

THE  
MILLER  
OF  
*TROMPINGTON:*  
Being an EXERCISE upon  
CHAUCER's  
REEVE's TALE.



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TO THE  
READER.

**T**HE Author of the following Piece being a young Man in an Employment that daily called him abroad, used over Night to read a Portion of *Chaucer*, the next Day work it up on Horse-back, and write it out when he came home. Thus, said he, I picked up every scrap of Time; kept my Mind full; barred out ill Guests; preserved my self cheerful; made my Journeys easy, and my Business tolerable. And this being the true Occasion

### *To the Reader.*

and Manner of his writing this Talc, it's hoped he may find Pardon for Faults and Failings, particularly for running away so often from his Master old *Jeffrey*, since the whole is really but the little Rambles of a merry Traveller, jumbled together, sometimes a Trot, sometimes a Gallop. That he had Thoughts at first of stealing it out into publick, is not only hinted in the Prologue and Epilogue, but expressly said in these Lines, which he put in the Title Page :

*Parve (nec ejicio) sine me, Liber, ibis in orbem.  
Est mihi quid Domino non libet ire tuo.  
Vade, sed in cultus, qualem decet esse prioris;  
Ridiculumque habitum temporis hujus babe.*

But afterwards looking on it as a juvenile Trifle, he wrote,

*Nos haec novimus esse nihil.*

and so flung it by in a corner of his Study, where it hath lain about thirty Years; and now being found, as it was born in the Streets, so it's turn'd out again

*To the Reader.*

gain to seek its Fortune, without a Father to own it.

He made up two Tales more of the same sort, but his Head then turning to another Subject in Prose, he seems to have done them heavily, and *invita Minervā*, and never put his last Hand to them. About the middle of the last he made this Distich,

*Cætera cum canerem, subito petit ardua cœli  
Musa proterva suum raucum indignata Poc-  
tam.*

and it's likely there he meant to have left off quite; and without doubt it was a considerable time before he finished it; for both the Paper and Ink of the last look much different from the first part. He had also made the Draught of an Apology for low Poetry, and flung together some uncommon Materials for it, but left it imperfect.



## PROLOGUE, *In Imitation of Persius.*

—Nec fonte labra, &c.

**I** Have no share, that I can tell,  
I' th' sacred Pegascan Well;  
Nor any Title to possess  
One Foot of Ground upon Parnass.  
So then I have (I can't deny)  
But poor pretence to Poetry :  
And should I be accosted thus,  
Your humble Servant Minimus  
Of Minor Poets: I shou'd bow,  
Extreamly pleas'd, and proud of't too.  
But as to those rare Gentlemen,  
Whose Birth, and nat'r al Parts have been  
So happy, as to make 'em free  
O' th' Heliconian Company:

Tis

## P R O L O G U E.

*'Tis they, and only they alone,  
Have got a Patent of their own,  
To trade with Wit to Helicon.*



*Yet lo ! such is my Impudence,  
And want of Coin, and Conscience ;  
That, tho' I'm but a Countrey Swain,  
Prove how it will, I can't refrain  
From interloping in their Trade,  
With rustick Wares that I have made.*

*For Need pricks forward ev'ry Ninny  
To try, at least, to turn the Penny :  
And where faint Nature would not do it,  
Pure Penury makes many a Poet.*

*Pray let me ask you, who does teach  
The senseless Pies, and Parrots Speech ?  
Not Nature sure, or Mother Wit ;  
But more ingenious Appetite :  
And Hunger, Want, and pinching Pain ;  
And Sense o'th' Belly, not o'th' Brain.*

*'Tis Want, and hard Necessity,  
That quickens all our Industry :  
And if Rewards encourage it,  
'Twill easily convert to Wit.*

*Cow'd*

## P R O L O G U E.

*Cou'd we but see the golden Age  
Return again, to bleſs the Stage :  
Cou'd we but find the welcome Bays,  
Producing Pence, as well as Praife :  
Oh witty Times ! how great wou'd be  
The Change in modern Poetry !  
Meer Parrot Poets might, perhaps,  
That write, by rote, poor follen ſcraps,  
Produce Compoſures, little leſs  
Than Iliads, and Odyſſes.*

---

T H E



THE  
M I L L E R  
O F  
*Trompington, &c.*

---

*C A N T O. I.*

The ARGUMENT.

*Of Symkin's self, and Spouse, and Daughter,  
How th' Manciple fell into th' Water ;  
How th' Miller did, in Tolling, take up,  
And how he set the Warden's Back up.*



*I E R I A N* Madams (no offence)  
I come to crave your Influence :  
And I'll not be content with less,  
Than what you gave *Meonides* :  
He brought his *Troy* to great Renown,  
And so will I my *Trompington*.

The

10 *The Miller of Trompington.*

The Scholars know it ; 'tis a Place  
Two Miles from *Cambridge*, more or less.  
There flows a pleasant Brook, which pays  
Its welcome Tribute sev'ral ways.  
It yieldeth Fish; and when let out,  
Like *Nile*, sheds Bounty all about.  
Not only makes the Corn to grow,  
But drives a Mill, and grinds it too.

There dwelt a Miller many a Day,  
As proud as Peacock, and as gay.  
Altho' he wore two clubbed Fists,  
And Fingers big enough for Wrists ;  
Yet he cou'd make 'em nimblly labour  
On Hautboy, Flute, or Pipe and Tabor.  
Nets cou'd he mend, well cou'd he fish ;  
Cou'd turn a wooden Cup or Dish ;  
Cou'd wrestle stoutly, shew good play,  
At trip, or close, or any way.  
His mighty Strength, and Skill was such,  
'Tis said he never met his match.  
Haughty he was as *Lucifer*,  
And grim and surly as a Bear.  
His Face was broad, his Nose was flat,  
His Eyes as grey as any Cat,

*The Miller of Trompington.* II

His Whiskers long, and black as Pitch,  
His Skull as bald as Monkey's Breech,  
His Aspect savage, his Stature tall,  
Shoulders and Legs huge made withal.  
Abroad he very seldom stirr'd,  
Without a Poniard, Tuck and Sword.  
He was so stout, and void of Fear  
He durst exchange a Box o'th' Ear  
With *Milo*, had he been alive :  
Tho' at *Olymp* he's said to give  
With's swinging Fist so damn'd a Blow,  
That therewithal he kill'd a Cow.  
In fine this Miller was accounted  
A Fellow not to be affronted ;  
And generally us'd to pass  
For th' dreadful'st Blade that ever was.  
A Thief he was, as Millers be,  
And us'd to toll unconscionably.  
His Name was *Sympkin*, and his Spouse  
Forsooth was of a noble House,  
The Parson's Daughter of the Place.  
Pewter with her he gave and Bras ;  
A Copper Furnace, Tubs to brew,  
Which twenty Years before were new :

12 *The Miller of Trompington.*

Two pair of Sheets, a feather Bed,  
A warming Pan without a lid ;  
With many a picce of houshold Stuff,  
For he was glad to pack her off,  
Lest she shou'd do like many more ;  
And as her Sister did before,  
That prov'd an errant hackney Whore.

To bring about this wish'd Alliance  
Old Father (out of meer compliance)  
To *Sympkin's* Pride and Nicety)  
Had bred her up i'th' Nunnery.  
For *Sym* gave out, he'd ne'er disparage,  
He'd ne'er disgrace his Blood by Marriage  
Below himself : So good a Yeoman  
May well expect a Gentlewoman ;  
Well born, well bred, a Beauty and Virgin,  
Or else the Devil take the Bargain.

This Wife was lively, brisk, and pert,  
And oftentimes most terribly tart,  
Which *Sym* regarded not a Fart :  
Tho' her perpetual Mover still clack ;  
He minded it no more than's Mill clack.

We mostly see the Marriage state  
A checker work of Love and Hate :

This

*The Miller of Trompington.* 13

This Simile's not ill apply'd  
To surly *Sym*, and's bickering Bride.  
Sometimes like Dog and Bear they'd be:  
Sometimes they'd love confoundedly.  
'Twas pleasant to behold them two  
On Holy Days; how he wou'd go  
Before with Tippet on his Head;  
And she'd trip after, all in red:  
*Sym* in red Hose, puff'd up he had 'em;  
And none durst call her less than Madam.  
None went so hardy on the Way  
That durst pretend to sport and play  
With Madam Millorcs; for *Sym*  
Wou'd certainly have murther'd him  
With Sword or Dagger that he wore:  
For jealous Fools are evermore  
Most perilous; tho' they encline  
(Which well might tempt a Neighbour in)  
To have their Wives go finikin fine.  
And fine she went as any she,  
And gaudy as a Butterfly:  
With iron'd Face, and plighted Mouth,  
In prinkum prankum drest forsooth

B

With

14 *The Miller of Trompington.*

With various Ribbons Shops afford ;  
Not much unlike a Jay (good Lord !)  
Fine-feather'd, yet an ugly Bird.

Because (thank God) by Birth she was  
A Clergy Woman ; and because  
She was (which no Man can deny)  
Genteelly bred i'th' Nunnery :  
And 'cause she deem'd her self a Beauty,  
She thought it truly was her Duty  
To put on State and Peevishnes :  
Thus Gentlewomen shou'd exprefs  
Their Quality ; for otherwise  
Each *Joan* wou'd Lady soon despise.  
Fantastick Tots, and Pride, and State,  
Are Virtues that discriminate  
Degrees of Women that excell :  
Were't not for theſe, pray who cou'd tell  
A Dutchesſ from a dirty Jill.  
Take theſe away, and fie for shame,  
'Twou'd dwindle Madam into Dame,  
And all the Sex wou'd ſeem the ſame.  
This worthy Pair (God blesſ 'em) were  
The Parents of a Daughter dear,  
Of Age perhaps ſome twenty Year,



Or

*The Miller of Trompington.* 15

Or thereabouts, whose Name was *Betty* ;  
And had no more (the more's the pity)  
Except a sucking Child i'th' Cradle,  
That was so young it could not waddle,  
A jolly thriving thumping Boy,  
Just like its Dad, as Midwives say.  
This Wench was thick, had grown apace,  
Her Nose was flat, Eyes grey as Glass :  
Her Buttocks spread like *Flanders* Mare ;  
Her quiv'ring Breasts were large and bare ;  
Her Hair was yellow, much-what like  
The wholesome Drug call'd Arsenick.  
That sov'reign Cure where Love makes sick.

Old Parson, 'cause she was so fair,  
Designed *Betty* for his Heir :  
And set himself upon the watch  
To find her out a worthy Match.  
Was fond, and critically nice  
(All old Men take themselves for wifc)  
He purpos'd to bestow her high,  
In some good ancient Family.  
For holy Church's Goods may be  
Dispensed very lawfully

16 *The Miller of Trompington.*

On her, whose Pedigree's so good  
To come of holy Church's Blood.  
And he'll refuse no Care or Trouble,  
To join his holy Blood to noble.  
His holy Conscience doth not bar it,  
For holy Ones have right to share it,  
Tho' holy Church may suffer for it.

This *Trompingtonian* Miller ground  
Almost for all the Countrey round ;  
For *Cambridge* too, and for a College,  
Where old Fools sold to young Fools Knowledge,  
Call'd *Scholars Hall* so long ago,  
But known by th' name of *Clare Hall* now ;  
Of Trav'lers worth the being seen,  
Tho' 'twere but for its Bowling-green.  
The Students number there was great,  
And so they spent a deal of Wheat ;  
For each of them a Mouth had gotten  
To eat, as well as gabble *Latin* :  
But Malt they spent ten times as much,  
For most an end we find that such  
Whose thirsty Souls are still a-dry  
To fuck in Learning greedily,

Have

*The Miller of Trumpton.* 17

Have grievous thirsty Bodies too,  
And suck in wet as Sponges do,  
And then their Notions briskly flow.

Now on a Season it befel  
The College Manciple fell ill:  
And many of them wisely ween,  
That dye he must, for they had seen  
The Doctor there; and think no other,  
But Death and Doctor go together.  
The truth on't is, he was a Fellow  
That would be often fine and mellow,  
And us'd to bear it neat; but now  
H'ad been as drunk as *David's* Sow,  
Most damnably indeed paid off,  
With Brain and Belly full enough:  
So reel'd i'th' Night, rush into th' River,  
And's Head frorn Swimmer turn'd a Diver.  
That Cold and Surfeit caus'd a Fever.

While thus he lay in great Distress,  
Uncapable of Busines,  
The Miller rogu'd it ten times more  
Than ever he had done before.  
'Tis true, he ever would dispense  
A little with his Conscience;

18 *The Miller of Trompington.*

And dish too deep ; but whereas he  
Then stole, as 'twere, but courteously ;  
He now flew out beyond belief,  
And grew a most outrageous Thief.

At which good Warden justly warm'd,  
At first grew passionate and storm'd :  
But after, Reason taking place,  
Thus argu'd with him to his Face.

Why *Sym*, a scurvy ill Report  
Troubles mine Ear, I'm sorry for't ;  
And since you impudently thus  
And wickedly have injur'd us,  
'Tis plain, you ha'n't deserv'd of me,  
And can't expect much Courtesie :  
And therefore without more ado,  
I'll tell you what I say to you.

*Sym*, you're a Murth'rer, thus I prove it ;  
(Tho' I confess I little love it)  
Who takes away one's Life must be  
A Murtherer most certainly ;  
But you take Life away, and are  
*Ergo* (d'ye see) a Murtherer.  
Suppose the *Minor* you deny,  
I'll prove it to you presently.

Of

*The Miller of Trompington.* 19

Of Livelihood who us deprives,  
Takes away in effect our Lives ;  
But you deprive us : *Ergo*, Clown,  
The Consequence is sure and sound.  
Now you'll say, *Nego minorem* again :  
But I'll say *Probo*, mighty plain.  
Who steals our Corn for Drink and Food,  
Deprives us of our Livelihood.  
But you steal : *Ergo* the Conclusion,  
Sir *Dusty Poll*, is your Confusion.  
Thus I could (Sirrah) Syllogise on,  
From *Barbara Celarent*, to *Ferison*.  
But here's enough : next I'll let fly  
Apocryphal Artillery.  
Whence (I allow) I fetch'd the Point  
And Edge of all my Argument.  
You'll find in *Ecclesiasticus*  
The four and twentieth Chapter, thus ;  
The Bread o'th' Needy is their Life ;  
He that thereof doth him deprive,  
And takes his Neighbour's Livelihood,  
Is (faith the *Greek*) a Man of Blood.

20 *The Miller of Trompington.*

As tho' he'd said, it matters not ;  
Who Belly starves, kills ev'ry jot  
As much as he that cuts a Throat.  
This you can't say you seldom do,  
For all your Trade of Life is so.  
And now your Crime's so plain in sight,  
You cannot possibly deny't.  
And 'tis such murth'rous deadly Abuse,  
'Twill not admit the least Excuse.  
And if you don't your Manners alter,  
Tho' you may 'hap to slip the Halter,  
Yet shan't you the Vice-Chanc'lor's Court,  
There I'll expose, and judge you for't.  
And ignominiously, last of all,  
Expell you out of Scholars Hall.  
But *Symon, Symon*, if you'll mend,  
I'll pardon all, and be your Friend.  
Turn honest Man, and there's an end.

This said, he triumph'd in his Heart,  
Well pleas'd h'ad been so very smart.  
And push'd so home his Argument,  
And press'd so close his Consequent ;  
And shew'd in the concluding part  
Such super-fine *Philippick* Art,

Out

*The Miller of Trompington.* 21

Out-doing even *Cicero*  
For Logick, and for Ethicks too ;  
And Mercy with strict Justice mixt ;  
And i'th' Result, laid him betwixt  
A lusty pair of Torturers,  
O'th' right hand Hopes, o'th' left hand Fears ;  
To flog him 'till he grew a new Man,  
And from a Miller turn'd a true Man.

But *Symkin* was so void of Grace,  
He'd such a cursed brazen Face ;  
He ne'er beg'd Pardon for's Offence,  
But slur'd it all with Impudence :  
And frown'd, and stamp'd, and flung, and tore,  
And gnash'd, and foam'd, and curs'd, and swore ;  
And ram'd, and damn'd the Devil to do,  
And said they ly'd that told him so.

*CANTO*

*C A N T O* II.

*The A R G U M E N T.*

*Two Lads are bent upon a Project ;  
Use pow'rful Rhetorick, and Logick.  
Then what the Warden's Worship's Will is,  
Then what a wond'rous thing a Mill is.*

**T**HERE were two Sizers in the College,  
Who truly, tho' they had no small edge  
To Books, and Lit'rature, were yet  
More notable for waggish Wit ;  
And had no Strength, or Courage lacking,  
For any daring Undertaking.  
These two (cause Likeness causeth Love)  
Were (as the Proverb) Hand and Glove ;  
Together still in Company,  
Sworn Brothers in Iniquity,  
Still enterprizing something : This is  
Like *Diomedes* ; that *Ulysses*.  
They come, and beg submissively,  
With earnest Importunity,

The

*The Miller of Trompington.* 23

The Warden's Worship (whom God bles  
With long Life, Health, and Happiness)  
That of his great Benignity,  
He'd but vouchsafe 'em graciously  
A thing they'd beg; but were ashame'd  
His Reverence shou'd hear it nam'd:  
Yet, to their Comfort, since they find  
He's ever graciously inclin'd,  
So kind, so good, so ev'ry way  
Beyond what they can think or say;  
They are encourag'd to hope he'd give  
Their poor Unworthinesses leave  
To let their trembling Tongues express  
Unto his Worship's Graciousness  
Their poor Request; and they shou'd pray,  
On bare bent Knees, both Night and Day,  
(As truly they're in Duty bound)  
Upon the bare and humble Ground,  
That God Almighty, i'th Firmament,  
Wou'd mercifully please to grant,  
Whatever he can wish or want.

J. Now rev'rend, worthy, honour'd Sir,  
Necessity's a pow'rful Spur

2

To

24 *The Miller of Trompington.*

To prick us on to do a thing,  
Which, tho't look odd, we're sure will bring  
Upon our very certain Knowledge,  
A gen'ral Good to all the College.

*A.* Sage Sir, tho' Books can feed the Mind,  
They can't the Body, as we can find.  
Can *Charta* be, can any think,  
Good Food, or *Atramentum* Drink?  
Our Bodies must be nourished,  
And call, at least, for Beer and Bread.  
But now of late, they're both so small,  
As ne'er was known in Scholars Hall,  
Until of late, Sir; and we know, Sir,  
The Fault is not, i'th' least, in you, Sir;  
But in the Miller; and we shall  
Prove he's the Thief, that robs us all:  
If, Sir, you please but give Consent,  
We may go on with our Intent.

*F.* Sir, like't who can; but such our Case is,  
We Scholars are meer Millers Asses.  
Shall such a Pudding-head as he  
Out-wit an University?  
Shall such a Scoundrel, Rascal Rogue,  
Confounded, mangie, mungrel Dog,

Wh

## *The Miller of Trompington.* 25

Who is not worthy to be fed  
With Chippings of our College Bread,  
Nor wash with Ale his mealy Brain  
Till we have piss'd it out again,  
Our Tyrant be, and set a gabel  
On all that cometh to our Table ?  
Shall he that should be Slave to serve us,  
Be our Allowancer to starve us ?  
How dares he have the Impudence,  
To make his Miller's Conscience  
The only Standard, Sir, that we  
Must measure all our Stomachs by ?

*A.* There's not in *Cambridge* any Hall  
Or College, but has nappy Ale,  
Excepting ours : And, Sir, shal we  
Like *Gideon's* Fleece alone be dry ?  
And can your Rev'rence think it fit,  
And will your Worship, Sir, permit  
A Famine of Bread shou'd make us keep  
Eternal Fast, when Wheat's so chear ?

*J.* And all this, honour'd Sir, by th' means  
Of Plaguey *sym*, and's cursed *Queans*,  
To stuff the Toad's ungodly Guts,  
And pamper a Pair of sowish Shns,

## 26 *The Miller of Trompington.*

His tawdry Wife, and strapping Daughter,  
That scorn oth' World, and shame of Nature

*A.* They're such as *Virgil* Harpys calls ;  
And we may call our Canibals.

They steal our Malt, they steal our Wheat,  
That we shou'd drink, that we shou'd eat ;  
And so, Sir, as the Cafe has stood,  
Effectively they had as good  
Devour our Flesh, and gulp our Blood.

*J.* Most good and gracious Sir, alas !  
This is our Cafe, our wretched Cafe.  
But Words what need we multiply ?  
You know it true as well as we.

*A.* You know, Sir, all things ; are the sage,  
The knowing *Nestor* of the Age.

*J.* Ah Sir, that Head of yours contains  
A noble Cabinet of Brains ;  
Whose rich fill'd Drawers hold no less,  
Than all the learned Languages,  
And all the Arts and Sciences.

*A.* 'Tis sure; there can't be solid Sense,  
Without a long Experience ;  
For truly young Mens nat'r'l Wit,  
Is Wisdom but ith' Blossom yet ;

The

*The Miller of Trompington.* 27

The Brain's not fruitful, till we see  
The Head bloom like the Almond Tree;  
Then, then's the time for Fruit to grow ;  
For young Men Learn, but old Men Know.

*J.* Your Reverences Almond Head  
Appals us so with awful dread,  
That maugre our Necessities,  
We should not dare tell our device,  
Were you not Good, as well as Wise.

*A.* Knowledge, if Goodness be not by,  
Serves but to perfect Villany.  
No Man deserves much preference,  
Upon the sole account of Sense,  
Without good Humour ; Devil's fee  
Ten Thousand Matters more than we ;  
Yet are, 'cause Cruel, Fell, and Fierce,  
The more they know, so much the worse.

*J.* But Sir, of you it must be said,  
It is your Heart that crowns your Head.

*A.* That's so beneficent and good,  
It bubbles Balm, instead of Blood.

*J.* So grand, so good, it is become  
Our *Decus & Praesidium*.

28 *The Miller of Trompington.*

*A.* And worthily is flyl'd the *Pater*  
*Of Cantabrigian Alma Mater.*

*J.* Yes Sir, *tu Pater, tu Patronus;*  
*Si de'ftris;* Lord have Mercy on us.

*A.* So, with submision, Sir, we pray  
You'd please to hear us what we'd say.

*J.* And Sir, 'tis this we'd be upon;  
We two wou'd go to *Trompington*,  
With Wheat to grind. We'll lay our Necks,  
We'll so prevent his thieving Tricks,  
That for his Blood he shall not steal,  
No not a Thimble full of Meal.

*A.* And when he sees we watch his Water;  
He'll never dare to steal herea'ter.

*J.* Then Worthy, Honour'd Sir, we pray  
Your Worship's Goodnes<sup>s</sup> would give way,  
That we may go to morrow Morn,  
As we have said, to watch our Corn.

*A.* You are so Gracious and so Wise  
To know and follow good Advice,  
(For which the Lord be ever bleſt)  
That we ne'er doubt it in the leaſt,  
But that you'll grant us our Request.

2  
3

And

*The Miller of Trompington.* 29

And thus they glazed fulsomely,  
And paid him home with Flattery.  
For wise old Men will never hear,  
Unless you tickle up their Ear  
With praise of Aged Sapience,  
Discretion, Knowledge, Wisdom, Sense,  
Which long Experience, Use, and Thought,  
Have perfected, as well as taught.

At last they made a rev'rend Bow,  
With high respect profoundly low ;  
And tho' their praying Tongues had done,  
Their begging Eyes requested on.

Grave Warden made a little Pause,  
And stroak'd his learned Beard and Jaws.  
Then fixt his Eye upon the Ground,  
With Aspēct thinking and profound ;  
Then pok'd his Finger in his Ear,  
And twirl'd with such a Motion there,  
As tho' he wound up living Clock,  
Anon its hammer Tongue thus struck.

Ah Time, my Time ! how dost thou flee ?  
And yet how much I value thee !  
King *Priam*, and all *Troy* I count,  
Yea all the World, not tantamount.

30 *The Miller of Trompington.*

I can remember well the time,  
Young Lads, when 'twas a crying Crime,  
An Impudence beyond a Pardon,  
For Boys to speak unto the Warden,  
Unles's he call'd 'em ; But (d'ye see)  
The times are alter'd mightily :  
And those good Days are gone and past,  
And lo (d'ye see) we're come at last,  
To th' Dregs oth' World, and Grounds and Grub :  
For this round World is like a Tub ;  
And Time's the Liquor it contains,  
Which ever drizzlcth out, and drains  
The said great Tub. At first (d'ye see)  
'Twas clear, without Impurity,  
All Spirit fine. But ev'ry Hour,  
Ran worse and worse, at length ran Sow'r :  
And so by unperceiv'd degrees,  
*Tacito pede*, the Poet says,  
In these your Days it runs mere Lees.  
Hence good old Customes are (alas !)  
Left off ; and bad usurp their place.  
So Honour due to Men of Age,  
Whom wise Experience maketh sage,



And

*The Miller of Trompington.* 31

And unto Men of Dignity,  
As this same I is now (d'ye see)  
Is much neglected. Yet altho'  
While I was young 'twas nothing so,  
I'll do (d'ye see) as others do,  
And suffer you to speak.

But hold !

Youngsters, methinks you're something bold.

If you opine, you're fit to fly,  
And fetch Discretion from the Sky,  
And Counsel wise; why then say I  
Your callow Chins are certain proof,  
Your Brains are scarcely fledg'd enough.

Young *Icarus* came tumbling down,  
And so did flutt'ring *Phaeton*.

You think your selves *Neforian* wise,  
When you thrust on me your Advice;  
But since you do't with soine Respect,  
I'll count it but a mere Dese&  
That's incident to Youth, to be  
Thus understock'd with Modesty,  
And fill'd with Self-conceit (d'ye see)  
Which goes off as Experience  
Comes on, and teacheth founder Sense.



32 *The Miller of Tropington.*

But to th' Request. Young Men, I see  
Its Matter and Form perspicuously,  
Its first two Principles; but yet,  
It wants the third to be compleat,  
And that's Privation: So I give  
Determination negative,  
For many Reasons I cou'd shew,  
Had I but leisire so to do.  
For, as one well expresseth it,  
*My osium non suppetit.*

But mind, Auscult with open Ears:  
I'll thred up some Particulars.  
As to your sad Complaint, I must,  
And will acknowledge, 'tis but just,  
The matter of Fact indeed is true;  
And here (d'ye see) I close with you.  
In short (I love to be but brief)  
I positively do believe,  
The Miller is an errant Thief.  
But as to th' Means that you propose  
For Remedy, I cannot close;  
Nor (young Men) can I be inclin'd,  
'To be directly of your Mind,



For

*The Miller of Trompington.* 33

For weighty Reasons I shall tell,  
Observe (d'ye see) and heed 'em well.  
And first, the Honour, and Dignity  
Of *Cambridge* University  
Will suffer Prejudice, I fear,  
If once the scoffing World shou'd hear,  
Our Scholars are employ'd so ill,  
At to be sent with Grifts to Mill.  
Besides the Meannels of it too,  
It will be represented so,  
As if we *Cantabrigians* took  
More care for th' Butt'ry, than our Book.  
But secondly (d'ye see) I say,  
Were this Objection wash'd away,  
'Tis probable, the Care and Pain  
You undertake will prove in vain.  
For *Sympkin* is a cunning Thief;  
And therefore truly, I believe,  
Tho' you look on, yet he'll command,  
Unseen by you, his flight of Hand:  
And so when you are gone from's House,  
He'll render you ridiculous :

And

34 *The Miller of Trompington.*

And say mere Scholars are mere Fools ;  
And so our famous learned Schools  
Breed only Woodcocks up and Owls.

But lastly, for I'll say no more,  
'Cause I have urg'd enough before,  
This Argument is not *ad rem*  
So much as 'tis *ad hominem* ;  
For to your proper selves it is chief,  
I'm horribly afraid of Mischief.

*Sym*'s stout as *Hercules* in a Duel ;  
And as *Mezantius*, bloody cruel.  
Now if he find you watch so well,  
And cramp him that he cannot steal :  
Or if you catch him in the Fact,  
He'll certainly have no respect  
Unto your Gowns ; but strait fall foul  
Upon you both : And by my Soul,  
(D'yee see, young Men) and by my troth,  
I fear it much, he'll slay you both.

Remember, Children, it was thus  
With *Nisus* and *Eurialus*,  
Two Head-strong Youths, as you may read,  
I'th ninth (I think 'tis) *Aeneid*.



Then

*The Miller of Trompington.* 35

Then when some sad *Antilochus*  
Brings News that  $\kappa\epsilon\eta\pi\alpha\tau\epsilon\gamma\kappa\lambda\Theta\gamma$ ,  
How shall we moan, lament, and cry,  
Alas! his *finis Priami!*  
This Thought e'en makes my Heart to bleed,  
And 'twere a dreadful thing indeed;  
A direful Tragedy, good Lord,  
As any Age cou'd e'er record.  
And therefore be not rash, but wise,  
And follow temperate Advice.  
Let this your odd Design alone,  
And trust to me; 'tis ten to one,  
But I shall find a lucky Day,  
To trap the Thief another way.  
And then (good young Men) I'll redress  
Your Injuries and Grievances.  
So now repair both to your Study;  
Take Time, while *tempus* is but *hodie*.  
Thus ended good, old, grave Sir Noddy.  
The titt'ring Younkers all the while,  
Do what they cou'd, were like to smile  
In's very Teeth, young Rogues, to see  
Grave Warden's quaint Delivery;

2  
3

For

36 *The Miller of Trompington.*

For Hand, and Foot, and Head, and Face,  
All mov'd at ev'ry emphatick Place.  
To Eyes and Ears, he seem'd to speak ;  
His Body was all Rhetorick.

An Ape ne'er looks so like an Ape,  
As when he wears a Doctor's Cap.  
Tho' many a Notion did remain  
Stor'd up i'th' Archives of his Brain ;  
Yet they lay all so quiet there,  
That of themselves they would not stir.  
And so to make 'em budge, he did  
At ev'ry Period jerk his Head.  
They saw he play'd old Coxcomb gravely,  
And spouted learned Nonsense bravely.  
And when he told his Tale of Tub,  
And how the Times were Grounds and Grub,  
With preaching Looks, and positive Face,  
As tho't had been Don *Socrates* ;  
Their Lungs recoil'd, and e'en betray'd  
Their merry Sense of what he said.

But when arising by and by,  
To dire cothurnate Tragedy ;  
Where *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Greece* and *Troy*,  
All fagott'd together lay

In

*The Miller of Trompington.* 37

In complex Thought, and made old Owl  
Look like a Dog at costive Stool,  
With Shoulders up to's Ears, a striving;  
And Knees half bent, a straining; giving  
His Verjuice Face pathetick squeez,  
Which made the Water stand in's Eyes;  
They e'en laugh'd out; with much ado  
Refrain'd, it took their Fancy so.

When he gave o'er his Eloquence,  
They with profoundest Reverence  
Attack again; and thus address.

*J.* We seem too bold, Sir, we confess;  
But, gracious Sir, when Needs do call,  
Good Manners are dispens'd withal.

*A.* We humbly know we are but Sizers,  
And don't pretend to be Advisers;  
Especially to one so wise,  
He cannot need our poor Advice:  
But only, Sir, because we find  
Your better Thoughts take up your Mind  
From such like mere corporeal Cares,  
We're bold to be Remembrancers.  
This neither should we dare to be,  
Were't not for pure Necessity.

D

*J. For,*

38 *The Miller of Trompington.*

*J.* For, Sir, 'twere hard, 'twere hard indeed,  
Might we not pray for daily Bread.  
Our croaking Bowels, Sir, we find  
Are fill'd with nothing else but Wind :  
That Wind's their Voice ; and oh ! they cry,  
Poor *Colon's* hungry and a dry.  
Our Guts have Speech, yet have no Lungs ;  
And tell their Needs, yet have no Tongues.  
And 'tis to you, Sir, they petition :  
Oh ! put on Bowels of Compassion,  
According to your wonted fashion.

*A.* Now, with Submission and Respect,  
As to the things you pleaser' object ;  
We know our selves, and can't believe  
That famous *Cambridge* can receive  
Disgrace from what we Sizers do :  
Our Station is so very low,  
We're little better than Bed-makers :  
Mean Folk may be mean Undertakers.

*J.* As to the Miller's cunning, Sir,  
We'll make him prove a silly Cur.  
And were the Rascal ne'er so wise ;  
He has but Two, but we Four Eyes.

*A.* You

*The Miller of Trompington.* 39

*A.* You say he's flout; what tho' he be ?  
Look, we have Limbs as well as he.  
Altho' he doth a huffing keep :  
We value not his Boobyship,  
Nor fear what he can do unto us :  
*Ne Herc'les quidem contra duos.*

*G.* Then gracious Sir, regard our Woe,  
For th' good o'th' College let us go,  
And *Sym*'s Confusion ; good Sir, do.

The Warden something satisfy'd,  
And almost tired out beside,  
With so much Importunity,  
And melted down with Flattery ;  
At length gave way they might repair,  
Next Morn, according to desire,  
To th' House of Wheels ; which seem'd to look  
Much like a monstrous wooden Clock.  
But here a mighty diff'rence lay :  
Clocks tell how much Time steals away :  
But when the Miller pilfers Meal,  
Mills clack indeed, but never tell.

## CANTO III.

## The ARGUMENT.

*This Canto sings just touching Ball Horse  
Long Conversation of the Scholars.  
But 'cause the Story does not need it,  
The Reader is not bound to read it.*

JOHN one was called, *Allen* t'other;  
And both were born and bred at *Strother*,  
A Town far North; I know not where.  
Next Morn they fitted up their Gear,  
Flung off their Gowns, and put on Swords  
And Bucklers, like two *Spanish* Lords  
And (*cedant armis taga*) swagger'd;  
And loaded *Ball* until he stagger'd,  
The Warden's stone Horse, lusty *Ball*.  
So Horse and Men equipped all,  
Lo! out they troop'd, and so began  
Their March, with little Caravan.  
Like loaders to a Mill they walk'd,  
But yet like Scholars thus they talk'd;

And

*The Miller of Trompington.* 41

And being merry pleasant Rogues,  
Had these ensuing Dialogues.

*J.* Methinks our Warden's like the Devil,  
But please him and he's wond'rous civil.

*A.* When any Person doth exact  
A deal of worshipful Respect,  
I strait retire in Thought to know  
What claim of Merit he can shew:  
And if he's worthless; tho' his Station  
Demand of me Subordination;  
Yet all the while I must abhor,  
And scorn the Fool I'm forc'd t'adore.

*J.* When Chaos liquid hodge-podge was,  
Each piece of Matter took its place,  
And settled low, or mounted high  
According to the just degree  
Of its intrinlick Gravity.

Oh! had grave Warden there been found,  
His leaden Pate had twank'd him round;  
And shew'd a mighty merry sight,  
His Head i'th' Mud, his Heels upright.

*A.* I'th' order of things that live between  
An Oyster and a Seraphin,



42 *The Miller of Trompington.*

Nature has made his place to fall  
Amongst the good for nothing at all.

*G.* I'th' living Library of Men,  
If you wou'd rightly put him in,  
His due and proper Rank and Place is  
I'th' lowest Shelf o'th' lowest Classis.

*A.* When Nature turn'd the Dish of's Skull,  
Instead of Brains, she dipp'd it full,  
Out of his Grandmother's Close-stool.

*G.* Yet time and time I've heard it said,  
When th' Midwife brought his Mother a-bed  
She quite forgot to clap on's Head.

*A.* Our haughty, trifling Tutor and he  
May very well keep Company.

*G.* They weigh so like, add but a Chip,  
'Twill make that end o'th' balance dip.

*A.* You lately made his Choler rise,  
And now you speak with prejudice :  
For as he Lectur'd he perceiv'd  
That what he preach'd you scarce believ'd :  
And so he box'd you : Reason's clear,  
Faith should be driven thro' the Ear.

*G.* A wise Man ventures not Discretion  
So weakly as to be in Passion.



*A. A*

*The Miller of Trompington.* 43

*A.* A wise Man He ! Distinction save us !  
Of *Sapientum* he's *Ottavus*.

*J.* His Lectures are an even piece  
Of Nonsense mixt with Sottishness,  
O'er-charg'd with Speeches long and dry,  
And tedious sage Tautology.

*A.* That like some Sermons, more behalfe  
Incline a Man to sleep than laugh.

*J.* How strangely in him there accords  
An Ebb of Sense, and Tide of Words !

*A.* So small's his Wit, and jumbl'd so  
With Trash, it may be liken'd to  
A Grain of Gold in Tuns of Dung,  
Which thou shalt look for very long  
Before thou find; and when thou dost,  
'Twill prove not worth the search it cost.

*J.* Wit has he none ; but reads to get  
A thousand ends and thrums of Wit.

*A.* Odd scraps and shreds ; *Apollo* bleſſ us !  
Sure 'tis a Rag-man of *Parnassus*.

*J.* Yet he pretends how inf'nitely  
He's raptur'd with good Poetry.

*A.* And is (poor Bard) not Ballad high.

2

The

44 *The Miller of Trompington.*

J. The Devil scow'r his Roads, and draw  
A brace of Hedg-hogs thro' his Maw.

A. And then a Journey thro' him take,  
Booted and spur'd, with Sithe at's Back.

J. Let's Body in Spicy Jakes and Gummy  
Embalming lye to make a Mummy,  
To give with wound Drinks, when the Elves  
Have fought and bang'd and brais'd themselves.

A. Infernal Stink-pot stop up close  
His Spirit and Soul, to hold to th' Nose  
Of Satan's Wife when vaporous.

J. Pox take him ! he's not worth a Curse :  
We can't find out a Subject worse.  
I'll start another : let it be  
The Clink and Blank of Poetry.

A. The Clink of Syllables call'd Rymes,  
Brought in ith' barb'rous Runick times,  
To sober Criticks seems to be  
A paulyr part of Poetry,  
Becoming Monkisb dull Divines,  
Who traded much in *Leonines*.

J. Altho' to spoil I should be sorry,  
An undergraduate Antiquary,

2

Yet

*The Miller of Trompington.* 45

Yet I'll produce a Line or two  
Of Leonines in *Cicero*,  
Before the Monks long time ago.

*Celum mitescere ; Arbores frondescere ;*  
*Vites latiscere, Pampinis pubescere ;*  
*Rami baccarum ubertate incurvoscere.*

*Tusc. Quæst. Lib. I.*

*A.* Antique, or Novel, matters not :  
But it confines and hampers Thought,  
And brings in Trifling : therefore I  
Wou'd fling it out of Poetry ;  
Excepting such, whose main intent  
Is mere Burlesque and Merriment.

*B.* If any Person should engage  
Himself alone t' oppose the Age ;  
And most directly run his Face  
Against the usage of the Place ;  
Depend upon't, he will but harm  
Himself, unless good Reason arm  
And guard him ; therefore let us see  
How thou'l Explain and Amplifie.

*C.* When lab'ring Thought is working up  
A noble Grandeur, then to stop

Ta