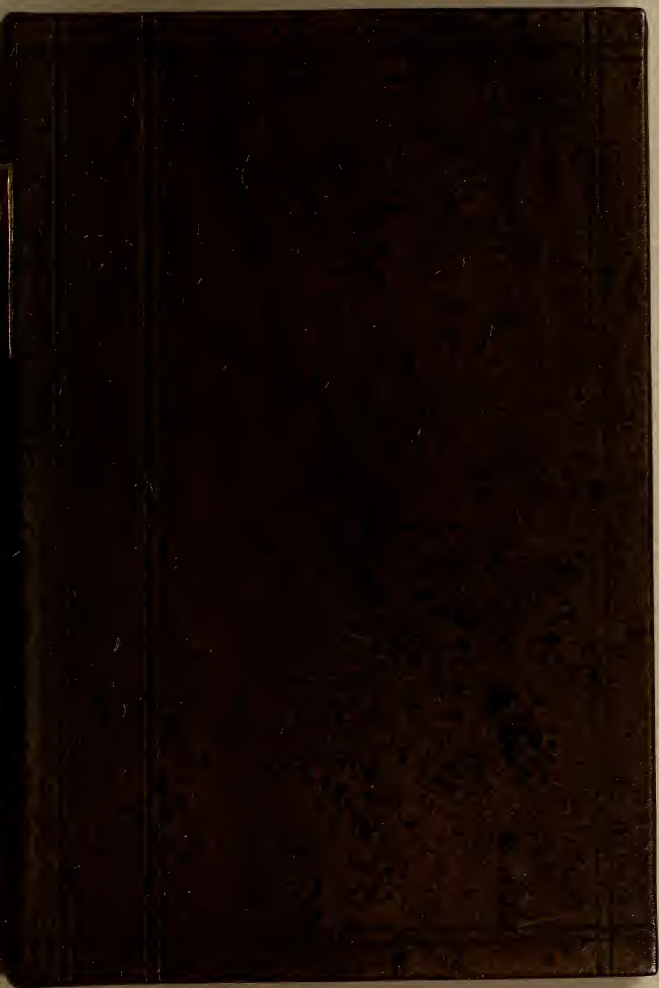
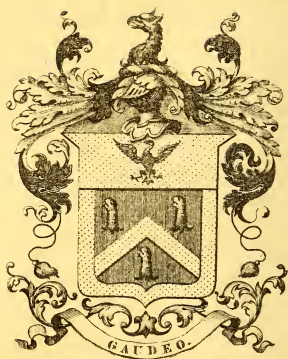
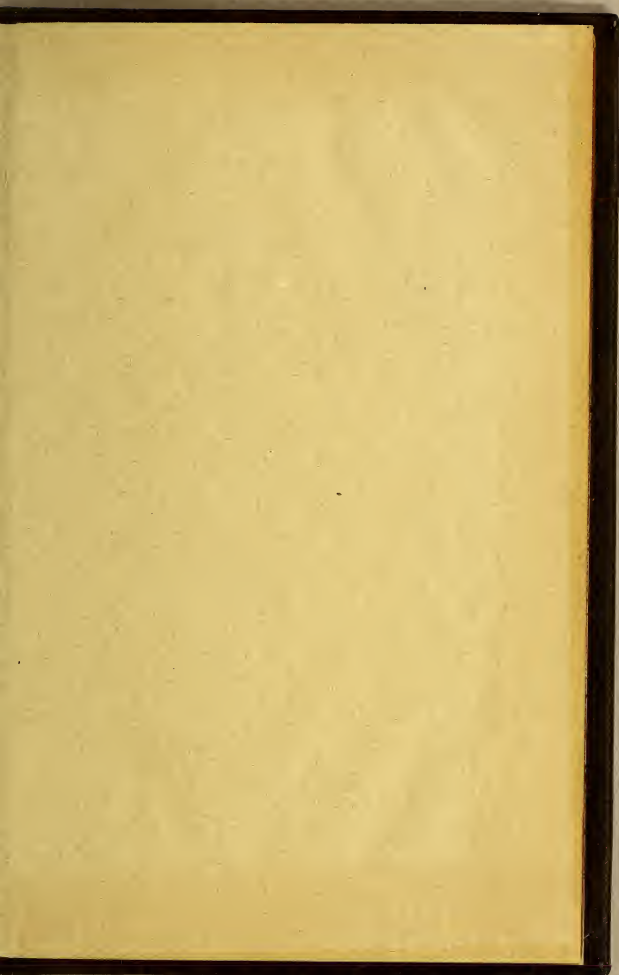
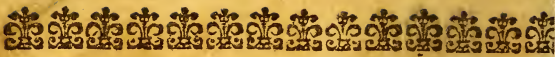






John Carter Brown.



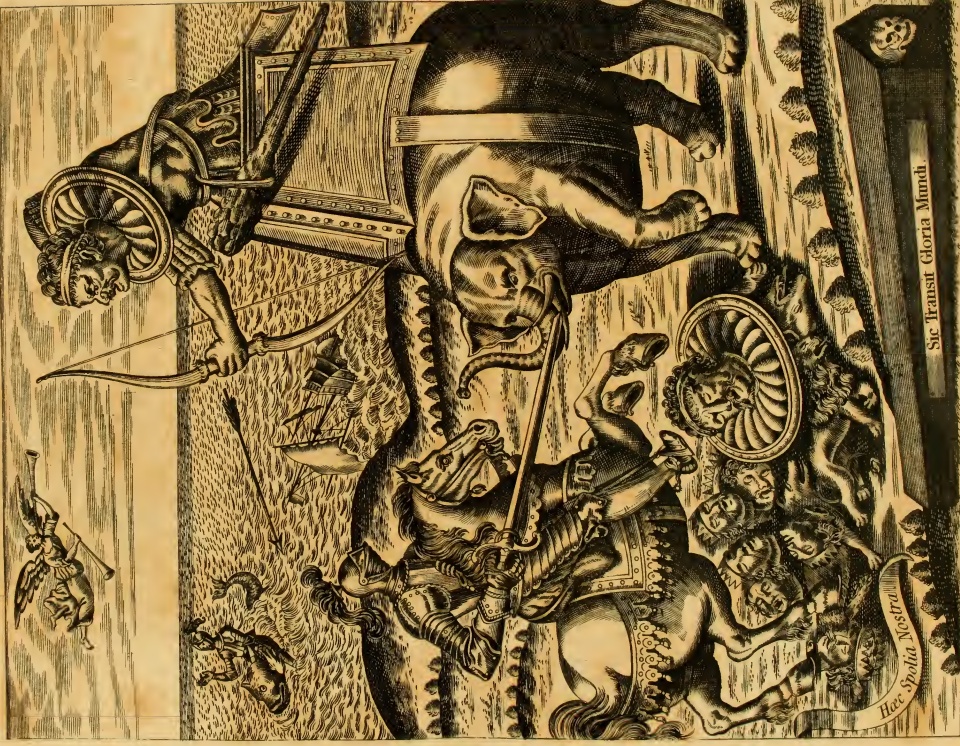


FAmes windy trump blew up this haughty mind
To do or wish, to do what here you find :
Twas ne're held error yet in errant Knights
(which priviledge he claims) to dress their fights
In high hyperbolies : for youths example,
To make their minds, as they grow men, grow ample.
Thus such atchievements are assaid and done
As pass the common power and sence of man.
Then let high spirits strive to imitate,
Not what he did, but what he doth relate.



JOHN CARTER BROWN

RPJCB



Sic Transit Gloria Mundi.

Hec Spolia Nostra

THE
L E G E N D
O F
Captain JONES:

The First and Second Part:

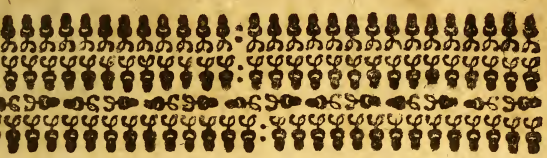
Relating his Adventure to
Sea : His first landing, and strange
Combat with a mighty Bear. His furious
Battel with his six and thirty men against the Army
of eleven Kings, with their overthrow and deaths. His relieving
of Kemper Castle. His strange and admirable Sea-fight with
six huge Gallies of Spain, and nine thousand Souldiers. His
being taken Prisoner, and hard Usage. His being set at Liberty
by the Kings command, and return for England. Also, his
other incredible Adventures and Archievements by Sea and Land;
continued to his Death.

LONDON, 1.

Printed for Francis Halsey, and are to be sold at his
Shop at the upper end of Chancery lane, next
Helborn, 1671.

RPJCE

1891



To the READER.

Reader, y^e have here the *Mirrou* of the times,
Old Jones wrapt in his colours, and my rimes.
Receive him fairly (pray) nor censure how,
For what he tells : the matter hee'l avow.
And for the form he speks in, I'le maintain it,
It comes as neer his Vain as I could strain it.
For 'twere improper to set forth an Asse
In apparison'd, and pannel a great Horse.
My part claims no inventions praise : for (know it)
Where ere there's fiction in't, there he's the Poet.
His last deeds here epitomiz'd, intreat
Some thundring pen to set them forth compleat.
Let him whose lofty Muse will deigne to do it,
Drink Sack and Gunpowder, and so fall to it.

Οὐρανὸν ἔπιγε μόνον, καὶ αὐτὸς καὶ ὁμήλυδες ἄνδρες.
Ἄλτ' θερμαίνεσσα πόσις τὸ πρόσωπον ἔφλεξε·
Ὡς φάτο, καὶ Μίνως ὁ δίκαστολόγ' ἀντίον ἦντα,
τίφθ' ἀφαμαρτοεπὲς φλυαρεῖς Ασκληπίε; ἔδ' ἐν
οὐτ' ὀνοφυλγίας ὁράεις σημεῖον, ἢ ἔρξ
Πινυμένε τέλειες, φοιβήϊα ἔδ' ἐκαὶ ἄσρες,
Ἄϊε σωφροσύνης Ἡρώς ἔφ' μεμιλε καὶ αἰδῶς,
Θαύματα γὰρ ῥέζων καὶ ὑπερβαίνοντα πενιχρὰ
Ἀνδρομέων πίσιν Ἰουκῶν ἐφοβεῖτο κεμήπως
Ψευδόμενον φαίνοιτο, τῇ δ' αἰτιὸν ἔστιν ἐρεῦθε
Τὶστο ἀκρόντεσσιν ἀρέσκειο γνώμη ἀνακτοῦ
Εὐσίοις πεδίοισι γέλως καὶ ἄσβεστον ἐνώϊτο.



After Captain Jones his great Conquest in the
Indies, these Verses were ingraven on a Pillar
of Gold, in the famous City of Chiapa.

HAvacun! atsiqinta, rucar, ruchaquit, a l'elem,
Rut si nut si quin Jonos, quintacque Britanno;
rutisba Dios, chiru narapata tiquita,
alocohta naloc quinquimi, naxa tinuloc,
baquil Ruchaquil, Don Spanos, Cacaracarta
ra Ixnulocosh Europon quincol amoloh,
binalocont a nucam quiti Chicata Chiapa,
lecoacana mani quinraphi tilcona rutat,
rurapa cochor vilcat Cacunta, Chalocoh
avocehta ruvac, Rixim car nucar avixim;
locon-hita quimac, avix inreca corochi,
Nusi nuchac, quinrochi nutisba China;
ipam Rumoloh mac, numac taxa veronquil
yrvo capat quiro vinac navecata maniquir;
ilocothono Navos nutacqui Coave-caca,
xivani vilquin Xinvi nucamca tivito.



*By the assistance of Mr. Gage his rules to learn the
Indian Tongue call'd Poconchi, thus faithfull
and verbatim translated into English.*

HO Passenger ! Behold, read, understand;
Great Jones, a Britain, conquer'd all this Land ;
In thirteen dayes twelve Kings he overthrew,
And millions of Salvages he slew :
At last the *Spanish Dons* with all their force
Of *Indian* foot, and *European* Horse,
Surpriz'd him near *Chiapa*, where he stood
Five hours in fight cover'd with fire and blood ;
And in that furious conflict, all his men,
Who were once thirty six, reduc'd to ten.
With those few blades, and his own mighty Arm,
He did repulse them without spell or charm :
Then to his Ship retreated ; and to shew
Twas Glory, and not Gold, he did pursue,
Of all the spoils he took but one rich Cup,
And as much Gold as made this Pillar up.

*This Monument stood Undeat'd 1588. But Imme-
diately after was demolisht by the Envy of the
Spaniards, and the Gold converted to other uses.*

On the R E V I V A L of
Captain J O N E S.

W Hy shak'st thou Coward Hand? dost drop the Pen;
Honour'd to limne the Prodigie of Mer?
What means this strange Surprizal that unknots
thy joynts, possessing them with Palzy Fits?
Who dares (dread Heroe) offer to thy Fame,
Without Apollo's Call) must feel the same.
Mov'd by pure zeal to Honour, thus I run
A young Enthusiast the Priests among,
Trembling to pay my Mite. Welcome once more
To us, Great Britains Mars; our joys run ore
To see the truth of a Platonick year
Confirm'd in thee; so bright dost thou appear
Deckt with thy valours Rayes: Poets (who can
Make Gods) have rais'd thee up, thou God-like Man.
What brave Revenge had'st th'ad on thy old Foe,
Hadst thou but breath'd our Air some moneths agoe?
Thou, and thy six and thirty set on shore
In Hispaniola; would'st have acted more
Than was (I blushing write it) done by ———
And ——— with their ten thousand men.

*I acquiesce, and leave to higher Forms
Thy stern deportment in all Fights and forms;
Who draw at large, and well; my single Hint
Is a Portentous Act in a small Print.
Reward those who again have made thee breathe,
With Laurel ta'ne from thy victorious wreath;
I have enough t'entitle me to Fame,
In both a Britain am, and of thy Name.*

H. I.

A Supplement to the famous History of the truly
valiant and Magnanimous Captain Jones,

Look to your selves: I see his marble frown,
His threatning ashes challenge their renown,
Expostulating thus. Durst your narration
omit those noble acts of admiration,
Which I perform'd, when *Æolus* deny'd
To give his assistance 'gainst the struggling tide?
Never was Martial man affronted worse,
Than *Pyrrhus* had brib'd him to retard my course.
Some wish'd me send to *Lapland* for a wind,
I say, that I scorn'd, I had enough behind;
Turning my Postern, I sent forth a blast
That tore the sails, and crack'd the sturdy Mast,
Carrying my Friggot with such force, that it
Flew on a shelve, and so was like to split.
For my policy, this I foresaw,
For such mischances I had help at Maw;
I drank an Ocean up of English Beer,
Which (wanting water) I made use of here;
I turn'd my Conduit pipe ore deck, and Spouted,
And fill'd the shoar, so that Saint *Patrick* shouted,
And cry'd, my friends, this is no time for mirth,
Behold! a deluge comes to drown the earth!

Obstructions being removed in this sort,
At length I landed in an Irish port,
And thought it wisdom, before they came to treat,
To stay my stomach with a bit of meat.
Seeing a Cook hang up a stall-fed Ox,
I bad him roast it quickly, with a pox;
'Twas quickly done: as soon as off the Spite
My Valiant grinders snapt it at a bit,
Sooner than one could turn his hand about,
As when a Pickrel swallows up a Trout.
The Cook's amazed: what, quoth I, thou thief,
I do not eat, but barrel up my beef;
I can lay up a whole one and a half,
The Ox that *Milo* carried was a Calf:
Sirrah, make haste, get me some more meat drest
To fortifie the Castle of my brest.
I mean to feed, as Dromedaries do,
Both for the present, and the future too.
Thus terrify'd, my foes ran to the bogs,
And there were Metamorphos'd into frogs;
I speedily destroy'd that croaking faction,
Then could no longer live for want of action.
Death, natures beadle, took me by the hand,
And said, Grand Captain, I thee now disband:
Abstract of valour, let thy name be blest,
Lie down within this tomb, and take thy rest.

On Valiant Jones.

Come see the Man, whom Mountains bred,
Who talked high, as he was fed.
No Court like Milk-sop train'd tot'h fiddle,
But yeand i'th' Region call'd the middle.
There Captain Jones his cradle chooses,
More dangerous then that of Moses;
For that was watch'd by Pharaos daughter,
The Deabe, a Nurse, did him look after,
Or he for them: Come Wolfe, or goat
Who took the Nibb, and fill'd his throat;
Thence was ally'd to Brute; neer Cuz
By th' nurses siae to Romulus:
And for his nimbleness and skipping,
Remus (himself) could nere out leap him;
This, and the warbles of his throat,
Came from the Rennet of the goat
Curdling his gutturalls: His haire's
All flaggy too, and rank as theirs.
Which was resented, as was Mars,
Or Hercules, for his black A----
These were strange signs, and did betoken
What ere was after by him spoken.

'Twas well the wars were done before
Lost in Llewellyn and Glendore.
Had Jones liv'd then, in vain th' Assaults
Of Saxons; wales had still been wales.
Nay had the fates (but they deny'd,
For Jones had neither barn nor Bride)
Sav'd but his Praepuce in Skincks fight,
That spoyl'd his skirmishes by night.
No doubt an Issue, not of's legs,
But of his Loy's, for he lov'd eggs
Extreamly to the very lowels,
Would have out-Vavasord the Powels:
Content us therefore with those duels,
Which no man did, or very few els,
Related from his mouth: This Brit,
As Cæsar did, could he have writ,
What Comments had he made? what storys
Of Irish Wolves, which now are Torys?
This Frontispiece alas! nay, twenty,
As big as this, had been too scanty;
The Elephant and's Pego-man,
And Hob's on his Leviathan,
Nay, what so ere old Inigo
(His namesake) could have drawn for show
Had been too small a Scene: why then
No more, it shrivels up my Pen.



On the Legend of Captain Jones.

Reader, be stout and credulous, for he
Must have both Courage and credulity
That reads this Poem; and to have enough,
His soul should be half Cheverel and half buff:
For *Jones* such things doth talk, and such things do
As far transcend all Faith and Reason too.

Those ancient Poets that, in former times,
Extol'd their *Heroes* with undying Rhimes,
Must go to school to learn of *Jones*, for he
At once both made and writ all Chivalrie.
There *Homer* and *Achilles* both must club
To make one story, this must fight, that dub.
Which asks Time, Charge, & Danger; whilst bold *Jones*
Does without either, raise, and kill at once,
Tam Marti quam Mercurio, if he list,
He could dispute, as well as fight with fist.
With one Cuff-syllogism confute more men
Than Wit or Reason could convince with ten.

'Mongst all the Giants whom he robb'd of breath,
He has three signal Battels fought with Death,
While Fame, that still hates living men, gave out,
That *Jones* was conquer'd; and to clear the doubt,
Employ'd the Wits with a lamenting pen
In Epitaphs to kill him o're agen.

At which enrag'd he rose, and swore *they lye*;
Jones is not dead; I swear *Jones* shall not dye.



*Upon Captain Jones Relating his
own Exploits;*

LOe here great Captain *Jones* ! in whom do dwell
Both *Mars* and *Mercury*, gods stout and fell ;
Thou, thine own Trump, dost with a valiant voice
Both beat thy Foes, and thy great Conquests noise ;
Thus thy *Minerva* lends thee speech and shield,
Wherewith thou all things mak'st unto thee yield ;
Ajax, *Ulysses*, both in thee agree,
Thy valour and thy tongue alike are free ;
Great *Alexander's* Envy would have ceast,
Nor would *Achilles* fate have spoyl'd his rest,
Had but *Jones* Poetry inspir'd his Soul,
To whom, the blind man *Homer's* but a fool ;
Homer cou'd only his borrow'd phancy write,
Jones cou'd do more, both strangely feign and fight ;
Cesar, of all the Worthy's, most like Thee,
He did both fight and tell's own History,
Which yet compar'd with thy Relation
Seems but an old thred-bare narration ;
So between both how vast's the Difference,
Jones doth all *Casars* baffle, and all Sence.

I. V. Oxon.

On the same.

Away with Fictions; short of our stout man,
The Poet must now turn Historian;
His fights, his fights, his fights, his victories,
His conquests, his trophies, and yet no lyes!
What Wars were they when all each battel fell
But Jones, and he surviv'd, his services to tell?
When he relates the story, an Enemy
Truth fears to be, lest in contending, she
Too late learn due subjection; thus the tyde
Forces the waters that would gently slide:
When our great Jones had quite subdu'd the land,
He boldly puts to Sea; but here's a stand,
The Sea of such an adversary proud
To try'm, its waves into a storm doth crowd.
Jones leaves his ship, he scorned such a flood,
For he had often swam in streams of blood;
He then such Tempests rais'd with arms and back,
That th' very Ocean did fear a wrack.
Yet he would dye, that th' shades might of him fear,
And learn, by Mortals woe, great Jones to fear.

N. H.



Upon the incomparably valiant,
Captain JONES.

When I do read thy Legend, *Jones*, and see
Thy Fights, thy Victories, thy All, and Thee,
I stand engag'd 'twixt Wonder and Delight,
That I can neither think, nor speak, nor write.
My Faith thou puzzl'st, and Invention too,
'Tis monstrous strange! but these things thou didst do;
Alcides, *Hector*, are out-done by Thee,
Thy History hath foil'd all Poetry.
Poor *Hector*! he by his own Valour's lost,
But thou surviv'st, and dost thy Triumphs boast.
Hercles, we know, hath his *Non ultra* found,
But to Thee, *Jones*, nor Earth, nor Sea's a bound;
The World, from East to West, from North to South,
To eccho forth thy Fame's but one wide Mouth,
The Earth, Great *Jones*, grows fruitful in thy praise,
And all her car's to crown thy head with Bayes.
The Sea payes Homage to thee, and roars out
Brave *Jones*'s name, who's greater far than *Cnute*.
Neptune to Thee his Trident doth resign,
The Whales cry out, with trembling, We are thine;
And proud of thy Command, they swell the Main,

For

r thy great sake thronging into a Train ;
hen *Spain* does yield to thy fierce heat ; thy might
ostbrates their doughty *Don, Diego* hight ;
y arms so toss'd that vap'ring Admiral,
if ha'd nought been but a Tennis-ball.
ou didst Bears, Lyons, and such Monsters quell ;
y thy strong hand the sturdy El'phant fell.
e the bright Sun peep'd from his Eastern bed,
even Kings before thy feet, brave *Jones*, lay dead.
hat work wouldst thou have made in one whole
adst thou but found for thy *Killzadog* play ? (day,
ow such exploits, so strange, thou couldst atchieve,
one ever yet could tell Brave *Jones*, and live.
or Mortals we ! the Fates have thought it fit
e should in wonder spend our dayes and wit.

P. D. Ox



HAVE you not heard of Jones, that man of wonder;
That brought Don Dego & Mac-kil-Cow under?
And when he had ~~am~~ there, agreed, being wise,
To run away before that they should rise?
For 'tis a Maxime; If you'd be secure,
Still make the Reliques of a Conquest sure:
Jones still kill'd those that fled, and only those;
For such tuff Fellows as withstood his blows
He scorn'd and spar'd; thinking it base to beat
A stubborn Enemy that won't retreat.

'Mongst all those blustering sirs that I have read
(Whose greatest wonder is that they are dead)
There's not any Knights, nor bold Achievers Name,
So much as Jones's in the Book of Fame:
They much of Greece's Alexander brag,
Hee'd put ten Alexanders in a Bag:
Eleven fierce Kings, backt with two thousand Louts,
Jones with a Ragged Troop beats all to Clouts.
But sure it was a Conquest by Compact,
For he could never be accus'd of Fact:
And yet no story a Romancer sings,
That ere exploited more stupendious things;
Quixot a winged Gyant once did kill:
That's but a flying tale, believ't who will:
This were but petty hardship, Jones was one
Would skin a Flint, and eat it when h' had done.

Had Jones but been alive, and seen the pudder

Betwixt

etmixt Briganza's Legate and Anstrudder ;
When the fierce Portugal in high Bravado,
Storming th' Exchange with Pistols and Granado)
Put the poor Pego-mongers to a Rout,
And their beloved Bables flung about :

Hee'd not have fawn'd upon um like a Spaniel,
Others would have kickt the Dog into the Kennel ;
And spight of Darknes made his head ring Noon,
For daring to pluck Honour from the Moon :
H' had dyed no other Death, for furious Jones,
Once flesh'd, would kill ten such, and make no bones :

He once had an encounter with a Lyon.
(Though most believe he never durst come nigh one)
But as the Author says, and I believe,
Both bravely fought, and many wounds did give
Each other, till the Beast in woful dumps
Vorn out, (for Jones had fought him to his stumps)
In honour of his Fall and Jones's Glory,
Di'd with meer Age, and there's an end oth' story.

Many a tough adventure he hath had,
And like a true Knight Errand, ne're a bad :
He foil'd great Asdria's dust in the twink-
Ling of an eye, as easie as to drink :
And yet as tough, and dry a fir, as ere was yoke :
(Unto a sword (Jones often wisht him chokt)
But yet, of all the Gyants that came nigh him,
There's Nerapenny stuck the longest by him ;
For though his slender wounds made many doubt him,
That thread-bare Tear-coats he had still about him ;
And if they say he had not, he's belyed,

For he had ne'r a peny when he dy'd.

*Jones had a valiant stomach, and would eat
As well as fight, provided he had meat,
Else patience upon force took place, for Jones
Kept many fasting dayes, and made no bones.
But I'de not have you think it was for want ;
For when he had no Money, nor Provant,
The Fowl flew to his Table, and the Fish
Left the cold stream, and swam into his dish.
'Tis an old Proverb, (Like to like, they say)
Jones was a Cods-head too as well as they.*

*But Jones, like a Disease, both Sexes smites ;
For he wounds Ladies too as well as Knights :
He was so trim a youth, the Queen of No-land
Thought him some Princely Shaver come from Poland ;
And so he prov'd indeed, for by Guds duds
He most unkindly left her in the Suds ;
Jones like a wiseacres begg'd to be spar'd,
For he had No-land, nor for No-land car'd :
If any ask you wherein lay his Grace ?
Venus lov'd Mars his Truncheon, not his face.
To wind up all, Fame's Trump his Deeds doth tell,
Although a sow-gelders would do't as well.*

W. T.



THE
L E G E N D
O F
Captain JONES.

I Sing thy Armes (*Bellona*) and the Mans
Whose mighty deeds out-did
great *Tamberlans* :
Thy Trump (dire goddess) send,
that I may thunder

*The Inve-
cation.*

Some wondrous strain, to speak this man of wonder.

When Fates decreed that *Captain Jones* should be

The life and death of men, they could not see

A place more suiting to bring forth this mirror

Of Martial spirits, this thunder-crack of terror,

Then some vast mountains womb, whose

rigid rocks

*His birth-
place.*

Might form him, and fore shew the hardy knocks.

C

Which

Which he should give and take : Nor were they nice
 To think it base, that mountains bring forth mice,
 Since from a Brittish mount and *Mars* his stones,
 They sent this Man of men, stern *Captain Jones*.
 Wild Mares milk nurst him on the mountains gorse,
 Which gave him strength and stomach like a horse ;
 Goats flesh matur'd him, kill'd on craggy tops,
 Which taught him to mount Rampiers like those rock
 Ere eighteen winters fully waxen were,
 This imp of *Mars* began to doe and dare.
 With *Reymond*, a stout brother of the sword,
 He first attempted Sea, and went aboard,
 Two hundred strong, for the East Indies bound,
 Fame was the only prize he sought or found.
 Twice twenty days auspicious waves and winds
 Lull'd them : then *Æolus* and *Neptune* joyne
 To work *Great Jones* his fall. Envy and ire,
 To see him more then Man, made them conspire ;
 Rough *Boreas* whistled to the dancing ship,
 The boisterous billows strove to over-skip
 The bounding vessel. In this great disaster
Reymond, the souldiers, Mariners and Master *His stout*
 Lost heart & heed to rule, then up starts *Jones*, *behavior*
 Calls for six Gispins, drinks them off at once. *in a storm*
 Thus arm'd at all points, yet as light as feather, *at sea.*
 He ascends, and drew, and pist against the weather,
 And are we born (my hearts, quoth he) to die?
 Shall we descend? Thy immortality
Neptune thou must resign, if I come thither :
 One Sea may not contain us both together.

The Legend of Captain Jones.

3

Nor waves nor winds could fright him with the motion
Who thought he could contain and piss an Ocean.
His fatall *Smiter* thrice aloft he shakes,
And frowns : the Sea, and Ship, and canvass quakes :
Then from the hatches he descends, and stept
Into his Cabbin, drank again, and slept.
When these rough gods beheld him thus secure,
And arm'd against them like a man pot-sure,
They stint vain storms ; and so *Monstrifera* The name
of his ship.
(So hight the Ship) toucht about Florida,
Upon a desert Island call'd *Crotona*;
Where savage beasts and serpents live alone :
Here *Jones* would needs to land, though *Reymond* swore
Danger was in't: he laught, and leapt ashore, His land-
Danger (quoth he) to the whō dangers fright, ing.
My heart was fram'd to dare, my hands to fight.
Some six and thirty more put forth to ground,
These for fresh food, he for adventure bound ;
They limit their return when three hours ends,
Which *Reymond*, with the ship at Sea, attends.
These Sea-sick souldiers, range hills, woods, and vallies,
Seeking provant to fill their empty bellies ;
Jones goes alone, where fate prepar'd to meet him
With such a prey as did unfriendly greet him ;
A Bear as black as darkness, and as fell His en-
As Tyger, vast as the black dog of hell, counter
Runs at him open jaw'd, so fierce, so fast, with a
That he no leisure had to draw for haste Beare.
Kilzadog his good sword, with fist he aim'd, The name
All arm'd, a blow, wch sure the bear had brain'd, of his
But sword.

But that between her yawning teeth it dings,
 The gauntlet there stuck fast, his hands he wrings
 Unarm'd. unharm'd from thence ; her foremost pawe
 The Bear on *Jones* his shoulder claps, and gnawes
 The gauntlet wedg'd between her teeth: *Jones* claspt he
 With both his arms, and strove by force to cast her.
 And here they try a pluck, and grasp, and tug,
 And foame ; but *Jones* who knew the Cornish hug,
 Heaves her a foot from footing, swings her round,
 And with a short turn hurles her on the ground ;
 Then came his good sword forth to act his part,
 Which pierc't skin, ribs, and riffe, and rove her heart.
 The head (his trophee) from the trunk he cuts,
 And with it back unto the shore he struts,
 Where *Reymond* was appointed to attend
 His and the rests return : but he (false friend)
 When they were once on shore and out of sight,
 Hoist sailes to sea, and took himself to flight.
 Here *Jones* found fraud in man, and deeply swears
 Revenge on *Reymonds* head, the rest he chears ;
 All safe return'd, but all in desperation
 To see themselves left there to desolation :
 Nor grain nor ground, but wild ; nor man,
 (nor beast,
 But savage ; yet (O strange) here *Jones* doth feast
 His six and thirty daily, 'twas with fishes
 Tost from his halberts point into their dishes ;
 Wherewith he took them standing on the shore
 Out of the Ocean : whether 'twas the store
 Frequenting this unpeopled coast, or whether

He joyne
 himself
 the 36
 diers.

His tak
 of fish
 with h
 halberts
 point.

The Legend of Captain Jones:

To see this wondrous man they should together
And so astonied, yield themselves a prey
To him from whom they durst not swim away,
Be't so, or so, I'll not decide, but I
Know *Jones* tells this for truth, who knows no lye.
Thus from his weapons point, nine moneths they fed,
Till fate Sir *Richard Greenfield* thither led,
Who to America transports with *Jones*
His six and thirty fish-fed Mermydons,
To Insip were they brought and left; oh then
'Twas time, had they had meat, to play the men.
Their first encounter there with famine was,
A dry and desert soile, nor grain nor grasse,
Nor drink, but water had they here, nor bread
For thrice twelve moneths, but caves for house *Jones*

(and bed. *encoun-
ters with
the great
Giant As-
driaf dust.*)
Such living as that Country could afford
Bold *Jones* was forc't to win by dint of sword.
Eleven fierce Kings possess the fertile tract
Of this great Coast, who all their powers

(compact
To vanquish *Jones*: a brave attempt 'tis true,
Yet more then twice eleven fierce Kings could doe.
Two thousand choice and doughty men they chose,
To bid him battle, arm'd with darts and bowes,
And arrowes fadome long, well barb'd with bone
Of some strange fish, which pierc't through steel and
(stone;
And thus they come prepar'd: When they drew near
(him,

The Legend of Captain Jones.

He brought his soldiers forth, and thus did cheer them
My five and twenty friends (for only those ^{His orati-}
Had fate & famine left) these darts and bows ^{on to his}
Are fit to deal with fearful Crows and Daws, ^{25 souldi-}
But us whose hearts of oak and empty maws, ^{ers before}
Hungers sharp dart hath pierc'd, & yet we stand ^{their fight}
To fright & foil our foes with sword in hand) ^{with the}
These weapons cannot conquer, nor the number ^{2000 sent}
Were they two thousand such as *John aCumber*. ^{against}
Doth hunger bite you? bite your foes as fast, ^{him by the}
Eat these men-eaters (souldiers) kill and tast. ^{11 Ameri-}
Would you gain glory? Kill by six and seven, ^{can Kings.}
If Crowns of Kings, then here behold eleven.
And this he spake and drew. With stomach fierce
They give the first assault; Now for a verse
To speak *great Jones* his deeds, who headlong goes
Amongst the thickest ranks, cuts, kills, & throws, ^{His con-}
Some by the legs, some by the waste he makes ^{rage in}
Shorter; another by the lock he takes, ^{fight.}
Reaps off his head, wherewith he brains another,
Then at one stroke kills father, son, and brother;
Few scap'd with life, but strangely; happy those
Which scap'd with loss of half a face or nose.
Nor may I pass his men, who cut and slash,
Like those that fought for life, not Crowns or Cash.
Want made them seem (which sure their foes dismayd).
The very sons of death, whose parts they plaid;
The Insips now no aime can take aright,
They think each foe they meet, a mighty Sprite;
And so they fly. Six Kings he took, and kil'd,

Five,

The Legend of Captain Jones.

7

Five, with eight hundred soldiers left the field; *5 Kings*
Twelve hundred fell: for those that went off safe *& 1200*
Their heels & not their hearts the praise he gave. *soldiers slain.*
Unto their fullest towns, whē he had kild them,
He brought his ragged regiment, and fill'd them.
Here on the river of Mengog they find

A Weare with fish of wondrous growth and kind,
Where with a thousand herrings they were fed, *Strange*
All two foot long besides the tail and head. *Herrings*

Here some may ask what came of all the wealth,
(For *Jones* brought nothing home besides himself)
This conquest gain'd; sure many precious things *what be-*
Must needs attend the death of six such Kings. *came of*
I answer briefly; His heroick desire *the rich*
Ascends above earth excrements as fire: *prizes.*

Nor can descend to Crowns. The souldiers found
Much wealth, which in their home-return was drown'd;
Still fortune favours *Jones*. Amidst this river

He spies a sail directly bearing thither;
He calls, and finds them English, homeward bound,
Who for fresh water thrust into the sound.

With these his men and he for England comes, *He & his*
Had England known it, all her guns & drums *men come*
Had been too little to express her joy, *for Eng-*
As when victorious *Hector* entred *Troy*; *land.*

Yet ere he can attain his native coast,
Aeneas-like he must be tyr'd and tost
With storms, till meat and water wax'd so scant,
That *Jones* drank nought but piss one week for want.

The Legend of Captain Jones.

At last when they had cast out all their goods,
 (To save themselves) into the furious floods,
 The ship all bruis'd with sands, and storms, and stones
 At *Ipswich* doth disburthen the sea of *Jones*.
England salutes him with the general joys
 Of Court and Country, Knights, Squires, fools, & boy
 In every town rejoyce at his arrivall,
 The townsmen where he comes their wives do swive all
 And bid them think on *Jones* amidst this glee,
 In hope to get such roaring boys as he:
 Others this joy, into a fury rapt
 To sing his praise, though elegant and apt;
 Yet mixt with fictions, which he scorns. 'tis known
Jones fancies no additions but his own;
 Nor need we stir our brains for glorious stuffe
 To paint his praise, himself hath done enough,
 And hath prescrib'd that I should write no more
 Then his good memory hath kept in store
 Of what he did. Perhaps he hath or can
 Doe more, but hides it like a modest man.
 His British expedition makes me hie.
 From his vagary to his Chivalry.
 This Dukedomes confines pointing on the South,
 Great *Keeper* Castle guards on *Morligs* mouth; *His raising*
 Which key of Britain (like great Britaines *of the siege*
 (Dover) *of Kempe*
 Was well nigh lost by siege till *Jones* went over, *castle.*
 To dye or raise it: 'Twas begirt by land
 With fifteen thousand. Four tall ships withstand
 All succours from the sea: Against this force

He

The Legend of Captain Jones.

9

He goes as boldly as an eyeless horse,
With one small Bark (the Shit-fire 'twas) a hot one,
And save a hundred men was with him not one :
But these were Welsh blades, born for hacks & hewing,
And car'd not what they did so they were doing.
Thus like some tempest these four ships he frightens,
His guns roare thunder whilst his powder lightens,
And from his broad side poures a showre of hail ;
Which rakes them thorow & thorow, ribs, mast, & sail.
Their shot replies, but they were rankt too high
To touch the Pinnacle, which bears up so nigh
And playes so hot, that her opponents think
Some Devill is grand Captain of the Pink.
One English Pirat with them, whilst he watches
His time to shoot, spies *Jones* upon the hatches,
And cries out, Ho, hoise Canvas all at once.
And fly, or yield ; Zounds it is *Captain Jones*.
The man swore reason, and 'twas quickly heard,
For, not a Bullet like that name was feard ;
They fly, he follows, but a partial wind
And wings of fear sav'd them, left him behind.
To Kemper he returns him, and supplies it
With fifty men, and victuals to suffice it
Six moneths : the foes by land lose hope and heart
To oppose this new supply, and so depart :
Then on the Gate this title was ingraved,
Jones rescued Kemper, and the Dukedome saved.
Thus plum'd with Laurell, *Jones* for England came,
Where George of Cumberland, rapt with his fame,
Wooes

Wooes him to be Vicegeneral of his fleet; He is m.
 Which *Jones* vouchsaf't, because he was to meet Vice-G
 Men like himself, the doughty Dons of Spain unde G
 Whose honour (or lose all) he vow'd to gain. Cuberta
 And better fate in this design he wish't nor, & singl
 Thē to cope single with their great *Don Quixot*. aga 11
 Stay Muse and blush, and sigh & sing no more; Spanish
 Here *Jones* his mistress, Fortune, plaid the whore. Fleet.
 Yet, whilst thou loath'st her lightness to rehearse,
 Let indignation make thee chide in verse;
 Ah deity! and blindly to go on so
 From thy deare minion *Jones* to *John D'Alonso*,
 Whose out and inside is no better mettle
 Than an old Drum, or a base Tinkers Kettle.
 And tak'st thou him for *Jones*? that glorious boy,
 Whom Venus self would kiss (were Mars away)
 Well, fickle goddess, if thou be divine,
 I'll swear, heaven hath, like earth, light feminine.
 'Twas thus, This fleet cut through the Western maine
 And so lay hovering on the coast of Spaine:
Jones led the front (as 'twas his custom still)
 The first in fight, last to be kil'd or kill:
 His ship went swiftest too, as did his mind
 On honours wings: But (oh) an envious wind
 Fild all his sail, and wrapt him in a mist
 From being seen, or seeing, ere he wist.
 And thus he lost his train, and cast about,
 And beat these Seas five days to find them out;
 Till in his quest it was his fate to meet
Don John D. Alonso with the Spanish fleet.

is general bid amain, and *Jones* desi'd
om Canons mouth. The Don again repli'd
With four for one. Ah *Jones*, had I my wish,
some Godhead should have turn'd thee to a fish,
To escape this dire assault ; thou shouldst not then
Be taken like a tame beast in thy den.
ne thousand souldiers was the force that fought
is day with *Jones*, whom six huge gallies brought,
e stoutest boats to make a bold Bravado
at were in Spains invisible Armado :
es first commands his men to take their victuall,
e souldier-like drank much, and pray'd a little ;
en tells them briefly, here's no place to fly,
me friends, let's bravely live or bravely die.
this the gallies had inclos'd him round,
d sought to board him ; but they quickly found
e ship too hot to grapple with so soon,
d so bore off again, and paid her room.
en each by turn present her the broad side,
hich she repaid with interest, and so ply'd,
at where her bullets pierce, whole streams of blood
out through the gallyes ribs, and dye the flood ;
e foes disdain thus long to stand in fight
ainst one, and so press on with all their might :
d now the storm grew hot, and deep in blood,
Mad rage had got the place where reason stood :
ns, drums, and trumpets stop the souldiers ears,
om hearing cryes and groanes ; and fury reares
is fatall combate to so strange a height,
at higher powers express th' effects of fright.

Great

Great Neptune quak't and roar'd, clouds ran and pit
 The winds fell down; and Titan lurkt in mist.
 Then belch huge bullets forth, smoak, fire, & thund
 Their fury strikes the gods with fear and wonder,
 One gally which two hundred slaves did row,
 Affront the ship, in hope to buldge her prow.
Jones gave her leave; but when she once came nigh
 Out bursts his murdering shot; here doom'd to dy
 Down dropp'd the brave Viceroy of Saint Iago,
 Don Diego de Cordona, and Gonzago.
 Stones, chains, and bullets tare their passage out
 Through men and galley; which soon tackt about
 In hope to get aloofe; but *Jones* sent after
 Two lucky shots, which light twixt wind and water.
 "In crept the quaking billow, where he spide
 "Those holes, in hope its fearful head to hide;
 "The galley like afeard, or whose hurt, doth creep
 "Into the trembling bowels of the deep;
 "And so she sank. Thus Diego whilst he try'd
 His force with *Jones*, with fifteen hundred dy'd.
 Now *Jones* all breathless sat to take his breath
 Upon a But of sack, and drank the death
 Of *Dan John de Alonso*, which his men
 Pledge in a rowse, and so they fight agen.
 Ninescore there were, but threescore now remain
 To do or suffer, for the rest were slain.
 The Spanish force distract twixt hope and fear,
 Yet by their fellows fall forewarnd, forbear
 This hot assault, keep distance, and at *Jones*
 Let fly their shot at random all at once,

The Legend of Captain Jones.

13

Some half a Cable short, and some flew ore
The top saile, some the stern and rudder tore :
One, all the rest in fatall fury past,
And all to thivers rove the master mast,
Down fell the tackle, and the vessel lay
An English prison and a Spanish prey.
Starboard and Larboard side, from poope to prow
They all let drive, and rak'd her through and through.
All now but *Jones* and one man more were kill'd,
Who cry'd, *Now fight and die, or live and yield.*
Jones kill'd the first, the latter he besought him
Upon his knees, whilst by the knees he caught him
Begging for life, a bullet took away
His head, which when 'twas off still seem'd to pray ;
Out flew the head and bullet both at once
Between the manly thighs of Captain *Jones* :
Who lookt behind him, art thou gone (quoth he)
Still may they die so, that cry yield to me.
Now nought to him but blood and death appear'd,
Death was his wish, captivity he fear'd ;
Which to prevent Kil-za-dog forth he drew, *This*
And thus he spake, Brave Cato, Cato slew. *sword he*
And when victorious Brutus could not stand, *won from*
He fell, but by his own victorious hand, *the great*
Brutus, I am a Brute, and have thy spirit, *and fear-*
Thy fortune and self-death I will inherit. *ful Gyant*
Thus said, his sword unto his side he pyles, *Hereapens.*
Which his good Genius stays & thus replies ; *His genius*
Hold *Jones*, reserved for thy Countrys good, *dehorts him*
Born to shed hostil, not thy home-bred blood, *from self-*
murder.

And

And know that self-death is the Cowards curse :
 For, he that dyes so, dyes for fear of worse ;
 The time will come when Irish bogs shall quake
 Under thy feet, whilst great Oneale doth shake.
 I may not on thy future deeds dilate,
 Thy sword must right what is involv'd in fate ;
 This know, in thy old age thou shalt impart
 Unto thy Countries youth thy martiall art,
 Teach them to manage arms, and how they must
 Make bright their swords, which peace hath wrapt
 Now *Jones* vouchsaf'd to live, not for himself (r
 But for his Countries good, and common wealth ;
 His scarlet cap he dons, with crimson plume,
 And he ascends the hatches all in fume.
 The Musketers ambitiously desire
 To hit this mark, and all at once give fire :
 Some Bullets raze his plume, his haire, his nose,
 His velvet Jerkin, and his sattin nose ;
 (The scars may yet be seen) yet draws he breath
 Fearless, and harmles, in the jaws of death.
 The Spaniard now conjectur'd his intent,
 By seeking death t'avoid imprisonment,
 And so forbore to shoot, drew near and sought
 To take the prey, which they so dear had bought.
 Then *Jones* all raging throws into the main
 That sword which men and wolves and bears had slain
 That sword which erst had drunk the blood of Kings,
 Into the bowels of the deep he dings.
 The Ocean thirld for fear, and gave it place,
 And greedy Neptune snatcht it for his mace.

The Legend of Captain Jones.

Then from the ship he leaps amongst his foes,
And so undaunted to *Don John* he goes,
Who bid him Live, *Don-like*, but gave him breath,
Onely to breathe in greater pains then death.
This shock had sent to Styx six thousand men,
Whose souls *Don John* to satisfie again *How he*
inflicts more servile punishments on *Jones*, *was used*
Then countervail six thousand deaths at once. *being ta-*
He beds on boards, is fed with bits and knocks *ken captive*
ape-like, bare-foot with neither shooes nor socks.
Hair shirt, blew bonnet, made a servile knave,
A lowsie, dusty, nasty galley-slave.
At last he brings *Jones* to the Spanish King,
And sayes : Great Monarch, see this precious thing ;
Six thousand of your bravest men he cost, *He is pre-*
Who to gain him alive , their lives have lost; *sented to*
Nor think the bargain dear, for here's a man *the Spanish*
Can doe & say more then your Viceroy can. *King.*
This praise was given him by the crafty *Don*,
For fear his loss seem'd more then what he won ;
And so it did indeed, for *Philip* thought
Jones inside by his outside dearly bought.
To try he asks him, whither bound, and whence
He was, and *Jones* replies with little sence;
Whether through fear or faining, he affords
To all the King demands, not three wise words.
To try him further, in a Jaile they cast him, *He is cast*
Which serv'd for nothing but to stink & fast *in prison.*
And here it was his destiny to light (in
Upon a learned Priest, a Jesuite :

With

With him falls *Jones* to work. The sacred word *He di*
 His weapon was, for he had drown'd his sword. *ted the*
 Their question was of purgatory, where, *with*
 And whether 'tis at all, if so, 'tis here *suit ab*
 (*Quoth Jones.*) For he half tir'd with pains *Purgat*
 (would needs

Go straight to heaven : And thus the question bree
Jones was no Schoolman, yet he bore a brain
 Which nere forgot what ere it could contain.
 Yet this old Priest so wrests the letters sence,
 Equivocates, denies plain consequence,
 Starts to and fro, and raiseth such confusions,
 That *Jones* chief ward was to deny conclusions :
 But, do this subtill Schoolman what he can,
 Such was the vigour of this martiall man,
 Though he was no good disputant or Text-man
 Nor knew to spell *Amen*, to serve a Sexton ;
 Yet truth, with confidence, and his strong fist
 Doth first convince, and then convert the Priest.
 Some talk of *Garnets* straw, and *Lipsius* lasses ;
 Whose miracles made many Artists asses ;
 But here's a miracle transcends them all,
 An Artist made wise by a Naturall.

Now Englands Court rings all of *Jones* his *Order ta*
 (setters, *ken in En*
 And men of rank were soon sent ore with let- *land for k*
 (ters, *ransome.*

To ransome him for gold, or man for man,
 On any terms. The King with many a Don
 Consults upon this point : One thought it fit

To deal upon exchange ; some better wit
Thought it more fit to keep this second Drake, ^{The point}
For so he term'd him wi sely, and thus spake ; ^{of his ran-}
Armies are Englands arm, Captains the hand ^{some deba-}
Of this strong arm that rules by sea & land : ^{ted in Sp.}
And of this arm and hand I think in sum,
This captive Captain is the very thumb,
This speech was short and sound, but could not go so
Without th'opposing of old Don Mendozo ;
VWho lov'd and favour'd *Jones*, but knew not why,
(Nature it seems had wrought some sympathy)
Pardon (quoth he) (dread Sovereign) are we come
To talk of arms and hands and Captain Thumb ?
From East to VWest our Arms and armies reign,
And fear we now for one to re-obtain
So many Viceroyes in the Isle captiv'd,
For us, of light and almost life depriv'd ;
VWere Drake's and Candish spirit in this dragon,
Let not their future times have this to brag on,
That Englands Queen did prize one Captain more
Than Spains great Monarch did his twenty four.

His speech prevail'd, and so they all attone,
And twenty four were askt and given for one ;
All which had led great armies to the field,
And never knew but once, what twas to yield.
And thus was *Jones* dismiss'd ; yet ere he go
The King, to grace him, made him kiss his toe.
Long maist thou live old man, and may thy tongue
And memory, as thou grow'st old, wax young :

D

Then

Then wilt thou live in spight of time, and be
Times subject, and time thine t'imblazon thee.

Pardon my forward Muse, striving to soare
A pitch with thee at mid-day tyr'd, gives ore;
For, who can speak thee all (thou mighty man?)
Not Greece's *Homer*, nor Rome's *Mantuan*.

Thy Irish warrs, thy taking great *Tyrone*, A touch of
some other
deeds of
chivalry by
him per-
Whole heards of Wolves kill'd there by thee (alone, formed.

Thy several single duels with fierce men
And bears, all slain; and that dry journey wher
Thou drankst but what thou pist for thrice seven days,
Which made thee dry ere since, then th' amorous ways:

The Queen of No-land us'd to make thee King
Of her and hers (Oh) many a precious thing.
Thy London widdow next in love half drown'd,
Which thou refus'dst with forty thousand pound:

Thy daunting Essex in his rash bravado,
Raleigh's hard scaping of thy bastinado:
Lastly, thy grace with thy great Queen Eliza,
Who, hadst thou had the learning to suffice a
Man, but to write and read, had made thee able
To sit in Councell at her Highness Stable.

These trophies of thy Fame, and myriads more
Kept by thy fertile brain for time in store,
I leave unsung, and wish they may be writ
In golden lines by some more happy wit,
Whose Genius, till some fury do him inspire,
Let me sit down in silence, and admire.

THE END

A copious commendation of a Red Nose.

Et him that undertook to praise
The French Pox, and so many wayes
d prove that it is now a days

Commodious :

ay, let him a while give place,
r I will prove, a fiery face
to the owner no disgrace,

Nor odious.

o bath a fiery face, that man
said to have a rich face, and
bies about his nose, none can

Deny it.

d all men know as well as I,
at what is rich, most eagerly
covet, and no cost deny

To buy it.

ne have their clothes sold from their back,
d some their lands, and some will lack
eat, rather than good Sherry Sack

And Claret :

d they swear (& swear truth) that those
rich drink small beer, & wear good clothes,
offer wrong unto their nose,

And marre it.

n Romes Senate long-nos'd men
e chose for wisest, tell me then
y these should not be praised, when

All men know

D 2

A

A Copious Commendation, &c.

*A fiery face nere is without
A rich nose : and how far a snowt
Thats rich exceeds a long to doubt*

Or call men to

*Dispute or to capitulate,
This matter's not so intricate
But any may expostulate*

And judge it :

*And if judge truly hee'l confess,
Fire rich, exceeds long wise ; I guess.
No man that hath true worthiness*

Will grudge it .

*Besides, the world knows this that we
Affirm those gracious that we see.
But blush and call it modesty*

In people.

*A rich face always blushes, so
It doth all faces else out go
As far as St. Faiths is below*

Pauls steeple.

*He that reads this, and does not say,
A fiery face hath won the day,
In judgment shows himself a boy,*

And heedless.

*Nor will I spend more words to show
What commendation men do ow
To Captain Iones his face you know*

Tis needless.

FINIS.

THE
LEGEND
OF
Captain FOSNES:

CONTINUED

from his first part to his end :
WHEREIN IS DELIVERED

his incredible adventures and achievements by
sea and land.

Particularly,

his miraculous deliverance from a wrack at Sea
by the support of a Dolphin.

his several desperate duels.

his combat with *Bahader Cham*, a Gyant of the
race of *Og*.

his loves.

his deep employments, and happy success in busi-
ness of State.

all which, and more, is but the tithe of his own relation,
which he continued untill he grew speechless, and died.

LONDON,

Printed by E. O. for Francis Paley, and are to be sold
at his Shop, at the upper end of Chancery
lane, next Holborn, 1670.

To the READER.

R Eader, read on : here you may happ'ly meet
News, pleasing more, than what's cry'd in
(your street.

Jones is reviv'd ; here start : the danger's past ;
What he hath done long since, now makes him last
His last brave actions never sung before
We offer to your view, nor write we more
Than he made good on oath : then (pray) believe
What here you'll find : thus by your faith he'll live.
Next, spare your censure on his Poets style ;
Had it gone high, his ghost had kept a quile
To be surmounted : down-right were his blows ;
Down-right his speech ; down-right to's grave he
(goes

Onely his fame by your opinion may
Make him still live, though now he's dust or clay.

To the R.E.A.D.E.R.

Know, reader, that I have you very happy in
this pleasing work, than what's said in
(your hand)

as it is said: that I have you very happy in
this pleasing work, than what's said in
(your hand)

Know, reader, that I have you very happy in
this pleasing work, than what's said in
(your hand)



THE
L E G E N D
OF
Captaine JONES.

Continued from his first Part to his end.

Will nothing please the taste of these rough
(times
But Rue and VVormwood stust in Prose or Rimes?
No verse to make our Poets Laureate
But smart Iambicks lashing King or State?
Must all turn Mercuries, these times to fit
By poysoning Fame with their quick-silver wit?
That name that's got by some notorious ill,
And merits gives, is hateful to our quill.
But if the last brave acts of Captain Jones
Which can move mirth and fear, and break no bones,
May be admitted in this ruffling age,
Behold him here re-mounted on our stage.

Ye

Yet know we still are ty'd to our low strein,
 VVe must not once transcend his down-right vein.
 And if you meet ought favouring of a lye,
 (Reader believe't) 'tis *Jones* that speaks, not I.
 VVe left him priz'd on change, too dear 'twas thought
 Twenty four Donns, & all not worth a groat, ^{24 Spanis}
 Compar'd to him, though each had had cōmā^{command-}
 Over great Armies, prest for sea and land. ^{ders gives}
 Here see him shipt for his dear native coast ^{in exchang}
 VVhere ere he comes you'l find he'l rule the ^{for him.}

(roast
 VVith new found foes, who attempt his force to shake
 But sleeping Lions 'tis not wise to wake.
 Now once more *Neptune* doth his waves enlarge,
 Swoln big with pride, that Fate had giv'n him charge
 And weighty convoy of this mighty man
 To whence he came; but ere the ship had ran
 Ten glasses out, comes Boreas with a cloud
 As black as ink; the steeres-man cries aloud
 Down with the top-saile, keep the sprit-saile tight,
 Haile the main bowling. Whilst this mask of light
 Usher'd with lightning plowes the angry deep
 High as her self in ridges, and as steep
 As *Cair's* tall Pyramids; the labouring ship
 Like a chaf'd Bear with Mastives, strives to keep
 Her beak aloft; some billows she breaks throw,
 Others mount over her at poop and prow.
Jones heard this stir unmov'd: from *Neptune* still
 He hop'd no good, nor ever fear'd his ill.
 Thus whilst the carefull sea-men work and pray,
 He careless to his cabbin calls his boy,

And

And makes him read to him the ancient stories
Of our old English V Vorthies, and their glories ;
How our S. *George* did the fell Dragon gore ,
The like atchievement of Sir *Eglemore* :
Topas hard quest after th'elf-queen to *Barwick* : *Sir Topas*
Se Buis cow, & *Guy's* fierce boar of *Warwick* : *rime in*
These stories read, exalt his haughty mind *Chaucer.*
Above the servile fear of sea or wind.
The ships hard state grew now from ill to worse :
Between two hideous seas across her course,
Her whole bulk groans: her beak and main mast break.
Shook with this shock, she springs a dangerous leak:
V Which her slye foe soon finds, and to begin
Like a dire dropsie, drenches all within.
Thus whilst a treacherous in-mate fills her womb,
She's forc'd to be her own destructions tomb.
And overburthen'd with what bore her before,
She's down-right foundred, and can work no more.
Here might be seen the sad effects of feare
V Which several wayes in several men appear :
Some cry'd, some pray'd, whilst others swear or rave,
To leave the land to make the sea their grave.
Joner swoln with the brave actions of his Knights,
Big as the sea, ascends, and *Neptune* cites
To single combat : when a boisterous wave
V Which *Neptune* sent to make him *Neptunes* slave,
V Whurles him a cables length to sea, the ship
Sinks with the rest, who give this world the slip.
V Well now, *Sir Jones*, 'tis time to shew your skill ;
You must swim stoutly for't, or drinik your fill.

No danger frights thee, thou brave man of merit,
 Thy body is boy'd up by thy blow'n spirit.
 As a grim sea-calf still presaging storms *Always*
 VVallows and wantons in cold Thetis arms : *portending*
 Just such is *Jones* : as if he had been bred *storms*
 VVith her finn'd frie within her watry bed. *when they*
 No ship for help, no land for hope appears; *are seen to*
 Horror of billowes roaring in his ears. *play.*
 Nothing supports but confidence alone, as
 If some prest VVhale must take up *Jones* like *Tonas*.
 At last (alass !) he finds he is no fish,
 His spirit 'gins to leave his treacherous flesh.
 Continual labouring makes his limbs wax stark
 And stiff with cold, his optick sense grows dark,
Neptune insults, and brandishing his mace
 Makes his rude billows dash him ore the face.
 Now see the fate of noble resolution,
 VVhen *Jones* thought nothing but of dissolution,
 Man's constant friend a gentle Dolphin glides *The Dol-*
 Between his thighes, on whom he mounts and *phin is al-*
 (rides *ways ob-*
serv'd to be
a lover of
weather; man.
 In post with mighty speed, through wind and
 So his kind fish holds out he cares not whither ;
 Like a bold Centaur bravely he curvets
 From ridge to ridge ; twas strange, how fast he sits
 In this rough road ; but *Jones* learn'd from his cradle
 To ride without a stirrop or a saddle,
 VVhen on the mountain tops wilde mares he spide,
 He suckt them dry, and then straight up and ride.

At last at this high speed he gets the sight
 Of land, so neer, hee's ready to alight,
 VVhen his kind fish much griev'd to leave the burthen
 She lov'd so well, to sea again doth turn
 VVith mighty speed, still *Jones* doth her bestride
 Believing now he should to th'Indias ride.
 Fain would he turn her, but he knew not how,
 He never knew a bridles want till now :
 At last the faithful fish preferring higher
 Her Riders safety then her own desire,
 She turns her course about with happy haste,
 And so our errant Knight on land she cast.
 Some Spanish writers flatly do deny
 He suffer'd wrack, and plainly term't a lye :
 They say the ship that led this dangerous dance
 Was built by *Lewis King Henry's* son of *France*,
 And took that name from him, who bears *The eldest*
 (that name *son of the*
King of
France al-
ways stilea
his glory the Dol-
phin.
 And cheat the world with this stupendious
 (story ;
 But let the Reader judge if this be true,
 And know pale envy still doth worth pursue.
 Well, now to *Jones* again, we may conceive
 He was not ill apaid to take his leave
 Of this rough element : nor did account it
 Much worse to go on foot, then ride so mounted.
 'Tis true, he road this lotty fish in state,

But 'twas too neer the boisterous fit of Fate,
 He fear'd not Fortune nor her wheel, though fickle,
 Yet loth he was to be laid up in pickle;
 Or that his manly limbs should be a feast
 For sharks, or crabs, or congers to digest.
 His next work is to find some habitation,
 Though he came safely there, 'twas in mean fashion,
 The self-same clothes which when *Alonso* brav'd him,
 He made him wear, and to the gally flav'd him.
 And though this last foul storm had little harm'd him,
 It seem'd to some strange thing to have transform'd him;
 Rigid and rough, long wet and feltred locks, *Nebuchad-*
 Like *Babels* King, when turn'd into an Oxe: *nezzar.*
 For a fresh water soldier none could doubt him,
 The seas salt tears ran trickling round about him.
 In this cold plight he leaves the beachy strand,
 And coasts the main with many a weary stand.
 At last he spies a house, not great, but good:
 For here he finds a brother of his brood,
 Who had adventur'd in those ways before,
 And rais'd some fortune by't, and gave it ore.
 He quickly finds that *Jones* had scap'd some wrack;
 Experience, charity, and pity spake
 On this behalf; the good man bidshim in,
 And with *Rare kindly welcome* doth begin.
 He spak't in Dutch, which gladded *Jones*, for he *The same*
 Could speak't as wel as *Grace dw worth awhee.* *in welch.*
 Which language a Dutch Pilot well had taught him.
 When *Greenfield* to *America* had brought him.
 By this, the Stove's made ready, in goes *Jones*:

Dryes

yes his wet garments, comforts nerves and bones.
e table's set with homely wholesome chear,
d to make all compleat, strong Lubeck beere.
Dutch froe was his mate: more fat then fair,
t wondrous free, and thereto debonaire.
hich made *Jones* ask what Country 'twas that gave
is noble welcome to her humble slave?
's answer'd, 'tis the Netherlands; the States
ave seat of war, where many broken pates
e got and given, and for his wants supply
e good strong Town of *Flushing* stood fast by,
here Sir *John Norrice* did command in chief
t *Englands* Glory, and the States relief.
is tickled *Jones* with joy; for *Horace Vere*,
Norrice, and he, had been (I know not where)
mrades in arms, ere *Jones* did entertain
at cross design, with *Cumberland*, for *Spain*.
t now a bed does well, to take some rest
here this good host directs his weary guest:
d having slept his fill, he timely rose,
kes a most thankful leave, and on he goes.
s purpose is to take his passage over
the next Port he finds: from thence to *Dover*.
t first at *Flushing* he resolves to touch,
here his old friend, the Bulwark of the Dutch,
ave *Norrice*, holds his troop; here *Jones* arrives,
t as he came from Jail, except his Gives,
ad in his slavish robe of Fryers gray,
s cap true blew; no company, but they
at will not leave him whilst he hath a rag; *Lowsie.*

Such

Such as possess the Begger with his bag.
 Winds, storms, nor seas, nor ought that could undo
 Could make them flinch, like friends they stick close
 (h

And thus accompanied he doth approach
 To th'Generalls house, neither with steed nor coach
 But in his manly foot-march : 'twas the time
 When *Norrice* with his Chiefs were set to dine.
Jones presseth to the Parlor from the Hall,
 And there accosts the noble General.
 Who ey'd him quickly, and cries out (o fate !)
 Live I to see the strength of England's State ?
 Breath'st thou brave man at arms ? *Jones* art thou he ?
 Or is it *Mars* himself disguis'd like thee ?
 Quoth *Jones*. The scourge of Spaniards and of Spain
 Whom they have felt and foyl'd, but to their pain,
 Stands here ; and yet would breathe some few years
 To prove King *Philip* or my self the stronger. (long
 The rest was dear embraces, and his place
 By *Norrice* side ; and then a hasty grace.
 Now might I dwell upon the luscious chear,
 Which here grew cold, whil'st each mans eye and e
 Fed on the person and discourse of *Jones*,
 And quite forgot their toasts and marrow bones.
 And whilst his strange adventures past, he tells ;
 The Captains, Serjeant-Majors, Collonels
 Fast to admire him, and are fill'd with wonder,
 And feel no hunger though their bellies thunder.
 Here mark his constancy, beyond these men.
 He eats and talks, and eats and talks agen.

Their mawes are cloy'd to hear those deeds of his,
His stories are his meals Parenthesis.
But when he spoke of Spain, 'tis past belief,
What fearful wounds he gave the chine of beef.
A capon garnish'd with slic'd lemmons stood
Before him, which he tore as he were wood;
And made it legless ere he made a pause,
Meerly in malice to the Spanish sawce.
He wrecks his wrath on every dish that's nigh him,
And spoil'd a custard that stood trembling by him;
Grow'n pikes and carps, and many a dainty dish,
That far excell'd his tame Crotonian fish.
At last his fury 'gan to be asswag'd,
And then the General all his friends ingag'd,
To give him Souldiers welcome in a rowse
Of lusty Rhenish, till both men and house
Turn round. Once two great deities conjoyn'd
To work his fall, with hid eous seas and wind:
Now onely Bacchus takes the man to task;
And layes sore at him with his potent cask.
And whilst with lusty grape ore-born *Jones* reels,
H'assaults his head, and so trips up his heels.
But up he rose again with vigour stout,
And swears, though foil'd, hee'l try another bout.
They all were now high flow'n, when Collonel Skink
Fills a huge bowl of sherry Sack, to drink
A health to Englands Queen, and *Jones* is he
Must tak't in pledge; and so he did: but see
The strange antipathy between this man
And Spanish grape, as well as Spanish Don.

Against them both his stomach fierce doth rise,
 No sooner drunk, but up again it flies.
 Th^s odd diltemper made him half asham'd,
 But there's no help, he was with wrath inflam'd;
 Nor was he pleas'd with Skink for this affront,
 (For so he took't) he knew Skink could not want
 The wine of Rhene for healths: why then in Sack,
 Unless it were to lay him on his back?
 Fir'd with this thought, he catcht at his buff-coat,
 Then grapples close; and had pluckt out his throat,
 But that the wary General interposes
 His hands and friends between their bloody noses:
 And with strong reasons, smiles, and smooth allies,
 He damps the fury of these fiery boyes,
 And left them (as he thought) well reconcil'd,
 But by th' effect he found he was beguil'd.
 The night dispers'd them now to several wayes,
 As they were quarter'd. *Jones* with *Norrice* stayes,
 Who sent him the next morn a brave rich suit,
 Intended for himself, with all things to't.
 Scant was he dress'd, when Skink unto him sends
 A Captain, boldly to demand amends
 For last nights work; and *Jones* to do him right,
 A bullet must exchange in single fight.
 For which himself and Second would not miss,
 Where *Jones* desig'd to meet with him and his.
 This *Jones* accepts, and swears before that night
 He shall hear from him, how, and where he'l fight.
 He thus dispatcht, Sir *Roger Williams* enters,
 To whom much kind discourse past ore; he venter

The Legend of Captain Jones.

35

To tell his difference with Skink; which told,
Sir Roger like a Britain true and bold,
Protests himself his Second, hafts to Skink,
Tells him, h' had need fight well, as well as drink:
That *Jones* and he at the South-postern gate
Early next morn would meet him and his mate,
With sword and pistol hors'd, and there agree
To fight it two to two, or *Jones* and he.
Then comes to *Jones*, supply'd him with a horse
Well rid and fierce; Bucquoy had felt his force
Before Breda; then gives that sword and belt
Which Prince Llewellyn wore, when slain near *The Prince*

(Bealt. of South-
wales,

The hour come, these champions soon appear, *who was*
They spend no time in words; in full career, *slain near*
Jones charges bravely close up to his brest, *Bealt, a*
And fires, but fortune turn'd it to the best: *Town in*
Makes him through haste forget to prime his *Brecknock-*
shire.

(pan,

So mist his shot, and so preserv'd the man.
Vext with this faile, he flings with all his might,
Worse than the bullet, had his hand gone right,
His pistol at his face; 'twas aim'd so near,
It raz'd his cheek, and took quite off his ear.
Skink's bullet pierc'd the bow of *Jones* his saddle,
And slightly circumcis'd his foremans noddle:
The Second stood attending the event
Of this first charge, both resolutely bent,
If either in th' incounter had been sped,
To run the same adventure they both did.

But when they saw the bravery of their fight,
Both having lost their blood, the quarrel slight :
They both detest such men should be destroy'd,
By which their countrey should be sore annoy'd :
With joynt consent their power they unite
To ride up to them, and break off the fight :
Thus got between them, all best means they use
To take it up ; which both inrag'd refuse.
They urge the equal terms on which they stood,
In point of honour : both had lost their blood,
Both fought it well ; how light their quarrels ground,
Not worth one drop of blood, much less a wound.
Then bid them look on their dear countries woe,
Whose breasts must suffer for the ill they doe.
Reason takes place of wrath, they both accord,
And mischiefs engine rests: they sheath the sword.
And thus (in few) this dangerous duel ends,
Fierce foes they met, and now return good friends :
Their Surgeons stanch their blood, for yet they bled,
And clap a cap on *Jones* his nether head.
This news comes quickly to the Generals ear,
Who when he heard their lives were out of fear,
He gently chides them that they would expose
Their limbs unto the various chance of blows
In single duel, when the common good
No longer stands then such good members stood.
Ten dayes are spent ere *Jones* could stand upright,
Through his slight hurt : which come, the noble

(Knight

Brave

Brave *Norrice* he takes leave of, with the rest
Of that brave martial crew, and then addrest
Himself for *England* : Joy thou happy Isle,
Thy Son returns that hath kept all this quioile :
Ye blustering boyes of Britain feast and quaff all :
The man's at hand whose presence makes you laugh all.
Welcome to Dover thou great son of Mavors,
To spake the Mayor of Dover on his grave horse,
Mounted to meet him with his reverend train,
All gown, who cry him welcome home from Spain.
After some short repast, on post he rides
To Non-such, where her Majesty resides,
Where he was soon brought up to kiss her hand,
By his dear friend, *George* Earl of Cumberland.
But then when took to private conference,
What news of moment, what intelligence,
What Spanish plots, what mysteries of state,
Into her Majesty he did relate,
Twas wrapt in clouds too high for me to know it ;
Then pardon, Reader, that I do not show it.
But 'twas observ'd he gave a written book
Into her hand : on which she deign'd to look,
And seem'd to slight it in the publique face
Of Court, yet made some use of 't in a place
That's privy, so dismiss him to his rest,
Or her Courts welcome ; as to him seem'd best.
Twas now the time when * *Essex* was in- * Robert
(gag'd Earl of
in Ireland 'gainst *Tyrone*, with whom he Essex.
(wag'd

The Legend of Captain Jones.

A bloody war : which to the Queen and state
 Seem'd long and costly : after much debate,
 It is resolv'd to pick out such a man,
 Whose active force and spirit dares and can
 Put a full period to this war at once,
 Without delay, and this was Captain *Jones*,
 On whom they pitch, who fed on hopes in vain
 To get some small command to conquer Spain.
 'Tis first resolv'd he must reduce Tyrone,
 Till that be done he must let Spain alone.
 Thus his Commission's seal'd to raise his force,
 A compleat Regiment of British horse :
 He's thence to waite them ore the Irish brine ;
 And then his force with noble Essex joyn.
Jones lost no time, goes in five dayes to VVales :
 Shews his commission, tells them glorious tales ;
 He need not beat a drum, nor sound a trumpet,
 His name's enough to make these Britains jump at
 This brave employment under such a Chief,
 VVhose fame's reserve enough for their relief.
 Perplex he was in choosing his Commanders,
 For he still fancied best his old Highlanders ;
 But many worthies of the lower parts,
 Offer to him their fortunes and their hearts.
 But all respects put by, h^e enlisteth ten
 Of his old gang, all hard-bred mountain-men
 For his Life-guard, Thomas Da Price a Pew,
 Jenkin Da Prichard, Evan David Hugh,
 John ap John Jenkin, Richard John dap Reese,
 And Tom Dee Baggh, a fierce Rat at green cheese,

Llewelling Reese ap David, VVatkin Jenkin,
 VVith Howell Reese ap Robert, and young Philkin;
 These for his guard, his Officers in chief,
 Lieutenant Collonel Craddock, a stout thief,
 VVith Major Howell ap Howell of Pen Crag,
 VVell known for plundering many a cow and nag,
 Captain Pen Vaure, a branch of Tom John Catty,
 Whose word in's colours was, *YE ROGUES have at ye.*
 Griffith ap Reese ap Howel ap Coh ap Gwillin.
 Reese David Shone ap Ruthero ap VVilliam,
 VVith many more whose names 'twere long to write,
 The rest their acts will get them names in fight.
 VVe must conceive they all were men of fame,
 For here we see them all men of great name.
 Jones with these blades advanceth to the *dale, * *A little*
 There lines himself and them with noble Ale *village by*
 Of such antiquity as hath not been there *Milford.*
 The like since * Robert of the Vale was seen * *An old*
 (there. *Welch Pro-*
 VVho us'd to sink those kinterkins of merit, *phet, who*
 To raise the heat of his prophetick spirit. *foretold*
 His forces slipt, at last aboard he goes, *the landing*
 A lusty South-east gale so fairly blows, *of Henry*
 That forty hours easily brought him in *the seven b*
 To Dubline Harbor where he lands his men;
 There getting knowledge where the Army lay,
 To the Lord General he takes his way;
 From whom a noble welcome he receives,
 And good fresh quarter to his troops he gives.

Jones first informs himself in what condition
Tyron's made up for war, what ammunition,
How fortifi'd in camp, what force, what watch,
How victuall'd, all occasion he doth catch
To take him tripping; when at length he found,
He would not give nor take on equal ground,
To hazard battel, he resolves to try him
In such a way as he should not deny him,
Unless with loss of honour; he indites
This fearful challenge, which his Squire writes:
False traytor to thy country and thy Queen,
I he who yet my peer have never seen
In feats of arms, whose martial hand hath slain
Kings with their armies, half unpeopl'd Spain:
Done more than I can write; I say, I he
Urge thee to single duel: and to thee
Give thee free choice of weapon, time, and place,
On foot or horse-back: think it no disgrace,
That I a private Captain, thou a Chief,
(My deeds make me admir'd, thee thine a thief)
Call thee to question, 'twere ambition
In thee, to hope to fall by such a one,
T' augment my praise I wish thee five times stronger,
Live till I meet thee, and but little longer.
This done, a Herauld is straight charged with it,
In publique to Tyron's own hand to give it,
Who to him hastes, and in the publique view
Of all his Army sayes (*Tyrone*) to you
I have command to bring from Captain *Jones*
This challenge; read it, and resolve at once.

He takes it, reads it, and admires the man
That sends him this high Brave, who if he can
At half he writes, he counts himself but lost,
To meet him ; yet in sight of all his host
His Brave was giv'n him : thus his honour lyes
At stake, he therefore desperately replies.
Tell your brave man I am not conquer'd yet,
Nor can by words but blows, he shall be met,
Before to morrow noon, on yon green plot,
Surrounded with the bog, neither with shot,
Nor head-steel'd dart : this sword I wear shall do't,
Arm'd cap-a-pe, no horse, but foot to foot.
He thus dispatcht, Tyrone doth straight seek out,
Bryan Mac-kill-cow a strong sturdy lout,
Made up with nerves, and brawn and bone so mighty,
He felt no burden were it ne're so weighty.
The strongest man in all his camp by half,
Milo's great bull to him was but a calf.
Bred in the Irish wildes 'mongst bogs and woods,
And like an out-law liv'd on others goods.
And this was he on whom Tyrone now fixt,
To personate himself in fight betwixt
Him and our *Jones*, true arms of largest size
He donns on him, then to his loyns he tyes
Morglay his trusty sword, then swears devoutly,
If in this combat he behave him stoutly,
He'l raise his means above two English Barons,
In lands, and sheep, and cows, and lusty garrons :
Bryan's all confidence, and hastens thither,
Where *Jones* and he must try their force together,
The

The place design'd was hardly twelve yards square,
No traversing of ground, no boys-play there,
The rest was bog, ore which some planks were laid
To pass them ore; and then, to stop all aid,
Were took from thence: here *Jones* our valiant fighter
Advanceth first: Bryan with his fell smiter
Is hard at hand, they spare no time for words,
Their mettall is the whetstone of their swords.
They clap together like two sons of thunder, (under
The blades struck lightning, whilst the earth quak'd
The burthen she bore; no stroke that's given, but death
Seems to attend it, till both out of breath,
Consent to make a stand, but this short rest
Was like a faller with a muttons brest
To their sharp stomachs, to't they go again,
And lay on load like devils, not like men.
Their well-try'd arms do blush with their own blood,
To find their flesh in whose defence they stood,
Stand, whilst it fell: for that their keen swords whipt of
As if they would each other make a chipt loaf.
At last, as I have seen a man of war
Exalt a Carrick, which exceeds him far,
In bulk and strength: so *Jones* deals now with Bryan,
Who shuns and shifts, more like a Fox than Lyon.
For (to speak truly) this fell Pagan lout
Doth so belabour *Jones* from head to foot,
That both his ears do oft with sorrow sing,
And's eyes see stars at noon (a wondrous thing)
We must conceive those furious blows he dealt,
Were well repaid with use, which Bryan felt.

The Legend of Captain Jones.

43

at Jones esteeming it an equal thing
he self-conquer'd, and long conquering,
solves to put the business out of doubt
with one Pass more, which was the fatal bout.
In this Resolve, with both his hands he prest
the pommel of his sword against his breast,
when like a thunder-bolt tilts swiftly at him :
With th' fear of this, Bryan had quite forgot him,
that 'twas a bog behind, so backward springs,
and his whole body up to th' arm-pits flings,
midst the bog. Jones driven with his own force,
missing his thrust falls headlong in the gorse,
but pitcht upon his foe, by happy fate,
With which ore-born, our Jones so mauls his pate,
that th' helmet flies, and leaves his head to th' danger,
of being the anvil of our Jones his anger :
and now the day is his, his strength he strains
With hand and hilt to beat out Bryans brains :
Who cries out quarter, Man of Mars I yield
My self and sword, the honour of the field.
and where the power rests, 'tis much better far
to give than take a life in chance of war.
This and the bog doth cool the wrath of Jones,
He spares his life, and draws him forth at once.
Besides, he scorn'd posterity should tell,
That by his hand Tyrone s' ignobly fell.
And thus Oneale his captive (as he thought)
in this foul plight unto the camp he brought :
Presents him to the General, and then spake,
Sir, if you have ten more Tyrones to take,

Command,

Command, Ile do't; here see him hither led
 By me, who all this charge and stir hath bred.
 The joy was great, but short; 'twas quickly known,
 This was but some impostor from Tyrone:
 And this an Irish Captive at first view
 Made known, who him and his condition knew.
 This bred a qualm in some, whilst others smil'd
 To see their British Champion so beguil'd,
 And that Tyrone had bobb'd him with this jeer,
 To match his Cow-herd with our Mountaineer.
Jones vext with this, retires unto his tent,
 An angry, dirty, desperate, male-content.
 Three dayes thus spent, his wrath no longer bears
 This base affront; (like *Scævola*,) he swears *Scævola*
 He'll kill Tyrone in midst of all his force, *against*
 Though in the act himself be made a coarſe: *Porſenna;*
 In this wild mood by night he doth convey *in Livit.*
 Himself where he suppos'd the Rebell lay:
 Who wisely rais'd his camp the day before, (more
 March'd far through desert woods, and would no
 Of these affronts; which to put off agen
 Might breed contempt of him with his own men.
 Two dayes *Jones* spends in quests to find him out;
 At last he was encountred with a rout
 Of ravening wolves, who fiercely all at once
 Assail'd the back and face of manly *Jones*.
 'Twas time to draw, else these wild Irish dogs
 Had been so bold to shake him by the logs:
 But when his sword was out he makes them feel,
 Their teeth are not so sharp as his true steel.

The Legend of Captain Jones.

43

the first good blow he dealt took off a head,
the second made one two; the next he sped,
with a fore thrust at mouth, and out at tail:
the fourth with his posteriors doth assail,
with his strong heel he hurles against a tree
twelve paces from his kick, and there lyes he:
his sword rips up anothers empty paunch;
the next limps off from him with half a haunch.
We must conceive 'twas time to lay about him,
for here were those that fought to eat, not rout him.
For scap'd he free, the rich sword-skarf he wore
about his loyns, they all to fitters tore.
His boots pluckt off by bits, some flesh to boot,
no quarter free from scars from head to foot.
And (to conclude) from these wild Irish *Lupanthro-*
(witches *pos, Witches*
he scapes scant with a hands breadth of his *that take*
(breeches. *shapes of*
Wolves up-
wearied with blows and kicks, at last they *on them in*
(fly him, *Ireland.*
and take a snarling leave as they go by him.
Thus *Jones*, half worried, hastes unto the camp,
where's none could say the cloathes he wore were
(damp
With night perdues, unless they meant to flout him;
for (to speak truth) he had no cloathes about him.
Thus come, he swears by the immortal powers,
he had maintain'd a battel full five houres,
With forty duels, five and twenty kill'd,
outed the rest; who all had took the field

*Gainst

'Gainst him alone ; all rais'd with him to fight,
To his destruction, or t'eclipse his might,
By that old timerous, treacherous kern Tyrone,
Who durst as well meet death as him alone.
The plight our *Jones* appear'd in, made none doubt
But he had had at least a devilish bout,
If not with Devils ; on him each man-seeth
The fearful character of nails and teeth.
We may not stand to shew what Essex's sence
Was on these actions, nor the consequence
They did import : the progress of this story
Hastens our Muse to *Jones* his farther glory.
Fame these atchievements brings to Englands State ;
Which held the Queen and Council in debate
About this man ; and all at last suppos'd,
In policy he's not to be expos'd
To the close dangerous plots of such a foe,
Who neither values faith nor honour, so.
His mischiefs take success ; and thus the State
Lose this dear Limb, and then repent too late.
Some looking deeper into *Jones* his spirit,
Knowing he knew too much of his own merit,
Held it not safe he should be open to
The windy baits of that so subtle foe,
To gain him to his part ; whose haughty mind
Would soon take fire ; then could not be confin'd.
And if by such a plot they should be crost,
They all conclude that Kingdom were quite lost.
These grounds invite them wholly to decline
His warfare there ; so on some grand design

extended they invite his quick repair
to Englands Court, to act this great affair.
He comes, but leaves his British troops to fight
by rone to death; whose acts who please to write,
may meet with subjects brave to rant upon,
but for my self, I am quite tyr'd with one.
And thus transported from the Irish strands,
at Aberyst with a VWelch Port he lands; *A Town
and Port
in the
County of
Cardigan.*
Where ere two dayes he fully spent for rest,
a goodly vessel with cross winds opprest,
comes boyling in; *Jones* by her colours knows
she is of Spain: his colour comes and goes
in sight of hers; that such a goodly prey,
should come (as 'twere) to meet him in his way.
He musters strait a troop of british lads,
Who on their mountain geldings clapt their pads;
With rusty bills instead of staves in rest;
Such were their horse, such were their arms at best,
Men with a fowling-piece the ship they hail,
With confidence that she would straight strike sail:
But she makes answer, that she was too hot,
From her broad side with twenty Culverin shot.
He struck a stand, till *Jones* cry'd out, what doubt ye?
The day is ours, my masters lay about ye,
And the forlorn up bravely, and be bold,
Bring the rear, for they know me of old;
Once my name or person they descry,
My life for yours, they'l either yield or fly.
Made bold with this, in full carrear they ride
To the ridges of the flowing tide.

The

But when they came brest-high amongst the waves,
Their horse more wise by half then these mad knaves
Snort at the foaming billows, turn their tails,
And make a fair retreat from Sea and Sails ;
Which lest it should seem done on terms of fear,
Jones to the front now hastens from the rear,
And leads them back again in good array,
Neither with hasty flight, nor much delay.
At his return he searcheth all that coast,
To find a herring-boat, or two at most ;
With which he doubts not but he'l sink or take
This lusty Ship ; whose bravest men will quake
To hear his name. But fate that had decreed
To save her, caus'd her hoysse her sails with speed ;
So with a strong fore-wind away she flies,
And leaves our *Jones* to seek some other prize.
Thus crott in his design, to Court he went,
Where he is met with noble complement ;
And from the Queen such grace he doth receive,
As he deserv'd, and stood with her to give.
Now for the great affair that call'd him back,
The Lords must pump for't in a cup of Sack
To help invention : *Jones* must be preferr'd
To some employment, be it nere so hard.
In deep consult and long discourse they sat on't,
And studied for't ; at last they lighted pat on't.
It is resolv'd, that he must be the man
To go in embassy to Prester John.
The business carried with't a glorious face ;
Employ'd embassador unto his Grace.

T

The Legend of Captain Jones.

he dangerous voyage to a place remote,
ffects him most to get his name more note
a forreign Lands ; he'l not refuse the work,
Vere't to the Great *Mogul*, or the Great *Turk*,
lusty Ship's prepar'd, again he goes ;
ut what this great employment was, who knows ?
eader, I know thy thoughts are strongly bent
o know this first design, on which he went.
ut know this first, that Princes secret wayes
re such as Ships cut thorow deepest Seas,
Which shut still as they ope, and him that sounds
nd enters too far in, their deepness drowns.
bare conjectures may give light to thee,
ere take them freely ; harmless thoughts are free.
erhaps this high-blown spirit now is sent
o forreign air, where it may purge and vent,
nd so return more fit the State to serve
n their commands, who yet must him observe,
erhaps he went this Priestly Prince to gain,
nto our Church ; who gave good proof in *Spain*,
f's power in this ; or to negotiate
ommerce between the *Ethiop* and our State,
or tusks of Elephants to haue our knives,
pes, and Baboons, and Puggs, to please our wives ;
Which things satiety makes common there,
nd curiosity orepriseth here.
e't what it will, our *Jones* is gone upon't,
nd we may know he will make something on't.
is treacherous friend, the Sea, his charge receives,
nd with some flattering gales his hopes deceives,

Making the Land, his firmer friend, appear
 Still less ; untill at last it brought him where
 He lost her sight : for three months time he makes
 Good way ; at last the wind his wings forsakes ;
 The Ship's becalm'd, and for the Port she seeks,
 She gains not half a league for thirteen weeks.
Jones finds this lazie war offends him more,
 Then all those hideous storms out-rid before.
 These sad effects this sleepy calm attend,
 Victual and beverage spent ; less hope of end.
 Then fear of further miseries ensues,
 The Sea with calms his patience doth abuse,
 Turns devilish States-man, puts on a smooth face,
 Salutes and kills them with a soft embrace.
 'Twas now far worse with *Jones* then erst with *Skink* ;
 For three weeks his own Urine is his drink,
 Which his hot body had so oft sublim'd,
 Tis grow'n a cordial, like gold thrice calcin'd.
 Preezes of wind at last his sails display,
 And waft him into the Barbarick bay,
 Then to the Arabick, next the Pilot laves
 His boisterous charge in *Mare rubrum's* waves.
 And lastly, he attains, beyond all hope,
Errocco the sole Port of *Ethiopia* ;
 And here he lands, and empties many a bowl
 To allay the fury of his thirsty soul.
 After some rest he gets intelligence,
 Where 'twas the Prince then kept his residence ;
 Where he repairs, and's told when he comes thither ;
 The Prince and town are both remov'd together.

Some

The Legend of Captain Jones.

51

Some ten miles off. The Prince and Town? (quoth
(Jones)

I have met my match : here's people make no bones
Of things beyond belief. And yet 'was true ;
This town was tents which fifty thousand drew,
And rais'd in th' instant wheresoere the Prince
Sate down to sport, or shew magnificence.
By Mount *Amara* now his Court he rears ;
A Mount far differing from the name it bears : *Read Purchas in his*
If Paradise had ere a second birth *relations*
Below the seat of Saints, 'tis there on earth. *of Æthio-*
An humble valley is the Garden where *pia, touch-*
This Mount is rais'd ; a vale so rich, so rare ; *ing this*
Nature grew bankrupt drawing this rich plot ; *Mount.*
And striving to be quaint, she quite forgot
To keep reserves : for by this work we know,
She made it such she could make no more so.
Amidst this vale is rais'd this lofty structure,
Five leagues upright. It's outsid's architecture
Inpolish'd Marble ; but so rich, so fair,
You'd think 't a pillar of one stone in th' air,
By some high power unto *Atlas* given,
To ease his shoulders whil'st it proppeth Heaven.
This goodly Mount a specious plain doth crown,
Embolt with Natures gemms, a velvet down
That's alwayes green ; no frost, no winter here,
Continual Spring : here *Phœbus* all the year
From rise to set, doth alwayes fire his eye,
Is loath to put so fair an object by.

Here grow those happy trees from whence there
(spring

That precious oyl which erst anoynted Kings,
And sacred Priests. Nor croud they here to take
One sense alone; the scent and sight partake.
So they are rank'd, as well to give a grace,
As sweet perfumes, for tribute to the place.
No Orchard here, nor Garden, but the Plain,
The choicest fruit all *Europe* doth contain,
Grow here unplanted, here's the luscious Grape,
That makes *Joves* Nectar: 'twas not *Helens* rape
That ruin'd *Troy*: the Apple got from thence
Had worth enough to do't. Here every sense
Would surfeit, but each objects rarity
Gives appetite without satiety:

Roses and Tulips *Flora* gathers here (hair,
When we have none, to crown her golden
And here *Medea* pickt (if *Jones* speak truth)
Those herbs which turn'd antiquity to youth:
The only Phoenix deignes to weather here,
The only place, like her, without a peer:
Lest all these sweets should want sweet har-

A numerous quire of Nightingales comply
To warble forth the sweet *Amaras* praise,
Who turns their mourning notes to merry

Amidst this plain there glides a silver brook,
So gently, that the subtil eye may look,
And find no motion; on his violet banks

The Apple
which three
goddesses,
Juno, Pal-
las, and
Venus, co-
tended for
which was
given by
Paris to
Venus:
whereupon
followed
the destru-
ction of
Troy.

Thick

Thick Cypress-trees marshal themselves in ranks,
 To keep out Phœbus ; whose inamour'd beams
 Deep through each little crink to view his streams :
 His pavement, azure gravel intermixt
 With orient pearls, and diamonds betwixt ;
 Which, as the air's soft breath his surface purles,
 Vary their gloss, and twinkle through his curls :
 Like a steel'd glass presenting to the eye
 The spangled beauty of the starry sky.
 Here Dolphins leave the sea to wanton ; here
 Carps since the deluge their grown bodies cheer :
 Imbrana's too ; such had * *Vitellius* known, * *A great*
 A Province should have gone to purchase *Epieu e, and*
 (one : *Emperour*
of Rome.
 such is *Amara*, such is *Tempe* field,
Elysium on earth unparalleld,
 'Twas here this royal Priest now kept his Court :
 A place well suiting with his fame and port.
 And here comes *Jones*, where having made's address,
 Letters of credence given at his access,
 In Latine writ : in the same tongue he gives
Jones gracious words ; which language *Jones* conceives
 To be *Arabick*, for the Latine Tongue
 He nere indur'd to learn nor old nor young.
 But that's all one, there's no reply expected,
 Into a rich pavilion he's directed
 By men of State, where he is well attended,
 With all that's rich, and to his rest commended.
 Some few dayes spent, and time for audience got,
 When *Prefter John* in royal State was set ;

Jones studying how t'express his eloquence
In some strange language which might poze the Prince,
Now trouts him forth a full-mouth'd Welch oration,
Boldly deliver'd as became his Nation.
The plot prov'd right, for not one word of sence
Could be pickt from't, which vex'd the learned Prince.
His learned Linguists are call'd in to hear,
Who might as well have stopt each others ear
For ought they understood, and all protest
It was the very language of the Beast.
Jones hath his end, and then to make it known
He had more tongues t'express himself than one;
In a new tone he speaks, not half so rich,
But better known, 'twas *English*; unto which
An *English* Factor is Interpreter
Between our Captain and *John Presbyter*;
His business takes effect (what ere it was)
And great expresses of respect do pass
To *Jones* from him, as one he thought most rich
In unknown tongues, express'd in his first speech,
And so admires him for he knows not what:
But *Jones* may thank his mother-tongue for that.
His business done, he's led, for recreation,
To take the pleasures of that pleasant Nation,
To Mount *Amara's* top, the chiefest grace,
And perfect beauty of that Kingdoms face;
And finding his great heart was most inclin'd
To Martial feats, all in one motion joyn'd
To invite him to their Desarts, where he might
Make trial of his force in manly fight

With

With their wild beasts, and promis'd him comforts
All truly try'd t'assist him in those sports.
The motion takes, a brave accoutred Horse,
And his own arms, he and's associate force
Advance to hunt; me thinks I see them all
Drawn to the life in canvass^e*gainst the wall, * *painted
cloths in
Inns and
vittualling
houses.*
How fierce they look, how brave they prance
(and skip; houses.
With hounds and horns, and bills, and pikes and
(glaves,
And spears, and clubs, and many light-foot knaves :
In this brave equipage they march away
To the known haunts where these wild creatures
(prey.

'Twas Jones his trick of old to ride alone :
In hard adventures he'll admit of none
To share with him, from them he steals aside,
And in the desert by himself doth ride :
Nor rode he long till just against him stalks
A ramping Lion new come from his walks ;
Jones draws, the furious beast, with fiery eyes
And bristled mane, against his bosom flies:
But his keen sword met full with his fore paws,
And whipt them off ; and so he scap't his claws.
Nor staid it there, but gave a cruel wound
To his left jaw, and fell'd him to the ground.
Then nimbly wheels about, and stept aside,
Leaps from his horse, which to a tree he ty'd :
Then turns again, and with his sword falls to't,

To end this combate with him foot to foot,
 The wounded beast with all his power doth hasten
 His fearful fangs in *Jones* his throat to fasten.
 Whilst on's hin feet he assaults him bolt upright,
 With left hand arm'd, *Jones* stuns him with the right
 Strikes both his hin legs off: yet on his stumps
 The noble beast unconquer'd, fiercely jumps
 Full at his face with open mouth, and there,
 (For his grim face could raise in *Jones* no fear)
 In shoots the deadly blade, and out behind,
 Where't makes a second vent for lifes short wind;
 This thrust with right hand arm'd so home was lent,
 That hand and hilt quite through together went:
 Where taking hold of his strong stern (for truth
 He swears) he drew't quite through his trunck this
 (mouth.

Then with fine force (the like was never seen)
 He strips his inside out, and's outside in,
 Thus tergivers't upon his steed he flings him,
 Then mounts himself, and to the Court he brings him.
 Never was Royal beast so grossly jaded,
 But 'twas his face which could not be evaded:
 Unto the gallants of the Court he shews
 How hard th' adventure was, what thrusts, what blows;
 On every circumstance he doth dilate;
 Nor adds he much to truth, nor much doth bate:
 For what he spake, the Lyon made it good
 With loss of his four legs, and his best blood.
 This strang atchievement strikes them all with wonder,
 'Twas never seen since *Greeces Alexander*.

The Legend of Captain Jones.

57

Lysimachus, Lisander, nor Perdicas,

Nor any of his Chiefs, ere did the like as

Our *Jones* in this : 'Tis true, they write they
(kill'd,

in single fight, some few of these in field ;

But here's a force born with a higher sail,

Transferring tayl to head, and head to tayl.

The Prince in words this high atchievement prais'd :

But inward fear and jealousy it rais'd

Of our brave Queen, whose Scepter doth command

Such men whose power no Nation can withstand.

Jones might so far on his own strength presume, as

To seize his Throne, as * *Cortez Montezuma's* * *A private*

Had done before. These thoughts he oft re-

(volves

With troubled mind, and so in fine resolves

To shift him thence : makes for his fair pre-

(tence,

Matter of high and hasty consequence,

To be with speed convey'd unto our Queen;

Except her self it must by none be seen.

This past on *Jones*, who parts with high content,

Nobly presented with fair complement.

Amongst the rest, a Parrot that could speak

All tongues but *Jones* his own ; that had a beak

Of perfect coral, plum'd as white as snow :

This he accepts, and so to sea doth go :

Where under sail such welcome he receives,

As one dire foe unto another gives.

With calms, and storms, and winds, all cross, that bear

Read Cur-
tius, touch-
ing these.

Spanish
Comman-
der, that
took this
great King
of Mexico
with a
handful of
men.

The

The ship quite off the course that she would steer.
Long time thus spent, into a Bay he drives,
And at a Port unknown at last arrives :
Where he beholds a glorious Castle built
High on a cliff, whose walls pure gold, or gilt
To him appear'd. Which object caus'd him land,
To know who did this Princely seat command.
He's told it is the Queen of *No-lands* place,
The onely Relict of her Royal race,
A Maiden Queen that here doth keep her Court,
Where many Kings, and Princes of high port
Make their address, and lose themselves in love,
To purchase hers; for not a man can move
Her heart to wed, though nere so great his state,
Or form exact, such was the will of Fate.
Here as he lands, a large Cannow was sent
To know from whence he was, and whither bent.
In this a Dutch-man came by happy Fate,
Who could his Language to the Queen translate.
This man he tel, as briefly as he can,
His voyage from his Queen to *Prestor John* :
How by cross winds in his return he's blown,
And forc'd into this port to him unknown.
Jones is resolv'd to see, and to be seen
Of this great Princess, that our virgin Queen
Might know, when he returns, what form, what port
This Royal virgin carried in her Court.
Thus like an errant Knight all arm'd compleat,
He marcheth boldly to her Palace gate,
All massie polish'd brass; at his first ward,

ix milk-white Panthers fierce were chain'd for guard.
Thence through a large and specious Court he past,
And so ascends twelve Ivory steps at last,
With ebon columns, unto which were ty'd
Twelve sharp-kept Lyons, who all yawned wide
When strangers did approach. *Jones* through them
(all

s safely guarded to a goodly Hall.
From thence ascends to rooms of greater state,
And comes at last where th' Princess Royal sate
Upon a strange rich bed, not stuff'd with down,
But closely wrought, and like a bladder blown;
Three *Ethiops* on each side, to fan the air
With Oltridge plumes, perfum'd, as rich as fair.
Her beauty could not boast of white and red,
But jet-like black; about her crisp curl'd head
And cheeks, there hang rich flaming stones and pearls,
That past *Mark Anthony's Egyptian* girls.
In brief; if *Tuscan* liv'd to limne the night
Sparkling with stars, this were her picture right.
No sooner in her sight doth *Jones* appear,
Then to her heart his piercing eyes shot fire;
Which *Cupid* blows and rais'd into a flame,
That warms her zeal to invoke his name.
No part of *Jones* but in her eye exceeds
All humane shape; some god he must be needs.
But when at her request he doth relate
The chances of his past and present state
Never was ear with *Orpheus* harp possess'd
As hers with *Jones*, whil't he his life exprest.

Those

Those that have warm'd themselves by these strong
(fires)

May eas'ly guess what fruits her wild desires
Produc'd to *Jones*; The observance of the Court,
With feasts and banquets, and all Princely sport,
Are at his foot: he cannot name nor wish
That meat he likes, but straight 'tis in his dish.
In this high state some months he takes his ease,
Whil'st this sick Princess feeds on her disease:
At last a sharp alarm damps these desires,
Which threatned death, but could not quench her fires.
A Prince there was, mighty in bulk and mind,
Whose Kingdoms confines unto *No land* joyn'd:
Descended in his race from *Og of Basan*;
You'd think his very name might well amaze one,
Bahader Cham Mombaza's King; h'had been
A long hot suiter to this mighty Queen,
But still repuls'd: now this unruly fire
Suppress'd with scorn, breaks forth from love to ire.
A mighty host he rais'd, and marcheth through
The heart of *No-land*, to command, not wooe:
Approaching neer her Court, he sends her word
She must be his own Queen at bed and board,
Or see her Kingdom burn in higher flames,
Then his for her: yet (for his spirit shames
To war with women) if she can find out
One man in all her Realm, that is so stout,
In her defence, with him his sword to try,
He'll bravely win her, or he'll bravely dye.
Her Courtiers quail'd at this, who knew his force

Could

Could not be parallel'd by man nor horse.
Nor could it choose but make the Queen look black,
Not pale. Th'Interpreter at *Jones* his back
Rounds in his ear this proud imperious speech;
Had she been thence, h'had bid him kiss his breech
For this proud message: up howere he starts,
And this loud answer with his mouth he farts;
Go tell *Bahader Cham*, *Mombaza's* King,
One *Mars* begot in's wrath will have a sting
With him ere night; that one who at one breath
Don Dego and *Gonzago* did to death,
Will look him dead; nor will I only be
This Princess champion, but (thy *Cham* to see)
I'll walk through beds of Scorpions: for I hear
He dares enough, and I can brook no peer.
This high reply nere mov'd the haughty *Cham*,
Let *Jones* be what he will, he's still the same.
The day's his own before the fights begun,
Were *Mars* himself instead of *Mars* his Son.
A back and brest and helmet strong he dond,
Well wrought and varnish'd by some Indian hand,
A whale-bone bow he takes of special strength,
With arrows barb'd, at least two yards in length:
A crooked Scimiter whose edge was flint,
Queintly conjoyn'd, and some tough spell was in't,
To make it proof against the strength of steel.
Oft had this sword made head-strong Giants reel.
By his right side a massie Mace he hangs,
With which his sturdy foes to death he bangs.
A buckler like a Spanish ruff he wore

About

About his neck, full half yard deep, or more :
 He wore not this for his defence, or grace,
 But to keep off his urine from his face.
 For you must know that member was still mounted :
 The bravest womans man on earth accounted.
 And thus prepar'd, this lusty Termagant,
 Ascends his Castle on his Elephant.
 And then advanceth to a spacious Green,
 Before the Castle of this maiden Queen.
 A brave *Arabian* courser is prepar'd
 For *Jones*, his own true arms he dons for guard,
Llewellins sword to do ; and so descends
 Down to the Green, where the fierce *Cham* attends.
Jones was to seek what kind of fight were best,
 To make against this Gyant and his beast.
 Both far exceed in strength himself and horse,
 And therefore art now must be joyn'd with force :
 No brest to brest, a nimble charge, and gone,
 His ready steed as soon comes off as on.
 Had not the well-try'd arms he wore prov'd true,
 The *Chams* smart whale-bone bow had made him rue
 This bold attempt : but what can whales weak bones,
 When whales themselves come short to swallow
 (*Jones* :
 Thus thrice he charg'd, and thrice he came off clear,
 At last he came close up in full career,
 And turning short, the horses hind feet slip :
 Through which mischance the Carry-cattle ript
 His bowels forth with's tusk ; down falls the horse :
 The furious beast clasp: *Jones* with his probosce ;

And

The Legend of Captain Jones.

63

And mounts him high : but in his rise he found
The means to give *Behaders* face a wound;
And cuts, in th' instant, off the trunk that claspt him :
So down the Elephant was forc'd to cast him.
This hard exploit none ere perform'd before,
But one of *Cæsars* Soldiers, and no more.
The wounded beast inrag'd with pain cries
(out
With hideous voice, and plung'd and
(branc'd about
The Green, till from his seat the Prince he throw'th,
And then (for by the *Cham*, from his first growth,
his feat he had been taught) though mad with pain,
He strives to mount him on his back again.
But *Jones* had lopt off his strong trunk before,
Whereby he could perform this feat no more.
Ere *Jones* denies he bred this docile beast,
taught to his hand, he got him in the East ;
And his report must have belief before us,
Who swears it was the same that carry'd
(** Porus*
gainst the *Macedon*. I cannot see (be,
Now by wise natures rules this thing should
less in *Pliny's* Volumes it appears,
That Elephants may live two thousand years.
Now *Jones* leaps up in haste, and swiftly flies,
With sword in hand, where bruis'd *Behader*
(lies ;
And ere he could get up, one swashing stroke
His head & buckler from his shoulders took ;

*Read the
Commenta-
ries de bello
Africano.*

** Read
Curtius,
touching
that Ele-
phant of
Porus, who
often re-
mounted
his master,
with his
trunk in
that battel
between
him and
Alexander.*

Which

Which when 'twas off, they may compare't that will,
 To the grim St. *Johns* head on *Ludgate-hill*.
 His numerous army struck with grief and fright
 At his sad fate, betook it self to flight.
 And thus was *No-lands* Queen redeem'd by *Jones*
 From bondage, rape, and *No-lands* loss at once,
 Now, if she lov'd our Captain well before,
 In reason she must love him ten times more,
 Which she exprest by laying at his foot
 Her people, *No-land*, and her self to boot :
 But, whether 'twas the god of loves deep curse,
 That she refus'd, for better or for worse,
 Those mighty Princes which to her he sent,
 To make her dote on a non-resident ;
 Flings snow-balls at his heart, and flames at hers ;
 To keep conjunction from these errant Stars ;
 Or whether *Jones* his genitals had got
 Some lame defect by *Skinks* late desperate shot.
 And so his noble heart made him refuse
 What having got he could not rightly use.
 'Tis not in me to judge; but this I know,
 Her violent fires scorcht her, and him his snow
 So coold, that to avoid her amorous sight
 He leaves her Court, and steals to sea by night.
 So *Jason* us'd *Medea* erst, but hee's
 So wise to take with him the golden fleece,
 Which *Jones* contemn'd to do, and thought himself,
 When safe return'd, his countries Mine of wealth.
 No certain ground I have here to relate
 This great deserted Queens unhappy fate :

But Sir *John Mandevils*, who doth deliver,
As *Jones* reports, he came soon after thither,
And found the peoples out-side all in black;
A sad expression for their Princess wrack.
Who told him, lately there arriv'd a man,
All white, who for them wondrous things had done:
Redeem'd their Queen and Kingdom from the shame
Of rape and rapine, which *Bahader Cham*
Came there to act, and was in open field,
By this white man, in single combate kill'd.
Their Queen enamor'd with this matchless man,
Refus'd and left by him: when nothing can
Quench her wild fires but Carthage Queens hard fate,
Whilst on the Cliff with pensive thoughts she sate,
A sudden spring she gave, and so commends
Her self to sea, where life and love she ends.
No more of this sad stuff: let's all at once
Joyn in a joyful welcome home to *Jones*.
In six months sail he steers by *Godwin* sands,
Casts Anchor at the Downs: the next day lands,
Hastes to the Queen at *London*, there express
Every particular of his addresses
To *Prefter John*; the great affairs success
As she desir'd: Lastly, in his progress,
He might have married the great Queen of *No-land*,
But this the Queen gave credit to at no hand,
Till 'twas confirm'd by Sir *John Mandevil*,
Whose strange reports they may believe that will.
Now let us well observe the happy Fate,
Which still provided for the Queen and State.

Jones had not rested fully three dayes here,
 But out there breaks a great and fearful fire
 Of strong rebellion; and to quench it, none's
 So fit, in common sence, as Captain Jones.
 Brave *Essex* through affronts turn'd male-content,
 Hatches in 's breast a desperate intent,
 To seize the Person of the Queen, and those
 He found most near about her, his strong foes.
 Her Grace and Council call for Jones, to know
 What in his judgment now were best to do.
 Who first her gracious pardon doth beseech,
 And then delivers this short pithy speech.
 First guard the Court with *Westminsters* strong bands
 Call in the neighbouring Counties by commands.
 Out with your household men, shut up your Gates;
 We'll make your foes turn tail with broken pates.
 Then call to you the richest of your Citts,
 But seek no cash; for in their bags their wits
 Are close knit up: but onely thus much make
 Them know, their wives and fortunes lye at stake;
 That they shall want no succour, whilst your hand
 Can grasp the sword, and Scepter of this Land.
 Thus arm their hearts, & rouze them from their beds
 And then let us alone to arm their heads.
 She now requires, that Jones in person go
 To *Essex*, his intents to sound and know;
 To use all fairest means that may reduce him
 From those leud wayes to which lost men seduce him
 He undertakes it; hastens to the Lord,
 And is admitted in as soon as heard.

And here he finds Sr. *Walter Rawleigh* with him ;
Some ill was in't, his fancy straight doth give him.
He knew he came not to the Earl for good,
But to provoke him to some madder mood.
Therefore from thence our *Jones* doth *Rawleigh* rate,
Shaking his martial truncheon o're his pate :
Bids him pack thence to th' knaves of his Grand Jury,
He'l make him else th'example of his fury.
Rawleigh was wise, and rul'd by his best sense,
Gives place to time, and so withdraws from thence.
Then *Jones* these Counsels to the Earl began,
How full of dangers were the wayes he ran.
How weak his power ; much less unto the force
Of *Englands*, than his Rain-deer's to a horse.
Thus his brave Family must be destroy'd,
His honours lost, his ancient house made void ;
Besides, his cause was naught ; for though himself
Nere read the Laws of this great Common-wealth,
Yet he had heard some Lawyer say long since,
There was no law to captivate our Prince.
Thus all the harmless blood that shall be spilt
In this bad cause, must lye on *Essex* guilt.
Lay hand on heart, most noble peer, (quoth *Jones*)
The Queen can pardon, and enrich at once.
Be you but good, she can be gracious,
Your own experience can inform you thus.
Thus *Jones* posselt his noble heart so far,
He is resolv'd to wave the chance of war ;
Himself and house he yields unto the Queen,
And her cold mercy, which too soon was seen.

This is the last great act I can relate,
 Of his good service for the Queen and State :
 Rewards fit for his worth there were prepar'd,
 Which his high spirit past by without regard :
 And his great Queen was seriously bent
 To put him in some place of government ;
 But nature onely taught the man to fight,
 And his rude Mother not to read and write.
 Which was the chiefest cause that made him hate
 To be employ'd in mysteries of State.
 Besides, he was not pleased that her Grace
 Cut off this Noble man before his face,
 Whom he brought in ; it may be his own lot,
 With ax or cord for nought to go to pot.
 Thus ignorance, a discontented mind,
 And worth ill weigh'd, do make him fall behind
 Occasions lock ; which lost he never more,
 Though bred and breath'd on hills, shall get before,
 Now time and bruises, and much loss of blood,
 Had made *Jones* feel cold age was not so good
 As fiery youth ; he needs must find a fail
 Of what he was ; declin'd from top to tail.
 Which made him wish he might put up his rest,
 And breathe his last in his own Countries brest.
 And for this cause he went unto her Grace,
 And begg'd of her a Muster-masters place,
 In *Wales*, near his first home : where he may spend
 His later dayes in peace, and in it end :
 And yet to leave behind his martial art,
 To *Wale's* posterity, before he part.

This fute with speed and readines is granted,
And so to *Wales* our Muster-master's janted.
Here many years he spent in telling more,
Or less, of those strange things he did before :
At last, in his old age, he grows so wild,
He needs must marry, to beget a child.
Which though he mist, the mattery he must have
O're every sex, *Jones* sent her to her grave.
Devotion now with his old age increast,
He meditates thrice every day at least.
His only prayer was the Absolution,
In our old Liturgy, with some confusion
Of short ejaculations in his bed,
For some old slips, and for the blood he shed ;
Especially for those six Kings he kill'd,
Without remorse, at the Juzippian field :
At last death comes, whose power he deft'd
From first to last; and, thus he liv'd and di'd.
Now, you wild blades that make loose Inns your stage
To vapour forth the acts of this sad age,
Your *Edghill* fight, the *Newberies* and the West,
And Northern clashes ; where you still fought best :
Your strange escapes, your dangers voyd of fear,
When bullets flew between the head and ear :
Your *pia matters* rent, perisht your guts,
Yet live, as then ye had been but earthen butts :
Whether you fought by Dam me, or the Spirit,
To you I speak, still waving men of merit,
Be modest in your tales, if you exceed
My Captain's hard achievements, I'll proceed

Once

Once more to imp my rural muses wings,
 And tune my lyre so high, I'll break her strings,
 But I will reach ye, and thence raise such laughter,
 As shall continue for five ages after.

The Captains Elegie.

AND art thou gone brave man? hath conquering death
 Put a full period to thy blustering breath?
 Thus hath she plaid her master-piece? and here
 Fixt her nil supra on thy sable biere?
 Scap'st thou those hideous storms, those horrid fights
 With many Giants, cruel beasts, fierce Knights?
 Such dangerous stratagems, such foes intrapping,
 And now hath death don't? sure he took thee napping;
 For hadst thou been awake to use thy sword,
 She would have shun'd thee, and have ta'en thy word
 For thy appearance, till the last return
 Of her long term. Or did thy mettle burn
 Through thy chapt clay unto Elysiums shades
 T' encounter with the ghosts of those old blades,
 Great Cæsar, Scipio, Hannibal; 'cause here
 Thy fiery spirit could not find its peer?
 How couldst thou else find time to fold thy arms
 In thy still grave, now Mars rains bloody storms
 On Christian earth? great Austria would be ours
 Without pitch field, w^o hout beleaguering towers:
 Wert thou but here, thy sword would strike the stroke
 To break or bring their necks to Britains yoke.

An Elegie on Captain Jones.

71

Perhaps it was the providence of Fate,
To snatch thee up, lest thou should'st come too late,
Now souldiers drop pel-mel, whose souls might thrust
Thine from the chiefest place, which thou from first
Hast gain'd on earth; now what shall England do?
Limp like some grandame that hath lost her shoe.
Put case a new Tyrone again should spring
From his old urn, or some such furious thing
As fierce Mac-kil-cow, where were then our Jones,
To bring these Rebels on their marrow bones?
Or say, gainst Spain our pikes we re-advance,
For their old Sack, as such a thing may chance,
Where shall we then find out that Martial man,
That kill'd six thousand with nine score? he's gone.
And we that lick the dish that Homer lapt in,
What fury now shall our dull brains be rapt in?
We must go sing Sr. Lancelot, and rehearse
Old Huan's villanous prose in wilder verse;
Or else put up our pipes, and all at once,
Cry, farewell wit: all's gone with Captain Jones.
Well, go thy wayes (old blade th'hast done thy share
For things beyond belief; time (never fear)
Will give thee being here: th'hast left us stuff
To build thy Pyramid, more than enough,
To equal Cayre's, and haply 'twil out-last it,
So with thy glorious deeds we may rough cast it.
Farewel great soul, and take this praise with many,
Except thy foes, thou nere didst harm to any:
And thus far let our Muse thy loss deplore,
Well she may sigh, but she shall nere sing more.

Hes

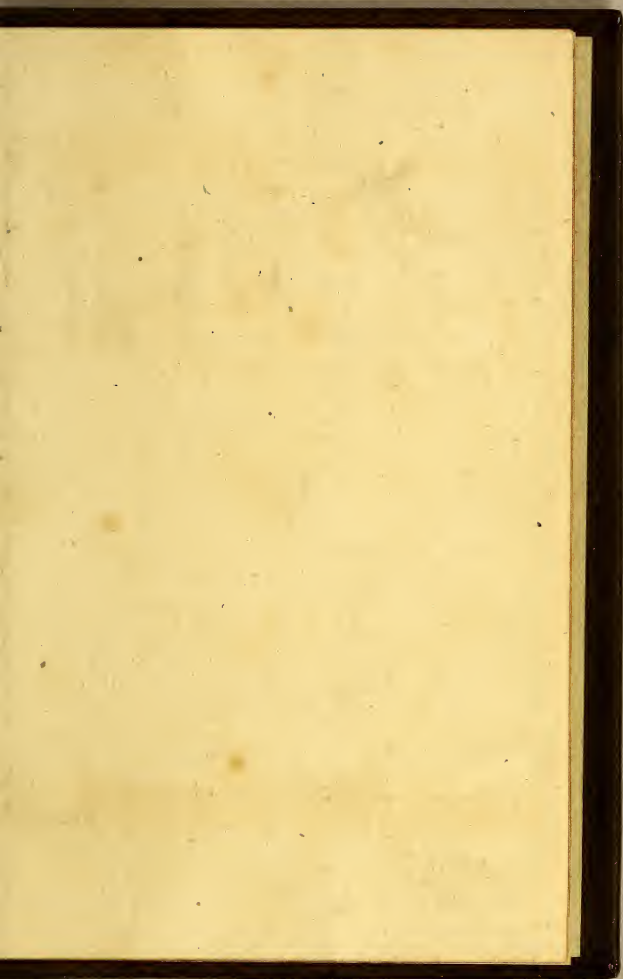


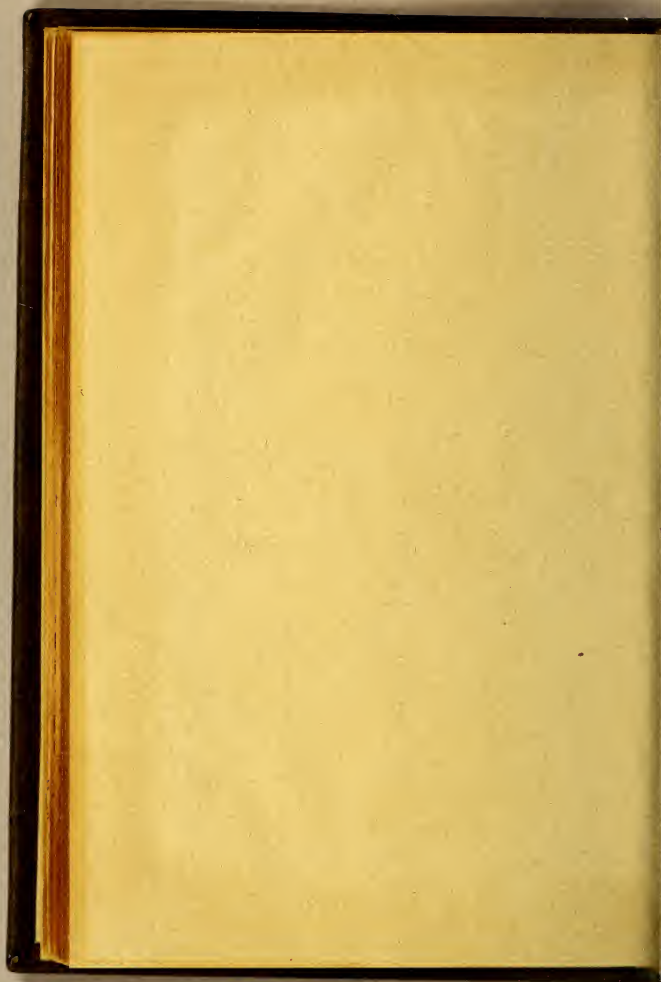
HIS E P I T A P H.

T *Read softly (mortals) o're the bones
Of the worlds wonder, Captain Jones !
who told his glorious deeds to many,
But never was believ'd of any :
Posterity, let this suffice,
He swore all's true, yet here he lyes.*

FINIS







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