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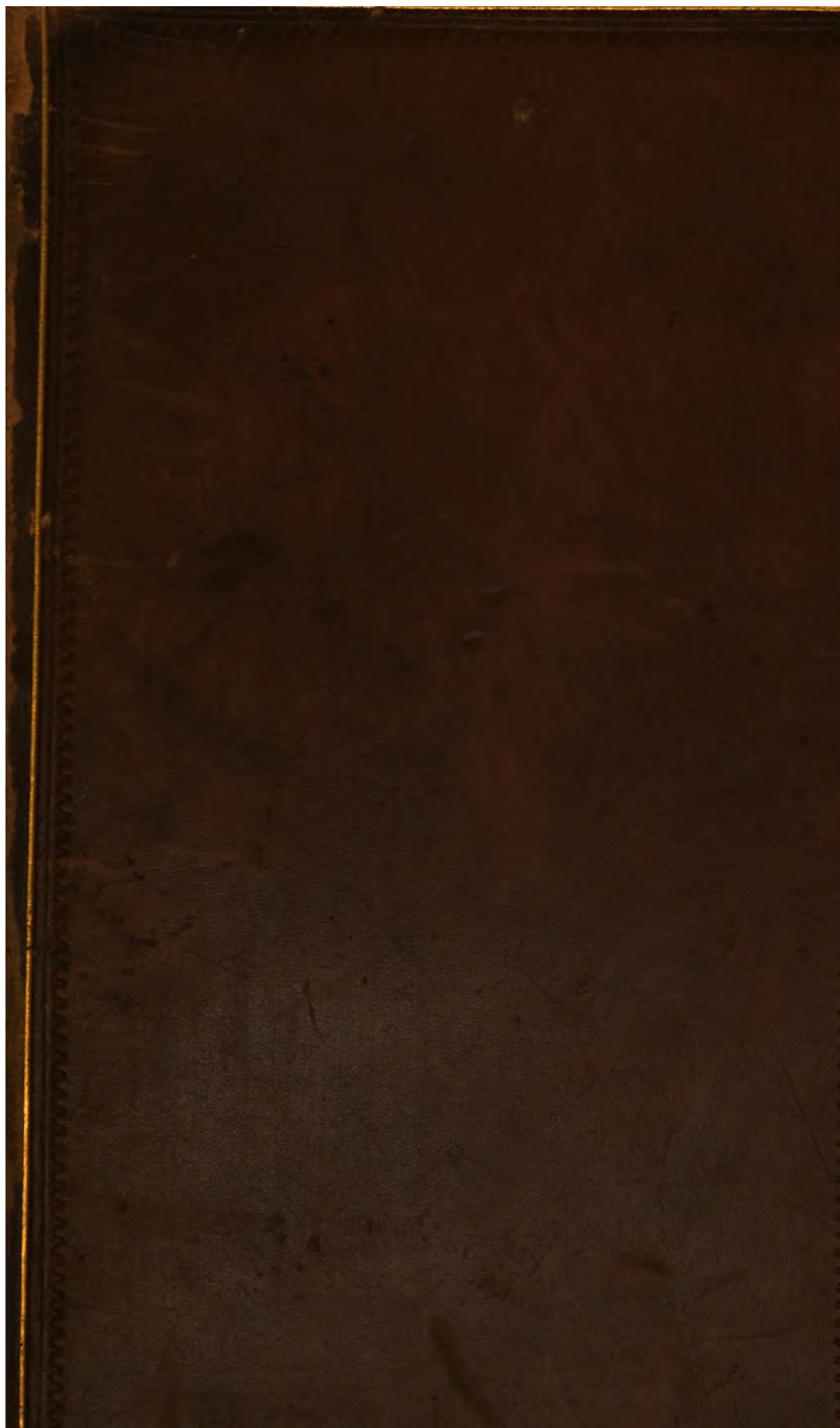
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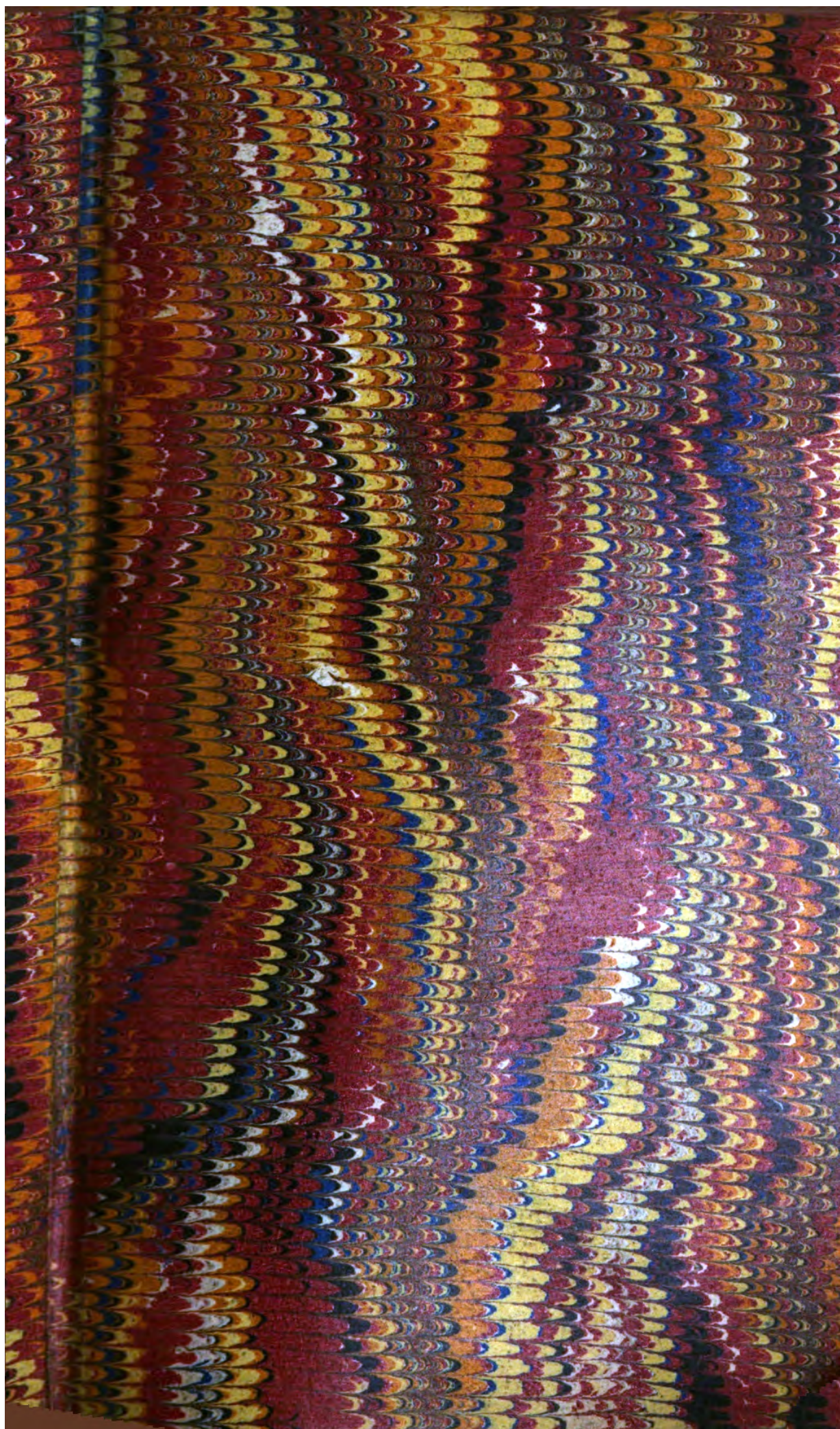
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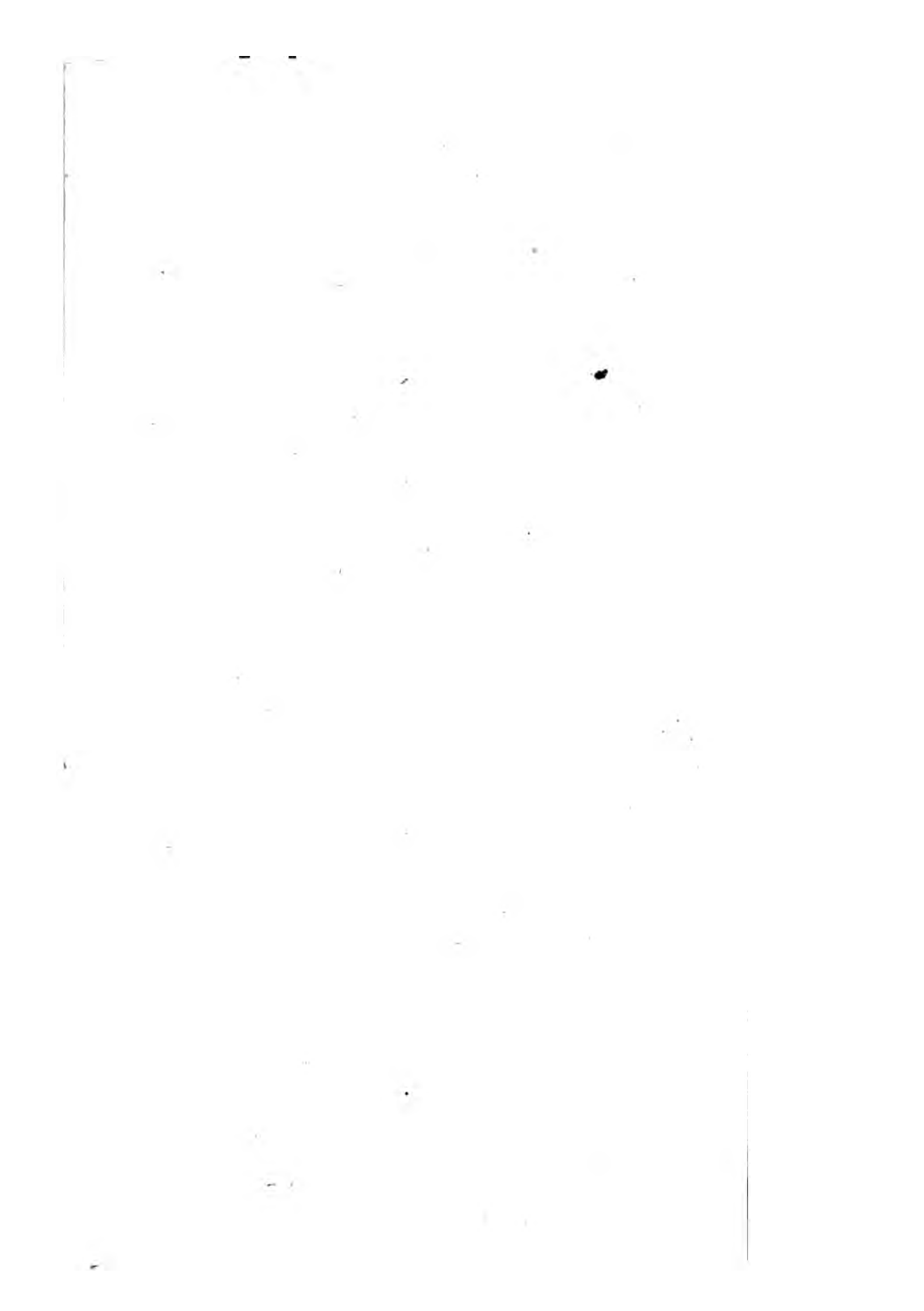
William Hay



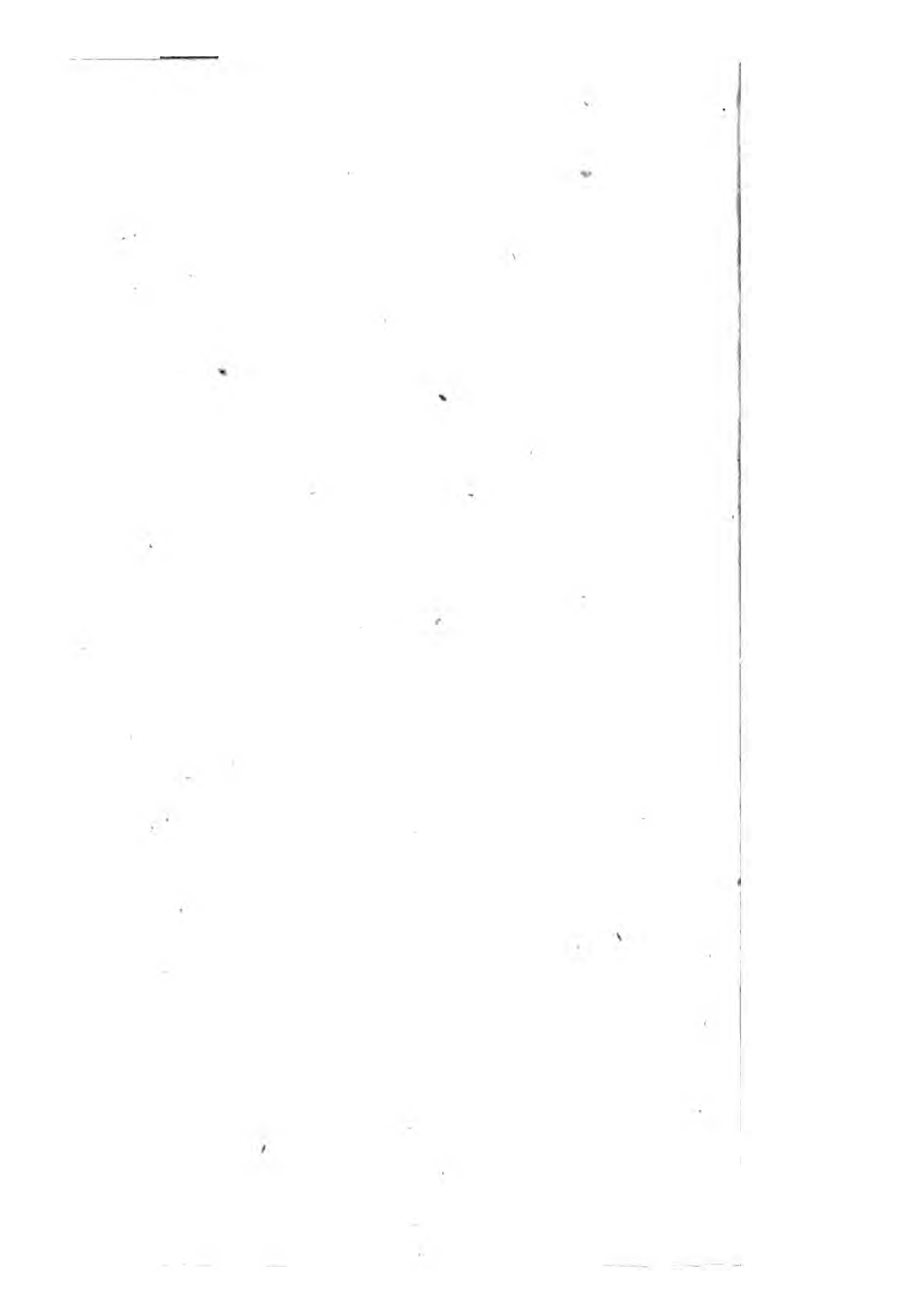




Fvita f. 35







THE  
POETICAL WORKS

OF THE

INGENIOUS and LEARNED

WILLIAM MESTON, A. M.

Sometime Profeffor of Philosophy

IN THE

MARSHAL COLLEGE OF ABERDEEN.

---

*Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico  
Tangit, & admissus circum præcordia ludit.*  
PERSIUS.

---

THE SIXTH EDITION.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by W A L. RUDDIMAN junior;  
For FRANCIS ROBERTSON, Bookseller  
in the Parliament Close.

M,DCC,LXVII.





SOME ACCOUNT  
OF THE  
AUTHOR'S LIFE.

THE Publisher of the following P O E M S, proposed to entertain the Reader with an account of the life of the Author, and had collected some materials for that purpose; but not being furnished with such assistance as he expected, he was obliged to lay aside the design. From the lights, however, which he has procured, he is enabled to give the following general sketch of his life and character.

WILLIAM MESTON was born in the parish of Mid-mar, in Aberdeenshire, about the year 1688, and was descended not of rich, but of honest parents. His father was a mechanic, and by his industry laboured to give his son a liberal education, to promote which the quickness of his parts greatly contributed.



tributed. He was bred at the Marshal-college, where he made a very great proficiency in every branch of learning.

AFTER finishing his studies at the University, he was elected one of the doctor's of the high-school of New Aberdeen, in which department he continued for some time. Some years after, the family of Marshal, being informed of his qualifications, took him under their wing, and made choice of him as preceptor or governor to the present Earl, and his brother the late Marshal Keith. In this character he acquitted himself to excellent purpose, as appears from the following circumstance.

A vacancy having happened, about the year 1714, in the office of professor of philosophy in the Marshal-college, he was, by the interest of the Countess of Marshal, installed in that capacity, for the discharge of which he was every way qualified. This office he filled  
with

with applause, till the troubles broke out in Scotland in the 1715, when, most unluckily for him, he thought proper to follow the fortunes of his noble Patrons, who made him governor of Dunotter-castle.

AFTER the defeat at Sheriff-muir, he betook himself, with a few companions to the hills, where he skulk'd till the act of indemnity was published. During this time he composed, for the entertainment of himself and his associates, several of Mother GRIM's Tales.

HE was steady and invariable in his principles both civil and religious, and neither the shocks of adversity, nor the flattering prospect of prosperity, could make him swerve from his persuasion. Had he complied with the forms required by the government, after matters were settled in this country, he might have been reponed to his office; but that he disdained to do, and chose rather to throw himself upon Pro-



vidence, than act a part contrary to his conviction.

WHILE the late Countess of Marshal was alive, he resided mostly in her family, where he indulged his vein of pleasantry, to the entertainment of the company who paid their respects to her Ladyship: But upon her death he was left in a destitute situation. How he disposed of himself immediately after, we have not with certainty learnt; but some years afterwards he commenced an academy at Elgin, in conjunction with his brother Mr Samuel Meston, who was remarkably qualified for teaching the Greek language. Here he continued for several years, instructing young Gentlemen in all the branches of learning taught at the Universities, whither the flower of the youth of the northern counties resorted to him from all quarters. By the advantages arising from his boarding, in a country where provisions were cheap, and the fees paid him

him for teaching, he acquired a pretty comfortable living : But oeconomy was none of his talent ; for he entertained a most perfect contempt for money. His friend, his bottle, and his book, were his sole enjoyments.

THE academy at Elgin beginning to languish, he removed to Tureff, a little village on the north-west confines of Aberdeenshire. He had been invited thither by the late Countess of Errol, to whom he was well known, and to whose munificence on many occasions he was greatly indebted. By her generosity he possessed the family lodging in that village rent-free, and had many presents sent him by orders of that noble personage.

HERE his academy continued to flourish for several years, till an unlucky accident happened, which had like to have become a very serious affair. There is a fine extensive valley or meadow to the  
a 3.      south

south of the village, whereon the students were accustomed to divert themselves at shuttle-cock or cricket. A difference having arisen between two of the young Gentlemen about the game, one of them stab'd the other with a couteau. The wounded Gentleman fell, and the other run off. The former was carried home, and a surgeon called, such as could be found in the place. The wound was prob'd, which, from the quantity of blood that had issued from it, had a very dismal appearance, but was at last found not to be very deep. Luckily the weapon had flanted on a rib, which prevented it from penetrating the *viscera*. The best physicians in the country were called, and the youth continued in a very doubtful way for some weeks, during which time the other kept himself concealed, being apprehensive of the consequences. At length however the Gentleman recovered ; but his antagonist

tagonist never returned to the academy.

This heroic Gentleman came soon after to Edinburgh, where he applied for some time to the study of the law ; but that profession not suiting his active genius, he was recommended in the strongest terms by the late General Gordon of Auchintoul, to Field-marshal Keith, then in the service of Russia, who received him on his arrival at Peterburgh in the kindest manner, and soon after appointed him one of his aides-du-camp. When the Marshal left Russia, he carried him along with him, and soon after his entering into the Prussian service, he was early taken notice of by that Hero, and passed, under the eye of his great master, thro' all the military gradations. As he was possess'd of uncommon resolution, an active spirit, and a hardy constitution, he was promoted by the King of Prussia to the rank of Major-general, in which capacity he signalized



lized himself during the late war by many gallant and illustrious actions. Sometime before the conclusion of the peace he was made governor of Nieffe in Silesia, in which character he died in 1764 \*.

BUT to return to the history of our Author: tho' no reflections could justly lie against Mr MESTON on account of the unlucky incident above-mentioned; yet several of the parents of the young Gentlemen under his tuition, apprehensive of such squabbles, withdrew their children from him; and this put an end to the academy at Tureff.

AFTER this Mr MESTON went to Montrose, where he made an attempt of the like kind, but with indifferent success: This disappointment was partly occasioned by the death of his brother and assistant Mr Samuel, which happened

\* This Gentleman's name was JOHN GRANT, eldest brother to the late Laird of *Dinlugas*, an ancient family in the north of Aberdeenshire.

ed at this place. From thence he removed to Perth, where he employed his talents in the same manner ; but was soon after received into the family of Mr Oliphant of Gask, in quality of preceptor to his children. Here he continued for several years, till, falling into a declining state of health, he repaired to Peterhead to take the benefit of the mineral waters.

DURING his abode in that town, he was chiefly supported by the bounty of the late Countess of Errol, who not only sent him many of the necessaries of life, but the whole implements for furnishing a room, besides pecuniary presents. From hence he went to Aberdeen, where he was taken care of by some of his relations, till he was attacked with that languishing distemper of which he died, in Spring 1745. He was buried in the Spittal Church-yard of Old Aberdeen, in a private manner ; nor is his grave distinguished either

ther by a stone or inscription, notwithstanding he had composed many ingenious epitaphs for others.

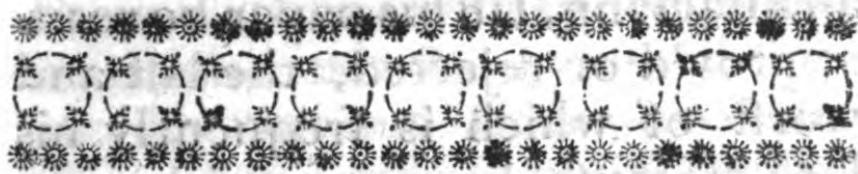
HE was one of the best classical scholars of his time; nor was he a contemptible philosopher and mathematician. Besides his other extraordinary talents, he was possessed of an uncommon fund of wit and humour, in the timing of which he had a peculiar art. These shone in their fullest lustre when over his bottle, to which he seldom had any reluctance. On these occasions, it was impossible for the most phlegmatic disposition to continue five minutes in company with him, without being ready to split his sides. His jokes were always *à-propos*, and he had a singular knack in telling a story. Satire was his natural weapon, which was very poignant, and in which he studied chiefly to imitate Butler, whose cast of mind was very similar to his.—Several pieces of the humorous

morous kind were found among his papers after his death, and others were copied by some of his friends in his lifetime; but as these seem to have been dictated by his muse from a spirit of acrimony, most of them were thought too personal, many too severe, and others too indelicate to bear publication.

THE following Poems were first published in detached pieces as they were wrote, no doubt with a view to supply the Author's necessary occasions. The Knight appears to be the first put to the press, in 1723. After that it underwent several corrections, and a second edition was printed at London.—The first Decade of Mother GRIM'S Tales afterwards came abroad, and then the second by JOBOCUS her grandson. Both these underwent several impressions. Some years after, the piece intituled *MOB contra MOB* was printed, and that recently after the riot, which



which is the subject of it, happened. The whole, however, was never before collected into one volume, nor published in an uniform manner. In this edition many mistakes have been rectified, and many blunders corrected which had crept into the former publications, occasioned chiefly by the Author's being at a distance from the press. They are classed in the order in which they seem to have been wrote, which can only be discovered by the different periods of their earliest publications.



T O

## S O M E B O D Y.

**D**EDICATIONS and P R E-  
F A C E S are as serviceable  
to authors, as pages and footmen  
are to ladies, to go before them  
with a compliment of their own  
making, intimating a designed  
visit, and to pave the way for a  
suitable reception.

An author, who pops into the  
world without them, looks as  
blunt as a poor suppliant, who  
wanting one to introduce him, is  
obliged to knock gently at the

giving petition (which  
ins as to with  
wr with king  
wo his and  
rh ling  
and

## ii. D E D I C A T I O N.

and starving, till his paper be read, approv'd or rejected, the last and worst of which is frequently his lot; because he came without a recommendation.

As these wear the liveries of those they serve, are a part of their retinue, and make them look big in the eyes of the world, and to pass for quality with the croud, because they are so well attended; just so is it with *Dedications* and *Prefaces* with respect to authors: They wear their liveries, speak their language, magnify their performances, and by filling up several pages, which, without them, would have been waste or wanting, make them look big, which is enough to recommend them to the croud, who are more taken with quantity than quality, and value lectures and lucubrations more for the size than the sense.

These

### DEDICATION. iii.

These considerations, Sir, made me resolve not to appear in the world, without these necessary ushers ; and then I was easily determined to make my address to yourself, for twenty good reasons I could easily bring : But, not to be tedious, I shall confine myself to one for all, and that is, because I could not possibly get by you.

Following the strain of modern dedications, I could with great ease expatiate on the antiquity, learning and valour of your illustrious ancestors, and shew how serviceable they have been to church and state, how eminent on the bench, wise in council, and bold in the field ; how great promoters and encouragers of virtue, learning and loyalty ; and then, by an easy gradation, I could transmit to you all their perfections, without allowing you to inherit one grain of their foibles, or most diminutive imperfections.

I



IV. DEDICATION.

I could by a just comparison prefer you to *Mæcenæ* and *Augustus*, and tell the world no more than what it knew before, that you never suffered a bright genius to languish, for want of suitable encouragement.

But because this would offend your modesty, and might by some (tho' very unjustly) be reckoned a piece of flattery; I shall not insist on it, and, without troubling you more, I present you with the following performances, and subscribe my self.

S I R,

Your most humble,

most obliged,

and devoted

Servant,

QUIDAM.

[*The following was prefixed to the last London Edition of the KNIGHT, which, tho' only temporary, the Publisher has thought proper to retain.*]

T O

Mess. COURAYER and VOLTAIRE,

**T**WO unanswerable reasons claim your patronage of this Poem, *viz.*

I. The validity of the Kirk's ordination.

II. The new species it assumes, that of a burlesque Epic.

There cannot be the least doubt of the first, if it obtains the good fortune of bearing

*Imprimatur* COURAYER.

And

vi D E D I C A T I O N.

And of the second the HENRIADE is a clear demonstration.

In the future poetical annals of Old England, the labours of an Ogilvy, and a Voltaire, will be look'd upon as two parallel lines, tho' perhaps they may not attain the felicity of meeting in Sacheverel's center.

The first character given by the immortal Otway, of Ogilvy's translation of VIRGIL, may equally be applied to the HENRIADE.

Go on then, Sir, and since you could aspire,  
To reach this height, aim yet at laurels higher :  
Secure great injur'd HENRY from the wrong,  
He, unredeem'd, has labour'd with so long  
In rueful rhyme, and least the Book should fail, }  
Expole't with pictures to promote the sale ; }  
So tapsters set out signs for muddy ale.

To confirm the truth of this compliment, I shall only instance the sentiments of the right honourable and incomparable Poet the late Earl of Halifax, who being  
k'd

## D E D I C A T I O N. vii

ask'd his opinion of a most gallant *Poeme Epique*, intitled, *LA PUCELLE D'ORLEANS*, frankly declared, that "he looked upon all kinds of rhyming French poetry, to be like an English wheel-barrow rumbling over a new pavement."

But as our Northern Muse only equips his Knight with jocosè Dogrel, I hope the most rigid critics will rather commend his modesty than arraign his arrogance; even from the Twickenham triumvirate to Dr TRAPP, the blank-verse translator of VIRGIL. To the fame of this ecclesiastical bard, a brother of his own function has consecrated this memorable distich.

Read the *Commandments*, TRAPP, translate no further;

For there 'tis written, *Thou shalt do no murder.*

Having thus spiritually dispatched my second head first, I  
c 2 proceed



viii D E D I C A T I O N.

proceed to speak to my first topic  
last.

Our new literary Memoir-writer,  
observes in his Journal for March,  
*anno* 1728, Article xiv. that “ the  
“ facts and records produced by  
“ F. LE COURAYER, have proved  
“ that the Nag’s-head story is a  
“ mere fable (*alias* a fabulous  
“ story), and that Parker’s ordi-  
“ nation is evidently demon-  
“ strable ; that the ordinations of  
“ the Church of England are as  
“ certain with respect to right, as  
“ to fact (*Anglice* in one point,  
“ as well as another) : and that  
“ prayer is the essential form of  
“ ordination.”

If these are your assertions, most  
venerable Father, I am sure, Sir  
JOHN PRESBYTER may fairly put  
in his claim; having established  
prayers of such a length in his  
KIRK, that they have for many  
ages penetrated the ears of the  
godly

**D E D I C A T I O N.** ix  
godly from Geneva to Edinburgh,  
and the same prayers and praises  
have resounded back again with  
righteous acclaim.

*Vale & fruere.*

**P. S.** Alexander Pope, esq; in  
his familiar Letters to Henry  
Cromwell, esq; hath, in honour of  
the Church, made the following  
comparison between Clergymen  
and Constables.

“ Priests indeed in their charac-  
‘ ters, as they represent GOD, are  
‘ sacred ; and so are Constables as  
‘ they represent the King; but  
‘ you will own a great many of  
‘ them are very odd fellows, and  
‘ the Devil a bit of likeness in  
‘ them. And so much for Priests  
‘ in general ; now for Trapp in  
‘ particular, whose translations  
‘ from

x *D E D I C A T I O N.*

‘ from Ovid I have not so good an  
‘ opinion of as you; — but as to  
‘ the Psalm he has paraphrased, I  
‘ think David is much more be-  
‘ holden to him than Ovid, and  
‘ as he treated the Roman like a  
‘ Jew, so he has made the Jew  
‘ speak like a Roman.”

*PREFACE.*

# P R E F A C E.

*Et prodesse volunt & delectare Poetæ.*

**B**OOKS are like faces; there are few which please not some, and rarely one that pleases all who look on it.

Those whom some admire for beauties, may rest contented if they pass for tolerable, and are not branded for deformity by others. Faces, dishes, and books, relish according to the appetite and taste of those who use them. Some are charm'd with a chearful gay air: Some with a serene, sedate, and, perhaps, austere look. Some love sweet, and others sharp fauces. There are who love panegyric; and nothing goes so well down with many as satire.

For an author to expect to please all equally, would be as ridiculous, as for a cook to pretend he could dress up one dish that  
would



would equally please all palates. The common proverb holds true; 'One man's meat, is another man's poison.'

All readers expect instruction or pleasure; and I believe, all authors have these in their view, without which, it were in vain to expect that the world should approve their productions.

That the reader comes short of his expectation, is as oft owing to his prejudice, want of taste, too critical humour, and a wild notion of expecting perfection in any human work, as to the insufficiency of his author.

Since ballad-writers, and Grubstreet authors, find buyers, and men love their money better than to part with it, except for profit or pleasure; it seems to be evident, that the meanest authors attain the great end of pleasing and entertaining, at least the meaner capacities,

*P R E F A C E.* xiii

cities, who probably make the greatest part of mankind.

That the best poets have not only proposed, but arrived at this end, will (I believe) be denied by few. we have the suffrage of Horace for it, who was no contemptible Judge.

*Trojanæ belli scriptorem, maxime Lolli,  
Dum tu declamas Romæ, Prænestæ relegi:  
Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid  
utile, quid non,  
Rectius & melius Chrysispo & Crantore dicit.*

The displaying virtue in its natural beauty and genuine charms; and exposing vice in its proper colours and hideous shape; and setting both in their true light; is certainly a very rational method of reforming the world, and probably more successful than rigid laws and penalties, and staunch precepts; especially, when illustrated with patterns and examples.

Both these the poets have done, with great advantage; the first in  
their

their epics, and the second in their satires.

And since the follies of mankind are to be encountered, as well as their grosser vices; they have not been deficient nor unsuccessful in this, but have shew'd themselves both wise and lucky, in combating these with the proper weapons of burlesque and ridicule.

I have frequently observed young people jested and laugh'd out of their fooleries, who were deaf to reason, and proof against threatening and correction: And I know no reason, why the same method, well managed, should not produce the like effect in people of more advanc'd age. It would be ridiculous, and a plain mark of indiscretion, to attack the singular and distinguishing fopperies of bigots, with the heavy armour of syllogisms, and citations from antiquity. There are hypochondriack diseases, that must be  
cur'd.

P R E F A C E. xv

cur'd with laughing and good humour, not with expostulating and syllogizing.

To reason against these, is to put too great a compliment on them, and enhance the value of them to their abettors, who would think there was something in them, when they found the learned attack them with the grave rules of logic and authority ; and would be much of a piece with the conduct of a general, who would raise a battery of ordnance to level a mole-hill, which might be more easily done by trampling on it.

Every age has produc'd great masters of this art. Æsop and all the mythologists have practised it with great dexterity, making the brutish part of the creation to read lectures of philosophy to rational creatures, and an ass (without a miracle) to rebuke a man.

When the world was over-run with polytheism, and the profane legends of their fabulous Gods ;  
there



there was none fitter to expose and ridicule these follies than Lucian, in his dialogues.

When knight-errantry was become epidemical, Don Quixotte must apply the proper cure.

When the gravity of preaching came to suffer by the imprudence, pedantry, and bad management of the holders forth; it was time to write the grounds and occasion of the contempt of the clergy; and it may be, the same cause gave birth to the Presbyterian Eloquence.

If men will be ridiculous, why should they deny the world the freedom of laughing at them? And if deaf to reason, what other method remains but ridicule?

Mr Butler excels in this way, in his immortal Hudibras; whom it can be no greater crime to imitate (tho' it is in vain to expect to come up to the pattern), than it was in Virgil to copy after Homer, and our modern poets, to propose the ancients for their example.

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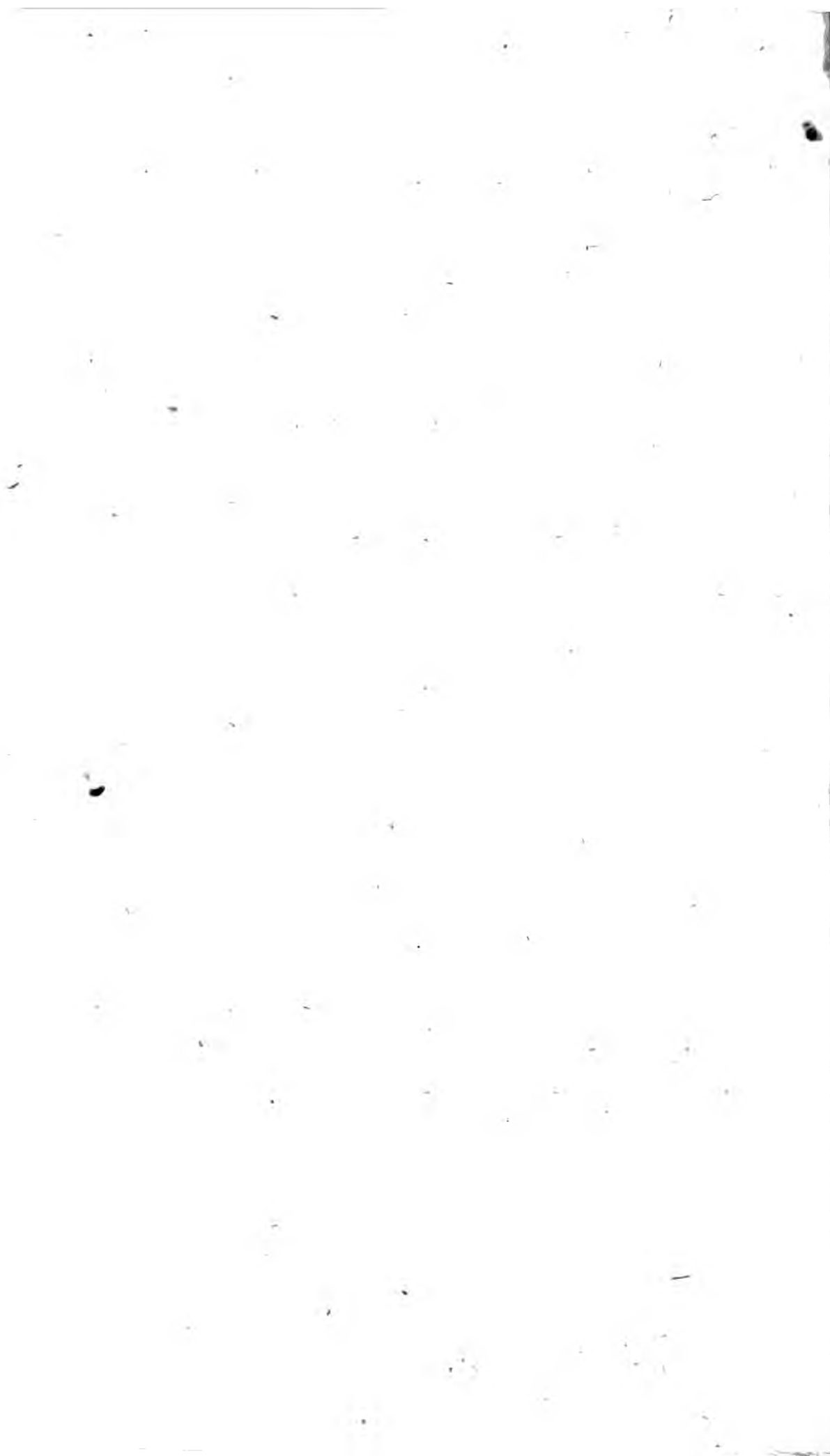
THE  
KNIGHT  
OF THE  
KIRK:

OR, THE  
Ecclesiastical ADVENTURES  
OF

*Sir John Presbyter.*

EDINBURGH:  
PRINTED in the YEAR M,DCC,LXVII.







# THE KNIGHT.



## INTRODUCTION.

COME on thou Muse, who only dwells,  
 In heads where there are empty cells,  
 Who once made *Zachariah Boyd*,  
 And other bards of brains as void,  
 When thou led up the dance, to follow,  
 Maugre the Nine and God *Apollo*,  
 Soaring in high *Pindaric Stanzas*  
 Above *Gonsales* and his *Ganzas*,  
 Up to the moon when she was full,  
 And when they had an empty skull,  
 Thou rattling, rhiming, raving gypsie,  
 Inspire me now till I be tipple,  
 Not with thy *Heliconian* water,  
 But liquor that will make me clatter :  
 For all our nicest criticks think,  
 Good rhyme's the product of good drink.  
 Nor can the water of *Parnassus*,  
 With wit enliven stupid asses,  
 Like a full glass of forty-nine,  
 Which clears the wit and makes it shine,  
 And is found better ten to one,  
 Than all the springs of *Helicon*,

To warm the brain and clear the head,  
And make a Poem run with speed.

Help me to sense and to a crambo ;  
Thou know'st good *Latin* still is *amho*,  
Tho' many of our Readers think  
The rhyme is good if it but clink ;  
For as a ship, when under sail,  
Is manag'd by the helm her tail,  
Just so the rudder of a verse,  
Is the last syllab in its a—e,  
Which makes some for a clink dispense,  
With want of thought, and want of sense,  
And rather than abuse the metre,  
Fall out with truth, and even maltreat her ;  
And yet it's sure, that rhyme and reason  
May meet together without treason,  
Against *Apollo* or the Muses ;  
He wants the last who this refuses.  
Tho' like a sister and a brother,  
The one oftimes supplies the other,  
Yet are they not so near in kin,  
But they may marry without sin.

But lest thou think me over greedy,  
Like supplicants who are most needy,  
Put in thy hand in either sacket,  
Give rhyme or reason I will take it.  
Gramercie, madam ; now I see,  
That you excell in charity,  
Of both you've lent me a small share,  
Hey ! then I'll to *Parnassus* fare ;  
For once the rhiming trade I'll try,  
Since I must either rhyme or dy :  
Come buy my *Epick*, I assure you,  
Of spleen and vapours it will cure you,  
An epick, say you ? *That's too vain*,  
Yea Sir I mock a lower strain.

\*\*\*\*\*

The KNIGHT.

**I** Sing the man, read it who list,  
 A hero true as ever pist,  
 From *Rome*, who to *Geneva* travel'd,  
 Through dub and mire where he was gravel'd,  
 Much tofs'd and toil'd ere he came at her,  
 And suffered much by land and water,  
 Bearing his luggage and his lumber,  
 Which did his shoulders sadly cumber,  
 In a pockmanteau or a wallet,  
 I think a knapsack we may call it,  
 Which was made of an otter's skin,  
 And was stuff'd with odd things within:  
 Because the otter is a creature,  
 You know, of an amphibious nature.  
 This made him choose her fur, to bear  
 In it his heterogeneous gear:  
 How afterward he came to *Britain*,  
 In Canto second we shall treat on,  
 And tell you how his roving roysters,  
 Demolish'd many kirks and cloysters,  
 Where nought but ruins now appears,  
 Of what was built in many years.

When to this city he had come,  
 First he clapp'd down upon his bum;  
 And lifting up his hands he said,  
 O *Jove*, thou know'st, that I am glad  
 That I have got safe o'er the Ferry,  
 Why should I not be blyth and merry  
 To see this place; for, God be thanked!  
 Here I shall lye in a clean blanket,  
 Free from the *Babylonish* vermin;  
 For so my lucky stars determine,

And



And end my toiling and my drudging;  
 Then he possess'd his land-lord's lodging,  
 And out of doors he turn'd his mess-ship,  
 Because forsooth he was a bishop;  
 For you must know, our valiant *Knight*,  
 'Gainst bishops bore a deadly spight;  
 That limbs of *Antichrist* they are,  
 Is taught by Sir *John Presbyter*.  
 This is our mighty hero's name,  
 Recorded in the books of fame;  
 Yet tho' we call him *Jack* or *John*,  
 Or sometimes *Presbyter* alone,  
 It is no matter; for I ween  
 The reader will know whom we mean,  
 Let him be *Presbyter* or *Jack*,  
 Or *John* to make our verse to clack,  
 Lately when all things he confounded,  
 He justly got the name of *Roundhead*;  
 Because he wore no hair nor wig,  
 And sometimes he is called *Whig*.

Now since you have our hero's name,  
 Our epick poem should be lame,  
 Unless his pedigree we trace,  
 And tell whence he derives his race;  
 Without the help of divination,  
 'Tis hard to tell his generation;  
 For as it happens in old states,  
 Which have outliv'd our common dates,  
 The longer time they have endured,  
 Their origin is more obscured,  
 And if you trace their births and æras,  
 You'll meet with nothing but chimæras.  
 Yea some of them have been so vain,  
 As all ancestors to disdain,  
 Except our common mother *Earth*,  
 To which alone they ow'd their birth,

As if like mushrooms they had sprung,  
From heaps of rotten earth and dung ;  
For trace the old and young, you'll still  
Find, that they meet on the dunghill.  
So some alledge our doughty *Knight*  
Was come of chaos and old night,  
Proving that he came from that border ;  
Because he hates all form and order.

And some who do not much admire him,  
Say he's descended from *Abiram*,  
So like in body and in mind,  
That none but fools can doubt his kind.

Cou'd we believe himself, he'll tell us,  
He is one of th' *Apostles* fellows,  
With whom he did sit cheek for jowl,  
And voted when they made their Poll,  
As member of their first Assembly,  
Which makes him be with them so homely.  
He'll not call any of them Saint,  
Unless they'd take the *Covenant* ;  
But this is what few will allow him,  
For the *Apostles* never knew him.

Then (as some say), *Dutch* dames bring forth,  
A child, and monster at one birth,  
Some think he is by generation,  
The *Souterkin* of *Reformation*,  
And that he had thir nurses three,  
*Sedition, Pride, Hypocrisie.*

It is believ'd the fatal sisters,  
Who of the threed of life are twisters,  
Gave him this weird, that he should be  
A constant foe to *Monarchie*,  
And should engage the stubborn saints,  
By solemn Leagues and Covenants,  
To carry on their reformation,  
With fire, and sword, and desolation ;

And

And to a block their Monarch bring,  
 'To make him there a *glorious King* ;  
 And well you know, that this prediction  
 Did prove a true one, and no fiction.

A warrior he was full wight,  
 A rambling, randy, errant Knight,  
 Inur'd to tumults, mobs, and maulings,  
 'To fighting, blood, and wounds, and brawlings,  
 Which pleas'd him, so his very life  
 And health depended upon strife.

As bravest soldiers are seen,  
 In time of war to look most keen,  
 Who hang their head and droop their snout,  
 When peace comes in, and war goes out ;  
 Or as some herbs that love the shade,  
 But in the sun-shine die or fade ;  
 Or as the owl that hates the light,  
 And only seems to live in night :  
 Just so, Sir *John* in time of war,  
 Appeared like a blazing star,  
 But languished with sore disease,  
 And droop'd in times of peace and ease.  
 No wonder then, if still he hates  
 All peaceful and well order'd states ;  
 For to his glory, or his shame,  
 He cannot live but in a flame.  
 He's still resolv'd, whate'er betide him,  
 That none shall live in peace beside him.

To fighting being so inclin'd,  
 Ere we descend to view his mind ;  
 'Tis not amiss, that first we scan,  
 The scabbard of his outward man,  
 And briefly let our reader see,  
 How he was armed *cap-a-pee*.

He had no head-piece, this I grant ;  
 But his thick skull supplied the want ;

So fortified in every part,  
 I mean by nature, not by art,  
 It would have cost a world of pains,  
 For any man to reach his brains :  
 On it you might thresh wheat or barley,  
 Or tread the grape ere he cry'd parley,  
 Or *Culross* girdles on it hammer,  
 Before you made him reel or flammer.  
 Yet had it crevices and chinks,  
 As wisest of our criticks thinks,  
 Occasion'd by the heat within,  
 Which almost rent the outward skin ;  
 Upon the sides of it he bears  
 Two centry boxes called ears,  
 Which furnish'd him with information  
 Of scandals, plots and fornication ;  
 Beneath the frontispiece there lies,  
 A pair of very watchful spies,  
 Who can discover at a distance,  
 When subjects ought to make resistance  
 Against their princes, and foretel  
 The proper minute to rebel.  
 When Presbyter should sound th' alarm,  
 Against the church and state to arm ;  
 And watch-word give with sough and tone,  
*The sword of the Lord and Gideon.*

In his broad hat, instead of feather,  
 The *league and covenant* together  
 He tied, and under hat-band sticke'd,  
 And wore them like a burges's-ticket.

Aizard mask he wore of brass,  
 Which from his foes preserv'd his face ;  
 He had a doublet made of buff,  
 Was cudgel, sword, and reason proof ;  
 A waste-coat under this, within,  
 Lin'd with a salamander's skin :

And

And then he had for a furtout,  
Because he was as wise as stout,  
A long gray cloak well lin'd with freeze,  
That hang down lower than his knees ;  
Perhaps by guessing you'll discover,  
The thing that cloaks do use to cover.

A pair of gauntlet gloves he had,  
For boxing, and for preaching made,  
With which he dealt his deadly blows,  
And thump'd the pulpit and his foes ;  
Well vers'd he was in both these trades,  
Of handling texts and rusty blades ;  
In both he had such matchless skill,  
With either he could wound or kill,  
And many a head had got contusions,  
By both these weapons in confusions ;  
For when he kill'd not with the word,  
He did it with the powerful sword,  
And made his enemies perplex'd,  
Either with awful sword or text.  
He was content to fight his foes,  
Either with paraphrase or blows ;  
And if the one did not succeed,  
The other knock'd them in the head..  
But far less vict'ry he had got  
By texts, than blows and musket-shot ;  
For, like the wight with the tame pidgeon,  
He cudgel'd men into religion,  
Altho' all virtue ought to be,  
Of choice, and not necessitie ;  
For proselytes brought o'er by force,  
Instead of better, still turn worse ;  
And 'tis in vain, to think oppression  
Can converts make, save in possession.  
For there is something in our mind,  
Which can with reason be inclin'd,

And



## The KNIGHT.

9

And gentle means ; but open force,  
Will make it stiffer still, and worse.

'Tis proper now, that we should come,  
To casket of our hero's bum ;  
And with elaborated speeches,  
Endeavour to describe his breeches.

Breeches you know, for antient race,  
Of all our clothing take the place,  
As being first in *Eden* made,  
The prentice-sey of taylor trade :  
Good reason then we have to put on  
Our breeches first, before we button  
Our upper clothes, for as you see  
They justly claim precedency.

It is a *Catholic* opinion,  
That they're the emblem of dominion,  
Which frequently occasions strife  
Betwixt the husband and the wife,  
Who, when she scratches, scolds and shrieks,  
'Tis still that she may wear the breeks ;  
Tho' breeches first, we must confess,  
Were made to screen our nakedness,  
And were design'd to hide our shame,  
And cover what I will not name :  
Yet after-ages have discover'd,  
That honour's by our breeches cover'd,  
Honour that nice and ticklish thing,  
Which in a hero's breast should reign,  
Like a comptroller, or dictator,  
Or, if you please, a moderator,  
And scorns to lie in any bed,  
That is not warmed with blood-shed ;  
Yet all our modern authors jump  
In this, That she dwells in the rump ;  
For kick a man but in the breech,  
His honour there you're sure to reach,

And

And wound the same with more disgrace;  
 Than when you knock him on the face;  
 Hence we observe, that she does dwell  
 Near the *Os sacrum* in a cell.  
 So shame from honour lives not far,  
 You see these two dear neighbours are,  
 And when you miss the one, be sure  
 You're not far from the other's door;  
 And as at *Rome*, for an example,  
 No man could enter Honour's temple,  
 Who past not first through Virtue's church,  
 So they must still lie in the lurch,  
 Who seek for Honour's house and Fame,  
 And pass not by the gates of Shame.  
 If Honour's house you leave behind,  
 The manor-house of Shame you'll find;  
 Then to the everlasting fame  
 Of breeches, as they hide our shame,  
 And fence and fortify the dock,  
 So Honour wears them for a frock;  
 In these, since so much virtue lies,  
 No male or female will despise  
 Our learned and our pointed speeches,  
 Upon the worth and praise of breeches,  
 Which lodge, to their great reputation,  
 Fit members for our generation.

Our *Knight* did use them long and wide,  
 Because he had much shame to hide,  
 But had been so oft on his a—e,  
 And soundly jerked, one could scarce  
 Discern one hand-breadth of the thatching  
 Of's buttocks that was free of patching,  
 So clouted o'er with *black* and *blue*,  
 And rags of every other hue;  
 That by his breeches you'd mistake him,  
 And for a *Merry Andrew* take him.

The

## The KNIGHT.

11

The *proverb* says, that he should speak  
Few words who has a riven breek,  
If so, our *Knight* should still be dumb  
When he thinks on the slough of *rum*.

Above his hose he wore gramashes,  
Because thro' thick and thin he plashes ;  
And for a crampet to his stumps,  
He wore a pair of hobnail'd pumps,  
Which were contriv'd and nicely made,  
On crown'd and mitr'd heads to tread.

Many who use the riding trade,  
One spur, you know, have only had,  
Which was the case of *Hudibras* ;  
But when our *Knight* does mount his *ass*,  
*Semblie*, I think, the beast they call ;  
'Tis known he wears no spur at all,  
I mean on heel ; nor is there need,  
Because he has them in his head ;  
And all our readers know right well,  
One spur in head's worth two on heel.

Two swords he had of metal keen,  
Which at bones-breaking oft had been ;  
He was a *bully* and a *bragger*,  
And therefore fought with *sword* and *dagger* ;  
One was a little sp'ritual dudgeon,  
Which many a time had left its lodging,  
When he inclin'd to deal his blows,  
Among all those he thought his foes.  
It was a very bloody blade,  
And not long since two edges had ;  
When one of these did slap the Spirit,  
The other still did disinherit.

With this he slash'd both soul and fortune,  
A pastime which our *Knight* did sport in ;  
But lately our wise men and sages,  
Thought fit to blunt one of its edges,

Knowing

Knowing that fools will play their tricks,  
 If you allow them chopping sticks :  
 Therefore they did with great sagacity,  
 Deprive the blade of one capacity ;  
 And since that time few think this sword  
 Of *Presbyter* is worth a turd ;  
 For all the dints of this blade are but  
 Feckless, since blunted by Lord *Tarbat*,  
 Which makes him rather chuse to run  
 T' his carnal weapons, *sword* and *gun*,  
 Which serve him more in time of need,  
 Than this dull rusty thing of lead.

Fire arms he had in such great plenty,  
 With one discharge he could kill twenty ;  
 Yea, some affirm that he had got  
 The famous circulary shot.

Of trumpets, drums, and eke hautboys,  
 And every thing that raises noise,  
 Great store he had ; 'tis said by some,  
 He turn'd the *pulpit* to a *drum*,  
 I mean a "*drum ecclesiastick*,  
 ' Beat with his fist instead of a stick."

Thus was he armed and accoutr'd,  
 So well equipt as to the outward  
 Appearance, that, from top to toe,  
 He seem'd a very dreadful foe.

Then next in order we must garnish,  
 His mind with all the proper harness,  
 And briefly lay down in a plan,  
 The fabrick of his inward man.

Of learning and of wit he had  
 Just so much as did suit his trade ;  
 With more he would not fast his head,  
 Nor stuff't with what he did not need ;  
 He was contented with his share,  
 serv'd himself, he'd none to spare ;

And

And as of outward wealth 'tis kent,  
They have enough who are content ;  
So had our Knight of inward store  
Enough, for he desir'd no more.

Head knowledge is acquir'd with pain,  
And toilsome labour of the brain ;  
And learning is a tender seed,  
That will not thrive in ev'ry head :  
It needs such care and toil to plant it,  
Our Knight did rather chuse to want it,  
Than put himself to so much trouble,  
To purchase what he thought ab ubble ;  
And therefore he made other shifts  
To serve himself with cheaper gifts.

These gifts, as he receiv'd them freely,  
So, good or bad, he priz'd them highly,  
Tho' miserably crack'd and broken,  
Yet since he got them in a token,  
He had more manners than to view them  
With nicety, but he would shew them  
To other men; for he was loth  
To look a giv'n horse in the mouth.

For languages, it is well known,  
That if you but except his own,  
All others equally he knew,  
As well the antient as the new,  
And could with as great promptness speak  
The *Hebrew* as the vulgar *Greek*,  
The *Syriac* and the *Chaldaic*,  
And all that's spoke by priest or laick ;  
*Chinesse*, *Arabick*, and *Sclavonick*,  
And dialects of the *Teutonick*;  
The *Hieroglyphicks* and the *Gothick*,  
And *Czar* of *Musco's* *Bibliotheck*,  
He could explain with as great ease  
And promptness as the *Japanese*,

B

And



And all the other tongues of *Babel*,  
With equal knowledge he could gabble.

To *Latin* he bore no good will,  
And therefore had of it small skill;  
*Latin*, the language of the *beast*,  
That's mumb'l'd o'er by *popish* priest,  
When he's intent upon his masses,  
And which is taught by pedant asses,  
Who tie our tongues to rule and sense,  
And with syntax will not dispense,  
Which none can know unless he study  
The *classick* authors which are muddy,  
These corrupt, *Heath'nish*, *Pagan* fountains,  
That run among the rugged mountains,  
Where learning lies in drumbled water,  
So deep, our Knight could ne'er come at her.  
Tho' drumbled water's best to fish in,  
Yet since these streams are kept by *Priscian*,  
To whom he is a spiteful foe,  
He scorns in them to dip his toe;  
In these our *Hero* only looks  
† For *Latin* names to *English* books.

An enemy he is to *Grammar*,  
The forge in which our speech we hammer,  
And dress and furbish up our words,  
And polish them like blades of *swords*,  
In which the critics blow the bellows,  
A set of supercilious fellows,  
Whose only talent lies in prying,  
And every little blemish spying,  
In finding fault with that or this,  
And something that is still amiss.  
Tho' these ill-natur'd fairy elves,  
Have never made a line themselves,

Yet

† *Rotia sacra, Schema sacrum, &c.*

Yet they drive on a scurvy trade,  
Of censuring what others made :  
They love to snarl, and bite and worry,  
And authors hides like tanners curry,  
And then expect they should be thanked,  
For picking holes in every blanket.  
These men were hated by the *Knight*,  
Some think that he was in the right.

He was a profound *Politician*,  
A most accomplish'd *Rhetorician*,  
A *haberdasher* of cramp words,  
That hack'd and hew'd like rusty swords,  
And batter'd all his hearers brains,  
To understand his lofty strains;  
Yea even vex'd them at the heart,  
'Ere they could reach his terms of art ;  
For every sentence he would prop,  
With some metonymie or trope,  
And would find in the plainest story,  
Some strange surprising *allegory*;  
And where his author nought proposes,  
But plain sense he'd find a *Meiosis*,  
Sometimes a *Parasiosis*,  
Skulking beneath a simple thesis.

Well could he piece a long oration,  
And shape it in the newest fashion,  
Which is not valued for the strength  
Of argument, but for the length.  
Full well he knew the long ear'd croud,  
Is pleas'd most with long and loud,  
Whose judgment is not so profound,  
As to dive deeper than the sound :  
Give them the *sough*, they can dispense,  
With either scant or want of sense.

Our *Knight*, whenever he did need them,  
Had got the way how forth to lead them,

Not like to *horses* by the nose  
 And mouth, as some folk do suppose ;  
 But he could make them turn or veer,  
 And hap or wynd them by the ear,  
 And with some well wal'd interjections,  
 Could stir them up to insurrections,  
 Whenever he beat on the drum,  
 Of ear with skilful Hah and Hum,  
 Or sounded in his rusty throat,  
 Like trumpeter, a warlike note,  
 Attended with a doleful groan,  
 Not much unlike the bag-pipe's drom,  
 The mob to arms he out could call  
 With,— *To your tents, O Israel !*

Another trick he had to catch them,  
 For which the world cannot match him,  
 By cutting out, and shaping faces,  
 Adapted to all times and places ;  
 For never man could put his *Phyz-*  
*iognomy* in shapes like his.

In logick he knew every trick,  
 That has been taught by *Burgersdick*,  
 And was well vers'd in all the stories,  
 Of *Aristotle's* categories ;  
 And all the other useful chat,  
 Of subject and of predicat :  
 All kinds of arguments he knew,  
 And reason he could well construe,  
 By *Enthymeme*, or *Syllogism*,  
*Sorites*, or *Paralogism*,  
 Or by *dilemma* or *induction*,  
 Of all he knew the right construction,  
 And could with nicety and rigour,  
 Reduce them all to mode and figure,  
 And then would bring the very *cardo*,  
*Contrapositio* to *Beccardo* ;

For

For his Conclusion never misses,  
 Tho' not contained in *Præmissis*,  
 As they can overlook delusions  
 In premisses, who love conclusions,  
 So, tho' his *Major* had some fault,  
 And *Minor* very oft did halt,  
 (\* For *minors* are but minors still,  
 And may revoke and change their will) ;  
 From these, tho' one or both did err,  
 What pleas'd himself he could infer ;  
 'Twas for his interest, and therefore  
 'Twas best; for that he's bound to care for;  
 And would promote the good old cause,  
 Which gives to sense and reason laws.

By demonstration he could shew,  
 Each proposition false or true,  
 And what is true, will keep its quarter,  
 And never turn a base deserter,  
 And sink o'er to the other side,  
 Or 'twixt the two itself divide.  
 Truth is an atom or a point  
 Which never man could yet disjoint,  
 And make two contradictions share it ;  
 For if your try to eik or pare it,  
 Or to dissect it, or dispose it,  
 'Twixt contradictions you will lose it ;  
 For tho' this little thing we know,  
 Can either lodge in yea or no:  
 Yet 'twixt these two it will not vary,  
 Whenever they are found contrary,

B. 3.

Nor:

\* This is a *Pun*, and so is that of *Augustus*,  
*Vestius cum exarasset monumentum patris, dixit*  
*Augustus, Hoc vere est monumentum patris colere.*  
 Which is enough to prove that *Punning* is classi-  
 cal.

Nor like a trimmer take it's post,  
With either side that rules the roast:  
It dwells not with these luke-warm sinners,  
Who, for no side, will lose their dinners,  
But shift about, and chuse the upper-  
Side, where they get the better supper.

He would make out this paradox  
By logick, that his friend *John Knox*  
And *Andrew Melvil*, could invent  
A better scheme of Government  
Ecclesiastic, and far meeter  
For us, than either *Paul* or *Peter*.  
He many a nice distinction knew,  
Betwixt the old kirk and the new,  
And could shew *in constituenda*  
*Ecclesia*, there might be some *menda*,  
Which after may be turned out,  
How soon the kirk is constitute,  
Which serves him in good stead, when he  
With ancient church cannot agree:  
\* As when *St. Paul* writes to the *Romans*,  
That all their peers as well as commons

Should

\* *St. Paul*, writing to the *Romans*, saith,  
*Let every soul be subject to the higher Powers, &c.*  
*St. Paul* wrote this in the infancy of the church:  
there were but few Christians then, not many  
of them rich, or of ability, so as they were  
not ripe for such a purpose; as if a man should  
write to such Christians as are under the *Turk*,  
in substance poor, in courage feeble, in strength  
unarmed, in numbers few, and generally sub-  
ject to all kind of injuries, would he not write  
as *St. Paul* did? So that the Apostle did re-  
spect the men he wrote to, and his words are  
to be extended to the body or people of a  
common-



Should subject be to supreme powers,  
That was for their times, not for ours,  
In substance poor, in numbers few,  
A maughtless and unarmed crew,  
These Christians were, Sir *John* would tell,  
Who were not ripe yet to rebell;  
Were *Paul* alive now he would tell us  
Another tale; *Go to, brave fellows!*  
*You're men enough, out with your swords,*  
*And cut your King's and Prince's cords*  
*In pieces; break their bonds asunder,*  
*And them of crowns and scepters plunder.*  
So tho' our *hero* contradicts  
Both law and gospel with his tricks,  
No matter; for you see that this is  
A fine distinction that ne'er misses,  
When 'tis applied by the *Knight*,  
To prove that he's still in the right.

In metaphysick quiddities,  
He was as learned as *De Vries*,  
A subtle *cobweb* he could spin,  
And make a metaphysick gin,  
To catch the smallest entity,  
Tho' *Ens Rationis* it should be;  
And keep it prisoner at will,  
Until our *Knight*, by profound skill,

Had

common-wealth or whole city. If *St. Paul* were  
alive, and saw wicked Kings reigning in Christian  
common-wealths, *St. Paul* would say, That he  
accounted no such for Kings; he would forbid all  
men speaking to them, and keeping them com-  
pany; he would leave them to their subjects to be  
punished: neither would he blame them if they  
accounted none such longer for their Kings.

*Buchananus de jure regnt. P. 50, 56, 57.*

Had view'd the poor *Elf* thro' and thro',  
 And all its properties did know,  
 Its parts, affections and dimensions,  
 Relations, uses and intentions,  
 Its rank and order, and its cause,  
 Its acts and habits, cracks and flaws.

In *Ethicks* he had so great skill,  
 He prov'd no action good nor ill  
 In its own nature; but because  
 It jumps or jumps not with his laws.  
 Self-love and profit he foresaw,  
 Was *prima morum regula*;

And therefore, that was always best,  
 Which most advanc'd his interest.

† He much admir'd the Stoick fate,  
 But did their other doctrines hate,  
 As *antiquat*, and out of fashion,  
 That meddled with his darling passion;  
 He thought them all a pack of fools,  
 Who taught a story in their schools,  
 That virtue is its own reward:  
 Our *Knight* for no such virtue car'd;  
 For Godliness is best with gain,  
 Without that virtue is but vain,  
 Tho' *Socrates* and divine *Plato*,  
 He could converse with, or staunch *Cato*;  
 Yet those who know him best assure us,  
 He loves to dine with *Epicurus*.

Lying he thinks no sin, because  
 It is the life of the old cause,  
 Except when other men practise it;  
 For fain would he monopolize it,  
 And had he not both lied and cheated,  
 All his designs had been defeated:

For

† See Bp Burnet's Exposition of the 39 Articles,

For when he fought against his *Prince*,  
He swore it was in his defence,  
And still maintain'd this arrant lie,  
Until he made his Sovereign die.

And not long since, in his distresses,  
You know to whom he sent *addresses*,  
Lying and swearing that he lik'd him ;  
You know how after that he trick'd him.

Nor thinks he drinking a great evil,  
Because it comes not from the devil.

For you will grant this is a truth,  
The devil drinks not to his drouth :  
He ne'er was drunk in all his life,  
'Bout this there's no debate nor strife ;  
Conform to best *divines* opinions,  
*Liquor* is scarce in his dominions.

Our *Knight* can drink like other men,  
Provided *Tories* do not ken ;

And at this trade he's turn'd so keen,  
He cares not much by whom he's seen.

He can pull off a glass of *brandy*,  
When sweetned well with sugar-candy,  
Which makes our *Knight* with pleasure take it,  
And nicely to the bottom shake it.

Before he want it, our Sir *John*  
Will take the *brandy-wine* alone ;

A glass or two of forty-nine,  
He can pull off before he dine ;  
At night, before he disoblige you,  
A round half dozen he will pledge you ;  
Yea, he can drink a good *sack-posset*,  
And glibly down his throat can toss it.

Tho' *claret's* what he seldom uses,  
Yet when it comes he ne'er refuses,  
If burnt with *cinnamon* and *sugar*,  
To quaff't about in *hugger mugger*.

Of late, for want of better liquor,  
 Of well made *punch* he'll take a *sneaker*;  
 And if all other liquor fail,  
 Before he want he will drink *ale*  
 Or *beer*, of which he'll take a *bicker*,  
 Well mull'd with *eggs* to make it thicker.

To take the name of *God* in vain  
 He thinks is sin. But then for gain  
 To swear, when he makes something of it,  
 Is no sin, for it brings him profit.

His own interest to secure,  
 And good old Cause, he can perjure,  
 And frankly swallow down all oaths,  
 That bring him either *food* or *cloaths*.

The *Covenant* he made and took it,  
 Since then you know how oft he's broke it;  
 By this he is oblig'd to purge  
 The *English* Church, and with his scourge,  
 Drive out her grave and learned prelates,  
 And plant her with his head-strong zealots,  
 And banish thence her *Liturgie*;  
 Yet he thinks better let her be.

Justice he hated; for he knew  
 If ev'ry man should get his due,  
 He'd get the devil to his thanks,  
 For playing all his knavish pranks.

For mercy, we can say, our *Hero*  
 Was not inferior to *Nero*;  
 For it was fore against his will,  
 To save men's lives when he could kill.  
 When *scaffolds* reek'd with blood, Sir *John*  
 \* Still said, *The work went bann'ly on,*

And

\* At *Glasgow* they caused to be executed at  
 the *Market Cross*, upon *October 28. 1645*, Sir  
*Philip*



*And to advance the good old Cause,  
† He murdered men against the laws  
Of arms, after giving quarter,  
Which ne'er was done by Turk or Tartar.*

Long

*Philip Nisbet, and Alexander Ogilvie of Inverquharity, (whereof the first was but lately come home from foreign parts, and the last was but a boy of scarce 18 years of age, lately come from the schools). And upon that occasion it was, that Mr David Dick said, The work goes bonnily on; which passed afterwards into a proverb. Guthrie's Mem. page 166.*

† After the defeat of *Montrose's* army at *Philiphaugh* by *David Lesly*, *Montrose's* foot drew to a little hold; which they maintained, until *Stuart* the adjutant procured quarter for them from *David Lesly*; whereupon they delivered up their arms, and came forth to a plain field as they were directed. But then did the *Kirk-men* quarrel, that quarter should be given to such wretches as they; and declared it to be an act of most sinful impiety to spare them; on which the army was let loose upon them, and cut them all into pieces. *Guthrie's Mem. page 162.*

Some of these who fled, falling into the hands of the country people, were basely murdered by them. Others who escaped them, and found some pity in them that had so little, being gathered together, were, by order of the rebel Lords, thrown headlong from a high bridge, and the men, together with their wives and children, drowned in the river beneath; and if any chanced to swim towards the side, they were beaten off with sticks and staves, and thrust down again into the water. See *Montrose's History*, Chap. 17.



Long since, before the procreation  
 Of men by modern generation,  
 'Twixt *male* and *female* was invented,  
 With which we now must be contented;  
 There was a time, so says our *Knight*,  
 And swears that he is in the right,  
 When things were in the state of nature \*,  
 And mother *Earth*, that pregnant creature,  
 Brought forth in *ditches*, *fens* and *bogs*,  
 Great swarms of men as thick as frogs:  
 Equally aged, strong and wise,  
 Exactly of the self-same size,  
 Right sturdy louts, untoward clowns,  
 Who us'd to knock each others crowns,  
 Still jangling, wrangling, scolding, huffing,  
 Wrestling, boxing, kicking, cuffing,  
 Just like that crop of murdering fellows,  
 Who certainly deserv'd the *gallows*,  
 For knocks and blood, and wounds and death,  
 That sprung up from the *dragon's* teeth,  
 Which *Cadmus* had sown in the fields,  
 And grew ripe men with spears and shields,  
 Helmets and launces, boots and spurs,  
 From these well plough'd and fruitful furs  
 As thick, and in the self-same manner,  
 As fir-trees grow up in *Glen-tanner*;  
 And any person at first sight wou'd  
 Acknowledge, that they were a wight wood  
 Of warlike plants, as e'er was seen  
 To grow since that day on the green.  
 But weary of such strife and hatred,  
 Resolv'd to get of nature's state rid,

'Tis

\* See Hobbe's State of Nature : Also his tract  
*de Giv.*

And in a trice, (who could have thought it?)  
But wit is best when men have bought it,  
They all agree to chuse a *Rector*,  
A *hoggan-moggan* Lord *Protector*.

'Tis strange to think how they did jump so,  
Who did but 'erst each other thump so.

But then, they made a stipulation,  
Before they came to his creation,  
On which it was not safe to venture,  
Before they had made this indenture.

“ To all and sundry be it kent,  
' By virtue of this instrument,  
' *Imprimis*. That we all agree,  
' That henceforth *Noll* our King shall be,  
' Who, from our foes is to defend us,  
' And with a watchful eye attend us,  
' And keep us free from pit and gallows,  
' And all mischief that may befall us,  
' From foreigners and roaring ruffians,  
' And wand'ring sturdy ragamuffians,  
' That travel up and down among us,  
' And would by theft or robb'ry wrong us,  
' And lay their gins and traps and trains out,  
' To catch us first, then beat our brains out,  
' Or thrust their swords into our paunches,  
' And play at old game with our wenches,  
' Our wives, our daughters, or our doxies,  
' And so endanger us with poxes.  
' *Item*. It is agreed and ended,  
' And by thir presents condescended,  
' That he shall put in execution,  
' (Or else they are not worth a snifflen);  
' Such statutes, acts and laws, as we  
' Shall make for our securitie,  
' Which, if he do, then we oblige us,  
' To be his true and faithful lieges,

‘ And to stand by him, and assist him,  
 ‘ Against all those who shall resist him,  
 ‘ And rig him out to fight our battles,  
 ‘ With our estates, and lands, and chattles ;  
 ‘ Yea, even venture life and limb,  
 ‘ When he’s for us, to fight for him ;  
 ‘ But when we find that he has wrong’d us ;  
 ‘ Or meddled with what did belong t’ us :  
 ‘ We’ll run back to the State of Nature,  
 ‘ And make him know he is our creature.  
 ‘ Originally, since all power is  
 ‘ In us the people, which most sure is,  
 ‘ We’ll reassume our nat’ral right,  
 ‘ And kick him out by slight or might.  
 ‘ This is by mutual consent,  
 ‘ The origin of government,  
 ‘ By which ’tis plain, all Princes barter  
 ‘ For crowns, and hold them by this charter ;  
 ‘ For among us the sons of earth,  
 ‘ No one could be a King by birth :  
 ‘ All independent were and free,  
 ‘ In *Presbyterian* parity :  
 ‘ For wit or valour, no one brother  
 ‘ Was preferable to another ;  
 ‘ All had to all things equal right,  
 ‘ There was no law but slight or might.  
 ‘ By these first principles, self-love  
 ‘ And interest, all things then did move :  
 ‘ But then, (because, as wise men say,  
 ‘ *Where all command, none can obey ;*)  
 ‘ We yielded our true power inherent  
 ‘ Of government, to our vicegerent  
 ‘ The King, who still is answerable,  
 ‘ To th’ origin of power, the Rabble ;  
 ‘ And being our repository  
 ‘ Of power, when we find him miscarry

‘ In government, then we can leave him,  
 ‘ And strip him of that power we gave him,  
 ‘ And in some better hand can lodge it,  
 ‘ And make him shorter, if he grudge it,  
 ‘ By all the head, since he abus’d it,  
 ‘ And to it’s owners then refus’d it.”

“ Hereditary right, *revera*,  
 ‘ To scepters is a mere chimæra,  
 ‘ Invented first by fools or knaves,  
 ‘ Or flatterers, to make men slaves,  
 ‘ But none of us so little sense has,  
 ‘ To think our creatures the first Princes,  
 ‘ Neglecting men of worth and merit,  
 ‘ Could make their num-skull sons inherit  
 ‘ Their crowns by right, and so exclude,  
 ‘ The more deserving multitude:  
 ‘ Our ancestors, without consent,  
 ‘ Could not set up such government ;  
 ‘ Nor can we think they were so dull,  
 ‘ Our nat’ral rights thus to annul,  
 ‘ To make their children miserable,  
 ‘ And to one race enslave the rabble.”

Thus did our causuist and divine,  
 Reason this point in forty-nine,  
 In which brave days he made a figure ;  
 His arguments well pleas’d *McGregor*,  
 A certain wight and witty robber,  
 Some think he was a true stock-jobber,  
 Who made a shift to make a living,  
 By what some men accouted thieving ;  
 Tho’, honest man ! he’d have it known,  
 He took not all that was his own.

In faith ! Sir, you are in the right,  
 Said brave *McGregor* to the *Knight*,  
 Your arguments are good and true,  
 And make as much for me as you ;

All have to all things equal right,  
 My blessing on you, honest Knight !  
 Rich men are but depositories  
 Of our true wealth, and he who carries  
 About too much, or does abuse it,  
 To those who want must not refuse it ;  
 Your reasoning indeed exact is,  
 And fully justifies my practice :  
 Your ancestors (I ne'er denied it),  
 And mine, the goods of earth divided  
 By just consent, but you will grant,  
 Mine never mean't that I should want.  
 Now, this original contract  
 Is violated by a pack  
 Of avaritious wealthy rogues,  
 Who have seiz'd all like greedy dogs,  
 And left me nought ; so, worthy Knight,  
 I take me to my natural right,  
 And whatsoe'er I can command,  
 Either by force or slight of hand,  
 From any other richer creature,  
 Is mine by all the rights of nature.  
 Hereditary right to crowns,  
 Which is maintain'd by slavish clowns,  
 At best is *Tory* stuff : and what else  
 Is heritage of lands and chattles,  
 And other things, but a mere bauble,  
 That was not known by the first rabble  
 In purest state of nature's æra,  
 And is at best a wild chimera ?  
 That their first owners should transmit  
 Them to their children, is not fit ;  
 For then, Adieu to wit and merit !  
 If num-skull sons do still inherit  
 Their father's lands, and so exclude  
 The more deserving multitude.



Our ancestors, without consent,  
 Could never make such settlement :  
 Nor can we think they were so dull,  
 Our nat'ral rights thus to annul ;  
 Nor did they, by their distribution,  
 Intend that any constitution  
 Should make their children miserable,  
 A naked, poor, and starving rabble ;  
 That on our public good, some twenty  
 Or thirty rogues might live in plenty.



Now since those magistrates and kings  
 You've mention'd, are unnat'ral things,  
 Who have usurp'd, by slight and might,  
 My nat'ral and inherent right,  
 And would restrain a free-born creature,  
 From seizing what's his own by nature :  
 I am confirmed by your logic,  
 Still to pursue my lawful project,  
 And ease all those of loads who carry  
 More goods than what are necessary ;  
 In nature there's no reason why  
 They should have more of these than I.

And now, brave patriot of mine  
 And nature's rights, you'll not repine,  
 If of your burden I do ease you ;  
 In reason it cannot displease you ;  
 Because I find, *Sir*, that you bear  
 About so much superfluous Gear,  
 You cannot think that he has wrong'd you,  
 Who takes but what does not belong t'you,  
 But to my comrades and me,  
 Whom you have brought to misery,  
 And left us nought to live upon,  
 Except our nat'ral right alone.  
 You are a champion, most zealous  
 For nature's rights ; so are my fellows

And I; We use the self-same reason :  
Produce your purse ; it is no treason  
To take it from you. Do not dally,  
Musing and mumbling, Shill I Shall I.

The *Knight*, whom *Greger* put so hard to,  
Was fairly now in a bocardo,  
Casting about for some evasion,  
To save his purse on this occasion.  
Quoth he; But you must understand,  
Laws are establish'd in the land,  
By which we may have just possession  
Of goods, by paction or succession,  
Or honest labour of each kind,  
Either of body or of mind.

Tush ! quoth *Mac-Gregor*, Never flinch  
From principles, nor spurn, nor winch :  
Ne'er talk of laws 'gainst nature's right ;  
You know far better things, good *Knight* :  
These cobwebs you have all swept down,  
By sweeping off your Sov'reign's crown.  
Adieu, *Sir*, to your good old cause ;  
Had you allow'd him to plead laws,  
Succession, labour, covenants,  
All these were laugh'd at by your saints,  
Because they made for him. And thou art  
No better man than was *Charles Stuart* ;  
Nor can from law or nature bring  
One argument, but what the King  
Could have advanc'd in his defence,  
With far more reason and good sense  
Than you, *Sir Knight*, (who art a curse  
To these poor lands) to save thy purse.  
Produce it, *Sir*, or you shall know,  
I'll make a state of nature's blow,  
As cleanly cut off all your treasure,  
As you cut off the head of *Cæsar*.

Hold !

Hold ! hold ! *Mac-Gregor*, cry'd the *Knight*,  
 'There is a providential right,  
 Maintain'd by our Apostle *Knox*,  
 Who was most sound and orthodox :  
 His arguments are very pretty,  
 Which he advanc'd to good Queen *Betty*.

“ \* *Madam*, Altho' your right, quoth he,  
 ' With nature's laws can ne'er agree,  
 ' Nor with God's perfect ordinances,  
 ' Which is the truth my book advances ;  
 ' For I'm oblig'd to say, in conscience,  
 ' The people's consent is pure nonsense.  
 ' And I could make a rotten rag of  
 ' Your birth and title, which you brag of,  
 ' And clearly prove that all your laws  
 ' And power are full of cracks and flaws ;  
 ' And that your throne hath no foundation,  
 ' But an uncommon dispensation,  
 ' Which, maugre the just course of nature,  
 ' Hath set the crown on such a creature.  
 ' Yet, *Madam*, you have one credential  
 ' To reign, that's a *right providential*,  
 ' Which makes that lawful now to you,  
 ' Which law and nature disallow.  
 ' To this alone if you pretend,  
 ' Here is my hand I'll be your friend ;  
 ' With tongue and pen I shall be ready,  
 ' Still to maintain your right, my *Lady* ;  
 ' But if this title you shall slight,  
 ' And go about to prove your right  
 ' To government, hereditary,  
 ' I tell you, *Bess*, you will miscarry.

\* See *Knox's History*, P. 231, 232. and his letter to *Cecil*.

- With might and main I will oppose you,
- And teach your subjects to depose you ;
- Such indefeasible pretences,
- Will pass with none who common sense has."

Now, by this providential right,  
This purse is mine, said learned *Knight*,  
And I cannot with it dispense,  
Without injuring providence.

I understand you, quoth *McGregor*,  
But I shall prove by mode and figure  
(Snatching his purse) that it is mine,  
And that by providence divine ;  
And if you offer once to grumble,  
I'll make you topsy-turvy tumble :  
For when you come to reason thus,  
Know *Major vis est majus jus*.

*Jack* finding things turn'd worse and worse,  
As well by *logick* as by force,  
Was even oblig'd to yield his pelf,  
And from worse usage save himself.  
*McGregor* gloried in this project,  
Of robbing him, by his own *logick*.

He had read both the text and gloss over,  
Of every old and new *philosopher*,  
And understood the whole gimcracks,  
That are found in the *Lipsick* acts.  
He could transmit to demonstration,  
His tenets by inoculation,  
And could infuse, with little pains,  
*Whig* blood in *Tory* childrens veins,  
And graft his doctrines orthodox,  
As doctors now do the *small-pox*.

A fine Air-pump he did invent,  
Most useful for his *Government*,  
Which with one turn about, would suck,  
And from his conscience cleanly pluck,



All his preceeding obligations,  
Of vows and oaths and protestations,  
And leav't so empty and well squeez'd,  
That he might fill't with what he pleas'd.

A burning *Glass* he has, whose *focus*  
Plays tricks that look like *Hocus-pocus*,  
With which he kindles *fire* and *flames*,  
As far's from *Firth* of *Forth* to *Thames*.

A *Microscope* he made to see,  
The smallest cracks of *Monarchy*,  
Which makes a midge appear in bulk,  
And size like Royal *Sovereign's* hulk,  
With which he sees the circulation,  
Of *Statesmens* blood in every nation.

A *Weather-glass* he's got of late,  
Which falls and rises with the state,  
By which our *Knight* exactly knows,  
How publick credit ebbs and flows.

He had a *geometrick* Scale,  
To gage men's heads like casks of ale,  
And calculate all their dimensions,  
Capacities, plots and intentions.

A *Chrysostatick* Balance he,  
Contriv'd with utmost nicety,  
For weighing *consciencs* with *gold*,  
To know for what they might be sold.

Our *Knight* had also got a Besom,  
Which did to admiration please him,  
To sweep the kirk and clean the causey,  
Of *Tories* and *Episcopacy*.

He had a Bed like old *Procrustes*,  
Which both for breadth and length so just is,  
That every journeyman he had  
Into the bed of proof was laid;  
And if too short, or if too small,  
He rax'd them till they fill'd it all.

Thus



Thus he *Tom Thumb* would rax and draw,  
And cut from *Garagantua*,  
Until he had them shap'd and siz'd,  
As *directory* bed advis'd.

When all their lessons he had taught them,  
And with his *nostrums* fully fraught them,  
He sent them out to cry his ware,

In ev'ry parish, town and fare;

And sell them, with this intimation,

They're of the newest reformation ;

Well cut and fashion'd, and much tighter

Than all before them, and much lighter:

Which was a very quaint device;

Because, *old springs will give no price.*

Here is a Cloak ; wear it about you,

Do what you please, no man will doubt you :

This cloak will cover all below it,

Be what it will no man can know it.

Here is a pair of Shoes ; come buy 'em ;

Pay nothing for them till you try 'em :

Ev'n put them on, see how they fit you,

For I design not to out-wit you :

They're made of trusty well-tann'd leather,

And fit for any kind of weather ;

Travel with these thro' thick and thin,

Your feet will still be dry within.

And here is *Gyges* his fine Ring,

Which is a very useful thing

For Statesmen, mountebanks and jugglers,

Intelligencers, spies and smugglers.

Here is a very pretty Touch-stone,

No man e'er saw another such stone,

For trying doctrines that are sound,

And creeds where no alloy is found,

And ev'ry thing that's *Sterling* fine,

Conform to standart *fotty-nine*.

Here

Here is a Hook will stipends fish up ;  
And here is Ars'nic for a Bishop.  
Here is a Spade, and other tools,  
For planting colleges and schools,  
And rooting out the bishop-weed,  
And sowing covenanted seed.

Here's Hood and Bells for Tory fool ;  
And here is a Repentance-stool.

Here I have burning red hot Zeal,  
And for malignants, here's a Flail.

Here is a pack of pleasant Toys,  
For doating fools and childish boys.  
In fine, there's nothing you can lack,  
Which I cannot find in my pack.

*First matter* was to him well known,  
He catch'd her ere she had put on  
One rag of *form*, when she was naked,  
And every *quod* and *quale* lacked ;  
And still he loves this fairy elf,  
Because she is so like himself ;  
For he can prove by sympathy,  
That like things always best agree.

He thinks, that *forma substantialis*  
*Est res fictitia, non realis* ;  
And that his purest reformation,  
By consequence must be privation :  
Forms are but useless baggage ; *Quare*,  
To throw them off *est deformare*,  
Which, by an easy transmutation  
Of letters, makes a reformation ;  
If matter can subsist without them,  
Why should he fash his head about them ?

Well vers'd he was in all the hist'ries  
Of nature, and her profound myst'ries,  
And by some occult quality,  
Her hardest knots he cou'd untye,

Or

Or like the *Macedonian* wight,  
Dissolve the same by slight or might.

\* He knew *Entelecheia Ontos*,  
And thought, that it no small affront is,  
To any man of his promotion,  
If he knew not the laws of motion;  
By practice he knew these as well,  
As *Leibnitz*, Drs *Clerk* or *Keil*;  
And, put him to't, he would dispute on  
This point with great Sir *Isaac Newton*;  
For when he charg'd with foot or horse,  
† He mov'd by *centripetal force*;  
And when he fled, he always saw  
The cause was *vis centrifuga*,  
And *vis inertia* was the bridle,  
That sometimes keep'd our hero idle.

Attractive force he could explain,  
In amber, magnet, gold or gain,  
And had found out the secret cause,  
Why amber only sucks up straws  
And chaff; why load-stone draws the steel,  
And turns the compass like a wheel,  
When more attractive gold can draw,  
Wife Judges, and great men of law;  
And make the most of mortals veer,  
And by it's sole direction steer.

Why beauty should attract men's eyes,  
As candle-light does butter-flies,  
And better stipend draws Mafs *John*,  
By act of transportation,  
To leave his own ‡ kirk for a fatter||,  
And labour hard till he be at her.

What

\* *Aristotle's* definition of motion.

† Sir *Isaac Newton's* Principles.

‡ Geneva. || Scotland.

What makes the sea to ebb and flow,  
Well as *Des Cartes* he did know ;  
That south-sea lately flow'd so high,  
It seem'd almost to reach the sky ;  
Then ebb'd so very low and soon,  
He proves, was owing to the moon,  
That giddy planet, which dispenses,  
On sea and land, her influences,  
When round this glob of earth she ranges,  
And seems to sport and play with changes ;  
Five hundred times she'll change, that's plain,  
Before she raise't so high again.

Matter's *Divisibility*,  
He proves by possibility,  
Is infinite ; for as Queen *Dido*,  
( You know her tale as well as I do ),  
A cunning gipsy, by a trick,  
Which she had learned from Old Nick,  
Bought as much ground as a bull's hide  
Would compass round on every side,  
Which in small thongs she nicely cutted,  
By which the Seller was outwitted,  
And for ten merks got as much ground,  
As was well worth ten thousand pound,  
Where she did settle with her people,  
And built a pretty town and steeple.

\* So might a louse' lug be divided,  
( Although our Knight had never try'd it ),  
In shreds so thin, that it would cover  
*Great Britain, Ireland, and Hanover*,  
And all the King of Spain's dominions,  
Conform to learned men's opinions ;

D

And

\* These are the necessary consequences of the infinite divisibility of matter, and our Knight seems to be very well acquainted with division.

And after that, what yet behind is,  
 Would serve to cover both the *Indies*,  
 All *Poland*, *Muscovy*, and *Russia*,  
 With *Flanders*, *Germany* and *Prussia*.

One of her teeth, were it but splitted  
 As thin as matter would admit it,  
 Our *Knight*, by demonstration, offers  
 To prove, that were it made in coffers,  
 They would contain all *Britain's* gold,  
 And more, by twenty thousand fold,  
 Than e'er was in our Island found,  
 Before it was in *South-sea* drown'd.

Besides all this, our hero knew  
 The very cement, or the glue,  
 That keeps a body's parts united  
 So close, it takes some pains to split it.

He knew the bodies elateric,  
 As well as any *Neoteric*.  
 Our *Knight* himself was so elastick,  
 That tho' you cudgell'd him with a stick  
 And beat him into any shape,  
 Of ass, or sheep, or lamb, or ape;  
 Such was his stiffness and his rigour,  
 He still recover'd his own figure.

He was a learned alchymist,  
 And had read *Boyle* and *Trismegist*,  
*Van-Helmont* too, and *Paracelsus*,  
 And all the authors, as he tells us,  
 Who treat of sulphur or of salt,  
 And can draw spirits out of malt:  
 He could make gold of glass or lumber  
 As well as any of their number.

And in the *Rosicrucian* trade,  
 He knew all has been writ or said,  
 And might for an *adeptus* pass,  
 As most men think indeed he was.

Well



Well vers'd he was in all the fancies  
Of *hydro-pyro-geo-mancies*,  
And many learned things could tell  
Of knots and charms, and the night spell,  
Which makes the devil stand as warden,  
To watch a deer-park or a garden.

He could find out who stole his gear,  
By turning of the sieve and sheer;  
And could teach browster-wives a charm,  
Which they might use without all harm,  
To make their drink go off the better,  
*To put more malt in, and less water.*

A charm for masons and for flaters,  
That should be writ in golden letters,  
He had, which, when they us'd their calling,  
Would keep them from all harm by falling;  
*In coming down make no more haste,*  
*Than going up, probatum est.*

He made a sympathetic plaister,  
Which (if you meet with a disaster),  
Rightly applied to the blade,  
Will surely cure the wound it made.

For oracles he never slip't one,  
From *Delphos* down to mother *Shipton*,  
From which he had not pull'd the meaning  
So close, he had not left a gleaning  
For after-ages, when he's gone,  
To exercise their wit upon.

With ease he could discuss the libels  
Of *Casaubon* against the *Sybils*;  
And was superlatively famous  
In explicating *Nostradamus*,  
And all the prophecies of *Merlin*,  
Which some think are not fully *Sterling*.  
*Thomas the Rhymer* he had read,  
And understood each word he said;

His prophecies he could unriddle,  
As easily as string a fiddle :  
On these he had made explications,  
Like *Jurieu's* on the *Revelations* ;  
From which good reasons he could bring,  
To shew how long the *beast* should reign  
With horned head, and lawless power,  
That fornicator of the whore ;  
That *Antichrist*, that man of sin,  
In blood of saints drench'd to the chin ;  
Who has usurp'd another's throne,  
And wrought great desolation.  
But after some *Platonic* years,  
He says, most clearly it appears,  
The *Covenant* shall batter *Rome*,  
Or burn him without law or doom :  
For he's content then to be fry'd  
Alive, if you find that he's ly'd.  
Most clearly also he does see,  
All clergymen will ne'er agree,  
But always, some ill-natur'd brother  
Will persecute and damn another :  
That *Britain* always shall have war,  
Against the *Germans*, *French* or *Czar*,  
Or *Spain*, or some one of her princes,  
With arguments he can convince us :  
So long as kingdoms try their metal,  
The balance of her pow'r to settle ;  
Which is indeed a thing so kittle,  
One scale will still weigh down a little.  
Or, were't *in equilibrio*,  
The balance up and down must go,  
So soon as any active state  
Shall be found to preponderate.  
And this, our hero does contend,  
Will be ev'n to the world's end.

Quite

Quite out of sight, like wat'ring spaniel,  
Sometimes, to find the sense of *Daniel*\*,  
He dives; and then, when he appears,  
Shaking the water from his ears,  
He throws the dirt so thick about him,  
The crowd he makes to fear and doubt him.

Sometimes, like turn-spit cur, he reels,  
Sweating in his mysterious wheels;  
And by his motion, tho' he fancies  
That higher up he still advances,  
Yet, press'd down with his nat'ral weight,  
After much toiling, still the *Knight*  
Is found to be in the same place  
Where first he did begin his race;  
And has done less, for all his boasting,  
Than turn-spit dog the goose when roasting.

For *Palmistry*, he seldom mis's'd  
To bear his Fortune in his fist.  
By physiognomy he knew  
A tory face from a true blue.  
By horoscopes he could foretell  
As well as any *Sydrophet*,  
The fate of those he mean't to murder;  
In this his art could go no further.

He knew *Beelzebub's* whole commanders,  
Imps, satyrs, sylphs and salamanders,  
Familiars, brownies, water-kelpies,  
And all the other hellish whelpies;  
Hobgoblins, ghosts, and fairy legions,  
That wander in the airy regions;  
And sometimes take a trip among us,  
When they intend to rob or wrong us,  
And drink our wine out, or our beer,  
Or feast upon our richest chear,

\* See *Calvin's* comment. on *Daniel*.

Of which, when they've th' effusion got,  
Their latter meat's not with a groat.

And he can prove, that in the air is  
A palace, built for king of fairies ;  
Tho' many think, that the foundation  
Of that tower is imagination,

\* It is not so ; for the Lord *Duffus*  
(Which of the fairies a good proof is),  
In one night travel'd with their train  
Ev'n to *Bourdeaux*, and back again,  
There drank good wine, and then put up  
In his gown-sleeve a silver cup ;  
Our Knight has seen it, and believes  
The Lord and Fairies were the thieves,  
Who drank the honest man's burgundy  
And claret ; they'll pay for it one day :  
And then into the hogshead pifs'd,  
'To fill it up ; believ't who list ;  
The story's true, the liquor stinked,  
As they can tell you who did drink it ;  
Then stole off without paying for it,  
And kept the cup, nor will restore it.

† *Meg Mulloch*, and the second sight,  
Elf torches glimmering in the night,  
And *ignes fatui*, these fires  
That lead men into bogs and mires,  
The willo'wisps, and fairy darts  
That shoot our cattle thro' the hearts :  
All which have tortur'd some men's brains  
To understand, our *Knight* explains,  
With all the *hocus-pocus* tricks,  
Of witches riding on broom-sticks,

Or

\* This is a famous story, generally talked of,  
and much believed in that country.

† *Meg Mulloch*, is a famous familiar, that  
haunts the house of *Grant of Tulligoram*.

To meet the devil, when he calls  
Them to attend his masques and balls ;  
Or when in shells of eggs they float,  
For want of better ferry-boat ;  
And dread no billows, storms, or blasts,  
Tho' they have neither sails nor masts.

But he can teach you a rare trick,  
By which you may outwit *Old Nick*.  
If, when you eat your eggs, you break  
The shells, he cannot stop the lake :  
This he can prove by demonstration,  
Will mar the Devil's navigation.

He knew the stories of night-mares,  
And old wives, turn'd to cats and hares,  
— Skipping and dancing o'er the plains,  
And raising storms and hurricanes,  
(which some think he could do himself,  
As well as any imp or elf,  
Because we still have stormy weather,  
When's *Janizaries* meet together),  
And *Lapland* witches, who can muster  
All kinds of winds that blow or bluster,  
And then expose the same to sale,  
As we do bottl'd beer or ale,  
Which when uncork'd, as sailors tell us,  
Will puff and blow like a smith's bellows.  
All this, and more our hero knew,  
As well as Mals *John Petticrew* ;  
And like a spaniel, by the smell,  
Would find out where the witches dwell ;  
Then up and down our *Knight* would prick them,  
Or by much waking he would trick them,  
By which devices, tho' they're cruel,  
He knew old wives that made best fewel,



And who were dry, and fit to burn,

\* As well as priest of *Toryburn*.

Some think our *Knight*, if he were try'd  
For witchcraft, might be burnt or fry'd ;  
For as a witch, tho' you should roast her,  
Will never say the *Pater Noster*,  
(As some affirm); so *Jack*, 'tis clear,  
Has not said it for many a year.

To *mathematick* demonstration,  
Our Knight had no great inclination,  
The *Analyticks*, and the *Fluxions*,  
And *geometrical* constructions,  
With all the *crabbed conick* sections,  
And *orthographical* projections,  
And all that's taught by *Archimedes*,  
At best, he thought a toilsome trade is,  
Which costs a man much time and pains  
To purchase, and brings slender gains.  
Tho some affirm, that he could make,  
In time of need, an almanack,  
'Tis false; give him the Golden number,  
His head with more he will not cumber.  
The moon he studies, and can guess,  
When there's ill weather in her face,  
And he will prove it, if you please,  
That she is not made of green cheese :  
But is a globe of land and water,  
Whatever idle fools may chatter ;  
And that the man who is seen in her,  
Is no malignant Tory sinner ;  
Nor drunken *cavalier*, nor ranter,  
But a stout trusty *Covenanter*.

He

\* The preacher at *Toryburn* is famous for  
discovering witches by smelling and pricking.

He thinks the *Comets* and *Eclipses*,  
Are certain fortune-telling *gypsies*.

† He makes no doubt but Mr. *Whiston*,  
For all his skill is not to trust in,  
Nor are his arguments found good,  
That *Comet's* tail brought on the *flood*;  
The same that now and then appears,  
Within a certain space of years;  
And will perhaps at last return  
This lower globe of earth to burn,  
Which may be true or false; tho' *John*  
And *Whiston* reason *pro* and *con*.

For all *Copernicus* can say,  
He'll not believe, that, every day,  
The earth can round its axis reel,  
Like *whirlegig* or *spinning-wheel*,  
Or, in the space of one whole year,  
Her course through the *ecliptic* steer.

But his *Religion* to describe,  
Would nonplus any man alive.  
Yet the quintessence of it lies  
In perverse, stiff antipathies,  
To get the farther off from *Rome*,  
He ran quite out of *Christendom*;  
But in a hurry coming off,  
Pack'd up some of her coarsest stuff;  
He wore his conscience in his face,  
Because the most conspicuous place,  
Which made his countenance look muddy,  
Like *Winter* night, all storm and cloudy;  
When *Boreas* is in a huff,  
And at both ends begins to puff,  
Blowing as loudly through his fewel,  
As if he blew to cool his gruel,

And

† See Mr *Whiston's* treatise on *Comets*.

And squirting snow and hail among us,  
 When he untrusses to bedung us:  
 Just so his *Phiz'* did lout and lowr,  
 With aspect sullen, stern and sour.  
*If wisdom makes the face to shine,*  
 According to a great divine,  
 What store of it the *Knight* posselt,  
 May by his gloomy looks be guess'd.

The force of his *Devotion* lies  
 In fough, grimace, and white of eyes,  
 When he in homely terms expresses  
 His indigested raw *addresses*,  
 Which once made a malignant say,  
 That *Hogan hero* still did pray,  
 With words that ought not to be printed,  
 And faces that should not be painted.

Once when the *Knight* had screw'd his face,  
 Writhing his mouth to say his grace,  
 And turning up the white of eye,  
 A *French-man* who by chance stood by,  
 Fetching a *bottle*, clap'd a *dose*,  
 Of *Hung'ry* water to his nose,  
 Then felt his pulse ; I find, quoth he,  
 There is no fear, *Courage, Monsieur!*

He drove a kind of *tinkling* trade  
 In clouting kirks; but then he made  
 (Like's brethren of that occupation),  
 A rugged sort of *Reformation*:  
 For, like the *Tinkler* with the kettle,  
 As oft as *Knight* did try his metal,  
 To stop a hole, or rather hide it,  
 He made a greater hole beside it;  
 When he could find no hole he laid on  
 Hard with his hammer, till he made one.  
 Thus did he clout his *Kirk*, and patch her,  
 Till all the world could not match her,

And

And of his work there is no ending,  
For he must evermore be mending.

With every thing he is displeased,  
That other honest men practised,  
Especially if *Bishops* did it,  
For then he surely did forbid it :  
Because he found, they us'd prostration  
When they put up their supplication  
To *Heaven*, upon their bended knees,  
That posture did our *Knight* displease :  
And therefore, he thought fit to teach  
His followers to sit on breech,  
Or, if they please, to lean their heads  
Upon their neighbour's shoulder-blades,  
Or lolling lye upon their haunches,  
With head on hand in the kirk-benches,  
Which postures are less superstitious,  
He says, *Than kneeling, which is vitious.*

Because they stand when they sing praises,  
To *Heaven*, our hero never raises  
Himself from bum; he thinks that sitting,  
And singing is by far more fitting.

To stand up when we blest our table,  
Or give *thanks*, is abominable ;  
And therefore, it was no great wonder,  
That his host fell into a blunder.

For chancing with a Lord to dine,  
Who ate good meat, and drank good wine ;  
When *Jack* had fully cram'd his *paunches*,  
With *muir-fowl*, *partridge* and fat *haunches*  
Of *venison*, and *pyes* and *custard*,  
After good powd'ed *beef* and *mustard*,  
And *hen* and *capon*, and good *mutton*,  
Which he had ate up like a *glutton* :  
(For good fare with his heart he lov'd),  
How soon the table was remov'd,

Sitting

## 48      *The* KNIGHT.

Sitting on bum, he made a face,  
And thus began to say his grace.

“ O ! thou’rt a good and gracious *Lord*,  
‘ Who does to us such store afford,  
‘ With bounteous liberalitie,  
‘ What thanks shall we return to thee ? ”

Mean time this *Lord* who did mistake him,  
And for a complimenter take him,  
Thinking that all these thanks were given  
To his good *Lordship*, not to *Heaven*,  
Said, “ Let your compliments alone,  
‘ You’re kindly welcome, Master *John*. ”

Our heads in churches to uncover,  
Is *Antichristian* all over,  
Our *Knight* affirms rank prelacy,  
And downright vile *idolatry* ;  
For, since the most part of his fellows,  
Dares not put hat on in an *ale-house*  
Before their betters, he thinks fit,  
In church that they should cover’d sit,  
As if that place were to protect  
Ill manners, and all disrespect.

No sanctity at all he tells,  
Is found within a church’s walls ;  
For there our *Knight* will *preach* and *pray*,  
\* And thresh and beat his *lint* next day,  
And set up there his *rocks* and *reels*,  
His *rippling-combs* and *spinning-wheels*  
To show how little he did honour  
The *Kirk*, he used to pils upon her,  
And *troopers* horles he would stable,  
Where he had his *Communion* table;

Which

\* This was lately done in the *College kirk* of  
Old *Aberdeen* ; and at *Aberbuthnot* and *Kinneff*.



Which is his practice in our nation,  
In times of purest *reformation*.

It was, he said, Prelatick *leaven*,  
In church to lift up hearts to *Heaven*,  
With some devout ejaculation,  
When men meet in a *congregation*;  
For there 'tis fitter we should come  
In rudely, and clap down on bum.

If you should say, when *hero* sneez'd,  
"God save you, Sir," he was displeas'd,  
Because he said it was profane,  
To take that sacred name in vain.

So on a time when he was walking,  
With a grave man he fell a-talking,  
With whose discourse he was well pleas'd;  
But when by chance the *Knight* had sneez'd,  
With hat pull'd off a bow he made,  
And gravely, "Sir, God save you said."  
At which expression *hero* started,  
And what, said he, if I had farted  
Would you have said? The other curs'd him,  
And swore he would have said "*De'il* burst him."

Because all priests in every nation,  
And under every dispensation,  
Have by their robes distinguish'd been,  
That when by other men they're seen,  
They may be known, and eke respected,  
And from all injuries protected,  
(For he would be worse than a beast,  
That would affront or harm a priest),  
Our *Knight*, who is than these far stouter,  
Is just so cloathed as a *sutor*,  
Betwixt the two 'tis hard to choose,  
Which mends our lives, and which our shoes.

Our *Knight* will neither *preach* nor *pray*,  
Nor sing a psalm on *Christmas* day,

E

When

When all the *Heavenly Choir* shall string  
 Their *harps*, and *halelujahs* sing;  
 Nor will he feast nor shew his mirth;  
 But he observes *George Heriot's* birth,  
 For reasons best known to himself;  
 Some think it is for worldly *pelf*.

His true and trusty *adjutant*,  
 And great Apostle *Andrew Cant*,  
 Who neither wanted zeal nor cunning,  
 And was profoundly skill'd in punning,  
 And in the pulpit many times,  
 Instead of reason vented *rhimes*,  
 When preaching up his *Reformation*,  
 By preaching down the observation,  
 Of all the solemn fasts and feasts  
 Of *Christian* church, by scurvy jests,  
 Did ridicule this great festival,  
 In which he was not over civil.

Quoth he, "You call it good old *Yool-day*,  
 ' But I say, it is good old *Fool-day*,  
 ' O! But you say, 'tis a brave *halie* day,  
 ' I tell you, *Sirs*, 'tis a brave *belly* day."  
 Thus did this prattler play at *crambo*,  
 With's hearers, *sic fuerunt ambo*,  
*Hinc inde male feriati*,  
*Et supra modum reformati*.

At *Jesus* name he will not bow,  
 Which makes some think he is a *Jew*,  
 Nor will our stubborn *hero* pray,  
 What he commanded him to say,  
 † Altho' the laird of *Calder* press'd him,  
 And with good arguments address'd him,

(Who

† See Sir *Hugh Campbell* of *Calder's* essay on  
 the *Lord's Prayer*.

(Who was his friend) to use that form,  
And told him of that dreadful storm,  
That justly scatter'd the assembly  
Of the *Scots* kirk, on which the blame lay,  
Of turning out the *Pater noster*,  
When *Noll* chastis'd the kirk, and toss'd her  
Assembly men all out of door,  
And drove them to the *Burrow-moor*,  
Where he commanded these grave fellows,  
When he had march'd them round the gallows,  
By Colonel *Lilburn*, on the pain  
Of hanging, not meet again.

To use that form, he says, is foppery,  
Will worship, black and downright Popery.  
He laughs at all these silly asses  
Who frankly can forgive trespasses,  
And thinks that man but little sense has,  
Or mem'ry, who forgets offences.

One of his *Janizaries* said,  
The *Pater noster* was not made,  
For the wise clergy of the nation,  
Who had got college-education ;  
But for a parcel of poor scullers  
Who fish'd for cod, and were not scholars,  
Because, poor men ! they knew not better ;  
For they could scarcely read a letter.

Another point of his theology,  
Is never to sing the *Doxology*,  
Nor any gospel hymn, nor read,  
Nor sing nor say th' *Apostle's creed*,  
Lest he offend the modern *Arians*,  
And the *Socinian* sectarians.  
He thinks it is a great transgression,  
For christians to make confession,  
In public, of their faith ; he knew,  
That this might disoblige a *Jew*,

## 52      *The* KNIGHT.

A *Turk*, a *Pagan*, or *dissenter*,  
 Into our churches should they enter,  
 Who value gospels, and epistles,  
 And creeds, no more than childrens whistles;  
 With want of these he can dispense,  
 Rather than give these folks offence.

He reads no scripture but his text,  
 Which oft he renders so perplex'd,  
 \* With paraphrases, and strange glosses,  
 Of *Orleans*, the sense he loses.

And yet the *Knight* is much displeas'd,  
 If any think him circumcis'd,  
 Especially his female hearers,  
 Who of his gifts are great admirers,  
 To whom he proves by demonstration,  
 He's free of that abomination.

To prove he is no *Jew*, he eats  
 Indifferently all kind of meats,  
 Swine's flesh, and pudding stuff'd with blood,  
 Which he thinks strong and warlike food,  
 And a fat capon, or a pullet,  
 Tho' they were strangled by the gullet.

Nor is there any man can think  
 He is a *Turk*, who sees him drink ;  
 For set before him sack and claret,  
 Or *Malaga*, he will not spare it ;  
 For *Mahomet* and his tame pidgeon,  
 And hotch-potch mixture of religion,  
 And liquor boil'd in coffee-pot,  
 Our hero would not give one groat :  
 So many women, and no wine,  
 Can never please a good divine ;  
 If *Mahomet* had both united,  
 More people he had profelyted.

He

\* See the *Presbyterian Eloquence*.

He favour'd *Egypt's* old opinions,  
 Who worship'd crocodiles and onions;  
 Strange Gods indeed ! yet in these latter  
 Days, we have got some little better ;  
 For most of all his idols are like  
 Old *Egypt's* onion and her garlick.  
 Like other Knights, he had a Squire,  
 Compounded of the earth and fire,  
 Where one did with the other jar,  
 And kept up a continual war ;  
 A most advent'rous son of *Mars*,  
 Who scorned still to turn his a--e,  
 Except to bishops, which he did,  
 For fear of bidding them God speed.  
 An *ignis fatuus* kind of preacher,  
 Who led his kirk, where few could reach her,  
 Thro' dub and mire, and bogs and mosses,  
 And edify'd her with his glosses,  
 In her affliction and distresses,  
 On mountain sides and wildernesses.  
 For wit and learning, such another  
 As *Knight* ; some think he was his brother ;  
 Which may be true, tho' *Jack* and he  
 At all times do not well agree ;  
 Malignants of these two aver,  
 'They are like oil and vinegar,  
 Which never can be join'd in one  
 Till soundly beat, and then 'tis done ;  
 But if you let them stand and settle,  
 You'll find these blades of different mettle,  
 From one another soon will wander,  
 And mutually each other slander :  
 Now *Dick* affirms *Jack* is raogue,  
 A silly fawning and dumb dog,



Who has betray'd the *good old cause*,  
 By truckling under human laws,  
 And giving up the power. of late,  
 Of mother *Zion*, to the state,  
 Who cannot in *Assembly* sit,  
 But when and where a King thinks fit,  
 Who never took the *covenant*,  
 As *Presbyter* himself must grant,  
 And keeping fasts by state ordain'd,  
 Tho' to the kirk it appertain'd,  
 To set a-part the days of fasting,  
 When people must forbear from tasting  
 All food, except some *liquidum*,  
*Quod non solvit jejunium*,  
 Either on *Tuesday* or on *Monday*,  
 But best of all, if it be *Sunday* ;  
 Because the *Knight* will prove the said day  
 Is fitter for a fast than *Friday* ;  
 For then we toil not, and 'tis meet,  
 That they who work not should not eat.

And now he's ta'en the *Abjuration*,  
 Which plainly stops the reformation  
 \* Of *English* church, as all must grant,  
 And contradicts the *covenant* :  
 By which he does homologate  
 The absolute power of the state :  
 Which is more than enough to prove,  
 He has fall'n off from his first love.  
 All oaths are acts of adoration,  
 And of most solemn invocation :  
 Wherefore the kirk should only coin them.  
 Or else the state cannot enjoin them.

To

\* See Mr *Webster's* reasons for not taking the  
*abjuration*.

To all these things the *Knight* replies,  
 'Tis best we merry be and wise :  
 There is a time to talk or mumble,  
 To bawl out loudly, or to grumble :  
 And there's a time to be quite dumb,  
 And silent sit upon our bum ;  
 Which clear is from th' *Ecclesiastes*,  
 And so his argument still fast is :  
 Which makes it plain, that his late practice  
 Both scriptural and most exact is.

Besides, the Squire, he had a sister,  
 Who serv'd him when he was in mifter,  
 In more capacities than ten :  
 She was worth twenty serving men ;  
 A gadding, whining, sighing saint,  
 Whose whole devotion lay in cant,  
 And turning up the white of eyes,  
 'Gainst Bishops when she bawls and cries.  
 After she's got her *fimrie-cosie*  
 Of well-mull'd sack, till she be tosie,  
 And of good brandy a full dose,  
 She sings, *now my cup overflows !*  
 And cries, *away with Pater-nosters !*  
 As loud as some cry *cauller oysters*.  
 For her religion, it appears,  
 To go no further than her ears  
 And tongue ; which I can tell you truly,  
 Is still a member most unruly :  
 Tho' not the only one about her ;  
 Let these ev'n dacker her who doubt her.  
 She was his laundress, nurse and cook,  
 And heard him when he read his book ;  
 She darn'd his stockings, clean'd his shoes,  
 And told him the tea-table news .  
 She mull'd his sack, and made his bed,  
 And warm'd it too sometimes, 'tis said.

To meet with a well-gifted brother,  
 She would ev'n steal off from her mother,  
 And make a thousand feints and shifts,  
 To know his strong in-bearing gifts;  
 For there was nothing that could please  
 Her, so well as long exercise.

To see a cassock, or a gown,  
 Would make the sighing sister swoon;  
 She fainted, if she chanc'd to look  
 Upon the *common-prayer book*:  
 And rav'd out *Popery* and the *mass*,  
 When she was roused with a glass  
 Of citron-water, which is better  
 Than *usquebaugh*: then reads a *letter*  
 In *Rutherford*; and never misses  
 To pitch on these which mention kisses.

He had a strange amphibious wight,  
 A lay, or ruling-elder heght,  
 Who was his valet, groom and drayman,  
 But neither clergyman nor layman;  
 A sort of kirk-hermophrodite,  
 In whom two genders did so meet,  
 He seem'd to have them both, or rather,  
 In their perfection he had neither:  
 For many years, the reformation  
 Of old shoes was his occupation,  
 Schismatic foal and upper leather,  
 With lingel to unite together:  
 But frankly leaves his trade and his shop,  
 To clout the kirk, and cry, *no bishop!*  
 And still continues a fantastic  
 Cobler, and botcher ecclesiastic,  
 Sitting and plotting with the *Knight*,  
 And voting he's still in the right.

Tho' he can scarcely write or read,  
 He has strange whim-whams in his head,

About

About election, reprobation,  
And Presbyterian ordination,  
The solemn leagues and covenants,  
And privileges of the saints,  
The certain signs and marks of grace  
Decypher'd in a *true-blue* face,  
And which may in the dark be found,  
By edifying sough and sound.

The bishops and their deans he scorns,  
And thinks the Pope of *Rome* has horns :  
A strange conceit ! for in his life,  
That bishop never had a wife :  
Nor can the wearing of that crest  
Be thought a true mark of the beast.  
Some saints, as all men must acknowledge,  
Have had them, tho' without their knowledge ;  
And some perhaps have had them too,  
Who knew what on their foreheads grew :  
So no man ought to mock and flout them,  
Since there are beasts with and without them ;  
And since they are the common lot  
Of sinners and of saints devout.  
With these the *Grecians* did destroy  
The celebrated town of *Troy* :  
For had not some of the *Greek* skulls,  
Been fortified like rams and bulls,  
That famous town, we may conjecture,  
Had longer stood ; and valiant *Hector*  
Had longer liv'd (I think that I am  
Not wrong in this), and so had *Priam*.

This Bearing heaven's shield adorns.  
The ram, the goat and bull have horns ;  
Since heaven bears them in her' scutcheon,  
They are a thing should be thought much on ;  
For it must be for great designs,  
That heaven takes them for her signs.

Old *Cynthia*, that stale chaste goddess,  
 Has horns, which a thing right odd is ;  
 And *Amalthea* has her horn  
 Well stuff'd with silver, gold and corn,  
 And wine and oil, and all things pleasant,  
 Or useful for a prince or peasant.  
 We all know that the unicorn,  
 Our arms supporter, has a horn.  
 The lion has them not, I grant,  
 But tusks and paws supply that want.

\* The earth, conform to the *Alcoran*,  
 Is founded on a big cow's horn,  
 And when her head this cow but shakes,  
 Then she produces strange earthquakes :  
 And this alone's enough to shew,  
 What mighty feats a crest can do,  
 The devil hath horns and a tail,  
 As painters say ; so hath a snail.  
 Let any man look up and down,  
 And view the country and the town,  
 He'll find, surveying all about him,  
 More things with horns than without them ;  
 And these who take them for the mark  
 Of *Antichrist*, are in the dark.

False prophets, I must grant, have had them.  
 We read that *Zedekiah* made them,  
 Who did his logger-head environ  
 With large broad horns made of iron.  
 But then, I think, we must allow,  
 Prophets may have them that are true :

Now, *gentle reader*, for your pleasure,  
 (I doubt not but you are at leisure,  
 From end to end to read my story,  
 Or else, I'm sure, I should be sorry),

I

\* See *Alcoran*, Chap. *Of the cow*.



I must divert you with a scuffle,  
Which went right near the kirk to ruffle,  
And by the ears to set the *godly* ;  
Begun at first, and manag'd oddly  
By valiant *Knight*, who, as I've said,  
Was pleas'd so with the noisome trade  
Of strife and fighting, that for lake  
Of *Tory* foe to hew or hack,  
To keep his hand in use, our soldier  
Began to bang his lackie *Rager*,  
And by his new found \* *overtures*,  
Almost to kick him out of doors.

Sirrah, quoth *Knight*, I'll have you know,  
You must not speak, when I say *no* :  
From this time forth, we'll not agree,  
If you take word about with me.  
I will be Pope in my kirk-session ;  
And if you fall in this transgression,  
To vote or speak against my *nego*,  
I'll cudgel you into an ague,  
And make you quack like poplar leaf :  
Remember this ; for to be brief,  
If you forget what I have said,  
You must go to your *cobling* trade,  
And work or curry with the *tanners*,  
Till you have learned better manners.



With

\* The *overture* about the negative, lately was like to have made a rent in the kirk of *Scotland* ; the sum of which was this : A very strong party set up for taking the power of voting in kirk-sessions from the lay-elders and deacons, and giving an absolute negative to the minister. No less than five ministers in *Glasgow* went into it : But the *true-blues* exclaim'd against it as downright *Babylonish*.

With this speech *Roger* was not pleas'd,  
He took a snuff, and then he sneez'd,  
Thrice shook his head to raise his wit,  
Thrice gravely cough'd, as oft did spit,  
Thrice humm'd ; at last his silence broke,  
Opened his mouth and then he spoke;  
For you will grant this is a truth,  
No man can speak with a clost mouth.  
This is, quoth he, the desolation  
Foretold us in the *Revelation*,  
Where every one the text who reads,  
May know the beast with many heads.  
Was it for this the godly zealots,  
Turn'd out of doors the fourteen prelates,  
That in their place we now might cherish  
And feed a *Pope* in every parish?  
Is this the only reformation,  
We've got by selling of our nation ?  
Or was't for this we were united  
To *England*, that we might be cheated  
Out of our rights, and see the seed  
Of *Bishop-weed* come o'er the *Tweed*,  
And on the banks of *Glyde* take root,  
And even in *Glasgow* spring and sprout,  
The purest city of the nation ?  
Lord keep us from th' abomination !  
The *saints*, I'm sure, it must astonish,  
To see that place so *Babylonish* ;  
And, for my part, I will be hang'd,  
Before I be thus beat or bang'd :  
Therefore, Sir *Knight*, I'll have you know,  
My *yea* is as good as your *no*.

Thou art, said he, a saucy elf,  
And does not understand thy self ;  
For tho' I am for paritie,  
I'll ne'er allow't 'twixt me and thee.

Forbear

Forbear to cope then wirth thy betters,  
 And know I am a man of letters.  
 I have read *Calvin's institutions*,  
 And studied all our *constitutions* ;  
 I'm well acquainted with each word  
 That has been wrote by *Rutherfoord*,  
*Buchanan*, *Calderwood* and *Knox*,  
 And all our fathers *orthodox*,  
 The *Hynd let loose*, or *Naphthali*  
 With *Lex Rex* and *jus Populi*;  
 The book that's call'd of *Comfort a crum*  
 And that profound piece *Schema sacrum*.  
 Yea my extensive knowledge reaches  
 The *points that tie belivers breeches*,  
 And I have read our *modern Marrow*,  
 Which I prefer to *Isaac Barrow*,  
 To Dr *Bull* and *Gib of Sarum*,  
 Tho' it hath rais'd a strange alarum,  
 And almost rent our kirk afunder,  
 Which fills me with surprise and wonder,  
 And sorrow too, to see the *godly*  
 Ev'n scold and bite, and scratch so oddly,  
 And pull each other by the *noses*,  
 About the ten commands of *Moses*,  
 When all our *martyrs* and *confessors*  
 Know it was only for *trangressors*  
 That law was made, and not for saints  
 Who took the *league and covenants*.  
 Yea I have cast right many a glimpse on  
 Our *Webster*, and our famous *Simson*,  
 Who rais'd no little dust and pother,  
 When stoutly pelting one another,  
 Tho' many thought they both were *scribblers*,  
 And only *metaphysick quibblers* ;  
 And wilt thou, *Numskull* ! dare to vote,  
 And speak again, when I say not ?

F

When

When all thy reading, I dare say,  
Is ty'd to Mr *Andrew Gray*.

I grant you have more authors read  
Than I, no thanks ; it is your trade,  
And that you may be better gifted,  
Quoth *Roger*, and with anger risted:  
(For anger makes the wind ascend,  
Fear drives it to the nether end,  
Where, when it struggles to get vent,  
It comes out with no pleasant scent);  
But all your sham and great pretences,  
Shall never make me lose my senses.  
Nor yet implicitly believe,  
That you should have a *negative*.  
Our loss of carnal food and cloathing  
By *south-sea*, would to this be nothing ;  
That only left us empty purses,  
Which we confess a heavy curse is,  
But light to men of our profession,  
Compar'd with robbing our *kirk-session*.  
Of our lay-elders and our deacons,  
These *Ant'-episcopalian* beacons,  
That watch us like sharp sighted eagles,  
Or well train'd *Presbyterian* beagles,  
And can so nicely smell a rat,  
And hunt out *Babylonish* brat ;  
And give us notice by their barking,  
When *Antichrist* and *Rome* are working.  
And therefore you may save your pains ;  
For tho' you should beat out my brains,  
Yet my consent I'll never give,  
That your vote should be negative ;  
So long as I can sing or whistle,  
Or point a shoe-threed with a bristle,  
And patch a hole up with a clout,  
Know, Sir, I will have word about.

And

And is thy loggerhead so dull,  
 Replied the *Knight*, or thy thick scull  
 So empty, that thou must be thinking,  
 Because a club of cobblers drinking,  
 'Mongst whom there's no subordination,  
 Do frankly talk o'er their collation,  
 Where every man has power to vote,  
 Who of the reck'ning pays his shot;  
 Thou must have word about with me,  
 Who was ordain'd by *Presbyterie*,  
 And made, by solemn imposition  
 Of their hands, a kirk rhetorician?  
 Or think'st thou, that thy yea or no,  
 As far as mine can ever go?

Softly, quoth *Roger*; for I dread,  
 You make more haste, Sir, than good speed;  
 I will not now dispute your orders,  
 If you confine them to their borders:  
 But if, because you have a mission,  
 Lay-elders you design to piss on,  
 And to unhinge our constitution,  
 And sap what since the revolution  
 We have been building, I must tell you,  
 At best, you're a *prelatic fellow*,  
 Who seeks to turn us out of door,  
 And to make room for *Babel's* whore.

For, Sir, you know that *George Bachanan*,  
 Altho' book-learn'd, yet was no man in  
 Holy orders, more than we are,  
 For he was neither priest nor friar,  
 Nor presbyter; yet *Honest Geordie*  
 In our Assembly sat as Lordie,  
 In fifteen hundred sixty seven,  
 And was a moderator, even  
 As good as any in the nation,  
 With Presbyterian ordination.



Would you allow your self to look,  
 But once upon our standard book  
 \* Of discipline, there you would find,  
 That elders are another kind  
 Of animals, than you suppose,  
 Who think to lead us by the nose.  
 That book (if I do not mistake it)  
 Means not that we should be tongue-tacked;  
 For we have power, Sir, to admonish  
 Yourself, if you turn *Babylonish*:  
 Yea, there we can produce our right,  
 To punish or depose the *Knight*;  
 Which powers we never can believe  
 Consistent with your *negative*.  
 'Tho' laymen, Sir, we will not tamely  
 With close mouth sit in kirk Assembly,  
 Nor at your back stand, like dumb pages:  
 We understand our privileges.  
 In pulpit preach till you are weary,  
 And we shall silent sit and hear ye,  
 And never offer, when you pray,  
 So much as once *Amen* to say;  
 But lolling sit upon our hips,  
 And never move our tongue or lips.

We

\* The elders ought also to take heed to the life, manners, diligence, and study of their minister; and if he be worthy of admonition, they must admonish him; if of correction, they must correct him; and if he be worthy of deposition, they, with the consent of the church and superintendant, may depose him. This is a pretty full charter for lay-elders. See *Spottiswood*, P. 167.

We know all public worship lies  
In hearing what our preacher says ;  
Except some singing and grave humming,  
Which we do think far more becoming,  
Than when the people make responses,  
And join with what the priest pronounces.

But in kirk-session when we sit,  
We'll let you know we have more wit,  
And will express some more concernment  
For Presbyterial government,  
Than to be dumb, like unstring'd fiddle,  
And with the *good old cause* ne'er meddle ;  
But hear you talk like a dictator,  
Or whore of *Babel's* fornicator ;  
For, maugre all your ostentation  
Of learning, wit, and ordination,  
With confidence we can aver,  
Th' Assembly held at *Westminster*,  
The glory of our reformation,  
Conveen'd 'gainst royal proclamation,  
Which we ne'er thought was a transgression ;  
The same that made our *faith's confession* :  
In which the saints themselves do wonder,  
To find they did so grossly blunder,  
As to advance such senseless things  
About allegiance due to Kings,  
Tho' they be infidels or popish,  
Which is but tory stuff and foppish,  
And should have undergone castration,  
'Ere we impos'd it on the nation ;  
For we disown it by our practice,  
*No argument like matter of fact is.*

Altho' you call them *learned, grave,*  
And *wise divines* ; yet, by your leave,  
There sate two *Henry Vanes*, and *Pym*,  
And twenty more divines like him.

Nor had you, with your ordination,  
 The power or trust of nomination.  
 You know by whom they were elected,  
 And how your worship was neglected :  
 In case of diff'rence or dissension,  
 Which might fall out in this convention,  
 Our faith, you know, lay at the mercy  
 Of the last judge of controversy ;  
 I mean, the lower House and upper,  
 Who might decide as they thought proper,  
 And cut or carve, and chap or chuse,  
 To make us *Pagans, Turks, or Jews,*  
 Or *Christians*, or any thing,  
 Save loyal subjects to the King;  
 Which we must grant they had no mind to,  
 No more then we ourselves inclin'd to.  
 In this they did with us agree,  
 Because he was for prelacy :  
 Which was a reason good enough,  
 In these brave days, to cut him off,  
 And vindicate us for the pains,  
 We took to *bind our King in chains,*  
 And all our Princes to environ  
 With *weighty fetters made of iron* :  
 \* Tho' some would rob us of the glory  
 Of this unprecedented story,

And

\* The *Independents* were indeed the finishers of  
 this horrid villainy ; but the *Presbyterians* had  
 the glory (if there be any glory in such execrable  
 facts) of beginning it and carrying it on ; and  
 they had made such progress in it, as did not  
 leave it hard for others to complete it. See *Salma-*

*sius's*

And give it to our *independent*  
 Associates, who got th' ascendant  
 Of us; 'tis sure we did *unking* him :  
 They only to a block did bring him.  
 Let any man say what he can,  
 We kill'd the *King*, they kill'd the *man*.  
 To shew that we approve the fact,  
 We ridicule a standing act  
 And law; nor will we fast nor pray,  
 Nor mourn on the most happy day.  
 On it we rather chuse to feast  
 On a calf's head, with mirth and jest.  
 And why should we lament the fall  
 Of one that was episcopal ?  
 Or keep a day for a dead King,  
 Which is a superstitious thing ?  
 For should *St Peter*, or *St Paul*,  
 (As superstitious fools them call,  
 Tho we, the true saints, think it meeter,  
 Plainly to call them *Paul*, or *Peter*),  
*St George*, *St Patrick*, or *St Andrew*,  
 Preach up to us that we' should stand true  
 To any Princes, Kings or laws,  
 That are not for the *good old cause* ;  
 We'll let them know we're no such fools,  
 For we were taught at better schools :  
 And both by birth-right, and by merit,  
 We know we should the earth inherit.  
 Nor will we ever loose a pin,  
 To introduce the *man of sin*.

Of

*sius's defensio regia*. P. 216, 217. He compares the *Presbyterians* to highwaymen, who disarm a traveller and tie him to a tree; and the *Independents*, to wild beasts who come and devour him.

And set *your worship* in the place  
 Of *Innocent* or *Boniface*,  
 Of *Pius*, *Clement*, or of *Greg'ry*,  
 Which would at once demolish Whigg'ry,  
 And topsie-turvy turn the people,  
 And set the kirk above the steeple.

We're officers, you can't deny it,  
 In kirk, tho' we make nothing by it :  
 Tho' by this trade we never put on  
 The pot with either beef or mutton,  
 Or pork and pease, or hen and capon ;  
 Yet for our tongue, that trusty weapon,  
 It is our own, and we will use it.

And for your *nego*, we refuse it.

The *Knight*, who all this time stood muddy,  
 And musing in a dark-brown study,  
 Biting his nails, fretting and poring,  
 Much vex'd that *Roger's* tongue should so ring ;  
 His cloudy face (it was no wonder)  
 Produc'd at last this clap of thunder.

Long since I learned in the schools  
 Of *Solomon*, to answer fools ;  
 So will I answer thy bravadoes,  
 Thou fool, with lusty bastinadoes.

Nay, nay, quoth *Roger*, hold your hand, Sir,  
 Or you may come to understand, Sir,  
 If you resolve to answer so,  
 That I can give you *quod pro quo*.  
 Hands off (as *Will Moncur* did say  
 T' the devil) is, you know, fair play :  
 Therefore stand off, and keep your distance,  
 For I am not for *non-resistance* :  
 Or if you come to box and strip,  
 Just as you sow so shall you reap.

You saucy blockhead! said the soldier,  
 You huffie *Knight*, replied *Roger* ;

You



You are, said *Jack*, mad and fanatic,  
And you, quoth *Roger*, are prelatie.  
You're worse, said *Knight*, than *Sancho Pancha*;  
And you, than *Quixotte de le Mancha*,  
Quoth *Groom*: You silly fot, said *hero*;  
Quoth *Roger*, you're another *Nero*.  
Such impudence! who can endure it?  
Said *Knight*. Quoth *Groom*, See how you'll cure it.

Thus did these two together clutter,  
And made such din as dogs do utter  
When they are snarling, in lewd fashion,  
For bitch of evil conversation,  
And might perhaps have come to slaughter,  
Had not malignants rais'd a laughter.  
At this *Achilles* and *Thersites*,  
Then chanc'd to cry out, *crescant lites*,  
*When knaves fall out*, sometimes 'tis known,  
*That honest men have got their own*;  
By which the duel was diverted,  
And *Knight* and *Groom* sans blood-shed parted.  
Hence we observe, that a small trifle  
The passions of great men will ruffle.  
And *mischief's mother*, tho' a thing  
No bigger than a midge's wing,  
Will sometimes set friends by the ears,  
As by the *Knight* and *Groom* appears:  
And then, as small an accident  
Will loss of life or limb prevent.

**M**y muse, I find, inclines to ease :  
But if this CANTO chance to please,  
She says, that she has in her budget  
More of this stuff, and will not grudge it :  
Providing you will buy up this,  
Which you will grant is no amiss.  
Who works for nought gets many masters,  
And kindly welcome, many tasters.  
Therefore, poor jade! she thinks it proper,  
To wait the event, and to stop here.

OLD



OLD  
MOTHER GRIM'S  
TALES,

Found in an old MANUSCRIPT,  
dated 1527.

Now published complete.

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DECADE I.

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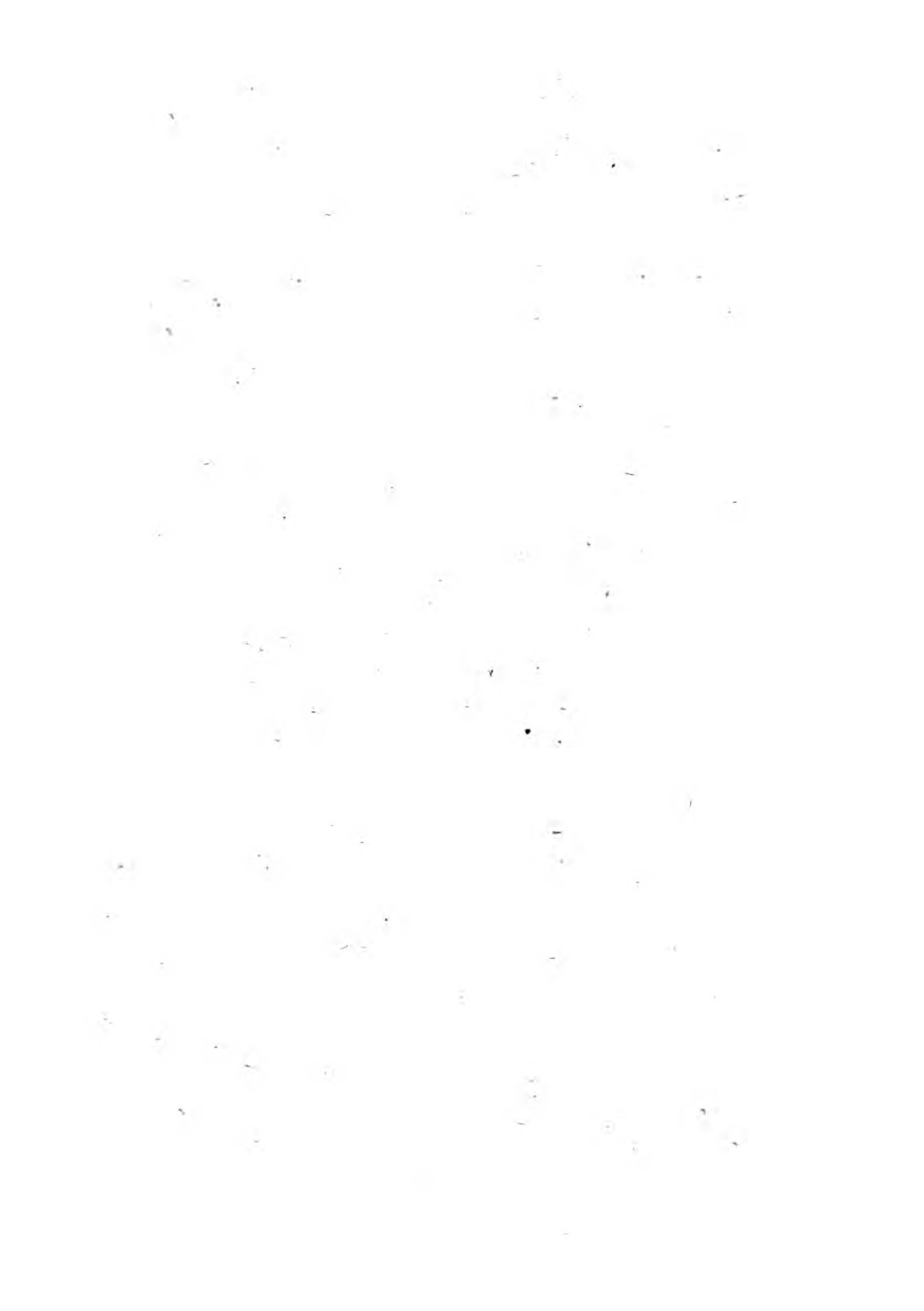
*Sermo oritur, non de villis, domibusve alienis:  
Nec male, necne lepos saltet: sed quod magis ad nos  
Pertinet, & nescire malum est, agitur: utrumne  
Divitiis homines, an sunt virtute beati;  
Quidve ad amicitias, usus, rectumne, trahat nos;  
Et quæ sit natura boni, summumque quid ejus.  
Cervius hæc inter vicinus garrit aniles  
Ex re fabellas—*

HOR Lib. 2. Sat. 6.

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EDINBURGH:

Printed in the Year M, DCC, LXXII.



T O T H E

Most CONSPICUOUS, most SERENE, and most ILLUSTRIOUS

Prince and Potentate,

*The Man in the Moon.*

GREAT SIR,

I Cannot think on the vast extent of your dominions, which far exceeds all those of our terrestrial Emperors, Kings and Princes; the solid foundation of your government, which stands on the immutable decree of the Creator, not the fickle pleasure of a Junto, or precarious settlement of an act of parliament; the antiquity of the same, which commenced with the creation; the lenity and easiness of your government, which

G

never



never yet did, or will tax our salt, malt, coal, candle, almanacks, &c. &c. the great power you exercise in our globe, the good offices you daily perform among us, which were tedious to enumerate: I shall only mention how much our seas are under your direction, command, and government; so that you make them rise and fall like our stocks at your pleasure, and consequently deserve well of the maritime powers of all trading nations, and are justly esteemed by our navigators. Nor are you less serviceable to us by land: not a farmer or boor, but what is daily consulting you about the weather. Then your hanging up a lanthorn to light us in our long and tedious winter-nights, is a remarkable kindness and benefit done us. I shall not mention the great influence you have in all Courts, among statesmen and courtiers, yea, even crown'd heads,

a truth too obvious to be denied  
or called in question.

I say, I cannot think on these things, without being surpris'd with admiration, that you have not met with more addressees and dedications from us terrestrial mortals.

I have sometimes thought, that our being conscious of your integrity, impartiality, and the great aversion and hatred you have always expressed to all manner of corruption and flattery, might be the cause : As you must have observed, that the love of these have very oft loaded many of our sublunary princes with numberless addressees to gratify their vanity, to impose, if possible, on the world, and make mankind believe them to be other kind of creatures than what they really are.

But

But then this reason evanished, when I observed, that we could not want sufficient materials of panegyrick in our addresses, and abundance of topicks, far removed from flattery, and founded on solid, substantial, and undeniable truth.

Such as your equal distribution of your grace and favours to all your subjects, as well in your lunar as sublunar dominions ; your constant and regular conduct in all your behaviour ; your uniformity in your actions, gestures, and even looks ; for when you look directly on us with a full face, or more or less asquint, we observe your looks, in these different postures, to be always and immutably the same.

Yea, when you turn your back upon us, it is, at most, but for six or seven days, as many months would be intolerable ; then you re-  
turn

turn without any cost, or loss of shipping, with the same pleasant air and good looks you left us ; no frowns, no huffing, no kicking or cuffing your best friends, no threatening to make open doors, demolish gates, and remove watchmen and guards.

Allowing your different postures as a postulat, your motto may be, *idem vultus, eadem frons.*

This made me conclude, that your want of addressees and dedications was owing to your want of posts and pensions to confer on flatterers and time-servers ; your equal benevolence to all mortals ; your utter detestation of party-work ; your disdaining, yea, even abhorring to be a factious tool, or burdening the publick to fill your own pockets, or enrich self-seeking ministers..

These

78      *Dedication to the &c.*

These things, far from scarring, soon determined me to break the ice, and present you with one address, which I am fully assured will keep your sublunary subjects from snarling, censuring, misconstruing, or misapplying what is here offered to your powerful protection, and, I hope, approbation, as the entertainment of long winter-nights, when your bounty shines most remarkably on us.

G R E A T   S I R,

*Before your sacred Majesty I bow,  
And dedicate what follows here to you.*

T H E



\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

T H E  
P U B L I S H E R,  
T O T H E  
C A N D I D R E A D E R.

A S those who write in rhyme, still make  
The one verse for the other's sake ;  
For, one for sense, and one for rhyme,  
They think sufficient at one time ;  
But writing without rhyme or reason,  
Is, 'gainst the state of learning, treason ;  
So here you'll find our good old Mother,  
For one tale's sake oft makes another ;  
In holding forth, it no abuse is  
To make the preachment for the uses,  
And no geometer miscarries,  
In proving truths for corollaries.  
We know, that what is first intended,  
Is always last in being ended.  
No man of candour will abuse her,  
And this to criticks will excuse her,  
Whether you hate her tales, or love them,  
Condemn them rashly, or approve them,

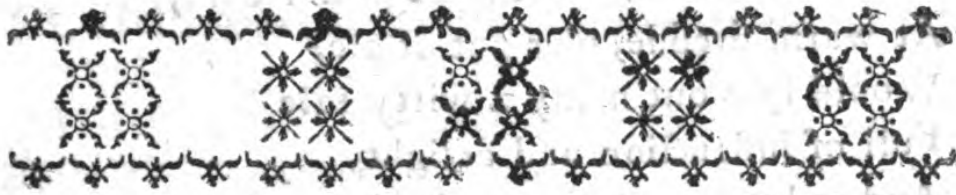
Yea,

80 *The Publisher to the Candid Reader.*

Yea, whether they shall sink or swim,  
'Tis much the same to Mother Grim.  
The carlin now is at her rest,  
Beyond the reach of taunt or jest :  
She bid me (when alive) assure you,  
It was to please, not to injure you,  
These tales were told ; and well she knew,  
When first she told them, they were true,  
And now concern no man alive,  
Or may (said Grim) I never thrive ;  
The persons all are dead and gone,  
But what has been may still be done,  
There's nothing new beneath the sun.

}  
}

Old



O L D

MOTHER GRIM'S  
T A L E S.



I N T R O D U C T I O N.

UPON a time liv'd Goody Grim,  
The great grandchild of Father Him;  
And Him, so all accounts agree,  
Was great grandchild to Father He.  
This He, as all our authors tell us,  
Kept company with the best of fellows,  
Of heath'nish Gods, and Whigs, and Tories,  
And learned many witty stories,  
Which, handed down from He to Him,  
Came all, at last, to Goody Grim;

Who

## 82 OLD MOTHER

Who, when she was fixscore years old,  
And never touch'd with cough nor cold,  
At warm fireside, o'er pot of ale,  
Would spin out many a witty tale  
Full of instruction and delight,  
And as long as the winter's night.

But when old Grim by death was worried,  
And laid into her grave, and buried,  
Bedaub' dwith soot, and snuff and bubblings,  
Her grandchild found these following scribblings,  
With fifty merks, no more nor less,  
To put her writings to the press.

### TALE I.

#### A GRECIAN TALE.

*Erupit vena peioris in avum.*  
*Omne nefas*

THERE liv'd, quoth Grim, a King and Queen,  
As many in the world have been;  
And this good King was call'd Saturnus,  
'Tis true, or you have leave to burn us,  
Or rather drown me in a ditch;  
For tho' I'm old, I am no witch.  
In his reign was the age of gold,  
As by the poets we are told;

Who.

Who, tho' they be romancing fellows,  
Yet of this age all that they tell us  
Is true in every jot and tittle ;  
Instead of much, they say too little.  
Then justice, peace, and truth, and plenty,  
And good things, more than ten times twenty,  
Prevailed among our towns and tribes ;  
No pensions then, nor posts, nor bribes,  
Confer'd on members, to support  
A corrupt ministry and court ;  
The subjects paid no pounds nor pence.  
To pamper a luxurious prince.

Good men, by nat'ral procreation,  
Have had bad sons in every nation,  
For grace goes not by generation.  
The first sons of a human creature,  
When two, were of a different nature ;  
The one was godly, good and civil,  
The other an incarnate devil,  
Who griev'd his father and his mother,  
By murdering his godly brother.

So Saturn had a graceless son,  
Who long'd to mount his father's throne.  
This youth (who was bred up in Crete,  
And taught full well to lie and cheat,  
A viperish imp, or hellish rather  
To persecute so good a father),  
Rigg'd out a very potent fleet,  
In his own native country Crete,  
Well mann'd with godless lying Cretians,  
And dregs of all the other nations,  
With pagan priests and Ganymedes,  
Who had practis'd their hellish trades,  
And fled to Crete themselves to shelter  
From what they well deserv'd, a halter.

With



## 84 OLD MOTHER

With this rare menzie coming o'er,  
He reached peaceful Saturn's shore,  
And, like a godless graceless son,  
Expell'd his father from his throne,  
Seiz'd all his goods and his *palatium*,  
And drove him thence to lurk in *Latium*.

To tell you the sad desolation,  
The doleful dumps and devastation,  
The barr'ness of th' accursed soil,  
Which mock'd the painful tiller's toil,  
And painted famine in each face,  
Religion treated with disgrace,  
Decrease of trade, increase of taxes,  
And honest men debar'd all accels  
To posts of honour, power, or trust,  
Decay of wealth, and growth of lust,  
Intestine frauds, and feuds, and jars,  
And useless bloody foreign wars,  
And all the ills that did ensue  
The coming of this crafty crew,  
The burdens under which men groan'd,  
By few regarded, none bemoan'd,  
And all the other desolations,  
Wrought by that curfed crew of Cretians,  
Would be a melancholy tale;  
The thought e'en makes my spirits fail.

With grief old Grim was so oppress'd,  
She fainted, thratch'd, and groan'd the rest  
Of this sad dismal, doleful tale,  
And made a sign to fetch her ale.  
The poets strangely do amuse us  
With invocations of the Muses;  
And make us think, which very odd is,  
Each of the Nine a powerful Goddess,

And

Who, by their skill, can soon inspire us  
 And with proetick fury fire us ;  
 So have thy cramm'd our heads with stories,  
 And mask'd plain truth with allegories.  
 These Nine, in truth, were merry lasses,  
 Who sold good liquors in Parnassus,  
 Which oftimes set mēns heads on rhyming,  
 On fiddling, whistling, piping, chiming,  
 And made their tongues glib in romancings,  
 Or set their agile feet a-dancing;  
 For all the poets inspiration  
 Proceeded from a good collation,  
 As by the sequel will appear,  
 When Goody Grim, instead of beer,  
 Had got a glass of forty-nine,  
 It made her wit and stile to shine  
 Beyond the power of muddy ale,  
 Which you'll see by the following tale.

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## T A L E II.

## T A R Q U I N and T U L L I A.

## A R O M A N T A L E.

*Vivitur ex rapto, non hospes ab hospite tutus,  
 Non facer a genero.*

**I**n times when Princes cancell'd nature's law,  
 And declarations which themselves did draw;  
 When children us'd their parents to dethrone,  
 And gnaw their way, like vipers, to a crown,  
 Tarquin, a savage, proud, ambitious prince,  
 Prompt to expel, yet thoughtless of defence,

H

The

## 86 OLD MOTHER

The envy'd sceptre did from Tullus snatch,  
The Roman King, and father by the match.

To form his party, histories report,  
A sanctuary was open'd in his court,  
Where glad offenders safely might resort.  
Great was the crowd, and wondrous the success,  
(For these were fruitful times of wickedness),  
And all that liv'd obnoxious to the laws  
Fled to Prince Tarquin, and embrac'd his cause.  
'Mongst these a pagan priest for refuge fled,  
A prophet deep in holy faction bred ;  
A suppliant, who knew the modish way  
To cant and plot, to flatter and betray,  
To whin and sin, to scribble and recant,  
A shameless author, and a lustful saint ;  
To serve all times he could distinctions coin,  
And with great ease flat contradictions join ;  
A traitor now, once loyal in extreme,  
And then obedience was his only theme ;  
He sung in temples the most passive lays,  
And wearied Monarchs with repeated praise,  
But manag'd awkwardly that lawful part,  
For to vent lies and treason was his art,  
And pointed libels at crown'd heads to dart.

This priest, with others learned to defame,  
First murder'd injur'd Tullus in his name;  
With blackestumnies their sovereign load,  
A poison'd brother, and dark league abroad ;  
A son unjustly top'd upon the throne,  
Who since has prov'd undoubtedly his own,  
Tho', as the law was then, 'twas his behoof,  
Who dispossest the heir, to bring the proof.  
This hellish charge they back'd with dismal frights,  
The use of property and sacred rites,

And

And freedom, words which all false patriots use  
 The surest way the Romans to abuse,  
 Jealous of Kings, and always malcontent,  
 Forward to change, and certain to repent.

Whilst thus the plotters needless fears create,  
 Tarquin with open force invades the state;  
 Lewd nobles join him with their feeble might,  
 And atheists (fools) for dear religion fight;  
 The priests their boasted principles disown,  
 And level their harangues against the throne.  
 Vain promises the people's minds allure;  
 Slight were the Ills, but desperate the cure.  
 'Tis hard for Kings to steer an equal course;  
 But they who banish one oft get a worse.  
 These heav'nly bodies we admire above,  
 Do every day irregularly move;  
 Yet Tullus is decreed to lose his crown,  
 For faults that were his council's, not his own.  
 In vain he now commands ev'n those he paid,  
 By darling troops deserted and betray'd,  
 And creatures which his genial warmth had  
 made.

'Mongst these a Captain of his guards was worst  
 Whole memory to this day stands accurst;  
 This rogue, advanc'd to military trust  
 By his own whoredom and his sister's lust,  
 Forsook his master, after dreadful vows,  
 And plotted to betray him to his foes;  
 The kindest master to the vilest slave,  
 Ready to give, as he was sure to crave.

His haughty female, who, as books declare,  
 Did always toss wide nostrils in the air,  
 Was to the younger Tullia governess,  
 And did assist her, when, in borrow'd dress,  
 She fled, by night, from Tullus in distress.

## 88 OLD MOTHER

This wretch, by letters, did invite his foes,  
And us'd all means her father to despoise ;  
A father always generously bent,  
So kind that he her wishes did prevent.

'Twas now high time for Tullus to retreat,  
When his own daughters hasten'd his defeat,  
When faith and duty vanish'd, and no more  
The power of father, nor of King he bore ;  
A King whose right his foes could ne'er dispute,  
So good, that mercy was his attribute ;  
Affable and kind, and easy of access,  
Swift to relieve, unwilling to oppress ;  
Rich without taxes, yet in payment just,  
So honest that he hardly could distrust ;  
His active soul did ne'er from labour cease,  
Valiant in war, and sedulous in peace ;  
Studious with traffick to enrich the land,  
Stout to protect, and skilful to command ;  
Lib'ral and splendid, yet without excess ;  
Loath to revenge, and willing to caress :  
In fine, how god-like must his nature be,  
Whose only fault was too much piety ?

This King remov'd, th' assembled states  
thought fit,  
That Tarquin in the vacant throne should sit,  
Voted him regent in the senate-house,  
And with an empty name endow'd his spouse,  
The elder Tullia, who, some authors feign,  
Drove o'er her father's corps a trembling wain ;  
But she, more guilty, numerous wains did drive,  
To crush her father and her King alive ;  
In glad remembrance of his hasten'd fall,  
Did institute a solemn weekly ball ;  
The jolly glutton grew in bulk in chin,  
Feasted in rapine, and enjoy'd her sin ;

With.



With luxury she did weak reason force,  
 Debauch'd good nature, and cramm'd down  
 remorse ;  
 Yet when she drank cold tea in lib'ral sups,  
 The sobbing dame was Magd'len in her cups.

But brutal Tarquin never did relent,  
 Too hard to melt, too wicked to repent ;  
 Cruel in deeds, more merciless in will,  
 Blest with a natural delight in ill.  
 From a wise guardian he receiv'd his doom,  
 To walk th' exchange, and not to govern Rome.  
 His native honours he did once disown,  
 And did by perjury ascend the throne.  
 Ah ! had these oaths his swelling pride repress'd,  
 Rome then had been with peace and plenty blest ;  
 But Tarquin, guided by destructive fate,  
 Wasted the country, and embroil'd the state ;  
 To Roman foes transported Roman pelf,  
 That by their ruin he might save himself.  
 Innumerable woes possess the land,  
 Flowing in rivers from th' usurper's hand !  
 So just was heav'n, that it was hard to tell,  
 Whether their guilt or losses did excell.

They who renounc'd their God for dearer  
 trade,

Are now the guardians of religion made ;  
 Rebels were faint'd, foreigners did reign,  
 Outlaws return'd preferment to attain,  
 With frogs, and toads, and all the croaking  
 train.

No native knew their features or their birth,  
 They seem'd the greasy offspring of the earth.  
 The trade was sunk, the fleet and army spent,  
 Devouring taxes swallow'd lesser rent ;

90 OLD MOTHER

Taxes imposed by no authority,  
 Each lewd collection was a robbery.  
 Bold, self-creating men did statutes draw,  
 Skill'd to establish villainy by law,  
 Fanatick drivers, whose unjust careers  
 Produc'd new ills, exceeding former fears :  
 But authors here except that faithful band,  
 Which the prevailing faction did withstand,  
 And some who bravely stood in the defence  
 Of bidd'n justice, and their injur'd Prince ;  
 These shine to after times; each sacred name  
 Stands deep recorded in the books of fame.

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TALE III.

*nobilis est ira leonis,  
 Parcere subjectis & debellare superbos.*

THE gen'rous Lion long the sceptre sway'd,  
 And all the beasts must cheerfully obey'd ;  
 No crafty fox, nor any hard-kull'd brute,  
 Their rightful sovereign's title durst dispute ;  
 His rage made stubborn haughty rebels bow,  
 And gen'rously he pardon'd them when low.  
 The flock secure in fertile pastures fed,  
 By careful guides to pleasant meadows led,  
 Where christal streams allay'd their heat and  
 thirst,  
 Cool shades and groves affording room for rest,  
 To all the flock, with peace and plenty blest.

If fault he had, (for who from fault is free ?),  
 'Twas too much goodness, too much clemency.  
 At last a factious crew of grunting hogs,  
 With hissing serpents, and with croaking frogs,  
 Conspir'd

# GRIM'S TALES. 91

Conspir'd their lawful Liege-lord to dethrone,  
 And to set up a Monarch of their own.  
 From foreign shores an ugly beast they bring,  
 This they anoint, and then proclaim it King;  
 Half hog, half frog, amphibious and odd,  
 Some viper's spawn, none of the works of God.  
 This monster, after he had got the crown,  
 Did tyrannize in country and in town,  
 Attended with a crew of vermin-vile,  
 Which ate the fruits, and razed the very soil;  
 The lab'ring ox no grafs nor fodder had,  
 The harmless sheep were fleec'd, yea, almost flea'd;  
 The streams condemn'd, the springs were all  
 lock'd up,  
 Of which the beasts were scarce allow'd one cup;  
 Such desolation did attend his reign,  
 As brought a scarcity of every thing.

At last a horse did kick him from the throne,  
 And by the fall he broke his collar bone;  
 The subjects then he summon'd to appear,  
 That they his last and best advice might hear.  
 Take care, said he, when I am dead and gone,  
 No Lion ever sit upon the throne;  
 Now promise this, and then, to make it lure,  
 The Lion's race straight you must all abjure.  
 It grieves me that one Lionness remains;  
 But shou'd I live I'd drive her from these plains:  
 Yet sure I am the serpents soon will kill  
 This Lionness, with poison, sting, or pill.  
*Men easily may prophesy and know  
 What they have plotted and resolv'd to do.*

Are not the bulls the glory of the field?  
 Why shou'd the bulls then to the Lion yeild?  
 Or thick-skull'd beasts be subject to the laws  
 Establish'd by a tawny Lion's paws?

Behold

## 92 OLD MOTHER

Behold, in yonder field, a stately bull,  
Two mighty horns do fortify his skull!  
How big his neck appears! how thick his skin!  
How large a dewlap hangs below his chin!

Among the horned animals there's none  
That greater feats hath with his head-piece done.  
A neighbouring bull his heifer did attack,  
Before his face, and got upon her back;  
The heifer lov'd the other bull the more,  
Because oft times he'd done the same before;  
Inspir'd with rage and jealousy, he push'd  
His rival, and his bones in pieces crush'd,  
And drove the frightened heifer from the plain,  
To which she never would return again.  
For which rare feat, it clearly does appear,  
That he deserves a diadem to wear.

With him there comes along a calf of note,  
It matters not by whom he was begot;  
Just such a thing as, in the days of yore,  
Poor foolish man did for a God adore;  
For still when men do make them Gods or Kings,  
Then out come calves, or some such brutish things;  
If calves by men for Gods have been ador'd,  
Why should not beasts have such a sovereign lord?  
He said, the list'ning croud, all in a ring,  
Cry'd with one voice, Long live our new horn'd  
King!

The frogs and toads with hoarse voice did croak;  
The grunting hogs submitted to his yoke,  
And all the vipers with their hissing tone,  
Congratulate his access to the throne.

The bull-dogs were a very trusty crew,  
Who to their lawful Liege-lord still prov'd true;  
They lov'd the Lion, and his gen'rous race,  
For which they all were treated with disgrace;  
Expell'd



## GRIM'S TALES. 93

Expell'd the court, and driven from the throne,  
And forc'd, for want of food, to gnaw a bone ;  
Which very much rous'd their antipathy  
Against the bulls, and all their progeny ;  
And made them long to have a merry meeting,  
And fairly once to try a sound bull-biating.

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### TALE IV.

*Præstat sero sapere quam nunquam.*

**T**HE preaching Monarch, the sweet finger's  
son,  
The peaceful King of Jewry fill'd the throne,  
When two pretending mothers did contend,  
And for a living child a suit intend ;  
The doubtful plea before the throne they bring,  
To be decided by the wisest King ;  
Both claim a right, and both their claims assert,  
The last by nature taught, the first by art :  
The prudent judge observ'd the artful tale,  
And well he knew that nature wou'd prevail ;  
Reach me, said he, a sword, I'll soon decide  
The cause, and 'twixt you both the child divide.  
The rightful mother, cry'd, Oh ! rather spare  
The living child, and I will yield my share,  
With pity mov'd, Oh ! spare the child, she cry'd ;  
Not so, said the pretender, but divide.  
The rightful parent is for mercy still,  
The base pretender cries, divide and kill.

Scarce can a nat'ral parent's tender eye,  
Look on and see unnat'ral children die;

He'll



## 94 OLD MOTHER

He'll suffer rather, and with measures mild  
 Reclaim a son, than kill a rebel child.  
 Stepfathers by their cruelty are known,  
 Because they know the child is not their own ;  
 They whip the guiltless infant, whom they hate,  
 To death, and then they seize on the estate.  
 The brutish pagans, fill'd with slavish fear,  
 To ugly demons beastly altars rear ;  
 Devouter minds adore the powers above,  
 Because they are all clemency and love.

A prudent maid may easily discover  
 A false pretender, and a real lover :  
 The one consults her honour, and her health ;  
 The other covets nothing but her wealth :  
 The one practises nought but melting charms,  
 To gain her heart, and draw her to his arms ;  
 He'd rather chuse to languish and to dy,  
 Than offer her the least indignity.

The other swells with lustful rage and pride,  
 And tries by tricks and bribes to gain the bride :  
 His merit's small, to that he dares not trust ;  
 'Tis force, or fraud, must satisfy his lust ;  
 Unhappy maid! shou'dst thou thyself surrender  
 A prostitute to such a vile pretender,  
 Thy liberty and happiness is lost,  
 And honour, which, of all, thou valuest most ;  
 His black designs, if once the rogue attain,  
 Thy wealth he'll seize, thy person he'll disdain ;  
 Of which possess'd, away from thee he wanders,  
 And wastes the same on whores, and pimps and  
     pandars,  
 Who, when they've spent so much of thy good  
     gear,  
 Roaring and whoring nine months of the year,  
 Then he returns, kisses, and calls thee honey,  
 Sweet-heart and dear, to get more of thy money ;  
And

## GRIM'S TALES. 95

All which he spends on bullies, pimps, and whores,  
Whilst thou must starve and languish within doors,  
By all thy neighbours slighted and neglected,  
By few regarded, and by none respected;  
Thy self and conduct, justly they despise,  
And bid thee boast and glory in thy choice.

Forfake the beast, thy self and rights re-  
cover,  
Return again to thy true faithful lover;  
He'll not upbraid thee with thy former folly,  
One smile from thee will make him blyth and  
jolly.  
Return, return! he'll love thee more and more,  
Forgetting all that thou hast done before;  
Whores, rogues, and bullies, he will soon expel,  
In peace and plenty making thee to dwell.

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### TALE V.

#### THE COBLER.

##### AN IRISH TALE.

— *est genus unum*  
*Stultitie, nihilum metuenda timentis.* Hor.

SAGES and moralists can show  
Many misfortunes here below,  
A truth which no: one ever mis'd,  
Tho' neither sage nor moralist;

Yet

## 96 OLD MOTHER

Yet all the troubles, notwithstanding,  
Which fate or fortune has a hand in,  
Fools to themselves will more create,  
In spite of fortune and of fate.  
Thus oft are dreaming wretches seen,  
Tortur'd with vapours and with spleen,  
Transform'd (at least in their own eyes)  
To glass, or china, or goose-pyes :  
Others will to themselves appear  
Stone-dead as Will the conqueror ;  
And all the world in vain might strive,  
To force them t'own that they're alive ;  
Unlucky males with child will groan,  
And sorely dread their lying down,  
As fearing, that, to ease their pain,  
May puzzle Doctor Chamberlain.  
Imaginary evils flow,  
Meerly for want of real woe,  
And when prevailing whimsies rise,  
As monstrous wild absurdities,  
Are ev'ry hour, and ev'ry minute,  
Found without bedlam, as within it ;  
Which, if you farther wou'd have shown,  
And leisure have to read—read on.

There liv'd a gentleman, possess  
Of all that mortals reckon best ;  
A seat well chosen, wholesome air,  
With gardens and with prospects fair ;  
His land from debt and jointure free,  
His money never in *south-sea* ;  
His health of body firm and good,  
Tho' past the hay-day in his blood :  
His consort fair, and good, and kind,  
His children rising to his mind :  
His friends ingenuous and sincere,  
His honour, nay his conscience, clear :

He

He wanted nought of human bliss,  
 But pow'r to taste his happiness.  
 Too near, alas ! this great man's hall,  
 A merry cobbler had a stall,  
 An arch old wag as e'er you knew,  
 With breeches red, and jerkin blue;  
 Cheerful at working, as at play.  
 He sung and whistled life away ;  
 When rising morning glads the sky,  
 Clear as the merry lark, and high,  
 When evening-shades the landskips vail,  
 Late warbling as the nightingale ;  
 Tho' pence came slow, and trade was ill,  
 Yet still he sung, and whistled still ;  
 Tho' patch'd his garb, and coarse his fare,  
 He laugh'd and cast away old care.

The rich man view'd, with discontent,  
 His tatter'd neighbour's merriment ;  
 With envy grudg'd and pin'd, to see  
 A beggar pleasanter than he ;  
 And by degrees, to hate began  
 Th' intollerable happy man,  
 Who haunted him like any sp'rit,  
 From morn to eve, by day and night.

It chanc'd as once in bed he lay,  
 When dreams are true, at break of day,  
 He heard the cobbler at his sport,  
 And, on a sudden, to cut short,  
 Whether his morning draught he took,  
 Or warming whiff of wonted smoke,  
 The squire suspected, being shrewd,  
 This silence boded him no good ;  
 And, 'cause he nothing saw, nor heard,  
 A *Machiavelian* plot he fear'd ;

# 98 OLD MOTHER

Strait circumstances crowded plain,  
 To vex and plague his jealous brain ;  
 Trembling in pannick dread he lies,  
 With gaping mouth, and staring eyes,  
 And straining, lustful, both his ears,  
 He soon persuades himself he hears  
 One skip and caper up the stairs :  
 Sees the door open quick, and knew  
 His dreaded foe in red and blue,  
 Who, with a running jump, he thought  
 Leapt plumb directly down his throat,  
 Laden with tackle of his stall,  
 Last, ends and hammer, strap and awl ;  
 No sooner down, than, with a jerk,  
 He fell to musick, and to work ;  
 If much he griev'd our Don before,  
 When but o' th' outside of the door,  
 How sorely must he now molest,  
 When got o' th' inside of his breast !  
 The waking dreamer groans and swells,  
 And pangs imaginary feels ;  
 Catches and scrapes of tunes he hears,  
 For ever ringing in his ears ;  
 Ill-favour'd smells his nose displease,  
 Mundungus strong, and rotten cheese ;  
 He feels him, when he draws his breath,  
 Or tugs the leather with his teeth ;  
 Or beats the soal, or else extends  
 His arm to th' utmost of his ends ;  
 Enough to crack, when stretch'd so wide,  
 The ribs of any mortal side.  
 Is there no method, then, to fly  
 This vile intestine enemy ?  
 What can be done in this condition,  
 But sending instant for physician ?



The doctor having heard the case,  
 Burst into laughter in his face,  
 Told him, he need no more than rise,  
 Open his windows and his eyes,  
 Whistling and stitching there to see  
 The Cobler, as he us'd to be.

Sir, quoth the patient, your pretences  
 Shall ne'er persuade me from my senses ;  
 How shou'd I rise? The heavy brute  
 Will hardly let me wag a foot ;  
 Tho' seeing for belief may go,  
 Yet feeling is the truth, you know :  
 I feel him in my sides, I tell ye;  
 Had you a cobbler in your belly,  
 You scarce cou'd stir as now you do,  
 I doubt your guts would grumble too :  
 Still do you laugh? I tell you, Sir,  
 I'd kick you soundly could I stir ;  
 Thou quack, that never had'st degree  
 In either university,  
 Thou mere licentiate, without knowledge,  
 The shame and scandal of the college;  
 I'll call my servants, if you stay,  
 So, doctor, scamper while you may.

One thus dispatch'd, a second came,  
 Of equal skill and greater fame,  
 Who swore him mad as a *March* hare,  
 (For doctors, when provok'd, will swear,)  
 To drive such whimsies from his pat,  
 He drag'd him to the window strait.  
 But jilting fortune can devise,  
 To baffle and outwit the wise ;  
 The Cobler, 'ere expos'd to view,  
 Had just pull'd off his jerkin blue,

## 100 OLD MOTHER

Not dreaming 'twould his neighbour hurt,  
To sit in *fre/co* in his shirt :

O! quoth the patient, with a sigh,  
You know him not so well as I;

The man who down my throat is run,  
Has got a true blue jerkin on :

In vain the doctor rav'd and tore,  
Argu'd and fretted, stamp'd and swore,  
Told him he might believe as well

The giant of Pantagruel,

Did oft, to break his fast and sup,

For potch'd eggs, swallow wind-mills up;

Or that the Holland dame could bear

A child for every day o' th' year.

The vapour'd dottard, grave and sly,

Mistook, for truth, each rapping lie ;

And drew conclusions, such as these,

Resistless, from the premisses ;

I hope, my friends, you'll grant me all,

A wind-mill's bigger than a stall,

And since the lady brought alive

Children three hundred sixty-five,

Why should you think there is not room,

For one poor Cobler in my womb ?

Thus every thing his friends could say,

The more confirm'd him in his way,

Farther convinc'd, by what they tell,

'Twas certain, tho' impossible.

Now worse and worse his piteous state

Was grown, and almost desperate ;

Yet still, the utmost bent to try,

Without more help he would not die :

An old physician, sly and shrewd,

With management of face endu'd,

Heard all his tale, and ask'd, with care,

How long the Cobler had been there ?

Noted

# GRIM'S TALES. 101

Noted distinctly what was said,  
Lift up his eyes, and shook his head,  
And grave accosts him on this fashion,  
After mature deliberation,  
With serious and important face,  
Sir, your's is an uncommon case ;  
Tho' I've read Galen's *Latin* o'er,  
I never met with it before ;  
Nor have I found the like disease  
In stories of Hippocrates.  
Then, after a convenient stay,  
Sir, if prescription you'll obey,  
My life for yours, I'll set you free  
From this same two-legg'd tympany ;  
'Tis true, you're gone beyond the cure  
Of fam'd worm-powder of John Moor ;  
Besides, if downwards he be sent,  
I fear he'll split your nether vent :  
But then your throat, you know, is wide,  
And scarcely clos'd since it was try'd,  
The same way he got in, 'tis plain,  
There's room to fetch him back again ;  
I'll bring the forked worm away  
Without a *dysenteria* ;  
Emeticks strong will do the feat,  
If taken *quantum sufficit* ;  
I'll see myself the proper dose,  
And go hypnoticks to compose.

The wretch, tho' languishing and weak,  
Reviv'd already by the *Greek*,  
Cries, what so learn'd a man as you  
Prescribes, dear doctor, I shall do.

The vomit speedily was got,  
The cobbler lent for to the spot,



And taught to manage the deceit,  
And not his doublet to forget.  
But first, the operator wife  
Over his sight a bandage ties,  
For vomits always strain the eyes.  
Courage ! I'll make you disemboque,  
Spite of his teeth, th' unlucky rogue ;  
I'll drench the rascal, never fear,  
And bring him up, or drown him there.  
Warm water down he makes him pour,  
Till his stretch'd guts could hold no more,  
Which, doubly swoln, as you may think,  
Both with the cobbler and the drink,  
What they receiv'd against the grain,  
Soon paid with int'rest back again.  
Here comes his tools, he can't be long  
Without his hammer and his thong.  
The cobbler humour'd what was spoke,  
And gravely carried on the joke ;  
As he heard name each single matter,  
He chuck'd it soufe into the water,  
And, then, not to be seen as yet,  
Behind the door made his retreat.  
The sick man now takes breath a while,  
Strength to recruit for further toil ;  
Unblinded, he, with joyful eyes,  
The tackle floating there espies,  
Fully convinc'd within his mind,  
The cobbler could not stay behind,  
Who to the ale-house still would go,  
When e'er he wanted work to do ;  
Nor could he like his present place,  
He ne'er lov'd water in his days.  
At length he takes a second bout,  
Enough to turn him inside out ;

With

With vehemence so fore he strains  
 As would have split another's brains.  
 Ah ! here the cobbler comes, I swear,  
 (And truth it was ; for he was there),  
 And like a rude, ill-manner'd clown,  
 Kick'd with his foot the vomit down.  
 The patient now grown wond'rous light,  
 Whip'd off the napkin from his sight,  
 Briskly lift up his head, and knew  
 The breeches and the jerkin's hue,  
 And smil'd to hear him grumbling say,  
 As down the stairs he ran away,  
 He'd ne'er set foot within his door,  
 And jump down open throats no more ;  
 No, while he liv'd he'd ne'er again,  
 Run, like a fox, down the red lane.  
 Our patient thus, his inmate gone,  
 Cur'd of the crotchets in his crown,  
 Joyful, his gratitude expresses,  
 With thousand thanks, and hundred pieces ;  
 And thus, with much of pains and cost,  
 Regain'd the health he never lost.

## M O R A L.

- “ Taught by long miseries, we find,
- “ Repose is seated in the mind ;
- “ And most men, soon or late, have found.
- “ Tis there, or no where, to be found.
- “ This real wisdom timely knows,
- “ Without experience of the woes,
- “ Nor need instructive smart to see,
- “ That all below is vanity :
- “ Loss, disappointment, passion, strife,
- “ Whate'er torments, or troubles life,
- “ Tho' groundless, grievous in its stay,
- “ Twill shake our tenements of clay,

“ When



' When past, as nothing we esteem ;  
' And pain like pleasure's but a dream."

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## TALE VI.

### A DUTCH TALE.

*Ridiculum acri,*  
*Fortius & melius, magnas plerumque secat res.*

**W**HEN Goody Grim this tale had ended,  
To which the list'ning crowd attended,  
Quoth the goodman, a preaching nobler  
Than what you have made on a cobbler,  
I'm sure is no where to be seen,  
Although the text was very mean;  
Yet our Mas John, who knows each letter  
Of *Greek*, I think, could scarce do better ;  
Nor any preacher in our nation,  
Make a more proper application.  
Goodwife, bring here the brandy bottle,  
For now I swear by Aristotle,  
That Goody Grim deserves a dram.  
As soon as said, the bottle came ;  
The dram is fill'd; old Goody drank it,  
And then her host and hostess thanked.  
Ingratitude I always hated,  
Tho' by a clerk it was debated,  
And prov'd, quoth Grim, no beastly fault;  
Beasts grateful are when men do halt :  
In this great point, which must be wonder'd,  
For one such person harms a hundred,

Good

Good folks, since you have been so kind,  
 As poor old Goody Grim to mind,  
 And for a tale to give a dram,  
 Here, take another of the same.

There liv'd a gentleman, possesst  
 Of every thing could give him rest,  
 Full satisfaction and content,  
 Large were his lands, great was his rent,  
 And all from debt and jointures free,  
 None of his stock sunk in *south-sea* ;  
 Fine were his houies, great his trade,  
 Of all things else great store he had,  
 Choice parks and prospects, forests fair,  
 Fine gardens, walks, and wholesome air,  
 Great flocks and herds, fine ponds and fishes,  
 And every thing that mortal wishes ;  
 His neighbours friendly and sincere,  
 Save only one, as you shall hear ;  
 And to compleat his ease and rest,  
 Was with a faithful Steward blest,  
 Who knew his business exactly,  
 Of wool could tell where every plack lay;  
 What in the year he could make of it,  
 And best improve the same to profit ;  
 What store of beef, and pork, and tallow,  
 Could serve himself, what he could allow  
 To be expos'd to publick sale,  
 What casks of cyder, beer, and ale,  
 Butter and cheese, were in his cellars,  
 What cash brought in by money-tellers ;  
 What bales of broad cloth in his ware-house,  
 Of all things else how great his share was ;  
 Careful of all, no man can doubt it,  
 As well within door as without it.

The

# 106 OLD MOTHER

The Steward finding that Nick Frog,  
A cunning, crafty, cheating rogue,  
Who liv'd hard by him in a bog,  
Upon his trade was still incroaching,  
New schemes and projects daily broaching,  
To rob his fish-ponds and his spices,  
By black and murdering devices,  
Resolv'd to make him count and reckon,  
For what he had unjustly taken ;  
And doce down, for his fair fiddling,  
His frauds, and vicious intermeddling.

This straight made Nick to look about him,  
And plot to ruin and to rout him.  
His wits he racks, and his invention,  
How to accomplish this intention.  
Men never need to raise the devil,  
To help them out in any evil  
Design; he's still at hand, and watching,  
To help them when milchiet they're hatching:  
Away runs Frog to good John Bull,  
With whims and maggots fills his skull,  
( This was his name; full well I knew him,  
Before Nick Frog did first undo him ; )  
Buzzes and whispers in his ears,  
Strange bugbears, lies, and groundless fears,  
To make him dread his trusty Steward.  
Tho' never man had a more true heart,  
To Bull, nor more his int'rest minded,  
Till by this rogue he was quite blinded,  
As afterwards he came to find it.

Who would believe what strange bugbears  
Mankind create itself, of fears  
That spring like fern, that infect weed,  
Equivocally, without seed,

And

And have no possible foundation,  
 But merely in th' imagination,  
 And yet will do more dreadful tricks,  
 Then witches riding on broom-sticks ;  
 Make men bewitch and haunt themselves,  
 And raise hobgoblins, imps and elves :  
 This is observ'd in Hudibras,  
 And in John Bull came all to pass ;  
 Who, by his fears, was so much haunted,  
 And by this cunning rogue enchanted,  
 He dream'd of pious frauds and tricks,  
 Of bells, and books, and candlesticks,  
 And in his vap'rish fits would clatter,  
 Strange things of beads and holy water ;  
 Fancy'd his steward flyly came,  
 His paunch with horned heads to cram,  
 And glibly make him swallow down,  
 A strange beast with a triple crown ;  
 Instead of flesh, make him to dine  
 On bread, without one drop of wine.

With these strange fancies so possess'd,  
 That night nor day he could not rest,  
 What does John Bull, in this condition,  
 But writes to Frog for a physican !  
 'Tis true, a scorpion's oil is said  
 To cure the wounds the viper made ;  
 The adder's skin some ease may bring  
 To pains occasion'd by the sting ;  
 The eating of a mad dog's liver  
 From dang'rous bite may men deliver ;  
 And weapons, dress'd with salves, restore  
 And heal the hurts they gave before ;  
 But whether Nick such magic had,  
 As salve apply'd to bloody blade,  
 Or virtue in him, as the vermin,  
 Those who have try'd him can determine.

## 108 OLD MOTHER

The doctor comes, an arrant quack,  
 Who gravely first his head did shake,  
 Feeling his pulse ; then made a face,  
 And swore his was a dang'rous case ;  
 Full well, he said, he understood it,  
 And that he must be purg'd and blooded,  
 Take laudanum to make him sleep,  
 And leave his shop to Frog to keep ;  
 Nor could these symptoms bad evanish,  
 Till first his Steward he did banish ;  
 All thoughts of trade he must give over,  
 If he expected to recover ;  
 And then, since exercise is good  
 To rectify and cleanse the blood,  
 To ease the head, and fully clear it  
 Of vapours, and to chear the spirit,  
 To help the stomach and digestion,  
 (The truth of which no man needs question),  
 He must no more loll like a fool,  
 But get him to a fencing-school ;  
 To play at back-sword, cudgel, fleuret,  
 Would ease his pain, or fully cure it.  
 You have, quoth quack, a dang'rous neighbour,  
 Who lives not very far from the door ;  
 A hec't'ring, rambling, blust'ring bully,  
 Who minds to treat you like a cully ;  
 Unless ye beat him back and belly,  
 And tame his huffing, I can tell ye,  
 He'll bring your Steward back to vex you,  
 And with more fears and cares perplex you ;  
 Up then, and stoutly lay about you,  
 This rogue just now begins to doubt you ;  
 Be sure he cannot long resist you,  
 Nick Frog is ready to assist you,  
 And help you out of all your lurches,  
 Providing he gets all the purchase ;



Old father Hocus ready stands,  
 And esquire South, with heart and hands,  
 To help you, Sir, to beat and bang them,  
 Or, if you please, to head or hang them,  
 You have a strong confede—racy  
 To tame the rogue, who is grown saucy,  
 And make him eat his meat in order,  
 And keep himself within his border.  
 What will not evil council do !  
 This many instances can shew ;  
 And then it clearly did appear,  
 When't made a man stick his own mare.

The Steward is a-packing sent,  
 And all things topsy turvy went ;  
 The shop's lock'd up, the pond's neglected,  
 None but the doctor is respected,  
 By whom good Bull was so much blinded,  
 Nothing but boxing now he minded,  
 Back-sword and quarter-staff, and dagger,  
 With which he then began to swagger,  
 Like errant Knight, in quest of dangers,  
 To quarrel and fall out with Strangers;  
 And then, to find some new adventures,  
 His Neighbours Grounds he boldly enters,  
 Pretending he came to defend 'em,  
 To view their Marches, and to mend 'em,  
 And had, by Scale and Compass, found,  
 (He said) in measuring their Ground,  
 And all their Marches, they were such,  
 Some had too little, some too much ;  
 But that it should be so no longer,  
 He'd help the weak against the stronger,  
 And stoutest of them all would challenge,  
 To bring things to a better Balance.

# 110 OLD MOTHER

When this new trade he was practising,  
 And riding a-*Don Quixotizing*,  
 Oft times, e'en take my word upon it,  
 They claw'd the stople of his bonnet,  
 And made him, in some sad disasters,  
 To call for surgeons, and for plaisters.  
 When any thing he had made of it,  
 Frog came and swept away the profit.  
 Meantime, by bleeding, and by blist'ring,  
 By purging, vomiting, and clyst'ring,  
 By toiling much, and little eating,  
 By want of sleep, and frequent sweating,  
 His blood and spirits all were gone,  
 He look'd e'en like a skeleton :  
 His wealth all spent on fencing-masters,  
 And paying drugs, and pills, and plaisters ;  
 His thrift and trade was all neglected,  
 And sums of debt immense contracted ;  
 And yet his maggots never left him,  
 But of all common sense bereft him,  
 And made him now grow so delirious,  
 (For strength he had not to be furious),  
 To send for German mountebanks,  
 On him to play their knavish pranks.

As ravens never fail to flock  
 About a dying horse, and croak,  
 Expecting richly there to feed,  
 How soon the poor old beast is dead,  
 Yea, frequently, you'll see them strive  
 To tear and eat the flesh alive ;  
 So men, when in their worst conditions,  
 Are haunted by these mock physicians.  
 The mountebank, who had no skill  
 To cure, but came his purse to fill,  
 First, gravely twisting up his whiskers,  
 With a grimace began his discourse,

Which

Which, that he might make just as brief as  
 Was possible, had no word of preface,  
 Pretending well to know the matter,  
 Cry'd, plunge the patient in salt water;  
 No remedy, in sober sadness,  
 But this, can cure him of his madness.  
 From bed they haul him, where they found him,  
 And duck'd him so, they almost drown'd him,  
 Which brought him to a worse condition.  
 Then, quoth another fine physician,  
 One cure remains, and I will try it,  
 To bring him to a meagre diet ;  
 He must be fed on froth and bubbles,  
 (Strong meat will still increase his troubles),  
 And nothing drink but water-gruel,  
 Wine to his fever would add fuel ;  
 But first we must apply loch-leeches,  
 To a certain place within his breeches,  
 I think 'tis call'd, by great Cardanus,  
 Or some good *Latinist*, the *anus* ;  
 Bleeding the hemorrhoidal veins  
 Will clear his head of vap'rish pains,  
 And these brought from the German coast,  
 Will longest stick, and suck the most ;  
 Lest any harm befall his body,  
 He must be kept in safe custo—dy,  
 And have strong men to watch and ward him,  
 Nor can he grudge well to reward 'em.  
 His neighbours must be brib'd and taught their  
 Lesson, to forbear from laughter ;  
 For should he find that they did mock him,  
 Most heinously it would provoke him—

*Multa defunt, supplenda tamen cum postulat usus.*

## TALE VII.

## A V I S I O N.

*Constitit ante oculos caræ genetricis imago.*

**A**T dead of night, after an evening ball,  
In her own father's lodging at Whitehall,  
As youthful Tullia unregarded lay  
By a dull lump of Netherlandish clay,  
Whose frozen veins not all her charms could  
move ;

The hero was incapable of love ;  
Thanks to a secret grip received when young :  
That family had rid the states too long.

Neglected thus, the longing, wishing queen  
Contemplates all the gallants she had seen,  
Whose brisk ideas feed her warm desire,  
And fancy adds more fuel to her fire.

When, lo ! the scene all on a sudden turns,  
Her blood grows chill, the taper dully burns,  
A trembling seizes all her limbs with fear,  
And a majestick shade, which did appear,  
Draws wide the curtains, and approaches near ;  
Then thus, like oracle from hollow oak,  
With awful tone the sacred spectre spoke.

Most impious wretch ! behold thy mother's  
ghost,  
By fate's permission from the Stygian coast,

To

# GRIM'S TALES. 113

To warn thee of the vengeance heav'n provides,  
 To punish unrepenting parricides.  
 Can quiet slumbers ever close thine eyes?  
 Or is thy conscience sunk, and cannot rise?  
 From this same place was not thy aged sire  
 Compell'd, by midnight summons, to retire?  
 When, with a baiting, fulsom trick of state,  
 The world was banter'd with an *abdicate*.  
 Had he been murder'd, it had mercy shown;  
 ('Tis less to kill a King, than to dethrone.)  
 The miserable in their graves find rest,  
 But his afflictions cannot be express'd.  
 So great a Monarch to be brought so low,  
 And his own children strike the fatal blow!  
 Where are the crimes of which he is accus'd?  
 How are the nations gull'd, and he abus'd?  
 How boldly did some villains tax the King,  
 Engaging, the next Sanhedrim, to bring  
 Substantial proof of warming-pan intrigue,  
 Of horrid murder, and a Teaguish league?  
 Senates have met; and, after many years,  
 No proof is made, no witness yet appears;  
 The bold defamers now are hush'd and still,  
 For want of evidence, not want of will.  
 These bless'd reformers have our King dethron'd,  
 (Under such pharisees Judea groan'd);  
 And, with our native force, a foreign aid  
 Of vermin, who ne'er monarchy obey'd,  
 But by rebellion did themselves create,  
 Of provinces distress'd, a Hogan state:  
 Can any thing that's good from Frog-land come,  
 The very jakes and sink of Christendom?  
 A Dutchman is a rogue, whate'er he seems;  
 (No muddy fountain can yield chrystal streams.)  
 Awake, Britannia, guard thy tott'ring crown,  
 Which by republicans is pulling down;



## 114. OLD MOTHER

Ambitious Orange serves but for a tool,  
 They set him up that they themselves may rule.  
 If one usurper's title is thought good,  
 The right lies in possession, not in blood;  
 Nor is't confin'd to any certain line,  
 Possession makes all governments divine.  
 Good pagan doctrine, brought to serve a time;  
 Success will justify the basest crime!  
 In former times, when England's Kings did err,  
 The fault was punish'd in the counsellor;  
 But now the King is into exile sent,  
 And not one statesman brought to punishment,  
 The priests and advocates have wond'rous skill,  
 To qualify the same thing good or ill,  
 And can adduce, from scripture and the laws,  
 Arguments *pro* and *con*, for any cause.

Night's watchful centinel now blows the horn,  
 A certain sign of the approaching morn,  
 Which warns all wandring spirits to retire  
 To shades below, or to more dreadful fire.  
 I must be gone, the ghost said, then farewell,  
 What thou hast seen and heard, thy sister tell:  
 Repent, repent, before it be too late,  
 By restitution shun impending fate.  
 Thus having said, the vision disappears,  
 Leaving the drunken princess drown'd in tears.

TALE

TALE VIII.

A LOCHABER TALE.

*Sunt quos curriculo pulverem olympicum  
Collegisse juvat ; metaque fervidis  
Evitata rotis, palmaque nobilis  
Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos.*

WHO can believe, how small affairs  
Will sometimes set friends by the ears?  
And then, how small an incident,  
Will loss of limb and life prevent?  
Which, if you only please to hear,  
Will by the following tale appear.

Upon a time, no matter where,  
Some Glunimies met at a fair,  
As drest and tight as ever wore  
A durk, a targe, and a claymore,  
Short hose, and belted plaid, or trews,  
In Uist, Lochaber, Sky, or Lewis,  
Or cover'd hard head with a bonnet,  
(Had you but known them, you would own it;  
But sitting too long by the barrel,  
MacBane and Donald Dow did quarrel,  
And in a culleshangee landed.  
The dispute, you must understand it,  
Was, which of them had the best blood,  
When both, 'tis granted, had as good  
As ever yet stuff'd a black-pudding ;  
So out came broad swords on a sudden,  
Keen to decide the controversy,  
And would have shed blood without mercy,

Had

## 116 OLD MOTHER

Had not a crafty Highland Demon,  
 MacGilliwrae, play'd the Palemon;  
 Who lighted on a pleasant fancy  
 To end the strife, and no man can say,  
 But that the plot shew'd his invention,  
 His pious purpose and intention.  
 Hold, hold! quoth he, I'll make your vermin  
 This poultry quarrel soon determine;  
 Come each of you reach me a louse,  
 For she that's found to be most crouse,  
 Without dispute, has had the best food,  
 As so her master has the best blood.  
 Both listened to this fine orison,  
 Which, if you'll mark it, was a wise one;  
 Their swords they sheath'd by this advice,  
 And fell to work to hunt for lice;  
 And very easily found twenty,  
 For of these cattle they had plenty,  
 Which from their bosom they did pull out,  
 Of which Palemon two did cull out,  
 In shape and size that were most egal,  
 To make the louse-race fair and legal;  
 MacBane's was marked on the back,  
 From head to tail, with strip of black,  
 By which she was from Donald's known;  
 So every master knew his own.

Habbie, for he was at the sport,  
 On bagpipe play'd the horseman's sport,  
 While wise Palemon try'd a trick,  
 To spur them up with fiery stick.  
 Such running yet was never seen,  
 On Leith sands, or Strathbogie green,  
 At Coupar, Perth, and other places,  
 Which men frequent to see horse races;  
 In fine MacBane's louse wan the race,  
 Who still of Donald takes the place.

Now,

# GRIM'S TALES. 117

Now, should the wisdom of the nation,  
Take this into consideration,  
And ratify it by a law,  
That no man sword nor durk should draw,  
But leave it to their proper vermin,  
Their paultry quarrels to determine,  
As well the greater as the small ones,  
Of Christian blood it might save gallons,  
And give diversion by such races,  
In country fairs and market places;  
And better shew their zeal and skill,  
Than hunting out more blood to spill.  
If any rogue deserv'd a banging,  
Or, for atrocious crimes, a hanging,  
And justly is sentenc'd to die;  
But who shall hang him? You, or I?  
If, in this point, we are divided,  
A louse race fairly might decide it,  
Without expence of time or trouble,  
About a thing not worth a bubble.

Yea, who can tell, as things improve,  
But this, at last, might princes move,  
Such races for their crowns to run,  
If once the practice was begun;  
For so to get a crown's no worse,  
Than by the neighing of a horse,  
Or by the flying of the crows;  
And yet my gentle reader knows,  
Darius could no title bring,  
But that, to make him Persia's king;  
And Romulus, the story's famous,  
By this means got the *pas* of Remus.

Our foreign mails might bring advice  
Of races run by foreign lice;  
The German, Dutch, the Saxon, Russian,  
The French, the Spanish, and the Prussian;

The

## 118 OLD MOTHER

The Cossack, Calmuck, and the Tartars,  
Who run with neither hose nor garters ;  
The Persian, and the Janizaries,  
Which gains the race, and which miscarries ;  
In Italy who gain'd the races,  
Who on the Rhine, and other places ;  
At Philipsburg tell how they ran,  
Who had the rear, and who the van ;  
How Eugene, by his art and cunning,  
Could train the German lice to running,  
And such accomplish'd racers make them,  
The French could never overtake them ;  
How Russian vermin could advance,  
Against the mighty powers of France,  
And slowly into Dantzick crept,  
When French lice either dreamt or slept ;  
Who gain'd the race at Sheriff-muir,  
Where both sides ran right well, 'tis sure ;  
How Highland lice could play a prankie,  
And win the race at Killycrankie :  
Then we might see recruiters trudging,  
And their recruits in bosom lodging.

Well might this project free all nations  
From great expences and taxations ;  
One million'th part might raise lice forces,  
Of what is spent on men and horses.



## T A L E IX.

P H A E T O N burlesqu'd.

[From Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, *Lib. II. Fab. I.*]—*Ingreditur dubitati tecta parentis.*

**S** O L's manor was a pretty good house,  
 But meaner far than Holy-rood-house:  
 The walls rear'd up of lath and plaister;  
 'Tis good gear that contents the master.  
 On the ceil'd roof one Mulciber,  
 A cripple common sign-post dauber,  
 Or if you please to call him painter,  
 Had made some odd draughts at a venture.  
 The various seasons of the year,  
 Rank'd in due order, did appear,  
 And all the beasts, and fowls, and fishes,  
 Which ilk month made the nicest dishes;  
 When beef or mutton, lamb or veal,  
 Salmond or Herring, trout or eel;  
 When hen and capon, leeks and cabbage,  
 And all the other kitchen baggage,  
 Were at their best; here, with one look,  
 You'd find without the help of book.  
 In every month, when they are best,  
 Their various figures are exprest:  
 In January you'd see haddocks,  
 In March was painted store of paddocks:  
 In every other month what nice is;  
 I must say these were fine devices,  
 Where one could draw a bill of fare,  
 Suiting the season of the year;

Know

## 120 OLD MOTHER

Know when to eat his oysters raw,  
When crabs are best, & *cætera*.  
This house at night did lodge the God ;  
You know all day he's still abroad.

When Phaeton came to the door,  
\* Doubting his mother was a whore,  
He chap'd, and then put in his head,  
Pull'd off his cap, and said, God speed.  
And having made a homely jook,  
Spy'd Phoebus sitting in the nook,  
With purple gown, in armed chair,  
Contriving how to guide the year.  
† A minute-watch hang at his back,  
And in his hand an almanack ;  
And round about him, in a ring,  
Sand-glasses did in plenty hing :  
The names of months, you may believe, he,  
From March to March, had *inclusive* ;  
The summer, harvest, winter, spring,  
About the walls on boards did hing ;  
And, to prevent all foul mistakes,  
Of kalendars and almanacks,  
Great store in every corner lay,  
Which serv'd to guide him on his way.

Sol chancing to lift up his eye,  
From's journal-book, did quickly spy  
The stripling, who stood half amaz'd,  
While on these raree-shows he gaz'd.  
“ My son, quoth he, what brought thee hither ? ”  
Sir, if I may but call you father,

Said

\* — *Intravit dubitati testâ parentis.*

† — *A dextra lævaque dies, & mensis, & annus,  
Seculaque, & positi spatii æqualibus hore.*

## GRIM'S TALES. 121

Said Phaeton," \* "and if my mother  
 " Ne'er play'd the whore with any other,  
 " Give me some proof to know it by,  
 " That I may frankly give the lye  
 " To any, be he great or small,  
 " Who me a son of whore shall call :  
 " For, faith, Sir, I must here confess,  
 " I never yet, in market-place,  
 " Durst throw a stone, but I did dread,  
 " That I might break my father's head."

Here stopt the youth, and claw'd his pate ;  
 But Phoebus pulling off his hat,  
 Said, " By my faul, believe't who list,  
 " A better wench yet never pist,  
 " Than was thy mother, nor more true  
 " To me ; I'll give the devil his due.  
 " Or if she did ; for who can fix  
 " A woman's heart, with others mix,  
 " Thy carrot-pow can testify  
 " That none thy father is but I.  
 " That I may put thee out of doubt,  
 " Now, Phaeton, look round about,  
 " Ask any thing ; for, as I live,  
 " Thou cannot ask what I'll not give.  
 " † May Phoebus never see, I pray,  
 " The morning of another day,  
 " But in a halter may I hing,  
 " If I deny thee any thing."

Quoth Phaeton, " I love to ride,  
 " Then, father, only let me guide

L

" Your

\* *Nec falsa Clymene culpam sub imaginè celat.*

† —*promissi testis adesto,*

*Dis juranda palus, oculis incognita nostris.*

# 122 OLD MOTHER

‘ Your hackney-jades, and until night  
‘ About the world drive day-light.”

\* At this old Phoebus shook his head,  
And, clawing where there was no need,  
He spat, and sidging twice or thrice,  
Said, “ Phaeton, my son, be wise :  
‘ I promised, but did suppose,  
‘ That thou didst see before thy nose,  
‘ And was not such an arrant sheep,  
‘ As not to look before thou leap.  
‘ † Would God I had a toleration  
‘ To swear with mental reservation ;  
‘ This only suit I would deny ;  
‘ Pox on the sin of perjury.  
‘ I may dissuade, since thy desires  
‘ Above thy age and strength aspires ;  
‘ And since so feeble hands, as these are,  
‘ Unable are to guide the day-star.  
‘ Except myself, none of the train,  
‘ Of Gods can guide my fiery wain :  
‘ ‡ Whatever they may vainly boast,  
‘ None of them can rule such a roast.  
‘ Let Jove himself, the great Mogul  
‘ Of Heav’n, vapour as he will,  
‘ And wild-fire, like a juggler, spit,  
‘ To fright poor mortals out of wit,  
‘ He cannot guide my steeds, mark that,  
‘ || And who with Jove can *bell the cat* ?

“ \* The

\* *Concutiens illustre caput—*

† —*Utinam promissa liceret*  
*Non dare.*

‡ —*Placeat sibi quisque licebit.*

|| —*Et quid Jove majus habetur ?*

" \* The way at first is rough and steep,  
 ' Through which my steeds can scarcely creep,  
 ' Tho' they be fresh ; for every morn,  
 ' Before we yoke, they get their corn.

" The middle then is very high,  
 ' Whence looking down (I will not lie)  
 ' On sea and land, it makes me quake  
 ' For fear, and all my bones to shake :  
 ' † Thence turning down, should I mistake  
 ' One step, I'd surely break my neck.

" ‡ Besides all this, the Heavens high go  
 ' Still whirling round in a vertigo,  
 ' Which all the stars about do swing,  
 ' And make them dance it in a ring.

" Now I, who have the year to guide,  
 ' Directly forward still must ride.  
 ' I dare not stop, nor turn my back,  
 ' For marring of the almanack ;  
 ' My restless wheels must still be jogging,  
 ' Nor dare I halt to take a noggan.

" The rapid motion of the sphere  
 ' Would carry thee the Lord knows where.

" || Perhaps thou vainly dream'st the Gods  
 ' Have manor-houses on these roads :  
 ' Or thou may foolishly be thinking  
 ' Of inns and taverns there, for drinking.  
 ' Unless thou eat a heavenly sign,  
 ' On all the road thou cannot dine :

L 2

" The

\* *Ardua prima via est, &c.*

† *Ultima prona via est.*

‡ *Adde quod assidua rapitur vertigine cælum.*

|| *Forſitan & lucos illic, urbesque Deorum  
 Concipias animo —*



# 124 OLD MOTHER

‘ The crab, the lobster, or the pifeis,  
 ‘ Or fome fuch paultry ftuff as this is.  
 ‘ And then, to wafh thy pickled throat,  
 ‘ Thou muft drink of a water-pot.”

\* “ Nor could the beft of thy endeavours  
 ‘ Rightly manage my head-ftong avers :  
 ‘ When they begin to fpuen and kick,  
 ‘ As oft they ufe this vicious trick,  
 ‘ They make myfelf, who am more able  
 ‘ Than thou, feek all the feats i’ th’ faddle.”

“ For God’s fake, then, be wife, and think on’t,  
 ‘ † And fay not, Would to God I had done’t ?  
 ‘ Thy mischief now muft be prevented,  
 ‘ Or afterwards thou wilt repent it.”

“ Thou afks a gift, and would be glad,  
 ‘ To know if Phoebus be thy dad :  
 ‘ This is a thing I never doubted,  
 ‘ I took thy mother’s word about it ;  
 ‘ And had thou wit as thou haft years,  
 ‘ ‡ Thou might perceive it by my fears.  
 ‘ Confider only, if Apollo,  
 ‘ The God of wit, would be fo fhallo,   
 ‘ So great a blockhead, or fo dull,  
 ‘ To vex his head, or rack his fcull,  
 ‘ With needlefs fears or cares, and that  
 ‘ For any common ftumpet’s brat ;  
 ‘ If I did fo, (as proverb tells),  
 ‘ I well deferved hood and bells.  
 ‘ Judge ye how fuch a drefs would fit  
 ‘ The noddle of the God of wit.

“ Through

\* *Nec tibi quadrupedes —*

*In promptu regere efl.*

† — *Dum resque finit, tua corrige vota.*

‡ *Et pctrío pater eflé metu probor —*

“Through all my house look up and down,  
 \* Except but this, ask any boon,  
 ‘ By all that’s sacred, here I vow  
 ‘ I’ll give it, were it worth a cow.”

“Fond thing, why hangs thou by my sleeve,  
 ‘ Since I have sworn, I must give  
 ‘ Whate’er thou asks; but pray be wise,  
 ‘ † And yet make a discreeter choice.”

This said, he hoded up his breeches,  
 And finished his learned speeches.

But Phaeton, a wilful lad,  
 Whom all his wit could not dissuade,  
 ‡ Stood stiffly to his purpose, and  
 Still press’d to have his first demand:  
 || Now Phoebus, finding that the day  
 Was dawning, durst no longer stay,  
 For fear some morning-men should think  
 That he had got too large a drink;  
 And lest he should sun-dials mar,  
 He leads the boy unto the car.

This coach, I’d have you understand,  
 \* Old Brookie made with his own hand;  
 For Phoebus, who must still be peeping,  
 And spying faults when some are sleeping,  
 Through hole in door, as is reported,  
 Perceived that Mars with Venus sported,  
 And seeing Vulcan was in his shop,  
 He thus accosts his worthy mesship.

L 3

“Gossip,

\* *Deprecor hoc unum —*

† — *Sed tu sapientius opta.*

‡ — *Dictis tamen ille repugnat;*

*Propositumque premit —*

|| *At pater, ut terras mundumque rubescere vidit.*

\* — *Vulcania munera —*

126 OLD MOTHER

“ Gossip, while ye on iron pelt here,  
 ‘ A rogue, who well deserves a halter,  
 ‘ A captain too, forsooth, hath laid  
 ‘ A close siege to your worship’s bed :  
 ‘ And that he may the more succeed,  
 ‘ Plac’d horned-works upon your head.”  
 Brookie, at this, threw by his hammer,  
 And thinking on his wife, cry’d, damn her ;  
 Clench’d out of doors; but, being lame,  
 Before he came Mars plaid his game.  
 Yet notwithstanding this, he judged,  
 In gratitude he was obliged  
 To Phoebus, therefore did provide him  
 A trusty coach for him to ride in :  
 And, without brag, ne’er hackney hurl’d  
 On better wheels in the wide world.

\* While Phaeton stood gazing on it,  
 Rubbing the stopple of his bonnet,  
 Transported with surprize and joy,  
 Like a blate fondling country boy,  
 Who’d never seen a coach before,  
 † Aurora peep’d in at the door.  
 This was a pretty ruddy maid,  
 Who waited close on Phoebus bed,  
 And oft, when he was sleeping sound,  
 Would rouse him up to ride his round :  
 And pinching him with thumb and finger,  
 Would tell him, ’twas no time to linger,  
 || When all the glimmering lamps of night,  
 For want of oil, had lost their light.  
 For this, and other service too,  
 Which neither of them dares avow,

And

\* *Dumque ea magnanimus Phaeton miratur—*

† *—rutilo patefecit ab ortu—*

*Purpureas aurora fores—*

|| *—Diffugiunt stellæ.*

And which at present shall be nameless,  
 Perform'd by wanton mistress shameless,  
 The sun had cloth'd this pretty harlot  
 With gown and petticoat of scarlet ;  
 When both of them, tho' I'm to speak loath,  
 Deserv'd to wear a gown of sackcloth.  
 And, I must say, 'tis a great pity,  
 That they live not in our good city,  
 For our kirk-treasurer would trace them,  
 And on repentance-stool disgrace them,  
 Or make old Phoebus, for his cunny,  
 To *doce* down good ready money.  
 A reader of our kirk's profession,  
 I hope, will pardon this digression  
 About our discipline, and lo,  
 No more of this, now *a propos*.

\* Now Phoebus seeing madam Moon  
 Look as pale as a horn-spoon,  
 And all the stars quite disappear,  
 Ev'n Lucifer who guards the rear ;  
 Straight he calls out a leash of lackeys,  
 Some call them Gods, which their mistake is,  
 At most they're but plebeian powers,  
 † And we, poor mortals, call them hours.  
 These nimble boys, then, were not idle,  
 Each quickly snatching up a bridle,  
 Led forth the steeds, well fed with hay,  
 From stables where all night they lay.  
 Then Phoebus taking out a flask  
 Of oil, for why, he wears no mask,  
 All o'er, from lug to lug, besmear'd  
 His face, his whiskers, and his beard :

And

\* *Cornuaque extremæ velut evanescere lunæ ;*  
 † *Jungere equos Titan velocibus imperat horis.*

## 128 OLD MOTHER

And this forsooth he did assure him,  
 \* 'Gainst all sun-burning would secure him ;  
 And on his head, to make him trig,  
 He put a powder'd periwig.  
 But calling into mind the tallow  
 Wherewith their dying friends some hallow,  
 (A practice once, they say, was common)  
 He thought it was no pleasant omen,  
 He sigh'd untill his guts did tumble,  
 Then out these following words did mumble,  
 " My son, observe what I'm to tell you,  
 ' And if you don't, then dool will fell you :  
 ' † And first, keep a good bridle-hand ;  
 ' But seldom use the spur or wand.  
 ' My steeds their own jog-trot will keep,  
 ' Scarce will they leave't for spur or whip.  
 ' You must not drive too high nor low,  
 ' The safest way is 'twixt the two.  
 ' For if you chance to drive too high,  
 ' You'll burn the sign-posts of the sky.  
 ' Astrologers will be undone,  
 ' When not one house in heav'n is known ;  
 ' And who, without a sign, can tell  
 ' Where heavenly constellations dwell ?  
 ' And if too low (which a disgrace is),  
 ' You will tawn all the ladies faces.  
 ' Now, more directions were but needless;  
 ' I hope you will not be so heedless,  
 ' But you'll observe and closely follow  
 ' ‡ The coach-wheel tract, you'll find it hollow ;  
 ' And this will guide you to a minute,  
 ' Or else I'm sure the Devil's in it.

And

\*—*Et rapidæ fecit patientia flammæ.*

† *Parce, puer, stimulis, & fortius utere  
 loris.*

‡—*Manifesta rotæ vestigia cernes.*



' And so to fortune I must leave ye,  
 ' I wish she play not you a shavie.  
 ' And now comes on the firie-farie,  
 ' Time calls us, and we must not tarry ;  
 ' Then take the reins, or if, as yet,  
 ' You'll show less fondness and more wit,  
 ' Let me alone to guide the chariot,  
 ' 'Tis ten to one but you will mar it ;  
 ' Stay you at home, and sport and play,  
 ' And suffer me to guide the day :  
 ' Here you may safely dance and caper,  
 ' And see me drive the blazing taper."

But all this good advice was lost,  
 The stripling quickly took his post.  
 And, O ! but he was wondrous fain,  
 With eager hand to snatch the rein ;  
 Then to his father made a bow,  
 First said, gramercie, then adieu.  
 " Poor Phaeton you are demented,  
 " Quoth Sol, e'er sun-let you'll repent it."  
 Mean time the steeds began to neigh,  
 The coach-man clack'd his whip, cry'd jee.  
 With this the hackney-jades first started,  
 And then, well fed with corn, they farted.  
 Then up the path they trot and hobble:  
 But Phaeton, like a young noble,  
 Now seated in his father car,  
 Look'd ev'n as big as Muscow's Czar :  
 \* As ships, that bear him sail then ballast,  
 Slinger before the very smailest  
 Unequal blast, so is he driven,  
 Jolting and jumbling up to heaven :  
 Nor was his father half so wise,  
 As his light-headed son to poise,

Which

\* *Utque labant curvæ iusto sine pondere naves.*

# 130 OLD MOTHER

Which in horse-races is the practice,  
 Where still the rider's weight exact is ;  
 And if but one of all the number  
 Of riders is too light, with lumber,  
 Or baggs of sand, this is corrected ;  
 But this by Phoebus was neglected.  
 Nor need you much at this to wonder,  
 The best of wits will sometimes blunder:  
 The coach, near empty, swiftly reels,  
 And glides away on easy wheels.  
 The steeds perceiv'd it moving light,  
 And wanting of its usual weight,  
 Which made them first begin to amble,  
 And then through thick and thin to ramble;  
 O'er hedge and ditch with speed they fly,  
 \* And quit forsake the King's high way.  
 And now, our poor young charioteer.  
 Was seized with a panick fear ;  
 At once confounded and amaz'd,  
 He sweat, he trembled, star'd and gaz'd ;  
 He knew not where the way did ly,  
 Nor would the vicious jades obey :  
 O'er crags and cliffs his coach-wheels rattle,  
 Which scar'd and scorch'd the heavenly cattle.  
 The bull trufs'd up his tail on rig,  
 Prick'd, and ran round like whirlegig.  
 The lion soon began to roar ;  
 † With heat the great and little boar,  
 To find some cooler shade, or hole,  
 Ran even to the artick pole.  
 The dog, stark mad, began to snarle.  
 ‡ At poor Bootes, an old carle,

Whos

\*—*Tritumque relinquunt*

*Quadrijugi spatium.*

†—*Gelidi caluere triones.*

‡ *Te quoque turbatum memorant fugisse, Bootes,  
 Quamvis tardus eras, & te tua plaustra tenebant.*

• Who ran away with his wheel-barrow,  
 So fast, he almost sweat his marrow.  
 The serpent, in this hurly-burly,  
 Benum'd with cold before, look'd furly.  
 The fishes swam away with speed,  
 I cannot say but they had need,  
 Nor could Aquarius relieve them,  
 His boiling water more did grieve them;  
 Parboil'd they lay now in the gutter,  
 They'd made good sauce, had there been butter.

How soon the boy, from Heaven's rigging,  
 Had cast his eye on earth's low bigging,  
 He trembl'd, and, which was a token  
 Of a dirt-fear, look'd dun as docken;  
 Down from his eyes the tears did trickle,  
 O, but he was in a sad pickle!  
 Ne'er was young lad in bader plight,  
 \* His eyes turn'd dim, he lost his sight:  
 In this perplexing firie-farie,  
 And inexpressible quandarie,  
 Had he possess'd an hundred pound  
 He'd giv'n it all for foal o'ground.  
 Oft did he wish he'd had a pox,  
 When firke he mounted the coach-box:  
 Were he on earth again, he'd rather  
 Content himself with any father,  
 Or chuse out one by odds or even,  
 Rather than gallop thus through Heaven,  
 To prove his genealogy  
 By dangerous astrology.  
 Curgloft, confounded and bumbaz'd,  
 † On east and west, by turns, he gaz'd;  
 As ship that's tost with stormy weather,  
 Drives on, the pilot knows not whither,

At

\* *Suntque oculis tenebræ per tantum lumen obortæ.*

† *Prospicit occasus, interdum respicit ortus.*

## 132 OLD MOTHER

At mercy of the winds and tides,  
 Just so our hackney coach-man rides.  
 The more the coach-wheels reel'd and tumbl'd,  
 The more his judgment still was jumbl'd.  
 The slacken'd reins he held not fast,  
 Nor dropt them quite, but all agast,  
 And at his wits end, like a sot,  
 His horses names he had forgot.  
 Much toft with jolting and with hobblings,  
 And terrify'd with strange hobgoblins,  
 Which, up and down, disperfed lye  
 Through the wild regions of the sky,  
 At last his fingers dropt the reins;  
 The steeds perceiv'd them on their manes,  
 Rambling and ranging, out they fly  
 † Through dens and defarts of the sky,  
 With lawless force and divelish din,  
 They drive the coach through thick and thin:  
 Their fury all before them mars,  
 They dash the sun against the stars:  
 And now they turn their tails, and ‡ down  
 They drive the sun below the moon.  
 Quoth Luna, in a great surprize,  
 ' Can I believe now my own eyes?  
 ' Yes, 'tis my brother, that is clear,  
 ' But then, what does he riding here?  
 ' I know not what to say; sure this is  
 ' A thing portends no good, (God blefs us.)  
 ' All nature topsy turvie turns,  
 ' The clouds he into ashes burns,  
 ' Which sends us up such stinking smoke,  
 ' God help me, I am like to choak."

And

†—*Nulloque inhibente per auras*

*Ignotæ regionis eunt—*

‡ *Inferiusque suis fraternos currere Luna  
 Admiratur equos.*

And now the earth begins to fry,  
 The rivers, great and small, run dry ;  
 \* The woods and heaths do make but one fire,  
 And every mountain is a bonfire.  
 The frozen zone begins to thaw,  
 And all the corn-fields do glow,  
 Small loss of woods, of fields and hills,  
 When they're compar'd with greater ills :  
 Whole cities and whole peopl'd nations  
 Make but continu'd conflagrations :  
 † Nilus, to fly the scorching sun,  
 With all his speed did backward run,  
 And hide his head so under ground,  
 To this good day it is not found.  
 The solid ground even splits asunder,  
 The sun-beams fill all with hell with wonder.  
 ‡ Old Nick, and his goodwife, benighted,  
 Till they were with the flash affrighted.  
 With heat the ocean boils and bubbles,  
 Neptune was in a peck of troubles :  
 Thrice 'bove the floods his head he rear'd,  
 The flame thrice sing'd his grisly beard.

Old mother earth, in this sad case,  
 Lift up her scorch'd and wrinkled face,  
 || And, seiz'd with a convulsion fit,  
 (Tho' too much heat occasion'd it),  
 She thratches, trembles, and she groans,  
 And falls down on her huckle-bones,

M

Claps

\*—*Silvæ cum montibus ardent.*

† *Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem.*

‡—*Infernum territ cum conjuge regem.*

||—*Magnoque tremore  
 Omnia concutiens.*



Claps both her hands upon her eyes,  
 And thus she simpers, whines and cries.  
 " Alas ! to what hand shall I turn me ?  
 ' This flame, alive, is like to burn me.  
 ' Don Jove ! what means this rage and fury,  
 ' To scorch me thus without a jury ?  
 ' My crimes could ne'er deserve so much,  
 ' As thus to fry me like a witch.  
 ' What mean ye, Sir, to play such pranks ?  
 ' \* I can say I deserv'd more thanks ;  
 ' For, Sir, you know, and your own butchers,  
 ' Should you deny't, would be my vouchers ;  
 ' Well can they tell, would they but speak,  
 ' How oft I've made your kitchen reek  
 ' With good fat beasts of my own feeding :  
 ' You might have had some better breeding,  
 ' And not with flames have thus consum'd me,  
 ' For many a time I have perfum'd ye.  
 ' But then, suppose you'd guilty make me  
 ' Of some black crime, (tho' devil me  
 ' If I know wherein I've offended,  
 ' And if I knew, I would amend it :)  
 ' Pray, Hogan Mogan, (now I'd coax you),  
 ' Would you but tell me what provokes you  
 ' 'Gainst Neptune, who was never sparing  
 ' With cabelow and good Lewes herring,  
 ' Well dress'd, to please your dainty palate,  
 ' While I provided you with fallad ?  
 ' But if you're such a stingy fellow,  
 ' As neither him nor me to value,  
 ' Yet humbly, Sir, I would desire,  
 ' Now when your neighbour's house takes fire,  
 ' You'd mind your own ; know this is fit,  
 ' Had you one ounce of mother-wit,  
 ' (And this, you know, is always found  
 ' To be of clergy worth a pound),

Or

\* *Hosne mihi fructus, &c.*

‘ Or else this flame will reach the spheres,  
 ‘ \* And burn your house about your ears.”  
 This said, her head within her shell  
 She drew, and in a swoon she fell.

The old goodman, in his high seat,  
 Began to feel the sultry heat;  
 Then from his chair he starts, and looks  
 On earth all in a flame; “ Godzooks!  
 ‘ Said Jupiter, what means the matter?  
 ‘ Go ring the fire-bells, and bring water.”  
 With Mercury, for loitering, quarrels,  
 † But fiend a drop was in his barrels.  
 Then up the fire-fork he did snatch,  
 And ties to it a fiery match;  
 “ Mad coach-man now, quoth he, have at you,  
 ‘ ‡ I hope the father who begat you  
 ‘ Will pardon me, if to the devil  
 ‘ I send you, to prevent this evil.”  
 The bolt he levels with his eye,  
 And shoots it point-blank through the sky,  
 Which, whizzing through the air, flies down,  
 And knocks the coach-boy on the crown,  
 And drives him lifeless from the car,  
 Down tumbling like a shooting star.  
 || The steeds, affrighted with the crack,  
 And flash of lightning, started back,  
 And pull’d their necks out of the yoke,  
 The harness and coach-wheels they broke;  
 The beam lies broke, the coach all shatter’d,  
 The harness here and there was scatter’d;

M 2

So

\* *Atria vestra ruent—*

†—*Nec quos cælo demitteret imbres.*

‡—*Superos testatus, & ipsum*

*Qui dederat currus, &c.*

|| *Consternantur equi—*

## 136 OLD MOTHER

So here's an end of this fine story,  
Judge ye if Phoebus was not sorry.

So have we seen, with armed heel,  
A wight bestride a commonweal,  
To drive, with fury, a career  
Like Jehu, without wit or fear,  
Spurring and switching, whip in hand,  
O'er head in ears in quagmire land.

*Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis;  
Ne spissæ risum tollant impune coronæ.*

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### TALE X.

The MAN and his MARE.

A TRUE ENGLISH TALE.

*—Ridentem dicere verum,  
Quid vetat?*

ONE story, as my great grandmother  
Was wont to say, brings in another ;  
So, gentle folks, before I leave you,  
On story more I mean to give you,  
Which I shall very soon discuss ;  
Then hearken, Sirs, it follow thus ;

An honest Man once had a Mare,  
Right well equipp'd with riding gear,  
Well fed, and sleek like any plum  
'The fiend a lirk was in her bum. ,  
'The master, when he did bestride her,  
Was careful softly still to ride her.  
Much pampering is oft pernicious ;  
So prov'd it here, the jade turn'd vicious.  
Now she begins to play her tricks,  
And farting full, she spurns and kicks ;  
But too well fed, and kept too idle,  
'Turns restive, and resists the bridle ;

And

And waxing wild she quite disdains  
Her master's government and reins,  
And off she gallops from the manger :  
By comes a little sneaking Stranger,  
And jumps into the empty saddle,  
Which he had long'd for from the cradle.

He was a trooper to his trade,  
But fiend a groat by it he made ;  
And tho' most desperately stout,  
He seldom miss'd to get a clout,  
In every fray came off with loss,  
And still return'd by weeping-crofs.  
When he had gallop'd thro' the town  
And country too, this mad dragoon,  
Well graithed in his martial gear,  
And mounted on his stolen mare,  
Like errant knight away he wanders,  
To push his fortune into Flanders.  
To tell you how the knight was maul'd,  
And how the mare was all spur-gall'd,  
And jaded, till she turn'd so thin,  
The bones appeared thro' her skin,  
Would be a melancholly story.  
The knight still rode to find the glory  
Which he had lost the year before,  
Till the poor mare could ride no more :  
But after many battles fought,  
Where, save some blows, the knight gain'd nought,  
No, not so much in many a year,  
As would have once well corn'd the mare,  
Or greaf'd his boots, or soal'd his hose,  
Or bought a plaister to his nose ;  
There's one thing I must not neglect  
To tell you, that he broke his neck.

And then it was a certain lady,  
Mounted the mare, which to her daddy



## 138 OLD MOTHER

Belong'd, and after him none other  
Had right to ride her but her brother.

Then after her, a hum-drum clown,  
Adorn'd with Capricornus' crown,  
And with a Scaramouch's phiz,  
Pretends, forsooth, the mare was his,  
(Because the rogue, who caught her straying,  
Bequeath'd the mare, when he was dying,  
Knowing he had no heir to bruik her,  
To Mynheer Corniger, who took her  
As his just right ; for why, said he,  
*Accepi hanc, non rapui*;

'Tis true, but each good man believes,  
Refets to be as bad as thieves) ;

And tumbling gets into the saddle,  
But then, his head-piece being addle,  
With laughter you would split your sides,  
To see how awkwardly he rides ;  
If she but trot, then he must gabble,  
Make a grimace, and cry, *Diable*.

Up comes a servant, takes the reins,  
And thus accosts Don Rattlebrains,  
Allow me, Sir, the mare to lead,  
Smoke you your pipe, ne'er fash your head  
About the reins, leave that to me,  
I'll manage them. Says he, *Ouy*.

There is a proverb, I have heard it,  
" A fidgeting mare should be well girded."  
Mynheer, then know you how to guide her ?  
*Je ne sçai pas*, replies the rider.

I'll whistle in her ear a song,  
Will make her calm. Quoth Quixotte, *Bon* ;  
We'll toil her hard, and keep her lean.  
Quoth he, I know, Sir, what you mean ;  
'Tho' she be skittish this will tame her.  
*Ouy*, quoth he, for I pray, damn her.

His Wife had brought him forth a son,  
Just such a thing as Phaeton,



A strange fantastick Gilligapous,  
 Begot by Seignior Priapus ;  
 A knight well known by his large balop,  
 Much long'd this spark the mare to gallop :  
 But old Don Quixotte took great care,  
 Because he was apparent heir,  
 That he should never once bestride her,  
 Or learn the method how to ride her.  
 When he went to his country farm,  
 To ease himself of any harm,  
 That might befall him by much riding,  
 The mare he trusted to the guiding  
 Of grooms, who did both spur and switch her ;  
 Young Addle-head durst never touch her.

There he, like a coarse country boor,  
 Would drink his bottle, take his whore :  
 For you must know some little strife,  
 Fell out betwixt him and his wife,  
 Which made him turn his back upon her,  
 By which her son had no great honour.  
 He'd plant potatoes, and sow turnip,  
 He'd geld his swine, or shear his sheep ;  
 Sometimes at blindman's buff he'd play,  
 And he excell'd in making hay ;  
 He'd sell his barley, oats and pease,  
 His hens and capons, butter, cheese,  
 And all his other country gear,  
 Then drink a mug of Brunswick beer,  
 And smoke his pipe, and crack full crouse,  
 And from his bosom pull a louse ;  
 For those who labour'd in his farm,  
 'Gainst bugs and lice could find no charm,  
 The carle swell'd, and look'd as big  
 As bull-beef, or triumphant Whig ;  
 Or as a Scots kirk's Moderator,  
 Or if you please to call't Dictator,  
 Because he'd got a beast to ride on,  
 Made up of bones, with little hide on,

## 140 OLD MOTHER

A skeleton, a Rosinante,  
*Strigosa valde, non ut ante;*  
 When fat she sang like old Jeshurim,  
 (Were she so now she'd ne'er endure him),  
 A straying mare; for, be it known  
 To all men, she was not his own;  
 And therefore he took little care,  
 If he was well, how she did fare.

For hire to any man he'd lend her,  
 And many an idle errand send her;  
 Great burdens on her back he'd lay,  
 But gave her neither corn nor hay;  
 He'd make her draw a cart or wain,  
 Toil night and day to bring him gain,  
 And what she purchas'd by her labours,  
 Was given to his trusty neighbours,  
 Who set him first upon her back,  
 And were obliged, by a contract,  
 In saddle fix'd to keep his dowp,  
 When he was like to catch a cowp;  
 And closely by his houghs to hing,  
 Whene'er the mare began to sing;  
 Providing still that, for this task,  
 He gave them what they pleas'd to ask:  
 When they desir'd, then the poor mare  
 Must sweat and toil to gain the gear,  
 And all their errands she must post,  
 Poor beast, upon their proper cost;  
 She durst not hang an arse, nor grudge,  
 When they desir'd her toil and trudge;  
 Or, if she did, she got a lick  
 With whip, and was spurr'd in the quick.

Oft would Don Quixotte go a-gadding  
 On's mare, and try a trick at padding;  
 But then he never ventur'd out,  
 Because he was not over stout,      Without

Without a trusty *guard du corps*  
 Of padders, who went still before,  
 With grisly whiskers on their lips,  
 And in the purchase still went snips.

If any honest man did meet him,  
 (All such he hated) he would greet him  
 In this strange manner, Will you swear  
 I'm lawful owner of the mare?  
 No, God forbid, should he reply,  
 That I should swear an arrant lie,  
 Sans more ado he cuts his throat,  
 And takes his money every groat.

He made the mare great burdens carry,  
 And troopers o'er the water ferry;  
 With riding up and down oppress'd her,  
 In serving a dull thing her master,  
 From whence she never got a bait,  
 Tho' she toil'd for him ear and late.  
 His neighbours he allow'd to dock her,  
 Then in a muck-cart he did yoke her,  
 And there she suffer'd meikle harm  
 By drawing dung to his poor farm.

A gentleman, who ne'er had wrong'd him,  
 Nor meddled with what did belong t' him,  
 From whose rich meadows, every year,  
 Much corn and hay came to the mare,  
 Was cultivating his own ground,  
 And thinking all was safe and sound;  
 While he's intent upon his tillage,  
 And carefully repair'd his village,  
 And fenc'd his parks, like a good shifty  
 Landlord, that's honest, wise and thrifty,  
 Up comes Don Quixote on his mare,  
 Gives him a box behind the ear;  
 And you must know this trick he play'd,  
 At the same time when he had said,

## 142 OLD MOTHER

Dear Sir, I am your very sure,  
And faithful friend, *de tout mon cœur*,  
Which proves, let him say what he can,  
He did not like an honest man;  
One day, perhaps, he will repent it,  
For soon or late 'twill be repented.  
Mean time the mare gain'd nothing by it,  
She quickly found a change of diet,  
As having neither corn nor straw,  
Nor hay, to fill his hungry maw.

He gave himself fantastic airs,  
As if he'd been above the spheres,  
Of Nimrod, Pharaoh, Cham, or Cæsar,  
The great Mogul, or Neb'hadnezar;  
And true it is, in many a thing,  
He much resembled Babel's king.  
Strutting like a romantick hero,  
As stout as Xerxes, mild as Nero,  
He thought the neighbourhood ador'd him,  
Whereas they mock'd him, and abhor'd him;  
Fancy'd his will to be a law,  
To keep his neighbours all in awe,  
And force them into any measure  
That suited his capricious pleasure;  
Whether to box, when he thought fit,  
Or wrestle, without fear or wit;  
Or when he pleas'd to say, *pax vobis*,  
Leave off your strife, *parete nobis*,  
He thought his neighbours would obey him,  
And ne'er a mortal would gainsay him;  
Yet after all this noise and clutter,  
His friends lay oft-times in the gutter.  
His talent lay not in plain dealing,  
Nor was he shap'd for reconciling,  
And his pretended son and wife,  
Know if he's good at ending strife.

Religion



Religion for a mask he used,  
 By which the vulgar are amused :  
 For still, when rogues would cloak their knav'ry,  
 And draw men into fear and slav'ry,  
 Religion then must be pretended,  
 Or something in it to be mended ;  
 Yet no religion he practised,  
 And never will with this be pleased,  
*Quid tibi fieri non vis,*  
*Tu alteri ne feceris.*

He was a chagrin'd dull curmudgeon,  
 Who still took every thing in dudgeon ;  
 A braggadocio, and a bully,  
 And every part he acted dully ;  
 A blust'ring huffy raggamuffin,  
 Whose head-piece had but little stuff-in ;  
 Tho' fortified without the cells,  
 Within contain'd mere bagatelles ;  
 And tho' a stranger to good sense,  
 He had a stock of impudence.  
 He could put on a brazen face,  
 And tell you with a sloven grace,  
 A false, unlikely, flim-flam story,  
 That he had wrought great wonders for ye.

\* A maggot had possess'd his head,  
 ( For rotten stuff will maggots breed ),  
 Tho' some affirm it bred not there,  
 But only crept in at his ear,  
 And finding empty room to lodge in,  
 Fix'd there, and after rais'd great dudgeon :  
 But how it bred, or in what noddle,  
 Or when, it matters not \* a boddle,  
 Since it is sure his head it seiz'd,  
 And him with strange chimeras pleas'd,

\* The smallest Scots copper coin.



First he resolved the Mare to feed  
 (which now was starv'd, and almost dead)  
 With dulse and tangles, which in store grow  
 In South-sea, tho' no man the shore knew,  
 And were fetch'd home, some ten times as far,  
 As Cape Good Hope, or Madagascar.  
 From regions of Utopia,  
 And *ter' australis incognita*,  
 In ships that floated thro' the air,  
 Whether the wind was cross or fair,  
 Without the help of masts or sails,  
 Or oars, or helm fixt to their tails,  
 To which the rudder of the rump is  
 In place of log-line, helm and compass;  
 Yet steer'd their course as right and quick,  
 As if the pilot were Old Nick.  
 The Line they'd cut, the Cape they'd double,  
 Floating upon an airy bubble,  
 And one day's space would bring a gally  
 From Ne'er-found-land, to Exchange-alley,  
 Where she expos'd this South-sea gear,  
 (Fine fodder for a starving Mare!)  
 Yet the poor hungry meagre jade,  
 Ate up this trash, as she'd been mad,  
 Which made her swell, and look as round  
 As if she'd been both full and sound.  
 But chancing to let fly behind,  
 A blast of something more than wind,  
 The rider she did all bespatter  
 With dung and stinking South-sea water.  
 At this he stood bumbaz'd and troubled,  
 And scrub'd and rub'd to clean his doublet.

If any person had the courage,  
 To tell him to get better forage,  
 And of the Mare to take more care,  
 Quoth he, *c'en n'est pas mon affair*.

Have

Have you observ'd a bubble swell,  
 Which children blow up in a shell,  
 Of soap and spittle, how it flies,  
 And dazzles their attending eyes,  
 But when it fills them most with wonder,  
 The seeming something bursts asunder,  
 And what look'd pretty, full and fair  
 But erst, evanishes in air?  
 So, when the wind, that had been pent  
 Within her guts, had got a vent,  
 And forc'd its passage by the rump,  
 The Mare, who look'd both fat and plump,  
 And had no link in all her leather,  
 More than what's in a full blown bladder,  
 No sooner had the vapour past  
 Through postern, with a blustering blast,  
 Which circumambient air perfum'd,  
 As may be very well presum'd,  
 With scent that was not aromatick,  
 And which turn'd many heads lunatick,  
 And made them, in this sad conundrum,  
 To hang an arse, and look right humdrum,  
 With surly, sour, and odd grimaces,  
 You'd know them by their gloomy faces;  
 The Mare, I say, when wind got vent,  
 Look'd lean like butchers dogs in lent;  
 The South-sea ware had purg'd her so,  
 That she could neither stand nor go.  
 This backward blast and tempest, *Nota*  
*Bene*, wreck'd all the South-sea Flota;  
 Rent all their rigging, crack'd their keels,  
 And kick'd up all the sailors heels,  
 Who, tumbling lay in great dejection,  
 Without hopes of a resurrection.  
 The Mare was in a peck of troubles,  
 As having nought but dilse and bubbles

## 146 OLD MOTHER

To fill her paunch ; for from her mangers  
 The hay was carried off by strangers ;  
 Her strength was spent, her substance gone,  
 And nought remain'd but skin and bone ;  
 To make her misery complete,  
 Tho' she had nothing now to eat,  
 More loads were heap'd upon her back,  
 Which made the poor beast's bones to crack.

When she was in this woful plight,  
 It was a mortifying sight,  
 To see the poor beast tofs and tumble,  
 Bow down her head, and groan and grumble ;  
 It would have broke a heart of stone  
 To hear her make her ruthful moan ;  
 For you must know Balaam's ass  
 Was never in so bad a pass ;  
 If forward she advanc'd one pace,  
 Destruction star'd her in the face ;  
 If backward she essay'd to go,  
 It would not do, he spurr'd her so ;  
 Nor could she turn to either hand,  
 Nor had she strength enough to stand ;  
 Nor could an angel loose her tongue,  
 The beast was lifeless, dumb and clung ;  
 So down she tumbled on the ground,  
 And, fainting, fell into a swoon :  
 Then heav'd her head, and gave a groan,  
 And seem'd to say, Ohon ! ohon !  
 I who liv'd once at rack and manger,  
 'Ere I was mounted by a stranger,  
 Am now reduc'd to this sad pickle,  
 Because I foolish was and fickle,  
 And left my good and careful master,  
 I justly suffer this disaster ;  
 Then down again she droop'd her head,  
 And when she seem'd to be near dead,

And

And fiend a thing was in her belly,  
 He had the confidence to tell ye,  
 And that indeed with a *notandum*,  
 (Tho' most men thought he spoke at random),  
 Observe, quoth he, I say, the Mare  
 Is fatter than she was last year.

Mean time Don Quixotte, on a sudden,  
 Expir'd by eating too much pudding,  
 Ev'n in the fields, without one tear,  
 But many curses of the Mare;  
 And so the death of this old Hocus,  
 Made way for Jubernol Jodocus;  
 Whom Quixotte meant to disinherit,  
 Because he wanted blood and merit;  
 He never lov'd, nor thought him his son,  
 For which his mother died in prison.

But Gilligapous grip'd the Mare,  
 And all Don Quixotte's ill-gain'd gear;  
 When Rosinante he had mounted,  
 A doughty knight he was accounted  
 By some, tho' never man rode worse,  
 Or young child on a hobby horse;  
 Like hen-peck'd husband, riding the stang  
 He by the mane, and tail, and knees hang,  
 Attended with a mighty noise  
 Of whores, and knaves, and fools and boys;  
 And never being bred to riding,  
 Lighting, he left her to the guiding  
 Of Jockey Bob, a hackney rider,  
 And then much sorrow did betide her.

Bob was amongst the gypsies bred,  
 And taught the canting lying trade;  
 Most nicely could he pick a pocket,  
 Break up a door, or else unlock it,  
 And then would raise the hue and cry  
 Against some neighbour passing by.

## 148 OLD MOTHER

He drove this trade of pocket-picking,  
Of juggling, lying, shamming, tricking,  
To make himself his master's crony,  
Who thirsted greedily for money,  
To whom he dar'd not to deny it,  
Whatever way he did come by it ;  
And when he rob'd, he kept on pay  
A tribe to give a reason why,  
Which oft-times prov'd, you need not doubt it,  
A reason with a rag about it.

The poor beast was depriv'd of hay,  
And for her draff must toil and pay;  
Thus was the Mare both toil'd and starv'd,  
And treated as she well deserv'd,  
And worse and worse must still betide her,  
Till her own rightful master ride her.

Long since a certain proverb-maker,  
Who, you will grant, was no wiseaker,  
'Mong many other pretty tales,  
Has told us one which never fails,  
'A good man (and this is no jest)  
'Is merciful to his own beast.'  
What follows must not be neglected,  
'The tender mercies of the wicked  
'Are cruel.' Reader, now, adieu,  
I know you'll grant all this is true.  
I wish the Man his Mare again,  
My tale is done, say you, Amen.

*END of the First DECADE.*



# DECADEM ALTERAM,

*Ex probatissimis Auctoribus,*

In usum Juventutis linguæ Latinæ,  
præsertim vero poesios studiosæ, selectam, &  
in scholis ad propagandam fidem legendam;

Admixtis subinde nonnullis, in gratiam PUL-  
CHRIORIS SEXUS, vernaculis,

S U B J U N X I T

J O D O C U S G R I M M U S,

Anniculæ nostræ Pronepos.

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*Auriculas asini quis non habet?*

*Vos, O Patricius sanguis! quos vivere fas est:*

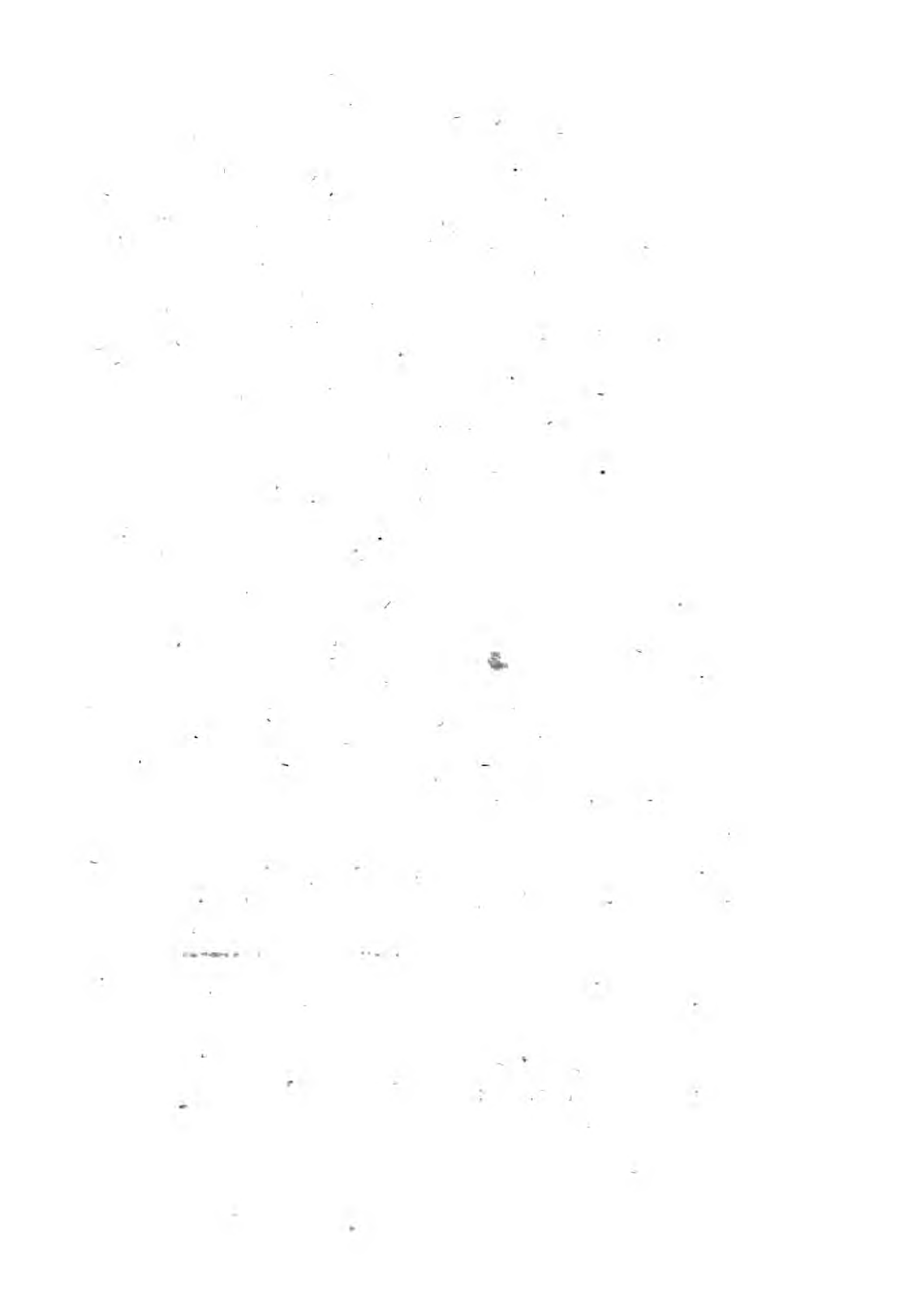
*Occipite cæco, posticæ occurrите sannæ.*

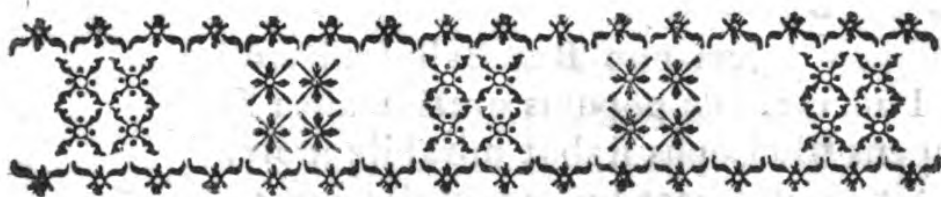
PERSII SAT. I.

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EDINBURGI:

Excusum Anno M,DCC,LXVII.





# JODOCI GRIMMI

## POEMAT A.

### *Scotia gemibunda.*

#### P A R S P R I M A.

**P**ALLADIS & Martis longe gens artibus olim  
Incluta Scotorum, quam miseranda jaces!  
Quam tua progenies, fatis subiecta malignis,  
(Dicere si liceat fata maligna Deum),  
Tot perculsa malis, tantos perpeffa labores,  
Torpet inops, squalens, & sine fine dolet!  
Ingeminat fortuna vices furiosa prœtervas,  
Accumulat clades, heu miseranda! tuas  
Exulat, ah! Princeps, quo non præstantior alter,  
Dignior aut sceptro, gens male sana, tuo;  
Quem gentes aliæ passim mirantur amantque,  
Cernere quis tantum non adamare potest?  
Principe quo solo patriæ licet esse beatæ,  
In patrio solum temnitur ipse solo;  
Non tamen a patria, sed solis temnitur istis,  
Quos piget & piguit non temerasse fidem,  
Et recte coluisse Deos, jus fasque tueri,  
Turpe scelus nomen religionis habet.  
Hi nova monstra colunt manibus fabricata nefandis,  
Quales non coluit barbara terra Deos.

Effigiem

Effigiem talem non Rex Babylonius olim  
 Fuderat, aut populus gratior ante Deo.  
 Ingens illud opus stabat mirabile mole,  
 Sit vitulus licet hic aureus ille fuit :  
 Æneus aſt taurus frontem munitus acutis  
 Cornibus, excudit quale Perillus opus ;  
 Civibus erectus crudeli morte necandis,  
 Artifici peſtis ſit precor ille ſuo,  
 Et male deformis, multaſque rubigine ſqualens,  
 Veſanis bardis nunc cluit ecce Deus ;  
 Hoc jaſtat tutum ſe vindice numen adorat,  
 Impia gens alium non habet illa deum ;  
 Abnuat huic monſtro, ſi quiſquam vota preceſque,  
 Non licet æternum tum coluiſſe Patrem.  
 Innumeras Erebi peſtes advexerat unus  
 Tarquinius noſtri fons & origo mali ;  
 Maſculeam primus Venerem perduxit ad oras  
 Noſtras ; quam late pullalat iſta ſeges !  
 Quod natura negat, nil naturale placebat,  
 Hic docuit natos temere jura patris ;  
 Scandere dum poſſet folium, juſ, falſque bonumque  
 Faceſſant, timidis turpia clauſtra viris,  
 Heroi rumpenda novo percuncta meanti  
 Dum Soceri ſceptrum fraude doloque rapit.  
 Omnia dum tranſfert ranis ſine nomine vulgus,  
 Nos Batavis præda ludibrioque ſumus ;  
 Quod tamen, heu ! meminiffe pudet tædetque fateri,  
 Hic clypeus noſtræ religionis erat.  
 Vidimus, heu ! procereſ crudeli morte peremptos,  
 Eximioſ profugoſ, & ſine lare viroſ ;  
 Dum patriam ſervare ſtudent, juſ falſque tueri,  
*Reddere nam patriæ priſtina jura nefas !*  
 Vidimus oppreſſoſ externo milite civeſ,  
 Converſa in gladioſ, hei mihi ! ſceptra truceſ ;  
 Vidimus at fruſtra poſcenteſ rura colonoſ  
 Reddere quæ nequeunt tanta tributa nova,

Harpyiis similis diris dum maxima pestis,  
 Cuncta coactorum pervolat atra cohors.  
 Scotigenis animos hilarans, nam munera Bacchus  
 Nulla dedit, zythum præbuit alma Ceres;  
 Quos dedit alma Ceres calices tamen abstulit aula,  
 Nostraque taxatur terque quaterque sitis;  
 Scilicet ut pauci, Cereris vix munere digni,  
 Torpescant luxu, Scotia tota fitit.  
 Jupiter, at justī cum sit tibi cura bonique,  
 Istis pro meritis præmia digna refer:  
 Vivere des multos ast infelicitèr annos,  
 Incertis laribus perpetuaque siti.  
 Sic sapimus tandem, dura sed verbere docti,  
 Sic juvat & patriæ deseruisse Patrem:  
 Quis premitur plagis, discit gens impia tandem  
 Externo quid sit subdere colla iugo:  
 Illicis indigenae fugiens umbracula sacrae,  
 Incidit in rigidum vulnificumque rubum.

---

P A R S S E C U N D A.

**Q**UEM *Defensorem Patriæ* tria regna putabunt,  
 Nunc *Eversorem* dicere jure potes.  
 Heu! quo religio toties jactata recessit?  
 Quo, rogo, libertas proprietatque simul?  
 Græca fides fuerat vilissima credita quondam,  
 Belgica sed nota est vilior esse modo.  
 Legitimum Regem patriis fraus expulit oris,  
 Ast anguem infestum gens male sana fovet.  
 Siccine languescit Scotorum fervida virtus,  
 Ut turpi subdant colla premenda iugo?  
 Nemo referre vices audebit vindice dextra?  
 Pensabit damnum, Scotia, nemo tuum?  
 Quot miseri cives ceciderunt Marte cruento?  
 Quot perire fame servitioque gravi?

Et



Et quis finis erit? Nullus, nisi Rege reducto,  
 Sospitet in mediis, quem Deos oro, malis,  
 Restituatque suis iterum splendore in avito,  
 Post duri exilii tædia longa fui.  
 Maxima sic pleno manabit copia cornu,  
 Paxque colet nostras, ut prius, alma lares.  
 Interea absenti meritos libemus honores,  
 Lætaque testemur gaudia Luce Sua.

---

## P A R S T E R T I A.

**E**RGONE nunc vitio tribuuntur munera fædo,  
 Nullaque virtuti præmia dantur acri?  
 Ah! verum, video, nimis est. O tempora! mores!  
 Infelix seclum funditus omne perit.  
 Ipse Pater patriæ soliis privatur avitis,  
 Et jacet orba suis Scotia mœsta Deis.  
 Prisca Caledoniæ gens ima ab stirpe recisa est,  
 Facta peregrinis præda superba viris.  
 Quam neque Romani valuere frangere fasces,  
 Hispani, Dani, Saxidontumve doli,  
 Proditæ Germano nuper jacet inclyta quondam  
 Scotia, nec nomen detinet illi suum.  
 Presbyter abjurans, væcors, nunc quæque ministrat  
 Pro libito, & regni munia solus obit;  
 Plebs procures fiunt, populi fæx facta sacerdos,  
 Quisquis & est nequam, fur, latro, miles erit.  
 Sed qui sunt Aræ, Patriæ, vel Regis amici,  
 Omnes exilio, carcere, morte luunt.  
 Summe Deus, cœli, terræ, pelagique potestas.  
 Cui summa est, lapsis porrige rebus opem.  
 Prisca Caledoniæ splendescat gloria, verus  
 Rex solium, populus munera, templa Deus

Obtineant;

Obtineant; sic nos non sanguinolenta rebellis  
Presbyteri rabies plus laniabit. A M E N.

---

P A R S Q U A R T A.

*In cadem Ducis HAMILTONII.*

**I**NCLYTA gens olim, sed nunc sine nomine  
vulgus,

Languet iners longis Scotia victa malis.

Exulis atra sui sortem lugebat iniquam,

Finibus a patriis Grampia terra patris.

Quod bene gesserunt per tot jam secula reges,

Teutonicae sceptrum dum tenuere manus,

Diffugere pudor, pietas, jus, fasque bonumque,

Inque locum subiit protinus omne malum.

Fida tribus Regi, quia Regi fida necatur.

Damnatur sceleris non temerata fides.

In patria populum gladius, mandante tyranno,

Et procul a patria devorat ipsa fames.

Obruerat sanctas immensa licentia sedes,

Templaque sacrilegæ diripere manus.

Occubere duces fortes, doctique patroni,

Et quotquot cives mente manuque juvant.

Solus Hamiltonus, post raptum funere Kethum,

Restabat patriæ spesque salusque suæ.

At cadet, extinctus ferro, quos debuit annos

Nec numerat, patriæ quam fuit atra dies !

Quam fuit atra dies ! fuerat qua caede peremptus,

Non tamen ante manus quam fuit ulta necem !

Heroas post tot praeclaros ante sepultos,

Quo rapto, nil quod Scotia jactet habet.

*On the Death of* CHARLES XII.  
KING of Sweden.

**O**H! Who would boast himself of royal birth?  
Or seek t'enhance a spacious share of earth?  
Who'd value crowns, or sceptres, wou'd desire,  
Or prize the glaring splendour of empire?  
When Sweden's glory, Europe's miracle,  
Is fallen so cheap, when in his person fell  
The King, the Captain, and the Centinel. }

By tricks of state had he a crown obtain'd,  
By faction or by fraud his title gain'd ;  
Had he usurp'd another's rightful throne,  
First rob'd, and then proclaim'd the prize his own,  
And, like a bloody varlet, sought to slay  
The rightful owner to secure the prey ;  
Had he profan'd the sceptre which he bore,  
Or stain'd the purple with the subjects gore,  
Consum'd their wealth, and shed their purest blood,  
To make his lame and groundless title good ;  
Or, as some courtiers do, if his but had  
Worship'd the idol which their hands had made,  
A thoughtless, dull, and meer precarious thing,  
The faction's tool, a titular king,  
Drowned in lux'ry and ignoble ease,  
Whom masques and balls, and vicious shows could  
please ;

Then would the thinking world with joy relate }  
The monster's fall, the object of their hate, }  
And none had mourn'd his too too early fate. }

But

But this brave prince, in whose exalted mind  
The martial valour of Gustavus shin'd,  
Augmented with his own superior fame,  
Was heir to his great father's crown and name ;  
No petty duke, brought o'er from foreign lands,  
To sway a sceptre with unwieldy hands ;  
No arbitrary prince, no menial thing ;  
The Swede was born an independent King,  
And ne'er was prince more fit than he to reign. }

He for his subjects good the sceptre sway'd,  
And him they lov'd, and out of love obey'd.  
" From servile fear unwilling homage springs ;  
' The hearts of subjects are the strength of kings."  
God-like his courage seem'd, whom nor delight  
Could soften, nor the face of death affright.  
The vigour of his fiery soul appear'd  
Before the downy blossoms of his beard.  
So swift a course in honour's paths he ran,  
He was a conqueror before a man.  
Nor was he less devout than he was brave,  
" The hero and the saint no jarrings have."  
So vast a courage, and such pious care,  
Might conquer earth with arms, and Heaven with  
prayer.

His mighty deeds what tongue can well relate,  
Or heart endure to hear his rigid fate !  
A loss so great the world must needs regret. }

Lament his fall, thou great Muscovian Czar,  
'Twas he who taught thee first the art of war ;  
His princely virtues charm'd thy Czarish mind,  
Of a fierce foe made thee a real friend.

And thou, grand Sultan, drop some friendly  
tears,  
How soon the dismal news shall reach thy ears ;



## 158 J O D O C I G R I M M I

Thou knew'st his worth, thou knew'st his match-  
less fame ;

No nation so remote, but knew his name.

With bleeding heart bewail him, Britain's iſle, }  
He would have brought thy Prince from his exile, }  
Wip'd off thy tears, and made thee gladly ſmile. }

Lament him, Pole, lament him, France and Spain,  
And every nation ſave the ſtupid Dane ;  
And all ye ſons of Mars bewail his fate,  
“ Ye've loſt a pattern fit to imitate.”

---

### *On the lamented Death of the Earl of* **STRATHMORE.**

**W**ITH gen'ral ſadneſs Albion mourns  
Her Lord Strathmore's untimely fate ;  
Grief and reſentment ſwell by turns,  
While we the tragick tale relate.

All join to weep his vaniſh'd charms ;  
Ev'n in his foes regret appears ;  
Departed virtue rage diſarms,  
And ſoftens envy into tears.

The Muſe her tribute, too, ſhall pay,  
And mourn the loſs in melting verſe,  
The Glories of his life diſplay,  
And with encomiums gild his hearſe.

Bold is th' attempt, the ſubject high,  
But ſuch a theme my thoughts will raiſe ;  
If my low genius ſhould deny,  
His actions will ſuggeſt their praiſe.



To please was natural in him ;  
 All felt the charm at the first view :  
 Insensibly he gain'd esteem,  
 And then convinc'd them 'twas his due.

Such sweetness did his mind adorn,  
 Such wisdom guide his lovely wit,  
 As shew'd the youth for virtue born,  
 With so much ease he practis'd it.

Form'd in his temper for delight,  
 How calm he was in private life !  
 When call'd t'assert his Prince's right,  
 How forward in the glorious strife !

'Twas then, amongst the wond'ring throng,  
 The youth appear'd with double charms,  
 And drew the praise of every tongue,  
 First both in arts of peace and arms.

Muse, strike again the tuneful lyre,  
 And sing the hero's first essay ;  
 If noble deeds can verse inspire,  
 It should be sung no vulgar way.

Methinks I see him now appear,  
 As he embark'd to find the foe,  
 And his great soul, unmov'd with fear,  
 To unexperienc'd danger go.

But adverse winds forbid his way,  
 The hostile ships opposing threat ;  
 Heaven all his virtues would display,  
 And now imposes a retreat.

The wond'ring muse his steps attends,  
 And sees on Maia's rocky shore,  
 With adverse fate how he contends,  
 Superior to the ills he bore.

160 *JODOCI GRIMMI*

Mortals, while Heav'n permits it you,  
The bright example imitate;  
Alas! 'tis just expos'd to view,  
And soon to be withdrawn by fate.

The early beauties of his soul,  
Shown in the dawn of life so bright:  
The op'ning wonders we extol,  
Are veil'd with an eternal night.

Altho', reientless in her doom,  
Hard destiny abridg'd his years,  
Immortal honours grace his tomb,  
And all the hero now appears.

So distant India's odorous gums,  
Or incense, when dissolv'd by fire,  
Disclose their hidden rich perfumes,  
And in the balmy scent expire.

Altho' consum'd, they vanish hence,  
The transient blaze not vainly shone;  
Remaining sweets delight our sense,  
And we admire them most when gone.

Could I describe him on the plain,  
As he in scenes of horror stood,  
Encount'ring death with looks serene,  
While danger fir'd his gen'rous blood:

The image, view'd by wond'ring eyes,  
Such thirst for glory would create,  
That men the longest life should prize  
Less than the honours of his fate.

For his lov'd Prince and country's cause  
He scorns to quit the bloody field;  
But many flee whom danger awes,  
And he, o'erpower'd, is forc'd to yield.

But

But ah! what Scythian could approve  
Of foes so cruel and unfair,  
Whom neither youth nor charms could move,  
Surrounded and unmov'd, to spare?

Vain are complaints; Heav'n that rules all,  
In vengeance to the guilty land,  
Had now decreed that he should fall,  
And fall by an inglorious hand.

As when some fair delightful flower,  
That grew the pride of all the mead,  
Cut by the undiscerning mower.  
A languid paleness does invade;

The lovely youth thus fainting lyes  
On the cold ground, and pants for breath,  
Extinguish'd now his radiant eyes,  
And every charm deform'd by death.

O! Fate, that no distinction knows;  
O! cruel chance of direful war,  
And Heav'n deaf to so many vows,  
Repeated for a life so dear.

But tho', upon the fatal plain,  
His body pale and lifeless lie,  
Th' etherial part does still remain,  
And seeks, untain'd, its native sky.

There, when his soul, releas'd from cares,  
Had tasted of celestial bliss,  
How dim our brightest day appears?  
How vain all human happiness?

To accidents superior now,  
He sees his corps, which dust defiles,  
Insulted by the spiteful crew,  
And at th' unpowerful malice smiles.

162 J O D O C I G R I M M I

But whither, with attempt so vain,  
Would the rash muse advance her flight?  
Can any mortal eye sustain  
The splendour of immortal light?

That dazzling prospect, prudent, leave,  
To earth again descending come,  
Content, if thou can'st garlands weave  
Of laurels to adorn his tomb.

Albion, who once of such a son  
Could'st so deserv'dly make thy boast,  
Consider, now that he is gone,  
What to his memory thou ow'st.

Thy gratitude his actions claim,  
His fate does thy compassion crave,  
Still must Strathmore remain a name  
Dear to the loyal and the brave.

Let an eternal spring surround  
And shade with sweets his sacred urn;  
Let fame his actions all resound,  
And distant times the hero mourn.

Let every muse conspire to praise,  
(For virtue is the muses care);  
Let every nymph attend their lays,  
And pay the tribute of a tear.

You who his worth, while living, knew,  
Conspicuous now above the rest,  
To friendship pay the honour due,  
And wear his image in your breast.

And you who shall his virtues rare,  
Inroll'd in Britain's annals find,  
Read the distinguish'd page with care,  
And deep imprint it on your mind.

If corrupt times your courage try,  
When honesty is judg'd offence,  
Keep his example in your eye,  
And learn the worth of innocence.

In him the force of virtue see,  
Altho' successless, sure of fame ;  
For future ages will agree  
To mourn his fate and bless his name.

Nor thou, lamented shade, refuse  
The honours paid in humble verse,  
The labours of an artless muse,  
That can they praises but rehearse.

Were as the friend's the poets flame,  
How should the lyres, with sacred rage,  
Sound to the sadly charming theme,  
Commanding tears through every age !

Thy actions, in exalted lays,  
Should with immortal splendour shine ;  
With Maro's skill the muse should praise,  
And his Marcellus yield to mine,

Yet in low strains tho' she has sung  
Thy virtues with a feeble voice,  
In vain her harp she has not strung,  
Who blame her skill will praise her choice.



## SCOTIÆ Epitaphium unum.

*Hic jacet, sub spe beatæ resurrectionis, in cineribus suis sepulta, INCLYTA SCOTORUM GENS, imperii Romani limes ultimus, Danorum olim malleus & mastix, longa Regum prosapia, supra omnes orbis terrarum gentes, clara, quæ annorum plena, membris vegetis, sed mentis impos, fatis concessit.*

## ORATE PRO EA.

**Q**UAM non Roma ferox quondam dominata  
per omnes

Gentes, perdomuit, *Scotia victa jacet!*

Martigenae quam non gentes victricibus armis

Sub juga miserunt, *Scotia victa jacet!*

Hostis terrisonus quam non impune laceffit

Armis infestis, *Scotia victa jacet!*

Quæ toties montes tumidos camposque rigavit

Sanguine Danorum, *Scotia victa jacet!*

Quæ fuerat longo magnorum stemmate regum

Inclyta per terras, *Scotia victa jacet!*

Heroum genetrix, Anglorum malleus olim,

Pictorum pestis, *Scotia victa jacet!*

Victores proavi, quam per tot secula tutam

Sanguine servabant, *Scotia victa jacet!*

*Scotia victa jacet!* multos dominata per annos,

Quod nemo rapuit, præbuit ipsa rapi.

Gens invicta jacet ferro, nec militis armis

Succubuit, vinclis præbuit ipsa manus.

*Scotia victa jacet*; fato tolluntur eodem

*Reges & Leges, Sceptra, Corona simul.*

SCOTIÆ

S C O T I Æ *Epitaphium alterum.*

**O**CCIDIT, heu ! diris tandem suffusa tenebris  
 SCOTIA, nec nomen nunc habet illa suum.  
 Nunc, ubi, si forsan quæras, fuit illa, viator ;  
 Proh dolor ! hac quondam maxime in orbe fuit ;  
 Hic fuit illa olim gens quae celebrata per orbem,  
 Armis, ingenio, religione, fide ;  
 Hic gens illa fuit Cimbri quae spicula sprevit,  
 Saxonis & toties repulit arma feri ;  
 Hic fuit & rerum dominus quæe ponere metas  
 Ausa, & Romano non dare colla iugo.  
 Me miserum ! at tandem leges mutata priores,  
 Et decus, & nomen, Scotia chara perit :  
 Ante quidem spoliata Deis, orbata parente,  
 Sacrilego fuerat contaminata toro :  
 Illinc progenies, neque miror, nata virorum est  
 Impia, quos patriam vendere seque juvat.  
 Nam non illa perit gladio vastata, nec igne,  
 Nec senio ad mortem morbida fertur anus ;  
 Quod cadat, acceptum debet, quos edidit ipsa,  
 C——is, D——is, O——isque suis.  
 Isti ! isti ! & si quæ sit turba scelestior istis,  
 Diripiunt patrios prostituuntque lares.  
 Turba nefanda, furens, vecors, perjura, rebellis,  
 Barbara quod Colchis vix probet, ausa scelus ;  
 Haec teneros tantum natos jugulavit ; at illa,  
 Uno ictu, matrem sustulit atque patrem.  
 Ast olim exsurgat sacris ex ossibus ultor,  
 Mittet & ad stygios perfida monstra lacus.

## CATO'S GHOST.

**F**ROM happy climes, where virtue never dies  
 The much mistaken Cato's forc'd to rise,  
 Drawn on the stage to patronize a cause,  
 Which living Cato could not but oppose ;  
 With artful smiles the charming pages shine,  
 And treason mounts on each brocaded line.

Oh ! Addison, could'st thou not be content  
 To sacrifice good sense and argument ?  
 Had'st thou no other way to raise they fame  
 And fortune, but by wounding Cato's name ?  
 Mean and injurious ! had but Cato liv'd  
 In Britain's happy isle, how had he griev'd ?  
 Griev'd for a King, struggling in storms of fate,  
*And greatly falling with a falling state.*  
 So busy rebels, when they would delude  
 The honest unsuspecting multitude,  
 Grace their rebellion with a Patriot's name,  
 And work their story in the finest frame.

Britons, attend ; be Cato's sense approv'd,  
 And shew that you have virtue to be mov'd,  
*That sacred plan of power, deliver'd down*  
*From age to age, from father unto son,*  
 Is each man's rule of action, and had he  
 Been subject to a King's authority,  
 Ev'n Cato's self had been for monarchy.

The field which honour moves in is not wide,  
 The law's her warrant, wisdom is her guide,  
 All else is frenzy, madness all beside.  
 Britons, believe it, tho' the day seems fair,  
 Tempests and storms are gathering in the air ;  
 Oppression, pow'r usurp'd, and tyranny,  
 Can never have a long prosperity ;

Some

# P O E M A T A 167

Some weighty vengeance, some chof'n curse, be  
sure,

Some hidden thunder in the heav'nly store,  
Is now discharging on the heads of those  
Who dare aspire above their country's laws.  
Ambitious Demons wait their fall below,  
Cæsar and Cromwel, and the proud Nassau.

Britons, be just, nor sell your honesty,  
Nor look on grandeur with a dazzl'd eye.  
Cæsar had all the winning courtly ways,  
Cæsar had balls, and Cæsar went to plays;  
Cæsar could whore and rant, and drink and fight,  
Cæsar had gold, but Cæsar had no right.  
This was the cause of Rome; consider well,  
If Britain be not just a parallel.

But will you wanton in your misery,  
And for diversion sell your liberty?  
You see the man in a false glaring light,  
Which empire shades on him; but, view him right,  
You'll find him black with crimes of deepest dye,  
Murder, Usurpation, and tyranny.

OH! Where's the ancient Briton's genius fled?  
Are justice, honour, virtue, bravery, dead?  
Shall tyrants revel upon British store,  
Whilst rightful Princes beg from door to door?  
Shall the sole Prince left of the royal blood,  
Be forc'd from court to court to sue for food,  
Whilst the usurper, impiously great,  
Plumes with the pompous ornaments of state,  
And lavishes away the Heir's estate?

Britons, for shame! behold the wondrous youth,  
With how much care he forms himself to truth!  
How just, how brave, how generous, how wise,  
How good he is, without the least disguise!



# 168 JODOCI GRIMMI

Nor all the Ills that cover, can obscure  
 The rising glory of the royal power ;  
 With radiant force, it breaks thro' clouds of  
     night,  
 And blazes more illustriously bright.  
 Such is your Prince ; how can you then be slaves  
 To madmen, fools, whores, foreigners and  
     knaves ?

Rise, Britain, rise! your King demands your aid,  
 God and St. George, can Britain be affraid ?  
 In such a cause break thro' the thick array  
 Of the usurping guard, and force your way ;  
 Some lucky hand, more favour'd than the rest,  
 May charge him home, and reach th' usurper's  
     breast.

Th' attempt is worthy of the noblest hand,  
 Th' attempt may every British heart command.  
 Improve the lucky hour, assert your laws,  
 Nor fear to die in such a glorious cause :  
 Cato's experience in the world of bliss,  
 Assures your everlasting happiness.  
 There, the brave youth, with love of virtue fir'd,  
 Who greatly in his country's cause expir'd,  
 Shall know he conquer'd; the firm Patriot, there,  
 Who made the welfare of mankind his care,  
 Tho' still by faction, vice and fortune crost,  
 Shall find his generous labour was not lost.

## SCOTIA ad SCOTOS.

**Q**UIS furor cives agitat rebelles?  
 Quæque vesana & petulans libido,  
 Impulit dignam meliore fato  
     Vendere gentem?

Non



Non ego ferro cado, nec cruentus  
Hostis obsessam superavit ense,  
Arma quæ sprevi violenta, fraude  
Victa recumbo.

Me fames auri miseram trucidat,  
Hostis occultos meditatur ictus,  
Nec meos natos pudet, hei! pigetve,  
Perdere Matrem.

Redde conatus, Deus alme, vanos,  
Quique me vendunt scelerum suorum  
Sentiant pœnas meritas, ab ima  
Stirpe recisi.

EJUSDEM PARS ALTERA.

**I**MPIA progenies! almæ Genetricis honorem  
Non temerasse pudet. Cum nil venale supersit  
Me miseram vendis; pereat qui vendit emitte!  
O scelus infandum! Regem patriamque vicissim.  
Auri sacra fames, fato subvertis eodem,

I M I T A T I O N.

**U**NHALLOW'D race! would God my aged  
womb  
Which hatch'd you first, could now become  
your tomb,  
And that, with open mouth, I could devour  
And send you quick down to the *Stygian* shore,  
Where you in dismal shades of night might lye,  
And never more your *Country* so betray!

PROLOGUE *to the* RECRUITING  
OFFICER, *acted by some young*  
*gentlemen for their diversion.*

**W**HEN peaceful treaties, like the Trojan  
horse,  
Enter our walls, well stuff'd with armed force,  
With schemes of peace and war, once every year,  
In different shades and different views appear ;  
And when state-tinkers needs will try their mettle,  
Like brethren of their trade who mend a kettle,  
Striving to clout or patch a hole, or hide it,  
Are sure to make two greater holes beside it.  
When politicians strive, but strive in vain,  
The friendship of all Europe's powers to gain ;  
For, like the frolick of a country dance,  
When in with Spain, we must be out with France,  
And if with France we should be in again,  
'Tis ten to one we should be out with Spain ;  
And if with France and Spain we chance to join,  
And purchase both their friendships with our coin,  
Then we look big, and glory in our trade,  
And tell the world, the Empire must accede.  
For want of cash the Empire needs must yield ;  
The Empire stands its ground, and keeps the field.  
Once more we face about and change our strain,  
We and our German friends will force in Spain ;  
So to the left, and to the right we wheel,  
Then as you were before compleats the reel.  
Meantime our Hogan Mogan friends stand by,  
Viewing our motions with a watchful eye,  
They neither pipe nor dance, but still attend  
To see where this fine dance at last will end.

This

This is our case ; can any man, with reason,  
Now think *recruiting* can be out of season ?  
*Then, drum, beat up, beat up for volunteers,*  
*To serve we know not for how-many years.*

---

*In E Q U U M quo excussus Auriacus  
extinctus est.*

**I**LLUSTRIS Sonipes ! certe dignissime cœlo,  
Cui *Leo*, cui *Taurus*, cui daret *Ursa* locum.  
O quæ felicem felicia prata tulere !  
Ubera quæ felix præbuit alma parens !  
Hybernis patriam venisti ulturus ab oris ?  
Aut Glenco, aut stirps te Finnaciana dedit ?  
Sis felix quocunque loco memorande : nec unquam  
Jam sella dorsum, fræna nec ora premant.  
Humani generis vindex, moriente *Tyranno*,  
Hanc libertatem quam paris ipse tene.

T R A N S L A T I O N.

**I**LLUSTRIOUS steed ! who shouldst the zodiack  
                    grace,  
To whom *bear*, *bull*, and *lion* should give place !  
Blest be the dugs that nurs'd thee, blest the earth  
That first receiv'd thee, and beheld thy birth !  
Com'st thou from *Ireland*, to revenge her blood ?  
Art thou Glenco's, or art thou *Finnac's* brood ?  
Whoe'er thou be, be now for ever blest,  
And spend the remnant of thy days in rest ;  
No servile toil thy sacred limbs profane,  
No load thy back, no curb thy mouth restrain ;

Hencefurth be thou, henceforth mankind, no slave,  
But both enjoy the liberty you gave.

---

*ABSOLONIS in Patrem conjurati mors.*

**A**BSOLON ingenti dum tendit in arma  
tumultu,  
Præhendens summo solvere vota Deo,  
Impius, infando *patrem* dum supprimit ausu,  
Et gerit hostili bella cruentu manu,  
Vincitur, & densæ fugiens per vimina silvæ,  
Arboris a ramo triste pependit onus.  
Furca fuit quercus, funem tribuere capilli,  
Præstitit & promptam furcifer hinnus opem :  
Sic Deus ipse hostes *regum* vult pendere pænas.  
Et merito ante suum morte perire diem.

---

*In Trigesimo Die JANUARI.*

**S**OLIS ab axe dies redit hæc, quam nulla  
lapillo  
Intactam linquent postera secla nigro.  
Ista nefanda dies nostrorum est æra malorum,  
Quot genuit pestes regna Britanna docent.  
Regibus exilium genuit, quoque civibus orcum,  
Prodidit a rabidis sceptræ voranda lupis.  
Hinc delubra ruunt, nostræ temerantur & aræ,  
Exulat hinc pietas, & subit omne nefas.  
Hinc coiere recens malesano fœdere regna,  
*Saxonidumque* jugo Scotia prisca gemit.  
Purpureus redeat nostris gratissimus oris  
Junius, hisce malis ponat & ille modum.  
Aspiciatque

Aspiciatque suos pergrato lumine Scotos,  
*Saxona* tum reprimat, reddat utrisque suum.  
 Tartareumque gregem hinc eruat ille facellis,  
 Quotquot haras aris substituere luant.  
 Sospite, tunc habeat pro certo, præsule, regis  
 Imperium nullo robore posse quati.

---

*In Decimo JUNII.*

**O**MNIBUS exultent læto præcordia motu,  
 Natalis nostri Cæsaris ecce dies.  
 Poplitibus flexis laticum libemus honorem,  
 Nectare & exhausto pocula missa ruant.  
 Aurea lux Juni, divum certissima proles,  
 Teque Deum sobolem protulit atque Deum.  
 Te precor, ut patruī fortuna sequatur, & idem  
 Qui tribuit vitam, det tibi sceptrā, dies.  
 Di, properate diem cum tintinnabula læto  
 Murmure proclament, *jam rediisse Deum.*  
 Cum tenebras vincat lætorum flamma rogorum,  
 Clarius, & fuso nectare sparsa, micet.  
 Pulveris & pyrii fragor & cum fulgora tanta,  
 In Britonum monstrent regna venisse Deum.  
 Phoebe, dies veniat, felici melioris origo,  
 Quæ locet *arctoum sidus* in orbe suo.  
 Scotia prisca Deis tum læta litabit avitis,  
 Angligenum culta Grampia templa cluent.  
 Arcadiumque pecus laqueis sua funera quæret,  
 Reddetur templis docta caterva suis.  
 Talia secula solo tum current Scoto-Britanno,  
 Cum reducem videat sceptrā tenere Deum.



*In Trigesimo Die JANUARI.*

**T**OT scelerum fuit atra dies hæc testis in uno,  
 Quod Genève soboles nunc minus ipsa probat.  
 Ast olim sceleris nil hæc linquebat inausum,  
 Quo potuit reges lædere quove Deos.  
 Namque *Lemana* palus supereminet ostia *Ditis* ;  
 Hinc Geneva est nostri fax & origo mali.

---

*An Imitation of Horace's Ode 5.  
 Book IV. to AUGUSTUS.*

**W**HEN, royal Sire, shall we be blest again,  
 Under a S——'s gentle reign !  
 Have pity on a poor distracted land,  
 Tir'd with oppression and usurp'd command ;  
 Assert thy country's-bleeding cause,  
 Her liberties and dying laws ;  
 Return, be guardian of a falling state,  
 Dissolve the senate, close the long debate.

Let royal J——s adorn his native isle,  
 Then will all things jocundly smile ;  
 Not the glad Spring can more the earth renew,  
 Than England the return of peace and you.  
 How were the frozen Highlands chear'd,  
 When the bright northern star appear'd ?  
 Smooth past the night, serenely calm the day,  
 The winter soften'd, and the war look'd gay.

Shall Scotland glory in thy first return,  
 And England still thy absence mourn ?  
 We are intitled to the same delight,  
 And claim you by hereditary right.

Nature

Nature invites, and calls you here,  
 With a fond mother's pious prayer.  
 Be calm, ye winds, and gently waft him o'er.  
 Truth, peace and plenty, justice to restore.  
 Thus sighs the widow for her darling son,  
 Whom envious winds detain from home ;  
 Pensive she sits, accusing his delay,  
 And views, with wat'ry eyes, the faithless sea ;  
 Each sudden gust alarms her fear,  
 Whilst ling'ring calms excite despair.  
 Perplex'd, to Heav'n she makes her last address,  
 And bribes the powers with vows, for his success.  
 Propitious Heav'n, confirm my faithful prayer ;  
 Let J---s be thy peculiar care :  
 Place him with safety on his Father's throne ;  
 In J---'s safety we procure our own.  
 Fresh grass shall on our mountains grow,  
 Fat Oxen on our meadows low ;  
 Ceres shall bless our harvest with increase,  
 When Albion is possess'd of J---s and peace.  
 The palace shall from debauchees be free,  
 Curst incest, and vile sodomy !  
 Triumphant Cæsar, by divine command,  
 Shall purge the errors of a guilty land.  
 The law shall run in its right line,  
 And justice in her Zenith shine ;  
 "Horns shall no more point out th' inglorious head,  
 " But chastity adorn the marriage-bed."  
 Our idle armour, then hung up for sight  
 In halls, shall only children fright.  
 We need not fear S---s mercenary force,  
 The Belgick lion, or the B-----k horse,  
 G---e shall resign his guilty reign,  
 And lead his G---s back again.

The

The Court from selfish Patriots shall be freed,  
Blood-thirsty Priests, and Senators in red.

Again our country swains shall plow and sing,  
And reap the product of the Spring ;  
The stars shall shine indulgent on our isle,  
And rural pleasures round about us smile.

The lads with curling ivy bound,  
The maids with flow'ry garlands crown'd,  
To their great Pan shall yearly honours pay,  
And consecrate with mirth the R———n day.

Ye powers eternal ! grant his quick return  
May cheer the hearts of those that mourn,  
And spread a lovely joy o'er ev'ry face,  
To see our isle enjoy perpetual peace.

“ With sober wishes thus we pray,  
‘ When Cynthia pale, gives place to day ;  
‘ Thus do we pray, when we our minds dispose,  
‘ With some few loyal toasts, for kind repose.”

VIVAT REX ! FLOREANT STEMMATA REGALIA.

---

## S E R I E S M A L O R U M.

**F**A T A me nostrum memorante Regum,  
Regii ac *Anglos* avidos cruoris,  
Optimi mecum lachrymas cadentes  
Spargite *SCOTI*.

Te decus secli *MARIAM*, Dearum  
Maximam, solam populi salutem,  
Victimam demum cecidisse iniquæ  
Flevimus *Anglæ*.

*CAROLUM* Divæ *MARIÆ* nepotem,  
Sanctius quo nil dedit auctor orbis,  
Heu ! datum letho immeritum a scelestis  
Flevimus *Anglis*.

SEPTIMUS, magnae pronepos MARIE,  
A suis pulsus, patris hic imago  
Liquit has terras, superos petans, co-  
lestia spirans.

SEPTIMO NATUS profugus, paterna  
Regna jam multos repetit per annos,  
Et Deos poscit minus audientes  
Vota precesque.

Ut parum justos, nimiumque saevos,  
In domum magnam, superos, STUARTUM,  
In sacros reges, ego tristis incu-  
fare verebor.

Di boni, tandem faciles STUARTIS,  
CESARI magno date vos coronam,  
CESARI magno date vos penates  
Nosse paternos.

SEPTIMO sceptrum Geniti gerant, dum  
PHOEBUS in cœlo medius refulget,  
Et suo tellus operosa dum re-  
volvitur axe.

*A HYMN, on the Approach of the  
29th of MAY.*

**I**MMENSE his power, and boundless is his  
skill,  
Who rais'd the vast creation at his will,  
And no less might supports the pond'rous ball,  
Than that which drew from nought this won-  
d'rous all.

The GOD, whose care inspects the sphere of things,  
Must rule the fate of subjects and of Kings;  
The true from all eternity are given,  
And are the pure peculiar gift of Heaven;

The

## 166 JODOCI GRIMMI

The false, who tempt weak mortals to rebel,  
Are vice's offspring by the spawn of hell ;  
Yet both for God's great glory fall or stand,  
One by his leave, and one by his command.  
Thus Heav'n, at length, may deign to put a close  
To men's distractions, and reverse their woes ;  
Then glorious order from confusion springs,  
O, praise him nations, and adore him Kings !  
The pleasing thoughts of that revolving day,  
Anticipate my joys, and chase away  
Hopeless despair, which often haunts my bow'rs,  
A frightful spectre in my gloomy hours.  
O, could my soul in that great day rejoice,  
And join her frail to Heav'n's unerring voice !  
I'd sing aloud. " Glory to God on high,  
" And peace to men, for our salvation's nigh !"

From MOUNT ALEXANDER.

---

### *A holy ODE, from Mount ALEX- ANDER.*

**W**HEN we survey this mighty frame,  
With all its orbs around,  
Tho' still in motion, still the same,  
In space without a bound ;  
The various seasons of the year,  
In beauteous order fall,  
Which to our reason makes it clear,  
A God must govern all.

Yet do we find, to our disgrace,  
Of miscreants profane  
A crooked, perverse, stubborn race,  
Who scoffingly maintain,

Because



Because they prosper in their lust,  
And virtue's force defy,  
That Heav'n approves of the unjust,  
Or there's no God on high.

Thus haughty man, in reason low,  
Compar'd with the All-wise,  
Presumes he can the secrets know,  
Are hid from human eyes.  
Could shallow man thy depths explore,  
Thy God-head were but small,  
Thy sovereign care need be no more,  
And man might rule the ball.

But, oh ! the providential spring,  
That's hid from human ken,  
Extends to the minutest thing  
That moves, as well as men.  
Permitting, or commanding still,  
In each thy power's exprest,  
And all perform their good or ill,  
As suits thy glory best.

Why, then, should troubles of mankind,  
Which thou dost here bestow,  
Exalt a sublunary mind,  
Or yet depress it low ?  
The wicked thou permit'st to reign,  
And bloom but for a while ;  
The righteous only drag their chain,  
Till Heav'n think fit to smile.

O ! sacred J——, let not thy lot,  
Tho' seemingly severe,  
Make thee suspect thy cause forgot ;  
Thy crosses nobly bear.  
He, who thy heart has in his hand,  
(Trust thou his sacred skill),  
Has too the people's at command,  
And turns them at his will.

And

But thou, who sit'st upon the throne  
 Of S——'s ancient race,  
 Abandoning thy rightful own,  
 To fill another's place,  
 A Crown's but a precarious thing,  
 Thy fate thou dost not see,  
 They who betray'd their native King,  
 Will ne'er be true to thee.

O! great eternal source of love,  
 Extend thy gracious hand,  
 And hasten justice from above,  
 To this unhappy land.  
 O! let our panting hearts have peace,  
 And innocence restore,  
 Then shall our senate act with grace,  
 Offending thee no more.

---

*In Quarto NOVEMBRIS.*

**H**OC redeunte die, *Stygia Batavaeque paludes*  
 Lethiferam nostris evomuere luem;  
 Evomuere sui *Vilium* dedecus ævi,  
 Quo gravior populis non fuit ulla lues.  
 Hunc nostris *Generum* crudelia fata dederunt,  
 Impius & nostris ferrea secla *Gener*.  
 Te *Generum* tædæ non promeruere jugales,  
 Sed scelus armarunt nuper inerme tuum.  
 Jura, genusque tuis; & sævæ numinis iræ,  
 Ponere criminibus non valere modum.  
 Te tentante THETIN, si tum NEPTUNUS ad  
 orcum  
 Cupide turbasset teque tuasque rates,

BRITTO

# P O E M A T A. 181

BRITTO taurorum thurisque tulisset honores  
 NEPTUNO, atque Deis quos tenet unda maris.  
 Sospite te, nullas tua norunt crimina metas,  
 Et sceleris numeros nullus inire valet.  
 Totus enim stupuit, BRITONUMQUE perhorruit  
 orbis,

His patriæ regnis te pepulisse PATREM.  
 Te pepulisse virum, qui imis superisque Deorum  
 Gratus, & in terris quis magis æquus erat ?  
 Te revocare chaos, nostrasque evertere gentes  
 Juvit, & in superos bella ciere Deos.  
 Nonne satis fuerat te, pulso Rege STUARTO,  
*Teutonicum* nostris imposuisse jugum ?  
 Hei nobis miseris! tandem custode remoto,  
 In BRITONUM tincti sanguine rostra *Lupus*.  
 Ipse CALEDONIAM SCOTIS, tellure remota,  
 Condere & ambiguum tu malus auctor eras.  
 Quos non ira maris, non inclementia cœli,  
 Obruit, auctoris jussa dedere neci.  
 Jussa cruenta, famem quo possint pellere, SCOTIS  
 Jussa cruenta negant, ut levet unda sitim.  
 Inde, licet fortes, SCOTI periire coloni,  
 Cum non vel lymphas æris acervus emat.  
 Sic graviora quidem laqueis, graviora securi,  
 Infixit miseris, perfidus iste latro.  
 Qui peregre SCOTOS jussis mactabat iniquis,  
 Iste domi nostris non magis æquus erat.  
 Hic qui GLENCOAS perfudit sanguine terras,  
 Dirus in innocuam sævit iste domum.  
 Te, GLENCOA domus, non texit plurima virtus,  
 Inque patrem patriæ non tua mira fides!  
 Ast quod te atque tuos non tempus flexit iniquum,  
 Quo te cunque modo tollere *Teuto* jubet.  
 Sic GLENCOA domus, multos præclara per annos,  
 Proh superi! *Batavo* victima casta cadis.  
 Inde tamen vivet GLENCOÆ gloria gentis,  
 Dum valeat rectum, dum valeatque fides.

Q

Omnibus

# 182 J O D O C I G R I M M I

Omnibus invisum per postera secla *Vilhelmum*,  
 Sanguineis mittent facta scelestis notis.  
 Effera, & ut pronepos perquirat facta latronis,  
 Hujus erunt tumuli his marmora sculpta metris.  
*Hic jacet infernas Vilhelmus missus ad umbras,*  
*Gui scelus immensi numinis instar erat.*  
*Ætheris excelsi pro nugis numen habebat,*  
*In nos & nostros sæviit iste Deos.*  
*Dehinc excussus equo dat pœnas ; ultus, & umbras*  
*Nostrorum est SONIPES, qui simul ultus herum.*

---

## G E O R G I O M O N K,

*Duci de Albemarle, Comiti de Torrington,*  
*Baroni in Potheridge, &c.*  
*Exercituum in Anglia, sub Rege CAROLO*  
*SECUNDO, Generali ; a Conciliis se-*  
*cretioribus, & nobilissimi Ordinis*  
*Auræ Periscelidis Equiti,*  
**E P I T A P H I U M.**

## L U G E & M I R A R E,

Quisquis ades.  
 Ecce jacet in tumulo, qui sedere noluit in throne ;  
 Fatis communibus moritur, qui communibus non  
 vixit.  
 Natura magnus, fortuna major, seipso maximus.  
 Miles audacia secundus nulli,  
 Dux prudentia,  
 Subditus fide.  
*Tyrannum, & populis & Regibus formidabilem, so-*  
*lus non timuit, sed terruit ;*  
*Defuncto Tyranno, & superstite tyrannide,*  
 Venit, vidit, vicit.

Non

POEMAT A. 183

Non armorum strepitu, sed consiliorum alto silentio,  
Genus vincendi plane novum, quod nec voce  
nec armis

Tria regna obtinuit, vel uno die,

Nec præliatus, nec locutus;

Obtinuit tria, noluit vel unum.

Sceptri enim factus arbiter, maluit reddere quam  
habere,

Pluris merito æstimans restituere Regem, quam esse.

Restituit quidem, restitutumque observantissime  
coluit,

CAROLO, non sibi, victor;

Et obedientia inelytus magis quam imperio,

Humilitate quam gloria;

Modestior ipse post restitutam majestatem, quam  
post læsam alii.

Felix qui triplici regno Regem demeruit, & hunc

Regem CAROLUM SECUNDUM;

Præter injurias oblitum nihil,

Nihil memorem præter officia,

Nec triplici regno, sed omni dignum.

Restituto Rege, simul omnia restauravit,

Pacem, justitiam, religionem.

Restauratisque omnibus decennium adhuc vixit,  
conservaturus quæ restauraverat,

Et conservando quam restaurando clarior;

Curarum nempe vitæque prodigus, ut semel  
restaurata semper conservaret.

Amicos habuit bonos omnes,

Inimicum neminem, nisi aut Dei, aut Regis, aut  
Patriæ.

Titulis, honoribus, divitiis, crevit supra modum,

Fortunis mutatis, nihil mutatus ipse,

Semper minor sibi, quo aliis major.

Pene inter nuptias filii hæredis obiit, lacrymas  
funeris temperaturus nuptiarum gaudiis.



Domestico tamen solatio, nihil placantur publici luctus ;

Nec aliquod remedium doloris est, ubi calamitas dolorem superat,

Ubi amittitur, quod nec reparatur in hærede dignissimo ;

Virtus enim successorem non habet, quæ antecessorem non habuit :

Heroes toti nascuntur, & toti pereunt ;

Similem non viderat *Anglia*, nec orbis videbit.

Sepelitur cum Regibus, qui Rex non fuit, sed nec esse voluit.

Quidni cum Regibus jaceat, per quem stant ipsi Reges ?

Tumulumque accipiat, qui solium reddidit ?

Superstes, etiam post hæc marmora, futurus

Nobilior & recentior, dum antiquior ;

Dignus plane qui celebretur mortuus, cum recu-  
saverit vivus ;

Imo qui cælum mercedem habeat, cui

Compensando terra non sufficit.

HUNC & LUGE & MIRARE.

**H**AD what the *Samian* Philosoph supposes  
Been true, that souls, by a metempsychosis,  
Leaving their former tenements of clay,  
In which they can no longer act nor stay,  
As tenants leave their lodgings when decay'd,  
And of approaching ruins when affraid,  
To find some other lodging that is better  
For action, and for habitation fitter,  
Where they (when from their former houses gone)  
Their former trade and projects carry on;  
For by experience we daily find,  
A change of lodging makes no change of mind,

As

As those to foreign countries who repair,  
 Changenot their manners, tho' they change the air;  
 This great heroic soul, without delay,  
 Should once more animate some house of clay,  
 With equal success, and with equal fame,  
 To play again the long long-look'd for game,  
 Peace, truth, and injur'd justice to restore,  
 And drive Usurpers to their proper shore.

---

*A LETTER from a Gentleman to  
 his Brother, concerning State-Oaths,  
 directed thus, To ——— the wisest  
 of all his Father's Bairns.*

**W**HAT, are you mad? Do you resolve to go,  
 And rather starve, than sign a line or two,  
 And swear as many? You are void of sense,  
 To humour such a squeamish conscience.  
 But I have sworn already, you may say,  
 To be a member of another way.  
 What then? And so have many more, you see,  
 Both men of eminent and low degree,  
 Who to their former oaths have bid adieu,  
 And purg'd them off, by taking of a new.  
 Are you more wise and skill'd than these men are?  
 I'm sure, good friend, you're not so rich by far.

Consider, Sir, if you refuse to swear,  
 You lose a place of ninety pounds a-year:  
 Consider you have neither lands nor rent,  
 And what you can command is quickly spent;  
 So you must beg, when from your post you're gone,  
 Or live on air, like the *Chamelion*:

Besides, you have a numerous family,  
 Which, if you will not swear, must beggars be ;  
 This is an argument which hath prevail'd  
 With many men, when other topics fail'd.  
 But, to prevent the fountain of all ill,  
 Those who pretend of Oaths to have great skill,  
 Have, with good success, us'd the following pill. }

*Take of new coin'd distinctions a full ounce,  
 A pound of the nice quiddities of DUNS ;  
 A scruple of the grievance of the nation,  
 Mixt with a true blue Whig's equivocation ;  
 Of all, well mixt, make up two pills, or one,  
 And gild them over with religion.*

This pill will purge a scrup'lous conscience,  
 As I can tell you by experience ;  
 It purg'd me so, that I can now digest,  
 The new Assurance, Covenant and Test,  
 So that I judge it is the least of crimes  
 To regulate my conscience by the times.

I, when I thought it would advance my gain,  
*Jure Divino* Bishops did maintain,  
 Treated *Jack Presbyter* with ridicule,  
 Call'd him Tub-preacher, *Puritan* and Fool ;  
 And, that I might appear to be no Whig,  
 I swore and drank, and danc'd the other jig.  
 A little after that I turn'd my coat,  
 And tun'd my fiddle to another note ;  
 I stretch'd my conscience to the full extent,  
 Extoll'd the Pope, subscrib'd the Creed of *Trent*,  
 Maintain'd the right of popish Princes, and  
 Stood stoutly for the absolute command,

But, with the times, once more, I chang'd again,  
 And now I chant it in another strain,  
 I call the *Pope* beast in the *Revelation*,  
 A popish Prince the grievance of the nation ;  
Bishops

Bishops I call upholders of the whore,  
And frankly vote to kick them out of door;  
My only cry is now, the cause! the cause!  
Our sweet religion, liberties and laws,  
And, that I may pass for a perfect saint,  
I cry, alas! the *broken Covenant*.

Let others boast of antiquate tradition,  
I'm for religion of the last edition;  
I ne'er examine if it be the best,  
But if it may advance my interest,  
I make no scruple on't; let others stray  
In the strait passage of the thorny way,  
I will not on my liberty incroach,  
For I'm resolv'd to go to Heav'n in coach:  
He is a fool who cannot temporize;  
Friend, from my heart, I wish you may be wise.  
May he be worried on a dish of broath,  
Who has not conscience to digest an oath.  
I've sworn already, God be prais'd! the Test,  
The new Assurance also, and the rest  
Of these sweet Oaths, of which our land hath  
plenty,  
And ere' I lose my place I'll yet swear twenty.  
I'll stretch my conscience to receive all Oaths,  
And change religion as I do my cloaths.  
In fine, before I forfeit my estate,  
I'll swear Allegiance to great *Mahomet*.



188 J O D O C I G R I M M I  
To ALLAN RAMSAY, on the Death  
of Mr. HILL.

Allow me, ALLAN, to address thy muse,  
A favour greatest Kings will not refuse :  
Thou who mak'st shepherds nat'rally to vent  
Their grief, and with their doleful songs lament  
The loss of friendly and beloved SWAINS,  
And with their names and praises fill the plains,  
Till some hard-hearted mountain feel their care,  
And echo back their sorrow through the air ;  
Take up thy well-tun'd pipe, exert thy skill,  
Great BARD, lament our neighbouring shepherd  
HILL.

Tell how he was belov'd by all the swains,  
Who priz'd his friendship, and admir'd his strains.  
The list'ning croud stood silent in a ring,  
Watching with greedy ears to hear him sing ;  
His charming and instructive notes admir'd,  
For HILL by great APOLLO was inspir'd ;  
So bright his thoughts, so nervous and so just,  
And well express'd, they pleas'd the nicest gust ;  
His jolly muse ev'n torment could disdain,  
Conjure the gout, and sport with racking pain.

Pregnant with nature's gifts, he could impart  
Good sense, without the midwifery of art.  
For what is art, with all her rigid  
But nature bruis'd and furbish'd  
Whose work is rough and  
The near approach of  
How  
W



# P O E M A T A. 189

Pull up the sluice of some long-gather'd dam,  
 Whose waters from much diff'ring fountains came,  
 The noisy torrent runs with force and haste,  
 Grating the ear and nauseous to the taste,  
 O'erflows the banks, and, where it is gainstood,  
 Cuts out new channels with its swelling flood ;  
 But mark, you'll find the noisy thing decay,  
 Sink low right soon, then languish and run dry.

When chrystal streams, with their own foun-  
 tains fed,  
 With easy winding in their channels led,  
 Water the flow'rs which on their margins grow,  
 Drink in their sweets, and equally still flow,  
 In these the shepherds and the panting swains  
 Can quench their thirst, and bath to ease their  
 pains :  
 Their murm'ring streams and colour bring delight  
 To list'ning ears, and gratify the sight.

Such are thy strains, great bard, and such were  
 Hill's,  
 Thine flow in fuller streams, his ran in rills.

*Viri humani, falsi & faceti, GU-*  
*LIELMI SUTHERLANDI, mut-*  
*tarum Artium & Scientiarum Doc-*  
*TO Doctissimi, DIPLOMA.*

*gentium & terrarum,*  
*Sutherland to Padanarum,*  
*those who have six months of day,*  
*ut usque Bene Spei,*

And

And farther yet, *si forte tendat,*  
*Ne ignorantiam quis pretendat,*  
 We, Doctors of the merry meeting,  
 To all and sundry do send greeting,  
*Ut omnes habeant compertum,*  
*Per hanc præsentem nostram chartam,*  
 Gulielmum Sutherlandum Scotum,  
 At home *per nomen* BOGSIE *notum,*  
 Who studied stoutly at our college,  
 And gave good specimens of knowledge,  
*In multis artibus versatum,*  
*Nunc factum esse doctoratum.*  
 Quoth PRÆSES, *strictum post examen,*  
*Nunc este Doctor; we said, Amen.*

So to you all *hunc commendamus,*  
*Ut juvenem quem nos amamus,*  
*Qui multas habet qualitates,*  
 To please all humours and *ætates.*  
 He vies, if sober, with *Duns Scotus,*  
*Sed multo magis si sit potus:*  
 In disputando just as keen as  
 Calvin, John Knox, or Tom Aquinas;  
 In every question of *theology,*  
*Versatus multum in trickology;*  
*Et in catalogis librorum*  
 Frazer could never stand before him;  
 For he, by page and leaf, can quote  
 More books than *Solomon* e'er wrote;  
 A lover of the mathematicks  
 He is, but hates the hydrostaticks,  
 Because he thinks it a cold study,  
 To deal in water clear or muddy;  
*Doctissimus est medicina,*  
 Almost as Boerhaave or Bellini;  
 He thinks the diet of *Cornaro,*  
 In meat and drink, too scrimp and narrow,  
 And that the rules of *Leonard Lessius,*  
 Are good for nothing but to stress us;

By

By solid arguments and keen  
 He has confuted Doctor Cheyne,  
 And clearly prov'd, by demonstration,  
 That claret is a good collation,  
*Sanis & agris* always better  
 Than coffee, tea, or milk and water ;  
 That chearful company, *cum risu*,  
*Cum vino forti, suavi visu*,  
*Gustatu dulci*, still has been  
 A cure for hyppo and the spleen ;  
 That hen and capon, *vervecina*,  
 Beef, duck and pasties, *cum ferina*,  
 Are good stomachics, and the best  
 Of cordials, *probatum est* ;  
 He knows the symptoms of the phthisis,  
*Et per salivam* sees diseases,  
 And can discover in *urina*,  
*Quando sit opus medecina* ;  
 A good *French* night-cap still has been  
 He says, a proper anodyne,  
 Better than laudanum or poppy,  
*Ut dormiamus* like a topsey ;  
*Affirmat lusum alearum*  
*Medicamentum esse clarum*,  
 Or else a touch at three hand ombre,  
 When toil or care our spirits cumber ;  
 Which graft wings on our hours of leisure,  
 And make them fly with ease and pleasure.  
*Aucupium & venationem*,  
*Post longam nimis potationem*,  
 He has discover'd to be good  
 Both for the stomach and the blood,  
 As frequent exercise and travel,  
 Are good against the gout and gravel.  
 He clearly proves the cause of death  
 Is nothing but the want of breath,

And that indeed is a disaster,  
 When 'tis occasioned by a plaister  
 Of hemp and pitch laid closely on  
 Somewhat above the collar-bone.  
 Well does he know the proper doses  
 Which will prevent the fall of noses,  
 Ev'n keep them, *qui privantur illis,*  
*Ægre utuntur perspicillis:*

To this, and ten times more, his skill  
 Extends, when he would cure or kill.

*Immensam cognitionem legum*

*Ne prorsus hic silentio tegam,*

*Cum sociis artis,* grease his fist,

*Torquebat illas* as you list;

If laws for bribes are made, 'tis plain,

They may be bought and sold again;

*Spēctando aurum* now we find,

That madam Justice is stone-blind,

So deaf and dull in both her ears,

The clink of gold she only hears;

Nought else but a loud party shout,

Will make her start, or look about.

His other talents to rehearse,

*Brevissime,* in prose or verse,

To tell how gracefully he dances,

And artfully contrives romances,

How well he arches and shoots flying,

(Let no man think that we mean lying),

How well he fences, rides and sings,

And does ten thousand other things,

Allow a line, nay but a comma,

To each, *turgeret hoc diploma;*

*Quare, ut tandem concludamus,*

*Qui brevitatem approbamus,*

(For brevity is always good,

Providing we be understood),

*In rerum omnium naturis,  
Non minus quam scientia juris,  
Et medicinæ doctoratum  
Bogsæum novimus versatum ;  
Nor shall we here say more about him,  
But you may dacker if you doubt him.  
Addamus tamen hoc tantillum,  
Duntaxat nostrum hoc sigillum,  
Huic testimonio appensum,  
Ad confirmandum ejus sensum,  
Junctis chirographis cunctorum,  
Blyth, honest, hearty sociorum.  
Dabamus at a large punch-bowl,  
Within our proper common school,  
The twenty sixth day of November,  
Ten years, the date we may remember,  
After the race of Sheriffmuir,  
(Scots men will count from a black hour.)  
Ab omni probo nunc signetur,  
Qui denegabit extrudetur.*

---

*Formula Gradus dandi.*

*E* ADEM nos autoritate,  
Reges memoriæ beatæ,  
Pontifices & papæ lati,  
Nam alii sunt a nobis sprete,  
Quam quondam nobis indulserunt,  
Quæ privilegia semper erunt,  
Collegio nostro safe and sound,  
As long's the earth and cups go round,  
Te BOGSÆUM hic creamus,  
Statuimus & proclamamus,  
Artium mag strum & doctorem,  
Si libet etiam professorem ;

R

*Tibi quæ*



*Tibique damus potestatem  
 Potandi ad hilaritatem,  
 Ludendi porro & jocandi,  
 Et mæstos vino medicandi;  
 Docendi vera, commentandi,  
 Ad risum etiam fabulandi;  
 In promissionis tuæ signum,  
 Caput, honore tanto dignum,  
 \* Hoc cyatho condecoramus,  
 Ut tibi felix sit, oramus;  
 Præterea in manum damus  
 Hunc calicem, ex quo potamus,  
 Spumantem generoso vino,  
 Ut bibas more Palatino.  
 Sir, pull it off, and on your thumb  
 Cernamus supernaculum,  
 Ut specimen Ingenii  
 Post Studia decennii.*

While he is drinking, the Chorus sings

*En calicem spumantem,  
 Falerni epotantem,  
 En calicem spumantem,*

*Io, Io, Io.*

After he has drunk, and turn'd the glass on his thumb, they embrace him, and sing again.

*Laudamus hunc doctorem,  
 Et fidum compotorem,  
 Laudamus hunc doctorem,*

*Io, Io, Io.*

To

\* Here he was crown'd with the Punch-bowl.

To the F R E E-M A S O N S.

**N**O more, my Muse, in doggrel rhyme delight,  
The present theme requires a higher flight ;  
Too long thou'lt liv'd 'mongst shrubs and heath ;  
too long

Pleas'd rural ears with thy more rural song ;  
Imploy thy vigour now, thy force exert,  
To celebrate the Mason's useful art.

When embrio forms first ripen'd into birth,  
And *chaos*' womb brought forth old Mother Earth,  
Through woods and deserts savage man did roam,  
What could he do ? he'd neither house nor home,  
No shelter to protect him from the heat  
Of Phœbus' beams, from storms no safe retreat,  
The meanest of the brutish subjects, then,  
Was as well lodg'd as was the best of men :  
So had he wander'd still, but that the care  
Of Masons did a manour-house prepare  
By whose industrious pains and art, anon,  
The earth herself a better face put on ;  
From lowly valleys stately structures rise,  
Aspiring tow'rs seem'd to invade the skies,  
Strong forts, large towns, with walls encompass'd  
round,

Which all the art and force of foes confound.  
Ye lofty piles, on Nile's fam'd banks that stand,  
Proclaim the works wrought by the Mason's hand ;  
You are the lasting monuments of fame  
On you is register'd the Mason's name,  
Which time's corroding teeth cannot devour ;  
You still must stand till time shall be no more.

Time now was past his none-age, when the *Gods*  
In groves and thickets had their sole abodes,

## 196 JODOCI GRIMMI, &c.

When 'mongst the oaks the Druids sacrific'd,  
And angry *Gods* with roasted flesh were pleas'd ;  
'Tis only owing to the Mason's hand,  
That they have *chapels* now in every land.  
Ye *sacred buildings*, you alone can shew  
Th' immortal works which mortal hands can do;  
Through all the earth you loudly do proclaim,  
And trumpet forth the pious Mason's fame.

Long had the muses dwelt on mountain-tops,  
Expos'd to Boreas' blasts, and Iris' drops ;  
The Mason here again employs his tools,  
And builds for them both colleges and schools.  
Ye Muses, who were never yet ungrate,  
When you your benefactors deeds relate,  
And crown their heads with never-fading bays,  
Then let the Mason also have his praise ;  
These are the men whose wonder-working hand  
Makes arches over rapid rivers stand,  
Where men can walk on water as on land. }

Still may they flourish, may they still decore  
The earth with glorious structures, more and  
more ;  
For if their art no longer should remain,  
The earth must needs turn *chaos* once again.

END of the Second DECADE.



M O B

C O N T R A

M O B:

O R, T H E

R A B B L E R S R A B B L E D.

---

*O qualis hurly-burly fuit! si forte vidisses  
Pypantes arsas, & flavo sanguine breekas  
Dripantes, hominumque heartas ad prælia faintas.*

HAWTHORNDEN, Pol. Middin.

---

E D I N B U R G H:

P R I N T E D in the Y E A R M, D C C, L X V I I.

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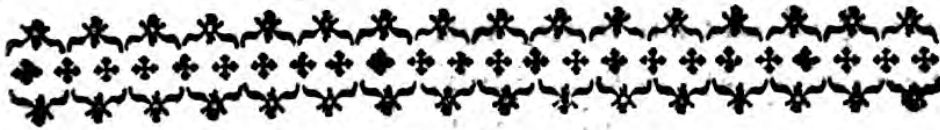
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EDINBURGH

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# MOB *contra* MOB:

## OR, THE RABBLERS RABBLED.

---

### CANTO I.

**I**N pious all-reforming times,  
 When *Sense* and *Learning* were thought crimes,  
 When zeal had got the start of *Reason*,  
 And *Loyalty* was called *Treason*;  
 When apostolic constitutions  
 Were banish'd by new revolutions,  
 Instead of which, the *Sough* and *Tone*  
 Were counted orthodox alone;  
 When *Impudence*, *Grimace* and *Cant*,  
 Were thought enough to make a *Saint*;  
 And when a sullen *wry-mouth'd Face*  
 Past for a certain mark of Grace;  
 When *Pulpit-thumpers* did express  
 Their indigested raw address,  
 With far less manners, though more *Tone*,  
 To Heav'n, than to the *British* throne,  
 And less devoutly supplicate  
 Their God, than civil magistrate;  
 Cry'd down all forms of prayer, rather  
 Than lye, in calling God their Father;

Then

## 200 MOB *contra* MOB: Or,

Then cramm'd and stuff'd the *long-ear'd croud*  
With new-coin'd doctrine long and loud,  
Amusing all the list'ning press  
With most seraphic emptiness.  
When uprightness and honesty,  
Insidious dry morality,  
And learning, were a-packing sent,  
As rebels to the government;  
When penitence was called *Pop'ry*,  
And abstinence but monkish *Fopp'ry*,  
Forgiving injuries, mere jests,  
Preach'd only by prelatie *Priests*,  
Who lead their simple *Flocks* astray  
From the more powerful gospel-way;  
Religion now, like navigation,  
Is much improved in the nation,  
And now the *Helm* to such is given,  
Who steer a nearer course to Heaven,  
And teach their hearers to love God,  
By hating man, which is right odd:  
When cross-grain'd *Saints* no *Glorie* would sing  
To God, nor honoured the *King*,  
The stubborn and rebellious *Crew*  
Give neither God nor *Cæsar's* due,  
As if they were *predestinate*  
To hate all that is *Good* or *Great*,  
And by *Decrees* of *Fate* appointed  
Still to oppose the *LORD's* *anointed*;  
When *covenanted Saints* did join,  
With merry hearts, to drink their wine;  
In these brave days the mighty *Mob*,  
Like him who once harassed *Job*,  
Run to and fro throughout the nation,  
And madly wrought up *Reformation*;  
What avarice, or pride, or spight,  
Produc'd, was called *Claim of Right*;

Whate'er

Whate'er they did, by force or awe,  
It was, or they could make it, *Law* ;  
Which I could prove by *Syllogism*,  
As clear as that a *Cone's* no *Prism*,  
By reasons good, drawn *a majori*  
*Ad minus*, if you'll hear the story ;  
For sure it is no harder thing,  
To make the law, than make the King ;  
This then the *Mob* can do at random,  
So that, *quod erat demonstrandum*,  
A certain *M—ch* of great fame,  
Known by his *Nose*, we'll blank his name,  
Avouch'd, which proves the thing no fable,  
The *jus divinum* of the *Rabble* ;  
And if we view the state of nature,  
A King is but the people's creature.  
When men sprung from the ground, like *garlic*,  
Then all the *Sons* of *Earth* were warlike,  
Not one would yield unto another,  
Each *Whore-son* fought against his brother ;  
Like those sprung from the *Dragon's Teeth*,  
One brother fought another's death ;  
And this, forsooth, they did the rather,  
Because they had no common father,  
Who by paternal right may reign ;  
Then first the *Mob* set up a King,  
And still they have this power inherent,  
To make their *Gods*, or *God's Vicegerent* ;  
And they who have the pow'r to make them,  
At pleasure can in pieces break them.  
*So children playing in a ring,*  
*Gravely set up a nine-pin King,*  
*With this design, as is most plain,*  
*That they may knock him down again.*

The christian Reader will excuse,  
The *lawless* freedom of my *Muse*,

Which

## 202 MOB *contra* MOB: Or,

Which from the subject here digresses,  
 To prove what *Haly-kirk* professes;  
 Besides, if men did not digress,  
 'Tis known the *Pulpit* and the *Press*,  
 When now employed by such *Asses*  
 Would waste less *Paper* and *Sand-glasses*;  
 So here my *Muse* doth scrape a *Leg*,  
 And *courteous Reader's* pardon beg,  
 That, if to make the verse to clink,  
 I only speak what others think,  
 Or, in pursuing of my project,  
 I err in *Profody* or *Logic*,  
 He kindly may excuse my *Babble*;  
 So I return unto the *Rabble*.

---

## C A N T O II.

**T**HIS *Hydra* of uncertain birth,  
 If sprung from hell, or sprung from earth,  
 If *Lethe's* or *Geneva's* spawn,  
 An enemy to *Gown* and *Lawn*,  
 And all that superstition fosters,  
 As *Canons*, *Creeds*, and *Pater-nosters*,  
*Doxologies*, and *Days festival*,  
 And every other thing that's civil,  
 All laws divine and human scorns,  
 And with more heads, by far, and horns,  
 Than *Beasts* describ'd in *Revelation*,  
 Push'd on a godly *Reformation*.  
 First on the pleasant banks of *Glyde*,  
 Fruitful of *Treason*, *Lust* and *Pride*,  
 And farther to the setting sun,  
 Where *Saints* do live, and *Saints* alone;  
 As some affirm, in *Irish* ground  
 No *Viper* lives, nor can be found.



No *Spider* there, no *Frog*, nor *Toad*,  
 So none live here but men of *God*.  
 At *Pentland-hills* and *Bothwel-brigs*,  
 Where once the *covenanted Whigs*,  
 Inspir'd with *zealous fury*, fought  
 Against their *King*, and gained nought :  
 The *Saints* affirm'd that *Windle-straws*  
 Would that day fight for the *Old Cause*,  
 And so it prov'd, as those who saw,  
 Told that they fought like *Men of Straw*.

Here, first, that *Beast* with many *Heads*  
 Began to shew his mighty *Deeds*,  
 And furiously, with *Sword* in hand,  
 From *Superstition* purg'd the land ;  
 With *Pitchforks*, *Scythes*, and such like tools,  
 Reform'd *Kirks*, *Colleges* and *Schools* ;  
 With *Dagger*, *Sword*, and *Musket-shot*,  
 Did *Gospel-purity* promote ;  
*Kilmarnocks-knives*, and *Forks*, and *Bodkins*,  
*Pick-axes*, and a thousand odd things,  
 With *Flails*, and *Cudgels* made of *Birk*,  
 Most proper tools to plant the *Kirk*,  
 And thoroughly to purge the nation,  
 By blood, or some *Evacuation*,  
 From noxious humours, and the *Devil*,  
 Of *myter'd heads*, and the *King's Evil*.  
 Thus *Mountebanks* and *Urine gazers*,  
 Armed with *Pincers*, *Launcets*, *Razors*,  
 With *Spatulas* and *Glyster-pipes*,  
 Close siege lay to their patients *tripes*,  
 Till they have turned out what's in,  
 And then to stuff them do begin,  
 With such sophistic *Drugs* and *Pills*,  
 Which leaves them sicker, or else kills ;  
 Or cunningly their teeth he draws,  
 And so depopulates their jaws,



## 204 MOB *contra* MOB: Or,

Yet very gravely does assure them,  
There is no other way to cure them,  
And then expects right ample Fees,  
For cures far worse than the disease.

Still more and more the *Mob* advanced,  
And, as the *Devil* pip'd, it danced,  
With agile motion crossed *Forth*,  
To plant the gospel in the *North*,  
Sack'd every *Kirk*, storm'd every steeple,  
*Dragoon'd* all the opposing people;  
And, being by the *Bench* assisted,  
Seldom and faintly was resisted:  
Some of them had escap'd the *Gallows*,  
And therefore patroniz'd their fellows,  
To make their own case seem the fairer,  
They still would vindicate a sharer.  
Thus *Success* did attend the *Rabble*,  
In each attempt, and every *Squabble*,  
And still the *Reformation*  
By *Fraud* or *Force* was carried on,  
And o'er the *Grampian-hills* it glided,  
Which *Scots* from *Picts* of old divided.  
Here I my wearied bones will rest,  
And, when I am again refresh'd,  
The *Mob* I'll meet in place more proper,  
And *trigg* it too, till then let's stop here.

---

## C A N T O III.

I N *Northern Climes* a country lies,  
Some think 'twixt *Ursa Major's* thighs;  
Perhaps the reason makes them guess it  
Is, that the *Boar* doth oft *bepiss* it;  
And

And sometimes, when she lifts her tail,  
 She *squirts* it too with snow and hail.  
 If so, or not, I will not jangle,  
 Let those who trade in *Line* and *Angle*,  
 Who know by head the *heavenly Cattle*,  
 Can rank them up in *Line of Battle*,  
 And plainly tell the reason why  
*Bulls, Boars* and *Dogs*, who guard the sky,  
 So harmless are, since we remark  
 They never *bellow, grunt, nor bark* ;  
 Let those, who in these wares do traffic,  
 Describe them by rules *geographic* ;  
 Yet, lest the *Reader* should repine,  
 This country lies be-north the *Line*,  
 Where foaming *Neptune* oftentimes roars,  
 Insulting the opposing shores,  
 Which proudly beat him off again,  
 Extending far into the *Main* ;  
 Nought here, which life requires, is wanting,  
 But that the naked fields lack planting :  
 Had *Phyllis* in this country liv'd,  
 Tho' by a faithless *Lover* griev'd,  
 A growing tree she had not found,  
 To keep her *Tip-toes* from the ground.  
 Turn but your *Bowsprit* to the pole,  
 And I assure you on *parole*,  
 If closely you pursue your *Nose*,  
 You'll find the place which we propose ;  
 The people who this land possess,  
 Live quietly, and pay their *Cesses*,  
 They fear the *LORD*, and till the ground,  
 And love a *Creed* that's short and sound ;  
 'Tis true, their speech is not so pointed,  
 Nor with *screw'd Looks* their face disjointed ;  
 If scant of *Theory*, their *Practice*  
 Supplies that want, which most exact is.



Some *Hectors, Tories, Bullies, Ranters,*  
 Some *True-blue Saints* and *Covenanters,*  
 Old *Consuls*, and old *Fornicators,*  
 Were now become new *Reformators,*  
 Both *Messengers* of *God* and *Sathan,*  
 And many of the tribe of *Dathan;*  
 Some *Pharisees* and *Hypocrites,*  
*Consultors, Scribes* and *Parasites,*  
*Mechanicks* some, and *Aqueductors,*  
 And *Proppers* of old ruin'd structures.  
 Some who liv'd, as my author tells,  
 Not by the *Kirk*, but by the *Bells.*  
*Malignants* too did help afford  
 To fight the battles of the Lord,  
 Which was the cause (as say the *Godly*)  
 That they came off so very oddly;  
 Some of the *Mob*, spur'd on with *Conscience,*  
 And some with *Maggot*, some with *Nonsense,*  
 But most of all, as wise men think,  
 Went not so much to fight as drink.  
 Thus fifty *Troopers*, and some more,  
 Armed as we have said before,  
 With *Infantry*, which made a force  
 Equal in number to the *Horse,*  
 Set forward all with one accord,  
 Leaving the city *Bon-accord,*  
 Inspir'd with mighty *Resolution,*  
 Because they fear'd no opposition:  
 Some were for this *Kirk*, some for that *Kirk,*  
 And some no mortal knows for what *Kirk;*  
 Yet all of them their course did steer  
 To the *Kirk of Deer.*

may wonder,  
 this *Blunder,*  
 Irrel  
 ain peril;

208 M O B *contra* M O B: Or,

They only did what hath been done ;  
There's nothing new beneath the sun.  
A *myter'd head*, born in our nation,  
Oppos'd the *Scottish Toleration*,  
And still this *Prelate* boldly ventures  
To *plead* and *write* for the *Dissenters*.

Yea, more, a certain author, who  
The plotting trade doth nicely know,  
Hath trac'd the *Revolution's* spring,  
And tells a *Hogan Mogan King*,  
Who sav'd our land from *Superstition*,  
*Despotick power*, and *Inquisition*,  
The only *Presbyterian* prop,  
Yet was an *Ally* to the *Pope*,  
And did the *Romish See* advance  
Against the growing power of *France*.  
Now, if a *Prelate* for *Dissenters*  
Can set his wit upon the *Tenters*,  
If *Rome* can with *Geneva* join,  
To carry on a good design,  
If such a *Prince* could make a shift  
To lend to *Antichrist* a lift,  
Who then can doubt but *Tories* might  
For *Whigs* with a good conscience fight,  
To plant and propagate a *Schism* ?  
'Tis plainly prov'd by *Syllogism*.

The night preceeding the *engagement*,  
Some *Scouts* went off from the *Kirk Reg'ment*,  
Designing for to view the *Trenches*,  
But were oppos'd by warlike *Wenches*,  
Whole *Man-like* courage soon did stop,  
And routed the *Forlorn-hope* :  
These *Wenches* with *Scar-crows* were armed,  
By which our *Troopers* sore were harmed,  
By twinging these about their heads,  
Most of the *Riders* lost their *Steeds*,

And



And, stuned with the *martial* sound,  
Dropt *topsie-turvie* to the ground ;  
The rest, opprest with *pannick* fear,  
Kept at a distance in the rear.  
The *Captain* was a man of force,  
Who closely sticking to his horse,  
With mighty *valour* forward prest,  
Commanding to bring up the rest,  
Upbraiding all the *silly Pack*,  
Who to the *Women* turn'd their back.  
Mean time a *Plow-man*, with a *Pattle*,  
Engag'd the *Captain* close in battle,  
And very quickly made him stand,  
By wounding him in the *Sword-hand*.  
*When flying Foes are in a Terror,*  
*Not to pursue must be an error.*  
*At Cannæ; where fierce Hannibal*  
*Kill'd Romans like a cannibal,*  
*His March to Rome had he intended,*  
*He'd sack'd the Town, and the War ended ;*  
*He would not take it when he could,*  
*Nor after could he when he would.*  
But here there was a wiser *Crew*,  
Who did their *Victory* pursue,  
Finding their foes in bad condition,  
March'd up, and seiz'd their *Ammunition*,  
With all their *Wine*, and other *Forage*,  
In which lay all the *Troopers* courage :  
This *News* when the *Kirk-army* heard,  
The *consequences* much they fear'd,  
And every one did greatly dread  
Next day what would to this succeed.  
Now finding what they scarce suppos'd,  
That they were like to be oppos'd  
In their design of *Kirk-Plantation*,  
They fell into a *Consternation*,

# 210 MOB contra MOB: Or,

And many, who at first seem'd keen,  
Wish'd now to be at *Aberdeen*.

---

## CANTO V.

A Counsellor, renown'd by fame  
For ruling *Judgments* that are lame,  
Rose and address'd himself to *Ralph*,  
The *Guardian* of his better half;  
"The adverse *Mob* seem resolute,  
Said he, to keep our *Forces* out;  
No *Law* nor *Reason* can prevail  
Against a *Rustick* with a *Flail*;  
When *Handy-blows* come in the play,  
Both *Law* and *Reason* must give way;  
No *Rhetorick*, nor *Logick* term,  
Can then secure our *Bones* from harm;  
It is in vain to think that words  
Can guard us for from these *Stones* and *Swords*;  
So further, *Sir*, ere we proceed,  
To chuse a *Leader* we have need."  
*Ralph* vouch'd all he said was true,  
Desiring he would range the *Crew*;  
Then he was chosen *Gen'ral* by luck,  
Not for his *Courage*, but his *Conduct*;  
Who, for his *Qualities*, may pass  
Under the name of *Hudibras*;  
Only, 'tis said, the fatal *Siffers*  
Had twist'd *Courage* to his *Whiskers*,  
Whereas our Knight that day had shav'd,  
Which was the cause he misbehav'd;  
To *Sampson* you might him compare,  
He lost his *Vigour* with his *Hair*.

When

When he was ranging the *Kirk-force*,  
 In Line of battle, *Foot* and *Horse*,  
 In Middle of the other *Rout*  
 Appear'd a *Miller*, stern and stout,  
 Who boldly, without asking leave,  
 Caught an old *Bailie* by the sleeve,  
 And, in a rage, began to swear,  
 " You *Whig-fac'd Knave*, you gain'd your gear,  
 ' And all you have on earth, among us,  
 ' What *Devil* tempts you now to wrong us ?  
 ' But, since you have us thus provoked,  
 ' I wish I hang, if we were yoked,  
 ' But I shall neatly tan your *Hide*,  
 ' So long's my *Lewder* does abide."  
 On which the *Bailie* thought it best,  
 Lest that his *Doublet* should be drest,  
 To fly from face of such a *Rabble*,  
 That did appear so formidable.  
 This put our *Captain* in some doubt,  
 To see the *Enemy* so stout,  
 And his own men so cowardly,  
 That *Charles* threats made them to fly,  
 Yet he embraced the command,  
 And to do feats he took in hand ;  
 Of victory he made no doubt,  
 When all his forces he call'd out,  
 In line of battle to appear,  
 With all the *Clergy* in the *Rear* ;  
 With *Whigs* and *Salters* in the centre,  
 Where none but hardy men durst venture,  
 And all the *Tories* in the *Front*.  
 Mean time a *Midden* he did mount,  
 His *Courage* then made him so witless,  
 In rage and fury to draw *Cutlace*.  
 This *Cutlace* was a peaceful thing,  
 As ever was in *Numa's* reign ;

## 212 MOB contra MOB: Or,

Long had it lurked in the *Sheath*,  
 And never witness'd wounds or death,  
 Nor thumping *Handy-blows*, nor *Knocks*,  
 Save once upon a *Chamber-box*,  
 Which did occasion mighty grudging,  
 In the poor *Blade* to leave its lodging ;  
 It cost some pains to force it out,  
 To save its *Master* from the *Rout* ;  
 Yet, after tugging and hard pulling,  
 A token that it was unwilling  
 To do much harm, it came abroad,  
 To serve its friends, the Men of God.  
 Some do affirm, this trusty *Shabble*  
 Was consecrate to fright the *Rabble*,  
 And that the *Kirk* devoutly had,  
 Wrote *Faith's Defender* on the *Blade*.

First, he commanded Mr *Justice*,  
 In whose good conduct no small trust is,  
 In form of *Law*, at a due distance,  
 To ask the warriours assistance ;  
 Then to advance to the *Kirk-Door*,  
 Attended with his *Guard de Corps*.  
 A bulky *Messenger*, and brawny,  
 Of a complexion somewhat *tawny*,  
 With sullen aspect led the *Van*,  
 On Mr *Justice* his right-hand ;  
 And one, who never did succeed  
 In planting *Kirks*, the left did lead ;  
 By whose advice the *Mob* proceeded,  
 A little further than they needed.

At the first prospect of resistance,  
 Some sculking stood at a great distance,  
 Until the first assault was over,  
 That they some courage might recover,  
 Resolving, if the *Van* were victors,  
 To follow on as stout as *Hectors*,

But,



But, if the *Front* should not succeed,  
To make their *Heels* defend their *Head* :  
They judged it a piece of folly,  
To venture upon the first *Volley* ;  
But had the *En'my* chanc'd to yield,  
They'd been the foremost in the field.  
*Thus when Sir Mastiff stands his Ground,*  
*Though snarling curs do him surround,*  
*And all the other cew'rdly whelps,*  
*At distance stands and loudly yelps,*  
*With tusks unsheath'd, the Croud he dares ;*  
*But if he chance to turn his aise,*  
The meanest *Cur* of *Turnspit-race*,  
Will be the foremost in the *Chace*.

The *Hero*, who led on the right,  
Had seized many a *Squire* and *Knight*,  
And made them yield at his discretion,  
Without the least capitulation ;  
Yea, instances can be produc'd,  
That he more *Rebels* hath reduc'd,  
To their *Allegiance* back again,  
Than *Staremborg* hath done in *Spain*.  
This *Hero*, with his friend, assaulted  
With fury while the *Rabble* halted ;  
And loudly call'd, not to retard  
The *Engineer* with his *petard* ;  
Not doubting he the *Style* would open,  
Or else by force would get it broken ;  
But he no courage had to venture,  
Betwixt the army's *Front* and *Centre*,  
Yet quickly he found this excuse,  
Why he his orders did refuse ;  
“ The adverse *Mob*, upon suspicion,  
“ Hath lately seiz'd our *Ammunition*,  
“ By which 'tis plainly understood,  
“ That my *Engines* can do no good.”



## 214 MOB contra MOB: Or,

That which their courage most inspir'd,  
 Was, that the *Mob* at first retir'd;  
 But they no sooner did attack  
 The *Gate*, than they were driven back,  
 With many a *Pelt* upon their *skin*,  
 By *Wives* who lin'd the walls within.  
 A meagre *Fellow*, with thick *Lips*,  
 Run first a *Preacher* through the *Hips*,  
 Which was the *Signal* fix'd upon,  
 For *Male* and *Female* to fall on;  
 Then in the *Front* with stones they maul'd them,  
 And in the *Rear* with *Cudgels* gall'd them.  
 A certain *Female* call'd the *Twitter*,  
 Laid *Ratio Sacra* in the gutter,  
 Who, prostrate so, with life at stake,  
 Cry'd out aloud for *Mercy's* sake.  
 He lay in peril for to smother,  
 Untill a young *malignant* brother  
 Came up, who lost his thumb *sinister*  
 Rescuing the *fanatick* minister.  
 Thus he, who was to *Saints* a stranger,  
 Rescued the *Saint* from present danger,  
 And in a very proper season,  
 Set up the *Oracle* of *Reason*,  
 Who, being rais'd from his fall,  
 Was now a *two leg'd* animal,  
 And *featherless*, which is the nature  
 And notion of a human creature.  
 Then having made some *whining* faces,  
 And most emphatical *Grimaces*,  
 With hands lift up he gave a sob,  
 And then bespoke the adverse *Mob*  
 With serious expostulation,  
 Imploring only a *Cessation*  
 Of *Arms*, for a little season,  
 Untill by force of solid *Reason*.

The business he might debate,  
By *Argument* or *Postulate*,  
Desiring any of the *Foes*,  
Either to answer or propose,  
As they inclin'd, and they should find him,  
With *Reason* ready for to bind 'em,  
And evidently mak't appear  
They took the *wrong Sow* by the ear.

Then from the *Croud* a *Ploughman* prest,  
And thus in haste the *Priest* address't,  
Without the usual *Decorum*

Of *Preface*, standing close before him,

"Why come you here in manner *hostile*?"

Quoth he, We come to preach the *gospel*.

"Where read you in the *holy Word*,

"Of *gospelizing* with the *Sword*?"

"What *Scripture* text can you alledge

"To prove your martial *Equipage*?"

"Of *Mahomet* I've heard it said,

"That his *Religion* thus he spread;

"You seem *Apostles* of the *Turk*—"

*Peter*, quoth he, had *Sword* and *Durk*,

And us'd them too, as is most clear,

In cutting off of *Malchus'* ear.

"You misapply, and mince the *Text*,

"Pray read the words which follow next,

"And there, I think, you'll find a word

"Which to the *Sheath* condemns the *Sword*;

"And the *Apostle*, who did use it,

"Did in the end but slightly rule it!"

Quoth he, we must compel th' unwilling.

"But not by *Force*, nor yet by *killing*;

"Such rugged bloody disposition

"Smells rankly of the *Inquisition*,

"Where *Rack*, and *Wheel*, and *Fire*, and *Faggot*,

"Confutes all *Reason*, and the *Maggot*

"Of conscience, and with *Stripes* and *Knocks*

"Makes *Heretics* turn *Orthodox*;

And

## 216 MOB contra MOB: Or,

‘ And forces them their *Faith* to alter,  
‘ Or else converts them in a *Halter*.”

“ *Sir*, if you are such *Argumenters*,  
‘ And by such means persuade *Dissenters*,  
‘ We mean to give you some small sport,  
‘ And your own *Arguments* retort ;  
‘ And you, I hope, will be content,  
‘ Whatever may be the event  
‘ Which in this doubtful *Skirmish* happens,  
‘ Since we make use of your own *Weapons* ;  
‘ No man of *Honour* will refuse  
‘ To fight, if he the *Weapons* chuse.”  
*Quoth he*, but you must know the *Laws*  
Do now support the good *Old Cause* ;  
If you oppose, the *Judges* sentence,  
At last, will force you to *Repentance* ;  
You’d better now forbear from crimes,  
Than mourn for them in after-times.

“ *Sir*, what you call the good *Old Cause*,  
‘ Appears so full of *Cracks* and *Flaws*,  
‘ No *Art* nor *Skill* the same can *solder*,  
‘ It grows the crazier the older ,  
‘ And now is put to a hard shift,  
‘ When *Tories* come to lend a lift,  
‘ And *Kirk-dragoons* are rais’d to back  
‘ The *Gospel-work* you undertake ;  
‘ Besides the *Revolution Foot*  
‘ By standing long hath got the *Gout*,  
‘ And, prest with useless burden, maugre  
‘ All faint supports, begins to stagger ;  
‘ The *Kirk*, which hath no more foundation,  
‘ But *fickle* people’s inclination,  
‘ Whene’er the *Mob* begins to grumble,  
‘ The tottering *Fabric* down must tumble,  
‘ And

‘ And each convulsion of the people  
‘ Portends the *downfal* of the *Steeple*.”

This *Conference* being fully ended,  
And yet the matter nothing mended ;  
The *Gen’ral* call’d a *Buchan* laird,  
The *Captain* of the *Clergy*’s guard,  
To march, with all his chosen force  
Which he had brought, both *Foot* and *Horse*,  
Who came on purpose, I suppose,  
The adverse *Party* to oppose,  
*Since thrawn Trees do always splinder*  
*Best with a Wedge of their own Timber.*  
Then, in obedience to command,  
He marched up with *Sword* in hand ;  
But to the *Guard* ’ere he had spoken,  
By chance his *Honour*’s head was broken ;  
Which so disordered his *Skull*,  
That his *attempt* was rend’red null,  
Yet from the *Kirk* he got applause,  
For losing *Blood* in the *Old-Cause*.

Next him was plac’d a *foreign Factor*,  
Who first resolv’d to be an *Actor*,  
But when he saw the *Fray* begin,  
The fear *Minheer* had for his skin,  
And weakness of his constitution,  
Made him to change his *Resolution* ;  
Then he with earnestness did pray,  
That the *propitious Gods*, that day,  
To save him from the *Rabbie*’s knocks,  
Would turn him to a *Butter-box*.  
The *Mob*, regardless of his prayers,  
As they were of his *Neighbour*’s tears,  
In fury, with their *Trees* and *Stones*,  
First broke his head, then beat his bones.



218 MOB contra MOB: Or,

At last, with piteous *Tone*, he cry'd,  
If any will a *Sloop* provide  
To take me off, I here do swear  
I never shall again see *Deer*.

A *Chapman* next, with face like *flambo*,  
And buttocks wrapt in *Dantzick shambo*,  
Who lov'd to sleep in a whole skin,  
Before the *Battle* did begin,  
Resolving not to die a *Martyr*  
For *Presbyt'ry*, cry'd out for *Quarter*;  
The dismal thoughts of *Blood* and *Wounds*,  
Made him to fall in frequent *Swoons*.  
At last, awak'ning out of *Trance*,  
Resolv'd no farther to advance;  
Then *retrograde*, with all his might,  
He moves to save himself by flight,  
Until a *Wife*, who knew he oft  
Her *Plaiden-web* in *Market* coft,  
Had pity on his wreck'd condition,  
And took him under her tuition;  
She felt his *Pulse*, and found him *panting*,  
And him to save from further *fainting*,  
In *Pantry-nook* the *Wife* did close him,  
And with a *double Gill* did dose him.  
The cordial scarcely reach'd his heart,  
When *Crack* of *Gun* made him to start,  
And vent a foul *flegmatic F—t*,  
Which proves what's said, that *panic fear*  
Oft forces passage thro' the *Rear*.  
The dreadful *Terror* that possess'd him,  
Made him to pray the *Wife* to *nest* him;  
She quickly yields to all he begs,  
And shelters him betwixt her *Legs*,  
So once a reverend Son of *Levi*,  
The Females Darling, Mr DAVY,

When



*When for the good Old-Cause pursu'd,  
His goddess Venus him rescu'd,  
Moving a godly fighting Sister,  
To hide the Saint, in his great Mister,  
In the same bed with her own Daughter,  
Where sweet inbearing Truths he taught her ;  
To Venus altar he did bow,  
His Thanks and Gratitude to shew ;  
And worship'd, on his bended Knees,  
Among the pleasant Cherry-Trees.*

*A Weather-beaten son of Mars,  
With long Toledo at his arse,  
For many warlike Actions fam'd,  
Which never were, nor can be nam'd,  
Both Wealth and Honour long had sought  
In bloody Fields, yet seldom fought,  
Now, weary with the Tuck of Drum,  
Came home to storm a widow's Bum,  
Laid by his Helmet and his Shield,  
To cultivate a barren Field ;  
With care he shunned Wounds and Scars,  
Except it were in holy Wars,  
That is to say, in Whig Kirk planting,  
Where people's inclination's wanting,  
And there he mighty Feats had done,  
In company with John Gilon,  
His bonus Genius and attendant,  
Then Whig, but now he's Independent ;  
Like Proteus, it is his hap,  
Most frequently to change his Shape,  
And many Turnings he hath made  
In his Religion and his Trade :  
This Hero, hearing of the Fray,  
Could not in Conscience be away ;  
Lest that the Project should miscarry,  
He thought his Presence necessary,*

220 MOB *contra* MOB: Or,

The *Mob* with *Courage* to inspire,  
But was the *first* who did retire.

---

C A N T O VI.

WHAT *Mortal* can recount the perils  
Of those who live by broils and quarrels,  
And who do gain their daily bread  
By knocking others on the head?  
How oft doth fortune, (*Pox upon her,*)  
Plague and confound these men of *Honour*?  
And, like a *Pedant*, jerks the *Arse*  
Of th' *truant* disciples of *Mars*?  
A learned Author, *pro comperto*,  
Proves, *Dulce bellum inexperto*.  
No *Mortal* ever did deny it,  
If any do, then let him try it.  
They'll find it but a foolish *Game*,  
To lose their *Legs* to purchase *Fame*,  
And stand till *Foes* their *Bones* do batter,  
To furnish *Gazette-writers* matter.  
Now of all Wars th' *ecclesiastic*  
Is certainly the most *fantastic*,  
And none lie oftner in the *Lurch*  
Than *Janizaries* of the *Church*;  
And so it happened in this *Battle*,  
Where *Kirk-men* ran like *Buchan* cattle,  
Nor durst *Kirk errant-knights* adventure,  
With *Sword* in hand the *Kirk* to enter;  
The *Passes* were so stoutly guarded,  
And all the *Croud* with *Stones* bombarded;  
They could no longer keep their station,  
But, studying *Self-preservation*,  
The stoutest, who the *Legions* headed,  
And who, at first, no danger dreaded,

No

No sooner met with opposition,  
But, losing heart and resolution,  
They thought it safest to be trudging  
Backward in haste unto their *Lodging*;  
And many of the *Tribe* had need  
To run for *Plaisters* to their head.  
No sooner did the *Amazons*  
Discharge a *Volley* of big stones,  
And *Buchan Plow-men* charge with *Flails*,  
But *Front* and *Rear* turn'd all their *Tails*,  
And *Kirk-knight-errants* ran with speed,  
And every one got on his *Steed*;  
Nor needs the *Reader* long demur,  
To know if then they us'd the *Spur*;  
Whatever use they made of *Bridle*,  
The *Spur* and *Whip* were never idle;  
Which makes the thing to be admir'd,  
That men with *Zeal* so much inspir'd,  
Rode faster home, spurr'd on with fear,  
Than they advanced to *Old-Deer*.

*End of the Third DECADE.*

---

*The CONTRAST revers'd, and set in  
a true Light.*

FAM'D were the Bards of old, untainted  
days!  
When only merit felt the breath of praise;  
When truth in Muses taught the tuneful lay,  
The brave to honour, and the good display,  
Virtue's fair form, though hid in rags, to sing,  
And loath the baneful Court, and sinful King.

But now, sad change! no more the Poet's theme  
Taste thy chaste waters, *Hippocrene's* stream.

His

222 *The CONTRAST revers'd, &c.*

His breast no more the sacred Sisters urge,  
Of truth the patrons, and of vice the scourge:  
Venal, he seeks the court, and shuns the lawn,  
On pride to flatter, and on pow'r to fawn;  
Pour forth his incense at the courtier's shrine,  
And raise HAPLESTIAN race to race divine.  
He, who would toil in honour's arduous brake,  
Must virtue seek alone, for virtue's sake;  
For now to merit are unwonted things,  
The breaths of Poets, and the smiles of Kings.

See, where the rhyming throng on SANGUAR  
wait,

And patch up ev'ry worth to make him great;  
Sing how he triumph'd on *Clinizia's green*,  
And how his mind is lovely as his mien!  
Call ancient heroes from their seats of joy,  
To see their fame outshadow'd by a boy!  
Rob ev'ry urn and ev'ry page explore,  
And tell how *Cæsar's* deeds are deeds no more!  
No more shall guide the war, nor fire the song,  
But SANGUAR be the theme of ev'ry tongue!  
While *Haplest Kings Gradana's* throne shall grace,  
And *Strutter's* virtue live in *Strutter's* race!

Such is the theme the flatt'ring songsters chuse,  
And, oh! how worthy of the theme the Muse!  
While, lo! a Youth arises in the North,  
Of royal virtues as of royal Birth;  
Of worth, which, in the dawn of ages shewn,  
Without the *Claim of Right*, had gain'd a throne.  
Though in him ev'ry grace and glory join,  
To add new lustre to *ECONOM's* line;  
Though vict'ry makes the brave *ALEX* her care,  
No Bard attends on his triumphal chair:  
On firmer base he builds his sure applause,  
*Recover'd freedom and protected laws.*

Says,



*The CONTRAST revers'd, &c.* 223

Say, ROBUST, say ; for thou must surely know,  
Thou felt'st the rapture, and thou feel'st the woe ;  
Say, when he trod upon the kindly earth,  
The genial soil which gave his fathers birth ;  
Did not his out-stretch'd arm with bounty spread  
Paternal blessings on thy children's head ;  
Hush them to peace amidst the din of war,  
And still the matron's sighs and virgin's fear !  
Bid peaceful plenty wave along the plain,  
The untouch'd harvest of the golden grain ?  
Did not the Youth, enliven'd with his flame,  
Glow for the fight, and, ardent, pant for fame ?  
Strove not each rev'rend sage and hoary fire  
His worth to honour, and his sense admire ?  
Did not his form, with ev'ry beauty grac'd,  
Raise a chaste rapture in each virgin's breast ?

But when he quits the scene of soft delight,  
The graceful measure for the deathful fight,  
Say, saw thy plains, (where many a deathless  
name,  
Where CORD, where MAGNUS, fought their way  
to fame ;  
Where VALOR, race heroic ! nobly rose,  
Secur'd thy freedom, and expell'd thy foes) ;  
Saw they e'er one, amongst the chieftain throng,  
So ripe in glory, and in years so young ?  
Whose pride not more to vanquish than to save,  
In conquest gentle as in action brave ;  
Like *Philip's* son, victorious in the course,  
With skill superior and inferior force.  
Like *Xenophon*, secure 'midst hostile bands,  
He led his glorious few from distant lands ;  
And join'd to sense of head the fire of heart,  
Of one the courage, and of one the art.

While virtue lives, while honour has a name,  
While arts heroic fill the rolls of fame,

First



224 *The CONTRAST revers'd, &c.*

First in the lists shall GLADAN have a place,  
And FALCAN-FIELD mark, *Avar*, thy disgrace.

Now, change the scene, and shew the sad reverse,  
Where winter-blasts th' autumnal smiles disperse ;  
Where the fierce *Cataphage* directs the storm,  
And *Avar* joys his mandates to perform ;  
To whom compar'd a *Hero's* name is sweet,  
In whom the Tyrant and the Tyger met.

See, through the land how hostile fury burns,  
And peopl'd vales to rueful desarts turns !  
See how the smoaking country round thee groans,  
Invokes in vain thy desolated towns !  
See age, unreverenc'd, dragg'd from peaceful ease,  
And join'd in dreary jails to loath'd disease !  
Before their *Sires* see ravish'd Maids complain,  
And raise their beauteous eyes to Heav'n in vain !  
Oh, more than savage ! who pursue their rage  
On bloom of beauty and the hoar of age !

And, what exploits exalt this *Hero's* praise ?  
Where spring the laurels which your Poets raise ?  
Spring they from conquest o'er the village tame,  
The *Sire* enfeebled and the aged *Dame* ?

View well this sketch, and say, of which the face  
Presents the rightful mark of ROBUST's race ;  
He who would save thee from destruction's thrust,  
Or he who lays thy beauties in the dust ?

So judg'd of old the good King DAVID's heir,  
With nice discernment, the deserving Fair,  
Repuls'd the *Dame*, who, cruel, would destroy,  
And bless'd the feeling *Mother* with her Boy.

F I N I S.

## A P P E N D I X.

*Dialogue between K. W—and Q. A—  
on her arrival at, &c.*

W——m, *making a low Bow.*

**M**ADAM, I am appointed by our host,  
Here to attend you on the Stygian coast:  
And bid you welcome on the flaming shore.  
Come, trace my footsteps as you did before,  
I'll quickly land you in your last abode:  
None knows so well as I the gloomy road.

Here lies the way. Come let's be jogging on.  
Lo, yonder stands our Monarch's flaming throne!  
There *Noll* and I in liquid burnings dwell,  
Next *Judas* in the bagnio of *H—ll*.

He, like a puny rogue in wickedness,  
Threw back his gold, and did his crime confess;  
Whereas, you know, that *Oliver* and I,  
Without all signs of penitence did die;  
Which makes us both repine against the sentence,  
By which he was prefer'd for his repentance.

Your *Sister* next of noted memory,  
With *Tullia* the Roman Dame doth lie.  
One was their life, one is their matchless fame;  
And here you see their lodging is the same.

In yonder burning lake of liquid gold,  
Are they by whom old *Caledon* was sold.  
For their black crimes this is their punishment;  
Here they enjoy a full EQUIVALENT.

Next, MADAM, for yourself you will not grudge,  
With your good friend *S——ia* here to lodge,  
Her interest you still had at your heart;  
So of her lodging you shall have a part.

A——e, *dropping a low Courtesy.*

Waving the honour to my sex is due,  
Wherein am I inferior to you?

U.

I bravely finish'd what you did project ;  
 May I not therefore claim the same respect ?  
 Except the murder of G——o alone,  
 In all things else you are by me outdone.  
 In blackest crimes and most unnatural sin,  
 I will not yield to any *Sutrikin*.

You pull'd, I grant, an U——e from his throne,  
 Must you for this have all the praise alone ?  
 No, Sir, I'll have my share, and that the rather,  
 Because you must confess he was my *Father*.

A colony of *Scots* in foreign lands,  
 Were starved too by your unjust commands.  
 But, Sir, remember, my auspicious reign  
 Did all the country into slav'ry bring :  
 And that I might perpetuate my fame,  
 I'd be the last of all the S———t's name.

Before you took your last farewell of light,  
 And dropt into the shades of endless night,  
 You plagu'd your subjects with an Ab———n.  
 Pray, Sir, be pleas'd to read this \* *Proclamation*,  
 Which I before my death did issue forth :  
 This shews my merit and proclaims my worth.  
 This, as my passport, I have brought along ;  
 This the last stroke, the end of an old song :  
 And this, if any justice be in H——ll,  
 With worthy *Cain* will make me to dwell.

\* A price upon a head.

## IPECACUHANNA ; or *Physic for the* *D——l.*

**I** Ately arriv'd at Aberdeen,  
 A traitor and a rebel keen,  
 A true blue rogue, a B——k knight,  
 An enemy to God and right ;

The

The sham *Don Pedro* of *G—k—die*,  
 The D—l came and fetch'd him *inde*;  
 With whom to H—ll in haste he posted,  
 There to be fri'd, and sous'd, and roasted,  
 And fricasseed for a ragoo  
 To *Noll* and the usurping crew,  
 Who ate him greedily, and then  
 Turn'd sick, and spu'd him up again.  
 These H—ll-hounds did their vomit lick up,  
 Which gave them a confounded hiccup.  
 They ate, and spu'd, and ate again,  
 And spu'd to their eternal pain.

The D——l seeing them so sick,  
 And pain'd with spuing, took a freak  
 To try the fine confect. Anon,  
 He cried, By H—ll I am undone!  
 I've swallowed down a worldly Elf,  
 Ten times more devilish than myself:  
 My guts with endless pains he racks,  
 Unless I void him in the jakes.  
 This viper, my dear friends, I tell ye,  
 Will eat his passage thro' my belly.  
 Alas! alas! I'm like to burst!  
 And, having then in haste untruss'd,  
 He rais'd his bum, his guts did rumble;  
 Downwards *Don Pedro* took a tumble.  
 Ten thousand tons of plagues he voided,  
 The stench was such H—ll could not bide it!  
 Pheu! cried the fends, to corners slinking,  
*G—k—die* in the jakes lies stinking.  
 He plagued earth, and with his smell,  
 He's now come down to poison H—ll!

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