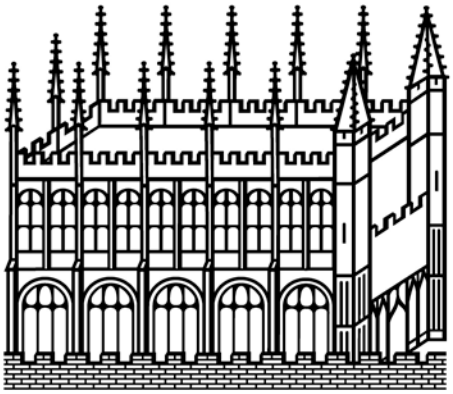

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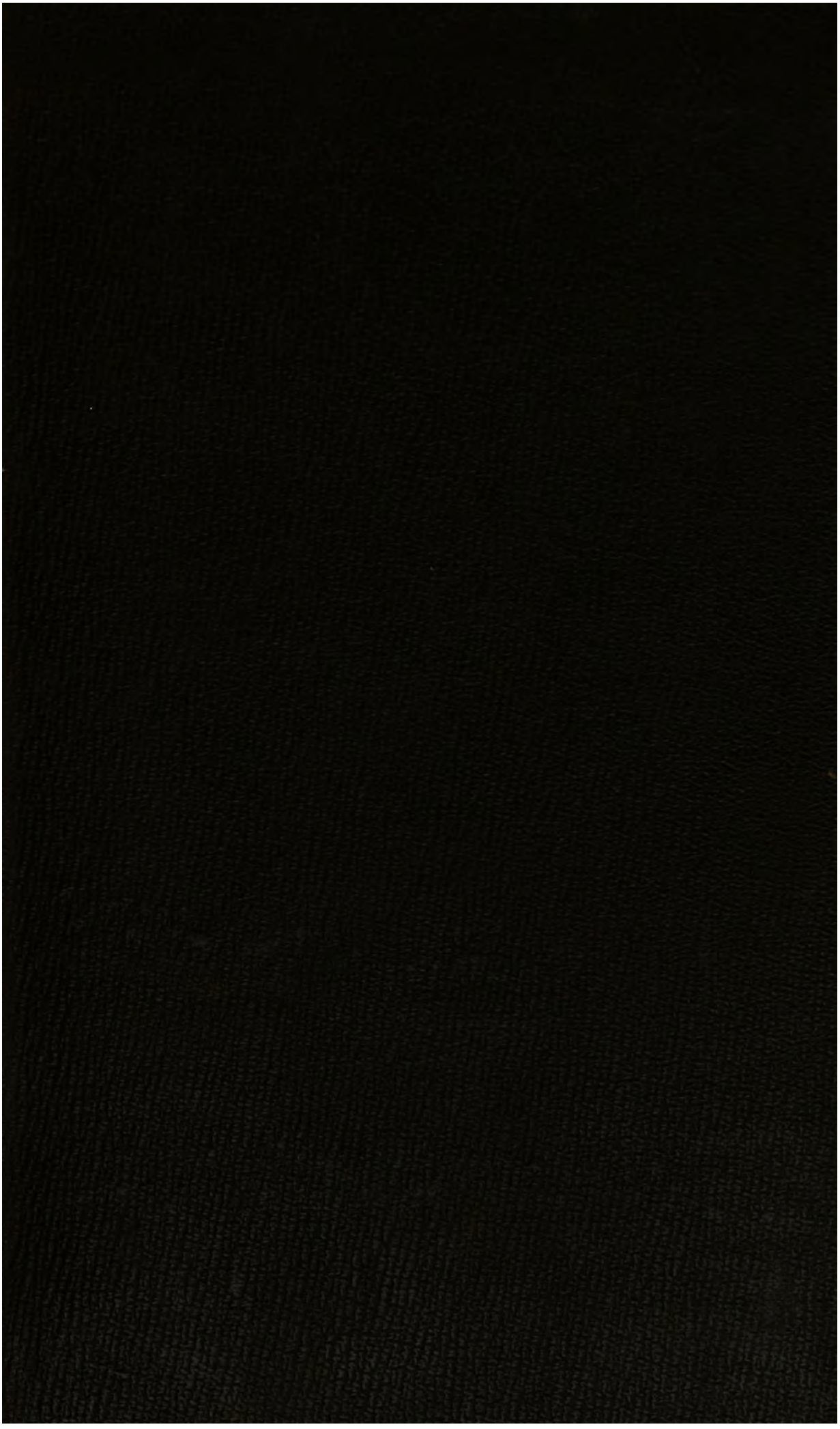

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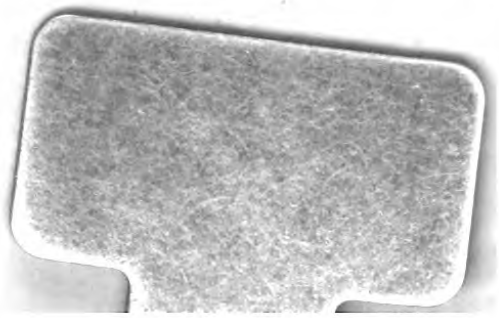

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF THE INGENIOUS AND LEARNED

WILLIAM MESTON, A. M.

SOMETIME PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY

IN THE

MARISCHAL COLLEGE OF ABERDEEN.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

THE AUTHOR's LIFE.

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

THE SEVENTH EDITION.

ABERDEEN:

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AND SOLD BY HIM, AND THE OTHER BOOKSELLERS.

1802.

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

WILLIAM MESTON was born in the pariſh of Midmar, in Aberdeenſhire, about the year 1688, and was deſcended not of rich, but of honeſt parents. His father was a blackſmith, and by his induſtry laboured to give his ſon a liberal education, to promote which the quickneſs of his parts greatly contributed. To the memory of this and his other parent, our author erected a monument, with a claſſical epitaph, in the pariſh churchyard of Midmar. He was bred at the Mariſchal 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 Doctors of the High School of Aberdeen, in which department he continued for ſome time. Some years after, the family of Mariſchal, being informed of his qualifications, took him under their patronage, 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 Mariſchal College, he was, by the intereſt of the Counteſs of Mariſchal, inſtalled in that capacity, for the diſcharge of which he was every way qualified. This office he filled 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 Dunottar Caſtle.

After the defeat at Sheriffmuir, he betook himſelf, with a few companions, to the hills, where he ſkulked 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 Providence, than act a part contrary to his conviction.

While the late Counteſs of Mariſchal 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

ſpects 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 learned; 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 for teaching, he acquired a pretty comfortable living: but economy 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 Turreff, 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 ſouth of the village, whereon the ſtudents were accuſtomed to divert themſelves at ſhuttlecock or cricket. A difference having ariſen between two of the young gentlemen, Mr. Gordon of Embo and Mr. John Grant of Denlugas, about the game, Mr. Grant ſtabbed Mr. Gordon with a courteau. 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 probed, 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 ſlanted 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 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

General Gordon of Auchintoul, to Field Marſhal Keith, then in the ſervice of Ruſſia, who received him on his arrival at Peterſburgh 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, through all the military gradations. As he was poſſeſſed 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 himſelf during the late war by many gallant and illuſtrious actions. Sometime before the concluſion of the peace he was made governor of Nieſs, in Sileſia, in which character he died in 1764.

But to return to the hiſtory of our Author: though no reflections could juſtly ly 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 Turreff.

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

which happened 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 Churchyard of Old Aberdeen, in a private manner; nor is his grave diſtinguiſhed either 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 philoſoper 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.

luctance. 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 *apropos*, 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 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 Jodocus her grandſon. Both theſe underwent ſeveral impreſſions. Some years after, the piece entitled Mob contra Mob was printed, and that recently after the riot, which is the ſubject of it, happened. The whole, however, was never before collected into one volume,

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.

TO

TO SOMEBODY.

DEDICATIONS and Prefaces 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 ſupplicant, who wanting one to introduce him, is obliged to knock gently at the gate, give in his petition (which contains all he has to ſay) with his own hand, without ſpeaking one word about his errand, and ſtand waiting, perhaps trembling and ſtarving, till his paper be read, approved, 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

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 could, by a juſt compariſon, prefer you to Mæcenas 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 (though 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 myſelf,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

QUIDAM.

PREFACE.

BOOKS 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 charmed with a chearful gay air: ſome with a ſerene, ſedate, and perhaps, auſtere look. Some love ſweet, and others ſharp ſauces. 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 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, who probably make the greateſt part of mankind.

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

Trojani belli ſcriptorem, maxime Lolli,
Dum tu declamas Romæ, Præneſte relegi:
Qui, quid ſit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Rectius et melius Chryſippo et 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 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 ſhewed themſelves both wiſe and lucky, in combating theſe with the proper weapons of burleſque and ridicule.

I have frequently obſerved young people jeſted

jeſted and laughed 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 advanced 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 hypocondriac diſeaſes, that muſt be cured with laughing and good humour, not with expoſtulating and ſyllogizing.

When knight-errantry was become epidemical, Don Quixote 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, (though 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

THE

KNIGHT OF THE KIRK:

OR, THE

ECCLESIASTICAL ADVENTURES

OF

Sir John Presbyter.

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 tipſie,
Not with thy *Heliconian* water,
But liquor that will make me clatter:
For all our niceſt criticks think,
Good rhime'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 *ambo*,
Tho' many of our Readers think
The rhime 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 rhime 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 rhime or reaſon I will take it.
Gramercie, madam; now I ſee,
That you excel 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 rhime 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 toſs'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 me chooſe her fur, to bear
In it his heterogeneous geer:
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 luck ſtars determine.
And end my toiling and my trudging;
Then he poſſeſs'd his landlord's lodging,

And out of doors he turn d his meſs-ſhip,
Becauſe foreſooth 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 epic 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.
Yet 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 muſhroms 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

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 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 ſtammer,
Yet had it creviſes 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 ſticked,
And wore them like a burgeſs-ticket.
A vizard 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 waiſtcoat under this, within,
Lin'd with a ſalamander's ſkin:
And then he had for a ſurtout,
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 victʼry 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 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 cloathing 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 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-breath 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 *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

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 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 faſh his head,
Nor ſtuff't with what he did not need;

He was contented with his ſhare,
It ſerv'd himſelf, he'd none to ſpare;
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 a bubble;
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;
Chineſe, *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*,
And all the other tongues of *Babel*,
With equal knowledge he could gabble.

To

To *Latin* he bore no good will,
And therefore had of it ſmall ſkill;
Latin, the language of the *beaſt*,
That's mumbl'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 *claſſic* 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 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*,

* *Rotia ſacra, Schema ſacrum, &c.*

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 *Paraſiopeſis*,
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 pleaſed 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

Not much unlike the bagpipe's dron,
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 logic 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*,
Controverſiæ to *Bocardo*;
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 revock 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;

* This is a *Pun*, and ſo is that of *Auguſtus*, *Vectius cum exaraſſet monumentum patris, dixit* Auguſtus, *Hoc vere eſt monumentum patris colere.* Which is enough to prove that *Punning* is claſſical.

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 ſlink 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 you 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,
Nor like a trimmer take it's poſt,
With either ſide that rules the roaſt:
It dwells not with theſe luck-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 logic, 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 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 ſceptres 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 metaphyſic quiddities,
He was as learned as *De Vries*,
A ſubtle *cobweb* he could ſpin,
And make a metaphyſic gin,
To catch the ſmalleſt entity,
Tho' *Ens Rationis* it would be;

* 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 ſubject to all kind of injuries, would he not write as St. Paul did? So that the Apoſtle did reſpect the men he wrote to, and his words are not to be extended to the body or people of a commonwealth or whole city. If St. Paul were alive, and ſaw wicked Kings reigning in chriſtian commonwealths, St Paul would ſay, that he accounted no ſuch for Kings; he would forbid all men ſpeaking to them, and keeping them company; 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 regni*, P. 50, 56, 57.

And keep it priſoner at will,
Until our *Knight*, by profound ſkill,
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 *Ethics* 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 Stoic 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 when he fought againſt his *Prince*,
He ſwore it was in his defence,
And ſtill maintain'd this arrant lie,

Until

* See *Bp. Burnett's Expoſition of the 39 Articles.*

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

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 *cloathes*.
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 headſtrong 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 ſore 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 bonn'ly on*,*
And to advance the good old Cauſe,
He murdered men againſt the laws ‡

Of

* At Glaſgow, they cauſed to be executed at the Market Croſs, upon October 28, 1645, Sir 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 Kirkmen 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;

Of arms, after giving quarter,
Which ne'er was done by *Turk* or *Tartar*.
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 lances, 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 *Glentanner*;
And any perſon at firſt ſight wou'd
Acknowledge, that they were a wight wood

Of

on which the army was let looſe upon them, and cut them all to pieces.—*Guthrie's Mem.* page 162.

Some of thoſe 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.

† See *Hobbe's State of Nature*: alſo, his Tract *de Cive*.

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,
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 befal 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 ſniſhen);
' 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

'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

'By all the head, ſince he abus'd it,
'And to its owners then refus'd it.'
'Hereditary right, *revera*,
'To ſceptres 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 *M'Gregor*,
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 accounted 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 *M'Gregor* 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

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 *Gregor* 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 *MacGregor*, Never flinch
From principles, nor ſpurn, nor winch:

Ne'er

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! *MacGregor*, 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,

* See *Knox's Hiſtory*, p. 231, 232; and his Letter to Cecil.

'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.
'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 *M'Gregor*,
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 *logic* as by force,
Was even oblig'd to yield his pelf,
And from worſe uſage ſave himſelf.
M'Gregor gloried in this project,
Of robbing him, by his own *logic*.
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 *Lipſic* acts.
He could tranſmit to demonſtration,

His

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 preceding 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 *Frith* 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 public credit ebbs and flows.
He had a *geometric* Scale,
To gage men's heads like caſks of ale,
And calculate all their dimenſions,
Capacities, plots, and intentions.
A *Chryſoſtatic* Balance he,
Contriv'd with utmoſt nicety,
For weighing *conſciences* 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 cleanſe 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 he *Tom Thumb* would rax and draw,
And cut from *Garagantua*,
Until he had them ſhap'd and fiz'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 fair.
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 outwit you:
They're made of truſty well taun'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 Touchſtone,
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 ſtandard *forty-nine.*

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 ſympathie,
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 like the *Macedonian* wight,
Diſſolve the ſame by ſlight or might.
He knew *Entelecheia Ontos*, *

And

* Ariſtotle's Definition of Motion.

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 inertiæ* 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 loadſtone draws the ſteel,
And turns the compaſs like a wheel,
When more attractive gold can draw,
Wiſe 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 candlelight does butterflies,
And better ſtipend draws Maſs *John*,
By act of tranſportation,
To leave his own ‡ kirk for a fatter, ‖
And labour hard till he be at her.
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 globe of earth ſhe ranges,

And

† Sir Iſaac Newton's Principles.
‡ Geneva. ‖ Scotland.

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 ſhreeds 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;
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

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

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 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 ſlaters,
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

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 æquilibrio*,
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 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 turnſpit 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 turnſpit dog the gooſe when roaſting.
For *Palmeſtry*, he ſeldom miſs'd
To bear his Fortune in his fiſt.
By phyſiognomy he knew
A *tory* face from a *true blue*.
By horoſcopes he could foretel
As well as any *Sydrophel*,
The fate of thoſe he mean't to murder;
In this his art could go no further.
He knew *Beelzebub's* whole commanders,

Imps,

* See *Calvin's Comment. on Daniel.*

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,
Of which, when they've th' effuſion got,
Their latter meat's not worth 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 travell'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 piſs'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;

* 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 Tullichgoram.

All which have tortur'd ſome men's brains
To underſtand, our Knight explains,
With all the *hocus-pocus* tricks,
Of witches riding on broomſticks,
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 Maſs *John Pettigrew*;
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 feuel,
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 *mathematic* demonſtration,
Our Knight had no great inclination,
The *Analytics*, and the *Fluxions*,
And *geometrical* conſtructions,
With all the *crabbed conic* 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 almanac,
'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 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 preacher at Toryburn is famous for diſcovering witches by ſmelling and pricking.

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

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 deſcrive,
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 feuel,
As if he blew to cool his gruel,
And ſquirting ſnow and hail among us,
When he untruſſes to bedung us:
Juſt ſo his *Phiz'* did lout and lour,
With aſpect ſullen, ſtern and ſour.
If wiſdom makes the face to ſhine,
According to a great divine,
What ſtore of it the *Knight* poſſeſt,
May by his gloomy looks be gueſs'd.
The force of his *Devotion* lies
In ſough, grimace, and white of eyes,
When he in homely terms expreſſes
His indigeſted raw *addreſſes*,

Which

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 *Frenchman* 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 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 vitiqus.*
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 bleſs 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'red *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 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 liberality,
'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

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 piſs upon her,
And *troopers* horſes he would ſtable,
Where he had his *Communion* table;
Which is his practice in our nation,
In times of pureſt *reformation*.
It was, he ſaid, Prelatic *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

* This was lately done in the *College Kirk* of *Old Aberdeen*; and at *Arbuthnot* and *Kineff*.

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,
When all the *Heavenly Choir* ſhall ſtring
Their *harps*, and *hallelujahs* 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 *hally* 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'

Altho' the laird of *Calder* preſs'd him, *
And with good arguments addreſs'd him,
(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*,
A *Turk*, a *Pagan*, or *diſſenter*,

Int

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

Into our churches ſhould they enter,
Who value goſpels and epiſtles,
And creeds, no more than children's 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 pigeon,
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 proſelyted.
He favour'd Egypt's old opinions,
Who worſhipp'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

* See *the Preſbyterian Eloquence.*

Old Egypt's onion and her garlic.
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 a rogue,
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 apart the days of faſting,

When

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 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 miſter,
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

* See *Mr. Webſter's Reaſons for not taking the Abjuration.*

After ſhe's got her *Jimric-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 height,
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 ſoal 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 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 beſt.
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

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 *Alcor'n*,*
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 loggerhead environ
With large broad horns made of iron,
But then, I think we muſt allow,

* See *Alcoran*, Chap. *Of the Cow.*

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 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 lack
Of *Tory* foe to hew or hack,
To keep his hand in uſe, our ſoldier
Began to bang his lackie *Roger*,
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 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

* 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* exclaimed againſt it as downright *Babyloniſh*.

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 cloſe 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 Clyde 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 thyſelf!
For tho' I am for parity,
I'll ne'er allow't 'twixt me and thee.
Forbear to cope then with 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 *Rutherford*,
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 believers 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 alarm,
And almoſt rent our kirk aſunder,
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 tranſgreſſors
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 *metaphyſic quibblers*:
And wilt thou, *Numſkull!* dare to vote,
And ſpeak again, when I ſay not?
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 rifted:
(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

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-thread with a briſtle,
And patch a hole up with a clout,
Know, Sir, I will have word about.
And is thy loggerhead ſo dull,
Replied the *Knight*, or thy thick ſkull
So empty, that thou muſt be thinking,
Becauſe a club of coblers drinking,
'Monſt 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 *Preſbytery*,
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 Buchanan,
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 yourſelf 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'

† 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.

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 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,
Conven'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 ſat 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 give it to our *independent*

Aſſociates,

* 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 *Salmaſius'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.

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*.
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 topſiyturvy 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 are, ſaid *Jack*, mad and fanatic,
And you, quoth *Roger*, are prelatic.
You're worſe, ſaid *Knight*, than *Sancho Pancha*;
And you, than *Quixotte de la Mancha*,
Quoth *Groom*. You ſilly ſot, 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

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* bloodſhed 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.

MY 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 MOTHER GRIM's

TALES,

Found in an old MANUSCRIPT, dated 1527.

NOW PUBLISHED COMPLETE.

TO THE

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 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

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

I ſay, I cannot think on theſe things, without being ſurpriſed with admiration, that you have not met with more addreſſes 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 addreſſes 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 then this reaſon vaniſhed, when I obſerved, that we could not want ſufficient materials of panegyric in our addreſſes, and abundance of topics, 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 return 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 poſtulate, your motto may be, *idem vultus, eadem frons.*

This made me conclude, that your want of addreſſes 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 abhoring to be a factious tool, or burdening the public to fill your own pockets, or enrich ſelf-ſeeking miniſters.

Theſe things, far from ſcareing, ſoon determined

termined me to break the ice, and preſent you with one addreſs, which I am fully aſſured will keep your ſublunary ſubjects from ſnarling, cenſuring, miſconſtructing, 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.

GREAT SIR,

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

THE

THE

PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

AS 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 critics will excuſe her,
Whether you hate her tales, or love them,
Condemn them raſhly, or approve them,
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 now beneath the ſun.

OLD

OLD MOTHER GRIM'S

TALES.

INTRODUCTION.

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,
Come all, at laſt, to Goody Grim;
Who, when ſhe was ſixſcore 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'd with ſoot, and ſnuſh and bubblings,
Her grandchild found theſe following ſcribblings,
With fifty merks, no more nor leſs,
To put her writings to the preſs.

TALE

TALE I.

A GRECIAN TALE.

———Erupit venæ pejoris in ævum
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, 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,
Conferr'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 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 debarr'd all acceſs
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 curſed crew of Cretians,
Would be a melancholy tale;
The thought e'en makes my ſpirits fail.

With grief old Grim was ſo oppreſt,
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,
Who, by their ſkill, can ſoon inſpire us
And with poetic fury fire us;
So have they 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 mens heads on rhyming,
On fiddling, whiſtling, piping, chiming,
And made their tongues glib in romancing,
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.

TALE II.

TARQUIN AND TULLIA.

A ROMAN TALE.

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

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

To

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 aukwardly 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 blackeſt calumnies their ſovereign load,
A poiſon'd brother, and dark league abroad;
A ſon unjuſtly topp'd upon the throne,
Who ſince has prov'd undoubtedly his own,
Tho', as the law was then, 'twas his behoof,
Who diſpoſſeſs'd the heir, to bring the proof.
This helliſh charge they back'd with diſmal frights,
The uſe of property and ſacred rites,
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,
Whoſe 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.
This wretch, by letters, did invite his foes,
And us'd all means her father to depoſe;
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

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 traffic 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 corpſe 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 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 repreſt,
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 poſſeſt 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 excel.

They who renounc'd their God for dearer trade,
Are now the guardians of religion made;
Rebels were ſainted, 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;
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,
Fanatic 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 baffl'd juſtice, and their injur'd Prince;
Theſe ſhine to after times—each ſacred name
Stands deep recorded in the books of fame.

TALE III.

THE LION AND HIS SUBJECTS.

Nobilis eſt ira leonis,
Parcere ſubjectis & debellare ſuperbos.

THE gen'rous Lion long the ſceptre ſway'd,
And all the beaſts moſt cheerfully obey'd;
No crafty fox, nor any hard-ſkull'd brute,
Their rightful ſovereign's title durſt diſpute;
His rage made ſtubborn haughty rebels bow,

And

And gen'rouſly he pardon'd them when low.
The flock ſecure in fertile paſtures fed,
By careful guides to pleaſant meadows led,
Where chryſtal 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 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 graſs 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 ſure,
The Lion's race ſtraight you muſt all abjure.
It grieves me that one Lioneſs remains;
But ſhou'd I live I'd drive her from theſe plains:
Yet ſure I am the ſerpents ſoon will kill
This Lioneſs, with poiſon, ſting, or pill.
Men eaſily may prophecy 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 yield?
Or thick-ſkull'd beaſts be ſubject to the laws
Eſtabliſh'd by a tawny Lion's paws?
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 frighted 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 crowd, all in a ring,
Cry'd with one voice, Long live our new horn'd King!
The frogs and toads with hoarſer 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

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 baiting.

TALE IV.

THE REAL AND PRETENDED PARENT.

Præſtat ſero ſapere quam nunquam.

THE preaching Monarch, the ſweet ſinger'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 ſuffer rather, and with meaſures mild
Reclaim a ſon, than kill a rebel child.
Step-fathers 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

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 die,
Then 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 panders,
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,
Sweetheart and dear, to get more of thy money;
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;
Thyſelf and conduct, juſtly they deſpiſe,
And bid thee boaſt and glory in thy choice.

Forſake the beaſt, thyſelf and rights recover,
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

Forgetting all that thou haſt done before;
Whores, rogues, and bullies, he will ſoon expel,
In peace and plenty making thee to dwell.

TALE V.

THE COBLER.—AN IRISH TALE.

———*eſt genus unum*
Stultitiæ, nihilum metuenda timentis. HOR.

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

Of

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 wanted nought of human bliſs,
But pow'r to taſte his happineſs.
Too near, alas! this great man's hall,
A merry cobler 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 landſcapes veil,
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' intolerable 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 cobler 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;
Strait circumſtances crowded plain,
To vex and plague his jealous brain;
Trembling in panic 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 muſic, 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 cobler 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 dragg'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,
Not dreaming 'twould his neighbour hurt,
To ſit in *freſco* 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 windmills 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 premiſes;
I hope, my friends, you'll grant me all,
A windmill'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 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;*
Emetics ſtrong will do the feat,
If taken *quantum ſufficit;*
I'll ſee myſelf the proper doſe,
And go hypnotics 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 cobler ſent for to the ſpot,
And taught to manage the deceit,
And not his doublet to forget.
But firſt, the operator wiſe
Over his ſight a bandage ties,
For vomits always ſtrain the eyes.
Courage! I'll make you diſembogue,
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 cobler 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

Without his hammer and his thong.
The cobler humour'd what was ſpoke,
And gravely carried on the joke;
As he heard name each ſingle matter,
He chuck'd it ſouſe 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 cobler could not ſtay behind,
Who to the ale-houſe ſtill would go,
Whene'er he wanted work to do;
Nor could he like his preſent place,
He ne'er loved water in his days.
At length he takes a ſecond bout,
Enough to turn him inſide out;
With vehemence ſo ſore he ſtrains
As would have ſplit another's brains.
Ah! here the cobler 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.

MORAL.

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

TALE VI.

A DUTCH TALE.

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

WHEN 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 cobler,
Although the text was very mean,
Yet our Maſs 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'

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 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, poſſeſt
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 houſes, 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 complete his eaſe and reſt,
Was with a faithful Steward bleſt,
Who knew his buſineſs exactly,
Of wool could tell where every pack 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 public 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 warehouſe,
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 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 miſchief 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 inſect weed,
Equivocally, without ſeed,
And have no poſſible foundation,
But merely in th' imagination,
And yet will do more dreadful tricks,
Then witches riding on broomſticks;
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 ;
Fanci'd his ſteward ſlyly 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 poſſeſt,
That night nor day he could not reſt ;
What does John Bull, in this condition,
But writes to Frog for a phyſician !
'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.
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 vaniſh,
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 hect'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 confederacy
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

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.
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 blooding, 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

(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, 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*;
Blooding the hemorhoidal veins
Will clear his head of vap'riſh pains,
And theſe brooght from the German coaſt,
Will longeſt ſtick, and ſuck the moſt;
Leſt any harm befal his body,

He muſt be kept in ſafe cuſtody,
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 deſunt, ſupplenda tamen cum poſtulat uſus.

TALE VII.

A VISION.

Conſtitit ante oculos caræ genetricis imago.

AT 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 feel 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 majeſtic 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 warn thee of the vengeance heav'n provides,
To puniſh unrepenting parricides.
Can quiet ſlumbers ever cloſe thine eyes?

Or

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, fulſome 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 expreſt.
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;
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

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 wand'ring 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 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 deft 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 not a crafty Highland Demon,
MacGillivray, 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 paultry 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 Strathboggie green,
At Coupar, Perth, and other places,
Which men frequent to ſee horſe races;
In fine MacBane's louſe won the race,
Who ſtill of Donald takes the place.
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 how 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 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 Philipſburgh 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 Sheriffmuir,
Where both ſides ran right well, 'tis ſure;
How Highland lice could play a prankie,
And win the race at Killicrankie:
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 millionth part might raiſe lice forces,
Of what is ſpent on men and horſes.

TALE

TALE IX.

PHÆTON BURLESQUED.

[From Ovid's Metamorphoſis, *Lib.* II. *Fab.* I.]

———*Ingreditur dubitati tecta parentis.*

SOL's manor was a pretty good houſe,
But meaner far than Holyroodhouſe:
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,
Salmon 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 when to eat his oyſters raw,
When crabs are beſt, *&c.*
This houſe at night did lodge the God;
You know all day he's ſtill abroad.
When Phæton came to the door,
Doubting his mother was a whore,

He chapp'd, and then put in his head,
Pull'd off his cap, and ſaid, God ſpeed,
And having made a homely jook,
Spy'd Phœbus 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 Phæton, '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 ſhould 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 Phœbus pulling off his hat,
Said, 'By my ſaul, 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

'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, Phæton, look round about,
'Aſk any thing; for, as I live,
'Thou cannot aſk what I'll not give.
'May Phœbus never ſee, I pray,
'The morning of another day,
'But in a halter may I hing,
'If I deny thee any thing.'
Quoth Phæton, 'I love to ride,
'Then, father, only let me guide
'Your hackney-jades, and until night
'About the world drive day-light.'
At this old Phœbus ſhook his head,
And, clawing where there was no need,
He ſpat, and fidging twice or thrice,
Said, 'Phæton, 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 wildfire, like a juggler, ſpit,
'To fright poor mortals out of wit,
'He cannot guide my ſteeds, mark that,

'And

'And who with Jove can *bell the cat?*
'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:
'The crab, the lobſter, or the piſcis,
'Or ſome ſuch paultry ſtuff as this is.
'And then, to waſh thy pickled throat,
'Thou muſt drink of a water-pot.
'Nor could the beſt of thy endeavours
'Rightly manage my headſtrong avers:
'When they begin to ſpurn and kick,
'As oft they uſe this vicious trick,
'They make myſelf, who am more able
'Than thou, ſeek all the ſeats i' th' ſaddle.
'For God's ſake then, be wiſe, and think on't,
'And ſay not, Would to God I had done't?

'Thy

'Thy miſchief now muſt be prevented,
'Or afterwards thou wilt repent it.
'Thou aſks a gift, and would be glad,
'To know if Phœbus be thy dad:
'This is a thing I never doubted,
'I took thy mother's word about it;
'And had thou wit as thou haſt years,
'Thou might perceive it by my fears.
'Conſider only, if Apollo,
'The God of wit, would be ſo ſhallow,
'So great a blockhead, or ſo dull,
'To vex his head, or rack his ſkull,
'With needleſs fears or cares, and that
'For any common ſtrumpet's brat;
'If I did ſo, (as proverb tells),
'I well deſerved hood and bells.
'Judge ye how ſuch a dreſs would fit
'The noddle of the God of wit.
'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 hodged up his breeches,
And finiſhed his learned ſpeeches.
But Phæton, 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 Phœbus, 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 ſundials mar,
He leads the boy unto the car.
This coach, I'd have you underſtand
Old Brookie made with his own hand;
For Phœbus, 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 meſsſhip.
' 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 played his game.
Yet notwithſtanding this, he judged,
In gratitude he was obliged
To Phœbus, 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 Phæton 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 Phœbus 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 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 loth,
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 Phœbus, 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 *apropos*.
Now Phœbus 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 Phœbus 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 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 until his guts did tumble,
Then out theſe following words did mumble :
' My ſon, obſerve what I'm to tell you,

' And

'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 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 Phæton you are demented,

'Quoth

'Quoth Sol, e'er ſun-ſet you'll repent it.'
Mean time the ſteeds began to neigh,
The coachman 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 Phæton, like a young noble,
Now ſeated in his father car,
Look'd ev'n as big as Muſcow's Czar:
As ſhips, that bear more ſail then ballaſt,
Slinger before the very ſmalleſt,
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 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 bags of ſand, this is corrected;
But this by Phœbus 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 quite forſake the King's highway.
And now, our poor young charioteer
Was ſeized with a panic 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 truſs'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 artic pole.
The dog, ſtark mad, began to ſnarle
At poor Bootes, an old carle,
Who ran away with his wheelbarrow,
So faſt, he almoſt ſweat his marrow.
The ſerpent, in this hurly-burly.
Benum'd with cold before, look'd ſurly.
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 ſoal o'ground.
Oft did he wiſh he'd had a pox,
When firſt 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

Drives on, the pilot knows not whither,
At mercy of the winds and tides,
Juſt ſo our hackney coachman 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 toſt with jolting and with hobblings,
And terrify'd with ſtrange hobgoblins,
Which, up and down, diſperſedly
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 deſarts 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 bleſs us.)
'All nature topſy turvy turns,
'The clouds he into aſhes burns,
'Which ſends up ſuch ſtinking ſmoak,
'God help me, I am like to choak.'
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 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 hurkle bones,
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

'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 ſallad?
'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 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 ſint a drop was in his barrels.
Then up the firefork he did ſnatch,
And ties to it a fiery match;
'Mad coachman 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;
So here's an end of this fine ſtory,
Judge ye if Phœbus was not ſorry.
So we have 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.

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,
One ſtory more I mean to give you;
Which I ſhall very ſoon diſcuſs,
Then hearken, Sirs, it follows thus:
An honeſt Man once had a Mare,
Right well equipp'd with riding gear,
Well fed, and ſleek like any plum
The tint 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

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 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 ſint 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 returned by weeping-croſs.
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 melancholy 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 greas'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

Mounted the mare, which to her daddy
Belong'd, and after him none other
Had right to ride her but her brother.
  Then after her, a humdrum 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,
Reſets 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 aukwardly 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, *Oui.*
There is a proverb, I have heard it,
"A fidging mare ſhould be well girded."
Mynheer, then know you how to guide her?
Je ne ſcai 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.
Oui, quoth he, for I pray damn her.
  His Wife had brought him forth a ſon,
Juſt ſuch a thing as Phæton,
A ſtrange fantaſtic Gilligapous,

Begot

Begot by Seignior Priapus;
A knight well known by his large ballop,
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 befal 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,
A ſkeleton, a Roſinante,
Strigoſa valde, non ut ante;
When fat ſhe flang like old Jeſhurim,

(Were

(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 fling;
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 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,

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 oppreſt her,
In ſerving a dull thing her maſter,
From whence ſhe never got a bait,
Tho' ſhe toil'd for him air 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 Quixotte 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,
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 reſented.
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 romantic 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 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 blutt'ring huffy raggamuffin,
Whoſe head-piece had but little ſtuffin;

Tho'

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, ſlim-ſlam 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 patters not a boddle, *
Since it is ſure his head it ſeiz'd,
And him with ſtrange chimeras pleas'd,
Firſt he reſolved the Mare to feed
(Which now was ſtarv'd, and almoſt dead)
With dilſe 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 galley
From Ne'er-found-land, to Exchange-alley,
Where ſhe expos'd this South Sea gear,

* The ſmalleſt Scots copper coin.

(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 ſcrubb'd and rubb'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 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, vaniſhes 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 lirk 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 circumamblent air perfum'd,
As may be very well preſum'd,
With ſcent that was not aromatic,
And which turn'd many heads lunatic,
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

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 pack of troubles,
As having nought but dilſe and bubbles
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 toſs 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 ſint 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.
Meantime 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

Break up a door, or elſe unlock it,
And then would raiſe the hue and cry
Againſt ſome neighbour paſſing by.
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 robb'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,
Tell 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.

JODOCUS GRIM'S

POEMS.

ON THE DEATH OF *CHARLES XII. KING* OF *SWEDEN.*

OH! 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 robb'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
Worſhipp'd the idol which their hands had made,
A thoughtleſs, dull, and mere precarious thing,
The faction's tool, a titulary king,
Drowned in luxury and ignoble eaſe,
Whom maſques and balls, and vicious ſhows could pleaſe;

Then

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 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;
Thou knew'ſt his worth, thou knew'ſt his matchleſs fame;
No nation ſo remote but knew his name.

With

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*.

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

All join to weep his vanquiſh'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

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.

Mortals, while Heav'n permits it you,
The bright example imitate;
Alas! 'tis juſt expoſed 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', relentleſs in her doom,
Hard deſtiny abridg'd his years,
Immortal honours grace his tomb,
And all the hero now appears.

So

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 when danger awes,
And he, o'erpower'd, is forc'd to yield.

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 lys
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 ly,
Th' etherial part does ſtill remain,
And ſeeks, unſtain'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 corpſe, which duſt defiles,
Inſulted by the ſpiteful crew,
And at th' unpowerful malice ſmiles.

But whither, with attempt ſo vain,
Would the raſh muſe advance her flight?
Can the 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 muſe's 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 homage 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.

CATO's

CATO's GHOST.

FROM 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 thy 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 hononr 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 weighty vengeance, ſome chos'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 Cromwell, 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!
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 afraid?
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.

PROLOGUE TO THE RECRUITING OFFICER.

[*Acted by ſome Young Gentlemen for their Diverſion.*]

WHEN 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 frolic 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 completes 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 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

IMITATION OF HORACE'S ODE V. BOOK IV.
TO AUGUSTUS.

WHEN, 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 invites, and calls you here,
With a fond mother's pious prayer.
Be calm, ye winds, and gently waft him o'er,

Truth,

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 poſſeſt 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——ſs mercenary force,
The Belgic lion, or the B———k horſe,
  G——e ſhall reſign his guilty reign,
  And lead his G——s back again.
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.

A HYMN ON THE APPROACH OF THE 29TH OF MAY.

IMMENSE 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 wond'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 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 chace 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

I'd ſing aloud, " Glory to GOD on high,
" And peace to man, for our ſalvation's nigh!"

From MOUNT ALEXANDER.

A HOLY ODE FROM MOUNT ALEXANDER.

WHEN 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 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 Godhead 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,

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.

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.

LETTER

LETTER CONCERNING STATE OATHS.

[*From a Gentleman to his Brother.*]

WHAT, 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 Camelion:
Beſides, yon 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

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 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 encroach,
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 broth,
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

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.

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 crowd 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 rules,
But nature bruſh'd and furbiſh'd up in ſchools,
Whoſe works we value, and admire the more,
The nearer they approach to nature's ſhore?
How mean are all the faint eſſays of art,
When natnre fails to act her proper part?

Pull

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 fountains 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.

TO THE FREE-MASONS.

NO more, my Muſe, in doggrel rhyme delight,
The preſent theme requires a higher flight;
Too long thou'ſt liv'd 'monſt ſhrubs and heath; too long
Pleas'd rural ears with thy more rural ſong;
Employ 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 deſarts 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 manor-houſe prepare,

By

By whoſe induſtrious pains and art, anon,
The earth herſelf a better face put on;
From lowly vallies 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 nonage, when the gods,
In groves and thickets had their ſole abodes,
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
Make 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.

MOB CONTRA MOB:

OR, THE

RABBLERS RABBLED.

CANTO I.

IN 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 lie, in calling God their Father;
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

With moſt ſeraphic emptineſs.
When uprightneſs and honeſty,
Inſipid 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 prelatic 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 Glore 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 ſpite,
Produc'd, was called Claim of Right;
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 Whoreſon fought againſt his brother;
Like thoſe ſprung from the Dragon's Teeth,
One brother ſought 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 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 Proſody or Logic,
He kindly may excuſe my Babble;
So I return unto the Rabble.

CANTO II.

THIS 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 Paternoſters,
Doxolgies, 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 Clyde,
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 Bothwell Bridges,
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;
Kilmarnock Knives and Forks, and Bodkins,
Pickaxes, 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 mitr'd heads, and the King's Evil.
Thus Mountebanks and Urine gazers,
Armed with Pincers, Launcets, Razors,
With Spatulas and Clyſter 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,
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 trig it too, till then let's ſtop here.

CANTO III.

IN 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 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 oftimes 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 Tiptoes 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 poſſeſſes,
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.
They are not fond of Innovations,
Nor covet much new Reformations;
They are not for new Paths, but rather
Each one jogs after his old father;
In other things diſcreet and ſober,
Their Zeal no warmer than October:
Tho' ſtately, which is much admir'd,
Their Zeal and Courage too were fir'd,
Which makes me mind a good old Tale
My Good-dame told, 'Tread on a Snail,
'Tho' ſhe be ſimple, yet no doubt
'The Snail her horns will put out.'
With Zeal and Avarice poſſeſt,
Our Reformators could not reſt,
Till of this place they got poſſeſſion,
And forc'd on it their new Confeſſion;
When arguments could not prevail,
And all their other Acts did fail,
Once more they rendezvous the Rabble,
To plant the Kirk with Gun and Shabble.
For tho' it ſtill be frankly granted
By every one that's covenanted,
That Canons are the Pope's engines,
To carry on his black deſigns,
Found out in Antichriſtian ſchools;
Yet Piſtols may be pious tools,
And in the Kirk, when militant,
There ought to be no ſwordleſs Saint.

CANTO IV.

ABOUT the ports of Aberdeen
The Hotch-potch Rabble did conveen,
Of different Names, and different Natures,
Complexions, Principles, and Features;
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 Satan,
And many of the tribe of Dathan;
Some Phariſees and Hypocrites,
Conſultors, Scribes, and Paraſites,
Mechanics 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, ſpurr'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 ſtorm and take the Kirk of Deer.
Perhaps the reader here may wonder,
How Tories could commit this Blunder,

And in a Preſbyterian quarrel
Expoſe themſelves to certain peril;
They only did what hath been done,
There's nothing new beneath the ſun.
A mitr'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,
Deſpotic 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 preceding the engagement,
Some Scouts went off from the Kirk Reg'ment,
Deſigning for to view the Trenches,
But were oppos'd by warlike Wenches,
Whoſe Man-like courage ſoon did ſtop,
And routed the Forlorn Hope:
Theſe Wenches with Scarecrows were armed,
By which our Troopers ſore were harmed,
By ſwinging theſe about their heads,
Moſt of the Riders loſt their Steeds,
And, ſtunned with the martial ſound,
Dropt topſy-turvy to the ground;

The reſt, oppreſt with panic 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.
Meantime a Ploughman, 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,
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 Ruſtic with a Flail;
'When Handy Blows come in the play,
'Both Law and Reaſon muſt give way:
'No Rhetoric, nor Logic term,
'Can then ſecure our Bones from harm;
'It is in vain to think that words
'Can guard us from theſe Stones and Swords;
'So further, Sir, ere we proceed,
'To chuſe a Leader we have need.'
Ralph vouched 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 Siſters
Had twiſted 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 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 Baillie 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,

'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 Baillie 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 Carles 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.
Meantime a Midden he did mount,
His Courage then made him ſo witleſs,
In rage and fury to draw Cutlaſs.
This Cutlaſs was a peaceful thing,
As ever was in Numa's reign;
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 warriors aſſiſtance;
Then to advance to the Kirk Door,
Attended with his Guard du 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, 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 cow'rdly whelps,
At diſtance ſtands and loudly yelps,
With tuſks unſheath'd, the Crowd he dares;
But if he chance to turn his arſe,
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,

Yea, inſtances can be produc'd,
That he more Rebels hath reduc'd,
To their Allegiance back again,
Than Staremberg 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 courge 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.'
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,
Until a young malignant brother
Came up, who loſt his thumb ſiniſter
Reſcuing the fanatic 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 raiſed from his fall,
Was now a two legg'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,
Until 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 addreſt,
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

'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 ruſe 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 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 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 *Mynheer* 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 Rabble'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.

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 Dantzic 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 coſt,
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 poſſeſt him,
Made him to pray the Wife to neſt him;
She quickly yields to all he begs,
Aud ſhelters him betwixt her legs.
So once a reverend Son of Levi,
The Females Darling, Mr. DAVY,
When for the good Old Cauſe purſu'd,
His goddeſs Venus him reſcu'd,
Moving a godly ſighing Siſter,
To hide the Saint in his great Miſter,
In the ſame bed with her own Daughter,

Where

Where ſweet inbearing Truths he taught her;
To Venus altar he did bow,
His Thanks and Gratitude to ſhew;
And worſhipp'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 aud 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,
The Mob with Courage to inſpire,
But was the firſt who did retire.

CANTO VI.

WHAT Mortal can recount the perils
Of thoſe who live by broils and quarrels,
And who do gain their daily bread

By

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 it 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 Kirkmen 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 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 Ploughmen 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

THE CONTRAST REVERSED;

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 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

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.

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 ſire
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 VALOUR, 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

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 in the liſts ſhall GLADAN have a place,
And FALCANFIELD 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.

APPENDIX.

Dialogue *between* K. W.— *and* Q. A.— *on her Arrival at, &c.*

W———m, *making a low Bow.*

MADAM, 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 preferr'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

Wherein am I inferior to you?
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 undone.
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 ſlavery 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.

IPECACUHANA;

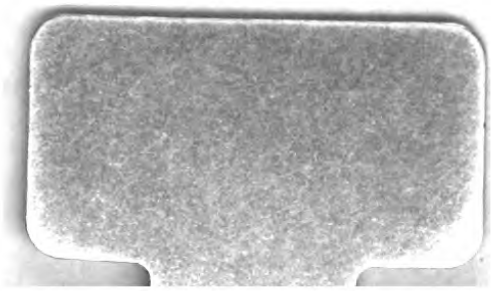
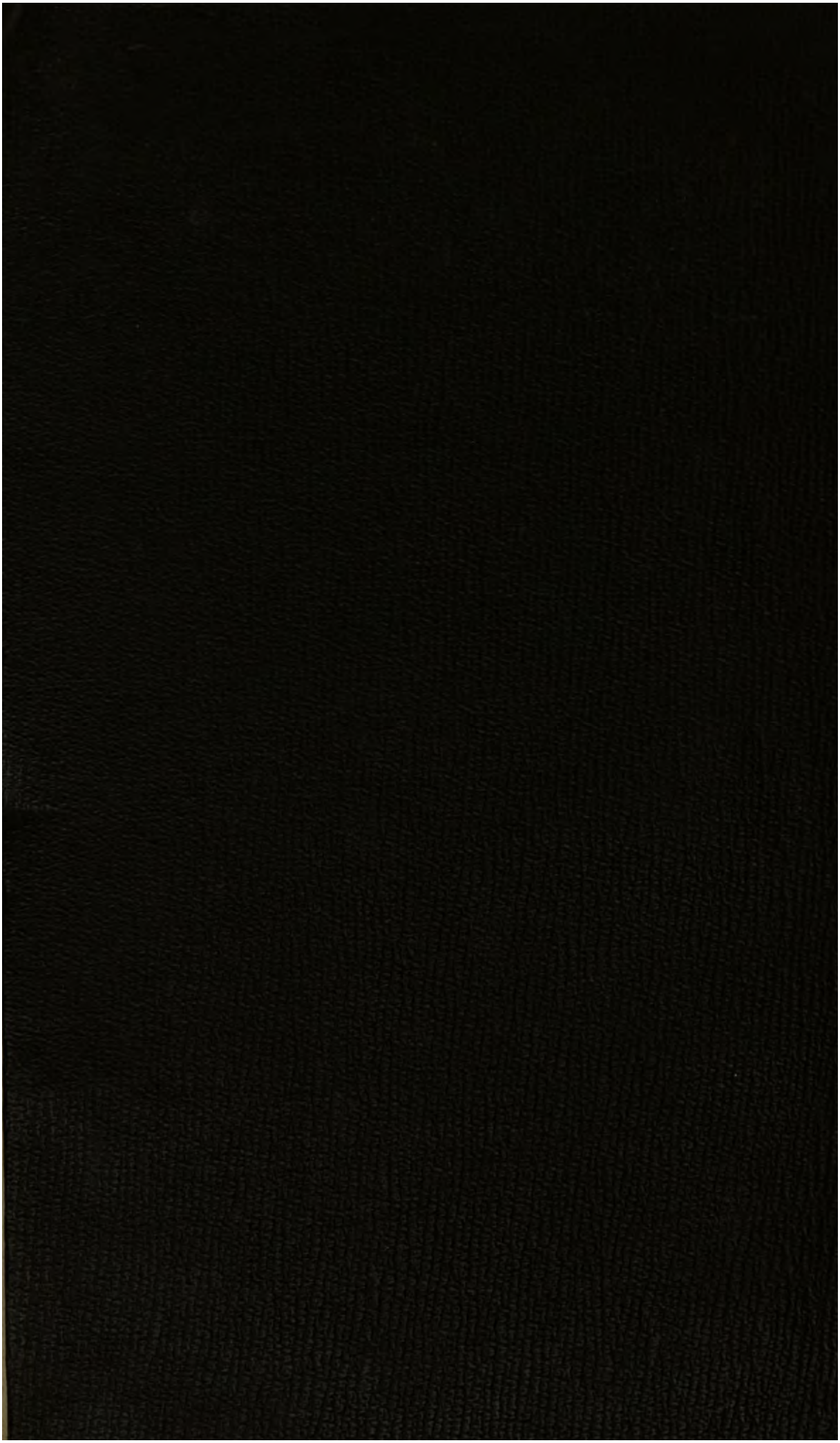
OR,

PHYSIC FOR THE D——L.

LATELY 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 ſham *Don Pedro* of *G—k—die*,
The D—l came and fetch'd him *inde*;

With

* A Price upon a Head.

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 them 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 fiends, 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!

THE END.