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Wm. Kennedy





THE ALDINE EDITION  
OF THE BRITISH  
POETS



THE POEMS OF SAMUEL BUTLER

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL I

THE HISTORY OF THE  
CITY OF BOSTON

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT  
TO THE PRESENT TIME  
BY  
NATHANIEL BENTLEY  
OF THE BOSTON BAR  
AND  
GEOFFREY HENRY  
OF THE BOSTON BAR  
IN TWO VOLUMES  
VOL. I.



THE POETICAL WORKS OF  
SAMUEL BUTLER

VOLUME I



LONDON  
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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 Archimage 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 Pearee,<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 foelix:  
 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 (cxxxix), "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 comic 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 osten-

<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 watch'd 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. v. *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 tutelary 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 mispent 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 Menippeus, 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 assignes, 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 thoroughly 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-  
formist . . . . . 1704
- 8 Vulgus Britannicus; or, the British Hudibras, in  
fifteen cantos, &c. by the Author of the London  
Spy, second edition . . . . . 1710
- 9 Hudibras Redivivus, &c. by E. Ward, no date.
- 10 The Republican Procession; or, the Tumultuous  
Cavalcade, second edition . . . . . 1714
- 11 The Hudibrastic Brewer, a satire on the former  
(No. 1C) . . . . . 1714
- 12 Four Hudibrastic Cantos, being poems on four of  
the greatest heroes . . . . . 1715
- 13 Posthumous Works in Prose and Verse of Mr. S.  
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, Hesperinesographia, 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 be 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 houre,  
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 taverne 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 scource, 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  
thinks, 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 employed 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 studyed 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 change 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.





## 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.\*

**W**HEN 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>75</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 :

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<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 'Angelic 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>151</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>155 156</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

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

<sup>181</sup> 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</sup> <sup>194</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, Holland, 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</sup> <sup>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</sup> <sup>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>235 236</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 'Græfe 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 case,  
 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-caves,  
 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 knowing 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 ;

<sup>465</sup> VAR. 'His wits were sent him.'

<sup>487</sup> <sup>488</sup> 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 525

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 Rosierueian 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 jogged  
 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 Vickars,  
 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 'mplore,  
 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 we 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 heroical 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 Privilege, 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, whatsoe'er  
 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 *homœosis*, 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 diff'rent specieses.  
 But, Ralpho, this is no fit place, 865  
 Nor time, to argue out the case ;

861 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 ;

71 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 cropt,  
 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 Pegu, 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 back 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 gardens, 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 'breach.'

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>209</sup> A butcher in Nowgate-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>368</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,  
Or argument, in which being valiant,  
He us'd to lay about and stickle,

435

<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,

<sup>503</sup> <sup>504</sup> 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.

<sup>513</sup> <sup>514</sup> 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 palæe,  
 (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 ery No Bishop; 540  
 The mouse-trap men laid save-alls by,  
 And 'ganst Ev'l Counsellors did ery;  
 Botchers left old clothes in the lurch,  
 And fell to turn and patch the Church;  
 Some ery'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 seem'd 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 pragmatical 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 supprest  
 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 caterwauling Brethren ?  
 No subtle question rais'd among  
 Those out-o'-their wits and those i' th' wrong ?  
 No prize between those combatants 705

683 684 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.

694 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,

732 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 murther : 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

844 VAR. 'With prickles sharper than a nail.'

846 VAR. 'And feel regret on fundament.'

855 VAR. 'That stagger'd him.'

864 865 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 Sancho 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 squelch 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 swoond, 920

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

920 VAR. ' cast in swoond.'

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 squelch, and had got up  
 Upon his legs, with sprained crup),  
 Looking about, beheld pernicion 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 sconce  
 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. 980  
 This gladded 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'rful 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>1000</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,

1122 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  
 Portcullis, 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,

<sup>1130</sup> This is an enigmatical description of a pair of stocks and whipping-post ; it is so pompous and sublime, that we are surpris'd 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,  
 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?'  
 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  
 Thanksgiving-day among the Churches,  
 Wherein his mettle and brave worth  
 Might be explain'd by holder-forth  
 And register'd by fame eternal  
 In deathless pages of Diurnal,

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 145  
 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 ruthless 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'ring 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,

<sup>315</sup> <sup>316</sup> 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. 400

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 advanc'd 415  
 Up to the fort where he ensconc'd,  
 And had all th' avenues possest  
 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 stickle :  
 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

553 VAR. 'So desperately.'

560 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 east 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 ; 680  
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 685  
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 bruis'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 ;  
 It 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,

657-866 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

<sup>1061 1062</sup> 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 Presby'try 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 Smeck,  
 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 See  
 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 ; 1210  
 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 1215  
 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 perplext 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 capriches.  
 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

<sup>5-8</sup> 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.'

<sup>10</sup> VAR. 'That a man's fancy.'

<sup>32</sup> 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 surprise 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 exprest :  
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 case.

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'rab'le 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 :

<sup>232</sup> VAR. 'Poltrons.'

<sup>239</sup> A king of Ethiopia.

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

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

The beaten soldier proves most manful  
That, like his sword, endures the anvil ; 250

And justly 's held more formidable,  
The more his valour 's malleable :

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 priek'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.

<sup>332</sup> 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 hect'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

<sup>370</sup> " 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 devil could tempt him to,  
 In cold and frosty weather grow  
 Enamour'd of a wife of snow ;  
 And though she were of rigid temper, 275  
 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 laequies 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 charcoals,  
 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>418</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

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 adamant  
 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 hip  
 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 670  
 But likeness and equality ?  
 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  
 Y'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 763  
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 authentical 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 805  
 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'cine 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'ror whipp'd his grannam, 845

The sea, his mother Venus came on ;  
And hence 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

<sup>831</sup> VAR. 'I here engage to be your bayl,  
And free you from th' unknighly 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>43</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 hypocrités 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. 110  
 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 swore  
 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 pinfeld. 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 forc'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

345 VAR. 'Grutch.'

353 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 ;

I think there 's little reason for 't. 375

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 Tottipottymoy  
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 crow. 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 variancee,

And raise among themselves new scruples,

Whom common danger hardly couples.

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 alè ?  
 (Not but they thought me worth a ransom  
 Much more consid'able 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 staffers 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 753  
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 ; 780  
 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;

<sup>813</sup> <sup>814</sup> "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 kingdom, 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>868</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'cine 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 forsee 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 aurospicy 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 sore'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'ment'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>24</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 eyder 's made ;  
 Whether the wane be, or increase,  
 Best to set garlic 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 lustrings 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'eines 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 305  
 List of a dappled louse's back ;  
 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 ago ;  
 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' almanack ; 360  
 When terms begin and end could tell,  
 With their returns, in doggerel ;  
 When the Exchequer opes and shuts,  
 And sow-gelder with safety cuts ;  
 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' almanack, 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 puf't him with poetic 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 : 300  
 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 reâds 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'able 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 forc'd to use ;  
 It is a scheme and face of heaven,  
 As th' aspects are dispos'd this even, 540  
 I was contemplating upon  
 When you arriv'd ; but now I've done.

Quoth Hudibras, If I appear  
 Unseasonable in coming here  
 At such a time, to interrupt 545  
 Your speculations, which I hop'd  
 Assistance from, and came to use,  
 'Tis fit that I ask your excuse.

By no means, Sir, quoth Sidrophel,  
 The stars your coming did foretell ; 550  
 I did expect you here, and knew,  
 Before you spake, your bus'ness too.

Quoth Hudibras, Make that appear,  
 And I shall credit whatsoe'er  
 You tell me after, on your word, 555  
 Howe'er unlikely or absurd.

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 ; 560  
 And now your bus'ness is to know  
 If you shall carry her or no.

Quoth Hudibras, You're in the right,  
 But how the devil you come by 't  
 I can't imagine ; for the stars 565  
 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

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 Rosyerucian 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 whatsoe'er 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,  
 And Apollonius their master,  
 To whom they do confess they owe  
 All that they do, and all they know.

655

Quoth Hudibras, Alas! what is 't t' us  
 Whether 'twere said by Trismegistus,  
 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  
 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,  
 To be descended of a race  
 Of ancient kings in a small space,

660

665

670

<sup>669</sup> <sup>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 founding 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 Averrhois 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 hist'ries 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 descry 735  
 Where you tell truth and where you lie :  
 For Anaxagoras, long agone,  
 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 thè 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 practices 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 accompt ;  
 But still the best to him that gives  
 The best price for 't, or best believes.  
 Some towns, some cities, some, for brevity,

<sup>901</sup> 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 cuckolded, 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,

956 VAR. 'Cookolded.

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 ; 1060  
 The weapon from his gripe he wrung,  
 And laid him on the earth along.

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 livés 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 scull  
 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>86</sup> Sir Politic Would-be, in Ben Jonson's 'Volpone.'

<sup>91 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 Hamburgh, 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 85  
 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.

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## 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, 5  
 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, 10  
 Make as unlucky applications,  
 And steer against the stream, their passions.  
 Some forge their mistresses of stars,  
 And when the ladies prove averse,

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 gimeracks, 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 accessory;  
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 car 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 sconce,  
 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' extravagancy  
 And crazy ribaldry of fancy, 360  
 By those the devil had forsook,  
 As things below him, to provoke ;  
 But b'ing a virtuoso, able  
 'To smatter, quack, 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 chaldrons 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 disdaining 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, were 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, 619  
 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. 630  
 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 ice 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 grincam 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-dèed 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 clergy 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 sentence  
 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 sucking 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 cully'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 pursy 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,

1053 1054 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 villanies, 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 ;  
 Enscenc'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 1160  
 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, 1320  
 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, 1325  
 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 great unpaid that 's due,  
Distrain on soul and body too.

Thought he, 'Tis no mean part of civil      1525  
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 haste  
 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.





THE ALDINE EDITION  
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POETS



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THE ALLIANCE MOTION  
OF THE BRITISH  
POLICE



By the Hon. Mr. Justice  
Clyde  
1911

THE POETICAL WORKS OF

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VOLUME II



LONDON

BELL AND DALDY YORK STREET

COVENT GARDEN

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT



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CHICAGO, ILL.









## HUDIBRAS.

### PART III. CANTO II.\*

#### THE ARGUMENT.

The saints engage in fierce contests  
About their carnal interests,  
To share their sacrilegious preys  
According to their rates of Grace:  
Their various frenzies to reform,  
When Cromwell left them in a storm;  
Till, in th' effige of Rumps, the rabble  
Burn all their Grandees of the Cabal.

**T**HE learned write an insect breeze  
Is but a mongrel prince of bees,  
That falls before a storm on cows,  
And stings the founders of his house,  
From whose corrupted flesh that breed  
Of vermin did at first proceed. 6  
So, ere the storm of war broke out,  
Religion spawn'd a various rout  
Of petulant capricious sects,

\* This canto is entirely independent of the adventures of Hudibras and Ralpho; neither of our heroes make their appearance: other characters are introduced. The Poet skips from the time wherein these adventures happened to Cromwell's death, and from thence to the dissolution of the Rump Parliament.

The maggots of corrupted texts, 10  
 That first run all religion down,  
 And after ev'ry swarm its own :  
 For as the Persian Magi once  
 Upon their mothers got their sons,  
 That were incapable t' enjoy 15  
 That empire any other way ;  
 So Presbyter begot the other  
 Upon the Good Old Cause, his mother,  
 Then bore them like the devil's dam,  
 Whose son and husband are the same ; 20  
 And yet no nat'ral tie of blood,  
 Nor int'rest for the common good,  
 Could, when their profits interfer'd,  
 Get quarter for each other's beard :  
 For when they thriv'd they never fadg'd, 25  
 But only by the ears engag'd ;  
 Like dogs that snarl about a bone,  
 And play together when they've none ;  
 As by their truest characters,  
 Their constant actions, plainly' appears. 30  
 Rebellion now began for laek  
 Of zeal and plunder to grow slaek,  
 The Cause and Covenant to lessen,  
 And Providence to be out of season :  
 For now there was no more to purchase 35  
 O' th' King's revenue, and the Church's,  
 But all divided, shar'd, and gone,  
 That us'd to urge the Brethren on ;  
 Which forc'd the stubborn'st for the Cause  
 To cross the cudgels to the laws, 40  
 That, what by breaking them th' had gain'd,  
 By their support might be maintain'd ;

Like thieves, that in a hemp plot lie,  
 Secur'd against the Hue-and-cry ;  
 For Presbyter and Independent 45  
 Were now turn'd Plaintiff and Defendant ;  
 Laid out their apostolic functions  
 On carnal Orders and Injunctions ;  
 And all their precious Gifts and Graces  
 On Outlawries and *Scire facias* ; 50  
 At Michael's term had many trial,  
 Worse than the Dragon and St. Michael,  
 Where thousands fell, in shape of fees,  
 Into the bottomless abyss.  
 For when, like brethren, and like friends, 55  
 They came to share their dividends,  
 And ev'ry partner to possess  
 His church and state joint-purchases,  
 In which the ablest Saint, and best,  
 Was nam'd in trust by all the rest 60  
 To pay their money, and, instead  
 Of ev'ry Brother, pass the deed,  
 He straight converted all his gifts  
 To pious frauds and holy shifts,  
 And settled all the other shares 65  
 Upon his outward man and 's heirs ;  
 Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands  
 Deliver'd up into his hands,  
 And pass'd upon his conscience  
 By pre-entail of Providence ; 70  
 Impeach'd the rest for Reprobates  
 That had no titles to estates,  
 But by their spiritual attaints  
 Degraded from the right of Saints.  
 This b'ing reveal'd; they now begun 75

With law and conscience to fall on,  
 And laid about as hot and brain-sick  
 As th' utter barrister of Swanswick ;  
 Engag'd with money-bags, as bold  
 As men with sand-bags did of old, 80  
 That brought the lawyers in more fees  
 Than all unsanctify'd Trustees :  
 Till he who had no more to show  
 I' th' case, receiv'd the overthrow ;  
 Or, both sides having had the worst, 85  
 They parted as they met at first.  
 Poor Presbyter was now reduc'd,  
 Secluded, and cashier'd, and chous'd !  
 Turn'd out, and excommunicate,  
 From all affairs of Church and State, 90  
 Reform'd t' a reformado Saint,  
 And glad to turn itinerant,  
 To stroll and teach from town to town,  
 And those he had taught up, teach down,  
 And make those uses serve agen 95  
 Against the New-enlighten'd men,  
 As fit as when at first they were  
 Reveal'd against the Cavalier ;  
 Damn Anabaptist and Fanatic,  
 As pat as Popish and Prelatic ; 100  
 And, with as little variation.  
 To serve for any sect i' th' nation.  
 The Good Old Cause, which some believe  
 To be the dev'l that tempted Eve  
 With knowledge, and does still invite 105  
 The world to mischief with New Light,  
 Had store of money in her purse  
 When he took her for bett'r or worse,

But now was grown deform'd and poor,  
And fit to be turn'd out of door. / 110

The Independents (whose first station  
Was in the rear of Reformation,  
A mongrel kind of Church-dragoons,  
That serv'd for horse and foot at once,  
And in the saddle of one steed 115  
The Saracen and Christian rid ;  
Were free of ev'ry sp'ritual order,  
To preach and fight, and pray and murder)

<sup>118</sup> The officers and soldiers among the Independents got into pulpits, and preached and prayed as well as fought. Oliver Cromwell was famed for a preacher, and has a sermon\* in print, entitled, 'Cromwell's Learned, Devout, and Conscientious Exercise, held at Sir Peter Temple's, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, upon Rom. xiii. 1.' in which are the following flowers of rhetoric: "Dearly beloved brethren and sisters, it is true this text is a malignant one; the wicked and ungodly have abused it very much; but thanks be to God, it was to their own ruin." p. 1.

"But now that I spoke of kings, the question is, Whether by the 'higher powers' are meant kings or commoners? Truly, beloved, it is a very great question among those that are learned: for may not every one that can read observe, that Paul speaks in the plural number 'higher powers?' Now, had he meant subjection to a king, he would have said, 'Let every soul be subject to the "higher power,"' if he had meant one man; but by this you see he meant more than one; he bids us 'be subject to the "higher powers,"' that is, the Council of State, the House of Commons, and the Army." ib. p. 3.

When in the 'Humble Petition' there was inserted an article against public preachers being members of Parliament, Oliver Cromwell excepted against it expressly: "Because he (he said) was one, and divers officers of the army, by whom much good had been done—and therefore desired they would explain their article."—'Heath's Chronicle,' p. 408.

Sir Roger L'Estrange observes ('Reflections upon Poggius's

\* This, however, is now well known to be an imposture.

No sooner got the start, to lurch  
 Both disciplines of War and Church, 120  
 And Providence enough to run  
 The chief commanders of them down,  
 But carry'd on the war against  
 The common enemy o' th' Saints,  
 And in a while prevail'd so far, 125  
 To win of them the game of war,  
 And be at liberty once more  
 T' attack themselves as th' had before.

For now there was no foe in arms  
 T' unite their factions with alarms, 130  
 But all reduc'd and overcome,  
 Except their worst, themselves, at home,  
 Wh' had compass'd all they pray'd and swore,  
 And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,  
 Subdu'd the Nation, Church, and State, 135  
 And all things but their laws and hate ;  
 But when they came to treat and transact  
 And share the spoil of all th' had ransack't,

Fable of the Husband, Wife, and Ghostly Father,' Part I. Fab. 357), upon the pretended saints of those times, "That they did not set one step in the whole tract of this iniquity, without seeking the Lord first, and going up to enquire of the Lord, according to the cant of those days; which was no other than to make God the Author of sin, and to impute the blackest practices of hell to the inspiration of the Holy Ghost."

It was with this pretext of seeking the Lord in prayer, that Cromwell, Ireton, Harrison, and others of the regicides, cajoled General Fairfax, who was determined to rescue the king from execution, giving orders to have it speedily done: and, when they had notice that it was over, they persuaded the General that this was a full return of prayer; and God having so manifested His pleasure, they ought to acquiesce in it.—'Perenchief's Life of King Charles I.'



To botch up what th' had torn and rent,  
 Religion and the Government, 140  
 They met no sooner, but prepar'd  
 To pull down all the war had spar'd ;  
 Agreed in nothing but t' abolish,  
 Subvert, extirpate, and demolish :  
 For knaves and fools b'ing near of kin, 145  
 As Dutch boors are t' a sooterkin,  
 Both parties join'd to do their best  
 To damn the public interest,  
 And herded only in consults,  
 To put by one another's bolts ; 150  
 T' out-cant the Babylonian lab'rers,  
 At all their dialects of jabb'rers,  
 And tug at both ends of the saw,  
 To tear down government and law.  
 For as two cheats that play one game, 155  
 Are both defeated of their aim ;  
 So those who play a game of state,  
 And only cavil in debate,  
 Although there's nothing lost nor won,  
 The public bus'ness is undone, 160  
 Which still, the longer 'tis in doing,  
 Becomes the surer way to ruin.

This when the Royalists perceiv'd,  
 (Who to their faith as firmly cleav'd,  
 And own'd the right they had paid down 165  
 So dearly for, the Church and Crown)  
 Th' united constanter, and sided  
 The more, the more their foes divided :  
 For though out-number'd, overthrown,  
 And by the fate of war run down, 170  
 Their duty never was defeated,

Nor from their oaths and faith retreated ;  
 For loyalty is still the same,  
 Whether it win or lose the game ;  
 True as the dial to the sun, 175  
 Although it be not shin'd upon.  
 But when these Brethren in evil,  
 Their adversaries, and the devil,  
 Began once more to shew them play,  
 And hopes at least to have a day, 180  
 They rally'd in parades of woods,  
 And unfrequented solitudes ;  
 Conven'd at midnight in out-houses,  
 T' appoint new-rising rendezvouses,  
 And, with a pertinacy' unmatched, 185  
 For new recruits of danger watch'd.  
 No sooner was one blow diverted,  
 But up another party started,  
 And as if Nature too, in haste  
 To furnish our supplies as fast, 190  
 Before her time had turn'd destruction  
 T' a new and numerous production ;  
 No sooner those were overcome  
 But up rose others in their room,  
 That, like the Christian faith, increast 195  
 The more, the more they were suppress ;  
 Whom neither chains nor transportation,  
 Proscription, sale, or confiscation,  
 Nor all the desperate events  
 Of former try'd experiments, 200  
 Nor wounds, could terrify, nor mangling,  
 To leave off Loyalty and dangling,

<sup>201</sup> <sup>202</sup> The brave spirit of loyalty was not to be suppressed by the most barbarous and inhuman usage. There are se-

Nor Death (with all his bones) affright  
 From vent'ring to maintain the right,  
 From staking life and fortune down 205  
 'Gainst all together, for the Crown ;  
 But kept the title of their cause  
 From forfeiture like claims in laws ;  
 And prov'd no prosp'rous usurpation  
 Can ever settle on the nation ; 210  
 Until, in spite of force and treason,  
 They put their loyalty in possession ;  
 And, by their constancy and faith,  
 Destroy'd the mighty men of Gath.

veral remarkable instances upon record ; as that of the gallant Marquis of Montrose, the loyal Mr. Gerrard, and Mr. Vowel, in 1654 ; of Mr. Penruddock, Grove, and others, who suffered for their loyalty at Exeter, 1654-5 ; of Captain Reynolds, who had been of the King's party, and, when he was going to be turned off the ladder, cried, God bless King Charles, 'Vive le Roi' ; of Dalgelly, one of Montrose's party, who being sentenced to be beheaded, and being brought to the scaffold, ran and kissed it : and, without any speech or ceremony, laid down his head upon the block and was beheaded ; of the brave Sir Robert Spotiswood ; of Mr. Courtney, and Mr. Portman, who were committed to the Tower the beginning of February, 1657, for dispersing among the soldiers what were then called 'seditious' books and pamphlets.

Nor ought the loyalty of the six counties of North Wales to be passed over in silence, who never addressed or petitioned during the Usurpation ; nor the common soldier mentioned in the 'Oxford Dinrnal,' first week, p. 6. See more in the story of the 'Impertinent Sheriff,' L'Estrange's 'Fables,' Part II. Fab. 265. Mr. Butler, or Mr. Pryn, speaking of the gallant behaviour of the Loyalists, says, "Other nations would have canonized for martyrs, and erected statues after their death, to the memory of some of our compatriots, whom ye have barbarously defaced and mangled, yet alive, for no other motive than undaunted zeal."

Toss'd in a furious hurricane, 215  
 Did Oliver give up his reign,  
 And was believ'd, as well by Saints  
 As moral men and miscreants,  
 To founder in the Stygian ferry,  
 Until he was retriev'd by Sterry, 220  
 Who, in a false erroneous dream,  
 Mistook the New Jerusalem  
 Profanely for the apocryphal

<sup>215</sup> <sup>216</sup> At Oliver's death was a most furious tempest, such as had not been known in the memory of man, or hardly ever recorded to have been in this nation. It is observed, in a tract entitled, 'No Fool to the old Fool,' L'Estrange's 'Apology,' p. 93, "That Oliver, after a long course of treason, murder, sacrilege, perjury, rapine, &c. finished his accursed life in agony and fury, and without any mark of true repentance." Though most of our historians mention the hurricane at his death, yet few take notice of the storm in the northern counties, that day the House of Peers ordered the digging up his carcase, with other regicides. The author of the 'Parley between the Ghost of the late Protector and the King of Sweden in Hell,' 1660, p. 19, merrily observes, "That he was even so turbulent and seditious there, that he was chained, by way of punishment, in the general pissing place, next the court-door, with a strict charge that nobody that made water thereabouts should piss any-where but against his body."

<sup>220</sup> The news of Oliver's death being brought to those who were met to pray for him, Mr. Peter Sterry stood up, and desired them not to be troubled; "For (said he) this is good news, because, if he was of use to the people of God when he was amongst us, he will be much more so now, being ascended into heaven, at the right hand of Jesus Christ, there to intercede for us, and to be mindful of us upon all occasions." Dr South makes mention of an Independent divine (Sermons, vol. i. serm. iii. p. 102) who, when Oliver was sick, of which sickness he died, declared, "That God revealed to him that he should recover, and live thirty years longer; for that God had raised him up for a work which could not be done in a less time." But Oliver's death being published two days

False Heaven at the end o' th' Hall ;  
 Whither it was decreed by Fate 225  
 His precious reliques to translate :  
 So Romulus was seen before  
 B' as orthodox a senator,  
 From whose divine illumination  
 He stole the Pagan revelation. 230

Next him his son and heir-apparent  
 Succeeded, though a lame vicegerent ;

after, the said divine publickly in his prayers expostulated with God the defeat of His prophecy in these words : " Thou hast lied unto us ; yea, Thou hast lied unto us."

So familiar were those wretches with God Almighty, that Dr. Echard observes of one of them, " That he pretended to have got such an interest in Christ, and such an exact knowledge of affairs above, that he could tell the people that he had just before received an express from Jesus upon such a business, and that the ink was scarce dry upon the paper."

<sup>224</sup> After the Restoration Oliver's body was dug up, and his head set up at the farther end of Westminster-hall, near which place there is a house of entertainment, which is commonly known by the name of ' Heaven.'

<sup>231</sup> <sup>232</sup> Oliver's eldest son, Richard, was by him, before his death, declared his successor ; and, by order of the Privy Council, proclaimed Lord Protector, and received the compliments of congratulation and condolence at the same time from the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen ; and addresses were presented to him from all parts of the nation, promising to stand by him with their lives and fortunes. He summoned a parliament to meet at Westminster, which recognised him Lord Protector ; yet, notwithstanding, Fleetwood, Desborough, and their partisans, managed affairs so, that he was obliged to resign.

What opinion the world had of him we learn from Lord Clarendon's account of his visit ' incog.' to the Prince of Conti at Pezenas, who received him civilly, as he did all strangers, and particularly the English ; and, after a few words (not knowing who he was), the Prince began to discourse of the affairs of England, and asked many questions

Who first laid by the Parl'ament,  
 The only crutch on which he leant,  
 And then sunk underneath the state, 235  
 That rode him above horseman's weight.

And now the Saints began their reign,  
 For which th' had yearn'd so long in vain,  
 And felt such bowel-hankerings  
 To see an empire, all of kings, 240  
 Deliver'd from th' Egyptian awe  
 Of justice, government, and law,

concerning the King, and whether all men were quiet, and submitted obediently to him? which the other answered according to the truth. "Well," said the Prince, "Oliver, though he was a traitor and a villain, was a brave fellow, had great parts, great courage, and was worthy to command: but for that Richard, that coxcomb, coquin, poltroon, he was surely the basest fellow alive. What is become of that fool? How is it possible he could be such a sot?" He answered, "That he was betrayed by those he most trusted, and had been most obliged to his father." So being weary of his visit, he quickly took his leave, and next morning left the town, out of fear that the Prince might know that he was the very fool and coxcomb he had mentioned so kindly; and two days after the Prince did come to know who he was that he had treated so well. 'Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, vol. iii. p. 519.' See a curious anecdote of Richard Cromwell in Dr. Maty's Memoirs of Lord Chesterfield.

<sup>237</sup> A sneer upon the Committee of Safety, amongst whom was Sir Henry Vane, who (as Lord Clarendon observes) "was a perfect enthusiast, and without doubt did believe himself inspired; which so far corrupted his reason and understanding, that he did at the same time believe he was the person deputed to reign over the saints upon earth for a thousand years."

<sup>241</sup> <sup>242</sup> Dr. James Young observes, "that two Jesuitical prognosticators, Lilly and Culpeper, were so confident, anno 1652, of the total subversion of the law and gospel ministry, that in their scurrilous prognostications they predicted the downfall of both; and, in 1654, they foretold, that the law should be pulled down to the ground, the Great Charter and

And free t' erect what sp'ritual cantons  
 Should be reveal'd, or gospel Hans-towns,  
 To edify upon the ruins 245  
 Of John of Leyden's old outgoings,  
 Who, for a weather-cock hung up  
 Upon their mother-church's top,  
 Was made a type by Providence  
 Of all their revelations since, 250  
 And now fulfill'd by his successors,  
 Who equally mistook their measures :  
 For when they came to shape the model,  
 Not one could fit another's noddle ;  
 But found their Light and Gifts more wide 255  
 From fadging than th' unsanctify'd,  
 While every individual Brother  
 Strove hand to fist against another,  
 And still the maddest and most crackt  
 Were found the busiest to transact ; 260  
 For though most hands dispatch apace  
 And make light work (the proverb says),  
 Yet many diff'rent intellects  
 Are found t' have contrary effects ;  
 And many heads t' obstruct intrigues, 265  
 As slowest insects have most legs.  
 Some were for setting up a king,  
 But all the rest for no such thing,

all our liberties destroyed, as not suiting with Englishmen in these blessed times ; that the crab-tree of the law should be pulled up by the roots, and grow no more, there being no reason now we should be governed by them.

<sup>267</sup> <sup>268</sup> Harry Martyn, in his speech in the debate Whether a King or no King? said, "That, if they must have a King, they had rather have had the last than any gentleman in England. He found no fault in his person but office."

Unless King Jesus: others tamper'd  
 For Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert;      270  
 Some for the Rump; and some, more crafty,  
 For Agitators, and the Safety:

<sup>269</sup> Alluding to the Fifth Monarchy men, who had formed a plot to dethrone Cromwell, and set up King Jesus.

<sup>269 270</sup> Fleetwood was a lieutenant-general; he married Ireton's widow, Oliver Cromwell's eldest daughter; was made Lord-lieutenant of Ireland by Cromwell, major-general of divers counties, one of Oliver's upper house; his salary supposed to be £6,600. a-year. Desborough, a yeoman of £60. or £70. per annum; some say a ploughman. Bennet, speaking to Desborough, says, "When your Lordship was a plowman, and wore high shoon—Ha! how the Lord raiseth some men, and depresseth others!" Desborough married Cromwell's sister, cast away his spade, and took up a sword, and was made a colonel; was instrumental in raising Cromwell to the Protectorship, upon which he was made one of his council, a general at sea, and major-general of divers counties of the west; and was one of Oliver's upper house. His annual income was £3,236. 13s. 4d.

<sup>270</sup> VAR. 'Lambard.' Lambert was one of the Rump generals, and a principal opposer of General Monk in the restoration of King Charles II. The writer of the Narrative of the late Parliament so called, 1657, p. 9, observes, "That Major-general Lambert, as one of Oliver's council, had £1,000. per annum, which, with his other places, in all amounted to £6,512. 3s. 4d."

<sup>272</sup> In 1647 the Army made choice of a set number of officers, which they called the General Council of Officers; and the common soldiers made choice of three or four of each regiment, mostly corporals and serjeants, who were called by the name of Agitators, and were to be a house of Commons to the Council of Officers. These drew up a Declaration, that they would not be disbanded till their arrears were paid, and a full provision made for liberty of conscience. Some of the positions of the Agitators here follow: "That all inns of court and chancery, all courts of justice now erected, as well civil as ecclesiastical, with the common, civil, canon, and statute laws, formerly in force, and all corporations, tenures, copyholds, rents, and services, with all titles and degrees of honour, nobility, and gentry, elevating one free



Some for the Gospel, and massacres  
 Of sp'ritual Affidavit-makers,  
 That swore to any human regence 275  
 Oaths of supremacy and allegiance,  
 Yea though the ablest swearing Saint  
 That vouch'd the bulls o' th' Covenant :  
 Others for pulling down th' high places  
 Of Synods and Provincial Classes, 280  
 That us'd to make such hostile inroads  
 Upon the Saints, like bloody Nimrods :  
 Some for fulfilling Prophecies,  
 And the extirpation of th' Excise ;  
 And some against th' Egyptian bondage 285  
 Of Holy-days, and paying Poundage :  
 Some for the cutting down of Groves,  
 And rectifying bakers' Loaves ;  
 And some for finding out expedients

subject above another, may be totally abolished, as clogs, snares, and grievances to a free-born people, and inconsistent with that universal parity and equal condition which ought to be among freemen, and opposite to the communion of saints.

“ That all the lands and estates of deans, chapters, prebends, universities, colleges, halls, free-schools, cities, corporations, ministers' glebe-lands, and so much of the lands of the nobility, gentry, and rich citizens and yeomen, as exceeds the sum of three hundred pounds per annum, and all the revenues of the Crown belonging to the King or his children, be equally divided between the officers and soldiers and the army, to satisfy their arrears, and recompense their good services.”

Committee of Safety, a set of men who took upon them the government upon displacing the Rump a second time. Their number amounted to twenty-three, which, though filled up with men of all parties (Royalists excepted), yet was so craftily composed, that the balance was sufficiently secured to those of the army faction.

Against the slav'ry of Obedience : 290  
 Some were for Gospel-ministers,  
 And some for Red-coat Seculars,  
 As men most fit t' hold forth the Word,  
 And wield the one and th' other sword :  
 Some were for carrying on the Work 295  
 Against the Pope, and some the Turk ;  
 Some for engaging to suppress  
 The camisado of Surplices,  
 That Gifts and Dispensations hinder'd,  
 And turn'd to th' outward man the inward ; 300  
 More proper for the cloudy night  
 Of Popery than Gospel-light :  
 Others were for abolishing  
 That tool of matrimony, a Ring,  
 With which th' unsanctify'd bridegroom 305  
 Is marry'd only to a thumb,  
 (As wise as ringing of a pig,  
 That us'd to break up ground and dig),  
 The bride to nothing but her will,  
 That nulls the after-marriage still : 310  
 Some were for th' utter extirpation  
 Of linsey-woolsey in the nation ;  
 And some against all idolising  
 The Cross in shop-books, or Baptising :  
 Others, to make all things recant 315  
 The Christian or Surname of Saint,  
 And force all churches, streets, and towns,  
 The holy title to renounce :

<sup>308</sup> VAR. 'That is to.' 'That uses to.'

<sup>317</sup> <sup>318</sup> The Mayor of Colchester banished one of that town, for a malignant and a cavalier, in the year 1643, whose name was Parsons, and gave this learned reason for this exemplary piece of justice, that it was an ominous name.

Some 'gainst a third estate of Souls,  
 And bringing down the price of Coals : 320  
 Some for abolishing Black-pudding,  
 And eating nothing with the blood in ;  
 To abrogate them roots and branches,  
 While others were for eating Haunches  
 Of warriors, and, now and then, 325

<sup>323</sup> This was the spirit of the times. There was a proposal to carry twenty Royalists in front of Sir Thomas Fairfax's army, to expose them to the fire of the enemy; and one Gourdon moved, "That the Lady Capel and her children, and the Lady Norwich might be sent to the General with the same directions, saying, their husbands would be careful of their safety; and when divers opposed so barbarous a motion, and alleged that Lady Capel was great with child, near her time, Gourdon pressed it the more eagerly, as if he had taken the General for a man-midwife. Nay, it was debated at a council of war to massacre and put to the sword all the King's party: the question put was carried in the negative but by two votes." Their endeavour was "how to diminish the number of their opposites, the Royalists and Presbyterians, by a massacre; for which purpose many dark lanthorns were provided last winter, 1649, which coming to the common rumour of the town, put them in danger of the infamy and hatred that would overwhelm them: so this was laid aside." A bill was brought in, 1656, for decimating the Royalists, but thrown out. And this spirit was but too much encouraged by their clergy. Mr. Caryl, in a 'Thanksgiving Sermon' before the Commons, April 23, 1644, p. 46, says, "If Christ will set up His kingdom upon the carcasses of the slain, it well becomes all elders to rejoice and give thanks. Cut them down with the sword of justice, root them out, and consume them as with fire, that no root may spring up again."

Of this spirit was Mr. George Swathe, minister of Denham, in Suffolk, who, in a prayer, July 13, 1641, or 1642, has the following remarkable words: "Lord, if no composition will end the controversy between the King and the Parliament, but the King and his party will have blood, let them drink of their own cup; let their blood be spilled like water; let their blood be sacrificed to Thee, O God, for the sins of our nation."

The Flesh of kings and mighty men ;  
 And some for breaking of their Bones  
 With rods of ir'n by secret ones ;  
 For thrashing mountains, and with spells  
 For hallowing carriers' packs and bells ; 330  
 Things that the legend never heard of,  
 But made the Wicked sore afraid of.

The quacks of government (who sate  
 At th' unregarded helm of State,  
 And understood this wild confusion 335  
 Of fatal madness and delusion  
 Must, sooner than a prodigy,  
 Portend destruction to be nigh)  
 Consider'd timely how t' withdraw,  
 And save their wind-pipes from the law ; 340  
 For one rencounter at the bar  
 Was worse than all th' had 'scap'd in war ;  
 And therefore met in consultation  
 To cant and quack upon the nation ;  
 Not for the sickly patient's sake, 345  
 Nor what to give, but what to take ;  
 To feel the pulses of their fees,  
 More wise than fumbling arteries ;  
 Prolong the snuff of life in pain,  
 And from the grave recover—gain. 350

'Mong these there was a politician  
 With more heads than a beast in vision,  
 And more intrigues in ev'ry one  
 Than all the whores of Babylon ;  
 So politic as if one eye 355  
 Upon the other were a spy,

<sup>351</sup> This was Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, who complied with every change in those times.

That, to trepan the one to think  
The other blind, both strove to blink ;  
And in his dark pragmatic way  
As busy as a child at play. 360  
H' had seen three governments run down,  
And had a hand in ev'ry one :  
Was for 'em and against 'em all,  
But barb'rous when they came to fall :  
For, by trepanning th' old to ruin, 365  
He made his int'rest with the new one ;  
Play'd true and faithful, though against  
His conscience, and was still advanc'd :  
For by the witchcraft of rebellion  
Transform'd t' a feeble State-camelion, 370  
By giving aim from side to side,  
He never fail'd to save his tide,  
But got the start of ev'ry state,  
And at a change ne'er came too late ;  
Could turn his word, and oath, and faith, 375  
As many ways as in a lathe ;  
By turning wriggle, like a screw,  
Int' highest trust, and out for new :  
For when h' had happily incurr'd,  
Instead of hemp, to be preferr'd, 380  
And pass'd upon a government,  
He play'd his trick, and out he went :  
But being out, and out of hopes  
To mount his ladder (more) of ropes,  
Would strive to raise himself upon 385  
The public ruin and his own ;  
So little did he understand  
The desp'rate feats he took in hand ;  
For when h' had got himself a name

For frauds and tricks, he spoil'd his game, 390  
 Had forc'd his neck into a noose,  
 To shew his play at fast and loose ;  
 And, when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook,  
 For art and subtlety, his luck.  
 So right his judgment was cut fit, 395  
 And made a tally to his wit,  
 And both together most profound  
 At deeds of darkness under ground ;  
 As th' earth is easiest undermin'd  
 By vermin impotent and blind. 400  
 By all these arts, and many more  
 H' had practis'd long and much before,  
 Our state-artificer foresaw  
 Which way the world began to draw :  
 For as old sinners have all points 405  
 O' th' compass in their bones and joints,  
 Can by their pangs and aches find  
 All turns and changes of the wind,  
 And, better than by Napier's bones,  
 Feel in their own the age of moons ; 410  
 So guilty sinners in a state  
 Can by their crimes prognosticate,  
 And in their consciences feel pain  
 Some days before a show'r of rain :  
 He therefore wisely cast about 415  
 All ways he could t' insure his throat,  
 And hither came t' observe and smoke  
 What courses other riskers took,  
 And to the utmost do his best  
 To save himself and hang the rest. 420

<sup>420</sup> Sir A. Ashley Cooper was of the miller's mind, who was concerned in the Cornish rebellion, in the year 1558.

To match this Saint there was another,  
 As busy and perverse a Brother,  
 An haberdasher of small wares  
 In politics and state affairs ;  
 More Jew than Rabbi Achitophel, 425  
 And better gifted to rebel ;  
 For when h' had taught his tribe to 'spouse  
 The Cause aloft upon one house,  
 He scorn'd to set his own in order,

He, apprehending that Sir William Kingston, Provost-marshal, and a rigorous man upon that occasion, would order him to be hanged upon the next tree, before he went off told his servant that he expected some gentlemen would come a fishing to the mill, and if they enquired for the miller, he ordered him to say that he was the miller. Sir William came, according to expectation, and enquiring for the miller, the poor harmless servant said he was the miller: upon which the Provost ordered his servants to seize him, and hang him upon the next tree; which terrified the poor fellow, and made him cry out I am not the miller, but the miller's man. The Provost told him, that he would take him at his word: "If," says he, "thou art the miller, thou art a busy knave and rebel; and if thou art the miller's man, thou art a false lying knave, and canst not do thy master more service than to hang for him:" and, without more ceremony, he was executed.

<sup>421</sup> This character exactly suits John Lilburn, and no other, especially the 437, 438, 439, and 440th lines: for it was said of him, when living, by Judge Jenkins, "That if the world was emptied of all but himself, Lilburn would quarrel with John, and John with Lilburn:" which part of his character gave occasion for the following lines at his death:

Is John departed, and is Lilburn gone?  
 Farewell to both, to Lilburn and to John.  
 Yet, being dead, take this advice from me,  
 Let them not both in one grave buried be:  
 Lay John here, and Lilburn thereabout,  
 For if they both should meet they would fall out.

But try'd another, and went further ; 430  
So sullenly addicted still  
To 's only principle, his will,  
That whatsoe'er it chanc'd to prove,  
Nor force of argument could move,  
Nor law, nor cavalcade of Ho'burn, 435  
Could render half a grain less stubborn ;  
For he at any time would hang  
For th' opportunity t' harangue ;  
And rather on a gibbet dangle  
Than miss his dear delight, to wrangle ; 440  
In which his parts were so accomplisht,  
That, right or wrong, he ne'er was nonplust :  
But still his tongue ran on, the less  
Of weight it bore, with greater ease,  
And with its everlasting clack 445  
Set all men's ears upon the rack.  
No sooner could a hint appear,  
But up he started to pickeer,  
And made the stoutest yield to mercy,  
When he engag'd in controversy ; 450  
Not by the force of carnal reason,  
But indefatigable teasing ;  
With vollies of eternal babble,  
And clamour more unanswerable.  
For though his topics, frail and weak, 455  
Could ne'er amount above a freak,  
He still maintain'd them, like his faults,  
Against the desp'ratest assaults,  
And back'd their feeble want of sense  
With greater heat and confidence ; 460  
As bones of Hectors, when they differ,  
'The more they 're cudgel'd grow the stiffer,



Yet when his profit moderated,  
 The fury of his heat abated ;  
 For nothing but his interest 465  
 Could lay his devil of contest :  
 It was his choice, or chance, or curse,  
 T' espouse the Cause for better or worse,  
 And with his worldly goods and wit,  
 And soul and body, worshipp'd it : 470  
 But when he found the sullen trapes  
 Possess'd with th' devil, worms, and claps,  
 The Trojan mare, in foal with Greeks,  
 Not half so full of jadish tricks,  
 Though squeamish in her outward woman, 475  
 As loose and rampant as Dol Common,  
 He still resolv'd, to mend the matter,  
 T' adhere and cleave the obstinater ;  
 And still, the skittisher and looser  
 Her freaks appear'd, to sit the closer : 480  
 For fools are stubborn in their way,  
 As coins are harden'd by th' allay ;  
 And obstinacy 's ne'er so stiff  
 As when 'tis in a wrong belief.  
 These two, with others, being met, 485  
 And close in consultation set,  
 After a discontented pause,  
 And not without sufficient cause,  
 The orator we nam'd of late,  
 Less troubled with the pangs of state 490  
 Than with his own impatience  
 To give himself first audience,

485 486 This cabal was held at Whitehall, at the very time that General Monk was dining with the city of London.

After he had a while look'd wise,  
At last broke silence and the ice.

Quoth he, There 's nothing makes me doubt 495  
Our last Outgoings brought about  
More than to see the characters  
Of real jealousies and fears,  
Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,  
Scor'd upon ev'ry Member's forehead ; 500  
Who, 'cause the clouds are drawn together,  
And threaten sudden change of weather,  
Feel pangs and aches of state-turns,  
And revolutions in their corns ;  
And, since our Workings-out are crost, 505  
Throw up the Cause before 'tis lost.  
Was it to run away we meant  
When, taking of the Covenant,  
The lamest cripples of the Brothers  
Took oaths to run before all others, 510  
But, in their own sense, only swore  
To strive to run away before,  
And now would prove that words and oath  
Engage us to renounce them both ?  
'Tis true the Cause is in the lurch 515  
Between a right and mongrel church,  
The Presbyter and Independent,  
That stickle which shall make an end on't,  
As 'twas made out to us the last  
Expedient—(I mean Marg'ret's fast)— 520  
When Providence had been suborn'd

<sup>521</sup> Alluding to the impudence of those pretended Saints, who frequently directed God Almighty what answers He should return to their prayers. Mr. Simeon Ash was called 'the God-challenger.'

What answer was to be return'd :  
 Else why should tumults fright us now  
 We have so many times gone through,  
 And understand as well to tame 525  
 As, when they serve our turns, t' inflame ?  
 Have prov'd how inconsiderable  
 Are all engagements of the rabble,  
 Whose frenzies must be reconcil'd  
 With drums and rattles, like a child, 530  
 But never prov'd so prosperous  
 As when they were led on by us ;  
 For all our scouring of religion  
 Began with tumults and sedition ;  
 When hurricanes of fierce commotion 535  
 Became strong motives to devotion ;  
 (As carnal seamen, in a storm,  
 Turn pious converts and reform) ;  
 When rusty weapons, with chalk'd edges,  
 Maintain'd our feeble privileges, 540  
 And brown-bills, levy'd in the City,  
 Made bills to pass the Grand Committee :  
 When Zeal, with aged clubs and gleaves,  
 Gave chace to rochets and white sleeves,  
 And made the Church, and State, and Laws, 545  
 Submit t' old iron and the Cause.  
 And as we thriv'd by tumults then,  
 So might we better now agen,  
 If we knew how, as then we did,  
 To use them rightly in our need : 550  
 Tumults by which the mutinous  
 Betray themselves instead of us ;  
 The hollow-hearted, disaffected,  
 And close malignant, are detected ;

Who lay their lives and fortunes down 555  
 For pledges to secure our own ;  
 And freely sacrifice their ears  
 T' appease our jealousies and fears :  
 And yet for all these providences  
 W' are offer'd, if we have our senses, 560  
 We idly sit, like stupid blockheads,  
 Our hands committed to our pockets,  
 And nothing but our tongues at large  
 To get the wretches a discharge :  
 Like men condemn'd to thunderbolts, 565  
 Who, ere the blow, become mere dolts ;  
 Or fools besotted with their crimes,  
 That know not how to shift betimes,  
 That neither have the hearts to stay,  
 Nor wit enough to run away ; 570  
 Who, if we could resolve on either,  
 Might stand or fall at least together ;  
 No mean nor trivial solaces  
 To partners in extreme distress,  
 Who use to lessen their despairs 575  
 By parting them int' equal shares ;  
 As if the more there were to bear  
 They felt the weight the easier,  
 And ev'ry one the gentler hung  
 The more he took his turn among. 580  
 But 'tis not come to that as yet,  
 If we had courage left, or wit,  
 Who, when our fate can be no worse,  
 Are fitted for the bravest course,  
 Have time to rally, and prepare 585  
 Our last and best defence, despair :  
 Despair, by which the gallant'st feats

Have been achiev'd in greatest straits,  
 And horrid'st dangers safely wai'd,  
 By being courageously outbrav'd; 590  
 As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,  
 And poisons by themselves expell'd:  
 And so they might be now agen,  
 If we were, what we should be, men;  
 And not so dully desperate, 595  
 To side against ourselves with Fate:  
 As criminals condemn'd to suffer  
 Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.  
 This comes of breaking Covenants,  
 And setting up exauns of Saints, 600  
 That fine, like aldermen, for grace,  
 To be excus'd the efficace:  
 For sp'ritual men are too transcendent,  
 That mount their banks for independent,  
 To hang, like Mah'met, in the air, 605  
 Or St. Ignatius at his prayer,  
 By pure geometry, and hate  
 Dependence upon church or state:  
 Disdain the pedantry o' th' latter,  
 And since obedience is better 610  
 (The Scripture says) than sacrifice,  
 Presume the less on 't will suffice;  
 And scorn to have the moderat'st stints  
 Prescrib'd their peremptory hints,  
 Or any opinion, true or false, 615  
 Declar'd as such, in Doctrinals;  
 But left at large to make their best on,  
 Without b'ing call'd t' account or question;

<sup>600</sup> Exauns should be written 'exemts,' or 'exempts,' which is a French word, pronounced 'exauns.'

Interpret all the spleen reveals,  
 As Whittington explain'd the bells : 620  
 And bid themselves turn back agen  
 Lord May'rs of New Jerusalem ;  
 But look so big and overgrown,  
 They scorn their edifiers to own,  
 Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons, 625  
 Their tones, and sanctified expressions ;  
 Bestow'd their Gifts upon a Saint,  
 Like charity on those that want ;  
 And learn'd th' apocryphal bigots  
 T' inspire themselves with short-hand notes, 630  
 For which they scorn and hate them worse  
 Than dogs and cats do sow-gelders :  
 For who first bred them up to pray,  
 And teach the House of Commons' way ?  
 Where had they all their gifted phrases, 635  
 But from our Calamys and Cases ?  
 Without whose sprinkleing and sowing,  
 Who e'er had heard of Nye or Owen ?  
 Their Dispensations had been stifled,  
 But for our Adoniram Byfield ; 640  
 And had they not begun the war,  
 Th' had ne'er been sainted as they are :  
 For Saints in peace degenerate,  
 And dwindle down to reprobate ;

<sup>636</sup> Calamy and Case were chief men among the Presbyterians, as Owen and Nye were amongst the Independents.

<sup>640</sup> 'Adoniram Byfield.' He was a broken apothecary, a zealous Covenanter, one of the scribes to the Assembly of Divines: and, no doubt, for his great zeal and painstaking in his office, he had the profit of printing the 'Directory,' the copy whereof was sold for £400, though, when printed, the price was but three-pence.

Their zeal corrupts, like standing water, 645  
 In th' intervals of war and slaughter ;  
 Abates the sharpness of its edge,  
 Without the pow'r of sacrilege :  
 And though they've tricks to cast their sins,  
 As easy as serpents do their skins, 650  
 That in a while grow out agen,  
 In peace they turn mere carnal men,  
 And from the most refin'd of Saints  
 As nat'rally grow miscreants  
 As barnacles turn Soland geese 655  
 In th' islands of the Orcades.  
 Their Dispensation's but a ticket  
 For their conforming to the Wicked,  
 With whom their greatest difference  
 Lies more in words and show, than sense : 660  
 For as the Pope, that keeps the gate  
 Of heaven, wears three crowns of state ;  
 So he that keeps the gate of hell,  
 Proud Cerb'rus, wears three heads as well ;  
 And, if the world has any troth, 665  
 Some have been canoniz'd in both.  
 But that which does them greatest harm,  
 Their sp'ritual gizzards are too warm,  
 Which puts the overheated sots  
 In fever still, like other goats ; 670  
 For though the whore bends heretics  
 With flames of fire, like crooked sticks,  
 Our Schismatics so vastly differ,

<sup>648</sup> It is an observation made by many writers upon the Assembly of Divines, that in their annotations upon the Bible they cautiously avoid speaking upon the subject of sacrilege.

The hotter th' are they grow the stiffer ;  
 Still setting off their sp'ritual goods 675  
 With fierce and pertinacious feuds :  
 Fer Zeal 's a dreadful termagant,  
 That teaches Saints to tear and rant,  
 And Independents to profess  
 The doctrine of Dependences ; 680  
 Turns meek, and secret, sneaking ones,  
 To Raw-heads fierce and Bloody-bones ;  
 And, not content with endless quarrels  
 Against the wicked and their morals,  
 The Gibellines, for want of Guelfs, 685  
 Divert their rage upon themselves.  
 For now the war is not between  
 The Brethren and the Men of Sin,  
 But Saint and Saint to spill the blood  
 Of one another's Brotherhood, 690  
 Where neither side can lay pretence  
 To liberty of conscience,  
 Or zealous suff'ring for the Cause,  
 To gain one groat's worth of applause ;  
 For, though endur'd with resolution, 695  
 'Twill ne'er amount to persecution.  
 Shall precious Saints, and Secret ones,  
 Break one another's outward bones,  
 And eat the flesh of Bretheren,  
 Instead of kings and mighty men ? 700  
 When fiends agree among themselves,  
 Shall they be found the greater elves ?  
 When Bel's at union with the Dragon,  
 And Baal-Peor friends with Dagon ;  
 When savage bears agree with bears, 705  
 Shall secret ones lug Saints by th' ears,



And not atone their fatal wrath,  
 When common danger threatens both ?  
 Shall mastiffs, by the collars pull'd,  
 Engag'd with bulls, let go their hold ? 710  
 And Saints, whose necks are pawn'd at stake,  
 No notice of the danger take ?  
 But though no pow'r of heav'n or hell  
 Can pacify fanatic zeal,  
 Who would not guess there might be hopes 715  
 The fear of gallowses and ropes,  
 Before their eyes, might reconcile  
 Their animosities a while,  
 At least until th' had a clear stage,  
 And equal freedom to engage, 720  
 Without the danger of surprise  
 By both our common enemies ?  
 This none but we alone could doubt  
 Who understand their workings-out,  
 And know 'em, both in soul and conscience, 725  
 Giv'n up t' as reprobate a nonsense  
 As sp'ritual outlaws, whom the pow'r  
 Of miracle can ne'er restore.  
 We whom at first they set up under  
 In revelation only of plunder, 730  
 Who since have had so many trials  
 Of their inroaching self-denials,  
 That rook'd upon us with design  
 To out-reform and undermine ;  
 Took all our interests and commands, 735  
 Perfidiously, out of our hands ;  
 Involv'd us in the guilt of blood,  
 Without the motive-gains allow'd,  
 And made us serve as ministerial,

Like younger sons of Father Belial : 740  
 And yet, for all th' inhuman wrong  
 Th' had done us and the Cause so long,  
 We never fail'd to carry on  
 The Work still, as we had begun ;  
 But true and faithfully obey'd, 745  
 And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd ;  
 Nor troubled them to crop our ears,  
 Nor hang us like the Cavaliers ;  
 Nor put them to the charge of jails,  
 To find us pill'ries and carts'-tails, 750  
 Or hangman's wages, which the state  
 Was forc'd (before them) to be at ;  
 That cut, like tallies, to the stumps  
 Our ears, for keeping true accompts,  
 And burnt our vessels, like a new 755  
 Seal'd peck or bushel, for b'ing true ;  
 But hand in hand, like faithful Brothers,  
 Held for the Cause against all others,  
 Disdaining equally to yield  
 One syllable of what we held. 760  
 And though we differ'd now and then  
 'Bout outward things, and outward men,  
 Our inward men, and constant frame  
 Of spirit, still were near the same ;  
 And, till they first began to cant, 765  
 And sprinkle down the Covenant,  
 We ne'er had call in any place,  
 Nor dream'd of teaching down Free Grace ;  
 But join'd our Gifts perpetually  
 Against the common enemy, 770  
 Although 'twas our, and their opinion,  
 Each other's church was but a Rimmon :

And yet for all this Gospel-union,  
 And outward show of Church-communion,  
 They'd ne'er admit us to our shares 775  
 Of ruling Church or State affairs,  
 Nor give us leave t' absolve or sentence  
 T' our own conditions of repentance,  
 But shar'd our dividend o' th' Crown  
 We had so painfully preach'd down, 780  
 And forc'd us, though against the grain,  
 T' have calls to teach it up again ;  
 For 'twas but justice to restore  
 The wrongs we had receiv'd before ;  
 And, when 'twas held forth in our way, 785  
 W' had been ungrateful not to pay ;  
 Who, for the right we've done the nation,  
 Have earn'd our temporal salvation ;  
 And put our vessels in a way  
 Once more to come again in play : 790  
 For if the turning of us out  
 Has brought this providence about,  
 And that our only suffering  
 Is able to bring in the King,  
 What would our actions not have done, 795  
 Had we been suffer'd to go on ?  
 And therefore may pretend t' a share,  
 At least, in carrying on th' affair :  
 But whether that be so or not,  
 W' have done enough to have it thought, 800  
 And that 's as good as if w' had done 't,  
 And easier pass'd upon account :  
 For if it be but half deny'd,  
 'Tis half as good as justify'd,  
 The world is nat'rally averse 805

To all the truth it sees or hears,  
 But swallows nonsense, and a lie,  
 With greediness and gluttony ;  
 And though it have the pique, and long,  
 'Tis still for something in the wrong ; 810  
 As women long, when they're with child,  
 For things extravagant and wild ;  
 For meats ridiculous and fulsome,  
 But seldom anything that 's wholesome ;  
 And, like the world, men's jobbernoles 815  
 Turn round upon their ears, the poles,  
 And what they 're confidently told,  
 By no sense else can be control'd.

And this, perhaps, may prove the means  
 Once more to hedge in Providence. 820  
 For as relapses make diseases  
 More desp'rate than their first accesses,  
 If we but get again in pow'r,  
 Our work is easier than before,  
 And we more ready and expert 825  
 I' th' mystery, to do our part ;  
 We, who did rather undertake  
 The first war to create, than make ;  
 And, when of nothing 'twas begun,  
 Rais'd funds, as strange, to carry 't on ; 830  
 Trepann'd the state, and fac'd it down,  
 With plots and projects of our own ;  
 And if we did such feats at first,  
 What can we, now w' are better verst ?  
 Who have a freer latitude, 835  
 Than sinners give themselves, allow'd ;  
 And therefore likeliest to bring in,  
 On fairest terms, our Discipline ;

To which it was reveal'd long since  
 We were ordain'd by Providence, 840  
 When three Saints' ears, our predecessors,  
 The Cause's primitive confessors,  
 B'ing crucify'd, the nation stood  
 In just so many years of blood,  
 That, multiplied by six, exprest 845  
 The perfect number of the Beast,  
 And prov'd that we must be the men,  
 To bring this Work about agen ;  
 And those who laid the first foundation,  
 Complete the thorough Reformation : 850  
 For who have gifts to carry on  
 So great a work, but we alone ?  
 What Churches have such able pastors,  
 And precious, powerful, preaching Masters ?  
 Possess'd with absolute dominions, 855  
 O'er Brethren's purses and opinions ?  
 And trusted with the double keys  
 Of heaven, and their warehouses ;  
 Who, when the Cause is in distress,  
 Can furnish out what sums they please, 860  
 That brooding lie in bankers' hands,  
 To be dispos'd at their commands ;  
 And daily increase and multiply,  
 With Doctrine, Use, and Usury :  
 Can fetch in parties (as, in war, 865  
 All other heads of cattle are)  
 From th' enemy of all religions,  
 As well as high and low conditions,

<sup>841</sup> Burton, Pryn, and Bastwick, three notorious ring-leaders of the factions, just at the beginning of the late horrid Rebellion.

And share them, from blue ribands, down  
 To all blue aprons in the Town : 870  
 From ladies hurried in caleshes,  
 With cornets at their footmen's breeches,  
 To bawds as fat as Mother Nab,  
 All guts and belly, like a crab.  
 Our party 's great, and better ty'd 875  
 With oaths and trade, than any side ;  
 Has one considerable improvement  
 To double fortify the Cov'nant ;  
 I mean our Covenant to purchase  
 Delinquents' titles, and the Church's, 880  
 That pass in sale, from hand to hand,  
 Among ourselves, for current land,  
 And rise or fall, like Indian actions,  
 According to the rate of factions ;  
 Our best reserve for Reformation, 885  
 When new Outgoings give occasion ;  
 That keeps the loins of Brethren girt,  
 The Covenant (their creed) t' assert ;  
 And, when they 've pack'd a Parl'ament,  
 Will once more try th' expedient : 890  
 Who can already muster friends  
 To serve for members to our ends ;  
 That represent no part o' th' nation,  
 But Fisher's-folly congregation ;  
 Are only tools to our intrigues, 895  
 And sit like geese to hatch our eggs ;  
 Who, by their precedents of wit,  
 T' outfast, outloiter, and outsit,  
 Can order matters underhand,  
 To put all bus'ness to a stand ; 900  
 Lay public bills aside for private,

And make 'em one another drive out ;  
 Divert the great and necessary,  
 With trifles to contest and vary :  
 And make the nation represent, 905  
 And serve for us in Parl'ament ;  
 Cut out more work than can be done  
 In Plato's year, but finish none,  
 Unless it be the bulls of Lenthal,  
 That always pass'd for fundamental ; 910  
 Can set up grandee against grandee,  
 To squander time away, and bandy ;  
 Make Lords and Commoners lay sieges  
 To one another's privileges ;  
 And, rather than compound the quarrel, 915  
 Engage, to th' inevitable peril  
 Of both their ruins, th' only scope  
 And consolation of our hope ;  
 Who, though we do not play the game,  
 Assist as much by giving aim ; 920  
 Can introduce our ancient arts,  
 For heads of factions, t' act their parts ;  
 Know what a leading voice is worth,  
 A seconding, a third, or fourth :  
 How much a casting voice comes to, 925  
 That turns up trump of 'Aye' or 'No ;'  
 And, by adjusting all at th' end,

<sup>909</sup> Mr. Lenthal was Speaker to that House of Commons which began the Rebellion, murdered the King, becoming then but the Rump, or fag-end of a House, was turned out by Oliver Cromwell ; restored after Richard was outed, and at last dissolved themselves at General Monk's command : and as his name was set to the ordinances of this House, these ordinances are here called the 'Bulls of Lenthal,' in allusion to the Pope's bulls, which are humorously described by the author of 'A Tale of a Tub.'

Share ev'ry one his dividend.  
 An art that so much study cost,  
 And now 's in danger to be lost, 930  
 Unless our ancient virtuosis,  
 That found it out, get into th' Houses.  
 These are the courses that we took  
 To carry things by hook or crook,  
 And practis'd down from forty-four, 935  
 Until they turn'd us out of door,  
 Besides, the herds of Boutefeus  
 We set on work without the House,  
 When ev'ry knight and citizen  
 Kept legislative journeymen, 940  
 To bring them in intelligence  
 From all points of the rabble's sense,  
 And fill the lobbies of both Houses  
 With politic important buzzes ;  
 Set up committees of cabals, 945  
 To pack designs without the walls ;  
 Examine, and draw up all news,  
 And fit it to our present use ;  
 Agree upon the plot o' th' farce,  
 And every one his part rehearse ; 950  
 Make Q's of answers, to waylay  
 What th' other party 's like to say ;  
 What repartees and smart reflections,  
 Shall be return'd to all objections ;  
 And who shall break the master jest, 955  
 And what, and how, upon the rest :

<sup>934</sup> Judge Crook and Hutton were the two judges who dissented from their ten brethren in the case of ship-money, when it was argued in the Exchequer ; which occasioned the wags to say, that the King carried it by 'Hook,' but not by 'Crook.'



Help pamphlets out, with safe editions,  
 Of proper slanders and seditions,  
 And treason for a token send,  
 By letter, to a country friend ; 960  
 Disperse lampoons, the only wit  
 That men, like burglary, commit,  
 With falser than a padder's face,  
 That all its owner does betrays,  
 Who therefore dares not trust it, when 965  
 He's in his calling to be seen ;  
 Disperse the dung on barren earth,  
 To bring new weeds of discord forth ;  
 Be sure to keep up congregations,  
 In spite of laws and proclamations : 970  
 For charlatans can do no good,  
 Until they're mounted in a crowd ;  
 And when they're punish'd, all the hurt  
 Is but to fare the better for 't ;  
 As long as confessors are sure 975  
 Of double pay for all th' endure,  
 And what they earn in persecution,  
 Are paid t' a groat in contribution :  
 Whence some tub-holders-forth have made  
 In powd'ring-tubs their richest trade ; 980  
 And, while they kept their shops in prison,  
 Have found their prices strangely risen.  
 Disdain to own the least regret  
 For all the Christian blood w' have let ;  
 'Twill save our credit, and maintain 985  
 Our title to do so again ;  
 That needs not cost one dram of sense,  
 But pertinacious impudence.  
 Our constancy t' our principles,

In time, will wear out all things else ; 990  
 Like marble statues, rubb'd in pieces  
 With gallantry of pilgrims' kisses ;  
 While those who turn and wind their oaths,  
 Have swell'd and sunk like other froths ;  
 Prevail'd a while, but, 'twas not long 995  
 Before from world to world they swung ;  
 As they had turn'd from side to side,  
 And as the changelings liv'd they died.

This said, th' impatient states-monger  
 Could now contain himself no longer, 1000  
 Who had not spar'd to shew his piques  
 Against th' haranguer's politics,  
 With smart remarks of leering faces,  
 And annotations of grimaces.  
 After h' had administer'd a dose 1005  
 Of snuff mundungus to his nose,  
 And powder'd th' inside of his skull,  
 Instead of th' outward jobber-nol,  
 He shook it with a scornful look  
 On th' adversary, and thus he spoke : 1010

In dressing a calf's head, although  
 The tongue and brains together go,  
 Both keep so great a distance here,  
 'Tis strange if ever they come near ;  
 For who did ever play his gambols 1015  
 With such insufferable rambles,

<sup>995</sup> <sup>996</sup> Dr. South remarks upon the Regicides, "That so sure did they make of heaven, and so fully reckoned themselves in the high road thither, that they never so much as thought that their Saintships should take Tyburn in the way."

<sup>1004</sup> VAR. 'Grimashes.'

<sup>1007</sup> VAR. 'Inside of his soul.'

To make the bringing in the King  
And keeping of him out one thing?  
Which none could do, but those that swore  
T' as point blank nonsense heretofore; 1020  
That to defend was to invade,  
And to assassinate to aid:  
Unless, because you drove him out  
(And that was never made a doubt),  
No pow'r is able to restore 1025  
And bring him in, but on your score;  
A sp'ritual doctrine, that conduces  
Most properly to all your uses.  
'Tis true a scorpion's oil is said  
To cure the wounds the vermin made; 1030  
And weapons dress'd with salves restore  
And heal the hurts they gave before:  
But whether Presbyterians have  
So much good nature as the salve,  
Or virtue in them as the vermin, 1035  
Those who have try'd them can determine.  
Indeed, 'tis pity you should miss  
Th' arrears of all your services,  
And, for th' eternal obligation  
Y' have laid upon th' ungrateful nation, 1040  
Be us'd so unconscionably hard,  
As not to find a just reward  
For letting rapine loose, and murther,  
To rage just so far, but no further,  
And setting all the land on fire, 1045  
To burn t' a scantling, but no higher;  
For vent'ring to assassinate  
And cut the throats of Church and State,  
And not be allow'd the fittest men

To take the charge of both agen : 1050  
 Especially that have the grace  
 Of self-denying gifted face ;  
 Who, when your projects have miscarry'd,  
 Can lay them, with undaunted forehead,  
 On those you painfully trepann'd, 1055  
 And sprinkled in at second hand ;  
 As we have been, to share the guilt  
 Of Christian blood, devoutly spilt :  
 For so our ignorance was flamm'd,  
 To damn ourselves, t' avoid being damn'd ; 1060  
 Till finding your old foe, the hangman,  
 Was like to lurch you at Back-gammon,  
 And win your necks upon the set,  
 As well as ours who did but bet,  
 (For he had drawn your ears before, 1065  
 And nick'd them on the self-same score),  
 We threw the box and dice away,  
 Before y' had lost us at foul play,  
 And brought you down to rook and lye,  
 And fancy only on the bye ; 1070  
 Redeem'd your forfeit jobbernoles,  
 From perching upon lofty poles,  
 And rescu'd all your outward traitors  
 From hanging up like alligators ;  
 For which ingeniously y' have shew'd 1075  
 Your Presbyterian gratitude ;  
 Would freely have paid us home in kind,  
 And not have been one rope behind.  
 Those were your motives to divide,

<sup>1065</sup> Alluding to the case of Mr. Pryn, who had his ears cropped twice for his seditious writings.

And scruple, on the other side, 1080  
 To turn your zealous frauds, and force,  
 To fits of conscience and remorse ;  
 To be convinc'd they were in vain,  
 And face about for new again ;  
 For truth no more unveil'd your eyes, 1081  
 Than maggots are convinc'd to flies ;  
 And therefore all your Lights and Calls  
 Are but apocryphal and false,  
 To charge us with the consequences  
 Of all your native insolences, 1090  
 That to your own imperious wills,  
 Laid Law and Gospel neck and heels ;  
 Corrupted the Old Testament,  
 'To serve the New for precedent ;  
 T' amend its errors and defects, 1095  
 With murder and rebellion-texts ;  
 Of which there is not any one  
 In all the book to sow upon ;  
 And therefore (from your tribe) the Jews  
 Held Christian doctrine forth, and use ; 1100  
 As Mahomet (your chief) began  
 To mix them in the Alcoran ;  
 Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce devotion,  
 And bended elbows on the cushion ;  
 Stole from the beggars all your tones, 1105  
 And gifted mortifying groans ;  
 Had lights where better eyes were blind,

<sup>1088</sup> VAR. 'Than maggots when they turn to flies.'

<sup>1093</sup> This was done by a fanatical printer, in the seventh commandment ; who printed it, 'Thou shalt commit adultery,' and was fined for it in the Star-chamber, or High-commission Court.

As pigs are said to see the wind ;  
 Fill'd Bedlam with predestination,  
 And Knightsbridge with illumination ; 1110  
 Made children, with your tones, to run for 't,  
 As bad as Bloodybones or Lunsford.  
 While women, great with child, miscarry'd,  
 For being to Malignants marry'd :  
 Transform'd all wives to Dalilahs, 1115  
 Whose husbands were not for the Cause ;  
 And turn'd the men to ten-horn'd cattle,  
 Because they came not out to battle ;  
 Made tailors' 'prentices turn heroes,  
 For fear of being transform'd to Meroz, 1120  
 And rather forfeit their indentures,  
 Than not espouse the Saints' adventures :  
 Could transubstantiate, metamorphose,

<sup>1112</sup> It was one of the artifices of the Male-contents in the Civil war to raise false alarms, and to fill the people full of frightful apprehensions. In particular they raised a terrible outcry of the imaginary danger they conceived from the Lord Digby and Colonel Lunsford. Lilburn glories, upon his trial, for being an incendiary on such occasions, and mentions the tumult he raised against the innocent Colonel as a meritorious action: "I was once arraigned (says he) before the House of Peers, for stick'ng close to the liberties and privileges of this nation, and those that stood for them, being one of those two or three men that first drew their swords in Westminster-hall against Colonel Lunsford, and some scores of his associates: at that time it was supposed they intended to cut the throats of the chiefest men then sitting in the House of Peers." And, to render him the more odious, they reported that he was of so brutal an appetite, that he would eat children. And, to make this gentleman the more detestable, they made horrid pictures of him. Colonel Lunsford, after all, was a person of extraordinary sobriety, industry, and courage, and was killed at the taking of Bristol by the King, in 1643.

And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus ;  
 Enchant the King's and Church's lands, 1125  
 T' obey and follow your commands,  
 And settle on a new freehold,  
 As Marcy-hill had done of old :  
 Could turn the Cov'nant and translate  
 The Gospel into spoons and plate ; 1130  
 Expound upon all merchants' cashes,  
 And open th' intricatest places ;  
 Could catechise a money-box,  
 And prove all pouches orthodox ;  
 Until the Cause became a Damon, 1135  
 And Pythias the wicked Mammon.

And yet, in spite of all your charms  
 To conjure Legion up in arms,  
 And raise more devils in the rout,  
 Than e'er y' were able to cast out, 1140  
 Y' have been reduc'd, and by those fools,  
 Bred up (you say) in your own schools,  
 Who, though but gifted at your feet,  
 Have made it plain they have more wit,  
 By whom you've been so oft trepann'd, 1145  
 And held forth out of all command ;  
 Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out-done,  
 And out-reveal'd at Carryings-on,  
 Of all your Dispensations worm'd  
 Out-providenc'd and out-reform'd ; 1150  
 Ejected out of Church and State,  
 And all things but the people's hate ;  
 And spirited out of th' enjoyments  
 Of precious, edifying employments,  
 By those who lodg'd their gifts and graces, 1155  
 Like better bowlers, in your places :

All which you bore with resolution,  
 Charg'd on th' account of persecution ;  
 And though most righteously oppress'd,  
 Against your wills still acquiesc'd ; 1160  
 And never humm'd and hah'd Sedition,  
 Nor snuffled Treason, nor Misprision :  
 That is, because you never durst ;  
 For, had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,  
 Alas ! you were no longer able 1165  
 To raise your posse of the rabble :  
 One single red-coat sentinel  
 Outcharm'd the magic of the spell,  
 And, with his squirt-fire, could disperse  
 Whole troops with chapter rais'd and verse. 1170  
 We knew too well those tricks of yours,  
 To leave it ever in your powers,  
 Or trust our safeties, or undoings,  
 To your disposing of Outgoings,  
 Or to your ord'ring Providence, 1175  
 One farthing's worth of consequence.

For, had you power to undermine,  
 Or wit to carry a design,  
 Or correspondence to trepan,  
 Inveigle, or betray one man, 1180  
 There's nothing else that intervenes,  
 And bars your zeal to use the means ;  
 And therefore wondrous like, no doubt,  
 To bring in Kings, or keep them out :  
 Brave undertakers to restore, 1185  
 That could not keep yourselves in pow'r ;  
 T' advance the int'rests of the Crown,  
 That wanted wit to keep your own.

'Tis true ye have (for I'd be loth



To wrong ye) done your parts in both, 1190  
 To keep him out and bring him in,  
 As Grace is introduc'd by Sin ;  
 For 'twas your zealous want of sense  
 And sanctify'd impertinence,  
 Your carrying business in a huddle, 1195  
 That forc'd our rulers to new-model,  
 Oblig'd the State to tack about,  
 And turn you, root and branch, all out ;  
 To reformado, one and all,  
 T' your great Croysado General : 1200  
 Your greedy slav'ring to devour,  
 Before 'twas in your clutches, pow'r ;  
 That sprung the game you were to set,  
 Before y' had time to draw the net :  
 Your spite to see the Church's lands 1205  
 Divided into other hands,  
 And all your sacrilegious ventures  
 Laid out in tickets and debentures ;  
 Your envy to be sprinkled down,  
 By under churches in the Town ; 1210  
 And no course us'd to stop their mouths,  
 Nor th' Independents' spreading growths ;  
 All which consider'd, 'tis most true  
 None bring him in so much as you,  
 Who have prevail'd beyond their plots, 1215  
 Their midnight juntos, and seal'd knots ;  
 That thrive more by your zealous piques,  
 Than all their own rash politics.  
 And this way you may claim a share  
 In carrying (as you brag) th' affair ; 1220  
 Else frogs and toads, that croak'd the Jews  
 From Pharaoh and his brick-kilns loose,

And flies and mange, that set them free  
 From taskmasters and slavery,  
 Were likelier to do the feat, 1225  
 In any indiff'rent man's conceit.  
 For who e'er heard of Restoration,  
 Until your thorough Reformation ?  
 That is, the King's and Church's lands  
 Were sequester'd int' other hands : 1230  
 For only then, and not before,  
 Your eyes were open'd to restore ;  
 And when the work was carrying on,  
 Who cross'd it but yourselves alone ?  
 As by a world of hints appears, 1235  
 All plain and extant, as your ears.

But first, o' th' first : The Isle of Wight  
 Will rise up, if you should deny 't,  
 Where Henderson and th' other Masses

<sup>1239</sup> When the King, in the year 1646, was in the Scotch army, the English Parliament sent him some propositions, one of which was the abolition of Episcopacy, and the setting up Presbytery in its stead. Mr. Henderson, one of the chief of the Scotch Presbyterian ministers, was employed to induce the King to agree to this proposition, it being what his Majesty chiefly stuck at. Accordingly he came provided with books and papers for his purpose: the controversy was debated in writing, as well as by personal conference, and several papers passed between them, which have been several times published; from which it appears that the King, without books or papers, or any one to assist him, was an overmatch for this old champion of the Kirk (and, I think, it will be no hyperbole if I add, for all the then English and Scotch Presbyterian teachers put together), and made him so far a convert, that he departed with great sorrow to Edinburgh, with a deep sense of the mischief of which he had been the author and abettor; and not only lamented to his friends and confidants, on his death-bed, which followed soon after, but likewise published a solemn declaration to the Parliament and

Were sent to cap texts, and put cases : 1240  
 To pass for deep and learned scholars,  
 Although but paltry Ob and Sollers :  
 As if th' unseasonable fools  
 Had been a-coursing in the schools,  
 Until th' had prov'd the devil author 1245

Synod of England, in which he owned, "That they had been abused with most false aspersions against his Majesty, and that they ought to restore him to his full rights, royal throne, and dignity, lest an endless character of ingratitude lie upon them, that may turn to their ruin." As to the King himself, besides mentioning his justice, his magnanimity, his sobriety, his charity, and other virtues, he has these words: "I do declare, before God and the world, whether in relation to the Kirk or State, I found his Majesty the most intelligent man that I ever spake with, as far beyond my expression as expectation. I profess I was oftentimes astonished with the quickness of his reasons and replies; wondered how he, spending his time in sports and recreations, could have attained to so great knowledge; and must confess that I was convinced in conscience, and knew not how to give him any reasonable satisfaction: yet the sweetness of his disposition is such, that whatever I said was well taken. I must say that I never met with any disputant of that mild and calm temper, which convinced me that his wisdom and moderation could not be without an extraordinary measure of divine grace. I dare say if his advice had been followed, all the blood that is shed, and all the rapine that has been committed, would have been prevented."

<sup>1242</sup> Whoever considers the context will find, that Ob and Sollers are designed as a character of Mr. Henderson and his fellow-disputants, who are called Masses (as Mas is an abridgment of Master), that is, young masters in divinity; and this character signifies something quite contrary to deep and learned scholars, particularly such as had studied controversies, as they are handled by little books or systems (of the Dutch and Geneva cut), where the authors represent their adversaries' arguments by small objections, and subjoin their own pitiful solutions. In the margin of these books may be seen Ob and Sol. Such mushroom divines are ingeniously and compendiously called Ob and Sollers.

O' th' Cov'nant, and the Cause his daughter :  
 For when they charg'd him with the guilt  
 Of all the blood that had been spilt,  
 They did not mean he wrought th' effusion  
 In person, like Sir Pride, or Hughson, 1250  
 But only those who first begun  
 The quarrel were by him set on ;  
 And who could those be but the Saints,  
 Those Reformation-termagants ?  
 But, ere this pass'd, the wise debate 1255  
 Spent so much time, it grêw too late ;  
 For Oliver had gotten ground,  
 T' inclose him with his warriors round ;  
 Had brought his Providence about,  
 And turn'd th' untimely sophists out. 1260  
 Nor had the Uxbridge business less  
 Of nonsense in 't, or sottishness ;  
 When from a scoundrel holder-forth,

<sup>1250</sup> Pride was a foundling. He went into the army, was made a colonel, and was principally concerned in secluding the members in order to the King's trial ; which great change was called Colonel Pride's Purge. He was one of Oliver Cromwell's upper house. He is called Thomas Lord Pride in the commission for erecting a High Court of Justice for the trial of Sir Henry Slingsby, Dr. Hewit, &c. Mr. Butler calls him Sir Pride, by way of sneer upon the manner of his being knighted ; for Oliver Cromwell knighted him with a faggot-stick, instead of a sword.

Hughson was a cobbler, went into the army, and was made a colonel ; knighted by Oliver Cromwell, and, to help to cobble the crazy state of the nation, was made one of Oliver's upper house.

<sup>1263</sup> This was Mr. Christopher Love, a furious Presbyterian, who, when the King's Commissioners met those of the Parliament at Uxbridge, in the year 1644, to treat of peace, preached a sermon there, on the 30th of January, against the treaty, and said, among other things, that "no

The scum as well as son o' th' earth,  
 Your mighty senators took law, 1265  
 At his command were forc'd t' withdraw,  
 And sacrifice the peace o' th' nation  
 To Doctrine, Use, and Application.  
 So when the Scots, your constant cronies,  
 Th' espousers of your cause and monies, 1270  
 Who had so often, in your aid,  
 So many ways been soundly paid,  
 Came in at last for better ends,  
 To prove themselves your trusty friends,  
 You basely left them, and the Church 1275  
 They train'd you up to, in the lurch,  
 And suffer'd your own tribe of Christians  
 To fall before as true Philistines.

good was to be expected from it, for that they (meaning the King's Commissioners) came from Oxford with hearts full of blood."

1269 1270 The expense the English rebels engaged the nation in, by bringing in their brother rebels from Scotland, amounted to an extravagant sum, their receipts in money and free-quarter being £1,462,769. 5s. 3d. William Lilly, the Sidrophel of this Poem, observes of the Scots, "That they came into England purposely to steal our goods, ravish our wives, enslave our persons, inherit our possessions and birth-rights, remain here in England, and everlastingly to inhabit among us."

Mr. Bowlstrode, son of Colonel Bowlstrode, a factious rebel in Buckinghamshire, in his prayer before his sermon, at Horton, near Colebrook, used the following words: "Thou hast, O Lord, of late written bitter things against Thy children, and forsaken Thine own inheritance; and now, O Lord, in our misery and distress, we expected aid from our brethren of our neighbouring nation (the Scots, I mean); but, good Lord, Thou knowest that they are a false perfidious nation, and do all they do for their own ends."

By the author of a tract, entitled 'Lex Talionis,' 1647, it is proposed, as a preventing remedy, "to let the Scots, in the name of God, or of the devil that sent them, go home."

This shews what utensils y' have been  
 To bring the King's concernments in ; 1280  
 Which is so far from being true,  
 That none but he can bring in you ;  
 And if he take you into trust  
 Will find you most exactly just,  
 Such as will punctually repay 1285  
 With double int'rest, and betray.

Not that I think those pantomimes,  
 Who vary action with the times,  
 Are less ingenious in their art  
 Than those who dully act one part ; 1290  
 Or those who turn from side to side  
 More guilty than the wind and tide.  
 All countries are a wise man's home,  
 And so are governments to some,  
 Who change them for the same intrigues 1295  
 That statesmen use in breaking leagues ;  
 While others, in old faiths and troths,  
 Look odd as out-of-fashion'd clothes,  
 And nastier in an old opinion  
 Than those who never shift their linen. 1300  
 For True and Faithful's sure to lose  
 Which way soever the game goes ;  
 And, whether parties lose or win,  
 Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in :  
 While power usurp'd, like stol'n delight, 1305  
 Is more bewitching than the right,  
 And, when the times begin to alter,  
 None rise so high as from the halter.

And so may we, if w' have but sense  
 To use the necessary means, 1310  
 And not your usual stratagems

On one another, lights and dreams :  
 To stand on terms as positive  
 As if we did not take, but give ;  
 Set up the Covenant on crutches 1315  
 'Gainst those who have us in their clutches,  
 And dream of pulling churches down  
 Before w' are sure to prop our own ;  
 Your constant method of proceeding,  
 Without the carnal means of heeding, 1320  
 Who, 'twixt your inward sense and outward,  
 Are worse than if y' had none accoutred.

I grant all courses are in vain  
 Unless we can get in again,  
 The only way that's left us now ; 1325  
 But all the difficulty's how.  
 'Tis true w' have money, th' only power  
 That all mankind falls down before ;  
 Money, that, like the swords of kings,  
 Is the last reason of all things : 1330  
 And therefore need not doubt our play  
 Has all advantages that way,  
 As long as men have faith to sell,  
 And meet with those that can pay well ;  
 Whose half-starv'd pride and avarice 1335  
 One Church and State will not suffice  
 T' expose to sale, besides the wages  
 Of storing plagues to after-ages.  
 Nor is our money less our own  
 Than 'twas before we laid it down ; 1340  
 For 'twill return, and turn t' account,  
 If we are brought in play upon 't :  
 Or but, by casting knaves, get in,  
 What pow'r can hinder us to win ?

We know the arts we us'd before 1345  
 In peace and war, and something more,  
 And by th' unfortunate events  
 Can mend our next experiments ;  
 For, when we're taken into trust,  
 How easy are the wisest choust, 1350  
 Who see but th' outsides of our feats,  
 And not their secret springs and weights ;  
 And, while they 're busy at their ease,  
 Can carry what designs we please ?  
 How easy is 't to serve for agents 1355  
 To prosecute our old engagements ?  
 To keep the good old Cause on foot,  
 And present power from taking root ;  
 In flame them both with false alarms  
 Of plots and parties taking arms ; 1360  
 To keep the nation's wounds too wide  
 From healing up of side to side ;  
 Profess the passionat'st concerns  
 For both their interests by turns,  
 The only way t' improve our own, 1365  
 By dealing faithfully with none ;  
 (As bowls run true by being made  
 On purpose false, and to be sway'd) ;  
 For if we should be true to either,  
 'Twould turn us out of both together ; 1370  
 And therefore have no other means  
 To stand upon our own defence,  
 But keeping up our ancient party  
 In vigour confident and hearty :  
 To reconcile our late Dissenters, 1375

<sup>1362</sup> VAR. 'For healing up.'

<sup>1368</sup> VAR. 'Of purpose false.'



Our Brethren, though by other venters ;  
Unite them and their different maggots,  
As long and short sticks are in faggots,  
And make them join again as close  
As when they first began t' espouse ; 1380  
Erect them into separate  
New Jewish tribes in Church and State ;  
To join in marriage and commerce,  
And only 'mong themselves converse,  
And all that are not of their mind 1385  
Make enemies to all mankind ;  
Take all religions in, and stickle  
From Conclave down to Conventicle ;  
Agreeing still, or disagreeing,  
According to the Light in being. 1390  
Sometimes for liberty of conscience,  
And spiritual misrule in one sense ;  
But in another quite contrary,  
As Dispensations chance to vary ;  
And stand for, as the times will bear it, 1395  
All contradictions of the Spirit :  
Protect their emissaries, empower'd  
To preach Sedition and the Word ;  
And, when they 're hamper'd by the laws,  
Release the lab'ers for the Cause, 1400  
And turn the persecution back  
On those that made the first attack,  
To keep them equally in awe  
From breaking or maintaining law :  
And when they have their fits too soon, 1405  
Before the full-tides of the moon,  
Put off their zeal t' a fitter season  
For sowing faction in and treason ;

And keep them hooded, and their Churches,  
 Like hawks, from baiting on their perches ; 1410  
 That, when the blessed time shall come  
 Of quitting Babylon and Rome,  
 They may be ready to restore  
 Their own Fifth Monarchy once more.

Mean while be better arm'd to fence 1415  
 Against revolts of Providence,  
 By watching narrowly, and snapping  
 All blind sides of it, as they happen:  
 For if success could make us Saints,  
 Our ruin turn'd us miscreants ; 1420  
 A scandal that would fall too hard  
 Upon a few, and unprepar'd.

These are the courses we must run,  
 Spite of our hearts, or be undone ;  
 And not to stand on terms and freaks, 1425  
 Before we have secured our necks,  
 But do our work as out of sight,  
 As stars by day, and suns by night ;  
 All licence of the people own,  
 In opposition to the Crown ; 1430  
 And for the Crown as fiercely side,

<sup>1419</sup> <sup>1420</sup> The author of "The Fourth Part of the History of Independency," p. 56, compares the governors of those times with the Turks, who ascribe the goodness of their cause to the keenness of their sword, denying that any thing may properly be called *nefas*, if it can but win the epithet of *prosperum*. Dr. Owen seems to have been in this way of thinking. "Where," says he ("Eben Ezer," p. 13, "L'Estrange's Dissenters' Sayings," part ii. p. 11.) "is the God of Marston Moor, and the God of Naseby? is an acceptable expostulation in a glorious day. O! what a catalogue of mercies has this nation to plead by in a time of trouble! The God came from Naseby, and the Holy One from the West. Selah."

The head and body to divide :  
 The end of all we first design'd,  
 And all that yet remains behind.  
 Be sure to spare no public rapine 1435  
 On all emergencies that happen ;  
 For 'tis as easy to supplant  
 Authority as men in want ;  
 As some of us in trusts have made  
 The one hand with the other trade ; 1440  
 Gain'd vastly by their joint endeavour,  
 The right a thief, the left receiver ;  
 And what the one, by tricks, forestall'd,  
 The other, by as sly, retail'd.  
 For gain has wonderful effects 1445  
 T' improve the factory of sects ;  
 The rule of faith in all professions,  
 And great Diana of th' Ephesians ;  
 Whence turning of religion 's made  
 The means to turn and wind a trade ; 1450  
 And though some change it for the worse,  
 They put themselves into a course,  
 And draw in store of customers,  
 To thrive the better in commerce :  
 For all religions flock together, 1455  
 Like tame and wild fowl of a feather ;  
 To nab the itches of their sects,  
 As jades do one another's necks.  
 Hence 'tis hypocrisy as well  
 Will serve t' improve a church as zeal ; 1460  
 As persecution or promotion  
 Do equally advance devotion.

Let business, like ill watches, go  
 Sometime too fast, sometime too slow ;

For things in order are put out 1465  
 So easy, ease itself will do 't:  
 But when the feat 's design'd and meant,  
 What miracle can bar th' event?  
 For 'tis more easy to betray  
 Than ruin any other way. 1470

All possible occasions start,  
 The weightiest matters to divert;  
 Obstruct, perplex, distract, entangle,  
 And lay perpetual trains to wrangle;  
 But in affairs of less import, 1475  
 That neither do us good nor hurt,  
 And they receive as little by,  
 Out-fawn as much, and out-comply;  
 And seem as scrupulously just,  
 To bait our hooks for greater trust. 1480  
 But still be careful to cry down  
 All public actions, though our own;  
 The least miscarriage aggravate,  
 And charge it all upon the State:  
 Express the horrid'st detestation, 1485  
 And pity the distracted nation;  
 Tell stories scandalous and false  
 I' th' proper language of cabals,  
 Where all a subtle statesman says  
 Is half in words and half in face; 1490  
 (As Spaniards talk in dialogues  
 Of heads and shoulders, nods and shrugs);  
 Intrust it under solømn vows  
 Of Mum, and Silence, and the Rose,  
 To be retail'd again in whispers, 1495  
 For th' easy credulous to disperse.

Thus far the Statesman—when a shout,

Heard at a distance, put him out ;  
 And straight another, all aghast,  
 Rush'd in with equal fear and haste, 1500  
 Who star'd about, as pale as death,  
 And, for a while, as out of breath ;  
 Till, having gather'd up his wits,  
 He thus began his tale by fits :—

That beastly rabble—that came down 1505  
 From all the garrets—in the Town,  
 And stalls, and shop-boards—in vast swarms,  
 With new-chalk'd bills, and rusty arms,  
 To cry the Cause—up, heretofore,  
 And bawl the Bishops—out of door, 1510  
 Are now drawn up—in greater shoals,  
 To roast—and broil us on the coals,  
 And all the Grandees—of our members  
 Are carbonading—on the embers ;  
 Knights, citizens, and burgesses— 1515  
 Held forth by rumps—of pigs and geese,  
 That serve for characters—and badges  
 To represent their personages ;  
 Each bonfire is a funeral pile,

<sup>1504</sup> We learn from Lilly, that the messenger who brought this terrifying intelligence to this cabal was Sir Martyn Noell. Sir Martyn tells his story naturally and begins like a man in a fright and out of breath, and continues to make breaks and stops till he naturally recovers it, and then proceeds floridly, and without impediment. This is a beauty in the Poem not to be disregarded ; and let the reader make an experiment, and shorten his breath, or, in other words, put himself into Sir Martyn's condition, and then read this relation, and he will soon be convinced that the breaks are natural and judicious.

<sup>1505</sup> This is an accurate description of the mob's burning rumps upon the admission of the secluded members, in contempt of the Rump Parliament.

In which they roast, and scorch, and broil, 1520  
 And ev'ry representative  
 Have vow'd to roast—and broil alive :  
     And 'tis a miracle we are not  
 Already sacrific'd incarnate ;  
 For while we wrangle here and jar 1525  
 We 're grilly'd all at Temple-bar ;  
 Some, on the signpost of an alehouse,  
 Hang in effigy on the gallows,  
 Made up of rags, to personate  
 Respective officers of state ; 1530  
 That henceforth they may stand reputed  
 Proscrib'd in law and executed,  
 And, while the Work is carrying on,  
 Be ready listed under Dun,  
 That worthy patriot, once the bellows 1535  
 And tinder-box of all his fellows ;  
 The activ'st member of the five,  
 As well as the most primitive ;  
 Who, for his faithful service then,  
 Is chosen for a fifth agen :— 1540  
 (For since the State has made a quint  
 Of Generals, he's listed in 't:)—  
 This worthy, as the world will say,  
 Is paid in specie his own way ;

<sup>1534</sup> Dun was the public executioner at that time, and the executioners long after that went by the same name.

<sup>1540</sup> Sir Arthur Hazlerig, one of the five members of the House of Commons, was impeached 1641-2; was Governor of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, had the Bishop of Durham's house, park, and manor of Auckland, and £6500. in money, given him. He died in the Tower of London, January 8, 1661.

<sup>1541</sup> <sup>1542</sup> The Rump, growing jealous of General Monk, ordered that the generalship should be vested in five commissioners, Monk, Hazlerig, Walton, Morley, and Alured,

For, moulded to the life, in clouts 1545  
 Th' have pick'd from dunghills hereabouts,  
 He 's mounted on a hazel bavin  
 A cropp'd malignant baker gave 'em ;  
 And to the largest bonfire riding,  
 They 've roasted Cook already, and Pride in ; 1550  
 On whom, in equipage and state,  
 His scarecrow fellow-members wait,  
 And march in order, two and two,  
 As at thanksgivings th' us'd to do,  
 Each in a tatter'd talisman, 1555  
 Like vermin in effigy slain.

But (what's more dreadful than the rest)  
 Those rumps are but the tail o' th' Beast,  
 Set up by Popish engineers,  
 As by the crackers plainly' appears ; 1560  
 For none but Jesuits have a mission  
 To preach the faith with ammunition,  
 And propagate the church with powder ;  
 Their founder was a blown-up soldier.  
 These spiritual pioneers o' th' whore's, 1565  
 That have the charge of all her stores,  
 Since first they fail'd in their designs  
 To take-in heav'n by springing mines,  
 And with unanswerable barrels

making three a quorum, but denying a motion that Monk should be of that quorum; but, their authority not being then much regarded, this order was not obeyed, and Monk continued sole general notwithstanding.

<sup>1550</sup> The wicked wretch who acted as solicitor in the King's trial, and drew up a charge of high treason against him, and had drawn up a formal plea against him, in case he had submitted to the jurisdiction of the Court. At his own trial he pleaded, that what he did was as a lawyer for his fee. He deservedly suffered at Tyburn as a Regicide.

Of gunpowder dispute their quarrels, 1570  
 Now take a course more practicable,  
 By laying trains to fire the rabble,  
 And blow us up, in th' open streets,  
 Disguis'd in rumps, like sambenites,  
 More like to ruin and confound 1575  
 Than all their doctrines under ground.

Nor have they chosen rumps amiss  
 For symbols of State-mysterics,  
 Though some suppose 'twas but to shew  
 How much they scorn'd the Saints, the few, 1580  
 Who, 'cause they 're wasted to the stumps,  
 Are represented best by rumps:  
 But Jesuits have deeper reaches  
 In all their politic far-fetches,  
 And, from the Coptic priest Kircherus, 1585  
 Found out this mystic way to jeer us:  
 For as th' Egyptians us'd by bees  
 T' express their antique Ptolomies,  
 And by their stings, the swords they wore,  
 Held forth authority and pow'r; 1590  
 Because these subtle animals  
 Bear all their int'rests in their tails,  
 And when they're once impair'd in that,  
 Are banish'd their well-order'd state,  
 They thought all governments were best 1595  
 By hieroglyphic rumps exprest.

For as, in bodies natural,  
 The rump's the fundament of all,  
 So, in a commonwealth or realm,  
 The government is call'd the Helm, 1600

<sup>1585</sup> VAR. 'Kirkerus,' Athanasius Kircher, a Jesuit, hath written largely on the Egyptian mystical learning.



With which, like vessels under sail,  
 They're turn'd and winded by the tail :  
 The tail, which birds and fishes steer  
 Their courses with through sea and air,  
 To whom the rudder of the rump is 1605  
 The same thing with the stern and compass.

This shews how perfectly the rump  
 And commonwealth in Nature jump :  
 For as a fly that goes to bed  
 Rests with his tail above his head, 1610  
 So in this mongrel state of ours

The rabble are the supreme powers,  
 That hors'd us on their backs, to show us  
 A jadish trick at last, and throw us.

The learned Rabbins of the Jews 1615  
 Write there's a bone, which they call Luez,  
 I' th' rump of man, of such a virtue  
 No force in Nature can do hurt to ;  
 And therefore, at the last great day,  
 All th' other members shall, they say, 1620  
 Spring out of this, as from a seed  
 All sorts of vegetals proceed ;  
 From whence the learned sons of Art  
*Os sacrum* justly style that part.

Then what can better represent 1625  
 Than this rump-bone the Parliament,  
 That, after several rude ejections  
 And as prodigious resurrections,  
 With new reversions of nine lives  
 Starts up, and like a cat revives ? 1630

But now, alas ! they're all expir'd,  
 And th' House as well as members fir'd ;  
 Consum'd in kennels by the rout,

With which they other fires put out ;  
 Condemn'd t' ungoverning distress, 1635  
 And paltry private wretchedness ;  
 Worse than the devil to privation  
 Beyond all hopes of restoration ;  
 And parted, like the body and soul,  
 From all dominion and control. 1640

We who could lately, with a look,  
 Enact, establish, or revoke,  
 Whose arbitrary nods gave law,  
 And frowns kept multitudes in awe ;  
 Before the bluster of whose huff 1645  
 All hats, as in a storm, flew off ;  
 Ador'd and bow'd to by the great,  
 Down to the footman and valet ;  
 Had more bent knees than chapel-mats,  
 And prayers than the crowns of hats ; 1650  
 Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly,  
 For ruin's just as low as high ;  
 Which might be suffer'd, were it all  
 The horror that attends our fall :  
 For some of us have scores more large 1655  
 Than heads and quarters can discharge ;  
 And others, who, by restless scraping,  
 With public frauds, and private rapine,  
 Have mighty heaps of wealth amass'd,  
 Would gladly lay down all at last ; 1660  
 And, to be but undone, entail

<sup>1661</sup> This the Regicides in general would have done gladly ; but the ringleaders of them were executed 'in terrorem.' Those that came in upon proclamation were brought to the bar of the House of Lords, 25th November, 1661, to answer what they could say for themselves why judgment should not

Their vessels on perpetual jail,  
 And bless the dev'l to let them farms  
 Of forfeit souls on no worse terms.

This said, a near and louder shout 1665  
 Put all th' assembly to the rout,  
 Who now began t' outrun their fear,  
 As horses do from those they bear ;  
 But crowd'd on with so much haste,  
 Until th' had block'd the passage fast, 1670  
 And barricado'd it with haunches  
 Of outward men, and bulks, and paunches,  
 That with their shoulders strove to squeeze,  
 And rather save a crippled piece  
 Of all their crush'd and broken members, 1675  
 Than have them grill'd on the embers ;  
 Still pressing on with heavy packs

be executed against them? They severally alleged, "That, upon his Majesty's gracious Declaration from Breda, and the votes of the Parliament, &c. they did render themselves, being advised that they should thereby secure their lives; and humbly craved the benefit of the proclamation, &c." And Harry Martyn briskly added, "That he had never obeyed any proclamation before this, and hoped he should not be hanged for taking the King's word now." A bill was brought in for their execution, which was read twice, but afterwards dropt, and so they were all sent to their several prisons, and little more heard of. Ludlow, and some others, escaped by flying among the Swiss Cantons.

<sup>1665</sup> <sup>1666</sup> When Sir Martyn came to this cabal, he left the rabble at Temple-bar; but, by the time he had concluded his discourse, they were advanced near Whitehall and Westminster. This alarmed our caballers, and perhaps terrified them with the apprehension of being hanged or burned in reality, as some of them that very instant were in effigy. No wonder, therefore, they broke up so precipitately, and that each endeavoured to secure himself. The manner of it is described with a poetical licence, only to embellish this Canto with a diverting catastrophe.

Of one another on their backs,  
 The van-guard could no longer bear  
 The charges of the forlorn rear, 1680  
 But, borne down headlong by the rout,  
 Were trampled sorely under foot ;  
 Yet nothing prov'd so formidable  
 As th' horrid cookery of the rabble ;  
 And fear, that keeps all feeling out, 1685  
 As lesser pains are by the gout,  
 Reliev'd them with a fresh supply  
 Of rallied force, enough to fly,  
 And beat a Tuscan running-horse,  
 Whose jockey-rider is all spurs. 1690

### PART III. CANTO III.\*

#### THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire's prodigious flight  
 To quit th' enchanted bow'r by night.  
 He plots to turn his amorous suit  
 T' a plea in law, and prosecute :  
 Repairs to counsel, to advise  
 'Bout managing the enterprise ;  
 But first resolves to try by letter,  
 And one more fair address, to get her.

**W**HO would believe what strange bugbears  
 Mankind creates itself of fears,

\* Our Poet now resumes his principal subject ; and the reason why he is so full in the recapitulation of the last adventure of our Knight and Squire is, because we had lost sight of our heroes for the space of the longest Canto in the whole Poem.

That spring, like fern, that insect weed,  
 Equivocally, without seed,  
 And have no possible foundation 5  
 But merely in th' imagination?  
 And yet can do more dreadful feats  
 Than hags with all their imps and teats;  
 Make more bewitch and haunt themselves  
 Than all their nurseries of elves. 10  
 For fear does things so like a witch,  
 'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which;  
 Sets up communities of senses,  
 To chop and change intelligences;  
 As Rosycrucian virtuosos 15  
 Can see with ears, and hear with noses;  
 And, when they neither see nor hear,  
 Have more than both supply'd by fear,  
 That makes them in the dark see visions,  
 And hag themselves with apparitions, 20  
 And, when their eyes discover least,  
 Discern the subtlest objects best;  
 Do things not contrary alone  
 To th' course of Nature, but its own;  
 The courage of the bravest daunt, 25  
 And turn poltroons as valiant:  
 For men as resolute appear  
 With too much, as too little fear;  
 And, when they're out of hopes of flying  
 Will run away from death by dying; 30  
 Or turn again to stand it out,  
 And those they fled, like lions, rout.  
 This Hudibras had prov'd too true,  
 Who, by the Furies left perdue,  
 And haunted with detachments sent 35

From Marshal Legion's regiment,  
 Was by a fiend, as counterfeit,  
 Reliev'd and rescu'd with a cheat,  
 When nothing but himself and fear  
 Were both the imps and conjurer ; 40  
 As, by the rules o' th' virtuosi,  
 It follows in due form of poesie.

Disguis'd in all the masks of night,  
 We left our champion on his flight,  
 At blindman's buff to grope his way, 45  
 In equal fear of night and day ;  
 Who took his dark and desp'rate course,  
 He knew no better than his horse ;  
 And, by an unknown devil led  
 (He knew as little whither), fled : 50  
 He never was in greater need  
 Nor less capacity of speed ;  
 Disabled, both in man and beast,  
 To fly and run away his best,  
 To keep the enemy and fear 55  
 From equal falling on his rear.  
 And though with kicks and bangs he ply'd  
 The further and the nearer side ;  
 (As seamen ride with all their force,  
 And tug as if they row'd the horse, 60  
 And, when the hackney sails most swift,  
 Believe they lag, or run adrift) ;  
 So, though he posted e'er so fast,  
 His fear was greater than his haste :  
 For fear, though fleeter than the wind, 65

<sup>35</sup> Alluding to Stephen Marshal's bellowing out treason from the pulpit, in order to recruit the army of the Rebels. He was called the 'Geneva Bull.'

Believes 'tis always left behind.  
 But when the morn began t' appear,  
 And shift t' another scene his fear,  
 He found his new officious shade,  
 That came so timely to his aid, 70  
 And forc'd him from the foe t' escape,  
 Had turn'd itself to Ralpho's shape,  
 So like in person, garb, and pitch,  
 'Twas hard t' interpret which was which.

For Ralpho had no sooner told 75  
 The Lady all he had t' unfold,  
 But she convey'd him out of sight,  
 To entertain th' approaching Knight;  
 And while he gave himself diversion,  
 T' accommodate his beast and person, 80  
 And put his beard into a posture  
 At best advantage to accost her,  
 She order'd th' anti-masquerade  
 (For his reception) aforesaid:  
 But when the ceremony was done, 85  
 The lights put out, the Furies gone,  
 And Hudibras, among the rest,  
 Convey'd away, as Ralpho guess'd,  
 The wretched caitiff, all alone  
 (As he believ'd), began to moan, 90  
 And tell his story to himself,  
 The Knight mistook him for an elf;  
 And did so still, till he began  
 To scruple at Ralph's outward man,  
 And thought, because they oft agreed 95  
 T' appear in one another's stead,  
 And act the saint's and devil's part

77 VAR. 'But she convoy'd him.'

With undistinguishable art,  
 They might have done so now, perhaps,  
 And put on one another's shapes ; 100  
 And therefore, to resolve the doubt,  
 He star'd upon him, and cry'd out,—  
 What art ? My squire, or that bold sprite  
 That took his place and shape to-night ?  
 Some busy Independent pug, 105  
 Retainer to his synagogue ?

Alas ! quoth he, I 'm none of those  
 Your bosom friends, as you suppose,  
 But Ralph himself, your trusty Squire,  
 Wh' has dragg'd your Dunship out o' th' mire, 110  
 And from th' enchantments of a Widow,  
 Wh' had turn'd you int' a beast, have freed you ;  
 And, though a prisoner of war,  
 Have brought you safe where now you are ;  
 Which you would gratefully repay 115  
 Your constant Presbyterian way.—

That 's stranger (quoth the Knight), and stranger ;  
 Who gave thee notice of my danger ?

Quoth he, Th' infernal conjurer  
 Pursu'd, and took me prisoner ; 120  
 And, knowing you were hereabout,  
 Brought me along to find you out ;  
 Where I, in hugger-mugger hid,  
 Have noted all they said or did :  
 And, though they lay to him the pageant, 125  
 I did not see him, nor his agent ;  
 Who play'd their sorceries out of sight,  
 T' avoid a fiercer second fight.—

But didst thou see no devils then ?—

<sup>103</sup> VAR. 'Spright.'

<sup>110</sup> VAR. 'Donship.'



Not one (quoth he) but carnal men, 130  
 A little worse than fiends in hell,  
 And that she-devil Jezebel,  
 That laugh'd and tee-he'd with derision  
 To see them take your deposition.

What then (quoth Hudibras) was he 135  
 That play'd the dev'l t' examine me?—

A rallying weaver in the town,  
 That did it in a parson's gown ;  
 Whom all the parish takes for gifted,  
 But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it : 140

In which you told them all your feats,  
 Your conscientious frauds and cheats ;  
 Deny'd your whipping, and confess'd  
 The naked truth of all the rest,  
 More plainly than the rev'rend writer 145  
 That to our churches veil'd his mitre ;  
 All which they took in black and white,  
 And cudgel'd me to underwrite.

What made thee, when they all were gone,  
 And none but thou and I alone, 150

<sup>145</sup> Though there were more than one in those times that this character would have suited, yet it is probable that George Graham, Bishop of Orkney, is sneered at in this place by Mr. Butler. He was so base as to renounce and abjure Episcopacy, signing the abjuration with his own hand, at Breckness, in Strones, February 11, 1639. To this remarkable incident Bishop Hall alludes ("Epistle Dedicatory," prefixed to his "Episcopacy by Divine Right, &c." 1640, p. 1.); where he observes, "That he craved pardon for having accepted his Episcopal function as if he had thereby committed some heinous offence." Upon which he uses the following exclamation: "Good God! what is this I have lived to hear? That a Bishop, in a Christian assembly, should renounce his Episcopal function, and cry Mercy for his now abandoned calling."

To act the devil, and forbear  
To rid me of my hellish fear ?

Quoth he, I knew your constant rate,  
And frame of sp'rit, too obstinate  
To be by me prevail'd upon 155  
With any motives of my own ;  
And therefore strove to counterfeit  
The dev'l a while, to nick your wit ;  
The dev'l, that is your constant crony,  
That only can prevail upon ye ; 160  
Else we might still have been disputing,  
And they with weighty drubs confuting.

The Knight, who now began to find  
They 'd left the enemy behind,  
And saw no further harm remain 165  
But feeble weariness and pain,  
Perceiv'd, by losing of their way,  
Th' had gain'd th' advantage of the day,  
And, by declining of the road,  
They had, by chance, their rear made good ; 170  
He ventur'd to dismiss his fear,  
That parting's wont to rant and tear,  
And give the desperat'st attack  
To danger still behind its back :  
For having paus'd to recollect, 175  
And on his past success reflect,  
T' examine and consider why,  
And whence, and how, he came to fly,  
And when no devil had appear'd,  
What else it could be said he fear'd, 180  
It put him in so fierce a rage,  
He once resolv'd to re-engage ;  
Toss'd, like a foot-ball, back again

With shame, and vengeance, and disdain.

Quoth he, It was thy cowardice 185  
 That made me from this leaguer rise,  
 And, when I 'd half-reduc'd the place,  
 To quit it infamously base ;  
 Was better cover'd by the new-  
 Arriv'd detachment than I knew : 190  
 To slight my new acquests, and run,  
 Victoriously, from battles won ;  
 And, reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,  
 To sell them cheaper than they cost ;  
 To make me put myself to flight, 195  
 And, conqu'ring, run away by night ;  
 To drag me out, which th' haughty foe  
 Durst never have presum'd to do ;  
 To mount me in the dark by force  
 Upon the bare ridge of my horse, 200  
 Expos'd in querpo to their rage,  
 Without my arms and equipage ;  
 Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue,  
 I might th' unequal fight renew ;  
 And, to preserve thy outward man, 205  
 Assum'd my place, and led the van.

All this (quoth Ralph) I did, 'tis true,  
 Not to preserve myself, but you :  
 You, who were damn'd to baser drubs  
 Than wretches feel in powd'ring tubs, 210  
 To mount two-wheel'd caroches, worse  
 Than managing a wooden horse ;  
 Dragg'd out through straiter holes by th' ears,  
 Eras'd, or coup'd for perjurers :  
 Who, though th' attempt had prov'd in vain, 215  
 Had had no reason to complain ;

But, since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome  
 To blame the hand that paid your ransom,  
 And rescu'd your obnoxious bones  
 From unavoidable battoons. 220

The enemy was reinforce'd,  
 And we disabled and unhors'd,  
 Disarm'd, unqualify'd for fight,  
 And no way left but hasty flight,  
 Which, though as desp'rate in th' attempt, 225  
 Has giv'n you freedom to condemn 't.

But, were our bones in fit condition  
 To reinforce the expedition,  
 'Tis now unseas'nable and vain  
 To think of falling on again : 230

No martial project to surprise  
 Can ever be attempted twice ;  
 Nor cast design serve afterwards,  
 As gamesters tear their losing cards.

Beside, our bangs of man and beast 235  
 Are fit for nothing now but rest,  
 And for a while will not be able  
 To rally and prove servicable :

And therefore I, with reason, chose  
 This stratagem t' amuse our foes 240  
 To make an hon'able retreat,  
 And waive a total sure defeat :

For those that fly may fight again,  
 Which he can never do that 's slain.  
 Hence timely running's no mean part 245  
 Of conduct in the martial art,  
 By which some glorious feats achieve,  
 As citizens by breaking thrive,  
 And cannons conquer armies, while

They seem to draw off and recoil ; 250  
Is held the gallant'st course, and bravest,  
To great exploits, as well as safest ;  
That spares th' expense of time and pains,  
And dang'rous beating out of brains ;  
And, in the end, prevails as certain 255  
As those that never trust to Fortune ;  
But make their fear do execution  
Beyond the stoutest resolution ;  
As earthquakes kill without a blow,  
And, only trembling, overthrow. 260  
If th' Ancients crown'd their bravest men  
That only sav'd a citizen,  
What victory could e'er be won  
If ev'ry one would save but one ?  
Or fight endanger'd to be lost, 265  
Where all resolve to save the most ?  
By this means, when a battle's won,  
The war's as far from being done ;  
For those that save themselves, and fly,  
Go halves at least i' th' victory ; 270  
And sometime, when the loss is small,  
And danger great, they challenge all ;  
Print new additions to their feats,  
And emendations in Gazettes ;  
And when, for furious haste to run, 275  
They durst not stay to fire a gun,  
Have done 't with bonfires, and at home  
Made squibs and crackers overcome ;  
To set the rabble on a flame,  
And keep their governors from blame, 280  
Disperse the news the pulpit tells,  
Confirm'd with fire-works and with bells ;

And, though reduc'd to that extreme,  
 They have been forc'd to sing *Te Deum* ;  
 Yet, with religious blasphemy, 285  
 By flatt'ring Heaven with a lie,  
 And, for their beating, giving thanks,  
 They've rais'd recruits, and fill'd their banks ;  
 For those who run from th' enemy,  
 Engage them equally to fly ; 290  
 And when the fight becomes a chace,  
 Those win the day that win the race ;  
 And that which would not pass in fights,  
 Has done the feat with easy flights ;  
 Recover'd many a desp'rate campaign 295  
 With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign ;  
 Restor'd the fainting high and mighty  
 With brandy-wine, and aqua-vitæ ;  
 And made 'em stoutly overcome  
 With Bacrack, Hoccamore, and Mum ; 300  
 With th' uncontrol'd decrees of Fate  
 To victory necessitate ;  
 With which, although they run or burn,  
 They unavoidably return ;  
 Or else their sultan populaces 305  
 Still strangle all their routed Dassas.

Quoth Hudibras, I understand  
 What fights thou mean'st at sea and land,  
 And who those were that run away,  
 And yet gave out th' had wón the day ; 310  
 Although the rabble souc'd them for 't,  
 O'er head and ears, in mud and dirt.  
 Tis true our modern way of war

<sup>300</sup> VAR. 'Baccarack' and 'Bacrach.'—Rhenish Wine, so called from the town near which it is produced.

Is grown more politic by far,  
 But not so resolute and bold, 315  
 Nor ty'd to honour as the old.  
 For now they laugh at giving battle,  
 Unless it be to herds of cattle ;  
 Or fighting convoys of provision,  
 The whole design o' the expedition, 320  
 And not with downright blows to rout  
 The enemy, but eat them out :  
 As fighting, in all beasts of prey,  
 And eating, are perform'd one way,  
 To give defiance to their teeth, 325  
 And fight their stubborn guts to death ;  
 And those achieve the high'st renown,  
 That bring the other stomachs down.  
 There 's now no fear of wounds nor maiming,  
 All dangers are reduc'd to famine, 330  
 And feats of arms, to plot, design,  
 Surprise, and stratagem, and mine ;  
 But have no need nor use of courage,  
 Unless it be for glory, or forage :  
 For, if they fight, 'tis but by chance, 335  
 When one side vent'ring to advance,  
 And come uncivilly too near,  
 Are charg'd unmercifully i' th' rear,  
 And forc'd, with terrible resistance,  
 To keep hereafter at a distance, 340  
 To pick out ground to encamp upon,  
 Where store of largest rivers run,  
 That serve, instead of peaceful barriers,  
 To part th' engagements of their warriors ;  
 Where both from side to side may skip, 345

And only encounter at bo-peep :  
 For men are found the stouter-hearted,  
 The certainer they 're to be parted,  
 And therefore post themselves in bogs,  
 As th' ancient mice attack'd the frogs, 350  
 And made their mortal enemy,  
 The water-rat, their strict ally.  
 For 'tis not now who 's stout and bold ?  
 But who bears hunger best and cold ?  
 And he 's approv'd the most deserving, 355  
 Who longest can hold out at starving ;  
 And he that routs most pigs and cows,  
 The formidablest man of prowess.  
 So th' Emperor Caligula,  
 That triumph'd o'er the British sea, 360  
 Took crabs and oysters prisoners,  
 And lobsters, 'stead of cuirassiers ;  
 Engag'd his legions in fierce bustles,  
 With periwinkles, prawns, and muscles.  
 And led his troops with furious gallops, 365  
 To charge whole regiments of scallops ;  
 Not like their ancient way of war,  
 To wait on his triumphal car ;  
 But when he went to dine or sup,  
 More bravely ate his captives up, 370  
 And left all war, by his example,  
 Reduc'd to vict'ling of a camp well.

Quoth Ralph, By all that you have said,  
 And twice as much that I could add,  
 'Tis plain you cannot now do worse 375  
 Than take this out-of-fashion'd course ;  
 To hope, by stratagem, to woo her,  
 Or waging battle to subdue her :



Though some have done it in romances,  
And bang'd them into am'rous fancies ; 380  
As those who won the Amazons,  
By wanton drubbing of their bones ;  
And stout Rinaldo gain'd his bride  
By courting of her back and side.  
But since those times and feats are over, 385  
They are not for a modern lover,  
When mistresses are too cross-grain'd,  
By such addresses to be gain'd ;  
And, if they were, would have it out  
With many another kind of bout. 390  
Therefore I hold no course s' infeasible,  
As this of force to win the Jezebel ;  
To storm her heart, by th' antique charms  
Of ladies errant, force of arms ;  
But rather strive by law to win her, 395  
And try the title you have in her.  
Your case is clear, you have her word,  
And me to witness the accord ;  
Besides two more of her retinue  
To testify what pass'd between you ; 400  
More probable, and like to hold,  
Than hand, or seal, or breaking gold,  
For which so many, that renounc'd  
Their plighted contracts, have been trounc'd ;  
And bills upon record been found, 405  
That fore'd the ladies to compound ;  
And that, unless I miss the matter,  
Is all the bus'ness you look after.  
Besides, encounters at the bar  
Are braver now than those in war ; 410  
In which the law does execution,

With less disorder and confusion ;  
 Has more of honour in 't, some hold,  
 Not like the new way, but the old ;  
 When those the pen had drawn together, 415  
 Decided quarrels with the feather,  
 And winged arrows kill'd as dead,  
 And more than bullets now of lead ;  
 So all their combats now, as then,  
 Are manag'd chiefly by the pen ; 420  
 That does the feat, with braver vigours,  
 In words at length, as well as figures ;  
 Is judge of all the world performs  
 In voluntary feats of arms ;  
 And whatsoe'er 's achiev'd in fight, 425  
 Determines which is wrong or right :  
 For whether you prevail or lose,  
 All must be tried there in the close ;  
 And therefore 'tis not wise to shun  
 What you must trust to ere ye 've done. 430

The law, that settles all you do,  
 And marries where you did but woo ;  
 That makes the most perfidious lover,  
 A lady, that 's as false, recover ;  
 And, if it judge upon your side, 435  
 Will soon extend her for your bride,  
 And put her person, goods, or lands,  
 Or which you like best, int' your hands.

For law 's the wisdom of all ages,  
 And manag'd by the ablest sages ; 440  
 Who, though their bus'ness at the bar  
 Be but a kind of civil war,  
 In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeons  
 Than e'er the Grecians did, and Trojans,  
 They never manage the contest 445

T' impair their public interest ;  
 Or by their controversies lessen  
 The dignity of their profession :  
 Not like us Brethren, who divide  
 Our Common-wealth, the Cause, and side ; 450  
 And though we 're all as near of kindred  
 As th' outward man is to the inward,  
 We agree in nothing, but to wrangle  
 About the slightest fingle-fangle ;  
 While lawyers have more sober sense, 455  
 Than t' argue at their own expense,  
 But make their best advantages  
 Of others' quarrels, like the Swiss ;  
 And out of foreign controversies,  
 By aiding both sides, fill their purses ; 460  
 But have no int'rest in the cause  
 For which th' engage, and wage the laws ;  
 Nor further prospect than their pay,  
 Whether they lose or win the day.  
 And though th' abounded in all ages, 465  
 With sundry learned clerks and sages ;  
 Though all their business be dispute,  
 Which way they canvass ev'ry suit,  
 They 've no disputes about their art,  
 Nor in polemics controvert ; 470  
 While all professions else are found  
 With nothing but disputes t' abound :  
 Divines of all sorts, and physicians,  
 Philosophers, mathematicians ;  
 The Galenist, and Paracelsian, 475

<sup>475</sup> Galen was born in the year 130, and lived to the year 200. Paracelsus was born in the latter end of the 15th, and lived almost to the middle of the 16th century.

Condemn the way each other deals in ;  
 Anatomists dissect and mangle,  
 To cut themselves out work to wrangle ;  
 Astrologers dispute their dreams,  
 That in their sleeps they talk of schemes ; 480  
 And heralds stickle who got who,  
 So many hundred years ago.

But lawyers are too wise a nation  
 T' expose their trade to disputation ;  
 Or make the busy rabble judges 485  
 Of all their secret piques and grudges ;  
 In which, whoever wins the day,  
 The whole profession 's sure to pay.  
 Beside, no mountebanks, nor cheats,  
 Dare undertake to do their feats ; 490  
 When in all other sciences  
 They swarm like insects, and increase.

For what bigot durst ever draw,  
 By inward light, a deed in law ?  
 Or could hold forth, by revelation, 495  
 An answer to a declaration ?  
 For those that meddle with their tools,  
 Will cut their fingers, if they 're fools :  
 And if you follow their advice,  
 In bills and answers, and replies, 500  
 They 'll write a love-letter in Chancery,  
 Shall bring her upon oath to answer ye,  
 And soon reduce her to b' your wife,  
 Or make her weary of her life.

The Knight, who us'd with tricks and shifts 505  
 To edify by Ralpho's Gifts,  
 But in appearance cry'd him down,

<sup>507</sup> VAR. 'Cry'd them down.'

To make 'em better seem his own,  
 (All plagiaries' constant course  
 Of sinking, when they take a purse), 510  
 Resolv'd to follow his advice,  
 But kept it from him by disguise ;  
 And, after stubborn contradiction,  
 To counterfeit his own conviction,  
 And, by transition, fall upon 515  
 The resolution as his own.

Quoth he, This gambol thou advisest  
 Is, of all others, the unwisest :  
 For, if I think by law to gain her,  
 There 's nothing sillier nor vainer. 520  
 'Tis but to hazard my pretence,  
 Where nothing 's certain but th' expense ;  
 To act against myself, and traverse  
 My suit and title to her favours ;  
 And if she should, which Heav'n forbid, 525  
 O'erthrow me, as the Fiddler did,  
 What after-course have I to take,  
 'Gainst losing all I have at stake ?  
 Ho that with injury is griev'd,  
 And goes to law to be reliev'd, 530  
 Is sillier than a sottish chouse,  
 Who, when a thief has robb'd his house,  
 Applies himself to cunning men,  
 To help him to his goods agen ;  
 When all he can expect to gain, 535  
 Is but to squander more in vain :  
 And yet I have no other way,  
 But is as difficult to play ;  
 For to reduce her by main force,  
 Is now in vain ; by fair means, worse ; 540

But worst of all to give her over,  
 Till she 's as desp'rate to recover :  
 For bad games are thrown up too soon,  
 Until they 're never to be won ;  
 But since I have no other course, 545  
 But is as bad t' attempt, or worse,  
 He that complies against his will,  
 Is of his own opinion still,  
 Which he may adhere to, yet disown,  
 For reasons to himself best known ; 550  
 But 'tis not to b' avoided now,  
 For Sidrophel resolves to sue ;  
 Whom I must answer, or begin,  
 Inevitably, first with him ;  
 For I 've receiv'd advertisement, 555  
 By times enough of his intent ;  
 And knowing he that first complains  
 Th' advantage of the business gains ;  
 For courts of Justice understand  
 The plaintiff to be th' eldest hand ; 560  
 Who what he pleases may aver,  
 The other nothing till he swear ;  
 Is freely admitted to all grace,  
 And lawful favour, by his place ;  
 And, for his bringing custom in, 565  
 Has all advantages to win :  
 I, who resolve to oversee  
 No lucky opportunity,  
 Will go to counsel, to advise  
 Which way t' encounter, or surprise ; 570  
 And, after long consideration,  
 Have found out one to fit th' occasion,  
 Most apt for what I have to do,

As counsellor, and justice too.

And truly so, no doubt, he was, 575  
 A lawyer fit for such a case,  
 An old dull sot, who told the clock  
 For many years at Bridewell-dock,  
 At Westminster, and Hicks's-hall,  
 And hiccius-docius play'd in all ; 580  
 Where, in all governments and times,  
 H' had been both friend and foe to crimes,  
 And us'd two equal ways of gaining,  
 By hind'ring justice, or maintaining :  
 To many a whore gave privilege, 585  
 And whipp'd, for want of quarterage ;  
 Cart-loads of bawds to prison sent  
 For being behind a fortnight's rent ;  
 And many a trusty pimp and crony  
 To Puddle-dock, for want of money : 590  
 Engag'd the constable to seize  
 All those that would not break the peace ;  
 Nor give him back his own foul words,  
 Though sometimes commoners, or lords,  
 And kept 'em prisoners of course, 595  
 For being sober at ill hours ;  
 That in the morning he might free  
 Or bind 'em over for his fee.  
 Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,  
 For leave to practise in their ways ; 600  
 Farm'd out all cheats, and went a-share  
 With th' headborough and scavenger ;  
 And made the dirt i' th' streets compound  
 For taking up the public ground ;  
 The kennel, and the king's highway, 605  
 For being unmolested, pay ;

Let out the stocks, and whipping-post,  
 And cage, to those that gave him most;  
 Impos'd a tax on bakers' ears,  
 And, for false weights, on chandelers; 610  
 Made victuallers and vintners fine  
 For arbitrary ale and wine;  
 But was a kind and constant friend  
 To all that regularly' offend;  
 As residentiary bawds, 615  
 And brokers that receive stol'n goods;  
 That cheat in lawful mysteries,  
 And pay church duties and his fees;  
 But was implacable and awkward  
 To all that interlop'd and hawker'd. 620

To this brave man the Knight repairs  
 For counsel in his law-affairs;  
 And found him mounted, in his pew,  
 With books and money plac'd, for shew,  
 Like nest-eggs, to make clients lay, 625  
 And for his false opinion pay:  
 To whom the Knight, with comely grace,  
 Put off his hat, to put his case;  
 Which he as proudly entertain'd  
 As th' other courteously strain'd; 630  
 And, t' assure him 'twas not that  
 He look'd for, bid him put on 's hat.

Quoth he, There is one Sidrophel,  
 Whom I have cudgel'd—Very well.—  
 And now he brags to 've beaten me— 635  
 Better and better still, quoth he—  
 And vows to stick me to a wall  
 Where'er he meets me—Best of all.—

619 VAR. 'Auker'd.'



'Tis true, the knave has taken 's oath  
That I robb'd him—Well done, in troth— 640  
When h' has confess'd he stole my cloak,  
And pick'd my fob, and what he took ;  
Which was the cause that made me bang him,  
And take my goods again—Marry, hang him.—  
Now, whether I should before-hand 645  
Swear he robb'd me?—I understand—  
Or bring my action of conversion  
And trover for my goods?—Ah, whoreson—  
Or if 'tis better to indict  
And bring him to his trial?—Right— 650  
Prevent what he designs to do,  
And swear for th' state against him?—True.—  
Or whether he that is defendant  
In this case has the better end on 't ;  
Who, putting in a new cross-bill, 655  
May traverse the action?—Better still.—  
Then there 's a lady too—Aye, marry—  
That 's easily prov'd accessary ;  
A widow, who, by solemn vows  
Contracted to me for my spouse, 660  
Combin'd with him to break her word,  
And has abetted all—Good Lord!—  
Suborn'd th' aforesaid Sidrophel  
To tamper with the dev'l of hell ;  
Who put me into a horrid fear, 665  
Fear of my life—Make that appear—  
Made an assault with fiends and men  
Upon my body—Good agen—  
And kept me in a deadly fright  
And false imprisonment all night ; 670  
Meanwhile they robb'd me, and my horse,

And stole my saddle—Worse and worse—  
 And made me mount upon the bare ridge,  
 T' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage.

Sir (quoth the lawyer), not to flatter ye, 675  
 You have as good and fair a battery  
 As heart can wish, and need not shame  
 The proudest man alive to claim :  
 For if they 've us'd you as you say,  
 Marry, quoth I, God give you joy ; 680  
 I would it were my case, I'd give  
 More than I'll say, or you'll believe :  
 I would so trounce her, and her purse,  
 I'd make her kneel for better or worse ;  
 For matrimony and hanging, here, 685  
 Both go by destiny so clear,  
 That you as sure may pick and choose,  
 As cross I win and pile you lose :  
 And, if I durst, I would advance  
 As much in ready maintenance 690  
 As upon any case I've known ;  
 But we that practice dare not own :  
 The law severely contrabands  
 Our taking bus'ness off men's hands ;  
 'Tis common barratry, that bears 695  
 Point-blank an action 'gainst our ears,  
 And crops them till there is not leather  
 To stick a pen in, left of either ;  
 For which some do the summer-sault,  
 And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault : 700  
 But you may swear, at any rate,  
 Things not in nature, for the state ;  
 For, in all courts of justice here,  
 A witness is not said to swear,

But make oath, that is, in plain terms, 705  
To forge whatever he affirms.

I thank you, (quoth the Knight,) for that,  
Because 'tis to my purpose pat—  
For Justice, though she's painted blind,  
Is to the weaker side inclin'd, 710

Like Charity; else right and wrong  
Could never hold it out so long,  
And, like blind Fortune, with a sleight,  
Convey men's interest and right  
From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's, 715

As easily as hocus-pocus;  
Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious,  
And clear again, like hiccius-docius.  
Then, whether you would take her life,  
Or but recover her for your wife, 720

Or be content with what she has,  
And let all other matters pass,  
The bus'ness to the law's alone,  
The proof is all it looks upon;  
And you can want no witnesses 725

To swear to any thing you please,  
That hardly get their mere expenses  
By th' labour of their consciences,  
Or letting out to hire their ears  
To affidavit-customers, 730

At inconsiderable values,  
To serve for jurymen, or tales,  
Although retain'd in th' hardest matters  
Of trustees and administrators.

For that (quoth he) let me alone; 735  
We've store of such, and all our own,

Bred up and tutor'd by our Teachers  
The ablest of our conscience-stretchers.

That's well (quoth he), but I should guess,  
By weighing all advantages, 740  
Your surest way is first to pitch  
On Bongey, for a water-witch;  
And when ye've hang'd the conjurer,  
Ye've time enough to deal with her.  
In th'int'rim spare for no trepans 745  
To draw her neck into the banns;  
Ply her with love-letters and billets,  
And bait 'em well, for quirks and quilllets,  
With trains t'inveigle and surprise  
Her heedless answers and replies; 750  
And if she miss the mouse-trap lines,  
They'll serve for other by-designs;  
And make an artist understand  
To copy out her seal or hand;  
Or find void places in the paper 755  
To steal in something to entrap her;  
'Till with her worldly goods and body,  
Spite of her heart, she has endow'd ye:  
Retain all sorts of witnesses,  
That ply i' th'Temple under trees, 760  
Or walk the round, with Knights o' th' Posts,

<sup>742</sup> Bongey was a Franciscan, and lived towards the end of the thirteenth century, a doctor of divinity in Oxford, and a particular acquaintance of Friar Bacon's. In that ignorant age, every thing that seemed extraordinary was reputed magic, and so both Bacon and Bongey went under the imputation of studying the black art. Bongey also publishing a treatise of natural magic, confirmed some well-meaning credulous people in this opinion: but it was altogether groundless; for Bongey was chosen provincial of his order, being a person of most excellent parts and piety.

About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts ;  
 Or wait for customers between  
 The pillar-rows in Lincoln's Inn ;  
 Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail, 765  
 And affidavit-men, ne'er fail  
 T' expose to sale all sorts of oaths,  
 According to their ears and clothes,  
 Their only necessary tools,  
 Besides the Gospel, and their souls ; 770  
 And when y' are furnish'd with all purveys  
 I shall be ready at your service.

I would not give (quote Hudibras)  
 A straw to understand a case,  
 Without the admirable skill 775  
 To wind and manage it at will ;  
 To veer, and tack, and steer a cause  
 Against the weather-guage of laws,  
 And ring the changes upon cases,  
 As plain as noses upon faces, 780  
 As you have well instructed me,  
 For which you 've earn'd (here 'tis) your fee.  
 I long to practise your advice,  
 And try the subtle artifice ;  
 To bait a letter, as you bid :— 785  
 As, not long after, thus he did ;  
 For, having pump'd up all his wit,  
 And humm'd upon it, thus he writ.

<sup>782</sup> The beggar's prayer for the lawyer would have suited this gentleman very well. See the works of J. Taylor, the Water poet, p. 101. "May the terms be everlasting to thee, thou man of tongue ; and may contentions grow and multiply ! may actions beget actions, and cases engender cases, as thick as hops ; may every day of the year be a Shrove-Tuesday ; let proclamations forbid fighting, to increase actions of battery ; that thy cassock may be three-piled, and the welts of thy gown may not grow threadbare !"

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE\* OF HUDIBRAS  
TO HIS LADY.

**I** WHO was once as great as Cæsar,  
 Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar ;  
 And from as fam'd a conqueror  
 As ever took degree in war,  
 Or did his exercise in battle, 5  
 By you turn'd out to grass with cattle :  
 For since I am deny'd access  
 To all my earthly happiness,  
 Am fallen from the paradise  
 Of your good graces, and fair eyes ; 10  
 Lost to the world, and you, I'm sent  
 To everlasting banishment,  
 Where all the hopes I had to've won  
 Your heart, being dash'd, will break my own.  
 Yet if you were not so severe 15  
 To pass your doom before you hear,  
 You'd find, upon my just defence,  
 How much ye've wrong'd my innocence.

\* This Epistle was to be the result of all the fair methods the Knight was to use in gaining the Widow : it therefore required all his wit and dexterity to draw from this artful Lady an unwary answer. If the plot succeeded, he was to compel her immediately, by law, to a compliance with his desires. But the Lady was too cunning to give him such a handle as he longed for : on the contrary, her answer silenced all his pretensions.

That once I made a vow to you,  
 Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true ; 20  
 But not because it is unpaid,  
 'Tis violated, though delay'd :  
 Or, if it were, it is no fault  
 So heinous as you 'd have it thought,  
 To undergo the loss of ears, 25  
 Like vulgar hackney perjurers :  
 For there 's a difference in the case  
 Between the noble and the base ;  
 Who always are observ'd t' have done 't  
 Upon as different an account ; 30  
 The one for great and weighty cause,  
 To salve, in honour, ugly flaws ;  
 For none are like to do it sooner  
 Than those who 're nicest of their honour :  
 The other, for base gain and pay, 35  
 Forswear and perjure by the day,  
 And make th' exposing and retailing  
 Their souls and consciences, a calling.

It is no scandal nor aspersion  
 Upon a great and noble person, 40  
 To say he naturally abhorr'd  
 Th' old-fashion'd trick to keep his word,  
 Though 'tis perfidiousness and shame,  
 In meaner men, to do the same :  
 For to be able to forget 45  
 Is found more useful to the great  
 Than gout, or deafness, or bad eyes,  
 To make them pass for wondrous wise.  
 But though the law on perjurers  
 Inflicts the forfeiture of ears, 50  
 It is not just, that does exempt

The guilty, and punish th' innocent ;  
To make the ears repair the wrong  
Committed by th' ungovern'd tongue ;  
And, when one member is forsworn, 55  
Another to be cropt or torn.  
And if you should, as you design,  
By course of law recover mine,  
You 're like, if you consider right,  
To gain but little honour by 't : 60  
For he that for his lady's sake  
Lays down his life, or limbs, at stake,  
Does not so much deserve her favour,  
As he that pawns his soul to have her.  
This ye 've acknowledg'd I have done, 65  
Although you now disdain to own ;  
But sentence what you rather ought  
T' esteem good service than a fault.  
Besides, oaths are not bound to bear  
That literal sense the words infer ; 70  
But, by the practice of the age,  
Are to be judg'd how far th' engage ;  
And where the sense by custom's check't,  
Are found void and of none effect ;  
For no man takes or keeps a vow 75  
But just as he sees others do ;  
Nor are th' oblig'd to be so brittle  
As not to yield and bow a little :  
For as best temper'd blades are found,  
Before they break, to bend quite round ; 80  
So truest oaths are still most tough,  
And, though they bow, are breaking proof.  
Then wherefore should they not b' allow'd  
In love a greater latitude ?



For as the law of arms approves 85  
 All ways to conquest, so should love's ;  
 And not be ty'd to true or false,  
 But make that justest that prevails :  
 For how can that which is above  
 All empire, high and mighty love, 90  
 Submit its great prerogative  
 To any other pow'r alive ?  
 Shall Love, that to no crown gives place,  
 Become the subject of a case ?  
 The fundamental law of Nature 95  
 Be over-rul'd by those made after ?  
 Commit the censure of its cause  
 To any but its own great laws ?  
 Love, that 's the world's preservative,  
 That keeps all souls of things alive ; 100  
 Controls the mighty pow'r of Fate,  
 And gives mankind a longer date ;  
 The life of Nature, that restores  
 As fast as Time and Death devours ;  
 To whose free gift the world does owe 105  
 Not only earth, but heaven too :  
 For love 's the only trade that 's driven,  
 The interest of state in heaven,  
 Which nothing but the soul of man  
 Is capable to entertain. 110  
 For what can earth produce but love,  
 To represent the joys above ?  
 Or who but lovers can converse,  
 Like angels, by the eye-discourse ?  
 Address and compliment by vision, 115  
 Make love, and court by intuition ?  
 And burn in am'rous flames as fierce

As those celestial ministers?  
 Then how can any thing offend  
 In order to so great an end? 120  
 Or Heav'n itself a sin resent  
 That for its own supply was meant?  
 That merits, in a kind mistake,  
 A pardon for th' offence's sake?  
 Or if it did not, but the cause 125  
 Were left to th' injury of the laws,  
 What tyranny can disapprove  
 There should be equity in love?  
 For laws that are inanimate,  
 And feel no sense of love, or hate; 130  
 That have no passion of their own,  
 Nor pity to be wrought upon,  
 Are only proper to inflict  
 Revenge on criminals as strict:  
 But to have power to forgive, 135  
 Is empire and prerogative;  
 And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem  
 To grant a pardon than condemn.  
 Then since so few do what they ought,  
 'Tis great t' indulge a well-meant fault; 140  
 For why should he who made address,  
 All humble ways, without success,  
 And met with nothing in return  
 But insolence, affronts, and scorn,  
 Not strive by wit to countermine, 145  
 And bravely carry his design?  
 He who was us'd so unlike a soldier,  
 Blown up with philtres of love-powder;  
 And, after letting blood, and purging,  
 Condemn'd to voluntary scourging; 150

Alarm'd with many a horrid fright,  
 And claw'd by goblins in the night ;  
 Insulted on, revil'd, and jeer'd,  
 With rude invasion of his beard ;  
 And when our sex was foully scandal'd, 155  
 As foully by the rabble handled ;  
 Attack'd by despicable foes,  
 And drubb'd with mean and vulgar blows ;  
 And, after all, to be debarr'd  
 So much as standing on his guard ; 160  
 When horses, being spurr'd and prick'd,  
 Have leave to kiek for being kick'd ?

Or why should you, whose mother-wits  
 Are furnish'd with all perquisites ;  
 That with your breeding teeth begin, 165  
 And nursing babies, that lie in,  
 B' allow'd to put all tricks upon  
 Our cully sex, and we use none ?  
 We, who have nothing but frail vows,  
 Against your stratagems t' oppose, 170  
 Or oaths more feeble than your own,  
 By which we are no less put down ?  
 You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,  
 And kill with a retreating eye ;  
 Retire the more, the more we press, 175  
 To draw us into ambushes :  
 As pirates all false colours wear,  
 T' intrap, th' unwary mariner ;  
 So women, to surprise us, spread  
 The borrow'd flags of white and red ; 180  
 Display 'em thicker on their cheeks,  
 Than their old grandmothers, the Picts ;  
 And raise more devils with their looks,

Than conjurers' less subtle books :  
 Lay trains of amorous intrigues, 185  
 In tow'rs, and curls, and periwigs,  
 With greater art and cunning rear'd,  
 Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard ;  
 Prepost'rously t' entice and gain  
 Those to adore 'em they disdain : 190  
 And only draw them in to clog,  
 With idle names, a catalogue.  
 A lover is, the more he 's brave,  
 T' his mistress but the more a slave,  
 And whatsoever she commands, 195  
 Becomes a favour from her hands ;  
 Which he's oblig'd t' obey, and must,  
 Whether it be unjust or just.  
 Then when he is compell'd by her  
 T' adventures he would else forbear, 200  
 Who, with his honour, can withstand,  
 Since force is greater than command ?  
 And when necessity 's obey'd,  
 Nothing can be unjust or bad :  
 And therefore when the mighty pow'rs 205  
 Of Love, our great ally, and your's,  
 Join'd forces, not to be withstood  
 By frail enamour'd flesh and blood,  
 All I have done unjust or ill,  
 Was in obedience to your will ; 210  
 And all the blame that can be due  
 Falls to your cruelty, and you.  
 Nor are those scandals I confest,  
 Against my will and interest,  
 More than is daily done, of course, 215  
 By all men, when they 're under force :

Whence some, upon the rack, confess  
 What th' hangman and their prompters please ;  
 But are no sooner out of pain,  
 Than they deny it all again. 220

But when the devil turns confessor,  
 Truth is a crime, he takes no pleasure  
 To hear or pardon, like the founder  
 Of liars, whom they all claim under :  
 And therefore when I told him none, 225  
 I think it was the wiser done.

Nor am I without precedent,  
 The first that on th' adventure went ;  
 All mankind ever did of course,  
 And daily does the same, or worse. 230

For what romance can shew a lover,  
 That had a lady to recover,  
 And did not steer a nearer course,  
 To fall aboard in his amours ?  
 And what at first was held a crime, 235  
 Has turn'd to hon'rabl in time.

To what a height did infant Rome,  
 By ravishing of women, come ?  
 When men upon their spouses seiz'd,  
 And freely marry'd where they pleas'd, 240

They ne'er forswore themselves, nor ly'd,  
 Nor, in the mind they were in, died ;  
 Nor took the pains t' address and sue,  
 Nor play'd the masquerade to woo :

Disdain'd to stay for friends' consents, 245  
 Nor juggled about settlements ;  
 Did need no license, nor no priest,  
 Nor friends, nor kindred, to assist,

Nor lawyers, to join land and money  
 In th' holy state of matrimony, 250  
 Before they settled hands and hearts,  
 Till alimony or death departs ;  
 Nor would endure to stay until  
 Th' had got the very bride's good will,  
 But took a wise and shorter course 255  
 To win the ladies,—downright force ;  
 And justly made 'em prisoners then,  
 As they have, often since, us men,  
 With acting plays, and dancing jigs,  
 The luckiest of all Love's intrigues ; 260  
 And when they had them at their pleasure,  
 They talk'd of love and flames at leisure ;  
 For after matrimony's over,  
 He that holds out but half a lover,  
 Deserves, for every minute, more 265  
 Than half a year of love before ;  
 For which the dames, in contemplation  
 Of that best way of application,  
 Prov'd nobler wives than e'er were known,  
 By suit, or treaty, to be won ; 270  
 And such as all posterity  
 Could never equal, nor come nigh.

For women first were made for men,  
 Not men for them.—It follows, then,  
 That men have right to ev'ry one, 275  
 And they no freedom of their own ;  
 And therefore men have pow'r to choose,  
 But they no charter to refuse.  
 Hence 'tis apparent that, what course  
 Soe'er we take to your amours, 280  
 Though by the indirectest way,

'Tis no injustice nor foul play ;  
 And that you ought to take that course,  
 As we take you, for better or worse,  
 And gratefully submit to those 285  
 Who you, before another, chose.  
 For why should ev'ry savage beast  
 Exceed his great Lord's interest ?  
 Have freer pow'r than he, in Grace  
 And Nature, o'er the creature has ? 290  
 Because the laws he since has made  
 Have cut off all the pow'r he had ;  
 Retrench'd the absolute dominion  
 That Nature gave him over women ;  
 When all his pow'r will not extend 295  
 One law of Nature to suspend ;  
 And but to offer to repeal  
 The smallest clause, is to repel.  
 This, if men rightly understood  
 Their privilege, they would make good, 300  
 And not, like sots, permit their wives  
 T' encroach on their prerogatives ;  
 For which sin they deserve to be  
 Kept, as they are, in slavery :  
 And this some precious Gifted Teachers, 305  
 Unrev'rently reputed Leachers,  
 And disobey'd in making love,  
 Have vow'd to all the world to prove,

<sup>305</sup> <sup>306</sup> Sir Roger L'Estrange ('Key to Hudibras') mentions Mr. Case as one ; and Mr. Butler, in his Posthumous works,\* mentions Dr. Burgess and Hugh Peters ; and the writer of a

\* It may be proper to observe here, once for all, that Butler left no genuine poems besides those in the possession of Mr. Longueville, and published by Mr. Thyer in 1759, which form the subsequent part of this volume.

And make you suffer, as you ought,  
 For that uncharitable fault : 310  
 But I forget myself, and rove  
 Beyond th' instructions of my love.  
 Forgive me, Fair, and only blame  
 Th' extravagancy of my flame,  
 Since 'tis too much at once to shew 315  
 Excess of love and temper too ;  
 All I have said that 's bad and true,  
 Was never meant to aim at you,  
 Who have so sov'reign a control  
 O'er that poor slave of yours, my soul, 320  
 That, rather than to forfeit you,  
 Has ventur'd loss of heaven too ;  
 Both with an equal pow'r possest,  
 To render all that serve you blest ;  
 But none like him, who 's destin'd either 325  
 To have or lose you both together ;  
 And if you'll but this fault release  
 (For so it must be, since you please),  
 I'll pay down all that vow and more,  
 Which you commanded, and I swore, 330  
 And expiate, upon my skin,  
 Th' arrears in full of all my sin ;  
 For 'tis but just that I should pay  
 Th' accruing penance for delay,

Letter to the Earl of Pembroke, 1647, p. 9, observes of Peters,  
 " That it was offered to be publicly proved that he got both  
 mother and daughter with child." " I am glad (says an  
 anonymous person, Thurloe's ' State Papers,' vol. iv. p. 734)  
 to hear that Mr. Peters shews his head again; it was re-  
 ported here (Amsterdam, May 5, 1655) that he was found  
 with a whore a-bed, and he grew mad, and said nothing but  
 O blood, O blood, that troubles me."



Which shall be done, until it move 335  
Your equal pity and your love.

The Knight, perusing this Epistle,  
Believ'd h' had brought her to his whistle,  
And read it, like a jocund lover,  
With great applause t' himself twice over ; 340  
Subscrib'd his name, but at a fit  
And humble distance, to his wit,  
And dated it with wondrous art,  
' Giv'n from the bottom of his heart ;'  
Then seal'd it with his coat of love, 345  
A smoking faggot—and above,  
Upon a scroll—I burn and weep,  
And near it—For her Ladyship,  
Of all her sex most excellent,  
These to her gentle hands present.— 350  
Then gave it to his faithful Squire,  
With lessons how t' observe and eye her.

She first consider'd which was better,  
To send it back, or burn the letter :  
But guessing that it might import, 355  
Though nothing else, at least her sport,  
She open'd it, and read it out,  
With many a smile and leering flout ;  
Resolv'd to answer it in kind,  
And thus perform'd what she design'd. 360

## THE LADY'S ANSWER TO THE KNIGHT.

**T**HAT you're a beast, and turn'd to grass,  
 Is no strange news, nor ever was,  
 At least to me, who once, you know,  
 Did from the pound replevin you,  
 When both your sword and spurs were won 5  
 In combat, by an Amazon ;  
 That sword that did, like Fate, determine  
 Th' inevitable death of vermin,  
 And never dealt its furious blows,  
 But cut the throats of pigs and cows, 10  
 By Trulla was, in single fight,  
 Disarm'd and wrested from its Knight,  
 Your heels degraded of your spurs,  
 And in the stocks close prisoners,  
 Where still they'd lain, in base restraint, 15  
 If I, in pity' of your complaint,  
 Had not, on honourable conditions,  
 Releas'd 'em from the worst of prisons ;  
 And what return that favour met  
 You cannot (though you would) forget ; 20  
 When, being free, you strove t' evade  
 The oaths you had in prison made ;  
 Forswore yourself, and first deny'd it,  
 But after own'd, and justify'd it ;  
 And when y' had falsely broke one vow, 25  
 Absolv'd yourself by breaking two :  
 For while you sneakingly submit,

And beg for pardon at our feet,  
Discourag'd by your guilty fears,  
To hope for quarter for your ears, 30  
And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,  
You claim us boldly as your due ;  
Declare that treachery and force,  
To deal with us, is th' only course ;  
We have no title nor pretence 35  
To body, soul, or conscience,  
But ought to fall to that man's share  
That claims us for his proper ware :  
These are the motives which, t' induce,  
Or fright us into love, you use ; 40  
A pretty new way of gallanting,  
Between soliciting and ranting !  
Like sturdy beggars, that intreat  
For charity at once, and threat.  
But since you undertake to prove 45  
Your own propriety in love,  
As if we were but lawful prize  
In war between two enemies ;  
Or forfeitures, which ev'ry lover,  
That would but sue for, might recover ; 50  
It is not hard to understand  
The myst'ry of this bold demand,  
That cannot at our persons aim,  
But something capable of claim.  
'Tis not those paltry counterfeit 55  
French stones, which in our eyes you set,  
But our right diamonds, that inspire  
And set your amorous hearts on fire ;  
Nor can those false St. Martin's beads,  
Which on our lips you lay for reds, 60

And make us wear, like Indian Dames,  
 Add fuel to your scorching flames ;  
 But those true rubies of the rock,  
 Which in our cabinets we lock.

'Tis not those orient pearls, our teeth, 65  
 That you are so transported with ;  
 But those we wear about our necks,  
 Produce those amorous effects.

Nor is 't those threads of gold, our hair,  
 The periwigs you make us wear ; 70  
 But those bright guineas in our chests,  
 That light the wildfire in your breasts.

These love-tricks I've been vers'd in so,  
 That all their sly intrigues I know,  
 And can unriddle, by their tones, 75  
 Their mystic cabals, and jargones ;

Can tell what passions, by their sounds,  
 Pine for the beauties of my grounds ;  
 What raptures fond and amorous,  
 O' th' charms and graces of my house ; 80

What ecstasy and scorching flame,  
 Burns for my money in my name ;  
 What from th' unnatural desire  
 To beasts and cattle, takes its fire ;

What tender sigh, and trickling tear, 85  
 Longs for a thousand pounds a-year ;  
 And languishing transports are fond  
 Of statute, mortgage, bill, and bond.

These are th' attracts which most men fall  
 Enamour'd at first sight withal ; 90  
 To these th' address with serenades,  
 And court with balls and masquerades ;  
 And yet, for all the yearning pain

Ye've suffer'd for their loves in vain,  
 I fear they'll prove so nice and coy, 95  
 To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy,  
 That, all your oaths and labour lost,  
 They'll ne'er turn Ladies of the Post.

This is not meant to disapprove  
 Your judgment, in your choice of love ; 100

Which is so wise, the greatest part  
 Of mankind study 't as an art ;

For love should, like a deodand, .  
 Still fall to th' owner of the land ;

And where there's substance for its ground, 105  
 Cannot but be more firm and sound,  
 Than that which has the slighter basis

Of airy virtue, wit, and graces ;  
 Which is of such thin subtlety,

It steals and creeps in at the eye, 110

And, as it can't endure to stay,  
 Steals out again as nice a way.

But love, that its extraction owns  
 From solid gold and precious stones,

Must, like its shining parents, prove 115  
 As solid, and as glorious love.

Hence 'tis you have no way t' express  
 Our charms and graces but by these ;

For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,  
 Which beauty' invades and conquers with, 120

But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,  
 With which a philtre love commands ?

This is the way all parents prove  
 In managing their children's love,

That force 'em t' intermarry and wed, 125  
 As if th' were burying of the dead ;

Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,  
To join in wedlock all they have ;  
And, when th' settlement 's in force,  
Take all the rest for better or worse ; 130  
For money has a power above  
The stars, and Fate, to manage love ;  
Whose arrows, learned poets hold,  
That never miss, are tipp'd with gold.  
And though some say the parents' claims 135  
To make love in their children's names,  
Who, many times, at once provide  
The nurse, the husband, and the bride ;  
Feel darts, and charms, attracts, and flames,  
And woo, and contract, in their names ; 140  
And, as they christen, use to marry 'em,  
And, like their gossips, answer for 'em,  
Is not to give in matrimony,  
But sell and prostitute for money ;  
'Tis better than their own betrothing, 145  
Who often do 't for worse than nothing ;  
And, when they're at their own dispose,  
With greater disadvantage choose.  
All this is right ; but for the course  
You take to do 't, by fraud or force, 150  
'Tis so ridiculous, as soon  
As told, 'tis never to be done,  
No more than setters can betray,  
That tell what tricks they are to play.  
Marriage, at best, is but a vow, 155  
Which all men either break or bow ;  
Then what will those forbear to do,  
Who perjure when they do but woo ?  
Such as before-hand swear and lie,

For earnest to their treachery, 160  
And, rather than a crime confess,  
With greater strive to make it less :  
Like thieves, who, after sentence past,  
Maintain their innocence to the last,  
And when their crimes were made appear 165  
As plain as witnesses can swear ;  
Yet, when the wretches come to die,  
Will take upon their death a lie.  
Nor are the virtues you confess'd  
T' your ghostly father, as you guess'd, 170  
So slight as to be justify'd,  
By being as shamefully deny'd ;  
As if you thought your word would pass,  
Point-blank, on both sides of a case ;  
Or credit were not to be lost 175  
B' a brave Knight-errant of the Post,  
That eats perfidiously his word,  
And swears his ears through a two-inch board ;  
Can own the same thing, and disown,  
And perjure booty *pro* and *con* ; 180  
Can make the Gospel serve his turn,  
And help him out, to be forsworn ;  
When 'tis laid hands upon, and kiss'd,

<sup>183</sup> The way of taking an oath is by laying the right hand upon the four Evangelists, which denominates it a corporal oath. This method was not always complied with in those iniquitous times. In the trial of Mr. Christopher Love, in the year 1651, one Jaquel, an evidence, laid his hand upon his buttons, and not upon the book, when the oath was tendered him; and, when he was questioned for it, he answered, "I am as good as under an oath." In the trial of the brave Colonel Morrice (who kept Pontefract Castle for the King) at York, by Thorp and Puleston, when he challenged one Brook, his professed enemy, the Court answered,

To be betray'd and sold, like Christ.  
 These are the virtues in whose name 185  
 A right to all the world you claim,  
 And boldly challenge a dominion,  
 In Grace and Nature, o'er all women ;  
 Of whom no less will satisfy,  
 Than all the sex, your tyranny ; 190  
 Although you 'll find it a hard province,  
 With all your crafty frauds and covins,  
 To govern such a numerous crew,  
 Who, one by one, now govern you ;  
 For if you all were Solomons, 195  
 And wise and great as he was once,  
 You 'll find they 're able to subdue  
 (As they did him) and baffle you.

And if you are impos'd upon,  
 'Tis by your own temptation done, 200  
 That with your ignorance invite,  
 And teach us how to use the sleight ;  
 For when we find ye 're still more taken  
 With false attracts of our own making,  
 Swear that 's a rose, and that 's a stone, 205  
 Like sots, to us that laid it on,  
 And what we did but slightly prime,  
 Most ignorantly daub in rhyme,  
 You force us, in our own defences,  
 To copy beams and influences ; 210  
 To lay perfections on the graces,  
 And draw attracts upon our faces,

He spoke too late ; Brook was sworn already. Brook being asked the question, whether he were sworn or no, replied, "He had not yet kissed the book." The Court answered, That was no matter ; it was but a ceremony ; he was recorded sworn, and there was no speaking against a record.



And, in compliance to your wit,  
Your own false jewels counterfeit :  
For, by the practice of those arts, 215  
We gain a greater share of hearts ;  
And those deserve in reason most,  
That greatest pains and study cost :  
For great perfections are, like heaven,  
Too rich a present to be given ; 220  
Nor are those master-strokes of beauty  
To be perform'd without hard duty,  
Which, when they're nobly done, and well,  
The simple natural excel.  
How fair and sweet the planted rose, 225  
Beyond the wild, in hedges grows !  
For, without art, the noblest seeds  
Of flowers degenerate into weeds :  
How dull and rugged, ere 'tis ground  
And polish'd, looks a diamond ! 230  
Though Paradise were e'er so fair,  
It was not kept so without care.  
The whole world, without art and dress,  
Would be but one great wilderness ;  
And mankind but a savage herd, 235  
For all that nature has conferr'd :  
This does but rough-hew and design,  
Leaves Art to polish and refine.  
Though women first were made for men,  
Yet men were made for them agen : 240  
For when (out-witted by his wife)  
Man first turn'd tenant but for life,  
If women had not interven'd,  
How soon had mankind had an end !  
And that it is in being yet, 245

To us alone you are in debt.  
 And where 's your liberty of choice,  
 And our unnatural No-voice?  
 Since all the privilege you boast,  
 And falsely usurp'd, or vainly lost, 250  
 Is now our right, to whose creation  
 You owe your happy restoration.  
 And if we had not weighty cause  
 To not appear, in making laws,  
 We could, in spite of all your tricks, 255  
 And shallow formal politics,  
 Force you our managements t' obey,  
 As we to yours (in show) give way.  
 Hence 'tis that, while you vainly strive  
 T' advance your high prerogative, 260  
 You basely, after all your braves,  
 Submit, and own yourselves our slaves;  
 And 'cause we do not make it known,  
 Nor publicly our int'rests own,  
 Like sots, suppose we have no shares 265  
 In ordering you and your affairs,  
 When all your empire and command  
 You have from us, at second-hand;  
 As if a pilot, that appears  
 To sit still only, while he steers, 270  
 And does not make a noise and stir,  
 Like every common mariner,  
 Knew nothing of the card, nor star,  
 And did not guide the man-of-war:  
 Nor we, because we don't appear 275  
 In Councils, do not govern there;  
 While, like the mighty Prester John,

<sup>277</sup> Prester John, an absolute prince, emperor of Abyssinia, or Ethiopia. One of them is reported to have had

Whose person none dares look upon,  
 But is preserv'd in close disguise  
 From being made cheap to vulgar eyes, 280  
 W' enjoy as large a pow'r, unseen,  
 To govern him, as he does men ;  
 And, in the right of our Pope Joan,  
 Make emperors at our feet fall down ;  
 Or Joan de Pucelle's braver name, 285  
 Our right to arms and conduct claim ;  
 Who, though a spinster, yet was able  
 To serve France for a Grand Constable.

We make and execute all laws,  
 Can judge the Judges and the Cause ; 290  
 Prescribe all rules of right or wrong,  
 To th' long robe, and the longer tongue,  
 'Gainst which the world has no defence,  
 But our more powerful eloquence.  
 We manage things of greatest weight, 295  
 In all the world's affairs of state ;  
 Are ministers of war and peace,  
 That sway all nations how we please.  
 We rule all churches and their flocks,  
 Heretical and orthodox ; 300  
 And are the heavenly vehicles  
 O' th' spirits in all Conventicles :  
 By us is all commerce and trade

seventy kings for his vassals, and so superb and arrogant,  
 that none durst look upon him without his permission.

<sup>285</sup> Joan of Arc, called also 'The Pucelle,' or 'Maid of Orleans.'

<sup>288</sup> All this is a satire on King Charles II. who was governed so much by his mistresses: particularly this line seems to allude to his French mistress, the Duchess of Portsmouth, given by that Court, whom she served in the important post of governing King Charles as they directed.

Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd ;  
 For nothing can go off so well, 305  
 Nor bears that price, as what we sell.

We rule in every public meeting,  
 And make men do what we judge fitting ;  
 Are magistrates in all great towns,  
 Where men do nothing but wear gowns. 310

We make the man-of-war strike sail,  
 And to our braver conduct veil,  
 And when h' has chas'd his enemies,  
 Submit to us upon his knees.

Is there an officer of state, 315  
 Untimely rais'd, or magistrate,  
 That's haughty and imperious ?  
 He's but a journeyman to us,  
 That, as he gives us cause to do 't,  
 Can keep him in, or turn him out. 320

We are your guardians, that increase,  
 Or waste, your fortunes how we please ;  
 And, as you humour us, can deal  
 In all your matters, ill or well.

'Tis we that can dispose, alone, 325  
 Whether your heirs shall be your own,  
 To whose integrity you must,  
 In spite of all your caution, trust :  
 And, 'less you fly beyond the seas,  
 Can fit you with what heirs we please ; 330  
 And force you t' own them, though begotten  
 By French valets, or Irish footmen.

Nor can the rigourousest course  
 Prevail, unless to make us worse ;  
 Who still, the harsher we are us'd, 335  
 Are further off from being reduc'd,

And scorn t' abate, for any ills,  
 The least punctilios of our wills.  
 Force does but whet our wits t' apply  
 Arts, born with us, for remedy, 340  
 Which all your politics, as yet,  
 Have ne'er been able to defeat:  
 For, when ye' ve tried all sorts of ways,  
 What fools d' we make of you in plays?  
 While all the favours we afford, 345  
 Are but to girt you with the sword,  
 To fight our battles in our steads,  
 And have your brains beat out o' your heads;  
 Encounter, in despite of Nature,  
 And fight, at once, with fire and water, 350  
 With pirates, rocks, and storms, and seas,  
 Our pride and vanity t' appease;  
 Kill one another, and cut throats,  
 For our good graces and best thoughts;  
 To do your exercise for honour, 355  
 And have your brains beat out the sooner;  
 Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon  
 Things that are never to be known;  
 And still appear the more industrious  
 The more your projects are preposterous; 360  
 To square the circle of the arts,  
 And run stark mad to show your parts;  
 Expound the oracle of laws,  
 And turn them which way we see cause;  
 Be our solicitors and agents, 365  
 And stand for us in all engagements.

And these are all the mighty pow'rs  
 You vainly boast to cry down ours,  
 And what in real value's wanting,

Supply with vapouring and ranting : 370  
Because yourselves are terrify'd,  
And stoop to one another's pride,  
Believe we have as little wit  
To be out-hector'd, and submit ;  
By your example, lose that right 375  
In treaties, which we gain'd in fight ;  
And, terrify'd into an awe,  
Pass on ourselves a Salique law ;  
Or, as some nations use, give place,  
And truckle to your mighty race ; 380  
Let men usurp th' unjust dominion,  
As if they were the better women.





THE REMAINS OF BUTLER.









## P R E F A C E.

**I**T would be very unjust to the memory of a writer so much and so justly esteemed as Butler, to suppose it necessary to make any formal apology for the publication of these 'Remains.' Whatever is the genuine performance of a genius of his class cannot fail of recommending itself to every reader of taste; and all that can be required from the Publisher is to satisfy the world that it is not imposed upon by false and spurious pretensions.

This has already been attempted in the printed proposals for the subscription; but as the perishing form of a loose paper seems too frail a monument to preserve a testimony of so much importance, it cannot, I hope, be judged impertinent to repeat the substance of what I observed upon that occasion—that the Manuscripts, from which this work is printed, are Butler's own hand-writing, as evidently appears from some original letters of his, found amongst them—that, upon his death, they fell into the hands of his good friend Mr. W. Longueville, of the Temple, who, as the writer of Butler's Life informs us, was at the charge of burying him—that, upon Mr. Longueville's decease, they became the property of his son, the late Charles Longueville, Esq. who bequeathed them, at his death, to John Clarke, Esq. and that this

gentleman has been prevailed upon to part with them, and favoured me with an authority to insert the following certificate of their authenticity.

“ I do hereby certify, that the papers now proposed to be published by Mr. Thyer, are the ‘original manuscripts’ of Mr. Samuel Butler, author of *Hudibras*, and were bequeathed to me by the late Charles Longueville, Esq.

JOHN CLARKE.”

Walgherton, Cheshire,  
Nov. 20, 1754.

Although, from evidence of such a nature, there cannot remain the least doubt about the genuineness of this work, and it be very certain that everything in it is the performance of Butler, yet it must be owned, at the same time, that there is not the same degree of perfection and exactness in all the compositions here printed. Some are finished with the utmost accuracy, and were fairly transcribed for the press, as far as can be judged from outward appearance: others, though finished, and wrote with the same spirit and peculiar vein of humour which distinguishes him from all other writers, seem as if, upon a second review, he would have retouched and amended in some little particulars; and some few are left unfinished, or at least parts of them are lost or perished. This acknowledgment I think due to the Poet’s character and memory, and necessary to bespeak that candid allowance from the reader which the Posthumous Works of every writer have a just claim to.

It is, I know, a common observation, that it is doing injustice to a departed genius to publish fragments, or such pieces as he had not given the last hand to. Without controverting the justness of this remark in general, one may, I think, venture to affirm,

that it is not to be extended to every particular case, and that a writer of so extraordinary and uncommon a turn as the author of *Hudibras* is not to be included under it. It would be a piece of foolish fondness to purchase at a great expense, or preserve with a particular care, the unfinished works of every tolerable painter; and yet it is esteemed a mark of fine taste, to procure, at almost any price, the rough sketches and half-formed designs of a Raphael, a Rembrandt, or any celebrated master. If the elegant remains of a Greek or Roman statuary, though maimed and defective, are thought worthy of a place in the cabinets of the polite admirers of antiquity, and the learned world thinks itself obliged to laborious critics for handing down to us the half-intelligible scraps of an ancient classic; no reason can, I think, be assigned why a genius of more modern date should not be entitled to the same privilege, except we will absurdly and enthusiastically fancy that time gives a value to writings, as well as to coins and medals. It may be added, also, that as Butler is not only excellent, but almost singular too, in his manner of writing, every thing of his must acquire a proportionable degree of value and curiosity.

I shall not longer detain the reader from better entertainment, by indulging my own sentiments upon these 'Remains;' and shall rather choose to wait for the judgment of the Public, than impertinently to obtrude my own. It is enough for me that I have faithfully discharged the office of an Editor, and shall leave to future critics the pleasure of criticising and remarking, approving or condemning. The notes which I have given, the reader will find to be only such as were necessary to let him into the Author's meaning, by reciting and explaining some circum-

stances, not generally known, to which he alludes; and he cannot but observe that many more might have been added, had I given way to a fondness for scribbling, too common upon such occasions.

Although my Author stands in need of no apology for the appearance he is going to make in the following sheets, the world may probably think that the Publisher does, for not permitting him to do it sooner. All that I have to say, and to persons of candour I need to say no more, is, that the delay has been owing to a bad state of health, and a consequent indisposition for a work of this nature, and not to indolence, or any selfish narrow views of my own.

[1757]

[ROBERT THYER.]



## THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.\*

**A** LEARN'D society of late,  
 The glory of a foreign state,  
 Agreed, upon a summer's night,  
 To search the Moon by her own light ;  
 To take an invent'ry of all 5  
 Her real estate and personal ;  
 And make an accurate survey  
 Of all her lands, and how they lay,  
 As true as that of Ireland, where  
 The sly surveyors stole a shire : 10  
 T' observe her country, how 'twas planted,  
 With what sh' abounded most, or wanted ;  
 And make the proper'st observations  
 For settling of new plantations,  
 If the Society should incline 15  
 T' attempt so glorious a design.

This was the purpose of their meeting,  
 For which they chose a time as fitting,  
 When, at the full, her radiant light  
 And influence too were at their height. 20  
 And now the lofty tube, the scale  
 With which they heav'n itself assail,  
 Was mounted full against the Moon,  
 And all stood ready to fall on :

\* This Poem was intended by the Author for a satire upon the Royal Society, which, according to his opinion at least, ran too much, at that time, into the virtuoso taste, and a whimsical fondness for surprising and wonderful stories in natural history.

Impatient who should have the honour 25  
To plant an ensign first upon her.

When one, who for his deep belief  
Was virtuoso then in chief,  
Approv'd the most profound, and wise,  
To solve impossibilities, 30  
Advancing gravely, to apply  
To th' optic glass his judging eye,  
Cry'd, Strange!—then reinforc'd his sight  
Against the Moon with all his might,  
And bent his penetrating brow, 35  
As if he meant to gaze her through;  
When all the rest began t' admire,  
And, like a train, from him took fire,  
Surpris'd with wonder, beforehand,  
At what they did not understand, 40  
Cry'd out, impatient to know what  
The matter was they wonder'd at.

Quoth he, Th' inhabitants o' th' Moon,  
Who, when the Sun shines hot at noon,  
Do live in cellars under ground, 45  
Of eight miles deep and eighty round,  
(In which at once they fortify  
Against the sun and th' enemy),  
Which they count towns and cities there,  
Because their people's civiler 50  
Than those rude peasants that are found  
To live upon the upper ground,  
Call'd Privolvans, with whom they are  
Perpetually in open war;  
And now both armies, highly' enrag'd, 55  
Are in a bloody fight engag'd,  
And many fall on both sides slain,

As by the glass 'tis clear and plain.  
 Look quickly then, that every one  
 May see the fight before 'tis done. 60

With that a great philosopher,  
 Admir'd and famous far and near,  
 As one of singular invention,  
 But universal comprehension,  
 Apply'd one eye, and half a nose, 65

Unto the optic engine close :  
 For he had lately undertook  
 To prove, and publish in a book,  
 That men, whose nat'ral eyes are out,  
 May, by more pow'rful art, be brought 70  
 To see with th' empty holes, as plain  
 As if their eyes were in again ;

And if they chanc'd to fail of those,  
 To make an optic of a nose,  
 As clearly' it may, by those that wear 75

But spectacles, be made appear,  
 By which both senses being united,  
 Does render them much better sighted.  
 This great man, having fixt both sights  
 To view the formidable fights, 80

Observ'd his best, and then cry'd out,  
 The battle 's desperately fought ;  
 The gallant Subvolvani rally,  
 And from their trenches make a sally  
 Upon the stubborn enemy, 85  
 Who now begin to rout and fly.

These silly ranting Privolvans  
 Have every summer their campaigns,  
 And muster, like the warlike sons  
 Of Raw-head and of Bloody-bones. 90

As numerous as Soland geese  
 I' th' islands of the Orcades,  
 Courageously to make a stand,  
 And face their neighbours hand to hand,  
 Until the long'd-for winter 's come, 95  
 And then return in triumph home,  
 And spend the rest o' th' year in lies,  
 And vap'ring of their victories.  
 From th' old Arcadians they 're believ'd  
 To be, before the Moon, deriv'd, 100  
 And, when her orb was new created,  
 To people her were thence translated:  
 For as th' Arcadians were reputed  
 Of all the Grecians the most stupid,  
 Whom nothing in the world could bring 105  
 To civil life but fiddleing,  
 They still retain the antique course  
 And custom of their ancestors,  
 And always sing and fiddle to  
 Things of the greatest weight they do. 110

While thus the learn'd man entertains  
 Th' assembly with the Privolvans,  
 Another, of as great renown,  
 And solid judgment, in the Moon,  
 That understood her various soils, 115  
 And which produc'd best genet-moyles,  
 And in the register of fame  
 Had enter'd his long-living name,  
 After he had por'd long and hard  
 I' th' engine, gave a start, and star'd— 120

Quoth he, A stranger sight appears  
 Than e'er was seen in all the spheres!  
 A wonder more unparallel'd,



Than ever mortal tube beheld ;  
 An elephant from one of those 125  
 Two mighty armies is broke loose,  
 And with the horror of the fight  
 Appears amaz'd, and in a fright :  
 Look quickly, lest the sight of us  
 Should cause the startled beast t' imboss. 130  
 It is a large one, far more great  
 Than e'er was bred in Afric yet,  
 From which we boldly may infer  
 The Moon is much the fruitfuller.  
 And since the mighty Pyrrhus brought 135  
 Those living castles first, 'tis thought,  
 Against the Romans, in the field,  
 It may an argument be held,  
 (Arcadia being but a piece,  
 As his dominions were, of Greece,) 140  
 To prove what this illustrious person  
 Has made so noble a discourse on,  
 And amply satisfy'd us all  
 Of th' Privolvans' original.  
 That Elephants are in the Moon, 145  
 Though we had now discover'd none,  
 Is easily made manifest,  
 Since, from the greatest to the least,  
 All other stars and constellations  
 Have cattle of all sorts of nations, 150  
 And heaven, like a Tartar's horde,  
 With great and numerous droves is stor'd :  
 And if the Moon produce by Nature  
 A people of so vast a stature,  
 'Tis consequent she should bring forth 155  
 Far greater beasts, too, than the earth,

(As by the best accounts appears  
Of all our great'st discoverers),  
And that those monstrous creatures there  
Are not such rarities as here. 160

Meanwhile the rest had had a sight  
Of all particulars o' th' fight,  
And ev'ry man, with equal care,  
Perus'd of th' Elephant his share,  
Proud of his int'rest in the glory 165  
Of so miraculous a story ;

When one, who for his excellence  
In height'ning words, and shad'wing sense,  
And magnifying all he writ  
With curious microscopic wit, 170  
Was magnify'd himself no less  
In home and foreign colleges,  
Began, transported with the twang  
Of his own trillo, thus t' harangue.

Most excellent and virtuous Friends, 175  
This great discov'ry makes amends  
For all our unsuccessful pains,  
And lost expense of time and brains :  
For by this sole phenomenon  
We've gotten ground upon the Moon, 180  
And gain'd a pass to hold dispute  
With all the planets that stand out ;  
To carry this most virtuous war  
Home to the door of every star,  
And plant th' artillery of our tubes 185  
Against their proudest magnitudes ;  
To stretch our victories beyond  
Th' extent of planetary ground,  
And fix our engines, and our ensigns,

Upon the fixt stars' vast dimensions, 190  
 (Which Archimede, so long ago,  
 Durst not presume to wish to do),  
 And prove if they are other suns,  
 As some have held opinions,  
 Or windows in the empyreum, 195  
 From whence those bright effluvias come  
 Like flames of fire (as others guess)  
 That shine i' the mouths of furnaces.  
 Nor is this all we have achiev'd,  
 But more, henceforth to be believ'd, 200  
 And have no more our best designs,  
 Because they're ours, believ'd ill signs.  
 T' out-throw, and stretch, and to enlarge,  
 Shall now no more be laid t' our charge;  
 Nor shall our ablest virtuosos 205  
 Prove arguments for coffee-houses;  
 Nor those devices that are laid  
 Too truly on us, nor those made  
 Hereafter, gain belief among  
 Our strictest judges, right or wrong; 210  
 Nor shall our past misfortunes more  
 Be charged upon the ancient score;  
 No more our making old dogs young  
 Make men suspect us still i' th' wrong;  
 Nor new-invented chariots draw 215  
 The boys to course us without law;  
 Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurse,  
 To turn them into mongrel-curs,  
 Make them suspect our skulls are brittle,  
 And hold too much wit or too little; 220  
 Nor shall our speculations, whether  
 An elder-stick will save the leather

Of school-boys' breeches from the rod,  
 Make all we do appear as odd,  
 This one discovery 's enough 225  
 To take all former scandals off—  
 But since the world 's incredulous  
 Of all our scrutinies, and us,  
 And with a prejudice prevents  
 Our best and worst experiments, 230  
 (As if th' were destin'd to miscarry,  
 In consort try'd, or solitary),  
 And since it is uncertain when  
 Such wonders will occur agen,  
 Let us as cautiously contrive 235  
 To draw an exact Narrative  
 Of what we every one can swear  
 Our eyes themselves have seen appear,  
 That, when we publish the Account,  
 We all may take our oaths upon 't. 240

This said, they all with one consent  
 Agreed to draw up th' Instrument,  
 And, for the general satisfaction,  
 To print it in the next 'Transaction.'

But whilst the chiefs were drawing up 245  
 This strange Memoir o' th' telescope,  
 One, peeping in the tube by chance,  
 Beheld the Elephant advance,  
 And from the west side of the Moon  
 To th' east was in a moment gone. 250  
 This being related, gave a stop  
 To what the rest were drawing up ;  
 And every man, amazed anew  
 How it could possibly be true,  
 That any beast should run a race 255

So monstrous, in so short a space,  
 Resolv'd, howe'er, to make it good,  
 At least as possible as he could,  
 And rather his own eyes condemn,  
 Than question what he had seen with them. 260

While all were thus resolv'd, a man  
 Of great renown there thus began—  
 'Tis strange, I grant! but who can say  
 What cannot be, what can, and may?  
 Especially at so hugely vast 265

A distance as this wonder's plac'd,  
 Where the least error of the sight  
 May shew things false, but never right;  
 Nor can we try them, so far off,  
 By any sublunary proof: 270

For who can say that Nature there  
 Has the same laws she goes by here?  
 Nor is it like she has infus'd,  
 In every species there produc'd,  
 The same efforts she does confer 275

Upon the same productions here;  
 Since those with us, of several nations,  
 Have such prodigious variations,  
 And she affects so much to use  
 Variety in all she does. 280

Hence may b' inferr'd that, though I grant  
 We've seen i' th' Moon an Elephant,  
 That Elephant may differ so  
 From those upon the earth below,  
 Both in his bulk, and force, and speed, 285

As being of a different breed,  
 That though our own are but slow-pac'd,  
 Theirs there may fly, or run as fast,

And yet be Elephants, no less  
Than those of Indian pedigrees. 290

This said, another of great worth,  
Fam'd for his learned works put forth,  
Look'd wise, then said—All this is true,  
And learnedly observ'd by you ;  
But there 's another reason for 't, 295

That falls but very little short  
Of mathematic demonstration,  
Upon an accurate calculation,  
And that is—As the earth and moon  
Do both move contrary upon 300  
Their axes, the rapidity

Of both their motions cannot be  
But so prodigiously fast,  
That vaster spaces may be past  
In less time than the beast has gone, 305  
Though h' had no motion of his own,  
Which we can take no measure of,  
As you have clear'd by learned proof.

This granted, we may boldly thence  
Lay claim t' a nobler inference, 310  
And make this great phenomenon,  
(Were there no other), serve alone  
To clear the grand hypothesis  
Of th' motion of the earth from this.

With this they all were satisfy'd, 315  
As men are wont o' th' bias'd side,  
Applauded the profound dispute,  
And grew more gay and resolute,  
By having overcome all doubt,

Than if it never had fall'n out ; 320  
And, to complete their Narrative,

Agreed t' insert this strange retrieve.

But while they were diverted all  
With wording the Memorial,  
The foot-boys, for diversion too, 325

As having nothing else to do,  
Seeing the telescope at leisure,  
Turn'd virtuosos for their pleasure ;  
Began to gaze upon the Moon,  
As those they waited on had done, 330  
With monkeys' ingenuity,

That love to practise what they see ;  
When one, whose turn it was to peep,  
Saw something in the engine creep,  
And, viewing well, discover'd more 335  
Than all the learn'd had done before.

Quoth he, A little thing is slunk  
Into the long star-gazing trunk,  
And now is gotten down so nigh,  
I have him just against mine eye. 340

This being overheard by one  
Who was not so far overgrown  
In any virtuous speculation,  
To judge with mere imagination,  
Immediately he made a guess 345

At solving all appearances,  
A way far more significant  
Than all their hints of th' Elephant,  
And found, upon a second view,  
His own hypothesis most true ; 350

For he had scarce apply'd his eye  
To th' engine, but immediately  
He found a mouse was gotten in  
The hollow tube, and, shut between

The two glass windows in restraint, 355  
 Was swell'd into an Elephant,  
 And prov'd the virtuous occasion  
 Of all this learned dissertation :  
 And, as a mountain heretofore  
 Was great with child, they say, and bore 360  
 A silly mouse ; this mouse, as strange,  
 Brought forth a mountain in exchange.  
 Meanwhile the rest in consultation  
 Had penn'd the wonderful Narration,  
 And set their hands, and seals, and wit, 365  
 T' attest the truth of what they'd writ,  
 When this accurs'd phenomenon  
 Confounded all they'd said or done :  
 For 'twas no sooner hinted at,  
 But th' all were in a tumult strait, 370  
 More furiously enrag'd by far,  
 Than those that in the Moon made war,  
 To find so admirable a hint,  
 When they had all agreed t' have seen 't,  
 And were engag'd to make it out, 375  
 Obstructed with a paltry doubt :  
 When one, whose task was to determine,  
 And solve th' appearances of vermin,  
 Who'd made profound discoveries  
 In frogs, and toads, and rats, and mice, 380  
 (Though not so curious, 'tis true,  
 As many a wise rat-catcher knew),  
 After he had with signs made way  
 For something great he had to say ;  
 \* This disquisition 385  
 Is, half of it, in my \*discission ;

\* Sic Orig.



For though the Elephant, as beast,  
 Belongs of right to all the rest,  
 The mouse, being but a vermin, none  
 Has title to but I alone ; 390  
 And therefore hope I may be heard,  
 In my own province, with regard.

It is no wonder we're cry'd down,  
 And made the talk of all the Town,  
 That rants and swears, for all our great 395  
 Attempts, we have done nothing yet,  
 If every one have leave to doubt,  
 When some great secret's half made out ;  
 And, 'cause perhaps it is not true,  
 Obstruct, and ruin all we do. 400

As no great act was ever done,  
 Nor ever can, with truth alone,  
 If nothing else but truth w' allow,  
 'Tis no great matter what we do :  
 For truth is too reserv'd, and nice, 405

T' appear in mix'd societies ;  
 Delights in solit'ry abodes,  
 And never shows herself in crowds ;  
 A sullen little thing, below  
 All matters of pretence and show ; 410

That deal in novelty and change,  
 Not of things true, but rare and strange,  
 To treat the world with what is' fit  
 And proper to its natural wit :  
 The world, that never sets esteem 415

On what things are, but what they seem,  
 And, if they be not strange and new,  
 They're ne'er the better for being true ;  
 For what has mankind gain'd by knowing

His little truth, but his undoing, 420  
 Which wisely was by nature hidden,  
 And only for his good forbidden?  
 And therefore with great prudence does  
 The world still strive to keep it close;  
 For if all secret truths were known, 425  
 Who would not be once more undone?  
 For truth has always danger in 't,  
 And here, perhaps, may cross some hint  
 We have already agreed upon,  
 And vainly frustrate all we've done, 430  
 Only to make new work for Stubs,  
 And all the academic clubs.  
 How much, then, ought we have a care  
 That no man know above his share,  
 Nor dare to understand, henceforth, 435  
 More than his contribution's worth;  
 That those who've purchas'd of the college  
 A share, or half a share, of knowledge,  
 And brought in none, but spent repute,  
 Should not b' admitted to dispute, 440  
 Nor any man pretend to know  
 More than his dividend comes to?  
 For partners have been always known  
 To cheat their public interest prone;  
 And if we do not look to ours, 445  
 'Tis sure to run the self-same course.

This said, the whole assembly allow'd  
 The doctrine to be right and good,  
 And, from the truth of what they'd heard,  
 Resolv'd to give Truth no regard, 450  
 But what was for their turn to vouch,  
 And either find or make it such:  
 That 'twas more noble to create

Things like Truth, out of strong conceit,  
 Than with vexatious pains and doubt, 455  
 To find, or think t' have found, her out.

This being resolv'd, they, one by one,  
 Review'd the tube, the Mouse, and Moon ;  
 But still the narrower they pry'd,  
 The more they were unsatisfy'd, 460  
 In no one thing they saw agreeing,  
 As if they'd several faiths of seeing.

Some swore, upon a second view,  
 That all they'd seen before was true ;  
 And that they never would recant 465  
 One syllable of th' Elephant ;  
 Avow'd his snout could be no Mouse's,  
 But a true Elephant's proboscis.

Others began to doubt and waver,  
 Uncertain which o' th' two to favour, 470  
 And knew not whether to espouse  
 The cause of th' Elephant or Mouse.

Some held no way so orthodox  
 To try it, as the ballot-box,  
 And, like the nation's patriots, 475  
 To find, or make, the truth by votes :

Others conceiv'd it much more fit  
 T' unmount the tube, and open it,  
 And, for their private satisfaction,  
 To re-examine the ' Transaction,' 480  
 And after explicate the rest,  
 As they should find cause for the best.

To this, as th' only expedient,  
 The whole assembly gave consent,  
 But, ere the tube was half let down, 485  
 It clear'd the first phenomenon :  
 For, at the end, prodigious swarms

Of flies and gnats, like men in arms,  
 Had all past muster, by mischance,  
 Both for the Sub- and Pri-volvans. 400  
 This being discover'd, put them all  
 Into a fresh and fiercer brawl,  
 Asham'd that men so grave and wise  
 Should be chaldes'd by gnats and flies,  
 And take the feeble insects' swarms 495  
 For mighty troops of men at arms ;  
 As vain as those who, when the Moon  
 Bright in a crystal river shone,  
 Threw casting-nets as subtly at her,  
 To catch and pull her out o' th' water. 500

But when they had unscrew'd the glass,  
 To find out where th' impostor was,  
 And saw the Mouse, that, by mishap,  
 Had made the telescope a trap,  
 Amaz'd, confounded, and afflicted, 505  
 To be so openly convicted,  
 Immediately they get them gone,  
 With this discovery alone :—

That those who greedily pursue  
 Things wonderful, instead of true ; 510  
 That in their speculations choose  
 To make discoveries strange news ;  
 And natural history a Gazette  
 Of tales stupendous and far-fet ;  
 Hold no truth worthy to be known, 515  
 That is not huge and overgrown,  
 And explicate appearances,  
 Not as they are, but as they please ;  
 In vain strive Nature to suborn,  
 And, for their pains, are paid with scorn. 520

## THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.

IN LONG VERSE.\*

A VIRTUOUS, learn'd Society, of late  
The pride and glory of a foreign state,  
Made an agreement, on a summer's night,  
To search the Moon at full by her own light ;  
To take a perfect inventory of all 5  
Her real fortunes, or her personal,  
And make a geometrical survey  
Of all her lands, and how her country lay,  
As accurate as that of Ireland, where  
The sly surveyor 's said t' have sunk a shire : 10  
T' observe her country's climate, how 'twas planted,  
And what she most abounded with, or wanted ;  
And draw maps of her properest situations  
For settling and erecting new plantations,

\* After the Author had finished this story in short verse, he took it into his head to attempt it in long. That this was composed after the other, is manifest from its being wrote opposite to it upon a vacant part of the same paper; and though in most places the Poet has done little more than filled up the verse with an additional foot, preserving the same thought and rhyme, yet as it is a singular instance in its way, and has, besides, many considerable additions and variations, which tend to illustrate and explain the preceding Poem, it may be looked upon not only as a curiosity in its kind, but as a new production of the Author's. This I mention only to obviate the objection of those who may think it inserted to fill up the volume. To the admirers of Butler, I am sure, no apology is necessary.

If ever the Society should incline 15  
 T' attempt so great and glorious a design :  
 " A task in vain, unless the German Kepler  
 Had found out a discovery to people her,  
 And stock her country with inhabitants  
 Of military men and Elephants : 20  
 For th' Ancients only took her for a piece  
 Of red-hot iron as big as Peloponnese,  
 Till he appear'd ; for which, some write, she sent  
 Upon his tribe as strange a punishment."

This was the only purpose of their meeting, 25  
 For which they chose a time and place most fitting,  
 When, at the full, her equal shares of light  
 And influence were at their greatest height.  
 And now the lofty telescope, the scale,  
 By which they venture heav'n itself t' assail, 30  
 Was rais'd, and planted full against the Moon,  
 And all the rest stood ready to fall on,  
 Impatient who should bear away the honour  
 To plant an ensign, first of all, upon her.

When one, who for his solid deep belief 35  
 Was chosen virtuoso then in chief,  
 Had been approv'd the most profound and wise  
 At solving all impossibilities,  
 With gravity advancing, to apply  
 To th' optic glass his penetrating eye, 40  
 Cry'd out, O strange ! then reinforc'd his sight  
 Against the Moon with all his art and might,  
 And bent the muscles of his pensive brow,

<sup>17</sup> This and the following verses, to the end of the paragraph, are not in the foregoing composition ; and are distinguished, as well as the rest of the same kind, by being printed with inverted commas.

As if he meant to stare and gaze her through ;  
 While all the rest began as much t' admire, 45  
 And, like a powder-train, from him took fire,  
 Surpris'd with dull amazement before-hand,  
 At what they would, but could not understand,  
 And grew impatient to discover what  
 The matter was, they so much wonder'd at. 50

Quoth he, The old inhabitants o' th' Moon,  
 Who, when the Sun shines hottest about noon,  
 Are wont to live in cellars under ground,  
 Of eight miles deep, and more than eighty round,  
 In which at once they use to fortify 55  
 Against the sun-beams and the enemy,  
 Are counted borough-towns and cities there,  
 Because th' inhabitants are civiler  
 Than those rude country peasants that are found,  
 Like mountaineers, to live on th' upper ground, 60  
 Nam'd Privolvans, with whom the others are  
 Perpetually in state of open war.  
 And now both armies, mortally enrag'd,  
 Are in a fierce and bloody fight engag'd,  
 And many fall on both sides kill'd and slain, 65  
 As by the telescope 'tis clear and plain.  
 Look in it quickly then, that every one  
 May see his share before the battle 's done.

At this a famous great philosopher,  
 Admir'd, and celebrated, far and near 70  
 As one of wondrous, singular invention,  
 And equal universal comprehension ;  
 " By which he had compos'd a pedler's jargon,  
 For all the world to learn, and use in bargain,  
 An universal canting idiom, 75  
 To understand the swinging pendulum,

And to communicate, in all designs,  
 With th' Eastern virtuosi Mandarines ;"  
 Apply'd an optic nerve, and half a nose,  
 To th' end and centre of the engine close : 80  
 For he had very lately undertook  
 To vindicate, and publish in a book,  
 That men, whose native eyes are blind, or out,  
 May by more admirable art be brought  
 To see with empty holes, as well and plain 85  
 As if their eyes had been put in again.

This great man, therefore, having fix'd his sight  
 T' observe the bloody formidable fight,  
 Consider'd carefully, and then cry'd out,  
 'Tis true, the battle 's desperately fought ; 90  
 The gallant Subvolvans begin to rally,  
 And from their trenches valiantly sally,  
 To fall upon the stubborn enemy,  
 Who fearfully begin to rout and fly.  
 These paltry domineering Privolvans 95  
 Have, every summer-season, their campaigns,  
 And muster, like the military sons  
 Of Raw-head and victorious Bloody-bones,  
 As great and numerous as Soland geese  
 I' th' summer islands of the Orcades, 100  
 Courageously to make a dreadful stand,  
 And boldly face their neighbours hand to hand,  
 Until the peaceful, long'd-for winter's come,  
 And then disband, and march in triumph home,  
 And spend the rest of all the year in lies, 105  
 And vap'ring of their unknown victories.  
 From th' old Arcadians they have been believ'd  
 To be, before the Moon herself, deriv'd ;  
 And, when her orb was first of all created,



To be from thence, to people her, translated: 110  
 For, as those people had been long reputed,  
 Of all the Peloponnesians, the most stupid,  
 Whom nothing in the world could ever bring  
 T' endure the civil life but fiddleing,  
 They ever since retain the antique course, 115  
 And native frenzy of their ancestors,  
 And always use to sing and fiddle to  
 Things of the most important weight they do.

While thus the virtuoso entertains  
 The whole assembly with the Privolvans, 120  
 "Another sophist, but of less renown,  
 Though longer observation of the Moon,"  
 That understood the diff'rence of her soils,  
 And which produced the fairest genet-moyles,  
 "But for an unpaid weekly shilling's pension 125  
 Had fin'd for wit, and judgment, and invention,"  
 Who, after poring tedious and hard  
 In th' optic engine, gave a start, and star'd,  
 And thus began—A stanger sight appears  
 Than ever yet was seen in all the spheres! 130  
 A greater wonder, more unparallel'd  
 Than ever mortal tube or eye beheld;  
 A mighty Elephant from one of those  
 Two fighting armies is at length broke loose,  
 And, with the desp'rate horror of the fight 135  
 Appears amaz'd, and in a dreadful fright!  
 Look quickly, lest the only sight of us  
 Should cause the startled creature to imboss.

<sup>125</sup> <sup>126</sup> The poet had added the two following lines in this character, but afterwards crossed them out :

And first found out the building Paul's,  
 And paving London with sea-coals.

It is a large one, and appears more great  
 Than ever was produc'd in Afric yet ; 140  
 From which we confidently may infer,  
 The Moon appears to be the fruitfuller.  
 And since, of old, the mighty Pyrrhus brought  
 Those living castles first of all, 'tis thought,  
 Against the Roman army in the field, 145  
 It may a valid argument be held,  
 (The same Arcadia being but a piece,  
 As his dominions were, of antique Greece)  
 To vindicate what this illustrious person  
 Has made so learn'd and noble a discourse on, 150  
 And giv'n us ample satisfaction all  
 Of the ancient Privolvans' original.

That Elephants are really in the Moon,  
 Although our fortune had discover'd none,  
 Is easily made plain and manifest, 155  
 Since from the greatest orbs, down to the least,  
 All other globes of stars and constellations  
 Have cattle in 'em of all sorts and nations,  
 And heaven, like a Northern Tartar's hoard,  
 With numerous and mighty droves is stor'd : 160  
 And if the Moon can but produce by Nature  
 A people of so large and vast a stature,  
 'Tis more than probable she should bring forth  
 A greater breed of beasts, too, than the earth ;  
 As by the best accounts we have, appears 165  
 Of all our crediblest discoverers,  
 And that those vast and monstrous creatures there  
 Are not such far-fet rarities as here.

Meanwhile th' assembly now had had a sight  
 Of all distinct particulars o' th' fight, 170  
 And every man, with diligence and care,

Perus'd and view'd of th' Elephant his share,  
 Proud of his equal int'rest in the glory  
 Of so stupendous and renown'd a story ;  
 When one, who for his fame and excellence 175  
 In heightening of words and shadowing sense,  
 And magnifying all he ever writ  
 With delicate and microscopic wit,  
 Had long been magnify'd himself no less  
 In foreign and domestic colleges, 180  
 Began at last (transported with the twang  
 Of his own elocution) thus t'harangue.  
 Most virtuous and incomparable Friends,  
 This great discovery fully makes amends  
 For all our former unsuccessful pains, 185  
 And lost expenses of our time and brains ;  
 For by this admirable phenomenon,  
 We now have gotten ground upon the Moon,  
 And gain'd a pass t' engage and hold dispute  
 With all the other planets that stand out, 190  
 And carry on this brave and virtuous war  
 Home to the door of th' obstinatest star,  
 And plant th' artillery of our optic tubes  
 Against the proudest of their magnitudes ;  
 To stretch our future victories beyond 195  
 The uttermost of planetary ground,  
 And plant our warlike engines, and our ensigns,  
 Upon the fix'd stars' spacious dimensions,  
 To prove if they are other suns or not,  
 As some philosophers have wisely thought, 200  
 Or only windows in the empyreum,  
 Through which those bright effluvias use to come ;  
 Which Archimede, so many years ago,  
 Durst never venture but to wish to know.

Nor is this all that we have now achiev'd, 205  
 But greater things!—henceforth to be believ'd;  
 And have no more our best or worst designs,  
 Because they 're ours, suspected for ill signs.  
 T' out-throw, and magnify, and to enlarge,  
 Shall, henceforth, be no more laid to our charge;  
 Nor shall our best and ablest virtuosos 211  
 Prove arguments again for coffee-houses;  
 "Nor little stories gain belief among  
 Our criticallest judges, right or wrong:"  
 Nor shall our new-invented chariots draw 215  
 The boys to course us in 'em without law;  
 "Make chips of elms produce the largest trees,  
 Or sowing saw-dust furnish nurseries:  
 No more our heading darts (a swinging one!)  
 With butter only harden'd in the sun; 220  
 Or men that used to whistle loud enough  
 To be heard by others plainly five miles off,  
 Cause all the rest we own and have avow'd,  
 To be believ'd as desperately loud."  
 Nor shall our future speculations, whether 225  
 An elder-stick will render all the leather  
 Of schoolboys' breeches proof against the rod,  
 Make all we undertake appear as odd.  
 This one discovery will prove enough  
 To take all past and future scandals off: 230  
 But since the world is so incredulous  
 Of all our usual scrutinies and us,  
 And with a constant prejudice prevents  
 Our best as well as worst experiments,  
 As if they were all destin'd to miscarry, 235  
 As well in concert try'd, as solitary;  
 And that th' assembly is uncertain when

Such great discoveries will occur agen,  
 'Tis reasonable we should, at least, contrive  
 To draw up as exact a Narrative 240  
 Of that which every man of us can swear  
 Our eyes themselves have plainly seen appear,  
 That when 'tis fit to publish the Account  
 We all may take our several oaths upon 't.

This said, the whole assembly gave consent 245  
 To drawing up th' authentic Instrument,  
 And, for the nation's gen'ral satisfaction,  
 To print and own it in their next 'Transaction :'  
 But while their ablest men were drawing up  
 The wonderful memoir o' th' telescope, 250  
 A member peeping in the tube by chance,  
 Beheld the Elephant begin t' advance,  
 That from the west-by-north side of the Moon  
 To th' east-by-south was in a moment gone.  
 This being related, gave a sudden stop 255  
 To all their grandees had been drawing up,  
 And every person was amaz'd anew,  
 How such a strange surprisal should be true,  
 Or any beast perform so great a race,  
 So swift and rapid, in so short a space, 260  
 Resolv'd, as suddenly, to make it good,  
 Or render all as fairly as they could,  
 And rather chose their own eyes to condemn,  
 Than question what they had beheld with them.

While every one was thus resolv'd, a man 265  
 Of great esteem and credit thus began—  
 'Tis strange, I grant ! but who, alas ! can say  
 What cannot be, or justly can, and may ?  
 Especially at so hugely wide and vast  
 A distance as this miracle is plac'd, 270

Where the least error of the glass, or sight,  
 May render things amiss, but never right?  
 Nor can we try them, when they're so far off,  
 By any equal sublunary proof:  
 For who can justify that Nature there 275  
 Is ty'd to the same laws she acts by here?  
 Nor is it probable she has infus'd  
 Int' ev'ry species in the Moon produc'd,  
 The same efforts she uses to confer  
 Upon the very same productions here, 280  
 Since those upon the earth, of several nations,  
 Are found t' have such prodigious variations,  
 And she affects so constantly to use  
 Variety in every thing she does.  
 From hence may be inferr'd that, though I grant  
 We have beheld i' th' Moon an Elephant, 286  
 That Elephant may chance to differ so  
 From those with us upon the earth below,  
 Both in his bulk, as well as force and speed,  
 As being of a different kind and breed, 290  
 That though, 'tis true, our own are but slow-pac'd,  
 Theirs there, perhaps, may fly, or run as fast,  
 And yet be very Elephants, no less  
 Than those deriv'd from Indian families.

This said, another member of great worth, 295  
 Fam'd for the learned works he had put forth,  
 "In which the mannerly and modest author  
 Quotes the Right Worshipful his elder brother,"  
 Look'd wise a while, then said—All this is true,  
 And very learnedly observ'd by you; 300  
 But there's another nobler reason for 't,  
 That, rightly observ'd, will fall but little short  
 Of solid mathematic demonstration,

Upon a full and perfect calculation ;  
And that is only this—As th' earth and moon 305  
Do constantly move contrary upon  
Their several axes, the rapidity  
Of both their motions cannot fail to be  
So violent, and naturally fast,  
That larger distances may well be past 310  
In less time than the Elephant has gone,  
Although he had no motion of his own,  
Which we on earth can take no measure of  
As you have made it evident by proof.  
This granted, we may confidently hence 315  
Claim title to another inference,  
And make this wonderful phenomenon  
(Were there no other) serve our turn alone,  
To vindicate the grand hypothesis,  
And prove the motion of the earth from this. 320

This said, th' assembly now was satisfy'd,  
As men are soon upon the bias'd side ;  
With great applause receiv'd th' admir'd dispute,  
And grew more gay, and brisk, and resolute,  
By having (right or wrong) remov'd all doubt, 325  
Than if th' occasion never had fall'n out ;  
Resolving to complete their Narrative,  
And punctually insert this strange retrieve.

But while their grandees were diverted all  
With nicely wording the Memorial, 330  
The foot-boys, for their own diversion too,  
As having nothing now at all to do,  
And when they saw the telescope at leisure,  
Turn'd virtuosos, only for their pleasure ;  
“ With drills' and monkeys' ingenuity, 335  
That take delight to practise all they see,”

Began to stare and gaze upon the Moon,  
 As those they waited on before had done :  
 When one, whose turn it was by chance to peep,  
 Saw something in the lofty engine creep, 340  
 And, viewing carefully, discover'd more  
 Than all their masters hit upon before.  
 Quoth he, O strange ! a little thing is slunk  
 On th' inside of the long star-gazing trunk,  
 And now is gotten down so low and nigh, 345  
 I have him here directly 'gainst mine eye.

This chancing to be overheard by one  
 Who was not, yet, so hugely overgrown  
 In any philosophic observation,  
 As to conclude with mere imagination, 350  
 And yet he made immediately a guess  
 At fully solving all appearances,  
 A plainer way, and more significant  
 Than all their hints had prov'd o' th' Elephant,  
 And quickly found, upon a second view, 355  
 His own conjecture, probably, most true ;  
 For he no sooner had apply'd his eye  
 To th' optic engine, but immediately  
 He found a small field-mouse was gotten in  
 The hollow telescope, and, shut between 360  
 The two glass windows, closely in restraint,  
 Was magnify'd into an Elephant,  
 And prov'd the happy virtuous occasion  
 Of all this deep and learned dissertation.  
 And as a mighty mountain, heretofore, 365  
 Is said t' have been begot with child, and bore  
 A silly mouse, this captive mouse, as strange,  
 Produc'd another mountain in exchange.

Meanwhile the grandees, long in consultation,



Had finish'd the miraculous Narration, 370  
 And set their hands, and seals, and sense, and wit,  
 T' attest and vouch the truth of all th' had writ,  
 When this unfortunate phenomenon  
 Confounded all they had declar'd and done :  
 For 'twas no sooner told and hinted at, 375  
 But all the rest were in a tumult strait,  
 More hot and furiously enrag'd by far  
 Than both the hosts that in the Moon made war,  
 To find so rare and admirable a hint,  
 When they had all agreed and sworn t' have seen 't,  
 And had engag'd themselves to make it out, 381  
 Obstructed with a wretched paltry doubt.

When one, whose only task was to determine  
 And solve the worst appearances of vermin,  
 Who oft had made profound discoveries 385  
 In frogs and toads, as well as rats and mice,  
 (Though not so curious and exact, 'tis true,  
 As many an exquisite rat-catcher knew),  
 After he had a while with signs made way  
 For something pertinent he had to say, 390  
 At last prevail'd—Quoth he, This disquisition  
 Is, the one half of it, in my decission ;  
 For though 'tis true the Elephant, as beast,  
 Belongs, of nat'ral right, to all the rest,  
 The mouse, that's but a paltry vermin, none 395  
 Can claim a title to, but I alone ;  
 And therefore humbly hope I may be heard,  
 In my own province, freely, with regard.  
 It is no wonder that we are cry'd down,  
 And made the table-talk of all the town, 400  
 That rants and vapours still, for all our great  
 Designs and projects, we've done nothing yet,

If every one have liberty to doubt,  
 When some great secret's more than half made out,  
 Because, perhaps, it will not hold out true, 405  
 And put a stop to all w' attempt to do.  
 As no great action ever has been done,  
 Nor ever's like to be, by Truth alone,  
 If nothing else but only truth w' allow,  
 'Tis no great matter what w' intend to do; 410  
 " For Truth is always too reserv'd and chaste,  
 T' endure to be by all the Town embrac'd ;  
 A solitary anchorite, that dwells  
 Retir'd from all the world, in obscure cells,"  
 Disdains all great assemblies, and defies 415  
 The press and crowd of mix'd societies,  
 That use to deal in novelty and change,  
 Not of things true, but great, and rare, and strange,  
 To entertain the world with what is fit  
 And proper for its genius and its wit; 420  
 The world, that's never found to set esteem  
 On what things are, but what th' appear and seem :  
 And if they are not wonderful and new,  
 They're ne'er the better for their being true.  
 " For what is truth, or knowledge, but a kind 425  
 Of wantonness and luxury o' th' mind,  
 A greediness and gluttony o' th' brain,  
 That longs to eat forbidden fruit again,  
 And grows more desp'rate, like the worst diseases,  
 Upon the nobler part (the mind) it seizes?" 430  
 And what has mankind ever gain'd by knowing  
 His little truths, unless his own undoing,  
 That prudently by Nature had been hidden,  
 And, only for his greater good, forbidden?  
 And therefore with as great discretion does 435

The world endeavour still to keep it close ;  
 For if the secrets of all truths were known,  
 Who would not, once more, be as much undone ?  
 For truth is never without danger in 't,  
 As here it has depriv'd us of a hint 440  
 The whole assembly had agreed upon,  
 And utterly defeated all w' had done,  
 " By giving foot-boys leave to interpose,  
 And disappoint whatever we propose ;"  
 For nothing but to cut out work for Stubs, 445  
 And all the busy academic clubs,  
 " For which they have deserv'd to run the risks  
 Of elder-sticks, and penitential frisks."  
 How much, then, ought we have a special care  
 That none presume to know above his share, 450  
 Nor take upon him t' understand, henceforth,  
 More than his weekly contribution's worth,  
 That all those that have purchas'd of the college  
 A half, or but a quarter, share of knowledge,  
 And brought none in themselves but spent repute,  
 Should never be admitted to dispute, 456  
 Nor any member undertake to know  
 More than his equal dividend comes to ?  
 For partners have perpetually been known  
 T' impose upon their public int'rest prone ; 460  
 And if we have not greater care of ours,  
 It will be sure to run the self-same course.

This said, the whole Society allow'd  
 The doctrine to be orthodox and good,  
 And from th' apparent truth of what th' had heard,  
 Resolv'd, henceforth, to give Truth no regard, 466  
 But what was for their interests to vouch,  
 And either find it out, or make it such :

That 'twas more admirable to create  
 Inventions, like truth, out of strong conceit, 470  
 Than with vexatious study, pains, and doubt,  
 To find, or but suppose t' have found, it out.

This being resolv'd, th' assembly, one by one,  
 Review'd the tube, the Elephant, and Moon;  
 But still the more and curiouser they pry'd, 475  
 They but became the more unsatisfy'd;  
 In no one thing they gaz'd upon agreeing,  
 As if th' had different principles of seeing.

Some boldly swore, upon a second view,  
 That all they had beheld before was true, 480  
 And damn'd themselves they never would recant  
 One syllable th' had seen of th' Elephant;  
 Avow'd his shape and snout could be no Mouse's,  
 But a true nat'ral Elephant's proboscis.

Others began to doubt as much, and waver, 485  
 Uncertain which to disallow or favour;  
 "Until they had as many cross resolves,  
 As Irishmen that have been turn'd to wolves,"  
 And grew distracted, whether to espouse  
 The party of the Elephant or Mouse. 490

Some held there was no way so orthodox,  
 As to refer it to the ballot-box,  
 And, like some other nation's patriots,  
 To find it out, or make the truth, by votes:  
 Others were of opinion 'twas more fit 495  
 T' unmount the telescope, and open it,  
 And, for their own, and all men's, satisfaction,  
 To search and re-examine the 'Transaction,'  
 And afterwards to explicate the rest,  
 As they should see occasion for the best. 500

To this, at length, as th' only expedient,

The whole assembly freely gave consent ;  
 But ere the optic tube was half let down,  
 Their own eyes clear'd the first phenomenon :  
 For at the upper end, prodigious swarms 505  
 Of busy flies and gnats, like men in arms,  
 Had all past muster in the glass by chance,  
 For both the Peri- and the Sub-volvans.

This being discover'd, once more put them all  
 Into a worse and desperater brawl ; 510  
 Surpris'd with shame, that men so grave and wise  
 Should be trepann'd by paltry gnats and flies,  
 And to mistake the feeble insects' swarms  
 For squadrons and reserves of men in arms ;  
 As politic as those who, when the Moon 515  
 As bright and glorious in a river shone,  
 Threw casting-nets with equal cunning at her,  
 To catch her with, and pull her out o' th' water.

But when, at last, they had unscrew'd the glass  
 To find out where the sly impostor was, 520  
 And saw 'twas but a Mouse, that by mishap  
 Had catch'd himself, and them, in th' optic trap,

<sup>521</sup> <sup>522</sup> Butler, to compliment his Mouse for affording him an opportunity of indulging his satirical turn, and displaying his wit upon this occasion, has, to the end of this Poem, subjoined the following epigrammatical note :

A Mouse, whose martial valour has so long  
 Ago been try'd, and by old Homer sung,  
 And purchas'd him more everlasting glory  
 Than all his Grecian and his Trojan story,  
 Though he appears unequal match'd, I grant,  
 In bulk and stature by the Elephant,  
 Yet frequently has been observ'd in battle  
 To have reduc'd the proud and haughty cattle,  
 When, having boldly enter'd the redoubt,  
 And storm'd the dreadful outwork of his snout,  
 The little vermin, like an errant knight,  
 Has slain the huge gigantic beast in fight.

Amaz'd, with shame confounded, and afflicted  
 To find themselves so openly convicted,  
 Immediately made haste to get them gone 525  
 With none but this discovery alone:—

That learned men, who greedily pursue  
 Things that are rather wonderful than true,  
 And, in their nicest speculations, choose  
 To make their own discoveries strange news, 530  
 And nat'ral hist'ry rather a Gazette  
 Of rarities stupendous and far-fet;  
 Believe no truths are worthy to be known,  
 That are not strongly vast and overgrown,  
 And strive to explicate appearances, 535  
 Not as they 're probable, but as they please,  
 In vain endeavour Nature to suborn,  
 And, for their pains, are justly paid with scorn.

## A SATIRE UPON THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

### A FRAGMENT.\*

**A** LEARNED man, whom once a-week  
 A hundred virtuosos seek,  
 And like an oracle apply to,  
 T' ask questions, and admire, and lie to,

\* Butler formed a design of writing another satire upon the Royal Society, part of which I find amongst his papers, fairly and correctly transcribed. Whether he ever finished it, or the remainder of it be lost, is uncertain: the Fragment,

Who entertain'd them all of course 5  
 (As men take wives for better or worse)  
 And pass'd them all for men of parts,  
 Though some but sceptics in their hearts;  
 For when they're cast into a lump,  
 Their talents equally must jump; 10  
 As metals mixt, the rich and base  
 Do both at equal values pass.

With these the ord'nary debate  
 Was after news, and things of state,  
 Which way the dreadful comet went 15  
 In sixty-four, and what it meant?  
 What nations yet are to bewail  
 The operation of its tail?  
 Or whether France or Holland yet,  
 Or Germany, be in its debt? 20  
 What wars and plagues in Christendom  
 Have happen'd since, and what to come?  
 What kings are dead, how many queens  
 And princesses are poison'd since?  
 And who shall next of all by turn 25  
 Make courts wear black, and tradesmen mourn?  
 What parties next of foot or horse,  
 Will rout, or routed be, of course?  
 What German marches, and retreats,  
 Will furnish the next month's Gazettes? 30  
 What pestilent contagion next,  
 And what part of the world, infects?

however, that is preserved, may not improperly be added in this place, as in some sort explanatory of the preceding poem: and, I am persuaded, that those who have a taste for Butler's turn and humour, will think this too curious a Fragment to be lost, though perhaps too imperfect to be formally published.

What dreadful meteor, and where,  
 Shall in the heavens next appear?  
 And when again shall lay embargo 35  
 Upon the Admiral, the good ship Argo?  
 Why currents turn in seas of ice  
 Some thrice a-day, and some but twice?  
 And why the tides at night and noon,  
 Court, like Caligula, the Moon? 40  
 What is the nat'ral cause why fish  
 That always drink do never piss?  
 Or whether in their home, the deep,  
 By night or day they ever sleep?  
 If grass be green, or snow be white, 45  
 But only as they take the light?  
 Whether possessions of the devil,  
 Or mere temptations, do most evil?  
 What is 't that makes all fountains still  
 Within the earth to run up hill, 50  
 But on the outside down again,  
 As if th' attempt had been in vain?  
 Or what 's the strange magnetic cause  
 The steel on loadstone 's drawn or draws?  
 The star, the needle, which the stone 55  
 Has only been but touch'd upon?  
 Whether the North-star's influence  
 With both does hold intelligence?  
 (For red-hot ir'n, held tow'rd's the pole,  
 Turns of itself to 't when 'tis cool :) 60  
 Or whether male and female screws  
 In th' iron and stone th' effect produce?  
 What makes the body of the sun,  
 That such a rapid course does run,  
 To draw no tail behind through th' air, 65



As comets do, when they appear.  
 Which other planets cannot do,  
 Because they do not burn, but glow?  
 Whether the Moon be sea or land,  
 Or charcoal, or a quench'd firebrand ; 70  
 Or if the dark holes that appear,  
 Are only pores, not cities, there?  
 Whether the atmosphere turn round,  
 And keep a just pace with the ground,  
 Or loiter lazily behind, 75  
 And clog the air with gusts of wind?  
 Or whether crescents in the wane,  
 (For so an author has it plain),  
 Do burn quite out, or wear away  
 Their snuffs upon the edge of day? 80  
 Whether the sea increase, or waste,  
 And, if it do, how long 'twill last?  
 Or, if the sun approaches near  
 The earth, how soon it will be there?  
 These were their learned speculations, 85  
 And all their constant occupations,  
 To measure wind, and weigh the air,  
 And turn a circle to a square ;  
 To make a powder of the sun,  
 By which all doctors should b' undone ; 90  
 To find the north-west passage out,  
 Although the farthest way about ;  
 If chemists from a rose's ashes  
 Can raise the rose itself in glasses?  
 Whether the line of incidence 95  
 Rise from the object, or the sense?  
 To stew th' elixir in a bath  
 Of hope, credulity, and faith ;

To explicate, by subtle hints,  
 The grain of diamonds and flints, 100  
 And in the braying of an ass  
 Find out the treble and the bass;  
 If mares neigh alto, and a cow  
 A double diapason low.—

\* \* \* \* \*

## REPARTEES BETWEEN CAT AND PUSS.

AT A CATERWAULING. IN THE MODERN  
 HEROIC WAY.

**I**T was about the middle age of night,  
 When half the earth stood in the other's light,  
 And Sleep, Death's brother, yet a friend to life,  
 Gave weary'd Nature a restorative,  
 When Puss, wrapt warm in his own native furs, 5  
 Dreamt soundly of as soft and warm amours,  
 Of making gallantry in gutter-tiles,  
 And sporting on delightful faggot-piles;  
 Of bolting out of bushes in the dark,

*Repartees*] This poem is a satirical banter upon those heroic plays which were so much in vogue at the time our Author lived; the dialogues of which, having what they called Heroic Love for their subject, are carried on exactly in this strain, as any one may perceive that will consult the dramatic pieces of Dryden, Settle, and others.

As ladies use at midnight in the Park, 10  
Or seeking in tall garrets an alcove,  
For assignations in th' affairs of love.  
At once his passion was both false and true,  
And the more false, the more in earnest grew.  
He fancy'd that he heard those am'rous charms 15  
That us'd to summon him to soft alarms,  
To which he always brought an equal flame,  
To fight a rival, or to court a dame ;  
And, as in dreams, love's raptures are more taking  
Than all their actual enjoyments waking, 20  
His am'rous passion grew to that extreme,  
His dream itself awak'd him from his dream.  
Thought he, What place is this ? or whither art  
Thou vanish'd from me, mistress of my heart ?  
But now I had her in this very place, 25  
Here, fast imprison'd in my glad embrace,  
And while my joys beyond themselves were rapt,  
I know not how, nor whither, thou 'rt escap'd :  
Stay, and I'll follow thee.—With that he leapt  
Up from the lazy couch on which he slept, 30  
And, wing'd with passion, thro' his known purlieu,  
Swift as an arrow from a bow he flew,  
Nor stopp'd, until his fire had him convey'd  
Where many an assignation h' had enjoy'd ;  
Where finding, what he sought, a mutual flame, 35  
That long had stay'd and call'd, before he came,  
Impatient of delay, without one word,  
To lose no further time, he fell aboard,  
But grip'd so hard, he wounded what he lov'd,  
While she, in anger, thus his heat reprov'd. 40  
C. Forbear, foul ravisher, this rude address ;  
Canst thou, at once, both injure and caress ?

*P.* Thou hast bewitch'd me with thy pow'rful charms,  
And I, by drawing blood, would cure my harms.

*C.* He that does love would set his heart a-tilt, 45  
Ere one drop of his lady's should be spilt.

*P.* Your wounds are but without, and mine within :  
You wound my heart, and I but prick your skin ;  
And while your eyes pierce deeper than my claws,  
You blame th' effect, of which you are the cause. 50

*C.* How could my guiltless eye your heart invade,  
Had it not first been by your own betray'd ?  
Hence 'tis, my greatest crime has only been  
(Not in mine eyes, but yours) in being seen.

*P.* I hurt to love, but do not love to hurt. 55

*C.* That's worse than making cruelty a sport.

*P.* Pain is the foil of pleasure and delight,  
That sets it off to a more noble height.

*C.* He buys his pleasure at a rate too vain,  
That takes it up beforehand of his pain. 60

*P.* Pain is more dear than pleasure when 'tis past.

*C.* But grows intolerable if it last.

*P.* Love is too full of honour to regard  
What it enjoys, but suffers as reward.

What knight durst ever own a lover's name, 65  
That had not been half murder'd by his flame ?

Or lady, that had never lain at stake,  
To death, or force of rivals, for his sake ?

*C.* When love does meet with injury and pain,  
Disdain 's the only med'cine for disdain. 70

*P.* At once I'm happy, and unhappy too,  
In being pleas'd, and in displeasing you.

*C.* Prepost'rous way of pleasure and of love,  
That contrary to its own end would move !

'Tis rather hate that covets to destroy ; 75

Love's business is to love, and to enjoy.

*P.* Enjoying and destroying are all one,  
As flames destroy that which they feed upon.

*C.* He never lov'd at any gen'rous rate,  
That in th' enjoyment found his flame abate. 80

As wine (the friend of love) is wont to make  
The thirst more violent it pretends to slake,  
So should fruition do the lover's fire,  
Instead of lessening, inflame desire. 81

*P.* What greater proof that passion does transport,  
When, what I'd die for, I'm forced to hurt?

*C.* Death, among lovers, is a thing despis'd,  
And far below a sullen humour priz'd,

That is more scorn'd and rail'd at than the gods,  
When they are cross'd in love, or fall at odds : 90

But since you understand not what you do,  
I am the judge of what I feel, not you.

*P.* Passion begins indifferent to prove,  
When love considers any thing but love. 94

*C.* The darts of love, like lightning, wound within,  
And, though they pierce it, never hurt the skin ;

They leave no marks behind them where they fly,  
Though through the tend'rest part of all, the eye ;

But your sharp claws have left enough to shew  
How tender I have been, how cruel you. 100

*P.* Pleasure is pain, for when it is enjoy'd,  
All it could wish for was but to b' allay'd.

*C.* Force is a rugged way of making love.

*P.* What you like best, you always disapprove.

*C.* He that will wrong his love will not be nice, 105  
T' excuse the wrong he does, to wrong her twice.

*P.* Nothing is wrong but that which is ill meant.

*C.* Wounds are ill cured with a good intent.

*P.* When you mistake that for an injury  
I never meant, you do the wrong, not I. 110

*C.* You do not feel yourself the pain you give :  
But 'tis not that alone for which I grieve,  
But 'tis your want of passion that I blame,  
That can be cruel where you own a flame.

*P.* 'Tis you are guilty of that cruelty 115  
Which you at once outdo, and blame in me ;  
For while you stifle and inflame desire,  
You burn and starve me in the self-same fire.

*C.* It is not I, but you, that do the hurt,  
Who wound yourself, and then accuse me for 't ; 120  
As thieves, that rob themselves 'twixt sun and sun,  
Make others pay for what themselves have done.

## TO THE

HONOURABLE EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ.

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE POEM OF

THE BRITISH PRINCES.\*

SIR,

**Y**OU have oblig'd the British nation more  
Than all their bards could ever do before,  
And, at your own charge, monuments more hard  
Than brass or marble to their fame have rear'd ;  
For as all warlike nations take delight 5  
To hear how brave their ancestors could fight,  
You have advanc'd to wonder their renown,

\* Most of the celebrated wits in Charles II's reign addressed this gentleman in a bantering way upon his poem called 'The British Princes,' and, among the rest, Butler.

And no less virtuously improv'd your own :  
 For 'twill be doubted whether you do write,  
 Or they have acted, at a nobler height. 10  
 You of their ancient princes have retriev'd  
 More than the ages knew in which they liv'd ;  
 Describ'd their customs and their rights anew,  
 Better than all their Druids ever knew ;  
 Unriddled their dark oracles as well 15  
 As those themselves, that made them, could foretell :  
 For, as the Britons long have hop'd, in vain,  
 Arthur would come to govern them again,  
 You have fulfill'd that prophecy alone,  
 And in this Poem plac'd him on his throne. 20  
 Such magic pow'r has your prodigious pen,  
 To raise the dead, and give new life to men ;  
 Make rival princes meet in arms, and love,  
 Whom distant ages did so far remove :  
 For as eternity has neither past 25  
 Nor future (authors say), nor first, nor last,  
 But is all instant, your eternal Muse  
 All ages can to any one reduce.  
 Then why should you, whose miracle of art  
 Can life at pleasure to the dead impart, 30  
 Trouble in vain your better-busied head  
 T' observe what time they liv'd in, or were dead ?  
 For since you have such arbitrary power,  
 It were defect in judgment to go lower,  
 Or stoop to things so pitifully lewd, 35  
 As use to take the vulgar latitude.  
 There's no man fit to read what you have writ,  
 That holds not some proportion with your wit ;  
 As light can no way but by light appear,  
 He must bring *sense* that understands it here. 40

## A PALINODIE

TO THE HONOURABLE EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ.  
UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE POEM OF  
THE BRITISH PRINCES.

IT is your pardon, Sir, for which my Muse  
Thrice humbly thus in form of paper sues ;  
For having felt the dead weight of your wit,  
She comes to ask forgiveness and submit ;  
Is sorry for her faults, and, while I write, 5  
Mourns in the black, does penance in the white :  
But such is her belief in your just candour,  
She hopes you will not so misunderstand her,  
To wrest her harmless meaning to the sense  
Of silly emulation or offence. 10  
No ; your sufficient wit does still declare  
Itself too amply, they are mad that dare  
So vain and senseless a presumption own,  
To yoke your vast parts in comparison :  
And yet you might have thought upon a way 15  
T' instruct us how you 'd have us to obey,  
And not command our praises, and then blame  
All that's too great or little for your fame :  
For who could choose but err, without some trick  
To take your elevation to a nick ? 20  
As he that was desir'd, upon occasion,  
To make the Mayor of London an oration,  
Desir'd his Lordship's favour, that he might  
Take measure of his mouth to fit it right ;



So, had you sent a scantling of your wit, 25  
You might have blam'd us if it did not fit ;  
But 'tis not just t' impose, and then cry down  
All that's unequal to your huge renown :  
For he that writes below your vast desert,  
Betrays his own, and not your want of art. 30  
Praise, like a robe of state, should not sit close  
To th' person 'tis made for, but wide and loose ;  
Derives its comeliness from b'ing unfit,  
And such have been our praises of your wit,  
Which is so extraordinary, no height 35  
Of fancy but your own can do it right :  
Witness those glorious poems you have writ  
With equal judgment, learning, art, and wit,  
And those stupendious discoveries  
You've lately made of wonders in the skies : 40  
For who, but from yourself, did ever hear  
The sphere of atoms was the atmosphere ?  
Who ever shut those stragglers in a room,  
Or put a circle about vacuum ?  
What should confine those undetermin'd crowds, 45  
And yet extend no further than the clouds ?  
Who ever could have thought, but you alone,  
A sign and an ascendant were all one ?  
Or how 'tis possible the Moon should shroud  
Her face to peep at Mars behind a cloud, 50  
Since clouds below are so far distant plac'd,  
They cannot hinder her from being barefac'd ?  
Who ever did a language so enrich,  
To scorn all little particles of speech ? 54  
For tho' they make the sense clear, yet they're found  
To be a scurvy hind'rance to the sound ;  
Therefore you wisely scorn your style to humble,

Or for the sense's sake to waive the rumble.  
Had Homer known this art h' had ne'er been fain  
To use so many particles in vain, 63  
That to no purpose serve, but (as he haps  
To want a syllable) to fill up gaps.  
You justly coin new verbs, to pay for those  
Which in construction you o'ersee and lose ;  
And by this art do Priscian no wrong 65  
When you break 's head, for 'tis as broad as long.  
These are your own discoveries, which none  
But such a Muse as yours could hit upon,  
That can, in spite of laws of art, or rules,  
Make things more intricate than all the schools: 70  
For what have laws of art to do with you,  
More than the laws with honest men and true?  
He that 's a prince in poetry should strive  
To cry 'em down by his prerogative,  
And not submit to that which has no force 75  
But o'er delinquents and inferiors.  
Your poems will endure to be [well] try'd  
I' th' fire like gold, and come forth purify'd ;  
Can only to eternity pretend,  
For they were never writ to any end. 80  
All other books bear an uncertain rate,  
But those you write are always sold by weight ;  
Each word and syllable brought to the scale,  
And valued to a scruple in the sale.  
For when the paper 's charg'd with your rich wit,  
'Tis for all purposes and uses fit, 86  
Has an abstersive virtue to make clean  
Whatever Nature made in man obscene.  
Boys find b' experiment, no paper kite  
Without your verse can make a noble flight. 90

It keeps our spice and aromatics sweet ;  
 In Paris they perfume their rooms with it,  
 For burning but one leaf of yours, they say,  
 Drives all their stinks and nastiness away. 95  
 Cooks keep their pies from burning with your wit,  
 Their pigs and geese from scorching on the spit ;  
 And vintners find their wines are ne'er the worse,  
 When arsenic's only wrapp'd up in the verse.  
 These are the great performances that raise  
 Your mighty parts above all reach of praise, 100  
 And give us only leave t' admire your worth,  
 For no man, but yourself, can set it forth,  
 Whose wondrous pow'r's so generally known,  
 Fame is the echo, and her voice your own.

### A PANEGYRIC

UPON SIR JOHN DENHAM'S RECOVERY FROM  
 HIS MADNESS.\*

**S**IR, you've outliv'd so desperate a fit  
 As none could do but an immortal wit ;  
 Had yours been less, all helps had been in vain,  
 And thrown away, though on a less sick brain ;

\* It must surprise the reader to find a writer of Butler's judgment attacking, in so severe and contemptuous a manner, the character of a Poet so much esteemed as Sir John Denham was. If what he charges him with be true, there is indeed some room for satire : but still there is such a spirit of bitterness runs through the whole, besides the cruelty of ridiculing an infirmity of this nature, as can be accounted for by nothing but some personal quarrel or disgust. How far this weakness may carry the greatest geniuses, we have a proof in what Pope has written of Addison.

But you were so far from receiving hurt, 5  
 You grew improv'd, and much the better for 't.  
 As when th' Arabian bird does sacrifice,  
 And burn himself in his own country's spice,  
 A maggot first breeds in his pregnant urn,  
 Which after does to a young Phoenix turn : 10  
 So your hot brain, burnt in its native fire,  
 Did life renew'd and vigorous youth acquire ;  
 And with so much advantage, some have guess'd  
 Your after-wit is like to be your best,  
 And now expect far greater matters of ye 15  
 Than the bought 'Cooper's Hill,' or borrow'd 'Sophy ;'  
 Such as your Tully lately dress'd in verse,  
 Like those he made himself, or not much worse ;  
 And Seneca's dry sand unmix'd with lime,  
 Such as you cheat the king with, botch'd in rhyme.  
 Nor were your morals less improv'd, all pride, 21  
 And native insolence, quite laid aside ;  
 And that ungovern'd outrage, that was wont  
 All, that you durst with safety, to affront.  
 No China cupboard rudely overthrown, 25  
 Nor lady tipp'd, by being accosted, down ;  
 No poet jeer'd, for scribbling amiss,  
 With verses forty times more lewd than his :  
 Nor did your crutch give battle to your duns,  
 And hold it out, where you had built a sconce ; 30  
 Nor furiously laid orange-wench aboard,  
 For asking what in fruit and love you'd scor'd ;  
 But all civility and complacence,  
 More than you ever us'd before or since.  
 Beside, you never over-reach'd the King 35  
 One farthing, all the while, in reckoning,  
 Nor brought in false accompt, with little tricks

Of passing broken rubbish for whole bricks ;  
 False mustering of workmen by the day,  
 Deduction out of wages, and dead pay 40  
 For those that never liv'd ; all which did come,  
 By thrifty management, to no small sum.  
 You pull'd no lodgings down, to build them worse,  
 Nor repair'd others, to repair your purse,  
 As you were wont, till all you built appear'd 45  
 Like that Amphion with his fiddle rear'd ;  
 For had the stones (like his), charm'd by your verse,  
 Built up themselves, they could not have done worse :  
 And sure, when first you ventur'd to survey,  
 You did design to do 't no other way. 50

All this was done before those days began  
 In which you were a wise and happy man :  
 For who e'er liv'd in such a paradise,  
 Until fresh straw and darkness op'd your eyes ?  
 Who ever greater treasure could command, 55  
 Had nobler palaces, and richer land,  
 Than you had then, who could raise sums as vast  
 As all the cheats of a Dutch war could waste,  
 Or all those practis'd upon public money ?  
 For nothing, but your cure, could have undone ye.  
 For ever are you bound to curse those quacks 61  
 That undertook to cure your happy cracks ;  
 For though no art can ever make them sound,  
 The tamp'ring cost you threescore thousand pound.  
 How high might you have liv'd, and play'd, and lost,  
 Yet been no more undone by being choust, 66  
 Nor forc'd upon the King's accompt to lay  
 All that, in serving him, you lost at play ?  
 For nothing but your brain was ever found  
 To suffer sequestration, and compound. 70

Yet you've an imposition laid on brick,  
 For all you then laid out at Beast or Gleeck;  
 And when you've rais'd a sum, strait let it fly,  
 By understanding low and vent'ring high;  
 Until you have reduc'd it down to tick, 75  
 And then recruit again from lime and brick.

## ON CRITICS

WHO JUDGE OF MODERN PLAYS PRECISELY BY  
 THE RULES OF THE ANCIENTS.\*

WHO ever will regard poetic fury,  
 When it is once found Idiot by a jury,  
 And every pert and arbitrary fool  
 Can all poetic license over-rule;  
 Assume a barb'rous tyranny, to handle 5  
 The Muses worse than Ostrogoth and Vandal;  
 Make them submit to verdict and report,  
 And stand or fall to th' orders of a court?  
 Much less be sentenc'd by the arbitrary  
 Proceedings of a witless plagiary, 10  
 That forges old records and ordinances  
 Against the right and property of fancies,  
 More false and nice than weighing of the weather  
 To th' hundredth atom of the lightest feather,  
 Or measuring of air upon Parnassus, 15  
 With cylinders of Torricellian glasses;

\* This warm invective was very probably occasioned by Mr. Rymer, Historiographer to Charles II, who censured three tragedies of Beaumont's and Fletcher's.

Reduce all Tragedy, by rules of art,  
 Back to its antique theatre, a cart,  
 And make them henceforth keep the beaten roads  
 Of rev'rend choruses and episodes ; 20  
 Reform and regulate a puppet-play,  
 According to the true and ancient way,  
 That not an actor shall presume to squeak,  
 Unless he have a license for 't in Greek ;  
 Nor Whittington henceforward sell his cat in 25  
 Plain vulgar English, without mewing Latin :  
 No pudding shall be suffer'd to be witty,  
 Unless it be in order to raise pity ;  
 Nor devil in the puppet-play b' allow'd  
 To roar and spit fire, but to fright the crowd, 30  
 Unless some god or demon chance t' have piques  
 Against an ancient family of Greeks ;  
 That other men may tremble, and take warning,  
 How such a fatal progeny they're born in ;  
 For none but such for Tragedy are fitted, 35  
 That have been ruin'd only to be pity'd ;  
 And only those held proper to deter,  
 Who have had th' ill luck against their wills to err.  
 Whence only such as are of middling sizes,  
 Between morality and venial vices, 40  
 Are qualify'd to be destroy'd by Fate,  
 For other mortals to take warning at.

As if the antique laws of Tragedy  
 Did with our own municipal agree,  
 And serv'd, like cobwebs, but t' ensnare the weak,  
 And give diversion to the great to break ; 46  
 To make a less delinquent to be brought  
 To answer for a greater person's fault,  
 And suffer all the worst the worst approver

Can, to excuse and save himself, discover. 50

No longer shall Dramatics be confin'd  
 To draw true images of all mankind ;  
 To punish in effigy criminals,  
 Reprieve the innocent, and hang the false ;  
 But a club-law to execute and kill, 55  
 For nothing, whomso'er they please, at will,  
 To terrify spectators from committing  
 The crimes they did, and suffer'd for, unwitting.

These are the reformations of the Stage,  
 Like other reformations of the age, 60  
 On purpose to destroy all wit and sense  
 As th' other did all law and conscience ;  
 No better than the laws of British plays,  
 Confirm'd in th' ancient good King Howell's days,  
 Who made a gen'ral council regulate 65  
 Men's catching women by the—you know what,  
 And set down in the rubrick at what time  
 It should be counted legal, when a crime,  
 Declare when 'twas, and when 'twas not a sin,  
 And on what days it went out, or came in. 70

An English poet should be tried b' his peers,  
 And not by pedants and philosophers,  
 Incompetent to judge poetic fury,  
 As butchers are forbid to b' of a jury ;  
 Besides the most intolerable wrong 75  
 To try their matters in a foreign tongue,  
 By foreign jurymen, like Sophocles,  
 Or Tales falser than Euripides ;  
 When not an English native dares appear  
 To be a witness for the prisoner ; 80  
 When all the laws they use t' arraign and try  
 The innocent and wrong'd delinquent by,



Were made by a foreign lawyer, and his pupils,  
 To put an end to all poetic scruples,  
 And by th' advice of virtuosi Tuscans, 85  
 Determin'd all the doubts of socks and buskins ;  
 Gave judgment on all past and future plays,  
 As is apparent by Speroni's case,  
 Which Lope de Vega first began to steal,  
 And after him the French filou Corneille ; 90  
 And since our English plagiaries nim,  
 And steal their far-fet criticisms from him,  
 And, by an action falsely laid of Trover,  
 The lumber for their proper goods recover ;  
 Enough to furnish all the lewd impeachers, 95  
 Of witty Beaumont's poetry, and Fletcher's,  
 Who for a few misprisions of wit,  
 Are charg'd by those who ten times worse commit ;  
 And for misjudging some unhappy scenes,  
 Are censur'd for 't with more unlucky sense ; 100  
 When all their worst miscarriages delight,  
 And please more, than the best that pedants write.

## PROLOGUE TO THE QUEEN OF ARRAGON,

ACTED BEFORE THE DUKE OF YORK, UPON

HIS BIRTHDAY.

**S**IR, while so many nations strive to pay  
 The tribute of their glories to this day,  
 That gave them earnest of so great a sum  
 Of glory (from your future acts) to come,  
 And which you have discharg'd at such a rate, 5

That all succeeding times must celebrate,  
We, that subsist by your bright influence,  
And have no life but what we own from thence,  
Come humbly to present you, our own way,  
With all we have (beside our hearts), a play. 10  
But as devoutest men can pay no more  
To deities, than what they gave before,  
We bring you only what your great commands  
Did rescue for us from engrossing hands,  
That would have taken out administration 15  
Of all departed poets' goods i' th' nation;  
Or, like to lords of manors, seiz'd all plays  
That come within their reach, as wefts and strays,  
And claim'd a forfeiture of all past wit,  
But that your justice put a stop to it. 20  
'Twas well for us, who else must have been glad  
T' admit of all who now write new and bad;  
For still the wickeder some authors write,  
Others to write worse are encourag'd by 't;  
And though those fierce inquisitors of wit, 25  
The critics, spare no flesh that ever writ,  
But just as tooth-draw'rs find, among the rout,  
Their own teeth work in pulling others out,  
So they, decrying all of all that write,  
Think to erect a trade of judging by 't. 30  
Small poetry, like other heresies,  
By being persecuted multiplies;  
But here they're like to fail of all pretence;  
For he that writ this play is dead long since,  
And not within their power; for bears are said 35  
To spare those that lie still, and seem but dead.

## EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

TO THE DUCHESS.

**M**ADAM, the joys of this great day are due,  
 No less than to your royal Lord, to you ;  
 And while three mighty kingdoms pay your part,  
 You have, what 's greater than them all, his heart ;  
 That heart, that, when it was his country's guard,  
 The fury of two elements out-dar'd, 6  
 And made a stubborn haughty enemy  
 The terror of his dreadful conduct fly ;  
 And yet you conquer'd it—and made your charms  
 Appear no less victorious than his arms, 10  
 For which you oft have triumph'd on this day,  
 And many more to come, Heav'n grant you may.  
 But as great princes use, in solemn times  
 Of joy, to pardon all but heinous crimes,  
 If we have sinn'd without an ill intent, 15  
 And done below what really we meant,  
 We humbly ask your pardon for 't, and pray  
 You would forgive, in honour of the day.

## ON PHILIP NYE'S THANKSGIVING BEARD.\*

**A** BEARD is but the vizard of a face,  
 That Nature orders for no other place ;

\* As our Poet has thought fit to bestow so many verses upon this trumpeter of sedition, it may, perhaps, be no thankless office to give the reader some further information about him than what merely relates to his beard. He was educated at Oxford, first in Brasen-nose College, and after-

The fringe and tassel of a countenance,  
 That hides his person from another man's,  
 And, like the Roman habits of their youth, 5  
 Is never worn until his perfect growth ;  
 A privilege no other creature has,  
 To wear a nat'ral mask upon his face,  
 That shifts its likeness every day he wears,  
 To fit some other person's characters, 10  
 And by its own mythology implies,  
 That men were born to live in some disguise.

This satisfy'd a rev'rend man, that clear'd  
 His disagreeing conscience by his Beard.  
 H' had been preferr'd i' th' army, when the church  
 Was taken with a Why not ? in the lurch ; 16  
 When primate, metropolitan, and prelates,  
 Were turn'd to officers of horse, and zealots,  
 From whom he held the most pluralities  
 Of contributions, donatives, and sal'ries : 20  
 Was held the chiefest of those spiritual trumpets,  
 That sounded charges to their fiercest combats,

wards in Magdalen Hall, where, under the influence of a Puritanical tutor, he received the first tincture of sedition and disgust to our ecclesiastical establishment. After taking his degrees he went into orders, but soon left England to go and reside in Holland, where he was not very likely to lessen those prejudices which he had already imbibed. In the year 1640 he returned home, became a furious Presbyterian, and a zealous stickler for the Parliament, and was thought considerable enough, in his way, to be sent by his party into Scotland, to encourage and spirit up the cause of the Covenant, in defence of which he wrote several pamphlets. However, as his zeal arose from self-interest and ambition, when the Independents began to have the ascendant, and power and profit ran in that channel, he faced about, and became a strenuous preacher on that side ; and in this situation he was when he fell under the lash of Butler's satire.

But in the desperatest of defeats  
 Had never blown as opportune retreats,  
 Until the Synod order'd his departure 25  
 To London, from his caterwauling quarter,  
 To sit among them, as he had been chosen,  
 And pass or null things at his own disposing ;  
 Could clap up souls in limbo with a vote,  
 And, for their fees, discharge and let them out ; 30  
 Which made some grandees bribe him with the place  
 Of holding-forth upon Thanksgiving-days,  
 Whither the Members, two and two abreast,  
 March'd to take in the spoils of all—the feast,  
 But by the way repeated the oh-hones 35  
 Of his wild Irish and chromatic tones ;  
 His frequent and pathetic hums and haws,  
 He practis'd only t' animate the Cause,  
 With which the Sisters were so prepossesst,  
 They could remember nothing of the rest. 40

He thought upon it, and resolv'd to put  
 His Beard into as wonderful a cut,  
 And, for the further service of the women,  
 T' abate the rigidness of his opinion ;  
 And, but a day before, had been to find 45  
 The ablest virtuoso of the kind,  
 With whom he long and seriously conferr'd  
 On all intrigues that might concern his Beard ;  
 By whose advice he sat for a design  
 In little drawn, exactly to a line, 50  
 That if the creature chance to have occasion  
 To undergo a thorough reformation,  
 It might be borne conveniently about, ;  
 And by the meanest artist copy'd out.

This done, he sent a journeyman sectary 55

H' had brought up to retrieve, and fetch and carry,  
 To find out one that had the greatest practice,  
 To prune and bleach the beards of all Fanatics,  
 And set their most confus'd disorders right,  
 Not by a new design, but newer light, 60  
 Who us'd to shave the grandees of their sticklers,  
 And crop the worthies of their Conventiclers;  
 To whom he shew'd his new-invented draught,  
 And told him how 'twas to be copy'd out.

Quoth he, 'Tis but a false and counterfeit, 65  
 And scandalous device, of human wit,  
 That 's abs'lutely forbidden in the Scripture,  
 To make of any carnal thing the picture.

Quoth th' other saint, You must leave that to us  
 T' agree what 's lawful, or what scandalous, 70  
 For, till it is determin'd by our vote,  
 'Tis either lawful, scandalous, or not;  
 Which, since we have not yet agreed upon,  
 Is left indiff'rent to avoid or own.

Quoth he, My conscience never shall agree 75  
 To do it, till I know what 'tis to be;  
 For though I use it in a lawful time,  
 What if it after should be made a crime?  
 'Tis true we fought for liberty of conscience,  
 'Gainst human constitutions, in our own sense, 80  
 Which I'm resolv'd perpetually t' avow,  
 And make it lawful, whatsoe'er we do;  
 Then do your office with your greatest skill,  
 And let th' event befall us how it will.

This said, the nice barbarian took his tools, 85  
 To prune the zealot's tenets and his jowles:  
 Talk'd on as pertinently as he snipt,  
 A hundred times for every hair he clipt;

Until the Beard at length began t' appear,  
 And re-assume its antique character, 90  
 Grew more and more itself, that art might strive,  
 And stand in competition with the life ;  
 For some have doubted if 'twere made of snips  
 Of sables, glued and fitted to his lips,  
 And set in such an artificial frame, 95  
 As if it had been wrought in filograin,  
 More subtly fil'd and polish'd than the gin  
 That Vulcan caught himself a cuckold in ;  
 That Lachesis, that spins the threads of Fate,  
 Could not have drawn it out more delicate. 100

But being design'd and drawn so regular,  
 T' a scrupulous punctilio of a hair,  
 Who could imagine that it should be portal  
 To selfish, inward-unconforming mortal ?  
 And yet it was, and did abominate 105  
 The least compliance in the Church or State,  
 And from itself did equally dissent,  
 As from religion and the government.

<sup>108</sup> Among Butler's manuscripts are several other little sketches upon the same subject, but none worth printing, except the following one may be thought passable by way of note :

This rev'rend brother, like a goat,  
 Did wear a tail upon his throat,  
 The fringe and tassel of a face,  
 That gives it a becoming grace,  
 But set in such a curious frame,  
 As if 'twere wrought in filograin,  
 And cut so ev'n, as if 't had been  
 Drawn with a pen upon his chin.  
 No topiary hedge of quickset,  
 Was e'er so neatly cut, or thick-set,  
 That made beholders more admire,  
 Than China-plate that's made of wire ;

SATIRE UPON THE WEAKNESS AND  
MISERY OF MAN.\*

WHO would believe that wicked earth,  
Where Nature only brings us forth  
To be found guilty and forgiv'n,  
Should be a nursery for Heav'n ;  
When all we can expect to do

5

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But being wrought so regular,  
In every part, and every hair,  
Who would believe it should be portal  
To unconforming-inward mortal ?  
And yet it was, and did dissent  
No less from its own government,  
Than from the Church's, and detest  
That which it held forth and profest ;  
Did equally abominate  
Conformity in Church and State ;  
And, like an hypocritic brother,  
Profess'd one thing, and did another,  
As all things, where they 're most profest,  
Are found to be regarded least.

\* In this composition the reader will have the pleasure of viewing Butler in a light in which he has not hitherto appeared. Everything, almost, that he has wrote, is indeed satirical, but in an arch and droll manner, and he may be said rather to have laughed at the vices and follies of mankind than to have railed at them. In this he is serious and severe, exchanges the 'ridiculum' for the 'acri,' and writes with the spirited indignation of a Juvenal or a Persius. Good-natured readers may perhaps think the invective too bitter ; but the same good-nature will excuse the Poet, when it is considered what an edge must be given to his satirical wit by the age in which he lived, distinguished by the two extremes of hypocrisy and enthusiasm on the one part, and irreligion and immorality on the other.



Will not pay half the debt we owe ;  
And yet more desperately dare,  
As if that wretched trifle were  
'Too much for the eternal Pow'rs,  
Our great and mighty creditors, 10  
Not only slight what they enjoin,  
But pay it in adult'rate coin ?  
We only in their mercy trust,  
To be more wicked and unjust ;  
All our devotions, vows, and pray'rs, 15  
Are our own interest, not theirs ;  
Our off'rings, when we come t' adore,  
But begging presents to get more ;  
The purest bus'ness of our zeal  
Is but to err, by meaning well, 20  
And make that meaning do more harm  
Than our worse deeds, that are less warm ;  
For the most wretched and perverse  
Does not believe himself he errs.

Our holiest actions have been 25  
Th' effects of wickedness and sin ;  
Religious houses made compounders  
For th' horrid actions of the founders ;  
Steeple that totter'd in the air,  
By lechers sinn'd into repair ; 30  
As if we had retain'd no sign  
Nor character of the divine  
And heav'nly part of human nature,  
But only the coarse earthy matter.

Our universal inclination 35  
Tends to the worst of our creation,  
As if the stars conspir'd t' imprint,  
In our whole species, by instinct,

A fatal brand and signature  
Of nothing else but the impure. 40  
The best of all our actions tend  
To the preposterousest end,  
And, like to mongrels, we 're inclin'd  
To take most to th' ignobler kind ;  
Or monsters, that have always least 45  
Of th' human parent, not the beast.  
Hence 'tis we 've no regard at all  
Of our best half original ;  
But, when they differ, still assert  
The int'rest of th' ignobler part ; 50  
Spend all the time we have upon  
The vain capriches of the one,  
But grudge to spare one hour to know  
What to the better part we owe.  
As in all compound substances, 55  
The greater still devours the less,  
So, being born and bred up near  
Our earthy gross relations here,  
Far from the ancient nobler place  
Of all our high paternal race, 60  
We now degenerate, and grow  
As barbarous, and mean, and low,  
As modern Grecians are, and worse,  
To their brave nobler ancestors.  
Yet, as no barbarousness beside 65  
Is half so barbarous as pride,  
Nor any prouder insolence  
Than that which has the least pretence,  
We are so wretched to profess  
A glory in our wretchedness ; 70  
To vapour sillily, and rant

Of our own misery and want,  
 And grow vain-glorious on a score  
 We ought much rather to deplore,  
 Who, the first moment of our lives, 75  
 Are but condemn'd, and giv'n reprieves:  
 And our great'st grace is not to know  
 When we shall pay them back, nor how,  
 Begotten with a vain caprich,  
 And live as vainly to that pitch. 80

Our pains are real things, and all  
 Our pleasures but fantastical;  
 Diseases of their own accord,  
 But cures come difficult and hard.  
 Our noblest piles, and stateliest rooms, 85  
 Are but out-houses to our tombs;  
 Cities, though e'er so great and brave,  
 But mere warehouses to the grave.  
 Our bravery's but a vain disguise,  
 To hide us from the world's dull eyes, 90  
 The remedy of a defect,  
 With which our nakedness is deckt:  
 Yet makes us swell with pride, and boast,  
 As if w' had gain'd by being lost.

All this is nothing to the evils 95  
 Which men, and their confed'rate devils,  
 Inflict, to aggravate the curse  
 On their own hated kind much worse;  
 As if by nature they'd been serv'd  
 More gently than their fate deserv'd, 100  
 Take pains (in justice) to invent,  
 And study their own punishment;  
 That, as their crimes should greater grow,  
 So might their own inflictions too.

Hence bloody wars at first began, 105  
 The artificial plague of man,  
 That from his own invention rise,  
 To scourge his own iniquities ;  
 That, if the heav'ns should chance to spare  
 Supplies of constant poison'd air, 110  
 They might not, with unfit delay,  
 For lingering destruction stay,  
 Nor seek recruits of death so far,  
 But plague themselves with blood and war.  
 And if these fail, there is no good 115  
 Kind Nature e'er on man bestow'd,  
 But he can easily divert  
 To his own misery and hurt ;  
 Make that which Heaven meant to bless  
 Th' ungrateful world with, gentle Peace, 120  
 With lux'ry and excess, as fast  
 As war and desolation, waste ;  
 Promote mortality, and kill,  
 As fast as arms, by sitting still ;  
 Like earthquakes, slay without a blow, 125  
 And, only moving, overthrow ;  
 Make law and equity as dear  
 As plunder and free-quarter were ;  
 And fierce encounters at the bar  
 Undo as fast as those in war ; 130  
 Enrich bawds, whores, and usurers,  
 Pimps, scriv'ners, silenc'd ministers,  
 That get estates by being undone  
 For tender conscience, and have none.  
 Like those that with their credit drive 135  
 A trade, without a stock, and thrive ;  
 Advance men in the church and state

For being of the meanest rate,  
 Rais'd for their double-guil'd deserts,  
 Before integrity and parts ; 140  
 Produce more grievous complaints  
 For plenty, than before for wants,  
 And make a rich and fruitful year  
 A greater grievance than a dear ;  
 Make jests of greater dangers far, 145  
 Than those they trembled at in war ;  
 Till, unawares, they've laid a train  
 To blow the public up again ;  
 Rally with horror, and, in sport,  
 Rebellion and destruction court, 150  
 And make Fanatics, in despite  
 Of all their madness, reason right,  
 And vouch to all they have foreshown,  
 As other monsters oft have done,  
 Although from truth and sense as far, 155  
 As all their other maggots are :  
 For things said false, and never meant,  
 Do oft prove true by accident.

That wealth, that bounteous Fortune sends  
 As presents to her dearest friends, 160  
 Is oft laid out upon a purchase  
 Of two yards long in parish churches,  
 And those too happy men that bought it  
 Had liv'd, and happier too, without it :  
 For what does vast wealth bring but cheat, 165  
 Law, luxury, disease, and debt ;  
 Pain, pleasure, discontent, and sport,  
 An easy-troubled life, and short ?

<sup>168</sup> Though this satire seems fairly transcribed for the press, yet, on a vacancy in the sheet opposite to this line, are found

But all these plagues are nothing near  
 Those, far more cruel and severe, 170  
 Unhappy man takes pains to find,  
 T' infliet himself upon his mind :  
 And out of his own bowels spins  
 A rack and torture for his sins ;  
 Torments himself, in vain, to know 175  
 That most, which he can never do :  
 And, the more strictly 'tis deny'd,  
 The more he is unsatisfy'd ;  
 Is busy in finding scruples out,  
 To languish in eternal doubt ; 180  
 Sees spectres in the dark, and ghosts,  
 And starts, as horses do, at posts,  
 And when his eyes assist him least,  
 Discerns such subtle objects best :  
 On hypothetic dreams and visions 185  
 Grounds everlasting disquisitions,  
 And raises endless controversies  
 On vulgar theorems and hearsays ;

the following verses, which probably were intended to be added ; but as they are not regularly inserted, they are given by way of note.

For men ne'er digg'd so deep into  
 The bowels of the earth below,  
 For metals, that are found to dwell  
 Near neighbour to the pit of hell,  
 And have a magic pow'r to sway  
 The greedy souls of men that way,  
 But with their bodies have been fain  
 To fill those trenches up again ;  
 When bloody battles have been fought  
 For sharing that which they took out ;  
 For wealth is all things that conduce  
 To man's destruction or his use ;  
 A standard both to buy and sell  
 All things from heaven down to hell.

Grows positive and confident,  
In things so far beyond th' extent 190  
Of human sense, he does not know  
Whether they be at all or no,  
And doubts as much in things that are  
As plainly evident and clear ;  
Disdains all useful sense, and plain, 195  
T' apply to th' intricate and vain ;  
And cracks his brains in plodding on  
That which is never to be known ;  
To pose himself with subtleties,  
And hold no other knowledge wise ; 200  
Although the subtler all things are,  
They're but to nothing the more near ;  
And the less weight they can sustain,  
The more he still lays on in vain,  
And hangs his soul upon as nice 205  
And subtle curiosities,  
As one of that vast multitude  
That on a needle's point have stood ;  
Weighs right and wrong, and true and false,  
Upon as nice and subtle scales, 210  
As those that turn upon a plane  
With th' hundredth part of half a grain,  
And still the subtler they move,  
The sooner false and useless prove.  
So man, that thinks to force and strain, 215  
Beyond its natural sphere, his brain,  
In vain torments it on the rack,  
And, for improving, sets it back ;  
Is ignorant of his own extent,  
And that to which his aims are bent ; 220  
Is lost in both, and breaks his blade

Upon the anvil where 'twas made :  
 For, as abortions cost more pain  
 Than vig'rous births, so all the vain  
 And weak productions of man's wit,  
 That aim at purposes unfit,  
 Require more drudgery, and worse,  
 Than those of strong and lively force.

225

SATIRE UPON THE LICENTIOUS AGE  
 OF CHARLES II.\*

'TIS a strange age we 've liv'd in, and a lewd,  
 As e'er the sun in all his travels view'd ;  
 An age as vile as ever Justice urg'd,  
 Like a fantastic lecher, to be scourg'd ;  
 Nor has it 'scap'd, and yet has only learn'd, 5  
 The more 'tis plagued, to be the less concern'd.  
 Twice have we seen two dreadful judgments rage,  
 Enough to fright the stubborn'st-hearted age ;  
 The one to mow vast crowds of people down,  
 The other (as then needless) half the Town ; 10  
 And two as mighty miracles restore  
 What both had ruin'd and destroy'd before ;  
 In all as unconcern'd as if they 'd been  
 But pastimes for diversion to be seen,

\* As the preceding satire was upon mankind in general, with some allusion to that age in which it was wrote, this is particularly levelled at the licentious and debauched times of Charles II. humorously contrasted with the Puritanical ones which went before, and is a fresh proof of the Author's impartiality, and that he was not, as is generally, but falsely, imagined, a bigot to the Cavalier party.



Or, like the plagues of Egypt, meant a curse, 15  
Not to reclaim us, but to make us worse.

Twice have men turn'd the World (that silly  
blockhead)

The wrong side outward, like a juggler's pocket,  
Shook out hypocrisy as fast and loose

As e'er the dev'l could teach, or sinners use, 20

And on the other side at once put in

As impotent iniquity and sin.

As skulls that have been crack'd are often found

Upon the wrong side to receive the wound ;

And, like tobacco-pipes, at one end hit, 25

To break at th' other still that's opposite ;

So men, who one extravagance would shun,

Into the contrary extreme have run ;

And all the difference is, that as the first

Provokes the other freak to prove the worst, 30

So, in return, that strives to render less

The last delusion, with its own excess,

And, like two unskill'd gamesters, use one way,

With bungling t' help out one another's play.

For those who heretofore sought private holes, 35

Securely in the dark to damn their souls,

Wore vizards of hypocrisy, to steal

And slink away in masquerade to hell,

Now bring their crimes into the open sun,

For all mankind to gaze their worst upon, 40

As eagles try their young against his rays,

To prove if they 're of gen'rous breed or base ;

Call heav'n and earth to witness how they 've aim'd,

With all their utmost vigour, to be damn'd,

And by their own examples, in the view 45

Of all the world, striv'd to damn others too ;

On all occasions sought to be as civil  
 As possible they could t' his grace the Devil,  
 To give him no unnecessary trouble,  
 Nor in small matters use a friend so noble, 50  
 But with their constant practice done their best  
 T' improve and propagate his interest :  
 For men have now made vice so great an art,  
 The matter of fact's become the slightest part ;  
 And the debauched'st actions they can do, 55  
 Mere trifles to the circumstance and show.  
 For 'tis not what they do that's now the sin,  
 But what they lewdly' affect and glory in,  
 As if prepost'rously they would profess  
 A forc'd hypocrisy of wickedness, 60  
 And affectation, that makes good things bad,  
 Must make affected shame accurs'd and mad ;  
 For vices for themselves may find excuse,  
 But never for their complement and shows ;  
 That if there ever were a mystery 65  
 Of moral secular iniquity,  
 And that the churches may not lose their due  
 By being encroach'd upon, 'tis now, and new :  
 For men are now as scrupulous and nice,  
 And tender-conscienc'd of low paltry vice ; 70  
 Disdain as proudly to be thought to have  
 To do in any mischief but the brave,  
 As the most scrup'lous zealot of late times  
 T' appear in any but the horrid'st crimes ;  
 Have as precise and strict punctilioes 75  
 Now to appear, as then to make no shows,  
 And steer the world by disagreeing force  
 Of diff'rent customs 'gainst her nat'ral course :  
 So pow'rful's ill example to encroach,

And Nature, spite of all her laws, debauch ; 80  
 Example, that imperious dictator  
 Of all that 's good or bad to human nature,  
 By which the world 's corrupted and reclaim'd,  
 Hopes to be sav'd, and studies to be damn'd ;  
 That reconciles all contrarieties, 85  
 Makes wisdom foolishness, and folly wise,  
 Imposes on divinity, and sets  
 Her seal alike on truths and counterfeits ;  
 Alters all characters of virtue' and vice,  
 And passes one for th' other in disguise ; 90  
 Makes all things, as it pleases, understood,  
 The good receiv'd for bad, and bad for good ;  
 That slyly counter-changes wrong and right,  
 Like white in fields of black, and black in white ;  
 As if the laws of nature had been made 95  
 Of purpose only to be disobey'd ;  
 Or man had lost his mighty interest,  
 By having been distinguish'd from a beast ;  
 And had no other way but sin and vice,  
 To be restor'd again to Paradise. 100

How copious is our language lately grown,  
 To make blaspheming wit, and a jargon !  
 And yet how expressive and significant,  
 In *damme* at once to curse, and swear, and rant !  
 As if no way express'd men's souls so well, 105  
 As damning of them to the pit of hell ;  
 Nor any asseveration were so civil,  
 As mortgaging salvation to the devil ;  
 Or that his name did add a charming grace,  
 And blasphemy a purity to our phrase. 110  
 For what can any language more enrich,  
 Than to pay souls for vitiating speech ;

When the great'st tyrant in the world made those  
But lick their words out, that abus'd his prose ?

What trivial punishments did then protect 115  
To public censure a profound respect,  
When the most shameful penance, and severe,  
That could be inflicted on a Cavalier  
For infamous debauchery, was no worse  
Than but to be degraded from his horse, 120  
And have his livery of oats and hay,  
Instead of cutting spurs off, tak'n away?  
They held no torture then so great as shame,  
And that to slay was less than to defame ;  
For just so much regard as men express 125  
To th' censure of the public, more or less,  
The same will be return'd to them again,  
In shame or reputation, to a grain ;  
And, how perverse soe'er the world appears,  
'Tis just to all the bad it sees and hears ; 130  
And for that virtue strives to be allow'd  
For all the injuries it does the good.

How silly were their sages heretofore,  
To fright their heroes with a syren-whore ! 134  
Make them believe a water-witch, with charms,  
Could sink their men-of-war as easy' as storms ;  
And turn their mariners, that heard them sing,  
Into land-porpoises, and cod, and ling ;  
To terrify those mighty champions,  
As we do children now with Bloodybones ; 140  
Until the subtlest of their conjurers  
Seal'd up the labels to his soul, his ears,  
And ty'd his deafen'd sailors (while he pass'd  
The dreadful lady's lodgings) to the mast,  
And rather venture drowning than to wrong 145

The sea-pugs' chaste ears with a bawdy song :  
 To b' out of countenance, and, like an ass,  
 Not pledge the Lady Circe one beer-glass ;  
 Unmannerly refuse her treat and wine,  
 For fear of being turn'd into a swine, 150  
 When one of our heroic adventurers now  
 Would drink her down, and turn her int' a sow.

So simple were those times, when a grave sage  
 Could with an old wife's tale instruct the age ;  
 Teach virtue more fantastic ways and nice, 155  
 Than ours will now endure t' improve in vice ;  
 Made a dull sentence, and a moral fable,  
 Do more than all our holdings-forth are able ;  
 A forc'd obscure mythology convince,  
 Beyond our worst inflictions upon sins ; 160  
 When an old proverb, or an end of verse,  
 Could more than all our penal laws coerce,  
 And keep men honest than all our furies  
 Of jailors, judges, constables, and juries ;  
 Who were converted then with an old saying, 165  
 Better than all our preaching now, and praying.  
 What fops had these been, had they liv'd with us,  
 Where the best reason 's made ridiculous,  
 And all the plain and sober things we say,  
 By raillery are put beside their play ! 170  
 For men are grown above all knowledge now,  
 And what they 're ignorant of disdain to know ;  
 Engross truth (like Fanatics) underhand,  
 And boldly judge before they understand ;  
 The self-same courses equally advance 175  
 In spiritual and carnal ignorance,  
 And, by the same degrees of confidence,  
 Become impregnable against all sense ;

For, as they outgrew ordinances then,  
 So would they now morality agen. 180  
 Though Drudgery and Knowledge are of kin,  
 And both descended from one parent, Sin,  
 And therefore seldom have been known to part,  
 In tracing out the ways of Truth and Art,  
 Yet they have north-west passages to steer 185  
 A short way to it, without pains or care ;  
 For, as implicit faith is far more stiff  
 Than that which understands its own belief,  
 So those that think, and do but think, they know,  
 Are far more obstinate than those that do, 190  
 And more averse than if they'd ne'er been taught  
 A wrong way, to a right one to be brought ;  
 Take boldness upon credit beforehand,  
 And grow too positive to understand ;  
 Believe themselves as knowing and as famous, 195  
 As if their gifts had gotten a mandamus,  
 A bill of store to take up a degree,  
 With all the learning to it, custom-free,  
 And look as big for what they bought at Court,  
 As if they'd done their exercises for 't. 200

### SATIRE UPON GAMING.

**W**HAT fool would trouble Fortune more,  
 When she has been too kind before ;  
 Or tempt her to take back again  
 What she had thrown away in vain,  
 By idly venturing her good graces 5  
 To be dispos'd of by alms-aces ;

Or settling it in trust to uses  
 Out of his power, on trays and deuces ;  
 To put it to the chance, and try,  
 I' th' ballot of a box and die, 10  
 Whether his money be his own,  
 And lose it, if he be o'erthrown ;  
 As if he were betray'd, and set  
 By his own stars to every cheat ;  
 Or wretchedly condemn'd by Fate 15  
 To throw dice for his own estate ;  
 As mutineers, by fatal doom,  
 Do for their lives upon a drum ?  
 For what less influence can produce  
 So great a monster as a chouse, 20  
 Or any two-legg'd thing possess  
 With such a brutish sottishness ?  
 Unless those tutelary stars,  
 Intrusted by astrologers  
 To have the charge of man, combin'd 25  
 To use him in the self-same kind ;  
 As those that help'd him to the trust,  
 Are wont to deal with others just.  
 For to become so sadly dull  
 And stupid, as to fine for gull, 30  
 (Not, as in cities, to b' excus'd  
 But to be judg'd fit to be us'd),  
 That whosoe'er can draw it in  
 Is sure inevitably t' win,  
 And, with a curs'd half-witted fate, 35  
 To grow more dully desperate,  
 The more 'tis made a common prey,  
 And cheated foppishly at play,  
 Is their condition ; Fate betrays

To Folly first, and then destroys. 40  
 For what but miracles can serve  
 So great a madness to preserve,  
 As his, that ventures goods and chattels  
 (Where there 's no quarter given) in battles,  
 And fights with money-bags as bold 45  
 As men with sand-bags did of old ;  
 Puts lands, and tenements, and stocks,  
 Into a paltry juggler's box ;  
 And, like an alderman of Gotham,  
 Embarketh in so vile a bottom ; 50  
 Engages blind and senseless hap  
 'Gainst high, and low, and slur, and knap,  
 (As Tartars with a man of straw  
 Encounter lions hand to paw),  
 With those that never venture more 55  
 Than they had safely' insur'd before ;  
 Who, when they knock the box, and shake,  
 Do, like the Indian rattle-snake,  
 But strive to ruin and destroy  
 Those that mistake it for fair play ; 60  
 That have their Fulhams at command,  
 Brought up to do their feats at hand,  
 That understand their calls and knocks,  
 And how to place themselves i' th' box ;  
 Can tell the oddses of all games, 65  
 And when to answer to their names ;  
 And, when he conjures them t' appear,  
 Like imps, are ready every-where :  
 When to play foul, and when run fair  
 (Out of design) upon the square, 70  
 And let the greedy cully win,  
 Only to draw him further in ;



While those with which he idly plays  
 Have no regard to what he says,  
 Although he jernie and blaspheme, 75  
 When they miscarry, heav'n and them,  
 And damn his soul, and swear, and curse,  
 And crucify his Saviour worse  
 Than those Jew-troopers that threw out,  
 When they were raffling for his coat ; 80  
 Denounce revenge, as if they heard,  
 And rightly understood and fear'd,  
 And would take heed another time,  
 How to commit so bold a crime ;  
 When the poor bones are innocent, 85  
 Of all he did, or said, or meant,  
 And have as little sense, almost,  
 As he that damns them when h' has lost ;  
 As if he had rely'd upon  
 Their judgment rather than his own ; 90  
 And that it were their fault, not his,  
 That manag'd them himself amiss,  
 And gave them ill instructions how  
 To run, as he would have them do,  
 And then condemns them sillily 95  
 For having no more wit than he !

## SATIRE: TO A BAD POET.

**G**REAT famous wit ! whose rich and easy vein,  
 Free, and unus'd to drudgery and pain,  
 Has all Apollo's treasure at command,  
 And how good verse is coin'd dost understand,

In all Wit's combats master of defence, 5  
 Tell me, how dost thou pass on rhyme and sense?  
 'Tis said they' apply to thee, and in thy verse  
 Do freely range themselves as volunteers,  
 And without pain, or pumping for a word,  
 Place themselves fitly of their own accord. 10  
 I, whom a lewd caprich (for some great crime  
 I have committed) has condemn'd to rhyme,  
 With slavish obstinacy vex my brain  
 To reconcile them, but, alas! in vain.  
 Sometimes I set my wits upon the rack, 15  
 And, when I would say white, the verse says black;  
 When I would draw a brave man to the life,  
 It names some slave that pimps to his own wife,  
 Or base poltroon, that would have sold his daughter,  
 If he had met with any to have bought her. 20  
 When I would praise an author, the untoward  
 Damn'd sense says Virgil, but the rhyme—;  
 In fine, whate'er I strive to bring about,  
 The contrary (spite of my heart) comes out,  
 Sometimes, enrag'd for time and pains misspent,  
 I give it over, tir'd, and discontent, 26  
 And, damning the dull fiend a thousand times  
 By whom I was possess'd, forswear all rhymes;  
 But, having curs'd the Muses, they appear,  
 To be reveng'd for 't, ere I am aware. 30  
 Spite of myself, I straight take fire agen,  
 Fall to my task with paper, ink, and pen,  
 And, breaking all the oaths I made, in vain  
 From verse to verse expect their aid again.

<sup>22</sup> 'Damn'd sense says Virgil, but the rhyme—.'] This blank, and another at the close of the Poem, the Author evidently chose should be supplied by the reader. It is not my business, therefore, to deprive him of that satisfaction.

But, if my Muse or I were so discreet 35  
T' endure, for rhyme's sake, one dull epithet,  
I might, like others, easily command  
Words without study, ready and at hand.  
In praising Chloris, moons, and stars, and skies,  
Are quickly made to match her face and eyes— 40  
And gold and rubies, with as little care,  
To fit the colour of her lips and hair ;  
And, mixing suns, and flowers, and pearl, and stoncs,  
Make them serve all complexions at once.  
With these fine fancies, at hap-hazard writ, 45  
I could make verses without art or wit,  
And, shifting forty times the verb and noun,  
With stol'n impertinence patch up mine own :  
But in the choice of words my scrupulous wit  
Is fearful to pass one that is unfit ; 50  
Nor can endure to fill up a void place,  
At a line's end, with one insipid phrase ;  
And, therefore, when I scribble twenty times,  
When I have written four, I blot two rhymes.  
May he be damn'd who first found out that curse,  
T' imprison and confine his thoughts in verse ; 56  
To hang so dull a clog upon his wit,  
And make his reason to his rhyme submit !  
Without this plague, I freely might have spent  
My happy days with leisure and content ; 60  
Had nothing in the world to do or think,  
Like a fat priest, but whore, and eat, and drink ;  
Had pass'd my time as pleasantly away,  
Slept all the night, and loiter'd all the day. 64  
My soul, that 's free from care, and fear, and hope,  
Knows how to make her own ambition stoop,  
T' avoid uneasy greatness and resort,  
Or for preferment following the Court.

How happy had I been if, for a curse,  
 The Fates had never sentenc'd me to verse! 70  
 But, ever since this peremptory vein,  
 With restless frenzy first possess'd my brain,  
 And that the devil tempted me, in spite  
 Of my own happiness, to judge and write,  
 Shut up against my will, I waste my age 75  
 In mending this, and blotting out that page,  
 And grow so weary of the slavish trade,  
 I envy their condition that write bad.  
 O happy Scudery! whose easy quill  
 Can, once a month, a mighty volume fill; 80  
 For, though thy works are written in despite  
 Of all good sense, impertinent, and slight,  
 They never have been known to stand in need  
 Of stationer to sell, or sot to read;  
 For, so the rhyme be at the verse's end, 85  
 No matter whither all the rest does tend.  
 Unhappy is that man who, spite of 's heart,  
 Is forc'd to be ty'd up to rules of art.  
 A fop that scribbles does it with delight,  
 Takes no pains to consider what to write, 90  
 But, fond of all the nonsense he brings forth,  
 Is ravish'd with his own great wit and worth;  
 While brave and noble writers vainly strive  
 To such a height of glory to arrive;  
 But, still with all they do unsatisfy'd, 95  
 Ne'er please themselves, though all the world beside:  
 And those whom all mankind admire for wit,  
 Wish, for their own sakes, they had never writ.  
 Thou, then, that see'st how ill I spend my time,  
 Teach me, for pity, how to make a rhyme; 100  
 And, if th' instructions chance to prove in vain,  
 Teach ——— how ne'er to write again.

## SATIRE

UPON OUR RIDICULOUS IMITATION OF THE  
FRENCH.\*

**W**HO would not rather get him gone  
 Beyond th' intolerablest zone,  
 Or steer his passage through those seas  
 That burn in flames, or those that freeze,  
 Than see one nation go to school, 5  
 And learn of another, like a fool?  
 To study all its tricks and fashions  
 With epidemic affectations,  
 And dare to wear no mode or dress,  
 But what they in their wisdom please; 10  
 As monkeys are, by being taught  
 To put on gloves and stockings, caught;  
 Submit to all that they devise,  
 As if it wore their liveries;  
 Make ready' and dress th' imagination, 15  
 Not with the clothes, but with the fashion;  
 And change it, to fulfil the curse  
 Of Adam's fall, for new, though worse;  
 To make their breeches fall and rise  
 From middle legs to middle thighs, 20  
 The tropics between which the hose

\* The object of this satire was that extravagant and ridiculous imitation of the French which prevailed in Charles II's reign, partly owing to the connection and intercourse which the politics of those times obliged us to have with that nation, and partly to our eager desire of avoiding the formal and precise gravity of the hypocritical age that preceded.

Move always as the fashion goes :  
 Sometimes wear hats like pyramids,  
 And sometimes flat, like pipkins' lids ;  
 With broad brims, sometimes, like umbrellas, 25  
 And sometimes narrow' as Punchinello's :  
 In coldest weather go unbrac'd,  
 And close in hot, as if th' were lac'd ;  
 Sometimes with sleeves and bodies wide,  
 And sometimes straiter than a hide : 30  
 Wear perukes, and with false grey hairs  
 Disguise the true ones, and their years ;  
 That, when they 're modish, with the young  
 The old may seem so in the throng ;  
 And, as some pupils have been known 35  
 In time to put their tutors down,  
 So ours are often found t' have got  
 More tricks than ever they were taught ;  
 With sly intrigues and artifices  
 Usurp their poxes and their vices ; 40  
 With garnitures upon their shoes,  
 Make good their claim to gouty toes ;  
 By sudden starts, and shrugs, and groans,  
 Pretend to aches in their bones,  
 To scabs and botches, and lay trains 45  
 To prove their running of the reins ;  
 And, lest they should seem destitute  
 Of any mrange that 's in repute,  
 And be behindhand with the mode,  
 Will swear to crystalline and node ; 50  
 And, that they may not lose their right,  
 Make it appear how they came by 't :  
 Disdain the country where they' were born,  
 As bastards their own mothers scorn,

And that which brought them forth contemn, 55  
As it deserves, for bearing them ;  
Admire whate'er they find abroad,  
But nothing here, though e'er so good :  
Be natives wheresoe'er they come,  
And only foreigners at home ; 60  
To which they' appear so far estrang'd,  
As if they' d been i' th' cradle chang'd,  
Or from beyond the seas convey'd  
By witches—not born here, but laid ;  
Or by outlandish fathers were 65  
Begotten on their mothers here,  
And therefore justly slight that nation  
Where they've so mongrel a relation ;  
And seek out other climates, where  
They may degen'rate less than here ; 70  
As woodcocks, when their plumes are grown,  
Borne on the wind's wings and their own,  
Forsake the countries where they're hatch'd,  
And seek out others to be catch'd ;  
So they more naturally may please 75  
And humour their own geniuses,  
Apply to all things, which they see  
With their own fancies best agree ;  
No matter how ridiculous,  
'Tis all one, if it be in use ; 80  
For nothing can be bad or good,  
But as 'tis in or out of mode ;  
And, as the nations are that use it,  
All ought to practise or refuse it ;  
T' observe their postures, move, and stand, 85  
As they give out the word o' command ;  
To learn the dullest of their whims,

And how to wear their very limbs ;  
 To turn and manage every part,  
 Like puppets, by their rules of art ; 90  
 To shrug discreetly, act, and tread,  
 And politeliy shake the head,  
 Until the ignorant (that guess  
 At all things by th' appearances)  
 To see how Art and Nature strive, 95  
 Believe them really alive,  
 And that they 're very men, not things  
 That move by puppet-work and springs ;  
 When truly all their feats have been  
 As well perform'd by motion-men, 100  
 And the worst drolls of Punchinellos  
 Were much th' ingeniouiser fellows ;  
 For, when they 're perfect in their lesson,  
 Th' hypothesis grows out of season,  
 And, all their labour lost, they 're fain 105  
 To learn new, and begin again ;  
 To talk eternally and loud,  
 And altogether in a crowd,  
 No matter what ; for in the noise  
 No man minds what another says : 110  
 T' assume a confidence beyond  
 Mankind, for solid and profound,  
 And still the less and less they know,  
 The greater dose of that allow :  
 Decry all things ; for to be wise 115  
 Is not to know but to despise ;  
 And deep judicious confidence  
 Has still the odds of wit and sense,  
 And can pretend a title to  
 Far greater things than they can do : 120



T' adorn their English with French scraps,  
 And give their very language claps ;  
 To jernie rightly, and renounce  
 I' th' pure and most approv'd-of tones,  
 And, while they idly think t' enrich, 125  
 Adulterate their native speech :  
 For though to smatter ends of Greek  
 Or Latin be the rhetoric  
 Of pedants counted, and vain-glorious,  
 To smatter French is meritorious ; 130  
 And to forget their mother tongue,  
 Or purposely to speak it wrong,  
 A hopeful sign of parts and wit,  
 And that they' improve and benefit ;  
 As those that have been taught amiss 135  
 In liberal arts and sciences,  
 Must all they'd learnt before in vain  
 Forget quite, and begin again.

## SATIRE UPON DRUNKENNESS.

'TIS pity wine, which Nature meant  
 To man in kindness to present,  
 And gave him kindly, to caress  
 And cherish his frail happiness,  
 Of equal virtue to renew 5  
 His weary'd mind and body too,  
 Should (like the cyder-tree in Eden,  
 Which only grew to be forbidden)

No sooner come to be enjoy'd,  
But th' owner 's fatally destroy'd ; 10  
And that which she for good design'd,  
Becomes the ruin of mankind,  
That for a little vain excess  
Runs out of all its happiness,  
And makes the friend of Truth and Love 15  
Their greatest adversary prove ;  
T' abuse a blessing she bestow'd  
So truly' essential to his good,  
To countervail his pensive cares,  
And slavish drudg'ry of affairs ; 20  
To teach him judgment, wit, and sense,  
And, more than all these, confidence ;  
To pass his times of recreation  
In choice and noble conversation,  
Catch truth and reason unawares, 25  
As men do health in wholesome airs,  
(While fools their conversants possess,  
As unawares, with sottishness) ;  
To gain access a private way  
To man's best sense, by its own key, 30  
Which painful judgers strive in vain  
By any other course t' obtain ;  
To pull off all disguise, and view  
Things as they're natural and true ;  
Discover fools and knaves, allow'd 35  
For wise and honest in the crowd ;  
With innocent and virtuous sport  
Make short days long, and long nights short,  
And mirth the only antidote  
Against diseases ere they're got ; 40  
To save health harmless from th' access

Both of the med'cine and disease ;  
 Or make it help itself, secure  
 Against the desperat'st fit, the cure.

All these sublime prerogatives 45  
 Of happiness to human lives,  
 He vainly throws away, and slights  
 For madness, noise, and bloody fights ;  
 When nothing can decide, but swords  
 And pots, the right or wrong of words, 50  
 Like princes' titles ; and he's outed  
 The justice of his cause, that's routed.

No sooner has a charge been sounded  
 With—' Son of a whore,' and ' Damn'd confounded,'  
 And the bold signal giv'n, the lie, 55  
 But instantly the bottles fly,  
 Where cups and glasses are small shot,  
 And cannon-ball a pewter pot :  
 That blood, that's hardly in the vein,  
 Is now remanded back again ; 60  
 Though sprung from wine of the same piece,  
 And near a-kin within degrees,  
 Strives to commit assassinations  
 On its own natural relations ;  
 And those twin-spirits, so kind-hearted, 65  
 That from their friends so lately parted,  
 No sooner several ways are gone,  
 But by themselves are set upon,  
 Surpris'd like brother against brother,  
 And put to th' sword by one another : 70  
 So much more fierce are civil wars,  
 Than those between mere foreigners ;  
 And man himself, with wine possest,  
 More savage than the wildest beast.

For serpents, when they meet to water, 75  
 Lay by their poison and their nature ;  
 And fiercest creatures, that repair,  
 In thirsty deserts, to their rare  
 And distant rivers' banks to drink,  
 In love and close alliance link, 80  
 And from their mixture of strange seeds  
 Produce new never-heard-of breeds,  
 To whom the fiercer unicorn  
 Begins a large health with his horn ;  
 As cuckoos put their antidotes, 85  
 When they drink coffee, into th' pots :  
 While man, with raging drink inflam'd,  
 Is far more savage and untam'd ;  
 Supplies his loss of wit and sense  
 With barb'rousness and insouciance ; 90  
 Believes himself, the less he's able,  
 The more heroic and formidable.  
 Lays by his reason in his bowls,  
 As Turks are said to do their souls, 95  
 Until it has so often been  
 Shut out of its lodging, and let in,  
 At length it never can attain  
 To find the right way back again ;  
 Drinks all his time away, and prunes 100  
 The end of 's life, as Vignerons  
 Cut short the branches of a vine,  
 To make it bear more plenty o' wine ;  
 And that which Nature did intend  
 T' enlarge his life, perverts t' its end. 105  
 So Noah, when he anchor'd safe on  
 The mountain's top, his lofty haven,  
 And all the passengers he bore

Were on the new world set ashore,  
 He made it next his chief design  
 To plant and propagate a vine, 110  
 Which since has overwhelm'd and drown'd  
 Far greater numbers, on dry ground,  
 Of wretched mankind, one by one,  
 Than all the flood before had done.

## SATIRE UPON MARRIAGE.

**S**URE marriages were never so well fitted,  
 As when to matrimony' men were committed,  
 Like thieves by justices, and to a wife  
 Bound, like to good behaviour, during life :  
 For then 'twas but a civil contract made 5  
 Between two partners that set up a trade ;  
 And if both fail'd, there was no conscience  
 Nor faith invaded in the strictest sense ;  
 No canon of the church, nor vow, was broke  
 When men did free their gall'd necks from the yoke ;  
 But when they tir'd, like other horned beasts, 11  
 Might have it taken off, and take their rests,  
 Without b'ing bound in duty to shew cause,  
 Or reckon with divine or human laws.

For since, what use of matrimony' has been 15  
 But to make gallantry a greater sin ?  
 As if there were no appetite nor gust,  
 Below adultery, in modish lust ;  
 Or no debauchery were exquisite,  
 Until it has attain'd its perfect height. 20

For men do now take wives to nobler ends,  
 Not to bear children, but to bear them friends ;  
 Whom nothing can oblige at such a rate  
 As these endearing offices of late.

For men are now grown wise, and understand 25  
 How to improve their crimes, as well as land ;  
 And if they've issue, make the infants pay  
 Down for their own begetting on the day,  
 The charges of the gossiping disburse, 29  
 And pay beforehand (ere they're born) the nurse ;  
 As he that got a monster on a cow,  
 Out of design of setting up a show.

For why should not the brats for all account,  
 As well as for the christ'ning at the fount, 34  
 When those that stand for them lay down the rate  
 O' th' banquet and the priest in spoons and plate ?

The ancient Romans made the state allow  
 For getting all men's children above two :  
 Then married men, to propagate the breed,  
 Had great rewards for what they never did, 40  
 Were privileg'd, and highly honour'd too,  
 For owning what their friends were fain to do ;  
 For so they'd children, they regarded not  
 By whom (good men) or how they were begot.  
 To borrow wives (like money) or to lend, 45  
 Was then the civil office of a friend,  
 And he that made a scruple in the case,  
 Was held a miserable wretch and base ;  
 For when they'd children by them, th' honest men  
 Return'd them to their husbands back again. 50  
 Then for th' encouragement and propagation  
 Of such a great concernment to the nation,  
 All people were so full of complacence,

And civil duty to the public sense,  
 They had no name t' express a cuckold then, 55  
 But that which signified all married men ;  
 Nor was the thing accounted a disgrace,  
 Unless among the dirty populace,  
 And no man understands on what account  
 Less civil nations after hit upon 't : 60  
 For to be known a cuckold can be no  
 Dishonour, but to him that thinks it so ;  
 For if he feel no chagrin or remorse,  
 His forehead's shot-free, and he's ne'er the worse :  
 For horns (like horny calluses) are found 65  
 To grow on skulls that have receiv'd a wound,  
 Are crackt, and broken ; not at all on those  
 That are invulnerable and free from blows.  
 What a brave time had cuckold-makers then,  
 When they were held the worthiest of men, 70  
 The real fathers of the commonwealth,  
 That planted colonies in Rome itself !  
 When he that help'd his neighbours, and begot  
 Most Romans, was the noblest patriot !  
 For if a brave man, that preserv'd from death 75  
 One citizen, was honour'd with a wreath,  
 He that more gallantly got three or four,  
 In reason must deserve a great deal more,  
 Then if those glorious worthies of old Rome,  
 That civiliz'd the world they'd overcome, 80  
 And taught it laws and learning, found this way  
 The best to save their empire from decay,  
 Why should not these, that borrow all the worth  
 They have from them, not take this lesson forth,  
 Get children, friends, and honour too, and money,  
 By prudent managing of matrimony ? 85

For if 'tis hon'rabl by all confest,  
 Adult'ry must be worshipful at least,  
 And these times great, when private men are come  
 Up to the height and politic of Rome. 90

All by-blows were not only free-born then,  
 But, like John Lilburn, free-begotten men ;  
 Had equal right and privilege with these  
 That claim by title right of the four seas :  
 For being in marriage born, it matters not 95  
 After what liturgy they were begot ;  
 And if there be a difference, they have  
 Th' advantage of the chance in proving brave,  
 By being engender'd with more life and force  
 Than those begotten the dull way of course. 100

The Chinese place all piety and zeal  
 In serving with their wives the commonweal ;  
 Fix all their hopes of merit and salvation  
 Upon their women's supererogation ;  
 With solemn vows their wives and daughters bind,  
 Like Eve in Paradise, to all mankind ; 106  
 And those that can produce the most gallants,  
 Are held the preciousst of all their saints ;  
 Wear rosaries about their necks, to con  
 Their exercises of devotion on ; 110  
 That serve them for certificates, to show  
 With what vast numbers they have had to do :  
 Before they 're marry'd make a conscience  
 T' omit no duty of incontinence ;  
 And she that has been oft'nest prostituted, 115  
 Is worthy of the greatest match reputed.  
 But when the conqu'ring Tartar went about  
 To root this orthodox religion out,  
 They stood for conscience, and resolv'd to die,



Rather than change the ancient purity 120  
 Of that religion, which their ancestors  
 And they had prosper'd in so many years ;  
 Vow'd to their gods to sacrifice their lives,  
 And die their daughters' martyrs and their wives',  
 Before they would commit so great a sin 125  
 Against the faith they had been bred up in.

## SATIRE UPON PLAGIARIES.\*

**W**HY should the world be so averse  
 To plagiary privateers,  
 That all men's sense and fancy seize,  
 And make free prize of what they please ?  
 As if, because they huff and swell, 5  
 Like pilf'rers, full of what they steal,  
 Others might equal pow'r assume,  
 To pay them with as hard a doom ;  
 To shut them up, like beasts in pounds,  
 For breaking into others' grounds ; 10

\* It is not improbable but that Butler, in this satire, or sneering apology for the plagiary, obliquely hints at Sir John Denham, whom he has directly attacked in a preceding poem.

Butler was not pleased with the two first lines of this composition, as appears by his altering them in the margin, thus :

Why should the world be so severe  
 To every small-wit privateer ?

And indeed the alteration is much for the better ; but as it would not connect grammatically with what follows, it is not here adopted.

Mark them with characters and brands,  
 Like other forgers of men's hands,  
 And in effigy hang and draw  
 The poor delinquents by club-law,  
 When no indictment justly lies, 15  
 But where the theft will bear a price.

For though wit never can be learn'd,  
 It may b' assum'd, and own'd, and earn'd,  
 And, like our noblest fruits, improv'd,  
 By b'ing transplanted and remov'd ; 20  
 And as it bears no certain rate,  
 Nor pays one penny to the state,  
 With which it turns no more t' account  
 Than virtue, faith, and merit's wont,  
 Is neither moveable, nor rent, 25  
 Nor chattel, goods, nor tenement,  
 Nor was it ever pass'd b' entail,  
 Nor settled upon the heirs-male ;  
 Or if it were, like ill-got land,  
 Did never fall t' a second hand ; 30  
 So 'tis no more to be engross'd,  
 Than sun-shine or the air inclos'd,  
 Or to propriety confin'd,  
 Than th' uncontroll'd and scatter'd wind.

For why should that which Nature meant 35  
 To owe its being to its vent,  
 That has no value of its own  
 But as it is divulg'd and known,  
 Is perishable and destroy'd  
 As long as it lies unenjoy'd, 40  
 Be scanted of that lib'ral use  
 Which all mankind is free to choose,  
 And idly hoarded where 'twas bred,

Instead of being dispers'd and spread ?  
 And the more lavish and profuse, 45  
 'Tis of the nobler general use ;  
 As riots, though supply'd by stealth,  
 Are wholesome to the commonwealth,  
 And men spend freelier what they win,  
 Than what they 've freely coming in. 50

The world 's as full of curious wit  
 Which those, that father, never writ,  
 As 'tis of bastards, which the sot  
 And cuckold owns that ne'er begot ;  
 Yet pass as well as if the one 55  
 And th' other by-blow were their own.  
 For why should he that 's impotent  
 To judge, and fancy, and invent,  
 For that impediment be stopt  
 To own, and challenge, and adopt, 60  
 At least th' expos'd and fatherless  
 Poor orphans of the pen and press,  
 Whose parents are obscure or dead,  
 Or in far countries born and bred ?

As none but kings have pow'r to raise 65  
 A levy which the subject pays,  
 And though they call that tax a loan,  
 Yet when 'tis gather'd 'tis their own ;  
 So he that 's able to impose  
 A wit-excise on verse or prose, 70  
 And still the abler authors are  
 Can make them pay the greater share,  
 Is prince of poets of his time,  
 And they his vassals that supply' him ;  
 Can judge more justly of what he takes 75  
 Than any of the best he makes,

And more impartially conceive  
 What 's fit to choose, and what to leave.  
 For men reflect more strictly' upon  
 The sense of others than their own ; 80  
 And wit, that 's made of wit and sleight,  
 Is richer than the plain downright :  
 As salt that 's made of salt 's more fine  
 Than when it first came from the brine,  
 And spirits of a nobler nature 85  
 Drawn from the dull ingredient matter.

Hence mighty Virgil 's said, of old,  
 From dung to have extracted gold,  
 (As many a lout and silly clown  
 By his instructions since has done), 90  
 And grew more lofty by that means  
 Than by his livery-oats and beans,  
 When from his carts and country farms  
 He rose a mighty man at arms,  
 To whom th' Heroics ever since 95  
 Have sworn allegiance as their prince,  
 And faithfully have in all times  
 Observ'd his customs in their rhymes.

'Twas counted learning once, and wit,  
 To void but what some author writ, 100  
 And what men understood by rote,  
 By as implicit sense to quote :  
 Then many a magisterial clerk  
 Was taught, like singing birds, i' th' dark,  
 And understood as much of things, 105  
 As th' ablest blackbird what it sings ;  
 And yet was honour'd and renown'd  
 For grave, and solid, and profound.  
 Then why should those who pick and choose

The best of all the best compose, 110  
 And join it by Mosaic art,  
 In graceful order, part to part,  
 To make the whole in beauty suit,  
 Not merit as complete repute  
 As those who with less art and pains 115  
 Can do it with their native brains,  
 And make the home-spun business fit  
 As freely with their mother-wit,  
 Since what by Nature was deny'd,  
 By art and industry 's supply'd, 120  
 Both which are more our own, and brave,  
 Than all the alms that Nature gave?  
 For what w' acquire by pains and art  
 Is only due t' our own desert ;  
 While all the endowments she confers, 125  
 Are not so much our own as hers,  
 That, like good fortune, unawares,  
 Fall not t' our virtue, but our shares,  
 And all we can pretend to merit  
 We do not purchase, but inherit. 130

Thus all the great'st inventions, when  
 They first were found out, were so mean,  
 That th' authors of them are unknown,  
 As little things they scorn'd to own ;  
 Until by men of nobler thought 135  
 They' were to their full perfection brought.  
 This proves that Wit does but rough-hew,  
 Leaves Art to polish and review,  
 And that a wit at second hand  
 Has greatest int'rest and command ; 140  
 For to improve, dispose, and judge,  
 Is nobler than t' invent and drudge.

Invention's humorous and nice,  
 And never at command applies ;  
 Disdains t' obey the proudest wit, 145  
 Unless it chance to b' in the fit,  
 (Like prophecy, that can presage  
 Successes of the latest age,  
 Yet is not able to tell when  
 It next shall prophesy agen) : 150  
 Makes all her suitors course and wait  
 Like a proud minister of state,  
 And, when she's serious, in some freak  
 Extravagant, and vain, and weak,  
 Attend her silly lazy pleasure, 155  
 Until she chance to be at leisure ;  
 When 'tis more easy to steal wit,  
 To clip, and forge, and counterfeit,  
 Is both the business and delight,  
 Like hunting-sports, of those that write ; 160  
 For thievery is but one sort,  
 The learned say, of hunting-sport.

Hence 'tis that some, who set up first  
 As raw, and wretched, and unverst,  
 And open'd with a stock as poor 165  
 As a healthy beggar with one sore ;  
 That never writ in prose or verse,  
 But pick'd, or cut it, like a purse,  
 And at the best could but commit  
 The petty larceny of wit, 170  
 To whom to write was to purloin,  
 And printing but to stamp false coin ;  
 Yet after long and sturdy' endeavours  
 Of being painful wit-receivers,  
 With gath'ring rags and scraps of wit, 175

As paper's made on which 'tis writ,  
 Have gone forth authors, and acquir'd  
 The right—or wrong to be admir'd,  
 And, arm'd with confidence, incurr'd  
 The fool's good luck, to be preferr'd. 180

For as a banker can dispose  
 Of greater sums he only owes,  
 Than he who honestly is known  
 To deal in nothing but his own,  
 So whosoe'er can take up most, 185  
 May greatest fame and credit boast.

## SATIRE

IN TWO PARTS, UPON THE IMPERFECTION AND  
 ABUSE OF HUMAN LEARNING.\*

### PART I.

**I**T is the noblest act of human reason  
 To free itself from slavish prepossession,  
 Assume the legal right to disengage  
 From all it had contracted under age,

\* In the large General Dictionary, or Bayle's enlarged by Mr. Bernard, Birch, and Lockman, we are told by the learned editors, under the article 'Hudibras,' that they were personally informed by the late Mr. Longueville—That amongst the genuine remains of Butler, which were in his hands, there was a poem, entitled 'The History of Learning.' To the same purpose is the following passage cited from 'The Poetical Register,' vol. ii. p. 21.—"In justice to the public, it is thought proper to declare, that all the manuscripts Mr.

And not its ingenuity and wit 5  
 To all it was imbued with first submit ;  
 Take true or false, for better or for worse,  
 To have or t' hold indifferently of course.

For custom, though but usher of the school  
 Where Nature breeds the body and the soul, 10  
 Usurps a greater pow'r and interest  
 O'er man, the heir of Reason, than brute beast,  
 That by two different instincts is led,  
 Born to the one, and to the other bred,  
 And trains him up with rudiments more false 15

Butler left behind him are now in the custody of Mr. Longueville (among which is one, entitled 'The history of Learning,' written after the manner of Hudibras), and that not one line of those poems lately published under his name is genuine."

As these authorities must have given the world reason to expect, in this Work, a poem of this sort, it becomes necessary to inform the public that Butler did meditate a pretty long satire upon the imperfection and abuse of Human Learning, but that he only finished this first part of it, though he has left very considerable and interesting fragments of the remainder, some of which are subjoined.

The Poet's plan seems to have consisted of two parts; the first, which he has executed, is to expose the defects of Human Learning, from the wrong methods of education, from the natural imperfection of the human mind, and from that over-eagerness of men to know things above the reach of human capacity. The second, as far as one can judge by the 'Remains,' and intended parts of it, was to have exemplified what he has asserted in the first, and ridiculed and satirized the different branches of Human Learning, in characterizing the philosopher, critic, orator, &c.

Mr. Longueville might be led, by this, into the mistake of calling this work 'A History of Learning;' or perhaps it might arise from Butler's having, in one plan, which he afterwards altered, begun with these two lines,

The history of learning is so lame,  
 That few can tell from whence at first it came.



Than Nature does her stupid animals ;  
 And that's one reason why more care's bestow'd  
 Upon the body than the soul's allow'd,  
 That is not found to understand and know  
 So subtly as the body's found to grow. 20

Though children without study, pains, or thought,  
 Are languages and vulgar notions taught,  
 Improve their nat'ral talents without care,  
 And apprehend before they are aware,  
 Yet as all strangers never leave the tones 25  
 They have been us'd of children to pronounce,  
 So most men's reason never can outgrow  
 The discipline it first receiv'd to know,  
 But renders words they first began to con,  
 The end of all that's after to be known, 30  
 And sets the help of education back,  
 Worse than, without it, man could ever lack ;  
 Who, therefore, finds the artificial'st fools  
 Have not been chang'd i' th' cradle but the schools,  
 Where error, pedantry, and affectation, 35  
 Run them behind-hand with their education,  
 And all alike are taught poetic rage,  
 When hardly one's fit for it in an age.

No sooner are the organs of the brain  
 Quick to receive, and steadfast to retain 40  
 Best knowledges, but all's laid out upon  
 Retrieving of the curse of Babylon,  
 To make confounded languages restore  
 A greater drudg'ry than it barr'd before :  
 And therefore those imported from the East, 45  
 Where first they were incurr'd, are held the best,  
 Although convey'd in worse Arabian pot-hooks  
 Than gifted tradesmen scratch in sermon note-  
 books ;

Are really but pains and labour lost,  
 And not worth half the drudgery they cost, 50  
 Unless, like rarities, as they 've been brought  
 From foreign climates, and as dearly bought,  
 When those who had no other but their own,  
 Have all succeeding eloquence outdone ;  
 As men that wink with one eye see more true, 55  
 And take their aim much better than with two :  
 For the more languages a man can speak,  
 His talent has but sprung the greater leak ;  
 And for the industry h' has spent upon 't,  
 Must full as much some other way discount. 60  
 The Hebrew, Chaldee, and the Syriac,  
 Do, like their letters, set men's reason back,  
 And turn their wits that strive to understand it,  
 (Like those that write the characters) left-handed :  
 Yet he that is but able to express 65  
 No sense at all in several languages,  
 Will pass for learned than he that 's known  
 To speak the strongest reason in his own.

These are the modern arts of education,  
 With all the learned of mankind in fashion, 70  
 But practis'd only with the rod and whip,  
 As riding-schools inculcate horsemanship ;  
 Or Romish penitents let out their skins,  
 To bear the penalties of others' sins.  
 When letters, at the first, were meant for play, 75  
 And only us'd to pass the time away,  
 When th' ancient Greeks and Romans had no name  
 To express a school and playhouse, but the same,  
 And in their languages so long ago,  
 To study or be idle was all one ; 80  
 For nothing more preserves men in their wits,  
 Than giving of them leave to play by fits,

In dreams to sport, and ramble with all fancies,  
 And waking, little less extravagances,  
 The rest and recreation of tir'd thought, 85  
 When 'tis run down with care and overwrought,  
 Of which whoever does not freely take  
 His constant share, is never broad awake,  
 And when he wants an equal competence  
 Of both recruits, abates as much of sense. 90

Nor is their education worse design'd  
 Than Nature (in her province) proves unkind :  
 The greatest inclinations with the least  
 Capacities are fatally possess'd, 94  
 Condemn'd to drudge, and labour, and take pains,  
 Without an equal competence of brains ;  
 While those she has indulg'd in, soul and body,  
 Are most averse to industry and study,  
 And th' activ'st fancies share as loose alloys,  
 For want of equal weight to counterpoise. 100  
 But when those great conveniences meet,  
 Of equal judgment, industry, and wit,  
 The one but strives the other to divert,  
 While Fate and Custom in the feud take part,  
 And scholars by prepost'rous over-doing, 105  
 And under-judging, all their projects ruin :  
 Who, though the understanding of mankind  
 Within so strait a compass is confin'd,  
 Disdain the limits Nature sets to bound  
 The wit of man, and vainly rove beyond. 110  
 The bravest soldiers scorn, until they 're got  
 Close to the enemy, to make a shot ;  
 Yet great philosophers delight to stretch  
 Their talents most at things beyond their reach,  
 And proudly think t' unriddle ev'ry cause 115

That Nature uses, by their own bye-laws ;  
 When 'tis not only' impertinent, but rude,  
 Where she denies admission, to intrude ;  
 And all their industry is but to err,  
 Unless they have free quarantine from her ; 120  
 Whence 'tis the world the less has understood,  
 By striving to know more than 'tis allow'd.

For Adam, with the loss of Paradise,  
 Bought knowledge at too desperate a price  
 And ever since that miserable fate 125  
 Learning did never cost an easier rate ;  
 For though the most divine and sov'reign good  
 That Nature has upon mankind bestow'd,  
 Yet it has prov'd a greater hinderance  
 To th' interest of truth than ignorance, 130  
 And therefore never bore so high a value  
 As when 'twas low, contemptible, and shallow ;  
 Had academies, schools, and colleges,  
 Endow'd for its improvement and increase ; 134  
 With pomp and show was introduc'd with maces,  
 More than a Roman magistrate had fasces ;  
 Impower'd with statute, privilege, and mandate,  
 T' assume an art, and after understand it ;  
 Like bills of store for taking a degree,  
 With all the learning to it custom-free ; 140  
 And own professions, which they never took  
 So much delight in, as to read one book :  
 Like princes, had prerogative to give  
 Convicted malefactors a reprieve ;  
 And having but a little paltry wit 145  
 More than the world, reduc'd and govern'd it ;  
 But scorn'd as soon as 'twas but understood,  
 As better is a spiteful foe to good,

And now has nothing left for its support,  
 But what the darkest times provided for 't. 150  
 Man has a natural desire to know,  
 But th' one half is for int'rest, th' other show :  
 As scribes take more pains to learn the sleight  
 Of making knots, than all the hands they write :  
 So all his study is not to extend 155  
 The bounds of knowledge, but some vainer end ;  
 T' appear and pass for learned, though his claim  
 Will hardly reach beyond the empty name :  
 For most of those that drudge and labour hard,  
 Furnish their understandings by the yard, 160  
 As a French library by the whole is  
 So much an ell for quartos and for folios ;  
 To which they are but indexes themselves,  
 And understand no further than the shelves ;  
 But smatter with their titles and editions, 165  
 And place them in their classical partitions ;  
 When all a student knows of what he reads  
 Is not in 's own, but under general heads  
 Of common-places, not in his own pow'r,  
 But, like a Dutchman's money, i' the Cantore, 170  
 Where all he can make of it at the best,  
 Is hardly three per cent for interest ;  
 And whether he will ever get it out  
 Into his own possession is a doubt :  
 Affects all books of past and modern ages, 175  
 But reads no further than their title-pages,  
 Only to con the authors' names by rote,  
 Or, at the best, those of the books they quote,  
 Enough to challenge intimate acquaintance  
 With all the learned Moderns and the Ancients. 180  
 As Roman noblemen were wont to greet,

And compliment the rabble in the street,  
 Had nomenclators in their trains, to claim  
 Acquaintance with the meanest by his name,  
 And by so mean contemptible a bribe 185  
 Trepann'd the suffrages of every tribe ;  
 So learned men, by authors' names unknown,  
 Have gain'd no small improvement to their own,  
 And he's esteem'd the learned'st of all others,  
 That has the largest catalogue of authors. 190

## FRAGMENTS\*

OF AN INTENDED SECOND PART OF THE  
 FOREGOING SATIRE.

**M**EN'S talents grow more bold and confident,  
 The further they're beyond their just extent,  
 As smatt'ers prove more arrogant and pert,  
 The less they truly understand an art ;  
 And, where they've least capacity to doubt, 5  
 Are wont t' appear most perempt'ry and stout ;  
 While those that know the mathematic lines

\* These 'Fragments' were fairly written out, and several times, with some little variations, transcribed by Butler, but never connected, or reduced into any regular form. They may be considered as the principal parts of a curious edifice, each separately finished, but not united into one general design.

From these the reader may form a notion and tolerable idea of our author's intended scheme, and will regret, that he did not apply himself to the finishing of a satire so well suited to his judgment and particular turn of wit.

Where Nature all the wit of man confines,  
And when it keeps within its bounds, and where  
It acts beyond the limits of its sphere, 10  
Enjoy an absoluter free command  
O'er all they have a right to understand,  
Than those that falsely venture to encroach  
Where Nature has deny'd them all approach;  
And still the more they strive to understand, 15  
Like great estates, run furthest behindhand;  
Will undertake the universe to fathom,  
From infinite down to a single atom,  
Without a geometric instrument,  
To take their own capacity's extent; 20  
Can tell as easy how the world was made  
As if they had been brought up to the trade,  
And whether Chance, Necessity, or Matter,  
Contriv'd the whole establishment of Nature;  
When all their wits to understand the world 25  
Can never tell why a pig's tail is curl'd,  
Or give a rational account why fish,  
That always use to drink, do never piss.

WHAT mad fantastic gambols have been play'd  
By th' ancient Greek forefathers of the trade, 30  
That were not much inferior to the freaks  
Of all our lunatic fanatic sects?  
The first and best philosopher of Athens  
Was crackt, and ran stark-staring mad with patience,  
And had no other way to show his wit, 35  
But when his wife was in her scolding fit;  
Was after in the Pagan inquisition,  
And suffer'd martyrdom for no religion.  
Next him, his scholar, striving to expel

All poets his poetic commonweal, 40  
 Exil'd himself, and all his followers,  
 Notorious poets, only bating verse.  
 The Stagyrte, unable to expound  
 The Euripus, leapt into 't, and was drown'd ;  
 So he that put his eyes out, to consider 45  
 And contemplate on nat'ral things the steadier,  
 Did but himself for idiot convince,  
 Though reverenc'd by the learned ever since.  
 Empedocles, to be esteem'd a god,  
 Leapt into Ætna, with his sandals shod, 50  
 That b'ing blown out, discover'd what an ass  
 The great philosopher and juggler was,  
 That to his own new deity sacrific'd,  
 And was himself the victim and the priest.  
 The Cynic coin'd false money, and for fear 55  
 Of being hang'd for 't, turn'd philosopher ;  
 Yet with his lantern went, by day, to find  
 One honest man i' th' heap of all mankind ;  
 An idle freak he needed not have done,  
 If he had known himself to be but one. 60  
 With swarms of maggots of the self-same rate,  
 The learned of all ages celebrate ;  
 Things that are properer for Knightsbridge college,  
 Than th' authors and originals of knowledge ;  
 More sottish than the two fanatics, trying 65  
 To mend the world by laughing or by crying ;  
 Or he that laugh'd until he chok'd his whistle,  
 To rally on an ass that ate a thistle ;  
 That th' antique sage, that was gallant t' a goose,  
 A fitter mistress could not pick and choose, 70  
 Whose tempers, inclinations, sense, and wit,  
 Like two indentures, did agree so fit.



THE ancient sceptics constantly deny'd  
 What they maintain'd, and thought they justify'd ;  
 For when th' affirm'd that nothing 's to be known,  
 They did but what they said before disown ; 76  
 And, like Polemics of the Post, pronounce  
 The same thing to be true and false at once.

These follies had such influence on the rabble,  
 As to engage them in perpetual squabble ; 80  
 Divided Rome and Athens into clans  
 Of ignorant mechanic partisans ;  
 That, to maintain their own hypotheses,  
 Broke one another's blockheads, and the peace ;  
 Were often set by officers i' th' stocks 85  
 For quarrelling about a paradox :  
 When pudding-wives were launcht in cock-quean  
 stools

For falling foul on oyster-women's schools ;  
 No herb-women sold cabbages or onions  
 But to their gossips of their own opinions ; 90  
 A Peripatetic cobbler scorn'd to sole  
 A pair of shoes of any other school ;  
 And porters of the judgment of the Stoics,  
 To go an errand of the Cyrenaics ;  
 That us'd t' encounter in athletic lists, 95  
 With beard to beard, and teeth and nails to fists,  
 Like modern kicks and cuffs among the youth  
 Of academies, to maintain the truth.

But in the boldest feats of arms the Stoic  
 And Epieureans were the most heroic, 100  
 That stoutly ventur'd breaking of their necks,  
 To vindicate the int'rests of their sects,  
 And still behav'd themselves as resolute  
 In waging cuffs and bruises as dispute, 104

Until with wounds and bruises which th' had got,  
 Some hundreds were kill'd dead upon the spot ;  
 When all their quarrels, rightly understood,  
 Were but to prove disputes the sov'reign good.

DISTINCTIONS, that had been at first design'd  
 To regulate the errors of the mind, 110  
 By b'ing too nicely overstrain'd and vext  
 Have made the comment harder than the text,  
 And do not now, like carving, hit the joint,  
 But break the bones in pieces of a point,  
 And with impertinent evasions force 115  
 The clearest reason from its native course—  
 That argue things so' uncertain, 'tis no matter  
 Whether they are, or never were, in nature ;  
 And venture to demonstrate, when th' have slurr'd  
 And palm'd a fallacy upon a word. 120  
 For disputants (as swordsmen use to fence  
 With blunted foils) engage with blunted sense ;  
 And as they 're wont to falsify a blow,  
 Use nothing else to pass upon the foe ;  
 Or if they venture further to attack, 125  
 Like bowlers, strive to beat away the jack ;  
 And, when they find themselves too hardly prest on,  
 Prevaricate, and change the state o' th' question ;  
 The noblest science of defence and art  
 In practice now with all that controvert, 130  
 And th' only mode of prizes, from Bear-garden  
 Down to the schools, in giving blows, or warding.

As old knights-errant in their harness fought  
 As safe as in a castle or redoubt,  
 Gave one another desperate attacks, 135

To storm the counterscarps upon their backs ;  
 So disputants advance, and post their arms,  
 To storm the works of one another's terms ;  
 Fall foul on some extravagant expression, 139  
 But ne'er attempt the main design and reason—  
 So some polemics use to draw their swords  
 Against the language only and the words ;  
 As he who fought at barriers with Salmasius,  
 Engag'd with nothing but his style and phrases,  
 Waiv'd to assert the murder of a prince, 145  
 The author of false Latin to convince ;  
 But laid the merits of the cause aside,  
 By those that understood them to be try'd ;  
 And counted breaking Priscian's head a thing  
 More capital, than to behead a king, 150  
 For which h' has been admir'd by all the learn'd  
 Of knaves concern'd, and pedants unconcern'd.

JUDGMENT is but a curious pair of scales,  
 That turns with th' hundreth part of true or false,  
 And still the more 'tis us'd is wont t' abate 155  
 The subtlety and niceness of its weight,  
 Until 'tis false, and will not rise nor fall,  
 Like those that are less artificial ;  
 And therefore students, in their ways of judging,  
 Are fain to swallow many a senseless gudgeon, 160  
 And by their over-understanding lose  
 Its active faculty with too much use ;  
 For reason, when too curiously 'tis spun,  
 Is bût the next of all remov'd from none—  
 It is Opinion governs all mankind, 165  
 As wisely as the blind that leads the blind :  
 For as those surnames are esteem'd the best

That signify in all things else the least,  
 So men pass fairest in the world's opinion  
 That have the least of truth and reason in them.  
 Truth would undo the world, if it possest 171  
 The meanest of its right and interest ;  
 Is but a titular princess, whose authority  
 Is always under age, and in minority ;  
 Has all things done, and carried in its name, 175  
 But most of all where it can lay no claim ;  
 As far from gaiety and complaisance,  
 As greatness, insolence, and ignorance ;  
 And therefore has surrender'd her dominion  
 O'er all mankind to barbarous Opinion, 180  
 That in her right usurps the tyrannies  
 And arbitrary government of lies—  
 As no tricks on the rope but those that break,  
 Or come most near to breaking of a neck,  
 Are worth the sight, so nothing goes for wit 185  
 But nonsense, or the next of all to it :  
 For nonsense being neither false nor true,  
 A little wit to any thing may screw ;  
 And, when it has a while been us'd, of course  
 Will stand as well in virtue, pow'r, and force, 190  
 And pass for sense t' all purposes as good  
 As if it had at first been understood ;  
 For nonsense has the amplest privileges,  
 And more than all the strongest sense obliges,  
 That furnishes the schools with terms of art, 195  
 The mysteries of science to impart ;  
 Supplies all seminaries with recruits  
 Of endless controversies and disputes ;  
 For learned nonsense has a deeper sound  
 Than easy sense, and goes for more profound, 200

FOR all our learned authors now compile  
 At charge of nothing but the words and style,  
 And the most curious critics or the learned  
 Believe themselves in nothing else concerned ;  
 For as it is the garniture and dress 205  
 'That all things wear in books and languages,  
 (And all men's qualities are wont t' appear  
 According to the habits that they wear),  
 'Tis probable to be the truest test  
 Of all the ingenuity o' th' rest. 210  
 The lives of trees lie only in the barks,  
 And in their styles the wit of greatest clerks ;  
 Hence 'twas the ancient Roman politicians  
 Went to the schools of foreign rhetoricians,  
 To learn the art of patrons, in defence 215  
 Of int'rest and their clients—eloquence ;  
 When consuls, censors, senators, and prætors,  
 With great dictators, us'd t' apply to rhetors,  
 To hear the greater magistrate o' th' school  
 Give sentence in his haughty chair-curule, 220  
 And those who mighty nations overcame,  
 Were fain to say their lessons, and declaim.

Words are but pictures, true or false, design'd  
 To draw the lines and features of the mind ;  
 The characters and artificial draughts 225  
 T' express the inward images of thoughts ;  
 And artists say a picture may be good,  
 Although the moral be not understood ;  
 Whence some infer they may admire a style,  
 Though all the rest be e'er so mean and vile ; 230  
 Applaud th' outsides of words, but never mind  
 With what fantastic tawdry they are lin'd.

So orators, enchanted with the twang

Of their own trillos, take delight t' harangue ;  
 Whose science, like a juggler's box and balls, 235  
 Conveys and counterchanges true and false ;  
 Casts mists before an audience's eyes,  
 To pass the one for th' other in disguise ;  
 And, like a morrice-dancer dress'd with bells,  
 Only to serve for noise and nothing else, 240  
 Such as a carrier makes his cattle wear,  
 And hangs for pendants in a horse's ear ;  
 For if the language will but bear the test,  
 No matter what becomes of all the rest :  
 The ablest orator, to save a word, 245  
 Would throw all sense and reason overboard.

Hence 'tis that nothing else but eloquence  
 Is ty'd to such a prodigal expense ;  
 That lays out half the wit and sense it uses  
 Upon the other half's as vain excuses : 250  
 For all defences and apologies  
 Are but specifics t' other frauds and lies ;  
 And th' artificial wash of eloquence  
 Is daub'd in vain upon the clearest sense,  
 Only to stain the native ingenuity 255  
 Of equal brevity and perspicuity,  
 Whilst all the best and sob'rest things he does  
 Are when he coughs, or spits, or blows his nose ;  
 Handles no point so evident and clear  
 (Besides his white gloves) as his handkercher, 260  
 Unfolds the nicest scruple so distinct  
 As if his talent had been wrapt up in 't  
 Unthriftilly, and now he went about  
 Henceforward to improve and put it out.

THE pedants are a mongrel breed, that sojourn 265  
 Among the ancient writers and the modern ;

And, while their studies are between the one  
 And th' other spent, have nothing of their own ;  
 Like sponges, are both plants and animals,  
 And equally to both their natures false : 270  
 For whether 'tis their want of conversation  
 Inclines them to all sorts of affectation ;  
 Their sedentary life and melancholy,  
 The everlasting nursery of folly ;  
 Their poring upon black and white too subtly 275  
 Has turn'd the insides of their brains to motley ;  
 Or squand'ring of their wits and time upon  
 Too many things has made them fit for none ;  
 Their constant overstraining of the mind  
 Distorts the brain, as horses break their wind ; 280  
 Or rude confusions of the things they read  
 Get up, like noxious vapours, in the head,  
 Until they have their constant wanes, and fulls,  
 And changes, in the insides of their skulls ;  
 Or venturing beyond the reach of wit 285  
 Has render'd them for all things else unfit,  
 But never bring the world and books together,  
 And therefore never rightly judge of either ;  
 Whence multitudes of rev'rend men and critics  
 Have got a kind of intellectual rickets, 290  
 And by th' immoderate excess of study  
 Have found the sickly head t' outgrow the body.

For pedantry is but a corn or wart,  
 Bred in the skin of judgment, sense, and art,  
 A stupify'd excrescence, like a wen, 295  
 Fed by the peccant humours of learn'd men,  
 That never grows from natural defects  
 Of downright and untutor'd intellects,  
 But from the over-curious and vain  
 Distempers of an artificial brain— 300

So he that once stood for the learned'st man,  
 Had read out Little Britain and Duck lane,  
 Worn out his reason and reduc'd his body  
 And brain to nothing with perpetual study ;  
 Kept tutors of all sorts, and virtuosos, 305  
 To read all authors to him, with their glosses,  
 And made his lacquies, when he walk'd, bear folios  
 Of dictionaries, lexicons, and scholias,  
 To be read to him every way the wind  
 Should chance to sit, before him or behind ; 310  
 Had read out all th' imaginary duels  
 That had been fought by consonants and vowels ;  
 Had crackt his skull to find out proper places  
 To lay up all memoirs of things in cases ;  
 And practis'd all the tricks upon the charts, 315  
 To play with packs of sciences and arts,  
 That serve t' improve a feeble gamester's study,  
 That ventures at grammatic beast or noddy ;  
 Had read out all the catalogues of wares, 319  
 That come in dry vats o'er from Frankfort fairs,  
 Whose authors use t' articulate their surnames  
 With scraps of Greek more learned than the Ger-  
     mans ;  
 Was wont to scatter books in every room,  
 Where they might best be seen by all that come,  
 And lay a train that nat'rally should force 325  
 What he design'd, as if it fell of course ;  
 And all this with a worse success than Cardan,  
 Who bought both books and learning at a bargain,  
 When, lighting on a philosophic spell  
 Of which he never knew one syllable, 330  
 Presto, begone ! h' unriddled all he read,  
 As if he had to nothing else been bred.



## ON A HYPOCRITICAL NONCONFORMIST.

## A PINDARIC ODE.

## I.

**T**HERE'S nothing so absurd, or vain,  
 Or barbarous, or inhumane,  
 But if it lay the least pretence  
 To piety and godliness,  
 Or tender-hearted conscience, 5  
 And zeal for gospel-truths profess,  
 Does sacred instantly commence,  
 And all that dare but question it are strait  
 Pronounc'd th' uncircumcis'd and reprobate :  
 As malefactors that escape and fly 10  
 Into a sanctuary for defence,  
 Must not be brought to justice thence,  
 Although their crimes be ne'er so great and high ;  
 And he that dares presume to do 't  
 Is sentenc'd and deliver'd up 15  
 To Satan that engag'd him to 't,  
 For vent'ring wickedly to put a stop  
 To his immunities and free affairs,  
 Or meddle saucily with theirs,  
 That are employ'd by him, while he and they 20  
 Proceed in a religious and a holy way.

## II.

And as the Pagans heretofore  
 Did their own handyworks adore,  
 And made their stone and timber deities,

Their temples, and their altars, of one piece ; 25  
 The same outgoings seem t' inspire  
 Our modern self-will'd Edifier,  
 That out of things as far from sense, and more,  
 Contrives new light and revelation,  
 The creatures of th' imagination, 30  
 To worship and fall down before ;  
 Of which his crack'd delusions draw  
 As monstrous images and rude  
 As ever Pagan, to believe in, hew'd,  
 Or madman in a vision saw ; 35  
 Mistakes the feeble impotence,  
 And vain delusions of his mind,  
 For spiritual gifts and offerings  
 Which Heaven, to present him, brings ;  
 And still, the further 'tis from sense, 40  
 Believes it is the more refin'd,  
 And ought to be receiv'd with greater reverence.

## III.

But as all tricks, whose principles  
 Are false, prove false in all things else,  
 The dull and heavy hypocrite 45  
 Is but in pension with his conscience,  
 That pays him for maintaining it  
 With zealous rage and impudence,  
 And as the one grows obstinate,  
 So does the other rich and fat ; 50  
 Disposes of his gifts and dispensations  
 Like spiritual foundations,  
 Endow'd to pious uses, and design'd  
 To entertain the weak, the lame, and blind :  
 But still diverts them to as bad, or worse, 55  
 Than others are, by unjust governors :

For, like our modern publicans,  
 He still puts out all dues  
 He owes to Heaven to the dev'l to use,  
 And makes his godly interest great gains ; 60  
 Takes all the Brethren (to recruit  
 The spirit in him) contribute,  
 And, to repair and edify his spent  
 And broken-winded outward man, present  
 For painful holding-forth against the government.

## IV.

The subtle spider never spins, 66  
 But on dark days, his slimy gins ;  
 Nor does our engineer much care to plant  
 His spiritual machines  
 Unless among the weak and ignorant, 70  
 Th' inconstant, credulous, and light,  
 The vain, the factious, and the slight,  
 That in their zeal are most extravagant ;  
 For trouts are tickled best in muddy water ;  
 And still, the muddier he finds their brains, 75  
 The more he 's sought and follow'd after,  
 And greater ministrations gains ;  
 For talking idly is admir'd,  
 And speaking nonsense held inspir'd ;  
 And still the flatter and more dull 80  
 His gifts appear, is held more powerful ;  
 For blocks are better cleft with wedges  
 Than tools of sharp and subtle edges ;  
 And dullest nonsense has been found  
 By some to be the solid'st and the most profound.

## V.

A great Apostle once was said 86  
 With too much learning to be mad ;

But our great Saint becomes distract,  
 And only with too little crackt ;  
 Cries moral truths and human learning down, 90  
 And will endure no reason but his own :  
 For 'tis a drudgery and task  
 Not for a Saint, but Pagan oracle,  
 To answer all men can object or ask ;  
 But to be found impregnable, 95  
 And with a sturdy forehead to hold out,  
 In spite of shame or reason resolute,  
 Is braver than to argue and confute :  
 As he that can draw blood, they say,  
 From witches, takes their magic pow'r away, 100  
 So he that draws blood int' a Brother's face,  
 Takes all his gifts away, and light, and grace :  
 For while he holds that nothing is so damn'd  
 And shameful as to be asham'd,  
 He never can b' attack'd, 105  
 But will come off ; for Confidence, well back'd  
 Among the weak and prepossess'd,  
 Has often Truth, with all her kingly pow'r, oppress'd.

## VI.

It is the nature of late zeal,  
 'Twill not be subject, nor rebel, 110  
 Nor left at large, nor be restrain'd,  
 But where there 's something to be gain'd ;  
 And that b'ing once reveal'd, defies  
 The law, with all its penalties,  
 And is convinc'd no pale 115  
 O' th' church can be so sacred as a jail :  
 For as the Indians' prisons are their mines,  
 So he has found are all restraints  
 To thriving and free-conscienc'd Saints ;

For the same thing enriches that confines ; 120  
 And like to Lully when he was in hold,  
 He turns his baser metals into gold,  
 Receives returning and retiring fees  
 For holding-forth, and holding of his peace,  
 And takes a pension to be advocate 125  
 And standing counsel 'gainst the church and state  
 For gall'd and tender consciences :  
 Commits himself to prison to trepan,  
 Draw in, and spirit all he can ;  
 For birds in cages have a call, 130  
 To draw the wildest into nets,  
 More prevalent and natural  
 Than all our artificial pipes and counterfeits.

## VII.

His slipp'ry conscience has more tricks  
 Than all the juggling empirics, 135  
 All ev'ry one another contradicts ;  
 All laws of heav'n and earth can break,  
 And swallow oaths, and blood, and rapine easy,  
 And yet is so infirm and weak,  
 'Twill not endure the gentlest check, 140  
 But at the slightest nicety grows queasy :  
 Disdains control, and yet can be  
 No-where, but in a prison, free ;  
 Can force itself, in spite of God,  
 Who makes it free as thought at home, 145  
 A slave and villain to become  
 To serve its interests abroad :  
 And though no Pharisee was e'er so cunning  
 At tithing mint and cummin,  
 No dull idolater was e'er so flat 150  
 In things of deep and solid weight,

Pretends to charity and holiness,  
 But is implacable to peace,  
 And out of tenderness grows obstinate.  
 And though the zeal of God's house ate a prince  
 And prophet up (he says) long since, 156  
 His cross-grain'd peremptory zeal  
 Would eat up God's house, and devour it at a meal.

## VIII.

He does not pray, but prosecute,  
 As if he went to law, his suit; 160  
 Summons his Maker to appear  
 And answer what he shall prefer;  
 Returns Him back His gift of prayer,  
 Not to petition, but declare;  
 Exhibits cross complaints 165  
 Against Him for the breach of Covenants,  
 And all the charters of the Saints;  
 Pleads guilty to the action, and yet stands  
 Upon high terms and bold demands;  
 Excepts against him and his laws, 170  
 And will be judge himself in his own cause;  
 And grows more saucy and severe  
 Than th' Heathen emp'ror was to Jupiter,  
 That us'd to wrangle with him, and dispute,  
 And sometimes would speak softly in his ear, 175  
 And sometimes loud, and rant, and tear,  
 And threaten, if he did not grant his suit.

## IX.

But when his painful gifts h' employs  
 In holding-forth, the virtue lies  
 Not in the letter of the sense, 180  
 But in the spiritual vehemence,  
 The pow'r and dispensation of the voice,

The zealous pangs and agonies,  
 And heav'nly turnings of the eyes;  
 The groans with which he piously destroys, 185  
 And drowns the nonsense in the noise;  
 And grows so loud as if he meant to force  
 And take in heav'n by violence;  
 To fright the Saints into salvation,  
 Or scare the devil from temptation; 190  
 Until he falls so low and hoarse,  
 No kind of carnal sense  
 Can be made out of what he means:  
 But as the ancient Pagans were precise  
 To use no short-tail'd beast in sacrifice, 195  
 He still conforms to them, and has a care  
 T' allow the largest measure to his paltry ware.

## X.

The ancient churches, and the best,  
 By their own martyrs' blood increast;  
 But he has found out a new way, 200  
 To do it with the blood of those  
 That dare his church's growth oppose,  
 Or her imperious canons disobey;  
 And strives to carry on the Work,  
 Like a true primitive reforming Turk, 205  
 With holy rage, and edifying war,  
 More safe and pow'rful ways by far:  
 For the Turk's patriarch, Mahomet,  
 Was the first great Reformer, and the chief  
 Of th' ancient Christian belief, 210  
 That mix'd it with new light, and cheat,  
 With revelations, dreams, and visions,  
 And apostolic superstitions,  
 To be held forth and carry'd on by war;

And his successor was a Presbyter, 215  
 With greater right than Haly or Abubeker.

## XI.

For as a Turk that is to act some crime  
 Against his Prophet's holy law  
 Is wont to bid his soul withdraw,  
 And leave his body for a time ; 220  
 So when some horrid action 's to be done,  
 Our Turkish proselyte puts on  
 Another spirit, and lays by his own ;  
 And when his over-heated brain  
 Turns giddy, like his brother Mussulman, 225  
 He 's judg'd inspir'd, and all his frenzies held  
 To be prophetic, and reveal'd.  
 The one believes all madmen to be saints,  
 Which th' other cries him down for and abhors,  
 And yet in madness all devotion plants, 230  
 And where he differs most concurs ;  
 Both equally exact and just  
 In perjury and breach of trust ;  
 So like in all things, that one Brother  
 Is but a counterpart of th' other ; 235  
 And both unanimously damn  
 And hate (like two that play one game)  
 Each other for it, while they strive to do the same.

## XII.

Both equally design to raise  
 Their churches by the self-same ways ; 240  
 With war and ruin to assert  
 Their doctrine, and with sword and fire convert ;  
 To preach the gospel with a drum,  
 And for convincing overcome :  
 And though in worshipping of God all blood 245



Was by His own laws disallow'd,  
 Both hold no holy rites to be so good,  
 And both to propagate the breed  
 Of their own Saints one way proceed ;  
 For lust and rapes in war repair as fast, 250  
 As fury and destruction waste :  
 Both equally allow all crimes  
 As lawful means to propagate a sect ;  
 For laws in war can be of no effect,  
 And license does more good in gospel-times. 255  
 Hence 'tis that holy wars have ever been  
 The horrid'st scenes of blood and sin ;  
 For when religion does recede  
 From her own nature, nothing but a breed  
 Of prodigies and hideous monsters can succeed. 260

## ON MODERN CRITICS.

## A PINDARIC ODE.

## I.

'TIS well that equal Heav'n has plac'd  
 Those joys above, that to reward  
 The just and virtuous are prepar'd,  
 Beyond their reach, until their pains are past ;  
 Else men would rather venture to possess 5  
 By force, than earn by happiness ;  
 And only take the dev'l's advice,  
 As Adam did, how soonest to be wise,  
 Though at th' expense of Paradise :  
 For, as some say, to fight is but a base 10

Mechanic handy-work, and far below  
 A gen'rous spirit t' undergo ;  
 So 'tis to take the pains to know,  
 Which some, with only confidence and face,  
 More easily and ably do ; 15  
 For daring nonsense seldom fails to hit,  
 Like scatter'd shot, and pass with some for wit.  
 Who would not rather make himself a judge,  
 And boldly usurp the chair,  
 Than with dull industry and care 20  
 Endure to study, think, and drudge  
 For that, which he much sooner may advance  
 With obstinate and pertinacious ignorance ?

## II.

For all men challenge, though in spite  
 Of Nature and their stars, a right 25  
 To censure, judge, and know,  
 Though she can only order who  
 Shall be, and who shall ne'er be, wise :  
 Then why should those whom she denies  
 Her favour and good graces to, 30  
 Not strive to take opinion by surprise,  
 And ravish what it were in vain to woo ?  
 For he that desp'rately assumes  
 The censure of all wits and arts,  
 Though without judgment, skill, and parts, 35  
 Only to startle and amuse,  
 And mask his ignorance (as Indians use  
 With gaudy-colour'd plumes  
 Their homely nether parts t' adorn)  
 Can never fail to captive some 40  
 That will submit to his oraculous doom,  
 And rev'rence what they ought to scorn ;

Admire his sturdy confidence  
 For solid judgment and deep sense ;  
 And credit purchas'd without pains or wit, 45  
 Like stolen pleasures, ought to be most sweet.

## III.

Two self-admirers, that combine  
 Against the world, may pass a fine  
 Upon all judgment, sense, and wit,  
 And settle it as they think fit 50  
 On one another, like the choice  
 Of Persian princes, by one horse's voice :  
 For those fine pageants which some raise,  
 Of false and disproportion'd praise,  
 T' enable whom they please t' appear 55  
 And pass for what they never were,  
 In private only b'ing but nam'd,  
 Their modesty must be asham'd,  
 And not endure to hear,  
 And yet may be divulg'd and fam'd, 60  
 And own'd in public every-where :  
 So vain some authors are to boast  
 Their want of ingenuity, and club  
 Their affidavit wits, to dub  
 Each other but a Knight o' the Post ; 65  
 As false as suborn'd perjurers,  
 That vouch away all right they have to their own  
 ears.

## IV.

But when all other courses fail,  
 There is one easy artifice  
 That seldom has been known to miss, 70  
 To cry all mankind down, and rail ;  
 For he whom all men do contemn

May be allow'd to rail again at them,  
 And in his own defence  
 To outface reason, wit, and sense, 75  
 And all that makes against himself condemn ;  
 To snarl at all things right or wrong,  
 Like a mad dog that has a worm in 's tongue ;  
 Reduce all knowledge back of good and evil,  
 T' its first original the devil ; 80  
 And, like a fierce inquisitor of wit,  
 To spare no flesh that ever spoke or writ ;  
 Though to perform his task as dull  
 As if he had a toadstone in his skull,  
 And could produce a greater stock 85  
 Of maggots than a pastoral poet's flock.

## v.

The feeblest vermin can destroy  
 As sure as stoutest beasts of prey,  
 And only with their eyes and breath  
 Infect and poison men to death ; 90  
 But that more impotent buffoon  
 That makes it both his bus'ness and his sport  
 To rail at all, is but a drone  
 That spends his sting on what he cannot hurt ;  
 Enjoys a kind of lechery in spite, 95  
 Like o'ergrown sinners that in whipping take de-  
 light ;  
 Invades the reputation of all those  
 That have, or have it not to lose ;  
 And if he chance to make a difference,  
 'Tis always in the wrongest sense : 100  
 As rooking gamesters never lay  
 Upon those hands that use fair play,  
 But venture all their bets  
 Upon the slurs and cunning tricks of ablest cheats.

## VI.

Nor does he vex himself much less 105  
Than all the world beside,  
Falls sick of other men's excess,  
Is humbled only at their pride,  
And wretched at their happiness ;  
Revenues on himself the wrong, 110  
Which his vain malice and loose tongue,  
To those that feel it not, have done,  
And whips and spurs himself because he is outgone ;  
Makes idle characters and tales,  
As counterfeit, unlike, and false, 115  
As witches' pictures are of wax and clay  
To those whom they would in effigy slay.  
And as the dev'l, that has no shape of's own,  
Affects to put the ugliest on, 119  
And leaves a stink behind him when he's gone,  
So he that's worse than nothing strives t' appear  
I' th' likeness of a wolf or bear,  
To fright the weak ; but when men dare  
Encounter with him, stinks, and vanishes to air.

TO THE  
 HAPPY MEMORY OF THE MOST  
 RENOWNED DU-VAL.

A PINDARIC ODE.\*

I.

'TIS true, to compliment the dead  
 Is as impertinent and vain  
 As 'twas of old to call them back again,  
 Or, like the Tartars, give them wives,  
 With settlements for after-lives; 5  
 For all that can be done or said,  
 Though e'er so noble, great, and good,  
 By them is neither heard nor understood.  
 All our fine sleights and tricks of art,  
 First to create, and then adore desert, 10  
 And those romances which we frame  
 To raise ourselves, not them, a name,  
 In vain are stuff'd with ranting flatteries,  
 And such as, if they knew, they would despise.  
 For as those times the Golden Age we call 15  
 In which there was no gold in use at all,  
 So we plant glory and renown  
 Where it was ne'er deserv'd nor known,  
 But to worse purpose, many times,

\* This Ode, which is the only genuine poem of Butler's among the many spurious ones fathered upon him in what is called his 'Remains,' was published by the Author himself, under his own name, in the year 1671, in three sheets, 4to.

To flourish o'er nefarious crimes, 20  
 And cheat the world, that never seems to mind  
 How good or bad men die, but what they leave  
 behind.

## II.

And yet the brave Du-Val, whose name  
 Can never be worn out by Fame,  
 That liv'd and died to leave behind 25  
 A great example to mankind ;  
 That fell a public sacrifice,  
 From ruin to preserve those few  
 Who, though born false, may be made true,  
 And teach the world to be more just and wise ; 30  
 Ought not, like vulgar ashes, rest  
 Unmention'd in his silent chest,  
 Not for his own, but public interest.  
 He, like a pious man, some years before  
 The arrival of his fatal hour, 35  
 Made ev'ry day he had to live  
 To his last minute a preparative ;  
 Taught the wild Arabs on the road  
 To act in a more gentle mode ;  
 Take prizes more obligingly than those 40  
 Who never had been bred *filous* ;  
 And how to hang in a more graceful fashion  
 Than e'er was known before to the dull English  
 nation.

## III.

In France, the staple of new modes,  
 Where garbs and miens are current goods, 45  
 That serves the ruder northern nations  
 With methods of address and treat ;  
 Prescribes new garnitures and fashions,

And how to drink and how to eat  
 No out-of-fashion wine or meat ; 50  
 To understand cravats and plumes,  
 And the most modish from the old perfumes ;  
 To know the age and pedigrees  
 Of points of Flanders or Venice ;  
 Cast their nativities, and, to a day, 55  
 Foretell how long they 'll hold, and when decay ;  
 T' affect the purest negligences  
 In gestures, gaits, and miens,  
 And speak by repartee-routines  
 One of the most authentic of romanecs, 60  
 And to demonstrate, with substantial reason,  
 What ribands, all the year, are in or out of season.

## IV.

In this great academy of mankind  
 He had his birth and education,  
 Where all men are s' ingeniously inclin'd 65  
 They understand by imitation,  
 Improve untaught, before they are aware,  
 As if they suck'd their breeding from the air,  
 That naturally does dispense  
 To all a deep and solid confidence ; 70  
 A virtue of that precious use,  
 That he, whom bounteous Heav'n endues  
 But with a mod'rate share of it,  
 Can want no worth, abilities, or wit,  
 In all the deep Hermetic arts, 75  
 (For so of late the learned call  
 All tricks, if strange and mystical).  
 He had improv'd his nat'ral parts,  
 And with his magic rod could sound  
 Where hidden treasure might be found : 80



He, like a lord o' th' manor, seiz'd upon  
 Whatever happen'd in his way  
 As lawful weft and stray,  
 And after, by the custom, kept it as his own.

## V.

From these first rudiments he grew 85  
 To nobler feats, and try'd his force  
 Upon whole troops of foot and horse,  
 Whom he as bravely did subdue ;  
 Declar'd all caravans, that go  
 Upon the king's highway, the foe ; 90  
 Made many desperate attacks  
 Upon itinerant brigades  
 Of all professions, ranks, and trades,  
 On carriers' loads, and pedlars' packs ;  
 Made them lay down their arms, and yield, 95  
 And, to the smallest piece, restore  
 All that by cheating they had gain'd before,  
 And after plunder'd all the baggage of the field,  
 In every bold affair of war  
 He had the chief command, and led them on ; 100  
 For no man is judg'd fit to have the care  
 Of others' lives, until h' has made it known  
 How much he does despise and scorn his own.

## VI.

Whole provinces, 'twixt sun and sun,  
 Have by his conqu'ring sword been won ; 105  
 And mighty sums of money laid,  
 For ransom, upon every man,  
 And hostages deliver'd till 'twas paid.  
 Th' excise and chimney-publican,  
 The Jew forestaller and enhancer, 110  
 To him for all their crimes did answer.

He vanquish'd the most fierce and fell  
 Of all his foes, the Constable ;  
 And oft had beat his quarters up,  
 And routed him and all his troop. 115  
 He took the dreadful lawyer's fees,  
 That in his own allow'd highway  
 Does feats of arms as great as his,  
 And, when they' encounter in it, wins the day :  
 Safe in his garrison, the Court, 120  
 Where meaner criminals are sentenc'd for 't,  
 To this stern foe he oft gave quarter,  
 But as the Scotchman did t' a Tartar,  
 That he, in time to come, 124  
 Might in return from him receive his fatal doom.

## VII.

He would have starv'd this mighty Town,  
 And brought its haughty spirit down ;  
 Have cut it off from all relief,  
 And, like a wise and valiant chief,  
 Made many a fierce assault 130  
 Upon all ammunition carts,  
 And those that bring up cheese, or malt,  
 Or bacon, from remoter parts :  
 No convoy e'er so strong with food  
 Durst venture on the desp'rate road ; 135  
 He made th' undaunted waggoner obey,  
 And the fierce higgler contribution pay ;  
 The savage butcher and stout drover  
 Durst not to him their feeble troops discover ;  
 And, if he had but kept the field, 140  
 In time had made the city yield ;  
 For great towns, like to crocodiles, are found  
 I' th' belly aptest to receive a mortal wound.

## VIII.

But when the fatal hour arriv'd  
 In which his stars began to frown, 145  
 And had in close cabals contriv'd  
 To pull him from his height of glory down,  
 And he, by num'rous foes opprest,  
 Was in th' enchanted dungeon cast,  
 Secur'd with mighty guards, 150  
 Lest he by force or stratagem  
 Might prove too cunning for their chains and them,  
 And break through all their locks, and bolts, and  
     wards ;  
 Had both his legs by charms committed  
 To one another's charge, 155  
 That neither might be set at large,  
 And all their fury and revenge outwitted.  
 As jewels of high value are  
 Kept under locks with greater care  
 Than those of meaner rates, 160  
 So he was in stone walls, and chains, and iron grates.

## IX.

Thither came ladies from all parts,  
 To offer up close prisoners their hearts,  
 Which he receiv'd as tribute due,  
 And made them yield up love and honour too, 165  
 But in more brave heroic ways  
 Than e'er were practis'd yet in plays :  
 For those two spiteful foes, who never meet  
 But full of hot contests and piques  
 About punctilios and mere tricks, 170  
 Did all their quarrels to his doom submit,  
 And, far more generous and free,  
 In contemplation only of him did agree :

Both fully satisfy'd ; the one  
 With those fresh laurels he had won, 175  
 And all the brave renowned feats  
 He had perform'd in arms ;  
 The other with his person and his charms :  
 For, just as larks are catch'd in nets  
 By gazing on a piece of glass, 180  
 So while the ladies view'd his brighter eyes,  
 And smoother polish'd face,  
 Their gentle hearts, alas ! were taken by surprise.

## X.

Never did bold knight, to relieve  
 Distressed dames, such dreadful feats achieve 185  
 As feeble damsels, for his sake,  
 Would have been proud to undertake ;  
 And, bravely ambitious to redeem  
 The world's loss and their own,  
 Strove who should have the honour to lay down 190  
 And change a life with him ;  
 But, finding all their hopes in vain  
 To move his fixt determin'd fate,  
 Their life itself began to hate,  
 As if it were an infamy 195  
 To live, when he was doom'd to die ;  
 Made loud appeals and moans,  
 To less hard-hearted grates and stones ;  
 Came, swell'd with sighs, and drown'd in tears,  
 To yield themselves his fellow-sufferers, 200  
 And follow'd him, like prisoners of war,  
 Chain'd to the lofty wheels of his triumphant car.

## A BALLAD

UPON THE PARLIAMENT, WHICH DELIBERATED  
ABOUT MAKING OLIVER CROMWELL KING.\*

A S close as a goose  
Sat the Parliament-house  
To hatch the royal gull;  
After much fiddle-faddle,  
The egg proved addle, 5  
And Oliver came forth Nol.

Yet old Queen Madge,  
Though things do not fadge,  
Will serve to be queen of a May-pole ;  
Two princes of Wales, 10  
For Whitsun-ales,  
And her Grace Maid-Marian Clay-pole.

In a robe of cow-hide  
Sat yeasty Pride,  
With his dagger and his sling ; 15  
He was the pertinent'st peer  
Of all that were there,  
T' advise with such a king.

\* This Ballad refers to the Parliament, as it was called, which deliberated about making Oliver king, and petitioned him to accept the title; which he, out of fear of some republican zealots in his party, refused to accept, and contented himself with the power, under the name of 'Protector.'

A great philosopher  
 Had a goose for his lover, 20  
     That follow'd him day and night :  
 If it be a true story  
 Or but an allegory,  
     It may be both ways right.

Strickland and his son, 30  
 Both cast into one,  
     Were meant for a single baron ;  
 But when they came to sit,  
 There was not wit  
     Enough in them both, to serve for one. 35

Wherefore 'twas thought good  
 To add Honeywood ;  
     But when they came to trial,  
 Each one prov'd a fool,  
 Yet three knaves in the whole, 40  
     And that made up a Pair-royal.

## A BALLAD,

IN TWO PARTS, CONJECTURED TO BE ON  
 OLIVER CROMWELL.\*

## PART I.

**D**RAW near, good people all, draw near,  
 And hearken to my ditty ;  
 A stranger thing

\* To this humorous ballad Butler had prefixed this title—  
 'The Privileges of Pimping'—but afterwards crossed it out,  
 for which reason it is not inserted here.

Than this I sing  
Came never to this city. 5

Had you but seen this monster,  
You would not give a farthing  
For the lions in the grate,  
Nor the mountain-cat,  
Nor the bears in Paris-garden. 10

You would defy the pageants  
Are borne before the mayor ;  
The strangest shape  
You e'er did gape  
Upon at Bart'lmey fair ! 15

His face is round and decent,  
As is your dish or platter,  
On which there grows  
A thing like a nose,  
But, indeed, it is no such matter. 20

On both sides of th' aforesaid  
Are eyes, but they 're not matches,  
On which there are  
To be seen two fair  
And large well-grown mustaches. 25

Now this with admiration  
Does all beholders strike,

<sup>16</sup> From the medals, and original portraits, which are left of Oliver Cromwell, one may probably conjecture, if not positively affirm, that this droll picture was designed for him. The roundness of the face, the oddness of the nose, and the remarkable largeness of the eyebrows, are particulars which correspond exactly with them.

That a beard should grow  
 Upon a thing's brow,  
 Did ye ever see the like ? 30

He has no skull, 'tis well known  
 To thousands of beholders ;  
 Nothing, but a skin,  
 Does keep his brains in  
 From running about his shoulders. 35

On both sides of his noddle  
 Are straps o' th' very same leather ;  
 Ears are imply'd,  
 But they 're mere hide,  
 Or morsels of tripe, choose ye whether. 40

Between these two extendeth  
 A slit from ear to ear,  
 That every hour  
 Gapes to devour  
 The souse that grows so near. 45

Beneath, a tuft of bristles,  
 As rough as a frieze-jerkin ;  
 If it had been a beard,  
 'Twould have serv'd a herd  
 Of goats, that are of his near kin. 50

Within, a set of grinders  
 Most sharp and keen, corroding  
 Your iron and brass  
 As easy as  
 That you would do a pudding. 55



But the strangest thing of all is,  
 Upon his rump there groweth  
 A great long tail,  
 That useth to trail  
 Upon the ground as he goeth.

60

## A BALLAD,

IN TWO PARTS, CONJECTURED TO BE ON  
 OLIVER CROMWELL.

## PART II.

**T**HIS monster was begotten  
 Upon one of the witches,  
 B' an imp that came to her,  
 Like a man, to woo her,  
 With black doublet and breeches.

5

When he was whelp'd, for certain,  
 In divers several countries,  
 The hogs and swine  
 Did grunt and whine,  
 And the ravens croak'd upon trees.

10

The winds did blow, the thunder  
 And lightning loud did rumble;  
 The dogs did howl,  
 The hollow tree in th' owl—  
 'Tis a good horse that ne'er stumbled.

15

<sup>14</sup> This whimsical liberty our Author takes of transposing the words for the sake of a rhyme, though at the expense of the sense, is a new kind of poetic license; and it is merry

As soon as he was brought forth,  
 At the midwife's throat he flew,  
 And threw the pap  
 Down in her lap;  
 They say 'tis very true. 20

And up the walls he clamber'd,  
 With nails most sharp and keen,  
 The prints whereof,  
 I' th' boards and roof,  
 Are yet for to be seen. 25

And out o' th' top o' th' chimney  
 He vanish'd, seen of none;  
 For they did wink,  
 Yet by the stink  
 Knew which way he was gone. 30

The country round about there  
 Became like to a wildern-  
 ess; for the sight  
 Of him did fright  
 Away men, women, and children. 35

Long did he there continue,  
 And all those parts much harmed,  
 Till a wise-woman, which  
 Some call a white-witch,  
 Him into a hog-sty charmed. 40

enough to observe, that he literally does, what he jokingly  
 charges upon other poets in another place:

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. *Hud.* p. 2. c. 1. v. 27.

There, when she had him shut fast,  
 With brimstone and with nitre  
 She sing'd the claws  
 Of his left paws,  
 With tip of his tail, and his right ear. 45

And with her charms and ointments  
 She made him tame as a spaniel ;  
 For she us'd to ride  
 On his back astride,  
 Nor did he do her any ill. 50

But, to the admiration  
 Of all both far and near,  
 He hath been shown  
 In every town,  
 And eke in every shire. 55

And now, at length, he's brought  
 Unto fair London city,  
 Where in Fleet-street  
 All those may see 't  
 That will not believe my ditty. 60

God save the King and Parliament,  
 And eke the Prince's highness,  
 And quickly send  
 The wars an end,  
 As here my song has—Finis. 65

<sup>61</sup> From this circumstance it appears, that this ballad was written before the murder of the king, and that it is the earliest performance of Butler's that has yet been made public.

## MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.\*

**A**LL men's intrigues and projects tend,  
 By sev'ral courses, to one end ;  
 To compass, by the prop'rest shows,  
 Whatever their designs propose ;  
 And that which owns the fair'st pretext 5  
 Is often found the indirect'st.  
 Hence 'tis that hypocrites still paint  
 Much fairer than the real saint,  
 And knaves appear more just and true  
 Than honest men, that make less show ; 10  
 The dullest idiots in disguise  
 Appear more knowing than the wise ;  
 Illiterate dunces, undiscern'd,  
 Pass on the rabble for the learn'd ;  
 And cowards, that can damn and rant, 15  
 Pass muster for the valiant :  
 For he that has but impudence,  
 To all things has a just pretence,  
 And, put among his wants but shame,  
 To all the world may lay his claim. 20

\* This, and the other little Sketches that follow, were, among many of the same kind, fairly written out by Butler, in a sort of poetical Thesaurus. Out of this magazine he communicated to Mr. Aubrey that genuine fragment printed in his life, beginning,

No Jesuit e'er took in hand  
 To plant a church in barren land,  
 Nor ever thought it worth the while  
 A Swede or Russ to reconcile, &c.

How various and innumerable  
 Are those who live upon the rabble !  
 'Tis they maintain the church and state,  
 Employ the priest and magistrate ;  
 Bear all the charge of government, 25  
 And pay the public fines and rent ;  
 Defray all taxes and excises,  
 And impositions of all prices ;  
 Bear all the expense of peace and war,  
 And pay the pulpit and the bar ; 30  
 Maintain all churches and religions,  
 And give their pastors exhibitions,  
 And those who have the greatest flocks  
 Are primitive and orthodox ;  
 Support all schismatics and sects, 35  
 And pay them for tormenting texts ;  
 Take all their doctrines off their hands,  
 And pay them in good rents and lands ;  
 Discharge all costly offices,  
 The doctor's and the lawyer's fees, 40  
 The hangman's wages, and the scores  
 Of caterpillar bawds and whores ;  
 Discharge all damages and costs  
 Of Knights and Squires of the Post ;  
 All statesmen, cut-purses, and padders, 45  
 And pay for all their ropes and ladders  
 All pettifoggers, and all sorts  
 Of markets, churches, and of courts ;  
 All sums of money paid or spent,  
 With all the charges incident, 50  
 Laid out, or thrown away, or giv'n  
 To purchase this world, hell, or heav'n.

SHOULD once the world resolve t' abolish  
 All that's ridiculous and foolish,  
 It would have nothing left to do, 55  
 T' apply in jest or earnest to,  
 No business of importance, play,  
 Or state, to pass its time away.

THE world would be more just, if truth and lies,  
 And right and wrong, did bear an equal price; 60  
 But, since impostors are so highly rais'd,  
 And faith and justice equally debas'd,  
 Few men have tempers, for such paltry gains  
 T' undo themselves with drudgery and pains.

THE sottish world without distinction looks 65  
 On all that passes on th' account of books;  
 And, when there are two scholars that within  
 The species only hardly are a-kin,  
 The world will pass for men of equal knowledge,  
 If equally they've loiter'd in a college. 70

CRITICS are like a kind of flies that breed  
 In wild fig-trees, and when they're grown up, feed  
 Upon the raw fruit of the nobler kind,  
 And, by their nibbling on the outward rind,  
 Open the pores, and make way for the sun 75  
 To ripen it sooner than he would have done.

As all Fanatics preach, so all men write,  
 Out of the strength of gifts and inward light,  
 In spite of art; as horses, thorough pac'd  
 Were never taught, and therefore go more fast. 80

IN all mistakes the strict and regular  
 Are found to be the desp'rat'st ways to err,  
 And worst to be avoided ; as a wound  
 Is said to be the harder cur'd that 's round ;  
 For error and mistake, the less th' appear, 85  
 In th' end are found to be the dangerouser ;  
 As no man minds those clocks that use to go  
 Apparently too over-fast or slow.

THE truest characters of ignorance  
 Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance ; 90  
 As blind men use to bear their noses higher  
 Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.

THE metaphysic 's but a puppet motion  
 That goes with screws, the notion of a notion ;  
 The copy of a copy, and lame draught 95  
 Unnaturally takne from a thought ;  
 That counterfeits all pantomimic tricks,  
 And turns the eyes like an old crucifix ;  
 That counterchanges whatsoe'er it calls  
 B' another name, and makes it true or false ; 100  
 Turns truth to falsehood, falsehood into truth,  
 By virtue of the Babylonian's tooth.

'TIS not the art of schools to understand,  
 But make things hard, instead of b'ing explain'd ;  
 And therefore those are commonly the learned'st  
 That only study between jest and earnest : 106  
 For, when the end of learning 's to pursue  
 And trace the subtle steps of false and true,  
 They ne'er consider how they 're to apply,  
 But only listen to the noise and cry, 110

And are so much delighted with the chase,  
They never mind the taking of their preys.

MORE proselytes and converts use t' accrue  
From false persuasions, than the right and true ;  
For error and mistake are infinite, 115  
But truth has but one way to be i' th' right ;  
As numbers may t' infinity be grown,  
But never be reduc'd to less than one.

ALL wit and fancy, like a diamond,  
The more exact and curious 'tis ground, 120  
Is fore'd for every carat to abate  
As much in value, as it wants in weight.

THE great St. Lewis, king of France,  
Fighting against Mahometans,  
In Egypt, in the holy war, 125  
Was routed and made prisoner :  
The Sultan then, into whose hands  
He and his army fell, demands  
A thousand weight of gold, to free  
And set them all at liberty. 130  
The king pays down one half o' th' nail,  
And for the other offers bail,  
The pyx, and in 't the Eucharist,  
The body of our Saviour Christ.  
The Turk consider'd, and allow'd 135  
The king's security for good :  
Such credit had the Christian zeal,  
In those days with an Infidel,  
That will not pass for two-pence now  
Among themselves, 'tis grown so low. 140



THOSE that go up-hill, use to bow  
 Their bodies forward, and stoop low,  
 To poise themselves, and sometimes creep,  
 When th' way is difficult and steep :  
 So those at court, that do address 145  
 By low ignoble offices,  
 Can stoop to any thing that 's base,  
 To wriggle into trust and grace,  
 Are like to rise to greatness sooner  
 Than those that go by worth and honour. 150

ALL acts of grace, and pardon, and oblivion,  
 Are meant of services that are forgiven,  
 And not of crimes delinquents have committed,  
 And rather been rewarded than acquitted.

LIONS are kings of beasts, and yet their pow'r 155  
 Is not to rule and govern, but devour :  
 Such savage kings all tyrants are, and they  
 No better than mere beasts that do obey.

NOTHING'S more dull and negligent  
 Than an old lazy government, 160  
 That knows no interest of state,  
 But such as serves a present strait,  
 And, to patch up, or shift, will close,  
 Or break alike, with friends or foes ;  
 That runs behind-hand, and has spent 165  
 Its credit to the last extent ;  
 And, the first time 'tis at a loss,  
 Has not one true friend nor one cross.

THE Devil was the first o' th' name

From whom the race of rebels came, 170  
 Who was the first bold undertaker  
 Of bearing arms against his Maker,  
 And, though miscarrying in th' event,  
 Was never yet known to repent;  
 Though tumbled from the top of bliss 175  
 Down to the bottomless abyss;  
 A property which, from their prince,  
 The family owns ever since,  
 And therefore ne'er repent the evil  
 They do or suffer, like the devil. 180

THE worst of rebels never arm  
 To do their king or country harm,  
 But draw their swords to do them good,  
 As doctors cure by letting blood.

No seared conscience is so fell 185  
 As that which has been burnt with zeal;  
 For Christian charity's as well  
 A great impediment to zeal,  
 As zeal a pestilent disease  
 To Christian charity and peace. 190

As thistles wear the softest down,  
 To hide their prickles till they're grown,  
 And then declare themselves, and tear  
 Whatever ventures to come near;  
 So a smooth knave does greater feats 195  
 Than one that idly rails and threats,  
 And all the mischief that he meant  
 Does, like a rattle-snake, prevent.

MAN is supreme lord and master  
 Of his own ruin and disaster ; 200  
 Controls his fate, but nothing less  
 In ordering his own happiness ;  
 For all his care and providence  
 Is too, too feeble a defence  
 To render it secure and certain 205  
 Against the injuries of Fortune ;  
 And oft, in spite of all his wit,  
 Is lost with one unlucky hit,  
 And ruin'd with a circumstance,  
 And mere punctilio, of chance. 210

DAME Fortune, some men's tutelar,  
 Takes charge of them without their care,  
 Does all their drudgery and work,  
 Like Fairies, for them in the dark ;  
 Conducts them blindfold, and advances 215  
 The naturals by blinder chances ;  
 While others by desert or wit  
 Could never make the matter hit,  
 But still, the better they deserve,  
 Are but the abler thought to starve. 220

GREAT wits have only been preferr'd,  
 In princes' trains to be interr'd,  
 And, when they cost them nothing, plac'd  
 Among their followers not the last ;  
 But while they liv'd were far enough 225  
 From all admittances kept off.

As gold, that's proof against th' assay,  
 Upon the touchstone wears away,

And having stood the greater test,  
 Is overmaster'd by the least ; 230  
 So some men, having stood the hate  
 And spiteful cruelty of Fate,  
 Transported with a false caress  
 Of unacquainted happiness,  
 Lost to humanity and sense, 235  
 Have fall'n as low as insolence.

INNOCENCE is a defence  
 For nothing else but patience ;  
 'Twill not bear out the blows of Fate,  
 Nor fence against the tricks of state ; 240  
 Nor from th' oppression of the laws  
 Protect the plain'st and justest cause ;  
 Nor keep unspotted a good name  
 Against the obloquies of Fame ;  
 Feeble as Patience, and as soon, 245  
 By being blown upon, undone.  
 As beasts are hunted for their furs,  
 Men for their virtues fare the worse.

WHO doth not know with what fierce rage  
 Opinions, true or false, engage ? 250  
 And, 'cause they govern all mankind,  
 Like the blind's leading of the blind,  
 All claim an equal interest,  
 And free dominion o'er the rest.  
 And, as one shield that fell from heaven 255  
 Was counterfeited by eleven,  
 The better to secure the fate  
 And lasting empire of a state,

The false are num'rous, and the true,  
 That only have the right, but few. 260  
 Hence fools; that understand them least,  
 Are still the fiercest in contest ;  
 Unsight, unseen, espouse a side  
 At random, like a prince's bride',  
 To damn their souls, and swear and lie for, 265  
 And at a venture live and die for.

OPINION governs all mankind,  
 Like the blind's leading of the blind ;  
 For he that has no eyes in 's head,  
 Must be by' a dog glad to be led ; 270  
 And no beasts have so little in them,  
 As that inhuman brute, Opinion :  
 'Tis an infectious pestilence,  
 The tokens upon wit and sense  
 That with a venomous contagion 275  
 Invades the sick imagination ;  
 And, when it seizes any part,  
 It strikes the poison to the heart.  
 This men of one another catch  
 By contact, as the humours match ; 280  
 And nothing 's so perverse in nature  
 As a profound opiniator.

AUTHORITY intoxicates,  
 And makes mere sots of magistrates ;  
 The fumes of it invade the brain, 285  
 And make men giddy, proud, and vain :  
 By this the fool commands the wise,  
 The noble with the base complies,

The sot assumes the rule of wit,  
And cowards make the base submit. 290

A GODLY man, that has serv'd out his time  
In holiness, may set up any crime ;  
As scholars, when they've taken their degrees,  
May set up any faculty they please.

WHY should not piety be made, 295  
As well as equity, a trade,  
And men get money by devotion,  
As well as making of a motion ?  
B' allow'd to pray upon conditions,  
As well as suitors in petitions ? 300  
And in a congregation pray,  
No less than Chancery, for pay ?

A TEACHER's doctrine, and his proof  
Is all his province, and enough ;  
But is no more concern'd in use, 305  
Than shoemakers to wear all shoes.

THE soberest saints are more stiff-necked  
Than th' hottest-headed of the wicked.

HYPOCRISY will serve as well  
To propagate a church, as zeal ; 310  
As persecution and promotion  
Do equally advance devotion ;  
So round white stones will serve, they say,  
As well as eggs, to make hens lay.

THE greatest saints and sinners have been made  
Of proselytes of one another's trade. 310

YOUR wise and cautious consciences  
Are free to take what course they please :  
Have plenary indulgence to dispose  
At pleasure, of the strictest vows ; 320  
And challenge Heaven, they made them to,  
To vouch and witness what they do ;  
And, when they prove averse and loath,  
Yet for convenience take an oath ;  
Not only can dispense, but make it 325  
A greater sin to keep than take it ;  
Can bind and loose all sorts of sin,  
And only keeps the keys within ;  
Has no superior to control,  
But what itself sets o'er the soul ; 330  
And, when it is enjoin'd t' obey,  
Is but confin'd, and keeps the key ;  
Can walk invisible, and where,  
And when, and how, it will appear ;  
Can turn itself into disguises 335  
Of all sorts, for all sorts of vices ;  
Can transubstantiate, metamorphose,  
And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus ;  
Make woods, and tenements, and lands,  
Obey and follow its commands, 340  
And settle on a new freehold,  
As Marcy-hill remov'd of old ;  
Make mountains move with greater force  
Than faith, to new proprietors ;  
And perjures, to secure th' enjoyments 345  
Of public charges and employments ;

For true and faithful, good and just,  
 Are but preparatives to trust ;  
 The gilt and ornament of things,  
 And not their movements, wheels, and springs. 350

ALL love, at first, like generous wine,  
 Ferments and frets until 'tis fine ;  
 But, when 'tis settled on the lee,  
 And from th' impurer matter free,  
 Becomes the richer still the older, 355  
 And proves the pleasanter the colder.

THE motions of the earth or sun,  
 (The Lord knows which), that turn, or run,  
 Are both perform'd by fits and starts,  
 And so are those of lovers' hearts ; 360  
 Which, though they keep no even pace,  
 Move true and constant to one place.

LOVE is too great a happiness  
 For wretched mortals to possess ;  
 For, could it hold inviolate 365  
 Against those cruelties of Fate  
 Which all felicities below  
 By rigid laws are subject to,  
 It would become a bliss too high  
 For perishing mortality, 370  
 Translate to earth the joys above ;  
 For nothing goes to heaven but love.

ALL wild but generous creatures live, of course,  
 As if they had agreed for better or worse :



The lion's constant to his only miss, 375  
 And never leaves his faithful lioness ;  
 And she as chaste and true to him agen,  
 As virtuous ladies use to be to men.  
 The docile and ingenuous elephant  
 T' his own and only female is gallant ; 380  
 And she as true and constant to his bed,  
 That first enjoy'd her single maidenhead ;  
 But paltry rams, and bulls, and goats, and boars,  
 Are never satisfy'd with new amours ;  
 As all poltroons with us delight to range, 385  
 And, though but for the worst of all, to change.

THE souls of women are so small,  
 That some believe they've none at all ;  
 Or if they have, like cripples, still  
 They've but one faculty, the will ; 390  
 The other two are quite laid by  
 To make up one great tyranny ;  
 And, though their passions have most pow'r,  
 They are, like Turks, but slaves the more  
 To th' absolute will, that with a breath 395  
 Has sovereign power of life and death,  
 And, as its little interests move,  
 Can turn them all to hate or love ;  
 For nothing, in a moment, turn  
 To frantic love, disdain, and scorn ; 400  
 And make that love degenerate  
 T' as great extremity of hate ;  
 And hate again, and scorn, and piques,  
 To flames, and raptures, and love-tricks.

ALL sorts of votaries, that profess 405

To bind themselves apprentices  
To Heaven, abjure, with solemn vows,  
Not Cut and Long-tail, but a spouse,  
As th' worst of all impediments  
To hinder their devout intents.

410

Most virgins marry, just as nuns  
The same thing the same way renounce ;  
Before they've wit to understand  
The bold attempt they take in hand ;  
Or, having staid and lost their tides,  
Are out of season grown for brides.

415

THE credit of the marriage-bed  
Has been so loosely husbanded,  
Men only deal for ready money,  
And women, separate alimony ;  
And ladies-errant, for debauching,  
Have better terms, and equal caution ;  
And, for their journey-work and pains,  
The char-women clear greater gains.

420

As wine that with its own weight runs is best, 425  
And counted much more noble than the prest ;  
So is that poetry whose generous strains  
Flow without servile study, a t, or pains.

SOME call it fury, some a Muse,  
That, as possessing devils use,  
Haunts and forsakes a man by fits,  
And when he's in, he's out of's wits.

430

ALL writers, though of different fancies,  
Do make all people in romances,  
That are distress'd and discontent, 435  
Make songs, and sing t' an instrument,  
And poets by their sufferings grow ;  
As if there were no more to do,  
To make a poet excellent,  
But only want and discontent. 440

It is not poetry that makes men poor ;  
For few do write that were not so before,  
And those that have writ best, had they been rich,  
Had ne'er been clapp'd with a poetic itch ;  
Had lov'd their ease too well to take the pains 445  
To undergo that drudgery of brains ;  
But, being for all other trades unfit,  
Only to avoid being idle, set up wit.

THEY that do write in authors' praises,  
And freely give their friends their voices, 450  
Are not confin'd to what is true ;  
That 's not to give, but pay a due :  
For praise, that 's due, does give no more  
To worth, than what it had before ;  
But to commend, without desert, 455  
Requires a mastery of art,  
That sets a gloss on what 's amiss,  
And writes what should be, not what is.

IN foreign universities,  
When a king 's born, or weds, or dies, 460  
Straight other studies are laid by,  
And all apply to poetry :

Some write in Hebrew, some in Greek,  
 And some, more wise, in Arabic,  
 T' avoid the critic, and th' expense 465  
 Of difficulter wit and sense ;  
 And seem more learnedish than those  
 That at a greater charge compose.  
 The doctors lead, the students follow ;  
 Some call him Mars, and some Apollo, 470  
 Some Jupiter, and give him th' odds,  
 On even terms, of all the gods :  
 Then Cæsar he's nicknam'd, as duly as  
 He that in Rome was christen'd Julius,  
 And was address'd to, by a crow, 475  
 As pertinently long ago ;  
 And with more heroes' names is styl'd,  
 Than saints are clubb'd t' an Austrian child ;  
 And, as wit goes by colleges,  
 As well as standing and degrees, 480  
 He still writes better than the rest,  
 That 's of the house that 's counted best.

FAR greater numbers have been lost by hopes,  
 Than all the magazines of daggers, ropes,  
 And other ammunitions of despair, 485  
 Were ever able to despatch by fear.

THERE 's nothing our felicities endears  
 Like that which falls among our doubts and fears,  
 And in the miserablest of distress  
 Improves attempts as desperate with success ; 490  
 Success, that owns and justifies all quarrels,  
 And vindicates deserts of hemp with laurels ;  
 Or, but miscarrying in the bold attempt,  
 Turns wreaths of laurel back again to hemp.

THE people have as much a negative voice 495  
 To hinder making war without their choice,  
 As kings of making laws in parliament ;  
 " No money " is as good as " No assent."

WHEN princes idly lead about,  
 Those of their party follow suite, 500  
 Till others trump upon their play,  
 And turn the cards another way.

WHAT makes all subjects discontent  
 Against a prince's government,  
 And princes take as great offence 505  
 At subjects' disobedience,  
 That neither the other can abide,  
 But too much reason on each side ?

AUTHORITY is a disease and cure;  
 Which men can neither want, nor well endure. 510

DAME Justice puts her sword into the scales,  
 With which she 's said to weigh out true and false,  
 With no design, but, like the antique Gaul,  
 To get more money from the capitol.

ALL that which law and equity miscalls 515  
 By th' empty idle names of True and False,  
 Is nothing else but maggots blown between  
 False witnesses and falser jurymen.  
 No court allows those partial interlopers  
 Of Law and Equity, two single paupers, 520  
 T' encounter hand to hand at bars, and trounce  
 Each other gratis in a suit at once :

For one at one time, and upon free cost, is  
 Enough to play the knave and fool with justice ;  
 And, when the one side bringeth custom in, 525  
 And th' other lays out half the reckoning,  
 The devil himself will rather choose to play  
 At paltry small game, than sit out, they say ;  
 But when at all there 's nothing to be got,  
 The old wife, Law and Justice, will not trot. 530

THE law, that makes more knaves than e'er it hung,  
 Little considers right or wrong ;  
 But, like authority, 's soon satisfy'd,  
 When 'tis to judge on its own side.

THE law can take a purse in open court, 535  
 Whilst it condemns a less delinquent for 't.

Who can deserve for breaking of the laws,  
 A greater penance than an honest cause ?

ALL those that do but rob and steal enough,  
 Are punishment and court of justice proof, 540  
 And need not fear, nor be concern'd a straw,  
 In all the idle bugbears of the law,  
 But confidently rob the gallows too,  
 As well as other sufferers, of their due.

OLD laws have not been suffer'd to be pointed, 545  
 To leave the sense at large the more disjointed,  
 And furnish lawyers, with the greater ease,  
 To turn and wind them any way they please.  
 The Statute Law 's their Scripture, and Reports  
 The ancient reverend fathers of their courts: 550  
 Records their general councils ; and Decisions

Of judges on the bench their sole traditions,  
 For which, like Catholics, they've greater awe,  
 As th' arbitrary and unwritten law,  
 And strive perpetually to make the standard 555  
 Of right between the tenant and the landlord ;  
 And, when two cases at a trial meet,  
 That, like indentures, jump exactly fit,  
 And all the points, like Chequer-tallies, suit,  
 The Court directs the obstinat'st dispute : 560  
 There's no decorum us'd of time, nor place,  
 Nor quality, nor person, in the case.

A MAN of quick and active wit  
 For drudgery is more unfit,  
 Compar'd to those of duller parts, 565  
 Than running-nags to draw in carts.

Too much or too little wit  
 Do only render th' owners fit  
 For nothing, but to be undone  
 Much easier than if they had none. 570

As those that are stark blind can trace  
 The nearest way from place to place,  
 And find the right way easier out,  
 Than those that hood-wink'd try to do 't ;  
 So tricks of state are manag'd best 575  
 By those that are suspected least,  
 And greatest finesse brought about  
 By engines most unlike to do 't.

ALL the politics of the great  
 Are like the cunning of a cheat, 580

That lets his false dice freely run,  
 And trusts them to themselves alone,  
 But never lets a true one stir  
 Without some fing'ring trick or slur ;  
 And, when the gamesters doubt his play, 535  
 Conveys his false dice safe away,  
 And leaves the true ones in the lurch,  
 T' endure the torture of the search.

WHAT else does history use to tell us,  
 But tales of subjects being rebellious ; 590  
 The vain perfidiousness of lords,  
 And fatal breach of princes' words ;  
 The sottish pride and insolence  
 Of statesmen, and their want of sense ;  
 Their treach'ry, that undoes, of custom, 595  
 Their own selves first, next those who trust them ?

BECAUSE a feeble limb's carest,  
 And more indulg'd than all the rest,  
 So frail and tender consciences  
 Are humour'd to do what they please ; 600  
 When that which goes for weak and feeble  
 Is found the most incorrigible,  
 To outdo all the fiends in hell  
 With rapine, murder, blood, and zeal.

As at the approach of winter all 605  
 The leaves of great trees use to fall,  
 And leave them naked to engage  
 With storms and tempests when they rage,  
 While humbler plants are found to wear  
 Their fresh green liv'ries all the year ; 610



So when the glorious season's gone  
 With great men, and hard times come on,  
 The great'st calamities oppress  
 The greatest still, and spare the less.

As when a greedy raven sees 615  
 A sheep entangled by the fleece,  
 With hasty cruelty he flies  
 T' attack him, and pick out his eyes ;  
 So do those vultures use, that keep  
 Poor pris'ners fast like silly sheep, 620  
 As greedily to prey on all  
 That in their rav'nous clutches fall ;  
 For thorns and brambles, that came in  
 To wait upon the curse for sin,  
 And were no part o' the first creation, 625  
 But, for revenge, a new plantation,  
 Are yet the fitt'st materials  
 T' enclose the earth with living walls :  
 So jailors, that are most accurst,  
 Are found most fit in being worst. 630

THERE needs no other charm, nor conjurer,  
 To raise infernal spirits up, but fear ;  
 That makes men pull their horns in like a snail,  
 That's both a pris'ner to itself, and jail ;  
 Draws more fantastic shapes, than in the grains 625  
 Of knotted wood, in some men's crazy brains,  
 When all the cocks they think they see, and bulls,  
 Are only in the insides of their skulls.

THE Roman Mufti, with his triple crown,  
 Does both the earth, and hell, and heaven, own, 510

Beside th' imaginary territory  
 He lays a title to in Purgatory;  
 Declares himself an absolute free prince  
 In his dominions, only over sins;  
 But as for heaven, since it lies so far 615  
 Above him, is but only titular,  
 And, like his Cross-keys badge upon a tavern,  
 Has nothing there to tempt, command, or govern:  
 Yet, when he comes to take accompt, and share  
 The profit of his prostituted ware, 650  
 He finds his gains increase, by sin and women,  
 Above his richest titular dominion.

A JUBILEE is but a spiritual fair,  
 T' expose to sale all sorts of impious ware,  
 In which his Holiness buys nothing in, 655  
 To stock his magazines, but deadly sin;  
 And deals in extraordinary crimes,  
 That are not vendible at other times;  
 For, dealing both for Judas and th' High Priest,  
 He makes a plentiful trade of Christ. 660

THAT sp'ritual pattern of the church, the ark,  
 In which the ancient world did once embark,  
 Had ne'er a helm in 't to direct its way,  
 Although bound through an universal sea;  
 When all the modern church of Rome's concern 665  
 Is nothing else but in the helm and stern.

IN the church of Rome to go to shrift,  
 Is but to put the soul on a clean shift.

AN ass will with his long ears fray

The flies, that tickle him, away ; 670  
But man delights to have his ears  
Blown maggots in by flatterers.

ALL wit does but divert men from the road  
In which things vulgarly are understood,  
And force Mistake and Ignorance to own 675  
A better sense than commonly is known.

IN little trades more cheats and lying  
Are us'd in selling than in buying ;  
But in the great, unjust dealing  
Is us'd in buying than in selling. 680

ALL smatt'ers are more brisk and pert  
Than those that understand an art :  
As little sparkles shine more bright  
Than glowing coals, that give them light.

LAW does not put the least restraint 685  
Upon our freedom, but maintain 't ;  
Or if it does, 'tis for our good,  
To give us freer latitude :  
For wholesome laws preserve us free,  
By stinting of our liberty. 690

THE world has long endeavour'd to reduce  
Those things to practice that are of no use,  
And strives to practise things of speculation,  
And bring the practical to contemplation,  
And by that error renders both in vain, 695  
By forcing Nature's course against the grain.

IN all the world there is no vice  
 Less prone t' excess than avarice ;  
 It neither cares for food nor clothing ;  
 Nature 's content with little, that with nothing. 700

IN Rome no temple was so low  
 As that of Honour, built to show  
 How humble honour ought to be,  
 Though there 'twas all authority.

IT is a harder thing for men to rate 705  
 Their own parts at an equal estimate,  
 Than cast up fractions in th' accompt of heav'n,  
 Of time and motion, and adjust them ev'n ;  
 For modest persons never had a true  
 Particular of all that is their due. 710

SOME people's fortunes, like a weft or stray,  
 Are only gain'd by losing of their way.

As he that makes his mark is understood  
 To write his name, and 'tis in law as good ;  
 So he that cannot write one word of sense, 715  
 Believes he has as legal a pretence,  
 To scribble what he does not understand,  
 As idiots have a title to their land.

WERE Tully now alive, he 'd be to seek  
 In all our Latin terms of art, and Greek ; 720  
 Would never understand one word of sense  
 The most irrefragable schoolman means ;  
 As if the schools design'd their terms of art  
 Not to advance a science, but divert ;

As Hocus Pocus conjures, to amuse 725  
The rabble from observing what he does.

As 'tis a greater mystery, in the art  
Of painting, to foreshorten any part  
Than draw it out, so 'tis in books the chief  
Of all perfections to be plain and brief. 730

THE man that for his profit's brought t' obey,  
Is only hir'd, on liking, to betray ;  
And, when he's bid a liberaller price,  
Will not be sluggish in the work, nor nice.

OPINIATORS naturally differ 735  
From other men ; as wooden legs are stiffer  
Than those of pliant joints, to yield and bow,  
Which way soe'er they are design'd to go.

NAVIGATION, that withstood  
The mortal fury of the Flood, 740  
And prov'd the only means to save  
All earthly creatures from the wave,  
Has, for it, taught the sea and wind  
To lay a tribute on mankind,  
That, by degrees, has swallow'd more 745  
Than all it drown'd at once before.

THE prince of Syracuse, whose destin'd fate  
It was to keep a school and rule a state,  
Found that his sceptre never was so aw'd,  
As when it was translated to a rod ; 750  
And that his subjects ne'er were so obedient,  
As when he was inaugurated pedant :

For to instruct is greater than to rule,  
And no command 's so' imperious as a school.

As he whose destiny does prove 755  
To dangle in the air above,  
Does lose his life for want of air,  
That only fell to be his share ;  
So he whom Fate at once design'd  
To plenty and a wretched mind, 760  
Is but condemn'd t' a rich distress,  
And starves with niggardly excess.

THE Universal Med'cine is a trick,  
That Nature never meant to cure the sick,  
Unless by death, the singular receipt, 765  
To root out all diseases by the great :  
For universals deal in no one part  
Of Nature, nor particulars of Art ;  
And therefore that French quack that set up physic,  
Call'd his receipt a General Specific. 770  
For though in mortal poisons every one  
Is mortal universally alone,  
Yet Nature never made an antidote  
To cure them all as easy as they're got ;  
Much less, among so many variations 775  
Of diff'rent maladies and complications,  
Make all the contrarieties in Nature  
Submit themselves t' an equal moderator.

A CONVERT 's but a fly, that turns about,  
After his head 's pull'd off, to find it out. 780

ALL mankind is but a rabble

As silly and unreasonable  
 As those that, crowding in the street,  
 To see a show or monster meet ;  
 Of whom no one is in the right, 785  
 Yet all fall out about the sight,  
 And when they chance t' agree, the choice is  
 Still in the most and worst of vices ;  
 And all the reasons that prevail,  
 Are measur'd, not by weight, but tale. 790

As in all great and crowded fairs  
 Monsters and puppet-plays are wares,  
 Which in the less will not go off,  
 Because they have not money enough ;  
 So men in princes' courts will pass, 795  
 That will not in another place.

LOGICIANS us'd to clap a proposition,  
 As justices do criminals, in prison,  
 And in as learn'd authentic nonsense writ  
 The names of all their moods and figures fit : 800  
 For a logician's one that has been broke  
 To ride and pace his reason by the book,  
 And by their rules, and precepts, and examples,  
 To put his wits into a kind of trammels.

THOSE get the least that take the greatest pains,  
 But most of all i' the drudgery of brains ; 805  
 A nat'ral sign of weakness, as an ant  
 Is more laborious than an elephant ;  
 And children are more busy at their play  
 Than those that wisely'st pass their time away. 810

ALL the inventions that the world contains,  
 Were not by reason first found out, nor brains ;  
 But pass for theirs who had the luck to light  
 Upon them by mistake or oversight.

### TRIPLETS UPON AVARICE.

**A**S misers their own laws enjoin  
 To wear no pockets in the mine,  
 For fear they should the ore purloin ;

So he that toils and labours hard  
 To gain, and what he gets has spar'd, 5  
 Is from the use of all debarr'd.

And though he can produce more spankers  
 Than all the usurers and bankers,  
 Yct after more and more he hankers ;

And after all his pains are done, 10  
 Has nothing he can call his own,  
 But a mere livelihood alone.

### DESCRIPTION OF HOLLAND.

**A**COUNTRY that draws fifty foot of water,  
 In which men live, as in the hold of Nature,  
 And when the sea does in upon them break,



And drowns a province, does but spring a leak ;  
That always ply the pump, and never think 5  
They can be safe, but at the rate they stink ;  
That live as if they had been run aground,  
And, when they die, are cast away, and drown'd ;  
That dwell in ships, like swarms of rats, and prey  
Upon the goods all nations' fleets convey ; 10  
And, when their merchants are blown up and crackt,  
Whole towns are cast away in storms, and wreckt ;  
That feed, like Cannibals, on other fishes,  
And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes :  
A land that rides at anchor, and is moor'd, 15  
In which they do not live, but go aboard.

## TO HIS MISTRESS.

**D**O not unjustly blame  
My guiltless breast,  
For vent'ring to disclose a flame  
It had so long suppress.

In its own ashes it design'd  
For ever to have lain ;  
But that my sighs, like blasts of wind,  
Made it break out again.

## TO THE SAME.

**D**O not mine affection slight,  
 'Cause my locks with age are white:  
 Your breasts have snow without, and snow within,  
 While flames of fire in your bright eyes are seen.

## EPIGRAM ON A CLUB OF SOTS.

**T**HE jolly members of a toping club,  
 Like pipe-staves, are but hoop'd into a tub,  
 And in a close confederacy link,  
 For nothing else but only to hold drink.

## HUDIBRAS'S ELEGY.\*

**I**N days of yore, when knight or squire  
 By Fate were summon'd to retire,  
 Some menial poet still was near,  
 To bear them to the hemisphere,

\* As neither this Elegy, nor the following Epitaph, is to be found in the 'Genuine Remains' of Butler, as published by Mr. Thyer from the manuscripts in the possession of the late William Longueville, Esq. they appear to have been rejected by the Editor, with a multitude of others, as being

And there among the stars to leave them, 5  
 Until the gods sent to relieve them :  
 And sure our knight, whose very sight would  
 Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,  
 Should he neglected lie, and rot,  
 Stink in his grave, and be forgot, 10  
 Would have just reason to complain,  
 If he should chance to rise again ;  
 And therefore to prevent his dudgeon,  
 In mournful dogg'rel thus we trudge on.

Oh me ! what tongue, what pen can tell 15  
 How this renowned champion fell ?  
 But must reflect, alas ! alas !  
 All human glory fades like grass,  
 And that the strongest martial feats  
 Of errant knights are all but cheats ! 20  
 Witness our Knight, who sure has done  
 More valiant actions, ten to one,  
 Than of More-Hall the mighty More,  
 Or him that made the Dragon roar ;  
 Has knock'd more men and women down, 25  
 Than Bevis of Southampton town ;  
 Or than our modern heroes can,  
 To take them singly man by man.

No, sure the grisly King of terror 30  
 Has been to blame, and in an error,  
 To issue his dead warrant forth

spurious ; but as both have constantly made a part of the collection of poems frequently reprinted under the title of the ' Posthumous Works of Samuel Butler,' and as they besides relate particularly to the hero of that poem whereon our Author's chiefest reputation is built, it is hoped the reader will not be displeas'd to find them subjoined to these ' Genuine Remains ' of the celebrated author of ' Hudibras.'

To seize a knight of so much worth,  
Just in the nick of all his glory ;  
I tremble when I tell the story.  
Oh! help me, help me, some kind Muse, 25  
This surly tyrant to abuse,  
Who, in his rage, has been so cruel  
To rob the world of such a jewel !  
A knight more learned, stout, and good,  
Sure ne'er was made of flesh and blood ; 40  
All his perfections were so rare,  
The wit of man could not declare  
Which single virtue, or which grace,  
Above the rest had any place,  
Or which he was most famous for, 45  
The camp, the pulpit, or the bar ;  
Of each he had an equal spice,  
And was in all so very nice,  
That, to speak truth, th' account it lost,  
In which he did excel the most. 50  
When he forsook the peaceful dwelling,  
And out he went a colonelling,  
Strange hopes and fears possess the nation,  
How he could manage that vocation,  
Until he shew'd it to a wonder, 55  
How nobly he could fight and plunder.  
At preaching too he was a dab,  
More exquisite by far than Squab ;  
He could fetch uses, and infer,  
Without the help of metaphor, 60  
From any Scripture text, how'er  
Remote it from the purpose were ;  
And with his fist instead of a stick,  
Beat pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,

Till he made all the audience weep, 65  
 Excepting those that fell asleep.  
 Then at the bar he was right able,  
 And could bind o'er as well as swaddle ;  
 And famous too, at petty sessions,  
 'Gainst thieves and whores for long digressions. 70  
 He could most learnedly determine  
 To Bridewell, or the stocks, the vermin.  
 For his address and way of living,  
 All his behaviour was so moving,  
 That let the dame be ne'er so chaste, 75  
 As people say, below the waist,  
 If Hudibras but once come at her,  
 He'd quickly make her chaps to water :  
 Then for his equipage and shape,  
 On vestals they'd commit a rape, 80  
 Which often, as the story says,  
 Have made the ladies weep both ways.  
 Ill has he read that never heard  
 How he with Widow Tomson far'd,  
 And what hard conflict was between 85  
 Our Knight and that insulting quean.  
 Sure captive knight ne'er took more pains  
 For rhymes for his melodious strains,  
 Nor beat his brains, or made more faces,  
 To get into a jilt's good graces, 90  
 Than did Sir Hudibras to get  
 Into this subtle gypsy's net,  
 Who, after all her high pretence  
 To modesty and innocence,  
 Was thought by most to be a woman 95  
 That to all other knights was common.  
 Hard was his fate in this I own,

Nor will I for the trapes atone ;  
 Indeed to guess I am not able,  
 What made her thus inexorable, 100  
 Unless she did not like his wit,  
 Or, what is worse, his perquisite.  
 Howe'er it was, the wound she gave  
 The Knight, he carry'd to his grave :  
 Vile harlot, to destroy a knight 105  
 That could both plead, and pray, and fight.  
 Oh ! cruel, base, inhuman drab,  
 To give him such a mortal stab,  
 That made him pine away and moulder,  
 As though that he had been no soldier : 110  
 Couldst thou find no one else to kill,  
 Thou instrument of death and hell,  
 But Hudibras, who stood the Bears  
 So oft against the Cavaliers,  
 And in the very heat of war 115  
 Took stout Crowdero prisoner ;  
 And did such wonders all along,  
 That far exceed both pen and tongue ?  
 If he had been in battle slain,  
 We had less reason to complain ; 120  
 But to be murder'd by a whore,  
 Was ever knight so serv'd before ?  
 But since he's gone, all we can say  
 He chanc'd to die a ling'ring way ;  
 If he had liv'd a longer date, 125  
 He might, perhaps, have met a fate  
 More violent, and fitting for  
 A knight so fam'd in Civil war.  
 To sum up all—from love and danger  
 He's now (O ! happy Knight) a stranger ; 130

And if a Muse can aught foretell,  
 His fame shall fill a chronicle,  
 And he in after-ages be  
 Of errant knights th' epitome.

## HUDIBRAS'S EPITAPH.

**U**NDER this stone rests Hudibras,  
 A Knight as errant as e'er was ;  
 The controversy only lies,  
 Whether he was more stout than wise ;  
 Nor can we here pretend to say, 5  
 Whether he best could fight or pray ;  
 So, till those questions are decided,  
 His virtues must rest undivided.  
 Full oft he suffer'd bangs and drubs,  
 And full as oft took pains in tubs ; 10  
 Of which the most that can be said,  
 He pray'd and fought, and fought and pray'd.  
 As for his personage and shape,  
 Among the rest we 'll let them 'scape ;  
 Nor do we, as things stand, think fit 15  
 This stone should meddle with his wit.  
 One thing 'tis true, we ought to tell,  
 He liv'd and died a colonel ;  
 And for the Good old Cause stood buff,  
 'Gainst many a bitter kick and cuff. 20  
 But since his Worship's dead and gone,  
 And mould'ring lies beneath this stone,

The reader is desir'd to look  
 For his achievements in his Book ;  
 Which will preserve of Knight the Tale, 25  
 Till Time and Death itself shall fail.

THE END.







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