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Hudibras

by

Samuel Butler

TOM. I. I

Non decrent fortasse vitiligitatores, qui calumniuntur, partim leviiores else nugas, quam ut Theologum deceant, partim mordaciores, quam ut christianae convenient modestiae.

Erasm. Merito encom. prefat.

London

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MDCCXCVIII
HUDIBRAS,

A POEM,

IN THREE CANTOS.

BY

SAMUEL BUTLER.

VOL. I. PART I.

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1793.
ON

SAMUEL BUTLER, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF HUDIBRAS.

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 likewise was Samuel, had an estate of his own of about ten pounds yearly, which still goes by the name of Butler's Tenement, a Vignette of which may be seen in the Title-page of the first Volume: he held, likewise, an estate of three hundred pounds a year under Sir William Russell, Lord of the manor of Strensham, in Worcestershire.* He was not an ignorant farmer, but wrote a very clerk-like hand, kept the register, and managed all the business of the parish under the direc-

* This information came from Mr. Gresley, Rector of Strensham, from the year 1706 to the year 1773, when he died, aged 100: so that he was born seven years before the poet died.
tion of his landlord, near whose house he lived, and from whom, very probably, he and his family received instruction and assistance. From his landlord they imbibed their principles of royalty, 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 churchwarden of the parish the year before his son Samuel was born, and has entered his baptism, dated February 8, 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 remain in the parish, though some of them are said to be in the neighbouring villages.

Our author received his first rudiments of learning at home; he was afterwards sent to the College School at Worcester, then taught by Mr. Henry Bright*, prebendary of

* 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 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 hspes et lege,
Magister HENRICUS BRIGHT,
Celeberrimus gymnariarcha,
Qui scholæ regiae istæ fundatæ per totos 40 annos
summa cum laude praefuit,
that cathedral, a celebrated scholar, and many years the famous master of the King's School there; one who made his business his delight; and, though in very easy circumstances, continued to teach for the sake of doing good, by benefiting the families of the neighbouring gentlemen, who thought themselves happy in having their sons instructed by him.

Quo non alter magis sedulus fuit, scitufve, ac dexter, in Latinis Graecis Hebraicis litteris, feliciter edocendis:
Tende utraq; academia quam instruxit aetatim numerosa plebe literaria:
Sed et totidem annis eoq; amplius theologiam profeffus,
Et hujus ecclesiae per septennium canonicus major,
Sapitium hic et alibi sacram dei praecomem
magno cum zelo et fructu egit.
Vir pius, doctus, integer, frugi, de republica
deq; ecclesia optime meritus.
A laboribus per diu noctuq; ab anno 1562
Ad 1626 strenue ufq; exantatis
4° Martii suaviter requievit
in Domino.

See this epitaph, written by Dr. Joseph Hall, Dean of Worcester, in Fuller's Worthies, p. 177.

I have endeavoured to revive the memory of this great and good teacher, wishing to excite a laudable emulation in our provincial schoolmasters; a race of men, who, if they execute their trust with abilities, industry, and in a proper manner, deserve the highest honour and patronage their country can bestow, as they have an opportunity of communicating learning, at a moderate expense, to the middle rank of gentry, without the danger of ruining their fortunes, and corrupting their morals or their health: this, though foreign to my present purpose, the respect and affection I bear to my neighbours extorted from me.
How long Mr. Butler continued under his care is not known, but, probably, till he was fourteen years old. Whether he was ever entered at any university is uncertain. His 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 as other things are quoted from the same authority, which I believe to be false, I should very much suspect the truth of this article. Some expressions, in his works, look as if he were acquainted with the customs of Oxford. Courting was a term peculiar to that university; see Part iii. c. ii. v. 1244.

Returning to his native country, he entered into the service of Thomas Jeffries, Esquire, of Earls Croombe, who, being a very active justice of the peace, and a leading man in the business of the province; his clerk was in no mean office, but one that required a knowledge of the law and constitution of his country, and a proper behaviour to men of every rank and occupation: besides, in those times, before the roads were made good, and short visits so much in fashion, 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 family dined in one common hall, and had a lecturer or

* His residing in the neighbourhood might, perhaps, occasion the idea of his having been at Cambridge.
clerk, who, during meal times, read to them some useful or entertaining book.

Mr. Jefferies's family was of this sort, situated in a retired part of the country, surrounded by bad roads, the matter of it residing constantly in Worcestershire. Here Mr. Butler had the advantage of living some time in the neighbourhood of his own family and friends: and having leisure for indulging his inclinations for learning, he probably improved himself very much, not only in the abstruser branches of it, but in the polite arts: here he studied painting, in the practice of which indeed his proficiency was but moderate; for I recollect seeing at Earls Croombe in my youth, some portraits said to be painted by him, which did him no great honour as an artist.* I have heard, lately, of a portrait of Oliver Cromwell, said to be painted by our author.

* 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 any thing naturally and briefly, than to enlarge and dilate:

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

This, and many other passages from Butler's MSS. are inserted, not so much for their intrinsic merit, as to please those who are unwilling to lose one drop of that immortal man; as Garrick says of Shakespeare,

It is my pride, my joy, my only plan,
To lose no drop of that immortal man.
After continuing some time in this service, he was recommended to Elizabeth Countess of Kent, who lived at Wreft, in Bedfordshire. Here he enjoyed a literary retreat during great part of the civil wars, and here probably laid the groundwork of his Hudibras, as he had the benefit of a good collection of books, and the society of that living library, the learned Selden.—His biographers say, he lived also in the service of Sir Samuel Luke, of Cople Hoo Farm, or Wood End, in that county, and that from him he drew the character of Hudibras; but such a prototype was not rare in those times. We hear little more of Mr. Butler till after the Restoration: perhaps, as Mr. Selden was left executor to the Countess, his employment in her affairs might not cease at her death, though one might suspect by Butler's MSS. and Remains, that his friendship with that great man was not

* The Lukes were an ancient family at Cople, three miles south of Bedford: in the church are many monuments to the family: an old one to the memory of Sir Walter Luke, Knight, one of the justices of the pleas, holden before the most excellent prince King Henry the Eighth, and Dame Anne his wife: another in remembrance of Nicholas Luke, and his wife, with five sons and four daughters.

On a flat stone in the chancel is written,

Here lieth the body of George Luke, Esq. he departed this life Feb. 10, 1732, aged 74 years, the last Luke of Wood End.

Sir Samuel Luke was a rigid presbyterian, and not an eminent commander under Oliver Cromwell; probably 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. See Rushworth's collections.
without interruption, for his satirical wit could not be re-
strained from displaying itself on some particularities in the
character of that eminent scholar.

Lord Dorset is said to have first introduced Hudibras to
court.—November 11, 1662, the author obtained an imprim-
matur, signed J. Berkenhead, for printing his poem; accord-
ingly in the following year he published the first part, con-
taining 125 pages. Sir Roger L'Estrange granted an im-
primatur for the second part of Hudibras, by the author
of the first, November 5, 1663, and it was printed by T. R.
for John Martin, 1664.

In the Mercurius aulicus, a ministerial newspaper, from
January 1, to January 8, 1662, quarto, is an advertise-
ment saying, that, " there is stolen abroad a most false and imper-
fect 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 Marriott,
near St. Dunstan's church, in Fleet-street, that other name-
less impression is a cheat, and will but abuse the buyer, as
well as the author, whose poem deserves to have fallen
into better hands." Probably many other editions were
soon after printed: but the first and second parts, with notes
to both parts, were printed for J. Martin and H. Herringman,
octavo, 1674. The last edition of the third part, before the
author's death, was printed by the same persons in 1678: this I take to be the last copy corrected by himself, and is that from which this edition is in general printed: the third part had no notes put to it during the author's life, and who furnished them 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, 10 September 1677; copy of this injunction may be seen in the note †.

* Induced by this injunction, and by the office he held as secretary to Richard Earl of Carbury, Lord President of Wales, I have ventured to call our poet Samuel Butler, Esq.

† 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, re-printed, 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,

J. BERKENHEAD.


Plut. 11. J. original.
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 his poem did to the royal cause; but his innate modesty, and studious turn of mind, prevented solicitations: never having tasted the idle luxuries of life, he did not make to 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. However, there is good authority for believing 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, affirms, that Mr. Butler received from Charles the second an annual pension of 100l.: add to this, he was appointed secretary to the lord president of the principality of Wales, and, about the year 1667, steward of Ludlow castle. With all this, the court was thought to have been guilty of a glaring neglect in his case, and the public were scandalized.

at the 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; Ἡμοςον προφασιν, σφων δ' αυτων κηδε' εκασος;* or, as Sallust says, nulli Mortalium injuriæ suæ parvae videntur. 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 MS. common-place book.

To think how Spencer 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."

* Homer Iliad, 19. 302.

† I am aware of a difficulty that may be started, that the Tragedy of Constantine the Great, to which Otway wrote the prologue, according to Giles Jacob in his poetical Register, was not acted at the Theatre Royal till 1684, four years after our poet's death, but probably he had seen the MS. or heard the thought, as both his MSS. differ somewhat from the printed copy.
Ingenuity and wit
Do only make the owners fit
For nothing, but to be undone
Much easier than if th' had none.

Mr. Butler spent some time in France, probably when Lewis XIV. was in the height of his glory and vanity: however, neither the language nor manners of Paris were pleasing to our modest poet; some of his observations may be amusing, I shall therefore insert them in a note.* He married Mrs. Herbert, whether she was a widow, or not, is uncertain; with her he expected a considerable fortune, but, through various losses, and knavery, he found himself disap-

* "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:

Raucaq; garrulitas, studiumq; 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 lately 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.
pointed: to this some have attributed his severe strictures upon the professors of the law; but if his cenfures be properly considered, they will be found to bear hard only upon the disgraceful part of each profession, and upon false learning in general: this was a favourite subject with him, but no man had a greater regard for, or was a better judge of the worthy part of the three learned professions, or learning in general, than Mr. Butler.

How long he continued in office, as steward of Ludlow Castle, is not known; but he lived the latter part of his life

"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 any thing in his time.

"The churchmen overlook all other people as haughtily as the churches and steeples 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 imprefs 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: let's go the substance for shadow."
in Rose-street, Covent Garden, in a studious retired manner, and died there in the year 1680.—He is said to have been buried at the expense of Mr. William Longueville, though he did not die in debt.

Some of his friends wished to have interred him in Westminster Abbey with proper solemnity; but not finding others willing to contribute to the expense, his corpse was deposited privately in the yard belonging to the church of Saint Paul's Covent Garden, at the west end of the said yard, on the north side, under the wall of the said church, and under that wall which parts the yard from the common highway.*

I have been thus particular, because, 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, which might tend to mislead posterity as to the place of his interment: their zeal for the memory of the learned poet does them honour; but the writer of the verses seems to have 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

* See Butler's Life, printed before the small edition of Hudibras, in 1710, and reprinted by Dr. Grey.
"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 fycophant.
" 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."

In the year 1721, John Barber, an eminent printer, and alderman of London, erected a monument to our poet in Westminster Abbey, the inscription as follows:

M. S.
Samuelis Butler
Qui Strensiumiae in agro Vigorn natus 1612,
Obiit Lond. 1680.
Vir doctus imprimit, acer, integer,
Operibus ingenii non item præmiis felix.
Satyrici apud nos carminis artifex egregius,
Qui simulatae religionis larvam detraxit
Et perduellium scelera liberrime exagitavit,
Scriptorium in suo genere primus et postremus.
AUTHOR OF HUDIBRAS.

Ne cui vivo deerant fere omnia
Deeslet etiam mortuo tumulus
Hoc tandem posito marmore curavit
Johannes Barber civis Londinensis 1721.

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 shewn,
He ask'd for bread, and he receiv'd 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.
Hudibras is Mr. Butler's capital work, and though the characters, poems, thoughts, &c. published by Mr. Thyser, in two volumes octavo, are certainly wrote by the same masterly hand, though they abound with lively fallies of wit, and display a copious variety of erudition, yet the nature of the subjects, their not having received the author's last corrections, and many other reasons which might be given, render them less acceptable to the present taste of the public, which no longer relishes the antiquated mode of writing characters, cultivated when Butler was young, by men of genius, such as Biflip Earle and Mr. Cleveland; the volumes, however, are very useful, as they tend to illustrate many passages in Hudibras. The three small ones entitled, Posthumous Works, in Prose and Verfe, by Mr. Samuel Butler, author of Hudibras, printed 1715, 1716, 1717, are all spurious, except the Pindaric ode on Duval the highwayman, and perhaps one or two of the prose pieces. As to the MSS. which after Mr. Butler's death came into the hands of Mr. Longueville, and from whence Mr. Thyser published his genuine Remains in the year 1759; what remain of them, still unpublished, are either in the hands of the ingenious Doctor Farmer, of Cambridge, or myself: for Mr. Butler's Common-place Book, mentioned by Mr. Thyser, I am indebted to the liberal and public spirited James Maflcy, Esq. of
Rosthern, near Knotsford, Cheshire. The poet's frequent and correct use of law terms * is a sufficient proof that he was well versed in that science; but if further evidence were wanting, I can produce a MS. purchased of some of our poet's relations, at the Hay, in Brecknockshire: it appears to be a collection of legal cases and principles, regularly related from Lord Coke's Commentary on Littleton's Tenures: the language is Norman, or law French, and, in general, an abridgment of the above-mentioned celebrated work; for the authorities in the margin of the MS. correspond exactly with those given on the same positions in the first institute; and the subject matter contained in each particular section of Butler's legal tract, is to be found in the same numbered section of Coke upon Littleton: the first book of the MS. likewise ends with the 84th section, which same number of sections also terminates the first institute; and the second book of the MS. is entitled by Butler, Le second livre del primer part del institutes de ley d'Engleterre. The titles of the respective chapters of the MS. also precisely agree with the titles of each chapter in Coke upon Littleton; it may, therefore, reasonably be presumed to have been compiled by Butler solely from Coke upon Littleton, with no other object than to impress strongly on his mind the sense of that author; and written in Norman, to familiarize himself with

* Butler is said to have been a member of Grey's-inn, and of a club with Cleveland and other wits inclined to the royal cause.
the barbarous language in which the learning of the common law of England was at that period almost uniformly expressed. The MS. is imperfect, no title existing, some leaves being torn, and is continued only to the 193rd section, which is about the middle of Coke's second book of the first institute.

As another instance of the poet's great industry, I have a French dictionary, compiled and transcribed by him: thus did our ancestors, with great labour, draw truth and learning out of deep wells, whereas our modern scholars only skim the surface, and pilfer a superficial knowledge from encyclopaedies and reviews. It doth not appear that he ever wrote for the stage, though I have, in his MS. common-place book, part of an unfinished tragedy, entitled Nero.

Concerning Hudibras there is but one sentiment—it is universally allowed to be the first and last poem of its kind; the learning, wit, and humour, certainly stand unrivalled: various have been the attempts to define or describe the two last; the greatest English writers have tried in vain, Cowley*, Barrow †, Dryden‡, Lock§, Addison||, Pope‡‡,

* In his Ode on Wit, † in his Sermon against foolish Talking and Jeasting, ‡ in his Preface to an Opera called the State of Innocence, § Essay on Human Understanding, b. ii. c. 2. || Spectator, No. 35 and 32. ‡‡ Essay concerning humour in Comedy, and Corbyn Morris's Essay on Wit, Humour, and Raillery.
and Congreve, all fail'd in their attempts; perhaps they are more to be felt than explained, and to be understood rather from example than precepts: if any one 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 lustre resulting from the quick elucidation of an object, by a just and unexpected arrangement of it with another subject: 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 on dissecting them, 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; nor would it be presumption to transfer to this capital author, Quinctilian's enthusiastic praise of a great Antient: hunc igitur spectemus, hoc propositum sit nobis exemplum, ille se profecisse fecit cui Cicero valde placebit.

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, are not worth mentioning: the translation into French, by 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 a while 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. Prior, as Dr. Johnson says, had not Butler’s exuberance of matter, and variety of illustration. 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 Tragopodagra, and other dialogues, the Caesars of Julian, Seneca’s Apocolocyntos,* and some fragments of Varro, they will be found very different: the 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

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* Or the mock deification of Claudius; a burlesque of Apotheosis, or Anathenatois. Reinmarus renders it, non inter deos sed inter fatuos relatio, and quotes a proverb from Apuleius, Colocyntæ caput, for a fool. Colocynta is metaphorically put for any thing unusually large. 
κώμης κολοκυνθαίς in the clouds of Aristophanes, is to have the eye swelled by an obstruction as big as a gourd.
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 Frederic 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, has gone through many editions, and been twice translated into French: it has, indeed, considerable merit, though the reader will scarcely see Elena trasformarsi in una vecchia. Tassoni travelled into Spain as first secretary to Cardinal Colonna, and died in an advanced age, in the court of Francis the First, duke of Modena: he was highly esteemed for his abilities and extensive learning; but, like Mr. Butler's, his wit was applauded, and unrewarded, as appears from a portrait of him, with a fig in his hand, under which is written the following distich:

Dextra cur ficum quæris mea gestat inanem,
Longi operis merces hæc fuit, Aula dedit.

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. The Pucelle d'Orleans of Voltaire may be deemed an imitation of Hudibras, and is
written in somewhat the same metre; but the latter, upon
the whole, must be considered as an original species of
poetry, a composition sui generis.

Unde nil majus generatur ipso;
Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum.

Hudibras has been compared to the Satyre Menippèe de
la vertu du Catholicon d'Espagne, 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 Mayenne called together
the states of the kingdom, to elect a successor, there being
many pretenders to the crown; these intrigues were the
foundation of the Satire Menippèe, so called from Menippus
a cynic philosopher, and rough Satirist, introducer of the
burlesque species of dialogue. In this work are unveil'd the
different views, and interests of the several actors in those busy
scenes, who, under the pretence of public good, consulted
only their private advantage, passions and prejudices.

The book, which aims particularly at the Spanish party,*
went through various editions, from its first publication to

* It is sometimes called Higuero del infierno, or the fig-tree of Hell, alluding to the vio-
lent part the Spaniards took in the civil wars of France, and in allusion to the title of Seneca's
Apocolocyntosis. By this fig-tree the author perhaps means the wonderful bir or banian de-
cribed by Milton.

The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renown'd,
But such as at this day to Indians known
In Malabar or Decan, spreads his arms,

Branching
1726, when it was printed at Ratisbone in three volumes, with copious notes and index: it is still studied by antiquaries with delight, and in its day was as much admired as Hudibras. D’Aubigné says of it, il passa pour un chef d'œuvre en son genre, & fut lu avec une egale avidité, & avec un plaisir marveilleux par les royalistes, par les politiques, par les Huguenots & par les ligueurs de toutes les espèces.*

Mr. de Thou’s character of it is equally to its advantage. The principal author is said to be Monseur le Roy, sometime chaplain to the Cardinal de Bourbon, whom Thuanus calls vir bonus, & a factione summe alienus.

Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree; a pillar’d shade
High over-arch’d, and echoing walks between.

Mr. Ines, in his journey from Persia, thus speaks of this wonderful vegetable: this is the Indian sacred tree, it grows to a prodigious height, and its branches spread a great way. The limbs drop down fibrous, which take root, and become another tree, united by its branches to the first, and so continue to do, until the tree cover a great extent of ground; the arches which those different flocks make are Gothick, like those we see in Westminster Abbey, the flocks not being single, but appearing as if composed of many flocks, are of a great circumference. There is a certain solemnity accompanying these trees, nor do I remember that I was ever under the cover of any of them, but that my mind was at the time impressed with a reverential awe. From hence it seems, that both these authors thought Gothic architecture similar to embowered rows of trees.

The Indian fig-tree is described as of an immense size, capable of shading 800 or 1000 men, and some of them 3000 persons. In Mr. Marshden’s history of Sumatra, the following is an account of the dimensions of a remarkable banyan tree near Banjer, twenty miles west of Patna, in Bengal. Diameter 363 to 375 feet, circumference of its shadow at noon 1116 feet circumference of the several stems (in number 50 or 60) 911 feet.

* Henault says of this work, Peut-etre que la satirè Menippee ne fut guêres moins utile à Henri IV. que la bataille d’Ivri: le ridicule a plus de force qu’on ne croit.
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 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 epistolæ obscurorum Virorum, Cotton's travesty, &c. but these are efforts of genius of no great importance. Many burlesque and satirical poems, and prose compositions, were published in France between the years 1593 and 1660, the authors of which were Rabelais, Scarron and others; the Cardinal is said to have severely felt the Mazarenade.

A popular song or poem has always had a wonderful effect; the following is an excellent one from Æschylus, sung at the battle of Salamis, at which he was present, and engaged in the Athenian Squadron.

---

Ω παιδες Ελληνων ιτε,
ελευθεραλε πατριδ', ελευθερατε δε
The ode of Callistratus is supposed to have done eminent service, by commemorating the delivery, and preventing the return of that tyranny in Athens, which was happily terminated by the death of Hipparchus, and expulsion of the Pisistratidæ; I mean a song which was sung at their feasts beginning,

Ἐν μυστὶ κλαδὶ τὸ ἔφος φορησώ,
Οὔπερ Ἀρμοδὶς κ' Ἀρισογεῖτων,
Οτὲ τὸν τυραννὸν κτανετὶν,
Ισόνομας Τ' Ἀθηνᾶς εποιησατὶν,

And ending,

Αἰ τῷ κλεός ἑστῆται κατ' αἰῶναν,
ζηλοῖ γὰρ Ἀρμοδίε κ' Ἀρισογεῖτον,
Οτὲ τὸν τυραννὸν κτανετον
Ισόνομας τ' Αθηνᾶς εποιησατον.

Of this song the learned Lowth says, Si post idus illas Martias e Tyrannoctonis quispiam tale aliquod carmen plebi tradidisset, inque suburram, et fori circulos, & in ora vulgi intulisset, actum profecto suisset de partibus deque dominacione Cæfarum: plus mehercule valuisset unum Αρμοδίε μέλος
quam Ciceronis Philippicæ omnes; and again, Num verendum erat ne quis tyrannidem Pisistratidarum Athenis instaurare auderet, ubi cantitaretur Σκολιον illud Callistrati.—See also Israelitarum Epivikiov, Isaiah chapter xiv.

Of this kind was the famous Irish song called Lilliburlero, which just before the revolution in 1688, had such an effect, that Burnet says, "a foolish ballad was made at that time, treating the papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burthen said to be Irish words, "Loro loro lilliburlero, that made an impression on the "(king's) army that cannot be imagined by those that saw "it not. The whole army, and at last the people, both in "city and country, were singing it perpetually; and perhaps "never had so slight a thing so good an effect." Of this kind in modern days was the song of God save great George our King, and the Ça ira of Paris. Thus wonderfully did Hudibras operate in beating down the hypocrisy, and false patriotism of his time, Mr. Hayley gives a character of him in four lines with great propriety;

"Unrival'd Butler! blest with happy skill
To heal by comic verse each serious ill,
By wit's strong flashes reason's light dispence,
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 ridi-
culous, 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 experimental philosophy, fortune-telling, incredible relations of travellers, false wit and unjustifiable affection of ornament to be found in the poets, romance writers, &c. thus he frequently alludes to Purchas's Pilgrim, Sir Kenelm Digby's books, Bulwar's Artificial Changeling, Brown's Vulgar Errors, Burton's Melancholy, the early transactions of the Royal Society, the various pamphlets and poems of his time, &c. &c. These books, though now little known, 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 enquire, if the characters painted under the fictitious names of Hudibras, Crowdero, Orfin, Talgal, 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, Col. Rolls, or Sir Henry Rosewell, he is, in the language of Dryden, knight of the Shire, and repre-
fents 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 blockhead, he disdained to stoop; the vices and follies of the age in which he lived, ( & quando uberior vitiorum copia) were the quarry at which he fled: these he concentrated, and embodied in the persons of Hudibras, Ralpho, Sidrophel, &c. so that each character in this admirable poem should be considered, not as an individual, but as a species.

It is not generally known, that meanings still more remote and chimerical than mere personal allusions, have 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; and it is astonishing to observe to what a degree Heraclides * and

* The Allegorë Homerice, Gr. Lat. published by Dean Gale, Amst. 1688, though usually ascribed to Heraclides Ponticus, the Platonist, must be the work of a more recent author, as the Dean has proved: his real name seems to have been Heraclitus (not the philosopher), and nothing more is known of him, but that Euflathius often cites him in his comment
Proclus*, Philo† and Origen, have lost sight of their usual good sense, when they have allowed themselves to depart from the obvious and literal meaning of the text, which they pretend to explain. 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 flocks, he personates the presbyterians after they had lost their power; his first exploit is against the bear, whom he routs, which represents the parliament getting the better of the king; after this great victory, he courts a widow for her jointure, that is 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, Talgal, &c. though described as butchers, coblers, tinkers, on Homer: the tract, however, is elegant and agreeable, and may be read with improvement and pleasure.

* Proclus, the most learned philosopher of the fifth century, left among other writings numerous comments on Plato's works still subsisting, so stuffed with allegorical absurdities, that few who have perused two periods, will have patience to venture on a third. In this, he only follows the example of Atticus, and many others, whose interpretations, as wild as his own, he carefully examines. He sneers at the famous Longinus with much contempt, for adhering too servilely to the literal meaning of Plato.

† Philo, the Jew, discovered many mystical senses in the Pentateuch, and from him, perhaps, Origen learned his unhappy knack of allegorizing both Old and New Testament.—This, in justice, however, is due to Origen, that while he is hunting after abstruse senses, he doth not neglect the literal, but is sometimes happy in his criticisms.
were designed as officers in the parliament army, whose original professions, perhaps, were not much more noble: some have imagined Magnano 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 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, the directory. Ralpho, they say, represents the parliament of independents, called Barebones Parliament; Bruin is sometimes the royal person, sometimes the king's adherents: Orfin 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 doggerel 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 dic-
tion and the rhyme both suit well with the character of the
hero.

It must be allowed that our poet doth 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 not interesting: the reader may leave off without being
anxious for the fate of his hero; he sees only disjunct
membræ poetæ; but we should remember, that the parts
were published at long intervals,† and that several of the dif-
ferent cantos were designed as satires on different subjects or
extravagancies. What the judicious Abbé du Bos has said

* Speél. No. 60.
† The Epistle to Sidrophel, not till many years after the canto to which it is annexed.
respecting Ariofto, may be true of Butler, that, in comparison with him, Homer is a geometrician: the poem is seldom read a second time, often not a first in regular order; that is, by passing from the first canto to the second, and so on in succession. Spencer, Ariofto, and Butler, did not live in an age of planning; the last imitated the former poets—"his poetry is the careless exuberance of a witty imagination and great learning."

Fault has likewise been found, and perhaps justly, with the too frequent elisions, the harshness of the numbers, and the leaving out the signs of our substantives; his inattention to grammar and syntax, which, in some passages, may have contributed to obscure his meaning, as the perplexity of others arises from the amazing fruitfulness of his imagination, and extent of his reading. Most writers have more words than ideas, and the reader waistes 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 are 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.
Some apology may be necessary, or expected, when a person advanced in years, and without the proper qualifications, shall undertake to publish, and comment upon, one of the most learned and ingenious writers in our language; and, if the editor's true and obvious motives will not avail to excuse him, he must plead guilty. The frequent pleasure and amusement he had received from the perusal of the poem, naturally bred a respect for the memory and character of the author, which is further endeared to him, by a local relation to the county, and to the parish, so highly honoured by the birth of Mr. Butler. These considerations induced him to attempt an edition, more pompous perhaps, and expensive, than was necessary, but not too splendid for the merit of the work. While Shakespear, Milton, Waller, Pope, and the rest of our English classics, appear with every advantage that either printing or criticism can supply, why should not Hudibras share those ornaments at least with them which may be derived from the present improved state of typography and paper? Some of the dark allusions, in Hudibras, to history, voyages, and the abstruser parts of what was then called learning, the author himself was careful to explain, in a series of notes to the two first parts; for the annotations to the third part, as has been before observed, do not seem to come from the same hand. In most other respects, the poem may be presumed to have been
tolerably clear to the ordinary classes of readers at its first publication: but, in a course of years, the unavoidable fluctuations of language, the diffuse of customs then familiar, and the oblivion which hath stolen on facts and characters then commonly known, have superinduced an obscurity on several passages of the work, which did not originally belong to it. The principal, if not the sole view, of the annotations now offered to the public, hath been to remove these difficulties, and point out some of the passages in the Greek and Roman authors to which the poet alludes, in order to render Hudibras more intelligible to persons of the commentator's level, men of middling capacity, and limited information. To such, if his remarks shall be found useful and acceptable, he will be content, though they should appear trifling in the estimation of the more learned.

It is extraordinary, that for above an hundred and twenty years, only one commentator hath furnished notes of any considerable length. Doctor Grey had various friends, particularly Bishop Warburton, Mr. Byron and several gentlemen of Cambridge, who communicated to him learned and ingenious observations: these have been occasionally adopted without scruple, have been abridged, or enlarged, or altered, as best consisted with a plan, somewhat different from the doctor's; but in such a manner as to preclude any other than
a general acknowledgment from the infinite perplexity that
a minute and particular reference to them, at every turn,
would occasion; nor has the editor been without the assist-
ance of his friends.

It is well known in Worcestershire, that long before the
appearance of Doctor Grey's edition, a learned and worthy
clergyman of that county, after reading Hudibras with at-
tention, had compiled a set of observations, with design to
reprint the poem, and to subjoin his own remarks. By the
friendship of his descendants, the present publisher hath been
favoured with a sight of those papers, and though, in com-
menting on the same work, the annotator must unavoidably
have coincided with, and been anticipated by Doctor Grey in
numerous instances, yet much original information remained,
of which a free and unreserved use hath been made in the fol-
lowing sheets; but he is forbid any further acknowledgment.

He is likewise much obliged to Doctor Loveday, of Wil-
liamscot, near Banbury, the worthy son of a worthy father;
the abilities and correctness of the former can be equalled
only by the learning and critical acumen of the latter. He
begs leave likewise to take this opportunity of returning his
thanks to his learned and worthy neighbour Mr. Ingram,
from whose conversation much information and entertain-
ment has been received on many subjects.
Mr. Samuel Westley, brother to the celebrated John Westley, had a design of publishing an edition of Hudibras with notes. He applied to Lord Oxford for the use of books in his library, and his lordship wrote him the following obliging answer from Dover Street, August 7, 1734. "I am very glad you was reduced to read over Hudibras three times with care: I find you are perfectly of my mind, that it much wants notes, and that it will be a great work; certainly it will be, to do it as it should be. I do not know one so capable of doing it as yourself. I speak this very sincerely. Lilly's life I have, and any books that I have you shall see, and have the perusal of them, and any other part that I can assist. I own I am very fond of the work, and it would be of excellent use and entertainment.

"The news you read in the papers of a match with my daughter and the Duke of Portland was completed at Mary-le-bonne chapel," &c.*

What progress he made in the work, or what became of his notes, I could never learn.

The engravings in this edition are chiefly taken from Hogarth's designs, an artist whose genius, in some respects, was congenial to that of our poet, though here he cannot plead the merit of originality, so much as in some other of his works, having borrowed a great deal from the small prints in the duodecimo edition of 1710.*

Some plates are added from original designs, and some from drawings by La Guerre, now in my possession, and one print representing Oliver Cromwell's guard-room, from an excellent picture by Dobson, very obligingly communicated by my worthy friend, Robert Bromley, Esq. of Abberley-lodge, in Worcestershire; the picture being seven feet long, and four high, it is difficult to give the likenesses upon so reduced a scale, but the artists have done themselves credit by preserving the characters of each figure, and the features of each face more exactly than could be expected: the picture belonged to Mr. Walsh the poet, and has always been called Oliver Cromwell's guard-room: the figures are certainly portraits; but I leave it to the critics in that line to find out the originals.

When I first undertook this work, it was designed that the whole should be comprised in two volumes: the first com-

* Hogarth was born in 1698, and the edition of Hudibras, with his cuts, published 1726.
prehending the poem, the second the notes, but the thickness of the paper, and size of the type, obliged the binder to divide each volume into two tomes; this has undesignedly encreased the number of tomes, and the price of the work.*

* Mr. Rollin in his advertifement to the eleventh volume of his ancient history, says, "Ce volume s'est trouvé d'une grosseur si enorme qu'on s'est cru obligé de le diviser pour la commodité des lectures, & de la couper en deux tomes."
PART I.

FIRST CANTO

The Argument.

Sir Hudibras his passing worth,
The manner how he sally'd forth;
His arms and equipage are shewn;
His horse's virtues and his own.
The adventure of the bear and fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.
When civil fury first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
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  
With long-ear'd rout, to battle founded,  
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,  
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick;  
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,  
And out he rode a colonelling.

A Wight he was, whose very sight wou'd  
Entitle him Mirror of Knight-hood;  
That never bent his stubborn knee  
To any thing but chivalry;  
Nor put up blow, but that which laid  
Right worshipful on shoulder-blade:  
Chief of domestic knights, and errant,  
Either for chartel or for warrant:  
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,  
That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle:
Mighty he was at both of these, 
And stily'd of War as well as Peace. 
So some rats of amphibious nature, 
Are either for the land or water. 
But here our authors make a doubt, 
Whether he were more wise, or stout. 
Some hold the one, and some the other; 
But howso' 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; 
And offer'd to lay wagers, that 
As Montaigne, playing with his cat, 
Complains she thought him but an a's, 
Much more she wou'd 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;
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 squeek:
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle:
Being rich in both, he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted;
But much of either wou'd afford
To many, that had not one word.
For Hebrew roots, although they're found
To flourish most in barren ground,
He had such plenty, as suffic'd
To make some think him circumcis'd;
And truly so, perhaps, he was,
'Tis many a pious Christian's case.

He was in Logic a great critic,
Profoundly skil'd in Analytic;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south, and south-west side;
On either side he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute;
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a Lord may be an owl;
A calf an Alderman, a goose a Justice,
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 shew 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.
His ordinary rate of speech
In loftiness of sound was rich;
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.
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;
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leafl of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent,
As if his flock 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 debas'd and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on;
And when with hafty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em.
That had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble stones
When he harangu'd, but known his phrase,
He would have us'd no other ways.

In Mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater:
For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale;
Resolve, by fines and tangents straight,
If bread or butter wanted weight;
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'ft author hath,
He understood b'implicit faith:
Whatever Sceptic could enquire for;
For every why he had a wherefore:
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go.
All which he understood by rote,
And, as occasion serv'd, would quote;
No matter whether right or wrong,
They might be either said or sung.
His notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell;
But oftentimes mistook the one
For th'other, as great clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to acts,
And knew their natures by abstracts;
Where entity and quiddity,
The ghost of defunct bodies fly;
Where Truth in person does appear,
Like words congeal'd in northern air.
He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.
In school-divinity as able
As he that hight irrefragable;
A second Thomas, or at once,
To name them all, another Duns:
Profound in all the nominal,
And real ways, beyond them all;
And, with as delicate a hand,
Could twisf as tough a rope of sand;
And weave fine cobwebs, fit for full
That's empty when the moon is full;
Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurnished.
He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice;
As if Divinity had catch'd
The itch, on purpose to be scratch'd;
Or, like a mountebank, did wound
And stab herself with doubts profound,
Only to shew with how small pain
The fores of Faith are cur'd again;
Altho' by woful proof we find,
They always leave a scar behind.
He knew the feat of Paradise,
Could tell in what degree it lies;
And, as he was dispos'd, 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 an High-Dutch interpreter:
If either of them had a navel;
Who first made music malleable:
Whether the serpent, at the fall,
Had cloven feet, or none at all.
All this without a glofs, 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, For he was of that stubborn crew Of errant saints, whom all men grant To be the true church militant: Such as do build their faith upon The holy text of pike and gun; Decide all controvery by Infallible artillery; And prove their doctrine orthodox By apostolic blows, and knocks; Call fire, and sword, and defolation, A godly-thorough-Reformation,
Which always must be carry'd on,
And still be doing, never done:
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.
A sect, whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies:
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss:
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract, or monkey sick.
That with more care keep holy-day
The wrong, than others the right way:
Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
By damning those they have no mind to:
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worship'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.
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin.
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly;
Quarrel with minc'd pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend—plumb-porridge;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.
Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were ajs and widgeon,
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.
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,
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;
With grizzly type did represent
Declining age of government,
And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,
Its own grave and the state's were made.
Like Sampson's heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a nation rue;
Tho' it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the public downfall:
It was canonic, and did grow
In holy orders by strict vow:
Of rule as full and severe
As that of rigid Cordeliere:
'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 tortur'd,
Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd:
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 fire
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 cram'm'd with thrifty fare;
As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,
Such as a country-house affords;
With other victual, which anon
We farther shall dilate upon,
When of his hose we come to treat,
The cup-board where he kept his meat.

His doublet was of sturdy buff,
And though not swerd, yet cudgel-proof,
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.
His breeches were of rugged woollen, 
And had been at the siege of Bullen; 310
To old King Harry so well known,
Some writers held they were his own.
Thro' they were lin'd 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 surprize: 320
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, 325
Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt;
And tho' knights errant, as some think,  
Of old did neither eat nor drink,  
Because when thorough desarts vast,  
And regions desolate, they past,  
Where belly-timber above ground,  
Or under, was not to be found,  
Unless they graz'd, there's not one word  
Of their provision on record:  
Which made some confidently write,  
They had no stomachs but to fight.  
'Tis false: for Arthur wore in hall  
Round table like a farthingal,  
On which, with shirt pull'd out behind,  
And eke before, his good knights din'd.  
Tho' 'twas no table some suppose,  
But a huge pair of round trunk-hose:  
In which he carry'd as much meat,  
As he and all his knights could eat,
When laying by their swords and truncheons,
They took their breakfasts, or their nuncheons.
But let that pass at present, left
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 ty'd,
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 trufly,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of some body to hew and hack.
The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt,
The rancor 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 shew its face.
In many desperate attempts,
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
It had appear'd with courage bolder
Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder:
Oft had it ta'en possession,
And pris'ners too, or made them run.

This sword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age:
And therefore waited on him so,
As dwarfs upon knights errant do.
It was a serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging:
When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,  
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread,  
Toast cheese or bacon, 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.

In th' holsters, at the 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.
CANTO I.

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 fortify'd, Sir Knight,
From peaceful home, set forth to fight.
But first, with nimble active force,
He got on th' outside of his horse:
For having but one stirrup ty'd
T'his saddle, on the further side,
It was so short, h'had much ado
To reach it with his desp'rate toe.
But after many strains and heaves,
He got upon the saddle eaves,
From whence he vaulted into th' feat,
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 us'd 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 bumpkin.
The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;
I would say eye, for h' 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:
And yet so fiery, he would bound,
As if he griev'd to touch the ground:
That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half so tender-hoof,
Nor trod upon the ground so soft:
And as that beast would kneel and stoop,
Some write, to take his rider up:
So Hudibras his, 'tis well known,
Would often do, to set him down.
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 flurt;
Still as his tender side he prickt,
With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd, kickt;
For Hudibras wore but one spur,
As wisely knowing, could he stir
To active trot one side of's horse,
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 laid in, by birth a taylor.
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-legged knights;
Fam'd for their faith and warlike fights
Against the bloody Cannibal,
Whom they destroy'd both great and small.
This sturdy Squire had, as well
As the bold Trojan knight, seen hell,
Not with a counterfeited pass
Of golden bough, but true gold lace.
His knowledge was not far behind
The knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't;
Some call it gifts, and some new light.
A liberal art that costs no pains
Of study, industry, or brains.
His wits were sent him for a token,
But in the carriage crack'd and broken.
Like commendation nine-pence crookt
With—to and from my love—it lookt.
He ne'er consider'd it, as loth
To look a gift-horse in the mouth;
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth.
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,
He could deep mysteries unriddle,
As easily as thread a needle;
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;
A light that falls down from on high,
For spiritual trades to cozen by:
An ignis fatuus, that bewitches,
And leads men into pools and ditches,
To make them dip themselves, and found
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 faint, like bag-pipe drone,
And speaks through hollow empty soul,
As through a trunk, or whis'ring hole,
Such language as no mortal ear
But spiritual eaves-droppers can hear.
So Phæbus, 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,
Whose primitive tradition reaches,
As far as Adam's first green breeches:
Deep-sighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atoms, influences;
And much of terra incognita,
Th' intelligible world could say;
A deep occult philosopher,
As learn'd as the wild Irish are,
Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
And solid lying much renown'd:
He Anthroposophus, and Floud,
And Jacob Behmen understood;
Knew many an amulet and charm,
That would do neither good nor harm:
In Rosycrucian lore as learned,
As he that were adeptus earned:
He understood the speech of birds
As well as they themselves do words:
Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
That speak and think contrary clean;
What member 'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry Rope—and Walk, Knave, walk.
He’d extract numbers out of matter,
And keep them in a glass, like water,
Of sov’reign pow’r to make men wise;
For, dropt in dear, thick-sighted eyes,
They’d make them see in darkest night,
Like owls, tho’ purblind in the light.
By help of these, as he possessed,
He had first matter seen undrest:
He took her naked, all alone,
Before one rag of form was on.
The chaos too he had descry'd,
And seen quite thro', or else he ly'd:
Not that of pasteboard, which men \( \text{they} \) for

For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew;
But its great grandfire, 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.
He could foretel what'sever was,
By consequence, to come to pass:
As death of great men, alterations,
Diseases, battles, inundations:
All this without th' eclipse of th' sun,
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 rogueries, 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 receiv'd the goods:
They’ll question Mars, and, by his look, 
Detect who ’twas that nimm’d a cloke; 
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, 605
And from positions to be guest on, 
As sure as if they knew the moment 
Of Native’s birth, tell what will come on’t.

They’ll feel the pulses of the stars, 
To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs: 610
And tell what crisis does divine 
The rot in sheep, or mange in swine: 
In men, what gives or cures the itch, 
What made them cuckolds, poor, or rich;
What gains, or loses, hangs, or faves, 615
What makes men great, what fools, or knaves;
But not what wife, for only of those
The stars, they say, cannot dispose,
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.

Thus was th’ accomplisht’ d squire endu’d
With gifts and knowledge perilous shrewd:
Never did trusty squire with knight, 625
Or knight with squire, e’er jump more right.
Their arms and equipage did fit,
As well as virtues, parts, and wit:
Their valours too, were of a rate,
And out they sally’d at the gate.
Few miles on horseback had they jogged,
But fortune unto them turn’d dogged;
For they a sad adventure met,
Of which we now prepare to treat:
But ere we venture to unfold
Achievements so resolv'd, and bold,
We should, as learned poets use,
Invoke th' assistance of some muse;
However critics count it sillier,
Than jugglers talking t' a familiar:
We think 'tis no great matter which,
They're all alike, yet we shall pitch
On one that fits our purpose most,
Whom therefore thus we do accost:

Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,
Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickars,
And force them, though it were in spite
Of Nature, and their stars, to write;
Who, as we find in fullen writs,
And crofs-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-infuring friend;
The itch of picture in the front,
With bays, and wicked rhyme upon't,
All that is left o' th' forked hill
To make men scribble without skill;
Canst make a poet, spite of fate,
And teach all people to translate;
Though out of languages, in which
They understand no part of speech;
Assist me but this once, I implore,
And I shall trouble thee no more.

In western clime there is a town,
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.
To this town people did repair
On days of market, or of fair,
And to crack'd fiddle, and hoarse tabor,
In merriment did drudge and labour;
But now a sport more formidable
Had rak'd together village rabble:
'Twas an old way of recreating,
Which learned butchers call bear-baiting;
A bold advent'rous exercise,
With ancient heroes in high prize;
For authors do affirm it came
From Isthmian or Nemæan game;
Others derive it from the bear
That's fix'd in northern hemisphere,
And round about the pole does make
A circle, like a bear at stake,
That at the chain's end wheels about,
And overturns the rabble-rout:
For after solemn proclamation,
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 foot 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,
As he believ'd he was bound to do
In conscience, and commission too;
And therefore thus bespoke the Squire:

We that are wisely mounted higher
Than constables in curule wit,
When on tribunal bench we sit,
Like speculators, should foresee,
From Pharos of authority,
Portended mischiefs farther than
Low proletarian tithing-men:
And therefore being informed by bruist,
That dog and bear are to dispute,
For so of late men fighting name,
Because they often prove the fame;
For where he first does hap to be,
The last does coincidere.
Quantum in nobis, have thought good
To save th' expence 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,
Enough at once to lie at stake
For cov'nant, and the cause's sake?
But in that quarrel dogs and bears,
As well as we, must venture theirs?
This feud, by Jesuits invented,
By evil counsel is fomented;
There is a Machiavilian plot,
Tho' ev'ry nare olfact it not,
And deep design in't to divide
The well-affect'd that confide,
By setting brother against brother,
To claw and curry one another.
Have we not enemies plus fatis,
That cane et angue pejus 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,
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,
Unles by providential wit,
Or force, we averruncate it.
For what design, what interest,
Can beast have to encounter beast? 760
They fight for no espoused cause,
Frail privilege, fundamental laws,
Nor for a thorough reformation,
Nor covenant, nor protestation,
Nor liberty of consciences,
Nor lords’ and commons’ ordinances;
Nor for the church, nor for church-lands,
To get them in their own no hands;
Nor evil counsellors to bring
To justice, that seduce the king; 770
Nor for the worship of us men,
Tho’ we have done as much for them.
Th’ Egyptians worship’d dogs, and for
Their faith made fierce and zealous war.
Others ador’d a rat, and some
For that church suffer’d martyrdom.
The Indians fought for the truth
Of th' elephant, and monkey's tooth;
And many, to defend that faith,
Fought it out mordicus to death;
But no beast ever was so flight,
For man, as for his God, to fight.
They had more wit, alas! and know
Themselves and us better than so:
But we who only do infuse
The rage in them like boute-feus,
'Tis our example that instils
In them th' infection of our ills.
For, as some late philosophers
Have well observ'd, beasts that converse
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 few'd them in the skins of bears,  
And then set dogs about their ears;  
From whence, no doubt, th' invention came  
Of this lewd antichristian game.  

To this, quoth Ralpho, verily  
The point seems very plain to me;  
It is an antichristian game,  
Unlawful both in thing and name.  
First, for the name; the word bear-baiting  
Is carnal, and of man's creating;  
For certainly there's no such word  
In all the Scripture on record;  
Therefore unlawful, and a sin;  
And so is, secondly, the thing:  
A vile assembly 'tis, that can  
No more be prov'd by Scripture, than
Provincial, classic, national;  
Mere human creature-cobwebs all.  
Thirdly, It is idolatrous;  
For when men run a-whoring thus  
With their inventions, whatso'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 tho' the thesis which thou lay'st  
Be true, ad amissim, as thou say'st;  
For the 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 fly homaeosis,
Thou wouldst sophistically imply
Both are unlawful—I deny.

And I, quoth Ralphe, do not doubt
But bear-baiting may be made out,
In gospel-times, as lawful as is
Provincial, or parochial classis;
And that both are so near of kin,
And like in all, as well as sin,
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 to 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,  
Altho' of diff'rent speciefes.  
But, Ralpho, 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
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 deceiv'd, unless
W're slur'd and outed by success;
Success, the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand can always hit:
For whatsoever we perpetrate,
We do but row, w're steer'd by fate,
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 knight
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.
'Tis fung, there is a valiant Mamaluke,
In foreign land, yclep'd ———
To whom we have been oft' compar'd
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 once the Phrygian knight,
So ours, with rusty steel did strike
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 Commonweal,
While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd,
The less the fullen jade has stirr'd.
PART I.

SECOND CANTO.

The Argument.

The catalogue and character
Of th' enemies' best men of war,
Whom, in a bold harangue, the Knight
Defies, and challenges to fight:
H' encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,
And takes the Fiddler prisoner,
Conveys him to enchanted castle,
Theere shuts him fast in wooden Bastile.
There 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 injur'd right,
We mean in what concerns just fight. 10
Certes, our Authors are to blame,
For to make some well-founding name
A pattern fit for modern knights
To copy out in frays and fights,
Like those that do a whole street raze,
To build another in the place;
They never care how many others
They kill, without regard of mothers,
Or wives, or children, so they can
Make up some fierce, dead-doing man, 15
Compos'd of many ingredient valours,
Just like the manhood of nine tailors:
So a wild Tartar, when he spies
A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,
If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
His wit, his beauty, and his spirit;
As if just so much he enjoy'd,
As in another is destroy'd:
For when a giant's slain in fight,
And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright,
It is a heavy case, no doubt,
A man should have his brains beat out,
Because he's tall, and has large bones,
As men kill beavers for their stones.
But, as for our part, we shall tell
The naked truth of what befel,
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 a due desert,
And never coin a formal lie on't,
To make the Knight o'ercome the giant.
This b'ing profeft, 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,  
As they do term't, or succussion,  
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 bandy'd balls,  
The learned hold, are animals;  
So horses they affirm to be  
Mere engines made by geometry,  
And were invented first from engines,  
As Indian Britains were from Penguins.
So let them be, and, as I was saying,
They their live engines ply'd, not staying
Until they reach'd the fatal champaign
Which th' enemy did then encamp on;
The dire Pharsalian plain, where battle
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant cattle,
And fierce auxiliary men,
That came to aid their brethren;
Who now began to take the field,
As knight from ridge of steed beheld.
For, as our modern wits behold,
Mounted a pick-back on the old,
Much farther off, much farther he
Rais'd on his aged beast, could see;
Yet not sufficient to descry
All postures of the enemy:
Wherefore he bids the squire ride further,
T' observe their numbers, and their order,
That when their motions they had known,
He might know how to fit his own.  
Mean-while he stopp'd his willing steed,
To fit himself for martial deed:
Both kinds of metal he prepar'd,
Either to give blows, or to ward;
Courage and steel, both of great force,
Prepar'd for better, or for worse.
His death-charg'd pistols he did fit well,
Drawn out from life-preserving vittle;
These being prim'd, with force he labour'd
To free's blade from retentive scabbard;
And after many a painful pluck,
From rusty durance he bai'd tuck:
Then shook himself, to see what prowefs
In scabbard of his arms fat loose;
And, rais'd upon his desp'rate foot,
On stirrup-side he gaz'd about,
Portending blood, like blazing star,
The beacon of approaching war.

The Squire advanc'd with greater speed
Than could b'expected from his steed;
But far more in returning made;
For now the foe he had survey'd,
Rang'd, as to him they did appear,
With van, main-battle, wings, and rear.
Th' head of all this warlike rabble,
Crowdero march'd expert and able.
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 found, or drum beat,
Who has not a month's mind to combat?
A squeaking engine he apply'd
Unto his neck, on north-east side,
Just where the hangman does dispose,
To special friends, the fatal noose:
For 'tis great grace, when statesmen straingh
dispatch a friend, let others wait.
His warped ear hung o'er the strings,
Which was but fofse to chitterlings:
For guts, some write, ere they are sodden,
Are fit for music, or for pudden;
From whence men borrow ev'ry kind
Of minftrelsy, by string or wind.
His grizly beard was long and thick,
With which he strung his fiddlestick;
For he to horse-tail scorn'd to owe
For what on his own chin did grow.
Chiron, the four-legg'd bard, had both
A beard and tail of his own growth;
And yet by authors 'tis averr'd,
He made use only of his beard.
PART I.

CANTO II.

In Staffordshire, where virtuous worth
Does raise the minstrelsy, not birth:
Where bulls do choose the boldest king,
And ruler o'er the men of string,
As once in Persia, 'tis said,
Kings were proclaim'd by a horse that neigh'd;
He, bravely vent'ring at a crown,
By chance of war was beaten down,
And wounded fore: 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, left the bear defendant,  
And plaintiff dog, should make an end on't,  
Do slave and tail with writs of error,  
Reverse of judgment, and demurrer,  
To let them breathe awhile, and then  
Cry whoop, and set them on again.  
As Romulus a wolf did rear,  
So he was dry-nurs'd by a bear,
That fed him with the purchas'd prey
Of many a fierce and bloody fray;
Bred up, where discipline most rare is,
In military garden Paris:
For soldiers heretofore did grow
In gardens, just as weeds do now,
Until some fplayfoot politicians
T' Apollo offer'd up petitions,
For licensing a new invention
They'ad found out of an antique engin,
To root out all the weeds, that grow
In public gardens, at a blow,
And leave th' herbs standing. Quoth Sir Sun,
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.
A drum! quoth Phœbus, Troth that's true,
A pretty invention, quaint and new:
But tho' of voice and instrument
We are, 'tis true, chief president,
We such loud music do n't profefs,
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.
To him apply yourselves, and he
Will soon dispatch you for his fee.
They did so, but it prov'd so ill,
They'ad better let 'em grow there still.
But to resume what we discoursing
Were on before, that is, stout Orsin;
That which so oft' by sundry writers,
Has been apply'd t' almost all fighters,
More justly may be ascrib'd 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 splendor and antiquity,
And from celestial origine,
Deriv'd himself in a right line;
Not as the ancient heroes did,
Who, that their base births might be hid,
Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
And that they came in at a windore,
Made Jupiter himself, and others
O' th' gods, gallants to their own mothers,
To get on them a race of champions,
Of which old Homer first made lampoons;
Arctophylax, in northern sphere,
Was his undoubted ancestor;
From whom his great forefathers came,
And in all ages bore his name:
Learn'd he was in med'c'nal lore,
For by his side a pouch he wore,
Replete with strange hermetic powder,
That wounds nine miles point-blank would folder;
By skilful chymist, with great cost,
Extracted from a rotten post;
But of a heav'nlier influence
Than that which mountebanks dispense; 230
Tho' by Promethean fire made,
As they do quack that drive that trade.
For as when fiovens do amiss
At others' doors, by ftool or pis,
The learned write, a red-hot spit
B'ing prudently apply'd to it,
Will convey mischief from the dung
Unto the part that did the wrong;
So this did healing, and as sure
As that did mischief, this would cure. 240
Thus virtuous Orsin was endu'd
With learning, conduct, fortitude
Incomparable; and as the prince
Of poets, Homer, sung long since,
A skilful leech is better far,
Than half a hundred men of war;
So he appear'd, and by his skill,
No less than dint of sword, cou'd kill.

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

Armed, as heralds cant, and languid,
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 vittles with.
He was, by birth, some authors write,
A Russian, some a Muscovite,
And ’mong the Cossacks had been bred,
Of whom we in diurnals read,
That serve to fill up pages here,
As with their bodies ditches there.
Scrimanfky was his cousin-german,
With whom he serv’d, and fed on vermine;
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,  
And ev'ry man ate up his saddle;  
He was not half so nice as they,  
But ate it raw when't came in's way.  

He had trac'd countries far and near,  
More than Le Blanc the traveller,  
Who writes, he 'spous'd in India,  
Of noble house, a lady gay,  
And got on her a race of worthies,  
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 fav'd citizen; 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 aught of him but blows;  
Blows hard and heavy, such as he  
Had lent, repaid with usury.

Yet Talgol was of courage stout,  
And vanquish'd oft'ner than he fought;  
Inur'd to labour, sweat, and toil,  
And, like a champion, fhone with oil;  
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;  
But Guy, with him in fight compar'd,  
Had like the boar or dun-cow far'd:  
With greater troops of sheep h'had fought  
Than Ajax, or bold Don Quixot;  
And many a serpent of fell kind,  
With wings before, and stings behind,
'Subdu'd; as poets say, long ago,
Bold Sir George Saint George did the dragon.
Nor engine, nor device polemic,
Disease, nor doctor epidemic,
Tho' store'd with deleterious medicines,
Which whosoever took is dead since,
E'er sent so vast a colony
To both the under worlds as he;
For he was of that noble trade
That demi-gods and heroes made,
Slaughter, and knocking on the head,
The trade to which they all were bred;
And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis great and large, but base, if mean:
The former rides in triumph for it,
The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot,
For daring to profane a thing
So sacred, with vile bungling.
Next these the brave Magnano came,
Magnano, great in martial fame;
Yet, when with Orsin he wag'd fight,
'Tis sung he got but little by 't:
Yet he was fierce as forest boar,
Whose spoils upon his back he wore,
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;
Profoundly skil'd in the black art,
As English Merlin, for his heart;
But far more skilful in the spheres,
Than he was at the sieve and shears.
He cou'd transform himself to colour,
As like the devil as a collier;
As like as hypocrites in show
Are to true saints, or crow to crow.
Of warlike engines he was author,
Devis'd for quick dispatch of slaughter:
The cannon, blunderbuss, and faker,
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 wou'd thrust, the other strike;
And when their forces he had join'd,
He scorn'd to turn his parts behind.
He Trulla lov'd, Trulla more bright
Than burnish'd armour of her knight;
A bold virago, stout, and tall,
As Joan of France, or English Mall:
Thro' perils both of wind and limb,
Thro' thick and thin she follow'd him
In ev'ry adventure h'undertook,
And never him, or it forsook:
At breach of wall, or hedge surprize,
She shar'd i' th' hazard, and the prize;
At beating quarters up, or forage,
Behav'd herself with matchless courage,
And laid about in fight more busily
Than th' Amazonian Dame Penthesile.
And tho' some critics here cry shame,
And say our authors are to blame,
That, spight 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 stoutest dame
To swear by Hercules his name;
Make feeble ladies, in their works,
To fight like termagants and Turks;
To lay their native arms aside,
Their modesty, and ride astride;
To run a-tilt at men, and wield
Their naked tools in open field;
As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,
And she that would have been the mistress
Of Gundibert, but he had grace,
And rather took a country lass:
They say 'tis false, without all sense,
But of pernicious consequence
To government, which they suppose
Can never be upheld in prose:
Strip nature naked to the skin,
You'll find about her no such thing.
It may be so, 'yet what we tell
Of Trulla, that's improbable,
Shall be depos'd by those have seen't,
Or, what's as good, produc'd in print;
And if they will not take our word,
We'll prove it true upon record.

The upright Cerdon next advanc't,
Of all his race the valiant'ft;
Cerdon the Great, renown'd in song,
Like Herc'les, for repair of wrong:
He rais'd the low, and fortify'd
The weak against the strongest side:
I'll has he read, that never hit
On him in muses' deathless writ.
He had a weapon keen and fierce,
That thro' a bull-hide shield would pierce,
And cut it in a thousand pieces,
Tho' tougher than the Knight of Greece his,
With whom his black-thumb'd ancestor
Was comrade in the ten years' war:
For when the restles Greeks sat down
So many years before Troy town,
And were renown'd, as Homer writes,
For well-fol'd boots no less than fights,
They ow'd that glory only to
His ancestor, that made them so.
Fast friend he was to reformation,
Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion;
Next rectifier of wry law,
And would make three to cure one flaw.
Learned he was, and could take note,
Transcribe, collect, translate, and quote:
But preaching was his chiefest talent,
Or argument, in which being valiant,
He us'd to lay about, and tickle,  
Like ram or bull at conventicle:  
For disputants, like rams and bulls,  
Do fight with arms that spring from sculls.

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

That which of Centaur long ago  
Was said, and has been wrested to  
Some other knights, was true of this:  
He and his horse were of a piece:  
One spirit did inform them both,  
The self-fame vigour, fury, wroth;  
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:
Strange food for horse! and yet, alas!
It may be true, for flesh is grass.
Sturdy he was, and no less able
Than Hercules to cleanse a stable;
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, 'cause she 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 th' ad almost por'd out their eyes,
Did very learnedly decide
The bus'ness on the horse's side,
And prov'd not only horse, but cows,
Nay pigs, were of the elder house:
For beasts, when man was but a piece
Of earth himself, did th' earth possess.

These worthies were the chief that led
The combatants each in the head
Of his command, with arms and rage,
Ready and longing to engage.
The num'rous rabble was drawn out
Of sev'ral 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 fight.
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?
What oestrum, what phrenetic mood
Makes you thus lavish of your blood,
While the proud vies your trophies boast,
And, unrevenge'd, walks —— ghost?
What towns, what garrisons might you,
With hazard of this blood, subdue,
Which now y' are bent to throw away
In vain, untriumphable fray?
Shall faints in civil bloodshed wallow
Of faints, and let the cause lie fallow?
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-dam-me 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, the self-same thing
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,
The prototype of reformation,
Which all the saints, and some, since martyrs,
Wore in their hats like wedding-garters,
When 'twas resolved by their house,
Six members' quarrel to espouse?
Did they for this draw down the rabble,
With zeal, and noises formidable;
And make all cries about the town
Join throats to cry the bishops down?
Who having round begirt the palace,
As once a month they do the gallows,
As members gave the sign about,
Set up their throats with hideous shout.
When tinkers bawl'd aloud, to settle
Church-discipline, for patching kettle.
No sow-gelder did blow his horn
To geld a cat, but cry'd Reform.
The oyster-women lock'd their fish up,
And trudg'd away to cry No Bishop:
The mousetrap-men laid saxe-alls by,
And 'gainst ev'1 counsellors did cry.
Botchers left old clothes in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the church.
Some cry'd the covenant, instead
Of pudding-pies and ginger-bread:
And some for brooms, old boots, and shoes,
Bawl'd out to purge the common's 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' ev'ry tradesman's book,
'Till both turn'd bankrupts, and are broke;
Did faints 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 flaggons,
Int' officers of horse and dragoons;
And into pikes and musqueteers
Stamp beakers, cups, and porringer's?
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 fown.
Then was the cause all gold and plate,
The brethren's off' rings, consecrate,
Like th' Hebrew calf, and down before it
The faints fell prostrate, to adore it.
So say the wicked—and will you
Make that farcasmous scandal true,
By running after dogs and bears,
Beasts more unclean than calves or steers? 580
Have pow'rful preachers ply'd their tongues,
And laid themselves out, and their lungs;
Us'd all means, both direct and sinister,
I' th' power of gospel-preaching minister?
Have they invented tones, to win 585
The women, and make them draw in
The men, as Indians with a female
Tame elephant enveigle the male?
Have they told prov'dence what it must do,
Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to? 590
Discover'd th' enemy's design,
And which way best to countermine;
Prescrib'd what ways he hath to work,
Or it will ne'er advance the kirk;
Told it the news o' th' last express,
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, the parliament;  
In which they freely will confess,  
They will not, cannot acquiesce,  
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-a-gog,  
And all this for a bear and dog.  
The parliament drew up petitions  
To 'tself, and sent them, like commissions,  
To well-affected persons down,  
In ev'ry city and great town,  
With pow'r to levy horse and men,  
Only to bring them back agen;
For this did many, many a mile, 615
Ride manfully in rank and file,
With papers in their hats, that shou'd
As if they to the pillory rode.
Have all these courses, these efforts,
Been try'd by people of all sorts, 620
Velis et remis, omnibus nervis,
And all t' advance the cause's service:
And shall all now be thrown away
In petulant intestine fray?
Shall we, that in the cov'nant sware, 625
Each man of us to run before
Another still in reformation,
Give dogs and bears a dispensation?
How will dissenting brethren relish it?
What will malignants say? videlicet, 630
That each man sware to do his best,
To damn and perjure all the rest;
And bid the devil take the hinmost,
Which at this race is like to win moft.
They'll say, our bus'ness to reform
The church and state is but a worm;
For to subscribe, unfight, unseen,
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 pureft mode
Of churches, best reform'd abroad,
What did we else but make a vow
To do, we know not what, nor how?
For no three of us will agree
Where, or what churches these should be.
And is indeed the self-same case
With theirs that swore et cæteras;
Or the French league, in which men vow'd
To fight to the last drop of blood.
These slanders will be thrown upon
The cause and work we carry on,
If we permit men to run headlong
T' exorbitancies fit for Bedlam,
Rather than gospel-walking times,
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,
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:
But to that purpose first surrender
The fiddler, as the prime offender,
Th' incendiary vile, that is chief
Author, and engineer of mischief;
That makes division between friends,
For prophane and malignant ends.
He and that engine of vile noise,
On which illegally he plays,
Shall, dictum factum, both be brought
To condign punish'ment as they ought.
This must be done, and I would fain see
Mortal so sturdy as to gain-say:
For then I'll take another course,
And soon reduce you all by force.
This said, he clapt his hand on's sword,
To shew he meant to keep his word.

But Talgol, who had long suppress
Enflamed wrath in glowing breast,
Which now began to rage and burn as Implacably as flame in furnace,
Thus answer'd him: Thou vermin wretched,
As e'er in meazled pork was hatched;
Thou tail of worship, that dost grow
On rump of justice as of cow;
How dar'st thou with that fullen luggage
O' thyself, old ir'n and other baggage,
With which thy steeds of bone and leather
Has broke his wind in halting hither;
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 brethren?
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;
Where thou might’st ftickle without hazard
Of outrage, to thy hide and mazzard,
And, not for want of bus’ness, come
To us to be thus troublesome, 710
To interrupt our better fort
Of disputants, and spoil our sport?
Was there no felony, no bawd,
Cut-purse, 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 alledge,
To keep thee busy from foul evil,
And shame due to thee from the devil? 720
Did no committee fit, where he
Might cut out journey-work for thee;
And set th' a task with subornation,
To stitch up sale and sequestration;
To cheat, with holiness and zeal,
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 bus'ness any whither,
So he had never brought thee hither.
But if th' hast brain enough in skull
To keep within his lodging whole,
And not provoke the rage of stones,
And cudgels, to thy hide and bones;
Tremble, and vanish while thou may'ft,
Which I'll not promise if thou stay'ft.
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 entit'led 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 the tricks and flights to cheat,
And sell thy carrion for good meat;
Not all thy magic to repair
Decay'd old age, in tough lean ware,
Make natural death appear thy work,
And stop the gangrene in stale pork;
Not all that 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 unreveng'd, though I am free.
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 gantlet blue, and bases white,
And round blunt truncheon by his side,
So great a man at arms defy'd,
With words far bitterer than wormwood,
That would in Job or Grizel stir mood.
Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal;
But men with hands, as thou shalt feel.

This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd
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,
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;
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 valiant'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;
While 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 flight; for had it hit,
The upper part of him, the blow
Had slit, as sure as that below.
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 with 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 the horse's tail,
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 smart,
And raging pain, th' afflicted part;
Instead of which he threw the pack
Of Squire and baggage from his back;
And blund'ring still with smarting rump,
He gave the champion's steed a thump
That stagger'd him. 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,
And dash'd his brains, if any, out:
But Mars, that 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,
And heavy brunt of cannon-ball.
As Sancho on a blanket fell,
And had no hurt; ours far'd as well
In body, though his mighty spirit,
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 enflam'd boil'd o'er, and from  
His jaws of death, he threw the foam.  
Fury in stranger postures threw him,  
And more than ever herald drew him.  
He tore the earth, which he had sav'd  
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 unfoldier-like condition;
For which he flung down his commission,
And laid about him, till his nose
From thrall of ring and cord broke loose.
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'er-ran, and some o'er-threw,
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 chac'd.
In haste he fled, and so did they,
Each and his fear a several way.

Crowdero only kept the field,
Not stirring from the place he held,
Though beaten down, and wounded fore
I' th' fiddle, and a leg that bore
One side of him, not that of bone,
But much its better, th' wooden one.
He spy'ing Hudibras lie strow'd
Upon the ground, like log of wood,
With fright of fall, suppos'd wound,
And loss of urine, in a wound:
In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb,
That hurt in the ankle lay by him,
And fitting it for sudden fight,
Straight drew it up, t' attack the Knight.
For getting up on stump and huckle,
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
From heavy squealch, and had got up
Upon his legs with sprained crup,
Looking about beheld the bard
To charge the Knight intranc'd prepar'd,
He snatch'd his whiniard 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 fconce
The leg encounter'd twice and once;
And now 'twas rais'd, to finite agen,
When Ralpho 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 prop'd before.
To him the Squire right nimbly run,
And setting his bold foot upon
His trunk, thus spoke: What desp'rate frenzy
Made thee, thou whelp of sin, to fancy
Thyselv, and all that coward rabble,
T' encounter us in battle able?
How durst th', I say, oppose thy curs'hip
'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 out blows as that of wood?
Could not the whipping-post prevail
With all its rhes'ric, nor the jail,
To keep from flaying scourge thy skin,
And ankle free from iron gin?
Which now thou shalt—but first our care
Must see how Hudibras doth fare.
This said, he gently rais'd the Knight,
And set him on his bum upright:
To rouze him from lethargic dump,
He tweak'd his nose, with gentle thump
Knock'd on his breast, as if 't had been
To raise the spirits lodg'd within.
They, wakened 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 gladdened Ralpbo much to see,
Who thus bespoke the Knight: quoth he,
Tweaking his nose, You are, great Sir,
A self-denying conqueror;
As high, victorious, and great,
As e'er fought for the Churches yet,
If you will give yourself but leave
To make out what y' already have;
That's victory. The foe, for dread
Of your nine-worthiness, is fled,
All, save Crowdero, for whose sake
You did th' espous'd cause undertake;
And he lies pris'ner at your feet,
To be dispos'd as you think meet,
Either for life, or death, or sale,
The gallows, or perpetual jail;
For one wink of your pow'rful eye
Must sentence him to live or die.
His fiddle is your proper purchase,
Won in the service of the Churches;
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;
Tho' dispensations were not strong
Conclusions, whether right or wrong;
Altho' outgoings did confirm,
And owning were but a mere term;
Yet as the wicked have no right
To th' creature, tho' usurp'd by might,
The property is in the faint,
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 faints 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,
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 bus'ness, sooner
Than from your hand to have the honour
Of his destruction; I that am
So much below in deed and name,
Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcase,
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,
Wou'd 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:
But, Sir, 't would 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,
As worship did, when y’ were dubb’d Knight;
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;
If any member there dislike
His face, or to his beard have pike;
Or if his death will save, or yield
Revenge or fright, it is reveal’d;
Tho’ he has quarter, ne’ertheless
Y’ have pow’r to hang him when you please;
This has been often done by some
Of our great conqu’rors, you know whom;
And has by most of us been held
Wise justice, and to some reveal’d:
For words and promises, that yoke
The conqueror, are quickly broke;
Like Samson's cuffs, tho' by his own
Direction 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.

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 charged 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.

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,
Plac'd on his shoulder like a mace.
The Knight himself did after ride,
Leading 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 'ad gone:
At further end of which there stands
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 who so 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;
By strange enchantment made to fetter
The lesser parts, and free the greater:
For tho' the body may creep through,
The hands in grate are fast enough:
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,
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.
PART I.

THIRD CANTO.

The Argument.

The scatter'd rout return and rally,
Surround the place; the Knight does sally,
And is made pris'ner: then they seize
Th' enchanted fort by storm, release
Crowdero, and put the Squire in's place;
I should have first said Hudibras.
Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!
What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
Do dog him still with after claps!
For tho' Dame Fortune seem to smile,
And leer upon him for a while,
She'll after shew him, in the nick
Of all his glories, a dog-trick.
This any man may sing or say
I' th' ditty call'd, What if a day?
For Hudibras, who thought he 'ad won
The field as certain as a gun,
And having routed the whole troop,
With victory was cock-a-hoop;
Thinking he 'ad done enough to purchase
Thanksgiving-day among the churches,
Wherein his mettle and brave worth
Might be explain'd by holder-forth,
And register'd by fame eternal,
In deathless pages of diurnal;
Found in few minutes, to his cost,
He did but count without his hoft;
And that a turnstile 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 fought to get
The honour of his blood and sweat,
Seeing the coast was free and clear
O' the conquer'd and the conqueror,
Took heart again, and fac'd about,
As if they meant to stand it out:
For now the half defeated bear,
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 fac'd about;
But wisely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to fortune, and with haste
Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd,
Retiring still, until he found
He 'ad got the advantage of the ground;
And then as valiantly made head
To check the foe, and forthwith fled,
Leaving no art untry'd, nor trick
Of warrior stout and politick,
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
Forc'd their whole body to recoil;
But still their numbers so increas'd,
He found himself at length oppress'd,
And all evasions so uncertain,
To save himself for better fortune,
That he resolv'd, rather than yield,
To die with honour in the field,
And fell his hide and carcass 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 cou'd 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 mastives, 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 shew how tall
His person was above them all.
This equal shame and envy stirr'd
In th' enemy, that one should bear
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'ry where,
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.
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,
But not so light as to be borne
Upon the ears of standing corn,
Or trip it o'er the water quicker
Than witches, when their staves they liquor,
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?
Such feats already he 'as atchiev'd,
In story not to be believ'd,
And t' would 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 fstraight,
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 fstraight begun,
As if the devil drove, to run.

Mean-while 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,
Until their mastives loos'd their hold:
And yet, alas! do what they could,
The worsted bear came off with store
Of bloody wounds, but all before:
For as Achilles, dipt in pond,
Was anabaptiz'd free from wound,
Made proof against dead-doing steel
All over, but the pagan heel;
So did our champion's arms defend
All of him but the other end,
His head and ears, which in the martial
Encounter lost a leathern parcel;
For as an Austrian archduke once
Had one ear, which in ducatoons
Is half the coin, in battle par'd
Close to his head, so bruin far'd;
But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other side,
Like scriv'ner newly crucify'd:
Or like the late-corrected leathern
Ears of the circumcised brethren.
But gentle Trulla into th' ring
He wore in 's nose convey'd a string,
With which she march'd before, and led
The warrior to a grassy bed,
As authors write, in a cool shade,
Which eglantine and roses made;
Close by a softly murm'ring stream,
Where lovers us'd to loll and dream:
There leaving him to his repose,
Secured from pursuit of foes,
And wanting nothing but a song,
And a well-tun'd theorbo hung
Upon a bough, to ease the pain
His tugg'd ears suffer'd, with a strain.
They both drew up, to march in quest
Of his great leader, and the rest.

For Orsin, who was more renown'd
For stout maintaining of his ground
In standing fights, than for pursuits,
As being not so quick of foot,
Was not long able to keep pace
With others that pursued the chase,
But found himself left far behind,
Both out of heart and out of wind;
Grieved to behold his bear pursued
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 cron'y bear;
That Echo, from the hollow ground,
His doleful wailings did resound
More wistfully, by many times,
Than in small poets' splay-foot rhymes,
That make her, in their ruthless stories,
To answer to int'regatories,
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 guep.
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 winch or grudge it,
For thy dear fake. Quoth she, Mum budget.
Think'ft 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?
Or, if thou haft 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 Orfin 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  
I for the washing gave my head:  
Nor did I turn my back for fear  
Of them, but losing of my bear,
Which now I'm like to undergo;
For whether these fell wounds, or no,
He has receiv'd 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.
But if I can but find them out
That caus'd it, as I shall no doubt,
Where'er th' in hugger-mugger lurk,
I'll make them rue their handiwork,
And wish that they had rather dar'd
To pull the devil by the beard.

Quoth Cerdon, noble Orsin, th' haft
Great reason to do as thou say'ft,
And so has ev'ry body here,
As well as thou haft, 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 that old cur,
And th' other mungrel vermine, Ralph,
That brav'd us all in his behalf. 280
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, 285
Have left him where he's safe enough:
There let him rest; for if we stay,
The slaves may hap to get away.

This said, they all engag'd to join
Their forces in the same design, 290
And forthwith put themselves, in search
Of Hudibras, upon their march:
Where leave we them 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
No where so green as on his brow:
Laden with which, as well as tir'd
With conqu'ring toil, he now retir'd
Unto a neighbor ing castle by,
To rest his body, and apply
Fit med'cines to each glorious bruise
He got in fight, reds, blacks, and blues;
To mollify th' uneasy pang
Of ev'ry honourable bang.
Which b'ing by skilful midwife dreft,
He laid him down to take his rest.

But all in vain: he 'ad got a hurt
O' th' inside, of a deadlier fort,
By Cupid made, who took his stand
Upon a widow's jointure-land,
For he, in all his am'rous battles,
No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattels,
Drew home his bow, and aiming right,
Let fly an arrow at the Knight;
The shaft against a rib did glance,
And gall him in the purtenance:
But time had somewhat 'twag'd his pain,
After he had found his suit in vain:
For that proud dame, for whom his foul
Was burnt in 's belly like a coal,
—That belly that fo off' did ake,
And suffer griping for her fake,
Till purging comfits, and ants' eggs
Had almost brought him off his legs,—
Us'd him so like a base rascal lion,
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: ha-day!
So cowards never use their might,
But against such as will not fight.
So some diseases have been found
Only to seize upon the found.
He that gets her by heart, must say her
The back-way, like a witch's prayer.
Mean while 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:
Like caitiff vile, that for misdeed
Rides with his face to rump of steed;
Or rowing scull, he's fain to love,
Look one way, and another move;
Or like a tumbler that does play
His game, and looks another way,
Until he seize upon the coney;
Just so does he by matrimony.
But all in vain: her subtle snout
Did quickly wind his meaning out;
Which she return'd with too much scorn,
To be by man of honour born;
Yet much he bore, until the distress
He suffer'd from his spightful mistres{s}
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 feast in sight.
This resolution b'ing put on,
He kept some months, and more had done, 370
But being brought so nigh by fate,
The vict'ry he atchiev'd so late
Did set his thoughts agog, and ope
A door to discontinu'd hope,
That seem'd to promise he might win 375
His dame too, now his hand was in;
And that his valour, and the honour
He 'ad newly gain'd, might work upon her:
These reasons made his mouth to water,
With am'rous longings, to be at her. 380

Thought he, unto himself, who knows
But this brave conquest o'er my foes
May reach her heart, and make that troop,
As I but now have forc'd the troop?
If nothing can oppugne love,
And virtue invious ways can prove,
What may not he confide to do
That brings both love and virtue too?
But thou bring'lt 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:
Then, Hudibras, why should'lt thou fear
To be, that art a conqueror?
Fortune the audacious doth juvare,
But lets the timidous miscarry:
Then, while the honour thou hast got
Is spick and span new, piping hot,
Strike her up bravely thou hast 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 enconce’d,
And had the avenues all 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 't was agreed
By storm and onslaught to proceed.
This b'ing resolv'd, in comely fort
They now drew up t' attack the fort;
When Hudibras, about to enter
Upon another-gate's adventure,
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 forefight might, or might not, blot
The glory he had newly got;
Or to his shame it might be fed,
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,
To take the field and fall on at,
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 fight:
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;  
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-fame 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 forfakes  
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 Ralphi 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-blows:
PART I.

CANTO III.

When Orfin first let fly a stone
At Ralpho; not so huge a one
As that which Diomed did maul
Æneas on the bum withal;
Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
T' have sent him to another world,
Whether above ground, or below,
Which faints, twice dipt, are destin'd to.
The danger startled the bold Squire,
And made him some few steps retire;
But Hudibras advanc'd to 's aid,
And rous'd his spirits half dismay'd:
He wisely doubting left 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,
Advanc'd still in an oblique line;
But prudently forbore to fire,
Till breast to breast he had got nigher;
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 fickle.
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'd upon
His manly paunch, with such a force,
As almost beat him off his horse.
He loos'd his whinyard, and the rein,
But laying fast hold on the mane,
Preserv'd his feat: and, as a goose
In death contracts his talons close,
So did the Knight, and with one claw
The tricker of his pistol draw.
The gun went off; and as it was
Still fatal to stout Hudibras,
In all its feats of arms, when least
He dreamt of it, to prosper best,
So now he far'd: the shot let fly,
At random, 'mong the enemy,
Pierc'd Talgol's gabardine, and grazing
Upon his shoulder, in the passing
Lodg'd in Magnano's brass habergeon,
Who straight, A surgeon cry'd—a surgeon!
He tumbled down, and, as he fell,
Did Murder! Murder! Murder! yell.
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, forbade
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, 't was 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 disaftcr of the knight,
And th' other party, did divert
And force their fullen rage to part.
Ralpho press'd up to Hudibras,
And Cerdon where Magnano was,
Part I.  Canto III.

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,
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.
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 within my hose,
That from my wounded body flows,
With mortal crisis doth portend
My days to appropinquè an end.
I am for action now unfit,
Either of fortitude or wit;
Fortune, my foe, begins to frown,
Resolv'd to pull my stomach down.
I am not apt, upon a wound,
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 hon'rable 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.
This said, the Squire, with active speed,
Dismounted from his bony steed
To seize the arms, which by mischance
Fell from the bold Knight in a trance.
These being found out, and restor'd
To Hudibras, their natural lord,
The active Squire, with might and main,
Prepar'd in haste to mount again.
Thrice he assay'd to mount aloft;
But by his weighty bum, 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 dreft
The bloody scar upon the shoulder
Of Talgol, with Promethean powder,
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.

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'erthwart his beast with active vaulting,  
Wriggling his body to recover  
His feat, 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;
'Till stumbling, he threw him down,  
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, and not blood,  
That from his wounded body flow'd.  
This, with the hazard of the Squire,  
Enflam'd him with despightful ire;  
Courageously he face'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,  
Assay'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,
Tofs'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 steunn'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,
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 the 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 bruised; 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,
Courage, the day at length is ours,
And we once more as conquerors,
Have both the field and honour won,
The foe is profligate, and run:
I mean all such as can, for some
This hand hath sent to their long home;
And some lie sprawling on the ground,
With many a gash and bloody wound.
Cæsar himself could never say
He got two vict’ries in a day,
As I have done, that can say, twice I,
In one day, veni, vidi, vici.
The foe’s so numerous, that we
Cannot so often vincere,
And they perire, and yet enow
Be left to strike an after-blow.
Then, left 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 fervare
Civem, than slay an adversary;
The one we oft' to-day have done,
The other shall dispatch anon:
And tho' th' art of a diff'rent church,
I will not leave thee in the lurch.
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 Ralpho 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:
And if thou haft 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 lads,
And I shall take thee at thy word.
First let me rise, and take my sword;
That sword, which has so oft this day
Through squadrons of my foes made way,
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'lt 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 can't 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 shew how much she priz'd his speech,
Quarter or counsel from a foe:
If thou canst force me to it, do.
But left 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 arsie-versie
Shall serve thy turn.—This stirr'd his spleen
More than the danger he was in,
The blows he felt, or was to feel,
Although th' already made him reel.
Honour, despight, revenge, and shame,
At once into his stomach came;
Which stir'd it so, he rais'd his arm
Above his head, and rain'd a storm
Of blows so terrible and thick,
As if he meant to hash her quick.
But she upon her truncheon took them,
And by oblique diversion broke them; 840
Waiting an opportunity
To pay all back with usury,
Which long she fail'd not of; for now
The Knight, with one dead-doing blow,
Resolving to decide the fight, 845
And she with quick and cunning flight
Avoiding it, the force and weight
He charg'd upon it was so great,
As almost sway'd him to the ground:
No sooner she th' advantage found, 850
But in she flew; and seconding,
With home-made thrust, the heavy swing,
She laid him flat upon his side,
And mounting on his trunk astride,
Quoth she, I told thee what would come 855
Of all thy vapouring, base scum.
Say, will the law of arms allow
I may have grace, and quarter now?
Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
And stain thine honour, than thy sword? 860
A man of war to damn his soul,
In basely breaking his parole.
And when before the fight, th' hadst vow'd
To give no quarter in cold blood;
Now thou hast got me for a Tartar,
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 needst 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.
The ancient heroes were illustrious
For being benign, and not blustering
Against a vanquish'd foe: their swords
Were sharp and trenchant, not their words;
And did in fight but cut work out
T' employ their courtesies about.

Quoth she, Altho' thou hast deserv'd,
Base Slubberdegullion, to be serv'd
As thou didnst 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.

Thy arms, thy liberty, beside
All that's on th' outside of thy hide,
Are mine by military law,
Of which I will not bate one straw;
The rest, thy life and limbs, once more,
Tho' doubly forfeit, I restore.
Quoth Hudibras, It is too late
For me to treat or stipulate;
What thou command'lt 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'lt into Lob's pound,
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 fake;  
Then threw it o'er his sturdy back:  
And as the French, we conquer'd once,  
Now give us laws for pantaloons,  
The length of breeches, and the gathers,  
Port-cannons, perriwigs, and feathers,  
Just so the proud, insulting lass  
Array'd and dighted Hudibras.
Meanwhile the other champions, yerst
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;
Him she resolv'd that Hudibras
Should ransom, and supply his place.

This stopp'd their fury, and the bastings
Which toward Hudibras was hastning.
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 Ralpho prest;
Whom stout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,
And Colon, waited as a guard on;
All ush'ring Trulla, in the rear,
With th' arms of either prisoner.
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 triumphs over conquer'd foes,
Do use t' allow; or than the bears,
Or pageants borne before lord-mayors,
Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd,
In order, soldier-like contriv'd:
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.  
Magnan' led up in this adventure,  
And made way for the rest to enter:  
For he was skilful in black art,  
No less than he that built the fort,  
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,  
Restor'd 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 't th' wretched hole,
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, unconfin'd,
And cannot be laid by the heels,
What e'er the other moiety feels.
'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,
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 several 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 desperately, and to out-do
The active, 'gainst a conqu'ring foe:
Tho' we with blacks and blues are fuggil'd,
Or, as the vulgar say, are cudgel'd;
He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Tho' 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,
He that is beaten may be fed
To lie in Honour's truckle-bed.
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 fit,
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 subdu'd 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 any thing would'st rail,
Thou mak'st Presbytery thy scale
To take the height on't, and explain
To what degree it is profane.
What s'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 flander'd.
Dost not remember how this day
Thou to my beard wast 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.

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

Synods are mystical bear-gardens,
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 diff'rence is, the one fights with
The tongue, the other with the teeth;
And that they bait but bears in this,
In th’ other souls and consciences;
Where saints themselves are brought to stake
For gospel-light and conscience fake;
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:
As is demonstrated at full
By him that baited the pope’s bull.
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;
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 pernicion,
And growing up, became the fires
Of scribes, commissioners, and triers;
Whose bus'ness is, by cunning flight,
To cast a figure for men's light;
To find, in lines of beard and face,
The physiognomy of grace;
And by the found and twang of nose,
If all be found within disclose,
Free from a crack, or flaw of sinning,
As men try pipkins by the ringing;
By black caps, underlaid with white,
Give certain guess at inward light;
Which serjeants at the gospel wear,
To make the sp'ritual calling clear.
The handkerchief about the neck,
—Canonical cravat of snecck,
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.
Great piety consists in pride;
To rule is to be sanctify'd:
To domineer, and to controul,
Both o'er the body and the soul,
Is the most perfect discipline
Of church-rule, and by right divine.
Bell and the Dragons chaplains were
More moderate than those by far:
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,
When butchers were the only clerks,
Elders and presbyters of kirks;
Whose directory was to kill;
And some believe it is so still.
The only diff'rence is, that then
They slaughter'd 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.
Prefbytery does but translate
The papacy to a free state,
A common-wealth of popery,
Where ev'ry village is a feee
As well as Rome, and must maintain
A tithe-pig metropolitan;
Where every presbyter, and deacon,
Commands the keys for cheese and bacon;
And ev'ry hamlet's governed
By 's holiness, the church's head,
More haughty and severe in 's place
Than Gregory and Boniface.
Such church must, surely, be a monster
With many heads: for if we confister
What in th' Apocalypse we find,
According to th' Apostles' mind,
Tis that the whore of Babylon,
With many heads, did ride upon;
Which heads denote the sinful tribe
Of deacon, priest, lay-elder, scribe.

Lay-elder, Simeon to Levi,
Whose little finger is as heavy
As loins of patriarchs, prince-prelate,
And bishop-secular. This zealot
Is of a mongrel, divers kind,
Cleric before, and lay behind;
A lawless linsey-woolsey brother,
Half of one order, half another;
A creature of amphibious nature,
On land a beast, a fish in water;
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 boulter, others gifts.
For all men live, and judge amiss,
Whose talents jump not just with his.
He'll lay on gifts with hands, and place
On dullest noddle light and grace,
The manufacture of the kirk,
Whose pastors are but th' 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,
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,
And make you keep to th' question close,
And argue dialectic.

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,  
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,  
I grant, but not rationalia:  
For though they do agree in kind,  
Specific difference we find;  
And can no more make bears of these,  
Than prove my horse is Socrates.  
That synods are bear-gardens too,  
Thou dost affirm; but I say, No:  
And thus I prove it, in a word,  
What s'ever assembly's not impow'r'd  
To censure, curse, absolve, and ordain,  
Can be no synod: but Bear-garden
Has no such pow’r, ergo ’tis none;
And so thy sophistry’s o’erthrown.

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 lickt it into shape and frame:
But all thy light can ne'er evict,
That ever synod-Man was lickt,
Or brought to any other fashion
Than his own will and inclination.

But thou doft 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 chimera of beasts and men,
Made up of pieces heterogene;
Such as in nature never met,
In eodem subjecto yet.
Thy other arguments are all
Supposures hypothetical,
That do but beg; and we may chuse
Either to grant them, or refuse.
Much thou haft said, which I know when,
And where thou stol'ft from other men;
Whereby 'tis plain thy light and gifts
Are all but plagiary shifts;
And is the same that Ranter said,
Who, arguing with me, broke my head,
And tore a handful of my beard;
The self-fame cavils then I heard,
When b'ing in hot dispute about
This controversy, we fell out;
And what thou know'ft I answer'd then,
Will serve to answer thee agen.

Quoth Ralpho, nothing but th' abuse
Of human learning you produce;
Learning, that cobweb of the brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain;
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:
A cheat that scholars put upon
Other men's reason and their own;
A sort of error to ensconce
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.

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 great'ft part
O' th' contest falls on terms of art,
Until the fusliian stuff be spent,
And then they fall to th' argument.

Quoth Hudibras, Friend Ralph, thou haft
Out-run the constable at laft;
For thou art fallen on a new
Dispute, as senseless as untrue,
But to the former opposite,
And contrary as black to white;
Mere disparata, that concerning
Presbytery, this human learning;
Two things s' averse, they never yet,
But in thy rambling fancy, met:
But I shall take a fit occasion
T' evince thee by ratiocination,
Some other time, in place more proper
Than this w' are in: therefore let's stop here,
And rest our weary'd bones awhile,
Already tir'd with other toil.
PART II.

FIRST CANTO.

The Argument.

The Knight being clapp'd by th' heels in prison,
The last unhappy expedition,
Love brings his action on the case,
And lays it upon Hudibras.
How he receives the lady's visit,
And cunningly solicits his suit,
Which she defers: yet, on parole,
Redeems him from th' enchanted hole.
But now, t' observe romantique method,
Let rusty steel awhile be sheathed;
And all those harsh and rugged sounds
Of bastinadoes, cuts, and wounds,
Exchang'd to love's more gentle style,
To let our reader breathe awhile:
In which, that we may be as brief as
Is possible, by way of preface.

Is 't not enough to make one strange,
That some men's fancies 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:
Others make all their knights, in fits
Of jealousy, to lose their wits;
Till drawing blood o' th' dames, like witches,
They're forthwith cur'd of their caprices.
Some always thrive in their amours,
By pulling plaisters off their fores;
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;
PART II.  CANTO I.

Make former times shake hands with latter, 25
And that which was before, come after;
But those that write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think 's sufficient at one time.

But we forget in what sad plight
We whilom left the captiv'd Knight
And pensive Squire, both bruised in body,
And conjur'd into safe custody.
Tir'd with dispute, and speaking Latin,
As well as baiting and bear-baiting,
And desperate of any course,
To free himself by wit or force,
His only solace was, that now
His dog-bolt fortune was so low,
That either it must quickly end,
Or turn about again, and mend:
In which he found th' event, no less
Than other times, beside his guess.

There is a tall long-sided dame—
But wond'rous light—ycleped Fame,
That like a thin cameleon boards
Herself on air, and eats her words;
Upon her shoulders wings she wears
Like hanging sleeves, lin'd thro' with ears,
And eyes, and tongues, as poets lift,
Made good by deep mythologist:
With these she thro' the welkin flies,
And sometimes carries truth, oft' lies;
With letters hung, like eastern pigeons,
And Mercuries of furthest regions;
Diurnals writ for regulation
Of lying, to inform the nation,
And by their public use to bring down
The rate of whetstones in the kingdom:
About her neck a pacquet-male,
Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale,
Of men that walk'd when they were dead,
And cows of monsters brought to-bed:
Of hail-stones big as pullets eggs,
And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs:
A blazing star seen in the west,
By six or seven men at least.
Two trumpets she does found at once,
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,
Th' one sounds vilely, th' other well,
And therefore vulgar authors name
The one good, th' other evil fame.

This tattling gossip knew too well,
What mischief Hudibras befel;
And straight the spiteful tidings bears,  
Of all, to th' unkind widow's ears.  
Democritus ne'er laugh'd so loud  
To see bawds carted through the crowd,  
Or funerals with stately pomp,  
March slowly on in solemn dump;  
As she laugh'd out, until her back,  
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;  
And from his wooden jail, the stocks,  
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
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:
For as he sat upon his rump,
His head, like one in doleful dump,
Between his knees, his hands apply'd
Unto his ears on either side,
And by him, in another hole,
Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jowl;
She came upon him in his wooden
Magician's circle, on the sudden,
As spirits do t' a conjurer,
When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.
No sooner did the Knight perceive her, But straight he fell into a fever, Inflam’d all over with disgrace, To be 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 ty’d 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:
PART II.  

CANTO I.  

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

When Hudibras the lady heard 
To take kind notice of his beard, 
And speak with such respect and honour 
Both of the beard, and the beard's owner, 
He thought it best to set as good 
A face upon it as he cou'd, 
And thus he spake: Lady, your bright 
And radiant eyes are in the right; 
The beard's th' identique beard you knew, 
The fame 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 your dialect and discourse,
That never spoke to man or beast,
In notions vulgarly express:
But what malignant star, alas!
Has brought you both to this sad pass?

Quoth he, the fortune of the war,
Which I am less afflicted for,
Than to be seen with beard and face
By you in such a homely case.

Quoth she, those need not be ashamed
For being honourably maim'd;
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't were prun'd, and starch'd, and lander'd, 
And cut square by the Russian standard. 
A torn beard's like a tatter'd ensign, 
That's bravest which there are most rents in. 
That petticoat, about your shoulders, 
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; 
And those uneasy bruises make 
My heart for company to ake, 
To see so worshipful a friend 
I' th' pillory set, at the wrong end. 

Quoth Hudibras, this thing call'd pain, 
Is, as the learned Stoics maintain, 
Not bad simpliciter, nor good, 
But merely as 'tis understood.
Senfe is deceitful, and may feign
As well in counterfeiting pain
As other gross phænomenas,
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 dy'd of mere opinion straigh;'t
Others, tho' wounded sore in reason,
Felt no contusion, nor discretion.
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;
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 bafted to feel pain;
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 bastin 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 neats-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 th' 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 poltrons:
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:
King Pyrrhus cur'd his spleenetic
And testy courtiers with a kick.
The Negus, when some mighty lord
Or potentate 's to be restor'd,
And pardon'd for some great offence,
With which he's willing to dispense,
First has him laid upon his belly,
Then beaten back and side, t'a jelly;
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 found so formidable,
The more his valour's malleable:
But he that bears a bastinado,
Will run away from his own shadow:
And though I'm now in durance fast,
By our own party basely cast,
Ransom, exchange, parole, refus'd,
And worse than by the en'my us'd;
In close catasta shut, past hope
Of wit or valour to elope;
As beards, the nearer that they tend
To th' earth, still grow more reverend;
And cannons shoot the higher pitches,
The lower we let down their breeches;
I'll make this low dejected fate
Advance me to a greater height.

Quoth she, you've almost made m' in love
With that which did my pity move.
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 foll'wers than a thief to the gallows.
But if a beating seem 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 natural 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 quest'on.

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.

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 b' experiment have prov'd,
I cannot love where I'm belov'd.

Quoth Hudibras, 'tis a caprich
Beyond th' infliction of a witch;
So cheats to play with those still aim,
That do not understand the game.
Love in your heart as idly burns,
As fire in antique Roman urns,
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,
Is but a lock without a key.
It is a kind of rape to marry
One that neglects, or cares not for ye:
For what 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,  
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,  
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.
PART II. CANTO I.

Love's power's too great to be withstood
By feeble human flesh and blood.
'Twas he that brought upon his knees
The hec't'ring kill-cow Hercules;
Reduc'd his leager-lions' skin
T'a petticoat, and made him spin:
Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle
T'a feeble distaff, and a spindle.
'Twas he made emperors gallants
To their own sisters, and their aunts;
Set popes and cardinals agog,
To play with pages at leap-frog;
'Twas he that gave our senate purges,
And flux'd the house of many a burgess;
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;
Made 'em corvet, like Spanish jenets,
And take the ring at madam —
'Twas he that made Saint Francis do
More than the devil could tempt him to;
In cold and frosty weather grow
Enamour'd of a wife of snow;
And though she were of rigid temper,
With melting flames accost and tempt her:
Which, after in enjoyment quenching,
He hung a garland on his engine.

Quoth she, if love have these effects,
Why is it not forbid our sex?
Why is 't not damn'd, and interdicted,
For diabolical and wicked?
And fong, as out of tune, against,
As Turk and Pope areby the saints?
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 preposterous appetite;
This made the beauteous queen of Crete
To take a town-bull for her sweet;
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.
Some with the dev'! himself in league grow,
By 's representative a negro;
'Twas this made vestal-maids love-sick,
And venture to be bury'd quick.
Some, by their fathers and their brothers, 
To be made mistresses, and mothers:  
'Tis this that proudest dames enamours 405  
On lacquies, and varlets-des-chambres; 
Their haughty stomachs overcomes,  
And makes 'em stoop to dirty grooms, 
To flight the world, and to disparage  
Claps, issue, infamy, and marriage. 410

Quoth she, these judgments are severe, 
Yet such as I should rather bear,  
Than trust men with their oaths, or prove 
Their faith and secrefy in love. 

Says he, there is a weighty reason, 415  
For secrefy in love as treason. 
Love is a burglarer, a felon, 
That in the windore-eye does steal in 
To rob the heart, and, with his prey,  
Steals out again a closer way,
Which whofoever can discover,
He's sure, as he deserves, to suffer.
Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles
In men, as nat'rally as in charcoals,
Which footy chymists stop in holes,
When out of wood they extract coles;
So lovers should their passions choke,
That tho' they burn, they may not smoke.
'Tis like that sturdy thief that stole
And dragg'd beasts backwards 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 shou'd 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 the one hand thrust the lady from,
And with the other pull her home.
I grant, quoth he, wealth is a great
Provocative to am'rous heat:
It is all philtres and high diet,
That makes love rampant, and fly out:
"Tis beauty always in the flower,
That buds and blossoms at fourscore:
'Tis that which by the sun and moon,
At their own weapons are out-done:
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 any thing,
But so much money as 't will 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,
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 swooning,
But hanging of yourself, or drowning;
Your only way with me to break
Your mind, is breaking of your neck:
For as when merchants break, o'erthrown
Like ninepins, they strike others down;
So that you'd break my heart; which done,
My tempting fortune is your own.

These are but trifles; ev'ry 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 plunge in water,
And, like a water-witch, try love;
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;
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,
Eight to the week, for sixpence pay:
Your pettifoggers damn their souls,
To share with knaves in cheating fools:
And merchants, vent'ring through the main,
Slight pirates, rocks, and horns for gain.
This is the way I advise you to,
Trust me, and see what I will do.

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

Quoth he, my head's not made of brats,
As Friar Bacon's noddle was;
Nor, like the Indian's scull, so tough,
That, Authors say, 'twas musket-proof:
As it had need to be to enter,
As yet, on any new adventure;
You see what bangs it has endure'd,
That would, before new feats, be cur'd:
But if that 's all you stand upon,
Here, strike me luck, it shall be done.

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 pike,
I have to love, nor coy dislike;
'Tis no implicit, nice aversion
T' your conversation, mien, or person:
But, a just fear, lest you should prove
False and pernicious 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;
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 the other Pigfney,
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,
With true love-knots, and flourishes;
That shall infuse eternal spring,
And everlasting flourishing:
Drink every letter on't in stum,
And make it brisk Champaign 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 herald's 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 poetic rapture,
In which your mastery of art
Doth shew itself, and not your heart;
Nor will you raise in mine combustion,
By dint of high heroic fusion:
She that with poetry is won,
Is but a desk to write upon;
And what men say of her, they mean
No more than that on which they lean.
Some with Arabian spices strive,
T’ embalm her cruelly alive;
Or season her, as French cooks use
Their haut-gouts, boullies, or ragouts;
Use her so barbarously ill,
To grind her lips upon a mill,
PART II.  

CANTO I.  

Until the facet doublet doth
Fit their rhymes rather than her mouth;
Her mouth compar'd t' an oyster's, with
A row of pearl in't, 'stead of teeth;
Others make posies of her cheeks,
Where red, and whiteest colours mix;
In which the lily and the rose,
For Indian lake and ceruse goes.
The sun and moon, by her bright eyes,
Eclips'd and darken'd in the skies;
Are but black patches that she wears,
Cut into funs, and moons, and stars,
By which astrologers, as well
As those in heav'n above, can tell
What strange events they do foretell,
Unto her under-world below.
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.
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.
That have the hard fate to write best,
Of those that still deserve it least;
It matters not, how false or forc'd,
So the best things be said o' th' worst;
It goes for nothing when 'tis said,
Only the arrow's drawn to th' head,
Whether it be the swan or goose
They level at: so shepherds use
To set the fame 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,  
As one cut out to pass your tricks on,  
With fulhams of poetic fiction:  
I rather hop'd I should no more  
Hear from you o' th' gallanting score;  
For hard dry bastings use to prove  
The readiest remedies of love,  
Next a dry diet; but if those fail,  
Yet this uneasy loop-hold 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;
PART II.  

CANTO I.  

Nor take one of so mean deserts,
To be the partner of your parts;
A grace which, if I cou'd believe,
I've not the conscience to receive.

That conscience, quoth Hudibras,
Is misinform'd; I'll state the case.
A man may be a legal donor
Of any thing whereof he's owner,
And may confer it where he lifts,
I' 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 fell my horse.

Quoth she, I grant the case is true,
And proper 'twixt your horse and you;
But whether I may take, as well
As you may give away, or fell?
Buyers, you know, are bid beware;
And worse than thieves receivers are.
How shall I answer Hue and Cry,
For a roan-gelding, twelve hands high,
All spurr'd and switch'd, a lock on's hoof,
A forrel mane? Can I bring proof
Where, when, by whom, and what y'are sold for,
And in the open market toll'd for?
Or, should I take you for a stray,
You must be kept a year and day,
Ere I can own you, here i' th' pound,
Where, if ye're fought, 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,
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,
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,
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;
And growing down t' a man, was wont
With wolves upon all four to hunt.
As for your reasons drawn from tails,
We cannot say they're true or false,
'Till you explain yourself, and show
B' experiment, 'tis so or no.

Quoth he, if you'll join issue on't,
I'll give you sat'sfact'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;
And tho' the vulgar count them homely; 745
In men or beast they are so comely,
So gentee, alamode, and handsome,
I'll never marry man that wants one:
And 'till you can demonstrate plain,
You have one equal to your mane, 750
I'll be torn 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,
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; 760
And if she ever gave that boon
To man, I'll prove that I have one;
I mean, by postulate illation,
When you shall offer just occasion;
But since ye've yet deny'd to give
My heart, your pris'ner, a reprieve,
But made it sink down to my heel,
Let that at least your pity feel;
And for the sufferings of your martyr,
Give its poor entertainer quarter;
And by discharge, or mainprize, grant
Deliv'ry from this base restraint.

Quoth she, I grieve to see your leg
Stuck in a hole here like a peg,
And if I knew which way to do 't,
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;
For what are they renown'd and famous else,
But aiding of distressed damosels?
But for a lady, no ways errant,
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:
Which if I could 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;  800
For as the ancients heretofore
To honour's temple had no door,
But that which thorough virtue's lay;
So from this dungeon there's no way
To honour's freedom, but by passing  805
That other virtuous school of lashing,
Where knights are kept in narrow lifts,
With wooden lockets 'bout their wrists;
In which they for a while are tenants,
And for their ladies suffer penance:  810
Whipping, that's virtue's governess,
Tutref of arts and sciences;
That mends the gross mistakes of nature,
And puts new life into dull matter;
That lays foundation for renown,  815
And all the honours of the gown:
This suffer'd, they are set at large,
And freed with hon'rable discharge;
Then, in their robes, the penitentials
Are straight presented with credentials,
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,
And may you prosper in your suit,
As you with equal vigour do 't,
I here engage to be your bail,
And free you from th' unknightly jail:
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 don't;
And I'll admit you to the place
You claim as due in my good grace.
If matrimony and hanging go
By deff'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.

A Persian emp'ror whipp'd his grannum,
The sea, his mother Venus came on;
And hence some rev'rend men approve
Of rosemary in making love.
As skilful coopers hoop their tubs
With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs,
PART II.  CAN TO I.

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 ribbin?
Make wicked versés, traits, and faces,
And spell names over with beer-glasses?
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 jefts upon ye?
For lilies limn’d on cheeks, and roses,
With painted perfumes, hazard noses?
Or, vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,
Do penance in a paper lanthorn? 870
All this you may compound for now,
By suff'ring what I offer you;
Which is no more than has been done
By knights for ladies long agone.
Did not the great La Mancha do so 875
For the Infanta Del Toboso?
Did not th' illustrious Bassa make
Himself a slave for Missle's sake,
And with bull's pizzle, for her love,
Was taw'd as gentle as a glove? 880
Was not young Florio sent, to cool
His flames for Biancafiore, to school,
Where pedant made his pathic bum
For her sake suffer martyrdom?
Did not a certain lady whip, 885
Of late, her husband's own lordship?
And, tho' a grandee of the house,
Claw'd him with fundamental blows;
Ty'd him stark-naked to a bed-post,
And sirk'd his hide, as if 'sh' had rid post; 890
And after in the sessions court,
Where whipping's judg'd, had honour for 't?
This swear you will perform, and then
I'll set you from th' enchanted den,
And the magician circle, clear. 895

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

Amen, quoth she, then turn'd about,
And bid her squire let him out. 900
But ere an artist could be found
T' undo the charms another bound,
The fun grew low, and left the skies,
Put down, some write, by ladies' eyes.
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 luftre and her shade,
And in the night as freely shone,
As if her rays had been her own:
For darkness is the proper sphere
Where all false glories use t' appear.
The twinkling stars began to muster,
And glitter with their borrow'd luftre,
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,
PART II.  CANTO I.  263

With erring haste, but rather stay,
And don't i' th' open face of day;
And in the mean time go in quest
Of next retreat, to take his rest.  924
PART II.

SECOND CANTO.

The Argument.

The Knight and Squire in hot dispute,
Within an ace of falling out,
Are parted with a sudden fright
Of strange alarm, and stranger fight;
With which adventuring to stickle,
They’re sent away in nasty pickle.
'Tis strange how some men's tempers suit,
Like bawd and brandy, with dispute,
That for their own opinions stand fast,
Only to have them claw'd and canvast.
That keep their consciences in cases,
As fiddlers do their crowds and bafes,
Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent
To play a fit for argument.
Make true and false, unjust and just,
Of no use but to be discuss'd;
Dispute and set a paradox,
Like a strait boot, upon the stocks,
And stretch it more unmercifully,
Than Helmont, Montaigne, White or Tully.
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,
That bonum is an animal,
Made good with stout polemic brawl:
In which some hundreds on the place
Were slain outright, and many a face
Retrench'd of nose, and eyes, and beard,
To maintain what their sect averr'd.
All which the knight and squire in wrath,
Had like t' have suffer'd for their faith;
Each striving to make good his own,
As by the sequel shall be shown.

The sun had long since, in the lap
Of Thetis, taken out his nap,
And like a lobster boil'd, the morn
From black to red began to turn;
When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aching
'Twixt sleeping kept all night and waking,
Began to rouse his drowsy eyes,
And from his couch prepar'd to rise;
Resolving to dispatch 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;
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:
Where now arriv'd, and half unharneft,
To carry on the work in earnest,
He stopp'd and paus'd upon the suddent,
And with a serious forehead plodding,
Sprung a new scruple in his head,
Which first he scratch'd, and after said;
Whether it be direct infringing
An oath, if I should wave this swinging,
And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,
And so b' equivocation swear;
Or whether 't be a lesser sin
To be forsworn, than act the thing,
Are deep and subtle points, which must,
T' inform my conscience, be dispute;
In which to err a little, may
To errors infinite make way:
And therefore I desire to know
Thy judgment, ere we farther 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:
Not that they really cuff or fence,
But in a spiritual mystique 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,
Like modern Indians to their idols;
And mungrel christians of our times,
That expiate less with greater crimes,
And call the foul abomination,
Contrition and mortification.
Is ’t not enough we’re bruis’d and kicked,
With sinful members of the wicked;
Our vessels, that are sanctify'd,
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;
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 faint;  
And what the saints do claim as due,  
You may pretend a title to:  
But saints, whom oaths or vows oblige,  
Know little of their privilege;  
Farther, 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;
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 faint-like virtue; and from hence
Some have broke oaths by Providence:
Some, to the glory of the Lord,
Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word:
And this the constant rule and practice
Of all our late apostles' acts is.
Was not the cause at first begun
With perjury, and carried on?
Was there an oath the godly took,
But in due time and place they broke?
Did we not bring our oaths in first,
Before our plate, to have them burft,
And cast in fitter models, for
The present use of church and war?
Did not our worthies of the house,
Before they broke the peace, break vows? 150
For having freed us first from both
Th' allegiance and suprem'cy oath;
Did they not next compel the nation
To take, and break the protestation?
To swear, and after to recant,
The solemn league and covenant?
To take th' engagement, and disclaim it,
Enforc'd by those who first did frame it?
Did they not swear, at first, to fight
For the king's safety, and his right? 160
And after march'd to find him out,
And charg'd him home with horse and foot?
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 not they 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;
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;  
And that by them th' were only meant  
To serve for an expedient.  
What was the public faith found out for,  
But to flur men of what they fought for?  
The public faith, which ev'ry one  
Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none;  
And if that go for nothing, why  
Should private faith have such a tie?  
Oaths were not purpos'd more than law,  
To keep the good and just in awe,  
But to confine the bad and sinful,  
Like mortal cattle in a pinfold.  
A faint's of th' heav'nly realm a peer;  
And as no peer is bound to swear,
But on the gospel of his honour,  
Of which he may dispose as owner,  
It follows, 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.  
Suppose the Scriptures are of force,  
They're but commissions of course,  
And saints have freedom to digress,  
And vary from 'em as they please;  
Or misinterpret them by private  
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 accident,
By which they construe conscience,
And hold no sin so deeply red,
As that of breaking Priscian's head,
The head and founder of their order, 225
That stirring hats held worse than murder;
These thinking they 're oblig'd to troth
In swearing, will not take an oath;
Like mules, who if th' ve not their will
To keep their own pace, stand stock still; 230
But they are weak, and little know
What free-born consciences may do,
'Tis the temptation of the devil
That makes all human actions evil:
For saints may do the same things by 235
The spirit, in sincerity,
Which other men are tempted to,
And at the devil's instance do;
And yet the actions be contrary,
Just as the saints and wicked vary.
For as on land there is no beast
But in some fish at sea 's express;
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.
Is 't not ridiculous, and nonsensical,
A saint should be a slave to conscience?
That ought to be above such fancies,
As far as above ordinances?
She 's of the wicked, as I guess,
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.
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;
And therefore topical evasions
Of subtle turns, and shifts of sense,
Serve best with th' wicked for pretence,
Such as the learned jesuits use,
And presbyterians, for excuse
Against the protestants, when th' happen
To find their churches taken napping:
As thus: a breach of oath is duple,
And either way admits a scruple,
And may be, ex parte of the maker,
More criminal than the injur'd taker;
For he that strains too for a vow,
Will break it, like an o'erbent bow:
And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it, 275
Not he that for convenience took it.
A broken oath is, quatenus oath,
As found t' all purposes of troth,
As broken laws are ne'er the worse,
Nay, 'till they 're broken, have no force. 280
What 's justice to a man, or laws,
That never comes within their claws?
They have no pow'r, but to admonish;
Cannot control, coerce, or punish,
Until they 're broken, and then touch 285
Those only that do make them such.
Beside, no engagement is allow'd,
By men in prison made, for good;
For when they 're set at liberty,
They 're from th' engagement too set free. 290
The rabbins write, when any jew
Did make to god or man a vow,
Which afterwards he found untoward,
And stubborn to be kept, or too hard;
Any three other Jews of the nation,
Might free him from the obligation:
And have not two Saints' power to use
A greater privilege than three Jews?
The court of conscience, which in man
Should be supreme and sovereign,
Is 't fit should be subordinate
To every petty court in the 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?
Tell all it does, or does not know,
For swearing ex officio?
Be forc'd to impeach a broken hedge,
And pigs unring'd at vif. franc. pledge?
Discover thieves, and bawds, recusants, 
Priests, witches, eyes-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?
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 cuckolds names, hit joints? 
Why should not tricks as flight, do points? 
Is not th' high court of justice sworn 
To judge that law that serves their turn? 
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;
And vex them into any form
That fits their purpose to do harm?
Rack them until they do confess,
Impeach of treason whom they please,
And most perfidiously condemn
Those that engag'd their lives for them?
And yet do nothing in their own sense,
But what they ought by oath and conscience.
Can they not juggle, and with flight
Conveyance play with wrong and right;
And fell their blasts of wind as dear,
As Lapland witches bottl'd 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 fail;  
As when the sea breaks o’er its bounds,  
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?  
Is not the winding up witnesses,  
And nicking, more than half the bus’ness?  
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
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
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,
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 odly
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,
That finds philosophers such trouble;
Whose least part crack'd, the whole does fly,
And wits are crack'd to find out why.

Quoth Ralpho, honour's but a word,
To swear by only in a lord:
In other men 'tis but a huff
To vapour with, instead of proof;
That like a wen, looks big and swells,
Insensible, and just nothing else.

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 whipt, or substitute.  
Tho' nice and dark the point appear,  
Quoth Ralph, it may hold up and clear.  
That sinners may supply the place  
Of suff'ring saints, is a plain case.  
Justice gives sentence, many times,  
On one man for another's crimes.  
Our brethren of New England use  
Choice malefactors to excuse,  
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,
PART II.

CANTO II.

Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
Because he was an infidel,
The mighty Tottipottymoy
Sent to our elders an envoy,
Complaining forely 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
Impartial justice, in his stead did
Hang an old weaver that was bed-rid:
Then wherefore may not you be skip'd,
And in your room another whip'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 ferking;
For when thy vessel is new hoop'd,
All leaks of sinning will be stop'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 aches;
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 frisk and whip another's sin;
As pedants out of schoolboys' breeches
Do claw and curry their own itches.
But in this case it is profane,
And sinful too, because in vain;
For we must take our oaths upon it
You did the deed, when I have done it.
Quoth Hudibras, that's answer'd soon;
Give us the whip, we'll lay it on.
Quoth Ralphe, that you may swear true,  
'Twere properer that I whip'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 that 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’lent spouse,
Whose wealth his bowels yearn to purchase,
Merely for th’ int’rest of the churches?
And when he has it in his claws,
Will not be hide-bound to the cause:
Nor shalt thou find him a curmudgin,
If thou dispatch it without grudging:
If not, resolve, before we go,
That you and I must pull a crow.

Ye ’ad best, quoth Ralpho, as the ancients
Say wisely, have a care o’ th’ main chance,
And look before you, ere you leap;
For as you sow, y’ are like to reap:
And were y’ as good as George-a-Green,
I should make bold to turn agen;
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? 510
A knight t' usurp the beadle's office,
For which y' are like to raise brave trophies?
But I advise you, not for fear,
But for your own sake, to forbear;
And for the churches, which may chance 515
From hence, to spring a variance,
And raise among themselves new scruples,
Whom common danger hardly couples.
Remember how in arms and politics,
We still have worsted all your holy tricks; 520
Trepann'd your party with intrigue,
And took your grandees down a peg;
New-modell'd the army, and cashier'd
All that to legion Smec adher'd;
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;
O'er-reach'd your rabbins of the synod,
And snapp'd their canons with a why-not: 530
Grave synod-men, that were rever'd
For solid face, and depth of beard,
Their classic model prov'd a maggot,
Their direct'ry an Indian pagod;
And drown'd their discipline like a kitten, 535
On which they 'ad been so long a fitting;
Decry'd it as a holy cheat,
Grown out of date, and obsolete,
And all the faints of the first grafs,
As castling foals of Balaam's as.

At this the knight grew high in chafe,
And staring furiously on Ralph,
He trembl'd, and look'd pale with ire,
Like ashes first, then red as fire.
Have I, quoth he, been ta'en in fight, 545
And for so many moons lain by ’t,
And when all other means did fail,
Have been exchang’d for tubs of ale?
Not but they thought me worth a ransom,
Much more consid’rable and handsome; 550
But for their own fakes, 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,
Such as breed out of peccant humours
Of our own church, like wens or tumours,
And like a maggot in a score,
Wou’d that which gave it life devour;
It never shall be done or said:
With that he seiz’d upon his blade; 560
And Ralpho too, as quick and bold,
Upon his basket-hilt laid hold,
With equal readiness prepar'd,
To draw and stand upon his guard;
When both were parted on the sudden,
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.
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 fullen dub
Sounds like the hooping of a tub:
But when the fight appear'd in view,
They found it was an antique shew;
A triumph, that for pomp and state,
Did proudest Romans emulate:
For as the aldermen of Rome
Their foes at training overcome,
And not enlarging territory,
As some, mistaken, write in story,
Being mounted in their best array,
Upon a car, and who but they?
And follow'd with a world of tall lads,
That merry dities troll'd, and ballads,
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
Wore a fow-gelder's flagellate,
On which he blew as strong a levet,
As well-feed lawyer on his brev'ate,
When over one another's heads
They charge, three ranks at once, like Swedes:
Next pans and kettles of all keys,
From trebles down to double-base;
And after them upon a nag,
That might pass for a forehand 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.
Next one upon a pair of panniers,
Full fraught with that which, for good manners,
Shall here be nameless, mixt with grains,
Which he dispens'd among the swains,

And busily upon the crowd,
At random round about bestowed.
Then mounted on a horned horse,
One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,
Ty’d to the pummel 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 whilome 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
Chastis’d the reformado soldier.
Before the dame, and round about,
March’d whifflers, and staffiers on foot,
With lacquies, grooms, valets, and pages,
In fit and proper equipages;
Of whom some torches bore, some links,
Before the proud virago-minx,
That was both madam and a don,
Like Nero's Sporus, or pope Joan;
And at fit periods the whole rout
Set up their throats with clam'rous shout.
The knight transported, and the squire,
Put up their weapons, and their ire;
And Hudibras, who us'd to ponder
On such fights with judicious wonder,
Could hold no longer, to impart
His animadversions, for his heart.

Quoth he, in all my life till now,
I ne'er saw so profane a show;
It is a paganish invention,
Which heathen writers often mention;
And he, who made it, had read Goodwin,
I warrant him, and understood him:
With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows,
That best describe those ancient shows;
And has observ'd all fit decorums
We find describ'd by old historians:
For, as the Roman conqueror,
That put an end to foreign war,
Ent'ring the town in triumph for it,
Bore a slave with him in his chariot;
So this insulting female brave
Carries behind her here a slave:
And as the ancients long ago,
When they in field defy'd the foe,
Hung out their mantles della guerre,
So her proud standard-bearer here
Waves on his spear, in dreadful manner,
A Tyrian petticoat for banner.
Next links and torches, heretofore
Still borne before the emperor:
And, as in antique triumphs, eggs
Were borne for mystical intrigues; 690
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 Ralpho, you mistake the matter; 695
For all th' antiquity you smatter
Is but a riding us'd of course,
When the grey mare 's the better horse;
When o'er the breeches greedy women
Fight, to extend their vast dominion,
And in the cause impatient Grizzle
Has drubb'd her husband with bull's pizzle,
And brought him under covert-baron,
To turn her vassal with a murrain;
When wives their sexes shift, like hares, 705
And ride their husbands like night-mares;
And they, in mortal battle vanquish'd,
Are of their charter disenfranchis'd,
And by the right of war, like gills,
Condemn'd to distaff, horns, and wheels: 710
For when men by their wives are cow'd,
Their horns of course are understood.

Quoth Hudibras, thou still giv'st sentence
Impertinently, and against sense:
'Tis not the least disparagement
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; 720
A tailor's 'prentice has no hard
Measure, that 's bang'd with a true yard;
But to turn tail, or run away,
And without blows give up the day;
Or to surrender ere 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 shew
Of horns and petticoats is due.
There is a lesser profanation,
Like that the Romans call'd ovation:
For as ovation was allow'd
For conquest purchas'd without blood;
So men decree those lesser shows
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,
March proudly to the river's side,
And o'er the waves in triumph ride;
Like dukes of Venice, who are said
The Adriatic sea to wed;
And have a gentler wife than those
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 stragglings to prohibit.

This said, they both advanc'd, and rode
A dog-trot thro' the bawling crowd
T' attack the leader, and still press
'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?
'Tis ethnique and idolatrous,
From heathenism deriv'd to us.
Does not the whore of Bab'lon ride
Upon her horned beast astreid,
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 sunshine?
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 faints 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, carbines, and pistols: 780
Their husbands, cullies, and sweethearts,
To take the saints and church's parts;
Drew several gifted brethren in,
That for the bishops would have been,
And fix'd them constant to the party,  785
With motives powerful and hearty:
Their husbands robb'd, and made hard shifts
T' administer unto their gifts
All they could rap, and rend, and pilfer,
To scraps and ends of gold and silver;  790
Rubb'd down the teachers, tir'd and spent
With holding forth for 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 ake,
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' intrench 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?
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 fit,
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 slime, his beard;
But beard and slime being 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, smoker'd with the stink,
Grap'd his, when one that bore a link,
O' th' sudden clapp'd his flaming cudgel,
Like linstock, to the horse's touch-hole;
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;
Thro' which they quickly broke their way, 835
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.
After they 'ad paus'd a while, supplying 845
Their spirits, spent with fight and flying,
And Hudibras recruited force
Of lungs, for actions 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 being maintain'd:
'Twas ill for us, we had to do
With so dishon'rzable a foe:
For tho' the law of arms doth bar
The use of venom'd shot in war,
Yet by the nauseous smell, and noisome,
Their case-shot favours 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 durt,
Do but defile, but cannot hurt;
So all the honour they have won,
Or we have lost, is much at one.
'Twas well we made so resolute
A brave retreat, without pursuit;
For if we had not, we had sped
Much worse, to be in triumph led;
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,
Portend good fortune, so this may.
Vespasian being daub'd with durt,
Was destin'd to the empire for't;
And from a scavinger did come
To be a mighty prince in Rome:
And why may not this foul address
Prefage 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.
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
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