

*Grubstreet* ELEGY

On the supposed Death of

PATRIGE

THE

ALMANACK-MAKER.

Anno. 1708.

WELL, 'tis as *Bickerstaff* has gueſt,  
 Tho' we all took it for a Jeſt :  
*Patrige* is Dead, nay more, he dy'd  
 E'er he could prove the good *Squire* ly'd.  
 Strange, an *Aſtrologer* ſhould Die,  
 Without one Wonder in the Sky ;

Not

Not one of all his *Crony* Stars,  
To pay their Duty at his Hearse!  
No Meteor, no Eclipse appear'd!  
No Comet with a flaming Beard!  
The Sun has rose, and gone to Bed,  
Just as if *Patrige* were not Dead;  
Nor hid himself behind the Moon,  
To make a dreadful Night at Noon:  
He at fit Periods walks through *Aries*,  
Howe'er our Earthly Motion varies,  
And 'twice a Year he'll cut the *Æquator*,  
As if there had been no such Matter.

SOME Wits have wondred what Analogy;  
There is 'twixt \* *Cobling* and *Astrology*;  
How *Patrige* made his *Opticks* rise,  
From a *Shoe Sole* to reach the Skies;

A *List* the Coblers Temples ties,  
To keep the Hair out of their Eyes;

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\* *Patrige* was a *Cobler*.

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From whence 'tis plain the *Diadem*  
That Princes wear derives from them;  
And therefore *Crowns* are now a-days  
Adorn'd with *Golden Stars* and *Rays*,  
Which plainly shews the near Alliance  
'Twixt *Cobling* and the *Planets Science*.

BESIDES, that flow-pac'd Sign *Bootes*  
As 'tis miscall'd, we know not who 'tis;  
But *Patridge* ended all Disputes,  
He knew his Trade, and call'd it *Boots*.

THE *Horned Moon* which heretofore  
Upon their *Shoes* the *Romans* wore,  
Whose *Wideness* kept their *Toes* from *Corns*,  
And whence we claim our *shoeing horns*,  
Shews how the Art of *Cobling* bears  
A near Resemblance to the *Spheres*.

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† See his *Almanack*.

A Scrap of *Parchment* hung by *Geometry*,  
A great Refinement in *Barometry*;  
Can like the Stars foretel the Weather;  
And what is *Parchment* else but *Leather*?  
Which an *Astrologer* might use,  
Either for *Almanacks* or *Shoes*.

THUS *Patrige*, by his Wit and Parts,  
At once did Practice both these Arts:  
And as the *Boading Owl*, (or rather  
The *Bat*, because her Wings are *Leather*,)  
Steals from her Private Cell by Night,  
And flies about the Candle-Light;  
So Learned *Patrige* could as well  
Creep in the Dark from *Leathern* Cell,  
And in his Fancy fly as far,  
To peep upon a twinkling Star.

BESIDES, he could confound the *Spheres*,  
And set the *Planets* by the Ears:

To



To shew his Skill, he *Mars* would join  
To *Venus* in *Aspect Mali'n*,  
Then call in *Mercury* for Aid,  
And Cure the Wounds that *Venus* made.

G R E A T Scholars have in *Lucian* Read,  
When *Philip* King of *Greece* was Dead,  
His *Soul* and *Spirit* did divide,  
And each Part took a diff'rent Side;  
One rose a Star, the other fell  
Beneath, and mended Shoes in Hell.

T H U S *Patrige* still shines in each Art,  
The *Cobling* and *Star-gazing* Part,  
And is *Install'd* as good a Star,  
As any of the *Cæsars* are.

T R I U M P H A N T Star! Some Pity show  
On *Coblers Militant* below,  
Whom *Roguish Boys* in Stormy Nights  
Torment, by pissing out their Lights;

Or

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Or thro' a Chink convey their Smoke,  
Inclos'd *Artificers* to Choke.

THOU, high-exalted in thy Sphere,  
May'st follow still thy Calling there.  
To thee the *Bull* will lend his *Hide*,  
By *Phæbus* newly Tann'd and Dry'd.  
For thee they *Argo's* Hulk will Tax,  
And scrape her Pitchy Sides for *Wax*.  
Then *Ariadne* kindly Lends  
Her Braided Hair to make thee *Ends* ;  
The Point of *Sagittarius* Dart,  
Turns to an *Awl* by Heavenly Art ;  
And *Vulcan* wheedled by his Wife,  
Will Forge for thee a *Paring Knife*,  
For want of Room by *Virgo's* Side,  
She'll strain a Point, and sit \* astride  
To take thee kindly in *between*,  
And then the *Signs* will be *Thirteen*.

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\* *Tibi brachia contrahet Ingens Scorpheus, &c.*

## The EPITAPH.

**H**ERE Five Foot deep lyes on his Back  
A Cobler, Starmonger, and Quack,  
Who to the Stars in pure Good-will,  
Does to his best look upward still.  
Weep all you Customers that use  
His Pills, his Almanacks, or Shoes.  
And you that did your Fortunes seek,  
Step to this Grave but once a Week,  
This Earth which bears his Body's Print,  
You'll find has so much Virtue in't,  
That I durst Pawn my Ears, 'twill tell  
What e'er concerns you, full as well  
In Physick, Stolen Goods, or Love,  
As he himself could, when above.