

The Translation of an old imperfect Greek Manuscript found in WALES.

IN these ticklish Times, every One that writes should put in his Claim to be fairly interpreted, that, by the Confusion of Chronology, nay common Sense, Men may not wrest his Meaning to something fatyrical or smart, as the modern Term is. *Gentle Reader*, Know then that the Story I am going to tell, happen'd not so few as 3000 Years ago, if it ever happen'd at all; that the Place where, was distant as Heaven and Earth from hence, so consequently was not in the *Low-Countries*.

Now I'll tell you how I came by the Relation; In the late high Wind, on the Top of one of the highest Mountains in *Wales*, was blown up an old Oak, which had stood with a mighty Reputation of Sanctity many Years; being look'd upon as an old Temple of the *Druids*. This Tradition is handed down from Father to Son thro' above 300 Generations, all Gentlemen. 'Twill be unkind and clownish therefore, to doubt of a Fact so honourably attested; but whether true or not, the Tree was blown down, and at the Root of it was found an old Parchment, which at first was thought to have been a *Welch* Manuscript, but prov'd at last to be *Heathen Greek*: 'Twas imperfect, and very much decay'd by Time; but what of it could be read, is here translated. The present learned World are fond of such Fragments; but, Reader, if it is worth the Reading, you certainly have the better on't with me, for it cost me more Pains to write than will you the Perusal.

SED AD REM.

[That's the Motto.]

IN ancient Times *Prometheus* having made Man, gave him this Account of what happen'd in Heaven whilst He was there. *Jupiter*, the Chief of all the Gods, with Power unbounded and all Things else to his Mind, yet was not always easy — for he was married. The God indeed was wanton, or, if we might speak plainly of so Great a Person, extremely given to Whoring: But *Juno*, who was his near Relation as well as Wife, had at least as much Tongue as he had Tail. Never was there so copious an Orator on one thread-bare Subject as that Queen, all Heaven stood amaz'd at the Musick of her Voice, and agreed that in future Times if a *Demosthenes* or *Cicero* were to be Deified, they would not make so much of it. Indeed *Jove* call'd this Scolding, and being not able to justify his Faults, was often obliged to make use of his Authority to silence her, which was not very often without much Trouble. One Time then, in the Midst of their Debate, in comes her Son *Vulcan*. But here you'll ask me, Had *Jupiter* Children by her? No. Had she Children before Marriage? No. Was she a Whore, unchaste to *Jove's* Bed? No, no, no; we must not talk so of Great Princesses. How came she then to have a Son? Why have Patience, and I'll tell you. There was an excellent fine Flower on the Plains of *Olympus* call'd *Moly*; I have transplanted it here on Earth, and 'tis call'd *Flos Juventutis*. It grows the fairest in the Northern Climes; and some do not scruple to affirm, that the very Plant it self was originally of Earth, and that *Juno* herself had hers from *Scandania*. However, smelling to this Plant, as is Poetically said, she conceiv'd of *Vulcan*, and had likewise a Daughter by the same Means; but the Devil a Child by the Thunderer. This *Vulcan* was a fair, strutting, sparkling Lad; so that his Mother's Husband e'en made him God of Fire: After which, he look'd upon himself as Somebody, and you can't imagine what a Bustle he made in Heaven; but coming in unfortunately during the Difference I spoke of, he thought himself oblig'd in Honour to take his Mother's Part. For Heaven's sake, Sir, (cried he to *Jupiter*) do not abuse my Mother: Consider she is a Woman, your Relation and your Wife: And have some Respect, I beseech you, to my Sister *Hebe* and to me, and for our sakes — How, says *Jupiter*, who was already in a Rage, (turning to *Juno*) what Insolence is this! Shall I by you be still reproach'd with Whoring, whilst here your Son so oddly born pleads for you. Thou Son of — whom I know not but my Wife, I made indeed a God of you, but will now soon humble your Vanity. Then laying hold of him, he flung him down to Earth. Some say he was three Days falling from Heaven; others say not three Hours; but by his Fall he got a Lameness, which hinder'd much his Strutting. Being on Earth, he fell into strange Company; half-sighted People with one Eye, which being in the middle of their Foreheads, left them no room for Brains. By these he was worshipp'd, adored, and still call'd a pretty Fellow, tho' they had most of them been Ministers of his pretended Father's Cruelty, forging Bolts of Thunder for him; thus *****. The rest is all destroy'd by Time.

