HUDIBRAS,

BY

SAMUEL BUTLER;

WITH VARIORUM NOTES, SELECTED PRINCIPALLY FROM GREY AND NASH.

EDITED BY

HENRY G. BOHN.

VOL. I.

WITH SIXTY-TWO ADDITIONAL PORTRAITS.

LONDON:
HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
1859.
PREFACE.

The edition of Hudibras now submitted to the public is intended to be more complete, though in a smaller compass, than any of its numerous predecessors. The text is that of Nash, usually accepted as the best; but in many instances—as in the very first line—the author's original readings have been preferred. In all cases the variations are shown in the foot notes, so that the reader may take his choice.

The main feature, however, of the present edition is its notes; these have been selected with considerable diligence and attention from every known source, and it is believed that no part of the text is left unexplained which was ever explained before. Grey has been the great storehouse of information, and next in degree Nash, but both have required careful sifting. Other editions, numerous as they are,—including Aikin's, the Aldine, and Gilfillan's,—have yielded nothing. Mr Bell's, which is by far the best, is edited on the same principle as the present, and had that gentleman retained the numbering of the lines, and given an Index, there would have been little left for any successor to improve.

A few of the notes in the present selection are, to a certain extent, original, arising from some historical and bibliographical knowledge of the times, or derived
from a manuscript key, annexed to a copy of the first edition, and attributed to Butler himself.

The Biographical Sketch of our poet is a mere rifacimento of old materials, for nothing new is now to be discovered about him. Diligent researches have been made in the parish where he lived and died—Covent Garden—without eliciting any new fact, excepting that the monument erected to his memory has been destroyed.

This volume has been more than two years at press having dribbled through the editor's hands, not during his leisure hours or intervals of business, for he had no leisure, but by forced snatches from his legitimate pursuits. An old affection for Hudibras, acquired nearly half a century ago, at a time when its piquant couple, were still familiarly quoted, had long impressed him with the desire to publish a really popular edition;

Et l'on revient toujours
A ses premières amours;

the public therefore now have the result.

It has happened, from the want of consecutive attention, that two or three notes are all but duplicate such as that on Wicked Bibles at pages 326 and 371 Mum and Mummery, 385 and 406; and, He that fights and runs away, at pages 403 and 106. But the publisher hopes that his readers will not quarrel with him for giving too much rather than too little.

Henry G. Bohn.

York Street, Covent Garden,
April 28th, 1859.
LIST OF THE WOOD CUTS
IN BUTLER'S HUDIBRAS.

DESIGNED BY THURSTON.

VIGNETTE ON PRINTED TITLE, engraved by Hughes.
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling;—
A Squire he had, whose name was Ralph,
That in th' adventure went his half. 1. 13, 14, 457-8.

ENGRAVED TITLE. HEAD OF HUDIBRAS. Thompson.
Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,—
His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face;
In cut and dye so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile. 1. 237—244.

HEAD PIECE, PART I. CANTO I. White.
When Gospel-Trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded,
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick. 1. 9—12.

TAIL PIECE, PART I. CANTO I.
——he always chose
To carry vittle in his hose,
That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to surprise. 1. 318—321.

HEAD PIECE, PART I. CANTO II. Thompson.
And wing'd with speed and fury, flew
To rescue Knight from black and blue.
Which ere he could achieve, his sconce
The leg encounter'd twice and once;
And now 'twas rais'd, to smite agen,
When Ralpho thrust himself between. 1. 941—946
EMBELLISHMENTS.

TAIL PIECE, PART I. CANTO II., engraved by Branston.
Crowdero making doleful face,
Like hermit poor in pensive place,
To dungeon they the wretch commit,
And the survivor of his feet.  
1. 1167—1170.

HEAD PIECE, PART I. CANTO III.
When setting ope the postern gate,
To take the field and sally at,
The foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,
Ready to charge them in the field.  
1. 443—446.

TAIL PIECE, PART I. CANTO III.
in a cool shade,
Which eglantine and roses made;
Close by a softly murm'ring stream,
Where lovers us'd to loll and dream:
There leaving him to his repose.  
1. 159—163.

HEAD PIECE, PART II. CANTO I.
she went
To find the Knight in limbo pent.
And 'twas not long before she found
Him, and his stout Squire, in the pound.  
1. 99—102.

TAIL PIECE, PART II. CANTO I.
a tall long-sided dame,—
But wond'rous light—yeleped Fame,—
Upon her shoulders wings she wears
Like hanging sleeves, lin'd thro' with ears.  
1. 45—50.

HEAD PIECE, PART II. CANTO II.
With that he seiz'd upon his lade;
And Ralpho too, as quick and bold,
Upon his basket-hilt laid hold.  
1. 560—562.

TAIL PIECE, PART II. CANTO II.
quitting both their swords and reins,
They grasp'd with all their strength the manes;
And, to avoid the foe's pursuit,
With spurring put their cattle to't.  
1. 839—842.
EMBELLISHMENTS.

HEAD PIECE, PART II. CANTO III., engraved by Branston.

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.

1. 1147—1151.

TAIL PIECE, PART II. CANTO III.

This Sidrophel by chance espy'd,
And with amazement staring wide:
Bless us, quoth he, what dreadful wonder
Is that appears in heaven yonder?

1. 423—426.

HEAD PIECE TO THE EPISTLE TO SIDROPHEL.

Sidrophel perusing Hudibras' Epistle.

TAIL PIECE TO THE EPISTLE TO SIDROPHEL.

Gimeracks, whims, and jiggumbobs.

HEAD PIECE, PART III. CANTO I.

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.

1. 483—486.

TAIL PIECE, PART III. CANTO I.

H' attack'd the window, storm'd the glass,
And in a moment gain'd the pass;
Thro' which he dragg'd the worsted soldier's
Four-quarters out by th' head and shoulders.

1. 1577—1680.

HEAD PIECE, PART III. CANTO II.

Knights, citizens, and burgesses—
Held forth by rumps—of pigs and geese.—
Each bonfire is a funeral pile,
In which they roast, and scorch, and broil.

1. 1515—1520.

TAIL PIECE, PART III. CANTO II.

—crowded on with so much haste,
Until they 'd block'd the passage fast,
And barricado'd it with haunches
Of outward men, and bulks and paunches.

1. 1669—1672
HEAD PIECE, PART III. CANTO III., engraved by Hughes.

To this brave man the Knight repairs
For counsel in his law-affairs,—
To whom the Knight, with comely grace,
Put off his hat to put his case.

1. 621—628.

TAIL PIECE, PART III. CANTO III.

Byfield.

With books and money plac’d for show,
Like nest-eggs to make clients lay.

1. 624, 625.

HEAD PIECE TO THE EPISTLE TO THE LADY.

Byfield.

—having pump’d up all his wit,
And humm’d upon it, thus he writ.

1. 787, 788.

TAIL PIECE TO THE EPISTLE TO THE LADY.

Byfield.

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

1. 85—88.

HEAD PIECE TO THE LADY’S ANSWER.

Thompson.

She opn’d it, and read it out,
With many a smile and leering flout.

1. 357, 358.

TAIL PIECE TO THE LADY’S ANSWER.

Branston.

We make the man of war strike sail,
And to our braver conduct veil,
And, when he ’s chas’d his enemies,
Submit to us upon his knees.

1. 311—314.

VIGNETTE AT PAGE XXIV.

Thompson.

The dogs beat you at Brentford Fair;
Where sturdy butchers broke your noodle,
And handled you like a fop-doodle.

Part II. c. iii. 1. 996—998.

VIGNETTE AT PAGE 473.

— the foe beat up his quarters,
And storm’d the outworks of his fortress;—
Soon as they had him at their mercy,
They put him to the cudgel fiercely. 1. 1135-36. 1147-48.
ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS
TO BUTLER'S HUDIBRAS.

PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS, IMPostORS, AND ENTHUSIASTS.

1 Samuel Butler
2 Butler's Tenement
3 Portrait of Charles the Second
4 Butler's Monument in Westminster Abbey

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BUTLER'S TENEMENT.

Near Thornham, Devonshire.
The life of a retired scholar can furnish but little matter to the biographer: such was the character of Mr Samuel Butler, author of Hudibras. His father, whose name was likewise Samuel, had an estate of his own of about ten pounds yearly, which still goes by the name of Butler's tenement; he likewise rented lands at three hundred pounds a year under Sir William Russel, lord of the manor of Strensham, in Worcestershire. He was a respectable farmer, wrote a clerk-like hand, kept the register, and managed all the business of the parish. From his landlord, near whose house he lived, the poet imbibed principles of loyalty, as Sir William was a most zealous royalist, and spent great part of his fortune in the cause, being the only person exempted from the benefit of the treaty, when Worcester surrendered to the parliament in the year 1646. Our poet's father was elected churchwarden of the parish the year before his son Samuel was born, and has entered his baptism, dated February 8th, 1612, with his own hand, in the parish register. He had four sons and three daughters, born at Strensham; the three daughters and one son older than our poet, and two sons younger: none of his descendants, however, remain in the parish, though some are said to be in the neighbouring villages.

Our author received his first rudiments of learning at home; but was afterwards sent to the college school at Worcester, then taught by Mr Henry Bright,* prebendary

* Mr Bright is buried in the cathedral church of Worcester, near the north pillar, at the foot of the steps which lead to the choir. He was born...
of that cathedral, a celebrated scholar, and many years master of the King’s school there; one who made his profession his delight, and, though in very easy circumstances, continued to teach for the sake of doing good.

How long Mr Butler continued under his care is not known, but, probably, till he was fourteen years old. There can be little doubt that his progress was rapid, for Aubrey tells us that “when but a boy he would make observations and reflections on everything one said or did, and censure it to be either well or ill;” and we are also informed in the Biography of 1710 (the basis of all information about him), that he “became an excellent scholar.” Amongst his schoolfellows was Thomas Hall, well known as a controversial writer on the Puritan side, and master of the free-school at King’s Norton, where he died; John Toy, afterwards an author, and master of the school at Worcester; William Rowland, who turned Romanist, and, having some talent for rhyming satire, wrote lampoons at Paris, under the title of *Rolandus Palingenius*; and Warmestry, afterwards Dean of Worcester.

1562, appointed schoolmaster 1586, made prebendary 1619, died 1626. The inscription in capitals, on a mural stone, now placed in what is called the Bishop’s Chapel, is as follows:

Mane hospes et lege,
Magister HENRICUS BRIGHT,
Celeberrimus gymnasiiarcha,
Qui scholae regiae iste fundate per totos 40 annos
summa cum laude praefuit,
Quo non alter magis sedulus fuit, seitusve, ac dexter,
in Latinis Græcis Hebraicis litteris,
feliciter edoceudis:
Teste utraque academia quam instruxit affatim
numerosa plebe literaria:
Sed et totidem annis eoque amplius theologiam professus,
Et hujus ecclesiae per septennium canonicus major,
Sæpissime hic et alibi sacrum Dei preconem
magno cum zelo et fructu egit.
Vir pius, doctus, integer, frugi, de republica
deque ecclesia optime meritus.
A laboribus per diu noctuque
ad 1626 strenue usque exantlatis
4° Martii suaviter requievit
in Domino.

See this epitaph, written by Dr Joseph Hall, dean of Worcester, in Fuller’s Worthies, p. 177.
Whether he was ever entered at any university is uncertain. His early biographer says he went to Cambridge, but was never matriculated: Wood, on the authority of Butler's brother, says, the poet spent six or seven years there; but there is great reason to doubt the truth of this. Some expressions in his works look as if he were acquainted with the customs of Oxford, and among them coursing, which was a term peculiar to that university (see Part iii. c. ii. v. 1244); but this kind of knowledge might have been easily acquired without going to Oxford; and as the speculation is entirely unsupported by circumstantial proofs, it may be safely rejected. Upon the whole, the probability is that Butler never went to either of the Universities. His father was not rich enough to defray the expenses of a collegiate course, and could not have effected it by any other means, there being at that time no exhibitions at the Worcester School.

Some time after Butler had completed his education, he obtained, through the interest of the Russels, the situation of clerk to Thomas Jefferies, of Earl's Croombe, Esq., an active justice of the peace, and a leading man in the business of the province. This was no mean office, but one that required a knowledge of law and the British constitution, and a proper deportment to men of every rank and occupation; besides, in those times, when large mansions were generally in retired situations, every large family was a community within itself: the upper servants, or retainers, being often the younger sons of gentlemen, were treated as friends, and the whole household dined in one common hall, and had a lecturer or clerk, who, during meal-times, read to them some useful or entertaining book.

Mr Jefferies' family was of this sort, situated in a retired part of the country, surrounded by bad roads, the master of it residing constantly in Worcestershire. Here Mr Butler, having leisure to indulge his inclination for learning, probably improved himself very much, not only in the abstruser branches of it, but in the polite arts: and here he studied painting. "Our Hogarth of Poetry," says Walpole, "was a painter too;" and, according to Aubrey, his love of the pencil introduced him to the friendship of that prince of painters, Samuel Cooper. But his proficiency seems to have
been but moderate, for Mr Nash tells us that he recollects "seeing at Earl's Croome, some portraits said to be painted by him, which did him no great honour as an artist, and were consequently used to stop up windows." * He heard also of a portrait of Oliver Cromwell, said to be painted by him.

After continuing some time at Earl's Croome, how long is not exactly known, he quitted it for a more agreeable situation in the household of Elizabeth Countess of Kent, who lived at Wrest, in Bedfordshire. He seems to have been attached to her service, † as one of her gentlemen, to whom she is said to have paid £20 a year each. The time when he entered upon this situation, which Aubrey says he held for several years, may be determined with some degree of accuracy by the fact that he found Selden there, and was frequently engaged by him in writing letters and making translations. It was in June, 1628, after the prorogation of the third parliament of Charles I., that Selden, who sat in the House of Commons for Lancaster, retired to Wrest for the purpose of completing, with the advantages of quiet and an extensive library, his labours on the Marmora Arundelliana; and we may presume that it was during the interval of the parliamentary recess, while Selden was thus occupied, that Butler, then in his seventeenth year, entered her service. Here he enjoyed a literary retreat during great part of the civil wars, and here probably laid the groundwork of his Hudibras, as, besides the society of that living library, Selden, he had the benefit of a good collection of books. He lived

* In his MS. common-place book is the following observation:

"It is more difficult, and requires a greater mastery of art in painting, to foreshorten a figure exactly, than to draw three at their just length; so it is, in writing, to express anything naturally and briefly, than to enlarge and dilate:

And therefore a judicious author's blots
Are more ingenious than his first free thoughts."

† The Countess is described by the early biographer of Butler as "a great encourager of learning." After the death of the Earl of Kent in 1639 Selden is said to have been domesticated with her at Wrest, and in her town-house in White Friars. Aubrey affirms that he was married to her, but that he never acknowledged the marriage till after her death, on account of some law affairs. The Countess died in 1651, and appointed Selden her executor, leaving him her house in White Friars.
subsequently in the service of Sir Samuel Luke, of Cople Hoo farm, or Wood End, in that county, and his biographers are generally of opinion that from him he drew the character of Hudibras: * but there is no actual evidence of this, and such a prototype was not rare in those times. Sir Samuel Luke lived at Wood End, or Cople Hoo farm. Cople is three miles south of Bedford, and in its church are still to be seen many monuments of the Luke family, who flourished in that part of the country as early as the reign of Henry VIII. He was knighted in 1624, was a rigid Presbyterian, high in the favour of Cromwell: a colonel in the army of the parliament, a justice of the peace for Bedford and Surrey, scoutmaster-general for Bedfordshire, which he represented in the Long Parliament, and governor of Newport Pagnell. He possessed ample estates in Bedfordshire and Northamptonshire, and devoted his fortune to the promotion of the popular cause. His house was the open resort of the Puritans, whose frequent meetings for the purposes of counsel, prayer, and preparation for the field, afforded Butler an opportunity of observing, under all their phases of inspiration and action, the characters of the men whose influence was working a revolution in the country. But Sir Samuel did not approve of the king’s trial and execution, and therefore, with other Presbyterians, both he and his father, Sir Oliver, were among the secluded members. It has been generally supposed that the scenes Butler witnessed on these occasions suggested to him the subject of his great poem. That it was at this period he threw into shape some of the striking points of Hudibras, is extremely probable. He kept a commonplace book, in which he was in the habit of noting down particular thoughts and fugitive criticisms; and Mr Thyer, the editor of his Remains, who had this book in his possession, says that it was full of shrewd remarks, paradoxes, and witty sarcasms.

The first part of Hudibras came out at the end of the year 1662, and its popularity was so great, that it was pirated almost as soon as it appeared.† In the Mercurius Aulicu, * See notes at page 4.
† The first part was ready November 11th, 1662, when the author obtained an imprimatur, signed J. Berkenhead; but the date of the title is 1663, and Sir Roger L’Estrange granted an imprimatur for the second part, dated November 5th, 1663.
a ministerial newspaper, from January 1st to January 8th, 1662 (1663 N. S.), quarto, is an advertisement saying, that "there is stolen abroad a most false and imperfect copy of a poem called Hudibras, without name either of printer or bookseller; the true and perfect edition, printed by the author's original, is sold by Richard Marriot, near St Dunstan's Church, in Fleet-street; that other nameless impression is a cheat, and will but abuse the buyer, as well as the author, whose poem deserves to have fallen into better hands." After several other editions had followed, the first and second parts, with notes to both parts, were printed for J. Martin and H. Herringham, octavo, 1674. The last edition of the third part, before the author's death, was published by the same persons in 1678: this must be the last corrected by himself, and is that from which subsequent editions are generally printed; the third part had no notes put to it during the author's life, and who furnished them (in 1710) after his death is not known.

In the British Museum is the original injunction by authority, signed John Berkenhead, forbidding any printer or other person whatsoever, to print Hudibras, or any part thereof, without the consent or approbation of Samuel Butler (or Boteler), Esq. or his assignees, given at Whitehall, 10th September, 1677: copy of this injunction is given in the note.*

The reception of Hudibras at Court is probably without a parallel in the history of books. The king was so enchanted with it that he carried it about in his pocket, and perpetually garnished his conversation with specimens of its witty passages, which, thus stamped by royal approbation, passed rapidly into general currency. Nor was his Majesty

* CHARLES R. Our will and pleasure is, and we do hereby strictly charge and command, that no printer, bookseller, stationer, or other person whatsoever within our kingdom of England or Ireland, do print, reprint, utter or sell, or cause to be printed, reprinted, uttered or sold, a book or poem called Hudibras, or any part thereof, without the consent and approbation of Samuel Boteler, Esq. or his assignees, as they and every of them will answer the contrary at their perils. Given at our Court at Whitehall, the tenth day of September, in the year of our Lord God 1677, and in the 29th year of our reign. By his Majesty's command,

Jo. BERKENHEAD.

content with merely quoting Butler; in an access of enthusiasm he sent for him, that he might gratify his curiosity by the sight of a poet who had contributed so largely to his amusement. The Lord Chancellor Hyde showered promises of patronage upon him, and hung up his portrait in his library.* Every person about the Court considered it his duty to make himself familiar with Hudibras. It was minted into proverbs and bon mots. No book was so much read. No book was so much cited. From the palace it found its way at once into the chocolate-houses and taverns; and attained a rapid popularity all over the kingdom.

Lord Dorset was so much struck by its extraordinary merit that he desired to be introduced to the author. "His lordship," according to this curious anecdote, "having a great desire to spend an evening as a private gentleman with the author of Hudibras, prevailed with Mr Fleetwood Shepherd to introduce him into his company at a tavern which they used, in the character only of a common friend: this being done, Mr Butler, while the first bottle was drinking, appeared very flat and heavy; at the second bottle brisk and lively, full of wit and learning, and a most agreeable companion; but before the third bottle was finished, he sunk again into such deep stupidity and dulness, that hardly anybody would have believed him to be the author of a book which abounded with so much wit, learning, and pleasantry. Next morning, Mr Shepherd asked his lordship's opinion of Butler, who answered, 'He is like a nine-pin, little at both ends, but great in the middle.'"


* Aubrey says, "Butler printed a witty poem called Hudibras, which took extremely, so that the King and Lord Chancellor Hyde would have him sent for. They both promised him great matters, but to this day he has got no employment." Evelyn, writing to Pepys in August, 1689, speaks of Butler's portrait as being hung in the Chancellor's dining-room: "and, what was most agreeable to his lordship's general humour, old Chaucer, Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, who were both in one piece, Spenser, Mr Waller, Cowley, Hudibras, which last was placed in the room where he used to eat and dine in public, most of which, if not all, are at Cornbury, in Oxfordshire."
It was natural to suppose, that after the Restoration, and the publication of his Hudibras, our poet should have appeared in public life, and have been rewarded for the eminent service which his poem, by giving new popularity to the Cavalier party, and covering their enemies with derision and contempt, did to the royal cause. "Every eye," says Dr Johnson, "watched for the golden shower which was to fall upon its author, who certainly was not without his part in the general expectation." But his innate modesty, and studious turn of mind, prevented solicitations: never having tasted the idle luxuries of life, he did not make for himself needless wants, or pine after imaginary pleasures: his fortune, indeed, was small, and so was his ambition; his integrity of life, and modest temper, rendered him contented. There is good authority for believing, however, that at one time he was gratified with an order on the treasury for 300l. which is said to have passed all the offices without payment of fees, and this gave him an opportunity of displaying his disinterested integrity, by conveying the entire sum immediately to a friend, in trust for the use of his creditors. Dr Zachary Pearce, on the authority of Mr Lowndes of the treasury, asserts, that Mr Butler received from Charles the Second an annual pension of 100l.; add to this, he was appointed secretary to the Earl of Carberry, then lord president of the principality of Wales, and soon after steward of Ludlow castle,* an office which he seems to have held in 1661 and 1662, but possibly earlier and later. With all this, the Court was thought to have been guilty of a glaring neglect in his case, and the public were scandalized at its ingratitude. The indigent poets, who have always claimed a prescriptive right to live on the munificence of their contemporaries, were the loudest in their remonstrances. Dryden, Oldham, and Otway, while in appearance they complained of the unrewarded merits of our author, obliquely lamented their private and particular grievances. Nash says that Mr Butler's own sense of the disappointment, and the impression it made on his spirits, are sufficiently marked by the circumstance of his having twice transcribed the following distich with some variation in his M.S. common-place book:

* It was at Ludlow Castle that Milton's Comus was first acted.
To think how Spenser died, how Cowley mourn'd,  
How Butler's faith and service were return'd.

In the same MS. he says, "Wit is very chargeable, and not to be maintained in its necessary expenses at an ordinary rate: it is the worst trade in the world to live upon, and a commodity that no man thinks he has need of, for those who have least believe they have most."

—— Ingenuity and wit  
Do only make the owners fit  
For nothing, but to be undone  
Much easier than if th' had none.

But a recent biographer controverts this, and takes a more probable view of it: he says, "The assumption of Butler's poverty appears utterly unfounded. Though not wealthy, he seems, as far as we can judge, to have always lived in comfort, and we know from the statement of Mr Longueville that he died out of debt. Butler was not one of those who hoped to make their fortune by the great;

and though no doubt he might have felt he had not been rewarded according to his deserts by his party, he was not entirely neglected. He had received a large share of popular applause, and was probably prouder of that, and of the power of castigating the follies and vices of mankind, even when displayed by those of his own party, than of being a more highly pensioned dependant of a Court that his writings show he despised. He was no 'needy wretch' in want of bread or a dinner; his earliest biographer gives no hint of his distress; he enjoyed friends of his own selection, and the injunction designates him as 'esquire,' a title not altogether so indiscriminately applied as at the present time. The only foundation for the assertion of his poverty consists in his having copied twice, in his common-place book, a distich from the prologue to the tragedy of Constantine the Great, said to have been written by Otway, though it was not acted till 1684, four years after Butler's death. It is supposed he might have seen the MS., or perhaps only heard the thought, as his copies vary from each other and from the lines as they ultimately appeared. It was, however, long the fashion to complain of
the scanty reward bestowed on literary pursuits; yet we are inclined to think, though authors had then a less certain support in the patronage of a few than now when they appeal to a numerous public, that the improvidence of the individual was more to blame than the niggardliness of the patrons, and of this improvidence there does not appear to be the slightest ground for accusing Butler."

Mr Butler spent some time in France, it is supposed when Lewis XIV. was in the height of his glory and vanity, but neither the language nor manners of Paris were pleasing to our modest poet. As some of his observations are amusing, they are inserted in a note.* About

* "The French use so many words, upon all occasions, that if they did not cut them short in pronunciation, they would grow tedious, and insufferable.

"They infinitely affect rhyme, though it becomes their language the worst in the world, and spoils the little sense they have to make room for it, and make the same syllable rhyme to itself, which is worse than metal upon metal in heraldry: they find it much easier to write plays in verse than in prose, for it is much harder to imitate nature, than any deviation from her; and prose requires a more proper and natural sense and expression than verse, that has something in the stamp and coin to answer for the alloy and want of intrinsic value. I never came among them, but the following line was in my mind:

Raucaque garrulitas, studiumque inane loquendi;
for they talk so much, they have not time to think; and if they had all the wit in the world, their tongues would run before it.

"The present king of France is building a most stately triumphal arch in memory of his victories, and the great actions which he has performed: but, if I am not mistaken, those edifices which bear that name at Rome were not raised by the emperors whose names they bear (such as Trajan, Titus, &c.), but were decreed by the Senate, and built at the expense of the public; for that glory is lost which any man designs to consecrate to himself.

"The king takes a very good course to weaken the city of Paris by adorning of it, and to render it less by making it appear greater and more glorious; for he pulls down whole streets to make room for his palaces and public structures.

"There is nothing great or magnificent in all the country, that I have seen, but the buildings and furniture of the king's houses and the churches; all the rest is mean and paltry.

"The king is necessitated to lay heavy taxes upon his subjects in his own defence, and to keep them poor in order to keep them quiet; for if they are suffered to enjoy any plenty, they are naturally so insolent, that they would become ungovernable, and use him as they have done his predecessors: but he has rendered himself so strong, that they have no thoughts of attempting anything in his time.
this time, he married Mrs Herbert, a lady reputed to be of good family, but whether she was a widow, or not, is uncertain, as the evidence is conflicting. With her he expected a considerable fortune, but, through the greater part of it having been put out on bad security, and other losses, occasioned, it is said, by knavery, it was of but little advantage to him. To this some have attributed his severe strictures upon the professors of the law; but, if his censures be properly considered, they will be found to bear hard only upon the disgraceful part of the profession, and upon false learning in general.

How long he continued in office, as steward of Ludlow Castle, is not known, but there is no evidence of his having exercised it after 1662. Anthony a Wood, on the authority of Aubrey, says that he became secretary to Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, when he was Chancellor of Cambridge, but this is doubted by Grey, who nevertheless allows the Duke to have been his frequent benefactor. That both these assertions are false there is reason to suspect from a story told by Packe in his Life of Wycherley, as well as from Butler's character of the Duke, which will be found on next page. The story is this: "Mr Wycherley had always laid hold of any opportunity which offered of representing to the Duke of Buckingham how well Mr Butler had deserved of the royal family by writing his inimitable Hudibras; and that it was a reproach to the Court, that a person of his loyalty and wit should suffer in obscurity and want. The Duke seemed always to listen to him with attention enough; and after some time undertook to recommend his pretensions to his Majesty. Mr Wycherley, in hopes to keep him steady to his word, obtained of his Grace to name a day when he might introduce that modest and unfortunate poet to

"The churchmen overlook all other people as haughtily as the churches and steeple do private houses.

"The French do nothing without ostentation, and the king himself is not behind with his triumphal arches consecrated to himself, and his impress of the sun, nec pluribus impar.

"The French king, having copies of the best pictures from Rome, is as a great prince wearing clothes at second-hand: the king in his prodigious charge of buildings and furniture does the same thing to himself that he means to do by Paris, renders himself weaker by endeavouring to appear the more magnificent; lets go the substance for the shadow."
his new patron. At last, an appointment was made, and
the place of meeting was agreed to be the Roebuck. Mr
Butler and his friend attended accordingly: the Duke join-
ed them; but as the devil would have it, the door of the
room where they sat was open, and his Grace, who had seat-
ed himself near it, observing a pimp of his acquaintance (the
creature too was a knight) trip along with a brace of ladies,
immediately quitted his engagement, to follow another kind
of business, at which he was more ready than in doing good
offices to those of desert, though no one was better qualified
than he was, both in regard to his fortune and understand-
ing. From that time to the day of his death, poor Butler
never found the least effect of his promise." The character
drawn by the poet of the Duke of Buckingham, which we
annex in a note,* will be conclusive that he was not likely
to have received any favour at his hands.

* "A Duke of Bucks is one that has studied the whole body of vice. His
parts are disproportionate, and, like a monster, he has more of some
and less of others than he should have. He has pulled down all that
fabric which nature raised to him, and built himself up again after a
model of his own. He has dammed up all those lights that nature made
into the noblest prospects of the world, and opened other little blind loop-
holes backwards, by turning day into night, and night into day. His ap-
petite to his pleasures is diseased and crazy, like the pica in a woman, that
longs to eat what was never made for food, or a girl in the green sick-
ness, that eats chalk and mortar. Perpetual surfeits of pleasure have filled
his mind with bad and vicious humours (as well as his body with a nursery
of diseases), which makes him affect new and extravagant ways, as being
tired and sick of the old. Continual wine, women, and music put false
values upon things, which by custom become habitual, and debauch his un-
derstanding, so that he retains no right notion nor sense of things. And as
the same dose of the same physic has no operation on those that are much
used to it, so his pleasures require a larger proportion of excess and variety
to render him sensible of them. He rises, eats, and goes to bed by the Ju-
lian account, long after all others that go by the new style; and keeps the
same hours with owls and the antipodes. He is a great observer of the
Tartars' customs, and never eats till the great Cham, having dined, makes
proclamation that all the world may go to dinner. He does not dwell in
his house, but haunt it, like an evil spirit that walks all night to disturb
the family, and never appears by day. He lives perpetually benighted,
runs out of his life, and loses his time, as men do their ways, in the dark;
and as blind men are led by their dogs, so he is governed by some mean
servant or other that relates to him his pleasures. He is as inconstant as
the moon, which he lives under; and, although he does nothing but advise
with his pillow all day, he is as great a stranger to himself as he is to the
rest of the world. His mind entertains all things very freely, that come
Notwithstanding discouragement and neglect, Butler still prosecuted his design, and in 1678, after an interval of nearly 15 years, published the third part of his Hudibras, which closes the poem somewhat abruptly. With this came out the Epistle to the Lady, and the Lady's Answer. How much more he originally intended, and with what events the action was to be concluded, it is vain to conjecture. After this period, we hear nothing of him till his death at the age of 68, which took place on the 25th of November, 1680, in Rose Street,* Covent Garden, where he had for some years resided. He was buried at the expense of Mr William Longueville, though he did not die in debt. This gentleman, with other of his friends, wished to have him interred in Westminster Abbey with proper solemnity; but endeavoured in vain to obtain a sufficient subscription for that purpose. His corpse was deposited privately six feet deep, according to his own request, in the yard belonging to the church of Saint Paul’s, Covent Garden, at the west end of it, on the north side, under the wall of the church, and under that wall which parts the yard from the common highway. The burial service was performed by the learned Dr Patrick, then minister of the parish, and afterwards Bishop of Ely. In the year 1786, when the church was repaired, a marble monument was placed on the south side of the church on the inside,† by some of the parishioners, whose zeal for the memory of the learned poet does them honour: but the writer of the verses seems to have

and go; but, like guests and strangers, they are not welcome if they stay long. This lays him open to all cheats, quacks, and impostors, who apply to every particular humour while it lasts, and afterwards vanish. Thus with St Paul, though in a different sense, he dies daily, and only lives in the night. He deforms nature, while he intends to adorn her, like Indians that hang jewels in their lips and noses. His ears are perpetually drilled with a fiddlestick. He endures pleasures with less patience than other men do pains.”

* A narrow and now rather obscure street, which runs circuitously from King Street, Covent Garden, to Long Acre. The site of the house is not now known. Curll the bookseller carried on his business here at the same time, and Dryden lived within a stone’s throw in Long Acre, “over against Rose Street.”

† This monument was a tablet, which of late years was affixed under the vestry-room window in that part of the church-yard where his body is supposed to lie. In 1854, when the church-yard was closed against further burials, the tablet, then in a dilapidated condition, was carted away with other debris.
mistaken the character of Mr Butler. The inscription runs thus:

"This little monument was erected in the year 1786, by some of the parishioners of Covent Garden, in memory of the celebrated Samuel Butler, who was buried in this church, A.D. 1680.

A few plain men, to pomp and state unknown,
O'er a poor bard have rais'd this humble stone,
Whose wants alone his genius could surpass,
Victim of zeal! the matchless Hudibras!
What though fair freedom suffer'd in his page,
Reader, forgive the author for the age!
How few, alas! disdain to cringe and cant,
When 'tis the mode to play the sycophant.
But, oh! let all be taught, from Butler's fate,
Who hope to make their fortunes by the great,
That wit and pride are always dangerous things,
And little faith is due to courts and kings."

Forty years after his burial at Covent Garden, that is, in 1721, John Barber, an eminent printer, and Lord Mayor of London, erected a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey, with the following inscription:

M. S.
Samuelis Butler
Qui Strenshamiae in agro Vigorn. natus 1612,
Obit Lond. 1680.
Vir doctus imprimis, acer, integer,
Operibus ingenii non item praemiis felix.
Satyrici apud nos carminis artifex egregius,
Qui simulatae religionis larvam detraxit
Et perduellium scelera liberrime exagitavit,
Scriptorum in suo genere primus et postremus.
Ne cui vivo deerant fere omnia
Deesset etiam mortuo tumulus
Hoc tandem posito marmore euravit
Johannes Barber civis Londinensis 1721."

* Translation. — Sacred to the memory of Samuel Butler, who was born at Strensham, in Worcestershire, in 1612, and died in London, in 1680, — a man of great learning, acuteness, and integrity; happy in the productions of his intellect, not so in the remuneration of them; a super-eminent master of satirical poetry, by which he lifted the mask of hypocrisy, and boldly exposed the crimes of faction. As a writer, he was the first and last in his peculiar style. John Barber, a citizen of London, in 1721, by at length erecting this marble, took care that he, who wanted almost everything when alive, might not also want a tomb when dead. For an Engraving of the Monument, see Dart's Westminster Abbey, vol. i. plate 3.
On the latter part of this epitaph the ingenious Mr Samuel Wesley wrote the following lines:

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

Soon after this monument was erected in Westminster Abbey, some persons proposed to erect one in Covent Garden church, for which Mr Dennis wrote the following inscription:

Near this place lies interr'd
The body of Mr Samuel Butler,
Author of Hudibras.
He was a whole species of poets in one:
Admirable in a manner
In which no one else has been tolerable:
A manner which begun and ended in him,
In which he knew no guide,
And has found no followers.
Nat. 1612. Ob. 1680.

While in London, where Butler died, these tributes to his genius were set up at intervals by men of opposite principles, the place of his birth remained without any memorial until within the last few years, when a white marble tablet, with florid canopy, crockets, and finial, was placed in the parish church of Strensham, by John Taylor, of Strensham Court, Esq., upon whose estate the poet was born. In the design is a small figure of Hudibras, and the face of the tablet bears the following simple inscription:

"This tablet was erected to the memory of Samuel Butler, to transmit to future ages that near this spot was born a mind so celebrated. In Westminster Abbey, among the poets of England, his fame is recorded. Here, in his native village, in veneration of his talents and genius, this tribute to his memory has been erected by the possessor of the place of his birth—John Taylor, Strensham."

What became of the lady he married is unknown, as there is no subsequent trace of her; but it is presumed she died before him. Mr Giffillan assumes that "subscriptions were raised for his widow," but gives no authority, and we believe none exists.
Locke,* Addison,† Pope,‡ and Congreve, all failed in their attempts; perhaps they are more to be felt than explained, and to be understood rather from example than precept. "If any one," says Nash, "wishes to know what wit and humour are, let him read Hudibras with attention, he will there see them displayed in the brightest colours: there is brilliancy resulting from the power of rapid illustration by remote contingent resemblances; propriety of words, and thoughts elegantly adapted to the occasion: objects which possess an affinity and congruity, or sometimes a contrast to each other, assembled with quickness and variety; in short, every ingredient of wit, or of humour, which critics have discovered, may be found in this poem. The reader may congratulate himself, that he is not destitute of taste to relish both, if he can read it with delight."

Hudibras is to an epic poem what a good farce is to a tragedy; persons advanced in years generally prefer the former, having met with tragedies enough in real life; whereas the comedy, or interlude, is a relief from anxious and disgusting reflections, and suggests such playful ideas, as wanton round the heart and enliven the very features.

The hero marches out in search of adventures, to suppress those sports, and punish those trivial offences, which the vulgar among the Royalists were fond of, but which the Presbyterians and Independents abhorred; and which our hero, as a magistrate of the former persuasion, thought it his duty officially to suppress. The diction is that of burlesque poetry, painting low and mean persons and things in pompous language and a magnificent manner, or sometimes levelling sublime and pompous passages to the standard of low imagery. The principal actions of the poem are four: Hudibras's victory over Crowdero—Trulla's victory over Hudibras—Hudibras's victory over Sidrophel—and the Widow's antimasquerade: the rest is made up of the adventures of the Bear, of the Skimmington, Hudibras's conversations with the Lawyer and Sidrophel, and his long disputations with Ralpho and the Widow. The verse consists of eight syllables, or four feet; a measure which, in unskilful hands, soon becomes

tiresome, and will ever be a dangerous snare to meaner and less masterly imitators.

The Scotch, the Irish, the American Hudibras, and a host of other imitations, are hardly worth mentioning; they only prove the excitement which this new species of poetry had occasioned; the translation into French, by Mr Towneley, an Englishman, is curious, it preserves the sense, but cannot keep up the humour. Prior seems to have come nearest the original, though he is sensible of his own inferiority, and says,

But, like poor Andrew, I advance,
False mimic of my master's dance;
Around the cord awhile I sprawl,
And thence, tho' low, in earnest fall.

His Alma is neat and elegant, and his versification superior to Butler's; but his learning, knowledge, and wit by no means equal. The spangles of wit which he could afford, he knew how to polish, but he wanted the bullion of his master. Hudibras, then, may truly be said to be the first and last satire of the kind; for if we examine Lucian's Trago-po-dagra, and other dialogues, the Cæsars of Julian, Seneca's Apocologyntosis, or the mock deification of Claudius, and some fragments of Varro, they will be found very different: the Batrachomyomachia, or battle of the frogs and mice, commonly ascribed to Homer, and the Margites, generally allowed to be his, prove this species of poetry to be of great antiquity.

The inventor of the modern mock-heroic was Alessandro Tassoni, born at Modena 1565. His Secchia rapita, or Rape of the Bucket, is founded on the popular account of the cause of the civil war between the inhabitants of Modena and Bologna, in the time of Frederick II. This bucket was long preserved, as a trophy, in the cathedral of Modena, suspended by the chain which fastened the gate of Bologna, through which the Modenese forced their passage, and seized the prize. It is written in the ottava rima, the solemn measure of the Italian heroic poets, and has considerable merit.

The next successful imitators of the mock-heroic have been Boileau, Garth, and Pope, whose respective works are too generally known, and too justly admired, to require, at this time, description or encomium.
Hudibras has been compared to the Satyre Menippée, first published in France in the year 1593. The subject indeed is somewhat similar, a violent civil war excited by religious zeal, and many good men made the dupes of state politicians. After the death of Henry III. of France, the Duke de Mayence called together the states of the kingdom, to elect a successor, there being many pretenders to the crown; the consequent intrigues were the foundation of the Satyre Menippée, so called from Menippus, an ancient cynic philosopher and rough satirist, introducer of the burlesque species of dialogue. In this work are unveiled the different views and interests of the several actors in those busy scenes, who, under the pretense of public good, consulted only their private advantage, passions, and prejudices. This book, which aims particularly at the Spanish party, went through various editions, from its first publication to 1726, when it was printed at Ratisbon in three volumes, with copious notes and index. In its day it was as much admired as Hudibras, and is still studied by antiquaries with delight. But this satire differs widely from our author's: like those of Varro, Seneca, and Julian, it is a mixture of verse and prose, and though it contains much wit, and Mr Butler had certainly read it with attention, yet he cannot be said to imitate it.

The reader will perceive that our poet had more immediately in view, Don Quixote, Spenser, the Italian poets, together with the Greek and Roman classics; but very rarely, if ever, alludes to Milton, though Paradise Lost was published ten years before the third part of Hudibras.

Other sorts of burlesque have been published, such as the Carmina Macaronica, the Epistolae obscurorum Virorum, Cotton's Virgil Travesty, &c., but these are efforts of genius of no great importance, and many burlesque and satirical pieces, prose and verse, were published in France between the year 1533 and 1660, by Rabelais, Scarron, and others.

* The editor has in his possession a copy of the first edition of the two parts of Hudibras, appended to which are about 100 pages of contemporary manuscript, indicating the particular passages of preceding writers which Butler is supposed to have had in view. Among the authors most frequently quoted are: Cervantes (Don Quixote), Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Juvenal and Persius, Catullus, Tibullus and Propertius, Lucan, Martial, Statius, Suetonius, Justin, Tacitus, Cicero, Aulus Gellius, Macrobius, Plinii Historia Naturalis, and Erasmi adagia.
Hudibras operated wonderfully in beating down the hypocrisy and false patriotism of the time. Mr Hayley gives a character of the author in four lines with great propriety:

"Unrivall'd Butler! blest with happy skill
To heal by comic verse each serious ill,
By wit's strong flashes reason's light dispense,
And laugh a frantic nation into sense."

For one great object of our poet's satire is to unmask the hypocrite, and to exhibit, in a light at once odious and ridiculous, the Presbyterians and Independents, and all other sects, which in our poet's days amounted to near two hundred, and were enemies to the king; but his further view was to banter all the false, and even all the suspicious, pretences to learning that prevailed in his time, such as astrology, sympathetic medicine, alchemy, transfusion of blood, trifling conceits in experimental philosophy, fortune-telling, incredible relations of travellers, false wit, and unjustifiable affectations of poets and romance writers. Thus he frequently alludes to Purchas's Pilgrimes, Sir Kenelm Digby's books, Bulwer's Artificial Changeling, Sir Thomas Brown's Vulgar Errors, Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, Lilly's Astrology, and the early transactions of the Royal Society. These books were much read and admired in our author's days.

The adventure with the widow is introduced in conformity with other poets, both heroic and dramatic, who hold that no poem can be perfect which hath not at least one Episode of Love.

It is not worth while to inquire, if the characters painted under the fictitious names of Hudibras, Crowdero, Orsin, Talgol, Trulla, &c., were drawn from real life, or whether Sir Roger L'Estrange's key to Hudibras* be a true one. It matters not whether the hero were designed as the picture of Sir Samuel Luke, Colonel Rolls, or Sir Henry Rosewell; he is, in the language of Dryden, Knight of the Shire, and represents them all, that is, the whole body of the Presbyterians, as Ralpho does that of the Independents. It would be degrading the liberal spirit and universal genius of Mr Butler, to narrow his general satire to a particular libel on any characters, however marked and prominent. To a single rogue, or

* First published in 1714.
blockhead, he disdained to stoop; the vices and follies of the age in which he lived were the quarry at which he flew; these he concentrated, and embodied in the persons of Hudibras, Ralphto, Sidrophel, &c., so that each character in this admirable poem should be considered, not as an individual, but as a species.

Meanings still more remote and chimerical than mere personal allusions, have by some been discovered in Hudibras and the poem would have wanted one of those marks which distinguish works of superior merit, if it had not been supposed to be a perpetual allegory. Writers of eminence, Homer, Plato, and even the Holy Scriptures themselves, have been most wretchedly misrepresented by commentators of this cast. Thus some have thought that the hero of the piece was intended to represent the parliament, especially that part of it which favoured the Presbyterian discipline. When in the stocks, he is said to personate the Presbyterians after they had lost their power; his first exploit against the bear, whom he routs, is assumed to represent the parliament getting the better of the king; after this great victory he courts a widow for her jointure, which is supposed to mean the riches and power of the kingdom; being scorned by her, he retires, but the revival of hope to the Royalists, draws forth both him and his squire, a little before Sir George Booth's insurrection. Magnano, Cerdon, Talgol, &c., though described as butchers, coblers, tinkers, are made to represent officers in the parliament army, whose original professions, perhaps, were not much more noble; some have imagined Mâgnano to be the Duke of Albemarle, and his getting thistles from a barren land, to allude to his power in Scotland, especially after the defeat of Booth. Trulla means his wife; Crowdero Sir George Booth, whose bringing in of Bruin alludes to his endeavours to restore the king; his oaken leg, called the better one, is the king's cause, his other leg the Presbyterian discipline; his fiddle-case, which in sport they hung as a trophy on the whipping-post, is the directory. Ralphto, they say, represents the Parliament of Independents, called Barebone's Parliament; Bruin is sometimes the royal person, sometimes the king's adherents: Orsin represents the royal party; Talgol the city of London; Colon the bulk of the people. All these joining together against the Knight, represent Sir George
Booth's conspiracy, with Presbyterians and Royalists, against the parliament: their overthrow, through the assistance of Ralph, means the defeat of Booth by the assistance of the Independents and other fanatics. These ideas are, perhaps, only the frenzy of a wild imagination, though there may be some lines that seem to favour the conceit.

Dryden and Addison have censured Butler for his double rhymes; the latter nowhere argues worse than upon this subject: "If," says he, "the thought in the couplet be good, the rhymes add little to it; and if bad, it will not be in the power of rhyme to recommend it; I am afraid that great numbers of those who admire the incomparable Hudibras, do it more on account of these doggrel rhymes, than the parts that really deserve admiration."* This reflection affects equally all sorts of rhyme, which certainly can add nothing to the sense; but double rhymes are like the whimsical dress of Harlequin, which does not add to his wit, but sometimes increases the humour and drollery of it: they are not sought for, but, when they come easily, are always diverting: they are so seldom found in Hudibras, as hardly to be an object of censure, especially as the diction and the rhyme both suit well with the character of the hero.

It must be allowed that our poet does not exhibit his hero with the dignity of Cervantes: but the principal fault of the poem is, that the parts are unconnected, and the story deficient in sustained interest; the reader may leave off without being anxious for the fate of his hero; he sees only *disjecti membra poetœ;* but we should remember that the parts were published at long intervals,† and that several of the different cantos were designed as satires on different subjects or extravagancies.

Fault has likewise been found, and perhaps justly, with Butler's too frequent elisions, the harshness of his numbers, and the omission of the signs of substantives; his inattention to grammar and syntax, which in some passages obscures his meaning; and the perplexity which sometimes arises from the amazing fruitfulness of his imagination, and extent

* Spectator, No. 60.
† The Epistle to Sidrophel, not till many years after the canto to which it is annexed.
of his reading. Most writers have more words than ideas, and the reader wastes much pains with them, and gets little information or amusement. Butler, on the contrary, has more ideas than words; his wit and learning crowd so fast upon him, that he cannot find room or time to arrange them: hence his periods become sometimes embarrassed and obscure, and his dialogues too long. Our poet has been charged with obscenity, evil-speaking, and profaneness; but satirists will take liberties. Juvenal, and that elegant poet Horace, must plead his cause, so far as the accusation is well founded.

In the preceding memoir, Dr Nash, the latest and most authentic of Butler's biographers, has been our principal guide; the reader who is desirous of a more critical and elaborate, though sometimes unjustly severe, view of the poem and the poet, will turn without disappointment to the eloquent pages of Dr Johnson.
HUDIBRAS.

PART I. CANTO I.
THE ARGUMENT.

Sir Hudibras\(^1\) his passing worth,
The manner how he sallied forth,
His arms and equipage, are shown;
His horse's virtues and his own.
Th' adventure of the bear and fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.\(^2\)

---

\(^1\) Butler probably took the name of Hudibras from Spencer's Fairy Queen, B. ii. C. ii. St. 17.

He that made love unto the eldest dame
Was hight Sir Hudibras, an hardy man;
Yet not so good of deeds, as great of name,
Which he by many rash adventures wan,
Since errant arms to sew he first began.

Geoffrey of Monmouth mentions a British king of this name, as living about the time of Solomon, and reigning 39 years. He is said to have composed all the dissensions among his people. Others have supposed it derived from the French, Hugo, or Hu de Bras, signifying Hugh with the strong arm: thus Fortinbras, Firebras.

In the Grub-street Journal, Col. Rolls, a Devonshire gentleman, is said to be satirized under the character of Hudibras; and it is asserted, that Hugh de Bras was the name of the old tutelar saint of that county; Dr Grey had been informed, on credible authority, that the person intended was Sir Henry Rosewell, of Ford Abbey, Devonshire; but it is idle to look for personal reflections in a poem designed for a general satire on hypocrisy, enthusiasm, and false learning. There is no doubt, however, that Sir Samuel Luke, of Bedfordshire, is the likeliest hero. See lines 15 and 902.

\(^2\) A ridicule on Ronsard's Franciade, and Sir William Davenant's Gondibert, both unfinished.
HUDIBRAS. CANTO 1.

**When civil dudgeon** ¹ first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why; ²
When hard words, ³ jealousies, and fears ⁴
Set folks together by the ears.
And made them fight, like mad or drunk, ⁵
For dame Religion as for Punk;
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Tho' not a man of them knew wherefore:
When Gospel-Trumpeter, surrounded ⁶
With long-ear'd ⁶ rout, to battle sounded,

¹ To take *in dudgeon* is inwardly to resent some injury or affront, a sort of grumbling in the gizzard (as Tom Hood has said), and what is previous to actual fury. It was altered by Mr. Butler, in his edition of 1674, to *civil fury*, and so stood until 1700. But the original word was restored in 1704, and has been adopted, with two or three recent exceptions, ever since; and it unquestionably is most in keeping with the character of the poem. Dudgeon in its primitive sense is a dagger, and is so used towards the close of the present canto.

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

³ The jargon and cant-words used by the Presbyterians and other sectaries, such as gospel-walking-times, soul-saving, carnal-minded, carryings-on, workings-out, committee-dom, &c. They called themselves the elect, the saints, the predestinated, and their opponents Papists, Prelatists, reprobates, &c. &c. They set the people against the Common-prayer, which they asserted was the mass-book in English, and nicknamed it Porridge; and enraged them against the surplice, calling it a rag of Popery, the whore of Babylon's smock, and the smock of the whore of Rome.

⁴ Jealousies and fears were words bandied between Charles I. and the parliament in all their papers, before the absolute breaking out of the war. They were used by the parliament to the king, in their petition for the militia, March 1, 1641-2; and by the king in his answer, "You speak of jealousies and fears; lay your hands to your hearts and ask yourselves, whether I may not be disturbed with jealousies and fears."

⁵ The Presbyterians (many of whom before the war had got into parish churches) preached the people into rebellion, incited them to take up arms and fight the Lord's battles, and destroy the Amalekites, root and branch, hip and thigh. They told them also to bind their kings in chains, and their nobles in links of iron. And Dr South has recorded that many of the regicides were drawn into the grand rebellion by the direful imprecactions of sedition preachers from the pulpit. See Spectator, Nos. 60 and 153.

⁶ The Puritans had a custom of putting their hands behind their ears, at sermons, and bending them forward, under pretence of hearing the bet-
And pulpít, drum ecclesiastick,
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick; ¹
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling. ²

A Wíght he was, whose very sight would 15
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood;
That never bow'd his stubborn knee ³
To anything but chivalry;
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right Wírshipful on shoulder-blade: ⁴
Chief of domestic knights, and errant,
Either for chartel ⁵ or for wírant:
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle: ⁶

¹ Ridiculing their vehement action in the pulpít, and their beating it with their fists, as if they were beating a drum.

² Sir Samuel Luke, of Bedfordshire, is no doubt the type of our hero. This has hitherto been merely surmised, first by Grey, and since by all his successors, including Nash; but the present editor possesses a copy of the original edition, 1663, in which a MS. Key, evidently of the same date, gives the name of Sir Samuel Luke, without any question. Sir Samuel was a rigid Presbyterian, high in the favour of Cromwell, justice of the peace, chairman of the quarter sessions, a colonel in the parliament army, a committee-man of his own county, and scout-master-general in the counties of Bedford and Surrey. Butler was for a time in the service of Sir Samuel, probably as secretary; and though in the centre of Puritan meetings, was at heart a Royalist and a Churchman.

³ Alluding to the Presbyterians, who refused to kneel at the Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper; and insisted upon receiving it in a sitting or standing posture. In some of the kirks in Scotland, the pews are so made, that it is very difficult for any one to kneel.

⁴ That is, did not kneel or submit to a blow, except when the King dubbed him a knight. Sir Kenelm Digby tells us, that when King James I., who had an antipathy to a sword, dubbed him knight, had not the Duke of Buckingham guided his hand aright, in lieu of touching his shoulder, he had certainly run the point of it into his eye.

⁵ A challenge; also an agreement in writing between parties or armies which are enemies. MS. Key.

⁶ Swaddle.—This word has two opposite meanings, one to beat or cudgel, the other to bind up or swathe, hence swaddling clothes. See Johnson, Webster, &c.
Mighty he was at both of these, 
And styled of War as well as Peace. 
So some rats of amphibious nature 
Are either for the land or water. 
But here our authors make a doubt, 
Whether he were more wise or stout. 
Some hold the one, and some the other; 
But howsoe'er they make a pother, 
The diff'rence was so small, his brain 
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain; 
Which made some take him for a tool 
That knaves do work with, call'd a Fool. 
For t' has been held by many, that 
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,

Complains she thought him but an ass, 
Much more she would Sir Hudibras: 
For that's the name our valiant knight 
To all his challenges did write. 
But they're mistaken very much, 
'Tis plain enough he was no such; 
We grant, although he had much wit, 
H' was very shy of using it; 

1 A burlesque on the usual strain of rhetorical flattery, when authors pretend to be puzzled which of their patrons' noble qualities they should give the preference to. 
2 See this playful passage (quoted from Montaigne, Essays ii. 12) in Walton's Angler, chap. i.
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about,
Unless on holy-days, or so,
As men their best apparel do.
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak: 1
That Latin was no more difficult,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle.
Being rich in both, he never stinted
His bounty unto such as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many, that had not one word.
For Hebrew roots, although they're found
To flourish most in barren ground,2
He had such plenty, as sufficed
To make some think him circumcised;
And truly so, perhaps, he was,
'Tis many a pious Christian's case.3
He was in Logic a great critic,
Profoundly skill'd in Analytic;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute.4
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse;

1 "He Greek and Latin speaks with greater ease
Than hogs eat acorns, and tame pigeons peas."

Cranfield's Panegyric on Tom Coriate.

2 Alluding probably to a notion promulgated by Echard and Sir Thomas Browne, that as Hebrew is the primitive language of man, children, if removed from all society, "brought up in a wood, and suckled by a wolf," would, at four years old, instinctively speak Hebrew. Some students in Hebrew (especially John Ryland, the friend of Robert Hall) have been very angry with these lines, and assert that they have done more to prevent the study of that language, than all the professors have done to promote it.

3 In the first editions this couplet was differently expressed.

4 Carneades, the academic, having one day disputed at Rome very copiously in praise of justice, refuted every word on the morrow, by a train of contrary arguments.—Something similar is said of Cardinal Perron.
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a Lord may be an owl;
A calf an Alderman, a goose a Justice,
And rooks, Committee-Men or Trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination.
All this by syllogism true,
In mood and figure, he would do.

For Rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope:
And when he happen'd to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words ready, to show why,
And tell what rules he did it by.
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk.
For all a Rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But when he pleased to show 't, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich;

1 Such was Alderman Pennington, who sent a person to Newgate for singing what he called a malignant psalm.
2 After the declaration of No more addresses to the king, they who before were not above the condition of ordinary constables now became justices of the peace. Chelmsford, at the beginning of the rebellion, was governed by two tailors, two cobbblers, two pedlars, and a tinker.
3 A rook is supposed to devour the grain; hence, by a figure, applied to the committee-men, who, under the authority of parliament, harassed and oppressed the country, devouring, in an arbitrary manner, the property of those they did not like. An ordinance was passed in 1649, for the sale of the royal lands, to pay the army; the common soldiers purchasing by regiments, like corporations, and having trustees for the whole. These trustees often purchased the soldiers' shares at a very small price, and cheated both officers and soldiers, by detaining the trust estates for their own use.
4 The preachers of those days looked upon coughing and hemming as ornaments of speech; and when they printed their sermons, noted in the margin where the preacher coughed or hemm'd. This practice was not confined to England, for Olivier Maillard, a Cordelier, and famous preacher, printed a sermon at Brussels in the year 1500, and marked in the margin where the preacher hemm'd once or twice, or coughed.
5 Amongst the "hard words" of the rhetoricians ridiculed here, were such as hyperbaton, ephenosis, asyndeton, aporia, homoeosis, hyperbole, hypomone, apodioxis, anadiplosis, &c. &c.; for the meanings of which, see Webster's Dictionary.
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect.
It was a parti-colour’d dress
Of patch’d and piebald languages:
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin.¹
It had an odd promiscuous tone
As if h’ had talk’d three parts in one;
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th’ had heard three labourers of Babel;²
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent
As if his stock would ne’er be spent:
And truly, to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large.
For he could coin, or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit;
Words so debased and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on.
And when with hasty noise he spoke ’em,
The ignorant for current took ’em.
That had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble stones³
When he harangued, but known his phrase,
He would have used no other ways.

In Mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater:⁴

¹ Slashed sleeves and hose may be seen in the pictures of Dobson, Van-.
dyke, and others; they were coarse fustian pinked, or cut into holes, that the satin might appear through it.

² Diodorus Siculus mentions some southern islands, the inhabitants of which, having their tongues divided, were capable of speaking two different languages at once, and Rabelais, in his account of the monster Hearsay (see Works, Bohn’s Edit. v. 2, p. 45), observes, that his mouth was slit up to his ears, and in it were seven tongues, each of them cleft into seven parts, and that he talked with all the seven at once, of different matters, and in divers languages.

³ Demosthenes.

⁴ William Lilly, the famous astrologer of those times. The House of Commons had so great a regard to his predictions, that the author of Mer-
curius Pragmaticus (No. 20) styles the members the sons of Erra Pater, an old astrologer, of whose predictions John Taylor, the water poet, makes mention.
CANTO 1.]

HUDIBRAS. 9

For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale;
Resolve, by sines and tangents straight,
If bread or butter wanted weight;¹
And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does strike, by Algebra.

Beside, he was a shrewd Philosopher,
And had read ev'ry text and gloss over:
Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,²
He understood b' implicit faith:
Whatever Sceptic could inquire for;
For every why he had a whererefore:³
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go.
All which he understood by rote,⁴
And, as occasion served, would quote;
No matter whether right or wrong;
They might be either said or sung.
His notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell;
But oftentimes mistook the one
For th' other, as great clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to acts,
And knew their natures by abstracts;⁵
Where entity and quiddity,
The ghost of defunct bodies fly;⁶

¹ As a justice of the peace it was his duty to inspect weights and measures:

"For well his Worship knows, that ale-house sins
Maintain himself in gloves, his wife in pins."

A Satyr against Hypocrites, p. 3, 4.

² If any copy would warrant it, I should read "author saith." Nash.

³ That is, he could answer one question by asking another, or elude one difficulty by proposing another. Ray gives the phrase as a proverb. See Handbook of Proverbs, p. 142.

⁴ A thing is in potentia, when it is possible, but does not actually exist; a thing is in act, when it is not only possible, but does exist. A thing is said to be reduced from power into act, when that which was only possible begins really to exist. How far we can know the nature of things by abstracts, has long been a dispute. See Locke, on the Understanding.

⁵ A satire upon the abstract notions of the metaphysicians. Butler humorously calls the metaphysical essences ghosts or shadows of real substances.
Where Truth in person does appear,¹
Like words congeal’d in northern air.²
He knew what’s what, and that’s as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.³

In school-divinity as able
As he that hight irrefragable;
A second Thomas, or at once,
To name them all, another Duns:⁴

Profound in all the nominal,
And real ways, beyond them all;
And, with as delicate a hand,
Could twist as tough a rope of sand;
And weave fine cobwebs, fit for scull
That’s empty when the moon is full;
Such as take lodgings in a head
That’s to be let unfurnished.

¹ Some authors have represented truth as a real thing or person, whereas it is nothing but a right method of putting man’s notions or images of things into the same state and order that their originals hold in nature. See Aristotle, Met. lib. 2.

² In Rabelais, Pantagruel throws upon deck three or four handfuls of frozen words. This notion is humorously elaborated in the Tatler, p. 254, and in Munchausen’s Travels.

³ The jest here is in giving a vulgar expression as the translation of the “quid est quid” of our old logicians.

⁴ These two lines were omitted after the second edition, but restored in 1704. This whole passage is a smart satire upon the old School divines, many of whom were honoured with some extravagant epithet, and as well known by it as by their proper names: thus Alexander Hales was called doctor irrefragable, or invincible; Thomas Aquinas, the angelic doctor, or eagle of divines; Duns Scotus, the great opponent of the doctrine of Aquinas, acquired, by his logical acuteness, the title of the subtle doctor. This last was father of the Reals, and William Ockham of the Nominals. See a full account of these Schoolmen in Tennemann’s Manual (Bohn’s edit. p. 243 et seq.).

⁵ A proverbial saying applicable to those who lose their labour by busying themselves in trifles, or attempting things impossible. The couplet stood thus in the first and all succeeding editions till 1704:—

For he a rope of sand could twist
As tough as learned Sorbonist.

The proverb is supposed to be derived from the story of the devil being balked of a soul for which he had contracted (under the guise of a doctor of the College of Sorbonne), by not being able to make a rope of sand.

⁶ That is, subtle questions or foolish conceits, fit for the brain of a lunatic.
He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice;
As if Divinity had catch'd
The itch, on purpose to be scratch'd;
Or, like a mountebank, did wound
And stab herself with doubts profound,
Only to show with how small pain
The sores of Faith are cured again;
Altho' by woful proof we find
They always leave a scar behind.
He knew the seat of Paradise.
Could tell in what degree it lies: 1
And, as he was disposed, could prove it,
Below the moon, or else above it:
What Adam dreamt of when his bride
 Came from her closet in his side:
Whether the devil tempted her
By a High-Dutch interpreter: 2
If either of them had a navel; 3
Who first made music malleable: 4

1 This is a banter upon the many learned and laborious treatises which have been published on the Site of Paradise; some affirming it to be above the moon, others above the air; some that it is the whole world, others only a part of the north; some thinking that it was nowhere, whilst others supposed it to be God knows where in the West Indies. Rudbeck, a Swede, asserts that Sweden was the real Paradise. The learned Bishop Huet gives a map of Paradise, and says it is situated upon the canal formed by the Tigris and Euphrates, near Aracca. Mahomet assured his followers, that Paradise was seated in heaven, and that Adam was cast out from thence when he transgressed. Humboldt (see Cosmos, Bohn, vol. i. p. 364-5) brings up the rear, with telling us that every nation has a Paradise somewhere on the other side of the mountains.

2 Joh. Goropius Becanus maintained the Tentonic to be the first and most ancient language in the world, and assumed it to have been spoken in Paradise.  

3 "Over one of the doors of the King's antechamber at St James's is a picture of Adam and Eve, painted by Mabuse, which formerly hung in the gallery at Whitehall, thence called the Adam and Eve Gallery. Evelyn, in the preface to his 'Idea of the Perfection of Painting,' mentions this picture, and objects to the absurdity of representing Adam and Eve with navels." See Sir Thomas Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting. Browne, in his Vulgar Errors, has a chapter expressly on this subject, and is, no doubt, what the poet is quizzing.

4 This relates to the idea that music was first invented by Pythagoras, on hearing the variations of sound produced by a blacksmith striking his anvil with a hammer—a story which has been frequently ridiculed.
Whether the serpent, at the fall,
Had cloven feet, or none at all. 1
All this without a gloss, or comment,
He could unriddle in a moment,
In proper terms, such as men smatter,
When they throw out, and miss the matter.

For his Religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit:
'Twas Presbyterian true blue, 2
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant 3 saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant: 4
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun; 5
Decide all controversy by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly-thorough-Reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done:

1 That curse upon the serpent, "on thy belly shalt thou go," seeming to imply a deprivation of what he enjoyed before, has been thought to imply that the serpent must previously have had feet. Accordingly St Basil says, he went erect like a man, and had the use of speech, before the fall.

2 "True blue," which is found in the old proverb, "true blue will never stain," is used here as an indication of stubborn adherence to party, right or wrong. There is another reference to it in Part III., Canto II., line 870. Blue has immemorially been regarded as the emblematical colour of fidelity, and was the usual livery of servants.

3 Literally, itinerant, such as missionaries. But the poet no doubt uses the word "errant" with a double meaning, that is, in the sense of knights "errant" as well as "errant" knaves.

4 The church on earth is called militant, as struggling with temptations, and subject to persecutions: but the Presbyterians of those days were literally the church militant, fighting with the establishment, and all that opposed them.

5 Cornet Joyce, when he carried away the king from Holdenby, being desired by his Majesty to show his instructions, drew up his troop in the inner court, and said, "These, sir, are my instructions."
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.
A sect, whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies:¹
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss:²
More peevish, cross, and splenetick,
Than dog distract, or monkey sick:
That with more care keep holy-day
The wrong, than others the right way:³
Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to:
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipp'd God for spite.
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.
Free-will they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow.⁴
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin.
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly;

¹ The Presbyterians not only opposed some of the articles of belief held by others, but also the pastimes and amusements of the people. Among other things, they reckoned it sinful to eat plum-porridge, or minced pies, at Christmas. The cavaliers, observing the formal carriage of their adversaries, fell into the opposite extreme, and ate and drank plentifully every day, especially after the Restoration.
² Queen Elizabeth was often heard to say, that she knew very well what would content the Catholics, but could never learn what would content the Puritans.
³ In the year 1645, Christmas-day was ordered to be observed as a fast: and on the other hand, Oliver, when Protector, was feasted by the lord mayor on Ash-Wednesday. When James the First desired the magistrates of Edinburgh to feast the French ambassadors before their return to France, the ministers proclaimed a fast to be kept the same day. The innovation is thus wittily satirized in a ballad of the time:

"Gone are the golden days of yore,
When Christmas was an high day,
Whose sports we now shall see no more,—
'Tis turn'd into Good Friday."

⁴ As maintaining absolute predestination, and denying the liberty of man's will: at the same time contending for absolute freedom in rites and ceremonies, and the discipline of the church.
Quarrel with minced pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose. 230
Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon, 1
To whom our knight, by fast instinct
Of wit and temper, was so linkt,
As if hypocrisy and nonsense
Had got th' advowson of his conscience. 2
Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
We mean on th' inside, not the outward:
That next of all we shall discuss;
Then listen, Sirs, it followeth thus:
His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face;
In cut and dye so like a tile, 3
A sudden view it would beguile:
The upper part thereof was whey,
The nether orange, mixt with grey.
This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of sceptres and of crowns: 4
With grisly type did represent
Declining age of government.

1 The Ass is the milk-white beast called Alborach, which Mahomet tells us, in the Koran, the angel Gabriel brought to carry him to the presence of God. Alborach refused to let him get up, unless he would promise to procure him an entrance into paradise. Widgeon means the pigeon, which Mahomet taught to eat out of his ear, that it might be thought to be the means of divine communication. Our poet calls it a widgeon, for the sake of equivocation: widgeon, in the figurative sense, signifying a foolish silly fellow.

2 Dr Bruno Ryves, in his Mercurius Rusticus, gives a remarkable instance of a fanatical conscience, in a captain, who was invited by a soldier to eat part of a goose with him, but refused, because he said it was stolen; but being to march away, he, who would eat no stolen goose, made no scruple to ride away upon a stolen mare.

3 In the time of Charles I., the beard was worn sharply peaked in a triangular form, like the old English tiles. Some had pasteboard cases to put over their beards in the night, lest they should get rumpled during their sleep.

4 As a comet is supposed to portend some public calamity, so this parliamentary beard threatened monarchy.
And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,¹
Its own grave and the state's were made.
Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a nation rue; ²
Tho' it contributed its own fall.
To wait upon the public downfall; ³
It was canonic,⁴ and did grow
In holy orders, by strict vow; ⁵
Of rule as sullen and severe
As that of rigid Cordelie.⁶
'Twas bound to suffer persecution
And martyrdom with resolution;
'T oppose itself against the hate
And vengeance of th' incensed state:
In whose defiance it was worn.
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot irons to be tortured,
Reviled, and spit upon, and martyr'd.

¹ Alluding to the pictures of Time and Death.
² Heart-breakers were particular curls worn by the ladies, and sometimes by men. Samson's strength consisted in his hair; when that was cut off, he was taken prisoner; when it grew again, he was able to pull down the house, and destroy his enemies.
³ Many of the Presbyterians and Independents swore not to cut their beards till monarchy and episcopacy were ruined. Such vows were common among the barbarous nations, especially the Germans. Civilis, as we learn from Tacitus, having destroyed the Roman legions, cut his hair, which he had vowed to let grow from his first taking up arms. And it became at length a national custom among some of the Germans, never to trim their hair, or their beards, till they had killed an enemy.
⁴ The later editions, for canonic, read monastic.
⁵ The vow of not shaving the beard till some particular event happened was not uncommon in those times. In a humorous poem, falsely ascribed to Mr Butler, entitled The Cobler and Vicar of Bray, we read,

This worthy knight was one that swore
He would not cut his beard,
Till this ungodly nation was
From kings and bishops clear'd.
Which holy vow he firmly kept,
And most devoutly wore
A grisly meteor on his face,
Till they were both no more.

⁶ An order so called in France, from the knotted cord which they wore about their middles. In England they were named Grey Friars, and were the strictest branch of the Franciscans.
Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast
As long as monarchy should last;
But when the state should hap to reel,
'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
And fall, as it was consecrate
A sacrifice to fall of state;
Whose thread of life the fatal sisters
Did twist together with its whiskers,
And twine so close, that Time should never,
In life or death, their fortunes sever;
But with his rusty sickle mow
Both down together at a blow.
So learned Taliacotius, from
The brawny part of porter's bum,
Cut supplemental noses, which
Would last as long as parent breech:
But when the date of Nock was out,
Off dropt the sympathetic snout.
His back, or rather burthen, show'd
As if it stoop'd with its own load.
For as Æneas bore his sire
Upon his shoulders thro' the fire,
Our knight did bear no less a pack
Of his own buttocks on his back:
Which now had almost got the upper-hand of his head, for want of crupper.
To poise this equally, he bore
A paunch of the same bulk before:
Which still he had a special care
To keep well-cramm'd with thrifty fare;
As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,
Such as a country-house affords;

1. Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, the three destinies whom the ancient poets feign'd to spin and determine how long the thread of life should last.
2. Taliacotius was professor of physic and surgery at Bologna, where he was born, 1553. His treatise in Latin, on the art of ingrafting noses, is well known. See a very humorous account of him, Tatler, No. 260.
3. Nock is a British word, signifying a slit or crack, and hence, figuratively, the fundament; but the more usual term was nock-andro. Nock, Nockys, is used by Gawin Douglas in his version of the Æneid, for the bottom or extremity of anything.
4. A Devonshire dish.
With other victual, which anon
We further shall dilate upon,
When of his hose we come to treat,
The cupboard where he kept his meat.
   His doublet was of sturdy buff,
And though not sword, yet cudgel-proof,
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.¹
   His breeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen;
To old King Harry so well known,
Some writers held they were his own.²
   Thro' they were lined with many a piece
Of ammunition-bread and cheese,
And fat black-puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in blood.
For, as we said, he always chose
To carry vittle in his hose,
That often tempted rats and mice,
The ammunition to surprise:
   And when he put a hand but in
The one or th' other magazine,
They stoutly in defence on't stood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood;
And till th' were storm'd and beaten out,
   Ne'er left the fortified redoubt:
And tho' knights errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink;³
   Because when thorough deserts vast,
And regions desolate, they past,
Where belly-timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,

¹ A man of nice honour suffers more from a kick, or a slap in the face, than from a wound. Sir Walter Raleigh says, to be strucken with a sword is like a man, but to be strucken with a stick is like a slave.

² Henry VIII. besieged Boulogne in person, July 14, 1544. He was very fat, and consequently his breeches very large. See the engravings published by the Society of Antiquaries.

³ "Though I think, says Don Quixote, that I have read as many histories of chivalry in my time as any other man, I never could find that knights errant ever eat, unless it were by mere accident, when they were invited to great feasts and royal banquets; at other times, they indulged themselves with little other food besides their thoughts."
Unless they grazed, there’s not one word
Of their provision on record:
Which made some confidently write,
They had no stomachs but to fight.
'Tis false: for Arthur wore in hall
Round-table like a farthingal,
On which, with skirt pull’d out behind,
And eke before, his good knights dined.
Th'o' 'twas no table some suppose,
But a huge pair of round trunk-hose:
In which he carried as much meat
As he and all his knights could eat,
When laying by their swords and truncheons,
They took their breakfasts, or their nuncheons.
But let that pass at present,
Lest we should forget where we digrest;
As learned authors use, to whom
We leave it, and to th' purpose come.

His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart, was tied,
With basket-hilt, that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both.
In it he melted lead for bullets,
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets;
To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty.

1 The farthingale was a large hoop petticoat worn by the ladies. King Arthur is said to have made choice of the round table that his knights might not quarrel about precedence.
2 True-wit, in Ben Jonson's Silent Woman, says of Sir Amorous La Fool, "If he could but victual himself for half-a-year in his breeches, he is sufficiently armed to overrun a country." Act 4, sc. 5.
3 A substitute for a regular meal; equivalent to what is now called a luncheon. Our ancestors in the 13th and 14th century had four meals a day,—breakfast at 7; dinner at 10; supper at 4; and livery at 8 or 9; soon after which they went to bed. The tradesmen and labouring people had only three meals a day,—breakfast at 8; dinner at 12; and supper at 6. They had no livery.
4 Toledo, in Spain, famous for the manufacture of swords: the Toledo blades were generally broad, to wear on horseback, and of great length, suitable to the old Spanish dress.
And ate into itself, for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack.
The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt,
The rancour of its edge had felt:
For of the lower end two handful
It had devour'd, 'twas so manful,
And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
As if it durst not show its face.
In many desperate attempts,
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,¹
It had appear'd with courage bolder
Than Serjeant Bum, invading shoulder:²
Oft had it ta'en possession,
And pris'ners too, or made them run.
This sword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age:³
And therefore waited on him so,
As dwarfs upon knights errant do.
It was a serviceable dudgeon,⁴
Either for fighting or for drudging:⁵
When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread,
Toast cheese or bacon,⁶ though it were
To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care.
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth:
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this, and more, it did endure;
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done, on the same score.⁷

¹ Exigent is a writ issued in order to bring a person to an outlawry, if he does not appear to answer the suit commenced against him.
² Alluding to the method by which bum-bailiffs, as they are called, arrest persons, by giving them a tap on the shoulder.
³ Thus Homer accoutres Agamemnon with a dagger hanging near his sword, which he used instead of a knife. Iliad. Lib. iii. 271.
⁴ A dudgeon was a short sword, or dagger: from the Teutonic Degen.
⁵ That is, for domestic uses or any drudgery, such as follows in the next verses.
⁶ Corporal Nym says, in Shakspere's Henry V., "I dare not fight, but I will wink, and hold out mine iron: it is a simple one, but what though—it will toast cheese."
⁷ A joke upon Oliver Cromwell, who was said to be the son of a brewer in Huntingdonshire. It was frequently the subject of lampoons during his life.
In th' holsters, at his saddle-bow,
Two aged pistols he did stow,
Among the surplus of such meat
As in his hose he could not get.
These would inveigle rats with th' scent,
To forage when the cocks were bent;
And sometimes catch 'em with a snap,
As cleverly as th' ablest trap.
They were upon hard duty still,
And every night stood sentinel,
To guard the magazine i' th' hose,
From two-legg'd, and from four-legg'd foes.

Thus clad and fortified, Sir Knight,
From peaceful home, set forth to fight.
But first, with nimble active force,
He got on th' outside of his horse.¹
For having but one stirrup tied
T' his saddle, on the further side,
It was so short, h' had much ado
To reach it with his desp'rate toe.
But after many strains and heaves,
He got upon the saddle eaves,
From whence he vaulted into th' seat,
With so much vigour, strength, and heat,
That he had almost tumbled over
With his own weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on tail and mane,
Which oft he used instead of rein.

But now we talk of mounting steed,
Before we further do proceed,
It doth behove us to say something
Of that which bore our valiant bumkin.

¹ Nothing can be more completely droll, than this description of Hudibras mounting his horse. He had one stirrup tied on the off-side very short, the saddle very large; the knight short, fat, and unwieldy, having his breeches and pockets stuffed with black puddings and other provision, over-acting his effort to mount, and nearly tumbling over on the opposite side; his single spur, we may suppose, catching in some of his horse's furniture. Cleveland identifies this picture in his lines: — "like Sir Samuel Luke in a great saddle, nothing to be seen but the giddy feather in his crown."
The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;
I would say eye, for 'tis had but one,
As most agree, 'though some say none.
He was well stay'd, and in his gait,
Preserv'd a grave, majestic state.
At spur or switch no more he skipt,
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipt: 1
And yet so fiery, he would bound,
As if he grieved to touch the ground:
That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes, 2
Was not by half so tender-hoof'd,
Nor trod upon the ground so soft:
And as that beast would kneel and stoop,
Some write, to take his rider up: 3
So Hudibras his, 'tis well known,
Would often do, to set him down.
We shall not need to say what lack
Of leather was upon his back:
For that was hidden under pad,
And breech of Knight gall'd full as bad.
His strutting ribs on both sides show'd
Like furrows he himself had plow'd:
For underneath the skirt of pannel,
'Twixt every two there was a channel.
His draggling tail hung in the dirt,
Which on his rider he would flirt,
Still as his tender side he prickt,
With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd, kickt:
For Hudibras wore but one spur,
As wisely knowing, could he stir

1 This alludes to Sir Roger l'Estrange's story of a Spaniard, who was
condemned to run the gauntlet, and disdained to avoid any part of the pun-
ishment by mending his pace.
2 Suetonius relates, that the hoofs of Cæsar's horse were divided
like human toes. See also Montfaucon, Antiquité expliquée, vol. ii.
p. 58.
3 Stirrups were not in use in the time of Cæsar. Common persons, who
were active and hardy, vaulted into their seats; and persons of distinction
had their horses taught to bend down towards the ground, or else they were
assisted by their equerries.
To active trot one side of's horse,
The other would not hang an arse.  
A Squire he had, whose name was Ralph,
That in th' adventure went his half,
Though writers, for more stately tone,
Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one:
And when we can, with metre safe,
We'll call him so, if not, plain Raph.
For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.
An equal stock of wit and valour
He had lain in, by birth a tailor.
The mighty Tyrian queen that gain'd,
With subtle shreds, a tract of land,
Did leave it, with a castle fair,
To his great ancestor, her heir;
From him descended cross-legg'd knights;
Famed for their faith and warlike fights
Against the bloody Cannibal,
Whom they destroy'd both great and small.

1 This jest had previously appeared in an old book called Gratiae ludentes, or Jests from the Universitiz, 1638, where it runs thus: “A scholar being jeered on the way for wearing but one spur, said that if one side of his horse went on, it was not likely the other would stay behind.”

2 As the knight was of the Presbyterian party, so the squire was an Ana-baptist or Independent. This gives our author an opportunity of characterizing these several sects, and of showing their joint concurrence against the king and church.

3 Sir Roger L'Estrange supposes, that the original of Ralph was one Isaac Robinson, a butcher in Moorfields: another authority thinks that the character was designed for Pembel a tailor, one of the committee of sequestrators. Grey supposes, that the name of Ralph was taken from the grocer's apprentice, in Beaumont and Fletcher's “Knight of the Burning Pestle.” Mr Pemberton, who was a relation and godson of Mr Butler, said, that the 'squire was designed for Ralph Bedford, esquire, member of parliament for the town of Bedford.

4 The allusion is to the well-known story of Dido, who purchased as much land as she could surround with an ox's hide. She cut the hide into extremely narrow strips, and so obtained twenty-two furlongs. See Virg. Aeneid, lib. i. 367.

5 A double allusion. Tailors sit at their work in this posture; and Crusaders are represented on funeral monuments with their legs across.

6 Tailors, as well as Crusaders, are famed for their faith, though of different kinds. The words, bloody cannibal, are meant to be equally applicable to the Saracens and a louse.
This sturdy Squire had, as well
As the bold Trojan knight, seen hell,¹
Not with a counterfeited pass
Of golden bough, but true gold lace.
His knowledge was not far behind
The knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't;
Some call it Gifts, and some New Light.
A lib'ral art, that costs no pains
Of study, industry, or brains.
His wits were sent him for a token,²
But in the carriage crack'd and broken.
Like commendation nine-pence, crookt
With—to and from my love—it lookt.³
He ne'er consider'd it, as loth
To look a gift-horse in the mouth;
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth.⁴
But as he got it freely, so
He spent it frank and freely too.
For saints themselves will sometimes be,
Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.
By means of this, with hem and cough,
Prolongers to enlighten'd snuff,⁵
He could deep mysteries unriddle,
As easily as thread a needle;

¹ In allusion to Æneas's descent into hell, and the tailor's receptacle for his filchings, also called hell.
² Var. "His wit was sent him."
³ From this passage, and the proverb "he has brought his noble to ninepence," one would be led to conclude, that coins were commonly struck of that value; but only two instances of the kind are recorded by Mr Folkes, both during the civil wars, the one at Dublin, and the other at Newark. Long before this period, however, by royal proclamation of July 9, 1551, the base testoons or shillings of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. were rated at ninepence, and these were as abundant as sixpences or shillings until 1696, when all money not milled was called in. Such pieces were often bent and given as love-tokens, and were called "To my love and from my love." See Tatler, No. 240.
⁴ When the barber came to shave Sir Thomas More, the morning of his execution, the prisoner told him, "that there was a contest betwixt the King and him for his head, and he would not willingly lay out more upon it than it was worth."
⁵ Enlighten'd snuff.—This reading, which is confirmed by Butler's Ge-
For as of vagabonds we say,
That they are ne'er beside their way:
Whate'er men speak by this new light,
Still they are sure to be i' th' right.
'Tis a dark-lanthorn of the spirit,
Which none see by but those that bear it:
For spiritual trades to cozen by:
An ignis fatuus, that bewitches,
And leads men into pools and ditches;
To make them dip themselves, and sound
For Christendom in dirty pond;
To dive, like wild-fowl, for salvation,
And fish to catch regeneration.
This light inspires, and plays upon
The nose of saint, like bagpipe drone,
And speaks through hollow empty soul,
As through a trunk, or whisp'ring hole,
Such language as no mortal ear
But spiritual eaves-droppers can hear.
So Phoebus, or some friendly muse,
Into small poets song infuse;
Which they at second-hand rehearse,
Thro' reed or bag-pipe, verse for verse.
Thus Ralph became infallible,
As three or four legg'd oracle,
The ancient cup, or modern chair;
Spoke truth point blank, though unaware.
For mystic learning wondrous able
In magic talisman, and cabal,¹
Whose primitive tradition reaches,
As far as Adam's first green breeches:²
Deep-sighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atoms, influences;
And much of terra incognita,
Th' intelligible world could say;³
A deep occult philosopher,
As learn'd as the wild Irish are,⁴
Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
And solid lying much renown'd:⁵

Delphi. Four-legg'd oracle probably means telling fortunes from quadrupeds.

¹ Talisman was a magical inscription or figure, engraved or cast by the direction of astrologers, under certain positions of the heavenly bodies, and thought to have great efficacy as a preservative from diseases and all kinds of evil. Cabal, or cabbala, is a sort of divination by letters or numbers: it signifies likewise the secret or mysterious doctrines of any religion or sect. In the time of Charles II. it obtained its present signification as being applied to the intriguing junto composed of Clifford, Ashley, Buckingham, Arlington, and Lauderdale, the first letters of whose names form the word.

² The author of the Magia Adamica endeavours to prove, that the learning of the ancient Magi was derived from the knowledge which God communicated to Adam in paradise. The second line is a burlesque on the Geneva translation of the Bible, Genesis iii., which reads breeches, instead of aprons. In Mr Butler's character of an hermetic philosopher we read: "he derives the pedigree of magic from Adam's first green breeches; because fig-leaves, being the first covering that mankind wore, are the most ancient monuments of concealed mysteries."

³ "Ideas, according to my philosophy, are not in the soul, but in a superior intelligible nature, wherein the soul only beholds and contemplates them." See Norris's Letter to Dodwell, on the Immortality of the Soul, p. 114. Nash. But it is more probable that Butler is alluding to Gabriel John's Theory of an Intelligible World, publ. London, 1700; a book which created much sensation at the time, and is supposed to have furnished Swift with some of his material.

⁴ See the ancient and modern customs of the Irish, in Camden's Britannia, and Speed's Theatre of Great Britain.

⁵ Agrippa was born at Cologne, ann. 1486, and knighted for his military services under the Emperor Maximilian. When very young, he published a book De Occulta Philosophiâ, which contains almost all the stories that ever roguery invented, or credulity swallowed, concerning the operations of magic. But in his riper years Agrippa was thoroughly ashamed of this book, and suppressed it in his collected works.
He Anthroposophus,¹ and Floud,
And Jacob Behmen understood;
Knew many an amulet and charm,
That would do neither good nor harm;
In Rosicrucian lore as learned;²
As he that *verè adeptus*³ earned.

He understood the speech of birds⁴
As well as they themselves do words;
Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
That speak and think contrary clean;⁵
What member 'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry Rope—and Walk, Knave, walk.⁶

¹ A nickname given to Dr Vaughan, author of a discourse on the condition of man after death, entitled, *Anthroposophia theomagica,*—which, according to Dean Swift, is "a piece of the most unintelligible fustian that perhaps was ever published in any language." Robert Floud (or *Fludd*), son of Sir Thomas Floud, Treasurer of War to Queen Elizabeth, was Doctor of Physic, and devoted to occult philosophy. He wrote an apology for the Rosicrucians, also a system of physics, called the Mosaic Philosophy, and many other mystical works, to the extent of 6 vols. folio. Jacob Behmen was an enthusiast of the same period, and wrote unintelligibly in mystical terms. Mr Law, who revived some of his notions, calls him a Theosoper.

² The Rosicrucians were a sect of hermetical philosophers. They owed their origin to a German, named Christian Rosenkreuz, but frequently went by other names, such as the Illuminati, the Immortales, the Invisible Brothers. Their learning had a great mixture of enthusiasm; and as Lemery, the famous chymist, says, "it was an art without an art, whose beginning was lying, whose middle was labour, and whose end was beggary."²

³ The title assumed by alchemists, who pretended to have discovered the philosopher's stone.

⁴ Porphyr, De Abstinentiā, lib. iii. cap. 3, contends that animals have a language, and that men may understand it; and the author of the Targum on Esther says, that Solomon understood the speech of birds.

⁵ In allusion, no doubt, to the story of Henry the Eighth's parrot, which falling into the Thames, cried out, *A boat, twenty pounds for a boat,* and was saved by a waterman, who on restoring him to the king claimed the reward. But on an appeal to the parrot he exclaimed, *Give the knave a groat.*

⁶ Alluding probably to Judge Tomlinson, who in a ludicrous speech, on swearing in the Sheriffs, said: "You are the chief executioners of sentences upon malefactors, Mr Sheriffs; therefore I shall entreat a favour of you. I have a kinsman, a rope-maker; and as I know you will have many occasions during the year for his services, I commend him to you." A satirical tract was published by Edw. Gayton, probably levelled at Colonel Hewson, with this title, "Walk, knaves, walk: a discourse intended to have been spoken at court," &c.
He'd extract numbers out of matter,¹
And keep them in a glass, like water,
Of sovereign power to make men wise; ²
For, drop't in blear, thick-sighted eyes,
They'd make them see in darkest night,
Like owls, tho’ purblind in the light.
By help of these, as he profest,
He had first matter seen undrest:
He took her naked, all alone,
Before one rag of form was on.³
The chaos too he had desery’d,
And seen quite thro’, or else he lied:
Not that of pasteboard, which men shew
For groats, at fair of Barthol’mew; ⁴
But its great grandsire, first o’ th’ name,
Whence that and Reformation came,
Both cousin-germans, and right able
T’ inveigle and draw in the rabble:
But Reformation was, some say,
O’ th’ younger house to puppet-play.⁵
He could foretell whatso’er was,
By consequence, to come to pass:
As death of great men, alterations,
Diseases, battles, inundations:
All this without th’ eclipse of th’ sun,

¹ Every absurd notion, that could be picked up from the ancients, was adopted by the wild enthusiasts of our author’s days. Plato, as Aristotle informs us, Metaph. lib. i. c. 6, conceived numbers to exist by themselves, beside the sensibles, like accidents without a substance. Pythagoras maintained that sensible things consisted of numbers. Ib. lib. xi. c. 6. And see Plato in his Cratylus.

² The Pythagorean philosophy held that there were certain mystical charms in certain numbers.

Plato held whatso’er encumbers
Or strengthens empire, comes from numbers. _Butler’s MS._

³ Thus Cleveland, page 110. "The next ingredient of a diurnal is plots, horrible plots, which with wonderful sagacity it hunts dry foot, while they are yet in their causes, before _materia prima_ can put on her smock."

⁴ The puppet-shows, sometimes called Moralities or Mysteries, exhibited Chaos, the Creation, Flood, Nativity, and other subjects of sacred history, on pasteboard scenery. These induced many to read the Old and New Testament; and is therefore called the Elder Brother of the Reformation.

⁵ That is, the Sectaries, in their pretence to inspiration, assumed to be passive instruments of the Holy Spirit, directed like puppets.
Or dreadful comet, he hath done
By Inward Light, a way as good,
And easy to be understood:
But with more lucky hit than those
That use to make the stars depose,
Like knights o' th' post, and falsely charge
Upon themselves what others forge;
As if they were consenting to
All mischief in the world men do:
Or, like the devil, did tempt and sway'em
To roguries, and then betray'em.
They'll search a planet's house, to know
Who broke and robb'd a house below;
Examine Venus and the Moon,
Who stole a thimble and a spoon:
And tho' they nothing will confess,
Yet by their very looks can guess,
And tell what guilty aspect bodes,
Who stole, and who received the goods.
They'll question Mars, and, by his look,
Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloak;
Make Mercury confess, and 'peach
Those thieves which he himself did teach.
They'll find, i' th' physiognomies
O' th' planets, all men's destinies;
Like him that took the doctor's bill,
And swallow'd it instead o' th' pill.
Cast the nativity o' th' question,
And from positions to be guest on,

1 Knights of the post were infamous persons, who attended the courts of justice, to swear for hire anything that might be required, and even to confess themselves guilty of crimes, upon sufficient remuneration: they acquired the designation from their habit of loitering at the posts on which the sheriffs' proclamations were affixed.
2 Alluding to the old notion, that the moon was the repository of all things that were lost or stolen.
3 Mercury is the god of thieves, and Mars of pirates.
4 This alludes to a well-known story told in Henry Stephens's apology for Herodotus. A physician, having prescribed for a countryman, gave him the paper, desiring him to take it, which he did literally, wrapping it up like a bolus, and was cured.
5 In casting a nativity, astrologers considered it necessary to have the exact time of birth; but in the absence of this, the position of the heavens at the minute the question was asked was taken as a substitute.
As sure as if they knew the moment
Of Native's birth, tell what will come on't.
They'll feel the pulses of the stars,
To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs:
And tell what crisis does divine
The rot in sheep, or mange in swine:
In men, what gives or cures the itch,
What made them cuckold, poor, or rich;
What gains, or loses, hangs, or saves,
What makes men great, what fools, or knaves;
But not what wise, for only of those
The stars, they say, cannot dispose,¹
No more than can the astrologians.
There they say right, and like true Trojans.
This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
The other course, of which we spoke.²

Thus was th' accomplish'd squire endued
With gifts and knowledge perilous shrewd.
Never did trusty squire with knight,
Or knight with squire, jump more right.
Their arms and equipage did fit,
As well as virtues, parts, and wit:
Their valours too, were of a rate,
And out they sallied at the gate.
Few miles on horseback had they jogged,
But fortune unto them turn'd dogged;
For they a sad adventure met,
Of which anon we mean to treat:
But ere we venture to unfold
Achievements so resolved and bold,
We should, as learned poets use,
Invoke th' assistance of some Muse;
However critics count it sillier,
Than jugglers talking t' a familiar:
We think 'tis no great matter which;
They're all alike, yet we shall pitch

¹ Sapiens dominabitur astra (the wise man will govern the stars), was an old proverb among the astrologers. Bishop Warburton observes, that the obscurity in these lines arises from the double sense of the word dispose; when it relates to the stars, it signifies influence; when it relates to astrologers, it signifies deceive.
² i. e. did not take to astrological, but to religious imposture.
On one that fits our purpose most,
Whom therefore thus we do accost: —
Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,
Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickars,¹
And force them, though it were in spite
Of Nature, and their stars, to write;
Who, as we find in sullen writs,
And cross-grain'd works of modern wits,
With vanity, opinion, want,
The wonder of the ignorant,
The praises of the author, penn'd
By himself, or wit-insuring friend;
The itch of picture in the front,
With bays, and wicked rhyme upon't,
All that is left o' th' forked hill ²
To make men scribble without skill;
Canst make a poet, spite of fate,
And teach all people to translate;
Though out of languages, in which
They understand no part of speech;
Assist me but this once, I 'mplore,
And I shall trouble thee no more.

In western clime there is a town,³
To those that dwell therein well known,
Therefore there needs no more be said here,
We unto them refer our reader;
For brevity is very good,
When w' are, or are not understood.⁴
To this town people did repair
On days of market, or of fair,

¹ George Wither, a violent party writer, and author of many poetical pieces; William Prynne, a voluminous writer, and author of the Histriomastix, for which he lost his ears; John Vickars, a fierce parliamentary zealot. A list of the works of these and other writers of the period will be found in Lovendes, Bibl. Manual.

² That is, Parnassus, supposed to be cleft on the summit.

³ He probably means Brentford, about eight miles west of London. See Part ii. Cant. iii. ver. 996.

⁴ "If we are understood, more words are unnecessary; if we are not likely to be understood, they are useless." Charles II. answered the Earl of Manchester with the above couplet, only changing very for ever, when he was making a long speech in favour of the dissenters.
And to crack'd fiddle, and hoarse tabor,
In merriment did drudge and labour;
But now a sport more formidable
Had raked together village rabble:
'Twas an old way of recreating,
Which learned butchers call bear-baiting;
A bold advent'rous exercise,
With ancient heroes in high prize;
For authors do affirm it came
From Isthmian or Nemean game;
Others derive it from the bear
That's fix'd in northern hemisphere,
And round about the pole does make
A circle, like a bear at stake,
That at the chain's end wheels about,
And overturns the rabble-rout.
For after solemn proclamation,¹
In the bear's name, as is the fashion,
According to the law of arms,
To keep men from inglorious harms,
That none presume to come so near
As forty feet of stake of bear;
If any yet be so fool-hardy,
T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy,
If they come wounded off, and lame,
No honour's got by such a maim,
Altho' the bear gain much, b'ing bound
In honour to make good his ground,
When he's engag'd, and take no notice,
If any press upon him, who 'tis,
But lets them know, at their own cost,
That he intends to keep his post.
This to prevent, and other harms,
Which always wait on feats of arms,
For in the hurry of a fray
'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way.
Thither the Knight his course did steer
To keep the peace 'twixt dog and bear,

¹ The proclamation here mentioned was usually made at bear or bull-baiting. The people were warned by the steward not to come within 40 feet of the bull or bear, at their peril.
As he believed h' was bound to do  
In conscience, and commission too;¹  
And therefore thus bespoke the Squire: —  
We that are wisely mounted higher  
Than constables, in curule wit,⁷¹₅  
When on tribunal bench we sit,²  
Like speculators, should foresee,  
From Pharos³ of authority,  
Portended mischiefs farther than  
Low proletarian tything-men:⁴  
And therefore being inform'd by bruit,  
That dog and bear are to dispute;  
For so of late men fighting name,  
Because they often prove the same;  
For where the first does hap to be,  
The last does coincidere.  
Quantum in nobis, have thought good  
To save th' expense of Christian blood,  
And try if we, by mediation  
Of treaty, and accommodation,  
Can end the quarrel, and compose  
The bloody duel without blows.  
Are not our liberties, our lives,  
The laws, religion, and our wives,  

¹ The Presbyterians and Independents were great enemies to those sports with which the country people amused themselves, and which King James had most expressly encouraged, and even countenanced on a Sunday, as well by act of Parliament as by writing his "Book of Sports" (published 1618) in their favour. Hume, anno 1660, says, "All recreations were in a manner suspended, by the rigid severity of the Presbyterians and Independents; even bear-baiting was esteemed heathenish and unchristian; the sport of it, not the inhumanity, gave offence. Colonel Hewson, in his pious zeal, marched with his regiment into London, and destroyed all the bears which were there kept for the diversion of the citizens. This adventure seems to have given birth to the fiction of Hudibras."

² Some of the chief magistrates in Rome were said to hold curule offices, from the chair of state or chariot they rode in, called sella curulis.

³ Pharos, a celebrated light-house of antiquity, 500 feet high, whence the English word Pharos, a watch-tower.

⁴ Proletarii were the lowest class of people among the Romans: by affixing this term to tythingmen, the knight implies the little estimation in which they were held.
Enough at once to lie at stake
For Cov’nant,¹ and the Cause’s sake?²
But in that quarrel dogs and bears,
As well as we, must venture theirs?
This feud, by Jesuits invented,
By evil counsel is fomented;
There is a Machiavelian plot,
Tho’ ev’ry nare olfact it not;³
A deep design in’t, to divide
The well-affected that confide,
By setting brother against brother
To claw and curry one another.
Have we not enemies plus satis,
That cane et anque pejus⁴ hate us?
And shall we turn our fangs and claws
Upon our own selves, without cause?
That some occult design doth lie
In bloody cynarctomachy,⁵
Is plain enough to him that knows
How saints lead brothers by the nose.
I wish myself a pseudo-prophet,
But sure some mischief will come of it,

¹ This was the Solemn League and Covenant, which was first framed and
taken by the Scottish parliament, and by them sent to the parliament of
England, in order to unite the two nations more closely in religion. It was
received and taken by both houses, and by the City of London, and ordered
to be read in all the churches throughout the kingdom; and every person
was bound to give his consent by holding up his hand at the reading of it.
See a copy of it in Clarendon’s Hist. of the Rebellion.
² Sir William Dugdale informs us, that Mr Bond, preaching at the
Savoy, told his auditors from the pulpit, “That they ought to contribute,
and pray, and do all they were able to bring in their brethren of Scotland,
for settling of God’s cause: I say, quoth he, this is God’s cause, and if our
God hath any cause, this is it; and if this be not God’s cause, then God is
no God for me; but the devil is got up into heaven.”
³ Meaning, though every nose do not smell it. Nare from Nares, the
Latin for nostrils.
⁴ A proverbial saying, used by Horace, expressive of bitter aversion.
The punishment for parricide among the Romans was, to be put into a
sack with a snake, a dog, and an ape, and thrown into the river.
⁵ A compound of three Greek words, signifying a fight between dogs and
bears. Colonel Cromwell, finding the people of Uppingham, in Rutland-
shire, bear-baiting on the Lord’s-day, caused the bears to be seized, tied to
a tree, and shot.
Unless by providential wit,  
Or force, we averruncate¹ it.  
For what design, what interest,  
Can beast have to encounter beast?  
They fight for no espoused Cause,  
Frail privilege, fundamental laws,²  
Nor for a thorough Reformation,  
Nor Covenant, nor Protestation,³  
Nor liberty of consciences,⁴  
Nor lords'⁵ and commons' ordinances;⁶  
Nor for the church, nor for church-lands,  
To get them in their own no hands;⁷  
Nor evil counsellors to bring  
To justice, that seduce the king;  
Nor for the worship of us men,  
Tho' we have done as much for them.  
Th' Egyptians worshipp'd dogs,⁸ and for  
Their faith made internecine war.  
Others adored a rat,⁹ and some  
For that church suffer'd martyrdom.

¹ To eradicate, or pluck up by the root.
² The lines that follow recite the grounds on which the Parliament began the war against the king, and justified their proceedings. Butler calls the privileges of parliament frail, because they were so very apt to complain of their being broken. Whatever the king did, or refused to do, contrary to the sentiments, they voted a breach of their privilege; his dissenting to any of the bills they offered him was a breach of privilege; his proclaiming them traitors, who were in arms against him, was a high breach of their privilege: and the Commons at last voted it a breach of privilege for the House of Lords to refuse assent to anything that came from the lower house.
³ The Protestation was a solemn vow entered into, and subscribed, the first year of the long parliament.
⁴ The early editions have it Nor for free liberty of conscience; and this reading Bishop Warburton approves; "free liberty" being, as he thinks, a satirical periphrasis for licentiousness, which is what the author here hints at.
⁵ The king being driven from the Parliament, no legal acts could be made. An ordinance (says Cleveland, p. 109) is a law still-born, dropht before quickened by the royal assent. "'Tis one of the parliament's by-blows, Acts only being legitimate, and hath no more sire than a Spanish gennet, that is begotten by the wind."
⁶ No hands here mean paws.
⁷ Anubis, one of their gods, was figured with a dog's face. The Egyptians also worshipped cats; see an instance in Diodorus Siculus of their putting a Roman noble to death for killing a cat, although by mistake.
⁸ The Ichneumon, or water-rat of the Nile, called also Pharaoh's rat, which destroys the eggs of the Crocodile.
The Indians fought for the truth
Of th’ elephant and monkey’s tooth;¹
And many, to defend that faith,
Fought it out mordicus to death.²
But no beast ever was so slight,³
For man, as for his god, to fight;
They have more wit, alas! and know
Themselves and us better than so.
But we, who only do infuse
The rage in them like boutè-feus,⁴
'Tis our example that instils
In them th’ infection of our ills.
For, as some late philosophers
Have well observed, beasts that converse
With man take after him, as hogs
Get pigs all the year, and bitches dogs.
Just so, by our example, cattle
Learn to give one another battle.
We read, in Nero’s time, the Heathen,
When they destroy’d the Christian brethren,
They sew’d them in the skins of bears,⁵
And then set dogs about their ears;
From whence, no doubt, th’ invention came ⁶
Of this lewd antichristian game.
To this, quoth Ralphο, Verily
The point seems very plain to me;
It is an antichristian game,
Unlawful both in thing and name.
First, for the name; the word bear-baiting
Is carnal, and of man’s creating;⁷

¹ The inhabitants of Ceylon and Siam worshipped the teeth of monkeys and elephants. The Portuguese, out of zeal for the Christian religion, destroyed these idols; and the Siamese are said to have offered 700,000 ducats to redeem a monkey’s tooth which they had long worshipped. See Lin-schoten’s, Le Blanc’s, and Herbert’s Travels.
² Valiantly, tooth and nail. ³ That is, so silly. ⁴ Incendiaries.
⁵ See Tacitus, Annals, B. xv. c. 44. (Bohn’s transl. vol. i. p. 423.)
⁶ Alluding probably to Pryme’s Histrio-mastix, p. 556 and 583, who has endeavoured to prove it such from the 61st canon of the sixth Council of Constantinople, which he has thus translated: “Those ought also to be subject to six years’ excommunication who carry about bears, or such like creatures, for sport, to the hurt of simple people.”
⁷ The Assembly of Divines, in their Annotations on Genesis i. 1, assail the King for creating honours.
For certainly there's no such word
In all the Scripture on record:
Therefore unlawful, and a sin;¹
And so is, secondly, the thing:
A vile assembly 'tis, that can
No more be proved by Scripture, than
Provincial, Classic, National;²
Mere human creature-cobwebs all.
Thirdly, it is idolatrous;
For when men run a-whoring thus ³
With their inventions, whatsoe'er
The thing be, whether dog or bear,
It is idolatrous and pagan,
No less than worshipping of Dagon.

Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat;
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate:
For though the thesis which thou lay'st
Be true, ad amussim,⁴ as thou say'st;
For that bear-baiting should appear,

Jure divino, lawfuller
Than synods are, thou dost deny
Totidem verbis; so do I:
Yet there's a fallacy in this;
For if by sly homœosis,⁵
Thou wouldst sophistically imply
Both are unlawful, I deny.

And I, quoth Ralpho, do not doubt
But bear-baiting may be made out,
In gospel-times, as lawful as is.

Provincial, or parochial Classis;

¹ The disciplinarians held, that the Scriptures were full and express on every subject, and that everything was sinful which was not there directed. Some of the Huguenots refused to pay rent to their landlords, unless they could produce a text of Scripture directing them to do so.
² These words represent things of man's invention, therefore carnal and unlawful. The vile assembly means the bear-baiting, but alludes covertly to the Assembly of Divines.
³ See Psalm cvi. 38.
⁴ Exactly true, and according to rule.
⁵ The explanation of a thing by something resembling it. Between this line and the next, the following couplet is inserted in several editions:—

Tussis pro ereputu, an art
Under a cough to slur a ft—rt.
And that both are so near of kin,
And like in all, as well as sin,
That, put 'em in a bag and shake 'em,
Yourself o' th' sudden would mistake 'em.
And not know which is which, unless
You measure by their wickedness;
For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether
O' th' two is worst, tho' I name neither.

Quoth Hudibras, Thou offer'st much,
But art not able to keep touch.
Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' adage,
Id est, to make a leek a cabbage;
Thou canst at best but overstrain
A paradox, and th' own hot brain;
For what can synods have at all
With bear that's analogical?
Or what relation has debating
Of church-affairs with bear-baiting?
A just comparison still is
Of things ejusdem generis:
And then what genus rightly doth
Include, and comprehend them both?
If animal, both of us may
As justly pass for bears as they;
For we are animals no less,
Although of different specieses.
But, Ralphpo, this is no fit place,
Nor time, to argue out the case:
For now the field is not far off,
Where we must give the world a proof

1 Great cry and little wool, as they say when any one talks much, and proves nothing.
2 The following lines are substituted, in some editions, for 849 and 850:—

Thou wilt at best but suck a bull,
Or shear swine, all cry and no wool;
Such a bull is explained by the proverb, "As wise as Waltham's Calf,
that ran nine miles to suck a bull." See Handbook of Proverbs, p. 322.
3 The first and second editions read:
Comprehend them inclusivè both.
4 The additional syllable is humorous, and no doubt intended.
Of deeds, not words, and such as suit
Another manner of dispute:
A controversy that affords
Actions for arguments, not words;
Which we must manage at a rate
Of prowess and conduct, adequate
To what our place and fame doth promise,
And all the godly expect from us.
Nor shall they be deceived, unless
W' are slurr'd and outed by success;
Success, the mark no mortal wit
Or surest hand can always hit:
For whatsoe'er we perpetrated,
We do but row, w' are steer'd by fate,¹
Which in success oft disinherit,
For spurious causes, noblest merits.
Great actions are not always true sons
Of great and mighty resolutions;
Nor do the bold'st attempts bring forth
Events still equal to their worth;
But sometimes fail, and in their stead
Fortune and cowardice succeed.
Yet we have no great cause to doubt,
Our actions still have borne us out;
Which, tho' they're known to be so ample,
We need not copy from example;
We're not the only persons durst
Attempt this province, nor the first.
In northern clime a val'rous knight²
Did whilom kill his bear in fight,
And wound a fiddler: we have both
Of these the objects of our wroth,
And equal fame and glory from
Th' attempt, or victory to come.

¹ The Presbyterians were great fatalists, and set up the doctrine of predestination to meet all contingencies.
² Hudibras encourages himself by two precedents; first, that of a gentleman who killed a bear and wounded a fiddler; and secondly, that of Sir Samuel Luke, who had often, as a magistrate, been engaged in similar adventures.
'Tis sung, there is a valiant Mamaluke
In foreign land, yclep'd ——
To whom we have been oft compared
For person, parts, address, and beard;
Both equally reputed stout,
And in the same Cause both have fought.
He oft, in such attempts as these,
Came off with glory and success:
Nor will we fail in th' execution,
For want of equal resolution.
Honour is, like a widow, won
With brisk attempt, and putting on;
With ent'ring manfully and urging;
Not slow approaches, like a virgin.

This said, as erst the Phrygian knight,
So ours, with rusty steel did smite
His Trojan horse, and just as much
He mended pace upon the touch;
But from his empty stomach groan'd,
Just as that hollow beast did sound,
And, angry, answer'd from behind,
With brandish'd tail and blast of wind.
So have I seen, with armed heel.
A wight bestride a Common-weal,

1 Sir Samuel Luke. See the note at line 14. The Mamalukes were persons carried off, in their childhood, from various provinces of the Ottoman empire, and sold in Constantinople and Grand Cairo. They often rose first to be eachefs or lieutenants; and then to be beys or petty tyrants. In like manner in the English civil wars, many rose from the lowest rank in life to considerable power.

2 These four lines are no doubt in allusion to a celebrated but somewhat indecent proverb, first quoted in Nath. Smith's Quakers' Spiritual Court, 1669, and adopted by Ray, with an amusing apology. See Bohn's Handbook of Proverbs, page 43.

3 Laocoon; who, at the siege of Troy, suspecting treachery, struck the wooden horse with his spear.

4 Our poet might possibly have in mind a print engraved in Holland. It represented a cow, the emblem of the Common-wealth, with the King of Spain on her back kicking and spurring her; the Queen of England before, stopping and feeding her; the Prince of Orange milking her; and the Duke of Anjou behind pulling her back by the tail. After the Spaniards, in a war of forty years, had spent an hundred millions of crowns, and had lost four hundred thousand men, they were forced to acknowledge the independence of the Dutch.
While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd,
The less the sullen jade has stirr'd.¹

¹ Mr Butler had been witness to the refractory humour of the nation, not only under the weak government of Richard Cromwell, but in many instances under the resolute management of Oliver.
ARGUMENT.

The catalogue and character
Of th' enemy's best men of war;¹
Whom, in a bold harangue, the Knight²
Defies, and challenges to fight:
H' encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,
And takes the Fiddler prisoner;
Conveys him to enchanted castle,
There shuts him fast in wooden Bastile.

¹ Butler's description of the combatants resembles the list of warriors in the Iliad and Æneid, and especially the laboured characters in the Theban war, both in Æschylus and Euripides. See Septem contra Thebas, v. 383; Supplices, v. 362; Phœnis. v. 1139.
² In the first edition this and the next two lines stand thus:
To whom the Knight does make a Speech,
And they deifie him: after which
He fights with Talgol, routs the Bear,
PART I. CANTO II.

HERE was an ancient sage philosopher
That had read Alexander Ross over;
And swore the world, as he could prove,
Was made of fighting, and of love.

Just so romances are, for what else
Is in them all but love and battles?

O' th' first of these w' have no great matter
To treat of, but a world o' th' latter:
In which to do the injured right,
We mean in what concerns just fight.

Certes, our Authors are to blame,
For to make some well-sounding name
A pattern fit for modern knights
To copy out in frays and fights,
Like those that do a whole street raze,
To build a palace in the place;
They never care how many others
They kill, without regard of mothers,

Empedocles, a Pythagorean philosopher and poet, held that concord and discord were the two principles (one formative, the other destructive) which regulated the four elements that compose the universe. The great anachronism in these two celebrated lines increases the humour. Empedocles lived about 2100 years before Alexander Ross.

Alexander Ross was a very voluminous writer, and chaplain to Charles the First. He wrote a "View of all Religions," which had a large sale; an answer to Sir Thomas Browne's Pseudepia and Religio Medici; Commentaries on Hobbes; Mystagogus Poeticius, or the Muses' Interpreter; and many other works. Addison, in the Spectator, No. 60, says, he has heard these lines of Hudibras more frequently quoted than the finest pieces of wit in the whole poem, observing that the jingle of the double rhyme has something in it that tickles the ear.

Mr Butler, in his MS. Common Place-book, says,

Love and fighting is the sum
Of all romances, from Tom Thumb
To Arthur, Gondibert, and Hudibras.

Alluding, it is supposed, to the Protector Somerset, who, in the reign of Edward VI., pulled down two churches, part of St Paul's, and three bishops' houses, to build Somerset House in the Strand.
Or wives, or children, so they can
Make up some fierce, dead-doing man,
Composed of many ingredient valours,
Just like the manhood of nine tailors.
So a wild Tartar, when he spies
A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,
If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
His wit, his beauty, and his spirit;¹
As if just so much he enjoy'd,
As in another is destroy'd:
For when a giant's slain in fight,
And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright,
It is a heavy case, no doubt,
A man should have his brains beat out,
Because he's tall, and has large bones,²
As men kill beavers for their stones.³
But, as for our part, we shall tell
The naked truth of what befell,
And as an equal friend to both
The Knight and Bear, but more to troth;
With neither faction shall take part,
But give to each his due desert,
And never coin a formal lie on't,
To make the Knight o'ercome the giant.
This b'ing profest, we've hopes enough,
And now go on where we left off.

They rode, but authors having not
Determin'd whether pace or trot,
That is to say, whether tollutation,⁴
As they do term't, or succussion,⁵

¹ In Carazan, a province of Tartary. Dr Heylin says, "they have an use, when any stranger comes into their houses of an handsome shape, to kill him in the night; that the soul of such a comely person might remain among them." See also Spectator, No. 126.

² Alluding probably to the case of Lord Capel and other brave cavaliers, whom the Independents "durst not let live."

³ Their testes were supposed to furnish a medicinal drug of value. See Juvenal, Sat. xii. 1. 34. Browne's Vulgar Errors, III. 4.

⁴ Tollutation is pacing, or ambling, moving per latera, as Sir Thomas Browne says, that is, lifting both legs of one side together.

⁵ Succussion, or trotting, is lifting one foot before, and the cross foot behind.
We leave it, and go on, as now
Suppose they did, no matter how;
Yet some, from subtle hints, have got
Mysterious light it was a trot:
But let that pass; they now begun
To spur their living engines on:
For as whipp’d tops and bandied balls,
The learned hold, are animals; 1
So horses they affirm to be
Mere engines made by geometry;
And were invented first from engines,
As Indian Britons were from Penguins. 2
So let them be, and, as I was saying,
They their live engines plied, 3 not staying
Until they reach’d the fatal champaign
Which th’ enemy did then encamp on;
The dire Pharsalian plain, 4 where battle
Was to be waged ’twixt puissant cattle,
And fierce auxiliary men.
That came to aid their brethren;
Who now began to take the field,
As knight from ridge of steed beheld.

1 Alluding to the atomic theory. Democritus, Epicurus, &c., and some
of the moderns likewise, as Des Cartes, Hobbes, and others, deny that there
is a vital principle in animals, and maintain that life and sensation are
generated from the contexture of atoms, and are nothing but local motion
and mechanism. By which argument tops and balls in motion are presumed
to be as much animated as dogs and horses.

2 This is meant to ridicule the opinion adopted by Selden, that America
had formerly been discovered by the Britons or Welsh; inferred from the
similarity of some words in the two languages, especially Penguin, the
British name of a bird with a white head, which in America signifies a
white rock. Butler implies, that it is just as likely horses were derived
from engines, as that the Britons came from Penguins. Mr Selden, in his
note on Drayton’s Polyolbion, says, that Madoe, brother to David ap Owen,
Prince of Wales, made a sea-voyage to Florida, about the year 1170, and
Humphry Llwyd, in his history of Wales, reports, that one Madoe, son of
Owen Gwyneed, Prince of Wales, some hundred years before Columbus
discovered the West Indies, sailed into those parts, and planted a colony;
an idea which Southey has beautifully developed in his “Madoc.”

3 That is, Hudibras and his Squire spurred their horses.

4 Alluding to Pharsalia, where Julius Cæsar gained his signal victory
over Pompey the Great, of which see Lucan’s Pharsalia.
For, as our modern wits behold.
Mounted a pick-back on the old,\(^1\)
Much further off; much further he
Rais'd on his aged beast, could see;
Yet not sufficient to desery
All postures of the enemy;
Wherefore he bids the squire ride further.
T' observe their numbers, and their order;
That when their motions he had known,
He might know how to fit his own.
Meanwhile he stopp'd his willing steed,
To fit himself for martial deed:
Both kinds of metal he prepared,
Either to give blows, or to ward;
Courage and steel, both of great force,
Prepared for better, or for worse.\(^2\)
His death-charged pistols he did fit well,
Drawn out from life-preserving vittle; \(^3\)
These being primed, with force he labour'd
To free's blade from retentive scabbard;
And after many a painful pluck,
From rusty durance he bail'd tuck: \(^4\)
Then shook himself, to see that prowess
In scabbard of his arms sat loose;
And, raised upon his desp'rate foot,
On stirrup-side he gazed about, \(^5\)
Portending blood, like blazing star,
The beacon of approaching war. \(^6\)

\(^1\) Ridiculing the disputes formerly subsisting between the advocates for ancient and modern learning. Sir William Temple observes: that as to knowledge, the moderns must have more than the ancients, because they have the advantage both of theirs and their own: which is commonly illustrated by a dwarf standing upon a giant's shoulders, and therefore seeing more and further than the giant.

\(^2\) These two lines, 85 and 86, were in the later editions altered to—
Courage within and steel without,
To give and to receive a rout.

\(^3\) The reader will remember how the holsters were furnished. See note at p. 19.

\(^4\) Altered in later editions to—He cleared at length the rugged tuck.

\(^5\) It will be seen at Canto i. line 407, that he had but one stirrup.

\(^6\) Comets and Meteors were held to be portentous. See Spenser on Prodigies, 1658.
The Squire advanced with greater speed
Than could b' expected from his steed; 1
But far more in returning made;
For now the foe he had survey'd, 2
Ranged, as to him they did appear,
With van, main battle, wings, and rear.
   I' th' head of all this warlike rabble,
Crowdero march'd, expert and able. 3
Instead of trumpet, and of drum,
That makes the warrior's stomach come,
Whose noise whets valour sharp, like beer
By thunder turn'd to vinegar;
For if a trumpet sound, or drum beat,
Who has not a month's mind 4 to combat?
A squeaking engine he applied
Unto his neck, on north-east side, 5
Just where the hangman does dispose,
To special friends, the fatal noose: 6
For 'tis great grace, when statesmen straight
Despatch a friend, let others wait.
His warped ear hung o'er the strings.
Which was but souse to chitterlings: 7

1 In the original edition, these two lines were:—
   Ralpho rode on with no less speed
   Than Hugo in the forest did.

Hugo was scout-master to Gondibert, and was sent in advance to reconnoitre.

2 The first two editions read:—
   But with a great deal more return'd,
   For now the foe he had discern'd.

3 A nick-name, taken from the instrument he used: Crowde, a fiddle, from the Welsh cruth. The original of this character is supposed to be one Jackson a milliner, who lived in the New Exchange, in the Strand. He had lost a leg in the service of the Roundheads, and was reduced to the necessity of fiddling from one ale-house to another for his bread.

4 Used ironically, for no very strong desire. It has been ingeniously conjectured that the term 'a month's mind' is derived from a woman's longing in her first month of gestation.

5 It is difficult to say, why Butler calls the left the north-east side. Possibly it is a conceit suggested by the card of a mariner's compass; the north point, with its Fleur-de-lis representing Crowdero's head; and then the fiddle would be placed at the north-east, when played.

6 The noose is usually placed under the left ear.

7 Souse is the pig's ear, and chitterlings are the pig's guts: the former
For guts, some write, ere they are sodden,
Are fit for music, or for pudden;
From whence men borrow every kind
Of minstrelsy, by string or wind.¹
His grisly beard was long and thick,
With which he strung his fiddle-stick;
For he to horse-tail scorn'd to owe
For what on his own chin did grow.
Chiron, the four-legg'd bard,² had both
A beard and tail of his own growth;
And yet by authors 'tis averr'd,
He made use only of his beard.
In Staffordshire, where virtuous worth
Does raise the minstrelsy, not birth:³
Where bulls do choose the boldest king⁴
And ruler o'er the men of string;
As once in Persia, 'tis said,
Kings were proclaim'd b' a horse that neigh'd;⁵

alludes to Crowdero's ear, which lay upon the fiddle; the latter to the strings of the fiddle, which are made of catgut.

¹ This whimsical notion is borrowed from a chapter 'de peditu,' in the Facetiae Facetiarum, afterwards amplified in Dean Swift's Benefit of F—g explained, where Dr Blow is quoted as asserting in his 'Fundaments' of Music, that the first discovery of harmony was owing to persons of different sizes and sexes sounding different notes of music from their fundament. An Essay equally whimsical, on the origin of wind-music, will be found in the Spectator, No. 361. An anonymous Essay on this subject is attributed to the Hon. C. J. Fox.

² Chiron the Centaur, who, besides being the most famous physician of his time, and teacher of Ἐσκύλαπιον, was an expert musician, and Apollo's governor. He now forms the Sagittarius of the Zodiac.

³ The Minstrel's Charter and Ceremonies are given in Plott's Staffordshire, p. 436.

⁴ This alludes to the custom of bull-running in the manor of Tutbury in Staffordshire, where was a charter granted by John of Gaunt, and confirmed by Henry VI., appointing a king of the minstrels, who was to have a bull for his property, which should be turned out by the prior of Tutbury, if his minstrels, or any one of them, could cut off a piece of his skin before he ran into Derbyshire; but if the bull got into that county sound and unhurt, the prior was to have his bull again. This custom, being productive of much mischief, was, at the request of the inhabitants and by order of the Duke of Devonshire, lord of the manor, discontinued about the year 1788.

⁵ Darius, elected King of Persia, under the agreement of the seven princes, who met on horseback, that the crown should devolve on him whose horse neighed first. By the ingenious device of his groom, the horse of Darius
He, bravely vent'ring at a crown,
By chance of war was beaten down,
And wounded sore: his leg, then broke,
Had got a deputy of oak;
For when a shin in fight is cropt,
The knee with one of timber's propt,
Esteem'd more honourable than the other,
And takes place, tho' the younger brother.

Next march'd brave Orsin, famous for
Wise conduct, and success in war;
A skilful leader, stout, severe,
Now marshal to the champion bear.
With truncheon tipp'd with iron head,
The warrior to the lists he led;
With solemn march, and stately pace,
But far more grave and solemn face;
Grave as the Emperor of Pegu,
Or Spanish potentate, Don Diego.
This leader was of knowledge great,
Either for charge, or for retreat:
Knew when t' engage his bear pell-mell,
And when to bring him off as well.
So lawyers, lest the bear defendant,
And plaintiff dog, should make an end on't,
Do stave and tail with writs of error,
Reverse of judgment, and demurrer,

was the first to neigh, which secured the throne for his master. See the
story at length in Herodotus, lib. iii.; and in Brand's Popular Antiquities
(Bohn's Edit., vol. iii. p. 124).

1 A person with a wooden leg generally puts that leg first in walking.
2 Orsin is only a name for a bearward. See Ben Jonson's Masque of
Augurs. The person intended is Joshua Gosling, who kept bears at Paris
Garden, Southwark.
3 See Purchas's Pilgrims, V. b, 5, c. 4, or Mandelso and Olearius's Travels.
4 See Purchas's Pilgrims, also Lady's Travels into Spain (by the Countess
5 In the original edition these lines were—

He knew when to fall on pell-mell,
To fall back and retreat as well.

6 The comparison of a lawyer with a bearward is here kept up: the one
parts his clients, and keeps them at bay by writ of error and demurrer, as
the latter does the dogs and the bear, by interposing his staff or stave, and
To let them breathe awhile, and then
Cry whoop, and set them on again.
As Romulus a wolf did rear,
So he was dry-nursed by a bear,¹
That fed him with the purchased prey
Of many a fierce and bloody fray;
Bred up, where discipline most rare is,
In military garden Paris:²
For soldiers heretofore did grow
In gardens, just as weeds do now,
Until some splay-foot politicians
T' Apollo offer'd up petitions,³
For licensing a new invention
They'd found out, of an antique engine
To root out all the weeds, that grow
In public gardens, at a blow,
And leave th' herbs standing. Quoth Sir Sun,⁴
My friends, that is not to be done.
Not done? quoth Statesmen: Yes, an't please ye,
When 'tis once known you'll say 'tis easy.
Why then let's know it, quoth Apollo.
We'll beat a drum, and they'll all follow.

holding the dogs by the tails. The bitterness of the satire may be accounted
for by the poet's having married a widow, whom he thought possessed of a
great fortune; but being placed on bad security, perhaps through the un-
skillfulness or roguery of a lawyer, it was lost. In his MS. Common-place
Book he says the lawyer never ends a suit, but prunes it, that it may grow
the faster, and yield a greater increase of strife.
¹ That is, maintained by the profits derived by the exhibition of his bear.
It probably alludes also, as Grey suggests, to Orson (in the story of Valen-
tine and Orson), who was suckled by a bear.
² At Paris Garden, in Southwark, near the river-side, there was a circus,
long noted for the entertainment of bear-baiting, which was forbidden in
the time of the civil wars. The 'military garden' refers to a society in-
stituted by James I., for training soldiers, who used to practise at Paris
Garden.
³ The whole passage, here a little inverted, by the satirist's humour, is
taken from Boccalini's Advertisement from Parnassus, where the gardeners
entreat Apollo, who had invented drums and trumpets by which princes
could destroy their wild and rebellious subjects, to teach them some such
easy method of destroying weeds.
⁴ Apollo, after the fashion of chivalry, is here designated 'Sir Sun.'
The expression is used by Sir Philip Sydney in Pembroke's Arcadia.
A drum! quoth Phæbus; Troth, that's true,
A pretty invention, quaint and new:
But tho' of voice and instrument
We are th' undoubted president,
We such loud music do not profess;
The devil's master of that office,
Where it must pass; if't be a drum,
He'll sign it with Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.¹
To him apply yourselves, and he
Will soon despatch you for his fee.
They did so, but it proved so ill,
They'dad better let 'em grow there still.²

But to resume what we discourse:
Were on before, that is, stout Orsin;
That which so oft by sundry writers,
Has been applied t' almost all fighters,
More justly may b' ascribed to this
Than any other warrior, viz.
None ever acted both parts bolder,
Both of a chieftain and a soldier.
He was of great descent, and high
For splendour and antiquity,
And from celestial origine,
Derived himself in a right line.
Not as the ancient heroes did,
Who, that their base births might be hid,³
Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
And that they came in at a windore,⁴
Made Jupiter himself, and others
O' th' gods, gallants to their own mothers,

¹ During the civil wars, the Rump parliament granted patents for new inventions; these, and all other orders and ordinances, were signed by their clerk, with this addition to his name—Clerk of the Parliament House of Commons. Apollo sends the petitioners to that assembly, which he tells them is directed and governed by the devil, who will sanction the grant with the usual signature.

² The expedient of arming the discontented and unprincipled multitude is adventurous, and often proves fatal to the state.

³ See Ion's address to his mother Creusa, when she had told him that he was son of Apollo. Euripides (Bohn's Transl. vol. ii. p. 121); also Spectator, p. 630.

⁴ Wind-door is still the provincial term for "window."
To get on them a race of champions,
Of which old Homer first made lampoons.
Arctophylax, in northern sphere,\textsuperscript{1}
Was his undoubted ancestor;
From whom his great forefathers came,
And in all ages bore his name:
Learned he was in med’c’nal lore,
For by his side a pouch he wore,
Replete with strange hermetic powder,\textsuperscript{2}
That wounds nine miles point-blank would solder;\textsuperscript{3}
By skilful chymist, with great cost,
Extracted from a rotten post;\textsuperscript{4}
But of a heav’nlier influence
Than that which mountebanks dispense;
Tho’ by Promethean fire made,\textsuperscript{5}
As they do quack that drive that trade.
For as when slovens do amiss
At others’ doors, by stool or piss,
The learned write, a red-hot spit
\textsuperscript{\textit{\textperiodcentered}}
Being prudently applied to it,
Will convey mischief from the dung\textsuperscript{6}
Unto the breech\textsuperscript{7} that did the wrong;
So this did healing, and as sure
As that did mischief, this would cure.
Thus virtuous Orsin was endued
With learning, conduct, fortitude
Incomparable; and as the prince
Of poets, Homer, sung long since,
\textsuperscript{\textit{\textperiodcentered}}
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\textsuperscript{1} Butler makes the constellation Bootes—which lies in the rear of Ursa Major—the mythological ancestor of the bearward Orsin.
\textsuperscript{2} Hermetic, i. e. chemical. The Hermetical philosophy was so called from Hermes Trismegistus.
\textsuperscript{3} A banter on the famous sympathetic powder, which was to effect the cure of wounds at a distance, and was much in vogue in the reign of James the First. See Sir Kenelm Digby’s “Discourse of the cure of wounds by the powder of sympathy.” London, 1644.
\textsuperscript{4} Useless powders in medicine are called powders of post.
\textsuperscript{5} That is, heat of the sun. The story of Prometheus is very amusingly told by Dean Swift, in No. 14 of his “Intelligencer.”
\textsuperscript{6} Still ridiculing the sympathetic powder. See Sir K. Digby’s treatise, where the poet’s story of the spit is seriously told.
\textsuperscript{7} Thus in the first edition; altered in the later ones to “part.”
A skilful leech is better far,  
Than half a hundred men of war;¹  
So he appear'd, and by his skill,  
No less than dint of sword, could kill.

The gallant Bruin march'd next him,  
With visage formidably grim,  
And rugged as a Saracen,  
Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin,²  
Clad in a mantle de la guerre  
Of rough, impenetrable fur;  
And in his nose, like Indian king,  
He wore, for ornament, a ring;  
About his neck a threefold gorget,  
As rough as trebled leathern target;  
Armèd, as heralds cant, and langued,  
Or, as the vulgar say, sharp-fanged:

For as the teeth in beasts of prey  
Are swords, with which they fight in fray,  
So swords, in men of war, are teeth,  
Which they do eat their victual with.

He was by birth, some authors write,  
A Russian, some a Muscovite,  
And 'mong the Cossacks³ had been bred,  
Of whom we in diurnals read,  
That serve to fill up pages here,  
As with their bodies ditches there.⁴  
Serimansky was his cousin-german,⁵  
With whom he served, and fed on vermin;

¹ See Homer's Iliad, b. xi. line 514. Leech is the old Saxon term for physician.
² Sandys, in his Travels, observes, that the Turks are generally well com-plexioned, of good stature, except Mahomet's kindred, who are the most ill-favoured people upon earth, branded, perhaps, by God for the sin of their seducing ancestor.
³ The Cossacks are a people living near Poland, on the borders of the Don, whence the term "Don Cossack." Grey derives that name from Cosa, the Polish for a goat, to which they are compared for their extraordinary nimbleness and wandering habits.
⁴ The story of the Russian soldiers marching into the ditch at the siege of Schweidnitz is well known. The Cossacks had, in Butler's time, recently put themselves under the protection of Russia.
⁵ Some favourite bear perhaps; or a caricatured Russian name.
And, when these fail’d, he’d suck his claws,
And quarter himself upon his paws.
And tho’ his countrymen, the Huns,
Did stew their meat between their bums
And th’ horses’ backs o’er which they straddle,¹
And every man ate up his saddle;
He was not half so nice as they,
But ate it raw when’t came in’s way.
He had traced countries far and near,
More than Le Blanc the traveller;
Who writes, he ’spoused in India,²
Of noble house, a lady gay,
And got on her a race of worthies,
As stout as any upon earth is.
Full many a fight for him between
Talgol and Orsin oft had been,
Each striving to deserve the crown
Of a saved citizen; ³ the one
To guard his bear, the other fought
To aid his dog; both made more stout
By sev’ral spurs of neighbourhood,
Church-fellow-membership, and blood;
But Talgol, mortal foe to cows,
Never got ought of him but blows;
Blows hard and heavy, such as he
Had lent, repaid with usury.
Yet Talgol⁴ was of courage stout,
And vanquish’d oft’ner than he fought;
Inured to labour, sweat, and toil,
And like a champion, shone with oil.⁵

¹ This fact is related by Ammianus Marcellinus. With such fare did Azim Khan entertain Jenkinson, and other Englishmen, in their Travels to the Caspian Sea from the river Volga. See Busbequius’ Letters, Ep. iv.
² Le Blanc tells the story of Aganda, a king’s daughter, who married a bear.
³ He, who saved the life of a Roman citizen, was entitled to a civic crown; and so, says our author, were Talgol and Orsin, who fought hard to save the lives of their dogs and bears.
⁴ Talgol was, we are told by Sir Roger L’Estrange, a butcher in Newgate Market, who afterwards obtained a captain’s commission for his rebellious bravery at Naseby.
⁵ The greasiness of a butcher compared with that of the Greek and Roman wrestlers, who anointed themselves with oil to make their joints supple.
Right many a widow his keen blade,
And many fatherless, had made.
He many a boar and huge dun-cow
Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow;¹
But Guy, with him in fight compared,
Had like the boar or dun-cow fared.
With greater troops of sheep h' had fought
Than Ajax, or bold Don Quixote;²
And many a serpent of fell kind,
With wings before, and stings behind,³
Subdued; as poets say, long ago,
Bold Sir George St George did the dragon.⁴
Nor engine, nor device polemic,
Disease, nor doctor epidemic,⁵
Tho' stored with deleterious medicines,
Which whosoever took is dead since,
E'er sent so vast a colony
To both the under worlds as he.⁶

¹ Guy, Earl of Warwick, one of whose valiant exploits was overcoming the dun-cow at Dunsmore-heath, in Warwickshire.

² Ajax, when mad with rage for having failed to obtain the armour of Achilles, attacked and slew a flock of sheep, mistaking them for the Grecian princes who had decided against him. In like manner Don Quixote encountered a flock of sheep, and imagined they were the giant Alifanfaron of Taprobana.

³ Meaning the flies, wasps, and hornets, which prey upon the butchers' meat, and were killed by the valiant Talgol.

⁴ Sir George, because tradition makes him a soldier as well as a saint. All heroes in romance have the appellation of Sir, as Sir Belianis of Greece, Sir Palmerin, &c. But there was a real Sir George St George, who in February, 1643, was made commissioner for the government of Connaught; and it is not improbable that this coincidence of names might strike the playful imagination of Mr Butler. It is whimsical too, that General George Monk (afterwards Sir George), in a collection of loyal songs, is said to have slain a most cruel dragon, meaning the Rump parliament. Or perhaps the poet might mean to ridicule the presbyterianists, who refused even to call the apostles Peter and Paul saints, but in mockery called them Sir Peter, Sir Paul, &c.

⁵ There is humour in joining the epithet epidemic to the doctor as well as the disease, intimating that there is no condition of the air more dangerous than the vicinity of a quack.

⁶ Virgil, in his sixth Æneid, describes both the Elysian Fields and Tartarus as below, and not far asunder.
For he was of that noble trade
That demi-gods and heroes made,¹
Slaughter, and knocking on the head,
The trade to which they all were bred;
And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis great and large, but base, if mean:²
The former rides in triumph for it,
The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot,
For daring to profane a thing
So sacred, with vile bungle-ing.³

Next these the brave Magnano came,
Magnano, great in martial fame;
Yet, when with Orsin he waged fight,
'Tis sung he got but little by't:
Yet he was fierce as forest boar,
Whose spoils upon his back he wore,⁴
As thick as Ajax' seven-fold shield,
Which o'er his brazen arms he held;
But brass was feeble to resist
The fury of his armed fist;
Nor could the hardest iron hold out
Against his blows, but they would through't.
In magic he was deeply read,
As he that made the brazen head;⁵

¹ Satirizing those that pride themselves on their military achievements. The general who massacres thousands is called great and glorious; the assassin who kills a single man is hanged at Tyburn.
² Julius Cæsar is said to have fought fifty battles, and to have killed of the Gauls alone eleven hundred ninety-two thousand men, and as many more in his civil wars. In the inscription which Pompey placed in the temple of Minerva, he professed that he had slain, or vanquished and taken, two millions one hundred and eighty-three thousand men.
³ Simon Wait, a tinker, as famous an Independent preacher as Burroughs, who with equal blasphemy would style Oliver Cromwell the archangel giving battle to the devil.
⁴ Meaning his budget made of pig's skin.
⁵ The device of the brazen head, which was to speak a prophecy at a certain time, had by some been imputed to Grosse-tête, Bishop of Lincoln, as appears from the poet Gower; by others to Albertus Magnus. But the generality of writers, and our poet among the rest, have ascribed it to Roger Bacon, whose great knowledge caused him to be reputed a magician. Some, however, believe the story of the head to be nothing more than a moral fable.
Profoundly skill'd in the black art,
As English Merlin, for his heart; 1
But far more skilful in the spheres,
Than he was at the sieve and shears. 2
He could transform himself to colour,
As like the devil as a collier; 3
As like as hypocrites in show
Are to true saints, or crow to crow.
Of warlike engines he was author,
Devised for quick despatch of slaughter:
The cannon, blunderbuss, and saker,
He was th' inventor of, and maker:
The trumpet and the kettle-drum
Did both from his invention come.
He was the first that e'er did teach
To make, and how to stop, a breach.
A lance he bore with iron pike,
Th' one half would thrust, the other strike;
And when their forces he had join'd,
He scorn'd to turn his parts behind.

He Trulla loved, 5 Trulla, more bright
Than burnish'd armour of her knight;
A bold virago, stout, and tall,
As Joan of France, or English Moll. 6

1 William Lilly the astrologer, who adopted the title of Merlinus Anglicus in some of his publications.

2 The literal sense would be, that he was skilful in the heavenly spheres; that is, astrology; but a sphere is anything round, and the tinker's skill lay in mending pots and kettles, which are commonly of that shape. There was a kind of divination practised by means of a sieve, which was put upon the point of a pair of shears, and expected to turn round when the person or thing inquired after was named. This silly method of applying for information is mentioned by Theocritus, as Coscinomancy. (See Bohn's Transl. p. 19.)

3 Alluding to a common proverb, "Like will to like, as the devil said to the collier." Handbook of Proverbs, p. 111.

4 Tinkers are said to mend one hole, and make two.

5 Trull is a low profligate woman, that follows the camp, or takes up with a strolling tinker. Trulla signifies the same in Italian. The person here alluded to was a daughter of James Spencer, debauched by Magnano the tinker.

6 Joan of Arc, celebrated as the Maid of Orleans. English Moll was famous about the year 1670. Her real name was Mary Carlton; but she was more commonly known as Kentish Moll, or the German princess.
Through perils both of wind and limb, 370
Through thick and thin she follow'd him
In every adventure h' undertook;
And never him, or it forsook.
At breach of wall, or hedge surprise,
She shared i' th' hazard, and the prize:
At beating quarters up, or forage,
Behaved herself with matchless courage;
And laid about in fight more busily
Than th' Amazonian Dame Penthesile.¹
And tho' some critics here cry Shame,
And say our authors are to blame,
That; spite of all philosophers,
Who hold no females stout but bears,
And heretofore did so abhor
That women should pretend to war,
They would not suffer the stout'st dame
To swear by Hercules his name;²
Make feeble ladies, in their works,
To fight like termagants and Turks;³

She was transported to Jamaica in 1671; and being soon after discovered
at large, was hanged at Tyburn, January 22, 1672-3. So far Dr Grey. Bp
Percy thinks it more probable that Butler alluded to the valorous Mary
Ambree, celebrated in a ballad, contained in his 'Reliques,' 2nd ser. book ii.
But it is more likely than either, that he meant Moll Cutpurse (Mary Frith),
to whom Shakspeare, Twelfth Night, Act ii. s. 3, alludes. See a long note
on the subject in Johnson and Steevens' Shakspeare, edited by Isaac Reed,
1803, vol. v. pages 254—56, where Dr Grey's notion is expressly corrected.
The life of Moll Cutpurse was printed in 1662, with a portrait of her,
copied in Caulfield's "Remarkable Persons."

¹ Queen of the Amazons, killed by Achilles. In the first editions it is
printed Pen-thesile. See her story in any Classical Dictionary.

² Men and women, among the Romans, did not use the same oath, or
swear by the same deity. According to Macrobius, the men did not swear
by Castor, nor the women by Hercules; but Edepol, or swearing by Pollux,
was common to both.

³ The word termagant now signifies a noisy and troublesome female. In
Chaucer's rhyme of Sire Thopas, it appears to be the name of a deity. And
Hamlet says (Act iii. sc. 2), "I would have such a fellow whipp'd for
o'erdoing Termagant, it out-herods Herod." Mr Tyrwhitt states that this
Saraceu deity is called Tervagan, in an old MS. romance in the Bodleian
Library. Bishop Warburton observes, that this passage is a fine satire on
the Italian epic poets, Ariosto, Tasso, and others; who have introduced
their female warriors, and are followed in this absurdity by Spenser and
davenant.
To lay their native arms aside,
Their modesty, and ride astride;¹
To run a-tilt at men, and wield
Their naked tools in open field;
As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,²
And she that would have been the mistress
Of Gondibert, but he had grace,
And rather took a country lass:³
They say 'tis false, without all sense
But of pernicious consequence
To government, which they suppose
Can never be upheld in prose;⁴
Strip nature naked to the skin,
You'll find about her no such thing.
It may be so, yet what we tell
Of Trulla, that's improbable,
Shall be deposed by those have seen't,
Or, what's as good, produced in print;⁵
And if they will not take our word,
We'll prove it true upon record.
The upright Cerdon next advanc't,⁶
Of all his race the valiant'st;
Cerdon the Great, renown'd in song,
Like Herc'les, for repair of wrong:
He raised the low, and fortified
The weak against the strongest side.⁷

¹ Camden says that Anne, wife of Richard II., daughter of the Emperor Charles IV., taught the English women the present mode of riding, about the year 1388; before which time they rode astride. And Gower, in a poem dated 1394, describing a company of ladies on horseback, says, "ever-ich one ride on side."

² Two formidable women-at-arms, in romances, that were cudgelled into love by their gallants. See Classical Dictionary.

³ It was the humble Birtha, daughter of the sage Astragon, who supplanted the princess Rhodalind in the affections of Gondibert.

⁴ Butler loses no opportunity of rallying Sir William Davenant, who, in his preface to Gondibert, endeavours to show that government could not be upheld either by statesmen, divines, lawyers, or soldiers, without the aid of poetry.

⁵ The vulgar imagine that everything which they see in print must be true.

⁶ A one-eyed cobbler, and great reformer: there is an equivoque upon the word upright.

⁷ Meaning that he supplied and pieced the heels, and strengthened a weak sole.
Ill has he read, that never hit
On him in muses' deathless writ.
He had a weapon keen and fierce,¹
That thro' a bull-hide shield would pierce,
And cut it in a thousand pieces,
Tho' tougher than the Knight of Greece his,²
With whom his black-thumb'd ancestor³
Was comrade in the ten years' war:
For when the restless Greeks sat down
So many years before Troy town,
And were renown'd, as Homer writes,
For well-soled boots no less than fights;⁴
They owed that glory only to
His ancestor, that made them so.
Fast friend he was to Reformation,
Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion;
Next rectifier of wry law,
And would make three to curb one flaw.
Learned he was, and could take note,
Transcribe, collect, translate, and quote:
But preaching was his chiefest talent,⁵
Or argument, in which being valiant,
He used to lay about, and stickle,
Like ram or bull at conventicle:
For disputants, like rams and bulls,
Do fight with arms that spring from skulls.

¹ That is, a sharp knife, with which he cut leather.
² The shield of Ajax. See Description of it in Iliad, v. 423 (Pope).
³ According to the old distich:
   The higher the plum-tree, the riper the plum;
   The richer the cobbler, the blacker his thumb.
⁴ "Well-greaved Achæans:" the "greave" (κρημμὺς) was armour for
the legs, which Butler ludicrously calls "boots." In allusion, no doubt, to
a curious "Dissertation upon Boots" (in the Phænix Britannicus, p. 268,)
written in express ridicule of Col. Hewson, and perhaps having in mind
Alexander Ross, who says that Achilles was a shoemaker's boy in Greece,
and had he not pawned his boots to Ulysses, would not have been
pierced in the heel by Paris. In further illustration, the Shaksperean reader
will remember Hotspur's punning reply to Owen Glendower's brag, "I
sent thee bootless home," Henry IV, p. 1, Act iii. sc. 1.
⁵ The encouragement of preaching by persons of every degree amongst
the laity was one of the principal charges brought against the dominant
party under the Commonwealth, by their opponents.
Last Colon came, bold man of war, ¹
Destined to blows by fatal star;
Right expert in command of horse,
But cruel, and without remorse.
That which of Centaur long ago
Was said, and has been wrested to
Some other knights, was true of this:
He and his horse were of a piece.
One spirit did inform them both,
The selfsame vigour, fury, wrath;
Yet he was much the rougher part,
And always had the harder heart,
Altho' his horse had been of those
That fed on man's flesh, as fame goes.²
Strange food for horse! and yet, alas!
It may be true, for flesh is grass.³
Sturdy he was, and no less able
Than Hercules to cleanse a stable; ⁴
As great a drover, and as great
A critic too, in hog or neat.
He ripp'd the womb up of his mother,
Dame Tellus,⁵ 'cause he wanted fother,
And provender, wherewith to feed
Himself and his less cruel steed.
It was a question, whether he,
Or's horse, were of a family
More worshipful; till antiquaries,
After they'd almost pored out their eyes,

¹ Ned Perry, an ostler.
² The horses of Diomedes, king of Thrace, were said to have been fed with human flesh, and that he himself was ultimately eaten by them, his dead body having been thrown to them by Hercules. The moral, perhaps, may be, that Diomedes was ruined by keeping his horses, as Actaeon was said to be devoured by his dogs, because he was ruined by keeping them.
³ A banter on the following passage in Sir Thomas Browne's Religio Medici: "All flesh is grass, not only metaphorically, but literally: for all those creatures we behold are but the herbs of the field digested into flesh in them, or more remotely carniñed in ourselves," &c. See Works (Bohn's Edit. vol. ii. p. 317).
⁴ Alluding to the fabulous story of Hercules, who cleansed the stables of Augeas, king of Elis, by turning the river Alpheus through them.
⁵ This means no more than his ploughing the ground. A happy example of the magniloquence which belongs to mock epics.
Did very learnedly decide
The business on the horse's side;
And proved not only horse, but cows,
Nay pigs, were of the elder house:
For beasts, when man was but a piece
Of earth himself, did th' earth possess.
These worthies were the chief that led
The combatants, each in the head
Of his command, with arms and rage
Ready and longing to engage.
The numerous rabble was drawn out
Of several countries round about,
From villages remote, and shires,
Of east and western hemispheres.
From foreign parishes and regions,
Of different manners, speech, religions,
Came men and mastiffs; some to fight
For fame and honour, some for sight.
And now the field of death, the lists,
Were enter'd by antagonists,
And blood was ready to be broach'd,
When Hudibras in haste approach'd,
With Squire and weapons to attack 'em;
But first thus from his horse bespake 'em:
What rage, O Citizens! what fury
Doth you to these dire actions hurry?

1 In a thanksgiving sermon preached before Parliament, on the taking of Chester, Mr Case said that there were no less than 180 new sects then in London, who propagated the “damnable doctrines of devils.” And Mr Ford, in an assize sermon, stated “that in the little town of Reading, he was verily persuaded, if St Augustin's and Epiphanius's Catalogues of Heresies were lost, and all other modern and ancient records of the kind, yet it would be no hard matter to restore them, with considerable enlargements, from that place; that they have Anabaptism, Familism, Socinianism, Pelagianism, Ranting, and what not? and that the devil was served in heterodox assemblies, as frequently as God in theirs. And that one of the most eminent church-livings in that country was possessed by a blasphemer, in whose house he believed some of them could testify that the devil was as visibly familiar as any one of the family.”

2 Butler certainly had the following lines of Lucan in view (Phars. 1—8):

"What rage, O citizens! has turned your swords
Against yourselves, and Latian blood affords
To envious foes?——"
What oestrum,¹ what phrenetic mood
Makes you thus lavish of your blood,
While the proud Vies your trophies boast,
And unrevenge d walks —— ghost?²
What towns, what garrisons might you,
With hazard of this blood, subdue,
Which now ye're bent to throw away
In vain, untriumphable fray?³
Shall saints in civil bloodshed wallow
Of saints, and let the Cause lie fallow?⁴
The Cause, for which we fought and swore
So boldly, shall we now give o'er?
Then because quarrels still are seen
With oaths and swearings to begin,
The Solemn League and Covenant
Will seem a mere God-damme rant,
And we that took it, and have fought,
As lewd as drunkards that fall out.
For as we make war for the king
Against himself,⁵ the self-same thing

¹ Oestrum is not only a Greek word for madness, but signifies also a gad-bbee or horse-fly, which torments cattle in summer, and makes them run about as if they were mad.

² Vies, or Devizes, in Wiltshire. The blank should be filled up with Waller. This passage alludes to the defeat of Sir William Waller, by Wilmot, near that place, July 13, 1643. After the battle, Sir William was entirely neglected by his party. Clarendon calls it the battle of Roundway-down, and some in joke call it Runaway-down.

³ The Romans never granted a triumph to the conqueror in a civil war.

⁴ Walker, in his History of Independency, observes that all the cheating, ambitious, covetous persons of the land were united together under the title of 'the Godly,' 'the Saints,' and shared the fat of the land between them. He calls them "Saints who were canonized in the Devil's Calendar." The support of the discipline, or ecclesiastical regimen by presbyters, was called the Cause.

⁵ "To secure the king's person from danger," says Lord Clarendon, "was an expression they were not ashamed always to use, when there was no danger that threatened, but what themselves contrived and designed against him." They not only declared that they fought for the king, but that the raising and maintaining of soldiers for their own army would be an acceptable service to the king, parliament, and kingdom. They insisted on a difference between the king's political and his natural person; and that his political must be, and was, with the Parliament, though his natural person was at war with them.
Some will not stick to swear we do
For God and for religion too.
For if bear-baiting we allow,
What good can Reformation do?
The blood and treasure that's laid out
Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
Are these the fruits o' th' Protestation,¹
The prototype of Reformation,
Which all the saints, and some, since martyrs,²
Wore in their hats like wedding-garters,³
When 'twas resolved by their house,
Six members' quarrel to espouse?⁴
Did they for this draw down the rabble,
With zeal, and noises formidable;
And make all cries about the town
Join throats to cry the bishops down?⁵
Who having round begirt the palace,
As once a month they do the gallows,⁶
As members gave the sign about,
Set up their throats, with hideous shout.
When tinkers bawl'd aloud,⁷ to settle
Church-discipline, for patching kettle.⁸

¹ The Protestation was drawn up, and taken in the House of Commons, May 3, 1641; and immediately printed, and dispersed over the nation, the people carrying it about on the points of their spears. It was the first attempt at a national combination against the establishment, and was harbinger of the Covenant.

² Those that were killed in the war.

³ The protesters, when they came tumultuously to the parliament-house, Dec. 27, 1641, to demand justice on the Earl of Strafford, stuck printed copies of the Protestation in their hats, in token of their zeal.

⁴ Charles I. ordered the following members, Lord Kimbolton, Pym, Hollis, Hampden, Haselrig, and Stroud, to be prosecuted, for plotting with the Scots, and stirring up sedition. The Commons voted against their arrest, upon which the king went to the house with his guards, to seize them; but they, having intelligence of his design, made their escape. This was one of the first acts of open violence which preceded the civil wars.

⁵ It is fresh in memory, says the author of Lex Talionis, how this city sent forth its spurious scum in multitudes to cry down bishops, root and branch, with lying pamphlets, &c.,—so far, that a dog with a black-and-white face was commonly called a bishop.

⁶ The executions at Tyburn were generally once a month.

⁷ All these Cries, so humorously substituted for the common street-cries of the times, represent the popular demands urged by the Puritans, before and under the Long Parliament.

⁸ For, that is, instead of.
No sow-gelder did blow his horn
To geld a cat, but cried Reform.
The oyster-women lock’d their fish up,
And trudged away to cry No Bishop:
The mouse-trap men laid save-alls by,
And ’gainst Ev’l Counsellors did cry.
Botchers left old clothes in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the church
Some cried the Covenant, instead
Of pudding-pies and ginger-bread:
And some for brooms, old boots, and shoes,
Bawl’d out to purge the Commons’ House:
Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry
A Gospel-preaching ministry:
And some for old suits, coats, or cloak,
No Surplices, nor Service-book.
A strange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to Reformation:
And is this all? is this the end
To which these carr’ings-on did tend?
Hath public faith, like a young heir,
For this tak’n up all sorts of ware,
And run int’ every tradesman’s book,
Till both turn’d bankrupts, and are broke?
Did saints for this bring in their plate,
And crowd, as if they came too late?
For when they thought the Cause had need on’t,
Happy was he that could be rid on’t.
Did they coin piss-pots, bowls, and flagons,
Int’ officers of horse and dragoons;
And into pikes and musketeers
Stamp beakers, cups, and porringer’s?

1 The Scots, in their large Declaration (163), begin their petition against the Common Prayer-book thus:—We, men, women, children, and servants, having considered, &c.

2 Zealous persons, on both sides, lent their plate, to raise money for recruiting the army. Even poor women brought a spoon, a thimble, or a bodkin. The king, or some one for the parliament, gave notes of hand to repay with interest. Several colleges at Oxford have notes to this day, for their plate delivered to the king: and many other notes of the same nature are still in existence. Purchases were also made by both parties, on the “public faith,” and large interest promised, but nothing ever paid.
THOMAS CASE, M.D.
A thimble, bodkin, and a spoon,
Did start up living men, as soon
As in the furnace they were thrown,
Just like the dragon’s teeth b’ing sown.¹
Then was the Cause all gold and plate,
The brethren’s off’rings consecrate,
Like th’ Hebrew calf, and down before it
The saints fell prostrate, to adore it.²
So say the wicked—and will you
Make that sarcastous scandal true,
By running after dogs and bears,
Beasts more unclean than calves or steers?
Have pow’rful Preachers ply’d their tongues,³
And laid themselves out, and their lungs;
Us’d all means, both direct and sinister,
I’ th’ power of gospel-preaching minister?
Have they invented tones, to win
The women, and make them draw in
The men, as Indians with a female
Tame elephant inveigle the male?
Have they told Prov’dence what it must do,⁴
Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to?
Discover’d th’ enemy’s design,
And which way best to countermine?
Prescrib’d what ways he hath to work,
Or it will ne’er advance the Kirk?

¹ Alluding to the fable of Cadmus; Ovid's Metamorphoses, iii. 106
(Bohn’s Translation, page 85).
² Exod. xxxii.
³ Calamy, Cash, and other Puritan preachers, exhorted their flocks, in
the most moving terms and tones, to contribute their money towards the
support of the parliament army, using such terms as "O happy money that
will purchase religion," "All ye that have contributed to the Parliament,
come and take this sacrament to your comfort."
⁴ Alluding to the profane familiarity which characterized the prayers of
the most violent of the Presbyterian ministers and leaders. Grey says it
was a common practice to inform God of the transactions of the times. And
for those that were 'grown up in grace' it was thought comely enough to
take a great chair at the end of the table, and sit with cocked hats on their
heads, to say: "God, we thought it not amiss to call upon Thee this evening
and let Thee know how affairs stand; we do somewhat long to hear from
Thee, and if thou pleasest to give us such and such victories, we shall be
good to Thee in something else when it lies in our way."
Told it the news o’ th’ last express,¹
And after good or bad success
Made prayers, not so like petitions,
As overtures and propositions,
Such as the army did present
To their creator; th’ parliament;
In which they freely will confess,
They will not, cannot acquiesce,²
Unless the work be carry’d on
In the same way they have begun,
By setting Church and Common-weal
All on a flame, bright as their zeal,
On which the saints were all agog,
And all this for a bear and dog?
The parliament drew up petitions³
To ’tsel’, and sent them, like commissions,
To well-affected persons, down
In every city and great town,
With pow’r to levy horse and men,
Only to bring them back agen?
For this did many, many a mile,
Ride manfully in rank and file,

¹ The prayers of the Presbyterians, in those days, were very historical.
Mr G. Swaithe, in his Prayers (pub. 1645), p. 12, says: “I hear the king
hath set up his standard at York, against the parliament and the city of
London. Look thou upon them; take their cause into thine own hand,
appear thou in the cause of thy saints; the cause in hand.”

“Tell them from the Holy Ghost,” says Beech, “from the word of truth,
that their destruction shall be terrible, it shall be timely, it shall be total.

“Give thanks unto the Lord, for he is gracious, and his mercy endureth
for ever.—Who remembered us at Naseby, for his mercy endureth for ever.
Who remembered us in Pembrokeshire, for his mercy, &c.
Who remembered us at Leicester, for his mercy, &c.
Who remembered us at Taunton, for his mercy, &c.
Who remembered us at Bristol, for his mercy, &c.”

² Alluding probably to their saucy expostulations with God from the
pulpit, such as: “What dost thou mean, O Lord, to fling us into a ditch and
there to leave us?” Again, “Put the Lord out of countenance; put him, as
you would say, to the blush, unless we be masters of our requests.”

³ It was customary for active members of parliament, having special ob-
jects in view, to draw up petitions “very modest and reasonable,” and send
them into the country to be signed, then substituting something more suit-
able to their purpose. The Hertfordshire petition, at the beginning of the
war, took notice of things which had occurred in parliament only the night
before its delivery, although it was signed by many thousands.
With papers in their hats, that show’d
As if they to the pillory rode?
Have all these courses, these efforts,
Been try’d by people of all sorts,
Velis et remis, omnibus nervis,¹
And all t’ advance the Cause’s service,
And shall all now be thrown away
In petulant intestine fray?
Shall we, that in the Cov’nant swore,
Each man of us to run before
Another ² still in Reformation,
Give dogs and bears a dispensation?
How will dissenting brethren relish it?
What will Malignants ³ say? videlicet,
That each man swore to do his best,
To damn and perjure all the rest;
And bid the devil take the hin’most,
Which at this race is like to win most.
They’ll say, our bus’ness to reform
The Church and State is but a worm;
For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,⁴
T’ an unknown Church’s discipline,
What is it else, but, before-hand,
T’ engage, and after understand?
For when we swore to carry on
The present Reformation,
According to the purest mode
Of Churches best reform’d abroad,⁵
What did we else but make a vow
To do, we knew not what, nor how?

¹ That is, with all their might. See Bohn’s Dictionary of Latin Quotations.
² This was a common phrase in those days, particularly with the zealous preachers, and is inserted in the Solemn League and Covenant.
³ The name given to the king’s party by the parliament.
⁴ This refers to the haste with which the nation was made to “engage” in the Solemn League and Covenant, as the price of the assistance of the Scotch army on the parliament’s side.
⁵ The Presbyterians pretended to desire such a reformation as had taken place in the neighbouring Churches; the king offered to invite any Churches to a National Synod, and could not even obtain an answer to the proposal.
For no three of us will agree
Where or what Churches these should be;
And is indeed the self-same case
With theirs that swore *et ceteras*; ¹
Or the French league, in which men vow’d
To fight to the last drop of blood.²
These slanders will be thrown upon
The cause and work we carry on,
If we permit men to run headlong
To exorbitances fit for Bedlam,
Rather than gospel-walking times,³
When slightest sins are greatest crimes.
But we the matter so shall handle,
As to remove that odious scandal.
In name of king and parliament,⁴
I charge ye all, no more foment
This feud, but keep the peace between
Your brethren and your countrymen;
And to those places straight repair
Where your respective dwellings are:

A sly stroke of the poet’s at his own party. By the convocation which sat in the beginning of 1640 all the clergy were required to take an oath in this form: “Nor will I ever give my consent to alter the government of this Church by archbishops, bishops, deans, archdeacons, *et cetera*.” Dr Heylin, a member of the Convocation, endeavoured to make it appear that the *et cetera* was inserted by mistake. The absurdity of the oath is thus lashed by his brother satirist, Cleveland, p. 33:

“Who swears *et cetera*, swears more oaths at once
Than Cerberus, out of his triple seonce.”

² The ‘Holy League’ entered into for the extirpation of Protestantism in France, 1576, was the original of the Scotch ‘Solemn League and Covenant.’ Nor did they differ much in their result. Both ended with the murder of two kings whom they had sworn to defend. This comparison has also been made, paragraph by paragraph, by Sir William Dugdale, in his ‘Short View of the Troubles.’

³ A cant phrase of the time.

⁴ The Presbyterians made a distinction between the king’s person politic, and his person natural: when they fought against the latter, it was in defence of the former, always inseparable from the parliament. The commission granted to the Earl of Essex was in the name of the king and parliament. But when the Independents got the upper hand, the name of the king was omitted, and the commission of Sir Thomas Fairfax ran only in the name of the parliament.
But to that purpose first surrender
The fiddler, as the prime offender, \(^1\)
Th' incendiary vile, that is chief
Author, and engineer of mischief;
That makes division between friends,
For profane and malignant ends.
He and that engine of vile noise,
On which illegally he plays,
Shall, dictum factum, both be brought
To condign punishment, as th' ought.
This must be done, and I would fain see
Mortal so sturdy as to gainsay:
For then I'll take another course,
And soon reduce you all by force.
This said, he clapt his hand on sword,
To show he meant to keep his word.

But Talgol, who had long suppress
Inflamed wrath in glowing breast,
Which now began to rage and burn as
Implacably as flame in furnace,
Thus answer'd him: Thou vermin wretched, \(^2\)
As e'er in measled pork was hatched;
Thou tail of worship, that dost grow
On rump of justice as of cow;
How dar'st thou with that sullen luggage
O' th'self, old iron, \(^3\) and other baggage,
With which thy steed of bones and leather
Has broke his wind in halting hither;

---

\(^1\) Alluding to the fable of the trumpeter, who was put to death for setting people together by the ears without fighting himself. It is meant to ridicule the clamours made by parliament against supposed evil counselors; by which Strafford, Laud, and others were sacrificed.

\(^2\) The speech, though coarse, and becoming the mouth of a butcher (see Canto II. l. 295), is an excellent satire upon the justices of the peace in those days, who were often shoemakers, tailors, or common livery servants. Instead of making peace with their neighbours, they hunted impertinently for trifling offences, and severely punished them. "But it may be asked (says Grey) why Talgol was the first in answering the knight, when it seems more incumbent upon the bearward to make the defence? Probably Talgol might then be a Cavalier; for the character the poet has given him does not infer the contrary, and his answer carries strong indications to justify the conjecture."

\(^3\) Meaning his sword and pistols.
How durst th', I say, adventure thus
T' oppose thy lumber against us?
Could thine impertinence find out
No work t' employ itself about,
Where thou, secure from wooden blow,
Thy busy vanity might show?
Was no dispute afoot between
The caterwauling bretheren?
No subtle question rais'd among
Those out-o'-their wits, and those i' th' wrong?
No prize between those combatants
O' th' times, the land and water saints;¹
Where thou might'st stickle, without hazard
Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard,²
And not, for want of bus'ness, come
To us to be thus troublesome,
To interrupt our better sort
Of disputants, and spoil our sport?
Was there no felony, no bawd,
Cut-purse,³ nor burglary abroad?
No stolen pig, nor plunder'd goose,
To tie thee up from breaking loose?
No ale unlicens'd, broken hedge,
For which thou statute might'st allege,
To keep thee busy from foul evil,
And shame due to thee from the devil?
Did no committee sit,⁴ where he
Might cut out journey-work for thee;

¹ That is, the Presbyterians and Anabaptists.
² Face or head, see Wright's Provincial Dict., sub voce. Mazer is used for a head, seriously by Sylvester, and ludicrously in two old plays. From mazer comes mazzard, as from visor, vizard.
³ Men formerly hung their purses, by a silken or leathern strap, to their belts, outside their garments. Hence the term cut-purse.
⁴ In many counties certain persons appointed by the parliament to promote their interest, had power to raise money for their use, and to punish their opponents by fine and imprisonment: these persons were called a Committee. Walker, in his History of Independency, says that "to histori- lise at large the grievances of committees would require a volume as big as the Book of Martyrs, and that the people might as easily expect to find charity in hell, as justice in any committee."
And set th' a task, with subornation,
To stitch up sale and sequestration;
To cheat, with holiness and zeal,
All parties and the common-weal?  
Much better had it been for thee,
H' had kept thee where th' art us'd to be;
Or sent th' on business any whither,
So he had never brought thee hither.  
But if th' hast brain enough in skull
To keep itself in lodging whole,
And not provoke the rage of stones,
And cudgels, to thy hide and bones;
Tremble and vanish while thou may'st,
Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.  

At this the Knight grew high in wroth,
And lifting hands and eyes up both,
Three times he smote on stomach stout,
From whence, at length, these words broke out:  

Was I for this entitled Sir,
And girt with trusty sword and spur,
For fame and honour to wage battle,
Thus to be brav'd by foe to cattle?
Not all the pride that makes thee swell
As big as thou dost blown-up veal;
Nor all thy tricks and sleights to cheat,
And sell thy carrion for good meat;
Not all thy magic to repair
Decay'd old age, in tough lean ware,
Make nat'ral death appear thy work,
And stop the gangrene in stale pork;
Not all the force that makes thee proud,
Because by bullock ne'er withstood:
Tho' arm'd with all thy cleavers, knives,
And axes made to hew down lives,
Shall save, or help thee to evade
The hand of justice, or this blade,
Which I, her sword-bearer, do carry,
For civil deed and military.  

Nor shall these words of venom base,
Which thou hast from their native place,
Thy stomach, pump'd to fling on me,
Go unreveg'd, though I am free: 1
Thou down the same throat shalt devour 'em
Like tainted beef, and pay dear for 'em.
Nor shall it e'er be said, that wight
With gauntlet blue and bases white, 2
And round blunt dudgeon by his side, 3
So great a man at arms defy'd,
With words far bitterer than wormwood,
That would in Job or Grizel stir mood. 4
Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal;
But men with hands, as thou shalt feel.
This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd
His gun-shot, that in holsters watch'd;
And bending cock, he levell'd full
Against th' outside of Talgol's skull;
Vowing that he should ne'er stir further,
Nor henceforth cow or bullock murther.
But Pallas came in shape of rust, 5
And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust
Her gorgon-shield, which made the cock
Stand stiff, as if 'twere turn'd t' a stock.
Meanwhile fierce Talgol gath'ring might,
With rugged truncheon charg'd the Knight;
But he with petronel 6 upheav'd,
Instead of shield, the blow receiv'd. 7

1 Free, that is, untouched by your accusations, as being free from what you charge me with. So Shakspeare, "We that have free souls," &c., Haml. III. 2.

2 Meaning a butcher's blue sleeves and white apron. Gauntlets were gloves of plate-mail; bases were mantles which hung from the middle to about the knees or lower, worn by knights on horseback.

3 The steel on which a butcher whets his knife, called humorously a "dudgeon," or dagger. Some editions put truncheon.

4 The patience of Grisel is celebrated by Chaucer in the Clerke's Tale. The story is taken from Petrarch's "Epistola de historia Grisclidis," and was the subject of a popular English Chap-book in 1619, often reprinted.

5 A banter upon Homer, Virgil, and other epic poets, who have always a deity at hand to protect their heroes. See also lines 864-5.

6 A horseman's pistol.

7 These lines were changed to the following in 1674, and restored in 1704.
   And he his rusty pistol held,
   To take the blow on, like a shield.
The gun recoil'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to such a kind of fight,
And shrunk from its great master's gripe,
Knock'd down, and stunn'd, with mortal stripe:
Then Hudibras, with furious haste,
Drew out his sword; yet not so fast,
But Talgol first, with hardy thwack,
Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back;
But when his nut-brown sword was out,
Courageously he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal foe, the truncheon.
The trusty cudgel did oppose
Itself against dead-doing blows,
To guard its leader from fell bane,
And then reveng'd itself again:
And though the sword, some understood,
In force had much the odds of wood,
'Twas nothing so; both sides were balanc't
So equal, none knew which was valian'st.
For wood with honour b'ing engag'd,
Is so implacably enrag'd,
Though iron hew and mangle sore,
Wood wounds and bruises honour more.
And now both knights were out of breath,
Tir'd in the hot pursuit of death;
Whilst all the rest, amaz'd, stood still,
Expecting which should take, or kill.
This Hudibras observ'd, and fretting
Conquest should be so long a-getting,
He drew up all his force into
One body, and that into one blow.
But Talgol wisely avoided it
By cunning sleight; for had it hit
The upper part of him, the blow
Had slit, as sure as that below.

1 "Rugged," in the first two editions; changed perhaps because the term is just previously applied to a truncheon. The description of the combat is a ludicrous imitation of the conflicts recorded in the old romances.

2 Take, that is, take prisoner, as in line 905.
Meanwhile th' incomparable Colon,
To aid his friend, began to fall on;
Him Ralph encounter'd, and straight grew
A dismal combat 'twixt them two:
Th' one arm'd with metal, th' other wood;
This fit for bruise, and that for blood.
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang;
While none that saw them could divine
To which side conquest would incline:
Until Magnano, who did envy
That two should with so many men vie,
By subtle stratagem of brain
Perform'd what force could ne'er attain;
For he, by foul hap, having found
Where thistles grew on barren ground,
In haste he drew his weapon out,
And having cropp'd them from the root,
He clapp'd them under th' horse's tail,1
With prickles sharper than a nail.
The angry beast did straight resent
The wrong done to his fundament,
Began to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if h' had been beside his sense,
Striving to disengage from thistle,
That gall'd him sorely under his tail;
Instead of which he threw the pack
Of Squire and baggage from his back,
And blund'ring still with smarting rump,
He gave the Knight's steed such a thump
As made him reel. The Knight did stoop,
And sat on further side aslope.
This Talgol viewing, who had now,
By flight, escap'd the fatal blow,
He rally'd, and again fell to 't;
For catching foe by nearer foot,
He lifted with such might and strength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,

1 The same trick was played upon Don Quixote's Rosinante and Sancho's dapple.
And dash'd his brains, if any, out:
But Mars, who still protects the stout,
In pudding-time came to his aid,
And under him the bear convey'd;
The bear, upon whose soft fur-gown
The Knight, with all his weight, fell down.
The friendly rug preserv'd the ground,
And headlong Knight, from bruise or wound,
Like feather-bed betwixt a wall,¹
And heavy brunt of cannon ball.
As Sancho on a blanket fell,²
And had no hurt; ours far'd as well
In body, though his mighty spirit,
B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.
The bear was in a greater fright,
Beat down and worsted by the Knight.
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
To shake off bondage from his snout.
His wrath inflam'd boil'd o'er, and from
His jaws of death he threw the foam;
Fury in stranger postures threw him,
And more, than ever herald drew him.³
He tore the earth, which he had sav'd
From squelch of Knight, and storm'd and rav'd;
And vex'd the more, because the harms
He felt were 'gainst the Law of arms;
For men he always took to be
His friends, and dogs the enemy,
Who never so much hurt had done him
As his own side did falling on him.
It griev'd him to the guts, that they,
For whom h' had fought so many a fray,
And serv'd with loss of blood so long,
Should offer such inhuman wrong;
Wrong of unsoldier-like condition;
For which he flung down his commission,⁴

¹ Alluding to the protective measures recommended in old works on military fortification.
² Sancho's adventure at the inn, where he was toss'd in a blanket.
³ Alluding to the remarkable and unnatural positions in which animals are conventionally portrayed in coats of arms.
⁴ A ridicule on the petulant behaviour of the military men in the Civil
And laid about him, till his nose
From thrall of ring and cord broke loose. 900
Soon as he felt himself enlarg’d,
Through thickest of his foes he charg’d,
And made way through th’ amazed crew,
Some he o’erran, and some o’erthrew,
But took none; for, by hasty flight,
He strove t’ avoid the conquering Knight,
From whom he fled with as much haste
And dread as he the rabble chased.
In haste he fled, and so did they,
Each and his fear ¹ a several way.
Crowdero only kept the field,
Not stirring from the place he held,
Though beaten down, and wounded sore,
I’ th’ fiddle, and a leg that bore
One side of him, not that of bone,
But much its better, th’ wooden one.
He spying Hudibras lie strow’d
Upon the ground, like log of wood,
With fright of fall, supposed wound,
And loss of urine, in a swound; ²
In haste he snatch’d the wooden limb,
That hurt i’ th’ ankle lay by him,
And fitting it for sudden fight,
Straight drew it up t’ attack the Knight;
For getting up on stump and huckle, ³
He with the foe began to buckle,
Vowing to be reveng’d for breach
Of crowd and shin upon the wretch,
Sole author of all detriment
He and his fiddle underwent.
But Ralpho, who had now begun
T’ adventure resurrection ⁴

Wars, it being common for those of either party, at a distressful juncture,
to come to the king or parliament with some unreasonable demands; and
if they were not complied with, to throw up their commissions, and go over
to the opposite side: pretending, that they could not in honour serve any
longer under such unsoldier-like indignities.

¹ That is, that which he feared.
² The twofold effect of the Knight’s fear.
³ Put here for “knee;” the word means “hip.”
⁴ A ridicule on the Sectaries who were fond of using Scripture phrases.
From heavy squelch, and had got up
Upon his legs, with sprained crup,
Looking about beheld the bard
To charge the Knight entranc’d prepar’d,¹
He snatch’d his whinyard up, that fled
When he was falling off his steed,
As rats do from a falling house,
To hide itself from rage of blows;
And wing’d with speed and fury, flew
To rescue Knight from black and blue.
Which ere he could achieve, his sconce
The leg encounter’d twice and once;²
And now ’twas rais’d, to smite agen,
When Ralp’ho thrust himself between;
He took the blow upon his arm,
To shield the Knight from further harm;
And joining wrath with force, bestow’d
O’ th’ wooden member such a load,
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it propp’d before.
To him the Squire right nimbly run,
And setting conqu’ring foot upon
His trunk, thus spoke: What desp’rate frenzy
Made thee, thou whelp of sin, to fancy
Thyself, and all that coward rabble,
T’ encounter us in battle able?
How durst th’, I say, oppose thy curship
’Gainst arms, authority, and worship,
And Hudibras or me provoke,
Though all thy limbs were heart of oak,
And th’ other half of thee as good
To bear our³ blows as that of wood?
Could not the whipping-post prevail,
With all its rhet’ric, nor the jail,

¹ Var. Looking about, beheld pernicion
Approaching Knight from fell musician.

² A ridicule of the poetical way of expressing numbers. It occurs in Shakspeare. Thus Justice Silence, in Henry IV. Act v. “Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now;” And the witch in Macbeth, Act v. “Twice and once the hedge pig whined.”

³ “Out,” is the usual reading; but the first edition has “our,” which seems preferable.
To keep from flaying scourge thy skin,
And ankle free from iron gin?
Which now thou shalt—but first our care
Must see how Hudibras doth fare.

This said, he gently rais'd the Knight,
And set him on his bum upright:
To rouse him from lethargic dump,¹
He tweak'd his nose, with gentle thump²
Knock'd on his breast, as if 't had been
To raise the spirits lodg'd within.
They, waken'd with the noise, did fly
From inward room to window eye,
And gently op'ning lid, the casement,
Look'd out, but yet with some amazement.
This gladded Ralpho much to see,
Who thus bespoke the Knight: quoth he,
Tweaking his nose, You are, great Sir,
A self-denying conqueror;³
As high, victorious, and great,
As e'er fought for the Churches yet,
If you will give yourself but leave
To make out what y' already have;
That 's victory. The foe, for dread
Of your nine-worthiness,⁴ is fled,
All, save Crowdero, for whose sake
You did th' espous'd Cause undertake;
And he lies pris'ner at your feet,
To be dispos'd as you think meet,

¹ Compare this with the situation of Hector, who was stunned by a severe blow received from Ajax, and then comforted by Apollo.—Iliad xv. 240.
² Shakspeare represents Adonis attempting after this fashion to rouse Venus from her swoon—

“He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheek.”
See also Beaumont and Fletcher, "The Nice Valour," Act iii.
³ Ridiculing the Self-denying Ordinance, by which the members of both Houses, who were in the army, pledged themselves to renounce either their civil or their military appointments. Grey thinks that Butler here meant to sneer at Sir Samuel Luke, who, notwithstanding the Self-denying Ordinance, continued for 20 days to hold office as governor of Newport Pagnel.
⁴ Thrice worthy is a common appellation in romances. This is borrowed from the History of the "Nine Worthies."
Either for life, or death, or sale,\(^1\)
The gallows, or perpetual jail;
For one wink of your pow’rful eye
Must sentence him to live or die.
His fiddle is your proper purchase,\(^2\)
Won in the service of the Churches;
And by your doom must be allow’d
To be, or be no more, a Crowd:
For tho’ success did not confer
Just title on the conqueror;\(^3\)
Tho’ dispensations were not strong
Conclusions, whether right or wrong;
Altho’ out-goings did not\(^4\) confirm,
And owning were but a mere term;\(^5\)
Yet as the wicked have no right
To th’ creature,\(^6\) tho’ usurp’d by might,
The property is in the saint,
From whom th’ injuriously detain’t;
Of him they hold their luxuries,
Their dogs, their horses, whores, and dice,
Their riots, revels, masks, delights,
Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, parasites;
All which the saints have title to,
And ought t’ enjoy, if th’ had their due.
What we take from them is no more
Than what was ours by right before;
For we are their true landlords still,
And they our tenants but at will.

At this the Knight began to rouse,
And by degrees grow valorous:
He star’d about, and seeing none
Of all his foes remain but one,
He snatch’d his weapon that lay near him,
And from the ground began to rear him,

---

\(^1\) The phrases bantered here, were popular amongst the Puritans.

\(^2\) That is, acquisition by conquest; the original meaning of the word.

\(^3\) Success was pleaded by the Presbyterians as a proof of the justice of their cause.

\(^4\) So in the three first editions. But 1710 omits ‘not.’

\(^5\) Dispensations, out-goings, carryings-on, nothingness, ownings, &c.,
were cant words of the time. For others see Canto I. ver. 109.

\(^6\) It was maintained by the Puritans of those days that all Dominion is
Vowing to make Crowdero pay
For all the rest that ran away.
But Ralpho now, in colder blood,
His fury mildly thus withstood:
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty spirit
Is rais’d too high; this slave does merit
To be the hangman’s business, sooner
Than from your hand to have the honour
Of his destruction; I that am
A nothingness ¹ in deed and name,
Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcass,
Or ill entreat his fiddle or case:
Will you, great Sir, that glory blot
In cold blood, which you gain’d in hot?
Will you employ your conqu’ring sword
To break a fiddle, and your word?
For tho’ I fought and overcame,
And quarter gave, ’twas in your name:
For great commanders always own
What’s prosp’rous by the soldier done.
To save, where you have pow’r to kill,
Argues your pow’r above your will;
And that your will and pow’r have less
Than both might have of selfishness.
This pow’r which, now alive, with dread
He trembles at, if he were dead,
Would no more keep the slave in awe,
Than if you were a knight of straw;
For death would then be his conqueror,
Not you, and free him from that terror.
If danger from his life accrue,
Or honour from his death to you,
’Twere policy, and honour too,
To do as you resolv’d to do:

founded in grace, and therefore if a man wanted grace, and was not a saint-
like or godly man, he had no right to any lands, goods, or chattels; and
that the Saints had a right to all, and might take it wherever they had
power to do so. ¹ One of the cant terms of the times.
² Obviously a satire upon the parliament, who made no scruple at infringing articles of capitulation granted by their generals, if they found them too advantageous to the enemy.
But, Sir, 'twou'd wrong your valour much,
To say it needs, or fears a crutch.
Great conqu'rors greater glory gain
By foes in triumph led, than slain:
The laurels that adorn their brows
Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,
And living foes: the greatest fame
Of cripple slain can be but lame:
One half of him's already slain,
The other is not worth your pain;
Th' honour can but on one side light.

Wherefore I think it better far
To keep him prisoner of war;
And let him fast in bonds abide,
At court of justice to be try'd;
Where, if h' appear so bold or crafty,
There may be danger in his safety: 1
If any member there dislike
His face, or to his beard have pike; 2
Or if his death will save, or yield
Revenge or fright, it is reveal'd; 3
Tho' he has quarter, ne'ertheless
Y' have pow'r to hang him when you please. 4
This has been often done by some
Of our great conqu'rors, you know whom:

1 The conduct of Cromwell in the case of Lord Capel will explain this line. After pronouncing high encomiums on him, and when every one expected he would vote to save his life, he took the opposite course, because of his firm loyalty! See Clarendon.
2 That is, pique.
3 One of the most objectionable of all the cant religious phrases of the time, as it involved the pretence of supernatural instruction. In some cases, after the Rebels had taken a prisoner, upon the promise of quarter, they would say that it had since been revealed to such a one that he should die, whereupon they would hang him. Dr South observes of Harrison, the regicide, a butcher by profession and a preaching Colonel in the Parliament army, "That he was notable for having killed several after quarter given by others, using these words in doing it: 'Cursed be he who doeth the work of the Lord negligently.'"
4 The arbitrary proceedings of the Long Parliament and the Committees appointed by it, in respect of the lives and property of royalists, and of any who had enemies to call them royalists, are here referred to. A contemporary MS. note in our copy of the first edition states that this line refers to Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, who were executed "after quarter given them by General Fairfax."
And has by most of us been held
Wise justice, and to some reveal'd:
For words and promises, that yoke
The conqueror, are quickly broke;
Like Samson's cuffs, tho' by his own
Directions and advice put on.
For if we should fight for the Cause
By rules of military laws,
And only do what they call just,
The Cause would quickly fall to dust.
This we among ourselves may speak;
But to the wicked or the weak
We must be cautious to declare
Perfection-truths, such as these are.¹

This said, the high outrageous mettle
Of Knight began to cool and settle.
He lik'd the Squire's advice, and soon
Resolv'd to see the bus'ness done;
And therefore charg'd him first to bind
Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
And to its former place, and use,
The wooden member to reduce;
But force it take an oath before.
Ne'er to bear arms against him more.²

Ralpho dispatch'd with speedy haste,
And having ty'd Crowdero fast,
He gave Sir Knight the end of cord.
To lead the captive of his sword
In triumph, while the steeds he caught,
And them to further service brought.
The Squire, in state, rode on before,
And on his nut-brown whinyard bore
The trophy-fiddle and the case,
Leaning on shoulder ³ like a mace.

¹ Truths revealed only to the perfect, or the initiated in the higher mysteries; and here signifying esoteric doctrines in morals, such as were avowed by many of the Parliamentary leaders and advisers.

² The poet in making the wooden leg take an oath, not to serve again against his captor, ridicules those who obliged their prisoners to take such oaths. The prisoners taken at Brentford were so sworn by the Royalists, but Dr Downing and Mr Marshall absolved them from this oath, and they immediately served again in the parliament army.

³ Var. Plac'd on his shoulder.
The Knight himself did after ride,
Leaving Crowdero by his side;
And tow’d him, if he lagg’d behind,
Like boat against the tide and wind.
Thus grave and solemn they march on,
Until quite thro’ the town they’d gone:
An ancient castle, that commands
Th’ adjacent parts; in all the fabrick
You shall not see one stone nor a brick,
But all of wood, by pow’rful spell
Of magic made impregnable:
There’s neither iron bar nor gate,
Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate;
And yet men durance there abide,
In dungeon scarce three inches wide;
With roof so low, that under it
They never stand, but lie or sit;
And yet so foul, that whoso is in,
Is to the middle-leg in prison;
In circle magical confin’d,
With walls of subtle air and wind.
Which none are able to break thorough,
Until they’re freed by head of borough.
Thither arriv’d, the advent’rous Knight
And bold Squire from their steeds alight
At th’ outward wall, near which there stands
A Bastile, built t’ imprison hands; 2
By strange enchantment made to fetter
The lesser parts, and free the greater:
For th’ body may creep through,
The hands in grate are fast enow:
And when a circle ’bout the wrist
Is made by beadle exorcist,
The body feels the spur and switch.
As if’t were ridden post by witch,

1 The Stocks are here pictured as an enchanted castle, with infinite wit and humour, and in the true spirit of burlesque poetry.
2 A description of the whipping-post; and a satire upon the great State-prison at Paris, of which there were many tales abroad, strange to English ears even in Star-chamber times.
At twenty miles an hour pace,  
And yet ne'er stirs out of the place.  
On top of this there is a spire,  
On which Sir Knight first bids the Squire  
The fiddle, and its spoils, the case,  
In manner of a trophy, place.  
That done, they ope the trap-door gate,  
And let Crowdero down thereat.  
Crowdero making doleful face,  
Like hermit poor in pensive place,  
To dungeon they the wretch commit,  
And the survivor of his feet;  
But th' other, that had broke the peace,  
And head of knighthood, they release,  
Tho' a delinquent false and forged,  
Yet b'ing a stranger he's enlarged;  
While his comrade, that did no hurt,  
Is clapp'd up fast in prison for't.  
So justice, while she winks at crimes,  
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.

1 That is, its hide, skin, or covering; as in "spoils of the chase."
2 This is the first line of a love-song, in great vogue about the year 1650. It is given entire in Walton's Angler (Bohn's edit. p. 159).
3 This alludes to the case of Sir Bernard Gascoign, who was condemned at Colchester with Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, but respited from execution on account of his being a foreigner, and a person of some interest in his own country (Italy). See Clarendon's Rebellion.
PART I. CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.¹

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

¹ The Author follows the example of Spenser, and the Italian poets, in the division of his work into parts and cantos. Spenser contents himself with a quatrain at the head of each canto; Butler more fully informs his readers what they are to expect, by an argument in the same style with the poem; and shows that he knew how to enliven so dry a thing as a summary.
PART I. CANTO III.

Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!¹
What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
Do dog him still with afterclaps!
For tho' dame Fortune seem'd to smile,
And leer upon him for a while,
She'll after show him, in the nick
Of all his glories, a dog-trick.
This any man may sing or say
I' th' ditty call'd, 'What if a day?' ²
For Hudibras, who thought he'd won
The field as certain as a gun,³
And having routed the whole troop,
With victory was cock-a-hoop;⁴

¹ A parody on Spenser's verses:

Ay me, how many perils do enfold
The virtuous man to make him daily fall.

Fairy Queen: Book i. canto 8.

These two lines are become a kind of proverbial expression, partly owing to the moral reflection, and partly to the jingle of the double rhyme: they are applied sometimes to a man mortally wounded with a sword, and sometimes to a lady who pricks her finger with a needle. It was humorously applied by the Cambridge wits to Jeffreys, on the publication of Lord Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Butler, in his MS. Common Place-book, on this passage, observes: "Cold iron in Greenland burns as grievously as hot." Some editions read "Ah me."

² An old ballad, which begins:

What if a day, or a month, or a year
Crown thy delights,
With a thousand wish't contentings!
Cannot the chance of a night or an hour,
Cross thy delights,
With as many sad tormentings?

³ The first edition reads: Suer as a gun.

⁴ That is, crowing or rejoicing. Handbook of Proverbs, p. 154.
Thinking he'd done enough to purchase
Thanksgiving-day among the churches. ¹
Wherein his metal and brave worth
Might be explain'd by holder-forth,
And register'd by fame eternal,
In deathless pages of diurnal; ²
Found in few minutes, to his cost,
He did but count without his host; ³
And that a turn-stile is more certain
Than, in events of war, Dame Fortune.
For now the late faint-hearted rout,
O'erthrown and scatter'd round about,
Chas'd by the horror of their fear,
From bloody fray of Knight and Bear,
All but the dogs, who, in pursuit
Of the Knight's victory, stood to't,
And most ignobly sought ⁴ to get
The honour of his blood and sweat,⁵
Seeing the coast was free and clear
O' the conquer'd and the conqueror,
Took heart of grace,⁶ and fae'd about,
As if they meant to stand it out:
For now the half defeated bear,⁷
Attack'd by th' enemy i' th' rear,
Finding their number grew too great
For him to make a safe retreat,
Like a bold chieftain fae'd about;
But wisely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to fortune, and with haste
Fae'd the proud foe, and fled, and fae'd,

¹ The parliament was accustomed to order a day of public Thanksgiving, on occasion of every advantage gained over the Royalists, however trifling. And at these seasons the valour and worthiness of the leader, who had gained the victory, were lauded and enlarged upon.

² The gazettes or newspapers, on the side of the parliament, were published daily, and called Diurnals.


⁵ An allusion to the complaint of the Presbyterian commanders against the Independents, when the Self-denying Ordinance had excluded them.

⁶ Altered in subsequent editions to "took heart again."

⁷ The first editions read: For by this time the routed bear.
Retiring still, until he found
He 'd got th' advantage of the ground;
And then as valiantly made head
To check the foe, and forthwith fled,
Leaving no art untry'd, nor trick
Of warrior stout and politic;
Until, in spite of hot pursuit,
He gain'd a pass, to hold dispute,
On better terms, and stop the course
Of the proud foe. With all his force
He bravely charg'd, and for a while
Force'd their whole body to recoil;
But still their numbers so increas'd,
He found himself at length oppress'd,
And all evasions so uncertain,
To save himself for better fortune,
That he resolv'd, rather than yield,
To die with honour in the field;
And sell his hide and carcase at
A price as high and desperate
As e'er he could. This resolution
He forthwith put in execution,
And bravely threw himself among
Th' enemy i' th' greatest throng;
But what could single valour do
Against so numerous a foe?
Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believ'd, where th' odds were such;
But one against a multitude
Is more than mortal can make good:
For while one party he oppos'd,
His rear was suddenly enclos'd,
And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight against a foe so great.
For now the mastiffs, charging home,
To blows and handy-gripes were come;
While manfully himself he bore,
And, setting his right foot before,
He rais'd himself, to show how tall
His person was, above them all.
This equal shame and envy stirr'd
In th' enemy, that one should beard
So many warriors, and so stout,
As he had done, and stav'd it out,
Disdaining to lay down his arms,
And yield on honourable terms.

Enraged thus, some in the rear
Attack'd him, and some ev'rywhere,
Till down he fell; yet falling fought,
And, being down, still laid about;
As Widdrington, in doleful dumps,
Is said to fight upon his stumps.¹

But all, alas! had been in vain,
And he inevitably slain,
If Trulla and Cerdon, in the nick,
To rescue him had not been quick:
For Trulla, who was light of foot,
As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot:²
But not so light as to be borne
Upon the ears of standing corn,³
Or trip it o'er the water quicker
Than witches, when their staves they liquor,⁴
As some report, was got among
The foremost of the martial throng;
Where, pitying the vanquish'd bear,
She call'd to Cerdon, who stood near,
Viewing the bloody fight; to whom,
Shall we, quoth she, stand still hum-drum,
And see stout Bruin, all alone,
By numbers basely overthrown?

¹ So in the famous song of Chevy Chase:

For Witherington needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps,
For when his legs were smitten off
He fought upon his stumps.

² Long-field is a term of archery, and a long-fielder is still a hero at a cricket match.

³ A satirical stroke at the character of Camilla, whose speed is hyperbolically described by Virgil, at the end of the seventh book of the Aeneid.

⁴ Witches are said to ride upon broomsticks, and to liquor, or grease them, that they may go faster. See Lucan, vi. 572.
Such feats already he 'as achiev'd,
In story not to be believ'd,
And 'twould to us be shame enough,
Not to attempt to fetch him off.

I would, quoth he, venture a limb
To second thee, and rescue him;
But then we must about it straight,
Or else our aid will come too late;
Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,
And therefore cannot long hold out.
This said, they wav'd their weapons round
About their heads, to clear the ground;
And joining forces, laid about
So fiercely, that th' amazed rout
Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,
As if the devil drove, to run.
Meanwhile th' approach'd th' place where Bruin
Was now engag'd to mortal ruin:
The conqu'ring foe they soon assail'd;
First Trulla stav'd, and Cerdon tail'd,¹
Until the mastiffs loos'd their hold:
And yet, alas! do what they could,
The worsted bear came off with store
Of bloody wounds, but all before:²
For as Achilles, dipt in pond,
Was anabaptiz'd free from wound,
Made proof against dead-doing steel
All over, but the pagan heel;³

¹ Trulla interposed her staff between the dogs and the bear, in order to part them; and Cerdon drew the dogs away by their tails. Staving and tailing are technical terms used in the bear-garden, but are sometimes applied metaphorically to higher pursuits, as law, divinity, &c.

² That is, honourable wounds. The reader familiar with Shakspeare will remember Old Siward, in the last scene of Macbeth:

_Siw._ Had he his hurts before?
_Ross._ Aye, in the front.
Why then God's soldier is he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death.
And so his knell is knoll'd.

³ The Anabaptists insisted upon the necessity of immersion in baptism; so Butler uses the word "anabaptized" as equivalent to "dipt"; but as the vulnerable heel was not dipt, he calls it "pagan."
So did our champion's arms defend
All of him but the other end,
His head and ears, which in the martial
Encounter lost a leathern parcel;
For as an Austrian archduke once
Had one ear, which in ducatoons
Is half the coin, in battle par'd
Close to his head,¹ so Bruin far'd;
But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other side,
Like scriv'ner newly crucify'd; ²
Or like the late-corrected leathern
Ears of the circumcised brethren.³
But gentle Trulla into th' ring
He wore in's nose convey'd a string,
With which she march'd before, and led
The warrior to a grassy bed,
As authors write, in a cool shade.⁴
Which eglantine and roses made;
Close by a softly murm'ring stream,
Where lovers use to loll and dream:
There leaving him to his repose,
Secured from pursuit of foes,

¹ Albert, archduke of Austria, brother to the emperor Rodolph the Second, had one of his ears grazed by a spear, when he had taken off his helmet, and was endeavouring to rally his soldiers, in an engagement with Prince Maurice of Nassau, ann. 1598. A ducatoon is half a ducat.

² In those days lawyers or scriveners, guilty of dishonest practices, were sentenced to lose their ears.

³ Prynne, Bastwick, and Burton, who were placed in the pillory, and had their ears cut off, by order of the Star-chamber, in 1637, for writing seditious libels. They were banished into remote parts of the kingdom; but recalled by the parliament in 1640. At their return the populace received them with enthusiasm. They were met, near London, by ten thousand persons, carrying boughs and flowers; and the members of the Star-chamber, concerned in punishing them, were fined £4000 for each.

⁴ The passage which commences with this line is an admirable satire on the romance writers of those days; who imitated the well-known passages in Homer and Virgil, which represented the care taken by the deities of their favourites, after combats. "In this passage (says Ramsay) the burlesque is maintained with great skill, the imagery is descriptive, and the verse smooth; showing that the author might, had he chosen, have produced something in a very different strain to 'Hudibras'; though of less excellence. He perhaps knew the true bent of his genius, and probably felt a contempt for the easy smoothness and pretty feebleness of his contemporaries, of whom Waller and Denham were the two most striking examples."
And wanting nothing but a song,  
And a well-tuned theorbo hung  
Upon a bough, to ease the pain  
His tugg'd ears suffer'd, with a strain.  
They both drew up, to march in quest  
Of his great leader, and the rest.  

For Orsin, who was more renown'd  
For stout maintaining of his ground  
In standing fights, than for pursuit,  
As being not so quick of foot,  
Was not long able to keep pace  
With others that pursu'd the chase,  
But found himself left far behind,  
Both out of heart and out of wind;  
Griev'd to behold his bear pursu'd  
So basely by a multitude,  
And like to fall, not by the prowess,  
But numbers, of his coward foes.  
He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as  
Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas;  
Forcing the vallies to repeat  
The accents of his sad regret;  
He beat his breast, and tore his hair,  
For loss of his dear cronj bear;  
That Echo, from the hollow ground;  
His doleful wailings did resound  

1 The ancients believed that Music had the power of curing hemorrhages, gout, sciatica, and all sorts of sprains, when once the patient found himself capable of listening to it. Thus Homer, Odyssey, book xix. line 534 of Pope.  
2 A large lute for playing a thorough bass, used by the Italians.  
3 In Grey's edition it is thus pointed:  

His tugg'd ears suffer'd; with a strain  
They both drew up—  

But the poet probably meant a well-tuned theorbo, to ease the pain with a strain, that is, with music and a song.  
4 Hercules, when he bewails the loss of Hylas. See Val. Plac. Argon. iii. 593, and Theocritus, Idyl. xiii. 58.  
5 A fine satire (says Grey) on that false kind of wit which makes an Echo talk sensibly, and give rational answers. Echoes were frequently introduced by the ancient poets (Ovid. Metam. iii. 379; Anthol. Gr. iii. 6, &c.), and had become a fashion in England from the Elizabethan era to the time when Butler wrote. Addison, see Spectator 59, reproves this, as he calls it, "silly
More wistfully, by many times,  
Than in small poets' splay-foot rhymes,¹  
That make her, in their ruthful stories,  
To answer to inter'gatories,  
And most unconscionably depose  
To things of which she nothing knows;  
And when she has said all she can say,  
'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.  
Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,  
Art thou fled to my—Echo, ruin.  
I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step,  
For fear. Quoth Echo, Marry quep.²  
Am not I here to take thy part?  
Then what has quail'd thy stubborn heart?  
Have these bones rattled, and this head  
So often in thy quarrel bled?  
Nor did I ever winee or grudge it,  
For thy dear sake. Quoth she, Mum budget.³  
Thinks' t thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish  
Thou turn'dst thy back? Quoth Echo, Pish.  
To run from those th' hadst overcome  
Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, Mum.  
But what a-vengeance makes thee fly  
From me too, as thine enemy?  

kind of device," and cites Erasmus's Dialogues, where an Echo is made to  
answer in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. But all the ancient Echoes are out-  
done by the Irish Echo, which in answer to "How do you do, Paddy  
Blake?" echoed, "Pretty well, thank you."  
¹ Supposed to be a sneer at Sir Philip Sidney, who in his Arcadia has a  
long poem between the speaker and Echo.  
² An exclamation or small oath, having no particular import, apparently  
the origin of our Marry come up. It is used by Taylor the Water Poet,  
Ben Jonson, and Gayton in his Translation of Don Quixote.  
³ That is, "be silent," in allusion to what Shakspeare puts into the mouth  
of Master Slander: "I come to her in white, and cry mum; she cries bud-  
get; and by that we know one another."—Merry Wives, Act v. sc. 2.  
⁴ To lay in one's dish, to make an accusation against one, to lay a charge  
at one's door.

Last night you lay it, madam, in our dish,  
How that a maid of ours (whom we must check)  
Had broke your bitches leg.

Sir John Harrington, Epigr. i. 27.
Or, if thou hast no thought of me,
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
Yet shame and honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail:
For who would grutch to spend his blood in
His honour's cause? Quoth she, a Puddin.
This said, his grief to anger turn'd,
Which in his manly stomach burn'd;
Thirst of revenge, and wrath, in place
Of sorrow, now began to blaze.
He vow'd the authors of his woe
Should equal vengeance undergo;
And with their bones and flesh pay dear
For what he suffer'd and his bear.
This b'ing resolv'd, with equal speed
And rage, he hasted to proceed
To action straight, and giving o'er
To search for Bruin any more,
He went in quest of Hudibras,
To find him out, where'er he was;
And if he were above ground, vow'd
He 'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.
But scarce had he a furlong on
This resolute adventure gone,
When he encounter'd with that crew
Whom Hudibras did late subdue.
Honour, revenge, contempt, and shame,
Did equally their breasts inflame.
'Mong these the fierce Magnano was,
And Talgol, foe to Hudibras;
Cerdon and Colon, warriors stout,
And resolute, as ever fought;
Whom furious Orsin thus bespoke:
Shall we, quoth he, thus basely brook
The vile affront that paltry ass,
And feeble scoundrel, Hudibras,
With that more paltry ragamuffin,
Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,
Have put upon us, like tame cattle,
As if th' had routed us in battle?
For my part, it shall ne'er be said
1 For the washing gave my head:¹
Nor did I turn my back for fear
O' th' rascals, but loss of my bear,²
Which now I'm like to undergo;
For whether these fell wounds, or no.
He has received in fight, are mortal,
Is more than all my skill can foretel;
Nor do I know what is become
Of him, more than the Pope of Rome.³
But if I can but find them out
That caused it, as I shall no doubt,
Where'er th' in hugger-mugger lurk,⁴
I'll make them rue their handiwork,
And wish that they had rather dar'd
To pull the devil by the beard.⁵

Quoth Cerdon, noble Orsin, th' hast
Great reason to do as thou say'st,
And so has ev'rybody here,
As well as thou hast, or thy bear:
Others may do as they see good;
But if this twig be made of wood
That will hold tack, I'll make the fur
Fly 'bout the ears of the old cuir,

¹ That is, behaved cowardly, or surrendered at discretion: jeering obliquely perhaps at the anabaptistical notions of Ralpho. Hooker, or Vowler, in his description of Exeter, written about 1584, speaking of the parson of St Thomas, who was hanged during the siege, says, “he was a stout man, who would not give his head for the polling, nor his beard for the washing.”

² Var. Of them, but losing of my bear. In all editions between 1674 and 1704.

³ This common saying is a sneer at the Pope's infallibility.

⁴ The confusion or want of order occasioned by haste and secrecy.

⁵ A proverbial expression used for any bold or daring enterprise: so we say, To take a lion by the beard. The Spaniards deemed it the most unpardonable of affronts to be pulled by the beard, and would resent it at the hazard of life.
And th' other mongrel vermin, Ralph,  
That brav'd us all in his behalf.  
Thy bear is safe, and out of peril,  
Tho' lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill;  
Myself and Trulla made a shift  
To help him out at a dead lift;  
And having brought him bravely off,  
Have left him where he's safe enough:  
There let him rest; for if we stay,  
The slaves may hap to get away. 
This said, they all engag'd to join  
Their forces in the same design,  
And forthwith put themselves, in search  
Of Hudibras, upon their march:  
Where leave we them awhile, to tell  
What the victorious Knight befell;  
For such, Crowdero being fast  
In dungeon shut, we left him last.  
Triumphant laurels seem'd to grow  
Nowhere so green as on his brow;  
Laden with which, as well as tir'd  
With conqu'ring toil, he now retir'd  
Unto a neighb'ring castle by,  
To rest his body, and apply  
Fit medi'cines to each glorious bruise  
He got in fight, reds, blacks, and blues;  
To mollify th' uneasy pang  
Of ev'ry honourable bang,  
Which b'ing by skilful midwife drest,  
He laid him down to take his rest.  
But all in vain: he 'ad got a hurt  
O' th' inside, of a deadlier sort,  
By Cupid made, who took his stand  
Upon a widow's jointure-land,  

1 The widow is presumed by Grey to be Mrs Tomson, who had a jointure of £200 a year. The courtship appears to be a fact dressed up by Butler's humour (although the editor of 1819 thinks it apocryphal) from Walker's History of Independency, i. p. 170. We learn that Sir Samuel Luke, to repair his decayed estate, sighed for the widow's jointure, but met with fatal obstacles in his suit, for she was a mere coquet, and, what was worse as regarded her suitor's principles, she was a royalist. Her inexorableness, says Mr Walker, was eventually the cause of the knight's death.
For he, in all his am'rous battles,  
No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattels,  
Drew home his bow, and aiming right,  
Let fly an arrow at the Knight;  
The shaft against a rib did glance,  
And gall him in the purtenance;  
But time had somewhat 'swaged his pain,  
For that proud dame, for whom his soul  
Was burnt in 's belly like a coal,  
And suffer griping for her sake,  
Till purging comfits and ant's eggs  
Had almost brought him off his legs,—  
Us'd him so like a base rascallion,  
That old Pyg—what d' y' call him—malion,  
That cut his mistress out of stone,  
Had not so hard a hearted one.  
She had a thousand jadish tricks,  
Worse than a mule that flings and kicks;  
'Mong which one cross-grain'd freak she had,  
As insolent as strange and mad;  
She could love none but only such  
As scorn'd and hated her as much.  
'Twas a strange riddle of a lady;  
Not love, if any lov'd her? hey-day!  
So cowards never use their might,  
But against such as will not fight.

1 A ludicrous name for the knight's heart: taken from a calf's head and purtenance, as it is vulgarly called, instead of appurtenance (or pluck), which, among other entrails, contains the heart. The word is used in the same sense in the Bible. See Exodus xii. 9.

2 Ants' eggs were formerly supposed, by some, to be antaphrodisiacs, or antidotes to love passions. See Scot's Discovery of Witchcraft, b. vi. ch. 7.

3 Pygmalion, as the mythologists say, fell in love with a statue of his own carving; which Venus, to gratify him, turned into a living woman. See Ovid's Metamorphoses, lib. x. 1. 247.

4 Such capricious kind of love is described by Horace: Satires, book i. ii. 105.

5 So in the edition of 1678, in others it is ha-day, but either may stand, as they both signify a mark of admiration. See Skinner and Junius.
So some diseases have been found
Only to seize upon the sound.¹
He that gets her by heart, must say her
The back-way, like a witch's prayer.²
Meanwhile the Knight had no small task
To compass what he durst not ask:
He loves, but dares not make the motion;
Her ignorance is his devotion;³
Like caitiff vile, that for misdeed
Rides with his face to rump of steed;⁴
Or rowing scull, he's fain to love,
Look one way and another move;
Or like a tumbler that does play
His game, and look another way,⁵
Until he seize upon the coney;
Just so does he by matrimony.

¹ "It is common for horses, as well as men, to be afflicted with sciatica, or rheumatism, to a great degree, for weeks together, and when they once get clear of the fit, never perhaps hear any more of it while they live: for these distempers, with some others, called salutary distempers, seldom or never seize upon an unsound body."—Bracken's Farriery Improved, ii. 46. The meaning then, from ver. 338, is this: As the widow loved none that were disposed to love her, so cowards fight with none that are disposed to fight with them: so some diseases seize upon none that are already distempered, but upon those only who, through the firmness of their constitution, seem least liable to such attacks.

² That is, the Lord's Prayer read backwards. The Spectator, No. 61, speaking of an epigram called the Witch's Prayer, says, it fell into verse whether read backwards or forwards, excepting only that it cursed one way and blessed the other."—See Spectator, No. 110, 117, upon Witchcraft.

³ A banter on the Papists, who, denying to the laity the use of the Bible or Prayer-book in the vulgar tongue, are charged with asserting, that "ignorance is the mother of devotion." The wit here is in making the widow's ignorance of his love the cause of the Knight's devotion.

⁴ Dr Grey supposes this may allude to five members of the army, who, on the 6th of March, 1648, were forced to ride in New Palace yard with their faces towards their horses' tails, had their swords broken over their heads, and were cashiered, for petitioning the Rump for relief of the oppressed commonwealth.

⁵ A dog, called by the Latins Vertoagus, that rolls himself in a heap, and tumbles over, disguising his shape and motion, till he is near enough to his object to seize it by a sudden spring. The tumbler was generally used in hunting rabbits. See Cains de Cauibus Britannicis (Kay, on English Dogges, sm. 4to, Lond. 1576), and Martial. lib. xiv. Epig. 200.
But all in vain; her subtle snout
Did quickly wind his meaning out;
Which she return’d with too much scorn,
To be by man of honour borne;
Yet much he bore, until the distress
He suffer’d from his spightful mistress
Did stir his stomach, and the pain
He had endur’d from her disdain
Turn’d to regret so resolute,
That he resolv’d to wave his suit,
And either to renounce her quite,
Or for a while play least in sight.
This resolution b’ing put on,
He kept some months, and more had done,
But being brought so nigh by fate,
The vict’ry he achiev’d so late
Did set his thoughts agog, and ope
A door to discontinu’d hope,¹
That seem’d to promise he might win
His dame too, now his hand was in;
And that his valour, and the honour
He ’ad newly gain’d, might work upon her:
These reasons made his mouth to water,
With am’rous longings to be at her.

Thought he unto himself, who knows
But this brave conquest o’er my foes
May reach her heart, and make that stoop,
As I but now have forc’d the troop?
If nothing can oppugne love,²
And virtue invious³ ways can prove,
What may not he confide to do
That brings both love and virtue too?
But thou bring’st valour too, and wit,
Two things that seldom fail to hit.

Valour ’s a mouse-trap, wit a gin,
Which women oft are taken in:⁴

¹ One of the canting phrases used by the sectaries, when they entered on any new mischief.
² Read oppugné, as three syllables, to make the line of sufficient length.
³ That is, impassable. See Horace, III. 2.
⁴ Assuming that women are often captivated by a red coat or a copy of verses.
Then, Hudibras, why should'st thou fear  
To be, that art a conqueror?  
Fortune the audacious doth juvare,¹  
But lets the timidous² miscarry:

Then, while the honour thou hast got  
Is spick and span new, piping hot,³  
Strike her up bravely thou hadst best,  
And trust thy fortune with the rest.

Such thoughts as these the Knight did keep  
More than his bangs, or fleas, from sleep;  
And as an owl, that in a barn  
Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,  
Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes,  
As if he slept, until he spies  
The little beast within his reach,  
Then starts, and seizes on the wretch;  
So from his couch the Knight did start,  
To seize upon the widow's heart;  
Crying, with hasty tone and hoarse,  
Ralpho, dispatch, to horse, to horse!  
And 'twas but time; for now the rout,  
We left engag'd to seek him out,  
By speedy marches were advanc'd  
Up to the fort where he ensonced,  
And all the avenues possesst  
About the place, from east to west.  
That done, awhile they made a halt,  
To view the ground, and where t' assault:  
Then call'd a council, which was best,  
By siege, or onslaught, to invest  
The enemy; and 'twas agreed  
By storm and onslaught to proceed.  
This b'ing resolv'd, in comely sort  
They now drew up t' attack the fort;

¹ Alluding to the familiar quotation, Fortes Fortuna adjuvat, "Fortune favours the bold."
² Timidous, from timidus; the hero being in a latinizing humour.
³ Spick and span is derived by Dr Grey from spike, which signifies a nail of iron, as well as a nail in measure, and span, which is a measure of nine inches, or quarter of a yard. This applied to a new suit means that it has just been measured by the nail and span. Ray gives a different derivation; see Bohn's Handbook of Proverbs, page 178.
When Hudibras, about to enter
Upon another gates adventure, 1
To Ralpho call’d aloud to arm,
Not dreaming of approaching storm.
Whether dame Fortune, or the care
Of angel bad, or tutelar,
Did arm, or thrust him on a danger,
To which he was an utter stranger,
That foresight might, or might not, blot
The glory he had newly got;
Or to his shame it might be said,
They took him napping in his bed:
To them we leave it to expound,
That deal in sciences profound.

His courser scarce he had bestrid,
And Ralpho that on which he rid,
When setting ope the postern gate,
Which they thought best to sally at, 2
The foe appear’d, drawn up and drill’d,
Ready to charge them in the field.
This somewhat startled the bold Knight,
Surpris’d with th’ unexpected sight:
The bruises of his bones and flesh
He thought began to smart afresh;
Till recollecting wonted courage,
His fear was soon converted to rage,
And thus he spoke: The coward foe,
Whom we but now gave quarter to,
Look, yonder’s rally’d, and appears
As if they had outrun their fears;
The glory we did lately get,
The Fates command us to repeat; 3

1 That is, an adventure of another kind; so Sanderson, p. 47, third sermon ad clerum. "If we be of the spirituality, there should be in us another gates manifestation of the spirit." The Americans, in conformity with a prevailing form, might read it "another guess."
2 Variation in editions 1674 to 1704—

To take the field and sally at.

3 This is exactly in the style of victorious leaders. Thus Hannibal encouraged his men: "These are the same Romans whom you have beaten so often." And Octavius addressed his soldiers at Actium: "It is the same
And to their wills we must succumb,
Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom.
This is the same numeric crew
Which we so lately did subdue;
The self-same individuals that
Did run, as mice do from a cat,
When we courageously did wield
Our martial weapons in the field,
To tug for victory: and when
We shall our shining blades agen
Brandish in terror o'er our heads,
They 'll straight resume their wonted dreads.
Fear is an ague, that forsakes
And haunts, by fits, those whom it takes;
And they'll opine they feel the pain
And blows they felt to-day, again.
Then let us boldly charge them home,
And make no doubt to overcome.
This said, his courage to inflame,
He call'd upon his mistress' name;
His pistol next he cock'd anew,
And out his nut-brown whinyard drew;
And placing Ralpbo in the front,
Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt,
As expert warriors use; then ply'd,
With iron heel, his courser's side,
Conveying sympathetic speed
From heel of Knight to heel of steed.
Meanwhile the foe, with equal rage
And speed, advancing to engage,
Both parties now were drawn so close,
Almost to come to handy-blowe:
When Orsin first let fly a stone
At Ralpbo; not so huge a one

Antony whom you once drove out of the field before Mutina: Be, as you have been, conquerors." And so, too, Napoleon on several occasions.

1 Var. Haunts by turns, in the editions of 1663.
2 A hit at the old Romances of Knight-errantry. In like manner Cervantes makes Don Quixote invoke his Dulcinea upon almost every occasion.
3 Whinyard signifies a sword; it is chiefly used in contempt or banter. Johnson derives it from whin, furze; so whinmiard, the short scythe or instrument with which country people cut whins.
As that which Diomed did maul
Æneas on the bum withal; ¹
Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
T' have sent him to another world,
Whether above ground, or below;
Which saints, twice dipt, are destin'd to.²
The danger startled the bold Squire,
And made him some few steps retire;
But Hudibras advance'd to's aid,
And rous'd his spirits half dismay'd.
He wisely doubting lest the shot
O' th' enemy, now growing hot,
Might at a distance gall, press'd close
To come, pell-mell, to handy-blows,
And that he might their aim decline,
Advance'd still in an oblique line;
But prudently forbore to fire,
Till breast to breast he had got nigher;³
As expert warriors use to do,
When hand to hand they charge their foe.
This order the advent'rous Knight,
Most soldier-like, observ'd in fight,
When Fortune, as she's wont, turn'd fickle,
And for the foe began to stickle.
The more shame for her Goodyship
To give so near a friend the slip.
For Colon, choosing out a stone,
Levell'd so right, it thump'd upon
His manly paunch, with such a force,
As almost beat him off his horse,
He loos'd his whinyard,⁴ and the rein,
But laying fast hold on the mane,
Preserv'd his seat: and, as a goose
In death contracts his talons close,

² Meaning the Anabaptists, who thought they obtained a higher degree of sanctification by being re-baptized.
³ Alluding to Cromwell's prudent conduct in this respect, who seldom suffered his soldiers to fire till they were near enough to the enemy to be sure of doing execution.
⁴ Var. He lost his whinyard.
So did the Knight, and with one claw
The trigger of his pistol draw.
The gun went off; and as it was
Still fatal to stout Hudibras,
In all his feats of arms, when least
He dreamt of it, to prosper best;
So now he far'd: the shot let fly,
At random, 'mong the enemy,
Pierced Talgol's gaberdine,\(^1\) and grazing
Upon his shoulder, in the passing
Lodg'd in Magnano's brass habergeon,\(^2\)
Who straight, A surgeon! cried—a surgeon!
He tumbled down, and, as he fell,
Did murder! murder! murder! yell.
This startled their whole body so,
That if the Knight had not let go
His arms, but been in warlike plight,
H' had won, the second time, the fight;
As, if the Squire had but fall'n on,
He had inevitably done.
But he, diverted with the care
Of Hudibras his wound,\(^3\) forbare
To press th' advantage of his fortune,
While danger did the rest dishearten.
For he with Cerdon b'ing engag'd
In close encounter, they both wag'd
The fight so well, 'twas hard to say
Which side was like to get the day.
And now the busy work of death
Had tir'd them so, they 'greed to breathe,
Preparing to renew the fight,
When th' hard disaster of the knight,
And th' other party, did divert
Their fell intent, and forc'd them part.\(^4\)
Ralph press'd up to Hudibras,
And Cerdon where Magnano was,

---

\(^1\) A coarse robe or mantle; the term is used by Shylock in the Merchant of Venice, Act I. sc. 3.

\(^2\) Habergeon, a diminutive of the French word hauberg, a little coat of mail. But here it signifies the tinker's budget.

\(^3\) Var. Hudibras, his hurt.

\(^4\) Var. And force their sullen rage to part.
Each striving to confirm his party  
With stout encouragements and hearty.

Quoth Ralpho, Courage, valiant Sir,
And let revenge and honour stir
Your spirits up; once more fall on,
The shatter’d foe begins to run:
For if ’but half so well you knew
To use your vict’ry as subdue,¹
They durst not, after such a blow
As you have giv’n them, face us now;
But from so formidable a soldier,
Had fled like crows when they smell powder.²
Thrice have they seen your sword aloft
Wav’d o’er their heads, and fled as oft:
But if you let them recollect
Their spirits, now dismay’d and check’d,
You ’ll have a harder game to play
Than yet y’ have had, to get the day.

Thus spoke the stout Squire; but was heard
By Hudibras with small regard.
His thoughts were fuller of the bang
He lately took, than Ralph’s harangue;
To which he answer’d, Cruel fate,
Tells me thy counsel comes too late,
The clotted blood ³ within my hose,
That from my wounded body flows,
With mortal crisis doth portend
My days to appropinque an end.⁴
I am for action now unfit,
Either of fortitude or wit;
Fortune, my foe, begins to frown,
Resolv’d to pull my stomach down.

¹ This perhaps has some reference to Prince Rupert, who, at Marston Moor, and on some other occasions, was successful at his first onset by charging with great fury, but lost his advantage by too long a pursuit. See Echard, vol. ii. p. 480.
² This belief still prevails in all rural districts. Plot, in his Natural History of Oxfordshire, says: “If the crows towards harvest-time are mischievous, the farmers dig holes near the corn, and fill them with cinders and gunpowder, sticking crow feathers about them, which they find successful.”
³ Var. The knotted blood.
⁴ One of the knight’s hard words, signifying to approach, or draw near.
I am not apt, upon a wound,
Or trivial basting, to despond;
Yet I'd be loath my days to curtail;
For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
Or that we'd time enough as yet
To make an honourable retreat,
'Twere the best course; but if they find
We fly, and leave our arms behind
For them to seize on, the dishonour,
And danger too, is such, I'll sooner
Stand to it boldly, and take quarter,
To let them see I am no starter.
In all the trade of war no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat:
For those that run away, and fly,
Take place at least o' th' enemy.¹

This said, the Squire, with active speed,
Dismounted from his bony ² steed
To seize the arms, which by mischance
Fell from the bold Knight in a trance.
These being found out, and restor'd
To Hudibras, their natural lord,
As a man may say,³ with might and main,
He hasted to get up again.⁴

¹ These two lines were not in the first editions of 1663, but added in 1674. This same notion is repeated in part iii. canto iii. 241—244. But the celebrated lines of similar import, commonly supposed to be in Hudibras,

"For he that fights and runs away
May live to fight another day;"

are found in the Musarum Deliciae (by Sir Jno. Mennis and James Smith) 12mo, Lond. 1656, and the type of them occurs in a much earlier collection, viz. The Apophthegmes of Erasmus, by Nico. Udall, 12mo, Lond. 1542, where they are thus given:

That same man that renneth awaie
Maie again fight, an other daie.

² In some editions it is bonny, but I prefer bony, which is the reading of 1678.—Nash.

³ A sneer at the expletives then used in common conversation, such as:
and he said, and she said, and so sir, d'ye see, &c. See Spectator, 371.

⁴ Var. The active Squire, with might and main,
Prepar'd in haste to mount again.
Thrice he essay’d to mount aloft;
But by his weighty bump, as oft
He was pull’d back: ’till having found
Th’ advantage of the rising ground,
Thither he led his warlike steed,
And having plac’d him right, with speed
Prepar’d again to scale the beast,
When Orsin, who had newly drest
The bloody scar upon the shoulder
Of Talgol, with Promethean powder,¹
And now was searching for the shot
That laid Magnano on the spot,
Beheld the sturdy Squire aforesaid
Preparing to climb up his horse-side;
He left his cure, and laying hold
Upon his arms, with courage bold
Cry’d out, ’Tis now no time to dally,
The enemy begin to rally:
Let us that are unhurt and whole
Fall on, and happy man be’s dole.²
This said, like to a thunderbolt,
He flew with fury to th’ assault,
Striving the enemy to attack
Before he reach’d his horse’s back.
RALPHO was mounted now, and gotten
O’er thwart his beast with active vau’ting,
Wriggling his body to recover
His seat, and cast his right leg over;
When Orsin, rushing in, bestow’d
On horse and man so heavy a load,
The beast was startled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run,
Bearing the tough Squire, like a sack,
Or stout king Richard, on his back;³

¹ See canto ii. ver. 225.—Prometheus boasts especially of communicating to mankind the knowledge of medicines. Æschyl. Prom. Vinct. v. 491.

² A common saying, repeatedly occurring in Shakspeare and the old poets, equivalent to,—“May it be his lot (dole) to be a happy man!”

³ After the battle of Bosworth Field, where Richard III. fell, his body was stripped, and, in an ignominious manner, laid across a horse’s back like a slaughtered deer; his head and arms hanging on one side, and his legs on the other, besmeared with blood and dirt.
'Till stumbling, he threw him down, 1
Sore bruis'd, and cast into a swoon.
Meanwhile the Knight began to rouse
The sparkles of his wonted prowess;
He thrust his hand into his hose,
And found, both by his eyes and nose,
'Twas only choler, 2 and not blood,
That from his wounded body flow'd.
This, with the hazard of the Squire,
Inflam'd him with despightful ire;
Courageously he fac'd about,
And drew his other pistol out,
And now had half-way bent the cock,
When Cerdon gave so fierce a shock,
With sturdy truncheon, 'thwart his arm,
That down it fell, and did no harm:
Then stoutly pressing on with speed,
Essay'd to pull him off his steed.
The Knight his sword had only left,
With which he Cerdon's head had cleft,
Or at the least cropt off a limb,
But Orsin came and rescu'd him.
He with his lance attack'd the Knight
Upon his quarters opposite.
But as a bark, that in foul weather,
Toss'd by two adverse winds together,
Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro,
And knows not which to turn him to:
So far'd the Knight between two foes,
And knew not which of them t' oppose;
'Till Orsin charging with his lance
At Hudibras, by spightful chance
Hit Cerdon such a bang, as stunn'd
And laid him flat upon the ground.
At this the Knight began to cheer up,
And raising up himself on stirrup,
Cry'd out, Victoria! lie thou there,
And I shall straight dispatch another.

1 We must here read stumble-ing, to make three syllables.
2 The delicate reader will easily guess what is here intended by the word choler.
To bear thee company in death:
But first I'll halt awhile, and breathe.
As well he might: for Orsin griev'd
At th' wound that Cerdon had receiv'd,
Ran to relieve him with his lore,
And cure the hurt he made before.
Meanwhile the Knight had wheel'd about,
To breathe himself, and next find out
Th' advantage of the ground, where best
He might the ruffled foe infest.
This b'ing resolv'd, he spurr'd his steed,
To run at Orsin with full speed,
While he was busy in the care
Of Cerdon's wound, and unaware:
But he was quick, and had already
Unto the part apply'd remedy;
And seeing th' enemy prepar'd,
Drew up, and stood upon his guard:
Then, like a warrior, right expert
And skilful in the martial art,
The subtle Knight straight made a halt,
And judg'd it best to stay th' assault,
Until he had reliev'd th' Squire,
And then, in order, to retire;
Or, as occasion should invite,
With forces join'd renew the fight.
Ralpho, by this time disentranc'd,
Upon his bum himself advanc'd,
Though sorely bruis'd; his limbs all o'er,
With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore;
Right fain he would have got upon
His feet again, to get him gone;
When Hudibras to aid him came.
Quoth he, and call'd him by his name,¹
Courage, the day at length is ours,
And we once more as conquerors,
Have both the field and honour won,
The foe is profligatet² and run;

¹ A parody on a phrase continually recurring in Homer.
² That is, routed: from the Latin, profligo, to put to flight.
I mean all such as can, for some  
This hand hath sent to their long home;  
And some lie sprawling on the ground,  
With many a gash and bloody wound.  
Caesar himself could never say,  
He got two vict'ries in a day,  
As I have done, that can say, twice I,  
In one day, *Veni, vidi, vici.*¹  
The foe's so numerous, that we  
Cannot so often vincere,²  
And they *perire,* and yet enow  
Be left to strike an after-blow.  
Then, lest they rally, and once more  
Put us to fight the bus'ness o'er,  
Get up, and mount thy steed; dispatch,  
And let us both their motions watch.  

Quoth Ralph, I should not, if I were  
In case for action, now be here;  
Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd  
An arse, for fear of being bang'd.  
It was for you I got these harms,  
Advent'ring to fetch off your arms.  
The blows and drubs I have receiv'd  
Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd  
My limbs of strength: unless you stoop,  
And reach your hand to pull me up,  
I shall lie here, and be a prey  
To those who now are run away.  
That thou shalt not, quoth Hudibras:  
We read, the ancients held it was  
More honourable far *servare Civem,* than slay an adversary;  
The one we oft to-day have done,  
The other shall dispatch anon:

¹ I came, I saw, I overcame: the words in which Caesar announced to the Senate his victory over Pharnaces. In his consequent triumph at Rome they were inscribed on a tablet, and carried before him.

² A great general, being informed that his enemies were very numerous, replied, then there are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away.
And tho' th' art of a different church,
I will not leave thee in the lurch.¹
This said, he jogg'd his good steed nigher,
And steer'd him gently toward the Squire;
Then bowing down his body, stretch'd
His hand out, and at Ralph reach'd;
When Trulla, whom he did not mind,
Charg'd him like lightning behind.
She had been long in search about
Magnano's wound, to find it out;
But could find none, nor where the shot
That had so startled him was got:
But having found the worst was past
She fell to her own work at last,
The pillage of the prisoners,
Which in all feats of arms was hers:
And now to plunder Ralph she flew,
When Hudibras his hard fate drew
To succour him; for, as he bow'd
To help him up, she laid a load
Of blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,
On th' other side, that down he fell.
Yield, scoundrel, base, quoth she, or die,
Thy life is mine, and liberty:
But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,
And dar'st presume to be so hardy,
To try thy fortune o'er afresh,
I'll wave my title to thy flesh,
Thy arms and baggage, now my right:²
And if thou hast the heart to try't,
I'll lend thee back thyself awhile,
And once more, for that carcase vile,
Fight upon tick.—Quoth Hudibras,
Thou offer'st nobly, valiant lass,
And I shall take thee at thy word.
First let me rise, and take my sword;

¹ This is a sneer at the Independents, who, when they got possession of the government, deserted their old allies, the Presbyterians, and treated them with great hauteur.
² The application of the "law of arms," as expounded in the old romances, to this case, is exquisitely ludicrous.
That sword, which has so oft this day
Through squadrons of my foes made way,
And some to other worlds dispatch'd,
Now with a feeble spinster match'd,
Will blush with blood ignoble stain'd,
By which no honour's to be gain'd.
But if thou'llt take m' advice in this,
Consider, while thou may'st, what 'tis
To interrupt a victor's course,
B' opposing such a trivial force.
For if with conquest I come off,
And that I shall do sure enough,
Quarter thou canst not have, nor grace,
By law of arms, in such a case;
Both which I now do offer freely.

I scorn, quoth she, thou coxcomb silly,
Clapping her hand upon her breech,
To show how much she priz'd his speech,
Quarter or counsel from a foe:
If thou canst force me to it, do.
But lest it should again be said,
When I have once more won thy head,
I took thee napping, unprepar'd,
Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.

This said, she to her tackle fell,
And on the Knight let fall a peal
Of blows so fierce, and prest so home,
That he retir'd, and follow'd 's bum.
Stand to't, quoth she, or yield to mercy,
It is not fighting arsi-versie

1 L'Estrange records a parallel to this at the siege of Pontefract. An officer having had his horse shot under him, saw two or three common soldiers with their muskets over him as he lay on the ground, ready to beat out his brains; the officer, with great presence of mind, told them to strike at their peril, for if they did, he swore a great oath he would not give quarter to a man of them. This so surprised them that they hesitated for an instant, during which the officer got up and made his escape.

2 That is, wrong end uppermost, or b——e foremost. So Ray, quoting Ben Jonson, has:—

Passion of me, was ever man thus cross'd?
All things run arsi-vearsi, upside down.

See Handbook of Proverbs, p. 143.
Shall serve thy turn.—This stirr'd his spleen
More than the danger he was in,
Although th' already made him reel.
Honour, despight, revenge, and shame,
As if he meant to hash her quick.

But she upon her truncheon took them,
And by oblique diversion broke them;
Waiting an opportunity
to pay all back with usury,
Which she fail'd not of; for now
The Knight, with one dead-doing blow,
Resolving to decide the fight,
And she with quick and cunning slight
Avoiding it, the force and weight
Charg'd upon it was so great,
As almost sway'd him to the ground:
No sooner she th' advantage found,
But in she flew; and seconding,
With home-made thrust, the heavy swing,
She laid him flat upon his side,
And mounting on his trunk astride.
Quoth she, I told thee what would come
Of all thy vapouring, base scum.

Say, will the law of arms allow
I may have grace, and quarter now?
Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
And stain thine honour, than thy sword?

A man of war to damn his soul,
In basely breaking his parole.

1 Instead of this and the nine following lines (857 to 866), these four stood in the two first editions of 1663.

Shall I have quarter now, you ruffin?
Or wilt thou be worse than thy huffing?
Thou said'st th' wouldst kill me, marry wouldst thou:
Why dost thou not, thou Jack-a-nods thou?
And when before the fight, th’ hadst vow’d
To give no quarter in cold blood;
Now thou hast got me for a Tartar, To 865
To make m’ against my will take quarter;
Why dost not put me to the sword,
But cowardly fly from thy word?
Quoth Hudibras, The day ’s thine own;
Thou and thy stars have cast me down:
My laurels are transplanted now,
And flourish on thy conqu’ring brow:
My loss of honour ’s great enough,
Thou need’st not brand it with a scoff:
Sarcasms may eclipse thine own,
But cannot blur my lost renown:
I am not now in fortune’s power,
He that is down can fall no lower. 875
The ancient heroes were illust’rous
Por being benign, and not blust’rous
Against a vanquish’d foe; their swords
Where sharp and trenchant, not their words;
And did in fight but cut work out
T’ employ their courtesies about. 880
Quoth she, Altho’ thou hast deserv’d,
Base Slubberdegullion, to be serv’d
As thou didst vow to deal with me,
If thou hadst got the victory;
Yet I should rather act a part
That suits my fame, than thy desert. 890

1 The Tartars (says Purchas, in his Pilgrimes, p. 478) would rather die than yield, which makes them fight with desperate energy; whence the proverb, Thou hast caught a Tartar.—A man catches a Tartar when he falls into his own trap, or having a design upon another, is caught himself.
2 “Help, help, cries one, I have caught a Tartar. Bring him along, answers his comrade. He will not come, says he. Then come without him, quoth the other. But he will not let me, says the Tartar-catcher.”
3 See Cleveland, in his letter to the Protector. “The most renowned heroes have ever with such tenderness cherished their captives, that their swords did but cut out work for their courtesies.”
4 That is, a drivelling fool: to slubber, in British, is to drivel; and gul, or its diminutive gullion, a fool, or person easily imposed upon. The word is used by Taylor the Water Poet, in his “Laugh and grow fat.”
Thy arms, thy liberty, beside
All that's on th' outside of thy hide,
Are mine by military law,\(^1\)
Of which I will not bate one straw;
The rest, thy life and limbs, once more,
Though doubly forfeit, I restore.

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

Quoth Trulla, Whether thou or they
Let one another run away,
Concerns not me; but was't not thou
That gave Crowdero quarter too?
Crowdero, whom in irons bound,
Thou basely threw'st into Lob's pound,\(^2\)
Where still he lies, and with regret
His generous bowels rage and fret:
But now thy carcase shall redeem,
And serve to be exchang'd for him.

This said, the Knight did straight submit,
And laid his weapons at her feet:
Next he disrob'd his gaberdine,
And with it did himself resign.
She took it, and forthwith divesting
The mantle that she wore, said, jesting,
Take that, and wear it for my sake;
Then threw it o'er his sturdy back:

---

1 In public duels all horses, pieces of broken armour, or other furniture that fell to the ground, after the combatants entered the lists, were the fees of the marshal; but the rest became the property of the victor.

2 A cant term for a jail or the stocks, used by the old Dramatists. See Massinger's Duke of Milan, III. 2.—Dr Grey mentions a story of Mr Lob, a preacher among the dissenters, who, when their meetings were prohibited, contrived a trap-door in his pulpit, which led through many dark windings into a cellar. His adversaries once pursued him into these recesses, and, groping about in perplexity, one of them said that they had got into Lob's pound.
And as the French, we conquer'd once,
Now give us laws for pantaloons,
The length of breeches, and the gathers,
Port-cannons, perriwigs, and feathers,¹
Just so the proud, insulting lass
Array'd and dighted Hudibras.²
Meanwhile the other champions, yerst³
In hurry of the fight disperst,
Arriv'd, when Trulla 'd won the day,
To share in th' honour and the prey,
And out of Hudibras his hide,
With vengeance to be satisfy'd;
Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden show'r:
But Trulla thrust herself between,
And striding o'er his back agen,
She brandish'd o'er her head his sword
And vow'd they should not break her word;
Sh' had given him quarter, and her blood,
Or theirs, should make that quarter good.
For she was bound, by law of arms,
To see him safe from further harms.
In dungeon deep Crowdero cast
By Hudibras, as yet lay fast,
Where to the hard and ruthless stones,
His great heart made perpetual moans;

¹ We seem at no time to have been averse to the French fashions, but they were quite the rage after the Restoration. Pantaloons were then a kind of loose breeches, commonly made of silk, and puffed, which covered the legs, thighs, and part of the body. They are represented in some of Van- dyke's pictures. Port-cannons were streamers of ribands which hung from the knees of the short breeches; they had grown to such excess in France, that Molière was thought to have done good service by laughing them out of fashion. Perriwigs were brought from France in the reign of Elizabeth, but were not much used till after the Restoration. At first they were of various colours, to suit the complexion, and of immense size in large flowing curls, as we see on monuments in Westminster Abbey and in old portraits. Lord Bolingbroke is said to be the first who tied them up in knots; which was esteemed so great an undress, that when his lordship first went to court in a wig of this fashion Queen Anne was offended, and said to those about her, "This man will come to me next court-day in his night-cap."

² Dighted, from the Anglo-Saxon dihtan, to dress, fit out.

³ Yerst, or erst, means first.
Him she resolved that Hudibras
Should ransom, and supply his place.
This stopp'd their fury, and the basting
Which toward Hudibras was basting.
They thought it was but just and right,
That what she had achiev'd in fight,
She should dispose of how she pleas'd;
Crowdero ought to be releas'd:
Nor could that any way be done
So well, as this she pitch'd upon:
For who a better could imagine?
This therefore they resolv'd t' engage in.
The Knight and Squire first they made
Rise from the ground where they were laid,
Then mounted both upon their horses,
But with their faces to the arses.
Orsin led Hudibras's beast,
And Talgol that which Ralphy prest;
Whom stout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,
And Colon, waited as a guard on;
All ush'ring Trulla, in the rear,
With th' arms of either prisoner.
In this proud order and array,
They put themselves upon their way,
Striving to reach th' enchanted Castle,
Where stout Crowdero in durance lay still.
Thither with greater speed than shows,
And triumph over conquer'd foes,
Do use t' allow; or than the bears,
Or pageants borne before lord-mayors,¹
Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd,
In order, soldier-like contriv'd:
Still marching in a warlike posture,
As fit for battle as for muster.
The Knight and Squire they first unhorse,
And, bending 'gainst the fort their force,
They all advanc'd, and round about
Begirt the magical redoubt.

¹ I believe at the lord-mayor's show bears were led in procession, and afterwards baited for the diversion of the populace.—Nash.
Magnan' led up in this adventure,
And made way for the rest to enter:
For he was skilful in black art,¹
No less than he that built the fort,
And with an iron mace laid flat
A breach, which straight all enter'd at,
And in the wooden dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground:
Him they release from durance base,
Restored t' his fiddle and his case,
And liberty, his thirsty rage
With luscious veng'ance to assuage;
For he no sooner was at large,
But Trulla straight brought on the charge,
And in the self-same limbo put
The Knight and Squire, where he was shut;
Where leaving them i' th' wretched hole,²
Their bangs and durance to condole,
Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow
Enchanted mansion, to know sorrow,
In the same order and array
Which they advanc'd, they march'd away:
But Hudibras, who scorn'd to stoop
To fortune, or be said to droop,
Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse,
And sayings of philosophers.
Quoth he, Th' one half of man, his mind.
Is, sui juris, unconfined;³
And cannot be laid by the heels,
Whate'er the other moiety feels.

¹ Meaning the tinker Magnano. See Canto ii. 1. 336.
² In the edition of 1704 it is printed in Hockly hole, a pun on the place where their hocks or ankles were confined. Hockley Hole, or Hockley i' th' Hole, was the name of a place near Clerkenwell Green, resorted to for vulgar diversions. There is an old ballad entitiled "Hockley i' th' hole, to the tune of the Fiddler in the Stocks." See Old Ballads, vol. i. p. 294.
³ Referring to that distinction in the civil law which separates the jurisdiction over the body from that over the mind; (see Justinian's Institutes, III. tit. 8.)—and perhaps to Spinoza, who says that "knowledge makes us free by destroying the dominion of the passions and the power of external things over ourselves." In the succeeding lines the author shows his learning, by bantering the stoic philosophy; and his wit, by comparing Alexander the Great with Diogenes.
'Tis not restraint, or liberty,
That makes men prisoners or free;
But perturbations that possess
The mind, or equanimities.
The whole world was not half so wide
To Alexander, when he cry'd,
Because he had but one to subdue,¹
As was a paltry narrow tub to
Diogenes: who is not said,
For aught that ever I could read,
To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob,
Because h' had ne'er another tub.
The ancients make two sev'ral kinds
Of prowess in heroic minds,
The active and the passive valiant,
Both which are pari libra gallant;
For both to give blows, and to carry,
In fights are equi-necessary:
But in defeats, the passive stout
Are always found to stand it out
Most desp'rately, and to out-do
The active, 'gainst a conqu'ring foe:
Tho' we with blacks and blues are suggil'd,²
Or, as the vulgar say, are cudgel'd;
He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Though drubb'd, can lose no honour by't.
Honour's a lease for lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal tenant: 'tis a chattel
Not to be forfeited in battel.
If he that in the field is slain,
Be in the bed of honour lain,³
He that is beaten may be said
To lie in honour's truckle-bed.⁴

¹ See Juven. Sat. x. 168; xiv. 308.
² Beaten black and blue; from the Latin suggillare.
³ "The bed of honour," says Farquhar (in the Recruiting Officer), "is a mighty large bed. Ten thousand people may lie in it together and never feel one another."
⁴ The truckle-bed is a small bed upon wheels, which goes under the larger one. The pun is upon the word "truckle."
For as we see th' eclipsed sun
By mortals is more gaz'd upon
Than when, adorn'd with all his light,
He shines in serene sky most bright;
So valour, in a low estate,
Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.

Quoth Ralph, How great I do not know
We may, by being beaten, grow;
But none that see how here we sit,
Will judge us overgrown with wit.
As gifted brethren, preaching by
A carnal hour-glass, do imply
Illumination, can convey
Into them what they have to say,
But not how much; so well enough
Know you to charge, but not draw off:
For who, without a cap and bauble, Having subdued a bear and rabble,
And might with honour have come off,
Would put it to a second proof:
A politic exploit, right fit
For Presbyterian zeal and wit.

Quoth Hudibras, That cuckoo's tone,
Ralpho, thou always harp'st upon;
When thou at anything would'st rail,
Thou mak'st presbytery thy scale

1 In those days there was always an hour-glass placed conspicuously on or near the pulpit, in an iron frame, which was set immediately after giving out the text. An hour, or the sand run out, was considered the legitimate length of a sermon. This preaching by the hour gave rise to an abundance of jokes, of which the following are examples: "A tedious spin-text having tired out his congregation by a sermon which had lasted through one turn of his glass and three parts of the second, without any prospect of its coming to a close, was, out of compassion to the yawning auditory, greeted with this short hint by the sexton, 'Pray, Sir, be pleased, when you have done, to leave the key under the door,' and thereupon departing, the congregation followed him." Another: A punning preacher, having talked a full hour, turned his hour-glass, and said: "Come, my friends, let us take another glass."

2 Who but one who deserves a fool's cap.

3 Ralpho, being chagrined by his situation, not only blames the misconduct of the Knight, which had brought them into the scrape, but sneers at him for his religious principles. The Independents, at one time, were as inveterate against the Presbyterians as both were against the Church.
To take the height on't, and explain
To what degree it is profane:
Whats'ever will not with thy—what d'ye call
Thy light—jump right, thou call'st synodical.
As if presbytery were a standard
To size what's'ever's to be slander'd.
Dost not remember how this day
Thou to my beard was bold to say,
That thou could'st prove bear-baiting equal
With synods, orthodox and legal?
Do, if thou can'st, for I deny't,
And dare thee to't with all thy light. 1

Quoth Ralpho, Truly that is no
Hard matter for a man to do,
That has but any guts in's brains, 2
And could believe it worth his pains;
But since you dare and urge me to it,
You'll find I've light enough to do it.

Synods are mystical bear-gardens,
Where elders, deputies, church-wardens,
And other members of the court,
Manage the Babylonish sport.
For prolocutor, scribe, and bearward,
Do differ only in a mere word.
Both are but sev'ral synagogues
Of carnal men, and bears, and dogs:
Both antichristian assemblies,
To mischief bent, as far's in them lies:
Both stave and tail with fierce contests,
The one with men, the other beasts.
The difference is, the one fights with
The tongue, the other with the teeth;
And that they bait but bears in this,
In th' other souls and consciences;

1 The Independents were great pretenders to inward light, for such they assumed to be the light of the spirit. They supposed that all their actions, as well as their prayers and preachings, were immediately directed by it.

2 A proverbial expression for one who has some share of common sense; used by Sancho Pança to Don Quixote (Gayton's Translation) upon his mistaking the barber's bason for a helmet. See Ray, in Handbook of Proverbs, p. 163.
Where saints themselves are brought to stake 1
For gospel-light, and conscience-sake;
Expos’d to scribes and presbyters,
Instead of mastiff dogs and curs;
Than whom th’ have less humanity,
For these at souls of men will fly.
This to the prophet did appear,
Who in a vision saw a bear,
Prefiguring the beastly rage
Of church-rule, in this latter age: 2
As is demonstrated at full
By him that baited the pope’s bull. 3
Bears naturally are beasts of prey,
That live by rapine; so do they.
What are their orders, constitutions,
Church-censures, curses, absolutions,
But sev’ral mystic chains they make,
To tie poor Christians to the stake?
And then set heathen officers,
Instead of dogs, about their ears.
For to prohibit and dispense,
To find out, or to make offence;
Of hell and heav’n to dispose,
To play with souls at fast and loose;
To set what characters they please,
And mulcts on sin or godliness;
Reduce the church to gospel-order,
By rapine, sacrilege, and murder;
To make presbytery supreme,
And kings themselves submit to them; 4

1 The Presbyterians, when in power, by means of their synods, assemblies, classes, scribes, presbyters, triers, orders, censures, curses, &c. &c., persecuted the ministers, both of the Independents and of the Church of England, with violence and cruelty little short of the Inquisition.
2 Daniel vii. 5. “And behold another beast, a second, like to a bear; and it raised up itself on one side; and it had three ribs in the mouth of it, between the teeth of it: and they said thus unto it, Arise, devour much flesh.”
3 The Baiting of the Pope’s Bull was the title of a polemic pamphlet written against the Pope, by Henry Burton, rector of St Matthew, Friday-street, London, 1627.
4 The Disciplinarians, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, maintained in
And force all people, tho' against
Their consciences, to turn saints;
Must prove a pretty thriving trade,
When saints monopolists are made:
When pious frauds, and holy shifts,
Are dispensations and gifts;
There godliness becomes mere ware,
And ev'ry synod but a fair.

Synods are whelps o' th' Inquisition,
A mongrel breed of like pernicioun,
And growing up, became the sires
Of scribes, commissioners, and triers; 1

their book, called Ecclesiastical Discipline, that kings ought to be subject to ecclesiastical censures, as well as other persons. This doctrine was revived by the Presbyterians, and actually put in practice by the Scots, in their treatment of Charles II. The Presbyterians, in the civil war, maintained "that princes must submit their sceptres, and throw down their crowns before the church, yea, lick the dust off the feet of the church;" and Buchanan, in his famous "De Jure Regni apud Scootos," asserted, that "ministers may excommunicate princes, and that they, being by excommunication cast into hell, are not worthy to enjoy any life upon earth."

1 The word pernicious appears to have been coined by our author from the Latin pernicies, and means destructive effect. It is given in Webster's Dictionary.

2 The Presbyterians had a set of officers called Triers, commissioned by the two houses, who examined candidates for orders, and presentees to benefices, and sifted the qualifications of ruling elders in every congregation. See Walker's Sufferings of the Clergy. As the Presbyterians demanded of the Church of England, What command or example have you for kneeling at the communion, for wearing a surplice, for lord bishops, for a penned liturgy, &c., &c., so the Independents retorted upon them; Where are your lay elders, your presbyters, your classes, your synods, to be found in Scripture? where your steeple-houses, and your national church, or your tithes, or your metre psalms, or your two sacraments? show us a command or example for them. See Dr Hammond's View of the Directory. The learned Dr Pocock was called before the Triers for ignorance and insufficiency of learning, and after an attendance of several months was acquitted, and then not on his own merits, but on the remonstrance of a deputation of the most learned men of Oxford, including Dr Owen, who was of their own party. This is confirmed by Dr Owen, in a letter to Secretary Thurloe. "One thing," says he, "I must needs trouble you with: there are in Berkshire some men of mean quality and condition, rash, heady, enemies of tythes, who are the commissioners for ejecting ministers; they alone sit and act, and are at this time casting out, on very slight and trivial pretences, very worthy men; one in special they intend next week to eject, whose name is Pocock, a man of as unblameable a conversation as any that I know living, and of repute for learning throughout the world, being the
Whose bus'ness is, by cunning slight,  
To cast a figure for men's light;  
To find, in lines of beard and face,  
The physiognomy of grace; ¹  
And by the sound and twang of nose,  
If all be sound within disclose,  
Free from a crack, or flaw of sinning,  
As men try pipkins by the ringing; ²  
By black caps, underlaid with white, ³  
Give certain guess at inward light;  
Which serjeants at the gospel wear, ⁴  
To make the spiritual calling clear.  
The handkerchief about the neck,  
—Canonical cravat of smeek, ⁵

professor of Hebrew and Arabic in our University: so that they exceedingly exasperate all men, and provoke them to the height."

¹ The Triers pretended to great skill in this respect; and if they disliked the face or beard of a man, if he happened to be of a ruddy complexion, or cheerful countenance, they would reject him at once. Their questions were such as these: When were you converted? Where did you begin to feel the motions of the Spirit? In what year? In what month? On what day? About what hour of the day had you the secret call or motion of the Spirit to undertake and labour in the ministry? &c. &c. And they would try whether he had the true whining voice and nasal twang. Dr South, in his Sermon, says they were most properly called Cromwell's Inquisition, and that, "as the chief pretence of those Triers was to inquire into men's gifts, if they found them well gifted in the hand they never looked any further."

The reader (says Nash) may be inclined to think the dispute between the Knight and the Squire rather too long. But if he considers that the great object of the poem was to expose to scorn and contempt those sectaries and pretenders to extraordinary sanctity, who had overturned the constitution in Church and State, he will not wonder that the author indulges himself in this fine train of wit and humour.

² They judged of men's inward grace by his outward complexion. Dr Echard says, "If a man had but a little blood in his cheeks, his condition was accounted very dangerous, and it was almost an infallible sign of reprobation: and I will assure you," he adds, "a very honest man, of a very sanguine complexion, if he chance to come by an odious zealot's house, might be put in the stocks for only looking fresh in a frosty morning."

³ Many persons, particularly the dissenters in our poet's time, were fond of wearing black caps lined with white. See the print of Baxter, and others.

⁴ A black coif, worn on the head, is the badge of a serjeant-at-law.

⁵ A club or junto, which wrote several books against the king, consisting of five Parliamentary holders-forth, namely: Stephen Marshall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, and William Spurstow; the
From whom the institution came,  
When Church and State they set on flame,  
And worn by them as badges then  
Of spiritual warfaring-men,—  
Judge rightly if regeneration  
Be of the newest cut in fashion:  
Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,  
That grace is founded in dominion.¹  
Great piety consists in pride;  
To rule is to be sanctified:  
To domineer, and to control,  
Both o'er the body and the soul,  
Is the most perfect discipline  
Of church-rule, and by right divine.  
Bell and the Dragon's chaplains were  
More moderate than those by far:²  
For they, poor knaves, were glad to cheat,  
To get their wives and children meat;  
But these will not be fob'd off so,  
They must have wealth and power too;  
Or else with blood and desolation,  
They'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' nation.  
Sure these themselves from primitive  
And heathen priesthood do derive,  

initials of their names make the word Smectynnæs: and, by way of distinction, they wore handkerchiefs about their necks, which afterwards degenerated into carnal cravats. Hall, bishop of Exeter, presented a humble remonstrance to the high court of parliament, in behalf of liturgy and episcopacy; which was answered by the junto under the title of The Original of Liturgy and Episcopacy, discussed by Smectymnu's. (See John Milton's Apology for Smectymnuus.) They are remarkable also for another book, "The King's Cabinet unlocked," in which all the chaste and endearing expressions in letters that passed between Charles I. and his Queen are, by their painful labours in the Devil's vineyard, turned into ridicule.  
¹ The Presbyterians held that those only who possessed grace were entitled to power.  
² The priests, their wives, and children, feasted upon the provisions offered to the idol, and pretended that he had devoured them. See the Apocrypha, Bel and the Dragon, v. 15. The great gorbellied idol, called the Assembly of Divines (says Overton in his arraignment of Persecution), is not ashamed in this time of state necessity, to guzzle down and devour daily more at an ordinary meal than would make a feast for Bell and the Dragon; for, besides their fat benefices forsooth, they must have their four shillings a day for setting in constollidation.
When butchers were the only clerks,¹
Elders and presbyters of kirks;
Whose Directory was to kill;
And some believe it is so still.²
The only difference is, that then
They slaughtered only beasts, now men.
For them to sacrifice a bullock.
Or, now and then, a child to Moloch,
They count a vile abomination,
But not to slaughter a whole nation.

Presbytery does but translate
The papacy to a free state,³
A commonwealth of popery,
Where ev'ry village is a see
As well as Rome, and must maintain
A tithe-pig metropolitan;
Where ev'ry presbyter and deacon
Commands the keys for cheese and bacon;⁴
And ev'ry hamlet's governed
By's holiness, the church's head.⁵

¹ Both in the Heathen and Jewish sacrifices the animal was slaughtered by the priests.
² A banter on the Directory, or form of service drawn up by the Presbyterians, and substituted for the Common Prayer.
³ The resemblance between Papacy and Presbytery, which is here implied, is amusingly set forth by Dean Swift, in his Tale of a Tub, under the names of Peter and Jack.
⁴ Alluding to the well-known influence which dissenting ministers of all sects and denominations exercise over the purses of the female part of their flocks. As an illustration, Grey gives the following anecdote: Daniel Burgess, dining with a gentlewoman of his congregation, and a large uncut Cheshire cheese being brought to table, he asked where he should cut it. She replied, where you please, Mr Burgess. Upon which he ordered the servant in waiting to carry it to his own house, for he would cut it there.
⁵ The gentlemen of Cheshire sent a remonstrance to the parliament, wherein they complained that, instead of having twenty-six bishops, they were then governed by a numerous presbytery, amounting, with lay elders and others, to 40,000. This government, say they, is purely papal, for every minister exercises papal jurisdiction. Dr Grey quotes from Sir John Birkenhead revived:

But never look for health nor peace
If once presbytery jade us,
When every priest becomes a pope,
When tinkers and sow-gelders
May, if they can but escape the rope,
Be princes and lay-elders.
More haughty and severe in's place
Than Gregory and Boniface.¹
Such church must, surely, be a monster
With many heads: for if we conter²
What in th' Apocalypse we find,
According to th' Apostle's mind,
'Tis that the Whore of Babylon,
With many heads, did ride upon;³
Which heads denote the sinful tribe
Of deacon, priest, lay-elder, scribe.

Lay-elder, Simeon to Levi,⁴
Whose little finger is as heavy
As loins of patriarchs, prince-prelate,
And bishop-secular.⁵ This zealot
Is of a mungrel, diverse kind,
Cleric before, and lay behind;⁶
A lawless linsey-woolsey brother,⁷
Half of one order, half another;

¹ Two most insolent and assuming popes, who endeavoured to raise the tiara above all the crowned heads in Christendom. Gregory VII., elected 1073, the son of a Smith, and commonly called Hildebrand, was the first pontiff who arrogated to himself the authority to excommunicate and depose the emperor. Boniface VIII., elected 1294, one of the most haughty, ambitious, and tyrannical men, that ever filled the papal chair, at the jubilee instituted by himself, appeared one day in the habit of a pope, and the next in that of an emperor; and caused two swords to be carried before him, to show that he was invested with all power ecclesiastical and temporal. Walsingham says that 'he crept into the papacy like a fox, ruled like a lion, and died like a dog.'

² Meaning "construe."

³ The Church of Rome has often been compared to the whore of Babylon. The beast which the whore rode upon is here said to signify the Presbyterian establishment: and the seven, or many heads of the beast, are interpreted, by the poet, to mean their several officers, deacons, priests, scribes, lay-elders, &c.

⁴ That is, lay-elder, an associate to the priesthood, for interested, if not for iniquitous purposes. Alluding to Genesis xlix. 5, 6. "Simeon and Levi are brethren; instruments of cruelty are in their habitations: O my soul, comne not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united; for in their anger they slew a man."

⁵ Such were formerly several of the bishops in Germany.

⁶ Sir Roger L'Estrange, in his key to Hudibras, tells us that one Andrew Crawford, a Scotch preacher, is here intended; others say William Dunning, a Scotch presbyter of a turbulent and restless spirit, diligent in promoting the cause of the kirk. But, probably, the author meant no more than to give a general picture of the lay-elders.

⁷ It was forbidden by the Levitical law to wear a mixture of linen and woollen in the same garment.
A creature of amphibious nature,
On land a beast, a fish in water:
That always preys on grace or sin;
A sheep without, a wolf within.
This fierce inquisitor has chief
Dominion over men's belief
And manners; can pronounce a saint
Idolatrous, or ignorant,
When superciliously he sifts,
Through coarsest bolter, others' gifts.  
For all men live and judge amiss,
Whose talents jump not just with his.
He'll lay on gifts with hand, and place
On dullest noodle light and grace,
The manufacture of the kirk,
Whose pastors are but th' handiwork
Of his mechanic paws, instilling
Divinity in them by feeling.
From whence they start up chosen vessels,
Made by contact, as men get measles.
So cardinals, they say, do grope
At th' other end the new-made pope.  
Hold, hold, quoth Hudibras, soft fire,
They say, does make sweet malt. Good Squire,
\textit{Festina lente}, not too fast;
For haste, the proverb says, makes waste.
The quirks and cavils thou dost make
Are false, and built upon mistake:
And I shall bring you, with your pack
Of fallacies, t' Elenchi back;  
And put your arguments in mood
And figure to be understood.
I'll force you by right ratiocination
To leave your vitiligation.

1 A bolter is a coarse sieve for separating bran from flour.
2 This alludes to the stereorary chair, used at the installations of some of the popes, and which, being perforated at the bottom, has given rise to the assertion that, to prevent the recurrence of a Pope Joan, the Pontiff elect is always examined through it by the youngest deacon.
3 Elenchi are arguments which deceive under an appearance of truth. The \textit{Elenchus}, says Aldrich, is properly a syllogism which refutes an opponent by establishing that which contradicts his opinion.
4 That is, a perverse humour of wrangling, or, "contentious litigation."
And make you keep to the question close,
And argue dialecticos.¹

The question then, to state it first,
Is, which is better, or which worst,
Synods or bears. Bears I avow
To be the worst, and synods thou.
But, to make good th' assertion,
Thou say'st th' are really all one.
If so, not worst; for if th' are idem,²
Why then, tantundem dat tantidem.
For if they are the same, by course
Neither is better, neither worse.
But I deny they are the same,
More than a maggot and I am.
That both are animalia,³
I grant, but not rationalia:
For though they do agree in kind,
Specific difference we find;⁴
And can no more make bears of these,
Than prove my horse is Socrates.⁵
That synods are bear-gardens too,
Thou dost affirm; but I say, No:
And thus I prove it, in a word.
Whats'ever assembly's not impow'r'd
To censure, curse, absolve, and ordain,
Can be no synod: but bear-garden

¹ That is, dialectically, or logically.
² These are technical terms of school-logic.
³ Suppose (says Nash) to make out the metre, we read:

That both indeed are animalia.
The editor of 1819 proposes to read of them in place of indeed. But it was probably intended in the next line to ellipse rationalia into rationalia (pronounced rashnalia).

⁴ Between animate and inanimate things, as between a man and a tree, there is a generic difference, that is, one "in kind;" between rational and sensitive creatures, as a man and a bear, there is a specific difference: for though they agree in the genus of animals, or living creatures, yet they differ in the species as to reason. Between two men, Plato and Socrates, there is a numerical difference; for, though they are of the same species as rational creatures, yet they are not one and the same, but two men. See Part ii. Canto i. l. 150.

⁵ Or that my horse is a man. Aristotle, in his disputations, uses the word Socrates as an appellative for man in general; from him it was taken up in the schools.
Has no such power, ergo 'tis none;
And so thy sophistry's o'erthrown.

But yet we are beside the question
Which thou didst raise the first contest on:
For that was, Whether bears are better
Than synod-men? I say, Negatur.
That bears are beasts, and synods men,
Is held by all: they're better then,
For bears and dogs on four legs go,
As beasts; but synod-men on two.
'Tis true, they all have teeth and nails;
But prove that synod-men have tails:
Or that a rugged, shaggy fur
Grows o'er the hide of presbyter;
Or that his snout and spacious ears
Do hold proportion with a bear's.
A bear's a savage beast, of all
Most ugly and unnatural,
Whelp'd without form, until the dam
Has licked it into shape and frame:
But all thy light ean ne'er evict,
That ever synod-man was licked,
Or brought to any other fashion
Than his own will and inclination.
But thou dost further yet in this
Oppugn thyself and sense; that is,
Thou would'st have presbyters to go
For bears and dogs, and bearwards too;
A strange chimæra 2 of beasts and men,
Made up of pieces het'rogene;
Such as in nature never met,
In eodem subjecto yet.

1 It was in Butler's time, and long afterwards, a popular notion that the
cubs of the bear were mere "lumps of flesh," until fashioned by the tongue
of their dam. See Ovid's Metam. XV.; Pliny, Nat. Hist. viii. 36 (Bohn's
Edit. vol. ii. p. 305). It is alluded to in Pope's Dunciad, i. 99, 100:
So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.

2 Alluding to the fable of Chimæra in Ovid's Metamorphoses, book IX.:
---and where Chimæra raves
On cragg'y rocks, with lion's face and mane,
A goat's rough body, and a serpent's train.
Described also by Homer, Iliad, vi. 180.
Thy other arguments are all  
Suppositions hypothetical,  
That do but beg; and we may chuse  
Either to grant them, or refuse.  
Much thou hast said, which I know when,  
And where thou stol’st from other men;  
Whereby ’tis plain thy light and gifts  
Are all but plagiarism shifts;  
And is the same that Ranter said,  
Who, arguing with me, broke my head,  
And tore a handful of my beard;  
The self-same cavils then I heard,  
When b’ing in hot dispute about  
This controversy, we fell out;  
And what thou know’st I answer’d then  
Will serve to answer thee a’gen.  
Quoth Ralpho, Nothing but th’ abuse  
Of human learning you produce;  
Learning, that cobweb of the brain,  
Profane, erroneous, and vain;  

1 The Ranters were a vile sect, that denied all the doctrines of religion,  
natural and revealed, and believed sin and vice to be the whole duty of man.  
They held, says Alexander Ross, that God, Devil, Angels, Heaven, and Hell,  
were fictitious; that Moses, John the Baptist, and Christ, were impostors, and  
that preaching was but public lying. With one of these the knight had  
entered into a dispute, and at last came to blows. Whitelocke says that the  
soldiers in the parliament army were frequently punished for being Ranters.  

2 The Independents and Anabaptists were great enemies to all human  
learning: they thought that preaching, and everything else, was to come  
by inspiration. Dr South says: “Latin unto them was a mortal crime,  
and Greek looked upon as a sin against the Holy Ghost. All learning  
was then cried down, so that with them the best preachers were such  
as could not read, and the ablest divines such as could not write. In  
all their preachments they so highly pretended to the spirit, that they  
hardly could spell the letter.” We are told in the Mercurius Rusticus,  
that the tinkers and tailors who governed Chelmsford at the beginning  
of the Rebellion, asserted “that learning had always been an enemy to  
the gospel, and that it would be a happy state if there were no  
universities, and all books were burnt except the Bible.” Their enmity to  
learning is well satirized by Shakspeare, who makes Jack Cade say when  
he ordered Lord Say’s head to be struck off: “I am the besom that must  
sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously  
corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar school; and where-  
as, before, our forefathers had no other books, but the score and the tally,  
 thou hast caused printing to be used: and, contrary to the king, his crown
A trade of knowledge as replete,
As others are with fraud and cheat;
An art t' incumber gifts and wit,
And render both for nothing fit:
Makes light unactive, dull and troubled,
Like little David in Saul's doublet: 1
A cheat that scholars put upon
Other men's reason and their own;
A fort of error to enseconce
Absurdity and ignorance,
That renders all the avenues
To truth impervious, and abstruse,
By making plain things, in debate,
By art perplex'd, and intricate:
For nothing goes for sense or light
That will not with old rules jump right,
As if rules were not in the schools
Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules. 2

This pagan, heathenish invention
Is good for nothing but contention.
For as in sword-and-buckler fight,
All blows do on the target light;
So when men argue, the greatest part
O' th' contest falls on terms of art,
Until the fustian stuff be spent,
And then they fall to th' argument.

Quoth Hudibras, Friend Ralph, thou hast
Out-run the constable at last;
For thou art fallen on a new
Dispute, as senseless as untrue,
But to the former opposite,
And contrary as black to white;

and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face,
that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb; and
such abominable words as no Christian car can endure to hear." Henry VI.
Part II. Act iv. sc. 7.

1 See 1 Samuel xvii. 38.

2 Bishop Warburton, in a note on these lines, says: "This observation is
just, the logicians have run into strange absurdities of this kind: Peter
Ramus, the best of them, in his Logie, rejects a very just argument of Ci-
cero's as sophistical, because it did not jump right with his rules."
Mere *disparata,¹* that concerning
Presbytery, this human learning;
Two things s' averse, they never yet,
But in thy rambling fancy, met.²
But I shall take a fit occasion
T' evince thee by ratiocination,
Some other time, in place more proper
Than this w' are in; therefore let's stop here,
And rest our weary'd bones awhile,
Already tir'd with other toil.

¹ Things so different from each other, that they cannot be compared.
² The Presbytery of those times had little learning among them, though many made pretences to it; but, seeing all their boasted arguments and doctrines, wherever they differed from the Church of England, controverted and battled by the learned divines of that Church, they found that without more learning they should not maintain their ground. Therefore, about the time of the Revolution, they began to think it very necessary, instead of Calvin's Institutes, and a Dutch System or two, to help them to arguments against Episcopacy, to study more polite books. It is certain that dissenting ministers, since that time, have both preached and written more learnedly and politely.
ARGUMENT.

The Knight being clapp'd by th' heels in prison,  
The last unhappy expedition.¹  
Love brings his action on the case,²  
And lays it upon Hudibras.  
How he receives ³ the lady's visit,  
And cunningly solicits his suit,  
Which she defers: yet, on parole,  
Redeems him from th' enchanted hole.

¹ In the editions previous to 1674, the lines stand thus:

   The knight, by damnable magician,  
   Being cast illegally in prison.

² An action on the case, is an action for redress of wrongs and injuries,  
done without force, and not specially provided against by law.

³ The first editions read revi's. "To revie means to cover a sum put down  
upon a hand at cards with a larger sum; also to retort or recriminate.  
See Wright's Provincial Dictionary."
PART II. CANTO I.

BUT now, t' observe romantique method,¹
Let bloody ² steel awhile be sheathed:
And all those harsh and rugged sounds ³
Of bastinadoes, cuts, and wounds,
Exchang' d to love's more gentle style,
To let our reader breathe awhile: ⁴
In which, that we may be as brief as
Is possible, by way of preface.
Is't not enough to make one strange,⁵
That some men's fancies ⁶ should ne'er change,
But make all people do and say
The same things still the self-same way?:
Some writers make all ladies purloin'd.
And knights pursuing like a whirlwind:⁷
Others make all their knights, in fits
Of jealousy, to lose their wits;

¹ The abrupt opening of this Canto is designed; being in imitation of the commencement of the fourth book of the Iliad,

"At regina gravi jam dudum saecia cura," &c.

² Var. rusty steel in 1674—84, and trusty in 1700. Restored to bloody steel in 1704.

³ In like manner Shakspeare, Richard III. Act i. sc. 1, says:

"Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures."

⁴ For this and the three previous lines, the first edition has:

And unto love turn we our style
To let our reader breathe awhile,
By this time tir'd with th' horrid sounds
Of blows, and cuts, and blood, and wounds.

⁵ That is, to make one wonder.

⁶ Var. That a man's fancy.

⁷ Alluding, probably, to Don Quixote's account of the enchanted Dulcinea, flying from him, like a whirlwind, in Montesino's Cave.
Till drawing blood o’ th’ dames, like witches,
They’re forthwith cur’d of their capriches.¹
Some always thrive in their amours,
By pulling plasters off their sores;²
As cripples do to get an alms,
Just so do they, and win their dames.
Some force whole regions, in despite
O’ geography, to change their site;
Make former times shake hands with latter,
And that which was before, come after;³
But those that write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other’s sake;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think’s sufficient at one time.

But we forget in what sad plight
We whilom⁴ left the captiv’d Knight
And pensive Squire, both bruis’d in body
And conjur’d into safe custody.
Tir’d with dispute and speaking Latin,
As well as basting and bear-baiting,
And desperate of any course
To free himself by wit or force,
His only solace was, that now
His dog-bolt⁵ fortune was so low,

¹ It was a vulgar notion that if you drew blood from a witch, she could not hurt you. Thus Cleveland, in his Rebel Scot:

Scots are like witches; do but whet your pen,
Scratch till the blood comes, they’ll not hurt you then.

See also Shakspeare, Henry VI. Part I. Act i. sc. 5.

² By showing their wounds to the ladies, who, it must remembered, in the times of chivalry, were instructed in surgery and the healing art. In the romance of Perceforest, a young lady sets the dislocated arm of a knight.

³ A banter on these common faults of romance writers: even Shakspeare and Virgil have not wholly avoided them. The former transports his characters, in a quarter of an hour, from France to England: the latter has formed an intrigue between Dido and Æneas, who probably lived in very distant periods. The Spanish writers are rebuked for these violations of the unities in Don Quixote, ch. 21, where the canon speaks of having seen a play “in which the first act begins in Europe, the second in Asia, and the third in Africa.”

⁴ Var. Lately.

⁵ In English, dog, in composition, like ὀὐς in Greek, implies that the
That either it must quickly end
Or turn about again, and mend: 1
In which he found the event, no less
Than other times, beside his guess.

There is a tall long-sided dame,— 2
But wond'rous light—ycleped Fame,
That like a thin chameleon boards
Herself on air, 3 and eats her words; 4
Upon her shoulders wings she wears
Like hanging sleeves, lin'd thro' with ears,
And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,
Made good by deep mythologist.
With these she thro' the welkin flies, 5
And sometimes carries truth, oft lies:
With letters hung, like eastern pigeons, 6
And Mercuries of furthest regions;

thing denoted by the noun annexed to it is vile, bad, savage, or un-
fortunate in its kind: thus dog-rose, dog-latin, dog-trick, dog-cheap, and
many others. Wright, in his Glossary, explains dog-bolt as a term of re-
proach, and gives quotation from Ben Jonson and Shadwell to that effect.
The happiest illustration of the text is afforded in Beaumont and Fletcher's
Spanish Curate:

"For, to say truth, the lawyer is a dog-bolt,
An arrant worm."

1 It was a maxim among the Stoic philosophers that things which were
violent could not be lasting: Si longa est, levis est; si gravis est, brevis est.
2 Our author has evidently followed Virgil (Æneid. iv.) in some parts of
this description of Fame.
3 The vulgar notion is, that chameleons live on air, but they are known
to feed on flies, caterpillars, and other insects. See Brown's Vulgar Errors,
book iii. ch. 21.
4 The beauty of this simile, says Mr Warburton, "consists in the
double meaning: the first alluding to Fame's living on report; the second
implying that a report, if narrowly inquired into and traced up to the
original author, is made to contradict itself."
5 Welkin is derived from the Anglo-Saxon wolc, wolen, clouds, and is
generally used by the English poets to denote the sky or visible region of
the air.
6 The pigeons of Aleppo served as couriers. They were taken from their
young ones, and conveyed to distant places in open cages, and when it be-
came necessary to send home any intelligence, one was let loose, with a billet
tied to her foot, when she flew back with great swiftness. They would
return in less than ten hours from Alexandretto to Aleppo, and in two days
from Bagdad. This method was practised at Mutina, when besieged by
Antony. See Pliny's Natural History, lib. x. 37.
Diurnals writ for regulation
Of lying, to inform the nation,¹
And by their public use to bring down
The rate of whetstones in the kingdom.²
About her neck a packet-mail,
Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale,
Of men that walk’d when they were dead,
And cows of monsters brought to bed:³
Of hail-stones big as pullets’ eggs,
And puppies whelp’d with twice two legs:⁴
A blazing star seen in the west,
By six or seven men at least.
Two trumpets she does sound at once,⁵
But both of clean contrary tones:
But whether both with the same wind,
Or one before, and one behind,
We know not, only this can tell,
The one sounds vilely, th’ other well;
And therefore vulgar authors name
Th’ one Good, th’ other Evil Fame.

¹ The newspapers of those times, called Mercuries and Diurnals, were characterised by many of the contemporary writers as lying journals. Each party had its Mercuries: there was Mercurius Rusticus, and Mercurius Aulicus.

² Whetstone is a proverbial term, denoting an excitement to lying, or a subject that gave a man an opportunity of whetting his wit upon another. See Ray, in Handbook of Proverbs, p. 60. Thus Shakspeare makes Celia reply to Rosalind upon the entry of the Clown: “Fortune hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.” Lying for the whetstone appears to have been a jocular custom. In Lupton’s “Too good to be true” occur these lines: “Omen. And what shall he gain that gets the victory in lying? Syilla. He shall have a silver whetstone for his labours.” See a full account in Brand’s Popular Antiquities (Bohn’s edit.), vol. iii. p. 389—393.

³ Some stories of the kind are found in Morton’s History of Northamptonshire, p. 447; Knox’s History of the Reformation in Scotland; and Philosophical Transactions, xxvi. p. 310.

⁴ To make this story as wonderful as the rest, we ought to read thrice two, or twice four legs.

⁵ Chaucer makes Æolus, an attendant on Fame, blow the clarion of laud, and the clarion of slander, alternately, according to her directions; and in Pope’s Temple of Fame, she has the trumpet of eternal praise, and the trumpet of slander.
This tattling\(^1\) gossip knew too well,  
What mischief Hudibras befell;  
And straight the spiteful tidings bears,  
Of all, to th' unkind widow's ears.  
Democritus ne'er laugh'd so loud.\(^2\)  
To see bawds carted through the crowd,  
Or funerals with stately pomp,  
March slowly on in solemn dump,  
As she laugh'd out, until her back,  
As well as sides, was like to crack.  
She vow'd she would go see the sight,  
And visit the distressed Knight,  
To do the office of a neighbour,  
And be a gossip at his labour;\(^3\)  
And from his wooden jail, the stocks.\(^4\)  
To set at large his fetter-locks,  
And by exchange, parole, or ransom,  
To free him from th' enchanted mansion.  
This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for hood  
And usher, implements abroad\(^5\)  
Which ladies wear, beside a slender  
Young waiting damsel to attend her.  
All which appearing, on she went  
To find the Knight in limbo pent.  
And 'twas not long before she found  
Him, and his stout Squire, in the pound;  
Both coupled in enchanted tether,  
By further leg behind together:

\(^1\) Var. "Twattling gossip," in the two first editions.

\(^2\) Democritus was the "laughing philosopher." He regarded the common cares and pursuits of men as simply ridiculous, and ridiculed them accordingly.

\(^3\) Gossip, from God sib; that is, sib, or related by means of religion; a god-father or sponsor at baptism.

\(^4\) The original reading of this and the following line explains the meaning of the preceding one. In the two editions of 1664, they stand:

That is, to see him deliver'd safe  
Of 's wooden burthen, and Squire Ralph.

\(^5\) Some have doubted whether the word usher means an attendant, or part of her dress; but from Part III., Canto 11., line 399, it is plain that it signifies the former.
For as he sat upon his rump,
His head like one in doleful dump,¹
Between his knees, his hands applied
Unto his ears on either side,
And by him, in another hole,
Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jowl.²
She came upon him in his wooden
Magician’s circle, on the sudden,
As spirits do t’ a conjurer,
When in their dreadful’st shapes th’ appear.

No sooner did the Knight perceive her,
But straight he fell into a fever,
Inflam’d all over with disgrace,
To b’ seen by her in such a place;
Which made him hang his head, and scowl
And wink and goggle like an owl;
He felt his brains begin to swim,
When thus the Dame accosted him:

This place, quoth she, they say’s enchanted,
And with delinquent spirits haunted;
That here are tied in chains, and scourg’d,
Until their guilty crimes be purg’d:
Look, there are two of them appear
Like persons I have seen somewhere:
Some have mistaken blocks and posts
For spectres, apparitions, ghosts,
With saucer-eyes and horns; and some
Have heard the devil beat a drum:³
But if our eyes are not false glasses,
That give a wrong account of faces,
That beard and I should be acquainted,
Before ’twas conjur’d and enchanted.
For though it be disfigur’d somewhat,
As if ’t had lately been in combat,

¹ See above, Part I., Canto II., line 95, and note.
² That is, cheek to cheek. derived from two Anglo-Saxon words, ceac, and ecole. See jig by jowl in Wright’s Glossary.
³ The story of Mr Mompesson’s house being haunted by a drummer, made a great noise about the time our author wrote. The narrative is told in Glanvil on Witchcraft.
It did belong t' a worthy Knight,
Howe'er this goblin is come by't.
When Hudibras the lady heard,
Discoursing thus upon his beard.¹
And speak with such respect and honour,
Both of the beard and the beard's owner;²
He thought it best to set as good
A face upon it as he could,
And thus he spoke: Lady, your bright
And radiant eyes are in the right;
The beard's th' identique beard you knew,
The same numerically true:
Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,
But its proprietor himself.

O heavens! quoth she, can that be true?
I do begin to fear 'tis you;
Not by your individual whiskers,
But by you dialect and discourse,
That never spoke to man or beast,
In notions vulgarly exprest:
But what malignant star, alas!
Has brought you both to this sad pass?

Quoth he, The fortune of the war,
Which I am less afflicted for,

¹ Var. To take kind notice of his beard. The clergy in the middle ages threatened to excommunicate the Knights who persisted in wearing their beards, because their clipped chins, "like stubble land at harvest home," made them disagreeable to their ladies.

² See the dignity of the beard maintained by Dr Bulwer in his Artificial Changeling, p. 196. He says, shaving the chin is justly to be accounted a note of effeminacy, as appears by eunuchs, who produce not a beard, the sign of virility. Alexander and his officers did not shave their beards till they were effeminated by Persian luxury. It was late before barbers were in request at Rome: they first came from Sicily 454 years after the foundation of Rome. Varro tells us, they were introduced by Ticinius Men. Scipio Africanus was the first who shaved his face every day; the emperor Augustus used this practice. See Pliny's Nat. Hist. b. vii. c. 56. Diogenes, seeing one with a smooth-shaved chin, said to him, "Hast thou whereof to accuse nature for making thee a man and not a woman?" — The Rhodians and Byzantines, contrary to the practice of modern Russians, persisted against their laws and edicts in shaving and the use of the razor, —Ulmus, in his de fine barber humanæ, is of opinion that nature gave to mankind a beard, that it might remain as an index of the masculine generative faculty. —Beard-haters are by Barclay clapped on board the ship of fools.
Than to be seen with beard and face
By you in such a homely case.¹

Quoth she, Those need not be ashamed for being honourably maimed;
If he that is in battle conquer'd
Have any title to his own beard,
Tho' yours be sorely lugg'd and torn,
It does your visage more adorn
Than if 'twere pruned, and starch'd, and lander'd,²
And cut square by the Russian standard.³

A torn beard's like a tatter'd ensign,
That's bravest which there are most rents in.
That petticoat, about your shoulders,
Does not so well become a soldier's;
And I'm afraid they are worse handled,
Altho' i' th' rear your beard the van led;⁴
And those uneasy bruises make
My heart for company to ache,
To see so worshipful a friend
I' th' pillory set, at the wrong end.

Quoth Hudibras. This thing call'd pain,⁵
Is, as the learned Stoics maintain,
Not bad simpliciter, nor good,
But merely as 'tis understood.

² From the French word lavandier, a washer. Wright's Glossary.
³ Peter the Great of Russia had great difficulty in obliging his subjects to cut off their beards, and imposed a tax on them according to a given standard. The beaux in the reigns of James I. and Charles I. spent as much time in dressing their beards as modern beaux do in dressing their hair; and many kept a person to read to him while the operation was performing. See John Taylor, the water poet's Superbice Flagellum (Works, p. 3), for a droll account of the fashions of the beard in his time. Bottom, the weaver, was a connoisseur in beards (Mids. Night's Dream, Act i. sc. 2).
⁴ The van is the front or fore part of an army, and commonly the post of danger and honour; the rear the hinder part. So that making a front in the rear must be retreating from the enemy. By this comical expression the lady signifies that he turned tail on them, by which means his shoulders fared worse than his beard.
⁵ Some tenets of the Stoic philosophers are here burlesqued with great humour.
Sense is deceitful, and may feign
As well in counterfeiting pain
As other gross phenomenas,
In which it oft mistakes the case.
But since th' immortal intellect,
That's free from error and defect,
Whose objects still persist the same,
Is free from outward bruise or maim,
Which nought external can expose
To gross material bangs or blows,
It follows we can ne'er be sure
Whether we pain or not endure;
And just so far are sore and griev'd,
As by the fancy is believ'd.
Some have been wounded with conceit,
And died of mere opinion straight; 1
Others, tho' wounded sore, in reason
Felt no contusion, nor discretion. 2
A Saxon Duke did grow so fat,
That mice, as histories relate,
Ate grots and labyrinths to dwell in
His postique parts, without his feeling; 3
Then how is't possible a kick
Should e'er reach that way to the quick?
Quoth she, I grant it is in vain,
For one that's basted to feel pain;

1 That is, died of fear. Several stories to this effect are upon record; one of the most remarkable is the case of the Chevalier Jarre, "who was upon the scaffold at Troyes, had his hair cut off, the handkerchief before his eyes, and the sword in the executioner's hand to cut off his head; but the king pardoned him: being taken up, his fear had so taken hold of him, that he could not stand or speak: they led him to bed, and opened a vein, but no blood would come." Lord Stratford's Letters, vol. i. p. 166.

2 According to the punctuation, it signifies, others, though really and sorely wounded (see the Lady's Reply, line 211), felt no bruise or cut: but if we put a semicolon after sore, and no stop after reason, the meaning may be, others, though wounded sore in body, yet in mind or imagination felt no bruise or cut. Discretion here signifies a cut, or separation of parts.

3 He argues from this story, that if a man could be so gnawed and mangled without feeling it, a kick in the same place would not inflict much hurt. The note in the old editions, attributed to Butler himself, cites the Rhine legend of Bishop Hatto, "who was quite eaten up by rats and mice," as much more strange.
Because the pangs his bones endure,
Contribute nothing to the cure;
Yet honour hurt, is wont to rage
With pain no med’cine can assuage.

Quoth he, That honour’s very squeamish
That takes a basting for a blemish:
For what’s more honourable than scars,
Or skin to tatters rent in wars?
Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel’s of by th’ blow;
Some kick’d, until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or neat’s leather:
And yet have met, after long running,
With some whom they have taught that cunning.
The furthest way about, t’ o’ercome,
I’ th’ end does prove the nearest home.
By laws of learned duellists,
They that are bruis’d with wood or fists,
And think one beating may for once
Suffice, are cowards and poltroons:
But if they dare engage t’ a second,
They’re stout and gallant fellows reckon’d.

Th’ old Romans freedom did bestow,
Our princes worship, with a blow: ¹
King Pyrrhus cur’d his splenetic
And testy courtiers with a kick.²
The Negus,³ when some mighty lord
Or potentate’s to be restor’d,
And pardon’d for some great offence,¹
With which he’s willing to dispense,
First has him laid upon his belly,
Then beaten back and side t’ a jelly;²
That done, he rises, humbly bows,
And gives thanks for the princely blows;
Departs not meanly proud, and boasting
Of his magnificent rib-roasting.
The beaten soldier proves most manful,
That, like his sword, endures the anvil,
And justly’s held more formidable,
The more his valour’s malleable:
But he that fears a bastinado,
Will run away from his own shadow:³
And though I’m now in durance fast,
By our own party basely cast,⁴
Ransom, exchange, parole, refus’d,
And worse than by the en’my us’d;
In close catasta⁵ shut, past hope
Of wit or valour to elope;
As beards, the nearer that they tend
To th’ earth, still grow more reverend;
And cannons shoot the higher pitches,
The lower we let down their breeches;⁶
I’ll make this low dejected fate
Advance me to a greater height.
Quoth she, Y’ have almost made m’ in love
With that which did my pity move.

¹ In the editions of 1664, this and the following line read thus:
   "To his good grace, for some offence
   Forfeit before, and pardon’d since."

² This story is told in Le Blane’s Travels, Part ii. ch. 4.
³ The fury of Bucephalus proceeded from the fear of his own shadow. See Rabelais, vol. i. c. 14.
⁴ This was the chief complaint of the Presbyterians and Parliamentary party, when the Independents and the army ousted them from their misused supremacy; and it led to their negotiations with the King, their espousal of the cause of his son, and ultimately to his restoration as Charles the Second.
⁵ A cage or prison wherein the Romans exposed slaves for sale. See Persius, vi. 76.
⁶ See note ², p. 39, supra.
Great wits and valours, like great states,  
Do sometimes sink with their own weights:  
Th' extremes of glory and of shame, 
Like east and west, become the same.

No Indian Prince has to his palace  
More followers than a thief to the gallows.  
But if a beating seems so brave, 
What glories must a whipping have?  
Such great achievements cannot fail 
To cast salt on a woman's tail: 
For if I thought your nat'ral talent 
Of passive courage were so gallant, 
As you strain hard to have it thought, 
I could grow amorous, and dote.

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

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

---

1 Thus Horace (Ep. xvi.) said that Rome was falling through the excess of its power.
2 That is, glory and shame, which though opposite as east and west, sometimes become the same; exemplifying the proverb: “Extremes meet.”
3 Alluding to the common saying:—You will catch the bird if you throw salt on his tail.
4 A proverbial expression for the fairest and best opportunity of doing anything. It was the common belief of brewers, distillers of gin, and vinegar-makers, that their liquors fermented best when the plants used in them were in flower. (See Sir Kenelm Digby’s “Discourse concerning the Cure of Wounds by Sympathy,” p. 79.) Hudibras compares himself to the vine in flower, for he thinks he has set the widow fermenting.
5 Crisis is used here in the classical sense of “judgment” or “decision of a question.”
Quoth she, I've heard old cunning stagers
Say, fools for arguments use wagers.
And though I prais'd your valour, yet
I did not mean to baulk your wit,
Which, if you have, you must needs know
What, I have told you before now,
And you by experiment have prov'd,
I cannot love where I'm belov'd.

Quoth Hudibras, 'Tis a caprich 1
Beyond the infliction of a witch;
So cheats to play with those still aim,
That do not understand the game.
Love in your heart as idly burns
As fire in antique Roman urns.2
To warm the dead, and vainly light
Those only that see nothing by 't.
Have you not power to entertain,
And render love for love again?
As no man can draw in his breath
At once, and force out air beneath.
Or do you love yourself so much
To bear all rivals else a grutch?
What fate can lay a greater curse,
Than you upon yourself would force;
For wedlock without love, some say,3
Is but a lock without a key.
It is a kind of rape to marry
One that neglects, or cares not for ye:

1 Caprice is here pronounced in the manner of the Italian capriccio.
2 Fortunius Licetus wrote concerning these lamps; and from him Bishop Wilkins quotes largely in his Mathematical Memoirs. In Camden's Description of Yorkshire, a lamp is said to have been found burning in the tomb of Constantius Chlorus. The story of the lamp, in the sepulchre of Tullia, the daughter of Cicero, which was supposed to have burnt above 1560 years, is told by Pancirollus and others. These so-called perpetual lamps of the ancients were probably the spontaneous or accidental combustion of inflammable gases generated in close sepulchres; or the phosphorescence exhibited by animal substances in a state of decomposition.
3 Thus Shakspeare, 1 Henry VI. Act v. sc. 5.

"For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?"
For what does make it ravishment
But b'ing against the mind's consent?
A rape that is the more inhuman,
For being acted by a woman.
Why are you fair, but to entice us
To love you, that you may despise us?
But though you cannot love, you say,
Out of your own fantastic way,¹
Why should you not, at least, allow
Those that love you, to do so too:
For as you fly me, and pursue
Love more averse, so I do you:
And am, by your own doctrine, taught
To practise what you call a fault.
Quoth she, If what you say be true,
You must fly me, as I do you;
But 'tis not what we do, but say,²
In love, and preaching, that must sway.
Quoth he, To bid me not to love,
Is to forbid my pulse to move,
My beard to grow, my ears to prick up,
Or, when I'm in a fit, to hickup:
Command me to piss out the moon,
And 'twill as easily be done.
Love's power's too great to be withstood
By feeble human flesh and blood.
'Twas he that brought upon his knees
The heet'ring kill-cow Hercules;³
Reduc'd his leaguer-lion's skin⁴
T' a petticoat, and make him spin:

¹ This is Grey's emendation for "fanatick," which Butler's editions have, and it certainly agrees with what the widow says afterwards in lines 545, 546. But "fanatic" signifies "fantastic in the highest degree," and thus irrational, or absurd.
² "Do as I say, not as I do;" is said to have been the very rational recommendation of a preacher whose teaching was more correct than his practice.
³ It is of the essence of burlesque poetry to turn into ridicule such legends as the labours of Hercules; and the common epithet "kill-cow" was exactly adapted to the character of these exploits.
⁴ Leaguer was a camp; and "leaguer-lion's skin" is no more than the costume of Hercules the warrior, as contrasted with Omphale's petticoat, the costume of Hercules the lover. (See Skinner, sub voce Leaguer.)
Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle ¹
'T was a feeble distaff, and a spindle.
'Twas he made emperors gallants
To their own sisters and their aunts; ²
Set popes and cardinals agog,
To play with pages at leap-frog ; ³
'T was he that gave our senate purges,
And flux'd the house of many a burgess; ⁴
Made those that represent the nation
Submit, and suffer amputation:
And all the grandees o' th' cabal,
Adjourn to tubs, at spring and fall.
He mounted synod-men, and rode 'em
To Dirty-lane and Little Sodom; ⁵
Made 'em curvet, like Spanish gennets,
And take the ring at Madam ——— ⁶
'Twas he that made Saint Francis do
More than the devil could tempt him to ; ⁷

¹ See Ovid's Epistle of Dejanira to Hercules. (Bohn's Ovid. vol. iii. p. 381.)
² See Suetonius, Tacitus, and other historians of the Roman Empire.
³ The name of Alexander Borgia (Pope Alexander VI.) continues to be the synonyme for the unspeakable abominations of the Papal Court, in the times that were not long past when Butler wrote.
⁴ This alludes to the exclusion of the opponents of the army from the Parliament, called "Pride's Purge."
⁵ Dirty-lane was not an unfrequent name for a place like that referred to; Maitland names five, in his time. One was in Old Palace Yard, and may have been meant by Butler. Little Sodom was near the Tower, on the site now occupied by St Catharine's Docks. These and other charges brought against the Puritan and Parliamentary leaders, will be found in Echarg's History of England, and Walker's History of Independency. Cromwell, when he expelled the Long Parliament, himself called Martyn and Wentworth, "whoremasters."
⁶ Sir Roger L'Estrange's "Key" fills up the blank with the name of "Stennet," the wife of a "broom-man" and lay-elder; and the same name is given in our contemporary MS. She is said to have followed "the laudable employment of bawding, and managed several intrigues for those brothers and sisters, whose piety consisted chiefly in the whiteness of their linen." The Tatler mentions a lady of this stamp, called Bennet.
⁷ In the Life of St Francis, we are told that, being tempted by the devil in the shape of a virgin, he subdued his passion by rolling himself naked in the snow.
In cold and frosty weather grow
Enamour'd of a wife of snow;
And though she were of rigid temper,
With melting flames accost and tempt her:
Which after in enjoyment quenching,
He hung a garland on his engine.\(^1\)

Quoth she, If love have these effects,
Why is it not forbid our sex?
Why is 't not damn'd, and interdicted,
For diabolical and wicked?
And sung, as out of tune, against,
As Turk and Pope are by the saints?\(^2\)
I find, I've greater reason for it,
Than I believ'd before t' abhor it.

Quoth Hudibras, These sad effects
Spring from your heathenish neglects
Of love's great pow'r, which he returns
Upon yourselves with equal scorns;
And those who worthy lovers slight,
Plagues with prepost'rous appetite;
This made the beauteous queen of Crete
To take a town-bull for her sweet;\(^3\)
And from her greatness stoop so low,
To be the rival of a cow.
Others, to prostitute their great hearts,
To be baboons' and monkeys' sweet-hearts.\(^4\)
Some with the devil himself in league grow,
By's representative a negro;\(^5\)

\(^1\) In the history of Howell's Life of Lewis XIII. p. 80, it is said that the French horsemen, who were killed at the Isle of Rhé, had their mistresses' favours tied about their engines

\(^2\) Perhaps alluding to Robert Wisdom's hymn:

"Preserve us, Lord, by thy dear word—
From Turk and Pope, defend us, Lord."

\(^3\) Pasiphaë, the wife of Minos, of Crete, according to the myth, fell in love with a bull, and brought him a son.

\(^4\) Old books of Natural History contain many stories of the "abduction" of women by the Mandrill, and other great kinds of ape. And fouler tales than these were circulated after the Restoration, against the Puritans.

\(^5\) Such an amour forms the plot of Titus Andronicus, a play which Shakspeare revised for the stage, and which has in consequence been wrongly ascribed to him.
'Twas this made vestal maids love-sick,  
And venture to be buried quick.1  
Some, by their fathers and their brothers,2  
To be made mistresses, and mothers;  
'Tis this that proudest dames enamours  
On lacqueys, and varlets-des-chambres; 4  
Their haughty stomachs overcomes,  
And makes 'em stoop to dirty grooms,  
To slight the world, and to disparage  
Claps, issue, infamy, and marriage.5  
Quoth she, These judgments are severe,  
Yet such as I should rather bear,  
Than trust men with their oaths, or prove  
Their faith and secrecy in love.  
Says he, There is a weighty reason  
For secrecy in love as treason.  
Love is a burglarer, a felon,  
That in the windore-eye6 does steal in  
To rob the heart, and, with his prey,  
Steals out again a closer way,  
Which whosoever can discover,  
He's sure, as he deserves, to suffer.  
Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles  
In men, as naturally as in charcoals,  
Which sooty chemists stop in holes,  
When out of wood they extract coals;7  
So lovers should their passions choke,  
That tho' they burn, they may not smoke.  

1 By the Roman law vestal virgins, who broke their vow of chastity, were buried alive. See the story of Myrrha in Ovid. Metam. (Bohn's Ovid's M. p. 359).  
2 The marriage of brothers and sisters was common amongst royal families in Egypt and the East.  
3 Probably alluding to Lucretia Borgia, daughter of Pope Alexander VI., whom Roscoe (Leo X. App.) has attempted to defend against these charges.  
4 Varlet is the old form of valet. Thus knave, which now signifies a cheat, formerly meant no more than a servant.  
5 That is, to be indifferent to the consequences of illicit amours; the absence of marriage and legitimate offspring on the one hand, and the acquisition of claps and infamy on the other.  
6 Thus spelt in all editions before 1700 for "window," and perhaps most agreeably to the etymology. See Skinner.  
7 Charcoal is made by burning wood under a cover of turf and mould, which keeps it from blazing.
'Tis like that sturdy thief that stole,
And dragg'd beasts backward into's hole;  
So love does lovers, and us men
Draws by the tails into his den,
That no impression may discover,
And trace t' his cave, the wary lover.
But if you doubt I should reveal
What you intrust me under seal,  
I'll prove myself as close and virtuous
As your own secretary, Albertus.  
Quoth she, I grant you may be close
In hiding what your aims propose:
Love-passions are like parables,
By which men still mean something else:
Tho' love be all the world's pretence,
Money's the mythologic sense,
The real substance of the shadow,
Which all address and courtship's made to.

Thought he, I understand your play,
And how to quit you your own way;
He that will win his dame, must do
As Love does, when he bends his bow;
With one hand thrust the lady from,
And with the other pull her home.  
I grant, quoth he, wealth is a great
Provocative to am'rous heat:

1 Cacus, the noted robber, when he had stolen cattle, drew them backward by their tails into his den, lest their tracks should lead to the discovery of them. See Virgil, Ænecid. viii. 205. Also Addison's Works (Bohn), v. 220.
2 There is, no doubt, an allusion here to the obligation of secrecy, on the part of the confessor, respecting the confession of penitents, except in the case of crimes; which was also enjoined upon ministers of the English Church, by the 113th Canon of 1603.
3 Albertus Magnus, Bp of Ratisbon about 1260, wrote a book, De Secretis Mulierum; whence the poet facetiously calls him woman's secretary.
4 Grey says this is illustrated in the story of Inkle and Yarico. Spectator, XI.
5 The Harleian Miscellany, vol. vi. p. 530, describes an interview between Perkin Warbeck and Lady Katharine Gordon, which illustrates this kind of dalliance. "With a kind of reverence and fashionable gesture, after he had kissed her thrice, he took her in both his hands, crosswise, and gazed upon her, with a kind of putting her from him and pulling her to
It is all philtres and high diet,
That makes love rampant, and to fly out:
'Tis beauty always in the flower,
That buds and blossoms at fourscore:
'Tis that by which the sun and moon,
At their own weapons are outdone: 1
That makes knights-errant fall in trances,
And lay about 'em in romances:
'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all
That men divine and sacred call:
For what is worth in anything,
But so much money as 'twill bring?
Or what but riches is there known,
Which man can solely call his own;
In which no creature goes his half,
Unless it be to squint and laugh?
I do confess, with goods and land, 2
I'd have a wife at second hand;
And such you are: nor is 't your person
My stomach's set so sharp and fierce on;
But 'tis your better part, your riches,
That my enamour'd heart bewitches:
Let me your fortune but possess,
And settle your person how you please;
Or make it o'er in trust to the devil,
You'll find me reasonable and civil.

Quoth she, I like this plainness better
Than false mock-passion, speech, or letter,
Or any feat of qualm or sowing, 3
But hanging of yourself, or drowning;
Your only way with me to break
Your mind, is breaking of your neck:

1 Gold and silver are marked by the sun and moon in chemistry, as they were supposed to be more immediately under the influence of those luminaries. The appropriation of the seven metals known to the ancients, to the seven planets with which they were acquainted, respectively, may be traced as high as Proclus, in the fifth century. The splendour of gold is more refulgent than the rays of the sun and moon.

2 Compare the whole of this passage with Petruchio's speech in the Taming of the Shrew, Act i. sc. 2; and Grumio's explanation of it.

3 Altered to "swooning" in the edition of 1700.
For as when merchants break, o'erthrown
Like nine-pins, they strike others down;
So that would break my heart; which done,
My tempting fortune is your own.
These are but trifles; every lover
Will damn himself over and over,
And greater matters undertake
For a less worthy mistress' sake:
Yet th' are the only ways to prove
Th' unfeign'd realities of love;
For he that hangs, or beats out's brains,
The devil's in him if he feigns.

Quoth Hudibras, This way's too rough
For mere experiment and proof;
It is no jesting, trivial matter,
To swing i' th' air, or douce in water, ¹
And, like a water-witch, try love;²
That's to destroy, and not to prove:
As if a man should be dissected,
To find what part is disaffected:
Your better way is to make over,
In trust, your fortune to your lover:³
Trust is a trial; if it break,
'Tis not so desp'rate as a neck:
Beside, th' experiment's more certain,
Men venture necks to gain a fortune:
The soldier does it every day,⁴
Eight to the week, for six-pence pay:⁵

¹ Var. "plunge in water," or "dive in water."
² The common test for witchcraft was to throw the suspected witch into the water. If she swam, she was judged guilty; if she sank, she preserved her character, and only lost her life. King James, in his Daemonology, explained the floating of the witch by the refusal of the element used in baptism to receive into its bosom one who had renounced the blessing of it. The last witch swum in England was an old woman in a village of Suffolk, about 30 years ago.
³ Grey compares this to the highwayman's advice to a gentleman upon the road; "Sir, be pleased to leave your watch, your money, and your rings with me, or by — you'll be robbed."
⁴ This and the three following lines were added in the edition of 1674.
⁵ Warburton explains that "if a soldier gets only sixpence a day, and one day's pay is reserved weekly for stoppages, he must make eight days to the week before he will receive a clear week's pay." Percennius, the mutinous
Your pettifoggers damn their souls,  
To share with knaves in cheating fools:  
And merchants, venturing through the main,  
Slight pirates, rocks, and horns for gain.  
This is the way I advise you to,  
Trust me, and see what I will do.  

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

Quoth he, My head's not made of brass,  
As Friar Bacon's noodle was;  
Nor, like the Indian's skull, so tough,  
That, authors say, 'twas musket-proof:  
As it had need to be to enter,  
As yet, on any new adventure;  
You see what bangs it has endur'd,  
That would, before new feats, be cur'd:

soldier in Tacitus (Annals I. c. 17), seems to have been sensible of some such hardship.

1 See Spectator, No. 450.

2 Grey surmises from Hudibras's refusal to comply with this request, that he would by no means have approved an antique game invented by a Thracian tribe, of which we are told by Martinus Scriblerus (book i. ch. 6) that one of the players was hung up, and had a knife given him to cut himself down with; of course, forfeiting his life if he failed.

3 It was one of the legends respecting that great natural philosopher, Roger Bacon, that he had formed a head of brass, which uttered these words, Time is. Sir Thomas Browne, in his Vulgar Errors, book vii. ch. 17, § 7, explains it as a kind of myth regarding "the philosopher's great work"—the making of gold. In Sir Francis Palgrave's "Merchant and Friar," it is no more than the extremity of a tube for conveying messages from one room to another.

4 Blockheads and loggerheads, says Bulwer (Artificial Changeling, p. 42), are in request in Brazil, and helmets are of little use, every one having a natural morion of his head: for the Brazilians' heads, some of them, are as hard as the wood that grows in their country, so that they cannot be broken. See also Purchas's Pilgr. fol. vol. iii. p. 993.
But if that's all you stand upon,
Here, strike me luck, it shall be done.¹

Quoth she, The matter's not so far gone
As you suppose, two words t' a bargain;
That may be done, and time enough,
When you have given downright proof:
And yet, 'tis no fantastic pique
I have to love, nor coy dislike;
'Tis no implicit, nice aversion²
T' your conversation, mien, or person:
But, a just fear, lest you should prove
False and perfidious in love;
For if I thought you could be true,
I could love twice as much as you.

Quoth he, My faith, as adamantine
As chains of destiny, I'll maintain;
True as Apollo ever spoke,
Or oracle from heart of oak;³
And if you'll give my flame but vent,
Now in close hugger-mugger pent,
And shine upon me but benignly,
With that one, and that other pigsney,⁴
The sun and day shall sooner part,
Than love, or you, shake off my heart:
The sun that shall no more dispense
His own, but your bright influence;
I'll carve your name on barks of trees,⁵
With true love-knots, and flourishes;

¹ In ancient times, when butchers and country people made a bargain, one of the parties held out in his hand a piece of money, which the other struck, and the bargain was closed. Compare this "impolite way of counting" with the following expression;—
"Come, strike me luck with earnest, and draw the writings."
Beaumont and Fletcher.—Scornful Lady, Act ii.

² Implicit signifies secret, not explicit; here was not a fanciful aversion which could not be explained. Nice means over-refined or squeamish.

³ Jupiter's oracle near Dodona, in Epirus; Apollo's oracle was the celebrated one at Delphi.

⁴ Pigsney is a term of endearment; used here, however, of the eyes alone. In Pembroke's Arcadia, Dametas says to his wife, "Miso, mine own pigsnie." Somner gives piga (Danish), "a little maid," as the etymology of this word; which is a purely burlesque expression.

⁵ See Don Quixote, vol. i. ch. 4, and vol. iv. ch. 73; As you like it, Act 3.
That shall infuse eternal spring,
And everlasting flourishing:
Drink every letter on't in stum, 570
And make it brisk champagne become;
Where'er you tread, your foot shall set
The primrose and the violet;
All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders,
Shall borrow from your breath their odours;
Nature her charter shall renew,
And take all lives of things from you;
The world depend upon your eye,
And when you frown upon it, die.
Only our loves shall still survive,
New worlds and natures to outlive;
And like to heralds' moons, remain
All crescents, without change or wane.

Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this,
Sir Knight, you take your aim amiss;
For you will find it a hard chapter,
To catch me with poetical rapture,
In which your mastery of art
Doth show itself, and not your heart;
Nor will you raise in mine combustion,
By dint of high heroic fustian:
She that with poetry is won,
Is but a desk to write upon;
And what men say of her, they mean
No more than on the thing they lean.

1 Stum (from the Latin mustum) is any new, thick, unfermented liquor. Hudibras means that bad wine would turn into good, foul muddy wine into clear sparkling champagne, by drinking the widow's health in it. It was a custom among the gallants of Butler's time, to drink a bumper to their mistress' health to every letter of her name. The custom prevailed among the Romans: thus the well-known epigram of Martial:

Laevia sex cyathis, septem Justina bibatur,
Quinque Lycas, Lyde quatuor, Ida tribus.
Omnis ab infiso numeretur amica falerno.—Ep. I. 72.

For every letter drink a glass
That spells the name you fancy,
Take four, if Sukey be your lass,
And five, if it be Nancy.
Some with Arabian spices strive
T' embalm her cruelly alive;
Or season her, as French cooks use
Their *haut-gouts, bouillies, or ragouts;*¹
Use her so barbarously ill,
To grind her lips upon a mill,²
Until the facet doublet doth ³
Fit their rhymes rather than her mouth; ⁴
Her mouth compar'd t' an oyster's, with
A row of pearl in't, stead of teeth;
Others make posies of her cheeks,
Where red and whitest colours mix;
In which the lily and the rose,
For Indian lake and ceruse goes.⁵
The sun and moon, by her bright eyes,
Eclips'd and darken'd in the skies;
Are but black patches that she wears,
Cut into suns, and moons, and stars,⁶
By which astrologers, as well
As those in heav'n above, can tell
What strange events they do foreshow,
Unto her under-world below.⁷

¹ Till the edition of 1704, this line stood:
Their haut-gusts, buollies, or ragusts.
These things were "made-dishes," and were all highly flavoured, and hot with spices.

² As they do by comparing her lips to rubies, which are polished by a mill.

³ *Facet,* a little face, or small surface. Diamonds and precious stones are ground *à la facette,* or with many faces or small surfaces, that they may have the greater lustre. A doublet is a false stone, made of two crystals joined together with green or red cement between them, in order to resemble stones of that colour. Facet doublet, therefore, is a false stone cut in faces.

⁴ See Don Quixote, ch. 73 and ch. 38; also the description of "a Whore," by John Taylor, the water poet, for other satires on this fantastic habit of lovers.

⁵ These are the names of two pigments, the former crimson; the latter a preparation of white lead and vinegar.

⁶ The ladies formerly were very fond of wearing a great number of black patches on their faces, often cut in fantastical shapes. See Bulwer's *Artificial Changeling,* p. 252, &c.; Spectator, No. 50; and Beaumont and Fletcher's "Elder Brother," Act iii. sc. 11.

⁷ A double entendre. This and the three preceding lines do not appear in the editions of 1664, but were added in 1674.
Her voice, the music of the spheres,
So loud, it deafens mortal ears;
As wise philosophers have thought,
And that’s the cause we hear it not.¹
This has been done by some, who those
Th’ ador’d in rhyme, would kick in prose;
And in those ribbons would have hung,
Of which melodiously they sung.²
That have the hard fate, to write best
Of those still that deserve it least; ³
It matters not how false, or forc’d,
So the best things be said o’ th’ worst;
It goes for nothing when ’tis said,
Only the arrow’s drawn to th’ head,
Whether it be a swan or goose
They level at: so shepherds use
To set the same mark on the hip,
Both of their sound and rotten sheep:
For wits that carry low or wide,
Must be aim’d higher, or beside
The mark, which else they ne’er come nigh,
But when they take their aim awry.
But I do wonder you should chuse
This way t’ attack me with your muse.

¹ Pythagoras asserted that this world is made according to musical proportion; and that the seven planets, betwixt heaven and earth, which govern the nativities of mortals, have an harmonious motion, and render various sounds, according to their several heights, so consonant, that they make most sweet melody, but to us inaudible, because of the greatness of the noise, which the narrow passage of our ears is not capable to receive. He is presumed to have interpreted the passage in Job literally: “When the morning stars sang together,” chap. xxix. 7. Stanley’s Life of Pythagoras, p. 393. Milton wrote on the Harmony of the Spheres, when at Cambridge; and has some fine lines on the subject, in his Arcades, and in his Paradise Lost, v. 625, &c. See Shakspeare’s Merchant of Venice Act v. sc. 1, for the most exquisite passage in the language on this subject.

² Thus Waller on a girdle:
   “Give me but what this riband bound.”

³ Warburton was of opinion that Butler alluded to one of Mr Waller’s poems on Saccharissa, where he complains of her unkindness. Others suppose, with more probability, that he alludes to the poet’s well-known reply to the king, when he reproached him with having written best in praise of Oliver Cromwell. “We poets,” says he, “succeed better in fiction than in truth.”
As one cut out to pass your tricks on,
With fulhams of poetic fiction: ¹
I rather hop’d I should no more
Hear from you o’ th’ gallanting score;
For hard dry-bastings us’d to prove
The readiest remedies of love,
Next a dry diet; but if those fail,
Yet this uneasy loop-hol’d jail,
In which y’ are hamper’d by the fetlock,
Cannot but put y’ in mind of wedlock:
Wedlock, that’s worse than any hole here,
If that may serve you for a cooler,
T’ allay your mettle, all agog
Upon a wife, the heavier clog.
Nor rather thank your gentler fate,
That, for a bruis’d or broken pate,
Has freed you from those knobs that grow,
Much harder, on the marry’d brow:
But if no dread can cool your courage,
From vent’ring on that dragon, marriage;
Yet give me quarter, and advance
To nobler aims your puissance;
Level at beauty and at wit;
The fairest mark is easiest hit.

Quoth Hudibras, I am beforehand
In that already, with your command;
For where does beauty and high wit
But in your constellation meet?

Quoth she, What does a match imply,
But likeness and equality?
I know you cannot think me fit
To be th’ yokefellow of your wit;
Nor take one of so mean deserts,
To be the partner of your parts;

¹ That is, with cheats or impositions. Fulham was a cant word for a false dice, many of them, as it is supposed, being made at that place. The high dice were loaded so as to come up 4, 5, 6, and the low ones 1, 2, 3.

“‘For gourd and fullam holds,’” says Pistol,
‘And high and low beguile the rich and poor.”

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i. sc. 3.
And Cleveland says: “Now a Scotchman’s tongue runs high fulhams.”
A grace which, if I could believe,
I've not the conscience to receive.¹
That conscience, quoth Hudibras,
Is misinform'd; I'll state the case.
A man may be a legal donor
Of anything whereof he's owner,
And may confer it where he lists,
1' th' judgment of all casuists:
Then wit, and parts, and valour may
Be ali'nated, and made away,
By those that are proprietors,
As I may give or sell my horse.
Quoth she, I grant the case is true,
And proper 'twixt your horse and you;
And whether I may take, as well
As you may give away, or sell?
Buyers, you know, are bid beware;²
And worse than thieves receivers are.
How shall I answer Hue and Cry³
For a roan gelding, twelve hands high.⁴
All spurr'd and switch'd, a lock on's hoof,⁵
A sorrel mane? Can I bring proof
Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold for,
And in the open market toll'd for?⁶
Or, should I take you for a stray,
You must be kept a year and day.⁷

¹ Conscience is here used as a word of two syllables, and in the next line as three.
² See Caveat emptor! Diet, of Classical Quotations.
³ Hue and Cry was the legal notice to a neighbourhood for pursuit of a felon. See Blackstone.
⁴ This is a galling reflection upon the knight’s abilities, his complexion, and his height, which the widow intimates was not more than four feet.
⁵ There is humour in the representation which the widow makes of the knight, under the similitude of a roan gelding, supposed to be stolen, or to have strayed. Farmers often put locks on the fore-feet of their horses, to prevent their being stolen, and the knight had his feet fast in the stocks at the time.
⁶ This alludes to the custom enjoined by two Acts, 2 & 3 Phil. and Mary, and 31 Eliz., of tolling horses at fairs, to prevent the sale of any that might have been stolen, and help the owners to the recovery of them.
⁷ Estrays, or cattle which came astray, were cried on two market days, and in two adjoining market towns, and if not claimed within a year and a day, they became the property of the lord of the liberty (or manor).
Ere I can own you, here i' th' pound.
Where, if ye're sought, you may be found;
And in the mean time I must pay
For all your provender and hay.

Quoth he, It stands me much upon
T' enervate this objection,
And prove myself, by topic clear,
No gelding, as you would infer.
Loss of virility's averr'd
To be the cause of loss of beard, 1
That does, like embryo in the womb,
Abortive on the chin become:
This first a woman did invent,
In envy of man's ornament:
Semiramis of Babylon,
Who first of all cut men o' th' stone, 2
To mar their beards, and laid foundation
Of sow-geldering operation:
Look on this beard, and tell me whether
Eunuchs wear such, or geldings either?
Next it appears I am no horse,
That I can argue and discourse,
Have but two legs, and ne'er a tail.

Quoth she, That nothing will avail;
For some philosophers of late here,
Write men have four legs by nature, 3
And that 'tis custom makes them go
Erroneously upon but two;
As 'twas in Germany made good,
B' a boy that lost himself in a wood;

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1 See the note on line 114 of this Canto.
2 Semiramis, queen of Assyria, is reputed to be the first that invented eunuchs: *Semiramis teneros mares castravit omnium prima* (Am. Marcellinus, i. 24), which is thought to be somewhat strange in a lady of her constitution, who is said to have received horses into her embrace. But the poet means to laugh at Dr Bulwer, who in his *Artificial Changeling*, scene 21, has many strange stories; and in page 208, says, "Nature gave to mankind a beard, that it might remain an index in the face of the masculine generative faculty."
3 Sir Kenelm Digby, in his book of Bodies, has the well-known story of the wild German boy, who went on all fours, was overgrown with hair, and lived among the wild beasts; the credibility and truth of which he endeavours to establish by several natural reasons. See also Tatler, No. 103.
And growing down t' a man, was wont
With wolves upon all four to hunt.
As for your reasons drawn from tails,¹
We cannot say they're true or false,
Till you explain yourself, and show
B' experiment, 'tis so or no.
Quoth he, If you'll join issue on't,²
I'll give you satisfact'ry account;
So you will promise, if you lose,
To settle all, and be my spouse.
That never shall be done, quoth she,
To one that wants a tail, by me:
For tails by nature sure were meant.
As well as beards, for ornament;³
And tho' the vulgar count them homely,
In man or beast they are so comely,
So gentee, alamode, and handsome,⁴
I'll never marry man that wants one:
And till you can demonstrate plain,
You have one equal to your mane,
I'll be torn piece-meal by a horse,
Ere I'll take you for better or worse.
The Prince of Cambay's daily food
Is asp, and basilisk, and toad.⁵

¹ See Fontaine, Conte de la jument du compere Pierre. Lord Monboddo had a theory about tails; he maintained that naturally they were as proper appendages to man as to beasts; but that the practice of sitting had in process of time completely abraded them.
² That is, rest the cause upon this point.
³ Mr Butler here alludes to Dr Bulwer's Artificial Changeling, p. 410, where, besides the story of the Keutish men near Rochester, who had tails clapped to their breeches by Thomas a Beckett, he gives an account, from an honest young man of Captain Morris's company, in Ireton's regiment, "that at Cashell, in the county of Tipperary, in Carrick Patrick church, seated on a rock, stormed by Lord Inchequin, where near 700 were put to the sword, there were found among the slain of the Irish, when they were stripped, divers that had tails near a quarter of a yard long; forty soldiers, that were eye-witnesses, testified the same upon their oaths." For an account of the Kentish Long-tails, see Lambarde's Perambulation of Kent, p. 315, and Bohn's Handbook of Proverbs, p. 207.
⁴ Gentee is the affected pronunciation of the French gentil.
⁵ See Purchas's Pilgrime, vol. ii. p. 1495, for the story of Macamut, Sultan of Cambay, who is said to have lived upon poison, and so complete-
Which makes him have so strong a breath,
Each night he stinks a queen to death;
Yet I shall rather lie in's arms
Than your's, on any other terms.

Quoth he, What nature can afford
I shall produce, upon my word;
And if she ever gave that boon
To man, I 'll prove that I have one;
I mean, by postulate illation,
When you shall offer just occasion;
But since ye've yet denied to give
My heart, your pris'ner, a reprieve,
Let that at least your pity feel;
And for the sufferings of your martyr,
Give its poor entertainer quarter;
And by discharge, or mainprise, grant
Deliv'ry from this base restraint.

Quoth she, I grieve to see your leg
Stuck in a hole here like a peg,
And if I knew which way to do't,
Your honour safe, I'd let you out.
That dames by jail-delivery
Of errant knights have been set free.
When by enchantment they have been,
And sometimes for it too, laid in,
Is that which knights are bound to do
By order, oaths, and honour too;

ly to have saturated his breath, that contact with him caused the death of
4000 concubines. Philosoph. Transactions, lxvi. 314. Montaigne, b. i.
Essay on Customs. A gross double entendre runs through the whole of the
widow's speeches, and likewise through those of the knight. See T. War-
ton on English Poetry, iii. p. 10.

1 That is, by inference, consequence, or presumptive evidence.
2 Grey supposes that the usher, who attended the widow, might be
the constable of the place, and that on that account Hudibras begged her
to release him; but it is more probable that she was of sufficient consider-
ation to obtain his liberation, either absolutely, or on bail; or that she
could order her said usher to open the stocks and set him free.
3 These and the following lines are a banter upon romance writers. Our
author keeps Don Quixote (Gayton's translation) constantly in his eye, when
he is aiming at this object. In Europe, the Spaniards and the French en-
gaged first in this kind of writing: from them it was communicated to the
English.
For what are they renown’d and famous else,
But aiding of distressed damosels?
But for a lady, no ways errant.¹
To free a knight, we have no warrant
In any authentical romance,
Or classic author yet of France;
And I’d be loth to have you break
An ancient custom for a freak,
Or innovation introduce
In place of things of antique use,
To free your heels by any course,
That might b’ unwholesome to your spurs:²
Which if I should consent unto,
It is not in my pow’r to do;
For ’tis a service must be done ye
With solemn previous ceremony;
Which always has been us’d t’ untie
The charms of those who here do lie:
For as the ancients heretofore
To Honour’s temple had no door,
But that which thorough Virtue’s lay:³
So from this dungeon there’s no way
To honour’s freedom, but by passing
That other virtuous school of lashing,
Where knights are kept in narrow lists,
With wooden lockets ’bout their wrists:⁴
In which they for awhile are tenants,
And for their ladies suffer penance:
Whipping, that’s virtue’s governess,⁵
Tut’ress of arts and sciences;
That mends the gross mistakes of nature.
And puts new life into dull matter;

¹ There were damsels-errant as well as knights-errant, in the romances, and the widow disclaims all connection with that order.
² That is, to his honour. The spurs were badges of knighthood, and if a knight was degraded, his spurs were hacked to pieces by a menial.
³ The temple of Virtue and Honour was built by Marius; the architect was Mutius; it had no posticum. See Vitruvius, Piranesi, &c.
⁴ This refers to the whipping of petty criminals — humorously styled Knights—in houses of correction.
⁵ A sly glance at the passion for flagellation displayed by the masters of schools.
That lays foundation for renown,
And all the honours of the gown.
This suffer'd, they are set at large,
And freed with hon'rable discharge;
Then, in their robes, the penitentials
Are straight presented with credentials.¹
And in their way attended on
By magistrates of every town;
And, all respect and charges paid,
They're to their ancient seats convey'd.
Now if you'll venture for my sake,
To try the toughness of your back,
And suffer, as the rest have done,
The laying of a whipping on,²
And may you prosper in your suit,
As you with equal vigour do't,
I here engage myself to loose ye
And free your heels from caperdewsie:³
But since our sex's modesty
Will not allow I should be by,
Bring me, on oath, a fair account,
And honour too, when you have done't;
And I'll admit you to the place
You claim as due in my good grace.
If matrimony and hanging go⁴
By dest'ny, why not whipping too?
What med'cine else can cure the fits
Of lovers, when they lose their wits?
Love is a boy by poets styl'd,
Then spare the rod, and spoil the child:

¹ This alludes to the Acts of Parliament, 33 Eliz. cap. 4, and 1 James I. c. 31, whereby vagrants were ordered to be whipped, and, with a certificate of the fact, conveyed by constables to the place of their settlement.
² A reference to the Amatorial Flagellants of Spain; no other way to move the hearts of their ladies being left them, they borrowed the ascetic's scourge, and used it.
³ From 1674 to 1700, these lines stood:

I here engage to be your bail,
And free you from th' unknightly jail.

The etymology of caperdewsie, evidently a term for the stocks, is unknown.
A Persian emp'r or whipp'd his grannum,
The sea, his mother Venus came on;¹
And hence some rev'rend men approve
Of rosemary in making love.²
As skilful coopers hoop their tubs
With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs,³
Why may not whipping have as good
A grace, perform'd in time and mood,
With comely movement, and by art,
Raise passion in a lady's heart?
It is an easier way to make
Love by, than that which many take.
Who would not rather suffer whipping,
Than swallow toasts of bits of ribbon?⁴
Make wicked verses, treats, and faces,
And spell names over with beer-glasses?⁵
Be under vows to hang and die
Love's sacrifice, and all a lie?
With China-oranges and tarts,
And whining-plays, lay baits for hearts?
Bribe chambermaids with love and money,
To break no roguish jests upon ye;
For lilies limn'd on cheeks, and roses,
With painted perfumes, hazard noses?⁶

¹ Xerxes whipped the sea, which was the mother of Venus, and Venus was the mother of Cupid; the sea, therefore, was the "grannum," or grandmother, of Cupid, and the object of imperial flattery, when the winds and the waves were not propitious. See Juven. Sat. x. 180.
² As Venus came from the sea the poet supposes some connection with the word rosemary, or rōs maris, dew of the sea. Rosemary was worn at weddings, and carried at funerals. See chapter on the subject in vol. ii. p. 119—123, Brand's Pop. Antiquities (Bohn's edition).
³ Coopers, like blacksmiths, give to their work alternately a heavy stroke and a light one; which our poet humorously compares to the Lydian and Phrygian measures. The former were soft and effeminate, the latter rough and martial.
⁴ One of the follies practised by Inamoratos. Grey quotes a tract, printed in 1659, which informs us that French gallants "in their frolics, spare not the ornaments of their madams, who cannot wear a piece of ferret-ribbon, but they will cut it in pieces and swallow it in wine, to celebrate their better fortune."
⁵ Spell them in the number of glasses of beer, as before at ver. 570.
⁶ The plain meaning of the distich is, venture disease for painted and perfumed whores.
Or, vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,  
Do penance in a paper lanthorn?  
All this you may compound for now,  
By suffer'ring what I offer you;  
Which is no more than has been done  
By knights for ladies long agone.  
Did not the great La Mancha do so  
For the Infanta Del Toboso?  
Did not th' illustrious Bassa make  
Himself a slave for Miss's sake?  
And with bull's pizzle, for her love,  
Was taw'd as gentle as a glove?  
Was not young Florio sent, to cool  
His flame for Biancafiore, to school,  
Where pedant made his pathic bum  
For her sake suffer martyrdom?  
Did not a certain lady whip.  
Of late, her husband's own lordship?

1 Alluding to an ecclesiastical discipline for such faults as adultery and fornication.
2 Meaning the penance which Don Quixote underwent on the mountain for the sake of Dulcinea, Part i. book iii. ch. 2.
3 Ibrahim, the illustrious Bassa, in the romance of Monsieur Scudery. His mistress, Isabella, princess of Monaco, being conveyed away to the Sultan's seraglio, he got into the palace disguised as a slave, and, after a multitude of adventures, became grand vizier.
4 To tawc, is a term used by leather-dressers, signifying to soften the leather and make it pliable, by rubbing it. See Wright's Glossary.
5 Alluding to an Italian romance, entitled Florio and Biancafiore. The widow here cites some illustrious examples of the three nations, Spanish, French, and Italian, to induce the knight to give himself a scourging, according to the established laws of chivalry. The adventures of Florio and Biancafiore, which make the principal subject of Boccacio's Filocolo, were famous long before Boccacio, as he himself informs us. Florio and Blancafiore are mentioned as illustrious lovers, by a Languedocian poet, in his Breviar i d' Amor, dated in the year 1288: it is probable, however, that the story was enlarged by Boccacio. See Tyrwhitt on Chaucer, iv. 169.
6 Alluding to the schoolmasters' passion for whipping.
7 The person here meant is Lady Munson. Her husband, Lord Munson, of Bury St Edmund's, one of the king's judges, being suspected by his lady of changing his political principles, was by her, with the assistance of her maids, tied naked to the bed-post, and whipped till he promised to behave better. For which useful piece of political zeal she received thanks in open court. Sir William Waller's lady, Mrs May, and
And, tho' a grandee of the house,
Claw'd him with fundamental blows;¹
Tied him stark naked to a bed-post,
And firk'd his hide, as if sh' had rid post;
And after in the sessions' court,
Where whipping's judg'd, had honour for't?
This swear you will perform, and then
I'll set you from th' enchanted den;²
And the magician's circle, clear.

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

Amen, quoth she, then turn'd about,
And bid her squire let him out.³

But ere an artist could be found
T' undo the charms another bound,
The sun grew low, and left the skies,
Put down, some write, by ladies' eyes.⁴
The moon pull'd off her veil of light,
That hides her face by day from sight.
Mysterious veil, of brightness made,
That's both her lustre and her shade.⁵
And in the lanthorn of the night,
With shining horns, hung out her light:⁶
For darkness is the proper sphere⁷
Where all false glories use t' appear.

Sir Henry Mildmay's lady, were supposed to have exercised the same authority. See History of Flagellants, p. 340, 8vo; and Loyal Songs, vol. ii. p. 68, and 58.

¹ "Legislative blows," in the two first editions.
² In editions subsequent to 1734, we read:

I'll free you from the enchanted den.

³ So in the corrections at the end of vol. ii. of the second edition in 1664
⁴ One of the romance writers' extravagant conceits.
⁵ The rays of the sun obscure the moon by day, and enlighten it by night. This passage is extremely beautiful and poetical, showing, among many others, Butler's powers in serious poetry, if he had chosen that path.
⁶ Altered subsequently to—
And in the night as freely shone,
As if her rays had been her own.

⁷ This and the following line were first inserted in the edition of 1671.
The twinkling stars began to muster,
And glitter with their borrow'd lustre.
While sleep the weary'd world reliev'd,
By counterfeiting death reviv'd.
Our vot'ry thought it best t' adjourn
His whipping penance till the morn,
And not to carry on a work
Of such importance in the dark,
With erring haste, but rather stay,
And do't i' th' open face of day;
And in the mean time go in quest
Of next retreat, to take his rest.}

The critic will remark how exact our poet is in observing times and seasons; he describes morning and evening; and one day only is passed since the opening of the poem.
ARGUMENT.

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

IS strange how some men’s tempers suit,
Like bawd and brandy, with dispute,¹
That for their own opinions stand fast.
Only to have them claw’d and canvast.
That keep their consciences in cases,²
As fiddlers do their crowds and bases,³
Ne’er to be us’d but when they’re bent
To play a fit for argument.⁴
Make true and false, unjust and just.
Of no use but to be discust;
Dispute and set a paradox,
Like a straight boot, upon the stocks,⁵
And stretch it more unmercifully,
Than Helmont, Montaigne, White, or Tully.⁶

¹ That is, some men love disputing, as a bawd loves brandy.
² A pun, or jeu de mots, on cases of conscience.
³ That is, their fiddles and violoncellos.
⁴ The old phrase was, to play a fit of mirth: the word fit often occurs in ancient ballads and metrical romances: it is generally applied to music, and signifies a division or part, for the convenience of the performers.
⁵ That is, like a tight boot on a boot-tree.
⁶ Van Helmont (the elder) was an eminent physician and naturalist, a warm opposer of the principles of Aristotle and Galen, and an enthusiastic student of chemistry; born at Brussels, in 1588, and died 1664. His son, born in 1618, died 1699, was likewise versed in physic and chemistry, and celebrated for his paradoxes. Michael de Montaigne was born at Perigord, of a good family, 1533, died 1592. He was carefully but fancifully educated by his father, awakened every morning by strains of soft music, taught Latin by conversation, and Greek as an amusement. His Essays, however delightful, contain abundance of paradoxes and whimsical reflections. Thomas White (or Albins) was a zealous champion of the Church of Rome and the Aristotelian philosophy, and wrote against Joseph Glanville, who printed in London, 1665, a book entitled, Scepsis Scientifica, or, Confessed Ignorance the Way to Science. He also wrote in defence of the peculiar notions of Sir Kenelm Digby, and is said to have been fond of dangerous singularities. He died in 1676. For Tully, whose character does not answer to the text,
So th' ancient Stoics in the Porch,
With fierce dispute maintain'd their church,
Beat out their brains in fight and study,
To prove that virtue is a body; ¹
That bonum is an animal,
Made good with stout polemic brawl;
In which some hundreds on the place
Were slain outright,² and many a face
Retrench'd of nose, and eyes, and beard,
To maintain what their sect averr'd.
All which the Knight and Squire in wrath,
Had like t' have suffer'd for their faith;
Each striving to make good his own,
As by the sequel shall be shown.
The sun had long since, in the lap³
Of Thetis, taken out his nap,
And like a lobster boil'd, the morn
From black to red began to turn:⁴

some late editions read Lully; but the former has been retained with the author's corrected edition. If Butler meant Cicero he must allude to his Stoicorum Paradoxa, in which, for the exercise of his wit, Cicero defends some of the most extravagant doctrines of the Porch.

¹ The Stoics, who embraced all their doctrines as so many fixed and immutable truths from which it was infamous to depart, allowed of no incorporeal substance, no medium between body and nothing. With them accidents and qualities, virtues and vices, and the passions of the mind, were corporeal.

² We meet with the same account in Butler's Remains, vol. ii. 242.
"This had been an excellent course for the old round-headed Stoics to find out whether bonum was corpus, or virtue an animal: about which they had so many fierce encounters in their Stoa, that about 1400 lost their lives on the place, and far many more their beards and teeth and noses." Grecian history does not record these brawls; but Diogenes Laertius, in his life of Zeno, book vii. sect. 5, says, that this philosopher read his lectures in the Stoa or Portico, and hopes the place will be no more violated by civil seditions: for, adds he, when the Thirty Tyrants governed the republic, 1400 citizens were killed there; referring to the judicial murders committed there in 404-3, b. c., on the overthrow of the Athenian constitution.

³ As far as Phoebus first does rise
Until in Thetis' lap he lies. Sir Arthur Gorges.

See als. Virgil's Georgies, i. 446-7.

⁴ Mr M. Bacon says, this simile is taken from Rabelais, who calls the lobster cardinalized, from the red habit which cardinals wear.
When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aching
'Twixt sleeping kept all night and waking,
Began to rouse his drowsy eyes,
And from his couch prepar'd to rise;
Resolving to despatch the deed
He vow'd to do with trusty speed:
But first, with knocking loud and bawling,
He rous'd the Squire, in truckle lolling; 1
And after many circumstances,
Which vulgar authors in romances
Do use to spend their time and wits on,
To make impertinent description,
They got, with much ado, to horse,
And to the castle bent their course,
In which he to the dame before
To suffer whipping-duty swore: 2
Where now arriv'd, and half unharnest,
To carry on the work in earnest,
He stopp'd and paus'd upon the sudden,
And with a serious forehead plodding, 3
Sprung a new scruple in his head,
Which first he scratch'd, and after said;
Whether it be direct infringing
An oath, if I should wave this swingeing,
And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,
And so b' equivocation swear; 4

1 See Don Quixote, Part ii. ch. 20. A truckle-bed is a little bed on
wheels, which runs under a larger bed.
2 In the first edition it is duty, but is corrected to duty in the Errata
to the second edition of 1664.
3 The Knight's "new scruple" is an excellent illustration of the quibbles
by which unscrupulous consciences find excuses for violating oaths and
promises.
4 The equivocations and mental reservations of the Jesuits were loudly
complained of, and by none more than by the Sectaries. When these last
came into power, the Royalists had too often an opportunity of bringing
the same charge against them. Walker observes of the Independents, that
they were tenable by no oaths, principles, promises, declarations, nor by
any obligations or laws, divine or human. And Sanderson, in his "Obliga-
tion of Promissory Oaths," says: "They rest secure, absolving
themselves from all guilt and fear of perjury; and think they have excellently provided
for themselves and consciences, if, during the act of swearing, they can
make any shift to defend themselves, either as the Jesuits do, with some
equivocation, or mental reservation; or by forcing upon the words some
Or whether 't be a lesser sin
To be forsworn, than act the thing,
Are deep and subtle points, which must,
T' inform my conscience, be discust;
In which to err a tittle may
To errors infinite make way:
And therefore I desire to know
Thy judgment, ere we further go.

Quoth Ralpho, Since you do injoin't,
I shall enlarge upon the point;
And, for my own part, do not doubt
Th' affirmative may be made out.
But first, to state the case aright,
For best advantage of our light;
And thus 'tis, whether 't be a sin,
To claw and curry our own skin,
Greater or less than to forbear.
And that you are forsworn forswear.
But first, o' th' first: The inward man,
And outward, like a clan and clan,
Have always been at daggers-drawing,
And one another clapper-clawing: 1
Not that they really cuff or fence,
But in a spiritual mystic sense;
Which to mistake, and make them squabble,
In literal fray's abominable;
'Tis heathenish, in frequent use,
With Pagans and apostate Jews,
To offer sacrifice of bridewells; 2
Like modern Indians to their idols; 3

subtle interpretation; or after they are sworn, they can find some loophole
or artificial evasion; whereby such art may be used with the oath, that, the
words remaining, the meaning may be eluded with sophism, and the sense
utterly lost." 1

Alluding to the clans of Scotland, which have sometimes kept up a feud
for many generations, and committed violent outrages on each other. The
doctrine which the Independents and other sectaries held concerning the
natural hostility between the inward and outward man, is frequently alluded to.

1 i. e. Whipping, as administered in Bridewell, and similar houses of
correction.

2 The similarity of practice in this particular, between the scourging
sects of heathen Indians and the flagellants of the Romish Church, is forcibly
And mongrel Christian of our times,
That expiate less with greater crimes,
And call the soul abomination,
Contrition and Mortification.
Is't not enough we're bruis'd and kicked
With sinful members of the wicked;
Our vessels, that are sanctify'd,
Profan'd and curry'd back and side;
But we must claw ourselves with shameful
And heathen stripes, by their example?
Which, were there nothing to forbid it,
Is impious, because they did it:
This therefore may be justly reckon'd
A heinous sin. Now to the second;
That Saints may claim a dispensation
To swear and forswear on occasion,
I doubt not but it will appear
With pregnant light: the point is clear.
Oaths are but words, and words but wind,¹
Too feeble implements to bind;
And hold with deeds proportion, so
As shadows to a substance do.
Then when they strive for place, 'tis fit
The weaker vessel should submit.
Although your church be opposite
To ours, as Black Friars are to White,
In rule and order, yet I grant
You are a reformado saint:²
And what the saints do claim as due,
You may pretend a title to:

pointed out; and, at the same time, a favourite argument of the Puritans,
that whatever was Romish was ipso facto sinful, is equally well ridiculed.

¹ Such have "lovers' vows" always been represented. The vows of self-
chastisement, from which the Knight seeks self-absolution, was a lover's
vow. But the general strain of satire is against elastic consciences and
easy absolution, whether catholic or sectarian. See Tibullus, Eleg. iv. 17,
18.

² That is, as being a Presbyterian, a quondam saint, not then in the en-
joyment of the pay and privileges of sainthood, as the Independents were.
Reformadoes were officers degraded from their command, but who retained
their rank. (Wright's Dict. sub voc.) See Part iii. c. ii. line 91.
But saints, whom oaths or vows oblige,
Know little of their privilege;               120
Further, I mean, than carrying on
Some self-advantage of their own:
For if the devil, to serve his turn,
Can tell truth; why the saints should scorn,
When it serves theirs, to swear and lie,
I think there's little reason why:
Else 'h' has a greater power than they,
Which 'twere impiety to say.
We're not commanded to forbear,
Indefinitely, at all to swear;               130
But to swear idly, and in vain,
Without self-interest or gain.
For breaking of an oath and lying,
Is but a kind of self-denying,
A saint-like virtue; and from hence
Some have broke oaths by Providence.¹
Some, to the glory of the Lord,
Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word:²
And this the constant rule and practice
Of all our late apostles' acts is.             140
Was not the Cause at first begun
With perjury, and carried on?
Was there an oath the godly took,
But in due time and place they broke?³

¹ That is, by the direction of the spirit, which was commonly assumed as an excuse for violating oaths. When it was first moved in the House to proceed capitally against the king, Cromwell stood up and told them: "That if any man moved this with design, he should think him the greatest traitor in the world; but since Providence and necessity had cast them upon it, he should pray to God to bless their counsels."

² "The rebel army," says South, "in their several treaties with the king, being asked by him whether they would stand to such and such agreements and promises, still answered, that they would do as the spirit should direct them. Whereupon that blessed prince would frequently condole his hard fate, that he had to do with persons to whom the spirit dictated one thing one day, and commanded the clean contrary the next." Harrison, Carew, and others, when tried for the part they took in the king's death, professed they had acted out of conscience to the Lord.

³ The Covenanters, to accommodate their "Large Declaration" to the scruples of the Presbyterians in the matter of Episcopacy, inserted, "That the swearer is neither obliged to the meaning of the prescribed oath nor his
Did we not bring our oaths in first,
Before our plate, to have them burst,
And cast in fitter models, for
The present use of church and war?
Did not our worthies of the House,
Before they broke the peace, break vows?
For having freed us first from both
Th' Alleg'ance and Suprem'cy oath,¹
Did they not next compel the nation
To take, and break the Protestation?²
To swear, and after to recant;³
The Solemn League and Covenant?⁴
To take th' Engagement, and disclaim it.⁵
Enforc'd by those who first did frame it?

own meaning, but as the authority shall afterwards interpret it." The swearing and unswearing, which Butler satirizes, is one of the numerous parallels between the Great Rebellion and the French Revolution, only in the latter case the oaths were taken to a far more imposing array of Constitutions. Talleyrand's oaths of this sort would have made the boldest Parliamentary swearer seem nought.

¹ Though they did not in formal and express terms abrogate these oaths of allegiance and supremacy till after the king's death, yet in effect they vacated and annulled them, by administering the king's power, and substituting other oaths, protestations, and covenants.

² In the Protestation they promised to defend the true reformed religion, as expressed in the doctrine of the Church of England; which was presently afterwards disclaimed in the Covenant. Ultimately the Covenant itself was altogether renounced by the Independents.

³ And to recant is but to cant again, says Sir Roger L'Estrange.

⁴ In the Solemn League and Covenant (called a league, because it was to be a bond of amity and confederation between the kingdoms of England and Scotland; and the covenant, because it was in form a covenant with God) they swore to defend the person and authority of the king, and cause the world to behold their fidelity; and that they would not, in the least, diminish his just power and greatness. The Presbyterians, who held by the Covenant so far as it upheld their church, contrived to evade this part of it by saying they had sworn to defend the person and authority of the king in support of religion and public liberty, and not when they were incompatible with each other. But the Independents, who were at last the prevailing party, utterly renounced the Covenant. Copies of the Covenant, subscribed by the Minister and Parishioners, remain in many Parochial Registers, and in some the place for the Minister's name is blank,—he, perhaps, expecting some change, in which it might not be well for him to have signed it.

⁵ After the death of the king a new oath, which they call the Engagement, bound every man to be true and faithful to the government then established, without a king or House of Peers.
Did they not swear, at first, to fight
For the king's safety and his right?
And after march'd to find him out,
And charg'd him home with horse and foot?
And yet still had the confidence
To swear it was in his defence?
Did they not swear to live and die
With Essex, and straight laid him by?
If that were all, for some have swore
As false as they, if th' did no more.
Did they not swear to maintain law,
In which that swearing made a flaw?
For Protestant religion vow,
That did that vowing disallow?
For privilege of Parliament,
In which that swearing made a rent?
And since, of all the three, not one
Is left in being, 'tis well known.
Did they not swear, in express words,
To prop and back the House of Lords?
And after turn'd out the whole house-full
Of peers, as dang'rous and unuseful.
So Cromwell, with deep oaths and vows,
Swore all the Commons out o' th' House;

1 Cromwell, when he first mustered his troop, sincerely enough perhaps declared that he would not deceive them by perplexed or involved expressions, in his commission, to fight "for the king and Parliament;" and that he would as soon fire his pistol at the king as at any one else.

2 When the Parliament first took up arms, and the earl of Essex was chosen general, the members of both Houses declared that they would live and die with him. Yet the chief object of the self-denying ordinance was to remove him from the command.

3 Clarendon says, that many of Essex's friends believed he was poisoned. (Vol. iii. b. 10.)

4 Namely, law, religion, and privilege of Parliament.

5 When the army began to proceed against the king, in order to keep the Lords quiet, a distinct promise was made to maintain their privileges, &c. But no sooner was the king beheaded, than it was resolved that the House of Peers was useless, and ought to be abolished, which it was accordingly.

6 After the king's party was utterly overthrown, Cromwell, who all along it is supposed aimed at the supreme power, persuaded the Parliament to send part of their army into Ireland, and to disband the rest, which the
Vow'd that the red-coats would disband,
Ay, marry wou'd they, at their command;
And troll'd them on, and swore and swore,
Till th' army turn'd them out of door.
This tells us plainly what they thought,
That oaths and swearing go for nought;¹
And that by them th' were only meant
To serve for an expedient.²
What was the Public Faith found out for,³
But to slur men of what they fought for?
The Public Faith, which ev'ry one
Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none;⁴
And if that go for nothing, why
Should private faith have such a tie?
Oaths were not purpos'd, more than law,
To keep the good and just in awe,⁵

Presbyterians in the House were forward to do. And Cromwell, to lull the Parliament, called God to witness, that he was sure the army would, at their command, disband and cast their arms at their feet: and he again solemnly swore, that he had rather himself and his whole family should be consumed, than that the army should break out into sedition. The army, however, did not throw down their arms; but finding that (as they said) all they were to get for these victories was "a piece of paper," and that Parliament intended to make itself perpetual, they marched on London, and in the end, headed by Cromwell, turned the Parliament out of doors.

¹ Sir Roger L'Estrange has put this into the moral of his Fable (No. 61), "that in a certain place, the people were only sworn not to dress meat in Lent, and so might do what they pleased, but," says the speaker, "for us who are bound that would be our undoing."

² Expedient was a term often used by the sectaries. When the members of the Council of State engaged to approve of what should be done by the Commons in Parliament for the future, it was ordered to draw up an expedient for the Members to subscribe.

³ It was usual to pledge the Public Faith, as they called it, by which they meant the credit of Parliament, or their own promises, for monies borrowed, and many times never repaid. Ralph argues that if the public faith be broken with impunity, private faith could not be considered binding.

⁴ "Resolved that the Public Faith be buried in everlasting forgetfulness, and that John Goodwin do preach its funeral sermon from Tothill Fields to Whitechapel;" says Sir John Birkenhead, in his "Paul's Church Yard" (Cent. 3, p. 20).

⁵ The reference is to 1 Timothy i. 9. "Knowing this, that the law is not made for a righteous man, but for the lawless and disobedient." And Colonel Overton averred that the Presbyterians held this literally.
But to confine the bad and sinful,  
Like mortal cattle in a pinfold.  
A saint's of th' heav'nly realm a peer;¹  
And as no peer is bound to swear,  
But on the gospel of his honour,  
Of which he may dispose as owner,  
It follows, tho' the thing be forgery  
And false th' affirm, it is no perjury,  
But a mere ceremony, and a breach  
Of nothing, but a form of speech,  
And goes for no more when 'tis took  
Than mere saluting of the book.²  
Suppose the Scriptures are of force,  
They're but commissions of course,³  
And saints have freedom to digress,  
But vary from 'em as they please;  
Or misinterpret them by private  
Instructions, to all aims they drive at.  
Then why should we ourselves abridge,  
And curtail our own privilege?  
Quakers, that like to lanthorns, bear  
Their light within them, will not swear;  
Their gospel is an accidence,  
By which they construe conscience,⁴  
And hold no sin so deeply red  
As that of breaking Priscian's head.⁵

¹ Butler cleverly puts this two-edged sarcasm into the mouth of one of those who turned out the peers.
² As one in a fable of L'Estrange (pt. 2, fab. 227) says—For the swearing, what signifies the kissing of a book, with a calves' skin cover and a pasteboard stiffening betwixt a man's lips and the text?
³ This is, they strained the interpretation of Scripture to their own purposes, just as the Parliament officers took the liberty of disobeying their commissions, on pretence of private instructions or expediency. "They professed their conscience to be the rule and symbol of their faith, "says Clement Walker, "and to this they conform the Scriptures, not their consciences to the Scriptures; setting the sun-dial by the clock, not the clock by the sun-dial."
⁴ The Quakers interpret Scripture literally, and also insist upon correctly using thou in the singular number instead of the plural you, whence Butler charges them with turning the gospel into an English Grammar, and regarding an ungrammatical conventionality as a great offence.
⁵ Priscian being the acknowledged authority if not the founder of gram-
The head and founder of their order, 225
That stirring hats held worse than murder;¹
These thinking they're oblig'd to troth
In swearing, will not take an oath;
Like mules, who if they've not the will
To keep their own pace, stand stock still;²
But they are weak, and little know
What free-born consciences may do.
'Tis the temptation of the devil
That makes all human actions evil:
For saints may do the same thing by
The spirit, in sincerity,
Which other men are tempted to,
And at the devil's instance do;
And yet the actions be contrary,
Just as the saints and wicked vary.
For as on land there is no beast
But in some fish at sea's exprest;³
So in the wicked there's no vice,
Of which the saints have not a spice;
And yet that thing that's pious in
The one, in th' other is a sin.⁴

¹ Nash thinks that the poet humorously supposes Priscian, who received so many blows on the head, to be exceedingly averse to taking off his hat; and therefore calls him the founder of Quakerism.

² A merry fellow, says Bishop Parker, finding all force and proclamations vain for the dispersion of a conventicle, hit upon the stratagem of proclaiming, in the king's name, that none should depart without his leave; whereupon every one went away that it might not be said they obeyed any man.

³ Thus Dubartas:

So many fishes of so many features,
That in the waters we may see all creatures,
Even all that on the earth are to be found,
As if the world were in deep waters drown'd.

This was one of the whimsical speculations with which the curious entertained themselves before the existence of scientific natural history. See Sir Thomas Browne, Vulgar Errors (Bohn's edit. p. 314).

⁴ The Antinomian principle was that believers or persons regenerate
Is't not ridiculous, and nonsense,
A saint should be a slave to conscience?
That ought to be above such fancies,
As far as above ordinances? 1
She's of the wicked, as I guess, 2
B' her looks, her language, and her dress:
And tho', like constables, we search
For false wares one another's church;
Yet all of us hold this for true,
No faith is to the wicked due. 3
For truth is precious and divine,
Too rich a pearl for carnal swine.
Quoth Hudibras, All this is true,
Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew
Those mysteries and revelations: 4
And therefore topical evasions
Of subtle turns, and shifts of sense.
Serve best with th' wicked for pretence;
Such as the learned Jesuits use, 5
And Presbyterians, for excuse

could not sin, though they committed the same acts which were sins in others; or, in other words, that the condition of the person determined the character of his acts, and made them good or bad, and not the acts which displayed the character of the man; so that one not previously wicked could commit no wickedness.

1 Some sectaries, especially the Seekers and Muggletonians, thought themselves so sure of salvation, that they deemed it needless to conform to ordinances, human or divine.

2 Hence it may be concluded that the widow was a royalist.

3 This is the famous popish maxim, Nulla fides servanda hereticis, here attributed to the puritan sectaries. Ralph, suspecting the widow to be a royalist, insinuates that it is not necessary to keep faith with her.

4 Private or esoteric doctrines, which may be called mysterious, mean that what is publicly professed and taught is not what the teachers mean.

5 Mr. Foulis tells a good story about Jesuitical evasions; a little before the death of Queen Elizabeth, when the Jesuits were endeavouring to set aside King James, a little book was written, entitled, a Treatise on Equivocation, which was afterwards called by Garnet, Provincial of the Jesuits, a Treatise against Lying and Dissimulation, which contained the following example. In time of the plague a man goes to Coventry; at the gates he is examined upon oath whether he came from London: the traveller, though he directly came from thence, may swear positively that he did not, because he knows himself not infected, and does not endanger Coventry; which he
Against the Protestants, when th' happen
To find their churches taken napping.
As thus: a breach of oath is duple,
And either way admits a scruple,
And may be, ex parte of the maker,
More criminal than the injur'd taker;
For he that strains too far a vow,
Will break it, like an o'er-bent bow:
And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it,
Not he that for convenience took it.
A broken oath is, quatenus oath,
As sound t' all purposes of troth,
As broken laws are ne'er the worse,
Nay, 'till they're broken, have no force.
What's justice to a man, or laws,
That never comes within their claws?
They have no pow'r, but to admonish;
Cannot control, coerce, or punish,
Until they're broken, and then touch
Those only that do make them such.
Beside, no engagement is allow'd,
By men in prison made, for good;¹
For when they're set at liberty,
They're from th' engagement too set free.
The Rabbins write, when any Jew
Did make to God or man a vow,
Which afterwards he found untoward,
And stubborn to be kept, or too hard;
Any three other Jews o' th' nation
Might free him from the obligation:²

supposes to answer the final intent of the demand. The MS. was seized by Sir Edward Coke, in Sir Thomas Tresham's chamber, in the Inner Temple, and is now in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, MS. Laud. E. 45, with the attestation in Sir Edward Coke's hand-writing, 5 December, 1605, and the following motto: Os quod mentitur occidit animam.

¹ See the history of the Treaty of Newport with Charles I., for ample proof of the employment of this mode of reasoning.

² There is a traditional doctrine among the Jews, which Maimonides asserts to have come down from Moses, though not in the written law, that if any person has made a vow, which he afterwards wishes to recall, he may go to a Rabbi, or three other men, and if he can prove to them that no injury will be sustained by any one, they may free him from its obligation.
And have not two saints power to use
A greater privilege than three Jews? 1
The court of conscience, which in man
Should be supreme and sovereign,
Is't fit should be subordinate
To ev'ry petty court i' th' state,
And have less power than the lesser,
To deal with perjury at pleasure?
Have its proceedings disallow'd, or
Allow'd, at fancy of Pie-powder? 2
Tell all it does, or does not know,
For swearing ex officio? 3
Be fore'd t' impeach a broken hedge,
And pigs unring'd at vis. franc. pledge? 4
Discover thieves, and bawds, recusants,
Priests, witches, eves-droppers, and nuisance:
Tell who did play at games unlawful,
And who fill'd pots of ale but half-full;
And have no pow'r at all, nor shift,
To help itself at a dead lift?

1 Butler told one Mr Veal, that by the two saints he meant Dr Downing and Mr Marshall, who, when some of the rebels had their lives spared on condition that they would not in future bear arms against the king, were sent to dispense with the oath, and persuade them to enter again into the service.

2 The court of pie-powder takes cognizance of such disputes as arise in fairs and markets; and is so called from the old French word pied-puldreux, which signifies a pedlar, one who gets a livelihood without a fixed or certain residence. See Blackstone's Commentaries. In the borough laws of Scotland, an alien merchant is called pied-puldreux.

3 That is, by taking the ex officio oath; by which the parties were obliged to answer to interrogatories, even if they criminated themselves. In the conference, 1604, one of the matters complained of was the ex officio oath. The Lord Chancellor, Lord Treasurer, and Archbishop Whitgift defended the oath, and the king gave a description of it, laid down the grounds upon which it stood, and justified the wisdom of the constitution.

4 Frankpledge was an institution derived from the earliest Saxon times, and based upon the principle of mutual responsibility. By it Lords of the manor had the right of requiring surety of every free-born man of the age of 14, for his good behaviour, and they were bound for each other. After the Conquest, where frankpledge prevailed, there were periodical meetings, when it was put in exercise, and these were called the View of frankpledge (visus franciplegii). Selden says, that the View of frankpledge was not wholly unknown in his time; which shows the point of Butler's allusion to it. See Blackstone and the Law Dictionaries.
Why should not conscience have vacation
As well as other courts o' th' nation?
Have equal power to adjourn,
Appoint appearance and return?
And make as nice distinctions serve
To split a case; as those that carve,
Invoking euckolds' names, hit joints? ¹
Why should not tricks as slight, do points?
Is not th' High Court of Justice sworn
To just that law that serves their turn?²
Make their own jealousies high treason,
And fix them whomsoe'er they please on?
Cannot the learned counsel there
Make laws in any shape appear?
Mould 'em as witches do their clay,
When they make pictures to destroy?³
And vex them into any form
That fits their purpose to do harm?
Rack them until they do confess,⁴
Impeach of treason whom they please,

¹ Our ancestors, when they found a difficulty in carving a goose, hare, or other dish, used to say in jest, that they should hit the joint if they could think of the name of a euckold. Kyrie, the man of Ross, had always company to dine with him on market day, and a goose, if it could be procured, was one of the dishes, which he claimed the privilege of carving himself. When any guest, ignorant of the etiquette of the table, offered to save him that trouble, he would exclaim, "Hold your hand, man, if I am good for anything, it is for hitting euckolds' joints." The British Apollo (vol. ii. No. 59, 1708) explains the origin of this saying, to be "the equal celebrity of one Thomas Webb, carver to the Lord Mayor, in the days of Charles I., both in his office, and as a euckold."

² The High Court of Justice was first instituted for the trial of King Charles I., but its authority was afterwards extended in regard to some of his adherents, to the year 1658. As it had no statute or precedents, its determinations were based solely on what best served the turn. Walker says, "should they vote a turd to be a rose, or Oliver's nose a ruby, they expect we should swear it and fight for it: this legislative den of thieves create new courts of justice, neither founded upon law nor prescription."

³ It was supposed that witches, by forming the image of any one in wax or clay, and sticking pins into it, or putting it to other torture, could cause the death of the person represented. Dr Dee records several such supposed enchantments.

⁴ It was one of the charges against the Parliament, that they had allowed the adherents of the king to be put to the rack in Ireland. The
And most perfidiously condemn
Those that engag’d their lives for them? \\
And yet do nothing in their own sense
But what they ought by oath and conscience.
Can they not juggle, and with slight
Conveyance play with wrong and right;
And sell their blasts of wind as dear,?
As Lapland witches bottled air? \\
Will not fear, favour, bribe, and grudge,
The same case sev’ral ways adjudge?
As seamen, with the self-same gale,
Will sev’ral different courses sail;
As when the sea breaks o’er its bound,
And overflows the level grounds,
Those banks and dams, that, like a screen,
Did keep it out, now keep it in;
So when tyrannical usurpation
Invades the freedom of a nation,
The laws o’ th’ land that were intended
To keep it out, are made defend it.
Does not in Chanc’ry ev’ry man swear
What makes best for him in his answer? \\

soldiers were said to have used torture to gentlemen’s servants in order to extort information concerning their masters’ property.

1 This they did in many instances; the most remarkable were those of Sir John Hotham and his son, who were condemned notwithstanding that they had previously shut the gates of Hull against the King, and the case of Sir Alexander Carew.

2 That is, their breath, their pleading, their arguments.

3 The witches in Lapland pretended to sell bags of wind to the sailors, which would carry them to whatever quarter they pleased. See Olaus Magnus.

4 This simile may be found in prose in Butler’s Remains, vol. i. p. 298: “For as when the sea breaks over its bounds and overflows the land, those dams and banks that were made to keep it out do afterwards serve to keep it in; so when tyranny and usurpation break in upon the common right and freedom, the laws of God and of the land are abused, to support that which they were intended to oppose.”


6 A hit at the common forms of Chancery practice. But Grey thinks the poet has in mind the joke propagated by Sir Roger L’Estrange, Fable 61. “A gentleman that had a suit in Chancery was called upon by his counsel to put in his answer, for fear of incurring a contempt. Well, says the Cavalier, and why is not my answer put in then? How should I draw your
Is not the winding up witnesses,¹
And nicking, more than half the bus’ness? 360
For witnesses, like watches, go
Just as they’re set, too fast or slow;
And where in conscience they’re strait-lac’d,
’Tis ten to one that side is cast.
Do not your juries give their verdict 365
As if they felt the cause, not heard it?
And as they please make matter o’ fact
Run all on one side as they’re packt?
Nature has made man’s breast no windores,
To publish what he does within-doors;
Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,
Unless his own rash folly blab it.
If oaths can do a man no good 370
In his own bus’ness, why they shou’d
In other matters do him hurt,
I think there’s little reason for’t.
He that imposes an oath makes it,²
Not he that for convenience takes it:
Then how can any man be said
To break an oath he never made?
These reasons may perhaps look oddly 380
To th’ wicked, tho’ they evince the godly;
But if they will not serve to clear
My honour, I am ne’er the near.
Honour is like that glassy bubble, 385
That finds philosophers such trouble;
Whose least part crack’d, the whole does fly,
And wits are crack’d to find out why.³

answer, saith the Lawyer, without knowing what you can swear? Pox on your scruples, says the client again, pray do your part of a lawyer and draw me a sufficient answer; and let me alone to do the part of a gentleman, and swear it.”

¹ These lines, thanks to the “vitality” of English law, are as severely satirical now as they were two hundred years ago.
² This and the following are two of the best remembered and oftenest quoted lines of Hudibras. See line 275, above, where the same thought is expressed.
³ This glassy bubble is the well-known Prince Rupert’s drop, so called because the prince first introduced the knowledge of it to this country. It is of common glass, in size and shape like the accompanying figure; and
Quoth Ralpbo, Honour's but a word
To swear by only in a lord: 1
In other men 'tis but a huff
To vapour with, instead of proof;
That like a wen looks big and swells,
Is senseless, and just nothing else. 2
Let it, quoth he, be what it will,
It has the world's opinion still.
But as men are not wise, that run
The slightest hazard they may shun;
There may a medium be found out
To clear to all the world the doubt;
And that is, if a man may do't,
By proxy whipp'd, or substitute. 3
Though nice and dark the point appear,
Quoth Ralph, it may hold up and clear.
That sinners may supply the place
Of suffering saints, is a plain case.
Justice gives sentence, many times,
On one man for another's crimes.

its peculiar properties are, that it will sustain without injury very heavy
blows upon the body, D, E; but if broken at B, or C, the whole drop will
burst into powder with great violence. If the tip, A, be broken off, the
bubble will not burst. They are described in Beekmann's History of In-
ventions (Bohn's Edit. vol. ii. p. 241, &c.). The cause of their peculiarities
rendered them a great puzzle to the curious.
1 Peers, when they give judgment, are not sworn: they say only, upon
my honour. See lines 262, 263, above.
2 Ralpho was much of Falstaff's opinion with regard to honour. See
3 We are told in the Tatler, No. 92, "that pages are chastised for the
admonition of princes." See an account of Mr Murray of the bed-cham-
ber, who was whipping-boy to King Charles I., in Burnet's Own Times
(Bohn's edit. p. 99). Henry IV. of France, when absolved of his excom-
munication and heresy by Pope Clement VIII., received chastisement in
the persons of his representatives, Messrs D'Ossat and Du Perron, after-
wards Cardinals.
Our brethren of New England use
Choice malefactors to excuse,¹
And hang the guiltless in their stead,
Of whom the churches have less need.
As lately 't happen'd: in a town
There liv'd a cobler, and but one,
That out of doctrine could cut use,
And mend men's lives as well as shoes.
This precious brother having slain,
In times of peace, an Indian,
Not out of malice, but mere zeal,²
Because he was an infidel,
The mighty Tottipottimoy ³
Sent to our elders an envoy,
Complaining sorely of the breach
Of league, held forth by brother Patch,
Against the articles in force
Between both churches, his and ours;
For which he crav'd the saints to render
Into his hands, or hang th' offender:
But they maturely having weigh'd
They had no more but him o' th' trade;
A man that serv'd them in a double
Capacity, to teach and cobble;
Resolv'd to spare him: yet to do
The Indian Hoghan Moghan too

¹ This story is asserted to be true, in the note subjoined to the early editions. A similar one is related by Grey, from Morton's English Ca-
naan, printed 1637. A lusty young fellow was condemned to be hanged for stealing corn; but it was formally proposed in council to execute a bed-
ridden old man in the offender's clothes, which would satisfy appearances, and preserve a useful member to society. Grey mentions likewise a letter from the committee of Stafford to Speaker Lenthall, dated Aug. 5, 1645, desiring a respite for Henry Steward, a soldier under the governor of Hartlebury Castle, and offering two Irishmen to be executed in his stead. Ralpho calls them his brethren of New England, because the inhabitants there were generally Independents.

² Just so, says Grey, Ap Evans acted, who murdered his mother and his brother for kneeling at the Sacrament, alleging that this was idolatry.

³ This is not a real name, but merely a ludicrous imitation of the sonorous appellations of the Indian Sachems; as is the other name in line 434, below.
Impartial justice, in his stead did
Hang an old weaver that was bed-rid:
Then wherefore may not you be skipp'd,
And in your room another whipp'd?
For all philosophers, but the Sceptic,
Hold whipping may be sympathetic.

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

Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter.
For in all scruples of this nature,
No man includes himself, nor turns
The point upon his own concerns.
As no man of his own self catches
The itch, or amorous French achè's;
So no man does himself convince,
By his own doctrine, of his sins:
And though all cry down self, none means
His own self in a literal sense:
Besides, it is not only foppish,
But vile, idolatrous, and popish.
For one man out of his own skin
To firk and whip another's sin:

1 The Sceptics, who held that certainty was not attainable on any subject, and doubted sensation altogether, are here wittily satirized as refusing to assent to Ralpho's doctrine of sympathetic whipping. The philosophers who believed in it were Sir Kenelm Digby, often the theme of Butler's banter, and some then credulous members of the Royal Society.

2 A favourite expression of the sectaries of those days.

3 The old pronunciation of this word was aitches, and the late John Kemble to the day of his death insisted on so pronouncing it; for which he was frequently ridiculed.

4 A banter on the popish doctrine of satisfaction and supererogation.
As pedants out of school-boys' breeches
Do claw and curry their own itches. 465
But in this case it is profane,
And sinful too, because in vain;
For we must take our oaths upon it
You did the deed, when I have done it.

Quoth Hudibras, That's answer'd soon;
Give us the whip, we'll lay it on.

Quoth Ralpho, That you may swear true,
'Twere properer that I whipp'd you;
For when with your consent 'tis done,
The act is really your own.

Quoth Hudibras, It is in vain,
I see, to argue 'gainst the grain;
Or, like the stars, incline men to
What they're averse themselves to do:
For when disputes are weary'd out,
'Tis interest still resolves the doubt:
But since no reason can confute ye,
I'll try to force you to your duty;
For so it is, howe'er you mince it;

As, ere we part, I shall evince it,
And curry, if you stand out, whether
You will or no, your stubborn leather.
Canst thou refuse to bear thy part
I' th' public work, base as thou art?
To higgle thus, for a few blows,
To gain thy Knight an op'leut spouse,
Whose wealth his bowels yearn to purchase,
Merely for th' int'rest of the churches?
And when he has it in his claws,
Will not be hide-bound to the Cause;

1 In Spectator, No. 157, are to be found remarks illustrative of this peculiarity of pedagogues.

2 Grey observes that a contest between Don Quixote and his renowned squire appears to have furnished the pattern for this amusing falling out (see chaps. 35 and 60). But there is more intellectual subtlety in the argumentation of Butler's heroes than in the Don and Sancho.

3 See Don Quixote, chap. 68, for the like reproaches administered by the knight to his squire.
Nor shalt thou find him a curmudgeon, 1
If thou dispatch it without grudging:
If not, resolve, before we go,
That you and I must pull a crow. 2

Ye 'ad best, quoth Ralpho, as the ancients 3
Say wisely, have a care o' th' main chance,
And look before you, ere you leap;
For as you sow y' are like to reap:
And were y' as good as George-a-green, 4
I should make bold to turn a-gen;
Nor am I doubtful of the issue
In a just quarrel, as mine is so.
Is 't fitting for a man of honour
To whip the saints, like Bishop Bonner? 5
A knight t' usurp the beadle's office,
For which y' are like to raise brave trophies?
But I advise you, not for fear.
But for your own sake, to forbear;
And for the churches, which may chance
From hence, to spring a variance,
And raise among themselves new scruples,
Whom common danger hardly couples,
Remember how in arms and politics,
We still have worsted all your holy tricks; 6

1 A niggardly churl. The derivation from cour mechant, obtained by Dr Johnson from an "unknown correspondent," and Ash's mistake in assuming this signature to be a translation of the French words, is one of the best etymological jokes extant.
3 Ralpho, like Sancho, deals largely in proverbs;—these are found and explained in Handbook of Proverbs, pp. 113, 323.
4 This is no other than the Pinder of Wakefield, who fought and beat Robin Hood, Scarlet, and Little John, all three together. See Robin Hood's Garland. The Pinder was no outlaw, as Nash supposes, but an officer to enforce the law, being the keeper of the parish pound.
5 Bishop of London in the reign of Queen Mary, who is said to have whipped the Protestants, imprisoned on account of their faith, with his own hands, till he was tired with the violence of the exercise. Hume's History of Mary, p. 378; Fox, Acts and Monuments, ed. 1576, p. 1937.
6 The Independents, by their dexterity in intrigue and getting the army on their side, outwitted and overpowered the Presbyterians, who intended simply to instal themselves in the place of the Church of England. These lines record, for the most part, plain and well-known historical facts. See Burnet and others.
Trepann'd your party with intrigue,
And took your grandees down a peg;
New-modell'd the army, and cashier'd
All that to Legion Smee adher'd;¹
Made a mere utensil o' your church,
And after left it in the lurch;
A scaffold to build up our own,
And when w' had done with 't, pull'd it down;
Capoch'd² your rabbins of the Synod,³
And snapp'd their canons with a why-not.
Grave synod-men, that were rever'd
For solid face, and depth of beard,
Their Classic model prov'd a maggot,
Their Direct'ry an Indian pagod;⁴
And drown'd their discipline like a kitten,
On which they 'd been so long a sitting; ⁵
Decry'd it as a holy cheat,
Grown out of date, and obsolete,
And all the saints of the first grass,⁶
As castling foals of Balaam's ass.

At this the Knight grew high in chafe,
And staring furiously on Ralph,
He trembled, and look'd pale with ire,⁷
Like ashes first, then red as fire.

¹ See above, p. 124, for an explanation of the term Smectymnuus. The majority originally in favour of Presbyterianism, which was overthrown by the Independents, is ridiculed under the name of Legion.
² So in the first editions, afterwards altered by Butler to O'er-reach'd, and again restored. Capoch'd means hood-winked. Why-not is a fanciful term used in Butler's Remains, vol. i. p. 178; and signifies the obliging a man to yield his assent.
³ These were the Assembly of Divines, whose work was almost all undone by the supremacy of the Independents.
⁴ The Directory was a book drawn up by the Assembly of Divines (120 Divines and 30 Laymen) and published by authority of Parliament, containing instructions to their ministers for the regulation of public worship. It became a mere curiosity when the Independents set up freedom of worship.
⁵ That is, from July 1, 1643, their first meeting, to August 28, 1648, when their discipline by classes was established. The Divines of the Assembly being paid by the day, are presumed to have had an interest in prolonging their work.
⁶ The Presbyterians, the first sectaries that sprang up and opposed the established church.
⁷ These two lines are not in the first editions; but were added in 1674.
Have I, quoth he, been ta'en in fight,
And for so many moons lain by 't,
And when all other means did fail,
Have been exchang'd for tubs of ale?¹
Not but they thought me worth a ransom
Much more consid'ralbe and handsome;
But for their own sakes, and for fear
They were not safe, when I was there;
Now to be baffled by a scoundrel,
An upstart sect'ry, and a mungrel,²
Such as breed out of peccant humours
Of our own church, like wens or tumours,
And like a maggot in a sore,
Wou'd that which gave it life devour;
It never shall be done or said:
With that he seiz'd upon his blade; ³
And Ralpho too, as quick and bold,
Upon his basket-hilt laid hold,
With equal readiness prepar'd,
To draw and stand upon his guard.
When both were parted on the sudden,
With hideous clamour, and a loud one,
As if all sorts of noise had been
Contracted into one loud din;
Or that some Member to be chosen,
Had got the odds above a thousand;
And, by the greatness of his noise,
Prov'd fittest for his country's choice.

¹ A contemporary note on these lines quoted by Grey, says, "The Knight was kept prisoner in Exeter, and after several changes proposed, but none accepted, was at last released for a barrel of ale, as he used upon all occasions to declare." This identifies Hudibras with a living original, assumed to be Sir Samuel Luke.

² Thus Don Quixote to Sancho: "How now, opprobrious rascal! stinking garlic-eater! sirrah, I will take you and tie your dogship to a tree, as naked as your mother bore you." See note on lines 187, &c.

³ Grey compares this scene to the contest between Brutus and Cassius, in Shakspeare's Julius Cesar, Act iv. History relates that the quarrel between the Presbyterians and the Independents proceeded beyond the mere clapping of hand to sword. And Cromwell's victories, all of which were summed up in Dunbar fight, were the proof of what Ralpho's "basket-hilt" could do in such a case.
This strange surprisal put the Knight
And wrathful Squire into a fright;
And tho' they stood prepar'd, with fatal
Impetuous rancour, to join battle,
Both thought it was the wisest course
To wave the fight, and mount to horse;
And to secure, by swift retreating,
Themselves from danger of worse beating;
Yet neither of them would disparage,
By utt'ring of his mind, his courage,
Which made them stoutly keep their ground,
With horror and disdain wind-bound.
And now the cause of all their fear
By slow degrees approach'd so near,
They might distinguish different noise
Of horns, and pans, and dogs, and boys,
And kettle-drums, whose sullen dub
Sounds like the hooping of a tub:
But when the sight appear'd in view,
They found it was an antique show;
A triumph, that for pomp and state,
Did proudest Romans emulate:
For as the aldermen of Rome
Their foes at training overcome,
And not enlarging territory,
As some, mistaken, write in story,

1 The poet does not suffer his heroes to proceed to open violence; but ingeniously puts an end to the dispute, by introducing them to a new adventure. The drollery of the following scene is inimitable.


3 The Skimmington, a ludicrous cavalcade in derision of a husband's submitting to be beaten by his wife. It consisted generally of a man riding behind a woman, with his face to the horse's rump, holding a distaff in his hand, the woman all the while belabouring him with a ladle. The learned reader will be amused by comparing this description with the pompous account of Aemilius's triumph, as described by Plutarch, and the satirical one given by Juvenal in his tenth Satire. The details of the Skimmington are so accurately described by the poet, that he must have derived them from actual observation. See a full account of it in Brand's Popular Antiquities, vol. ii. p. 180 (Bohn's edition).

4 Our poet mixes up together the ceremonies of enlarging the Pomerium, a Roman triumph, a lord mayor's show, the exercising of the train-bands, and a borough election, in the most wanton spirit of burlesque poetry.
Being mounted in their best array,
Upon a car, and who but they? 600
And follow’d with a world of tall lads,
That merry ditties troll’d, and ballads,1
Did ride with many a good-morrow,
Crying, Hey for our town, thro’ the borough;
So when this triumph drew so nigh,
They might particulars descry,
They never saw two things so pat,
In all respects, as this and that.
First he that led the cavalcate,2
Wore a sow-gelder’s flagellate,
On which he blew as strong a levet,3
As well-feed lawyer on his brev’ate,
When over one another’s heads
They charge, three ranks at once, like Sweads:4
Next pans and kettles of all keys,
From trebles down to double base;
And after them upon a nag,
That might pass for a fore-hand stag,
A cornet rode, and on his staff,
A smock display’d did proudly wave.
Then bagpipes of the loudest drones,
With snuffling broken-winded tones;
Whose blasts of air in pockets shut,
Sound filthier than from the gut,
And make a viler noise than swine
In windy weather, when they whine.

1 The vulgar, and the soldiers themselves, bad at triumphal processions the liberty of abusing their general. Their invectives were commonly conveyed in metre. See Suetonius, Life of Julius Caesar, p. 33 (Bohn’s edition).

2 The words at the end of this and the next line were altered subsequently into cavalcade and flagellet, to the marring of the rhyme.

3 Levet is a blast on the trumpet, a reveillé, which used to be sounded morning and evening on shipboard.

4 This and the preceding line were added in 1674. Butler has departed from the common method of spelling the word Swedes for the sake of rhyme: in the edition of 1689, after his death, it was printed Sweeds. The Swedes appear to have been the first who practised firing by two or three ranks at a time, over each others’ heads: see Sir Robert Monro’s Memoirs, and Bariff’s Young Artillery-man. The Sweeds, under Gustavus Adolphus, were the most famous soldiers of Europe.
Next one upon a pair of panniers,
Full fraught with that which, for good manners,
Shall here be nameless, mix'd with grains,
Which he dispenses'd among the swains,
And busily upon the crowd
At random round about bestow'd.
Then mounted on a horned horse,
One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,
Ty'd to the pommel of a long sword
He held revers'd, the point turn'd downward.
Next after, on a raw-bon'd steed,
The conqueror's standard-bearer rid,
And bore aloft before the champion
A petticoat display'd, and rampant;
Near whom the Amazon triumphant
Bestrid her beast, and on the rump on't
Sat face to tail, and bum to bum,
The warrior whilom overcome;
Arm'd with a spindle and a distaff,
Which, as he rode, she made him twist off;
And when he loiter'd, o'er her shoulder
Chastised the reformado soldier.
Before the dame, and round about,
March'd whifflers, and staffiers on foot,
With lackies, grooms, valets, and pages.
In fit and proper equipages;
Of whom some torches bore, some links,
Before the proud virago-minx,
That was both madam and a don.
Like Nero's Sporus, or Pope Joan;

1. "A mighty whiflier 'fore the king seems to prepare his way." Henry V., Act v., chorus. There were whifflers formerly amongst the inferior officers of the corporation at Norwich. Their duty in recent times (before the date of the Municipal Reform Act) was to clear the way before his Worship, as he went to church on Guild-day; which they did by running and bounding about, whirling all the time with incredible agility a huge, blunt, two-handled sword. The whifflers who now attend the London companies in processions are standard-bearers and freemen carrying staves. Staffier is a staff-bearer, or running footman, from the French Estafier.

2. See note on line 116, above.


4. See Suetonius' Life of Nero, for the particulars of his marriage with
And at fit periods the whole rout
Set up their throats with clam'rous shout.
The Knight transported, and the Squire,
Put up their weapons and their ire;
And Hudibras, who us'd to ponder
On such sights with judicious wonder,
Could hold no longer, to impart
His an'madversions, for his heart.

Quoth he, In all my life till now,
I ne'er saw so profane a show; 1
It is a paganish invention,
Which heathen writers often mention:
And he, who made it, had read Goodwin, 2
Or Ross, or Cælius Rhodogine, 3
With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows, 4
That best describe those ancient shows;
And has observ'd all fit decorums
We find describ'd by old historians: 5

Sporus after he had been gelded (Bohn's transl. p. 357). The story of Pope Joan is too well known to need repetition. But see notes on the subject in Gibbon (Bohn's edition), vol. v. p. 420.

1 The Knight's learning leads him to see in this burlesque procession nothing but paganism, which he, as a reformer, is bound to put an end to at once.

2 Thomas Goodwin was a high Calvinistic Independent, who, dissatisfied with the terms of nonconformity in England, became for some years Pastor of an Independent congregation at Aruheim in Holland. On his return to England he was elected one of the Assembly of Divines, and in 1619, president of Magdalen College, Oxford. At the Restoration he was ejected, and died in 1679. It is however probable that Butler means Dr Thomas Godwyn, who wrote a celebrated manual of Hebrew Antiquities entitled "Moses and Aaron," Oxford, 1616, and another on Roman Antiquities, published Oxford, 1613, both of which went through many editions.

3 In the edition of 1674, altered to,

I warrant him, and understood him.

But the older line was restored in 1704. The name of Ross has occurred more than once before. Ludovicius Cælius Rhodoginus (L. C. Ricchieri) was born at Rovigo, about 1460; and published a voluminous and learned miscellany called 'Lectiones Antiquae,' of which one of the editions was printed by Aldus in 1516. He died in 1525.

4 Speed and Stowe are celebrated English chroniclers. By Grecian Speeds and Stows he means, any aeneant authors who have explained the antiquities and customs of Greece.

5 This is an imperfect rhyme, but in English, to an ear not critically acute, m and n sound alike. So the old sayings, among the common people taken for rhyme,—A stitch in time saves nine. Tread on a worm, and it will turn.
For, as the Roman conqueror, 675
That put an end to foreign war,
Ent’ring the town in triumph for it,
Bore a slave with him in his chariot;¹
So this insulting female brave
Carries behind her here a slave: 680
And as the ancients long ago,
When they in field defy’d the foe,
Hung out their mantles _della guerre,²_
So her proud standard-bearer here,
Waves on his spear, in dreadful manner,
A Tyrian petticoat for banner.³
Next links and torches, heretofore
Still borne before the emperor:
And, as in antique triumphs, eggs
Were borne for mystical intrigues; ⁴
There’s one with truncheon, like a ladle,
That carries eggs too, fresh or adle:
And still at random, as he goes,
Among the rabble-rout bestows.

Quoth Ralpbo, You mistake the matter; 695
For all th’ antiquity you smatter
Is but a riding, us’d of course
When the grey mare’s the better horse; ⁵
When o’er the breeches greedy women
Fight, to extend their vast dominion,
And in the cause impatient Grizel
Has drubb’d her husband with bull’s pizzle,
And brought him under _covet-baron,⁶_
To turn her vassal with a murrain;

¹ See Juv. Sat. x. 42 (Bohn’s transl., pp. 105 and 443).
² The red flag; which has always been taken as a menace of battle à l’entrance.
³ A scarlet petticoat, then worn so commonly. Butler has in mind the ancient poets, who are loud in their praise of Tyrian vestments, especially Ovid, Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius.
⁴ In the orgies of Bacchus, and the games of Ceres, eggs were carried, and had a mystical import. In the edition of 1689, and some others, antique is spelt “antick,” and perhaps was intended to signify “mimic,” as well as “ancient,” which is the more probable, as eggs were never used on real triumphs.
⁵ Handbook of Proverbs, p. 170.
⁶ The wife is said in law to be _covet-baron_, or under the protection and influence of her husband, her lord and baron.
When wives their sexes shift, like hares,\(^1\)
And ride their husbands like night-mares;
And they, in mortal battle vanquish'd,
Are of their charter disenfranchis'd,
And by the right of war, like gills,\(^2\)
Condemn'd to distaff, horns, and wheels: \(^3\)
For when men by their wives are cow'd,
Their horns of course are understood.

Quoth Hudibras, Thou still giv'st sentence
Impertinently, and against sense:
'Tis not the least disparagement
To be defeated by th' event,
Nor to be beaten by main force;
That does not make a man the worse,
Altho' his shoulders, with battoon,
Be claw'd, and cudgell'd to some tune;
A tailor's 'prentice has no hard
Measure, that's bang'd with a true yard;
But to turn tail, or run away,
And without blows give up the day;
Or to surrender ere the assault,
That's no man's fortune, but his fault;
And renders men of honour less
Than all th' adversity of success;
And only unto such this show
Of horns and petticoats is due.
There is a lesser profanation,
Like that the Romans call'd ovation: \(^4\)

\(^1\) Many have been the vulgar errors concerning the sexes of hares, some of the elder naturalists pretending that they changed them annually, others that hares were hermaphrodite. See Browne's Vulgar Errors, b. iii. c. 17. But our poet here chiefly means to ridicule Dr Bulwer's Artificial Changing, p. 407, who cites the female patriarch of Greece, and Pope Joan of Rome.

\(^2\) Gill, in the Scotch and Irish dialect, a girl; in Wright's Glossary one of the significations is, "a wanton wench;" and so Ben Jonson, in his Gipsies Metamorphosed, uses it, "Give you all your fill,—each Jack with his Gill."

\(^3\) "Wheels" here are spinning wheels; and not those of timber-gills or drays.

\(^4\) At the greater triumph the Romans sacrificed an ox; at the lesser a sheep. Hence the name ovation.
For as ovation was allow'd
For conquest purchas'd without blood;
So men decree those lesser shows
For vict'ry gotten without blows,
By dint of sharp hard words, which some
Give battle with, and overcome;
These mounted in a chair-curule,
Which moderns call a cucking-stool,¹
March proudly to the river's side,
And o'er the waves in triumph ride;
Like dukes of Venice, who are said
The Adriatic sea to wed;²
And have a gentler wife than those
For whom the state decrees those shows.
But both are heathenish, and come
From th' whores of Babylon and Rome,
And by the saints should be withstood,
As antichristian and lewd;
And we, as such, should now contribute
Our utmost strugglings to prohibit.⁴

This said, they both advanc'd, and rode
A dog-trot through the bawling crowd
T' attack the leader, and still prest
'Till they approach'd him breast to breast:
Then Hudibras, with face and hand,
Made signs for silence; which obtain'd,
What means, quoth he, this devil's procession
With men of orthodox profession? ⁵

¹ Also called ducking-stool and other names. The custom of ducking female shrews in the water was common in many parts of England and Scotland. Such stools consisted of a chair affixed to the end of a long pole or lever, by which it was immerged in the water, often some stinking pool. In some places the chair was suspended by a chain or a rope, and so lowered from a bridge. For a full account of this once legal practice, see Brand's Popular Antiquities (Bohn's edit.), vol. iii. p. 103, et seq.
² This ceremony is performed on Ascension-day. It was instituted in 1174, by Pope Alexander III., who gave the Doge a gold ring from his finger in token of the victory achieved by the Venetian fleet over Barbarossa; desiring him to commemorate the event annually by throwing a circular ring into the Adriatic. The Doge throws a ring into the sea, while repeating the words, "Desponsamus te, mare, in signum veri et perpetui domini."
³ Butler intimates that the sea is less terrible than a scolding wife.
⁴ "Strugglings" was one of the cant terms for efforts.
⁵ Grey compares this advance of Hudibras and his squire to the attack
'Tis ethnume and idolatrous,  
From heathenism deriv'd to us.  
Does not the whore of Bab'lon ride  
Upon her horned beast astride,  
Like this proud dame, who either is  
A type of her, or she of this?  
Are things of superstitious function  
Fit to be us'd in gospel sun-shine?  
It is an antichristian opera  
Much us'd in midnight times of popery;  
A running after self-inventions  
Of wicked and profane intentions;  
To scandalize that sex for scolding,  
To whom the saints are so beholden.  
Women, who were our first apostles,  
Without whose aid w' had all been lost else;  
Women, that left no stone unturn'd  
In which the Cause might be concern'd;  
Brought in their children's spoons and whistles;  
To purchase swords, caribines, and pistols:  
Their husbands, cullies, and sweethearts,  
To take the saints' and church's parts;  

made upon the funeral procession by Don Quixote (Part I., book ii. chap. 5).  

1 By the use of this word, which bore much the same meaning that it does now, the knight not only proclaims his abhorrence of the Skimming-ton, but also the puritan hostility to musical and dramatic entertainments.  

2 The author of the Ladies' Calling observes, in his preface, "It is a memorable attestation Christ gives to the piety of women, by making them the first witnesses of his resurrection, the prime evangelists to proclaim these glad tidings, and, as a learned man says, apostles to the apostles." Butler, of course, alludes to the zeal which the ladies manifested for the good cause. The case of Lady Monson has already been mentioned. The women and children worked with their own hands in fortifying the city of London, and other towns. The women of Coventry went by companies to fill up the quarries in the great park, that they might not harbour an enemy; and being called together with a drum, marched into the park with mattocks and spades. Annals of Coventry, MS. 1643.  

3 In the reign of Richard II. A. D. 1382, Henry le Spencer, bishop of Norwich, set up the cross, and made a collection to support the cause of the enemies of Pope Clement, to which it is said ladies and other women contributed just in the manner Hudibras describes. See Part I. Canto ii. line 569, and note on line 561.
Drew several gifted brethren in,
That for the bishops would have been,
And fix'd them constant to the Party,
With motives powerful and hearty:
Their husbands robb'd and made hard shifts
T' administer unto their gifts
All they could rap, and rend, and pilfer,
To scraps and ends of gold and silver;
Rubb'd down the teachers, tir'd and spent
With holding forth for Parliament;
Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal
With marrow puddings many a meal:
Enabled them, with store of meat,
On controverted points to eat:
And cramm'd them till their guts did ache,
With caudle, custard, and plum-cake.
What have they done, or what left undone,
That might advance the Cause at London?
March'd rank and file, with drum and ensign,
T' entrench the city for defence in;
Rais'd rampires with their own soft hands,
To put the enemy to stands;
From ladies down to oyster- wenches
Labour'd like pioneers in trenches,
Fell to their pick-axes and tools,
And help'd the men to dig like moles?

1 Var. "Rap and run" in the first four editions.
2 Dr Echard thus describes these preachers: "coiners of new phrases,

drawers out of long godly words, thick pourers out of texts of Scripture,
mimical squeakers and bellowers, vain-glorious admirers only of themselves,
and those of their own fashioned face and gesture: such as these shall be
followed and worshipped, shall have their bushels of China oranges, shall be
solaced with all manner of cordial essences and elixirs, and shall be rubbed
down with Holland of ten shillings an ell." See also Spectator, p. 46.

3 That is, to eat plentifully of dainties, of which they would sometimes

controvert the lawfulness to eat at all.

4 When London was expected to be attacked, and in several sieges during
the civil war, the women, even the ladies of rank and fortune, not only en-
couraged the men, and supplied them handsomely with provisions, but
worked with their own hands in digging and raising fortifications. Lady
Middlesex, Lady Foster, Lady Anne Waller, and Mrs Dunch, have been
particularly celebrated for their activity. The Knight's learned harangue is
here archly interrupted by the manual wit of one who hits him in the eye
with a rotten egg.
Have not the handmaids of the city
Chose of their members a committee,
For raising of a common purse
Out of their wages, to raise horse?
And do they not as triers sit
To judge what officers are fit?
Have they— At that an egg let fly,
Hit him directly o'er the eye,
And running down his cheek, besmear'd,
With orange-tawny 3 slime, his beard;
But beard and slime be'ng of one hue,
The wound the less appear'd in view.
Then he that on the panniers rode
Let fly on th' other side a load,
And quickly charg'd again, gave fully,
In Ralpho's face, another volley.
The Knight was startled with the smell,
And for his sword began to feel;
And Ralpho, smother'd with the stink,
Grasp'd his, when one that bore a link,
O' the sudden clapp'd his flaming cudgel,
Like linstock, to the horse's touch-hole; 4
And straight another, with his flambeau.
Gave Ralpho, o'er the eyes, a damn'd blow.
The beasts began to kick and fling,
And forc'd the rout to make a ring;

1 Handmaids was a favourite expression of the puritans for women.
2 This was the sneering statement of a satire called the "Parliament of Ladies," printed in 1647. The writer says: that divers weak persons having crept into places beyond their abilities, the House determined, to the end that men of greater parts might be put into their rooms, that the Ladies Waller, Middlesex, Foster, and Mrs Dunch, by reason of their great experience in soldiery, be appointed a committee of triers for the business.
3 Bottom, the weaver (in Mids. Night's Dream), might have suggested this epithet, who asks in what beard he shall play the part of Pyramus? "whether in a perfect yellow beard, an orange-tawny beard, or a purple-in-grain beard?" Orange-tawny was the colour adopted by the Parliament troops at first, being the colours of Essex, who was Lord-general. It was, otherwise, assigned to Jews and to inferior persons. See Bacon, Essay xli.
4 Linstock, from the German Linden-stock (a lime-tree cudgel), signifies the rod of wood with a match at the end of it, used by gunners in firing cannon.
Thro' which they quickly broke their way,
And brought them off from further fray;
And tho' disorder'd in retreat,
Each of them stoutly kept his seat;
For quitting both their swords and reins,
They grasp'd with all their strength the manes;
And, to avoid the foe's pursuit,
With spurring put their cattle to't,
And till all four were out of wind,
And danger too, ne'er look'd behind. 1
After they'd paus'd awhile, supplying
Their spirits, spent with fight and flying,
And Hudibras recruited force
Of lungs, for action or discourse:
Quoth he, That man is sure to lose
That fouls his hands with dirty foes:
For where no honour's to be gain'd,
'Tis thrown away in be'ng maintain'd:
'Twas ill for us we had to do
With so dishon' rable a foe:
For tho' the law of arms doth bar
The use of venom'd shot in war, 2
Yet by the nauseous smell, and noisome,
Their case-shot savours strong of poison:
And, doubtless, have been chew'd with teeth
Of some that had a stinking breath;
Else when we put it to the push,
They had not giv'n us such a brush:
But as those poltroons that fling dirt,
Do but defile, but cannot hurt;
So all the honour they have won,
Or we have lost, is much at one.

1 Presumed to be a sneer at the Earl of Argyll, who more than once fled from Montrose and never looked behind till he was cut of danger, as at Inverary in 1644, Inverlochie, and Kilsyth; and in like manner from Monro at Stirling Bridge, where he did not look behind him till, after eighteen miles hard riding, he had reached the North Queen's ferry and possessed himself of a boat, whence arose the saying—"One pair of heels is worth two pairs of hands."

2 "Abusive language and fustian are as unfair in controversy as poisoned arrows or chewed bullets in battle."
'Twas well we made so resolute
A brave retreat, without pursuit; 1
For if we had not, we had sped
Much worse, to be in triumph led;
Than which the ancients held no state
Of man's life more unfortunate.
But if this bold adventure e'er
Do chance to reach the widow's ear,
It may, being destin'd to assert
Her sex's honour, reach her heart:
And as such homely treats, they say,
Vespasian being daub'd with dirt 3
Was destin'd to the empire for't; 4
And from a scavenger did come
To be a mighty prince in Rome:

1 In both editions of 1664, this line ends "—t' avoid pursuit."
2 The original of the coarse proverb here alluded to (Handbook of Proverbs, p. 131) was the glorious battle of Agincourt, when the English were so afflicted with the dysentery that most of them chose to fight naked from the girdle downward. It is thus cited in the Rump Songs, vol. ii. p. 39.

There's another proverb gives the Rump for his crest,
But Alderman Atkins made it a jest,
That of all kinds of luck, shitten luck is the best.

3 This and the five following lines were not in the two first editions, but were added in 1674.
4 Suetonius, in the Life of Vespasian, sect. v., says, "When he was ædile, Caligula, being enraged at his not taking care to keep the streets clean, ordered him to be covered with mud, which the soldiers heaped up even into the bosom of his praetexta; and there were not wanting those who foretold that at some time the state, trodden down and neglected through civil discord, would come into his guardianship, or as it were into his bosom." See Bohn's Suetonius, p. 446. But Dio Cassius, with all his superstition, acknowledges that the secret meaning of the circumstance was not discovered till after the event. Nash thinks that Butler might also have in view the following story told of Oliver Cromwell, afterward Lord Protector. When young he was invited by Sir Oliver Cromwell, his uncle and godfather, to some Christmas revels given for the entertainment of King James I., when, indulging his love for fun, he went to the ball with his hands and clothes besmeared with excrement, to the great disgust of the company: for which outrage the master of misrule ordered him to be ducked in the horsepond. Noble's Memoirs of the Cromwell Family, vol. i. p. 98, and Bate's Elenchus Motuum.
And why may not this foul address
Presage in love the same success?
Then let us straight, to cleanse our wounds,
Advance in quest of nearest ponds;
And after, as we first design'd,
Swear I've perform'd what she enjoin'd.¹

¹ The Knight resolves to wash his face and foul his conscience; he was no longer for reducing Ralphe to a whipping, but for deceiving the widow by forswearing himself.
From Mr. C.S. Howe
21 June 1920