

B A U C I S
 A N D
P H I L E M O N.

Imitated, From the Eighth Book of OVID.

Written, 1706.

IN antient Times, as Story tells,
 The Saints would often leave their Cells,
 And strole about, but hide their Quality,
 To try good People's Hospitality.

IT happen'd on a Winter Night,
 As Authors of the Legend write ;

378 BAUCIS and PHILEMON.

Two Brother Hermits, Saints by Trade,
Taking their *Tour* in Masquerade;
Disguis'd in tatter'd Habits, went
To a small Village down in *Kent*;
Where, in the Strolers Canting Strain,
They beg'd from Door to Door in vain;
Try'd ev'ry Tone might Pity win,
But not a Soul would let them in.

O U R wand'ring Saints in woful State,
Treated at this ungodly Rate.
Having thro' all the Village pass'd,
To a small Cottage came at last;
Where dwelt a good old honest Yeoman,
Call'd, in the Neighbourhood, *Philemon*.
Who kindly did the Saints invite
In his Poor Hut to pass the Night;
And then the Hospitable Sire
Bid *Goody Baucis* mend the Fire;

While

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While He from out of Chimney took
A Flitch of Bacon off the Hook ;
And freely from the fattest Side
Cut out large Slices to be fry'd :
Then stept aside to fetch 'em Drink,
Fill'd a large Jug up to the Brink ;
And saw it fairly twice go round ;
Yet (what is wonderful) they found,
'Twas still replenish'd to the Top,
As if they ne'er had toucht a Drop.
The good old Couple was amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd ;
For both were frighted to the Heart,
And just began to cry ; — What ar't !
Then softly turn'd aside to view,
Whether the Lights were burning blue.
The gentle *Pilgrims* soon aware on't,
Told 'em their Calling, and their Errant :
Good Folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but *Saints*, the Hermits said ;

No

380 BAUCIS *and* PHILEMON.

No Hurt shall come to You, or Yours;
But, for that Pack of churlish Boors,
Not fit to live on Christian Ground,
They and their Houses shall be drown'd :
Whilst you shall see your Cottage rise,
And grow a Church before your Eyes.

THEY scarce had Spoke ; when, fair and soft,
The Roof began to mount aloft ;
Aloft rose ev'ry Beam and Rafter,
The heavy Wall climb'd slowly after,

THE Chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a Steeple with a Spire.

THE Kettle to the Top was hoist,
And there stood fast'ned to a Joist :
But with the Upside down, to shew
Its Inclinations for below ;
In vain ; for a Superior Force
Apply'd at Bottom, stops its Course,

Doom'd

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Doom'd ever in Suspence to dwell,
'Tis now no Kettle, but a Bell.

A wooden Jack, which had almost
Loft, by Disuse, the Art to Roast,
A sudden Alteration feels,
Increas'd by new Intestine Wheels :
And, what exalts the Wonder more,
The Number made the Motion flow'r:
The Flyer, tho't had Leaden Feet,
Turn'd round so quick, you scarce cou'd see't ;
But slacken'd by some secret Power,
Now hardly moves an Inch an Hour.
The Jack and Chimney near ally'd,
Had never left each other's Side ;
The Chimney to a Steeple grown,
The Jack wou'd not be left alone,
But up against the Steeple rear'd,
Became a Clock, and still adher'd :

And

382 BAUCIS *and* PHILEMON.

And still its Love to Household Cares
By a shrill Voice at Noon declares,
Warning the Cook-maid, not to burn
That Roast-meat which it cannot turn.

THE Groaning Chair began to crawl
Like an huge Snail along the Wall ;
There stuck aloft, in Publick View,
And with small Change, a Pulpit grew.

THE Porringers, that in a Row
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring Show,
To a less Noble Substance chang'd,
Were now but Leathern Buckets rang'd.

THE Ballads pasted on the Wall,
Of *Joan of France*, and *Englisch Moll*,
Fair Rosamond, and *Robin Hood*,
The *Little Children in the Wood* :
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in Picture, Size, and Letter ;

And

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And high in Order plac'd, describe
The Heraldry of ev'ry Tribe.

A Bedstead of the Antique Mode,
Compact of Timber many a Load,
Such as our Ancestors did use,
Was Metamorphos'd into Pews ;
Which still their antient Nature keep ;
By lodging Folks dispos'd to Sleep.

THE Cottage by such Feats as these,
Grown to a Church by just Degrees,
The Hermits then desir'd their Host
To ask for what he fancy'd most :
Philemon, having paus'd a while,
Return'd 'em Thanks in homely Stile ;
Then said ; my House is grown so Fine,
Methinks, I still wou'd call it mine :
I'm Old, and fain wou'd live at Ease,
Make me the *Parson*, if you please.

HE

384 BAUCIS and PHILEMON.

H E spoke, and presently he feels,
His Grazier's Coat fall down his Heels ;
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each Arm a Pudding-sleeve ;
His Waistcoat to a Caslock grew,
And both assum'd a Sable Hue ;
But being Old, continu'd just
As Thread-bare, and as full of Dust.
His Talk was now of *Tythes* and *Dues*,
Cou'd smoak his Pipe, and read the News ;
Knew how to preach old Sermons next,
Vampt in the Preface and the Text ;
At Christnings well could act his Part,
And had the Service all by Heart ;
With'd Women might have Children fast,
And thought whose Sow had farrow'd last ;
Against *Dissenters* wou'd repine,
And stood up firm for *Right Divine* :

Found

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Found his Head fill'd with many a System,
But Clafick Authors—he ne'er mis'd 'em.

THUS having furbish'd up a Parson,
Dame *Baucis* next, they play'd their Farce on :
Instead of Home-spun Coifs were seen,
Good Pinner's edg'd with Colberteen :
Her Petticoat transform'd apace,
Became Black Sattin, Flounc'd with Lace.
Plain *Goody* would no longer down,
'Twas *Madam*, in her Grogram Gown.
Philemon was in great Surprize,
And hardly could believe his Eyes,
Amaz'd to see Her look so Prim,
And she admir'd as much at Him.

THUS, happy in their Change of Life,
Were feveral Years this Man and Wife,
When on a Day, which prov'd their last,
Discourfing on old Stories past,

Cc

They

386 BAUCIS and PHILEMON.

They went by chance, amidst their Talk,
To the Church-yard, to take a walk ;
When *Baucis* hastily cry'd out ;
My Dear, I see your Forehead sprout :
Sprout, quoth the Man, What's this you tell us ?
I hope you don't believe me Jealous :
But yet, methinks, I feel it true ;
And re'ly, Yours is budding too——
Nay, —now I cannot stir my Foot :
It feels as if 'twere taking Root.

DESCRIPTION would but tire my Muse :
In short, they both were turn'd to *Yews*.
Old Good-man *Dobson* of the Green
Remembers he the Trees has seen ;
He'll talk of them from Noon till Night,
And goes with Folks to shew the Sight :
On *Sundays*, after Ev'ning Prayer,
He gathers all the Parish there ;

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Points out the Place of either *Yew*;
Here *Baucis*, there *Philemon* grew.
Till once, a Parson of our Town,
To mend his Barn, cut *Baucis* down;
At which, 'tis hard to be believ'd,
How much the other Tree was griev'd,
Grew Scrubby, dy'd a-top, was stunted:
So, the next Parson stub'd and burnt it.