



Mr. F. J. R. Royal. 1807
Scarronides,

OR

700

VIRGIL TRAVESTIE,

A

MOCK POEM,

ON THE

FIRST AND FOURTH BOOKS

OF

VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS,



THE THIRTEENTH EDITION.

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1)



VIRGIL 709

TRAVESTIE.



I SING the Man (read it who list,
A *Trojan* true as ever pist,)
Who from *Troy-Town*, by Wind and Weather
To *Italy* (and God knows whither)
Was pack'd, and rack'd, and lost, and tost,
And bounc'd from Pillar unto Post.
Long wander'd he thro' thick and thin;
Half-roasted now, now wet to th' Skin:
By Sea and Land, by Day and Night;
Forc'd, as 'tis said, by the Gods Spite:
Altho' the wiser Sort suppose,
'Twas by an old Grudge of Juno's,
A Murrain^u curry-all curst Wives!
He needs must go, the Devil drives.
Much suffer'd he likewise in War,
Many dry Blows, and many a Scar:
Many a Rap, and much ado
At Quarter-staff and Cudgels too;

Before he could be quiet for 'em,
 (Pox of all Knaves, for I abhor 'em :)
 But this same Yonker at the last,
 (All Brawls and Squabbles over-past)
 And all these Rake-hells overcome,
 Did build a pretty Grange, call'd *Rome*.

But oh, my Muse! put me in mind,
 To which o'th' Gods was he unkind :
 Or, what the plague did Juno mean,
 (That cross-grain'd, peevish, scolding Quean,
 That scratching, cater-wawling Puss)
 To use an honest fellow thus?
 (To curry him like Pelts at Tanners,)
 (Have Goddesses no better Manners?)

A little Town there was of old,
 Thatch'd with good Straw to keep out Cold,
 Hight *Carthage*, which (if not bely'd)
 Was by the *Tyrians* occupy'd;

The lustiest Carles thereabouts,
 Rich Cuffs and very sturdy Louts.
 Now this same *Carthage*, you must know,
 Juno did love out of all whoe :
 There are alive that yet will swear it,
 No Village like it, no Place near it :

Except a Place, forsooth, that's famous
 For her own Birth, a Farm call'd *Samos* ;
 Here she her Trinkets kept, and odd Things,
 Her Needles, Poking-sticks, and Bodkins ;

And here in House with her own Key locks,
She us'd to keep her Coach and Peacocks.

This Place then mainly pleas'd her Humour;
But she had heard a scurvy Rumour;
That *Trojans*, arm'd in Coats of Chamlet,
Should one Day overthrow her Hamlet;
Plunder her Chests, Joint-stools, and Tables,
And burn her Cow-houses and Stables.

She, fearful of this sad Prediction,
(Which prov'd a true one, and no Fiction,)
And mindful of her injur'd Honour,
When *Paris* gave the Apple from her;
Did many Years bend her Devotion,
To drown *Æneas* in the Ocean;
And many a slipp'ry Trick she plaid him,
Till *Jove* at last o'er Sea convey'd him;
So hard it is, where an old Grudge is,
To get out of a Woman's Clutches.

Æneas had not been o' th' Water
Above an Hour, or such a matter;
Nor further row'd, than we may rate

'Twixt *Parson's Dock* and *Billingsgate*,
Or say, betwixt *Dover* and *Calice*,
When *Juno* (full of her old Malice)
Thus with herself began to mutter;
Cannot I drown these Crows i' th' Gutter?
Must they go on, fearing no Colours?
And cannot I squander their Scullers?

Must these same *Trojan* Rascals nose me,
 Because the Fates (forsooth) oppose me?
 Pallas could Wherries burn and Gallies,
 And clatter Mortals Bones like Tallies:
 But I, Jove's Sister and his Wife,
 Can do no Mischief for my Life.

Juno enrag'd, and fretting thus,
 Runs me unto one *Æolus*:
 This *Æolus*, as Stories tell us,
 Could backward blow, like a Smith's Bellows,
 A Day, a Week, a Month together;
 And by his Farting, make foul Weather;
 Blow Men, and Trees, and Houses down;
 Great Ships and almost Fishes drown.
 He was, in fine, the loud'st of Farters;
 Yet could command his hinder Quarters,
 Correct his Tail, and only blow
 If there Occasion were, or so:

Whom Jove observing to be so stern,
 In the wise Conduct of his Postern,
 He made him King of all the Puffers,
 Which he (because he knew them Huffers)
 Durst no where venture, I must tell ye,
 But in the Caverns of his Belly:
 Which having but one Postern-Gate
 For these mad Boys to sally at,
 He might the faster peg them in,
 And by the plucking out a pin,

Then (at his Ease) Arsing about
To any Quarter, let them out.
To this same King Queen Juno posted,
And thus in flatt'ring Terms accosted ;
Thou mighty King, whose potent Sway,
The lawless Blust'ers do obey ;
Whose Nod the stubborn'st Winds do dread ;
(Even altho' in *Scotland* bred.)
Thou, whose unruly Empire reaches
As far as the wide Compass stretches ;
Hear a poor Queen's Request, and say,
Thou'lt do't: For I must have no Nay.

There are a few Tatter-de-mallions,
That (with a Pox) would be *Italians*,
And into *Latium* now are going,
With Oar and Sculls tugging and rowing :
A Crew of drunken roaring Ruffins,
Lewd, wand'ring, sturdy Ragamuffins :
Rascals, I hate, as I do Garlick,
And yet the Rogues are stout and warlike :
If therefore thou wilt smoke these Roysters,
And sowse them all like pickl'd Oysters,
There is a pretty Maid of mine,
Call'd Die, shall be thy Concubine.
Æolus hearken'd to this Story,
With no small Pride, no little Glory ;
To have a Queen so gay and trim,
Come to request a Boon of him !

But th' Wench, i' th' Tail of the Preamble,
 O that ! That made his Bowels wamble,
 And made him grin with warm desire,
 The windy God was all on Fire.

He, list'ning stood, wrigling and scraping ;
 But durst not bow, for fear of 'scaping ;
 Until at last, with Cap in Hand, Sir,
 He thus return'd with modest Answer.

O Queen, (quoth he) my Thanks are real,
 That you will use your Servant Æol :
 And should I not pay your Civility,
 To th' utmost of my poor Ability,
 Who art great Jove's Sister and Wife,
 It were e'en Pity of my Life :

I'll play these Rake-bells such a prank,
 I'll leave them neither Oar nor Plank,
 Say you no more, the Thing is done ;
 I'll drown 'em ev'ry Mother's Son.

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

But, I beseech your Grace, in no wise
 Forget the Woman, that you promise.

Juno at that, away does go,

And in less while than I am speaking,
 Was got as high as Top of Réking :

No bigger now than School-boys Kite,
 And now clean vanish'd out of Sight.

7,8 PAGE MISSING IN BOOK

This Fellow, and his boist'rous Rout,
Finds me o' th' Sea, the *Trojans* out.

Æneas, and his wand'ring Mates,
Were, at that Time, angling for Sprats ;
Thinking no harm no more than we do,
(For all was fine and fair to see to)
When, all o' th' sudden ; oh, who'd think it,
(By this good Drink, I mean to drink it !)
It grew so dark, that wanting Light,
They could not see the Fishes bite ;
And strait, ere one could say what's this ?
The Winds began to howl and hiss,
And in the turning of a Hand, Sir,
They grew so big, one could not stand, Sir.
Then follow'd Rain, Lightning, and Thunder,
As the whole World would fly asunder.
Æneas hearing the Winds threatening,
And seeing monstrous Billows beating,
Knowing they purpos'd to dispatch him,
And that the Haddocks watch'd to catch him ;
Fell presently in a cold Sweat,
So sick he could not drink nor eat ;
'Twas all the World to twenty Pound,
He had not fall'n into a Swoon ;
But by Jove's Favour being blest,
With Guts in's Head above the rest ;
Like to a cunning Chapman, he
Made Virtue of Necessity.

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

With woeful Heart, and blubber'd Eyes,
Lifting his Mutton-fists to th' Skies,
He therefore pray'd, O Jupiter!
Either hear now, or never hear;
Now, now, thy trusty *Trojans* cherish,
Help now, or never, else we perish.

Could not Tydides at *Troy* Town,
Should he be hang'd, once knock me down?
Nor yet the merry *Greek*, Achilles,
When he kill'd lusty Hector, kill these?
And must we now be sent for Dishes,
To Sharks, and such like greedy Fishes?

Thus went he on with his Orisons,
Which, if you mark 'em well, were wise ones,
Now praying, now expostulating;
But he might e'en have held his prating;
For Jove, if he had been more near him,
The Noise was such, he could not hear him:
The Winds grew louder still and louder,
And play'd their Gambols with a Powder:
Then, then indeed, began the Pudder,
Here an Oar broke, and there a Rudder;
Here a Boat kicking on the Surges,
And theré one sinking in a Gurges.
Three Boats a Wind call'd *Notus* rustles,
Upon a paltry Bed of Muscles,

And there did roaring Eurus dabble ye,
In Quick-sands deep, most lamentably.

One Wherry that the Lycians carry'd,
And one Orontes, never marry'd,
Was, just about the Time of Dinner,
O'erwhelm'd, and all the Men within her.

Orontes, tho' he was confounded,
Yet very loth to be thus drowned,
Did all he could with might and main,
To have swum back to Land again.

His Skill he to the Trial puts,
But could not do it for his Guts:
And therefore was souc'd up for Cod-fish;
I doubt he prov'd but very odd-fish.

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

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

This Blade, when he first heard the Sea-ring,
Was pickling Pilchards, Sprats, and Herring:
But at the Noise he throws his tray,
Fishes, and Salt, and all away.
And taking up his three-fork'd Trout-spear,
Hey, hey, (quoth he) what a brave Rout's here?
Under his Arms he had two Bladders,
By which he mounted without Ladders;
And thrusting's Head above the Water,
Says, What a veng'ance, ho's the matter?
Then seeing round how Things were vary'd,
And how the *Trojans* had miscarry'd;
He straight began to smell a Rat,
And soon perceiv'd what they'd be at:
For he knew all Juno's contriving,
And spite, as well as any living.

Have you not seen upon a River
A Water-Dog that is a Diver,
Bring out his Mallard, and eft-soons
Be-shake his shaggy Pantaloons?
So Neptune, when he first appears,
Shakes the salt Liquor from his Ears,

And made the Winds themselves to doubt him,
He threw the Water so about him.
Vext at the Plucks to see this clutter,
He scarce could speak, but spurt and sputter.

Till beck'ning Zephyrus and Eurus,
He thus began in Language furious:
How durst you, Rogues, take the Opinion
To vapour here in my Dominion,
Without my Leave; and make a lurry,
That Men cannot be quiet for ye?
Rascals, I shall!—But well! Go to,
I now have something else to do;
If e'er again I catch you creaking,
'Tis odds I spoil your Bagpipes squeaking.
And Sirrah, you there: Goodman Blaster,
Go tell that farting Fool your Master,
That such a whistling Scab as he,
Was ne'er cut out to rule the Sea;

But that it to my Empire fell:
Bid him go vapour to his Cell;
There let him puff and domineer,
But make no more such foisting here.
And for what's past, (if my aim miss not)
I'll teach him fize! in his Piss-pot.
Scarce had he bubbl'd out his Sentence,
But that they fled to shew Repentance.
And he that erst had made a din most,
Now cry'd, The Devil take the hindmost.

Ev'n as a Flock of Geese do flutter,
When crafty Reynard comes to supper ;
So nimble flew away these Scoundrels,
Glad they had 'scap'd, and sav'd their Poundrels.

Now all was fair again and frolick,
The Sea no more troubled with Cholick ;
The Sun shone bright, as on May-day,
Had there been Grass, one might made Hay :
But yet some Boats stuck on the Flats,
Their Men all dash'd like Water-Rats.
Neptune at this his Speed redoubles,
To ease them of their Peck of Troubles :
He thrust his Muck-Fork in two Faddom,
Betwixt the Boats, and that that staid 'em,
And lifted them sheer off as clever,
As he had had a Crow or Leaver :
Now, Sirs, (quoth he) you may go forward,
And row East, West, or South, or Northward ;
If the Rogues come again, I'll swill 'em ;
I love a dog that comes from *Ilium*.
And you, Æneas, and your Men,
If e'er you come this way agen,
I hope you'll call, or I'st be sorry ;
I'll have a Dish of Lobsters for ye.
Æneas, who was gentle-hearted,
Scrap'd him a Leg, and so was parted.

They take their Sculls again, and ply 'em,
Hanging their Jerkins out to dry 'em ;

Away they cut as swift as Swallows,
Ploughing the Sea as Men do Fallows.
Till ere a Man could well tell Ten,
Or go to th' Door, and back agen,
They all as plainly saw the other
Side, as we now see one another:
Then there old tugging was, and pulling,
Never such plying and such sculling:
They whoop'd, and sung gladder and gladder,
I think, *March* Hares were never madder.
At last, all Dangers notwithstanding,
They came unto a Place of Landing;
A Pair of Stairs they found, not big Stairs,
Just such another Pair as *Trigg Stairs*.
Not made for Watermen, but Women,
That use to come and wash their Linen:
There was odd striving then and thrusting,
Which with their Sculler should get first in.
Sirs (quoth *Æneas*) shew some breeding,
Let's have no more haste than good speeding;
Have Patience, Gentiles, I implore ye,
And let your Betters go before ye:
With that, they all gave Place, and Reason;
It else had been no less than Treason;
Whilst our *Æneas*, at two Leapings,
Set the first Foot upon the Steppings;
Then all the rest came in a Bundle,
As they would burst each other's Trundle.

Weary they were, the Wind had douc'd 'em,
And so they sat 'em down and lous'd 'em.

After a while, a Fellow knocks
Fire, with a Steel and Tinder-Box.
For each Man had his Flint and Touch-wood,
The World besides could shew no such Wood;
Then Sticks they gather, Leaves and Briers,
And fell a making them good Fires;
Then Skellets, Pans, Posnets put on,
To make them Porridge without Mutton.

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

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

His Arrow in the String he nocks,
And shoots among the harmless Flocks:
These prov'd at Chance to be the fairest,
But he still shot at that was nearest.

Seven Lordly Tups he wounded mortal,
The other Shots he made were short all :
These to his hungry Mates he lurries,
(Pray what's his due that Mutton worries?)
Here, Lads, quoth he, here's Sides and Haunches,
Fall to, and fill your empty Paunches.

Scarce had he made an end of Boasting,
But some to Boiling fell, some Roasting :
'Twas soon enough, and to't they fall,
They eat up Mutton, Guts and all ;
Yet scarce could satisfy their Hungers,
These *Trojans* were such Mutton-mongers.
There was by Chance a Stoop of Liquor,
Cork'd up in Bottles made of Wicker,
Giv'n by my Hostess, I conceive,
When first Æneas took his leave :
This Drink (to make the Feast the fuller)
Æneas fetch'd out of his Sculler ;
And, like a Man had something in him,
Gave it as free as e'er 'twas gi'n him :
Himself a Dish he first pour'd out,
For fear it would not go about :
Then stroaking up his Whiskers greasy,
He thus begins in Words most easy :
Here, Lads, have at ye, and be merry,
W'are got at last safe o'er the Ferry :
And tho' we've had but angry Work, yet
Let's make the best of a bad Market :

To-day let's drink, and hang To-morrow,
A Grain of Mirth's worth Pounds of Sorrow.
Be blith and jolly then as may be,
Faint heart, you know, ne'er wins fair Lady:
What tho' a while we fair but hardly,
Yet in the End does our Reward lie:
We shall win Houses, Lands and Doxies,
With dainty Patches where no Pox is:
And then all this that seems t' undo us,
Will be but Sport and Pastime to us.

Thus did the subtle Fornicator
Set a good Face on a bad Matter:
As who should make 'em understand
How pretty a Fellow he was on's Hand;
When I (for all's brave all) must tell ye,
His Heart then panted in his Belly.

Down glides his Ale over his Pallet,
As glib as't had been Oil of Sallet:
And all the rest, in their due Order
Quaff'd till their Drink would go no further.
Now having spent their Drink and Vittles,
They rise and wipe their greasy Thwittles;
And stroaking them, began to mind 'em
Of those were left at Sea behind 'em:
With that, Æneas made a Motion
To climb the Hills, and look on th'Ocean,
If from the Cliffs and Promontories,
They might espy their Fellow Tories.

At that they went, some this, some that Way,
Some went not far, and some a great Way;
Some whoop'd, some hollow'd, and some shouted,
Some thought 'em safe, and others doubted;
Some laid their Ears to Ground in cunning,
To list if they could hear them coming:
But all in vain; for none could spy 'em;
They call'd their Friends, for none was nigh 'em.

At last, by gen'ral Approbation,
They laid 'em down, as was the fashion,
And slept, being tir'd with Pains and Feasting,
When Belly's full, Bones will be resting.

Asleep they lie snorting and snoring,
With such a Noise as made the Shore ring,
Or such a Din as Dogs do utter,
When they by Night together clutter;
Snarling and swearing in lewd fashion,
For Bitch of evil conversation:

When Jove, who was, belike, at Leisure,
Walking, or for his Health, or Pleasure.
Looking about on ev'ry side him,
O' the' Lybian Coasts at last espy'd 'em,
And said in merry kind of Japping,
Indeed, Sirs, have I ta'en you napping?
Scarce had he spoke, when all o'th'sudden,
Whilst he was on the Trojans stud'ing,
Who should come there to do her Duty,
But Venus that was Queen of Beauty.

This Venus, without counterfeiting,
Was a fine Lass on's own begetting :
Thou ne'er saw'st prettier in thy Life,
Although he had her not by's Wife,
But by a Fish-wench he was Kind to,
And so she came in at the Window :
Now Venus was Æneas Mother,
Bully Anchises was his Father :
In the Behalf then of her By-blow,
Which had endured many a dry-Blow,
She weeping came, sighing and throbbing,
And hardly could she speak for sobbing.
Until at last, with a fine Linen,
Wrought round with Blue, of her own spinning,
Wiping her Face from Tears and Snivil,
She thus begun in Words most civil :

O thou, of Gods and Men, the King,
That can'st do any kind of Thing ;
That past their wits dost Mortals frighten ;
When thou or Thunder dost, or Lighten ;
What could Æneas do to thee ?
Who car'st a Fart for no Body :

Or the poor *Trojans*, what have they done,
That thus they still must be made Fools on ?
And that thou wilt for no Persuasions
Let them go follow their Occasions ?

I'm sure you promis'd me, and swore it,
(Ev'n let who can, forgive you for it)

21,22 PAGE MISSING IN BOOK

This Merc'ry, you must understand, Sir,
Had formerly been a Rope-Dancer :
A nimble Rascal, and a Dapper,
Full deftly could he cut a Caper,
Dance, run, leap, frisk and curvet,
Tumble and do the Somerset ;
And fly with artificial Wings,
Ty'd to his Head and Heels with Strings .
'Twas he first taught to fly i'th' Air,
As we have seen at *Bartle-Fair* ;
A nimble, witty Knave, I warrant,
And one that well could say his Errant :
An exc'lent Servant in plain dealing,
But that he was inclin'd to stealing.
Sirrah, (quoth Jove) go take your Pumps,
And haste to *Carthage*, stir your Stumps,
And, as thou art a cunning Prater,
Play me the fine Insinuator .
Dido and all her *Carthaginians*,
Possess throughout with kind Opinions
Of the poor *Trojans*, lest Queen Dido
Not knowing Things so well as I do,
Should shew 'em all a Trick of Pass-pass,
And chance t' indict 'em for a Trespass.
Away he flies sans further Speech,
As he had had a Squib in's Breech ;
And suddenly, without discerning,
Set all the *Tyrians* Bowels yearning ;

Dido, for her part, swore, a *Trojan*
Should do the Feat for her, or no Man.
Mean while the *Trojans* slept at ease,
Unless sometimes bit by white Fleas,
Their soft Repose in quiet taking,
Only *Æneas* he was waking ;
Who whilst the Night was dark and o'ercast,
Like one that had an exc'lent Fore-cast,
Lay thinking now his Guts grew limber,
How they might get more Belly-Timber :
No sooner the Light first came creeping,
But that he cry'd, Ah Fool, art peeping ?
And up he starts to go a stealing,
Either a Mutt'ning or a Vealing ;
And yet he thought, being a Stranger,
To go alone might be some Danger ;
Therefore he deem'd it not amiss,
To call a Trusty Friend of his ;
And that he might go on the bolder,
He laid a Two-hand bat on's Shoulder.

Thus going then abroad for Food,
He meets his Mother in a Wood ;
So smug she was, and so array'd,
He took his Mother for a Maid :
A great Mistake in her whose charms
So oft by Mars, the God of arms,
Enjoyed had been, and by that lout
Adonis, who the Woods did scout.

Full oft when Smug was blowing Bellows,
Would she be trucking with good Fellows;
And let herself be chuckt as tamely,
As if therein there did no Blame ly,
By Mars, and many a one beside,
Or else she foully is bely'd.

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

No truly (quoth Æneas mild)
I saw nor Man, Woman or Child;
Yet, though I say't, had I been nigh her,
I could as well as others, spy her:
But who art thou that speak'st so shrill,
As if thy Words came through a Quill?
Thou art of gentle Kindred surely,
Thou look'st and speakest so demurely;
Therefore, Good Mistress, or Good Lady,
I do beseech you, if it may be,
To put us out of Fear or Dangers,
Tell's where we are, for we are Strangers?

Venus, at that wriggling and mumping,
Cries, Pray young Man leave off your frumping;
For until now I've met with no Man,
E'er took me for a Gentlewoman;

She that I ask for is my Sister,
I wonder how the Pox you mist her!
We were this Morning sent in haste
To fetch a Sow that lies at Mast.
Yond Town was built by one Agenor,
The Land's so good it needs no Meaner:
 One Dido now is Queen on't, who
Run hither a good while ago:
She is a Queen of gentle bearing,
Whose Story will be worth the hearing:
But should I tell it all out-right,
I think t'would last a Winter's Night.
Therefore in short, this same Queen Dido,
Who now, alas! is left a Widow!
Had one Sichæus to her Honey,
A wealthy Man in Land and Money;
Whom one Pigmalion, unawares,
Kill'd, as he was saying on's Prayers;
Only for lucre of his Pelf,
Which he had thought t'have had himself,
And fob'd Queen Dido off some Season,
(Who cry'd and blubber'd out of reason)
By telling her a Flim-flam Prattle,
That he was gone to buy some Cattle:
But on a Time, as without doubt,
Murder at some odd time will out:
One Night as she did sleep and snore,
As she had never slept before,

Into her Chamber, Doors unlocking,
Comes me her Husband without knocking,
A Link he in his Hand did brandish,
His Face was paler than your Band is ;
Nearer he came, and would have kiss'd her ;
At which she well nigh had bepiss'd her ;
But being a Ghost of civil fashion,
He gave her Words of Consolation.

Quoth he, I murther'd am, my Jewel,
By ways most Barbarous and Cruel :
And for to shew I tell no Fibs,
Look what a Hole here's in my Ribs.
And if thou stay'st, that Rogue Pigmalion
Will rend and tear thee like a Lion :
Therefore be gone, thou, and thy Meany,
But leave the Rascal ne'er a Penny
To bless himself ; it lies each Farthing,
In an old Butter-pot i'th'Garden.

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

At last she came with all her People,
To yonder Town with the Spire-Steeple,

And bought as much good feeding Ground for
 Five Marks, as some would give five Pound for ;
 Where now she lives a Huswife wary,
 Has her Ground stockt, and keeps a Dairy :
 And now, young Men, I pray ye, shew me
 Whence do ye come, or whither go ye ?

This being said, our lusty Swabber
 Groan'd like a Woman in her Labour,
 And looking rufully upon her,
 Oh ! Dame, quoth he, brim full of Honour,
 Should I begin my Story spinning
 From the first End to th' last Beginning,
 I doubt to finish we should miss time,
 For it would last till t' morrow this time.

We *Trojans* are of *Troy-town* Race,
 (If e'er you heard of such a Place ;)
 And I *Æneas* fam'd in Fight ;
 But much more for a Carpet-Knight :
 Who bring along our Country-Gods,
 A Company of smoaky Toads,
 Catch'd out o'th' Fire from the *Greek*,
 When all the Town was of a Reek ;
 And can derive my Pedigree,
 (Although I say't) with any He,
 That is perhaps fuller of Pride,
 Especially by th' Mother's side.
 Did my Fame never hither come ?
 I'm talk'd of far and near at home ;

To tell you truly as a Friend,
For *Italy* we do intend,
And put to Sea in paltry Weather,
With twenty Pair of Oars together :
Of which there hardly are left seven,
Which put into the Shore last Even.

Venus the while Æneas eying,
And seeing he could scarce hold crying ;
Thus cut him off in courteous Fashion,
I'th' midst on's pitiful Relation.

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

Go me to th' Queen now out of Hand,
And show her how your Matters stand :
She'll make you welcome for her Part :
She loves tall Fellows in her Heart :
There, on my honest Word, you'll meet
Your lost companions, I fore-see't ;
And have all Things that you would wish,
Or surely I was taught amiss :
(And I a Father had could make,
In time of need an Almanack)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I'th' middle of the Town there stood
A goodly Elm o'ergrown with Wood :
And under that were Stocks most dully,
To lock them fast that were unruly :
There sat they down to ease their Travel,
Picking their sweaty Toes from Gravel,
And look'd about as they lay lurking,
To see the busy *Tyrians* working ;

But none could see them for their Spell,
They were so hid, they might as well,
Tho' they had been never so nigh 'em,
See through a double Door as spy 'em.
Near stood the Church, a pretty Building,
Plain as a Pike-staff without gilding,
I cannot liken any to it,
Unless't be *Pancras*, if you know it.

This Church Queen Dido, 'tis related,
Built, and to Juno dedicated,
And was beholden unto none,
But built it all both Stick and stone,
At her own proper Cost and Charges ;
No Church i'th' Country near so large is :
It was well laid with Lime and Mortar ;
For so the Workmen did exhort her,
Because it would be so much stronger,
And so, you know, would last the longer :
It had a Door peg'd with a Pin,
To shut Folks out, or let Folks in,
And in a pretty wooden Steeple,
A Low Bell hung to call the People.
Æneas and his Friend went thither,
Seeing a many Folks together,
Whose misty Cloaks so well did hide 'em,
That in they went, and no one spy'd 'em.

But then they wonder'd to behold
The Images so manifold,

That staring stood in sundry Places,
As if they would fly in their Faces:
Then quoth Æneas to's Comrade,
This Fellow Master was on's Trade,
That pictur'd these: Look, look, as I am
An honest Man, yonder's our Priam;
See where he stands in Silk and Sattin,
As he could speak both Greek and Latin:
Whoop, yonder's Hector too, and Troylus.
Look thee, how there the *Græcians* foil us;
And there our trusty *Trojans* do
Bang them, and pay them quid for quo.
Yonder Achilles gives a Rap,
With his Cock-feather in his Cap:
And yonder's one, for all's Bravado,
Knocks him with lusty Bastinado.
How came these here to be pictur'd thus?
Sure all the World has heard of us.

Whilst thus Æneas sad and muddy,
Stood musing in a dark brown Study,
In comes Queen Dido, that fair Lady,
In Apron white, as on a May-day:
A crew of Roysters waited on her,
Which there were call'd her Men of Honour:
All clad in fair blue Coats and Badges,
To whom Queen Dido paid good Wages.
Ev'n as a proper Woman shows,
When unto Wake, or Fair she goes,

Clad in her best Apparel, so
Queen Dido ail this time did show,
And was so brave a buxom Lass,
That she did all the Town surpass.
Into the midst o' th' Church she marches,
And there betwixt a Pair of Arches,
Upon a Stool set for the nonce,
She wen' to rest her Marrow-bones,
And on a Cushion stuf't with Flocks,
She clapt her dainty Pair of Docks.

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

Here whilst Æneas squeez'd and thrust is,
To see Queen Dido doing Justice:

Who should he but his Fellow spy,
Got into Dido's Company :
There Antheus was (no Mortal fiercer)
And one Sergestus too, a Mercer,
With other *Trojans* that would vapor,
Cloanthus too, the Woolen-draper,
All which and forty *Trojans* more,
Were wonderfully got to Shore.
At this Æneas and his Friend,
Were e'en almost at their Wits End ;
Z'lid, Jove forgive me that I swear,
Quoth he, how think'st, how came they here ?
Nay, quoth the other presently,
Æneas, what a Pox know I ?

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

At last they saw one Ilioneus,
A *Trojan* very Ceremonious :
A Youth of very fine Condition,
A very pretty Rhetorician :
One that could Write, and Read, and had
Been bred at Free-school from a Lad,

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

Alas, we come not to purloin,
Either your Cattle or your Coin,
Neither to filch Linen or Woollen,
Nor yet to steal away your Pullen ;
W'have no such knavish Ends as these,
But only to beg Bread and Cheese.

We were hard rowing to a Place,
A hardish Kind of Name it was,
Where once your what shall's call'ums (rot 'em,
It makes me mad I have forget 'em)
Liv'd a great while; but now d'ye see,
'Tis known by th' Name of *Italy*:

When on a sudden one Orion
Powder'd upon us, like a Lion,
And squander'd us on Flats and Shelves,
Enough to make us drown ourselves:
So that of Sixscore Men, and deft ones,
Even here, O Queen, are all that's left on's.
Then what should all your *Tyrians* thus
To scowl and look askew at us;
O where the Devil were they bred?
Sure ranker Clowns ne'er liv'd by Bread!
And, for to tell your Grace my Thought,
I think they're better fed than taught;
For (as I am an honest Man,
Let 'em deny it if they can)
No sooner landed we to bait us,
But that the Rogues threw Cow-turds at us.
But, Queen, I hope, thoul't teach the Wretches
Henceforth to meddle with their Matches.

Aeneas once did us command,
A taller Fellow of his Hand,
Nor honester, ne'er did, or shall
Draw up a Trapstick to a Wall.

If he but live, and that already
He be not drowned in some Eddy,
You of your Cost will ne'er repent you,
For to a Penny he'll content you.

Look then o'th' *Trojans* and befriend 'em,
Let's draw our Boats ashore and mend 'em,
We'll promise you, that if we meet,
Our Captain with the rest o'th' Fleet.
And if he be not turn'd t' a Gudgeon,
We towards *Italy* will trudge on;
And if that he shall still be lacking,
Then back again we'll straight be packing.

Dido like Woman of good Fashion,
Gave special Heed to his Relation,
And all the while he did relate it,
Mumprt like a Bride that would be at it.
At last when he had told his Tale,
Mantling like Mare in Martingale,
She thus reply'd, *Trojans* be cheary,
Pluck up your Hearts, and rest you merry;
Our Town-folks here are something wary,
Not that they any Ill-will bear ye;
For they are very honest Fellows,
But that of late a Chance besel us.
To tell you true, the other Day,
When all my Folks were gone to th' Hay,
A lusty Rascal, such a one
As one of you (dispraise to none)

Comes into th' Yard, and off the Hedge,
Where all our Cloaths were hung to bleach,
Whips me a Brand-new Flaxen Smock,
The very best of all my Stock;
And runs away wi't in a Trice:

'T had ne'er been on my Back past twice:
But you, I know, such Baseness scorn,
You all are Men well bred and born;
Who has not heard o'th' *Trojan* People,
And of *Æneas* and his Swipple?
Nor shall you find us Dames of *Tyre*,
So far remov'd from Phæbus Fire;
But we can cherish lusty Yeomen,
And pity woe like other Women.

Therefore you shall, whether you go
Straight on to *Italy*, or no;
Or whether you row on the Main,
To your own Parish back again,
Have what you want, nor will I dun ye,
But pay me when you can get Money:

But if you tarry here, this Town
That I now build shall be your own;
And be as free you *Trojans* shall,
As any Tyriant of 'em all.

A Man's a Man, as I have read,
Though he have but a Hose on's Head.
And I could wish that the same Weather
That blew your tatter'd Scullers hither,

Would blow Æneas hither too,
 And then there were no more to do.
 But I'll send out my Men; who knows,
 But he may now be picking Sloes
 In our Town-Woods, or getting Nuts,
 For very need to fill his Guts?

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

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

For's Mother had so dizen'd him,
 That he shoud shew both neat and trim:

Tho' (truly!) he was but an odd Man,
Splay-mouth, crump-shoulder'd, like the God Pan:
Yet could he not i'th' Nick invent
Her Majesty a Compliment:

But scratch'd his Head, and 'gan to sputter,
His Elbow rub'd, and kept a Clutter,
Mopping and mowing, till at last,
All Difficulties over-past,
In Courtly Phrase it thus came out:

Madam (gouth he) your humble Trout:
That same Æneas, whom you prize thus,
Is here without Deceptio visus:
I that same very Man am here,
And come to taste of your good Cheer:
O Dido, Primrose of Perfection,
Who only grantest kind Protection
To wandring *Trojans*, how shall we
E'er pay thee for this Courtesie!
We never can, my dainty Friend,
Then let Jove do't, and there's an End.

Thus having ended his fine Speech,
Towards the Queen he turn'd his Breech;
And spoke to's Men, says, Lads how is't?
Come, give me every one a Fist;
How dost thou, Guy? and Sirs, how d'ye?
Now by my Troth, I'm glad to see ye;
'Tis better being here I trow,
Than where we were a while ago,

No longer since than Yesterday :
Welcome to *Tyre* as I may say.

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

Queen Dido ravish'd to behold
The Carriage sweet of this Springold,
Star'd for a while as she'd look through him,
And then thus brake her Mind unto him :

O thou who hast so finely been bred,
And com'd art of such honest Kindred,
By what strange Luck has thou been hurry'd,
As if the Fates would thee have worry'd :
'Tis strange thou hast not burst thy Hoops,
Thou'st been so bang'd about the Stoops,
Art thou *Æneas* with th' great Ware
So famous for a Cudgel-player,
Whom *Venus* with her fine Devices,
Bore that old bruiser, good *Anchises* ?
My Father *Belus* went with *Teucer*,
(I think he had not many sprucer)
To take Possession of an Island,
That was some twenty Rood of dry-land.
And he still gave great Commendations
Of *Trojans* 'bove all other Nations ;
He could have nam'd you all by dozens,
And told me you and he were Cousins,

Therefore, young Men, to *Carthage* you
Are welcome without more ado :

I have myself (I'd have you know)

Been driven to my Shifts e'er now,

And therefore in my Jurisdiction,

Pity a Beast that's in Affliction :

With that she stretched forth a Hand,

So white, it made *Æneas* stand

Amaz'd to see't (for know that she

Still washt her Hands in Chamber-lee)

And led *Æneas* in kind Fashion,

Towards her Grace's Habitation ;

And made a Curtzy at the Door,

And pray'd him to go in before :

But he most curteously cry'd, no,

I hope I'm better bred than so ;

But let him say what he say could,

Dido swore Faith and Troth he should :

Well (quoth *Æneas*) I see still

Women and Fools must have their Will :

And thereupon without more talking,

Enters before her proudly stalking.

Scarce were they got within the Doors,

But *Dido* call'd her Maids all Whores,

And a great Coyl and Scolding kept,

Because the House was not clean swept.

Then all in haste away she sends

Victuals unto *Æneas*' Friends ;

Pease porridge, Bacon, Pudding, Sowse,
O'th' very best she had i'th' House ;
Butter and Curds, and Cheeses plenty,
'To fill their Guts that were full empty..
Bidding them eat, and never save it,
But call for more, and they should have it.

This being done, the dainty Queen
Conducts the *Trojans* further in ;
Into a Parlor neat she takes 'em,
And there most fairly welcome makes 'em :
She serv'd 'em Drink and Victuals up,
As long as they would eat or sup ;
Whilst each one there so play'd the Glutton,
That he was forced to unbutton..
No sooner had the *Trojans* bold
Stuff'd their Guts full as they would hold ;
But that *Æneas* strait begun,
All to bethink him of his Son.

Now you must know that he had had
A wench, and by that Wench a Lad :
The Lass *Creusa* had to Name,
Whom (be it spoken to their Shame)
The *Greeks* when first they took *Troy City*,
Did put to Death, without all Pity :
Because she would not (how unjust !)
Submit her Person to their Lust.

His Son *Ascanius* hight, a Page,
About some dozen Years of Age,

This Boy Æneas sent Achates
To fetch (quoth he) since we feed gratis,
Why should not now my little Bastard,
(That I dare swear would prove no Dastard)
Come to Queen Dido's House, and feast
As we have done o'th' very best?
Go fetch him then, and let him bring's
Out of my Coffer, those gay Things
I sav'd at *Troy*; which for their Fineness
He shall present unto her Highness.
There is a Riding-hood and Safe-guard
Of yellow Lace, bound with a brave-guard,
Which Helen wore, the very Day
That Paris stole her quite away.
Then there's a Distaff neatly wrought,
That Paris too for Helen bought,
For carved Works fit to be seen,
Betwixt the Legs of any Queen.
And then there is a fair great Ruff,
Made of a pure and costly Stuff,
To wear about her Highness Neck,
Like Miss Kocaneys in the Peak;
And last a Quoif, wrought gorgeously
With Tinsel, and Blue Coventry:
Then go as fast as th' canst, I prithee,
And bring him and these Presents with thee.

Away goes he, as he was bidden,
Running as fast as if h' had ridden;

But Venus that same cunning Dame,
Had yet another Trick to play 'em.
She had no very good Opinion
Of your so smooth tongu'd *Carthaginian* :
Nor knew she but the Queen might be
As full of Craft as Courtesy ;
And she was sure that Juno would
Do all the Mischief that she could ;
Therefore she in all haste did run
T' a Boy call'd Cupid was her Son.

This Cupid was a little Tyny,
Cogging, Lying, Peevish Nyny ;
No bigger than a good Point Tag,
But yet a vile unhappy Wag :
He ne'er would go to School, but play
The Truant ev'ry other Day :
Run Men into the Breech with Pins,
Throw Stones at Folks and break their Shins ;
Kill Peoples Hens, and steal their Chicks,
And do a thousand Roguy Tricks :
But with a Bow the Sheet-breech Elf
Would shoot like Robin Hood himself ;
And had, I warrant, ev'ry Dart,
Poyson'd with such a subtle Art,
That where they hat their Pow'r was so,
It made Folks love, would they or no ;
And for this Trick the hopeful Youth
Was call'd The God of Love, forsooth.

To this young Squire Dame Venus trotted,
As I (if you have not forgot it)
Told you before, and thus begun
To flatter up her graceless Son ;
My Goldy Locks, (quoth she) my Joy,
My pretty little tyny Boy ;
Thy Mother Venus comes to thee
T' implore thy little Deity.
Thou know'st as well as any other,
How Juno vile has us'd thy Brother,
Our poor Æneas, what a Clatter,
She made to drown him on the Water ;
Nay, she would do more mischief still,
If the curst Quean might have her Will.
Æneas now is at a Place,
Call'd *Carthage*, with a handsome Lass,
Queen Dido nam'd, where now he is
Made on as much as Heart can wish ;
But lest the Queen should change her Mind
As Weather-cocks do with the Wind,
And thorough Juno's Wiles at last,
Shew him a Women's slipp'ry Cast .
My pretty Archer, let us two
Shew the proud Slut what we can do.
My Son Æneas does dispatch
Achates to the Wharf to fetch
My little Grandchild, who must come,
To sup in Dido's Dining-room.

Now since that thus in short the Case is,
And that thou can'st so well cut Faces :

I would have thee to set thy Phys-,
Nomy in such a Shape as his :
And go along as meek and mild
As any little sucking Child :
When thou com'st there, I know the Queen
Will clip and kiss thee Cheek and Chin ;
Dandle, and give thee Figs and Raisons,
Then must thou play thy petty Treasons,
Lick her Lips, Flatter her, and Cog,
And set her Highness so o'th' Gog,
That Fame and Honour she may slight,
And love Æneas Day and Night.
This is my Plot, and that nought cross it,
I'll make the Child a sleeping Posset ;
And when he's fast, I will him hide
I'th' Top o'th' Garret upon Ide.

Cupid who Mischief lov'd, I think,
Better by half than Meat or Drink,
Without all Manner of Reply,
Prepares him for his Roguery.
His Wings he from his Shoulders throws,
Because they'd not go into's Clothes ;
And drest himself to such a Wonder,
That none could know the Lads asunder.

But Venus gave th' other a Sop,
That made him Sleep like any Top ;

And whilst he taking was a Nap,
She laid him neatly in her Lap,
And carry'd him t' a House that stood
Upon a Hill near to a Wood:
And when she had the Urchin there,
She laid him up in Lavender.

In the mean time, Sir Cupid goes
To th' Court in young Iulus Cloaths;
Who should he see when he came there,
But Dido sitting in a Chair,
I'th' midst of all the *Trojan* Blades,
Vap'ring and Swearing at her Maids!
Under her Feet a Cricket stood,
Whereon she stampt as she were wood;
And likewise there was finely put
A Cushion underneath her Scut.
There as she sat upon her Crupper,
She bad her Folks to bring in Supper,
And in they brought a thundring Meal,
Great Joints of Mutton, Pork, and Veal,
Hens, Geese, and Turkeys, Ducks, and Custards,
And at the last, Fools, Flawns, and Bustards:
The *Trojans* eat and make good Cheer,
Tunning themselves with Ale and Beer;
There was old Drinking then and Singing,
And all the while the Bell was ringing:
One would have thought by the great Feast,
'T had been a Wedding at the least.

Whilst thus they Eat, and Drink, and Chat,
Cupid that little cogging Brat,
So cunning was in Counterfeiting,
Æneas thought him on's own getting,
At last Queen Dido in her Lap,
Sets me the Mountebanking Ape,
And kist his Lips all on a Lather,
And thus bespeaks the new made Father.

By th' Mack (quoth she) thou *Trojan* trusty,
Thou got'st this Boy when thou wert lusty ;
And any one that does but note him,
May soon know who it was begot him ;
I dare be sworn 'twas thou didst get him,
He's e'en as like thee as th' hadst spit him.

Whilst thus the Youth she kiss'd and dandl'd,
Cupid had so the Matter handl'd,
That she began upon a sudden
To feel a longing for White Pudden.
When they had supt, and that the Waiters
Had Trenchers ta'en away, and Platters ;
Up from her Chair Queen Dido starts,
And takes a Mug that held two Quarts
Of Drink, that she with much forbearing,
Had sav'd long since for her Sheep-shearing :
And thus begins ; Here, Sirs, here's to you,
And from my Heart much good may do you :
Æneas, here's a Health to thee,
To Friendship and good Company ;

And that he will not pledge me fairly,
And name the Words as I do barely;
I do pronounce him to be no Man,
And may he be the Scorn of Woman.

With that she set it to her Nose,
And off at once the Rumkin goes;
No Drops besides her Muzzle falling,
Until that she had supt it all in:
Then turning't Topsey on her Thumb,
Says, Look, here Supernaculum.
Æneas, as the Story tells,
And all the rest, did bless themselves,
To see her troll off such a Pitcher,
And yet to have her Face no richer.
By Jove, quoth he, (knocking his Knuckles)
I'd not drink with her for Shoe-buckles:
But, Madam (says he) sweetly bowing
I hope your Grace does not make Plowing:
For if you do at this large rate,
There will be many an aking Pate:
With that he took a lusty Swimmer,
Here, Sirs (quoth he) I drink this Brimmer,
In kind Return for our Protections,
Unto Queen Dido's best Affections.

Down went their Cups, and to't they fell,
Roaring and swaggering pell-mell,
Whilst a blind Harper did advance,
That wore Queen Dido's Cognizance,

A Minstrel that Iopus hight,
Who play'd and sung to them all Night :
He sung them Songs, Ballads, and Catches,
Of Mens Devices, Womens Patches ;
With ancient Songs of high Renown,
And even one they call *Troy* Town :
At that Æneas shak'd his Noddle,
As one would do an empty Bottle ;
(Quoth he) if he that wrote this Ditty
Had been with us i'th' midst o'th' City,
When Faggot-stick flew in Folks Chops,
And knockt Men down as thick as Hops,
I do believe for all's fine Chiming,
He would have had small Mind of Rhiming :
Yet for to give the Devil's Due,
Whoe'er it was, the Ballad's true.

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

(Quoth she) Æneas, out of Jestings,
Thou needs must tell, at my Requesting,
All the whole Tale of *Troy's* Condition,
Since first you troubled was with *Grecian* ;
Hector's great Frights, and *Priam's* Speeches,
And eke describe Achilles Breeches,
How strong he was when he did grapple,
And if Tydides Horse were dapple :

Tell me, I say, of *Paris* Lech'ry,
The *Grecians* Quarrel, and their Treach'ry,
Your Challenges, your Fights and Battles,
And how you lost your Goods and Chattles,
And to what Places you have wander'd
E'er since you were so basely squander'd.
All these Things would I know most duly,
Then tell me speedily and truly.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

VIRGIL
TRAVESTIE.

THE FOURTH BOOK.

IN this Fourth Book we find it written,
That Dido Queen was deeply smitten ;
Much taken with the *Trojan's* Person,
Than which a properer was scarce one :
Much of his Breeding did she reckon ;
A braver Man ne'er handled Weapon ;
This caused her tender Heart to flame,
She vow'd she'd have him, though to her shame.

The Sun, that spruce light-headed Fellow,
With frizled Locks of sanded Yellow,
The Windows crept by Radiation,
Like Son begot in Fornication,
When Dido mad to gain her Man,
Just thus bespoke her Sister Nan :
'I've been all Night (quoth she) my Nancy
So strangely troubl'd in my Fancy,

I could not rest till Morning-peep,
Odd Dreams have so disturb'd my Sleep :
What a stout Stripling's this Æneas,
That thus has cross'd the Seas to us !
I do believe, nay, dare swear for him,
No Mortal Woman ever bore him :
But some Great Lady in the Sky,
That nurs'd him up with Furmity.
I hate a base cowardly Drone,
I'd sooner lead my Life alone :
But this bold *Trojan* I delight in,
How bravely does he talk of Fighting !
I tell thee, Nancy, were't not that
Folks would be apt to talk and prate,
Should I so soon new Suitors have,
My Husband yet scarce cold in's Grave ;
And were I not with my first Honey
Half tyr'd as 'twere with Matrimony ;
I could with this same Youngster tall,
Find in my Heart to try a Fall.
I must confess since that sad Season,
Pygmalion cut my Husband's Weazon :
He only (not to mince the Matter) .
Has made my Heart as soft as Butter,
But may I first, I Jove implore,
Sink thorow this my Chamber-floor,
Down quick into the Cellar's Bottom,
E'er I commit the Thing you wot on ;

Or any Thing by Lust's Suggestion,
That my good Name may bring in question.
Which said, she wept in manner ampler,
Than Girl new whipt for losing Sampler,
Nan in her Answer was not long,
For nimble Baggage of her Tongue
She was, (as some would say that knew her)
As was in that, or next Town to her.
O Sister dearer to me far,
Than Sun-shine Days in Harvest are.
Wilt thou (quoth she) O Woman wood,
Still stop the Current of thy Blood,
And lose the Time by vain Pretences
Of making pretty Boys and Wenches?
Wilt thou cut Faces evermore,
For Husband Dead as Nail in Door?
Dost thou believe, thou puling Thing,
That dead Folks care for whimpering?
Yield, and be nought at last, y'have plaid
The Fool too long here be it said,
And stood to much in your own Light,
Or long enough ago you might
Have match'd yourself, and that well too,
To rich and proper Men enow.
What though you have said many nay,
Yea, and burnt Day-light, as we say,
Goodman Iarbas here hard by,
And others of good Yeomanry,

That might have past ; because forsooth ;
They could not please your dainty Tooth
Must you still mince it at this rate,
With one you twitter to be at ?
You ne'er consider'd what a Throng
Of saucy Knaves you live among,
Base ill-bred cheating sorry Currs,
Rascals as false as Moorlanders.
Such Fellows, as I greatly doubt me,
If you no better look about ye,
And leave this foolish twittle twattle,
To match with one will tent your Cattle ;
Will in short Space not leave a Goose,
Turky, or Hen, about the House :
Your Brother too, he swears and curses
About his Money-Bags and Purses.
I do believe that Jove and Juno,
(Whom all the World, and I, and you know)
Have ever been your faithful Friends
For some most secret courteous Ends.
Over blue Neptune's bouncing Ferries,
Have hither sent these *Trojans* Wherries.
Oh, were these *Trojans* marry'd to us,
Fine Children soon would swarm about us !
What a fine Town would ours be then,
How bravely stor'd with lusty Men !
Then, without any more ado,
Sister, say Grace, and so fall too :

They in good Manners Ten to One,
Will make an Offer to be gone ;
And rather trust their rotten Barges,
Than stay to put you to more Charges ;
But you may make 'em at Command,
As eas'ly stay as kiss your Hand.
Can you not tell 'em that the Weather
'S too cold, or hot (no Matter whether)
Their Scullers torn and shatter'd so,
That they must mend 'em e'er they go ;
And in Conclusion, with good Reason
Wish 'em to expect a better Season ?
With such like Documents as these are,
Which the young Slut knew best would please her,
Nancy so tickled up her Grace,
That Dido scarce knew where she was.
Nay some affirm a dangerous Matter,
She'd much ado to hold her Water ;
And counsel'd in that tempting Strain,
I wonder how she could contain :
But certain 'its, that this Advice,
So wrought upon this Widow nice,
That she, who Maid, Widow and Wife,
Had priz'd her Honour 'bove her Life ;
Nor car'd no more for her good Name,
Than any common Trading Dame.
But to the Church (forsooth) anon,
That Matters might go better on,

(Like People o'th' Phanatick-fry,
Whose Sanctity's Hypocrisy)
They must, and slipping on their Pattens,
They went, as who should say, to Mattens.

Thither now come, fair Dido squats
Her Bum on Hassock made of Mats:
For you must know, as Story says.
Queens, like the Godly in these Days,
In Manner insolent and slightly,
Disdain'd to kneel to God Almighty.
But Anna, who was but a Spinster,
Kneel'd low on Stones as hard as Flints are!
Their Eyes they roll'd, and bow'd their Bodies
To this, and t' other God and Goddess,
To Ceres, Phœbus, and Lyæus,
And twenty harder Names than The'as.
But Juno had most Veneration,
As she was Queen of Copulation,
Prayers being done, up Dido rose,
And to the Priest demurely goes;
She gently pulls him by the Garment,
The rev'rend Type of his Preferment,
And with most gracious Looks and Speeches,
To borrow a Word or two beseeches.
The Priest bow'd low in aukward wise,
As 'tis, you know, Sir Roger's guise,
And in obsequious Manner told her,
Her Grace with him might make much bolder.

This Priest was held a mighty Clerk,
In Mysteries profound and dark ;
Had Skill in Physick, and was able
To tell Folks Fortunes by their Table.
Him she conjures, intreats, and prays,
With all the Cunning that she has,
Greases his Fist ; nay more engages
Thenceforth to mend his Quarters-wages,
If he would but resolve the Doubt
That she then came to him about.
But 't had been vain, had he been wiser,
Or to instruct, or to advise her.
Alas, poor Priest ! how fruitless is't
To judge by Phys'nomy or Fist.
Or what do Prophecies avail,
When Women have a Wisk i'th' Tail ?
Dido for Love, in woeful wise,
Bubbles, and boils, and broils, and fries,
And in her am'rous Moods and Tenses,
Ev'n like one out of all her Senses :
About the Town she runs and reels,
With all the School-boys at her Heels :
So I have seen in Pastures fair,
Where Cattle educated are,
An Heifer young when she doth itch,
With Gad-bees sticking in her Breech,
From shady Brake on sudden rise,
And with her Tail erect to th' Skies,

Run through the Field with frisks and kicks,
In various Capreols and Tricks,
Some ease, poor Thing, alas ! to find ;
When, lo ! the Sting sticks fast behind :
One while she takes her lusty Lover,
Meaning her Passion to discover ;
She leads him out from Place to Place,
And shews him all that e'er she has :
Discloses all her secret Wealth,
And says, if Jove send Life and Health,
That she (though simply there she stand)
Will make that Living as good Land,
If she continue but a while on't,
As any lies within five Mile on't.
Then she begins to mump and smatter,
Willing to break into the Matter,
And ask the Question, when (alas !)
To see how Things will come to pass,
When she most fain would break her Mind,
She sooner could by half break Wind,
Than speak a Word : Virtue, forsooth,
And Modesty so stopt her Mouth ;
Over and over then she treats
Him, and his Mates, with sundry Meats,
Whilst *Trojans* round besiege her Boards,
Merry as *Greeks*, and drunk as Lords,
When sure as e'er they sit at th' Table,
She calls again to hear *Troy's* Fable :

Nay, lov'd it so, that she, 'tis said,
The Ballad then of *Troy-Town* made.
We owe her for't, and let us pay't her;
Who English'd it, was her Translator.
Now when with raking up the Fire
Each one departs to *Bedfordshire*.
And Pillows all securely snort on,
Like Organists of fam'd *Hogs-norton*:
Dido, poor Queen, alone doth lie,
Dreaming on true Love's Phys'nomy.
And in that Humour, she the small
Ascanius takes, *Troy's* Juvenal;
And in her Lap on Tuft of Sorrel,
Laying the little wanton Gorrel,
Oft would she sighing say, This Lad,
O that he were but like his Dad!

This Life the woeful Dido led,
Eke at her Board, and eke at Bed;
Her Housewifery no more regarding,
Neither her Spinning nor her Carding;
But, like a Dame of Wits bereaven,
Let all Things go at six and seven.
Which when Queen Juno (for these two
Were Clove and Orange you must know)
Perceiv'd, and that, than blind Cheeks blinder,
She threw all Care and Shame behind her:
She Venus in these Words accosts,
You and your Son may make your boasts,

With Shame enough, that God and Goddess;
Like sublunary Busy-bodies,
To make a Woman light as Feather,
Do lay your learned Heads together.
'Twas not for nought that I was ever
Afraid of you two coming hither;
You, and your little blinking Urchin
Against this Town have still been lurching.
But when shall we give o'er this Pother,
And leave off vexing one another?
Be thou but mine, I'll be thy Friend,
Let's marry 'em, and there's an End,
Thou hast thy Wish, thy little Archer
Has made our Dido mad as March-hare.
Then let us all old Quarrels quit,
Leave being such a peevish Tit:
Troy Lads shall marry *Tyrian* Lasses,
And we will be as merry as passes.
Venus, who knew she did but glaver,
For all the fine smooth Words she gave her,
And profer'd Love's not worth a Cow-turd,
(You know) if spoke but from Teeth outward,
Like cunning Quean in Smiles array'd her,
And in her own Coin thus she paid her:
O Juno, Queen, Jove's Bedfellow,
Who here above, or who below,
With thee would quarrel or contend,
And not still rest thy loving Friend?

I like the Motion well, but that
There's one main Thing I stumble at ;
And that in downright Truth is this,
(Jove pardon if I think amiss)
But I the Scruple must not smother ,
Women you know, to one another
May freely speak (and here be't said
Twixt you and me) I'm sore afraid,
My Son inconstant soon will prove
He is so fickle in his Love.
His Mind roams after every Jade
No matter what, married or Maid.
At that Queen Juno smil'd and said,
Of that (Wench) never be afraid,
For if they once do come together,
I'll warrant Dido keeps him to th' Tedder :
If then that dido and thy Son,
To do as other Folks have done,
Thou give Consent: (mark) and in few Words,
Which shall be friendly Words and true Words;
I'll tell thee how I've cast about,
And laid a Plot to bring 'em to't:
To morrow ere the Sun (Heav'n bless him)
Can see to rise, at least to dress him,
Æneas and the Queen have made,
(The Queen and he I should have said)
A Match to go after her wonting,
Into the Woods a Squirrel-hunting:

Now I, whilst all on ev'ry Side,
The Thickets round are occupy'd,
And eagerly their Game are following,
As Hunters use, wooping and hollowing.
Will cause big-bellied Clouds to pour
Upon their Coxcombs such a Shower,
And will with Rain and Hail so clout 'em,
They'll not have one dry thread about 'em.
Besides, such Thunder-claps shall burst out,
As some of 'em shall smell the worse for't.
Trojans and *Tyrians* helter-skelter,
Will then all run to seek for shelter.
Then each one there will shift for one,
And leave the Queen and him alone.
Dido and Lover in this Case,
Shall find a Cave as fit a Place
For such an Use, so fine and dark,
That if *Æneas* be a Spark,
They there in spite of all foul Weather,
May taste celestial Joys together;
So each of other may have Proof,
And marry after time enough.
Venus who very well could fadom
The bottom of this subtile Madam,
Soon smelt her Practice, and her Art
As strong as she had let a Fart:
Yet that she might her Malice blind,
And fit the Lady in her kind,

She seems her free Consent to give,
And trips it laughing in her Sleeve.
Mean while the Sun, as it his Course is,
Got up to dress and water's Horses;
When out the merry Hunters come,
With them a Fellow with a Drum,
Your *Tyrian* Squirrels will not budge else,
Well arm'd they were with Staves and Cudgels;
Tykes too they had of all Sorts, Bandogs,
Curs, Spaniels, Water-dogs, and Land-dogs:
These for the Queen expecting, tarry,
Who longer lay than ordinary;
For she at Night could take no Ease,
She had been bit so sore with Fleas.
Her Mare well trapt of her own spinning,
Ty'd to the Pails stood likewise whinnying;
For why (as Poets sing the Fable)
Her Foal was bolted up i' th' Stable.
At last she sallies from the House,
As fine and brisk as body-louse.
She Hood and Safe-guard had bran new,
The Lace was yellow, Cloth was blue;
Fast to her Girdle ty'd with Thong,
A Bunch of Keys compleatly hung:
For why, well knew thrifty Queen,
That Servants still have slipp'ry been:
Which made her, careful of her Pelf,
Evermore keep the Keys herself.

With her Iulus came, that Strippling,
A Youth e'en spoil'd for want of whipping ;
For's Father and his foolish Grannam
Had ever made a Wanton on him :
But when his Sire appear'd in play,
Mounted upon his Galloway,
'Tis said by some that better knew him,
The rest look'd like Tooth-drawers to him,
No sprightly Groom so trim and trick is,
That just upon Preferments prick is,
As was Æneas, Stories say,
When clad in Clothes of Holy-day,
His Breeches sav'd from *Troy's* Combustion,
Were Kendal, and his Doublet Fustian ;
Pinkt with most admirable Grace,
And richly laid with green Silk-lace.
Athwart his brawny Shoulders came
A Buldrick made, and trim'd with th' same ;
Where Twibil hung with Basket-hilt,
Grown rusty now, but had been gilt ;
Or guilty else of many a Thwack,
With Dungeon Dagger at his Back.
Upon his Head he wore a Hat,
Instead of Sattin, fac'd with Fat,
Which being limber grown, we find
Most swashingly pinn'd up behind ;
With Brooch as gaudy and as tall
As ev'ry foremost Horse of all.

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

The Drummer now 'gan lay about him,
And all the People fall a shouting,
Such Peals they gave of Men and Boys,
A Man could hardly hear for Noise ;
Nay, Dido Queen, they swore that heard it,
Shouted as loud as any there did.
The frighted Squirrels Stumps belabor,
As they had danc'd to Pipe and Tabor ;
Skipping and leaping in their Dances
From Tree to Tree o'er Boughs and Branches,
Now on the utmost Top, and then,
At one Leap at the Root agen.
But young *Ascanius*, Hopes o'th' House,
Car'd not for Squirreling a Louse ;
For he's, whilst they are at their Chase,
Playing at Hide and seek, or Base
Among his Mates, and wishes rather
(And so the Strippling told his Father)

For naughty Vermin that would bite him ;
Or Throstle nest, though't did shite him.
Mean while the Clouds began to clatter,
And to pour down whole Pails of Water,
The Thunder quite out-roar'd the Drum,
And Hail-stones bigger than one's Thumb,
Came pelting down. Then all to save 'em,
Ran as if twenty Devils drave 'em ;
Whilst young Ascanius and his Mates,
Were washt and dasht like Water-rats.
Fair Dido then, for all her Hoops,
Bang'd her old Mare about the Stoops,
And jogg'd her Buttocks, though a Queen,
For fear of being wet to th' Skin ;
Nay, ev'n Æneas self, forgetting
His Reputation, shrunk i'th' wetting,
And ran, or would have done at least.
But that his Horse, a sober Beast,
Proceeded slow, with Motion grave,
And crav'd the Spur, in Care to save
His Master's Neck as some suppose,
Though his Care was to save his Clothes ;
He spur'd, nor yet was Dido idle,
For gingle, gingle, went her Bridle,
Till Fortune or Dame Juno rather,
Clapt 'em into a Cave together.
The Cave so darksom was, that I do
Think Joan had been as good as Dido :

But so it was, in that Hole, they
Grew intimate, as one may say :
The Queen was blithe, as Bird in Tree,
And bill'd as wantonly, whilst he,
By hindlock seizing fast Occasion,
Slipt into Dido's Conversation :
And in that very Place and Season,
'Tis thought Æneas did her Reason.

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

But saunter'd idly up and down,
From House to House, and Town to Town,
To spy and listen after News,
Which she so mischievously brews,
That still whate'er she sees or hears,
Set Folks together by the Ears.
This Baggage that still took a Pride to
Slander and back-bite poor Queen Dido ;
Because the Queen once on Detection,
Sent her to th' Mansion of Correction.
Glad she had got this Tale by th' end,
Runs me about to Foe and Friend ;
And tells them that a Fellow came
From *Troy*, or such a Kind of Name,
To *Tyre*, about a Fortnight since,
Whom Dido feasted like a Prince :
Was with her always Day and Night,
Nor could endure him from her Sight,
And that 'twas thought she meant to marry him.
At this Rate talk'd the foul-mouth'd Carrion !
At last she does t' Iarbas go,
She never in such Things was slow ;
And tells him all. Now this Iarbas,
For Dido's Lovè was in a hard Case,
And had been long. Oft did he woe her,
And did the best he could do to her :
But still in vain he broke his Mind,
'Twas throwing Stones against the Wind ;

For though she wise and healthy knew him,
Dido had nothing to say to him.
'Tis true, the Field he had great Flocks on,
Sheep, Goats and Cows, Horses and Oxen;
With Money Store and other Riches :
But one foul Flaw he had in's Breeches
Spoil'd all ; for she had heard the Thing,
One Time as she was Gossiping.
As in such Matters while you live,
Women will be inquisitive.
Which was, that he (as Story tells ye)
A Rupture had in his Belly,
Which was enough to make her hate him,
Nay, ev'n as 'twere abominate him,
When Fame had told him of the *Trojan*,
Iarbas took it in such dudgeon,
Such high Abuse, and evil Part,
He almost could have found in's Heart
To'ave ta'en his Knife, and in that Passion
Have cut his Weasand for Vexation,
And thought t'ave don't ; but did not yet,
Like one that had in's Anger Wit :
But since to curse it was no boot,
Would try if Praying would not do't.
And therefore thus in heavy Ghear,
Made his Case known to Jupiter.
O Jupiter, most great and able,
Whose Health I ev'ry Day at Table

Drink once or twice ; Dost thou (O where is
Thy Sight!) not see, what Doings here is ;
Shall we when thou thunder'st, dost think,
So as to sower all our Drink ;
And when the Clouds in Storms do burst,
Not care, but bid thee do thy worst ?
A wandring Woman that had scarce
A Rag to hang upon her—————
When she came hither first, and wou'd
Have then been glad to work for Food.
Is now forsooth, so proud (what else !
And stands so on her Pantables,
That she has said me Nay most slightly,
And (on the very nonce to spite me)
Has marry'd a spruce Youth, they say,
(Whom some ill Wind blew that away)
One Squire Æneas, a great Kelf,
Some wandring Hangman like herself:
And now this Dog cares not a Fig,
Drinks Dido's Ale and eats her Pig,
Whilst I (for still thou deafish art to't)
May pray, and pray, and pray my Heart out.

Thus woefully Iarbas pray'd,
Whilst Jove heard ev'ry Word he said ;
And turning strait his Eyes to *Tyrè*,
To look for Dido and her Squire,
He spied them sitting on rush mats,
Roasting Onions, frying Sprats.

At which, as 'twere, somewhat in Furry,
He calls his nimble Youth Mercury,
And thus bespake him; Sirrah, hear ye,
Put on the Wings that use to bear ye,
And cut away to *Carthage* quickly,
Where th' *Trojan* Bastard lives unfitly.
Tell him from me that his smug Mother
Did pass her Word that he another
Manner of Life and Conversation
Should lead, and leave this Occupation.
Or twice the *Græcian* Cavaliers,
Had beaten's Brains about his Ears,
Ere this: And tell him more, that he,
Who means to conquer *Italy*,
Must with his Work go thorough Stitches,
And not run hunting after Bitches:
But if he will not venture's Pate,
A Rap or two for an Estate,
As by his Pranks it doth appear,
Methinks tho' he might do't for's Heir;
Ask what the Devil 'tis he means,
To spend his Time thus among Queans;
Not minding Mischief, or Mishap,
But lounging in Dame Dido's Lap.
Bid him be trudging, he were best;
If I come to him, I protest,
I'll sent him packing else, such new-ways,
He shall remember me these two Days.

This said, Jove need not bid him twice,
Away he trips it in a Trice,
To make them ready to be gone:
And first his Pumps he fastned on;
Which being neatly pinckt and cut,
And finely fitted to his Foot:
Had Wings ty'd on with Thongs of Leather,
Or taching Ends, I know not whether,
Which he could fly withal as well,
As he'd been brought up to't from th' Shell.
Then in his Hand he takes a thick Bat,
With which he us'd to play at Kit-Cat,
To beat Mens Apples from their Trees,
With twenty other Rogueries;
Besides (as Rakehells will abuse Days)
To throw at Cocks upon Shrove-Tuesdays.

Thus dight, he like a Partridge springs,
Cutting the Air with nimble Wings:
'Twas well his Care had ty'd 'em fast,
Else ten to one he'd flown his last:
No Swallow could have overgone him,
He flew as if a Hawk flown him,
Until he saw a very high Hill,
A higher Hill by far than my Hill;
Atlas'twas call'd; so high a one
That Pen-men-maure's a Cherry-stone
Compar'd: You could not thrust a Knife
'Twixt Heaven and it, to save your Life;

It props the Sky, as Virgil marks,
Or else 'tis thought we should have Larks :
Here first did Mercury alight,
To bait and rest him after's Flight ;
Where having prun'd his Heels a little,
And smooth'd his plumes with fasting spittle.
From thence he took another Freak,
As if he meant to break his Neck.
Even as a Hawk herself doth carry
From Kill-ducks Place to stop her Quarry :
So Mercury to mortal View,
Himself from Atlas headlong threw.
Stones cast by fam'd Parisian Slinger,
Compar'd to him, would seem to linger ;
And Arrows loos'd from *Grub-street* Bow
In *Finsbury*, to him are slow :
Nay Lightning darted from above,
With flaming Tail from angry Jove,
Would in comparison appear,
To creep like lazy Loyterer.

The first Place after this Vagary
He lighted on, was Dido's Dairy :
Whence he *Æneas* soon did spie,
Ord'ring her Highness' Husbandry :
He took upon him as her Spouse,
And vapour'd like the Man o'th'House ;
For all that Time, as't came to pass,
In Quarrel high engag'd he was,

And ready in his Fumigation,
(As Historiēs do make Relation)
To fall to Logger-heads, as't appears,
With a few sawcy Carpenters,
Who building were an House of Ease,
For Dido in Necessities :
They would not follow his Advice,
As Workmen still are otherwise)
Which made him foam, and flirt out Spittle,
Because they made the Holes too little.
Down hanging by his Side he had
A dangerous bright-brown slashing Blade,
'T had been new furbisht up at *Tyre*,
A better never past the Fire.
Upon his Back he had a Jerkin
Lin'd through, and through with sable Merkin,
Giv'n as a Present by the Queen :
It had indeed her Husband's been ;
But neither by the Tap, nor Tearing,
Was it a Pin the worse for wearing.
This (as of either Queen or King,
Vile People will be censuring)
Was given Æneas for a Charm,
And though the Queen might think no Harm,
Yet some have given a parlous Hint
Of a strange hidden Virtue in't.
Equipt thus fine, Mercury found him,
And roundly in his Ears thus round him :

Thou here thy self most busy makes
In building for the Queen a Jakes,
But never think'st, such is thy Wiseness,
What will become of thine own Business ;
The Thunder-thumper, who by Threaves,
Makes Men to quake like Aspen-leaves ;
He whom the rest o'th' Gods do honour,
Has sent me from *Olympus* Manor,
To ask thee what thou dost intend,
Thy Time thus wickedly to spend ;
And loyter here like a Hum-drum,
Not caring what thou dost, nor whom.
He says, though fearful as a Stranger,
Thy Coxcomb thoul't not bring in Danger,
To mend thy 'State, nor get thy Living
By any honest Way of thriving :
He thinks, though, thou might'st take some care
Of him that is thy Son and Heir,
And not thrash here like Bore unworthy,
When he has made Provision for thee.

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

But Don *Æneas* at the Vision
Was in a very sad Condition ;
He could not speak to Foe or Friend,
And eke his Hair did stand an end

So stiff, it thrust his Hat so far
Above his Head into the Air,
That a great Turkey might have flown
Betwixt his Bonnet and his Crown.
Half-frighted out on's little Wit,
He now had Eggs (i'faith) o'th' Spit,
Till he was gone: But how (alas!)
To break the Matter to her Grace,
He knew no more, the bashful Groom,
Than did the furthest Man of *Rome*,
Nor could he frame him to begin,
T' appease that loving Soul the Queen,
For nought more vexes Womens Bloods,
Than to be left so in the Suds.
In this Quandary scratching's Pate,
After a pensive long Debate,
He calls, at last, his Fellow Rake-hells,
And bids 'em get their Tools and Tackles,
Aboard their Wherries, and be heedful,
To lay in all Things that were needful,
Especially good Meat: but stow it
So secretly, that none might know it;
That on Occasion in a Trice, Sir,
They might be gone, and none the wiser;
And since he humbly did conceive,
To steal away and take no Leave,
Would be uncivil, and enough
To tear a Heart though made of Buff.

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

Ev'n as a Filly never ridden,
When by the Jocky first bestridden,
If naughty Boy do thrust a Nettle
Under her Dock to try her Mettle,
Does rise and plunge, curvet and kick,
Enough to break her Rider's Neck ;
Ev'n so Queen Dido at that Tide,
Laying all Majesty aside,
Play'd such mad Freaks, that well were they
Could farthest get out of her Way.
Thus flinging round from Place to Place,
At last, to make it short, her Grace
Finds me amongst a Crew of Mad-caps,
Æneas, at one Mother Red-Cap's.

Well overta'n (quoth she) half weeping,
Æneas, thou'rt a precious Pepin,
To think to steal so slily from me,
When thou hast had thy foul Will o'me.
Could not my Love (thou Knave) have staid thee,
Nor yet the Promise thou hast made me :
Nor that thou know'st if thou wert gone,
My Work would all be left undone ?
But that thou'lt slink away, thou Varlet,
And leave me like forsaken Harlot ?
In Winter too, o'er blust'ring Seas,
When it 'twixt two a Bed doth freeze ?
What though thou hadst, as thou hast none,
A House to go to, of thine own,

Could'st find yet in thy Heart to 'reave me
Of thy dear Company, and leave me ?
By this salt Rheum thou seest that wets
My Cheeks, and by thy Hand that sweats,
That sturdy Fist, that has knock'd down
Full many a *Grecian* Lout and Clown ;
I'm brief, by the whole Matter's Carriage,
And by the Earnest of our Marriage :
And by those sweet Delights we stole,
When the Rain drove me into the' Hole ;
If that Bout pleas'd thee ; or since any
Which (Jove forgive us) have been many,
I do beseech thee, *Trojan* fine,
Not to undo both me, and mine.
For thy sweet sake the knavish *Lybians*,
The *Tyrians*, and the vile *Numidians*,
In midst of whom is my Abode,
Hate me, as one would hate a Toad.
For thee I first forewent all Shame,
And that I liv'd by my good Name ;
And wilt thou, having spent thy Ardor,
And eat me out of House and Harbor,
So basely to my Foes betray me,
And neither stay with me, nor pay me ?
No sooner shall thy Back be turn'd,
But all my Buildings shall be burn'd ;
That Rogue *Pygmalion* will ha' me,
Or else *Iarbas* here will ta' me,

If to prevent my being sad
I pregnant were, and only had
A little *Trojan* coming on,
To play withal when thou art gone,
Then let the Rogues do what they durst do,
I should have something yet to trust to:
Æneas ta'en thus basely tardy,
Turn'd pale, and like a stick'd Pig star'd ye:
He could not stand upright, but lean,
One might have fell'd him with a Bean;
Nay, he was struck so at her Speeches,
Some say he did defile his Breeches,
His Bowels did so yearn upon her;
But being that may wound his Honour,
I'll not affirm it, but proceed,
To tell you what he said and did;
Much was he mov'd at *Dido's* Words,
Which stab'd him through and through like Swords;
Much griev'd to see her weep and sob so,
To throw about her Snot and throb so:
But *Merc'ry's* Message more prevailing
Than her Colloguing or her Railing,
After a many fine Good-morrrows,
He thus began to salve her Sorrows:
Should I (quoth he) O Queen, deny,
That thou'rt the Flow'r of Courtesie;
Or any Slanders vile contrive,
I were the basest Knave alive.

I must confess that thou, O Queen,
To me, and to us all hast been
More like a Mother than a Friend,
So much I'll say, and there's an End;
And if I ever do forget ye,
Or fail to drink a Health to Betty,
Let me be hang'd as high, or higher
Than Top of *Carthage* Steeple-Spire:
Few Words are best; if you'll be civil,
I'll tell the Truth and shame the Devil.
I ne'er had Thought, much less Desire
Basely to build a Sconce at *Tyre*;
And steal away from thee, my Hony.
But for the Thing call'd Matrimony,
Although I did the Thing you wot,
Love be my Judge, I meant it not,
Indeed I took it for a Kindness,
To be familiar with your Highness:
But if I ever thought of other,
'Than one good Turn requires another:
Or on such Terms e'er gave my Fist,
I'm th' arrant'st Rogue that ever pist,
I must confess, that if it lay
In my own Power, as one may say,
That I had some good Bargain made,
And bound my Son here to a Trade,
Plac'd all my Followers, and therefore
Had no one but myself to care for:

I would as willing match with you,
As any Woman that I knew :

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

And if so be that you, who are sage,
Delight so in your Town of *Carthage* ;
Why should it be in us so great Sin,
Who have no House to thrust our Pates in,
To travel to a Foreign Nation,
For some convenient Habitation?
I can no sooner go o' Nights
To Bed (Jove bless us all from Sprights)
But that ere I can frame to snore,
My Father's Ghost comes through the Door,
Though shut as sure as Hands can make it,
And leads me such a fearful Racket ;
I stew all Night in my own Grease,
So that your Maids may if they please,
Wring from the Shirt wherein I wallow,
Each Morning-tide, as much good Tallow,

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

This said, the Queen in wrathful wise,
Rowling about her goggle Eyes,
As she would throw 'em in his Face,
Unto her Fury thus gave place.

Stinkard (quoth she) now thy false Heart
Shews what a cheating Knave thou art,
The Symptoms of a Rogue thou hast all,
Thou a true *Trojan*, thou a Rascal!
No Man or Woman of good Fashion,
E'er coupled for thy Procreation;
But whelpt thou wert of Tinker's Bitch,
Under some Hedge, or in some Ditch:

Nay, I'll not balk you, Sir; nor care,
For all you look so big and stare;
Let thy foul Hide with Malice burst,
I do defie thee, do thy worst.
Instead of sighing in this Case,
Full sower thou belchest in my Face;
And thou so stubborn art and canker'd,
Thou shed'st no Tears, but Tears o'th' Tankard,
Hadst thou but counterfeit'd Passion,
To signifie Commiseration,
Or offer'd but a sower Face, it
Had been a Sign of some small Grace yet:
But like a Logger-headed Lubber,
Thou grinning stand'st, and seest me blubber;
And Jove nor Juno, for ought I see,
Will neither of 'em both chastise thee.

There's no Truth in this Age we live in:
A wand'ring Beggar hither driven;
Who had, when weak as he could crawl,
No Cross to bless himself withal;
I have receiv'd to Bed and Board,
Feasted and clad him like a Lord,
And (like a simple hair-brain'd Jade)
This Youth hail Fellow with me made:
And now, forsooth, he cannot stay,
Apollo bids him run away;
Nay, though I have in friendly wise,
Cur'd his Mens Scabs, and kill'd their Lice;

Yet having now fall'n to his Lot,
A good rich Farm lies piping hot :
Should he stay here, it would undo him,
And Jove has sent his Footman to him :
As if the Deities were so
Concern'd, they'd nothing else to do,
But send their Lacqueys and their Pages,
To him on How-d'ye's and Messages.

But I'll waste on thee no more Breath,
For whom the Wind that fumes beneath,
Is far too sweet : Avaunt, thou Slave !
Thou lying Coney-catching Knave,
Be moving, do as thou hast told me !
No Body here intends to hold thee !
Go ! seek thy Farm, I hope 'twill be
I'th' very Bottom of the Sea :
But should'st thou 'scape, and not in Dike lie,
Drown'd like a Puppy, as 'tis likely,
Since in the Proverb old 'tis found,
Who's born to hang, will ne'er be drown'd :
Yet should'st thou not be much the nigher,
I'll haunt thee like a going Fire,
As soon as I can turn t' a Ghost,
Which will be in a Week at most :
Then in the midnight Sleep I'll wake thee,
And ride thee worse than any Hackney.
I'll terrifie thee Day and Night :
Nay, if thou do'st but go to shite,

There will I stand with flaming Taper,
To fizel thy Tail instead of Paper.
I'll make thee rue the Time that e'er
Thou cam'st to play thy Knave's Tricks here.
In Middle of this wrathful Speech
Down drops Queen Dido on her Breech :
Her Mouth was stopt, and on the Ground
She silent lay in doleful Swound :
Shut were her Eyes ; nor had she Hearing
For what Æneas was preparing,
Upon this pitiful Occasion,
To say in's own Justification.
In haste the *Tyrrians* all advance
To 'wake her Grace out of a Trance ;
They try'd to raise her in such sort,
As when Men cry, *Le Corps est mort* :
But here the Charm would not prevail,
They could not raise her from her Tail :
For though full light when her own Woman,
Yet in this heavy Dump was no Man
Could raise her up, though ne'er so mighty,
Sorrow had made her Bum so weighty.

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

Æneas, though 'twas his Desire
Something t' have said might pacifie her,
And though his Heart did bleed within him,
To think of what had past between 'um,
Yet because Jove so loud did threaten,
He sooner durst his Nails have eaten,
Having so terribly been chidden,
Than' not t'have done as he was bidden :
Therefore in haste his Hostess beck'ning,
To come and bring 'um in a Reck'ning,
Strait to the Wharf repairs the Hot-shot,
Without once calling for his Shot-pot.

The *Trojans* now by this Commission,
Launch all their Boats with Expedition ;
You now upon the Ocean might see,
The new greas'd Wherries swim most tightly.
They had new made 'em fine long Poles,
New pitcht their Oars, and made new Thoules :
Though many Things were left undone,
They were so eager to be gone.
Then might you see 'em make their Sallies
From *Carthage*-Town, through Lanes and Alleys,
Stealing away with lewd Intentions,
To cheat the *Tyrians* of their Pensions,
Fearing their Landladies would brabble,
And dun 'em for their Quarter's Table.
As Hedge-hogs when they go to th' Wood,
To fetch a Hoard of Winter-food,

Return well laden with their Vict'les,
Fine yellow Crabs stuck round their Prickles:
Ev'n so the *Trojans*, without doubt,
Were at this Season hung about
With Fardles, Bundles, Bags and Wallets,
To clothe their Backs and feed their Palates.
But what thought Dido in this Case,
When thus she saw them slink their Ways.
From Garret-window saw 'em row,
And heard them crying Eastward Hoe!
To see how Love makes Folks do Things,
Against the Hair, against the Shins!
For she, though full of Indignation,
To be forsaken in this Fashion;
And had she known but how to get him,
Could doubtless without Salt have eat him:
Yet ne'ertheless, Love over-ruling,
She fell again to her old puling;
And once more meant to try if pity
Would not recall him to the City.
Look thee (quoth she) where he (my Nancy)
Whose able Parts I do much fancy,
Has trust up all his Tools together,
To carry 'em the Lord knows whither.
Hark how his Rabble-Gang do shout,
And shove a-Stern to hasten out:
A Rout of base unthankful Peasants!
The Devil cut their yelping Weazens:

The brawling Rascals egg him on,
And make him madder to be gone.
Had I once dreamt the Tearing Devil
Could ever have been so uncivil,
Thus like a Jade to break his Tether,
We never should have come together :
Or I'd made bold, t' have ty'd him faster,
To the due Limits of his Pasture :
But since he holds me at this Distance,
I beg thy sisterly Assistance :
Thou know'st the Temper of the Block-head,
And to a Hair canst fit his Pocket :
Therefore (dear Nancy) I implore thee,
If e'er thou'lt do any Thing for me,
Run to the Wharf with might and main,
And try to bring him back again :
I promise thee, and if I break
My Word, pray Jove I break my Neck,
If thou canst bring him to my Bow,
I'll give thee for thy Pains a Cow.
Tell him I e'er had more Discretion,
Than to join Issues with the *Græcian* :
I neither did meddle nor make,
But as they brew'd so let them bake .
Nor did I e'er make skittle Pin-bones,
Or Bobbins, of Anchises' Shin-bones :
Why should he then without all Sense,
Thus use me like a Kitchin-wench ?

I would but beg one Kindness from him :
I will no more claim Promise on him :
But only that he'll tarry here,
Half, or a Quarter of a Year ;
Whereby I may, before he go,
Wean my self from a Bed-fellow :
Or (if my Constitution can
Not well subsist without a Man)
Until I can my self supply,
With one to do my Drudgery :
I'll ask no further Obligation,
But let him to his Navigation ;
He may to Latium then address,
And swim or sink, all's one to Bess.
Scarce had the woful Dido done,
When Nan prepar'd her to be gone ;
She tucks her Coats about her Haunches,
And to the Water-side advances :
She tript so neatly to the Pier,
It would have done one good to see her :
One would have thought she'd gone in haste,
Midwife to fetch, she went so fast.
At last she came unto the Place
Where Dido's dear Æneas was ;
She found him set amongst his Mates,
The rest o'th' Trojan Runagates,
Puff't like a Foot-ball with Vain-glory,
Roaring and drinking tory-rory ;

Like one that knew a Pot i'th' Pate,
Would be a Mile or two o'th' Gate.

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

She putting Finger in the Eye,
(As Women when they list can cry)
Told him in what a sad Condition
Her Sister was; her last Petition;
And pray'd him, as he was a true Man,
Not to undo a proper Woman.

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

His Resolution still opposes,
He would go, 'spite of all their Noses;
And like to Hemp, which, as I take it,
The more you twiss, you stronger make it:
Ev'n so, the more she try'd to twind him,
She still more obstinate did find him.

Then Dido madder grew and madder,
No Friends she had could now persuade her;
She stamp'd and star'd, as she were wood,
And in her melancholy Mood,
Calling to mind in woeful wise,
Æneas and his Treacheries,
How often he had stabb'd her Honour,
That Men would now make Ballads on her;

She was resolv'd, without Delay,
Fairly to make herself away,
And meant to put her Resolution
Into most tragick Execution.

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

She call'd to wash, and do you think?
The Water turn'd as black as Ink;
And that by chance being Churning-day,
Her Cream most strangely turn'd to Whey!
This Dido saw, but would by no Means
Tell her own Sister of the Omens.
But that which gave the most Persuasion
Unto her full Determination,
Was this: She kept Sichæus Bones
In a great Coffe made o'th' nounce,
As sundry others have done the like,
By way of superstitious Relick,
In a dark Cellar under-ground;
From whence each Night a dismal Sound
Pierc't Dido's tender Ear, and wish't her,
Nay, like a Husband admonish't her,

To fit her for her latter End,
For why, he told her, as a Friend,
That in a very short Space, she
Should of this World, no Woman be.
The Screech-Owls too, were her Molesters,
Who still were chanting out their Vespers:
Besides she had her Fortune told her,
When 'bout some Doz'n or so, no older;
That she should but one Husband have,
And after that a scurvy Knave
Should steal her Honour like a Thief,
And make her hang her self for Grief:
These sad Portents falling so thick,
And pat on one another's Neck,
Put the poor Queen besides her Senses,
As a just Plague for her Offences.
She dreams Æneas now is going,
Like a false Friend to her Undoing,
And that she must when *Trojan* goes,
For ever lose her Play fellows,
Which to the Woman's Cause sufficient,
Let her be ne'er so well condition'd,
To raise her to Extravagancies,
When she must part with what she fancies.
Ev'n as a Bitch's Fury up is,
When People come to steal her Puppies:
So far'd the wrathful Queen that Day,
When th' *Trojan* must be ta'en away:

She was so much concern'd about him,
She could not, would not live without him;
But in her desp'rate Resolutions,
Would hang her self to try Conclusions,
The Time and Manner she projected,
And that she might not be suspected,
She smug'd her Visage up with smiles,
And thus her Sister Nan beguiles:

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

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

Now this old Beldam can do wonders;
If she but say the Word, it Thunders,

Lightens, or Rains, or Hails, or Snows,
Or any Weather you'll suppose ;
She'll make a Cowl-staff by her Spelling,
Amble like any double Gelding ;
And in the deep o'th' Night the base Hag
Can of a Cudgel make a Race-Nag ;
A Walnut she to Sea can rig out,
And of an Egg shell make a Frigot ;
Nty, in a Thimble stem the Flood,
Provide the Thimble be of Wood.
She can, where she does owe a Spight,
Spoil any Bridegroom's Wedding-night,
And the Bride's Longing disappoint,
Benumbing them both Limb and Joint.
She can make People love or hate,
Ev'n whom she please, and at what Rate ;
And by her Magick and her Spells,
Make Folks, or hang, or drown themselves.
In short, there's nothing that has Ill in't,
But she has admirable Skill in't,
And does her Mischiefs too as quick
As any Juggler does a Trick.
I take the God's to witness, Sister,
I'm led into this Course sinister,
Out of no End Men wicked call ;
But only for Revenge, that's all ;
And since I am so basely crost,
I'll have this Hag, or it shall cost

More than I'll speak of she perchance
May lead my *Trojan* such a Dance,
Shall make him glad, as fast as may be,
To come again and cry Peccavi;
Or make him hang himself at least,
For an Example to the rest
O'th' Tribe of false dissembling Yeomen:
That take a Pride to ruin Women:
And by good Luck she's now hard by here,
Come not an Hour ago to *Tyre*,
Sent for, it seems, about no ill Deed,
To bless a Sow that lies in Childbed,
And I'll go fetch her, by her Favour,
With a Subpœna, but I'll have her.
In the mean Time go thou and tie
Fast to the great Beam, where I lie,
The best new Halter thou canst choose,
And make a dainty running Noose;
Like that fell to the Fellow's Share,
That stole my Husband's old Grey Mare.
Then take me out *Æneas*' Rayment:
All I have left in Part of Payment:
His greasie Doublet and his Trowse,
Where many a wandring *Trojan* Louse is:
The Treasure he has left behind him;
In the great standing Press you'll find 'um;
Stuff me 'um up with Straw or Litter,
The worse the Stuffing is, the fitter;

And ram the Tatters with a Vengeance,
As People use to ram their Engines ;
Maké haste and do as I have bid ye ;
I'll hang the Rascal in Effigie :
So I'm advis'd to do, and so
I mean to serve him, if I blow ;
Which, though I cannot wreak my Teen, it
Will stay the Stomach of my Spleen yet.
Thus having said, the Queen chang'd Colour,
No Ghost could e'er look pitifuller :
One would have thought by her Dejection
And by her woeful wan Complexion,
She had been going just o'th' sudden,
To drop, and give the Crow a Pudden.
Nancy, (although she saw the Queen
Ready to burst her Hoops for Teen)
And well enough mark'd how she look'd too,
Yet by her fine Pretence was rook'd so,
She did no further on't consider,
But went about what she had bid her ;
Dreaming no more than her last Even,
Dido had been so loudly given.
Away therefore^s my Lass does trot,
And presently an Halter got,
Made of the best strong hempen Seer,
And ere a Cat could lick her Ear,
Had ty'd it up with so much Art,
As Dun himself could do for's Heart.

The Rope, and say 'twas got o'th' sudden,
Did prove so prime a special good one,
That with fair Usage it might come
To hang up *Carthage* all and some.
The *Trojan* Doublet she had fill'd so,
'Twas very strange the Buttons held so,
And that the Cramming of his Breeches,
Had not quite broken out the Stitches,
His very Stockings, though they were
About the Feet out of Repair ;
Yet she made shift to stuff each start-up,
And tie 'um to the rest on's Wardrobe :
Having thus brac'd him like a Drum,
She laid him out in Dido's Room,
Display'd upon a fair long Board,
Ready when Dido gave the Word,
To be advanc'd into the Halter,
Without the Benefit on's Psalter.
Scarce had she thus dispos'd her Trinkums,
When up the Stairs, behold the Queen comes,
Leading along th'old rotten Gammer,
Into her Highness' matted Chamber.

When she was come and saw the portly
Trophy in that most noble Sort lie,
As she oft-times had seen the Sinner
Lie gorg'd on Benches after Dinner ;
She fell again into a Passion,
Caus'd by a sweet Commemoration,

Of past Delights, seeing those Breeches,
And humbly the old Gib beseeches
To shew her utmost skill and Cunning,
To keep her *Trojan* Dear from running.
The mumbling Witch bid her not fear,
But rest content, and of good chear,
And she should see she'd make him stay,
Or foul her Art should say her nay.
With that the Hag began her Charm,
You would have thought she'd had a Swarm
Of Wasps and Hornets in her Throat,
There came so strange a Humming out :
And as she spoke, her hollow Chaps,
Bound up in two thin shrivell'd Flaps
Of old abominable Leather,
Like Bellows heav'd and clapt together.
Her little Eyes being fiery red,
Were sunk so far into her Head,
They look'd when most she star'd at full,
Like Farthing-Candles in a Skull.
Her Nose hung like an Arch between
Her wrinkled Forehead and her Chin :
A craggy Passage, and uncouth,
Over the dreadful Gulf her Mouth ;
And Elf-locks hung so on each Shoulder,
'Twould make one tremble to behold her.

This Witch a Ribble-row rehearses,
Of scurvy Names in scurvy Verses :

Which by the Manner of her Mouthing,
Was certainly Burlesque, or nothing ;
And in these Rhymes, as round she limps,
Calls her Familiars and her Imps,
Sprinkling the Chamber in her Motion
With a rapid brackish Lotion,
For ought I know, of her own making,
Be her much stirring and Pains-taking.

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

Against her Love had so offended,
Till Dance and Charm together ended.

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

Have not you seen an Animal
Yclep't an Horse, when in his Stall,
The Botts, that terrible Disease,
Doth on his tender Bowels seize,
What Groans he fetches, and what Pranks
He rouling plays upon the Planks ?
So Dido, crost in her Amours,
Tumbled away her sleeping Hours,
Now on her Back, and in such Fashion,
As if she lay for Consolation ;

Now on her Belly, now her Side,
All Postures, and all Ways she try'd;
But all in vain, nothing would do,
Her Heart was so oppress'd with Woe,
And Love within her did so rumble,
She could do nought but toss and tumble:
At last in midst of Agitation,
She thus brake out into a Passion:
Which Way, poor Dido, should'st thou turn thee,
Whilst cruel Love does thus Heart-burn thee?
Thou now of Hope hast not one Spark left,
Th' hast brought thy Hogs to a fair Market,
Not one poor Dram of Consolation,
O Woman vile in Disperation!
What shall I do in this Condition,
To keep me from the World's Derision?
Shall I invite to be my Spouse,
Some one I have forbid my House?
Some saucy, proud Numidian Jack,
And humbly beg of him to take
Æneas Leavings, or like Trull here,
Run away basely with this Sculler?
Or shall I raise the Town in Swarms,
And bring him back by Force of Arms!
Alas, I fear it is no boot!
Foul means would never bring him to't.
No, no, I'll die; this Halter yet,
When all Trades fail, shall do the Feat,

Ah! Sister, Sister, hadst not thou
Play'd Mistress Quickly's Office so,
And sooth'd me up 'till I grew jolly,
I never had committed Folly:
No, had I made the least Resistance,
And kept the saucy Knave at Distance,
I might have us'd him as my list,
And ne'er been brought to this I wist.
Thus lay the wretched Queen debating,
Nan, Fortune, and her Lover rating;
Whilst he Drum-full with his Potation,
Ne'er dreaming of the doleful Passion
He had most vilely left his Drab in,
Lay drunk and snoring in his Cabbin.
But Merc'ry, tho' he slept profoundly,
Made bold to beat up's Quarters roundly.
And thus 'gan rattle him: Thou lousie,
Mangy, careless, drunken, drowsie
Coxcomb! how oft must I be sent
Hither from Jove to compliment
Your worship to a rev'rent Care
Of the young Bastard here, your Heir?
Whil'st thou ly'st tippled, or tippling;
Nor car'st what Danger the poor Stripling
Lies open to. Y'ad best snore on,
Some body will be here anon:
Take t'other Nap, do, till the Queen come,
She'll reckon with you for your In-come:

She'll rouze ye, faith ! And (Goodman Letcher)
'Tis ten to one, with a good Stretcher
About your Ears: Therefore my loving
Acquaintance, you were best be moving;
Upon my Word th' Advice is wholesome,
Stay not until the angry Soul come.
For if thou dost, mark what I say,
And be'st not gone before't be Day,
If *Carthage* ben't about your Ears
As soon as ever Day appears,
And do not thrash your Back and Side,
Far worse than Agamemnon did
Those of your Woman-stealing Rabble,
Give me but Six-pence, if thou'rt able,
And here's my Hand, I do not sport,
I'll give thee twenty Shillings for't.
Thus having said, away he flies,
Ere Toss-pot could unglew his Eyes,
Which were so cemented in that Case,
The Page was got as far as Atlas
Back on his Way, ere he could free 'um
From gowl and matter fit to see him :
But having streakt, and yaun'd a while,
Snorted, and kept the usual Coil
That Drunkards use in such like Cases,
And made some dozen Devil's Faces ;
At last he got his eyes unglew'd
Into a pretty Magnitude,

He star'd about to see the Vision
Had giv'n that courteous Admonition;
But 'twas so dark, as well it might,
Being 'twixt twelve and one at Night;
That had the nimble Courier
In kindness staid his Leisure there,
Tho' clad in Falstaff's Kendal Green,
He could not possibly be seen.
Æneas troubled herewithal,
Seeing he could not see at all,
Starts from the Tilt where he had lain,
And calls upon his Mates amain.
Rise, Sirs, quoth he, and look about ye,
I've had from Jove another how d'ye.
His Man was here, and calls to go still,
His sweaty Pumps are in my Nose still.
He swears, and offers to lay odds on't,
And if he say't, we may be sure on't,
That if we do not leave the Dock,
And get us hence by four a Clock,
We shall be murder'd, if we were
Ten times as many as we are:
Therefore I think it not amiss for's
To launch for there are Rods in Piss for's.
Let us but ply our Oars like tall Men,
Till we be got clear out of all Ken;
Then if they have a mind to lace us,
Let *Carthage*, if they can, come trace us.

And thou, O Jove, (top of my Kin!)
Who hitherto, so kind hast been,
If now thou stick, and do not fail's,
Let Dido whistle in our tails.

Thus having spoken, and thus pray'd,
Forthwith he drew his doughty Blade,
And at one Slash, to all Men's wonder,
Cut the Boat's triple Cord asunder:
At which the Gang, spurr'd by so ample,
So mighty and renown'd Example,
Cut all the rest, nor Staying Brooks,
But let the Devil take the hooks,
And shipping Oars, to work they fall,
Like Men that row'd for good and all.
Had it been Day, no doubt one might
Had then beheld a gallant Sight.
Neptune's great Whiskers had not been
So neatly brush't as they were then
Of many a Year: Crabs that did nest
Full deep therein, could take no rest.
They lather'd him in the great Bason,
So admirably well, that Jason,
Although he shav'd the Golden Fleece,
Ne'er washt him half so well as these.

Aurora now, who, I must tell ye,
Was grip't with Dolors in her Belly,
Starts from her Couch, and o'er her Head
Slipping on Petticoat of Red,

Forth of the Morning Doors she goes,
In hasty wise to pluck a Rose ;
When Dido, who was broad awake,
Hearing the rusty Hinges creak,
Ran to her Peeping-hole, to spy
What was become o'th Trojan'ry.
But out, alas ! The devil a Sail
Was left i'th' Port ; bare as my nail
The Dock was stript ; whilst far from Shower
They row'd as they ne'er row'd before.
At which sad Sight, in Wrath (God bless us !)
Tearing her dainty yellow Tresses,
She sighing said, Was ever seen
So pitiful an undone Queen !
And shall this filthy *Trojan* Royster
Undo, as one would do an Oyster,
Poor Dido thus, and run away,
Maugre what I can do or say !
Hey, how the treach'rous wenching Knave
Bounces and volts from Wave to Wave,
As he were making Ducks and Drakes,
With Wherries upon Neptune's Lakes !
The Devil sure farts in his Poop,
And puffs his kicking Sculler up ;
Or else some Witch has told the Man,
A charm to drive 'em quickly on,
And sent a windy spright to Sea,
He could not else make so much way.

Cannot I burn, or sink their Floats;
A lousie Fleet of rotten Boats!
Yes, I'm a Queen: To Sea, my People;
Let none remember he's a Cripple:
But run and row, sound and unsound,
And those you kill not, bring Home bound.
But tarry here, goody Magistrate,
Your big Commands come now too late.
Poor Dido, Sorrow makes thee giddy,
They're got to Sea five Leagues already.
Queen, thou art mortal, and must die
A Sacrifice to Lechery.
Time was thou might'st have something done,
But now farewell Dominion.
This was our huffing *Trojan* Captain,
That his fair Mother's Smock was lapt in.
Of twenty *Greeks* this was the Cob,
And brought his Gods away in's Phob,
And through the Fire a-pick a-pack,
Bore the old Sinner on his Back,
Bed-rid Anchises; this was he
Made the brave Voyage o'er the Sea.
This was your trusty *Trojan*, this:
Now he shews what a Man he is!
Whilst he was here, why did I not
Cut the false Rogue's devouring Throat?
Or of his Bastard make a Pye,
And being bak'd in Paste of Rye,

Make the good Trencher-man, his nasty
Sire, eat his Brat for Mutton-Pasty!
Why did I not, ere this Disgrace,
Kill him and all his treach'rous Race?
I then had dy'd reveng'd where I
Shall now depart most sneakingly.
Thou, Sol, who didst in pimping Sort,
Because thou would'st not spoil our Sport,
Creep into Clouds, that rainy Weather;
And you, that brought young Folks together,
Procuress Juno, Jove, and all
Ye Members of Olympus Hall;
I charge ye, as y'are Folks of Fashion,
Grant this my latest Supplication.
If nothing can the Rogue withstand,
But that he must get safe to Land,
Let it be such a Land as he
Had better far upon the Sea
With all his Comrogues have been drown'd,
Then such a wretched Place have found.
May he, where he expects his Leases,
Ne'er know what such a Thing as Peace is:
But be drub'd daily Back and Side,
Till his Bones rattle in his Hide.
May he ne'er sleep an Hour in quiet,
But be disturb'd with Rout and Riot;
Black be his Days, and may his Nights
Swarm with Hobgoblins, Ghosts and Sprights;

May Strangers daunt him with Bravado's;
And spirit's Son to the *Barbado's*;
May he at last fall worse than Sea-sick,
And find no Quack to give him Physick:
No Help for Money, or for Love found,
But let him die and rot above Ground;
May none give House-room to the *Mungril*;
But let him perish on some *Dunghil*.
And when his treach'rous Soul's departed,
Let his foul Carcass be deserted,
As Traytors Quarters Men expose
To Hogs, and Dogs, and Kites, and Crows.

This my last Pray'r is, hear it then,
I shall ne'er trouble you again.
And be't your Care, ye *Tyrian* Nation,
To plague this wicked Generation.
Kill 'um like Rats, that I may have
Heaps of the Rogues pil'd o'er my Grave.
And may those Children that are yet
To bear, and those that are to get,
Torment them still by Land and Water,
And still may those that follow after
Hate worse and worse, that so it fall,
The last may hate them worst of all.

This said, she let a Groan, and sigh'd
A doleful Sigh, that prophesy'd
The Thred was spun, and that the *Parcæ*
Would shortly cut it without Mercy.

In Mind she weigh'd, as she sat crying,
What kind of Death was best to die in.
Poyson she thought would not be quick,
And, which was worse, would make her sick;
That being therefore wav'd, she thought,
That neatly cutting her own Throat,
Might serve to do her Business for her;
But that she thought upon with Horror,
Because 'twould hurt her; neither cou'd
She well endure to see her Blood.

The next came in her Thoughts was Drowning
That Way she thought 'twould be a done Thing
Soon, and with some Delight; for why
Sorrow had made her Grace a-dry.

But then again she fell a thinking,
She should be somewhat long a sinking,
Having been ever light of Members;
And to dissuade her more, remembers,
'Twould spoil the Cloaths might do some one
Credit when she was dead and gone.

On these mature Deliberations,
She lik'd none of these dying Fashions:
But looking up, and seeing the Rope
Ty'd to the Beam i'th' Chamber-Top,
With neat alluring Noose, her sick Grace
E'en long'd to wear it for a Necklace:
And in that Circle in Conclusion,
She prick'd the Point of Resolution.

'But an old Woman being, by her,
One of her Chattles, brought from *Tyre*
An ancient Heir-loom to the Queen,
'Cause she her Husband's Nurse had been ;
She meant to send her first away,
On sleeveless Errand (as we say)
That she might have her Swing alone,
To do her Exe—cu—ti—on.

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

O'th Morning's Milk, let it be her Care
To take the great brass Pan i'th' Larder,
And fill the Milk into't ; And hear ye ?
Take you the large Cheese-Fat i'th' Dairy,
And scour it clean with sand ; bid Joan too
Get on the Pot, that she may come to ;
And when the Cheese is come, but break it,
And call ; for I'll come help to make it.
The hobbling Trot limps down the Stairs,
And now the desp'rate Queen prepares,
Although her woful Heart did pantle,
To make herself a sad Example.
Towards the fatal String she moves
With tardy Pace, as it behoves

Those who by Nich'las led astray,
Wilfully make themselves away.
When she came underneath the Halter,
The Colour in her Face did alter;
Whilst down her cheeks round Liquor rowls,
As if her Eyes had been at Bowls.
First she beholds with trickling Eyes,
Æneas his most dear Disguise:
And as the Trowses she survey'd,
Reflecting how she'ad been betray'd:
Sighing, cry'd out, O thou who wert
The Joy and Comfort of my Heart,
Whilst Casket to my dearest Jewel;
But since the Faces have been so cruel,
My Grief and Shame, farewell for ever;
And here I prophesy that never,
Whoever may hereafter wear thee,
To dear Æneas ne'er will equal be.
Farewell, my latest Leave I take,
And kiss the Case for Wearer's sake.

Thus having said, she mounts the Table
Because tho' tall, she was not able
To reach the Halter that must tye
Her fast to doleful Destiny:
And having like too apt a Scholar,
Thrust her plump Neck into the Collar,
As 'tis, you know, the hanging Fashion,
She thus began her last Oration:

That I have liv'd, quoth she, and how,
I doubt, alas! too many know;
But that I now will die, is known
To no one but my self alone:
And if I Nature's Debt do pay,
And hang my self before my Day,
The censuring World can say but this,
That I'm the better Pay mistress;
And though I die a Death they say,
Makes Sufferers themselves bewray,
And die uncleanly Corps; yet I
Shall leave, although I purging die,
And go out strong as Candle-snuff,
A Fame shall savour sweet enough.
For murther'd Spouse I've made amends yet
As far as Stealing could revenge it,
And made Pygmalion, that undid us,
Pay Sauce for making People Widows.
And at my proper Cost and Charges,
A Village built, which for it's Largeness,
In a few Years might well have grown
To be a pretty Market-Town,
Had not this *Trojan* Varlet come
T' undo what all my Care had done.

Then going to turn off: But must
I go, quoth she, and is it just,
I die like Felon vile, or Traytor,
Sans Vengeance on this Fornicator?

And whilst the Stallion proudly stalks it,
Must I be thus hang'd up for Hawks-meat
Yes, die, as 'twas foretold thee long since,
If but to trouble the Knave's Conscience:
Then 'cause she would, to part the sweeter,
A Portion have of Hopkins' Meeter,
As People use at Execution,
For the Decorum of Conclusion,
Being too sad to sing, she says,
Juno, hear my latest prayers,
Which with a Grace like his that pen'd it,
To her great Comfort, being ended,
And Ceremonies now compleat,
Proceeding to the final Feat;
Thus, thus, (quoth she) to shades of Night
go, and thus I take my Flight,
With that she from the Table swung,
And happy 'twas the Rope was strong
Enough, in such a Swing to stop her,
Her Grace might else have broke her Crupper
So have I seen in Forest tall,
From friendly Cup the Acorn fall,
And Bullacc tumble from the Tree,
As ripe for hanging, down fell she.
She caper'd twice or thrice most finely;
But th' Rope embrac'd her Neck so kindly,
'Till at the last in mortal Trance,
She did conclude the dismal Dance:

A yellow aromatick Matter
Dropt from her Heels commixt with Water,
Which sinking through the Chamber-floor,
Set all the House in sad Uproar,
All at the first that they amiss thought,
Was that her Grace had mist the Piss-pot ;
And when the Stairs they had ascended,
And saw her Majesty suspended ;
The Servants frighted, past their senses,
Tumble o'er Buffets, Forms and Benches,
And ran to all the next Abidings
With open Cry to tell the Tydings.
Ev'n like unto the dismal Yowl,
When tristful Dogs at Midnight howl,
Or like the Dirges that through Nose
Hum out to daunt their Pagan Foes,
When holy Round-heads go to Battle :
With such a Yell did *Carthage* rattle .
At the first News poor Nancy shrieks,
And tearing Hair, and scratching Cheeks,
Ran up the Stairs, and like a Fell-shrew,
Made all that stopt her, feel her Elbow ;
Till having jostled all Opposers,
And thrust some twenty on their Noses ;
At last the Place she set her Feet on,
Where Dido hung to dry or sweeten :
Was it for this, ah Sister, Sister,
That I was sent to Gaffer Twister

To buy a Rope! Was this, quoth she,
Your fine Device to cozen me!
Could none a Halter else prepare ye,
But I must be made necessary!
Why knew I not thy dire Intent, as
I still thy chiefest Confident was!
What did'st thou know, but kindly I
Might e'en have hang'd for Company?
But in thy Ruin, I and all
The People suffer great and small,
And in this wilful Woman-slaughter,
Th'ast hang'd up *Carthage* Son and Daughter.
But stay, methinks I am not hasty
To close those Eyes that stare so ghastly:
Which said, her Buttocks on the Board
She toss'd, that all the Chamber roar'd;
And being an active Lass, and light,
At one Jump more stood bolt upright.
Thrice in her Arms did Nancy catch her;
Thrice thumpt her Bosom to dispatch her,
And thrice her latest Breath did roar,
In hollow Sound at Postern-door.

Then Juno, who had ever been
As 'twere sworn Sister to the Queen:
Hearing the lamentable Cries
That from her Villiage pierc'd the Skies,
Down towards *Carthage* bent her Looks,
Where seeing all Things off the Hooks,

And Dido in unseemly Sort
Hand dangling there; being sorry fort't,
And loth a Queen in Hempen Tackle
Should to Plebeians be Spectacle;
She call'd a little Emissary,
That used her Embassies to carry;
One Mrs. Iris: A main pretty
Nimble House-wife, and a witty;
One that if bidden once, would do't;
And had the Length of Juno's Foot
So right, that for her Parts and Feature,
She was become her Mistresss Creature.
This Girl was born (as Poets hint to's)
At a small Hamlet near *Olympus*.
And though by Birth a Dyer's Daughter,
Yet had her Friends full well up brought her;
And because Juno gave great Wages,
Prefer'd her thither for a Pagess.

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

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

Who knowing that his Daughter was
To be preferr'd to such a Place,
And what she must b'employ'd about,
Had spar'd no Cost to set her out,
At the Command of Heaven's Goddess,
She ties these Wings fast to her Bodice,
Which waving did adorn the Sky,
With all the fair Variety
Of Colours that the Rain-bow shows,
When clad in her most gaudy Cloaths,
Full swift she flew, till coming near
Carthage, she made a Chancelleer,
And then a Stoop, when having spy'd
Queen Dido's Window staring wide
Set open you may well presume,
(As there was Cause) to air the Room,
She nimbly, to all Folks Amazement,
Whips like a Swallow through the Casement.
O'er Dido's Head she took her Stand,
And cries, whilst flourishing a Brand,
Sent down from Juno Queen come I,
Epilogue to this Tragedy ;
And thus, O Dido, set thee loose
From Twitch of suffocating Noose
Which said, and tossing high her Blade
With great Dexterity, the Maid,
O wonderful ! ev'n at one side-blow
Spoil'd a good Rope, and down dropt Dido.