

T H E  
Third Volume  
O F T H E  
W O R K S  
O F  
L U C I A N.

Translated from the GREEK

B Y

Several Eminent Hands.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for, and Sold by JAMES WOOD-  
WARD, in *Scalding-Alley*, over against  
*Stocks-Market*. 1711.

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# Lucian's *Tragopodagra* :

O R,

# GOUT-FARCE.

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Made *English* from the *Greek*, by J. P.

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## The ARGUMENT.

Lucian has in this Fable represented the Gout as a Goddess, and the Priests to this new Deity are a set of People troubled with that Distemper. As she was boasting of her invincible Power she receiv'd Advice that certain Quacks from Syria had threatned wholly to dispossess her, and send her packing. At which being heinously offended, she sent her trusty Executioners to torment and plague them; who, after they had in vain applied their Remedies, were forc'd at last to put up their Supplications to her, and acknowledge themselves to be overcome. At last she reveals her Tormentors, and contents her self with the honour of the Victory. The design of this Drama is either to expose the swelling fustian of the  
-anciens

ancient Tragedies, by applying the same Phrases to a more ignoble Subject, something like which has been since done in the *Secchia rapita*, and Boileau's *Lutrin*, or (what I rather believe) to ridicule those noisy Empyricks who have the Impudence to pretend to cure all Diseases, and with a little Variation it may still serve for a Satyr upon the Modern German Doctors and Mountebanks.

Enter a Gouty Person limping and halting, with swell'd Feet, cut Shooes, and making wry Faces,

**L** Oath'd name of Gout, and hated by the  
 (Gods  
 Whene'er pronounc'd ; *Cocytus* baneful Brat,  
 That in the dismal Shades of deepest Hell,  
 From Womb of Fury, curs'd *Megara* fell ;  
 Whose Infamy *Alecto* fed  
 From swagging Dugs, with vile corroding  
 (Milk.

Which of the *Demons* wou'd not let thee reign  
 Eternal Plague, among the damn'd alone,  
 But his officious Malice must convey thee,  
 To torture poor Mankind before their time ?  
 For if the punishment of Crimes pursue  
 Offending Mortals to the dark Abyfs,  
 Those meaner Torments of perpetual Thirst  
 Had needless been in footy *Pluto's* Cells,  
 To punish the Misrule of *Tantalus*,  
 Or bold *Ixion* lab'ring at his Wheel.  
 Thy Tendon-tearing Pains wou'd have suffic'd  
 To expiate the most Gigantick Crimes.

How is this poultis'd, nasty Corps of mine  
 From Finger's ends to Soals of Feet and Toes  
 By gnawing Cholera's vile Corruption maim'd,  
 That

That with astringent Steams contracts my  
 (Pores,  
 Enters the Sinews, and with exquisite Pains  
 Renders my Life a Burthen insupportable.

The scalding Mischief through my Bowels  
 (runs,  
 With flaming Torrents wasting all my Flesh :  
 My Bones (if great I may with small compare)  
 Resembles *Aetna's* Cavities, that vomit  
 Eternal Fire, or the *Sicilian* Bay (tion  
 Where th'anger'd Waves in hideous Opposi-  
 Revenge their mad Repulses on the Rocks.

Strange Malady ! which Man, the World's  
 (proud Master,  
 With all his quaint Invention strives in vain,  
 With Oyls and Fomentations to atone,  
 Yet still derides the Doctor's uselefs Care.  
 My Pains light on 'em All ; they promise ease,  
 Yet all are cully'd by the damn'd Disease.

*Chorus.*

The tops of *Dindymus*,  
 \* *Cybèle's* sacred Hill,  
 Th' Enthusiast *Phrygians* fill  
 With Howlings hideous,  
 In tender *Atte's* praise.  
 With jolly Roundelays  
 The *Lydians* revel to the found  
 Of *Phrygian* Airs,  
 While *Timolus* dark Retreats  
 Their publick Joys resound.  
 The *Corybantes* arm'd,  
 And with their frantick fury warm'd,  
 To *Cretan* Measures beat the Ground ;

\* *The middle syl-  
 lable ought to be  
 pronounc'd long,  
 for 'tis written in  
 Greek with an u.*

They

They riot, dance and sing,  
 'Till *Ida* with their *Evan's* ring.  
 The thundring God of War  
 The hoarser Trumpet's Clangor  
 For Action does prepare,  
 And wakes his sleeping Anger.  
 But, Goddess *Gout*, to Thee,  
 Soon as the Spring appears,  
 Thy true Adorers, We  
 Thy Orgies solemnize  
 In Groans and bitter Cries.  
 Fetter'd in Oily Rag and Clout,  
 Swearing sometimes, sometimes devout.  
 Soon as the Meadows once begin  
 To reassume their lovely green,  
 And smiling Zephyr thaws the Floods  
 And new adorns the wanton Woods,  
 Thy tortur'd Patients lie  
 'Meaning thy Torment's fresh Supply.  
 No sooner in her Sooty Nest  
 The harmless Swallow wails  
 Her fatal Nuptials,  
 And tuneful Nightingales  
 The hard Disaster tell  
 Of ravish'd *Philomel*,  
 But We, thy trembling Votaries  
 On nasty Beds daub'd Hip and Thighs,  
 As on thy Altars lie,  
 Thy Orgies solemnize,  
 Both Priest, and Sacrifice.

*Gouty Patient.*

Dear Staff, my Succour, and my Pain's Re-  
 (lief,  
 Performing th'Office of a third sound Leg,  
 Not

Not subject to the Rage of Tyrant Gout,  
Support my trembling steps, and guide my Feet  
To tread, and walk unlaught at in the Street.  
Raise up my suffering Limbs from loathsome

(Bed ;

'Tis time to leave drawn Curtains and a Room  
Cramp'd with vile Gally pots and nauseous

(Clouts.

With thy strong Aid encourage me to send  
For nimble Barber to renew my Face.

Then down Stairs help me, mad to be abroad,  
To suck fresh Air, from Smoak of Chimney

(free,

And bid the Sun in his Career good Morrow,  
For now 'tis five whole Weeks is shut up  
In Lavender, have been deny'd the sight  
Of his enlivening Beams, in ill made Nest  
Tormented fore, but no where taking rest.

'Tis true, my Mind was good, and oft I strove  
To set my tender Toes upon the Floor ;

Mangled my Shooes, but all in vain ; for still  
My feeble Joints would not obey my Will.

Why do we gouty Slaves pretend to live,  
Since he that cannot, when he fain would walk,  
Does but make up the number of the Dead ?  
But hold——

Who are all these, with Cudgels in their Hands,  
And Temples round begirt with \* Elder

(Branches ?

\* For as *Marcellus de Medicinâ*, cap. 36. says, *ad podagram frigidam sambucum quoque cum axungia, & brassicæ cinis cum axungia impositus plurimum juvet* :  
And *Scribonius Largus* affirms the same, *de compos. Med.* cap. 41. *de Podagrâ frigida.*



And *Tethys*, near the deep Abysses  
 Where the spacious Ocean rises,  
 Fair *Juno* Nurst, with Lily white Arms,  
 Besides a thousand other Charms ;  
 Olympick *Jupiter's* own Sister,  
 E'er he in lawful Marriage kiss'd her.

But in his own Immortal Head,  
 As Bards relate, *Saturnian Jove*,  
 Chief Sovereign of the Gods above,  
 Both brought to light, and choicely bred  
 Th'undaunted *Pallas*, she that toils  
 To plague the World with Civil Broils.

But our blest *Bedlam*, yes forsooth,  
 Old *Ophion*, Son of Dragon's Tooth,  
 Mother and Midwife both, brought forth,  
 To be the Torment of the Earth.  
 And thus it chanc'd, when Night was gone,  
 Chac'd by *Aurora* and the Sun,  
 That they no sooner 'gun to gild  
 Th'aspiring Hills and Mountain tops,  
 And waken every Plant and Flower  
 With their sweet-falling pearly drops,  
 Which from their Dewy Locks distill'd,  
 But from that very fatal hour,  
 Our Goddess shew'd her dismal Power.

*Patient.*

But what fine Mysteries has she prescrib'd  
 For the Imitation of her Priests ?  
 Is she so curious as the other Gods ?

*Chorus.*

We use no sharpen'd Knives to spill our Blood,  
 Nor twist our dangling Locks about our Necks,  
 O Nor



If not, I'll roar her Orgies out as loud,  
As the chief Senior of her crippled Crowd.

*Chorus.*

Then Silence, Air, and Winds be still,  
And give good Language you that feel  
Th' Effects of her tormenting Spleen.  
See where the Bed-admiring Queen  
To her own Altars now approaches,  
Leaning upon her trusty Crutches.

Meekest of all the Goddesses,  
The kind Disturbers of our Ease,  
Welcome, if we may say it, hither;  
Favour thy Slaves, this Vernal Weather,  
And give their Pains some Relaxation;  
They'll ne'er forget the Obligation.

*Goddess her self.*

What Mortal lives, to whom the mighty  
(Queen

And chief of all Diseases is not known?  
She that no Fumes of Incense can atone,  
No Blood upon her smoaking Altars spilt,  
Nor gorgeous Presents in her Temples hung.  
*Pæon* himself, Phylician to the Gods,  
Long have I dar'd, with all his Host of Oint-  
(ments.

What has great *Æsculapius*, *Phœbus* Son,  
To give my Power the least disturbance, done?  
The *Protomedic's* great in Gowns fantastick,  
Could never scare me with their dreadful  
(Jargon.

Nay, I have made the best of 'em out-rave  
*Perillus* Bull, and *Theseus* Minotaure.

Thousands of Quacks and Mountebanks have  
 (boasted  
 In Bills o'er all the Pissing-places posted,  
 To raise me from the Earth, but I have still  
 Their vain insulting Pride. (defy'd  
 How have they teaz'd their Brains, how ma-  
 (ny Tricks,  
 In hopes of Medals, and of Coach and Six,  
 Have Men been playing, famous in their Art,  
 To send me packing to the other World.  
 How do they toil ! how do their Mortars ring  
 With pounding Plantane Leaves and Parsley  
 (Seed,  
 Lettice, wild Purslain and large Burdock,  
 Grounfil and Chickweed, with Marshmallow  
 (Root,  
 Long Speargrass, and strong scented Camomil,  
 Houseleek from tops of Houses, Orpin always  
 (green,  
 With Early Violets and Primrose Leaves.  
 Some load the Patient's Legs with Turneps  
 That better would besit a Leg of Pork. (boil'd  
 What Nose-annoying Mishmashes they make  
 Of Poppies, Squills, Pomegranate rinds and  
 (Fleawort,  
 Frankincense, Roots of Hellebore and Nitre,  
 Fongreek and Cypress Nuts with Barley-Meal.  
 While others Spiders, Toads and Lizards  
 (boil,  
 And to the Hodge-podge, Frog-spawn Wa-  
 (ter add,  
 With Flesh of Weesels, Foxes and *Hyæna's*  
 (mash'd,  
 And whate'er else they squeeze from rack'd  
 (Invention.  
 All Metals have been try'd, all Juices, Fruits,  
 And



Must first of all be taught to rule his Tongue,  
 Pleasant to all, and full of merry Jokes ;  
 Him all behold with Laughter and Applause ;  
 So going to the Bath, he's well receiv'd,  
 Because he makes good sport with his Di-  
 (stemper ;

And I, by nature pensive and morose,  
 Not loving Mirth, so much the sooner leave  
 (him.

To say the Truth, 'tis fruitless to contend.  
 So rather than to Mutiny and Suffer,  
 'Tis better for a Man to laugh and mend.  
 For I am she that *Homer* MISCHIEF calls:  
 I trample on the Heads of Men, and seize  
 Their tender Feet, and therefore call'd *Podagra*  
 Or Masculine *Diana* of the Toes. (gra,

True Huntress I, my self not being fleet,  
 That to secure my Game, bind fast the Feet.  
 Now then my Priests your well-tun'd Voices  
 (raise,

To celebrate your Conqu'ring Lady's praise.

*Chorus.*

Goddeſs, with *Adamantine* Heart,  
 How Potent and Renown'd thou art !  
 Hear tho' the pitiful Complaints  
 Of thy afflicted Suppliants.

Great is thy Power, bleſt Deity,  
 And therefore, like true Courtiers, we  
 Muſt take care to flatter thee.

*Olympick Jove*, with all his Thunder,  
 Thy Sinew-piercing Fury dreads ;  
 Nor is it to be thought a wonder,  
 Conſidering the lewd Life he leads.

*Pluto*, the Tyrant of the damn'd,  
 Trembles to hear thy Torments nam'd :

The

The Ocean, and his roistring Waves  
 Themselves acknowledge thy poor Slaves.  
 To thee are all these Honours due,  
 Thou Clout-admiring, Bed-desiring,  
 Race-impeding, Ankle-burning  
 Heel-tormenting, Touch-ground-scorning,  
 Bones-affrightning, Knee-pan-stiffning,  
 Eyes-near-shutting, Finger-knotting,  
 Great Ham-crickling, powerful Goddess,  
 Sovereign over all our Bodies.

*Messenger, Goddess, Doctors and Tormentors.*

*Messenger.* Great Queen, most lucky I to  
 (meet you here;  
 Then listen, for my Tidings are not idle;  
 By your Command with slow and crawling-  
 (pace  
 I view'd the Cities, Eves-dropt all the Houses,  
 Listning to hear who durst thy Pow'r contemn.  
 And when all others quietly obey'd,  
 Vanquish'd, great Queen, by thy subduing  
 (Hand,  
 These two *Torn Thumbs*, with an audacious  
 (Boldness,  
 Harangu'd the People upon Stages-rear'd  
 In large Piazza's of the Towns adjacent,  
 And there with huffing, swaggering Oaths  
 (maintain'd,  
 That only Fools admir'd thy wondrous Might;  
 Deriding it as a meer idle Scare-crow  
 Not worth the Veneration of the Rabble,  
 But rather by Mankind to be exploded.  
 And therefore, having tightly swath'd my Feet,  
 After a March of five whole Days together,  
 In all which time I travell'd two whole Fur-  
 (longs,  
 Hither

Hither in haste I came, your faithful Spy.

*Goddeſs.*

Swifteſt of Meſſengers, thou haſt out-flown  
The flight of Pigeons, or of Partridge wild.  
But from what diſtant Regions of the Earth  
Art thou arriv'd? Diſtinctly let me know,  
That I may judge the better of thy ſpeed.

*Meſſenger.*

In the firſt place I left a pair of Stairs  
Of five ſhort eaſie ſteps, that as I trod,  
Trembled as if the Joices had been looſe;  
Then on the quaking Floor I ſet my Feet,  
Scarce able to reſiſt the ſtamps I gave it.  
Having with much ado perform'd this Journey,  
I came into a way all ſtrew'd with Stones,  
That looſe and rugged plagu'd my tender  
(Toes.  
Thence lighting on a Pavement broad and  
(ſmooth  
I readily advanc'd, and made ſome Progreſs:  
But entering by and by a ſcurvy Lane  
Inch thick with Dirt, it tir'd my very Heart,  
To diſengage my feeble ſticking Heels,  
And made me ſweat huge drops as big as  
(Beans,  
Almoſt diſſolv'd with Breathleſs laſſitude.  
Thus ſpent, a broad, but leſs ſafe way, receiv'd  
(me,  
For there, the Carmen rumbling to and fro,  
Forc'd me to hobble at a ſwifter rate,  
To gain ſome Alley till the Carts were paſt  
(me.  
For being one of your Novitiates, Madam,  
It was not in my power you know to run.

*Goddeſs.*

## Goddeſs.

Moſt faithful Meſſenger, remain aſſur'd  
 This Act of thine is not perform'd in vain :  
 Thy readineſs to ſerve thy Sovereign Queen  
 Merits a Guerdon equal to thy Love.

Therefore be free for three whole Years to-  
 (gether,  
 Only a few ſlight twitches now and then.

But you, curſt Rakeſhames, odious to the  
 (Gods,  
 What are ye? Whence d'ye come? By whom  
 (begot?  
 Who thus preſume to dare my gouty Might?  
 More than *Saturnian Jove* durſt e'er pre-  
 (tend.

Speak, worſt of Slaves — For I, as well 'tis  
 (known,  
 Have tam'd and vanquiſh'd Hero's where I  
 (came.

Swift-footed *Priamus* I lam'd at length :  
*Achilles, Peleus* Son, I ſhot i'th' Heel ;  
*Bellerophon* ſome years I kept in Chains ;  
 Nor did I ſpare old *Theban Oedipus*.  
 Among the Sons of *Peleus, Pliſterus*  
 For many years lay wrapt in Poultiſſes.  
 But dy'd a young Man, for to tell ye Truth,  
 I ſeiz'd him for debauching in his Youth.  
 And *Philoctetes, Polas* Son, tho' brave  
 And valiant too, was forc'd to be my Slave ;  
 And as the *Trojan* History well knows,  
 I liv'd at rack and manger on his Toes.  
 The King of *Ithaca, Laertes* Son,  
 I mean *Ulyſſes*, 'twas my ſelf that kill'd,  
 And not *Telemachus* with Scate-fiſh Bone.  
 Live then, tormented Caitiffs, as ye are,

And

And suffer the just Punishments  
That my Revenge is going to prepare.

*Doctors.*

We are two *Syrian* Doctors, both of us,  
By pinching Want, and urging Hunger forc'd  
To Vagabond it up and down the World,  
Only by Vertue of this Oyntment here,  
Of which our Parents the Receipt bequeath'd

We make a shift to live, and ease the Pains<sup>(us,</sup>  
Of all Diseases that afflict Mankind.

*Goddeſs.*

What Oyntment, Rascals, what's the Com-  
(position?

*Doctors.*

Madam, you must excuse us, for we lie  
Under a certain Oath of Secreſie.  
We dare not disobey the laſt Beheſts  
Of our expiring Parent, ſtrictly charging us  
Not to diſcloſe the ſecret of his Medicine,  
That has the power to tame thy raging fury.

*Goddeſs.*

How, Canting Rascals ! born to die in  
(Ditches,  
Is there on Earth a Medicine ſo effectual  
That can by ſmearing vanquiſh my ſtrong  
(Pains?  
Come on then—and be ſure your Quackſhips<sup>(uſe</sup>  
Your utmoſt ſkill ; for I'm reſolv'd to try,  
Which of the two ſhall get the Victory,  
Your Kitchin-ſtuff, or my devouring Flames.

Hehah

Holah there — all my Hangmen-vifag'd  
 (Slaves,  
 That fly about the World at my command,  
 Assistants of my furious *Bacchanals*,  
 Approach — and seize those Rebels 'gainst  
 (my power.  
 You---burn the Toes and Joints of both their  
 (Feet;  
 You----prey upon their Ankles; from their  
 (Hips  
 Down to their Knees, do you, be sure, diffuse  
 The deep-corroding Juice; and you---as soon  
 Their Finger-knuckles, and their Wrists in-  
 (vade.

*Tormentors.*

Madam, your fierce Commands are all obey'd;  
 Hark how the bold, unpity'd Scoundrels roar,  
 Grasp'd in the tortures of your dire Embraces.

*Goddeſs.*

What, Mr. Doctors, will your Ointment do?  
 For if your Doctorships have got the knack  
 To conquer my as yet unconquer'd Empire,  
 'Tis time i'faith, for me to run my Country,  
 And leaving this bright World to sneak away  
 Unseen, and my stern Majesty conceal  
 In the profoundest depths of darkest Hell.

*Doctors.*

Oh---we have daub'd and smear'd and chaf'd  
 (it in  
 Before a Charcoal Fire, but all in vain.  
 Oh Heav'ns! undone---undone; see how we  
 (perish:  
 I am all Gelly, th'undiscover'd Mischief  
 Like *Aqua-fortis* preys upon my Limbs.

*Jove*

*Jove* brandishes no such destructive Thunder ;  
 Th'unbridl'd rage of the tempestuous Sea,  
 And Whirlwinds tearing up whole Woods  
 (before 'em,  
 Fall vastly short of this impetuous Fire.

Could I feel more, tho' torn by *Cerberus* Stags,  
 Tho' I had drank the *Vipers* poison down,  
 Or so us'd in fulsome *Centaur's* Blood ?

O Mercy, Mercy----Mercy, dreaded Queen,  
 Alas---our Oyntment that we so much brag'd  
 (of

Is only fit to 'noint the Common-shore ;  
 Able no more to stop thy fell Career,  
 Than fasting Spittle, or some slight Pomatum ;  
 And therefore we, with all the Race of Man  
 Acknowledge thee the Sov'reign Queen of  
 (Pain.

*Goddeſs.*

Torments forbear, and cruel Pains furcease,  
 Since they repent their sawcy Arrogance.  
 But take it for a warning, Friends, and know  
 That I the only Goddeſs am, who dumb  
 To Tears and Supplications, Sighs and Shrugs,  
 And quite inexorable then become,  
 When once assail'd by 'Pothecaries Drugs.

*Chorus in different Measures.*

The proud *Salmoneus* would be thund'ring  
 (too,

In Imitation of *Jove's* Flames, but *Jove*  
 With Nitrous Bolt of Thunder from above,  
 To *Pluto's* Regions his mad Rival threw.

The Satyr *Marsyas*, as Vain-gloriously,  
 With *Phæbus* would contend the Prize to  
 (win,  
 For

For which the Victor Deity  
Triumphing flay'd his Skin.

Fair *Niobe* that bore  
A numerous Issue did *Latona* scorn,  
Who now congeal'd into a Stone,  
Her fatal Pride does mourn,  
That prompted her deserved Fate  
To feel the dire effects of Female hate.

*Arachne* too, that Cambrick-spinster,  
Would needs provoke *Minerva's* wrath a-  
(gainst her,

But prick'd to Death with her own Pins,  
She lost her form, tho' still she Cobwebs spins.  
Assuming Mortals vainly do pretend  
With heavenly Deities to contend :  
Such as *Latona*, *Pallas*, *Phœbus*, *Jove*,  
The chiefest these of all the Gods above.

But thou, the universal plague of Men,  
Whenever thus provok'd again,  
Be not so rigorously strict ;  
Thou art not yet so great in Heaven,  
Tho' here the Balance on thy side be too un-  
(ev'n.

And therefore some more gentle pains inflict ;  
Slight, easie, kind, and void of Torture,  
Soone: aton'd, and somewhat shorter,  
Content to punish, not to Martyr ;  
That will not tease Men so severely  
For drinking Sack or Claret fairly ;  
Some Shooe-admitting, tender load  
Will suffer Men to walk abroad.

For many are the Shapes, Heav'n knows,  
Of thy Toe-penetrating Wces.  
But use us to it by degrees,  
For Use and Custom oft release  
The Rigour of a sharp Disease.

Where-

Wherefore, most dear Companions, set  
 Your Hearts at rest, and Pains forget.  
 Or if the Goddess fierce disdain  
 To cease the fury of our Pain,  
 The Gods, more merciful than she,  
 Will find a way to set us free.

In the mean time let us that share  
 Of Miseries the most severe,  
 With Patience our Afflictions bear.  
 Let the Rabble laugh on, and sawcily prate,  
 We're happy by knowing the worst of our  
 (Fate.

*As for Ocypus, being a Piece altogether mutilated and imperfect, and upon which Erasmus has past his Judgment, that nemica[m] quidem Luciani satis habet, I did not think fit to meddle with it, as not deserving to be plac'd among the celebrated Lucian's Works: And the Epigrams that go under his Name do yet deserve a much meaner Character.*

THE