

**SCARRONIDES, OR VIRGIL
TRAVESTIE, A MOCK POEM, ON
THE FIRST AND FOURTH BOOKS
OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS, IN ENGLISH
BURLESQUE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649461851

Scarronides, or Virgil Travestie, a Mock Poem, on the First and Fourth Books of Virgil's *Æneis*,
in English Burlesque by Charles Cotton

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

CHARLES COTTON

**SCARRONIDES, OR VIRGIL
TRAVESTIE, A MOCK POEM, ON
THE FIRST AND FOURTH BOOKS
OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS, IN ENGLISH
BURLESQUE**

Scarronides,

••

VIRGIL TRAVESTIE,

▲

MOCK POEM,

ON THE

FIRST AND FOURTH BOOKS

OF

VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS,

IN

ENGLISH BURLESQUE,

BY CHARLES COTTON, ESQ.

THE THIRTEENTH EDITION.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED BY J. GALTON, LITTLE EASTCHEAP ;

And Sold by

The Booksellers in Town and Country.

—♦—
1804.

VIRGIL

TRAVESTIE.

ISING, 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 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 Queen,
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 not 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 Quaster, 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-do-millions,
 That (with a Pox) would be *Italians*.
 And into *Latium* now are going,
 With Oar and Sculls tugging and rowing :
 A Crew of drunken roaring Ruffins,
 Lewd, wand'ring, sturdy Ragamuffins :
 Rascals, I hate, as I do Garlick,
 And yet the Rogues are stout and warlike :
 If therefore thou wilt smoke these Roysters,
 And sowse them all like-pickl'd Oysters,
 There is a pretty Maid of mine,
 Call'd Die, shall be thy Concubines *
 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.

Q 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-hells 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 smelling,
 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 *Reking*:
 No bigger now than School-boys Kite,
 And now clean vanish'd out of Sight.