

The Salamanca Corpus

VNIVERSITAS
STVDII
SALAMANTINI

A decorative flourish consisting of several overlapping loops and swirls, rendered in a dark red color, positioned below the main title.

Thomas Davies' *The Somersetshire Man's
Complaint.* (1618-1630)

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capable of containing three sextari (which is half a gallon and half a pint), was sold about the same time for seventy talents. Slabs, however, from which dishes might have been turned more than twelve inches in diameter, have within these few years, been brought from Siberia; and the enormous value set upon this superb ornament of the side-board of the elegant Petronius, shews that it must have been regarded as unique and wonderful in its dimensions.

J. L.

THE SOMERSETSHIRE MAN'S COMPLAINT.*

Gods boddikins, 'chill worke no more,
Dost thinke 'chill labor to be poore,

No, no, ich have a doe: (*done*).
If this be now the world and trade
That I must breake and rogues be made,
Ich will a plundring too.

'Chill sell my cart and eake (*also*) my plow,
And get a 'zwird, (*quord*) if I know how,
For I meane to be right;
'Chill learne to drinke, to sweare, to roare,
To be a gallant, drob, and whore—
No matter tho nere fight.

But first a warrant that is witt (*fit*)
From Mr. Captaine I doe gett,
'Twill make a sore a-doo;
Ffor then 'c'have power by my place
To steale a horse wth out disgrace,
And beate the owner too.

God blesse us what a worlde is heere,
Can never last another yeare,
Voke (*folk*) cannot be able to sow:
Dost think I ever 'chad the art
To plow my ground up wth my cart—
My bease † are all I—goe, (*gone*.)

I'ze had zize oxen tother day,
And them the roundheads stole away,
A mischief be theire speed;
I had six horses left me whole,
And them the cavileers have stole,
Gods sores, they are both agreed.

Here I doe labor, toile, and zwest,
And 'dure the cold, hot, dry, and wett,
But what dost 'think I gett?
Ffase, (*faith*) just my labor for my paines,
The garrizons have all the guines,
And thither all is vett (*fetch*).

* These Verses were copied from the Common-place, or Memorandum Book of, one Thomas Davies, written, as appears from the dates scattered through it, between the years 1614 and 1648. It is a small oblong volume, in 18mo, preserved in the Lansdowne Library, in the British Museum.

† Beasts; cattle for the plough.

There goes my corne, my beanes, and pease,
I do not dare them to displease,

They doe zoe zweare and vapor:
Then to the governor I come
And pray him to discharge the some,
But nought can get, or (*except*) paper.

Gods bores, dost think a paper will
Keep warme my back and belly fill?
No, no, goe burne the note;
If that another yeare my veeld
No better profitt doe me yeeld,
I may goe cut my throate.

If any money 'chave in store
Then straight a warrant came therefore,
Or I must plunderd be;
And when 'chave shuffled by one pay
There comes a new wth out delay;
Was ever the like a see (*seen*).

And as this were not grieffe enow,
They have a thing called quarter too;
Oh that's a vengeance waster!
A plague upont, they call it vree;
'Cham sure that made us slaves to be,
And every rogue our master.

There is abundant evidence in the history of our Civil War, to prove that the evils complained of by the writer of these lines were by no means imaginary; and that the soldiers on both sides plundered the country people, whether friends or foes, indiscriminately. "There are few," says a modern writer, "who reap the supposed advantages of war, but millions feel the evils of its ravages!"

ANCIENT ROMAN REMAINS FOUND NEAR SHEFFORD.

THE antique remains, of which representations are here inserted, were discovered in a field adjoining to the town of Shefford (in Bedfordshire,) where labourers were digging gravel, in the year 1826.* They accidentally struck upon the deposit, which was eventually found to consist of Roman pottery, certain vessels of glass and of bronze, a few coins, and the remains of two implements of iron.

The vases of pottery, or *terra-cotta*, (baked earth, or clay) were much mutilated and shattered in the disinterment, with the exception of a single beautiful specimen, which, by the ignorant workmen, was thrown aside upon a heap of gravel,—and even this was damaged by a spade being carelessly cast upon it,

* Within the last fortnight, some new and important discoveries have been made near Shefford,—of which we hope, shortly, to be enabled to give a full account.

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