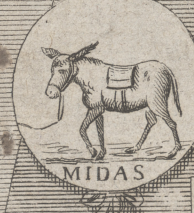
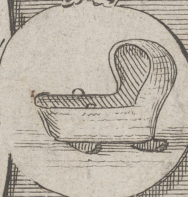




Underneath
are entomb'd the Remains
of the
Wonder Hunting Monarch
In Wisdom a second Solomon!
a Daniel!
One of the four Wise Kings Europe!
Oh! ye Descendants of Midas
revere his memory,
for unto you it belongeth to save it from
annihilation,
Great was his knowledge! his lacteal knowledge!
his farming knowledge! & his saving knowledge!
but alas!
these Economical Virtues are no more
for the Grave levels all distinction
between the extravagance of a Cleopatra,
and
the parsimoniousness of a
milk-maid's son
before the Dairy Maids had risen
he received an unlucky kick on his Noddle
which
deprived him of Life
and
the Nation
of an



Also
is inter'd in the same Vault
what remaineth of the mortal part
of his beloved Consort
Who proved herself one of the best House-keepers
in his Majesty's Dominions.
Oh! happy Man! to get so rare, so good a Wife,
A Woman so attentive to the duties of Housewifery, so
prudent in her management, and who set so good a
pattern to his Subjects.
Never was the Spit known to perform its revolutions,
but when the scarcity of the Pantry warranted such
extravagance!
Never had the learned or the able so much regard
paid to their health as in her house, for they had
neither of Meat to gormandize, or Drink to guzzle,
or Money to cloath the nakedness of the Land,
And so truly desirous was she that every Visitor might
accommodate himself to his own satisfaction, that
she neither provided him with Sheets to lay on, or
Bolster whereon he might rest his weary Head.
Unhappily
one Day inspecting the soundness of a
Washing Tub,
she fell in and was drowned
in the Suds,
a Martyr to her
Virtues.



Pounds, Shillings, Pence, she exactly counted,
And knew to what the Butcher's bill amounted;
When Cheese or Salt was cheap, when Meat was dear,
How Coals to buy, and when the time of Year;
These are the Arts that gain immortal Fame
And raise a Queen's above an Hero's name.



Whose farming knowledge, wonderful to say,
Hops from Grains could tell, and Straw from Hay;
Who milk'd and churn'd and skimm'd with noble skill,
Who knew a Sheep's Dung, from a Doctor's Pill,
This is the Wisdom makes e'n Monarchs great,
And saves the ruin of a falling State.

REGVM REGINARVM HI SVNT GLORIOSISSIMI GESTVS

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