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THE
Counter-Scuffle.

Written by *R.* S.

Whereunto is added

The IRISH ENTERTAINMENT.

Written by *W.* & G.

4

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The Counter-Scuffle.

LEt that Majeſtick Pen that writes
of brave K. *Arthur* and his Knights,
And of their noble feats and fights;
And thoſe who tell of mice and frogs,
And of the Skirmiſhes of hogs,
And of fierce Bears and Maſtive-dogs
be ſilent.
And now let each one liſten well,
While I the famous Battel tell
In *Woodſtreet-Counter* that befel
in high Lent.
In which great *Scuffle* only twain
Without much hurt, or being ſlain,
Immortal Honour did obtain
by merit.
One was a *Captain* in degree,
A ſtrong and luſty man was he,
T'other a *Trades-man* bold and free
of ſpirit.
And tho he was a man of force,
He had a ſtomack like a Horſe,
And in his rage had no remorſe
or pit[y]

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And full nimbly could he cuff and clout,
And was accounted without doubt,
One of the prettieſt ſparks about
the City.

And at his weapon any way
He could perform a ſingle fray
Even from the long Pike to the *Taylors* Bodkin.

He reckt not for his fleſh a jot,
He fear'd not *Engliſh-man* nor *Scot*,
For *man* or *monſter* car'd he not
a Dodkin.

For fighting was his recreation,
And like a man in deſperation,
For *Law*, *Edict*, or *Proclamation*
he car'd not.

And in his anger (cauſe being given)
To lift his hand 'gainſt good Sir *Steven*,
Or any *Juſtice* under *Heaven*
he fear'd not.

He durſt his Enemy withſtand,
Or at *Tergoos* or *Calis*-Sand,
And bravely there with ſword in hand
would greet 'em.

And noble *Ellis* was his name,
Who 'mong his foes to purchaſe fame
Not cared though the Devil came
to meet him.

And

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And this brave *Goldsmith* was the man
Who first this worthy Brawl began,
Which after ended in a can
of mild Beer

But had you seen him when he fought,
How eagerly for blood he sought,
There's no man but would have him *thought*
a wild Bear.

Imagine now you see a score
Of mad-cap Gentlemen, or more,
Boys that did use to rant and rore,
and swagger.

Among the which were three or four
That rul'd themselves by wisdoms lore,
Whose very Grandsires scarcely wore
a dagger.

A *Priest* and *Lawyer*, men will read,
In wiping spoons and chipping bread,
And falling too, short Grace being sed,
full roundly.

Whose hungry maws no Sallets need,
Good appetites therin to breed,
Their stomacks without sauce could feed
profoundly.

'Twas ill that men of sober diet,
Who lov'd to fill their guts in quiet,
Were place'd with *Ruffins* that to riot
were given.

And

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And (O great grief!) even from their food
(Their ſtomacks too being ſtrong and good)
And that ſweet place whereon it ſtood
be driven.

But here 'tis fitting I repeat
What food our dainty Priſoners eat,
But if in placing of the meat
and diſhes,
From curious order I do ſwerve,
'Tis that themſelves did none obſerve,
For which nor fleſh they did deſerve,
nor Fiſhes.

But ſome (perhaps) will ſay that Lent
Affords them not what here is ment,
So much, ſo good; and that they went
without it.

'Tis like: but if I add a diſh
Or twain or three of Fleſh or Fiſh,
They either had, or did it wiſh,
ne'r doubt it.

Then wipe your mouth while I declare
The goodneſs of this Lenten fare,
Which is in Priſon very rare,
I tell ye.

Furmity as ſweet as any *nut*, *the ſupper.*
As good as ever ſwill'd a gut,
And butter ſweet as e're was put
in belly

Eggs

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Eggs by the dozen new and good,
Which in white ſalt uprightly ſtood,
And meats which heat and ſtir the blood
to action.

As butter'd *Crabs*, and *Lobſters* red,
Which ſend the married pair to bed,
And in looſe bloods have often bred
a faction.

Fiſh butter'd to the platters brim,
And Parſnips did in butter ſwim,
Strew'd o're with butter neat and trim,
ſalt Sammon.

Smelts cry'd, come eat me do not ſtay;
Freſh-Cod and *Maids* full neatly lay,
And next to theſe a luſty *Ba-*
con Gammon.

Stuck thick with cloves upon the back,
Well ſtufft with Sage, and for the ſmack,
Daintily ſtrew'd with Pepper black,
Sous'd Gurnet.

Pickrel, Sturgeon, Tench and Trout,
Meat far too good for ſuch a rout
To tumble, toſs, and throw about,
and ſpurn it.

The next a *Neats-Tongue* neatly dry'd,
Muſtard and *Sugar* by his ſide,
Roches butter'd, *Flounders* fry'd,
hot *Cuſtard.*

Eels

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Eels boyl'd and broyl'd ; and next they bring
Herring, that is the Fiſhes King,
And then a Courtly *Poul* of *Ling*
and *Muſtard*.

But ſtay, I had almoſt forgot
The fleſh which ſtill ſtands piping hot,
Some from the ſpit, ſome from the pot
new taken.

A ſhoulder and a leg of *Mutton*,
As good as ever knife was put on,
Which never was by a true Glutton
forſaken.

A Loyn of *Veal* that would have dar'd
One of the ſtouteſt of the Guard
And they ſometimes will feed full hard,
like tall men.

And ſuch as love the luſty *Chine* ;
But when that I ſhall ſup or dine,
God grant they be no *Gueſts* of mine
of all men.

Thus the deſcriptions are compleat,
Which I have made of them and meat ?
Mars aid me now while I repeat
the battle.

Where pots and ſtools were us'd as gins
To break each others heads and ſhins,
Where blows did make bones in their skins
to rattle.

Where

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Where men to madneſs never ceaſt
Till each (furious as a beaſt)
Had ſpoyl'd the faſhion of a Feaſt
full dainty.

Whereon (had they nat been accurſt)
They might have fed till bellies burſt,
But *Ellis* ſhew'd himſelf the worſt
of twenty.

For he began this moſtrous braul,
Which afterwards incens'd them all
To throw the meat about the Hall
that even.

And now give ear unto the jar
That fell between theſe men of war,
VVherein ſo many harmleſs skar
was given.

The board thus furniſht each man ſate,
Some fell to feeding ſome to prate,
'Mong whom a jarring queſtion ſtrait
was riſen.

For they grew hotly in diſpute
VVhat calling was of moſt repute;
'Twas well their wits were ſo acute
in priſon.

VVhile they diſcours'd, the Parſon blythe,
Fed as he meant to have the tythe
Of every diſh, being ſharp as ſythe
in feeding.

But

But haste had almost made him choke,
Or else (perhaps) he would have spoke
In praise of his long thread-bare cloke
and breeding.
But after a delib'rate pause,
The *Lawyer* spoke, as he had cause,
In commendation of the *Laws*
profession.
The *Law* (quoth he) by a just doom
Doth censure all that to it come,
And still defends the innocent from
oppression.
It favours truth, it curbs the hope
Of Vice; it gives allegiance scope,
Provides a gallows and a rope
for treason.
This doth the *Law*, and this is it
Which makes us here in Prison sit,
Which grounded is on holy writ
and reason.
To which all men must subject be,
As we by daily proof do see,
From highest to the low'st degree;
the Scholar,
Noble and rich it doth subdue,
The Souldier and his swaggering crew:
But at that word the Captain grew
in cholar.
He

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He look'd full grim, and at first word
Rapt out an Oath that shook the board,
And struck his fist that the sound roar'd
like thunder.
It made all skip that stood him near,
The frighted *Custard* quak'd for fear,
And those that heard it, stricken were
with wonder.
Naught did he now but frown and puff,
And having star'd, and swore enough,
Thus he began in language rough,
tho cogging.
Base foysting *Lawyer*, that dost set
Thy mind on nothing, but to get
Thy living by thy damned pet-
tifogging.
A Slave, that shall for half a Crown,
With Buckram Bag, and dagled Gown,
Wait like a Dog about the Town,
and follow
A business on the Devi'ls part,
For Fees, tho not with Law nor Art,
But head as empty as thy heart
is hollow.
You stay at home and pocket Fees,
While we abroad our bloods do leese,
And then with such base terms as these
you wrong us;
But

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But Lawyer, it is safer far
For thee to prattle at a Bar,
Than once to shew thy face i' th' war
among us.
VVhere to defend such thankless Hinds,
The Soldier little quiet finds,
But is expos'd to stormy winds
and weathers.
And oft in blood he wades full deep,
Your throats from forreign swords to keep,
And wakes when you securely sleep
in feathers.
VVhat could your Laws and Statutes do
Against invasions of a foe,
Did not the valiant Soldier go
to quell 'em.
And to prevent your further harms,
VVith Ensign, Fife, and loud alarms,
Or warlike Drums, by force of *Arms*
repell 'em.
Your Trespass. *Action* will not stand
For setting foot upon your Land,
VVhen they in scorn of your command
come hither.
No remedy in Court of *Pouls*,
In *Common-Pleas*, or in their *Rouls*,
For jouling of your *jobbernouls*
together.
VVer't

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VVer't not for us, thou *Swad* (quoth he)
VVhere wouldst thou fog to get a fee?
But to defend such things as thee
'tis pity.

For such as thou esteem us least,
VVho ever have been ready prest
To guard you and your *Cuckoes* nest,
the City.

That very word made *Ellis* start,
And all his blood ran to his heart;
He shook, and quak'd in every part
with anger.

He lookt as if nought might asswage
The heat of his enflamed rage;
His very countenance did presage
some danger

A Cuckoes nest? quoth he and so
He humm'd and held his full low,
As if distracted thoughts did o-
verpress him

At lenght, quoth he, my Mother fed,
At Bristow she was brought a-bed,
And there was *Ellis* born and bred,
(God bless him,

Of *London* City I am free,
And there I first my wife did see,
And for that very cause, quoth he,
I love it

An

And he that calls it *Cuckoes* nett,
Except he ſays he ſpeaks in jeſt,
He is a Villain and a Beaſt,
I'll prove it:
This I'll maintain, nor do I care
Tho Captain *Pot-gun* ſtamp and ſtare,
And ſwagger, ſwear, and tear his hair
in fury.
And with the hazard of my blood,
I'll fight up to the knees in mud,
But I will make my quarrel good,
aſſure ye.
For tho I am a man of Trade,
And free of *London* City made,
Yet can I uſe *Gun*, *Bill* and *Blade*
in battel;
And Citizens, if need require,
Themſelves can force the Foe retire,
What-ever this *Low-Country* Spuire
do prattle,
For we have Soldiers of our own,
Able enough to guard the Town,
And Captains of moſt fair renown
about it.
If any Foe ſhould fight amain,
And ſet on us with all their train,
We'll make him to retire again,
ne'r doubt it.
We

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We have fought well in dangers paſt,
And will do while our lives do laſt,
Without the help of any caſt
Commander.
That hither come compell'd by want,
With ruſty Swords, and Suites provant,
From U*trich*, *Nemiguen*, or *Gaunt*
in *Flanders*.
The Captain could no longer hold,
But looking fiercely, plainly told
The Citizen, he was too bold,
he call'd him.
Proud Boy, and for his ſawcy ſpeech,
Did vow ſhortly to whip his breech:
Then *Ellis* ſnatch't the pot, with which
The Scuffle. he mall'd him.
He threw the Jugg, and therewithal
Did give the Captain ſuch a maul
As made him thump againſt the wall
his crupper.
With that the Captain took a diſh
That ſtood brim-full of butter'd fiſh,
As good as any heart could wiſh
to Supper.
And as he threw his foot did ſlide,
Which turn'd his arm and diſh aſide,
And all be-butterfiſhifide
Nick Ballat:

And

And he (good man) did none diſeaſe;
But ſitting quiet, and at his eaſe,
With butter'd *Roches* thought to pleaſe
his palat.

But when he felt the wrong he had,
He rag'd and ſwore, and grew ſtark mad;
Some in the room been better had
without him;

For he took hold of any thing;
And firſt he caught the *Poul* of *Ling*,
*W*hich he cõuragiouſly did fling
about him.

Out of his hand it flew apace,
And hit the *Lawyer* in the face,
Who at the board in higheſt place
was ſeated.

And as the *Lawyer* thought to riſe,
The ſalt was thrown into his eyes,
Which him of ſight in woful wiſe
deſeated.

All things near hand, *Nick Ballat* threw,
At length his butter'd *Roches* flew,
And hit by chance among the crew,
the Parſon:

The ſauce his Coat did all bewet,
The *Prieſt* began to fume and fret,
The Seat was butter'd which he ſet
his — on:

He

The *Printer* having a Blank *Page*, thought it not amiss to Commemorate the Noble March of One of the most Victorious Generals for Liberty *Europe* ever had.

A DIALOGUE between the *Danube* and the *Rhine*, on the DUKE's Expedition into *GERMANY*.

THE *Danube* stood amaz'd to see such Ranks
Of unexpected Legions on her Banks;
And asks the *RHINE*, *Whence comes that numerous Brood,*
That Tread and Triumph o'er my Glorious Flood,
And Stain my Water with whole streams of Blood?
To whom, the *Rhine*! These are Great *THETI's* SONS,
Achillis, and his Warlike Myrmidons:
The Ocean's HERS, Her Children all are Free;
Her Empire shines with Golden Liberty.
With Languid Eyes She view'd your Bleeding Land,
And for your Rescue, sent this mighty Band;
Pallas with *Jove*, did strive who should Out-doe,
To bring the Heroe and his Arms to YOU,
And glut your Bowels with a *French Ragoo*:
Like Lightning he o'er many Regions flyes,
His Dreadful Thunder Penetrates the Skies;
Relieves your Captive Cities, Clears the Field,
And whom he does not Kill, do gladly Yield:
With Heaps of Hectoring Foes your Current Chokes,
And bravely Freed you from your Servile Yokes.

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On the DUKE's going to *GERMANY* in a private Capacity, 1712.

GO Mighty Prince, and those Great Nations see,
Which thy Victorious Arms before made free,
View that fam'd Column where thy Name's Ingrav'd
Shall tell their Children who their Empire sav'd.
Point out that Marble where thy Worth is shown
To every Country Grateful, but thy own,
Oh! Censure undeserv'd, unequal Fate,
Which strove to lessen him, who made her Great.
When Pamper'd with Success, and Rich in Fame
Extol'd his Conquests, but Condemn'd his Name,
But Vertue is a Crime, when Plac'd on High
Tho' all the Faults in the Beholders Eye.
Yet he untouch'd, as in the Heat of Warrs,
Flies from no Dangers, but Intestine Jarrs,
He Grieves that we Contemn for what he Fought,
Blushing to see our Blood no better Bought.
Disdain'd in Factious Parties to Contend,
And proves in Absence most *Britain*'s Friend.
So the Great *SCIPIO*, of Old to shun,
The Glorious Envy which his Arms had Won.
Far from his Dear, ungrateful *Rome* Retir'd,
Prepar'd when e're his Country's Cause Requir'd,
To shine in Peace or War, and be again Admir'd.

FINIS.

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He knew not what to do or say,
It was in vain to *Preach* or *Pray*,
Or cry, *You are all gone astray*
good people:
He might as well go strive to teach
Divinity beyond his reach;
Or when the Bells ring out, go preach
i' th' Steeple.

At this mischance the silly man
Out of the Room would fain have ran,
And very angerly began
to mutter.

Ill luck had he, for after that
One threw the *Parsnips* full of fat;
Which stuck like Broaches on his Hat
with butter.

Out of the place he soon repairs,
And ran half headlong down the stairs,
And made complaint to Mr. *Aires*
with crying.

Up ran he to know the matter,
And found how they the things did scatter,
Here a Trencher, there a Platter
were lying.

I dare not say he stunk for wo,
Nor will, unless I did it know,
But some there be that dare say so,
that smelt him;

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Nor could ye blame him if he did,
For they threw diſhes at his head,
And did with eggs and loaves of bread
bepelt him
He thruſt himſelf into the throng,
And us'd the vertue of his tongue,
But what could one mans words among
ſo many?
The candles all were ſhuffled out,
The Vittels flew afreſh about;
Was never ſuch a combat fought
by any.
Now in the dark was all the coyl;
Some were bloody in the broyl,
And ſome were ſteep in *Sallet-Oyl*
and *Muſtard*
The ſight would make a man afear'd:
Another had a butter'd bear'd,
Anothers face was all beſmear'd
with *Cuſtard.*
Others were daub'd up to the knee
With butter'd *Fiſh* and *Furmity*;
And ſome the men could ſcarcely ſee
that beat 'em.
Under the board *Lluellin* lay,
Being ſore frighted with the fray
And as the weapons flew that way
he eat 'em

W. Lluellin a priſoner there, ſometime keeper.

The

The bread ſtuck in the windows *all*,
Like bullets in a Caſtle-wall,
Which furious foes did ſeek to ſcale
in *battel*,
Shoulders of Mutton, and loyns of veal
appointed for to ſerve the meal,
*A*bout their ears full many a peal
did rattel,
The which, when *Owen Blany* ſpy'd,
Oh, take away their arms, he cry'd,
Leſt ſome great hurt do them betide,
One of the Under keepers prevent it
And then away the Knave did ſteal
Of food that *fell*, no little deal,
*A*nd in his houſe at many a *meal*
he ſpent it.

The Captain ran the reſt among,
*A*s eager to revenge the wrong
Done by the pot which *Ellis* flung
ſo ſtoutly,
*A*nd angry *Ellis* fought about
To find the furious Captain out;
*A*t length they met, and then they fought
devoutly.
Now being met, they never lin,
Till with their loud robuſtious din
The room and *all* that was therein
did rumble
Inſtead

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Inſtead of weapons made of Steel,
The Captain took a ſalted Eel,
And at each blow made *Ellis* reel
and tumble.

Ellis a *Pippin-Pye* had got,
A ſorer weapon than the pot;
For lo, the apples being hot,
did ſcald him.

The Captain laid about him ſtill,
As if he would poor *Ellis* kill,
And with his Eel with a good will
he mall'd him.

At length, quoth he, *Ellis* thou art
A Fellow of a couragious heart,
Yield now, and I will take thy part
hereafter.

Quoth *Ellis*, much I ſcorn to hear
Thy words of threat, being free from fear:
With which he hardly could forbear
from laughter.

Together then afreſh they fly,
The *Eel* againſt the *Pippin-Pye*:
But *Blaney* ſtood there purpoſely
to watch 'em.

The weapons wherewithal they fought,
Were thoſe for which he chiefly ſought,
And with an eager ſtomack thought
to cath 'em.

But

But scap't not now so well away
As at the *Veal* and *Mutton* fray;
He thought to have with such a prey
his jaws fed:
But all his hope did turn aside,
He lookt for that which luck deny'd,
For *Ellis* all be-*Pippin-py'd*
his Calves-head.
Wo was the case that he was in,
The hot apples did so scald his skin;
His skul as it had rotten been
did quoddle.
With that one fool among the rout
Made out-cry all the house about,
That *Blaney*'s Brains were beaten out
his noddle.
Which *Lockwood* hearing, needs would see
What all that coyl and stir might be
And up the stairs his guts and he
went wadling.
A Turnkey, Fat Fellow.
*B*ut when he came the chamber near,
Behind the door he stood to hear;
For in he durst not come for fear
of swadling:
There stood he in a frightful case;
*A*nd as by chance he stir'd his face,
Full in the mouth a butter'd *Place*
did hit him.
sway

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Away he sneakt, and with his tongue
He lickt and swallow'd up the wrong,
And as he went the room along
be——him.
For help now doth poor *Lockwood* cry,
O bring a Surgeon, or I die,
My guts out of my *belly* fly,
come quickly,
Blaney with open mouth likewise
For present help of Surgeon cries;
Pitty a man, quoth he, that lies
so sickly
Philips the skilful Surgeon then,
*W*as cal'd, and call'd, and call'd agen
If he had skill to cure these men,
to shew it
At length he comes, and first he puts
His hands to feel for *Lockwood*'s guts;
Which came not forth so sweet as nuts,
all know it.
He cries for water, in the mean
One calls up *Madge* the *Kitchen-Quean*,
To take and make the *B*aby clean,
and clout it,
Fast by the nose she took the squall,
*A*nd led them softly through the Hall,
Lest the perfume through knees should *fall*.
about it
She

She turn'd his hose beneath the knee,
Nor could she choose but laugh to see
That yellow, which was wont to be
a white breech.
She took the dish-clout off the shelf,
And with it wip'd the sh—— elf,
Which had not wit to help it self,
poor ——breech.
Thus leaving *Lockwood all* bewraid
Unto the mercy of the maid,
Who well deseserved to be paid
for taking
Such homely pains: now let us cast
Our thoughts back on the stir that's past,
And them whose bones could not in haste
leave aking
And, like the *candles*, *shall* my *Pen*
Shew you these *Gallants* once agen,
Which now like *Furies*, not like *men*
appeared.
Fresh *lights being brought* t'appease the *brall*,
Shew twenty mad men in the *Hall*,
With blood and sauce their faces *all*
besmeared
Their clothes were rent, and soue'd in drink
Oyl, Mustard, Butter, and the stink
Which *Lockwood* left, woud make one think
in sadness,
That

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That theſe ſo monſtrous creatures dwell
Either in *Bedlam* or in *Hell*,
Or that no tongue or pen can tell
their madneſs.
They were indeed diſfigur'd ſo,
Friend knew not friend, nor foe his foe;
For each man ſcare himſelf did know:
But after
A frantick ſtaring round about,
They ſuddenly did quit their doubt,
And loudly all at once brake out
in laughter.
The heat of all now is allaid,
The Keepers gently do perſwade;
And (as before) all friends are made
full kindly.
Ellis the Captain doth imbrace,
The Captain doth return the grace,
And ſo do all men in the place
as friendly.
By *Jove*, I love thee, *Ellis* cry'd;
The Captain ſoon as much reply'd:
Thou art, quoth he, a man well try'd,
and *Vulcan*.
With *Mars* at odds again ſhall be
Ere any jars 'twixt me and thee;
And thereupon I drink to thee
a full Can.
And

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And then he kneel'd upon the ground:
Drink't off (quoth *Ellis*) for this round
For ever ſhall be held renown'd,
and never,
May any quarrel 'twixt us twain
Ariſe, or this renew again,
But may we loving friends remain
for ever.
Amen, cry'd the Captain, and ſo did all;
And ſo the Health went round the Hall;
And thus the famous *Counter-Braul*
was ended.
But hunger now did vex them more
Then all their anger did before;
They ſeach'd i' th' Room how far their ſtore
extended.
They want the Meat which *Blany* ſtole;
One find a *Herring* in a hole,
With durt and duſt black as a cole,
and trodden
All under foot. The next in poſt,
Snaps up and feeds on what was loſt,
And looks not whether it were roſt
or ſodden.
A third finds in another place
A piece of Ling in dirty caſe,
And muſtard in his fellows face.
Another
Eſpies,

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Eſpies, and finds a loaf of bread,
A diſh of butter all beſpread,
And ſtruck upon anothers head
i'th' pother.
Thus what they found, contented ſome:
At length the Keeper brings a Broom,
Meaning therewith to cleanſe the Room
with ſweeping.
But under Table on the ground
Looking to ſweep, by chance he found
Llnelling faining to be ſound-
ly ſleeping.
He pull'd him out ſo ſwift by th' heels,
As if his bum did run on wheels,
And found his pocket ſtuffe with Eels:
His cod-piece
Did plenty of of Proviſion bring,
Somewhat it held of ev'ry thing,
Smelts, *Flaunders*, *Roches*, and of *Ling*
a broad piece.
At this diſcovery each man round
Took equal ſhare of what was found,
Which afterwards they freely drown'd
in good drink.
For of good Beer there was good ſtore,
Till all were glad to give it o're;
For each man did enough and more
that would drink.
And

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And when they thus had drank and fed,
As if no quarrel had been bred;
They all ſhook hands, and all to bed
did ſhuffle.
Ellis, the glory of the Town,
With that brave Captain of Renown
And thus I end this famous *Coun-*
ter-Scuffle.

The End of the Couter-Scuffle.

The

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THE Irish Entertainment.

FRom *Carrick*, where the Noble *Ormond* met,
Kilkenny's supreme Councellors to treat
Of *Ireland*'s Peace; after I let fly
At the lean half-boyl'd fresh-beef Ord'nary
All my own shillings, and the truth to tell ye,
One more I borrow'd of my friend *Jack Bellyt*
'Twas time, I thought, to make a quick departure
With my Comrade, *Ned Griffith*, to free-quarter.
So calling *Ned*, said I, he that long tarries
In this Town, will not find it like *Beau-Morrice*.
Where, when we wanted 12*d*. we might dine
Like Dukes, and only cry, *Peg*, this makes nine.
Here's no kind Tap-wife, nor Confiding Cook,
Will let you eat and drink, and smoke by th' Book.
A just man should we grant you of that sort
Can't live by Faith here, tho there's Scripture for't.
But when your pocket's empty, faith, Sir, you
Must look your belly should even be so too.
To the Country then, where we our Genious pamper
With mustard and salt beef, mutten and sampher,
And yet no Trencher shall after a feast
Make us repent the fowling of the rest:
And reasons there are many do perswade one,
That by our Landlord we shall much be made on.
For my Lord President hath wrote a Letter
That he should treat us like our selves, or better.

And

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And then for certain, he's a man of bounty,
For, heark, *Ned*, he's High Sheriff of the County.
Beſides, he's of the *Poor's*, and ſo muſt be
By conſequence, of our own Family.
They ſay that he keeps dogs too, and will courſe
The *Hare* moſt fiercely, but the Fox much worſe.
And, *Faith*, *Ned* thou'rt a lad whom any right
Good fellow will bid welcome at firſt ſight:
Thy countenance ſo roſie, ſtraight inveagles,
And to ſay truth, we both are pretty Beagles.
This pleas'd *Ned* well, and ſtrait he got two able
Horſes out of my Lord *Lieutenant's* Stable.
And to confine, 'twixt dinner time and ſupper
We march'd with our *Portmantues* at our crupper.
When we came there, we certain ſtructures ſaw
All perrywigg'd with ruſhes and with ſtraw.
So even and like, that *Ned* ſwore by his Maker
Some *Levellor* had been the Fabricator:
So that to us 'twas not diſtinguiſhable
Which was the Manſion, which the Barn or Stable.
Ned, he alights, and leads (God bleſs us all)
His horſe into his Worſhip's very Hall;
And looking round about, cries in great anger
This ſtable it hath neither rack nor manger.
Peace, *Ned*, quoth *I*, prethee be not ſo haſty;
This Room's no Stable, tho it be as haſty;
I ſee a Harp and Chimney, and I dare
Say there was Fire in't before the War;
So this is no place for your horſe you ſee,
'Tis for as very beaſts, *I'm* ſure, quoth he.
I wiſh'd him adviſ'd what he ſpake there.
For ſhould ſuch words come to the Sheriffs ear,
'Twas gold to ſilver but he would be at us
Ere we were aware, with a *Poſſe Commetatus*.
Out *Ned* went laughing; I, as 'tis my faſhion,
Fell ſtrait into a ſerious Contemplation.
If the High-Sheriff ſuch a mean dwelling have,
Ohone, *Ohone*, what has his under Knave?

But

But searching farther, one, whose unsol'd shooes
Like fetters hung about his feet came to us;
And for our Horses, said, he'd show a Room,
I ask'd him if he were the Sheriffs Groom?
No, Sir, said he, his first-born, and I can
For need, supply the Office of his man.
I cry'd him mercy, wisht him not be crost,
So off went my hat, off went his almost.
He bid us go to that house, so we took
Our way to th' place, *Ned* and his horse mistook.
And after we a little there had wander'd,
In came the Man which prov'd to be our Landlord;
Who for his *Face* and Garb, might pretty well
Pass *English* muster for Head-Constable.
I with fit ceremony towards him went,
And gave him th' Letter from th' Lord President.
He lookt, and read it, and, for ought I know
We welcome were, but he ne'r told us so:
Opening his mouth at length, he ask'd us how
Corn sold beyond Seas, and if men did Plow?
When, and for what occasion we came o're,
And if we ever had been there before?
I answer'd so as pleased him, I think;
For strait he bid the Buttler bring some drink;
But seeing him in half-pint dish of wood
Sip like a Maid, thought I, this means no good
Companion, or else the Beer's but small,
Both which did prove too true, and this is all
My comfort; now I hop'd to find good fare,
And then for Table-tipple 'twas most rare.
Now for Supper, the round board being spread,
The *Van* a dish of coddle'd Onions led;
I th' body led a salted tail of Samon,
And in the rear some rank Potatoes came on.
To comfort *Ned*, said I, a short repast
Must serve this *Wednesday* night, 'cause 'tis a fast.
But Mr. *Sheriff* the next meal will mend it
To our content; quoth *Ned*, *I* pray God send it.

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We sate, and soon had made an end of it, I trow,
A clean board, if our napkins had been so:
But opening one of them, I tell you truth,
My stomach was got full before my mouth.
At length it came into my fancy, that
They might be reliques oyl'd with holy fat;
And that the Apostes when the Paschal Lamb
Was eaten, dipped their fingers on the same.
Our *Landland* fed well, and seeing us to eat
Nothing, bid us both welcome to his meat.
And having done, he crost himself all o're,
His Supper had so done for us before.
When bed-time came, he bade one with a light
Conduct us where we were to lodge that night.
He had himself gone with us, I dare say,
But that his Chamber did not lye that way.
So to a Room we came of which 'tis all,
I thought 'twas correspondent to his Hall.
Quoth *Ned*, I'll not unsheath, tho I am drowsie,
These Sheets were us'd before, and may be lowsie.
What then said I, do'st thou not know thou noddy,
Fresh linnen is not wholsome for the body.
And lice are here no more an infamy
Than red-hair is the Nation's leachery.
So down we fell to sleep, full well inclin'd,
But through the gaping Wall came such a Wind,
That from my head my night-cap this is true,
To the further side of all the Hall it blew,
And had there been in my fantastick pate
As many *Windmills* as *I* saw of late
Near *Wexford*, 'twould have wheel'd them all about,
And from my nose e're since, like a Still spout,
Such distillation fell, you'd guess by this,
My head were what the Prophet wished his.
Now, 'cause we could not sleep, we fell to pray
More then we us'd, but 'twas for nought but day.
By the Lord, quoth *Ned*, the Sun, if he should sup
And lodge like us, at midnight would get up.

And

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And I ſhould tumble leſs, and ſleep more, had I
Inſtead of thee, dead *Ned*, ſome handſome body.
But there's no night ſo long but has his morn,
And ſo had this which if we had been born
Stark blind, we had not been ſo glad to ſee,
No alarm'd Soldier could more quick than we
Leap from his bed, and ſooner dreſs himſelf;
So down we went, and plaid till hour the twelfth.
Then was the Table cover'd, but the ſame
Linnen we ſaw for Fiſh and Fleſh-meat came:
Platters as formerly were brought in odd,
Pork, *pork* and *pork*; two boyl'd the other ſod.
I'll hang for't but he thought us *Scots* or *Jews*,
And brought for's not to *eat* but to *refuſe*.
But we fell on with all our main and might,
Urg'd by two reaſons, hunger and deſpite.
His napkins fatneſs, leanneſs of his meat,
Nor want of ſalt, could hinded us to eat.
Nor henceforth ſhall his Eus and Embers too,
Save him ought, for at one meal we eat two.
Devouring Swines-fleſh ſo, that he ſhall dreſs
Some better meat, in hopes we'll eat the leſs:
And ſo live and endure till we be
Releaſed next general Goal-delivery.
Mean time, if any man think *I* have told
More then the truth, let him come and behold;
And finding it not thus, I ſhall deſire
To be thought what I would, I were a lyer.
And let that man that ſhall diſlike my rime,
Know that I've made better twenty times.
Nor was my *Muſe* in fault now, but the Liquor,
Had the Ale been ſtronger, th' wit had been much quick
Who drinks the ſame *I'll* lay my Ink and Pen on't,
He'll write as bad; God bleſs my Lord *Lieutenant*.

FINIS.

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THE
Counter-Scuffle.

Written by *R.* S.

Whereunto is added

The IRISH ENTERTAINMENT.

Written by *W.* & G.

4

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