

THE
DESCRIPTION
OF A

Salamander.

Out of Pliny *Nat. Hist.* L. 10. C. 67. and L. 29. C. 4.

Anno. 1705.

AS Mastive Dogs in Modern Phrase are
Call'd *Pompey*, *Scipio* and *Cæsar*;
As *Pies* and *Daws* are often stil'd
With Christian Nick-names like a Child;
As we say, *Monsieur*, to an *Ape*
Without offence to Human Shape:

So

So Men have got from Bird and Brute
Names that would best their Natures suit:
The *Lyon*, *Eagle*, *Fox* and *Bear*
Were Hero's Titles heretofore,
Bestow'd as Hi'roglyphicks fit
T' express their Valor, Strength or Wit.
For, what is understood by *Fame*
Beside the getting of a Name?
But e're since Men invented Guns,
A different way their Fancy runs;
To paint a Hero, we enquire
For something that will conquer Fire,
Would you describe *Turenne* or *Trump*
Think of a Bucket or a Pump.
Are these too low? — then find out grander,
Call my Lord C — a *Salamander*.
'Tis well. — But since we live among
Detractors with an evil Tongue,
Who may object against the Term,
Pliny shall prove what we affirm:

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Pliny shall prove, and we'll apply,
And I'll be judg'd by standers-by.

FIRST then, our Author has defin'd
This Reptil, of the Serpent kind,
With gawdy Coat, and shining Train,
But loathsom Spots his Body stain:
Out from some Hole obscure he flies
When Rains descend, and Tempests rise,
Till the Sun clears the Air; and then
Crawls back neglected to his Den.

SO when the War has rais'd a Storm
I've seen a *Snake* in human Form,
All stain'd with Infamy and Vice,
Leap from the Dunghill in a trice,
Burnish and make a gaudy show,
Become a General, Peer and Beau,

Till

Till Peace hath made the Sky Serene,
Then shrink into it's Hole again.

*All this we grant — why, then look yonder,
Sure that must be a Salamander !*

FARTHER, we are by *Pliny* told
This *Serpent* is extreamly cold,
So cold, that put it in the Fire,
'Twill make the very Flames expire,
Beside, it Spues a filthy Froth,
(Whether thro' Rage or Love, or both)
Of Matter purulent and white
Which happ'ning on the Skin to light,
And there corrupting to a Wound
Spreads Leprosy and Baldness round.

S O have I seen a batter'd Beau
By Age and Claps grown cold as Snow,
Whose Breath or Touch, where e'er he came,
Blew out Love's Torch or chill'd the Flame :

And should some Nymph who ne'er was cruel,
Like *Carleton* cheap, or fam'd *Durnel*,
Receive the Filth which he ejects,
She soon would find, the same Effects
Her tainted Carcase to pursue,
As from the *Salamander's* Spue ;
A Dismal shedding of her Locks
And, if no Leprosy, a Pox.

*Then I'll appeal to each By-stander,
Whether this ben't a Salamander.*