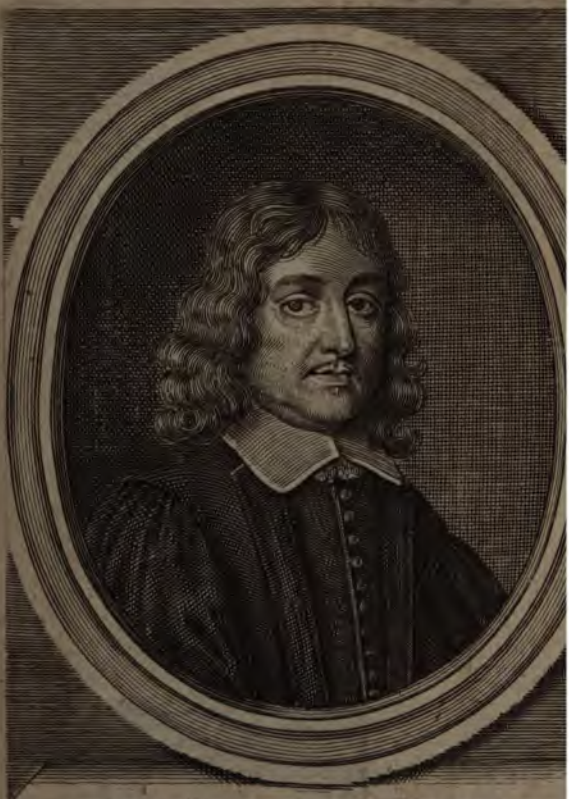
Cleveland
NCF



Vera Effigies
IOHANNIS CLEAVELLAND

THE WORKS OF Mr. JOHN CLEVELAND,

Containing his

Poems, Orations, Epistles,

Collected into

One Volume,

With the

LIFE

Of the

AUTHOR.

LONDON,

Printed by *R. Holt*, for *Obadiah Blagrave*, at the *Bear* and *Star*, over against the little North Door in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard. 1687.

TO THE

Right Worshipful

And Reverend

FRANCIS TURNER *D. D.*

Master of St. *John*'s Colledge in *Cambridge*, and to the Worthy Fellows of the same Colledge.

Gentlemen,

THat we interrupt your more serious Studies with the offer of this Peice, the injury that hath been and is done to the deceased Author's Ashes not only pleadeth our Excuse, but engageth you (whose once he was, and within whose Walls this Standard of

Wit was first set up) in the same Quarrel with us.

Whilst Randolph *and* Cowley *lie embalmed in their own native Wax, how is the Name and Memory of* Cleveland *equally prophaned by those that usurp, and those that blaspheme it? By those that are ambitious to lay their Cuckows Eggs in his Nest, and those that think to raise up Phenixes of Wit by firing his spicy Bed about him?*

We know you have not without passionate Resentments beheld the Prostitution of his Name in some late Editions vended under it, wherein his Orations are murthered over and over in barbarous Latine, and a more barbarous Translation: and wherein is scarce one or other Poem of his own to commute for all the rest. At least every Curiasier of his hath a fulsom Dragooner behind him, and Venus *is again unequally yoaked with a sooty Anvilebeater.* Cleveland *thus revived, dieth another Death.*

You

You cannot but have beheld with like zealous Indignation, how enviously our late Mushrom-wits look up at him, because he overdroppeth them, and snarl at his Brightness as Dogs at the Moon.

Some of these grand Sophys will not allow him the Reputation of Wit at all: yet how many such Authors must be creamed and spirited to make up his Fuscara? *and how many of their slight Productions may be gigged out of one of his pregnant Words? There perhaps you may find some Leaf-gold, here massie Wedges; there some scattered Ray, here a Galaxy; there some loose Fancy frisking in the Air, here Wits Zodiack.*

The Quarrel in all this is upbraiding Merit, and Eminence his Crime. His touring Fancy soareth so high a pitch, that they fly like Shades below him. The Torrent thereof (which riseth far above their high Water-Mark) drowneth their Levels. Usurping upon the State Poetick of the

time he hath brought in such Insolent Measures of VVit and Language, and that despairing to imitate, they must study to understand. That alone is VVit with them to which they are commensurate, and what exceedeth their Scantling is monstrous.

Thus they deifie his VVit and Fancy as the Clown the plump Oyster when he could not crack it. And now instead of that strennous mascaline Stile which breatheth in this Author, we have only an enervous effeminate Froth offered, as if they had taken the salivating Pil before they set Pen to Paper. You must hold your Breath in the perusal, lest the Jest vanish by blowing on.

Another Blemish in this Monster of Perfection is the Exuberance of his Fancy. His Manna *lieth so thick upon the Ground they loath it. VVhen he should only fan, he with Hurricanos of VVit stormeth the Sense, and doth not so much delight his Reader, as oppress and overwhelm him.*

To

To cure this Excess, their frugal VVit hath reduced the VVorld to a Lessian *Diet: If perhaps they entertain their Reader with one good Thought (as these new Dictators affect to speak) he may sit down and say Grace over it: the rest is VVords, and nothing else.*

VVe will leave them therefore to the most proper Vengeance, to humour themselves with the perusal of their own Poems: And leave the Barber to rub their thick Skulls with Bran until they are fit for Musk. Only we will leave this friendly Advice with them; that they have an Eye upon John Tredeskant's *Executor, lest among his other Minims of Art and Nature he expose their slight Conceits: And another upon the Royal Society, lest they make their Poems the Counter-ballance when they intend to weigh Air.*

From these unequal Censures we appeal to such competent Judges as your selves, in whose just value of him, Cleveland *shall live the*

VVonder

Wonder of his own, and the pattern of j
ceeding Ages. And although we might (
on several Accompts) bespeak your Aj
ctions, yet (abstracting from these)
submit him to your severer Judgments, a
doubt not but he will find that Pat
nage from you which is desired and expect
by

Your humble Servan

J. L. S. D.

A short Account of the Author's Life.

HE was born at *Hinckley*, a small Market Town in the County of *Leicester*; if we may esteem that small, which glorieth in so great a Birth.

His Father was the Reverend and Learned Minister of the place; *Fortes creantur è fortibus.* Being thus well descended for a Vein of Learning, he even lisped Wit, like an English *Bard*, and was early ripe for the University, who was one.

To cherish so great hopes, the Lady *Margaret* drew forth both her Breasts. *Christ*'s Colledge in *Cambridge* gave him Admission, and St. *John*'s a Fellowship. There he lived about the space of nine years, the Delight and Ornament of that Society. What Service, as well as Reputation he did it, let his Orations and Epistles speak; to which the Library oweth much of its Learning, the Chappel much of its pious Decency, and the Colledge much of its Renown. The

The Rays, which he thus shed upon others, reflected upon himself. But that which alone may suffice for his Honour is, that after the Oration which he addressed to that Incomparable Prince, of Blessed Memory, *Charles* the First, the King called for him, and (with great Expressions of Kindness) gave him his Hand to kiss, and commanded a Copy to be sent after him to *Huntington*, whither he was hastening that Night.

Thus he shined with equal Light and Influence until the general Eclipse; of which no Man had more Sagacious Prognosticks. When *Oliver* was in Election to be Burgess for the Town of *Cambridge*, as he engaged all his Friends and Interests to oppose it, so when it was passed, he said with much passionate Zeal, That single Vote had ruined both Church and Kingdom. Such Havock the good Prophet beheld in *Hazael's* Face. Such fatal Events did he presage from his bloody Beak. And no sooner did that Schritch-Owl appear in the University, but this Sun declined. Perceiving the Ostracism that was intended, he became a Voluntier in his Academick Exile, and would no longer breath the common Air with such Pests of Mankind.

From

From thence he betook himself to the Camp of his Sovereign, and particularly to *Oxford* the Head-Quarter of it, as the most proper and proportionate Sphere for his Wit, Learning and Loyalty; and added no small Lustre to that with which that famous University shined before.

His next Stage was the Garrison of *Newark*, where he was Judge Advocate, until the Surrender: And, by an excellent Temperature of both, was a just and prudent Judge for the King, and a faithful Advocate for the Country. There he drew up that Gallant Return to the Summons of the Besiegers, which spake him, and the rest that were embarked with him, resolute to sacrifice their Lives to their Loyalty, had not the King's especial Command, when first he had surrendred himself into the hands of the *Scots*, made such stubborn Loyalty a Crime. And here again he was *Vates* in the whole Import of the Word, both Poet and Prophet: for, beside his passionate Resentment of it in that Excellent Poem, *The King's Disguise*, upon some private Intelligence, three Days before the King reached them, he foresaw the Peices of Silver paying upon the Banks of *Tweed*, and that they were the price of his Sovereign's

reign's Blood, and predicted the Tragical Events.

Thenceforth he followed the Fates of distressed Loyalty, for which, when he had been long imprisoned at *Yarmouth*, he addressed his Petition to *Oliver*; wherein he courted his Freedom with such Insinuations, as might neither do Violence to his Conscience, nor betray his Cause.

After many intermediate Stages (which contended as emulously for his Abode, as the seven Cities for *Homer*'s Birth) *Grays-Inn* was his last: Which when he had ennobled with some short Residence also, an Intermitting Fever seized him, whereof he dyed. A Disease at that time epidemical: And if it had taken him only away (so publick was the Loss) it deserved to carry the Name of a Common Mortality.

He was buried upon the first Day of *May* (for which nothing but the 29. can attone) in the Parish Church of St. *Michael Royal* upon *Colledge Hill London*, *Anno* 1658. To which being attended by many Persons of Learning and Loyalty, Mr. *Edward Thurman* performed the Office of Burial, and the Reverend and Learned Dr. *Pearson* (now Lord Bishop of *Chester*) Preached his Funeral Sermon, and made his Death Glorious.

And

And now there wanteth nothing but a Mónument for him; and in this Book he hath erected one to himself, which Envy may repine at, but cannot reach.

Clevelandi,

CLEVELANDI Manibus, Parentalia.

UMbra diu Elysii lachrymabilis accola Pindi,
Pieriis hæsit quæ taciturna vadis.
Pegaseo meritæ nudatáque remige primæ
Serpsit humi, gemino dignior illa jugo;
Tandem cùm cursum popularior aura negâsset,
Trajecit Famæ vela datura suæ.
Luce novâ radians, jam fulgida cernitur umbra
Cui numen Phœbus *fœnorat, atque facem.*
Ridet Hyampeiq; *humilem de vertice vallem,*
Et volitat pennâ non nisi vecta suâ.
Jam reparat famæ damnósa silentia, totâ
Qui canitúrque Deæ, Pieridumque *tubâ.*
Cimque suâ, quæ jam durabunt carmina, cedro,
Elusere minas temporis & tineæ.
Blatta suo vexit Clevelandum *Critica morsu,*
Usque suas ungues rodat, & usque virum;
Commistum salibus tamen ut gustarit acetum,
Deciduæ ultricem mittit hirundo cutem.
Usque Cothurnato conculcent carmina socco,
Queis, præter fastum, nil sua Roma *dedit;*
Usque necet Vatem crudum de pegmate Drama,
Et levis excipiat tam grave visus opus;
Attamen in meritos transibunt Sibila *plausus,*
Clamosumque, premet murmur inane, Sophos.

Altior

Altior incedit vates pumilone Cothurno,
Grandius & superat pegmata celsa decus;
Nostra quidem proavos ætas malè passa Poetas,
Vix canos gemino suspicit ore dies:
Sed resplendit adhuc æterni nominis umbra,
Atque poëtastris dat sine nube diem.
Cui Tagus *est* Helicon, *& Mons auratus,* Olympus,
Qui totas numerat Carmine divitias.
Plurima cui nitido collucet gemma libello,
Quamvis non panxit Sardonychata manus.
Dissimili ingenio qui plumbea sæcla flagellat,
Quique alter Musis præsit Apollo *suis.*
Cedit in exemplar *venturi temporis, ætas*
Seraque Clevelandum *consulet Archetypum.*

J. L.

Hail

1.

HAil venerable Reliques! Unto whom
Old and new Idolatrous Rome
Might pay Devotion,
Free from Superstition.
Your sacred Oracles found the Sybils *Fate,*
Equally Divine, alike unfortunate,
Injurious time did both disperse,
Like Pompey's *Ruins, through an Universe.*
Whose Leaves (like these) scattered were,
The Burthen of the swelling Air,
Though faln, yet like their Laurels flourishing and fair.
Those sacrific'd to Tarquin's *Fame,*
Deriv'd their Splendor from their flame;
These from Charles *his Name*
Illustrious became.

2.

Hail Mercury's *and* Apollo's *Son!*
If not by Nature, sure by Adoption;
By whose joint Gift thou dost inherit
Cicero's *Tongue, and* Virgil's *Spirit*
Wor

Worthy thou enshrin'd to rest
In a sacred Vatican,
Or learned Tusculan,
Worthy of Mecœnas *Breast.*
Justly the Muses styl'd, and Cæsars *Laureate,*
Since in the State
Thy Pen did the Sword's Business anticipate.
Thy Quill the Roman *Eagles did out-fly,*
And conquering taught the Rebel Scot *fidelity.*
The noblest Triumph, and the happiest Victory.
The Caledonian *Satyr scarce thine withstood;*
Unto thy Lawrel stoop'd the Glory of his Wood;
From thee Montros *had learn'd to write in (Wounds and Blood.*

3.

Thou Cœsar *like, for Sword and Book renown'd,*
Both in the Muses camp, and Martial crown'd;
(As if thy sacred Wreath was meant
Both Wits and Lightnings flashes to prevent,
Both for Security and Ornament)
Thy no less flourishing praise
Deserves Minerva's *double Bays,*
Who sang so sweet in troublesome, and Halcyon *days;*
Trent's dying Swans we see o'recome with thy Mantuan *lays.*

Both ready to resign that Breath
With which you sing your own, and Countrys Death.
Of Newark's, *and your own sad Story,*
The equal Grief and Glory.

4.

Hail Celestial Urn!
Whose Ashes like the Neighbouring Stars do shine and burn,
And liberally dispense
To the Poetick World Wit's Benevolence;
Whose greater Orb the less doth influence.
Hail Reverend Bard! *whose name in british Story*
Shall raise new Monuments of Glory,
Whereon thou sublim'd shall sit
The Genius of Wit.
The winged Pegasus *mounts so high,*
As if to the Wind the Gennet ow'd his Progeny.
The lofty Pindar *stops his flight,*
And only gazeth at, not emulates thy height.
Whom at that distance plac'd we see
There's no Parallel for thy Degree,
But thine own Climax, or Hyperbole,
Which out soars Dedalus *his Pitch, without his Destiny,*

L. T.

1

In Tertiam (at verò primam) Editio
Poematum *Johannis Clevelandi.*

Quid video? Video, et lætor spectare cluentis
Quam bene vulgati Tertia scripti libri.
Annon prima valent? nec adhuc genuina secunda
Quis spurias chartas edidit hasce suas?
Quis fuit hos pupos, strigosos, & malè sanos
Qui genuît? prolem & te genuisse blatit:
Hujus Tune parens? imò nec Compater, ipsam
Consortem Tumuli ne patiare Tui:
d sic ludit iners & credula fama popelli,
mus delirat, plectitur innocuus.
ova peccanti res est simulare parentem,
Non nova mentiri nomen, & ora viri;
ilius ast tandem Clevelandi *en Filius ipse,*
Natus & ex Cerebro, ut nata Minerva Jovis.
Et cùm Cromvelicis *nova* Troja *erat obruta flammis*
Filius ut veteris sustulit ille Patrem.
Non est quòd dubites (lector) patrem exprimit (ipsum,
Regius, omninò Regius, Acta sonans;
Ingenio eloquióq; potens, sed verba fatiscunt,
Solus qui potis est dicere, Tolle Librum,

Gasparus Justice.

In

mortem Doctissimi, & Poetarum planè Principis Domini *Clevelandi* Epicedium.

QVi metricis nollet pedibus cantare Poetam
Pierides *faciant, ut pereat podagrâ*
Quæ vestros Clevelande *manus non pingit honores,*
Scævola, *vel Tecum sentiat esse rogum.*
Pullatus lachrymor, quoties Lux ista recurrit
Rubricam mortis quæ memorare jubet.
Hinc Epocham, numeret Luctus, Ecclesia & inde
Proh dolor! Exitium Carolus *ipse suum.*
In Scotos gladio *Tibi Musa potentior olim:*
Versibus & Victi succubuere Tuis.
Vota utinam in Terris Regem renoventque Poëtam
Hic Te Tuque illo Carole, *dignus erat.*

Sic cecinit summo

cum mœrore

Edvardus Thurman.

On

CLeveland *again his sacred Head doth raise*
Ev'n in the Dust crown'd with immortal Bays,
Again with Verses arm'd, that once did fright
Lycambes's *Daughters from the hated Light,*
Sets his bold Foot on Reformations Neck,
And triumphs o'er the vanquished Monster Smeck.
That Hydra *whose proud Heads did so encrease*
That it deserv'd no less an Hercules.
This, this is he who in Poëtick Rage
With Scorpions lash'd the Madness of the Age;
Who durst the Fashions of the Times despise
And be a Wit when all Mankind grew Wise:
When formal Beards at twenty one were seen,
And Men grew Old almost as soon as Men;
Who in those Days when Reason, Wit, and Sense
Were by the Zealots grave Impertinence
Tcleped Folly, and in Ve-ri-ty
Did savour rankly of Carnality:
When each notch'd Prentice might a Poet prove,
For warbling through the Nose a Hymn of Love:
When Sage George Withers *and Grave* William Pryn
Himself might for a Poets share put in;

Tes

Yet then could write with so much Art and Skill,
That Rome *might envy his Satyrick Quill,*
And crabbed Persius *his hard Lines give o'er,*
And in Disdain beat his brown Desk no more.
How I admire thee, Cleveland! *When I weigh*
Thy close wrought Sense, and every Line survey:
They are not like those things which some compose.
Who in a Maze of Words the wandring Sense do lose,
Who spin one Thought into so long a Thread,
And beat their Wit too thin to make it spread;
Till 'tis too fine for our weak Eyes to find,
And dwindles into nothing in the end.
No; they'r above the Genius of this Age(Page.
Each Word of thine swells pregnant with a
Then why do some Mens nicer Ears complain
Of the uneven Harshness of thy Strain?
Preferring to the Vigour of thy Muse,
Some smooth, weak Rhymer, that so gently flows;
That Ladies may his easie Strains admire
And melt like Wax before the softning Fire.
Let such to Women write, you write to Men;
We study Thee, when we but play with Them.

By A. B.

Cleveland's

CLEVELAND'S
POEMS.
Digested in Order.

SECT. I.

Containing Love-Poems.

Fuscara or the *Bee Errant.*

NAture's Confectioner the Bee,
(Whose Suckets are moist Alchimy ;
The Still of his refining Mold
Minting the Garden into Gold)
Having rifled all the Fields
Of what Dainties *Flora* yields :
Ambitious now to take Excise
Of a more fragrant Paradise,
At my *Fuscara's* sleeve arriv'd,
Where all delicious Sweets are hiv'd.
The Airy Free-booter distrains
First on the Violet of her Veins,

Whose Tincture could it be more pure,
His ravenous kiss had made it blewer.
Here did he sit, and Essence quaff,
Till her coy Pulse had beat him off;
That Pulse, which he that feels may know
Whether the World's long-liv'd, or no.
The next he preys on is her Palm,
That Alm'ner of transpiring Balm;
So soft, 'tis Air but once remov'd,
Tender, as 'twere a Jelly glov'd.
Here, while his canting Drone-pipe scan'd
The mystick Figures of her hand,
He tipples Palmestry, and dines
On all her Fortune-telling Lines:
He bathes in Bliss, and finds no odds
Betwixt this Nectar and the Gods.
He perches now upon her Wrist
(A proper Hawk for such a Fist)
Making that Flesh his Bill of Fare,
Which hungry Canibals would spare;
Where Lillies in a lovely brown
Inoculate Carnations.
Her Argent Skin with Ore so stream'd,
As if the milky-way were inamil'd;
From hence he to the Woodbine bends,
That quivers at her finger's ends,
That runs division on the Tree,
Like a thick-branching Pedigree;
So 'tis not her the Bee devours;
It is a pretty Maze of Flowers:
It is the Rose that bleeds, when he
Nibbles his nice Phlebotomy.
About her finger he doth cling
Fashion of a Wedding-Ring,

And bids his Comrades of the Swarm
Crawl like a Bracelet 'bout her Arm.
Thus when the hovering Publican
Had ſuck'd the Toll of all her Span,
(Tuning his draughts with drowſie Hums,
As *Danes* Carouze by Kettle-drums)
It was decreed (that Poſie glean'd)
The ſmall Familiar ſhould be wean'd.
At this the *Errant*'s Courage quails ;
Yet aided by his native Sails,
The bold *Columbus* ſtill deſigns
To find her undiſcover'd Mines.
To th' *Indies* of her Arm he flies,
Fraught both with Eaſt and Weſtern Prize,
Which when he had in vain eſſay'd,
(Arm'd like a Dapper Lanceprefade
With Spaniſh Pike) he broach'd a Pore,
And ſo both made and heal'd the Sore:
For as in Gummy Trees there's found
A Salve to iſſue at the Wound ;
Of this her breach the like was true,
Hence trickled out a Balſom too.
But oh ! What Waſp was't that could prove
Ravilliac to my Queen of Love?
The King of Bees now jealous grown,
Leſt her Beams ſhould melt his Throne,
And finding that his Tribute ſlacks,
His Burgeſſes and State of Wax
Turn'd to an Hoſpital ; the Combs
Built Rank and File, like Beadſmen Rooms,
And what they bleed but tart and ſowre,
Match'd with my *Danae*'s golden ſhowre,
Live Honey all, the envious Elf
Stung her, 'cauſe ſweeter than himſelf.

Sweetness and she are so alli'd,
The Bee committed Parricide,

The Senses Festival.

I Saw a Vision yesternight
Enough to sate a Seeker's sight;
I wish'd my self a Shaker there,
And her quick Pants my trembling Sphere.
It was a She so glittering bright,
You'd think her Soul an Adamite;
A Person of so rare a frame,
Her Body might be lin'd with th'same.
Beauty's chiefest Maid of Honour,
You may break Lent with looking on her.
Not the fair Abbess of the Skies,
With all her Nunnery of eyes,
Can shew me such a Glorious Prize.

And yet because 'tis more Renown
To make a shadow shine, she's brown;
A Brown for which Heaven would disband
The Galaxie, and Stars be tann'd;
Brown by Reflection, as her Eye
Deals out the Summer's Livery.
Old dormant Windows must confess
Her Beams, their glimmering Spectacles,
Struck with the Splendor of her face,
Do th'office of a Burning-glass.
Now where such radiant Lights have shown,
No wonder if her Cheeks be grown
Sun-burnt, with Lustre of her own.

My Sight took pay; but (thank my Charms)
I now impale her in mine Arms;
(Love's Compasses, confining you
Good Angels, to a Circle too.)
Is not the Universe strait lac'd,
When I can clasp it in the Waste?
My amorous Fold about thee hurl'd,
With *Drake* I girdle in the World;
I hoop the Firmament, and make
This my Embrace the Zodiack.
How could thy Center take my Sence,
When Admiration doth commence
At the extreme Circumference?

Now to the melting Kiss that sips
The Jellyed Philtre of her Lips;
So Sweet there is no Tongue can prays't,
Till transubstantiate with a Taste,
Inspir'd like *Mahomet* from above,
By th'Billing of my Heavenly Dove.
Love prints his Signets in her Smacks,
Those ruddy drops of squeezing Wax,
Which wheresoever she imparts,
They're Privy-Seals to take up Hearts.
Our mouths encountring at the Sport,
My slippery Soul had quit the Fort,
But that she stop'd the Sally-port.

Next to these Sweets, her Lips dispense
(As Twin-conserves of Eloquence)
The Sweet Perfume her Breath affords,
Incorporating with her Words.
No Rosary this Vot'ress needs,
Her very Syllables are Beads.

No sooner 'twixt those Rubies born,
But Jewels are in Ear-rings worn.
With what delight her Speech doth enter,
It is a Kiss o'th'second Venter.
And I dissolve at what I hear,
As if another *Rosamond* were
Couch'd in the Labyrinth of my ear.

Yet that's but a preludious Bliss,
Two Souls Pickeering in a Kiss.
Embraces do but draw the Line,
'Tis storming that must take her in.
When Bodies joyn, and Vict'ry hovers
'Twixt the equal fluttering Lovers,
This is the Game; make stakes, my Dear!
Heark, how the sprightly Chanticlere
(That Baron Tell-clock of the Night)
Sounds Boute-sel to *Cupid*'s Knight.
Then have at all, the Pass is got,
For coming off, oh name it not!
Who would not dye upon the spot?

To Julia *to expedite her Promise.*

SInce 'tis my Doom, Love's Undershrieve,
Why this Reprieve?
Why doth my She Advowson fly
Incumbency?

Panting Expectance makes us prove
The Anticks of benighted Love;
And wither'd Mates when Wedlock joyns,
They'r *Hymen*'s Monkies, which he ties by th' Loins,
To play alas! but at rebated Foins.

To

To sell thy self dost thou intend
By Candle's-end,
And hold the Contract thus in doubt
Life's Taper out?
Think but how soon the Market fails,
Your Sex lives faster than the Males;
As if to measure Ages span,
The sober *Julian* were th'Account of Man,
Whilst you live by the fleet *Gregorian*.

Now since you bear a Date so short,
Live double for't.
How can thy Fortress ever stand,
If't be not Man'd?
The Siege so gains upon the Place,
Thoul't find the Trenches in thy Face.
Pity thy self then, if not me,
And hold not out, lest like *Ostend* thou be,
Nothing but Rubbish at Delivery.

The Candidates of *Peter*'s Chair
Must plead gray hair,
And use the Simony of a Cough
To help them off;
But when I woo thus old and spent,
I'll wed by Will and Testament.
No; let us Love while crisp'd and curl'd;
The greatest Honours on the aged hurl'd,
Are but gay Furlows for another World.

To morrow what thou tendrest me
Is Legacy.
Not one of all those ravenous hours
But thee devours.

And though thou ſtill recruited be,
Like *Pelops*, with ſoft Ivory;
Though thou conſume but to renew,
Yet Love, as Lord, doth claim a Heriot due;
That's the beſt quick thing I can find of you.

I feel thou art conſenting ripe
By that ſoft gripe,
And thoſe regealing Cryſtal Spheres.
I hold thy Tears
Pledges of more diſtilling Sweets,
Than the Bath that uſhers in the Sheets.
Elſe pious *Julia*, Angel-wiſe,
Moves the *Bethesda* of her trickling Eyes,
To cure the Spittle-World of Maladies.

The Hecatomb to his Miſtreſs.

BE dumb you Beggars of the rhyming Trade,
Geld your looſe Wits, and let your Muſe be ſpade.
Charge not the Pariſh with your baſtard Phraſe
Of Balm, Elixir, both the *India*'s,
Of Shrine, Saint, Sacrifice, and ſuch as theſe,
Expreſſions common as your Miſtreſſes.
Hence you Phantaſtick Poſtillers in Song,
My Text defeats your Art, ties Nature's tongue,
Scorns all her Tinſoyl'd Metaphors of Pelf,
Illuſtrated by nothing but her ſelf.
As Spiders travel by their bowels ſpun
Into a Thread, and when the Race is run,
Wind up their Journey in a living Clew;
So is it with my Poetry and you.
From your own Eſſence muſt I firſt untwine,
Then twiſt again each Panegyrick Line.

Reach

Reach then a Soaring Quill that I may write,
As with a *Jacob*'s Staff to take her height.
Suppose an Angel darting through the Air,
Should there Encounter a religious Prayer
Mounting to Heaven, that Intelligence
Would for a Sunday-Suit thy Breath condense
Into a Body. Let me crack a string,
And venture higher. Were the Note I sing
Above Heaven's *Ela*; should I then decline,
And with a deep-mouth'd *Gammut* sound the Line
From Pole to Pole, I could not reach her worth,
Nor find an Epithet to shadow't forth.
Metals may blazon common Beauties; she
Makes Pearls and Planets humble Heraldry.
As then a purer Substance is defin'd
But by an heap of Negatives combin'd,
Ask what a Spirit is, you'l hear them cry,
It hath no Matter, no Mortality:
So can I not describe how sweet, how fair,
Only I say, she's not as others are:
For what Perfection we to others grant,
It is her sole Perfection to want.
All other Forms seem, in respect of thee,
The Almanack's mishap'd Anatomy:
Where *Aries* head and face, *Bull* neck and throat,
The *Scorpion* gives the Secrets, *Knees* the Goat;
A Brief of Limbs foul as those beasts, or are
Their name-sake Signs in their strange Character.
As your Phylosophers to every Sense
Marry its Object, yet with some dispense,
And grant them a Polygamy with all,
And these their common Sensibles they call:
So is't with her, who, stinted unto none,
Unites all Senses in each action.

The

The ſame Beam heats and lights, to ſee her well
Is both to hear and ſee, and taſte and ſmell:
For can you want a Palate in your Eyes,
When each of hers contains the beauteous prize,
Venus's Apple? Can your Eyes want Noſe,
Seeing each Cheek buds forth a fragrant Roſe?
Or can your Sight be deaf to ſuch a quick
And well-tun'd Face, ſuch moving Rhetorick?
Doth not each Look a Flaſh of Lightning ſeel,
Which ſpares the Body's ſheath, yet melts the ſteel?
Thy Soul muſt needs confeſs, or grant thy Senſe
Corrupted with the Object's Excellence.
Sweet Magick, which can make five Senſes lie
Conjur'd within the Circle of an Eye!
In whom ſince all the five are intermixt,
Oh now that *Scaliger* would prove his ſixt!
Thou Man of mouth, that canſt not name a She,
Unleſs all Nature pay a Subſidy;
Whoſe Language is a Tax, whoſe Musk-cat Verſe
Voids nought but Flowers for thy Muſes Herſe,
Fitter than *Celia*'s Looks, who in a trice
Canſt ſtate the long diſputed Paradice:
And (what Divines hunt with ſo cold a ſcent)
Canſt in her Boſom find it reſident;
Now come aloft, come now, and breath a Vein,
And give ſome vent unto thy daring ſtrain.
Say the Aſtrologer who ſpells the Stars,
In that fair Alphabet reads Peace and Wars,
Miſtakes his Globe, and in her brighter eye
Interprets Heaven's Phyſiognomy.
Call her the Metaphyſicks of her Sex,
And ſay ſhe tortures Wits, as Quartans vex
Phyſicians; call her the ſquar'd Circle; ſay
She is the very Rule of *Algebra*:

What

What e'er thou understand'st not say't of her,
For that's the way to write her Character.
Say this and more, and when thou hop'st to raise
Thy Fancy so as to inclose her praise,
Alas poor *Gotham*, with thy Cuckow-hedge!
Hyperboles are here but Sacriledge.
Then roll up Muse what thou hast ravel'd out;
Some Comments clear not, but increase the doubt.
She that affords poor Mortals not a glance
Of Knowledge, but is known by Ignorance.
She that commits a Rape on every Sense,
Whose Breath can countermand a Pestilence.
She that can strike the best Invention dead,
Till baffled Poetry hangs down the head.
She, she it is that doth contain all Bliss,
And makes the World but her *Periphrasis*.

The Antiplatonick.

FOr shame thou everlasting Wooer,
Still saying Grace, and ne'er fall to her!
Love that's in Contemplation plac'd,
Is *Venus* drawn but to the waste.
Unless your Flame confess its Gender,
And your Parly cause Surrender,
Y'are *Salamanders* of a cold Desire,
That live untouch'd amidst the hottest fire.

What though she be a Dame of stone,
The Widow of *Pigmalion*:
An hard and unrelenting She,
As the new-crusted *Niobe*;
Or (what doth more of statue carry)
A Nun of the *Platonick* Quarry?

Love

Love melts the rigor which the Rocks have bred ;
A Flint will break upon a Feather-bed.

For ſhame you pretty Female Elves,
Ceaſe thus to candy up your ſelves ;
No more you Sectaries of the Game,
No more of your calcining Flame.
Women commence by *Cupid*'s Dart,
As a King hunting Dubs a Hart.
Love's Votaries enthral each other's Soul,
Till both of them live but upon Parole.

Virtue's no more in Womankind
But the Green-ſickneſs of the Mind.
Philoſophy (their new Delight)
A kind of Charcoal Appetite.
There is no Sophiſtry prevails,
Where all-convincing Love aſſails ;
But the diſputing Petticoat will warp,
As Skilful Gameſters are to ſeek at ſharp.

The Souldier, that Man of Iron,
Whom Ribs of Horror all environ ;
That's ſtrung with Wire inſtead of Veins,
In whoſe Embraces you're in Chains ;
Let a Magnetick Girl appear,
Straight he turns *Cupid*'s Cuiraſeer.
Love ſtorms his Lips, and takes the Fortreſs in,
For all the briſtled Turn-pike of his Chin.

Since Love's Artillery then checks
The Breaſt-works of the firmeſt Sex :
Come let us in affections riot ;
Th'are ſickly Pleaſures keep a diet,

Give

Give me a Lover bold and free,
Not Eunuch'd with Formality;
Like an Embassador that beds a Queen,
With the nice Caution of a Sword between.

Upon Phillis *walking in a Morning before Sun-rising.*

THe sluggish Morn as yet undrest,
My *Phillis* brake from out her East,
As if she'd made a match to run
With *Venus*, usher to the Sun.
The Trees, like Yeomen of the Guard
(Serving her more for Pomp than Ward)
Rank'd on each side, with Loyal Duty,
Weav'd Branches to inclose her Beauty.
The Plants, whose Luxury was lopp'd,
Or Age with Crutches underpropp'd,
(Whose wooden Carkases were grown
To be but Coffins of their own)
Revive, and at her general Dole
Each receives his Ancient Soul.
The winged Choristers began
To chirp their *Mattins*, and the Fan
Of whistling Winds like Organs play'd,
Until their Voluntaries made
The weakened Earth in Odors rise
To be her Morning Sacrifice.
The Flowers call'd out of their Beds,
Start and raise up their drowsie Heads;
And he that for their colour seeks
May see it vaulting to her Cheeks:
Where Roses mix; no Civil War
Divides her *York* and *Lancaster*.

The

The Marygold (whose Courtier's face
Ecchoes the Sun, and doth unface
Her at his rise, at his full stop
Packs and shuts up her gawdy Shop)
Mistakes her Cue, and doth display :
Thus *Phillis* antedates the day.
These Miracles had cramp'd the Sun,
Who fearing that his Kingdom's won,
Powders with Light his frizled Locks,
To see what Saint his Lustre mocks.
The trembling Leaves, through which he play'd,
Dappling the Walk with light and shade,
Like Lattice-windows give the Spye
Room but to peep with half an eye ;
Lest her full Orb his sight should dim,
And bid us all good night in him ;
Till she should spend a gentle Ray,
To force us a new-fashion'd Day.
But what religious Pale's this,
Which make the Bows divest their bliss ;
And that they might her footsteps straw,
Drop their Leaves with shivering awe ?
Phillis perceiv'd, and (lest her stay
Should wed *October* unto *May*,
And as her Beauty caus'd a Spring,
Devotion might an Autumn bring)
Withdrew her Beams, yet made no Night,
But left the Sun her Curate-light.

The

To Mrs. K. T. *who asked him why he was dumb, written* calente Calamo.

STay, ſhould I anſwer, Lady, then
In vain would be your Queſtion.
Should I be dumb, why then again
Your asking me would be in vain.
Silence, nor Speech, on either hand,
Can ſatisfie this ſtrange demand.
Yet ſince your Will throws me upon
This wiſhed Contradiction;
I'll tell you how I did become
So ſtrangely, as you hear me, dumb.
Ask but the chap-fallen Puritan,
'Tis Zeal that Tongue-tyes that good man;
(For heat of Conſcience all men hold
Is th'only way to catch that Cold:)
How ſhould Love's Zealot then forbear
To be your ſilenc'd Miniſter?
Nay your Religion, which doth grant
A Worſhip due to you my Saint,
Yet counts it that Devotion wrong,
That does it in the Vulgar Tongue.
My rudier words would give offence
To ſuch an hallow'd Excellence;
As th'Engliſh Dialect would vary
The Goodneſs of an *Ave Mary*.
How can I ſpeak that twice am check'd
By this, and that Religious Sect?
Still dumb, and in your Face I ſpy
Still Cauſe, and ſtill Divinity.
As ſoon as bleſt with your Salute,
My Manners taught me to be mute,

Leſt

Left I should cancel all the Bliss
You sign'd with so divine a Kiss.
The Lips you seal must needs consent
Unto the Tongue's Imprisonment.
My Tongue in hold, my Voice doth rise
With a strange *Ela* to my eyes.
Where it gets Bail, and in that sense
Begins a new found Eloquence.
  Oh listen with attentive sight
To what my prating Eyes indite!
Or, Lady, since 'tis in your choice
To give, or to suspend my Voice,
With the same Key set ope the Door,
Wherewith you lock'd it fast before.
Kiss once again, and when you thus
Have doubly been Miraculous;
My Muse shall write with Handmaid Duty
The Golden Legend of your Beauty.
  He whom his Dumbness now confines,
  Intends to speak the rest by Signs.

A Fair Nymph scorning a Black Boy court. her.

Nymph. STand off, and let me take the Air,
Why should the smoke pursue the fa
Boy. My Face is smoke, thence may be guest
What Flames within have scorch'd my bre
Nymph. Thy flaming Love I cannot view,
For the dark Lanthorn of thy Hue.
Boy. And yet this Lanthorn keeps Love's Ta
Surer than your's that's of white Paper.
What ever Midnight can be here,
The Moon-shine of your Face will clear.

Nym

Nymph. My Moon of an Eclipse is 'fraid;
If thou should'st interpose thy Shade.
Boy. Yet one thing, Sweet-heart, I will ask,
Take me for a new fashion'd Mask.
Nymph. Done: but my Bargain shall be this,
I'll throw my Mask off when I kiss.
Boy Our curl'd Embraces shall delight
To checker Limbs with black and white.
Nymph. Thy Ink, my Paper, make me guess
Our Nuptial-bed will prove a Press;
And in our Sports, if any come,
They'l read a wanton Epigram.
Boy. Why should my Black thy Love impair?
Let the dark Shop commend the Ware;
Or if thy Love from black forbears,
I'll strive to wash it off with Tears.
Nymph. Spare fruitless Tears, since thou must needs
Still wear about thy mourning Weeds.
Tears can no more affection win,
Than wash thy *Æthiopian* Skin.

A Young Man to an Old Woman courting him.

PEace Beldam *Eve*, surcease thy Suit,
There's no Temptation in such Fruit.
No rotten Medlars, whilst there be
Whole Orchards in Virginity.
Thy Stock is too much out of Date
For tender Plants t'inoculate.
A Match with thee the Bridegroom fears
Would be thought Incest in his years;
Which when compar'd to thine become
Odd Money to thy Grandam Sum.

Can Wedlock know so great a Curse,
As putting Husbands out to Nurse?
How Pond and Rivers would mistake,
And try new Almanacks for our sake?
Time sure hath wheel'd about his Year,
December meeting *Janiveer*.
Th' *Ægyptian* Serpent figures Time,
And strip'd, returns into his Prime.
If my Affection thou wouldst win,
First cast thy Hieroglyphick Skin.
My Modern Lips know not, alack!
The old Religion of thy *Smack*,
I count that Primitive Embrace,
As out of Fashion, as thy Face;
And yet so long 'tis since thy fall,
Thy Fornication's Classical.
Our Sports will differ, thou must play
Lero, and I *Alphonso* way.
I'm no Translator, have no vein
To turn a Woman young again;
Unless you'l grant the Taylor's due,
To see the Fore-bodies be new.
I love to wear Cloths that are flush,
Not prefacing old Rags with Plush,
Like Aldermen, or Under-shrieves
With Canvas Backs, and Velvet Sleeves:
And just such Discord there would be
Betwixt thy Skeleton and me.
Do study Salve and Triacle, ply
Your Tenant's Leg, or his sore Eye.
Thus Matrons purchase Credit, thank;
Six penny-worth of Mountebank;
Or chew thy Cud on some Delight,
That thou didst taste in Eighty eight;

Oh be but Bed-rid once, and then
Thoul't dream thy youthful Sins agen:
But if thou needs wilt be my Spouse,
First hearken and attend my Vows.
When *Ætna*'s fires shall undergo
The Penance of the *Alpes* in Snow;
When *Sol* at one blast of his Horn
Posts from the Crab to *Capricorn*;
When the Heavens shuffle all in one,
The Torrid with the Frozen Zone;
When all these Contradictions meet,
Then, *Sybil*, thou and I will greet:
For all these Similies do hold
In my young Heat, and thy dull Cold.
Then, if a Fever be so good
A Pimp as to inflame thy Blood,
Hymen shall twist thee and thy Page,
The distinct Tropicks of Man's Age,

Well, Madam Time, be ever bald,
I'll not thy Perriwig be call'd:
I'll never be 'stead of a Lover,
An aged Chronicle's new Cover.

Upon an Hermaphrodite.

Sir, or Madam, choose you whether,
Nature twists you both together,
And makes thy Soul two Garbs confess,
Both Petticoat and Breeches Dress:
Thus we chastise the God of Wine
With Water that is Feminine,
Until the cooler Nymph abate
His Wrath, and so concorporate.

Adam, till his Rib was loſt,
Had the Sexes thus ingroſt.
When Providence our Sire did cleave,
And out of *Adam* carved *Eve*:
Then did Man 'bout Wedlock treat,
To make his Body up compleat.
Thus Matrimony ſpeaks but thee
In a Grave Solemnity:
For Man and Wife make but one right
Canonical Hermaphrodite.
Ravel thy Body, and I find
In every Limb a double kind.
Who would not think that Head a pair,
That breeds ſuch Faction in the Hair?
One half ſo churliſh in the Touch,
That rather than endure ſo much,
I would my tender Limbs apparel
With *Regulus* his nailed Barrel:
But the other half ſo ſmall,
And ſo amourous withal,
That *Cupid* thinks each Hair doth grow
A String for his inviſible Bow.
When I look Babies in thine Eyes,
Here *Venus*, there *Adonis* lies;
And though thy Beauty be high Noon,
Thy Orb contains both Sun and Moon.
How many melting Kiſſes skip,
'Twixt thy Male and Female Lip?
'Twixt thy upper bruſh of Hair,
And thy neather Beard's deſpair?
When thou ſpeak'ſt (I would not wrong
Thy Sweetneſs with a double Tongue,
But) in every ſingle Sound
A perfect Dialogue is found.

Thy Breasts distinguish one another,
This the Sister, that the Brother.
When thou joyn'st Hands my Ear still fancies
The Nuptial Sound, I *John* take *Frances*,
Feel but the difference soft and rough,
This a Gantlet, that a Muff.
Had sly *Ulysses* at the Sack
Of *Troy* brought thee his Pedler's Pack,
And Weapons too to know *Achilles*
From King *Lycomedes*, *Phillis*
His Plot had fail'd; this hand would feel
The Needle, that the Warlike Steel.
When Musick doth thy pace advance,
Thy right Leg takes the left to dance:
Nor is't a Galliard danc'd by one,
But a mixt Dance, though all alone.
Thus every Het'roclite apart
Changes Gender, but thy Heart;
Nay those which Modesty can mean,
But dare not speak, are Epicene.
That Gamester needs must overcome,
That can play both with *Tib* and *Tom*,
Thus did Nature's Mintage vary,
Coyning thee a *Philip* and *Mary*.

The Author to his Hermaphrodite made after Mr. Randolph's *Death, yet inserted into his Poems.*

PRoblem of Sexes! Must thou likewise be
As disputable in thy Pedegree?
Thou Twins in one, in whom Dame Nature tries
To throw less than Aums Ace upon two Dice.

Wer't thou serv'd up two in one Dish, the rather
To split thy Sire into a double Father?
True; the World's Scales are even, what the Main
In one place gets, another quits again.
Nature lost one by thee, and therefore must
Slice one in two to keep her number just.
Plurality of Livings is thy State,
And therefore mine must be Impropriate:
For since the Child is mine, and yet the Claim
Is intercepted by another's Name;
Never did Steeple carry double truer,
His is the Donative, and mine the Cure.
Then say, my Muse, (and without more Dispute)
Who 'tis that Fame doth superinstitute.
The *Theban* Wittal, when he once descrys
Jove is his Rival, falls to Sacrifice.
That Name hath tipp'd his Horns; see on his Knees
A Health to *Hans in kelder Hercules*:
Nay Sublunary Cuckolds are content
To entertain their Fate with Complement;
And shall not he be proud whom *Randolph* daigns
To quarter with his Muse, both Arms and Brains?
Gramercie Gossip; I rejoyce to see
Th'hast got a Leap of such a Barbary.
Talk not of Horns, Horns are the Poet's Crest;
For since the Muses left their former Nest,
To found a Nunnery in *Randolph*'s Quill,
Cuckold *Parnassus* is a Forked Hill.
But stay, I've wak'd his Dust, his Marble stirs,
And brings the Worms for his Compurgators.
Can Ghost have natural Sons? Say *Og*, is't meet
Penance bear Date after the Winding-sheet?
Were it a *Phœnix* (as the double kind
May seem to prove, being there's two combin'd,)

I would disclaim my Right, and that it were
The Lawful Issue of his Ashes swear.
But was he dead? Did not his Soul translate
Her self into a Shop of lesser rate;
Or break up House, like an expensive Lord,
That gives his Purse a Sob, and lives at Board?
Let old *Pythagoras* but play the Pimp,
And still there's hopes 't may prove his Bastard Imp.
But I'm prophane; for grant the World had one
With whom he might contract an Union;
They two were one, yet like an Eagle spread,
I'th' Body joyn'd, but parted in the Head.
For you, my Brat, that pose the Porph'ry Chair,
Pope *John*, or *Joan*, or whatsoe'er you are,
You are a Nephew, grieve not at your State;
For all the World is Illegitimate.
Man cannot get a Man, unless the Sun
Club to the Act of Generation.
The Sun and Man get Man, thus *Tom* and I
Are the joynt Fathers of my Poetry;
For since, blest Shade, thy Verse is Male, but mine
O'th' weaker Sex, a Phancy Feminine;
We'll part the Child, and yet commit no Slaughter
So shall it be thy Son, and yet my Daughter.

SECT. II.

Containing POEMS which relate to STATE-AFFAIRS.

Upon The King's Return from Scotland.

REturn'd! I'l ne'er believ't; first prove him hence,
Kings travel by their Beams and Influence.
Who says the Soul gives out her Guests, or goes
A flitting Progress 'twixt the Head and Toes?
She rules by Omnipresence; and shall we
Deny a Prince the same Ubiquity?
Or grant he went, and 'cause the knot was slack
Girt both the Nations with his Zodiack;
Yet as the Tree at once both upward shoots,
And just as much grows downward to the Roots;
So at the same time that he posted thither,
By Counter-Stages he rebounded hither.
Hither, and hence at once; thus every Sphere
Doth by a double motion interfere;
And when his Native form inclines him East,
By the first Mover he is ravish'd West.
Have you not seen how the divided Dam
Runs to the Summons of her hungry Lamb;

But

But when the Twin cry's halves, ſhe quits the firſt,
Nature's *Commendam* muſt be likewiſe nurſt?
So were his Journeys like the Spider ſpun
Out of his Bowels of Compaſſion.
Two Realms, like *Cacus*, ſo his ſteps tranſpoſe,
His feet ſtill contradict him as he goes.
England's return'd, that was a baniſh'd Soil;
The Bullet flying makes the Gun recoil.
Death's but a Separation, though indors'd
With Spade and Javelin, we were thus divorc'd.
Our Soul hath taken wing, while we expreſs
The Corps returning to their Principles.
But the Crab-Tropick muſt not now prevail,
Iſlands go back, but when you're under Sail:
So his Retreat hath rectified that wrong;
Backward is forward in the Hebrew Tongue.
Now the Church Militant in plenty reſts,
Nor fears, like th'Amazon, to loſe her Breaſts.
Her means are ſafe, not ſqueez'd, until the Blood
Mix with the Milk, and choak the tender Brood.
She that hath been the floating Ark, is that
She, that's now ſeated on Mount *Ararat*.
Quits *Charles*; our Souls did guard him Northward
Now he the Counterpart comes South to us. (thus,

A Dialogue between two Zealots upon the &c. *in the Oath.*

SIr *Roger* from a zealous peice of Freeze,
Rais'd to a Vicaridge of the Children's Threes,
Whoſe yearly *Audit* may by ſtrict Account
To twenty Nobles, and his Vails amount;
Fed on the Common of the female Charity,
Until the *Scots* can bring about their Parity;

So

So ſhotten, that his Soul, like to himſelf,
Walks but in *Cuerpo.* This ſame Clergy-Elf
Encountring with a Brother of the Cloth,
Fell preſently to Cudgels with the Oath.
The Quarrel was a ſtrange miſhapen Monſter
Et cætera, (God bleſs us !) which may conſter
The Brand upon the Buttock of the Beaſt,
The Dragon's Tail tyed on a Knot ; a Neſt
Of young *Apocryphas*, the faſhion
Of a new mental Reſervation.

Whilſt *Roger* thus divides the Text, the other
Winks and expounds, ſaying, my pious Brother,
Hearken with Reverence ; for the point is nice,
I never read on't, but I faſted twice :
And ſo by Revelation know it better,
Than all the learn'd Idolaters o'th'Letter.
With that he ſwell'd, and fell upon the Theme,
Like Great *Goliah*, with his Weaver's Beam.
I ſay to thee, *Et cætera*, thou ly'ſt,
Thou art the curled Lock of Antichriſt ;
Rubbiſh of *Babel* ; for who will not ſay
Tongues are confounded in *Et cætera* ?
Who ſwears *Et cætera*, ſwears more Oaths at once
Than *Cerberus* out of his triple Sconce.
Who views it well, with the ſame eye beholds
The old falſe Serpent in his numerous folds.
Accurſt *Et cætera* ! Now, now I ſcent
What the prodigious bloody Oyſters meant.
O *Booker* ! *Booker* ! How came'ſt thou to lack
This Fiend in thy Prophetick Almanack ?
It's the dark Vault wherein th'Infernal Plot
Of Powder'gainſt the State was firſt begot.
Peruſe the Oath, and you ſhall ſoon deſcry it,
By all the Father *Garnets* that ſtand by it ;

'Gainſt

[illegible] Sense wherein an [illegible] Member
Shal [illegible] Sin or Damnation.
Yet [illegible] not all [illegible] [illegible]
Et cætera, [illegible] Excommunicates.
The *Treasurer* [illegible] was not [illegible] [illegible]
Until *Et cætera* [illegible] for
Or the great Commissary, and, which his work
To Appearance upon his shew [illegible] Mark.
Then [illegible] my Lord [illegible] forbear,
Et cætera will not so far to swear:
For this (to speak in a familiar Stile)
A Tom-foolery Were not longer than a Mile.

There *Ivy* was [illegible], and by God's diggers
He'l swear it were a [illegible], but not in Figures.
No by this Drink which he takes off, as loath
To leave *Et cætera* in his liquor Oath:
His Brother pledg'd him, and that bloody Wine
He swears shall seal the Synod's *Canons*.
So they drank on, not offering to part,
'Till they had sworn out the eleventh Quart:
While all that saw, and heard them joyntly pray,
They and their Tribe were all *Et cætera*.

Sme Ɔymnuus, *or the Club-Divines.*

S*Me Ɔymnuus*! The Goblin makes me start;
I'th' name of *Rabbi Abraham*, what art?
Syriack? or *Arabick*? or *Welsh*? What skil't?
Ape all the Bricklayers that *Babel* built.
Some Conjurer translate, and let me know it?
Till then 'tis fit for a West *Saxon* Poet.
But do the Brotherhood then play their Prizes,
Like Mummers in Religion, with Disguises?

Out-brave

Out-brave us with a Name in Rank and File?
A name, which if 'twere train'd would ſpread a Mile
The Saints Monopoly, the Zealous Cluſter,
Which like a Porcupine preſents a Muſter,
And ſhoots his Quills at Biſhops and their Sees,
A devout Litter of young *Macchabees*.
Thus *Jack* of all Trades hath diſtinctly ſhown
The twelve Apoſtles in a Cherry-ſtone.
Thus Factions *A-la-mode* in Treaſon's Faſhion,
Now we have Hereſie by Complication.
Like to *Don Quixot*'s Roſary of Slaves
Strung on a Chain, a Murnival of Knaves
Pack'd in a Trick; like Gipſies when they ride,
Or like the College which ſit all of a ſide:
So the vain Satyriſts ſtand all a row,
As hollow Teeth upon a Lute-ſtring ſhow.
Th'*Italian* Monſter pregnant with his Brother,
Nature's *Diareſis*, half one another;
He with his little Sideſman *Lazarus*
Muſt both give way unto *Smectymnuus*.
Next *Sturbridge* Fair is *Smec*'s; for lo his ſide
Into a five-fold *Lazar* multiply'd.
Under each Arm there's tuck'd a double Gizzard,
Five Faces lurk under one ſingle Vizard.
The Whore of *Babylon* left theſe Brats behind,
Heirs of Confuſion by Gavelkind.
I think *Pythagoras*'s Soul is rambled hither,
With all her change of Raiment on together.
Smec is her general Wardrobe; ſhe'll not dare
To think of him as of a thorough-fare.
He ſtops the Goſhipping Dame; alone he is
The Purlew of a *Metempſycoſis*:
Like a Scotch Mark, where the more modeſt ſence,
Checks the loud Phraſe and ſhrinks to thirteen pence:

Like

Like to an *Ignis Fatuus*, whose flame,
Though sometimes tripartite, joyns in the same.
Like to nine Taylors, who (if rightly spell'd)
Into one Man are Monosyllabl'd.
Short-handed Zeal in one hath cramped many,
Like to the Decalogue in a single Penny.
See, see how close the Curs hunt under a sheet,
As if they spent in Quire, and scan'd their feet.
One Cure, and five Incumbents leap a Truss,
The Title sure must be Litigious.
The *Sadduces* would raise a Question,
Who shall be *Smec* at th' Resurrection.
Who coop'd them up together were to blame;
Had they but wire-drawn and spun out the name,
'T-would make another Prentices Petition
Against the Bishops and their Superstition.
Robson and *French* (that count from five to five
As far as Nature fingers did contrive.
She saw they would be Sessers, that's the cause
She cleft their Hoof into so many Claws)
May tire their Carret-Bunch; yet ne'er agree
To rate *Smectymnuus* for Polemoney.
Caligula (whose Pride was Mankind's Bail,
As who disdain'd to murder by Retail,
Wishing the World had but one general Neck)
His glutton Blade might have found Game in *Smec*.
No Eccho can improve the Author more,
Whose Lungs pay use and use to half a score.
No Felon is more letter'd, though the Brand
Both superscribes his Shoulder and his Hand.
Some Welshman was his Godfather, for he
Wears in his Name his Genealogy.
The Banes are ask'd, would but the times give way,
Betwixt *Smectymnuus* and *Et cætera*:

The

The Guests, invited by a friendly Summons,
Should be the Convocation and the Commons:
The Priest to tye the Foxes tails together,
Mosely, or *Sancta Clara*, choose you whether.
See what an Off-spring every one expects;
What strange Plurality of Men and Sects?
One says he'll get a Vestry, but another
Is for a Synod; Bets upon the Mother.
Faith cry St. *George*! Let them go to't and stick!
Whether a Conclave, or a Conventicle.
Thus might Religions Catterwawl and spight
Which uses to Divorce, might once unite:
But their cross Fortunes interdict their Trade,
The Groom is Rampant, but the Bride is spade.
My Task is done, all my he-Goats are milk'd;
So many Cards i'th'Stock, and yet be bilk'd?
I could by Letters now untwist the Rabble,
Whip *Smec* from Constable to Constable.
But there I leave you to another's dressing;
Only kneel down and take your Father's Blessing:
May the Queen Mother justifie your fears,
And stretch her Patent to your Leather ears.

The Hue and Cry after Sir John Presbyter.

With Hair in Character, and Lugs in Text,
With a splay mouth, and a nose circumflext
With a set Ruff of Musket-bore, that wears
Like Cartruges, or Linnen Bandileers
Exhausted of their Sulphurous Contents
In Pulpit Fire-works, which the Bombal vents;
The Negative and Covenanting Oath,
Like two Mustachoes issuing from his Mouth.

The Bush upon his Chin like a carv'd Story
In a Box-knot, cut by the Directory;
Madam's Confession hanging at his ear (Where;
Wire-drawn through all the Questions, How and
Each Circumstance so in the bearing felt,
That when his ears are cropp'd he'll count them gelt.
The Weeping Cassock scor'd into a Jump,
A sign the Presbyter's worn to the stump;
The Presbyter, though charm'd against Mischance
With the Divine Right of an Ordinance;
If you meet any that do thus attire'em,
Stop them they are the Tribe of *Admiram*.
What zealous Phrenzy did the Senate seize,
That tare the Rotchet to such rags as these?
Episcopacy minc'd; Reforming *Tweed*
Hath sent us Runts, even of her Churches breed.
Lay interlining Clergy, a Device
That's Nickname to the Stuff call'd Lops and Lice.
The Beast at wrong end branded, you may trace
The Devil's footsteps in his cloven face.
A face of several Parishes and sorts,
Like to Serjeant shav'd at Inns of Courts.
What mean the Elders else, those Kirk Dragoons,
Made up of Ears and Ruffs like Ducatoons.
That Hierarchy of Handicrafts begun;
Those New-Exchange-men of Religion.
Sure they'r the Antick heads which plac'd without
The Church, do gape and disembogue a Spout:
Like them about the Common's House t'have been
So long without, now both are gotten in.
Then what imperious in the Bishop sounds,
The same the Scotch Executor rebounds:
This stating Prelacy the Classick Rout
That speak it often, e'er it spake it out.

So

So by an Abbey's Skeleton of late
I heard an Eccho supererogate
Through Imperfection, and the Voice restore,
As if she had the Hiccop o'er and o'er.
Since they our mixt Diocesans combine,
Thus to ride double in their Discipline,
That *Paul*'s shall to the Consistory call
A Dean and Chapter out of Weaver's Hall,
Each at the Ordinance for to assist
With the five Thumbs of his groat-changing Fist.
Down *Dagon*-Synod with thy Motley Ware,
Whilst we are Champions for the Common Prayer,
(That Dove-like Embassy that wings our Sense
To Heavens Gate in shape of Innocence)
Pray for the Mitred Authors, and defie
Those Demicastors of Divinity.
For when Sir *John* with *Jack* of all Trades joyns,
His Finger's thicker than the Prelate's Loyns.

The Mixt Assembly.

FLea-bitten Synod, an Assembly brew'd
Of Clerks and Elders *ana*, like the rude
Chaos of Presbyt'ry, where Lay-men guide
With the tame Wool-pack Clergy by their side.
Who ask'd the Banes 'twixt these discolour'd Mates?
A strange *Grotesco* this; the Church and States,
Most Divine Tick-Tack in a Pye-bald Crew
To serve as Table-men of divers Hue.
She that conceiv'd an *Æthiopian* Heir
By Picture, when the Parents both were fair,
At sight of you had born a dapled Son,
You chequering her Imagination.

Had

Had *Jacob*'s Flock but seen you sit, the Dams
Had brought forth speckled and ring streaked
Like an Impropriator's Motley kind, (Lambs:
Whose Scarlet Coat is with a Cassock lin'd:
Like the Lay-Thief in a Canonick Weed,
Sure of his Clergy e'er he did the Deed.
Like *Royston* Crows, who are (as I may say)
Fryars of both the Orders, Black and Gray.
So mixt they are one knows not whether's thicker,
A Layre of Burgess, of a Layre of Vicar.
Have they usurp'd what Royal *Judah* had,
And now must *Levi* too part stakes with *Gad*?
The Scepter and the Crosier are the Crutches,
Which if not trusted in their pious Clutches
Will fail the Cripple State. And wer't not pity
That both should serve the Yardwand of the City?
That *Isaac* might go stroke his Beard, and sit
Judge of ἔς ἄδ'ν and *Elegerit*.
O that they were in Chalk and Charcoal drawn!
The Miscellany-Satyr and the Fawn,
And all th'Adulteries of twisted Nature
But faintly represent this ridling Feature,
Whose Members, being not Tallies, they'll not own
Their Fellows at the Resurrection.
Strange Scarlet Doctors these; they'll pass in Story
For Sinners half refin'd in Purgatory;
Or parboyl'd Lobsters, where there joyntly rules
The fading Sables, and the coming Gules.
The Flea that *Falstaff* damn'd thus lewdly shows
Tormented in the Flames of *Bardolph*'s Nose;
Like him that wore the Dialogue of Clokes,
This Shoulder *John-a-Stiles*, that *John-a-Nokes*.
Like Jews and Christians in a Ship together,
With an old Neck-Verse to distinguish either.

Like their intended Discipline to boot,
Or whatsoe'er hath neither Head nor Foot:
Such may these strip'd Stuff-hangings seem to be,
Sacrilege match'd with Codpiece Simony.
Be sick and dream a little, you may then
Phancy these Linsey-Woolsey Vestry-men.
For fear good *Pembroke*, be not over-daring,
Such Company may chance to spoyl thy Swearing;
And thy Drum-Major Oaths (of bulk unruly)
May dwindle to a feeble, By my truly;
He that the Noble *Percie*'s Blood inherits,
Will he strike up a Hot-Spur of the Spirits?
He'll fright the *Obadiah*'s out of tune
With his uncircumcised *Algernoon*;
A Name so stubborn, 'tis not to be scan'd
By him in *Gath* with the six finger'd Hand:
See they obey the Magick of my Words,
Presto; they'r gone: and now the House of Lords
Looks like the wither'd Face of an old Hag,
But with three Teeth like to a triple Gag.
A jig a jig, and in this Antick Dance,
Fielding and *Doxie Marshal* first advance.
Twiss blows the Scotch pipes, and the loveing *Brace*
Puts on the Traces and treads *Cinque-a-pace*.
Then *Say* and *Seal* must his old ham-strings supple,
And he and rumpled *Palmer* make a Couple:
Palmer's a fanitful Girl, if he'l unfold her,
The Midwife may find work about her Shoulder.
Kimbolton, that Rebellious *Boanerges*
Must be content to saddle Doctor *Burges*.
If *Burges* get a Clap, 'tis ne'er the worse,
But the fifth time of his Compurgators:
Nol Bowls is coy, good sadness cannot dance,
But in obedience to the Ordinance.

Here

Here *Wharton* wheels about, till Mumping *Luke*
Like the full Moon hath made his Lordship giddy.
Pym and the Members mast their Giblets levy
T'encounter Madam *Smax*, that single *Bray*:
If they two track together, 'twill not be
A Child-birth, but a Goal-delivery.
Thus every Ghibeline hath got his Guelf;
But *Sciacca* he's a Gallant by himself;
And well may be; there's more Divines in him,
Than in all this their *Jewish Sanhedrim*;
Whose Canons in the Forge shall then bare date,
When Mules their Cousin Germans generate.
Thus *Moses* Law is violated now,
The Ox and Ass go yoak'd in the same Plough.
Resign thy Coach-box *Twiss*, *Brook*'s Preacher, he
Would sort the Beasts with more Conformity.
Water and Earth make but one Globe, a Roundhead
Is Clergy-Lay, Party-per-pale compounded.

Rebellis Scotus.

CUra Deo sumus, ista si cedant Scoto?
Variata spleniis Domina Psyche est suis,
Aut Stellionatûs rea. Ὑστερον πρότερον
Campanulæ omnes; totus Ucalegon *fio;*
Coriaceæ cui millies mille hydriæ
Suburbicanis pensiles Pareciis
Non sint refrigerio. Poeticus furor
Cometa non minus, vel ore flammeo
Commune dispuente fatum Stellulâ,
Dirum ominatur. Ecquis è Stoâ *suam*
Jam temperet bilem, patria quando lue
Tam Pymmianâ, id est pediculosâ, perit,
Bombimachidisque fit bolus myrmeciis?
Scotos nec ausim nominare, carminum
Nisi intex amuleta, nec meditarier
Nisi cerebello, quod capillitio rubens
(Quale autumo coluberrimum Furiis caput)
Quot inde verba, tot venena prompserit.
Rhadamantheum fac, guttur esset nunc mihi,
Sulphurque, patibulumque copiosius
Ructans, Magus quam taniæ Bombycinias
Poteram, ut Agyrta Circulator, pilulas
Vomicas loqui, aut ἀποκολυνθέν *Styga;*
Aut ut Genevæ *stentores Perilleis*
Tartara & equuleos boare Pulpitis,
At machinanti par forem nunquam Scoto
Cunctis Scloperis hisce gutturalibus.
Ut digna Dii duint, vorem par est prius,
Prestigator ut sicat & acinaces.

Huc

The Rebel Scot.

HOw! Providence! and yet a Scottish Crew!
Then Madam Nature wears black Patches too,
What shall our Nation be in bondage thus
Unto a Land that truckles under us?
Ring the Bells backward; I am all on fire,
Not all the Buckets in a Country-Quire
Shall quench my rage. A Poet should be fear'd
When angry, like a Comet's flaming Beard.
And where's the Stoick can his wrath appease
To see his Country sick of *Pym*'s disease;
By Scotch Invasion to be made a prey
To such Pig-Widgin Myrmidons as they?
But that there's Charm in Verse, I would not quote
The Name of *Scot* without an Antidote;
Unless my head were red, that I might brew
Invention there that might be Poyson too.
Were I a drowzy Judge, whose dismal Note
Disgorgeth Halters, as a Jugler's Throat
Doth Ribbands? Could I in Sir Empericks tone
Speak Pills in phrase and quack destruction,
Or roar like *Marshal* that *Geneva* Bull,
Hell and Damnation a Pulpit full:
Yet to express a *Scot*, to play that prize,
Not all those Mouth-Granados can suffice.
Before a *Scot* can properly be curst,
I must like *Hocus*, swallow Daggers first.

Huc, huc, Iambe, gressibus faxo tuis,
At huc, Iambe morsibus faxo magis,
Satyraque tortrices tot huc adducite
Flagella, quot præsens meretur seculum.
Scoti *Veneficis pares; audax stylum*
Horum cruore tingo, sic nocent minus;
Ut Martyres olim induebant belluis
(*Quasi sitterent Rogis Sacros hypocritas*)
En hos eodem Schemate, aut retro, Scotos,
Extra Scotos, *intus Feras, & sine tropo.*
Fallax Jerna *vipera nihil foves*
Scoto *Colono? Non ego* Britanniam
Lupis carentem dixerim, vivo Scoto.
Quin Thamesinus Pyrgopolinices Scotus
Poterat Leones, Tigrides, Ursos, Canes
Proprii Inquilinos pectoris spectaculo
Monstrasse, pro obolis omnibus quibus solet
Spectare Monstra Cratis; & Fori simul
Pene ocreatum vulgus. Et patria Feras
Scotos, *eremum indicat terræ plaga.*
Vel omnipræsentiem negans Deum, nisi
Venisset inde Carolus, *cohors nisi*
Crafordiana, *miles &* Montrosseus,
Feritatis eluens notam paganicæ,
Hanc præstitisset semivictimam Deo.
Nec Scoticus *est totus Leopardus, Leo,*
Habent & Aram, sicut Arcam fœderis,
Velut Tabellæ bifidis picta-plicis
Fert Angelos pars hæc, & hæc Cacodæmonas.
Cui somniante Tartarum suasit pavor
Sic pœnitere, viderat regnum velim
Nigrius Scotorum *semel, & esset innocens.*
Regio malignâ quæ facit votum prece,
Relegetur ad Gyaros breves nunquam Incola!

Punisse

Come, [illegible] Jamacks with your Badgers feet,
And Bacon [illegible] all your Teeth to meet:
Help ye turn Sirloins to [illegible] rage
With [illegible] compass that [illegible] Age.
Scots are [illegible] Witches, [illegible]
Scratch [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible]
Now as the Martyrs were [illegible]
The [illegible] of [illegible], [illegible] Stake
I'll bait my [illegible], yet not [illegible] your eyes;
A *Scot*, within a [illegible], is no [illegible].

No more let *Ireland* [illegible] Nation
Fosters no Venom like that *Scot*'s Plantation:
Nor can our feign'd Antiquity claim;
Since they came in, *England* hath Wolves again.
The *Scot* that kept the Tower might have shown
Within the Grate of his own Breast alone,
The Leopard and the Panther, and ingross'd
What all those wild Collegiats had cost.
The honest High-shoes in their termly Fees,
First to the Salvage Lawyer, next to these.
Nature her self doth Scotchmen Beasts confess,
Making their Country such a Wilderness;
A Land that brings in question and suspence
God's Omnipresence, but that *Charles* came thence;
But that *Montrose* and *Cramford*'s Royal Band
Atton'd their Sin, and Christned half their Land.
Nor is it all the Nation hath these Spots,
There is a Church as well as Kirk of *Scots*.
As in a Picture where the squinting paint
Shews Fiend on this side, and on that side Saint.
He that saw Hell in's melancholy Dream,
And in the Twy-light of his Phancie's Theme
Scar'd from his Sins, repented in a fright,
Had he view'd *Scotland* had turn'd Proselite.

Punisset ubi Cainum *nec exilio Deus,*
Sed, ut ille trechedipnum, magis domicœnio.
Ut Gens vagans recutita, vel Contagium,
Aut Beelzebub, si des Ubiquitarium.
Hinc erro fit semper Scotus, *certos locos,*
Et hos, & illos quoslibet citò nauseans.
Ut frusta divisi Orbis & Topographicæ
Mendicitatis offulas, curtas nimis.
Ipse Universitatis hæres integra,
Et totus in toto, Natio Epidemica.
Nec gliscet ergo jargonare Gallicè,
Exoticis aut indicis modis, neque
Iberio nutu negare, nec studet
Callere quem de Belgicis Hoghen Moghen
Venter tumens, aut barba Canthari refert
(*Quæ coriatis una mens Nostratibus*)
Pugna est in animo, atque in patinâ Scoto;
Huic Struthioni suggeret cybum Chalybs
Et denti-ductor appetitus valitheo,
Pro more pendulos molares inserit.
At interim nostras quid involant dapes?
Serpens Edenum, *non* Edenburgum *appetit,*
Aut Angliæ, *cui jam malum est Hæmorrhois,*
Hæmatopotas hos posteris meatibus
Natura medica supposuit hirudines,
Cruore satiendas licet nostro prius,
Nostro, sed & cruore moribundas quoque.
Nec computo credant priori, nos item
Novum addituros, servitutem pristinæ
Aliam, gemellam nuperæ, fraterculos
Palpare, quando caperant (*charos nimis*)
Suffragiorum scilicet Poppysmata,
Et crustulam impertire, velut offam Cerbero
Subblandiens decreverat Senatulus.

A Land where one may pray with curst intent,
O may they never suffer Banishment! (Doom,
Had *Cain* been *Scot*, God would have chang'd his
Not forc'd him wander but confin'd him home;
Like *Jews* they spread, and as Infection fly,
As if the Devil had Ubiquity.
Hence 'tis they live at Rovers and defie
This, or that place, Rags of Geography.
They'r Citizens o'th'World, they'r all in all,
Scotland's a Nation Epidemical.
And yet they ramble not to learn the Mode,
How to be dreſt, or how to liſp abroad;
To return knowing in the Spaniſh Shrug,
Or which of the *Dutch* States a double Jug
Reſembles moſt in Belly, or in Beard,
(The Card by which the Mariners are ſteer'd)
No, the *Scots* Errant fight, and fight to eat, (Meat.
Their Oſtrich Stomachs make their Swords their
Nature with *Scots* as Tooth-drawers hath dealt,
Who uſe to ſtring their Teeth upon their Belt.
Yet wonder not at this their happy choice,
The Serpent's fatal ſtill to Paradiſe.
Sure *England* hath the Hemorrhoids, and theſe
On the North-poſtern of the Patient ſeize,
Like Leeches; thus they Phyſically thirſt
After our Blood, but in the Cure ſhall burſt.

Let them not think to make us run o'th' ſcore
To purchaſe Villenage, as once before
When an Act paſt to ſtroak them on the Head:
Call them good Subjects, buy them Ginger-bread.

Not

Judas kiſt King & Country ſold,
The Beggar Scot did both for English gold.

Nos era loculis? arma visceribus prius
Indemus, usque & usque, vel capulo tenus.
Seri videmus quo Scotum *tractes modo.*
Princeps Rebelli mitior tergo, quasi
Sellas equino detrahens, aptat suo.
At jus rapinas has defendit vetus?
Egyptus *ista perdit, aufert* Israel.
An Bibliorum nescis hos Satellites
Prætorianis queis Cohortibus (nova
Hierusalem *triariis) Spes nititur*
Sororcularum? Cardo, Cardo vertitur
Cupediarum, primitiva Legis?
O bone Deus! quanti est carere linteis!
Orexis ut Borealis *& fames movet!*
Victuque, Vestibusque cassi, hinc Knoxio
Sutore simul & Knoxio utuntur Coquo,
Piè quod algeant, quod esuriant pie.
Larvas quin usque detrahas, & nummulis
Titulisque, ut animabus, sub est fallacia.
Libræ & Barones (detumescant interim
Vocabulorum tympana) quanti valent!
Hic Cantianum pene, pene villicum,
Solidosque totos illa, sed gratis, duos.
Apage superba fraudulentia simul
Prosapia pictos, fide & pictos, procul:
Opprobrium Poetico vel stigmati,
Etiam cruci Crux; non aliter, Hyperbolus
Hyperscelestus Ostracismo fit pudor.
Americanus *ille qui cœlum horruit,*
Quod Hispanorum *repat eò sed pars quota!*
Viderat in Orco si Scotos (*hui tot* Scotos!)
Roterodamus *pependerat medioximus.*
Sat Musa! semissa fercularia
Medullitus vorans, Diabolis invides

Propriam

Not Gold, nor Acts of Grace, 'tis Steel must tame
The stubborn *Scot*, a Prince that would reclaim
Rebels by yielding, doth like him, or worse,
Who sadled his own back to shame his Horse.

Was it for this you left your leaner Soil,
Thus to lard *Israel* with *Egypt*'s Spoyl.
They are the Gospel's Life-guard; but for them
(The Garrison of New *Jerusalem*) (Cause!
What would the Brethren do? The Cause! The
Sack-Pollets, and the Fundamental Laws?

Lord! what a godly thing is want of Shirts!
How a Scotch Stomach and no Meat converts!
They wanted Food and Rayment; so they took
Religion for their Seamstress, and their Cook.
Unmask them well, their Honours and Estate,
As well as Conscience, are sophisticate.
Shrive but their Title and their Moneys poize,
A Laird and twenty pence pronounc'd with noise,
When construd but for a plain Yeoman go,
And a good sober two pence, and well so.
Hence then you proud Impostors, get you gone,
You *Picts* in Gentry and Devotion.
You Scandal to the Stock of Verse, a Race
Able to bring the Gibbet in disgrace.
Hyperbolus by suffering did traduce
The Ostracism, and sham'd it out of use.
The *Indian* that Heaven did forswear,
Because he heard some *Spaniards* were there;
Had he but known what *Scots* in Hell had been,
He would *Erasmus*-like have hung between.
My Muse hath done. A Voyder for the nonce,
I wrong the Devil should I pick their Bones;

That

Propriam sibi suam Scoti, *paropsidem*
Ut Berniclis enim Scoti; *sic Luci, er*
Saturatur ipsis Berniclatioribus.
Nam lapsus a furcâ Scotus, *mox & stygo*
Tinctus, suum novatur in Plant-Anserem.

That dish is his; for when the *Scots* decease
Hell like their Nation, feeds on Barnacles.
A *Scot* when from the Gallow-tree got loose
Drops into *Styx*, and turns a *Solan* Goose.

The

The King's Disguise.

AND why so coffin'd in this vile Disguise, (eyes?
That who but sees blasphemes thee with his
My Twins of Light within their Penthouse shrink,
And hold it their Allegiance to wink.
O for a State-Distinction to Arraign
Charles of High-Treason 'gainst my Soveraign?
What an Usurper to his Prince is wont,
Cloyster and shave him, he himself hath don't.
His muffled Feature speaks him a Recluse,
His Ruins prove him a Religious House.
The Sun hath mew'd his Beams from off his Lamp,
And Majesty defac'd the Royal Stamp.
Is't not enough thy Dignitie's in thrall,
But thou'lt transcribe it in thy shape and all?
As if thy Blacks were of too faint a die
Without the Tincture of Tautology.
Flay an *Egyptian* for his Cassock-skin
Spun of his Countrie's darkness, lin't within
With *Presbyterian* badge, that drowzy Trance
The Synod's sable, foggy Ignorance.
Nor bodily, nor ghostly *Negro* could
Rough-cast thy Figure in a sadder mold.
This Privy-Chamber of thy Garb would be
But the Close-Mourner to thy Royalty.
Then break the Circle of thy Taylor's Spell.
A Pearl within a rugged Oyster's Shell.
Heaven, which the Minister of thy Person owns,
Will fine thee for Dilapidations.
Like to a martyr'd Abbey's courser doom,
Devoutly alter'd to a Pigeon-room;

Or

Or like a College by the Changeling Rabble,
Manchester's Elves, transform'd into a Stable.
Or if there be a Prophanation higher,
Such is the Sacrilege of thine Attire;
By which th'art half depos'd, thou look'st like one
Whose Looks are under Sequestration:
Whose Renegado-form at the first glance,
Shews like the Self-denying Ordinance.
Angel of Light and Darkness too (I doubt)
Inspir'd within, and yet possess'd without:
Majestick Twy-light in the state of Grace,
Yet with an excommunicated Face.
Charles and his Mask are of a different Mint,
A Psalm of Mercy in a miscreant Print.
The Sun wears Midnight; Day is beetle-brow'd,
And Lightning is in Kelder of a Cloud.
O the accurst Stenography of State!
The Princely Eagle shrunk into a Bat.
What Charm? what Magick Vapour can it be
That checks his Rays to this Apostasie?
It is no subtil film of Tiffany-air,
No Cobweb-Vizard (such as Ladies wear;
When they are vail'd on purpose to be seen,
Doubling their Lustre by their vanquish'd skreen.)
No, the false Scabbard of a Prince is tough,
And three pil'd darkness, like the smoaky slough
Of an imprison'd flame; 'tis *Flox* in grain,
Dark Lanthorn to our bright Meridian:
Hell belch'd the Damp, the *Warwick* Castle Vote
Rang *Britain*'s Curfew, so our Light went out.
A black Offender should he wear his Sin
For Penance, could not have a darker Skin.
His Visage is not legible; the Letters,
Like a Lord's Name writ in Phantastick Fetters.

Clothes

Clothes where a *Switzer* might be buried quick;
Sure they would fit the Body Politick.
False Beard enough to thatch a Poet's Plot,
(For that's the Ambush of their Wit, God wot;)
Nay all his Properties so plain appear,
Y'are not i'th' Presence, though the King be there.
A Libel is his dress, a Garb uncouth,
Such as the Hue and Cry once purg'd at Mouth.
Scribling Assassinate! Thy Lines attest
An ear-mark due, Cub of the Blatant Beast:
Whose Breath before 'tis syllabled for worse
Is Blasphemy unfledg'd, a callow Curse:
The *Laplanders* when they would sell a wind
Wafting to Hell, bag up thy Phrase and bind
It to the Bark, which at the Voyage end
Shifts Poop, and breeds the Collick in the Fiend.
But i'll not dub thee with a glorious Scar,
Nor sink thy Sculler with a Man of War,
The black-mouth'd *Siquis*, and this slandering suit
Both do alike in Picture execute.
But since w'are all call'd Papists: why not date
Devotion to the Rags thus Consecrate?
As Temples use to have their Porches wrought
With *Sphynxes*, Creatures of an Antick draught,
And purling Portraitures, to shew that there
Riddles inhabited; the like is here.
But pardon Sir, since I presume to be
Clerk of this Closet to your Majesty;
Methinks in this your dark mysterious Dress
I see the Gospel couch'd in Parables.
The second view my purblind Fancy wipes,
And shews Religion in its dusky Types;
Such a Text Royal, so obscure a shade,
Was *Solomon* in *Proverbs* all array'd.

Come

Come all the Brats of this expounding Age,
To whom the Spirit is in Pupilage:
You that damn more than ever *Sampson* slew,
And with his Engine the same Jaw-bone too.
How is't he scapes your Inquisition free,
Since bound up in the Bible's Livery?
Hence Cabinet-Intruders, Pick-Locks hence,
You that dim Jewels with your *Bristol*-sence;
And Characters, like Witches, so torment,
Till they confess a Guilt, though Innocent.
Keys for this Cypher you can never get,
None but Saint *Peter*'s ope'this Cabinet;
This Cabinet, whose Aspect would benight
Critick Spectators with redundant light.
A Prince most seen is least. What Scriptures call
The Revelation, is most mystical.
Mount then thou Shadow Royal, and with haste
Advance thy Morning-Star, *Charles* overcast.
May thy strange Journey contradictions twist,
And force fair Weather from a Scottish Mist.
Heavens Confessors are pos'd; those Star-ey'd Sages
T'interpret an Eclipse thus riding Stages.
Thus *Israel*-like he travels with a Cloud,
Both as a Conduct to him and a Shroud.
But O! He goes to *Gibeon*, and renews
A League with mouldy bread and clouted shoes!

Rupertismus.

O That I could but vote my self a Poet,
Or had the Legislative knack to do it!
Or like the Doctors Militant could get
Dubb'd at adventure Verser Banneret.

Or had I *Cacus* trick to make my Rhimes
Their own *Antipodes*, and track the times:
Faces about says the Remonstrant Spirit,
Allegiance is Malignant, Treason Merit.
Huttington-Colt that pos'd the Sage Recorder
Might be a Sturgeon now and pass by Order.
Had I but *Elsing*'s Gift(that splay-mouth'd Brother)
That declares one way, and yet means another:
Could I thus write a-squint, then Sir long since
You had been sung a Great and Glorious Prince.
I had observ'd the Language of these days,
Blasphem'd you, and then periwig'd the Phrase
With humble Service, and such other Fustian,
Bells which ring backward in this great Combustion,
I had revil'd you, and without offence
The Literal and th'equitable Sense,
Would make it good. When all fails this will do't,
Sure that Distinction cleft the Devil's foot.
This weremy Dialect, would your Highness please
To read me but with Hebrew Spectacles;
Interpret counter what is cross rehears'd;
Libels are Commendations when revers'd.
Just as an Optick Glass contracts the Sight
At one end, but when turn'd doth multiply't.
But you're inchant'd, Sir you're doubly free
From the great Guns and Squibbing Poetry;
Whom neither *Bilbo*, nor Invention pierces,
Proof, even 'gainst th' Artillery of Verses.
Strange! That the Muses cannot wound your Mail,
If not their Art, yet let their Sex prevail.
At that known Leaguer where the Bonny *Besses*
Supply'd the Bow-strings with their twisted Tresses;
Your Spels could ne'er have fenc'd you, ev'ry Arrow
Had lanc'd your noble Breast and drunk the Marrow:

For

For Beauty, like white Powder. makes no noise,
And yet the silent Hypocrite destroys.
Then use the Nuns of *Helicon* with pity,
Lest *Wharton* tell his Gossips of the City,
That you kill Women too, nay Maids, and such
Their General wants *Militia* to touch.
Impotent *Essex*! Is it not a shame
Our Commonwealth like to a Turkish Dame,
Should have an Eunuch-Guardian? May she be
Ravish'd by *Charles*, rather than sav'd by thee.
But why, my Muse, like a Green-sickness Girl,
Feed'st thou on Coals and Dirt? A Gelding Earl
Gives no more relish to thy Female palate,
Than to the Ass did once the Thistle Salat.
Then quit his barren Theme, and all at once
Thou and thy Sisters like bright Amazons,
Give *Rupert* an *Alarum*. *Rupert*! one
Whose name is Wit's Superfœtation;
Makes Fancy, like Eternity's round womb,
Unite all Valour past, present, to come.
He, who the old Philosophy controuls,
That voted down Plurality of Souls.
He breaths a Grand Committee; all that were
The Wonders of their Age constellate here.
And as the Elder Sisters Growth and Sense
(Souls paramount themselves) in Man commence
But faculties of Reason Queen; no more
Are they to him, who was complete before,
Ingredients of his Virtues. Thread the Beads
Of *Cæsar*'s Acts, Great *Pompey*'s and the *Swedes*,
And 'tis a Bracelet fit for *Rupert*'s hand,
By which that vast Triumvirat is span'd.
Here, here is Palmestry; here you may read (bleed.
How long the World shall live, and when't shall

What every Man winds up that *Rupert* hath;
For Nature rais'd him on the Publick Faith.
Pandora's Brother, to make up whose store
The Gods were fain to run upon the score.
Such was the Painter's Brief for *Venus* Face,
Item an Eye from *Jane*, a Lip from *Grace*,
Let *Isaac* and his Cits flay off the Plate,
That tips their Antlets, for their Calf of State.
Let the Zeal-twanging Nose that wants a Ridge,
Snuffling devoutly, drop his silver Bridg;
Yes, and the Gossip's Spoon augment the Sum,
Although poor *Caleb* lose his Christendom.
Rupert outweighs that in his Sterling self,
Which their Self-want pays in Committee-pelf.
Pardon, Great Sir; for that ignoble Crew
'Gains when made Bankrupt in the Scales with you.
As he who in his Character of Light
Styl'd it God's shadow, made it far more bright
By an Eclipse so glorious (Light is dim,
And a black Nothing when compar'd with him:)
So 'tis Illustrious to be *Rupert*'s foil,
And a just Trophey to be made his spoil.
I'll pin my Faith on the Diurnal's sleeve
Hereafter, and the *Guild-Hall* Creed believe.
The Conquests which the Common-Council hears
With their wide listning Mouth from the Great (Peers
That run away in Triumph; such a Foe
Can make Men Victors in their Overthrow.
Where Providence and Valour meet in one,
Courage so pois'd with Circumspection,
That he revives the Quarrel once again
Of the Soul's Throne; whether in Heart, or Brain,
And leaves it a drawn Match; whose fervor can
Hatch him, whom Nature poach'd but half a Man.

His

His Trumpet, like the Angels at the last,
Makes the Soul rise by a miraculous blast.
Was that Mount *Athos* carv'd in shape of Man,
As was design'd by th'*Macedonian*,
Whose right hand should a populous Land contain,
The left should be a Channel to the Main;
His Spirit would inform th'*Amphibious* Figure,
And strait-laced sweat for a Dominion bigger.
The terror of whose Name can out of seven,
Like *Falstaf's* Buckram-men, make fly eleven.
Thus some grow rich by breaking; Vipers thus
By being slain are made more numerous.
No wonder they'l confess no loss of men;
For *Rupert* knocks 'em till they gig again.
They fear the Giblets of his Train, they fear,
Even his Dog, that four-leg'd Cavalier.
He that devours the Scraps that *Lunsford* makes,
Whose Picture feeds upon a Child in Stakes;
Who name but *Charles* he comes aloft for him;
But holds up his Malignant Leg at *Pym*:
'Gainst whom they have these Articles in Souse,
First, that he barks against the Sense o'th'House;
Resolv'd Delinquent to the Tower straight;
Either to th'Lyons, or the Bishop's Grate.
Next for his ceremonious Wag o'th'Tail;
But there the Sisterhood will be his Bail;
At least the Countess with Lust's *Amsterdam*,
That lets in all Religions of the Game.
Thirdly; he smells Intelligence; that's better
And cheaper too, than *Pym*'s from his own Letter,
Who's doubly paid (Fortune or we the blinder!)
For making Plots, and then for *Fox* the finder.
Lastly; he is a Devil without doubt;
For when he would lie down he wheels about;

Makes Circles and is couchant in a Ring,
And therefore ſcore up one for conjuring. (quarter !
What canſt thou ſay, thou Wretch? O quarter!
I'm but an Inſtrument, a mere Sir *Arthur*:
If I muſt hang, O let not our Fates vary,
Whoſe Office 'tis alike to fetch and carry!
No hopes of a Reprieve; the mutinous ſtir,
That ſtrung the Jeſuit will diſpatch the Cur.
Were I a Devil, as the Rabble fears,
I ſee the Houſe would try me by my Peers.
There *Jowler*, there! ah *Jowler*! 'ſt, 'tis nought,
What e'er the Accuſers cry, they'r at default,
And *Glyn* and *Maynard* have no more to ſay,
Than when the glorious *Straſſord* ſtood at bay.
Thus Libels but amount to him we ſee
T'enjoy a Copy-hold of Victory.
Saint *Peter*'s ſhadow heal'd, *Rupert*'s is ſuch
'Twould find Saint *Peter* work, and wound as much.
He gags their Guns, defeats their dire Intent.
The Cannons do but liſp and complement.
Sure *Jove* deſcended in a leaden ſhower
To get this *Perſeus*; hence the fatal power
Of ſhot is ſtrangled; Bullets thus allied
Fear to commit an Act of Paricide.
Go on brave Prince, and make the World confeſs,
Thou art the greater World, and that the leſs.
Scatter th'accumulative King; untruſs
That five-fold Fiend the State's *Smectymnuus*,
Who place Religion in their Vellum-ears,
As in their *Phylactery* the *Jews* did theirs.
England's a Paradice, and a modeſt word,
Since guarded by a Cherub's flaming Sword.
Your Name can ſcare an Atheiſt to his Prayers,
And cure the Chin-cough better than the Bears.

Old

Old *Sybils* charm Tooth-ach with you, the Nurſe
Makes you ſtill Children, and the pond'rous Curſe
The Clown ſalutes with is deriv'd from you,
Now *Rupert* take thee Rogue, how doſt thou do?
In fine the Name of *Rupert* thunders ſo,
Kimbolton's but a rumbling Wheel-barrow.

Upon Sir *Thomas Martin* who ſubcribed a Warrant thus,

We the Knights and Gentlemen of the Committee, when there was no Knight but himſelf.

HAng out a Flag and gather pence a piece.
Which *Africk* never bred, nor ſwelling *Greece*
With Stories Tympany; a Beaſt ſo rare,
No Lecturer's wrought Cap, or *Barthol'mew* Fair
Can match him; Nature's Whimſey that outvies
Tredeſcant and his Ark of Novelties;
The *Gog* and *Magog* of Prodigious Sights:
With reverence to your eyes, Sir *Thomas* Knights.
But is this Bigamy of Titles due?
Are you Sir *Thomas* and Sir *Martin* too?
Iſſachar couchant 'twixt a brace of Sirs,
Thou Knighthood in a pair of Panniers.
Thou that look'ſt wrap'd up in thy warlike-Leather,
Like *Valentine* and *Orſon* bound together.
Spur's Repreſentative, thou that art able
To be a Voyder to King *Arthur*'s Table;
Who in this Sacrilegious Maſs of all,
It ſeems, has ſwallow'd *Windſor*'s Hoſpital.

Pair Royal, headed *Cerberus* his Cousin;
Hercules Labors were a Baker's dozen,
Had he but trump'd on thee, whose forked neck
Might well have answered at the Font for *Smec*.
But can a Knighthood on a Knighthood ly?
Metal on Metal is false Heraldry.
And yet the known *Godfry* of *Bouloign*'s Coat
Shines in Exception to the Herald's Vote.
Great Spirits move not by Pedantick Laws,
Their Actions, though Eccentrick, state the Cause.
And *Priscian* bleeds with honour. *Cæsar* thus
Subscrib'd two Consuls with one *Julius*.
Tom never oaded-Squire, scarce Yeoman high
Is *Tom* twice dip'd; Knight of a double die?
Fond man, whose Fate is in his Name betray'd;
It is the setting Sun doubles his shade:
But it's no matter; for amphibious he
May have a Knight hang'd, yet Sir *Tom* go free.

The General Eclipse.

LAdies that gild the glittering Noon,
And by Reflection mend his Ray,
Whose Beauty makes the sprightly Sun
To dance, as upon Easter-day;
What are you, now the Queen's away?

Courageous Eagles, who have whet
Your Eyes upon Majestick Light,
And thence deriv'd such Martial heat,
That still your Looks maintain the Fight;
What are you, since the King's Good-night?

Cavalier-

Cavalier-buds, whom Nature teems,
As a Reserve for *England*'s Throne,
Spirits whose double edge redeems
The last Age, and adorns your own;
What are you, now the Prince is gone?

As an obstructed Fountain's head
Cuts the Intail off from the Streams,
And Brooks are disinherited;
Honour and Beauty are mere Dreams,
Since *Charles* and *Mary* lost their Beams.

Criminal Valors! who commit
Your Gallantry, whose *Pæan* brings
A Psalm of Mercy after it;
In this sad Solstice of the King's,
Your Victory hath mew'd her wings.

See how your Souldier wears his Cage
Of Iron, like the Captive Turk,
And as the Guerdon of his Rage!
See how your glimmering Peers do lurk,
Or at the best work Journey-work!

Thus 'tis a General Eclipse,
And the whole World is al-a-mort;
Only the House of Commons trips
The Stage in a Triumphant sort,
Now e'en *John Lilburn* take 'em for't.

SECT. III.

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Containing MISCELLANIES.

Upon Princess Elizabeth *born the Night before New-Year's Day.*

A Strologers say, *Venus*, the self same Star
Is both our *Hesperus* and *Lucifer*;
The Antitype, this *Venus* makes it true,
She shuts the old Year, and begins the new.
Her Brother with a Star at Noon was born,
She like a Star both of the Eve and Morn.
Count o'er the Stars, fair Queen, in Babes, and vie
With every Year a new Epiphany.

Upon a Miser who made a great Feast, and the next day dyed for Grief.

NOr scapes he so; our Dinner was so good
My liquorish Muse cannot but chew the Cud,
And what delight she took in th'Invitation
Strives to taste o'er again in this Relation.
After a tedious Grace in *Hopkin*'s Rhyme,
Not for Devotion, but to take up time,
March'd the Train'd-Band of Dishes, usher'd there
To shew their Postures, and then as they were:

For

For he invites no Teeth, perchance the Eye
He will afford, the Lover's Gluttony.
Thus is our Feast a Muster, not a Fight,
Our Weapon's not for Service, but for Sight.
But are we Tantaliz'd? Is all this Meat
Cook'd by a Limner for to view, not eat?
Th'Astrologers keep such Houses when they sup
On Joynts of *Taurus*, or the Heavenly Tup.
What ever Feasts he made are summ'd up here,
His Table vies not standing with his Cheer;
His Churchings, Christnings, in this Meal are all,
And not transcrib'd, but in th'Original.
Christmass is no Feast moveable; for lo,
The self same Dinner was ten years ago!
'Twill be immortal, if it longer stay,
The Gods will eat it for *Ambrosia*.
But stay a while; unless my Whineyard fail
Or is inchanted, I'll cut off the Intail.
Saint *George* for *England* then! have at the Mutton;
Where the first cut calls me blood-thirsty Glutton.
Stout *Ajax* with his anger-codled Brain
Killing a Sheep thought *Agamemnon* slain;
The Fiction's now prov'd true, wounding the Rost,
Lamentably Butcher up mine Host.
Such Sympathy is with his Meat, my Weapon
Makes him an Eunuch, when it carves his Capon.
Cut a Goose Leg, and the poor Fool for mone
Turns Cripple too, and after stands on one.
Have you not heard th'abominable sport
A *Lancaster* Grand-Jury will report?
The Souldier with his *Morglay* watch'd the Mill,
The Cats they came to feast, when lusty *Will*
Whips off great Pusses Leg, which (by some Charm)
Proves the next day such an old Woman's Arm.

It's

It's so with him, whole carcass never scapes,
But still we slash him in a thousand shapes.
Our Serving-men (like Spaniels) range to spring
The Fowl which he had cluck'd under his wing.
Should he on Woodcock, or on Widgeon feed
It were *Thyestes*-like, on his own Breed.
To Pork he pleads a Superstition due,
But we subscribe neither to *Scot*, nor *Jew*.
No Liquor stirs; call for a Cup of Wine;
'Tis Blood we drink, we pledge thee *Catiline*.
Sawces we should have none, had he his wish;
The Oranges i'th'Margin of his Dish.
He with such Hukster's care tells o'er and o'er,
Th'*Hesperian* Dragon never watch'd them more.
But being eaten now into despair,
(Having nought else to do) he falls to prayer.
Thou that didst once put on the form of Bull,
And turn'd thine *Io* to a lovely Mull,
Defend my Rump, great *Jove*, allay my grief,
O spare me this, this Monumental Beef!
But no *Amen* was said; see see it comes; (Drums.
Draw Boys, let Trumpets sound, and strike up
See how his Blood doth with the Gravy swim,
And every Trencher hath a Limb of him. (deeper,
The Ven'son's now in view, our Hounds spend
Strange Deer which in the Pasty hath a Keeper,
Stricter than in the Park, making his Guest,
As he had stol't alive, to steal it dreſt!
The scent was hot, and we pursuing faster
Than *Ovid*'s Pack of Dogs e'er chac'd their Master;
A double prey at once we seize upon,
Acteon, and his Case of Venison.
Thus was he torn alive, to vex him worse,
Death serves him up now as a second Course.

Should

Should we, like *Thracians*, our dead bodies eat,
He would have liv'd only to ſave his Meat.
Laſtly; we did devour that Corps of His
Throughout all *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſis*.

On the Memory of Mr. Edward King *drown'd in the* Iriſh *Seas.*

I Like not tears in tune, nor do I prize
His artificial Grief, who ſcans his eyes.
Mine weep down pious Beads; but why ſhould I
Confine them to the Muſes Roſary?
Iam no Poet here; my Pen's the Spout;
Where the Rain-water of mine eyes run out
In pity of that Name, whoſe Fate we ſee
Thus copyed out in Grief's Hydrography.
The Muſes are not Mer-maids, though upon
His Death the Ocean might turn *Helicon*.
The Sea's too rough for Verſe; who rhymes upon's
With *Xerxes* ſtrives to fetter th'*Helleſpont*.
My Tears will keep no Channel, know no Laws
To guide their ſtreams, but like the waves, their cauſe
Run with diſturbance, till they ſwallow me
As a Deſcription of his Miſery.
But can his ſpatious Virtue find a Grave
Within the Impoſtum'd bubble of a Wave?
Whoſe Learning if we ſound, we muſt confeſs
The Sea but ſhallow, and him bottomleſs.
Could not the Winds to countermand thy death,
With their whole Card of Lungs redeem thy breath?
Or ſome new Iſland in thy reſcue peep,
To heave thy Reſurrection from the Deep;
That ſo the World might ſee thy ſafety wrought,
With no leſs wonder than thy ſelf was thought?

The

The famous *Stagarite* (who in his life
Had Nature as familiar as his Wife)
Bequeath'd his Widow to ſurvive with thee
Queen Dowager of all Philoſophy.
An ominous Legacy, that did portend
Thy Fate, and Predeceſſor's ſecond end.
Some have affirm'd that what on Earth we find,
The Sea can parallel for ſhape and kind.
Books, Arts and Tongues were wanting, but in thee
Neptune hath got an Univerſity.
We'll dive no more for Pearls; the hope to ſee
Thy ſacred Reliques of Mortality
Shall welcome Storms, and make the Seaman prize
His Shipwrack now more than his Merchandize.
He ſhall embrace the Waves, and to thy Tomb,
As to a Royaler Exchange ſhall come.
What can we now expect? Water and Fire,
Both Elements our ruin do conſpire;
And that diſſolves us which doth us compound,
One *Vatican* was burnt, another drown'd.
We of the Gown our Libraries muſt toſs
To underſtand the greatneſs of our Loſs;
Be Pupils to our Grief, and ſo much grow
In Learning, as our Sorrows overflow.
When we have fill'd the Rundlets of our Eyes
We'll iſſue't forth, and vent ſuch Elegies,
As that our Tears ſhall ſeem the *Iriſh* Seas,
We floating Iſlands, living *Hebrides*.

An

An Elegy upon the Arch-bishop of Canterbury.

I Need no Muse to give my Passion vent,
He brews his Tears that studies to lament.
Verse chymically weeps, that pious rain
Distill'd by Art is but the sweat o'th'Brain.
Who ever sob'd in Numbers! Can a Groan
Be quaver'd out in soft Division?
'Tis true, for common formal Elegies
Not *Bushel*'s Wells can match a Poet's Eyes
In wanton Water-Works; he'll tune his Tears
From a *Geneva*-Jig up to the Spheres:
But then he mourns at distance, weeps aloof,
Now that the Conduit Head is our own Roof;
Now that the Fate is Publick, (we may call
It *Brittain*'s Vespers, *England*'s Funeral.)
Who hath a Pencil to express the Saint,
But he hath Eyes too washing off the Paint?
There is no Learning but what Tears surround,
Like to *Seth*'s Pillars in the Deluge drown'd.
There is no Church, Religion is grown
So much of late that she's encreast to none.
Like an Hydropick Body full of Rheumes,
First swells into a Bubble, then consumes.
The Law is dead, or cast into a Trance,
And by a Law dough-bak'd an Ordinance.
The Liturgy, whose doom was voted next,
Dy'd as a Comment upon him the Text.
There's nothing lives, Life is, since he is gone,
But a Nocturnal Lucubration.
Thus you have seen Death's Inventory read,
In the Summ total, *Canterbury*'s dead.

A ſight would make a *Pagan* to baptize
Himſelf a Convert in his bleeding Eyes.
Would thaw the Rabble, that fierce Beaſt of ours,
That which *Hyena*-like weeps and devours
Tears that flow brackiſh from their Souls within,
Not to repent, but pickle up their Sin.
Mean time no ſqualid Grief his Look defiles,
He guilds his ſadder Fate with nobler Smiles.
Thus the World's Eye with reconciled Streams
Shines in his ſhowers, as if he wept his beams.
How could Succeſs ſuch Villanies applaud?
The State in *Straſſord* fell, the Church in *Laud*,
The Twins of publick rage, adjudg'd to dye
For Treaſons they ſhould act by Prophecy.
The Facts were done before the Laws were made,
The Trump turn'd up after the Game was play'd.
Be dull great Spirits, and forbear to climb;
For Worth is ſin, and Eminence a Crime.
No Church-man can be Innocent and High,
'Tis height makes *Grantham* Steeple ſtand awry.

Epitaphium

Epitaphium *Thomæ Spell* Coll. Divi *Johannis Præsidis.*

HIc jacet Quantillum Quanti,
Ille, quatenus potuit mori,
Thomas Spellus;
Fuit nomen, erit Epitheton.
Posthumus sibi perennabit, idem
Olim & olim.
Ille qui sibi futurus Posteri,
Ut esse poterat Majores sui,
Honestis quicquid debuit Natalibus
Maetus in sese; disputandus utrum
Sui magis, an ex Patrum traduce;
Quem vita Drama Mitionem dedit;
Qui verba protulit, ut Aleedo pullos
Omine pacis;
Quocum sepulta jacet Urbanitas,
Et Malaci mores tanquam Solduri
Commoriuntur.
Pauperum Scipio, *& amor omnium.*
Collegii Coagulum, Honorum Climax,
Scholaris, Socius, Senior, Præses,
Et Pastor gregis in cruce providus,
Oculos à flendo non moror amplius.
Vixit.

Mark Anthony.

WHen as the Nightingale chanted her Vespers,
And the wild Forrester couch'd on the ground;
Venus invited me in th'Evening Whispers
Unto a fragrant Field with Roses crown'd;

 Where

Where she before had sent
My Wishes Complement,
Unto my Heart's content
Play'd with me on the Green:
Never *Mark Anthony*
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair *Ægyptian* Queen.

First on her cherry Cheeks I mine Eyes feasted,
Thence fear of Surfeiting made me retire;
Next on her warmer Lips, which when I tasted
My duller Spirits made me active as fire;
Then we began to dart,
Each at anothers Heart,
Arrows that knew no smart;
Sweet Lips and Smiles between.
Never *Mark, &c.*
Wanting a Glass to plate her Amber Tresses,
Which like a Bracelet rich decked mine Arm,
Gawdier than *Juno* wears, when as the Graces
Jove with Embraces more stately, than warm;
Then did she peep in mine
Eyes, humour Chrystalline
I in her Eyes was seen,
As if we one had been.
Never *Mark, &c.*

Mystical Grammar of Amourous Glances;
Feeling of Pulses, the Physick of Love,
Rhetorical Courtings and Musical Dances,
Numbring of Kisses Arithmetick prove
Eyes, like Astronomy,
Straight-limb'd Geometry
In her Art's Ingeny,

Our

Our Wits were sharp and keen.
Never *Mark Anthony*
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair *Ægyptian* Queen.

The Author's Mock-Song to Mark Anthony.

When as the Nightingale sang *Pluto's Mattins*,
And *Cerberus* cry'd three *Amens* at a Howl,
When Night wandring Witches put on their Pattins,
Midnight as dark as their Faces are foul:
Then did the Furies doom
That the Night-Mare was come;
Such a mishapen Groom
Puts down *Su. Pomfret* clean.
Never did *Incubus*
Touch such a filthy *Sus*,
At this foul Gypsie Quean.

First on her Goosberry Cheeks I mine eyes Blasted,
Thence fear of vomiting made me retire
Unto her Blewer Lips, which when I tasted
My Spirits were duller than Dun in the Mire;
But when her Breath took place,
Which went an Usher's pace,
And made way for her Face,
You may guess what I mean.
Never did, *&c.*

Like Snakes engendring were platted her Tresses,
Or like to slimy streaks of roapy Ale;
Uglier than Envy wears, when she confesses
Her Head is periwig'd with Adder's Tail.

But as soon as she spake,
I heard a harsh Mandrake:
Laugh not at my Mistake,
Her Head is Epicene.
Never did, *&c.*

Mystical Magick of Conjuring Wrinkles;
Feeling of Pulses, the Palm'stry of Hags,
Scolding out Belches for Rhetorick Twinkles,
With three Teeth in her Head like to three Gags:
Rainbows about her eyes,
And her Nose Weather-wise,
From them the Almanack lies,
Frost, Pond and Rivers clean.
Never did *Incubus*
Touch such a filthy *Sus*,
As this foul Gypsie Quean.

How the Commencement grows new.

TIs no *Curranto*-News I undertake,
New Teacher of the Town I mean not to make,
No *New-England* Voyage my Muse does intend,
No new Fleet, no bald Fleet, nor bonny Fleet send;
But if you'l be pleas'd to hear out this Ditty,
I'll tell you some News as True and as Witty;
And how the Commencement grows new.

See how the Simony-Doctors abound,
All crowding to throw away Forty pound: (per
They'l now in their Wives Stammel-Petticoats va-
Without any need of an Argument-Draper;
Beholding to none, he neither beseeches
This Friend for Ven'son, nor t'other for Speeches,
And so the Commencement grows new.

Every

Every twice a day the Teaching Gaffer
Brings up his Easter-book to chaffer:
Nay some take Degrees, who never had Steeple,
Whose Means like Degrees, come from Placers of people.
They come to the Fair, and at the first pluck,
The Toll-man *Bernaby* strikes 'um good luck,
And so, *&c.*

The Country Parsons they do not come up
On Tuesday Night in their own Colledge to sup;
Their Bellies and Table-Books equally Sull,
The next Lecture-Dinner their Notes forth to pull:
How bravely the *Marg'ret* Professor Disputed,
The Homilies urg'd, and the School-men Confuted?
And so, *&c.*

The Inceptor brings not his Father, the Clown,
To look with his Mouth at his *Grogoram* Gown;
With like Admiration to eat Roasted Beef,
Which Invention pos'd his Beyond-*Trent*-Belief;
Who should he but hear our Organs once sound,
Could scarce keep his Hoof from *Sellenger*'s Round,
And so, *&c.*

The Gentleman comes not to shew us his Satin,
To look with some Judgment at him that speaks Latin;
To be angry with him that makes not his Cloaths
To answer, O Lord Sir, and talk Play-book-oaths.
And at the next Bear-baiting (full of his Sack)
To tell his Comrades our Discipline's slack.
And so, *&c.*

We have no Prevaricator's Wit;
Ay, marry Sir, when have you had any yet?

Besides no serious *Oxford* man comes
To cry down the use of Jesting and Hums.
Our Ballad (believe't) is no stranger than true;
Mum Salter is sober, and *Jack Martin* too.
And so the Commencement grows new.

Square-cap.

COme hither *Apollo*'s Bouncing Girl,
And in a whole Hipprocrene of Sherry
Let's drink a round till our Brains do whirl,
Tuning our Pipes to make our selves merry;
A *Cambridge*-Lass, *Venus*-like, born of the Froth
Of an old half-fill'd Jug of Barly-Broth,
She, she is my Mistress, her Suitors are many,
But she'll have a Square-Cap, if e'er she have any.

And first, for the Plush-sake, the *Monmouth*-Cap (comes
Shaking his Head, like an empty Bottle,
With his new fangled Oath by *Jupiter*'s Thumbs,
That to her Health he'll begin a pottle:
He tells her, that after the Death of her Grannum
She shall have God knows what *per Annum*;
But still she replied, Good Sir *La-bee*,
If ever I have a Man, Square-Cap for me.

Then *Calot Leather*-Cap strongly pleads,
And fain would derive his Pedigree of fashion.
The *Antipodes* wear their Shoes on their Heads,
And why may not we in their Imitation:
Oh! how the Foot-ball noddle would please,
If it were but well toss'd on Sir *Thomas* his Lees:
But still she replyed, Good Sir *La-bee*
If ever I have a Man, Square-Cap for me.

Next

Next comes the Puritan in a wrought-Cap,
With a long-wasted Conscience towards a Sister,
And making a Chappel of Ease of her Lap;
First he said Grace, and then he kiss'd her:
Beloved, quoth he, thou art my Text;
Then falls he to Use and Application next,
But then she replied, your Text Sir I'll be;
For then I'm sure you'll ne'er handle me.

But see where Sattin-Cap scouts about, (marry,
And fain would this Wench in his Fellowship
He told her how such a Man was not put out,
Because his Wedding he closely did carry.
He'll purchase Induction by Simony,
And offers her Money her Incumbent to be,
But still she replied, Good Sir *La-bee*,
If ever I have a Man, Square-Cap for me.

The Lawyer's a Sophister by his Round-Cap,
Nor in their Fallacies are they divided,
The one Milks the Pocket, the other the Tap,
And yet this Wench he fain would have Brided.
Come leave these thred-bare Scholars, quoth he,
And give me Livery and Seisin of thee.
But peace *John-a-Nokes*, and leave your Oration,
For I never will be your Impropriation:
I pray you therefore, Good Sir *La-bee*;
For if ever I have a Man, Square-Cap for me.

The Character of a Country-Committee-man, with the Ear-mark of a Sequestrator.

A Committee man by his Name should be one that is possessed; there is number enough in it to make an Epithet for *Legion*. He is *Persona in concreto* (to borrow the Solecism of a Modern Statesman.) You may translate it by the *Red-Bull* Phrase, and speak as properly, Enter seven Devils *solus*. It is a well-truss'd Title, that contains both the Number and the Beast; for a Committee-man is a Noun of Multitude, he must be spell'd with Figures, like Antichrist wrapp'd in a Pair-Royal of Sixes. Thus the Name is as monstrous as the Man, a complex Notion, of the same Lineage with Accumulative Treason. For his Office it is the Heptarchy, or *England*'s Fritters; it is the broken meat of a crumbling Prince, only the Royalty is greater; for it is here, as in the Miracle of Loaves, the Voyder exceeds the Bill of Fare. The Pope and he rings the Changes; here is the Plurality of Crowns to one Head, joyn them together and there is a Harmony in Discord. The Triple-headed Turn-key of Heaven, with the Triple-headed Porter of Hell. A Committee-man is the Reliques of Regal Government, but, like Holy Reliques, he out-bulks the Substance whereof he is a Remnant. There is a score of Kings in a Committee,

mittee, as in the Reliques of the Crofs there is the number of Twenty. This is the Gyant with the hundred hands that wiefds the Scepter; the Tyrannical Bead-Roll, by which the Kingdom prays backward, and at every Curfe drops a Committee-man. Let *Charles* be wav'd, whofe condefcending Clemency aggravates the Defection, and make *Nero* the Queftion, better a *Nero* than a Committee. There is lefs Execution by a fingle Bullet, than by Cafe-fhot.

Now a Committee-man is a party-colour'd Officer. He muft be drawn like *Janus* with Crofs and Pile in his Countenance; as he relates to the Souldiers, or faces about to his fleecing the Country. Look upon him martially, and he is a Juftice of War, one that hath bound his *Dalton* up in Buff, and will needs be of the *Quorum* to the beft Commanders. He is one of *Mars* his Lay-Elders, he fhares in the Government, though a *Non*-conformift to his bleeding Rubrick. He is the like Sectary in Arms, as the Platonick is in Love; keeps a fluttering in Difcourfe, but proves a Haggard in the Action. He is not of the Souldiers, and yet of his Flock. It is an Emblem of the Golden Age (and fuch indeed he makes it to him) when fo tame a Pigeon may converfe with Vultures. Methinks a Committee hanging about a Governour, and Bandileers dangling about a fur'd Alderman, have an Anagram Refemblance. There is no Syntax between a Cap of Maintenance and a Helmet. Who ever knew an Enemy routed by a Grand Jury and a *Billa vera*? It is a left-handed Garrifon where their Authority perches; but the more prepofterous, the more in fafhion; the right hand fights, while

renewed, That the Beggars make a Free Company, and those their Wardens. You may see what it is to hang together. Look upon them severally, and you cannot but fumble for some Threds of Charity. But oh, they are *Termagants* in Conjunction! like Fidlers, who are Rogues when they go single, and join'd in Consort, Gentlemen Musicianers. I care not much if I untwist my Committee-man, and so give him the Receipt of this Grand *Catholicon*.

Take a State-martyr, one that for his good Behaviour hath paid the Excise of his Ears, so suffered Captivity by the Land-Piracy of Ship-money; next a Primitive Freeholder, one that hates the King because he is a Gentleman, transgressing the *Magna Charta* of Delving *Adam*. Add to these a Mortified Bankrupt, that helps out his false Weights with some Scruples of Conscience, and with his peremptory Scales can doom his Prince with a *Mene Tekel*. These with a new blew-stocking'd Justice, lately made of a good Basket-hilted Yeoman, with a short-handed Clerk, tack'd to the Rear of him to carry the Knap-sack of his Understanding; together with two or three Equivocal Sirs, whose Religion, like their Gentility, is the Extract of their Acres; being therefore Spiritual, because they are Earthly; not forgetting the Man of the Law, whose Corruption gives the Hogan to the sincere Juncto. These are the Simples of this Precious Compound; a kind of Dutch Hotch-Potch, the *Hogan Mogan* Committee-man.

The Committee-man hath a Side-man, or rather a Setter, right a Sequestrator, of whom you may say,

ſay, as of the Great *Sultan*'s Horſe, where he treads the Graſs grows no more. He is the States Cormorant, one that fiſhes for the publick, but feeds himſelf; the miſery is, he fiſhes without the Cormorant's Property, a Rope to ſtrengthen the Gullet, and to make him diſgorge. A Sequeſtrator! He is the Devil's Nut-hook, the Sign with him is always in the Clutches. There are more Monſters retain to him, than to all the Limbs in Anatomy. It is ſtrange Phyſicians do not apply him to the Soles of the Feet in a deſperate Fever, he draws far beyond Pigeons. I hope ſome Mountebank will ſlice him, and make the Experiment. He is a Tooth-drawer once removed; here is the difference, one applauds the Grinder, the other the Griſt. Never till now could I verifie the Poet's Deſcription, that the ravenous Harpie had a Humane Viſage. Death himſelf cannot quit ſcores with him; like the Demoniack in the Goſpel, he lives among Tombs; nor is all the Holy Water ſhed by Widows and Orphans, a ſufficient Exorciſm to diſpoſſeſs him. Thus the Cat ſucks your breath, and the Fiend your blood; nor can the Brotherhood of Witch-finders, ſo ſagely inſtituted with all their Terror, wean the Familiars.

But once more to ſingle out my emboſs'd Committee-man; his Fate (for I know you would fain ſee an end of him) is either a whipping Audit, when he is wrung in the Withers by a Committee of Examinations, and ſo the Spunge weeps out the Moiſture which he had ſoaked before; or elſe he meets his Paſſing-peal in the clamorous Mutiny of a Gut-foundred Garriſon: for the Hedge-ſparrow will be feeding the Cuckow, till he

miſtake

mistake his Commons and bites off her head. What-ever it is, it is within his desert: For what is observed of some Creatures, that at the same time they trade in Productions three Stories high, Suckling the first, Big with the second, and Clicketing for the third: A Committee-man is the Counterpoint, his Mischief is Superfœtation, a certain Scale of Destruction; for he ruins the Father, beggars the Son, and strangles the hopes of all Posterity.

The Character of a Diurnal-maker.

A Diurnal-maker is the Sub-almoner of History, Queen *Mabs* Register; one whom, by the same Figure that a North-country Pedlar is a Merchant-man, you may stile an Author. It is like over-reach of Language, when every thin, Tinder-cloak'd Quack must be called a Doctor; when a clumsie Cobler usurps the Attribute of our English Peers, and is vamp'd a Translator. Lift him a Writer, and you smother *Geoffry* in Swabber-slops; the very name of Dablet oversets him; he is swallowed up in the Phrase, like Sir *S. L.* in a great Saddle, nothing to be seen, but the Giddy Feather in his Crown. They call him a *Mercury*, but he becomes the Epithet, like the little Negro mounted upon an Elephant, just such another Blot Rampant. He has not Stuffings sufficient for the Reproach of a Scribler; but it hangs about him like an old Wifes Skin, when the Flesh hath forsaken her, lank and loose. He defames a good Title, as well as most of our Modern Noble-

Men

Men; those Wens of Greatness, the Body Politick's most peccant Humours, Blistred into Lords. He hath so Raw-bon'd a Being, that however you render him, he rubs it out and makes Rags of the Expression. The silly Country-man, who seeing an Ape in a Scarlet-coat, bless'd his young Worship, and gave his Landlord joy of the hopes of his House, did not slander his Complement with worse Application, than he that names this Shred an Historian. To call him an Historian is to knight a Mandrake: 'Tis to view him through a Perspective, and by that gross *Hyperbole* to give the Reputation of an Engineer, to a Maker of Mouse-traps. Such an Historian would hardly pass muster with a Scotch Stationer, in a Sieve full of Ballads and Godly Books. He would not serve for the Breast-plate, of a begging Grecian. The most cramp'd *Compendium* that the Age hath seen, since all Learning hath been almost torn into Ends, outstrips him by the Head. I have heard of Puppets that could prattle in a Play, but never saw of their Writings before. There goes a report of the *Holland* Women, that together with their Children, they are delivered of a *Sooterkin*, not unlike to a Rat, which some imagine to be the Offspring of the Stoves. I know not what *Ignis fatuus* adulterates the Press, but it seems much after that fashion, else how could this Vermin think to be a Twin to a Legitimate Writer; when those weekly Fragments shall pass for History, let the poor man's Box be intituled the Exchequer, and the Alms-basket a Magazine. Not a Worm that gnaws on the dull Scalp of Voluminous *Hollinshed*, but at every Meal devour'd more Chronicle, than his

his Tribe amounts to. A Marginal Note of *W. P.* would serve for a Winding-sheet, for that man's Works, like thick-skin'd Fruits, are all Rinde, fit for nothing but the Authors Fate to be pared in a Pillory.

The Cook, who serv'd up the Dwarf in a Pye (to continue the Frollick) might have lapp'd up such an Historian as this in the Bill of Fare. He is the first Tincture and Rudiment of a Writer, dipp'd as yet in the preparative Blew, like an Almanack Well-willer. He is the Cadet of a Pamphleteer, the Pedee of a Romancer; he is the Embryo of a History slink'd before Maturity. How should he Record the Issue's of time, who is himself an Abortive? I will not say but that he may pass for an Historian in *Garbier*'s Academy; he is much of the size of those Knot-grass Professors. What a pittiful Seminary was there projected! Yet sutable enough to the present Universities, those dry Nurses, which the Providence of the Age has so fully reform'd, that they are turn'd Reformado's: But that's no matter, the meaner the better. It is a Maxim observable in these days, That the only way to win the Game is to play Petty *Johns*. Of this number is the Esquire of the Quill; for he hath the Grudging of History, and some Yawnings accordingly. Writing is a Disease in him, and holds like a Quotidian; so 'tis his Infirmity that makes him an Author, as *Mahomet* was beholding to the Falling-sickness to vouch him a Prophet. That nice Artificer, who filed a Chain so thin and light, that a Flea could trail it (as if he had work'd Short-hand, and taught his Tools to Cypher) did but contrive an Emblem for this

Skip-

Skip-Jack and his slight productions.

Methinks the Turk should license Diurnals, because he prohibits Learning and Books. A Library of Diurnals is a Wardrobe of Frippery; 'tis a just *Idea* of a *Limbo* of the Infants. I saw one once that could write with his Toes, by the same token I could have wished he had worn his Copies for Socks; 'tis he without doubt from whom the Diurnals derive their Pedigree, and they have a Birth-right accordingly, being shuffled out at the bed's feet of History. To what infinite numbers an Historian would multiply, should he crumble into Elves of this Profession? To supply this smalness they are fain to joyn Forces, so they are not singly, but as the Custom is, in a Croaking Committee. They tug at the Pen, like slaves at the Oar, a whole Bank together; they write in the Posture that the *Swedes* gave fire in, overone another's heads. It is said there is more of them go to a Suit of Cloaths than to a *Britannicus*: In this Polygamy the Cloaths breed, and cannot determine whose Issue is Lawfully begotten.

And here I think it were not amiss to take a particular how he is accoutred, and so do by him as he in his *Siquis* for the Wall-ey'd Mare, or the Crop-Flea-bitten, give you the Marks of the Beast. I begin with his Head, which is ever in Clouts, as if the Night-cap should make *Assidavit*, that the Brain was pregnant. To what purpose doth the *Pia Mater* lie in so dully in her white Formalities: Sure she hath had hard Labour; for the Brows have squeezed for it, as you may perceive by his Butter'd Bon-grace, that Fi'm of a Demicastor; 'tis so thin and unctuous that the Sun-beams

 mistake

mistake it for a Vapour, and are like to Cap him; so it is right Heliotrope, it creaks in the Shine, and flaps in the Shade! whatever it be, I wish it were able to call in his Ears. There's no proportion between that Head and Appurtenances; those of all Lungs are no more fit for that small Noddle of the Circumcision, than Brass Bosses for a *Geneva*-Bible. In what a puzzling Neutrality is the poor Soul, that moves betwixt two such ponderous Biasses! His Collar is edg'd with a peice of peeping Linnen, by which he means a Band; 'tis the Forlorn of his Shirt crawling out of his Neck: Indeed it were time that his Shirt were jogging; for it has serv'd an Apprenticeship and (as Apprentices use) it hath learned its Trade too, to which effect 'tis matching to the Paper-mill, and the next week fets up for it self in the shape of a Pamphlet. His Gloves are the shavings of his Hands; for he casts his Skin like a cancell'd Parchment. The Itch represents the broken Seals. His Boots are the Legacies of two black Jacks, and till he pawn'd the Silver that the Jacks were tipp'd with, it was a pretty Mode of Boot-hose-tops. For the rest of his Habit he is a perfect Sea-man, a kind of Tarpawlin, he being hang'd about with his course Composition, those Pole-davie Papers.

But I must draw to an end; for every Character is an Anatomy-lecture, and it fares with me in this of the Diurnal-maker, as with him that reads on a begg'd Malefactor, my Subject smells before I have gone thorough with him; for a parting Blow then. The word Historian imports a sage and solemn Author; one that curles his Brow with a sullen Gravity, like a Bull-neck'd

Presbyter

Presbyter, since the Army hath got him off his Jurisdiction, who Presbyter-like sweeps his Breast with a Reverend Beard, full of Native Moss-Troopers: not such a squirting Scribe as this, that's troubled with the Rickets, and makes penny-worths of History. The Colledge-Treasury that never had in Bank above a *Harry*-groat, shut up there in a melancholick solitude, like one that is kept to keep possession, had as good Evidence to shew for his Title, as he for an Historian: so, if he will needs be an Historian, he is not cited in the Sterling acceptation, but after the rate of Blew-caps Reckoning, an Historian Scot. Now a Scotchman's Tongue runs high *Fullams*. There is a Cheat in his Idiom; for the sence Ebbs from the bold Expression, like the Citizen's Gallon, which the Drawer interprets but half a Pint. In summ; a Diurnal-maker is the Antimark of an Historian; he differs from him as a Dril from a Man, or (if you had rather have it in the Saints Gibbrish (as a Hinter doth from a Holder-forth.

The Character of a London-*Diurnal.*

A Diurnal is a puny Chronicle, scarce Pin-feather'd with the Wings of Time. It is a History in Sippets: The English Iliads in a Nutshel: The Apocryphal Parliament's Book of *Maccabees* in single sheets. It would tire a Welshman to reckon up how many *Aps* 'tis removed from an Annal: for it is of that Extract, only of the younger House, like a Shrimp to a Lobster. The Original Sinner in this kind was Dutch, *Gallobelgicus* the

 Protoplast,

Protoplast, and the modern *Mercuries* but *Hans-en-kelders*. The Countess of *Zealand* was brought to bed of an Almanack, as many Children as days in the year. It may be the Legislative Lady is of that Linage, so she spawns the Diurnals, and they at *Westminster* take them in Adoption by the names of *Scoticus*, *Civicus*, *Britannicus*. In the Frontispeice of the old Beldam Diurnal, like the Contents of the Chapter, sitteth the House of Commons judging the twelve Tribes of *Israel*. You may call them the Kingdoms Anatomy before the weekly Kalendar; for such is a Diurnal, the day of the Month with what Weather in the Commonwealth. It is taken for the Pulse of the Body Politick, and the Emperick-Divines of the Assembly, those Spiritual Dragooners, thumb it accordingly. Indeed it is a pretty *Synopsis*; and those Grave *Rabbies* (though in the point of Divinity) trade in no larger Authors. The Country-carrier, when he buys it for the Vicar, miscals it the Urinal; yet properly enough, for it casts the Water of the State ever since it staled Blood. It differs from an *Aulicus*, as the Devil and his Exorcist, or as a black Witch doth from a white one, whose office is to unravel her Enchantments.

It begins usually with an Ordinance, which is a Law still-born, dropt before quickned by the Royal Assent. 'Tis one of the Parliament's By-blows, Acts only being Legitimate, and hath no more Sire than a Spanish Gennet that is begotten by the Wind.

Thus their *Militia*, like its Patron *Mars*, is the Issue only of the Mother, without the Concourse of Royal *Jupiter*: Yet Law it is, if they vote it, in defiance

defiance to their Fundamentals; like the old Sexton, who swore his Clock went true, whatever the Sun said to the contrary.

The next Ingredient of a Diurnal is Plots, horrible Plots, which with wonderful Sagacity it hunts dry-foot, while they are yet in their Causes before *Materia prima* can put on her Smock. How many such fits of the Mother have troubled the Kingdom; and for all Sir *W. E.* looks like a Man-Midwife, not yet delivered of so much as a Cushion? But Actors must have Properties; and since the Stages were voted down, the only Play-house is at *Westminster*.

Suitable to their Plots are their Informers, Skippers and Taylors, Spaniels both for the Land and Water. Good conscionable Intelligence! For however *Pym*'s Bill may inflame the reckoning, the honest Vermine have not so much for Lying as the Publick Faith.

Thus a zealous Botcher in *Moorfields*, while he was contriving some Quirpo-cut of Church-Government, by the help of his outlying Ears and the *Otacousticon* of the Spirit, discovered such a Plot, that *Selden* intends to combat Antiquity, and maintain it was a Taylor's Goose that preserv'd the Capitol.

I wonder my Lord of *Canterbury* is not once more all-to-be-traytor'd, for dealing with the Lyons to settle the Commission of Array in the Tower. It would do well to cramp the Articles dormant, besides the opportunity of reforming these Beasts of the Prerogative, and changing their profaner names of *Harry* and *Charles* into *Nehemiah* and *Eleazar*.

Suppose a Corn-cutter, being to give little *Isaac* a cast of his Office, should fall to paring his Brows (mistaking the one end for the other; because he branches at both) this would be a Plot, and the next Diurnal would furnish you with this Scale of Votes.

Resolv'd upon the Question, That this Act of the Corn-cutter was an absolute Invasion of the Cities Charter, in the representative forehead of Isaac.

Resolv'd, That the evil Counsellours about the Corn-cutter are Popishly-affected, and Enemies to the State.

Resolv'd, That there be a publick Thanksgiving for the great deliverance of Isaac's *Brow-antlers; and a solemn Covenant drawn up to defie the Corn-cutter and all his Works.*

Thus the *Quixots* of this Age fight with the Windmils of their own heads, quell Monsters of their own Creation, make Plots, and then discover them; as who fitter to unkennel the Fox, than the Terrier that is part of him?

In the third place march their Adventures; the Roundheads Legend, The Rebels Romance; Stories of a larger size, than the Ears of their Sect, able to strangle the Belief of a Solifidian.

I'll present them in their order. And first as a Whifler before the show enter *Stamford*, one that trod the Stage with the first, travers'd his ground, made a Leg and *Exit*. The Country people took him for one, that by Order of the Houses was to dance a Morrice through the West of *England*. Well; he's a nimble Gentleman; set him upon *Banks* his Horse, in a Saddle rampant, and it is a great question which part of the Centaure shews better Tricks.

There

There was a Vote passing to translate him with all his Equipage into Monumental Gingerbread; but it was crossed by the female Committee, alledging that the Valour of his Image, would bite their Children by the Tongues.

This Cubit and half of Commander, by the help of a Diurnal routed his Enemies fifty miles off. It's strange you'll say, and yet 'tis generally believ'd; he would as soon do it at that distance as nearer hand. Sure it was his Sword for which the Weapon-salve was invented; that so wounding and healing (like loving Correlates) might both work at the same removes. But the Squib is run to the end of the Rope: Room for the Prodigy of Valour. Madam *Atropos* in Breeches, *Waller*'s Knight-errantry; and because every Mountebank must have his *Zany*, throw him in *Hazlerig* to set off his Story. These two, like *Bel* and the *Dragon*, are always worshipped in the same Chapter; they hunt in couples, what one doth at the head, the other scores up at the heels.

Thus they kill a man over and over, as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* murder the Psalms with another of the same; one chimes all in, and then the other strikes up as the Saints-Bell.

I wonder for how many Lives my Lord *Hopton* took the Lease of his Body.

First *Stamford* slew him, then *Waller* out-kill'd that half a Barr; and yet it is thought the sullen Corps would scarce bleed, were both these Man-slayers never so near it.

The same goes of a Dutch Headsman, that he would do his office with so much ease and dexterity, that the Head after Execution should stand up-

on the Shoulders. Pray God Sir *William* be not Probationer for the place; for as if he had the same knack too, most of those whom the Diurnal hath slain for him, to us poor Mortals seem untoucht.

Thus these Artificers of death, can kill the Man without wounding the Body, like Lightning, that melts the Sword, and never singdes the Scabbard.

This is the *William* whose Lady is the Conqueror; This is the City's Champion and the Diurnals delight; he that Cuckolds the General in his Commission; for he stalks with *Essex*, and shoots under his Belly, because his Excellency himself is not charged there; yet in all this triumph there is a Whip and a Bell; translate but the Scene to *Roundway down*, there *Hazelrig*'s Lobsters turn'd Crabs, and crawled backwards; there poor Sir *William* ran to his Lady for an use of Consolation.

But the Diurnal is weary of the arm of flesh, and now begins an *Hosanna* to *Cromwel*; one that hath beat up his Drums clean through the Old Testament; you may learn the Genealogy of our Saviour by the names in his Regiment: the Mustermaster uses no other List but the first Chapter of *Matthew*.

With what face can they object to the King the bringing in of Foreigners, when themselves entertain such an Army of *Hebrews*? This *Cromwel* is never so valourous, as when he is making Speeches for the Association; which nevertheless he doth somewhat ominously with his Neck awry, holding up his ear as if he expected *Mahomet*'s Pigeon to come and prompt him. He should be a Bird of Prey too by his bloody Beak: His Nose is able to try a young Eagle, whether she be lawfully begot-

ten

ten. But all is not Gold that glisters. What we wonder at in the rest of them is natural to him, to kill without Bloodshed; for the most of his Trophies are in a Church-window, when a Looking-glass would shew him more Superstition. He is so perfect a hater of Images, that he hath defaced God's in his own Countenance. If he deals with men, 'tis when he takes them napping in an old Monument, then down goes Dust and Ashes, and the stoutest Cavalier is no better. O brave *Oliver*! Time's Voyder, Subsizer to the Worms, in whom Death, who formerly devoured our Ancestors, now chews the cud. He said Grace once as if he would have fallen aboard with the Marquess of *Newcastle*; nay and the Diurnal gave you his Bill of fare; but it proved a running Banquet, as appears by the Story. Believe him as he whistles to his *Cambridge*-Teem of Committee-men, and he doth Wonders. But holy Men, like the holy Language, must be read backwards. They rifle Colleges to promote Learning, and pull down Churches for Edification. But Sacrilege is entail'd upon him. There must be a *Cromwel* for Cathedrals as well as Abbeys; a secure sin, whose offence carries its pardon in its mouth: for how shall he be hang'd for Church-robbery, that gives himself the benefit of the Clergy!

But for all *Cromwel*'s Nose wears the Dominical Letter, compar'd to *Manchester*, he is but like the Vigils to an Holy-day. This, this is the Man of God, so sanctified a Thunderbolt, that *Burroughs* (in a proportionable Blasphemy to his Lord of Hosts) would style him the Archangel giving battel to the Devil.

Indeed

Indeed as the Angels each of them makes a several Species; so every one of his Souldiers makes a distinct Church. Had these Beasts been to enter into the Ark, it would have puzzled *Noah* to have sorted them into pairs. If ever there were a Rope of Sand, it was so many Sects twisted into an Association.

They agree in nothing, but that they are all Adamites in understanding. It is a sign of a Coward to wink and fight, yet all their Valour proceeds from their Ignorance.

But I wonder whence their General's Purity proceeds; it is not by Traduction: If he was begotten a Saint, it was by equivocal Generation; for the Devil in the Father is turn'd Monk in the Son, so his Godliness is of the same Parentage with good Laws, both extracted out of bad Manners; and would he alter the Scripture, as he hath attempted the Creed, he might vary the Text, and say to Corruption, *Thou art my Father.*

This is he that put out one of the Kingdom's Eyes by clouding our Mother-University; and (if this Scotch Mist farther prevail) he will extinguish the other. He hath the like quarrel to both, because both are strung with the same Optick Nerve, Knowing Loyalty.

Barbarous Rebel! Who will be reveng'd upon all Learning, because his Treason is beyond the Mercy of the Book.

The Diurnal as yet hath not talk'd much of his Victories, but there is the more behind; for the Knight must always beat the Giant, that's resolv'd.

If any thing fall out amiss which cannot be smother'd

ther'd, the Diurnal hath a help at maw. It is but putting to Sea and taking a Danish Fleet, or brewing it with some success out of *Ireland*, and then it goes down merrily.

There are more Puppets that move by the wyre of a Diurnal, as *Brereton* and *Gell*, two of *Mars* his Petty-toes, such sniveling Cowards, that it is a favour to call them so. Was *Brereton* to fight with his Teeth (as in all other things he resembles the Beast) he would have odds of any man at the weapon. O he's a terrible Slaughter-man at a Thanksgiving-Dinner! Had he been Cannibal to have eaten those that he vanquish'd, his Gut would have made him valiant.

The greatest wonder is at *Fairfax*, how he comes to be a Babe of Grace; certainly it is not in his personal, but (as the State-Sophies distinguish) in his Politick Capacity; regenerate *ab extra* by the Zeal of the House he sate in, as Chickens are hatcht at *Grand Cairo* by the Adoption of an Oven.

There is the Woodmonger too, a feeble Crutch to a declining Cause; a new Branch of the old Oak of Reformation.

And now I speak of Reformation, *Vous avez Fox* the Tinker, the liveliest Emblem of it that may be: for what did this Parliament ever go about to reform, but Tinker-wise, in mending one hole they made Three?

But I have not Ink enough to cure all the Tetters and Ringworms of the State.

I will close up all thus. The Victories of the Rebels are like the Magical Combat of *Apuleius*, who thinking he had slain three of his Enemies, found

found them at last but a Triumvirate of Bladders. Such, and so empty are the Triumphs of a Diurnal, but so many Impostumated Phancies, so many Bladders of their own blowing.

A Letter sent from a Parliament-Officer at Grantham *to Mr.* Cleveland *in* Newark.

SIR,

THough I have no reason to be guilty of much good meaning to your Garrison; yet I thought it not unfit to tell you, that on Fryday last, one *Hill* by name, in no other condition than my Servant, entred your Ark, and with him of my Monies 133 *l.* 8 *d.* This precise Sum I was willing you should know, supposing your Wisdom might own the moneys, though your Honesty could hardly allow the Act: which if so, and that hereafter we shall find it no Sin to violate your Sanctuary, and upon the Audit find the Receipt, we may happily count it a Loan, and not a Loss, it being in hands responsible for greater matters. And now, Sir, let me speak to you as a Judge, not as an Advocate. Give the Fellow his just reward; prefer him, or send him hither and we shall: if you dare not trust him, let him be Trussed; i you dare, I shall wish you more such Servants; and for that only reason excuse me for the present, that I dare not say I am yours

W. E.

Mr.

rthly, Beloved,

it so then, that our Brother and Fellow-la-
ourer in the Gospel is started aside? Then this
serve for an use of Instruction, not to trust in
, nor in the Son of Man. Did not *Demas*
: *Paul*? Did not *Onesimus* run from his Master
mon? Besides, this should teach us to employ
Talent, and not to lay it up in a Napkin. Had it
done among the Cavaliers, it had been just;
the Israelite had spoiled the Egyptian; but for
on to plunder *Levi*, That! That! You see,
what Use I make of the Doctrine you sent me;
indeed since you change Style, so far as to nib-
t Wit, you must pardon me, if to quit scores,
:tend a little to the Gift of Preaching. Sir, I
cted to hear from you in the Language of the
Groat, and the Prodigal Son, and not in such a
tivy of Language; but I perceive your Com-
ication is not always Yea, Yea; now and then
tle Harlotry-Rhetorick. You say that your
is entred our Ark: I am sorry you were so ig-
nt in Scripture, as to let him come single.
Text had been better satisfied, if you had
sed to bear him company; for then the Beasts
entred by Couples: But though he came alone,
well lin'd it seems, with 133 *l.* 8 *d.* Sure your
and Cry hath good Lungs, it would have been
of breath else, before it had reached the Eight
:e. This is the Summ; but why you call it
the

the Precise Summ, since it is thus fallen away, I understand not. But how come you to reckon so punctually? Did *Ananias* tell it upon the Table Dormant? What year of the Persecution of the Saints? I wonder you did not rather count it by the Shekels, that is the more sanctified Coyn. You mistake in the Sanctuary you speak of; for that which your Man hath taken in *Welbeck*, one of our Chappels of Ease, not the Mother-Church, our Garrison of *Newark*; but the best is, they are both without the reach of your Sacrilege. Whereas you account your Loss but a Loan, we shall grant it a Debt, but bearing the same Date of Payment with that which you borrowed on the Publick Faith. I suspect your hand was troubled with the Palsie, when you wrote of a Judge; your Man however shall find me an Advocate; for what say you to an occasional Meditation? Reflect but upon your self, how you have used your Common Master, and I doubt not but you will pardon your Man. He hath but transcribed Rebellion, and copied out that Disloyalty in Short-hand, which you have committed in Text. Sir, I bemoan your Losses, and am sorry I cannot as easily repay that of your Money, as your Man, being resolv'd to supply that place my self; and to make it appear by wearing the Livery of this Title, Sir,

Your Servant

J. C.

The

The Officer's Rejoynder.

SIR,

HAd not Indulgent Mercy provided for troubled Spirits Sacred Oracles, how troubled had you been to contrive something worthy of Laughter? How easie had the expence of your Wit been trussed up in an Egg-shell. I dare not trace in holy Ground, it is not safe nibbling there. You see what Doctrine I make of your Use; but yet so far as yours is Profane, give me leave to nibble at Wit. Though I dare not undertake like a mighty Colos(whose very motion doth Cleave Land, like *Terram findere*) to devour indigested lumps of Wit, as the *Cyclops* Men at a Morsel, and then retail it out, as a Juggler doth Inkle, by the Yard; yet allow me to nibble, and I'll allow you the Gift in Preaching. Pity it is, the provision of so many savoury, Lessons, wholesome Instructions, even so many pious Collections, as might worthily have entitled you to the comfortable Subsistence of a well-gleb'd Vicarage. Besides the Advantage of a Wit, which would require another Wit to tell how great; such a Divine Knowledge, as might enable you to profane every Leaf of Holy Writ; Unknown Sanctity, and a Conscience so tender I dare not touch. Pity it is, such accomplish'd Gifts and prodigious Parts, should be misemploy'd in Secular affairs. Such an Holy Father might have begot as many Babes for the Mother-Church of *Newark*, as our Party of late hath done Garrisons, and converted

converted as many Souls as *Chaucer's* Friar with the Shoulder-bone of the loſt Sheep. But you ſay you expected (I thought you had had more than you expected) but however you expected Penitential Language and Humble Style, (the Groat I will not meddle with, 'tis Holy Coyn) an Addreſs full of Complaints; Sir, we, like your ſelves, can ſpeak big of our Loſſes, and yet with more Ingenuity confeſs them; though I for modeſty will not ask you who ſtole from you of late a Fort-town? Or who run away with the King? but of that —— For that preciſe Summ, I ſee you are willing to quarrel at Preciſeneſs; it was to tell you, Revenge would have transferr'd it upon your very —— How you quarrel at your good! Had you miſtaken him for a Tax-gatherer, and eaſed him of his Portage before he arriv'd at your Chappel of Eaſe, I would not you ſhould have abated him a fourth part for his Forwardneſs, and put it upon the File of Contribution for his Majeſtie's good Garriſon of *Newark*; I ſhould have liked the Security well, and when your Works had fail'd to ſave you, expected a return upon the Publick Faith; the Meditation whereof putteth me upon this Advice: Think not Prophaneneſs can compact with Mud, to caſt up a Trench of Security. Attempt not (though a Giant) to reach at Stars; to throw that Proverb at you,

Be wiſe on this ſide Heaven.

Mr.

Mr. Cleveland's *Answer.*

SIR,

THE Philosopher that never laughed but once, when he saw an Ass mumbling of Thistles, would have broke his Spleen at this Rejoynder of yours; for who would not take that to be an Emblem of this, observing how gingerly, and with what caution you nibble at my letter, lest it should prick your Chops? But something must needs be replied. Repetitions are usual with the Saints at *Grantham.* I look upon your Letter as a *Spittle*-Sermon; *Sallinger*'s Round, the same again. I perceive your Ambition, how you would prove your self to be a clean Beast, because you know how to chew the Cud; for the first Sentence where you speak of troubled Spirits and Sacred Oracles, you talk as if you were in *Doll Commons* Extasie. Certainly your spirit is troubled, else your Expression had not run so muddy; for never was Oracle more ambiguous, if possible to be reconciled to Sence. The Wit which you say may be truss'd up in an Egg-shell, I fear your Oval Crown hath scarce Capacity enough to contain. You disclaim being a Colossus: Content; I have as diminitive thoughts of you as you please. I take you for a Jack-a-Lent, and my Pen shall make use of you accordingly, three Throws for a penny: But you cannot Cleave Land like *Terram findere.* What a chargeable Commodity is Wit at *Grantham*, where the poor Writer plays the Pimp, and jumbles two

Language together in unlawful Sheets for the Production of a Quibble: But I applaud your Cunning, for the more unknown Tongue you jest in, your Wit will be the better. And why cannot you Cleave the Land? Tread but hard, and your cloven Foot will leave its Impression. You talk of *Cyclops* and Juglers (indeed hard words are the Jugler's Dialect:) But take heed, the time may come, when unless you can play *Presto* be gone, your Run-away King may cause you Jugler-wise to disgorge your Fate, and vomit a Rope instead of Inkle. But to eccho your Comparison, and to return you an Inventory of your good Parts. Is it not pity, that the pure Extract of sanctified *Emmanuel*, parboil'd there in the Pipkin of Predestination, and since well read in the Sick-man's Salve and the Crums of Comfort, and liberally fed with all the Minced Meat in Divinity? Is it not pity, such a Goggle of the Eye, such a melodious Twang of the Nose, a pliable Mouth drawn awry, as if it were edifying the Ear in private, besides Cheverel-Lungs that will stretch as far as seventeenthly? Is it not pity, that these gallant Ingredients of Modern Devotion, which might justly have qualified you for a Tub-Lecturer, and in time made your Diocess as large as that of *Heidelberg*; that these ineffable Parts which pass all understanding, should thus be sequestred from their Primitive Use, and of a godly Lancepresado in the Church Militant, be converted to a Brother of the Blade. Such a walking Directory, such a zealous *Roger* as this, might have saved more Souls than *Sampson* slew, and with the same Engine, the Jaw-bone of an Ass. Your Pen is coy, and you wave the Holy Ground and Holy

Coyn

Coyn with a squeamish Preterition. I am glad to hear you acknowledge there is Holy ground; for then I hope *Hatcham*--Barn is not as good a Congregation as St. *Paul*s. For the Holy Coyn, you must pardon me, if I suspect the Chastity of your Fingers. I am sure those of your Party have been troubled with Felons; witness the Church-Revenues, and the several Sacrileges which cannot be par'd off with your Nails: But there is another Reason why you abstain from the Idiom of the Saints. You were in hopes to retrieve your Money, and Verily, Verily, Ret never springs the Partridge. You would have your Man taken for a Tax-gatherer. Lord how the Clime alters the Man! When he was with you, he was one of the Scribes and Pharisees, and here he must pass for a Publican and Sinner. Sir, We cast up no Trench of Security, though we might have Dirt enough in your Language to do it; and yet we hope to be saved by our Works, for all the strength of your Faith, whereby you hold your selves able to remove Mountains. For your Advice not to throw Stars at your head, I embrace it; for what need I, so long as there is Goose-shot to be had for Money. My Wit shall be on what side Heaven you please, provided it ever be Antarctick to yours. For the appellation of Giant, I accept it, only I am sorry I am not he with the hundred hands, that I might so often subscribe my self,

SIR,

Your Servant

J. C.

An Answer to a Pamphlet written against the Lord Digby's *Speech, concerning the Death of the Earl of* Strafford.

'TIS the wittiest Punishment that the Poets fancied to be in Hell, that one should continunually twist a Rope, and an Ass stand by and bite it off. I know not how this Noble Gentleman should ever deserve it, but such is his Fate; for while the Pamphleteer strives to tear his Speech, to ravel this Twist of Eloquence and Judgement, what doth he but make my Lord and himself the Moral of the Fable? The first word in his Penny-libel is ominous for a Duel. The Sand was always the Scene of Quarrelling, and so he calls the Speech. If this be Sand, I shall easily incline to *Democritus* his Opinion, who thought the World to be compos'd of Attoms, and shall be able to render a reason hereafter, why *Jupiter*, when he was most Oraculous, was called *Jupiter Ammon*, *Jupiter of the Sand*: but as *Thomas Mason* says, am I bound to find you Wit and History? Why the Sand? The Sand, that is, the Incoherent. You shall never take a Pamphleteer, one of these Haberdashers of small Wares, without his *Videlicets*, or his *Utpotes*. An ingenious Metaphor needs no spokes-man to the Apprehension, but is entertain'd without a pimping *Videlicet*. A *Videlicet* is an *Hic Canis*, it argues a Bungling Writer, as that a Painter. But wherein Incoherent? Because it shews, wherein the same Man may both condemn and acquit the same Man. Why, is that such a Riddle? May not I commend

you

you for a Single soul'd Rhymer, one that can Chime All-in to an Execution, and yet use the Scotch Proverb, and turn your Nose where your Arse was in point of State-policy. Though you have a pretty Faculty in Country-*Tom* and *Cambery-bess*; yet faces about in State affairs. A diverse *Quatenus* commends and vilifies, condemns and acquits. But a Pox of all English Logick. He hath found *Idem qua idem* somewhere Translated, and that's it which raises all this Dust, disturbs the Sand. Well, grant it be Sand; what becomes on't? Why, Captain Puff will blow it away. My Adversary, I perceive, has eaten Garlick, and wholly relies upon the Valour of his Breath; and indeed I question not the strength of that, I find it sufficiently in the Rankness of his Language. Certainly he hath a great mind to be painted like *Boreas* in the great Ship, with that ingenious Impress, *Sic Flo.* But, hark you Gaffer; you that will tear the Speech and blow away the Sand; before you and I part, I shall so prick the Tympany of your Cheeks, and so mince your Pamplet, that the least Sand shall be a Grave sufficient for the biggest peice of it. But, see the Prowess of our *Domitian*; he'l kill this Fly himself, and not with an Axe, or a Bill of Attainder. He scorns to cry Clubs; he'l not oppugn it with the Votes of the Houses, with the Judges Opinions; nor are we so mad to enter the Lists of such a Comparison. But this is but one of his ordinary Solecisms. The Speech must be consider'd as when first made; then the Houses had not voted; then the Judges had not determined, and (what's as Material as any thing) the Rabble had not yell'd for Justice and

Execution then; and therefore to commit t
with this Speech, what were it but to fanc
Prolepsis? to antedate Combatants, that were
yet in being? so that if any thing add to
strength of the Speech, beside its own Nerves
is the weakness of the Confuter, not of the Rea
I make no question but your Reader is quit v
you for that abuse. You say, My Lord steal
Affection; I dare purge you of that Felony: N
ry, if you will needs cry Guilty, it cannot am
to above Petty Larceny; so much as may ask
Banns betwixt your Shoulders and a peice of P
thread: for whereas you damn my Lord's A
ments to the Hospital; I am sure yours stan
need of *Bedlam*, and the wholesome Phlebotomy
Whip, to fetch the Dog-days out of your Sc
and so, though you stand like Death over the
frey, with a great Scythe comparing the Spee
Grass; the Event will disarm you of your Ute
and in stead of a Scythe for Mowing, give y
Whetstone for Lying. Hitherto he hath been
ning the strings; now he strikes up. Pray
mark the Lesson. *Will you see an Argument of*
Paper; and indeed a Paper-Argument? Did you
hear the Changes better rung upon two Bells?
perswaded the Author would dance well upon
Ropes, he keeps himself so equally polz'd. H
and Points; *the Argument of the Paper, the P*
Argument. Well, score up one in the Colum
Quibbles. The Argument that he runs divisior
on is this: *It doth not appear to him by two Testim*
that the Irish Army was to be brought over to reduce
Kingdom; Therefore the Earl of Strafford *is not*
ty of High Treason. Now he breaks the Nec

this *Enquirius*: *If three or four other Treasons be [illegible] and prov'd, though they be a [illegible] to me, [illegible] shall not [illegible] innocence.* To this Belief he will [illegible] you (as he says) to a Comparison. Let him put himself in his Gears. Let him put his Tricks of Fear and Love. In the *Interim* thus I [illegible] up his reasons *Quemadmodum*. *If one be tied with three or four Cords, [illegible] enough one of them in [illegible] a strong full human [illegible]*. [illegible] *Enquirius*: *Then according to the Statute*, prefac'd every Sentence with *M. M. M.*; then [illegible] Lamental Errors, and leaving the Contents of the Letter, remained nothing but the same Moral Tribe. The Conclusion runs in *Pindar's* fashion. *M.* is the Preface of every Line; and I know not but the Answer may be as opposite. If three or four Treasons be prov'd; if he be tied with three or four Cords; yet if those Treasons prove but Misdemeanor, if those Cables be but Threads; if *Samson* that was bound with them have twitch'd them in peices; then I must say your Cords come in very unseasonably, unless it be to put you in mind of your Mortality. But he doubles his Files. Faults in this Paper (he saith) go not alone; that's the Reason he bears the Author company to the end of his Speech; that if there be any Faults, his Answer may match them with Twin-brothers. *Though this reducing the Kingdom by an Irish Army be not proved by Retail, yet 'tis Treason in the Lump. Rip out up the bowels of a former Testimony, and there you shall find it. His Majesty is absolv'd from all Rules of Government, and may do what Power will admit.* So ho! Whither now? My Task is to justifie the Speech in what it treats, not to

declame the Question at large. This is not to confute his Speech, but his Conscience that would not be convicted. I am not tyed to follow you in your Wildgoose-chase; yet I am so confident (whether of the strength of the Cause, or your Weakness, I say not) that I wish you and I might plead it on a Pillory, and he that lost the day pay Ear-rent for us both. But there is danger in following an *Ignis Fatuus* whither it will lead you, especially when he makes up at the Throat of Majesty. He sees that Power will admit the use of an Irish Army, or any other which that Power can purchase. A Suspicion which deserves to be answer'd with a Thunderbolt; but 'tis out of fashion; and I am afraid I shall be laughed at, if I speak any thing in defence of the King: yet (thanks be to God) there's no great need on't. His Majesty's Vertues are his strongest Guard. A King, like a Porcupine, is a living Quiver of Darts; every Beam of Majesty is a *Fulmen Terebrans* to his Blaspheming Enemies. My Fellow-traveller stept aside a little to give his Brain a Stool, and now is return'd into the Road, *His Lordship*, he says, *multiplies and is fruitful in Absurdities.* 'Tis true by an equivocal Generation; for so he begat your Pamphlet, meeting with the putrid Matter of your Invention, as the Sun produceth Insect Animals. The Absurdity is, *he hath no Notion of Subverting the Law Treasonable, but by Force*; and here we must score up the second Quibble, for then (he says) *This Argument will never subvert the Law, as having no Force.* Truly I am of a mind, that if my Antagonist were both to Dispute and Answer himself, he would have the best on't, and that's the Course he takes here. He frames

[illegible] noticed. His [illegible] an Argument where some [illegible] and there is no [illegible] knows no [illegible] than the for- [illegible] because he knows no [illegible] your own Brain, not [illegible] for that this is [illegible] Ignorance [illegible] your [illegible] from his Lordship's [illegible] your [illegible] Quill [illegible] Candles [illegible] Impertinence and [illegible] You are well [illegible] his Father, [illegible] a Creeple. [illegible] therefore [illegible] Nature [illegible] you conceive, in a Dog over a Stile [illegible] the *Law* right Frame. *There is no* [illegible] *of Sauntering the* [illegible] *I* [illegible] a man *Law has no* [illegible]. You would be [illegible] should ſay this is no Syllogiſm, and yet 'tis true. There's no Figure will give it a Tenement to hide his head in. I could give you a Reſerve now and for you upright, but I had rather you ſhould take it aſunder, and my Lord and you part Stakes; part Propoſitions: he the *Major*, you the *Minor*, becauſe in the firſt you ſay there is ſo much Knowledge, in the latter ſo much Ignorance. You ſee you are in a Bog; but I will throw my Cloak about you, and carry you out; for lo, a moſt Eloquent *Si quis* in queſt of the Author of our Tenent. *Who ſays this? Is it ſome ancient Judge?* No; I thank you as the Caſe goes; *Or is it one that looks more into the Court than the Inns of Court?* I perceive I muſt count Quibbles as they do Fiſh; thou art three; there he bounceth out with his ἰυγγα [*A Young Gentleman knows not the Law.*] I do not wonder you writ it in other Characters; for 'tis a moſt acute Apothegm, (though I ſay it, that ſhould not ſay it) and ſuch an one as may well beſeem the Rump-end of

Licoſthene.

Licosthenes at the next Impression. But he makes a Transition from Common Law to Common Reason, and he hopes to be scored up for that Quarter-Quibble, but I cannot afford it. *If nothing but Force can subvert Law, then Judges when they pronounce false Judgments, stop lawful Defences, let loose the Prerogative*, and all that Rout of Instances which he hath rallied up, *do not subvert the Law.* Well, to do you a Courtesie, they do not. 'Tis one thing to stop a Pipe, to cut an Aqueduct and divert a Conveyance, and another to spoil a Springhead. The Law in this Case suffers a *Deliquium*, but she is not dead. The Subversion of Laws is Root and Branch. A Castle may be dismantled, made unserviceable, and yet 'tis not said then to be quite overthrown. When you usurp'd the Chair of Logick and made a false Syllogism, were the Laws of Logick then subverted? No, but transgress'd; so that if our Author suffer by Injustice (as I hope you are more Historian than Prophet) he will not involve the Laws in his Ruin. Your *Apostrophe* to *Tressilian* is a true *Apostrophe*, for 'tis from the Cause; for will ye introduce a Parity in Offences too? Scan the Cases and you shall find them diverse. But give me leave by the way, to admire your Phrase of the *Iron Laws*. 'Tis a good Argument to me that there is no Alchymy, otherwise the Corruption of so many Judges, by this time had turn'd them into Gold: But my Lord must dispute again. Do you carry the Knapsack of his Arguments? My Lord hath a fine time on't, that you should feed him thus with a Spoon? 'Tis thus; *The Earl of* Strafford's *Practices have been as high as any. The Practices of* Tressilian *have been as*

high

[illegible] *Treaſon.* [illegible] only [illegible] live [illegible] Companion. [illegible] of the ſame [illegible] The Painter, when his Picture would not [illegible] Devil of it, and ſo he [illegible] Though my Lord cannot [illegible] the Earl of *Strafford's* Treaſons ſhould [illegible] them in the [illegible] ſeems he will [illegible] This Similitude of mine doth not [illegible] muſt [illegible] think [illegible] But to make [illegible] ſuppoſe I ſhould grant you your Concluſion, that the Earl of *Strafford's* Practices were as high as Treaſon, yet I know he is not puniſhable by Statute for Treaſon, my Lord [illegible] his hand from his [illegible] You ſee how theſe words ſhould ſound in the Mouth of a Judge? Truly I have not the meaſure of your Ears, they are of too large a ſize for me. I being a Judge hold your Guilt to be as high as Treaſon; yet having no Law to give the Condemnation, I'll have no hand in your Sentence: ſo that ſuppoſing all Caſes to be like this, I grant you the Aſſizes would be in vain; the Judges Circuit would be like the wheeling of a Mill, move continually, but never nearer their

Journey's

Journey's end: but when the Law hath provided sufficiently, unless in a Case as this extraordinary, the Vanity and Mockery, which you speak of, recoils upon him that first discharged them. For your last, where you would have Sir *Henry Vane*'s. Oath to be prefer'd before my Lords Suspicion, I would willingly answer as he did with Meditation; at the first time nothing, as much at the second, and at the third *Vouz avez* Sir *Henry Vane*. You say his Oath gets an addition of Belief from the Speeches before, and from the Memorials that day; so that you imply what I dare not say, that it is not full of it self, but wants a Supplement of Credit to gain our Faith. As for the words, Recorded whencesoever they had their Venom, it seems they were poysoned; (for to that, and not to their Pregnancy do I attribute it) that they swell'd into such a bigness, that one Testimony appear'd double: But that you should entitle Mr. *Pym* to this mistake, that he should look through a Multiplying Glass in a case so weighty as that of Treason; the Gentleman's known Integrity saves me the labour of his Defence. So that the Testimonies being but such, though the Charges be many; be the Earl of *Strafford* as high in his Practices, as it pleases my Lord to make him, yet my Lord's Dipthong, may easily be justified, and the Earl both at once Condemn'd and Sav'd. Thus I have entreated Patience of my self to Counterpuff your Pamphlet, when by the help of a Penny-worth of Pears I could (more sutably to your Defects) have confuted you backward. But I did it in hopes that you would muzzle your self hereafter; for though your Teeth be hollow and cannot bite, yet wanting Cloves they may Infect.

To

To the Protector after long and vile Durance in Prison.

May it please Your Highness;

RUlers within the Circle of their Government have a Claim to that which is said of the Deity; they have their Center every where, and their Circumference no where. It is in this Confidence that I address to your Highness, knowing that no place in the Nation is so remote, as not to share in the Ubiquity of your Care; no Prison so close as to shut me up from partaking of your Influence. My Lord, it is my Misfortune, that after ten years Retirement from being engaged in the Differences of the State, having wound up my self in private Recess, and my Comportment to the Publick so inoffensive, that in all this time, neither Fears nor Jealousies have scrupled at my Actions. Being about three Months since at *Norwich*, I was fetch'd by a Guard before the Commissioners, and sent Prisoner to *Yarmouth*, and if it be not a new offence to make an enquiry wherein I offended (for hitherto my Fault was kept as close as my Person) I am induced to believe, that next to my Adherence to the Royal Party, the Cause of my Confinement is the Narrrowness of my Estate; for none stand committed whose Estate can bail them. I only am the Prisoner who have no Acres to be my Hostage. Now if my Poverty be Criminal (with Reverence be it spoken) I implead your Highness, whose Victorious Arms have reduced me to it, as

Accessory

Acceſſory to my Guilt. Let it ſuffice, my Lord, that the Calamity of the War hath made us poor, do not puniſh us for it. Who ever did Penance for being Raviſhed; Is it not enough that we are ſtrip-p'd ſo bare, but muſt it be made in order to a ſeverer Laſh? Muſt our Sores be engraven with our Wounds? Muſt we firſt be made Creeples, and then beaten with our own Crutches? Poverty, if it be a Fault, 'tis its own Puniſhment, who pays more for it, pays uſe upon uſe. I beſeech your Highneſs put ſome Bounds to the Overthrow, and do not purſue the chaſe to the other World. Can your Thunder be levell'd ſo low, as our Groveling Condition? Can your Towring Spirit, which hath quarried upon Kingdom's, make a ſtoop at us, who are the Rubbiſh of theſe Ruins. Methinks I hear your former Atchievements interceding with you, not to ſully your Glories with trampling upon the proſtrate, nor clog the Wheel of your Chariot with ſo degenerous a Triumph. The moſt renowned *Herd's* have ever with ſuch Tenderneſs cheriſhed their Captives, that their Swords did but cut out work for their Courteſies. Thoſe that fell by their Proweſs ſprung by their Favour, as if they had ſtruck them down, only to make them rebound the higher. I hope your Highneſs, as you are the Rival of their Fame, will be no leſs of their Virtues. The Nobleſt Trophy that you can erect to your Honour, is to raiſe the Afflicted; and ſince you have ſubdued all Oppoſition, it now remains that you attack your ſelf, and with Acts of Mildneſs vanquiſh your Victory. It is not long ſince, my Lord, that you knock'd off the Shackles from moſt of our Party, and by a grand Releaſe did

ſpread

spread your Clemency as far as your Territories. Let not new Proscriptions interrupt your Jubilee. Let not that your Lenity be dreaded as the Ambush of your farther Rigour. For the Service of his Majesty (if it be objected) I am so far from excusing it, that I am ready to allledge it in my Vindication. I cannot conceit that my Fidelity to my Prince should take me in your Opinion, I should rather expect it should recommend me to your Favour. Had we not been Faithful to our King, we could not have given our selves to be so to your Highness; you had then trusted us *gratis*, whereas now we have our former Loyalty to vouch us. You see, my Lord, how much I presume upon the Greatness of your Spirit, that dare prevent my Indictment with so frank a Confession, especially in this which I may so safely deny, that it is almost Arrogancy in me to own it: For the Truth is, I was not qualified enough to serve Him: All I could do was to bear a part in his Sufferings, and to give my self to be Crushed with his Fall. Thus my Charge is doubled; my Obedience to my Sovereign, and what is the Result of that, my want of Fortune. Now whatever reflection I have upon the former, I am a true Penitent for the latter. My Lord, you see my Crimes; as to my Defence you bear it about you. I shall plead nothing in my Justification, but your Highness's Clemency, which as it is the constant Inmate of a valiant Breast, if you graciously be pleased to extend it to your Suppliant, in taking me out of this withering Durance, your Highness will find, that Mercy will establish you more than Power, though all the days of your Life, were as pregnant with

Victories

Victories as your twice auſpicious third of *September*.

Your Highneſs's

Humble and Submiſſive

Petitioner

J. C.

To the Earl of Newcaſtle.

THough to Command and Obey be the fitteſt Dialogue betwixt you and us; yet ſince your Lordſhip pleaſes to deſcend from your Right and only to Requeſt, pardon us, if, by your Example, we intrench upon you, and preſume upon an Anſwer. Sir, we are ſorry our Duty is not phras'd in Action, nor can we determine, whether it was more grateful to us, that you requir'd our Service, or grievous, that at this time we could not expreſs it; for no ſooner were we inform'd of your pleaſure, but ſo obligatory is your Will, that poyſing your Letters with our Laws, we thought our Statutes were at Civil Wars. The Colledge, like an Indulgent Mother, entails her Preferments on her own Progeny. Your Lordſhip prefers a ſtranger, whom to adopt were not only to Baſtard her preſent Iſſue, but diſinherit all ſucceeding hopes. If it ſeem a Delinquency to be thus tender of her own, ſhe will intitle her offence to your Lordſhip, who when you honour'd

honour'd her with your Admission, taught her to set a greater price upon her Children. This hoping your will abstract our Will from our Power, we honour your Lordship, desiring that occasions may present us with some Service, wherein diffidency may add a deeper Dye to the Observance of

The Master

and Fellows of

S. T.

To the Earl of Holland, *the Chancellor of the University of* Cambridge.

Right honourable,

YOU'll have rais'd us to that height by writing unto us, that we dare attempt an Answer; in which Presumption, if we have dishonoured your Lordship, you must blame your own Gentleness, like the Sun, who if he be mask'd with Clouds, may thank himself who drew up the Exhalations. Sir, they that assign Tutelar Angels, betroth them not only to Kingdoms and Cities, but to each Company. Your Goodness hovers not aloft in a general care of the University, but stoops by a peculiar Influence to every private College. That Omnipresence which Philosophy allots to the Soul, to be every where at once through the whole Man,

 your

your Noble Diligence exemplifies in us. There is not the least Joynt of our Body, but in its Life and Spirits confesses the Chancellor. Nor have we in special the least share of your Favours, as appears by many pregnant Demonstrations of your Love; among which this is not the meanest, that you would deign to require our Service. To offend against so gracious a Patron, would add a Tincture to our Disobedience; yet such is the Iniquity of our Condition, that we are forced to defer our Gratitude. We have many in the College, whose Fortunes were at the last Gasp; and if not now reliev'd, their hopes extinct: Whereas he whom your Lordship commends, gives us farther day of Payment by his green years. He is yet but young, but the Beams of your Favour will ripen him the sooner for the like Preferment; which if it please your Lordship to antedate, by a present Acceptance of our future Obedience, We shall gladly persevere in our old Title of.

To the Earl of Westmoreland.

My Lord,

IT were high Presumption in me, not to be proud of this Occasion; and I should be no less than a Rebel to Eloquence, if your Lines you sent me had not rais'd me above my ordinary Level; so that to express my Gratitude, I must renounce my Humility, and purchase one Virtue at the price of another. And well may my Modesty suffer in the Service

vice, when my Reason it self is overwhelmed with the Favour. To see a Person of your Lordship's Eminency, possess'd of Nobility by a double Tenure, both of Birth and Brain, so to bend his Greatness as to stoop to me, who live in the Vale both of Parts and Fortune; is so high an Honour, that who justly considers it, if he be not stupidly senseless, will be stupid with Extasie. I, for my part, am lost in Amazement, and it is mine Interest to be so; for not knowing otherwise how to give your Present a fit Reception, it is the best of my play, to be beside my self in the Action. You see, my Lord, how I empty my self of my Native Faculty, to be ready for those of your Inspirings, as the Prophets of old in a Sacred Fury, ran out of their Wits to make room for the Deity. I shall not need hereafter to digest my Love-passions, I shall speak by Instinct: For when your Honour deign'd to visit me with your lofty Numbers, what was it else but to make me the Priest of your Lordship's Oracle; Such is the Strength and Spirit of your Fancy, that methought your Poems (like the Richest Wine) sent forth a Steam at the opening. What flowed from your Brain fum'd into mine. It was almost impossible to read your Lines and be sober. You, You, my Lord, are the Favourite of the Muses. Your Strain is so happy, and hath the Reputation for so Matchless, as if you had a double Key to the Temple of Honour, to let in your Lordship's self, and exclude Competitors. It's you, my Lord, have cut the Clouds and reached Perfection, who having mounted the Cliff, lends an hand to me, who am labouring in the Craggy Ascent. So tow'ring are the Praises you please to be-

stow on me, and my Desert so groveling, that to shew you my Head is not worthy your Height, it is not able to bear them; it grows giddy with the Precipice. It pains me to be on the Laste of an *Hyperbole*; you do but crucifie my tender Merits, to distend them thus at length and breadth. Consider, I pray you, that the Leanest Endowments would be plump and full, thus blown up with a Quill; and that there are some so Dwarfish, whom the Rack will not stretch to a proper man. It is an excellent Breathing for a puissant Wit, to overbear the World in the Defence of a Paradox; and a good Advocate will weather out the Cause, when there is neither Truth nor Invention. I perswade my self you had never undertaken to write my Panegyrick, but that you saw it was to combat with the Tide, and to put your Abilities to the utmost Test in so unlikely a Subject. Little do you think what store of Opposers your Opinion will breed you; for though you be so powerful in the Art of Perswasion, that should you turn Apostate, there would need no more but to toll the Bell for Religion; yet this is an Heresie where you stand alone, and like *Scæva* in the Breach, with your single Valour duel an Army. Now, my Lord, If I be not mistaken, I have found the Motive that induced you to oblige me; you are tyed by your Order to give Protection to the weak and Succourless; So I must change my Addresses, and thank your Reb Ribband for my Commendations. Such, and so many are the Flowers of Rhetorick you have heap'd upon me, that I run the hazard of the Olympick Victor, who was stifled with Posies cast upon him in approbation of his Worth; which Fragrant

grant Fate, if I ſhould ſuſtain, what is there more to make me enamour'd of Death, but that the ſame Flowers ſhould ſtrew my Corps in a Funeral Oration? Could you think (my Lord) that your ſuppreſſing your Name was able to conceal you, when it is eaſie to wind you by your Phraſe? The Sweetneſs of the Language diſcover'd the Author, like that Roman Senator, who hiding himſelf in time of Proſcription, his Perfumes betray'd him. But I ſhall not arreſt your Lordſhip too far with a farther Interruption. My Lord, you have Enobled me with your Teſtimony, and I ſhall keep your Paper as the *Diploma* of my Honour. Yet give me leave to tell you, that among all the Epithets you pile ſo Artificially to raiſe my Fame, there is one wanting to accompliſh my Ambition, and that which I beſeech your Lordſhip I may enjoy for the future; that is, to be eſteem'd

S I R,

Your Honour's &c.

John Cleveland.

A Letter to a Friend diſſwading him from his Attempt to marry a Nun.

THough no man's Arms can be opened wider to receive you on ſhore, and give you poſſeſſion of his Breaſt; yet I know not, whether with the uſual

Complement, I may welcome you home, as doubting your Country may have mewed that Relation in so long an Absence; she having exposed her Noble Issue, being Conviction enough to make you disclaim her. Besides, there is such a new Face of things since your Departure, that what was formerly the Character of the Inhabitants, is now the Kingdom's, To be a Stranger at home: Insomuch as were you design'd for a second Journey, it might be a part of your business to travel other Countries in quest of your own. Indeed she is such an Alien in her Look, that most of her Off-spring dare not ask her Blessing. Her Countenance is not Denizon of her self: You would think she were some Floating Island, that had made a Voyage only to truck for an outlandish Visage. Some who have spell'd her Lineaments say she copies out the Dutch, and to make good the Parallel, they doubt not to instance in our *Hogan* Governours. It is in a broken Kingdom, as in a crack'd Looking-glass, where instead of one Face, that Monarch-like should represent the whole, you may have Variety of lesser ones glimmering in its room, and the Aspects of all of them fierce and frowning. Well then a Foreigner she is, and her Complexion borrow'd; so that as our new Philosophers would have the Earth to move, and the Heavens to stand still, the same may be said of this State of ours, and the Royal Train that you were part of. It was the Kingdom wandered, not you that left it. You are fix'd, and *England* in *Exile*. When a Country reels from its setled posture, there is no Defection in him that quits it; it having first abandoned it self. In this case, though it be a Fallacy in the Sense, it holds

[illegible] Reason. [illegible]

[illegible] Inconsiderate [illegible] Balance. [illegible] Dear Friends, [illegible] the Air [illegible] nothing but the Vanity of [illegible] Pleasure, persuading themselves that they circle the Globe, when the Circle they find, is nothing else but a shimmering Impressure. But methinks we are too serious. Sir, What I be indeed a while, and presume to tell you, that in all your Excursions there is no Adventure so much affects me, as that of the Nun; where I cannot determine, whether your Love or Zeal were more Extatick, in the form of worshipping it. For although it be natural for Jealousie to Lady Fornication, and every Cuckold within his own Precincts to be an Engineer; yet never before have I heard of a Mistress fenc'd with a Portcullice, or an amorous Visit manag'd with the Caution, which suspicious Kings use in an Enterview. This manner of meeting may not unfitly be termed Cupid's Barriers; a breathing Exercise, rather than a Combat, where the Sporting Champions have a Rail to part them, that they may not fight it out to the utermost. Had your old Romancing Spirit possess'd you,

the Brandish'd Blade would have freed the Lady from her Enchanted Durance. Nor had you been less concern'd in the Rescue than the Fair Recluse; for who that blows short in expectation of his Love, and in the Heat of Impatience, should be severed from his Hopes by a few envious Barrs, would not feel himself (like another St. *Laurence*) broil'd on a Gridiron? But see how Customs vary with the Clime. As there are some Regions who salute one another, by putting off their Shoes instead of their Hats; so it seems, where you have been, there is as different a form of Imprisonment or Commitment. The Prisoner is at large and without the Grates, wishing for Admittance, and she at whose Suit his Soul is arrested, close clap'd up and abridg'd of Liberty. Sure at this Grate those Chrisom Lovers, call'd Platonicks, had their first Training. Those Queasie Gamesters that diet themselves with the very Notion of Mingling Souls, without putting the Body to farther Brokage, than kissing of Hands and twisting of Eye-beams. For your part, Sir, you are none of those puling Stomachs: You have an Appetite for a whole Cloister. It is but Trifling Sport for you to pull down an Out-lyer, unless you leap the Pale and let slip at the Herd. I wonder what Exorcisms the Abbess us'd to get quit of the *Incubus*; for had she not check'd your Hovering Temptations, I am confident by this time you had transform'd the Covent, and turn'd the Nunnery into a *Seraglio*. But in sober Sadness, why a Nun, Sir? How came you out of the Active Torrent into that Solitary Creek? Princes seldom Treat of Matches, but in foraign Dominions. Your Affection takes greater

State,

State, as fixing upon one of another World. Had your Passion been centred on the Beauty of her Soul, I had look'd upon it as the Act of your Conversion. Such a Love might justly have been Christned by the name of Zeal, being setled on a Person, with whom to be enamour'd is in a sort to take Orders. Hence it is, there want not some who suspect your Religion, lest equivocating from the Beauty of her Person to that of her Profession, you should turn Monastick. Others, who are better acquainted with the warmth of your Temper, are rather solicitous for the Church in General, lest with *Luther* you should marry a Nun, and so with him make her a Joynture in a new Religion. If this be your Plot, Consider, I pray you, how difficult it is to innovate farther in this Age of Novelties, when the World is so spent in new Inventions, that for want of Gain, even Rust and Rottennes are flourished over with a seeming Verdure. Not one of all those Beldam-Heresies that did Penance formerly by the Doom of the Ancients, but hath cast her Skin since these Confusions, and giveth her self out for a Blooming Virgin. But I think I may spare this piece of Counsel, I dare be your Compurgator for meddling with Religion. That which fir'd your Spirits was the Ambition of the Enterprize; nor could you entertain a more Aspiring Phrensie, but by making Love to a Glorified Body. Tell me, I pray you, how many Beads did you drop in Wooing? By what Liturgy did you frame your Courtship? Laick Applications are here scandalous; nor will it avail to say, you languish without her Compassion. A Sensual Man is able to vitiate the Vestal Flame, even by his Martyrdom;

Martyrdom; other Lovers in the Jollity of their Trope are wont to canonize their Mistresses, as being of opinion that the Native Rubrick of their Cheeks hath hallowed them. Will you run Counter to that Consecration, and degrade a Saint by Mortal Addresses? If you have no room in your Calendar for Persons upon Earth, yet do not profane a Probationer of Heaven; as if the readiest way to rectifie Superstition, were, with our Modern Reformers, to bow it into Atheism. Let me advise you, Sir, to retrieve your self back from this Carnal Sacrilege. Catch not at *Herostratus* his Fame, by setting fire on the Temple, and dispute not a share of Guilt with *Lucifer*, in causing a second Fall of Angels. Nay, never start, Sir, nor look about at the Expression: For I perswade my self, that those Divines who allot to each of us a Tutelar Angel for our Protection, would not prejudice their Opinion, should they leave her to her own Tuition; as hardly knowing in such a Person, how to distinguish between the Charge and the Guardian. Sir, I was entreated by our Noble Friend, that what my Fancy suggested upon this Subject, I would mould into Number; but I must beg your pardon, it being a Request with which to comply, were to be your Fellow-criminal; and by a Conformity of Guilt pervert a Votary: For even my Muse is vow'd and vail'd too, she is set apart for the Service of my Mistress, and what is that but entring Orders in the true Religion. The Truth is this; she is so chastly confin'd to that sole Employment, that should I in Verse attempt to yield you an account how much I honour you, not a whole Grove of Laurel would bribe her to a

Distich:

Distich: Whereas in Transitory Prose, were I a Master of all those Languages, which I make no question but you have gain'd by your Travels, I should hold them all too few to give you sufficient Assurance that I am,

SIR,

Your most Faithful Servant

J. C.

The Piece of a Common-Place upon *Romans* the 4th. Last Verse.

Who was delivered for our Offences, and rose again for our Justification.

THE *Athenians* had two sorts of Holy Mysteries, two distinct times, *November* and *August*, for their Celebration: But when King *Demetrius* desir'd to be admitted into their Fraternity, and see both their Solemnities at once, the People past a Decree, that the Month *March*, when the King requested it, should be call'd *November*, and after the Ceremonies due to that Month were finished, it should be translated to *August*; and so at the second return of this new Leap-year, they accomplished his Request. Two greater Mysteries are the parts of my Text, the Passion and the Resurrection; several times appropriate for either

Good

Good Fryday, as *Easter*. But as the Athenian Decree made *November* and *August* meet in *March*, so give me leave by a less *Syncope* of Time, to contract *Good Fryday* and *Easter* both to a day, as the Passion and Resurrection are both in my Text; *Who was delivered for our Offences*, &c. And I may the rather link them both on a day, because the Text is willing to admit some Resemblance. The Evening and the Morning make the day, saith the Holy Spirit; the Method of my Text observes as much: Here is the Evening, the Passion, when our Saviour strip'd himself of those Rags of Mortality, and lay down in the Bed of Corruption, where he stays not long; but the Morning breaks in the Resurrection, *when this Corruptible shall put on Incorruption, and this Mortal shall put on Immortality*. So then my Text is a Day from Sun to Sun, *Soles occidere & redire possunt*, from the Sun-set of his Passion to the Sun-rise of his Resurrection.

The Dew of his Birth is as the Dew of the Morning, There is a Morning-Dew, and there is an Evening Dew; the Evening Dew, the Tears that are shed at the Sun's Funeral, and they may justly decypher the Passion; the Morning-Dew, the Tears of Joy and Welcome at his new Return; and what is that but a Transcript of the Resurrection?

My Discourse then must be changeable, compos'd of a Cloud and a Rain-bow.

Nocte pluit tota———————

A Deluge of Grief showers down in the Passion, but the Waters will cease, and the Dove will return with a Leaf in her mouth,

———*Redeunt*

Nothing but Joy and Triumph, Pomp and Pageants at the Resurrection. But methinks St. *Paul* puts new Cloth into an old Garment, mends the Rent of the Passion with the Resurrection. *Can the children of the Bride-chamber weep while the Bridegroom is with them*? While the Resurrection is in the Text, who can tune his Soul to lament his Passion; again, by the Waters of *Babylon* is no singing the Songs of *Sion*. When Grief hath lock'd up the Heart with the story of the Passion, what Key of Mirth can let in the Anthem of the Resurrection? Different Notes you see, and yet wee'l attempt an Harmony. *Bassus* and *Altus*, a Deep Base that must reach as low as Hell to describe the Passion, and thence rebound to a joyful *Altus*, the high-strain of the Resurrection.

I begin with the Evening, and so I may well style the Passion, since the Horrour thereof turn'd Noon into Night, and made a Miracle maintain my Metaphor. The Sun was obscur'd by Sympathy, and his Darkness points us to a greater Eclipse. The Sun and the Moon, what are they but Parables of our Saviour, and the Soul of Man? The Moon is the Soul; I am sure her Spots will not confute the Similitude. I might here slacken the Reins of my Comparison, and shew you how the Moon of her self is a dark Body, and what Light she partakes, she receives it from the Sun

at

at ſecond hand. How every Soul is by Nature ſinful, and in the Shadow of Death, till *the Light that lightens the Gentiles, till the day-ſpring on high viſit us.* I might purſue my Allegory in the Eclipſe. The Shadow of the Earth intercepts the Beams of the Sun, and ſo the Moon ſuffers an Eclipſe. Pleaſure and Profit, thoſe two Dugs of the World, what are they but Earthly ſhadows that Eclipſe the Soul, and deprive it of the ſweet influence of the Sun of Righteouſneſs. But I hold me to the Metaphor, my Text will warrant the Parallel. As the Moon is Eclipſed by the Earth, ſo ſhe her ſelf Eclipſes the Sun. The Soul is not only ſinful but makes God ſuffer; ἐκλείπεσθαι is a Phyſick-word, and ſignifies the Labour of a Diſeaſe. Cure thy ſelf, and there will be no Eclipſe in him: Apply but Salve to thy ſelf, and thou'lt heal the Wounds that thy Sins have made. *Paſſus eſt Deliquium propter Delicta noſtra. Deliquium* and *Delictum* proceed both from a Root. He had never been delivered unto Death, but for the Goal-delivery of our Offences. See the Difference betwixt God's and Man's Eclipſe. Man's ſets God and him at odds; God's reconciles them. The Moon when ſhe is Eclipſed, is always in Oppoſition with the Sun. The Soul will ſin, though ſhe be at Enmity with God for't: But the Sun, when he is Eclipſed, is always in Conjunction with the Moon. God will be Friends with Man, though he purchaſe the Union with his Paſſion, and ſeal the Covenant with his own Blood. But that all things which concern the Paſſion may be miraculous, wee'l proceed in Method, and reſtrain that to Order and Diſtinction, which put Nature out of Frame, and threat-

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ned the World with Confusion. Consider then my Text, like the Veil of the Temple rent in twain in and dict. *He was delivered for our Offences*; nay 'tis rent from top to th'bottom; the same parts will serve for the Resurrection, *He rose again for our Justification.*

And well may my Text be divided by the Temple, since our Saviour shadowed both parts of it under that Notion. *I will destroy this Temple, and within three days I will build it again.* And now I begin with *Simon* of *Cyrene*, to bear his Cross, and labour, as he did, under the burthen. The Death of the Cross, all the Langnages upon it cannot express it: But we see the Sun better by looking into the Waters, than by affronting his Beams. The only way to comprehend the Sufferings of our Creator, is by feeling the Pulse of the Creature. What shall I say to the Convulsion of the Rocks? The Lapidary tells you, how the Compassionate Turcoise confesseth the Sickness of his Wearer by changing colour. The whole Rocks suffered with our Saviour, they were cleft; and shall not this rend our stony hearts? O that *Deucalion*'s Men were not now a Fable! *Caucasus* is supple in comparison of our Breasts. Marble can weep, whilst we are Pumices. *Moses* his Rod will sooner fetch a River out of a Rock, than a Tear from a Rebellious Sinner. The Earthquake is the next Miracle. *Tremble thou Earth at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the God of Jacob.* She tottered under the Burden of so great a Sin. She had lost the Author of her being, and so might well be struck with a dead Palsie. 'Tis a good Observation of *Aristotle*, that among all the absurd Opinions of the

the old Philosophers; who held the Soul to be Fire; some Air, some Water; none ever had so gross a Soul, as to conceive it to be Earth. O that in this case we were Earthy-minded! That we were affected with this Religious Palsie! Then should we see that *Motus Trepidationis*, the Motion of the Heavens, as well as the Earth. We must *work out our Salvation with fear and trembling.* But the Earth hath quaked so long till it hath awakened the Dead: nor is it a wonder that the Dead live, when Life it self can dye. Heaven descends into the Bowels of the Earth, and, to make up the Anagram, the Graves open and the Dust ariseth. Thus were all things shuffled, and Nature rung the Bells backwards, as if every Creature desir'd to bear the Burden of our Saviour's Elegy. *Attendite & videte* ——— *Behold and see, if ever there was sorrow like unto my sorrow.* *Cyrus* to be reveng'd of a River cut it into so many Channels, that it lost its Name. This is the way to allay a Grief, to divide it into so many streams, to pour it into other Bosoms; but even this is denied to our Saviour. The Sons of *Zebedee* do not now petition to drink his Cup: They would not now be one on his right hand, another on his left; no, he is crucified betwixt two Thieves. The Quality of his Companions augments his Misery. He was born among Beasts, and doth he not dye so too? Man without Understanding is like unto a Beast that perisheth. Betwixt two Thieves. You see Vice to Vertue is two to one: Vertue is in the Centre, Vice in the Circumference; vast is the Circuit; *Universus orbis, the whole World lies in Wickedness*, whilst Vertue, like the Centre, is but an Imaginary Point.

Thieves,

Thieves, and well too, *Barabbas* was too good for him now; mark but their Election; *Not him, but Barabbas.* But methinks his Crown might command a Distance; but 'tis a Crown of Thorns: And if you consider well the Troubles annexed to a Crown, it may seem a *Tautology*. Every Crown is a Crown of Thorns. See here Cruelty Quartering her Arms with Division. *Pseudo-Philippus*, that Counterfeit of the Macedonian King, when he was taken by the Romans, had so much honourable Calamity indulg'd unto him; *Quod de eo tanquam de vero Rege triumpharetur.* They Crown him, but 'tis for Sacrifice. They never acknowledge him King of the Jews, till upon the Cross, that so his Title might set off his Misery.

The Answer to the Newark-*Summons.*

BUT that it argues a greater Courage to pass the Test of a Temptation uncorrupted, than with a timorous Vertue to decline the Trial; so jealous is this Maiden Garrison of sullying her Loyalty, that she had return'd your Summons without perusal. Which rebound of your Letter, as it were a laudable Coyness to preserve her Integrity; so it is the most compendious Answer to what you propound. For I hope you intend it rather as a Mode and Formality to preface your design, than with expectation of an Issue sutable to your Demands. You cannot imagine this untainted *Newark*, which hath so stoutly defended

her Honour against several intended Rapes, should be so degenerous from her Virgin Glory, as to admit the Courtship of either your Rival Nations. Having therefore received a Letter subscribed with Competition of both Kingdoms, she wonders not at your busie endeavour to divert her *Trent*, since the *Thames* and *Tweed* with equal Ambition would crowd into her Channel. Which Letter, since it proceeded from a Committee, and was directed after the same Garb, as to a Committee-Governour, by putting the Gentlemen and Corporation in equal Commission (though the joyning us together was with Intention to divide us) I shall in satisfaction of yours, unanimously desire you to reflect upon the King's Letter, lately sent to both Houses of Parliament; where, in a full Complyance with all their Desires upon the softest Terms, and gentlest Conditions that ever Prince propounded, he offers to disband all his Forces, and dismantle his Garrisons. To what end then do you demand that of the Steward, whereof the Lord and Master makes a voluntary Tender? In vain do you court the Inferiour Streams, when the Springhead prevents your expectation. It is our Duty to trace his Commands, not to outstrip them. So that if Honour and Conscience would permit the Delivery, meer Manners would retard us, lest by an over-reaching speed we frustrate his Majesty's Act of Grace, and antedate his Royal Disposal. I shall wave the Arguments, wherewith you endeavour to evince our Consent. I am neither to be stroak'd into an Apostacy, by the mention of fair Conditions in a misty Notion: Nor to be scar'd into Dishonour, by your running Division on the Fate

of

of *Chester*. For as I am no Huckster in the War, to measure my Allegiance by my Interest for the former; so I disdain that Poverty of Spirit, by a Resemblance of *Chester* to be executed in Picture. I shall be Loyal without that Copy, and I hope never to be the Transcript of their Calamity. You may do well, Gentlemen, to use your Fortune modestly, and think not that God Almighty doth uphold your Cause by reason of your Victories; perchance he fattens it with present Success for a riper Destruction. For my part I had rather embrace a Wrack floating upon a single Plank, than imbarque in your Action with the fullest Sails, to dance upon the Wings of Fortune. Whereas you urge the expence of the Siege, and the pressures of the Country in supporting your Charge, there I confess I am touched to the quick: But their Miseries, though they make my Heart bleed, must not make my Honour. My Compassion to my Country must not make me a Parricide to my Prince. Yet in order to their ease, if you will grant me a Pass for some Gentlemen to go to *Oxford*, that I may know his Majesty's pleasure, whether, according to his Letter, he will wind up the Business in general, or leave every Commander to steer his own Course, then I shall know what to determine. Otherwise I desire you to take notice, that when I received my Commission for the Government of this place, I annex'd my Life as a Label to my Trust.

Oratio in Scholiis Publicis habita cum junior Baccalaureus in Tripodem disputa *Cantab.*

QVos ne videre possum citra oculorum hyperb: quomodo vos compellarem? Et cum altissi vester gradu sine scalâ occupari nequeat, quenam C tionis Climax vestram scandet dignitatem; Vest dum suspicio in meo vultu invenio purpuram; & inge cura quæ præstanda observantia me habet solicitum, novi subtilius argumentem quam stuporem. Quod tem Poetarum Princeps Deorum Senatum cogit ad s Batrachomyomachiam, pari audacia liceat & mihi ad ludicrum hoc certamen nostrum invitare. Un est hæc nostra contentio & Icon belli. Murium & narum pugna, quid aliud quàm Iliadis Brachygrapl & in Pusillis istis animalibus Hector & Achilles (*quam Iliades in nuce) coarctantur. Ea siquidem pensi nostri conditio; ut hic etiam* Mars & Venus *plicati jacent. Pugna est, sed ludicra; Ludus, tamen bellicus; ita ut nec bis cincta placeat Philosop nec nuda* Cytherea. *Qui virili toga indutus, dum reliquit nuces, sed totus jocos crepat, huju* Palladem *posthumam cerebri sui prolem existim Qui in hisce Floralibus solus* Cato, *& inter Philoso spinas nullos admittit Rhetorica flores, hujus* Mi va (*ad* Amazonis *instar) alterâ mammâ destitu Ille demum sit noster Miles, qui & sese præstet ing Velitem, & Philosophia Cataphractum; qui & vi ter audet disputare, & pueriliter cum Bipede Tri par impar ludere. Me quod spectat ita rationem agendum subduxi meam, ut utrinque munus molia*

subterfug

subterfugiunt, & mulcendis mentem inter & oculorum Majestatem, & fugit ad latitantes, & cuiari capit.

Oratio Salutatoria in Adventum Illustrissimi Principis Palatini.

Serenissime Comes Palatine.

SI Aruspicum corporis vestri elegantiam possem transcribere, & Orationem meam tanquam venustatis Metaphoram à vestro vultu deducere, ita Imaginem vestram omnibus oscomis exprimerem, ut qui spectatum veniat, venires spectandus & unicum esset Johannense spectaculum teipsum tibi ostentare. Sed quoniam ad hosce solares radios caligat penitus Athenienſis Noctua, gratulor mihi meam inertiam, stuporem jacto: Ita enim cum Sacratissimo Principe in truminâ quadam collocatus sum, ut in quantum me deprimit mea humilis facultas, in tantum sursum nititur vestra sublimitas. Salve igitur, desideratissime Princeps, hujus Collegii Anima, vel potius omnium animarum Collegium; ita tibi singuli devoti sumus, & in obsequium vestrum juncta phalange omnes ruimus. Ecce tibi Majorum tuorum Monumenta! Margaretæ *cocta mænia, quæ* Semiramis *invident* Margaretæ! Henrici *Septimi, & nostrûm omnium Matris; quæ uno partu enixa est quot* Herculem *fabulantur genuisse, quinquaginta Socios. Nec Tibi, Stemmatique vestro solam* Margaretam, *debemus, quin & paterna gloria hæres esto;* Fredericum *volo beatissimæ memoriæ, qui viginti abhinc plus minus annis, una*

cum Augustissimo Carolo *tunc temporis surgente* Iulo, *ad hanc* Margaretæ *Sobolem, quasi Compatres duo & Susceptores accesserunt. O quam læti meditamur istum natalem nostrum diemque adeo festum, ut muros hosce sacro quodam minio pinxisse videatur! Ecquid huic fœlicitati superesse possit? Possit, ut quod Patris splendore semel tinctum vestro olim fuit Diaphanum; Sequerisque Patrem jam passibus æquis. Euge speciosum Principem! in quo omnium legimus Simulachra Autographa;* Margaretæ *nostræ Palladium* Frederici *Patris Numisma aureum & Matris* Corneliæ *Ornamentum,* Elizabethæ *dulcissimæ, & in vestro vultu totam Deam confessæ; cujus laudes ut hodiernum sæculum effundit, ita Posteritatis Echo reparabit: cujus mascula anima jam sexu vestitur masculo.* Elizabetha Carolo. Carolo! *O quam luxuriat dicendi Seges! Quam decies repetitus placebit* Carolus! Carolus Caroli *Sobrinus &* Caroli *Avunculus. O Beatissima* Carolorum *Climax! Macte esto gradibus Carolina scala, ut cum præ altitudine suâ supremus Rex* Carolus *Cœlos scandat, novi subinde succrescant* Caroli, *quibus, quasi internodiis, distincta ejus æternitas usque & usque floreat; sic ipse sibi superstes* Carolus, *non hominum (parum illud* Nestoris*) sed* Carolorum *tres ætatis vivat, Filii, Sobrini, utriusque* Caroli.

Ad Regem & Principem in Colleg. *Johan.*

QUÆ nupero dolore obriguit Academia, tanquam orbata Niobes *soror saxea, si in pristinam Facundiam resolvatur hodie agnoscit omen vestræ Præsentiæ.*

tia. Memnonis *fama* [illegible] *radius* [illegible] *Musicum* [illegible] *fuisse ferunt* [illegible] *Cymbalum Mundanum, quae mentem vestra* [illegible] *quasi plectro animavit. Nec magis* [illegible] *quam è diametro miraculi* [illegible] *Oratoris.* [illegible] *afflatus Numine* [illegible] *Deum* [illegible] *ejusque Hominem* [illegible] *perinde vestra in nobis* [illegible] *Divinitas* [illegible] *minus splendor omnes omnium* [illegible] *sanctam nostri jactura* [illegible] *mus jam Fata* [illegible] *exitium ut favoris* [illegible] *gratulamur* [illegible] *tiosè moriamur Musæ, quæ ad* [illegible] *Vale. Lusit* Archimedes *Carlo* [illegible] *dicam* Jovem *in* Carolo [illegible] *ille qui, manu dextra fixa, Cœlum* [illegible] *si ipsum ad modum* [illegible] *non commisisset. Enumero cum Regem Optimum Maximum & Principem simul astantem* [illegible] *quomodo Principis Natalis* [illegible] *Solem & Stellam fulgentes à Symbolis* (*licet non æquis radiis*) *conspicati sumus.* Cæsare *mortuo natum in cœlis* [illegible] *cuit sydus, quod* Julii *Anima passim audit.* Cæsaris *Epilogus fuit Prologus* Caroli; *neque enim aptior Stella, quam Invictissima illius Herois Anima quæ vestræ soboli res gerendas ominaretur. Stellam dixi? Aliud factum; crederem potius ipsum Solem fuisse, qui tum temporis tibi religavit moderamen Diei, & ut Principis cunas fortius videret, suum in stellam Contraxit* [illegible] *lum. Ecce ut patrissat* Carolus! *ut ad vestras Virtutes anhelus surgit! Quod sub pientissimo Rege accidisse legimus Solem multis gradibus retro ferri, Principis ætas pari portento compensavit damnum, cujus festina virtus devorat Horologium, & Puerilia nondum libata*

Meridiem attigit. Parcatur mihi, si turgeat Oratio; si nihil prater Solem & Stellas crepet; quippe in Principis Natali ipsa Natura mihi praivit Allegoriam. O felicem interim Academiam, & Eternitatem quandam nactam! quæ in Rege & Principe, & esse nostrum, & nostrum fore simul complectitur. Non est quod plura expectentur sæcula; viximus & nostram & posterorum vitam. Sed vereor ne molestus fuerim importuno officio, quod in tam illustri præsentiâ in nescio quid majus piaculo excrescit. Minima coram Rege Errata, tanquam angustiores rimæ, extenduntur lumine. Oratio itaque nostra pro genio temporum reformabitur, vel, quod tantundem est, rescindetur. Hoc unicum præfabor votum; Vivas Augustissime, Pietas tuorum & Tremor Hostium. Vivas, vel in hoc declivio, Literarum Stator. Vivas denique eam indutus gloriam, ut Filium tuum Carolum *appellemus Maximum, quia solo Patre minorem.*

Oratio

Oratio habita ad Legatum quendam Gallicum, & *Hollandiæ* Comitem, tunc temporis Academiæ Cancellarium.

QUam Augusta sit vestra Præsentia, & quam sacro horrore nostros percellit animos, utinam Oratoris vestri stupor non ita nimis testaretur. Quem enim alacritas officii modo accenderat ut vos salutarem, impedit jam eadem Religione in illas aures importunus ruerem inquilinus, ubi Regum consilia habitarunt. Nec magis allaqui quam intueri nefas. Fulgura sunt in amborum oculis, quorum splendorem si quis aspiceret, bidental fieret. Si quis Persarum, *qui venerantur Solem, vos intueretur, utrumque ratus Numen, suum divideret sacrificium. Nos quod attinet, fatemur lippitudine radiorum victoriam, & hoc geminum honoris jubar imbellis nostra acies eo magis commendat, quo minus sustineat. Salve igitur, Celeberrime Hospes, cujus gratissimi adventus, ut capacia essent nostra pectora, magnitudo gaudii nosipsos a nobis exclusit foras. Ecce quot Helluones oculi vos inspicimus! Quot in vestris vultibus Quadragesimam violamus! Sed nos indigui tantis dapibus.* Margareta, *& Regii illi Manes, quos in Fundatoribus nostris numeramus, per me, tanquam per Legatum suum (ut Titulo vestro superbire liceat) Adventum vobis gratulantur. Nec invideas mihi, clarissime Advena, Legati nomen; nam cum Celsitudo vestra ad gradum meum (quem suscepisti modo) dignaretur descendere, Humilitas nostra (quod in bilance solet) ad vestrum apicem assurgebat. Scholas vidisti & illud unicum Sacellum, quorum alteri docuisti Literas, alteri Pietatem. Et quid amplius studes*

apud

apud nos invisere? Eccum Academiam integram, Cancellarium dignissimum, qui quicquid Cantabrigia *nostra complectitur plenius repræsentat. Theatra & Scholarum Pyramides nos ludibundi Vitruvii ædificamus in chartis. Tu, Tu Architectus fortunæ nostræ, cujus Magnificentia vel Pictoris nostri audaciam superabit. Multus sum, Honoratissime Orator; in Cancellarii debitissimis laudibus, ut scias qualis Heros, quantus aliorum Patronus honori vestro hodie inserviat. Certè dum vos Majorum Gentium Nobiles simul adstantes videam; Nescio quis Isthmus videatur* Galliam *&* Britanniam *(invito Oceano) conjunxisse. Quin perpetuus sit ille Regionum nodus, & ita Gordianus, ut neuter* Alexander *discindat gladio. Plura vellem, & usque pergeret votorum pietas, sed victus diviti argumento plusquam* Demosthenis *Anginam patior. Quare si aures vestras, Regibus assuetas, nimis detinendo sacrilegus fuerim; si quid deliquerim, hoc saltem sit subitæ Orationis prodiga temeritas; ut nè paratus ad peccandum prodiisse videar.*

Oratio

Omnis habita [illegible] à Philosophis, de scientia Temporis, pertem, [illegible] imponeret.

HOdiernus [illegible] (Juvenes Academici) [illegible] Cato Florentinus, ut [illegible] [illegible] nunc favet, sic ut affectamus: Sequentes [illegible] Vale meritissimi Termini, cui nolet (ut [illegible] quantur) interfectus mori. Sed [illegible] [illegible] tum [illegible], & ejusdem cera coherendes revelli. Revelli igitur vobis erit Aristotelis Liber primus de [illegible] Conscriptus. Et quidem vos scio [illegible] Authoris paginam posse transcribere: hoc autem à vobis non expeto. Neque est ut expectarem, ut Heraclitum timorumenos & miserè Absyrtos veteres Philosophos in Cruciatus denuò redigatis. Ruente Quivis vel quilibet Homuncio ligna colliget. Illius autem animosium est Spiritus, qui è triumphantis Philosophi Familiis erupiat, & eorum aliquem sub Clientela sua patrocinetur. Obsoleta ista Democriti, vel etiam Thulotis opinio ingenio Vestro fiat Authentica. Neque tamen in illas angustias vos redigam. Universus Natura Paradoxus habeatis vobis usurarias. Modo etiam placuerit, (eruditi Juvenes) liceat vobis leviter perstringere, [illegible] esse istas Philosophorum Placita risui exponere. Quod si ira ios conjecerit occumbere, habent quod [illegible] imponent. Stuporem jaciem, atque impuentiam suam in lucro possunt deputare: Si perstam manibus vestris perusse jacebis.

(Dixit)

Oratio habita in Scholis publicis cum Patris officio fungeretur.

QUam æquivocum sit Patris nomen, quota & quam discolor officii ratio, si non aliunde, ab hac varia frequentia (Severiores viri & Lepidissima proles) possem dignoscere? Si enim ad singula Auditorum ingenia quilibet Orator componendus sit, ita ut cum Senibus tussiat, rideat cum pueris; quid ego hominis? Quale futurus sum Monstrum, gravitate & nucibus, Patre & puero interpunctum? Quod in dispertita & expansa Aquila fieri videmus unum corpus duplicem ostentare faciem: eadem est nostra ergo vos & filios bifrons conditio. Hos cum aspicio, sum senex Aquila pullos meos ad vestrum jubar exploratura; ubi vos è contra, nescio quomodo ipse in pullum redeo, & ad instar Aquilæ juventutem renovo. Duæ igitur Dramatis personæ sustinenda sunt; vestrâ in scenâ acturus sum Filium, in vestrâ Patrem, alterum genu flexum, alterum stabis Elephantinam, oscillatione, quod aiunt, Ludam. Superam modo, modo inferam occupanbo partem; partim Senex, partim Puer, qualis Æthon *ille in Aheno* Medex *semicoctus. Et quæ quidem aptior via inveniri poterat, quam per ferulam ad fasces, per Filii scabellum ad culmen Patris assurgere? Serviendum ut imperes, Aulicorum methodus; à Vitulo ad Taurum* Milonis *progressus. Vobis igitur, Viri Gravissimi, primitiæ nostræ sunt consecrandæ; quod si nullo, vel, quod perinde est, tralutitio tantum honore prosequerer, non dico causam, quin filii mei improbitate erga me pari, injuriam vestram ulciscantur. Neque tamen interea noscimus quali vos compellemus nomine, quorum Eruditio scribit Academiæ Maritos, obsequium malit Filios.*

Perplexus

Perplexus fuit & tortuosus ille incesti nodus, quem de Oedipo *suo fabulatur* Græcia; *major* Mæander *unusquisque vestrûm, quorum eruditione cum Alma Mater gravida fiat, & quotannis parturiat; quorum praeceptis & exemplari virtute; cum tenella pubes (quasi bibitis uberibus) lactetur indies; non* Oedipus *majori cum enigmate sceleratus, quam quilibet vestrum pius Matris Maritus, Uxoris Filius, & Fratrum Pater. Neque hic se fistit vestra divina indoles, cujus vel pictura est satis prolifica; siquidem Alma Mater ubi concipiat, speciem vestram ob oculos ponit, vestrum instar repraesentat animo, ut masculum magis, magis exultam sobolem quitatur. Illi, illi estis, quibus si ante inventas literas contigisset vivere, Imagines vestras ab Ægyptiis expressas, hodie pro Artibus & Scientiis legeremus. Non ego sequax erroris illius qui nihil egregium dicit nisi quod vetustum, qui praesentia fastidit tempora, & ex hesterno jure panem atrum vorat. Senescit, si Diis placit, Natura; Majoribus quidem nostris dedit animarum jugera, nobis spithamas; Gigantes illi, nos Pusiones. Degeneres anima & verè minores in hac opinione: Lucrifecit hac ætas, non decoxit. Illi quidem Literarum Avavi, sed quota est familia? cujus primus fuit illud quod dicere nolo, secundus illud quod nequeo: Humilis principii nobilis progressus. Habeant quod suum est Antiqui, sed nè in solidum fiant Domini: suas sibi laudes vendicent, sed vestras vobis nè praeripiant; quorum ego meritis tantum confido, ut veterum sicut canitiem veneror, sic misereor impotentiam. Ructarunt illi glandes, vestrum est triticum: calceati eorum dentes, & victus asper, vestra dapes & ingenii gula; quibus quod retro est seculum tantùm stravit mensam, erit à quadris futurum. Clari Convivæ, quibus obsonantur antiqui, ministrant posteri. Sed quam effrons*

ego

ego & devorati pudoris, qui dum vestra molior Encomia, Orationem meam fœlicitatis tantæ commensalem reddam! Liceat tamen peccare, Auditores, ut ignoscatis; purpura elotis maculis est iterata murice; gloriabor de culpâ à vobis remissâ magis quàm de innocentiâ. Julius Sabinus, *cum à Romano imperio defecisset, fusis jam copiis & afflictis rebus in monumentum quoddam se abdidisse dicitur, ubi cum Uxore tamdiu latuerit, ut plures filios ex ea susceperit; tandem vero deprehensus, & pro Tribunali positus, filios suos in medium sistens, sic affatur Judicem: Parce, Parce,* Cæsar; *hos in monumento genui, hosce alui, ut tibi plures essemus supplices. Vestram fidem, Auditores, quicquamne uspiam rotundius dictum? Consulite quicquid est Rhetorum. O vanas spes tuas* Cicero! *O frustra susceptos labores! O inanes cogitationes! Tinnis, tinnis præ hoc Oratorum maximo, qui si cum Uxore tua Rhetorica tam diu in Musæo conclusus esses, quam ille in Monumento, nunquam Orationem hujus parem genuisses. Gratias tibi,* Sabine, *de excusatione mea, qui cum necesse sit ut delinquam, habeo tamen deprecandi formulam. Habeo filios quos ostendam, hanc circumstantem Rhetoricam. Magna, magna est Infantium Eloquentia, qui eò plus exorant quò non loquantur. Eorum illice tacendi Suadâ & ego in præsens utar; neque dubito quin plus favoris demerear silentio, quam ulteriori tædio.*

Actus

[illegible]

R[illegible] [illegible] *fortitudinem*. [illegible] *Natura* [illegible] *fortitudinem*, [illegible] *in pugnam*. [illegible] *Sed* [illegible] *est quod ex* [illegible] *dicunt fortitudinem esse* [illegible], *aut figura*, *aut* [illegible] *mensis aperire*; *aut* [illegible] *aut* [illegible] *Antiquum*. [illegible] *vis cerebri* [illegible] *aut vel ex parte dextra*, *vel ex* [illegible] [illegible] *magis differunt ita* [illegible] *quam hi Fratres*. *In hoc* [illegible] *lux*; *in illis spissa tenebra* [illegible], *si quid* [illegible] *tamen*, *qualis è squamis piscium*, *aut* [illegible] *splendor*. Hercules & Iphiclus [illegible] *indole dispares*; Herculi *fortitudo data est*, Iphiclo *pernicitas pedum*, *ac si illum* Alcmena *ad bellum* [illegible] *ad fugam peperisset*. *Est & nobis multiplex* Hercules *qui duodecim terminos totidem laboribus metiuntur* [illegible] *nus forsan aut alter* Iphiclus, *qui pocula* [illegible] *bibit & fugit*; *qui non aliàs se* Herculis *fratrem dominstrat*, *quam quod trinoctium illud quod ad primum diem*

Herculem

Herculem *continuavit* Jupiter *in Intellectu suo usque conservat. Nata est (quamvis novitia) de quadam fabula; qui cum agnum insidiis excepisset, & odorari per sequeretur Pastor, ubi nullus pateret effugii locus, tuguriam intrat, agnum fasciis involutum in cunas componit, quas huc illuc subinde quassat, ut balanti puero conciliaret somnum; sic scrutantium examen elusit, & astu non dispari* Ulyssem *vicit: Sunt & in nostra prole aliqui, quorum cunas si penitius excutiatis, illuc etiam reperire est illud simplicius animal, nihil prater agninam pellem & innocentiam. Mortale ovum* Castoris, *immortale* Pollucis; *hic* Iovem *Deum imitatur, aternus, viridis, & mutationis expers; ille* Jovem *Cygnum; nec diu erit quin senior factus canitie simulabit plumas; alter filius* Jovis, *alter* Μεταμορφώσως. *Quis tantum componet litem? Quis conciliabit inter sese tam multiformis fœtus membra? Det* Pollux Castori *immortalitatem mutuam, uterque vivet alternatim; dies nocti lucem accommodet, utrinque crepusculum fiet; spargantur in omnibus merita, qua in aliquibus fluunt mista, & mea fide omnes idonei ad respondendum questioni. Hi tamen sunt in quibus stabit hodierna hilaritas: cum enim penuria verborum sit Mater Rhetorica, non video quin defectus ingenii sit Pater Jocorum. Sed esto quod non sunt agiles & ad ingenium prompti; nonne statutis magis morigeri? non sunt stupidi, tantum obtemperant Authoritati. Centurio cum à Prœlio abesset, & Africanus Victor causam quaereret, respondit, se tuendis castris dedisse operam, ne cateris in acie detentis diriperentur; suboluit Duci pusilanimis ratio. Non amo nimium diligentes. Etiam & filii mei hisce lepidis Exercitiis interessent, nisi quod tuenda sunt Castra, observanda Statuta, ne cateris jocantibus violarentur. Euge mei filii! non fuit*

Militis

[illegible], sed Ostrorum cura; non Turpor in-
[illegible] nunc Senatus. Lex fuit antiqua in Tabulis
[illegible]bus primum inventa, ad Justiniani Codi-
[illegible] progressa, in Jure quo Canonico, quo Civili
[illegible]ma; & tandem ad hoc Municipale nostrum

Siquis fecerit plus quam posse damnum esse.
[illegible] Castimonis sibulam; nonne damnandus Eu-
[illegible] commiserat stuprum? Cavet statutum ut fru-
[illegible]ns: nonne culpandus Adrodicus si luxuriatur?
[illegible]do plectendi sunt mei filii, si sint ingeniosi.
Decretum quod matris exercuit linguas, caecis ex-
[illegible]ulos, filiis meis ingenio interdixit.

Oratio Inauguralis, cum Prælectoris Rhetorici munus auſpicaretur.

QVanta & quàm divina ſit veſtra benefaciendi Indoles, quam pauperrima gratitudinis noſtræ talio, neſcio an diutinum meum ſilentium, an hodierna Oratio luculentius fuerit teſtimonium. Imparem ſe fatetur modeſta taciturnitas, & in tanto certamine maluit cedere, quam infantibus Gratiis humanitatem veſtram balbutire in minimis, & quæ compenſare poſſunt beneficiis peccat ſilentium, quod in majoribus eſt religioſum. Sed frigidè agnoſcere tantundem ac tacere; & in hoc tamen ſcelere pietatem meam invenietis, quod enim ſollicitis votis ambiunt alii, ut favori veſtro paribus numeris reſpondeant, ut munus & Gratiæ in amœbaam quandam Eclogam coaleſcant: ſecus ego gratulor meam gratiarum ignaviam: quò enim magis infra muneris veſtri magnitudinem ſubſido, eò infamiâ meâ munus commendo. Gratiæ cum beneficio in bilance poſitæ, & pro levitate ſuâ in ſublime actæ, ex proprio ludibrio gloriam addunt & pondus beneficio. Quod ſi elegantes magis velitis gratias, eſtote vos minus munifici, Gratitudo eſt beneficii Echo, quæ ut ſingula verba poteſt repetere, ita longam ſententiam ne dimidiare. Monoſyllaba (ut ita dicam) beneficia facilè reverberamus, cum grandioribus & veſtris ne unam aut alteram ſyllabam rependimus: prodeo igitur in aciem cum amore veſtro, ſed ut ſuccumbam ſtudeo. Contendunt gratiæ cum beneficio, ſed ut ex iſtâ pugnâ major appareat veſtra victoria. Qui in Hoſtis poteſtatem ſe lubens offert, invidet hoſti honorem ſuum; plenior ex capto quàm ex dedititio Triumphus; & major erit munificentiæ voſtræ Pæan ex Oratore victo, quam ex imbelli

ſilentio

:mio. *Quorsum autem ego in hæc subsellia ascende-*
n, qui ita hæreditarium à proavis meis prælectoribus
:*epi silentium, ut necesse habuerim quasi ex traduce,*
uisse? Erat enim, cùm Lectores legere Pleonasmus
beretur. Artis fuit apud illos dissimulare artem;
mus suscipere, cum privilegio dormire; implere au-
n, (absit omen!) officium; ad industriam prodere,
posteris mereri malè. Crediderim sanè ego illud fu-
munneris nostri ingenium, ut, quod Papæ solent, il-
um virtutum à quibus maximè distant esse cognomi-
; proinde Rhetores eligerentur illi, qui per integrum
num obmutescerent. Nec immeritò; tam rara enim
runt, tam infrequentes prælectiones nostræ, tam sea-
a es denique, ut nescio quî possum melius præfari,
ùm illis præconis verbis; Venite ad Ludos quos nemo
rtalium unquam videt, nec visurus est postea. Sed
ia hoc anno exoritur Lectorum Religio, quî, aliter
Lectores solent, ad Canones & Statuta revocamur.
mus indies, loquimur quotidiè, & tam ancipiti pul-
ium virtute, ut & Pulpita ad vigiliam, & Audi-
is ad somnum adigamus. Ad somnum? ad horro-
potius; tanto enim recentes hujus inusitati prodigii
cussi sunt metu, ut verendum sit nè ad Pædagogos
ipserint novitiam aliquam hæresin suppullulasse, Ba-
lonicam Meretricem *in Rhetoricis Lenocinijs esse*
ivivam, & in liberalibus Scientiis septicollem Besti-
. *Ecquid amplius apud vos Papisticum? imo &*
d pessimum est, noctu & interdiu horas Canonicas
ervare Procancellarium; quem non citius maximo
bonore nomino, quin eò deflectanda mihi videtur
tio; cujus in laudes tam alacris est mea Rhetorica,
si semel undarent lora, vereor quod habenas non au-
ta denuo. Quotus enim est patronus noster? qui
mes alioquin somnolentos, tanquam matutinus Sol,

radiis suis ad laborem suscitat; qui otiari in officio, ac dormire in aprico pudendum ratus, non modo ipse laborat, sed & nostri laboris est Artifex: ita eandem quam ipse exercet diligentiam felici contagione nobis affricat. Qui denique (& quod ego palmarium duco) modestiam meam, nimis difficilem, in hodiernum vestrî obsequium rapuit. Vestrî intelligo, Senatus amplissime; quibus quicquid ego Prælectoris sum, refero acceptum; quorum nescio an me Rhetorem elegerunt Judicia, aut Suffragia crearunt. Crearunt dico, & satis cum audaciâ repeto; tot enim & tam fœcundæ voces in unum congestæ, quem non Rhetorem fecissent? Quod igitur fabulantur Poetæ ad Pandoræ Natalitia universum Deorum Chorum fuisse à Symbolis, idem in Rhetorica mea, & unanimi vestro assensu, quasi Epimythion nactum invenietis. Quare quos Eloquentia, si quæ sit mea, agnoscit compatres, non dubito quin usque habitura sit susceptores; ut eadem lubentiâ in aures vestras resiliat quâ facilitate pectorum profecta est. Non causabor in posterum imbecillitatem meam, qui onus dedistis, dedistis humeros: & ut absint cætera, satis erit virium sub aquilâ vestrâ militare. Refert Seneca *de pusillo & monogrammate (ut ita dicam) homunculo, qui palæstram ausus est descendere, quoniam pugiles multos & strenuos servos domi aleret. Si servi tantum potuerint, si vicarii roboris confidentia insultum herum commasculare possit, quid Domini facient? Et ego in hunc literarium pulverem possum irruere, non Mercurio meo, sed quoniam tam multos & tam facundos habeam Dominos. Non enim ad hoc officium designatus sum à dextro aut à lævo vulture, non à stellâ aut sortibus, non ab imperito vulgo, vel (quod idem est apud* Persas) *hinniente equorum armento, sed à Senatu vestro, scilicet (ut sobriè audax possum dicere) ab œcumenico*

literarum

literarum consilia. Quid enim non infra eris eorum dignitatem, quibus Artes omnes pro suscitatio, & conjurata veniunt ad Clientelam Scientiæ? Impo: nic sui Rhetorica, & Laudes vestras ne ambitiosa quidem eloquentia adequare potest. Parcite, Audiente:, si vos frequens compellem; ita enim suadent mecum varietatem ad agendum, ut ubi vos nominaverim, Troporum affatim, domiè Figurarum. Quod vicem ut: Memoriæ Professores solent per ea, quæ sunt sibi ante oculos posita, alia quæcunque memorandæ significare; idem Auditores meos edoctos velim, ut in vos ora & obtutus figant, ut hunc Metonymiam, illum Hyperbolen, universam multitudinem pro continuata figura tum Allegoriâ imaginati, omnes colores, omnia Orationis lumina, integram denique Rhetoricæ Supellectilem, per quandam oculorum Metaphoram ad sese transferant. Jamque, Auditores, cum eò devenerim sit, ut vos omnes in volumen quoddam Rhetoricum compegerim, recipio in posterum me lecturum: In præsens aliquid de Rhetoricâ dicendum censeo; neque enim tam felix Argumentum, quale vos reputo, prius reliquissem, quàm individuis præconiis vos & Rhetoricam semel simulque commendare. Ferunt Demosthenem, *optimum licet Rhetorem, non potuisse pronunciare nomen Rhetoricæ. Quæ* Demosthenis *fuit impotentia, est Rhetoricæ modestia, quæ licet apud omnes laudatissima sit & multi nominis, titulos tamen suos erubescat proloqui. Quid igitur ego quàm ut veterem illum medicæ modum imitarer? lapides aliquos in os injiciam, quos nisi favor vester, plus quam Chymicus in preciosos verterit, indigni erunt qui in auribus vestris tam disertis pendeant. Age igitur Rhetorica, explica virtutes tuas, quæ Logicæ, Philosophiæ cæterisque tuis Sororibus illicem facundiæ hederam soles præfigere. Si tibi in eodem deesses officio, quid aliud quam foris sapere, domi*

insanires? Atque hinc quàm optimè Rhetoricæ encomium auspicari possum, quòd nativa sit ejus Pulchritudo cum in cæteris nil nisi emptitium fucum deprehendas. Scitum est illud Phrynes Thebanæ *Commentum, quæ cum Convivio inter æquales adesset, & probè jam saturatæ omnes ludis operam darent; Lex lata est, ut quicquid facto præiret quævis, subsequerentur cætera. Ubi ad* Phrynes *vices deventum est, poscit aquam, faciem lavat, quod cum cætera pro imperio Legis fecissent,* Phryne *pulchrior, ut quæ sordes eluerat, deformes cætera, ut quæ fucum deterserant, apparuere. Huc summa redit denique, Autographa est Rhetoricæ venustas, quæ in cæteris est tralatitia. Fictitii sunt aliorum vultus, cum nesciat Rhetorica qualis sit illa nova Prosopopœia. Cæteræ quidem Scientiæ Magnates sunt Dominæ; sed tanquam Dominæ facies suas è Rhetoricæ* Pyxide *mutuantur. Ut reliquas taceam; Quid Logica citra Rhetoricam? Contractus ille Logicus ad Colophos magis accommodus, quam ad aures demulcendas; ubi verò in palpam Rhetoricæ extendatur, non opus est ut dicam quantum potuerit, cum frater meus Logicus exemplo suo nuper ostenderit. Quæ igitur alias Artes laudibus suis deaurare solet, æquum est ut suis superbiat, quæ (tanquam Danista) Elegantiam suam foris locat usurariam, iniquum esset si non ipsam sortem cum amplissimo fœnore reciperet quanquam quidem Rhetorica non tam facultates suas fœnori apponit, quàm, tanquam* Missilia, *in Scientiarum plebem Regina disseminat.* Hactenus *quàm dives Rhetorica in alienis loculis, nunc videamus quàm opulenta sit in suis. Quod ut facilius fieret, utinam* Thesaurarius, *ejus* Cicero *revivisceret; qui si toties de Rhetorica sua, quoties de Consulatu gloriatus esset, & æque indefessum argumentum habuisset, & mitius ob superbiam vapularet. Hic ille* Attica

ticæ Helenæ *Rivalis*, *hic* Palladii *Græci* Ulysses; *hinc illa Philosophi lachryma Rhetoricam è* Græcia *transmissuram. Quod enim* Antonio Athenas *proficiscenti Cives* Minervam *suam desponsarum*; *idcoque pro adulationis pœna Talentum*, *quasi pro dote*, *coactis sunt numerare*: *idem in* Cicerone *plenius ac vellem evenisse constat*; *qui ubi Athenis studuit Rhetoricam*, *præsidem Civitatis Deam*, *Uxorem duxit*; *& ubi à Pyræo solveret*, *omnem ejus dotalem ornatum secum in* Italiam *transmisit. Euge redux* Cicero. *Salvete in* Tusculum Athenæ. *Opima magis spolia quam terna illa Jovi Feretrio consecrata. O qualis fuit* Ciceronis *copia*! *Qualis ejus dicendi* Tyberis! *imo* Romanus Nilus! *Quantum enim ejus Eloquentia excrevit*, *vel deferbuit*, *tantum fœcunda vel sterilis*, *fœlix vel misera extitit* Italia. *Quot ille Coronas ob Cives*, *quot ob Provincias defendendas meruit*? *qui cum duos parricidio liberaret* Roscium *&* Popilium, *ob unum in æternum debuit vivere*, *teste omnium optimâ Oratione*: *ob alterum mori*, *idque* Popilii *manu*, *in ejus cade parricidium confessi. Hic tamen* Cicero *Facundiæ Sponsus*; *hic* (*pace* Bruti *dixerim*) *Romanorum Rex*; *hic*, *plusquam* Cæsar, *perpetuus Dictator*, *ut divinum Rhetoricæ numen sacro quondam horrore agnosceret*, *in Orationum primordiis singultiit*, *ut ludit* Comicus, *vitiavit Sorbillo. Vetus obtinuit Superstitio*, *ut ubi Luna pateretur Eclipsin*, *armorum strepitus*, *vel quilibet alius clangor parturienti* (*sic enim credebant*) *Numini obstetricari possit. Ubi laborat Respublica*, *ubi deliquium passura est Patriæ*, *intercedit Rhetorica ut* Lucina Juno, *& suavissimo tonitru tumorem sedat. Tumultuatur Plebs*, *secedit in* Janiculum. *Ecquis prodit* Jupiter *Stator*? *Ecce Rhetor* Agrippa, *qui Fabulæ cujusdam de ventre & membris tintinnabulo fugitivum*

tivum apum examen ad præsepe redegit. Tantum Artificis valet habitus oris. Senecam *dum audiret* Nero, *quis æquavit ejus quinquennium? Ita facundus senex insidiatur* Tyranno, *& animum ejus ad vitia proclivem furtivâ Rhetoricâ in virtutem prodit, sanctissimè reus Majestatis. Neque enim Reges aut Imperatores Rhetoricæ jugum subterfugiunt. Tonat Rhetorica? frustrà sub lecto cubat Testudo* Caligula. *Fulgurat Rhetorica? incassum lauro circundatur* Tiberius, *nec in isto circulo securus. Duplex enim est Rhetoricæ Genius; bonus, qui innocentes præmiis afficit, & malus, qui sceleratos exagitat; tam subtilis tamen est ejus Suada & hujus terror, ut tanquam fulmen terebrans, salvis corporum vaginis ipsas animas liquefaciat. Quid ego vobis* Crassos, Curios, Lœlios *proponam? quorum illustrium Rhetorum tam numerosa sunt apud Historiam Exempla; quam apud nos nulla: nam siqua sit exilis & strigosa Oratio, sine sanguine, sine anima; sententiis ad tertium lapidem porrectis, hæc (si placet) est* Ciceroniana. *Pudendum nominis Sacrilegium! & cujus in vindictam miror facundos manes non resurgere novas scripturos* Philippicas. *Sed ecce alius* Ciceronis *insons! qui perspicuum & simplicem perosus stylum implicitè loquitur & in ænigmate, ac si* Persii *Carmina in Prosam Orationem per modum Anagrammatis resolveret: anxiæ ineptiæ! Et quæ neminem Oratorem præter* Sphingem *Monstrum, neminem Auditorem præter* Oedipum *admittunt.* Tertius *prodit uterque neuter, qui ambabus sellis sedet, qui omnia dicendi genera experitur; cujus Oratio tanquam multiformis* Luna *secundùm varias mutat Quartas; modò gibbosa, modò falcata, plena, semi-plena, ac si Rhetorica* Metempsychosin *quandam instituerit, per omnes stylos pervagata. Ubi interim Musarum Castitas? Adulter est ille Stylus, qui rem*

habet

habet cum pluribus, & maxima Oratoris laus est æquum & integritas. Sed proh stupor! Egone ut Rhetorica encomia moliar, & Oratorem nostrum publicum cui omnes assurgunt, prætermittam? cujus nomen cum Demosthene *triplicare, est Rhetoricum ex omni parte definire. Peregrinatur in aliis Rhetorica, hîc Incola est, non Hospes unde non magis illam divellas quàm Solem è Cœlo, Justitiam a* Fabricio. *Ille decus sua & dolor nostræ Gentis, qui cum Orator sit & Græcus Professor, pari jure quo* Cæsar, *Consules, nominari potest Academiæ Oratores. Ille enim verus Orator qui Ambidexter, in quo bina linguæ unum eloquentiæ trahunt jugum. Refert* Seneca *de quodam, qui cum bis declamasset in eodem die, Græcè, & Latinè, & scisciteretur quidam (ut curiosum sumus Literarum genus) quomodo peroraſſet, responsum tulit, bené & καλῶς, benè Latinè, perperam Græcè. Dictum non magis lepidum & rotundum quam hodiéque verum; quàm multi enim sunt Literati* Ἀγράμματοι; *Quot Eloquentes* Νήπιοι; *Plures* Cicerones *(pauci licet) quàm* Demosthenes. *Incipiat sanè Rhetorica à Latinis, sed adolescat in Græcis.* Græcia *à* Latio *mutuetur Calendas; sed Nonas, sed Idus apponat suas: qui enim in solis Latinis est exercitatus, est* Polyphemus *monoculus, pene dixerim* ὄτις *Rhetoricus. Possem, Auditores, ad Cathedram ascendere, & ibi etiam quomodo Rhetorica pro Tribunali sedeat, demonstrare; sed pinge duos angues, sacer est locus: vel si fas esset laudes ejus attingere, attingere tamen est Religio: ita enim in illo divino Professore conturbavit prodiga Rhetorica, ut nè unciam habeat unde cum posteris pro labore & vigiliis suis decernat. Huc usque eminus quasi verba feci; tempus est ut cum auditoribus meis cominus agerem: Moris enim est librum nominare, & sic pro hoc anno*

satisfecisse

satisfecisse. Sed illud quicquid est numeris reliquum, in Termini proximè ineuntis exordium differam; ubi tamen spero Auditores meos non affutores; nam si nullo alio modo vos deterrere possum, legam Arabicè. O invidendam Prælectoris solitudinem! cujus in Individuo, cœlestem admodum, universa species Arabica, quantum ad nos spectat, conservatur. Quod si meis ingratiis Auditores adsint, & Ego contra me sistam Rhetorem, uterque agemus quod nostrum est, usque vobis grati erimus. Rhetoricæ & honori vestro pariter incumbemus: ita enim commodum nostrum & observantia vestri mutuo nexu alligantur, ut quo quisque erimus magis Rhetores, eò Munificentiæ vestræ magis memores.

Oratio

Oratio habita in Scholis Theologicis, cùm Moderatoris partes ageret.

Quæ cum ità sint, Auditores, liceat tandem perorare, Piladi dabo ut hodie insaniam, & tum finitus Orestes. *Quod Reges solent, ubi satietas illos mundi ceperit,* Cœnobium *intrare ut seipsos dediscant; perinde de nostro ingressu in hasce Scholas judicate. Pœnitet nostræ nugacis facundiæ, & in severiori hujus loci genio remedium quæro. Nec tamen sum ex illorum numero qui sapiunt in gratiis, qui gravitatem complectuntur, ut continentiam Senes, qui cum ulterius peccare nequeunt, resipiscunt. Spadonum est hæc virtus; ingenia casta, quoniam non mascula; ac si Statuta nostra, sicut Turcarum Mulieres, non alios agnoscerent Custodes præter Eunuchos. Pudet hæc opprobria nobis dici. Sunt qui ingenio ingenium debellant, qui ex ferratis* Stymphalidum *pennis desumunt spicula, quibus ipsas aves, vivas illas pharetras, interficiunt. Hujusmodi cum audiam Tripodum Oracula, & ambiguos Vates, exemplo præeuntes ingenium, quod Orationibus insectantur. Video* Catonem *sui ipsius lacerantem viscera; Video* Demosthenem *proprio Calamo pereuntem. Ad quid autem, dicit aliquis, hispida hæc rerum facies? Ergò ne desuet comptior Eloquentia, ut barbæ squallor dominetur? Absit omen! Regnet quidem Gravitas, sed citra straiatam frontem & Vultûs* Tyrannidem, *nè sit instar* Sileni Alcibiadis, *ita intùs Numen ut extùs appareat* Demogorgon. *Qui in Oratore odit fœminæ mollitiem, fastidit magis agrestes villos; qui denudat aures Rhetoricis cincinnis, extirpat radicitus genarum sentes: Neque enim illi accedo, qui consultus de optimo Rhetore, respondit, Statuta Academiæ. Liber noster*

non

non stat in catenis reus eloquentis criminis, sed tanquam Tyrius Apollo *ideo constringitur, nè suam gravatus servitutem mutaret Dominum. Facilis à libro ad Respondentem transitio, quos cum ambos simul cogitem, nescio an gemellos rectè nominarem. Gemelli; corpora si respicias sunt unius Divortium, si animas unio duorum, quasi vulnus à Natura factum amore mutuo erat coituru m. O quam studet illam Naturæ Diæresin refarcire, qui cum libro non indulserit Nasum; prohibere tamen nequit quin typis mandetur! ea enim est ejus cum literis communio, ut literato ejus cumulo vel hunc unicum librum addere, erant qui superfluum credidere. Vultis omnia? tam eruditus est noster Respondens, ut vereor ne tanquam* Cataphractus *miles, onustus potius quàm munitus literis videatur. Sed incassum ego molior; surge tui ipsius Encomium; ego enim (tanquam pictum velum, aut expansum carbasum) spectaculum polliceor; tuum est,* Scaligeri *verbo, monstrum perfectionis ostendere.*

Oratio

Oratio prior habita in Scholis Juridicialibus, Domino Doctore *Littleton* Respondente.

UNicum nostrum & captivum librum cum eodem obtutu quo numerosa tua conspiciam volumina, nescio quin disparis nostræ conditionis luculenta Icon *videatur. Me quod spectat Eruditionis nostræ modulum satis unus, satis nullus liber repræsentat; cum tua grandiora meritæ vix integra complecti possit Bibliotheca. Ad quid autem librorum tantum; ubi magis est literarum? Veteris picturæ fuit opprobrium quòd hîc Canis, fuit adscriptum, cum viva effigies (tanquam præco domesticus) seipsam interpretetur. Credimus te literatum, non propter Authorum, sed propter tuiipsius testimonium. Optimus Nomenclator imaginis est loquax artificium. Propria virtus, non farrago librorum te honestabit, & unicus tuus Orator erit Respondens. O quam superbit Alma Mater, quæ frequentem nuper enixa sobolem in te uno duplicavit numerum! Refert de patre quodam Historia, qui inter filios divisurus bona, primo tantum tribuit, &* Lucium *coheredem facit; tantum secundo, &* Lucium *addit; tertio tantum, & usque* Lucium *fortunæ suæ rivalem: cumque in qualibet cerâ scripsisset* Lucium, *hoc addit Elogium,* Lucius *& Fratres sunt Gemini. Quid aliud Gemini quàm Naturæ æquilibrium? quæ cum unum fratrem reliquos Triumviratûs regulâ, adæquare faciat, Quò tum te creavit virtus? Multiplex es in tuis Fratribus, & quascunque laudes illi meruerunt, tu nasceris particeps. Certè si te unum tantum pepererit Academia, multos simul pariat necesse, ut duos dicatur peperisse. Neque tamen de Fratrum copia desperandum est; si enim parturienti Academiæ, ut laboranti Lunæ, strepitu & sono obstetricandum sit,*

nullum

nullum facilius quam Juridicorum erit puerperium. Crederem equidem vel in ipso utero litigare velle, ut citius nascerentur. Hinc est quod tam universa prodit Cadmi *seges, ut malè metuo ne vix satis sit litium ad omnes alendos. Quod si bono fato contigerit, armata arista se metent invicem & (piscium ad instar) ubi prædæ deficit, vorabunt mutuò. Liceat mihi,* Themidos *Magnates, Causidicorum vulgus paulum perstringere, ut vestra magis internoscantur merita; cumque aliàs modestia vestra non patiatur, in ænigmate saltem adulari liceat. Subdola furium scientia hanc inter reliquas excogitavit fallaciam. Fures duo à jurgiis auspicati pugnam simulant, capita pro mutuâ Colophorum libidine probè demulcent, quod cum confertus hinc illinc populus spectatum prodeat, usque prælianturbellicosi Aucupes, dum à Collegis suis turbæ commixtis, singulorum marsupia pertundunturNon in vestram peccabo dignitatem, si nubat hæc Similitudo. Sunt & in vestra gente Causponantes belli, qui ita disputant, ut quæstionem in alienis loculis inveniant, & (quod pessimum est) in illis exercitiis nullum agnoscunt Moderatorem. Ludiones sunt qui ob mercedem pugnant, vestra Disputatio sola retinet liberalitatem scientiæ. Sed Infans encomium addendo detrahit; laudare quod satis nequis est sacrilegium admittere. Age igitur, Doctissime Vir, & Disputatio vestra quæ præcidit mihi Orationis progressum, suo indicio, & vestris radiis magis eniteat.*

Oratio

Oratio posterior, eodem Respondente.

DE Gallis *dicitur quod primus plusquam virorum impetus, secundus minor sit quam fœminarum. Digni profectò qui ab Uxoribus suis vapularent milites, cum (tanquam meticulosi lepores) fortitudinis suæ sexum mutent. Non tu hujusmodi* Tyresias Gallicus, *ut virilis anima sit degener in fœminam, & novissima hebdomada fortis Disputatio subsidat hodiè in sequiorem. Eccum vobis, Auditores optimi, eundem Respondentem! virtutem parem! noster* Hercules *non Ancillam induit, nec nobilis ille clavæ terror ad humile ministerium Coli emasculatur.* Cestius *Rhetor ita sibi & Eloquentiæ suæ supervixit, ut discipulus ejus per cineres perorantis* Cestii *juraret. Quotusquisque est qui suum ipsius stat Monumentum, cujus vigor igneus in flebile frigescit marmor, idem Eruditionis Cadaver & Sepulchrum? Secus tua divina virtus, quæ æmulos prius superare contenta, nunc audaci conatu seipsam molitur; quæ cum alios ita nuper vinceret, nunc ipsam Victoriam captivam ducet. Hos habet quilibet generosus animus, ut ne Solstitium patiatur, tantum abest ut agnoscat Tropicum. Præstat æternùm fuisse claudum, quam tandem retrogradum. Malo Mulier esse quam Eunuchus. Malo nasci quam fieri ignavus. Pristinæ igitur virtutis memor iterum descendis in pulverem, & priori gloriâ, tanquam optimo tubicine, redaccensus instauras prælium. Proinde à Majoribus nostris cautum est, ut duos actus præstarent Juridici; absque enim vobis & vestris litibus dualis numerus non esset inventus. Hinc est quod semel tantum respondeat Theologus, ut quos vestra jurgia duos effecerint, ejus Pietas reduces faciat ad unitatem. Si Theologia & Medicina cum Jurisprudentia*

dentiâ de forma concertarent, tam turbida est Facultas vestra, ut me Paride, vestrum esset Pomum Discordiæ. Sterilescit hoc anno Medicina, ut quæ satis novit quod ingruente bello, citra Medicorum opem mori possumus. Deficit Medicina, redundat Facultas vestra, neque mirum tamen quod binos alat ubere fœtus, cum ad Artis vestræ mulctram nos humanum pecus toties veniamus. Gens Amazonum alteram mammam solet exurere, ut ad prœliandum magis sit accommoda; ambas habet Jurisprudentia, & tamen plus quam Amazon est bellicosa. Qui solet omnia duplicare Bacchus *à Poetis fingitur bis natus; duplex actus te peperit geminum. Ecce tibi* Jovis *& Patris mixtura dulcis, qui disputationis fulmine te primum genuit, in amoris femur nunc recondet.* Epaminondas *moriturus, cum ejus orbitatem defleret quidam, nihil de tam egregiâ stirpe reliquum fuisse:* Leuctram *&* Mantinæam, *duas pulcherrimas filias se reliquisse dixit. Quid aliud tua disputatio gemina quam* Leuctra *&* Mantinæa? *pulchræ quidem filiæ, quas ita desponsatas sibi velit posteritas æmula, ut qui in futurum seculum erit doctus, exit Gener tuus. Age igitur, & fortiter, cavendum enim est ab* Achillis *fato qui usque fuisti invulnerabilis, in Disputationis calce occidaris.*

Oratio

Oratio itidem habita in Scholis Jurisdictionalibus, cum Moderatoris partes ageret.

CUm vos, inquam, Jurisperitum Pa. simulque vetustis intromittum oculis imitatrix meam. Areopagum esse in hisce Scholis dixi, argumentum imperio, vestram vero agendi solertiam, & mitra Judicandi verbera. Fabulo de Carro inter duos Arietes, ruente ariete, & ab hinc illinc procurrentibus arietibus confusa; fabula inquam hæ urinam esse fabulæ, nec in Moderatori vestro hodiernum nactæ [illegible]. Saturni ætas felix magis, quod innocens, ac misera quod nullis Legibus instituta, dignus cubis quæstio. Gracchor quidem cum primevum fecit, qui primus delinquit, primus Solon & Lycurgus fuit, ita Cicronia ad modum vitæ damnat Jura potestis, & [illegible] Autographus Draco, suo sanguine Leges scripsit. Mehercule peccandi Inventio, quæ Leges introduxit, cujus qui primus Author extitit, tanto beneficio redemit Scelus, ut facinus infra gloriam fuisse videatur. Nec vestra unius populi, sed Gentium superba est Prudentia; cujus in circuitu Nationes omnes & Provinciæ florent, & de Jure Civili ac de Solus communione universa participant. Insulas, Orbes & singula Geographiæ frusta Jus Municipale occupat, cum Civile universum Orbem complectatur, & Regionis, ut ut dissitas, suâ tamen sub ditione fœderatas, vel invitâ Naturâ, jubet coalescere. Britannos ipsos, quos cum altero Orbe in bilance quadam Natura posuit, Jus Civile (tanquam Isthmus quidam) conciliat, & jugali quadam societate connectit. Neque magis Orbem Jus vestrum colligit, quam illud alteram dividit & articulatim comminuit. Est (quam vellem dixisse suis!)

leguleiorum genus, quos artem nescias an pulmones professos; qui ambiguitate vocis abusi, Forum in Emporium mutant, ubi quid vendant sat superque norint, qui tanti emunt pœnitere. Quid turba est apud Forum? Quid illic homines litigant; qui ita clangant, ac si cum Proevis suis Capitolium defenderent? Advertas modo, & audias Damonia Caprum à Causidico quodam pari clamore quo olim surreptum; multum latrante Lycisca *repetitum. Sed quid ego illos perstringo, quos vestra cœlitum dilapsa scientia ipsâ comparatione satis arguit? satis per seipsam splendet vestra purpura, ut ne alieno rubore indigeat. Quod meum igitur est, Judex assurgo, vultus, & qualis? qui causam nescio. Ais? Aio: Negas? Nego; tam dubia est nostra Moderatrix* Trutina, *ut ne pulvisculum habeat Doctrinæ qui vel hanc, vel illam prægravabit sententiam. Agite igitur* Themidos *Supreme. Flamen, tuque inferior Adysta, & dum vos tanto litetis Numini, ego (tanquam* Cereris *Arcano) sacro excipiam silentio; neque enim alio concilio huc ascendi, quam quo* Philippi *puer, ut Argumenta vestra, si prolixiora, mortalitatis suæ admoneret.*

Ad

22 Febr
1637.

Ad Episcopum *Lincolniensem.*

Reverende Præsul;

Literas vestras ad Doctorem datas, & ad nos tanquam hæredes secundæ ceræ delatas, ut amoris vestri clementiam gratulamur! Consulto siquidem Amplitudinis tuæ refringis radios, priusquam ad imbellem nostrum aciem pervenirent. Solem in unda spectamus faciles, quem in orbe suo non sine lippitudine sustinemus. Quæ fuit scribendi; utinam eadem esset responsi methodus, ut excusatione ad alium traduce peteremus veniam, & vicario rubore delictum nostrum fateremur. Quanquam si penitius causam excutias, peccamus magis quod deprecamur, & majori obsequio rebelles fuimus, quàm morigeri essemus. Quid enim aliud est peregrinum asciscere, quam sanguinem vestrum exhæredem facere. Collegium mater abdicat suos, si adoptet alienos. Si Tros Tyriusq; *nullo discrimine,* Tyrius, *vel in propriis penatibus erit inquilinus. Ergóne degener tandem vestra familia, & desiderat indigenas honoribus pares. Erubescendum opprobrium! & dignum quod tantus* Mecænas *experiundo refutaret. Habet igitur quod imputet Collegium, non quod defendat; si enim in hoc peccet, quod sobolem suam habeat charissimam, jussu naturæ peccat, vestris peccat sub auspiciis! pertinaciori enim amplexu fovet filios, quia fatres tuos: Fratres dicimus, & satis cùm superbia repetimus, ita enim cura vestra profitetur Patrem, amor Fratrem; ut non* Oedipus *majori cum enigmate scelcratus fuerit, quam tu pius Matris Maritus, & Fratrum Pater. Vexeramur igitur Patris & Fratris mixturam dulcem. Solvimus*

quas

quas debemus gratias, & magis debemus solatio. Et beneficii illius gratias admittere, præsertim vestra quales recepta in domum vestr: deputatur,

Quos Paternitas vestra

habet mancipi

Dat: è Coll. D. Joan. 16. die Aprilis, 1641.

Magister & Seniores

Coll. *D. Joan.*

Ad Episcopum Lincolniensem tunc temporis è carcere laxatum.

Cujus laborantes fortunæ pari animorum deliquio diu expressimus, ne graveris si ejus redivivo jubare experrecti triumphemus: hodie enim est quod vivimus postliminio, & in vindicias honoris vestri, quotquot sumus, Virbii. Siquidem in mœrore vestro, quid aliud fuit vita nostra quam nocturna lucubratio, & occidenti tuo superesse quam in gratiis Naturæ vivere? Sed salva res est. Reddidit diem redux Phosphorus; & post tantas curas Adris jurgia, Collegium Mater jam tandem fatetur Cœlos. Incassum Tubas fatigarunt Veteres, ut Eclipsin redimerent. Alma mater suspiriis suis magis sonoris profligavit vestram; scilicet hic fuit fœlicitatis vestræ somnus, qui tantum abest, ut illam extingueret, ut reficiat potius & alacriorem reddat. Eccum tibi majorem mundum tuum ad exemplar compositum; vel (si mavis dictum) luce & tenebris distinctum! Sol si perpetuus splenderet, nec Aram, nec Mystam haberet Persicam. Enimvero caligantes oculi nostri pacti sunt inducias cum fulgore vestro, quibus finitis ad pristinum redit seipsum. Aspicias quæsumus Clientum numina, & agnoscas tot radios à luminoso tuo corpore dissusos; nihil enim de nostro habemus. Percurras singulos, & videas teipsum exiliorem semper ad modum, sed modo plenius, modo angustius, pro variâ speculorum indole repercussum; atque hinc est quod Imaginem vestram, tanquam Collegii Palladium, inter Archiva recondimus; ut mater enixa sobolem ad picturam sistat, vultus comparet, & ita umbrâ vestrâ, plusquam splendore Phœbi, distinguat pullos. Gratulantur igitur vel nostro nomine novas hasce honorum induvias;

diuias: Viuat in posterum fortunâ major. Ingens vester animus, tanquam illud æternum jecur, indignetur vulturem, quo magis consumatur, augeatur magis, & inter ipsos invidiæ moleres crescat virtus. Ita precemur,

Paternitati vestræ quam

5. *Decemb.* 1640.

maximè obnoxii

Mag. & Socii

Coll. *D. J.*

Ad eundem jam factum Archiepiscopum Ebaracensem.

USque & usque quod gratulamur si molesti simus, utinam indies crescceret peccandi materia. Pietas officii non metuit Cramben, sed vestri honoris æmula indignatur Non ultra. Quin placeat igitur nostris, in literis fortunas tuas ruminare, & prolixioris calami gutture (quod Philoxenus *gruino voluit) repetere dapum [illegible] retrò tantum gaudemus, prensamus sinciput, & in futurum gratulamur: providè factum & tempestivè; eò enim perrexit virtus vestra, ut si paululum promoveat, humanos limites supergressus eris ineffabilis. At luxat nobis animos divinus horror, cum sacra facturis eminus, & splendor vester & sublimitas obversentur. Nictat Religio quæ veneratur Solem, & tremorè Luminum fatetur Deum. Eadem est nostra oculorum Conscientia, qui radios vestros non sine visûs occipitio sustinemus. Nec minus sublimitatem vestram luimus; siquidem sacrificantium Zelus, tanquam flamma Sacrificii, quò magis ascendit, eò magis trepidat. Sed Optimus emollis Maximum. Clementia vestra disputat cum Amplitudine, & hac amicissimâ lite, (quasi totius Naturæ puerperium) officium nostrum est oriundum. Ignoscimus Fatis immodestiam suam, quicquid adversi contingit, ut favoris insidias imputamus. Scilicet recurrere videbantur fortunæ vestræ, ut fortius prosilirent. Comprobavit exitus ingenium commenti. Militans Ecclesia jam triumphat in promulside; & fluctuans, ut olim Arca, tandem in montibus requiescit. Non amplius Collegium Mater Canos lacerat, nec facie suâ computat miserias. Musæ, quibus vivere fuit Hyperbole, nunc audent vigere; quippe Altitudo vestra*

(ut

Niliaca Ægypti) *fertilitatem Literarum omina-*
Enimvero cum Astra sint fœlicitatis nostræ co-
romi; quid est quod à Superis non expectemus,
rono nostro in hac Syderum vicinia collocato? Oran-
igitur es, Archi-Præsul Dignissime, ut ambitionem
ram serò sisteres, ut honores vestros subinde catena-
& cum supremum fortunæ gradum conscenderis, nec
terminetur Climax vestra, Cœlum superest.

Dominationi vestræ

emb. 17.
641.

Devotissimi Mag. & Socii

Coll. *D. J.*

Epistola

Epistola Gratulatoria ad Episcopum *Dunelmensem*, qui in Bibliothecam *Johannensem* sæpius fuit Beneficus.

Reverende Præsul;

Quamvis ea sic Liberalitatis vestræ divina indoles, ut prodesse malit quam agnosci, ea nostræ Talionis paupertas, quæ neo illam debita gratitudine metiri valeat, nolumus tamen donis lacessiti alternas deferere, sed Amœbæo gratiarum obsequio humanitati vestræ succinere. Erubescimus quidem huic imparem congressum, ubi tam frequentia volumina unico gratulatorio Indice colligimus; & quæ Bibliotheca vix capit, exiguis Epistolii pellibus arctare cogimur. Quotus enim es Mecœnas *noster? Quam atavis erga nos beneficiis editus? qui ita annuus in teipsum redis, ita* αὐτοῶτος *beneficia repetis, ac si novissima quæque munera recentiori fulgore castigares. Quotuplicem igitur veneramur eundem Patronum? qui ut cæteris omnibus præripuit æmulationis secundas, ita nec sibi ipsi concedit primas; sed variatis subinde amoris indiciis seipsum vicit; nec diu erit quin ipsam victoriam captivam ducet. Esuriens modo Theca nostra ita benignitate vestrâ extendit fauces, ut si qua hujusmodi satius posset capi, à crapulâ proprior quàm à fame abesset. Solvimus igitur quæ debemus gratias, & usque debemus solutas, dapibus tuis* Helluones *accedimus; Libris & Honori vestro pariter incumbimus; ita enim commodum nostrum & observantia vestri mutuo nexu alligantur, ut quo*

quisque

quisque doctiores erimus, eo Munificentiæ vestræ magis memores.

Dominationi vestræ quam

maximè devinctissimi

Mag. & Socii Seniores

Coll. *D. J.*

Ad

Ad eundem Episcopum *Dunelmensem.*

Reverende Præsul, Mecœnas unice;

TAm frequentia sunt erga nos beneficia vestra, tam perpetuis Choreis in orbem acta, ut ducat ilia gratitudo nostra, nec anhela tamen Liberalitati tantæ respondere possit. Literæ enim nostræ quid aliud sunt quam humanitatis vestræ Echo? ita dimidiata loquuntur voce, nec nisi ultimas ejus syllabas possunt repetere. Quorsum autem meditamur gratias, quas ne impune usquam egimus, quin nova subinde in vindictam surgit Munificentia. Nolumus tamen, nolumus inulti cedere, usque rebelles in obsequio erimus, & quo unico tam divinam indolem ulciscì possumus, munera vestra agnoscemus. Desponsasti tibi Bibliothecam nostram (ut Romanis usus) per coemptionem, quæ singulas librorum frontes mariti nomine inscripta, tanquam victuro genio Posteritati commendatur. Unum autem præ omnibus Amplitudini vestræ debemus librum, illum volumus memorem Patronorum indicem, qui scriptus & in tergo, nec dum finitus, nomen tuum, ut utramque ejus paginam summâ cum lubentiâ recordatur

Paternitati vestræ devotissimi

Magister & Socii

Coll: *D. J.*

Domino

Domino *Edvardo Littleton*, Sigilli Custodi.

Honoratissime Domine,

QVod fortunas vestras infimi homines eminus gratulamur, pecoamus de industria, ut scias communem latitiam inde perceptam, vel ad Reipublicæ talos descendisse, Caput ubi lauro circundatur, triumphant & pedes. Obtinet idem membrorum fœdus, ut quicquid tibi accedit decoris, illud ut nostrum gaudeamus: nec nostrum modò cum cæteris, habemus quod soli & citra rivales gloriemur. Cum enim pro humanitate quâ polles maximâ, Collegium nostrum non ita pridem invisères (parce dicto cui vestra Comitas fecit fidem) adoptasse tibi Matrem videbaris; sed privatam superbiam interpellat publica, & Gratulatio nostra ad Patriæ Chorum est annectenda. Quæ ante fluitavit Delos Insula, nato Apolline *stetit immota; olim fabula, erit olim Historia. Reservavit se tibi fluctuans* Anglia *Tridente tuo componenda. Nec nobis diutiùs frangit animum Antecessoris fatum, quod in ignotâ arenâ jaceat* Palinurus; *alter erit jam* Typhis; *& decumana quæ illum absorpsit unda te propriùs ad Cœlos tollet. Blandius æquor nemo non facilè moderatur, ut non nisi mare turbidum est periculum te dignum. Enimvero placent discordiæ hac mercede, ut consilio tuo sopiantur; tanti enim est vestrum Regimen, ut majora pateremur. Mactè igitur, Heros ter maxime, triplici omine, ut Militans Eccle-*

sia

sia te agnoscat, Scutum, nutans Academia Scipionem,
Laborans Britannia *Statorem* Jovem.

Honori vestro quam

maxime deditissimi

Magister & Socii

Coll. *D. J.*

Edvarda

Edvardo Herbert, Domino *Herbert* de *Cherbury*.

Honoratissime ex utroq; Domine,

QVod vestras gravioras curas importuno officio interpellamus, peccamus magis si deprecamur: rapis enim ad illud obsequium tui plenos, & tanta afflati numine videmur nobis non posse delinquere. Eniamvero eadem nobis agendi gratias quæ tibi promerendi incumbit necessitas, & Gratitudo nostra, ut ut audacior, in hac saltem erit innocens, quod à Liberalitate vestrâ fuit traduc. Accepimus libros tuos & Tuos, gemmas istas pulcriores Tuæ Minervæ Filios. O quam (ut nil quid amplius) faceretur Patrem! Beata, ad miraculum, Musa, quod inura Literarum decliuia, cum Artium jugula moliatur Ætas, ipse emineas Scientia Columen & Destina Veritatis. Libros dum legimus, legimus Unum Duos. Quàm pulchrè patrissant Volumina! Quàm gemellos tuos Honores referunt! Scilicet, Bilex est vestra nobilitas, Literis & Stemmate intertexta. Helicon *sanguinis tibi fuit in venis, non minor eruditionis quàm Natalium Claritas. Amplectimur igitur hos Fratres in unum, & parentem suum ut Unum nobiles veneramur. Sed incassum gratias meditamur, quas magnitudo beneficii ita provocat, ut simul extinguat. Sic vidimus Solem ignem accendere, & fortiori radio sopire denuò.*

Domine,
Honori vestro quam
Devotissimi.

Ad

Ad Doctorem *Newall*.

Dignissime,

NEscimus enim quali compellemus nomine, quem maternus Collegii amor scribit Filium, misera malet patronum, penes tuam erit benevolentiam, & Patrem agnoscere, & Clientem reddere: Bibliotheca & Sacellum precantur à Symbolis, & jugali quadam calamitate vestram attrahunt liberalitatem. O quam idoneum nactus es Argumentum, & doctum te profiteri & pium; nec in tuis ipsius virtutibus sistere, sed & nostrarum Artificem esse! Age igitur, Mecænas *amice, & ubi divinam tuam benefaciendi indolem (cui nulla Epistola habet parem Suadam) perlegeris, nullus dubito quin usque arrideas, qui sumus Munificentiæ vestræ memores,*

Magister & Socii

Coll. *D. J.*

Ad

Ad Magistrum *Wandesforth.*

QVin & nos admittis ad hoc gaudii convivium? Commendat epulas rivalis Stomachus, quas solitaria quadra reddit insipidas. Liceat nobis commensales esse felicitatis tuæ, & in communis Triumphi chorum accedere. Quorsum autem supplices eramus, quod jure nostro possumus exposcere? Ea gaudemus gratia quæ non solliciti ambimus: ubi vero vota nuncupavimus; ubi sedulis precibus Candidati fuimus, non immeritò victoriæ lætitiam arrogamus. Namque nupera est hæc voluptas nostra; diu est quod extispices egimus virtutum tuarum, & in illis meritis honores providimus secuturos. Nec dum clauduntur oculi: Mater Collegium usque agit Sibyllam; *perge vaticinium fortunâ indies viridi comprobare; perge* Johannensem *Genium agnoscere; perge denique cò assurgere, ut Mater tua nequeat (quod Parentum erga Liberos conspicilla præstant) majori sub specie repræsentare filium. Sed ne nimii, ubi satis multi non possumus; inter virtutes tuas & recentes honores perpetuas vovemus nundinas, qui serio tibi hoc novissimum decus gratulamur,*

Magister & Socii

Undecimo Calend.
Feb. 1637.

Coll. *D. J.*

UBi aurita satis est filii pietas, ibi vel tacita matris est loquax paupertas, ita alacris gratitudo non expectat preces, sed in alto silentio cognatæ audit ejulatum miseriæ. Collegium quod vestram lactavit adolescentiam; vestra vestissim desiderat ubera, & quem in sinu fovit juvenem, ætatis agnoscit buculum, & parentes Scipionem; Bis perimus dum Squallorem repetimus, & alis cogimur facere notius, quod ipse nescire multumus: primitiæ doloris nostri Deo sunt debitæ, eo solicee angustiarum redigimur, ut Sacellum in Sacello quæramus, nec inveniamus tamen: Quod aliis igitur præsidiis contigit, ut aram occupent, Sacellum sibi interdictum doleo, nisi Eleemosynæ quas ipsum erogare solet ab aliis accipiat? Habemus capsulam, pones te esse ut dicamus Bibliothecam. O Quantum hoc mane nostrum! tam Augusta domus, tam paucos inquilinos? Quam pulchrum esset araneas deturbare? Quam te dignum huic pulchro congruum adaptare nucleum. Agat prout velit liberalitas vestra, quod pressius à nobis dictum fuit fusius exponit, optimum enim ipse Oratorem ages, & simul tibi quam maxime devincies.

Magistrum & Socios

Coll. *D.J.*

Vinum est Poetarum Equus.

URbs Athenæ *cum fundaretur*, Neptunus *&* Minerva *litigarunt uter Civitatem haberet cognominem, pactum est ut qui majori beneficio humanum genus ditare posset, Urbem nominaret*; Neptunus *Equum*, Pallas *Olivam produxit, unde victrix* Athenas *nominavit. Quod si meo judicio sterisset lis, si* Neptunus *talis Equi, qualis est vinum Author fuisset, dignus sanè qui matri Academiæ dedisset nomen. Vinum Equus, à cujus ungula dulcior fons quam* Hippocrene *scaturiit. Equus, qui plures alas ingenio addit, quam* Pegasus *ad volatile remigium accommodavit, qui labra proluit hoc fonte Caballino, non mirum si in proximo versu Ebrius in bicipiti somniavit* Pernasso. *Vinum Equus, sed qui sessorem suum sæpe excussit, & ad terram affligit, qui tanquam ille* Diomedis *herum suum devorat, Pitissant poetastri & longa quasi arundine equitant, cum* Ennius *ipse pater, nunquam nisi potus ad arma prosiliit dicenda.* Horatius *toties equitavit, ac si vinum tanquam* Bucephalus *neminem præter illum vectare debuisset. Denique ex hujus equi utero plures prodierunt Ingenii heroes quam ex* Trojana, *Vinum Equus, at Cervisia Musarum Mulus, majori ex parte Asinus, vel si Equus Successor potius quàm tolutarius, quam non citius nomino quin stupidus obmutesco. Sed tempus est ut Equus meus habenas audiat, huc usque Equo vestro paravi* Ephippia *tenui stupa, ut vos conscenderetis: Unicum est quod singulos velim præmonitos, ea est hujus Equi ferocia, ut sobrium illud* Phœbi *Consilium sit maturum, Parce puer stimulis & fortiùs utere loris.*

FINIS.

JOHN CLEAVELAND'S

Revived

POEMS, Orations, EPISTLES,

And other of his Genuine

INCOMPARABLE PIECES

Now at last Published from his Original Copies by some of his intrusted Friends.

Non norunt hæc monumenta mori.

LONDON,

Printed by *R. Holt*, for *Obadiah Blagrave*, at the *Bear* in St. *Paul*'s Church-yard. 1687.

POEMS,
ODES,
EPISTLES.

And other his Genuine

INCOMPARABLE PIECES

Now at last Published from his Original Copies by some of his intimate Friends.

LONDON,

Printed by MARMADUKE Ola. Lady Pheasant, [illegible] Church yard. 1685.

To the HECTORS, upon the unfortunate death of H. COMPTON.

YOu Hectors! tame Professors of the Sword!
Who in the chair state Duels, whose black word
Bewitches Courage, and like Devils too
Leaves the bewitch'd, when't comes to fight and do:
Who on your errand our best Spirits send,
Not to kill Swine or Cows, but Man and Friend;
Who are in whole Court-Martial in your drink,
And dispute Honour, when you cannot think
Not orderly, but part out Valour, as
You grow inspir'd by th'Oracle of the Glass:
Then (like our zeal-drunk Presbyters) cry down
All Law of Kings and God, but what's their own.
Then y'have the gift of Fighting, can discern
Spirits, who's fit to act, and who to learn;
Who shall be baffled next, who must be beat;
Who kill'd, that you may drink, and swear and eat:
Whilst you applaud those murthers which you teach,
And live upon the Wounds your Riots preach.
Meer booty Souls! Who bid us fight a Prize
To feast the Laughter of our Enemies?
Who shout, and clap at Wounds, count it pure Gain,
Meer Providence to hear a *Compton*'s slain.

A name they dearly hate, and justly; shou'd(bloud.
They lov't 'twere worse, their love would taint the
Bloud always true, true as their Swords and Cause,
And never vainly lost, till your wild Laws
Scandal'd their actions in this Person, who
Truly durst more than you dare think to do.
A man made up of Graces, every Move
Had entertainment in it, and drew Love
From all but him who kill'd him, who seeks a Grave
And fears a Death more shameful than he gave.
Now you, dread Hectors! you whom Tyrant drink
Drags thrice about the Town; what do you think?
(If you be sober) Is it Valour? say!
To overcome, and then to run away.
Fie, fie, your Insults and Duels both are one,
Both are repented of as soon as done.

The Scots Apostasie.

IS't come to this? What shall the Cheeks of Fame,
Stretch with the breath of learned *London's* name,
Be flag'd again? And that great piece of sense,
As rich in Loyalty and Eloquence,
Brought to the Test, be found a trick of State?
Like Chymists tinctures, prov'd adulterate?
The Devil sure, such language did atchieve,
To cheat our unforewarned Grandam *Eve*;
As this Impostor found out, to besot
Th'experienc'd *English* to believe a *Scot*.
Who reconcil'd the Covenant's doubtful sence;
The Commons argument, or the Cities pence?
Or did you doubt Persistance in one good
Would spoil the fabrick of your Brotherhood,
Projected

Projected first in such a shape of Sin,
Was far from the great Devils contriving:
Or was't Assistance that this cannot take
Should tell the wrong you know the sins you act?
The Infamy this Super-creation brings
Blasts more than murders of your *Injury Kings*;
A Crime so black, as being accursed done,
Those hold with these no comparison.
Kings only suffer other; it is not
Th'Assassination of *Monarchy*.
Beyond this sin no one deep can be trod,
It not t'attempt deposing of your God.
Oh were you to engage, that we might see
Heavens angry Lightning from your Ears to flee,
Till you were forced to crawl; and your cold Land
Parch'd to a drought beyond the *Tyrian Sand*:
But 'tis reserv'd, till Heaven plague you worse:
Be Objects of an Epidemick Curse.
First, may your Brethren, to whose vilest ends
Your Power hath bawded, cease to be your Friends;
And prompted by the dictate of their Reason,
Reproach the *Traytors*, though they hug the *Treason*.
And may their Jealousies increase & breed,
Till they confine your steps beyond the *Tweed*.
In Foreign Nations may your loath'd name be
A stigmatizing brand of Infamy;
Till forc'd by general hate, you cease to rome
The World, and for a Plague to live at home:
Till you resume your Poverty, and be
Reduc'd to beg where none can be so free
To grant; and may your scabby Land be all
Translated to a general Hospital.
Let not the Sun afford one gentle Ray,
To give you comfort of a Summers day;

But,

But, as a Guerdon for your traitorous War,
Live cherish'd only by the Northern Star.
No Stranger deign to visit your rude Coast,
And be, to all, but banish'd men, as lost.
And such in heightning of the Infliction due,
Let provok'd Princes send them all to you.
Your State a Chaos be, where not the Law,
But Power, your lives and liberties may aw.
No Subject 'mongst you keep a quiet breast,
But each man strive through Bloud to be the best;
Till, for those miseries on us you've brought,
By your own Sword our just Revenge be wrought.
To sum up all ——— let your *Religion* be,
As your *Allegiance*, mask'd Hypocrisie:
Until, when *Charles* shall be compos'd in dust,
Perfum'd with Epithets of *good* and *just*;
HE sav'd, incensed Heaven may have forgot
T afford one act of Mercy to a *Scot*,
Unless that *Scot* deny himself, and do
(What's easier far) renounce his *Nation* too.

Epitaph upon the Earl of Strafford

HEre lies wise and valiant Dust,
Huddled up 'twixt fit and just:
Strafford, who was hurried hence
'Twixt Treason and Convenience.
He spent his time here in a mist,
A *Papist*, yet a *Calvinist*,
His Prince's neatest Joy and Grief,
He had, yet wanted, all relief:
The Prop and Ruin of the State,
The peoples violent Love and Hate.

One

One in extreams lov'd and abhor'd.
Riddles lie here, and in a word,
Here lies Bloud, and let it lie
Speechless still, and never cry.

Epitaphium *Thomæ* Comitis *Straffordii*, &c.

E Xurge Cinis, summque, solus qui potes es, scribe Epita-
Nequit Wentworthi *non esse facundus vel Cinis.*
Effare Marmor: & quem cœpisti comprehendere,
Malle & Exprimere.
Candidius meretur urna, quam quod rubris
Notatum est literis, Elogium.
Atlas *Regiminis Monarchici hic jacet lassus;*
Secunda Orbis Britannici *intelligentia,*
Rex Politiæ, & Prorex Hiberniæ;
Straffordii, *& Virtutum Comes:*
Mens Jovis, Mercurii *ingenium, & lingua* Apollinis:
Cui Anglia Hiberniam *debuit, seipsam* Hibernia:
Sydus Aquilonicum; quo sub rubicunda vespera occidente,
Nox simul & dies visa est: dextroque oculo flevit,
Lævaque lætata est Anglia.
Theatrum Honoris, itemque Scena calamitosa Virtutis,
Actoribus, morbo, morte, & invidia,
Quæ ternis animosa Regnis, non vicit tamen,
Sed oppressit.
Sic inclinavit Heros (non minus) Caput
Bellum (vel sic) multorum Capitum.
Merces furoris Scotici, præter pecunias.
Erubuit ut tetigit securis,
Similem quippe nunquam degustavit sanguinem.
Monstrum narro; fuit tam infensus Legibus,
Ut prius Legem quam nata foret, violavit.

Hunc

Hunc tamen non sustulit Lex,
Verum necessitas; non habens Legem.
Abi viator, cætera memorabunt posteri.

On J. W. A. B. *of* York.

SAy, thy young Sophister, what thinkst of this?
Chimera's real, *Ergo falleris.*
The Lamb and Tyger, Fox and Goose agree,
And here concorporate in one Prodigy.
Call an *Haruspex* quickly: Let him get
Sulphur and Torches, and a Lawrel wet,
To purifie the place, for sure the harms
This Monster will produce, transcend his Charms.
'Tis Nature's Master-peice of Error, this;
And redeems whatever she did amiss
Before, from wonder and reproach, this last
Legitimateth all her By-blows past.
Loe here a general Metropolitan,
An Arch-Prelatique Presbyterian,
Behold his pious Garb, Canonick face,
A zealous *Episco-Mastix* Grace;
A fair blew-Apron'd Priest, a Lawn-sleev'd Brother,
One Leg a Pulpit holds, a Tub the other.
Lets give him a fit name now, if we can,
And make th'Apostate once more Christian.
Proteus, we cannot call him; he put on
His change of shapes by a Succession:
Nor the *Welch-Weather-cock*; for that we find,
At once doth only wait upon the wind:
These speak him not; but if you'll name him right
Call him *Religious Hermaphrodite.*
His head i'th Sanctified mould is cast,
Yet sticks th'abominable Miter fast.

He

He still retains the *Lordship* and the *Grace*,
And yet hath got a reverend Elders place.
Such act must needs be his, who did devise
By crying Altars down to Sacrifise
To private Malice; where you might have seen
His Conscience holocausted to his Spleen.
Unhappy Church! The Viper that did share
Thy greatest Honours, helps to make thee bare,
And void of all thy dignities and store;
Alas! Thine own Son proves the forrest Boar:
And like the Dam-destroying Cuckow he,
When the thick shell of his Welch Pedigree,
By thy warm soft'ring Bounty did divide
And open, straight thence sprung forth Parricide.
As if 'twas just revenge should be dispatch'd
In thee, by the Monster which thy self hath hatch'd.
Despair not though, in *Wales* there may be got,
As well as *Lincolnshire* an Antidote,
'Gainst the foul'st venom he can spit, though's head
Were chang'd from subtle gray to poys'nous red.
Heaven with propitious eyes will look upon
Our party, now the cursed thing is gone;
And chastise Rebels, who nought else did miss
To fill the measure of their sins, but his;
Whose foul imparallel'd Apostasie,
Like to his sacred Character shall be
Indelible; when Ages then of late
More happy grown with most impartial fate,
A period to his days, and time shall give,
He by such Epitaphs as this shall live!

Here Yorks *great* Metropolitan *is lay'd*,
Who Gods Anointed *and his* Church *betray'd*.

An

An Elegy upon Dr. Chaderton, *the first Master of* Emanuel *College in* Cambridge, *being above an hundred years old when he died.*

Occasioned by his long deferred Funeral

PArdon (dear Saint) that we so late
With lazy sighs bemoan thy fate;
And with an after-shower of Verse,
And Tears, we thus bedew thy Herse:
Till now (alas!) we did not weep,
Because we thought thou didst but sleep:
Thou liv'dst so long, we did not know
Whether thou couldst now dye or no:
We look'd still, when thou shouldst arise,
And ope' the Casement of thine eyes:
Thy feet which have been us'd so long
To walk, we thought must still go on;
Thine ears after an hundred year,
Might now plead custom for to hear.
Upon thy head that reverend Snow
Did dwell some fifty years ago,
And then thy Cheeks did seem to have
The sad resemblance of a Grave.
Wert thou ere young! For truth I hold,
And do believe thou wert born old.
There's none alive I am sure can say
They knew thee young, but always gray:
And dost thou now, venerable Oak,
Decline at death's unhappy stroak!

Tell

Tell me (dear Son) why didst thou dye,
And leave's to write an Elegy?
We'are young (alas!) and know thee not,
Send up old *Abraham* and grave *Lot*:
Let them write thine Epitaph, and tell
The World thy worth, they ken'd thee well:
When they were Boys they heard thee preach,
And thought an Angel did them teach.
Awake them then, and let them come,
And scope thy Virtues on thy Tomb;
That what those may wonder more,
Than at thy many years before.

Mary's Spikenard.

SHall I presume
Without *Perfume*
My *Christ* to meet
That is *all Sweet*!

No, I'll make most pleasant Posies,
Catch the *breath of new blown Roses*;
Top the pretty merry flowers,
Which *laugh* in the *fairest Bowers*:
Whose *Sweetness* Heaven likes so well,
It *stoops* each morn to take a smell:
Then I'll fetch from the *Phœnix* nest
The *richest Spices*, and the *best*:
Precious Ointments I will make,
Holy Myrrh and *Aloes* take;
Yea, *costly Spikenard*, in whose smell
The *Sweetness* of *all Odours dwell*.
I'll get a *Box* to keep it in,
Pure as his *Alabaster Skin*.

And

And then to him I'll *nimbly* fly
Before *one sickly minute dye*:
This *Box* I'll *break*, and on *his head*,
This precious Ointment will I spread,
Till ev'ry lock, and every hair
For Sweetness with his breath compare:
But sure the Odour of his Skin
Smells sweeter than the Spice I bring.
  Then with bended knee I'll greet
His holy and beloved Feet;
I'll wash them with a weeping Eye,
And then my Lips shall kiss them dry;
Or for a Towel he shall have
My hair, such flax as nature gave.
  But if my wanton locks be bold,
And on thy sacred feet take hold,
And curl themselves about, as though
They were loth for to let thee go,
  O chide them not, and bid away,
  For then for grief they will grow gray.

CHRO

CHARLES [illegible] *Lenitor*
as CAROLUS [illegible] *Rex* [illegible] *Famo-*
rii, *Genuina* [illegible] *Americanus*, *Insula*
Dom. [illegible]

Per Dum. [illegible] Carolus Sol. Califerus
Carol. Vs. Novus Sol. Sol. Sempiterno Se-
Cure.

CHARLES——a [illegible] *forever*, *forever*, *left*
Morals prove
His name too [illegible], and [illegible]
His Name! Our Loss! Thrice cursed and forlorn
Be that Black Night which ushered in this Morn.

CHARLES our Dread Soveraign!——hold!
lest Out-law'd Sense
Bribe, and seduce tame Reason to dispense
With those Celestial powers; and distrust
Heav'n can behold such Treason, and prove Just.

CHARLES our Dread Soveraign's murther'd!
tremble! and
View what Convulsions shoulder-shake this Land,
Court, City, Country, nay three Kingdoms run
To their last Stage, and set with him their Sun.

CHARLES our Dread Soveraign's murther'd
at His Gate!
Hell fiends! dire Hydra's of a stiff-neck'd State!

Strange Body-politick! Whose Members spread,
And, Monster-like, swell bigger then their HEAD.

CHARLES of Great Britain! He! who was the known
King of three Realms, lies murther'd in his own.
He! He! Who liv'd, and Faith's Defender stood,
Dy'd here to re-Baptize it in his bloud.

No more, no more. Fame's Trump shall eccho all
The rest in dreadful Thunder. Such a Fall
Great Christendom ne'er pattern'd; and 'twas strange
Earth's Center reel'd not at this dismal Change.

The blow struck Brittain blind, each well-set Limb
By dislocation was lopt off in H I M.
And though she yet live's, she live's but to condole
Three Bleeding Bodies left without a Soul.

Religion put's on Black, sad *Loyalty*
Blushes and mourns to see bright Majesty,
Butchered by such Assassinates; nay both
'Gainst *God*, 'gainst *Law*, *Allegiance*, and their *Oath*.

Farewell! sad Isle! Farewell! thy fatal Glory
Is Sum'd, Cast up, and Cancell'd in this Story.

AN

AN ELEGY

Upon King CHARLES *the First, murthered publickly by his Subjects.*

WEre not my *Faith* buoy'd up by sacred blood,
It might be *drown'd* in this prodigious flood;
Which Reasons highest ground do so exceed,
It leaves my *Soul* no Anch'rage, but my *Creed*;
Where my *Faith* resting on th'*Original*,
Supports it self in this the *Copies* fall;
So while my Faith floats on that *Bloody wood*,
My Reason's cast away in this *Red flood*,
Which ne'er o'reflows us all: Those Showers past
Made but Land-floods, which did some Vallies waste;
This stroke hath cut the only Neck of Land
Which between us, and this *Red Sea* did stand,
That covers now our World, which Cursed lies
At once with two of *Egypts* Prodigies;
O'er-cast with Darkness, and with bloud o'er-run
And justly, since our hearts have theirs outdone:
Th'Inchanter led them to a less known ill,
To act his sin, then 'twas their *King to kill*:
Which Crime hath widowed our whole Nation,
Voided all Forms, left but Privation
In *Church* and *State*; inverting ev'ry Right;
Brought in Hells State of fire without Light.
No wonder then, if all good eyes look red,
Washing their Loyal hearts from blood so shed;
The which deserves each pore should turn an eye,
To weep out, even a bloody *Agony*.

Let nought then pass for *Musick*, but sad Cries,
For *Beauty* bloudless Cheeks, and blood-shot Eyes.
All Colours soil but black, all Odours have
Ill scent but *Myrrh*, incens'd upon this *Grave*:
It notes a *Jew*, not to believe us much
The cleaner made by a religious Touch
Of their *Dead Body*, whom to judge to dye,
Seems the Judaical Impiety.
To kill the *King*, the *Spirit Legion* paints
His rage with Law, the Temple and the Saints:
But the truth is, He fear'd and did repine,
To be cast out, and back into the Swine:
And the case holds, in that the Spirit bends
His malice in this Act, against his ends:
For it is like, the sooner he'll be sent
Out of that body, He would still torment.
Let *Christians* then use otherwise this blood,
Detest the Act, yet turn it to their good;
Thinking how like a *King of Death* He dies;
We easily may the World and Death despise:
Death had no Sting for him, and its sharp Arm,
Only of all the Troop, meant him no harm.
And so he look'd upon the *Axe*, as one
Weapon yet left to guard him to his Throne;
In His great Name then may His Subjects cry,
Death thou art swallowed up in Victory.
If this our loss a comfort can admit,
'Tis that his narrow'd *Crown* is grown unfit
For his enlarged Head, since his distress
Had greatned this, as it made that the less;
His *Crown* was fallen unto too low a thing
For him who was become so great a *King*:
So the same hands enthron'd him in that *Crown*
They had exalted from him, not pull'd down:

And

And thus God's Truth by them hath rendred more
Than ere Mens falsehood promis'd to restore;
Which, since by death alone he could attain,
Was yet exempt from Weakness, and from Pain.
Death was enjoyn'd by God to touch a part,
Might make his Passage quick, ne'er move his heart:
Which ev'n expiring was so far from death,
It seem'd but to command away his Breath.
And thus his *Soul*, of this her Triumph proud,
Broke, like a flash of Lightning, through the Cloud
Of Flesh and Blood; and from the highest Line
Of Humane Vertue, pass'd to be Divine.
Nor is't much less his Virtues to relate,
Than the high Glories of his present State;
Since both then pass all Acts but of Belief,
Silence may praise the one, the other Grief.
And since, upon the Diamond, no less
Than Diamonds, will serve us to impress,
I'll only wish that for his Elegy,
This our *Josias* had a *Jeremy*.

AN ELEGY

On { *The best of Men*, *The meekest of Martyrs*, CHARLES *the* I. &c.

DOes not the Sun call in his Light; and Day
Like a thin Exhalation melt away?
Both wrapping up their Beams in Clouds to be
Themselves close Mourners at the Obsequie
Of this Great Monarch? does his Royal Blood,
Which th'Earth late drunk in so profuse a Flood,

Not shoot through her affrightned Womb, and make
All her convulsed Arteries to shake
So long, till all those hinges that sustain,
Like Nerves, the frame of Nature shrink again
Into a shuffled Chaos? Does the Sun
Not suck it from its liquid Mansion,
And Still it into vap'rous Clouds, which may
Themselves in bearded Meteors display,
Whose shaggy and disheveld Beams may be
The Tapers at this black Solemnity?
You Seed of Marble in the Womb accurst,
Rock'd by some Storm, or by some Tigress nurst,
Fed by some Plague, which in blind mists was hurl'd
To strew Infection on the tainted World;
What Fury charm'd your hands to act a deed,
Tyrants to think on would not weep, but bleed?
And Rocks by Instinct so resent this Fact,
They'ld into Springs of easie tears be slack'd.
Say Sons of Tumult, since you think it good,
Still to keep up the Trade, and Bath in Bloud
Your guilty hands, why did you not then State
Your Slaughters at some cheap and common rate?
Your gluttonons and lavish Blades might have
Devoted Myriads to one publick Grave;
And lop'd off thousands of some base allay,
Whilst the same Sexton that inter'd their Clay,
In the same Urn their Names too might intomb;
But when on him you fixt your fatal Doom,
You gave a Blow to Nature, since even all
The Stock of Man now bleeds too in his fall.
Could not Religion, which you oft have made
A specious gloss your black designs to shade,
Teach you, that we come nearest Heaven, when we
Are suppled into Acts of Clemency?

And

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Written with the Pencil on Slate.

[illegible]

ADDITIONS.

The Publick Faith.

STand off my Masters: 'Tis your pence a piece,
Jason, *Medea*, and the golden Fleece;
What side the line, good Sir? *Tygris*, or *Po*!
Lybia? *Japan*? *Whisk*? or *Tradinktido*?
St. Kits! St. *Omer*; or St. *Margaret*'s Bay?
Presto begon? or come aloft? What way?
Doublets? or Knap? The Cog? low Dice? or high?
By all the hard names in the Litany,
Bell, Book and Candle, and the *Pope*'s great Toe
I conjure thy account: Devil say no.
Nay since I must untruss, Gallants look too't
Keep your prodigious distance forty foot,
This is that *Beast of Eyes* in th' *Revelations*,
Th: *Fast isk* has twisted up three Nations.
Pontus Hixius Doxius, full of Tricks,
The *Lottery* of the vulgar Lunaticks.
The *Knap-Sack* of the State, the thing you wish,
Magog and *Gog* stew'd in a Chaffingdish.
A Bag of Spoons and Whistles, wherein men
May whistle when they see their Plate agen.
Thus far his Infancy: His riper Age
Requires a more mysterious folio Page.
Now that time speaks him perfect, and 'tis pity
To dandle him longer in a close Committee.

The

The [illegible] pretty fool
Can wag without a [illegible] dance-dool;
Revenge his Mother's Injury, and swear,
He's the fair Off-spring of one half-score year.
The Heir of the Heroic and Hopes, the Joy
And wonder of the People's Misery.
'Tis true, while as a Puppy he could play
For Thimbles, any thing to pass the day;
But now the Cub can count, arithmetize,
Check *Majesties* with the *Duke* of [illegible];
Sign for an *Irish Parliament*, and traduce
The *Synod* from their Doctrine to their Use;
Give its Dam sack, and a hidden way
Drink up arrears *a tergo mantica*.
An Everlasting Bale, Hell in Trunk-hose,
Uncased, the Devil's *Don Quixot* in Prose.
The Beast and the false Prophet twin'd together,
The squint-ey'd Emblem of all sorts of Weather.
The refuse of that Chaos of the Earth,
Able to give the World a second Birth.
Africk avaunt! Thy trifling Monsters glance
But Sheeps-eyed to this Penal Ignorance.
That all the Prodigies brought forth before
Are but Dame Natures blush left on the score.
This strings the Bakers dozen, christens all
The cross-leg'd hours of time since *Adam*'s Fall.
The Publick Faith? Why 'tis a word of kin,
A Nephew that dares *Cousin* any sin.
A term of Art, great *Behemoth*'s younger Brother,
Old *Machiavel*, and half a thousand other.
Which when subscrib'd writes *Legion*, names on truss,
Abaddon, *Beelzebub*, and *Incubus*;
All the *Vice-Roys* of Darkness, every Spell
And Fiend wrap'd in a short Trissillable.

But

But I fore-ſtall the Show. Enter and ſee,
Salute the Door, your *Exit* ſhall be free.
In brief 'tis called Religions Eaſe, or Loſs,
For no one's ſuffered here to bear his Croſs.

A Lenten Litany.

Compoſed for a confiding Brother, for the benefit and edification of the faithful Ones.

FRom Villany dreſt in the doublet of Zeal,
From three Kingdoms bak'd in one common-weal,
From a gleek of *Lord Keepers* of one poor Seal
Libera nos, &c.

From a Chancery-Writ, and a Whip and a Bell,
From a Juſtice of Peace that never could ſpell,
From *Collonel.* P. and the *Vicar of Hell*
Libera nos, &c.

From Neat's feet without ſocks & three-penny Pyes,
From a new-ſprung light that will put out ones eyes,
From Goldſmiths Hall, the Devil and Exciſe
Libera nos, &c.

From two hours talk without one word of ſenſe,
From Liberty ſtill in the future tenſe,
From a Parliament long-waſted Conſcience,
Libera nos, &c.

From

[illegible] Cuggin's Grown. [illegible] nick name a Brother

From [illegible] Anniversary [illegible] the Bunter.
From [illegible] Lady [illegible] the [illegible] order.

Laura ma. &c.

From a Preacher [illegible] and [illegible] mad Sermon.
From an unmanner'd Sweeting, [illegible] the Perfume.
From a Kingdom [illegible] [illegible] like a Cuckoo.

Laura ma. &c.

From a Tanzer Fiddle and [illegible] Lyes.
From Indictments of Prentices [illegible] in the Clinch.
From a [illegible] Sister [illegible] [illegible] Mouth.

Laura ma., &c.

From a [illegible] Bequeathment [illegible].
From Reverend [illegible] Vicars [illegible] [illegible] Law.
From Religion without [illegible] Conscience or Law

Laura ma. &c.

From the Nice and Frontal a Prim Pot-mouth.
From the Prodigal Civil [illegible] great [illegible] Lands.
From Commanders that [illegible] up a man like a Mouse.

Laura ma., &c.

From broken Suits and the Blunt of a Marrow.
From the Titles of Lords and Knights of the Garter,
From the Tricks of mad-dogs and a Country man's quarter

Laura ma., &c.

From the Publick Faith and an Egg and Butter,
From the Irish Purchases and all their Clutter,
From *Omega's* Mouse, when he settles to spurter,

Laura ma., &c.

From

From the Zeal of old *Harry* lock'd up with a Whore,
From waiting with plaints at the Parliament door,
From the Death of a King without why or wherefore,
Libera nos, &c.

From the French Disease and the Puritan fry,
From such as ne'er swear but devoutly can lye,
From cutting of Capers full three story high,
Libera nos, &c.

From painted Glass and Idolatrous Cringes,
From a *Presbyters* Oath that turns upon Hinges,
From *Westminster Jews* with Levitical Fringes,
Libera nos, &c.

From all that is said, and a thousand times more,
From a Saint and his Charity to the poor,
From the Plagues that are kept for a Rebel in store,
Libera nos, &c.

The Second part.

THat if it please thee to assist
Our *Agitators* and their List,
And *Hemp* them with a gentle twist,
Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to suppose
Our actions are as good as those
That gull the People through the Nose,
Quæsumus te, &c.

That

That it may please thee here to [illegible]
And fix the rumouring [illegible] Cessers,
For we [illegible] all in Peradventure.

Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to make
The Flesh and Bones unto the Spirit,
Like Fishes and Lizards great [illegible],

Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee O that we
May each man know his Pedigree,
And have that Plague in Heraldry.

Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee in each Shire,
Cities of Refuge Lord to rear
That failing Inventors may know where,

Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee so abhor us,
Or any such dear favour for us,
That thus hath wrought thy Peoples Sorrows,

Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to embrace
Our days of thanks and fasting face,
For robbing of thy holy place,

Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to adjourn
The day of Judgment, least we burn,
For lo! It is not for our turn,

Quæsumus te, &c.

That

That it may pleaſe thee to admit
A cloſe Committee there to ſit,
No Devil to a humane wit!

Quaſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to diſpence
A little for convenience,
Or let us play upon the ſenſe,

Quaſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to embalm,
The Saints in *Robin Wiſdom's Pſalm*,
And make them muſical and calm,

Quaſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee ſince 'tis doubt,
Satan cannot throw Satan out,
Unite us and the High-land rout,

Quaſumus te, &c.

A Hue and Cry after the Reformation.

WHen Temples lye like batter'd Quarrs
Rich in their ruin'd Sepulchers;
When Saints forſake their painted Glaſs
To meet their Worſhip as they paſs;
When Altars grow luxurious with the dye
Of humane blood,
Is this the Flood
Of Chriſtianity?
When Kings are cup-boarded like Cheeſe,
Sights to be ſeen for pence a piece;
When Diadems like brokers tire
Are cuſtom'd Reliques ſet to hire;

When

When Soveraignty and Scepters loose their Names,
Stream'd into words,
Carv'd out by Swords,
Are these refining Flames?

When Subjects and Religion stir
Like Meteors in the Metaphor;
When zealous hinting and the yawn
Excise our *Miniver* and *Lawn*,
When blue digressions fill the troubled Air
And th'Pulpit's let
To every Set
That will usurp the Chair:

Call ye me this the Night's Farewell
When our Noon Day's as dark as Hell?
How can we less then term such Lights
Ecclesiastick Heteroclites?
Bold Sons of *Adam* when in Fire you crawl
Thus high to be
Perch'd on the Tree,
Remember but the Fall.

Was it the Glory of a King
To make him great by Suffering?
Was there no way to build God's House
But rendring of it Infamous?
If this be then the merry ghostly Trade?
To work in Gall?
Pray take it all
Good Brother of the Blade.

Call it no more the Reformation
According to the new Translation:
Why will you wrack the common Brain
With words of an unwonted Strain?

As

As Plunder? or a Phrase in Senses cleft;
When things more nigh
May well supply
And call it down-right Theft.
Here all the *School-men* and *Divines*
Consent, and swear the naked Lines
Want no expounding or contest,
Or *Bellarmine* to break a jest.
Since then the Heroes of the Pen with me
Nere scrue the Sense
With difference,
We all agree agree.

A Committee.

CAst *Knaves* my *Masters*, Fortune guide the chance,
No packing I beseech you, no by-glance
To mingle Pairs, but fairly shake the Bag,
Cheats in their Spheres like subtil spirits wag.
Or if you please the Cards run as they will.
There is no choice in sin and doing ill.
Then happy Man by's dole, Luck makes the odds;
He acts most high that best out-dares the Gods.
These are that *Raw-bon'd Herd* of *Pharaoh*'s Kine
Which eat up all your Fatlings, yet look lean:
These are the after-claps of bloody Showers,
Which, like the *Scots*, come for your gude and yours;
The Gleaners of the Field, where, if a man
Escape the Sword that milder Frying-pan,
He leaps into the Fire, cramping the Claws
Of such can speak no English but the Cause.
Under that foggy term, that Inquisition,
Y'are wrackt at all Adventures *On Suspicion.*

No

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] are
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] through a Stone,
[illegible]
[illegible] up through the [illegible]
looks as [illegible]
[illegible] in an eager Lent,
[illegible] at the [illegible] are
ving, just [illegible] into Air.
Emblem of a Man, the [illegible] Case
hape of some sad Being once that was,
Type of Flesh and Blood, the Skeleton
superficies of a thing that's gone.
*W*inter-quarter of a Life, the Tinder
body of a Corps ſqueez'd to a Cinder;
s no more Tortures can be thought upon,
y ſhall flow into Oblivion.
rciful Hell! Thy Judges are but three,
multiform, and in Plurality!
calmer Cenſures flow without Recall,
n one Doom Souls ſee their Final all.
ravel with expectance: . Sufferings here
at the Earneſts of a ſecond Fear.
Pains and Plagues are infinite; 'tis true
are not only Infinite but new.
at the Dread of what's to come exceeds
Anguiſh of that part already bleeds.

This only difference swells 'twixt us and you,
Hell has the kindest *Devils* of the two.

On the happy Memory of Alderman Hoyle *that hang'd himself.*

ALL *hail* fair Fruit! may every Crab-tree bear
Such Blossoms, and so lovely every year!
Call ye me this the slip? 'Marry 'tis well,
Zacheus slip'd to Heaven, the Thief to Hell:
But if the Saints thus give's the slip, 'tis need
To look about us to preserve the Breed.
Th'are of the Running Game, and thus to post
In Nooses, blanks the Reckning with their *Host*.
Here's more than *Trussum Cordum* I suppose
That knit this knot: Guilt seldom singly goes!
A wounded Soul close coupled with the sence
Of Sin, pays home its proper Recompence.
But hark you Sir, if haste can grant the time?
See you the danger yet what 'tis to climb
In Kings Prerogatives? things beyond just, (truss'd.
When Law seems brib'd to doom them, must be
But O! smell your Plot strong through your Hose,
'Twas but to cheat the Hang-man of your Cloaths;
Else your more active Hands had fairly stay'd
The leasure of a Psalm, *Judas* has pray'd.
But later Crimes cannot admit the Pause,
They run upon Effects more than the Cause.
Yet let me ask one Question, why alone?
One Member of a Corporation?
'Tis clear amongst Divines, Bodies and Souls
As joyntly active, so their Judgment rowls
Concordant in the Sentence; why not so
In Earthly Sufferings? *States* attended go.

But

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Platonick Love.

Begone fantastick Whimsies, hence begone!
I slight my Dreams, [illegible]
Nor can I feast on Air, through Kisses,
Or heat my strong Desire with Smiles and Kisses.
Old *Tantalus* as well may feast on
The flying Streams by Contemplation.

Give me a minutes Heaven with my Love,
Where I may rout in Pleasure; far above
The Idle Fancy of the Soul's Embrace:
Where my swift hand may ravish all the Grace
Of Beauties Wardrobe, where the longing Bride
May feast her fill, yet ne'er be satisfied.

Blaspheme not Love with any other Name,
Than an enjoyment kindled from the Flame
Of panting Breasts mix'd in a sweet Desire
Of something more than barely to admire.
'Though Sighs and Signs may make the Pulses beat,
'Action's the Bellows that preserve the Heat.

If all Content were placed in the Eye,
And Thoughts compriz'd the whole Felicity?

Pictures might court each other and exchange
Their white-lime Looks, woo hard, and yet seem strange:
'No! Love requires a quick and home-Embrace,
'Nor can it dwell for ever on the Face.

'What ever Glories Nature's tender Care
'Compiles to make a peice divinely rare,
'Th'are but the sweet Allurements of the Eye,
'Fix'd on a Stage to catch the Standers by.
'Or like rich *Signs* exposed to open Sight
'To tempt the Traveller to stay all Night.

Yield then my (chast *Clarinda*) once to see
The sweet *Meander* of *Love*'s *Liberty*.
And seal thy thoughts a Grant to understand
The welcome Pleasure of a Wife well man'd.
For all the Sweets, mistaken in a Kiss,
Are but the empty Circumstance of this.

So shall a full Content wipe out the Score
Of all our Sorrows that have pass'd before.
Not a sad Sigh shall scape unsatisfied
Which in its Master's Passion wept and died.
But like a Sea made subject to our Oares,
Wee'l hoise up Sail and touch the wished Shoars.

Christmas

Christmas Day;

Or the Shuttle of an inspired Weaver, bolted against the Order of the Church for its Solemnity.

CHrist-mass? Give me my beads: The word implies
A Plot, by its Ingredients Beef and Pyes!
A Feast *Apocryphal*, a Popish Rite
Kneaded in Dough (beloved) in the Night;
The Night (beloved) that's as much to say
(By late Translations) not in the Day.
An annual Dark-lanthorn *Jubile*,
Catesby and *Vaux* bak'd in Conspiracy.
The *Hierarchy* of *Rome*, the *Triple Crown*
Confess'd in *Triangles* then swallowed down,
With Spanish Sack? The eighty eight *Armado*
Newly presented in an *Ovenado*.
O *Calvin*! now my *Cause* upon thee fixes,
Were ere such dregs mix'd with *Geneva* sixes?
The cloyster'd Steaks with Salt and Pepper lie
Like *Nuns* with patches in a *Monastry*.
Prophaness in a *Conclave*? nay much more
Idolatry in crust! *Babylon*'s *Whore*
Rak'd from the Grave, and bak'd by Hanches, then
Serv'd up in Coffins to unholy Men
Defil'd with Superstition like the *Gentiles*
Of old, that worship'd *Onions*, *Roots* and *Lentiles*!
Did ever *John* of *Leyden* prophecy
Of such an *Antichrist* as Pudding-pye?

Beloved 'tis a thing when it appears,
Enough to set the *Saints* all by the Ears,
In solving of the Text, a doubtful Sin
Reformed Churches ne'er consented in.
But hold (my *Brethren*) while I preach and pray
Methinks the *Manna* melts and wasts away.
I am a man as all you are, have read
Of *Peter's* Sheet, how he devoutly fed
Without Exception; therefore to dispence
A little with the Worm of Conscience,
And bend unto the Creature, I profess,
Zeal and a Pye may join both in a Mess.
The dearest Sons may err, then why a Sinner,
May I not eat? Since *Hugh* eat three to Dinner?

Piæ Memoriæ

Doctiss. Reverendissimique in Christo Patris, *Johannis Prideaux* quam novissime *Wigorniæ* Episcopi, harumque tristissime lacrimarum Patroni nec non defuncti.

BUSTA struant alii, lacrymisque altare refundant,
Quorum tristitia fata pianda vadunt.
Talia procurant cineres monimenta pusilli,
Queis melos & tumulum fama gemenda petit.
Hic neque pyramidum, nec inertis monstra colossi
Poscuntur, subito corruitura die.
Gloria securi confidentissima Cœli,
Non vocat hæc stellis astra minora suis.
Sic tuus ascendit curus, dignissime Præsul,
Terreni miser quæ fatile honoris onus.

Sed

Sed va Zodiaco nostro, va (Phœbe) trementi,
Ortus enim patria lux tenebræque fuit.
In te floruimus, tecum decerpimur omnes
Et Pater & gnati: Molliter ossa cubent.
Parva tegant tenues & aperti funera fletus,
Tanta ruant superis damna flenda metu.

Obsequies.

On the Right Reverend Father in God, John Prideaux, *late Bishop of* Worcester *deceased.*

IF by the fall of *Luminaries*, we
May safely guess the World's *Catastrophe*;
The signs are all fulfill'd, the *Token*'s flown,
(That scarce a man has any of his own:)
Only the *Jews* Conversion some doubt bred,
But that's confuted now the *Doctor*'s dead.
Great *Atlas* of Religion! Since thy fate
Proclaims our loss too soon, our tears too late,
Where shall the bleeding *Church* a Champion gain
To grasp with Heresie? Or to maintain
Her Conflict with the Devil? For the odds
Runs biass'd six to four against the *Gods*.
Hell lists amain, nay and th'Engagement flies
With winged *Zeal* through all the Sectaries,
That should she soundly into Question fall,
We were within a *Vote* of none at all.
But can this hap upon a single Death?
Yes: For thou wert the Treasure of our Breath,
That pious *Arch* whereon the building stood,
Which broke, the whole's devolv'd into a Flood;

An Inundation that o'er-bears the banks
And Bounds of all Religion: If some stancks
Shew their emergent Heads? Like *Seth*'s famed Stone
Th'are Monuments of thy Devotion gone,
No Wonder then the rambling *Spirits* stray,
In thee the Body fed, and slipt away.
Hence 'tis the Pulpit swells with Exhalations,
Intricate Non-sense travell'd from all Nations;
Notions refin'd to Doubts, and Maxims squeez'd,
With tedious Hick-ups till the sense grows freez'd,
If ought shall chance to drop we may call good,
'Tis thy distinction makes it understood.
Thy glorious Sun made ours a perfect day,
Our Influence took its Being from thy Ray.
Thine was that *Gideon*'s Fleece, when all stood dry,
Pearl'd with Celestial Dew, showr'd from on high.
But now thy Night is come, our Shades are spread,
And living here we move among the Dead.
Perhaps an *Ignis fatuus* now and then
Starts up in holes, shinks and goes out agen.
Such *Kickses Winsee* Flames shew but how dear
Thy great *Light*'s Resurrection would be here,
A *Brother* with five Loaves and two small Fishes,
A Table-book of Sighs, and Looks, and Wishes,
Startles Religion more at one strong doubt,
Than what they mean when as the Candle's out.
But I profane thy Ashes (gracious Soul!)
Thy Spirit flew so high to truss these foul
Gnostick Opinions. Thou desired'st to meet,
Such Tenents that durst stand upon their Feet,
And beard the *Truth* with as intens'd a Zeal,
As *Saints* upon a fast Night quilt a Meal.
Rome never trembled till thy piercing Eye
Darted her through, and crush'd the Mystery.

Thy

Thy *Revelations* made St. *John*'s compleat,
Babylon fell indeed, but 'twas thy Sweat
And Oyl perform'd the work to what we see,
Foret old in misty Types, broke forth in thee.
Some shallow Lines were drawn, and sconces made
By Smatterers in the Arts, to drive a Trade
Of Words between us, but that prov'd no more
Than threats in cowing Feathers to give ore,
Thy Fancy laid the *Siege* that wrought her Fall,
Thy Batteries commanded round the Wall:
Not a poor loop-hole, Error could sneak by,
No not the *Abbess* to the Friery;
Though her Disguise as close and subtly good
As when she wore the *Monk*'s hose for a Hood.
And if perhaps their *French* or *Spanish* Wine,
Had fill'd them full of Beads and *Bellarmine*,
That they durst sally, or attempt a Guard,
O! How thy busie Brain would beat and ward!
Rally! And reinforce! Rout! And relieve!
Double reserves! And then an onset give
Like marshal'd Thunder, back'd with Flames of Fire?
Storms mixt with Storms? Passion with Globes of Ire?
Yet so well disciplin'd that Judgment still
Sway'd and not rash *Commissionated* Will,
No, Words in thee knew Order, Time, and Place,
The instant of a Charge, or when to face:
When to pursue advantage, where to halt,
When to draw off, and where to reassault.
Such sure Commands stream'd from thee, that 'twas
With thee to vanquish as to look upon: (one
So that thy ruin'd Foes groveling confess,
Thy Conquests were their Fate and Happiness.
Nor was it all thy Business here to war,
With forreign Forces: But thy active Star

Could

Could course a home-bred Mist, a native Sin,
And shew its Guilt's Degrees, how and wherein;
Then sentence and expel it: Thus thy Sun
An Everlasting Stage in labour run;
So that its motion to the Eye of Man
Waved still in a compleat *Meridian*.
But these are but fair Comments of our Loss,
The Glory of a *Church* now on the *Cross*:
The transcript of that Beauty once we had,
Whilst with the Lustre of thy Presence clad:
But thou art gone (*Brave Soul*) and with thee all
The Gallantry of Arts *Polemical*.
Nothing remains as *Primitive* but Talk,
And that our Priests again in *Leather* walk.
A *Flying Ministry* of Horse and Foot,
Things that can start a Text but ne'er come to't.
Teazers of Doctrines, which in long sleev'd Prose
Run down a Sermon all upon the Nose.
These like dull glow-worms twinckle in the Night,
The frighted *Land-ships* of an absent Light. (hence,
But thy rich Flame's withdrawn, Heaven caught thee
Thy Glories were grown ripe for Recompence:
And therefore to prevent our weak Essays,
Th'art crown'd an Angel with Celestial Bays;
And there thy ravish'd Soul meets Field and Fire,
Beauties enough to fill its strong Desire.
The Contemplation of a present *God*,
Perfections in the Womb, the very Road
And *Essences* of Vertues, as they be
Streaming and mixing in *Eternity*.
Whiles we possess our Souls but in a Veil,
Live Earth confin'd, catch Heaven by retail,
Such a Dark-lanthorn Age, such jealous Days
Men tread on Snakes, sleep in *Batalias*,

Walk

Walk like *Confessors*, hear but must not say
What the bold World dares act, and what it may;
Yet here all Votes, *Commons* and *Lords* agree,
The *Crosier* fell in *Land*, the *Church* in thee.

On the death of his Royal Majesty Charles *late King of* England &c.

WHat went your out to see, a dying King?
Nay more, I fear an Angel suffering.
But what went you to see? A Prophet slain?
Nay that and more a martyr'd Soveraign.
Peace to that sacred Dust! *Dear Sir* our Fears
Have left us nothing but Obedient Tears
To court your Hearse; and in those Pious Floods
We live, the poor remainder of our Goods.
Accept us in these latter Obsequies,
The unplundred Riches of our Hearts and Eyes;
For in these faithful Streams and Emanations,
W'are Subjects still beyond all *Sequestrations*.
Here we cry more than Conquerors: Malice may
Murder Estates, but Hearts will still obey.
These as your Glory's, yet above the reach
Of such whose purple Lines confusion preach.
And now (*Dear Sir*) vouchsafe us to admire
With envy your arrival, and that *Quire*
Of *Cherubims* and *Angels* that supply'd
Our Duties at your Triumphs: Where you ride
With full Cælestial *Ioes*, and *Ovations*
Rich as the Conquest of three ruin'd *Nations*.
But 'twas the Heavenly Plot that snatch'd you hence,
To crown your Soul with that Magnificence.

And

And bounden rites of Honour, that poor Earth
Could only wish and strangle in the Birth.
Such pittied Emulation stop'd the blush
Of our Ambitious Shame, non-suited us.
For where Souls act beyond Mortality,
Heaven only can perform that *Jubilee*.
We wrestle then no more, but bless your day
And mourn the Anguish of our sad delay:
That since we cannot add, we yet stay here
Fetter'd in Clay; Yet longing to appear
Spectators of your Bliss, that being shown
Once more, you may embrace us as your own;
Where never Envy shall divide us more,
Nor City-tumults, nor the Worlds uproar;
But an Eternal Hush, a quiet Peace
As without end, so still in the Increase,
Shall lull Humanity asleep, and bring
Us equal Subjects to the Heavenly King.
Till when I'll turn *Recusant*, and forswear
All *Calvin*, for there's *Purgatory* here.

An Epitaph.

STay Passenger: Behold and see
The widdowed Grave of *Majesty*.
Why trembleſt thou? Here's that will make
All but our stupid Souls to shake.
Here lies entomb'd the Sacred Dust
Of *Peace* and *Piety*, Right and Just.
The Blood (O start'st not thou to hear?)
Of a *King*, 'twixt hope and fear
Shed, and hurried hence to be
The Miracle of Misery.

Add

Add the ills that *Rome* can boast,
Shrift the World in every Coast,
Mix the Fire of Earth and Seas
With humane Spleen and Practices,
To puny the Records of time,
By one grand *Gygantick* Crime;
Then swell it bigger till it squeeze
The Globe to crooked Hams and Knees,
Here's that shall make it seem to be
But modest *Christianity*.
The *Law-giver*, amongst his own,
Sentenc'd by a Law unknown.
Voted *Monarchy* to Death
By the course *Plebeian* Breath.
The *Soveraign* of all Command
Suffering by a *Common* Hand.
A *Prince*, to make the Odium more,
Offer'd at his very door.
The head cut off, O Death to see't!
In Obedience to the Feet.
And that by *Justice* you must know,
If you have Faith to think it so.
Wee'l stir no further than this Sacred Clay,
But let it slumber till the *Judgment* Day.
Of all the *Kings* on Earth, 'tis not denyed,
Here lies the first that for Religion dyed.

A Survey of the World.

THe *World*'s a guilded Trifle, and the State
Of sublunary Bliss adulterate.
Fame but an empty Sound, a painted noise,
A Wonder that ne'er looks beyond nine Days.

Honour's

Honour's the Tennis-Ball of Fortune: Though
Men wade to it in Blood and Overthrow;
Which like a Box of Dice uneven dance,
Sometime 'tis one's, sometimes another's chance.
Wealth but the hugg'd Consumption of that Heart,
That travels Sea and Land for his own Smart.
Pleasure a courtly Madness, a Conceit
That smiles and tickles without Worth or Weight:
Whose scatter'd reck'ning, when 'tis to be paid
Is but Repenance lavishly in-laid.
The World, Fame, Honour, Wealth and Pleasure then
Are the fair Wrack and *Gemonies* of Men.
Ask but thy *Carnal Heart* if thou shouldst be
Sole *Monarch* of the Worlds great Family,
If with the *Macedonian Youth* there would
Not be a corner still reserv'd that could
Another Earth contain? If so? What is
That poor insatiate thing she may call Bliss?

Question the loaden *Gallantry* asleep,
What profit now their *Lawrels* in the deep
Of Death's Oblivion? What their *Triumph* was
More then the Moment it did prance and pass?
If then applause move by the vulgar cry,
Fame's but a Glorious Uncertainty.

Awake *Sejanus*, *Strafford*, *Buckingham*,
Charge the fond Favourites of greatest Name,
What Faith is in a *Prince*'s Smile, what Joy
In th'high and *Grand Concilio le Roy*?
Nay *Cæsar*'s self, that march'd his *Honours* through
The Bowels of all *Kingdoms*, made them bow
Low to the Stirrup of his Will and Vote,
What safety to their Master's Life they brought?
When

When in the *Senate* in his highest Pride
By two and thirty Wounds he fell and dyed?
If *Height* be then most subjected to Fate;
'*Honour*'s the Day-spring of a greater Hate.
Now ask the *Grov'ling Soul* that makes his Gold
His *Idol*, his *Diana*, what a cold
Account of Happiness can here arise
From that ingluvious Surfeit of his Eyes?
How the whole Man's inslav'd to a lean Dearth
Of all Enjoyment for a little Earth?
How like *Prometheus* he doth still repair
His growing Heart to feed the *Vulture* care.
Or like a Spider's envious Designs,
Drawing the threads of Death from her own Loyns.
Tort'ring his Entrails with thoughts of to Morrow,
To keep that Mass with grief, he gain'd with Sorrow.
If to the clincking Pastime in his Ears
He add the *Orphans* Cries and Widows Tears,
The Musick's far from sweet, and if you sound him,
Truly, they leave him sadder than they found him.
Now touch the *Dallying Gallant*, he that lies
Angling for Babies in his *Mistris*'s Eyes,
Thinks there's no Heaven like a Bale of Dice
Six Horses and a Coach with a device:
A cast of Lackeys, and a Lady-bird,
An Oath in fashion, and a guilded Sword:
Can smoak Tobacco with a Face in Frame,
And speak perhaps a Line of Sense to th'same:
Can sleep a *Sabbath* over in his Bed,
Or if his Play book's there, will stoop to read,
Can kiss its Hand, and conge a *la mode*,
And when the Night's approaching bolt abroad,
Unless his Honour's Worship's Rent's not come;
So he falls sick, and sweats the Carrier home.

Else

Else if his rare Devotion swell so high
To waste an Hour-glass on Divinity,
'Tis but to make the Church his Stage, thereby
To blaze the Taylor in his Ribaldry.
Ask but the *Jay* when his distress shall fall
Like an arm'd Man upon him, where are all
The Rose-buds of his Youth? Those antick Toys
Wherein he sported out his precious Days?
What comfort he collects from Hawk or Hound?
Or if amongst his looser Hours, he found
One of a thousand to redeem that time
Perish'd and lost forever in his Prime?
Or if he dream'd of an Eternal Bliss?
Hee'l swear *God damn him* he ne'er thought of this.
But like the *Epicure* ador'd the day
That shin'd, rose up to eat, and drink and play.
Knows that his Body was but Dust, and dye
It once must, so have Mercy, and God b'wy.
Thus having travers'd the fond World in brief,
The Lust of the Eyes, the Flesh, and Pride of Life.
Unbiass'd and impartially, we see
'Tis lighter in the Scale than Vanity.
What then remains? But that we still should strive
Not to be born to dye, but dye to live.

An Old Man courting a young Girl.

COme Beauteous *Nymph*, canst thou embrace
An Aged, Wise Majestick Grace?
To mingle with thy youthful Flames,
And made thy Glories stay'd? the Dames
Of looser Gesture blush to see
Thy *Lillies* cloth'd with Gravity?

Thy

Thy happier choice? Thy gentle *Vine*
With a sober *Elm* entwine?
Seal fair *Nymph* that lovely Tye
Shall speak thy Honour loud and high.
Nym. Cease *Grandsire Lover*, and forbear
To court me with thy *Sepulcure*;
Thy chill *December* and my *May*,
Thy *Evening* and my *Break of Day*
Can brook no Mixture, no Condition,
But stand in perfect Opposition.
Nor can my active heart embrace
A shivering Ague in Love's Chase.
Only perhaps the lucky tye
May make thy forced Fortune high.
Man. If fretted Roofs and Beds of Down,
And the Wonder of the *Town*,
Bended Knees, and costly Fare,
Richest Daintes without Care,
May Temptations Motives be
Here they all attend on thee;
And to raise thy Bliss the more,
Swell thy Trunks with precious Ore,
The glittering Entrails of the East
To varnish and perfume thy Nest.
Nym. I question not, *Sage Sir*, but she
That weds your grave Obliquity,
Your Pthisick, Rheums, and Soldans Face
Shall meet with *Fretted Roofs* apace.
Fancy not your bended Knees
Lest bowing you can sprighly rise;
Your Gold too when you leave to woo
Will quickly become *Precious* top.
And dainty Cates without Delight,
May glut the Day but starve the Night.

For when thou boasts the Beds of Bliss,
The Man, the Man, still wanting is.

Man. Nay, gentle *Nymph*, think not my Fire
So quench'd, but that the strong Desire
Of Love can wake it and create
New Action to cooperate.
The Sparks of Youth are not so gone,
But I ——ay marry that I can.
Come smack me then my pretty Dear,
Tast what a lively Change is here.
Why fly'st thou me? —— ——

Nym. —— —— ——yce yce begone,
Clasp me not with thy *Frozen Zone.*
That pale Aspect would best become
The sad Complexion of a *Tomb.*
Think not thy *Church-yard* Look shall move
My Spring to be thy Winter's *Stove.*
If at the *Resurrection* we
Shall chance to marry, call on me;
By that time I perhaps may guess
How to bath and how to dress
Thy weeping Legs, and sympathize
With perish'd Lungs and wopper Eyes,
And think thy touchy Passion Wit,
Love disdain and flatter it;
And 'midst this costive Punishment
Raise a politick Content.

But whiles the *Solstice* of my years
Glories in its highest Sphears,
Deem not, I will daign to be
The Vassal of Infirmity,
The Skreen of flegmatick old Age,
Decay'd *Methusalem* his Page.

No! Give me lively Pleasures, such
Melt the Fancy in the touch;
Raise the Appetite and more,
Satisfie it o'er and o'er.
Then from the Ashes of those Fires
Kindle fresh and new Desires.
So *Cyprus* be the *Scene*: Above
Venus and the *God* of Love,
Knitting true-love knots in one
Merry happy Union.
Whiles their feather'd team appears
Doves and Sparrows in their Gears,
Flutt'ring o'er the jovial-fry,
Sporting in Love's *Comedy*.

Man. Hold hasty Soul, Beauty's a Flower
That may perish in an Hour;
No Disease but can disgrace
The trifling Blossoms of a Face,
And nip the heights of those fond Toys,
That now are doted on with Praise.
The Noon-glory of the Sun
To the Shades of Night must come.
May, for all her gilded Prime,
Has its weak and withering time.
Not a Bud that ows its Birth,
From the teeming-mother Earth,
But excels the fading dress
Of a Womans Loveliness.
For when Flowers vanish here,
They may spring another Year.
But frail Beauty, when 'tis gone,
Finds no Resurrection.
Scorn me then, coy *Nymph*, no more,
Fly no higher, do not sore.

Those pretty Rubies of thy Lips
Once must know a pale *Eclipse*.
And that plump alluring Skin
Will be furrow'd deeply in.
And those curled Locks so bright
Time will all besnow with white.
Not a Glory, not a Glance,
But must suffer Change and Chance.
Then, though now you'll not contract
With me in the Marriage *Act*,
Yet perforce chuse, chuse you whether,
You and I shall *Lye* together.

An Epitaph on his deceased Friend.

HEre lies the ruin'd *Cabinet*
Of a rich Soul more highly set.
The Dross and Refuse of a Mind,
Too glorious to be here confin'd.
Earth for a while bespake his stay,
Only to bait and so away:
So that what here he doted on
Was meerly Accommodation.
Not that his active Soul could be
At home, but in Eternity.
Yet while he blest us with the Rays
Of his short continued Days,
Each minute had its Weight of Worth,
Each pregnant Hour some *Star* brought forth.
So whiles he travell'd here beneath,
He liv'd, when others only breath.
For not a Sand of time slip'd by
Without its Action sweet as high.

So

[illegible]

Mum[illegible]

[illegible] Beauty [illegible]
A Wonder of the Sense so rare
But left the narrow Heavens could not [illegible]
The grung, they [illegible]

[illegible] Comes [illegible]
Upon *Mum[illegible]* [illegible]
Where *Imam's* lovely Boy [illegible]
His Fathers Lambs and [illegible] of Sheep,
His lilly Hand was [illegible]
The harmless *Empire* of the [illegible]

To him, to him, they gave the *Golden Ball*,
O happy Goddess upon whom it fell!
But more unhappy *Immanuel*, wast not pity
Thou didst not lend it as a check *Immanuel*?
There, there thou hadst surpass'd what her did befall,
Thou might'st have crowned *Him*, yet pleased *Mi*

First then *Immanuel Face* did display
Her Coronet of Glories to the Boy,
And rang'd her Stars up in an arched Ring
Of Height and Majesty most flourishing;
Then Wealth and Honour at his Foot did lay
To be esteem'd the *Lady* of the Day.

Next *Pallas* that brave *Heroina* came,
The thund'ring Queen of Action, War and Fame,
Dress'd in her glitt'ring Arms, wherewith she lays
Worlds wast, and new ones from their Dust can raise:
These, these she tenders him, advanc'd to be,
With all the Wreaths of Wit and Gallantry.

Last *Venus* breaks forth of her Golden Rays,
With thousand *Cupids* crown'd, ten thousand Boys,
Sparkling through every Quadrant of her Eyes,
Which made her Beauty in full Glory rise:
Then smiling vow'd so to sublime his Parts,
To make him the great *Conqueror* of Hearts.

Thus poor distracted *Paris* all on Fire,
Stood trembling deep in doubt what to desire;
The sweet Temptations pleaded hard for all,
Each Theatre of Beauty seem'd to call
For the bright Prize: But he amazed, he
Could not determine which, which which was she.

At last the *Cyprian* Girl so struck him blind
In all the Faculties of Soul and Mind,
That he poor captiv'd Wretch without delay
Could not forbear his frailty to betray,
But maugre Honour, Wisdom, all above,
He ran and kiss'd and crown'd the *Queen* of *Love*.

Pallas and *Juno* then in high disdain
Took Snuff, and posted up to Heaven again,
As to a high *Court* of Appeal, to be
Reveng'd on Men for this Indignity.
"Hence then it happens that the *Ball* was lost,
"'Tis two to one but Love is always crost.

Upon

Upon a Fly that flew into a Lady's Eye, and there lay burned in a Tear.

POor curious *Soul*! what couldst thou see
In that bright *Orb* of Purity?
That active Globe? That transhining Sphere
Of Beauty to be meeting there?
Or didst thou foolishly mistake
The glowing Morn in that Day-break?
Or wa't thy Pride to mount so high
Only to kiss the *Sun* and dye?
Or didst thou think to rival all,
Dan Phaeton and his great Fall?
And in a richer Sea of Brine
Drown *Icarus* again in thine?
'Twas bravely arm'd, and which is more
Th'hast sunk the Fable o'er and o'er.
For in this single Death of thee
Th'hast bankrupt all *Antiquity*.
O had the fair *Ægyptian* Queen
Thy glorious Monument once seen,
How had she spar'd what time forbids,
The needless tott'ring *Pyramids*!
And in an emulative Chase
Have begg'd thy Shrine her Epitaph?
Where, when her Aged Marble must
Resign her Honour to the Dust,
Thou mightst have canonized her
Deceased *Time's Executor*?
To rip up all the Western Bed
Of Spices where *Sol* lays his Head,
To squeeze the *Phœnix* and her Nest
In one Perfume that may write *Best*;

Then blend the Gall'ry of the Skies
With her *Seraglio* of Eyes,
T'embalm a Name, and raise a Tomb,
The Miracle of all to come;
Then, then, compare it: Here's a Gemm
A Pearl must shame and pity them.
An Amber drop distilled by
The sparkling *Limbeck* of an eye,
Shall dazle all the short Essays
Of rubbish Worth and shallow Praise.
We strive not then to prize that Tear,
Since we have nought to poise it here.
The World's too light. Hence, hence we cry
The World, the World's not worth a Fly.

Obsequies

To the Memory of the truly Noble, right Valiant, and right Honourable, Spencer *Earl of* Northampton, *slain at* Hopton *Field in* Staffordshire, *in the Beginning of the Civil War.*

WHat! The whole World in Silence? Not a Tear
In tune through all the speechless *Hemisphere*?
Has Grief so seiz'd and fear'd Man-kind in all
The Convoys of *Intelligence*? No Fall
But those of *Waters* heard? No Elegies
But such as whine through th'Organs of our Eyes?
Can *Pompey* fall again? And no Pen say
Here lies the *Roman Liberty* in Clay?

Or

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Blind, Envious, piping Fortune! What could be
The tottering Ground of this thy Treachery?
To ſtop the Ballance of that brave Career,
Was both at once thy Miracle and Fear?
Was't not a panick Dread ſurpriz'd thy Soul,
Of being made ſervile to his high Controul?

Bluſh

Blush and confess poor *Caitiff-goddess*! So
Wee'l quit his in thy real Overthrow.
And *Death*, thou Worm! Thou pale *Assassinate*!
Thou sneaking Hireling of Revenge and Hate,
Didst not thou feel an *Earth-quake* in thy Bones?
Such as rends Rocks and their Foundations?
No *Tertian* shivering, but an *Ague* fit
Which with a burning Feaver shall commit
The World to Ashes? When thou stol'st crept'st under
That Helmet which durst dare *Jove* and his Thunder.
But since the Bays he reacht at grew not here,
Like a wise Souldier and a *Cavalier*,
He left his covetous Enemy at Bay,
Rifling the Carriage of his Flesh and Clay:
While his rich Soul pursued the greater Game
Of *Honour* to the Skies, there fix'd his Name.
I shall not therefore vex the *Orbs* to trace
Thy Sacred Foot-steps in that hallow'd Place;
Nor start a feigned Star, and swear it thine,
Then stretch the *Constellation* to thy Line,
Like a *Welch Gentleman* that tacks his Kin
To all *Coats* in the Country he lives in.
Nor yet, to raise thy *Flaming Crest*, shall I
Knock for the wandring *Planets* in the Sky,
Perhaps some broken Beauty of stale Doubt,
To comment on her Face has hir'd them out.
Let Fame, and thy brave Race thy *Statue* live,
The World can never such another give.
Whilst each Soul sighs at the sad thought of thee,
There fell a *Province* of *Nobility*.
A Fall, had *Beal* but husbanded its Throat,
That sunk the *House of Lords*, and sav'd the *Vote*,
They only State mute *Titles* in their Gears,
He singly represented all the Peers.

One

One, had the Empire employ'd their Sword,
Thoſe long-nerves of the Church, to hang a Neck
With *Claudius*, to metropolize all Worth,
Rome, and what e'er the Saturn-world brought forth,
In him the Sword did give as raveneus Eye
The reſt that lick'd up were the ſmaller Fry.
Sparks only of that Fire in him diverg'd,
Aſpirs that crack'd and vaunt'd North and Weſt.
He led the *Roman* War in ſuch a Dye,
In that dire Entrance of the *Tragedy*,
The Senſe (Great *Charles*!) no longer to prorogue,
None but thy ſelf could ſpeak the *Epilogue*.

The London Lad.

GEntly my *Muſe*! 'tis but a tender Piece,
A Paradox of Fumes and *Ambergreece*.
A Cobweb-tinder at a touch takes Fire,
The tumbling Whirligig of blind Delire.
Vulcan's Pandora in a Cryſtal Shrine,
Or th'old *Inn* fac'd with a new painted Sign.
The ſpotted Voyder of the *Term*: In ſhort,
Chymical Nature phyſick'd into Art.
But hold rude *Satyr*, here's a *Hector* comes,
A *Cod-piece Captain* that with her ſhares Sums:
One claims a Joynture in her Sins, the Foil
That puts her off, like the Old Man ere while:
That with a Dagger-Cloak, and ho-hoy gapes
And ſqueeks for Company for the *Jack-an-Apes*.
This is the fierce St. *George*, forerunn the Wagon,
And, if occaſion be, ſhall kill the *Dragon*.
Don Mars the great Aſcendant on the Road,
When *Thomas*'s teem begins to jog abroad.

The

The hinter at each turn of *Covent Garden*,
The *Club Pickeerer*, the robust *Church warden*
Of *Lincoln's Inn* back-corner, where he angles
For Cloaks and Hats, and the small Game entangles:
This is the *City Usher* stray'd to enter
The small Drink Country Squires of the first venter,
And dubs them batch'lor-Knight of the black Jugg,
Mans them into an Oath, and the French Shrugg,
Make's them fine Graduates in Smock-impudence,
And gelds them of their Puny Mothers Sence.
So that when two Terms more, and forty Pound
Reads them acquainted all *Gomorrha* round,
Down to their wondring Friends at last they range,
With breeding just enough to speak them strange,
And drown a younger Brother in a Look,
Kick a poor Lacquey, and berogue the Cook;
Top a small Cry of Tenants that dare stir
In no Phrase now, but save your *Worship Sir*.
But to return: By this my Lady's up,
Has swum the Ocean of the Cawdle-Cup,
Convers'd with every washing, every Ground,
And Fucus in the Cabinet's to be found.
Has laid the fix'd Complexion for the Day,
Her Breech rings High *Change*, and she must away.
Now down the Channel towards the *Strand* she
Flinging her nimble Glances on both sides, (glides,
Like the Death-darting *Cockatrice* (that slye
Close *Engineer*) that murders through the Eye.
The first that's tickled with her rumbling Wheels
Is the old *Statesman*, that in Slippers reels,
He wire-draws up his Jaws, and snuffs and grins,
And sighing smacks, but for my Aged Shins,
My *Conclave* of Diseases, I would boord
Your lofty Gally:. Thus I serv'd my *Lord*——

But

But mum for that, his strength will scarce supply
His Back to the Balcona, so God b'wy.
By this she has survey'd the golden *Globe*,
And finding no Temptation to disrobe,
To *Durham New Old Stable* on she packs, (lacks,
Where having winc'd and breath'd the what 'd ye
Rufled and bounced a turn or two in Ire,
She mounts the Coach like *Phaeton* all on Fire,
Fit for th'Impressions of all sorts of Evil,
And whirls up tow'rds the *Lawyers* and the *Devil*.
There *Ployden* in his laced Ruff starch'd on Edg
Peeps like an Adder through a quick-set Hedge,
And brings his stale Demur to stop the Course
Of her Proceedings with her Yoak of Horse;
Then falls to handling of the Case, and so
Shews her the Posture of her Over-throw;
But yet for all his Law and double Fees
Shee'l bring him to joyn Issue on his Knees;
And make him pay for Expedition too:
Thus the gray Fox acts his green Sins anew.
And well he scapes if all his *Norman* Sense
Can save the burning of his *Evidence*.
But out at last shee's huddled in the dark,
Man'd like a *Lady-Client* by the *Clerk*
And so the nimble Youngster at the parting
Extorts a Smack perhaps before the Carting. (Crest,
Down *Fleet-street* next she rowls with powdred
To spring clip'd-half-crowns in the *Cuckow*'s Nest.
For now the Heroes of the Yard have shut
Their Shops, and loll upon their Bulks to put
The Ladies to the Squeek, if so perhaps
Their Mistresses can spare them from their Laps.
Not far she waves and sails before she clings
With the young Tribe for Pendants, Lace, and Rings;

But

But there poor totter'd *Madam*, though too late,
She meets the Topsie-turvey of her State;
For the calm'd Boys, having nought left to pay,
Are forc'd to pawn her, and so run away.
On this the dreadful *Drawer* soon appears,
Like her ill *Genius* about her Ears,
With a long Bill of *Items* that affright
Worse than a Skull of Halberds in the Night.
For now the Jay's compell'd to untruss all
The tackling upon tick from every Stall;
Each sharing Broker of her borrow'd Dross
Seems to do Penance in her Nakedness.
For not a Lady of the noble Game,
But is compos'd at least of all Long-Lane:
An Animal *together blow'd and made,*
And up'd of all the Shreds of every Trade.

Thus purely now her self, homewards she packs,
Exciz'd in all the *Dialects* of her knacks:
Squeez'd to the utmost Thread, and latest Grain,
Like *Meteors* toss'd to their first grit again.

A Lane, a Lane, she comes, summ'd down to nought,
But Shame and a thin-under-Petticoat.
But lest I should pursue her to the quick,
I pass: The Chase lies now too near the Nick.

In pity *Satyr* then thy Lash let fall:
He knows her best that scans her not at all.
And though thou seem'st discourteous not to save her,
No matter; when thou leav'st there's one will have her.

The

The Times.

TO speak in wet-shed Eyes, and drowned Looks,
Sad broken Accents, and a Vein that brooks
No Spirit, Life, or Vigour, were to own
The Crush and Triumph of Affliction;
And creeping with *Themistocles* to be
The pale-fac'd Pensioners of our Enemy.
No, 'tis the Glory of the Soul to rise
By Falls, and at rebound to pierce the Skies.
Like a brave *Courser* standing on the Sand
Of some high-working *Fretum*, views a Land
Smiling with Sweets upon the distant side,
Garnish'd in all her gay embroider'd Pride,
Larded with Springs, and fring'd with curled Woods,
Impatient, bounces in the cap'ring Floods,
Big with a nobler Fury than that Stream
Of shallow Violence he meets in them;
Thence arm'd with Scorn & Courage ploughs away
Through the impostum'd Billows of the Sea;
And makes the grumbling Surges Slaves to Oar,
And wafts him safely to the further Shoar:
Where landed in a Soveraign Disdain
He turns back, and surveys the foaming Main,
Whiles the subjected Waters flowing reel,
Ambitious yet to wash the Victor's Heel.
In such a Noble Equipage should we
Embrace th'Encounter of our Misery.
Not like a Field of Corn, that hangs the Head
For every Tempest, every petty Dread.
Crosses were the best *Christians* Arms: And we
That hope a wished *Canaan* once to see,

Must

Must not expect a Carpet-way alone
Without a Red-sea of Affliction.
Then cast the Dice :- Let's foord old *Rubicon*,
Cæsar 'tis thine, Man is but once undone.
Tread softly though, lest *Scylla*'s Ghost awake,
And us i'th' Roll of his *Proscriptions* take.
Rome is revived, and the *Triumvirate*
In the black *Island* are once more a State;
The City trembles :- There's no third to shield
If once *Augustus* to *Antonius* yield,
Law shall not shelter *Cicero*, the Robe
The *Senate*: Proud Success admits no Probe
Of Justice to correct or square the Fate,
That bears down all as illegitimate;
For whatsoe'er it lists to overthrow,
It either finds it, or else makes it so.
Thus *Tyranny*'s a stately *Palace*, where
Ambition sweats to climb and nustle there;
But when 'tis enter'd, what Hopes then remain?
There is no Sallyport to come out again.
For Mischief must rowl on, and gliding grow,
Like little Rivulets that gently flow
From their first bubling Springs, but still increase
And swell their Channel as they mend their Pace;
Till in a Glorious Tide of Villany
They over-run the Banks, and posting fly
Like th'bellowing Waves in Tumults, till they can
Display themselves in a full Ocean:
And if blind Rage shall chance [illegible] its Way,
Brings Stock enough alone to make a Sea.
Thus treble 1 reasons are secur'd and drown'd
By lowder Crys of deeper Mouth and Sound.
[illegible]d high Attempts swallow a puny Plot,
[illegible]anons overwhelm the smaller Shot.

Whiles

Whiles the deaf senſleſs World inur'd a while
(Like the *Cataduſi* at the Fall of *Mile*)
To the fierce tumbling Wonder, think it none;
Thus Cuſtom hallows Irreligion!
And ſtrokes the patient Beaſt till he admit
The now-grown-light and neceſſary Bit.
  But whether do I ramble? Gauled Times
Cannot indure a ſmart Hand o'er their Crimes.
Diſtracted Age? What Dialect or Faſhion
Shall I aſſume? To paſs the Approbation
Of thy cenſorious *Synod*; which now ſit
High *Areopagites* to deſtroy all Wit?
  I cannot ſay, I ſay, that I am one
Of th'*Church* of *Ely-houſe*, or *Abington*,
Nor of thoſe precious Spirits that can deal
The Pomegranates of Grace at every Meal.
No zealous *Hemp-dreſſer* yet dipp'd me in
The Laver of Adoption from my Sin.
But yet if Inſpiration, or a Tale
Of a long-waſted ſix Hours length prevail,
A ſmooth Certificate from the Siſter-hood,
Or to be term'd Holy before Good,
Religious Malice, or a Faith 'thout Works
Others then may proclaim us *Jews* or *Turks*.
If theſe, theſe hint at any thing, Then, then
Whoop! my diſpairing *Hope* come back agen:
For ſince the Inundation of Grace,
All Honeſty's under Water, or in Chaſe.
But 'tis the Old Worlds Dotage, thereupon
We feed on Dreams Imagination,
Humours, and croſs-gain'd Paſſions, which now reign
In the decaying Elements of the Brain.
'Tis hard to coin new Fancies, when there be
So few that launch out in Diſcovery.

Nay Arts are so far from being cherished,
There's scarce a *Colledge* but has lost its *Head*,
And almost all its *Members*: O sad Wound!
Where never an Artery could be judged sound!
To what a Height is *Vice* now towred? When we
Dare not miscall it an *Obliquity*!
So confident, and carrying such an aw,
That it subscribes it self no less than *Law*!
If this be Reformation then? The great
Account pursued with so much Blood and Sweat?
In what Black Lines shall our sad Story be
Deliver'd over to Posterity?
With what a Dash and Scar shall we be read?
How has Dame *Nature* in us suffered?
Who of all Centuries the first Age are
That sink the World for want of due Repair?
When first we issued out in Cries and Tears,
(Those salt Presages of our future years)
Head-long we dropt into a quiet Calm,
Times crown'd with rosie Garlands, Spice and Balm;
Where first a Glorious *Church* and Mother came,
Embrac'd us in her Arms, gave us a Name
By which we live, and an indulgent Breast
Flowing with Stream to an Eternal Rest.
Thus ravish'd, the poor *Soul* could not guess even,
Which was more kind to her yet, Earth, or Heaven.
Or rather wrapped in a pious Doubt
Of Heaven, whether she were in or out.
Next the *Great Father* of our *Country* brings
His Blessing too, (even the *Best* of *Kings*)
Safe and well-grounded Laws to guard our Peace,
And nurse our Virtues in their just Increase;
Like a pure Spring from whom all Graces come,
Whose Bounty made it double *Christendom*.

Such

Such and so sweet were those *Halcyon* Days
That rose upon us in our Infant Rays;
Such a composed *State* we breathed under,
We only heard of *Jove*, ne'er felt his Thunder.
Terrors were then as strange, as Love now grown,
Wrong and Revenge lived quietly at home.
The sole Contention that we understood,
Was a rare Strife and War in doing good.
Now let's reflect upon our Gratefulness.
How we have added, or (O!) made it less, (where
What are th'Improvements? what our Progress?
Those handsom Acts that say that some men were?
He that to ancient Wreaths can bring no more
From his own Worth, dyes bankrupt on the Score.
For Fathers Crests are crowned in the Son,
And Glory spreads by Propagation.
Now Virtue shield me! Where shall I begin?
To what a Labyrinth am I now slipp'd in,
What shall we answer them? Or what deny?
What prove? Or rather whether shall we fly?
When the poor widdow'd *Church* shall ask us where
Are all her Honours? and that filial Care
We ow'd so sweet a Parent as the Spouse
Of *Christ*, which here vouchsaf'd to own a House?
Where are her *Boanerges*? And those rare
Brave Sons of Consolation? Which did bear
The *Ark* before our *Israel*, and dispence
The Heavenly *Manna* with such Diligence?
In them the prim'tive Motto's come to pass,
Aut mortui sunt, aut docent literas.
Bless'd *Virgin*! we can only say we have
Thy Prophets Tombs among us, and their Grave.
And here and there a Man in Colours paint,
That by thy Ruins grew a mighty *Saint*,

Next *Cæsar* some Accounts are due to thee,
But those in Blood already written be.
So loud and lasting, in such monstrous Shapes,
So wide the never-to-be-clos'd Wound gapes;
All Ages yet to come with shivering shall
Recite the fearful President of thy Fall.

Hence we confute thy Tenent *Solomon*,
Under the Sun a new thing hath been done;
A thing before all Pattern, all Pretence
Of Rule or Copy: Such a strange Offence
Of such Original Extract, that it bears
Date only from the *Eden* of our Years.

Laconian Agis! We have read thy Fate,
The Violence of the *Spartan* Love and Hate.
How *Pagans* trembled at the thought of thee,
And fled the Horrour of thy Tragedy;
Thyestes cruel Feast, and how the Sun
Shrunk in his Golden Beams that Sight to shun.
The Bosoms of all Kingdoms open lye,
Plain and emergent to th'inquiring Eye.
But when we glance upon our Native Home,
As the black *Center* to whom all Points come,
We rest amazed, and silently admire
How far beyond all Spleen ours did aspire.
All that we dare assert is but a Cry
Of an exchanged Peace for *Liberty*.
A secret Term by Inspiration known,
A Mist that brooks no Demonstration;
Unless we dive into our Purses, where
We quickly find *Our Freedom* purely dear.

But why exclaim you thus? May some Men sa
Against the times? When equal Night and Day
Keep their just Course? The Seasons still the sam
Is sweet as when from the first Hand they came?

The Influence of the *Stars* benign and free,
As at first *Peep up* in their Infancy?
'Tis not those standing Motions that divide
The space of Years, nor the swift Hours that glide,
Those little Particles of Age, that come
In thronging *Items* that make up the *Summ*,
That's here intended: But our crying Crimes,
Our Monsters that abominates the Times.
'Tis we that make the *Metonymy* good
By being bad, which like a troubled Flood
Nothing produce but slimy Mire and Dirt,
And Impudence that makes Shame makepert.
To travel further in these Wounds that lye
Rankling, though seeming clos'd, were to deny
Rest to an o'erwatch'd World, and force fresh Tears
From stench'd Eyes, now alarum'd by old Fears.
Which if they thus shall heal and stop, they be
The first that e'er were cur'd by *Lethargy*.
This only *Axiom* from ill *Times* encrease
I gather, *There's a time to hold ones Peace.*

The Model of new Religion.

WHoop! *Mr. Vicar* in your flying Frock?
What News at *Babel* now? how stands the (*Cock*!
When wags the Flood? No *Ephimerides*?
Nought but confounding of the Languages?
No more of th'Saints Arrival? Or the Chance
Of three Pipes two Pence and an Ordinance?
How many Queer-religions? Clear your Throat,
May a man have a Peny-worth? Four a Groat?
Or do the *Iuncto* leap at truss-a-fail?
Three Tenents clap while five hang on the Tail?

No *Querpo model*? Never a knack or wile?
To preach for Spoons and Whistles? Crosſ or Pile?
No hints of Truth on Foot? no Sparks of Grace?
No late ſprung Light? to dance the wild-gooſe Chaſe?
No *Spiritual Dragoons* that take their Flames
From th'inſpiration of the City Dames?
No Crumbs of Comfort to relieve our Cry?
No new dealt Mince-meat of Divinity?
Come let's project: By the great late *Eclipſe*
We juſtly fear a Famine of the Lips.
For Sprats are roſe an *Omer* for a Souſe,
Which gripes the Conclave of the lower Houſe.
Let's therefore vote a cloſe Humiliation,
For op'ning the ſeal'd Eyes of this blind Nation;
That they may ſee confeſſingly and ſwear,
They have not ſeen at all this Fourteen Year.
And for the Splints and Spavings too, 'tis ſaid
All the Joints have the *Riſſcage*, ſince the Head
Swell'd ſo prodigious, and exciz'd the Parts
From all Allegiance but in Tears and Hearts.
But zealous Sir, what ſay to a touch at Prayer?
How *Quops* the Spirit? In what Garb or Air?
With *Souſe* erect, or Pendent, Winks, or Haws?
Sniveling? Or the extention of the Jaws?
Devotion has its mode: *Dear Sir* hold forth;
Learning's a Venture of the ſecond Worth.
For ſince the People's Riſe and its ſad Fall,
We are inſpir'd from much to none at all.
Brother adieu! I ſee y'are cloſely girt,
A coſtive *Dover* gives the Saints the Squirt.
Hence (Reader) all our flying News contracts,
Like the State's Fleet from the Seas into Acts;
But where's the Model all this while you'll ſay,
'Tis like the *Reformation*, run away.

On

On Britannicus *his leap three Story high, and his escape from* London.

PAul from *Damascus* in a Basket slides,
Cran'd by the Faithful *Brethren* down the sides
Of their embattell'd Walls, *Britannicus*,
As loath to trust the *Brethrens God with us*,
Slides too, but yet more desp'rate, and yet thrives
In his descent; needs must! The Devil drives.
Their Cause was both the same, and herein meet,
Only their Fall was not with equal Feet,
Which makes the Case *Iambick*: Thus we see
How much News falls short of *Divinity*.
Truth was their crying Crime: One takes the night,
Th'other th'advantage of *the New-sprung Light*
To mantle his escape: How different be
The Pristine and the *Modern Policy*?
Have *Ages* their *Antipodes*? Yet still
Close in the Propagation of ill:
Hence flows this Use and Doctrine from the thump
I last sustain'd (belov'd) *Good Wits may jump*.

Content.

FAir Stranger! Winged Maid, where dost thou rest
Thy snowy Locks at Noon? Or on what Breast
Of Spices slumber o'er the sullen Night?
Or waking whither dost thou take thy Flight?
Shall I go seek some melancholick Grove?
The silent Theatre of Despair and Love?
There court the *Bittern* and the *Pelican*,
Those *Airy Antipodes* to the Tents of Man?

Or ſitting by ſome pretty pratling Spring
Hear hoarſe *Nyctimine* her Dirges ſing?
Whiles the rough *Satyrs* dance *Corantoes* too
The chattring Sembrieſs of her *Woo hoo, hoo?*
Or ſhall I trace ſome Ice-bound Wilderneſs
Among the Caverns of abſtruſe Receſs?
Where never prying Sun, nor bluſhing Day
Could ſteal a Glimps, or interſqueeze a Ray?
If not within this ſolitary Cell,
O whether muſt I poſt? Where doſt thou dwell?
Shall I let looſe the Reins of blind Deſire?
And ſurfeit every ravening Sence? Give Fire
To any Train? And tire Voluptuouſneſs
In all her ſoft Varieties of Exceſs?
And make each Day a Hiſtory of Sin?
Drink the *A la mort* Sun down and up agen!
Improve my Crimes to ſuch a roaring Score,
That when I dye, where others go before
In whining venial Streams, and Quarto Pages,
My Floods may riſe in Folio, ſink all Ages?
Or ſhall I bath my ſelf in Widows Tears?
And build my Name in th'Curſe of them and their's?
Ship-wrack whole Nature to craw out a Purſe
With th'molten Cinders of the Univerſe?
Belch nought but Ruin? And the horrid Crys
Of Fire and Sword? And ſwim in drowned Eyes?
Make Lanes to Crowns and Scepters through th'
Heart's Veins
Of Juſtice, Law, Right, Church and Soveraigns?
No, no, I trace thee not in this dark way
Of Death, this Scarlet-ſtreak'd *Aceldama.*
Shall I then to the Houſe of Mourning goe?
Where the *Salt-peter Vnates* over-flow

With

[illegible]
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[illegible]
[illegible]
Swe[illegible] [illegible]
And lay the [illegible]
O no, these Nerves [illegible]
Too fast, [illegible] repented [illegible]
  Shall I then plough the Seas to foreign Soils?
And rake the pregnant *Indies* for rich Spoils?
Or with the *Anchorite* abhor the Eye
Of Heaven, and baniſh all Society?
Live in, and out the World? And paſs my Days
In treading out ſome ſtrange myſterious Maze;
Taſte every Humane Sweet? Lilly and Roſe?
With all the ſharp Guard that about them grows?
Climb where Deſpair would tremble to ſet Foot,
Spring new Impoſſibles and force *Way thro'*?
Make the whole *Globe* a Shop of Chymiſtry,
To melt down all her [illegible], and try
That [illegible]
Which the [illegible]

Or shall I grasp those Meteors, Fame, and Praise?
Which Breath by th'Charity of the vulgar Voice?
Pile Honour upon Honourt till it crack,
The *Atlas* of my Pride, and break its back?
Hold Fancy, hold! For whither wilt thou bear
My Sun-burnt hope to Loss? 'Tis, 'tis not here.
Soar then (*My Soul*) above the arched Round
Of these poor spangled Blisses; Here's no Ground
To fix the Sacred Foot of pure *Content*,
Her Mansion's in a higher Element.
Hast thou perceiv'd the Sweetness of a Groan?
Or try'd the Wings of Contemplation?
Or hast thou found the Balm of Tears, that press
Like Amber in the Dregs of Bitterness?
Or hast thou felt that secret Joy that flows,
Against the Tide of common Ove-throws?
Or hast thou known the Dawnings of a God
Upon thee, when his Love is shed abroad?
Or hast thou heard the Sacred Harmony
Of a calm Conscience, ecchoing in thee
A *Requiem* from above? A sealed Peace
Beyond the Power of Hell, Sin or Decease?
Or hast thou tasted that Communion
Between a reconciled God and Man?
That Holy Intercourse? Those precious Smiles
Dissolv'd in Holy whisp'rings between whiles?
Here, here's the Steps lead to her bless'd Abode;
Her Chair of State is in the Throne of God.

May Day.

COme *Galiants*, why is dull? What mudſy Cloud
Dares on th'Eye-brows of the day? Why ſhroud
Ye up your ſelves in the ſtarlſs Sans of Night,
And toſſing, lie ſo dull? Hark how Delight
Knocks with her ſilver Wings at every Sense?
And Great *Apollo Laurea* doth Commence?

Up! 'tis the golden *Juno* of the Year,
The *Stars* are all withdrawn from each glad *Sphear*,
Within the tyring-rooms of Heaven, unleſs
Some few that peep to ſpy our Happineſs.
Whiles *Phœbus* tugging up *Olympus* draw,
Smoaks his bright Teem along on the *Grand Paw*.

Hark how the Songſters of the ſhady Plain,
Cloſe up their Anthems in a melting Strain!
See where the glittring Nymphs whirl it away
In *Checkling Caravans* as blyth as *May*;
And th'Chriſtal-ſweating Flowers droop their heads
In bluſhing Shame to call you Slug-a-beds.

Waſt but a Glance upon *Hide-park*, and ſwear
All *Argus* Eyes are fall'n, and fixed there.
The dapled Lawns with Ladies ſhine and glow,
Whiles bubling Mounts with Springs of *Nectar* flow;
And each kind Turtle ſits and bills his Dove
Like *Venus* and *Adonis* lapp'd in Love.

Hark how *Amyntas* in melodious loud
Shrill Raptures tunes his Horn-pipe! whiles a Croud
Of

Of Snow-white-milk-maids crown'd with Garlands
Trip it to the soft Measure of his Lay. (gay
And Fields with Curds and Cream like green-cheese
This now or never is the *Gallaxie*. (lie

If the facetious *Gods* e'er taken were
With Mortal Beauties and disguis'd, 'tis here.
See how they mix Societies, and toss
The tumbling Ball into a willing Loss,
That th' twining *Ladies* on their Necks might take
The doubled Kisses which they first did stake.

Those pretty Earnests of a Maiden-head,
Those sugred Seals of Love, Types of the Bed,
Which to confirm the sweet Conveyance more
They throng in thousand times ten thousand Score.
Such Heavenly Surfeits, as they sporting lye,
Thus catch they from each others Lip and Eye.

The Game at best, the Girls *May-rold* must be,
Where *Groyden* and *Mopsa*, he and she
Each happy Pair make one *Hermaphrodite*,
And tumbling bounce together, black and white;
Where had you seen the Chance, you had not known
Whose Shew had lovelier been *Madam*'s or *Joan*.

Then crown the Bowl, let every Conduit run
Canary, till we lodge the reeling Sun.
Tap every Joy, let not a Pearl be spilt,
Till we have set the ringing World a Tilt.
A sacrifice *Arabia Fœlix* in
One bone-fire, one Incense Offering.

Tis *Sack*, 'tis *Sack*, that drowns the thorny Cares,
Which hedge the Pillow, and abridge our Years,

The

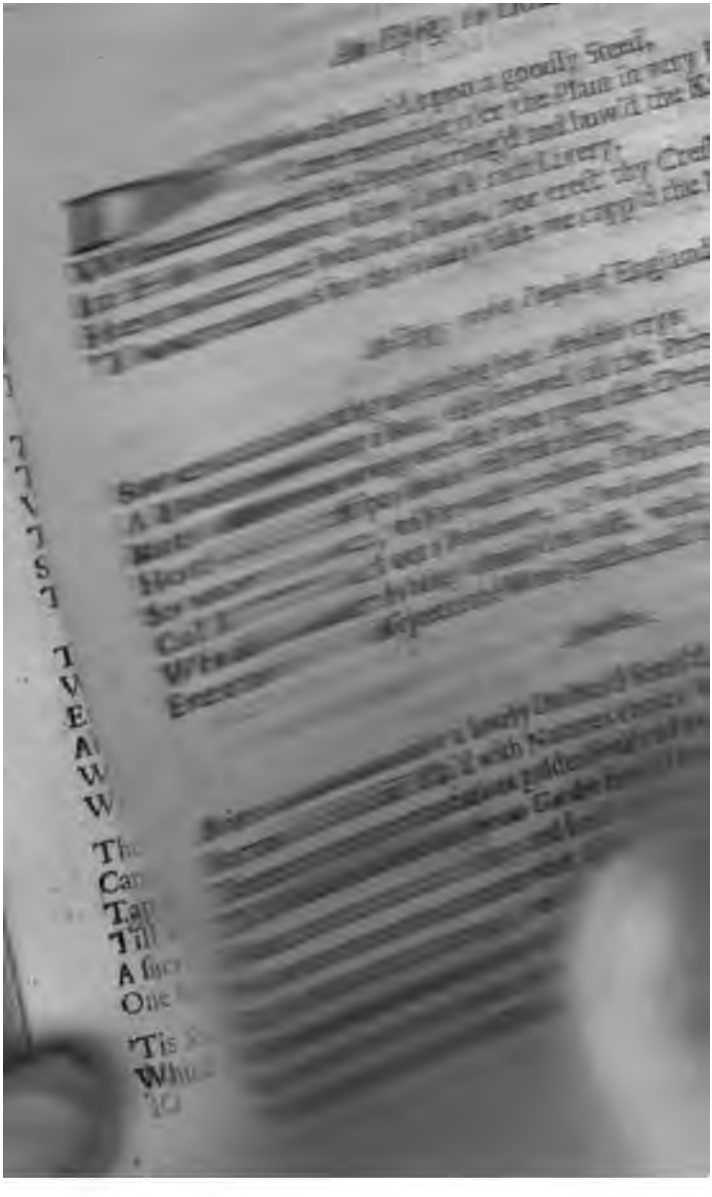
The quickning *Anima mundi* that creates
Life in Dejection, and outdares the Fates,
Makes Man look big on danger, and out-ſwell
The Fury of that Thrall that threatens Hell.

Chirp round my Boys: Let each Soul take its ſip,
Who knows what falls between the Cup and Lip?
What can a voluntary pale-Look bring
Or a deep Sigh to leſſen Suffering?
Has Miſchief any pity or regard?
The foil of Miſery is a Breaſt prepar'd.

Hence then with folded Arms, eclipſed Eyes,
And low impriſon d *Groans*, meek Cowardiſe.
Urge not with Oars Death that in full Sail comes,
Nor walk in ſore-ſtall'd Blacks to the dark Tombs:
But rather than th'Eternal Jaws ſhall gape,
Gallop with *Curtius* down the Gallant hap.

Mean time here's that ſhall make our Shackles light,
And charm the diſmal Terrors walk by Night;
'Tis this that chears the drooping Soul, revives
The benum'd Captive crampt in his cold Gives.
Kingdoms and Cottages, the *Mill* and *Throne*
Sack the *Grand Leveller* commands alone.

'Tis *Sack* that rocks the boyling Brain to reſt,
Confirms the Aged Hams, and warms the Breaſt
Of Gallantry to Action, runs half-ſhare
And Metal with the buff-fac'd Sons of War.
'Tis Wit, 'Tis Art, 'tis Strength, 'tis all and more;
Then loſe the Flood-gates *George*, wee'll pay or ſcore.



An Epig. to Doulus.

D*oulus* advanc'd upon a goodly Steed,
Came mounting o'er the Plain in very Deed,
Whereat the People cring'd and bow'd the Knee,
In Honour of my *Lord*'s rich Livery.
Hence ſwell not *Doulus*, nor erect thy Creſt,
'Twas for the *Goddeſs* ſake we capp'd the Beaſt.

An Epig. on the People of England.

Sweating and chafing hot *Ardelio* crys
A Boat a Boat, elſe farewel all the Prize.
But having once ſet Foot upon the Deep,
Hot-ſpur *Ardelio* fell faſt aſleep.
So we, on Fire with zealous Diſcontent,
Call'd out a *Parliament*, a *Parliament*;
Which being obtain'd at laſt, what did they do?
Even ſqueeze the Wool-packs, and lye ſnorting too.

Another.

Brittain a lovely Orchard ſeem'd to be,
Furniſh'd with Natures choice Variety,
Temptations golden Fruit of every ſort,
Th'*Heſperian Garden* fann'd from feign'd Report:
Great Boys and ſmall together in we brake,
No matter what diſdain'd *Priapus* ſpake:
Up, up, we lift the Great Boys in the Trees,
Hoping a common Share to ſimpathize:
But they no ſooner there neglected ſtreight
The Shoulders that ſo rais'd them to this Height;

And

And fell to ſtuffing of their own Bags firſt,
And as their Treaſure grew, ſo did their Thirſt.
Whiles we in lean Expectance gaping ſtand,
For one Shake from their charitable Hand.
But all in vain, the Dropſie of Deſire (Fire!
So ſcorch'd them, three Realms could not quench the
Be wiſe then in your Ale, bold Youths, for fear
The *Gardner* catch us as *Moſs* caught his *Mare*.

A Sing-ſong on Clarinda's *Wedding*.

NOw that *Love*'s *Holyday* is come,
And *Madg* the *Maid* hath ſwept the Room
And trimm'd her Spit and Pot,

Awake my merry *Muſe*, and ſing
The *Revells*, and that other thing
That muſt not be forgot.

As the gray Morning dawn'd, 'tis ſed
Clarinda broke out of her Bed
Like *Cynthia* in her Pride:

Where all the Maiden-*Lights* that were
Compriz'd within our *Hemiſphere*
Attended at her ſide.

But wot you then, with much ado
They dreſs'd the Bride from top to toe
And brought her from her Chamber,

Deck'd in her Robes and Garments gay,
More ſumptuous than the live-long-day,
Or Stars enſhrin'd in Amber.

The

The ſparkling Bullies of her Eyes
Like two eclipſed Suns did riſe
Beneath her Cryſtal Brow,

To ſhew like thoſe ſtrange Accidents
Some ſudden changeable Events.
Were like to hap below.

Her Cheeks beſtreak'd with white and red,
Like pretty Tell-tales of the Bed
Preſag'd the bluſt'ring Night;

With his encircling Arms and Shade
Reſolv'd to ſwallow and invade
And skreen her Virgin Light.

Her Lips, thoſe Threads of Scarlet dye,
Wherein Love's Charms and Quiver lye,
Legions of Sweets did crown;

Which ſmilingly did ſeem to ſay
O crop me, crop me, whiles you may,
Anon th'are not mine own.

Her Breaſt thoſe melting Alps of Snow
On whoſe fair Hills in open Show
The *God of Love* lay napping;

Like ſwelling Buts of lively Wine
Upon their Ivory Stells did ſhine
To wait the lucky Tapping.

Her Waſte, that ſlender Type of Man,
Was but a ſmall and ſingle Span,
Yet I dare ſafely ſwear,
He

e that whole Thousands has in Fee
/ould forfeit all, so he might be
Lord of the Mannor there.

it now before I pass the Line,
ay *Reader* give me leave to dine,
And pause here in the Middle;

he *Bridegroom* and the *Parson* knock,
'ith all the *Hymenal* Flock,
The *Plum-cake* and the *Fiddle*.

'hen as the Priest *Clarinda* sees,
: star'd as't had been half his Fees
To gaze upon her Face:

id if the Spirit did not move,
s Continence was far above
Each Sinner in the Place.

ith mickle Stir he joyn'd their Hands,
I hamper'd them in Marriage-Bands,
As fast as fast might be.

ere still methinks, methinks I hear
at secret Sigh in every Ear,
Once Love remember me!

ich done the Cook he knock'd amain,
l up the Dishes in a Train
Come smoaking two and two;

th that they wip'd their Mouths and sate,
e fell to quaffing, some to prate,
Ay marry and welcome too.

In Pray'rs they thus impall'd the Meat
Roger and *Marget*, and *Thomas* and *Kate*,
Rafe and *Besi*, *Andrew* and *Maudlin*,

And *Valentine* eke with *Sybill* so sweet,
Whose Cheeks on each side of her Snuffers did meet
As round and as plump as a Codlin:

When at the last they had fetched their Freeze,
And mired their Stomacks quite up to the Knees
In Claret for and Good Chear;

Then, then began the merry Din,
For as it were thought they were all'on the Pin,
O what kissing and clipping was there!

But as Luck would have it the *Parson* said Grace,
And to frisking and dancing they shuffled apace,
Each Lad took his Lass by the Fist,

And when he had squeez'd her, and gaum'd her until
The Fat of her Face ran down like a Mill,
He toll'd for the rest of the Grist.

In Sweat and in Dust having wasted the Day,
They enter'd upon the Last Act of the Play;
The Bride to her Bed was convey'd;

Where knee-deep each hand fell down to the Ground,
And in seeking the Garter much pleasure was found,
'Twould have made a Man's Arm have stray'd.

This Clutter o'er *Clarinda* lay
Half bedded, like the peeping Day
Behind *Olympus* Cap;

Whiles

Whiles at her Head each twitt'ring Girl
The fatal Stocking quick did whirl
To know the lucky Hap.

The Bridegroom in at laſt did ruſtle,
All *diſappointed* in the Buſtle,
The Maidens had ſhav'd his Breeches;

But let him not complain, 'tis well
In ſuch a Storm; I can you tell
He ſav'd his other Stitches.

And now he bounc'd into the Bed,
Even juſt as if a Man had ſed
Fair Lady have at all;
Where twiſted at the Hug they lay,
Like *Venus* and the ſprightly Boy,
O who would fear the Fall?

Thus both with Love's ſweet Tapers fired,
And thouſand balmy Kiſſes tyred,
They could not wait the Reſt;

But out the Folk and Candles fled,
And to't they went, but what they did,
There lies the Cream o'th' Jeſt.

The Myrtle-Grove.

JUſt as the reeling Sun came ſliding down
Among the *Moors*, and *Tethys* in a Gown
Of Sea-green Watchet ſetled to embrace
Her great *Apollo* from his circled Race,
And the ſtreak'd Heavens did themſelves digeſt
Into a larger *Iris*, to inveſt

And canopy th'illustrious lovely Pair
In a *Diaphanous* Robe of costly Air:
Clarinda rose amidst the *Myrtle-Grove*,
Like the *Queen-mother* of the Stars above.
But that *Clarinda*'s was no borrow'd *Light*;
Nor could it; where she was bedeem'd a Night.
Such was the Natural Glories she put on,
Thew ow'd no Being to Reflection.
While the inspir'd *Musicians* of the Wood,
Ravish'd at the new Day, powr'd out a Flood
Of quavering Melody in honyed Strains,
To court the glittering Deity of the Plains.
Those pretty flow'ry Beds of Sweets, that now
Had clos'd their Heads up in an Amber Dew
Of Tears, to mourn the drowsie Sun's Good Night,
Warm'd with a nobler Ardour sprung up-right,
And threw the Mantles of dull Sleep aside
In a display'd and Meritorious Pride,
To strew with rich Perfumes her balmy Way,
Which grew more Fragrant by her active Ray.
Thus sweetly woo'd *Clarinda* laid her down
On a curl'd Quilt of Roses, fondly grown
Proud of their own Oppression, whiles they may
Kiss the dear Burden which upon them lay.
Then skreen'd with Harmony, she stretch'd along
Upon her *Damask Couch*, where a bright Throng
Of *Graces* hover'd o'er the Firmament
Of her pure Orbs drawn to a full Extent.
Whiles a soft Gale of wanton Wind that blew
Did sport her willing Glories into view.
But I, poor dazled I, not daring here
T'attempt the Splendor of each naked Sphere,
Stood peeping through the *Optick* of the Shade,
Which to my Sight a kind Reflection made.

Her

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
And has [illegible] without [illegible]
Where has [illegible] in the [illegible]
Her Body like the [illegible] so white,
So black the [illegible] of Night,
So faint the [illegible]
That I no longer *[illegible]* could command,
But ſtraight [illegible] up the Sea
To the [illegible]
To paſs me through [illegible] Streights of [illegible]
Into the [illegible] *Mediterraneum*.
At laſt I plung'd into th' *[illegible]* [illegible]
Faſt claſp'd [illegible] *[illegible]* in her Arms;
Thoſe cloſer [illegible] of Love, where I partaked
Strong Hopes of Bliſs; but lo, O lo I waked!

To my honoured Friend Mr. T. C. that asked me how I liked his Mistress being an old Widdow.

BUt prethee first how long hast bin
Lost in this sad Estate of Sin?
That the mild Gout, or Pox, or worse
Serves not to expiate thy Curse?
Some Pestilence else may be thought upon,
And not such absolute Damnation.
Are Rocks and Halters grown so dear
That there's no perishing but here?
Do no *Committee* yet survive
Those cheaper *Gregories* of Men alive?
If thou wilt needs to Sea, O must it be
In an old *Gallias* of sixty three;
A Snail-crawl'd Bottom? A gray Bark
That stood at Font for *Noah's Ark*?
Whose wrinckled Poop in Figures furl'd
Describes her Travels round the World?
A *Nut* which when thou'st crack'd and fumbled o'er
Thou'lt find the *Squirrel* has been there before?
Then raise the Siege from falling on
That old dismantled Garrison.
Rash Lover speak what Pleasure hath
Thy *Spring* in such an *Aftermath*!
Who, were she to the best Advantage spread,
Is but the dull Husk of a Maiden-head.
How canst thou then delight the Sense
In Beauty's Preterperfect-tence?
And dote upon that Free-stone Face
Which wears but the Records of Grace?

Whose

Whose antick *Monast'ry* brags but a Chest
Of venerable *Reliques* at the best?
O can there such a Famine be
Of piping-hot Virginity,
That thou art forc'd to flur and cheat
Thy Stomach with the broken Meat?
Why he that woocs a Widdow does no more
Then court that *Quagmire* where one sunk before.
Fie, prize not then those *Arra: Loaves*,
Sullied and thumb'd like *Town-hall Books*!
I like thy Fancy well to have
Its Misery so near its Grave.
And 'tis a General Shift that most men use,
But yet 'tis tedious waiting Dead Men Shoes.
If 'twere thy Plot I do confess
For to make *Mummie* of her Grease,
Or swop her to the Paper Mill,
This were extracting good from ill.
But if thou wedst on any worse Condition,
Thou'lt prove *Delinquent* for thy *Superstition*.
But prethee hold, let me advise,
Perhaps thee's rich and seems a Prize,
New calk'd, new rigg'd, a stately Friggot;
But yet she's tap'd at lower Spiggot.
Yet if no Med'cine for thy Grief be found, (drown'd.
There's small odds *Tom* 'twixt being hang'd or

The Engagement stated.

BEgon *Expositor*: The *Text* is plain
No *Church*, no *Lord*, no *Law*, no *Soveraign*.
Away with Mental Reservations, and
Senses of Oaths in Files out-vy the *Strand*.

Here's Hell truſs'd in a Thimble, in a Breath,
Dares face the Hazard of the ſecond Death.
The Saints are grown *Laconians*, and can twiſt
Perjury up in Pills like *Leyden* griſt.
But hold, preciſe *Deponents*: Though the Heat
Of *Zeal* in *Cataracts* digeſts ſuch Meat,
My Cold Concoction ſhrinks, and my Advance
Drives ſlowly to approach your *Ordinance*.
The Sigh's in *Cancer*, and the *Zodiack* turns
Leonick, roll'd in Curls while *Terra* burns.
What though your Fancies are ſublim'd to reach
Thoſe fatal Reins? Succeſs and Will can teach
But raſh Divinity. A ſad Renown
Where one Man fell to ſee a Million drown.
When neither Arts nor Arms can ſerve to fight,
And wreſt a *Title* from its Law and Right,
Muſt Malice piece the *Trangum*? and make clear
The Scruple? Elſe we will reſolve to ſwear?
Nay out-ſwear all that we have ſworn before;
And make good leſſer Crimes by acting more
And more ſublime? This, this extends the Line
And ſhames the puny Soul of *Cataline*.
On this Account all thoſe whoſe Fortune's croſt
And want Eſtates, may turn *Knights* of the *Poſt*.
Vaux we out-vy'd thee, ſince thy Plot fell lame,
We found a cloſer *Cellar* for the ſame;
Piling the fatal Powder in our Mouths,
Which in an Oath diſcharg'd blew up the *Houſe*.
Maugre *Mounteagle*, Aſps not throughly ſlain,
Their Poiſon in an Age may live again.
Good *Demas* cuff your Bear, then let us ſee
The Myſtery of your Iniquity.
May a Man courſe a Cur? And freely box
The Queſtion? Or the formal Paradox?

But

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Women were made.

W[illegible]
[illegible]
Then might [illegible] Women must be [illegible]
[illegible] answer [illegible] what they were [illegible]
Women were made to help Men, [illegible]
Some into Sorrow, [illegible] Diseases [illegible],
Others do their [illegible] Husbands help to [illegible]
Their whole Estates, [illegible] answer they [illegible]
Some help men into more than they were [illegible]
To have (I mean) [illegible] Heat and Health

2.

Of what Woman was made.

Crooked-condition'd Nature made her, when
She form'd her of the crookedſt Parts in Men:
Nature firſt fram'd her of a Mans Rib, ſhe
Then can't chuſe but a croſs-grain'd Creature be.
And ever ſince (it may not be deny'd)
Poor Man hath Subject been t'a Stich i'th'ſide.
Yet ſome there are who in a grateful Mind,
Would ſoundly rib their Husbands, could they find
A good tough Cudgel, and make this their Anſwer,
They but reſtore what *Eve* ſtole from their Grandſire:
And 'tis a Reaſon too (as't hath been try'd)
A bad Wife ſits ſo cloſe to her Husbands ſide.

3.

What they committed ſo ſoon as they were made.

No ſooner made, but ſhe runs into all
Miſchief her ſelf, then cauſeth Man to fall:
And now that Judgment on their Sex is doubled,
They 'r with a two-fold Falling-Sickneſs troubled.

4.

To what they are now likened.

Women in Love and Luſt compared be
Unto a Pumice-Stone, for that we ſee
Is full of Holes; ſo they when once in Love
Moſt hollow-hearted to their Servants prove;
In Love they like it are, 'cauſe they diſſemble,
But when they luſt moſt, they it moſt reſemble.

Play

Play with a lustful Girl, and you shall see,
How like unto the Pumice-stone she'll be,
Which Way soe'er you do her troul,
You'll find against you still an open Hole.

Vituperium Uxoris : or the Wife-hater.

1.

HE that intends to take a Wife,
I'll tell him what a kind of Life
He must be sure to lead;
If thee's a young and tender Heart,
Not documented in Loves Art,
Much teaching she will need.

2.

For where there is no Path, one may
Be tir'd before he find the Way,
Nay, when he's at his Treasure;
The Gap perhaps will prove so straight,
That he for Entrance long may wait,
And make a Tool of's Pleasure.

3.

Or if one dit[illegible] and jaik her young,
He will the Chamber [illegible]
[illegible]
But if he [illegible] must [illegible]
Rape for't, [illegible]
[illegible]

4.

For [illegible]
They'l [illegible]
[illegible]

If any give their Pride a Fall,
Th'have learn'd a trick to bear withal
So you their Charges bear.

5.

Or if you chance to play your Game
With a dull, fat, groſs, heavy Dame,
Your Riches to encreaſe.
Alas! She will but jear you for't,
Bid you to find out better Sport,
Lie with a Pot of Greaſe.

6.

If Meager——be thy Delight,
She'll conquer in venereal Fight,
And waſte thee to the Bones.
Such kind of Girls, like to your Mill,
The more you give, more crave they will,
Or elſe they'll grind the Stones.

7.

If black, 'tis odds ſhe's div'liſh proud,
If ſhort, Xantippe like, too loud,
If long, ſhe'll lazie be;
Fooliſh (the Proverb ſays) if fair,
If wiſe and comely, Danger's there,
Leſt ſhe do cuckold thee.

8.

If ſhe bring ſtore of Money, ſuch
Are like to domineer too much,
Prove Mrs, no good Wife;
And when they cannot keep you under,
They'll fill the Houſe with ſcolding Thunder,
What Worſe than ſuch a Life?

9. But

9.

But if her Dowry only be
Beauty, farewell Felicity,
Thy Fortunes cast away:
Thou must be sure to satisfie her
In Belly, and in back-desire,
Thy labour Night and Day.

10.

And rather than her Pride give over,
She'll turn perhaps a Bawd or Whore,
And then thou shalt be,
While left like Affrica thou shalt weep,
To think thou forest and sleep,
And sadly curse thee.

11.

If being Noble thou shalt wed
A servile Creature mealy bred,
Thy Family it defaces;
If being mean, one nobly born,
She'll swear to exalt a Courtlike Horn,
Thy low Descent it Graces.

12.

If one Tongue be too much for any,
Then he who takes a Wife with many,
Knows not what may betide him;
She whom he did for Learning honour,
To scold by Book will take upon her,
Rhetorically chide him.

13.

If both her Parents living are,
To please them you must take great care,
Or spoil your future Fortune;
But

But if departed th'are this Life,
You must be parent to your Wife,
And Father all, be certain.

14.

If bravely drest, fair-fac'd and witty,
Shee'll oft be gadding to the City,
Nor can you say her nay.
She'll tell you (if you her deny)
Since Women have Terms she knows not why,
But they still keep them may.

15.

If you make choice of Country Ware,
Of being Cuckold, there's less Fear,
But stupid Honesty
May teach her how to sleep all Night,
And take a great deal more Delight,
To milk the Cows than thee.

16.

Concoction makes their Blood agree
Too near, where's Consanguinity;
Then let no Kin be chosen.
He loseth once Part of his Treasure,
Who thus confineth all his Pleasure,
To th'Arms of a first Cozen.

17.

He'll never have her at Command,
Who takes a Wife at second Hand,
Then chuse no widdow'd Mother:
The first Cut of that Bit you love,
If others had, why main't you prove
But Taster to another?

18. Besides

18.

Besides, if she bring Children many,
'Tis like by thee she'll not have any,
But prove a barren Doe;
Or if by them, she ne'er had one,
By thee 'tis likely she'll have none,
Whilst thou for Weak-back goe.

19.

For there where other Gard'ners have been sowing
Their Seed, but ne'er could find it growing,
You must expect so too;
And where the *Terra incognita*
'So'er plow'd, you must it fallow lay,
And still for Weak-back go.

20.

Then trust not to a Maiden Face,
Nor Confidence in Widdows place,
Those weaker Vessels may
Spring-leak, or split against a Rock,
And when your Fames wrapt in a Smock,
'Tis easily cast away.

21.

Yet be she fair, foul, short, or tall,
You for a time may love them all,
Call them your Soul, your Life,
And one by one them undermine,
As Courtizan, or Concubine,
But never as married Wife.

He who considers this, may end the Strife,
Confess no Trouble like unto a Wife.

To Prince Rupert.

O that I could but vote my ſelf a Poet!
Or had the Legiſlative knack to do it!
Or, like the Doctors Militant, could get
Dub'd at Adventures Verſer Banneret!
Or had I *Cacus* Trick to make my Rhimes
Their own Antipodes; and track the Times:
Faces about, ſays the *Remonſtrant* Spirit;
Allegiance is Malignant, Treaſon Merit:
Huttington-colt, that pos'd the Sage Recorder,
Might be a Sturgeon now, and paſs by Order:
Had I but *Elſing*'s Gift (that ſplay-mouth'd Brother)
That declares one way, and yet means another:
Could I but write a-ſquint; then (Sir) long ſince
You had been ſung, *A Great and Glorious Prince.*
I had obſerv'd the Language of the Days;
Blaſphem'd you; and then Periwigg'd the Phraſe
With Humble Service, and ſuch other Fuſtian,
Bells which ring backward in this great Combuſtion.
I had revil'd you; and without Offence,
The Literal, and *Equitable Sence*
Would make it good: When all fails, that will do't:
Sure that Diſtinction cleft the Devil's Foot.
This were my Dialect, would your Highneſs pleaſe
To read me but with Hebrew Spectacles;
Interpret Counter, what is Croſs rehears'd:
Libells are Commendations, when revers'd.
Juſt as an Optick Glaſs contracts the Sight
At one end, but when turn'd doth multip'y't.
But you're enchanted, Sir; you're doubly free
From the great Guns, and ſquibbing Poetry:

Whom

Whom neither Bilbo, nor Invention pierces,
Proof even 'gainst th'Artillery of Verses.
Strange! That the Muses cannot wound your Mail,
If not their Art, yet let their Sex prevail.
At that known Leaguer, where the *Bonny Besses*
Supplyed the Bow-strings with their twisted tresses,
Your Spells could ne'er have senc'd you; every Arrow
Had launc'd your noble Breast, & drunk the Marrow:
For beauty, like white Powder makes no Noise;
And yet the silent Hypocrite destroys.
Then use the Nuns of *Helicon* with pity,
Lest *Wharton* tell his Gossips of the City,
That you kill Women too, nay Maids; and such
Their *General* wants *Militia* to touch.
Impotent *Essex*! Is it not a Shame
Our Common-wealth like to a *Turkish Dame*,
Should have an *Eunuch*-Guardian? May she be
Ravish'd by *Charles*, rather than sav'd by thee.
But why, my Muse, like a Green-Sickness Girl,
Feed'st thou on Coals and dirt? a Gelding-Earl
Gives no more Relish to thy Female Palate,
Then to that Ass did once the Thistle Sallate.
Then quit the barren Theme; and all at once
Thou and thy Sisters like bright *Amazons*,
Give *RUPERT* an Alarum, *RUPERT!* One
Whose Name is Wits Superfætation.
Makes Fancy, like Eternity's round Womb,
Unite all Valour; present, past, to come.
He, who the old Philosophy controuls,
That voted down Plurality of Souls.
He breaths a grand Committee; all that were
The Wonders of their Age, constellate here.
And as the Elder Sisters, Growth and Sence
(his paramount themselves) in Man commence

 But

But Faculties of Reasons Queen; no more
Are they to him, who were compleat before.
Ingredients of his Vertue thread the Beads
Of *Cæsar*'s Acts, great *Pompey*'s and the Sweeds:
And 'tis a Bracelet fit for *Rupert*'s Hand,
By which that vast *Triumvirate* is span'd.
Here, here is Palmestry; here you may read
How long the world shall live, and when't shall bleed.
Whatever Man winds up, that *RUPERT* hath:
For Nature rais'd him of the *Publick Faith*,
Pandora's Brother, to make up whose Store,
The Gods were fain to run upon the Score.
Such was the Painters Brieve for *Venus* Face;
Item an Eye from *Jane*, a Lip from *Grace*.
Let *Isaac* and his Cit'z' flea off the Plate
That tips their Antlets for the Calf of State;
Let the Zeal-twangling Nose, that wants a Ridge,
Snuffling devoutly, drop his Silver Bridge:
Yes, and the Gossips Spoon augment the Summ,
Although poor *Caleb* lose his Christendom:
Rupert out weighs that in his Sterling-self,
Which their Self-wants pays in commuting Pelf.
Pardon, great Sir; for that Ignoble Crew
Gains, when made bankrupt, in the Scales with you.
As he, who in his Character of Light
Stil'd it *Gods Shadow*, made it far more bright,
By an Eclipse so glorious; (Light is dim,
And a black Nothing, when compar'd to him)
So 'tis Illustrious to be *Ruperts* Foil,
And a just Trophey to be made his Spoil.
I'll pin my Faith on the *Diurnals* Sleeve
Hereafter, and the *Guild-Hall Creed* believe:
The Conquests which the Common-Council hears,
With their wide list'ning Mouths from the great
Peers,

That

That run away in Triumph: Such a Foe
Can make them Victors in their Overthrow.
Where Providence and Valour meet in one,
Courage so pois'd with Circumspectata,
That he revives the Quarrel once again
Of the Souls Throne, whether in Heart or Brain;
And leaves it a drawn Match: Whose Fervour can
Hatch him, whom Nature poach'd but half a Man.
His Trumpet, like the Angel's at the last,
Makes the Soul rise by a miraculous Blast.
'Twas the Mount *Athos* carv'd in Shape of Man
(As 't was desir'd by th' *Macedonian*)
Whose right Hand should a populous Land contain,
The left should be a Channel to the Main:
His Spirit might inform th'Amphibious Figure;
Yet straight-lac'd Sweats for a Dominion bigger:
The Terror of whose Name can out of seven,
(Like *Falstaffe*'s Backram men) may fly eleven.
Thus some grow rich by breaking; Vipers thus
By being slain are made more numerous.
No wonder they'l confess, no Loss of Men;
For *Rupert* knocks 'em til they gig agen.
They fear the Giblets of his Train, they fear
Even his Dog, that four-legg'd *Cavalier*:
He that devours the Scraps, which *Lunsford* makes,
Whose Picture feeds upon a Child in Stakes:
Who name but *Charles*, he comes aloft for him,
But holds up his Malignant Leg at *Pym*.
'Gainst whom they've several Articles in Souse;
First, that he barks against the *Sense* o'th'House.
Resolv'd Delinquent, to the Tower straight;
Either to th'Lyons, or the Bishop's Grate.'
Next, for his Ceremonious Wag o'th'Tail:
But there the Sisterhood will be his Bail,

At least the Countess will, *Lust's Amsterdam*,
That lets in all Religious of the Game.
Thirdly, he smells Intelligence, that's better,
And cheaper too, then *Pym*'s from his own Letter:
Who's doubly pay'd (Fortune or we the blinder?)
For making Plots, and then for Fox the Finder.
Lastly, he is a Devil without doubt;
For when he would lie down, he wheels about;
Makes Circles, and is couchant in a Ring;
And therefore score up one for conjuring. (Quarter!
What canst thou say, thou Wretch? O Quarter,
I'm but an Instrument, a meer St. *Arthur*.
If I must hang, O let not our Fates vary,
Whose Office 'tis alike to fetch, and carry.
No hopes of a Reprieve, the Mutinous Stir
That strung the Jesuit will dispatch a Cur.
Were I a Devil as the Rebel fears,
I see the House would try me by my Peers.
There *Jowler*, there! Ah *Jowler*? 'st? 'tis nought
Whate'er the Accusers cry, they're at a Fault;
And *Glyn*, and *Maynard* have no more to say,
Then when the Glorious *Strafford* stood at Bay.
Thus Labells but annex'd to him we see,
Enjoy a Copy-hold of Victory.
St. *Peters* Shadow heal'd, *Ruperts* is such,
'Twould find St. *Peters* Work, yet wound as much.
He gags their Guns, defeats there dire Intent,
The Canons do but lisp and Complement.
Sure *Jove* descended in a leaden Shower
To get this *Perseus*: Hence the fatal Power
Of Shot is strangled: Bullets thus allied,
Fear to commit an Act of Parricide.
Go on brave Prince, and make the World confess
Thou art the greater World, and that the less.

Scatter

Scatter th'accumulative King; untruſs
That five-fold Fiend, the States *SMECTYMNUUS*;
Who place Religion in their Vellum-ears;
As in their Phylacters the Jews did theirs.
England's a Paradiſe, (and a modeſt Word)
Since guarded by a Cherub's flaming Sword.
Your Name can ſcare an Athieſt to his Prayers;
And cure the Chin-cough better then the Bears.
Old *Sybil* charms the Tooth-ake with you: Nurſe
Makes you ſtill Children, nay and the pond'rous curſe
The Clowns ſalute with, is deriv'd from you;
(*Now RUPERT take thee, Rogue; how doſt thou do?*)
In fine, the Name of *Rupert* thunders ſo,
Kimbulton's but a rumbling Wheel-barrow.

An Elegy upon Mr. John Cleveland.

PRime Wits are prun'd the Firſt; this may appear
By that high-valued Piece interred here;
Whoſe Laureat Genius rapt with Sacred Skill
Prov'd his Extraction from *Pernaſſus* Hill;
Whoſe Fame, like *Pallas* Flame, ſhone in each Clime,
Crowning his Fancy royally Divine.
Rich in Elixar'd Meaſures, and in all
That could breath Senſe in Airs Emphatical.
Pure Love his Native Influence; A Lot
Given him from Heav'n; No People ſave the *Scot*
But did affect him:——Theſe had lov'd Him too,
Had he ſchool'd *Baſeneſs* with a ſmoother Brow;
But his refined Temper ſcorn'd t'ingage
His *Pen* to Time, or Humour any Age.
Compleat in all that might true Honour gain
Only an Enemy to *Withers* Strain:

Holding it still the Prodigy of Time
To Canonize a Poet for a Rhyme.
Free in Fruition of himself: Content,
In what dis-relish'd Servile Sp'rits, *Restraint.*
Now some will say, His *Volume* was too small,
To rear an *Hermian* Arch or Escural,
To his dilated Fame:——O do not put
These frivolous Objections! *Homers* Nut
Inclos'd a *living Iliad.* 'Tis not much
Perpetuates our Memory, but such
As can act Wonders: And apply a Cure
To States surprized with a Calenture?
And with their Quill, beyond all Chymick Art,
Purge the Corruptions of a State-sick Heart
By *rare Phlebotomy*:——This Art was His,
Which made his Name so precious as it is.
Such was the Practice of a *Golden Time*
To spare the Person, *but to taxe the* Crime.
Age is not summ'd by *Years* but *Hours*; as *Times*,
So *Works* are ballanc'd not by *Leaf* but *Lines.*
Clitus affirm'd, and bound it with an Oath,
That *Celsus* Poems were meer Food for th'Moth.
And for those *Manuscrips* which *Mevius* writ,
They might be styl'd the Surquedry of Wit.
Look home; and weigh the *Fancies* of these Days
And you'l conclude, they merit equal Praise.
A Title or a Frontispiece in Plate.
Drawn from a Person of Desertless State,
Lures Legions of Admirers.——Wits must want
That holds a Distance with the Sycophant.
Timists be only Thrivers: But a Brain
That's freely Generous scorns Servile Gain.
Such was this pure *Pernassian*, whose clear Nature
To gain a World could never brook to *flatter.*

Poize

Poize this *Impanelled*; and you will find
A Mine of Treasures in a Mischief's Mind.
"No more! The Name of *Cleveland* speaks to me
"A living Annal, dying Elegy.

Upon the painful Elegy writ lately on him; modestly taxed and freely vindicated, by the candid Censure of an indeared Brother.

S*Ince thy Remove from Earth, there came to me,*
A Funeral Elegy addrest to thee:
Elegiacks made gracious by thy Name,
But too short-lung'd *to parallel thy Fame.*
Laurel *and* Bays *were the Subjects of his Pen,*
Whose muddy Muse deserved none of them.
A sublimated Style bereft of Sense,
Is like a Brain-strapt Justice *on a Bench,*
Whose Tones are Thunder, Fury and Command,
But in a Dialect *none understand.*
Thy Native Fancy was no Lucian *Dream,*
Deriv'd from th'Chrystal Rills of Hypocrene:
Thy free-born Genius *did it self express*
In Phidias *Colours without foreign Dress.*
Much like the Damask Rose *but newly blown,*
And blusheth in no tincture but her own.
Such was thy Posie; *which th'*Albion State
May envy or admire, scarce imitate.
In purest Odes Bards should thy *Loss bemoan,*
And in surviving Measures, or in none.
For these who want Art to Imbellish Worth,
Wrong them whom they endeavour to set forth.

" Sic perit Ingenium, Genii ni pignora vitam
" Perpetuam statuant, & Monumenta struant.
" Aurea sic docilem coluerunt Secula vatem,
" Ordine *Pieridum* commemorando parem.

Auson.

An Elegy in Memory of Mr. John Cleveland.

SOon as a Verse with Feet as swift as Thought,
The Stabbing News of *Cleveland*'s Death had (brought
To sad *Parnassus*, the distracted Nine
First in a dismal Shriek their Voices joyn:
Which the forkt-*Hill* did eccho twice, and then
Each Eye seem'd chang'd into an *Hippocrene*;
As if like *Niobe* 'twere their Intent
To weep themselves into his *Monument*:
Nor did their Grief exceed their Loss; his Quill
More Love and Honour gain'd to th'*Muses* Skill.
Then all those *Modern Factions* of Wit,
Such as 'gainst *Gondibert*, or for him writ;
And such, whom their *Rhymes* so much do affect
To be esteem'd o'th'*Court* or *Colledge Sect*;
Whose Lines with *Clevelands*, such Proportion hold,
As the *New-Court*, and *Colledges*, with th'Old:
How lofty was his Strain, yet clear and even,
The *Center* of's *Conceptions* was *Heaven*:
'Twas not his *Muses* toyl, but ease to soar,
He writ so high, 'cause he could write no lower;
And though the *World* in *English Poetry*,
No *Monarch* knew so absolute as *He*;

Yet

Yet did he ne'er *Envie* the *Naives*; nor
Made *Foreign Mines* unto his *Mine* bring Our.
He, his own *Treasure* was; and as no Quill
Was Guide to his, so shall his *Verse* be still
Un-imitated by the best; and free
From meaner *Poets Pery-larcency*:
That *Plagiary* that can Each but one
Conceipt from *Him*, and keep the *Theft* unknown,
At Noon from *Pindar*, may by the same Sleight
Steal *Beams* and make'em pass for his own *Light*.

W. W.

An Elegy, offered to the Memory of that Incomparable Son of Apollo, *Mr.* John Gleveland.

GRief the Souls Sables, in my Bosom lies
A true Close-mourner at thy Obsequies, (ran
Whilst Tears in Floods from my o'er-charg'd Eyes
With Grief to drown the little World of man.
He that survives this Loss, may justly say,
His Soul doth Pennance in a Sheet of Clay;
And rather welcome Death, than patient sit
To solemnize the Funeral of Wit.
The Painter *Agamemnon's* Face did screen,
Drawing the Sacrifice of *Iphygene*,
To shew his grieved Looks as well as Heart,
Did far transcend the humble reach of Art;
So when all's said, that can be said, we find
There's nothing said, to what he left behind.
But his all searching Soul scorning to be
Confin'd to th'limits of Mortality;

Shook

Shook off its clog of Flesh, that pond'rous Mass,
His Spirit freer than his Country was;
For Fate his Life might circumscribe and bound,
But in his Circle Wit, no end is found.
His Wit, Oh Miracle! (For who is he
Dares name his Wit without an Extasie?)
That Wit which was to several Tenants let,
In him as in their proper Landlord met;
For what in other petty Sparks was found,
In him's contracted as one Diamond:
His Rays ne'er darkned, but with Lustre wun,
He with his Eagle-eyes out-star'd the Sun:
He was a Fountain, whose pure Stream did grow
Unbounded, never us'd to ebb, but flow,
As ever new, still streaming fresh Delights,
And never so low drawn, as to run Whites;
For in Discourse his Wit did never rest,
When others were aground with one dry Jest:
Nor did his meagre Looks proclaim that he
Did pine in study for his Poetry,
Like such pale Apparition's Ghost-like Elves,
That fatten Paper, and yet starve themselves,
Whose *Pireskean* Pictures seem to be
Diseas'd, with time decay'd Antiquity;
Though for his strongest Lines in Verse and Prose
He travell'd hard, yet he no Flesh did lose:
In others what comparatively's found,
In him superlatively did abound:
No Vice the Anger of his Pen could slip,
Who did whole Nations to Repentance whip.
His honest Soul in Consultation sate,
Unmasking Vices, both of Church and State.
It was not Power, but Justice made him write,
No Ends could *May-like*, turn him Parasite.

The

The Cause by Candles-end he did not rate,
When others Pens did Truth assassinate:
By danger heightned, and made nobly fierce,
Nor was his Prose less biting than his Verse.
His Rebel *Scot*, was not a smarter Satyr,
Than his Diurnal, and Diurnal-maker:
He made the Devil blacker; dreſt in white,
Proving the Zealot the worſt Hypocrite;
Pulling the Vail from the Reformers Face,
He left the Rebel to ſupply his place.
He that affirm'd ('gainſt Senſe) Snow Black to be
Might prove it by this Amphybology:
Things are not what they ſeem, we may ſuppreſs
Some Crimes, and raiſe the Devils Holineſs.
The Presbyterian he did un-neſt,
With the whole Kennel o'th'two-footed Beaſt,
Fed with the Biſhops and the Clergies Blood,
Right *Canabals* that made the Church their Food.
The Senate *Sir Johns* Appetite did prove,
And paid him part of his Arrears in *Love*.
The barbarous Scots are ſtigmatiz'd by him,
For their Rebellion, our Apoſtate *Pim*;
Nay, the juſt Fury of his Pen had thrown
The Nation too into Oblivion,
Had not the fam'd *Montroſs* puts Anger by,
Rais'd th'*Highlands* higher in their Loyalty;
And *Rupertiſſimus*, conſecrated Wars,
By giving *Smec* ſo many hideous Scars.

J. M.

An Elegy on Mr. Cleveland, *and his Verses on* Smectymnuus.

POor Dablers all bemir'd, that ſpur their Lank
Pegaſus, from Shoulder to the Flank,
When Weather-beaten in a Shower of Sack,
Jogg ſtill as things bejaded ride in black,
Who t'reach the Muſes Seat, laſh and put on,
But fall ſhort, and draw Bit at *Trumpington*:
See with what Pangs they labour, and produce
A ſtill-born Poem, and then hug their Muſe.
Others like Chymiſts thrive, who fain would win
By Force what God and Nature ne'er put in,
Yet theſe bear Name and Voice: The ſmalleſt Boat
Appears if in the narrow *Thames* it float,
But vaniſheth away in the vaſt Main,
Which was before the Rivers Soveraign:
Such was the Fate of my weak Streams, that ran
To drown themſelves in th'unbound Ocean,
And loſe their Name in His, to whom the Nine
Bow down, and render up their Sacred Shrine.
We poor Retainers angle for a thin
Fancy, his like a Drag-Net ſweeps all in;
And as Gold-drivers that makes Spangles rare,
Do beat the yielding Metal into Air:
As Generals in War their Strength contrive,
To make three Troops of Men ſeem more than five;
We practice frugal Wit, and play't at length,
In fleek and ſmoother Numbers without Strength.
His like the ſwift ſure Ship is firmly built,
Of deepeſt Bottom, and moſt ſtately gilt,
If Number wants there, as in ruins, th'Face
Though rough betrays the Treaſure of the place.

We

We ſtrugling, Words into their Fetters frame,
As Printers uſe to fit and joyn the ſame.
His large Commands have all in Power to chuſe,
And 'tis the greateſt Labour to refuſe:
We ſeldom ſhoot to make ſome Glimpſe of Day,
His thick as *Atomes* in the Sun-ſhine play;
And therefore (Sir) juſt is the Accuſation
You're charg'd with, this ſtrong Accumulation
Subverts the Fundamentals, 'tis your Crime
T' upbraid the State-Poeticks of this time
With Wit ſo inſolent, though *Phœbus* be
The Pleader, our Notes ne'er ſhall ſet you free,
For *Smec* 'tis ſure the Conqueſt all is mine.
See how the Vipers through the Amber ſhine,
And bravely carv'd, as Indians joy to ſee
Themſelves ſo cut, although in Imag'ry.
And tell me when *Domitian* ſlew the Fly,
Did he deſerve the Laurel Victory?
Had brawny *Hercules* the *Hydra* ſlain,
So much beneath his Strength, wer't not a Stain
To all his former Labours, and a Brand,
Such as to melt with Diſtaff in his Hand?
'Twas *Smec*'s Ambition (Sir) thus to ſtand high,
And be conſpicuous, though o'th' Pillory.
Then as you love Religion ſurceaſe,
For now the Knaves begin themſelves to pleaſe.
Since they'r vouchſaf'd the Pen, the monſtrous Fry
Like Serpents with fair Speckles ſtrike the Eye.
I've ſeen a Toad by curious Art ſo dreſt,
Ladies have hugg'd the Venom in their Breaſt:
Forbear hereafter, *Vice*, to paint ſo well,
Such Draughts may hap t'enlarge the Pow'r of Hell.
Since writ by *Ben*, inſpir'd by luſty Wine,
We love *Sejanus* and bold *Cataline*.

The

The Elegy made upon Mr. John Cleveland's *Death cry'd i'th' Streets, he being then in a good Disposition of Health.*

HE whom the *Muses* have forbid to dye
Durst *Ignorance* (Arts Enemy) bely,
To rhyme him dead? She as well might say,
That he like other Men was common Clay;
Or that his Soul had nothing in it higher,
Than poor *Prometheus* Poets, meer stol'n Fire.
But when His shall disrobe it self, it shall be sed,
He's gone to sleep alone in *Fames* high Bed,
B'ing both the Nations, and the Muses Wonder,
Where all Poeticks else may truckle under;
For 'tis impossible Him to entomb,
For whose Fam'd-Name all *Brittains* Isles want room.

J. Parry.

News from Newcastle: *Or,* Newcastle *Coal-pit.*

E*Nglands* a perfect World, hath *Indies* too,
Correct your Maps, *Newcastle* is *Peru*!
Let the Haughty Spaniard triumph till 'tis told,
Our sooty Minerals purifie his Gold:
This will sublime, and hatch the abortive Oar,
When the Sun tires, and Stars can do no more.
No Mines are currant, unrefin'd and gross,
Coals make the Sterling, Nature but the Dross.
For Mettals, *Bacchus* like, two Births approve,
Heaven heats the *Semele*, and ours the *Jove*.

Thus

Thus Art doth polish Nature, 'tis the Trade,
o every Madam, hath her Chamber-maid.
Who'd dote on Gold, a thing so strange and odd,
'Tis most contemptible when made a God.
All Sin and Mischief hence have rise and swell,
One *India* more would make another Hell.
Our Mines are Innocent, nor will the North
Tempt poor Mortality with too much Worth:
They'r not so precious, rich enough to fire
A Lover, yet make none Idolater.
The moderate Value of our guiltless Oar,
Makes no Man Atheist, nor no Woman Whore.
Yet why should hallow'd Vestals sacred Shrine,
Deserve more Honour than a flaming Mine?
These pregnant Wombs of Heat would fitter be
Than a few Embers for a Deity.
Had he our *Pits*, the *Persian* would admire
No Sun, but warm's Devotion at our Fire:
He'd leave the trotting Whipster, and prefer
Our profound *Vulcan* 'bove that *Wagoner*.
For wants he heat? Or Light or would have Store
Or both? 'Tis here: And what can Suns give more?
Nay, what's the Sun, but in a different Name,
A *Coal-pit rampant*, or a Mine on Flame?
Then let this Truth reciprocally run,
The Sun's Heaven's Coalery, and Coals our Sun:
A Sun that scorcheth not, lockt up i'th'Deep,
The Lyons chain'd, the Bandog is asleep.
That Tyrant *Fire*, which uncontroul'd doth rage
Here's calm and husht, like *Bajazet* i'th'Cage;
For in each *Coal-pit* there doth couchant dwell,
A muzzled *Ætna*, or an innocent *Hell*.
Kindle the Cloud, you'll Lightning then descry,
Then will a Day break from the gloomy Sky:

Then

Then you'll unbottom, though *December* blow,
And ſweat i'th'midſt of Iſicles and Snow;
The Dog-days then at *Chriſtmas*. Thus is all
The Year made *June*, and Equinoctial.
If Heat offends, our *Pits* affords us Shade:
Thus Summer's Winter, Winter's Summer made.
What need we baths? What need we bower, or grove?
A *Coal-pit's* both a Ventiduct and Stove.
Such Pits and Caves were Palaces of old,
Poor Inns (God wot) yet in an Age of Gold;
And what would now be thought a ſtrange Deſign,
To build a Houſe was then to undermine:
People liv'd under Ground, and happy Dwellers,
Whoſe jovial Habitations were all Cellars:
Theſe primitive Times were Innocent, for then
Man who turn'd after Fox, made but his Den.
But ſee a Fleet of Vitals trim and fine,
To court the rich *Infanta* of our Mine,
Hundreds of Grim *Leanders* do confront,
For this lov'd *Hero*, the loud Helleſpont.
'Tis an Armado Royal doth engage
For ſome new *Hellen*, with this Equipage:
Prepared too, ſhould we their Addreſſes bar,
To force this Miſtreſs with a ten years War;
But that our Mine's a common Good, a Joy,
Made not to ruin, but enrich our *Troy*.
But oh! Theſe bring it with them, and conſpire
To pawn that Idol for our Smoke and Fire.
Silver's but Ballaſt, this they bring on Shore,
That they may treaſure up our better Oar:
For this they venture Rocks and Storms, defie
All the Extremity of Sea and Sky.
For the glad Purchaſe of this precious Mold,
Towards dare Pyrats, Miſers part with Gold;

Hence

[illegible] when the [illegible] Ship sets forth,
[illegible] Nerine [illegible] North,
[illegible] Nature's [illegible] Wonder to [illegible]
[illegible] Warm [illegible] East and West
[illegible] Not only Fire commences this Spring,
[illegible] is a Mine of every thing
[illegible] a Jack of all Trades, Dry and [illegible],
[illegible] Birds, in Exchange [illegible] Ground,
[illegible] Fire [illegible] to [illegible] Bark.
[illegible] Sun, now comes to Flame,
[illegible] a Metamorphosis more [illegible],
[illegible] Beer:
[illegible] Coy [illegible],
[illegible] Coals.
[illegible] Chamber, and [illegible]
[illegible] Hall, and Mart's [illegible] Tower.
[illegible] Streets [illegible] derade,
[illegible] Chimney-[illegible],
[illegible] our Chimney and Fire,
[illegible] undermine and fire the City.
[illegible] we exact, they'd pawn their Wives and treat,
[illegible] those Coolers, for our Soveraign Heat.
[illegible] Kisses and Embraces Fire contrains,
[illegible] he burns like a Peck of Coals.
[illegible] was the Drug of some old Sire,
[illegible] Æsons Bath a lusty Sea-coal Fire.
[illegible] are old Men's Mistresses, their Inns,
[illegible] Dalliance with their mealed Shins.
[illegible] Defects a Coal-heap gives a Cure,
[illegible] Youth to Age and Raiment to the Poor.
[illegible] first wore Cloths, Nature disdains Attire,
[illegible] made us Naked, 'cause she gave us Fire.
[illegible] Wharfs are Wardrobes, and the Taylors Charm
[illegible] to th'Collier, he must keep us warm.

The Quilted Alderman in all's Array,
Finds but cold Comfort in a frosty Day;
Girt, wrapt, and muffled, yet with all this Stir,
Scarce warm, when smother'd in his drowsie Fur:
Not Proof against keen Winters Batteries,
Should he himself wear all's own Liveries,
But Chilblain under silver Spurs bewails,
And in embroidered Buck-skins blows his Nails.
Rich Meadows and full Crops are elsewhere found,
We can reap Harvest from our barren Ground.
The bald parcht Hills that circumscribe our *Tine*,
Are no less pregnant in their hungry Mine.
Their unfledg'd Tops so well content our Pallats,
We envy none their Nose-gays and their Sallats.
A gay rank Soil like a Young Gallant grows,
And spends it self that it may wear fine Cloths,
Whilst all its Worth is to its Back confin'd,
Our Wear's plain Out-side, but is richly lin'd.
Winters above, 'tis Summer underneath,
A trusty Morglay in a rusty Sheath.
As precious Sables sometimes interlace
A wretched Serge or Grogane Cassock Case;
Rocks own no Spring, are pregnant with no Show'rs,
Chrystals and Gems are there instead of Flowers.
Instead of Roses, Beds of Rubies sweet,
And Emeraulds recompence the Violet.
Dame Nature, not like other Madams, wears
(Where she is bare) Pearls in her Breasts and Ears.
What though our Fields present a naked Sight,
A Paradise should be an Adamite?
The Northern Lad his bonny Lass throws down,
And gives her a black Bag for a green Gown.

On the Inundation of the River Trent: *The Scene* Mascham *and* Holm, *two opposite Villages on the River side near* Newark.

When Heirs and Widows hoard up fresh (supplies,
Bottle up Tears wrung from St. *Swithins* (Eyes,
And the Hydropick Planets empty all
Their *Experiments* into their Urinal,
With Levies of Auxilliaries, sent
From lesser Rivers to rendezvouz in *Trent*:
It makes an Insurrection, and to pillage,
Quarters its Rebel-Forces in each Village.
All objects, the Inundation spreads so far,
(Like the Eye) but aggregates of Waters are.
In this *Deucalion*-Wrack let me intreat
Parnassus for to be my *Ararat*,
And pump a while before the Flood be gone,
What? So much Water, and no *Helicon?*
Swans sing and dye, so Poets Floods inspire,
These glib *Hydri-clicks*, Water is their Fire.
Come Neighbours, let's condole what will betide us,
Mascham and *Holm*, or *Cestus* and *Abidos*,
The jealous River now no more will pander,
Between our *Heroes* and the lov'd *Leander*.
Help! *Xerxes*! Help! Now *Hellespont* disdains
Its Fetters; see, it's loose, and we in Chains,
Took Prisoners, and our Durance such will be,
When Land appears, a Goal-delivery.
Newgate or *Woodstreet*'s not a closer Stay,
Rocks but immure them there, and us the Sea.
And what's the Difference pray? Resolve us what
Betwixt a Counter——and a Water-Rat?

We must confess confin'd to Boats and Waves.
There's No Captivity to Gally-Slaves.
And though we hear no Storms nor Billows roar,
We cannot stir unless we tugg at Oar.
Our Scene's translated, Fate will have it so,
We live in *Venice* now or *Mexico*.
Or *Amsterdam*, our Parlors so in pickle,
Enough to make those in't a Conventicle.
Petty wrackt Strangers, tost we know not whither:
Holm! *Holm* in *England*! Oh Sirs shew us thither.
Yet sure 'tis *England* still, no other Nation
Can shew so much Land under Sequestration.
All's swallow'd up and drown'd, our Fifths, and all,
Something sweeps worse than *Habberdashers-Hall*.
A guilty Tap-house feels the Floods Assault,
(Murder will out) and it had drown'd much Mault,
Must now it self be duckt by this just Tide,
Because it stood so nigh the Water-side.
See the tenth Wave into the House is tost,
And dubs a Captain Otter of mine Host,
Who with a File of bowzing Comrades there,
Resolve still not to leave their *Dover* Peer:
Thus fixt, they drink until their Noses shine,
A Constellation in this Watry Sign,
Which they *Aquarius* call; for by Degrees
Each Man perceives himself took up to th'Knees,
Yet still they and the Flood do Brimmers vye,
At last it sobs, and thus they drink him dry:
But these the spongy Leeches of the Town,
Amphibious were, good Drinkers cannot drown:
We puny Dablers are as ill beset,
We whose unliquor'd Hides will turn no wet,
The Floods a Tenant too, until't retreats,
Great Rooms are Oceans, and the lesser Streights.

Tongues

gues are confounded in a various Style,
Computation runs in an League, nor Mile
from the Earth distant, in than charge,
n (ourselves out, will make a Voyage Some.
y go meant their Dwellings, and embark;
ies are Ships, and *Neptune's* a *Noah's* Ark.
Cook mistakes its boiling Sentences
Sound, and in takes himself in his Fees.
e stock for Limps and Kickers, neat's Spouse
then the Farmers of the Custom-house;
Bellows as the mother grow
Sir Jon Pimple, *Tom*, *Dick*, *more Shee*.
then are Sweets, for the wide Man wears,
er they strike in their *Elbs*, wax in's Ears,
the Face is yet genuine in this Flood,
force the *Water* and retain the Mud.
indigestible Scum is so increase,
ner *Floor* will not make an clean Beast,
fill their Scene and their Complexion's right,
e them but where they paint the Devil white)
Townsmen, force of Floods, they must turn
Diggers,
change their Religion too, and so turn Diggers.
r they design, and so small Doubts propound,
e lay the *Meadows* swim, some say they
ound;
'tis only need whether yea or no,
y are Ground Chambers fill that overflow.
Hay is gone, and some the Question start,
it could be fetch'd away without a Cart?
these submit to the rest of Learned Term,
o strong it conclude, it went away with Stream.
ft it is observ'd by all the Sages,
o e'er set it on Work, they pay the Wages:

One Hotſpur ſtorms and ſwears that he and's Faction
Will ſue the Flood, Treſpaſs will bear an Action,
Then thought on's Lanlord, whom he fears hath ſent
His *Water-Bayliff* thus to drive for Rent.
Haycocks to Sea are driven, where they'l muſter,
And make of *Scylla* Iſles another Cluſter, Prize)
Till vampt with more ſuch Wracks, they grow a
For ſome *Columbus* new Diſcoveries.
The Stakes ſtand firm, though batter'd all the while,
Theſe Pyramids are Proof againſt this *Nile*,
And might like *Egypts* Piles enjoy a Prime,
Wer't but for fiercer Teeth than thoſe of Time.
What neither Floods nor Age can, Beaſts will tear,
Our Beaſts now ſtarved lean, like *Pharoahs* are.
Strange Skeletons, for all the time of Flood,
They nothing had to chew but their own Cud;
And ſince alas! no work for Sythe or Sickle,
(Poor Cattle) all their Commons are in Pickle.
This ſure muſt needs produce a Chap-fain Pallat,
When without Meat they only feed on Sallat;
But theſe we prize, for moſt are fail'd away,
Who knows but to ſtock *Hiſpaniola*.
One Herd and's Flock in one kind Hill found Mercy,
Like *Lilburn* (and his Wool) in the Iſle of *Jerſey*.
A Barber's cloſe, yet all would counter-bail,
Steept till the Corn grew Mault, and Water Ale.
Had we the *Gotham* Policy and Luck to
Hedge in the Water, as they did the Cuckow,
But oh! it ſoon retreats, and the Ebb is more
Diſaſtrous to us than the Flood before.
The Fifth day lands us, Shews each Man his Ground,
But ſo much Slime, we can't ſee Ground for Ground.
The Flood's a ſingle Tyrant, Bogs allow
No ſcape; Water and Earth both vex us now,

Till

Till the Sun our Low-Countries purge, and then
Out-drink a *Dutch-man* draining of a Fen:
Till then our *Trent* is *Acheron*, we dwell
I'th'*Stygian Lake*, the Netherlands are Hell.
Rivers are *Nymphs* they say, something's the matter
Then sure with ours she cannot hold her Water,
Unless the Gossip, (th'Room's so on a Float)
Went drunk to Bed, and spilt her Chamber-pot:
Howe'er, since we're deliver'd let there be,
From this Flood too another *Epoche*.

For Sleep.

REturn Grief's *Antidote*, soft Sleep return,
Why do'st thy blithe Embrace adjourn?
Once more this *Garrison* of *Sense* surround,
It's wild Exorbitances *Pound*;
Lock the *Cinque-Ports*, the *Centinels* arraign,
Make Fractions in the *Royal-Train*.
2 Sleep! The Souls *Charter*, Bodies *Writ of-Ease*.
Reasons Reprieve, Fancies *Release*;
The Senses *Non-term*, Life's serenest Shore;
A smooth-fac't Death, thick candied o'er;
Catastrophe of Care, *Time*'s balmy Close,
The Muses *Eden* and *Repose*.
3. Sleep! The Days *Centre*, Nights *Meridian*,
Bright *Meteor* in the Sphere of Man;
A *Grand Dictator* in the Womb of Death,
Whilst the still returning Breath
Sails through Fears, Tears, and Joys at once,
With quick *Reciprocations*;
4. Sleep! The firm *cement* of unravel'd Hours,
Night usher'd with *Ambrosial* Show'rs;

Days *Phylactery* with her *Spangles* crown'd,
Fancy snatch'd up at first *Rebound*:
Fancies *Exchequer*, *Natures* younger Son,
Times other *Jubilee* begun.
5. Sleep! The Worlds *Evensong*, Natures *Anthem*, born
Between the Lips of *Night* and *Morn*;
Heaven in a *Mask*, *Sunday's Parhelion*,
Preface to th' *Resurrection*.
Nepenthe kissing out the wheeling Light;
Darkness *emparadiz'd*: *Good Night*.

Against Sleep.

BE gone Joy's *Lethargy*, pale Fiend, be gone,
Why this dull *Fascination*?
No more Life's *Citadel* invade, no more,
Ravish its Sallies o'er and o'er:
Gag the Broad Gates, the *Court* of *Guard Essoyn*,
At these disjoynted thoughts rejoyn.
2. Sleep! The Souls *Wardship*, but the Bodies *Goal*,
Reason's *Assassine*, Fancies *Bail*;
The Senses *Curfew*, Life and Loyal Breath
Mine't small, and blended into Death:
Joys *Explicito*, unfathom'd *Gulf* of time,
The Muses *Fence*, and frozen *Clime*.
3. Sleep! The Night's *Winter*, Shadow of a Dream,
A *dark Fog* rampant, Horror's *Theme*;
Free Denizon of Darkness, Blisses Wane,
An untrim'd *Chaos*, Beauties Bane;
Youth's *Sepulchre*, a *Parallel* to Age,
A *Negro* fills Life's *second Page*.
4. Sleep! The Days *Colon*, many Hours of Bliss
Lost in a wide *Parenthesis*:

Life

Life in an *Extasie*, bound Hand and Foot,
Spirits entomb'd, and *Time* to boot:
The *Trump* of Solitude, a sprightly Flame,
Smother'd in Sables and made lame.
5. Sleep! The Worlds *Limbo*, *Nature*'s Discord Day,
Because a *Mourner* hurl'd away;
Hell pav'd with Down, a *Purgatory* skreen'd,
Death's *Counterpane* mixed with a Fiend;
Half time eclipst, and tinctured Black as Sorrow,
Light *dungeon'd*, *manacled*: *Good Morrow*.

On a little Gentleman profoundly Learned.

MAkes Nature Maps? Since that in thee
Sh'has drawn an University:
Or strives she in so small a piece,
To sum the Arts and Sciences?
Once she writ only Text-hand, when
She scribled Gyants, and no Men:
But now in her decrepit Years
She dashes Dwarfs in Characters,
And makes one single Farthing bear
The Creed, Commandments, and Lords Prayer:
Would she turn Art and imitate
Monte-rigos flying Gnat?
Would she the Golden Legend shut
Within the Cloyster of a Nut?
Or else a Musket-Bullet rear
Into a vast and mighty Spear?
Or pen an Eagle in the Caul
Of a slender Nightingale?
Or shews the Pigmies can create
Not too little but too great;

How

How comes it that ſhe thus converts
So ſmall a *Totum*, and great Parts?
Strives ſhe now to turn awry
The quick Scent of Philoſophy?
How ſo little matter can
So monſtrous big a Form contain?
What ſhall we call (it would be known)
This Gyant and this Dwarf in one?
His Age is blaz'd in ſilver Hairs,
His Limbs ſtill cry out want of Years.
So ſmall a Body in a Cage,
May chuſe a ſpacious Hermitage.
So great a Soul doth fret and fume
At th'narrow World for want of Room.
Strange Conjunction! Here is grown
A Mole-hill and the Alps in one.
In th'ſelf ſame Action we may call
Nature both Thriſt and Prodigal.

On an Ugly Woman.

AS Scriveners ſometimes take Delight to ſee
Their baſeſt Writing, Nature has in thee
Eſſay'd how much ſhe can tranſgreſs at once
Appelles Draughts; *Durers* Proportions;
And for to make a Jeſt, and try a Wit,
Has not (a Woman) in thy Forehead writ;
But ſcribl'd ſo, and gone ſo far about,
Indagine would never ſmell thee out;
But might exclaim, here only Riddles be,
And Heteroclites in Phyſiognomy:
But as the myſtick Hebrew backward lies,
And Algebra's, gueſt by Abſurdities,

So

So must we spell thee; for who would suppose
That globous piece of Wanescot were a Nose,
That crookt *et-cetera*'s were Wrinkles, and
Five *Napiers* Bones glew'd to a Wrist, and Hand;
Egyptian Antiquaries might survey
Here Hieroglyphicks, time hath worn away:
And wonder at an English Face, more odd
And antick, than was e'er a Memphian God;
Eras'd with more strange Letters than might scare
A raw and unexperienc'd Conjurer.
And tawny Africk Blush, to see her fry
Of Monsters in one Skin so kennel'd lie.
Thou mayst without a Guard her Deserts pass,
When Savages but look upon thy Face:
Were but some Pict now living, he would soon
Deem thee a Fragment of his Nation;
And wiser *Ethiopians* infer
From thee, that Sable's not the only Fair;
Thou Privative of Beauty, whose one Eye
Doth question Metaphysicks Verity;
Whose many cross Aspects may prove anon
Foulness more than a meer Negation.
Blast one Place still, and never dare t'escape
Abroad out of thy Mother Darkness Lap,
Lest that thou make the World afraid, and be
Even hated by thy Nurse Deformity.

To the King recovered from a Fit of Sickness.

Most Gracious Sir,

NOw that you are recover'd, and are seen,
Neither to fright the Ladies, nor the Queen;
That you to Chappel come, and take the Air,
Makes that a Verse, which was before my Prayer:
For

For Sir, as we had loſt you, or your Fate,
Not Sickneſs, had been told us, all of late.
So truly mourn'd, that we did only lack
One to begin, and put us all in Black.
The Court, as quite diſſolv'd, did ſadly tell,
White-Hall was only where the King is well.
Nor griev'd the People leſs, the Commons Eyes,
Free as their Loyal Hearts, wept Subſidies.
And in this publick Woe ſome went ſo far,
To think the Danger did deſerve a Star,
Which though 'twere ſhort: As but to ſhow,
You would like one of us a Sickneſs know,
And that you could be mortal and to prove,
By Tryal of their Grief your Subjects Love,
Would keep your Bed, or Chamber, yet our Fear
Made that ſhort time we ſaw you not, a Year;
So did we Reaſon mindleſs, and to gain
Your quick Recov'ry, ſtriv'd to ſhare your Pain;
Nay, ſuch an Intereſt had we in your Health,
That in you ſick'ned Church and Commonwealth.
Alas! to miſs you was enough to bring
An Anarchy, but that your Life was King
More than your Scepter, and though you refrain'd
To come among us, yet your Actions reign'd;
They were our Pattern ſtill, and we from thence,
Did in your Abſence chuſe our Rule and Prince.
And liv'd by your Example, which will ſtay,
And govern here, when you are turn'd to Clay.
For what is he, that ever heard or ſaw
Your Converſation, and not thought it Law?
Such a clear Temper, of ſo wiſe and ſweet
A Majeſty, where Power and Goodneſs meet
In juſt proportions; ſuch Religious Care
To practice what you bid, as if to wear

The

The Crown or Robe were not enough to free
The Prince from that which Subjects ought to be.
Lastly (for all your Graces to rehearse,
Is fitter for a Story, than my Verse:)
Such a high Reverence do your Vertues win,
They teach without, and govern us within,
And so enlarge your Kingdoms, when they see
Our Minds more than our Bodies bend the Knee.
And though before you we stand only bare;
These make your Presence to be every where.

Upon the Birth of the Duke of York.

MAke big the Bonfires, for in this one Son,
The Queen's delivered of a Nation,
She hath brought forth a People, now we may
Confess our doubted Life, and boldly say,
This Prince compleats our Joy, because he can
Already make the *Prince* of *Wales* a Man,
And so confute the Nurse, when he shall see
Himself in him past his Minority.
Good morrow, Babe, welcome into that Air,
Which thou confirmest ours, which now we dare
Bequeath to our late Nephews that shall see
It always English in the Prince and thee,
And never know the doubtful Scepter stand
In Expectation of a chosen Hand;
Nor Danger of an armed, that may bar
The Crown from falling perpendicular,
And so cross Nature. For I must confess,
I wish the Prince such lasting Happiness,
And do commend to Providence this Work,
That the State may not need a *Duke* of *York*,

And

And think a given and protected Heir,
Enough to silence any modest Prayer:
Yet since the wiser Heavens do conceive
A way to bless Posterity, to leave
So much of *Charles* to them as they shall see
Drawn to the Life in so much Imag'ry,
And durst not trust a Chronicle, but wou'd
Derive his Virtues only in his Blood,
And thinking them too vast for one, did try
To coyn a Partner to his Legacy:
May Heaven proceed to keep him, may he shine
To mock the Poorness of the Indian Mine,
And scorn the Fleet, having a Treasure far
Above the Winds reach, or the *Hollander.*
So may he puzzle Statesman, and put down
All Reck'nings of Revenues to the Crown,
And alter the Kings Rents, for his two Sons
Must go for twenty Thousand Millions;
And so make *Charles* the jealous World ally,
Thus grown too potent for an Enemy;
All those must study Leagues now, that had rather
Seem rich in any Title than of Father:
But may he still be dreadful so, and be
To these abroad fear'd as a Deity,
At home lov'd as a Father, whilst he thus
To them is Terror, a Shield to us.

On Parsons *the great Porter.*

SIr, or Great Grandsire, whose vast Bulk may be
A Burying-place for all your Pedigree:
Thou moving Colosse, for whose goodly Face,
The *Rhyne* can hardly make a Looking-glass;

What

What piles of Victuals hadst thou need to chew,
Ten *Woods* or *Morrets* Throats were not enow;
Dwarf was he, whose Wife's Bracelets fit his Thumb
It would not on thy little Finger come.
If *Jove* in getting *Hercules* spent three
Nights, he might be Fifteen in getting thee.
What Name or Title suits thy Greatness, thou,
Aldiboronifuscorphornio?
When Gyants war'd with *Jove*, hadst thou bin one,
Where other Oaks, thou wouldst have Mountains thrown;
Wert thou but sick, what help could e'er be wrought,
Unless Physicians posted down thy Throat?
Wert thou to dye and *Xerxes* living, he
Would not pare *Athos* for to cover thee;
Wert thou t'enbalm, the Surgeons needs must scale
Thy Body, as when Labourers dig a *Whale*.
Great Sir, a People kneaded up in one, (Stone:
Wee'll weigh thee by Ship-Burdens, not by th'
What Tempests might thou raise, what Whirlwinds when
Thou breath'st, thou great Leviathan of Men:
Bend but thy Eye a Country-man would swear,
A Regiment of Spaniards quarter'd there;
Smooth but thy Brow they'l say, there were a Plain,
T'act *York* and *Lancaster* once o'er again!
That Pocket-pistol of the Queens might be
Thy Pocket-pistol, *sans Hyperbole*:
Abstain from Garrisons, since thou may'st eat
The *Turks*, or Moguls Titles at a Bit.
Plant some new Land, which ne'er will empty be,
If she enjoy her Savages in thee:
Get from amongst us, since we only can
Appear like Sculls marcht o'er by *Tamberlain*.

On

On his going by Water, by the Parliament-house.

OH the sad Fate of unsuccessful Sin! (within.
You see those Heads without, there's worse

Upon coming into a Chamber called Parnassus, *where the Gentry Arms (were depicted) of* Norfolk *and* Suffolk, *in* Norwich.

HEre Gallants find their Arms, and so it's meet,
But where they find their Arms, they lose their Feet.

Against ALE.

THou Juice of *Lethe*! O thou dull
Inhospitable Drink of *Hull*,
Not to be drunk, but in the Devils Scull;
Depriver of those solid Joys,
Which *Sack* creates: *Author* of Noise
Among the roaring *Punks* and *Dammy-Boys*:
On thy Account the *Watch* do sleep,
When they our Nightly Peace should keep,
Then *Rogues* and *Cut-purses* in at Windows creep.
2. The Jug-broke Pate doth owe to thee
Its bloody Line and Pedigree,
Now Murther, and anon the Gallow-tree:
A *Poet* once did lick thy Juice,
But oh! How his benummed Juyce
'Vas mir'd in Non-sense, and in State abuse.

A *Souldier* once that would have pickt
Strife with the *Devil*, thy dull Broth had lickt.
That Night this Renown'd Turdibank was kickt.
3. The other Night the *Meal-man Will*,
Did lap so largely of thy Swill,
Next Morn he let a *Fart* blew down his Mill:
That Lover was in pretty Case,
That trimm'd thee with a Ginger-race,
And after belched in his Mistress Face.
More of thy Vertues I could tell,
But that to speak of thee's half Hell,
Then take my Curse by *Candle*, *Book*, and *Bell*.
4. May *Bards* that drink thee, write a small,
Unsubstanc'd Line *pedantical*,
Unsinewy, *enigmatical*;
Saltless and gallless be thy Curse,
Numberless, rugged, empty, worse
Than the poor Poets empty Belly, Purse.
May he that brews thee wear a Nose
Richer than the *Lord Mayor*'s Cloths,
The *Sattin* Clerry, or the *Velvet* Rose.
5. May he that draws thee likewise wear
A *Carbuncle* from Ear to Ear,
That Thatch and Linnen may stand off and fear;
May some old *Hag-witch* get astride.
Thy Bung, as if she meant to ride,
On purpose for to lance thy yeasty Side;
May others be as sick as I,
That tope thee next; then down and dye
Poor *Ale*, a Funeral-trap for Wasp, or Fly.

The Old Gill.

IF you will be ſtill
Then tell you I will
Of a lovely old *Gill*,
Dwelt under a Hill:
Her Locks are like Sage
That's well worn with Age,
And her Viſage would ſwage
A ſtout Mans Courage.

2.

Teeth yellow as Box,
Clean out with the Pox,
Her Breath ſmells like Lox,
Or unwiped Nocks.
She hath a deviliſh Grin,
Long Hairs on her Chin,
To the foul-footed *Fin*
She's nearly a kin.

3.

She hath a beetle Brow,
Deep Furrows enow
She's ey'd like a *Sow*,
Flat nos'd like a *Cow*.
Lips ſwarthy and dun,
A Mouth like a Gun,
And her tattle doth run
As ſwift as the *Sun*.

4.

On her Back ſtands a Hill,
You may place a Windmill,
And the Farts of her Gill
Will make the Sails trill.

Her

Her Neck is much like
The foul Swines in the dike;
Against Crab-lice and Tyke,
A blew Pin is her Pike.

5.

Within this *Ano*
There dwells an *Hurricano*,
And the Rift of her *Plano*
Vomits Smoke like *Vulcano*;
But a Pox of her Twist,
It is always bepist,
And the Devil's in his List,
That to her Mill brings Grist.

6

'Ware the dint of her Dirt,
She will give you a Flirt,
She has always the *Squirt*,
She is loose and ungirt;
Want of Wine makes her pant
Till she fizzle and rant,
And the hole in her Grant,
Is as deep as *&c.*

7.

Yea, as deep as a Well,
A Furnace or Kell,
A bottomless Cell,
Some think it is Hell.
But I have spoken my Fill
Of my lovely old *Gill*;
And 'tis taken so ill,
I'll lay down my Quill.

To the Queen upon the Birth of one of her Children.

THat Children are like Olive-branches, we
Took for a Figure, now 'twas Prophesie.
Your Births, great Queen, have made a new Account,
Who bring not forth some Olives, but the Mount;
And we, who wisht your Table half Way round
Beset with them, do now behold it crown'd.
Were there no other Court, or Nobles, yet
The King, we see, can his own Court beget:
Nay, in the first Worlds Age, he that could do
Like him, was Father of his Country too.
When in that Dearth of Subjects, Kings were fain
First to beget their Kingdoms, and then reign,
When their own Off-spring were their People; and
One Family both fill'd, and made the Land.
But I speak Treason, to say Princes Blood
Can e'er run into People, 'tis a Flood
Ev'n in the Fountain: Small Streams lose their Name;
Such Births, like th'Ocean are still the same.
No Number makes them private, we may call
Not all one Nation, but Nations all.
For as I've seen the Ark drawn like the Womb
Of the four Empires, and the World to come,
Out of whose Midst hath sprung a mystick Tree,
With every Branch a Genealogy,
Not of some House, but of the World, this Bough
For *Europe*, that for *Africk* we allow:
And all the other smaller Twigs there seen
Have stood for Isles, or Countrys: So, great Queen,
From you, as from the Ark, nothing can be
Born less than Kingdoms, or a Monarchy.

Your

Your pains are all Imperial, and your Throws
Can bring forth nought that is not Great; yet those
For Daughters still have thus more publick been,
That you by them to Christendom lie in;
Your Sons may make us safe, but we the while
Must be a World divided, still an Isle,
We shall be now o'th'Continent; this Sex
Will makes't all one to conquer, or annex,
To be ally'd, will bring, what some in vain
Hope for by th'Sword, an universal Reign;
Which yet we may despair of, since we see
Europe to match yours, will want Progeny.

To Cloris, *a Rapture.*

COme *Julia*, Come! Let's once disbody, what,
Straight Matter ties to this, and not to that?
We'l disingage, our bloodless Form shall fly
Beyond the reach of Earth, where ne'er an Eye
That peeps through Spectacles of Flesh, shall know
Where we intend, or what we mean to do.
From all Contagion of Flesh remov'd,
Wee'l sit in Judgment, on those Pairs that lov'd
In old and latter times, then will we tear
Their Chaplets that did act by slavish Fear.
Who cherisht causeless Griefs, and did deny
Cupids Prerogative by Doubt; or Tye;
But they that mov'd by Confidence, and clos'd
In one refining Flame, and never los'd
Their thoughts on Earth, but bravely did aspire
Unto their proper Element of Fire,
To these wee'l judge that Happiness to be
The Witnesses of our Felicity.

Thus wee'l like Angels move, nor will we bind
In Words the copious Language of our Mind,
Such as we know not to conceive, much less,
Without destroying in their Birth, express:
Thus will we live, and ('t may be) cast an Eye
How far *Elysium* doth beneath us lye.
What need we care, though milky Currents run
Amongst the silken Meadows, though the Sun
Doth still preserve by's ever walking Ray
A never discontinued Spring, or Day.
That Sun, though all its heat be to it brought,
Cannot exhale the Vapour of a Thought.
No, no, my Goddess, yet will thou and I,
Devested of all Flesh, so folded lie,
That ne'er a bodyed Nothing shall perceive
How we unite, how we together cleave;
Nor think this while our feather'd Minutes may
Fall under Measure, Time it self can stay
T'attend our Pleasures, for what else would be
But tedious Durance in Eternity?

An Elegy upon Ben. Johnson.

AS when the Vestall Hearth went out, no Fire,
Less Holy than that Flame that did expire,
Could kindle it again: So at thy Fall
Our Wits, Great *Ben*, are too Apocryphal
To celebrate thy Loss, since 'tis too much
To write thy Epitaph, and not be such.
What thou wert, like th'hard Oracles of old,
Without an Extasie cannot be told.
We must be ravisht first, thou must infuse
Thy self into us both the Theme and Muse:

Else

Else, (though we all conspir'd to make thy Herse
Our Works) so that't had been but one great Verse;
Though the Priest had translated for that time
The Liturgy, and buried thee in Rhyme;
So that in *Meeter* we had heard it said,
Poetick Dust is to Poetick laid: (might'st have
And though that Dust being *Shacke-spear*'s, thou
Not his Room, but the Poet for thy Grave;
So that as thou didst Prince of Numbers dye,
And live, so thou mightest in Numbers lie;
'Twere frail Solemnity; Verses on thee,
And not like thine, would but kind Libels be.
And we (not speaking thy whole Worth) should raise
Worse Blots than they that envied thy Praise.
Indeed thou needst us not, since above all
Invention, thou wert thine own Funeral.
Hereafter, when Time hath fed on thy Tomb,
Th'Inscription worn out, and the Marble dumb,
So that 'twould pose a Critick to restore
Half Words, and Words expir'd so long before;
When thy maim'd Statue hath a Sentenc'd Face,
And Looks that are the Horror of the Place;
That 'twill be Learnings and Antiquity,
And ask a *Selden* to say, this was thee:
Thou'lt have a whole Name still, nor need'st thou fear
That will be ruin'd, or lose Nose, or Hair.
Let others write so thin, that they can't be
Authors till rotten; no Posterity
Can add to thy Works; th'had their full growth then,
When first born, and came Aged from thy Pen;
Whilst living thou enjoyd'st the Fame and Sense
Of all that time gives; but the Reverence:
When th'art of *Homers* years, no Man will say
Thy Poems are less worthy, but more gray.

'Tis Bastard Poetry, and o'th'false Blood,
Which can't without Succession be good,
Things that will always last, do thus agree
With things Eternal; that once perfect be.
Scorn then their Censures, who gave out, thy Wit
As long upon a Comedy did sit,
As Elephants bring forth; and that by Blots
And Mendings, took more time than *Fortune* plots.
That such thy Draught was, and so great thy Thirst,
That all thy *Plays* were drawn at th'*Mermaid* first,
That the Kings yearly but wore, and his Wine
Hath more Right than thou to thy *Catoline*.
Let such Men keep a Diet, let their Wit
Be rackt, and while they write, suffer a Fit;
When th'have felt Tortures without Pain the Gout
Such, as with less, the State draws Treason out;
Though they should the Length of Consumptions lie
Sick of their Verse, and of their Poem dye;
'Twould not be thy worst Scene, but would at last
Confirm their Boastings, and shew made in haste.
He that writes well writes quick, since the Rule's
Nothing is slowly done, that's always new; (true,
So when thy Fox had ten times acted been,
Each Day was first, but that 'twas cheaper seen;
And so thy Alchymist plaid o'er and o'er,
Was new o'th'Stage. when 'twas not at the Door.
We like the Actors did repeat, the Pit
The first time saw, the next conceiv'd thy Wit,
Which was cast in such Forms, such Rules, such Arts,
That but to some not half thy Acts were Parts,
Since of some silken Judgments we may say,
They fill'd a Box two hours, but saw no Play;
So that th'unlearned lost their Money, and
Scholars sav'd only, that could understand:

Thy

Thy Scene was free from Monsters, no hard Plot
Call'd down a God t'unty th'unlikely Knot.
The Stage was still a Stage, two Entrances (Seas:
Were not two Parts o'th'World disjoyn'd by th'
Thine were Land-Tragedies, no Prince was found
To swim a whole Scene out, then o'th'Stage drown'd.
Pitcht Fields, as *Real* Wars, still felt thy Doom,
Thou laidst no Sieges to the Musick Room;
Nor wouldst allow to thy best Comedies,
Humors that should above the People rise:
Yet was thy Language and thy Stile so high,
Thy Sock to th'Ancle, Buskin reach to th'Thigh;
And both so chaste, so 'bove Dramatick clean,
That we both safely saw, and liv'd thy Scene;
No foul loose Line did prostitute thy Wit,
Thou wrotst thy Comedies, didst not commit.
We did the Vice arraign'd, not tempting hear,
And were made Judges, not bad Parts by th'Ear;
For thou even Sin didst in such Words array,
That some who came bad Parts, went out good Play;
Which ended not with th'Epilogue, the Age
Still acted, which grew Innocent from th'Stage.
'Tis true thou hadst some Sharpness, but thy Salt
Serv'd but with Pleasure to reform the Fault.
Men were laugh'd into Vertue, and none more
Hated Fool acted, then were such before;
So did they sting not Blood, but Humours draw,
So much did Satyr more correct than Law.
Which was not Nature in thee as some call,
Thy Teeth, who say thy Wit lay in thy Gall,
That thou didst quarrel first, and then in spight
Didst 'gainst a Person of such Vices write,
That't was Revenge, not Truth, that on thy Stage
Carlo was not presented but thy Rage.

And

And that when thou in Company wert met,
Thy Meat took Notes, and thy Discourse was Net.
We know thy free Vein had this Innocence,
To spare the Party, and to brand th'Offence,
And the just Indignation thou wert in
Did not expose but shift his Tricks and Gin, (these
Thou mightst have us'd th'old Comick Freedom,
Might have seen themselves plaid, like *Socrates*,
Like *Cleon Mammon* might the Knight have been,
If as Greek Authors, thou hadst turn'd Greek Spleen.
And hadst not chosen rather to translate
Their Learning into English, not their Rate;
Indeed this last, if thou hadst been bereft
Of thy Humanity, might be call'd Theft,
The other was not, whatsoe'er was strange,
Or borrowed, in thee did grow thine by th'Change.
Who without Latin helps hadst been as rare
As *Beaumont*, *Fletcher*, or as *Shake-spear* were,
And like them, from thy Native Stock couldst say,
Poets and Kings are not born every Day.

An Epitaph.

STay, Gentle Reader, and shed o'er
Those sacred Ashes one Tear more.
These sad Accents cloathed in black,
Mourn him whom Church and State do lack,
And this weeping Marble Stone
Doth invite a parting Groan.
Here lies within this stony Shade
Natures Darling, whom she made
Her fairest Model; her brief Story,
In him heaping all her Glory.

Here

Here lies one whom times of Old,
Among their Wonders had inroll'd,
Whose set Beams might well aspire,
Kindled by Poetick Fire,
Unto a starry Light, and there
For a Grave adorn a Sphere;
One so Valiantly strong,
He fear'd to do any wrong.
Learnings Glory, who alone
Was fit to write on his own Stone;
Here Tongues lie speechless, to be dumb
Is our best *Epicedium*.

Upon Wood *of* Kent.

SIr, much good do't ye, were your Table but
Pye-crust or *Cheese*, you might your Stomach shut
After your slice of Beef, what dare you try
Your Force on an Ell-square of Pudding-pye?
Perhaps 't may be a Tast, three such as you
Unbreakfasted, might serve *Seraglio*.
When *Hannibal* scal'd th' *Alps* hadst thou bin there
Thy Beef had drunk up all his Vinegar;
Well mightst thou be of Guard to *Henry* th' Eight;
Since thou canst, like a Pidgeon, eat thy Weight:
Full wise was Nature that would not bestow
These Tusks of thine into a double Row;
What Wombcould e'er contain thee, thou canst shut
A Pond of Aviary in a Gut.
Had not thy Mother born thee toothless, thou
Hadst eaten, Viper-like, a Passage through;
Had he that wish'd the Cranes long Neck to eat,
Put in thy Stomach too, 't had been compleat.

Thou

Thou *Noahs* Ark, dead Sea, thou *Golgotha*,
Monsters beyond all Men of *Africa*!
Beasts prey on Beasts, Fishes to Fishes fall,
Great Birds feed on the lesser, thou on all:
Hath there been no Mistake, why may't not be,
When *Curtius* leapt the Gulf, 'twas into thee.
Now we'l believe that Man of *Chica* could
Make Pills of Arrows, and the Boy that would
Chew only Stones; nor can we think it vain,
That *Doranetho* eat up th'Neighbouring Plain.
Poor *Chrysilthon*, that could only feast
On one poor Girl, in several Dishes drest;
Thou hast devour'd as many Sheep, as may
Cloath all the Pastures in *Arcadia*;
Yet, O how temperate, that ne'er goes on
So far as to approach Repletion.
Thou breathing Cauldron, whose digestive heat
Might boyl the whole Provision of the Fleet;
Say Grace as long as Meals, and if thou please,
Breakfast with Islands, and drink Healths with Seas.

On Christ-Church Windows.

YOu that profane our Windows with a Tongue
Set like some Clock, on purpose to go wrong;
Who when you were at Service, sigh'd because
You heard the Organs Musick, not the Daws;
Pitying our solemn State, shaking your Head,
To see not Ruins from the Floor to th'Lead:
To whose pure Nose our Cedar gave Offence,
Crying, It smelt of Papists Frankincense;
Who walking on our Marbles, scoffing said,
Whose Bodies are under these Tombstones laid?

Counting

Counting our Tapers Works of Darkneſs, and
Chooſing to ſee Prieſts in blew Aprons ſtand,
Rather than in rich Copes, which ſhew the Art
Of *Siſera*'s Prey, embroider'd in each Part:
Then when you ſaw the Altars Baſon, ſaid,
Why's not the Ewer on the Cup-board laid?
Thinking our very Bibles too profane,
'Cauſe you ne'er bought ſuch Covers in *Duck-lane*.
Loathing all Decency, as if you'ld have
Altars as foul, and homely as a Grave.
Had you one ſpark of Reaſon, you would find
Your ſelves like Idols, to have Eyes, yet blind;
'Tis only ſome baſe Niggard, Hereſie,
To think Religion loves Deformity.
Glory did never yet make God the leſs,
Neither can Beauty defile Holineſs.
What's more Magnificent than Heav'n, yet where
Is there more Love and Piety than there?
My Heart doth wiſh (were't poſſible) to ſee
Pauls built with precious Stones and Porphyry;
To have our Halls and Galleries outſhine
Altars in Beauty, is to deck our Swine
With Orient Pearl, whilſt the deſerving Quire
Of God and Angels wallow in the Mire.
Our decent Copes only Diſtinction keep,
That you may know the Shepherd from the Sheep.
As gaudy Letters in the Rubrick ſhow,
How you may Holy-days from Lay-days know;
Remember *Aarons* Robe, and you will ſay,
Ladies at Maſque are not ſo rich as they.
Then are th'Prieſts Words like Thunder-claps, when (he
Is Lightning-like ray'd down with Majeſty;
May every Temple ſhine like thoſe at *Nile*,
And ſtill be free from Rat or Crocodile:

But

But you will urge, both Priest and Church should be
The solemn Partners of Humility.
Do not some boast of Rags? Cynicks deride
The pomp of Kings, but with a greater Pride.
Meekness consists not in the Cloths, but Heart;
Nature may be Vain-glorious well as Art:
We may as lowly before God appear,
Drest with a Glorious Pearl, as with a Tear.
In his High Presence, where the Stars and Sun
Do but eclipse, there's no Ambition.
You dare admit gay Paint upon a Wall,
Why then in Glass that's held Apocryphal?
Our Bodies Temples are, look in the Eye,
The Window, and you needs must Pictures spy;
Moses and *Aaron*, and the Kings Arms are
Daub'd in the Church, when you the *Wardens* were,
Yet you ne'er sin'd for Papist: Shall we say
Banbury is turn'd *Rome*, because we may
See th' *Holy Lamb* and *Christopher*? Nay more,
The Altar-stone set at the Tavern Door?
Why can't the Ox then in th' Nativity,
Be imag'd forth, but Papists Bulls are nigh?
Our Pictures to no other end is made,
Than is your *Time* and's Bill, your *Death*, and's Spade.
To us they're but *Memento*'s which present
Christs Birth, except his Word and Sacrament.
If't were a Sin to set up Imag'ry,
To get a Child were flat Idolatry.
The Models of our Buildings would be thus,
Directions to our Houses, Ruins to us:
Hath not each Creature which hath daily Breath,
Something which resembles Heaven or Earth?
Suppose some Ignorant Heathen once did bow
To Images, may not we see them now?

Should

Should we love Darkness, and abhor the Sun,
'Cause *Persians* gave it Adoration?
And plant no Orchards, because Apples first
Made *Adam* and his lineal Race accurst?
Though Wine for *Bacchus*, Bread for *Ceres* went,
Yet both are used in the Sacrament;
What then if these were Popish Reliques? Few
Windows are elsewhere old, but these are new,
And so exceed the former, that the Face
Of these come short of th'outside of our Glass:
Colours are here mix'd, so that Rain-bows be
(Compar'd) but Clouds without variety.
Art here is Natures Envy, this is he,
Not *Paracelsus*, but by Chymistry
Can make a Man from Ashes, if not Dust,
Producing Off-springs of his Mind, not Lust.
See how he makes his Maker, and doth draw
All that is meant i'th'Gospel, or i'th'Law.
Looking upon the Resurrection,
Methoughts I saw the blessed Vision,
Where not his Face is meerly drawn, but Mind,
Which not with Paint, but Oyl of Gladness shin'd:
But when I view'd the next Pane, where we have
The God of Life transported to his Grave,
Light then is dark, all things so dull and dead,
As if that part o'th'Window had been Lead:
Jonas his Whale did so Mens Eyes befool,
That they have begg'd him th'Anatomy School.
That he saw Ships at *Oxford* one did swear,
Though *Isis* yet will Barges hardly bear:
Another soon as he the Trees espy'd,
Thought him i'th'Garden on the other side.
See in what State (though on an Ass) Christ went,
This shews more Glorious than the Parliament.

Then

Then in what awe *Moses* his Rod doth keep
The Seas, as if the Frost had glaz'd the Deep;
The raging Waves are to themselves a Bound,
Some cry, help, help, or Horse and Man are drown'd.
Shadows do every where for Substance pass,
You'd think the Sands were in an Hour-glass.
You that do live with Surgeons, have you seen
A Spring of Blood forc'd from a swelling Vein?
So from a touch of *Moses* Rod doth jump
A Cataract, The Rock is made a Pump:
At sight of whose O'er-flowings many get
Themselves away for fear of being wet.
Here you behold a sprightly Lady stand,
To have her Frame drawn by a Painters Hand:
Such lively Look and Presence, such a Dress
King *Pharoahs* Daughters Image doth express;
Look well upon her Gown, and you will swear,
The Needle, not the Pencil hath been there.
At sight of her, some Gallants do dispute,
Whether i'th'Church it's lawful to salute?
Next *Jacob* kneeling, where his Kid-skin's such,
As it may well cozen old *Isaac*'s Touch.
A Shepherd see'ng how Thorns went round about
Abrahams Ram, would needs have helpt it out:
Behold the Dove descending to inspire
Th'Apostle's Heads with cloven Tongues of Fire,
And in a Superficies there you'l see
The gross Dimensions of Profundity.
'Tis hard to judge which is best built, and higher
The Arch roof in the Window, or the Quire.
All Beasts, as in the Ark, are lively done,
Nay, you may see the Shadow of the Sun:
Upon a Landskip if you look a while
You'l think the Prospect at least forty Mile.

There's

There's none needs now go travel, we may see
At Home *Jerusalem* and *Nineveh*,
And *Sodom* now in Flames: One Glance will dart
Farther than *Lynce* with *Galilæus* Art.
Seeing *Elijahs* Chariot, we fear
There is some fiery Prodigy in the Air:
When Christ to purge his Temple, holds his Whip,
How nimbly Hucksters with their Baskets skip.
St. *Peters* Fishes are so lively wrought,
Some cheapen them, and ask when they were caught.
Here's Motions painted too: Chariots soo fast
Run, that they're never gone, though always past.
The Angels with their Lutes are done so true,
We do not only look, but hearken too,
As if their Sounds were painted: Thus the Wit
O'th'Pencil hath drawn more than there can sit.
Thus (as in *Archimedes* Sphere) you may
In a small Glass, the Universe survey:
Such various Shapes are too i'th'Imag'ry,
As Age and Sex may their own Features see;
But if the Window cannot shew your Face,
Look under Feet, the Marble is your Glass;
Which too, for more then Ornament, is there,
The Stones may learn your Eyes to shed a Tear.
They never work upon the Conscience;
They cannot make us kneel, we are not such,
As think there's Balsom in the Kiss, or Touch,
That were gross Superstition we know;
There's no more Power in them than the Pope's Toe.
The Saints themselves for us can do no good,
Much less their Pictures drawn in Glass or Wood.
They cannot seal, but since they signifie,
They may be worthy of a Cast o'th'Eye;

Although no Worſhip, that is due alone,
Not to the Carpenter's, but God's own Son;
Obedience to Blocks deſerves the Rod,
The Lord may well be then a jealous God.
Why ſhould not Statues now be due to *Paul*,
As to the *Cæſars* of the Capitol?
How many Images of great Heirs, which
Had nothing but the Din of being rich,
Shine in our Temples? Kneeling always there,
Where, when they were alive, they ſcarce appear;
Yet ſhall Chriſts Sepulchre have ne'er a Tomb?
Shall every Saint have a *John Baptiſts* Doom?
No Limb of *Mary* ſtand? Muſt we forget
Chriſts Croſs, as ſoon as paſt the Alphabet?
Shall not their Heads have Room i'th' Window, who
Founded our Church and our Religion too?
We know that God's a Spirit, we confeſs
We cannot comprehend his Name, much leſs
Can a ſmall Glaſs his Nature: But ſince he
Vouchſaf'd to ſuffer his Humanity;
Why may not we (only to put's in Mind
Of's Godhead) have his Manhood thus enſhrin'd?
Is our Kings Perſon leſs eſteem'd, becauſe
We read him in our Coins as well as Laws?
Do what we can, whether we think, or paint,
All Gods Expreſſions are but weak and faint;
Yet Spots in Globes muſt not be blotted thence,
That cannot ſhew the World's Magnificence.
Nor is it fit we ſhould the Skill controul,
Becauſe the Artiſt cannot draw the Soul.
Ceaſe then your Railings and your dull Complaints,
To pull down Galleries, and ſet up Saints
Is no Impiety: now we may well
Say that our Church is truly Viſible:

Thoſe

Those that before our Glass Scaffolds prefer
Would turn our Temple to a Theater,
Windows are Pulpits now; though unlearn'd, one
May read this Bibles new Edition.
Instead of here and there a Verse adorn'd
Round with a Lace of Paint, fit to be scorn'd
Even by vulgar Eyes, each Pane presents
Whole Chapters with both Comment and Contents.
The cloudy Mysteries of the Gospel here
Transparent as the Chrystal do appear.
'Tis not to see things darkly through a Glass,
Here you may see our Saviour Face to Face;
And whereas Feasts come seldom, here's descry'd
A constant *Christmass*, *Easter*, *Whitsuntide*:
Let the Deaf hither come, no matter though
Faiths Sense be lost, we a new Way can show;
Here we can teach them to believe by th'Eye;
These silenc'd Ministers do edifie:
The Scriptures Rays contracted in a Glass,
Like Emblems do with greater Vertue pass.
Look in the Book of Martyrs, and you'l see
More by the Pictures than the History.
That Price for things in Colours oft we give,
Which we'd not take to have them while they live.
Such is the Power of painting that it makes
A loving Sympathy 'twixt Men and Snakes.
Hence then *Paul*'s Doctrine may seem more Divine,
As Amber though a Glass doth clearer shine:
Words pass away, as soon as Head-ach gone,
We read in Books what here we dwell upon.
Thus, then there's no more Fault in Imag'ry
Than there's in the *Practice of Piety*;
Both edifie: What is in Letters there,
Is writ in plainer Hieroglyphicks here;

'Tis not a new Religion we have chose,
'Tis the same Body, but in better Cloaths:
You'l say they make us gaze when we should pray,
And that our Thoughts do on the Figures stray:
If so, you may conclude us Beasts: What they
Have for their Object, is to us the Way.
Did any e'er use Prospective to see
No farther than the Glass? or can there be
Such lazy Travellers so giv'n to Sin,
As that they'l take their Dwelling at the Inn?
A Christians Sight rests in Divinity,
Signs are but Spectacles to help Faiths Eye.
God is the Center; Dwelling on these Words,
My Muse a Sabbath to my Brain affords;
If their nice Wits more solemn Proof exact,
Know, this was meant a Poem, not a Tract.

The Anti-Platonick.

FOnd Love, what dost thou mean
To court an idle Folly,
Platonick Love is nothing else
But meerly Melancholly;
'Tis active Love that makes us jolly.

2.

To dote upon a Face,
Or court a sparkling Eye,
Or to esteem a dimpled Cheek
Compleat Felicity;
'Tis to betray ones Liberty.

3.

Then pray be not so fond,
Think you that Women can
Rest satisfi'd with *Complement*,

The

The frothy Part of Man?
No, no, they hate a *Puritan.*

4.

They care not for your Sight,
Nor your erected Eyes,
They hate to hear a Man complain,
Alas! He dies, he dies;
Believ't they love a closer Prize.

5.

Then venture to embrace,
'Tis but a Smack or two:
I'm confident no Woman lives,
But sometimes she will do;
The Fault lies not in her, but you.

A sad Suit in a Petitionary Poem, sent by a Poor Scholar to his Patron.

WOnder not why these Lines come to your Hand
The naked Truth you soon shall understand.
I have a Suit to you, that you would be
So kind as send another *Suit* to me:
The Spring appears, and now Beasts, Birds, and Bees,
The fruitful Fields, gay Gardens, and tall Trees
Are covered, all things that do creep or fly,
Are putting their Apparel on, but I.
Time hath impair'd my Breeches, they shew, Sir,
Like the Scotch Flags that hang in *Westminster.*
Round about *London* the Hedges and the Ditches,
As they catch Wool, wear Fragments of my Britches.
My Patches dangle on my tattered Trouses,
Like Hens and Chickens which hang up in Houses;

And having crackt out the contracting Stitches,
They look rather like Petticoats than Britches;
So that my Doublet pin'd, makes me appear
Not like a Man but a Loose-waistcoateer.
The Women call'd me Woman, till the Fools
Spy'd their Mistake thorough my Pocket Holes.
My Waste-band's wasted, and my Doublet looks
Like him that wears it, quite off o'the Hooks.
My Eyes are out, and all my Button-moulds
Drop like ripe Hazel-nuts out of their Hulls.
The Suburbs of my Jacket are so gone,
I have not left a Skirt to sit upon.
My Doublet Canvas be'n worn out behind,
I put a Poem there to keep out Wind.
Two sly Knaves follow'd me, and one or both,
Like Boys in Horn-books, read it through the Cloth.
My Belly-pieces are so fat, they will
If toasted, serve for Belly-pieces still.
Last *Shrove-tide* my Fore-skirt, as I'm a Sinner,
Fell in the Batter, and was fry'd for Dinner. (it,
And when the Wench saw how my Jaws did knock it
She would have made a Pancake of my Pocket.
That which I call a Shirt, looks like a Clout
Which some unhappy Gibbet had worn out.
Sir, as I am a live Man, and a Scholar,
This very Spring will purge away my Choler:
My Weeds so plough'd and harrow'd, that I know,
Unless I can get new, 'tis time to sow.
About my Neck, as you may understand,
By the Dimidium is a right falling Band.
I wear a pair of Cuffs withal, and they
Look like those torn which Men snatch in a Fray.
I had a Girdle too when I was dress't,
Which was long since, but now (ungirt unblest)

Instead

Instead of wearing powd'red Hair, my Chief
Invention is to get me powd'red Beef.
My Hat's so full of Holes, I can't devise
A Way how I should pluck it o'er my Eyes:
My Shoes and I in one Condition roul,
And both appear as if we had no Soul:
My Stocking-calves, the best of all my Stock,
Are paradiz'd as naked as my Nock.
I'm like a Clock my self, which if fair Weather
Should separate, no Art can put together:
My Books are ran away from off my Shelf,
I cannot quote my Author, nor my self;
For like Sir *Wills* Heroick Verse they be,
Heaven knows, all in the Land of *Lombardy*.
That Land of Ignorance, and full of Ills,
Where Scholars Teeth are their own Paper-mills.
Sir, I am piec'd like Cottages with Thatch,
The old and new do sum up one grand Patch:
Then pray Sir, quickly send me some Redress,
Lest my Suit falls, as a Cloud vanishes:
For it is now by most Mens Approbation,
The next Degree unto Annihilation:
Sir, to be brief, 'tis a confused Rude
Rag, that admits of no Similitude;
There's no Imagination that can strike it,
'Tis so like nothing, that there's nothing like it.

The poor Cavalier, in Memory of his old Suit.

THough thou hast lasted 'bove a thousand Days,
Till thou art ag'd and grey, through adverse ways;
Yet Malice in its Highest, dare pronounce,
No other, but that thou wert Scarlet once.

As in fair Beauties innocently dead,
Their very Paleness hath a Tinct of Red.
Under thy gray, discernably thin Streams
Lies, like to shipwrack Strawberries in Cream.
I know 'tis vain to boast what thou hast been,
Yet thou wert red, when bloody Votes were green.
E'er ripe Rebellion had a full-age Power,
To commit *Laud*, and *Gourney* to the Tower:
[illegible]re middle-sighted Judgment understood,
[illegible]hat 'twas 'gainst Sense o'th' Houses to be good.
It is no humble Honour of thy Fate,
To follow in thy Sufferings, those of State:
I have observ'd since *Lesley*'s coming in,
Thou hast been still declining with the King,
Spite *Fairfax*, and the *Scots* did all agree,
To take our Sleep from us, thy Nap from thee.
But to declare thee in the State concern'd,
When *Pomfret* was relieved, then thou wert turn'd.
Prove thou didst wear new Buttons on thy Breast,
When baffle'd *Waller* did retreat from th' West:
When taken *Leicester* rais'd our Thoughts & Speech,
Then wert thou reinforced in the Breech.
Thanks to my Tops and Care, which though it meet,
To rob my Legs to keep thee on thy Feet.
Nay, may I want Belief, if when the Report
Of lost *Bridgewater* first arriv'd at Court,
Each Whisper did not rend thee: I could tell
Still by new Holes, how our Disasters fell.
At *Langport* when the West was well ago,
(A sad Mischance) thy Rear miscarry'd too,
And by a strong Intelligence the same time,
Thy Hooks and Buttons sprung with *Sherburns* Mine.
Now Peace be with thy Dust, whilst I do mourn,
And Loyally Industrious close thy Urn;

For

For the next motion to a Calm in th'Air,
Will thy poor Extants into peices tear:
And as the Wind when th'winged Nation pays
Their feather'd Tribute, send it several Ways;
One Fragment would into *Bridge-water* fall,
In *Sherburn* one; in several Garrisons all,
And th'Insolent Rebels at that Sight be won,
To think our Thread of Life like thine be done.
No *quondam Suit*, I'l keep thee from their Claws,
Rotten as th'art, thou shalt be sound for th'Cause.
Rather than to our Prejudice be dispersst,
Thou shalt make *Jack-of-lents* and *Babies* first:
Bait Fishes Hooks to couzen Mackrels Lips,
Because they keep the Seas with Rebels Ships:
Make good a Field of Pease against Jack-daw,
Reduce revolting Turkies into Awe;
And every part of thee shall be employ'd
To serve against Rebellion and Pride.
And as the pious Ancients use to rear
Tombs to the Bodies, which they know not where
To find, to thee pure Shade of Shades (for in
This mortal life no Ghost could be more thin)
This Monumental Paper I do vow,
And thank God I've another Habit now.

To the Queen.

Great Queen,

WHom Tumults lessen not, whose Womb, we see,
Keeps the same Method still, the same Decree;
And midst the brandisht Swords, and Trumpets voice
Brings forth a Prince, a Conquest to that Noise.

We

We greet the Courage of your Births; and spy
Your Consorts Spirit dancing in your Eye.
Valour he shrouds in Armour, you in Vail;
You wrapt in Tiffany, and he in Mail.
The fairest Bloom might since the Seasons low'r,
Lose all its Scent and turn a common Flow'r:
A Storm might blast the Beauty of that Brow,
And the fresh Rose shrink from its Glory now:
But there the constant Flower in Tempests gay,
As in the silent Whispers of the Day,
Can thrive in Blasts, and alike fruitful be,
When *Charles* in Steel, or *Charles* in Robes you see.
You smile a Mother, when the just King stands,
Or with a Show'r, or Thunder in his Hands.
Thus you alone, seated above all Jars,
Turn Noise to Tunes, and Lightning into Stars.

An Elegy on Ben. Johnson.

POet of Princes, Prince of Poets (we,
If to *Apollo*, well may pray to thee.)
Give Glow-worms leave to peep, who till thy Night
Could not be seen, we darken'd were with Light;
For Stars t'appear after the Fall o'th'Sun,
Is at the least modest Presumption.
I've seen a great Lamp lighted by the small
Spark of a Flint found in a Field, or Wall;
Our inner Verse faintly may shadow forth
A dull Reflection of thy Glorious Worth,
And like a Statue homely fashion'd, raise
Some Trophies to thy Mem'ry, though not Praise,
Those shallow Sirs, who want sharp sight to look
On the Majestick Splendor of thy Book,

That

That rather chuſe to hear an *Archy* prate,
Then the full Senſe of a learn'd Laureate;
May, when they ſee thy Name thus plainly writ,
Admire the Solemn Meaſure of thy Wit;
And like thy Works beyond a gaudy Show
Of Boards and Canvaſe, wrought by *Inigo*.
Ploughmen, who puzzled are with Figures, come
By Tallies to the Reckoning of a Sum,
And Milk-ſop Heirs, which from their Mothers Lap
Scarce travell'd, know far Countrys by a Map.
Shakeſpear may make Griefs, merry *Beaumonts* Stile
Raviſh and melt Anger into a Smile;
In Winter Nights, or after Meals, they be,
I muſt confeſs very good Company;
But thou exact'ſt our beſt Hours Induſtry,
We may read them, we ought to ſtudy thee;
Thy Scene's are Precepts, every Verſe doth give
Counſel, and teach us, not to laugh, but live.
You that with tow'ring Thoughts preſume ſo high
(Swell'd with a vain Ambitious Tympany)
To dream on Scepters, whoſe brave Miſchief calls
The Blood of Kings to their laſt Funerals,
Learn from *Sejanus* his high Fall, to prove
To thy dread Sovereign a ſacred Love;
Let him ſuggeſt a Reverend Fear to thee,
And may his Tragedy thy Lecture be.
Learn the compendious Age of ſlippery Power,
That's built on Blood, and may one little Hour
Teach thy bold Raſhneſs, that it is not ſafe,
To build a Kingdom on a *Cæſar's* Grave.
Thy Plays were whipt and libell'd, only 'cauſe
They'r good, and ſavour of our Kingdoms Laws.
Hiſtrio-maſtix (Lightning-like) doth wound
Thoſe things alone that ſolid are and ſound.

Thus

Thus guilty Men hate Justice, so a Glass
Is sometimes broke for shewing a foul Face.
There's none that wish thee Rods, instead of Bays,
But such whose very Hate adds to thy Praise.
Let Scriblers (that write Post and versifie
With no more Leasure than we cast a *Dye*)
Spur on their *Pegasus* and proudly cry,
This Verse I made i'th'twinkling of an Eye;
Thou could'st have done so, hadst thou thought it fit,
But 'twas the Wisdom of thy Muse to sit
And weigh each Syllable, suffering nought to pass,
But what could be no better than it was.
Those that keep pompous State, ne'er go in haste;
Thou went'st before them all, though not so fast;
While their poor Cob-web-stuff finds as quick Fate,
As Birth, and sells like Alm'nacks out of Date.
The marbled Glory of thy labour'd Rhyme
Shall live beyond the Calender of time,
Who will their Meteors 'bove the Sun advance;
Thine are the Works of Judgment, theirs of Chance.
How this whole Kingdom's in thy Debt, we have
From others Perriwigs and Paint, to save
Our ruin'd Sculls, and Faces; but to thee
We owe our Tongues, and Fancies Remedy.
Thy Poems make us Poets, we may lack
(Reading thy Book) stol'n Sentences and Sack.
He that can but one Speech of thine reherse,
Whether he will or no, must make a Verse.
Thus Trees give Fruit, the Kernels of that Fruit
Do bring forth Trees, which in more Branches shoot.
Our Canting English of it self alone,
I had almost said a Confusion,
Is now all Harmony; what we did say
Before was tuning only; this is Play.

Strangers

Strangers who cannot reach thy Sense, will throng
To hear us speak the Accents of thy Tongue,
As unto Birds that sing: If't be so good
When heard alone, what is't when understood!
Thou shalt be read as Classick Authors; and
As Greek and Latine taught in every Land.
The cringing *Monsieur* shall thy Language vent,
When he would melt his Wench with Complement.
Using thy Phrases, he may have his Wish,
Of a coy Nun, without an angry Pish.
And yet in all thy Poems there is shown
Such Chastity, that every Line's a Zone.
Rome will confess that thou mak'st *Cæsar* talk
In greater State and Pomp than he could walk.
Cataline's Tongue is the true Edge of Swords,
We now not only feel, but hear thy Words;
Who *Tully* in thy Idiom understands,
Will swear that his Orations are Commands:
But that which could with richer Language dress
The highest Sense, cannot thy Words express.
Had I thy own Invention which affords
Words above Action, Matter above Words,
To crown thy Merits, I should only be
Sumptuously poor, low in Hyperbole.

Another on Ben. Johnson.

WHo first reform'd our Stage with justest Laws,
And was the first best Judge in his own Cause,
Who (when his Actors trembled for Applause)
Could (with a Noble Confidence) prefer
His own, by Right, to a noble Theater;
From Principles, which he knew could not err.

Who

Who to his Fable did his Person fit,
With all the Properties of Art and Wit,
And above all that could be acted, writ.
Who Publick Follies did to Covert drive,
Which he again could cunningly retrive,
Leaving them no Ground to rest on and thrive.
Here *Johnson* lies, whom had I nam'd before,
In that one Word alone I had paid more,
Than can be now, when Plenty makes me poor.

To his Mistress.

COme (dearest *Julia*) thou and I
Will knit us in so strict a Tye,
As shall with greater Power ingage,
Than feeble Charms of Marriage;
We will be Friends, our Thoughts shall go,
Without Impeachment, to and fro;
The same desires shall elevate
Our mingled Souls, the self-same Hate
Shall cause Aversion, we will hear
One sympathizing Hope and Fear;
And for to move more close, we'l frame
Our Triumphs and our Tears the same:
Yet will we ne'er so grosly dare,
As our Ignobler selves to share;
Let Men desire like those above,
Spiritual Forms wee'l only love;
And teach the ruder World to shame;
When Heat increaseth to a Flame:
Love's like a Landskip, which doth stand,
Smooth at a distance, rough at Hand.

A Sight of the Ruins of St. Pauls.

HOmers vast Iliads found so small a Cell,
They reclus'd were to th'Cloyster of a Shell;
There Fate attends, there Ruin, *Pauls* must be
Unto it self both Urn and Elegy.
But must the Marble from thy Carcase rent,
Thy Glory once, now turn thy Monument?
Can there no Sheet, nor Sear-cloth be allow'd,
But thy own Lead to be thy Funeral-shroud?
Since by their publick Vote this was thy Doom,
Thou and Religion are to have one Tomb,
And wrapt up in a heap of Ruins, lie
Intomb'd i'th'Center of an Anarchy.
Must thou thy self, thy crumbled self interr
And to thy self, be thy own Sepulchre?
Nay, must thy Ruins too, in stead of Verse,
Hang like dull Pendants on thy scatter'd Herse?
Sure when the Eastern Monarchs shook away
The narrow Circumscription of their Clay,
'Twas thought contracted Mankind did expire,
And mix its Ashes with their Funeral Fire.
Such Hecatombs of dying Tribes became
Unto their Urns both Hecatomb and Flame;
So now, the unhallow'd Breath of Storms, have
This Pile into a rude Confusion; (thrown
And from its Aged Head fierce Zeal hath torn
ThatReverend Pomp which there so long was worn;
That now its Face appears like whither'd Care,
Or wilder than the Looks of Fevers are.
All other Churches, which like lesser Rays,
Darted their Light, from this Sun's Nobler Blaze,
Did

Did into Order, and fair Figure fall,
As Transcripts drawn from this Original;
Left this sad Heap its Funeral-rite should lack,
Each wears its Ruins like to solemn Black:
But if this wil Inot serve, the Dust of those
Which slumber in their Silence and Repose
Of their cold Urns, will like an Earthquake swell,
And break the gloomy Cloyster of each Cell,
That treasures up their drowsie Clay, and make
All the Convulsed Limbs of *London* shake,
So long until it drop one Heap, and be
At once its Mourner, Tomb, and Obsequy.

A Relation of a Quaker, *that to the shame of his Profession, attempted to bugger a Mare near* Colchester.

ALl in the Land of *Essex*
Near *Colchester* the Zealous,
On the side of a Bank,
Was play'd such a Prank,
As would make a Stone-horse jealous.
Help *Woodcock*, *Fox*, and *Nailor*
For Brother *Green*'s a Stallion,
Now alas what Hope,
Of converting the Pope,
When a Quaker turns *Italian*.
Unto our whole Profession,
A scandal 'twil be counted,
When 'tis talkt with Disdain
Amongst the profane,
How Brother *Green* was mounted.

And

And in the Good time of *Christmas*,
Which though the Saints have damn'd all,
Yet when did they hear
Of a damn'd Cavalier,
Ere plaid such a *Christmas* Gambal.
Had thy Flesh, O *Grace*, been pamper'd
With any Creature unhallow'd;
Hadst thou sweetned thy Gumbs
With Pottage of Plumbs,
Or profane minc'd Pye hadst swallow'd:
Roll'd up in wanton Swines Flesh,
The Fiend might have crept into thee,
Then Fulness of Gut
Might have made thee Rut,
And the Devil so have rid through thee.
But alas! he had been feasted
With a Spiritual Collation
By our frugal Mayor,
Who can dine with a Prayer!
And sup with an Exhortation.
'Twas meer Impulse of Spirit,
Though he us'd the Weapon carnal,
Filly foal, quoth he,
My Bride, thou shalt be:
Now how this is Lawful, learn all.
For if no Respect of Persons
Be due 'mongst the Sons of *Adam*,
In a large Extent,
Then it may be meant
That a *Mare*'s as good as a *Madam*.
Then without more Ceremony
Nor Bonnet vail'd, nor kist her,
He took her by Force
For better for worse,
And he us'd her like a Sister.

Now when in such a Saddle
A Saint will needs be riding,
Though I dare not say
'Tis a falling away,
May there not be some Back-sliding?
No surely, quoth *James Nailor*,
'Twas but an Insurrection
Of the Carnal Part,
For a Quaker in Heart
Cannot lose Perfection.
For so our Matters teach us,
The Intent being well directed,
Though the Devil trapan
The Antinical Man,
The Saints stand uninfected;
But yet a Pagan Jury
Still judges what's intended,
Then say what we can,
Brother *Greens* outward Man
I fear will be suspended.
And our Adopted Sister
Will find no better Quarter,
But when him we enjoul
For a Saint, Filly Foal
Shall pass, at least for a Martyr.
Now *Rome* that Spiritual *Sodom*,
No longer is thy Debtor,
O *Colchester* now
Who's *Sodom*, but thou,
Even according to the Letter?
Help *Woodcock*, *Fox*, and *Nailor*
For Brother *Green*'s a Stallion
Now alas what Hope
Of converting the Pope,
When a Quaker turns *Italian*

Upon a Talkative Woman.

PEace Beldam *Ugly*, thoul't not find
M'Ears Bottles for enchanted Wind;
That Breath of thine can only raise
New Storms, and discompose the Seas.
It may (assisted by thy Clatter)
A Pigmæan Army scatter;
Or move, without the smallest Strain,
Loretto's Chappel once again,
And blow St. *Goodrick* while he prays,
And knows not what it is he says.
And help false Latin with a Hom,
From *Finkley* to *Jerusalem*;
Or in th'Pacifick Sea supply
The Wind that Nature doth deny.
What, dost thou think I can retain
All this, and spout it out again?
As a surcharged Whale doth spew
Old Rivers to receive in new:
Thou art deceiv'd, even *Æol*'s Cave,
That can all other Blasts receive,
Would be too small to let in thine:
How then these narrow Ears of mine?
Defect of Organs may with me pass,
By Chance to pillorize an Ass;
Yet should I shake his Ears, they'd be
Not long enough to hearkt to thee.
Yet if thou hast a Mind to hear,
How high thy Voices Merits are;
Go serve the States, thoul't useful come,
And have the Pay of every Drum;

Or trudge to *Utretcht*, there out-run
Dame *Scuermans* Score of Tongues with one.
But pray be ſtill, for I do ſwear,
No Torment's like that of the Ear.
O let me when I chance to dye
In *Vulcan*'s Anvil buried lie,
Rather than hear thy Tongue once knell,
That Tom a Lincoln and Bow-bell.

The Second part of the Scots *Apoſtacy.*

GO helpleſs Virgins, teach ſome calmer Breaſt
To ſing a *Pæan* at a Marriage-feaſt;
Inſpire ſome pewling Lover, or with ſome
Sad Friend weep forth an *Epicedium.*
To theſe you may be welcom, but God wot,
You have not Gaul enough to name a *Scot.*
I muſt invoke the Furies to awake
My Rage, and impeach Letter with a Snake;
Help, help good *Enyo*, thou who doſt delight
In Blood and Slaughter, fill my Veins with ſpight,
Prompt thou my dull Invention, and diſperſe
Some potent Venom through my Baſilick-verſe;
That ſo my Breath may blaſt them, and each Word
Do Execution like the Halls-man's Sword.
Were my Tongue forkt, and dipped like my Mind,
In Poiſon, though I left the Sting behind,
Scots, you ſhould feel it, you my Scorpion Rhimes
Should reach, though Juſtice cannot reach your Crimes.
How my Fleſh trembles! O you curſed Brood
Of *Cain* and *Judas*, fatted with the Blood

Of

Of Innocents, how long will Heaven permit
Your devilish Art, or you to practise it?
Sleeps the Eternal Justice, or forbears
Only for want of Executioners?
'Tis so you have escap'd, because no Curse
Can be so great, but you deserve a worse.
Your Sins have sav'd you, pray you take them home
'Tis more than Innocence could do by some;
Yet you have got a strange Prerogative,
That which condemns you, makes you now alive;
And though belike the Hang-man he can draw
No Blood, but what is forfeited by Law;
Yet 'tis no humble Honour that you deign
Observant of these *Partians* Discipline.
Who dare affirm that *Scots* did never yet,
Before their Thievery, did earn their Meat:
Thus hopefully brought up, at length you got
A Way how to out-go the Powder-plot;
For had that Practice undiscover'd stood,
Some bad had likewise perisht with the good:
But you, right Imps of Satan, only bent
Your Malice to betray the Innocent,
Making the Jews your Pattern, letting pass
Sentence on Christ, and sparing *Barabbas*.
Nor could the meaner Rank of Men suffice
Your Treachery, thence Profit none could rise;
For what you had you'd seem to have forgot
The devilish Maxims of *Iscariot*,
The Grand Professor of your Doctrine, you,
As he sold his, have sold your Master too.
May be you thought like *Josephs* Brethren, thus
By selling him to make him Glorious:
Hell take your Craft, 'twas *Judas* taught you this,
How to betray your Master with a Kiss;

This is a Sin could not be pattern'd by
The worst Examples of fell Tyranny.
When as incensed *Catiline*, whose Breath
Breathed it, prescribd the City nought but Death:
When in his proud Conceit *Rome* seem'd to burn,
And did all realty drop into his Urn.
The ravisht Virgins slain, beastly Desire
Was quencht with Blood, to quench that Goddess (Fire;
Yet her Impious Thoughts did not prevail
So far, to set the Senators to Sale,
I must commend your plain Fore-fathers way,
Who weary of their Prince did only slay
His Person, and then streight did thuse a new,
They never murthered the Title too;
Yet were they counted Traitors in those times,
But oh! What Disproportions in your Crimes?
Their Hate was finite dying in his Fall,
They kill'd; yours Infinite, and strikes at all:
Not only endangering your Princes Health,
But even murthering Majesty it self.
They oft gave Money to be rid of one,
But you take Money, that you might have none;
And yet Religion must become the Veil
To cover your Enormities withal.
When Truth can witness, that you never knew,
More of Religion than the Name comes to.
Oh monstrous times! more monstrous Men, who force
Heavens fairest Child to be Sins Stalking-horse!
Could not the sacred Name of *King* restrain
You Avarice from such Impious Gain?
No, were the Name of so much Worth to you,
The Name had been made Mercenary too;
For to such bold Attempters, as dare frame
A senseless Idol of the saving Name

Of

Of *Jesus*: 'Twere an easie thing
To make a Tyrant of the Name of King;
And so with the same Colour *Brute* once sent
The very Title into Banishment.
You Bruits may do the like, and make a Room
At least of this, though nothing else at Home.
A cruel, faithless Nation, never true,
But to your selves; I should think Cowards too,
But that I see you dare in fresh Deeds sport
After this Crime, and fear no Vengeance for't.

The Definition of a Protector.

WHat's a Protector? He's a lately Thing,
That Apes it in the Non-age of a King.
A Tragick Actor, *Cæsar* in a Clown,
He's a brass Farthing stamped with a Crown.
A Bladder blown, with other Breaths puft full,
Not the *Perillus*, but *Perillus* B[illegible]
Æsops proud Ass veil'd in the [illegible]ns Skin;
An outward Saint lin'd with a Devil within:
An Eccho whence the Royal Sound doth come;
But just as a Barrel-head, sounds like a Drum.
Fantastick Image of the Royal Head,
The Brewers, with the Kings Arms, quartered:
He is a counterfeited Piece, that shows
Charles his Effigies with a Copper Nose.
In fine, he's one we must Protector call,
From whom the King of Kings protect us all.

{ *PROTECTOR.* Anagram. } *O Porter C. R.*

Upon the new Invention of flying with Chyn cal Magick, with a Description of his Caj of Comfort,

TEll us no more of *Icarus*,
Of *Hypogryph*, or *Pegasus*
Or of *Menippus* Journeyings
With Eagles, and with Vultures Wings;
Nor of the *Ganza*'s, which did soon
Transport *Don Diego* to the Moon.
These are Inventions old and stale,
The dull Effects of muddy Ale;
For we have got a newer Trick, Sir,
Which far out-does the fam'd *Elixir*.
Give us a Man in Bulk as vast,
As th'Tun at *Heidelberg* i'th'waste,
Or greater if it well may be
Than *Garagantu*'s two or three,
We'l so calcine him that he shall
Even become Aerial.
Give us an Hostess fat and dull,
With Guts at least a Dung-cart full,
Whose Corps appears in outward Show,
Just like a Lump of leaven'd Dough,
We can by Spirits and by Art
Evaporate her carnal Part.
And make her mount the Welkin blew,
A Way that never any knew.
About the middle of *Long-Aker*,
(If I be not a great Mistaker)
A noble high built Castle stands,
Which far and near the Coast commands:

A Lion Couchant guards the Door,
Which though he gapes, yet doth not roar,
And though his Teeth may chance to fright you,
Yet you may enter, he'l not bite you.
Here, here springs that Celestial Fount,
Which makes both Souls and Bodies mount.
The great Commander of this Fort,
Tells you in Earnest, not in Sport.
That heretofore his total Weight
Was full three Hundred, *sans* deceit;
But since he in this Place did fix,
'Tis but two Hundred thirty six,
Quickly he could put off this Load;
But finding yet that his Abode
Unto the World is necessary,
He is content a while to tarry.
But when dull Mortals shall begin,
By their Ingratitude and Sin
To fright him hence, then in a trice
He'l fly away by this Device.
Have you not seen i'th'Month of *May*,
An Egg by Force of *Phœbus* Ray
Drawn from the Earth, fill'd with a few
Collected drops of Morning-dew?
Can Dew do this and shall not we
Believe more Volatility
To be in Spirit sublimate?
Yes that we will, in spight of Fate.
Besides, the Stones which *Mongibel*
Disgorges from the Mouth of Hell,
Are so calcin'd, that at their Fall,
They'l not in Water sink at all.
Can *Ætna*'s Flames do thus to Stones?
And do we think that Flesh and Bones

May

May not by a more subtil Fire,
Be raised to Perfection higher?
If Bodies all composed be
Of Sulphur, Salt, and Mercury,
Easie it is by Chymick Skill
To make the fix'd Salt volatil;
Which being done, for Company
The other will together fly.
This is the Way, and only this,
Who ever hits it, cannot miss.
Come then Ingenious Souls, that may
By this Discovery find a Way
To seek new Worlds about the Sphears,
And pull *Endymion* by the Ears.
Let *France* and *Spain* enjoy their Wine,
We have a Liquor more Divine,
Which by the learnedst Approbation
Is call'd *A Cup of Consolation*.
This, this will make you mount the Skies,
Like nimble-winged *Mercuries*;
For who the Operation feels
Of this, hath Wings in's Head and Heels.

The Coachman of St. James's.

THe whip again? Away, 'tis too absurd,
That thou shouldst fall with *Whip-cord* me but *Sword*.
I'm pleas'd to fancy how the glad Compact
Of *Hackney-Coachmen* near at the last *Act*.
Hark how the scoffing Concourse hence derives
The *Proverb*, *needs must go when th' Devil drives*.

Yonder a *Whipper* crys, 'tis a plain Case,
He turn'd us out, to put himself i'th' place;
But *God-a-mercy Horses* once, for ye
Stood to't, and turn'd him out, as well as we.
Another, not behind them with his Mocks,
Crys out, *Sir, faith you were in the wrong Box*,
He did presume to rule, because *forsooth*
Ha's been a *Horse Commander* from his Youth;
But he must know there's Difference in the Reins
Of Horses fed with Oats, and fed with *Grains*,
I wonder at his Frollick, for be sure
Four pamper'd Coach-horses can *fling* a Brewer;
But *Pride* will have a Fall, such the Worlds course is,
He that can rule three Realms, can't guide four
Horses.
See him that trampled thousands in their Gore,
Dismounted by a *Pansy*, but of *four*.
But we have done with't, and we may him call,
In's driving, *Jehu*, *Phaeton* in's Fall.
I would to *God* for these three *Kingdoms* sake,
His *Neck*, and not the *Whip* had given the Crack.

On Black Eyes.

IN Faith, 'tis true, I am in Love,
'Tis your black Eyes have made me so,
My Resolutions they remove,
And former Niceness overthrow.
2. Those glowing Char-coals set on Fire
A Heart, that former Flames did shun,
Who as *Heretick* unto Desire
Now's judg'd to suffer *Matryrdom*.

3. But

3. But Beauty, since it is thy Fate,
At distance thus to wound so sure,
Thy Vertues I will imitate,
And see if Distance prove a Cure.

4. Then farewel *Mistress*, farewel *Love*,
Those lately entertain'd Desires,
Wise Men can from that Plague remove;
Farewel black Eyes, and farewel Fires.

5. If ever I my Heart acquit
Of those dull Flames, I'l bid a *Pox*
On all black Eyes, and swear they'r fit
For nothing but a *Tinder-box*.

In Nuptias Principis Auranchii & D. Mariæ filiæ Regis Angliæ.

Fama Refert nostris terras hæsisse hatâvinas,
Atque unum quondam gentibus esse solum;
Oceanumque duas qui nunc interluit Oras,
Fluctibus haud semper dissecuisse suis.
Migrat in historiam fuerat quæ fabula, tedis,
Oceanusque tuo jam tandem pulsus amore est;
Et cedunt flammis, pontus & unda tuis;
Dùm populus populi procus est, passusque sagittas
Nubentis simili principis igne calet,
Et tua dum nostras sociant sponsalia dextras;
Connubii tandem fœdera nomen habent.
Non sponsam, Fateor, paribus natalibus æquas,
Nec similes thalamos fers similesve thoras;
Nec te tam magnis jactas è Regibus ortum,
Nec stirpem decorant Regna ter ampla tuam:
Haud tamen accedis minor; est pro sanguine virtus,
Quodque illi Fœlix, dat tibi forte genus.
Par Sceptris Patris Gladius, tibi stemmate bellis

Auxit,

Auxit, & antiquis Regibus æqua dedit.
Par tua Regali victrix domus, hinc quoque nobis
Majorum fictis Imperialis ades.
Et licet in dotem sponsa non porrigis Indos,
Sed plures conjux ferret Iberus opes;
Gallus & in thalamos Rueret magis aureus, & te:
Ex arcâ vincat Natio multa suâ:
Tu tamen in dotem patris clara arma ministrans
Ferrato in Gremium ditior Imbre ruis;
Amplior & sors est Indis, ad ferre triumphos,
Et par possesso victus Iberus adest.
Cujus ad ereptum, plus est quòd nasceris, Aurum,
Quàm natum; Gemina est India capta, tua.
Fersque polo coctum, dives sub utroque metallum;
Et cadit in fiscum sol, oriturque, tuum;
Dùm toties tibi vectas opes Hispania victas;
Cedit & in sensus annua præda tuos.
Nasceris, & puerum gens spoliare timet,
Ætatique metus nutrit, versatque cœvos;
Atque annis fingit damna futura tuis.
Anticipatque tuos, Infantia læta, triumphos,
Dum tenero fortis Spirat in ore Pater.
Qui sua bella, tuo cernet, sed mollia, vultu;
Misceturque tuis Marte cupido genis.
Hic gemina oppositis vibrantur vulnera telis,
Currit ad hæc conjux, hostis & illa fugit.

Upon the Marriage of the young Prince of Orange *with the Lady* Mary.

WE are no longer Island, speedily (must be,
Cement these Hands, Priest; these our Isth-
Nor does the Sea divide us, but's become
Our Wedding Ring, Type of our Union.

Yet

Yet Wedding's a too private Stile, for this
Not a plain mortal Match, but a League is;
A League that shall incorporate these two
Nations, and that third which shall spring from you.
Make haste then, and prevent your Years, we all
Long till we may the Belgian, Cousin call.
While thus you couple young, you seem to be
Espous'd, not by Consent, but Sympathy.
And like the Vine and Elm secure from Strife
Embrace as born, not as made Man and Wife.
And you may like the Vine too multiply,
That he, who shall sum up your Progeny,
May be perswaded that you did bring forth
Not Twins, but Clusters; while their Native Worth
Antedates, breeding, and your Issues are
Each Babe a sucking Hero, Infant Star.
But why do I these needless Fancies vent?
Your Marriage is an Act of Parliament.
The State's your Priest, your People too, who see
You voted thus, thus sign'd, think you to be
Not wedded but enacted, and do since
Acknowledge you are now both Law and Prince.

Another upon the same.

'Tis vain to wish them Joys; nor is it meet (feet,
Verses should pray, changing to knees their
This were thy Cry, God help you, to a Saint,
Can Fulness fail, or Glorious Bodies faint?
Votes are for meaner Wed-locks, where there is
Some Doubt or Hazard of a lasting Bliss;
But now such Labour's equally unwise,
As is the Priest's that prays for Deities;

Blessings

Blessings are proper to this Union,
As heat to Fire, or Light is to the Sun;
Nor is't a Wonder; for the Prince did woo
Not Birth, Age, Beauty, but Religion too:
Here Faith and Reason courts, this March doth prove
Wisdom in Youth, and Policy in Love.
Some Bridegrooms (like the Days) all Nations try
And cheapen every Toy before they buy.
When one is only Worthy, and worth all
Those that were Rivals for the golden Ball,
He could not look on more, without Offence;
A Thirst of Choice had thwarted Providence.
The Theban Hearth could not divide these Flames,
Which burnt through all the Seas, 'twixt *Rhine* and *Thames*.
Nor were their Hearts link'd by the Painters Hand,
Or Legates Voice, such Bonds are Ropes of Sand;
They their own Counsel, happier Steps have trod,
Who not salute the Image, but the God.
Should he have had a Speaker, who (tho young)
Carries an ord'red Babel in his Tongue?
Or should her Beauty in faint Colours lie,
When there's no Tablet worthy but his Eye?
This Sun and Moon may safely joyn their Lips,
Who by their Nearness banish all Eclipse.
Their Flames and Flow'rs (stoln Kisses like) do make
Equal Amends, and at once give and take.
Here are such emulous Beauties, that some do
Think them united in one Body too.
So that our Eyes see double, as a Face;
Though single in the Flesh, is two i'th'Glass,
And 't must be so, unless that's now confest,
Which once was Solœcism, that both are best.

And

And each is all; which large Perfections are
Beyond our Hopes and Faiths as well as Prayer:
Thus then, here's nothing wanting, yet we may,
Although not for them, to them humbly pray.
Grant then Illustrious Prince (for we do vow
To know no Nuptial Deity but you)
Grant us our Boon, although your abler parts
Make this a truer Marriage of the Arts;
Yet throw your *Euclid* by, and only look
To th'Propositions of your living Book,
And you'l conclude Truth doth more clearly lie
There, than i'th'Maxims of Philosophy.
Measure o'er all her Limbs, and you will see
No such Proportions in Geometry;
Instead of Heavens rude Globes, survey her Eyes,
There lurks no Snake, or Scorpion in those Skies.
You'l there find richer Sphears, and blushing tell
How in those Points Angels, like you, do dwell.
Since she to day made you a Number, try
Part of one Art alone to multiply;
Think of no Tacticks, but of those which are
Read in the martial'd Orders of her Hair.
Though you with Victory have Armies led,
'Twas not so great a Triumph, as to wed,
Such Fetters will encrease your Liberty;
Count not these Bonds amongst your Armory.
Thus Prisons prove strong Forts, and Foes are slain
The second time, now by a Captive Chain.
And you (most gracious Lady, who alone
Are all the Goddesses we call upon)
Wear not too many Pearls, unless it be
Upon a day of sad Humility.
When you keep Masks, or celebrate a Feast,
If you'd be Rich or Glorious, come undrest.

Gems

Gems do but hide Sparks of a brighter hew;
Those that are Stars to some, are Clouds to you;
Think of no Jewel, but the Union
That which the Priest, not Ladies did put on,
And then you'l find true Lustre; Eyes are dim,
And weary with the Light, but not of him;
When you have made his Arms your Seat, be't known,
'Tis to debase your self, to sit i th' Throne.

An Epitaph on Ben. Johnson.

THe Muses fairest Light in no dark time,
The Wonder of a Learned Age; the Line
Which none can pass, the most proportion'd Wit
To Nature, the best Judge of what was fit:
The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest Pen;
The Voice most eccho'd by consenting Men;
The Soul which answer'd best to all, well said
By others, and which most requital made:
Tun'd to the highest Key of ancient *Rome*,
Returning all her Musick with his own:
In whom with Nature, Study claim'd a Part,
Yet who unto himself ow'd all this Art:
Here lies *Ben. Johnson*, every Age will look
With Sorrow here, with Wonder on his Book.

On one that was deprived of his Testicles.

THou Neuter Gender! Whom a Gown
Can make a Woman, Breeches none:
Created one thing, made another,
Not a Sister, scarce a Brother:

Jack of both sides, that may bear,
Or a Distaff, or a Spear,
If thy Fortune thither call,
Be the Grand Seignors General;
Or if thou fancy not that Trade,
Turn th'Sultana's Chamber-maid;
A Medal where grim *Mars* turn right,
Proves a smiling Aphtodite;
How doth Nature quibble, either
He, or she, Boy, Girl, or neither.
Thou may'st serve great *Jove*, instead
Of *Hebe* both and *Ganymed*:
A Face both stern and mild, Cheeks bare,
That still do only promise Hair.
Old *Cybele* the first in all
This humane predicamental Scale,
Why should she chuse her Priests to be
Such Individuums as ye?
Such Insecta's, added on
To Creatures by Substraction;
In whom Nature claims no part,
Ye only being Words of Art.

To his Mistress.

WHat Mystery is this? That I should find
My Blood, in kissing you, to stay behind;
'Twas not for want of Colour, that requir'd
My Blood for Paint: no *Dye* could be desir'd
On that fair Cheek, where Scarlet were a Spot,
And where the Juice of Lillies but a Blot:
If at the Presence of a Murtherer,
The Wound will bleed, and tell the Cause is there;

A touch will do much more; even so my Heart,
When secretly it felt your killing Dart,
Shew'd it in Blood, which yet doth more complain
Because it cannot be so touch't again.
This wounded Heart, to show its Love most true,
Sent forth a drop, and wrote its Mind to you:
Was ever Paper half so white as this?
Or wax so yielding to the printed Kiss?
Or seal so strong? No Letter e'er was writ,
That could the Authors Mind so truly fit:
For though my self to forreign Countrys fly,
My Blood desires to keep you Company.
Here I could spill it all, thus I can free
My Enemy from Blood, though slain I be;
But slain I cannot be, nor meet with ill,
Since, but to you, I have no Blood to spill.

The Puritan.

WIth Face and Fashion to be known,
For one of sure Election,
With Eyes all white, and many a Groan,
With Neck aside to draw in Tone,
With Harp in's Nose, or he is none,
See a new Teacher of the Town,
O the Town, O the Towns new Teacher.
With Pate cut shorter than the Brow,
With little Ruff starch'd you know how,
With Cloak like *Paul* no Cape I trow.
With Surplice none; but lately now,
With Hands to thump, no Knees to bow.
See a new Teacher, *&c.*

With coz'ning Cough, and hollow Cheek,
To get new Gatherings every Week,
With Paltery Change of *and* to *eke*,
With some small Hebrew, and no Greek,
To find out Words, when stuff's to seek.
See a new Teacher, *&c.*

With Shop-board Breeding, and Intrusion,
With some Outlandish Institution,
With *Ursin*'s Catechism to muse on,
With *Systems* Method for Confusion,
With Grounds strong laid of meer Illusion.
See a new Teacher, *&c.*

With Rites indifferent all damned,
And made unlawful, if commanded,
Good Works of Popery down banded,
And Moral Laws from him estranged,
Except the Sabbath still unchanged.
See a new Teacher, *&c.*

With Speech unthought, quick Revelation,
With boldness in Predestination,
With threats of absolute Damnation,
For *Yea* and *Nay* hath some Salvation,
For his own Tribe, not every Nation.
See a new Teacher, *&c.*

With after License cost a Crown,
When Bishop new had put him down,
With Tricks call'd Repetition,
And Doctrine newly brought to Town,
Of teaching Men to hang and drown.
See a new Teacher, *&c.*

Wit

With Flesh-provision to keep Lent,
With Shelves of Sweet-meats often spent,
Which new Maid bought, old Lady lent,
Though to be far'd a poor Prelent;
Yet Legacies allure the Event.
See a new Teacher, &c.

With Troops expecting him at th'Door,
That would hear Sermons, and no more;
With noting Tools, and high-prest Hire,
With Bibles great to turn them over,
While he wrests Places by the Force.
See a new Teacher, &c.

With running Text, the Mann'd forsaken,
With *For* and *But*, both by Sects shaken,
Cheap Doctrines lent'd, wild Disputes,
Both sometimes one, by Mock mistaken,
With any thing, to any Surgeon.
See a new Teacher, &c.

With new wrought Caps, against the Cannon,
For taking Cold, though long he have one;
A Sermons Text, where he begun one,
A new Hour long, which scarce had an one,
New Life, new Pains, new Stones to Stand on.
See a new Teacher, &c.

The Flight.

My *Lelia* stay,
And run not thus like a young Roe away,
No Enemy
Pursues thee (foolish Girl) 'tis only I,
I'll keep off Harms,
If thou'l be pleas'd to garrison mine Arms;
What, dost thou fear
I'll turn a Traytor? May these Roses have
To Paleness shread,
And Lillies stand disguized in new Red,
If that I lay
A Snare, wherein thou wouldst not gladly stay.
See, see the Sun
Does slowly, to his Azure Lodging run,
Come, sit but here,
And presently he'l quit our Hemisphere;
So still, among
Lovers, time is too short, or else too long;
Here will we spin
Legends for them that have Loves Martyrs bin;
Here on this Plain,
We'l talk *Narcissus* to a Flower again:
Come here, and chose
On which of these proud Plats thou wouldst repose:
Here may'st thou shame
The rusty Violets with the crimson Flame
Of either Cheek,
And Primroses, white as thy Fingers seek;
Nay thou may'st prove,
That Mans most Noble Passion is to love.

To a Lady that wrought a Story of the Bible in Needle-work.

COuld we judge here, most vertuous Madam, then
Your Needle might receive Praise from our Pen:
But this our Want bereaves it of that part,
Whil'st to admire and thank is all our Art.
The Work deserves a Shrine: I should rehearse
Its Glory in a Story not in Verse.
Colours are mixed so subt'ly, that thereby
The Strength of Art doth take and cheat the Eye:
At once a thousand we can gaze upon,
But are deceiv'd by their Transition.
What Touches is the same, Beam takes from Beam;
The next still like; yet diff'ring in the Extream.
Here runs this Tract, whither we see that tends,
But cannot say, Here this, or there that ends;
Thus, while they creep insensibly we doubt,
Whether the one pours not the other out.
Faces so quick and lively, that we may
Fear, if we turn our Backs, they'l steal away.
Postures of Grief so true, that we may swear
Your artful Finger have wrought Passion there:
View we the Manger and the Babe, we thence
Believe the very Threads have Innocence;
Then on the Cross, such Love, such Grief we find,
As 'twere the Transcript of our Saviours Mind:
Each Parcel so expressive, each so fit,
That the whole seems not so much wrought as writ;
'Tis Sacred Text all, we may quote, and thence,
Extract what may be pass'd in our Defence.
Blest Mother of the Church, be in the List
Reason'd with four, a She-Evangelist.

Nor can the Stile be Prophanation, when
The Needle may convert more than the Pen;
When Faith may come by Seeing, and each Leaf,
Rightly perus'd, prove Gospel to the Deaf:
Had not that *Helen* haply found the Cross,
By this your Work you had repair'd that Loss.
Tell me not of *Penelope*, we do
See a Web here more chast and sacred too.
Where are ye now, O Women, ye that sow
Temptations, lab'ring to express the Bow
Of the blind Archer? Ye that rarely set
To please your Loves, a *Venus* in a Net?
Turn your Skill hither, then we shall, no Doubt,
See the Kings Daughter Glorious too without.
Women sow'd only Fig-leaves hitherto;
Eves Nakedness is only cloath'd by you.

To the King.

THe Prince hath now an Equal, and may see
A Fellow to his Sports, as great as he:
Nor need he lessen Birth, or fall from State,
Or be depos'd to an Associate;
Or else to sit Companions to his Play,
Need lay your Scepter or your Crown away.
And now you may behold Sir, by your side,
Your Royal self grown more, and multiply'd;
And those past Years, before and since your Reign,
May in your Children see liv'd o'er again;
Who are your Emblems; and though none be free
From Fate, yet you in them Immortal be;
And whil'st we may preserve your Living thus,
When e'er you dye, you not depart from us;

Your

Your Sons will keep most of you from the Grave,
So, though we change, we no new King shall have.
You only will be varied; as a Grain
Lost in a Harvest, more returns again.
And though perchance we cannot say like those,
Who are Heirs to their Fathers Eyes or Nose,
Report his Look, and are so justly fac't
Like him, as if they were not born but cast,
That all these Signs we in the Princes find,
Yet sure, there is more likeness in their Mind; (who
Which you convey'd them through their Mother,
Even thus did travel with your Vertues too,
Which to descend to our dull Sense and Earth,
Comes to us in their Shapes, and suffer Birth,
And be your Off-spring, who when Chronicle
Is all we have, and Annals only tell
Your Deeds and Actions, and when Men shall look
And see the Prince and Duke do all the Book,
And live your Royal Story, and that all
Which you did well, was but prophetical;
Will not be thought as your Posterity,
But you in them will your Successor be.

To the Queen, upon the Birth of her first Daughter.

AFter the Prince's Birth, admired Queen,
Had you prov'd barren, you had fruitful been;
And in one Heir born to his Fathers Place
And Royal Mind, had brought us forth a Race;
But we, who thought we wisht enough to see
A Prince of *Wales*, have now a Progeny;
And you being perfect now, have learnt the Way
To be with Child as oft as we can pray.

So

So that henceforth, we need no Altars vex
With empty Vows, being heard in either Sex:
Nor have we all our Kingdoms Incense try'd
So many Years, only to be deny'd.
We no Desires but thankful Off'rings bring,
That bearing many, you prefer the King,
And to us yet have but one Daughter shown;
Who else had been the Original alone,
Without a Copy: For the Shapes we see
In Tables of you but bright Errors be;
Nor could we hope Art could beget an Heir
To that sweet Form, unless your self did bear
Your Pourtraiture, and in a Daughter shew,
That of your self, which yet no Painter drew;
Who with his subtle Hand, and wisest Skill,
Hath hitherto but striv'd to draw you ill;
And when he takes his Pencil from your Look,
Finds Colours make you but a Piece mistook,
And so paints Treason, nor would have Pretence
To scape, but that he limns a fair Pretence:
But in the Princess you are writ so plain
And true, that in her you were born again.
And when we see you both together plac't,
You are your Daughter, only grown in haste.
In both we may the self-same Graces see,
But that they yet in her but Infant be,
Not Woman Beauties; nor will we despair
The Prince and Duke of *York* have equal Share
In your Perfection, which, though they divide,
Make them both Prince enough by th'Mothers side:
Whose Composition is so clear and good,
That we can see Discourses in your Blood,
And understand your Body, so refin'd,
That of you might be born a Soul or Mind.

O may you ſtill be fruitful, and begin
Henceforth to make our Year by lying in.
May we have ſtore of Princes, and they live
Till Heraulds doubt what Titles they ſhould give.
To this, may you be young ſtill, and no other
Signs of more Age found in you, but a Mother.

Upon one that preacht in a Cloak.

SAw you the Cloak at Church to day,
The long-worn ſhort Cloak lin'd with Say?
What had the Man no Gown to wear?
Or was this ſent him from the Mayor?
Or is't the Cloak which *Nixon* brought
To trim the Tub, where *Golledge* taught?
Or can this beſt conceal his Lips,
And ſhew Communion-ſitting Hips?
Or was the Cloak St. *Pauls*? If ſo,
With it he found the Parchments too;
Yes, verily, for he hath been
With mine Hoſt *Gaius*, at the new Inn.
A Gown (God bleſs us) trails o'th' Floor,
Like th' Petticoat o'th' Scarlet Whore,
Whoſe large ſtiff Plates, he dare confide,
Are Ribs from Antichriſts own ſide:
A mourning Cope if it look to th' Eaſt,
Is the black Surplice of the Beaſt.

A Song of SACK.

COme let us drink away the time,
A *Pox* upon this pelting Rhime,
When *Wine* runs high, Wit's in the Prime:
Drink and stout Drinkers, are true Joys,
Odd *Sonnets* and such little Toys,
Are Exercises fit for Boys.

2. The whining Lover that doth place
His Fancy on a painted Face,
And wasts his Substance in the Chase
Would ne'er in Melancholy pine;
Had he Affections so Divine,
As once to fall in Love with *Wine*..

3. Then to our Liquor let us sit,
Wine makes the Soul for Action fit,
Who drinks most *Wine*, hath the most Wit:
The *Gods* themselves do Revels keep,
And in pure *Nectar* tipple deep,
When sloathful Mortals are asleep.

4. They fudled me for Recreation,
In Water, which by all Relation
Did cause *Deucalions* Inundation;
The *Spangle Globe* had it almost.
Their Cups were with Salt-Water do'st,
The Sun-burnt Center was the Toast.

5. The Gods then let us imitate,
Secure from carping Care and Fate;
Wine, Wit, and Courage both create:
In Wine *Apollo* always chose
His darkest *Oracles* to disclose,
'Twas *Wine* gave him his Ruby-nose.

6. Who

6. Who dare's not drink, 's a wretched Wight,
Nor do I think that Man dares fight
All Day, that dares not drink all Night:
Come fill my Cup untill it swim
With Foam, that overlooks the Brim.
Who drinks the deepest? *Here's to him.*

7. Sobriety and Study breeds
Suspicion in our Acts and Deeds,
The *down-right Drunkard* no Man heeds:
Give me but *Sack*, *Tobacco* store,
A *drunken Friend*, a little *Whore*;
Provide me these, I'll ask no more.

A Time-Sonnet.

NOw that our Holy Wars are done
Between the Father and the Son;
And since we have by Righteous Fate,
Distrest a *Monarch* and his *Mate*,
And forc'd their *Heirs* flee into *France*,
To weep out their Inheritance:
Let's set open all our Packs,
That contain ten thousand Racks,
Cast on the Shore of the Red Sea,
Of *Naseby* and of *Newbery*.
If then you will come provided with *Gold*,
We dwell close by *Hell*, where we'l sell
What you will, that is ill
For Charity waxeth cold.

2. Hast

2. Hast thou done Murther, or Blood spilt;
We can soon get another Name,
That will keep thee from all Blame;
But be it still provided thus,
That thou hast once been one of us;
Gold is the God that shall pardon the Guilt:
For we have
What shall save
Thee from th'Grave;
Since the *Law*
We can awe,
Although a famous *Prince's* Blood were spilt.

3. If a *Church* thou hast bereft
Of its *Plate*, 'tis *Holy Theft*.
Or for Zeal sake, if thou bee'st
Prompted on to be a *Thief*;
Gold is a sure prevailing Advocate.
Then come, bring a Sum, *Law* is dumb,
And submits to our Wits;
For it's *Policy* guides a *State*.

The Parliament.

MOst Gracious and Omnipotent,
And Everlasting *Parliament*,
Whose Power and Majesty
Is greater, than all *Kings* by odds;
And to account you less than *Gods*,
Must needs be *Blasphemy*.

2. *Moses* and *Aaron* ne'er did do
More Wonder, than are wrought by you

For

For *Englands Israel*;
But though the *Red Sea* we have past,
If you to *Canaan* bring's at last,
Is't not a Miracle?

3. In six Years space you have done more,
Than all the Parliaments before;
You have quite done the Work.
The *King*, the *Cavalier*, and *Pope*,
You have o'erthrown, and next we hope
You will confound the *Turk*.

4. By you we have Deliverance,
From the Design of *Spain* and *France*,
Ormond, *Montrose*, the *Danes*;
You aided by our *Brethren Scots*,
Defeated have *Malignant Plots*,
And brought your Sword to *Cain*'s.

5. What wholesom *Laws* have you ordain'd?
Whereby our Property's maintain'd
'Gainst those would us undo;
So that our *Fortunes* and our *Lives*,
Nay, what is dearer, our own *Wives*,
Are wholly kept by you.

6. Oh! What a flourishing *Church* and *State*
Have we enjoy'd e'er since you sate
With a Glorious King (*God save him*:)
Have you now made his *Majesty*,
Had he the Grace but to comply,
And do as you would have him?

7. Your

7. Your *Directory* how to pray
By th'*Spirit*, shews the perfect Way.
In Zeal you have abolisht
The *Dagon* of the *Common-prayer*,
And next we see you will take Care,
That *Churches* be demolisht.

8. A Multitude in every Trade
Of painful Preachers you have made
Learned, by *Revelation*:
Cambridge and *Oxford* made poor Preachers,
Each *Shop* affordeth better Teachers,
O Blessed Reformation!

9. Your Godly Wisdom hath found out
The true Religion, without Doubt;
For sure among so many,
We have five Hundred at the least,
Is not the *Gospel* much increast?
All must be pure, if any.

10. Could you have done more piously,
Than sell *Church-Lands* the *King* to buy,
And stop the *Cities* Plenty?
Paying the *Scots-Church-Militant*,
That the new *Gospel* helpt to plant,
God knows they are Poor *Saints*.

11. Because th'*Apostles Creed* is lame,
Th'*Assembly* doth a better frame,
Which saves us all with Ease;
Provided still we have the Grace
To believe th'*House* in the first Place,
Be our Works what they please.

12. 'Tis

'Tis strange your *Power* and *Holiness*,
Can't the *Irish Devil* dispossess,
His Land is very stout;
But though you do so often pray,
And every Month keep *Fasting-day*,
You cannot cast them out.

On the May-Pole.

THe Mighty Zeal which thou hast late put on,
Neither by Prophet, nor by Prophet's Son
As yet prevented, doth transport me to
Beyond my Skill, that though I never could go
Far in a Verse, and have all Rhimes defi'd,
Since *Hopkins* and good *Thomas Sternhold* dy'd;
Except it were the little Pains I took,
To please Good People in a Prayer Book
That I set forth, or lie; yet must I Praise
My Spirits for thee, who shall in thy Praise
Gird up her Loyns, and furiously run
All kind of Feet, but Satans cloven one.
Such is thy Zeal, so well thou dost express it,
That we't not like a Charm'd Land, God bless it.
I needs must say it is a Spiritual thing,
To rail against the *Bishop* and the *King*.
But these are private Quarrels, this doth fall
Within the *Compass* of the General;
Where (tho it be a Pole painted, or wrought
For other use, that from the Wood it was brought,
Whose Head the Idol-makers Hand doth crop,
Where a profane Bird now sings on the top,
Loves the Call in *Horse*, at whose Root
The *Morris-Youth* doth exercise his Foot:

 Or

Or whether it preſerves its Boughs befriended
By Neighbouring Buſhes, and by them attended.
How canſt thou chuſe but ſeeing it, complain
That *Baal's* worſhip'd in the Groves again?
Tell me how curſt an egging with a Sting
Of Luſt, do theſe unwily Dances bring:
The ſimple Wretches ſay they mean no harm,
They do'nt indeed, but yet theſe Actions warm
Our purer Bloud the more: For Satan thus
Tempts us the more that are more Righteous.
Oft hath a Brother moſt ſincerely gone
Stifled with Zeal and Contemplation,
Where lighting on the Place where ſuch Repair,
He views the Nymph, and is clean out in's Prayer.
Oft hath a Siſter grounded in a Truth,
Seeing the jolly Carriage of the Youth,
Been tempted to the Way that's broad and bad,
And wer't not for our private Pleaſures, had
Renounc'd her little Ruff and goggle Eye,
And quit her ſelf of the Fraternity.
What is the Mirth, what is the Melody
That ſets them in this Gentiles Vanity?
When in our Synagogues we rail at Sin,
And tell Men of the Faults that they are in;
With Hand and Voice ſo following our Theams,
That we put out the Sides-men in their Dreams,
Sounds not the Pulpit then which we belabor
Better, and holier then doth a Tabor?
Yet ſuch is Unregenerate Mans Folly,
He loves the wicked Noiſe, and hates the Holy.
If the Sins ſweet Enticing, and the Blood
Which now begins to boyl, have thought it good
To challenge Liberty aud Recreation;
Let it be done in Holy Contemplation.

Brother

Brother and Sister in the Field may walk,
Beginning of the Holy Word to talk,
Of *David* and *Uriah*'s lovely Wife,
Of *Thamar* and her lustful Brothers Strife:
Then underneath the Hedge that is the next,
They may sit down, and so act out the Text:
Nor do we want (how e'er we live Austere)
In Winter Sabbath Nights some lusty Chear,
And though the Pastor's Grace which oft doth hold
Half an Hour long, make the Provision cold;
We can be merry thinking ne'er the worse,
To mend the Matter at the second Course:
Chapters are read, and Hymns are sweetly sung,
Joyntly commanded by the Nose and Tongue;
Then on the Word we diversly dilate,
Wrangling indeed for Heat of Zeal, not Hate.
When at the length an unappeased Doubt
Fiercely comes in, and then the Lights go out;
Darkness thus makes our Peace, and we contain
Our fiery Spirits till we meet again:
Till then no Voice is heard, no Tongue do's go,
Unless a tender Sister shriek, or so.
Such should be our Delights, grave and demure,
Not so abominable and impure
As those thou seek'st to hinder, but I fear
Satan will be too strong, his Kingdom's there:
Few are the Righteous, nor do I know
How this Idol here shall overthrow,
Sin our sincerest Patron is deceast,
The Number of the Righteous is decreast;
But we do hope these times will on, and breed
A Faction mighty for us, for indeed
We labour all, and every Sister joins
To have Regenerate Babes spring from our Loyns.

Besides what many carefully have done,
To get the unrighteous Man a Righteous Son.
Then stoutly on, let not thy Flocks range lewdly,
In their old Vanities, thou Lamp of *Beaudly*;
One thing I pray thee, do not so much thirst
After Idolatries last fall, but first
Follow thy Suit more close, let it not go,
Till it be thine as thou wouldst hav't, for so
Thy Successors upon the same entail,
Hereafter may take up the Whit-sun-Ale.

To the Queen.

Most Gracious Queen,

IF Poets could be born, as oft as you
Bring Princes forth, something might then be new;
Th'Alembicks of the Womb and Brain run cross,
Elixars they'r more common than our Dross.
Your fair and beautiful Soil pure Manna breeds,
When our dull Mud is barren too in Weeds:
Though then you here find nothing fresh but Names,
This Verse being writ for *Charles* and that for *James*;
Yet may they now (like sacred Reliques) be
Lov'd and embrac'd for their Antiquity.
Your former Teeming taught the costive Earth,
And barren Wives the Fashion of a Birth;
But now (as if your wise Fertility,
An Extract were of all State-policy)
You give Example unto Men, and teach
Loyalty more than our Divines can reach.
You that do practise base Exactions, and
Rail at the needful Taxes of our Land,
Thinking your Money better spent upon
A Coach or Feast, or some new Fashion,

Of

Of devout Rebels, the Non-ſhips which be
Walls that impriſon us to Liberty,
Like thoſe Athenian Grandees, who to ſee
The coſtly Madneſs of one Tragedy,
Could ſcatter large Supplies, although 'twas known,
This want made them Spectators of their own.
Learn Homage now from Majeſty, the Queen
Her ſelf hath here the beſt of Subjects been;
She pays large Tribute, that it may appear,
Safety, like Heaven, is never bought too dear.
I've read of Roman Matrons, who did drown
Their Richeſt Jewels, to preſerve their Town;
Stopping the Gulf with Pearls, which grac'd their (Ears,
They rather chuſe no Ornaments than Fears.
And thoſe brave Dames of *Carthage* were content
To ſhave their dangling Treſſes, which they lent
For Cordage then, and glory'd they could ſee
What once was Pride, turn'd now to Subſidy:
Baldneſs was Beauty there, nor did they care
So they could bend their Bows, to loſe their Hair.
But you (Great Queen) contrive your Countrys good,
Not from your Locks Expence, but from your Blood.
Each parcel of the Duke, bright as his Eyes,
Proves you give Jewels of a wealthier Prize:
Who, for a General Safety, wiſh to be
Bleſt with the Pangs of your high Agony.
Whilſt the dull Lees of Man ſcarce deign to give
Poor common Service, that themſelves may live.

Upon Tom *of* Christ-Church.

THou that by Ruin do'ſt repair,
And by Deſtruction art a Founder:
Whoſe Art doth tell us what Men are,
Who by Corruption ſhall riſe founder:
In this fierce Fires intenſive Heat,
Remember this is *Tom the Great.*
And *Cyclops* think at every Stroke,
Which with thy Sledge his Side ſhall wound,
That then ſome Statute thou haſt broke,
Which long depended on his Sound;
And that our Colledge-Gates did cry,
They were not ſhut ſince *Tom* did dye.
Think what a Scourge 'tis to the City,
To drink and ſwear by *Carfax* Bell,
Which bellowing without Tune, or Pity,
The Nights and Days divides not well;
But the poor Tradeſman muſt give o'er
His Ale at Eight, or ſit till four.
We in all haſte drink off our Wine,
As if we never ſhould drink more:
So that the Reck'ning after nine
Is larger now than that before.
Releaſe this Tongue, which er'ſt could ſay,
Home Scholars; Drawer, what's to pay:
So thou of Order ſhalt be Founder,
Making a Ruler for the People,
One that ſhalt ring thy Praiſes Wonder,
Than th'other Six Bells in the Steeple:
Wherefore think, when *Tom* is running,
Our Manners wait upon thy Cunning.

Then

Then let him raised be from Ground,
The same in Number, Weight, and Sound,
So may thy Conscience rule thy Gain,
Or would thy Theft might be thy Bane.

On a Burning-Glass.

STrange Chymistry! Can Dust and Sand produce
So pure a Body, and diaphanous?
Strange kind of Courtship! That the Amorous Sun,
T'embrace a Min'ral, twists his Rays in one;
Talk of the Heavens mockt, by a Sphere, alas!
The Sun it self's here in a Piece of Glass:
Let Magnets draw base Iron, this alone
Can to her Icy Bosom win the Sun.
Witches may cheat us of his Light a while,
But this can him even of himself beguile:
In Heaven he staggers to both Tropicks, here
He keeps fixt Residence all times o'th'Year:
Here's a perpetual Solstice, here he lies,
Not on a Bed of Water, but of Ice;
How well by this himself abridge, he might
Redeem the Scythians from their lingring Night.
How well by this Glass Proxy might he roul
Beyond the Ecliptick, and warm either Pole;
Had but *Prometheus* been so wise, h'had ne'er
Scal'd Heaven to light his Torch, but lighted here.
Had *Archimedes* once but known this Use,
H'had burnt *Marcellus* from proud *Syracuse*:
Had *Vesta*'s Maids of Honour this but seen,
Their Ladies Fire had ne'er extinguisht been:
Hells Engines might have finisht their Design
Of Powder (but that Heaven did countermine)

Had they but thought of this; th'Egyptians may
Well hatch their Eggs without the Midwife Clay;
Why do not puling Lovers this devise,
For a fit Emblem of their Mistress Eyes?
They call them Diamonds, and say th'have been
Reduc'd by them, to Ashes all within;
But they'l assume't, and ever hence 'twill pass,
A Mistress Eye is but Loves Burning-Glass.

Upon Sheriff Sanbourn.

Fie, Schollars, fie; have you such thirsty Souls,
To swell, quaff and carouse in *Sandbourn*'s Bouls?
Tell me, mad Youngsters, what do you believe,
It cost good *Sandbourn* nothing to be Shrieve,
To spend so many Beeves, so many Weathers,
Maintaining so many Caps, so many Feathers?
Again, Is Malt so cheap this pinching Year,
That you should make such Havock of his Beer?
I hear you are so many that you make
Most of his Men turn Tapsters, for your sake;
And that when he even on the Bench doth sit,
You snatcht the Meat from off the hungry Spit;
You keep such Hurly-burly, that it passes,
Ingurgitating sometimes whole half Glasses,
And some of you (Forsooth) are grown so fine
Or else so sawcy, as to call for Wine;
As if the Sheriff had put such Men in trust,
As durst draw out more Wine than needs they must
In Faith, In Faith, it is not well, my Masters,
Nor fit, that you should be the Sheriffs Tasters;
It were enough, you being such Gourmandisers,
To make the Sheriffs, henceforth, turn arrant Misers
Remov

Remove th'Assize, to *Oxford* foul Disgrace,
To *Henly* on the *Thames*, or some such Place.
He never had complained had it been
A petty Firkin, or a Kilderkin:
But when a Barrel daily is drawn out,
My Masters, then it's time to look about.
Is this a Lie, trow ye? I tell you, No,
My Lord High Chancellor was informed so.
And oh! What would not all the Bread in Town
Suffice, to drink the Sheriffs Liquor down?
But he in Hampers must it from hence bring,
Oh most prodigious, and most monstrous thing!
Upon so many Loaves of Home-made Bread,
How long might he and his two Men have fed?
He would, no doubt, the Poor they should be fed
With the sweet Morsels of his broken Bread;
But when that they poor Souls for Bread did call,
Answer was made, The Scholars eat up all.
And when for broken Beer they crav'd a Cup,
Answer was made, the Scholars drunk it up;
And thus, I know not how they chang'd the Name
But did the Deed, and Long-tail bore the blame.

Not to travel.

WHat need I travel, since I may
More choicer Wonders here survey?
What need I *Tyre* for Purple seek,
When I may find it in a Cheek?
Or sack the Eastern Shores, there lies
More precious Diamonds in her Eyes?
What need I dig *Peru* for Oar,
When every Hair of her yields more?
Or toyl for *Gums* in *India*,
Since she can breath more rich than they?

Or

Or ransack *Africk*, there will be
On either Hand more Ivory?
But look within all Vertues that
Each Nation would appropriate,
And with the Glory of them rest,
Are in this Map at large exprest;
That, who would travel, here might know
The little World in Folio.

The Schismatick.

ONce I a curious Eye did fix
To observe the Tricks
Of the Schismaticks of the Times;
Viewing which of them spoke the merriest *Them*
And best would befit my Rhimes;
Arminians I found solid, *Socinian* were stolid,
But the *Papist* for Learning doth stickle,
Ha, ha, ha, *Rotundus*, *Rotundus*, 'tis you that my Spleen doth tickle.

2. Next to tell you must not be forgot,
How I did trot
With a great Zealot, to a Lecture,
Where I a Tub did view,
Hung with an Apron blew
'Twas the Preacher's Conjecture:
His *Use* and *Doctrine* too,
Was of no better Hue,
Though taught with a tone most mickle,
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

3. He talkt among other pretty things,
That the *Book of Kings*
Small Comfort brings

To

To the Godly;
Besides he had some Grudges
Against the *Book of Judges*,
And talkt of *Leviticus* odly.
But Wisdom most of all
He held *Apochryphal*,
Great *Bell* and the *Dragon* like *Michael*,
His Preaching, like himself, was but fickle,
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

5. 'Gainst Humane Learning he next inveighs,
And he boldly says,
It is that which decays
Inspiration.
Those that Preferment merit,
Are not like to wear it,
In hopes of *Reformation*;
Cut Bishops down in haste,
And Cathedrals as fast,
As Corn that is fit for the Sickle,
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

5. I heard of one did touch,
He did tell as much,
Of one that would not crouch
At *Communion*;
Who thrusting up his Hand
Never made a Stand,
Till he came where herself—had Union;
She without all Terror,
Thought it no Error,
But did laugh, till the Tears down did trickle,
Hi, hi, hi, *Ravendus*, *Ravendus*, 'tis you that my Spleen doth tickle.

A Sermon.

HEarken I beseech you, with Fear and Reverence to these Words, as you may perhaps find them written in the *Apocrypha*, the Chapter and Verse you may find out at your Leisure; the Words to my best Remembrance are these, *A Carpenter took his Ax, and hewed the Root of the Tree, which because it brought not forth good Fruit, it was instantly thrown into the Fire.* Beloved, instantly is certainly, the Axe instrumentally hewing, orderly struck against the Root, effectually of the Tree, particularly of that Tree, impartially because it brought not forth; put all together, my Beloved, because it brought not forth good Fruit, instantly, effectually, particularly, instrumentally, orderly, proportionally, impartially, it is inevitably and fatally to be cast irresistably into the Fire Everlastingly, and so of these, and of all these, as the time shall permit; but the Glass it out, and so am I.

A Zealous Discourse between the Person of the Parish, and Tabitha.

Parson, HAil *Sister* to your snowy Breast
The Word permitteth us to jeast,
Now *Sermon*'s done, nor should you be
Stiff-necked to the *Ministry*,
As you may read it more at large
In *God*'s Commandments, or my Charge
Last *Sabbath* in my *Catechism*;
Wherein we prove they make *a Schism*,

Who

Who do deny us in the Night
To ſtrengthen you by *Candle-light*;
And truly might my Reaſons be
But wav'd according to the *Grand Committee*
For *Reformation* I would prove,
That we out of ſincere Love
Our devout *Spouſes* Room might take
Each *Sabbath* for Repetition Sake:
And verily of late 'tis ſe'd,
More Eyes have opened from the Bed
Than from the *Pulpit*, and we there
Can ſooner teach you how to bear.

Tabitha. In Truth I know not what to ſay,
Replies this zealous *Tabitha*,
But on thoſe Nights I you aſſure,
Our *Husbands* are too, too impure;
And clog our Conſciences too high
With Seed that doth not fructifie,
As you may read. *Ruth*, where's my Book?
It is in *Matthew*, *Mark*, *John*, or *Luke*.
But would it not a ſcandal be
Unto the *New Presbytery*?

Parſon. No: For all things muſt be done,
You know, for *Edification*;
Which is no more in *Engliſh*, than
The building up of Faithful *Woman*.

Tab. But hold, do theſe ſame Words proceed
From the *Beaſt*'s *Language* then indeed?
Sure the *Scotch* or *Geneva* Print
Hath no ſuch Rags of *Babel* in't.
Nay ſic, *Good Sir*, what do you mean?
In troth your Hand is too obſcene;
Evil Requeſts muſt be deny'd,
Let go, my *Placket*'s on my ſide;

Why

Why look you now; I pray be calm,
The Spirit moves to sing a Psalm.
The Hymn. *The Post, that came from* Banbury,
Riding in a Blew Rocket,
He swore he saw, when Lunsford *fell,*
A Childs Arm in his Pocket.
Parson. I think I hear your *Husband* pray,
Listen hark! so; and then why may
Not a *Sister*, or a Brother
Engender Grace in one another?
Tab. You preacht against it, Sir. *Par.* I, so I must,
Where it is only done for Lust;
But I protest 'tis Zeal indeed,
To propagate the *Holy Seed*,
That moves me. *Tab.* And indeed said she,
I feel that self same *Prick* of Zeal in me,
As it were thrusting me on still,
Therefore, *Good Sir*, ev'n do what you will.
Why look you now; what Hurt's in this,
I'll seal it with a *Holy Kiss*.
And e'er your *Husband* say *Amen*,
I'll do this great Work twice agen.
Tabitha. Sir, make haste *to rise*,
'Tis for my Evening Exercise;
It will be Supper time I doubt,
E'er I shall read my *Chapter* out.
Besides alas! Oh! How do I
Forget my *Practice of Piety*.

Pray rectifie my Gorget, *smooth my* Whisk, *that our zealous Conflict may not be discerned by the Reprobate, the Children of Wrath, Firebrands of Hell, and Heirs to Destruction.*

On

On O. P. sick.

YIeld Periwig'd Impostor, yield to Fate,
Religious Whisler, Mountebank of Fate,
Down to the low'st Abyss, the blackest Shade
That Night dares own, that so the Earth (thou'st made
Loathsom by thousand Barbarisms) may be
Deliver'd from Heavens Vengeance, and from thee.
The reeking Steam of thy fresh Villanies
Would spot the Stars, and menstruate the Skies.
Force them to break the League they've made with Men
And with a Flood rinse the foul World agen.
Thy Bays are tarnish'd with thy Cruelties,
Rebellions, Sacriledge, and Perjuries.
Descend, descend, thou vailed Devil, fall
Thou subtle Blood-sucker, thou Cannibal:
Thy Arts are catching, cozen Satan too,
Thou hast a trick more than he ever knew;
He ne'er was Atheist yet, perswade him to't,
The Schismaticks will back thee Horse and Foot.

An Answer to the Storm.

'TIs well he's gone, (O had he never been)
Hurry'd in Storms, loud as his crying Sin;
The Pines and Oaks fell prostrate at his Urn,
That with his Fame his———
Winds pluck up Roots, and fixed Cedars move,
Roaring for Vengeance to the Heavens above;
From Theft, like his great *Romulus* did grow,
And such a Wind did at his Ruin blow.

Strange

Strange that the lofty Trees themſelves ſhould fell
Without the Axe, ſo *Orpheus* went to Hell;
At whoſe Deſcent the ſtouteſt Rocks were cleft,
And the whole Wood its wonted Station left;
In Battle *Hercules* wore the Lions Skin,
But our fierce *Nero* wore the Beaſt within,
Whoſe Heart was brutiſh more than Face or Eyes,
And in the Shape of Man was in Diſguiſe:
Where ever Men, where ever Pillage lyes,
Like ravenous Vultures, our wing'd Navy flys,
Under the Tropick we are underſtood,
And bring home Rapine through a Purple Flood.
New Circulations found, our Blood is hurl'd
As round the leſſer to the greater World.
In civil Broils he did us firſt engage,
And made three Kingdoms ſubject to his Rage:
One fatal Stroke ſlew Juſtice, and the Cauſe
Of Truth, Religion, and our ſacred Laws.
So fell *Achilles* by the Trojan Band,
Though he ſtill fought with Heaven its ſelf in's hand.
Nor would Domeſtick Spoil confine his Mind,
No Limits to his Fury but Mankind.
The Brittiſh Youth, in Forreign Coaſts are ſent
Towns to deſtroy, but more to Baniſhment;
Who ſince they cannot in this Iſle abide,
Are confin'd Priſoners to the World beſide;
No Wonder then if we no Tears allow
To him that gave us Wars and Ruin too.
Tyrants, that lov'd him, griev'd, concern'd to ſee
There muſt be Puniſhment for Cruelty.
Nature her ſelf rejoyced at his Death,
And on the Waters ſung with ſuch a Breath,
As made the Sea dance higher than before,
While her glad Waves came dancing to the Shore.

FINIS

THE Ruſtick Rampant, OR RURAL ANARCHY AFFRONTING Monarchy: IN THE INSURRECTION OF WAT TYLER.

By *J. C.*

Claudian.

Aſperius nihil eſt humili cum ſurgit in altum.

LONDON,
Printed by *R. Holt*, for *Obadiah Blagrave*, at the *Bear* in St. *Paul*'s Church-yard. 1687.

Strength [illegible]
Wi[illegible]
As w[illegible]
A[illegible]
In Battle [illegible]
Bu[illegible]
Wh[illegible]
And in the S[illegible]
Where ever M[illegible]
Like [illegible]
Under [illegible] Prop[illegible]
And [illegible] one
New Circulation
As round the [illegible]
In civil Broils
And made three K[illegible]
One fatal Stroke [illegible]
Of Truth, Religi[illegible]
So fell *Charles* by [illegible]
Though he fill'd [illegible]
Nor would Donell[illegible]
No [illegible] to his Fu[illegible]
The British Youth,
Towns to destroy, [illegible]
Who since they came
Are confin'd Prisoners
No Wonder then if w[illegible]
To him that gave us W[illegible]
Tyrants, that lov'd him
There must be Punishm[illegible]
Nature her self rejoyced
And on the Waters sing
As made the Sea dance [illegible]
While her glad Waves [illegible]

Fl.

John of Lydgate, *Lib.* 4.

AND semblably to put it at a Preve,
And execute it by clear Experience,
[illegible] the most contrarious Mischief,
[illegible]und in this Earth by notable Evidence,
[illegible]only this by Fortunate Violence,
[illegible]hen that Wretches churlish of Nature
[illegible] Estate of Princes unwarely doth recure.

[illegible]rown of Gold, is nothing according,
[illegible]o be set upon a Knaves heed;
[illegible]ltish Clerk for to wear a Ring,
[illegible]eth not, who that can take hede,
[illegible]n this World there is no greater Dread,
[illegible] Power give (if it be well sought)
[illegible]uch one that first rose up of Nought.

[illegible] is no manner just Convenience
[illegible]al Carbuncle, Ruby, or Garnet,
[illegible]hast Emerand of Virtues Excelence,
[illegible]be Saphirs in Copper to be set,
[illegible]ind'ly Power in foul Metal is let,
[illegible]he State of politick Puysance
[illegible] where Knaves have Governance.

John of Lydgate, *Lib.* 4.

AND semblably to put it at a Preff,
And execute it by clear Experience,
One the most contrarious Mischief,
Found in this Earth by notable Evidence,
Is only this by Fortunate Violence,
When that Wretches churlish of Nature
The Estate of Princes unwarely doth recure.

A Crown of Gold, is nothing according,
For to be set upon a Knaves heed;
A Foltish Clerk for to wear a Ring,
Accordeth not, who that can take hede,
And in this World there is no greater Dread,
Then Power give (if it be well sought)
Unto such one that first rose up of Nought.

There is no manner just Convenience
A Royal Carbuncle, Ruby, or Garnet,
For a chast Emerand of Virtues Excelence,
For Inde Saphirs in Copper to be set,
Their Kind'ly Power in foul Metal is let,
And so the State of politick Puysance
Is ever lost where Knaves have Governance.

For a time they may well up ascend,
Like windy Smoaks their fumes spreade,
A crowned Ass plainly to comprehend,
Void of Discretion is more for to drede
Then is a Lyon; for that one indede
Of his Nature is Mighty and Royal,
Void of Discretion that other Beastial.

The gentle Nature of a strong Lyon,
To prostrate People of kind is merciable,
For unto all that fall afore him down,
His Royal Puissaunce cannot be vengeable:
But churlish Wolves by Rigour untreatable,
And folty Sye-asses eke of Beastialty,
Failing Reason braid ever on Cruelty.

None is so proud as he that can no good.
The leuder heed the more Presumption,
Most Cruelty and Vengeance in low Blood
With Malapertnes and Indiscretion,
Of Churl and Gentle make this Division
Of outhor of them I dare right well report
Fro thence they came, thereto they will resort.

To

To the Reader.

THe Beginnings of the Second Richard's *Reign are turmoiled with a Rebellion, which shook his Throne and Empire: A Rebellion, not more against Religion and Order, than Nature and Humanity too; a Rebellion never to be believed, but in the Age it was acted in, and our own, in which we find how terrible the Overflows of the common People (ever delighted in the Calamities of others) untyed, and hurryed on by their own Wills, and beastly Fury, must prove. Though* Masanello *is short of* Tyler, *yet if we compare that Fisherman with our Hind, the Neapolitan Mechanicks, and our Clowns, we shall not find them much unlike; not in their sudden Flourish and Prosperity, not in the Mischiefs they did, and the barbarous savage Rudeness in the doing them:* Masanello *made a Shew of foolish unseasonable Piety to the Prince and Archbishop, which became not his part, which made him the more imperfect Rebel, the worse Politician; however, he might seem the better*

Man; but these too might be but counterfeit Reverence, this might be his Disguise, and he might have come up to more, according to the new Lights, which we may imagine was breaking in. The Continuance and Mis-rule of these Worthies were much of a Length; in a few Days the Brands themselves had fired, broke upon their own Heads; they were pluck'd up before their full Growth, like airy flitting Clouds, they were blown over e'er they could pour down the Storm they were big with. The Colours of these Tumults were fair, and taking, such as their Architects Baal *and* Straw, *the Priests had laid, such as the Masters of these Schools have deliver'd in all Ages. The Weal publick, the Liberty of the free-born People pilled, and flayed by the King's Taxes, and the cruel Oppression of the Gentry, Justice, Reformation, or Regulation of Fundamental Laws long subverted (considerable Names if we may believe them) set them on. The King, his Glory, his Honour, his Safety, the King and the Commons are cry'd up. But the King was compassed with Traitors and Malignants, they will have it so, and it is their Care to remove them Root and Branch; they will fire the House to cleanse it; much other Business they had, much was amiss, much to be reformed, but in the first Sally all is not noised; what was not*

handsome

handsome, what might give a fuller Fright was lapped up in Folds, to be discovered as they had thriven, to be swallowed, but gilded with a Victory: we know Crimes carried in a happy Stream of Luck, lose their Names in it; are Beautiful, and must be thought so: The Ordale of the Sword justified Cæsar, *and condemned* Pompey, *not his Cause.* Adversæ res etiam bonos detractant (*says* Salust.) *Good Men if they miscarry, do not only lose themselves but their Integrity, their Justness, their Honesty; they are what the Conqueror pleases, and the silly Multitude, which ever admires the glitter of Prosperity, will hate them. Providence preserved the English Nation from this Blow. The Lawrel of Success crowned not the Rebels, they crumble to their first Dust again, are ruined by their own Weight and Confusion. They had risen like those Sons of the Dragons Teeth, in Tempests, without Policy or Advice. Their Leaders were meerly fantastical, but Goblins and Shadows; Men willing to embroyl, and daring, whose Courage was better than their Cause; and who to advance the Design would not boggle at a piece of Honesty, an Oath, a Protestation, or Covenant, a Verse of St.* Paul, *or St.* Peter, *a Case of Conscience in the Way of brave, bold, manly Spirits; yet without Heads or Wits to*

manage the Great Work, which in so vast a Body suddenly composed like the Spawns of Nile, *of Slime and Dirt, of so different Parts, so unequal Members, was fatal to the Whole.* Tyler *had no Brains, he could not plot, nor contrive; and those about him were as heavy, as very Asses as himself: He is said to be a* crafty Fellow, and of an Excellent Wit, but wanting Grace; *yet crafty enough he was not for the great and dangerous Enterprize:* A Marius (*however Impious, for such he must be*) pace pessimus, *fitter to remove things, to overturn overturns, than for Peace; but* (*as* Plutarch *of him*) *subtil, faithless, one who could overdo all Men in Dissembling, in Hypocrisie, practised in all the Arts of Lying* (*and some of these good Sleights* Tyler *wanted not*) *one who had Sense and Judgment, to carry things on, as well as desperate Confidence to undertake, had become this part incomparably, had gone through with it; how easily under such a Captain* (*if we look upon the Weakness of the Opposition, and the Villainous Baseness of the Gentry*) *had the Frame of the ancient Building been rased, the Model must have held.* Richard (*whose Endeavours of Defence or Loyalty alone should have been killing*) *had not fallen by the Sword of* Lancaster, *he had found his Grave on* Tower-hill, *or* Smithfield,

Smithfield, *where the faithful Lieges of his Crown were torn in peices by these Cannibals. The Reverence due to the Anointed Heads of Kings began to fall away, and Naked Majesty could not guard where Innocency could not: But* Tyler *blinded by his own fatal Pride, throws himself foolishly upon the Kings Sword, and by his over-much Hast preserves him, whom he had vowed to destroy. The Heathens make it a Mark of the Divinity of their Gods, that they bestowed Benefits upon Mortal Men, and took nothing from them. The Clowns of the Idol upon this Rule were not very Heavenly, they were the meek Ones of those times, the only Inheritors of Right; the Kingdom was made a Prey by them, it was cantoned out to erect new Principalities for the Mock-Kings of the Commons; so their Chiefs or Captains would be called. Here, though the Title of Rebellion spoke fair, was shewn somewhat of Ambition, and no little of unjust private Interest, no little of Self-seeking, which the Good of the People (in Pretence only) was to give Way to, and no Wonder for the good of the People properly, was meerly to be intended of themselves: and no where but amongst those was the Commonwealth. Had these Thistles, these Brambles flourished, the whole Wood of Noble Trees had perished: If the violent casting*

casting other Men out of their Possessions, firing their Houses, cutting off their Heads, violating of all Rights, be thought Gods Blessing, any Evidence of his owning the Cause; these Thieves and Murderers were well blessed, and sufficiently owned. Such was then the Face of things; Estates were dangerous; Every rich Man was an Enemy; Mens Lives were taken away without either Offence or Tryal, their Reign was but a Continuation of horrible Injuries; the Laws were not only silent, but dead: The Idol's Fury was a Law, and Faith, and Loyalty, and Obedience to Lawful Power, were damnable: Servants had the Rule over Princes, England *was near a Slavery, the most unworthy of free and ingenious Spirits of any.*

What I relate here (to speak something of the Story) I collect out of Sir John Froissart, *a French-Man, living in the Times of King* EDWARD *the Third, and his Grandchild, King* RICHARD, *who had seen* England *in both the Reigns, was known and esteemed in the Court, and came last over after these Tumults were appeased: And out of* Thomas *of* Walsingham, *a* Monk *of St.* Albans *in* Henry *the Sixth's Days; who (says* Bale *in his Centuries of him) writes many the most choice Passages of Affairs and Actions, such*

such as no other hath met with. In the Dress and in the Substance of things, I have made no Additions, no Alterations. I have faithfully followed my Authors, who are not so historically exact, as I could wish, nor could I much better what did not please me in their Order. No Man (says Walsingham) *can recite fully the Mischeifs, Murders, Sacriledge and Cruelty of these Actors; he excuses his digesting them, upon the Confusion of the combustions flaming in such Variety of Places, and in the same time.* Tyler, Litstar, *and those of* Hertfordshire *take up most part of the Discourse;* Wellbrome *is brought in by the Halves; the lesser Snakes are only named in the Chronicle; what had been more, had not been to any purpose; Those were but Types of* Tyler *the Idol, and acted nothing but according to the Original, according to his great Example; they were Wolves alike, and he that reads one knows all.* Thomas *of* Becket, Simon *of* Montfort; *the English* Cataline, Thomas *of* Lancaster, *Rebels and Traitors of the former years are canonized by the Monks (generally the Enemies of their Kings) Miracles make them*

Hyeni Nigri

Per Wall Wellenbrom, Per Thomas Bangum non salva mi Brom et fell O Thy [illegible] Vidyd [illegible] Vitis Sequ' [illegible] Varietate [illegible] Brome [illegible] [illegible]

Lumbe

Tombs Illustrious and their Memories Sacred. The Idol and his Incendiaries are abhorred everywhere, every History detests them, while Faith, Civility, Honesty and Piety shall be left in the World, the Enemies of all these must neither be beloved nor pittied.

The

THE
Rustick Rampant,
OR
RURAL ANARCHY.

THe Reign of King *Richard* the Second was but a Throw of State for so many Years, a Feaver to whose Distempers all pieces of the home Dominions contributed by Fits (*the forraign part only continuing faithful.) In the fourth Year of his Reign, and Fifteenth of his Age the Dregs and Off-scum of the Commons unite into Bodies in several parts of the Kingdom, and form a Rebellion (called the Rebellion of the *Clowns*) which lead the rest, and shewed the Way of Disobedience first. Of which may truly be said (though amongst other Causes, we may attribute it to the Indisposition and Unseasonableness of the Age, that the Fruits of it did not take) it was strongly begun, and had not Providence held back the Hand, the Blow had fallen, the Government had broke into Shivers then. The young King at this time had few besides *Thomas* of *Woodstock*, his Uncle, Earl

* *Guien.*

Earl of *Buckingham*, and after Duke of *Glocester*, but the Servants of his House in Ordinary about him, the Lord *Edmund* of *Langley* Earl of *Cambridge*, after Duke of *York*, with the Lords *Beauchamp*, *Botereaux*, Sir *Matthew Gourney*, with others of the Nobility and Gentry, had set sail for *Portugal*, the Duke *John* of *Lancaster*, another of his Uncles, was in *Scotland* treating a Peace, when this Commotion brake out. Though no Cause can be given for Seditions, those, who design publick Troubles, can never want Pretences; *Polidore* (as much out in this Story as any) gives this Reason for this; the Poll-mony, says he (imposed by Parliament) a Groat Sterling upon every Head was intolerable. It was justly imposed, and so by some, to whom Law and Custom of *England* were intolerable not to be endured; but we shall find in the Tyranny breaking in, not only fifth and twentieth Parts and Loans forced, out of Fear of Plunder and Death; but Subsidies in Troop and Regiments, by Fifties, (more than Sequestrations and Compositions) not under Foot, low Sales; for what had these Rascals to give, but down-right Robbery and Violent Usurpations of Estates.

Thus would *Polidore* have it in Defence of his Priests, who blew the Fire, and thrust the silly Rout into the midst of it. He takes it ill that *Baal* (*Valle* he calls him) should be supposed, by I know not what Flatterers of the Nobles, to have filled these Sails, to have let these Winds out of their Caverns.

In the fourth Year of this King (says the Monk) there was a grievous Tax exacted in *Parliament*; after Cause of great Trouble, every Religious paid half

fa Mark, every secular Priest as much, every y-Man or Woman 12*d*. This might discontent : People, but who prepared the Mutineers for :h dangerous Impressions? Who fell in with :m after, and pushed them forward, will be soon ınd. *Froissart* complains of the Servitude of the llains or Bond-men (now Names worn out) niserable sort of Drudges, frequently known here the *Saxon* times; excluded from any Right of :opriety, sold, and passed away with the Man- ır or Lands to which they belonged, bound to ll the Lords Ground, cut down, and carry in his orn, cleanse his Ditches, cover his Hall, *&c.* hese *Froissart* make the first Stirrers in the Insur- ction, these he makes look back to the Beginning f Men and things to talk of the Primitive Free- om, of the Liberties of the Creature, above Or- inances; that only Treason against the Lords ould forfeit Liberty, which was the Case of *Lu- fer*, and could not be made theirs, who were nei- ıer Angels nor Spirits, but Men of the same Shape, xtraction, and Souls with those who proudly ould be thought their Lords; which (say they) vas an height too much, and deserved Levelling, must not be endured hereafter. Equality was the Way of Peace and Love. But can Clouds fire in- Thunder and Lightning, can Earth-quakes tear he Entrails of Expiring Kingdoms, without a *Muncer*, or a *Wiggington*, a *Garnet*, or an *Hall* in he Mine?

If the Church and Government must be blown ıp, it is fit a sanctified Hand should (cast the Balls) ı Man (according to the pure Dialect) *of immedi- ıte Calling*, who has had the *Seal* of it, of *wonderful*

Zeal

Zeal, of resolute Dealings, the Lords Messenger extraordinarily gifted and exercised, is only fit to advance *Gods Matters*, the *Holy Cause*, and Action: And a Renegado from his Orders, an Apostate Church-man will best become this Person, a Man with whom nothing else is Sacred but his own Ambition, his Innovation, and the Propagation of his Schism. One *Baal* the most sottish and most unworthy, but most factious of the Clergy, is stirred up by the Devil (who, if Rebellion be as the Sin of Witchcraft, is the Father of both) to be the Antichrist of this Reign, to blaspheme and cry down *God* and *Caesar* his Anointed, the Rights of *God* and *Caesar*; and who, if he knew any thing, was certainly the very Atheist of that Age: *Of these Imaginations* (so *Froissert* of those before) *was a foolish Priest in the County of* Kent, *called* John Wall (for *Baal*) and to make it plain that he was the Father of the Uproar, he had been (says this Knight) three times in the Archbishops Prison (a *persecuted Saint*) for these Opinions, but delivered by him, his Conscience was scrupulous of proceeding farther, which this Historian condemns him for: We shall hereafter see the Archbishop in *John's* Hands, who shall come short of this Mercy. *John* had preached (if it be not Impious to Use the Word here) twenty Years, and more, ever babling those things which he fancied would be Gracious to the Multitude; he haunted By-places, the Cloysters of the Cathedral; when the Church was shut against him, the Streets and Fields were Holy Ground; there this excommunicated Apostate laid his Nets. His Discourses to the People were partly Invectives against Tithes (which he allowed

not

not where the Parishioner was of better Life and smaller Estate than the Parson, whose Estate at this rate must be small enough) against Bishops, and the Clergy, Nobility and Gentry; Then he had his Quarrels to the Government, his Doctrine struck at Propriety, and Order, the World was impaired with Diseases, which must be the more for their Age, the Crisis would be dangerous, and there could be no Health, no Soundness hoped for, till Names, Estates and Things were common. His Advise was to let the King know the Resolutions of the new Common-weaths-men, to tell him where the *Supreme Power* lies, whose Trustee he was, that another Course must be taken, and if he would not joyn with them, other Remedies thought of: The third time he was Imprisoned, he had his Revelations, his *Enlightnings*, was full of Divine Raptures, he foretold his Deliverance by 20000. Men, which happened in the following Tumults, when his Disciples made so many Goal-Deliveries. This, knowing what Numbers he had seduced and abused, he might presume upon probable Conjecture. He was no sooner loose, but he incites and stirs up the unruly *Clowns* to all the Mischiefs possible. *Froiss.*

He tells them they were pious and necessary Excesses, and that the Law of Nature, which allows all Acts for our own Preservation, would justifie them: That a mad Father, who seeks to rob and destroy his Off-spring, might be resisted, his Thrusts might be put by, the Son might bind his Hands, and if there were no other way to escape his furious Violence, kill him in his own Defence. The Safety of the People is the Supreme

[illegible] The Prince perſiſting (after fair

Law. [illegible] make himſelf a Shield and Defence to

[illegible] Malignants and

[illegible] ments of Miſchiefs, [illegible] in the

[illegible] Commons, ſecuring them [illegible] his Ki

[illegible] endanger himſelf [illegible] We ([illegible]) are

[illegible] himſelf: We [illegible]

[illegible] Inſtrument [illegible]

[illegible]

Escutcheons, the Dragons of their Bearing; ks why the limber Knights, and Franklins, are only better combed, can kiss the Hand and with more Grace, must eat the Capons, the sturdy brave Commons must starve selves to cram: Nothing could be good was great, nothing but *Independency* was ne.

bids them consider, now was the time ap- ed them by God to cast off the Yoak, that if would not be wanting to themselves, they l assert their long-looked for Liberty, and good Husbandmen, who love their Field, up the Weeds which over-run it (which ed *rooting out the Wicked, ose who carried the Mark of Beast* (He points them out eads devoted, destined for ter. * The House of Lords, ers (as yet they speak no) whom he would have *to Repentance.* Then the ers, Justices, Judges, Jury- † all the Enemies of the onalty were to be swept the Earth, there could not so he concludes) be any or Security for the Future, ing off the Heads of those, were too tall, which over-topped too much, Nobility, equal Liberty, Dignity and Pow- his was his old Doctrine) were the only An- , without which the poysoned Co- must perish. Whosoever in

Deposito servitutis jugo, libertate, &c. Vel sinore boni patrisfamil. excolentur agrum suum.

* *Regni Majores.*

† *Quoscunque nocivos communitatis de terra sua tollerent.*

* *Si sublatis Majoribus æqua libertas, &c.*

Law. If the Prince persisting (after fair Warning) *to make himself a Shield and Defence* to wicked Instruments of *Mischiefs*, *Malignants and Enemies* of the Commons, *securing them from the Justice of the Commons, endanger himself and his Kingdom*, he may thank himself; *We* (says he) *are willing to hazard our selves* (good Men) *to preserve both; we will never give any Impediment, or neglect any proper Means of curing the Distempers of the Kingdom, and of closing the dangerous Breaches* (made by themselves) *according to the Trust which lies upon us.* At *Black-heath*, where an Assembly of 200000 Men made their Rendezvouz, after some time spent in *seeking God*, he baits in Rhime,

Walsingh.

When Adam dalf and Eve span,
Who was then a Gentleman?

Was his levelling lewd Text: Hence it was to be consequent, that as Nature, and the Creation made no Distinction, no more ought Laws to make or suffer any; that Servitude is the Daughter of unjust Oppression, introduced by wicked Men against Gods Will. That if it had pleased him to have created Slaves, in the Beginning he would have chosen, and marked out who should have been the Lord, who the Vassal; he asks where the *Word* allows these sweet things called Lords, verily *Knaves in Purple*, Sons of *Cain*, of *Nimrod*, of *Esau*, of *Ishmael*, fat by the Blood and Sweat of the poor innocent Plebeians, Honourable in nothing but the Outside, and Noble only in Riots and Adulteries, as cruel, as ravenous, as killing (and as barbarously) as the Bears, the Lyons, the Tigers of their

r Escutcheons, the Dragons of their Bearing; sks why the limber Knights, and Franklins, are only better combed, can kiss the Hand and : with more Grace, must eat the Capons, h the sturdy brave Commons must starve nselves to cram: Nothing could be good h was great, nothing but *Independency* was ine.

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Deposito servitutis jugo, libertate, &c Walsinore boni patrisfamil. excolentis agrum suum.

* *Regni Majores.*

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* *Si sublatis Majoribus æqua libertas, &c.*

Cause was a Reprobate, hateful to God, and damned Body and Soul. *John* concludes with an Exhortation, that in *Order to the Security and Preservation of Religion and Liberty of the Subject, they will never consent to the laying down of Arms, so long as the evil Counsellors aud Prelates arming, or in open War, shall by Force of Arms be protected against the Justice of the Commons.* John *adds, of long time there hath been, and now is a Traiterous Plot for the Subversion* of us and *the Liberty of the Subject.*

In the Crusade for the Holy Land.

No Wonder, when *Peter* the Hermits Goose was believed to be the Holy Ghost, that *John* amongst as very Ninnyhammers could strike up for a Prophet.

The base Crew prick up their Ears, and wonder at the new Truths, which their Pastor *held forth*, they applaud him, he is † Archbishop elect, and Chancellor, the true Arch-bishop must be called a Traitor, * a Traitor of the Commons and the Realm, to make him Room, is voted so, to be apprehended wheresoever he could be found in *England*, and his Head to be cut off.

† *Ut acclamarent eum Archiepiscopum.*

* *Communium & regni proditorem.*

Here was a new Treason, and a new Way of Tryal and Sentence. But though *Baal* had more of the *Spirit*, there were other Adventurers not to be robbed of their Honours, other *Worthies*, *precious Men, called to do the Work of the Lord*; who put to their Hands, and brought Trowels and Mortar toward the raising this *Babel*. *Jack Straw*, another Priest full of Life and Vigour, the Confessor, and Bosom-chaplain of *Tyler*, more inward with him, his

his special Councellor, acquainted with all his Plots, in the Contrivance of which he had a great part, bestowed his Pains upon the *Cause*, and for Action next *Tyler* the Idol carried the Name; which may be one Cause why *Polydore* kills him in *Tylers* stead, with the Mayors Sword, the most Eminent Sticklers of the Laity, of the profane Stie, where *Wat* the *Tyler*, a *Tyler* by Trade, not by Name, his Name was *Helier*, *an ungracious Patron*, as *Froissart*) was * *King of the Ribaulds*, *The Idol of the Kentish Clowns*. *John Kirkby*, *Alan Treder*, *Thomas Scot*, and *Ralph Rugg*, a *Magnifico*, who gave freely away amongst his Fellow Scoundrels the Spoils of his Conquests, were Princes of the Separation of the Tribes in *Kent* and *Essex*. *Robert Westbrome* (*Wraw* his Chaplain refusing to set * Crown upon Crown, and contented to be the Arch-priest of the Province) was King of *Suffolk*, and the Parts adjacent. St. *Edmunds-bury*, once the Palace of the East-Angle Kings, and *Milden-hall*, were the Seats of his Soveraignty. *John Litstar* a Tanner usurps the Name and Power of a King at *Northwalsham* in *Norfolk*; I may say the Power and more, never was any English King so Absolute, nor can any just and legal Principality be so large, and Arbitrary; *Law of the Land*, with which the old Englishman was free enough, and contented, was here to be thrown out of Doors. The Heptarchy of the *Saxons* seemed to revive again, but prodigiously; the Blaze of these Comets must have been fatal to the Nation. To keep an Order in the History of these Ruffians, who abhorred it, I will

* Walf. *Rex ribaldorum, Idolum rusticorum.*

* *Walf.*

him, he is the first who lifts up his Head in Confusion among the *Brethren*, and deserves first Chair. He was the Dragon, and no que in the Conclusion, had swallowed up or di the rest; *Litster Westbrome*, and the others ted highly, but they must have been take *some Pins*. *Tyler* must have Elbow-room, he have been Lord Paramount, and one such C would have been more than enough for one H zon. Besides, *Kent* and *Essex* were the Puddle *Lerna* which bred this *Hydra* with the many He which poysoned most of the Counties, and i Conjunction of these two Provinces, *Tyler* Idol swayed all. And here I must observe that however *Walsingham* hatches the Cau *Essex*, yet his own Relations of *Baal*, and the ters and Sermons of this seducing Prophet, b this into question, and by him if *Kent* be not Mother, yet are the Treasons of her and *E* Sister-twins of the same Birth, *Essex* only sta first.

The Fire kindled from a small Spark. *Clowns* of two Villages not named in the *Chron* contrive the Conspiracy there: They send V rants to the smaller Towns about, and ra command than intreat, all Men of what Age ver, without any Stay or Deliberation, to repai a Rendezvouz set down. The Conclusion terrible; It threatning plundering of Goods, ning, plucking down Houses, and cutting off Heads of those who disobey the *present Power*.

The summoned Villages are frighted into Ob ence, which is *to rebel*; They leave their Plou

t

their Fields, their Wives and Farms, and in their first Rising no less than 5000 of the sink of the People meet ill armed, some with Staves, some with rusty Swords, some with Bows and featherless Arrows, few knowing any Cause of their assembling, gazing upon one another, and of not finding any Enemies of their own Peace and Good but themselves. Not one of a thousand was provided like a Souldier, but their Number supplyed all things, they were highly conceited of themselves, and believed they were invincible, not to be resisted. To confirm their Steps, *Baal* (watching to catch, who had long waited for such an Opportunity of Imbroiling) drives them Head-long forward, he writes to them his Letters exhortatory (where to consecrate the Enterprise, Gods Name is brought in; He is made to own the *Cause*) composed of a Jargon, a canting Gibridge, fit for the Design (to abuse and cheat the Innocent Peasant, who cannot pry into things, cannot look farther than the Bait) fuller of Riddles than Sense; one of them, found in the Sleeve of one of these wretched Men condemned, and under the Gallows, was this. *Wals.*

John Schep, *sometimes St.* Mary *Priest in* Yorkn *and now of* Colchester *greeteth well* John *Nameless, and* John *the Miller, and* John Carter, *and biddeth them that they beware of* Guile in Borough (which *Stow* by a notable Mistake calls *Gillinborough*) *and stand together in Gods Name, and biddeth* Pierse *Plowman go to his Work, and chastise* Hob *the Robber, and take with you* John Trewman, *and all his Fellows and no moe,* John *the Miller that ygrownd smal, smal,*

ſmal, The King's Sonne of Heaven ſhall pay for all. Beware or ye be woe; Know your Friend from your Foe. Have ynough, and ſay hoe. And do well and better, and flee Sinne and ſeek Peace, and hold therein; And ſo biddeth John Trewman *and all his Fellows.* A Liſt of Sanctity does well in theſe Caſes, but his *ſeeking of Peace, chaſtiſing the Robber, and fleeing of Sinne*, I muſt leave as myſtical. This ſhews the Induſtry, Careſulneſs, and Vigilancy of the Prophet in his Preparations, and his Willingneſs to hurt. He diſperſeth other Letters of this kind, in one, *he chargeth all Men in the Name of the* Trinity, &c. *to ſtand Manlike together, and help* Truth (now we have *Truth* to our Peace) *and* Truth *ſhall help them*, in his Rags of Verſes (for a *Rhimer* he would be) he is as earneſt for *Truth.* They begin,

Jack Trewman doth you to underſtand
That Falſneſs, and Guile hath reigned too long.
And Truth hath been ſet under a Lock,
And Falſneſs reigneth in every Flock;
So Man may come truth to
But he muſt ſing ſi dedero.

Many *Remonſtrances* and *Declarations* flew abroad from him. The *Kentiſhmen*, ſeaſoned by this Prieſt or Prophet of the Idol, are eaſily tempted by the *Eſſexians* to aſſociate in the Undertakings and ſhare in the Honour of gaining *Liberty*, *precious Liberty* for the People, and taking away the evil Cuſtoms of the Kingdom; which is the Glorious Title of the Tumult. This was no more (ſay the Monk) than the *Kentiſhmen* had long wiſhed for

for. They are quickly ready, and by the Arts used by those of *Essex* put all the Country into a Combustion. That they may not appear with too much Horror at the first Sight, they would seem to pretend to an Outside Piety; *they account* (so they tell the *Kingdom and the World*) *the professing of any thing in the sight of God, the strongest Obligation that any Christian, and the most solemn publick Faith, that any such State, as a* Common-wealth *can give. In all Humility and Reverence they contrive a Sacred Vow and Covenant.* *Wals.*

They fasten the knot of their *Holy League* with *National Covenants* and *Oaths*, which themselves will first break (than which there can be no stronger tie; Religion consists in Faith, he who loses his Faith hath lost himself) Oaths contrary to their sworn Allegiance, and former Oaths, which is a most absurd Impiety; here God must be called upon to help, and witness the Perfidiousness. Oaths use to end — *so help me God* — He who performs not his Oath, directly and plainly, renounces God, and all that is Sacred and Divine: To swear to Day against what we were sworn to yesterday, must be strange amongst Christians; these Impieties being once allowed, there can be neither Peace, Society, nor Government amongst Men safe and unindangered. The Ways leading to *Canterbury* are beset, the Pilgrims swarming thither (according to the Superstition of those Ages) are seized, and forced to swear with these extraordinary *Workers*. To keep Faith to King *Richard* (*whose most faithful Servants, most humble and Loyal Subjects, they profess themselves to be*) and the *Commons according to their*

Power

Power and Vocation. To accept no King called *John* (a Vanity thrown in for Duke *John* of *Lancasters* Sake the Kings Uncle, and neglected by the *Norfolk* Reformers, who advanced King *John Litstere* to the Soveraignty) To be ready upon Summons to assist the *Commons* (the great Wheel of the *New State*, for whom this Oath was given, and to be principally respected by it.) To induce their Friends and Allies to hold with them, and to allow no Tax but the Fifteenth (which say they falsly was the only Tax their Forefathers ever heard of, or submitted to.) How Sacred in all the Parts this *Oath* will be with them (which never was to be intended more than temporary) will soon be discovered: Diversity of Words cannot change the Nature of things. Their first March is to *Canterbury*, where they visit *Thomas* of *Canterbury* who lived and dyed a Rebel to his Prince, and to use the Words of *Rogerus* a *Norman*, in *Cæsarius* the Monk *deserved Death and Damnation for this Contumacy against his King, the Minister of God*, a fit Saint for such Votaries; their Kindness was not much, they spoil his Church, break up the Bishops Chamber, and make a Prey of all they find, protest the Bishop shall give them an Account of the Profits of his Chancery; and here they begin their Audit.

Fraiss.

Cæsar Dial. l. 8. c. 6. 9.

Thus we see our *New Reformers* are entred, but Sacriledge ushers them in, they break open the Prisons, and free the *Saint in Bonds*, *Baal*; when they had done what they came for, the Citizens, who had entertain'd them, willingly leave their Houses to keep them Company; a Council is called to resolve upon what Ground the next Storm should pour

pour down. *London* ever falſe to the Prince. The Wood, which no doubt would lodge the Wolves, is ſet by their Orders. *Tyler* the Idol who knew his Reign would laſt no longer, than while theſe Men continued mad, thought this the only place likely to keep them ſo; *London* too was the faireſt Mark; and beſides, the *Clowns* were aſſured of a Welcome upon a private Invitation from ſome of the Citizens, whoſe Anceſtors and Predeceſſors in all Ages, in the Tumults of the Confeſſor S. *Edwards* Reign, in all the Barons Wars ſince, have gained the Renown to be Lovers of Reformation otherwiſe pure Rebellion, Enemies to Courtiers and Malignants, Enemies to the Enemies of their dear Liberties, which yet ſometimes they purſue with too much Heat and blind Zeal, ſometimes to their Coſt and Repentance, miſtaking every where both Notions and Things; the Bridles which they without Fear or Wit, provide for their Kings being often thruſt into their own Mouths by the New Riders, which themſelves lift into the Saddle, while they grown ſober Mules, dare neither kick nor fling. *Behold the common People* (ſays the Knight) *when they be up againſt their Prince, and eſpecially in* England, *among them there is no Remedy for they are the perilouſeſt People of the World, and moſt outrageous if they be up, and ſpecially the Londoners*; ſays the Monk, the Londoners never want Fury if they be not kept in, if Licenſe or Inſolence be permitted them. The Princeſs *Dowager* of the incomparable *Edward* the black Prince, Mother of the young King, then at *Canterbury*, hardly eſcapes theſe Savages, who rudely aſſault her Chair, and

Froiſſ. Walſ. Lond. quibuſcunq; deeſt furia. &c.

and put her and her Ladies in no ſmall Fear of Villany to be done to their Perſons.

This Princeſs was ſo willing to be out of their reach, that notwithſtanding ſhe was very fat and unwieldy, ſhe got to *London* in a Day. *Tyler*, who had inſinuated himſelf into the good Grace of theſe Churls, by appearing the moſt ſtirring and active of the Kennel, who began and ruled the Cry, and was by I know not what Ceremony, perhaps like that Iriſh Election by caſting an old Shoe over his Head, declared Prince of the Rabble, leads them to *Rocheſter*, which will not come behind *Canterbury* in Kindneſs. The People of the Town (ſays the Knight) were of the ſame Sect, it ſeems the Caſtle (once one of the ſtrongeſt in the Kingdom,) was now neither fortified nor manned, the Governour Sir *John Moton* yields himſelf into their Hands; he was one of the Kings Family, of his Houſhold, and muſt be thought awed, as he was into the Engagement. Here the *Commons* might be thought aſhamed of their own Choice, they offer Sir *John* the General's Staff; which had he accepted, he muſt have commanded according to the Motions of *Lieutenant General Tylers* Spirit, and when this turn had been over, at the leaſt ſtamp of his Foot have vaniſhed, ſneaked off the Stage.

They tell him, Sir *John* you muſt be our Captain, and (which ſhews the Power of his Commiſſion) you ſhall do what we will have you. The Knight likes not their Company, he trys his beſt Wit and Language to be rid, of them but could not prevail: They reply downright, Sir *John*, if you will not doe what we will have you, you muſt dye for it; we will not be denyed, but at your Peril. E-

Froiſſ.

nough

nough was ſaid, the Knight yields, but his Charge of *Captain General* is forgotten; we ſhall ſee hereafter what Uſe they make of him, and in what manner he muſt be employed. This Example is followed in the other Countrys. The Gentry did not only loſe their Eſtates, and Honour, but their Courage and Gallantry, their Bloods were frozen, Fear had ſtifled their Spirits. The *Clowns* (as the Knight) had brought them into ſuch Obeyſance, that they cauſed them to go with them, whether they would or not, they fawned on them, humbled themſelves to them, like Dogs groveling at their Feet. The *Lord Molines*, Sir *Stephen Hales*, Sir *Thomas Guyſighen*, this Sir *John Moton*, and others were Attendants and Vaſſals to the *Idol*. Every Day new Heaps of Men flock to them, like *Catalines* Troops, all that were neceſſitous at Home, Unthrifts, broken Fellows, ſuch as for their Miſdeeds feared the Juſtice of the Laws; who *reſent the dangerous and diſtracted State of the Kingdom alike*; and will no doubt hammer out an Excellent Reformation, they will mend their own Condition, which will be enough, we muſt expect no more; and now the Confidence in their Strength made them bold enough to throw off their Mask of Hypocriſie, they began to open the Inſide. They departed from *Rocheſter* (ſays *Froiſſart*) and paſſed the River (he ſays the *Thames* at *Kingſtone*) and came to *Brentford*, (where I think he leads them out of their Way) beating down before them, and round about, the Places and Houſes of Advocates, and Procurers, and ſtriking off the Heads of diverſe

Walſ. *qui cenſuram juris timebant propter malefacta*, &c.

verse Persons. *Walsingham* tells us, who those Advocates and Procurers were; All Men (says he) were amused, some looked for good from the new Masters, others feared this Insurrection would prove the Destruction of the Realm. The last were not deceived. All the Lawyers of the Land (so he goes on) as well the Apprentices, Counsellors, as old Justices, all the Jury-men of the Country, (this was Priest *Baal's* Charge) they could gripe in their Clutches had their Heads chopped off.

It was a Maxim of the *Cabal*, That there could be no Liberty, while any of these Men were suffered to breath. From little to great they fell upon things which they never thought of in their first Overflow, which *Guicciardine* observes (in civil Discords, where the Rebellion is Fortunate and Mens Minds are puft up with Success) to be Ordinary. The Statue of *Cumean Apollo* weeps for the Destruction of *Cuma*, we shall here read of Men without Sense or Apprehensions; both the Stories will seem as Incredible. The stupid Nobility and Gentry sleep in their Houses, till they are roused by these Blood-hounds, that they might seem to deserve the Calamity tumbling upon their Heads. They were becoming Tenants at Will, in Villeinage, to their Vassals, under their Distress, their Task, and Taxes, more by the sottish Basenesse of themselves, than any Vertue in these Rascals, scorned and sleighted by every tatter'd Clunch: Their Lands continually upon any Vote or Information to be sold, or given away upon any Information of Loyalty, or Faithfulness: The ancient Vertues of the Gentleman, not to be found in that Age,

Age, and serving only for a Pretence to Ruin, no one could form an Expectation of more than this, to be the last Man born, (what was *Polyphemus* his Kindness to *Ulysses*) to be devoured last; all which they were contented to hazard, and indure to preserve a Shred, or jagg of an incertain ragged Estate (for the Health or Mistresses Sake) subject ever to the Violence of the same lawless spoiling Force, which maimed and rent it before. Next (to return to this Rissraff) their Cruelty reaches to Parchment Deeds, Charters, Rolls of Courts; Evidences are cast by them into the Fire, as if they meant to abolish all Remembrance of things; this was to defeat their Lords in the Claims of any ancient Rights; and to leave no Man more Title than themselves had to their Sword and Power.

The *Kentish* and *Essexian* Rout, were joyned (says the Monk, but he tells us not where) and approached near *London*; at *Black-heath* they made an Halt, where they were near 200000 strong. *Walf.*

Thither came two Knights sent by the King to them, to inquire the Cause of the Commotion, and why they had amassed such Swarms of the People. They answer, they met to confer with the King concerning Business of Weight; they tell the Messengers they ought to go back to the King and shew him, that it behoves him to come to them, they would acquaint him with their Desires (we shall quickly discover why his Presence was required.) Upon Return of the Knights, it was debated in Council by the Lords about the King, whether he should go or no: Some of the Table more willing to *Walf.*

venture

venture the King than themselves, willing to throw him into the Gulph, or perhaps not senting the Design of the *Clowns*, perswade him to see them: Your Majesty (thus they) must make a Tryal of these Men, Necessity now must be looked on above Reason; if any thing can give the Check to the Uproars, it must be your Presence, there can be no Safety but in this Venture; it is now as dangerous to seem not to trust, as to be deceived; Fate is too much feared, if it be imagined that this Tree of your Empire, which has flourished so many Ages, can fall in an Hour.

Wals. The Archbishop of *Canterbury*, *Simon Theobald* of *Sudbury*, Lord Chancellor of *England*, the most Eloquent, most wise, and most pious Prelate of the Age, Faithful to his Prince, and therefore odious to those who conspired against his Majesty and Authority, likes not the Advice; the King ought not (says he) venture his Person among such *hoseless Ribaulds, but rather dispose things so as to curb their Insolence: *Sir*, (says he) *Your Sacred Majesty in this Storm ought to shew how much of a King you can play; what you will go for hereafter; by your present Carriage, you will either be feared for the Future, or contemned; if you seriously consider the Nature of these rough hewn Savages, you will find the gentle Ways pernicious, your Tameness will undoe you, Mercy will ever be in your Power, but it is not to be named without the Sword drawn; God and your Right hath placed you in your Throne, but your Courage and Resolution must keep you there; your Indignation will be Justice; good Men will think it so, and if they love you, you have enough*

**Discaligatos ribauldos.*

enough, you cannot capitulate, not treat with your Rebels, without hazarding your Honour, and perhaps your Royal Faith; if you yield to the Force of one Sedition, your whole Life and Reign will be nothing but a Continuation of Broils, and Tumults; if you assert your Soveraign Authority betimes, not only these Doults, these Sots, but all Men else will reverence you. Remember Sir, God, by whom Lawful Princes Reign, whose Vicegerent you are, would not forgive Rebellion in Angels; you must not trust the Face. Petitions delivered you upon Swords Points are fatal; if you allow this Custom you are ruined; as yet Sir, you may be obeyed as much as you please. Of this Opinion was Sir *Robert Hales*, Lord *Prior* of Saint *John* of *Jerusalem*, newly Lord Treasurer of *England*, a Magnanimous and stout Knight, but not liked by the Commons. When this Resolution was known to the *Clowns*, they grow stark mad, they bluster, they swear to seek out the Kings Traitors, (for such they must now go for; no Man was either good or honest, but he who pleased them) the Archbishop and Lord *Prior*; and to chop off their Heads; here they might be trusted, they were likely to keep their Words.

Hereupon, without more Consideration they advance towards *London*, not forgetting to burn, and raze the Lawyers and Courtiers Houses in the Way, to the Kings Honour no doubt, which they will be thought to arm for. Sir *John Froissart*, and others report this part thus, which probably might follow after this Refusal.

The Rebels, say they, sent their Knight (* so they called him, yet was he the Kings Knight, for *Tyler* came not

* *Grafton.*

up to Dubbing, we find no Sir *John*, nor Sir *Thomas* of his making,) Sir *John Moton* to the King, who was then in the Tower with his Mother, his half Brothers *Thomas Holland* Earl of *Kent*, after Duke of *Surrey*, and the Lord *Holland*, the Earls of *Salisbury*, *Warwick*, and *Oxford*, the Archbishop, Lord *Prior* and others. The Knight casts himself down at the Kings Feet, beseeches him, not to look upon him the worse as in this Quality and Imployment, to consider he is forced to do what he does: He goes on; Sir, the *Commons* of this Realm (those few in Arms comparatively to the rest would be taken for the whole) desire you by me to speak with them. Your Person will be safe, they repute you still their *King* (this deserved Thanks) but how long the Kindness will hold we shall soon find, they profess that all they had done or would do was for your Honour. *For your Glory (your Honour and Security are their great Care) they will make you a Glorious King, fearful to your Enemies, and beloved of your Subjects; they promise you a plentiful and unparalell'd Revenue. They will maintain your Power and Authority in Relation to the Laws, with your Royal Person, according to the Duty of their Allegiance, their Protestation, their Vow, their solemn League and Covenant, without diminishing your just Power and Greatness, and that they will all the Days of their Lives continue in this Covenant against all Opposition.* They assure you Sir, *That they intend faithfully the Good of your Majesty, and of the Kingdom, and that they will not be diverted from this end by any private or Self-respects whatsoever.* But the Kingdom has been a long time ill governed by your Uncles, and the Clergy; especially by the

the Arch-bishop of *Canterbury*, of whom they would have an Account. They have found out necessary Counsels for you; they would warn you of many things, which hitherto you have wanted good Advice in.

The Conclusion was sad on the Knights part. His Children were Pledges for his Return, and if he fail in that, their Lives were to answer it. Which moved with the King; he allows the Excuse, sends him back with this Answer, that he will speak with the *Commons* the next Morning; which it should seem the report of the Outrages done by the *Clowns* upon his Refusal, and this Message made him consent to. At the time appointed he takes his Barge, and is rowed down to *Redriffe*, the place nearest the Rebels; Ten thousand of them descend from the Hill to see, and treat with him, (with a Resolution to yield to nothing, to overcome by the Treaty; as they must have done, had not the Kings Fear preserved him.) When the Barge drew nigh, the new Council of State (says our Knight) *Froiss.* howled, and shouted, as though all the Devils of Hell had been amongst them; Sir *John Moton* was brought toward the River guarded, they being determined to have cut him in peices, if the King had broke his Promise.

All the Desires of these good and faithful Counsellors contracted suddenly into a narrow Room, they had now but one Demand. The King asks them, What is the matter which made them so earnestly sollicite his Presence? They have no more to say, but to intreat him to land; which was to betray himself to them, to give his Life and Sovereignty

raignty up to those sickle Beasts, to be held of them during their good Pleasures; which the Lords will not agree to. The Earl of *Salisbury*, of the ancient Nobility, and Illustrious House of *Monmouth*, tells them their Equipage and Order were not comely, and that the King ought not to adventure amongst their Troops. They are now more unsatisfied, and *London* how true soever to the *Cause*, and faithless to the Prince, shall feel the Effects of their Fury. *Southwark* a friendly Borough, is taken up for their first Quarters. Here again they throw down the Malignants Houses, and as a Grace of their Entrance, break up the Kings Prisons, and let out all those they find under Restraint in them; not forgetting to ransack the Arch-bishops House at *Lambeth*, and spoil all things there——plucking down the Stews standing upon the Thames Bank, and allowed in the former Ages. It cannot be thought but that the Idol loved Adultery well enough, but perhaps these publick Bawdy-houses were too unclean, and might stink in his Nostrils; we cannot find him any where quarrelling with the Bears, those were no Malignants.

Wals. They knocked not long at the City-Gates, which (some say) were never shut against them, or (as others) quickly opened: The Citizens fancyed themselves Privy Counsellors born, inspired from their Shops for Affairs of State, and would not suppose the Reformation could be effected without them. They were rich by Lyes, and all the most sordid Ways of Falshood, and must be sage and knowing; Pride the first Sin the Devil taught Man tickles them.

them. The Mayor Sir *William Waleworth*, whose Memory (while Truth and Loyalty shall be thought Vertues) must be Honourable, and nine of the Aldermen held for King *Richard*, in vain; a prosperous wicked Chief shall never want wicked Instruments; three Aldermen, and the greatest part of the People for the King of the *Commons*, the Idol, and his Priests. Those, the *Considers*, and well-affected to *Tyler*, forbid their Mayor to keep him out, own his Actions, as done for the Good of the faithful People of the Land, and the *Common-wealth*, and his Followers for their Brethren and Companions of the *Holy Cause*. *They vow to live and dye with Tyler*: Many of those who had no thoughts of doing Mischief (yet being none of the wisest) were cheated into a good Belief of them, because of their *Protestation* (which in their first Entrance they made solemnly) that they had no Intent, but this only, to search and hunt out the Traitors of the Kingdom, the *Subverters of the fundamental Laws*, *evil Counsellors and Malignants*, and that this done they would give over, they would disband, and return home the same Men they were, to their Farms and Cottages, without enriching themselves, without any other Harvest of their Labour; *not doubting but that in the end, it should appear to all the World, that their Endeavours have been most hearty and sincere, for the Maintenance of Religion, the Kings just Prerogatives, the Laws and Liberties of the Land; in which Endeavours, by the Grace of God, they would persist, though they should perish in the Work.* Which was believed. What confirmed this Faith was, they made Theft Capital (which yet was confined, all without the

Fold of the Godly were *Ægyptians*, and could not be robbed) and paid justly for what they had, but they paid not often, nor could their Reckonings be great.

The Citizens were their Purveyors, and made Provision for them; every House was open to them, and Tables continually furnished. Their Entry was on the 14th. of *June*, 1385. on Wednesday (a little before Midsummer) the Eve of *Corpus Christi* Day; they spend the Morning of the next Day, being the Festival, in Ringes, discoursing of the Piety, Honesty, and Fairness of their Cause, of Liberty and the Courses to gain it, Of seizing Traitors, *Of bringing Incendiaries*, *Malignants*, *and evil Instruments to condign Punishment*, Of the Duke *John* of *Lancaster*, who was above all Men hated by them, but too far off for the Scratches of their Claws, being imployed in *Scotland* to treat a Peace there, whence these report him turned a Traytor to the *King*, and become Scottish: About Noon, being warmed more by their Cups, than with the Sun, for the richest Wines were drawn for them, and swallowed with that Greedinesse, that they were got to the height of Drunkennesse and raved like Mad-men, they are for Execution; the Savoy of the Duke of *Lancaster*, a Princely Building, the most stately Fabrick of the Kingdom was fired by them, his Servants there murthered, his Plate and Jewels broke in pieces, a Coat of his of great Value (called in that Age a Jack) in Contempt and Scorn to this Prince, was stuck on the top of a Launce, made a Mark for their Arrows, then cut and gashed to Jaggs with their Hatchets; one of them who had hid a piece of Plate, was thrown

thrown by the reſt into the Fire with it, crying out, *We be zealous of Truth and Juſtice, and not Thieves and Robbers.* The *Londoners* were here no ſlow Men, they knew themſelves guilty of receiving, and that their Condition could be no worſe; they might think too, it would be their ſhame for ever to be overdone in Miſchief, nor were they here exceeded. *Knighton.*

The next fiery Shower is diſcharged upon the Temple and Inns of Court, or Colledges for Students of the Laws of the Nobler ſort, but belonging to the Knights of Saint *John of Jeruſalem*, to whom the Poſſeſſions of the Knights Templers were given by this Kings Grandfather. Many Men loſt there the Evidences of their Eſtates, many their Lives. From hence in Malice to the Lord *Prior*, they haſten to *Clerkenwel*, where they leave nothing of that Noble Palace of the Knights of S. *John* of *Jeruſalem*, but Rubbiſh, and Aſhes, their Church too was conſumed in the ſame wicked Flames. This Houſe was ſeven days burning down. They break open the Exchequer and rifle *Weſtminſter* the ſame day. The *Flemmings* or *Dutch* Strangers, who ſince the *Jews* were baniſhed, ſuffer their part in every Sedition, are ſought for all the Streets through, all of them maſſacred, no Sanctuary could ſave them; thirteen *Flemmings* were drawn out of the Church of the Friers Hermits of Saint *Auguſtine*, and beheaded in the Streets, and ſeventeen others pulled out of another parochial Church dye in the ſame manner. They had a *Shibboleth* to diſcover them, he who pronounced *Brot* and *Cawſe*, for *Bread* and *Cheeſe* *Walſ.*

This Night the King was counselled to fall upon these Beasts, for the most part drunk, and cut their Throats, easie to be destroyed, if any Man had had but the Courage to overcome. It was the Gallant Mayors Advice, they lay on Heaps without Sense or Motion, tired with the Mischiefs of the Day, drunk and asleep, without Guards or Watch; the Earl of *Salisbury* and the Nobility, against whose Lives, Honours and Fortunes these Beasts had conspired, desire the King to try all fair and gentle Ways of appeasing them, which Counsel he approves. They were not so kind to themselves, many lost their Lives by the Hands and Swords of their Companions; every petty discontent, or grudging, being enough to provoke them. Thirty two of them being drunk in a Cellar of the *Savoy*, were immured there, finding in the same place Death and the Grave together. Some of them threw Barrels of Gunpowder (which was little known then) into the Fire, and are blown up with part of the Palace.

Proclamations were formerly made in *Tylers* Name, not in *Straws*, (as *Polydore* would have it.) *Straw* was this while busied elsewhere. The Country about was by these Proclamations summoned to repair to *London* with all speed, to spoil this *Babylon*; the close Menaces (*lest they provoke Gods Judgments*) pluck them down upon their Heads; which themselves explain, if ye fail, *if ye and your Officers give not Obedience freely to the Protector*, we will send out 20000 Men (20000 of our Locusts) who shall burn the Towns of the Children of Disobedience. Those of S. *Albans* and *Barnet* (whose Famous Deeds challenge a place in this Story by themselves

themſelves) ſtruck with the Thunder of this Edict, haſte to *London*; in their Journey thither, at *Heibury*, a retiring Houſe of the Lord *Prior* of S. *John* near *Iſlington*, they find 20000. or thereabouts, caſting down the firmer parts of the Houſe, which the Fire could not conſume.

Walſ.

Jack Straw Captain of this Herd, calls theſe new Comers to him, and forces them to ſwear to adhere to King *Richard*, and the Commons. How long this *Oath* will be ſworn to we ſhall ſee, and how much the ſafer the King will be for it.

Richard.

We ſhall ſee too what is loſt by this new Union of King and Commons, by the new Fellowſhip to obſerve the horrible Irreligious Hypocriſie of theſe *Clowns*, who only would be thought the *Protectors* of his Crown and Perſon. They alone had decreed his Ruin, who ſwear thus often to prevent it, to guard him from it; A *Treaſon* not to be believed by ſome then, till it had taken. The Commons were then divided into three Bodies, this with *Jack Straw*, the ſecond at *Mile-end* under the Eſſexian Princes, *Kirkby*, *Treder*, *Scot*, and *Rugge*, the third on Tower-hill, where the Idol, and Prieſt *Baal* were in Chief.

This laſt Crue grew horribly rude, and haughty; the Commons there were not contented to be the Kings Taſters and no more, they ſnatch the Kings Proviſion violently from the Purveyors, he is to be ſtarved for his own Good, and after Harpies or Vultures, chuſe you whether, ſtrike high, like brave Birds of Prey they will kill no more Flies; this was the Way to ſecure their ſmaller

Miſchiefs.

Mischiefs. *Polydores* conceit that the Arch-bishop and Lord Prior of S. *John*, were sent out by the King to allay their Heat, is not probable.

Walsingham relates it thus, that they demanded these two (with full Crys no doubt of *Justice, Justice*) with some others Traitors by their *Law*, (a *Fundamental*, never to be found or heard of before) to be given up to them by the King with all the Earnestness, and Violence imaginable.

They give him his Choice, bid him consider of it, they will either have the Blood of *these their Traitors* or *his*; they making all those *Delinquents who attended on him, or executed his lawful Commands*; whom say they, the King *with a high and forcible Hand protects*, will not be appeased unless they be delivered up; conjuring him to be wise in time, and *dismiss his extraordinary Guards, his Cavaliers, and others of that Quality, who seem to have little Interest, or Affection to the publick Good.* Whether the Tower Doors flew open at this Fright, or the Man-wolfs crowded in, at the Kings going out to appease the Party at *Mile end*, as Sir *John Froissart* tells it, *Wat* the Idol with Priest *Baal* are now Masters of the Tower, into which on Fryday the 16th. of *June* they entred, not many more than 400 of their Company guarding them, where then were commanded six hundred of the Kings Men of Arms, and six hundred Archers, a *Guard* not so extraordinary as was necessary then, all so faint-hearted, so unmanned at the Apparition, at the sight of these Goblins, they stood like the Stones of *Medusa*, remembred not themselves, their Honour, nor

Walf. *alias sciret semetipsum vita privandum.*

nor what they had been. The *Clowns* the most Abject of them singly with their Clubs, or Cudgels in their Hands, venture into all the Rooms, into the *Kings* Bedchamber, (which perhaps had been his Scaffold had he been there) sit, lie, and tumble upon his Bed, they press into his Mothers Chamber, where some of the merry wanton Devils offer to kiss her, others give her Blows, break her Head. She swoons, and is carried privately to the Wardrobe by her Servants. Some revile and threaten the Noblest Knights of the Houshold, some stroke their Beards with their unclean Hands (which beyond the Roman Patience in the same Rudeness from the *Gauls* is endured) and this to claw, and sweeten (they meant it so) they gloss with smooth Words, and bespeak a lasting Friendship for the time to come; they must maintain the Injuries done to themselves; must not disturb the Usurpers of their Estates and Rights; must not shew any Sense of Generosity, of Faith, of Honour, (it concerned *Tyler* that they should be the veriest Fools and Cowards breathing) if they stir, make any Claims, they shall be reputed Seditious, Turbulent, and Breakers of the Publick (otherwise and plainly) *Tylers Peace*. It was never heard (says the Emperor *Charles* in *Sleydan*) that it should be lawful to despoil any Man of his Estates and Rights, and unlawful to restore him: Our *Tyler* and his Anabaptists thought otherwise.

As *Walsingham*, they went in and out like Lords, who were Varlets of the lowest Rank, and those who were not Cowherds to Knights, but to *Bores*, value themselves beyond Knights. Here was a Hotchpotch

Hotchpotch of the Rabble, a mechanick sordid State, composed as those under *Kettes* Oak of *Reformation*, after,

Of Country Choffes, Hob, Dick, and Hick, with Clubs, and clouted Shoon. *Nevilli kettus.*

A medley or huddle of Botchers, Coblers, Tinkers, Draymen, of Apron-men and Plough-joggers, domineering in the Kings Palace, and rooting up the Plants and wholesome Flowers of his Kingdom in it. This place was now a vile and nasty Stye, no more a Kings Palace, who will value a stately Pile of Building, of Honourable Title, or Antique Memory, since *Constantine*, when it is infected with the Plague, haunted by Goblins, or possessed by Thieves. The Knights of the Court, were but Knights of the Carpet or Hangings. No Man seemed discontented, all was husht and still. White-hall was then a Bishops Palace. The Tower was to be prepared for *Tylers* Highness, and his Officers but the Cement of the Stratocracy of the Government by Sword, and Club Law, could not be well tempered with vulgar Blood; a Servant of the Arch-Bishops (who had trusted himself to these Guards and Walls) is forced to betray his Lord. He brings them into the Chappel, where the Holy Prelate was at his Prayers, where he had celebrated Mass that Morning before the *King*, and taken the Sacred Communion; where he had spent the whole Night in watching and Devotion, as presaging what followed. Walf. *Sacram Communionem.*

He

He was a Valiant Man and Pious, and expected these Blood-hounds with great Security and Calmness of Mind; when their bellowing first struck his Ears, he tells his Servants that Death came now as a more particular Blessing; where the Comforts of Life were taken away, that Life was irksome to him, (perhaps his pious Fears for the Church and Monarchy, both alike indangered, and fatally tied to the same Chain, might make him weary of the World) and that he could now dye with more quiet of Conscience than ever; a Quiet which these Parricides will not find, when they shall pay the Score of this and their other Crimes. However the Flattery of Success may abuse, our Death-bed represents things in their own Shape, and as they are: After this the Rout of Wolves enter prophanely roaring, where is the *Traitor*, where is the Robber of the *Common People*? He answers, not troubled at what he saw or heard,

Ye are welcome, my Sons. I am the *Arch-Bishop* whom you seek, neither *Traitor* nor *Robber*. Presently these Limbs of the Devil griping him with their wicked Clutches, tear him out of the Chappel, neither reverencing the *Altar*, nor *Crucifix* figured on the top of his Crosier, nor the *Host*, (these are the Monks Observations, for which he condemns them in the highest Impiety, and makes them worse than *Devils*, and as Religion went then, well he might condemn them so.) They drag him by the Arms and Hood to Tower Hill without the Gates, there they howl hideously, which was the Sign of a Mischief to follow.

He asks them what it is they purpose? what is his Offence? tells them he is their *Arch-Bishop* (this makes

makes him guilty, all his Eloquence, his Wisdom are now of no Use) he adds the Murder of their Soveraign *Pastor* will be severely punished, some notorious Vengeance will suddenly follow it. These Destroyers will not trouble themselves with the idle Formality of a Mock-trial or Court of their own erecting; an abominable Ceremony, which had made their Impiety more ugly; they proceed down-right and plainly, which must be instead of all things. He is commanded to lay his Neck upon the Block, as a false Traitor to the *Commonalty* and Realm: To deal roundly, his Life was forfeited, and any particular Charge, or Defence would not be necessary, his Enemies were his Accusers, and Judges, (his Enemies who had combined and sworn to abolish his Order, the Church, and spoil the Sacred Patrimony) and what Innocency, what Defence could save? Without any Reply farther, he forgives the Headsman, and bows his Body to the Axe.

Qui pastor, &c.

After the first hit, he touches the Wound with his Hand and speaks thus, *It is the Hand of the Lord.* The next Stroke falls upon his Hand, e'er he could remove it, cuts off the tops of his Fingers, after which he fell, but dyed not till the eighth Blow; his Body lay all that day unburied, and no Wonder, all Men were throughly Scared, under the Tyranny of these Monsters, all Humanity, all Piety were most unsafe.

Ah, ah, manus Domini.

The Arch-bishop dyed a Martyr of Loyalty to his *King*, and has his * Miracles recorded, an Honour often be-

* *Wals.*

stowed

ſtowed by Monks (Friends of *Regicide*, and *Regicides*,) on Traitors, ſeldom given to honeſt Men. In his Epitaph (his riming *Epitaph*, where is ſhewn the pittiful ignorant Rudeneſs of thoſe times) he goes for no leſs, he ſpeaks thus:

Sudburiæ natus Simon *jacet hic tumulatus,*
Martyrizatus nece pro republica ſtratus.

Sudburies Simon here intombed lies,
Who for the *Common-wealth* a Martyr dies.

It is fit (ſays *Plato*) that he who would appear a juſt Man, become Naked, that his Vertue be diſpoiled of all Ornament, that be he taken for a wicked Man by others (wicked indeed) that he be mocked, and hanged. The wiſeſt of Men tell us, † There is a Juſt Man that periſheth in his Righteouſneſs, and there is a wicked Man that prolongeth his Life in his Wickedneſs. The Seas are often calm to Pirates, and the Scourges of God, the Executioners of his Fury, the *Goths*, *Hunns* and *Vandals* heretofore, *Tartars* and *Turks* now, how happy are their Robberies, how do all things ſucceed with them beyond their Wiſhes! Our Saviours Paſſion, the great Myſtery of his Incarnation loſt him to the *Jews* his Murtherers. Whereupon *Grotius* notes, it is often permitted by God, that pious Men be not only vexed by wicked Men, but murdered too——He gives Examples in *Abel*, *Iſaiah*, and others; the MESSIAH dyed for the Sins of the World, *Ethelbert* and Saint *Edmund* the Eaſt-Angles,

† Eccleſ. 7. 15.

Grot. *Sæpe à deo permitti, ut pii ab impiis non vexentur modo, ſed interficiantur.*

East-Angles, Saint *Oswald* the Northumbrian, *Edward* the Monarch, &c. Saxon Kings, are Examples at Home.

Thucidides in his Narration of the Defeat and Death of *Nician* the *Athenian* in *Sicily*, speaks thus: *Being the Man of all the* Grecians *of my Time, had least deserved to be brought to so great a Degree of Misery.* It is too frequent to proclaim Gods Judgments in the Misfortunes of others, as if we were of the Celestial Council, had seen all the Wheels, or Orbs, upon which Providence turns, and knew all the Reasons and Ends which direct and govern its Motions: Men love by a strange Abstraction to seperate Facts from their Crimes; where the Fact is Beneficial, the Advantage must canonize it, it must be of Heavenly Off-spring, a Way to justifie *Cain*, *Abimelech*, *Phocas*, our Third *Richard*, *Ravilliac*, every lucky Parricide whatsoever.

Alexander Severus that most excellent Emperor, assassinated by the Militia or Souldiery, by an ill Fate of the *Common-wealth* (for *Maximinus* a *Thracian* or Goth, *Lieutenant General* of the Army, a cruel Savage Tyrant, by Force usurped the Empire after him) replyed, to one who pretended to foretell his End; That it troubled aim not, the most Renowned Persons in all Ages dye violently. This Gallant Prince condemned no Death, but a dishonest fearful one. Heaven it self declared on the Arch-bishops side, and cleared his Inocency. *Starling* of *Essex*, who challenged to himself the Glory of being Headsman, fell mad suddenly after, ran through the Villages with his Sword hanging naked upon his Breast, and his Dagger naked behind him, came up to *London*,

 confest

confest freely the Fact and lost his Head there; As most of those did, who had laid their Hands upon this Arch-bishop, coming up severally out of their Countrys to that City, and constantly accusing themselves for the Parricide of their spiritual Father. Nothing was now unlawful, there could be no Wickedness after this; they make more Examples of barbarous Cruelty under the Name of Justice.

Robert Lord *Prior* of St. *John*, and Lord Treasurer of *England*, *John Leg*, or *Laige* one of the Kings Sergeants at Arms, a *Franciscan*, a Physician belonging to the Duke of *Lancaster* (whom perhaps they hated, because they had wronged his Master) a Friar *Carmelite*, the Kings Confessor were murdered there in this Fury. Whose Heads with the Arch-bishops, were born before them through *London* Streets, and advanced over the Bridge.

This while the *King* was softning the Rebels of *Essex* at *Mile-end*, with the Earls of *Salisbury*, *Warwick*, and *Oxford*, and other Lords. Thither by Proclamation he had summoned them, as presuming the *Essexians* to be more civilized, and by much the fairer Enemies, as indeed they were. There he promises to grant them their Desires. *Liberty*, *precious Liberty*, is the thing they ask, this is given them by the *King*, but on Condition of good Behaviour. They are to cease their Burning, and Destruction of Houses, to return quietly to their Homes, and offend no Man in their Way. Two of every Village were to stay as Agents behind for the *Kings* Charters, which could not be got ready in time. Farther the *King* offers them his *Banners*.

Some

Some of them were simple, honest People, of no ill Meaning, who knew not why the Garboils were begun; nor why they came thither. These were won, and win others; without more Stir those of *Essex* return whence they came. *Tyler* and *Baal* are of another Spirit, they would not part so easily; *Tyler* the future *Monarch*, who had designed an *Empire* for himself, and was now, *sceleribus fuit ferox atque praclarus*, famous for his Villainies and haughty, would not put up so, he and his Kentish Rabble tarry. The next day being Saturday the 17th. of *June*, was spent as the other Days of their Tyranny, in Burning, ruining Houses, Murthers, and Depopulations. *Froiss.*

The Night of this Day the Idol and his Priest upon a new Resolution, intended to have struck at the Neck of the Nation, to have murthered the *King* (*the Achan of the Tribes*) probably by Beheading, the Death these Parricides had used hitherto, the Lords, Gentlemen, the wealthiest and honestest part of the Citizens; then to have pillaged their Houses, and fired the City in four parts; they intended this haste to avoid odious Partnership in the Exploit, and that those of *Norfolk*, *Suffolk*, and other parts might not share in the Spoil. This Counsel of Destruction was against all Policy, more Profit might have been made of this City by *Excise*, *Assessment*, and *Taxes* upon the *Trade*; *Tyler* might sooner have enriched himself, and have been as secure. Estates make Men lofty; Fear and Poverty, if we may trust *Machiavel*, bend and supple; every Man had been in Danger, and obnoxious to him, one *Clown* had

awed a Street. Near the Abby-Church at *West-minster*, was a Chappel with an Image of the Virgin *Mary*: this Chappel was called the Chappel of our Lady, in the View it stood, near the Chappel of S. *Stephen*; since turned from a Chappel to the Parliament House, here our Lady then (who would not believe it) did great Miracles. *Richards* Preservation at this time was no small one, being in the Hands of the Multitude, let loose, and enraged. There he makes his Vows of Safety; after which he rides towards these Sons of Perdition under the Idol *Tyler*.

Tyler, who meant to consume the Day in Cavils, protests to those who were sent by the *King*, to offer those of *Kent* the same Peace, which the *Essex Clowns* had accepted, that he would willingly embrace a good and honest *Peace*, but the *Propositions* or *Articles* of it were only to be dictated by himself. He is not satisfied with the *Kings* Charters. Three Draughts are presented to him, no Substance, no Form would please; he desires an *Accommodation*, but he will have *Peace*, and *Truth* together. He exclaims that the *Liberty* there is deceitful, but an empty Name; that while the *King* talks of *Liberty*, he is *actually levying War*, *setting up his Standard* against his *Commons*; that the good *Commons* are abused to their own Ruin, and to the Miscarriage of the great *Undertaking*; that they have with infinite Pains and Labour acquainted the *King* with their *humble Desires*, who refuses to joyn with them, misled and carried away by a few *evil and rotten-hearted Lords and Delinquents*, contrary to his *Coronation Oath*; *by which he is obliged to pass all Laws offered him by the Com-*

mons

mons (whose the Legislative Power is) which Denyal of his, if it be not a Forfeiture of his Trust and Office (both which are now useless) it comes near it, and he is fairly dealt with, if he be not deposed, which too might be done without any Want of Modesty or Duty, and with the Good of the Common-wealth, *the Happiness of the Nation not depending on him, or any of the Regal Branches* I will *deliver the Nation from the Norman Slavery, and the World* (says he) *of an old silly Superstition, That Kings are only the Tenants of Heaven, obnoxious to God alone, cannot be condemned and punished by any Power else.* I will make (here he lyed not) *an wholesome President to the World, formidable to all Tyrannies.* I declare, That *Richard Plantagenet*, or *Richard* of *Bourdeaux, at this time is not in a Condition to govern, I will make no Addresses no Application to him, nor receive any from him*; though I am but a *dry Bone*, too unworthy for this great *Calling*, yet I will finish the *Work, I will settle the Government without the King, and against him, and against all that take part with him*, which sufficiently justifies our Arms, *God with Us*, says he, owns them, Success manifests the Righteousness of our Cause, this is (says he) the Voice of the People, by us *their Representative, and our Counsel. After the Vote of no more Addresses*, which with all their other *Votes of Treason* were to be styled *the Resolution of the whole Realm*; and while he swells in this Ruffle, Sir *John Newton* a Knight of the Court, is sent to intreat rather than to invite him to come to the *King*, then in *Smithfield*; where the Idols Regiments were drawn up, and treat with him, concerning the *additional Provisions* he desired to be inserted into the Charter.

No Observance was omitted which might be thought pleasing to his Pride (which Pride was infinitely puffing.) Flattery was sweet to him, and he had enough of it, that made him bow a little, when nothing else could do it. We may judge at the Unreasonableness of his Demands, and Supplys of new *Articles out of his Instrument*, by one: He required of the *King* a Commission to impower himself, and a Committee Team of his own choosing, to cut off the Heads of Lawyers and Escheators, and of all those, who by Reason of their Knowledge and Place, were any way imployed in the Law. He fancied if those who were learned in the Law, were knocked i'th'Head, all things would be ordered by the Common People; either there would be no Law, or that which was should be declared by him and his, subject to their Will, with which his Expression the day before did well agree. Then, attributing all things to God (the God of War) and his conquering Arms, and striking his Sword (which shewed the *present Power*) on *London-stone*,

Walsingh. The *Cyclops*, or Centaur of *Kent* spoke these Words: From this Day (or within four Days) all Law (or all the Laws of *England*, as others) shall fall from *Wat Tylers* Mouth. The Kings indeed had bound themselves, and were bound by the Laws. They were named in them. *Tyler* was more than a King, he was an Emperor, he was above the Laws; nor was it fit the old over-worn *Magna Charta* should hold him. *The Supreme Authority and Legislative Power* (no one knows how derived) *were to be, and reside in him, according to the new Establishment. Tyler* like

like *Homers Mars* λαίλαπι ἴσος, as a Whirlwind, he was * *Egnatius in Paterculus* rather a Fencer, a Swash-Buckler that a Senator; his right Arm, his brutish Force, not Justice, not Reason must sway all things. *Tyler* will not rule in Fetters, his Will, his Violence shall be called Law, and grievous Slavery under that Will, falsly Peace. Had those, whom no Government never so sweet, and gracious will please, unless the *Supreme Power* be given the People, seen the Confusion and Dangers, the Cruelty and Tyranny of these few days, they would quickly have changed this Opinion.

* *Potius gladiator quam senator.*

The Knight performs his Embassy, he urges the Idol with great Earnestness to see the *King*, and speedily. He answers, if thou must be so much for Haste, get thee back to the *King* thy Master I will come when I list, yet he follows the Knight on Horse-back, but slowly. In the Way, he is met by a Citizen, who had brought sixty Doublets for the Commons, *upon the publick Faith.* This Citizen asks him for his Money; he promises Payment before Night, and presses on so near the *King* that his Horse touched the Croup of the *Kings* Horse.

Froissart reports his Discourse to the *King*: Sir *King* (says the Idol) seest thou yonder People? The *King* answers, Yes, and asks him what he means by the Question? He replys they are all at my Command, have sworn to me Faith, and Truth, to do what I will have them. He and they had broke their Faith and Truth to their Prince, and he thinks these Men will be true to him. Here

though it be a Digression too much, I cannot omit a passage of the late Civil Wars of *France*, begun and continued by the *Jesuited* Party to extirpate the Royal Family there.

D'Avila.

Villers Governour of *Roüen* for the Holy League, tells the Duke of *Mayen*, Captain General of the Rebellion, That he would not obey him; they were both Companions and Spoilers of the State together: The King being levelled, all Men else ought to be equal.

The Idol, as he that demanded (so the Knight) nothing but Riot, continues his Discourse (thus:) Believest thou *King*, that these People will depart without thy Letters? The *King* tells him, He means fairly, that he will make good his Word, his Letters are near finished, and they shall have them. But the Glory of the Idol (which was meerly the Benefit of Fortune) began to fade, his Principality was too cruel, too violent to be lasting. Vengeance here hovered over his Head, and he who had been the Destruction of Multitudes hastens, nay precipitates his own Fate, and ruins himself by his own Fury; he puts himself into the *Kings* Power, who should in his first towring, had he been wisely wicked, like a Vulture of the Game, have flown at his Throat. *The judicious Politick will not begin to give over; However will never venture himself in the Princes Hands, whom he has justly offended by Treasons against his Government.

** In magnis principium injuriæ non incipitur ut desistatur.*

† *Charles*

† *Charles* of *Burgundy* confesses this to be a great Folly; his Grandfather *Philip* lost his Life at *Montereau* upon the *Yonne* by it, and our Idol shall not escape better.

† *Grand folie Com.*

Sir *John Newton*, the Knight imployed to fetch him, delivered his Message on Horseback, which is now remembred, and taken for an high Neglect; besides it seemeth the Carriage and Words of the Knight were not very pleasing. Every Trifle in Omission was Treason to the Idols Person, and *new State*. He rails foully, draws his Dagger, and bellowing out, *Traitor*, menaces to strike the Knight, who returns him in Exchange the Lye; and not to be behind in Blows, draws his: This the Idol takes for an intolerable Affront, but the King fearful of his Servant, cools and asswages the Heat; he commands the Knight to dismount, and offer up his Dagger to the Idol, which (though unwillingly) was done.

This would not take off his Edge: The Prince who yields once to a Rebel, shall find Heaps of Requests, and must deny nothing. The *King* had given away his *Knights* Dagger: Now nothing will content *Tyler* but the *Kings* Sword, with which the *Militia* or Power of Arms impliedly was sought. This he asks, then again rushes upon the *Knight*, vowing never to eat till he have his Head.

When the Nobility and Gentry of the Kingdom, whom neither Necessity nor Misery could animate, lye down trampled on by these Villaines without Soul, or Motion; in comes the Mayor of *London*, Sir *William Walworth*, the everlasting Honour

Honour of the Nation, a Man who over-did Ages of the *Roman Scævola*, or *Curtii* in an Hours Action and snatches the King and Kingdom out of these Flames. He tells the King, it would be a Shame to all Posterity, to suffer more Insolences from this Hangman, this Lump of Blood. This the rest of the Courtiers now wakened by their own Danger, (for he who destroys one Man contrary to Law or Justice, gives all Men else Reason to fear themselves and take heed) are Echoes to. This puts Daring into the young *King*; he resolves to hazard all upon this Chance: This Way he could not but dye Kingly, at least, like a Gentleman, with the Sword, which God (of whose great Majesty he was a Beam) gave him in his Hand. The only Way left to avoid a shameful Death, was to run the Danger of a brave One, and a wise Coward (I will not say an Honourable One) considering the Incertainty of things under that Iron Socage Tenure, would think so.

The *King* commands the Mayor to arrest the Butcher: This was Charge enough, and rightly understood; indeed there was then no time for Form nor Tryal, the Suspension of the Courts was *Tylers* Act, his Crime, and he ought not to look for any Advantage from it: An Historian says, the Duke of *Guyse*'s Power was so much, that the Ordinary Forms of Justice could not be observed; fair Law is handsome, but it is not to be given to Wolves and Tygers. *Tyler* was a Traitor, a common Enemy; and against such (says a Father long agone) every Man is a Souldier; whosoever struck too, struck as much in his own Defence, in

Grot. *Jur. Bell. v. l. 1. c. 4.*

in his own Preſervation, as the King's: And the Safety of the King and People, made this Courſe neceſſary; beſides, *Tylers* Crimes were publick and notorious.

The generous Lord Mayor obeys the Sentence, which was given by the ſame Power, by which the Judges of Courts ſat and acted, when Juſtice flowed down from the Fountain in the ordinary Channel, and which the Damm Head being thus troubled by this Wolf, could flow no otherwiſe, which was Authority ſufficient; by this Power *Richards* Captains muſt fight when he has them, and kill thoſe whom the Courts of Juſtice cannot deal with: *Tyler* faints and ſhrinks to what he had been, he was as cowardly as cruel, and could not ſeem a Man in any thing but that he was a Thief, and a Rebel: He asks the brave Mayor *in what he was offended by him*? This was a ſtrange Queſtion to an honeſt Man; he finds it ſo. *The Mayor* (ſays *Froiſſart*) *calls him falſe ſtinking Knave, and tells him he ſhall not ſpeak ſuch Words in the Preſence of his natural Lord the King.* The Mayor anſwers in full upon the accurſed Sacrilegious Head of the Idol with his Sword. He ſtruck heartily, and like a faithful zealous Subject. *Dagon* of the *Clowns* ſinks at his Feet. The *Kings* Followers inviron him round, *John Standiſh* an Eſquire of the Court, alights, and runs him into the Belly, which thruſt ſent him into another World, to accompany him who taught Rebellion, and Murder firſt. Event was then no Sign of a good Cauſe.

All Hiſtory now brands him for a Traitor, which by ſome will be attributed to his Miſcarriage:

age: without Doubt had he prospered in the *Work*, he had had all the Honours which goe along with Prosperity. The *King* had been the wrong Doer, and his Afflictions, if nothing in so much Youth could have been found out, had been Crimes; we must over-power those whom we would make guilty. *Henry* the Great of *France* under the *Popes* Interdict, is told by a Gentleman, Sir, if we be overcome, we shall dye condemned Hereticks; if your Majesty conquer, the Censures shall be revoked, they will fall of themselves. He who reads the Mischiefs of his Usurpation, will think he perished too late.

Ut reus sit vincendus est.

Now I come to an Act of *Richards* the most glorious of his History, which the *Annals* past can no where parallel; here his Infancy excells his after Man-hood. Here, and in the Gallantry of his Death, he appears a full Prince, and perhaps vies with all the Bays of his Usurpers Triumphs.

Alexander the Monarch of the World, (not more wondered at for his Victories, than for that suppressing the Sedition of his *Macedons* in *Asia*, tired, and unable to march, whither his Ambition carried him on Wings) leaps from his Throne of State, into the Battels of his *Phalanges* enraged, seizes Thirteen of the Chief Malecontents, and delivers them to the Custody of his Guards. *Curtius* knows not what he should impute this Amazement of the Seditious to, every Man returning upon it to his old Duty, and Obedience, and ready to yield himself up into the same Hands: It might be (says he) the Veneration of the Majesty of *Kings* which the Nations submitted under, Worship equally

Lib.

equally with the Gods, or of himself which laid the Tempest. That Confidence too of the Duke *Alessandro* of *Parma*, in a Mutiny of the *German* Ruiters at *Namurs* is memorable, who made his Way with his Sword alone through the Points of all their Lances, into the middest of their Troops, and brought thence by the Collar one of the Mutineers, whom he commanded to be hang'd to the Terror of the rest. The Youth of *Richard* begat rather Contempt, than Reverence, of which too these *Clowns* Breasts were never very full: When the Fall of the Idol was known to the Rout, they put themselves into a Posture of Defence, thunder out nothing but Vengeance to the *King* and his, whom they now arraign of Murder and Tyranny: He is guilty of *Innocent Blood*, a *Tyrant*, a *Traitor*, an *Homicide*, the *publick Enemy of the Commonwealth* Richard Plantagenet is indicted *in the Name of the People of* England *of Treason; and other heinous Crimes.* He is now become less than *Tylers* Ghost, a Traitor to the *Free-born People.*

His Treason was, he would not destroy himself, he would not open his Body to *Tylers* full Blow. They roar out, our *Captain General* is slain treacherously, let us stand to it and revenge his precious Blood, or dye with him: I cannot pass this place without some little Wonder; had these Ruffians (with whom Kings hedged about by Holy Scripture, and Laws Humane, are neither Divine nor Sacred) been asked whether *Tyler* the Idol, of their own Clay and Hands, might have been tryed, touched or struck, according to their resenting

Walsingh. *Capitaneum nostrum.*

resenting this Blow here? Let his Tyrannies, his Exorbitances have been what they would, they would have answer'd no doubt in the Negative: Though *Richard* might have been struck thorough and thorough, *Tyler* who had usurped his Power, must have been Sacred, it must have been Treason to touch him: *Phocas* must not be hurt: In *Tylers* Case *Straw* would allow the old Text again: The Powers were to be obeyed. Their Bows were drawn when the *King* gallops up to them alone, and riding round the Throng asks them, what Madness it was that armed them thus against their own Peace, and his Life, whether they would have no end of Things or Demands.

He tells them, If Liberty be their only Aim, as hitherto they have pretended, they may assure themselves of it, and that it is an extreme Folly to seek to make that our own with the Breach of Faith, of Laws, with Impieties, violating God and Man, which we may come by fairly. But they trod not the Path to *Liberty*; that where every Man commands, no Man can be free; the *Liberty* too they fancy cannot be had, the World cannot subsist without Order and Subjection, Men cannot be freed from Laws: If they were, there could be no Society, no Civility any where; Men must be shunned as much as Wolves or Bears, Rapine and Blood-shed would over-run the World; the Spoyler must fear the next Comer, like savage Beasts, who hurt others, and know not it is ill to hurt them. Men would devour Men, the stronger Thief would swallow up the rest; No Relations would be Sacred, where every Man has the Power of the Sword; the aged Sire (could there be

be any such) must defend his silver Hairs from the unnatural Violence of his own Sons.

He adds, if there can be any just Cause of Sedition, yet is the Sedition unjust which outlasts it, which continues, when the Cause is yielded to, and taken away; that if his Prerogative has been sometimes grievous, his Taxes heavy, and any of those they call evil Counsellors faulty, they ought to remember, in their first Risings, and all along in all their *Oaths*, and *Covenants*, they swore continually not to *invade the Monarchy*, nor *touch the Rights of his free Crown*. You ought to remember your own Remonstrances; you once declared, that you acknowlegded the Maxim of the Law, *The King can doe no wrong; if any ill be committed in Matters of State, the Counsellors; if in Matters of Law, the Judges must answer for it*—My Person was not to be violated. He expects they should deal with him, as the honest Husbandman does in Overflows of Waters, who clears and drains his Ground, repairs the Banks, but does not usurp upon the Stream, does not inhance within the Channel; and farther, that quarrels to his Government and Laws are unreasonable from those, who out of Ambition arm to overthrow both; that Reformation is not the Work of Sedition, which ever disorders what is well setled. He conjures them to forsake these Furies, who, says he, abuse their Lightness meerly for their own Ends, whose Companions and Masters they were lately, now are they but their Guards; and that if they refuse a Subjection according to all Laws Divine and Humane to his Scepter, they must become Slaves and Tributaries to their Iron, to the Flails and Pitch-

forks

forks of some Mushroom of their own Dirt, and that advancing their Mushroom, thus upon his Power by the Ways of Force, gives an Example to the next Tumults against themselves.

Non est diuturna possessio in quam gladio inducimur. Curt.

There can be no Safety for any new Power raised upon this Force; the Obedience to that upon these Rules being limited, and annexed to the Force, and Success, and to yield and give Way to the next Power visible, which shall overbear it. A way to thrust a Nation into a State of War, continual Perjury and Impiety to the Worlds End. This Realm (as he goes on) is my Inheritance; which I took Possession of after the Death of my Grandfather being a Child, and did I claim only by your Gift (which I shall never grant) yet are not you free, to make a new Choice; you are bound to me by *Oaths* and *Compacts*, and no Right of new Complyance, or Submission can be left you to transfer. He concludes, That Despair was a dangerous Sin, which would drive them head-long to Destruction; that whatsoever their Offences had been, they were not above his Mercy.

He bids them not trouble themselves for *Tyler*, a base Fellow who thrust them into Dangers, and blew them into a Storm, to raise himself upon the Billows, upon the Ruins of his Country. He promises to lead them, he will be their Captain if they will follow him, he will please them in all their Desires. This he spake to draw them off farther into *Smithfield*, fearing they would again fall to burning of Houses. They now wanted their Devil, who possessed them, and being in Doubt whether

whether they ſhould kill the King, or return Home with his Charters, there being no Incendiary to command, follow the *King* in Suſpence; *Baal* and *Straw* about this time amazed at the Idol's Fall, loſe Courage and ſlip away. In the mean time the ſtout Mayor ſpurs to the City with one Servant, where in a few Words he acquaints the Citizens with the Kings Peril and his own, and requeſts their ſudden Aſſiſtance, if not for himſelf, for the King, who (ſays he) is in Danger now to be murthered. Some Loyal Hearts, ſome good Men of the Kings Party arm, and joyn to the Number of one Thouſand, and range themſelves in the Street, expecting ſome of the Cavaliers of the Kings Knights to conduct them, reſolved either to overcome, or not to fear the Conquerors.

Sir *Robert Knowles*, a renowned Commander in the French Wars of the King's Grandfather (called falſly *Canol* by *Polydore*, and others) undertakes this Charge. Sir *Perducas D'Albret* (called *D'Albreth*) a Noble Gaſcoign and a Commander too in thoſe Wars, *Nicholas Brembre* the Kings Draper, and other Aldermen, come in with their Levies, and march to the King in ſight of the Rebels. There the King knights the brave *Wil: Walworth*, *John Standiſh*, one of his Eſquires, *Nicholas Brembre*, *John Philpot*, a moſt generous Citizen, (famous for his faithful Service to his Prince in the times ſucceeding) and others. The Nobility about the King deſire him to ſtrike off an hundred or two of the Clowns Heads, in Revenge of the Injuries and Infamy they had received from them. Sir *Robert Knowls* would have him fall on, and cut them all to pieces. The King diſlikes both theſe Counſels;

them dear; but their Acts of theirs done
Law, were punished Legally, upon the
of Juries, when the Tumults were co
Which was fair and handsome, and shew
nourable Justice of our King. All that w
against them that Night, was, to forbid
zens by Proclamation to entertain any
Men in the City, or communicate with the
to command all Men, who had not dwelt t
one Year before, to depart.

So far was the young King from appro
Cruelty of the late Counsels, that in t
Place, he causes the Charters, which he h
mised them, to be delivered: Yet some may
this but a Pardon of Shew, and the Pardo
of the Charters, as well as the other part,
a Piece of Policy than any thing else; the C
being yet Tumultuous, the Clowns were up
good Behaviour, that was a Condition
Pardon, which they would not observe; th

out of Force, and Necessity were recalled; and though the Meynie generally were pardoned, the King (again provoked) staid but for a fit time to take Vengeance on the Ring-leaders, and punish particular Offenders who could not be forgiven: It being necessary in so desperate a Revolt, for the Terror of others, to make Examples of some such malicious Disturbers of the Peace, as would never have been reclaimed. The King's Charters contained a Manumission of the Villains, and Abolition of the Memory of what was past for the rest. The Tenor, says *Walsingham*, of the Charters *extorted from the King by Force*, was this, (he gives us only that of *Hartfordshire* the Province of his Monastery.)

Richard, *by the Grace of God, King of* England *and of* France, *Lord of* Ireland, *To all his Bayliffs and others his Trusty, to whom these Letters shall come, greeting: Know ye that we of our special Grace have made free all our Lieges, and every of our Subjects of* Hartfordshire, *and we free those, and every of them from all* * *Bondage, and quit them by these Presents; and also we pardon the same our Lieges, and Subjects, for all Fellonies, Treasons, Trespasses, and Extortions by them, or any of them, in any wise done, or committed, and also every Outlary, or Outlaries, if any against them, or any of them, are or shall be published, and our*

* *Ab omn bondagio.*

full Peace to them, or any of them, therefore we grant. In witness whereof these our Letters we have caused to be made Patents. Witness our self at London *the* 15*th. day of* June, *the* 4*th. Year of our Reign.*

This Charter was granted about the time the *Clowns* of *Essex* disbanded, and received theirs, it was brought into *Harfordshire* to Saint *Albans* by *Wallingford* one of the Town. * Friday says *Walsingham* the day of Tribulation, *&c.* (which was the 16th. of *June*) the Townsmen of Saint *Albans* being at the time of Mattins acquainted by those of *Barnet* with the Command of the Ordinance, or Act, for repairing to *London* presently with the Esquires of the Abbot, set forth; So that I conceive the Day of this Charter is mistaken in it by the Monk.

* *Illucescente die Veneris.*

The *Clowns* throw down their Arms at the *Kings* Feet, sue for Mercy, and deliver up their Chiefs; the Principal of which, Priest *Straw* was after drawn from his hiding Holes, and laid hold of by the Kings Officers. What became of them we shall see below, in the Visitation made by the *King*, and his Ministers, through the Provinces in Uproar.

The Commons of *Kent* now scatter and dissolve, the Heads of the Arch-bishop, Lord *Prior*, and the rest, are taken down from the Bridge, and the Idols advanced there. That *Baal* should now be taken in an old House is an Error of the Knights; *Baal* must take his

Froiss. fo.

his Turn, but he shall have a longer Run for it. That the Dagger should now be given in Honour of Sir *William Walworth* as an Addition to the City Arms is Fabulous; this Dagger is the Sword of St. *Paul*, and was born by the City when *Tyler* was living.

The King now rides to *Westminster*, where he gives God Thanks for his Deliverance, and presents his Offering to the Virgin *Mary*, in her Chappel of the Piew; next he visits the Princess Mother in the Tower Royal, called the Queens Wardrobe, and bids her rejoyce, for (says he) this Day I have recovered mine Heritage, the Realm of *England* near lost; the Lords return to their own Houses. The other Countries now in Combustion, and upon their March to *London*, make halt; they were Thunder-strucken at the Disaster of the Idol, they hated the Fortune not the Wickedness of that Monster, and tarry to pour out those Plagues at Home, if they be not checked, which before they intended to carry farther off. The Example and Success of the Idol had moved with many, but his Invitation, and Sollicitation by the Emissaries of this Confederacy and Spirit more. The Sectaries, or Ring-leaders of the hurden rustick Raggamuffins in the several Provinces of the Association (while *Tyler* was thus busied in the chief Seat of his new Dominions) promote the Cause, and pursue the Instructions of the Prince of Devils; they were all to tread his Steps, as we shall find in what follows.

Froiss.

The lewd pranks of the Clowns at Saint *Albans*.

I have before spoken of the Summons of the Idol to fetch the bordering Rogues into the *Line of Communication*, who were to serve as Auxiliaries only, to strengthen *Tyler*, rather than to enrich themselves, and likely to be cashiered, and cast off when he had perfected his *Works*: amongst these Rake-hells were the Townsmen of Saint *Albans* with the *Abbots* Servants, shuffled in the Throng of purpose to oversee and awe the *Clowns*, from the new Fangles of our Phanaticks. These, as is related, were sworn to the *Engagement* at *Hilbury*; whence they come to *London*; whither they are no sooner got, but the Townsmen separate from the Servants of the Monastery, and in St. *Mary-bone*-Church does their profane Conventicle consult how to make Advantage of the Tumult.

And what Pretences of Revolt from their Lord *Abbot* would seem most fair, and taking. Here they make not the Causes of their Disobedience, they were hatched secretly amongst themselves; they deliberate how to perfect things, how to come to Effects. The enlarging the Bounds of their Common, free Fishing, Hunting in certain places, when they pleased, and Hand-mills, that the Bayliff of the Liberty shall no more meddle within the Precincts of the Town; the Revocation of Charters prejudicial to the *Free-born* Burgesses, cancelling the Bonds of their Fore-fathers made to *Abbot Richard*, are the Propositions first voted.

One, who would be wiser than the rest, perswades them not to attempt things rashly, and giddily, without Authority: He tells them, that

Wat

Wat Tyler, *Protector and Captain General* of the *Clowns* was near; that the *Protector*, was a Righter of Wrongs raised, and inspired by Providence to redeem the faithful *Commons* from the Thraldom of the Wicked. *At the Suit of the Godly Party* (says he) *Tyler has accepted the Government, he is to govern the two Nations; The Supreme executive Power resides in him*; from him (says he) and from the Keepers of the Liberties let us seek for Remedy.

Walf. Ducem ribaldorum, ut accepta ab eo potestate, &c.

Let us make our Addresses to him, let us seek to his *Highness* for Power, and Commission. This he said (as *Walsingham* writes) supposing a greater than *Tyler* should not be seen in the Kingdom, that *Tylers* Greatness for the time to come would only be eminent; That the Laws of the Land (the most ancient English Saxon Laws) would be of no Force, of no Validity, because the most of the Lawyers were already murthered, and the rest in their Account not long-lived; the Axes Edge was turned towards them. He concludes, let us return Home, and in the Puissance of *Wat*, and our selves, force the *Abbot* to Reason; if he deny our Requests, we will awe him with Burning and demolishing the Monastery, with killing the Monks, we will threaten not to leave one Stone upon another. Others conceive it more safe to petition the *King* (who might be spoken with by every Man, and durst refuse nothing) for his Letters under the Privy Seal, commanding the *Abbot*, to restore to the Townsmen the Rights, and Liberties which their Ancestors enjoyed in the time of King *Henry* the

Walf.

First, as if the English Church had been lately endowed, the Monasteries founded, their Royalties, Liberties, Priviledges granted by the *Norman* Princes, than which nothing could be more false. The most Christian Saxon Kings of Blessed Memory, twelve of which dyed Martyrs of the Faith, ten shine Glorious Stars in the Calender of Saints, were all nursing Fathers of the Church; scarcely was there one in the Illustrious Roll, who gave not Lands and Possessions with Exemptions, and Immunities to the Church; who erected not Bishopricks, or Monasterys, into which Thirty of our Crowned Heads, *Kings*, or *Queens* entred; the Superstition of the Ages then ought not to blemish their Piety. The *Mercian* King *Offa*, his Son *Ecgfryd*, King *Ethelred*, King *Edward*, are the Founders and Donors of S. *Albans*. What King *Henry* the First did for the Town I cannot say, nor how ample its Liberties were then. This is true, he confirms the Grants of the *Saxon* Princes, to the Monastery, and adds the *Norman* Seal to strengthen the *Saxon* Crosses; this is all; but Truth is not necessary in such Uproars; the Credulity of a Light-headed Multitude is quickly abused, their Duty and Obedience easily corrupted without it.

All these Grants end with horrible Curses against Sacriledge.

To keep our Way: Both these Counsels are approved; *William Greyndcob* an Hind, who had eaten the Bread of the Monastery for the most part of his Life, is elected with others, and sent on this Errand to the King, before whom he kneels six times out of Zeal to prevail. This Lob too was made principal

Walsing.

pal Prolocutor (ſays our Monk) or Speaker to the Idol: before whoſe ſordid Excellency and his unclean Counſel he complains of the grievous Tyranny of the Abbot and Prior, (ſome few Monks are thruſt in to make up the Number) of the Oppreſſures of the Commons, of witholding the Wages of poor Labourers; the Deſign was to rouze the Wolf. *Walſingh.*

Tyler meant not to leave *London*, yet he promiſes, if need be, to ſend Twenty Thouſand of the *Saints*, who ſhall not fail to ſhave the Beards of the Abbot and the reſt, which ſignified (in plain Engliſh) cutting off their Heads.

The gracious *Captain General* was yet more kind; he vows, if it be convenient, to aſſiſt them in his own Perſon. He gives them Directions and Orders to govern themſelves by, and makes their Obedience here, a Condition of his Love. Theſe Orders were generally enjoyned by our Engliſh *Mahomet*, through all the Provinces of his Conqueſt, and were framed according to the Law of his bloody *Alcboran*. He ſwears them to omit nothing either in his Commands or Doctrine. A Servant of the Abbot, one of the Spies upon the Townſmen, rides in full Career to S. *Albans* and gives Intelligence to the Abby of the Exploits of the new Maſters at *London*. He tells them in what manner that Dirt of a Captain (*Tyler*) ſullyed and polluted with the Blood of the Nobleſs, had butchered the Engliſh Patriarch, and the Lord Treaſurer. That *London*, the Den of theſe ravenous Beaſts, falſly called *the Chamber of her Kings*, was likely now to become the Charnel-houſe of *Richard*, and his Loyal Vaſſals: That theſe Fiends, who

who would goe for *Saints*, and the only good *Patriots* commit the Acts of Thieves, and Murtherers, neither reverencing Religion nor Laws: And that the Conquering *French*, who makes fair War, nay the barbarous Scot, broke out of the Fastness of his own Desart, mortal Enemies of the Nation, could not spoil nor ruin with more Cruelty and Villany. No Mercy, says he, (yield who will upon Mercy) no Favour, no Goodness can be expected from this Rout of Wolves. He bids those pointed at, and named by *Greyndcob* to *Tyler*, shift for themselves, which they are not long in resolving of. The Prior, four Monks, and some of their Servants, one part horsed, another on Foot, fly for their Lives, not assuring themselves till they got to *Tynmouth*, a Priory of this Monastery of Saint *Albans* in *Northumberland*. *William Greyndcob*, and *William Cadindon* a Baker, on Fryday had hastened to S. *Albans*, that they might make the Honour of the Atchievement theirs, by first appearing in the Action. These brag aloud of the Prosperity of Affairs, that they were no more Drudges and Slaves, but Lords for the time to come; that they had brought about great and wonderful Feats against the Abby; they propose, first to defie the Abbot, to renounce all Amity and Peace with him, then to break down his Folds and Gates in *Fauconwood*, *Eywood*, and his other Woods, and to pull down the Under-Bowsers House, standing over against the Fish-market, and hindering the Prospect of the Burgesses and Nobility of the Town, this is their own Style, a Nobility scarce to be parallel'd in the World discovered

Wals. ad diffidendum.

Suqtellgrarii.

vered, unless we fetch in the Man-eaters of *Brasil*, who have neither Letters nor Laws, acknowledge neither God nor Prince.

This Night the first Scene of the Tragedy is acted; the next day, being Saturday, fatal to the Hangman *Tyler*, the Upstart Nobility of Churls assemble and make Proclamation, That no Man able to serve his Country, presume to slight the Lieutenants of the Idol, but that every Man furnish himself with such Arms as he can provide, to attend them the Lieutenants in his own Defence. The Crew summoned are commanded to press the Gentry for the Service, and to cut off the Heads of those who would not joyn with them, and swear to be faithful to them; beheading, burning Houses, Forfeiture of Goods were menaced to all that would not assist the Forces raised by *Tyler*, and fight the *Lords Battels*, that is, for the *Cause*. This, says our Monk, was the Charge of their Lord and Master *Wat*, this was his Rubrick of Blood.

Next, with great Pomp they march to *Faucomwood*; to level the slips of their Haste and Night-work; something they feared might be left whole, upon Review; when *Root and Branch* were pared and torn up, they retire. *Cum magna pompa*

The other Growtnolls of the Neighbourhood, subject to the Distress, or Seigniory of Saint *Albans*, wait for them; these were cited upon the same Threats to meet, and promised Belly-fulls, Cart Loads of *Liberties*. Now or never for the *Liberty of the Subject*, and the *Power of Godliness*. This Supply swells them into huge Hopes, it puffs them up. *Greyndcob* and *Cadindon* more haughty

now

now than ever; lead their Battalias, bluſtering with ſurly Pride and Diſdain, to the Gates of the Monaſtery, which with the ſame Loftineſs they command the Porter to ſet open. Some of the Company, Friends of the Houſe, had given private Intelligence to the Abbot of the Contrivance againſt him, who had inſtructed his Servants how to carry themſelves toward this Tag and Rag of Swains; they obſerve them punctually.

That they may ſeem pious in their Entrance, they free the publick Malefactors out of the Abbots Priſon; but ſo that they ſhould owe Faith hereafter, and Grace of the Benefit to the *Commons* (a Name the moſt Honourable, and which muſt ſwallow up all things elſe) and inſeparably ſtick to them. One of the Offenders, whom they ſuppoſe unworthy of *Liberty* or Life (grown Judges and Executioners by the ſame Inſpiration and Spirit) they behead on the Ground before the Gates, then fix his Head upon the Pillory, roaring with that deviliſh Cry they had learnt at *London*. This was plain Murther by the Law, whatſoever this Mans Crime was, theſe Rogues were guilty in a moſt high Nature, ſo that beſides the Baſeneſs of their Condition, they were incapable of any Juriſdiction by the ancient fundamental Laws of *England*, as being Traitors, and out of the Kings Faith: But to wave all this by theſe ancient Laws, every Priſoner might demand *Oyer*, hearing of the Judges Commiſſion, theſe Villains had neither Authority nor Commiſſion, but from *Tylers* Sword, which was but a Derivative of his Uſurpation. No Act of which can be juſt, the Foundation of his Tyranny

Mir. 114.

ranny this Way, (in) being just, and illegal at the

:.

'rom the Idols first Entrance no Act of Confir-
:ion or Grant was done (could any such Act be
ıe and valid) to establish or make a Right, by
Power which had that Right to bestow; he
ed for a Commission of Life and Death, but
; refused, and his Arbitrary Acts were only a
ıtinuance of his Intrusion, and of the Violence
ɔn which he began.

To fill up their tattered Regiments, their Fel-
' Leaguers or *Covenanters* of *Barnet*, *Luton*,
tford, and the Towns round enter St. *Albans*
the same Sacrilegious Affection to the Abby. In
these Conspiracies the Church was the main
rk aimed at, about the Carcases of the Cathe-
ls and Abbys (they were now nothing else)
these Vultures gather. In the same Conjuncture
imes enters *Richard Wallingford*, Head-borough
Constable of the place, who tarried at *London*
the Kings Letter of Manumission and Pardon,
hich *Greyndcob* had been so earnest for) bearing
Kings Banner or Pennon of the Arms of St.
rge, being the red Cross before him, according to
Fashion of the *Clowns* of *London*. The *Commons*
ring of his coming, pour themselves out in
ıps to meet him. He alights, strikes the Pe-
ı into the Earth, and bids them keep close and
ircle it like a Standard. He intreats them to
tinue about it, and expect his Return, and the
utenants, who were resolved with all Speed
treat with the Abbot, and would suddenly
ıg them an Answer to their Propositions. Which
, he and they enter the Church, and send for
the

the Abbot to appear before them, and answer the *Commons* (only Sacred then, and to whom all Knees were to bow.) The Abbot was at first resolute to dye for the Liberty of his Church; (a pious Gallantry which will be admirable) but overcome with the Prayers of his Monks; who told him, as things stood, his Death could advantage nothing; that these stinking Knaves, these Hell-hounds were determined to murder the Monks, and burn the Monastery, if they had the Repulse; and that there was no Way of Safety but to fall down before these *Baals*, he yields. After he was come to the Church, and a short Salutation past; *Wallingford* reaches out to him the Kings Letter or Writ (as *Walsingham* calls it) in these Words, as I have rendred them out of the barbarous *French* of that Age.

B*Eloved in God, At the Petition of our loyal Lieges of the Town of St.* Albans *we will and command you, That certain Charters being in your Custody made by our Progenitor King Henry to the Burgesses and good People of the said Town, of Commune of Pasture and Fishing, and of certain other Commodities expressed in the said Charters, in what they say, you doe as Law and Reason requires; So that they may not have have any Matter to complain to us for that Cause. Given under our Signet at* London *the* 15*th. Day of* June, *the fourth year of our Reign.*

Here

Here certainly again is a Mistake of the Day, for till Friday the 16th. of *June*, the *Clowns* of Saint *Albans* (as is observed) stirred not. Thus is the King forced to be the Author of other Mens Injustice, to consent to those Insolences (and Wrongs) which must undoe all those who are Faithful to him, to please a base Rabble, engaged to turn in the end their destroying Hands upon himself and his Royal Family; the Abbot receives the Letter with due Reverence, and reads it: Then thinking to work upon the Consciences of these Hell-hounds, he begins a Discourse of Law, Reason, Equity, and Justice; Law and Reason were the Princely Bounds betwixt which the *Kings* Commands ran. He tells them, whatsoever was demanded by them, had been long agoe determined in the Courts of Justice, by the publick Judges, Persons knowing and honourable, sworn to do equal Right.

That the Records were kept amongst the *Kings* Rolls at *Westminster*, whence he inferred, That according to the Laws anciently in Use, they had neither Right nor Claim left: He adds, the Usurpation upon anothers Propriety is Tyranny in the Abstract; it is the greatest Injustice: The very *Heathens* will have it unnatural to enrich our selves to make our Advantage from Spoil and Robbery, but Force is odious to God and Man, that aggravates the Sin; Violence is a more heinous Crime than Theft. This was ridiculous Wisdom, considering who they were the good Abbot spake to; he had forgot perhaps how *Antigonus* armed to invade and seize the Cities, and Countries of other Princes

Princes, laughed at the serious grave Folly of one who presented him with a Tractate of Justice. *Wallingford* with his Hand upon his Sword takes him off pertinently, as reflecting upon the Manners of Men, whose Treasons prosper, and Practise of the times; in which now Men did not advance themselves by Vertue, by Learning, by Justice, or Valour, but by Murder and Robbery.

My Lord (says he) every Story is not true, because it is eloquently told; you endeavour here to inveigle and deceive us in a long Discourse of Equity, of Law, and Justice; we come not hither for Words but Things; we pretend not to refute your Reasons, (which are but unjust Defences of your Oppression), but cunning Subtilties, but Colours to paint o'er the Wrongs you do us, nor can we; the Rudeness of our Education must disable us for this part, we have been born and bred under your Dominion, Slaves, and Villains to you under a Dominion so unmanly cruel; you have always kept us deprived, not only of all Means of Learning or Knowledge, but would willingly have taken away our very Reason and common Understanding, that we might groan under our Miseries with the feeling of Beasts, but be Masters neither of Sense nor Language for a Complaint.

It is time now that we of the *Commonalty*, as you call and range us, should take our Turn of Command, however of *Liberty*. Nor is this to be wondered, at if you consider our Strength, and the Happiness of the new *Model*; the Eminency of the Commons is visible to every Eye, theirs is the present, theirs is the *Supreme Power*. We are armed, and

and we will not think of the Laws, nor regard them, they only submit to Laws who want Power to help themselves. Besides these Laws you tell us of, are but the Will of our Enemies in Form and Rule, they were made by them, they favour them; and our Captain General *Tyler*, who has conquered (a sad unhappy Word, where it is used of one part of a Nation against another, and of *Benjamin* against *Israel*, by the worst and least against the better and greater) the Makers of them, the Law-givers, was so become above the Laws themselves; your Reasons, when these Laws were backed with Force, when *your King* could protect you, before our Success might have served well enough; now we expect them not, nor will we accept them.

Perq; uterum sonipes hic matris agendus.

He concludes in Perswasion not to exasperate the *Godly Party*, the Righteous *Commons*, who, says he, will not be appeased, will not give over, nor lay down Arms, till they be Masters of their Desires.

The Abbot, entring into a new Speech, is again stopped and told, the Thousand before the Doors of his Monastery sent for him not to parly, but consent, which they look he should be sudden in; if not, we (says *Wallingford*) the Lieutenants, chosen by the *Captain Representatives of the People, will deliver up and resign the Powers to him, which we received of him.* We have *voted*, if you comply not, to send for the Captain General *Tyler*, and Twenty thousand of his *Militia*, to the Danger of this Place, and of the Monks Heads.

The Abbot here recites his good Deeds, how

 often

often in their Necessities he had relieved them, he had been (he says) their spiritual Father thirty two Years; in all which time, no Man had been grieved, or oppressed by him: this giving implyedly the Lye to *Wallingford*, they grant but will not be denyed. The Obligations and Charters which they require, are delivered them, which they burn in the Market-place, near the Cross. This did not content them, they ask for an ancient Charter concerning the Town Liberties, the Capital Letters of which (say they) were one of Gold, another of *Azure: The Abbot prays them to be satisfied for that time, he protests, they have all he has to give them, he knew of no more, yet he would make a search, and if any such Deed could be found, it should faithfully be delivered to them. This too was the answer of the *Covent*, it was agreed that the Abbot should after Dinner disclaim under his Hand and Seal in all Things prejudicial to their Liberty. In Memory of an old Suit betwixt Abbot *Richard* the First, and the Townsmen in the Reigns of *William* the Second, and *Henry* the First, wherein the Townsmen were overthrown, were laid Milstones before the Door of the Parlor. These *John* the Barber with others took away, as a Token of Victory over the Law; these they break into small pieces, and distribute amongst the Worthies, as the Sacred Bread is given in the *Eucharist*.

* *De azorio.*

* *Locatorii.*

Wals. Who could forbear Tears (says *Walsingham*) heavily bewailing these Changes, to see Servants command their Lords,

ɔrds, who know not how to rule, nor how to
ty. To ſee *London* (once the noble Head of
r Cities) become a Stye for unclean Swine.
'ho would not tremble to hear that the Arch-
hop and the Lord Treaſurer ſhould be offered
ctims to wicked Spirits, to the Kentiſh Idol
e Kentiſh *Saturn* or *Moloch*, and his Hob-gob-
ıs in the midſt of the Kingdom. Nay (ſays he)
ıoſe Heart would it not have wounded through,
have ſeen the King of *England*, who of Right
r Majeſty and Dignity ought to precede all
ngs in the World, out of Fear of his Head, ob-
ve the Nods and Becks of theſe Varlets, and the
ɔbility and Gentry, mortified Beaſts, trampled
by theſe Scullions, enſlaved at their own Charge,
k up their Duſt.

After Dinner, a ſad Dinner to the Monks, this
ɛrdaille, theſe Stinkards, throng before the
tes, and demand the Charter of Liberties,
ıich the Abbot had promiſed them to ſeal, which
s ſent, and read to them in the thickeſt of the
ut: If they pleaſe to accept it, (this was the
bots Complement) he is ready to ſeal. They
eſolved never to be pleaſed) with much Scorn
l Pride anſwer by an Eſquire of the Abbot,
at the Abbot muſt appoint ſome Clerk of his
ıttend them with ink and Parchment, themſelves
uld dictate, and after the Abbot and Covent
uld confirm what was done; when this Hu-
ur, was ſatisfied, the Safety and Peace of the
naſtery and Monks were as deſperate as ever.
e old Charter, which they will everlaſtingly
ɛve concealed, muſt be produced, elſe they
l bury the Covent in the Ruins of the Cloyſters.

This Charter did certainly (as they will have it) contain all their ancient *Liberties* and Priviledges; and if this was true, there was no great Reason it should be in the Abbots keeping.

Here the Abbot imploys the most Honourable Esquires of the Country, as Mediators to soften them, and offers (if they desire it) to say Mass before them next Morning, and to swear upon the Sacrament he should be about to take, with what Monks they would name, that he kept from them no such Charter with his Knowledge.

Super Sacramentum.

Make Choice (says he) of what *Liberties* you can, you shall have my Charters drawn, they shall be granted you by it; I will seal you a real Charter instead of a fantastical one, never seen by you, no where to be had. The Abbot struggles in vain against these Waves, this Charter of their Fancies they will have: Nor shall any other Price redeem the Monastery, they intended the Subversion of the House, and wrangle thus crossly, that they might seem to have some Pretences to do it; but because they had much Business to go about, and could not be here and there too, a Truce was taken for that Day, and many of these *pure Brethren* betake themselves to other parts; some of them would not be prevailed with, the Bread and Ale of the Monastery brought forth to them in huge Fats, would not work upon them to lay their Fury, they staid only for a leading Hand. Here an honest Burgess interposes, *Ribaulds* (says he) what is it you purpose;

Ribaldi.

purpose; most of you here are Forreigners of the Villages about, this is the most famous Mischief which can be acted in this Country, this Beacon must set all on Fire, and it is fit we, who are Burgesses and Freemen of this Town, should give the On-set: By this Fineness they are gained to quit the Gates, and joyn to the Assistance of their Fellow-Labourers. The rest of the Day is spent by their united Forces, in overthrowing of Houses, clashing of Vessels, and spoiling of Goods according to the Rule of *Walter* the false Founder of the Order. At Night the Lieutenants make Proclamation under the Kings Banner, commanding strong Guards to be set about the Town, that they may be assured against Surprizes, and about the River *Werlam*, and Saint *Germains*; making it Loss of the Head to any Monk, who should be found issuing from, or entring the Monastery that Way; this was done to set a Trap for the Prior, and those who fled with him. They proclaimed also, that whosoever could challenge any Debts due to him from the Monastery, might put in his Claim (and little Proof should be needed) the next Day, and the Burgesses of the Town, would discharge as far as the Goods of the Monastery would reach. Much more was Magisterially thrown in, to shew a Cast of the *present Power*: Which was no sooner done, but there appears a Farmer of the Mannor of *Kingsbury* belonging to this Abby, armed with his Sword and Buckler; this Man was much in Arrears for his Farm, and durst not peep abroad from his lurking Holes before these Broils; which hiding of himself he imputes now to the Injustice, and Cruelty of the Prior: This Chuff de-

Quod didicerant à Waltero.

mands one hundred Marks Damages for the Losses he had sustained in his Absence, and threatens to burn the Grange of Saint *Peter*, and Mannor-house of *Kingsbury* near the Abby, if he be not repaired; Twenty pounds he receives upon this Demand, and goes away, swearing, he would freely give it back again for the Priors Head.

Saturday Night passed with much Perplexity to the Monks, who were at their Wits Ends, and Lives too (they could not hope better things) about the Charter, which was no where extant but in the Noddles of these Cluster-fists. But Day and Comfort broke out together upon them; suddenly this Overflow of Pride, and Arrogancy abated, their Lostiness fell, and their Bristles were somewhat laid, very unpleasing Rumours concerning the Army were spread, and the Death of the Idol *Tyrant Wat*, of stinking Memory, was certainly known and divulged; and what was as stabbing, that the Citizens of *London* grown wise, and resolute, either out of Loyalty (or which is the rather to be supposed, Experience of their new Master) began now to own their Prince, their natural Lord unanimously, and to side with him against all Seditious Opposers of his Majesty, and the *just Rights and Liberties* of his People, which they saw like to perish together. Farther a Knight of the Court, seconds the Report, and by Proclamation in the Kings Name (now legal again) commands this Herd to keep the Kings Peace under forfeiture of Life, and Members from that Hour.

Walf. fœdæ memoriæ.

Walsingh.

The King now grown a *Protector* again of his Subjects,

jects, sends his Letters Protectory to the Abbot in these Words.

RIchard, &c. *To all our Lieges, and Commons of* Hartford, &c. *We pray, charge, command, straightly as we may, &c. by the Faith and Liegances which to us ye owe, that to our Beloved in God, the Abbot of St.* Albans, *nor to our House and Monastery of the said Place, of our Patronage, nor to none of the People, Monks, nor others, nor to none of the Goods of the said Monastery, &c. Ye suffer to be done, as much as in you lies, any Grievance, Dammage, &c. Given under our Great Seal at our City of* London, &c.

Though now these Carles were well cooled, yet e'er the Zeal was quite slackened, and the Clouds dispelled, which hovered weakly, and were likely to scatter with the next Breath of Wind, they conclude to perfect their Building, which to the great Nuisance of this Monastery they had raised. Besides, the Lieutenants, or Major Generals of *Tyler*, thought it a much unworthiness to droop too soon, before those whom they had summoned in to piece up their deformed Insurrection with so much Bravery, and Insolence. They continue and pursue their Requests to the Abbot, but with less Noise than formerly; the Abbot was advised by Letters from Sir *Hugh Segrave*, Lord Steward of the Houshold, and Sir *Thomas Percy* created after Earl of *Worcester*, to grant all things,

 assuring

assuring him these Grants being thus forced from him would be void in Law, and could not hurt his Monastery. The Abbots Chamber, the Chappel, all Places are full of them, they give Directions to the Abbot's Clerk for their Charter of Liberties, which now they were contented to accept, but will have a Bond of One thousand pounds Sterling for the delivering up the Charter unknown, before the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin next, if it can be found; if not, that the Abbot with his twelfth Hand, (an ancient Saxon manner of purging or clearing the Offender, where the Offence was secret) with twelve of his chief Monks should swear, that he neither has nor detains any such Charter with his Knowledge.

Walf. Sterlingorum.

The Abbot agrees, he and the Covent seal; but oh! the Miracle (not to be believed, nor understood without another upon our Faith, and Understanding) the seal, in which the Glorious *Protomartyr* was figured, three times together could not be pulled from the Wax, no sleight, no Strength could doe it; to pass by the pious Frauds, and Dreams of Monks. From thence the Black-bands depart to the Market-place, there at the Cross they publish their new Acquisitions, the Charters of the King, and Abbot, with the Kings Protection of the Monastery; which was but a Counterfeit of their Love. On Munday and Tuesday following, the Villains of the Patrimony of our *Protomartyr* (as the others did in all places else imbroiled) exact of the Abbot Deeds of Manumission and *Liberty*, according to the Effect of the Royal Charter before, which Charter

Walf.

Charter the Abbot recites, and confirms.

From Villains these now conceive themselves Gentlemen of Welsh Pedegree, descended of Princes, nay, as our Monk, noble beyond the Line and Race of Kings; they are meer Free-holders, hold only of God and the Son, rather of the Sun, and Club, and will neither perform their Customs, and Services, nor pay Rent. The common People, who are neither swayed by Religion or Honesty, stop and check themselves, not that they were contented, but because they could not, nay they durst not go on to more. *Walf.*

The Plague of this Distemper was not only epidemical, but kept its Days; on the fatal Saturday, fifty thousand Clowns, out of *Suffolk*, *Essex*, *Cambridgeshire*, the Isle of *Ely* (places miserably harrassed according to the former Presidents) were incorporated by the jugling Tricks of the Essexian Impostors, sent out by the Fathers of Disobedience, in the first Conception of the Ruffle, to inveigle Proselites to the *Holy League*. This was but an indigested Mass, without Shape or Form, *Wraw* not *Straw* (as sometimes he is called) a most lewd *Presbyter*, as *Walsingham*, or Priest, who came from *London*, the Day before with Orders from *Tyler* (who according to *his own Establishment had the executive Power*) was imployed into those parts to lick and fashion the Monster. He with *Robert Westbrome* King of this Congregation, lead the tatter'd Reformers from *Mildenhall* to St. *Edmunds-bury*, where then stood a most Glorious Monastery, and where their Fellow Scoundrels expected

Sceleratiss. Presbyter.

expected them. *Wraw* finds these Chope
good Disciples, willing to learn, and q
Apprehension, so capable they understood
Signs. The same Frenzies are again acted b
Lunaticks, the Lawyers or Apprentices of t
(as the Monk) and their Houses are the fi
jects of their spight, they do not only
them, but fire their Nests. Sir *John Ca*
Chief Justice of the Kings Bench, who ha
one of the most able Serjeants of this Kings
fathers Reign, and was made Chief Justice b
they intercept, and behead. *Orpheus Tracie*
the *Roman*, *Belgabred* the *Brittain*, excellen
Sweetness of a Voice and Skill of Song, wit
of *Cambridge* Prior of Saint *Edmunds*, los
Lives in the same manner, as they unluck
into their Hands.

The Cause of the Priors Death is mad
He was discreet and managed the Affairs
Monastery faithfully, and diligently; he w
ken near *Mildenhall*, a Town then belongi
Saint *Edmund* of the Demain of the Abb
Vassals, Hinds, Villains, and Bond-men
House, sentenced him, murthered him by
His Body lay five Days Naked in the Field u
ed. In Saint *Edmunds-bury*, these Cut-t
compass the Priors Head round as in a Proc
after they carry it upon a Lance to the Pl
where that and the Chief Justices Head are adv
The next Work was the levelling a new Ho
the Priors. After they enter the Monas
which they threaten to fire, unless *John Laki*
Guardian of the Temporalities of the Baro
the Vacancy then were delivered to them,

the Townſmen mingled in the Throng, put them upon: The Guardian ſtood amidſt the Crowd unknown. This Man out of Piety to preſerve the Monaſtery (it was Piety then, though it may be thought Impiety now) diſcovers himſelf, he tells them he is the Man they ſeek, and asks what it is the *Commons* would have with him. They call him Traitor (it was Capital to be called ſo, not to be ſo) drag him to the Market-place, and cut off his Head, which is ſet upon the Pillory to keep Company with the Priors and Chief Juſtices.

Walter of *Todington* a Monk was ſought for, they wanted his Head, but he hid himſelf, and eſcaped. Our Hackſters Errant, of the Round Table, Knights of Induſtry, would be thought General Redeemers, to take Care of all men in Diſtreſs; for the Burgeſſes Sake, they command the Monks, (threatning them and their Walls, if they obey not) to deliver up the Obligations of the Townſmen for their good Behaviour, all the ancient Charters from the time of King *Knute* the Founder any way concerning the Liberties of the Town; beſides they muſt grant and confirm by Charter the *Liberties* of the Town, which could not be done in the Vacancy (for ſo it was) *Edmund* of *Brumfield* Abbot in Name, by Proviſion of the *Pope* was a Priſoner at *Nottingham*, nor had any Election been ſince the Death of Abbot *John Brivole*, and therefore the Jewels of the Houſe are pawned to the Townſmen, as a Gage that *Edmund* of *Brumfield* (whom they would ſuppoſe Abbot, and whom they intended to ſet free) ſhould ſeal; which Jewels were a Croſs and Chalice of Gold, with other things, exceeding

exceeding in value One thousand Pounds, these were restored again in time of Peace, but with much Unwillingness. Upon the Bruit of the Idols Mishap, and the Suppression of his Legions at *London*, these Caterpillers dissolve of themselves. *Wraw* the Priest, *Westbrome*, and the rest of the Capital Villains in the General Audit, or Doomsday for these Hurliburlies, shall be called to a Reckoning for their Outrages. *Cambridge* suffered not a little in these Uproars, the Townsmen with the Country Peasants about confederated together, break up the Treasury of the University, tear and burns its Charters; they compel the Chancellor and Scholars under their common Seals, to release to the Mayor and Townsmen all Rights and Liberties, all Actions, and to be bound in 3000l, not to molest the Burgesses by Suits of Law concerning these things for the time to come. The Mayor and Bailiffs were fetched up by Writ to the next Parliament, where the Deeds were delivered up and cancelled, the Liberties of the Town seized into the King's Hand as forfeited; new ones granted by him to the University, all which they owe yet to the Piety of this King, and his Parliament, a Court which the Idol never names: Had he set up one of his own begetting, it must have had nothing else but the Name; it would have been as destroying as the Field.

Norfolk the Mother of the *Kets* would not loyter this while, nor sit lazily, and sluggishly looking on. *John Litster* a Dyer of *Norwich*, King of the *Commons* there, infuses Zeal, and Daring into his Country-men; he had composed out of his own Empire, and the Borders, an Army of fifty thou-

sand

ſand Men. This Upſtart Kingling would not wholly move by Example, he makes Preſidents of his own, and tramples not like a dull Beaſt the Road beaten by others. He had heard what was done by the *London* Congregations; he had a Stock of Traditions from the Elders there, which he was able to improve: and although I know not how he could exceed the Idol with his Council, yet (ſo the Monk) exceed them he did, he preſumed greater things.

Tyler loſt his Life before things were ripe, was watched and undermined by the King and Nobility, he could not ſpread his full Sails, elſe for his Preſumption he far out-goes *Litſter*. *Litſter* the *Norfolk* Devil begins with Plunder and Rapine (the only Way to fleſh a young Rebellion) The *Malignants* of the Kings Party (the rich and peaceable go under that Notion) are made a Prey, no place was ſafe, or priviledged. Plots were laid to get the Lord *William* of *Ufford* Earl of *Suffolk*, at his Mannor of *Ufford* near *Debenham* in *Suffolk*, into the Company, out of Policy; that if the Cauſe ſucceeded not, then the Rebels might cover themſelves under the Shadow of that Peer. The Earl warned of their Intention, riſes from Supper, and diſguiſed as a Groom * of Sir *Roger* of *Bois*, with a Portmantue behind him, riding By-ways, and about, ever avoiding the Routs, comes to St. *Albanes*, and from thence to the King.

* *Garcion.*

The *Commons* failing here, poſſeſs themſelves of the places, and Houſes of the Knights near, and compell the Owners to ſwear what they liſt, and for greater Warineſs to ride the Country over

over with them, which they durst not deny: Among those enthralled by this Compulsion were the Lords *Scales*, and *Morley*, Sir *John Brews*, Sir *Stephen* of *Hales*, and Sir *Robert* of *Salle*, which last was no Gentleman born, but as full of Honour and Loyalty as any Man, Knighted by the *Kings* Grand-father for his Valour; he was (says *Froissart*) one of the biggest Knights in *England*, a Man not supple enough, who could not bend before the new Lords; he had not the Solidity of Judgment (as some more subtle than honest call it) to accomodate himself to the times. Like *Messala* he would be of the justest side, let the Fortune be what it would; he would not forsake Justice under Colour of following Prudence; he thought it not in vain to prop up the falling Government: perhaps his Judgment may be blamed he stayed not for a fit time, had he not failed here, he had not fought against Heaven, against Providence, whose Councils and Decrees are hid from us, are in the Clouds, not to be pierced; our Understanding is as weak as foolish, as Providence is certain and wise. Our Hopes and Fears deceive us alike, we cannot resolve our selves upon any Assurance, to forsake our Duty for the time to come, Gods Designs are known only to himself; it is Despair, not Piety (Despair too far from that) to leave our Country in her dangerous Diseases, in her publick Calamities; the Insolency of injust Men is a Prodigy of their Ruin, and the Incertainty of things Humane may teach us, That those we esteem most *established*, most assured, are not seldom soonest overthrown. *Plato* would not have them refer all things to Fate, there is somewhat

ſomewhat in our ſelves (ſays he) not a little in Fortune. Ours are but Cockſights, the leaſt Remainder of Force and Life may ſtrike a necking Blow, and by an unlooked for Victory raiſe what is fallen; if Death cannot be kept off, if our Country cannot he ſaved by our Attempts, there is a Comlineſs in dying handſomly, nor can any Man be unhappy but he who out-lives it. We have heard of Women who caſt themſelves into the fiery Pits, where their dead Husbands are conſumed; of Vaſſals who ſtab themſelves to follow their Prince into the next World; of *Otho*'s Prætorians, of the Saguntines burning in their Cities Flames. What can be ſo honourable as to dye for or with our Country or Faith, our Religion or Honeſty, to dye with that which gave us Life, and Liberty, and Senſe of theſe?

Liſters Hog-herds vow to burn *Norwich*, unleſs this Knight will come out to them, which he does well mounted, and forſakes his Horſe to pleaſe them. They ſeem to honour him highly, and offer him a fair Canton of the new *Common-wealth*, if he will command their Forces.

The faithful *Cavalier* abhorred the propoſition, and could not diſſemble his Diſlike: He tells them, he will not to his eternal diſhonour renounce his Soveraign, whom all good Men obeyed, to engage with the veryeſt perfidious Traitors living, in their Villanies. He attempts to horſe himſelf again, but fails; it was Treaſon to ſpeak againſt the Government.

The *Commons* grow furious, they cry out Treaſon, againſt Treaſon and Rebellion: Thouſands of Hands are lifted up againſt him, as if they all moved

moved by the ſame Nerves and Sinews; they hew him down, but he cruſhes ſome of them with his Ruin; whoſoever ſtood within his Reach, loſt either Head, Legs or Arms; he kills twelve of them; at length a Villain of his own beats out his Brains. Then do the Infernal Curs ruſh in with full Mouths and mangles him to bits, who (ſays *Walſingham*) would have driven a Thouſand of them before him, had he had fair Play. This amazes the reſt of the Gentry, they ſtrive for *Vaſſalage*, with the ſame Emulation others do for *Liberty*; they obſerve *Lifter*, they receive his Commands upon their Knees, who in all things imitates the State and Pomp of Kings. Sir *Stephen* of *Hales* a Knight of Honour carves before him and taſts his Meats, and Drinks; the reſt of the miſerable Courtiers are imployed in their ſeveral Offices. But when the Fame of the Kings good Fortune began to go ſtrong, and of his Preparations to aſſert his Right and Authority, *Lifter* ſends on Embaſſy (from *North-Walſham*, the Throne of his Tyranny) to *London*, the Lord *Morley*, and Sir *John Brews*, with three of the *confiding Commons*, to obtain Charters of Manumiſſion, and Pardon, with great Summs of Mony, (ſqueezed out of the Citizens of *Norwich*, under Pretence of preſerving the City from Slaughter, Fire and Spoil, or as others raiſed by an ordinary Tribute to *Lifter*.) Which Moneys were ſent for Preſents to the King, to win him to grant them Charters more ample and beneficial, than had been given to any others.

Theſe Meſſengers are met at *Ichlingham* near *New-Market* by *Henry le Spencer* Lord Biſhop of *Norwich*, of a noble Family, ſtout and well-armed; he

He had been at his Mannor of *Burleigh* near *Okeham*, and there heard of the Tumults in *Norfolk*, and was now hasting thither to see how things were carryed, with eight Lances only in his Company, and a few Archers. He charged the Lord *Morley*, and Sir *John* upon their Allegiance to tell him, whether any of the *Commons* (the Kings *Traitors*) were with them. They look upon the Bishop as a young rash Man, and the Awe of their Masters was so prevalent, he could hardly wrest the Secret from them. After many Words they discover it; and the Bishop causes the Heads of the Clowns to be struck off, and fixed on a publick place at *New-Market* Then taking with him that Lord and Knight, he posts for *North-walsham*. The Gentry hearing of the Bishops Arrival in his Coat of Male, with his Helmet upon his Head, his Sword by his side, and his Lance upon his Thigh croud in to him; the Bishop quickly found himself in a Gallant Equipage, and as quickly reaches *North-walsham*, the sink of the Rebellion.

Litster was intrenched, he had fortified his Ditch with Pales, Stakes, and Doors, and shut himself in behind with his Carts, and Carriages. The Heroick Bishop, like another *Maccabeus*, charges bravely through the Ditch, into the midst of the Rebels (when all the Barons of *England* hid themselves,) so suddenly, that the Archers could not let an Arrow fly at him, and came to handy Blows. As the *French* Historian *de Serres* observes; in Affairs of the World oftentimes he that is most strong carrys it; a good Fortune, and a good Mind seldom go together.

Raro simul bonam fortunam cum bona mente. Liv.

 Otho

Otho tells his Souldiers, often times where the Causes of things are good, yet if Judgment be wanting (I may put in) where the Counsels are unsound, the Agents faithless, where Money, Arms, and Men are wanting, the Issue must be pernicious. The Goods and Honours of this World which follow the Triumphers Chariots are common to the good and bad; Grace, Charity and Love, are the Marks of a pious Man, not Success, to brag of which becomes rather a *Spartacus* or *Mahomet*, (who carry Faith and Law upon the Swords point) than a Christian: The God of the Christians is not the God of Robbery, and Blood. But things here fell out as could be wished, the Innocency of the side prevailed, and the righteous weak side overcame the strong unjust. *Litster* touched with the Conscience of his Mischiefs, struggles to the utmost to avert his Danger, at length gives Ground, and attempts to shift for himself by leaping over his Carriages in the Rere. The Bishop pressed forward so fiercely, that this Course proved in vain; most of the nnhappy Clowns are laid along upon the place. *Litster* and the Captains of the Conspiracy are taken and condemned to be drawn, hanged and beheaded, which was done. Others of the chief Conspirators dispersed over the Country, are searched out and executed.

Nisi enim dæmonis plenæ fuissent, nequaquam in destruct. sacr. Eccles. Chr. fidei & regni exterminium conspiraff.

The Monk here tells us, It was apparent by the Works of these Demoniacks, by their Fruits, that they had conspired (he speaks of the whole) not only the Destruction of the Church and Monarchy,

Monarchy, but of the Christian Faith too. School-Masters were sworn by them never to teach Grammar more, and whosoever was taken with an Inkhorn about him, never saved his Head.

Our Monk attributes these Calamities to the remissness of the Bishops, to the Conceits and Fangles of Presbyter *Wycliff*, which if they be truly registred by the Monks, his mortal Enemies, were pestilential and damnable. Indeed Presbyter *Wycliff* was then living, but is not named in these Commotions, as one busie in them, by the Monk, (though busie he might be, we shall find Sir *John Old-Castle*, Lord *Cobham* and others of *Wycliffs Disciples*, Rebels, and Traitors too too busie in *Henry* the Fifths Beginning) *Baal*, and *Straw*, and *Wraw* were Priests of the Idol, and his Lieutenants, and might serve the turn to imbroil without fetching more Aid in: He attributes too these Mischiefs to the licentious Invectives of the Clowns against their Lords, generally to the Sins of the Nation, inclusively taking in the Orders of Mendicants, or Begging Fryers, (like factious Lecturers) who had nothing of their own, and were obliged to flatter the People, and make themselves popular; who, says he, forgetful of their Profession and Vows, greedy and covetous of Mony, foster the People in their Errors, call good Evil, and Evil good, seducing the Great Men with Fawning, and the Rabble with Lyes. So that in those Days (thus he proceeds) the Argument held in every Mans Mouth, *This is a Fryer, therefore a Lyer*, as strong as this, *This is white, therefore coloured.*

Here again is *Walsingham* at a Stand; he complains, that it is impossible to relate the Villanies

 of

of the Ruſtick Devils, done in all parts.

We will now return to ſee what the King does next, who was not aſleep this while. After he had cleared the City (lately *Tylers* good Town) of the Kentiſh Fry, he commands the Nobility and Gentry (who durſt now peep abroad) all the Kingdom over to repair to him at *London* well armed, and well horſed, as they loved him, and his Royal Honour. Their own Danger, and late Fears, add Wings to their Haſte. Within a few Days, forty thouſand Horſe meet at a Rendevouz upon *Blackheath*, whither the young King who had taken his Sequeſtration off, and reſtored himſelf to his Blood and Majeſty, rides daily upon a Royal Courſer, to view their Order, with his Imperial Banner born before him. He delighted to be ſeen and acknowledged for what he was amongſt his own Homagers. Here he is informed, that the Kentiſhmen (a ſtirring People, but with what generous Reſolution will ſoon be found) are again in Mutiny, (a Mutiny however elſe contemptible) not to be ſleighted at that time. The King commands his Cavalry (on Fire, as much as himſelf) to march, and root out this perfidious Race of Miſcreants. Here the Nobility and Gentry of the County interpoſe, and become Pledges for the Commons, which appeaſes the King; who now disbands his Army, and reſolves to take no other Courſe of Juſtice, but ſuch as was ordinary and uſual, by Judgments upon the known Laws of the Land, and by Juries of twelve Men; the Ancient Birth-right of the Engliſhmen. Laws which could not have fitted *Tylers* Courts, nor Tryals, but which have been ever the Rule in all

juſt

just and legal Tryals, in all calm and pious Ages. The Law Martial being proper to an Army marching, to be exercised in it. If otherwise, all Sentences by Colour of it, are against the *Magna Charta*, &c. and to the manifest Subversion of the Priviledges of Subjects.

Earl of *Strafford's* Case.

Upon this fair, and Kingly Conclusion of *Richard*, Commissions were given, and Justices of *Oyer* and *Terminer*, to hear and determine the Treasons and Fellonies committed in the late Insurrections; and principally to enquire, who were the chief Authors, Fomenters, and Incendiaries of the Broils, are sent into *Kent*, *Essex*, and the rest of the Provinces in Rebellion.

The most Honourable Mayor of *London*, with others in Commission with him, sate upon those of *Kent*, *Essex*, *Norfolk*, and *Suffolk*, &c. who were apprehended in *London*. *Straw* taken in an old rotten House about *London*, *Kirkby*, *Treder*, *Sterling* are condemned, and beheaded, *Straws* Head being set upon *London-bridge* with *Tylers*; but *Jack Straw*, who was privy to all the Contrivances, and Plots of the Confederacy, could give Light into the Mid-night Darkness of *Tylers* Steps, through all the close Windings of his Labyrinths of Treasons; is urged (the Mayor promising with some honest Citizens to be at the Charge of Masses for his Soul, the Good of which they desire him to consider) to declare his full Knowledge of the Counsels, and Votes passed, and to what end they had conjured up the wicked Spirits of those Garboyles. *John* was obstinate at the first, and would confess nothing, but gained by these Promises, and

a little penitent (which was much to be believed of one possessed with Legions) he tells them, *Because I have hopes of Help from your Suffrages after my Death, and because this Discovery may be advantageous to the* Commonwealth, *I will confess truly to you, what we intended: When we met at* Black-heath, *and sent for the King by our Captain-Generals Order, we purposed to have massacred all the Nobility and Gentry with him, then to have lead the King with us respected, and treated Kingly from place to place, to bait the vulgar by the Authority of his Presence into our League, whom they might so have taken for the Head of our Commotion, he being by these Means likely to have been supposed by his own Party too to have trusted us, when by the Confluence of all the Counties our Companies had been full, and the Supreme* Executive Power *wholly ours, we meant to have* purged *the Nation, to have destroyed the Gentry, and first the Knights of* Saint John *of* Jerusalem, *with all the Rags of Royalty, which by this time had been but a Rag it self. Afterwards to have killed the* King, *whose Name could then have been of no Use to us.*

Their Oath to preserve him could not last longer than their Conveniency and Opinions, which had then changed. We meant so once, but we mean otherwise now, had been a satisfactory Excuse. They had often sworn and covenanted, that *they neither meant nor had Power to hurt the Kings Prerogative; that they intended to maintain the Kings Authority in his Royal Dignity, the free Course of Justice, and the Laws of the Land*; with infinite Expressions and Protestations of this kind. They might answer, the Time was when all this was real, when they would not have subverted the Government

Government, nor have destroyed the ancient Family; *to which*, says a Statute (which we hope it can be no Treason to *Tylers* Ghost to recite) the *Dominions*, and *Rights of the Realm of* England, &c. Ought *by inherent Birth-right, and lawful and undoubted Succession, descend and come.* This *we being bounden* (thus speak the Members heretofore) *thereunto by the Laws of God and Man do recognise*, &c. The Answer we say might have been easie, they would not have done it some time agone, they *swore* and *covenanted*, and *covenanted* again *they would, not now they will*; *Tyler* is still *Tyler*, but *his Liberty* (false cheating Liberty) *is every where free, both to Will and Dislike, as the Safety of the* Common-wealth *shall require and carry him on.* This was the Faith and Honesty of that Age, by which we may guess at the Cause and Men who acted for it. Who were the Undertakers, what *Trust is to be given* to such perfidious Knaves, whose Protestations, *and Covenants of one Day*, are *wiped out by an Inspiration of the next*: We may say by an *Inspiration*, it was wondrous fit for these Changes. Our *Proteus* should bring *Inspiration* in. *All those of Estates and Possessions, Bishops, Canons, Persons of Churches, Monks, we would have rooted out of the Earth: Only the begging Fryars should have been preserved, who would have served* (such Sheep such Shepherds) *well enough for Church-duties*; which we may wonder after all these Pranks that they should think of; here would have been a very plain Church. Questionless after all these Actions, the Devotion of these Reformers could not have been much; by that time our publick Thieves had

See Mag. Chart. *&c. See* 25 H. 8. 1 Eliz. 1 Jac.

cast Lots for the Kings, Churches, Nobilities, and Gentrys Revenues, what Boars of other Countrys could have compared with the Riches of our Peasants and their Captain *Tyler*. *When there should have been* (so *Straw* goes on,) *now left more great, more strong, or more wise than our selves, then we had set up a Law of our own forging, at our Pleasure, by which our Subjects should have been regulated.* Necessary it was the old Law should be voted down; it condemned them in every Line. *Then had we created us Kings, Tyler* for *Kent* (a part too small for the Arch-tyrant) *and others for other Shires*: Here was to be Monarchy still, not Evil in it self, but where it ought to be of Right; only the Family was to be changed, the ancient *Saxon Norman* Stemm, for an upstart Dunghil Brood of Vipers: *Tyler* to be advanced upon the Ruins of *Richard*, the Cedar to be torn up, to make the Bramble Room enough, while any of the Royal Off-spring had been in being to claim the Right, to have involved the Miserable, Perjured, Foolish People in an Everlasting Civil War; never to have ceased, while there had been a Vein of Blood to run. The Maintenance of *Tylers* Wrong, his Usurpation (not to look farther then the present World) would have been more fatal than ten Plagues. *John* adds, *no Man thwarted these Ends of ours more than the Arch-bishop, therefore we hated him to Death, and made all the Haste possible to bring him to it.*

Qui. subjecti regulari, &c.

In the Evening of that Saturday in which Wat *perished, because the poorer sort of the* Londoners *favoured us, we intended to have fired the* City *in four*

places

Places, and to have divided the Spoils (So the faithful Citizens, as forward as they were, had at last paid for their Love) he calls God to witness these Truths. The Confessions of many others of the *Ingagement* agreed with this of *Straw*.

The Lawyers, and those (as one) who fled from the *Tyranny* of the Time, durst now shew their Faces. Here is *Tyranny* of the Rout, *Tyranny* of a Savage Clown their Boutefeu; whose few Days of cruel Usurpation, were more bloody, more destroying than the Years of any *Caligula*, any *Nero*, any *Domitian* whatsoever. A Civil War (says a Noble *Frenchman*) makes more Breaches, as to a Country, as to Manners, Laws, and Men in six Months, then can be repaired in six Years. *Stow.* *Sieur de la Nové.*

What then can be thought or said of those Monsters, who, against all ties of Nature and Piety, shall raise a desperate Civil War, meerly with the Intent to overthrow Religion, the Church, the Government, Laws, and Humanity, out of a cursed divelish Ambition to advance themselves (*Tylers* and Sons of the Earth before) to an Height which God (as some love to speak) never called them to. For though Power is of God, it is only so when the coming to it is by lawful Means. He that ordains the Power, allows not the Usurpation of it. *Tyler* had the Power to do Mischief, the Power of Rebellion, the Power which must have ruined the Church and Common-wealth; but whether this be the Power which Christians are to submit to, let the next Casuists judge.

The *Septuagint* Translation of the Bible says of *Abimelech*,

Abimelech, who slew his Seventy *Brethren* (Murder ushers Usurpation in) *He made himself King, by Tyranny*. The Monk, who writes the Lives of the *Offas*, speaking of *Beormred* the *Mercian* Usurper has these Words: *In the same Region of the* Mercians, *a certain Tyranny rather destroying and dissipating the Nobility of the Realm, then ruling &c. persecuting, banishing, &c. Lest any one, especially of the Royal Blood, should be advanced in his Place, he vehemently feared.* The thirty *Usurpers* in the time of *Gallienus* are every where called *Tyrants*. *Paulus Diaconus*, writing of *Valentine* in the time of *Valentinian*, says, *He was crushed in* Brittany, *before he could invade the Tyranny*; and of *Maximus*, that he was Stout and Valiant, and worthy of the Empire, *had he not against the Faith of his Oath, raised himself*, per tyrannidem, *by Tyranny*. In other places *Eugenius*, *Gratian*, *Constance*, *Sebastian*, *created Tyrannis*. The Words *Tyranny*, and *Tyrannie*, and *Tyrannous Party*, being used often by him, are ever opposed to just and Regal Power, never used in any other Sense. *Widdrington*, to the Example of *Athalia* urged by *Bellarmine* against Kings, says she was no lawful Queen, she had seized the Kingdom as an Usurpress by *Tyranny*, the Kingdom belonged to *Joash*, in whose Right, and by whose Power she was justly slain——Our most learned Prelate Bishop *Abbot* of *Salisbury* tells the Cubs of *Loyola*, *Athalia had snatched, had grasped, and held the Kingdom with no Right, no Title, but by Butchery, Robbery, Rapine, and forcible Entry——and that she was thrown down and killed by the common bounden Duty and Faith of Subjects*

Apolog. 234.

Antilog. c. 3.

Subjects to their Prince. *Baronius* a Cardinal, that the Maccabees of *Levi* or House of the *Assamoneans*, may not be made Usurpers, matches them with the Royal Line of *David*, else says he, *absque labe Tyrannidis*, without *the Stain of Tyranny*, they could not meddle with the Kingdom. *Rodolph*, Duke of *Suevia* or *Suabenland*, set up for a false Emperor by that devilish Pope *Hildebrand*, against the Emperor *Henry* the IV. is called by the *Germans* a *Tyranne* upon this Score. A full Tyranny (says one of our Chief Justices, speaking of the Papal Power in Church-causes here) has two Parts without Right to usurp, and inordinately to rule, and the Statute 28 of *King Henry* the 8th. against the *Papal Authority*, calls it an usurped *Tyranny*, and the Exercise of it a Robbery, and spoyling of the King, and his People.

Apparat.

The Statute 31 *Henry* the 6th. adjudging *John Cade*, another Imp of Hell, and Successor of *Wat*, to be a Traitor, which are the Words of the Title, and all his Indictments and Acts to be void, speaks thus; The most abominable *Tyranny*, horrible, odious, and arrant false Traitor, *John Cade*, naming himself sometime *Mortimer* (he and *Tyler* had two Names) taking upon him Royal Power, *&c.* by false, subtile and imagined Language, *&c.* Robbing, stealing, and spoiling, *&c.* And that all his *Tyranny*, Acts, Feats, and false Opinions, shall be voided, and that all things depending thereof, *&c.* under the Power of *Tyranny*, shall be likewise void, *&c.* And that all Indictments in times coming in like Case under Power of *Tyranny*, Rebellion, *&c.* shall be void in Law; and that all Petitions delivered to the *King* in his last *Parliament*

ment, &c. against his Mind, by him not ag shall be put in Oblivion *&c.* as against God, Conscience, *&c.*

To proceed; The King, because all these sings were by the Ringleaders protested to be t for him and his Rights, and that the Forces raised, were raised by his Authority, and their Actions owned by him, issues out a Proclamation from *London*, to this Effect.

Richard *&c. To all and singular Sher Mayors, Bayliffs*, &c. *of our Co of* N. *&c. Because we are given to un stand; that divers of our Subjects, wh gainst our Peace*, &c. *have raised an divers Conventicles and Assemblys, Do affirm, that they the said Assemb and Levies have made and do make by Will and Authority*, &c. *We make kn to all Men, That such Levies, Assemb and Mischiefs, from Our Will and Autho ty have not proceeded.* (He adds) *T were begun, and continued much to his D pleasure and Disgrace, to the Prejudice His Crown, and Damage of the Rea Wherefore he injoyns and commands*, & *To take the best Care for the keeping of Peace, and opposing of all such Levies wi a strong Hand: Further, he commands very Man to leave such Assemblys, and r turn Home to his own House under Penal*

of Forfeiture of Life, and Member, and all things forfeitable to the King, &c.

These *Clowns* charge not the King to be transported furiously, and hostily, to the Destruction of the whole People, which can never happen, where the King is in his Wits; but what is fully as mad, they will suppose him to arm against his own Life and Power, against his own Peace, and the Peace of all that love him. This *Proclamation* put Life into the Royalists, into all honest Hearts, and dismays as much the Rebels; yet after this the *Essex* Traitors, gather again at *Byllericay* near *Hatfield* Peverel, and send to the King, now at *Waltham*, to know whether he intends to make good his Grants of Liberties, and require to be made equal with their Lords, without being bound to any Suits of Court View of *Frank-pledge*, only excepted twice the Year.

The *King* and his Council are startled at this Impudence. The *King* answers the Agents, *That if he did not look upon them as Messengers, he would hang them up: Return* (says he) *to your Fellow Rebels, and tell them, Clowns they were, and are, and shall continue in their Bondage, not as hitherto but far more basely trampled on. While we live, and rule this Kingdom, by Gods Will we will imploy all our Means and Power to keep you under: So that your Misery shall frighten all Villains hereafter: And your Posterity shall curse your Memory.* *Walf.* At the Heels of the Messenger, the *King* sends his Unkle *Thomas* of *Woodstock* Earl of *Buckingham*, and Sir *Thomas Piercy* with a Body of Horse to quell

quell them. The Rebels were intrenched according to the manner of *Litsters* Camp, in the midst of Woods; ten Lances of the Avant Currors rout them; the Lords, when they were come up, inclose the Woods round, five hundred are killed, eight hundred Horses for Carriage taken, the broken Remainders of the Defeat escape to *Colchester*, a Town ever honest, and faithful to the Prince, where the Loyal Townsmen would not be gotten to stir; they sollicite the Townsmen (says the *Monk*) with much Intreaty, great Threats, and many Arguments; neither Intreaties, nor Threats, nor Arguments would move them. From thence they get to *Sudbury*, making every where such *Proclamations* as of old they had used; where the Lord *Fitzwalter* (whose Seat was at *Woodham-Walters* in *Essex*) and Sir *John Harlestone* rush suddenly upon them, kill and take them: the *King* meaning to visit *Essex* in his own Person, comes to *Havering* at the Boure, a Mannor of his own Demain, of the Sacred Patrimony, and from thence to *Chelmsford*, where he appoints Sir *Robert Tresilian*, Chief Justice of his Bench of *Pleas* of the Crown, to sit and inquire of the Malefactors, and Troublers of the Country, and to punish the Offendors according to the Customs of the Realm, known, and visible.

Walf. Five Hundred of these wretched Peasants, who had no Mercy for others heretofore, cast themselves down before the *King* bare-footed, and with Heads uncovered, implore his Pardon, which he grants them, on Condition they discover the great Conspirators, the Captain Rogues. The Jurors are charged

ged by the chief Justices to carry themselves indifferently, and justly in their Verdicts, neither swayed by Love, or Hatred, to favour, or prosecute any Man: Many upon the Evidence given in, and the finding of the Jury, were condemned to be drawn and hanged; nineteen of them were trussed upon one Gallows. Heading had formerly been the Execution of others in *Essex*, *Kent*, and *London*, because of the Numbers of the Guilty, which was now thought a Death short of the Demerits of the most foul and heinous Offenders; wherefore according to the Custom of the Realm, it was decreed (says the Monk) that the Captains should be hanged.

The like was done in other Countrys by the Justices in Commission, where the *King* was in Person. Here the *King* with the Advice of his Council, revokes his *Letters Patents*, the Charters granted to the Clowns: *Although* (so he speaks) *we have in the late detestable Troubles*, &c. *manumised all the Commons, our Liege Subjects of our Shires, and them*, &c. *have freed from all Bondage and Service*, &c. *And also have pardoned the same our Liege Men and Subjects all Insurrections by riding, going*, &c. *And also all manner of Treasons, Felonies, Trespasses, and Extortions*, &c. *Notwithstanding for that the said Charters, were without mature Deliberation, and unduly procured*, &c. *To the prejudice of us, and our Crown, of the Prelates, and great Men of our Realm; as also to the disherison of Holy English Church, and to the Hurt and Damage of the Common-wealth, the said Letters we revoke, make void, and annul*; &c. *Yet our Intention is such Grace upon every of our said Subjects to confer, though enormously*

enormously their Allegiance they have forfeited, &c. *As shall be useful to us, and our Realm.*

The Close commands *to bring in to the King and his Council all Charters of Manumission and Pardon, to be cancelled upon their Faith and Allegiance, and under Forfeiture of all things forfeitable*, &c. *Witness our self at* Chelmsford *the* 2. *of* July, *and* 5th *Year of our Reign.* False for the 4th.

In the Case of a Subject (and no reason Kings shall be more bound) every Act extorted by Violence, and Awe upon the Agent, is void. In the Time of *Edward* the Third, two Thieves (which was the Case here) force a Traveller to swear that he will at a day appointed bring them a thousand Pound; and threaten to kill him if he refuse their Oath; he swears and performs what he had sworn: By Advice of all the Justices these two were indicted of Robbery, and the Court maintains that the Party was not bound by this Oath. Yet if this be denyed as unsafe, Violence, or Force, which strikes a just Fear into any Man, makes any Contract void, say the Casuists.

44 E 3. 14.

Bishop *Andrews*, that most learned Prelate, answers to the pretended Resignation of King *John* urged by *Bellarmine*, that what this King did, (if any such Act was done) was done by Force, and out of Fear.

Resp. ad Apolog.

Widdrington, the most Loyal of all Roman-Catholick Priests, who writ much against the Gunpowder Jesuits in Defence of the Right of Kings, against those Jesuits who would have cut off the King,

Admonit. disp. de jur. fid. l. 1.

King, the Royal Family, the Bishops of the English Catholick Church, the Nobility and Gentry, as their Letter speaks, with one Blow, says of this Resignation, or Donation, if we may (so he) call it so, that it was not freely given. The Jesuits Challenge the perpetual Dictature, or Regency of the University of *Pontamoussion* by Bull of *Sixtus* the Fifth, contrary to the Statutes of the Foundation by *Gregory* the Thirteenth. Were the Bull true (says *Berclay*) yet it ought not to be of Force, because it was obtain'd presently after his Creation, when things are presumed to be rather extorted than obtained. *Bodin* denys that a *King* deceived or forced can be bound by his Grants. The Justice of Contracts is that alone which binds. The Distinction of Royal and private Acts is of more Sound than Strength, and answers not the Injustice of the impulsive Violence, which must be naturally vicious every where, and corrupt and weaken the Effects, and cannot be good and bad by Changes, or as to this, or that. *Grotius*, who loves this Distinction, in another place is positive, There must be Equality in all Contracts. He condemns all Fear, or Awe upon the Person purposely moved for the Contracts Sake, and tells us out of *Xenophon* of those of *Lacedæmon* who annulled a Sale of Lands, which the *Elians* had forced the Owners to pass out of Fear.

A Charter of King *Henry* the Third imprisoned and forced, is said by *Aldenham* to be void upon this Reason, and I judge the Justice of this Revocation by the Law of *England*, by which, as our

Exil. Hugh. de le Spencer pat. & fil.

old Parliaments, such Force Treason. The Fruits of wh were here more justly plucked than they were planted. He w gives up his Money to Thieves, according to Oath, may lawfully take it away from the However they are bound to make Restituti Nor can any Prescription of time establish a Ri of Possession in him, who ma his Seizure upon no other T but Plunder and Robbery. T 5th. of this King, the Parliam declares these Grants to be forced and void. nough to clear the Honour of King *Richard*, to this part.

Rei furtiva æterna authoritas esto.

At *Chelmsford* the King is informed of the wh History of Mischiefs done at St. *Albanes*, and re ved in Person with all his Guards and Cavalry ride thither, and sentence the Malefactors w his own Mouth; but Sir *Walter Ley* of *Hertf shire*, fearing the much impoverishing the Coun if the *King* should make any long Stay there, w such Numbers as then attended him, beseeches to make a Tryal, whether things might not be c posed without him, and offers to reconcile *Abbot* and Townsmen, if the *King* would; w was consented to: The *King* grants him a *Comm on*, and joyns with him *Edward Benstude*, *G Stukely*, and others of the Gentry of County.

The coming of these *Commissioners* was no at St. *Albans*: The fiercest of the Clowns kn ing what they had done was condemned by Law, and not to be defended, but by Fo

w

ich now they had not, began to shake and take ight, are plotting to get out of the Way. eyndcob, Lieutenant of the late Idol, comforts em, he perswades to go to Horse; let us meet e Knight (says he) and see whether his Looks omise Peace or not; if not, the Towns about us ve engaged, they have associated, and are of r *League*; we are rich, and cannot want good llows, who will assist us while our Monys last. n St. *Peters* Day this ill-advised Crue meets the night upon the Road, who was ignorant of eir Resolutions, and conduct him Honourably, cording to their Fashion, to the Town: Sir *Wal-* had with him fifty Lances, and some Companies Archers, listed at random, many of them be- g of the Churls, and Confederates with them: he Knight cites the Townsmen and their Neigh- urs to appear before him in *Derfold*, to hear the easure and Commands of the King; they fail t, *There he tells them what Forces the King had embled; how rigorously those of* Essex *were senten- d: That the King was highly incensed at the Troubles d Seditions of this place, of which he was the Patron d Defender: That with Great Difficulty he had pro- ed of the King a Commission, by which himself, and ers, not Strangers, or Enemies, but their Friends d Neighbours were authorized to do Justice in the ngsStead; he concludes if they will appease the King, y must find out, and deliver up the Beginners of these ils, and make Satisfaction to the Lord Abbot, holy and a just Man, for the Wrong they had done n.*

This many of the Hearers approve, and promise obey. The Knight charges a Jury to be made

ready the next Morning, and make what Discovery they can, and gives the People Leave to depart. Towards Night he sends for the Jury to his Chamber, intending to have apprehended the Lieutenants, by the Assistance of the Jury, without any Noise. These good Men and true know nothing; it was the Case of their Fellows in Mischief, and might be their own. They answer in a plain *Ignoramus*, they can indict no Man, accuse no Man. Amongst all the sounder of these Swine, there was not one who had been Faithless and Disloyal to his Natural Liege Lord, not one Breaker of his Peace, not one who could appear so to them.

The Knight seems not to understand the Falsness and Cunning of these Hob-nail perjured Jugglers: He takes another Way, and next requires them within a peremptory time, to bring him the Charters which they had forced from the Monastery; they return after a short Consultation, and in the *Abbots* Chamber, where the Knight then was, tell him, *They dare not obey out of Fear of the Commons; what was more, they knew not in whose Custody the Charters were.* The Knight grows angry, and swears, they shall not go out of the Chamber till he have them, which they call imprisoning their Persons. Here the *Abbot* intercedes, and though he knew them as very Knaves and Lyers as any *Tyler* had set on work, yet he will not (he says) distrust their Honesty; he will leave things to their Consciences, upon which they are freed.

Another Assembly is appointed at *Barnet* Wood, whither the Villagers about throng in Multitudes.

Three

Three hundred Bow-men of *Barnet* and *Berkhamsted*, make here so terrible a Show, nothing is done.

The Commissioners privately charge the Gentry, Constables, and Bayliffs to seize in the Night *Greyndcob*, *Cadindon*, *John* the Barber, with some others, and to bring them to *Hartford*, whither themselves went in all Haste; which was performed: The Esquires and Servants of the Abby, were sent with them to strengthen the Company. This enrages the Townsmen afresh, they gather into Conventicles in the Woods and Fields, so much frightful to the Monastery, that the *Abbot*, recalls his Esquires, lets the Prosecution fall, and fearfully summons in his Friends to guard him. *Greyndcobs* Friends take Advantage of this Change, and bail him for three Days, within which time they were either tyed to agree with the *Abby*, or render up *Greyndcob* to the Justices again. The Townsmen fierce enough still, yet earnest to preserve their Worthy, are content to part with the Charters; but this *Greyndcob* (more Fool-hardy than wise) would not consent to. Nor does he, as knowing the Stifness of his Clowns whine in a Religious Tone, never used by him.

He prays them to consider how Beautiful *Liberty* is, how sweet, how Honourable: Dangerous *Liberty*, (says he) is more valuable than safe and quiet Slavery; let us live, or dye with *Liberty*, in so generous, so honest a Contention, it will be Glorious to be overcome; whatsoever our Fears are, worse we cannot be, then now we are about to make our Selves. Success too doth not so often fail Men, as their own Industry and Boldness: Fear

not for me, nor trouble your selves at my Dangers, I shall think my self more happy than our Lords, if they prosper, or their *King*, to dye a Martyr of the *Cause*, with the Reputation of such a Gallantry. Let such Courage as would have hurryed you forward to all brave and signal Mischiefs, had I lost my Head at *Hartford*, inflame your heavy Sprights. Methinks I see the Hero *Tylers* Ghost chiding our sluggish Cowardice, and by the Blazes of his Fire-brands kindled in Hell, and waved by Fiends about his Head, lead on to noble Villanies.

Per tale Martyrium vitam finire.

Si Hertfordiæ, hesterno decollatus, &c.

Let dreaming Monks and Priests tremble at the airy Sounds of God, and Saints; he who fears Thunder-bolts, is a Religious heartless Coxcomb, and shall never climb a Molehill. Thus our buskin'd Martyr swaggers, after the Raptures put upon him by *Walsingham*; *Greyndcob's* Stubbornness hardens on the Clowns, they now accuse themselves of Baseness, that they did not cut off the Knights Head, and nail it on the Pillory, to the Terror (say they) of all Judges, and false Justices. *Greyndcob* had raised Spirits, which he could not lay when he would.

Three days being expired, he is again sent to *Hartford* Goal, where he hears News from his Brother, who mediated for him in the Court, not very pleasing, which he communicates to his Townsmen. His Intelligence was to this Effect; That *Richard* of *Beauchamp* Earl of *Warwick*, and Sir *Thomas Piercie* with a thousand armed Men were appointed to visit S. *Albans*.

At

At this Report the Rebels ſtartle, they fall to new Treaties, offer the Charters and Book, in which the old *Pleas* betwixt the *Abby* and the Town were recorded, with 200 l. for amends. The Book is received; the reſt put off till the next Day. The Earl of *Warwick* ſends only Excuſes, he heard his own Houſe was on Fire, that the Clowns of his own Lordſhips were up, and he leaves all things elſe to quell them. This raiſes the fallen Courages of thoſe of Saint *Albans*, they now laugh at their late Fears, *If the Commons*, ſay they, *muſt quit their Right of Conqueſt, and ſurrender their Charters, yet will not we the (Renowned Mechanicks) of St.* Albans *be their Preſident.* And as in all Tumults (which can never be obſerved too often) Lying is neceſſary, and muſt not be uſeleſs, whatſoever elſe is; they lay the Blame of their Obſtinacy upon the Inhabitants of *Barnet* and *Watford*, who threaten (ſo they would have it believed) to burn their Town if they deliver up their *Liberties.*

Which Inhabitants of *Barnet* and *Watford* had humbly ſurrendred theirs before, and ſubmitted to the *Kings* Mercy: Thus we find theſe Rebels of St. *Albans* again ſwaggering in their old *Rhodomontadoes.* An Eſquire of the *Abbots* acquaints the *King* with theſe Turnings, who vows to ſit perſonally in Judgment upon theſe Everlaſting Malecontents.

The *Abbot* full of Pity and Charity, who had ſaved ſome of theſe Enemies of his Houſe from the Axe by Interceſſion at *London*, continues his Goodneſs ſtill. He ſollicites Sir *Hugh Segrave*, Steward of the Houſhold, and others of his Friends, to

mitigate the King's Displeasure, and hinder his Journey thither, which was not in their Power. Now again are the Townsmen dejected, and seek by all means to keep off the Tempest, which threatned them: They see Sir *William Cressa* a Lawyer to make their Defence, and mediate with the *Abbot*, where there was no Danger: An Agreement is concluded the Day of the *Kings* Entry, by which they would bind the *Abbot*, not to disclose them, or inform against them.

He promises (if they fail not in Performance on their Part) not to make any Complaints to the *King* of them; that he would be a Suiter for their Peace, if his Prayers may be heard, but that here he cannot assure them: Pardons were Acts flowing meerly from the *Kings* Grace. *No Man had any Power or Authority to pardon or remit Treasons*, &c. *but the King*; and whether he could prevail for them, he knew not. This Doubtfulness troubles them, it seems to call their Innocency too much into Question: They tell him, his good Will was sufficient, and that as to what belonged to the Royal Dignity they should satisfie the *King*.

See 27 A. 1. c. 24.

After Vespers the *King* made his Entry into the Town, being met by the *Abbot* and *Covent*; the Bells rang aloud, and the Monks sang merrily his Welcome: He was followed by some thousands of Bowmen and Cavaliers. In this Train was Sir *Robert Tresilian*, Chief Justice of the *Kings Bench*, who the next Day, being *Saturday* the 13. of *July*, and first of the Dog-days, sat in Judgment at the Moot-hall (says *Walsingham*) at the Town-house.

Greyndcob,

Greyndcob, *Cadindon*, and *John* the Barber, are
:hed from *Hartford*, and laid fast till Munday,
:inst which time new Jury-men are chosen, and
rged to be ready with their Verdicts: Prophet
il, the *Sergius* of the new *Alcoran*, the Priest of
Idol and his Calves, the *Martin of the Yoak*, *of*
e Discipline, *of the Elder*ship, was taken by the
wnsmen of *Coventry*, brought to St. *Albans*
: Day before, and this Saturday condemned by
Chief Justice to be Drawn, Hanged, Beheaded,
bowelled, and Quartered, which was done on
: Munday following.

He confessed to the Bishop of *London* (to whose
ristian Piety he ought the two last Days of his
'e, which were begged for his Repentance) that
'tain hot and *powerful Pastors of the Separation*,
ethren of simple Hearts, *called by the Spirit* (he
ned six or seven) *had covenanted and engaged to*
rpass England *and* Wales *round*, *as Itinerant A-*
tles to propagate the Gospel, *beat down all Abomina-*
n of the outward Man, *Antichristian Hierarchy*,
d Tyranny of the Nimrods of the Earth, *to cry up*
great and Holy Cause, *and to spread the Law*,
inciples, *and Heresies of* Baal; *which Disciples*
ays this *Rabbi*) *unless they be prevented*, *and ta-*
off will destroy the Realm in two Years: He might
ve said *two Months*, and been believed, as to the
vility, Humanity, Order and Honour (never
ermitted but in the Confusion of a barbarous,
pious Age) which made *England* Glorious,
ey had been destroyed, and torn up in a less
ne. A few licentious ill Acts easily beget a
istom, and an hundred ill Customs quicklier
ow and prevail than one single good one. There

is

is a Proneness in unruly Man to run into Debauchments, and no wonder that the arrogant, misled, silly Multitude, capable of any ill Impressions, should deprave and disorder things, where all Ties of Restraint are loosened; nay, where Disorders are not only defended by the corrupt Wits of Hirelings, but bidden, strengthened by a Law, and Villanies made legal Acts.

Had the Idol King *Tyler*, with his Council, not gone on too far in the Way of Extermination, but endeavoured to repair the Breaches of his Entrance; it would have been no small Labour to have restored things to any mean and tolerable Condition; if *Presbyter Wickliff*, and his *Classes*, by their pernicious Doctrines (as they are charged to this Day) did first pervert and corrupt the People, and broach that Vessel with which Father *Baal* and *Straw* poysoned them, they must have ruined themselves by the Change; sure enough they had been no more comprehended in any of *Tyler's Toleration*, than the *Prelatical or Papistical Party*.

In the Turmoils and Outrages of this *Tyranny*, had it taken, Innocence, Virtue, Ingenuity, Honesty, Faith, Learning, and Goodness had been odious, and dangerous. The Profit, and Advantage of the new Usurpers, had been the Measure of Justice and Right: The Noble and Ignoble had died Streets and Scaffolds with their Blood, not by Laws and Judgment, but out of Malice to their Height and Worth, out of Fury and Covetousness to enrich publich Thieves and Murtherers. The Jealousies too and Fears of *Tyler*, had made all Men unsafe. Yet the Repute, the Renown of the Founders could not have been much. The Glory

of

of Succeſs cannot be greater than the Honeſty of the Enterpriſe; there muſt be Juſtice in the Quarrel, elſe there can be no true Honour in the Proſperity. *Cato* will love the conquered Commonwealth: *Jugurtha*'s Fame, who is ſaid to be Illuſtrious for his Parricides and Rapines, will not make all Men fall down and worſhip.

On *Munday* the Fifteenth of *July* (not of *October*, as *Walſingham* is miſ-printed) the Chief Juſtice *Treſilian* calls before him the Jury for Inquiry, who faulter and ſhamelesly proteſt they cannot make any ſuch Diſcovery as is deſired. The Chief Juſtice puts them in Mind of the *Kings* Words to them upon the Way, promiſing Pardon if they will find out the Offenders; elſe threatning them with the Puniſhment they ſhould have ſuffered, who through ſuch Silence cannot be apprehended.

Out they go again, and the Chief Juſtice follows them: He ſhews them a Roll of the principal Offenders Names, tells them they muſt not think to delude and blind the Court with this Impudence, and adviſes them out of a Care to preſerve wicked Mens Lives, not to hazard their own.

Hereupon they indict many of the Town and Country, which Indictments are allowed by a ſecond Inqueſt, appointed to bring in the Verdict, and again affirmed by a third Jury of Twelve, charged only for the Fairneſs of the Tryal: So no Man was pronounced guilty, but upon the finding of thirty ſix Jurors. Then were the Lieutenants *Greyndcob*, *Cadindon*, and *Barber*, and twelve more condemned, Drawn, and Hanged. *Wallingford*, *John Garleck*, *William Berewill*, *Thomas Putor*, and many

many more; with Eighty of the Country, were Indicted by their Neighbours, and Imprisoned but forgiven by the King's Mercy, and discharged. They were forgiven most by the Kings Mercy, for he had forbidden by Proclamation, all Men to sue or beg for them, a Command which the good *Abbot* sometimes disobeyed, and he shall be well thanked for it.

No Benefits can oblige some Men: A true ragged Churl can never be made fast, never be tyed by any Merit whatsoever: Nothing can soften him. See an unheard of Shamelessness till then. These lazie, tender-hearted Clowns, who could hardly be got to discover the Guilty, now run with full Speed to betray the Innocent: They indict the *Abbot* as the principal Raiser, and Contriver of these Tumults, which struck at his own Life, and the Being and Safety of his Monastery. The Abbot, as it is said, sent to *Tyler*, upon his *Ordinances*, some of the Town and Monastery, but to temporize, and secure himself. This is now supposed by the very Traitors indeed, *Treason by Common Law and Statute against the King his Natural Liege Lord.* This *having not the Fear of God in his Heart*, &c. *but being seduced by the Instigation of the Devil, is compassing the Death*, &c. *the Deprivation and deposing of his Soveraign Lord from his Royal State*, &c. (as such Indictments use to run) This must goe for *levying War against the Lord the King, adhering to, comforting, and aiding his Enemies by open Fact*; Which are the Words of the Statute of Treason, declarative of the Common Law. 25 *Edw.* 3.

The Chief Justice, abominating and cursing the treacherous

treacherous Malice, and Perfidiousness of these rutes, makes them tear the Indictment which themselves, though urged, are not wicked enough to swear to; nay, which publickly they confess to be false in the Face of the Court.

Villeinage was not now abolished, though some think otherwise, but by Degrees extinguished since his Reign. Besides, the Letters of Revocation before, restoring all things to their old Course, a Commission, which the Abbot procured from the King out of the Chancery, then kept in the Chapter-house of this Monastery, makes this manifest; which speaks to this Effect.

RIchard, *by the Grace of God, King of* England, *and of* France, *and Lord of* Ireland, *&c. To his Beloved* John Lodowick, John Westwycomb, *&c. We command you, and every of you, upon Sight of these Presents, &c. That on our Part, forthwith ye cause to be proclaimed, That all and singular the Tenants of our Beloved in Christ, the Abbot of S.* Albans, *as well free as bond; the Works, Customs and Services, which they to the foresaid Abbot ought to do, and of ancient Time have been accustomed to perform; without any Contradiction, murmur, &c. Do as before they have been accustomed.*

The

The Disobedient are commanded to be taken, and Imprisoned as Rebels

11 H. 7. 13. In the Time of *King Henry* the Seventh there were Villains. This I observe to make it appear, how little it is which the miserable Common People, without whom no famous Mischief can be attained, are Gainers by any of their Riots or Seditions; whatsoever the Changes are, their Condition is still the same or worse. If some few of them advance themselves by the Spoils of the publick Shipwrack, the rest are no happier for it; the insolent Sight offends their Eyes, they see the Dirt of their own Ditches lord it over them, and the Body of them (perhaps) more despised than ever. *Tyler* (who could not but have known, that nothing can be so Destructive to Government, as the Licentiousness of the base Commons) would doubtless (when his own Work had been done) quickly have chained up the Monster; he would have perched in the Kings sacred Oak; all the Forrest should have been his, Bishopricks, Earldoms, nay the Kingdoms had been swallowed by him. Instead of a *just legal Power* by which the Kings acted, an *Arbitrary, boundless, unlimited Power* must have been set up; instead of a Fatherly Royal Monarchy, a *Tyranny* after the Turkish Mode, a Monarchy Seignioral; and had he brought in upon the Fall of the Christian Faith and Worship, which must have followed his *Establishment*, Circumcision, and the Creed of *Mahomet*, as the Spirits of Men were than debased, he must have been obeyed. All the Kings Right (and more) must have been his; *Sultan Tyler's*

Tyler's Prerogative would have been found more grievous, more heavy, more killing than all the Yokes and Scorpions of our Kings; no Man when he went to Sleep, could assure himself that one Law would be left next Morning; the *Ordinances* of *Tyler* and his Council flew about in Swarms, killing and rooting up the Laws: One Proclamation of this Tyrant's was of Force to blow up the ancient Foundation; enough to have made Men mad, if ever they could wake, and understand. When the *French* had conquered *Naples*, the People looked for a golden World, they thought their new Master would (as the King of *Mexico*'s Oath used to say) do Justice to all Men, make the Sun to shine, the Clouds to rain, the Earth to be fruitful: They promise themselves *Liberty*, and that the accustomed Imposts of their former *Kings* of the House of *Arragon*, should not only be taken off, but the very Word *Gabelle* driven out of the Kingdom, there should be no such thing in Nature left; but foolish Dolts as they were, they found an Alteration quickly, instead of a Court Cavalry before (the new Masters ill *established* and assured, not daring to trust any thing) standing Armies were continually to be kept on Foot; instead of one Tax, intolerable of late, they are oppressed with ten, their Backs and Shoulders crack under the Load.

Upon this Fancy of these abused *Italians*, says the Historian, *This is the Custom, for the most part of all People, weary ever of the present Condition, and inconsiderately gaping after a Change, but they receive such Wages of their fond and disorderly Lightness.*

The War undertaken against *Lewis* the 11th. of *France*,

France, by the House of *Burgundy*, Dukes of *Berry*, *Brittain*, and *Bombon*, called the *Weal Publick*, was not made against the King (says the Allies) but against evil Order, Injustice in the Government, and for the *Publick Good* of the Realm. In the Treaty for Peace these fine things are forgotten, the wretched Peasants torn, and ground with Taxes, left to shift for themselves.

The Prince of the *Burgundies* demands the Towns upon the *Some* for himself: *Normandy* for the Duke of *Berry*, and other places; Offices, and Pensions for the rest; some Overtures were made for the *Weal Publick* (says the History) that is all, the *Weal Publick* was the least of the Question, the *Weal Publick* was turned to *Weal Particular*; *Self-seeking* was the Sum of the Business. This has been the Fashion of all Rebels hitherto, and will be to the Worlds End. After these Proceedings the *Hertfordshire* Men betwixt the Ages of 15 and 60 present themselves according to Command, and take the Oath of Allegiance; they are sworn too to unkennel and apprehend the late Incendiaries.

Commen.

The *King* having now quieted the Commotions removes to *Berkhamsted*, eight Miles from St. *Albans*; a Royal Castle then, and at *Eastbamsted* where he hunts, is informed, that the Bodies of the Traytors executed were taken down from the Gallows; hereupon he directs his Writ or Letter to the Bayliffs of St. *Albans*, commanding them under Penalty of forfeiting all things forfeitable, to hang up again the said Bodies now rotten, and stinking in Iron Chains, which the Townsmen

are

forced to do with their own Hands.

A *Parliament* sitting in *May* the Fifth Year of this *ngs Reign*, *John Wraw* Priest of the Reformation *Mildenhall*, and St. *Edmunds-bury* was taken, l upon the Petition of the House of *Commons* to *King*, judged to be drawn, and hanged. In same *Parliament* too it was enacted, *That resoever any Clowns by six or seven in a Company suspicious Conventicles, the Kings good and faith- Subjects should lay hold of them, commit them to the next Gaol* *Walf. Hypod.* *out staying for the Kings Writ.* In the same liament of the King it was made Treason to be- a Riot, Rout, or Rumour; by this Parlia- nt, and that of the 6. Provisions are made for se whose Deeds were burnt or destroyed in the Insurrection, and in the 6. of *Richard*, the g pardons the Multitudes for their Mildemea- rs in the Tumults. The Clowns now every re return'd to their old Obedience, and the nds were laid in all their Quarter. *Richard*, a ice born for Troubles, shall be turmoyled with Rebellions of his *Peers* and *Parliaments*, depo- and murthered by them, yet his Memory l be Sacred, his *Peers* and *Clowns* shall dig for in his Grave; Posterity too shall owe all things is Person. After the Death *Maximinius* a wicked bloody ef, a cruel Tyrant, who in- ed the *Roman* Empire, *Capito-* *Jul. Capitol. nefarii improbi latronis.* recites a gratulatory Letter written by *Clau- Julianus* a Consul to the Emperors *Maximus Balbinus*, whom he calls *Preservers and Redee- of the Common-Wealth*, there the Council tells

 them

them they had restored to the Senate (the House of Lords), their ancient Dignity, to the *Romans* their Laws, Equity, and Clemency established, their Lives, their Manners, their Liberty, the Hope of Succession to their Heirs. He adds, they had freed the Provinces from the insatiable Covetousness of Tyrannies; no Voice, Language, nor Wit can express (says he) the publick Happiness.

King *Richard* restored to the Church and Universities their Rights and Possessions, to the Nobility their Honour, to the Gentry their Respect, to the Cities their free Trade; the Plenty of his Harvest to the industrious Countryman, Security, Peace, and Liberty to all Orders; what Prince could bestow greater Benefits upon a People? He was the Stator, the Saviour of the Nation, a Nation not worthy of him, whose Ingratefulness to his Sacred Head, whose Perfidiousness and Impiety in advancing an Usurper upon his Ruins, were punished with a fatal Civil War, which lasted Ages, with an Issue of Blood, which could not be stopped till the true and lawful Heir of this Prince was seated in the Imperial Throne, according to the Faith and Oaths of this People (which whatsoever may be pretended, no Power on Earth can dispense with) and according to the fundamental Laws of *England*.

FINIS.

A TABLE TO Mr. *John Cleveland's* WORKS.

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Weighty Reasons for tender and conscientious Dissenters to be in Union and Communion with the Church of England, and not to forsake the publick Assemblies, in Seven Sermons on 1 Cor. 1. 10. *That we all speak the same thing, and that there be no Divisions among you, but that we be perfectly joined together in the same mind, and in the same judgment.* and on Heb. 10. 25 not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is, in Six large

The *Psalms* of King *David* paraphrased, and turn'd into English Verse, according to the common Meetre, as they are usually sung in Parish Churches, by *Mich. Sandys*, in Six large

A Fountain of Tears, emptying it self into three Rivulets, viz. Of Compunction, Compassion, Devotion; or Sighs of Nature sanctified by Grace, Languaged in several Soliloquies and Prayers upon various Subjects, for the benefit of all that are in Affliction, and particularly for these present times, by *John Featly*, Chaplain to his Majesty.

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the Devout Soul, by *Jos. Hall* Bishop of *Norwich*; in 12o.

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new

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