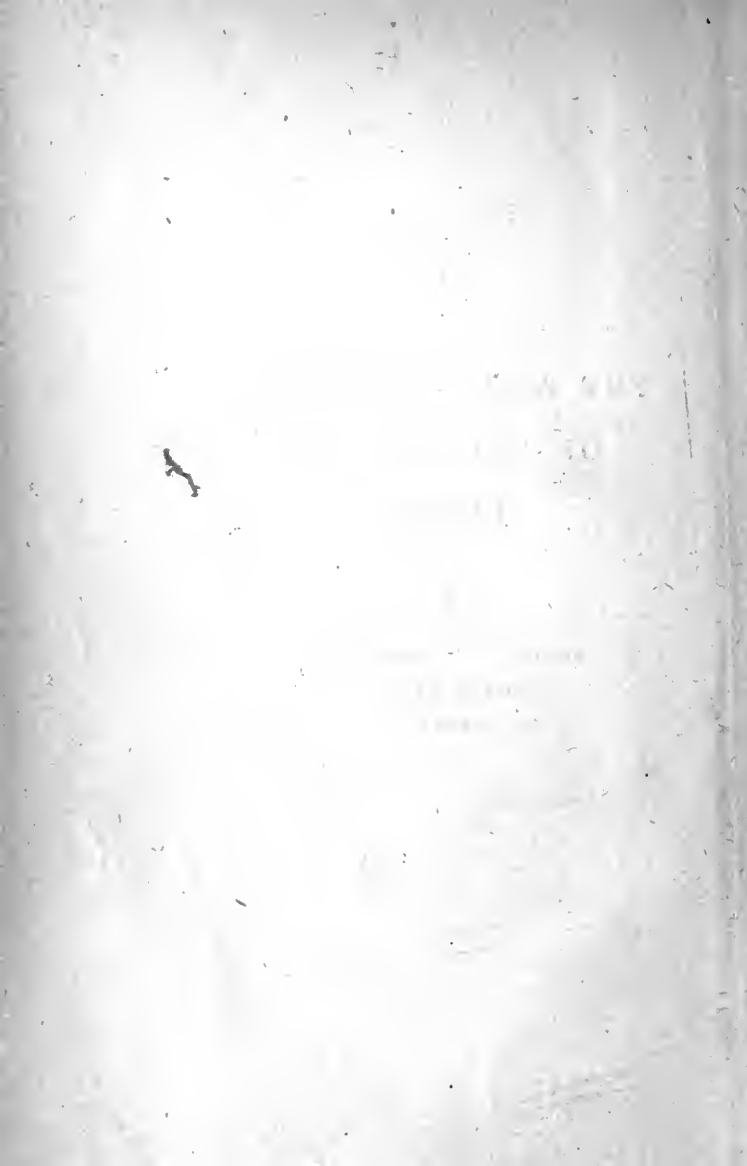


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



3 1761 01780544 1

**B**UTLER  
VOL. I



B2287

THE POETICAL WORKS OF  
SAMUEL BUTLER

VOLUME I



LONDON  
BELL AND DALDY, YORK STREET  
COVENT GARDEN

PR  
3338

AI  
1866

v. 1  
cop. 2

15356  
16/9/91

TO THE REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES,

CANON OF SALISBURY, ETC.

**U**NHONOUR'D lay poor Butler's nameless  
grave,  
One line, the hand of pitying friendship  
gave.

'Twas his with pure confiding heart to trust  
The flattering minions of a monarch's lust ;  
And hope that faith a private debt would own,  
False to the honour of a nation's throne.

Such were the lines insulted virtue pour'd,  
And such the wealth of wit's exhaustless hoard ;  
Of keenest wisdom dallying with her scorn,  
And playful jest of indignation born ;  
And honest hatred of that godless crew,  
To king, to country ;—to themselves untrue :  
The hands that laid the blameless mitre low,  
That gave great Wentworth to the headsman's  
blow,  
And theirs the deed immortalized in shame,  
Which raised a monarch to a martyr's name.

Oh ! friend ! with me thy thoughtful sorrows  
join,  
Thy heart will answer each desponding line ;  
Say, when thy hand o'er KEN's neglected grave  
At once the flowers of love and learning gave ;

Or when was heard, beneath each listening tree,  
 The lute sweet Archimago had lent to thee :  
 Say, while thy day was like a summer dream,  
 And musing leisure met thee by the stream,  
 Where thro' rich weeds the lulling waters crept,  
 And the huge forest's massive umbrage slept,  
 And, summon'd by thy harp's aerial spell,  
 The shadowy tribes came trooping from their cell ;  
 (For still 'twas thine, with all a poet's art,  
 To paint the living landscape of the heart ;  
 And still to nature's soft enchantments true,  
 Feel every charm, and catch each varying hue ;)  
 Couldst thou foresee how soon the poet's strain  
 Would wake its satire into truth again ;  
 How soon the still-revolving wheel of time  
 Recall the past—each folly, and each crime ;  
 Again the petty tyrant boast his flame,  
 And raise, on fancied ills, a patriot's name ;  
 How soon the trembling altar fade away,  
 The hallow'd temple prove the spoiler's prey ;  
 The throne its proud ancestral honours yield,  
 And faction shake the senate and the field ;  
 How folly seize, while bleeding freedom wept,  
 That sacred ark which jealous wisdom kept ;  
 Which, virtuous Falkland ! saw thy banners wave,  
 Which Somers lived, and Chatham died to save ;  
 While history points her awful page in vain,  
 And sees all Butler scorn'd, revive again.

J. M'

BENHALL, Feb. 1835.



## LIFE OF SAMUEL BUTLER.

BY THE REV. JOHN MITFORD.

**S**AMUEL BUTLER, the author of *Hudibras*, was born in the parish of Strensham, in Worcestershire, in 1612,<sup>1</sup> and christened February the 14th. A. Wood says, that his father was competently wealthy;<sup>2</sup> but the anonymous author of a life prefixed to his *Poems* describes him as in the condition of a yeoman, possessing a very small estate, and renting another; who with difficulty found means to educate his son at the grammar-school at Worcester, under Mr. Henry Bright, a man of high reputation as a

<sup>1</sup> This date is contradicted by Charles Longueville, the son of Butler's friend, and who declared that the poet was born in 1600. Nash dates his baptism February 8, 1612, and says it is entered in the writing of Nash's father, who was churchwarden: he had four sons and three daughters; the three daughters and one son older than the poet.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Nash discovered that his father was owner of a house and a little land, worth about £10 a year, still called *Butler's tenement*, of which he has given an engraving in the title-page of his first volume. A. Wood affirms that he had a competent estate of nearly £300 a year, but held on *lease* of Sir William Russel, lord of the manor of Strensham.

scholar, and a Prebendary of the Cathedral. Butler is said to have gone from thence to Cambridge,<sup>3</sup> with the character of a good scholar; but the period and place of his residence seem alike unknown, and indeed it appears more than doubtful whether he ever received the advantages of an academical education.

For some time he was clerk to Mr. Jefferys, of Earl's Coombe, in Worcestershire, an eminent justice of the peace. He employed the ample leisure which his situation afforded in study; while he also cultivated the arts of painting and music. "The Hogarth of Poetry," says Walpole, "was a painter too:" his love of the pencil introduced him to the acquaintance of the celebrated Samuel Cooper.<sup>4</sup> Some pictures were shown by the family as his, but we presume of no great excellence, as they were subsequently employed to stop broken windows. Dr. Nash says that he heard of a portrait of Oliver Cromwell by him. After this, he was recommended to the notice of the Countess of Kent, living at Wrest, in Bedfordshire, where he had not only the advantage of a library,<sup>5</sup> but enjoyed the conversation of the most learned man of his age, the great Selden. Why he subsequently

<sup>3</sup> A. Wood had his information from Butler's brother; some of his neighbours sent him to Oxford. Mr. Longueville asserted that Butler never resided at Oxford.

<sup>4</sup> Of our English poets, Flatman and George Dyer were painters. Pope also used the brush under the tuition of Jervas. I recollect no further union of the arts.

<sup>5</sup> "Butler was not acquainted with the Italian poets. Of Ruggiero he might have truly asserted what he has falsely told of Rinaldo."—See Neve on the English Poets, p. 79.



left so advantageous and honourable a situation does not appear, but we find him domesticated under the roof of Sir Samuel Luke, at Cople Hoo farm, or Wood End, near Bedford, a gentleman of a very ancient family, one of Cromwell's officers, and a rigid Presbyterian. It is in this place and at this time that he is said to have commenced his celebrated poem. His patron's house afforded him a gallery of living portraits, and he was fortunately permitted to see Puritanism in one of its strongholds. The keenness of his observation secured the fidelity of his descriptions, and enabled him to fill up his outline with those rich and forcible details, which a familiar acquaintance with the originals afforded.<sup>6</sup>

At the restoration of the exiled monarch, when loyalty expected the reward of its fidelity and the recompense of its losses, Butler appears to have suffered the same disappointment that met other claimants; and silently and unobtrusively retreating from the conflict of avarice and importunity,

<sup>6</sup> It is supposed that Sir Samuel Luke is ridiculed under the character of Hudibras: the reason of the conjecture is founded on Hudib. P. i. c. 1. ver. 904:—

'Tis sung, there is a valiant Mamaluke,  
In foreign land yclep'd—;

and the ballad entitled "A Tale of the Cobbler and Vicar of Bray," in the posthumous works, p. 285, but this ballad is not proved to be genuine. Nash says, "he was informed by a bencher of Gray's Inn, who had it from an acquaintance of Butler's, that the person intended was Sir Henry Rosewell, of Ford Abbey, in Devonshire," but adds, "these would be probable reasons to deprive Bedfordshire of the Hero, did not Butler, in his Memoirs of 1649, give the same description of Sir Samuel Luke, and in his Dunstable Downs, ex-

he accepted the Secretaryship to Richard, Earl of Carbury, Lord President of the Principality of Wales, who made him Steward of Ludlow Castle, where the court of the marches was removed. About this time, he married Mrs. Herbert,<sup>7</sup> a gentlewoman of good family, but who had lost most of her fortune, by placing it on bad securities, in those very dangerous and uncertain times. A. Wood says, that he was Secretary to George, Duke of Buckingham, when he was Chancellor of Cambridge, that the Duke treated him with kindness and generosity; and that in common with almost all men of wit and learning, he enjoyed the friendship of the celebrated Earl of Dorset. The author of his Life, prefixed to his Poems, says, that the integrity of his life, the acuteness of his wit, and the easiness of his conversation, rendered him acceptable to all; but that he avoided a multiplicity of acquaintance. The accounts both of the patronage of the Duke of Buckingham and the

pressly style Sir Samuel Luke, Sir Hudibras;" the name was borrowed from Spenser, F. Q. 11. i. 17.

He that made love unto the eldest dame  
Was hight Sir Hudibras, an hardy man.

It is supposed that Lilly the astrologer was represented under the person of Sidrophel; though Sir Paul Neal, who denied Butler to be the author of Hudibras, has been mentioned as the person intended. Vide Grey's Hudibras, ii. 105, 388, 1st edit.; and Nash's Hudibras, vol. ii. p. 308, that *Whachum* was meant for Sir George Wharton, does not appear to rest on any proof; v. Biographia, Art. Sherborne, note (B).

<sup>7</sup> A. Wood says, that she was a widow, and that Butler supported himself by her jointure, deriving nothing from the practice of the law.

Secretaryship are disbelieved by Dr. Johnson, on the following grounds:—"Mr. Wycherley," says Major Paëke, "had always laid hold of any opportunity which offered of representing to the Duke of Buckingham how well Mr. Butler had deserved of the royal family, by writing his inimitable *Hudibras*, and that it was a reproach to the Court that a person of his loyalty and wit, should suffer in obscurity, and under the wants he did. The duke always seemed to hearken to him with attention enough, and after some time undertook to recommend his pretensions to his Majesty. Mr. Wycherley, in hopes to keep him steady to his word, obtained of his Grace to name a day, when he might introduce that modest and unfortunate poet to his new patron. At last an appointment was made, and the place of meeting was agreed to be the Roebuck. Mr. Butler and his friend attended accordingly; the duke joined them, but as the devil would have it, the door of the room where they sat was open, and his Grace, who had seated himself near it, observing a pimp of his acquaintance (the creature too was a knight) trip by with a brace of ladies, immediately quitted his engagement to follow another kind of business, at which he was more ready than to do good offices to those of desert, though no one was better qualified than he, both in regard to his fortune and understanding, to protect them; and from that time to the day of his death, poor Butler never found the least effect of his promise."

This story may be believed or not; to me, I confess, it appears more like a well-dressed fiction

of Wycherley's than the truth; why the accidental interruption of the interview should never after have been repaired, does not appear; but there is a better testimony in some verses of Butler, which were published by Mr. Thyer: "which are written (says Johnson) with a degree of acrimony, such as neglect and disappointment might naturally excite, and such as it would be hard to imagine Butler capable of expressing against a man who had any claim to his gratitude."

In 1663, the first part of *Hudibras*, in three cantos, was published,<sup>8</sup> when more than fifty years had matured the author's genius, and given large scope to his experience of mankind. It was speedily known at court, through the influence of the Earl of Dorset.<sup>9</sup> The king praised, the courtiers, of course, admired, and the royalists greeted a production which certainly covered their now fallen enemies with all the derision and contempt which wit and genius could command. In 1664, the second part appeared; and the author, as well as the public, watched with anxiety for the reward which he was to receive from the gratitude of the king; like the other expectants of Charles's bounty, which was drained off into very different channels, they watched in vain. Clarendon, says Wood,

<sup>8</sup> Some verses in the first edition of *Hudibras* were afterwards omitted for reasons of state, as

Did not the learned Glynne and Maynard,  
To make good subjects traitors, strain hard.  
Was not the king, by proclamation,  
Declared a traitor through the nation.

<sup>9</sup> See Prior's Dedication to his Poems.

gave him reason to hope for places and employments of value and credit, but he never received them ; and the story of the king's presenting him with a purse of three hundred guineas appears also to rest on no competent authority. To compensate for the neglect of the court, and of a king, who, in truth, cared for no one but himself, and who possessed neither public honour, nor private principle, it is difficult to say, whether Butler may have been satisfied with the approbation of the people ; or how far the love of his art, confidence in his own genius, and a natural fondness for a successful production, may have induced him to continue his poem ; certainly in four years more he published the third part, which still leaves the work unfinished. What he ultimately intended, it is impossible to conjecture from a narrative which has no consistent plan, or progress. He may have been wearied of it, or he may not have had time to continue it ; for he died two years after its appearance, in his sixty-ninth year, on the 25th of September, 1680 ;<sup>1</sup> and was buried very privately by his friend Mr. Longueville, in the church-yard of St. Paul, Covent-Garden, at his private expense ; for he had in vain solicited an honourable and public funeral in Westminster Abbey. His grave was at the west-end of the

<sup>1</sup> A. Wood says he died of a consumption ; Oldham says he was carried off by a fever ; but as he was near three score and ten, we may be spared any further investigation. Mr. Longueville says he lived for some years in Rose Street, Covent Garden, and probably died there : that notwithstanding his disappointments he was never reduced to want or beggary, and that he did not die in any person's debt.

church-yard on the north side; "his feet," says Aubrey, "touch the wall; his grave, two yards distant from the pilaster of the door, by his desire six foot deep. About twenty-five of his old acquaintances at his funeral, I myself being one." The burial service was read over him by the learned Dr. Simon Patrick, then Rector of the parish, and afterwards Bishop of Ely. Dr. Johnson says, that Mr. Lowndes of the Treasury, informed Dr. Zachary Pearce,<sup>2</sup> that Butler was allowed a yearly pension of a hundred pounds; but this, as Johnson says, is contradicted by all tradition, by the complaints of Oldham,<sup>3</sup> and the reproaches of Dryden. About forty years after, Mr. Barber, whose name is familiar to all persons conversant with the literature of that time, who was a printer, and Lord Mayor of London, erected a monument in Westminster Abbey to the poet's memory; the inscription will prove how warmly he approved his principles.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> See Granger's Biog. Hist. of England, vol. iv. p. 40.

<sup>3</sup> See Oldham's 'Satire against Poetry,' and Dryden's 'Hind and Panther,' and Otway's 'Prologue to the Tragedy of Constantine the Great.' Butler twice transcribed the following distich in his Common-place Book:

To think how *Spenser* died, how *Cowley* mourn'd,  
How *Butler's* faith and service were return'd.

<sup>4</sup> In the additions to Pope's works, published by George Steevens, i. p. 13, are some lines said to be written by Pope on this monument erected by Barber.

Respect to Dryden Sheffield justly paid,  
And noble Villars honour'd Cowley's shade.  
But whence this Barber? that a name so mean  
Should, join'd with Butler's, on a tomb be seen;  
The pyramid would better far proclaim  
To future ages humbler Settle's name;

M. S.

SAMUELIS BUTLERI,

Qui Strenshamiae in agro Vigorn. nat. 1612,  
 obiit Lond. 1680.

Vir doctus imprimis, acer, integer ;  
 Operibus ingenii, non item præmiis fœlix :  
 Satyrici apud nos carminis artifex egregius ;  
 Quo simulatæ religionis larvam detraxit,  
 Et perduellium scelera liberrime exagitavit ;  
 Scriptorum in suo genere, primus et postremus.  
 Ne, cui vivo deerant ferè omnia,  
 Deessit etiam mortuo tumulus,  
 Hoc tandem posito marmore, curavit  
 Johannes Barber, civis Londinensis, 1721.<sup>5</sup>

After his death, three small volumes were published bearing the title of his posthumous pieces in verse and prose ; they are, however, all spurious, except the ode on Duval and two of the prose tracts : but the volumes subsequently given to the

Poet and patron then had been well pair'd,  
 The city printer and the city bard.

The lines also by Samuel Wesley are well known (vide Poems, 4to. 1736, p. 62.)

While Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,  
 No generous patron would a dinner give ;  
 See him, when starved to death and turn'd to dust,  
 Presented with a monumental bust.  
 The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,  
 He ask'd for bread, and he received a stone.

<sup>5</sup> See Delineation of Butler's Monument in Dart's Westminster Abbey, pl. 3, tom. 1, pp. 78, 79. With regard to the monument erected in St. Paul's, Covent Garden, in 1786 (when the church was repaired), at the expense of some of the parishioners, on the south side of the church (inside) with the inscription, see Nash's Life of Butler, xiii. See engraving of it in Nash's Life of Butler, p. xxxix. An engraving of the monument in Westminster Abbey is in the same work, p. 678. Within the last few years a marble tablet has been erected to his memory in the parish church of his native village, Strensham, by John Taylor, Esq., who now owns the estate on which the poet was born.

world by Mr. Thyer, keeper of the public library at Manchester, are genuine<sup>6</sup> and valuable. "As to these *remains* of Butler," says Warburton in his Letters (cxxx), "they are certainly his; but they would not strike the public, if that public was honest; but the public is a malicious monster, which cares not what it affords to dead merit, so it can but depress the living. There was something singular in this same Butler; besides an infinite deal of wit, he had great sense and penetration, both in the sciences and in the world. Yet with all this, he could never plan a work or tell a story well. The first appears from his *Hudibras*; the other from his *Elephant in the Moon*. He evidently appears to be dissatisfied with it, by turning it into long verse, but that was his forte; the fault lay in the manner of telling, not but he might have another reason for trying his talents at heroic verse—emulation. Dryden had burst out in a surprising manner; and, in such a case, the poetic world, as we have seen by a late instance, is always full of imitations.<sup>6</sup> But Butler's heroics are poor stuff; indeed only doggerel made languid by heavy expletives. This attempt in the change of his measure was the sillier, not only as he acquired the mastery in

<sup>6</sup> What genuine remains of Butler Thyer did *not* publish, were all in the hands either of Dr. R. Farmer or Dr. Nash, and had been seen by Atterbury. See *Life* by Nash, xvi. James Massey, Esq. of Rosthern, Cheshire, had Butler's *Common Place Book*. Some law cases from Coke upon *Littleton*, drawn up in Norman-French by Butler, were bought by Dr. Nash of Butler's relation in Buckinghamshire. He had also a French Dictionary compiled by him, and part of a tragedy of Nero.



the short measure, but as that measure, somehow or other, suits best with his sort of wit. His characters are full of cold puerilities, though intermixed with abundance of wit and with a great deal of good sense. He is sometimes wonderfully fine both in his sentiment and expression, as when he defines 'the Proud Man to be a Fool in fermentation;' and when speaking of the Antiquary, he says, 'he has a great veneration for words that are stricken in years and are grown so aged that they have outlived their employments:' but the great fault in these characters is that they are a bad and false species of composition.<sup>7</sup> As for his editor he is always in the wrong when there was a possibility of his mistaking. I could not but smile at his detecting Pope's plagiarisms about the Westphalia hogs, when I reflected, that in a very little time, when the chronology is not well attended to, your fine note about the ambergris will be understood by every one as a ridicule upon it; and, indeed, an excellent one it is: notwithstanding, I wish this fellow would give us a new edition of Hudibras, for the reason he mentions."

A. Wood ascribed to Butler two pamphlets, supposed, he says, falsely to be William Pryn's. The one entitled "Mola Asinaria," or the unreasonable and insupportable Burden pressed upon the Shoulders of this groaning Nation. London, 1659, in one sheet, 4to. The other, Two Letters; one from John Audland, a quaker, to William Pryn; the other, Pryn's Answer; in three

<sup>7</sup> See some excellent observations on this style of writing in *Retrospect. Rev.* vol. iii. art. iv. 'Fuller's Church History.'

sheets in folio, 1672. The author of his life also adds, that he had seen a small poem, of one sheet in quarto, on Duval the highwayman, said to be written by Butler. These formed part of the posthumous pieces above mentioned; to which may be added the fragment given to Mr. Aubrey by the poet himself, and printed by the writer of his life. It is said that Butler did not shine in conversation till he had taken a cheerful glass, though he was no intemperate drinker. The following story is told in the British Biography:—“Before he (Butler) was personally known to the Earl of Dorset, that nobleman had a great desire to spend an evening with him as a private gentleman; and with that view prevailed on Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd to introduce him into his company at a tavern which they used, in the character only of a common friend. This being done, Mr. Butler, we are told, whilst the first bottle was drinking, appeared very flat and heavy, at the second bottle extremely brisk and lively, full of wit and learning, and a most pleasant agreeable companion, but before the third bottle was finished, sunk again into such stupidity and dulness, that hardly any body could have believed him to be the author of *Hudibras*, a book abounding with so much wit, learning, and pleasantry. Next morning Mr. Shepherd asked his lordship’s opinion of Mr. Butler, who answered, ‘He is like a nine-pin, little at both ends, but great in the middle.’<sup>8</sup> Johnson sums up the personal history of the poet by say-

<sup>8</sup> A. Wood says, “Butler was a boon and witty companion, especially among the company he knew well.”

ing, 'In this mist of obscurity passed the life of Butler, a man whose name can only perish with his language.' The date of his birth is doubtful, the mode and place of his education are unknown, the events of his life are variously related, and all that can be told with certainty is that he was poor."

A list of the portraits of Butler, in painting and engraving, may be found in Granger's History of England;<sup>9</sup> a portrait of him by Lely is in the Picture Gallery at Oxford; and another, by the same hand, formerly in the possession of Mr. Longueville, became the property of Mr. Hayter of Salisbury. Another likeness of him by Zoort, was formerly in the collection of the celebrated Mr. Charles Jennins. Several prints of him by Vertue are also prefixed to different editions of his works.

The merit of Hudibras (it has been well observed),<sup>1</sup> certainly lies in its style and execution, and by no means in the structure of the story. The action of the story as it stands, and interrupted as it is, occupies but three days, and it is clear from the opening line, 'When civil dudgeon first grew high,' that it was meant to bear date

<sup>9</sup> See vol. iv. p. 38, &c. A mezzotint print of Lord Grey has been altered to Butler.

<sup>1</sup> See Campbell's Specimens of Br. Poets, vol. iv. p. 205. The principal actions of the poem, says Nash, are four. 1. Hudibras's victory over Crowdero. 2. Trulla's victory over Hudibras. 3. Hudibras's victory over Sidrophel. 4. The Widow's antimasquerade. The rest is made up of the adventures of the Bear, of the Skimmington, Hudibras's conversations with the Lawyer and Sidrophel, and his long disputations with Ralpho and the Widow.

with the civil wars. Yet after two days and nights are completed, the Poet skips at once, in the third part, to Oliver Cromwell's death, and then returns to retrieve his hero, and conduct him through the last canto. Before the third part of *Hudibras* appeared, a great space of time had elapsed, since the publication of the first. Charles the Second had been fifteen years asleep on the throne, and Butler seems to have felt that the ridicule of the sectaries was a stale subject. The final interest of the piece, therefore, dwindles into the Widow's repulse of Sir Hudibras, a topic which has been suspected to allude not so much to the Presbyterians, as to the reigning monarch's dotage upon his mistresses. "Burlesque," says Shenstone, "may perhaps be divided into such as turns chiefly on the thought and such as depends more on the expression, or we may add a third kind, consisting in thoughts ridiculously dressed, in language much above or below their dignity. The *Splendid Shilling* of Phillips, and the *Hudibras* of Butler are the most obvious instances. Butler, however, depended much on the ludicrous effect of his double rhymes; in other respects, to declare your sentiments, he is rather a witty writer, than a humorous one."<sup>2</sup> The defect of Butler's poem undoubtedly consists, in what has been already mentioned,—the poverty of the incidents, and the incompleteness and irregularity of the design. The slender strain of narrative which is just visible in the commencement,<sup>3</sup> soon dwindles away and is

<sup>2</sup> Shenstone's Works, vol. ii. p. 182, third ed.

<sup>3</sup> "Butler set out on too narrow a plan, and even that

lost. It is true that the poem abounds with curious and uncommon learning, with original thoughts, happy images, quaint and eomic turns of expression, and new and fanciful rhymes. But the humour, instead of being diffused quietly and unostentatiously over the whole poem, in rich harmonious colouring, is collected into short epigrammatic sentences, pointed apothegms, and unexpected allusions. It has the same merits and defects as a poem of a very different kind—Young's Night Thoughts,—copious invention, new and pleasing images, and brilliant thoughts; with a want of sufficient connexion in the subject, and progress in the story. There is no poem at all resembling Hudibras in character in our language; but parts of it are not dissimilar to the style and manner of some prose writings of the time, which were published under the name of 'Characters,' and which, like Butler's poem, dazzle rather than delight by successive flashes of wit, and a rapid play of fancy. It may be observed that the defects and merits of this work are *practically* made known by the manner in which it is read. Its want of story and incident seldom permits a continued perusal; while the abundance of its wise<sup>4</sup>

design is not kept up. He sinks into little true particulars about the Widow, &c. The enthusiastic Knight, and the ignorant Squire, over religious in two different ways, and always quarrelling together, is the chief point of view in it." —(Pope) v. Spence's Anecdotes, p. 208. It appears from some passages in Warburton's Correspondence, that *Gray* did not much admire this poem of Butler's.

<sup>4</sup> "Though scarcely any author was ever able to express his thoughts in so few *words* as Butler, he often employs too many thoughts on one subject, and thus becomes prolix after

and witty sayings insures a constant recurrence to its pages. As little can be added to the character of the work which Johnson has given, and as it would be presumptuous to hope to express his thoughts in any language but his own, we shall conclude with extracting from his *Life of Butler* the following critical opinion of his work.

“The poem of *Hudibras* is one of those compositions of which a nation may justly boast; as the images which it exhibits are domestic, the sentiments unborrowed and unexpected, and the strain of diction original and peculiar. We must not, however, suffer the pride, which we assume as the countrymen of Butler, to make any encroachment upon justice, nor appropriate those honours which others have a right to share. The poem of *Hudibras* is not wholly English; the original idea is to be found in the history of *Don Quixote*; a book to which a mind of the greatest powers may be indebted without disgrace. Cervantes shows a man, who having by the incessant perusal of incredible tales, subjected his understanding<sup>5</sup> to his imagination, and familiarized his mind by pertinacious meditation to trains of incredible events and scenes of impossible existence; goes out in the pride of knighthood to redress wrongs and defend virgins, to rescue captive princesses, and tumble usurpers from their thrones, attended by a squire, whose cunning, too low for the suspicion of a generous mind, enables him often to cheat his master.

an unusual manner.”—See Hume’s *Hist. of England*, vol. viii. p. 337.

<sup>5</sup> Would not “reason” be the more proper word?

“The hero of Butler is a presbyterian justice, who, in the confidence of legal authority and the rage of zealous ignorance, ranges the country to repress superstition and correct abuses, accompanied by an *independent* clerk, disputatious and obstinate, with whom he often debates, but never conquers him.

“Cervantes had so much kindness for Don Quixote, that, however he embarrasses him with absurd distresses, he gives him so much sense and virtue, as may preserve our esteem. Wherever he is or whatever he does, he is made by matchless dexterity, commonly ridiculous, but never contemptible.

“But for poor Hudibras, his poet had no tenderness, he chooses not that any pity should be shewn, or respect paid him. He gives him up at once to laughter and contempt, without any quality that can dignify or protect him. In forming the character of Hudibras, and describing his person and habiliments, the author seems to labour with a tumultuous confusion of dissimilar ideas. He had read the history of the mock knights-errant, he knew the notions and manners of a Presbyterian magistrate, and tried to unite the absurdities of both, however distant, in one personage.<sup>6</sup> Thus he gives him that pedantic ostentation

<sup>6</sup> “One great object,” says Nash, “of our Poet’s satire, is to unmask the hypocrite and to exhibit in a light at once odious and ridiculous, the Presbyterians and Independents, and all other sects, which in our Poet’s days amounted to near two hundred, and were enemies to the king; but his further view was to banter all the false and erase all the suspicious pretences to learning that prevailed in his time, such as astrology, sympathetic medicine, alchymy, transfusion of

tation of knowledge, which has no relation to chivalry, and loads him with martial encumbrances, that can add nothing to his civil dignity. He sends him out a *colonelling*, and yet never brings him within sight of war. If Hudibras be considered as the representative of the Presbyterians, it is not easy to say why his weapons should be represented as ridiculous or useless; for whatever judgment might be passed on their knowledge, or their arguments, experience had sufficiently shown that their swords were not to be despised. The hero, thus compounded of swagger and pedant, of knight and justice, is led forth to action, with his Squire Ralpho, an independent enthusiast. Of the contexture of events planned by the author, which is called the action of the poem, since it is left imperfect, no judgment can be made. It is probable that the hero was to be led through many luckless adventures, which would give occasion, like his attack upon the Bear and Fiddle, to expose the ridiculous rigour of the sectaries, like his encounter with Sidrophel and Whachum, to make superstition and credulity contemptible; or like his recourse to the low retailer of the law, discover the fraudulent practices of different professions.

“What series of events he would have formed, or in what manner he would have rewarded or blood, trifling experimental philosophy, fortune-telling, incredible relations of travellers, false wit and injudicious affectation of ornament to be found in the poets and romance writers; thus he frequently alludes to Purchas’s Pilgrims, Sir K. Digby’s books, Bulwar’s Artificial Changeling, Brown’s Vulgar Errors, Burton’s Melancholy, the early Transactions of the Royal Society, &c.”



punished his hero, it is now vain to conjecture. His work must have had, it seems, the defect which Dryden imputes to Spenser, the action could not have been one: those could only have been a succession of incidents, each of which might have happened without the rest, and which could not all co-operate to any single conclusion. The discontinuity of the action might, however, have been easily forgiven; if there had been action enough, but I believe every reader regrets the paucity of events, and complains that in the poem of Hudibras, as in the History of Thucydides, there is more said than done. The scenes are too seldom changed, and the attention is tired with long conversation. It is indeed much more easy to form dialogues than to contrive adventures. Every position makes way for an argument, and every objection dictates an answer. When two disputants are engaged on a complicated and extensive question, the difficulty is not to continue, but to end the controversy. But whether it be, that we comprehend but few of the possibilities of life, or that life itself affords little variety, every man who has tried, knows how much labour it will cost to form such a combination of circumstances as shall have at once the grace of novelty and credibility, and delight fancy without violence to reason. Perhaps the dialogue of this poem is not perfect. Some power of engaging the attention might have been added to it, by quicker reciprocation, by seasonable interruptions, by sudden questions, and by a nearer approach to dramatic sprightliness; without which,

fictitious speeches will always tire, however sparkling with sentences, and however variegated with allusions. The great source of pleasure is variety. Uniformity must tire at last, though it be an uniformity of excellence. We love to expect, and when expectation is disappointed, or gratified, we want to be again expecting. For this impatience of the present, whoever would please must make provision. The skilful writer, *irritat, mulcet*, makes a due distribution of the still and animated parts. It is for want of this artful intertexture, and those necessary changes, that the whole of a book may be tedious, though all the parts are praised.

“ If inexhaustible wit could give perpetual pleasure, no eye could ever leave half-read the work of Butler; for what poet has ever brought so many remote images so happily together? It is scarcely possible to peruse a page without finding some association of images that was never found before. By the first paragraph the reader is amused, by the next he is delighted, and by a few more strained to astonishment, but astonishment is a toilsome pleasure. He is soon weary of wandering, and longs to be diverted.

Omnia vult belle Matho dicere, dic aliquando  
Et bene, dic neutrum, dic aliquando male.

Imagination is useless without knowledge; nature gives in vain the power of combination, unless study and observation supply materials to be combined. Butler's treasures of knowledge appear proportioned to his expense. Whatever topic

employs his mind, he shows himself qualified to expand and illustrate it with all the accessories that books can furnish. He is found not only to have travelled the beaten road, but the bye-paths of literature; not only to have taken general surveys, but to have examined particulars with minute inspection. If the French boast the learning of Rabelais, we need not be afraid of confronting them with Butler. But the most valuable parts of his performance are those which retired study and native wit cannot supply. He that merely makes a book from books may be useful, but can scarcely be great. Butler had not suffered life to glide by him unseen or unobserved. He had watched with great diligence the operations of human nature, and traced the effects of opinion, humour, interest, and passion. From such remarks proceeded that great number of sententious distichs, which have passed into conversation, and are added as proverbial axioms to the general stock of practical knowledge. When any work has been viewed and admired, the first question of intelligent curiosity is, how was it performed? Hudibras was not a hasty effusion; it was not produced by a sudden tumult of imagination, or a short paroxysm of violent labour. To accumulate such a mass of sentiments at the call of accidental desire, or of sudden necessity, is beyond the reach and power of the most active and comprehensive mind. I am informed by Mr. Thyer, of Manchester, that excellent editor of this author's reliques, that he could show something like Hudibras in prose. He has in his possession the

common-place book in which Butler repositied not such events and precepts as are gathered by reading, but such remarks, similitudes, allusions, assemblages, or inferences, as occasion prompted, or meditation produced, those thoughts that were generated in his own mind, and might be usefully applied to some future purpose. Such is the labour of those who write for immortality:<sup>7</sup> but human works are not easily found without a perishable part. Of the ancient poets every reader feels the mythology tedious and oppressive; of Hudibras, the manners being founded on

<sup>7</sup> Butler crowds into his confined circle all the treasures of art and the accumulations of learning. He gives full measure to his readers, heaped up and running over. Thought crowds upon thought, and witticism on witticism, in rapid and dazzling succession. Every topic and every incident is made the most of: his bye-play always tells. Many of his happiest sallies appear to escape him as if by accident. Many of his hardest hits appear to be merely chance-blows. A description of a bear-ward brings in a sneer at Sir K. Digby, and his powder of sympathy; and an account of a tinker's doxy introduces a pleasantry on Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert. There is always an undercurrent of satiric allusion beneath the main stream of his satire. The juggling of astrology, the besetting folly of alchymy, the transfusion of blood, the sympathetic medicines, the learned trifling of experimental philosophers, the knavery of fortune-tellers, and the folly of their dupes, the marvellous relations of travellers, the subtleties of the school divines, the freaks of fashion, the fantastic extravagancies of lovers, the affectations of piety, and the absurdities of romance, are interwoven with his subject, and soften down and relieve his dark delineation of fanatical violence and perfidy. \* \* Butler was by no means deficient in humour, but it is cast into a dim eclipse by the predominance of his wit. His characters do not show themselves off unconsciously as fools or coxcombs: they are set up as marks at which the author levels all the shafts of his ridicule and sarcasm. r. *Retrospect. Rev.* vol. iii. p. 333.

opinions, are temporary and local, and therefore become every day less intelligible and less striking. What Cicero says of philosophy is true likewise of wit and humour, that time effaces the fictions of opinion, and confirms the determinations of nature. Such manners as depend upon standing relations and general passions are co-extended with the race of man; but those modifications of life and peculiarities of practice, which are the progeny of error and perverseness, or at best, of some accidental influence, or transient persuasion, must perish with their parents. Much, therefore, of that humour which transported the last century with merriment is lost to us, who do not know the sour solemnity, the sullen superstition, the gloomy moroseness, and the stubborn scruples of the ancient Puritans; or, if we know them, derive our information only from books, or from tradition; have never had them before our eyes, and cannot but by recollection and study understand the lines in which they are satirized. Our grandfathers knew the picture from the life; we judge of the life by contemplating the picture.

“It is scarcely possible, in the regularity and composure of the present time, to image the tumult of absurdity and clamour of contradiction, which perplexed doctrine, disordered practice, and disturbed both public and private quiet, in that age when subordination was broken, and awe was hissed away; when any unsettled innovator, who could hatch a half-formed notion, produced it to the public; when every man might become a preacher, and almost every preacher could collect a

congregation. The wisdom of the nation is very reasonably supposed to reside in the parliament; what can be concluded of the lower classes of the people, when in one of the parliaments summoned by Cromwell, it was seriously proposed, that all the records in the Tower should be burned, that all memory of things passed should be effaced, and that the whole system of life should commence anew! We have never been witnesses of animosities excited by the use of mince pies and plum porridge, nor seen with what abhorrence those who could eat them at all other times of the year, should shrink from them in December. An old Puritan, who was alive in my childhood, being at one of the feasts of the Church, invited by a neighbour to partake his cheer, told him that if he would treat him at an alehouse with beer brewed for all times and seasons, he should accept his kindness, but would have none of his superstitious meats and drinks. One of the puritanical tenets was the illegality of all games of chance, and he that reads Gataker upon Lots, may see how much learning and reason one of the first scholars of his age thought necessary to prove that it was no crime to throw a die, or play at cards, or hide a shilling for the reckoning. Astrology, however, against which so much of the satire is directed, was not more the folly of the Puritans than of others; it had in that time a very extensive dominion; its predictions raised hopes and fears in minds which ought to have rejected it with contempt. In hazardous undertakings care was taken to begin under the influence of a propitious planet; and when the

king was prisoner in Carisbrook Castle, an astrologer was consulted what hour would be found most favourable to an escape. What effect this poem had upon the public, whether it shamed imposture, or reclaimed credulity, is not easily determined, cheats can seldom stand long against laughter; it is certain that the credit of planetary intelligence wore fast away, though some men of knowledge, and Dryden among them, continued to believe that conjunctions and oppositions had a great part in the distribution of good or evil, and in the government of sublunary things.

“Poetical action ought to be probable upon certain suppositions; and such probability as burlesque requires is here violated only by one incident. Nothing can show more plainly the necessity of doing something, and the difficulty of finding something to do, than that Butler was reduced to transfer to his hero the flagellation of *Sancho*, not the most agreeable fiction of *Cervantes*, very suitable indeed to the manners of that age and nation, which ascribed wonderful efficacy to voluntary penances; but so remote from the practice and opinions of the *Hudibrastic* time, that judgment and imagination are alike offended. The diction of this poem is grossly familiar, and the numbers purposely neglected, except in a few places where the thoughts by their native excellence secure themselves from violation, being such as mean language cannot express. The mode of versification has been blamed by *Dryden*, who regrets that the heroic measure was not rather chosen. To the critical sentence of *Dryden* the

highest reverence would be due, were not his decisions often precipitate, and his opinions immature. When he wished to change the measure, he probably would have been willing to change more. If he intended that when the numbers were heroic, the diction should still remain vulgar, he planned a very heterogeneous and unnatural composition. If he preferred a general stateliness both of sound and words, he can only be understood to wish Butler had undertaken a different work. The measure is quick, sprightly, and colloquial, suitable to the vulgarity of the words, and the levity of the sentiments, but such numbers and such diction can gain regard only when they are used by a writer whose vigour of fancy and copiousness of knowledge entitle him to contempt of ornaments, and who in confidence of the novelty and justness of his conceptions, can afford to throw metaphors and epithets away. To another that conveys common thoughts in careless versification, it will only be said, 'Pauper videri Cinna vult, et est pauper.' The meaning and diction will be worthy of each other, and criticism may justly doom them to perish together. Nor even though another Butler should arise, would another Hudibras obtain the same regard. Burlesque consists in a disproportion between the style and the sentiments, or between the adventitious sentiments and the fundamental subject. It, therefore, like all bodies compounded of heterogeneous parts, contains in it a principle of corruption. All disproportion is unnatural, and from what is unnatural we can derive only the pleasure



which novelty produces. We admire it awhile as a strange thing ; but when it is no longer strange we perceive its deformity. It is a kind of artifice which by frequent repetition detects itself : and the reader, learning in time what he is to expect, lays down his book, as the spectator turns away from a second exhibition of those tricks, of which the only use is to show they can be played."





## NOTES.

Page vii.

**O**N Sir Samuel Luke being represented by Hudibras, see Dr. Grey's Preface, p. iv. where by a reverend and learned person, *Warburton* is meant, see D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature* (new series) vol. i. p. 235, on this point. The *Grub Street Journal* says, one Col. Rolle, a Devonshire man. The old tutelär saint of Devonshire was Hugh de Bras, see *Edinburgh Review*, No. LXVII. 159. The author of a curious article in the *Censor*, No. XVI. (*v. Gent. Mag.*) called "Memoirs of Sir Samuel Luke," observes, An unauthenticated story prevails that Butler once lived in the service of Sir Samuel Luke, and has increased with a succession of writers, like a rolling ball of snow. Wood and Aubrey, who had both access to credible information, say nothing about it; and it first occurs in an anonymous life prefixed to his poems. Towneley, in his *Memoir*, insinuates that he behaved with ingratitude; 'Il me semble qu'il doit épargner le chevalier Luke, son bienfaiteur, que la gratitude et la reconnaissance auraient du mettre à couvert contre les traits de la satire de votre auteur.' But for the climax of this representation we are in-

debted to the Edinb. Review (Art. Hogg's Jacobite Relics), in which the critic roundly asserts that "Butler lived in the family, supported by the bounty of Sir Samuel Luke, one of Cromwell's captains, at the very time he planned his Hudibras, of which he was pleased to make his kind friend and hospitable patron the Hero." Now (he continues) we defy the history of whiggism to match this anecdote, or to produce so choice a specimen of the human nettle!

P. x. Gratitude of the king.] According to the verses in Butler's 'Hudibras at Court,' (v. Remains).

Now you must know, Sir Hudibras  
 With such perfections gifted was,  
 And so peculiar in his manner,  
 That all that saw him, did him honor.  
 Among the rest this prince was one  
 Admired his conversation.  
 This prince, whose ready wit and parts  
 Conquer'd both men and women's hearts:  
 Was so o'ercome with Knight and Ralph,  
 That he could never clear it off.  
 He never eat, nor drank, nor slept,  
 But Hudibras still near him kept;  
 Nor would he go to church, or so,  
 But Hudibras must with him go.  
 Nor yet to visit concubine,  
 Or at a city feast to dine;  
 But Hudibras must still be there,  
 Or all the fat was in the fire.  
 Now after all, was it not hard  
 That he should meet with no reward,  
 That fitted out this Knight and Squire,  
 This monarch did so much admire;  
 That he should never reimburse  
 The man for th' equipage and horse,  
 Is sure a strange ungrateful thing  
 In any body but a king;  
 But this good king, it seems, was told  
 By some that were with him too bold,

If e'er you hope to gain your ends,  
 Caress your foes, and trust your friends.  
 Such were the doctrines that were taught,  
 Till this unthinking king was brought  
 To leave his friends to starve and die,  
 A poor reward for loyalty.

Oldham, in his Satire against Poetry, writes thus :

On Butler, who can think without just rage,  
 The glory and the scandal of the age?  
 Fair stood his hopes, when first he came to town,  
 Met everywhere with welcomes of renown.  
 Courted and loved by all, with wonder read,  
 And promises of princely favour fed.  
 But what reward for all had he at last,  
 After a life in dull expectance past?  
 The wretch, at summing up his misspent days,  
 Found nothing left but poverty and praise.  
 Of all his gains by verse he could not save  
 Enough to purchase flannel and a grave.  
 Reduced to want, he in due time fell sick,  
 Was fain to die, and be interred on tick,  
 And well might bless the fever that was sent  
 To rid him hence, and his worse fate prevent.

And Dryden, in the Hind and Panther :

Unpitied Hudibras, your champion friend  
 Has shown how far your charities extend.  
 This lasting verse shall on his tomb be read,  
 'He shamed you living, and upbraids you dead.'

P. xiii. Epitaph on Butler, by John Dennis, never before published, in D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, (new series), vol. i. p. 240 :

Near this place lies interred  
 The body of Mr. Samuel Butler,  
 Author of Hudibras.  
 He was a whole species of poet in one,  
 Admirable in a manner,  
 In which no one else has been tolerable :  
 A manner which began and ended with him,  
 In which he knew no guide,  
 And has found no followers.

P. xx. On the versification of *Hudibras*, see Dryden's *Ded. to Juvenal*, 1735, p. 100; to which Johnson alludes. See also Addison's *Spectator*, vol. i, No. ix. See also Prior's *Alma*, (c. ii. imit):

But shall we take the muse abroad,  
To drop her idly on the road?  
And leave our subject in the middle,  
As Butler did his bear and fiddle?  
Yet he, consummate master, knew  
When to recede and when pursue.  
His noble negligences teach  
What others toils despair to reach.  
He, perfect dancer, climbs the rope,  
And balances your fear and hope;  
If, after some distinguish'd leap,  
He drops his pole, and seems to slip,  
Straight gathering all his active strength,  
He rises higher half his length.  
With wonder you approve his sleight,  
And owe your pleasure to your fright.  
But like poor Andrew I advance,  
False mimic of my master's dance.  
Around the cord a while I sprawl,  
And thence, though low, in earnest fall.





## APPENDIX.

### I.

**B**UTLER'S *Hudibras*; the first part printed by T. G. for Richard Mariot, under St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, 1663, 8vo. p. 268.<sup>1</sup> In the *Mercurius Aulicus*, Jan. 1-8, 166 $\frac{2}{3}$ , is an advertisement.—“ There is stolen abroad a most false and imperfect copy of a poem called *Hudibras*, without name, either of printer or bookseller ; the true and perfect edition printed by the author's original, is sold by Richard Mariot, near St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street. That other nameless impression is a cheat, and will but abuse the buyer as well as the author, whose poem deserves to have fallen into better hands.”

II. *Hudibras*, the second part, 1663. This spurious second part was published after Butler had printed his first part, and before he printed the second, and is very scarce. It ran through three editions in the

<sup>1</sup> I have also met with ‘ *Mercurius Mênippeus*, the Loyal Satirist, or *Hudibras* in Prose; written by an unknown hand, in the time of the late rebellion, but never till now published, 1682,’ a curious tract.

same year; the first two do not differ except in the type. But there was another edition still, "Hudibras, the second part, with the continuation of the third canto, to which is added a fourth canto."

Hudibras; the second part, by the author of the first; printed by T. R. for John Martyn and James Allestrey, at the Bell, in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1664, 8vo. and 12mo. It has on the title-page a wood-cut, with the publishers' device, a bell, and the letters M. A. at bottom. In the *Mercurius Publicus* for Nov. 20, 1663, is this very singular advertisement:—"Newly published, the second part of Hudibras, by the author of the former, which (if possible) has outdone the first."—In the B. Museum (Misc. Pap. Bibl. Birch. No. 4293), is the following injunction:—Charles R., our will and pleasure is, and we do hereby strictly charge and command, that no printer, bookseller, stationer, or other person, whatsoever within our kingdom of England, or Ireland, do print, reprint, utter, or sell, or cause to be printed, reprinted, uttered, or sold, a book or poem, called Hudibras, or any part thereof, without the consent and approbation of Samuel Boteler, Esq or his assigns, as they, and every of them will answer the contrary at their perils. Given at our Court at Whitehall, the 10th day of September, in the year of our Lord God, 1677, and in the 29th year of our reign, by his Majesty's command. Jo. Birkenhead.

Hudibras; the third and last part, written by the author of the first and second parts; printed for Simon Miller, at the sign of the Star, at the west end of St. Paul's, 1678, 8vo. p. 285. This part had no notes during the author's life, and who inserted them afterwards, is not known.

The first and second parts were republished in

1674. Hudibras, the first and second parts, written in the time of the late wars, corrected and amended with several additions and annotations, London, 1674, part i. p. 202 ; part ii. pp. 223-412.

III. See some lines from the first canto of Hudibras, admirably translated into Latin verse by Christopher Smart, published in *The Student, or Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany*; published by Thornton in 1750.—See Beloe's *Anecdotes*, vol. vi. p. 419. Some also by Dr. Harmer, Greek Professor at Oxford, may be seen in the notes to the *Biographia Britannica*.

IV. Dr. Grey's edition of Hudibras was published first in 1744. See on it *Gent. Mag.*, 1819, vol. xii. N. S. p. 416, 'Dr. Grey's valuable but *incorrect* edition.' In Grey's edition the *Meditations of Justice Adam Overdo in the stocks*, are inserted from B. Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*. "The soliloquy is ingeniously split into a dialogue, and one-half given to *Adam*, the other half to *Overdo*. The consulship of Julius and Cæsar was nothing to this." Dr. Grey left large additional notes, designed for a new edition, which were in the hands of Mr. Nichols. As regards the posthumous works of Butler, it appears from the authority of Mr. Thyer that very few (only three) of them are authentic. Jacob, in his *Lives of the Dramatic Poets*, p. 21, says, "not one line of those poems lately published under his (Butler's) name is genuine." See also *Gent. Mag. May*, 1819, vol. xii. N. S. p. 417, and Thyer's *Remains*, vol. i. p. 145, 302, 327. One passage occurs in the speech of the Earl of Pembroke which is curious from its strong verbal coincidence with a passage in Burke's will—"My will is that I have no



monument, for then I must have epitaphs and verses; but all my life long I have had too much of them," *v. Burke's Will, in Bisset's Life, p. 578.* "I desire that no *monument* beyond a middle-sized tablet, with a small and simple inscription on the church-wall, or on the flag stone, be erected; but *I have had in my lifetime but too much of noise and compliment.*"

V. John Townley, the translator of *Hudibras*, was an officer of the Irish brigade, and a knight of the military order of St. Louis, he was uncle to Charles Townley, Esq. who possessed the marbles and statues. See Nichols' *Hogarth*, p. 145, and *Notice sur la vie et les écrits de M. Larcher*, p. 135, in *Class. Journal*, No. 19. When the critical reviewers reviewed Tytler's *Essay on Translation*, they would not believe in the existence of this book, it was so scarce. See *Beloe's Anecdotes*, i. p. 216, 220. The publication was superintended by M. L'Abbé Tuberville Needham, and illustrated with notes by Larcher. There is an engraving of Mr. Townley by Skelton, with the following inscription:—

Ad impertiendum amicis inter Gallos  
Linguae Anglicanae nonnihil peritis  
Facetum poema Hudibras dictum  
Accurate, festiveque gallice convertit  
Hic Johannes Towneley  
Caroli Towneley de Towneley  
In agro Lancastriensi armigeri filius  
Nat. A. D. 1679. Denat. A. D. 1782.  
Grato, pioque animo fieri curavit  
Johannes Towneley, nepos 1797

Reprinted, Paris, 1819, 12mo. 3 vols. said to be a faithful reprint with the *addition* of notes by Larcher, and a *Key to Hudibras* by Zottin le jeune, and some account of the translator.

*From the Literary Cyclopædia, p. 83.*

VI. In estimating the poem of Hudibras, we should consider that genius takes every variety of form, adapts itself to every change of circumstance, and out of every object selects, according to its purpose, what is most essential to the view of truth, the exhibition of beauty or the chastisement of folly. There are conventional notions on the subject which would restrict the honours of genius to the few master minds which have led to the discovery of some great laws of nature, or displayed the highest forms of creative imagination. But it is sometimes as great proof of genius to draw pictures from daily and familiar life, and to work upon its elements, as it is to soar above them; and it is still a question for the philosophical critic to decide, whether to raise a gorgeous pyramid of dreams out of the abstractions of thought, be a higher task to master the fallacies of existence, and paint reality in all its strange and grotesque combinations. The author of Hudibras might alone afford scope to a controversy of this nature, for while he presents few, if any, of those characteristics which belong to the loftier class of minds, he so wonderfully adopts whatever is to be found in the actual world, or learnt from books, as to make his memorable lesson against bigotry one of the most remarkable productions of human ingenuity. But whatever may be the class to which Butler belongs in the Temple of Fame, there can only be one opinion respecting the value of his works, as a rich collection of lively sarcasms, often intermingled with wit, on those errors and foibles of human nature, which at once verge upon extravagance and mischief. A practical observer of the world, and an active sharer in its concerns, Butler never forgets the pleasant and

every day character of mankind. His mind was thro' roughly impressed with the subject on which he wrote, and that subject embraced the whole circle of motives, which set society in action at the period when he lived. His wit is consequently often spent upon follies which are no longer conspicuous, and his experience made lessons which it would now be unprofitable to study. There is yet so much imperishable wisdom in his writings—so many warnings against evil tempers and absurdities, of which the seeds have never to this hour been eradicated from human nature, that Butler may still be estimated as one of the noblest writers of sententious maxims to be found in the English language.

VII. *From Retrospective Review*, vol. iii. 307.

LIST OF THE IMITATIONS OF HUDIBRAS.

- |    |  |             |
|----|--|-------------|
| 1  | Hudibras, second part . . . . .  | London 1663 |
| 2  | Butler's Ghost; or, Hudibras, the fourth part . . .  | 1682        |
| 3  | Hogan Moganides; or, the Dutch Hudibras . . .  | 1674        |
| 4  | The Irish Hudibras; or, Fingallian Prince, &c. . .   | 1689        |
| 5  | The Whig's Supplication, by S. Colvil . . . . .  | 1695        |
| 6  | Pendragon; or, the Carpet Knight, his Kalendar .   | 1698        |
| 7  | The Dissenting Hypocrite; or, Occasional Con-<br>formist . . . . .   | 1704        |
| 8  | Vulgus Britannicus; or, the British Hudibras, in<br>fifteen cantos, &c. by the Author of the London<br>Spy, second edition . . . . . | 1710        |
| 9  | Hudibras Redivivus, &c. by E. Ward, no date.   |             |
| 10 | The Republican Procession; or, the Tumultuous<br>Cavalcade, second edition . . . . .   | 1714        |
| 11 | The Hudibrastic Brewer, a satire on the former<br>(No. 1C) . . . . .   | 1714        |
| 12 | Four Hudibrastic Cantos, being poems on four of<br>the greatest heroes . . . . .   | 1715        |
| 13 | Posthumous Works in Prose and Verse of Mr. S.<br>Butler, 3 vols. 12mo. 1720, and in one vol. . .                                     | 1754        |

- 14 England's Reformation, &c. a Poem, by Thomas Ward . . . . . 1747  
 15 The Irish Hudibras, Hespero-neso-graphia, by William Moffet, 1755, a reprint of No. 4.  
 16 The Poetical Works of William Meston . . . . 1767  
 17 The Alma of Matthew Prior.

For a very judicious and elegant criticism on the merits and defects of these various poems, the reader is advised to consult the article in the work from which our list is taken. The present editor, who has carefully read most of the above poems, bears his testimony to the truth and justice of the observations upon them.

“Pope, in classing the English poets for his projected discourse on the rise and progress of English Poetry, has considered Sir John Mennis and Thomas Baynal as the original of Hudibras. See Dr. Warton's Essays. Some of these pieces certainly partake of the wit, raillery, and playful versification of Butler; and this collection, it is just to remember, made its appearance eight years before the publication of Hudibras. Dr. Farmer has traced much of Butler in Cleveland.” Musarum Deliciæ, first printed, 1655.

VIII. *An Epitaph on James Duke of Hamilton.*

He that three kingdoms made one flame,  
 Blasted their beauty, burnt the frame,  
 Himself now here in ashes lies,  
 A part of this great Sacrifice :  
 Here all of HAMILTON remains,  
 Save what the other world contains.  
 But (*Reader*) it is hard to tell  
 Whether that world be Heav'n, or Hell.

A *Scotch* man enters Hell at 's birth,  
 And 'scapes it when he goes to earth,  
 Assur'd no worse a Hell can come  
 Than that which he enjoy'd at home.

Now did the Royall Workman botch  
 This Duke, halfe-*English*, and halfe-*Scotch*!

A Scot an English Earldom fits,  
 As *Purple* doth your Marmuzets ;  
 Suits like *Nol Cromwell* with the Crown,  
 Or *Bradshaw* in his Scarlet-gown.

Yet might he thus disguis'd (no lesse)  
 Have slipt to Heav'n in's *English* dresse.

But that he' in hope of life became  
 This mystick *Proteus* too as well  
 Might cheat the Devill 'scape his Hell,  
 Since to those pranks he pleas'd to play  
 Religion ever pav'd the way ;

Which he did to a *Faction* tie,  
 Not to reforme but crucifie.

'Twas he that first alarm'd the *Kirke*  
 To this prepost'rous bloody worke,  
 Upon the *King's* to place *Christ's throne*,

A step and foot-stoole to his owne ;  
 Taught Zeal a hundred tumbling tricks,  
 And Scriptures twin'd with Politicks ;

The Pulpit made a Jugler's Box,  
 Set Law and Gospell in the Stocks,

As did old *Buchanan* and *Knox*,  
 In those daies when (at once<sup>1</sup>) the *Pox*  
 And Presbyters a way did find  
 Into the world to plague mankind.

'Twas he patch'd up the new Divine,  
 Part *Calvin*, and part *Catiline*,

<sup>1</sup> *The Pox, Presbytery, and Jesuitisme, are of the same standing.*

Could too transforme (without a Spell)  
*Satan* into a *Gabriel* ;  
 Just like those pictures which we paint  
 On this side Fiend, on that side *Saint*.  
 Both this, and that, and every thing  
 He was ; for and against the King :  
 Rather than he his ends would misse,  
 Betray'd his Master with a kisse,  
 And buri'd in one common Fate  
 The glory of our *Church* and *State* :  
 The *Crown* too levell'd on the ground ;  
 And having rook't all parties round,  
 'Faith it was time then to be gone,  
 Since he had all his businesse done.  
 Next on the fatall *Block* expir'd,  
 He to this *Marble-Cell* retir'd ;  
 Where all of HAMILTON remains  
 But what Eternity contains.

Digitus Dei, or God's Justice upon Treachery  
 and Treason, exemplified in the Life and  
 Death of the late James Duke of Hamilton,  
 whereto is added an Epitaph upon him. 4to.  
 London, 1649.

This poem is ascribed to Marchamont Needham.  
 It is curious as being much in the style of Butler,  
 and being published fourteen years before *Hudibras*  
 appeared.

As it has been said, on the authority of Pope, that  
 Butler was indebted for the peculiarities of his style  
 to "*Musarum Deliciæ, or Wit's Recreation*;" and  
 as that work is not in the possession of any but a few  
 persons who are curious in poetry, it has been thought  
 advisable to afford an extract or two from it. It was  
 first printed in 1655.

“ A letter to Sir John Mennis, when the Parliament denied the King money to pay the army, unless a priest, whom the King had reprieved, might be executed. Sir John at the same time wanting the money for provisions for his troop, desired me by his letter to goe to the priest, and to persuade him to dye for the good of the army, saying,

What is't for him to hang an heure,  
To give an army strengthe, and power? ”

## THE REPLY.

By my last letter, John, thou see'st  
What I have done to soften priest,  
Yet could not with all I could say  
Persuade him hang, to get thee pay.  
Thou swad, quoth he, I plainly see  
The army wants no food by thee.  
Fast oft'ner, friend, or if you'll eate,  
Use oaten straw, or straw of wheate;  
They'l serve to moderate thy jelly,  
And (which it needs) take up thy belly.  
As one that in a tavern breakes  
A glasse, steales by the barre and sneaks,  
At this rebuke, with no less haste, I  
Trudg'd from the priest and prison hasty.  
The truth is, he gave little credit  
To th' armies wants, because I said it;  
And if you'll press it further, John,  
'Tis fit you send a learned man.  
For thou with ease can friends expose,  
For thy behoof, to fortune's blows.  
Suppose we being found together,  
Had pass'd for birds of the same feather,  
I had perchance been shrewly shent,  
And maul'd too by the Parliament.  
Have you beheld the unlucky ape  
For roasted chestnuts mump and gape,  
And offering at them with his pawes,  
But loath he is to scorch his clawes.  
When viewing on the hearth asleep

A puppy, gives him cause to weep,  
 To spare his own, he takes his helpe,  
 And rakes out nuts with foot of whelpe;  
 Which done, as if 'twere all but play,  
 Your name-sake looks another way.  
 The cur awakes, and finds his thumbs  
 In paine, but knows not whence it comes;  
 He takes it first to be some cramp,  
 And now he spreads, now licks his vamp.  
 Both are in vain, no ease appeares;  
 What should he doe? he shakes his eares;  
 And hobbling on three legs, he goes  
 Whining away with aking toes.  
 Not in much better case perhaps,  
 I might have been to serve thy chaps,  
 And have bestrewed my finger's end  
 For groping so in cause of friend;  
 Whilst thou wouldst munch like horse in manger,  
 And reach at nuts with others' danger,  
 Yet have I ventured far to serve  
 My friend that says—he's like to starve.

“ An Answer to a letter from Sir John Mennis,  
 wherein he jeeres him for falling so quickly to the  
 use of the Directory.”

Friend, thou dost lash me with a story,  
 A long one too, of Directory;  
 When thou alone deserves the birch,  
 That brought'st the bondage on the Church.  
 Didst thou not treat for Bristow City  
 And yield it up?—the more's the pity.  
 And saw'st thou not, how right or wrong  
 The Common Prayer-Book went along?  
 Didst thou not scourge, as if enchanted,  
 For articles Sir Thomas granted;  
 And barter, as an author saith,  
 Th' articles o' th' Christian faith?  
 And now the Directory jostles  
 Christ out o' th' church and his Apostles,  
 And teares down the communion rayles,  
 That men may take it on their tayles.  
 Imagine, friend, *Bochus* the King,  
 Engraven on *Sylla's* signet ring,  
 Delivering open to his hands  
*Jugurth*, and with him all the lands



Whom *Sylla* tooke and sent to Rome,  
There to abide the Senate's doome.

In the same fortune, I suppose  
John standing in 's doublet and hose ;  
Delivering up amidst the throng  
The Common Prayer and Wisdom's song  
To hands of *Fairfax*, to be sent  
A sacrifice to the Parliament.  
Thou little thought'st what geare begun  
Wrapt in that treaty, *busie John*.  
There lurked the fire that turned to cinder  
The Church—her ornaments to tinder.  
There bound up in that treaty lyes  
The fate of all our Christmas pyes.  
Our holy-dayes then went to wrack,  
Our wakes were layd upon their back,  
Our gossips' spoones away were lurch'd,  
Our feastes, and fees for woemen church'd ;  
All this and more ascribe we might  
To thee at Bristow, wretched knight.  
Yet thou upbraidst and raylst in rime  
On me, for that, which was thy crime.  
So froward children in the sun  
Amid their sports, some shrewd turne done,  
The faulty youth begins to prate  
And lays it on his harmlesse mate.  
Dated

From *Nymptom*, where the Cyder smiles,  
And *James* has horse as lame as *Gyles*.  
The fourth of *May* : and dost thou heare,  
'Tis, as I take it, the eighth yeare  
Since *Portugall* by *Duke Braganza*  
Was cut from *Spaine* without a handsaw.

J. S.

*Account of Mr. Samuel Butler, from Aubrey's Letters,  
in the Bodleian Library, edited by Dr. Bliss.*

IX. Mr. Samuel Butler was borne at Pershore, in  
Worcestershire, as we suppose;<sup>1</sup> his brother lives

<sup>1</sup> He was born in Worcestershire, hard by Barton-bridge,  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile from Worcester, in the parish of St. John, Mr. Hill  
thinkes, who went to schoole with him.

there: went to schoole at Worcester. His father a man but of slender fortune, and to breed him at schoole was as much education as he was able to reach to. When but a boy, he would make observations and reflections on everything one sayd or did, and censure it to be either well or ill. He never was at the university for the reason alledged. He came when a young man to be a servant to the Countesse of Kent,<sup>2</sup> whom he served severall yeares. Here, besides his study, he employd his time much in painting<sup>3</sup> and drawing, and also in musique. He was thinking once to have made painting his profession.<sup>4</sup> His love to and skill in painting made a great friendship between him and Mr. Samuel Cowper (the prince of limners of this age). He then studied the common lawes of England, but did not practise. He married a good jointuresse, the relict of . . . Morgan, by which meanes he lives comfortably. After the restauration of his ma<sup>tie</sup>, when the courte at Ludlowe was againe sett up, he was then the king's steward at the castle there. He printed a witty poeme, called *Hudibras*, the first part A<sup>o</sup> 166 . which tooke extremely, so that the king and Lord Chanc. Hyde would have him sent for, and accordingly he was sent for. (The L<sup>d</sup> Ch. Hyde hath his

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Saunders (y<sup>e</sup> Countesse of Kent's kinsman) sayd that Mr. J. Selden much esteemed him for his partes, and would sometimes employ him to write letters for him beyond sea, and to translate for him. He was secretaire to the D. of Bucks, when he was Chancellor of Cambridge. He might have had preferments at first; but he would not accept any but very good, so at last he had none at all, and dyed in want.

<sup>3</sup> He painted well, and made it (sometime) his profession. He wayted some yeares on the Countess of Kent. She gave her gent. 20 lib. per an. a-piece.

<sup>4</sup> From Dr. Duke.

picture in his library over the chimney.) They both promised him great matters, but to this day he has got no employment, only the king gave him . . . lib.

He is of a middle stature, strong sett, high coloured, a head of sorrell haire, a severe and sound judgement: a good fellowe. He hath often sayd that way (e. g. Mr. Edw. Waller's) of quibbling with sence will hereafter growe as much out of fashion and be as ridicule<sup>5</sup> as quibbling with words. 2.<sup>d</sup> N. B. He hath been much troubled with the gowt, and particularly, 1679, he stirred not out of his chamber from October till Easter.

He<sup>6</sup> dyed of a consumption Septemb. 25 (Anno D<sup>ni</sup> 1680, 70 circiter), and buried 27, according to his owne appointment in the churchyard of Covent Garden; sc. in the north part next the church at the east end. His feet touch the wall. His grave 2 yards distant from the pillaster of the dore, (by his desire) 6 foot deepe.

About 25 of his old acquaintance at his funeral: I myself being one.

#### HUDIBRAS UNPRINTED.

No Jesuite ever took in hand  
 To plant a church in barren land;  
 Or ever thought it worth his while  
 A Swede or Russe to reconcile.  
 For where there is not store of wealth,  
 Souls are not worth the chandge of health.  
 Spaine and America had designes  
 To sell their Ghospell for their wines,  
 For had the Mexicans been poore,  
 No Spaniard twice had landed on their shore.  
 'Twas Gold the Catholic Religion planted,  
 Which, had they wanted Gold, they still had wanted.

<sup>5</sup> [Sic. Edit.]

<sup>6</sup> [Evidently written some time after the former part. E.]

He had made very sharp reflexions upon the court in his last part.

Writt my Lord (John<sup>7</sup>) Rosse's Answer to the Marquesse of Dorchester.

Memorandum. Satyricall witts disoblige whom they converse with, &c. consequently make to themselves many enemies and few friends, and this was his manner and case. He was of a leonine-coloured haire, sanguine, cholérique, middle sized, strong.

<sup>7</sup> [In the hand-writing of Anthony à Wood. Edit.]



HUDIBRAS.

WALSH



## HUDIBRAS.

### PART I. CANTO I.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

Sir Hudibras his passing worth,  
The manner how he sally'd forth,  
His arms and equipage are shown,  
His horse's virtues and his own:  
Th' adventure of the Bear and Fiddle  
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.\*



WHEN civil dudgeon first grew high,  
And men fell out they knew not why;  
When hard words, jealousies, and  
fears,  
Set folks together by the ears,  
And made them fight, like mad or drunk, 5

\* A ridicule on Ronsarde and Davenant.

<sup>1</sup> VAR. 'Civil fury.'—To take in 'dudgeon' is inwardly to resent some injury or affront, and what is previous to actual fury.

<sup>2</sup> It may be justly said, 'They knew not why;' since, as Lord Clarendon observes, "The like peace and plenty, and universal tranquillity, was never enjoyed by any nation for ten years together, before those unhappy troubles began."

<sup>3</sup> By 'hard words' he probably means the cant words used by the Presbyterians and sectaries of those times; such as Gospel-walking, Gospel-preaching, Soul-saving, Elect, Saints, the Godly, the Predestinate, and the like; which they applied to their own preachers and themselves.

For Dame Religion as for punk ;  
 Whose honesty they all durst swear for,  
 Though not a man of them knew wherefore ;  
 When Gospel-trumpeter, surrounded  
 With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded ; 10  
 And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,  
 Was beat with fist instead of a stick ;  
 Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,  
 And out he rode a-colonelling.

A wight he was, whose very sight would 15  
 Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,  
 That never bow'd his stubborn knee  
 To anything but chivalry,  
 Nor put up blow, but that which laid  
 Right Worshipful on shoulder-blade ; 20  
 Chief of domestic knights and errant,  
 Either for chartel or for warrant ;  
 Great on the bench, great in the saddle

<sup>11 12</sup> Alluding to their vehement action in the pulpit, and their beating it with their fists, as if they were beating a drum.

<sup>13</sup> Our author, to make his Knight appear more ridiculous, has dressed him in all kinds of fantastic colours, and put many characters together to finish him a perfect coxcomb.

<sup>14</sup> The Knight (if Sir Samuel Luke was Mr. Butler's hero) was not only a Colonel in the Parliament army, but also Scoutmaster-general in the counties of Bedford, Surrey, &c. This gives us some light into his character and conduct ; for he is now entering upon his proper office, full of pretendedly pious and sanctified resolutions for the good of his country. His peregrinations are so consistent with his office and humour, that they are no longer to be called fabulous or improbable.

<sup>17 18</sup> *i. e.* He kneeled to the king, when he knighted him, but seldom upon any other occasion.

<sup>22</sup> 'Chartel' is a challenge to a duel.

<sup>23</sup> In this character of Hudibras all the abuses of human



That could as well bind o'er as swaddle ;  
 Mighty he was at both of these, 25  
 And styl'd of War, as well as Peace :  
 (So some rats, of amphibious nature,  
 Are either for the land or water).  
 But here our Authors make a doubt  
 Whether he were more wise or stout : 30  
 Some hold the one, and some the other,  
 But, howsoe'er they make a pother,  
 The diff'rence was so small, his brain  
 Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain ;  
 Which made some take him for a tool 35  
 That knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.  
 For 't has been held by many, that  
 As Montaigne, playing with his cat,  
 Complains she thought him but an ass,  
 Much more she would Sir Hudibras : 40  
 (For that's the name our valiant Knight  
 To all his challenges did write).  
 But they're mistaken very much ;  
 'Tis plain enough he was not such.  
 We grant, although he had much wit, 45  
 H' was very shy of using it,  
 As being loth to wear it out,  
 And therefore bore it not about ;  
 Unless on holydays or so,  
 As men their best apparel do. 50  
 Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek  
 As naturally as pigs squeak ;  
 That Latin was no more difficile,  
 Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle :

learning are finely satirised: philosophy, logic, rhetoric, mathematics, metaphysics, and school-divinity.

Being rich in both, he never scanted 55  
 His bounty unto such as wanted ;  
 But much of either would afford .  
 To many that had not one word .  
 For Hebrew roots, although they're found  
 To flourish most in barren ground, 60  
 He had such plenty as suffic'd  
 To make some think him circumcis'd ;  
 And truly so he was, perhaps,  
 Not as a proselyte, but for claps .  
 He was in logic a great critic, 65  
 Profoundly skill'd in analytic ;  
 He could distinguish, and divide  
 A hair 'twixt south and south-west side ;  
 On either which he would dispute,  
 Confute, change hands, and still confute : 70  
 He'd undertake to prove, by force  
 Of argument, a man's no horse ;  
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,  
 And that a lord may be an owl ;  
 A calf an alderman, a goose a justice, 75

<sup>55 56</sup> This is the property of a pedantic coxcomb, who prates most learnedly amongst illiterate persons, and makes a mighty pother about books and languages, where he is sure to be admired, though not understood.

<sup>63 64</sup> VAR. ' And truly so perhaps he was,  
 'Tis many a pious Christian's case.'

<sup>75</sup> Such was Alderman Pennington, who sent a person to Newgate for singing (what he called) 'a malignant psalm.'

Lord Clarendon observes, "That after the declaration of No more addresses to the King, they who were not above the condition of ordinary constables six or seven years before, were now the justices of the peace." Dr. Bruno Ryves informs us, "That the town of Chelmsford in Essex, was governed, at the beginning of the Rebellion, by a tinker, two cobblers, two tailors, and two pedlers."

And rooks Committee-men and Trustees.

He'd run in debt by disputation,

And pay with ratiocination :

All this by syllogism, true

In mood and figure he would do.

80

For rhetoric, he could not ope

His mouth, but out there flew a trope ;

And when he happen'd to break off

I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,

H' had hard words ready to show why,

85

And tell what rules he did it by ;

Else, when with greatest art he spoke,

You'd think he talk'd like other folk ;

For all a rhetorician's rules

Teach nothing but to name his tools.

90

But, when he pleas'd to show 't, his speech,

In loftiness of sound, was rich ;

A Babylonish dialect,

Which learned pedants much affect ;

It was a party-colour'd dress

95

Of patch'd and piebald languages ;

'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,

Like fustian heretofore on satin ;

It had an odd promiscuous tone,

As if h' had talk'd three parts in one

100

Which made some think, when he did gabble,

Th' had heard three labourers of Babel,

<sup>76</sup> In the several counties, especially the Associated ones (Middlesex, Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridgeshire) which sided with the Parliament, committees were formed of such men as were for the Good Cause, as they called it, who had authority, from the members of the two Houses at Westminster, to fine and imprison whom they pleased.

Or Cerberus himself pronounce  
 A leash of languages at once.  
 This he as volubly would vent, 105  
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent :  
 And truly, to support that charge,  
 He had supplies as vast and large ;  
 For he could coin or counterfeit  
 New words, with little or no wit ; 110  
 Words so debas'd and hard, no stone  
 Was hard enough to touch them on ;  
 And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em ;  
 The ignorant for current took 'em ;  
 That had the orator, who once 115  
 Did fill his mouth with pebble stones  
 When he harangu'd, but known his phrase,  
 He would have us'd no other ways.

In mathematics he was greater  
 Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater ; 120  
 For he, by geometric scale,  
 Could take the size of pots of ale ;  
 Resolve by sines and tangents straight  
 If bread or butter wanted weight ;  
 And wisely tell what hour o' th' day 125  
 The clock does strike, by Algebra.  
 Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,

<sup>109</sup> The Presbyterians coined a great number, such as Out-goings, Carryings-on, Nothingness, Workings-out, Gospel-walking-times, &c. which we shall meet with hereafter in the speeches of the Knight and Squire, and others, in this Poem; for which they are bantered by Sir John Birkenhead.

<sup>115</sup> Demosthenes is here meant, who had a defect in his speech.

<sup>120</sup> An eminent Danish mathematician; and William Lilly, the famous astrologer of those times.

And had read ev'ry text and gloss over ;  
 Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,  
 He understood b' implicit faith : 130  
 Whatever sceptic could enquire for,  
 For ev'ry why he had a wherefore ;  
 Knew more than forty of them do,  
 As far as words and terms could go ;  
 All which he understood by rote, 135  
 And, as occasion serv'd, would quote ;  
 No matter whether right or wrong ;  
 They might be either said or sung.  
 His notions fitted things so well,  
 That which was which he could not tell, 140  
 But oftentimes mistook the one  
 For th' other, as great clerks have done.  
 He could reduce all things to acts,  
 And knew their natures by abstracts ;  
 Where Entity and Quiddity, 145  
 The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly ;  
 Where truth in person does appear,  
 Like words congeal'd in northern air.  
 He-knew what's what, and that's as high  
 As metaphysic wit can fly : 150  
 In school-divinity as able  
 As he that hight Irrefragable ;

<sup>131</sup> VAR. 'Inquere.'

<sup>145</sup> VAR. 'He'd tell where Entity and Quiddity.'

<sup>152</sup> Alexander Hales was born in Gloucestershire, and flourished about the year 1236, at the time when what was called School-divinity was much in vogue; in which science he was so deeply read, that he was called 'Doctor Irrefragabilis;' that is, the 'Invincible Doctor,' whose arguments could not be resisted.

A second Thomas, or, at once  
 To name them all, another Dunce :  
 Profound in all the Nominal  
 And Real ways beyond them all :

155

<sup>153</sup> Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican friar, was born in 1224, studied at Cologne and at Paris. He new-modelled the school-divinity, and was therefore called the 'Angelical Doctor,' and 'Eagle' of divines. The most illustrious persons of his time were ambitious of his friendship, and put a high value on his merits, so that they offered him bishoprics, which he refused with as much ardour as others seek after them. He died in the fiftieth year of his age, and was canonized by Pope John XXII. We have his works in eighteen volumes, several times printed.

<sup>154</sup> Johannes Dun Scotus was a very learned man, who lived about the end of the thirteenth and beginning of the fourteenth century. The English and Scotch strive which of them shall have the honour of his birth. The English say he was born in Northumberland; the Scotch allege he was born at Dunse in the Merse, the neighbouring county to Northumberland, and hence was called 'Dunscotus.' Moreri, Buchanan, and other Scotch historians, are of this opinion, and for proof, cite his epitaph ;

Scotia me genuit, Anglia suscepit,  
 Gallia edocuit, Germania tenet.

He died at Cologne, Nov. 8, 1308. In the 'Supplement' to Dr. Cave's 'Historia Literaria,' he is said to be extraordinary learned in physics, metaphysics, mathematics, and astronomy; that his fame was so great when at Oxford, that 30,000 scholars came thither to hear his lectures: that when at Paris, his arguments and authority carried it for the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin, so that they appointed a festival on that account, and would admit no scholars to degrees but such as were of this mind. He was a great opposer of Thomas Aquinas's doctrine; and for being a very acute logician, was called 'Doctor Subtilis,' which was the reason also that an old punster always called him the 'Lathy Doctor.'

<sup>155</sup> <sup>156</sup> Gulielmus Occham was founder of the Nominals. and Johannes Dun Scotus of the Reals.

For he a rope of sand could twist  
 As tough as learned Sorbonist,  
 And weave fine cobwebs, fit for skull  
 That's empty when the moon is full; 160  
 Such as take lodgings in a head  
 That's to be let unfurnished.  
 He could raise scruples dark and nice,  
 And after solve 'em in a trice;  
 As if Divinity had catch'd 165  
 The itch, on purpose to be scratch'd;  
 Or, like a mountebank, did wound  
 And stab herself with doubts profound,  
 Only to show with how small pain  
 The sores of Faith are cur'd again; 170  
 Although by woful proof we find  
 They always leave a scar behind.  
 He knew the seat of Paradise,  
 Could tell in what degree it lies,  
 And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it 175  
 Below the moon, or else above it;  
 What Adam dreamt of, when his bride  
 Came from her closet in his side;  
 Whether the Devil tempted her  
 By a High Dutch interpreter; 180  
 If either of them had a navel;  
 Who first made music malleable;  
 Whether the Serpent, at the Fall,  
 Had cloven feet, or none at all:  
 All this, without a gloss or comment, 185

157 158 VAR. ' And with as delicate a hand  
 Could twist as tough a rope of sand.'

181 Several of the Ancients have supposed that Adam and Eve had no navels; and, among the Moderns, the late learned Bishop Cumberland was of this opinion.

He could unriddle in a moment,  
 In proper terms, such as men smatter  
 When they throw out and miss the matter.

For his religion, it was fit  
 To match his learning and his wit: 190  
 'Twas Presbyterian true blue;  
 For he was of that stubborn crew  
 Of errant saints, whom all men grant  
 To be the true Church Militant;  
 Such as do build their faith upon 195  
 The holy text of pike and gun;  
 Decide all controversies by  
 Infallible artillery;  
 And prove their doctrine orthodox,  
 By Apostolic blows and knocks; 200  
 Call fire and sword, and desolation,  
 A godly, thorough Reformation,  
 Which always must be carry'd on,  
 And still be doing, never done;  
 As if Religion were intended 205

<sup>193 191</sup> Where Presbytery has been established, it has been usually effected by force of arms, like the religion of Mahomet: thus it was established at Geneva in Switzerland, Hollaud, Scotland, &c. In France, for some time, by that means, it obtained a toleration; much blood was shed to get it established in England: and once, during that Grand Rebellion, it seemed very near gaining an establishment here.

<sup>195 196</sup> Upon these Cornet Joyce built his faith, when he carried away the King, by force, from Holdenby: for, when his Majesty asked him for a sight of his instructions, Joyce said, he should see them presently; and so drawing up his troop in the inward court, "These, Sir," said the Cornet, "are my instructions."

<sup>199 200</sup> Many instances of that kind are given by Dr. Walker, in his 'Sufferings of the Episcopal Clergy.'



For nothing else but to be mended :  
 A sect whose chief devotion lies  
 In odd perverse antipathies ;  
 In falling out with that or this,  
 And finding somewhat still amiss ; 210  
 More peevish, cross, and splenetic,  
 Than dog distract, or monkey sick :  
 That with more care keep holyday  
 The wrong, than others the right way ;  
 Compound for sins they are inclin'd to, 215  
 By damning those they have no mind to :  
 Still so perverse and opposite,  
 As if they worshipp'd God for spite :  
 The self-same thing they will abhor,  
 One way, and long another for : 220  
 Freewill they one way disavow,  
 Another, nothing else allow :  
 All piety consists therein  
 In them, in other men all sin :  
 Rather than fail, they will defy 225  
 That which they love most tenderly ;  
 Quarrel with minc'd-pies, and disparage  
 Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge ;  
 Fat pig and goose itself oppose,  
 And blaspheme custard through the nose. 230  
 Th' apostles of this fierce religion,  
 Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,

<sup>207</sup> The religion of the Presbyterians of those times consisted principally in an opposition to the Church of England, and in quarrelling with the most innocent customs then in use, as the eating Christmas-pies and plum-porridge at Christmas ; which they reputed sinful.

<sup>213</sup> <sup>214</sup> They were so remarkably obstinate in this respect, that they kept a fast upon Christmas-day.

To whom our Knight, by fast instinct  
 Of wit and temper, was so linkt,  
 As if hypocrisy and nonsense 235  
 Had got th' advowson of his conscience.

Thus was he gifted and accoutred,  
 We mean on th'inside, not the outward:  
 That next of all we shall discuss;  
 Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus: 240  
 His tawny beard was th' equal grace  
 Both of his wisdom and his face;  
 In cut and die so like a tile,  
 A sudden view it would beguile;  
 The upper part whereof was whey, 245  
 The nether orange, mix'd with grey.  
 This hairy meteor did denounce  
 The fall of sceptres and of crowns;  
 With grisly type did represent  
 Declining age of government, 250

<sup>235</sup> <sup>236</sup> Dr. Bruno Ryves gives a remarkable instance of a fanatical conscience in a captain, who was invited by a soldier to eat part of a goose with him; but refused, because, he said, it was stolen: but being to march away, he who would eat no stolen goose made no scruple to ride away upon a stolen mare; for, plundering Mrs. Bartlet of her mare, this hypocritical captain gave sufficient testimony to the world that the old Pharisee and the new Puritan have consciences of the self-same temper, "To strain out a gnat, and swallow a camel."

<sup>241</sup> Mr. Butler, in his description of Hudibras's beard, seems to have had an eye to Jaques's description of the Country Justice, in 'As you like it.' It may be asked, Why the Poet is so particular upon the Knight's beard, and gives it the preference to all his other accoutrements? The answer seems to be plain: the Knight had made a vow not to cut it till the Parliament had subdued the King: hence it became necessary to have it fully described.

And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,  
 Its own grave and the State's were made :  
 Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew  
 In time to make a nation rue ;  
 Though it contributed its own fall, 255  
 To wait upon the public downfall :  
 It was monastic, and did grow  
 In holy orders by strict vow.  
 Of rule as sullen and severe,  
 As that of rigid Cordeliere : 260  
 'Twas bound to suffer persecution,  
 And martyrdom, with resolution ;  
 T' oppose itself against the hate  
 And vengeance of th' incensed state,  
 In whose defiance it was worn, 265  
 Still ready to be pull'd and torn,  
 With red-hot irons to be tortured,  
 Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd ;  
 Maugre all which 'twas to stand fast  
 As long as Monarchy should last ; 270  
 But when the State should hap to reel,  
 'Twas to submit to fatal steel,  
 And fall, as it was consecrate,  
 A sacrifice to fall of state,  
 Whose thread of life the Fatal Sisters 275  
 Did twist together with its whiskers,  
 And twine so close, that Time should never,  
 In life or death, their fortunes sever,  
 But with his rusty sickle mow  
 Both down together at a blow. 280  
 So learned Taliacotius, from

<sup>257</sup> VAR. It was 'canonic.'

<sup>281</sup> Gaspar Taliacotius was born at Bononia, A.D. 1553,

The brawny part of porter's bum,  
 Cut supplemental noses, which  
 Would last as long as parent breech,  
 But when the date of Nock was out 285  
 Off dropt the sympathetic snout.

His back, or rather burthen, show'd  
 As if it stoop'd with its own load :  
 For as Æneas bore his sire  
 Upon his shoulders through the fire, 290  
 Our Knight did bear no less a pack  
 Of his own buttocks on his back ;  
 Which now had almost got the upper-  
 Hand of his head for want of crupper.  
 To poise this equally, he bore 295  
 A paunch of the same bulk before,  
 Which still he had a special care  
 To keep well-cramm'd with thrifty fare,  
 As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,  
 Such as a country-house affords ; 300  
 With other victual, which anon  
 We further shall dilate upon,  
 When of his hose we come to treat,  
 The cupboard where he kept his meat.

His doublet was of sturdy buff, 305  
 And though not sword, yet cudgel-proof,  
 Whereby 'twas fitter for his use

and was Professor of physic and surgery there. He died 1599. His statue stands in the anatomy theatre, holding a nose in its hand.—He wrote a treatise in Latin called 'Chirurgia Nota,' in which he teaches the art of ingrafting noses, ears, lips, &c. with the proper instruments and bandages. This book has passed through two editions. See 'Grafe de Rhinoplastice, sive arte curtum Nasum ad Vivum restituendi Commentatio,' 4to. Berolin. 1818.

Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.

His breeches were of rugged woollen,  
And had been at the siege of Bullen ; 310

To Old King Harry so well known,  
Some writers held they were his own :  
Through they were lin'd with many a piece  
Of ammunition bread and cheese,  
And fat black-puddings, proper food 315  
For warriors that delight in blood.

For, as we said, he always chose  
To carry victual in his hose,  
That often tempted rats and mice  
The ammunition to surprise ; 320

And when he put a hand but in  
The one or t'other magazine,  
They stoutly in defence on't stood,  
And from the wounded foe drew blood ;  
And, till th' were storm'd and beaten out, 325  
Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt.

And though knights-errant, as some think,  
Of old did neither eat nor drink,  
Because when thorough deserts vast  
And regions desolate they past, 330

Where belly-timber, above ground  
Or under, was not to be found,  
Unless they graz'd there's not one word  
Of their provision on record ;  
Which made some confidently write, 335

They had no stomachs but to fight :  
'Tis false ; for Arthur wore in hall  
Round table like a farthingal,  
On which, with shirt pull'd out behind,  
And eke before, his good knights din'd : 340

Though 'twas no table some suppose,  
 But a huge pair of round trunk-hose,  
 In which he carry'd as much meat  
 As he and all the knights could eat,  
 When, laying by their swords and truncheons, 345  
 They took their breakfasts, or their nuncheons.  
 But let that pass at present, lest  
 We should forget where we digress'd,  
 As learned authors use, to whom  
 We leave it, and to th' purpose come. 350

His puissant sword unto his side,  
 Near his undaunted heart, was tied,  
 With basket-hilt that would hold broth,  
 And serve for fight and dinner both ;  
 In it he melted lead for bullets 355  
 To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,  
 To whom he bore so fell a grutch,  
 He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.  
 The trenchant blade Toledo trusty  
 For want of fighting was grown rusty, 360  
 And ate into itself for lack  
 Of somebody to hew and hack :  
 The peaceful scabbard, where it dwelt,  
 The rancour of its edge had felt ;  
 For of the lower end two handful 365  
 It had devoured, 'twas so manful,  
 And so much scorn'd to lurk in ease,  
 As if it durst not show its face.  
 In many desperate attempts  
 Of warrants, exigents, contempts, 370  
 It had appear'd with courage bolder  
 Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder :  
 Oft had it ta'en possession,

And pris'ners too, or made them run.

This sword a dagger had, his page, 375

That was but little for his age,

And therefore waited on him so

As dwarfs upon knights-errant do.

It was a serviceable dudgeon,

Either for fighting or for drudging: 380

When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,

It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread;

Toast cheese or bacon; though it were

To bate a mouse-trap, 'twould not care:

'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth 385

Set leeks and onions, and so forth:

It had been 'prentice to a brewer,

Where this and more it did endure,

But left the trade as many more

Have lately done on the same score. 390

In th' holsters at his saddle-bow

Two aged pistols he did stow,

Among the surplus of such meat

As in his hose he could not get:

These would inveigle rats with th' scent, 395

To forage when the cocks were bent,

And sometimes catch 'em with a snap,

As cleverly as th' ablest trap.

They were upon hard duty still,

And every night stood sentinel, 400

To guard the magazine i' th' hose

From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.

Thus clad and fortify'd Sir Knight

From peaceful home set forth to fight.

But first with nimble active force 405

He got on th' outside of his horse

For having but one stirrup ty'd  
 T' his saddle on the further side,  
 It was so short h' had much ado  
 To reach it with his desp'rate toe ; 410  
 But after many strains and heaves,  
 He got up to the saddle-eaves,  
 From whence he vaulted into th' seat  
 With so much vigour, strength, and heat,  
 That he had almost tumbled over 415  
 With his own weight, but did recover  
 By laying hold on tail and mane,  
 Which oft he us'd instead of rein.

But now we talk of mounting steed,  
 Before we further do proceed, 420  
 It doth behove us to say something  
 Of that which bore our valiant Bumkin  
 The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,  
 With mouth of meal and eyes of wall,  
 I would say eye, for h' had but one, 425  
 As most agree, though some say none.  
 He was well stay'd, and in his gait  
 Preserv'd a grave, majestic state ;  
 At spur or switch no more he skipt  
 Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipt, 430  
 And yet so fiery, he would bound  
 As if he griev'd to touch the ground ;  
 That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,  
 Had corns upon his feet and toes,  
 Was not by half so tender hooft, 435  
 Nor trod upon the ground so soft :  
 And as that beast would kneel and stoop  
 (Some write) to take his rider up ;  
 So Hudibras his ('tis well known)



Would often do to set him down. 440  
 We shall not need to say what lack  
 Of leather was upon his back,  
 For that was hidden under pad,  
 And breech of Knight gall'd full as bad.  
 His strutting ribs on both sides show'd 445  
 Like furrows he himself had plough'd ;  
 For underneath the skirt of pannel,  
 'Twixt ev'ry two there was a channel.  
 His draggling tail hung in the dirt,  
 Which on his rider he would flirt, 450  
 Still as his tender side he prickt,  
 With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd, kickt :  
 For Hudibras wore but one spur,  
 As wisely know'ing could he stir  
 To active trot one side of's horse, 455  
 The other would not hang an—arse.

A Squire he had whose name was Ralph,  
 That in th' adventure went his half,  
 Though writers, for more stately tone,  
 Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one ; 460  
 And when we can, with metre safe,  
 We'll call him so ; if not, plain Ralph ;  
 (For rhyme the rudder is of verses,  
 With which, like ships, they steer their courses) :  
 An equal stock of wit and valour 465  
 He had laid in, by birth a tailor.

<sup>457</sup> Sir Roger L'Estrange ('Key to Hudibras') says, this famous Squire was one Isaac Robinson, a zealous butcher in Moorfields, who was always contriving some new quervo cut in church government: but, in a 'Key' at the end of a burlesque poem of Mr. Butler's, 1706, in folio, p. 12, it is observed, "That Hudibras's Squire was one Pemble, a tailor, and one of the Committee of Sequestrators."

The mighty Tyrian queen, that gain'd  
 With subtle shreds a tract of land,  
 Did leave it with a castle fair  
 To his great ancestor, her heir ; 470  
 From him descended cross-legg'd knights,  
 Fam'd for their faith and warlike fights  
 Against the bloody Cannibal,  
 Whom they destroy'd both great and small.  
 This sturdy Squire, he had, as well 475  
 As the bold Trojan knight, seen hell,  
 Not with a counterfeited pass  
 Of golden bough, but true gold-lace :  
 His knowledge was not far behind  
 The Knight's, but of another kind, 480  
 And he another way came by 't,  
 Some call it Gifts, and some New-light ;  
 A lib'ral art, that costs no pains  
 Of study, industry, or brains.  
 His wit was sent him for a token, 485  
 But in the carriage crack'd and broken ;  
 Like commendation nine-pence crookt  
 With—To and from my love—it lookt.  
 He ne'er consider'd it, as loth  
 To look a gift-horse in the mouth, 490  
 And very wisely would lay forth  
 No more upon it than 'twas worth ;

465 VAR. 'His wits were sent him.'

467 468 Until the year 1696, when all money, not milled, was called in, a ninepenny piece of silver was as common as sixpences or shillings, and these ninepences were usually bent as sixpences commonly are now, which bending was called, To my love and from my love ; and such ninepences the ordinary fellows gave or sent to their sweethearts as tokens of love.

But as he got it freely, so  
 He spent it frank and freely too :  
 For saints themselves will sometimes be, 495  
 Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.  
 By means of this, with hem and cough,  
 Prolongers to enlighten'd stuff,  
 He could deep mysteries unriddle,  
 As easily as thread a needle : 500  
 For as of vagabonds we say,  
 That they are ne'er beside their way,  
 Whate'er men speak by this new light,  
 Still they are sure to be i' th' right.  
 'Tis a dark lantern of the Spirit, 505  
 Which none see by but those that bear it ;  
 A light that falls down from on high,  
 For spiritual trades to cozen by ;  
 An *ignis fatuus*, that bewitches,  
 And leads men into pools and ditches, 510  
 To make them dip themselves, and sound  
 For Christendom in dirty pond ;  
 To dive like wild-fowl for salvation,  
 And fish to catch regeneration.  
 This light inspires and plays upon 515  
 The nose of saint, like bagpipe drone,  
 And speaks through hollow empty soul,  
 As through a trunk or whisp'ring hole,  
 Such language as no mortal ear  
 But spirit'al eaves-dropper's can hear : 520  
 So Phœbus, or some friendly Muse,  
 Into small poets song infuse,  
 Which they at second-hand rehearse,

<sup>511</sup> Alluding to Ralpho's religion, who was probably an Anabaptist or Dipper.

Through reed or bagpipe, verse for verse.

Thus Ralph became infallible 535  
 As three or four-legg'd oracle,  
 The ancient cup, or modern chair,  
 Spoke truth point blank, though unaware.  
 For mystic learning, wondrous able  
 In magic, talisman, and cabal, 530  
 Whose primitive tradition reaches  
 As far as Adam's first green breeches ;  
 Deep-sighted in intelligences,  
 Ideas, atoms, influences ;  
 And much of *Terra Incognita*, 535  
 Th' intelligible world, could say ;  
 A deep occult philosopher,  
 As learn'd as the Wild Irish are,  
 Or Sir Agrippa, for profound  
 And solid lying much renown'd : 540  
 He Anthroposophus, and Floud,  
 And Jacob Behmen, understood ;  
 Knew many an amulet and charm,  
 That would do neither good nor harm ;  
 In Rosicrucian lore as learned 545  
 As he that *Verè adeptus* earned :  
 He understood the speech of birds  
 As well as they themselves do words ;  
 Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,  
 That speak and think contrary clean ; 550  
 What member 'tis of whom they talk  
 When they cry ' Rope,' and ' Walk, knave, walk.'  
 He'd extract numbers out of matter,  
 And keep them in a glass, like water,

<sup>546</sup> Alluding to the Philosophers' stone.

Of sov'reign pow'r to make men wise ; 555  
 For, dropt in blear thick-sighted eyes,  
 They'd make them see in darkest night,  
 Like owls, though purblind in the light.  
 By help of these (as he profest)  
 He had First Matter seen undrest : 560  
 He took her naked, all alone,  
 Before one rag of form was on.  
 The Chaos, too, he had descry'd,  
 And seen quite through, or else he ly'd :  
 Not that of pasteboard, which men shew 565  
 For groats at fair of Barthol'mew ;  
 But its great grandsire, first o' th' name,  
 Whence that and Reformation came,  
 Both cousin-germans, and right able  
 T' inveigle and draw in the rabble : 570  
 But Reformation was, some say,  
 O' th' younger house to Puppet-play.  
 He could foretell whats'ever was

<sup>573</sup> The rebellious clergy would in their prayers pretend to foretell things, to encourage people in their rebellion. I meet with the following instance in the prayers of Mr. George Swathe, minister of Denham, in Suffolk: "O my good Lord God, I praise Thee for discovering the last week, in the day-time, a vision, that there were two great armies about York, one of the malignant party about the King, the other party Parliament and professors: and the better side should have help from Heaven against the worst; about, or at which instant of time, we heard the soldiers at York had raised up a sconce against Hull, intending to plant fifteen pieces against Hull; against which fort Sir John Hotham, Keeper of Hull, by a garrison, discharged four great ordnance, and broke down their sconce, and killed divers Cavaliers in it.—Lord, I praise Thee for discovering this victory, at the instant of time that it was done, to my wife, which did then presently confirm her drooping heart, which the last week had been dejected three or four days, and no

By consequence to come to pass ;  
 As death of great men, alterations, 575  
 Diseases, battles, inundations :  
 All this without th' eclipse o' th' sun,  
 Or dreadful comet, he hath done  
 By inward light, a way as good,  
 And easy to be understood ; 580  
 But with more lucky hit than those  
 That use to make the stars depose,  
 Like Knights o' th' Post, and falsely charge  
 Upon themselves what others forge ;  
 As if they were consenting to 585  
 All mischiefs in the world men do,  
 Or, like the devil, did tempt and sway 'em  
 To rogueries, and then betray 'em.  
 They'll search a planet's house, to know  
 Who broke and robb'd a house below ; 590  
 Examine Venus and the Moon,  
 Who stole a thimble or a spoon ;  
 And though they nothing will confess,  
 Yet by their very looks can guess,  
 And tell what guilty aspect bodes, 595  
 Who stole, and who receiv'd the goods :  
 They'll question Mars, and, by his look,  
 Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloak ;  
 Make Mercury confess, and 'peach  
 Those thieves which he himself did teach. 600  
 They'll find i' th' physiognomies  
 O' th' planets, all men's destinies,

arguments could comfort her against the dangerous times approaching ; but when she had prayed to be established in faith in Thee, then presently Thou didst, by this vision, strongly possess her soul that Thine and our enemies should be overcome."

Like him that took the doctor's bill ;  
 And swallow'd it instead o' th' pill ;  
 Cast the nativity o' th' question, 605  
 And from positions to be guess'd on,  
 As sure as if they knew the moment  
 Of Native's birth, tell what will come on't.

They'll feel the pulses of the stars,  
 To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs, 610  
 And tell what crisis does divine

The rot in sheep, or mange in swine ;  
 In men, what gives or cures the itch,  
 What makes them cuckolds, poor or rich ;  
 What gains or loses, hangs or saves ; 615

What makes men great, what fools or knaves,  
 But not what wise, for only' of those  
 The stars (they say) cannot dispose.

No more than can the astrologians ;  
 There they say right, and like true Trojans : 620  
 This Ralpho knew, and therefore took  
 The other course, of which we spoke.

Thus was th' accomplish'd Squire endu'd  
 With gifts and knowledge per'lous shrewd :  
 Never did trusty squire with knight, 625

Or knight with squire, e'er jump more right.  
 Their arms and equipage did fit,  
 As well as virtues, parts, and wit :  
 Their valours, too, were of a rate ;  
 And out they sally'd at the gate. 630

Few miles on horseback had they joggled  
 But Fortune unto them turn'd dogged ;  
 For they a sad adventure met,  
 Of which anon we mean to treat.  
 But ere we venture to unfold 335

Achievements so resolv'd and bold,  
 We should, as learned poets use,  
 Invoke th' assistance of some Muse,  
 However critics count it sillier  
 Than jugglers talking to familiar ; 640  
 We think 'tis no great matter which,  
 They're all alike, yet we shall pitch  
 On one that fits our purpose most,  
 Whom therefore thus do we accost :

Thou that with ale, or viler liquors, 645  
 Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickers,  
 And force them, though it was in spite  
 Of Nature, and their stars, to write ;  
 Who (as we find in sullen writs,  
 And cross-grain'd works of modern wits) 650  
 With vanity, opinion, want,  
 The wonder of the ignorant,  
 The praises of the author, penn'd  
 B' himself or wit-insuring friend,  
 The itch of picture in the front, 655  
 With bays and wicked rhyme upon 't,  
 (All that is left o' th' Forked hill  
 To make men scribble without skill)  
 Canst make a poet, spite of Fate,  
 And teach all people to translate, 660  
 Though out of languages in which  
 They understand no part of speech ;  
 Assist me but this once I 'mpleore,  
 And I shall trouble thee no more.

In western clime there is a town, 665  
 To those that dwell therein well known,

<sup>665</sup> Brentford, which is eight miles west from London, is here probably meant, as may be gathered from Part II.



Therefore there needs no more be said here,  
 We unto them refer our reader ;  
 For brevity is very good,  
 When w' are, or are not understood. 670  
 To this town people did repair  
 On days of market or of fair,  
 And to crack'd fiddle and hoarse tabor,  
 In merriment did drudge and labour :  
 But now a sport more formidable 675  
 Had rak'd together village rabble ;  
 'Twas an old way of recreating,  
 Which learned butchers call Bear-baiting ;  
 A bold advent'rous exercise,  
 With ancient heroes in high prize ; 680  
 For authors do affirm it came  
 From Isthmian or Nemæan game ;  
 Others derive it from the Bear  
 That's fix'd in northern hemisphere,  
 And round about the pole does make 685  
 A circle, like a bear at stake,  
 That at the chain's end wheels about,  
 And overturns the rabble-rout :

Cant. iii. v. 995, &c. where he tells the Knight what befell him there :

And though you overcame the Bear,  
 The dogs beat you at Brentford fair,  
 Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle.

<sup>687</sup> This game is ushered into the Poem with more solemnity than those celebrated ones in Homer and Virgil. As the Poem is only adorned with this game, and the Riding Skimmington, so it was incumbent on the Poet to be very particular and full in the description : and may we not venture to affirm, they are exactly suitable to the nature of these adventures ; and, consequently, to a Briton, preferable to those in Homer or Virgil.

For, after solemn proclamation  
 In the bear's name (as is the fashion 690  
 According to the law of arms,  
 To keep men from inglorious harms)  
 That none presume to come so near  
 As forty foot of stake of bear,  
 If any yet be so fool-hardy 695  
 T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy,  
 If they come wounded off, and lame,  
 No honour's got by such a maim,  
 Although the bear gain much, being bound  
 In honour to make good his ground 700  
 When he's engag'd, and takes no notice,  
 If any press upon him, who 'tis,  
 But lets them know, at their own cost,  
 That he intends to keep his post.  
 This to prevent and other harms 705  
 Which always wait on feats of arms,  
 (For in the hurry of a fray  
 'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way)  
 Thither the Knight his course did steer,  
 To keep the peace 'twixt Dog and Bear, 710  
 As he believ'd he was bound to do  
 In conscience and commission too ;  
 And therefore thus bespoke the Squire :  
 We that are wisely mounted higher

<sup>689</sup> <sup>690</sup> Alluding to the bull-running at Tutbury in Staffordshire ; where solemn proclamation was made by the Steward, before the bull was turned loose ; "That all manner of persons give way to the bull, none being to come near him by forty foot, any way to hinder the minstrels, but to attend his or their own safety, every one at his peril." Dr. Plot's 'Staffordshire.'

<sup>714</sup> This speech is set down as it was delivered by the

Than constables in curule wit, 715  
 When on tribunal bench we sit,  
 Like speculators should foresee,  
 From Pharos of authority,  
 Portended mischiefs further than  
 Low Proletarian tithing-men ; 720  
 And therefore being inform'd by bruit  
 That Dog and Bear are to dispute,  
 For so of late men fighting name,  
 Because they often prove the same  
 (For where the first does hap to be, 725  
 The last does *coincidere*);  
*Quantum in nobis*, have thought good  
 To save th' expense of Christian blood,  
 And try if wē by mediation  
 Of treaty and accommodation, 730  
 Can end the quarrel, and compose  
 The bloody duel without blows.  
 Are not our liberties, our lives,  
 The laws, religion, and our wives,

Knight, in his own words; but since it is below the gravity of heroic poetry to admit of humour, but all men are obliged to speak wisely alike, and too much of so extravagant a folly would become tedious and impertinent, the rest of his harangues have only his sense expressed in other words, unless in some few places where his own words could not be so well avoided.

<sup>715</sup> Had that remarkable motion in the House of Commons taken place, the constables might have vied with Sir Hudibras for an equality at least; "That it was necessary for the House of Commons to have a High Constable of their own, that will make no scruple of laying his Majesty by the heels:" but they proceeded not so far as to name any body, because Harry Martyn (out of tenderness of conscience in this particular) immediately quashed the motion, by saying the power was too great for any man.

Enough at once to lie at stake 735  
 For Cov'nant and the Cause's sake?  
 But in that quarrel Dogs and Bears,  
 As well as we, must venture theirs?  
 This feud, by Jesuits invented,  
 By evil counsel is fomented; 740  
 There is a Machiavelian plot  
 (Though ev'ry nare olfact it not)  
 And deep design in 't to divide  
 The well-affected that confide,  
 By setting brother against brother, 745  
 To claw and curry one another.  
 Have we not enemies *plus satis*,

<sup>736</sup> This was the Solemn League and Covenant, which was first framed and taken by the Scottish Parliament, and by them sent to the Parliament of England, in order to unite the two nations more closely in religion. It was received and taken by both Houses, and by the City of London: and ordered to be read in all the churches throughout the kingdom; and every person was bound to give his consent, by holding up his hand, at the reading of it.

<sup>736</sup> 'And the Cause's sake.' Sir William Dugdale informs us that Mr. Bond, preaching at the Savoy, told his auditors from the pulpit, "That they ought to contribute and pray, and do all they were able to bring in their brethren of Scotland for settling of God's cause: I say (quoth he) this is God's cause; and if our God hath any cause, this is it; and if this be not God's cause, then God is no God for me; but the Devil is got up into Heaven." Mr. Calamy, in his speech at Guildhall, 1643, says, "I may truly say, as the Martyr did, that if I had as many lives as hairs on my head, I would be willing to sacrifice all these lives in this cause;"

Which pluck'd down the King, the Church, and the Laws.  
 To set up an idol, then nick-nam'd The Cause,  
 Like Bell and the Dragon to gorge their own maws  
 as it is expressed in 'The Rump Carbonaded.'

That *cane et angue pejus* hate us?  
 And shall we turn our fangs and claws  
 Upon our own selves, without cause? 750  
 That some occult design doth lie  
 In bloody cynaretomachy,  
 Is plain enough to him that knows  
 How Saints lead Brothers by the nose.  
 I wish myself a pseudo-prophet, 755  
 But sure some mischief will come of it,  
 Unless by providential wit,  
 Or force, we averruncate it.  
 For what design, what interest,  
 Can beast have to encounter beast? 760  
 They fight for no espoused Cause,  
 Frail Privilegē, Fundamental Laws,  
 Nor for a thorough Reformation,  
 Nor Covenant nor Protestation,  
 Nor Liberty of consciences, 765  
 Nor Lords' and Commons' Ordinances;  
 Nor for the Church, nor for Church-lands,  
 To get them into their own hands;  
 Nor evil Counsellors to bring  
 To justice, that seduce the King; 770  
 Nor for the worship of us men,

<sup>765</sup> VAR. 'Nor for free Liberty of Conscience.' The word 'free' was left out in 1674; and Mr. Warburton thinks for the worse; 'free liberty' being a most beautiful and satirical periphrasis for licentiousness, which is the idea the Author here intended to give us.

<sup>766</sup> The King being driven from the Parliament, no legal acts of Parliament could be made; therefore when the Lords and Commons had agreed upon any bill, they published it, and required obedience to it, under the title of An Ordinance of Lords and Commons, and sometimes, An Ordinance of Parliament.

Though we have done as much for them.  
 Th' Egyptians worshipp'd dogs, and for  
 Their faith made internecine war ;  
 Others ador'd a rat, and some 775  
 For that church suffer'd martyrdom ;  
 The Indians fought for the truth  
 Of th' elephant and monkey's tooth,  
 And many, to defend that faith,  
 Fought it out *mordicus* to death ; 780  
 But no beast ever was so slight,  
 For man, as for his god, to fight :  
 They have more wit, alas ! and know  
 Themselves and us better than so.  
 But we, who only do infuse 785  
 The rage in them like *boutè-feus*,  
 'Tis our example that instils  
 In them th' infection of our ills.  
 For, as some late philosophers  
 Have well observ'd, beasts that converse 790  
 With man take after him, as hogs  
 Get pigs all th' year, and bitches dogs ;  
 Just so, by our example, cattle  
 Learn to give one another battle.  
 We read in Nero's time, the Heathen, 795  
 When they destroy'd the Christian brethren,  
 They sew'd them in the skins of bears,  
 And then set dogs about their ears ;  
 From whence, no doubt, th' invention came  
 Of this lewd antichristian game. 800  
 To this, quoth Ralpho, Verily  
 The point seems very plain to me ;  
 It is an antichristian game,  
 Unlawful both in thing and name.

First, for the name ; the word Bear-baiting 805  
 Is carnal, and of man's creating,  
 For certainly there's no such word  
 In all the Scripture on record ;  
 Therefore unlawful, and a sin :  
 And so is (secondly) the thing ; 810  
 A vile assembly 'tis, that can  
 No more be proved by Scripture than  
 Provincial, Classic, National,  
 Mere human creature-cobwebs all.  
 Thirdly, it is idolatrous ; 815  
 For when men run a-whoring thus  
 With their inventions, whatsoever  
 The thing be, whether Dog or Bear  
 It is idolatrous and Pagan,  
 No less than worshipping of Dagon. 820  
 Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat ;  
 Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate :  
 For though the thesis which thou lay'st  
 Be true *ad amussim*, as thou say'st ;  
 (For that Bear-baiting should appear 825  
*Jure divino* lawfuller  
 Than Synods are, thou dost deny  
*Totidem verbis*, so do I)  
 Yet there's a fallacy in this ;  
 For if by sly *homæosis*, 830  
*Tussis pro crepitu*, an art  
 Under a cough to slur a f—t,  
 Thou wouldst sophistically imply  
 Both are unlawful,—I deny.  
 And I, quoth Ralpho, do not doubt 835  
 But Bear-baiting may be made out,  
 In gospel-times, as lawful as is

Provincial, or Parochial Classis ;  
 And that both are so near of kin,  
 And like in all, as well as sin, 840  
 That put 'em in a bag, and shake 'em,  
 Yourself o' th' sudden would mistake 'em,  
 And not know which is which, unless  
 You measure by their wickedness ;  
 For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether 845  
 O' th' two is worst, though I name neither.

Quoth Hudibras, Thou offer'st much,  
 But art not able to keep touch ;  
*Mira de lente*, as 'tis i' th' adage,  
*Id est*, to make a leek a cabbage : 850  
 Thou wilt at best but suck a bull,  
 Or shear swine, all cry and no wool ;  
 For what can Synods have at all,  
 With Bear that's analogical ?  
 Or what relation has debating 855  
 Of Church-affairs with Bear-baiting ?  
 A just comparison still is  
 Of things *ejusdem generis* ;  
 And then what *genus* rightly doth  
 Include and comprehend them both ? 860  
 If animal, both of us may  
 As justly pass for Bears as they ;  
 For we are animals no less,  
 Although of different specieses.  
 But, Ralpho, this is no fit place, 865  
 Nor time, to argue out the case ;

851 VAR. ' Thou canst at best but overstrain  
 A paradox and thy own brain ;'  
 and ' Thou'lt be at best but such a bull,' &c.

860 VAR. ' Comprehend them inclusive both.'

862 VAR. ' As likely.'



For now the field is not far off  
 Where we must give the world a proof  
 Of deeds, not words, and such as suit  
 Another manner of dispute : 870  
 A controversy that affords  
 Actions for arguments, not words ;  
 Which we must manage at a rate  
 Of prowess and conduct adequate  
 To what our place and fame doth promise, 875  
 And all the Godly expect from us.  
 Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless  
 We're slurr'd and outed by success ;  
 Success, the mark no mortal wit,  
 Or surest hand, can always hit : 880  
 For whatso'er we perpetrate,  
 We do but row, w' are steer'd by Fate,  
 Which in success oft disinherits,  
 For spurious causes, noblest merits.  
 Great actions are not always true sons 885  
 Of great and mighty resolutions ;  
 Nor do the bold'st attempts bring forth  
 Events still equal to their worth ;  
 But sometimes fail, and in their stead  
 Fortune and cowardice succeed. 890  
 Yet we have no great cause to doubt,  
 Our actions still have borne us out ;  
 Which though they're known to be so ample,  
 We need not copy from example ;  
 We're not the only person durst 895  
 Attempt this province, nor the first.  
 In northern clime a val'rous knight  
 Did whilom kill his Bear in fight,  
 And wound a Fiddler : we have both  
 Of these the objects of our wroth, 900

And equal fame and glory from  
 Th' attempt, or victory to come.  
 'Tis sung there is a valiant Mamaluke,  
 In foreign land yelep'd—  
 To whom we have been oft compar'd 905  
 For person, parts, address, and beard ;  
 Both equally reputed stout,  
 And in the same cause both have fought :  
 He oft in such attempts as these  
 Came off with glory and success ; 910  
 Nor will we fail in th' execution,  
 For want of equal resolution.  
 Honour is like a widow, won  
 With brisk attempt and putting on ;  
 With ent'ring manfully, and urging, 915  
 Not slow approaches, like a virgin.  
 This said, as yerst the Phrygian knight,  
 So ours, with rusty steel did smite  
 His Trojan horse, and just as much  
 He mended pace upon the touch ; 920  
 But from his empty stomach groan'd  
 Just as that hollow beast did sound,  
 And angry, answer'd from behind,  
 With brandish'd tail and blast of wind.  
 So have I seen, with armed heel, 925  
 A wight bestride a Common-weal,  
 While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd,  
 The less the sullen jade has stirr'd.

<sup>904</sup> The writers of the 'General Historical Dictionary,' vol. vi. p. 291, imagine, "That the chasm here is to be filled with the words, 'Sir Samuel Luke,' because the line before it is of ten syllables, and the measure of the verse generally used in this Poem is of eight."

## PART I. CANTO II.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The catalogue and character  
 Of th' enemies' best men of war,  
 Whom in a bold harangue the Knight  
 Defies and challenges to fight:  
 H' encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,  
 And takes the Fiddler prisoner,  
 Conveys him to enchanted castle,  
 There shuts him fast in wooden Bastile.

**T**HERE was an ancient sage philosopher  
 That had read Alexander Ross over,  
 And swore the world, as he could prove,  
 Was made of fighting and of love.  
 Just so Romances are, for what else 5  
 Is in them all but love and battles?  
 O' th' first of these w' have no great matter  
 To treat of, but a world o' th' latter,  
 In which to do the injured right  
 We mean, in what concerns just fight. 10  
 Certes our authors are to blame  
 For to make some well-sounding name  
 A pattern fit for modern knights  
 To copy out in frays and fights,  
 (Like those that a whole street do raze 15  
 To build a palace in the place).  
 They never care how many others  
 They kill, without regard of mothers,  
 Or wives, or children, so they can

Make up some fierce dead-doing man, 20  
 Compos'd of many ingredient valours,  
 Just like the manhood of nine tailors:  
 So a wild Tartar, when he spies  
 A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,  
 If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit 25  
 His wit, his beauty, and his spirit;  
 As if just so much he enjoy'd,  
 As in another is destroy'd:  
 For when a giant's slain in fight,  
 And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright, 30  
 It is a heavy case, no doubt,  
 A man should have his brains beat out,  
 Because he's tall and has large bones,  
 As men kill beavers for their stones.  
 But as for our part, we shall tell 35  
 The naked truth of what befell,  
 And as an equal friend to both  
 The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,  
 With neither faction shall take part,  
 But give to each his due desert, 40  
 And never coin a formal lie on't  
 To make the knight o'ercome the giant.  
 This b'ing profest, we've hopes enough,  
 And now go on where we left off.  
 They rode, but authors having not 45  
 Determin'd whether pace or trot  
 (That is to say, whether tollutation,  
 As they do term 't, or succussation),  
 We leave it, and go on, as now  
 Suppose they did, no matter how; 50  
 Yet some, from subtle hints, have got  
 Mysterious light it was a trot;

But let that pass : they now begun  
 To spur their living engines on :  
 For as whipp'd tops and bandy'd balls, 55  
 The learned hold, are animals ;  
 So horses they affirm to be  
 Mere engines made by geometry,  
 And were invented first from engines,  
 As Indian Britons were from Penguins. 60  
 So let them be, and, as I was saying,  
 They their live engines ply'd, not staying  
 Until they reach'd the fatal champain  
 Which th' enemy did then encamp on ;  
 The dire Pharsalian plain, where battle 65  
 Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant cattle,  
 And fierce auxiliary men,  
 That came to aid their brethren,  
 Who now began to take the field,  
 As Knight from ridge of steed beheld. 70  
 For as our modern wits behold,  
 Mounted a pick-back on the old,  
 Much further off, much further he,  
 Rais'd on his aged beast, could see ;  
 Yet not sufficient to descry 75  
 All postures of the enemy,  
 Wherefore he bids the Squire ride further,  
 T' observe their numbers and their order,  
 That, when their motions he had known,  
 He might know how to fit his own. 80  
 Mean-while he stopp'd his willing steed,  
 To fit himself for martial deed :  
 Both kinds of metal he prepar'd,  
 Either to give blows or to ward ;

<sup>74</sup> VAR. 'From off.'

Courage and steel, both of great force, 85  
 Prepar'd for better or for worse.  
 His death-charg'd pistols he did fit well,  
 Drawn out from life-preserving victual ;  
 These being prim'd, with force he labour'd  
 To free 's sword from retentive scabbard, 90  
 And after many a painful pluck,  
 From rusty durance he bail'd tuck :  
 Then shook himself, to see that prowess  
 In scabbard of his arms sat loose ;  
 And, rais'd upon his desp'rate foot, 95  
 On stirrup-side he gaz'd about,  
 Portending blood, like blazing star,  
 The beacon of approaching war.  
 Ralpho rode on with no less speed  
 Than Hugo in the forest did ; 100  
 But far more in returning made,  
 For now the foe he had survey'd,  
 Rang'd, as to him they did appear,  
 With van, main-battle, wings and rear.  
 I' th' head of all this warlike rabble, 105  
 Crowdero march'd expert and able ;

85 86 VAR. 'Courage within, and steel without,  
 To give and to receive a rout.'

92 VAR. 'He clear'd at length the rugged tuck.'

99 100 VAR. 'The Squire advanc'd with greater speed  
 Than could b' expected from his steed :'

101 102 VAR. But 'with a great deal' more 'return'd,'  
 For now the foe he had 'discern'd.'

106 So called from 'croud,' a fiddle: This was one Jackson, a milliner, who lived in the New Exchange in the Strand. He had formerly been in the service of the Roundheads, and had lost a leg in it; this brought him to decay, so that he was obliged to scrape upon a fiddle, from one ale-house to

Instead of trumpet and of drum,  
 That makes the warrior's stomach come,  
 Whose noise whets valour sharp, like beer  
 By thunder turn'd to vinegar ; 110  
 (For if a trumpet sound or drum beat  
 Who has not a month's mind to combat?)  
 A squeaking engine he apply'd  
 Unto his neck, on north-east side,  
 Just where the hangman does dispose 115  
 To special friends the knot of noose :  
 For 'tis great grace when statesmen straight  
 Despatch a friend, let others wait.  
 His warped ear hung o'er the strings,  
 Which was but souse to chitterlings : 120  
 For guts, some write, ere they are sodden,  
 Are fit for music or for pudden ;  
 From whence men borrow ev'ry kind  
 Of minstrelsy, by string or wind.  
 His grisly beard was long and thick, 125  
 With which he strung his fiddlestick,  
 For he to horse-tail scorn'd to owe  
 For what on his own chin did grow :  
 Chiron, the four-legg'd bard, had both  
 A beard and tail of his own growth, 130  
 And yet by authors 'tis averr'd  
 He made use only of his beard.  
 In Staffordshire, where virtuous worth  
 Does raise the minstrelsy, not birth,  
 Where bulls do choose the boldest king 135  
 And ruler o'er the men of string

another, for his bread. Mr. Butler very judiciously places him at the head of his catalogue: for country diversions are generally attended with a fiddler or bagpiper.

(As once in Persia, 'tis said,  
 Kings were proclaim'd by a horse that neigh'd),  
 He, bravely vent'ring at a crown,  
 By chance of war was beaten down, 140  
 And wounded sore; his leg then broke  
 Had got a deputy of oak:  
 For when a shin in fight is crompt,  
 The knee with one of timber's propt,  
 Esteem'd more honourable than the other, 145  
 And takes place, though the younger brother.

Next march'd brave Orsin, famous for  
 Wise conduct and success in war;  
 A skilful leader, stout, severe,  
 Now Marshal to the champion Bear. 150  
 With truncheon tipp'd with iron head,  
 The warrior to the lists he led;  
 With solemn march and stately pace,  
 But far more grave and solemn face;  
 Grave as the emperor of Pégu, 155  
 Or Spanish potentate, Don Diego.  
 This leader was of knowledge great,  
 Either for charge or for retreat;  
 He knew when to fall on pell-mell,  
 To fall baek and retreat as well: 160  
 So lawyers, lest the Bear defendant  
 And plaintiff Dog should make an end on't,  
 Do stave and tail with writs of Error,  
 Reverse of Judgment, and Demurrer,  
 To let them breathe awhile, and then 165

<sup>147</sup> VAR. 'Next follow'd.' Joshua Gosling, who kept bears at Paris-garden, in Southwark. However, says Sir Roger, he stood hard and fast for the Rump Parliament.

<sup>159</sup> <sup>160</sup> VAR. 'Knew when t' engage his bear pell-mell,  
 And when to bring him off as well.'



Cry Whoop and set them on agen.  
 As Romulus a wolf did rear,  
 So he was dry-nurs'd by a bear,  
 That fed him with the purchas'd prey  
 Of many a fierce and bloody fray ; 170  
 Bred up, where discipline most rare is,  
 In military garden Paris :  
 For soldiers heretofore did grow  
 In gardens just as weeds do now,  
 Until some splay-foot politicians 175  
 T' Apollo offer'd up petitions  
 For licensing a new invention  
 Th' had found out of an antique engine,  
 To root out all the weeds that grow  
 In public gardēns, at a blow, 180  
 And leave th' herbs standing. Quoth Sir Sun,  
 My friends, that is not to be done.  
 Not done ! quoth Statesman ; Yes, an't please ye,  
 When 'tis once known you'll say 'tis easy.  
 Why then let's know it, quoth Apollo : 185  
 We'll beat a drum, and they'll all follow.  
 A drum ! (quoth Phœbus) Troth, that's true,  
 A pretty invention, quaint and new :  
 But though of voice and instrument  
 We are th' undoubted president, 190  
 We such loud music do not profess,  
 The Devil's master of that office,  
 Where it must pass ; if't be a drum,  
 He'll sign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.* ;

<sup>194</sup> The House of Commons, even before the Rump had murdered the King, and expelled the House of Lords, usurped many branches of the Royal prerogative, and particularly this for granting licences for new inventions.

To him apply yourselves, and he 195  
 Will soon despatch you for his fee.  
 They did so, but it prov'd so ill  
 Th' had better let 'em grow there still.

But to resume what we discoursing  
 Were on before, that is, stout Orsin : 200  
 That which so oft by sundry writers  
 Has been apply'd t' almost all fighters,  
 More justly may b' ascrib'd to this  
 Than any other warrior, (viz.)  
 None ever acted both parts bolder, 205  
 Both of a chieftain and a soldier.  
 He was of great descent, and high  
 For splendour and antiquity,  
 And from celestial origine  
 Deriv'd himself in a right line 210  
 Not as the ancient heroes did,  
 Who, that their base births might be hid  
 (Knowing they were of doubtful gender,  
 And that they came in at the windore),  
 Made Jupiter himself and others 215  
 O' th' gods, gallants to their own mothers,  
 To get on them a race of champions,  
 (Of which old Homer first made lampoons).  
 Arctophylax, in northern sphere,  
 Was his undoubted ancestor ; 220  
 From him his great forefathers came,  
 And in all ages bore his name.  
 Learned he was in med'c'nal lore,  
 For by his side a pouch he wore  
 Replete with strange hermetic powder, 225

<sup>211</sup> This is one instance of the Author's making great things little, though his talent lay chiefly the other way.

That wounds nine miles point-blank would solder ;  
 By skilful chemist with great cost  
 Extracted from a rotten post ;  
 But of a heav'nlier influence  
 Than that which mountebanks dispense, 230  
 Though by Promethean fire made ;  
 As they do quack that drive that trade.

For as, when slovens do amiss  
 At others' doors, by stool or piss,  
 The learned write a red-hot spit 235  
 B'ing prudently apply'd to it  
 Will convey mischief from the dung  
 Unto the part that did the wrong,  
 So this did healing ; and, as sure  
 As that did mischief, this would cure. 240

Thus virtuous Orsin was endu'd  
 With learning, conduct, fortitude  
 Incomparable ; and as the prince  
 Of poets, Homer, sung long since,  
 A skilful leech is better far 245  
 Than half a hundred men of war ;  
 So he appear'd, and by his skill,  
 No less than dint of sword, could kill.

The gallant Bruin march'd next him,  
 With visage formidably grim, 250  
 And rugged as a Saracen,  
 Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin ;  
 Clad in a mantle *de la guerre*  
 Of rough impenetrable fur,  
 And in his nose, like Indian king, 255  
 He wore, for ornament, a ring ;  
 About his neck a threefold gorget,

<sup>238</sup> VAR. Unto the 'brech.'

As rough as trebled leathern target ;  
 Armed, as heralds cant, and langued,  
 Or, as the vulgar say, sharp-fanged : 260  
 For as the teeth in beasts of prey  
 Are swords, with which they fight in fray,  
 So swords, in men of war, are teeth  
 Which they do eat their victual with.  
 He was by birth, some authors write, 265  
 A Russian, some a Muscovite,  
 And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred,  
 Of whom we in Diurnals read,  
 That serve to fill up pages here,  
 As with their bodies ditches there. 270  
 Scrimansky was his cousin-german,  
 With whom he serv'd, and fed on vermin ;  
 And when these fail'd he'd suck his claws,  
 And quarter himself upon his paws :  
 And though his countrymen, the Huns, 275  
 Did stew their meat between their bums  
 And th' horses' backs o'er which they straddle,  
 And ev'ry man ate up his saddle ;  
 He was not half so nice as they,  
 But ate it raw when 't came in 's way. 280  
 He had trac'd countries far and near  
 More than Le Blanc the traveller,  
 Who writes, he spous'd in India,  
 Of noble house a lady gay,  
 And got on her a race of worthies 285  
 As stout as any upon earth is.  
 Full many a fight for him between  
 Talgol and Orsin oft had been,  
 Each striving to deserve the crown  
 Of a sav'd citizen ; the one 290

To guard his Bear, the other fought  
 To aid his Dog ; both made more stout  
 By sev'ral spurs of neighbourhood,  
 Church-fellow-membership, and blood :  
 But Talgol, mortal foe to cows, 295  
 Never got aught of him but blows,  
 Blows hard and heavy, such as he  
 Had lent, repaid with usury.

Yet Tagol was of courage stout,  
 And vanquish'd oft'ner than he fought ; 300  
 Inur'd to labour, sweat and toil,  
 And, like a champion, shone with oil :  
 Right many a widow his keen blade,  
 And many fatherless, had made ;  
 He many a boar and huge dun-cow 305  
 Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow :  
 But Guy with him in fight compar'd,  
 Had like the boar or dun-cow far'd.  
 With greater troops of sheep h' had fought  
 Than Ajax or bold Don Quixote ; 310  
 And many a serpent of fell kind,  
 With wings before and stings behind,  
 Subdu'd ; as, poets say, long ago  
 Bold Sir George Saint George did the Dragon.  
 Nor engine, nor device polemic, 315  
 Disease, nor doctor epidemic,  
 Though stor'd with deletery med'cines,  
 (Which whosoever took is dead since)  
 E'er sent so vast a colony  
 To both the under worlds as he ; 320

<sup>299</sup> A butcher in Newgate-market, who afterwards obtained a captain's commission for his rebellious bravery at Naseby, as Sir R. L'Estrange observes.

For he was of that noble trade  
 That demi-gods and heroes made,  
 Slaughter, and knocking on the head,  
 The trade to which they all were bred ;  
 And is, like others, glorious when 325  
 'Tis great and large, but base, if mean :  
 The former rides in triumph for it,  
 The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot,  
 For daring to profane a thing  
 So sacred with vile bungling. 330

Next these the brave Magnano came,  
 Magnano great in martial fame ;  
 Yet when with Orsin he wag'd fight,  
 'Tis sung he got but little by 't :  
 Yet he was fierce as forest boar, 335  
 Whose spoils upon his back he wore,  
 As thick as Ajax' sevenfold shield,  
 Which o'er his brazen arms he held :  
 But brass was feeble to resist  
 The fury of his armed fist, 340  
 Nor could the hardest iron hold out  
 Against his blows, but they would through 't.

In magic he was deeply read,  
 As he that made the brazen-head ;  
 Profoundly skill'd in the black art, 345  
 As English Merlin for his heart ;  
 But far more skilful in the spheres,  
 Than he was at the sieve and shears.  
 He could transform himself in colour,

<sup>331</sup> Simeon Wait a tinker, as famous an Independent preacher as Burroughs, who, with equal blasphemy to his Lord of Hosts, would style Oliver Cromwell the Archangel giving battle to the Devil.

As like the Devil as a collier ; 350  
 As like as hypocrites in show  
 Are to true saints, or crow to crow.

Of warlike engines he was author,  
 Devis'd for quick dispatch of slaughter :  
 The cannon, blunderbuss, and saker, 355

He was th' inventor of, and maker :  
 The trumpet and the kettle-drum  
 Did both from his invention come.  
 He was the first that e'er did teach  
 To make, and how to stop, a breach. 360

A lance he bore with iron pike,  
 Th' one half would thrust, the other strike ;  
 And when their forces he had join'd,  
 He scorn'd to turn his parts behind.

He Trulla lov'd, Trulla more bright 365  
 Than burnish'd armour of her knight ;

A bold virago, stout and tall,  
 As Joan of France, or English Mall :  
 Through perils both of wind and limb,  
 Through thick and thin she follow'd him, 370  
 In ev'ry adventure h' undertook,  
 And never him or it forsook :

At breach of wall, or hedge surprise,  
 She shar'd i' th' hazard and the prize ;

<sup>365</sup> The daughter of James Spenser, debauched by Magnano the tinker ; so called because the tinker's wife or mistress was commonly called his 'trull.' See 'The Coxcomb,' a comedy.

<sup>366</sup> Alluding probably to Mary Carlton, called 'Kentish Moll,' but more commonly 'The German Princess;' a person notorious at the time this First Part of Hudibras was published. She was transported to Jamaica, 1671, but returning from transportation too soon, she was hanged at Tyburn, Jan. 22, 1672-3.

At beating quarters up, or forage, 375  
 Behav'd herself with matchless courage,  
 And laid about in fight more busily  
 Than th' Amazonian Dame Penthesile.

And though some critics here cry shame,  
 And say our authors are to blame, 380  
 That (spite of all philosophers,  
 Who hold no females stout but bears,  
 And heretofore did so abhor  
 That women should pretend to war,  
 They would not suffer the stout'st dame 385  
 To swear by Hercules's name),  
 Make feeble ladies, in their works,  
 To fight like termagants and Turks ;  
 To lay their native arms aside,  
 Their modesty, and ride astride ; 390  
 To run a-tilt at men, and wield  
 Their naked tools in open field ;  
 As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,  
 And she that would have been the mistress  
 Of Gundibert, but he had grace, 395  
 And rather took a country lass ;  
 They say 'tis false without all sense,  
 But of pernicious consequence  
 To government, which they suppose  
 Can never be upheld in prose ; 400  
 Strip nature naked to the skin,  
 You'll find about her no such thing :  
 It may be so, yet what we tell  
 Of Trulla that's improbable,  
 Shall be depos'd by those have seen 't, 405  
 Or, what's as good, produc'd in print ;  
 And if they will not take our word,



We'll prove it true upon record.  
 The upright Cerdon next advanc't,  
 Of all his race the valiant'st ; 410  
 Cerdon the Great, renown'd in song,  
 Like Herc'les, for repair of wrong :  
 He rais'd the low, and fortify'd  
 The weak against the strongest side :  
 Ill has he read that never hit 415  
 On him in Muses' deathless writ.  
 He had a weapon keen and fierce,  
 That through a bull-hide shield would pierce,  
 And cut it in a thousand pieces,  
 Though tougher than the Knight of Greece his, 420  
 With whom his black-thumb'd ancestor  
 Was comrade in the ten-years' war :  
 For when the restless Greeks sat down  
 So many years before Troy town,  
 And were renown'd, as Homer writes, 425  
 For well-sol'd boots no less than fights,  
 They ow'd that glory only to  
 His ancestor, that made them so.  
 Fast friend he was to reformation,  
 Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion ; 430  
 Next rectifier of wry law,  
 And would make three to cure one flaw.  
 Learned he was, and could take note,

<sup>409</sup> 'Cerdon.' A one-eyed cobbler, like his brother Colonel Hewson. The poet observes that his chief talent lay in preaching. Is it not then indecent, and beyond the rules of decorum, to introduce him into such rough company? No: it is probable he had but newly set up the trade of a teacher, and we may conclude that the poet did not think that he had so much sanctity as to debar him the pleasure of his beloved diversion of bear-baiting.

Transcribe, collect, translate, and quote :

But preaching was his chiefest talent, 435  
 Or argument, in which being valiant,  
 He us'd to lay about and stickle,

<sup>435</sup> Mechanics of all sorts were then preachers, and some of them much followed and admired by the mob. "I am to tell thee, Christian Reader," says Dr. Featley, Preface to his 'Dipper Dipped,' wrote 1645, and published 1647, p. 1, "this new year of new changes, never heard of in former ages, namely, of stables turned into temples, and, I will beg leave to add, temples turned into stables (as was that of St. Paul's, and many more), stalls into quires, shop-boards into communion-tables, tubs into pulpits, aprons into linen ephods, and mechanics of the lowest rank into priests of the high places.—I wonder that our door-posts and walls sweat not, upon which such notes as these have been lately affixed; on such a day such a brewer's clerk exerciseth, such a tailor expoundeth, such a waterman teacheth.—If cooks, instead of mincing their meat, fall upon dividing of the Word; if tailors leap up from the shop-board into the pulpit, and patch up sermons out of stolen shreds; if not only of the lowest of the people, as in Jeroboam's time, priests are consecrated to the Most High God—do we marvel to see such confusion in the Church as there is?" They are humorously girded in a tract entitled, 'The Reformado precisely character'd, by a modern Churchwarden,' p. 11. "Here are felt-makers," says he, "who can roundly deal with the blockheads and neutral dimicasters of the world; cobblers who can give good rules for upright walking, and handle Scripture to a bristle; coachmen who know how to lash the beastly enormities, and curb the headstrong insolences of this brutish age, stoutly exhorting us to stand up for the truth, lest the wheel of destruction roundly overrun us. We have weavers that can sweetly inform us of the shuttle swiftness of the times, and practically tread out the vicissitude of all sublunary things, till the web of our life be cut off: and here are mechanics of my profession who can separate the pieces of salvation from those of damnation, measure out every man's portion, and cut it out by a thread, substantially pressing the points, till they have fashionably filled up their work with a well-bottomed conclusion."

Like ram or bull, at Conventicle :  
 For disputants, like rams and bulls,  
 Do fight with arms that spring from sculls. 440

Last Colon came, bold man of war,  
 Destin'd to blows by fatal star,  
 Right expert in command of horse,  
 But cruel, and without remorse.

That which of Centaur long ago 445  
 Was said, and has been wrested to  
 Some other knights, was true of this ;  
 He and his horse were of a piece.

One spirit did inform them both,  
 The self-same vigour, fury, wroth ; 450  
 Yet he was much the rougher part,  
 And always had a harder heart,

Although his horse had been of those  
 That fed on man's flesh, as fame goes :  
 Strange food for horse ! and yet, alas ! 455

It may be true, for flesh is grass.  
 Sturdy he was, and no less able  
 Than Hercules to clean a stable ;  
 As great a drover, and as great  
 A critic too, in hog or neat. 460

He ripp'd the womb up of his mother,  
 Dame Tellus, 'cause she wanted fother  
 And provender, wherewith to feed  
 Himself and his less cruel steed.

It was a question whether he 465  
 Or 's horse were of a family  
 More worshipful ; till antiquaries  
 (After they'd almost por'd out their eyes)  
 Did very learnedly decide

<sup>441</sup> 'Colon.' Ned Perry, an hostler.

The bus'ness on the horse's side, 470  
 And prov'd not only horse, but cows,  
 Nay pigs, were of the elder house :  
 For beasts, when man was but a piece  
 Of earth himself, did th' earth possess.

These worthies were the chief that led 475  
 The combatants, each in the head  
 Of his command, with arms and rage  
 Ready and longing to engage.

The num'rous rabble was drawn out  
 Of sev'ral counties round about, 480  
 From villages remote, and shires  
 Of east and western hemispheres.

From foreign parishes and regions,  
 Of different manners, speech, religions,  
 Came men and mastiffs ; some to fight 485  
 For fame and honour, some for sight.

And now the field of death, the lists,  
 Were enter'd by antagonists,  
 And blood was ready to be broach'd  
 When Hudibras in haste approach'd 490

With Squire and weapons to attack 'em ;  
 But first thus from his horse bespake 'em :

What rage, O Citizens ! what fury,  
 Doth you to these dire actions hurry ?  
 What oestrum, what phrenetic mood, 495  
 Makes you thus lavish of your blood,

While the proud Vies your trophies boast,  
 And unreveng'd walks Waller's ghost ?  
 What towns, what garrisons, might you  
 With hazard of this blood subdue, 500

<sup>495</sup> 'Oestrum' signifies the gad-bee or horse-fly.

<sup>497</sup> Sir W. Waller was defeated at Devizes.

Which now y' are bent to throw away  
 In vain untriumphable fray?  
 Shall saints in civil bloodshed wallow  
 Of saints, and let the Cause lie fallow?  
 The Cause, for which we fought and swore 505  
 So boldly, shall we now give o'er?  
 Then, because quarrels still are seen  
 With oaths and swearings to begin,  
 The Solemn League and Covenant  
 Will seem a mere God-damme rant, 510  
 And we that took it, and have fought,  
 As lewd as drunkards that fall out:  
 For as we make war for the King  
 Against himself, the self-same thing,  
 Some will not stick to swear, we do 515  
 For God and for Religion too:  
 For, if Bear-baiting we allow,  
 What good can Reformation do?  
 The blood and treasure that's laid out  
 Is thrown away, and goes for nought. 520  
 Are these the fruits o' th' Protestation,  
 The prototype of Reformation,  
 Which all the saints, and some, since martyrs,  
 Wore in their hats like wedding-garters,

503 504 Mr. Walker observes, "That all the cheating, covetous, ambitious persons of the land were united together under the title of the Godly, the Saints, and shared the fat of the land between them;" and he calls them the Saints who were canonized no-where but in the Devil's Calendar.

513 514 The Presbyterians, in all their wars against the king, maintained still that they fought for him; for they pretended to distinguish his political person from his natural one: his political person, they said, must be, and was with the Parliament, though his natural person was at war with them.

When 'twas resolved by their House 525  
 Six Members' quarrel to espouse?  
 Did they for this draw down the rabble,  
 With zeal and noises formidable,  
 And make all cries about the town  
 Join throats to cry the Bishops down? 530  
 Who having round begirt the palace,  
 (As once a month they do the gallows),  
 As Members gave the sign about,  
 Set up their throats with hideous shout.  
 When tinkers bawl'd aloud to settle 535  
 Church-Discipline, for patching kettle;  
 No sow-gelder did blow his horn  
 To geld a cat, but cry'd Reform;  
 The oyster-women lock'd their fish up,  
 And trudg'd away to cry No Bishop; 540  
 The mouse-trap men laid save-alls by,  
 And 'ganst Ev'l Counsellors did cry;  
 Botchers left old clothes in the church,  
 And fell to turn and patch the Church;  
 Some cry'd the Covenant, instead 545  
 Of pudding-pies and gingerbread;  
 And some for brooms, old boots and shoes,  
 Bawl'd out to purge the Commons House;  
 Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry  
 A Gospel-preaching ministry; 550  
 And some for old suits, coats, or cloak,  
 No Surplices nor Service-book:

<sup>530</sup> "Good Lord!" says the 'True Informer,' p. 12, "what a deal of dirt was thrown in the Bishops' faces!—what infamous ballads were sung!—what a thick cloud of epidemical hatred hung suddenly over them! so far, that a dog with a black and white face was called a 'Bishop.'"

A strange harmonious inclination  
 Of all degrees to Reformation.  
 And is this all? Is this the end 555  
 To which these carr'ings on did tend?  
 Hath Public faith, like a young heir,  
 For this tak'n up all sorts of ware,  
 And run int' ev'ry tradesman's book,  
 Till both turn bankrupts and are broke? 560  
 Did Saints for this bring in their plate,  
 And crowd as if they came too late?  
 For, when they thought the cause had need on't,  
 Happy was he that could be rid on't.  
 Did they coin piss-pots, bowls, and flagons, 565  
 Int' officers of horse and dragoons?  
 And into pikes and musqueteers  
 Stamp beakers, cups and porringers?  
 A thimble, bodkin, and a spoon,  
 Did start up living men as soon 570  
 As in the furnace they were thrown,  
 Just like the dragon's teeth being sown.  
 Then was the Cause of gold and plate,  
 The Brethren's off'rings, consecrate,  
 Like th' Hebrew calf, and down before it, 575  
 The Saints fell prostrate, to adore it:  
 So say the Wicked—and will you  
 Make that sarcasmus scandal true  
 By running after Dogs and Bears,  
 Beasts more unclean than calves or steers? 580

<sup>552</sup> <sup>554</sup> Those flights, which seem most extravagant in our Poet, were really excelled by matter of fact. The Scots (in their 'Large Declaration,' 1637, p. 41) begin their petition against the Common Prayer-Book thus:—"We men, women, and children, and servants, having considered, &c." 'Foulis's Hist. of Wicked Plots.'

Have pow'rful Preachers ply'd their tongues,  
 And laid themselves out and their lungs;  
 Us'd all means, both direct and sinister,  
 I' th' pow'r of Gospel-preaching Minister?  
 Have they invented tones to win  
 The women, and make them draw in  
 The men, as Indians with a female  
 Tame elephant inveigle the male?  
 Have they told Prov'dence what it must do,

585

<sup>589</sup> It was a common practice to inform God of the trans actions of the times. "Oh! my Good Lord God," says Mr. G. Swathe, 'Prayers,' p. 12, "I hear the King hath set up his standard at York against the Parliament and city of London.—Look Thou upon them, take their cause into Thine own hand; appear Thou in the cause of Thy Saints, the cause in hand.—It is Thy cause, Lord. We know that the King is misled, deluded, and deceived by his Popish, Arminian, and temporising, rebellious, malignant faction and party," &c. "They would," says Dr. Echard, "in their prayers and sermons, tell God, that they would be willing to be at any charge and trouble for Him, and to do as it were any kindness for the Lord; the Lord might now trust them, and rely upon them, they should not fail Him; they should not be unmindful of His business; His works should not stand still, nor His designs be neglected. They must needs say that they had formerly received some favours from God, and have been as it were beholden to the Almighty; but they did not much question but they should find some opportunity of making some amends for the many good things, and (as I may so say) civilities which they had received from Him. Indeed, as for those that are weak in the Faith, and are yet but babes in Christ, it is fit that they should keep at some distance from God, should kneel before Him, and stand (as I may say) cap in hand to the Almighty: but as for those that are strong in all Gifts, and grown up in all Grace, and are come to a fulness and ripeness in the Lord Jesus, it is comely enough to take a great chair, and sit at the end of the table, and, with their cock'd hats on their heads, to say, God, we thought it not amiss to call upon Thee this evening, and let Thee know how affairs stand. We have been very watchful since we were last with Thee, and they are in a very hopeful condition.



Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to? 590  
 Discover'd th' Enemy's design,  
 And which way best to countermine?  
 Prescrib'd what ways it hath to work,  
 Or it will ne'er advance the Kirk?  
 Told it the news o' th' last express, 595  
 And after good or bad success  
 Made prayers, not so like petitions  
 As overtures and propositions  
 (Such as the Army did present  
 To their Creator, th' Parl'ament), 600  
 In which they freely will confess  
 They will not, cannot acquiesce,

We hope that Thou wilt not forget us; for we are very thoughtful of Thy concerns. We do somewhat long to hear from Thee; and if Thou pleasest to give us such a thing ('Victory'), we shall be (as I may so say) good to Thee in something else when it lies in our way." See a remarkable Scotch Prayer much to the same purpose, 'Scourge,' by Mr. Lewis, No XVI. p. 130, edit. 1717.

<sup>602</sup> Alluding probably to their profane expostulations with God from the pulpit. Mr. Vines, in St. Clement's Church, near Temple-bar, used the following words: "O Lord, Thou hast never given us a victory this long while, for all our frequent-fasting. What dost Thou mean, O Lord, to fling into a ditch, and there to leave us?" And one Robinson, in his prayer at Southampton, Aug. 25, 1642, expressed himself in the following manner: "O God, O God, many are the hands that are lift up against us, but there is one God, it is Thou Thyself, O Father, Who does us more mischief than they all." They seemed to encourage this profanity in their public sermons. "Gather upon God," says Mr. R. Harris, 'Fast Sermon before the Commons,' "and hold Him to it, as Jacob did: press Him with His precepts, with His promises, with His hand, with His seal, with His oath, till we do *δυσωπειν*, as some Greek Fathers boldly speak; that is, if I may speak it reverently enough, put the Lord out of countenance; put Him, as you would say, to the blush, unless we be masters of our requests."

Unless the work be carry'd on  
 In the same way they have begun,  
 By setting Church and Commonweal 605  
 All on a flame, bright as their zeal,  
 On which the Saints were all agog,  
 And all this for a Bear and Dog?  
 The Parl'ament drew up petitions  
 To 'tself, and sent them, like commissions, 610  
 To well-affected persons down,  
 In every city and great town,  
 With pow'r to levy horse and men,  
 Only to bring them back agen?  
 For this did many, many a mile, 615  
 Ride manfully in rank and file,  
 With papers in their hats, that show'd  
 As if they to the pill'ry rode?  
 Have all these courses, these efforts,  
 Been try'd by people of all sorts, 620  
*Velis et remis, omnibus nervis,*  
 And all t' advance the Cause's service;  
 And shall all now be thrown away  
 In petulant intestine fray?  
 Shall we, that in the Cov'nant swore 625  
 Each man of us to run before  
 Another, still in Reformation  
 Give Dogs and Bears a dispensation?  
 How will Dissenting Brethren relish it?  
 What will Malignants say? *Videlicet,* 630  
 That each man swore to do his best  
 To damn and perjure all the rest;  
 And bid the devil take the hin'most,  
 Which at this race is like to win most.  
 They'll say our bus'ness to Reform 635

The Church and State, is but a worm ;  
 For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,  
 To an unknown Church discipline,  
 What is it else but beforehand  
 T' engage and after understand ? 640  
 For when we swore to carry on  
 The present Reformation,  
 According to the purest mode  
 Of churches best reform'd abroad,  
 What did we else but make a vow 645  
 To do we know not what, nor how ?  
 For no three of us will agree  
 Where, or what churches these should be :  
 And is indeed the self-same case  
 With those that swore *et ceteras* ; 650  
 Or the French League, in which men vow'd  
 To fight to the last drop of blood.  
 These slanders will be thrown upon  
 The Cause and work we carry on,  
 If we permit men to run headlong 655  
 T' exorbitances fit for Bedlam,  
 Rather than gospel-walking times,  
 When slightest sins are greatest crimes.  
 But we the matter so shall handle

<sup>651</sup> The Holy League in France, designed and made for the extirpation of the Protestant religion, was the original out of which the Solemn League and Covenant here was (with difference only of circumstances) most faithfully transcribed. Nor did the success of both differ more than the intent and purpose ; for, after the destruction of vast numbers of people of all sorts, both ended with the murder of two kings, whom they had both sworn to defend. And as our Covenanters swore every man to run one before another in the way of Reformation, so did the French, in the Holy League, to fight to the last drop of blood.

As to remove that odious scandal : 660  
 In name of King and Parl'ament,  
 I charge ye all, no more foment  
 This feud, but keep the peace between  
 Your brethren and your countrymen,  
 And to those places straight repair 665  
 Where your respective dwellings are.  
 But to that purpose first surrender  
 The Fiddler; as the prime offender,  
 Th' incendiary vile, that is chief  
 Author and engineer of mischief ; 670  
 That makes division between friends,  
 For profane and malignant ends.  
 He, and that engine of vile noise  
 On which illegally he plays,  
 Shall (*dictum factum*) both be brought 675  
 To condign pun'shment, as they ought :  
 This must be done, and I would fain see  
 Mortal so sturdy as to gainsay ;

673-676 The threatening punishment to the Fiddle was much like the threats of the pragmatistical troopers to punish Ralph Dobbin's waggon, 'Plain Dealer,' vol. i. "I was driving," says he, "into a town upon the 29th of May, where my waggon was to dine. There came up in a great rage seven or eight of the troopers that were quartered there, and asked, 'What I bushed out my horses for?' I told them 'To drive flies away.' But they said, I was a Jacobite rascal, that my horses were guilty of high treason, and my waggon ought to be hanged. I answered, 'it was already drawn, and within a yard or two of being quartered; but as to being hanged, it was a compliment we had no occasion for, and therefore desired them to take it back again, and keep it in their own hands, till they had an opportunity to make use of it.' I had no sooner spoke these words, but they fell upon me like thunder, stript my cattle in a twinkling, and beat me black and blue with my own oak branches."

For then I'll take another course,  
 And soon reduce you all by force. 680  
 This said, he clapt his hand on sword,  
 To shew he meant to keep his word:

But Talgol, who had long suppress  
 Inflamed wrath in glowing breast,  
 Which now began to rage and burn as 685  
 Implacably as flame in furnace,

Thus answer'd him : Thou vermin wretched,  
 As e'er in measled pork was hatched ;  
 Thou tail of worship, that dost grow  
 On rump of justice as of cow ; 690

How dar'st thou with that sullen luggage  
 O' th' self, old ir'n, and other baggage,  
 With which thy steed of bones and leather  
 Has broke his wind in halting hither,

How durst th', I say, adventure thus 695  
 T' oppose thy lumber against us ?  
 Could thine impertinence find out  
 No work t' employ itself about,

Where thou, secure from wooden blow,  
 Thy busy vanity might'st show ? 700  
 Was no dispute a-foot between  
 The eaterwauling Brethren ?

No subtle question rais'd among  
 Those out-o'-their wits and those i' th' wrong ?  
 No prize between those combatants 705

<sup>683</sup> <sup>684</sup> It may be asked, Why Talgol was the first in answering the Knight, when it seems more incumbent upon the Bearward to make a defence? Probably Talgol might then be a Cavalier; for the character the Poet has given him doth not infer the contrary, and his answer carries strong indications to justify the conjecture.

<sup>694</sup> VAR. 'Is lam'd, and tir'd in halting hither.'

O' th' times, the land and water saints,  
 Where thou might'st stickle, without hazard  
 Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard,  
 And not for want of bus'ness come  
 To us to be thus troublesome, 710  
 To interrupt our better sort  
 Of disputants, and spoil our sport?  
 Was there no felony, no bawd,  
 Cut-purse, or burglary abroad?  
 No stolen pig, nor plunder'd goose, 715  
 To tie thee up from breaking loose?  
 No ale unlicens'd, broken hedge,  
 For which thou statute might'st allege,  
 To keep thee busy from foul evil  
 And shame due to thee from the devil? 720  
 Did no Committee sit, where he  
 Might cut out journey-work for thee,  
 And set th' a task, with subornation,  
 To stitch up sale and sequestration;  
 To cheat, with holiness and zeal, 725  
 All parties and the commonweal?  
 Much better had it been for thee  
 He 'ad kept thee where th' art us'd to be,  
 Or sent th' on bus'ness any whither,  
 So he had never brought thee hither: 730  
 But if th' hast brain enough in scull  
 To keep itself in lodging whole,  
 And not provoke the rage of stones  
 And cudgels to thy hide and bones,  
 Tremble, and vanish while thou may'st, 735  
 Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.

At this the knight grew high in wroth,

<sup>732</sup> VAR. 'To keep within its lodging.'

And, lifting hands and eyes up both,  
 Three times he smote on stomach stout,  
 From whence, at length, these words broke out :

Was I for this entitled Sir, 741

And girt with trusty sword and spur,  
 For fame and honour to wage battle,  
 Thus to be brav'd by foe to cattle ?

Not all the pride that makes thee swell 745

As big as thou dost blown-up veal ;  
 Nor all thy tricks and sleights to cheat,  
 And sell thy carrion for good meat ;  
 Not all thy magic to repair

Decay'd old age in tough lean ware, 750

Make nat'ral death appear thy work,  
 And stop the gangrene in stale pork ;  
 Not all the force that makes thee proud,  
 Because by bullock ne'er withstood ;

Though arm'd with all thy cleavers, knives, 755

And axes, made to hew down lives ;  
 Shall save or help thee to evade

The hand of Justice, or this blade,  
 Which I, her sword-bearer, do carry,

For civil deed and military. 760

Nor shall these words of venom base,

<sup>741</sup> Hudibras shewed less patience upon this than Don Quixote did upon a like occasion, where he calmly distinguishes betwixt an affront and an injury. The Knight is irritated at the satirical answer of Talgol, and vents his rage in a manner exactly suited to his character ; and when his passion was worked up to a height too great to be expressed in words, he immediately falls into action ; but, alas ! at this first entrance into it, he meets with an unlucky disappointment ; an omen that the success would be as indifferent as the cause in which he was engaged.

<sup>751</sup> VAR. 'Turn death of nature to thy work.'

Which thou hast from their native place,  
 Thy stomach, pump'd to fling on me,  
 Go unreveng'd, though I am free;  
 Thou down the same throat shalt devour 'em, 765  
 Like tainted beef, and pay dear for 'em :  
 Nor shall it e'er be said that wight  
 With gauntlet blue and bases white,  
 And round blunt truncheon by his side,  
 So great a man at arms defy'd 770  
 With words far bitterer than wormwood,  
 That would in Job or Grizel stir mood.  
 Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal,  
 But men with hands, as thou shalt feel.  
 This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd 775  
 His gun-shot that in holsters watch'd,  
 And, bending cock, he levell'd full  
 Against th' outside of Talgol's scull,  
 Vowing that he should ne'er stir further,  
 Nor henceforth cow or bullock murder : 780  
 But Pallas came in shape of Rust,  
 And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust

781—783 This, and another passage in this Canto, are the only places where Deities are introduced in this poem. As it was not intended for an Epic Poem, consequently none of the heroes in it needed supernatural assistance; how then comes Pallas to be ushered in here, and Mars afterwards? Probably to ridicule Homer and Virgil, whose heroes scarce perform any action (even the most feasible) without the sensible aid of a Deity; and to manifest that it was not the want of abilities, but choice, that made our Poet avoid such subterfuges, he has given us a sample of his judgment in this way of writing in the passage before us, which, taken in its naked meaning, is only—that the Knight's pistol was, for want of use, grown so rusty, that it would not fire; or, in other words, that the rust was the cause of his disappointment.



Her Gorgon shield, which made the cock  
 Stand stiff, as 'twere transform'd to stock.  
 Mean-while fierce Talgol, gath'ring might, 785  
 With rugged truncheon charg'd the Knight:  
 But he, with petronel upheav'd  
 Instead of shield, the blow receiv'd;  
 The gun recoil'd, as well it might,  
 Not us'd to such a kind of fight, 790  
 And shrunk from its great master's gripe,  
 Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal stripe.  
 Then Hudibras, with furious haste,  
 Drew out his sword; yet not so fast  
 But Talgol first, with hardy thwack, 795  
 Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back.  
 But when his nut-brown sword was out,  
 With stomach huge he laid about,  
 Imprinting many a wound upon  
 His mortal foe, the truncheon: 800  
 The trusty cudgel did oppose  
 Itself against dead-doing blows,  
 To guard his leader from fell bane,  
 And then reveng'd itself again.  
 And though the sword (some understood) 805  
 In force had much the odds of wood,  
 'Twas nothing so; both sides were balanc'd  
 So equal, none knew which was valiant'st:  
 For wood, with honour b'ing engag'd,

784 VAR. 'Stand stiff, as if 'twere turn'd t' a stock.'

786 VAR. 'Smote the Knight.'

787 788 VAR. 'And he with rusty pistol held . . .  
To take the blow on like a shield.'

797 VAR. 'But when his rugged sword was out.'

798 VAR. 'Courageously he laid about.'

Is so implacably enrag'd, 810  
 Though iron hew and mangle sore,  
 Wood wounds and bruises honour more.  
 And now both knights were out of breath,  
 Tir'd in the hot pursuit of death,  
 Whilst all the rest amaz'd stood still, 815  
 Expecting which should take, or kill.  
 This Hudibras observ'd; and fretting  
 Conquest should be so long a-getting,  
 He drew up all his force into  
 One body, and that into one blow: 820  
 But Talgol wisely avoided it  
 By cunning sleight; for, had it hit,  
 The upper part of him the blow  
 Had slit, as sure as that below.

Meanwhile th' incomparable Colon, 825  
 To aid his friend, began to fall on:  
 Him Ralph encounter'd, and straight grew  
 A dismal combat 'twixt them two;  
 Th' one arm'd with metal, th' other with wood,  
 This fit for bruise, and that for blood. 830  
 With many a stiff thwack, many a bang  
 Hard crab-tree and old iron rang,  
 While none that saw them could divine  
 To which side conquest would incline:  
 Until Magnano, who did envy, 835  
 That two should with so many men vie,  
 By subtle stratagem of brain  
 Perform'd what force could ne'er attain;  
 For he, by foul hap, having found

825 VAR. ' But now fierce Colon 'gan draw on,  
 To aid the distress'd champion;'

828 VAR. ' A fierce dispute.'

Where thistles grew on barren ground, 840  
 In haste he drew his weapon out,  
 And, having cropt them from the root,  
 He clapt them underneath the tail  
 Of steed, with pricks as sharp as nail.  
 The angry beast did straight resent 845  
 The wrong done to his fundament,  
 Began to kick, and fling, and wince,  
 As if h' had been beside his sense,  
 Striving to disengage from thistle,  
 That gall'd him sorely under his tail ; 850  
 Instead of which, he threw the pack  
 Of Squire and baggage from his back,  
 And blund'ring still, with smarting rump,  
 He gave the Knight's steed such a thump  
 As made him reel. The Knight did stoop, 855  
 And sat on further side aslope.  
 This Talgol viewing, who had now  
 By sleight escap'd the fatal blow,  
 He rally'd, and again fell to 't ;  
 For catching foe by nearer foot, 860  
 He lifted with such might and strength  
 As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,  
 And dash'd his brains (if any) out :  
 But Mars, that still protects the stout,  
 In pudding-time came to his aid, 865

<sup>844</sup> VAR. ' With prickles sharper than a nail.'

<sup>846</sup> VAR. ' And feel regret on fundament.'

<sup>853</sup> VAR. ' That stagger'd him.'

<sup>864</sup> <sup>865</sup> I would here observe the judgment of the Poet : Mars is introduced to the Knight's advantage, as Pallas has been before to his disappointment. It was reasonable that the God of War should come in to his assistance, since a goddess

And under him the Bear convey'd,  
 The Bear, upon whose soft fur-gown  
 The Knight with all his weight fell down.  
 The friendly rug preserv'd the ground,  
 And head-long Knight, from bruise or wound; 870  
 Like feather-bed betwixt a wall  
 And heavy brunt of cannon-ball.  
 As Saneho on a blanket fell,  
 And had no hurt, ours far'd as well  
 In body, though his mighty spirit, 875  
 B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.  
 The Bear was in a greater fright,  
 Beat down and worsted by the Knight;  
 He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,  
 To shake off bondage from his snout: 880  
 His wrath inflam'd, boil'd o'er, and from  
 His jaws of death he threw the foam;  
 Fury in stranger postures threw him,  
 And more than ever herald drew him.  
 He tore the earth, which he had sav'd 885  
 From squeleh of Knight, and storm'd and rav'd,  
 And vex'd the more because the harms  
 He felt were 'gainst the law of arms:  
 For men he always took to be  
 His friends, and dogs the enemy; 890

had interested herself on the side of his enemies (agreeably to Homer and Virgil). Had the Knight directly fallen to the ground, he had been probably disabled from future action, and consequently the battle would too soon have been determined. Besides, we may observe a beautiful gradation to the honour of the hero: he falls upon the Bear, the Bear breaks loose, and the spectators run; so that the Knight's fall is the primary cause of this rout, and he might justly, as he afterwards did, ascribe the honour of the victory to himself.

Who never so much hurt had done him,  
 As his own side did falling on him.  
 It griev'd him to the guts that they,  
 For whom he had fought so many a fray,  
 And serv'd with loss of blood so long, 895  
 Should offer such inhuman wrong ;  
 Wrong of unsoldier-like condition,  
 For which he flung down his commission,  
 And laid about him, till his nose  
 From thrall of ring and cord broke loose. 900  
 Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,  
 Through thickest of his foes he charg'd,  
 And made way through th' amazed crew ;  
 Some he o'erran, and some o'erthrew,  
 But took none ; for by hasty flight 905  
 He strove t'escape pursuit of Knight,  
 From whom he fled with as much haste  
 And dread as he the rabble chas'd :  
 In haste he fled, and so did they,  
 Each and his fear a sev'ral way. 910  
 Crowdero only kept the field,  
 Not stirring from the place he held,  
 Though beaten down, and wounded sore  
 I' th' Fiddle, and a leg that bore  
 One side of him ; not that of bone, 915  
 But much its better, th' wooden one.  
 He spying Hudibras lie strow'd  
 Upon the ground, like log of wood,  
 With fright of fall, supposed wound,  
 And loss of urine, in a swound, 920

906 VAR. ' avoid the conqu'ring Knight.'

920 VAR. ' cast in swound.'

In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb  
 That hurt i' the ankle lay by him,  
 And, fitting it for sudden fight,  
 Straight drew it up, t' attack the Knight;  
 For getting up on stump and huckle, 925  
 He with the foe began to buckle,  
 Vowing to be reveng'd, for breach  
 Of Crowd and skin, upon the wretch  
 Sole author of all detriment  
 He and his Fiddle underwent. 930

But Ralpho (who had now begun  
 T' adventure resurrection  
 From heavy squeelch, and had got up  
 Upon his legs, with sprained crup),  
 Looking about, beheld pernicious 935  
 Approaching Knight from fell musician:  
 He snatch'd his whinyard up, that fled  
 When he was falling off his steed  
 (As rats do from a falling house)  
 To hide itself from rage of blows, 940  
 And, wing'd with speed and fury, flew  
 To rescue Knight from black and blue;  
 Which ere he could achieve, his sconece  
 The leg encounter'd twice and once.  
 And now 'twas rais'd to smite agen 945  
 When Ralpho thrust himself between;  
 He took the blow upon his arm,

923 VAR. ' And listing it.'

924 VAR. ' to fall on Knight.'

935 936 VAR. ' Looking about, beheld the Bard  
 To charge the Knight entranc'd prepar'd.'

944 ' The skin encounter'd,' &c.

947 VAR. ' on side and arm.'

To shield the Knight from further harm,  
 And, joining wrath with force, bestow'd  
 On th' wooden member such a load, 950  
 That down it fell, and with it bore  
 Crowdero, whom it propp'd before.  
 To him the Squire right nimbly run,  
 And setting conqu'ring foot upon  
 His trunk, thus spoke: What desp'rate frenzy 955  
 Made thee (thou whelp of Sin) to fancy  
 Thyself and all that coward rabble  
 T' encounter us in battle able?  
 How durst th', I say, oppose thy Curship  
 'Gainst arms, authority, and worship, 960  
 And Hudibras or me provoke,  
 Though all thy limbs were heart of oak,  
 And th' other half of thee as good  
 To bear out blows as that of wood?  
 Could not the whipping-post prevail, 965  
 With all its rhet'rick, nor the jail,  
 To keep from flaying scourge thy skin,  
 And ankle free from iron gin?  
 Which now thou shalt—but first our care  
 Must see how Hudibras does fare. 970

This said, he gently rais'd the Knight,  
 And set him on his bum upright.  
 To rouse him from lethargic dump,  
 He tweak'd his nose, with gentle thump  
 Knock'd on his breast, as if't had been 975  
 To raise the spirits lodg'd within:  
 They, waken'd with the noise, did fly  
 From inward room to window eye,  
 And gently op'ning lid, the casement,

<sup>948</sup> VAR. 'To shield the Knight entranc'd from harm.'

Look'd out, but yet with some amazement. 950  
 This gladd'd Ralpho much to see,  
 Who thus bespoke the Knight. Quoth he,  
 Tweaking his nose, You are, great Sir,  
 A self-denying conqueror ;  
 As high, victorious, and great, 985  
 As e'er fought for the Churches yet,  
 If you will give yourself but leave  
 To make out what y' already have ;  
 That's victory. The foe, for dread  
 Of your nine-worthiness, is fled, 990  
 All save Crowdero, for whose sake  
 You did th' espous'd Cause undertake ;  
 And he lies pris'ner at your feet,  
 To be dispos'd as you think meet,  
 Either for life, or death, or sale, 995  
 The gallows, or perpetual jail :  
 For one wink of your pow'ful eye  
 Must sentence him to live or die.  
 His Fiddle is your proper purchase,  
 Won in the service of the Churches ; 1000  
 And by your doom must be allow'd  
 To be, or be no more, a Crowd :  
 For though success did not confer  
 Just title on the conqueror ;  
 Though dispensations were not strong 1005  
 Conclusions, whether right or wrong ;  
 Although Outgoings did confirm,  
 And Owning were but a mere term ;  
 Yet as the wicked have no right

<sup>1009</sup> It was a principle maintained by the Rebels of those days, that dominion is founded on grace ; and, therefore, if a man wanted grace (in their opinion), if he was not a saint



To th' creature, though usurp'd by might, 1010  
 The property is in the Saint,  
 From whom th' injuriously detain 't:  
 Of him they hold their luxuries,  
 Their dogs, their horses, whores, and dice,  
 Their riots, revels, masks, delights, 1015  
 Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, parasites ;  
 All which the Saints have title to,  
 And ought t' enjoy, if th' had their due.  
 What we take from 'em is no more  
 Than what was ours by right before : 1020  
 For we are their true landlords still,  
 And they our tenants but at will.

At this the Knight began to rouse,  
 And by degrees grow valorous :  
 He star'd about, and seeing none 1025  
 Of all his foes remain but one,  
 He snatch'd his weapon that lay near him  
 And from the ground began to rear him,  
 Vowing to make Crowdero pay  
 For all the rest that ran away. 1030  
 But Ralpho now, in colder blood,  
 His fury mildly thus withstood :  
 Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty spirit  
 Is rais'd too high ; this slave does merit  
 To be the hangman's bus'ness sooner 1035  
 Than from your hand to have the honour  
 Of his destruction ; I that am  
 A Nothingness in deed and name,  
 Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcase,

or a godly man, he had no right to any lands, goods, or chattels. The Saints, as the Squire says, had a right to all, and might take it, wherever they had a power to do it.

Or ill entreat his Fiddle or case : 1040  
 Will you, great Sir, that glory blot  
 In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot ?  
 Will you employ your conquering sword  
 To break a fiddle, and your word ?  
 For though I fought and overcame, 1045  
 And quarter gave, 'twas in your name :  
 For great commanders always own  
 What's prosp'rous by the soldier done.  
 To save, where you have pow'r to kill,  
 Argues your pow'r above your will ; 1050  
 And that your will and pow'r have less  
 Than both might have of selfishness.  
 This pow'r, which now alive, with dread  
 He trembles at, if he were dead  
 Would no more keep the slave in awe, 1055  
 Than if you were a Knight of straw ;  
 For Death would then be his conqueror,  
 Not you, and free him from that terror.  
 If danger from his life accrue,  
 Or honour from his death, to you, 1060  
 'Twere policy and honour too  
 To do as you resolv'd to do :  
 But, Sir, 'twould wrong your valour much,  
 To say it needs, or fears a crutch.  
 Great conqu'rors greater glory gain 1065  
 By foes in triumph led, than slain :  
 The laurels that adorn their brows  
 Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,  
 And living foes : the greatest fame  
 Of cripple slain can be but lame : 1070  
 One half of him's already slain,  
 The other is not worth your pain ;

Th' honour can but on one side light,  
 As worship did, when y' were dubb'd Knight;  
 Wherefore I think it better far 1075  
 To keep him prisoner of war,  
 And let him fast in bonds abide,  
 At court of justice to be try'd ;  
 Where if h' appear so bold or crafty  
 There may be danger in his safety, 1080  
 If any member there dislike  
 His face, or to his beard have pique,  
 Or if his death will save or yield,  
 Revenge or fright, it is reveal'd ;  
 Though he has quarter, ne'ertheless 1085  
 Y' have pow'r to hang him when you please ;  
 This has been often done by some  
 Of our great conqu'rors, you know whom ;  
 And has by most of us been held  
 Wise justice, and to some reveal'd : 1090  
 For words and promises, that yoke  
 The conqueror, are quickly broke ;  
 Like Samson's cuffs, though by his own  
 Direction and advice put on.  
 For if we should fight for the Cause 1095  
 By rules of military laws,

<sup>1084</sup> When the Rebels had taken a prisoner, though they gave him quarter, and promised to save his life, yet if any of them afterwards thought it not proper that he should be saved, it was only saying it was revealed to him that such a one should die, and they hanged him up, notwithstanding the promises before made. Dr. South observes of Harrison the Regicide, a butcher by profession, and preaching Colonel in the Parliament army, "That he was notable for having killed several after quarter given by others, using these words in doing it: 'Cursed be he who doth the work of the Lord negligently.'"

And only do what they call just,  
 The Cause would quickly fall to dust.  
 This we among ourselves may speak ;  
 But to the wicked or the weak 1100  
 We must be cautious to declare  
 Perfection-truths, such as these are.

This said, the high outrageous mettle  
 Of Knight began to cool and settle.  
 He lik'd the Squire's advice, and soon 1105  
 Resolv'd to see the bus'ness done ;  
 And therefore charged him first to bind  
 Crowdero's hands on rump behind,  
 And to its former place and use  
 The wooden member to reduce ; 1110  
 But force it take an oath before,  
 Ne'er to bear arms against him more.

Ralpho despatch'd with speedy haste,  
 And, having ty'd Crowdero fast,  
 He gave Sir Knight the end of cord, 1115  
 To lead the captive of his sword  
 In triumph, whilst the steeds he caught,  
 And them to further service brought.  
 The Squire in state rode on before,  
 And on his nut-brown whinyard bore 1120  
 The trophy-Fiddle and the case,  
 Leaning on shoulder like a mace.  
 The Knight himself did after ride,  
 Leading Crowdero by his side ;  
 And tow'd him if he lagg'd behind, 1125  
 Like boat against the tide and wind.  
 Thus grave and solemn they march on,  
 Until quite through the town th' had gone,

<sup>1122</sup> VAR. 'Plac'd on his shoulder.'

At further end of which there stands  
 An ancient castle, that commands 1130  
 Th' adjacent parts ; in all the fabric  
 You shall not see one stone nor a brick,  
 But all of wood, by pow'rful spell  
 Of magic made impregnable :  
 There's neither iron-bar nor gate, 1135  
 Portecullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate,  
 And yet men durance there abide,  
 In dungeon scarce three inches wide :  
 With roof so low, that under it  
 They never stand, but lie or sit ; 1140  
 And yet so foul, that whoso is in  
 Is to the middle-leg in prison ;  
 In circle magical confin'd  
 With walls of subtle air and wind,  
 Which none are able to break thorough 1145  
 Until they're freed by head of borough.  
 Thither arriv'd, th' advent'rous Knight  
 And bold Squire from their steeds alight  
 At th' outward wall, near which there stands  
 A Bastile, built t' imprison hands ; 1150  
 By strange enchantment made to fetter  
 The lesser parts, and free the greater.  
 For though the body may creep through,  
 The hands in grate are fast enow ;  
 And when a circle 'bout the wrist 1155  
 Is made by beadle exorcist,  
 The body feels the spur and switch,

1130 This is an enigmatical description of a pair of stocks and whipping-post ; it is so pompous and sublime, that we are surprised so noble a structure could be raised from so ludicrous a subject.

As if 'twere ridden post by witch  
At twenty miles an hour pace,  
And yet ne'er stirs out of the place. 1160  
On top of this there is a spire,  
On which Sir Knight first bids the Squire  
The Fiddle, and its spoils, the case,  
In manner of a trophy, place ;  
That done, they ope the trap-door gate, 1165  
And let Crowdero down thereat.  
Crowdero making doleful face,  
Like hermit poor in pensive place  
To dungeon they the wretch commit,  
And the survivor of his feet ; 1170  
But th' other that had broke the peace,  
And head of Knighthood, they release,  
Though a delinquent false and forged,  
Yet b'ing a stranger he's enlarged,  
While his comrade, that did no hurt, 1175  
Is clapp'd up fast in prison for't :  
So justice, while she winks at crimes,  
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.

## PART I. CANTO III.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The scatter'd rout return and rally,  
 Surround the place: the Knight does sally,  
 And is made pris'ner: then they seize  
 Th' enchanted fort by storm, release  
 Crowdero, and put the Squire in 's place;  
 I should have first said Hudibras.

**A**Y me! what perils do environ  
 The man that meddles with cold iron!  
 What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps  
 Do dog him still with after-claps!  
 For though Dame Fortune seem to smile,                   5  
 And leer upon him for a while,  
 She'll after shew him, in the nick  
 Of all his glories, a dog-trick.  
 This any man may sing or say  
 I' th' ditty call'd, 'What if a Day?'                   10  
 For Hudibras, who thought h' had won  
 The field, as certain as a gun,  
 And having routed the whole troop,  
 With victory was cock-a-hoop,  
 Thinking h' had done enough to purchase               15  
 Thanksgiving-day among the Churches,  
 Whercin his mettle and brave worth  
 Might be explain'd by holder-forth  
 And register'd by fame eternal  
 In deathless pages of Diurnal,                   20

Found in few minutes, to his cost,  
 He did but count without his host,  
 And that a turnstile is more certain  
 Than, in events of war, Dame Fortune.

For now the late faint-hearted rout, 25  
 O'erthrown and scatter'd round about,  
 Chas'd by the horror of their fear  
 From bloody fray of Knight and Bear  
 (All but the Dogs, who in pursuit  
 Of the Knight's victory stood to 't, 30  
 And most ignobly fought to get  
 The honour of his blood and sweat),  
 Seeing the coast was free and clear  
 O' the conquer'd and the conqueror,  
 Took heart again, and fac'd about 35  
 As if they meant to stand it out:  
 For by this time the routed Bear,  
 Attack'd by th' enemy i' th' rear,  
 Finding their number grew too great  
 For him to make a safe retreat, 40  
 Like a bold chieftain fac'd about;  
 But wisely doubting to hold out,  
 Gave way to fortune, and with haste  
 Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd,  
 Retiring still, until he found 45  
 H' had got the advantage of the ground,  
 And then as valiantly made head  
 To check the foe, and forthwith fled,  
 Leaving no art untry'd, nor trick  
 Of warrior stout and politic, 50  
 Until, in spite of hot pursuit,

<sup>36</sup> VAR. 'Took heart of grace.'

<sup>37</sup> VAR. 'For now the half-defeated Bear.'



He gain'd a pass, to hold dispute  
On better terms, and stop the course  
Of the proud foe. With all his force  
He bravely charg'd, and for awhile 55  
Forc'd their whole body to recoil ;  
But still their numbers so increas'd,  
He found himself at length oppress'd,  
And all evasions so uncertain,  
To save himself for better fortune, 60  
That he resolv'd, rather than yield,  
To die with honour in the field,  
And sell his hide and carcase at  
A price as high and desperate  
As e'er he could. This resolution 65  
He forthwith put in execution,  
And bravely threw himself among  
The enemy, i' th' greatest throng :  
But what could single valour do  
Against so numerous a foe ? 70  
Yet much he did, indeed too much  
To be believ'd, where th' odds were such ;  
But one against a multitude,  
Is more than mortal can make good :  
For while one party he oppos'd, 75  
His rear was suddenly inclos'd,  
And no room left him for retreat  
Or fight against a foe so great.  
For now the Mastiffs, charging home,  
To blows and handy-gripes were come ; 80  
While manfully himself he bore,  
And setting his right foot before,  
He rais'd himself, to shew how tall  
His person was above them all.

This equal shame and envy stirr'd 85  
 In th' enemy, that one should beard  
 So many warriors, and so stout,  
 As he had done, and stav'd it out,  
 Disdaining to lay down his arms,  
 And yield on honourable terms. 90  
 Enraged thus, some in the rear  
 Attack'd him, and some ev'ry where,  
 Till down he fell; yet falling fought,  
 And, being down, still laid about :  
 As Widdrington, in doleful dumps, 95  
 Is said to fight upon his stumps.  
 But all, alas! had been in vain,  
 And he inevitably slain,  
 If Trulla and Cerdon in the nick  
 To rescue him had not been quick : 100  
 For Trulla, who was light of foot  
 As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot,  
 (But not so light as to be borne  
 Upon the ears of standing corn,  
 Or trip it o'er the water quicker 105  
 Than witches when their staves they liquor,  
 As some report), was got among  
 The foremost of the martial throng.

<sup>102</sup> 'As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot.' Mr. Warburton is of opinion that 'long-filed' would be more proper; as the Parthians were ranged in long files, a disposition proper for their manner of fighting, which was by sudden retreats and sudden charges. Mr. Smith of Harleston, in Norfolk, thinks that the following alteration of the line would be an improvement:

'As long-field shafts, which Parthians shoot.'

'Long-field Parthians' is right, i. e. Parthians who shoot from a distance. ED.

There pitying the vanquish'd Bear,  
 She call'd to Cerdon, who stood near, 110  
 Viewing the bloody fight; to whom,  
 Shall we (quoth she) stand still hum-drum,  
 And see stout Bruin, all alone,  
 By numbers basely overthrown?  
 Such feats already h' has achiev'd 115  
 In story not to be believ'd,  
 And 'twould to us be shame enough  
 Not to attempt to fetch him off.

I would (quoth he) venture a limb  
 To second thee, and rescue him; 120  
 But then we must about it straight,  
 Or else our aid will come too late:  
 Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,  
 And therefore cannot long hold out.  
 This said, they wav'd their weapons round 125  
 About their heads to clear the ground,  
 And joining forces, laid about  
 So fiercely, that th' amazed rout  
 Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,  
 As if the devil drove, to run. 130  
 Mean-while th' approach'd the place where Bruin  
 Was now engag'd to mortal ruin:  
 The conqu'ring foe they soon assail'd,  
 First Trulla stav'd, and Cerdon tail'd,  
 Until their Mastiffs loos'd their hold; 135  
 And yet, alas! do what they could,  
 The worsted Bear came off with store  
 Of bloody wounds, but all before.  
 For as Achilles, dipt in pond,  
 Was anabaptiz'd free from wound, 140  
 Made proof against dead-doing steel

All over, but the Pagan heel ;  
 So did our champion's arms defend  
 All of him but the other end,  
 His head and ears, which in the martial 143  
 Encounter lost a leathern parcel.  
 For as an Austrian archduke once  
 Had one ear (which in ducatoons  
 Is half the coin) in battle par'd  
 Close to his head, so Bruin far'd ; 150  
 But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other side  
 Like scriv'ner newly crucify'd,  
 Or like the late corrected leathern  
 Ears of the circumcised brethren.  
 But gentle Trulla into th' ring 155  
 He wore in's nose convey'd a string,  
 With which she march'd before, and led  
 The warrior to a grassy bed,  
 As authors write, in a cool shade  
 Which eglantine and roses made, 160  
 Close by a softly murm'ring stream,  
 Where lovers us'd to loll and dream :  
 There leaving him to his repose,  
 Secured from pursuit of foes,  
 And wanting nothing but a song 165  
 And a well-tun'd theorbo hung  
 Upon a bough, to ease the pain  
 His tugg'd ears suffer'd, with a strain,  
 They both drew up, to march in quest  
 Of his great leader and the rest. 170  
 For Orsin (who was more renown'd  
 For stout maintaining of his ground,  
 In standing fights, than for pursuit,  
 As being not so quick of foot)

Was not long able to keep pace 175  
 With others that pursu'd the chace,  
 But found himself left far behind,  
 Both out of heart and out of wind.  
 Griev'd to behold his Bear pursued  
 So basely by a multitude, 180  
 And like to fall, not by the prowess,  
 But numbers, of his coward foes,  
 He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as  
 Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas,  
 Forcing the valleys to repeat 185  
 The accents of his sad regret:  
 He beat his breast and tore his hair,  
 For loss of his dear crony Bear,  
 That Echo, from the hollow ground,  
 His doleful wailings did resound 190  
 More wistfully, by many times,  
 That in small poets' splayfoot rhymes,  
 That make her, in their ruthful stories,  
 To answer to int'rrogatories,  
 And most unconscionably depose 195  
 To things of which she nothing knows;  
 And when she has said all she can say,  
 'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.  
 Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin!  
 Art thou fled to my—: Echo, Ruin. 200  
 I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step  
 For fear: quoth Echo, Marry guep.  
 Am I not here to take thy part?

<sup>189</sup> <sup>190</sup> This passage is beautiful, not only as it is a moving lamentation, and evidences our Poet to be master of the pathetic as well as the sublime style, but also as it comprehends a fine satire upon that false kind of wit of making an echo talk sensibly, and give rational answers.

Then what has quail'd thy stubborn heart?  
 Have these bones rattled, and this head 205  
 So often in thy quarrel bled?  
 Nor did I ever winch or grudge it  
 For thy dear sake: Quoth she, Mum budget.  
 Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish  
 Thou turn'dst thy back? Quoth Echo, Pish. 210  
 To run from those th' hadst overcome  
 Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, Mum.  
 But what a vengeance makes thee fly  
 From me too, as thine enemy?  
 Or, if thou hast not thought of me, 215  
 Nor what I have endured for thee,  
 Yet shame and honour might prevail  
 To keep thee thus from turning tail:  
 For who would grutch to spend his blood in  
 His honour's cause? Quoth she, A puddin. 220  
 This said, his grief to anger turn'd,  
 Which in his manly stomach burn'd;  
 Thirst of revenge, and wrath, in place  
 Of sorrow, now began to blaze:  
 He vow'd the authors of his woe 225  
 Should equal vengeance undergo,  
 And with their bones and flesh pay dear  
 For what he suffer'd, and his Bear.  
 This being resolv'd, with equal speed  
 And rage he hasted to proceed 230  
 To action straight, and, giving o'er,  
 To search for Bruin any more,  
 He went in quest of Hudibras,  
 To find him out where'er he was;  
 And, if he were above ground, vow'd 235  
 He'd ferret him, lurk where he would.

But scarce had he a furlong on  
 This resolute adventure gone,  
 When he encounter'd with that crew  
 Whom Hudibras did late subdue. 240  
 Honour, revenge, contempt, and shame,  
 Did equally their breasts inflame.  
 'Mong these the fierce Magnano was,  
 And Talgol, foe to Hudibras,  
 Cerdon and Colon, warriors stout 245  
 And resolute, as ever fought;  
 Whom furious Orsin thus bespoke :  
 Shall we (quoth he) thus basely brook  
 The vile affront that paltry ass,  
 And feeble scoundrel, Hudibras, 250  
 With that more paltry ragamuffin,  
 Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,  
 Have put upon us, like tame cattle,  
 As if th' had routed us in battle?  
 For my part, it shall ne'er be said 255  
 I for the washing gave my head :  
 Nor did I turn my back for fear  
 O' th' rascals, but loss of my Bear,  
 Which now I'm like to undergo ;  
 For whether these fell wounds, or no, 260  
 He has receiv'd in fight, are mortal,  
 Is more than all my skill can foretell ;  
 Nor do I know what is become  
 Of him, more than the Pope of Rome.  
 But if I can but find them out 265  
 That caus'd it (as I shall, no doubt,  
 Where'er th' in hugger-mugger lurk)  
 I'll make them rue their handiwork,

<sup>258</sup> VAR. ' Of them, but losing of my Bear.'

And wish that they had rather dar'd  
To pull the devil by the beard. 270

Quoth Cerdon, Noble Orsin, th' hast  
Great reason to do as thou say'st,  
And so has ev'ry body here,  
As well as thou hast, or thy Bear :  
Others may do as they see good ; 275

But if this twig be made of wood  
That will hold tack, I'll make the fur  
Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur,  
And th' other mongrel vermin, Ralph,  
That brav'd us all in his behalf. 280

Thy Bear is safe and out of peril,  
Though lugg'd indeed and wounded very ill ;  
Myself and Trulla made a shift  
To help him out at a dead lift,  
And having brought him bravely off, 285  
Have left him where he's safe enough :  
There let him rest ; for if we stay,  
The slaves may hap to get away.

This said, they all engag'd to join  
Their forces in the same design, 290  
And forthwith put themselves in search  
Of Hudibras upon their march :

Where leave we them a while, to tell  
What the victorious Knight befell ;  
For such, Crowdero being fast 295  
In dungeon shut, we left him last.

Triumphant laurels seem'd to grow  
No-where so green as on his brow,  
Laden with which, as well as tir'd  
With conqu'ring toil, he now retir'd 300  
Unto a neigh'bring castle by,



To rest his body, and apply  
 Fit med'cines to each glorious bruise  
 He got in fight, reds, blacks, and blues ;  
 To mollify th' uneasy pang 305  
 Of ev'ry honourable bang ;  
 Which b'ing by skilful midwife drest,  
 He laid him down to take his rest.  
 But all in vain : h' had got a hurt,  
 O' th' inside, of a deadlier sort, 310  
 By Cupid made, who took his stand  
 Upon a widow's jointure-land  
 (For he, in all his am'rous battles,  
 No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattels),  
 Drew home his bow, and, aiming right, 315  
 Let fly an arrow at the Knight.  
 The shaft against a rib did glance,  
 And gall him in the purtenance ;  
 But time had somewhat 'swag'd his pain,  
 After he found his suit in vain ; 320  
 For that proud dame, for whom his soul  
 Was burnt in 's belly like a coal,  
 (That belly that so oft did ache  
 And suffer griping for her sake,  
 Till purging comfits and ants' eggs 325  
 Had almost brought him off his legs),  
 Us'd him so like a base rascallion,  
 That old Pyg—(what d' ye call him)—malion,  
 That cut his mistress out of stone,  
 Had not so hard a hearted one. 330  
 She had a thousand jadish tricks,

315 316 VAR. ' As how he did, and aiming right,  
 An arrow he let fly at Knight.'

Worse than a mule that flings and kicks ;  
 'Mong which one cross-grain'd freak she had,  
 As insolent as strange and mad :  
 She could love none but only such 335  
 As scorn'd and hated her as much.  
 'Twas a strange riddle of a lady ;  
 Not love, if any lov'd her : hey-day !  
 So cowards never use their might  
 But against such as will not fight ; 340  
 So some diseases have been found  
 Only to seize upon the sound.  
 He that gets her by heart must say her  
 The back way, like a witch's prayer.  
 Meanwhile the Knight had no small task 345  
 To compass what he durst not ask :  
 He loves, but dares not make the motion ;  
 Her ignorance is his devotion :  
 Like caitiff vile, that for misdeed  
 Rides with his face to rump of steed, 350  
 Or rowing scull, he's fain to love ;  
 Look one way, and another move :  
 Or like a tumbler that does play  
 His game, and look another way  
 Until he seize upon the coney ; 355  
 Just so does he by matrimony.  
 But all in vain ; her subtle snout  
 Did quickly wind his meaning out,  
 Which she return'd with too much scorn  
 To be by man of honour borne : 360  
 Yet much he bore, until the distress  
 He suffer'd from his spiteful mistress  
 Did stir his stomach, and the pain

He had endur'd from her disdain  
 Turn'd to regret so resolute, 365  
 That he resolv'd to wave his suit,  
 And either to renounce her quite  
 Or for a while play least in sight.  
 This resolution b'ing put on,  
 He kept some months, and more had done, 370  
 But being brought so nigh by Fate,  
 The vict'ry he achiev'd so late  
 Did set his thoughts agog, and ope  
 A door to discontinu'd hope,  
 That seem'd to promise he might win 375  
 His dame too, now his hand was in ;  
 And that his valour, and the honour  
 H' had newly gain'd, might work upon her.  
 These reasons made his mouth to water  
 With am'rous longings to be at her. 380

Quoth he, unto himself, Who knows  
 But this brave conquest o'er my foes  
 May reach her heart, and make that stoop,  
 As I but now have forc'd the troop ?  
 If nothing can oppugn love, 385  
 And virtue envious ways can prove,  
 What may not he confide to do  
 That brings both love and virtue too ?  
 But thou bring'st valour too, and wit,  
 Two things that seldom fail to hit. 390  
 Valour's a mouse-trap, wit a gin,  
 Which women oft are taken in :  
 Then, Hudibras, why shouldst thou fear  
 To be, that art, a conqueror ?  
 Fortune th' audacious doth *juvare*, 395  
 But lets the timidous miscarry :

Then, while the honour thou hast got  
 Is spick and span new, piping hot,  
 Strike her up bravely thou hadst best,  
 And trust thy fortune with the rest. 406

Such thoughts as these the Knight did keep,  
 More than his bangs, or fleas, from sleep :  
 And as an owl, that in a barn  
 Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,  
 Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes 405  
 As if he slept, until he spies  
 The little beast within his reach,  
 Then starts, and seizes on the wretch ;  
 So from his couch the Knight did start,  
 To seize upon the widow's heart, 410  
 Crying, with hasty tone and hoarse,  
 Ralpho, despatch, to horse, to horse !  
 And 'twas but time ; for now the rout,  
 We left engag'd to seek him out,  
 By speedy marches were advane'd 415  
 Up to the fort where he ensconc'd,  
 And had all th' avenues possess  
 About the place, from east to west.

That done, a while they made a halt  
 To view the ground, and where t' assault : 420  
 Then call'd a council, which was best,  
 By siege or onslaught, to invest  
 The enemy ; and 'twas agreed  
 By storm and onslaught to proceed.  
 This b'ing resolv'd, in comely sort 425  
 They now drew up t' attack the fort ;  
 When Hudibras, about to enter  
 Upon another-gates adventure,  
 To Ralpho call'd aloud to arm,

Not dreaming of approaching storm. 430  
 Whether Dame Fortune, or the care  
 Of angel bad, or tutelar,  
 Did arm, or thrust him on a danger  
 To which he was an utter stranger,  
 That foresight might, or might not, blot 435  
 The glory he had newly got,  
 Or to his shame it might be said,  
 They took him napping in his bed ;  
 To them we leave it to expound  
 That deal in sciences profound. 440

His courser scarce he had bestrid,  
 And Ralpho that on which he rid,  
 When, setting ope the postern gate,  
 Which they thought best to sally at,  
 The foe appear'd drawn up and drill'd, 445  
 Ready to charge them in the field.  
 This somewhat startled the bold Knight,  
 Surpris'd with th' unexpected sight :  
 The bruises of his bones and flesh  
 He thought began to smart afresh ; 450  
 Till, recollecting wonted courage,  
 His fear was soon converted to rage ;  
 And thus he spoke : The coward foe,  
 Whom we but now gave quarter to,  
 Look, yonder's rallied, and appears 455  
 As if they had outrun their fears.  
 The glory we did lately get,  
 The Fates command us to repeat ;  
 And to their wills we must succomb,  
*Quocunque trahunt*, 'tis our doom. 460

<sup>437</sup> VAR. ' Might be said.'

<sup>444</sup> VAR. ' To take the field, and sally at.'

This is the same numeric crew  
 Which we so lately did subdue ;  
 The self-same individuals that  
 Did run, as mice do from a cat,  
 When we courageously did wield 465  
 Our martial weapons in the field,  
 To tug for victory : and when  
 We shall our shining blades agen  
 Brandish in terror o'er our heads,  
 They'll straight resume their wonted dreads. 470  
 Fear is an ague, that forsakes  
 And haunts, by fits, those whom it takes ;  
 And they'll opine they feel the pain  
 And blows they felt to-day, again.  
 Then let us boldly charge them home 475  
 And make no doubt to overcome.

This said, his courage to inflame,  
 He call'd upon his mistress' name ;  
 His pistol next he cock'd anew,  
 And out his nutbrown whinyard drew, 480  
 And, placing Ralpho in the front,  
 Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt,  
 As expert warriors use : then ply'd  
 With iron heel his courser's side,  
 Conveying sympathetic speed 485  
 From heel of Knight to heel of steed.

Meanwhile the foe, with equal rage  
 And speed, advancing to engage,  
 Both parties now were drawn so close,  
 Almost to come to handy blows : 490  
 When Orsin first let fly a stone  
 At Ralpho ; not so huge a one

<sup>472</sup> VAR. ' Haunts by turns.'

As that which Diomed did maul  
 Æneas on the bum withal,  
 Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd, 495  
 T' have sent him to another world,  
 Whether above ground or below,  
 Which Saints twice dipt are destin'd to.  
 The danger startled the bold Squire,  
 And made him some few steps retire ; 500  
 But Hudibras advanc'd to 's aid,  
 And rous'd his spirits half-dismay'd.  
 He, wisely doubting lest the shot  
 Of th' enemy, now growing hot,  
 Might at a distance gall, press'd close 505  
 To come pell-mell to handy-blows.  
 And that he might their aim decline  
 Advanc'd still in an oblique line ;  
 But prudently forebore to fire,  
 Till breast to breast he had got nigher, 510  
 As expert warriors use to do  
 When hand to hand they charge their foe.  
 This order the advent'rous Knight,  
 Most soldier-like, observ'd in fight ;  
 When Fortune (as she's wont) turn'd fickle. 515  
 And for the foe began to stiekle :  
 The more shame for her Goodyship,  
 To give so near a friend the slip.  
 For Colon, choosing out a stone,  
 Levell'd so right, it thump'd upon 520  
 His manly paunch with such a force  
 As almost beat him off his horse.  
 He loos'd his whinyard and the rein,

<sup>523</sup> VAR. 'He loos'd his weapon'—and, 'He lost his whinyard.'

But, laying fast hold on the mane,  
 Preserv'd his seat : and as a goose 525  
 In death contracts his talons close,  
 So did the Knight, and with one claw  
 The tricker of his pistol draw.  
 The gun went off; and as it was  
 Still fatal to stout Hudibras, 530  
 In all his feats of arms, when least  
 He dreamt of it, to prosper best,  
 So now he far'd; the shot, let fly  
 At random 'mong the enemy,  
 Pierc'd Talgol's gaberdine, and grazing 535  
 Upon his shoulder, in the passing  
 Lodg'd in Magnano's brass habergeon,  
 Who straight A surgeon, cry'd, A surgeon :  
 He tumbled down, and, as he fell,  
 Did Murder, Murder, Murder, yell. 540  
 This startled their whole body so,  
 That if the Knight had not let go  
 His arms, but been in warlike plight,  
 He'd won (the second time) the fight ;  
 As, if the Squire had but fall'n on, 545  
 He had inevitably done.  
 But he, diverted with the care  
 Of Hudibras his hurt, forbare  
 To press th' advantage of his fortune,  
 While danger did the rest dishearten. 550  
 For he with Cerdon b'ing engag'd  
 In close encounter, they both wag'd

545—548 VAR. 'As Ralpho might, but he with care  
 Of Hudibras his hurt forbare.'

548 VAR. 'Hudibras his wound.'

561 VAR. 'He had with Cerdon.'



The fight so well, 'twas hard to say  
 Which side was like to get the day.  
 And now the busy work of Death 555  
 Had tir'd them so, th' agreed to breathe,  
 Preparing to renew the fight,  
 When the disaster of the Knight,  
 And th' other party, did divert  
 Their fell intent, and forc'd them part. 560  
 Ralpho press'd up to Hudibras,  
 And Cerdon where Magnano was,  
 Each striving to confirm his party  
 With stout encouragements and hearty.

Quoth Ralpho, Courage, valiant Sir, 565  
 And let revenge and honour stir  
 Your spirits up; once more fall on,  
 The shatter'd foe begins to run :  
 For if but half so well you knew  
 To use your vict'ry as subdue, 570  
 They durst not, after such a blow  
 As you have given them, face us now,  
 But from so formidable a soldier  
 Had fled like crows when they smell powder.  
 Thrice have they seen your sword aloft 575  
 Wav'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft ;  
 But if you let them re-collect  
 Their spirits, now dismay'd and checkt,  
 You'll have a harder game to play  
 Than yet y' have had, to get the day. 580

Thus spoke the stout Squire, but was heard  
 By Hudibras with small regard ;  
 His thoughts were fuller of the bang

<sup>553</sup> VAR. 'So desperately.'

<sup>560</sup> VAR. 'And force their sullen rage to part.'

He lately took, than Ralph's harangue :  
 To which he answer'd, Cruel Fate 585  
 Tells me thy counsel comes too late.  
 The knotted blood within my hose,  
 That from my wounded body flows,  
 With mortal crisis doth portend  
 My days to appropinque an end. 590  
 I am for action now unfit  
 Either of fortitude or wit,  
 Fortune, my foe, begins to frown,  
 Resolv'd to pull my stomach down.  
 I am not apt upon a wound, 595  
 Or trivial basting, to despond,  
 Yet I'd be loth my days to curtal ;  
 For if I thought my wounds not mortal,  
 Or that w' had time enough as yet  
 To make an honourable retreat, 600  
 'Twere the best course : but if they find  
 We fly, and leave our arms behind,  
 For them to seize on, the dishonour  
 And danger too is such, I'll sooner  
 Stand to it boldly, and take quarter, 605  
 To let them see I am no starter.  
 In all the trade of war no feat  
 Is nobler than a brave retreat :  
 For those that run away and fly,  
 Take place at least o' th' enemy. 610

This said, the Squire, with active speed,  
 Dismounted from his bony steed,  
 To seize the arms which, by mischance,  
 Fell from the bold Knight in a trance :  
 These being found out, and restor'd 615

<sup>587</sup> VAR. 'The clotted blood.'

To Hudibras, their nat'ral lord,  
 As a man may say, with might and main  
 He hasted to get up again.  
 Thrice he essay'd to mount aloft,  
 But by his weighty bum as oft 620  
 He was pull'd back, till, having found  
 Th' advantage of the rising ground,  
 Thither he led his warlike steed,  
 And, having plac'd him right, with speed  
 Prepar'd again to scale the beast ; 625  
 When Orsin, who had newly drest  
 The bloody scar upon the shoulder  
 Of Talgol with Promethean powder,  
 And now was searching for the shot  
 That laid Magnano on the spot, 630  
 Beheld the sturdy Squire aforesaid,  
 Preparing to climb up his horse-side :  
 He left his cure, and, laying hold  
 Upon his arms, with courage bold  
 Cry'd out, 'Tis now no time to dally, 635  
 The enemy begin to rally ;  
 Let us that are unhurt and whole  
 Fall on, and happy man be 's dole.  
 This said, like to a thunderbolt  
 He flew with fury to th' assault, 640  
 Striving th' enemy to attack  
 Before he reach'd his horse's back.  
 Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten  
 O'erthwart his beast with active vau'ting,  
 Wriggling his body to recover 645  
 His seat, and cast his right leg over :

<sup>617</sup> VAR. 'The active Squire, with might and main,  
 Prepar'd in haste to mount again.'

When Orsin, rushing in, bestow'd  
 On horse and man so heavy a load,  
 The beast was startled, and begun  
 To kick and fling like mad, and run, 650  
 Bearing the tough Squire like a sack,  
 Or stout King Richard, on his back ;  
 Till stumbling, he threw him down,  
 Sore bruis'd, and cast into a swoon.  
 Meanwhile the Knight began to rouse 655  
 The sparkles of his wonted prowess :  
 He thrust his hand into his hose,  
 And found, both by his eyes and nose,  
 'Twas only choler, and not blood,  
 That from his wounded body flow'd. 660  
 This, with the hazard of the Squire,  
 Inflam'd him with despiteful ire :  
 Courageously he fac'd about,  
 And drew his other pistol out,  
 And now had half-way bent the cock ; 665  
 When Cerdon gave so fierce a shock  
 With sturdy truncheon, 'thwart his arm,  
 That down it fell and did no harm ;  
 Then, stoutly pressing on with speed,  
 Assay'd to pull him off his steed. 670  
 The Knight his sword had only left,  
 With which he Cerdon's head had cleft,  
 Or at the least cropp'd off a limb,  
 But Orsin came, and rescu'd him.  
 He with his lance attack'd the Knight 675  
 Upon his quarters opposite :  
 But as a barque, that in foul weather,  
 Toss'd by two adverse winds together,  
 Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro,

And knows not which to turn him to ; 690  
 So far'd the Knight between two foes,  
 And knew not which of them t' oppose :  
 Till Orsin, charging with his lance  
 At Hudibras, by spiteful chance  
 Hit Cerdon such a bang, as stunn'd 695  
 And laid him flat upon the ground.  
 At this the Knight began to cheer up,  
 And, raising up himself on stirrup,  
 Cry'd out, *Victoria!* lie thou there,  
 And I shall straight despatch another 690  
 To bear thee company in death ;  
 But first I'll halt a while, and breathe :  
 As well he might ; for Orsin, griev'd  
 At th' wound that Cerdon had receiv'd,  
 Ran to relieve him with his lore, 695  
 And cure the hurt he gave before.  
 Meanwhile the Knight had wheel'd about  
 To breathe himself, and next find out  
 Th' advantage of the ground, where best  
 He might the ruffled foe infest. 700  
 This b'ing resolv'd, he spurr'd his steed,  
 To run at Orsin with full speed,  
 While he was busy in the care  
 Of Cerdon's wound, and unaware :  
 But he was quick, and had already 705  
 Unto the part apply'd remedy ;  
 And seeing th' enemy prepar'd,  
 Drew up and stood upon his guard ;  
 Then like a warrior right expert  
 And skilful in the martial art, 710  
 The subtle Knight straight made a halt,  
 And judg'd it best to stay th' assault,

Until he had reliev'd the Squire,  
 And then (in order) to retire,  
 Or, as occasion should invite, 715  
 With forces join'd renew the fight.  
 Ralpho, by this time disentranc'd,  
 Upon his bum himself advanc'd,  
 Though sorely bruisc'd ; his limbs all o'er  
 With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore : 720  
 Right fain he would have got upon  
 His feet again, to get him gone,  
 When Hudibras to aid him came :  
 Quoth he (and call'd him by his name),  
 Courage, the day at length is ours, 725  
 And we once more, as conquerors,  
 Have both the field and honour won ;  
 The foe is profligate and run :  
 I mean all such as can, for some  
 This hand hath sent to their long home ; 730  
 And some lie sprawling on the ground,  
 With many a gash and bloody wound.  
 Cæsar himself could never say  
 He got two vict'ries in a day  
 As I have done, that can say, twice I 735  
 In one day *veni, vidi, vici*.  
 The foe's so numerous, that we  
 Cannot so often *vincere*,  
 And they *perire*, and yet enow  
 Be left to strike an after-blow ; 740  
 Then lest they rally, and once more  
 Put us to fight the bus'ness o'er,  
 Get up and mount thy steed ; despatch,  
 And let us both their motions watch.  
 Quoth Ralph, I should not, if I were 45

In case for action, now be here ;  
 Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd  
 An arse, for fear of being bang'd.  
 It was for you I got these harms,  
 Advent'ring to fetch off your arms. 750  
 The blows and drubs I have receiv'd  
 Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd  
 My limbs of strength : unless you stoop  
 And reach your hand to pull me up,  
 I shall lie here, and be a prey 755  
 To those who now are run away.

That thou shalt not (quoth Hudibras) :  
 We read the Ancients held it was  
 More honourable far *servare*  
*Civem* than slay an adversary : 760  
 The one we oft to-day have done,  
 The other shall despatch anon ;  
 And, though thou'rt of a diff'rent church,  
 I will not leave thee in the lurch.

This said, he jogg'd his good steed nigher, 765  
 And steer'd him gently t'wards the Squire,  
 Then, bowing down his body, stretch'd  
 His hand out, and at Ralpho reach'd ;  
 When Trulla, whom he did not mind,  
 Charg'd him like lightening behind. 770  
 She had been long in search about  
 Magnano's wound, to find it out,  
 But could find none, nor where the shot  
 That had so startled him was got ;  
 But, having found the worst was past, 775  
 She fell to her own work at last,  
 The pillage of the prisoners,  
 Which in all feats of arms was hers :

And now to plunder Ralph she flew,  
 When Hudibras his hard fate drew 780  
 To succour him ; for as he bow'd  
 To help him up, she laid a load  
 Of blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,  
 On th' other side, that down he fell.  
 Yield, scoundrel base (quoth she), or die ; 785  
 Thy life is mine, and liberty :  
 But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,  
 And dar'st presume to be so hardy  
 To try thy fortune o'er afresh,  
 I'll wave my title to thy flesh, 790  
 Thy arms and baggage, now my right,  
 And, if thou hast the heart to try 't,  
 I'll lend thee back thyself awhile,  
 And once more, for that carcase vile,  
 Fight upon tick.—Quoth Hudibras, 795  
 Thou offer'st nobly, valiant lass,  
 And I shall take thee at thy word :  
 First let me rise and take my sword.  
 That sword which has so oft this day  
 Through squadrons of my foes made way, 800  
 And some to other worlds despatcht,  
 Now, with a feeble spinster matcht,  
 Will blush, with blood ignoble stain'd,  
 By which no honour's to be gain'd.  
 But if thou'lt take m' advice in this, 805  
 Consider, whilst thou may'st, what 'tis  
 To interrupt a victor's course  
 B' opposing such a trivial force :  
 For if with conquest I come off  
 (And that I shall do sure enough), 810  
 Quarter thou canst not have nor grace,



By law of arms, in such a case ;  
 Both which I now do offer freely.  
 I scorn (quoth she), thou coxcomb silly  
 (Clapping her hand upon her breech, 815  
 To show how much she prized his speech),  
 Quarter or counsel from a foe ;  
 If thou canst force me to it, do :  
 But lest it should again be said,  
 When I have once more won thy head, 820  
 I took thee napping, unprepar'd,  
 Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.  
 This said, she to her tackle fell,  
 And on the Knight let fall a peal  
 Of blows so fierce, and press'd so home, 825  
 That he retir'd, and follow'd 's bum.  
 Stand to 't, quoth she, or yield to mercy ;  
 It is not fighting *arsie-versie*  
 Shall serve thy turn.—This stirr'd his spleen  
 More than the danger he was in, 830  
 The blows he felt or was to feel,  
 Although th' already made him reel.  
 Honour, despite, revenge, and shame,  
 At once into his stomach came ;  
 Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his arm 835  
 Above his head and rain'd a storm  
 Of blows so terrible and thick,  
 As if he meant to hash her quick.  
 But she upon her truncheon took them,  
 And by oblique diversion broke them, 840  
 Waiting an opportunity  
 To pay all back with usury,  
 Which long she fail'd not of ; for now  
 The Knight with one dead-doing blow

Resolving to decide the fight, 845  
 And she with quick and cunning sleight  
 Avoiding it, the force and weight  
 He charg'd upon it was so great  
 As almost sway'd him to the ground.  
 No sooner she th' advantage found, 850  
 But in she flew ; and, seconding  
 With home-made thrust the heavy swing,  
 She laid him flat upon his side,  
 And, mounting on his trunk astride,  
 Quoth she, I told thee what would come 855  
 Of all thy vapouring, base scum :  
 Say, will the law of arms allow  
 I may have grace and quarter now ?  
 Or wilt thou rather break thy word,  
 And stain thine honour than thy sword ? 860  
 A man of war to damn his soul,  
 In basely breaking his parole !  
 And when before the fight th' hadst vow'd  
 To give no quarter in cold blood ;  
 Now thou hast got me for a Tartar, 865  
 To make me 'gainst my will take quarter,  
 Why dost not put me to the sword,  
 But cowardly fly from thy word ?  
 Quoth Hudibras, The day's thine own ;  
 Thou and thy stars have cast me down : 870  
 My laurels are transplanted now,  
 And flourish on thy conqu'ring brow :  
 My loss of honour's great enough,  
<sup>657-666</sup> VAR.  
 ' Shall I have quarter now, you ruffin ?  
 Or wilt thou be worse than thy huffing ?  
 Thou said'st th' would'st kill me, marry would'st thou ?  
 Why dost thou not, thou Jack-a-nods thou ?'

Thou need'st not brand it with a scoff :  
 Sarcasms may eclipse thine own, 875  
 But cannot blur my lost renown :  
 I am not now in Fortune's power ;  
 He that is down can fall no lower.  
 The ancient heroes were illustr'ous  
 For being benign, and not blustrous 880  
 Against a vanquish'd foe : their swords  
 Were sharp and trenchant, not their words ;  
 And did in fight but cut work out  
 T' employ their courtesies about.

Quoth she, Although thou hast deserved, 885  
 Base Slubberdegullion, to be serv'd  
 As thou did'st vow to deal with me  
 If thou hadst got the victory,  
 Yet I shall rather act a part  
 That suits my fame than thy desert : 890  
 Thy arms, thy liberty, beside  
 All that's on th' outside of thy hide,  
 Are mine by military law,  
 Of which I will not bate one straw ;  
 The rest, thy life and limbs, once more, 895  
 Though doubly forfeit, I restore.

Quoth Hudibras, It is too late  
 For me to treat or stipulate ;  
 What thou command'st I must obey !  
 Yet those whom I expung'd to-day, 900  
 Of thine own party, I let go,  
 And gave them life and freedom too,  
 Both Dogs and Bear, upon their parole,  
 Whom I took pris'ners in this quarrel.

Quoth Trulla, Whether thou or they 905  
 Let one another run away,

Concerns not me ; but was 't not thou  
 That gave Crowdero quarter too ?  
 Crowdero whom, in irons bound,  
 Thou basely threw'st into Lob's pound, 910  
 Where still he lies, and with regret  
 His gen'rous bowels rage and fret.  
 But now thy carcase shall redeem,  
 And serve to be exchang'd for him.

    This said, the Knight did straight submit, 915  
 And laid his weapons at her feet.  
 Next he disrob'd his gaberdine,  
 And with it did himself resign.  
 She took it, and forthwith divesting  
 The mantle that she wore, said jesting, 920  
 Take that, and wear it for my sake ;  
 Then threw it o'er his sturdy back.  
 And as the French we conquer'd once  
 Now give us laws for pantaloons,  
 The length of breeches and the gathers, 925  
 Port-cannons, periwigs, and feathers ;  
 Just so the proud insulting lass  
 Array'd and dighted Hudibras.

    Meanwhile the other champions, yerst  
 In hurry of the fight disperst, 930  
 Arriv'd, when Trulla won the day,  
 To share i' th' honour and the prey,  
 And out of Hudibras his hide  
 With vengeance to be satisfy'd ;  
 Which now they were about to pour 935  
 Upon him in a wooden show'r,  
 But Trulla thrust herself between,  
 And, striding o'er his back agen,  
 She brandish'd o'er her head his sword,

And vow'd they should not break her word: 940  
 Sh' had given him quarter, and her blood,  
 Or theirs, should make that quarter good ;  
 For she was bound by law of arms  
 To see him safe from further harms.  
 In dungeon deep Crowdero, cast 945  
 By Hudibras, as yet lay fast,  
 Where, to the hard and ruthless stones,  
 His great heart made perpetual moans ;  
 Him she resolv'd that Hudibras  
 Should ransom, and supply his place. 950  
 This stopp'd their fury, and the basting  
 Which towards Hudibras was hastening ;  
 They thought it was but just and right  
 That what she had achieved in fight  
 She should dispose of how she pleas'd ; 955  
 Crowdero ought to be releas'd,  
 Nor could that any way be done  
 So well as this she pitch'd upon :  
 For who a better could imagine ?  
 This therefore they resolv'd t' engage in. 960  
 The Knight and Squire first they made  
 Rise from the ground where they were laid,  
 Then mounted both upon their horses,  
 But with their faces to the arses.  
 Orsin led Hudibras's beast, 965  
 And Talgol that which Ralpho prest ;  
 Whom stout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,  
 And Colon, waited as a guard on ;  
 All ush'ring Trulla in the rear,  
 With th' arms of either prisoner. 970  
 In this proud order and array  
 They put themselves upon their way,

Striving to reach th' enchanted castle,  
 Where stout Crowdero' in durance lay still.  
 Thither with greater speed than shows 975  
 And triumph over conquer'd foes  
 Do use t' allow, or than the Bears,  
 Or pageants borne before lord-mayors,  
 Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd,  
 In order soldier-like contriv'd, 980  
 Still marching in a warlike posture,  
 As fit for battle as for muster.  
 The Knight and Squire they first unhorse,  
 And, bending 'gainst the fort their force,  
 They all advanc'd, and round about 985  
 Begirt the magical redoubt.  
 Magnan' led up in this adventure,  
 And made way for the rest to enter :  
 For he was skilful in Black Art  
 No less than he that built the fort, 990  
 And with an iron mace laid flat  
 A breach, which straight all enter'd at,  
 And in the wooden dungeon found  
 Crowdero laid upon the ground :  
 Him they release from durance base, 995  
 Restor'd t' his Fiddle and his case,  
 And liberty, his thirsty rage  
 With luscious vengeance to assuage :  
 For he no sooner was at large,  
 But Trulla straight brought on the charge, 1000  
 And in the self-same limbo put  
 The Knight and Squire where he was shut ;  
 Where leaving them in Hockley-i'-th'-hole,  
 Their bangs and durance to condole,

<sup>1003</sup> VAR. 't' the wretched hole.'

Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow 1005  
 Enchanted mansion to know sorrow,  
 In the same order and array  
 Which they advanc'd, they march'd away.  
 But Hudibras, who scorn'd to stoop  
 To Fortune, or be said to droop, 1010  
 Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse  
 And sayings of philosophers.  
 Quoth he, 'Th' one half of man, his mind,  
 Is, *sui juris*, unconfin'd,  
 And cannot be laid by the heels, 1015  
 Whate'er the other moiety feels.  
 'Tis not restraint or liberty  
 That makes men prisoners or free ;  
 But perturbations that possess  
 The mind or equanimities. 1020  
 The whole world was not half so wide  
 To Alexander, when he cry'd  
 Because he had but one to subdue,  
 As was a paltry narrow tub to  
 Diogenes ; who is not said 1025  
 (For aught that ever I could read)  
 To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob,  
 Because h' had ne'er another tub.  
 The Ancients make two sev'ral kinds  
 Of prowess in heroic minds, 1030  
 The active and the passive val'ant,  
 Both which are *pari libra* gallant ;  
 For both to give blows, and to carry,  
 In fights are equi-necessary :  
 But in defeats the passive stout 1035  
 Are always found to stand it out  
 Most desp'rately, and to outdo

The active 'gainst a conqu'ring foe.  
 Though we with blacks and blues are suggil'd,  
 Or, as the vulgar say, are cudgel'd, 1040  
 He that is valiant and dares fight,  
 Though drubb'd, can lose no honour by 't.  
 Honour's a lease for lives to come,  
 And cannot be extended from  
 The legal tenant: 'tis a chattel 1045  
 Not to be forfeited in battle.  
 If he that in the field is slain  
 Be in the bed of honour lain,  
 He that is beaten may be said  
 To lie in Honour's truckle-bed. 1050  
 For as we see th' eclipsed sun  
 By mortals is more gaz'd upon  
 Than when, adorn'd with all his light,  
 He shines in serene sky most bright;  
 So valour in a low estate 1055  
 Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.  
 Quoth Ralph, How great I do not know  
 We may by being beaten grow;  
 But none that see how here we sit  
 Will judge us overgrown with wit. 1060  
 As Gifted Brethren, preaching by  
 A carnal hour-glass, do imply

1061 1062 In those days there was always an hour-glass  
 stood by the pulpit, in a frame of iron made on purpose for  
 it, and fastened to the board on which the cushion lay, that  
 it might be visible to the whole congregation; who, if the  
 sermon did not hold till the glass was out (which was turned  
 up as soon as the text was taken), would say that the  
 preacher was lazy; and, if he held out much longer, would  
 yawn and stretch, and by those signs signify to the preacher  
 that they began to be weary of his discourse, and wanted  
 to be dismissed. The iron frames of these hour-glasses still



Illumination can convey  
 Into them what they have to say,  
 But not how much ; so well enough 1065

Know you to charge, but not draw off :  
 For who, without a cap and bawble,  
 Having subdued a Bear and rabble,  
 And might with honour have come off,  
 Would put it to a second proof ? 1070

A politic exploit, right fit  
 For Presbyterian zeal and wit.

Quoth Hudibras, That cuckoo's tone,  
 Ralpho, thou always harp'st upon :  
 When thou at anything would'st rail, 1075

Thou mak'st Presbytery thy scale  
 To take the height on 't, and explain  
 To what degree it is profane.

Whats'ever will not with—(thy what-d'-ye-call)  
 Thy Light—jump right, thou call'st Synodical ; 1080

As if Presbyt'ry were a standard  
 To size whats'ever's to be slander'd.

Dost not remember how this day  
 Thou to my beard wast bold to say  
 That thou could'st prove Bear-baiting, equal 1085  
 With Synods, orthodox and legal ?

Do, if thou can'st ; for I deny 't,  
 And dare thee to 't with all thy light.

remain in some churches of our villages. If they liked his discourse, they would sometimes ask him for 'another glass.' ED.

<sup>1072</sup> Ralpho looked upon their ill plight to be owing to his master's bad conduct ; and, to vent his resentment, he satirises him in the most affecting part of his character, his religion. This by degrees brings on the old arguments about Synods. The Poet, who thought he had not sufficiently lashed classical assemblies, very judiciously completes it, now there is full leisure for it.

Quoth Ralpho, Truly that is no  
 Hard matter for a man to do 1090  
 That has but any guts in 's brains,  
 And could believe it worth his pains :  
 But since you dare and urge me to it,  
 You 'll find I 've light enough to do it.

Synods are mystical Bear-gardens, 1095  
 Where Elders, Deputies, Churchwardens,  
 And other Members of the Court,  
 Manage the Babylonish sport ;  
 For Prolocutor, Scribe, and Bear-ward,  
 Do differ only in a mere word. 1100

Both are but sev'ral Synagogues  
 Of carnal men, and Bears and Dogs :  
 Both antichristian assemblies,  
 To mischief bent as far 's in them lies :  
 Both stave and tail, with fierce contests, 1105  
 The one with men, the other beasts.

The diff'rence is, the one fights with  
 The tongue, the other with the teeth ;  
 And that they bait but Bears in this,  
 In th' other, Souls and Consciences : 1110

Where Saints themselves are brought to stake  
 For Gospel-light and Conscience' sake ;  
 Expos'd to Scribes and Presbyters,  
 Instead of Mastiff Dogs and Curs ;  
 Than whom they've less humanity, 1115  
 For these at souls of men will fly.

This to the prophet did appear,  
 Who in a vision saw a Bear,  
 Prefiguring the beastly rage  
 Of Church-rule in this latter age ; 1120  
 As is demonstrated at full  
 By him that baited the Pope's Bull.

Bears nat'rally are beasts of prey,  
 That live by rapine ; so do they.  
 What are their Orders, Constitutions, 1125  
 Church-censures, Curses, Absolutions,  
 But sev'ral mystic chains they make,  
 To tie poor Christians to the stake ?  
 And then set Heathen officers,  
 Instead of dogs, about their ears. 1130  
 For to prohibit and dispense,  
 To find out, or to make offence ;  
 Of hell and heaven to dispose,  
 To play with souls at fast and loose ;  
 To set what characters they please, 1135  
 And mulcts on sin or godliness ;  
 Reduce the Church to Gospel-order,  
 By rapine, sacrilege, and murder ;  
 To make Presbytery supreme,  
 And Kings themselves submit to them ; 1140  
 And force all people, though against  
 Their consciences, to turn Saints ;  
 Must prove a pretty thriving trade,  
 When Saints monopolists are made :  
 When pious frauds and holy shifts 1145  
 Are Dispensations and Gifts,  
 There godliness becomes mere ware,  
 And ev'ry Synod but a fair.  
 Synods are whelps o' th' Inquisition,  
 A mongrel breed of like pernicion, 1150  
 And, growing up, became the sires  
 Of Scribes, Commissioners, and Triers :  
 Whose bus'ness is, by cunning sleight,  
 To cast a figure for men's light ;  
 To find, in lines of beard and face, 1155

The physiognomy of Grace ;  
 And by the sound and twang of nose,  
 If all be sound within disclose,  
 Free from a crack or flaw of sinning,  
 As men try pipkins by the ringing ; 1160  
 By black caps underlaid with white  
 Give certain guess at inward light,  
 Which Serjeants at the Gospel wear,  
 To make the Sp'ritual Calling clear.  
 The handkerchief about the neck 1165  
 (Canonical cravat of Smeek,  
 From whom the institution came,  
 When Church and State they set on flame,  
 And worn by them as badges then  
 Of Spiritual Warfaring-men) 1170  
 Judge rightly if Regeneration  
 Be of the newest cut in fashion.  
 Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,

<sup>1156</sup> These Triers pretended to great skill in this respect ; and, if they disliked the beard or face of a man, they would, for that reason alone, refuse to admit him, when presented to a living, unless he had some powerful friend to support him. " The questions that these men put to the persons to be examined were not abilities and learning, but grace in their hearts, and that with so bold and saucy an inquisition, that some men's spirits trembled at the interrogatories ; they phrasing it so, as if (as was said at the Council of Trent) they had the Holy Ghost in a cloke-bag."

Their questions generally were these, or such like : When were you converted ? Where did you begin to feel the motions of the Spirit ? In what year ? in what month ? in what day ? about what hour of the day had you the secret call, or motion of the Spirit, to undertake and labour in the ministry ? What work of grace has God wrought upon your soul ? And a great many other questions about regeneration, predestination, and the like.

<sup>1166</sup> ' Smectymnus' was a club of holders-forth.

That grace is founded in dominion :  
 Great piety consists in pride ; 1175  
 To rule is to be sanctify'd :  
 To domineer, and to control,  
 Both o'er the body and the soul,  
 Is the most perfect discipline  
 Of Church-rule, and by right divine. 1180  
 Bel and the Dragon's chaplains were  
 More moderate than these by far :  
 For they (poor knaves) were glad to cheat,  
 To get their wives and children meat ;  
 But these will not be fobb'd off so, 1185  
 They must have wealth and power too ;  
 Or else with blood and desolation  
 They'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' nation.  
 Sure these themselves from primitive  
 And Heathen priesthood do derive, 1190  
 When Butchers were the only clerks,  
 Elders and Presbyters of Kirks ;  
 Whose directory was to kill,  
 And some believe it is so still.  
 The only diff'rence is that then 1195  
 They slaughter'd only beasts, now men.  
 For then to sacrifice a bullock,  
 Or, now and then, a child to Moloch,  
 They count a vile abomination,  
 But not to slaughter a whole nation. 1200  
 Presbytery does but translate  
 The papacy to a free state :  
 A commonwealth of Popery,  
 Where ev'ry village is a Sec  
 As well as Rome, and must maintain 1205  
 A tithe-pig metropolitan ;

Where ev'ry Presbyter and Deacon  
 Commands the keys for cheese and bacon,  
 And ev'ry hamlet's governed  
 By's Holiness, the Church's head, 1210  
 More haughty and severe in's place  
 Than Gregory and Boniface.  
 Such Church must, surely, be a monster  
 With many heads: for if we conster  
 What in th' Apocalypse we find, 1215  
 According to th' Apostle's mind,  
 'Tis that the whore of Babylon  
 With many heads did ride upon;  
 Which heads denote the sinful tribe  
 Of Deacon, Priest, Lay-elder, Scribe. 1220  
     Lay-elder, Simeon to Levi,  
 Whose little finger is as heavy  
 As loins of patriarchs, prince-prelate,  
 And bishop-secular. This zealot  
 Is of a mongrel diverse kind, 1225  
 Clerick before and Lay behind;  
 A lawless linsey-woolsey brother,  
 Half of one order, half another;  
 A creature of amphibious nature,  
 On land a beast, a fish in water: 1230  
 That always preys on grace or sin;  
 A sheep without, a wolf within.  
 This fierce inquisitor has chief  
 Dominion over men's belief  
 And manners; can pronounce a saint 1235  
 Idolatrous, or ignorant,  
 When superciliously he sifts  
 Through coarsest boulder others' gifts:  
 For all men live and judge amiss

Whose talents jump not just with his ; 1240  
 He'll lay on Gifts with hands, and place  
 On dullest noddle Light and Grace,  
 The manufacture of the Kirk,  
 Whose pastors are but th' handywork  
 Of his mechanic paws, instilling 1245  
 Divinity in them by feeling ;  
 From whence they start up Chosen Vessels,  
 Made by contact, as men get measles.  
 So Cardinals, they say, do grope  
 At th' other end the new-made Pope. 1250  
 Hold, hold, quoth Hudibras, Soft fire,  
 They say, does make sweet malt. Good Squire,  
*Festina lentè*, not too fast,  
 For haste (the proverb says) makes waste.  
 The quirks and cavils thou dost make 1255  
 Are false and built upon mistake :  
 And I shall bring you, with your pack  
 Of fallacies, t' Elenchi back ;  
 And put your arguments in mood  
 And figure to be understood. 1260  
 I'll force you by right ratiocination  
 To leave your vitilitigation,  
 And make you keep to th' question close  
 And argue *dialecticās*.  
 The question then, to state it first, 1265  
 Is, which is better or which worst,  
 Synods or Bears ? Bears I avow  
 To be the worst, and Synods thou ;  
 But to make good th' assertion,  
 Thou say'st they 're really all one. . 1270  
 If so, not worst ; for if they're *idem*,  
 Why then *tantundem dat tantidem*.

For if they are the same, by course  
 Neither is better, neither worse.  
 But I deny they are the same, 1275  
 More than a maggot and I am.  
 That both are *animalia*  
 I grant, but not *rationalia* :  
 For though they do agree in kind,  
 Specific difference we find ; 1280  
 And can no more make Bears of these,  
 Than prove my horse is Socrates.  
 That Synods are Bear-gardens, too,  
 Thou dost affirm ; but I say No :  
 And thus I prove it, in a word ; 1285  
 Whats'ever Assembly's not empow'r'd  
 To censure, curse, absolve, and ordain,  
 Can be no Synod ; but Bear-garden  
 Has no such pow'r ; *ergo*, 'tis none :  
 And so thy sophistry's o'erthrown. 1290  
 But yet we are beside the quest'on  
 Which thou didst raise the first contest on :  
 For that was, Whether Bears are better  
 Than Synod-men ? I say *Negatur*.  
 That Bears are beasts, and Synods men, 1295  
 Is held by all : they're better then ;  
 For Bears and Dogs on four legs go,  
 As beasts ; but Synod-men on two.  
 'Tis true they all have teeth and nails ;  
 But prove that Synod-men have tails ; 1300  
 Or that a rugged shaggy fur  
 Grows o'er the hide of Presbyter ;  
 Or that his snout and spacious ears  
 Do hold proportion with a Bear's.  
 A Bear's a savage beast, of all 1305  
 Most ugly and unnatural ;



Whelp'd without form, until the dam  
 Has lick't it into shape and frame :  
 But all thy light can ne'er evict,  
 That ever Synod-man was lick't, 1310  
 Or brought to any other fashion  
 Than his own will and inclination.

But thou dost further yet in this  
 Oppugn thyself and sense ; that is,  
 Thou would'st have Presbyters to go 1315  
 For Bears and Dogs, and Bearwards too :  
 A strange chimera of beasts and men,  
 Made up of pieces het'rogene ;  
 Such as in Nature never met  
*In eodem subjecto* yet. 1320

Thy other arguments are all  
 Supposures hypothetical,  
 That do but beg ; and we may choose  
 Either to grant them or refuse.  
 Much thou hast said, which I know when 1325  
 And where thou stol'st from other men,  
 (Whereby 'tis plain thy Light and Gifts  
 Are all but plagiary shifts),  
 And is the same that Ranter said,  
 Who, arguing with me, broke my head, 1330  
 And tore a handful of my beard :

<sup>1329</sup> The Ranters were a vile sect that sprung up in those times. Alexander Ross observes, "That they held that God, devil, angels, heaven and hell, &c., were fictions and fables ; that Moses, John Baptist, and Christ, were impostors ; and what Christ and the Apostles acquainted the world with, as to matter of religion, perished with them ; that preaching and praying are useless, and that preaching is but publick lying ; that there is an end of all ministry and administrations, and people are to be taught immediately from God," &c.

The self-same cavils then I heard,  
 When, b'ing in hot dispute about  
 This controversy, we fell out :  
 And what thou know'st I answer'd then 1335  
 Will serve to answer thee agen.

Quoth Ralpho, Nothing but th' abuse  
 Of human learning you produce ;  
 Learning, that cobweb of the brain,  
 Profane, erroneous, and vain ; 1340  
 A trade of knowledge as replete  
 As others are with fraud and cheat ;  
 An art t' encumber Gifts and Wit,  
 And render both for nothing fit ;

<sup>1339</sup> Ralpho was as great an enemy to human learning as Jack Cade and his fellow rebels. Cade's words to Lord Say, before he ordered his head to be cut off: "I am the besom that must sweep the Court clean of such filth as thou art; thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school; and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the Score and the Tally, thou hast caused Printing to be used; and, contrary to the King, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a Papermill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words, as no Christian ear can endure to hear."

It was the opinion of those tinkers, tailors, &c., that governed Chelmsford at the beginning of the Rebellion, "That learning had always been an enemy to the Gospel and that it were a happy thing if there were no universities, and that all books were burned except the Bible."

"I tell you (says a writer of those times) wicked books do as much wound us as the swords of our adversaries; for this manner of learning is superfluous and costly: many tongues and languages are only confusion, and only wit, reason, understanding, and scholarship, are the main means that oppose us, and hinder our cause; therefore, if ever we have the fortune to get the upperhand—we will down with all law and learning, and have no other rule but the Carpenter's, nor any writing or reading but the Score and the Tally."

Makes Light unactive, dull and troubled, 1345  
 Like little David in Saul's doublet :  
 A cheat that scholars put upon  
 Other men's reason and their own ;  
 A fort of error, to ensconce  
 Absurdity and ignorance, 1350  
 That renders all the avenues  
 To truth impervious and abstruse,  
 By making plain things, in debate,  
 By art perplex and intricate ;  
 For nothing goes for Sense or Light, 1355  
 That will not with old rules jump right ;  
 As if rules were not in the schools  
 Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules.  
 This Pagan, Heathenish, invention  
 Is good for nothing but contention : 1360  
 For as in sword-and-buckler fight  
 All blows do on the target light,  
 So, when men argue, the great'st part  
 O' th' contest falls on terms of art,  
 Until the fustian stuff be spent, 1365  
 And then they fall to th' argument.  
 Quoth Hudibras, Friend Ralph, thou hast  
 Outrun the constable at last :  
 For thou art fallen on a new  
 Dispute, as senseless as untrue, 1370  
 But to the former opposite,  
 And contrary as black to white :  
 Mere *disparata* ; that concerning  
 Presbytery, this human learning ;  
 Two things s' averse, they never yet 1375  
 But in thy rambling fancy met.  
 But I shall take a fit occasion

T' evince thee by' ratiocination,  
 Some other time in place more proper  
 Than this we 're in; therefore let 's stop here 1380  
 And rest our weary'd bones a while,  
 Already tir'd with other toil.

## PART II. CANTO I.

### THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight, by damnable Magician,  
 Being cast illegally in prison,  
 Love brings his action on the case,  
 And lays it upon Hudibras.  
 How he receives the Lady's visit,  
 And cunningly solicits his suit,  
 Which she defers; yet, on parole,  
 Redeems him from th' enchanted hole.

**B**UT now, t' observe Romantique method,  
 Let bloody steel a while be sheathed,  
 And all those harsh and rugged sounds  
 Of Bastinadoes, cuts, and wounds,

*Arg.* <sup>12</sup> VAR.

'The Knight being clapp'd by th' heels in prison,  
 The last unhappy expedition.'

*Arg.* <sup>5</sup> VAR. 'How he reviv's,' &c.

<sup>1</sup> The beginning of this Second Part may perhaps seem strange and abrupt to those who do not know that it was written on purpose in imitation of Virgil, who begins the Fourth Book of his *Æneid* in the very same manner, 'At regina gravi,' &c. And this is enough to satisfy the curiosity of those who believe that invention and fancy ought to be measured, like cases in law, by precedents, or else they are in the power of the critic.

<sup>2</sup> VAR. 'Let rusty steel,' and 'To trusty steel.'

Exchang'd to love's more gentle style, 5  
 To let our reader breathe a while.  
 In which, that we may be as brief as  
 Is possible, by way of preface.  
 Is 't not enough to make one strange,  
 That some men's fancy should ne'er change, 10  
 But make all people do and say  
 The same things still the self-same way?  
 Some writers make all ladies purloin'd,  
 And knights pursuing like a whirlwind:  
 Others make all their knights, in fits 15  
 Of jealousy, to lose their wits;  
 Till drawing blood o' th' dames, like witches,  
 They're forthwith cur'd of their caprices.  
 Some always thrive in their amours,  
 By pulling plaisters off their sores 20  
 As cripples do to get an' alms,  
 Just so do they, and win their dames.  
 Some force whole regions, in despite  
 O' geography, to change their site;  
 Make former times shake hands with latter, 25  
 And that which was before come after.  
 But those that write in rhyme still make  
 The one verse for the other's sake;  
 For one for sense, and one for rhyme,  
 I think 's sufficient at one time. 30

But we forget in what sad plight  
 We whilom left the captiv'd Knight

5-8 VAR. 'And unto love turn we our style,  
 To let our readers breathe a while,  
 By this time tir'd with th' horrid sounds  
 Of blows, and cuts, and blood, and wounds.'

10 VAR. 'That a man's fancy.'

32 VAR. 'We lately.'

And pensive Squire, both bruise'd in body,  
 And conjur'd into safe custody.  
 Tir'd with dispute, and speaking Latin, 35  
 As well as basting and Bear-baiting,  
 And desperate of any course  
 To free himself by wit or force,  
 His only solace was, that now  
 His dog-bolt fortune was so low, 40  
 That either it must quickly end,  
 Or turn about again, and mend ;  
 In which he found th' event, no less  
 Than other times, beside his guess.  
 There is a tall long-sided dame, 45  
 (But wond'rous light) ycleped Fame,  
 That like a thin cameleon boards  
 Herself on air, and eats her words ;  
 Upon her shoulders wings she wears  
 Like hanging sleeves, lin'd through with ears, 50  
 And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,  
 Made good by deep mythologist :  
 With these she through the welkin flies,  
 And sometimes carries truth, oft lies ;  
 With letters hung, like eastern pigeons, 55  
 And Mercuries of furthest regions ;  
 Diurnals writ for regulation  
 Of lying, to inform the nation,  
 And by their public use to bring down  
 The rate of whetstones in the kingdom. 60  
 About her neck a packet-mail,

<sup>48</sup> The beauty of this consists in the double meaning. The first alludes to Fame's living on Report: the second is an insinuation, that if a report is narrowly inquired into, and traced up to the original author, it is made to contradict itself.

Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale ;  
 Of men that walk'd when they were dead,  
 And cows of monsters brought to bed ;  
 Of hailstones big as pullets' eggs, 65  
 And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs ;  
 A blazing star seen in the west,  
 By six or seven men at least.  
 Two trumpets she does sound at once,  
 But both of clean contrary tones : 70  
 But whether both with the same wind,  
 Or one before and one behind,  
 We know not, only this can tell,  
 The one sounds vilely, th' other well ;  
 And therefore vulgar authors name 75  
 Th' one Good, the other Evil Fame.

This tattling gossip knew too well  
 What mischief Hudibras befell ;  
 And straight the spiteful tidings bears  
 Of all, to th' unkind Widow's ears. 80  
 Democritus ne'er laugh'd so loud  
 To see bawds carted through the crowd,  
 Or funerals, with stately pomp,  
 March slowly on in solemn dump,  
 As she laugh'd out, until her back, 85  
 As well as sides, was like to crack.  
 She vow'd she would go see the sight,  
 And visit the distressed Knight ;  
 To do the office of a neighbour,  
 And be a gossip at his labour ; 90  
 And from his wooden jail, the stocks,

<sup>77</sup> VAR. ' Twattling gossip.'

<sup>91</sup> VAR. ' That is to see him deliver'd safe  
 Of's wooden burden, and Squire Raph.'

To set at large his fetter-locks ;  
 And by exchange, parole, or ransom,  
 To free him from th' enchanted mansion.

This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for hood 95

And usher, implements abroad  
 Which ladies wear, beside a slender  
 Young waiting damsel to attend her.

All which appearing, on she went  
 To find the Knight, in limbo pent ; 100

And 'twas not long before she found  
 Him and his stout Squire in the pound,  
 Both coupled in enchanted tether  
 By further leg behind together.

For as he sat upon his rump, 105

His head, like one in doleful dump,  
 Between his knees, his hands apply'd  
 Unto his ears on either side,

And by him in another hole  
 Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jowl ; 110

She came upon him in his wooden  
 Magician's circle on the sudden,  
 As spirits do t' a conjurer

When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.

No sooner did the Knight perceive her, 115

But straight he fell into a fever,  
 Inflam'd all over with disgrace  
 To be seen by her in such a place ;

<sup>111</sup> <sup>112</sup> There was never certainly a pleasanter scene imagined than this before us ; it is the most diverting incident in the whole Poem. The unlucky and unexpected visit of the Lady, the attitude and surprize of the Knight, the confusion and blushes of the lover, and the satirical raillery of a mistress, are represented in lively colours, and conspire to make this interview wonderfully pleasing.



Which made him hang his head, and scowl,  
 And wink, and goggle like an owl: 120  
 He felt his brains begin to swim,  
 When thus the Dame accosted him.

This place (quoth she) they say's enchanted,  
 And with delinquent spirits haunted,  
 That here are ty'd in chains and scourg'd 125  
 Until their guilty crimes be purg'd :

Look, there are two of them appear  
 Like persons I have seen somewhere.  
 Some have mistaken blocks and posts  
 For spectres, apparitions, ghosts, 130

With saucer eyes, and horns; and some  
 Have heard the devil beat a drum;  
 But, if our eyes are not false glasses  
 That give a wrong account of faces,

That beard and I should be acquainted 135  
 Before 'twas conjur'd and enchanted;  
 For, though it be disfigur'd somewhat,  
 As if 't had lately been in combat,

It did belong to a worthy Knight,  
 Howe'er this goblin is come by 't. 140

When Hudibras the Lady heard  
 Discoursing thus upon his beard,  
 And speak with such respect and honour  
 Both of the beard and the beard's owner,

He thought it best to set as good 145  
 A face upon it as he could;

And thus he spoke: Lady, your bright  
 And radiant eyes are in the right;  
 The beard's th' identique beard you knew,  
 The same numerically true; 150

<sup>142</sup> VAR. 'To take kind notice of his beard.'

Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,  
But its proprietor himself.

O heavens! quoth she, can that be true?

I do begin to fear 'tis you;

Not by your individual whiskers, 155

But by your dialect and discourse,

That never spoke to man or beast

In notions vulgarly express:

But what malignant star, alas!

Has brought you both to this sad pass? 160

Quoth he, The fortune of the war,

Which I am less afflicted for,

Than to be seen with beard and face

By you in such a homely ease.

Quoth she, Those need not be asham'd 165

For being honourably maim'd:

If he that is in battle conquer'd

Have any title to his own beard,

Though yours be sorely lugg'd and torn,

It does your visage more adorn 170

Than if 'twere prun'd, and starch'd, and lander'd,

And cut square by the Russian standard.

A torn beard's like a tatter'd ensign;

That's bravest which there are most rents in.

That petticoat about your shoulders 175

Does not so well become a soldier's;

And I'm afraid they are worse handled,

Although i' th' rear your beard the van led;

And those uneasy bruises make

My heart for company to ache, 180

To see so worshipful a friend

I' th' pillory set, at the wrong end.

<sup>164</sup> VAR. 'In such elenctique case.'

Quoth Hudibras, This thing call'd Pain  
 Is (as the learned Stoics maintain)  
 Not bad *simpliciter*, nor good, 185  
 But merely as 'tis understood.  
 Sense is deceitful, and may feign  
 As well in counterfeiting pain  
 As other gross phenomenas,  
 In which it oft mistakes the case. 190  
 But since th' immortal intellect  
 (That's free from error and defect,  
 Whose objects still persist the same)  
 Is free from outward bruise or maim,  
 Which nought external can expose 195  
 To gross material bangs or blows,  
 It follows we can ne'er be sure  
 Whether we pain or not endure ;  
 And just so far are sore and griev'd  
 As by the fancy is believ'd. 200  
 Some have been wounded with conceit,  
 And died of mere opinion straight ;  
 Others, though wounded sore in reason,  
 Felt no contusion nor discretion.  
 A Saxon duke did grow so fat 205  
 That mice (as histories relate)  
 Ate grots and labyrinths to dwell in  
 His postique parts, without his feeling ;  
 Then how is't possible a kick  
 Should e'er reach that way to the quick ? 210  
 Quoth she, I grant it is in vain  
 For one that's basted to feel pain,  
 Because the pangs his bones endure  
 Contribute nothing to the cure ;  
 Yet honour hurt is wont to rage 215

With pain no med'cine can assuage  
 Quoth he, That honour 's very squeamish  
 That takes a basting for a blemish ;  
 For what 's more hon'rabable than scars,  
 Or skin to tatters rent in wars? 220  
 Some have been beaten till they know  
 What wood a cudgel 's of by th' blow ;  
 Some kick'd until they can feel whether  
 A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather ;  
 And yet have met, after long running, 225  
 With some whom they have taught that cunning.  
 The furthest way about t' o'ercome  
 In th' end does prove the nearest home.  
 By laws of learned duellists,  
 They that are bruis'd with wood or fists, 230  
 And think one beating may for once  
 Suffice, are cowards and pultrons ;  
 But if they dare engage t' a second,  
 They 're stout and gallant fellows reckon'd.  
 Th' old Romans freedom did bestow, 235  
 Our princes worship, with a blow.  
 King Pyrrhus cur'd his splenetic  
 And testy courtiers with a kick.  
 The Negus, when some mighty lord  
 Or potentate 's to be restor'd, 240  
 And pardon'd for some great offence  
 With which he 's willing to dispense,  
 First has him laid upon his belly,  
 Then beaten back and side t' a jelly :

232 VAR. ' Poltroons.'

239 A king of Ethiopia.

241 242 VAR. ' To his good grace for some offence  
 Forfeit before, and pardon'd since.'

That done, he rises, humbly bows,  
 And gives thanks for the princely blows ;  
 Departs not meanly proud, and boasting  
 Of his magnificent rib-roasting. 245

The beaten soldier proves most manful  
 That, like his sword, endures the anvil ;  
 And justly 's held more formidable,  
 The more his valour 's malleable : 250

But he that fears a bastinado  
 Will run away from his own shadow.  
 And though I'm now in durance fast 255

By our own party basely cast,  
 Ransom, exchange, parole refus'd,  
 And worse than by the en'my us'd ;  
 In close *catasta* shut, past hope  
 Of wit or valour to elope ; 260

As beards, the nearer that they tend  
 To th' earth, still grow more reverend,  
 And cannons shoot the higher pitches  
 The lower we let down their breeches,  
 I'll make this low dejected fate 265

Advance me to a greater height.

Quoth she, You've almost made me' in love  
 With that which did my pity move.

Great wits and valours, like great states,  
 Do sometimes sink with their own weights : 270  
 Th' extremes of glory and of shame,

Like east and west, become the same :

No Indian prince has to his palace  
 More foll'wers than a thief to th' gallows.

But, if a beating seem so brave, 275

What glories must a whipping have ?

Such great achievements cannot fail

To cast salt on a woman's tail :  
 For if I thought your nat'ral talent  
 Of passive courage were so gallant, 280  
 As you strain hard to have it thought,  
 I could grow amorous and dote.

When Hudibras this language heard,  
 He prick'd up 's ears, and strok'd his beard ;  
 Thought he, This is the lucky hour, 285  
 Wines work when vines are in the flow'r :  
 This crisis then I'll set my rest on,  
 And put her boldly to the quest'on.

Madam, what you would seem to doubt  
 Shall be to all the world made out ; 290  
 How I've been drubb'd, and with what spirit  
 And magnanimity I bear it :  
 And if you doubt it to be true,  
 I'll stake myself down against you ;  
 And if I fail in love or troth, 295  
 Be you the winner and take both.

Quoth she, I've heard old cunning stagers  
 Say, fools for arguments use wagers ;  
 And, though I prais'd your valour, yet  
 I did not mean to baulk your wit ; 300  
 Which if you have, you must needs know  
 What I have told you before now,  
 And you b' experiment have prov'd ;  
 I cannot love where I'm belov'd.

Quoth Hudibras, 'Tis a caprich 305  
 Beyond th' infliction of a witch ;  
 So cheats to play with those still aim  
 That do not understand the game.  
 Love in your heart as idly burns  
 As fire in antique Roman urns 310

To warm the dead, and vainly light  
 Those only that see nothing by 't.  
 Have you not power to entertain,  
 And render love for love again?  
 As no man can draw in his breath 315  
 At once, and force out air beneath.  
 Or do you love yourself so much,  
 To bear all rivals else a grutch?  
 What fate can lay a greater curse.  
 Than you upon yourself would force? 320  
 For Wedlock without love, some say,  
 Is but a lock without a key.  
 It is a kind of rape to marry  
 One that neglects or cares not for ye:  
 For what doth make it ravishment 325  
 But b'ing against the mind's consent?  
 A rape that is the more inhuman,  
 For being acted by a woman.  
 Why are you fair, but to entice us  
 To love you, that you may despise us? 330  
 But though you cannot love, you say,  
 Out of your own fanatic way,  
 Why should you not at least allow  
 Those that love you to do so too?  
 For, as you fly me, and pursue 335  
 Love more averse, so I do you;  
 And am by your own doctrine taught  
 To practise what you call a fault.  
 Quoth she, If what you say be true,  
 You must fly me as I do you; 340  
 But 'tis not what we do, but say,  
 In love and preaching, that must sway.

332 VAR. 'Fanatique.' Qy. 'Fantastic?'

Quoth he, To bid me not to love  
 Is to forbid my pulse to move,  
 My beard to grow, my ears to prick up, 345  
 Or (when I'm in a fit) to hiccup.  
 Command me to piss out the moon,  
 And 'twill as easily be done.  
 Love's pow'r's too great to be withstood  
 By feeble human flesh and blood. 350  
 'Twas he that brought upon his knees  
 The hec't'ring kill-cow Hercules,  
 Transform'd his leager-lion's skin  
 T' a petticoat, and made him spin ;  
 Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle 355  
 T' a feeble distaff and a spindle :  
 'Twas he that made emp'rors gallants  
 To their own sisters and their aunts ;  
 Set Popes and Cardinals agog,  
 To play with pages at leap-frog : 360  
 'Twas he that gave our Senate purges,  
 And fluxt the House of many a burgess ;  
 Made those that represent the nation  
 Submit, and suffer amputation ;  
 And all the Grandees o' th' Cabal 365  
 Adjourn to tubs at spring and fall.  
 He mounted Synod-men and rode 'em  
 To Dirty-Lane and Little Sodom ;  
 Made 'em curvet like Spanish Jenets,  
 And take the ring at Madam ——'s. 370

370 " Stennet was the person whose name was dashed," says Sir Roger L'Estrange, 'Key to Hudibras. " Her husband was by profession a broom-man and lay-elder. She followed the laudible employment of bawding, and managed several intrigues for those Brothers and Sisters whose purity consisted chiefly in the whiteness of their linen."



'Twas he that made Saint Francis do  
 More than the dev'i could tempt him to,  
 In cold and frosty weather grow  
 Enamour'd of a wife of snow ;  
 And though she were of rigid temper, 375  
 With melting flames accost and tempt her ;  
 Which after in enjoyment quenching,  
 He hung a garland on his engine.

Quoth she, If love have these effects,  
 Why is it not forbid our sex ? 380  
 Why is 't not damn'd and interdicted  
 For diabolical and wicked ?  
 And sung, as out of tune, against,  
 As Turk and Pope are by the Saints ?  
 I find I've greater reason for it, 385  
 Than I believ'd before, t' abhor it.

Quoth Hudibras, These sad effects  
 Spring from your heathenish neglects  
 Of Love's great pow'r, which he returns  
 Upon yourselves with equal scorns, 390  
 And those who worthy lovers slight,  
 Plagues with prepost'rous appetite :  
 This made the beauteous Queen of Crete  
 To take a town-bull for her sweet ;  
 And from her greatness stoop so low, 395  
 To be the rival of a cow :  
 Others to prostitute their great hearts  
 To be baboons' and monkeys' sweethearts :  
 Some with the devil himself in league grow,  
 By 's representative a Negro. 400  
 'Twas this made Vestal maids love-sick,  
 And venture to be bury'd quick :  
 Some by their fathers and their brothers

To be made mistresses and mothers.  
 'Tis this that proudest dames enamours 405  
 On lacquies and *varlets des chambres* ;  
 Their haughty stomachs overcomes,  
 And makes them stoop to dirty grooms ;  
 To slight the world, and to disparage  
 Claps, issue, infamy, and marriage. 410  
 Quoth she, These judgments are severe,  
 Yet such as I should rather bear  
 Than trust men with their oaths, or prove  
 Their faith and secrecy in love.  
 Says he, There is as weighty reason 415  
 For secrecy in love as treason.  
 Love is a burglarer, a felon,  
 That at the windore-eye does steal in  
 To rob the heart, and with his prey  
 Steals out again a closer way, 420  
 Which whosoever can discover,  
 He's sure (as he deserves) to suffer.  
 Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles  
 In men as nat'rally as in charecoals,  
 Which sooty chemists stop in holes 425  
 When out of wood they extract coals ;  
 So lovers should their passions choke,  
 That though they burn, they may not smoke.  
 'Tis like that sturdy thief that stole  
 And dragg'd beasts backward into 's hole ; 430  
 So love does lovers, and us men  
 Draws by the tails into his den,  
 That no impression may discover  
 And trace t' his cave the wary lover.

<sup>405</sup> VAR. 'Valets des chambres.'

<sup>416</sup> VAR. 'Window eye.'

But if you doubt I should reveal 435  
 What you intrust me under seal,  
 I'll prove myself as close and virtuous  
 As your own secretary, Albertus.

Quoth she, I grant you may be close  
 In hiding what your aims propose : 440  
 Love-passions are like parables,  
 By which men still mean something else :  
 Though love be all the world's pretence,  
 Money's the mythologic sense,  
 The real substance of the shadow 445  
 Which all address and courtship's made to.

Thought he, I understand your play,  
 And how to quit you your own way :  
 He that will win his dame must do  
 As Love does when he bends his bow ; 450  
 With one hand thrust the lady from,  
 And with the other pull her home.

I grant, quoth he, wealth is a great  
 Provocative to am'rous heat :  
 It is all philtres and high diet 455  
 That makes love rampant and to fly out :  
 'Tis beauty always in the flower,  
 That buds and blossoms at fourscore :  
 'Tis that by which the sun and moon  
 At their own weapons are outdone : 460  
 That makes knights-errant fall in trances,  
 And lay about 'em in romances :  
 'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all  
 That men divine and sacred call ;  
 For what is worth in anything 465  
 But so much money as 'twill bring ?  
 Or what but riches is there known

Which man can solely call his own,  
 In which no creature goes his half,  
 Unless it be to squint and laugh? 470  
 I do confess, with goods and land,  
 I'd have a wife at second-hand ;  
 And such you are : nor is 't your person  
 My stomach 's set so sharp and fierce on,  
 But 'tis (your better part) your riches 475  
 That my enamour'd heart bewitches :  
 Let me your fortune but possess,  
 And settle your person how you please ;  
 Or make it o'er in trust to th' devil,  
 You'll find me reasonable and civil. 480

Quoth she, I like this plainness better  
 Than false mock-passion, speech, or letter,  
 Or any feat of qualm or sowning,  
 But hanging of yourself or drowning ;  
 Your only way with me to break 485  
 Your mind, is breaking of your neck :  
 For as when merchants break, o'erthrown  
 Like nine-pins, they strike others down,  
 So that would break my heart ; which done,  
 My tempting fortune is your own. 490  
 These are but trifles ; ev'ry lover  
 Will damn himself over and over,  
 And greater matters undertake,  
 For a less worthy mistress' sake :  
 Yet they're the only ways to prove 495  
 Th' unfeign'd realities of love ;  
 For he that hangs, or beats out 's brains,  
 The devil 's in him if he feigns.

Quoth Hudibras, This way 's too rough

<sup>483</sup> VAR. 'Swooning.'

For mere experiment and proof; 500  
 It is no jesting trivial matter  
 To swing i' th' air, or dive in water,  
 And like a water-witch try love;  
 That's to destroy, and not to prove :  
 As if a man should be dissected, 505  
 To find what part is disaffected :  
 Your better way is to make over,  
 In trust, your fortune to your lover.  
 Trust is a trial ; if it break,  
 'Tis not so desp'rate as a neck : 510  
 Beside, th' experiment 's more certain ;  
 Men venture necks to gain a fortune :  
 The soldier does it ev'ry day  
 (Eight to the week) for sixpence pay ;  
 Your pettifoggers damn their souls, 515  
 To share with knaves in cheating fools ;  
 And merchants, vent'ring through the main,  
 Slight pirates, rocks, and horns, for gain.  
 This is the way I advise you to ;  
 Trust me, and see what I will do. 520

Quoth she, I should be loth to run  
 Myself all th' hazard, and you none ;  
 Which must be done, unless some deed  
 Of yours aforesaid do precede :  
 Give but yourself one gentle swing 525  
 For trial, and I'll cut the string ;  
 Or give that rev'rend head a maul,  
 Or two or three, against a wall,  
 To show you are a man of mettle,  
 And I'll engage myself to settle. 530

Quoth he, My head's not made of brass,  
 As Friar Bacon's noddle was,

Nor (like the Indian's scull) so tough  
 That, authors say, 'twas musket proof;  
 As it had need to be, to enter 535  
 As yet on any new adventure.

You see what bangs it has endur'd,  
 That would, before new feats, be cur'd :  
 But if that's all you stand upon,  
 Here strike me, Luck, it shall be done. 540

Quoth she, The matter's not so far gone  
 As you suppose ; two words t' a bargain :  
 That may be done, and time enough,  
 When you have given downright proof :  
 And yet 'tis no fantastic pique 545

I have to love, nor coy dislike ;  
 'Tis no implicit nice aversion  
 T' your conversation, mien, or person ;  
 But a just fear lest you should prove  
 False and perfidious in love : 550  
 For, if I thought you could be true,  
 I could love twice as much as you.

Quoth he, My faith as adamantine  
 As chains of Destiny I'll maintain ;  
 True as Apollo ever spoke, 555

Or oracle from heart of oak :  
 And if you'll give my flame but vent,  
 Now in close hugger-mugger pent,  
 And shine upon me but benignly  
 With that one and that other pigsney, 560

The sun and day shall sooner part  
 Than love and you shake off my heart ;  
 The sun, that shall no more dispense  
 His own, but your bright influence.  
 I'll carve your name on barks of trees 565

With true-love-knots and flourishes,  
 That shall infuse eternal spring  
 And everlasting flourishing ;  
 Drink ev'ry letter on 't in stum,  
 And make it brisk Champagne become. 570

Where'er you tread, your foot shall set  
 The primrose and the violet ;  
 All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders,  
 Shall borrow from your breath their odours ;  
 Nature her charter shall renew, 575

And take all lives of things from you ;  
 The world depend upon your eye,  
 And, when you frown upon it, die :  
 Only our loves shall still survive,  
 New worlds and Natures to outlive, 580

And like to heralds' moons remain  
 All crescents, without change or wane.

Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this ;

Sir Knight, you take your aim amiss ;

For you will find it a hard chapter 585

To catch me with poetic rapture,

In which your Mastery of Art

Doth shew itself, and not your heart ;

Nor will you raise in mine combustion

By dint of high heroic fustian. 590

She that with poetry is won

Is but a desk to write upon ;

And what men say of her they mean

No more than on the thing they lean.

Some with Arabian spices strive 595

T' embalm her cruelly alive ;

Or season her, as French cooks use

Their *haut-gouts*, *bouilles*, or *ragouts*

Use her so barbarously ill  
 To grind her lips upon a mill, 600  
 Until the *facet doublet* doth  
 Fit their rhymes rather than her mouth ;  
 Her mouth, compar'd t' an oyster's, with  
 A row of pearl in 't 'stead of teeth.  
 Others make posies of her cheeks, 605  
 Where red and whitest colours mix ;  
 In which the lily and the rose  
 For Indian lake and ceruse goes.  
 The sun and moon, by her bright eyes  
 Eclips'd and darken'd in the skies, 610  
 Are but black patches that she wears,  
 Cut into suns, and moons, and stars ;  
 By which astrologers, as well  
 As those in heav'n above, can tell  
 What strange events they do foreshow 615  
 Unto her under-world below.  
 Her voice the music of the spheres,  
 So loud it deafens mortals' ears,  
 As wise philosophers have thought,  
 And that's the cause we hear it not. 620  
 This has been done by some, who those  
 Th' ador'd in rhyme, would kick in prose ;  
 And in those ribands would have hung,  
 Of which melodiously they sung.  
 That have the hard fate to write best 625  
 Of those still that deserve it least :  
 It matters not how false or forc'd,  
 So the best things be said o' th' worst ;  
 It goes for nothing when 'tis said,  
 Only the arrow's drawn to th' head, 630  
 Whether it be a swan or goose



They level at: so shepherds use  
 To set the same mark on the lip  
 Both of their sound and rotten sheep:  
 For wits that carry low or wide, 635  
 Must be aim'd higher, or beside  
 The mark, which else they ne'er come nigh  
 But when they take their aim awry.  
 But I do wonder you should choose  
 This way t' attack me with your Muse, 640  
 As one cut out to pass your tricks on,  
 With fulhams of poetic fiction.  
 I rather hop'd I should no more  
 Hear from you o' th' gallanting score;  
 For hard dry-bastings us'd to prove 645  
 The readiest remedies of love,  
 Next a dry diet: but if those fail,  
 Yet this uneasy loop-hol'd jail,  
 In which y' are hamper'd by the fetlock,  
 Cannot but put y' in mind of wedlock; 650  
 Wedlock, that's worse than any hole here,  
 If that may serve you for a cooler  
 T' allay your mettle, all agog  
 Upon a wife, the heavier clog:  
 Nor rather thank your gentler fate, 655  
 That for a bruis'd or broken pate  
 Has freed you from those knobs that grow  
 Much harder on the marry'd brow.  
 But if no dread can cool your courage  
 From vent'ring on that dragon, marriage; 660  
 Yet give me quarter, and advance  
 To nobler aims your puissance;  
 Level at beauty and at wit,

<sup>642</sup> A cant word for false dice.

The fairest mark is easiest hit.

Quoth Hudibras, I'm beforehand 665  
 In that already with your command ;  
 For where does beauty and high wit,  
 But in your Constellation, meet ?

Quoth she, What does a match imply  
 But likeness and equality ? 670

I know you cannot think me fit  
 To be th' yokefellow of your wit ;  
 Nor take one of so mean deserts  
 To be the partner of your parts ;  
 A grace which, if I could believe, 675  
 I've not the conscience to receive.

That conscience, quoth Hudibras,  
 Is misinform'd : I'll state the case.  
 A man may be a legal donor  
 Of any thing whereof he 's owner, 680  
 And may confer it where he lists,  
 I' the judgment of all casuists :  
 Then wit, and parts, and valour, may  
 Be ali'nated and made away  
 By those that are proprietors, 685  
 As I may give or sell my horse.

Quoth she, I grant the case is true  
 And proper 'twixt your horse and you :  
 But whether I may take, as well  
 As you may give away or sell ? 690  
 Buyers, you know, are bid beware ;  
 And worse than thieves receivers are.  
 How shall I answer Hue and Cry  
 For a Roan-gelding, twelve hands high,  
 All spurr'd and switch'd, a lock on 's hoof, 695  
 A sorrel mane ? Can I bring proof

Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold for,  
And in the open market toll'd for?

Or, should I take you for a stray,  
You must be kept a year and day 700

(Ere I can own you) here i' th' pound,  
Where, if y' are sought, you may be found ;  
And in the mean time I must pay  
For all your provender and hay.

Quoth he, It stands me much upon 705  
T' enervate this objection,

And prove myself, by topic clear,  
No gelding, as you would infer.

Loss of virility's averr'd  
To be the cause of loss of beard, 710

That does (like embryo in the womb)  
Abortive on the chin become :

'This first a woman did invent  
In envy of man's ornament,

Semiramis of Babylon, 715

Who first of all cut men o' th' stone  
To mar their beards, and laid foundation  
Of sow-geldering operation.

Look on this beard, and tell me whether  
Eunuchs wear such, or geldings either ? 720

Next it appears I am no horse,  
That I can argue and discourse,  
Have but two legs, and ne'er a tail.

Quoth she, That nothing will avail ;  
For some philosophers of late here, 725

Write men have four legs by Nature,  
And that 'tis custom makes them go

Erroneously upon but two ;  
As 'twas in Germany made good

B' a boy that lost himself in a wood, 730  
 And growing down t' a man, was wont  
 With wolves upon all four to hunt.  
 As for your reasons drawn from tails,  
 We cannot say they're true or false,  
 Till you explain yourself and show 735  
 B' experiment 'tis so or no.

Quoth he, If you'll join issue on't,  
 I'll give you sat'sfactory account ;  
 So you will promise, if you lose,  
 To settle all and be my spouse. 740

That never shall be done (quoth she)  
 To one that wants a tail, by me ;  
 For tails by Nature sure were meant,  
 As well as beards, for ornament ;  
 And though the vulgar count them homely, 745  
 In men or beast they are so comely,  
 So gentee, alamode, and handsome,  
 I'll never marry man that wants one :  
 And till you can demonstrate plain  
 You have one equal to your mane, 750  
 I'll be torn piecemeal by a horse  
 Ere I'll take you for better or worse.  
 The Prince of Cambay's daily food  
 Is asp, and basilisk, and toad,  
 Which makes him have so strong a breath 755  
 Each night he stinks a queen to death ;  
 Yet I shall rather lie in 's arms  
 Than yours on any other terms.

Quoth he, What Nature can afford  
 I shall produce, upon my word ; 760  
 And if she ever gave that boon  
 To man, I'll prove that I have one ;

I mean by postulate illation,  
 When you shall offer just occasion :  
 But since y' have yet deny'd to give 765  
 My heart, your pris'ner, a reprieve,  
 But made it sink down to my heel,  
 Let that at least your pity feel ;  
 And, for the suff'rings of your martyr,  
 Give its poor entertainer quarter ; 770  
 And, by discharge or mainprize, grant  
 Deliv'ry from this base restraint.  
 Quoth she, I grieve to see your leg  
 Stuck in a hole here like a peg ;  
 And if I knew which way to do 't 775  
 (Your honour safe) I'd let you out.  
 That dames-by jail-delivery  
 Of errant knights have been set free,  
 When by enchantment they have been,  
 And sometimes for it too, laid in ; 780  
 Is that which knights are bound to do  
 By order, oath, and honour too.  
 For what are they renown'd and famous else,  
 But aiding of distressed damosels ?  
 But for a lady, no ways errant, 785  
 To free a knight, we have no warrant  
 In any authentional romance,  
 Or classic author yet of France ;  
 And I'd be loth to have you break  
 An ancient custom for a freak, 790  
 Or innovation introduce  
 In place of things of antique use,  
 To free your heels by any course  
 That might b' unwholesome to your spurs :  
 Which, if I should consent unto, 795

It is not in my pow'r to do ;  
 For 'tis a service must be done ye  
 With solemn previous ceremony,  
 Which always has been us'd t' untie  
 The charms of those who here do lie. 800  
 For as the Ancients heretofore  
 To Honour's temple had no door  
 But that which thorough Virtue's lay,  
 So from this dungeon there 's no way  
 To honour'd freedom, but by passing 305  
 That other virtuous school of lashing ;  
 Where knights are kept in narrow lists  
 With wooden lockets 'bout their wrists,  
 In which they for a while are tenants,  
 And for their ladies suffer penance. 810  
 Whipping, that 's Virtue's governess,  
 Tut'ress of arts and sciences,  
 That mends the gross mistakes of Nature,  
 And puts new life into dull matter,  
 That lays foundation for renown 815  
 And all the honours of the gown.  
 This suffer'd, they are set at large,  
 And freed with hon'rabl discharge :  
 Then, in their robes, the penitentials  
 Are straight presented with credentials, 820  
 And in their way attended on  
 By magistrates of ev'ry town ;  
 And, all respect and charges paid,  
 They're to their ancient seats convey'd.  
 Now, if you'll venture, for my sake, 825  
 To try the toughness of your back,  
 And suffer (as the rest have done)  
 The laying of a whipping on,

(And may you prosper in your suit,  
 As you with equal vigour do 't), 830  
 I here engage myself to loose ye,  
 And free your heels from caperdewsie.  
 But since our sex's modesty  
 Will not allow I should be by,  
 Bring me on oath a fair account, 835  
 And honour too, when you have don't ;  
 And I'll admit you to the place  
 You claim as due in my good grace.  
 If matrimony and hanging go  
 By dest'ny, why not whipping too ? 840  
 What med'eine else can cure the fits  
 Of lovers when they lose their wits ?  
 Love is a boy by poets styl'd,  
 Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.  
 A Persian emp'rour whipp'd his grannam, 845  
 The sea, his mother Venus came on ;  
 And heneo some rev'rend men approve  
 Of rosemary in making love.  
 As skilful coopers hoop their tubs  
 With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs, 850  
 Why may not whipping have as good  
 A grace, perform'd in time and mood,  
 With comely movement, and by art  
 Raise passion in a lady's heart ?  
 It is an easier way to make 855  
 Love by, than that which many take.  
 Who would not rather suffer whipping,  
 Than swallow toasts of bits of ribbon ?  
 Make wicked verses, treats, and faces

831 VAR. 'I here engage to be your bayl,  
 And free you from th' unknighthly jayl.'

And spell names over with beer-glasses ? 860  
 Be under vows to hang and die  
 Love's sacrifice, and all a lie ?  
 With China-oranges and tarts,  
 And whining plays, lay baits for hearts ?  
 Bribe chambermaids with love and money 865  
 To break no roguish jests upon ye ?  
 For lilies limn'd on cheeks, and roses,  
 With painted perfumes, hazard noses ?  
 Or, vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,  
 Do penance in a paper lantern ? 870  
 All this you may compound for now,  
 By suff'ring what I offer you ;  
 Which is no more than has been done  
 By knights for ladies long agoe.  
 Did not the great La Mancha do so 875  
 For the Infanta Del Toboso ?  
 Did not th' illustrious Bassa make  
 Himself a slave for Misse's sake,  
 And with bull's pizzle, for her love,  
 Was taw'd as gentle as a glove ? 880  
 Was not young Florio sent (to cool  
 His flame for Biancafiore) to school,  
 Where pedant made his pathic bum  
 For her sake suffer martyrdom ?  
 Did not a certain lady whip, 885  
 Of late, her husband's own lordship ?  
 And, though a grandee of the House,  
 Claw'd him with fundamental blows ;  
 Ty'd him stark-naked to a bedpost,  
 And fir'd his hide as if sh' had rid post ; 890  
 And after in the Sessions court,  
 Where whipping's judg'd, had honour for 't ?



This swear you will perform, and then  
 I'll set you from th' enchanted den,  
 And the Magician's circle, clear. 895

Quoth he, I do profess and swear,  
 And will perform what you enjoin,  
 Or may I never see you mine.

Amen, (quoth she), then turn'd about,  
 And bid her Squire let him out. 900

But ere an artist could be found  
 T' undo the charms another bound,  
 The sun grew low and left the skies,  
 Put down (some write) by ladies' eyes.  
 The moon pull'd off her veil of light, 905

That hides her face by day from sight  
 (Mysterious veil, of brightness made,  
 That's both her lustre and her shade),  
 And in the lantern of the night  
 With shining horns hung out her light; 910

For darkness is the proper sphere  
 Where all false glories use t' appear.  
 The twinkling stars began to muster,  
 And glitter with their borrow'd lustre,  
 While sleep the weary'd world reliev'd, 915  
 By counterfeiting death reviv'd.

His whipping penance, till the morn  
 Our vot'ry thought it best t' adjourn,  
 And not to carry on a work  
 Of such importance in the dark, 920  
 With erring haste, but rather stay,  
 And do 't in th' open face of day;  
 And in the mean-time go in quest  
 Of next retreat to take his rest.

<sup>894</sup> VAR. 'I'll free you.'

## PART II. CANTO II.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire in hot dispute,  
 Within an ace of falling out,  
 Are parted with a sudden fright  
 Of strange alarm, and stranger sight;  
 With which adventuring to stickle,  
 They're sent away in nasty pickle.

**T**IS strange how some men's tempers suit  
 (Like bawd and brandy) with dispute;  
 That for their own opinions stand fast,  
 Only to have them claw'd and canvast;  
 That keep their consciences in cases, 5  
 As fiddlers do their crowds and bases,  
 Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent  
 To play a fit for argument;  
 Make true and false, unjust and just,  
 Of no use but to be discust; 10  
 Dispute, and set a paradox  
 Like a straight boot upon the stocks,  
 And stretch it more unmercifully  
 Than Helmont, Montaigne, White, or Tully.  
 So th' ancient Stoics, in their porch, 15  
 With fierce dispute maintain'd their church,  
 Beat out their brains in fight and study  
 To prove that virtue is a body,  
 That *bonum* is an animal

<sup>2</sup> VAR. 'Brandee.'

<sup>14</sup> VAR. 'Montaign and Lully.'

Made good with stout polemic brawl; 20  
 In which some hundreds on the place  
 Were slain outright, and many a face  
 Retrench'd of nose, and eyes, and beard,  
 To maintain what their sect averr'd.  
 All which the Knight and Squire, in wrath, 25  
 Had like t' have suffer'd for their faith;  
 Each striving to make good his own,  
 As by the sequel shall be shown.

The sun had long since in the lap  
 Of Thetis taken out his nap, 30  
 And, like a lobster boil'd, the morn  
 From black to red began to turn;  
 When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aching  
 'Twixt sleeping kept all night, and waking,  
 Began to rub his drowsy eyes, 35  
 And from his couch prepar'd to rise,  
 Resolving to despatch the deed  
 He vow'd to do, with trusty speed.  
 But first with knocking loud, and bawling,  
 He rous'd the Squire, in truckle lolling; 40  
 And after many circumstances,  
 Which vulgar authors in romances  
 Do use to spend their time and wits on,  
 To make impertinent description,  
 They got (with much ado) to horse, 45  
 And to the Castle bent their course,  
 In which he to the Dame before  
 To suffer whipping-duty swore.  
 Where now arriv'd, and half unharnest,  
 To carry on the work in earnest, 50  
 He stopp'd, and paus'd upon the sudden,

<sup>48</sup> VAR. 'Whipping duly swore.'

And with a serious forehead plodding,  
 Sprung a new scruple in his head,  
 Which first he scratch'd and after said :

Whether it be direct infringing 55  
 An oath, if I should wave this swinging,  
 And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,  
 And so b' equivocation swear ;  
 Or whether 't be a lesser sin  
 To be forsworn than act the thing, 60  
 Are deep and subtle points, which must,  
 T' inform my conscience, be discust ;  
 In which to err a tittle may  
 To errors infinite make way :  
 And therefore I desire to know 65  
 Thy judgment ere we further go.

Quoth Ralpho, Since you do enjoin it,  
 I shall enlarge upon the point ;  
 And, for my own part, do not doubt  
 Th' affirmative may be made out. 70  
 But first, to state the case aright,  
 For best advantage of our light :  
 And thus 'tis : Whether 't be a sin

<sup>55</sup> <sup>56</sup> This dialogue between Hudibras and Ralph sets before us the hypocrisy and villany of all parties of the Rebels with regard to oaths ; what equivocations and evasions they made use of to account for the many perjuries they were daily guilty of, and the several oaths they readily took, and as readily broke, merely as they found it suited their interest, as appears from v. 107, &c. and v. 377, &c. of this Canto, and Part III. Canto III. v. 547, &c. Archbishop Bramhall says, "That the hypocrites of those times, though they magnified the obligation of an oath, yet in their own case dispensed with all oaths, civil, military, and religious. We are now told," says he, "that the oaths we have taken are not to be examined according to the interpretation of men : No ! How then ?—Surely according to the interpretation of devils."

To claw and curry your own skin,  
 Greater or less than to forbear, 75  
 And that you are forsworn forswear.  
 But first o' th' first: The inward man,  
 And outward, like a clan and clan,  
 Have always been at daggers-drawing,  
 And one another clapper-clawing: 80  
 Not that they really cuff or fence,  
 But in a spiritual mystic sense ;  
 Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble  
 In literal fray, 's abominable.  
 'Tis Heathenish, in frequent use 85  
 With Pagans and apostate Jews,  
 To offer sacrifice of Bridewells,  
 Like modern Indians to their idols ;  
 And mongrel-Christians of our times,  
 That expiate less with greater crimes, 90  
 And call the foul abomination  
 Contrition and mortification.  
 Is't not enough we're bruis'd and kicked  
 With sinful members of the Wicked ;  
 Our vessels, that are sanctify'd, 95  
 Profan'd and curry'd back and side ;  
 But we must claw ourselves with shameful  
 And Heathen stripes, by their example ?  
 Which (were there nothing to forbid it)  
 Is impious, because they did it. 100  
 This, therefore, may be justly reckon'd  
 A heinous sin. Now to the second :  
 That saints may claim a dispensation  
 To swear and forswear on occasion,  
 I doubt not but it will appear 105  
 With pregnant light ; the point is clear.

Oaths are but words, and words but wind ;  
 Too feeble implements to bind ;  
 And hold with deeds proportion, so  
 As shadows to a substance do. 119  
 Then when they strive for place, 'tis fit  
 The weaker vessel should submit.  
 Although your Church be opposite  
 To ours as Blackfriars are to White,  
 In rule and order, yet I grant 115  
 You are a Reformado saint ;  
 And what the saints do claim as due,  
 You may pretend a title to.  
 But saints, whom oaths and vows oblige,  
 Know little of their privilege ; 120  
 Further (I mean) than carrying on  
 Some self-advantage of their own.  
 For if the devil, to serve his turn,  
 Can tell truth, why the saints should scorn,  
 When it serves theirs, to swear and lie, 125  
 I think there's little reason why :  
 Else h' has a greater power than they  
 Which 'twere impiety to say.  
 We're not commanded to forbear,  
 Indefinitely, at all to swear ; 130  
 But to swear idly, and in vain,  
 Without self-interest or gain.  
 For breaking of an oath, and lying,  
 Is but a kind of self-denying,  
 A saint-like virtue ; and from hence 135  
 Some have broke oaths by Providence :

<sup>136</sup> When it was first moved in the House of Commons to proceed capitally against the King, Cromwell stood up and told them, " That if any man moved this with design, he

Some, to the Glory of the Lord,  
 Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word ;  
 And this the constant rule and practice  
 Of all our late apostles' acts is. 140  
 Was not the Cause at first begun  
 With perjury, and carried on ?  
 Was there an oath the Godly took,  
 But in due time and place they broke ?  
 Did we not bring our oaths in first, 145  
 Before our plate, to have them burst,  
 And cast in fitter models for  
 The present use of Church and War ?  
 Did not our Worthies of the House,  
 Before they broke the peace, break vows ? 150  
 For, having freed us first from both  
 Th' Allegiance and Suprem'ey oath,  
 Did they not next compel the nation  
 To take, and break the Protestation ?  
 To swear, and after to recant, 155  
 The Solemn League and Covenant ?  
 To take th' Engagement, and disclaim it ;  
 Enfore'd by those who first did frame it ?  
 Did they not swear, at first, to fight  
 For the King's safety, and his right ; 160  
 And after march'd to find him out,  
 And charg'd him home with horse and foot ;

should think him the greatest traitor in the world ; but since Providence and necessity had cast them upon it, he should pray to God to bless their counsels." And when he kept the king close prisoner in Carisbrook Castle, contrary to vows and protestations, he affirmed "The Spirit would not let him keep his word." And when, contrary to the public faith, they murdered him, they pretended they could not resist the motions of the Spirit.

But yet still had the confidence  
 To swear it was in his defence?  
 Did they not swear to live and die 165  
 With Essex, and straight laid him by?  
 If that were all, for some have sworn  
 As false as they, if they did no more.  
 Did they not swear to maintain Law,  
 In which that swearing made a flaw? 170  
 For Protestant religion vow,  
 That did that vowing disallow?  
 For Privilege of Parliament,  
 In which that swearing made a rent?  
 And since, of all the three, not one 175  
 Is left in being, 'tis well known.  
 Did they not swear, in express words,  
 To prop and back the House of Lords:  
 And after turn'd out the whole houseful  
 Of Peers, as dang'rous and unuseful? 180  
 So Cromwell, with deep oaths and vows,  
 Swore all the Commons out o' th' House;  
 Vow'd that the Redcoats would disband,  
 Ay, marry would they, at their command;  
 And troll'd them on, and swore, and swore, 185  
 Till th' Army turn'd them out of door.  
 This tells us plainly what they thought,  
 That oaths and swearing go for nought,  
 And that by them th' were only meant  
 To serve for an expedient. 190  
 What was the Public Faith found out for,  
 But to slur men of what they fought for?  
 The Public Faith, which ev'ry one  
 Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none;  
 And if that go for nothing; why 195



Should Private Faith have such a tie?  
 Oaths were not purpos'd, more than law,  
 To keep the Good and Just in awe,  
 But to confine the Bad and Sinful,  
 Like mortal cattle in a pinfold. 200

A Saint's of th' heav'nly realm a Peer;  
 And as no Peer is bound to swear,  
 But on the Gospel of his Honour,  
 Of which he may dispose, as owner,  
 It follows, though the thing be forg'ry 205  
 And false, t' affirm it is no perj'ry,  
 But a mere ceremony, and a breach  
 Of nothing but a form of speech,  
 And goes for no more when 'tis took  
 Than mere saluting of the Book. 210

Suppose the Scriptures are of force,  
 They're but commissions of course;  
 And Saints have freedom to digress,  
 And vary from 'em, as they please;  
 Or misinterpret them by private 215  
 Instructions, to all aims they drive at.  
 Then why should we ourselves abridge,  
 And curtail our own privilege?

Quakers (that, like to lanterns, bear  
 Their light within 'em,) will not swear; 220  
 Their Gospel is an Accidence,  
 By which they construe Conscience,  
 And hold no sin so deeply red,  
 As that of breaking Priscian's head  
 (The head and founder of their order, 225  
 That stirring hats held worse than murder).  
 These, thinking they're obliged to troth  
 In swearing, will not take an oath:

Like mules, who if they've not their will  
 To keep their own pace stand stock-still : 230  
 But they are weak, and little know  
 What free-born Consciences may do.  
 'Tis the temptation of the devil  
 That makes all human actions evil :  
 For Saints may do the same things by 235  
 The Spirit, in sincerity,  
 Which other men are tempted to,  
 And at the devil's instance do ;  
 And yet the actions be contrary,  
 Just as the Saints and Wicked vary. 240  
 For, as on land there is no beast  
 But in some fish at sea 's exprest,  
 So in the Wicked there 's no vice  
 Of which the Saints have not a spice ;  
 And yet that thing that's pious in 245  
 The one, in th' other is a sin.  
 Is 't not ridiculous and nonsense  
 A saint should be a slave to Conscience ;  
 That ought to be above such fancies,  
 As far as above Ordinances ? 250  
 She's of the Wicked, as I guess  
 B' her looks, her language, and her dress :  
 And though like constables we search  
 For false wares one another's Church ;  
 Yet all of us hold this for true, 255  
 No faith is to the Wicked due.  
 For truth is precious and divine ;  
 Too rich a pearl for carnal swine.  
 Quoth Hudibras, All this is true :  
 Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew 260  
 Those mysteries and revelations ;  
 And therefore topical evasions

Of subtle turns and shifts of sense,  
 Serve best with th' Wicked for pretence :  
 Such as the learned Jesuits use, 265  
 And Presbyterians, for excuse  
 Against the Protestants, when th' happen  
 To find their Churches taken napping.  
 As thus: A breach of Oath is duple,  
 And either way admits a scruple, 270  
 And may be *ex parte* of the maker  
 More criminal, than the injured taker ;  
 For he that strains too far a vow  
 Will break it, like an o'erbent bow :  
 And he that made, and fore'd it, broke it ; 275  
 Not he that for Convenience took it.  
 A broken oath is, *quatenus* oath,  
 As sound t' all purposes of troth ;  
 As broken laws are ne'er the worse :  
 Nay, till they're broken have no force. 280  
 What's justice to a man, or laws,  
 That never comes within their claws ?  
 They have no pow'r but to admonish ;  
 Cannot control, coerce, or punish,  
 Until they're broken, and then touch 285  
 Those only that do make 'em such.  
 Beside, no engagement is allow'd  
 By men in prison made for good ;  
 For when they're set at liberty  
 They're from th' engagement too set free. 290  
 The Rabbins write, When any Jew  
 Did make to God or man a vow  
 Which afterwards he found untoward  
 And stubborn to be kept, or too hard,  
 Any three other Jews o' th' nation 295

Might free him from the obligation :  
 And have not two Saints pow'r to use  
 A greater privilege than three Jews ?  
 The court of Conscience, which in man  
 Should be supreme and sovereign, 300  
 Is 't fit should be subordinate  
 To ev'ry petty court i' th' state,  
 And have less power than the lesser,  
 To deal with perjury at pleasure ?  
 Have its proceedings disallow'd, or 305  
 Allow'd, at fancy of pie-powder ?  
 Tell all it does, or does not know,  
 For swearing *ex officio* ?  
 Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,  
 And pigs unring'd, at *vis. franc.* pledge ? 310  
 Discover thieves, and bawds, recusants,  
 Priests, witches, eaves-droppers, and nuisance ?  
 Tell who did play at games unlawful,  
 And who fill'd pots of ale but half-full ?  
 And have no pow'r at all, nor shift, 315  
 To help itself at a dead lift ?  
 Why should not Conscience have vacation  
 As well as other Courts o' th' nation ;  
 Have equal power to adjourn,  
 Appoint appearance and return ; 320  
 And make as nice distinctions serve  
 To split a case, as those that carve,  
 Invoking cuckolds' names, hit joints ?  
 Why should not tricks as slight, do points ?  
 Is not th' High-court of Justice sworn 325  
 To judge that law that serves their turn ?  
 Make their own jealousies high treason,  
 'And fix 'em whomsoe'er they please on ?

Cannot the learned Counsel there  
 Make laws in any shape appear? 330  
 Mould 'em as witches do their clay,  
 When they make pictures to destroy;  
 And vex 'em into any form  
 That fits their purpose to do harm?  
 Rack 'em until they do confess, 335  
 Impeach of treason whom they please,  
 And most perfidiously condemn  
 Those that engag'd their lives for them;  
 And yet do nothing in their own sense,  
 But what they ought by Oath and Conscience? 340  
 Can they not juggle, and with slight  
 Conveyance play with wrong and right;  
 And sell their blasts of wind as dear,  
 As Lapland witches bottled air?  
 Will not Fear, Favour, Bribe, and Grudge, 345  
 The same case sev'ral ways adjudge;  
 As seamen with the self-same gale,  
 Will several diff'rent courses sail?  
 As when the sea breaks o'er its bounds,  
 And overflows the level grounds, 350  
 Those banks and dams, that, like a screen,  
 Did keep it out, now keep it in;  
 So, when tyrannical usurpation  
 Invades the freedom of a nation,  
 The laws o' th' land, that were intended 355  
 To keep it out, are made defend it.  
 Does not in Chanc'ry ev'ry man swear  
 What makes best for him in his answer?  
 Is not the winding up witnesses,  
 And nicking, more than half the bus'ness? 360

<sup>345</sup> VAR. 'Grutch.'

<sup>358</sup> VAR. 'tyrannic.'

For witnesses, like watches, go  
 Just as they're set, too fast or slow ;  
 And, where in Conscience they're strait-lac'd,  
 'Tis ten to one that side is cast.  
 Do not your Juries give their verdict 365  
 As if they felt the cause, not heard it ?  
 And, as they please, make matter o' fact  
 Run all on one side as they're pack't ?  
 Nature has made man's breast no windores,  
 To publish what he does within doors ; 370  
 Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,  
 Unless his own rash folly blab it.  
 If Oaths can do a man no good  
 In his own bus'ness, why they should,  
 In other matters, do him hurt ; 375  
 I think there 's little reason for 't.  
 He that imposes an Oath, makes it ;  
 Not he that for Convenience takes it :  
 Then how can any man be said  
 To break an Oath he never made ? 380  
 These reasons may perhaps look oddly  
 To th' Wicked, though they evince the Godly ;  
 But if they will not serve to clear  
 My Honour, I am ne'er the near.  
 Honour is like that glassy bubble 385  
 That finds philosophers such trouble,  
 Whose least part crackt, the whole does fly,  
 And wits are crackt to find out why.  
 Quoth Ralpho, Honour's but a word  
 To swear by only in a Lord : 390  
 In other men 'tis but a huff  
 To vapour with, instead of proof ;  
 That, like a wen, looks big and swells,

Is senseless, and just nothing else.

Let it (quoth he) be what it will, 395

It has the world's opinion still.

But as men are not wise that run

The slightest hazard they may shun,

There may a medium be found out

To clear to all the world the doubt; 400

And that is, if a man may do 't,

By proxy whipt, or substitute.

Though nice and dark the point appear

(Quoth Ralph), it may hold up and clear.

That sinners may supply the place 405

Of suff'ring Saints, is a plain case.

Justice gives sentence many times

On one man for another's crimes.

Our Brethren of New England use

Choice Malefactors to excuse, 410

And hand the Guiltless in their stead,

Of whom the Churches have less need ;

As lately 't happen'd : In a town

There liv'd a Cobbler, and but one,

That out of Doctrine could cut Use, 415

And mend men's lives as well as shoes.

This precious Brother having slain

In times of peace an Indian,

Not out of malice, but mere zeal

(Because he was an Infidel), 420

The mighty Tottipotymoy

Sent to our Elders an Envoy,

Complaining sorely of the breach

Of league, held forth by Brother Patch,

Against the articles in force 425

Between both Churches, his and ours ;

For which he crav'd the Saints to render  
 Into his hands, or hang, th' offender.  
 But they, maturely having weigh'd  
 They had no more but him o' th' trade 430  
 (A man that serv'd them in a double  
 Capacity, to teach and cobble),  
 Resolv'd to spare him ; yet, to do  
 The Indian Hoghan Moghan too  
 Impartial justice, in his stead did 435  
 Hang an old Weaver that was bed-rid.  
 Then wherefore may not you be skipp'd ?  
 And in your room another whipp'd ?  
 For all philosophers, but the Sceptic,  
 Hold whipping may be sympathetic. 440

It is enough, quoth Hudibras,  
 Thou hast resolv'd and clear'd the case ;  
 And canst, in conscience, not refuse  
 From thy own Doctrine to raise Use :  
 I know thou wilt not (for my sake) 445  
 Be tender-conscienc'd of thy back :  
 Then strip thee of thy carnal jerkin,  
 And give thy outward-fellow a firking ;  
 For when thy vessel is new hoop'd,  
 All leaks of sinning will be stopp'd. 450

Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter ;  
 For in all scruples of this nature  
 No man includes himself, nor turns  
 The point upon his own concerns.  
 As no man of his own self catches 455  
 The itch or amorous French achès ;  
 So no man does himself convince,  
 By his own doctrine, of his sins :  
 And though all cry down self, none means



His own self in a literal sense. 460  
Besides, it is not only foppish,  
But vile, idolatrous, and Popish,  
For one man out of his own skin  
To firk and whip another's sin ;  
As pedants out of schoolboys' breeches 465  
Do claw and curry their own itches.  
But in this case it is profane,  
And sinful too, because in vain ;  
For we must take our oaths upon it  
You did the deed, when I have done it. 470  
Quoth Hudibras, That's answer'd soon ;  
Give us the whip, we'll lay it on.  
Quoth Ralpho, That we may swear true,  
'Twere properer that I whipp'd you ;  
For when with your consent 'tis done, 475  
The act is really your own.  
Quoth Hudibras, It is in vain  
(I see) to argue 'gainst the grain ;  
Or, like the stars, incline men to  
What they're averse themselves to do : 480  
For when disputes are weary'd out,  
'Tis int'rest still resolves the doubt.  
But since no reason can confute ye,  
I'll try to force you to your duty ;  
For so it is, howe'er you mince it, 485  
As, ere we part, I shall evince it ;  
And curry (if you stand out), whether  
You will or no, your stubborn leather.  
Canst thou refuse to bear thy part  
I' th' public Work, base as thou art ? 490  
To higgle thus for a few blows,  
To gain thy Knight an op'lent spouse,

Whose wealth his bowels yearn to purchase  
 Merely for th' int'rest of the Churches?  
 And when he has it in his claws 495  
 Will not be hide-bound to the Cause;  
 Nor shalt thou find him a curmudgeon  
 If thou despatch it without grudging:  
 If not, resolve, before we go,  
 That you and I must pull a erow. 500

Y' had best (quoth Ralpho), as the Ancients  
 Say wisely, Have a care o' th' main chance,  
 And Look before you ere you leap;  
 For As you sow, y'are like to reap:  
 And were y' as good as George-a-Green, 505  
 I should make bold to turn agen;  
 Nor am I doubtful of the issue  
 In a just quarrel, and mine is so.  
 Is 't fitting for a man of honour  
 To whip the Saints, like Bishop Bonner? 510  
 A Knight t' usurp the Beadle's office,  
 For which y' are like to raise brave trophies?  
 But I advise you (not for fear,  
 But for your own sake) to forbear;  
 And for the Churches, which may chance 515  
 From hence to spring a variance,  
 And raise among themselves new scruples,  
 Whom common danger hardly eouples.  
 Remember how in arms and politics  
 We still have worsted all your holy tricks; 520  
 Trepann'd your party with intrigue,  
 And took your Grandees down a peg;  
 New-modell'd th' army, and cashier'd  
 All that to Legion Smee adher'd;  
 Made a mere utensil o' your Church, 525

And after left it in the lurch,  
 A scaffold to build up our own,  
 And when w' had done with 't pull'd it down;  
 Capoch'd your Rabbins of the Synod,  
 And snapp'd their Canons with a Why-not; 530  
 (Grave Synod-men, that were rever'd  
 For solid face and depth of beard);  
 Their Classic model prov'd a maggot,  
 Their Direct'ry an Indian pagod;  
 And drown'd their Discipline like a kitten, 535  
 On which th' had been so long a-sitting;  
 Decry'd it as a holy cheat  
 Grown out of date and obsolete;  
 And all the Saints of the first grass  
 As castling foals of Balaam's ass. 540

At this the Knight grew high in chafe,  
 And, staring furiously on Ralph,  
 He trembled and look'd pale with ire,  
 Like ashes first, then red as fire.  
 Have I (quoth he) been ta'en in fight, 545  
 And for so many moons lain by 't,  
 And when all other means did fail  
 Have been exchang'd for tubs of ale?  
 (Not but they thought me worth a ransom  
 Much more consid'erable and handsome, 550  
 But for their own sakes, and for fear  
 They were not safe when I was there),  
 Now to be baffled by a scoundrel,  
 An upstart Sect'ry and a Mongrel,  
 Such as breed out of peccant humours 555  
 Of our own Church, like wens or tumours,

<sup>529</sup> VAR. 'O'er-reach'd.' 'Capoch'd' signifies hooded, or blindfolded.

And, like a maggot in a sore,  
 Would that which gave it life devour ;  
 It never shall be done or said.  
 With that he seiz'd upon his blade ; 560  
 And Ralpho too, as quick and bold,  
 Upon his basket-hilt laid hold  
 With equal readiness, prepar'd  
 To draw and stand upon his guard :  
 When both were parted on the sudden 565  
 With hideous clamour and a loud one,  
 As if all sorts of noise had been  
 Contracted into one loud din ;  
 Or that some member to be chosen  
 Had got the odds above a thousand, 570  
 And by the greatness of his noise  
 Prov'd fittest for his country's choice.  
 This strange surprisal put the Knight  
 And wrathful Squire into a fright ;  
 And though they stood prepar'd, with fatal 575  
 Impetuous rancour, to join battle,  
 Both thought it was the wisest course  
 To wave the fight and mount to horse,  
 And to secure by swift retreating  
 Themselves from danger of worse beating : 580  
 Yet neither of them would disparage,  
 By utt'ring of his mind, his courage,  
 Which made them stoutly keep their ground,  
 With horror and disdain wind-bound.  
 And now the cause of all their fear 585  
 By slow degrees approach'd so near  
 They might distinguish diff'rent noise  
 Of horns, and pans, and dogs, and boys,

<sup>587</sup> VAR. ' They might discern respective noise.'

And kettle-drums, whose sullen dub  
 Sounds like the hooping of a tub. 590  
 But when the sight appear'd in view,  
 They found it was an antique shew ;  
 A triumph that for pomp and state  
 Did proudest Romans emulate.  
 For as the Aldermen of Rome, 595  
 Their foes at training overcome  
 (And not enlarging territory,  
 As some mistaken write in story),  
 Being mounted in their best array  
 Upon a car—and who but they?— 600  
 And follow'd with a world of tall lads  
 That merry ditties troll'd and ballads,  
 Did ride with many a Good-morrow,  
 Crying, Hey for our town! through the Borough ;  
 So when this triumph drew so nigh 605  
 They might particulars descry,  
 They never saw two things so pat  
 In all respects as this and that.  
 First, he that led the cavalcate  
 Wore a sow-gelder's flagellate, 610  
 On which he blew as strong a levet  
 As well-feed lawyer on his brev'ate  
 When over one another's heads  
 They charge (three ranks at once) like Sweads.  
 Next pans and kettles of all keys, 615  
 From trebles down to double base ;  
 And after them, upon a nag  
 That might pass for a forehand stag,

596 VAR. ' For foes.'

609 610 VAR. ' cavalcade,' ' flagellet.'

614 VAR. ' Swedes.'

A cornet rode, and on his staff  
 A smock display'd did proudly wave : 620  
 Then bagpipes of the loudest drones  
 With snuffling broken-winded tones,  
 Whose blasts of air, in pockets shut,  
 Sound filthier than from the gut,  
 And make a viler noise than swine 625  
 In windy weather when they whine.  
 Next one upon a pair of panniers,  
 Full fraught with that which for good manners  
 Shall here be nameless, mix'd with grains,  
 Which he dispens'd among the swains, 630  
 And busily upon the crowd  
 At random round about bestow'd.  
 Then, mounted on a horned horse,  
 One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,  
 Ty'd to the pummel of a long sword 635  
 He held revers'd, the point turn'd downward.  
 Next after, on a raw-bon'd steed,  
 The conqu'ror's Standard-bearer rid,  
 And bore aloft before the champion  
 A petticoat display'd, and rampant ; 640  
 Near whom the Amazon triumphant  
 Bestrid her beast, and on the rump on t  
 Sat, face to tail and bum to bum,  
 The warrior whilom overcome,  
 Arm'd with a spindle and a distaff, 645  
 Which as he rode she made him twist off ;  
 And when he loiter'd, o'er her shoulder  
 Chastis'd the reformado soldier.  
 Before the Dame and round about  
 March'd whiffers and staffiers on foot, 650  
 With lacquies, grooms, valets, and pages,

In fit and proper equipages ;  
 Of whom some torches bore, some links,  
 Before the proud virago-minx,  
 That was both Madam and a Don, 655  
 Like Nero's Sporus or Pope Joan ;  
 And at fit periods the whole rout  
 Set up their throats with clam'rous shout.  
 The Knight transported, and the Squire,  
 Put up their weapons and their ire ; 660  
 And Hudibras, who us'd to ponder  
 On such sights with judicious wonder,  
 Could hold no longer to impart  
 His an'madversions, for his heart.

Quoth he, In all my life till now 665

I ne'er saw so profane a show :  
 It is a Paganish invention  
 Which Heathen writers often mention ;  
 And he who made it had read Goodwin,  
 Or Ross, or Cælius Rhodogine, 670  
 With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows  
 That best describe those ancient shows,  
 And has observ'd all fit decorums  
 We find describ'd by old historians.

For as a Roman conqueror 675

That put an end to foreign war,  
 Ent'ring the town in triumph for it,  
 Bore a slave with him in his chariot ;  
 So this insulting female brave  
 Carries behind her here a slave : 680

And as the Ancients long ago,  
 When they in field defy'd the foe,  
 Hung out their mantles *della guerre*,  
 So her proud Standard-bearer here

Waves on his spear, in dreadful manner, 685  
 A Tyrian petticoat for banner.  
 Next links and torches, heretofore  
 Still borne before the emperor :  
 And, as in antique triumph eggs  
 Were borne for mystical intrigues, 690  
 There 's one with truncheon, like a ladle,  
 That carries eggs too, fresh or addle ;  
 And still at random as he goes  
 Among the rabble-rout bestows.  
 Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter ; 695  
 For all th' antiquity you smatter  
 Is but a riding us'd of course  
 When the grey mare's the better horse ;  
 When o'er the breeches greedy women  
 Fight to extend their vast dominion, 700  
 And in the cause impatient Grizel  
 Has drubb'd her husband with bull's pizzle,  
 And brought him under Covert-baron,  
 To turn her vassal with a murrain ;  
 When wives their sexes shift, like hares, 705  
 And ride their husbands, like night-mares,  
 And they in mortal battle vanquish'd  
 Are of their charter disenfranchis'd,  
 And by the right of war, like gills,  
 Condemn'd to distaff, horns, and wheels : 710  
 For when men by their wives are cow'd,  
 Their horns of course are understood.  
 Quoth Hudibras, Thou still giv'st sentence  
 Impertinently, and against sense :  
 'Tis not the least disparagement 715  
 To be defeated by th' event,  
 Nor to be beaten by main force ;



That does not make a man the worse,  
Although his shoulders with battoon  
Be claw'd and cudgel'd to some tune. 720  
A tailor's prentice has no hard  
Measure, that 's bang'd with a true yard ;  
But to turn tail or run away,  
And without blows give up the day,  
Or to surrender ere th' assault, 725  
That 's no man's fortune, but his fault ;  
And renders men of honour less  
Than all th' adversity of success :  
And only unto such this shew  
Of horns and petticoats is due. 730  
There is a lesser profanation,  
Like that the Romans call'd Ovation :  
For as ovation was allow'd  
For conquest purchas'd without blood,  
So men decree those lesser shows 735  
For vict'ry gotten without blows,  
By dint of sharp hard words, which some  
Give battle with and overcome :  
These mounted in a chair-curule,  
Which Moderns call a Cucking-stool, 740  
March proudly to the river's side,  
And o'er the waves in triumph ride ;  
Like dukes of Venice, who are said  
The Adriatic sea to wed,  
And have a gentler wife than those 745  
For whom the state decrees those shows.  
But both are Heathenish, and come  
From th' Whores of Babylon and Rome,  
And by the Saints should be withstood,  
As antichristian and lewd ; 750

And we as such should now contribute  
Our utmost strugglings to prohibit.

This said, they both advanc'd, and rode  
A dog-trot through the bawling crowd  
T' attack the leader, and still prest 755  
Till they approach'd him breast to breast.  
Then Hudibras with face and hand  
Made signs for silence; which obtain'd,  
What means (quoth he) this devil's procession  
With men of orthodox profession? 760  
'Tis ethnique and idolatrous,  
From Heathenism deriv'd to us.  
Does not the Whore of Bab'lon ride  
Upon her horned Beast astride  
Like this proud Dame, who either is 765  
A type of her, or she of this?  
Are things of superstitious function  
Fit to be us'd in Gospel sunshine?  
It is an antichristian opera,  
Much us'd in midnight times of Popery; 770  
Of running after self-inventions  
Of wicked and profane intentions;  
To scandalize that sex for scolding,  
To whom the Saints are so beholden.  
Women, who were our first apostles, 775  
Without whose aid w' had all been lost else;

<sup>775</sup> The women were zealous contributors to the Good Cause, as they called it. Mr. James Howel observes, "That unusual voluntary collections were made both in town and country; the seamstress brought in her silver thimble, the chambermaid her bodkin, the cook her silver spoon, into the common treasury of war.—And some sort of females were freer in their contributions, so far as to part with their rings and earrings, as if some golden calf were to be molten and set up to be idolized."

Women, that left no stone unturn'd  
 In which the Cause might be concern'd ;  
 Brought in their children's spoons and whistles  
 To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols ; 789  
 Their husbands, cullies, and sweethearts,  
 To take the Saints' and Churches' parts ;  
 Drew several Gifted Brethren in,  
 That for the Bishops would have been,  
 And fix'd 'em constant to the party 785  
 With motives powerful and hearty ;  
 Their husbands robb'd, and made hard shifts  
 T' administer unto their Gifts  
 All they could rap, and rend, and pilfer,  
 To scraps and ends of gold and silver ; 790  
 Rubb'd down the Teachers, tir'd and spent  
 With holding forth for Parl'ament ;  
 Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal  
 With marrow puddings many a meal ;  
 Enabled them, with store of meat, 795  
 On controverted points to eat ;  
 And cramm'd 'em till their guts did ache  
 With caudle, custard, and plum-cake.  
 What have they done or what left undone  
 That might advance the Cause at London ? 800  
 March'd rank and file with drum and ensign,  
 T' intrench the City for defence in ;  
 Rais'd rampiers with their own soft hands,  
 To put the Enemy to stands :  
 From ladies down to oyster wenches 805  
 Labour'd like pioneers in trenches,  
 Fall'n to their pickaxes and tools,  
 And help'd the men to dig like moles.

Have not the handmaids of the City  
 Chose of their Members a Committee, 810  
 For raising of a common purse,  
 Out of their wages, to raise horse?  
 And do they not as triers sit,  
 To judge what officers are fit?  
 Have they—At that an egg let fly 815  
 Hit him directly o'er the eye,  
 And, running down his cheek, besmear'd  
 With orange-tawny slime his beard;  
 But beard and slime being of one hue,  
 The wound the less appear'd in view. 820  
 Then he that on the panniers rode  
 Let fly on th' other side a load,  
 And, quickly charg'd again, gave fully  
 In Ralpho's face another volley.  
 The Knight was startled with the smell, 825  
 And for his sword began to feel;  
 And Ralpho, smother'd with the stink,  
 Grasp'd his, when one that bore a link  
 O' th' sudden clapp'd his flaming cudgel,  
 Like linstock, to the horse's touch-hole; 830  
 And straight another with his flambeau  
 Gave Ralpho o'er the eyes a damn'd blow.  
 The beasts began to kick and fling,  
 And forc'd the rout to make a ring;

813 814 "The House considered, in the next place, that  
 divers weak persons have crept into places beyond their  
 abilities; and, to the end that men of greater parts may be  
 put into their rooms, they appointed the Lady Middlesex,  
 Mrs. Dunch, the Lady Foster, and the Lady Anne Waller,  
 by reason of their great experience in soldiery in the king-  
 dom, to be a Committee of Triers for the business." See  
 "The Parliament of Ladies," p. 6.

Through which they quickly broke their way, 835  
 And brought them off from further fray.

And though disorder'd in retreat,  
 Each of them stoutly kept his seat :  
 For quitting both their swords and reins,  
 They grasp'd with all their strength the manes,  
 And, to avoid the foe's pursuit, 841

With spurring put their cattle to 't ;  
 And till all four were out of wind,  
 And danger too, ne'er look'd behind.  
 After th' had paus'd a while, supplying 845  
 Their spirits spent with fight and flying,  
 And Hudibras recruited force  
 Of lungs for action or discourse :

Quoth he, That man is sure to lose  
 That fouls his hands with dirty foes : 850  
 For where no-honour 's to be gain'd,  
 'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd.

'Twas ill for us we had to do  
 With so dishon'rabable a foe :  
 For though the law of arms doth bar 855  
 The use of venom'd shot in war,  
 Yet by the nauseous smell and noisome,  
 Their case-shot savour strong of poison,  
 And doubtless have been chew'd with teeth  
 Of some that had a stinking breath ; 860

Else when we put it to the push,  
 They had not giv'n us such a brush.  
 But as those pultrons that fling dirt  
 Do but defile but cannot hurt ;  
 So all the honour they have won, 865  
 Or we have lost, is much at one.  
 'Twas well we made so resolute

A brave retreat without pursuit,  
 For if we had not, we had sped  
 Much worse, to be in triumph led ; 870  
 Than which the ancients held no state  
 Of man's life more unfortunate.  
 But if this bold adventure e'er  
 Do chance to reach the widow's ear,  
 It may, being destin'd to assert 875  
 Her sex's honour, reach her heart :  
 And as such homely treats (they say)  
 Portend good fortune, so this may.  
 Vespasian being daub'd with dirt  
 Was destined to the empire for 't ; 880  
 And from a scavenger did come  
 To be a mighty prince in Rome :  
 And why may not this foul address  
 Presage in love the same success ?  
 Then let us straight, to cleanse our wounds, 885  
 Advance in quest of nearest ponds ;  
 And after (as we first design'd)  
 Swear I've perform'd what she enjoin'd.

<sup>668</sup> VAR. 'T' avoid pursuit.'

## PART II. CANTO III.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight, with various doubts possest,  
 To win the Lady goes in quest  
 Of Sidrophel the Rosycrucian,  
 To know the Dest'nies' resolution:  
 With whom b'ing met, they both chop logic  
 About the science astrologic;  
 Till, falling from dispute to fight,  
 The Conj'rer's worsted by the Knight.

**D**OUBTLESS the pleasure is as great  
 Of being cheated, as to cheat;  
 As lookers-on feel most delight  
 That least perceive a juggler's sleight,  
 And still, the less they understand, 5  
 The more they admire his sleight of hand.

Some with a noise and greasy light  
 Are snapt, as men catch larks by night,  
 Ensnar'd and hamper'd by the soul,  
 As nooses by the legs catch fowl. 10

Some with a med'eine and receipt  
 Are drawn to nibble at the bait;  
 And though it be a two-foot trout,  
 'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.

Others believe no voice t' an organ 15  
 So sweet as lawyer's in his bar-gown,  
 Until with subtle cobweb-cheats  
 They're catch'd in knotted law like nets:  
 In which, when once they are imbrangled,

The more they stir the more they're tangled ; 20  
 And while their purses can dispute,  
 There's no end of th' immortal suit.

Others still gape t' anticipate  
 The cabinet-designs of Fate,  
 Apply to wizards to forsæ 25  
 What shall and what shall never be ;  
 And, as those vultures do forebode,  
 Believe events prove bad or good :  
 A flam more senseless than the roguery  
 Of old auruspicy and aug'ry, 30  
 That out of garbages of cattle  
 Presag'd th' events of truce or battle ;  
 From flight of birds, or chickens' pecking,  
 Success of great'st attempts would reckon :  
 Though cheats, yet more intelligible 35  
 Than those that with the stars do fribble.  
 This Hudibras by proof found true,  
 As in due time and place we'll shew.

For he, with beard and face made clean,  
 Being mounted on his steed agen, 40  
 (And Ralpho got a-cock-horse too  
 Upon his beast, with much ado),  
 Advanc'd on for the Widow's house,  
 T' acquit himself and pay his vows :  
 When various thoughts began to bustle, 45  
 And with his inward man to justle.  
 He thought what danger might accrue,  
 If she should find he swore untrue ;  
 Or if his Squire or he should fail,  
 And not be punctual in their tale, 50  
 It might at once the ruin prove

<sup>25</sup> VAR. ' Run after wizards.'



Both of his honour, faith, and love.  
 But if he should forbear to go,  
 She might conclude h' had broke his vow ;  
 And that he durst not now for shame 55  
 Appear in court to try his claim :  
 This was the penn'worth of his thought,  
 To pass time, and uneasy trot.  
 Quoth he, In all my past adventures  
 I ne'er was set so on the tenters, 60  
 Or taken tardy with dilemma  
 That ev'ry way I turn does hem me,  
 And with inextricable doubt  
 Besets my puzzled wits about :  
 For though the Dame has been my bail, 65  
 To free me from enchanted jail,  
 Yet as a dog, committed close  
 For some offence, by chance breaks loose,  
 And quits his clog ; but all in vain,  
 He still draws after him his chain : 70  
 So, though my ankle she has quitted,  
 My heart continues still committed ;  
 And, like a bail'd and mainpriz'd lover,  
 Although at large, I am bound over ;  
 And when I shall appear in court 75  
 To plead my cause and answer for 't,  
 Unless the judge do partial prove,  
 What will become of me and love ?  
 For, if in our account we vary,  
 Or but in circumstance miscarry ; 80  
 Or if she put me to strict proof,  
 And make me pull my doublet off  
 To shew, by evident record  
 Writ on my skin, I've kept my word,

How can I e'er expect to have her, 85  
 Having demurr'd unto her favour?  
 But, faith and love and honour lost,  
 Shall be reduc'd t' a Knight o' th' Post?  
 Beside, that stripping may prevent  
 What I'm to prove by argument, 90  
 And justify I have a tail,  
 And that way too my proof may fail.  
 Oh, that I could enucleate,  
 And solve the problems of my fate!  
 Or find by necromantic art 95  
 How far the dest'nies take my part!  
 For if I were not more than certain  
 To win and wear her and her fortune,  
 I'd go no farther in this courtship,  
 To hazard soul, estate, and worship: 100  
 For though an oath obliges not  
 Where any thing is to be got  
 (As thou hast prov'd), yet 'tis profane  
 And sinful when men swear in vain.  
 Quoth Ralph, Not far from hence doth dwell  
 A cunning man, hight Sidrophel, 106  
 That deals in Destiny's dark counsels,  
 And sage opinions of the Moon sells;  
 To whom all people, far and near,  
 On deep importances repair: 110  
 When brass and pewter hap to stray,  
 And linen slinks out o' the way;  
 When geese and pullen are seduc'd,

<sup>106</sup> William Lilly, the famous astrologer of those times, who in his yearly almanacks foretold victories for the Parliament with as much certainty as the preachers did in their sermons.

And sows of sucking pigs are chous'd ;  
 When cattle feel indisposition, 115  
 And need th' opinion of physician ;  
 When murrain reigns in hogs or sheep,  
 And chickens languish of the pip ;  
 When yeast and outward means do fail,  
 And have no pow'r to work on ale ; 120  
 When butter does refuse to come,  
 And love proves cross and humoursome ;  
 To him with questions, and with urine,  
 They for discov'ry flock, or curing.  
 Quoth Hudibras, This Sidrophel 125  
 I've heard of, and should like it well,  
 If thou canst prove the Saints have freedom  
 To go to sorc'ers when they need 'em.  
 Says Ralpho, There's no doubt of that ;  
 Those principles I quoted late 130  
 Prove that the Godly may allege  
 For anything their privilege,  
 And to the dev'l himself may go  
 If they have motives thereunto :  
 For, as there is a war between 135  
 The dev'l and them, it is no sin  
 If they by subtle stratagem  
 Make use of him, as he does them.  
 Has not this present Parl'ament  
 A ledger to the devil sent, 140  
 Fully empower'd to treat about  
 Finding revolted witches out ?  
 And has not he, within a year,  
 Hang'd threescore of 'em in one shire ?  
 Some only for not being drown'd, 145  
 And some for sitting above ground,

Whole days and nights, upon their breeches,  
 And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches ;  
 And some for putting knavish tricks  
 Upon green geese and turkey-chicks, 150  
 Or pigs that suddenly deceast  
 Of griefs unnat'ral, as he guess'd ;  
 Who after prov'd himself a witch,  
 And made a rod for his own breech.  
 Did not the dev'l appear to Martin 155  
 Luther in Germany, for certain ;  
 And would have gull'd him with a trick,  
 But Mart. was too, too politic ?  
 Did he not help the Dutch to purge,  
 At Antwerp, their cathedral church ? 160  
 Sing catches to the Saints at Mascon,  
 And tell them all they came to ask him ?  
 Appear in divers shapes to Kelly ?  
 And speak i' th' Nun of Loudon's belly ?  
 Meet with the Parl'ament's Committee, 165  
 At Woodstock, on a pers'nal treaty ?  
 At Sarum take a cavalier,  
 I' th' Cause's service, prisoner ;  
 As Withers in immortal rhyme  
 Has register'd to aftertime ? 170  
 Do not our great Reformers use  
 This Sidrophel to forbode news ;  
 To write of victories next year,  
 And castles taken, yet i' th' air ?  
 Of battles fought at sea, and ships 175  
 Sunk, two years hence, the last eclipse ?  
 A total o'erthrow giv'n the King

<sup>169</sup> This Withers was a Puritanical officer in the Parliament army, and a great pretender to poetry, as appears from his poems enumerated by A. Wood.

In Cornwall, horse and foot, next Spring?  
 And has not he point-blank foretold  
 Whats'e'er the Close Committee would? 180  
 Made Mars and Saturn for the Cause,  
 The Moon for fundamental laws?  
 The Ram, the Bull, and Goat, declare  
 Against the Book of Common 'Pray'r?  
 The Scorpion take the Protestation, 185  
 And Bear engage for Reformation?  
 Made all the Royal stars recant,  
 Compound, and take the Covenant?  
 Quoth Hudibras, The case is clear.  
 The Saints may 'mploy a conjurer, 190  
 As thou hast prov'd it by their practice:  
 No argument like matter of fact is;  
 And we are best of all led to  
 Men's principles by what they do.  
 Then let us straight advance in quest 195  
 Of this profound gymnosophist,  
 And, as the fates and he advise,  
 Pursue or wave this enterprise.  
 This said, he turn'd about his steed,  
 And eftsoons on th' adventure rid; 200  
 Where leave we him and Ralph a while,  
 And to th' conj'rer turn our style,  
 To let our reader understand  
 What's useful of him beforehand.  
 He had been long t'wards mathematics, 205  
 Optics, philosophy, and statics,  
 Magic, horoscopy, astrology,  
 And was old dog at physiology;  
 But as a dog that turns the spit  
 Bestirs himself, and plies his feet 210

To climb the wheel, but all in vain,  
 His own weight brings him down again,  
 And still he's in the self-same place  
 Where at his setting out he was ;  
 So in the circle of the arts 215  
 Did he advance his nat'ral parts,  
 Till falling back still, for retreat,  
 He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat.  
 For as those fowls that live in water  
 Are never wet, he did but smatter ; 220  
 Whate'er he labour'd to appear,  
 His understanding still was clear ;  
 Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,  
 Since old Hodge Bacon, and Bob Grosted.  
 Th' intelligible world he knew, 225  
 And all men dream on't to be true,  
 That in this world there's not a wart  
 That has not there a counterpart ;  
 Nor can there on the face of ground  
 An individual beard be found 230  
 That has not in that foreign nation  
 A fellow of the self-same fashion ;

<sup>224</sup> Roger Bacon, commonly called 'Friar Bacon,' lived in the reign of our Edward I. and, for some little skill he had in the mathematics, was by the rabble accounted a conjuror, and had the sottish story of the Brazen Head fathered upon him by the ignorant Monks of those days.

*Ib.* Bishop Grosted was Bishop of Lincoln, 20th Henry III. A.D. 1235. "He was suspected by the clergy to be a conjurer; for which crime he was deprived by Pope Innocent IV. and summoned to appear at Rome." But this is a mistake; for the Pope's antipathy to him was occasioned by his frankly expostulating with him (both personally and by letter) on his encroachments upon the English church and monarchy. He was persecuted by Pope Innocent, but it is not certain that he was deprived, though Bale thinks he was.

So cut, so colour'd, and so curl'd,  
 As those are in th' inferior world.  
 H' had read Dee's prefaces before 235  
 The Dev'l, and Euclid, o'er and o'er ;  
 And all th' intrigues 'twixt him and Kelly,  
 Lascus and th' Emperor, would tell ye :  
 But with the moon was more familiar  
 Than e'er was almanack well-willer ; 240  
 Her secrets understood so clear,  
 That some believ'd he had been there ;  
 Knew when she was in fittest mood  
 For cutting corns or letting blood ;  
 When for anointing scabs or itches, 245  
 Or to the bum applying leeches ;  
 When sows and bitches may be spay'd,  
 And in what sign best cyder 's made ;  
 Whether the wane be, or increase,  
 Best to set garlie or sow pease ; 250  
 Who first found out the man i' th' moon,  
 That to the Ancients was unknown ;  
 How many Dukes, and Earls, and Peers,  
 Are in the planetary spheres ;  
 Their airy empire, and command ; 255  
 Their sev'ral strengths by sea and land ;  
 What factions they 've, and what they drive at  
 In public vogue, or what in private ;  
 With what designs and interests  
 Each party manages contests. 260  
 He made an instrument to know

<sup>235</sup> Dee was a Welshman, and educated at Oxford, where he commenced Doctor, and afterwards travelled into foreign parts in quest of chemistry, &c.

<sup>238</sup> Albertus Lascus, Lasky, or Alasco, Prince Palatine of Poland, concerned with Dee and Kelly.

If the moon shine at full or no ;  
 That would, as soon as e'er she shone, straight  
 Whether 'twere day or night demonstrate ;  
 Tell what her d'iameter to an inch is, 265  
 And prove that she's not made of green cheese.  
 It would demonstrate that the man in  
 The moon's a sea Mediterranean ;  
 And that it is no dog nor bitch  
 That stands behind him at his breech, 270  
 But a huge Caspian sea or lake,  
 With arms, which men for legs mistake ;  
 How large a gulf his tail composes,  
 And what a goodly bay his nose is ;  
 How many German leagues by th' scale 275  
 Cape Snout 's from Promontory Tail.  
 He made a planetary gin,  
 Which rats would run their own heads in,  
 And come on purpose to be taken,  
 Without th' expense of cheese or bacon. 280  
 With lutestrings he would counterfeit  
 Maggots that crawl on dish of meat ;  
 Quote moles and spots on any place  
 O' th' body, by the index face ;  
 Detect lost maidenheads by sneezing, 285  
 Or breaking wind of dames, or pissing ;  
 Cure warts and corns with application  
 Of med'cines to th' imagination ;  
 Fright agues into dogs, and scare  
 With rhymes the toothache and catarrh ; 290  
 Chase evil spirits away by dint  
 Of sickle, horse-shoe, hollow flint ;  
 Spit fire out of a walnut-shell,  
 Which made the Roman slaves rebel ;



And fire a mine in China here 295  
 With sympathetic gunpowder.

He knew what's ever 's to be known,  
 But much more than he knew would own.

What med'cine 'twas that Paracelsus  
 Could make a man with, as he tells us ; 300

What figur'd slates are best to make  
 On wat'ry surface duck or drake ;

What bowling-stones, in running race  
 Upon a board, have swiftest pace ;

Whether a pulse beat in the black  
 List of a dappled louse's back ; 305

If systole or diastole move  
 Quickest when he 's in wrath, or love ;

When two of them do run a race,  
 Whether they gallop, trot, or pace ; 310

How many scores a flea will jump  
 Of his own length from head to rump,

Which Socrates and Chærephon  
 In vain assay'd so long agone ;

Whether his snout a perfect nose is, 315  
 And not an elephant's proboscis ;

How many diff'rent specieses  
 Of maggots breed in rotten cheese ;

And which are next of kin to those  
 Engender'd in a chandler's nose ; 320

Or those not seen, but understood,  
 That live in vinegar and wood.

A paltry wretch he had, half-starv'd,  
 That him in place of zany serv'd,  
 Hight Whachum, bred to dash and draw, 325

<sup>325</sup> ' Whachum,' journeyman to Sidrophel, who was one  
 ' Tom Jones,' a foolish Welshman. In a key to a poem of

Not wine, but more unwholesome law ;  
 To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,  
 Wide as meridians in maps ;  
 To squander paper and spare ink,  
 Or cheat men of their words, some think. 330  
 From this, by merited degrees,  
 He'd to more high advancement rise,  
 To be an under conjurer,  
 Or journeyman astrologer :  
 His bus'ness was to pump and wheedle, 335  
 And men with their own keys unriddle ;  
 To make them to themselves give answers,  
 For which they pay the necromancers ;  
 To fetch and carry intelligence  
 Of whom, and what, and where, and whence, 340  
 And all discoveries disperse  
 Among th' whole pack of conjurers ;  
 What cut-purses have left with them  
 For the right owners to redeem,  
 And what they dare not vent, find out, 345  
 To gain themselves and th' art repute ;  
 Draw figures, schemes, and horoscopes,  
 Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers' shops,  
 Of thieves ascendant in the cart,  
 And find out all by rules of art : 350  
 Which way a serving-man, that's run  
 With clothes or money away, is gone ;  
 Who pick'd a fob at Holding-forth,  
 And where a watch for half the worth

Mr. Butler's, Whachum is said to be one ' Richard Green,'  
 who published a pamphlet of about five sheets of base ribaldry,  
 and called ' Hudibras in a snare.' It was printed about the  
 year 1667.

May be redeem'd; or stolen plate 355  
 Restor'd at conscionable rate.  
 Beside all this he serv'd his master  
 In quality of poetaster,  
 And rhymes appropriate could make  
 To ev'ry month i' th' almanaek; 360  
 When terms begin and end could tell,  
 With their returns, in doggerel;  
 When the Exchequer opes and shuts,  
 And sow-gelder with safety euts;  
 When men may eat and drink their fill, 365  
 And when be temp'rate if they will;  
 When use, and when abstain from, vice,  
 Figs, grapes, phlebotomy, and spice.  
 And as in prison mean rogues beat  
 Hemp for the service of the great, 370  
 So Whachum beat his dirty brains  
 T' advance his master's fame and gains;  
 And, like the devil's oracles,  
 Put into dogg'rel rhymes his spells,  
 Which, over ev'ry month's blank page 375  
 I' th' almanaek, strange bilks presage.  
 He would an elegy compose  
 On maggots squeez'd out of his nose;  
 In lyric numbers write an ode on  
 His mistress eating a black pudden; 380  
 And when imprison'd air escap'd her,  
 It puft him with poetie rapture:  
 His sonnets charm'd th' attentive crowd,  
 By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,  
 That, circled with his long-ear'd guests, 385  
 Like Orpheus look'd among the beasts:  
 A carman's horse could not pass by,

But stood ty'd up to poetry ;  
 No porter's burthen pass'd along,  
 But serv'd for burthen to his song : 390  
 Each window like a pill'ry appears,  
 With heads thrust through, nail'd by the ears ;  
 All trades run in as to the sight  
 Of monsters, or their dear delight  
 The gallow-tree, when cutting purse 395  
 Breeds bus'ness for heroic verse,  
 Which none does hear but would have hung  
 T' have been the theme of such a song.  
 Those two together long had liv'd  
 In mansion prudently contriv'd, 400  
 Where neither tree nor house could bar  
 The free detection of a star ;  
 And nigh an ancient obelisk  
 Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk,  
 On which was written, not in words, 405  
 But hieroglyphic mute of birds,  
 Many rare pithy saws concerning  
 The worth of astrologic learning :  
 From top of this there hung a rope,  
 To which he fasten'd telescope, 410  
 The spectacles with which the stars  
 He reads in smallest characters.  
 It happen'd as a boy one night  
 Did fly his tarsel of a kite,

<sup>404</sup> Mr. Butler alludes to one ' Fisk,' of whom Lilly observes, that he was a licentiate in physic, and born near Framlingham in Suffolk ; was bred at a country-school, and designed for the university, but went not thither, studying physic and astrology at home, which afterwards he practised at Colchester ; after which he came to London, and practised there.

The strangest long-wing'd hawk that flies, 415  
That, like a bird of Paradise,  
Or herald's martlet, has no legs,  
Nor hatches young ones, nor lays eggs ;  
His train was six yards long, milk-white,  
At th' end of which there hung a light, 420  
Enclos'd in lantern made of paper,  
That far off like a star did appear :  
This Sidrophel by chance espy'd,  
And, with amazement staring wide,  
Bless us ! quoth he, What dreadful wonder 425  
Is that appears in heaven yonder ?  
A comet, and without a beard !  
Or star that ne'er before appear'd ?  
I'm certain 'tis not in the scroll  
Of all those beasts, and fish, and fowl, 430  
With which, like Indian plantations,  
The learned stock the constellations ;  
Nor those that drawn for signs have bin  
To th' houses where the planets inn.  
It must be supernatural, 435  
Unless it be the cannon-ball  
That, shot i' th' air point-blank upright,  
Was borne to that prodigious height  
That learn'd philosophers maintain,  
It ne'er came backwards down again, 440  
But in the airy region yet  
Hangs, like the body of Mahomet :  
For if it be above the shade  
That by the earth's round bulk is made,  
'Tis probable it may from far 445  
Appear no bullet, but a star.

This said, he to his engine flew,

Plac'd near at hand, in open view,  
 And rais'd it till it levell'd right  
 Against the glow-worm-tail of kite, 450  
 Then peeping through, Bless us! (quoth he)  
 It is a planet now, I see;  
 And, if I err not, by his proper  
 Figure, that's like tobacco-stopper,  
 It should be Saturn: yes, 'tis clear 455  
 'Tis Saturn, but what makes him there?  
 He's got between the Dragon's tail  
 And farther leg behind o' th' Whale;  
 Pray Heav'n divert the fatal omen,  
 For 'tis a prodigy not common, 460  
 And can no less than the world's end,  
 Or Nature's funeral, portend.  
 With that he fell again to pry  
 Through perspective more wistfully,  
 When, by mischance, the fatal string, 465  
 That kept the tow'ring fowl on wing,  
 Breaking, down fell the star. Well shot,  
 Quoth Whachum, who right wisely thought  
 H' had levell'd at a star, and hit it;  
 But Sidrophel, more subtle-witted, 470  
 Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful  
 Portent is this, to see a star fall!  
 It threatens Nature, and the doom  
 Will not be long before it come!  
 When stars do fall, 'tis plain enough 475  
 The day of judgment's not far off;  
 As lately 'twas reveal'd to Sedgwick,

<sup>477</sup> William Sedgwick, a whimsical enthusiast, sometimes a Presbyterian, sometimes an Independent, and at other times an Anabaptist; sometimes a prophet, and pretended to

And some of us find out by magic :  
 Then since the time we have to live  
 In this world's shorten'd, let us strive 480  
 To make our best advantage of it,  
 And pay our losses with our profit.

This feat fell out not long before  
 The Knight, upon the forenam'd score,  
 In quest of Sidrophel advancing, 485  
 Was now in prospect of the mansion ;  
 Whom he discov'ring, turn'd his glass,  
 And found far off 'twas Hudibras.

Whachum (quoth he), Look yonder, some  
 To try or use our art are come : 490  
 The one's the learned Knight ; seek out,  
 And pump 'em what they come about.

Whachum advanc'd with all submiss'ness  
 T' accost 'em, but much more their bus'ness :  
 He held a stirrup, while the Knight 495  
 From leathern Bare-bones did alight ;  
 And taking from his hand the bridle,  
 Approach'd, the dark Squire to unriddle.

He gave him first the time o' the day,  
 And welcom'd him as he might say : 500  
 He ask'd him whence they came, and whither  
 Their bus'ness lay ?—Quoth Ralpho, Hither.—

foretell things, out of the pulpit, to the destruction of ignorant people ; at other times pretended to revelations ; and, upon pretence of a vision that Doomsday was at hand, he retired to the house of Sir Francis Russel, in Cambridgeshire ; and finding several gentlemen at bowls, called upon them to prepare for their dissolution ; telling them that he had lately received a revelation that Doomsday would be some day the week following. Upon which they ever after called him 'Doomsday Sedgwick.'

Did you not lose—Quoth Ralpho, Nay—  
 Quoth Whachum, Sir, I meant your way.  
 Your knight—Quoth Ralpho, is a lover, 505  
 And pains intol'nable doth suffer ;  
 For lovers' hearts are not their own hearts,  
 Nor lights, nor lungs, and so forth downwards. —  
 What time—Quoth Ralpho, Sir, too long ;  
 Three years it off and on has hung.— 510  
 Quoth he, I meant what time o' th' day 'tis.—  
 Quoth Ralpho, Between seven and eight 'tis.—  
 Why then (quoth Whachum) my small art  
 Tells me the dame has a hard heart,  
 Or great estate.—Quoth Ralph, A jointer, 515  
 Which makes him have so hot a mind t' her.—  
 Meanwhile the Knight was making water,  
 Before he fell upon the matter ;  
 Which having done, the Wizard steps in,  
 To give him suitable reception ; 520  
 But kept his bus'ness at a bay,  
 Till Whachum put him in the way ;  
 Who having now, by Ralpho's light,  
 Expounded th' errand of the Knight,  
 And what he came to know, drew near, 525  
 To whisper in the conj'rer's ear,  
 Which he prevented thus: What was 't,  
 Quoth he, that I was saying last,  
 Before these gentlemen arriv'd ?  
 Quoth Whachum, Venus you retriev'd, 530  
 In opposition with Mars,  
 And no benign and friendly stars  
 T' allay the effect. Quoth Wizard, So !  
 In Virgo ? Ha ! Quoth Whachum, No.  
 Has Saturn nothing to do in it ? 535



One tenth of 's circle to a minute.  
 'Tis well, quoth he.—Sir, you'll excuse  
 This rudeness I am fore'd to use ;  
 It is a scheme and face of heaven,  
 As th' aspects are dispos'd this even,  
 I was contemplating upon  
 When you arriv'd ; but now I've done.

540

Quoth Hudibras, If I appear  
 Unseasonable in coming here  
 At such a time, to interrupt  
 Your speculations, which I hop'd  
 Assistance from, and came to use,  
 'Tis fit that I ask your excuse.

545

By no means, Sir, quoth Sidrophel,  
 The stars your coming did foretell ;  
 I did expect you here, and knew,  
 Before you spake, your bus'ness too.

550

Quoth Hudibras, Make that appear,  
 And I shall credit whatsoe'er  
 You tell me after, on your word,  
 Howe'er unlikely or absurd.

555

You are in love, Sir, with a widow,  
 Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,  
 And for three years has rid your wit  
 And passion without drawing bit ;  
 And now your bus'ness is to know  
 If you shall carry her or no.

560

Quoth Hudibras, You're in the right,  
 But how the devil you come by 't  
 I can't imagine ; for the stars  
 I'm sure can tell no more than a horse ;  
 Nor can their aspects (though you pore  
 Your eyes out on them) tell you more

565

Than th' oracle of sieve and shears  
 That turns as certain as the spheres : 570  
 But if the devil's of your counsel  
 Much may be done, my noble Donzel ;  
 And 'tis on his account I come,  
 To know from you my fatal doom.

Quoth Sidrophel, If you suppose, 575  
 Sir Knight, that I am one of those,  
 I might suspect, and take th' alarm,  
 Your bus'ness is but to inform ;  
 But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,  
 You have a wrong sow by the ear ; 580  
 For I assure you, for my part,  
 I only deal by rules of art,  
 Such as are lawful, and judge by  
 Conclusions of astrology ;  
 But for the devil know nothing by him, 585  
 But only this, that I defy him.

Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye,  
 I understand your metonymy ;  
 Your words of second-hand intention,  
 When things by wrongful names you mention ; 590  
 The mystic sense of all your terms,  
 That are indeed but magic charms  
 To raise the devil, and mean one thing,  
 And that is downright conjuring ;  
 And in itself's more warrantable 595  
 Than cheat, or canting to a rabble,  
 Or putting tricks upon the moon,  
 Which by confed'racy are done.  
 Your ancient conjurers were wont  
 To make her from her sphere dismount, 600  
 And to their incantations stoop ;

They scorn'd to pore through telescope,  
 Or idly play at bo-peep with her,  
 To find out cloudy or fair weather,  
 Which ev'ry almanack can tell 605  
 Perhaps as learnedly and well  
 As you yourself. Then, friend, I doubt  
 You go the farthest way about.  
 Your modern Indian magician  
 Makes but a hole in th' earth to piss in, 610  
 And straight resolves all questions by 't,  
 And seldom fails to be i' th' right.  
 The Rosycrucian way's more sure  
 To bring the devil to the lure ;  
 Each of 'em has a sev'ral gin 615  
 To catch intelligences in.  
 Some by the nose with fumes trepan 'em,  
 As Dunstan did the devil's grannam ;  
 Others with characters and words  
 Catch 'em, as men in nets do birds ; 620  
 And some with symbols, signs, and tricks,  
 Engrav'd in planetary nicks,  
 With their own influences will fetch 'em  
 Down from their orbs, arrest, and catch 'em :  
 Make 'em depose and answer to 625  
 All questions ere they let them go.  
 Bumbastus kept a devil's bird  
 Shut in the pummel of his sword,  
 That taught him all the cunning pranks

<sup>618</sup> St. Dunstan was made Archbishop of Canterbury anno 961. His skill in the liberal arts and sciences (qualifications much above the genius of the age he lived in) gained him first the name of a Conjuror, and then of a Saint; he is revered as such by the Romanists, who keep a holiday in honour of him yearly, on the 19th of May.

Of past and future mountebanks. 630

Kelly did all his feats upon

The devil's looking-glass, a stone,

Where, playing with him at bo-peep,

He solv'd all problems, ne'er so deep.

Agrippa kept a Stygian pug 635

I' th' garb and habit of a dog,

That was his tutor, and the cur

Read to th' occult philosopher,

And taught him subtly to maintain

All other sciences are vain. 640

To this quoth Sidrophello, Sir,

Agrippa was no conjurer,

Nor Paracelsus, no, nor Behmen;

Nor was the dog a cacodæmon,

But a true dog, that would shew tricks 645

For th' Emperor, and leap o'er sticks;

Would fetch and carry, was more civil

Than other dogs, but yet no devil;

And whatsoever he's said to do,

He went the self-same way we go. 650

<sup>631</sup> This Kelly was chief seer, or, as Lilly calls him, Speculator, to Dr. Dee; was born at Worcester, and bred an apothecary, and was a good proficient in chemistry, and pretended to have the grand elixir, or philosopher's stone, which Lilly tells us he made, or at least received ready made from a Friar in Germany, on the confines of the Emperor's dominions. He pretended to see apparitions in a crystal or beryl looking-glass (or a round stone like a crystal). Alasco, Palatine of Poland; Pucel, a learned Florentine; and Prince Rosemberg of Germany, the Emperor's Viceroy in Bohemia; were long of the society with him and Dr. Dee, and often present at their apparitions, as was once the King of Poland himself. But Lilly observes that he was so wicked that the angels would not appear to him willingly, nor be obedient to him.

As for the Rosy-cross philosophers,  
 Whom you will have to be but sorcerers,  
 What they pretend to is no more  
 Than Trismegistus did before,  
 Pythagoras, old Zoroaster, 655  
 And Apollonius their master,  
 To whom they do confess they owe  
 All that they do, and all they know.

Quoth Hudibras, Alas! what is 't t' us  
 Whether 'twere said by Trismegistus, 660  
 If it be nonsense, false, or mystic,  
 Or not intelligible, or sophistic?  
 'Tis not antiquity, nor author,  
 That makes truth truth, although time's daughter;  
 'Twas he that put her in the pit 665  
 Before he pull'd her out of it;  
 And as he eats his sons, just so  
 He feeds upon his daughters too.  
 Nor does it follow, 'cause a herald  
 Can make a gentleman, scarce a year old, 670  
 To be descended of a race  
 Of ancient kings in a small space,

<sup>669-670</sup> Such gentry were Thomas Pury, the elder, first a weaver in Gloucester, then an ignorant solicitor; John Blackston, a poor shopkeeper of Newcastle; John Birch, formerly a carrier, afterwards Colonel; Richard Salway, Colonel, formerly a grocer's man; Thomas Rainsborough, a skipper of Lynn, Colonel and Vice-Admiral of England; Colonel Thomas Scot, a brewer's clerk; Colonel Philip Skippon, originally a waggoner to Sir Francis Vere; Colonel John Jones, a serving-man; Colonel Barkstead, a pitiful thimble and bodkin goldsmith; Colonel Pride, a foundling and drayman; Colonel Hewson, a one-eyed cobbler; and Colonel Harrison, a butcher. These and hundreds more affected to be thought gentlemen, and lorded it over persons of the first rank and quality.

That we should all opinions hold  
Authentic that we can make old.

Quoth Sidrophel, It is no part 67

Of prudence to cry down an art,  
And what it may perform deny  
Because you understand not why ;

(As Avernois play'd but a mean trick  
To damn our whole art for eccentric) ; 680

For who knows all that knowledge contains ?

Men dwell not on the tops of mountains,

But on their sides or rising's seat ;

So 'tis with knowledge's vast height.

Do not the histories of all ages 685

Relate miraculous presages

Of strange turns in the world's affairs

Foreseen b' astrologers, soothsayers,

Chaldeans, learn'd Genethliacks,

And some that have writ almanacks ? 690

The Median Emp'ror dream'd his daughter

Had piss'd all Asia under water,

And that a vine, sprung from her haunches,

O'erspread his empire with its branches ;

And did not soothsayers expound it 695

As after by th' event he found it ?

When Cæsar in the senate fell,

Did not the sun eclips'd foretell,

And in resentment of his slaughter

Look'd pale for almost a year after ? 700

Augustus having, b' oversight,

Put on his left shoe 'fore his right,

Had like to have been slain that day

By soldiers mutin'ing for pay.

Are there not myriads of this sort 705

Which stories of all times report ?  
 Is it not ominous in all countries  
 When crows and ravens croak upon trees ?  
 The Roman senate, when within  
 The city walls an owl was seen, 710  
 Did cause their clergy, with lustrations  
 (Our Synod calls Humiliations),  
 The round-fac'd prodigy t' avert  
 From doing town or country hurt.  
 And if an owl have so much pow'r, 715  
 Why should not planets have much more,  
 That in a region far above  
 Inferior fowls of the air move,  
 And should see further, and foreknow  
 More than their augury below ? 720  
 Though that once serv'd the polity  
 Of mighty states to govern by ;  
 And this is what we take in hand  
 By pow'rful Art to understand ;  
 Which, how we have perform'd, all ages 725  
 Can speak th' events of our presages.  
 Have we not lately in the moon  
 Found a new world, to th' old unknown ?  
 Discover'd sea and land, Columbus  
 And Magellan could never compass ? 730  
 Made mountains with our tubes appear,  
 And cattle grazing on 'em there ?  
 Quoth Hudibras, You lie so ope  
 That I, without a telescope,  
 Can find your tricks out, and desery 735  
 Where you tell truth and where you lie :  
 For Anaxagoras, long ago,  
 Saw hills, as well as you, i' th' moon,

And held the sun was but a piece  
 Of red-hot ir'n as big as Greece ; 740  
 Believ'd the heav'ns were made of stone,  
 Because the sun had voided one ;  
 And, rather than he would recant  
 Th' opinion, suffer'd banishment.

But what, alas ! is it to us 745  
 Whether i' th' moon men thus or thus  
 Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,  
 Or whether they have tails or horns ?  
 What trade from thence can you advance  
 But what we nearer have from France ? 750  
 What can our travellers bring home  
 That is not to be learnt at Rome ?  
 What politics or strange opinions  
 That are not in our own dominions ?  
 What science can be brought from thence 755  
 In which we do not here commence ?  
 What revelations or religions  
 That are not in our native regions ?  
 Are sweating-lanterns or screen-fans  
 Made better there than th' are in France ? 760  
 Or do they teach to sing and play  
 O' th' guitar there a newer way ?  
 Can they make plays there that shall fit  
 The public humour with less wit ?  
 Write wittier dances, quainter shows, 765  
 Or fight with more ingenious blows ?  
 Or does the man i' th' moon look big,  
 And wear a huger periwig ?  
 Shew in his gait or face more tricks  
 Than our own native lunatics ? 770  
 But if w' outdo him here at home,



What good of your design can come?  
 As wind i' th' hypocondries pent  
 Is but a blast if downward sent,  
 But if it upward chance to fly 775  
 Becomes new light and prophecy;  
 So when your speculations tend  
 Above their just and useful end,  
 Although they promise strange and great  
 Discoveries of things far set, 780  
 They are but idle dreams and fancies,  
 And savour strongly of the ganzas.  
 Tell me but what's the natural cause  
 Why on a sign no painter draws  
 The full-moon ever, but the half? 785  
 Resolve that with your Jacob's staff;  
 Or why wolves raise a hubbub at her,  
 And dogs howl when she shines in water?  
 And I shall freely give my vote  
 You may know something more remote. 790  
 At this deep Sidrophel look'd wise,  
 And, staring round with owl-like eyes,  
 He put his face into a posture  
 Of sapience, and began to bluster;  
 For having three times shook his head, 795  
 To stir his wit up, thus he said:  
 Art has no mortal enemies  
 Next ignorance, but owls and geese;  
 Those consecrated geese in orders  
 That to the Capitol were warders, 800  
 And, being then upon patrol,  
 With noise alone beat off the Gaul;  
 Or those Athenian sceptic owls  
 That will not credit their own souls,

Or any science understand 805  
 Beyond the reach of eye or hand,  
 But, meas'ring all things by their own  
 Knowledge, hold nothing's to be known ;  
 Those wholesale critics, that in coffee-  
 Houses cry down all philosophy, 810  
 And will not know upon what ground  
 In Nature we our doctrine found,  
 Although with pregnant evidence  
 We can demonstrate it to sense,  
 As I just now have done to you, 815  
 Foretelling what you came to know.  
 Were the stars only made to light  
 Robbers and burglars by night ?  
 To wait on drunkards, thieves, gold-finders,  
 And lovers solacing behind doors, 820  
 Or giving one another pledges  
 Of matrimony under hedges ?  
 Or witches simpling, and on gibbets  
 Cutting from malefactors snippets,  
 Or from the pill'ry tips of ears 825  
 Of rebel saints and perjurers ?  
 Only to stand by and look on,  
 But not know what is said or done ?  
 Is there a constellation there  
 That was not born and bred up here, 830  
 And therefore cannot be to learn  
 In any inferior concern ?  
 Were they not, during all their lives,  
 Most of them pirates, whores, and thieves ?  
 And is it like they have not still 835  
 In their old practiees some skill ?  
 Is there a planet that by birth

Does not derive its house from earth,  
 And therefore probably must know  
 What is and hath been done below? 840  
 Who made the Balance, or whence came  
 The Bull, the Lion, and the Ram?  
 Did not we here the Argo rig,  
 Make Berenice's periwig?  
 Whose liv'ry does the Coachman wear? 845  
 Or who made Cassiopeia's chair?  
 And therefore, as they came from hence,  
 With us may hold intelligence.  
 Plato deny'd the world can be  
 Govern'd without geometry, 850  
 (For money b'ing the common scale  
 Of things by measure, weight, and tale,  
 In all th' affairs of church and state  
 'Tis both the balance and the weight);  
 Then much less can it be without 855  
 Divine astrology made out,  
 That puts the other down in worth  
 As far as heaven's above the earth.

These reasons (quoth the Knight) I grant  
 Are something more significant 860  
 Than any that the learned use  
 Upon this subject to produce;  
 And yet th' are far from satisfactory  
 T' establish and keep up your factory.  
 Th' Egyptians say, the sun has twice 865  
 Shifted his setting and his rise;  
 Twice has he risen in the west,  
 As many times set in the east:  
 But whether that be true or no  
 The devil any of you know. 870

Some hold the heavens, like a top  
 Are kept by circulation up,  
 And, were 't not for their wheeling round,  
 They'd instantly fall to the ground ;  
 As sage Empedocles of old, 875  
 And, from him, modern authors hold.  
 Plato believ'd the sun and moon  
 Below all other planets run.  
 Some Mercury, some Venus, sea  
 Above the sun himself in height. 880  
 The learned Scaliger complain'd,  
 'Gainst what Copernicus maintain'd,  
 That, in twelve hundred years and odd,  
 The sun had left its ancient road,  
 And nearer to the earth is come 885  
 'Bove fifty thousand miles from home ;  
 Swore 'twas a most notorious flam,  
 And he that had so little shame  
 To vent such fopperies abroad  
 Deserv'd to have his rump well claw'd ; 890  
 Which Monsieur Bodin hearing, swore  
 That he deserv'd the rod much more  
 That durst upon a truth give doom  
 He knew less than the Pope of Rome.  
 Cardan believ'd great states depend 895  
 Upon the tip o' th' Bear's tail's end,  
 That, as she whisk'd it t'wards the sun,  
 Strow'd mighty empires up and down ;  
 Which others say must needs be false,  
 Because your true bears have no tails. 900

875 VAR. ' And, 'twere not.' .

894 VAR. ' He knew no more,' &c.

Some say the Zodiac constellations  
 Have long since chang'd their antique stations  
 Above a sign, and prove the same  
 In Taurus now, once in the Ram ;  
 Affirm the Trignons chopp'd and chang'd, 905  
 The wat'ry with the fiery rang'd :  
 Then how can their effects still hold  
 To be the same they were of old ?  
 This, though the art were true, would make  
 Our modern soothsayers mistake, 910  
 And is one cause they tell more lies  
 In figures and nativities  
 Than th' old Chaldean conjurers  
 In so many hundred thousand years ;  
 Beside their nonsense in translating, 915  
 For want of Accidence and Latin,  
 Like Idus and Calendæ, Englisht  
 The Quarter-days, by skilful linguist :  
 And yet with canting, sleight, and cheat,  
 'Twill serve their turn to do the feat ; 920  
 Make fools believe in their foreseeing  
 Of things before they are in being ;  
 To swallow gudgeons ere they're catch'd,  
 And count their chickens ere they're hatch'd ;  
 Make them the constellations prompt, 925  
 And give them back their own account ;  
 But still the best to him that gives  
 The best price for 't, or best believes.  
 Some towns, some cities, some, for brevity,

901 VAR. ' Some say the stars i' th' Zodiac  
 Are more than a whole sign gone back  
 Since Ptolemy ; and prove the same  
 In Taurus now, then in the Ram.'

Have cast the 'versal world's nativity, 930  
 And made the infant-stars confess,  
 Like fools or children, what they please.  
 Some calculate the hidden fates  
 Of monkeys, puppy-dogs, and cats ;  
 Some running-nags and fighting-cocks ; 935  
 Some love, trade, law-suits, and the pox ;  
 Some take a measure of the lives  
 Of fathers, mothers, husbands, wives,  
 Make opposition, trine, and quartile,  
 Tell who is barren and who fertile. 940  
 As if the planet's first aspect  
 The tender infant did infect  
 In soul and body, and instil  
 All future good and future ill ;  
 Which, in their dark fatal'ties lurking, 945  
 At destin'd periods fall a-working,  
 And break out, like the hidden seeds  
 Of long diseases, into deeds,  
 In friendships, enmities, and strife,  
 And all th' emergencies of life : 950  
 No sooner does he peep into  
 The world but he has done his do,  
 Catch'd all diseases, took all physic  
 That cures or kills a man that is sick,  
 Marry'd his punctual dose of wives, 955  
 Is euckolded, and breaks or thrives.  
 There's but the twinkling of a star  
 Between a man of peace and war,  
 A thief and justice, fool and knave,  
 A huffing officer and a slave, 960  
 A crafty lawyer and pick-pocket,

A great philosopher and a blockhead,  
 A formal preacher and a player,  
 A learn'd physician and man-slayer ;  
 As if men from the stars did suck 965

Old age, diseases, and ill-luck,  
 Wit, folly, honour, virtue, vice,  
 Trade, travel, women, claps, and dice,  
 And draw, with the first air they breathe,  
 Battle and murder, sudden death. 970

Are not these fine commodities  
 To be imported from the skies,  
 And vended here among the rabble  
 For staple goods and warrantable?  
 Like money by the Druids borrow'd, 975  
 In th' other world to be restored.

Quoth Sidrophel, To let you know  
 You wrong the art and artists too,  
 Since arguments are lost on those  
 That do our principles oppose, 980  
 I will (although I've done 't before)  
 Demonstrate to your sense once more,  
 And draw a figure that shall tell you  
 What you perhaps forget befell you,  
 By way of horary inspection, 985  
 Which some account our worst erection.

With that he circles draws and squares,  
 With ciphers, astral characters,  
 Then looks 'em o'er to understand 'em,  
 Although set down hab-nab at random. 990

Quoth he, This scheme of th' heavens set  
 Discovers how in fight you met  
 At Kingston with a May-pole idol,  
 And that y' were bang'd both back and side well ;

And, though you overcame the Bear, 995  
 The dogs beat you at Brentford fair,  
 Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle,  
 And handled you like a fop-doodle.

Quoth Hudibras, I now perceive  
 You are no conj'rer : by your leave : 1000  
 That paltry story is untrue,  
 And forg'd to cheat such gulls as you.

Not true ! quoth he ; Howe'er you vapour,  
 I can what I affirm make appear ;  
 Whachum shall justify 't t' your face, 1005  
 And prove he was upon the place :  
 He play'd the saltinbancho's part,  
 Transform'd t' a Frenchman by my art ;  
 He stole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,  
 Chous'd and caldes'd you like a blockhead, 1010  
 And what you lost I can produce,  
 If you deny it, here i' th' house.

Quoth Hudibras, I do believe  
 That argument's demonstrative ;  
 Ralpho, bear witness, and go fetch us 1015  
 A constable to seize the wretches :  
 For though th' are both false knaves and cheats,  
 Impostors, jugglers, counterfeits,  
 I'll make them serve for perpendic'lars  
 As true as e'er were us'd by bricklayers. 1020  
 They're guilty, by their own confessions,  
 Of felony, and at the Sessions,  
 Upon the bench, I will so handle 'em,  
 That the vibration of this pendulum  
 Shall make all tailors' yards of one 1025  
 Unanimous opinion ;

<sup>1010</sup> VAR. 'Caldes'd.' Put the fortune-teller on him.



A thing he long has vapour'd of,  
But now shall make it out by proof.

Quoth Sidrophel, I do not doubt  
To find friends that will bear me out ; 1030  
Nor have I hazarded my art  
And neck so long on the State's part  
To be expos'd i' th' end to suffer  
By such a braggadocio huffer.

Huffer ! quoth Hudibras, this sword 1035  
Shall down thy false throat cram that word.  
Ralpho, make haste, and call an officer  
To apprehend this Stygian sophister ;  
Meanwhile I'll hold 'em at a bay,  
Lest he and Whachum run away. 1040

But Sidrophel, who from th' aspect  
Of Hudibras, did now erect  
A figure worse portending far  
Than that of most malignant star,  
Believ'd it now the fittest moment 1045  
To shun the danger that might come on 't,  
While Hudibras was all alone,  
And he and Whachum two to one.

This being resolv'd, he spy'd by chance  
Behind the door an iron lance, 1050  
That many a sturdy limb had gor'd,  
And legs, and loins, and shoulders bor'd ;  
He snatch'd it up, and made a pass  
To make his way through Hudibras.

Whachum had got a fire-fork, 1055  
With which he vow'd to do his work ;  
But Hudibras was well prepar'd,  
And stoutly stood upon his guard :  
He put by Sidrophello's thrust,

And in right manfully he rusht ;  
The weapon from his gripe he wrung,  
And laid him on the earth along. 1060

Whachum his sea-coal prong threw by,  
And basely turn'd his back to fly ;  
But Hudibras gave him a twitch, 1065  
As quick as lightning, in the breech,  
Just in the place where honour 's lodg'd,  
As wise philosophers have judg'd.  
Because a kick in that part more  
Hurts honour than deep wounds before. 1070

Quoth Hudibras, The stars determine  
You are my prisoners, base vermin :  
Could they not tell you so, as well  
As what I came to know foretell ?  
By this what cheats you are we find, 1075  
That in your own concerns are blind.  
Your lives are now at my dispose,  
To be redeem'd by fine or blows ;  
But who his honour would defile  
To take or sell two lives so vile ? 1080  
I'll give you quarter ; but your pillage,  
The conqu'ring warrior's crop and tillage  
Which with his sword he reaps and ploughs,  
That 's mine, the law of arms allows.

This said in haste, in haste he fell 1085  
To rummaging of Sidrophel.  
First he expounded both his pockets,  
And found a watch, with rings and lockets,  
Which had been left with him t' erect  
A figure for, and so detect ; 1090  
A copper-plate, with almanacks  
Engrav'd upon 't, with other knacks

Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers',  
 And blank schemes to discover nimmers ;  
 A moon-dial, with Napier's bones, 1095  
 And several constellation-stones,  
 Engrav'd in planetary hours,  
 That over mortals had strange powers  
 To make them thrive in law or trade,  
 And stab or poison to evade, 1100  
 In wit or wisdom to improve,  
 And be victorious in love.  
 Whachum had neither cross nor pile,  
 His plunder was not worth the while.  
 All which the conqu'ror did discompt, 1105  
 To pay for curing of his rump.  
 But Sidrophel, as full of tricks  
 As Rota-men of politics,  
 Straight cast about to overreach  
 Th' unwary conqu'ror with a fetch, 1110  
 And make him glad at least to quit  
 His victory, and fly the pit,  
 Before the secular prince of darkness  
 Arriv'd to seize upon his carcass :  
 And as a fox, with hot pursuit 1115  
 Chas'd through a warren, casts about  
 To save his credit, and among  
 Dead vermin on a gallows hung,  
 And while the dogs run underneath,

<sup>1093</sup> John Booker was born in Manchester, and was a famous astrologer in the time of the civil wars. He was a great acquaintance of Lilly's; and so was this Sarah Jimmers, whom Lilly calls 'Sarah Shelhorn,' a great speculatrix. He owns he was very familiar with her ('quod nota'), so that it is no wonder that the Knight found several of their knick-knacks in Sidrophel's cabinet.

Escap'd (by counterfeiting death), 1120  
 Not out of cunning, but a train  
 Of atoms justling in his brain,  
 As learn'd philosophers give out ;  
 So Sidrophello cast about,  
 And fell t' his wonted trade again 1125  
 To feign himself in earnest slain.  
 First stretch'd out one leg, then another,  
 And, seeming in his breast to smother  
 A broken sigh ; quoth he, Where am I ?  
 Alive or dead ? or which way came I 1130  
 Through so immense a space so soon ?  
 But now I thought myself i' th' moon,  
 And that a monster, with huge whiskers  
 More formidable than a Switzer's,  
 My body through and through had drill'd, 1135  
 And Whachum by my side had kill'd ;  
 Had cross-examin'd both our hose,  
 And plunder'd all we had to lose :  
 Look ! there he is ! I see him now,  
 And feel the place I am run through ! 1140  
 And there lies Whachum by my side  
 Stone dead, and in his own blood dy'd !  
 Oh ! oh !—With that he fetch'd a groan,  
 And fell again into a swoon,  
 Shut both his eyes, and stopp'd his breath, 1145  
 And to the life outacted death,  
 That Hudibras, to all appearing,  
 Believ'd him to be dead as herring.  
 He held it now no longer safe  
 To tarry the return of Ralph, 1150  
 But rather leave him in the lurch :  
 Thought he, He has abus'd our Church,

Refus'd to give himself one firke  
 To carry on the Public Work ;  
 Despis'd our Synod-men like dirt, 1155  
 And made their discipline his sport ;  
 Divulg'd the secrets of their Classes,  
 And their Conventions prov'd high-places ;  
 Disparag'd their tithe-pigs as Pagan,  
 And set at nought their cheese and bacon ; 1160  
 Rail'd at their Covenant, and jeer'd  
 Their rev'rend Parsons to my beard ;  
 For all which scandals to be quit  
 At once this juncture falls out fit.  
 I'll make him henceforth to beware, 1165  
 And tempt my fury if he dare :  
 He must at least hold up his hand,  
 By twelve freeholders to be scann'd,  
 Who, by their skill in palmistry,  
 Will quickly read his destiny, 1170  
 And make him glad to read his lesson,  
 Or take a turn for 't at the Session,  
 Unless his Light and gifts prove truer  
 Than ever yet they did, I'm sure :  
 For if he 'scape with whipping now, 1175  
 'Tis more than he can hope to do ;  
 And that will disengage my conscience  
 Of th' obligation, in his own sense.  
 I'll make him now by force abide,  
 What he by gentle means deny'd, 1180  
 To give my honour satisfaction,  
 And right the Brethren in the action.  
 This being resolv'd, with equal speed  
 And conduct he approach'd his steed,  
 And, with activity unwont, 1185

Assay'd the lofty beast to mount ;  
 Which once achiev'd, he spurr'd his palfrey  
 To get from th' enemy and Ralph free ;  
 Left danger, fears, and foes behind,  
 And beat, at least three lengths, the wind. 1190

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE \*

OF HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.

Ecce iterum Crispinus. . . .

**W**ELL, Sidrophel, though 'tis in vain  
 To tamper with your crazy brain,  
 Without trepanning of your skull  
 As often as the moon's at full,  
 'Tis not amiss, ere y' are giv'n o'er, 5  
 To try one desp'rate med'cine more ;  
 For where your case can be no worse

\* This Epistle was published ten years after the Third Canto of the Second Part, to which it is now annexed, namely, in the year 1674 ; and is said in a key to a Burlesque Poem of Mr. Butler's, published 1706, p. 13, to have been occasioned by Sir Paul Neal, a conceited virtuoso, and member of the Royal Society, who constantly affirmed that Mr. Butler was not the author of Hudibras, which gave rise to this Epistle ; and by some he has been taken for the real Sidrophel of the poem. This was the gentleman, who, I am told, made a great discovery of an elephant in the moon, which, upon examination, proved to be no other than a mouse which had mistaken its way, and got into his telescope. See *The Elephant in the Moon.* vol. ii.

The desp'rat'st is the wisest course.  
 Is 't possible that you, whose ears  
 Are of the tribe of Issachar's, 10  
 And might (with equal reason) either  
 For merit or extent of leather,  
 With William Pryn's, before they were  
 Retrench'd and crucify'd, compare,  
 Should yet be deaf against a noise 15  
 So roaring as the public voice?  
 That speaks your virtues free and loud,  
 And openly in every crowd,  
 As loud as one that sings his part  
 T' a wheelbarrow or turnip-cart, 20  
 Or your new nick-nam'd old invention  
 To cry green hastings with an engine,  
 (As if the vehemence had stunn'd  
 And torn your drum-heads with the sound);  
 And 'cause your folly's now no news, 25  
 But overgrown and out of use,  
 Persuade yourself there 's no such matter,  
 But that 'tis vanish'd out of nature;  
 When Folly, as it grows in years,  
 The more extravagant appears; 30  
 For who but you could be possest  
 With so much ignorance and beast,  
 That neither all men's scorn and hate,  
 Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,  
 Nor bray'd so often in a mortar, 35  
 Can teach you wholesome sense and nurture,  
 But (like a reprobate) what course  
 Soever us'd, grow worse and worse?  
 Can no transfusion of the blood,  
 That makes fools cattle, do you good? 40

Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurse,  
 To turn them into mongrel curs,  
 Put you into a way at least  
 To make yourself a better beast?  
 Can all your critical intrigues 45  
 Of trying sound from rotten eggs;  
 Your sev'ral new-found remedies  
 Of curing wounds and scabs in trees;  
 Your arts of fluxing them for claps,  
 And purging their infected saps; 50  
 Recov'ring shankers, crystallines,  
 And nodes and blotches in their rinds;  
 Have no effect to operate  
 Upon that duller block, your pate?  
 But still it must be lewdly bent 55  
 To tempt your own due punishment;  
 And, like your whimsy'd chariots, draw  
 The boys to course you without law;  
 As if the art you have so long  
 Profess'd, of making old dogs young, 60  
 In you had virtue to renew  
 Not only youth but childhood too.  
 Can you, that understand all books,  
 By judging only with your looks,  
 Resolve all problems with your face, 65  
 As others do with B's and A's;  
 Unriddle all that mankind knows  
 With solid bending of your brows;  
 All arts and sciences advance  
 With screwing of your countenance, 70  
 And with a penetrating eye  
 Into th' abstrusest learning pry;  
 Know more of any trade b' a hint



Than those that have been bred up in 't,  
 And yet have no art, true or false, 75  
 To help your own bad naturals?  
 But still the more you strive t' appear  
 Are found to be the wretcheder:  
 For fools are known by looking wise,  
 As men find woodcocks by their eyes. 80  
 Hence 'tis that 'cause y' have gain'd o' th' college  
 A quarter share (at most) of knowledge,  
 And brought in none, but spent repute,  
 Y' assume a pow'r as absolute  
 To judge, and censure, and control, 85  
 As if you were the sole Sir Poll,  
 And saucily pretend to know  
 More than your dividend comes to.  
 You'll find the thing will not be done  
 With ignorance and face alone; 90  
 No, though y' have purchas'd to your name  
 In history so great a fame;  
 That now your talent's so well known

<sup>85</sup> Sir Politic Would-be, in Ben Jonson's 'Volpone.'

<sup>91</sup> <sup>92</sup> These two lines, I think, plainly discover that Lilly, and not Sir Paul Neal, was here lashed under the name of 'Sidrophel;' for Lilly's fame abroad was indisputable. Mr. Strickland, who was many years agent for the Parliament in Holland, thus publishes it: "I came purposely into the committee this day to see the man who is so famous in those parts where I have so long continued: I assure you his name is famous all over Europe. I came to do him justice." Lilly is also careful to tell us, that the King of Sweden sent him a gold chain and medal, worth about fifty pounds, for making honourable mention of his Majesty in one of his almanacks, which, he says, was translated into the language spoken at Hamburg, and printed and cried about the streets, as it was in London. Thus he trumpets to the world the fame he acquired by his infamous practices, if we may credit his own history.

For having all belief outgrown,  
 That ev'ry strange prodigious tale 25  
 Is measur'd by your German scale—  
 By which the virtuosi try  
 The magnitude of ev'ry lie,  
 Cast up to what it does amount,  
 And place the bigg'st to your account : 100  
 That all those stories that are laid  
 Too truly to you, and those made,  
 Are now still charg'd upon your score,  
 And lesser authors nam'd no more.  
 Alas! that faculty betrays 105  
 Those soonest it designs to raise ;  
 And all your vain renown will spoil,  
 As guns o'ercharg'd the more recoil ;  
 Though he that has but impudence  
 To all things has a fair pretence ; 110  
 And put among his wants but shame,  
 To all the world may lay his claim :  
 Though you have try'd that nothing's borne  
 With greater ease than public scorn,  
 That all affronts do still give place 115  
 To your impenetrable face ;  
 That makes your way through all affairs,  
 As pigs through hedges creep with theirs :  
 Yet as 'tis counterfeit, and brass,  
 You must not think 'twill always pass ; 120  
 For all impostors, when they're known,  
 Are past their labour and undone ;  
 And all the best that can befall  
 An artificial natural,  
 Is that which madmen find as soon 125

As once they're broke loose from the moon,  
 And, proof against her influence,  
 Relapse to e'er so little sense,  
 To turn stark fools, and subjects fit  
 For sport of boys and rabble-wit,

130

## PART III. CANTO I.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire resolve at once,  
 The one the other to renounce ;  
 They both approach the Lady's bower,  
 The Squire t'inform, the Knight to woo her.  
 She treats them with a masquerade,  
 By Furies and Hobgoblins made ;  
 From which the Squire conveys the Knight,  
 And steals him from himself by night.

**T**IS true no lover has that pow'r  
 T' enforce a desperate amour,  
 As he that has two strings t' his bow,  
 And burns for love and money too ;  
 For then he 's brave and resolute,  
 Disdains to render in his suit ;  
 Has all his flames and raptures double,  
 And hangs or drowns with half the trouble ;  
 While those who sillily pursue  
 The simple downright way and true,  
 Make as unlucky applications,  
 And steer against the stream, their passions.  
 Some forge their mistresses of stars,  
 And when the ladies prove averse,

5

10

And more untoward to be won 15  
 Than by Caligula the moon,  
 Cry out upon the stars for doing  
 Ill offices, to cross their wooing,  
 When only by themselves they're hind'ed,  
 For trusting those they made her kindred, 20  
 And still the harsher and hide-bounder  
 The damsels prove, become the fonder ;  
 For what mad lover ever died  
 To gain a soft and gentle bride ?  
 Or for a lady tender-hearted, 25  
 In purling streams or hemp departed ?  
 Leap'd headlong int' Elysium,  
 Through th' windows of a dazzling room ?  
 But for some cross ill-natur'd dame,  
 The am'rous fly burnt in his flame. 30  
 This to the Knight could be no news,  
 With all mankind so much in use,  
 Who therefore took the wiser course,  
 To make the most of his amours,  
 Resolv'd to try all sorts of ways, 35  
 As follows in due time and place.

No sooner was the bloody fight  
 Between the Wizard and the Knight,  
 With all th' appurtenances, over,  
 But he relaps'd again t' a lover, 40  
 As he was always wont to do  
 When h' had discomfited a foe,  
 And us'd the only antique philters  
 Deriv'd from old heroic tilters.  
 But now triumphant and victorious, 45  
 He held th' achievement was too glorious  
 For such a conqueror to meddle

<sup>43</sup> VAR. 'And us'd as.'

With petty constable or beadle,  
 Or fly for refuge to the hostess  
 Of th' inns of Court and Chancery, Justice ; 50  
 Who might perhaps reduce his cause  
 To th' ordeal trial of the laws,  
 Where none escape but such as branded  
 With red-hot irons have past bare-handed ;  
 And, if they cannot read one verse 55  
 I' th' Psalms, must sing it, and that's worse.  
 He, therefore, judging it below him  
 To tempt a shame the dev'l might owe him,  
 Resolv'd to leave the Squire for bail  
 And mainprize for him to the jail, 60  
 To answer, with his vessel all  
 That might disastrously befall,  
 And thought it now the fittest juncture  
 To give the Lady a rencounter,  
 T' acquaint her with his expedition, 65  
 And conquest o'er the fierce magician ;  
 Describe the manner of the fray,  
 And shew the spoils he brought away ;  
 His bloody scourging aggravate,  
 The number of the blows, and weight ; 70  
 All which might probably succeed,  
 And gain belief h' had done the deed :  
 Which he resolv'd t' enforce, and spare  
 No pawning of his soul to swear ;  
 But rather than produce his back, 75  
 To set his conscience on the rack ;  
 And, in pursuance of his urging  
 Of articles perform'd, and scourging,  
 And all things else, upon his part  
 Demand deliv'ry of her heart, 80

Her goods, and chattels, and good graces,  
 And person, up to his embraces.  
 Thought he, 'The ancient errant knights  
 Won all their ladies' hearts in fights,  
 And cut whole giants into fritters, 85  
 To put them into am'rous twitters ;  
 Whose stubborn bowels scorn'd to yield,  
 Until their gallants were half kill'd ;  
 But when their bones were drubb'd so sore,  
 They durst not woo one combat more, 90  
 The ladies' hearts began to melt,  
 Subdu'd by blows their lovers felt.  
 So Spanish heroes with their lances,  
 At once wound bulls and ladies' fancies ;  
 And he acquires the noblest spouse 95  
 That widows greatest herds of cows ;  
 Then what may I expect to do,  
 Wh' have quell'd so vast a buffalo ?  
 Meanwhile the Squire was on his way,  
 The Knight's late orders to obey ; 100  
 Who sent him for a strong detachment  
 Of beadles, constables, and watchmen,  
 T' attack the cunning-man, for plunder  
 Committed falsely on his lumber ;  
 When he who had so lately sack'd 105  
 The enemy, had done the fact ;  
 Had rifled all his pokes and fobs  
 Of gimcracks, whims, and jiggumbobs,  
 Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,  
 And for his own inventions father'd ; 110  
 And when they should, at gaol delivery,  
 Unriddle one another's thievery,  
 Both might have evidence enough

To render neither halter-proof :  
He thought it desperate to tarry, 115  
And venture to be accessary ;  
But rather wisely slip his fetters,  
And leave them for the Knight, his betters.  
He call'd to mind th' unjust foul play,  
He would have offer'd him that day, 120  
To make him curry his own hide,  
Which no beast ever did beside  
Without all possible evasion,  
But of the riding dispensation :  
And therefore much about the hour 125  
The Knight (for reasons told before)  
Resolv'd to leave him to the fury  
Of Justice, and an unpack'd jury,  
The Squire concurr'd t' abandon him,  
And serve him in the self-same trim ; 130  
T' acquaint the Lady what h' had done,  
And what he meant to carry on ;  
What project 'twas he went about,  
When Sidrophel and he fell out :  
His firm and steadfast resolution, 135  
To swear her to an execution ;  
To pawn his inward ears to marry her,  
And bribe the devil himself to carry her ;  
In which both dealt, as if they meant  
Their party-saints to represent, 140  
Who never fail'd upon their sharing  
In any prosperous arms-bearing,  
To lay themselves out, to supplant  
Each other cousin-german saint.  
But ere the Knight could do his part; 145  
The Squire had got so much the start,

H' had to the Lady done his errand,  
And told her all his tricks aforehand.

Just as he finish'd his report,  
The Knight alighted in the court, 150

And having ty'd his beast t' a pale,  
And taking time for both to stale,

He put his band and beard in order,  
The sprucer to accost and board her :

And now began t' approach the door, 155

When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,  
Convey'd th' informer out of sight,

And went to entertain the Knight ;  
With whom encount'ring, after longees

Of humble and submissive congees, 160

And all due ceremonies paid,  
He strok'd his beard, and thus he said :

Madam, I do, as is my duty,  
Honour the shadow of your shoe-tye ;

And now am come to bring your ear 165

A present you'll be glad to hear ;  
At least I hope so: the thing 's done,

Or may I never see the sun ;

For which I humbly now demand  
Performance at your gentle hand ; 170

And that you'd please to do your part  
As I have done mine, to my smart.

With that he shrugg'd his sturdy back,  
As if he felt his shoulders ache :

But she, who well enough knew what 175  
(Before he spoke) he would be at,

Pretended not to apprehend

The mystery of what he mean'd.

And therefore wish'd him to expound



His dark expressions less profound. 180

Madam, quoth he, I come to prove  
 How much I've suffer'd for your love,  
 Which (like your votary) to win,  
 I have not spar'd my tatter'd skin :  
 And, for those meritorious lashes, 185  
 To claim your favour and good graces.

Quoth she, I do remember once  
 I freed you from th' enchanted scone,  
 And that you promis'd for that favour  
 To bind your back to 'ts good behaviour ; 190  
 And, for my sake and service, vow'd  
 To lay upon 't a heavy load,  
 And what 'twould bear t' a scruple prove,  
 As other knights do oft make love ;  
 Which, whether you have done or no, 195  
 Concerns yourself; not me, to know ;  
 But if you have, I shall confess  
 Y' are honester than I could guess.

Quoth he, If you suspect my troth,  
 I cannot prove it but by oath ; 200  
 And if you make a question on 't,  
 I'll pawn my soul that I have done 't :  
 And he that makes his soul his surety,  
 I think, does give the best security.

Quoth she, Some say the soul's secure 205  
 Against distress and forfeiture ;  
 Is free from action, and exempt  
 From execution and contempt ;  
 And to be summon'd to appear  
 In th' other world's illegal here, 210  
 And therefore few make any account  
 Int' what incumbrances they run 't ;

For most men carry things so even  
 Between this world, and hell, and heaven,  
 Without the least offence to either, 215  
 They freely deal in all together,  
 And equally abhor to quit  
 This world for both, or both for it;  
 And when they pawn and damn their souls,  
 They are but pris'ners on paroles. 220

For that, quoth he, 'tis rational,  
 They may b' accomptable in all:  
 For when there is that intercourse  
 Between divine and human pow'rs,  
 That all that we determine here 225  
 Commands obedience every-where;  
 When penalties may be commuted  
 For fines, or ears, and executed,  
 It follows nothing binds so fast  
 As souls in pawn and mortgage past; 230  
 For oaths are th' only tests and scales  
 Of right and wrong, and true and false;  
 And there 's no other way to try  
 The doubts of law and justice by.

Quoth she, What is it you would swear? 235  
 There 's no believing till I hear:  
 For till they 're understood, all tales  
 (Like nonsense) are not true nor false.

Quoth he, When I resolv'd t' obey  
 What you commanded th' other day, 240  
 And to perform my exercise  
 (As schools are wont) for your fair eyes,  
 T' avoid all scruples in the case,  
 I went to do 't upon the place;  
 But as the castle is enchanted 245

By Sidrophel the witch, and haunted  
With evil spirits, as you know,  
Who took my Squire and me for two,  
Before I'd hardly time to lay  
My weapons by, and disarray, 250  
I heard a formidable noise,  
Loud as the Stentrophonic voice,  
That roar'd far off,—Despatch, and strip,  
I'm ready with th' infernal whip,  
That shall divest thy ribs of skin, 255  
To expiate thy ling'ring sin ;  
Th' hast broke perfidiously thy oath,  
And not perform'd thy plighted troth,  
But spar'd thy renegado back,  
Where th' hadst so great a prize at stake, 260  
Which now the Fates have order'd me,  
For penance and revenge to flea,  
Unless thou presently make haste ;  
Time is, time was :—and there it ceas'd.  
With which, though startled, I confess, 265  
Yet th' horror of the thing was less  
Than th' other dismal apprehension  
Of interruption or prevention ;  
And therefore snatching up the rod,  
I laid upon my back a load, 270  
Resolv'd to spare no flesh and blood,  
To make my word and honour good :  
Till tir'd, and taking truce at length,  
For new recruits of breath and strength,  
I felt the blows still ply'd as fast 275  
As if th' had been by lovers plac'd  
In raptures of Platonic lashing,  
And chaste contemplative bardashing ;

When facing hastily about,  
 To stand upon my guard and scout, 280  
 I found th' infernal cunning-man,  
 And th' under-witch, his Caliban,  
 With scourges (like the Furies) arm'd,  
 That on my outward quarters storm'd.  
 In haste I snatch'd my weapon up, 285  
 And gave their hellish rage a stop;  
 Call'd thrice upon your name, and fell  
 Courageously on Sidrophel;  
 Who now transform'd himself t' a bear,  
 Began to roar aloud and tear; 290  
 When I as furiously press'd on,  
 My weapon down his throat to run,  
 Laid hold on him, but he broke loose,  
 And turn'd himself into a goose,  
 Div'd under water in a pond, 295  
 To hide himself from being found.  
 In vain I sought him; but as soon  
 As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,  
 Prepar'd, with equal haste and rage,  
 His under-sorcerer t' engage; 300  
 But bravely scorning to defile  
 My sword with feeble blood, and vile,  
 I judg'd it better from a quick-  
 Set hedge to cut a knotted stick;  
 With which I furiously laid on, 305  
 Till in a harsh and doleful tone  
 It roar'd, O hold, for pity, Sir!  
 I am too great a sufferer,  
 Abus'd, as you have been, b' a witch,  
 But conjur'd into a worse caprich: 310  
 Who sends me out on many a jaunt,

Old houses in the night to haunt,  
 For opportunities t' improve  
 Designs of thievery or love ;  
 With drugs convey'd in drink or meat, 315  
 All feats of witches counterfeit,  
 Kill pigs and geese with powder'd glass,  
 And make it for enchantment pass ;  
 With cow-itch measles like a leper,  
 And choke with fumes of Guinea-pepper ; 320  
 Make lechers, and their punks, with dewtry,  
 Commit phantastical advowtry ;  
 Bewitch Hermetic-men to run  
 Stark staring mad with manicon ;  
 Believe mechanic virtuosi 325  
 Can raise them mountains in Potosi ;  
 And, sillier than the antic fools,  
 Take treasure for a heap of coals ;  
 Seek out for plants with signatures,  
 To quack off universal cures ; 330  
 With figures ground on panes of glass,  
 Make people on their heads to pass ;  
 And mighty heaps of coin increase,  
 Reflected from a single piece ;  
 To draw in fools, whose nat'ral itches 335  
 Incline perpetually to witches,  
 And keep me in continual fears,  
 And danger of my neck and ears ;  
 When less delinquents have been scourg'd,  
 And hemp on wooden anvils forg'd, 340  
 Which others for cravats have worn  
 About their necks, and took a turn.

I pity'd the sad punishment  
 The wretched caitiff underwent,

And held my drubbing of his bones 345  
 Too great an honour for pultrons ;  
 For knights are bound to feel no blows  
 From paltry and unequal foes,  
 Who, when they slash and cut to pieces,  
 Do all with civilest addresses : 350  
 Their horses never give a blow,  
 But when they make a leg and bow.  
 I therefore spar'd his flesh, and prest him  
 About the witch with many a question.  
 Quoth he, For many years he drove 355  
 A kind of broking-trade in love :  
 Employ'd in all th' intrigues and trust,  
 Of feeble speculative lust ;  
 Procurer to th' extravaganey  
 And crazy ribaldry of faney, 360  
 By those the devil had forsook,  
 As things below him, to provoke ;  
 But b'ing a virtuoso, able  
 To smatter, quaek, and cant, and dabble,  
 He held his talent most adroit, 365  
 For any mystical exploit,  
 As others of his tribe had done,  
 And rais'd their prices three to one :  
 For one predicting pimp has th' odds  
 Of ehaldrons of plain downright bawds. 370  
 But as an elf (the dev'l's valet)  
 Is not so slight a thing to get,  
 For those that do his bus'ness best,  
 In hell are us'd the ruggedest,  
 Before so meriting a person 375  
 Could get a grant, but in reversion,  
 He serv'd two prenticeships, and longer,

I' th' myst'ry of a lady-monger.  
 For (as some write) a witch's ghost,  
 As soon as from the body loos'd, 380  
 Becomes a puisney-imp itself,  
 And is another witch's elf.  
 He, after searching far and near,  
 At length found one in Lancashire,  
 With whom he bargain'd before-hand, 385  
 And, after hanging, entertain'd :  
 Since which h' has play'd a thousand feats,  
 And practis'd all mechanic cheats ;  
 Transform'd himself to th' ugly shapes  
 Of wolves, and bears, baboons, and apes, 390  
 Which he has vary'd more than witches,  
 Or Pharaoh's wizards, could their switches ;  
 And all with whom h' has had to do,  
 Turn'd to as monstrous figures too ;  
 Witness myself, whom h' has abus'd, 395  
 And to this beastly shape reduc'd,  
 By feeding me on beans and pease  
 He crams in nasty crevices,  
 And turns to comfits by his arts,  
 To make me relish for desserts, 400  
 And one by one, with shame and fear,  
 Lick up the candy'd provender.  
 Beside—But as h' was running on,  
 To tell what other feats h' had done,  
 The Lady stopt his full career, 405  
 And told him now 'twas time to hear.  
 If half those things (said she) be true—  
 They're all (quoth he), I swear by you :—  
 Why then (said she) that Sidrophel  
 Has damn'd himself to th' pit of hell, 410

Who, mounted on a broom, the nag  
 And hackney of a Lapland hag,  
 In quest of you came hither post,  
 Within an hour (I'm sure) at most,  
 Who told me all you swear and say, 415  
 Quite contrary another way ;  
 Vow'd that you came to him, to know  
 If you should carry me or no ;  
 And would have hir'd him and his imps,  
 To be your match-makers and pimps, 420  
 T' engage the devil on your side,  
 And steal (like Proserpine) your bride ;  
 But he disdain'g to embrace  
 So filthy a design and base,  
 You fell to vapouring and huffing, 425  
 And drew upon him like a ruffin ;  
 Surpris'd him meanly, unprepar'd,  
 Before h' had time to mount his guard,  
 And left him dead upon the ground,  
 With many a bruise and desp'rate wound : 430  
 Swore you had broke and robb'd his house,  
 And stole his talismanic louse,  
 And all his new-found old inventions,  
 With flat felonious intentions ;  
 Which he could bring out where he had, 435  
 And what he bought them for, and paid :  
 His flea, his morpion, and punese.  
 H' had gotten for his proper ease,  
 And all in perfect minutes made,  
 By th' ablest artist of the trade ; 440  
 Which (he could prove it) since he lost  
 He has been eaten up almost ;  
 And altogether might amount



To many hundreds on account :  
 For which h' had got sufficient warrant 445  
 To seize the malefactors errant,  
 Without capacity of bail,  
 But of a cart's or horse's tail ;  
 And did not doubt to bring the wretches  
 To serve for pendulums to watches ; 450  
 Which, modern virtuosis say,  
 Incline to hanging every way.  
 Beside, he swore, and swore 'twas true,  
 That ere he went in quest of you,  
 He set a figure to discover 455  
 If you were fled to Rye or Dover ;  
 And found it clear that, to betray  
 Yourselves and me, you fled this way ;  
 And that he was upon pursuit,  
 To take you somewhere hereabout. 460  
 He vow'd he had intelligence  
 Of all that pass'd before and since,  
 And found that, ere you came to him,  
 Y' had been engaging life and limb  
 About a case of tender conscience, 465  
 Where both abounded in your own sense,  
 Till Ralpho, by his light and grace,  
 Had clear'd all scruples in the case ;  
 And prov'd that you might swear and own  
 Whatever 's by the Wicked done ; 470  
 For which, most basely to requite  
 The service of his gifts and light,  
 You strove t' oblige him, by main force,  
 To scourge his ribs instead of yours ;  
 But that he stood upon his guard, 475  
 And all your vapouring out-dar'd ;

For which, between you both, the feat  
Has never been perform'd as yet.

While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight  
Turn'd th' outside of his eyes to white, 480  
(As men of inward light are wont  
To turn their optics in upon't);  
He wonder'd how she came to know  
What he had done, and meant to do:  
Held up his affidavit-hand, 485  
As if h' had been to be arraign'd;  
Cast towards the door a ghastly look,  
In dread of Sidrophel, and spoke:

Madam, if but one word be true  
Of all the wizard has told you, 490  
Or but one single circumstance  
In all th' apocryphal romance,  
May dreadful earthquakes swallow down  
This vessel, that is all your own;  
Or may the heavens fall and cover 495  
These reliques of your constant lover.

You have provided well (quoth she),  
(I thank you) for yourself and me,  
And shewn your Presbyterian wits  
Jump punctual with the Jesuits'; 500  
A most compendious way and civil,  
At once to cheat the world, the devil,  
And heaven and hell, yourselves, and those  
On whom you vainly think t' impose.

Why then (quoth he); may hell surprise— 505  
That trick (said she) will not pass twice:  
I've learn'd how far I'm to believe  
Your pinning oaths upon your sleeve;  
But there's a better way of clearing

What you would prove, than downright swearing ;  
 For if you have perform'd the feat, 511  
 The blows are visible as yet,  
 Enough to serve for satisfaction  
 Of nicest scruples in the action ;  
 And if you can produce those knobs, 515  
 Although they're but the witch's drubs,  
 I'll pass them all upon account,  
 As if your nat'ral self had done 't ;  
 Provided that they pass th' opinion  
 Of able juries of old women ; 520  
 Who, us'd to judge all matter of facts  
 For bellies, may do so for backs.

Madam (quoth he), your love's a million,  
 To do is less than to be willing,  
 As I am, werē it in my power 525  
 T' obey what you command, and more ;  
 But for performing what you bid,  
 I thank you as much as if I did.  
 You know I ought to have a care  
 To keep my wounds from taking air ; 530  
 For wounds in those that are all heart,  
 Are dangerous in any part.

I find (quoth she) my goods and chattels  
 Are like to prove but mere drawn battles ;  
 For still the longer we contend, 535  
 We are but farther off the end ;  
 But granting now we should agree,  
 What is it you expect from me ?

Your plighted faith (quoth he) and word  
 You pass'd in heaven on record, 540  
 Where all contracts, to have and t' hold,  
 Are everlastingly enroll'd ;

And if 'tis counted treason here  
To raze records, 'tis much more there.

Quoth she, There are no bargains driv'n, 545  
Nor marriages clapp'd up in heav'n,  
And that 's the reason, as some guess,  
There is no heav'n in marriages ;  
Two things that naturally press  
Too narrowly, to be at ease ; 550  
Their bus'ness there is only love,  
Which marriage is not like t' improve ;  
Love, that 's too generous t' abide  
To be against its nature ty'd ;  
For where 'tis of itself inclin'd, 555  
It breaks loose when it is confin'd,  
And like the soul, its harbourer,  
Debarr'd the freedom of the air,  
Disdains against its will to stay,  
But struggles out and flies away ; 560  
And therefore never can comply  
T' endure the matrimonial tie,  
That binds the female and the male,  
Where th' one is but the other's bail ;  
Like Roman gaolers, when they slept 565  
Chain'd to the prisoners they kept.  
Of which the true and faithful'st lover  
Gives best security to suffer.  
Marriage is but a beast some say,  
That carries double in foul way, 570  
And therefore 'tis not to b' admir'd  
It should so suddenly be tir'd :  
A bargain, at a venture made,  
Between two partners in a trade ;  
(For what 's inferr'd by t' have and t' hold, 575

But something past away, and sold?)  
 That, as it makes but one of two,  
 Reduces all things else as low;  
 And at the best is but a mart,  
 Between the one and th' other part, 580  
 That on the marriage-day is paid,  
 Or hour of death, the bet is laid;  
 And all the rest of better or worse,  
 Both are but losers out of purse:  
 For when upon their ungot heirs 585  
 Th' entail themselves, and all that's theirs,  
 What blinder bargain e'er was driv'n,  
 Or wager laid at six and sev'n?  
 To pass themselves away, and turn  
 Their children's tenants ere they're born? 590  
 Beg one another idiot  
 To guardians, ere they are begot;  
 Or ever shall, perhaps, by th' one  
 Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,  
 Though got b' implicit generation, 595  
 And gen'ral club of all the nation;  
 For which she's fortify'd no less  
 Than all the island, with four seas;  
 Exacts the tribute of her dower,  
 In ready insolence and power, 600  
 And makes him pass away, to have  
 And hold, to her, himself, her slave,  
 More wretched than an ancient villain,  
 Condemn'd to drudgery and tilling:  
 While all he does upon the by, 605  
 She is not bound to justify,  
 Nor at her proper cost and charge  
 Maintain the feats he does at large.

Such hideous sots were those obedient  
 Old vassals, to their ladies regent, 610  
 To give the cheats the eldest hand  
 In foul play, by the laws o' th' land ;  
 For which so many a legal cuckold  
 Has been run down in courts, and truckled :  
 A law that most unjustly yokes 615  
 All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Noakes,  
 Without distinction of degree,  
 Condition, age, or quality ;  
 Admits no pow'r of revocation,  
 Nor valuable consideration, . 620  
 Nor writ of Error, nor reverse  
 Of judgment past, for better or worse ;  
 Will not allow the privileges  
 That beggars challenge under hedges, 624  
 Who, when they're griev'd, can make dead horses  
 Their sp'ritual judges of divorces,  
 While nothing else but *rem in re*  
 Can set the proudest wretches free ;  
 A slavery beyond enduring,  
 But that 'tis of their own procuring. 628  
 As spiders never seek the fly,  
 But leave him of himself t' apply ;  
 So men are by themselves employ'd,  
 To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,  
 And run their necks into a noose, 635  
 They'd break 'em after to break loose.  
 As some whom death would not depart,  
 Have done the feat themselves by art :  
 Like Indian widows, gone to bed,  
 In flaming curtains, to the dead ; 640  
 And men as often dangled for 't,

And yet will never leave the sport.  
 Nor do the ladies want excuse  
 For all the stratagems they use,  
 To gain th' advantage of the set, 645  
 And lurch the amorous rook and cheat.  
 For as the Pythagorean soul  
 Runs through all beasts, and fish, and fowl,  
 And has a smack of ev'ry one,  
 So love does, and has ever done; 650  
 And therefore though 'tis ne'er so fond,  
 Takes strangely to the vagabond.  
 'Tis but an ague that 's reverst,  
 Whose hot fit takes the patient first,  
 That after burns with cold as much 655  
 As iron in Greenland does the touch;  
 Melts in the furnace of desire  
 Like glass, that 's but the ico of fire;  
 And when his heat of fancy's over,  
 Becomes as hard and frail a lover: 660  
 For when he 's with love-powder laden,  
 And prim'd and cock'd by Miss or Madam,  
 The smallest sparkle of an eye  
 Gives fire to his artillery,  
 And off the loud oaths go, but, while 665  
 They're in the very act, recoil:  
 Hence 'tis so few dare take their chance  
 Without a sep'rate maintenance;  
 And widows, who have try'd one lover,  
 Trust none again till they've made over; 670  
 Or if they do, before they marry  
 The foxes weigh the geese they carry;  
 And ere they venture o'er a stream,  
 Know how to size themselves and them.

Whence wittiest ladies always choose 675  
 To undertake the heaviest goose :  
 For now the world is grown so wary,  
 That few of either sex dare marry,  
 But rather trust on tick t' amours,  
 The cross and pile for bett'r or worse ; 680  
 A mode that is held honourable,  
 As well as French and fashionable:  
 For when it falls out for the best,  
 Where both are incommoded least,  
 In soul and body two unite 685  
 To make up one hermaphrodite ;  
 Still amorous, and fond, and billing,  
 Like Philip and Mary on a shilling,  
 They've more punctilios and capriches  
 Between the petticoat and breeches, 690  
 More petulant extravagances  
 Than poets make 'em in romances ;  
 Though when their heroes 'spouse the dames,  
 We hear no more of charms and flames ;  
 For then their late attracts decline 695  
 And turn as eager as prick'd wine ;  
 And all their caterwauling tricks,  
 In earnest to as jealous piques :  
 Which th' ancients wisely signify'd  
 By th' yellow manteaus of the bride ; 700  
 For jealousy is but a kind  
 Of clap and grincom of the mind,  
 The natural effects of love,  
 As other flames and aches prove :  
 But all the mischief is the doubt 705  
 On whose account they first broke out.  
 For though Chinesees go to bed



And lie-in, in their ladies' stead ;  
And, for the pains they took before,  
Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more ; 710  
Our green-men do it worse, when th' hap  
To fall in labour of a clap ;  
Both lay the child to one another,  
But who's the father ? who the mother ?  
'Tis hard to say in multitudes, 715  
Or who imported the French goods.  
But health and sickness b'ing all one,  
Which both engag'd before to own,  
And are not with their bodies bound  
To worship, only when they're sound ; 720  
Both give and take their equal shares  
Of all they suffer by false wares ;  
A fate no lover can divert  
With all his caution, wit, and art :  
For 'tis in vain to think to guess 725  
At women by appearances ;  
That paint and patch their imperfections,  
Of intellectual complexions,  
And daub their tempers o'er with washes  
As artificial as their faces : 730  
Wear, under vizard-masks, their talents  
And mother-wits, before their gallants ;  
Until they're hamper'd in the noose,  
Too fast to dream of breaking loose :  
When all the flaws they strove to hide 735  
Are made unready with the bride,  
That with her wedding clothes undresses  
Her complaisance and gentilleses ;  
Tries all her arts to take upon her  
The government from th' easy owner ; 740

Until the wretch is glad to wave  
 His lawful right, and turn her slave ;  
 Find all his having and his holding  
 Reduc'd t' eternal noise and scolding ;  
 The conjugal petard, that tears 745  
 Down all portcullises of ears,  
 And makes the volley of one tongue  
 For all their leathern shields too strong ;  
 When only arm'd with noise and nails,  
 The female silk-worms ride the males ; 750  
 Transform 'em into rams and goats  
 Like Syrens, with their charming notes ;  
 Sweet as a screech-owl's serenade,  
 Or those enchanting murmurs made  
 By th' husband mandrake, and the wife, 755  
 Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.

Quoth he, These reasons are but strains  
 Of wanton, over-heated brains,  
 Which ralliers in their wit or drink  
 Do rather wheedle with, than think. 760  
 Man was not man in Paradise,  
 Until he was created twice ;  
 And had his better half, his bride,  
 Carv'd from th' original, his side,  
 T' amend his natural defects, 765  
 And perfect his recruiting sex ;  
 Enlarge his breed at once, and lessen  
 The pains and labour of increasing,  
 By changing them for other care ;  
 As by his dried-up paps appears. 770  
 His body, that stupendous frame,  
 Of all the world the anagram,  
 Is of two equal parts compact,

In shape and symmetry exact ;  
 Of which the left and female side 775  
 Is to the manly right a bride ;  
 Both join'd together with such art,  
 That nothing else but death can part.  
 Those heav'nly attracts of yours, your eyes,  
 And face, that all the world surprise, 780  
 That dazzle all that look upon ye,  
 And scorch all other ladies tawny ;  
 Those ravishing and charming graces,  
 Are all made up of two half faces,  
 That, in a mathematic line, 785  
 Like those in other heavens, join :  
 Of which, if either grew alone,  
 'Twould fright as much to look upon :  
 And so would that sweet bud, your lip,  
 Without the other's fellowship. 790  
 Our noblest senses act by pairs,  
 Two eyes to see ; to hear, two ears ;  
 Th' intelligencers of the mind,  
 To wait upon the soul design'd :  
 But those that serve the body' alone 795  
 Are single and confin'd to one.  
 The world is but two parts, that meet  
 And close at th' equinoctial fit ;  
 And so are all the works of Nature,  
 Stamp'd with her signature on matter ; 800  
 Which all her creatures, to a leaf,  
 Or smallest blade of grass, receive.  
 All which sufficiently declare  
 How entirely marriage is her care,  
 The only method that she uses 805  
 In all the wonders she produces ;

And those that take their rules from her  
 Can never be deceiv'd, nor err :  
 For what secures the civil life,  
 But pawns of children, and a wife? 810  
 That lie, like hostages, at stake,  
 To pay for all men undertake ;  
 To whom it is as necessary,  
 As to be born and breathe, to marry ;  
 So universal, all mankind 815  
 In nothing else is of one mind ;  
 For in what stupid age or nation  
 Was marriage ever out of fashion ?  
 Unless among the Amazons,  
 Or cloister'd Friars and vestal Nuns, 820  
 Or Stoics, who, to bar the freaks  
 And loose excesses of the sex,  
 Prepost'rously would have all women  
 Turn'd up to all the world in common.  
 Though men would find such mortal feuds 825  
 In sharing of their public goods,  
 'Twould put them to more charge of lives  
 Than they're supply'd with now by wives,  
 Until they graze, and wear their clothes,  
 As beasts do, of their native growths ; 830  
 For simple wearing of their horns  
 Will not suffice to serve their turns.  
 For what can we pretend t' inherit,  
 Unless the marriage-deed will bear it ?  
 Could claim no right to lands or rents, 835  
 But for our parents' settlements ;  
 Had been but younger sons o' th' earth,  
 Debarr'd it all, but for our birth.  
 What honours, or estates of peers,

Could be preserv'd but by their heirs? 840  
 And what security maintains  
 Their right and title, but the banns?  
 What crowns could be hereditary,  
 If greatest monarchs did not marry,  
 And with their consorts consummate 845  
 Their weightiest interests of state?  
 For all th' amours of princes are  
 But guarantees of peace or war.  
 Or what but marriage has a charm,  
 The rage of empires to disarm? 850  
 Make blood and desolation cease,  
 And fire and sword unite in peace;  
 When all their fierce contests for forage  
 Conclude in articles of marriage,  
 Nor does the genial bed provide 855  
 Less for the int'rests of the bride,  
 Who else had not the least pretence  
 T' as much as due benevolence;  
 Could no more title take upon her  
 To virtue, quality, and honour, 860  
 Than ladies errant unconfin'd,  
 And femme-coverts to all mankind.  
 All women would be of one piece,  
 The virtuous matron, and the miss;  
 The nymphs of chaste Diana's train, 865  
 The same with those in Lewkner's lane;  
 But for the diff'rence marriage makes  
 'Twixt wives and ladies of the Lakes:  
 Besides the joys of place and birth,  
 The sex's paradise on earth, 870  
 A privilege so sacred held  
 That none will to their mothers yield,

But, rather than not go before,  
Abandon heaven at the door :  
And if th' indulgent law allows 875  
A greater freedom to the spouse,  
The reason is, because the wife  
Runs greater hazards of her life ;  
Is trusted with the form and matter  
Of all mankind, by careful Nature ; 880  
Where man brings nothing but the stuff  
She frames the wondrous fabric of ;  
Who therefore, in a strait, may freely  
Demand the elergy of her belly ;  
And make it save her the same way 885  
It seldom misses to betray,  
Unless both parties wisely enter  
Into the Liturgy indenture.  
And though some fits of small contest  
Sometimes fall out among the best, 890  
That is no more than every lover  
Does from his hackney-lady suffer ;  
That makes no breach of faith and love,  
But rather sometimes serves t' improve :  
For as, in running, every pace 895  
Is but between two legs a race,  
In which both do their uttermost  
To get before and win the post,  
Yet, when they're at their races' ends,  
They're still as kind and constant friends, 900  
And, to relieve their weariness,  
By turns give one another ease ;  
So all those false alarms of strife  
Between the husband and the wife,  
And little quarrels, often prove 905

To be but new recruits of love,  
 When those who 're always kind or coy  
 In time must either tire or cloy.  
 Nor are their loudest clamours more  
 Than as they're relish'd sweet or sour ; 910  
 Like music, that proves bad or good  
 According as 'tis understood.  
 In all amours a lover burns  
 With frowns, as well as smiles, by turns ;  
 And hearts have been as oft with sullen, 915  
 As charming looks, surpris'd and stolen :  
 Then why should more bewitching clamour  
 Some lovers not as much enamour ?  
 For discords make the sweetest airs,  
 And curses are a kind of pray'rs ; 920  
 Two slight alloys for all those grand  
 Felicities by marriage gain'd :  
 For nothing else has power to settle  
 The interests of love perpetual.  
 An act and deed that makes one heart 925  
 Become another's counterpart,  
 And passes fines on faith and love,  
 Inroll'd and register'd above,  
 To seal the slippery knots of vows,  
 Which nothing else but death can loose. 930  
 And what security 's too strong  
 To guard that gentle heart from wrong  
 That to its friend is glad to pass  
 Itself away and all it has,  
 And, like an anchorite, gives over 935  
 This world for th' heaven of a lover ?

I grant (quoth she) there are some few  
 Who take that course, and find it true,

But millions whom the same does sentenee  
 To heav'n b' another way, repentance. 940  
 Love's arrows are but shot at rovers,  
 Though all they hit they turn to lovers,  
 And all the weighty consequents  
 Depend upon more blind events  
 Than gamesters, when they play a set 945  
 With greatest cunning at Piquet,  
 Put out with caution, but take in  
 They know not what, unsight, unseen.  
 For what do lovers, when they're fast  
 In one another's arms embrac'd, 950  
 But strive to plunder, and convey  
 Each other, like a prize, away?  
 To change the property of selves,  
 As sueking children are by elves?  
 And if they use their persons so, 955  
 What will they to their fortunes do?  
 Their fortunes! the perpetual aims  
 Of all their ecstasies and flames.  
 For when the money's on the book,  
 And 'All my worldly goods' but spoke 960  
 (The formal livery and seisin  
 That puts a lover in possession),  
 To that alone the bridegroom's wedded,  
 The bride a flam that's superseded:  
 To that their faith is still made good, 965  
 And all the oaths to us they vow'd;  
 For when we once resign our pow'rs,  
 We've nothing left we can call ours;  
 Our money's now become the Miss  
 Of all your lives and services, 970  
 And we, forsaken and postpon'd,



But bawds to what before we own'd ;  
 Which, as it made y' at first gallant us,  
 So now hires others to supplant us,  
 Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors 975  
 (As we had been) for new amours.  
 For what did ever heiress yet,  
 By being born to lordships, get ?  
 When, the more lady she 's of manors,  
 She 's but expos'd to more trepanners, 980  
 Pays for their projects and designs,  
 And for her own destruction fines ;  
 And does but tempt them with her riches,  
 To use her as the dev'l does witches,  
 Who takes it for a special grace 985  
 To be their cully for a space,  
 That, when the time 's expir'd, the drazels  
 For ever may become his vassals ;  
 So she, bewitch'd by rooks and spirits,  
 Betrays herself and all sh' inherits ; 990  
 Is bought and sold, like stolen goods,  
 By pimps, and match-makers, and bawds ;  
 Until they force her to convey  
 And steal the thief himself away.  
 These are the everlasting fruits 995  
 Of all your passionate love-suits,  
 Th' effects of all your am'rous fancies  
 To portions and inheritances ;  
 Your love-sick rapture, for fruition  
 Of dowry, jointure, and tuition ; 1000  
 To which you make address and courtship,  
 And with your bodies strive to worship,  
 That th' infant's fortunes may partake  
 Of love too for the mother's sake.

For these you play at purposes, 1005  
 And love your loves with A's and B's ;  
 For these at Beste and L'Ombre woo,  
 And play for love and money too :  
 Strive who shall be the ablest man  
 At right gallanting of a fan ; 1010  
 And who the most genteelly bred  
 At sucking of a vizard-bead ;  
 How best t' accost us in all quarters,  
 T' our question-and-command new garters ;  
 And solidly discourse upon 1015  
 All sorts of dresses *pro* and *con* :  
 For there's no mystery nor trade  
 But in the art of love is made ;  
 And when you have more debts to pay  
 Than Michaelmas and Lady-day, 1020  
 And no way possible to do 't  
 But love and oaths, and restless suit,  
 To us y' apply to pay the scores  
 Of all your eully'd past amours ;  
 Act o'er your flames and darts again, 1025  
 And charge us with your wounds and pain,  
 Which others' influences long since  
 Have charm'd your noses with and shins,  
 For which the surgeon is unpaid,  
 And like to be without our aid. 1030  
 Lord ! what an am'rous thing is want !  
 How debts and mortgages enchant !  
 What graces must that lady have  
 That can from executions save !  
 What charms that can reverse extent, 1035  
 And null decree and exigent !  
 What magical attracts and graces

That can redeem from *Scire facias*!  
 From bonds and statutes can discharge,  
 And from contempts of courts enlarge! 1040  
 These are the highest excellences  
 Of all your true or false pretences;  
 And you would damn yourselves, and swear  
 As much t' an hostess dowager,  
 Grown fat and pury by retail 1045  
 Of pots of beer and bottled ale,  
 And find her fitter for your turn,  
 For fat is wondrous apt to burn;  
 Who at your flames would soon take fire,  
 Relent, and melt to your desire, 1050  
 And, like a candle in the socket,  
 Dissolve her graces int' your pocket.

By this time 'twas grown dark and late,  
 When they' heard a knocking at the gate,  
 Laid on in haste, with such a powder, 1055  
 The blows grew louder still and louder;  
 Which Hudibras, as if they'd been  
 Bestow'd as freely on his skin,  
 Expounding by his inward light,  
 Or rather more prophetic fright, 1060  
 To be the Wizard come to search,  
 And take him napping in the lurch,

<sup>1053</sup> <sup>1054</sup> The persons who knocked at the gate were, probably, two of the lady's own servants: for as she and Ralpho (who all the time lay in ambuscade) had been descanting on the Knight's villainies, so they had undoubtedly laid this scheme to be revenged of him: the servants were disguised, and acted in a bold and hectoring manner, pursuant to the instructions given them by the Widow. The Knight was to be made believe they were Sidrophel and Whachum, which made his fright and consternation so great that we find him falling into a swoon.

Turn'd pale as ashes or a clout,  
 But why or wherefore is a doubt;  
 For men will tremble, and turn paler, 1065  
 With too much or too little valour.

His heart laid on, as if it try'd  
 To force a passage through his side,  
 Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait'em,  
 But in a fury to fly at'em; 1070  
 And therefore beat and laid about,  
 To find a cranny to creep out.

But she, who saw in what a taking  
 The Knight was by his furious quaking,  
 Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight, 1075  
 Know I'm resolv'd to break no rite  
 Of hospital'ty to a stranger,

But, to secure you out of danger,  
 Will here myself stand sentinel  
 To guard this pass 'gainst Sidrophel. 1080  
 Women, you know, do seldom fail  
 To make the stoutest men turn tail,  
 And bravely scorn to turn their backs  
 Upon the desp'ratest attacks.

At this the Knight grew resolute 1085  
 As Ironside or Hardiknute;  
 His fortitude began to rally,  
 And out he cry'd aloud to sally:  
 But she besought him to convey  
 His courage rather out o' th' way, 1090  
 And lodge in ambush on the floor,  
 Or fortify'd behind a door,  
 That, if the enemy should enter,

<sup>1086</sup> Two famous and valiant princes of this country, the one a Saxon, the other a Dane.

He might relieve her in th' adventure.

Meanwhile they knock'd against the door 1095

As fierce as at the gate before ;

Which made the renegado Knight

Relapse again t' his former fright.

He thought it desperate to stay

Till th' enemy had forc'd his way, 1100

But rather post himself, to serve

The Lady for a fresh reserve.

His duty was not to dispute,

But what sh' had order'd execute ;

Which he resolv'd in haste t' obey, 1105

And therefore stoutly march'd away,

And all h' encounter'd fell upon,

Though in the dark, and all alone ;

Till fear, that braver feats performs

Than ever courage dar'd in arms, 1110

Had drawn him up before a pass,

To stand upon his guard, and face :

This he courageously invaded,

And, having enter'd, barricaded ;

Ensconc'd himself as formidable 1115

As could be underneath a table,

Where he lay down in ambush close,

T' expect th' arrival of his foes.

Few minutes he had lain perdue,

To guard his desp'rate avenue, 1120

Before he heard a dreadful shout,

As loud as putting to the rout,

With which impatiently alarm'd,

He fancy'd th' enemy had storm'd,

And, after ent'ring, Sidrophel 1125

Was fall'n upon the guards pell-mell :

He therefore sent out all his senses  
 To bring him in intelligences,  
 Which vulgars, out of ignorance,  
 Mistake for falling in a trance ; 1130  
 But those that trade in geomancy  
 Affirm to be the strength of fancy,  
 In which the Lapland Magi deal,  
 And things incredible reveal.

Meanwhile the foe beat up his quarters, 1135  
 And storm'd the outworks of his fortress ;  
 And as another of the same

• Degree and party in arms and fame,  
 That in the same cause had engag'd,  
 And war with equal conduct wag'd, 1140  
 By vent'ring only but to thrust  
 His head a span beyond his post,  
 B' a general of the Cavaliers  
 Was dragg'd through a window by the ears ;  
 So he was serv'd in his redoubt, 1145  
 And by the other end pull'd out.

Soon as they had him at their merey,  
 They put him to the cudgel fiercely,  
 As if they scorn to trade or barter,  
 By giving or by taking quarter ; 1150  
 They stoutly on his quarters laid,  
 Until his scouts came in t' his aid :  
 For when a man is past his sense,  
 There 's no way to reduce him thence  
 But twinging him by th' ears or nose, 1155  
 Or laying on of heavy blows ;  
 And, if that will not do the deed,  
 To burning with hot irons proceed.

No sooner was he come t' himself,

But on his neck a sturdy elf 1163  
 Clapp'd, in a trice, his cloven hoof,  
 And thus attack'd him with reproof:

Mortal, thou art betray'd to us  
 B' our friend, thy evil genius,  
 Who, for thy horrid perjuries, 1165  
 Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,  
 The Brethren's privilege (against  
 The Wicked), on themselves, the Saints,  
 Has here thy wretched carcass sent  
 For just revenge and punishment, 1170  
 Which thou hast now no way to lessen  
 But by an open, free confession ;  
 For if we catch thee failing once,  
 'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.

What made thee venture to betray 1175  
 And filch the Lady's heart away,  
 To spirit her to matrimony?—  
 That which contracts all matches, money.  
 It was th' enchantment of her riches  
 That made m' apply t' your crony witches ; 1180  
 That in return would pay th' expense,  
 The wear and tear of conscience,  
 Which I could have patch'd up and turn'd  
 For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.—

Didst thou not love her then ? speak true.—  
 No more (quoth he) than I love you.— 1186

How would'st th' have us'd her and her money?—  
 First turn'd her up to alimony,  
 And laid her dowry out in law  
 To null her jointure with a flaw, 1190  
 Which I beforehand had agreed  
 T' have put on purpose in the deed,

And bar her widow's making over  
T' a friend in trust, or private lover.—

What made thee pick and choose her out 1195  
T' employ their sorceries about?—  
That which makes gamesters play with those  
Who have least wit, and most to lose.—

But didst thou scourge thy vessel thus,  
As thou hast damn'd thyself to us? 1200

I see you take me for an ass :  
'Tis true, I thought the trick would pass  
Upon a woman well enough,  
As 't has been often found by proof,  
Whose humours are not to be won 1205  
But when they are impos'd upon ;  
For love approves of all they do  
That stand for candidates, and woo.—

Why didst thou forge those shameful lies  
Of bears and witches in disguise?— 1210

That is no more than authors give  
The rabble credit to believe ;  
A trick of following their leaders  
To entertain their gentle readers :  
And we have now no other way 1215  
Of passing all we do or say ;  
Which, when 'tis natural and true,  
Will be believ'd b' a very few,  
Beside the danger of offence,  
The fatal enemy of sense.— 1220

Why didst thou choose that cursed sin,  
Hypocrisy, to set up in ?

Because it is the thriving'st calling,  
The only saints'-bell that rings all in ,  
In which all Churches are concern'd, 1225



And is the easiest to be learn'd :  
 For no degrees, unless they employ 't,  
 Can ever gain much or enjoy 't :  
 A gift that is not only able  
 To domineer among the rabble, 1330  
 But by the laws impower'd to rout  
 And awe the greatest that stand out ;  
 Which few hold forth against, for fear  
 Their hands should slip and come too near ;  
 For no sin else, among the Saints, 1235  
 Is taught so tenderly against.—

What made thee break thy plighted vows ?—  
 That which makes others break a house,  
 And hang, and scorn you all, before  
 Endure the plague of being poor. 1240

Quoth he, I see you have more tricks  
 Than all our doting politics,  
 That are grown old and out of fashion,  
 Compar'd with your new Reformation ;  
 That we must come to school to you 1245  
 To learn your more refin'd and new.

Quoth he, If you will give me leave  
 To tell you what I now perceive,  
 You'll find yourself an errant chouse  
 If y' were but at a Meeting-house. 1250

'Tis true (quoth he), we ne'er come there,  
 Because w' have let 'em out by th' year.

Truly (quoth he), you can't imagine  
 What wondrous things they will engage in ;  
 That as your fellow fiends in hell 1255  
 Were angels all before they fell,  
 So are you like to be agen  
 Compar'd with th' angels of us men.

Quoth he, I am resolv'd to be  
 Thy scholar in this mystery ; 1260  
 And therefore first desire to know  
 Some principles on which you go.

What makes a knave a child of God,  
 And one of us?—A livelihood.—

What renders beating out of brains 1265  
 And murder godliness?—Great gains.

What's tender conscience?—'Tis a botch  
 That will not bear the gentlest touch ;  
 But, breaking out, dispatches more  
 Than th' epidemical'st plague-sore. 1270

What makes y' encroach upon our trade,  
 And damn all others?—To be paid.—

What's orthodox and true believing  
 Against a conscience?—A good living.

What makes rebelling against kings 1275  
 A good old Cause?—Administ'rings.

What makes all doctrines plain and clear?—  
 About two hundred pounds a-year.

And that which was prov'd true before  
 Prove false again?—Two hundred more. 1280

What makes the breaking of all oaths  
 A holy duty?—Food and clothes.

What laws and freedom, persecution?—  
 B'ing out of power and contribution.

What makes a church a den of thieves?— 1285  
 A Dean and Chapter and white sleeves.

And what would serve, if those were gone,  
 To make it orthodox?—Our own.

What makes morality a crime  
 The most notorious of the time ; 1290  
 Morality, which both the Saints

And Wicked too cry out against?—

'Cause grace and virtue are within  
Prohibited degrees of kin;

And therefore no true Saint allows

1295

They shall be suffer'd to espouse;

For Saints can need no conscience

That with morality dispense;

As virtue's impious when 'tis rooted

In nature only, and not imputed:

1300

But why the Wicked should do so

We neither know, nor care to do.

What's liberty of conscience,

I' th' natural and genuine sense?—

'Tis to restore with more security

1305

Rebellion to its ancient purity;

And Christian-liberty reduce

To th' elder practice of the Jews:

For a large conscience is all one,

And signifies the same with none.

1310

It is enough (quoth he) for once,

And has repriev'd thy forfeit bones:

Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick

(Though he gave his name to our Old Nick)

But was below the least of these

1315

That pass i' th' world for holiness.

This said, the Furies and the light

In th' instant vanish'd out of sight,

And left him in the dark alone,

With stinks of brimstone and his own.

1320

The Queen of Night, whose large command

Rules all the sea and half the land,

And over moist and crazy brains,

In high spring-tides, at midnight reigns,

Was now declining to the west, 1325  
 To go to bed and take her rest ;  
 When Hudibras, whose stubborn blows  
 Deny'd his bones that soft repose,  
 Lay still, expecting worse and more,  
 Stretch'd out at length upon the floor ; 1330  
 And, though he shut his eyes as fast  
 As if h' had been to sleep his last,  
 Saw all the shapes that fear or wizards  
 Do make the devil wear for vizards,  
 And, pricking up his ears to hark 1335  
 If he could hear too in the dark,  
 Was first invaded with a groan,  
 And after, in a feeble tone,  
 These trembling words : Unhappy wretch !  
 What hast thou gotten by this fetch, 1340  
 Or all thy tricks, in this new trade,  
 Thy holy Brotherhood o' th' blade ?  
 By saunt'ring still on some adventure,  
 And growing to thy horse a Centaur ?  
 To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs 1345  
 Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs ?  
 For still th' hast had the worst on 't yet,  
 As well in conquest as defeat.  
 Night is the sabbath of mankind,  
 To rest the body and the mind, 1350  
 Which now thou art deny'd to keep,  
 And cure thy labour'd corpse with sleep.  
 The Knight, who heard the words, explain'd  
 As meant to him this reprimand,  
 Because the character did hit 1355  
 Point-blank upon his case so fit ;  
 Believ'd it was some drolling spright

That stay'd upon the guard that night,  
 And one of those h' had seen, and felt  
 The drubs he had so freely dealt ;

1360

When, after a short pause and groan,  
 The doleful Spirit thus went on :

This 'tis t' engage with Dogs and Bears  
 Pell-mell together by the ears,

And, after painful bangs and knocks,

1365

To lie in limbo in the stocks,

And from the pinnacle of glory

Fall headlong into purgatory—

(Thought he, This devil 's full of malice,  
 That on my late disaster rallies ;)—

1370

Condemn'd to whipping, but declin'd it,

By being more heroic-minded ;

And at a riding handled worse,

With treats more slovenly and coarse ;

Engag'd with fiends in stubborn wars,

1375

And hot disputes with conjurers ;

And, when th' hadst bravely won the day,

Wast fain to steal thyself away—

(I see, thought he, this shameless elf

Would fain steal me too from myself,

1380

That impudently dares to own

What I have suffer'd for and done)—

And now, but vent'ring to betray,

Hast met with vengeance the same way.

Thought he, How does the devil know

1385

What 'twas that I design'd to do ?

His office of intelligence,

His oracles are ceas'd long since ;

And he knows nothing of the Saints,

But what some treach'rous spy acquaints.

1390

This is some pettifogging fiend,  
 Some under door-keeper's friend's friend,  
 That undertakes to understand,  
 And juggles at the second-hand,  
 And now would pass for Spirit Po, 1395  
 And all men's dark concerns foreknow.

I think I need not fear him for 't;  
 These rallying devils do no hurt.  
 With that he rous'd his drooping heart,  
 And hastily cry'd out, What art? 1400

A wretch (quoth he) whom want of grace  
 Has brought to this unhappy place.—

I do believe thee, quoth the Knight;  
 Thus far I'm sure thou'rt in the right,  
 And know what'tis that troubles thee 1405  
 Better than thou hast guess'd of me.

Thou art some paltry blackguard spright,  
 Condemn'd to drudg'ry in the night;  
 Thou hast no work to do in th' house,  
 Nor halfpenny to drop in shoes; 1410

Without the raising of which sum  
 You dare not be so troublesome,  
 To pinch the slatterns black and blue,  
 For leaving you their work to do.

This is your bus'ness, good Pug-Robin, 1415  
 And your diversion dull dry bobbing,  
 T' entice fanatics in the dirt,  
 And wash 'em clean in ditches for 't;

Of which conceit you are so proud,  
 At ev'ry jest you laugh aloud, 1420  
 As now you would have done by me,  
 But that I barr'd your raillery.

Sir (quoth the Voice), y' are no such sophy

As you would have world judge of ye.  
 If you design to weigh our talents 1425  
 I' th' standard of your own false balance,  
 Or think it possible to know  
 Us ghosts, as well as we do you,  
 We who have been the everlasting  
 Companions of your drubs and basting, 1430  
 And never left you in contest,  
 With male or female, man or beast,  
 But prov'd as true t' ye, and entire,  
 In all adventures as your Squire.

Quoth he, That may be said as true 1435  
 By th' idlest pug of all your crew :  
 For none could have betray'd us worse  
 Than those allies of ours and yours.  
 But I have sent him for a token  
 To your low country Hogen-Mogen, 1440  
 To whose infernal shores I hope  
 He'll swing like skippers in a rope :  
 And if y' have been more just to me  
 (As I am apt to think) than he,  
 I am afraid it is as true 1445  
 What th' ill-affected say of you ;  
 Y' have 'spous'd the Covenant and Cause,  
 By holding up your cloven paws.

Sir (quoth the Voice), 'tis true I grant,  
 We made and took the Covenant ; 1450  
 But that no more concerns the Cause,  
 Than other perj'ries do the laws,  
 Which, when they're prov'd in open court,  
 Wear wooden peccadilloes for 't :  
 And that's the reason Cov'nanters 1455  
 Hold up their hands, like rogues at bars.

I see (quoth Hudibras) from whence  
 These scandals of the Saints commence,  
 That are but natural effects  
 Of Satan's malice and his sects. 1460  
 Those spider-saints that hang by threads  
 Spun out o' th' entrails of their heads.  
 Sir (quoth the Voice), that may as true  
 And properly be said of you,  
 Whose talents may compare with either, 1465  
 Or both the other put together :  
 For all the Independents do  
 Is only what you forc'd 'em to ;  
 You, who are not content alone  
 With tricks to put the devil down, 1470  
 But must have armies rais'd to back  
 The gospel-work you undertake ;  
 As if artillery and edge-tools  
 Were th' only engines to save souls :  
 While he, poor devil, has no pow'r 1475  
 By force to run down and devour ;  
 Has ne'er a Classis, cannot sentence  
 To stools, or poundage of repentance ;  
 Is ty'd up only to design  
 T' entice, and tempt, and undermine : 1480  
 In which you all his arts outdo,  
 And prove yourselves his betters too.  
 Hence 'tis possessions do less evil  
 Than mere temptations of the devil,  
 Which all the horrid'st actions done 1485  
 Are charg'd in courts of law upon ;  
 Because, unless they help the elf,  
 He can do little of himself ;  
 And therefore where he 's best possess



Acts most against his interest ; 1490  
 Surprises none but those who 've priests  
 To turn him out, and exorcists,  
 Supply'd with spiritual provision,  
 And magazines of ammunition ;  
 With crosses, relics, crucifixes, 1495  
 Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes ;  
 The tools of working out salvation  
 By mere mechanic operation :  
 With holy water, like a sluice,  
 To overflow all avenues : 1500  
 But those who 're utterly unarm'd,  
 T' oppose his entrance if he storm'd,  
 He never offers to surprise,  
 Although his falsest enemies ;  
 But is content to be their drudge, 1505  
 And on their errands glad to 'trudge :  
 For where are all your forfeitures  
 Intrusted in safe hands, but ours ?  
 Who are but jailors of the holes  
 And dungeons where you clap up souls ; 1510  
 Like under-keepers, turn the keys  
 T' your mittimus anathemas,  
 And never boggle to restore  
 The members you deliver o'er,  
 Upon demand, with fairer justice 1515  
 Than all your covenanting Trustees ;  
 Unless, to punish them the worse,  
 You put them in the secular pow'rs,  
 And pass their souls, as some demise  
 The same estate in mortgage twice ; 1520  
 When to a legal utlegation  
 You turn your excommunication,

And for a groat unpaid that 's due,  
Distrain on soul and body too.

Thought he, 'Tis no mean part of civil      1523  
State-prudence, to cajole the devil,  
And not to handle him too rough,  
When h' has us in his cloven hoof.

'Tis true (quoth he), that intercourse  
Has pass'd between your friends and ours,      1530  
That, as you trust us, in our way,  
To raise your members and to lay,  
We send you others of our own,  
Denounc'd to hang themselves or drown,  
Or, frighted with our oratory,      1535  
To leap down headlong many a story ;  
Have us'd all means to propagate  
Your mighty interests of state,  
Laid out our sp'ritual gifts to further  
Your great designs of rage and murder :      1540  
For if the Saints are nam'd from blood,  
We only 've made that title good ;  
And, if it were but in our power,  
We should not scruple to do more,  
And not be half a soul behind      1545  
Of all Dissenters of mankind.

Right (quoth the Voice), and, as I scorn  
To be ungrateful, in return  
Of all those kind good offices,  
I 'll free you out of this distress,      1550  
And set you down in safety, where  
It is no time to tell you here.  
The cock crows, and the morn draws on,  
When 'tis decreed I must be gone ;  
And if I leave you here till day,      1555

You'll find it hard to get away.

With that the Spirit grop'd about  
 To find th' enchanted hero out,  
 And try'd with haste to lift him up,  
 But found his forlorn hope, his crup, 1560  
 Unserviceable with kicks and blows  
 Receiv'd from harden'd-hearted foes.  
 He thought to drag him by the heels,  
 Like Gresham-carts with legs for wheels ;  
 But fear, that soonest cures those sores, 1565  
 In danger of relapse to worse,  
 Came in t' assist him with its aid,  
 And up his sinking vessel weigh'd.  
 No sooner was he fit to trudge,  
 But both made ready to dislodge ; 1570  
 The Spirit hors'd him like a sack,  
 Upon the vehicle his back,  
 And bore him headlong into th' hall,  
 With some few rubs against the wall ;  
 Where, finding out the postern lock'd, 1575  
 And th' avenues as strongly block'd,  
 H' attack'd the window, storm'd the glass,  
 And in a moment gain'd the pass ;  
 Through which he dragg'd the worsted soldier's  
 Fore-quarters out by th' head and shoulders, 1580  
 And cautiously began to scout  
 To find their fellow-cattle out ;  
 Nor was it half a minute's quest  
 Ere he retriev'd the champion's beast,  
 Ty'd to a pale, instead of rack, 1585  
 But ne'er a saddle on his back,  
 Nor pistols at the saddle bow,

<sup>1575</sup> VAR. 'th' outer postern.'

Convey'd away, the Lord knows how.  
 He thought it was no time to stay,  
 And let the night, too, steal away; 1590  
 But in a trice advanc'd the Knight  
 Upon the bare ridge, bolt upright,  
 And, groping out for Ralpho's jade,  
 He found the saddle, too, was stray'd,  
 And, in the place a lump of soap, 1595  
 On which he speedily leap'd up;  
 And, turning to the gate the rein,  
 He kick'd and cudgel'd on amain;  
 While Hudibras with equal hasto  
 On both sides laid about as fast, 1600  
 And spurr'd, as jockeys use to break,  
 Or padders to secure, a neck:  
 Where let us leave 'em for a time,  
 And to their Churches turn our rhyme;  
 To hold forth their declining state, 1605  
 Which now come near an even rate.

END OF VOL. I.

*Uniform with the Aldine Edition of the British Poets.  
In Ten Volumes, price 2s. 6d. each; or half morocco, 5s.*

# SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMATIC WORKS.

EDITED BY S. W. SINGER.

THIS Edition of Shakespeare, uniform with the Cheap Edition of the Aldine Poets, and printed in clear, readable type, is specially suited for the use of Members of Reading Societies, and all who wish to secure handiness of size without sacrificing legibility of text. The cheapness of the volumes places a recognised and scholarlike edition, well printed and neatly bound, within the reach of every one.

---

*Uniform with the above, price 2s. 6d.; or half morocco, 5s.*

## CRITICAL ESSAYS ON THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE.

By W. WATKISS LLOYD.

GIVING in a succinct form accounts of the origin and sources of the several plays as far as ascertainable, and a careful criticism of the subject-matter of each.

[For 'Opinions of the Press,' see over.]

---

LONDON: GEORGE BELL AND SONS,  
YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

*From the ACADEMY.*

‘The late Mr. Singer’s notes are of well-known excellence, learned but not pedantic, suggestive and informing without becoming trivial or intrusive. . . . He is no rash or lavish corrector of the text, though on occasion he is not found wanting. His chief service is his illustrations, and the charm of these is their freshness and variety. He draws water for himself straight from Elizabethan fountains—does not borrow it from his neighbour’s cistern. Each play has “Preliminary Remarks,” dealing with the date and the material, and like matters. The type of the text is of merciful size. Altogether this is a capital edition of its sort.’—*Prof. J. W. Hales.*

*From the SATURDAY REVIEW.*

‘The Aldine Edition of Shakespeare is of a small octavo size, convenient for carrying about, and is printed in good clear type. There is a biography of Shakespeare, introductions to each of the plays, and a series of footnotes, which are brief, practical, and to the point, and sufficient in number without becoming, as is the case with most notes, an irritating distraction to the reader.’

*From the NONCONFORMIST.*

‘An excellent though short life of the poet is given, and a succinct introduction to each play. Footnotes, done with knowledge and care, are also given, explanatory and illustrative of the text. The plays themselves are clearly printed in tolerably large type, and for a really elegant, portable edition, that can be easily held or carried, we could hardly think of anything better.’

*From the STANDARD.*

‘A cheap, compact, well-printed, and well-annotated edition of our greatest dramatic poet’s works.’

---

‘Mr. Lloyd’s Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare are of the highest repute.’—*The Academy.*

THE CHEAP EDITION  
OF  
THE ALDINE POETS.

*Fcap. 8vo. size, and neatly bound in cloth, 1s. 6d. per vol.*

- AKENSIDE. With Memoir by the Rev. A. Dyce, and additional Letters.
- BEATTIE. With Memoir by the Rev. A. Dyce.
- BURNS. With Memoir by Sir Harris Nicolas, and additional Copyright Pieces. 3 vols.
- BUTLER. With Memoir by the Rev. J. Mitford. 2 vols.
- CHAUCER. Edited by R. Morris, with Memoir by Sir Harris Nicolas. 6 vols.
- CHURCHILL. Tooke's Edition, revised, with Memoir by James Hannay. 2 vols.
- COLLINS. Edited, with Memoir, by W. Moy Thomas.
- COWPER, including his Translations. Edited, with Memoir and Copyright Pieces, by John Bruce, F.S.A. 3 vols.
- DRYDEN. With Memoir by the Rev. R. Hooper, F.S.A. Carefully revised. 5 vols.
- FALCONER. With Memoir by the Rev. J. Mitford.
- GOLDSMITH. With Memoir by the Rev. J. Mitford. Revised.
- GRAY. With Notes and Memoir by the Rev. John Mitford.
- KIRKE WHITE. With Memoir by Sir H. Nicolas.
- MILTON. With Memoir by the Rev. J. Mitford. 3 vols.
- PARNELL. With Memoir by the Rev. J. Mitford.
- POPE. With Memoir by the Rev. A. Dyce. 3 vols.
- PRIOR. With Memoir by the Rev. J. Mitford. 2 vols.
- SHAKESPEARE'S POEMS. With Memoir by Rev. A. Dyce.
- SPENSER. Edited, with Memoir, by J. Payne Collier. 5 vols.
- SURREY. Edited, with Memoir, by James Yeowell.
- SWIFT. With Memoir by Rev. J. Mitford. 3 vols.
- THOMSON. With Memoir by Sir H. Nicolas, annotated by Peter Cunningham, F.S.A., and additional Poems. 2 vols.
- WYATT. Edited, with Memoir, by James Yeowell.
- YOUNG. With Memoir by the Rev. J. Mitford, and additional Poems. 2 vols.

*Uniform Edition, in 4 vols. Crown 8vo.*

## CALVERLEY'S (C. S.) WORKS.

Vol. I.—LITERARY REMAINS. With Portrait and Memoir. Edited by Walter J. Sendall. 2nd Edition. 10s. 6d.

II.—VERSES AND FLY-LEAVES. New Edition. 7s. 6d.

III.—TRANSLATIONS into English and Latin, with additional pieces. 3rd Edition. 7s. 6d.

IV.—THEOCRITUS, translated into English Verse. 2nd Edition revised. 7s. 6d.

— FLY LEAVES. Original Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 14th Thousand. 3s. 6d.

— VERSES AND TRANSLATIONS. Original Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 11th Edition. 5s.

**BROWNING.** HANDBOOK TO ROBERT BROWNING'S WORKS. By MRS. SUTHERLAND ORR. 3rd Edition, with additions. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.

“Taken as a whole, this book—and it is no ordinary undertaking—bears evidence throughout of that courage, patience, knowledge, and research, and last, but not least, that lightness and firmness of hand which are essential in dealing with the work of a master whose art ranges so high, so wide, and so deep.”—*Academy*.

**STORIES FROM ROBERT BROWNING.** By FREDERIC M. HOLLAND, Author of “The Reign of the Stoics,” with an Introduction by MRS. SUTHERLAND ORR. Wide fcap. 4s. 6d.

*By Adelaide Anne Procter.*

**LEGENDS AND LYRICS.** Illustrated Edition, with Portrait, and Introduction by CHARLES DICKENS. 8th edition, 21s.

— Crown 8vo. Edition, complete, with new Portrait. 8s. 6d. 13th Thousand.

— First Series. 34th Thousand. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.—Second Series. 22nd Thousand. 5s.

— Cheap Edition, with 18 Illustrations. Fcap. 4to. double columns. Two Series. 1s. each. In 1 vol. limp cloth, 3s.

*By Coventry Patmore.*

**POETICAL WORKS.** Third and Cheap Edition, complete. 2 vols. fcap. 8vo. 9s.

**THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.** 6th Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.



"*Choice little volumes.*"—DAILY NEWS.

"*Perfect models of cheapness and excellence combined, and reflect the greatest credit on both editors and publishers.*"—THE LITERARY WORLD.

"*Very attractive little volumes, neatly bound, clearly printed on good paper, and admirably adapted for the pocket.*"—THE GLOBE.

"*Hardly enough can be said of the fine taste shown in their production in respect to paper, print, and binding, and of their remarkable cheapness.*"—THE NONCONFORMIST.

"*The contents are good, the printing and binding excellent. What more is wanted to secure success?*"—THE YORKSHIRE POST.

## CHISWICK SERIES.

*In fcap. 8vo, carefully printed and neatly bound.*

1. *ENGLISH SONNETS* by Living Writers. Selected and Arranged, with a Note on the History of the Sonnet by S. Waddington. 2nd edition, enlarged. 1s. 6d.
2. *ENGLISH SONNETS BY POETS OF THE PAST.* Selected and Arranged by S. Waddington. 1s. 6d.
- 3 and 4. *LEGENDS AND LYRICS.* By Adelaide A. Procter. First Series. With Introduction by Charles Dickens. 66th thousand. 3s. Second Series, 59th thousand. 3s.
5. *THE POEMS OF S. T. COLERIDGE.* 1s. 6d.
6. *THE POEMS OF GEORGE HERBERT.* 1s. 6d.
7. *FLORILEGIUM AMANTIS.* A Selection from Coventry Patmore's Works. Edited by Richard Garnett, LL.D. 2s.
8. *GREEK WIT:* A Collection of Smart Sayings and Anecdotes. Translated from Greek Prose Writers. By F. A. Paley, M.A., LL.D. 1s. 6d.
9. *LAMB'S TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE.* 2s.
10. *SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS AND POEMS.* 1s. 6d.

*Others in preparation.*

*"As might be expected from the publishers, these are valuable reprints, with nothing catchpenny about them."*—ATHENÆUM.

*"The selection is made with good judgment . . . the typography is choice and the paper of excellent quality."*—DAILY NEWS.

*". . . The little series is a promising advance in the excellent movement for good and cheap literature."*—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

*"Several shilling series of standard works in general literature have recently been put before the English reading public, but we know none to surpass, if any even to equal, this one."*—SCHOOLMASTER.

## BOHN'S SELECT LIBRARY OF STANDARD WORKS.

FORTY-ONE years ago MR. BOHN commenced that series of books which, in the opinion of Emerson, "have done for literature what railroads have done for internal intercourse." The continued favour in which the Libraries are still held is attested by the fact that they have been increased year by year, until they now number upwards of 700 volumes, and have had a sale from the commencement of about 4,000,000 volumes.

The proprietors, however, feel that a time has come at which they may make the more important works of standard literature accessible to a still larger section of the public, and with this object they are publishing, under the above title, a series of smaller and cheaper volumes, each complete as far as it goes, comprising select works of English and foreign literature.

The text will in all cases be printed without abridgment and where Introductions, Biographical Notices, and Notes

are likely to be of use to the student, they will be given. The volumes, well printed, and on good paper, are issued at 1s. 6d. in cloth and 1s. in paper wrapper.

*Now ready.*

1. BACON'S ESSAYS. With Introduction and Notes.
2. LESSING'S LAOKOON. BEASLEY'S Translation, revised with Introduction, Notes, &c., by EDWARD BELL, M.A.
3. DANTE'S INFERNO. Translated, with Notes, by REV. H. F. CARY.
4. GOETHE'S FAUST. Part I. Translated, with Introduction, by ANNA SWANWICK.
5. GOETHE'S BOYHOOD. Being Part I. of the Autobiography. Translated by J. OXENFORD.
6. SCHILLER'S MARY STUART and THE MAID OF ORLEANS. Translated by J. MELLISH and ANNA SWANWICK.
7. THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH. By the late DEAN ALFORD.
8. LIFE AND LABOURS OF THE LATE THOMAS BRASSEY. By SIR A. HELPS, K.C.B.
9. PLATO'S DIALOGUES—THE APOLOGY—CRITO—PHAEDON—PROTAGORAS. With Introductions.
10. MOLIÈRE'S PLAYS—THE MISER—TARTUFFE—THE SHOP-KEEPER TURNED GENTLEMAN. With brief Memoir.
11. GOETHE'S REINEKE FOX in English Hexameters, by A. ROGERS.
12. OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S PLAYS.
13. LESSING'S PLAYS—NATHAN THE WISE—MINNA VON BARNHELM.
14. PLAUTUS'S COMEDIES—THE TRINUMMUS—MENAECHEMI—AULULARIA—CAPTIVI.
15. WATERLOO DAYS. By C. A. EATON. With Preface and Notes by EDWARD BELL.

BOHN'S SELECT LIBRARY—*continued.*

16. DEMOSTHENES—ON THE CROWN. Translated by C. RANN KENNEDY.
17. THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.
18. OLIVER CROMWELL. By DR. REINHOLD PAULI.
19. THE PERFECT LIFE. By DR. CHANNING. Edited by his nephew, REV. W. H. CHANNING.
20. HORACE AT ATHENS, LADIES IN PARLIAMENT, and other pieces, by SIR G. OTTO TREVELYAN, BART.
21. DEFOE'S THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.
22. LIFE OF MAHOMET. By WASHINGTON IRVING.
23. HORACE'S ODES. Englished and imitated by various hands. Edited by C. W. F. COOPER.
24. BURKE'S ESSAY ON "THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL." With short Memoir.

*To be followed by*

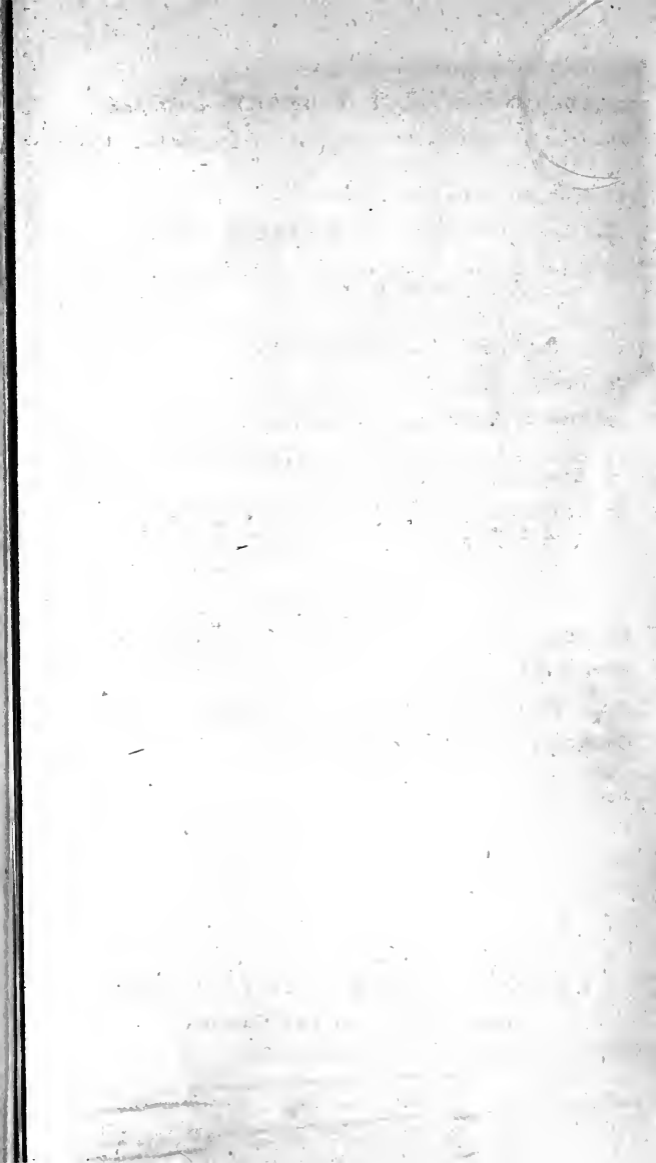
HAUFF'S "CARAVAN" AND "SHEIK OF ALEXANDRIA."

SHERIDAN'S PLAYS.

HARVEY'S TREATISE ON THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

CICERO'S FRIENDSHIP AND OLD AGE.

LONDON: GEORGE BELL AND SONS,  
YORK STREET. COVENT GARDEN.





PR            Butler, Samuel  
3338           Poetical works  
A1  
1866  
v.1  
cop.2

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE  
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

---

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

---

