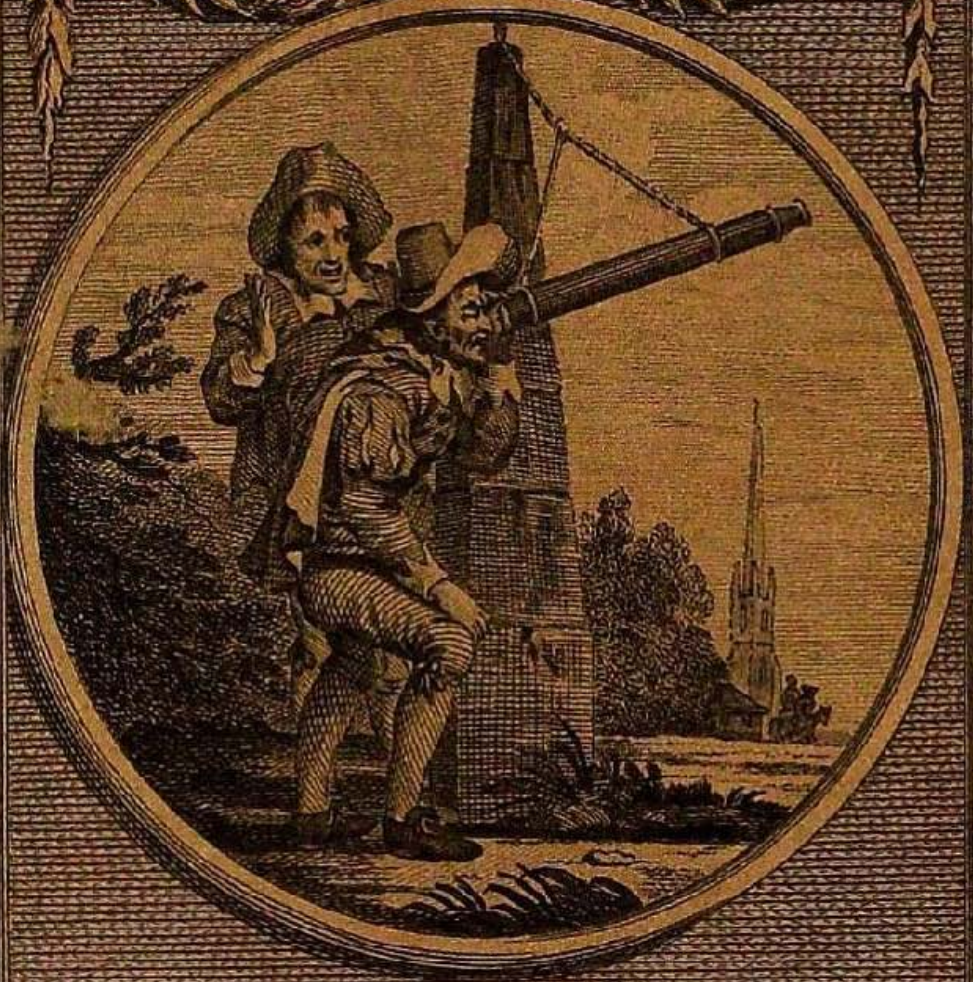
BELL'S EDITION,

The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN

COMPLETE, FROM

CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



Well shot,
Quoth Wharnam, who right wisely thought
He ad levell'd at a Star, and hit it.

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London March 1st 1777.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SAMUEL BUTLER.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

FROM

THE TEXTS OF DR. GREY AND MR. THYER.

WITH THE

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, AND NOTES.

Now you muſt know Sir Hudibras
With ſuch perfections gifted was,
And ſo peculiar in his manner,
That all that ſaw him did him honour.....HUD. AT COURT.

But ſince his Worſhip's dead and gone,
And mould'ring lies beneath this ſtone,
The Reader is deſir'd to look
For his atchievements in his Book;
Which will preſerve of Knight the Tale,
Till Time and Death itſelf ſhall fail. HUD.'s EPITAPH.

VOL. II.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1777.

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CONTAINING HIS

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

Written in the time of the late Wars.

FROM THE TEXT OF ZACH. GREY, LL.D.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, AND NOTES.

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HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART II. CANTO III.

The Argument.

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

DOUBTLESS the pleaſure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat;
As lookers-on feel moſt delight,
That leaſt perceive a juggler's ſleight,
And ſtill the leſs they underſtand,
The more th' admire his ſleight of hand.
Some with a noiſe, a greaſy light,
Are ſnapt, as men catch larks by night,
Enſnar'd and hamper'd by the ſoul,
As nooſes by the legs catch fowl.
Some with a med'cine and receipt
Are drawn to nibble at the bait;
And tho' it be a two-foot trout,
'Tis with a ſingle hair pull'd out.

Others believe no voice t' an organ
So ſweet as lawyer's in his bar-gown,
Until with ſubtle cobweb-cheats
They 're catch'd in knotted law, like nets;
In which, when once they are imbrangled,
The more they ſtir, the more they 're tangled;
And while their purſes can diſpute,
There's no end of th' immortal ſuit.
Others ſtill gape t' anticipate
The cabinet-deſigns of Fate,
Apply to wizards, to foreſee
What ſhall, and what ſhall never be;
And as thoſe vultures do forebode,
Believe events prove bad or good;
A ſcam more ſenſeleſs than the roguery
Of old auruſpicy and aug'ry,
That out of garbages of cattle
Preſag'd th' events of truce or battle;
From flight of birds, or chickens pecking,
Succeſs of great'ſt attempts wou'd reckon:
Tho' cheats, yet more intelligible,
Than thoſe that with the ſtars do fribble.
This Hudibras by proof found true,
As in due time and place we'll ſhew:
For he with beard and face made clean,
Being mounted on his ſteed agen,

V. 25. *Apply to wizards.*] *Run after*, in the edition of 1664.

(And Ralpho got a cock-horſe too,
Upon his beaſt, with much ado)
Advanc'd on for the Widow's houſe,
T' acquit himſelf, and pay his vows;
When various thoughts began to buſtle,
And with his inward man to juſtle.
He thought what danger might accrue,
If ſhe ſhould find he ſwore untrue;
Or if his Squire or he ſhould fail,
And not be punctual in their tale,
It might at once the ruin prove
Both of his honour, faith, and love:
But if he ſhould forbear to go,
She might conclude he 'ad broke his vow;
And that he durſt not now, for ſhame,
Appear in court to try his claim.
This was the pen'worth of his thought,
To paſs time, and uneaſy trot.
Quoth he, In all my paſt adventures
I ne'er was ſet ſo on the tenters,
Or taken tardy with dilemma,
That ev'ry way I turn does hem me,
And with inextricable doubt,
Beſets my puzzled wits about:
For tho' the Dame has been my bail,
To free me from enchanted jail,
Yet as a dog, committed cloſe
For ſome offence, by chance breaks looſe,

And quits his clog; but all in vain,
He ſtill draws after him his chain:
So tho' my ankle ſhe has quitted,
My heart continues ſtill committed;
And like a bail'd and mainpriz'd lover,
Altho' at large, I am bound over:
And when I ſhall appear in court
To plead my cauſe, and anſwer for't,
Unleſs the judge do partial prove,
What will become of me and love?
For if in our account we vary,
Or but in circumſtance miſcarry;
Or if ſhe put me to ſtrict proof,
And make me pull my doublet off,
To ſhew, by evident record,
Writ on my ſkin, I've kept my word,
How can I e'er expect to have her,
Having demurr'd unto her favour?
But faith, and love, and honour loſt,
Shall be reduc'd t' a Knight o' th' Poſt?
Beſide, that ſtripping may prevent
What I'm to prove by argument,
And juſtify I have a tail,
And that way, too, my proof may fail.
Oh! that I could enucleate,
And ſolve the problems of my fate;
Or find, by necromantic art,
How far the Deſt'nies take my part;

For if I were not more than certain
To win and wear her and her fortune,
I'd go no farther in this courtſhip,
To hazard ſoul, eſtate, and Worſhip:
For tho' an oath obliges not,
Where any thing is to be got,
(As thou haſt prov'd) yet 'tis profane,
And ſinful, when men ſwear in vain.
Quoth Ralph, Not far from hence doth dwell
A cunning man, hight Sidrophel,
That deals in Deſtiny's dark counſels,
And ſage opinions of the Moon ſells,
To whom all people, far and near,
On deep importances repair:
When braſs and pewter hap to ſtray,
And linen ſlinks out o' the way;
When geeſe and pullen are ſeduc'd,
And ſows of ſucking pigs are chows'd;
When cattle feel indiſpoſition,
And need th' opinion of phyſician;
When murrain reigns in hogs or ſheep,
And chickens languiſh of the pip;
When yeſt and outward means do fail,
And have no pow'r to work on ale;

ℳ. 106.] William Lilly, the famous aſtrologer of thoſe times, who in his yearly almanacs foretold victories for the Parliament with as much certainty as the preachers did in their ſermons.

When butter does refuſe to come,
And love proves croſs and humourſome;
To him with queſtions, and with urine,
They for diſcov'ry flock, or curing.
Quoth Hudibras, This Sidrophel
I've heard of, and ſhou'd like it well,
If thou canſt prove the Saints have freedom
To go to ſorc'rers when they need 'em.
Says Ralpho, There's no doubt of that;
Thoſe principles I quoted late
Prove that the Godly may allege
For any thing their privilege,
And to the dev'l himſelf may go,
If they have motives thereunto:
For as there is a war between
The dev'l and them, it is no ſin,
If they by ſubtle ſtratagem
Make uſe of him, as he does them.
Has not this preſent Parl'ament
A ledger to the devil ſent,
Fully impower'd to treat about
Finding revolted witches out?
And has not he, within a year,
Hang'd threeſcore of 'em in one ſhire?
Some only for not being drown'd,
And ſome for ſitting above ground,
Whole days and nights, upon their breeches,
And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches;

And ſome for putting knaviſh tricks
Upon green geeſe and turkey-chicks,
Or pigs that ſuddenly deceaſt
Of griefs unnat'ral, as he gueſt;
Who after prov'd himſelf a witch,
And made a rod for his own breech.
Did not the dev'l appear to Martin
Luther in Germany, for certain?
And wou'd have gull'd him with a trick,
But Mart. was too, too politick.
Did he not help the Dutch to purge,
At Antwerp, their cathedral church?
Sing catches to the Saints at Maſcon,
And tell them all they came to aſk him?
Appear in divers ſhapes to Kelly,
And ſpeak i' th' Nun of Loudon's belly?
Meet with the Parl'ament's Committee,
At Woodſtock, on a pers'nal treaty?
At Sarum take a cavalier,
I' th' Cauſe's ſervice, priſoner?
As Withers in immortal rhyme
Has regiſter'd to after-time.
Do not our great Reformers uſe
This Sidrophel to forebode news;
To write of victories next year,
And caſtles taken yet i' th' air?

ỽ. 169.] This Withers was a Puritanical officer in the Parliament army, and a great pretender to poetry, as appears from his Poems enumerated by A. Wood.

Of battles fought at ſea, and ſhips
Sunk two years hence, the laſt eclipſe?
A total o'erthrow giv'n the King
In Cornwall, horſe and foot, next ſpring?
And has not he point-blank foretold
Whats'e'er the Cloſe Committee would?
Made Mars and Saturn for the Cauſe,
The Moon for fundamental laws?
The Ram, the Bull, and Goat, declare
Againſt the Book of Common-Prayer?
The Scorpion take the Proteſtation,
And Bear engage for Reformation?
Made all the Royal ſtars recant,
Compound, and take the Covenant?
Quoth Hudibras, The caſe is clear
The Saints may' employ a conjurer,
As thou haſt prov'd it by their practice;
No argument like matter of fact is:
And we are beſt of all led to
Men's principles, by what they do.
Then let us ſtrait advance in queſt
Of this profound gymnoſophiſt,
And as the Fates and he adviſe,
Purſue, or wave this enterpriſe.
This ſaid, he turn'd about his ſteed,
And eftſoons on th' adventure rid;
Where leave we him and Ralph a while,
And to the conj'rer turn our ſtyle,

To let our reader underſtand
What's uſeful of him before-hand.
He had been long t'wards mathematics,
Optics, philoſophy, and ſtatics,
Magic, horoſcopy, aſtrology,
And was old dog at phyſiology;
But as a dog that turns the ſpit
Beſtirs himſelf, and plies his feet
To climb the wheel, but all in vain,
His own weight brings him down again,
And ſtill he's in the ſelf-ſame place
Where at his ſetting out he was;
So in the circle of the arts
Did he advance his nat'ral parts,
Till falling back ſtill, for retreat,
He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat:
For as thoſe fowls that live in water
Are never wet, he did but ſmatter;
Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
His underſtanding ſtill was clear;
Yet none a deeper knowledge boaſted,
Since old Hodge Bacon, and Bob Groſted.

V. 224.] Roger Bacon, commonly called *Friar Bacon*, lived in the reign of our Edward I. and for ſome little ſkill he had in the mathematics, was by the rabble accounted a conjurer, and had the fottiſh ſtory of the Brazen Head fathered upon him by the ignorant Monks of thoſe days.

Ib.] Biſhop Groſted was Biſhop of Lincoln, 20th Henry III. *A. D.* 1225. "He was ſuſpected by the clergy to be a con-"jurer; for which crime he was deprived by Pope Inno-"cent IV. and ſummoned to appear at Rome." But this is a miſtake; for the Pope's antipathy to him was occaſioned

Th' intelligible world he knew,
And all men dream on't to be true,
That in this world there's not a wart
That has not there a counterpart;
Nor can there on the face of ground
An individual beard be found
That has not, in that foreign nation,
A fellow of the ſelf-ſame faſhion;
So cut, ſo colour'd, and ſo curl'd,
As thoſe are in th' inferior world.
He 'ad read Dee's prefaces before,
The Devil, and Euclid, o're and o're;
And all th' intrigues 'twixt him and Kelly,
Leſcus and th' Emperor, wou'd tell ye:
But with the moon was more familiar
Than e'er was almanac well-willer;
Her ſecrets underſtood ſo clear,
That ſome believ'd he had been there;
Knew when ſhe was in fitteſt mood
For cutting corns, or letting blood;
When for anointing ſcabs or itches,
Or to the bum applying leeches;

by his frankly expoſtulating with him (both perſonally, and by letter) on his encroachments upon the Engliſh church and monarchy. He was perſecuted by Pope Innocent, but it is not certain that he was deprived though Bale thinks he was.

℣. 235.] Dee was a Welchman, and educated at Oxford, where he commenced Doctor, and afterwards travelled into foreign parts, in queſt of chymiſtry, &c.

℣. 238.] Albertus Laſcus, Laſky, or Alaſco, Prince Palatine of Poland, concerned with Dee and Kelly.

When ſows and bitches may be ſpay'd,
And in what ſign beſt cyder's made;
Whether the wane be, or increaſe,
Beſt to ſet garlic, or ſow peaſe;
Who firſt found out the man i' th' moon,
That to the Ancients was unknown;
How many dukes, and earls, and peers,
Are in the planetary ſpheres;
Their airy empire, and command,
Their ſev'ral ſtrengths by ſea and land;
What factions they 'ave, and what they drive at
In public vogue, or what in private:
With what deſigns and intereſts
Each party manages conteſts.
He made an inſtrument to know
If the moon ſhine at full or no;
That would, as ſoon as e'er ſhe ſhone, ſtraight
Whether 'twere day or night demonſtrate;
Tell what her d'ameter to an inch is,
And prove that ſhe's not made of green cheeſe.
It wou'd demonſtrate, that the man in
The moon's a ſea Mediterranean;
And that it is no dog nor bitch
That ſtands behind him at his breech,
But a huge Caſpian ſea, or lake,
With arms, which men for legs miſtake;
How large a gulf his tail compoſes,
And what a goodly bay his noſe is;

How many German leagues by th' ſcale
Cape Snout's from Promontory Tail.
He made a planetary gin,
Which rats would run their own heads in,
And come on purpoſe to be taken,
Without th' expenſe of cheeſe or bacon.
With lute-ſtrings he would counterfeit
Maggots that crawl on diſh of meat;
Quote moles and ſpots on any place
O' th' body, by the index face;
Detect loſt maidenheads by ſneezing,
Or breaking wind of dames, or piſſing;
Cure warts and corns, with application
Of med'cines to th' imagination;
Fright agues into dogs, and ſcare,
With rhymes, the toothach and catarrh;
Chace evil ſp'rits away by dint
Of ſickle, horſe-ſhoe, hollow-ſtint;
Spit fire out of a walnut-ſhell,
Which made the Roman ſlaves rebel;
And fire a mine in China here,
With ſympathetic gun-powder.
He knew whats'ever's to be known,
But much more than he knew would own.
What med'cine 'twas that Paracelſus
Could make a man with, as he tells us;
What figur'd ſtates are beſt to make,
On wat'ry ſurface, duck or drake;

What bowling-ſtones, in running race
Upon a board, have ſwifteſt pace;
Whether a pulſe beat in the black
Liſt of a dappled louſe's back;
If ſyſtole or diaſtole move
Quickeſt when he's in wrath, or love;
When two of them do run a race,
Whether they gallop, trot, or pace;
How many ſcores a flea will jump,
Of his own length, from head to rump,
Which Socrates and Chærephon
In vain aſſay'd ſo long agon;
Whether his ſnout a perfect noſe is,
And not an elephant's proboſcis;
How many diff'rent ſpecieſes
Of maggots breed in rotten cheeſe;
And which are next of kin to thoſe
Engender'd in a chandler's noſe;
Or thoſe not ſeen, but underſtood,
That live in vinegar and wood.
A paltry wretch he had, half-ſtarv'd,
That him in place of zany ſerv'd,
Hight Whachum, bred to daſh and draw,
Not wine, but more unwholeſome law;

℣. 317. *How many diff'rent ſpecieſes.*] *Species's*, in editions 1664, 1674, 1684. Altered to *ſpecieſes*, 1689.

℣. 325. *Whachum.*] Journeyman to Sidrophel, who was one *Tom Jones*, a fooliſh Welſhman. In a Key to a poem of Mr. Butler's, Whachum is ſaid to be one *Richard Green*, who publiſhed a pamphlet of about five ſheets of baſe ribaldry,

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

and called, *Hudibras in a Snare*. It was printed about the year 1667.

Who pick'd a fob at Holding-forth,
And where a watch, for half the worth,
May be redeem'd; or ſtolen plate
Reſtor'd at conſcionable rate.
Beſide all this, he ſerv'd his maſter
In quality of poetaſter,
And rhymes appropriate could make
To ev'ry month i' th' almanack;
When terms begin and end could tell,
With their returns, in doggerel;
When the Exchequer opes and ſhuts,
And ſowgelder with ſafety cuts;
When men may eat and drink their fill,
And when be temp'rate, if they will;
When uſe, and when abſtain from vice,
Figs, grapes, phlebotomy, and ſpice.
And as in priſon mean rogues beat
Hemp for the ſervice of the great,
So Whachum beat his dirty brains
T' advance his maſter's fame and gains,
And, like the devil's oracles,
Put into dogg'rel rhymes his ſpells,
Which over ev'ry month's blank page
I' th' almanack, ſtrange bilks preſage.
He would an elegy compoſe
On maggots ſqueez'd out of his noſe;
In lyric numbers write an ode on
His miſtreſs, eating a black-pudden;

And when impriſon'd air eſcap'd her,
It puſt him with poetic rapture.
His ſonnets charm'd th' attentive crowd,
By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,
That, circled with his long-ear'd gueſts,
Like Orpheus look'd among the beaſts:
A carman's horſe could not paſs by,
But ſtood ty'd up to poetry;
No porter's burthen paſs'd along,
But ſerv'd for burthen to his ſong:
Each window like a pill'ry appears,
With heads thruſt thro', nail'd by the ears;
All trades run in as to the ſight
Of monſters, or their dear delight
The gallow-tree, when cutting purſe
Breeds bus'neſs for heroic verſe,
Which none does hear but would have hung
T' have been the theme of ſuch a ſong.
Thoſe two together long had liv'd,
In manſion prudently contriv'd,
Where neither tree nor houſe could bar
The free detection of a ſtar;
And nigh an ancient obeliſk
Was rais'd by him, found out by Fiſk,

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

On which was written, not in words,
But hieroglyphic mute of birds,
Many rare pithy ſaws, concerning
The worth of aſtrologic learning:
From top of this there hung a rope,
To which he faſten'd teleſcope,
The ſpectacles with which the ſtars
He reads in ſmalleſt characters.
It happen'd as a boy, one night,
Did fly his tarſel of a kite,
The ſtrangeſt long-wing'd hawk that flies,
That, like a bird of Paradiſe,
Or herald's martlet, has no legs,
Nor hatches young ones, nor lays eggs;
His train was ſix yards long, milk-white,
At th' end of which there hung a light,
Inclos'd in lanthorn made of paper,
That far off like a ſtar did appear:
This Sidrophel by chance eſpy'd,
And with amazement ſtaring wide,
Bleſs us, quoth he, what dreadful wonder
Is that appears in heav en yonder?
A comet, and without a beard!
Or ſtar that ne'er before appear'd?
I'm certain 'tis not in the ſcrowl
Of all thoſe beaſts, and fiſh, and fowl,
With which, like Indian plantations,
The learned ſtock the conſtellations;

Nor thoſe that drawn for ſigns have bin
To th' houſes where the planets inn.
It muſt be ſupernatural,
Unleſs it be that cannon-ball
That, ſhot i' th' air point-blank upright,
Was borne to that prodigious height
That, learn'd philoſophers maintain,
It ne'er came backwards down again,
But in the airy region yet
Hangs, like the body of Mahomet:
For if it be above the ſhade
That by the earth's round bulk is made,
'Tis probable it may, from far,
Appear no bullet, but a ſtar.
This ſaid, he to his engine flew,
Plac'd near at hand, in open view,
And rais'd it till it levell'd right
Againſt the glow-worm tail of kite,
Then peeping thro', Bleſs us! (quoth he)
It is a planet, now, I ſee;
And, if I err not, by his proper
Figure, that's like tobacco-ſtopper,
It ſhould be Saturn: yes, 'tis clear
'Tis Saturn, but what makes him there?
He's got between the Dragon's tail
And farther leg behind o' th' Whale;
Pray Heav'n divert the fatal omen,
For 'tis a prodigy not common,

And can no leſs than the world's end,
Or Nature's funeral, portend.
With that he fell again to pry,
Thro' perſpective, more wiſtfully,
When, by miſchance, the fatal ſtring,
That kept the tow'ring fowl on wing,
Breaking, down fell the ſtar. Well ſhot,
Quoth Whachum, who right wiſely thought
He 'ad levell'd at a ſtar, and hit it;
But Sidrophel, more ſubtil-witted,
Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful
Portent is this, to ſee a ſtar fall?
It threatens Nature, and the doom
Will not be long before it come!
When ſtars do fall, 'tis plain enough
The day of judgment's not far off;
As lately 'twas reveal'd to Sedgwick,
And ſome of us find out by magick;
Then ſince the time we have to live
In this world ſhorten'd, let us ſtrive

V. 477.] William Sedgwick, a whimſical enthuſiaſt, ſometimes a Preſbyterian, ſometimes an Independent, and at other times an Anabaptiſt; ſometimes a prophet, and pretended to foretel things, out of the pulpit, to the deſtruction of ignorant people; at other times pretended to revelations; and, upon pretence of a viſion that Doomſday was at hand, he retired to the houſe of Sir Francis Roſſel in Cambridgeſhire; and finding ſeveral gentlemen at bowls, called upon them to prepare for their diſſolution; telling them that he had lately received a revelation that Doomſday would be ſome day the week following. Upon which they ever after called him *Doomſday Sedgwick.*

To make our beſt advantage of it,
And pay our loſſes with our profit.
This feat fell out not long before
The Knight, upon the forenam'd ſcore,
In queſt of Sidrophel advancing,
Was now in proſpect of the manſion;
Whom he diſcov'ring, turn'd his glaſs,
And found far off 'twas Hudibras.
Whachum, (quoth he) look yonder, ſome
To try or uſe our art are come:
The one's the learned Knight; ſeek out,
And pump 'em what they come about.
Whachum advanc'd, with all ſubmiſſ'neſs
T' accoſt 'em, but much more their bus'neſs:
He held a ſtirrup, while the Knight
From leathern Bare-bones did alight;
And taking from his hand the bridle,
Approach'd, the dark Squire to unriddle.
He gave him firſt the time o' th' day,
And welcom'd him, as he might ſay:
He aſk'd him whence they came, and whither
Their bus'neſs lay? Quoth Ralpho, Hither.
Did you not loſe—Quoth Ralpho, Nay.
Quoth Whachum, Sir, I meant your way!
Your Knight, quoth Ralpho, is a lover,
And pains intol'rable doth ſuffer;
For lovers' hearts are not their own hearts,
Nor lights, nor lungs, and ſo forth downwards.

What time—Quoth Ralpho, Sir, too long,
Three years it off and on has hung.—
Quoth he, I meant what time o' the day 'tis;
Quoth Ralpho, Between ſeven and eight 'tis.
Why then (quoth Whachum) my ſmall art
Tells me the dame has a hard heart,
Or great eſtate.—Quoth Ralpho, A jointer,
Which makes him have ſo hot a mind t' her.
Mean while the Knight was making water,
Before he fell upon the matter;
Which having done, the Wizard ſteps in,
To give him ſuitable reception;
But kept his bus'neſs at a bay,
Till Whachum put him in the way;
Who having now, by Ralpho's light,
Expounded th' errand of the Knight,
And what he came to know, drew near,
To whiſper in the conj'rer's ear,
Which he prevented thus: What was't,
Quoth he, that I was ſaying laſt,
Before theſe gentlemen arriv'd?
Quoth Whachum, Venus you retriev'd,
In oppoſition with Mars,
And no benigne friendly ſtars
T' allay the effect. Quoth Wizard, So!
In Virgo? Ha! quoth Whachum, No:
Has Saturn nothing to do in it,
One tenth of's circle to a minute?

'Tis well, quoth he—Sir, you'll excuſe
This rudeneſs I am forc'd to uſe;
It is a ſcheme and face of heaven,
As th' aſpects are diſpos'd this even,
I was contemplating upon
When you arriv'd; but now I've done.
Quoth Hudibras, If I appear
Unſeaſonable in coming here
At ſuch a time, to interrupt
Your ſpeculations, which I hop'd
Aſſiſtance from, and come to uſe,
'Tis fit that I aſk your excuſe.
By no means, Sir, quoth Sidrophel,
The ſtars your coming did foretel;
I did expect you here, and knew,
Before you ſpake, your buſineſs too.
Quoth Hudibras, Make that appear,
And I ſhall credit whatſoe'er
You tell me after, on your word,
Howe'er unlikely or abſurd.
You are in love, Sir, with a widow,
Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,
And for three years has rid your wit
And paſſion, without drawing bit;
And now your bus'neſs is to know
If you ſhall carry her or no.
Quoth Hudibras, You 're in the right,
But how the devil you come by't

I can't imagine; for the ſtars
I'm ſure, can tell no more than a horſe;
Nor can their aſpects (tho' you pore
Your eyes out on 'em) tell you more
Than th' oracle of ſieve and ſheers,
That turns as certain as the ſpheres:
But if the dev'l's of your counſel,
Much may be done, my noble Donzel;
And 'tis on his account I come,
To know from you my fatal doom.
Quoth Sidrophel, If you ſuppoſe,
Sir Knight, that I am one of thoſe,
I might ſuſpect, and take the alarm,
Your bus'neſs is but to inform;
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,
You have a wrong ſow by the ear;
For I aſſure you, for my part,
I only deal by rules of art;
Such as are lawful, and judge by
Concluſions of aſtrology;
But for the devil know nothing by him,
But only this, that I defy him.
Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye,
I underſtand your metonymy;
Your words of ſecond-hand intention,
When things by wrongful names you mention;
The myſtic ſenſe of all your terms,
That are indeed but magic charms

To raiſe the devil, and mean one thing,
And that is down-right conjuring;
And in itſelf more warrantable
Than cheat, or canting to a rabble,
Or putting tricks upon the moon,
Which by confed'racy are done.
Your ancient conjurers were wont
To make her from her ſphere diſmount,
And to their incantation ſtoop;
They ſcorn'd to pore thro' teleſcope,
Or idly play at bo-peep with her,
To find out cloudy or fair weather,
Which ev'ry almanac can tell,
Perhaps as learnedly and well
As you yourſelf—Then, friend, I doubt
You go the fartheſt way about:
Your modern Indian magician
Makes but a hole in th' earth to piſs in,
And ſtraight reſolves all queſtions by't,
And ſeldom fails to be i' th' right.
The Roſycrucian way's more ſure
To bring the devil to the lure;
Each of 'em has a ſev'ral gin,
To catch intelligences in.
Some by the noſe, with fumes, trapan 'em,
As Dunſtan did the devil's grannam;

℣. 618.] St. Dunſtan was made Archbiſhop of Canterbury, *anno* 961. His ſkill in the liberal arts and ſciences (qualifications much above the genius of the age he lived in)

Others with characters and words
Catch 'em, as men in nets do birds;
And ſome with ſymbols, ſigns, and tricks,
Engrav'd in planetary nicks,
With their own influences will fetch 'em
Down from their orbs, arreſt, and catch 'em;
Make 'em depoſe and anſwer to
All queſtions, ere they let them go.
Bumbaſtus kept a devil's bird
Shut in the pummel of his ſword,
That taught him all the cunning pranks
Of paſt and future mountebanks.
Kelly did all his feats upon
The devil's looking-glaſs, a ſtone,
Where playing with him at bo-peep,
He ſolv'd all problems ne'er ſo deep.

gained him firſt the name of a Conjurer, and then of a Saint: he is revered as ſuch by the Romaniſts, who keep an holy-day in honour of him, yearly, on the 19th of May.

℣. 631.] This Kelly was chief ſeer or, as Lilly calls him, Speculator to Dr. Dee; was born at Worceſter, and bred an apothecary, and was a good proficient in chymiſtry, and pretended to have the grand elixir, or philoſopher's ſtone, which Lilly tells us he made, or at leaſt received ready made, from a Friar in Germany, on the confines of the Emperor's dominions. He pretended to ſee apparitions in a cryſtal or beryl looking-glaſs (or a round ſtone like a cryſtal.) Alaſco, Palatine of Poland, Pucel, a learned Florentine, and Prince Roſemberg of Germany, the Emperor's Viceroy in Bohemia, were long of the ſociety with him and Dr. Dee, and often preſent at their apparitions, as was once the King of Poland himſelf: but Lilly obſerves, that he was ſo wicked that the angels would not appear to him willingly, nor be obedient to him.

Agrippa kept a Stygian pug,
I' th' garb and habit of a dog,
That was his tutor, and the cur
Read to th' occult philoſopher,
And taught him ſubt'ly to maintain
All other ſciences are vain.
To this, quoth Sidrophello, Sir,
Agrippa was no conjurer,
Nor Paracelſus, no, nor Behmen;
Nor was the dog a cacodæmon,
But a true dog, that would ſhew tricks
For th' Emperor, and leap o'er ſticks;
Would fetch and carry, was more civil
Than other dogs, and yet no devil;
And whatſoe'er he's ſaid to do,
He went the ſelf-ſame way we go.
As for the Roſycroſs philoſophers,
Whom you will have to be but ſorcerers,
What they pretend to is no more
Than Triſmegiſtus did before,
Pythagoras, old Zoroaſter,
And Apollonius their maſter,
To whom they do confeſs they owe
All that they do, and all they know.
Quoth Hudibras, Alas! what is't t' us
Whether 'twas ſaid by Triſmegiſtus,
If it be nonſenſe, falſe, or myſtic,
Or not intelligible, or ſophiſtic?

'Tis not antiquity, nor author,
That makes truth Truth, altho' Time's daughter;
'Twas he that put her in the pit,
Before he pull'd her out of it;
And as he eats his ſons, juſt ſo
He feeds upon his daughters too.
Nor does it follow, 'cauſe a herald
Can make a gentleman, ſcarce a year old,
To be deſcended of a race
Of ancient kings in a ſmall ſpace,
That we ſhould all opinions hold
Authentic, that we can make old.
Quoth Sidrophel, It is no part
Of prudence to cry down an art,
And what it may perform deny,
Becauſe you underſtand not why;
(As Averrhois play'd but a mean trick,
To damn our whole art for eccentric)

℣. 669, 670.] Such gentry were Thomas Pury the elder, firſt a weaver in Glouceſter, then an ignorant ſolicitor. John Blackſton, a poor ſhopkeeper of Newcaſtle. John Birch, formerly a carrier, afterwards colonel. Richard Salway, colonel, formerly a grocer's man. Thomas Rainſborough, a ſkipper of Lynn, colonel and Vice-admiral of England. Colonel Thomas Scot, a brewer's clerk. Colonel Philip Skippon, originally a waggoner to Sir Fra. Vere. Colonel John Jones, a ſerving-man. Colonel Barkſtead, a pitiful thimble and bodkin goldſmith. Colonel Pride, a foundling and drayman. Colonel Hewſon, a one-eyed cobler; and Colonel Harriſon, a butcher. Theſe, and hundreds more, affected to be thought gentlemen, and lorded it over perſons of the firſt rank and quality.

For who knows all that knowledge contains?
Men dwell not on the tops of mountains,
But on their ſides, or riſings, ſeat;
So 'tis with knowledge's vaſt height.
Do not the hiſt'ries of all ages
Relate miraculous preſages
Of ſtrange turns, in the world's affairs,
Foreſeen b' aſtrologers, ſoothſayers,
Chaldeans, learn'd Genethliacs,
And ſome that have writ almanacs?
The Median Emp'ror dreamt his daughter
Had piſt all Aſia under water,
And that a vine, ſprung from her haunches,
O'erſpread his empire with its branches;
And did not ſoothſayers expound it,
As after by th' event he found it?
When Cæſar in the ſenate fell,
Did not the ſun eclips'd foretell,
And, in reſentment of his ſlaughter,
Look'd pale for almoſt a year after?
Auguſtus having, b' overſight,
Put on his left ſhoe 'fore his right,
Had like to have been ſlain that day,
By ſoldiers mutin'ing for pay.
Are there not myriads of this ſort,
Which ſtories of all times report?
Is it not ominous in all countries,
When crows and ravens croak upon trees?

The Roman ſenate, when within
The city walls an owl was ſeen,
Did cauſe their clergy, with luſtrations,
(Our Synod calls Humiliations)
The round-fac'd prodigy t' avert
From doing town or country hurt.
And if an owl have ſo much pow'r,
Why ſhould not planets have much more,
That in a region far above
Inferior fowls of the air move,
And ſhould ſee further, and foreknow
More than their augury below?
Tho' that once ſerv'd the polity
Of mighty ſtates to govern by;
And this is what we take in hand
By pow'rful Art to underſtand;
Which, how we have perform'd, all ages
Can ſpeak th' events of our preſages.
Have we not lately, in the moon,
Found a new world, to th' old unknown?
Diſcover'd ſea and land Columbus,
And Magellan, cou'd never compaſs?
Made mountains with our tubes appear,
And cattle grazing on 'em there?
Quoth Hudibras, You lie ſo ope,
That I, without a teleſcope,
Can find your tricks out, and deſcry
Where you tell truth, and where you lie:

For Anaxagoras, long agon,
Saw hills, as well as you, i' th' moon,
And held the ſun was but a piece
Of red-hot iron as big as Greece;
Believ'd the heav'ns were made of ſtone,
Becauſe the ſun had voided one;
And, rather than he would recant
Th' opinion, ſuffer'd baniſhment.
But what, alas! is it to us,
Whether i' th' moon men thus or thus
Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,
Or whether they have tails or horns?
What trade from thence can you advance,
But what we nearer have from France?
What can our travellers bring home,
That is not to be learnt at Rome?
What politics, or ſtrange opinions,
That are not in our own dominions?
What ſcience can be brought from thence,
In which we do not here commence?
What revelations, or religions,
That are not in our native regions?
Are ſweating lanthorns, or ſcreen-fans,
Made better there than they 're in France?
Or do they teach to ſing and play
O' th' guitar there a newer way?
Can they make plays there, that ſhall fit
The public humour with leſs wit?

Write wittier dances, quainter ſhows,
Or fight with more ingenious blows?
Or does the man i' th' moon look big,
And wear a huger periwig?
Shew in his gait, or face, more tricks
Than our own native lunatics?
But if w' outdo him here at home,
What good of your deſign can come?
As wind i' th' hypocondres pent,
Is but a blaſt if downward ſent,
But if it upward chance to fly,
Becomes new light and propheſy;
So when your ſpeculations tend
Above their juſt and uſeful end,
Altho' they promiſe ſtrange and great
Diſcoveries of things far fet,
They are but idle dreams and fancies,
And favour ſtrongly of the ganzas.
Tell me but what's the nat'ral cauſe
Why on a ſign no painter draws
The full-moon ever, but the half?
Reſolve that with your Jacob's ſtaff;
Or why wolves raiſe a hubbub at her,
And dogs howl when ſhe ſhines in water?
And I ſhall freely give my vote,
You may know ſomething more remote.
At this deep Sidrophel look'd wiſe,
And ſtaring round with owl-like eyes,

He put his face into a poſture
Of ſapience, and began to bluſter;
For having three times ſhook his head
To ſtir his wit up, thus he ſaid:
Art has no mortal enemies
Next ignorance, but owls and geeſe;
Thoſe conſecrated geeſe, in orders,
That to the Capitol were warders,
And being then upon patrol,
With noiſe alone beat off the Gaul;
Or thoſe Athenian ſceptic owls,
That will not credit their own ſouls,
Or any ſcience underſtand,
Beyond the reach of eye or hand;
But meas'ring all things by their own
Knowledge, hold nothing's to be known:
Thoſe wholeſale critics, that in coffee-
Houſes cry down all philoſophy,
And will not know upon what ground
In Nature we our doctrine found,
Altho' with pregnant evidence
We can demonſtrate it to ſenſe,
As I juſt now have done to you,
Foretelling what you came to know.
Were the ſtars only made to light
Robbers, and burglarers by night?
To wait on drunkards, thieves, gold-finders,
And lovers ſolacing behind doors,

Of giving one another pledges
Of matrimony under hedges?
Or witches ſimpling, and on gibbets
Cutting from malefactors ſnippets?
Or from the pill'ry tips of ears
Of rebel-ſaints and perjurers,
Only to ſtand by, and look on,
But not know what is ſaid or done?
Is there a conſtellation there
That was not born and bred up here?
And therefore cannot be to learn
In any inferior concern?
Were they not, during all their lives,
Moſt of 'em pirates, whores, and thieves?
And is it like they have not ſtill
In their old practices ſome ſkill?
Is there a planet that by birth
Does not derive its houſe from earth,
And therefore probably muſt know
What is, and hath been done below,
Who made the Balance, or whence came
The Bull, the Lion, and the Ram?
Did not we here the Argo rig,
Make Berenice's periwig?
Whoſe liv'ry does the coachman wear?
Or who made Caſſiopeia's chair?
And therefore as they came from hence,
With us may hold intelligence.

Plato deny'd the world can be
Govern'd without geometree,
(For money b'ing the common ſcale
Of things by meaſure, weight, and tale,
In all th' affairs of church and ſtate,
'Tis both the balance and the weight)
Then much leſs can it be without
Divine aſtrology made out,
That puts the other down in worth,
As far as heav'n's above the earth.
  Theſe reaſons (quoth the Knight) I grant
Are ſomething more ſignificant
Than any that the learned uſe
Upon this ſubject to produce;
And yet they 're far from ſatisfactory,
T' eſtabliſh and keep up your factory.
Th' Egyptians ſay, the ſun has twice
Shifted his ſetting and his riſe;
Twice has he riſen in the weſt,
As many times ſet in the eaſt;
But whether that be true or no,
The devil any of you know.
Some hold the heavens, like a top,
Are kept by circulation up,
And were't not for their wheeling round,
They'd inſtantly fall to the ground;

℣. 873. *And were't not.*] *And 'twere not*, in the four firſt editions. Altered in edit. 1689.

As ſage Empedocles of old,
And from him modern authors hold.
Plato believ'd the ſun and moon
Below all other planets run.
Some Mercury, ſome Venus ſeat
Above the Sun himſelf in height.
The learned Scaliger complain'd
'Gainſt what Copernicus maintain'd,
That in twelve hundred years and odd,
The ſun had left its ancient road,
And nearer to the earth is come
'Bove fifty thouſand miles from home;
Swore 'twas a moſt notorious ſlam,
And he that had ſo little ſhame
To vent ſuch fopperies abroad,
Deſerv'd to have his rump well claw'd;
Which Monſieur Bodin hearing, ſwore
That he deſerv'd the rod much more,
That durſt upon a truth give doom,
He knew leſs than the Pope of Rome.
Cordon believ'd great ſtates depend
Upon the tip o' th' Bear's-tail's end,
That as ſhe whiſk'd it t'wards the ſun,
Strow'd mighty empires up and down;
Which others ſay muſt needs be falſe,
Becauſe your true bears have no tails.

℣. 894. *He knew leſs*, &c.] *He knew no more*, &c. two firſt editions 1664.

Some ſay the Zodiac conſtellations
Have long ſince chang'd their antique ſtations
Above a ſign, and prove the ſame
In Taurus now, once in the Ram;
Affirmed the Trigons chopp'd and chang'd,
The wat'ry with the fiery rang'd;
Then how can their effects ſtill hold
To be the ſame they were of old?
This, tho' the art were true, would make
Our modern ſoothſayers miſtake,
And is one cauſe they tell more lies,
In figures and nativities,
Than th' old Chaldean conjurers,
In ſo many hundred thouſand years;
Beſide their nonſenſe in tranſlating,
For want of Accidence and Latin,
Like Idus, and Calendæ, Engliſht
The Quarter-days, by ſkilful linguiſt;
And yet with canting, ſleight, and cheat,
'Twill ſerve their turn to do the feat;
Make fools believe in their foreſeeing
Of things before they are in being;
To ſwallow gudgeons ere they 're catch'd,
And count their chickens ere they 're hatch'd;

V. 901.] This and the three following lines inſerted 1674. In the firſt editions of 1664, they ſtand thus:

Some ſay the ſtars i' th' Zodiack,
Are more than a whole ſign gone back
Since Ptolemy; and prove the ſame
In Taurus now, then in the Ram.

Make them the conſtellations prompt,
And give 'em back their own accompt;
But ſtill the beſt to him that gives
The beſt price for't, or beſt believes.
Some towns, ſome cities, ſome, for brevity,
Have caſt the verſal world's nativity,
And made the infant-ſtars confeſs,
Like fools or children, what they pleaſe.
Some calculate the hidden fates
Of monkeys, puppy-dogs, and cats;
Some running-nags, and fighting-cocks;
Some love, trade, law-ſuits, and the pox:
Some take a meaſure of their lives
Of fathers, mothers, huſbands, wives,
Make oppoſition, trine, and quartile,
Tell who is barren, and who fertile;
As if the planet's firſt aſpect
The tender infant did infect
In ſoul and body, and inſtil
All future good and future ill;
Which in their dark fatal'ties lurking,
At dettin'd periods fall a-working,
And break out, like the hidden ſeeds
Of long diſeaſes, into deeds,
In friendſhips, enmities, and ſtrife,
And all th' emergencies of life:
No ſooner does he peep into
The world, but he has done his do,

Catch'd all diſeaſes, took all phyſick
That cures or kills a man that is ſick;
Marry'd his punctual doſe of wives,
Is cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives.
There's but the twinkling of a ſtar
Between a man of peace and war;
A thief and juſtice, fool and knave,
A huffing off'cer and a ſlave;
A crafty lawyer and pickpocket,
A great philos'pher and a blockhead;
A formal preacher and a player,
A learn'd phyſician and manſlayer;
As if men from the ſtars did ſuck
Old age, diſeaſes, and ill-luck,
Wit, folly, honour, virtue, vice,
Trade, travel, women, claps, and dice,
And draw, with the firſt air they breathe,
Battle and murder, ſudden death.
Are not theſe fine commodities
To be imported from the ſkies,
And vended here among the rabble,
For ſtaple goods and warrantable?
Like money by the Druids borrow'd,
In th' other world to be reſtored.
Quoth Sidrophel, To let you know
You wrong the art, and artiſts too,

¥ 956. *Is cuckolded.*] *Cookolded*, in the two firſt editions of 1664.

Since arguments are loſt on thoſe
That do our principles oppoſe,
I will (altho' I've done 't before)
Demonſtrate to your ſenſe once more,
And draw a figure that ſhall tell you
What you, perhaps, forget beſel you,
By way of horary inſpection,
Which ſome account our worſt erection.
With that he circles draws, and ſquares,
With ciphers, aſtral characters,
Then looks 'em o'er to underſtand 'em,
Altho' ſet down hab-nab, at random.
Quoth he, This ſcheme of th' heavens ſet,
Diſcovers how in fight you met,
At Kingſton, with a May-pole idol,
And that y' were bang'd both back and ſide well,
And tho' you overcame the Bear,
The Dogs beat you at Brentford fair;
Where ſturdy butchers broke your noddle,
And handled you like a ſop-doodle.
Quoth Hudibras, I now perceive
You are no conj'rer, by your leave:
That paltry ſtory is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat ſuch gulls as you.
Not true! quoth he; Howe'er you vapour,
I can what I affirm make appear;
Whachum ſhall juſtify it t' your face,
And prove he was upon the place:

He play'd the ſaltinbancho's part,
Transform'd t' a Frenchman by my art;
He ſtole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,
Chows'd and caldes'd ye like a blockhead,
And what you loſt I can produce,
If you deny it, here i' th' houſe.
Quoth Hudibras, I do believe
That argument's demonſtrative;
Ralpho, bear witneſs, and go fetch us
A conſtable to ſeize the wretches;
For tho' they 're both falſe knaves and cheats,
Impoſtors, jugglers, counterfeits,
I'll make them ſerve for perpendic'lars,
As true as e'er were us'd by bricklayers.
They 're guilty, by their own confeſſions,
Of felony, and at the Seſſions,
Upon the bench, I will ſo handle 'em,
That the vibration of this pendulum
Shall make all tailors' yards of one
Unanimous opinion;
A thing he long has vapour'd of,
But now ſhall make it out by proof.
Quoth Sidrophel, I do not doubt
To find friends that will bear me out;
Nor have I hazarded my art,
And neck, ſo long on the State's part,
To be expos'd, i' th' end, to ſuffer
By ſuch a braggadocio huffer.

Huffer! quoth Hudibras, this ſword
Shall down thy falſe throat cram that word.
Ralpho, make haſte, and call an officer,
To apprehend this Stygian ſophiſter;
Mean while I'll hold 'em at a bay,
Leſt he and Whachum run away.
But Sidrophel, who from th' aſpect
Of Hudibras did now erect
A figure worſe portending far
Than that of moſt malignant ſtar,
Believ'd it now the fitteſt moment
To ſhun the danger that might come on't,
While Hudibras was all alone,
And he and Whachum, two to one.
This being reſolv'd, he ſpy'd, by chance,
Behind the door, an iron lance,
That many a ſturdy limb had gor'd,
And legs, and loins, and ſhoulders bor'd;
He ſnatch'd it up, and made a paſs,
To make his way thro' Hudibras.
Whachum had got a fire-fork,
With which he vow'd to do his work;
But Hudibras was well prepar'd,
And ſtoutly ſtood upon his guard:
He put by Sidrophello's thruſt,
And in right manfully he ruſht;
The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
And laid him on the earth along.

Whachum his ſea-coal prong threw by,
And baſely turn'd his back to fly;
But Hudibras gave him a twitch,
As quick as lightning, in the breech,
Juſt in the place where honour's lodg'd,
As wiſe philoſophers have judg'd,
Becauſe a kick in that place more
Hurts honour, than deep wound before.
Quoth Hudibras, The ſtars determin
You are my priſoners, baſe vermin:
Could they not tell you ſo, as well
As what I came to know foretel?
By this what cheats you are we find,
That in your own concerns are blind.
Your lives are now at my diſpoſe,
To be redeem'd by fine or blows:
But who his honour would defile,
To take, or ſell, two lives ſo vile?
I'll give you quarter; but your pillage,
The conqu'ring warrior's crop and tillage,
Which with his ſword he reaps and plows,
That's mine, the law of arms allows.
This ſaid in haſte, in haſte he fell
To rummaging of Sidrophel.
Firſt he expounded both his pockets,
And found a watch, with rings and lockets,
Which had been left with him t' erect
A figure for, and ſo detect;

A copperplate, with almanacks
Engrav'd upon't, with other knacks
Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers,
And blank-ſchemes to diſcover nimmers;
A moon dial, with Napier's bones,
And ſev'ral conſtellation ſtones,
Engrav'd in planetary hours,
That over mortals had ſtrange powers
To make 'em thrive in law or trade,
And ſtab or poiſon to evade;
In wit or wiſdom to improve,
And be victorious in love.
Whachum had neither croſs nor pile,
His plunder was not worth the while;
All which the conqu'ror did diſcompt,
To pay for curing of his rump.
But Sidrophel, as full of tricks
As Rota-men of politicks,
Straight caſt about to over-reach
Th' unwary conqu'ror with a fetch,
And make him glad, at leaſt, to quit
His victory, and fly the pit,
Before the ſecular prince of darkneſs
Arriv'd to ſeize upon his carcaſs:

℣. 1093.] John Booker was born in Mancheſter, and was a famous aſtrologer in the time of the Civil wars. He was a great acquaintance of Lilly's; and ſo was this Sarah Jimmers, whom Lilly calls *Sarah Shelhorn*, a great ſpeculatrix. He owns he was very familiar with her (*quod nota*) ſo that it is no wonder that the Knight found ſeveral of their knick-knacks in Sidrophel's cabinet.

And as a fox, with hot purſuit
Chas'd thro' a warren, caſts about
To ſave his credit, and among
Dead vermin on a gallows hung,
And while the dogs run underneath,
Eſcap'd (by counterfeiting death)
Not out of cunning, but a train
Of atoms juſtling in his brain,
As learn'd philoſophers give out;
So Sidrophello caſt about,
And fell to's wonted trade again,
To feign himſelf in earneſt ſlain:
Firſt ſtretch'd out one leg, then another,
And ſeeming in his breaſt to ſmother
A broken ſigh; quoth he, Where am I?
Alive, or dead? or which way came I
Thro' ſo immenſe a ſpace ſo ſoon?
But now I thought myſelf i' th' moon,
And that a monſter, with huge whiſkers,
More formidable than a Switzer's,
My body thro' and thro' had drill'd,
And Whachum by my ſide had kill'd,
Had croſs-examin'd both our hoſe,
And plunder'd all we had to loſe;
Look, there he is, I ſee him now,
And feel the place I am run thro':
And there lies Whachum by my ſide
Stone dead, and in his own blood dy'd.

Oh! oh! with that he fetch'd a groan,
And fell again into a ſwoon,
Shut both his eyes, and ſtopt his breath,
And to the life out-acted death,
That Hudibras, to all appearing,
Believ'd him to be dead as herring.
He held it now no longer ſafe
To tarry the return of Ralph,
But rather leave him in the lurch:
Thought he, he has abus'd our Church,
Refus'd to give himſelf one ſirk
To carry on the Public Work;
Deſpis'd our Synod-men like dirt,
And made their Diſcipline his ſport;
Divulg'd the ſecrets of their Claſſes,
And their Conventions prov'd high places;
Diſparag'd their tythe-pigs, as Pagan,
And ſet at nought their cheeſe and bacon;
Rail'd at their Covenant, and jeer'd
Their rev'rend Parſons, to my beard;
For all which ſcandals to be quit
At once, this juncture falls out fit.
I'll make him henceforth to beware,
And tempt my fury if he dare:
He muſt at leaſt hold up his hand,
By twelve free-holders to be ſcann'd,
Who by their ſkill in palmiſtry,
Will quickly read his deſtiny,

And make him glad to read his leſſon,
Or take a turn for't at the Seſſion,
Unleſs his light and gifts prove truer
Than ever yet they did, I'm ſure;
For if he 'ſcape with whipping now,
'Tis more than he can hope to do;
And that will diſengage my Conſcience
Of th' obligation, in his own ſenſe:
I'll make him now by force abide
What he by gentle means deny'd,
To give my honour ſatisfaction,
And right the Brethren in the action.
This being reſolv'd, with equal ſpeed
And conduct he approach'd his ſteed,
And, with activity unwont,
Aſſay'd the lofty beaſt to mount;
Which once atchiev'd, he ſpurr'd, his palfry,
To get from th' enemy and Ralph free;
Left danger, fears, and foes behind,
And beat, at leaſt three lengths, the wind.

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE *

OF HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.

Ecce iterum Criſpinus.-.-.-.-

WELL, Sidrophel, tho' 'tis in vain
To tamper with your crazy brain,
Without trepanning of your ſcull,
As often as the moon's at full,
'Tis not amiſs, ere ye 're giv'n o'er,
To try one deſp'rate med'cine more;
For where your caſe can be no worſe,
The deſp'rat'ſt is the wiſeſt courſe.
Is't poſſible that you, whoſe ears
Are of the tribe of Iſſachar's,
And might (with equal reaſon) either
For merit, or extent of leather,

* This Epiſtle was publiſhed ten years after the Third Canto of this Second Part, to which it is now annexed, namely, in the year 1674.; and is ſaid, in a Key to a burleſque poem of Mr. Butler's, publiſhed 1706, p. 13. to have been occaſioned by Sir Paul Neal, a conceited virtuoſo, and member of the Royal Society, who conſtantly affirmed that Mr. Butler was not the Author of Hudibras, which occaſioned this Epiſtle; and by ſome he has been taken for the real Sidrophel of the Poem. This was the gentleman who, I am told, made a great diſcovery of an elephant in the moon, which, upon examination, proved to be no other than a mouſe which had miſtaken its way, and got into his teleſcope. See Poem, entitled *The Elephant in the Moon*, vol. III.

With William Pryn's, before they were
Retrench'd and crucify'd, compare,
Shou'd yet be deaf againſt a noiſe
So roaring as the public voice?
That ſpeaks your virtues free and loud,
And openly in ev'ry crowd,
As loud as one that ſings his part
T' a wheel-barrow, or turnip-cart,
Or your new nick'd-nam'd old invention
To cry green-Haſtings with an engine;
(As if the vehemence had ſtunn'd,
And torn your drumheads with the ſound)
And 'cauſe your folly's now no news,
But overgrown, and out of uſe,
Perſuade yourſelf there's no ſuch matter,
But that 'tis vaniſh'd out of Nature;
When Folly, as it grows in years,
The more extravagant appears;
For who but you could be poſſeſt
With ſo much ignorance and beaſt,
That neither all men's ſcorn and hate,
Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,
Nor bray'd ſo often in a mortar,
Can teach you wholeſome ſenſe and nurture,
But (like a reprobate) what courſe
Soever us'd, grow worſe and worſe?
Can no tranſfuſion of the blood,
That makes fools cattle, do you good!

Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurſe,
To turn 'em into mongrel-curs,
Put you into a way, at leaſt,
To make yourſelf a better beaſt?
Can all your critical intregues,
Of trying ſound from rotten eggs;
Your ſev'ral new-found remedies,
Of curing wounds and ſcabs in trees;
Your arts of fluxing them for claps,
And purging their infected ſaps;
Recovering ſhankers, cryſtallines,
And nodes and blotches in their rinds,
Have no effect to operate
Upon that duller block, your pate?
But ſtill it muſt be lewdly bent
To tempt your own due puniſhment;
And, like your whimſy'd chariots, draw
The boys to courſe you without law;
As if the art you have ſo long
Profeſs'd, of making old dogs young,
In you had virtue to renew
Not only youth, but childhood too.
Can you, that underſtand all books,
By judging only with your looks,
Reſolve all problems with your face,
As others do with B's and A's;
Unriddle all that mankind knows
With ſolid bending of your brows;

All arts and ſciences advance,
With ſcrewing of your countenance,
And with a penetrating eye,
Into th' abſtruſeſt learning pry;
Know more of any trade b' a hint,
Than thoſe that have been bred up in't,
And yet have no art, true or falſe,
To help your own bad naturals?
But ſtill the more you ſtrive t' appear,
Are found to be the wretcheder:
For fools are known by looking wiſe,
As men find woodcocks by their eyes.
Hence 'tis that 'cauſe ye 'ave gain'd o' th' college
A quarter ſhare (at moſt) of knowledge,
And brought in none, but ſpent repute,
Y' aſſume a pow'r as abſolute
To judge, and cenſure, and control,
As if you were the ſole Sir Poll,
And ſaucily pretend to know
More than your dividend comes to:
You'll find the thing will not be done
With ignorance and face alone:
No, tho' ye 'ave purchas'd to your name,
In hiſtory, ſo great a fame;

V. 91, 92.] Theſe two lines, I think, plainly diſcover that Lilly, and not Sir Paul Neal, was here laſhed under the name of *Sidraphel*; for Lilly's fame abroad was indiſputable. Mr. Strickland, who was many years Agent for the Parliament in Holland, thus publiſhes it: "I came purpoſely in- "to the Committee this day, to ſee the man who is ſo fa-

That now your talent's ſo well known,
For having all belief outgrown,
That ev'ry ſtrange prodigious tale
Is meaſur'd by your German ſcale—
By which the virtuoſi try
The magnitude of ev'ry lie,
Caſt up to what it does amount,
And place the bigg'ſt to your account;
That all thoſe ſtories that are laid
Too truly to you, and thoſe made,
Are now ſtill charg'd upon your ſcore,
And leſſer authors nam'd no more.
Alas! that faculty betrays
Thoſe ſooneſt it deſigns to raiſe;
And all your vain renown will ſpoil,
As guns o'ercharg'd the more recoil;
Tho' he that has but impudence,
To all things has a fair pretence;
And put among his wants but ſhame,
To all the world may lay his claim:

" mous in thoſe parts where I have ſo long continued: I " aſſure you his name is famous all over Europe. I came " to do him juſtice." Lilly is alſo careful to tell us, that the King of Sweden ſent him a gold chain and medal worth about 50*l.* for making honourable mention of his Majeſty in one of his almanacs; which, he ſays, was tranſlated into the language ſpoke at Hamburgh, and printed, and cried about the ſtreets as it was in London. Thus he trumpets to the world the fame he acquired by his infamous practices, if we may credit his own hiſtory.

V. 105.—*Betrays.*] *Deſtroys*, in all the editions I have ſeen.

Tho' you have try'd that nothing's borne
With greater eaſe than public ſcorn,
That all affronts do ſtill give place
To your impenetrable face;
That makes your way thro' all affairs,
As pigs thro' hedges creep with theirs:
Yet as 'tis counterfeit, and braſs,
You muſt not think 'twill always paſs;
For all impoſtors, when they 're known,
Are paſt their labour, and undone:
And all the beſt that can befal
An artificial natural,
Is that which madmen find, as ſoon
As once they 're broke looſe from the moon,
And proof againſt her influence,
Relapſe to e'er ſo little ſenſe,
To turn ſtark fools, and ſubjects fit
For ſport of boys and rabble-wit.

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III. CANTO I.

The Argument.

The Knight and Squire reſolve at once,
The one the other to renounce;
They both approach the Lady's bower,
The Squire t' inform, the Knight to wooe her.
She treats them with a maſquerade,
By Furies and Hobgoblins made;
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
And ſteals him from himſelf by night.

'Tis true no lover has that pow'r
T' enforce a deſperate amour,
As he that has two ſtrings t' his bow,
And burns for love and money too;
For then he's brave and reſolute,
Diſdains to render in his ſuit;

We are now come to the Third Part of Hudibras, which is conſiderably longer than either the Firſt or the Second; and yet can the ſevereſt critic ſay that Mr. Butler grows inſipid in his invention, or fauiters in his judgment? No; he ſtill continues to ſhine in both theſe excellencies; and, to manifeſt the extenſiveneſs of his abilities, he leaves no art untried to ſpin out theſe adventures to a length proportionable to his wit and ſatire. I dare ſay the reader is not weary of him; nor will he be ſo at the concluſion of the Poem: and the reaſon is evident, becauſe this laſt part is as fruitful of wit and humour as the former; and a poetic fire is equally diffuſed through the whole Poem, that burns every where clearly, and every where irreſiſtibly.

Has all his flames and raptures double,
And hangs, or drowns, with half the trouble;
While thoſe who fillily purſue
The ſimple, downright way and true,
Make as unlucky applications,
And fleet againſt the ſtream their paſſions.
Some forge their miſtreſſes of ſtars,
And when the ladies prove averſe,
And more untoward to be won
Than by Caligula the moon,
Cry out upon the ſtars for doing
Ill offices, to croſs their wooing,
When only by themſelves they 're hind'red,
For truſting thoſe they made her kindred,
And ſtill the harſher and hide-bounder
The damſels prove, become the fonder;
For what mad lover ever dy'd
To gain a ſoft and gentle bride?
Or for a lady tender-hearted,
In purling ſtreams or hemp departed?
Leap'd headlong int' Elyſium,
Thro' th' windows of a dazzling room?
But for ſome croſs ill-natur'd dame,
The am'rous fly burnt in his flame.
This to the Knight would be no news,
With all mankind ſo much in uſe,
Who therefore took the wiſer courſe,
To make the moſt of his amours,

Reſolv'd to try all ſorts of ways,
As follows in due time and place.
No ſooner was the bloody fight
Between the Wizard and the Knight,
With all th' appurtenances, over,
But he relaps'd again t' a lover,
As he was always wont to do,
When he 'ad diſcomfited a foe,
And us'd the only antique philters
Deriv'd from old heroic tilters.
But now triumphant, and victorious,
He held th' atchievement was too glorious
For ſuch a conqueror to meddle
With petty conſtable or beadle,
Or fly for refuge to the hoſteſs
Of th' inns of Court and Chancery, Juſtice;
Who might, perhaps, reduce his cauſe
To th' ordeal trial of the laws,
Where none eſcape, but ſuch as branded
With red-hot irons have paſt bare-handed;
And if they cannot read one verſe
I' th' Pſalms, muſt ſing it, and that's worſe.
He, therefore, judging it below him
To tempt a ſhame the dev'l might owe him,
Reſolv'd to leave the Squire for bail
And mainprize for him to the jail,

℣. 43. *And us'd, &c.*] *And us'd as*, in edit. 1638.

To anſwer, with his veſſel, all
That might diſaſtrouſly befal,
And thought it now the fitteſt juncture
To give the Lady a rencounter,
T' acquaint her with his expedition,
And conqueſt o'er the fierce magician;
Deſcribe the manner of the fray,
And ſhew the ſpoils he brought away;
His bloody ſcourging aggravate,
The number of the blows, and weight;
All which might probably ſucceed,
And gain belief he 'ad done the deed:
Which he reſolv'd t' enforce, and ſpare
No pawning of his ſoul to ſwear;
But rather than produce his back,
To ſet his conſcience on the rack;
And in purſuance of his urging
Of articles perform'd, and ſcourging,
And all things elſe, upon his part,
Demand deliv'ry of her heart,
Her goods, and chattels, and good graces,
And perſon, up to his embraces.
Thought he, the ancient errant knights
Won all their ladies' hearts in fights,
And cut whole giants into fritters,
To put them into am'rous twitters;
Whoſe ſtubborn bowels ſcorn'd to yield,
Until their gallants were half kill'd;

But when their bones were drubb'd ſo ſore,
They durſt not wooe one combat more,
The ladies' hearts began to melt,
Subdu'd by blows their lovers felt.
So Spaniſh heroes, with their lances,
At once wound bulls' and ladies' fancies;
And he acquires the nobleſt ſpouſe
That widows greateſt herds of cows;
Then what may I expect to do,
Who 'ave quell'd ſo vaſt a buffalo?
Mean while the Squire was on his way,
The Knight's late orders to obey;
Who ſent him for a ſtrong detachment
Of beadles, conſtables, and watchmen,
T' attack the cunning-man, for plunder
Committed falſely on his lumber;
When he, who had ſo lately ſack'd
The enemy, had done the fact,
Had rifled all his pokes and fobs
Of gimcracks, whims, and jiggumbobs,
Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,
And for his own inventions father'd;
And when they ſhou'd, at gaol delivery,
Unriddle one another's thievery,
Both might have evidence enough
To render neither halter-proof:
He thought it deſperate to tarry,
And venture to be acceſſary;

But rather wiſely ſlip his fetters,
And leave them for the Knight, his betters.
He call'd to mind th' unjuſt foul play
He would have offer'd him that day,
To make him curry his own hide,
Which no beaſt ever did beſide,
Without all poſſible evaſion,
But of the riding diſpenſation:
And therefore much about the hour
The Knight (for reaſons told before)
Reſolv'd to leave him to the fury
Of Juſtice, and an unpack'd jury,
The Squire concurr'd t' abandon him,
And ſerve him in the ſelf-ſame trim;
T' acquaint the Lady what he 'ad done,
And what he meant to carry on;
What project 't was he went about,
When Sidrophel and he fell out;
His firm and ſtedfaſt reſolution,
To ſwear her to an execution;
To pawn his inward ears to marry her,
And bribe the devil himſelf to carry her;
In which both dealt, as if they meant
Their party-ſaints to repreſent,
Who never fail'd, upon their ſharing
In any proſperous arms-bearing,
To lay themſelves out, to ſupplant
Each other couſin-german ſaint.

But ere the Knight could do his part,
The Squire had got ſo much the ſtart,
He 'ad to the Lady done his errand,
And told her all his tricks aforehand.
Juſt as he finiſh'd his report,
The Knight alighted in the court,
And having ty'd his beaſt t' a pale,
And taking time for both to ſtale,
He put his band and beard in order,
The ſprucer to accoſt and board her:
And now began t' approach the door,
When ſhe, wh' had ſpy'd him out before,
Convey'd th' informer out of ſight,
And went to entertain the Knight;
With whom encount'ring, after longees
Of humble and ſubmiſſive congees,
And all due ceremonies paid,
He ſtroak'd his beard, and thus he ſaid:
  Madam, I do, as is my duty,
Honour the ſhadow of your ſhoe-tye;
And now am come, to bring your ear
A preſent you'll be glad to hear;
At leaſt I hope ſo: the thing's done,
Or may I never ſee the ſun;
For which I humbly now demand
Performance at your gentle hand;
And that you'd pleaſe to do your part,
As I have done mine, to my ſmart.

With that he ſhrugg'd his ſturdy back,
As if he felt his ſhoulders ake:
But ſhe, who well enough knew what
(Before he ſpoke) he would be at,
Pretended not to apprehend
The myſtery of what he meân'd,
And therefore wiſh'd him to expound
His dark expreſſions leſs profound.
Madam, quoth he, I come to prove
How much I've ſuffer'd for your love,
Which (like your votary) to win,
I have not ſpar'd my tatter'd ſkin;
And, for thoſe meritorious laſhes,
To claim your favour and good graces.
Quoth ſhe, I do remember once
I freed you from th' inchanted ſconce,
And that you promis'd, for that favour,
To bind your back to th' good behaviour,
And for my ſake and ſervice, vow'd
To lay upon't a heavy load,
And what 't would bear t' a ſcruple prove,
As other knights do oft make love;
Which whether you have done or no
Concerns yourſelf, not me, to know;
But if you have, I ſhall confeſs
Y' are honeſter than I could gueſs.
Quoth he, If you ſuſpect my troth,
I cannot prove it but by oath;

And if you make a queſtion on't,
I'll pawn my ſoul that I have don't:
And he that makes his ſoul his ſurety,
I think, does give the beſt ſecur'ty.
Quoth ſhe, Some ſay the ſoul's ſecure
Againſt diſtreſs and forfeiture;
Is free from action, and exempt
From execution and contempt;
And to be ſummon'd to appear
In th' other world 's illegal here,
And therefore few make any account
Int' what incumbrances they run't:
For moſt men carry things ſo even
Between this world, and hell, and heaven,
Without the leaſt offence to either,
They freely deal in all together,
And equally abhor to quit
This world for both, or both for it;
And when they pawn and damn their ſouls,
They are but pris'ners on paroles.
For that, quoth he, 'tis rational,
They may b' accomptable in all:
For when there is that intercourſe
Between divine and human pow'rs,
That all that we determine here
Commands obedience every where;
When penalties may be commuted
For fines, or ears, and executed,

It follows nothing binds ſo faſt
As ſouls in pawn and mortgage paſt:
For oaths are th' only teſts and ſeals
Of right and wrong, and true and falſe;
And there's no other way to try
The doubts of law and juſtice by.
Quoth ſhe, What is it you would ſwear?
There's no believing till I hear:
For 'till they 're underſtood, all tales
(Like nonſenſe) are not true nor falſe.
Quoth he, When I reſolv'd t' obey
What you commanded th' other day,
And to perform my exerciſe,
(As ſchools are wont) for your fair eyes,
T' avoid all ſcruples in the caſe,
I went to do't upon the place;
But as the caſtle is inchanted
By Sidrophel the witch, and haunted
With evil ſpirits, as you know,
Who took my Squire and me for two,
Before I'd hardly time to lay
My weapons by, and diſarray,
I heard a formidable noiſe,
Loud as the Stentrophonic voice,
That roar'd far off, Diſpatch, and ſtrip,
I'm ready with th' infernal whip,
That ſhall diveſt thy ribs of ſkin,
To expiate thy ling'ring ſin;

Thou 'aſt broke perfidiouſly thy oath,
And not perform'd thy plighted troth,
But ſpar'd thy renegado back,
Where thou 'adſt ſo great a prize at ſtake,
Which now the Fates have order'd me,
For penance and revenge, to flea,
Unleſs thou preſently make haſte;
Time is, time was: and there it ceaſt.
With which, tho' ſtartled, I confeſs,
Yet th' horror of the thing was leſs
Than th' other diſmal apprehenſion
Of interruption or prevention;
And therefore ſnatching up the rod,
I laid upon my back a load,
Reſolv'd to ſpare no fleſh and blood,
To make my word and honour good;
Till tir'd, and taking truce at length,
For new recruits of breath and ſtrength,
I felt the blows ſtill ply'd as faſt,
As if they 'ad been by lovers plac'd,
In raptures of Platonic laſhing,
And chaſte contemplative bardaſhing;
When facing haſtily about,
To ſtand upon my guard and ſcout,
I found th' infernal cunning-man,
And th' under-witch, his Caliban,
With ſcourges (like the Furies) arm'd,
That on my outward quarters ſtorm'd.

In haſte I ſnatch'd my weapon up,
And gave their helliſh rage a ſtop;
Call'd thrice upon your name, and fell
Courageouſly on Sidrophel,
Who now, transform'd himſelf t' a bear,
Began to roar aloud and tear;
When I as furiouſly preſs'd on,
My weapon down his throat to run,
Laid hold on him, but he broke looſe,
And turn'd himſelf into a gooſe,
Div'd under water, in a pound,
To hide himſelf from being found.
In vain I ſought him; but as ſoon
As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
Prepar'd, with equal haſte and rage,
His under-ſorc'rer t' engage;
But bravely ſcorning to defile
My ſword with feeble blood, and vile,
I judg'd it better from a quick-
Set hedge to cut a knotted ſtick,
With which I furiouſly laid on,
Till in a harſh and doleful tone
It roar'd, O hold, for pity, Sir;
I am too great a ſufferer,
Abus'd, as you have been, b' a witch,
But conjur'd int' a worſe caprich,
Who ſends me out on many a jaunt,
Old houſes in the night to haunt,

For opportunities t' improve
Deſigns of thievery or love;
With drugs convey'd in drink or meat,
All feats of witches counterfeit,
Kill pigs and geeſe with powder'd glaſs,
And make it for inchantment paſs;
With cow-itch meazle like a leper,
And choke with fumes of Guiney pepper;
Make lechers, and their punks, with dewtry,
Commit phantaſtical advowtry;
Bewitch Hermetic-men to run
Stark ſtaring mad with manicon;
Believe mechanic virtuoſi
Can raiſe 'em mountains in Potoſi;
And, ſillier than the antic fools,
Take treaſure for a heap of coals;
Seek out for plants with ſignatures,
To quack off univerſal cures;
With figures ground on panes of glaſs,
Make people on their heads to paſs;
And mighty heaps of coin increaſe,
Reflected from a ſingle piece;
To draw in fools, whoſe nat'ral itches
Incline perpetually to witches,
And keep me in continual fears,
And danger of my neck and ears;
When leſs delinquents have been ſcourg'd,
And hemp on wooden anvils forg'd,

Which others for cravats have worn
About their necks, and took a turn.
I pity'd the ſad puniſhment
The wretched caitiff underwent,
And held my drubbing of his bones
Too great an honour for pultrones;
For knights are bound to feel no blows
From paltry and unequal foes,
Who, when they ſlaſh, and cut to pieces,
Do all with civilleſt addreſſes:
Their horſes never give a blow,
But when they make a leg and bow.
I therefore ſpar'd his fleſh, and preſt him
About the witch with many a queſt'on.
Quoth he, For many years he drove
A kind of broking-trade in love,
Employ'd in all th' intrigues, and truſt,
Of feeble ſpeculative luſt;
Procurer to th' extravagancy
And crazy ribaldry of fancy,
By thoſe the devil had forſook,
As things below him, to provoke;
But b'ing a virtuoſo, able
To ſmatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,
He held his talent moſt adroit,
For any myſtical exploit,
As others of his tribe had done,
And rais'd their prices three to one;

For one predicting pimp has th' odds
Of chaldrons of plain downright bawds.
But as an elf (the dev'l's valet)
Is not ſo ſlight a thing to get,
For thoſe that do his bus'neſs beſt,
In hell are us'd the ruggedeſt,
Before ſo meriting a perſon
Cou'd get a grant, but in reverſion,
He ſerv'd two 'prenticeſhips, and longer,
I' th' myſt'ry of a lady-monger.
For (as ſome write) a witch's ghoſt,
As ſoon as from the body looſt,
Becomes a puiney imp itſelf,
And is another's witch's elf,
He, after ſearching far and near,
At length found one in Lancaſhire,
With whom he bargain'd beforehand,
And, after hanging, entertain'd:
Since which he 'as play'd a thouſand feats,
And practis'd all mechanic cheats;
Transform'd himſelf to th' ugly ſhapes
Of wolves, and bears, baboons, and apes,
Which he has vary'd more than witches,
Or Pharoah's wizards, cou'd their ſwitches;
And all with whom he 'as had to do,
Turn'd to as monſtrous figures too;
Witneſs myſelf, whom he 'as abus'd,
And to this beaſtly ſhape reduc'd,

By feeding me on beans and peaſe
He crams in naſty crevices,
And turns to comfits by his arts,
To make me reliſh for deſerts,
And one by one, with ſhame and fear,
Lick up the candy'd provender.
Beſide—But as h' was running on,
To tell what other feats he 'ad done,
The Lady ſtopt his full career,
And told him now 'twas time to hear.
If half thoſe things (ſaid ſhe) be true,
(They 're all, (quoth he) I ſwear by you)
Why then, ſaid ſhe, that Sidrophel
Has damn'd himſelf to th' pit of hell,
Who, mounted on a broom, the nag
And hackney of a Lapland hag,
In queſt of you came hither poſt,
Within an hour (I'm ſure) at moſt,
Who told me all you ſwear and ſay,
Quite contrary another way;
Vow'd that you came to him, to know
If you ſhou'd carry me or no,
And would have hir'd him and his imps,
To be your match-makers and pimps,
T' engage the devil on your ſide,
And ſteal (like Proſerpine) your bride;
But he diſdaining to embrace
So filthy a deſign and baſe,

You fell to vapouring and huffing,
And drew upon him like a ruffin;
Surpriz'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
Before he 'ad time to mount his guard,
And left him dead upon the ground,
With many a bruiſe and deſp'rate wound;
Swore you had broke and robb'd his houſe,
And ſtole his taliſmanique louſe,
And all his new-found old inventions,
With flat felonious intentions,
Which he could bring out where he had,
And what he bought them for, and paid:
His flea, his morpion, and puneſe,
He 'ad gotten for his proper eaſe,
And all in perfect minutes made,
By th' ableſt artiſt of the trade;
Which (he could prove it) ſince he loſt,
He has been eaten up almoſt,
And altogether might amount
To many hundreds on account;
For which he 'ad got ſufficient warrant
To ſeize the malefactors errant,
Without capacity of bail,
But of a cart's or horſe's tail;
And did not doubt to bring the wretches
To ſerve for pendulums to watches,
Which, modern virtuoſi ſay,
Incline to hanging every way.

Beſide, he ſwore, and ſwore 'twas true,
That ere he went in queſt of you,
He ſet a figure to diſcover
If you were fled to Rye or Dover,
And found it clear that, to betray
Yourſelves and me, you fled this way,
And that he was upon purſuit,
To take you ſomewhere hereabout.
He vow'd he had intelligence
Of all that paſs'd before and ſince,
And found that, ere you came to him,
Y' had been engaging life and limb
About a caſe of tender conſcience,
Where both abounded in your own ſenſe,
Till Ralpho, by his light and grace,
Had clear'd all ſcruples in the caſe,
And prov'd that you might ſwear and own
Whatever's by the Wicked done,
For which, moſt baſely to requite
The ſervice of his gifts and light,
You ſtrove t' oblige him, by main force,
To ſcourge his ribs inſtead of your's,
But that he ſtood upon his guard,
And all your vapouring outdar'd;
For which, between you both, the feat
Has never been perform'd as yet.
While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
Turn'd th' outſide of his eyes to white;

(As men of inward light are wont
To turn their optics in upon't)
He wonder'd how ſhe came to know
What he had done, and meant to do;
Held up his affidavit-hand,
As if he 'ad been to be arraign'd;
Caſt towards the door a ghaſtly look,
In dread of Sidrophel, and ſpoke:
Madam, if but one word be true
Of all the wizard has told you,
Or but one ſingle circumſtance
In all th' apocryphal romance,
May dreadful earthquakes ſwallow down
This veſſel, that is all your own;
Or may the heavens fall, and cover
Theſe reliques of your conſtant lover.
You have provided well, (quoth ſhe)
(I thank you) for yourſelf and me,
And ſhewn your Preſbyterian wits
Jump punctual with the Jeſuits;
A moſt compendious way, and civil,
At once to cheat the world, the devil,
And heaven and hell, yourſelves, and thoſe
On whom you vainly think t' impoſe.
Why then, (quoth he) may hell ſurpriſe
That trick (ſaid ſhe) will not paſs twice;
I've learn'd how far I'm to believe
Your pinning oaths upon your ſleeve;

But there's a better way of clearing
What you would prove, than downright ſwearing;
For if you have perform'd the feat,
The blows are viſible as yet,
Enough to ſerve for ſatisfaction
Of niceſt ſcruples in the action;
And if you can produce thoſe knobs,
Altho' they're but the witch's drubs,
I'll paſs them all upon account,
As if your nat'ral ſelf had don't;
Provided that they paſs th' opinion
Of able juries of old women,
Who, us'd to judge all matter of facts
For bellies, may do ſo for backs.
Madam, (quoth he) your love's a million,
To do is leſs than to be willing,
As I am, were it in my power,
T' obey what you command, and more;
But for performing what you bid,
I thank you as much as if I did.
You know I ought to have a care,
To keep my wounds from taking air;
For wounds in thoſe that are all heart,
Are dangerous in any part.
I find (quoth ſhe) my goods and chattels
Are like to prove but mere drawn battels;
For ſtill the longer we contend,
We are but farther off the end;

But granting now we ſhould agree,
What is it you expect from me?
Your plighted faith (quoth he) and word
You paſt in heaven on record,
Where all contracts, to have and t' hold,
Are everlaſtingly enroll'd;
And if 'tis counted treaſon here
To raze records, 'tis much more there.
Quoth ſhe, There are no bargains driv'n,
Nor marriages clapp'd up, in heav'n,
And that's the reaſon, as ſome gueſs,
There is no heav'n in marriages;
Two things that naturally preſs
Too narrowly, to be at eaſe;
Their bus'neſs there is only love,
Which marriage is not like t' improve;
Love, that's too gen'rous t' abide
To be againſt its nature ty'd;
For where 'tis of itſelf inclin'd,
It breaks looſe when it is confin'd,
And like the ſoul, its harbourer,
Debarr'd the freedom of the air,
Diſdains againſt its will to ſtay,
But ſtruggles out, and flies away;
And therefore never can comply
T' endure the matrimonial tye,
That binds the female and the male,
Where th' one is but the other's bail;

Like Roman gaolers, when they ſlept,
Chain'd to the priſoners they kept,
Of which the true and faithfull'ſt lover
Gives beſt ſecurity to ſuffer.
Marriage is but a beaſt, ſome ſay,
That carries double in foul way,
And therefore 'tis not to b' admir'd
It ſhould ſo ſuddenly be tir'd;
A bargain, at a venture made,
Between two partners in a trade;
(For what's inferr'd by t' have and t' hold,
But ſomething paſt away, and ſold?)
That, as it makes but one of two,
Reduces all things elſe as low,
And at the beſt is but a mart
Between the one and th' other part,
That on the marriage-day is paid,
Or hour of death, the bet is laid;
And all the reſt of better or worſe,
Both are but loſers out of purſe:
For when upon their ungot heirs
Th' entail themſelves, and all that's theirs,
What blinder bargain e'er was driv'n,
Or wager laid at ſix and ſeven?
To paſs themſelves away, and turn
Their children's tenants ere they 're born?
Beg one another idiot
To guardians, ere they are begot;

Or ever ſhall, perhaps, by th' one
Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,
Tho' got b' implicit generation,
And gen'ral club of all the nation;
For which ſhe's fortify'd no leſs
Than all the iſland, with four ſeas;
Exacts the tribute of her dower,
In ready inſolence and power,
And makes him paſs away, to have
And hold, to her, himſelf, her ſlave,
More wretched than an ancient villain,
Condemn'd to drudgery and tilling;
While all he does upon the by,
She is not bound to juſtify,
Nor at her proper coſt and charge
Maintain the feats he does at large.
Such hideous ſots were thoſe obedient
Old vaſſals to their ladies regent,
To give the cheats the eldeſt hand
In foul play by the laws o' th' land,
For which ſo many a legal cuckold
Has been run down in courts, and truckel'd:
A law that moſt unjuſtly yokes
All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Noakes,
Without diſtinction of degree,
Condition, age, or quality;
Admits no pow'r of revocation,
Nor valuable conſideration,

Nor writ of Error, nor reverſe
Of judgment paſt, for better or worſe;
Will not allow the privileges
That beggars challenge under hedges,
Who, when they 're griev'd, can make dead horſes
Their ſp'ritual judges of divorces,
While nothing elſe but *rem* in *re*
Can ſet the proudeſt wretches free;
A ſlavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of their own procuring.
As ſpiders never ſeek the fly,
But leave him, of himſelf, t' apply;
So men are by themſelves employ'd,
To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,
And run their necks into a nooſe,
They'd break 'em after to break looſe.
As ſome whom death would not depart,
Have done the feat themſelves by art:
Like Indian widows, gone to bed,
In flaming curtains, to the dead;
And men as often dangled for't,
And yet will never leave the ſport.
Nor do the ladies want excuſe
For all the ſtratagems they uſe,
To gain th' advantage of the ſet,
And lurch the amorous rook and cheat.
For as the Pythagorean ſoul
Runs thro' all beaſts, and fiſh, and fowl,

And has a ſmack of ev'ry one,
So love does, and has ever done;
And therefore tho' 'tis ne'er ſo fond,
Takes ſtrangely to the vagabond.
'Tis but an ague that's reverſt,
Whoſe hot fit takes the patient firſt,
That after burns with cold as much
As iron in Greenland does the touch;
Melts in the furnace of deſire,
Like glaſs, that's but the ice of fire;
And when his heat of fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a lover:
For when he's with love-powder laden,
And prim'd and cock'd by Miſs or Madam,
The ſmalleſt ſparkle of an eye
Gives fire to his artillery,
And off the loud oaths go, but, while
They 're in the very act, recoil:
Hence 'tis ſo few dare take their chance
Without a ſep'rate maintenance;
And widows, who have try'd one lover,
Truſt none again till they 'ave made over;
Or if they do, before they marry,
The foxes weigh the geeſe they carry,
And ere they venture o'er a ſtream,
Know how to ſize themſelves and them.
Whence wittieſt ladies always chuſe
To undertake the heavieſt gooſe:

For now the world is grown ſo wary,
That few of either ſex dare marry,
But rather truſt, on tick, t' amours,
The croſs and pile for better or worſe;
A mode that is held honourable
As well as French, and faſhionable:
For when it falls out for the beſt,
Where both are incommoded leaſt,
In ſoul and body two unite
To make up one hermaphrodite,
Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a ſhilling,
They 'ave more punctilio's and capriches
Between the petticoat and breeches,
More petulant extravagances,
Than poets make 'em in romances;
Tho' when their heroes 'ſpouſe the dames,
We hear no more of charms and flames;
For then their late attracts decline,
And turn as eager as prick'd wine,
And all their catterwauling tricks,
In earneſt to as jealous piques,
Which th' Ancients wiſely ſignify'd
By th' yellow mantos of the bride:
For jealouſy is but a kind
Of clap and grincam of the mind,
The natural effects of love,
As other flames and aches prove;

But all the miſchief is, the doubt
On whoſe account they firſt broke out.
For tho' Chineſes go to bed,
And lie-in in their ladies' ſtead,
And, for the pains they took before,
Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more,
Our green-men do it worſe, when th' hap
To fall in labour of a clap;
Both lay the child to one another,
But who's the father, who the mother,
'Tis hard to ſay in multitudes,
Or who imported the French goods.
But health and ſickneſs b'ing all one,
Which both engag'd before to own,
And are not with their bodies bound
To worſhip, only when they 're found,
Both give and take their equal ſhares
Of all they ſuffer by falſe wares;
A fate no lover can divert
With all his caution, wit, and art:
For 'tis in vain to think to gueſs
At women by appearances,
That paint and patch their imperfections
Of intellectual complexions,
And daub their tempers o'er with waſhes
As artificial as their faces;
Wear under vizard-maſks their talents,
And mother-wits before their gallants;

Until they 're hamper'd in the nooſe,
Too faſt to dream of breaking looſe;
When all the flaws they ſtrove to hide
Are made unready with the bride,
That with her wedding-clothes undreſſes
Her complaiſance and gentileſſes;
Tries all her arts to take upon her
The government, from th' eaſy owner;
Until the wretch is glad to wave
His lawful right, and turn her ſlave;
Find all his having and his holding,
Reduc'd t' eternal noiſe and ſcolding;
The conjugal petard, that tears
Down all portcullices of ears,
And makes the volly of one tongue
For all their leathern ſhields too ſtrong;
When only arm'd with noiſe and nails,
The female ſilk-worms ride the males,
Transform 'em into rams and goats
Like Syrens, with their charming notes;
Sweet as a ſcreech-owl's ſerenade,
Or thoſe enchanting murmurs made
By th' huſband mandrake, and the wife,
Both bury'd (like themſelves) alive.
Quoth he, Theſe reaſons are but ſtrains
Of wanton over-heated brains,
Which ralliers in their wit or drink
Do rather wheedle with than think.

Man was not man in Paradiſe,
Until he was created twice,
And had his better half, his bride,
Carv'd from th' original, his ſide,
T' amend his natural defects,
And perfect his recruiting ſex;
Enlarge his breed, at once, and leſſen
The pains and labour of increaſing,
By changing them for other cares,
As by his dry'd-up paps appears.
His body, that ſtupendous frame,
Of all the world the anagram,
Is of two equal parts compact,
In ſhape and ſymmetry exact,
Of which the left and female ſide
Is to the manly right a bride,
Both join'd together with ſuch art,
That nothing elſe but death can part.
Thoſe heav'nly attracts of your's, your eyes,
And face, that all the world ſurpriſe,
That dazzle all that look upon ye,
And ſcorch all other ladies tawny;
Thoſe raviſhing and charming graces,
Are all made up of two half faces
That, in a mathematic line,
Like thoſe in other heavens, join;
Of which, if either grew alone,
'Twould fright as much to look upon;

And ſo would that ſweet bud, your lip,
Without the other's fellowſhip.
Our nobleſt ſenſes act by pairs,
Two eyes to ſee, to hear two ears;
Th' intelligencers of the mind,
To wait upon the ſoul deſign'd:
But thoſe that ſerve the body' alone
Are ſingle and confin'd to one.
The world is but two parts, that meet
And cloſe at th' equinoctial fit;
And ſo are all the works of Nature,
Stamp'd with her ſignature on matter;
Which all her creatures, to a leaf,
Or ſmalleſt blade of graſs, receive.
All which ſufficiently declare
How entirely marriage is her care,
The only method that ſhe uſes
In all the wonders ſhe produces;
And thoſe that take their rules from her
Can never be deceiv'd nor err:
For what ſecures the civil life,
But pawns of children, and a wife?
That lie, like hoſtages, at ſtake,
To pay for all men undertake;
To whom it is as neceſſary,
As to be born and breathe, to marry;
So univerſal, all mankind
In nothing elſe is of one mind:

For in what ſtupid age or nation
Was marriage ever out of faſhion?
Unleſs among the Amazons,
Or cloiſter'd Friars and Veſtal nuns,
Or Stoics, who, to bar the freaks
And looſe exceſſes of the ſex,
Prepoſt'rouſly would have all women
Turn'd up to all the world in common;
Tho' men would find ſuch mortal feuds
In ſharing of their public goods,
'Twould put them to more charge of lives,
Than they 're ſupply'd with now by wives,
Until they graze, and wear their clothes,
As beaſts do, of their native growths;
For ſimple wearing of their horns
Will not ſuffice to ſerve their turns.
For what can we pretend t' inherit,
Unleſs the marriage-deed will bear it?
Could claim no right to lands or rents,
But for our parents' ſettlements;
Had been but younger ſons o' th' earth,
Debarr'd it all, but for our birth.
What honours, or eſtates of peers,
Could be preſerv'd but by their heirs?
And what ſecurity maintains
Their right and title, but the banns?
What crowns could be hereditary,
If greateſt monarchs did not marry,

And with their conſorts conſummate
Their weightieſt intereſts of ſtate?
For all the amours of princes are
But guarantees of peace or war.
Or what but marriage has a charm,
The rage of empires to diſarm?
Make blood and deſolation ceaſe,
And fire and ſword unite in peace,
When all their fierce conteſts for forage
Conclude in articles of marriage?
Nor does the genial bed provide
Leſs for the int'reſts of the bride,
Who elſe had not the leaſt pretence
T' as much as due benevolence;
Could no more title take upon her
To virtue, quality, and honour,
Than ladies errant unconfin'd,
And feme-coverts t' all mankind.
All women would be of one piece,
The virtuous matron, and the miſs;
The nymphs of chaſte Diana's train,
The ſame with thoſe in Lewkner's lane,
But for the diff'rence marriage makes
'Twixt wives and ladies of the Lakes:
Beſides the joys of place and birth,
The ſex's paradiſe on earth,
A privilege ſo ſacred held,
That none will to their mothers yield,

But rather than not go before,
Abandon heaven at the door:
And if th' indulgent law allows
A greater freedom to the ſpouſe,
The reaſon is, becauſe the wife
Runs greater hazards of her life;
Is truſted with the form and matter
Of all mankind, by careful Nature,
Where man brings nothing but the ſtuff
She frames the wondrous fabric of;
Who therefore, in a ſtrait, may freely
Demand the clergy of her belly,
And make it ſave her the ſame way
It ſeldom miſſes to betray,
Unleſs both parties wiſely enter
Into the Liturgy indenture.
And tho' ſome fits of ſmall conteſt
Sometimes fall out among the beſt,
That is no more than ev'ry lover
Does from his hackney-lady ſuffer;
That makes no breach of faith and love,
But rather (ſometimes) ſerves t' improve:
For as, in running, ev'ry pace
Is but between two legs a race,
In which both do their uttermoſt
To get before and win the poſt,
Yet when they 're at their races' ends,
They 're ſtill as kind and conſtant friends,

And, to relieve their wearineſs,
By turns give one another eaſe;
So all thoſe falſe alarms of ſtrife
Between the huſband and the wife,
And little quarrels, often prove
To be but new recruits of love,
When thoſe who 're always kind or coy,
In time muſt either tire or cloy.
Nor are the loudeſt clamours more
Than as they 're reliſh'd ſweet or ſour;
Like muſic that proves bad or good,
According as 'tis underſtood.
In all amours a lover burns
With frowns, as well as ſmiles, by turns;
And hearts have been as oft with ſullen
As charming looks ſurpris'd and ſtolen:
Then why ſhould more bewitching clamour
Some lovers not as much enamour?
For diſcords make the ſweeteſt airs,
And curſes are a kind of pray'rs;
Two ſlight alloys for all thoſe grand
Felicities by marriage gain'd:
For nothing elſe has pow'r to ſettle
Th' intereſts of love perpetual;
An act and deed that makes one heart
Become another's counter-part,
And paſſes fines on faith and love,
Inroll'd and regiſter'd above,

To ſeal the ſlippery knots of vows,
Which nothing elſe but death can looſe.
And what ſecurity's too ſtrong
To guard that gentle heart from wrong,
That to its friend is glad to paſs
Itſelf away, and all it has,
And, like an anchorite, gives over
This world, for the heav'n of a lover?
I grant (quoth ſhe) there are ſome few
Who take that courſe, and find it true,
But millions whom the ſame does ſentence
To heav'n b' another way, repentance.
Love's arrows are but ſhot at rovers,
Tho' all they hit they turn to lovers,
And all the weighty conſequents
Depend upon more blind events
Than gameſters, when they play a ſet
With greateſt cunning at Piquet,
Put out with caution, but take in
They know not what, unſight, unſeen.
For what do lovers, when they 're faſt
In one another's arms embrac'd,
But ſtrive to plunder, and convey
Each other, like a prize, away?
To change the property of ſelves,
As ſucking children are by elves?
And if they uſe their perſons ſo,
What will they to their fortunes do?

Their fortunes! the perpetual aims
Of all their ecſtaſies and flames.
For when the money's on the book,
And *All my worldly goods*—but ſpoke,
(The formal livery and ſeiſin
That puts a lover in poſſeſſion)
To that alone the bridegroom's wedded,
The bride a flam that's ſuperſeded:
To that their faith is ſtill made good,
And all the oaths to us they vow'd;
For when we once reſign our pow'rs,
We 'ave nothing left we can call ours:
Our money's now become the Miſs
Of all your lives and ſervices,
And we forſaken and poſtpon'd,
But bawds to what before we own'd;
Which as it made y' at firſt gallant us,
So now hires others to ſupplant us,
Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors
(As we had been) for new amours.
For what did ever heireſs yet,
By being born to lordſhips, get?
When, the more lady ſhe's of manors,
She's but expos'd to more trepanners,
Pays for their projects and deſigns,
And for her own deſtruction fines;
And does but tempt them with her riches,
To uſe her as the dev'l does witches,

Who takes it for a ſpecial grace
To be their cully for a ſpace,
That, when the time's expir'd, the drazels
For ever may become his vaſſals:
So ſhe, bewitch'd by rooks and ſpirits,
Betrays herſelf, and all ſh' inherits;
Is bought and ſold, like ſtolen goods,
By pimps, and match-makers, and bawds;
Until they force her to convey,
And ſteal the thief himſelf away.
Theſe are the everlaſting fruits
Of all your paſſionate love-ſuits,
Th' effects of all your am'rous fancies,
To portions and inheritances;
Your love-ſick rapture, for fruition
Of dowry, jointure, and tuition;
To which you make addreſs and courtſhip,
And with your bodies ſtrive to worſhip,
That th' infant's fortunes may partake
Of love too, for the mother's ſake.
For theſe you play at purpoſes,
And love your love's with A's and B's;
For theſe at Beſte and L'Ombre wooe,
And play for love and money too;
Strive who ſhall be the ableſt man
At right gallanting of a fan;
And who the moſt genteely bred
At ſucking of a vizard-bead;

How beſt t' accoſt us in all quarters,
T' our queſtion-and-command new garters;
And ſolidly diſcourſe upon
All ſorts of dreſſes *pro* and *con*:
For there's no myſtery nor trade,
But in the art of love is made;
And when you have more debts to pay
Than Michaelmas and Lady-day,
And no way poſſible to do't
But love and oaths, and reſtleſs ſuit,
To us y' apply, to pay the ſcores
Of all your cully'd paſt amours;
Act o'er your flames and darts again,
And charge us with your wounds and pain;
Which others' influences long ſince
Have charm'd your noſes with, and ſhins;
For which the ſurgeon is unpaid,
And like to be, without our aid.
Lord! what an am'rous thing is want!
How debts and mortgages inchant!
What graces muſt that lady have,
That can from executions ſave!
What charms, that can reverſe extent,
And null decree and exigent!
What magical attracts, and graces,
That can redeem from *Scire facias!*
From bonds and ſtatutes can diſcharge,
And from contempts of courts enlarge!

Theſe are the higheſt excellences
Of all your true or falſe pretences;
And you would damn yourſelves, and ſwear
As much t' an hoſteſs dowager,
Grown fat and purſy by retail
Of pots of beer and bottled ale,
And find her fitter for your turn,
For fat is wondrous apt to burn;
Who at your flames would ſoon take fire,
Relent, and melt to your deſire,
And, like a candle in the ſocket,
Diſſolve her graces int' your pocket.
By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
When they' heard a knocking at the gate,
Laid on in haſte, with ſuch a powder,
The blows grew louder ſtill and louder;

℣. 1053, 1054.] Two days were but yet paſſed ſince the beginning of theſe adventures; we are now entering into the night wherein happened the moſt remarkable action in the whole Poem. Mr. Butler, in this piece of management, imitated Homer and Virgil, who are equally celebrated for their night-adventures. But who are the perſons that knock at the gate? probably two of the Lady's own ſervants: for as ſhe and Ralpho (who all the time lay in ambuſcade) had been deſcanting on the Knight's villanies, ſo they had undoubtedly laid this ſcheme to be revenged of him; the ſervants were diſguiſed, and acted in a bold and hectoring manner, purſuant to the inſtructions given them by the Widow. The Knight was to be made believe they were Sidrophel and Whachum, which made his fright and conſternation ſo great, that we find him falling into a ſwoon.

Which Hudibras, as if they 'ad been,
Beſtow'd as freely on his ſkin,
Expounding by his inward light,
Or rather more prophetic fright,
To be the Wizard, come to ſearch,
And take him napping in the lurch,
Turn'd pale as aſhes, or a clout,
But why, or wherefore, is a doubt:
For men will tremble, and turn paler,
With too much or too little valour.
His heart laid on, as if it try'd
To force a paſſage thro' his ſide,
Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em,
But in a fury to fly at 'em;
And therefore beat, and laid about,
To find a cranny to creep out.
But ſhe who ſaw in what a taking
The Knight was by his furious quaking,
Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight,
Know I'm reſolv'd to break no rite
Of hoſpital'ty to a ſtranger,
But, to ſecure you out of danger,
Will here myſelf ſtand ſentinel,
To guard this paſs 'gainſt Sidrophel:
Women, you know, do ſeldom fail
To make the ſtouteſt men turn tail,
And bravely ſcorn to turn their backs,
Upon the deſp'rateſt attacks.

At this the Knight grew reſolute
As Ironſide, or Hardiknute;
His fortitude began to rally,
And out he cry'd aloud to ſally;
But ſhe beſought him to convey
His courage rather out o' th' way,
And lodge in ambuſh on the floor,
Or fortify'd behind a door,
That, if the enemy ſhould enter,
He might relieve her in th' adventure.
Mean while they knock'd againſt the door,
As fierce as at the gate before;
Which made the renegado Knight
Relapſe again t' his former fright.
He thought it deſperate to ſtay
Till th' enemy had forc'd his way,
But rather poſt himſelf, to ſerve
The Lady for a freſh reſerve.
His duty was not to diſpute,
But what ſhe 'ad order'd execute;
Which he reſolv'd in haſte t' obey,
And therefore ſtoutly march'd away,
And all h' encounter'd fell upon,
Tho' in the dark, and all alone;
Till fear, that braver feats performs
Than ever courage dar'd in arms,

℣. 1086.] Two famous and valiant princes of this country, the one a Saxon, the other a Dane.

Had drawn him up before a paſs,
To ſtand upon his guard, and face:
This he courageouſly invaded,
And, having enter'd, barricadoed;
Inſconc'd himſelf as formidable
As could be underneath a table,
Where he lay down in ambuſh cloſe,
T' expect th' arrival of his foes.
Few minutes he had lain *perdue*,
To guard his deſp'rate avenue,
Before he heard a dreadful ſhout,
As loud as putting to the rout,
With which impatiently alarm'd,
He fancy'd th' enemy had ſtorm'd,
And, after ent'ring, Sidrophel
Was fall'n upon the guards pell-mell:
He therefore ſent out all his ſenſes
To bring him in intelligences,
Which vulgars, out of ignorance,
Miſtake for falling in a trance;
But thoſe that trade in geomancy,
Affirm to be the ſtrength of fancy;
In which the Lapland Magi deal,
And things incredible reveal.
Mean while the foe beat up his quarters,
And ſtorm'd the outworks of his fortreſs;
And as another of the ſame
Degree and party, in arms and fame,

That in the ſame cauſe had engag'd,
And war with equal conduct wag'd,
By vent'ring only but to thruſt
His head a ſpan beyond his poſt,
B' a general of the Cavaliers
Was dragg'd thro' a window by th' ears,
So he was ſerv'd in his redoubt,
And by the other end pull'd out.
Soon as they had him at their mercy,
They put him to the cudgel fiercely,
As if they 'ad ſcorn'd to trade or barter,
By giving or by taking quarter:
They ſtoutly on his quarters laid,
Until his ſcouts came in t' his aid:
For when a man is paſt his ſenſe,
There's no way to reduce him thence,
But twinging him by th' ears or noſe,
Or laying on of heavy blows,
And if that will not do the deed,
To burning with hot irons proceed.
No ſooner was he come t' himſelf,
But on his neck a ſturdy elf
Clapp'd, in a trice, his cloven hoof,
And thus attack'd him with reproof:
Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
B' our friend, thy evil genius,
Who for thy horrid perjuries,
Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,

The Brethren's privilege (againſt
The Wicked) on themſelves, the Saints
Has here thy wretched carcaſs ſent,
For juſt revenge and puniſhment,
Which thou haſt now no way to leſſen,
But by an open, free confeſſion;
For if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.
What made thee venture to betray,
And filch the Lady's heart away?
To ſpirit her to matrimony?—
That which contracts all matches, money.
It was the inchantment of her riches,
That made m' apply t' your crony witches;
That in return would pay th' expenſe,
The wear and tear of conſcience,
Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd,
For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.
Didſt thou not love her then? ſpeak true.
No more (quoth he) than I love you.
How wouldſt thou 'ave us'd her and her money?
Firſt turn'd her up to alimony,
And laid her dowry out in law,
To null her jointure with a flaw,
Which I beforehand had agreed
T' have put, on purpoſe, in the deed,
And bar her widow's making over
T' a friend in truſt, or private lover.

What made thee pick and chuſe her out
T' employ their ſorceries about?
That which makes gameſters play with thoſe
Who have leaſt wit, and moſt to loſe.
But didſt thou ſcourge thy veſſel thus,
As thou haſt damn'd thyſelf to us?
I ſee you take me for an aſs:
'Tis true, I thought the trick would paſs,
Upon a woman, well enough,
As 't has been often found by proof,
Whoſe humours are not to be won
But when they are impos'd upon;
For Love approves of all they do
That ſtand for candidates, and wooe.
Why didſt thou forge thoſe ſhameful lies
Of bears and witches in diſguiſe?
That is no more than authors give
The rabble credit to believe;
A trick of following the leaders,
To entertain their gentle readers:
And we have now no other way
Of paſſing all we do or ſay;
Which, when 'tis natural and true,
Will be believ'd b' a very few,
Beſide the danger of offence,
The fatal enemy of ſenſe.
Why didſt thou chuſe that curſed ſin,
Hypocriſy, to ſet up in?

Becauſe it is the thriving'ſt calling,
The only ſaints'-bell that rings all in;
In which all Churches are concern'd,
And is the eaſieſt to be learn'd:
For no degrees, unleſs th' employ't,
Can ever gain much, or enjoy't:
A gift that is not only able
To domineer among the rabble,
But by the laws impower'd to rout,
And awe the greateſt that ſtand out;
Which few hold forth againſt, for fear
Their hands ſhould ſlip, and come too near;
For no ſin elſe, among the Saints,
Is taught ſo tenderly againſt.
What made thee break thy plighted vows?
That which makes others break a houſe,
And hang, and ſcorn ye all, before
Endure the plague of being poor.
Quoth he, I ſee you have more tricks
Than all our doating politicks,
That are grown old, and out of faſhion,
Compar'd with your new Reformation;
That we muſt come to ſchool to you,
To learn your more refin'd and new.
Quoth he, If you will give me leave
To tell you what I now perceive,
You'll find yourſelf an errant chouſe,
If y' were but at a Meeting-houſe.

'Tis true, (quoth he) we ne'er come there,
Becauſe w' have let 'em out by th' year.
Truly (quoth he) you can't imagine
What wondrous things they will engage in;
That as your fellow-fiends in hell
Were angels all before they fell,
So are you like to be agen
Compar'd with th' angels of us men.
Quoth he, I am reſolv'd to be
Thy ſcholar in this myſtery;
And therefore firſt deſire to know
Some principles on which you go.
What makes a knave a child of God,
And one of us?—A livelihood.
What renders beating out of brains,
And murther, godlineſs?—Great gains.
What's tender conſcience?—'Tis a botch
That will not bear the gentleſt touch;
But, breaking out, diſpatches more
Than th' epidemical'ſt plague-ſore.
What makes y' incroach upon our trade,
And damn all others?—To be paid.
What's orthodox and true believing
Againſt a conſcience?—A good living.
What makes rebelling againſt kings
A good old Cauſe?—Adminiſtrings.
What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a-year.

And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove falſe again?—Two hundred more.
What makes the breaking of all oaths
A holy duty?—Food and cloaths.
What laws and freedom, perſecution?—
B'ing out of power, and contribution.
What makes a church a den of thieves?—
A Dean and Chapter, and white ſleeves.
And what would ſerve, if thoſe were gone,
To make it orthodox?—Our own.
What makes morality a crime,
The moſt notorious of the time;
Morality, which both the Saints
And Wicked, too, cry out againſt?
'Cauſe grace and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin;
And therefore no true Saint allows
They ſhall be ſuffer'd to eſpouſe:
For Saints can need no conſcience,
That with morality diſpenſe;
As virtue's impious, when 'tis rooted
In nature only, and not imputed:
But why the Wicked ſhould do ſo,
We neither know, nor care to do.
What's liberty of conſcience,
I' th' natural and genuine ſenſe?
'Tis to reſtore, with more ſecurity,
Rebellion to its ancient purity;

And Chriſtian liberty reduce
To th' elder practice of the Jews;
For a large conſcience is all one,
And ſignifies the ſame with none.
It is enough (quoth he) for once,
And has repriev'd thy forfeit bones:
Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,
(Tho' he gave his name to our Old Nick)
But was below the leaſt of theſe,
That paſs i' th' world for holineſs.
This ſaid, the Furies and the light
In th' inſtant vaniſh'd out of ſight,
And left him in the dark alone,
With ſtinks of brimſtone and his own.
The Queen of Night, whoſe large command
Rules all the ſea, and half the land,
And over moiſt and crazy brains,
In high ſpring-tides, at midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the weſt,
To go to bed and take her reſt;
When Hudibras, whoſe ſtubborn blows
Deny'd his bones that ſoft repoſe,

℣. 1325, 1326.] Our Poet ſtands alone in this deſcription of the morning's approach: none that I know of, beſides himſelf, has painted it by the moon's declenſion: he ſcorned to follow the old beaten cuſtom of deſcribing it by the ſun's riſing, which he had done once before, Part II. Cant. ii. ℣. 29. but he here finds out a new way, and altogether juſt.

Lay ſtill, expecting worſe and more,
Stretch'd out at length upon the floor;
And tho' he ſhut his eyes as faſt
As if he 'ad been to ſleep his laſt,
Saw all the ſhapes that fear or wizards
Do make the devil wear for vizards,
And pricking up his ears, to heark
If he could hear, too, in the dark,
Was firſt invaded with a groan,
And after, in a feeble tone,
Theſe trembling words: Unhappy wretch,
What haſt thou gotten by this fetch,
Or all thy tricks, in this new trade,
Thy holy Brotherhood o' th' blade?
By ſauntring ſtill on ſome adventure,
And growing to thy horſe a Centaur?
To ſtuff thy ſkin with ſwelling knobs
Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs?
For ſtill thou 'aſt had the worſt on't yet,
As well in conqueſt as defeat:
Night is the ſabbath of mankind,
To reſt the body and the mind,
Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
And cure thy labour'd corps with ſleep.
The Knight, who heard the words, explain'd
As meant to him this reprimand,
Becauſe the character did hit
Point-blank upon his caſe ſo fit;

Believ'd it was ſome drolling ſpright
That ſtaid upon the guard that night,
And one of thoſe he 'ad ſeen, and felt
The drubs he had ſo freely dealt;
When, after a ſhort pauſe and groan,
The doleful Spirit thus went on;
  This 'tis t' engage with Dogs and Bears
Pell-mell together by the ears,
And, after painful bangs and knocks,
To lie in limbo in the ſtocks,
And from the pinnacle of glory
Fall headlong into Purgatory:
  (Thought he, this devil's full of malice,
That on my late diſaſters rallies)
Condemn'd to whipping, but declin'd it,
By being more heroic-minded;
And at a riding handled worſe,
With treats more ſlovenly and coarſe;
Engag'd with fiends in ſtubborn wars,
And hot diſputes with conjurers;
And, when thou 'adſt bravely won the day,
Waſt fain to ſteal thyſelf away.
  (I ſee, thought he, this ſhameleſs elf
Would fain ſteal me, too, from myſelf,
That impudently dares to own
What I have ſuffer'd for and done)
And now, but vent'ring to betray,
Haſt met with vengeance the ſame way.

Thought he, how does the devil know
What 'twas that I deſign'd to do?
His office of intelligence,
His oracles, are ceas'd long ſince;
And he knows nothing of the Saints,
But what ſome treach'rous ſpy acquaints.
This is ſome pettifogging fiend,
Some under door-keeper's friend's friend,
That undertakes to underſtand,
And juggles at the ſecond hand,
And now would paſs for Spirit Po,
And all men's dark concerns foreknow.
I think I need not fear him for't;
Theſe rallying devils do no hurt.
With that he rous'd his drooping heart,
And haſtily cry'd out, What art?
A wretch, (quoth he) whom want of grace
Has brought to this unhappy place.
I do believe thee quoth the Knight;
Thus far I'm ſure thou 'rt in the right:
And know what 'tis that troubles thee,
Better than thou haſt gueſs'd of me.
Thou art ſome paltry, black-guard ſpright,
Condemn'd to drudg'ry in the night;
Thou haſt no work to do in th' houſe,
Nor halfpenny to drop in ſhoes;
Without the raiſing of which ſum
You dare not be ſo troubleſome

To pinch the flatterns black and blue,
For leaving you their work to do.
This is your bus'nefs, good Pug-Robin,
And your diverſion dull dry bobbing,
T' entice fanatics in the dirt,
And waſh 'em clean in ditches for't;
Of which conceit you are ſo proud,
At ev'ry jeſt you laugh aloud,
As now you would have done by me,
But that I barr'd your raillery.
Sir, (quoth the Voice) ye're no ſuch ſophi
As you would have the world judge of ye.
If you deſign to weigh our talents
I' th' ſtandard of your own falſe balance,
Or think it poſſible to know
Us ghoſts, as well as we do you,
We who have been the everlaſting
Companions of your drubs and baſting,
And never left you in conteſt,
With male or female, man or beaſt,
But prov'd as true t' ye, and entire,
In all adventures, as your Squire.
Quoth he, That may be ſaid as true
By th' idleſt pug of all your crew:
For none could have betray'd us worſe
Than thoſe allies of ours and yours.
But I have ſent him for a token
To your low-country Hogen-Mogen,

To whoſe infernal ſhores I hope
He'll ſwing like ſkippers in a rope:
And if ye 'ave been more juſt to me
(As I am apt to think) than he,
I am afraid it is as true
What th' ill-affected ſay of you;
Ye 'ave 'ſpous'd the Covenant and Cauſe,
By holding up your cloven paws.
Sir, (quoth the Voice) 'tis true, I grant,
We made, and took the Covenant;
But that no more concerns the Cauſe,
Than other perj'ries do the laws,
Which when they 're prov'd in open court,
Wear wooden peccadillo's for't:
And that's the reaſon Cov'nanters
Hold up their hands, like rogues at bars.
I ſee (quoth Hudibras) from whence
Theſe ſcandals of the Saints commence,
That are but natural effects
Of Satan's malice, and his ſects',
Thoſe ſpider-ſaints, that hang by threads
Spun out o' th' entrails of their heads.
Sir, (quoth the Voice) that may as true
And properly be ſaid of you,
Whoſe talents may compare with either,
Or both the other put together:
For all the Independents do,
Is only what you forc'd 'em to;

You, who are not content alone
With tricks to put the devil down,
But muſt have armies rais'd to back
The Goſpel-work you undertake;
As if artillery and edge-tools,
Were th' only engines to ſave ſouls:
While he, poor devil, has no pow'r
By force to run down and devour;
Has ne'er a Claſſis, cannot ſentence
To ſtools, or poundage of repentance;
Is ty'd up only to deſign
T' entice, and tempt, and undermine:
In which you all his arts outdo,
And prove yourſelves his betters too.
Hence 'tis poſſeſſions do leſs evil
Than mere temptations of the devil,
Which all the horrid'ſt actions done
Are charg'd in courts of law upon;
Becauſe, unleſs they help the elf,
He can do little of himſelf;
And therefore where he's beſt poſſeſt
Acts moſt againſt his intereſt;
Surpriſes none but thoſe who 'ave prieſts
To turn him out, and exorciſts,
Supply'd with ſpiritual proviſion,
And magazines of ammunition;
With croſſes, relics, crucifixes,
Beads, pictures, roſaries, and pixes;

The tools of working our ſalvation
By mere mechanic operation:
With holy water, like a ſluice,
To overflow all avenues:
But thoſe who 're utterly unarm'd,
T' oppoſe his entrance if he ſtorm'd,
He never offers to ſurpriſe,
Altho' his falſeſt enemies;
But is content to be their drudge,
And on their errands glad to trudge:
For where are all your forfeitures
Intruſted in ſafe hands, but ours?
Who are but jailors of the holes
And dungeons where you clap up ſouls;
Like under-keepers, turn the keys,
T' your *mittimus anathemas*,
And never bogle to reſtore
The members you deliver o'er
Upon demand, with fairer juſtice,
Than all your covenanting Truſtees;
Unleſs, to puniſh them the worſe,
You put them in the ſecular powers,
And paſs their ſouls, as ſome demiſe
The ſame eſtate in mortgage twice:
When to a legal utlegation
You turn your excommunication,
And, for a groat unpaid that's due,
Diſtrain on ſoul and body too.

Thought he, 'tis no mean part of civil
State-prudence to cajole the devil,
And not to handle him too rough,
When he 'as us in his cloven hoof.
'Tis true, (quoth he) that intercourſe
Has paſs'd between your friends and ours,
That, as you truſt us, in our way,
To raiſe your members, and to lay,
We ſend you others of our own,
Denounc'd to hang themſelves, or drown,
Or, frighted with our oratory,
To leap down headlong many a ſtory;
Have us'd all means to propagate
Your mighty intereſts of ſtate,
Laid out our ſp'ritual gifts to further
Your great deſigns of rage and murther:
For if the Saints are nam'd from blood,
We only 'ave made that title good;
And, if it were but in our power,
We ſhould not ſcruple to do more,
And not be half a ſoul behind
Of all Diſſenters of mankind.
Right, (quoth the Voice) and, as I ſcorn
To be ungrateful, in return
Of all thoſe kind good offices,
I'll free you out of this diſtreſs,
And ſet you down in ſafety, where
It is no time to tell you here.

The cock crows, and the morn draws on,
When 'tis decreed I muſt be gone;
And if I leave you here till day,
You'll find it hard to get away.
With that the Spirit grop'd about
To find th' inchanted hero out,
And try'd with haſte to lift him up,
But found his forlorn hope, his crup,
Unſerviceable with kicks and blows,
Receiv'd from harden'd-hearted foes.
He thought to drag him by the heels,
Like Greſham-carts, with legs for wheels;
But fear, that ſooneſt cures thoſe ſores,
In danger of relapſe to worſe,
Came in t' aſſiſt him with its aid,
And up his ſinking veſſel weigh'd.
No ſooner was he fit to trudge,
But both made ready to diſlodge;
The Spirit hors'd him, like a ſack,
Upon the vehicle his back,
And bore him headlong into th' hall,
With ſome few rubs againſt the wall;
Where finding out the poſtern lock'd,
And th' avenues as ſtrongly block'd,
H' attack'd the window, ſtorm'd the glaſs,
And in a moment gain'd the paſs;

V. 1575.] Altered to *the outer poſtern*, edit. 1710.

Thro' which he dragg'd the worſted ſoldier's
Fore-quarters out by th' head and ſhoulders,
And cautiouſly began to ſcout
To find their fellow-cattle out;
Nor was it half a minute's queſt,
Ere he retriev'd the champion's beaſt,
Ty'd to a pale, inſtead of rack,
But ne'er a ſaddle on his back,
Nor piſtols at the ſaddle bow,
Convey'd away, the Lord knows how.
He thought it was no time to ſtay,
And let the night, too, ſteal away;
But, in a trice, advanc'd the Knight
Upon the bare ridge, holt upright,
And, groping out for Ralpho's jade,
He found the ſaddle, too, was ſtray'd,
And in the place a lump of ſoap,
On which he ſpeedily leap'd up;
And, turning to the gate the rein,
He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain;
While Hudibras, with equal haſte,
On both ſides laid about as faſt,
And ſpurr'd, as jockies uſe, to break,
Or padders to ſecure, a neck:
Where let us leave 'em for a time,
And to their Churches turn our rhyme;
To hold forth their declining ſtate,
Which now come near an even rate.

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III. CANTO II.

The Argument.

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

The learned write, an inſect breeze
Is but a mongrel prince of bees,
That falls before a ſtorm on cows,
And ſtings the founders of his houſe,

This Canto is entirely independent of the adventures of Hudibras and Ralpho: neither of our heroes make their appearance: other characters are introduced, and a new vein of ſatire is exhibited. The Poet ſteps out of his road, and ſkips from the time wherein theſe adventures happened to Cromwell's death, and from thence to the diſſolution of the Rump Parliament. This conduct is allowable in a ſatiriſt, whoſe privilege it is to ramble wherever he pleaſes, and to ſtigmatize vice, faction, and rebellion, where and whenever he meets with them. He is not tied down to the obſervance of unity of action, time, or place, though he has hitherto had a regard to ſuch decorums: but now, and here only, he claims the privilege of a ſatiriſt, and deviates from order, time, and uniformity, and deſerts his principal actors: he purpoſely ſeeds them out of the way, that we may attend to a lively repreſentation of the principles and politics of Preſbyterians, Independents, and Republi-

From whoſe corrupted fleſh that breed
Of vermin did at firſt proceed.
So, ere the ſtorm of war broke out,
Religion ſpawn'd a various rout
Of petulant capricious ſects,
The maggots of corrupted texts,
That firſt run all religion down,
And after ev'ry ſwarm its own:
For as the Perſian Magi once
Upon their mothers got their ſons,
That were incapable t' enjoy
That empire any other way;
So Preſbyter begot the other
Upon the Good Old Cauſe, his mother,
Then bore them like the devil's dam,
Whoſe ſon and huſband are the ſame;
And yet no nat'ral tie of blood,
Nor int'reſt for the common good,
Could, when their profits interfer'd,
Get quarter for each other's beard:
For when they thriv'd they never fadg'd,
But only by the ears engag'd;

cans, upon the dawning of the Reſtoration. He ſets before us a full view of the treachery and underminings of each faction; and ſure it is with pleaſure we ſee the fears and commotions they were in upon the happy declenſions of their tyrannical power and government. All theſe occurrences are fully and faithfully related in this Canto, and the ſeveral facts are warranted by hiſtory.

Like dogs that ſnarl about a bone,
And play together when they 'ave none;
As by their trueſt characters,
Their conſtant actions, plainly' appears.
Rebellion now began, for lack
Of zeal and plunder, to grow ſlack;
The Cauſe and Covenant to leſſen,
And Prov'dence to be out of ſeaſon:
For now there was no more to purchaſe
O' th' King's revenue, and the Churches,
But all divided, ſhar'd, and gone,
That us'd to urge the Brethren on;
Which forc'd the ſtubborn'ſt for the Cauſe,
To croſs the cudgels to the laws,
That what by breaking them they 'ad gain'd,
By their ſupport might be maintain'd;
Like thieves, that in a hemp-plot lie,
Secur'd againſt the Hue-and-cry;
For Preſbyter and Independent
Were now turn'd Plantiff and Defendent;
Laid out their apoſtolic functions
On carnal Orders and Injunctions;
And all their precious Gifts and Graces
On Outlawries and *Scire facias;*
At Michael's term had many trial,
Worſe than the Dragon and St. Michael,
Where thouſands fell, in ſhape of fees,
Into the bottomleſs abyſs,

For when, like brethren, and like friends,
They came to ſhare their dividends,
And ev'ry partner to poſſeſs
His church and ſtate joint-purchaſes,
In which the ableſt Saint, and beſt,
Was nam'd in truſt by all the reſt
To pay their money, and, inſtead
Of ev'ry Brother, paſs the deed,
He ſtraight converted all his gifts
To pious frauds and holy ſhifts,
And ſettled all the other ſhares
Upon his outward man and's heirs;
Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands
Deliver'd up into his hands,
And paſs'd upon his conſcience
By pre-entail of Providence;
Impeach'd the reſt for Reprobates,
That had no titles to eſtates,
But by their ſp'ritual attaints
Degraded from the right of Saints.
This b'ing reveal'd, they now begun
With law and conſcience to fall on,
And laid about as hot and brain-ſick
As th' Utter barriſter of Swanſwick;
Engag'd with money-bags, as bold
As men with ſand-bags did of old,
That brought the lawyers in more fees
Than all unſanctify'd Truſtees;

Till he who had no more to ſhow
I' th' caſe, receiv'd the overthrow;
Or, both ſides having had the worſt,
They parted as they met at firſt.
Poor Preſbyter was now reduc'd,
Secluded, and caſhier'd, and chous'd!
Turn'd out, and excommunicate
From all affairs of Church and State,
Reform'd t' a reformado Saint,
And glad to turn itinerant,
To ſtroll and teach from town to town,
And thoſe he had taught up teach down,
And make thoſe uſes ſerve agen
Againſt the New-enlighten'd men,
As fit as when at firſt they were
Reveal'd againſt the Cavalier;
Damn Anabaptiſt and Fanatic,
As pat as Popiſh and Prelatic;
And, with as little variation,
To ſerve for any ſect i' th' nation.
The Good old Cauſe, which ſome believe
To be the dev'l that tempted Eve
With knowledge, and does ſtill invite
The world to miſchief with New Light,
Had ſtore of money in her purſe,
When he took her for better or worſe,
But now was grown deform'd and poor,
And fit to be turn'd out of door.

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

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

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

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

Ib.] Sir Roger L'Eſtrange obſerves (*Reflection upon Poggius's Fable of the Huſband, Wife, and Ghoſtly Father*, part I. fab. 357.) upon the pretended ſaints of thoſe times, "That they did not ſet one ſtep, in the whole tract of this "iniquity, without ſeeking the Lord firſt, and, going up to "inquire of the Lord, according to the cant of thoſe days;

No ſooner got the ſtart, to lurch
Both diſciplines of War and Church,
And Providence enough to run
The chief commanders of them down,
But carry'd on the war againſt
The common enemy o' th' Saints,
And in a while prevail'd ſo far,
To win of them the game of war,
And be at liberty once more
T' attack themſelves as they 'ad before.
For now there was no foe in arms
T' unite their factions with alarms,
But all reduc'd and overcome,
Except their worſt, themſelves, at home,
Who 'ad compaſs'd all th' pray'd, and ſwore,
And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,
Subdu'd the Nation, Church, and State,
And all things but their laws and hate;
But when they came to treat and tranſact,
And ſhare the ſpoil of all they 'ad ranſackt,

" which was no other than to make God the author of ſin,
" and to impute the blackeſt practices of hell to the inſpi-
" ration of the Holy Ghoſt."

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

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

℣. 163.] What a laſting monument of fame has our Poet raiſed to the Royaliſts! What merited praiſes does he beſtow on their unſhaken faith and loyalty! How happily does

And own'd the right they had paid down
So dearly for, the Church and Crown)
Th' united conſtanter, and ſided
The more, the more their foes divided:
For tho' out-number'd, overthrown,
And by the fate of war run down,
Their duty never was defeated,
Nor from their oaths and faith retreated;
For loyalty is ſtill the ſame,
Whether it win or loſe the game;
True as the dial to the ſun,
Altho' it be not ſhin'd upon.
But when theſe Brethren in evil,
Their adverſaries, and the devil,
Began once more to ſhew them play,
And hopes, at leaſt, to have a day,
They rally'd in parades of woods,
And unfrequented ſolitudes;
Conven'd at midnight in outhouſes,
T' appoint new-riſing rendezvouſes,
And, with a pertinacy' unmatch'd,
For new recruits of danger watch'd.
No ſooner was one blow diverted,
But up another party ſtarted,

he applaud their conſtancy and ſufferings! If any thing can be a compenſation to thoſe of that party, who met with unworthy diſregard and neglect after the Reſtoration, it muſt be this never-dying eulogy. Butler, alas! was one of that unfortunate number.

And as if Nature, too, in haſte
To furniſh out ſupplies as faſt,
Before her time had turn'd deſtruction
T' a new and numerous production;
No ſooner thoſe were overcome,
But up roſe others in their room,
That, like the Chriſtian faith, increaſt
The more, the more they were ſuppreſt;
Whom neither chains, nor tranſportation,
Proſcription, ſale, or confiſcation,
Nor all the deſperate events
Of former try'd experiments,
Nor wounds, could terrify, nor mangling,
To leave off loyalty and dangling,

℣. 201, 202.] The brave ſpirit of loyalty was not to be ſuppreſſed by the moſt barbarous and inhuman uſage. There are ſeveral remarkable inſtances upon record; as that of the gallant Marquis of Montroſe, the loyal Mr. Gerrard, and Mr. Vowel, in 1654; of Mr. Penruddock, Grove, and others, who ſuffered for their loyalty at Exeter, 1654—5.; of Capt. Reynolds, who had been of the King's party, and, when he was going to be turned off the ladder, cried, God bleſs King Charles; *Vive le Roy*; of Dalgelly, one of Montroſe's party, who being ſentenced to be beheaded, and being brought to the ſcaffold, ran and kiſſed it; and, without any ſpeech or ceremony, laid down his head upon the block, and was beheaded; of the brave Sir Robert Spotiſwood; of Mr. Courtney, and Mr. Portman, who were committed to the Tower the beginning of February 1657. for diſperſing among the ſoldiers what were then called *ſeditious* books and pamphlets.

Nor ought the loyalty of the ſix counties of North Wales to be paſſed over in ſilence, who never addreſſed or petitioned during the Uſurpation; nor the common ſoldier mentioned in the *Oxford Diurnal*, firſt Week, p. 6. See more in the ſtory of the *Impertinent Sheriff*, L'Eſtrange's *Fables*, part II. fab. 265. Mr. Butler, or Mr. Pryn, ſpeaking of the gallant behaviour of the Loyaliſts, ſays, "Other nations

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

" would have canonized for martyrs, and erected ſtatues " after their death, to the memory of ſome of our com- " patriots, whom ye have barbarouſly defaced and mangled, " yet alive, for no other motive but their undaunted zeal!" [*Ver.* 215, 216.] At Oliver's death was a moſt furious tempeſt, ſuch as had not been known in the memory of man, or hardly ever recorded to have been in this nation. It is obſerved, in a tract entitled, *No Fool to the old Fool*, L'Eſtrange's *Apology*, p. 93. " That Oliver, after a long " courſe of treaſon, murder, ſacrilege, perjury, rapine, " &c. finiſhed his accurſed life in agony and fury, and " without any mark of true repentance." Though moſt of our hiſtorians mention the hurricane at his death, yet few take notice of the ſtorm in the northern counties, that day the Houſe of Peers ordered the digging up his carcaſe with other regicides. The author of the *Parley between the Ghoſt of the late Protector and the King of Sweden in Hell*, 1660, p. 19, merrily obſerves. " That he was even ſo " turbulent and ſeditious there, that he was chained, by " way of puniſhment, in the general piſſing place, nex the " court-door, with a ſtrict charge that no body that made " water thereabouts ſhould piſs any where but againſt his " body."

And was believ'd, as well by Saints
As mortal men and miſcreants,
To founder in the Stygian ferry,
Until he was retriev'd by Sterry,
Who, in a falſe erroneous dream,
Miſtook the New Jeruſalem
Profanely for th' apocryphal
Falſe Heaven at the end o' th' Hall;
Whither it was decreed by Fate
His precious reliques to tranſlate:
So Romulus was ſeen before
B' as orthodox a ſenator,

℣. 220.] The news of Oliver's death being brought to thoſe who were met to pray for him, Mr. Peter Sterry ſtood up, and deſired them not to be troubled; "For (ſaid he) "this is good news, becauſe, if he was of uſe to the people "of God when he was amongſt us, he will be much more "ſo now, being aſcended into heaven, at the right hand of "Jeſus Chriſt, there to intercede for us, and to be mindful "of us upon all occaſions." Dr. South makes mention of an Independent divine, (*Sermons*, vol. I. ſerm. iii. p. 102.) who, when Oliver was ſick, of which ſickneſs he died, declared, "That God revealed to him that he ſhould recover, "and live thirty years longer; for that God had raiſed him "up for a work which could not be done in a leſs time: "but Oliver's death being publiſhed two days after, the "ſaid divine publicly, in his prayers, expoſtulated with "God the defeat of his prophely in theſe words, "Thou "haſt lied unto us; yea, thou haſt lied unto us."

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

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

From whoſe divine illumination
He ſtole the Pagan revelation.
Next him his ſon and heir apparent
Succeeded, tho' a lame vicegerent,
Who firſt laid by the Parl'ament,
The only crutch on which he leant,
And then ſunk underneath the ſtate,
That rode him above horſeman's weight.

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

What opinion the world had of him, we learn from Lord Clarendon's account of his viſit *incog.* to the Prince of Conti at Pezenas, who received him civilly, as he did all ſtrangers, and particularly the Engliſh; and after a few words, (not knowing who he was) the Prince began to diſcourſe of the affairs of England, and aſked many queſtions concerning the King, and whether all men were quiet, and ſubmitted obediently to him? which the other anſwered according to the truth. "Well, ſaid the Prince, Oliver, though he was "a traitor and a villain, was a brave fellow, had great "parts, great courage, and was worthy to command: but "for that Richard, that coxcomb, coquin, poltroon, he "was ſurely the baſeſt fellow alive. What is become of "that fool? How is it poſſible he could be ſuch a ſot?" He anſwered, "That he was betrayed by thoſe he moſt truſted, "and had been moſt obliged to his father." So being weary of his viſit, he quickly took his leave, and next morning left the town, out of fear that the Prince might know that he was that very fool and coxcomb he had mentioned ſo kindly; and two days after the Prince did come to know who he was that he had treated ſo well. Clarendon's *Hiſtory of the Rebellion*, vol. III. p. 519.

And now the Saints began their reign,
For which they 'ad yearn'd ſo long in vain,
And felt ſuch bowel-hankerings,
To ſee an empire, all of kings,
Deliver'd from th' Egyptian awe
Of juſtice, government, and law,
And free t' erect what ſp'ritual cantons
Should be reveal'd, or goſpel Hans-towns,
To edify upon the ruins
Of John of Leyden's old outgoings,
Who for a weather-cock hung up
Upon their mother-church's top,
Was made a type by Providence,
Of all their revelations ſince,
And now fulfill'd by his ſucceſſors,
Who equally miſtook their meaſures;

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

℣. 241, 242.] Dr. James Young obſerves, "That two Je- "ſuitical prognoſticators, Lilly and Culpeper, were ſo con- "fident, *anno* 1652, of the total ſubverſion of the law and "goſpel-miniſtry, that in their ſcurrilous prognoſtications "they predicted the downfal of both; and, in 1654, they "foretold that the law ſhould be pulled down to the ground, "—the Great Charter, and all our liberties, deſtroyed, as "not ſuiting with Engliſhmen in theſe bleſſed times; that "the crab-tree of the law ſhould be pulled up by the roots, "and grow no more, there being no reaſon now we ſhould "be governed by them."

For when they came to ſhape the model,
Not one could fit another's noddel;
But found their Light and Gifts more wide
From fadging, than th' unſanctify'd,
While ev'ry individual Brother
Strove hand to fiſt againſt another,
And ſtill the maddeſt, and moſt crack't,
Were found the buſieſt to tranſact;
For tho' moſt hands diſpatch apace
And make light work (the proverb ſays)
Yet many diff'rent intellects
Are found t' have contrary effects;
And many heads t' obſtruct intregues,
As ſloweſt inſects have moſt legs.
Some were for ſetting up a king,
But all the reſt for no ſuch thing,
Unleſs King Jeſus: others tampert
For Fleetwood, Deſborough, and Lambert;

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

℣. 269.] Alluding to the Fifth Monarchy-men, who had formed a plot to dethrone Cromwell, and ſet up King Jeſus.

℣. 269, 270. *Others tampert—For Fleetwood, Deſborough, and Lambert.*] Fleetwood was a lieutenant-general, he married Ireton's widow, Oliver Cromwell's eldeſt daughter; was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland by Cromwell, Major-general of divers counties, one of Oliver's upper houſe: his ſalary ſuppoſed to be 6600 *l.* a year.—Deſborough, a yeoman of 60 or 70 *l. per annum*; ſome ſay a plowman. Bennet, ſpeaking to Deſborough, ſays, "When your Lordſhip "was a plowman, and wore high ſhoon—Ha! how the Lord

Some for the Rump, and ſome, more crafty,
For Agitators, and the Safety;

" raiſeth ſome men, and depreſſeth others."—Deſborough married Cromwell's ſiſter, caſt away his ſpade, and took up a ſword, and was made a colonel; was inſtrumental in raiſing Cromwell to the Protectorſhip; upon which he was made one of his council, a General at ſea, and Major-general of divers counties of the weſt; and was one of Oliver's upper houſe. His annual income was 3236 *l.* 13 *s.* 4 *d.*

lb. *Lambert.*] *Lambard*, in the firſt edit. 1678. Altered 1684. He was one of the Rump generals, and a principal oppoſer of General Monk in the reſtoration of King Charles II. The writer of the *Narrative of the late Parliament ſo called*, 1657, p. 9. obſerves, "That Major-general Lambert, as one " of Oliver's council, had 1000 *l. per annum*, which, with " his other places, in all amounted to 6512 *l.* 3 *s.* 4 *d.*

℣. 272. *Agitators.*] In 1647, the Army made choice of a ſet number of officers, which they called *the General Council of Officers*; and the common ſoldiers made choice of three or four of each regiment, moſtly corporals and ſerjeants, who were called by the name of *Agitators*, and were to be a Houſe of Commons to the council of officers: theſe drew up a Declaration, that they would not be diſbanded till their arrears were paid, and a full proviſion made for liberty of conſcience.—Some of the poſitions of the Agitators here follow: "That all inns of Court and Chancery, all courts of " juſtice now erected, as well civil as eccleſiaſtical, with " the common, civil, canon, and ſtatute laws, formerly in " force, and all corporations, tenures, copyholds, rents, and " ſervices, with all titles and degrees of honour, nobility, " and gentry, elevating one free ſubject above another, " may be totally aboliſhed, as clogs, ſnares, and grievances, " to a free-born people, and inconſiſtent with that univer- " ſal parity and equal condition which ought to be among " freemen, and oppoſite to the communion of ſaints.

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

lb. *Safety.*] Committee of Safety, a ſet of men who took

Some for the Goſpel, and maſſacres
Of ſp'ritual Affidavit-makers,
That ſwore to any human regence
Oaths of ſuprem'cy and allegiance;
Yea, tho' the ableſt ſwearing Saint,
That vouch'd the bulls o' th' Covenant:
Others for pulling down th' high-places
Of Synods and Provincial Claſſes,
That us'd to make ſuch hoſtile inroads
Upon the Saints, like bloody Nimrods:
Some for fulfilling Propheſies,
And th' extirpation of th' Exciſe;
And ſome againſt th' Egyptian bondage
Of Holy-days, and paying Poundage:
Some for the cutting down of Groves,
And rectifying bakers' Loaves;
And ſome for finding out expedients
Againſt the ſlav'ry of Obedience:
Some were for Goſpel-miniſters
And ſome for Redcoat ſeculars,
As men moſt fit t' hold forth the Word,
And wield the one and th' other ſword:
Some were for carrying on the Work
Againſt the Pope, and ſome the Turk;

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

Some for engaging to ſuppreſs
The camiſado of Surplices,
That Gifts and Diſpenſations hinder'd,
And turn'd to th' outward man the inward;
More proper for the cloudy night
Of Popery than Goſpel-light:
Others were for aboliſhing
That tool of matrimony, a Ring,
With which th' unſanctify'd bridegroom
Is marry'd only to a thumb,
(As wife as ringing of a pig,
That us'd to break up ground, and dig)
The bride to nothing but her will,
That nulls the after-marriage ſtill:
Some were for th' utter extirpation
Of Linſey-woolſey in the nation;
And ſome againſt all idoliſing
The Croſs in ſhop-books, or Baptiſing:
Others, to make all things recant
The Chriſtian or ſirname of Saint,
And force all churches, ſtreets, and towns,
The holy title to renounce:
Some 'gainſt a third eſtate of Souls,
And bringing down the price of Coals:

℣. 308. *That* us'd *to*.] *That* is *to*, edit. 1678. *That* uſes *to*, edit. 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700, 1704. Altered 1710, as it ſtands here.

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

Some for abolishing Black-pudding,
And eating nothing with the blood in;
To abrogate them roots and branches,
While others were for eating Haunches
Of warriors, and, now and then,
The Flesh of kings and mighty men;

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

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

And ſome for breaking of their Bones
With rods of iron, by ſecret ones;
For thraſhing mountains, and with ſpells
For hallowing carriers' packs and bells;
Things that the legend never heard of,
But made the Wicked ſore afeard of.
The quacks of government (who ſate
At th' unregarded helm of ſtate,
And underſtood this wild confuſion
Of fatal madneſs and deluſion,
Muſt, ſooner than a prodigy,
Portend deſtruction to be nigh)
Conſider'd timely how t' withdraw,
And ſave their wind-pipes from the law;
For one rencounter at the bar
Was worſe than all they 'ad ſcap'd in war;
And therefore met in conſultation
To cant and quack upon the nation;
Not for the ſickly patient's ſake,
Nor what to give, but what to take;
To feel the purſes of their fees,
More wiſe than fumbling arteries;
Prolong the ſnuff of life in pain,
And from the grave recover—gain.
'Mong theſe there was a politician
With more heads than a beaſt in viſion,

V. 351.] This was Sir Anthony-Aſhley Cooper, who complied with every change in thoſe times.

And more intrigues in ev'ry one
Than all the Whores of Babylon;
So politic, as if one eye
Upon the other were a ſpy,
That, to trepan the one to think
The other blind, both ſtrove to blink;
And in his dark pragmatic way
As buſy as a child at play.
He 'ad ſeen three governments run down,
And had a hand in ev'ry one;
Was for 'em, and againſt 'em all,
But barb'rous when they came to fall:
For, by trepanning th' old to ruin,
He made his int'reſt with the new one;
Play'd true and faithful, tho' againſt
His conſcience, and was ſtill advanc'd:
For by the witchcraft of rebellion
Transform'd t' a feeble State-camelion,
By giving aim from ſide to ſide,
He never fail'd to ſave his tide,
But got the ſtart of ev'ry ſtate,
And, at a change, ne'er came too late;
Cou'd turn his word, and oath, and faith,
As many ways as in a lath;
By turning wriggle, like a ſcrew,
Int' higheſt truſt, and out, for new:
For when he 'ad happily incurr'd,
Inſtead of hemp, to be preferr'd,

And paſs'd upon a government,
He play'd his trick, and out he went;
But being out, and out of hopes
To mount his ladder (more) of ropes,
Would ſtrive to raiſe himſelf upon
The public ruin, and his own;
So little did he underſtand
The deſp'rate feats he took in hand,
For when he 'ad got himſelf a name,
For frauds and tricks he ſpoil'd his game;
Had forc'd his neck into a nooſe,
To ſhew his play at faſt and looſe;
And, when he chanc'd t' eſcape, miſtook,
For art and ſubtlety, his luck.
So right his judgment was cut fit,
And made a tally to his wit,
And both together moſt profound
At deeds of darkneſs under ground;
As th' earth is eaſieſt undermin'd,
By vermin impotent and blind.
By all theſe arts, and many more
He 'ad practis'd long and much before,
Our ſtate-artificer foreſaw
Which way the world began to draw:
For as old ſinners have all points
O' th' compaſs in their bones and joints,
Can by their pangs and aches find
All turns and changes of the wind,

And, better than by Napier's bones,
Feel in their own the age of moons;
So guilty ſinners, in a ſtate,
Can by their crimes prognoſticate,
And in their conſciences feel pain
Some days before a ſhow'r of rain:
He, therefore, wiſely caſt about
All ways he could, t' inſure his throat,
And hither came, t' obſerve and ſmoke
What courſes other riſkers took,
And to the utmoſt do his beſt
To ſave himſelf, and hang the reſt.
To match this Saint there was another,
As buſy and perverſe a Brother,

℣. 420.] Sir A. Aſhley Cooper was of the miller's mind who was concerned in the Corniſh rebellion, in the year 1558: he, apprehending that Sir William Kingſton, Provoſt-marſhal, and a rigorous man upon that occaſion, would order him to be hanged upon the next tree, before he went off, told his ſervant that he expected ſome gentlemen would come a-fiſhing to the mill, and, if they inquired for the miller, he ordered him to ſay that he was the miller. Sir William came according to expectation, and inquiring for the miller, the poor harmleſs ſervant ſaid he was the miller. Upon which the Provoſt ordered his ſervants to ſeize him, and hang him upon the next tree; which terrified the poor fellow, and made him cry out, I am not the miller, but the miller's man. The Provoſt told him, "That he would take "him at his word: if, (ſays he,) thou art the miller, thou "art a buſy knave and rebel;—and if thou art the miller's "man, thou art a falſe lying knave, and canſt not do thy "maſter more ſervice than to hang for him:" and, without more ceremony, he was executed.

℣. 421.] This character exactly ſuits John Lilburn, and no other, eſpecially the 437, 438, 439 and 440th lines: for it was ſaid of him, when living, by Judge Jenkins, "That if the "world was emptied of all but himſelf, Lilburn would

An haberdaſher of ſmall wares
In politics and ſtate-affairs;
More Jew than Rabbi Achithophel,
And better gifted to rebel;
For when h' had taught his tribe to 'ſpouſe
The Cauſe, aloft upon one houſe,
He ſcorn'd to ſet his own in order,
But try'd another, and went further;
So ſuddenly addicted ſtill
To 's only principle, his will,
That, whatſoe'er it chanc'd to prove,
Nor force of argument could move,
Nor law, nor cavalcade of Ho'burn,
Cou'd render half a grain leſs ſtubborn;
For he at any time would hang,
For th' opportunity t' harangue;
And rather on a gibbet dangle,
Than miſs his dear delight, to wrangle;
In which his parts were ſo accompliſht,
That, right or wrong, he ne'er was nonpluſt;
But ſtill his tongue ran on, the leſs
Of weight it bore, with greater eaſe;

" quarrel with John, and John with Lilburn:" which part of his character gave occaſion for the following lines at his death;

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

And, with its everlaſting clack,
Set all men's ears upon the rack.
No ſooner could a hint appear,
But up he ſtarted to picqueer,
And made the ſtouteſt yield to mercy,
When he engag'd in controverſy;
Not by the force of carnal reaſon,
But indefatigable teazing;
With vollies of eternal babble,
And clamour, more unanſwerable.
For tho' his topics, frail and weak,
Cou'd ne'er amount above a freak,
He ſtill maintain'd 'em, like his faults,
Againſt the deſp'rateſt aſſaults,
And back'd their feeble want of ſenſe
With greater heat and confidence;
As bones of Hectors, when they differ,
The more they 're cudgell'd grow the ſtiffer.
Yet when his profit moderated,
The fury of his heat abated;
For nothing but his intereſt
Could lay his devil of conteſt:
It was his choice, or chance, or curſe,
T" eſpouſe the Cauſe for better or worſe,
And with his worldly goods and wit,
And ſoul and body, worſhipp'd it:
But when he found the ſullen trapes
Poſſeſs'd with th" devil, worms, and claps,

The Trojan mare, in foal with Greeks,
Not half ſo full of jadiſh tricks,
Tho' ſqueamiſh in her outward woman,
As looſe and rampant as Dol Common,
He ſtill reſolv'd to mend the matter,
T' adhere and cleave the obſtinater;
And ſtill the ſkittiſher and looſer
Her freaks appear'd, to ſit the cloſer:
For fools are ſtubborn in their way,
As coins are harden'd by th' allay:
And obſtinacy's ne'er ſo ſtiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong belief.
Theſe two, with others, being met,
And cloſe in conſultation ſet,
After a diſcontented pauſe,
And not without ſufficient cauſe,
The orator we nam'd of late,
Leſs troubled with the pangs of ſtate
Than with his own impatience
To give himſelf firſt audience,

ỳ. 485, 486.] This cabal was held at Whitehall, at the very time that General Monk was dining with the city of London. I heartily wiſh the Poet had introduced the worthy Sir Hudibras into this grand aſſembly: his preſence would have continued an uniformity in this Poem, and been very pleaſing to the ſpectator. His natural propenſion to loquacity would certainly have exerted itſelf on ſo important an occaſion; and his rhetoric and jargon would not have been leſs politic or entertaining than that of the two orators here characteriſed.

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

When Providence had been ſuborn'd,
What anſwer was to be return'd:
Elſe why ſhould tumults fright us now,
We have ſo many times gone thro',
And underſtand as well to tame
As, when they ſerve our turns, t' inflame?
Have prov'd how inconſiderable
Are all engagements of the rabble,
Whoſe frenzies muſt be reconcil'd
With drums and rattles, like a child,
But never prov'd ſo proſperous,
As when they were led on by us;
For all our ſcouring of religion
Began with tumults and ſedition;
When hurricanes of fierce commotion
Became ſtrong motives to devotion;
(As carnal ſeamen, in a ſtorm,
Turn pious converts, and reform)
When ruſty weapons, with chalk'd edges,
Maintain'd our feeble priviledges,
And brown-bills, levy'd in the City,
Made bills to paſs the Grand Committee:
When Zeal, with aged clubs and gleaves,
Gave chace to rochets and white ſleeves,
And made the Church, and State, and Laws,
Submit t' old iron, and the Cauſe.

℣. 521.] Alluding to the impudence of thoſe pretended ſaints, who frequently directed God Almighty what anſwers he ſhould return to their prayers. Mr. Simeon Aſh was called the *God-challenger*.

And as we thriv'd by tumults then,
So might we better now agen,
If we knew how, as then we did,
To uſe them rightly in our need:
Tumults, by which the mutinous
Betray themſelves inſtead of us;
The hollow-hearted, diſaffected,
And cloſe malignant are detected;
Who lay their lives and fortunes down,
For pledges to ſecure our own;
And freely ſacrifice their ears
T' appeaſe our jealouſies and fears:
And yet for all theſe providences
W' are offer'd, if we have our ſenſes,
We idly ſit, like ſtupid blockheads,
Our hands committed to our pockets,
And nothing but our tongues at large,
To get the wretches a diſcharge:
Like men condemn'd to thunderbolts,
Who, ere the blow, become mere dolts;
Or fools beſotted with their crimes,
That know not how to ſhift betimes,
That neither have the hearts to ſtay,
Nor wit enough to run away;
Who, if we could reſolve on either,
Might ſtand or fall at leaſt together;
No mean nor trivial ſolaces
To partners in extreme diſtreſs,

Who uſe to leſſen their deſpairs,
By parting them int' equal ſhares;
As if the more they were to bear,
They felt the weight the eaſier;
And ev'ry one the gentler hung,
The more he took his turn among.
But 'tis not come to that, as yet,
If we had courage left, or wit,
Who, when our fate can be no worſe,
Are fitted for the braveſt courſe,
Have time to rally, and prepare
Our laſt and beſt defence, deſpair:
Deſpair, by which the gallant'ſt feats
Have been atchiev'd in greateſt ſtraits,
And horrid'ſt dangers ſafely wav'd,
By being courageouſly outbrav'd;
As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,
And poiſons by themſelves expell'd:
And ſo they might be now agen,
If we were, what we ſhould be, men;
And not ſo dully deſperate,
To ſide againſt ourſelves with Fate:
As criminals, condemn'd to ſuffer,
Are blinded firſt, and then turn'd over.
This comes of breaking Covenants,
And ſetting up exauns of Saints,

ℳ 600. *And ſetting up* exauns *of Saints.*] This is falſe printed; it ſhould be written *exemts*, or *exempts*, which is a French word, pronounced *exauns*.

That fine, like aldermen, for grace,
To be excus'd the efficace:
For ſp'ritual men are too tranſcendent,
That mount their banks for independent,
To hang, like Mah'met, in the air,
Or St. Ignatius, at his prayer,
By pure geometry, and hate
Dependence upon church or ſtate:
Diſdain the pedantry o' th' latter,
And ſince obedience is better
(The Scripture ſays) than ſacrifice,
Preſume the leſs on't will ſuffice;
And ſcorn to have the moderat'ſt ſtints
Preſcrib'd their peremptory hints,
Or any opinion, true or falſe,
Declar'd as ſuch, in Doctrinals;
But left at large to make their beſt on,
Without b'ing call'd t' account or queſt'on:
Interpret all the ſpleen reveals,
As Whittington explain'd the bells;
And bid themſelves turn back agen
Lord May'rs of New Jeruſalem;
But look ſo big and overgrown,
They ſcorn their edifiers to own,
Who taught them all their ſprinkling leſſons,
Their tones, and ſanctify'd expreſſions;
Beſtow'd their Gifts upon a Saint,
Like charity, on thoſe that want;

And learn'd th' apocryphal bigots
T' inſpire themſelves with ſhort-hand notes,
For which they ſcorn and hate them worſe
Than dogs and cats do ſow-gelders:
For who firſt bred them up to pray,
And teach the Houſe of Commons' way?
Where had they all their gifted phraſes,
But from our Calamies and Caſes?
Without whoſe ſprinkling and ſowing,
Who e'er had heard of Nye or Owen?
Their Diſpenſations had been ſtifled,
But for our Adoniram Byfield;
And, had they not begun the war,
They 'ad ne'er been ſainted as they are:
For Saints in peace degenerate,
And dwindle down to reprobate;
Their zeal corrupts, like ſtanding water,
In th' intervals of war and ſlaughter;
Abates the ſharpneſs of its edge,
Without the pow'r of ſacrilege:

℣. 636.] Calamy and Caſe were chief men among the Preſbyterians, as Owen and Nye were among the Independents.

℣. 640. *Adoniram Byfield.*] He was a broken apothecary, a zealous Covenanter, one of the ſcribes to the Aſſembly of Divines; and, no doubt, for his great zeal and pains-taking in his office, he had the profit of printing the *Directory*, the copy whereof was ſold for 400 *l.* though, when printed, the price was but three-pence.

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

And tho' they 'ave tricks to caſt their ſins,
As eaſy' as ſerpents do their ſkins,
That in a while grow out agen,
In peace they turn mere carnal men,
And, from the moſt refin'd of Saints,
As nat'rally grow miſcreants
As barnacles turn ſoland geeſe
In th' illands of the Orcades.
Their Diſpenſation's but a ticket
For their conforming to the Wicked,
With whom the greateſt difference
Lies more in words and ſhew, than ſenſe:
For as the Pope, that keeps the gate
Of heaven, wears three crowns of ſtate;
So he that keeps the gate of hell,
Proud Cerb'rus, wears three heads as well;
And if the world has any troth,
Some have been canoniz'd in both.
But that which does them greateſt harm,
Their ſp'ritual gizzards are too warm,
Which puts the overheated ſots
In fever ſtill, like other goats;
For tho' the Whore bends hereticks
With flames of fire, like crooked ſticks,
Our Schiſmatics ſo vaſtly differ,
Th' hotter they 're they grow the ſtiffer;
Still ſetting off their ſp'ritual goods
With fierce and pertinacious feuds:

For Zeal's a dreadful termagant,
That teaches Saints to tear and rant,
And Independents to profeſs
The doctrine of Dependences;
Turns meek, and ſecret, ſneaking ones,
To Rawheads fierce, and Bloodybones;
And, not content with endleſs quarrels
Againſt the Wicked, and their morals,
The Gibellines, for want of Guelfs,
Divert their rage upon themſelves.
For, now the war is not between
The Brethren and the Men of Sin,
But Saint and Saint to ſpill the blood
Of one another's Brotherhood,
Where neither ſide can lay pretence
To liberty of conſcience,
Or zealous ſuff'ring for the Cauſe,
To gain one groat's worth of applauſe;
For, tho' endur'd with reſolution,
'Twill ne'er amount to perſecution;
Shall precious Saints, and Secret ones,
Break one another's outward bones,
And eat the fleſh of Brethren,
Inſtead of kings and mighty men?
When fiends agree among themſelves,
Shall they be found the greater elves?
When Bell's at union with the Dragon,
And Baal-Peor friends with Dagon;

When ſavage bears agree with bears,
Shall Secret ones lug Saints by th' ears,
And not atone their fatal wrath,
When common danger threatens both?
Shall maſtiffs, by the collars pull'd,
Engag'd with bulls, let go their hold,
And Saints, whoſe necks are pawn'd at ſtake,
No notice of the danger take?
But tho' no pow'r of heav'n or hell
Can pacify fanatic zeal,
Who would not gueſs there might be hopes
The fear of gallowſes and ropes,
Before their eyes, might reconcile
Their animoſities a while,
At leaſt until they 'ad a clear ſtage,
And equal freedom to engage,
Without the danger of ſurpriſe
By both our common enemies?
This none but we alone could doubt,
Who underſtand their Workings-out,
And know 'em, both in ſoul and conſcience,
Giv'n up t' as reprobate a nonſenſe
As ſp'ritual outlaws, whom the pow'r
Of miracle can ne'er reſtore.
We whom at firſt they ſet up under
In revelation only' of plunder,
Who ſince have had ſo many trials
Of their incroaching ſelf-denials,

That rook'd upon us with deſign
To out-reform, and undermine;
Took all our intereſts and commands
Perfid'ouſly, out of our hands;
Involv'd us in the guilt of blood,
Without the motive-gains allow'd,
And made us ſerve as miniſterial,
Like younger ſons of Father Belial:
And yet for all th' inhuman wrong,
They 'ad done us, and the Cauſe ſo long,
We never fail'd to carry on
The Work ſtill, as we had begun;
But true and faithfully obey'd,
And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd;
Nor troubled them to crop our ears,
Nor hang us like the Cavaliers;
Nor put them to the charge of jails,
To find us pill'ries and carts'-tails,
Or hangman's wages, which the ſtate
Was forc'd (before them) to be at;
That cut, like tallies to the ſtumps,
Our ears for keeping true accompts,
And burnt our veſſels, like a new
Seal'd peck, or buſhel, for b'ing true;
But hand in hand, like faithful Brothers,
Held for the Cauſe againſt all others,
Diſdaining equally to yield
One ſyllable of what we held.

And tho' we differ'd now and then
'Bout outward things, and outward men,
Our inward men, and conſtant frame
Of ſpirit, ſtill were near the ſame;
And till they firſt began to cant,
And ſprinkle down the Covenant,
We ne'er had call in any place,
Nor dream'd of teaching down Free Grace;
But join'd our Gifts perpetually
Againſt the common enemy,
Altho' 'twas ours, and their opinion,
Each other's church was but a Rimmon:
And yet for all this Goſpel-union,
And outward ſhew of Church-communion,
They'ld ne'er admit us to our ſhares,
Of ruling church or ſtate affairs,
Nor give us leave t' abſolve, or ſentence
T' our own conditions of repentance,
But ſhar'd our dividend o' the Crown
We had ſo painfully preach'd down,
And forc'd us, tho' againſt the grain,
T' have calls to teach it up again;
For 'twas but juſtice to reſtore
The wrongs we had receiv'd before;
And, when 'twas held forth in our way,
We 'ad been ungrateful not to pay;
Who, for the right we 'ave done the nation,
Have earn'd our temporal ſalvation,

And put our veſſels in a way,
Once more, to come again in play:
For if the turning of us out
Has brought this providence about,
And that our only ſuffering
Is able to bring in the King,
What would our actions not have done,
Had we been ſuffer'd to go on?
And therefore may pretend t'a ſhare,
At leaſt, in carrying on th' affair:
But whether that be ſo or not,
We 'ave done enough to have it thought,
And that's as good as if we 'ad done't,
And eaſier paſs'd upon account:
For if it be but half deny'd,
'Tis half as good as juſtify'd.
The world is nat'rally averſe
To all the truth it ſees or hears,
But ſwallows nonſenſe, and a lie,
With greedineſs and gluttony;
And tho' it have the pique, and long,
'Tis ſtill for ſomething in the wrong;
As women long, when they 're with child,
For things extravagant and wild;
For meats ridiculous and fulſome,
But ſeldom any thing that's wholeſome;
And, like the world, men's jobbernoles
Turn round upon their ears, the poles,

And what they 're confidently told,
By no ſenſe elſe can be controll'd.
And this, perhaps, may prove the means
Once more to hedge in Providence.
For as relapſes make diſeaſes
More deſp'rate than their firſt acceſſes,
If we but get again in power,
Our work is eaſier than before,
And we more ready and expert
I' th' myſtery, to do our part:
We, who did rather undertake
The firſt war to create than make;
And, when of nothing 'twas begun,
Rais'd funds, as ſtrange, to carry 't on;
Trepann'd the ſtate, and fac'd it down,
With plots and projects of our own;
And if we did ſuch feats at firſt,
What can we, now we 're better verſt?
Who have a freer latitude,
Than ſinners give themſelves, allow'd;
And therefore likelieſt to bring in,
On faireſt terms, our Diſcipline;
To which it was reveal'd long ſince
We were ordain'd by Providence,
When three Saints' ears, our predeceſſors,
The Cauſe's primitive confeſſors,

V. 841] Burton, Pryn, and Baſtwick, three notorious ringleaders of the factions, juſt at the beginning of the late horrid Rebellion.

B'ing crucify'd, the nation ſtood
In juſt ſo many years of blood,
That, multiply'd by Six, expreſt
The perfect number of the Beaſt,
And prov'd that we muſt be the men
To bring this Work about agen;
And thoſe who laid the firſt foundation,
Complete the thorough Reformation:
For who have gifts to carry on
So great a work, but we alone?
What Churches have ſuch able paſtors,
And precious, powerful, preaching Maſters?
Poſſeſs'd with abſolute dominions
O'er Brethren's purſes and opinions?
And truſted with the double keys
Of heav'n, and their warehouſes;
Who, when the Cauſe is in diſtreſs,
Can furniſh out what ſums they pleaſe,
That brooding lie in bankers' hands,
To be diſpos'd at their commands;
And daily' increaſe and multiply,
With Doctrine, Uſe, and Uſury:
Can fetch in parties (as, in war,
All other heads of cattle are)
From th' enemy of all religions,
As well as high and low conditions,
And ſhare them, from blue ribbands, down
To all blue aprons in the Town;

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

And order matters under hand,
To put all bus'neſs to a ſtand;
Lay public bills aſide, for private,
And make 'em one another drive out;
Divert the great and neceſſary,
With trifles to conteſt and vary;
And make the nation repreſent,
And ſerve for us in Parl'ament;
Cut out more work than can be done
In Plato's year, but finiſh none,
Unleſs it be the bulls of Lenthal,
That always paſs'd for fundamental;
Can ſet up grandee againſt grandee,
To ſquander time away, and bandy;
Make Lords and Commoners lay ſieges
To one another's privileges;
And, rather than compound the quarrel,
Engage, to th' inevitable peril
Of both their ruins, th' only ſcope
And conſolation of our hope;
Who, tho' we do not play the game,
Aſſiſt as much by giving aim;

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

Can introduce our ancient arts,
For heads of factions, t' act their parts;
Know what a leading voice is worth,
A ſeconding, a third, or fourth;
How much a caſting voice comes to,
That turns up trump of *Aye*, or *No:*
And, by adjuſting all at th' end,
Share every one his dividend.
An art that ſo much ſtudy coſt,
And now's in danger to be loſt,
Unleſs our ancient virtuoſis,
That found it out, get in to th' Houſes.
Theſe are the courſes that we took
To carry things by hook or crook,
And practis'd down from forty-four,
Until they turn'd us out of door.
Beſides, the herds of Boutefeus
We ſet on work without the Houſe,
When ev'ry knight and citizen
Kept legiſlative journeymen,
To bring them in intelligence,
From all points of the rabble's ſenſe,
And fill the lobbies of both Houſes
With politic important buzzes;

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

Set up committees of cabals,
To pack deſigns without the walls;
Examine, and draw up all news,
And fit it to our preſent uſe;
Agree upon the plot o' the farce,
And ev'ry one his part rehearſe;
Make Q's of anſwers, to waylay
What th' other party's like to ſay;
What repartees, and ſmart reflections,
Shall be return'd to all objections;
And who ſhall break the maſter-jeſt,
And what, and how, upon the reſt:
Help pamphlets out, with ſafe editions,
Of proper ſlanders and ſeditions,
And treaſon for a token ſend,
By letter, to a country friend;
Diſperſe lampoons, the only wit
That men, like burglary, commit,
With falſer than a padder's face,
That all its owner does betrays,
Who therefore dares not truſt it, when
He's in his calling to be ſeen;
Diſperſe the dung on barren earth,
To bring new weeds of diſcord forth;
Be ſure to keep up congregations,
In ſpight of laws and proclamations:
For chiarlatans can do no good,
Until they 're mounted in a crowd;

And when they 're puniſh'd, all the hurt
Is but to fare the better for't;
As long as confeſſors are ſure
Of double pay for all th' endure,
And what they earn in perſecution,
Are paid t' a groat in contribution:
Whence ſome tub-holders-forth have made
In powd'ring-tubs their richeſt trade;
And, while they keep their ſhops in priſon,
Have found their prices ſtrangely riſen.
Diſdain to own the leaſt regret
For all the Chriſtian blood we 'ave ſet;
'Twill ſave our credit, and maintain
Our title to do ſo again;
That needs not coſt one dram of ſenſe,
But pertinacious impudence.
Our conſtancy t' our principles,
In time, will wear out all things elſe;
Like marble ſtatues, rubb'd in pieces
With gallantry of pilgrims' kiſſes;
While thoſe who turn and wind their oaths,
Have ſwell'd and ſunk, like other froths;
Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long
Before from world to world they ſwung;

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

As they had turn'd from ſide to ſide,
And as the changlings liv'd they dy'd.
This ſaid, th' impatient Stateſmonger
Could now contain himſelf no longer,
Who had not ſpar'd to ſhew his piques
Againſt th' haranguer's politics.
With ſmarting remarks of leering faces,
And annotations of grimaces,
After he had adminiſter'd a doſe
Of ſnuff mundungus to his noſe,
And powder'd th' inſide of his ſkull,
Inſtead of th' outward jobbernol,
He ſhook it with a ſcornful look
On th' adverſary, and thus he ſpoke:
In dreſſing a calf's head, altho'
The tongue and brains together go,
Both keep ſo great a diſtance here,
'Tis ſtrange if ever they come near;
For who did ever play his gambols
With ſuch inſufferable rambles,
To make the bringing in the King
And keeping of him out one thing?
Which none could do, but thoſe that ſwore
T' as point-blank nonſenſe heretofore;
That to defend was to invade,
And to aſſaſſinate to aid:

℣. 1004. *Grimaſhes.*] Edit. 1674. Altered 1684.
℣. 1007. *Inſide of his ſoul.*] In the firſt edition of 16-8; Altered to *ſkull*, 1684, four years after Mr. Butler's death.

Unleſs, becauſe you drove him out,
(And that was never made a doubt)
No pow'r is able to reſtore
And bring him in, but on your ſcore:
A ſp'ritual doctrine, that conduces
Moſt properly to all your uſes.
'Tis true, a ſcorpion's oil is ſaid
To cure the wounds the vermin made;
And weapons dreſs'd with ſalves reſtore
And heal the hurts they gave before:
But whether Preſbyterians have
So much good nature as the ſalve,
Or virtue in them as the vermin,
'Thoſe who have try'd them can determin.
Indeed 'tis pity you ſhould miſs
Th' arrears of all your ſervices,
And, for th' eternal obligation
Y' laid upon th' ungrateful nation,
Be us'd ſo unconſcionably hard,
As not to find a juſt reward
For letting rapine looſe, and murther,
To rage juſt ſo far, but no further,
And ſetting all the land on fire,
To burn t' a ſcantling, but no higher;
For vent'ring to aſſaſſinate
And cut the throats of Church and State,
And not be allow'd the fitteſt men
To take the charge of both agen:

Eſpecially that have the grace
Of ſelf-denying gifted face;
Who, when your projects have miſcarry'd,
Can lay them, with undaunted forchead,
On thoſe you painfully trepann'd,
And ſprinkled in at ſecond hand;
As we have been, to ſhare the guilt
Of Chriſtian blood, devoutly ſpilt;
For ſo our ignorance was flamm'd,
To damn ourſelves, t' avoid being damn'd;
Till finding your old foe, the hangman,
Was like to lurch you at Back-gammon,
And win your necks upon the ſet,
As well as ours, who did but bet,
(For he had drawn your ears before,
And nick'd them on the ſelf-ſame ſcore)
We threw the box and dice away,
Before y' had loſt us at foul play,
And brought you down to rook and lie,
And fancy only on the bye;
Redeem'd your forfeit jobbernoles,
From perching upon lofty poles,
And refcu'd all your outward traitors
From hanging up, like aligators;
For which ingeniouſly ye 'ave ſhew'd
Your Preſbyterian gratitude;

℣. 1065.] Alluding to the caſe of Mr Pryn, who had his ears cropped twice for his ſeditious writings.

Would freely have paid us home in kind,
And not have been one rope behind.
Thoſe were your motives to divide,
And ſcruple, on the other ſide,
To turn your zealous frauds, and force,
To fits of conſcience and remorſe;
To be convinc'd they were in vain,
And face about for new again;
For truth no more unveil'd your eyes,
Than maggots are convinc'd to flies;
And therefore all your Lights and Calls
Are but apocryphal and falſe,
To charge us with the conſequences
Of all your native inſolences,
That to your own imperious wills
Laid Law and Goſpel neck and heels;
Corrupted the Old Teſtament,
To ſerve the New for precedent;
T' amend its errors and defects,
With murther and rebellion-texts;
Of which there is not any one
In all the book to ſow upon;

℣ 1086. *Than maggots* are convinc'd *to flies.*] Thus it ſtands in all editions to 1710, excluſive, and then altered, *Than maggots* when they turn *to flies.*

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

And therefore (from your tribe) the Jews
Held Chriſtian doctrine forth, and uſe;
As Mahomet (your chief) began
To mix them in the Alcoran;
Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce devotion,
And bended elbows on the cuſhion;
Stole from the beggars all your tones,
And gifted mortifying groans;
Had lights where better eyes were blind,
As pigs are ſaid to ſee the wind;
Fill'd Bedlam with predeſtination,
And Knightſbridge with illumination;
Made children, with your tones, to run for't,
As bad as Bloodybones or Lunsford.

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

While women, great with child, miſcarry'd,
For being to Malignants marry'd:
Transform'd all wives to Dalilahs,
Whoſe huſbands were not for the Cauſe;
And turn'd the men to ten-horn'd cattle,
Becauſe they came not out to battle;
Made tailors' 'prentices turn heroes,
For fear of being transform'd to Meroz,
And rather forfeit their indentures,
'Than not eſpouſe the Saints' adventures:
Could tranſubſtantiate, metamorphoſe,
And charm whole herds of beaſts, like Orpheus;
Inchant the King's and Church's lands,
T' obey and follow your commands,
And ſettle on a new freehold,
As Marcly-hill had done of old;
Could turn the Cov'nant, and tranſlate
The Goſpel into ſpoons and plate;
Expound upon all merchants' caſhes,
And open th' intricateſt places;
Could catechiſe a money-box,
And prove all pouches orthodox;
Until the Cauſe became a Damon,
And Pythias the wicked Mammon:
And yet, in ſpite of all your charms
To conjure Legion up in arms,
And raiſe more devils in the rout,
Than e'er y' were able to caſt out,

Y' have been reduc'd, and by thoſe fools,
Bred up (you ſay) in your own ſchools,
Who, tho' but gifted at your feet,
Have made it plain they have more wit,
By whom you 'ave been ſo oft trepann'd,
And held forth out of all command;
Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out-done,
And out-reveal'd at Carryings-on;
Of all your Diſpenſations worm'd
Out-providenc'd and out-reform'd;
Ejected out of Church and State,
And all things but the people's hate;
And ſpirited out of th' enjoyments
Of precious, edifying employments,
By thoſe who lodg'd their gifts and graces
Like better bowlers, in your places:
All which you bore with reſolution,
Charg'd on th' account of perſecution;
And tho' moſt righteouſly oppreſs'd,
Againſt your wills, ſtill acquieſc'd;
And never hum'd and hah'd Sedition,
Nor ſnuffled Treaſon, nor Miſpriſion:
That is, becauſe you never durſt;
For, had you preach'd and pray'd your worſt,
Alas! you were no longer able
To raiſe your poſſe of the rabble:
One ſingle redcoat ſentinel
Outcharm'd the magic of the ſpell,

And, with his ſquirt-fire, could diſperſe
Whole troops with chapter rais'd and verſe.
We knew too well thoſe tricks of yours,
To leave it ever in your powers,
Or truſt our ſafeties, or undoings,
To your diſpoſing of Outgoings,
Or to your ord'ring Providence,
One farthing's-worth of conſequence.
For had you power to undermine,
Or wit to carry a deſign,
Or correſpondence to trepan,
Inveigle, or betray one man,
There's nothing elſe that intervenes,
And bars your zeal to uſe the means;
And therefore wondrous like, no doubt,
To bring in kings, or keep them out:
Brave undertakers to reſtore,
That could not keep yourſelves in pow'r;
T' advance the int'reſts of the Crown,
That wanted wit to keep your own.
'Tis true you have (for I'd be loath
To wrong ye) done your parts in both,
To keep him out, and bring him in,
As Grace is introduc'd by Sin;
For 'twas your zealous want of ſenſe
And ſanctify'd impertinence,
Your carrying buſineſs in a huddle,
That forc'd our rulers to new-model,

Oblig'd the State to tack about,
And turn you, root and branch, all out;
To reformado, one and all,
T' your great Croyſado General:
Your greedy ſlav'ring to devour,
Before 'twas in your clutches, pow'r;
That ſprung the game you were to ſet,
Before ye 'ad time to draw the net:
Your ſpite to ſee the Church's lands
Divided into other hands,
And all your ſacrilegious ventures
Laid out in tickets and debentures:
Your envy to be ſprinkled down,
By under churches in the Town;
And no courſe us'd to ſtop their mouths,
Nor th' Independents' ſpreading growths:
All which conſider'd, 'tis moſt true
None bring him in ſo much as you,
Who have prevail'd beyond their plots,
Their midnight juntos, and ſeal'd knots;
That thrive more by your zealous piques,
Than all their own raſh politics.
And this way you may claim a ſhare
In carrying (as you brag) th' affair,
Elſe frogs and toads, that croak'd the Jews
From Pharaoh and his brick-kilns looſe,
And flies and mange, that ſet them free
From taſkmaſters and ſlavery,

Were likelier to do the feat,
In any indiff'rent man's conceit:
For who e'er heard of Reſtoration,
Until your thorough Reformation?
That is, the King's and Church's lands
Were ſequeſter'd int' other hands:
For only then, and not before,
Your eyes were open'd to reſtore;
And when the work was carrying on,
Who croſs'd it but yourſelves alone?
As by a world of hints appears,
All plain, and extant, as your ears.
But firſt, o' th' firſt: The Iſle of Wight
Will riſe up, if you ſhou'd deny't,
Where Henderſon, and th' other Maſſes,
Were ſent to cap texts, and put caſes:

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

To paſs for deep and learned ſcholars,
Altho' but paltry Ob and Sollers:
As if th' unſeaſonable fools
Had been a courſing in the ſchools,

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

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

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

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

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

When from a ſcoundrel holder-forth,
The ſcum, as well as ſon o' th' earth,
Your mighty ſenators took law,
At his command were forc'd t' withdraw,
And ſacrifice the peace o' th' nation
To Doctrine, Uſe, and Application.
So when the Scots, your conſtant cronies,
Th' eſpouſers of your cauſe and monies,
Who had ſo often, in your aid,
So many ways been ſoundly paid,

℣. 1263.] This was Mr Chriſtopher Love, a furious Preſbyterian, who, when the King's commiſſioners met thoſe of the Parliament at Uxbridge, in the year 1644, to treat of peace, preached a ſermon there, on the 30th of January, againſt the treaty, and ſaid, among other things, that "no "good was to be expected from it, for that they (meaning "the King's commiſſioners) came from Oxford with hearts "full of blood."

℣. 1269, 1270.] The expenſe the Engliſh rebels engaged the nation in, by bringing in their brother rebels from Scotland, amounted to an extravagant ſum, their receipts in money and free-quarter, 1,462,769*l.* 5*s.* 8*d.* William Lilly, the *Sidrophel* of this Poem, obſerves of the Scots, "That they came into England purpoſely to ſteal our goods, "raviſh our wives, enſlave our perſons, inherit our poſſeſ-"ſions and birth-rights, remain here in England, and ever-"laſtingly to inhabit among us."

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

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

Came in at laſt for better ends,
To prove themſelves your truſty friends,
You baſely left them, and the Church
They train'd you up to, in the lurch,
And ſuffer'd your own tribe of Chriſtians
To fall before, as true Philiſtines.
This ſhews what utenſils y' have been,
To bring the King's concernments in;
Which is ſo far from being true,
That none but he can bring in you;
And if he take you into truſt,
Will find you moſt exactly juſt,
Such as will punctually repay
With double int'reſt, and betray.
Not that I think thoſe pantomimes,
Who vary action with the times,
Are leſs ingenious in their art,
Than thoſe who dully act one part;
Or thoſe who turn from ſide to ſide,
More guilty than the wind and tide.
All countries are a wiſe man's home,
And ſo are governments to ſome,
Who change them for the ſame intrigues
That ſtateſmen uſe in breaking leagues;
While others in old faiths and troths
Look odd, as out-of-faſhion'd clothes,
And naſtier in an old opinion,
Than thoſe who never ſhift their linen.

For True and Faithful's ſure to loſe,
Which way ſoever the game goes;
And, whether parties loſe or win,
Is always nick'd, or elſe hedg'd in:
While pow'r uſurp'd, like ſtol'n delight,
Is more bewitching than the right,
And, when the times begin to alter,
None riſe ſo high as from the halter.
And ſo we may, if we 'ave but ſenſe
To uſe the neceſſary means,
And not your uſual ſtratagems
On one another, lights, and dreams:
To ſtand on terms as poſitive,
As if we did not take, but give;
Set up the Covenant on crutches,
'Gainſt thoſe who have us in their clutches,
And dream of pulling churches down,
Before we 're ſure to prop our own;
Your conſtant method of proceeding,
Without the carnal means of heeding,
Who, 'twixt your inward ſenſe and outward,
Are worſe, than if y' had none, accoutred.
I grant all curſes are in vain,
Unleſs we can get in again;
The only way that's left us now,
But all the difficulty's how.
'Tis true we 'ave money, th' only pow'r
That all mankind falls down before;

Money, that, like the ſwords of kings,
Is the laſt reaſon of all things;
And therefore need not doubt our play
Has all advantages that way,
As long as men have faith to ſell,
And meet with thoſe that can pay well;
Whoſe half-ſtarv'd pride, and avarice,
One church and ſtate will not ſuffice,
T' expoſe to ſale, beſides the wages,
Of ſtoring plagues to after-ages.
Nor is our money leſs our own
Than 'twas before we laid it down;
For 'twill return, and turn t' account,
If we are brought in play upon't,
Or but, by caſting knaves, get in,
What pow'r can hinder us to win?
We know the arts we us'd before,
In peace and war, and ſomething more,
And by th' unfortunate events
Can mend our next experiments;
For when we 're taken into truſt,
How eaſy are the wiſeſt chouſt,
Who ſee but th' outſides of our feats,
And not their ſecret ſprings and weights,
And, while they 're buſy at their eaſe,
Can carry what deſigns we pleaſe?
How eaſy is't to ſerve for agents,
To proſecute our old engagements?

To keep the good old Cauſe on foot,
And preſent power from taking root;
Inflame them both with falſe alarms
Of plots and parties taking arms;
To keep the nation's wounds too wide
From healing up of ſide to ſide;
Profeſs the paſſionat'ſt concerns,
For both their intereſts by turns,
The only way t' improve our own,
By dealing faithfully with none;
(As bowls run true, by being made
On purpoſe falſe, and to be ſway'd)
For if we ſhould be true to either,
'Twould turn us out of both together;
And therefore have no other means
To ſtand upon our own defence,
But keeping up our ancient party
In vigour, confident and hearty:
To reconcile our late Diſſenters,
Our Brethren, tho' by other venters;
Unite them, and their different maggots,
As long and ſhort ſticks are in faggots,
And make them join again as cloſe,
As when they firſt began t' eſpouſe;

℣. 1362. For *healing up.*] In all editions to 1704, excluſive.
℣. 1368. Of *purpoſe falſe.*] In all editions to 1704, excluſive.

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

And keep them hooded, and their Churches,
Like hawks, from baiting on their perches;
That when the bleſſed time ſhall come
Of quitting Babylon and Rome,
They may be ready to reſtore
Their own Fifth monarchy once more.
Mean while be better arm'd to fence
Againſt revolts of Providence,
By watching narrowly, and ſnapping
All blind ſides of it, as they happen:
For if ſucceſs could make us Saints,
Our ruin turn'd us miſcreants;
A ſcandal that would fall too hard
Upon a few, and unprepar'd.
These are the courſes we muſt run,
Spite of our hearts, or be undone,
And not to ſtand on terms and freaks,
Before we have ſecur'd our necks.
But do our work as out of ſight,
As ſtars by day, and ſuns by night;

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

All licence of the people own,
In oppoſition to the Crown;
And for the Crown as fiercely ſide,
The head and body to divide.
The end of all we firſt deſign'd,
And all that yet remains behind,
Be ſure to ſpare no public rapin,
On all emergencies that happen;
For 'tis as eaſy to ſupplant
Authority, as men in want;
As ſome of us, in truſts, have made
The one hand with the other trade;
Gain'd vaſtly by their joint endeavour,
The right a thief, the left receiver;
And what the one, by tricks, foreſtall'd,
The other, by as ſly, retail'd.
For gain has wonderful effects,
T' improve the factory of ſects;
The rule of faith in all profeſſions,
And great Diana of th' Epheſians;
Whence turning of religion 's made
The means to turn and wind a trade;
And tho' ſome change it for the worſe,
They put themſelves into a courſe,
And draw in ſtore of cuſtomers,
To thrive the better in commerce:
For all religions flock together,
Like tame and wild fowl of a feather;

To nab the itches of their ſects,
As jades do one another's necks.
Hence 'tis hypocriſy as well
Will ſerve t' improve a Church, as zeal;
As perſecution, or promotion,
Do equally advance devotion.
Let buſineſs, like ill watches, go
Sometime too faſt, ſometime too ſlow;
For things in order are put out
So eaſy, eaſe itſelf will do't:
But when the feat's deſign'd and meant,
What miracle can bar th' event?
For 'tis more eaſy to betray,
Than ruin any other way.
All poſſible occaſions ſtart,
The weightieſt matters to divert;
Obſtruct, perplex, diſtract, intangle,
And lay perpetual trains to wrangle;
But in affairs of leſs import,
That neither do us good nor hurt,
And they receive as little by,
Out-fawn as much, and out-comply,
And ſeem as ſcrupulouſly juſt,
To bait our hooks for greater truſt.
But ſtill be careful to cry down
All public actions, tho' our own;
The leaſt miſcarriage aggravate,
And charge it all upon the State;

Expreſs the horrid'ſt deteſtation,
And pity the diſtracted nation;
Tell ſtories ſcandalous and falſe,
I' th' proper language of cabals,
Where all a ſubtle ſtateſman ſays,
Is half in words, and half in face;
(As Spaniards talk in dialogues
Of heads and ſhoulders, nods and ſhrugs)
Intruſt it under ſolemn vows
Of Mum, and Silence, and the Roſe,
To be retail'd again in whiſpers,
For th' eaſy credulous to diſperſe.
Thus far the Stateſman—When a ſhout,
Heard at a diſtance, put him out;
And ſtrait another, all agaſt,
Ruſh'd in with equal fear and haſte,
Who ſtar'd about, as pale as death,
And, for a while, as out of breath,
Till having gather'd up his wits,
He thus began his tale by fits:

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

That beaſtly rabble—that came down
From all the garrets—in the Town,
And ſtalls, and ſhop-boards—in vaſt ſwarms,
With new-chalk'd bills, and ruſty arms,
To cry the Cauſe—up, heretofore,
And bawl the Biſhops—out of door,
Are new drawn up—in greater ſhoals,
To roaſt—and broil us on the coals,
And all the Grandees—of our members
Are carbonading—on the embers;
Knights, citizens, and burgeſſes—
Held forth by rumps—of pigs and geeſe,
That ſerve for characters—and badges
To repreſent their perſonages;
Each bonfire is a funeral pile,
In which they roaſt, and ſcorch, and broil,
And ev'ry repreſentative
Have vow'd to roaſt—and broil alive:
And 'tis a miracle we are not
Already ſacrific'd incarnate;
For while we wrangle here, and jar,
We 're grilly'd all at Temple-bar;
Some, on the ſignpoſt of an alehouſe,
Hang in effigy, on the gallows,
Made up of rags, to perſonate
Reſpective officers of ſtate;

℣. 1505] This is an accurate deſcription of the mob's burning rumps upon the admiſſion of the ſecluded members, in contempt of the Rump Parliament.

That, henceforth, they may ſtand reputed,
Proſcrib'd in law, and executed,
And, while the Work is carrying on,
Be ready liſted under Dun,
That worthy patriot, once the bellows,
And tinder-box, of all his fellows;
The activ'ſt member of the five,
As well as the moſt primitive;
Who, for his faithful ſervice then,
Is choſen for a fifth agen:
(For ſince the State has made a quint
Of Generals, he's liſted in't)
This worthy, as the world will ſay,
Is paid in ſpecie, his own way;
For, moulded to the life, in clouts
Th' have pick'd from dunghills hereabouts,
He's mounted on a hazel bavin
A cropp'd malignant baker gave 'em;

℣. 1534.] Dun was the public executioner at that time, and the executioners long after that went by the ſame name.

℣. 1540.] Sir Arthur Hazlerig, one of the five members of the Houſe of Commons, was impeached 1641,—2.; was governor of Newcaſtle upon Tyne, had the Biſhop of Durham's houſe, park, and manor of Aukland, and 6500*l.* in money given him. He died in the Tower of London, Jan. 8, 1661.

℣. 1541, 1542.] The Rump, growing jealous of General Monk, ordered that the generalſhip ſhould be veſted in five commiſſioners, Monk, Hazlerig, Walton, Morley, and Alured, making three a quorum, but denying a motion that Monk ſhould be of that quorum; but, their authority not being then much regarded, this order was not obeyed, and Monk continued ſole general notwithſtanding.

And to the largeſt bonfire riding,
They'ave roaſted Cook already', and Pride in;
On whom, in equipage and ſtate,
His ſcarecrow fellow-members wait,
And march in order, two and two,
As at Thankſgivings th' us'd to do,
Each in a tatter'd taliſman,
Like vermin in effigy ſlain.
But (what's more dreadful than the reſt)
Thoſe rumps are but the tail o' th' Beaſt,
Set up by Popiſh engineers,
As by the crackers plainly' appears;
For none, but Jeſuits, have a miſſion
To preach the faith with ammunition,
And propagate the Church with powder;
Their founder was a blown-up ſoldier.
Theſe ſp'ritual pioneers o' th' Whore's,
That have the charge of all her ſtores,
Since firſt they fail'd in their deſigns,
To take in heav'n by ſpringing mines,
And with unanſwerable barrels
Of gunpowder diſpute their quarrels,
Now take a courſe more practicable,
By laying trains to fire the rabble,

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

And blow us up, in th' open ſtreets,
Diſguis'd in rumps, like ſambenites,
More like to ruin and confound,
Than all their doctrines under ground.
Nor have they choſen rumps amiſs,
For ſymbols of State-myſteries,
Tho' ſome ſuppoſe 'twas but to ſhew
How much they ſcorn'd the Saints, the few,
Who, 'cauſe they 're waſted to the ſtumps,
Are repreſented beſt by rumps.
But Jeſuits have deeper reaches
In all their politic far-fetches,
And from the Coptic prieſt Kircherus,
Found out this myſtic way to jeer us:
For as th' Egyptians us'd by bees
T' expreſs their antique Ptolomies,
And by their ſtings, the ſwords they wore,
Held forth authority and pow'r;
Becauſe theſe ſubtle animals
Bear all their int'reſts in their tails,
But when they 're once impair'd in that,
Are baniſh'd their well-order'd ſtate,
They thought all governments were beſt
By hieroglyphic rumps expreſt.
For as, in bodies natural,
The rump's the fundament of all,

ℳ. 1585. *Kircherus.*] Athanaſius Kircher, a Jeſuit, hath wrote largely on the Egyptian myſtical learning. *Kirkerus.* in the two firſt editions.

So in a common-wealth, or realm,
The government is call'd the Helm,
With which, like veſſels under ſail,
They 're turn'd and winded by the tail;
The tail, which birds and fiſhes ſteer
Their courſes with thro' ſea and air,
To whom the rudder of the rump is
The ſame thing with the ſtern and compaſs.
This ſhews how perfectly the rump
And commonwealth in Nature jump:
For as a fly, that goes to bed,
Reſts with his tail above his head,
So, in this mongrel ſtate of ours,
The rabble are the ſupreme powers,
That hors'd us on their backs, to ſhow us
A jadiſh trick at laſt, and throw us.
The learned Rabbins of the Jews
Write, there's a bone, which they call Luez,
I' th' rump of man, of ſuch a virtue,
No force in nature can do hurt to;
And therefore, at the laſt great day,
All th' other members ſhall, they ſay,
Spring out of this, as from a ſeed
All ſorts of vegetals proceed;
From whence the learned ſons of Art,
Os ſacrum juſtly ſtyle that part:
Then what can better repreſent,
Than this rump bone, the Parliament,

That after ſev'ral rude ejections,
And as prodigious reſurrections,
With new reverſions of nine lives,
Starts up, and, like a cat, revives?
  But now, alas! they 're all expir'd,
And th' Houſe, as well as members, fir'd;
Conſum'd in kennels by the rout,
With which they other fires put out;
Condemn'd t' ungoverning diſtreſs,
And paltry, private wretchedneſs;
Worſe than the devil to privation,
Beyond all hopes of reſtoration;
And parted, like the body and ſoul,
From all dominion and control.
  We who could lately, with a look,
Enact, eſtabliſh, or revoke,
Whoſe arbitrary nods gave law,
And frowns kept multitudes in awe;
Before the bluſter of whoſe huff,
All hats, as in a ſtorm, flew off;
Ador'd and bow'd to by the great,
Down to the footman and valet;
Had more bent knees than chapel-mats,
And prayers, than the crowns of hats,
Shall now be ſcorn'd as wretchedly,
For ruin's juſt as low as high;
Which might be ſuffer'd, were it all
The horror that attends our fall:

For ſome of us have ſcores more large
Than heads and quarters can diſcharge;
And others, who, by reſtleſs ſcraping,
With public frauds, and private rapine,
Have mighty heaps of wealth amaſs'd,
Would gladly lay down all at laſt;
And, to be but undone, entail
Their veſſels on perpetual jail,
And bleſs the dev'l to let them farms
Of forfeit ſoul, on no worſe terms.
This ſaid, a near and louder ſhout
Put all th' aſſembly to the rout,

V. 1661, 1662.] This the Regicides, in general, would have done gladly, but the ringleaders of them were executed *in terrorem*. Thoſe that came in upon proclamation were brought to the bar of the Houſe of Lords, 25th Nov. 1661, to anſwer what they could ſay for themſelves why judgment ſhould not be executed againſt them? They ſeverally alleged, "That, upon his Majeſty's gracious Declaration "from Breda, and the votes of the Parliament, *&c.* they "did render themſelves, being adviſed that they ſhould "thereby ſecure their lives; and humbly craved the benefit of the proclamation, *&c.*" And Harry Martyn briſkly added, "That he had never obeyed any proclamation before "this, and hoped he ſhould not be hanged for taking the "King's word now." A bill was brought in for their execution, which was read twice, but afterwards dropt, and ſo they were all ſent to their ſeveral priſons, and little more heard of. Ludlow, and ſome others, eſcaped by flying among the Swiſs Cantons.

V. 1665, 1666.] When Sir Martyn came to this cabal, he left the rabble at Temple-bar; but, by the time he had concluded his diſcourſe, they were advanced near Whitehall and Weſtminſter. This alarmed our caballers, and perhaps terrified them with the apprehenſion of being hanged or burned in reality, as ſome of them that very inſtant were in effigy. No wonder, therefore, they broke up ſo precipi-

Who now begun t' outrun their fear,
As horſes do, from thoſe they bear;
But crowded on with ſo much haſte,
Until they 'ad block'd the paſſage faſt,
And barricadoed it with haunches
Of outward men, and bulks and paunches,
That with their ſhoulders ſtrove to ſqueeze,
And rather ſave a crippled piece
Of all their cruſh'd and broken members,
Than have them grillied on the embers;
Still preſſing on with heavy packs
Of one another on their backs,
The van-guard could no longer bear
The charges of the forlorn rear,
But, borne down headlong by the rout,
Were trampled ſorely under foot;
Yet nothing prov'd ſo formidable
As th' horrid cookery of the rabble;
And fear, that keeps all feeling out,
As leſſer pains are by the gout,
Reliev'd 'em with a freſh ſupply
Of rallied force, enough to fly,
And beat a Tuſcan running-horſe,
Whoſe jockey-rider is all ſpurs.

tately, and that each endeavoured to ſecure himſelf. The manner of it is deſcribed with a poetical licence, only to embelliſh this Canto with a diverting cataſtrophe.

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III. CANTO III.

The Argument.

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

Who would believe what ſtrange bugbears
Mankind creates itſelf, of fears,
That ſpring, like fern, that inſect weed,
Equivocally, without ſeed,
And have no poſſible foundation,
But merely in th' imagination?
And yet can do more dreadful feats
Than hags, with all their imps and teats;
Make more bewitch and haunt themſelves,
Than all their nurſeries of elves.

Our Poet now reſumes his principal ſubject; and the reaſon why he is ſo full in the recapitulation of the laſt adventure of our Knight and Squire is, becauſe we had loſt ſight of our heroes for the ſpace of the longeſt Canto in the whole Poem: this reſpite might probably occaſion forgetfulneſs in ſome readers, whoſe attention had been ſo long ſuſpended: it was therefore neceſſary that a repetition ſhould be made of the dark adventure, and that it ſhould be made clear and intelligible to the reader.

For fear does things ſo like a witch,
'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which;
Sets up communities of ſenſes,
To chop and change intelligences;
As Roſicrucian virtuoſis
Can ſee with ears, and hear with noſes;
And, when they neither ſee nor hear,
Have more than both ſupply'd by fear,
That makes 'em in the dark ſee viſions,
And hag themſelves with apparitions,
And, when their eyes diſcover leaſt,
Diſcern the ſubtleſt objects beſt;
Do things not contrary, alone,
To th' courſe of Nature, but its own,
The courage of the braveſt daunt,
And turn pultroons as valiant:
For men as reſolute appear
With too much, as too little fear;
And, when they 're out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from death by dying;
Or turn again to ſtand it out,
And thoſe they fled, like lions, rout.
This Hudibras had prov'd too true,
Who, by the Furies, left *perdue*,
And haunted with detachments, ſent
From Marſhal Legion's regiment,

℣. 36.] Alluding to Stephen Marſhal's bellowing out treaſon from the pulpit, in order to recruit the army of the Rebels. He was called the *Geneva Bull*.

Was by a fiend, as counterfeit,
Reliev'd and refcu'd with a cheat,
When nothing but himfelf, and fear,
Was both the imps and conjurer;
As, by the rules o' th' virtuofi,
It follows in due form of poefie.
Difguis'd in all the maſks of night,
We left our champion on his flight,
At blindman's buff, to grope his way,
In equal fear of night and day;
Who took his dark and defp'rate courfe,
He knew no better than his horfe;
And by an unknown devil led,
(He knew as little whither) fled,
He never was in greater need,
Nor lefs capacity of fpeed;
Difabled, both in man and beaft,
To fly and run away, his beft;
To keep the enemy, and fear,
From equal falling on his rear.
And tho' with kicks and bangs he ply'd
The further and the nearer fide;
(As feamen ride with all their force,
And tug as if they row'd the horfe,
And, when the hackney fails more fwift,
Believe they lag, or run a-drift)
So, tho' he poſted e'er ſo faſt,
His fear was greater than his haſte:

For fear, tho' fleeter than the wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.
But when the morn began t' appear,
And ſhift t' another ſcene his fear,
He found his new officious ſhade,
That came ſo timely to his aid,
And forc'd him from the foe t' eſcape,
Had turn'd itſelf to Ralpho's ſhape,
So like in perſon, garb, and pitch,
'Twas hard t' interpret which was which.
For Ralpho had no ſooner told
The Lady all he had t' unfold,
But ſhe convey'd him out of ſight,
To entertain the approaching Knight;
And while he gave himſelf diverſion,
T' accommodate his beaſt and perſon,
And put his beard into a poſture
At beſt advantage to accoſt her,
She order'd th' antimaſquerade
(For his reception) aforeſaid:
For when the ceremony was done,
The lights put out, the Furies gone,

℣. 67.] I have before obſerved, that we may trace our heroes morning and night. This particular is always eſſential in poetry, to avoid confuſion and diſputes among the critics. How would they have calculated the number of days taken up in the Iliad, Aeneid, and Paradiſe Loſt, if the poets had not been careful to lead them into the momentous diſcovery? Mr. Butler is as clear in this point as any of them: for, from opening of theſe Adventures, every morning and night have been poetically deſcribed; and now we are arrived at the third day.

And Hudibras, among the reſt,
Convey'd away, as Ralpho gueſs'd,
The wretched caitiff, all alone,
(As he believ'd) began to moan,
And tell his ſtory to himſelf,
The Knight miſtook him for an elf;
And did ſo ſtill, till he began
To ſcruple at Ralpho's outward man,
And thought, becauſe they oft agreed
T' appear in one another's ſtead,
And act the ſaint's and devil's part,
With undiſtinguiſhable art,
They might have done ſo now, perhaps,
And put on one another's ſhapes;
And therefore, to reſolve the doubt,
He ſtar'd upon him, and cry'd out,
What art? My Squire, or that bold ſpright
That took his place and ſhape to night?

℣. 88. *But ſhe convey'd him,* &c.] Firſt edit. 1678. Altered, 1684, to *convey'd.*

℣. 102, 103, 104.] Here is an amazing diſcovery opened. The Knight's dreadful apprehenſions vaniſh with the night: no ſooner does the day break, but with joy he perceives his miſtake; he finds Ralpho in his company inſtead of an elf or a ghoſt: upon this he is agreeably ſurpriſed, as he was before terribly affrighted. But let us examine whether this meeting, and the reconciliation that follows it, are naturally brought about, ſince, the day before, they had mutually reſolved to abandon each other. I think he hath judiciouſly formed this incident: for it is plain the Knight and the Squire were conſcious they had wronged one another, the one by his baſe intentions, and the other by his treachery and groſs impoſition; but very fortunately they were ignorant of each other's deſigns, and, conſequently,

Some buſy Independent pug,
Retainer to his ſynagogue?
Alas! quoth he, I'm none of thoſe
Your boſom friends, as you ſuppoſe,
But Ralph himſelf, your truſty Squire,
Who 'as dragg'd your Dunſhip out o' th' mire,
And from th' inchantments of a Widow,
Who 'ad turn'd you int' a beaſt, have freed you;
And, tho' a priſoner of war,
Have brought you ſafe, where now you are;
Which you wou'd gratefully repay,
Your conſtant Preſbyterian way.
That's ſtranger (quoth the Knight) and ſtranger,
Who gave thee notice of my danger?
Quoth he, Th' infernal conjurer
Purſu'd, and took me priſoner;
And, knowing you were hereabout,
Brought me along, to find you out.

each thought himſelf the offender: it is, therefore, natural and probable that they ſhould eaſily come to a good underſtanding. The Knight compounds with the Squire for his impoſition as a ghoſt, not only from a ſenſe of his own baſe intentions, but for the happy eſcape from witches, ſpirits, and elves, from which the Squire pretends to have freed him. On the other hand, the Squire is willing to re-enter into the Knight's ſervice, and to attend him once more in his peregrinations, when he found this ſham meritorious action had deluded him into a ſuſpenſion of that reſentment which he might juſtly have exerted: thus are they fortunately reconciled, and thus are theſe momentous Adventures continued to the ſatisfaction of the reader, and applauſe of the Poet.

℣. 103. *Sprite*,] in all the editions to 1726, inclusive. *Spright*, edition 1739.

℣. 110. *Dunſhip*.] In all editions to 1710. *Donſhip*, in later editions.

Where I, in hugger-mugger hid,
Have noted all they ſaid or did:
And, tho' they lay to him the pageant,
I did not ſee him, nor his agent;
Who play'd their ſorceries out of ſight,
T' avoid a fiercer ſecond fight.
But didſt thou ſee no devils then?
Not one (quoth he) but carnal men,
A little worſe than fiends in hell,
And that ſhe-devil Jezebel,
That laugh'd and tee-he'd with deriſion,
To ſee them take your depoſition.
What then (quoth Hudibras) was he
That play'd the dev'l to examine me?
A rallying weaver in the town,
That did it in a parſon's gown;
Whom all the pariſh takes for gifted,
But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it:
In which you told them all your feats,
Your conſcientious frauds and cheats;
Deny'd your whipping, and confeſs'd
The naked truth of all the reſt,
More plainly than the rev'rend writer
That to our Churches veil'd his miter;

℣. 145, 146.] Though there were more than one in thoſe times that this character would have ſuited, yet it is probable that Mr. George Graham, Biſhop of Orkney, is ſneered in this place by Mr. Butler. He was ſo baſe as to renounce and abjure Epiſcopacy, ſigning the abjuration with his own hand, at Breckneſs, in Strones, Feb. 11, 1639. To this re-

All which they take in black and white,
And cudgell'd me to underwrite.
What made thee, when they all were gone,
And none but thou and I alone,
To act the devil, and forbear
To rid me of my helliſh fear?
Quoth he, I knew your conſtant rate,
And frame of ſp'rit too obſtinate,
To be by me prevail'd upon,
With any motives of my own;
And therefore ſtrove to counterfeit
The dev'l a while, to nick your wit;
The devil, that is your conſtant crony,
That only can prevail upon ye;
Elſe we might ſtill have been diſputing,
And they with weighty drubs confuting.
The Knight, who now began to find
They 'ad left the enemy behind,
And ſaw no farther harm remain
But feeble wearineſs and pain,
Perceiv'd, by loſing of their way,
They 'ad gain'd th' advantage of the day,

markable incident Biſhop Hall alludes, (Epiſtle Dedicatory prefixed to his *Epiſcopacy by Divine Right*, &c. 1640. p. 1.) where he obſerves, "That he craved pardon for having "accepted his Epiſcopal function, as if he had thereby "committed ſome heinous offence." Upon which he uſes the following exclamation, "Good God! what is this I have "lived to hear? That a biſhop, in a Chriſtian aſſembly, "ſhould renounce his Epiſcopal function, and cry Mercy "for his now abandoned calling."

And, by declining of the road,
They had, by chance, their rear made good;
He ventur'd to diſmiſs his fear,
That partings wont to rant and tear,
And give the deſperat'ſt attack
To danger ſtill behind its back:
For having paus'd to recollect,
And on his paſt ſucceſs reflect,
T' examine and conſider why,
And whence, and how, he came to fly,
And when no devil had appear'd,
What elſe it could be ſaid he fear'd,
It put him in ſo fierce a rage,
He once reſolv'd to re-engage;
Toſs'd, like a foot-ball, back again
With ſhame, and vengeance, and diſdain.
Quoth he, it was thy cowardice
That made me from this leaguer riſe,
And when I 'ad half-reduc'd the place,
To quit it infamouſly baſe:
Was better cover'd by the new
Arriv'd detachment, than I knew;
To ſlight my new acqueſts, and run,
Victorioufly, from battles won;
And, reck'ning all I gain'd or loſt,
To ſell them cheaper than they coſt;
To make me put myſelf to flight,
And, conqu'ring, run away by night;

To drag me out, which th' haughty foe
Durſt never have preſum'd to do:
To mount me in the dark, by force,
Upon the bare ridge of my horſe,
Expos'd in querpo to their rage,
Without my arms and equipage;
Leſt, if they ventur'd to purſue,
I might the unequal fight renew;
And, to preſerve thy outward man,
Aſſum'd my place, and led the van.
All this (quoth Ralph) I did, 'tis true,
Not to preſerve myſelf, but you:
You, who were damn'd to baſer drubs
Than wretches feel in powd'ring tubs,
To mount two-wheel'd caroches, worſe
Than managing a wooden horſe;
Dragg'd out thro' ſtraiter holes by th' ears,
Eras'd, or coup'd for perjurers;
Who, tho' th' attempt had prov'd in vain,
Had had no reaſon to complain;
But, ſince it proſper'd, 'tis unhandſome
To blame the hand that paid your ranſom,
And reſcu'd your obnoxious bones
From unavoidable battoons.
The enemy was reinforc'd,
And we diſabled and unhors'd,
Diſarm'd, unqualify'd for fight,
And no way left but haſty flight,

Which, tho' as deſp'rate in th' attempt,
Has giv'n you freedom to condemn't.
But were our bones in fit condition
To reinforce the expedition,
'Tis now unſeaſonable and vain,
To think of falling on again:
No martial project to ſurpriſe
Can ever be attempted twice;
Nor caſt deſign ſerve afterwards,
As gameſters tear their loſing-cards.
Beſide, our bangs of man and beaſt
Are fit for nothing now but reſt,
And for a while will not be able
To rally, and prove ſerviceable:
And therefore I, with reaſon, choſe
This ſtratagem t' amuſe our foes
To make an hon'rable retreat,
And wave a total ſure defeat:
For thoſe that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's ſlain.
Hence timely running's no mean part
Of conduct, in the martial art,
By which ſome glorious feats atchieve,
As citizens by breaking thrive,
And cannons conquer armies, while
They ſeem to draw off and recoil;
Is held the gallant'ſt courſe, and braveſt,
To great exploits, as well as ſafeſt;

That ſpares th' expenſe of time and pains,
And dan'grous beating out of brains;
And, in the end, prevails as certain
As thoſe that never truſt to Fortune;
But make their fear do execution
Beyond the ſtouteſt reſolution;
As earthquakes kill without a blow,
And, only trembling, overthrow.
If th' Ancients crown'd their braveſt men
That only ſav'd a citizen,
What victory cou'd e'er be won,
If ev'ry one wou'd ſave but one?
Or fight endanger'd to be loſt,
Where all reſolve to ſave the moſt?
By this means, when a battle's won,
The war's as far from being done;
For thoſe that ſave themſelves, and fly,
Go halves, at leaſt, i' th' victory;
And ſometime, when the loſs is ſmall,
And danger great, they challenge all;
Print new additions to their feats,
And emendations in Gazettes;
And when, for furious haſte to run,
They durſt not ſtay to fire a gun,
Have done't with bonfires, and at home
Made ſquibs and crackers overcome;
To ſet the rabble on a flame,
And keep their governors from blame,

Diſperſe the news the pulpit tells,
Confirm'd with fireworks and with bells;
And, tho' reduc'd to that extreme,
They have been forc'd to ſing *Te Deum*;
Yet, with religious blaſphemy,
By flattering Heaven with a lie,
And, for their beating, giving thanks,
They 'ave rais'd recruits, and fill'd their banks;
For thoſe who run from th' enemy,
Engage them equally to fly;
And when the fight becomes a chaſe,
Thoſe win the day that win the race;
And that which would not paſs in fights,
Has done the feat with eaſy flights;
Recover'd many a deſp'rate campaign
With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign;
Reſtor'd the fainting high and mighty
With brandy-wine, and aqua-vitæ;
And made 'em ſtoutly overcome
With Bacrack, Hoccamore, and Mum;
With th' uncontroll'd decrees of Fate
To victory neceſſitate;
With which, altho' they run or burn,
They unavoidably return;
Or elſe their ſultan populaces
Still ſtrangle all their routed Baſſa's.

℣. 300. *With Bacrack.*] Or *Baccharack. Bacrach*, edit. 1684, and following editions.

Quoth Hudibras, I underſtand
What fights thou mean'ſt at ſea and land,
And who thoſe were that run away,
And yet gave out th' had won the day;
Altho' the rabble ſouc'd them for't,
O'er head and ears, in mud and dirt.
'Tis true our modern way of war
Is grown more politic by far,
But not ſo reſolute and bold,
Nor ty'd to honour, as the old.
For now they laugh at giving battle,
Unleſs it be to herds of cattle;
Or fighting convoys of proviſion,
The whole deſign o' the expedition,
And not with downright blows to rout
The enemy, but eat them out:
As fighting, in all beaſts of prey,
And eating, are perform'd one way,
To give defiance to their teeth,
And fight their ſtubborn guts to death;
And thoſe atchieve the high'ſt renown,
That bring the other ſtomachs down.
There's now no fear of wounds nor maiming,
All dangers are reduc'd to famine,
And feats of arms to plot, deſign,
Surpriſe, and ſtratagem, and mine;

V. 328. *The other's ſtomachs.*] Edit. 1700, and following ones.

But have no need nor uſe of courage,
Unleſs it be for glory' or forage:
For if they fight 'tis but by chance,
When one ſide vent'ring to advance,
And come uncivilly too near,
Are charg'd unmercifully' i' th' rear,
And forc'd, with terrible reſiſtance,
To keep hereafter at a diſtance,
To pick out ground to incamp upon,
Where ſtore of largeſt rivers run,
That ſerve, inſtead of peaceful barriers,
To part th' engagements of their warriors;
Where both from ſide to ſide may ſkip,
And only' encounter at bo-peep:
For men are found the ſtouter-hearted,
The certainer they 're to be parted,
And therefore poſt themſelves in bogs,
As th' ancient mice attack'd the frogs,
And made their mortal enemy,
The water-rat, their ſtrict ally.
For 'tis not now who's ſtout and bold?
But who bears hunger beſt, and cold?
And he's approv'd the moſt deſerving,
Who longeſt can hold out at ſtarving;
And he that routs moſt pigs and cows,
The formidableſt man of proweſs.
So th' Emperor Caligula,
That triumph'd o'er the Britiſh ſea,

Took crabs and oyſters priſoners,
And lobſters, 'ſtead of cuiraſiers;
Engag'd his legions in fierce buſtles,
With periwinkles, prawns, and muſcles,
And led his troops with furious gallops,
To charge whole regiments of ſcallops;
Not like their ancient way of war,
To wait on his triumphal car;
But when he went to dine or ſup,
More bravely ate his captives up,
And left all war, by his example,
Reduc'd to vict'ling of a camp well.
Quoth Ralph, By all that you have ſaid,
And twice as much that I cou'd add,
'Tis plain you cannot now do worſe
Than take this out-of-faſhion'd courſe;
To hope, by ſtratagem, to wooe her,
Or waging battle to ſubdue her;
Tho' ſome have done it in romances,
And bang'd them into am'rous fancies;
As thoſe who won the Amazons,
By wanton drubbing of their bones;
And ſtout Rinaldo gain'd his bride
By courting of her back and ſide.
But ſince thoſe times and feats are over,
They are not for a modern lover,
When miſtreſſes are too croſs-grain'd,
By ſuch addreſſes to be gain'd;

And if they were, would have it out
With many another kind of bout.
Therefore I hold no courſe ſo infeaſible,
As this of force, to win the Jezebel,
To ſtorm her heart, by th' antic charms
Of ladies errant, force of arms;
But rather ſtrive by law to win her,
And try the title you have in her.
Your caſe is clear, you have her word,
And me to witneſs the accord;
Beſides two more of her retinue
To teſtify what paſs'd between you;
More probable, and like to hold,
Than hand, or ſeal, or breaking gold,
For which ſo many, that renounc'd
Their plighted contracts, have been trounc'd,
And bills upon record been found,
That forc'd the ladies to compound;
And that, unleſs I miſs the matter,
Is all the buſ'neſs you look after.
Beſides, encounters at the bar
Are braver now than thoſe in war,
In which the law does execution,
With leſs diſorder and confuſion;
Has more of honour in 't, ſome hold,
Not like the new way, but the old,
When thoſe the pen had drawn together,
Decided quarrels with the feather,

And winged arrows kill'd as dead,
And more than bullets now of lead:
So all their combats now, as then,
Are manag'd chiefly by the pen;
That does the feat, with braver vigours,
In words at length, as well as figures;
Is judge of all the world performs
In voluntary feats of arms,
And whatſoe'er's atchiev'd in fight,
Determines which is wrong or right:
For whether you prevail, or loſe,
All muſt be try'd there in the cloſe;
And therefore 'tis not wiſe to ſhun
What you muſt truſt to ere ye 've done.
The law, that ſettles all you do,
And marries where you did but wooe;
That makes the moſt perfidious lover,
A lady, that's as falſe, recover;
And if it judge upon your ſide,
Will ſoon extend her for your bride,
And put her perſon, goods, or lands
Or which you like beſt, int' your hands.
For law's the wiſdom of all ages,
And manag'd by the ableſt ſages,
Who, tho' their bus'neſs at the bar
Be but a kind of civil war,
In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeons
Than e'er the Grecians did, and Trojans,

They never manage the conteſt
T' impair their public intereſt,
Or by their controverſies leſſen
The dignity of their profeſſion:
Not like us Brethren, who divide
Our Common-wealth, the Cauſe, and ſide;
And tho' we're all as near of kindred
As th' outward man is to the inward,
We agree in nothing, but to wrangle
About the ſlighteſt ſingle-fangle,
While lawyers have more ſober ſenſe,
Than t' argue at their own expenſe,
To make the beſt advantages
Of others' quarrels, like the Swiſs;
And out of foreign controverſies,
By aiding both ſides, fill their purſes;
But have no int'reſt in the cauſe
For which th' engage, and wage the laws,
Nor further proſpect than their pay,
Whether they loſe or win the day.
And tho' th' abounded in all ages,
With ſundry learned clerks and ſages;
Tho' all their buſineſs be diſpute,
Which way they canvaſs ev'ry ſuit,
They 'ave no diſputes about their art,
Nor in polemics controvert,
While all profeſſions elſe are found
With nothing but diſputes t' abound:

Divines of all ſorts, and phyſicians,
Philoſophers, mathematicians;
The Galeniſt and Paracelſian,
Condemn the way each other deals in;
Anatomiſts diſſect and mangle,
To cut themſelves out work to wrangle;
Aſtrologers diſpute their dreams,
That in their ſleeps they talk of ſchemes;
And heralds ſtickle who got who,
So many hundred years ago.
But lawyers are too wiſe a nation
T' expoſe their trade to diſputation,
Or make the buſy rabble judges
Of all their ſecret piques and grudges;
In which, whoever wins the day,
The whole profeſſion's ſure to pay.
Beſide, no mountebanks, nor cheats,
Dare undertake to do their feats,
When in all other ſciences
They ſwarm like inſects, and increaſe.
For what bigot durſt ever draw,
By inward Light, a deed in law?
Or could hold forth, by revelation,
An anſwer to a Declaration!
For thoſe that meddle with their tools,
Will cut their fingers, if they 're fools:

V. 475.] Galen was born in the year 130. and lived to the year 200. Paracelſus was born the latter-end of the 15th, and lived almoſt to the middle of the 16th century.

And if you follow their advice,
In bills, and anſwers, and replies,
They'll write a love-letter in Chancery,
Shall bring her upon oath to anſwer ye,
And ſoon reduce her to b' your wife,
Or make her weary of her life.
The Knight, who us'd with tricks and ſhifts
To edify by Ralpho's Gifts,
But in appearance cry'd him down,
To make them better ſeem his own,
(All plagiarys' conſtant courſe
Of ſinking, when they take a purſe)
Reſolv'd to follow his advice,
But kept it from him by diſguiſe;
And, after ſtubborn contradiction,
To counterfeit his own conviction,
And, by tranſition, fall upon
The reſolution as his own.
Quoth he, This gambol thou adviſeſt
Is, of all others, the unwiſeſt;
For, if I think by law to gain her,
There's nothing ſillier nor vainer.
'Tis but to hazard my pretence,
Where nothing's certain but th' expenſe;
To act againſt myſelf, and traverſe
My ſuit and title to her favours;

℣. 507. *Cry'd him down.*] Edit. 1678, 1684. *Cry'd* them *down*, 1700, and following editions.

And if ſhe ſhould, which Heav'n forbid,
O'erthrow me, as the Fiddler did,
What after-courſe have I to take,
'Gainſt loſing all I have at ſtake?
He that with injury is griev'd,
And goes to law to be reliev'd,
Is fillier than a ſottiſh chouſe,
Who, when a thief has robb'd his houſe,
Applies himſelf to cunning men,
To help him to his goods agen;
When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to ſquander more in vain:
And yet I have no other way,
But is as difficult, to play:
For to reduce her, by main force,
Is now in vain; by fair means, worſe;
But worſt of all to give her over,
Till ſhe's as deſp'rate to recover:
For bad games are thrown up too ſoon,
Until they 're never to be won;
But ſince I have no other courſe,
But is as bad t' attempt, or worſe,
He that complies againſt his will,
Is of his own opinion ſtill,
Which he may adhere to, yet diſown,
For reaſons to himſelf beſt known;
But 'tis not to b' avoided now,
For Sidrophel reſolves to ſue;

Whom I muſt anſwer, or begin,
Inevitably, firſt with him;
For I've receiv'd advertiſement,
By times enough, of his intent;
And knowing he that firſt complains
Th' advantage of the bus'neſs gains;
For courts of juſtice underſtand
The plaintiff to be eldeſt hand;
Who what he pleaſes may aver,
The other nothing till he ſwear;
Is freely' admitted to all grace,
And lawful favour, by his place;
And, for his bringing cuſtom in,
Has all advantages to win:
I, who reſolve to overſee
No lucky opportunity,
Will go to counſel, to adviſe
Which way t' encounter or ſurpriſe,
And, after long conſideration,
Have found out one to fit th' occaſion,
Moſt apt for what I have to do,
As counſellor, and juſtice too.
And truly ſo, no doubt, he was,
A lawyer fit for ſuch a caſe.
An old dull ſot, who told the clock,
For many years, at Bridewell-dock,
At Weſtminſter, and Hicks's-hall,
And *hiccius doctius* play'd in all;

Where, in all governments and times,
He 'ad been both friend and foe to crimes,
And us'd two equal ways of gaining,
By hind'ring juſtice, or maintaining:
To many a whore gave privilege,
And whipp'd, for want of quarterage;
Cart-loads of bawds to priſon ſent,
For b'ing behind a fortnight's rent;
And many a truſty pimp and crony
To Puddle-dock, for want of money:
Engag'd the conſtable to ſeize
All thoſe that wou'd not break the peace;
Nor give him back his own foul words,
Tho' ſometimes commoners, or lords,
And kept 'em priſoners of courſe,
For being ſober at ill hours;
That in the morning he might free
Or bind 'em over for his fee.
Made monſters fine, and puppet-plays,
For leave to practiſe in their ways;
Farm'd out all cheats, and went a ſhare
With th' headborough and ſcavenger;
And made the dirt i' th' ſtreets compound
For taking up the public ground;
The kennel, and the king's highway,
For being unmoleſted, pay;
Let out the ſtocks, and whipping-poſt,
And cage, to thoſe that gave him moſt;

Impos'd a tax on bakers' ears,
And, for falſe weights, on chandelers;
Made victuallers and vintners fine
For arbitrary ale and wine;
But was a kind and conſtant friend
To all that regularly' offend;
As reſidentiary bawds,
And brokers that receive ſtol'n goods;
That cheat in lawful myſteries,
And pay church duties and his fees;
But was implacable and awkward
To all that interlop'd and hawker'd.
To this brave man the Knight repairs
For counſel in his law-affairs,
And found him mounted, in his pew,
With books and money plac'd, for ſhew,
Like neſt-eggs to make clients lay,
And for his falſe opinion pay:
To whom the Knight, with comely grace,
Put off his hat, to put his caſe;
Which he as proudly entertain'd
As th' other courteouſly ſtrain'd;
And, to aſſure him 'twas not that
He look'd for, bid him put on 's hat.
Quoth he, There is one Sidrophel
Whom I have cudgell'd—Very well.

Ver. 619. *Auker'd.*] Edit. 1678, 1684.

And now he brags to 'ave beaten me;
Better, and better ſtill, quoth he;
And vows to ſtick me to a wall,
Where'er he meets me—Beſt of all.
'Tis true the knave has taken 's oath
That I robb'd him—Well done, in troth.
When he 'as confeſs'd he ſtole my cloak,
And pick'd my fob, and what he took;
Which was the cauſe that made me bang him,
And take my goods again—Marry, hang him.
Now, whether I ſhould beforehand,
Swear he robb'd me?—I underſtand.
Or bring my action of converſion
And trover for my goods?—Ah, whoreſon.
Or, if 'tis better to indite,
And bring him to his trial?—Right.
Prevent what he deſigns to do,
And ſwear for th' ſtate againſt him?—True.
Or whether he that is defendant,
In this caſe, has the better end on't;
Who, putting in a new croſs-bill,
May traverſe the action?—Better ſtill.
Then there's a lady, too.—Aye, marry.
That's eaſily prov'd acceſſary;
A Widow, who, by ſolemn vows
Contracted to me, for my ſpouſe,
Combin'd with him to break her word,
And has abetted all—Good Lord!

Suborn'd th' aforeſaid Sidrophel
To tamper with the dev'l of hell,
Who put m' into a hor..d fear,
Fear of my life—Make that appear.
Made an aſſault with fiends and men
Upon my body—Good agen.
And kept me in a deadly fright,
And falſe impriſonment, all night.
Mean while they robb'd me, and my horſe,
And ſtole my ſaddle—Worſe and worſe.
And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder miſcarriage.
Sir, (quoth the lawyer) not to flatter ye,
You have as good and fair a battery
As heart can wiſh, and need not ſhame
The proudeſt man alive to claim:
For if they 'ave us'd you as you ſay,
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy;
I wou'd it were my caſe, I'd give
More than I'll ſay, or you'll believe:
I wou'd ſo trounce her, and her purſe,
I'd made her kneel for better or worſe;
For matrimony, and hanging here,
Both go by deſtiny ſo clear,
That you as ſure may pick and chuſe,
As croſs I win, and pile you loſe:
And if I durſt I wou'd advance
As much in ready maintenance,

As upon any caſe I've known;
But we that practiſe dare not own:
The law ſeverely contrabands
Our taking bus'neſs off men's hands;
'Tis common barratry, that bears
Point-blank an action 'gainſt our ears,
And crops them till there is not leather,
To ſtick a pin in, left of either;
For which ſome do the ſummer-ſault,
And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault:
But you may ſwear at any rate,
Things not in nature, for the ſtate;
For in all courts of juſtice here
A witneſs is not ſaid to ſwear,
But make oath, that is, in plain terms,
To forge whatever he affirms.
(I thank you (quoth the Knight) for that,
Becauſe 'tis to my purpoſe pat——)
For Juſtice, tho' ſhe's painted blind,
Is to the weaker ſide inclin'd,
Like Charity; elſe right and wrong
Cou'd never hold it out ſo long,
And, like blind Fortune, with a ſleight,
Convey men's intereſt, and right,
From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's,
As eaſily as *Hocus Pocus;*
Plays faſt and looſe, makes men obnoxious;
And clear again, like *hiccius doctius.*

Then, whether you would take her life,
Or but recover her for your wife,
Or be content with what ſhe has,
And let all other matters paſs,
The bus'neſs to the law's alone,
The proof is all it looks upon;
And you can want no witneſſes,
To ſwear to any thing you pleaſe,
That hardly get their mere expenſes
By th' labour of their conſciences,
Or letting out, to hire, their ears
To Affidavit-cuſtomers,
At inconſiderable values,
To ſerve for jurymen, or tales,
Altho' retain'd in th' hardeſt matters
Of truſtees and adminiſtrators.
For that, (quoth he) let me alone;
We 'ave ſtore of ſuch, and all our own,
Bred up and tutor'd by our Teachers,
Th' ableſt of conſcience-ſtretchers.
That's well, (quoth he) but I ſhould gueſs,
By weighing all advantages,
Your ſureſt way is firſt to pitch
On Bongey for a water-witch;

℣. 723.—*Alone.*] In all editions to 1704, inclusive. *All one*, in later editions.

℣. 742.] Bongey was a Franciſcan, and lived towards the end of the thirteenth century, a doctor of divinity in Oxford, and a particular acquaintance of Friar Bacon's. In that ignorant age every thing that ſeemed extraordinary

And when ye 'ave hang'd the conjurer,
Ye 'ave time enough to deal with her.
In th' int'rim ſpare for no trepans
To draw her neck into the banns;
Ply her with love-letters and billets,
And bait 'em well, for quirks and quillets,
With trains t' inveigle and ſurpriſe
Her heedleſs anſwers and replies;
And if ſhe miſs the mouſe-trap lines,
They'll ſerve for other by-deſigns;
And make an artiſt underſtand
To copy out her ſeal, or hand;
Or find void places in the paper
To ſteal in ſomething to intrap her;
Till with her worldly goods, and body,
Spite of her heart, ſhe has endow'd ye:
Retain all ſorts of witneſſes,
That ply i' th' temples, under trees,
Or walk the round, with Knights o' th' Poſts,
About the croſs-legg'd knights, their hoſts;
Or wait for cuſtomers between
The pillar-rows in Lincoln's-Inn;
Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail,
And Affidavit-men ne'er fail

was reputed magic, and ſo both Bacon and Bongey went under the imputation of ſtudying the black art. Bongey alſo publiſhing a treatiſe of natural magic, confirmed ſome well-meaning credulous people in this opinion; but it was altogether groundleſs, for Bongey was choſen Provincial of his order, being a perſon of moſt excellent parts and piety.

T' expoſe to ſale all ſorts of oaths,
According to their ears and clothes,
Their only neceſſary tools,
Beſides the Goſpel, and their ſouls;
And when ye 're furniſh'd with all purveys,
I ſhall be ready at your ſervice.
I would not give (quoth Hudibras)
A ſtraw to underſtand a caſe,
Without the admirable ſkill
To wind and manage it at will;
To veer, and tack, and ſteer a cauſe,
Againſt the weather-gage of laws,
And ring the changes upon caſes,
As plain as noſes upon faces,
As you have well inſtructed me,
For which you 'ave earn'd (here 'tis) your fee.
I long to practiſe your advice,
And try the ſubtle artifice;
To bait a letter, as you bid.
As, not long after, thus he did;
For, having pump'd up all his wit,
And hum'd upon it, thus he writ.

℣. 782.] The beggar's prayer for the lawyer would have ſuited this gentleman very well. See the works of J. Taylor, the Water-poet, p. 161. "May the terms be everlaſting "to thee, thou man of tongue; and may contentions grow "and multiply, may actions beget actions, and ſuits ingender caſes as thick as hops; may every day of the year "be a Shrove-Tueſday; let proclamations forbid fighting, "to increaſe actions of battery: that thy caſſock may be "three-piled, and the welts of thy gown may not grow "thread-bare!"

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE *

OF HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

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

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

But not, becauſe it is unpaid,
'Tis violated, tho' delay'd:
Or, if it were, it is no fault,
So heinous as youl'd have it thought;
To undergo the loſs of ears,
Like vulgar hackney perjurers:
For there's a difference in the caſe,
Between the noble and the baſe;
Who always are obſerv'd to 'ave done't
Upon as different an account;
The one for great and weighty cauſe,
To ſalve, in honour, ugly flaws;
For none are like to do it ſooner,
Than thoſe who 're niceſt of their honour:
The other, for baſe gain and pay,
Forſwear and perjure by the day,
And make th' expoſing and retailing
Their ſouls, and conſciences, a calling.
It is no ſcandal nor aſperſion,
Upon a great and noble perſon,
To ſay he nat'rally abhorr'd
Th' old-faſhion'd trick to keep his word,
Tho' 'tis perfidiouſneſs and ſhame,
In meaner men, to do the ſame:
For to be able to forget,
Is found more uſeful to the great
Than gout, or deafneſs, or bad eyes,
To make 'em paſs for wondrous wiſe.

But tho' the law, on perjurers,
Inflicts the forfeiture of ears,
It is not juſt, that does exempt
The guilty, and puniſh the innocent;
To make the ears repair the wrong
Committed by th' ungovern'd tongue;
And, when one member is forſworn,
Another to be cropt or torn.
And if you ſhou'd, as you deſign,
By courſe of law, recover mine,
You 're like, if you conſider right,
To gain but little honour by't.
For he that for his lady's ſake
Lays down his life, or limbs, at ſtake,
Does not ſo much deſerve her favour,
As he that pawns his ſoul to have her.
This ye 'ave acknowledg'd I have done,
Altho' you now diſdain to own;
But ſentence what you rather ought
T' eſteem good ſervice than a fault.
Beſides, oaths are not bound to bear
That literal ſenſe the words infer;
But, by the practice of the age,
Are to be judg'd how far th' engage;
And where the ſenſe by cuſtom 's checkt,
Are found void and of none effect;
For no man takes or keeps a vow,
But juſt as he ſees others do;

Nor are th' oblig'd to be ſo brittle,
As not to yield and bow a little:
For as beſt-temper'd blades are found,
Before they break, to bend quite round;
So trueſt oaths are ſtill moſt tough,
And, tho' they bow, are breaking proof.
Then wherefore ſhould they not b' allow'd
In love a greater latitude?
For as the law of arms approves
All ways to conqueſt, ſo ſhou'd love's;
And not be ty'd to true or falſe,
But make that juſteſt that prevails:
For how can that which is above
All empire, high and mighty love,
Submit its great prerogative
To any other power alive?
Shall Love, that to no crown gives place,
Become the ſubject of a caſe?
The fundamental law of Nature
Be over-rul'd by thoſe made after?
Commit the cenſure of its cauſe
To any, but its own great laws?
Love, that's the world's preſervative,
That keeps all ſouls of things alive;
Controls the mighty pow'r of Fate,
And gives mankind a longer date;
The life of Nature, that reſtores
As faſt as Time and Death devours;

To whoſe free-gift the world does owe
Not only earth, but heaven too:
For love's the only trade that's driven,
The intereſt of ſtate in heav'n,
Which nothing but the ſoul of man
Is capable to entertain.
For what can earth produce, but love,
To repreſent the joys above?
Or who, but lovers, can converſe,
Like angels, by the eye-diſcourſe?
Addreſs, and compliment by viſion,
Make love, and court by intuition?
And burn in am'rous flames as fierce
As thoſe celeſtial miniſters?
Then how can any thing offend,
In order to ſo great an end?
Or Heav'n itſelf a ſin reſent,
That for its own ſupply was meant?
That merits, in a kind miſtake,
A pardon for th' offence's ſake?
Or if it did not, but the cauſe
Were left to th' injury of laws,
What tyranny can diſapprove
There ſhould be equity in love?
For laws that are inanimate,
And feel no ſenſe of love or hate,
That have no paſſion of their own,
Nor pity to be wrought upon,

Are only proper to inflict
Revenge, on criminals as ſtrict:
But to have power to forgive,
Is empire and prerogative;
And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem
To grant a pardon than condemn.
Then, ſince ſo few do what they ought,
'Tis great t' indulge a well-meant fault;
For why ſhould he who made addreſs
All humble ways, without ſucceſs,
And met with nothing in return
But inſolence, affronts, and ſcorn,
Not ſtrive by wit to countermine,
And bravely carry his deſign?
He who was us'd ſo unlike a ſoldier,
Blown up with philtres of love-powder?
And, after letting blood, and purging,
Condemn'd to voluntary ſcourging;
Alarm'd with many a horrid fright,
And claw'd by goblins in the night;
Inſulted on, revil'd, and jeer'd,
With rude invaſion of his beard;
And, when your ſex was foully ſcandal'd,
As foully by the rabble handled;
Attack'd by deſpicable foes,
And drubb'd with mean and vulgar blows;
And, after all, to be debarr'd
So much as ſtanding on his guard;

When horſes, being ſpurr'd and prick'd,
Have leave to kick for being kick'd?
Or why ſhould you, whoſe mother-wits
Are furniſh'd with all perquiſites;
That with your breeding teeth begin,
And nurſing babies that lie in,
B' allow'd to put all tricks upon
Our cully ſex, and we uſe none?
We, who have nothing but frail vows,
Againſt your ſtratagems t' oppoſe,
Or oaths more feeble than your own,
By which we are no leſs put down?
You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,
And kill with a retreating eye;
Retire the more, the more we preſs,
To draw us into ambuſhes:
As pirates all falſe colours wear,
T' intrap th' unwary mariner;
So women, to ſurpriſe us, ſpread
The borrow'd flags of white and red;
Diſplay 'em thicker on their cheeks,
Than their old grandmothers, the Picts;
And raiſe more devils with their looks,
Than conjurers' leſs ſubtle books:
Lay trains of amorous intrigues,
In tow'rs, and curls, and perriwigs,
With greater art and cunning rear'd,
Than Philip Nye's thankſgiving beard;

Prepoſt'rouſly t' entice and gain
Thoſe to adore 'em they diſdain;
And only draw 'em in to clog,
With idle names, a catalogue.
A lover is, the more he's brave,
T' his miſtreſs but the more a ſlave,
And whatſoever ſhe commands,
Becomes a favour from her hands,
Which he's obliig'd t' obey, and muſt,
Whether it be unjuſt or juſt.
Then when he is compelled by her
T' adventures he wou'd elſe forbear,
Who, with his honour, can withſtand,
Since force is greater than command?
And when neceſſity's obey'd,
Nothing can be unjuſt or bad:
And therefore when the mighty pow'rs
Of Love, our great ally, and your's,
Join'd forces not to be withſtood
By frail inamour'd fleſh and blood,
All I have doue, unjuſt or ill,
Was in obedience to your will,
And all the blame that can be due
Falls to your cruelty and you.
Nor are thoſe ſcandals I confeſt,
Againſt my will and intereſt,
More than is daily done, of courſe,
By all men, when they 're under force:

Whence ſome, upon the rack, confeſs
What th' hangman and their prompters pleaſe;
But are no ſooner out of pain,
Than they deny it all again.
But when the devil turns confeſſor,
Truth is a crime, he takes no pleaſure
To hear or pardon, like the founder
Of liars, whom they all claim under:
And therefore when I told him none,
I think it was the wiſer done.
Nor am I without precedent,
The firſt that on th' adventure went;
All mankind ever did of courſe,
And daily does the ſame, or worſe.
For what romance can ſhew a lover,
That had a lady to recover,
And did not ſteer a nearer courſe,
To fall aboard in his amours?
And what at firſt was held a crime,
Has turn'd to hon'rable in time.
To what a height did Infant Rome,
By raviſhing of women, come?
When men upon their ſpouſes ſeiz'd,
And freely marry'd where they pleas'd,
They ne'er forſwore themſelves, nor ly'd,
Nor, in the mind they were in, dy'd;

℣. 230. *And daily does.*] In all editions to 1716, inclusive. *Daily do*, 1726, &c.

Nor took the pains t' addreſs and ſue,
Nor play'd the maſquerade, to wooe:
Diſdain'd to ſtay for friends' conſents,
Nor juggled about ſettlements;
Did need no licenſe, nor no prieſt,
Nor friends, nor kindred, to aſſiſt,
Nor lawyers, to join land and money
In the holy ſtate of matrimony,
Before they ſettled hands and hearts,
Till alimony or death departs;
Nor wou'd endure to ſtay until
Th' had got the very bride's good will,
But took a wife and ſhorter courſe
To win the ladies, downright force;
And juſtly made 'em priſoners then,
As they have, often ſince, us men,
With acting plays, and dancing jigs,
The luckieſt of all Love's intrigues;
And when they had them at their pleaſure,
They talk'd of love and flames at leiſure;
For after matrimony's over,
He that holds out but half a lover,
Deſerves, for ev'ry minute, more
Than half a year of love before;
For which the dames, in contemplation
Of that beſt way of application,
Prov'd nobler wives than e'er were known,
By ſuit, or treaty, to be won;

ch as all poſterity
d never equal, nor come nigh.
For women firſt were made for men,
Not men for them.—It follows, then,
That men have right to every one,
And they no freedom of their own;
And therefore men have pow'r to chuſe,
But they no charter to refuſe.
Hence 'tis apparent that, what courſe
Soe'er we take to your amours,
Tho' by the indirecteſt way,
'Tis no injuſtice nor foul play;
And that you ought to take that courſe,
As we take you, for better or worſe,
And gratefully ſubmit to thoſe
Who you, before another, choſe.
For why ſhou'd ev'ry ſavage beaſt
Exceed his great Lord's intereſt?
Have freer pow'r than he, in Grace
And Nature, o'er the creature has?
Becauſe the laws he ſince has made
Have cut off all the pow'r he had;
Retrench'd the abſolute dominion
That Nature gave him over women;
When all his power will not extend
One law of Nature to ſuſpend;
And but to offer to repeal
The ſmalleſt clauſe, is to repel.

This, if men rightly underſtood
Their privilege, they wou'd make good,
And not, like ſots, permit their wives
T' incroach on their prerogatives,
For which ſin they deſerve to be
Kept, as they are, in ſlavery:
And this ſome precious Gifted Teachers,
Unrev'rently reputed Leachers,
And diſobey'd in making love,
Have vow'd to all the world to prove,
And make ye ſuffer, as you ought,
For that uncharitable fault:
But I forget myſelf, and rove
Beyond th' inſtructions of my love.
Forgive me, Fair, and only blame
Th' extravagancy of my flame,
Since 'tis too much at once to ſhow
Exceſs of love and temper too;

V. 305, 306.] Sir Roger L'Eſtrange (*Key to Hudibras*) mentions Mr. Caſe as one; and Mr. Butler, in his Poſthumous Works*, mentions Dr. Burgeſs and Hugh Peters: and the writer of a letter to the Earl of Pembroke, 1647, p. 9. obſerves of Peters, "That it was offered to be publicly proved that "he got both mother and daughter with child." "I am "glad (ſays an anonymous perſon, Thurloe's *State Papers*, "vol. IV. p. 734.) to hear that Mr. Peters ſhews his head "again; it was reported here, (Amſterdam, May 5, 1655.) "that he was found with a whore a-bed, and he grew mad, "and ſaid nothing but O blood, O blood, that troubles me."

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

...ave ſaid that's bad and true,
...as never meant to aim at you,
Who have ſo ſov'reign a control
O'er that poor ſlave of your's, my ſoul,
That, rather than to forfeit you,
Has ventur'd loſs of heaven too;
Both with an equal pow'r poſſeſt,
To render all that ſerve you bleſt;
But none like him, who's deſtin'd either
To have or loſe you both together;
And if you'll but this fault releaſe,
(For ſo it muſt be, ſince you pleaſe)
I'll pay down all that vow, and more,
Which you commanded, and I ſwore,
And expiate, upon my ſkin,
Th' arrears in full of all my ſin:
For 'tis but juſt that I ſhould pay
Th' accruing penance for delay,
Which ſhall be done, until it move
Your equal pity and your love.
The Knight, peruſing this Epiſtle,
Believ'd he 'ad brought her to his whiſtle,
And read it, like a jocund lover,
With great applauſe, t' himſelf, twice over;
Subſcrib'd his name, but at a fit
And humble diſtance, to his wit,
And dated it with wondrous art,
Giv'n from the bottom of his heart;

Then ſeal'd it with his coat of love,
A ſmoaking faggot—and above,
Upon a ſcroll—I burn, and weep,
And near it—For her Ladyſhip,
Of all her ſex moſt excellent,
Theſe to her gentle hands preſent;
Then gave it to his faithful Squire,
With leſſons how t' obſerve and eye her.
She firſt conſider'd which was better,
To ſend it back, or burn the letter:
But gueſſing that it might import,
Tho' nothing elſe, at leaſt her ſport,
She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a ſmile and leering flout;
Reſolv'd to anſwer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what ſhe deſign'd.

THE LADY'S ANSWER

TO THE KNIGHT.

That you're a beaſt, and turn'd to graſs,
Is no ſtrange news, nor ever was,
At leaſt to me, who once, you know,
Did from the pound replevin you,
When both your ſword and ſpurs were won
In combat by an Amazon;
That ſword that did, like Fate, determin
Th' inevitable death of vermin,
And never dealt its furious blows,
But cut the throats of pigs and cows,
By Trulla was, in ſingle fight,
Diſarm'd and wreſted from its Knight,
Your heels degraded of your ſpurs,
And in the ſtocks cloſe priſoners,
Where ſtill they 'ad lain, in baſe reſtraint,
If I, in pity' of your complaint,
Had not, on hon'rable conditions,
Releas'd 'em from the worſt of priſons;
And what return that favour met
You cannot (tho' you wou'd) forget;
When, being free, you ſtrove t' evade
The oaths you had in priſon made;
Forſwore yourſelf, and firſt deny'd it,
But after own'd, and juſtify'd it,

And when ye 'ad falſely broke one vow,
Abſolv'd yourſelf by breaking two:
For while you ſneakingly ſubmit,
And beg for pardon at our feet,
Diſcourag'd by your guilty fears,
To hope for quarter for your ears,
And doubting 'twas in vain to ſue,
You claim us boldly as your due,
Declare that treachery and force,
To deal with us, is th' only courſe;
We have no title nor pretence
To body, ſoul, or conſcience,
But ought to fall to that man's ſhare
That claims us for his proper ware:
Theſe are the motives which, t' induce,
Or fright us into love, you uſe;
A pretty new way of gallanting,
Between ſoliciting and ranting;
Like ſturdy beggars, that intreat
For charity at once, and threat.
But ſince you undertake to prove
Your own propriety in love,
As if we were but lawful prize
In war between two enemies,
Or forfeitures which ev'ry lover,
That would but ſue for, might recover
It is not hard to underſtand
The myſt'ry of this bold demaud,

...not at our perſons aim,
...omething capable of claim.
'Tis not thoſe paltry counterfeit
French ſtones, which in our eyes you ſet,
But our right diamonds, that inſpire
And ſet your am'rous hearts on fire;
Nor can thoſe falſe St. Martin's beads
Which on our lips you lay for reds,
And make us wear like Indian Dames,
Add fuel to your ſcorching flames,
But thoſe true rubies of the rock,
Which in our cabinets we lock.
'Tis not thoſe orient pearls, our teeth,
That you are ſo tranſported with,
But thoſe we wear about our necks,
Produce thoſe amorous effects.
Nor is't thoſe threads of gold, our hair,
The perriwigs you make us wear,
But thoſe bright guineas in our cheſts,
That light the wildfire in your breaſts.
Theſe love-tricks I've been vers'd in ſo,
That all their ſly intrigues I know,
And can unriddle, by their tones,
Their myſtic cabals, and jargones;
Can tell what paſſions, by their ſounds,
Pine for the beauties of my grounds;
What raptures fond and amorous,
O'th' charms and graces of my houſe;

What ecſtaſy and ſcorching flame,
Burns for my money in my name;
What, from th' unnatural deſire
To beaſts and cattle, takes its fire;
What tender ſigh, and trickling tear,
Longs for a thouſand pounds a-year;
And languiſhing tranſports are fond
Of ſtatute, mortgage, bill, and bond.
Theſe are th' attracts which moſt men fall
Inamour'd, at firſt ſight, withal;
To theſe they' addreſs with ſerenades,
And court with balls and maſquerades;
And yet, for all the yearning pain
Ye 'ave ſuffer'd for their loves in vain,
I fear they'll prove ſo nice and coy,
To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy;
That, all your oaths and labour loſt,
They'll ne'er turn Ladies of the Poſt.
This is not meant to diſapprove
Your judgment, in your choice of love,
Which is ſo wiſe, the greateſt part
Of mankind ſtudy 't as an art;
For love ſhou'd, like a deodand,
Still fall to th' owner of the land;
And, where there's ſubſtance for its ground,
Cannot but be more firm and ſound,
Than that which has the ſlighter baſis
Of airy virtue, wit, and graces,

[illegible] ſuch thin ſubtlety,
[illegible]s and creeps in at the eye,
[illegible]nd, as it can't endure to ſtay,
Steals out again as nice a way.
But love, that its extraction owns
From ſolid gold and precious ſtones,
Muſt, like its ſhining parents, prove
As ſolid, and as glorious love.
Hence 'tis you have no way t' expreſs
Our charms and graces but by theſe;
For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,
Which beauty' invades and conquers with,
But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,
With which a philtre love commands?
This is the way all parents prove
In managing their children's love,
That force 'em t' intermarry and wed,
As if th' were burying of the dead;
Caſt earth to earth, as in the grave,
To join in wedlock all they have,
And, when the ſettlement's in force,
Take all the reſt for better or worſe;
For money has a power above
The ſtars, and fate, to manage love,
Whoſe arrows, learned poets hold,
That never miſs, are tipp'd with gold.
And tho' ſome ſay the parents' claims
To make love in their children's names,

Who, many times, at once provide
The nurſe, the huſband, and the bride,
Feel darts, and charms, attracts, and flames,
And wooe and contract in their names,
And, as they chriſten, uſe to marry 'em,
And, like their goſſips, anſwer for 'em,
Is not to give in matrimony,
But ſell and proſtitute for money,
'Tis better than their own betrothing,
Who often do 't for worſe than nothing;
And when they 're at their own diſpoſe,
With greater diſadvantage chuſe.
All this is right; but, for the courſe
You take to do 't, by fraud or force,
'Tis ſo ridiculous, as ſoon
As told, 'tis never to be done,
No more than ſetters can betray,
That tell what tricks they are to play.
Marriage, at beſt, is but a vow,
Which all men either break, or bow;
Then what will thoſe forbear to do,
Who perjure when they do but wooe?
Such as beforehand ſwear and lie,
For earneſt to their treachery,
And, rather than a crime confeſs,
With greater ſtrive to make it leſs:
Like thieves, who, after ſentence paſt,
Maintain their inn'cence to the laſt;

crimes were made appear,
witneſſes can ſwear,
en the wretches come to die,
take upon their death a lie.
Nor are the virtues you confeſs'd
T' your ghoſtly father, as you gueſs'd,
So ſlight as to be juſtify'd,
By being as ſhamefully deny'd;
As if you thought your word would paſs,
Point-blank, on both ſides of a caſe;
Or credit were not to be loſt
B' a brave Knight-errant of the Poſt,
That eats perfidiouſly his word,
And ſwears his ears thro' a two-inch board;
Can own the ſame thing, and diſown,
And perjure booty *pro* and *con;*
Can make the Goſpel ſerve his turn,
And help him out to be forſworn;
When 'tis laid hands upon, and kiſt,
To be betray'd and ſold, like Chriſt.

℣. 183.] The way of taking an oath is by laying the right hand upon the four Evangeliſts, which denominates it A corporal oath. This method was not always complied with in thoſe iniquitous times. In the trial of Mr. Chriſtopher Love, in the year 1651, one *Jaquet*, an evidence, laid his hand upon his buttons, and not upon the book, when the oath was tendered him; and, when he was queſtioned for it, he anſwered, "I am as good as under an oath." In the trial of the brave Colonel Morrice, (who kept Pontefract Caſtle for the King) at York, by Thorp and Puleſton, when he challanged one *Brook*, his profeſſ'd enemy, the Court anſwered, He ſpoke too late; Brook was ſworn already. Brook being aſked the queſtion, whether he were ſworn or

Theſe are the virtues in whoſe name
A right to all the world you claim,
And boldly challenge a dominion,
In Grace and Nature, o'er all women;
Of whom no leſs will ſatisfy,
Than all the ſex, your tyranny:
Al'tho' you'll find it a hard province,
With all your crafty frauds and covins,
To govern ſuch a num'rous crew,
Who, one by one, now govern you;
For if you all were Solomons,
And wiſe and great as he was once,
You'll find they're able to ſubdue
(As they did him) and baffle you.
And if you are impos'd upon,
'Tis by your own temptation done,
That with your ignorance invite,
And teach us how to uſe the ſleight;
For when we find ye're ſtill more taken
With falſe attracts of our own making,
Swear that's a roſe, and that's a ſtone,
Like ſots, to us that laid it on,
And what we did but ſlightly prime,
Moſt ignorantly daub in rhyme,

no, replied, "He had not yet kiſſed the book." The Court anſwered, That was no matter; it was but a ceremony; he was recorded ſworn, and there was no ſpeaking againſt a record.

...in our own defences,
...deamms and influences;
...perfections on the graces,
And draw attracts upon our faces,
And, in compliance to your wit,
Your own falſe jewels counterfeit:
For by the practice of thoſe arts
We gain a greater ſhare of hearts;
And thoſe deſerve in reaſon moſt,
That greateſt pains and ſtudy coſt:
For great perfections are, like heav'n,
Too rich a preſent to be given.
Nor are thoſe maſter-ſtrokes of beauty
To be perform'd without hard duty,
Which, when they 're nobly done, and well,
The ſimple natural excel.
How fair and ſweet the planted roſe
Beyond the wild in hedges grows!
For, without art, the nobleſt ſeeds
Of flow'rs degen'rate into weeds:
How dull and rugged, ere 'tis ground,
And poliſh'd, looks a diamond?
Tho' Paradiſe were e'er ſo fair,
It was not kept ſo without care.
The whole world, without art and dreſs,
Wou'd be but one great wilderneſs;
And mankind but a ſavage herd,
For all that Nature has conferr'd:

This does but rough-hew and deſign,
Leaves Art to poliſh and refine.
Tho' women firſt were made for men,
Yet men were made for them agen:
For when (out-witted by his wife)
Man firſt turn'd tenant but for life,
If women had not interven'd,
How ſoon had mankind had an end!
And that it is in being yet,
To us alone you are in debt.
And where's your liberty of choice,
And our unnatural No-voice?
Since all the privilege you boaſt,
And falſely' uſurp'd, or vainly loſt,
Is now our right, to whoſe creation
You owe your happy reſtoration.
And if we had not weighty cauſe
To not appear, in making laws,
We cou'd, in ſpite of all your tricks,
And ſhallow formal politics,
Force you our managements t' obey,
As we to yours (in ſhew) give way.
Hence 'tis that, while you vainly ſtrive
T' advance your high prerogative,
You baſely, after all your braves,
Submit and own yourſelves our ſlaves;
And 'cauſe we do not make it known,
Nor publicly our int'reſts own,

ppoſe we have no ſhares
g you, and your affairs,
nen all your empire and command
ou have from us, at ſecond hand;
As if a pilot, that appears
To ſit ſtill only, while he ſteers,
And does not make a noiſe and ſtir,
Like ev'ry common mariner,
Knew nothing of the card, nor ſtar,
And did not guide the man of war:
Nor we, becauſe we don't appear
In Councils, do not govern there;
While, like the mighty Preſter John,
Whoſe perſon none dares look upon,
But is preſerv'd in cloſe diſguiſe,
From b'ing made cheap to vulgar eyes,
W' enjoy as large a pow'r, unſeen,
To govern him, as he does men;
And, in the right of our Pope Joan,
Make emp'rors at our feet fall down;
Or Joan de Pucelle's braver name,
Our right to arms and conduct claim;

℣. 277.] Preſter John, an abſolute prince, emperor of Abyſſinia, or Ethiopia. One of them is reported to have had ſeventy kings for his vaſſals, and ſo ſuperb and arrogant, that none durſt look upon him without his permiſſion.

℣. 285.] Joan of Arc, called alſo *The Pucelle*, or *Maid of Orleans*. She was born at the town of Damremi, on the Meuſe, daughter of James de Arc and Iſabella Romee; was bred up a ſhepherdeſs in the country. At the age of eighteen or twenty ſhe pretended to an expreſs commiſſion from God

o, tho' a ſpinſter, yet was able
ſerve France for a Grand Conſtable.
Ve make and execute all laws,
judge the Judges, and the Cauſe;
ſcribe all rules of right or wrong,
th' long robe, and the longer tongue,
nſt which the world has no defence,
our more pow'rful eloquence.
manage things of greateſt weight
all the world's affairs of ſtate;
e miniſters of war and peace,
nat ſway all nations how we pleaſe.
Ve rule all churches, and their flocks,
Heretical and orthodox,

to go to the relief of Orleans, then beſieged by the Engliſh, and defended by John Comte de Dennis, and almoſt reduced to the laſt extremity. She went to the coronation of Charles VII. when he was almoſt ruined. She knew that prince in the midſt of his nobles, though meanly habited. The doctors of divinity, and members of parliament, openly declared that there was ſomething ſupernatural in her conduct. She ſent for a ſword, which lay in the tomb of a knight, which was behind the great altar of the church of St. Catharine de Forbois, upon the blade of which the *croſs* and *fleur de lis* were engraven, which put the King in a very great ſurprize, in regard none beſides himſelf knew of it: upon this he ſent her with the command of ſome troops, with which ſhe relieved Orleans, and drove the Engliſh from it, defeated Talbot at the battle of Pattai, and recovered Champagne. At laſt ſhe was unfortunately taken priſoner in a ſally at Champagne, in 1430, and tried for a witch or ſorcereſs, condemned, and burnt in Rouen market-place, in May 1430.

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

..eav'nly vehicles
...ts in all Conventicles:
... all commerce and trade
mprov'd, and manag'd, and decay'd;
For nothing can go off ſo well,
Nor bears that price, as what we ſell.
We rule in ev'ry public meeting,
And make men do what we judge fitting;
Are magiſtrates in all great towns,
Where men do nothing but wear gowns.
We make the man of war ſtrike ſail,
And to our braver conduct veil,
And, when he 'as chas'd his enemies,
Submit to us upon his knees.
Is there an officer of ſtate,
Untimely rais'd, or magiſtrate,
That's haughty and imperious?
He's but a journeyman to us,
That, as he gives us cauſe to do't,
Can keep him in, or turn him out.
We are your guardians, that increaſe,
Or waſte your fortunes how we pleaſe;
And, as you humour us, can deal
In all your matters, ill or well,
'Tis we that can diſpoſe, alone,
Whether your heirs ſhall be your own,
To whoſe integrity you muſt,
In ſpite of all your caution, truſt;