

JOAKS upon JOAKS;

O R,

No JOAK like a true JOAK.

BEING THE

Diverting HUMOURS of Mr. JOHN OGLE,
a Life-Guard-Man.

T H E

Merry PRANKS of Lord MOHUN. and the
Earls of WARWICK and PEMBROKE.

W I T H

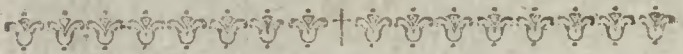
ROCHESTER's Dream, his Maiden's Disappoint-
ment, and his Mountebank's Speech.

TOGETHER WITH

The diverting FANCIES and FROLICKS of
CHARLES II. and his three Concubines.

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T H E

Diverting Humours

O F

J O H N O G L E.

MR John Ogle, being the youngest son of a gentleman in the town of Northampton, his fortune being very small, soon consumed it; but his sister being a mistress to the Duke of York, she got him a good place in the First Regiment of Horse Guards, under the command of the Duke of Monmouth; yet this would not support him in his extravagancies. And when he wanted money he would immediately visit his sister; but one time coming into the chamber, when the Duke was asleep with her, she hearing him immediately drew up the curtain, and lifted her hand, that he might not disturb the Duke, and told him he should have his demand. He seemed to be satisfied therewith. But when the curtain was drawn, Ogle takes away the Duke's cloaths, and his Star and Garter, laced breeches, gold watch, and money,

oney, and went clearly off, without any one seeing of him.

When the Duke awoke in the morning, and wanted to get up, he missed his cloaths, and was in a great passion, and examining among his servants, who had been in his chamber, they immediately answered, none but Mr Ogle. Madam, said he, then you know the thief. The Duke meeting Ogle about a week after, pressed in the cloaths he had taken away, stepped up to him hastily; when Ogle began to unbutton, saying, Here, take your cloaths. I have got better of my own. The Duke seeing him begin to strip, and fearing the nobles would be acquainted in what manner he had lost them, said, Pish! fy, Mr Ogle, you are welcome to them. So they parted friends, and Mr. Ogle went off very well satisfied.

There being a general muster of lifeguards at Hide Park, and Ogle having lost his cloak in play, he was therefore obliged to borrow his landlady's scarlet petticoat; so tying it up in a bundle, he put it behind him. He then counted safe enough as he guessed, and away he rode; but one of his comrades perceiving the border, gave the Duke the hint. The Duke, smiling to himself, said Gentlemen cloak; which they all did but Ogle, who, stammering and staring, said, What a-pox must we cloak for? it does not rain. But he not cloaking, the Duke said, Mr Ogle why dont you obey the word of command? Cloak Sir, Why, were then, and peeping his head out of the top of the petticoat, said, Though I cannot cloak,

I can

I can petticoat with the best of you, which caused a great laughter, both in the regiment and among the bye-standers.

Another time Ogle wanting a pair of boots which were brought to him. They sitting him he walks up and down the shop to settle them to his feet, but espying an opportunity, he ran out of the shop, and the shoemaker followed him, crying. Stop thief, stop thief, No gentlemen, it is for a wager, I am to run in boots, and he shoes and stockings. Then, said the mob, Well done boots, shoes and stockings can never overtake thee. So Ogle got clear off.

Mr. Ogle living too extravagantly, kept no horse. but when he mounted on guard, he would go hire a coach with a good pair of horses, then putting his saddle and other accoutrements in, ordered the coachman to drive him to Hyde Park. Then he would compel the man to lend him one of his horses, and if he refused would threaten to shoot it. Having followed this trade for some time, and the Duke of Monmouth observing he had never mounted guard twice with the same horse, said to him. Mr Ogle, I think you have more change of horses than I have. Quoth Ogle, May it please your Grace, I do not know whether I have a greater variety, but I never mount guard but I can fellow my horse. Now the muster being over, and the guards riding out of the Park. Ogle rides up to the Duke, and shewing him a hackney coach that was waiting with but one horse. See there, did not I tell your Grace I could pair my horse. I will never want a horse

horse for his Majesty's service so long as there is
 one hackney coach in town. This made his
 Grace smite, and Ogle returned the horse a-
 gain to the coachman.

Another time Ogle being at Lockit's ordin-
 ary, where he played at hazard, with many
 of the nobility, and had very good success.
 He therefore ordered a porter to go up and
 down the streets, and bring to him there as
 many poor people as he could get, and in a
 short time he brought upwards of one hundred
 beggars. Upon this Mr. Ogle ordered them
 each one a shillings worth of meat and drink.
 By the time they had made an end of their
 allowance (they praying the Lord might send
 Ogle good luck he had broke all the persons
 of quality, and discharged the mumpers reckon-
 ings giving them each sixpence beside. As he
 was going into Spring Gardens he met the
 Duke of Monmouth, who asked Ogle where
 he had been? Been, said he, why I have been
 fulfilling the scripture, Fulfilling the scrip-
 ture! said the Duke, -I believe you know noth-
 ing of the matter. But I believe I do, though,
 said Ogle, for I have fed the hungry, and the
 rich I have sent empty away; for by all that
 is good, out of twenty Earls and Lords at Lock-
 it's there is not one has got a farthing to pay his
 reckoning.

The epitaph written upon Mr. Ogle's tomb-
 stone, in the church-yard of Henley upon
 Thames, in Oxfordshire, where he was inter-
 red in the third year of the reign of King
 William III.

Here the too generous Ogle lies,
 Who as he lived, so he dy'd,
 Paid nothing off the score ;
 But yet for his generosity,
 Paying debts when no money he did see,
 All people did Ogle adore.

The Frolicks of Lord Mohun and the Earl of
 Warwick.

ONE time the Earl of Warwick being out late one night, and in company with an officer who had an artificial leg, they went into Dark-house near Billingsgate, but by the way, Warwick scraped a deal of dust out of a rotten post, and as he was putting it up before several people, one asked what that powder was good for ; Warwick said, It was good for all manner of bruises, sores, and scalds. And to shew him the excellency of it, he desired them to bring him a kettle of scalding hot water. Then rubbing the powder of rotten post on his friend's artificial leg, he put it into the water. Now the people seeing he was not hurt, soon bought up all the powder, so that his Lordship very shortly raised between three or four pounds. Soon after this a very ingenious drayman, who had purchased some of the powder, being in company with some of his calling, and having laid a wager that he could put his leg into a kettle of scalding water without hurting himself,

himself. The wager being laid, he, like a cunning dog, got into a private room, to rub the powder of rotten post upon his leg, which done, he returns into the kitchen, and plunged his leg into the kettle of scalding hot water, which made him roar out like a town bull, and what was worst, he had like to have lost his leg.

Another time the Earl of Warwick was in company with several persons of quality, and one of them gave him a challenge, to meet him behind Montague-house. His Lordship being much in liquor forgot it next morning, when his adversary came to fetch him out. But his Lordship desired him to stay whilst he said his prayers, to which he agreed, his Lordship went to his closet, and prayed after this manner: "My sins, O Lord! are without number, and above all forgive me for killing Lord B—e, Earl T—d, Colonel W—s, Major J—d, and Captain D—n, besides many more beyond sea." His antagonist listening at the door, cried out, Ah! plague, I shall have him kill me too. Then sneaking away, his Lordship laughed very heartily.

The Lord Mohun and the Earl of Warwick being on the ramble, took notice of an old woman, who early and late was boiling of her codlins near Charing Cross. They bought some of her, and promised they would send her a bushel of charcoal for nothing. I thank your honours, replied the woman.—So next day a porter brought her a bushel of charcoal which much pleased the old woman.—But their Lordships

ships had filled the hollow part of the ends with gunpowder, and sealed the ends with black wax, and stood at a distance to see the event. In a short time, bounce went the charcoal, like so many crackers, down went the kettle in the street, away flew the codlins about the old woman's ears; but she getting no harm, their Lordships were very well pleased.

Lord PEMBROKE'S Frolicks.

HIS Lordship one day walking by himself, and meeting in a field a poor beggar woman, with a little child at her back, his Lordship had a great mind to occupy her, but she fearing lest the child should be hurt, it was agreed the child should be tied to his Lordship's back. It was tied so fast that his Lordship could not undo it. So the woman making an excuse to make water, left him the child to his Lady.

Another time his Lordship being at a certain inn, and fixing on a room as he was in the kitchen ordering his supper, a Quaker got into his room, and none could persuade him to come out of it. My Lord being informed of it, ran up swearing with his sword drawn, commanding him to quit the room immediately. But the Quaker was as obstinate as the other. So they had a tight trial of skill for it. The Quaker put by the pass with his cane, and then
threw

threw his Lordship quite down the stairs, which made the host send the drawer to see what was the matter.—He brought word back again, Nothing, but Yea and Nay has kicked G—d d—n down stairs. So the Quaker kept his ground, and his Lordship took another room.

Lord Rochester's Whim against Women.

A woman's love is like a Syrian flower,
That buds and spreads, and withers in an
hour.

On a Man's Choice whether he would be
Hanged or Married.

Lo! here's the bride, and there's the tree,
Take which of them best liketh thee.
The bargain's bad on either part,
The woman's worst drive on the cart.
Were women little as they're good
A peascod would make them gown and hood.

On Woman's Denial.

Women though ne'er so godly make it,
Their fashion to say no and take it.

On Marriage.

Wedding and hanging destinies dispatch,
Tho' hanging seems the better match.

The Maiden's Disappointment.

One night as I lay flumbering on my bed,
 Having nought with me but my maiden head,
 I dream'd a young man fell in love with me,
 A pretty lad he was, and he pleased me.
 He woo'd, he su'd, at last he sped,
 Married methought we were, and both in bed,
 He rous'd, turn'd, and got up, with that I
 squeak'd,
 Blush'd and cry'd Oh! and so awak'd,
 It would have vex'd a saint when flesh did burn,
 To be so near, yet miss'd so good a turn:
 O cruel dream? why did you thus deceive me?
 To shew me heaven, and then in hell to leave
 me?

The Earl being in company with King
 Charles II the Dukes of York, Monmouth,
 Lauderdale, and Dr Frazer his Majesty order-
 ed Rochester to make some verses: So his
 Lordship thus address'd himself:

Here's Monmouth the witty,
 There's Lauderdale the pretty,
 And Frazer the learned Physician;
 And above all the rest:
 There's a Duke for a jest,
 And your Majesty's a known politician.

All which his Lordship spoke by contrarities,
 for Monmouth was never reckoned any thing
 of a wit. Lauderdale was very homely, Fra-
ser

fer a man of no learning. The King's Politicks lay in women, and York never loved a Jest. So they went angry away.

Another time his Lordship going to kiss the Dutchess of Cleveland as she was going out of her coach into St. James's Park, his foot slipped, and he fell upon his breech; but quickly rising, he thus expressed himself to her Grace:

By all that's sacred it was bravely done,
Thus to attempt the chariot of the sun,
And then fall down like Phaeton.

His Lordship being one day at court, in company with the French ambassador, Monsieur began to applaud his master's grandeur and conquest, in the following words:

Lorain a day, a week Burgunday won,
Flanders a month;—what would a year
have done?

To which Rochester thus replies:

Lorain he stole, by fraud he got Burgunday,
Flanders he bought, by God he'll pay for't
one day.

At this answer of the Earl's, Monsieur was highly affronted, and told the King that Rochester had most basely bemeaned his Royal Master, and required satisfaction. To which the King said, He knew not what to do with him.

him, for if he spake to him about it, he would be sure to return him some such answer ; and upon that account he advised him to let him alone for the present.

The Earl being out of favour at the court, took private lodgings on Tower Hill, where being in disguise, he set up a mountebank's stage upon the hill, and spoke to the mob in the following manner :

“ Gentlemen and Ladies,

“ HERE is my famous Unguentum Aureum, or Golden Ointment, so very famous for curing all kinds of distempers in men, women, and children. Look here, good people, this is my noble Tinctura Hyperboriacorum, prepared only by myself. This will make the blind to see, the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak ; nay, there is nothing can restore life so soon as this ; for with three drops of this tincture I restored a gentleman to life who had lost his head seven years ; but he being a state criminal, the Emperor made me fly to Germany for my great exploit : Therefore, I am come to seek my fortune, with my incomparable and famous Tincture, which cures all manner of sickness, hectick fever, jaundice, looseness, megrims, and all other distempers incident to mankind.

The next thing I present, is my Aqua Terra Chimegagon, which makes barren women fruitful, nay, being in Mogul's country, I gave only two spoonfuls to his grandmother, who was an hundred years old, and she conceived with two twins, and was delivered with such ease,

ease, that if she was to live to the age of Methuselem, she would never be without a bottle of my excellent water ; for it is an antidote against all distempers ; and for the benefit of the poor, it is but One Shilling a Bottle. And as my stay here is very short, those who love their healths, let them stock themselves while they may, for my departure will be very sudden.

The Frolicks of King Charles II. and his three Concubines.

KING Charles II. with some of his Nobles being a haymaking, Nell Gwynn stood looking on. Quoth the King, So Nell, why do you not make Hay? To which she replies, If your Majesty and Nobles will cock as much as you can, I will spread for you all.

It being Miss Davis's turn to lie with the King. Nell Gwynn invited her to a colation of sweet meats, in which she mixed some powder. After the treat was over, Miss Davis went to the King's apartment ; but when his Majesty and she were in bed, the powder began to operate so very violently that as he was cocking, and ready to storm the fort of love, the fally was so great, that his Majesty was forced to retire and leave his smitten bed-fellow, with whom he was never friends after.

King Charles II. being at supper with the Dutchess of Portsmouth and Nell Gwynn, a couple of chickens were on the table. Said Portsmouth, I can make three out of these two. That cannot be, said Nell. Portsmouth replied, Is not this one?—Yes, replied Nell.—Then, said Portsmouth, One and two makes three,—That's very true, replied Nell. Then Nell put one on the King's plate, and the other on her own, and bid the Dutchess take the third for her pains. This joke so pleased the King that he laughed very heartily.

Another time Nell riding out with the Dutchess of Portsmouth, a scuffle happened between them. Nell having Squintable on the ground (her Grace being so called from a cast which she had with her eye) and taking up all her cloaths, she burned with a candle those parts which modesty forbids me to name. This great indignity made the Dutchess complain to complain to the King, she being very angry at Nell's rudeness, who was just entering the presence chamber as she had ended her story. The King fell into a great passion, which her wit soon appeased, by telling him that as there was a late act of parliament that all French commodities should be burnt, as being prohibited, she hoped he could not be angry that she had put it in force.

ROMANTICK STORIES.

A Yorkshire gentleman and his man, came to see Bristol, and being invited to dinner they walked with the gentleman and his wife into the garden, Sir says he, have you as large cabbages as these in Yorkshire? As these! Aye. Sir, says he, if you were to see them they would make you stare. I have cabbages that would shelter a whole team of horses under them a winter. What dost thou say Ralph? Why truly, Sir, said he, I seldom come into the garden but I make wind-mill posts with the stalks of them.—Which made them wonder.

Then they went into the dairy, and shewed him the cheeses, saying, they were reckoned the largest cheeses throughout England. Aye, Madam, except Yorkshire, I beseech you; why, mine are so big, that my dairy maid is forced to call the men with leavers to turn them. Is this not true Ralph? Why indeed, Sir, I seldom go into the dairy, but this I can say, that the whey of one of these cheeses will drive a mill for near three hours together. At which the gentleman and his wife both wondered mightily.

Then they shewed him a prospect of the house, and asked him, whether he did not think it very high? Not at all to compare with our's Madam, I assure you; for says he, I have a house in Yorkshire that is so very high, that if a man goes into the uppermost room, and does not take a sixpenny loaf with him, he will be

in danger of starving before he comes down again. Is it not true what I say Ralph? Says he, indeed, when I went up I took a twelve-penny loaf with me, and eat it all before I came down again; and when I was in the uppermost room, I could hear the people talk in the other world, but I could not understand what they said. This story made the gentleman and his wife stand in the greatest amazement. So the dinner being ready, they set down to it.

A gentleman who was relating of his adventures, said, He was once upon the highest mountain he believed in all the world. It was so big, said he, that falling asleep, the moon going her journey, came so close by me, that she took my hat off my head. I pray said another, what did you do for your hat? Do! said he, I was fain to do with patience till next night, when she most civilly put it on again and told me, she only took it off to make a little water in it.

A soldier swore desperately, That being in the wars between the Russians and Pollanders, here happened to be a quarrel between two Generals, where a river parted them. At that time it froze so excessively, that all their words were no sooner out of their mouths but they were immediately frozen, and could not be heard until eleven days after, when the thaw came and dissolved them, and so made them audible to all.