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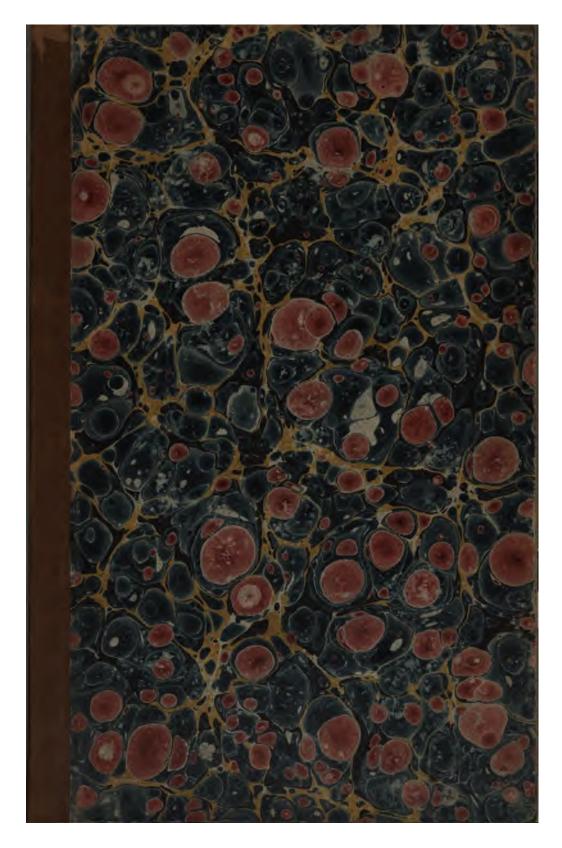
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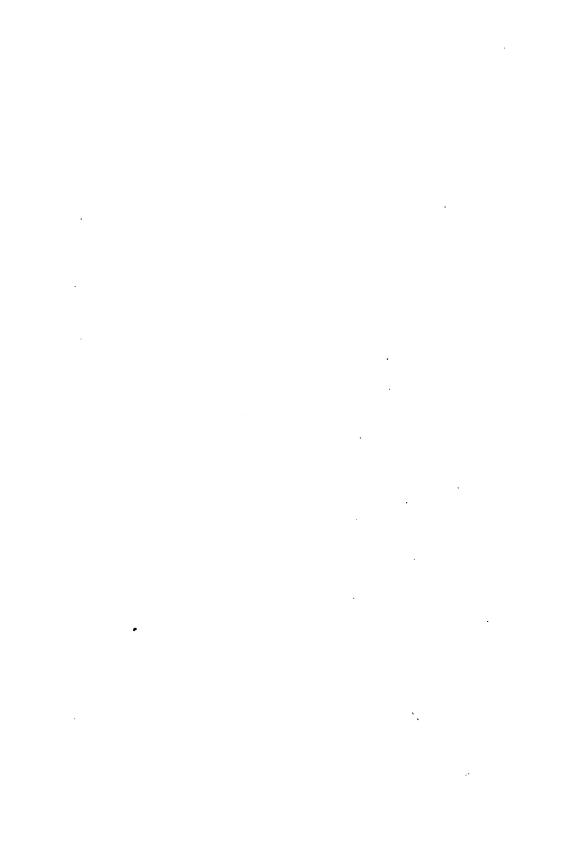
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### Poor Robin's

True

### Character of a Scold:

or,

### The Shrew's Looking-glass.

Bedicated to all

Domineering Dames, Wibes Rampant, Cuckolds Couchant, and Hen-peckt Zneaks,

in City or Country.

LONDON: Printed for L. C. 1678.

### WITH AN APPENDIX.

A bery limited number printed.

### TOTHAM:

Printed by Charles Clark (an Amateur) at his Private Press.

1848.

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## Poor Robin's

### True Character of a SCOLD.

A Rank 3000LD is a Debil of the Feminine gender; a Servent, perpetually hissing, and spitting of Ve= nom: a Composition of Ell-nature and Clamour. You may call her animated Gun-powder, a walking Mount Bina that is always belching forth Cames of Bulphur, or a Real Burgatory, more to be breaded in this world, than the Bope's Imaginary **Bot-house** in the next. A Burr about the Moon, is not half so certain a Presage of a Tempest at Sea, as her Brow is of a Storm on Land. And though Laurel, Baw-thorn, and Seal-skin are held Preserhatibes against Thunder, Magick has not pet been able to finde any Amulet so Sobereign as to still her Kabings: for. like Opl pour'd on Flames, Good words do but make her Rage the faster; and when once her Flag of Defiance, the Tippet, is unfurl'd, she cares not a straw for Constable nor Cucking=stool.

Her Tongue is the Clapper of the Debil's Saints-bell, that rings all-in to Confusion. It runs round like a URheel, one spoak after another, and makes more Noise and Jangling, than Country-Steeples on the Fifth of November. She is never less at ease, than when she is quiet; never quiet, but when she is sleeping; nor then neither: for either she talks in her Dream, or awakes the whole house with a terrible fit of Snoring. She makes such a Pattering with her Lips when she walks the streets, as if she were possest; and so indeed she is, with the Spirit of Contention. The Dog-days, with her, continue all the year round; nor can she possibly take Cold; for she is were

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in an Weat, and holds neither Pox nor Plague so griebous a Disease, as being Congue-ty'o.

The makes an Ass of Aristotle, and demonstrates, That though every man be, pet many a woman is not, A sociable Creature: for there is no Good humour can charm her to be Civil or Agreeable; no Company, how affable or complaisant soeber, that can long content her. She seeks oc= casions for Railing, as eagerly as a Common Barretor does to go to Law. If you will not anger her, she will be angry with you for thus neglecting her: and you cannot bex her worse, than to be silent, unless you sing or whistle at her Folly. She interprets all she hears in the worst sense, and supplies the defect of real Affronts with jealous suspitions. She is more captious, than capable of Offence; and all her Neighbours bless themselves from her, wishing this Quoti= dian Feaver of her Conque cur'd with a Rasor. Wet is not that her onely weapon; for she has Wands to Clap with, and Nails to Scratch with, and Teeth to Bite with, and much more Furniture for War: so that being lookt upon as Inbincible, her bad humour gets her a Bribiledge: for whereever she comes, she may be sure to have the Room to her self; nor needs long Contest for priority of Walk, or pre= cedency at Table, or opinion in Argument: for the proudest Gossip will quit Pretensions, rather than stand the shock of her well-known Rhetorick.

If she be of the preciser Cast, she aduses Sacred Lansguage in her Railing, as Conjucers do in their Charms; calls her Neighbours Peathen Edomites, her Pushand, Reprobate, or Son of Belial, and will not cudgel her Maid without a Text for't. But now I speak of Pushand, methinks I see the creeping snail shibering in an Ague-fit when he comes in her presence. The is worse than Cow-itch in his Bed, and as good as a Chasing-dish at Board: but has either quite forgot his Name, or else she likes it not; which makes her Rebaptize him with more noble Titles, as UNhite-liver'd Raskal, Arunken Zot, Ineaking

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Ninkompoon, or pitiful lowsy Com Farthing. Thus she worries him out of his senses at home, and then ferrets his Baunts abroad worse than a needy Bawd does a decay'd Caberns and Ale-houses dread her single Alarm. Bullp's. more than the joynt Attaques of the Constable and Watch: and his Companions are content to pay his Club and dis= miss him, on news of her approach, rather than be at the charge of so many Glasses and Bottles as she will quickly salute his Coxcomb with. A full Glass seasonably offered, may sometimes pacifie her for a moment; but immediately the Kll spirit returns, and she can be quiet onely just so long as she is drinking. Thus she clamours at him so long without occasion, that at last he gives her enough; and rails at him for keeping Hil Company, till she forces him to it: being asham'd to go into any Good Society, or they asham'd of him: which makes him seek blinde Bubbing-schools to hide himself in from her furp, and resolve to stap out all Night. rather than endure a double Kally.

In a word, (for K perceibe our Character begins to be infected with the contagious Talkativeness of its subject) a virulent Scold is her Neighbour's perpetual Disquiet, her Families Boil Genius, her Husband's Kuine, and her own dayly Tormentor: And that you may the better know her Pedigree, K'll give you a serious Account of the Receipt or Method made use of for her Production into the world, lately found in a long-concealed Manuscript of Theophrastus Bombastus Paracelsus, as follows: viz.

That Nature long since finding many of her Bons ofttimes bewitcht to their own Ruine by the Charms of URo= men, for their punishment contrib'd this Monster call'd A Scold: To form which,

She first took of the Tongues and Galls of Bulls, Bears, Wolbes, Magpies, Parrets, Cuckows, and Nightingales, of each a like number: The Tongues and Tails of Vipers, Adders, Snakes and Lizards, Seben apiece: Aurum

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-Fulminans. Aqua Fortis and Gun-powder, of each one nound: The Clappers of Nineteen Bells, and the Pestles of a dozen Apothecaries Mortars. Which being all mixt, she calcin'd in Mount Strombelo, and dissolv'd the Ashes in a mater distill'd just under London bridge at three quarters Flood, and filtrated it through the leaves of Calepine's mictionary, to render the Overation more berbal. After which, she distill'd it again through a Speaking-Trumpet. and closed up the remaining Spirits in the mouth of a Cannon. Then she oven'd the Graves of all new=deceased Betti= toggers. Mountebanks. Barbers. Coffee=newsmongers. and -Fish-wines: and with the skin of their Conques. made a Bladder coher'd o're with Drum-heads, and fill'd with Storms. Tempests. Whirlwinds, Thunders, Lightnings, &c. These. for better Incorporation, she set seven pears in a rough Sea to ferment, and then mixing them with the rest, rectified the whole three times a day for a Twelbemonth in a Balneo of Quick-silber. Lastly, to irrabiate the whole Blixix, and make it more Churlish, she cut a bein under the Tongue of the Bogstar, drawing thence a pound of the most Cholerick blood: from which sublimating the Spirits, she mixt them with the Foam of a mad Bog: and then putting all together in the forementioned Bladder, stitcht it up with the Nerves of 30= crates's Whife.

Out of this noble Preparation, and a Crooked Rib (Emblem of future Crosness) Dame Nature first composed a SPRGUA, whose Posterity (as is frequent with noxious Animals) has since so ober-spread the world, that scarce an Alley or Village is free from some of her Lineage.

But that you may see her Und as well as Beginning, be pleased to peruse this

### CPICAPD.

After some Threescore years of Catterwauling, Here lies A SCOLD, stopt from above-ground Bawling, Though Ell she liv'd, K vace not read her Boom; But sure, go where she will, she's Croublesome, K wish her, in Arbenge, amongst the Blest:

For she'd as lief be Bann'd, as he at Rest.

### The Benedict's Complaint.

A Barody.

Meserting home by noon of day, TUH often guides herself away, And out my cash delights to lay? Somebody!

TUH6 "sets" invites, and fills each chair—
"Zets" of her own—and does not spare,
But lays for dinner covers there?

Somebody!

**UA**ho lets go out the once brisk fire, **X**et blames her cringing "Lord" with ire, And brawls to have the scuttle nigher? **Somebody!** 

TUHen deep in debt, and in a "mess," And heartless duns for cash me press, TUH ho still must "cut a dash" and dress? Lomebody!

When children bold against me rise, Or fast each wine and spirit flies, Who blinds me by her false replies? Somebody!

**CH**hen death's attacks at all are plain, And quacks extract my little gain, **CH**ho thoughts has of another swain? Somebody!

Then I'm resolbed, when my bonds break, To wed no more—so great's the stake— And for my second "help meet" take— Nobody!!

C. C.

Great Totham.



# Two Longs from a ML. of the Fifteenth Century.

Care away, away, away, care away for ever more.

ALL that I may swynk or swet, My wyfe it wyll both drynk and ete, And I sey ougt, she wyl me bete; Carful ys my hart therfor.

If I sey ougt of hyr but good, The loke on me as she war wod, And wyll me clougt abougt the hod; Carful ys my hart therfor.

If she wyll to the gud ale ryd, Me must trot all by hyr syd, And whan she drynk K must abyd; Carful ys my hart therfor.

If I say it shal be thus, She sey, Thou lyyst, charll, I wous, Telenest thou to obercome me thus? Carful ys my hart therfor.

If ony man have such a wyfe to lede, He shal know how judicare cam in the cred; Of hys penans God do hym med: Carful ys my hart therfor.

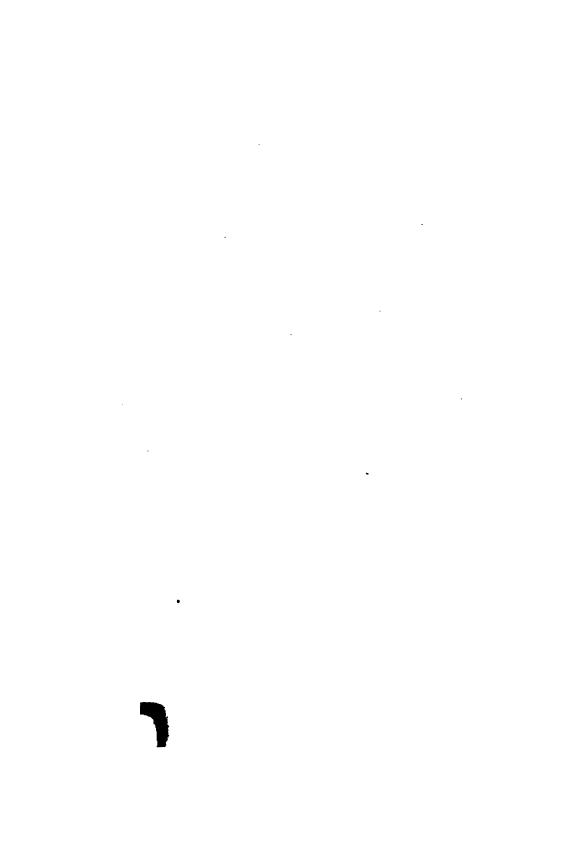
> En soro and car he led hys lyfe, That have a schrow onto his wyfe.

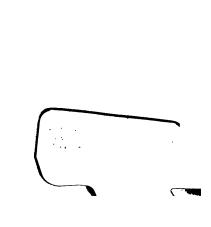
VONE men, I red that ye be war, Chat ye cum not in the snar; For he is browt in meche car, Chat have a schrow onto his wyfe.

In a panter I am caute, My fot his pennyd. I may not owt; In sorow and car he his put, That have a schrow onto his wyf.

**UA**ith a qwene yf that thou run, Anon it is told into the town; Borow he hath both up and down, That have a schrow onto hys wyf. • .







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