose,  
 For *Lilies*, *Pionies*, *Daffodils*, and *Roses*,  
 To garnish Chimneys, and make *Sunday-Posies*,  
 Where *Gooseberries* as good, as ever grew,  
 'Tis like, were set; for *Winter-greens*, the *Jew*,  
*Holly*, and *Box*: For then these Things were new.  
 With, oh! the honest *Rosemary* and *Bay*,  
 So much esteem'd in those good *Wassel-Days*.

Now in the middle of this great *Parterre*  
 A *Fountain* darts her Streams into the Air  
 Twenty Foot high; till by the Winds depress'd,  
 Unable longer upwards to contend,  
 They fall again in Tears for Grief, and Ire,  
 They cannot reach the Place they did aspire;  
 As if the Sun melted the waxen Wings  
 Of these *Icarian* temerarious Springs,  
 For braving thus his generative Ray,  
 When their true Motion lies another way.  
 Th' ambitious *Element* repuls'd so,  
 Rallies, and saves her routed Waves below,  
 In a large *Basin* of *Diameter*,  
 Such as old *Rome's* expensive *Lakes* did bear,  
 Where a *Pacific* *Sea* expanded lies,  
 A Liquid Theater for *Naumachies*;  
 And where, in case of such a *Pageant-War*,  
*Romans* in Statue still Spectators are.

Where

Where the *Ground* swells nearer the Hill above,  
 And where once stood a \* *Crag* and *Cherry-Grove*,  
 (Which of Renown, then shar'd a mighty Part)  
 Instead of such a barbo'rous Piece of *Art*,  
 Such poor contriv'd, dwarfish and ragged Shades,  
 'Tis now adorn'd with *Fountain* and *Cascades*,  
*Terrass* on *Terrass* with their *Stair-Cases*  
 Of brave and great Contrivance; and to these,  
*Statues*, *Walks*, *Grass-plats*, and a *Grove* indeed,  
 Where silent Lovers may lie down and bleed.  
 And tho' all Things were for that *Age*, before  
 In truth so Great, that nothing could be more,  
 Yet now they with much greater Lustre stand,  
 Toucht up, and finish'd by a better Hand.

But that which *Crows* all this, and does impart  
 A Lustre far beyond the Pow'r of *Art*,  
 Is the great *Owner*, *He*, whose noble Mind  
 For such a *Fortune* only was design'd.  
 Whose Bounties as the *Ocean's* Bosom wide,  
 Flow in a constant, unexhausted *Tide*  
 Of *Hospitality* and free *Access*,  
 Liberal *Condescension*, *Cheerfulness*,  
*Honour* and *Truth*, as ev'ry of them strove  
 At once to captivate Respect and Love:  
 And with such *Order* all perform'd, and *Grace*,  
 As rivet Wonder to the stately Place.

\* An Artificial Rock, so called.

But





But I must give my *Maje* the *Hola* here,  
Respect must check her in the wild *Career*;  
For when we impudently do commend,  
The thing well *meant*, ill done must needs offend:  
His Vertues are above my Character,  
Too great for *Fame* to speak, or *Versè* to bear.

FINIS.



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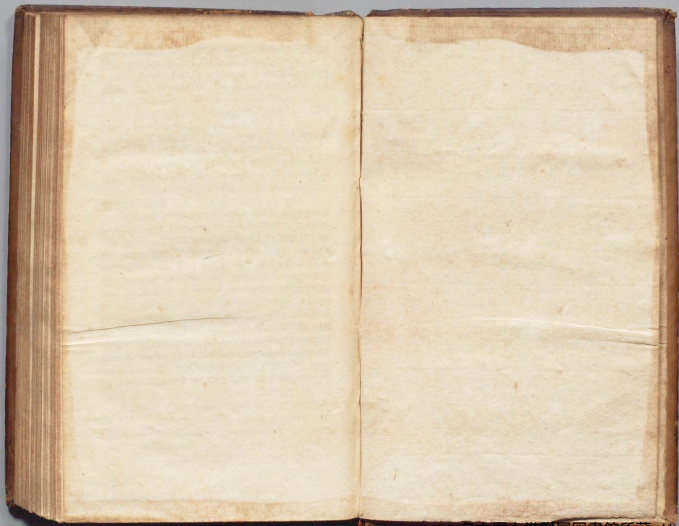
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