

THE
Dancing Devils:
OR, THE
Roaring Dragon.
A Dumb FARCE.

As it was lately Acted at Both Houses, but particularly at one, with unaccountable Success.

*Pray tell me, whether, in a vicious Age,
The Stage corrupts the Town, or Town the Stage?
For both concur, when Folly makes its way;
But where the Fault begins, 'tis hard to say.*

Veluti in speculum. — Utile dulci.

L O N D O N

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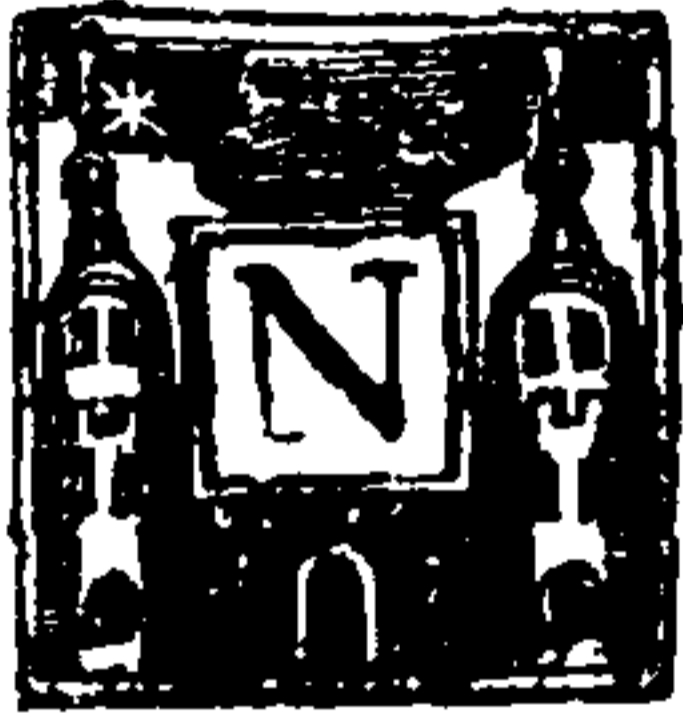
Price One Shilling.



The Dancing Devils :

O R,

The Roaring Dragon, &c.



E A R barren Fields, where
Honour dwells,

Disgrac'd with rotten Posts and
Rails,

Which long have fenc'd that spacious Square,

Where Bawds and Bailiffs take the Air,

And crippl'd Rogues, with Fronts of Brass,

Implore the Aid of all that pass ;

Where loit'ring Vagabonds, by Day,

Walk, gaze and starve their Hours away,

And Bullies wrangle in the Night,

With money'd Rakes that fear to fight ;

Where Players often take their Turns,
 To con their Parts in Summer Morns,
 And broken Gamesters strole to meet
 Some Cully that will Lend or Treat;
 Where neighb'ring Porters reel about,
 When gorg'd with *Winchesters* of Stout,
 To belch and fizzle out the Stinks
 Engender'd by their nauseous Drinks;
 Where Butchers often have a Call
 To Cricket, Boxing, or Trap-Ball;
 And where, when they in Summer curse
 The Flies, and sultry Weather worse,
 They drop at Night their stinking Veal,
 And other Meats too rank for Sale;
 Tho' 'tis ill Manners to offend
 The Nostrils of their bounteous Friend,
 For whom they cock their greasy Beavers,
 Battle their Bludgeons into Shivers,
 And ring their Marrowbones and Cleavers.

Near to these Fields, as I before
 Have said, and now I say, *encore*,
 There stands a Fabrick of Renown,
 Erected to amuse the Town,
 Sometimes with Heroes raving mad
 For Love, or something else as bad ;
 Whose Rants, too oft, perswade the Fair,
 They're greater Witches than they are ;
 And that, when any charming Dame
 Has in her Champion rais'd a Flame,
 Her Frowns, if sh'as a mind to swagger,
 Will wound him deeper than a Dagger.

At other times this famous Pile,
 With comick Scenes would make ye Smile,
 And show bad Husbands and ill Wives,
 Their very Pictures and their Lives,
 That each might laugh alike to see
 Themselves, and take the Stage to be
 Their own falacious Family.

}
 This

This House was, also, once design'd
 T'instruct, as well as please Mankind,
 That all degrees of humane Creatures
 Might learn their Duty to their Betters,
 And, by Examples on the Stage,
 Be taught the Manners of the Age,
 How Quality should be accosted,
 And how far Honour might be trusted,
 What Courtiers Promises are binding,
 And when their Words are worth the minding

Here Statesmen should, by *Wolfey's* Fall,
 Be caution'd how they grasp at all ;
 And learn of *Cecil* how to steer
 The Helm, when threat'ning Storms are near
 What Tools to bribe, what Cause to prop,
 How far to go, and when to stop ;
 For Riders often lose the Race,
 By setting out too swift a pace.

Here vicious Governors should see
 The dire Effects of Tyranny,
 And how proud Fav'rites have been torn
 From Kings, and made the Peoples scorn :
 What Vertues reign'd in Ages past,
 When Men were Wise and Women Chast,
 And how whole Kingdoms have been won
 By Valour, and by Vice undone :
 How Crowns, which purple Seas have cost,
 By treach'ry have been gain'd and lost ;
 And how Great Men, misled by Passions,
 Have prov'd the bane of wealthy Nations :
 How Beauty, by engaging Arts,
 Hath charm'd the most heroick Hearts,
 And made Imperial Rulers wave
 Their Scepters to some female Slave.

Here all degrees of human Race,
 Should see themselves, as in a Glafs,
 And, by a well-digested Play,
 Be taught to govern and obey.

Here

Here Innocence should see the great
 Rewards that do on Vertue wait ;
 And Libertines, that scoff at Priests,
 And make the Holy Text their Jest,
 Should in *Don John* behold the fate
 Of Princely Rakes, who sin in state,
 And prove as Wicked as they're Great.

This also should have been the Seat
 Of Language, of Humour and of Wit,
 Of Musick, Poetry, and all
 The pleasing Arts Theatrical.

Here *Shakespere* to *Elizion* fled,
 And, *O rare Ben*, should live, tho' dead,
 That their inimitable Plays,
 In others, might a Genius raise,
 And teach 'em to deserve the Bays.

Here modern Wits, by Art, should court
 The Favour of the Noble Sort,
 And in just Characters expose,
 Sots, Cowards, Prostitutes and Beats,
 Who laugh at Vertue, and despise
 The sober Counsels of the Wise.

But now, the Stage revolts from these
 Dramatick Rules, that us'd to please,
 And does, in scorn of Wit, impose
 Upon the Town, *Dumb Raree Shows*,
 Compos'd of Vizards and Grimaces,
 Fine Scenes, Machines, and Antick Dreffes;
 As if old Plays were, by the Proud,
 Thought too instructive for the Croud,
 Because they show, in Ages past,
 How evil Statesmen far'd at last;
 Ought therefore to be quite suspended,
 Until the wicked World is mended,

And nothing be allow'd to teach
 The Town, but Action without Speech,
 By Wisemen stil'd, *Dumb foolish Whims,*
 But by learn'd Blockheads' *Pantomims.*

Here *Jove* transforms himself, when mad
 For Love, into a Horned Pad,
 And then, his raging Lust to please,
 Bulls fair *Europa* crosses the Seas:
 As if our Stage-Projectors meant,
 When this *Dumb Op'ra* they present,
 T'inform us, by their speechless fooling,
 How Dames of old, like Cows, lov'd Bulling;
 Or, that the Charms one Maid possess,
 Could change a God into a Beast.
 Why not? since Women oft, we find,
 New-mould their Husbands to their Mind,
 And Ladies, with their sweetest Looks,
 To Bucks and Rams, turn Lords and Dukes;

Nah ! ride 'em, if they bear the Rule,
 As fair *Europa* did her Bull,
 And wisely make the Nuptial Crost,
 At once their Holdfast and their Jest.

Some damn'd the Bull, upon the Stage,
 And thought it gor'd the present Age ;
 The blushing Ladies wish'd it thence,
 Thro' Fear the Horns should give Offence,
 Knowing, by Nuptial Observation,
 As well as skilful Penetration,
 That Cuckolds, like Fanatick Meeters,
 Are very tender-conscienc'd Creatures,
 And always seem much discontented,
 When e'er themselves are represented.
 However, now, all horned Brutes
 Are laid aside, to please Cornutes,
 And, in their room, a Beast of Prey,
 More fierce and terrible than they,

Does from the distant Clouds fly down,
 And, roaring, scares the gazing Town;
 Not only with his pointed Wings,
 His Tail, his Talons, and his Stings,
 But with loud Thunder-claps and Light'ning,
 Added to make his Looks more fright'ning.
 Therefore, fair Ladies, when you go
 To see this sad tremendous Show,
 If, by good Luck, you pregnant are,
 Take Courage, or at least take care,
 This monstrous Enemy to Marriage,
 Makes you not quake and spill your Porrage;
 For dreadful Sounds and Sights uncommon,
 Are dang'rous to a breeding Woman.
 But I, in hopes to please you better,
 Shall here describe this frightful Creature,
 In such a manner as no Bride
 May at the sight be terrify'd,
 But gaze her fill, and not fear losing
 What teeming Ladies gain by 'Spousing.

In Ballads and in petty Books,
 Oft sung and said in Chimney-Nooks,
 There is an ancient Tale, concerning
 One *Faustus*, famous for his Learning,
 Whose wond'rous Feats, in Times of yore,
 At Fairs and Wakes were lyric'd o'er,
 And made the Sport of rural Sinners,
 At *Christmas* Feasts and Wedding-Dinners.
 Nor was this Doctor fam'd for prating
 Of *Hebrew*, *Heathen Greek*, or *Latin*,
 Or, for those common Scraps of Knowledge,
 By e'ery Duncce pick'd up in Colleges,
 But for his depth in Magick Art,
 As good old Grand-dames do assert,
 By which, when e'er he wav'd his Wand,
 He could whole Troops of Dev'ls command,
 And make a thousand Imps and Furies,
 Dance Minuets, Rigadoons, and Bories;
 Force wand'ring Spirits to arise,
 And show their Shapes to human Eyes.

Nah! by his magick Pow'r, compel
 The Dev'l himself, in spight of Hell,
 To sing a Song, when wise Men know
 They have no Harmony below,
 And that th' infernal Dominator
 Loves Musick next to Holy-Water:
 It sounds not therefore very well,
 That Songsters should arise from Hell,
 A place where no Musicians dwell.

However, be it false or true,
 What Books report, and Ballads too,
 By all, who would be well contented,
 To have these Devils represented,
 Such Wonders may be heard and seen,
 At the Great Booth near *Lincolns-Inn*,
 As do with Crouds their Benches fill,
 Tho' fitter much for *Windmil-Hill*;
 Or for the Rounds of *Smithfield*, where
 That Lordly Magistrate the Mayor,

Proclaims a Fair in solemn Pomp,
 With twenty Catchpoles at his Rump.

Thus, when instead of Wit, we find
 Dumb Shows, of an inferior kind,
 Fit only for the Approbation
 Of Mortals in the lowest Station,
 Wherein a huge Sham-Dragon flies,
 And dancing Devils in Crowds arise,
 The Stage where Poets should delight us,
 Is then, become a Hell to fright us.
 Nor does this Pile, which heretofore
 Was justly deem'd a Theatre,
 Deserve, from *Harlequin's* uncouth
 Designs, a better Name than *Booth* :

*For whilst the Lass preserves her Honour,
 We put the style of Maid upon her,
 But when corrupted, to her shame,
 We brand her with an odious Name.*

At this new metamorphos'd House,
 Where Hell does very oft break loose,
 And where they've little more to brag on,
 Than two good Dev'ls and one huge Dragon,
 The fam'd Projector of these Shows,
 That vex the Wits but please the Beaus,
 Does, by his *Hocus pocus* Art,
 Make all the gazing Audience start,
 In representing to their view,
 The Tricks old *Faustus* us'd to shew,
 Hoping e'relong he shall obtain
 The with'ring Bays from *Drury-Lane*,
 Therefore poor *Harlequin's* so civil,
 To sign a Contract with the Devil,
 That the New-House may damn its Rival.

So envious discontented Wretches,
When despicably poor, turn Witches,
And then on Broomstaves ride in state,
To be reveng'd of those they hate.

Thus *Harlequin*, who long had vied
 With *Drury-Lane*, to low'r its Pride,
 And puzzl'd his contriving Wits,
 To plague his thriving Opposites,
 Labour'd in vain till he became
 A Wizard, under *Faustus* Name,
 And then, by th' Pow'r of Necromancy,
 He charm'd and tickl'd e'ery Fancy,
 From mighty Lords, to City Culls,
 And from great Ladies, down to Trulls ;
 For tho' some Folks, in these good Days,
 Like Puritans, may keck at Plays,
 Yet they conceive it no Offence,
 To see the Doctor's Devil dance ;
 And that's the Reason, I suppose,
 Why Saints and Sinners, Bels and Beaus,
 In crouds, dance aft'r'im, e'ery Night
 He's pleas'd to make himself a Sight.

Thus far, my rude unpolish'd Song
 Is but a Proem, tho' too long,

And now my Muse intends to make
 The speechless Show of *Faustus* spake ;
 That is, in Hudibrastick Verse,
 He means to lyrick o'er the Farce,
 Which, by dumb Action and Grimaces,
 Has gull'd so many thousand Asses ;
 But, lest I should offend the Town,
 I freely own myself as one.
 Excuse my Muse, she's forc'd sometimes,
 To use ill-natur'd Words for Rhimes,
 When really she intends no hurt,
 But only Snarls to make you sport ;
 As Madam's Lap-Dog does, when e'er
 We kiss or touch his Lady fair,
 Too long I've kept you in suspense,
 I doubt, by dull impertinence ;
 But now my Muse has eas'd her Spleen,
 She's just beginning to begin,
 Tho' fears, her Farce will only seem,
 To Men of Sence, the *Devil's Dream*.

The Necromancer :

O R

*Harlequin turn'd Doctor Faustus.*Act I. Scene, *The Doctor's Study.*

THe first thing *Harlequin* presents ye,
 Most humbly hoping to content ye,
 Is his own Person, in the shape
 Of *Faustus*, whom he strives to ape,
 But dress'd in a Pricisian's Coat,
 Or formal Cloak, as if he taught
 Some Alley Conventicle, where
 The Saints, for good Advice, repair,
 Just such a Dress as, heretofore,
 Old *Faustus* in his Study wore,
 When the poor Conjurer was so civil,
 To strike a Bargain with the Devil,
 Which made the subterranean Prince
 Of Darkness, love the Garb e'er since,

Expecting each fanatick Brother,
 Will Sign and Seal some time or other ;
 Not such as deal in Alms and Pray'rs,
 But those Religious Conjurers,
 Who, tho' they boast their Gospel-Labours,
 Thro' Envy, make it their Endeavours,
 To raise the Dev'l among their Neighbours.

As *Harlequin* with sober Looks,
 Sits musing near his Shelves of Books,
 With his good *Genius* and his bad,
 In white and fable Garments clad,
 Contending, in harmonious Lays,
 To lead the Doctor diff'rent ways,
 But thirst of Knowledge makes him chuse
 Th'Advice he's caution'd to refuse.

Now from a corner of the Skies,
 A strange Epistle downward flies,
 And shoots itself, directly plumb,
 Twixt *Harle's* Finger and his Thumb.

The Superscription of which Letter
 Is turn'd tow'rds every Spectator,
 That Boxes, Galleries and Pit,
 Should see what Hand the Dev'l had writ,
 Which, to each curious Eye, appears
 As grand as a Commissioner's,
 Who, when he Signs, will let us see ;
 He scribbles by Authority.

But tell me, Criticks, if you please,
 You that are skill'd in Niceties,
 Why does this Letter from above
 Fly down, as if it came from *Jove* ?
 When some young trap-door Imp, from Hell,
 Might have deliver'd it as well ;
 For what's directed from the Clouds,
 Seems to be sent us by the Gods ;
 But what th' Infernal Prince dispatches,
 To Wizards, Conjurers, or Witches,
 Should upwards be convey'd, to show,
 'Twas Hocus'd-pocus'd from below ;

Tho'

Tho' this their Advocates may say,
 That the Post-Dev'l mistook his Way.
 But that Excuse is next to none,
 Since Doctor *Harlequin* must own,
 There's not an Imp the Dev'l espouses,
 Or tempting Fiend that Hell produces,
 But knows the Road to both the Houses. }

Therefore the Reason to be given,
 Why the Scrowl drops, as if from Heaven,
 Must be our Conjuror's desire
 To shew what Magick lies in Wire,
 By th' Pow'r of which, we do suppose,
 All Puppits move in Puppit-Shows,
 Leap, tumble, dance like little Fairies,
 And play a thousand strange Figaries,
 Which oft delude the fond Spectators,
 To vow and swear they're living Creatures.
 Why then should such ingenious Arts
 Be ridicul'd by Men of Parts ?

When us'd with Judgment to surprize
Great Persons, most profoundly wise.

O vain attempt! to thus impose
On Lords and Ladies, Wits and Beaus,
When, by the way, tho' Juglers Tricks
May puzzle Fools and Country Hicks,
Yet wiser Heads discern the Cheat,
And, scoffing, laugh at the Deceit.

The Dev'l, who has more Traps to take us,
Than Mouse-trap-builder e'er could make us,
Exhibits, now, Bait after Bait,
T'entice the Doctor to his Net,
Sings like an Angel to allure him,
But can't, as yet, in Bonds secure him;
Tempts him with e'ery worldly Good,
To sign the Contract with his Blood,
Lays him down Crowns and Scepters too,
But still the Dev'l a bit 'twill do.

At last, by means of some Adviser,
His fable Highness growing wiser,

Resolv'd to introduce so sweet,
 So fine, so charming a Deceit,
 That Flesh and Blood, tho' ne'er so cautious'
 Should not withstand a Bait so luscious.
 And what d'ye think this strange uncommon
 Expedient prov'd to be, but Woman,
 A tempting Dev'l in *Helen's* Shape,
 On whom King *Hector* made a Rape;
 And by his vile adult'rous action
 Brought *Ilium* into sad distraction:
 Accordingly up starts the Shade
 Of this alluring pritty Jade,
 With Face so fair, and Eyes so bright,
 Her Breasts so round, her Skin so white,
 Her Hips so plump, her Waste so small,
 Her Looks so Angel-like withal,
 That not a gazing Saint or Sinner,
 Could guess she had the Devil in her;
 Nor had this lovely *Grecian* Ghost
 Alone these soothing Charms to boast,

But

But sung so sweetly to entice
 The Doctor's Ears, as well as Eyes,
 That he was all on fire to board her,
 As soon as e'er he'ad seen and heard her,
 But that the Devil, who watch'd the Water
 Of his new fine bewitching Daughter,
 Step'd in between, and would not suffer
 What *Faustus* was about to offer,
 Or else the Doctor would have try'd
 Whether his new intended Bride,
 Had been equip'd, like other Lasses,
 With Flesh and Blood, for Man's Embraces.

Now after all the fruitless Baits,
 The Wiles, the Traps, the Snares, the Nets,
 That *Maferstfiles* had try'd,
 And *Harlequin* as oft defy'd,
 This last Temptation was so bright,
 That Reason stagger'd at the sight ;

And as that great Director fail'd,
 The Dev'l and all his Works prevail'd.
 So that poor *Faustus* now was ready
 To sign and seal, for one sweet Play-day
 With this fine Visionary Lady.

}

Thus Beauty, tho' it's all but Air,
 A glossy Shade that decks the Fair,
 Yet wiser Man cannot secure
 His Breast against that fatal Lure,
 But when he's tempted flies in haste,
 To grasp what proves his bane at last ;
 For so our *Zany-Faustus* far'd,
 When beauteous *Helen's* Shade appear'd,
 And with her Charms so struck his Heart,
 In spite of all his magick Art,
 That he, like other am'rous Fools,
 Broke thro', at once, weak Reason's Rules,
 And yielding to the fair Temptation,
 In hopes to gratify his Passion,
 Both sign'd and seal'd his own Damnation.

}

From hence, we learn what Love will make
 Poor Lovers do, for Beauty's sake,
 Whose Pow'r no Mortal can withstand,
 Till Age has gain'd the upper-hand.

No sooner had the Doctor sign'd
 His Contract to the Devil's Mind,
 Upon Condition to enjoy
 The Fair One who had ruin'd *Troy*,
 But unning with extended Arms
 To take possession of her Charms,
 Young *Helen*, like a jilting Minx,
 From his Embraces downwards sinks,
 And when poor *Faustus* would have kiss'd her,
 Up starts old *Belzebub's* own Sister,
 An ugly Hag, as lean and frightful
 As *Envy*, and her Looks as spiteful,
 So despicably poor and thin,
 As if her Food had only been
 Tobacco Quids and Royal Gin.

Thus he that's fond, to an Excess,
 Of painted Looks and gaudy Drefs,
 May fancy his alluring Bride,
 An Angel in her wedding Pride,
 But when the Damsel's unattir'd,
 The Beauty's fled that he admir'd;
 And he that chose her for her Charms,
 May find the Devil in his Arms.

The Doctor now thought very strange
 Of this prepost'rous sudden Change,
 And stood a while in such surprize,
 That he could scarce believe his Eyes,
 But found, as most Men do, too late,
 His am'rous Folly and his Fate,
 And that the Dev'l had quite undone him,
 By putting this damn'd Trick upon him;
 Therefore resolv'd to triumph o'er
 Th'Infernals, by his magick Pow'r,
 And make 'em servile for the time
 Agreed upon, 'twixt them and him,

Almost forgetting to condole
 The loss of his immortal Soul,
 Which pleas'd the Dev'l so wondrous well,
 He laugh'd three times, and sunk to Hell.

Faustus, of Helen thus bereft,
 In mournful Solitude is left,
 And to his Books does now repair,
 In hopes to find some Comfort there,
 Striking a Folio with his Wand,
 And down it drops into his Hand,
 O'er which he musing sits a while,
 Reflecting on the Devil's Guile.

Thus he that's guided by his Lust,
Does to a dang'rous Pilot trust,
Who shows him oft the pleasing Strand,
Or wish'd for Shore that's near at hand,
But drowns him e're he gains the Land.

The End of the First Act.

Act II. Scene, *The Doctor's House.*

'**T** Was now about the Ides of *June*,
 When Men and Maids together run,
 With Forks and Rakes to spend the Day
 In rural Sports and making Hay,
 That *Faustus* first began to shew
 The Wonders he had pow'r to do,
 Resolving now to make some Sport,
 And lead a merry Life, tho' short ;
 Accordingly, as half a Score
 Brisk Lads and Lasses pass'd his Door,
 All dancing in a merry Mood,
 Tow'rds Fields adjacent to a Wood,
 The Doctor, by his Art, well knowing
 Which way the *Nymphs* and *Swains* were going
 Soon follow'd, bearing in his Hand
 That pow'rful Staff, his Conj'ring Wand,
 Without the skilful use of which
 No Dev'l would e'er rise off his Breech,

But all, like lazy Louts, withstand
The Doctor's positive Command.

*So stubborn School-boys ne'er apply
To Book, except the Rod be nigh.
Nor will the Fide that's resty, stir,
Without the use of Whip or Spur.*

[*Scene a Hay-Catr in a Meadow surrounded
by a Wood.*]

The Doctor now, with nimble Heels,
Ent'ring the fertile Meads and Fields,
Found some at Work, some full of Play,
Some carting, others cocking Hay,
Some lazing on the shady Banks,
Some telling Tales, some playing Pranks,
Some hungry Clowns dispos'd to guttle,
Some sucking at the Leathern Bottle,
Whilst those that thought a *Whet no let*,
Did to their Scythes new edges set,
And lavish'd half their time in fidd'ling
About their Tools, to cloak their id'ling.

*As Lawyers Clerks, who hate much pains,
Neglectful of their Masters Gains,
Instead of minding Bonds or Leases,
Sit whitt'ling useful Pens to pieces.*

The Doctor having now a fancy
To exercise his Necromancy,
Strikes with his magick Wand the Ground,
And strait is heard a pleasing Sound,
The Lads and Lasses rowl their Eyes
Around the Fields in great surprize,
Unable to discover whence
Arose these sweet melodious Strains,
No blind Crowdero, lame and old,
Or piping Swain, could they behold,
No Fiddlers stroling to a Fair,
Or Barber, with his Citerne, there ;
Yet with the Musick which they heard,
They were at once both pleas'd and scar'd.

Like Dam'sels ripe for Generation,

Ravish'd 'twixt Force and Inclination.

Faustus

Faustus observing some delighted,
 And others with his Musick frighted,
 Resolv'd, before the Rusticks parted,
 To make the gaping Crew light-hearted;
 Accordingly, with awful hand,
 He waves his diabolick Wand,
 And by his Pow'r compels 'em all
 To dance as at a Buttock-Ball,
 Where Belly-Bobs give no distaste,
 But Rudeness passes for a Jest,
 And e'ery close indecent Squeeze,
 Betwixt the Navel and the Knees,
 Are only taken by the Fair,
 To signify the Love you bear.

When, for some time, the Revel-Rout
 Had frisk'd their nimble Tails about,
 The Doctor, willing to conclude
 This merry hoid'ning Interlude,
 Circles his magick Sceptre round
 And round, upon the enchanted Ground,

E

Till

Till by the Motions of his Rod,
 With now and then a Stamp or Nod,
 He does the Clowns together muster,
 And makes 'em dance into a Cluster ;
 Then, as directed by the Spell,
 They hobble out, so fare 'em well.

*Thus when the Dev'l, as here 'tis shown us,
 Has got an ugly bank upon us,
 Our Bodies and our Minds he teases,
 And makes us do what e'er he pleases.
 Therefore, ye Clowns, from hence take warning,
 And say your Pray'rs both Night and Morning,
 Then can no Fairies pinch your Arms,
 Or Wizards plague ye with their Charms,
 No Hags bestride you in your Beds,
 And gallup ye like Hackney Jades,
 At Midnight, thro' the misty Air,
 O'er Hills and Steeples, G-- knows where,
 But, as your good old Grandames say,
 You may desy, if you but pray,*

*All magick Spells, or Witches pride,
The Dev'l and all his Works beside.*

Scene, The Doctor's House.

The Doctor, having play'd his Tricks
Among the Jugs and Country Hicks,
Does to his Mansion-House repair,
T'attend his Fortune-telling there.
No sooner is the Wizard come,
From the adjacent Meadows, home,
But two young merry Jades make bold,
And knock, to have their Fortunes told.
The Doctor's Man, as arch a Knave
As any Conjuror need have,
Opens the Door with humble Mein,
And, bowing low, invites 'em in.

Scene, The Doctor's Study.

Then leads 'em to the Study, where
They silently sit down and stare

At the Books, Globes, and Allegators,
 Huge Snakes, and other monstrous Creatures
 Us'd by most Emp'ricks to delight,
 Or rather to amuse the sight
 Of the poor Fools they mean to bite.

Thus *Faustus* makes the Maidens wait
 A little while, in point of State,
 At length approaches, and to show
 His College-Breeding, bows full low.

*For you must know, that artful Men
 Can bend in e'ery part for Gain,
 Yet still the pride of Heart retain.*

The Doctor thus salutes the Lasses,
 But not a Word between 'em passes;
 For Scholars vers'd in magick Art,
 By Signs, their Sentiments impart,
 And can another's Meaning reach,
 By gaping, better than by Speech.

*So the Free-Masons have a way,
 By private Signals, to convey*

Their

*Their secret Minds to one another,
 And can at once command a Brother,
 To quit his Scaffold and descend
 The Ladder, to salute his Friend;
 And this they do, as Fame records,
 Without the needless sound of Words,
 Which makes th' illnatur'd World conjecture,
 (Instead of useful Architecture)
 They, in Ars Magic, have some dealing,
 And with the Dev'l a fellow-feeling;
 For Secrets by such numbers held,
 Must be suspected, whilst conceal'd,
 Because, if good, they'd be reveal'd.*

*Faustus, who is, among the rest,
 As free a Mason as the best,
 Having thus giv'n, by dumb Expression,
 The Maids a silent Salutation,
 Now importunes 'em, by a Sign,
 To eat, and drink a Glass of Wine,*

The Damsels freely condescend,
 And, *No, I thank you, Sir,* suspend ;
 The Doctor then lifts up his Hand,
 And strikes the Wainscot with his Wand ;
 Upon which Signal out there starts
 A Table, spread with Fowls and Tarts ;
 Also a Sideboard fill'd with Glasses,
 And Wine to entertain the Lasses,
 All conjur'd in with so much haste,
 T'amuse the Eye and please the Taste,
 As if the Dev'l, give him his due,
 Had been both Cook and Butler too ;
 For *Br-----n*, whose bus'ness 'tis to please
 Rich Beaus with costly Frigassies,
 In twice the time, was never able
 To furnish out so nice a Table.

The Maids now eat and drink their fill,
 As rural hungry Stomachs will,
 Not thinking that the Doctor's Feast
 Had been in Satan's Kitchen dress'd,

But

But fed like any Farmer's Daughters,
 Suspecting nothing of such Matters;
 For had they known by whose kind Aid
 Their Banquet had been thus convey'd,
 And that Old Nick had cook'd the Treat,
 Perhaps, in spight, the Dev'l a Bit
 The squeamish Gossips would have eat.

Loud knocking at the Doctor's Door,
 Is now repeated o'er and o'er:
 At length two tumbling Knaves, truss'd up
 In Trunks, like Dancers on the Rope,
 Are gravely introduc'd, to show
 Their Palms, that they their Fates may know.

*For Conjurers, who Fortunes tell,
 Altho' their Cunning is from Hell,
 Yet they pretend to Laws and Rules,
 By which they cheat believing Fools,
 And oft perswade 'em to agree,
 That they can future Chance foresee,
 By Planets, Moles, or Palmestry.*

Accordingly the Doctor looks
 Upon their Hands as Nature's Books,
 Examines e'ery Line or Streak,
 Tho' harder to be read than *Greek*;
 At length, discovers in their Palms,
 Carts, Gibbets, penitential Psalms,
 Ropes, Nofegays, Pray'r-Books, and a Rout
 Of gazing Rabble round about,
 The Hangman and a guard of Ruffians,
 Lamenting Whores, coach'd up with Coffins,
 And all the Marks that could portend
 A sinful Life and shameful End:
 Then thinking he by Art had read
 What Satan thus had put in's Head,
 By Signs, he makes the Tumblers know,
 The Rope would prove their overthrow:
 They, fearless of their Fate, despise
 The Doctor and their Destinies,
 And so concluding not to pay
 Their Fees, they laughing skip away.

The Wizard, vexing to behold
 Himself and Art thus ridicul'd,
 Now shakes his Wand with Indignation,
 And brings 'em back by Conjurati^on,
 Dancing upon their Hands and Heads,
 To further entertain the Maids:
 Thus plagues the Rogues, 'till meer Compassion
 Makes him revoke his Incantation,
 And then away the Vagrants scour,
 Like Light'ning, from the Doctor's Door,
 Dreading what they despis'd before.

}

*So Orchard-Thieves, as Grandames tell,
 Encompass'd by a Midnight Spell,
 When early Day-light has dissolv'd
 The Charm by which they were involv'd,
 Run home more wild than Forest Horses;
 As if Old Nick was at their Arses.
 From whence all Mortals may deduce
 This exc'lent Rule, of wond'rous use;*

Which is, *Who values peaceful Hours,*

Must ne'er offend Superior Pow'rs.

Whether deriv'd from Good or Evil,

'Tis always safe, as well as civil,

To hold a Candle to the Devil.

}

The Doctor now his *Exit* makes,

And with him both the Lasses takes :

No sooner has he turn'd his Back

Upon the Claret and the Sac,

But the arch Man, behind his Master,

Resolves to make himself a Taster ;

Accordingly he goes about

To fill a thumping Bumper out ;

But *Faustus* cheats him, in a Joke,

And turns the Wine to Fire and Smoke,

From whence such hellish Eumes arose,

As gave Offence to e'ery Nose,

Touching the Sense so piping hot,

That e'ery grave Fanatick thought

He smelt a second Powder-Plot.

}

This

This artful piece of Conjurati^on,
 This pritty witty Transmutati^on,
 Commands an Upper-Gallery Laugh,
 The while, Pilgarlick marches off.

*Thus many things, we find, will slip
 As Proverb says, 'twixt Cup and Lip:
 Nothing is sure i'th' course of Fortune,
 But Death and Taxes, they are cettain.*

Scene, a Windmil.

The Miller's Wife now steps, by chance,
 Down from the Mill to take a Dance;
 By chance, we say, because we know
 There's not one Motive in the Show,
 That could induce her to become
 So merry by herself at Home,
 Except the Gossip meant, for ease,
 To shake off her tormenting Fleas,
 Those Plagues that skip from Breast to Breast,
 And feast, where Man is glad to taste.

The Miller, who abroad had been,
 To take a Cup of Ale or Gin,
 Returns, does to his Mill repair,
 But finds no trusty Helpmate there ;
 Comes down and spies the airy Jade
 Frisking her Tail about like mad.
 The Miller, pleas'd to see her Humour,
 Chimes in and dances with his Gammar :
 Now both their Heels were so employ'd,
 And tost about, as if they try'd
 Who was the nimblest, who the strongest,
 And which o'th' two could dance the longest ;
 Just as they do at Fairs and Wakes,
 When Smocks or Gloves are made the Stakes.
 At length their active Legs and Thighs,
 B'ing weary of this exercise,
 They kiss, when they have danc'd their fill,
 And trip the Stairs into the Mill,
 As if their Inclinations stood
 To sweeter Pastimes, full as good,
 To please the Limbs and stir the Blood.

}
So

*So rakish Beaus and buxom Fades,
At Buttock-Balls and Masquerades,
First dance, and then away they move
In couples, to refresh their Love.*

The Doctor in his hand now takes
A Letter, and his entry makes,
Calls down the Miller from his Dame,
To send the Bumpkin with the same.
The Miller, fearing to offend,
Does at the Doctor's Beck descend,
And after many Points and Signs,
Receives, and Pockets up the Lines;
But still, thro' Dulness, could not find
The Place to which they were consign'd.
The Doctor huffs and struts about,
The Miller then begins to flout,
And sucks his horny Thumbs, to show
He will not of the Errand go;
The Doctor, angry with the Looby,
To find him such a sullen Booby,

Strikes up his Heels, and turns the Clown
 Upon his brawny Buttocks, down:
 The Miller, whose impatient Rump
 Grew angry at this mortal Thump,
 Starts up, and with his mealy Cap,
 Gives *Harlequin* a dusty flap,
 Which sets the Conjuror a sneezing,
 And to his Eyes proves very teasing.
 This pretty Jest, in which does shine,
 So much Contrivance and Design,
 Does such a Laugh and Clap command,
 From e'ery Mouth and e'ery Hand,
 As if our brightest Wits had been
 Projectors of this wondrous Scene;
 Tho' some ill-natur'd carping Fools,
 Unskill'd in new Dramatick Rules,
 Suspect the Author stole the whole
 From some old Merry-Andrew's Droll,
 Contriv'd to make the Rabble laugh,
 And push his Master's Packets off.

But Quality, in this bright Age,
 Those awful Judges of the Stage,
 On whose dread Looks, as Poets say,
 Depends the Fate of e'ery Play,
 May, surely, if themselves think fit,
 Applaud what's neither Sense nor Wit,
 And for their own Diversion chuse
 Dumb Action, such as Monkeys use.

The Doctor, having lost fair *Helen*,
 Now wants to have a fellow-feeling
 With buxom *Joan*, the Miller's Wife,
 And only darling of his Life;
 Accordingly, to gain his Will,
 Upstairs he runs into the Mill,
 And at the Window finds the Dame,
 With whom he hop'd to quench his Flame,
 There gives her Earnest, in a few
 Sweet Kisses, what he meant to do.

The Miller, looking upwards, sees him
 About such Work as did not please him,

Then

Then mounts the Mill, with jealous Heart
 And nimble Heels, to spoil their Sport,
 But running to the Window where
 He'ad seen the Doctot and his Dear;
 From thence they undiscover'd creep,
 And at another op'ning peep.
 The Miller, growing now as full
 Of Fury as a jealous Bull,
 Takes it, by what he'ad seen, for granted,
 His Horns were planting, if not planted:
 And thus enrag'd, Revenge he vows,
 Upon his Rival and his 'Spouse:
 But Doctor *Harlequin*, to fly
 The Danger that appear'd so nigh,
 Climbs the out Cornish of the Mill,
 But angry *Ralph* persues him still,
 And round they run, like Rats when Sporting,
 Or Rival-Boar-Cats when they're courting,
 Endang'ring, by a Trip or Stumble,
 Their Necks, at least an ugly Tumble,
That

That must have cool'd the heat of Youth,
And laid the Courage of them both.

*But Lovers seldom fear their Lives,
When Woman draws and Fancy drives.*

Now *Harlequin*, with giddy Crown,
Forfakes his rounding and comes down,
The Miller after him, as fast,
As sweet Revenge could give him hast ;
Both eager, one to shun his Fate,
Which t'other hop'd to perpetrate ;
But *Harlequin*, whose Heels had still
The start of him that own'd the Mill,
Now climbs the Shrowds unto the top,
And leaves the Cuckold staring up :
But headstrong Jealousy, that fears
No Female Traps or Rival's Snares,
Still spurs and urges him to chase
His nimble Foe, from Place to Place,
Who stands aloft, and with his Laughter,
Teases and dares him to come after :

The Miller highly vex'd hereat,
 Begins to climb like any Cat ;
 Which *Harlequin* no sooner sees,
 But jumping quits the Shrowds with ease ;
 And having now again recourse
 To his old Art, does, by the force
 Of Magick, whirl about the Sail,
 As fast as if it blow'd a Gale :
 The Miller clinging close, thro' fear
 He should be tofs'd the L---d knows where,
 Cries out aloud for help, but none
 Can stop his Wings from flying on.
 The Wife comes running down in hast,
 Beholds the Sight, and looks aghast,
 Stands trembling, whilst her Looby flies,
 With Heels now pointing tow'rd's the Skies,
 Which then again, in half the round,
 Are turn'd near Neighbours to the Ground.
 This merry Whimsy does obtain
 A Laugh from all Degrees of Men ;

And

And when they laugh, you may be sure
The Women never look demure.

A Sack of Grain, which had before
Been planted near the Miller's Door,
In order, as we may suppose,
For grinding, when the Wind arose,
Now takes a sudden strange Figary,
And skips and dances like a Fairy:
A rare Conceit, the World must own,
To please the Humour of the Town:

*For it must needs delight the Eye,
To see a Sack of Wheat or Rye
So merry, when it's tax'd so high.*

The Conjuror, who thus had teas'd
Poor *Ralph*, and his own Fancy pleas'd,
Now slides away, concludes the Jest,
And leaves the flying Sails to rest.
The Miller's Man, amaz'd to see
His Master in this Jeopardy,