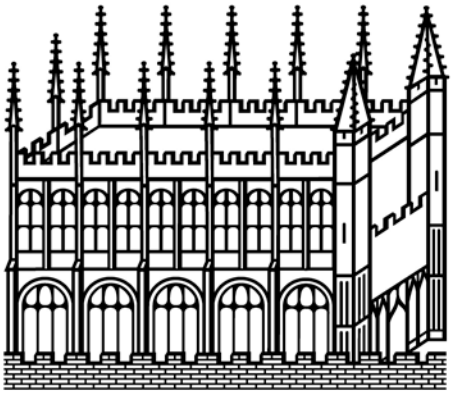

Satires by Joseph Hall, with the illustrations of T. Warton, and ...

Joseph Hall

1824

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HALL'S
SATIRES.

JOSEPH HALL,

Bishop of Norwich

OB. SEPT. 8. 1656, ÆTATIS SUÆ. 82.

SATIRES.

BY

JOSEPH HALL,

AFTERWARDS BISHOP OF EXETER AND NORWICH.

WITH THE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LATE

REV. THOMAS WARTON.

AND ADDITIONAL NOTES

BY SAMUEL WELLER SINGER.

CHISWICK:
Printed by C. Whittingham,
FOR R. TRIPHOOK, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON.
M DCCC XXIV.


BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

THE

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

WHEN these Satires were shown to Pope at a late period of his poetical career, he was so sensible of their merit as to *wish he had seen them sooner*[1]. I doubt not that every reader who takes them up for the first time will be surprised that so much sterling good sense, such nervous language, and such masterly versification should not have commanded more popularity. Yet nothing can be less true than Warton's remark, that Hall is better known as a *poet* than as a prelate or *polemic*. The Sermons and Meditations of the divine retained

[1] Warburton told Warton, that in a copy of Hall's Satires in Pope's library, the whole first satire of the sixth book was corrected in the margin, or interlined in Pope's own hand; and that Pope had written at the head of that satire OPTIMA SATIRA.

their popularity, while the youthful effusions of the poet possessed but limited fame, and were indeed almost unknown to any but antiquarian poetical readers. This may in some measure be accounted for from the circumstance of the obscurity which naturally attends upon satire; as the follies which are castigated, and the fashionable vices which are held up to ridicule fade away, the allusions are not so easily understood by a later age, as by that which it was intended to correct. Hall has heightened this obscurity by imitating the elliptical manner of Persius and Juvenal; but perhaps still more by throwing over his compositions the veil of antiquated words and phraseology, which, like his friend Spenser, he seems to have studiously affected. Indeed, following an erroneous opinion, he imagined, that a satire must necessarily be 'hard of conceit, and harsh of style,' he therefore thought proper to apologize for 'too much stooping to the low reach of the vulgar:' and in the Prologue to Book III. he finds it necessary to answer such cavillers as had blamed his plain speaking.

Satire, as Warton observes, specifically so called, had not its rise among us until the latter end of Elizabeth's reign. For though the long

allegorical Vision of Pier's Ploughman is interspersed with satirical delineations of vice and folly, satire was not its primary object. Other poems had been made the vehicle of satirical allusion, and Skelton's ribaldry long since had dealt out abuse and scurrility in profusion, but satire 'in its dignified and moral sense,' and on the model of the ancients, had its rise, if not with the publication of Hall, at least in his time. He boldly claims the precedence—

> I first adventure, follow me who list,
> And be the second English satirist.

But he was certainly anticipated by Thomas Lodge, whose Fig for Momus, published in 1593, contained four Satires, as a specimen of 'a whole centon already in his hands,' and several Epistles, in the manner of Horace. Donne, and Marston too, appear to have written about the same time, though posterior in the order of publication. What is more important, however, if not the *first*, Hall may justly lay claim to be considered the *best* satirist of his age, and when we remember that the writer was only twenty-three years old at the time of publication, we cannot but regret

that graver studies should have so absorbed his life, as to give him neither leisure nor inclination to renew his acquaintance with the Muse. That he was not unconscious of his power for higher flights appears in several passages of the following volume; but especially in part of the Defiance to Envy, quoted by Warton; where, apostrophizing his muse, he says—

Would she but shade her tender brows with bay,
That now lie bare in careless wilful rage;
And trance herself in that sweet ecstasy,
That rouseth drooping thoughts of bashful age;
  Though now those bays, and that aspired thought,
  In careless rage she sets at worse than nought.

Or would we loose her plumy pinion,
Manacled long with bonds of modest fear:
Soon might she have those kestrels proud outgone,
Whose flighty wings are dew'd with wetter air.
* * * * * * * * *

Or scour the rusted swords of Elvish knights,
Bathed in Pagan blood; or sheath them new
In misty moral types; or tell their fights,
Who mighty giants, or who monsters slew.
  And by some strange enchanted spear and shield,
  Vanquish'd their foe, and won the doubtful field.

May be she might in stately stanzas frame
Stories of ladies and adventurous knights,
To raise her silent and inglorious name
Unto a reachless pitch of praise's height.
And somewhat say, as more unworthy done,
Worthy of brass, and hoary marble stone.

In the controversy about episcopacy and church discipline Hall took an active part, and replied to the celebrated book called *Smectymnus*, without considering consequences, when such courage was as hazardous as it was honourable. This called down upon him the anger and animadversion of Milton, who suffered his zeal to master his reason; and who 'goes out of his way to attack these satires, a juvenile production of his dignified adversary, and under every consideration alien to the dispute.' What his strictures want in critical acumen he makes up by sarcastic reflection, and ventures to misquote and misunderstand the passage above cited, which, under other circumstances, would undoubtedly have excited in his mind more noble and kindred feelings. The sarcasm may now be safely quoted, as, like all perversions of truth for party purposes, it reflects more discredit upon the writer than upon the person attacked.

"Lighting upon this title of 'Toothless Sa-

tyrs,' I will not conceal ye what I thought, readers, that sure this must be some sucking satyr, who might have done better to have used his coral, and made an end of breeding, ere he took upon him to wield a satyr's whip. But when I heard him talk of *scouring the shields of elvish knights*, do not blame me if I changed my thought, and concluded him some desperate cutler. But why his *scornful Muse could ne'er abide, with tragic shoes her ankles for to hide*, the pace of the verse told me her mawkin knuckles were never shapen to that royal business. And turning by chance to the sixth [seventh] satire of his second book, I was confirmed: where having begun loftily in *Heaven's universal alphabet*, he falls down to that wretched poorness and frigidity as to talk of *Bridge Street in Heaven*, and the *ostler of Heaven*. And there wanting other matter to catch him a heat (for certain he was on the frozen zone miserably benumbed), with thoughts lower than any beadle's, betakes him to whip the sign-posts of Cambridge alehouses, the ordinary subject of freshmen's tales, and in a strain as pitiful. Which for him, who would be counted the first English satyrist, to abase himself to, who might have learned better among the Latin and Italian satyrists, and, in our own tongue,

from the Vision and Creede of Pierce Plowman, besides others before him, manifested a presumptuous undertaking with weak and unexamined shoulders. For a satire is, as it were, born out of a tragedy, so ought to resemble his parentage, to strike high, and adventure dangerously at the most eminent vices among the greatest persons, and not creep into every blind taphouse that fears a constable more than a satire. But that such a poem should be toothless I still affirm it to be a bull, taking away the essence of what it calls itself. For if it bite neither the persons nor the vices, how is it a satyr? And if it bite either, how is it toothless? So that toothless satires are as if he had said toothless teeth[2]."

The Satires of Hall issued from the press in 1597, and it should appear that the first three books were published separately under the title of "Virgidemiarum[3]. Sixe Bookes. First three Bookes of Toothlesse Satyrs. 1. Poeticall. 2. Academicall. 3. Morall. London,

[2] Apology for Smectymnus, Milton's Prose Works, vol. i. p. 186, 1698, fol.

[3] By VIRGIDEMIA, an uncouth and uncommon word, we are to understand a Gathering or Harvest of Rods, in reference to the nature of the subject. W.

printed by Thomas Creed, for Robert Dexter, 1597. 16mo." This publication is not mentioned in the Register of the Stationer's Company. In the next year three more books appeared, entitled, "Virgidemiarum, The three last Bookes of Byting Satyres. London, printed by Richard Bradock, for Robert Dexter, 1598," in the same size and type. Both parts were again reprinted in 1599 and 1602. The publication appears to have been very popular, but was ordered to be stayed at the press by the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of London; and such copies as could be found were to "bee presentlye broughte to the Bp. of London to be burnte." Meres, in his Wits' Treasurie, 1598, mentions Hall, with Marston and others, celebrated for satiric compositions. Marston, who appears to have been Hall's poetical rival at Cambridge, levels a satire entitled "Reactio" (printed with his Pigmalion's Image, 1598), at Hall; many of whose lines he paraphrases; for example:

But come, fond braggart, *crown thy brows with bays,*
Intrance thyself in thy sweet ecstasy.
Come, manumit thy *plumy pinion,*
And scower the sword of Elvish champion,
Or else vouchsafe *to breathe in wax-bound quill,*
And deign our longing ears with music fill;

Or let us see thee some such stanzas frame,
That thou mayst raise thy vile inglorious name.
Summon the Nymphs and Driades to bring
Some rare invention, whilst thou dost sing
So sweet, that thou *mayst shoulder from above*
The Eagle from the stairs of friendly Jove,
And lead sad Pluto captive with thy song,
Gracing thyself that art obscur'd too long.
Come, somewhat say (but hang me when 'tis done),
Worthy of brass and hoary marble stone.
Speak, ye attentive swains, that heard him never,
Will not his pastorals endure for ever?

And so on to the end in this strain. The cause of the quarrel between Hall and Marston is not exactly known, but in the tenth satire of the Scourge of Villanie, 1598, Marston again returns to the charge, and, by some expressions, I judge that he was angry at being forestalled by the publication of Hall's Satires; he also accuses him of having caused an epigram to be pasted to the latter page of every Pigmalion that came to the stationers of Cambridge.

"The Satires of Hall (says Warton), are marked with a classical precision to which English poetry had yet rarely attained. They are replete with animation of style and sentiment. The indignation of the satirist is always the result of good sense. Nor are the

thorns of severe invective unmixed with the flowers of pure poetry. The characters are delineated with strong and lively colouring, and their discriminations are touched with the masterly traces of genuine humour. The versification is equally energetic and elegant, and the fabric of the couplets approaches to the modern standard. It is no inconsiderable proof of a genius predominating over the general taste of an age when every preacher was a punster, to have written verses, where laughter was to be raised, and the reader to be entertained with sallies of pleasantry, without quibbles and conceits. His chief fault is obscurity, arising from a remote phraseology, constrained combinations, unfamiliar allusions, elliptical apostrophes, and abruptness of expression. Perhaps some will think that his manner betrays too much of the laborious exactness and pedantic anxiety of the scholar and the student.—Hall's acknowledged patterns are Juvenal and Persius, not without some touches of the urbanity of Horace[4]. His pa-

[4] The reader's attention is requested to Hall's *Postscript*, now placed as a *Preface* to his Satires, in which he enumerates the difficulties to be surmounted in his undertaking, and says that, beside

rodies of these poets, or rather his adaptations of ancient to modern manners, a mode of imitation not unhappily practised by Oldham, Rochester, and Pope, discover great facility and dexterity of invention. The moral gravity and the censorial declamation of Juvenal he frequently enlivens with a train of more refined reflection, or adorns with a novelty and variety of images."

I shall add Warton's parallel of Hall and Marston. "There is a carelessness and laxity in Marston's versification, but there is a freedom and facility which Hall has too frequently missed, by labouring to confine the sense to the couplet. Hall's measures are more musical, not because the music of verse consists in uniformity of pause, and regularity of cadence. Hall had a correcter ear; and his lines have a tuneful strength, in proportion as his language is more polished, his phraseology more select, and his structure more studied. Hall's meaning, among other reasons, is not so soon apprehended on account of his compression both in sentiment and diction. Marston is more per-

his ancient models, he was unacquainted with any other compositions of the same kind, except the Satires of Ariosto, and one base French satire.

spicuous, as he thinks less and writes hastily. Hall is superior in penetration, accurate conception of character, acuteness of reflection, and the accumulation of thoughts and images. Hall has more humour, Marston more acrimony. Hall often draws his materials from books, and the diligent perusal of other satirists, Marston from real life. Yet Hall has a larger variety of characters. He possessed the talent of borrowing with address, and of giving originality to his copies. On the whole, Hall is more elegant, exact, and elaborate." After observing that Marston's Satires are polluted with the impurities of the brothel, and that they were condemned to the same flame, and by the same authority, as those of Hall, he observes, that "Hall deserved a milder sentence. He exposes vice, not in the wantonness of description, but with the reserve of a cautious yet lively moralist. Perhaps every censurer of obscenity does some harm by turning the attention to an immodest object. But this effect is to be counteracted by the force and propriety of his reproof, by showing the pernicious consequences of voluptuous excesses, by suggesting motives to an opposite conduct, and by making the picture disgustful by dashes of deformity. When vice is led forth to be

sacrificed at the shrine of virtue, the victim should not be too richly dressed."

"In the point, volubility, and vigour of Hall's numbers (says Mr. Campbell), we might frequently imagine ourselves perusing Dryden." This may be exemplified in the harmony and picturesqueness of the description of a magnificent rural mansion, which the traveller approaches in the hopes of reaching the seat of ancient hospitality, but finds it deserted by its selfish owner[5]. His satires are neither cramped by personal hostility, nor spun out to vague declamations on vice, but give the form and pressure of the times exhibited in the faults of coeval literature, and in the foppery or sordid traits of prevailing manners. The age was undoubtedly fertile in eccentricity. His picture of its literature may, at first view, appear

[5] See Sat. ii. B. v. "Beat the broad gates a goodly hollow sound," &c. Mr. C. adds, "The Satire which I think contains the most vigorous and musical couplets is the first of Book III. beginning, 'Time was, and that was term'd the time of gold.' I preferred, however, the insertion of others, as they are more descriptive of English manners than the fanciful praises of the golden age, which that satire contains."

Specimens of the Brit. Poets, Vol. II. p. 257.

to be overcharged with severity, accustomed as we are to associate a general idea of excellence with the period of Elizabeth; but when Hall wrote there was not a great poet firmly established in the language except Spenser, and on him he has bestowed ample applause."

With regard to Shakspeare, the reader will observe a passage in the first satire, where the poet says:

Trumpet and reeds and *socks and buskins* fine,
I them bequeath, whose statues, wand'ring twine
Of ivy mix'd with bays, circlen around,
Their *living temples* likewise laurel bound.

Though Warton imagines that the classic poets are here meant, the phrase *living* temples unequivocally makes the passage allusive to his contemporaries, among whom Meres, in 1598, distinguishes Shakspeare, as the "most excellent both for tragedy and comedy, and his fine filed phrase."

I have preferred letting this excellent person relate some specialities of his own life, to prefixing an imperfect biographical memoir; and in so doing I look to have the approbation of all persons of true taste. This interesting piece of auto-biography will remind the reader of one of our most eminent literary characters,

whose satires, and subsequent labours, have highly benefited his country; and whose valuable life has been devoted, like that of Bishop Hall, to the public good, in stemming the progress of pernicious innovations, literary, political, and religious; happily for us with better success.

Hall's life was checquered, and the shadowy predominates over the brighter parts of the picture. In his youth he had to struggle with poverty, and with submission to the capricious will of a penurious patron; and though for a time he enjoyed the sun light of court favour, the evening of his life was passed in privation, obscurity, and amid unmerited persecution; deprived of comforts when increasing years and infirmities would render the trial more severe; living to see his cathedral converted into a barrack, and his palace into an alehouse: he bore the accumulated evils with the constancy of a martyr; and one of his friends exclaims, "we have heard of the patience of Job, but never saw a fairer copy of it than was in this man." His charity was unbounded, and even out of the pittance which was allowed him by the parliament in his retreat at Heigham, he contrived to spare no inconsiderable portion for charitable purposes. He did not forget the poor even in his will, though the circumstances in which

he left his family would have justified the omission. He desired to be buried privately, and could hardly be prevailed on to allow a funeral sermon; but his friend, John Whitefoote, rector of Heigham, did pronounce one, which was afterwards published, in which he tells us, "He was noted for a singular wit from his youth: a most acute rhetorician, and an elegant poet. He understood many tongues; and in the rhetoric of his own he was second to none that lived in his time."

To use the words of his old biographer, "his days were few and evil, in Jacob's comparative sense; and yet many and good, for he died in the 82d year of his age, on the 8th of September, 1656, full of days and full of good works."

The style of his prose writings is terse and even elegant, though with something of antithetical quaintness. Seneca seems to have been his model. His learning was extensive, but tempered by sound judgment, deep penetration into the human character, and consummate knowledge of the world, which was derived from commerce with courts and foreign travel. His "Mundus Alter et Idem" is a satirical fiction, in which, under the pretence of describing an unknown new found region, he characterizes the vices of existing nations:— and in his "Quo Vadis? or a Censure of Travel"

are many pertinent reflections upon manners and the conduct of life, which may still be perused with advantage. Warton has remarked, that "the writer of the Satires is perceptible in some of his gravest polemical or scriptural treatises, which are perpetually interspersed with excursive illustrations, familiar allusions, and observations on life. His CHARACTERISMES OF VERTUES AND VICES are a lively and sensible set of Moral Essays, also containing traces of the Satires."

Hall has the merit of being the first who published epistolary compositions in his native tongue. Ascham had, indeed, put forth a volume of Latin Letters; and the Italians, Spaniards, and French had many collections of the kind; but this familiar species of composition was then a novelty in our literature; and he thus expresses his claim to the invention in his dedication to Prince Henry:—"Further, which these times account not the least praise, your Grace shall herein perceive a new fashion of discourse by Epistles; new to our language, usual to all others: and so (as novelty is never without plea of use), more free, more familiar. Thus we do but talk with our friends by our pen, and express ourselves no whit less easily; somewhat more digestedly."

In presenting the poetical reader with a new edition of a work which an excellent judge observes "must even now be considered as a model of elegance," some diligence has been used to make it worthy his acceptance. The illustrations of the late Mr. Thomas Warton, in the fragment of the fourth volume of his History of Poetry, have been dispersed as notes on the passages to which they refer, marked with the initial W; and additional explanations of the most difficult words and passages added by the present writer. The text has been carefully collated with the two earliest editions, and many errors, which had occurred from the inattention or want of skill of the editor of that printed at Oxford in 1753, have been corrected. The orthography has been modernized, with a proper attention to the preservation of the archaisms which Hall in common with Spenser affected. To the Satires have been added the few scattered poetical remains of the author, and a Glossarial Index.

Box Hill,
February 6th, 1824.

OBSERVATIONS

OF SOME

SPECIALITIES OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE

IN THE

LIFE OF JOSEPH HALL,

BISHOP OF NORWICH.

Written with his own Hand.

SOME SPECIALITIES

IN THE

LIFE OF JOSEPH HALL.

NOT out of a vain affectation of my own glory, which I know how little it can avail me when I am gone hence; but out of a sincere desire to give glory to my God (whose wonderful Providence I have noted in all my ways), [I] have recorded some remarkable passages of my forepast life: what I have done is worthy of nothing but silence and forgetfulness; but what God hath done for me is worthy of everlasting and thankful memory.

I was born July 1, 1574, at five of the clock in the morning, in Bristow Park, within the parish of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, a town in Leicestershire, of honest and well allowed parentage: my father was an officer under that truly honourable and religious Henry Earl of Huntingdon, President of the North, and under him had the government of that market town; wherein the chief seat of

that earldom is placed. My mother Winifride, of the house of the Bambridges, was a woman of that rare sanctity that (were it not for my interest in nature), I durst say, that neither Aleth, the mother of that just Honour, of Clareval; nor Monica, nor any other of those pious matrons anciently famous for devotion, need to disdain her admittance to comparison. She was continually exercised with the affliction of a weak body, and of a wounded spirit, the agonies whereof, as she would oft recount with much passion, professing that the greatest bodily sicknesses were but flea bites to those scorpions; so from them all, at last, she found a happy and comfortable deliverance, and that not without a more than ordinary hand of God. For on a time, being in great distress of conscience, she thought, in her dream, there stood by her a grave personage, in the gown and other habits of a physician, who inquiring of her estate, and receiving a sad and querulous answer from her, took her by the hand, and bade her be of good comfort, for this should be the last fit that ever she should feel of this kind. Whereto she seemed to answer, that upon that condition she would well be content, for the time, with that or any other torment. Reply was made to her, as she thought, with a redoubled assurance of that happy issue of this her last trial; whereat she began to conceive an unspeakable joy; which

yet upon her awaking left her more disconsolate, as then conceiting her happiness imaginary, her misery real; when the very same day she was visited by the reverend and (in his time) famous divine, Mr. Anthony Gilby, under whose ministry she lived; who upon the relation of this her pleasing vision, and the contrary effects it had in her, began to persuade her, that dream was no other than divine, and that she had good reason to think that gracious premonition was sent her from God himself, who, though ordinarily he keeps the common road of his proceedings, yet sometimes, in the distresses of his servants, he goes unusual ways to their relief. Hereupon she began to take heart, and by good counsel and her fervent prayer, found that happy prediction verified to her, and upon all occasions in the remainder of her life was ready to magnify the mercy of her God in so sensible a deliverance. What with the trial of both these hands of God, so had she profited in the school of Christ, that it was hard for any friend to come from her discourse no whit holier. How often have I blessed the memory of those divine passages of experimental divinity which I have heard from her mouth! what day did she pass without a large task of private devotion, whence she would still come forth with a countenance of undissembled mortification. Never any lips have read to me such

feeling lectures of piety; neither have I known any soul that more accurately practised them than her own. Temptations, desertions, and spiritual comforts were her usual theme. Shortly, for I can hardly take off my pen from so exemplary a subject, her life and death were saintlike.

My parents had, from mine infancy, devoted me to the sacred calling, whereto, by the blessing of God, I have seasonably attained. For this cause I was trained up in the public school of the place. After I had spent some years (not altogether indiligently) under the ferule of such masters as the place afforded, and had near attained to some competent ripeness for the university, my schoolmaster being a great admirer of one Mr. Pelset, who was then lately come from Cambridge, to be the public preacher of Leicester (a man very eminent in those times for the fame of his learning, but especially for his sacred oratory), persuaded my father, that if I might have my education under so excellent and complete a divine, it might be both a nearer and easier way to his purposed end than by an academical institution. The motion sounded well in my father's ears, and carried fair probabilities; neither was it other than forecompacted betwixt my schoolmaster and Mr. Pelset, so as on both sides it was entertained with great forwardness.

The gentleman, upon essay taken of my fitness

for the use of his studies, undertakes, within one seven years, to send me forth no less furnished with arts, languages, and grounds of theorical divinity than the carefulest tutor in the strictest college of either university; which that he might assuredly perform, to prevent the danger of any mutable thoughts in my parents or myself, he desired mutual bonds to be drawn betwixt us. The great charge of my father (whom it pleased God to bless with twelve children) made him the more apt to yield to so likely a project for a younger son there; and now were all the hopes of my future life upon blasting; the indentures were preparing, the time was set, my suits were addressed for the journey: what was the issue? O God, thy providence made and found it; thou knowest how sincerely and heartily, in those my young years[1], I did cast myself upon thy hands; with what faithful resolution I did, in this particular occasion, resign myself over to thy disposition, earnestly begging of thee in my fervent prayers to order all things to the best, and confidently waiting upon thy will for the event: certainly, never did I in all my life more clearly roll myself upon thy Divine Providence than I did in this business; and it succeeded accordingly. It fell out, at this time, that my elder brother, having some occasions to journey unto

[1] Anno Ætatis 15.

Cambridge, was kindly entertained there by Mr. Nath. Gilby, Fellow of Emanuel College, who, for that he was born in the same town with me, and had conceived some good opinion of my aptness to learning, inquired diligently concerning me, and hearing of the diversion of my father's purposes from the university, importunately dissuaded from that new course, professing to pity the loss of so good hopes. My brother, partly moved with his words, and partly won by his own eyes to a great love and reverence of an academical life, returning home, fell upon his knees to my father, and after the report of Mr. Gilby's words and his own admiration of the place, earnestly besought him that he would be pleased to alter that so prejudicial a resolution, that he would not suffer my hopes to be drowned in a shallow country channel, but that he would revive his first purposes for Cambridge; adding, in the zeal of his love, that if the chargeableness of that course were the hinderance, he did there humbly beseech him rather to sell some part of that land which himself should in course of Nature inherit, than to abridge me of that happy means to perfect my education.

No sooner had he spoken those words than my father no less passionately condescended, not without a vehement protestation, that whatsoever it might cost him, I should (God willing) be sent to the university; neither were those

words sooner out of his lips than there was a messenger from Mr. Pelset knocking at the door, to call me to that fairer bondage, signifying, that the next day he expected me with a full dispatch of all that business. To whom my father replied, that he came some minutes too late, that he had now otherwise determined of me, and with a respective message of thanks to the master, sent the man home empty, leaving me full of the tears of joy for so happy a change. Indeed, I had been but lost if that project had succeeded, as it well appeared in the experience of him who succeeded in that room which was by me thus unexpectedly forsaken. O God, how was I then taken up with a thankful acknowledgment and joyful admiration of thy gracious Providence over me. And now I lived in the expectation of Cambridge; whither ere long I happily came, under Mr. Gilby's tuition, together with my worthy friend Mr. Hugh Cholmley, who, as we had been partners of one lesson from our cradles, so were we now for many years partners of one bed. My two first years were necessarily chargeable above the proportion of my father's power, whose not very large cistern was to feed many pipes besides mine. His weariness of expense was wrought upon by the counsel of some unwise friends, who persuaded him to fasten me upon that school as master, whereof I was lately a scholar. Now was I fetched home, with a heavy heart, and

now this second time had mine hopes been nipped in the blossom, had not God raised me up an unhoped benefactor, Mr. Edmund Sleigh, of Derby (whose pious memory I have cause ever to love and reverence). Out of no other relation to me, save that he married my aunt, pitying my too apparent dejectedness, he voluntary urged and solicited my father for my return to the university, and offered freely to contribute the one half of my maintenance there till I should attain to the degree of Master of Arts, which he no less really and lovingly performed. The condition was gladly accepted, thither was I sent back with joy enough, and ere long chosen scholar of that strict and well ordered college. By that time I had spent six years there: now the third year of my bachelorship should at once both make an end of my maintenance, and, in respect of standing, give me a capacity of farther preferment in that house, were it not that my country excluded me, for our statute allowed but one of a shire to be Fellow there, and my tutor being of the same town with me, must therefore necessarily hold me out. But, O my God, how strangely did thy gracious Providence fetch this business about! I was now entertaining motions of remove; a place was offered me in the island of Guernsey, which I had in speech and chase; it fell out that the father of my loving chamberfellow, Mr. Cholmley, a gentleman that had likewise dependence

upon the most noble Henry Earl of Huntingdon, having occasion to go to York unto that his honourable lord, fell into some mention of me. That good Earl (who well esteemed my father's service), having belikely heard some better words of me than I could deserve, made earnest inquiry after me, what were my courses; what my hopes; and hearing of the likelihood of my removal, professed much dislike of it; not without some vehemence, demanding why I was not chosen Fellow of that college wherein, by report, I received such approbation? Answer was returned, that my country debarred me; which being filled with my tutor, whom his lordship well knew, could not, by the statute, admit a second. The earl presently replied, that if that were the hinderance, he would soon take order to remove it: whereupon his lordship presently sends for my tutor, Mr. Gilby, unto York, and with proffer of large conditions of the chaplainship in his house, and assured promises of better provisions, drew him to relinquish his place in the college to a free election. No sooner was his assent signified, than the days were set for the public (and, indeed, exquisite) examination of the competitors. By that time two days of the three allotted to this trial were passed, certain news came to us of the inexpected death of that incomparably religious and noble Earl of Huntingdon, by whose loss my then disappointed tutor must necessarily be left

to the wide world unprovided for. Upon notice thereof I presently repaired to the master of the college, Mr. Dr. Chaderton, and besought him to render that hard condition to which my good tutor must needs be driven if the election proceeded; to stay any further progress in that business, and to leave me to my own good hopes wheresoever, whose youth exposed me both to less needs and more opportunities of provision. Answer was made me, that the place was pronounced void however, and therefore that my tutor was divested of all possibility of remedy, and must wait upon the Providence of God for his disposing elsewhere, and the election must necessarily proceed the day following. Then was I, with a cheerful unanimity, chosen into that society which, if it had any equals, I dare say had none beyond it, for good order, studious carriage, strict government, austere piety; in which I spent six or seven years more with such contentment as the rest of my life hath in vain striven to yield. Now was I called to public disputations often, with no ill success; for never durst I appear in any of those exercises of scholarship, till I had from my knees looked up to Heaven for a blessing, and renewed my actual dependence upon that Divine hand. In this while two years together was I chosen to the rhetoric lecture in the public school, where I was encouraged with a sufficient frequence of auditors; but

finding that well applauded work somewhat out of my way, not without a secret blame of myself for so much excursion, I fairly gave up that task in the midst of those poor acclamations to a worthy successor, Mr. Dr. Dodd, and betook myself to those serious studies which might fit me for that high calling whereunto I was destined. Wherein after I had carefully bestowed myself for a time, I took the boldness to enter into sacred orders; the honour whereof having once attained, I was no niggard of that talent which my God had entrusted to me, preaching often as occasion was offered, both in country villages abroad, and at home in the most awful auditory of the university. And now I did but wait where and how it would please my God to employ me. There was at that time a most famous school erected at Tiverton in Devon, and endowed with a very large pension, whose goodly fabric was answerable to the reported maintenance: the care whereof was, by the rich and bountiful founder, Mr. Blundel, cast principally upon the then Lord Chief Justice Popham. That faithful observer having great interest in the master of our house, Dr. Chaderton, moved him earnestly to commend some able, learned, and discreet governor to that weighty charge, whose action would not need to be so much as his oversight. It pleased our master, out of his good opinion, to tender this condition unto me, assuring me of

no small advantages, and no great toil, since it was intended the main load of the work should lie upon other shoulders, I apprehended the motion worth the entertaining. In that severe society our times were stinted; neither was it wise or safe to refuse good offers. Mr. Dr. Chaderton carried me to London, and there presented me to the lord chief justice with much testimony of approbation: the judge seemed well apaid for the choice; I promised acceptance, he the strength of his favour. No sooner had I parted from the judge than in the street a messenger presented me with a letter from the right virtuous and worthy lady (of dear and happy memory), the lady Drury, of Suffolk, tendering the rectory of her Halsted, then newly void, and very earnestly desiring me to accept of it. Dr. Chaderton observing in me some change of countenance, asked me what the matter might be. I told him the errand, and delivered him the letter, beseeching his advice; which, when he had read, Sir (quoth I), methinks God pulls me by the sleeve, and tells me it is his will I should rather go to the east than to the west. Nay (he answered), I should rather think that God would have you go westward, for that he hath contrived your engagement before the tender of this letter, which therefore, coming too late, may receive a fair and easy answer. To this I besought him to pardon my dissent, adding, that I well knew that divinity was the

end whereto I was destined by my parents, which I had so constantly proposed to myself, that I never meant other than to pass through this western school to it; but I saw that God, who found me ready to go the further way about, now called me the nearest and directest way to that sacred end. The good man could no further oppose, but only pleaded the distaste which would hereupon be justly taken by the lord chief justice, whom I undertook fully to satisfy; which I did with no great difficulty, commending to his lordship in my room, my old friend and chamberfellow, Mr. Cholmley, who finding an answerable acceptance, disposed himself to the place: so as we two, who came to the university, now must leave it at once. Having then fixed my foot in Halsted, I found there a dangerous opposite to the success of my ministry, a witty and bold atheist, one Mr. Lilly, who, by reason of his travels and abilities of discourse and behaviour, had so deeply insinuated himself into my patron, Sir Robert Drury, that there was small hopes (during his entireness) for me to work any good upon that noble patron of mine, who, by the suggestion of this wicked detractor, was set off from me before he knew me. Hereupon (I confess) finding the obdurateness and hopeless condition of that man, I bent my prayers against him, beseeching God daily, that he would be pleased to remove, by some means or other, that apparent hinderance

of my faithful labours, who gave me an answer accordingly: for this malicious man going hastily to London to exasperate my patron against me, was then and there swept away by the pestilence, and never returned to do any farther mischief. Now the coast was clear before me, and I gained every day of the good opinion and favourable respects of that honourable gentleman and my worthy neighbours. Being now, therefore, settled in that sweet and civil country of Suffolk, near to St. Edmund's Bury, my first work was to build up my house, which was extremely ruinous; which done, the uncouth solitariness of my life, and the extreme incommodity of that single housekeeping, drew my thoughts, after two years, to condescend to the necessity of a married estate, which God no less strangely provided for me; for, walking from the church on Monday in the Whitsun week, with a grave and reverend minister, Mr. Grandidg, I saw a comely and modest gentlewoman standing at the door of that house where we were invited to a wedding dinner, and inquiring of that worthy friend whether he knew her. Yes (quoth he), I know her well, and have bespoken her for your wife. When I farther demanded an account of that answer, he told me, she was the daughter of a gentleman whom he much respected, Mr. George Winniff, of Bretenham; that out of an opinion had of the fitness of that match for me, he had

already treated with her father about it, whom he found very apt to entertain it, advising me not to neglect the opportunity; and not concealing the just praises of modesty, piety, good disposition, and other virtues that were lodged in that seemly presence. I listened to the motion as sent from God, and at last, upon due prosecution, happily prevailed, enjoying the comfortable society of that meet help for the space of forty-nine years. I had not passed two years in this estate, when my noble friend Sir Edmund Bacon, with whom I had much entireness, came to me, and earnestly solicited me for my company in a journey by him projected to the Spa, in Ardenna, laying before me the safety, the easiness, the pleasure, and the benefit of that small extravagance, if opportunity were taken of that time, when the Earl of Hertford passed in embassy to the Archduke Albert of Brussels. I soon yielded, as for the reasons by him urged, so especially for the great desire I had to inform myself ocularly of the state and practice of the Romish church; the knowledge whereof might be of no small use to me in my holy station. Having, therefore, taken careful order for the supply of my charge, with the assent and good allowance of my nearest friends, I entered into this secret voyage. We waited some days at Harwich for a wind which we hoped might waft us to Dunkirk, where our ambassador had lately landed, but at last, having spent a

day and half a night at sea, we were forced, for want of favour from the wind, to put in at Queenborough, from whence coasting over the rich and pleasant country of Kent, we renewed our shipping at Dover, and soon landing at Calais. We passed after two days by waggon to the strong towns of Graveling and Dunkirk, where I could not but find much horror in myself to pass under those dark and dreadful prisons, where so many brave Englishmen had breathed out their souls in a miserable captivity. From thence we passed through Winoxberg, Ipre, Gaunt, Courtray, to Brussels, where the ambassador had newly sat down before us. That noble gentleman in whose company I travelled was welcomed with many kind visitations; amongst the rest there came to him an English gentleman who, having run himself out of breath in the inns of court, had forsaken his country, and therewith his religion, and was turned both bigot and physician, residing now in Brussels. This man, after few interchanges of compliment with Sir Edmund Bacon, fell into a hyperbolical predication of the wonderful miracles done newly by our Lady at Zichem, or Sherpen Heavell, that is, Sharp Hill, [called] by Lipsius, Apricollis; the credit whereof, when that worthy knight wittily questioned, he avowed a particular miracle of cure wrought by her upon himself. I coming into the room in the midst of this discourse (habited not like a divine, but in

such colour and fashion as might best secure my travel), and hearing my countryman's zealous and confident relations, at last asked him this question: Sir (quoth I), put case this report of yours be granted for true, I beseech you teach what difference there is betwixt these miracles which you say are wrought by this lady, and those which were wrought by Vespasian, by some vestals, by charms and spells; the rather for that I have noted, in the late published report of these miracles, some patients prescribed to come upon a Friday, and some to wash in such a well before their approach; and divers other such charm-like observations. The gentleman, not expecting such a question from me, answered, Sir, I do not profess this kind of scholarship, but we have in the city many famous divines, with whom, if it would please you to confer, you might sooner receive satisfaction. I asked him whom he took for the most eminent divine of that place; he named to me Father Costerus, undertaking that he would be very glad to give me conference, if I would be pleased to come up to the Jesuit's college: I willingly yielded. In the afternoon the forward gentleman prevented his time to attend me to the father (as he styled him), who (as he said) was ready to entertain me with a meeting. I went alone with him; the porter, shutting the door after me, welcomed me with a *Deo gratias.* I had not stayed long in the Jesuit's Hall

before Costerus came in to me, who, after a friendly salutation, fell into a formal speech of the unity of that church, out of which is no salvation, and had proceeded to leese his breath and labour, had not I (as civilly as I might), interrupted him with this short answer:—Sir, I beseech you, mistake me not: my nation tells you of what religion I am; I come not hither out of any doubt of my professed belief, or any purpose to change it, but moving a question to this gentleman, concerning the pretended miracles of the time, he pleased to refer me to yourself for my answer, which motion of his I was the more willing to embrace, for the fame that I have heard of your learning and worth, and if you can give me satisfaction herein, I am ready to receive it. Hereupon we settled to our places, at a table in the end of the hall, and buckled to a farther discourse. He fell into a poor and unperfect account of the difference of divine miracles and diabolical; which I modestly refuted. From thence he slipped into a choleric invective against our church, which (as he said) could not yield one miracle; and when I answered that in our church we had manifest proof of the ejection of devils by fasting and prayer, he answered, that if it could be proved that ever any devil was dispossessed in our church, he would change his religion. Many questions were instantly traversed by us, wherein I found no satisfaction given me. The conference was long and

vehement; in the heat whereof, who should come in but Father Baldwin, an English Jesuit, known to me, as by my face (after I came to Brussels), so much more by fame; he sat down upon a bench, at the farther end of the table, and heard no small part of our dissertation, seeming not too well apaid, that a gentleman of his nation (for still I was spoken to in that habit, by the style of Dominatio vestra) should depart from the Jesuit's college no better satisfied. On the next morning, therefore, he sends the same English physician to my lodging, with a courteous compellation, professing to take it unkindly that his countryman should make choice of any other to confer with than himself, who desired both mine acquaintance and satisfaction. Sir Edmund Bacon, in whose hearing the message was delivered, gave me secret signs of his utter unwillingness to give way to my further conferences, the issue whereof (since we were to pass farther and beyond the bounds of that protection), might prove dangerous. I returned a mannerly answer of thanks to Father Baldwin; but for any further conference, that it were bootless; I could not hope to convert him, and was resolved he should not alter me; and therefore both of us should rest where we were. Departing from Brussels, we were for Namur's and Liege. In the way we found the good hand of God, in delivering us from the danger of freebooters and of a nightly en-

trance (amidst a suspicious convoy), into the bloody city. Thence we came to the Spadane waters, where I had good leisure to add a second century of meditations to those I had published before my journey. After we had spent a just time at those medicinal wells, we returned to Liege, and in our pass up the river Mosa, I had a dangerous conflict with a Sorbonnist, a prior of the Carmelites, who took occasion, by our kneeling at the receipt of the eucharist, to persuade all the company of our acknowledgment of a transubstantiation. I satisfied the cavil, showing upon what ground this meet posture obtained with us. The man grew furious upon his conviction, and his vehement associates began to join with him in a right down railing upon our church and religion. I told them they knew where they were; for me, I had taken notice of the security of their laws, inhibiting any argument held against their religion established, and therefore stood only upon my defence, not casting any aspersion upon theirs, but ready to maintain our own, which, though I performed in as fair terms as I might, yet the choler of those zealots was so moved, that the paleness of their changed countenances began to threaten some perilous issue, had not Sir Edmund Bacon, both by his eye and his tongue, wisely taken me off. I subduced myself speedily from their presence to avoid further provocation. The prior began to bewray

some suspicions of my borrowed habit, and told them, that himself had a green satin suit once prepared for his travels into England; so as I found it needful for me to lie close at Namur's; from whence travelling the next day towards Brussels in the company of two Italian captains, Signior Ascanio Nigro and another, whose name I have forgotten; who inquiring into our nation and religion, wondered to hear that we had any baptism or churches in England. The congruity of my Latin (in respect of their perfect barbarism), drew me and the rest into their suspicion, so as I might overhear them muttering to each other, that we were not the men we appeared, straight the one of them boldly expressed his conceit, and, together with this charge, began to inquire of our condition. I told him that the gentleman he saw before us was the grandchild of that renowned Bacon, the great chancellor of England, a man of great birth and quality, and that myself and my other companion travelled in his attendance to the Spa; from the train, and under the privilege of our late ambassador, with which just answer I stopped their mouths.

Returning through Brussels we came down to Antwerp, the paragon of cities; where my curiosity to see a solemn procession on St. John Baptist's day might have drawn me into danger (through my willing unreverence), had not the hulk of a tall Brabanter, behind whom I stood

in a corner of the street, shadowed me from notice. Thence down the fair river of Scheld, we came to Flushing, where, upon the resolution of our company to stay some hours, I hasted to Middleburgh, to see an ancient college. That visit lost me my passage; ere I could return, I might see our ship under sail for England; the master had with the wind altered his purpose, and called aboard with such eagerness, that my company must either away, or undergo the hazard of too much loss. I looked long after them in vain, and sadly returning to Middleburgh, waited long for an inconvenient and tempestuous passage.

After some year and half it pleased God inexpectedly to contrive the change of my station. My means were but short at Halsted; yet such as I oft professed, if my then patron would have added but one ten pounds by year (which I held to be the value of my detained due), I should never have removed. One morning, as I lay in my bed, a strong motion was suddenly glanced into my thoughts of going to London. I arose and took me to the way; the ground that appeared of that purpose was to speak with my patron, Sir Robert Drury, if, by occasion of the public preachership of St. Edmund's Bury, then offered me upon good conditions, I might draw him to a willing yieldance of that parcel of my due maintenance, which was kept back from my

not over deserving predecessor; who hearing my errand, dissuaded me from so ungainful a change, which had it been for my sensible advantage, he would have readily given way unto; but not offering the expected encouragement of my continuance. With him I stayed and preached on the Sunday following: that day Sir Robert Drury meeting with the Lord Denny, fell belike into the commendation of my sermon. That religious and noble lord had long harboured good thoughts concerning me, upon the reading of those poor pamphlets which I had formerly published, and long wished the opportunity to know me. To please him in his desire, Sir Robert willed me to go and tender my service to his lordship, which I modestly and sériously deprecated; yet upon his earnest charge went to his lordship's gate, where I was not sorry to hear of his absence. And being now full of cold and distemper, in Drury Lane, I was found by a friend in whom I had formerly no great interest, one Mr. Gurrey, tutor to the Earl of Essex. He told me how well my Meditations were accepted at the prince's court; and earnestly advised me to step over to Richmond, and preach to his highness[2]. I strongly pleaded my indisposition of body, and my impreparation for any such work, together with my bashful fears, and utter unfitness for

[2] Prince Henry.

such a presence. My averseness doubled his importunity: in fine, he left me not till he had my engagement to preach the Sunday following at Richmond: he made way for me to that awful pulpit, and encouraged me by the favour of his noble lord, the Earl of Essex. I preached through the favour of my God. That sermon was not so well given as taken; insomuch as that sweet prince signified his desire to hear me again the Tuesday following, which done, that labour gave more contentment than the former; so as that gracious prince both gave me his hand and commanded me to his service. My patron seeing me (upon my return to London) looked after by some great persons, began to wish me at home, and told me that some one or other would be snatching me up. I answered, that it was in his power to prevent; would he be pleased to make my maintenance but so competent as in right it should be, I would never stir from him. Instead of condescending, it pleased him to fall into an expostulation of the rate of competences, affirming the variableness thereof, according to our own estimation, and our either raising or moderating the causes of our expenses. I showed him the insufficiency of my means, that I was forced to write books to buy books. Shortly, some harsh and unpleasing answer so disheartened me, that I resolved to embrace the first opportunity of remove. Now while I was taken

up with these anxious thoughts, a messenger (it was Sir Robert Wingfield, of Northampton's, son) came to me from the Lord Denny (now earl of Norwich), my after most honourable patron, entreating me from his lordship to speak with him. No sooner came I thither than, after a glad and noble welcome, I was entertained with the noble earnest offer of Waltham. The conditions were, like the mover, free and bountiful. I received them as from the munificent hands of my God, and returned full of the cheerful acknowledgments of a gracious Providence over me. Too late now did my former noble patron relent, and offer me those terms which had before fastened me for ever. I returned home happy in a new master and in a new patron; betwixt whom I divided myself and my labours, with much comfort and no less acceptation. In the second year of mine attendance on his highness, when I came for my dismission from that monthly service, it pleased the prince to command me a longer stay, and at last, upon my allowed departure, by the mouth of Sir Thomas Challoner, his governor, to tender unto me a motion of more honour and favour than I was worthy of; which was, that it was his highness's pleasure and purpose to have me continually resident at the court, as a constant attendant, whiles the rest held on their wonted vicissitudes; for which purpose his highness would obtain for me such preferment as would

yield me full contentment. I returned my humblest thanks, and my readiness to sacrifice myself to the service of so gracious a master; but being conscious to myself of my unanswerableness to so great expectation, and loath to forsake so dear and noble a patron, who had placed much of his heart upon me, I did modestly put it off, and held close to my Waltham; where, in a constant course, I preached a long time (as I had done also at Halsted before), thrice in the week. Yet never durst I climb into the pulpit, to preach any sermon, whereof I had not before in my poor and plain fashion, penned every word in the same order wherein I hoped to deliver it, although in the expression I listed not to be a slave to syllables.

In this while my worthy kinsman, Mr. Samuel Barton, archdeacon of Gloucester, knowing in how good terms I stood at court, and pitying the miserable condition of his native church of Wolverhampton, was very desirous to engage me in so difficult and noble a service as the redemption of that captivated church; for which cause he importuned me to move some of my friends to solicit the Dean of Windsor (who, by an antient annexation, is patron thereof), for the grant of a particular prebend, when it should fall vacant in that church. Answer was returned me, that it was forepromised to one of my fellow chaplains. I sat down without further expecta-

tion. Some year or two after, hearing that it was become void, and meeting with that fellow chaplain of mine, I wished him much joy of that prebend. He asked me if it were void; I assured him so; and telling him of the former answer delivered unto me, in my ignorance, of his engagement, wished him to hasten his possession of it. He delayed not: when he came to the Dean of Windsor for his promised dispatch, the dean brought him forth a letter from the prince, wherein he was desired and charged to reverse his former engagement (since that other chaplain was otherwise provided for), and to cast that favour upon me. I was sent for (who least thought of it), and received the free collation of that poor dignity, it was not the value of the place (which was but nine nobles per annum) that we aimed at, but the freedom of a goodly church (consisting of a dean and eight prebendaries, competently endowed), and many thousand souls lamentably swallowed up by wilful recusants, in a pretended fee-farm for ever. O God, what a hand hadst thou in the carriage of this work! When we set foot in this suit (for another of the prebendaries joined with me), we knew not wherein to insist, nor where to ground our complaint, only we knew that a goodly patrimony was by sacrilegious conveyance detained from the church. But in the pursuit of it such marvellous light opened itself inexpectedly to us, in revealing of a counterfeit

seal found in the ashes of that burned house of a false register; in the manifestation of erasures, interpolations, and misdates of unjustifiable evidences, that after many many years suit, the wise and honourable lord chancellor, Ellesmere, upon a full hearing, adjudged these two sued for prebends, clearly to be returned to the church, until by common law they could (if possibly) be revicted. Our great adversary, Sir Walt. Leveson, finding it but loss and trouble to strive for litigious sheaves, came off to a peaceable composition with me of forty pounds per annum for my part, whereof ten should be to the discharge of my stall in that church, till the suit should, by course of common law, be determined; we agreed upon fair wars. The cause was heard at the King's Bench bar; where a special verdict was given for us. Upon the death of my partner in the suit (in whose name it had been brought), it was renewed; a jury empannelled in the county; the foreman (who had vowed he would carry it for Sir Walter Leveson howsoever) was before the day stricken mad, and so continued; we proceeded with the same success we formerly had. Whiles we were thus striving, a word fell from my adversary, that gave me information that a third dog would perhaps come in and take the bone from us both; which I finding to drive at a supposed concealment, happily prevented, for I presently addressed myself to his majesty, with

a petition for renewing the charter of that church, and the full establishment of the lands, rights, and liberties thereunto belonging; which I easily obtained from those gracious hands. Now Sir Walter Leveson, seeing the patrimony of the church so fast and safely settled, and misdoubting what issue those his crazy evidences would find at the common law, began to incline to offers of peace, and at last drew him so far, as that he yielded to those two many conditions, not particularly for myself, but for the whole body of all those prebends which pertained to the church. First, that he would be content to cast up that fee-farm, which he had of all the patrimony of that church, and disclaiming it, receive that which he held of the said church by lease, from us the several prebendaries, from term whether of years or (which he rather desired) of lives. Secondly, that he would raise the maintenance of every prebend (whereof some were but forty shillings, others three pounds, others four pounds, &c.) to the yearly value of thirty pounds for each man, during the said term of his lease; only for the monument of my labour and success herein I required that my prebend might have the addition of ten pounds per annum above the fellows. We were busily treating of this happy match for that poor church; Sir Walter Leveson was not only willing but forward; the then dean, Mr. Antonius de Dominus, archbishop of Spalata, gave

both way and furtherance to the despatch, all had been most happily ended, had not the scrupulousness of one or two of the number deferred so advantageous a conclusion. In the meanwhile Sir Walter Leveson dies, leaves his young orphan ward to the king; all our hopes were now blown up; an office was found of all those lands; the very wonted payments were denied, and I called into the court of wards, in fair likelihood to forego my former hold, and yielded a possession: but there it was justly awarded by the lord treasurer, then master of the wards, that the orphan could have no more, no other right than the father. I was therefore left in my former state, only upon public complaint of the hard condition wherein the orphan was left; I suffered myself to be overentreated to abate somewhat of that evicted composition: which work having once firmly settled, in a just pity of the mean provision, if not the destitution of so many thousand souls, and a desire and care to have them comfortably provided for in the future, I resigned up the said prebend to a worthy preacher, Mr. Lee, who should constantly reside there, and painfully instruct that great and long neglected people, which he hath hitherto performed with great mutual contentment and happy success. Now during this twenty-two years which I spent at Waltham, thrice was I commanded and employed abroad by his majesty in public service.

First, in the attendance of the right honourable the Earl of Carlisle (then Lord Viscount Doncaster), who was sent upon a noble embassy, with a gallant retinue, into France; whose enterment there the annals of that nation will tell to posterity. In the midst of that service was I surprised with a miserable distemper of body, which ended in a *Diarræa Biliosa*, not without some beginnings and further threats of a dysentery; wherewith I was brought so low that there seemed small hopes of my recovery. M. Peter Moulin (to whom I was beholding for his frequent visitations), being sent by my lord ambassador to inform him of my estate, brought him so sad news thereof, as that he was much afflicted therewith, well supposing that his welcome to Waltham could not but want much of his heart without me. Now the time of his return drew on; Dr. Moulin kindly offered to remove me, upon his lordship's departure, to his own house; promised me all careful tendance. I thanked him, but resolved, if I could but creep homewards, to put myself upon the journey. A litter was provided, but of so little ease, that Simions penitential lodging, or a malefactor's stocks, had been less penal. I crawled down from my close chamber into that carriage, *in aqua videbaris mihi efferri tanquam in sandapila*, as M. Moulin wrote to me afterward, that misery had I endured all the long passage from Paris to Deep;

being left alone to the surly Muleteers, had not my good God brought me to St. Germain's upon the very minute of the setting out of those coaches, which had stayed there upon that morning's entertainment of my lord ambassador. How glad was I that I might change my seat and my company. In the way, beyond all expectation, I began to gather some strength; whether the fresh air or the desires of my home revived me, so much and so sudden reparation ensued as was sensible to myself, and seemed strange to others. Being shipped at Deep, the sea used us hardly, and after a night and a great part of the day following, sent us back, well wind-beaten, to that bleak haven whence we set forth, forcing us to a more pleasing land passage through the coasts of Normandy and Picardy; towards the end whereof my former complaint returned upon me, and landing with me, accompanied me to and at my long desired home. In this my absence it pleased his majesty graciously to confer upon me the deanery of Worcester; which being promised me before my departure, was deeply hazarded whiles I was out of sight, by the importunity and underhand working of some great ones. Dr. Field, the learned and worthy dean of Gloucester, was by his potent friends put into such assurances of it, that I heard where he took care for the furnishing that ample house; but God fetched it about for me in that absence and nescience of mine; and that

reverend and better deserving divine was well satisfied with greater hopes; and soon after exchanging this mortal estate for an immortal and glorious. Before I could go down, through my continuing weakness, to take possession of that dignity, his majesty pleased to design me to his attendance into Scotland; where the great love and respect that I found, both from the ministers and people, wrought me no small envy from some of our own, upon a commonly received supposition, that his majesty would have no further use of his chaplains after his remove from Edinburgh, forasmuch as the divines of the country, whereof there is great store and worthy choice, were allotted to every station, I easily obtained, through the solicitation of my ever honoured Lord of Carlisle, to return with him before my fellows. No sooner was I gone than suggestions were made to his majesty of my over plausible demeanour and doctrine to that already prejudicate people, for which his majesty, after a gracious acknowledgment of my good service there done, called me, upon his return, to a favourable and mild account; not more freely professing what informations had been given against me than his own full satisfaction with my sincere and just answer; as whose excellent wisdom well saw, that such winning carriage of mine could be no hinderance to those his great designs. At the same time his majesty having secret notice that a letter was

coming to me from Mr. W. Struther, a reverend and learned divine of Edinburgh, concerning the five points then proposed and urged to the church of Scotland, was pleased to impose upon me an earnest charge to give him a full answer of those modest doubts; and at large to declare my judgment concerning those required observations, which I speedily performed with so great approbation of his majesty, that it pleased him to command a transcript thereof, as I was informed, publicly read in their most famous university; the effect whereof his majesty vouchsafed to signify afterwards, unto some of my best friends, with allowance beyond my hopes.

It was not long after that his majesty, finding the exigence of the affairs of the Netherlandish churches to require it, both advised them to a synodical decision, and, by his incomparable wisdom, promoted the work. My unworthiness was named for one of the assistants of that honourable, grave, and reverend meeting, where I failed not of my best service to that woful distracted church. By that time I had stayed some two months there; the unquietness of the nights, in those garrison towns, working upon the tender disposition of my body, brought me to such weakness, through want of rest, that it began to disable me from attending the synod, which yet, as I might, I forced myself unto, as wishing that my zeal could have discountenanced my infir-

mity. Where, in the mean time, it is well worthy of my thankful remembrance, that being in an afflicted and languishing condition, for a fortnight together, with that sleepless distemper, yet it pleased God, the very night before I was to preach the Latin sermon to the synod, to bestow upon me such a comfortable refreshing of sufficient sleep, as whereby my spirits were revived, and I was enabled with much vivacity to perform that service; which was no sooner done than my former complaint renewed upon me, and prevailed against all the remedies that the council of physicians could advise me unto; so as after long strife I was compelled to yield unto a retirement (for the time) to the Hague, to see if change of place and more careful attendance, which I had in the house of our right honourable ambassador, the Lord Carleton (now Viscount Dorchester), might recover me. But when, notwithstanding all means, my weakness increased so far as that there was small likelihood left of so much strength remaining as might bring me back into England, it pleased his gracious majesty, by our noble ambassador's solicitation, to call me off, and to substitute a worthy divine, Mr. Dr. Goade, in my unwilling forsaken room. Returning by Dort, I sent in my sad farewell to that grave assembly, who, by common vote, sent to me the president of the synod, and the assistants, with a respective and gracious valediction. Nei-

ther did the deputies of my lords the states neglect (after a very respectful compliment sent from them to me by Daniel Heinsius) to visit me; and after a noble acknowledgment of more good service from me than I durst own, dismissed me with an honourable retribution, and sent after me a rich medal of gold, the portracture of the synod, for a precious monument of their respects to my poor endeavours, who failed not whiles I was at the Hague to impart unto them my poor advice, concerning that synodical meeting. The difficulties of my return in such weakness were many and great; wherein, if ever, God manifested his special Providence to me in overruling the cross accidents of that passage, and after many dangers and despairs contriving my safe arrival.

After not many years settling at home, it grieved my soul to see our own church begin to sicken of the same disease which we had endeavoured to cure in our neighbours. Mr. Montague's tart and vehement assertions, of some positions near a kin to the remonstrants of Netherland, gave occasion of no small broil in the church. Sides were taken, pulpits every where rang of these opinions; but parliaments took notice of the division, and questioned the occasioner. Now as one that desired to do all good offices to our dear and common mother, I set my thoughts on work, how so dangerous a quarrel might be happily composed; and finding that

mistaking was more guilty of this dissension than misbelieving (since it plainly appeared to me that Mr. Montague meant to express not Arminius, but B. Overall, a more moderate and safe author, however he sped in delivery of him), I wrote a little project of pacification, wherein I desired to rectify the judgment of men concerning this misapprehended controversy; showing them the true parties in this unseasonable plea. And because B. Overall went a midway betwixt the two opinions, which he held extreme, and must needs therefore differ somewhat in the commonly received tenets in these points, I gathered out of B. Overall on the one side, and out of our English divines at Dort on the other, such common propositions concerning these five busy articles as wherein both of them are fully agreed; all which being put together, seemed unto me to make up so sufficient a body of accorded truth, that all other questions moved hereabouts appeared merely superfluous, and every moderate Christian might find where to rest himself without hazard of contradiction. These I made bold, by the hands of Dr. Young, the worthy Dean of Winchester, to present to his excellent majesty, together with a humble motion of a peaceable silence to be enjoined to both parts, in those other collateral and needless disquisitions; which if they might befit the schools of academical disputants, could not certainly sound well from the

pulpits of popular auditories. Those reconciliatory papers fell under the eyes of some grave divines on both parts. Mr. Montague professed that he had seen them, and would subscribe to them very willingly; others that were contrarily minded, both English, Scottish, and French divines, proffered their hands to a no less ready subscription; so as much peace promised to result out of that weak and poor enterprise, had not the confused noise of the misconstructions of those who never saw the work (crying it down for the very name's sake), meeting with the royal edict of a general inhibition, buried it in a secure silence. I was scorched a little with this flame which I desired to quench; yet this could not stay my hand from thrusting itself into a hotter fire.

Some insolent Romanists (Jesuits especially), in their bold disputations (which, in the time of the treaty of the Spanish match, and the calm of that relaxation were very frequent), pressed nothing so much as a catalogue of the professors of our religion to be deduced from the primitive times, and with the peremptory challenge of the impossibility of this pedigree dazzled the eyes of the simple; whiles some of our learned men, undertaking to satisfy so needless and unjust a demand, gave, as I conceive, great advantage to the adversary. In a just indignation to see us thus wronged by misstating the question betwixt

us, as if we, yielding ourselves of another church, originally and fundamentally different, should make good our own erection upon the ruins, yea the nullity of theirs, and well considering the infinite and great inconveniences that must needs follow upon this defence, I adventured to set my pen on work, desiring to rectify the opinions of those men whom an ignorant zeal had transported to the prejudice of our holy cause; laying forth the damnable corruptions of the Roman church, yet making our game at the outward visibility thereof, and by this means putting them to the probation of those newly obtruded corruptions which are truly guilty of the breach betwixt us. The drift whereof, being not well conceived by some spirits that were not so wise as fervent, I was suddenly exposed to the rash censures of many well affected and zealous Protestants, as if a remission to my wonted zeal to the truth attributed too much to the Roman church, and strengthened the adversary's hands and weakened our own. This envy I was fain to take off by my speedy apologetical advertisement, and after that by my reconciler, seconded with the unanimous letters of such reverend, learned, sound divines, both bishops and doctors[3], as whose undoubtable authority was able to bear down calumny itself. Which done, I did, by a seasonable mo-

[3] Bishop Morton, Bishop Davenant, Dr. Prideaux, Dr. Primrose.

deration, provide for the peace of the church, in silencing both my defendants and challengers in this unkind and ill raised quarrel. Immediately before the publishing of this tractate (which did not a little aggravate the envy and suspicion) I was by his majesty raised to be Bishop of Exeter, having formerly (with much humble deprecation) refused the See of Gloucester, earnestly proffered unto me. How beyond all expectation, it pleased God to place me in that western charge; which (if the Duke of Buckingham's letters, he being then in France, had arrived some hours sooner) I had been defeated of; and by what strange means it pleased God to make up the competency of that provision, by the unthought of addition of the Rectory of St. Breock, within that diocess, if I should fully relate the circumstances, would force the confession of an extraordinary hand of God in the disposing of those events. I entered upon that place, not without much prejudice and suspicion on some hands; for some that sat at the stern of the church had me in great jealousy for too much favour of puritanism. I soon had intelligence who were set over me for espials; my ways were curiously observed and scanned. However, I took the resolution to follow those courses which might most conduce to the peace and happiness of my new and weighty charge. Finding, therefore, some factious spirits very busy in that dio-

cess, I used all fair and gentle means to win them to good order, and therein so happily prevailed, that (saving two of that numerous clergy, who continuing in their refractoriness, fled away from censure) they were all perfectly reclaimed: so as I had not one minister professedly opposite to the anciently received orders (for I was never guilty of urging any new impositions) of the church in that large diocess. Thus we went on comfortably together till some persons of note in the clergy, being guilty of their own negligence and disorderly courses, began to envy our success; and finding me ever ready to encourage those whom I found conscionably forward and painful in their places, and willingly giving way to orthodox and peaceable lectures in several parts of my diocess, opened their mouths against me, both obliquely in the pulpit, and directly at the court, complaining of my too much indulgence to persons disaffected, and my too much liberty of frequent lecturings within my charge. The billows went so high that I was three several times upon my knee to his majesty, to answer these great criminations, and what contestation I had with some great lords concerning these particulars, it would be too long to report; only this, under how dark a cloud I was hereupon, I was so sensible, that I plainly told the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, that rather than I would be obnoxious to those slanderous tongues of his mis-

informers I would cast up my rochet: I knew I went right ways, and would not endure to live under undeserved suspicions. What messages of caution I had from some of my wary brethren, and what expostulatory letters I had from above, I need not relate: sure I am I had peace and comfort at home, in that happy sense of that general unanimity and loving correspondence of my clergy, till in the last year of presiding there, after the synodical oath was set on foot (which yet I did never tender to any one minister of my diocess) by the incitation of some busy interlopers of the neighbour county, some of them began to enter into an unkind contestation with me, about the election of clerks for the convocation, whom they secretly, without ever acquainting me with their desire or purpose (as driving to that end which we see now accomplished), would needs nominate and set up in competition to those whom I had (after the usual form) recommended to them. That they had a right to free voices in that choice I denied not; only I had reason to take it unkindly, that they would work underhand without me and against me; professing that if beforehand they had made their desires known to me, I should willingly have gone along with them in their election; it came to the poll; those of my nomination carried it; the parliament begun; after some hard tugging there, returning home upon a recess, I was met by the

way and cheerfully welcomed with some hundreds. In no worse terms, I left that my once dear diocess, when returning to Westminster, I was soon called by his majesty (who was then in the North) to a remove to Norwich: but how I took the tower in my way, and how I have been dealt with since my repair hither, I could be lavish in the sad report, ever desiring my good God to enlarge my heart in thankfulness to him, for the sensible experience I have had of his fatherly hand over me, in the deepest of all my afflictions, and to strengthen me for whatsoever other trials he shall be pleased to call me unto; that being found faithful unto the death, I may obtain that crown of life which he hath ordained for all those that overcome.

THE account which this distinguished and virtuous prelate gives of the HARD MEASURE *dealt out to him by the Parliament, being a recital of some of the most extraordinary events of his time, may be subjoined to this Memoir of his early Life with great propriety. The relation embraces an interesting account of the persecution of the Bishops by the Parliament, and a very curious picture of the ungovernable fury of the Puritanic Iconoclasts.*

BISHOP HALL'S HARD MEASURE.

NOTHING could be more plain then, upon the call of this parliament and before, there was a general plot and resolution of the faction to alter the government of the church especially, the height and insolency of some church governors, as was conceived, and the ungrounded imposition of some innovations upon the churches, both of Scotland and England, gave a fit hint to the project. In the vacancy, therefore, before the summons, and immediately after it, there was great working secretly for the designation and election as of knights and burgesses, so especially (beyond all former use), of the clerks of convocation; when now the clergy were stirred up to contest with, and oppose their diocesans, for the choice of such men as were most inclined to the favour of an alteration. The parliament was no sooner sat than many vehement speeches were made against established church government, and enforcement of extirpation, both root and branch; and because it was not fit to set upon all at once,

the resolution was to begin with those bishops which had subscribed to the canons then lately published, upon the shutting up of the former parliament, whom they would first have had accused of treason. But that not appearing feasible, they thought best to indict them of very high crimes and offences against the king, the parliament, and kingdom, which was prosecuted with great earnestness by some prime lawyers in the House of Commons, and entertained with like fervency by some zealous lords in the House of Peers; every of those particular canons being pressed to the most envious and dangerous height that was possible. The Archbishop of York (was designed for the report), aggravating M. Maynard's criminations to the utmost, not without some interspersions of his own. The counsel of the accused bishops gave in such a demurring answer as stopped the mouth of that heinous indictment. When this prevailed not, it was contrived to draw petitions accusatory from many parts of the kingdom, against episcopal government, and the promoters of the petitions were entertained with great respects; whereas the many petitions of the opposite part, though subscribed with many thousand hands, were slighted and disregarded. Withal, the rabble of London, after their petitions cunningly and upon other pretences procured, were stirred up to come to the houses personally to crave justice

both against the Earl of Strafford first, and then against the Archbishop of Canterbury, and last, against the whole order of bishops; which coming at first unarmed, were checked by some well willers, and easily persuaded to gird on their rusty swords, and so accoutred came by thousands to the house, filling all the outer rooms, offering foul abuses to the bishops as they passed, crying out, No bishops! No bishops; and at last, after divers days assembling, grown to that height of fury, that many of them, whereof Sir Richard Wiseman professed (though to his cost) to be captain, came with resolution of some violent courses, insomuch that many swords were drawn hereupon at Westminster, and the rout did not stick openly to profess that they would pull the bishops in pieces. Messages were sent down to them from the lords; they still held firm both to the place and their bloody resolutions. It now grew to be torchlight, one of the lords, the Marquis of Hertford, came up to the bishops' form, told us we were in great danger, advised us to take some course for our safety; and being desired to tell us what he thought was the best way, counselled us to continue in the parliament house all that night; for (saith he) these people vow they will watch you at your going out, and will search every coach for you with torches, so as you cannot escape. Hereupon the house of lords was moved for some order for preventing

their mutinous and riotous meetings. Messages were sent down to the house of commons to this purpose more than once; nothing was effected; but for the present (for all the danger was at the rising of the house), it was earnestly desired of the lords that some care might be taken for our safety. The motion was received by some lords with a smile, some other lords, as the Earl of Manchester, undertook the protection of the Archbishop of York and his company (whose shelter I went under) to their lodgings; the rest, some of them by their long stay, others by secret and far fetched passages escaped home. It was not for us to venture any more to the house without some better assurance: upon our resolved forbearance, therefore, the Archbishop of York sent for us to his lodging at Westminster, lays before us the perilous condition we were in, advises for remedy (except we meant utterly to abandon our right and to desert our station in Parliament), to petition both his majesty and the parliament, that since we were legally called by his majesty's writ to give our attendance in parliament, we might be secured in the performance of our duty and service against those dangers that threatened us; and withal to protest against any such acts as should be made during the time of our forced absence, for which he assured us there were many presidents in former parliament, and which if we did not, we should betray the

trust committed to us by his majesty, and shamefully betray and abdicate the due right both of ourselves and successors. To this purpose, in our presence, he drew up the said petition and protestation, avowing it to be legal, just, and agreeable to all former proceedings, and being fair written, sent it to our several lodgings for our hands, which we accordingly subscribed, intending yet to have some further consultation concerning the delivering and whole carriage of it. But ere we could suppose it to be in any hand but his own, the first news we heard was, that there were messengers addressed to fetch us into the parliament upon an accusation of high treason. For whereas this paper was to have been delivered first to his majesty's secretary, and after perusal by him to his majesty, and after from his majesty to the parliament, and for that purpose to the lord keeper, the Lord Littleton, who was the speaker of the house of peers; all these professed not to have perused it at all, but the said lord keeper, willing enough to take this advantage of ingratiating himself with the house of commons and the faction, to which he knew himself sufficiently obnoxious, finding what use might be made of it by prejudicate minds, reads the same openly in the house of lords: and when he found some of the faction apprehensive enough of misconstruction, aggravates the matter as highly offensive, and of dangerous consequence;

and thereupon, not without much heat and vehemence, and with an ill preface, it is sent down to the house of commons, where it was entertained heinously. Glynne, with a full mouth, crying it up for no less than an high treason; and some comparing, yea, preferring it to the powder plot. We poor souls (who little thought that we had done any thing that might deserve a chiding), are now called to our knees at the bar, and charged severally with high treason, being not a little astonished at the suddenness of this crimination, compared with the perfect innocency of our own intentions, which were only to bring us to our due places in parliament with safety and speed, without the least purpose of any man's offence; but now traitors we are in all the haste, and must be dealt with accordingly. For on January 30, in all the extremity of frost, at eight o'clock in the dark evening, are we voted to the tower; only two of our number had the favour of the black rod by reason of their age, which, though desired by a noble lord on my behalf, would not be yielded, wherein I acknowledge and bless the gracious providence of my God, for had I been gratified I had been undone both in body and purse; the rooms being straight, and the expense beyond the reach of my estate. The news of this our crime and imprisonment soon flew over the city, and was entertained by our well willers with ringing of bells and bonfires; who now gave

us up (not without great triumph) for lost men, railing on our perfidiousness, and adjudging us to what foul deaths they pleased; and what scurrile and malicious pamphlets were scattered abroad, throughout the kingdom, and in foreign parts, blazoning our infamy, and exaggerating our treasonable practices? What insultations of our adversaries was here? Being caged sure enough in the tower, the faction had now fair opportunities to work their own designs, they therefore, taking the advantage of our restraint, renew that bill of theirs (which had been twice before rejected since the beginning of this session), for taking away the votes of bishops in parliament, and in a very thin house easily passed it: which once condescended unto, I know not by what strong importunity, his majesty's assent was drawn from him thereunto. We now, instead of looking after our wonted honour, must bend our thoughts upon the guarding of our lives, which were, with no small eagerness, pursued by the violent agents of the faction. Their sharpest wits and greatest lawyers were employed to advance our impeachment to the height, but the more they looked into the business the less crime could they find to fasten upon us: insomuch as one of their oracles, being demanded his judgment concerning the fact, professed to them, they might with as good reason accuse us of adultery. Yet still there are we fast; only upon petition to the lords obtaining

this favour, that we might have counsel assigned us; which, after much reluctation, and many menaces from the commons against any man of all the commoners of England that should dare to be seen to plead in this case against the representative body of the commons was granted us. The lords assigned us five worthy lawyers, which were nominated to them by us. What trouble and charge it was to procure those eminent and much employed counsellors to come to the tower to us, and to observe the strict laws of the place, for the time of their ingress, regress, and stay, it is not hard to judge. After we had lain some weeks there, however, the house of commons, upon the first tender of our impeachment, had desired we might be brought to a speedy trial; yet now finding belike how little ground they had for so high an accusation, they began to slack their pace, and suffered us rather to languish under the fear of so dreadful arraignment. Insomuch as now we are fain to petition the lords that we might be brought to our trial: the day was set; several summons were sent unto us; the lieutenant had his warrant to bring us to the bar; our impeachment was severally read; we pleaded not guilty *modo et forma*, and desired speedy proceedings, which were accordingly promised, but not too hastily performed. After long expectation, another day was appointed for the prosecution of this high charge. The lieutenant

brought us again to the bar, but with what shoutings and exclamations and furious expressions of the enraged multitudes, it is not easy to apprehend; being thither brought and severally charged upon our knees, and having given our negative answers to every particular, two bishops, London and Winchester, were called in as witnesses against us, as in that point, whether they apprehended any such cause of fears in the tumults assembled, as that we were in any danger of our lives in coming to the parliament; who seemed to incline to a favourable report of the perils threatened, though one of them was convinced, out of his own mouth, from the relations himself had made at the Archbishop of York's lodging. After this, Wild and Glynne made fearful declamations at the bar against us, aggravating the circumstances of our pretended treason to the highest pitch. Our counsel were all ready at the bar to plead for us in answer of their clamorous and envious suggestions; but it was answered, that it was now too late, we should have another day, which day to this day never came. The circumstances of that day's hearing were more grievous to us than the substance; for we were all thronged so miserably in that straight room before the bar, by reason that the whole house of commons would be there to see the prizes of their champions played; that we stood the whole afternoon in no small torture; sweating and struggling with

a merciless multitude till, being dismissed, we were exposed to a new and greater danger. For now in the dark we must to the tower by barge, as we came, and must shoot the bridge with no small peril. That God, under whose merciful protection we are, returned us to our safe custody. There now we lay some weeks longer, expecting the summons for our counsels' answer; but instead thereof our merciful adversaries, well finding how sure they would be foiled in that unjust charge of treason, now, under pretences of remitting the height of rigour, wave their former impeachment of treason against us, and fall upon an accusation of high misdemeanors in that our protestation, and will have us prosecuted as guilty of a Premunire: although, as we conceive the law hath ever been in parliamentary proceedings, that if a man were impeached, as of treason, being the highest crime, the accusant must hold him to the proof of the charge, and may not fall to any meaner impeachment upon failing of the higher. But in this case of ours it fell out otherwise, for although the lords had openly promised us that nothing should be done against us till we and our counsel were heard in our defence, yet the next news we heard was, the house of commons had drawn up a bill against us, wherein they declared us to be delinquents of a very high nature, and had thereupon desired to have it enacted, that all our spiritual means should be taken away: only there

should be a yearly allowance to every bishop for his maintenance, according to a proportion by them set down; wherein they were pleased that my share should come to four hundred pounds per annum: this bill was sent up to the lords and by them also passed, and hath ever since lain. This being done, after some weeks more, finding the tower, besides the restraint, chargeable, we petitioned the lords that we might be admitted to bail, and have liberty to return to our homes. The Earl of Essex moved, the lords assented, took our bail, sent to the lieutenant of the tower for our discharge. How glad were we to fly out of the cage! No sooner was I got to my lodging than I thought to take a little fresh air in St. James's Park; and in my return to my lodging in the Dean's Yard, passing through Westminster Hall, was saluted by divers of my parliament acquaintance, and welcomed to my liberty, whereupon some that looked upon me with an evil eye ran into the house, and complained that the bishops were let loose, which, it seems was not well taken by the house of commons, who presently sent a kind of expostulation to the lords, that they had dismissed so heinous offenders without their knowledge and consent. Scarce had I rested me in my lodging when there comes a messenger to me with the sad news of sending me, with the rest of my brethren the bishops,

back to the tower again; from whence we came thither must we go; and thither I went with an heavy (but, I thank God, not an impatient) heart. After we had continued there some six weeks longer, and earnestly petitioned to return to our several charges, we were, upon five thousand pound bond, dismissed, with a clause of revocation at a short warning, if occasion should require. Thus having spent the time betwixt New Year's Even and Whitsuntide in those safe walls, where we, by turns, preached every Lord's day to a large auditory of citizens, we disposed of ourselves to the places of our several abode.

For myself, addressing myself to Norwich, whether it was his majesty's pleasure to remove me, I was at the first received with more respect than in such times I could have expected; there I preached the day after my arrival to a numerous and attentive people; neither was sparing of my pains in this kind ever since, till the times growing every day more impatient of a bishop, threatened my silencing. There, though with some secret murmurs of disaffected persons, I enjoyed peace till the ordinance of sequestration came forth, which was in the latter end of March following; then when I was in hopes of receiving the profits of the foregoing half year, for the maintenance of my family, were all my rents stopped and diverted, and in the April following

came the sequestrators, viz. Mr. Southerton, Mr. Tooly, Mr. Rawly, Mr. Greenwood, &c. to the palace and told me that, by virtue of an ordinance of parliament, they must seize upon the palace, and all the estate I had, both real and personal, and accordingly sent certain men appointed by them (whereof one had been burned in the hand for the mark of his truth), to apprise all the goods that were in the house; which they accordingly executed with all diligent severity, not leaving so much as a dozen of trenchers, or my children's pictures out of their curious inventory; yea, they would have apprised our wearing clothes, had not Alderman Tooly and Sheriff Rawley (to whom I sent to require their judgment concerning the ordinance in this point), declared their opinion to the contrary. These goods, both library and household stuff of all kinds, were appointed to be exposed to public sale: much inquiry there was when the goods should be brought to the market; but in the mean time, Mrs. Goodwin, a religious good gentlewoman, whom yet we had never known or seen, being moved with compassion, very kindly offered to lay down to the sequestrators that whole sum which the goods were valued at; and was pleased to leave them in our hands, for our use, till we might be able to repurchase them, which she did accordingly, and had the goods formally delivered to her by Mr. Smith

and Mr. Greenwood, two sequestrators. As for the books, several stationers looked on them, but were not forward to buy them: at last, Mr. Cook, a worthy divine of this diocess, gave bond to the sequestrators to pay to them the whole sum whereat they were set, which was afterwards satisfied out of that poor pittance that was allowed me for my maintenance. As for my evidences, they required them from me; I denied them, as not holding myself bound to deliver them. They nailed and sealed up the door, and took such as they found with me.

But before this, the first noise that I heard of my trouble was, that one morning, before my servants were up, there came to my gates one Wright, a London trooper, attended with others, requiring entrance, threatening, if they were not admitted, to break open the gates; whom I found, at my first sight, struggling with one of my servants for a pistol which he had in his hand. I demanded his business at that unseasonable time. He told me he came to search for arms and ammunition, of which I must be disarmed. I told him I had only two muskets in the house, and no other military provision. He not resting upon my word, searched round about the house, looked into the chests and trunks, examined the vessels in the cellar. Finding no other warlike furniture, he asked me what horses I had, for his com-

mission was to take them also. I told him how poorly I was stored, and that my age would not allow me to travel on foot. In conclusion, he took one horse for the present, and such account of another, that he did highly expostulate with me afterwards that I had otherwise disposed of him.

Now not only my rents present, but the arrerages of the former years which I had in favour forborne to some tenants, being treacherously confessed to the sequestrators, were by them called for and taken from me; neither was there any course at all taken for my maintenance; I therefore addressed myself to the committee sitting here at Norwich, and desired them to give order for some means, out of that large patrimony of the church, to be allowed me. They all thought it very just; and there being present Sir Thomas Woodhouse and Sir John Pots, parliament men, it was moved and held fit by them and the rest, that the proportion which the votes of the parliament had pitched upon, viz. four hundred pounds per annum, should be allowed to me. My Lord of Manchester, who was conceived then to have great power in matters of the sequestrations, was moved herewith. He apprehended it very just and reasonable, and wrote to the committee here to set out so many of the manors belonging to this bishoprick as should amount to the said sum

of four hundred pounds annually; which was answerably done under the hands of the whole table. And now I well hoped I should have a good competency of maintenance out of that plentiful estate which I might have had; but those hopes were no sooner conceived than dashed; for before I could gather up one quarter's rent there comes down an order from the committee for sequestrations above, under the hand of Sergeant Wild, the chairman, procured by Mr. Miles Corbet, to inhibit any such allowance; and telling our committee here, that neither they, nor any other, had any power to allow me any thing at all; but if my wife found herself to need a maintenance, upon her suit to the committee of lords and commons, it might be granted that she should have a fifth part, according to the ordinance, allowed for the sustentation of herself and her family. Hereupon she sent a petition up to that committee, which, after a long delay, was admitted to be read, and an order granted for the fifth part. But still the rents and retinues, both of my spiritual and temporal lands, were taken up by the sequestrators, both in Norfolk, and Suffolk, and Essex, and we kept off from either allowance or account. At last, upon much pressing, Beadle, the solicitor, and Rust, the collector, brought in an account, such as it was, but so confused and perplexed, and so utterly unperfect, that we never

could come to know what a fifth part meant. But they were content to eat my books by setting off the sum, engaged for them out of the fifth part. Meantime the synodals both in Norfolk and Suffolk, and all the spiritual profits of the diocess, were also kept back, only ordinations and institutions continued a while. But after the covenant was appointed to be taken, and was generally swallowed both by clergy and laity, my power of ordination was with some strange violence restrained; for when I was going on in my wonted course (which no law or ordinance had inhibited), certain forward volunteers in the city, banding together, stir up the mayor and aldermen and sheriffs to call me to an account for an open violation of their covenant. To this purpose divers of them came to my gates at a very unseasonable time, and knocking very vehemently, required to speak with the bishop. Messages were sent to them to know their business; nothing would satisfy them but to have the bishop's presence. At last I came down to them, and demanded what the matter was. They would have the gate opened, and then they would tell me. I answered, that I would know them better first: If they had any thing to say to me, I was ready to hear them. They told me they had a writing to me from Mr. Mayor, and some other of their magistrates. The paper contained both a chal-

lenge of me for breaking the covenant and ordaining ministers, and withal required me to give in the names of those which were ordained by me, both then and formerly, since the covenant. My answer was, that Mr. Mayor was much abused by those who had misinformed him, and drawn that paper from him; that I would the next day give a full answer to the writing. They moved that my answer might be by my personal appearance at the Guildhall. I asked them when they ever heard of a Bishop of Norwich appearing before a mayor; I knew mine own place, and would take that way of answer which I thought fit, and so dismissed them, who had given out that day, that had they known before of my ordaining, they would have pulled me, and those I ordained, out of the chapel by the ears. Whiles I received nothing, yet something was required of me; they were not ashamed, after they had taken away and sold all my goods and personal estate, to come to me for assessments, and monthly payments for that estate which they had taken, and took distresses from me upon my just denial; and vehemently required me to find the wonted arms of my predecessors, when they had left me nothing. Many insolences and affronts were in all this time put upon us. One while a whole rabble of volunteers came to my gates late, when they were locked up, and called for the por-

ter to give them entrance, which being not yielded, they threatened to make by force; and had not the said gates been very strong they had done it. Others of them clambered over the walls, and would come into mine house; their errand (they said) was to search for delinquents. What they would have done I know not, had not we, by a secret way, sent to raise the officers for our rescue. Another while the Sheriff Toftes and Alderman Linsey, attended with many zealous followers, came into my chapel to look for superstitious pictures and relics of idolatry, and sent for me to let me know they found those windows full of images, which were very offensive, and must be demolished. I told them they were the pictures of some famous and worthy bishops, as St. Ambrose, Austin, &c. It was answered me, that they were popes; and one younger man among the rest (Townsend, as I perceived afterwards), would take upon him to defend, that every diocesan bishop was pope. I answered him with some scorn, and obtained leave that I might, with the least loss and defacing of the windows, give order for taking off that offence, which I did by causing the heads of those pictures to be taken off, since I knew the bodies could not offend. There was not care and moderation used in reforming the cathedral church bordering upon my palace. It is no other than

tragical to relate the carriage of that furious sacrilege, whereof our eyes and ears were the sad witnesses, under the authority and presence of Linsey, Tofts the sheriff, and Greenwood. Lord, what work was here, what clattering of glasses, what beating down of walls, what tearing up of monuments, what pulling down of seats, what wresting out of irons and brass from the windows and graves, what defacing of arms, what demolishing of curious stone work, that had not any representation in the world, but only the cost of the founder, and skill of the mason, what toting and piping upon the destroyed organ pipes, and what a hideous triumph on the market day before all the country, when, in a kind of sacrilegious and profane procession, all the organ pipes, vestments, both copes and surplices, together with the leaden cross, which had been newly sawn down from over the green yard pulpit, and the service books and singing books that could be had were carried to the fire in the public market-place; a lewd wretch walking before the train, in his cope, trailing in the dirt, with a service book in his hand, imitating, in an impious scorn, the tune, and usurping the words of the Litany, used formerly in the church; near the public cross all these monuments of idolatry must be sacrificed to the fire, not without much ostentation of a zealous joy in discharging ordnance to

the cost of some who professed how much they had longed to see that day. Neither was it any news, upon this Guild day, to have the cathedral now open on all sides to be filled with musketeers, waiting for the major's return, drinking and tobaccoing as freely as if it had turned alehouse. Still I yet remained in my palace, though with but a poor retinue and means, but the house was held too good for me. Many messages were sent by Mr. Corbet to remove me thence; the first pretence was, that the committee, who now was at charge for a house to sit in, might make their daily session there, being a place both more public, roomy, and chargeless; the committee, after many consultations, resolved it convenient to remove thither, though many overtures and offers were made to the contrary. Mr. Corbet was impatient of my stay there, and procures and sends peremptory messages for my present dislodging. We desired to have some time allowed for providing some other mansion if we must needs be cast out of this; which my wife was so willing to hold that she offered (if the charge of the present committee house were the thing stood upon), she would be content to defray the sum of the rent of that house of her fifth part; but that might not be yielded; out we must, and that in three weeks warning, by Midsummer Day then approaching; so as we might have lain in the street, for aught I know, had not

the Providence of God so ordered it, that a neighbour in the close, one Mr. Gostlin, a widower, was content to void his house for us.

This hath been my measure, wherefore I know not, Lord, thou knowest who only canst remedy, and end, and forgive, or avenge this horrible oppression.

JOS. NORVIC.

Scripsi, May 29,
1647.

VIRGIDEMIARUM.

Sixe Bookes.

FIRST THREE BOOKES

OF

TOOTHLESS SATYRS.

1. POETICAL.
2. ACADEMICAL.
3. MORALL.

WITH THE

THREE LAST BOOKS

OF

BYTING SATYRES.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY THOMAS CREEDE,

FOR ROBERT DEXTER.

1597.

THE

AUTHOR TO THE READER*.

It is not for every one to relish a true and natural satire, being of itself, besides the nature and inbred bitterness and tartness of particulars, both hard of conceit and harsh of style, and therefore cannot but be unpleasing both to the unskilful and over-musical ear; the one being affected with only a shallow and easy matter, the other with a smooth and current disposition: so that I well foresee in the timely publication of these my concealed satires, I am set upon the rack of many merciless and peremptory censures; which, sith the calmest and most plausible writer is almost fatally subject unto, in the curiosity of these nicer times, how may I hope to be exempted upon the occasion

* This in the Original Edition is placed at the End of the Volume, and called "A Postscript to the Reader," but having all the characteristics of a Preface, I have thought best to let it precede the Satires.

of so busy and stirring a subject? One thinks it misbeseeming the author, because a poem; another, unlawful in itself because a satire; a third, harmful to others for the sharpness: and a fourth, unsatirelike for the mildness: the learned, too perspicuous, being named with Juvenile, Persius, and the other ancient satires; the unlearned, savourless, because too obscure, and obscure because not under their reach. What a monster must he be that would please all!

Certainly look what weather it would be if every almanack should be verified: much what like poems if every fancy should be suited. It is not for this kind to desire or hope to please, which naturally should only find pleasure in displeasing: notwithstanding, if the fault finding with the vices of the time may honestly accord with the good will of the parties, I had as lieve ease myself with a slender apology, as wilfully bear the brunt of causeless anger in my silence. For poetry itself, after the so effectual and absolute endeavours of her honoured patrons, either she needeth no new defence, or else might well scorn the offer of so impotent and poor a client. Only for my own part, though were she a more unworthy mistress, I

think she might be inoffensively served with the broken messes of our twelve o'clock hours, which homely service she only claimed and found of me, for that short while of my attendance: yet having thus soon taken my solemn farewell of her, and shaked hands with all her retinue, why should it be an eyesore unto any, sith it can be no loss to myself?

For my Satires themselves, I see two obvious cavils to be answered: one concerning the matter; than which I confess none can be more open to danger, to envy; sith faults loathe nothing more than the light, and men love nothing more than their faults, and therefore, what through the nature of the faults, and fault of the persons, it is impossible so violent an appeachment should be quietly brooked. But why should vices be unblamed for fear of blame? And if thou mayest spit upon a toad unvenomed, why mayest thou not speak of vice without danger? Especially so warily as I have endeavoured; who, in the unpartial mention of so many vices, may safely profess to be altogether guiltless in myself to the intention of any guilty person who might be blemished by the likelihood of my conceived application, thereupon choosing rather to mar mine own

verse than another's name: which notwithstanding, if the injurious reader shall wrest to his own spite, and disparaging of others, it is a short answer, *Art thou guilty?* Complain not, thou art not wronged. *Art thou guiltless?* Complain not, thou art not touched. The other, concerning the manner, wherein perhaps too much stooping to the low reach of the vulgar, I shall be thought not to have any whit kindly raught my ancient Roman predecessors, whom in the want of more late and familiar precedents, I am constrained thus far off to imitate: which thing I can be so willing to grant, that I am further ready to warrant my action therein to any indifferent censure. First, therefore, I dare boldly avouch that the English is not altogether so natural to a satire as the Latin; which I do not impute to the nature of the language itself, being so far from disabling it any way, that methinks I durst equal it to the proudest in every respect; but to that which is common to it with all the other common languages, Italian, French, German, &c. In their poesies the fettering together the series of the verses, which the bonds of like cadence or desinence of rhyme, which if it be unusually abrupt, and not dependent in sense upon so near

affinity of words, I know not what a loathsome kind of harshness and discordance it breedeth to any judicial ear: which if any more confident adversary shall gainsay, I wish no better trial than the translation of one of Persius's Satires into English; the difficulty and dissonance whereof shall make good my assertion: besides, the plain experience thereof in the Satires of Ariosto (save which, and one base French Satire, I could never attain the view of any for my direction, and that also might for need serve for an excuse at least), whose chain verse, to which he fettereth himself, as it may well afford a pleasing harmony to the ear, so can it yield nothing but a flashy and loose conceit to the judgment. Whereas the Roman numbers tying but one foot to another, offereth a greater freedom of variety, with much more delight to the reader. Let my second ground be, the well known dainties of the time, such, that men rather choose carelessly to lose the sweet of the kernel, than to urge their teeth with breaking the shell wherein it was wrapped: and therefore sith that which is unseen is almost undone, and that is almost unseen which is unconceived, either I would say nothing to be untalked of, or speak with my mouth open that

I may be understood. Thirdly, the end of this pains was a Satire, but the end of my Satire a further good, which whether I attain or no I know not; but let me be plain with the hope of profit, rather than purposely obscure only for a bare name's sake.

Notwithstanding, in the expectation of this quarrel, I think my first Satire doth somewhat resemble the sour and crabbed face of Juvenal's, which I endeavouring in that, did determinately omit in the rest, for these forenamed causes, that so I might have somewhat to stop the mouth of every accuser. The rest to each man's censure: which let be as favourable as so thankless a work can deserve or desire.

A DEFIANCE TO ENVY.

NAY; let the prouder pines of *Ida* fear
The sudden fires of heaven, and decline
Their yielding tops that dar'd the skies whilere:
And shake your sturdy trunks ye prouder pines,
  Whose swelling grains are like begall'd alone,
  With the deep furrows of the thunder-stone.

Stand ye secure, ye safer shrubs below,
In humble dales, whom heaven's do not despite;
Nor angry clouds conspire your overthrow,
Envying at your too disdainful height.
  Let high attempts dread envy and ill tongues,
  And cow'rdly shrink for fear of causeless wrongs.

So wont big oaks fear winding ivy weed:
So soaring eagles fear the neighbour sun:
So golden mazer * wont suspicion breed,
Of deadly hemlock's poisoned potion:
  So adders shroud themselves in fairest leaves:
  So fouler fate the fairer thing bereaves.

* A *mazer* was a standing cup, a bowl, or goblet. Philips in his World of Words derives the name from *Mæser* which

Nor the low bush fears climbing ivy twine:
Nor lowly bustard dreads the distant rays:
Nor earthen pot wont secret death to shrine:
Nor subtle snake doth lurk in pathed ways.
Nor baser deed dreads envy and ill tongues,
Nor shrinks so soon for fear of causeless wrongs.

Needs me then hope, or doth me need mis-dreed:
Hope for that honour, dread that wrongful spite:
Spite of the party, honour of the deed,
Which wont alone on lofty objects light.
That envy should accost my muse and me,
For this so rude and reckless poesy.

in Dutch means *maple*, of which sort of wood (says he) those cups are commonly made. The old dictionaries, however, interpret *Chrysendeta*, "Cups having borders of gold, as our *mazers* and *nuts* have." Du Cange in his Glossary gives a more curious account, of which the following is the substance. *Murrhinum* or *murreum*, the ancient name for the most valuable kind of cups, made of a substance not yet clearly known, continued in the darker ages to be applied to those of fine glass, which had been at first formed in imitation of the *murrhine*. This word, by various corruptions, became *mardrinum masdrinum, mazerinum*, from which latter *mazer* was formed. The French word *madre* is supposed to have the same origin; and it is still applied to substances curiously variegated, but at first more particularly to the materials of fine goblets. To these murrhine cups, I believe, the virtue was attributed (which the glass of Venice was afterwards said to possess), of manifesting whether the liquor put into them was poisonous or no. This seems to account for the application of the term to cups of value: but it was also frequently applied to vessels of wood.

Would she but shade her tender brows with bay,
That now lie bare in careless wilful rage,
And trance herself in that sweet ecstasy,
That rouseth drooping thoughts of bashful age.
(Tho' now those bays and that aspired thought,
In careless rage she sets at worse than nought.)

Or would we loose her plumy pinion,
Manacled long with bonds of modest fear,
Soon might she have those kestrels * proud outgone,
Whose flighty wings are dew'd with wetter air,
And hopen now to shoulder from above
The eagle from the stairs of friendly Jove.

Or list she rather in late triumph rear
Eternal trophies to some conqueror,
Whose dead deserts slept in his sepulchre,
And never saw, nor life, nor light before:
To lead sad Pluto captive with my song,
To grace the triumphs he obscur'd so long.

Or scour the rusted swords of elvish knights,
Bathed in pagan blood, or sheath them new
In misty moral types; or tell their fights,
Who mighty giants, or who monsters slew:
And by some strange enchanted spear and shield,
Vanquish'd their foe, and won the doubtful field.

* A *Kestrel* was a hawk of a base unserviceable breed.

May-be she might in stately stanzas frame
Stories of ladies, and advent'rous knights,
To raise her silent and inglorious name
Unto a reachless pitch of praises heights,
And somewhat say, as more unworthy done *,
Worthy of brass, and hoary marble stone.

Then might vain envy waste her duller wing,
To trace the aery steps she spiteing sees,
And vainly faint in hopeless following
The clouded paths her native dross denies.
But now such lowly satires here I sing,
Not worth our Muse, not worth her envying.

Too good (if ill) to be expos'd to blame:
Too good, if worse, to shadow shameless vice.
Ill, if too good, not answering their name:
So good and ill in fickle censure lies.
Since in our satire lies both good and ill,
And they and it in varying readers' will.

Witness, ye Muses, how I wilful sung
These heady rhymes, withouten second care;
And wish'd them worse, my guilty thoughts among;
The ruder satire should go ragg'd and bare,
And show his rougher and his hairy hide,
Tho' mine be smooth, and deck'd in careless pride.

* *Done* for *doon.*

Would we but breathe within a wax-bound quill,
Pan's seven-fold pipe, some plaintive pastoral;
To teach each hollow grove, and shrubby hill,
Each murmuring brook, each solitary vale
To sound our love, and to our song accord,
Wearying Echo with one changeless word.

Or list us make two striving shepherds sing,
With costly wagers for the victory,
Under Menalcas judge; while one doth bring
A carven bowl well wrought of beechen tree,
Praising it by the story, or the frame,
Or want of use, or skilful maker's name.

Another layeth a well marked lamb,
Or spotted kid, or some more forward steer,
And from the pail doth praise their fertile dam;
So do they strive in doubt, in hope, in fear,
Awaiting for their trusty umpire's doom,
Faulted * as false by him that's overcome.

Whether so me list my lovely thought to sing,
Come dance ye nimble Dryads by my side,
Ye gentle wood-nymphs come: and with you bring
The willing fawns that mought your music guide,
Come nymphs and fawns, that haunt those shady groves,
While I report my fortunes or my loves.

* Faulted, i. e. blamed.

Or whether list me sing so personate,
My striving self to conquer with my verse,
Speak, ye attentive swains that heard me late,
Needs me give grass unto the conquerors?
At Colin's feet I throw my yielding reed *,
But let the rest win homage by their deed.

But now (ye Muses) sith your sacred hests
Profaned are by each presuming tongue;
In scornful rage I vow this silent rest.
That never field nor grove shall hear my song.
Only these refuse rhymes I here mis-spend
To chide the world, that did my thoughts offend.

* This is a delicate compliment to Spenser (says Warton), after whom he declares his reluctance and inability to write pastorals, but these spirited lines show that he was admirably qualified for this species of poetry." Do they not rather show that he *had* written pastorals? Else why should he say:

"Speak, ye attentive swains that heard me late."

I do not completely understand the next line,

"Needs me *give grasse* unto the conquerors?"

To give grass, was probably to *yield* the palm, but I have found no instance of its use.

SATIRES.

BOOK I.

PROLOGUE.

I FIRST adventure, with fool-hardy might,
To tread the steps of perilous despite.
I first adventure, follow me who list,
And be the second English satirist.
Envy waits on my back, Truth on my side;
Envy will be my page, and Truth my guide.
Envy the margent holds, and Truth the line:
Truth doth approve, but Envy doth repine.
For in this smoothing age who durst indite
Hath made his pen an hired parasite,
To claw the back of him that beastly lives,
And prank base men in proud superlatives.
Whence damned vice is shrouded quite from shame,
And crown'd with virtue's meed, immortal name!
Infamy dispossess'd of native due,
Ordain'd of old on looser life to sue:
The world's eye bleared with those shameless lies,
Mask'd in the show of meal-mouth'd poesies.
Go, daring Muse, on with thy thankless task,
And do the ugly face of Vice unmask:
And if thou canst not thine high flight remit,
So as it mought a lowly satire fit,
Let lowly satires rise aloft to thee:
Truth be thy speed, and Truth thy patron be.

SATIRES.

BOOK I.

SATIRE I.

NOR lady's wanton love, nor wand'ring knight,
Legend I out in rhimes all richly dight.
Nor fright the reader with the pagan vaunt
Of mighty Mahound, and great Termagaunt[1].

[1] Hall could not intend this as a satire upon Spenser, because he has elsewhere paid him the highest compliments; but *Mahound* and *Termagaunt* were commonly sworn by in all romances of chivalry where wicked Pagans or Saracens are introduced. It is more probable that the English Ariosto, then recently published by Harrington, is pointed at. Of *Macone* (Mahound or Mahomet), and *Trivigante* (Termagaunt), the Saracen divinities, many of our old metrical romances make ample mention. Dr. Percy and Dr. Johnson, misled by a false etymology in Junius's Lexicon, have made a Saxon divinity of *Termagaunt*; which opinion Mr. Gifford also inclines to in a note on Massinger's Renegado, A. i. S. 1. But we have no trace of such a divinity among our Saxon ancestors, and the source of the English *Termagant* is most probably the *Tervagant* of the French, or the *Trivigante* of the Italian romances. "*Trivigante*," says a learned writer in the Quarterly Review (vol. xxi. p. 515), "whom the predecessors of Ariosto always couple with Apollino, is really Diana Trivia, the sister of the classical Apollo, whose worship, and

Nor list I sonnet of my mistress' face,
To paint some Blowesse[2] with a borrowed grace;
Nor can I bide to pen some hungry scene
For thick-skin ears, and undiscerning eyne.
Nor ever could my scornful Muse abide
With tragic shoes her ankles for to hide.
Nor can I crouch, and writhe my fawning tail
To some great Patron, for my best avail.
Such hunger-starven trencher-poetry,
Or let it never live, or timely die:
Nor under every bank and every tree,
Speak rhymes unto my oaten minstrelsy:
Nor carol out so pleasing lively lays,
As mought the Graces move my mirth to praise.
Trumpet, and reeds, and socks, and buskins fine,
I them[3] bequeath, whose statues wand'ring twine

the lunar sacrifices which it demanded, had been always preserved among the Scythians." I must confess that I think resolute John Florio gives a better account of this terrible personage in his World of Words, 1617. "*Termigisto*, a great boaster, quarreller, killer, tamer, or ruler of the universe, the child of the earthquake, and of the thunder, the brother of death, &c." We here see why this personage was introduced in the old moralities, as a demon of outrageous and violent demeanour: or, as Bale says, "*Termagauntes* altogether, and very devils incarnate:" and again, "This terrible *Termagaunt*, this Nero, this Pharaoh." Hence Shakspeare's Hamlet says, "I would have such a fellow whipt for o'erdoing *Termagant*; it outherods Herod." This also accounts for the application of the name to a fiery virago in later times.

[2] *Blowesse* or Blowze, an ordinary quean, a sluttish, coarse, red-faced wench, one who is not overnice in her dress. Hence the Blousilinda's and Blousibella's of the old ballads.

[3] In this satire, which is not perfectly intelligible at the first glance, the author, after deriding the romantic and pas-

Of ivy mix'd with bays, circlen around,
Their living temples likewise laurel-bound.
Rather had I, albe in careless rhymes,
Check the mis-order'd world, and lawless times.
Nor need I crave the Muse's midwifery,
To bring to light so worthless poetry:
Or if we list, what baser Muse can bide,
To sit and sing by Granta's naked side?
They haunt the tided Thames and salt Medway,
E'er since the fame of their late bridal [4] day.
Nought have we here but willow-shaded shore,
To tell our Grant his banks are left forlore [5].

toral vein of affected or mercenary poetasters, leaves heroic poetry, pastoral, comedy, and tragedy to the celebrated established masters in those different kinds of composition, such as Spenser, Surrey, Sidney, &c. unless he means the classic poets, which is not improbable. The imitation from the prologue of Persius to his satires is obvious. W.

[4] The compliment in the close to *Spenser* is introduced and turned with singular address and elegance. The allusion is to Spenser's beautiful episode of the marriage of Thames and Medway, then recently published, in the fourth book of the second part of the Fairy Queen. But had I, says the poet, been inclined to invoke the assistance of the muse, what muse, even of a lower order, is there now to be found who would condescend to sit and sing of the desolated margin of the Cam? The muses frequent other rivers ever since Spenser celebrated the nuptials of Thames and Medway. Cam has now nothing on his banks but willows, the types of desertion. W.

[5] *Forlore* is the same as *forlorn*, abandoned, forsaken. All editions print erroneously *forlore*.

SATIRE II.

WHILOM the sisters nine were vestal maids,
And held their temple in the secret shades
Of fair Parnassus, that two-headed hill,
Whose ancient fame the southern world did fill;
And in the stead of their eternal fame,
Was the cool stream that took his endless name,
From out the fertile hoof of winged steed:
There did they sit and do their holy deed,
That pleas'd both heav'n and earth—till that of late—
(Whom should I fault[6]? or the most righteous fate,
Or heaven, or men, or fiends, or aught beside,
That ever made that foul mischance betide?)
Some of the sisters in securer shades
Defloured were——
And ever since, disdaining sacred shame,
Doon aught that might their heavenly stock defame.
Now is Parnassus turned to a stews[7],
And on bay-stocks the wanton myrtle grews;
Cythêron hill's become a brothel bed,
And Pyrene sweet turn'd to a poison'd head

[6] *Fault*, i. e. *blame*.

[7] A brothel, a place of infamy.

Of coal-black puddle, whose infectious stain
Corrupteth all the lowly fruitful plain[8].
Their modest stole, to garish looser weed,
Deck'd with love-favours their late whoredoms' meed:
And where they wont sip of the simple flood,
Now toss they bowls of Bacchus' boiling blood,
I marvell'd much, with doubtful jealousy,
Whence came such litters of new poetry:
Methought I fear'd lest the horse-hoofed well
His native banks did proudly overswell
In some late discontent, thence to ensue
Such wondrous rabblements of rhymesters new:
But since, I saw it painted on fame's wings,
The Muses to be woxen wantonings.

[8] This satire is directed with honest indignation against the prostitution of the muse to lewd or obscene subjects. Ovid's Art of Love had recently been rendered in a coarse manner, and Marlowe had translated Ovid's Epistles, and written his erotic romance of Hero and Leander. Shakspeare had also published his Venus and Adonis, which had given great offence to the graver readers of English verse. But it is in the Epigrams of Davies and Harrington, and in the ephemeral publications of Greene and Nashe, that decency was most outraged. The poet had these most flagrant transgressions in his eye. Though the first edition of Marston's Pigmalion's Image bears the date of 1598, I cannot but think that Hall particularly points at that poem, which is one of Ovid's transformations heightened with much paraphrastic obscenity. Marston was the poetical rival of Hall, whom he often censures or ridicules, particularly in his fourth satire, entitled, *Reactio*, in which he paraphrases several of Hall's lines. It appears from the 10th satire of Marston's Scourge of Villanie, that Hall had caused a severe epigram to be pasted on the last page of every copy of Pigmalion that came to the booksellers of Cambridge.

Each bush, each bank, and each base apple-squire[9]
Can serve to sate their beastly lewd desire.
Ye bastard poets, see your pedigree
From common trulls and loathsome brothelry!

[9] This cant phrase has been erroneously explained as meaning a pander or pimp. The fact is, that it meant what is in modern slang, called a *flash-man*; a *squire of the body* had the same meaning. It was sometimes, however, used for a base wittol, a cuckoldy knave, who would hold the door while his wife played the strumpet. All this may be learned from that curious little manual, Junius's Nomenclator, by Abraham Fleming, 1585, *in voce* Aquariolus. In the Letting of Humours Blood, by S. R. 1611. A *pippin-squire* is used in the latter sense.

SATIRE III.

WITH some pot-fury, ravish'd from their wit[10],
They sit and muse on some no-vulgar writ:
As frozen dunghills in a winter's morn,
That void of vapours seemed all beforn,
Soon as the sun sends out his piercing beams,
Exhale out filthy smoke and stinking steams.
So doth the base, and the fore-barren brain,
Soon as the raging wine begins to reign.
One higher pitch'd doth set his soaring thought
On crowned kings, that fortune hath low brought:
Or some upreared, high-aspiring swain,
As it might be the Turkish Tamberlain[11]:

[10] This satire is levelled at the intemperance and bombastic fury of his contemporary dramatists. W.

[11] Evidently an attack upon Marlowe, who was unfortunately distinguished for his dissipated life. He is said to have been a player as well as a poet. The tragedy of "Tamburlaine the Great; or, the Scythian Sheperd," was represented before 1588, and published in 1590, and has been generally attributed to him. It abounds in bombast: "The lunes of Tamburlane are perfect midsummer madness." Its false splendour was burlesqued by Beaumont and Fletcher in the Coxcomb; and Pistol borrows two "huff-cap" lines from it in K. Henry the Fourth:

"Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia
What can ye draw but twenty miles a day?"

"We should in the mean time remember, that by many of the most skilful of our dramatic writers, tragedy was then thought almost essentially and solely to consist in the pomp of declamation, in sounding expressions, and unnatural amplifications of style."

Then weeneth he his base drink-drowned spright,
Rapt to the threefold loft of heaven hight,
When he conceives upon his feigned stage
The stalking steps of his great personage,
Graced with huff-cap terms and thund'ring threats,
That his poor hearers' hair quite upright sets.
Such soon as some brave-minded hungry youth
Sees fitly frame to his wide-strained mouth,
He vaunts his voice upon an hired stage,
With high-set steps and princely carriage;
Now swooping[12] in side-robes[13] of royalty,
That erst did scrub in lousy brokery,
There if he can with terms Italianate,
Big-sounding sentences and words of state,
Fair patch me up his pure iambic verse,
He ravishes the gazing scaffolders[14]:

[12] *Swooping*, which Hall generally spells, soouping, is the same as *sweeping* along majestically. Drayton uses it in the same sense, speaking of a river:

"Proud Tamer *swoops* along with such a lusty train
As fits so brave a flood." *Polyolbion, Song* 1.

Again, in Song 6:

"Thus as she *swoops* along with all that goodly train."

See Tooke's ΕΠΕΑ ΠΤΕΡΟΕΝΤΑ, vol. ii. p. 263.

[13] *Side*-robes are *long loose* robes, סיד, Saxon; this word was particularly applied to dress. *Side*-sleeves were long loose hanging sleeves. Thus in Ben Jonson's "New Inn,"

"—— his branch'd cassock, a *side* sweeping gown."

"Their cotes be so *syde* that they be fayne to tucke them up when they ride." *Fitzherbert's Book of Husbandrie.*

[14] Those who sat on the scaffold, a part of the playhouse, which answered to our upper gallery. So again, B. iv. S. 2.

"When a crazed scaffold and a rotten stage
Was all rich Ninius his heritage." W.

Then certes was the famous Corduban[15],
Never but half so high tragedian.
Now, lest such frightful shows of Fortune's fall,
And bloody tyrant's rage, should chance appall
The dead-struck audience, midst the silent rout,
Comes leaping in a self-misformed lout,
And laughs, and grins, and frames his mimic face,
And justles straight into the prince's place;
Then doth the theatre echo all aloud,
With gladsome noise of that applauding crowd.
A goodly hotch-potch! when vile russetings[16]
Are match'd with monarchs, and with mighty kings.
A goodly grace to sober tragic muse,
When each base clown his clumsy fist doth bruise[17],
And show his teeth in double rotten row,
For laughter at his self-resembled show.
Meanwhile our poets in high parliament
Sit watching every word and gesturement,
Like curious censors of some doughty gear,
Whispering their verdict in their fellow's ear.

[15] Seneca.

[16] *Russetings* are clowns, low people, whose clothes were of a *russet-colour*. Hence the name of russet or russeting given to an apple formerly called a leather-coat in Devonshire.

"He borrowed on the working days his holy *russets* oft."
Warner's Albion's England, p. 95.

Florio in voce Romagnuolo describes it as a kind of coarse, homespun, "*sheepes-russet* cloth, called frier's cloth, or *shepheard's clothing*."

[17] In striking the benches to express applause. W.

Woe to the word whose margent in their scroll
Is noted with a black condemning coal.
But if each period might the synod please,
Ho!—bring the ivy boughs, and bands of bays.
Now when they part and leave the naked stage,
Gins the bare hearer, in a guilty rage,
To curse and ban, and blame his likerous eye,
That thus hath lavish'd his late halfpenny.
Shame that the Muses should be bought and sold,
For every peasant's brass, on each scaffòld.

SATIRE IV.

Too popular is tragic poesy,
Straining his tip-toes for a farthing fee,
And doth beside on rhymeless numbers tread,
Unbid iambics flow from careless head[18].
Some braver brain in high heroic rhymes
Compileth worm-eat stories of old times:
And he like some imperious Maronist,
Conjures the muses that they him assist.
Then strives he to bombast his feeble lines
With far-fetch'd phrase;——
And maketh up his hard-betaken tale
With strange enchantments, fetch'd from dark-
some vale,
Of some[19] Melissa, that by magic doom
To Tuscan's soil transporteth Merlin's tomb.
Painters and poets hold your ancient right:
Write what you will, and write not what you might:
Their limits be their list, their reason will.
But if some painter in presuming skill,

[18] Hall seems to have conceived a contempt for blank verse; observing that the English Iambic is written with little trouble, and seems rather a spontaneous effusion, than an artificial construction. W.

[19] See Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, c. iii. v. 10, and c. xxvi. v. 39. The Orlando had just then been translated by Harrington in a most licentious manner.

Should paint the stars in centre of the earth,
Could ye forbear some smiles, and taunting mirth?
But let no rebel satire dare traduce[20]
Th' eternal legends of thy fairy muse,
Renowned Spenser: whom no earthly wight
Dares once to emulate, much less dares despight.
Salust[21] of France, and Tuscan Ariost,
Yield up the laurel garland ye have lost:
And let all others willow wear with me,
Or let their undeserving temples bared be.

[20] The poet here suddenly checks his career, and retracts his thoughtless temerity in presuming to blame such themes as had been immortalized by the fairy muse of Spenser. W.

[21] Dubartas.

SATIRE V.

ANOTHER, whose more heavy hearted saint
Delights in nought but notes of rueful plaint,
Urgeth his melting muse with solemn tears,
Rhyme of some dreary fates of luckless peers.
Then brings he up some branded whining ghost,
To tell how old misfortunes had him toss'd.
Then must he ban the guiltless fates above,
Or fortune frail, or unrewarded love.
And when he hath parbrak'd [22] his grieved mind,
He sends him down where erst he did him find,
Without one penny to pay Charon's hire,
That waiteth for the wand'ring ghosts retire [23].

[22] To *parbrake* is to *vomit*. Thus in Horman's 'Vulgaria,' 1519, "The Egyptians healed all diseases with fastynge and castynge, *parbrakyng* or vomytte." The versus *ructari* of Horace, is rendered to '*belch* verses,' by the old translators.

[23] This satire is humorously levelled at the whining ghosts of the MIRROUR FOR MAGISTRATES, which the unpitying poet sends back to hell, without a penny to pay Charon for their return over the Styx.

SATIRE VI.

ANOTHER scorns the homespun thread of rhymes,
Match'd with the lofty feet of elder times:
Give me the number'd verse that Virgil sung,
And Virgil's self shall speak the English tongue:
"Manhood and garboils shall he chant" with changed feet,
And head-strong dactyls making music meet.
The nimble dactyl striving to outgo,
The drawling spondees pacing it below.
The lingering spondees, labouring to delay,
The breathless dactyls with a sudden stay.
Whoever saw a colt wanton and wild,
Yoked with a slow-foot ox on fallow field,
Can right areed how handsomely besets
Dull spondees with the English dactylets[24]?

[24] Chapman, in his Hymn to Cynthia, 1595, says,

"——— ——— sweet poesie
Will not be clad in her supremacie
With those strange garments (Rome's hexameters),
As she is English; but in right prefers
Our native robes, put on with skilful hands,
English heroicks."

Warton justly observes, that "Hall's own verses on this subject are a proof that English verse wanted to borrow no graces from the Roman."

If Jove speak English in a thund'ring cloud,
" Thwick thwack, and riff raff," roars he out aloud.
Fie on the forged mint that did create
New coin of words never articulate[25].

[25] In this satire Hall laughs at the hexametrical versification of the Roman prosody, so contrary to the genius of our language, then lately introduced into English poetry by Stanihurst, the translator of Virgil, who had found imitators of no less rank than Spenser and Sidney, not to mention Puttenham, Gabriel Harvey, and others. Nash, in his preface to Greene's Arcadia, has also levelled his shaft at Stanihurst, " whose heroical poetry infired, I should say inspired, with hexameter furye, recalled to life whatever hissed barbarisme hath been buried this hundred yeare; and revived by his ragged quill such carterly varietie, as no hedge plowman in a countrie but would have held as the extremitie of clownerie." Stanihurst in one of his descriptions of a tempest from Virgil has the following passage, which Hall ridicules:

" ——— rounce robble hobble
Of ruff raff roaring with thwick thwack thurlery bouncing."

And in another place,

" Loud dub a dub tabering with frapping rip rap of Etna."

In other passages we meet with such expressions as the following, " Cockney cupido,' a ' dandiprat hopthumb.' We have also the *blubbering* Andromache, whom he describes as " stuttering and stammering to fumble out an answer to her sweeting, delicat Hector." Other epithets are, ' rufflery rumboled,'—' great bouncing rumbelo thundering.' In short, ' when Virgil had passed through Stanihurst, it would puzzle all the philosophers of Laputa to extract from what came out one particle of what had gone in.' Gabriel Harvey wrote

some hexameter verses, which he entitles *Encomium Lauri*, in which were the following lines:

"What might I call this tree? A laurell? O bonny laurell,
Needs to thy bowes will I bow this knee, and vayle my bonetto."

Which Nash thus happily burlesques:

"O thou wether-cocke, that stands on the top of All Hallow's,
Come thy waies down if thou darst for thy crowne, and take the wall on us."

"The hexameter verse (says Nash), I graunt to be a gentleman of an auncient house (so is many an English beggar), yet this clyme of ours hee cannot thrive in; our speech is too craggy for him to set his plough in; hee goes twitching and hopping in our language, like a man running upon quagmires, up the hill in one syllable and down the dale in another, retaining no part of that stately smooth gate which hee vaunts himself with among the Greeks and Latins."

SATIRE VII[26].

GREAT is the folly of a feeble brain,
O'erruled with love, and tyrannous disdain:
For love, however in the basest breast,
It breeds high thoughts that feed the fancy best.
Yet is he blind, and leads poor fools awry,
While they hang gazing on their mistress' eye.
The lovesick poet, whose importune prayer
Repulsed is with resolute despair,
Hopeth to conquer his disdainful dame,
With public plaints of his conceived flame.
Then pours he forth in patched sonettings,
His love, his lust, and loathsome flatterings:
As tho' the staring world hang'd on his sleeve,
When once he smiles, to laugh: and when he sighs, to grieve.

[26] The false and foolish compliments of the sonnet writer, are the object of the seventh satire. He judges it absurd, that the world should be troubled with the history of the smiles or frowns of a lady; as if all mankind were deeply interested in the privacies of a lover's heart, and the momentary revolutions of his hope and despair. W.

The innumerable quantity of "excellent conceitfull" amatory sonnets, poured forth at that period, might well call forth the animadversion of the satirist; volumes teeming with the praises or complaints of the would-be lover and poet to his Celia, his Diana, his Diella, &c. But, perhaps, this points more particularly to Henry Lok's Love's Complaints, then just published, with the Legend of Orpheus and Euridice. Lok is thought to be the subject of Hall's satire in other places.

Careth the world, thou love, thou live, or die?
Careth the world how fair thy fair one be?
Fond wit-wal[27] that wouldst load thy witless head
With timely horns, before thy bridal bed.
Then can he term his dirty ill faced bride
Lady and queen, and virgin deified:
Be she all sooty-black, or berry brown,
She's white as morrows milk, or flakes new blown.
And tho' she be some dunghill drudge at home,
Yet can he her resign some refuse room
Amidst the well known stars: or if not there,
Sure will he saint her in his Calendar.

[27] This should, apparently, be *wittol*, a tame cuckold. A Saxon word from *witan*, to know; or, as Philips says in his World of Words, "*Wittall*, a cuckold that wits all, i. e. knows all: i. e. knows that he is so." The *Witwall* was a bird, by some taken for the Green-finch or Canary-bird; others relate of it, "that if a man behold it that hath the yellow jaundice, he is presently cured and the bird dieth." I have not altered the orthography of the word, as it may stand for wite-well, i. e. know well. I find Skelton spells this word *wit-wold*.

SATIRE VIII[28].

HENCE, ye profane: mell[29] not with holy things
That Sion's Muse from Palestina brings.
Parnassus is transform'd to Sion hill,
And Jewry-palms her steep ascents doon fill.
Now good St. Peter weeps pure Helicon,
And both the Mary's make a music moan:
Yea, and the prophet of the heav'nly lyre,
Great Solomon sings in the English quire;
And is become a new-found sonnetist,
Singing his love, the holy spouse of Christ:
Like as she were some light skirts of the rest,
In mightiest inkhornisms[30] he can thither wrest.
Ye Sion Muses shall by my dear will,
For this your zeal and far admired skill,
Be straight transported from Jerusalem,
Unto the holy house of Bethlehem[31].

[28] In the eighth Satire he insinuates his disapprobation of sacred poetry, and the metrical versions of Scripture, which were encouraged and circulated by the Puritans. He glances at Robert Southwell's *Saint Peter's Complaint*, in which the Saint *weeps pure Helicon*, published in 1597, and the same writer's *Funeral Tears of the two Maries*. He then ridicules Markham's *Sion's Muse*, a translation of Solomon's Song. W.

[29] *Mell*, i. e. *meddle*.

[30] *Inkhorn-terms*, affected phrases or studied expressions that savoured of the ink-horn. It was a favourite phrase of the old writers. *Inkhornisms* has the same meaning, the word was probably coined by Hall from the former. "*Pedantaggine*, used for fond selfe-conceit or idiotism, in using *ink-pot tearmes* or phrases." FLORIO.

[31] That is, unto the asylum for lunatics, *Bethlehem Hospital*.

SATIRE IX.

Envy, ye Muses, at your thriving mate,
Cupid hath crowned a new laureat:
I saw his statue gaily, tired in green,
As if he had some second Phœbus been.
His statue trimm'd with the Venerean tree,
And shrined fair within your sanctuary.
What, he, that erst to gain the rhyming goal,
The worn recital-post of capitol,
Rhymed in rules of stewish ribaldry,
Teaching experimental baudery!
Whiles th' itching vulgar tickled with the song,
Hanged on their unready poet's tongue[32].

[32] Warton supposed that this satire pointed at Robert Greene, who practised the vices which he so freely displayed in his writings: but Greene died three or four years before the publication of these satires, and it seems more probable that some living writer was aimed at. "But why (says Warton) should we be solicitous to recover a name, which indecency, most probably joined with dulness, has long ago deservedly delivered to oblivion? Whoever he was, he is surely unworthy the elegant lines which open this satire."— "The poet proceeds with a liberal disdain, and with an eye on the stately buildings of the university, to reprobate the Muses for this unworthy profanation of their dignity. His execration of the infamy of adding to the mischiefs of obscenity, by making it the subject of a book, is strongly expressed. Our poets, too frequently the children of idleness, too naturally the lovers of pleasure, began now to be men of the world, and affected to mingle in the dissipations and debaucheries of the metropolis. To support a popularity of character, not so easily attainable in the obscurities of retirement and study, they frequented taverns, became liber-

Take this, ye patient Muses; and foul shame
Shall wait upon your once profaned name.
Take this, ye Muses, this so high despite,
And let all hateful luckless birds of night:
Let screeching owls nest in your razed roofs,
And let your floor with horned satyr's hoofs
Be dinted, and defiled every morn:
And let your walls be an eternal scorn.
What if some Shoreditch[33] fury should incite
Some lust-stung lecher: must he needs indite

tines and buffoons, and exhilarated the circles of the polite and the profligate. Their way of life gave the colour to their writings: and what had been the favourite topic of conversation, was sure to please when recommended by the graces of poetry. Add to this, that poets now began to write for hire, and a rapid sale was to be obtained at the expense of the purity of the reader's mind." The author of the Return from Parnassus, 1606, says of Drayton, a true genius, "However, he wants one true note of a poet in our times, and that is this, he cannot swagger it well in a tavern." Harrington has an Epigram on the Venality of Poets. B. i. Epig. 40.

"Poets hereafter for pensions need not care,
Who calls you beggars, you may call them lyers;
Verses are grown such merchantable ware,
That now for sonnets sellers are and buyers."

[33] *Shoreditch* was one of the outskirts of the town where the stews or brothels abounded. Thus in 'The Letting of Humours Blood in the Head Vaine.' Satires by S. R. 1600.

"——————— some coward gull
That is but champion to a *Shoreditch* drab."

And Marston, in his fourth satire of the first book,

"He'll cleanse himselfe to *Shoreditch* purity."

Shoreditch, Southwark, Westminster, and Turnball Street, Clerkenwell, were all noted places of the same kind.

The beastly rites of hired venery,
The whole world's universal bawd to be?
Did never yet no damned libertine,
Nor elder heathen, nor new Florentine[34],
Tho' they were famous for lewd liberty,
Venture upon so shameful villany;
Our epigrammatarians, old and late,
Were wont be blamed for too licentiate.
Chaste men, they did but glance at Lesbia's deed,
And handsomely leave off with cleanly speed.
But arts of whoring, stories of the stews,
Ye Muses, will ye bear, and may refuse?
Nay, let the Devil and St. Valentine,
Be gossips to those ribald rhymes of thine.

[34] Peter Aretine.

SATIRES.

BOOK II.

PROLOGUE.

Or been the manes of that Cynic spright,
Cloth'd with some stubborn clay and led to light?
Or do the relique ashes of his grave
Revive and rise from their forsaken cave?
That so with gall-wet words and speeches rude
Controls the manners of the multitude.
Envy belike incites his pining heart,
And bids it sate itself with others' smart.
Nay, no despite: but angry Nemesis,
Whose scourge doth follow all that doon amiss:
That scourge I bear, albe in ruder fist,
And wound, and strike, and pardon whom she list.

BOOK II.

SATIRE I[1].

FOR shame! write better, Labeo, or write none;
Or better write, or Labeo write alone:
Nay, call the Cynic but a witty fool,
Thence to abjure his handsome drinking bowl;
Because the thirsty swain with hollow hand,
Convey'd the stream to wet his dry weasand.
Write they that can, though they that cannot do:
But who knows that, but they that do not know.
Lo! what it is that makes white rags so dear,
That men must give a teston for a queare.
Lo! what it is that makes goose wings so scant,
That the distressed sempster did them want:
So lavish ope-tide causeth fasting lents,
And starveling famine comes of large expense.
Might not (so they were pleas'd that been above)
Long paper-abstinence our dearth remove?
Then many a Lollard would in forfeitment,
Bear paper-faggots o'er the pavement.

[1] This satire is properly a continuation of the last. In it our author continues his just and pointed animadversions on immodest poetry, and hints at some pernicious versions from the Facetiæ of Poggius, and from Rabelais. W.

But now men wager who shall blot the most,
And each man writes. *There's so much labour lost,*
That's good, that's great: nay, much is seldom well,
Of what is bad, a little's a great deal.
Better is more: but best is nought at all.
Less is the next, and lesser criminal.
Little and good, is greatest good save one,
Then, Labeo, or write little, or write none.
Tush! but small pains can be, but little art,
To load full dry vats from the foreign mart,
With folio volumes, two to an ox hide,
Or else, ye pamphleteer, go stand aside.
Read in each school, in every margent coted,
In every catalogue for an author noted,
There's happiness well given and well got,
Less gifts, and lesser gains, I weigh them not.
So may the giant roam and write on high,
Be he a dwarf that writes not then as I.
But well fair Strabo, which as stories tell,
Contrived all Troy within one walnut-shell.
His curious ghost now lately hither came;
Arriving near the mouth of lucky Tame,
I saw a pismire struggling with the load,
Dragging all Troy home towards her abode.
Now dare we hither, if we durst appear,
The subtile stithy-man that lived whilere:
Such one was once, or once I was mistaught,
A smith at Vulcanus' own forge up brought,

That made an iron chariot so light,
The coach-horse was a flea in trappings dight.
The tameless steed could well his waggon wield,
Through downs and dales of the uneven field.
Strive they, laugh we: meanwhile the black story
Passes new Strabo, and new Strabo's Troy.
Little for great; and great for good; all one:
For shame! or better write, or Labeo write none.
But who conjured this bawdy Poggie's ghost,
From out the stews of his lewd home-bred coast:
Or wicked Rablais' drunken revellings,
To grace the misrule of our tavernings[2]?
Or who put bays into blind Cupid's fist,
That he should crown what laureats him list?
Whose words are those to remedy the deed,
That cause men stop their noses when they read?
Both good things ill, and ill things well; all one?
For shame! write cleanly, Labeo, or write none.

[2] By *tavernings*, he means the increasing fashion of frequenting taverns, which seem to have multiplied with the playhouses. As new modes of entertainment sprung up, and new places of public resort became common, the people were more often called together, and the scale of convivial life in London was enlarged. From the playhouse they went to the tavern.—W. The ordinaries were also places of great and fashionable resort, but the modern reader is now well acquainted with the habits of the gallants of the time, from the admirable picture drawn by the masterly hand of the author of the Fortunes of Nigel. One of the chapters of the Gul's Hornbook is, "How a gallant should behave himself in a tavern."

SATIRE II[3].

To what end did our lavish ancestors
Erect of old these stately piles of ours;
For threadbare clerks, and for the ragged muse,
Whom better fit some cotes[4] of sad secluse?
Blush, niggard Age, and be asham'd to see,
These monuments of wiser ancestry.
And ye, fair heaps, the Muses' sacred shrines,
(In spite of time and envious repines)
Stand still and flourish till the world's last day,
Upbraiding it with former love's decay.
Here may you, Muses, our dear sovereigns,
Scorn each base lordling ever you disdains;
And every peasant churl, whose smoky roof
Denied harbour for your dear behoof.
Scorn ye the world before it do complain,
And scorn the world that scorneth you again.
And scorn contempt itself that doth incite
Each single-sol'd[5] squire to set you at so light.
What needs me care for any bookish skill,
To blot white papers with my restless quill:

[3] In this satire, he celebrates the wisdom and liberality of our ancestors, in erecting magnificent mansions for the accommodation of scholars, which yet at present have little more use than that of reproaching the rich with their comparative neglect of learning. The verses have much dignity and are equal to the subject. W.

[4] Low humble cottages.

[5] *Single-soled* or single-souled, like single-witted, was used by our ancestors to designate *simplicity, silliness.* It is a very ancient expression. Thus in Horman's Vulgaria, 1519,

Or pore on painted leaves, and beat my brain
With far-fetch thought; or to consume in vain
In latter even, or midst of winter nights,
Ill smelling oils, or some still-watching lights.
Let them that mean by bookish business
To earn their bread, or hopen to profess
Their hard got skill, let them alone, for me,
Busy their brains with deeper bookery.
Great gains shall bide you sure, when ye have spent
A thousand lamps, and thousand reams have rent
Of needless papers; and a thousand nights
Have burned out with costly candlelights.
Ye palish ghosts of Athens, when at last
Your patrimony spent in witless waste,
Your friends all weary, and your spirits spent,
Ye may your fortunes seek, and be forwent[6]
Of your kind cousins, and your churlish sires,
Left there alone, midst the fast-folding briers.
Have not I lands of fair inheritance,
Deriv'd by right of long continuance,

"He is a good *sengyll-soul* and can do no harm; *est doli nescius.*" The commentators on Shakspeare have made strange work of this phrase with their conjectures. Romeo says, "O *single-soled* jest, solely singular for the singleness." Decker in his Wonderful Year has a "*single-sole* fidler." And Taylor the water poet "a *single-soal'd* gentlewoman of the last edition." So in Stephens's World of Wonders, 1607, "I will allege some rare examples of *simple* Sir John's; that is, of such as are not monks but *single-soled* priests," p. 179. The fact is that *single* and *simple* were ancient synonymes.

[6] *Forwent* appears to have been used by Hall for *abandoned, neglected.* I have not traced the word elsewhere.

To firstborn males, so list the law to grace,
Nature's first fruits in an eternal race?
Let second brothers, and poor nestlings,
Whom more injurious nature later brings
Into the naked world; let them assaine
To get hard pennyworths with so bootless pain.
Tush! what care I to be Arcesilas,
Or some sad Solon, whose deed-furrowed face[7],
And sullen head, and yellow-clouded sight,
Still on the steadfast earth are musing pight[8];
Mutt'ring what censures their distracted mind,
Of brainsick paradoxes deeply hath defin'd:
Or of Parmenides, or of dark Heraclite,
Whether all be one, or ought be infinite?
Long would it be ere thou hast purchase bought[9],
Or wealthier wexen by such idle thought.

[7] He concludes his complaints of the general disregard of the literary profession, with a spirited paraphrase of that passage of Persius, in which the philosophy of Arcesilaus, and of the *Ærumnosi Solones*, is proved to be of little use and estimation. W.

[8] *Pight* is set, placed, fixed. It is explained thus by Bullokar in his Expositor, 1616.

[9] *Purchase* here means *gain, profit*, a sense in which it is used by Ben Jonson in his Devil is an Ass, Act i. Sc. 1.

" ———I will share, sir,
In your sports only, nothing in your *purchace*."

It is a very old sense of the word, for in the metrical prophecy attributed to Chaucer it has the same meaning:

" ——Lecherie is holdin as privy solas,
And robberie as fre *purchas* (i. e. fair *gain*)."

So in Shakspeare's first part of King Henry IV. Act ii. Sc. 2.

" —Give me thy hand, thou shalt have a share in our *purchase*, as I am a true man."

Fond fool! six feet shall serve for all thy store;
And he that cares for most shall find no more.
We scorn that wealth should be the final end,
Whereto the heav'nly Muse her course doth bend;
And rather had be pale with learned cares,
Than paunched[10] with thy choice of changed fares.
Or doth thy glory stand in outward glee?
A lave-ear'd[11] ass with gold may trapped be.
Or if in pleasure? live we as we may,
Let swinish Grill[12] delight in dunghill clay.

[10] *Paunched* is here used for crammed, stuffed, full-paunched.

[11] *Lave-eared* is *lap-eared, long* or *flap-eared.* Hall elsewhere uses *laving* for lapping or flapping. It is perhaps derived from *Layvers,* which Bullokar explains *thongs of leather.*

[12] *Gryllus* is one of Ulysses's companions transformed into a hog by Circe, who refuses to be restored to his human shape. But perhaps the allusion is immediately to Spenser's Fairy Queen, ii. 12. 80. W.

SATIRE III[13].

WHO doubts? the laws fell down from heav'n's height,
Like to some gliding star in winter's night?
Themis, the scribe of God, did long agone
Engrave them deep in during marble stone,
And cast them down on this unruly clay,
That men might know to rule and to obey.
But now their characters depraved bin,
By them that would make gain of others' sin.
And now hath wrong so mastered the right,
That they live best that on wrong's offal light.
So loathly fly that lives on galled wound,
And scabby festers inwardly unsound,
Feeds fatter with that pois'nous carrion,
Than they that haunt the healthy limbs alone.
Woe to the weal where many lawyers be,
For there is sure much store of malady.
'Twas truly said, and truly was foreseen,
The fat kine are devoured of the lean.
Genus and Species long since barefoot went[14],
Upon their ten toes in wild wanderment:

[13] In this third satire of the second book the poet laments the lucrative injustice of the law, while ingenious science is without emolument or reward. W.

[14] This is an allusion to an old distich, made and often quoted in the age of scholastic science:

Dat Galenus opes, dat Justinianus honores;
Sed Genus et Species cogitur ire pedes.

That is, the study of medicine produces riches, and jurisprn-

Whiles father Bartoll[15] on his footcloth rode,
Upon high pavement gaily silver strow'd.
Each homebred science percheth in the chair,
While sacred arts grovel on the groundsel bare.
Since peddling Barbarisms 'gan be in request,
Nor classic tongues, nor learning found no rest.
The crouching client, with low-bended knee,
And many worships, and fair flattery,
Tells on his tale as smoothly as him list,
But still the lawyer's eye squints on his fist;
If that seem lined with a larger fee,
Doubt not the suit, the law is plain for thee.
Tho[16] must he buy his vainer hope with price,
Disclout his crowns[17], and thank him for advice[18].

dence leads to stations, offices, and honours: while the professor of logic is poor, and obliged to walk on foot. W.

[15] *Bartolo*, or *Bartholus*, an eminent professor of the civil law who flourished in the fourteenth century. He was honoured by kings and emperors, and distinguished with the epithets of the 'star and luminary of lawyers'—'the master of truth'—'the guide of the blind'—'the lanthorn of equity,' &c., but he now ranks among the deservedly forgotten quibblers of the middle ages.

[16] *Tho*, for *then*, a remnant of the older language often used by Spenser, who in common with Hall affected archaisms: Warton misinterprets it—*yet even*, and the Oxford editor printed it as a contraction of *though*.

> "*Tho*, wrapping up her wreathed stern around,
> Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge train
> All suddenly about his body wound." F. Q. I. i. 18.

[17] *Disclout his crowns*, is a humorous way of expressing the action of disbursing or taking them out of his bag or purse.

[18] The interview between the anxious client and the rapacious lawyer is drawn with much humour; and shows the authoritative superiority and the mean subordination subsisting between the two characters at the time.

So have I seen in a tempestuous stowre[19],
Some brier-bush showing shelter from the show'r
Unto the hopeful sheep, that fain would hide
His fleecy coat from that same angry tide:
The ruthless brier, regardless of his plight,
Lays hold upon the fleece he should acquite[20],
And takes advantage of the careless prey,
That thought she in securer shelter lay.
The day is fair, the sheep would far to feed,
The tyrant brier holds fast his shelter's meed,
And claims it for the fee of his defence:
So robs the sheep, in favour's fair pretence.

[19] Philips in his World of Words explains *stours, shocks* or *brunts*, which suits very well with the context, and much better with the meaning of Spenser in several places than distress, tumult, contention, fight, battle, &c. &c. by which his editors have explained it.

[20] To *acquite*, is to *discharge*, or *let go free*.

SATIRE IV[21].

WORTHY were Galen to be weigh'd in gold,
Whose help doth sweetest life and health uphold;
Yet by saint Esculape he solemn swore,
That for diseases they were never more,
Fees never less, never so little gain,
Men give a groat, and ask the rest again.
Groatsworth of health can any leech allot?
Yet should he have no more that gives a groat.
Should I on each sick pillow lean my breast,
And grope the pulse of every mangy wrest;
And spy out marvels in each urinal;
And rumble up the filths that from them fall;
And give a dose for every disease,
In prescripts long and tedious recipes,
All for so lean reward of art and me?
No horse-leech but will look for larger fee.
Meanwhile if chance some desp'rate patient die,
Com'n to the period of his destiny
(As who can cross the fatal resolution,
In the decreed day of dissolution):
Whether ill-tendment, or recureless pain,
Procure his death; the neighbours all complain,
Th' unskilful leech murder'd his patient,
By poison of some foul ingredient.

[21] In this satire he displays the difficulties and discouragements of the physician. Here we learn, that the *sick lady* and the *gouty peer* were then topics of ridicule for the satirist. W.

Hereon the vulgar may as soon be brought
To Socrates his poison'd hemlock draught,
As to the wholesome julep, whose receipt
Might his disease's ling'ring force defeat.
If nor a dram of treacle sovereign,
Or aqua-vitæ, or sugar-candian,
Nor kitchen cordials can it remedy,
Certes his time is come, needs mought he die.
Were I a leech, as who knows what may be,
The liberal man should live, and carle[22] should die.
The sickly lady, and the gouty peer
Still would I haunt, that love their life so dear.
Where life is dear, who cares for coined dross?
That spent is counted gain, and spared, loss:
Or would conjure the chymic mercury,
Rise from his horsedung bed, and upwards fly;
And with glass stills, and sticks of juniper,
Raise the black spright that burns not with the fire:
And bring quintessence of elixir pale,
Out of sublimed spirits mineral.
Each powder'd grain ransometh captive kings,
Purchaseth realms, and life prolonged brings[23].

[22] *Carle*, a boor, a countryman; this and the word churl are both derived from the Saxon ceorl a husbandman.

[23] He thus laughs at the quintessence of a sublimated mineral elixir of life. Imperial oils, golden cordials, and universal panacea, are of high antiqnity: and perhaps the puffs of quackery were formerly more ostentatious than even at present, before the profession of medicine was freed from the operations of a spurious and superstitious alchemy, and when there were mystics in philosophy as well as religion. Paracelsus was the father of empiricism. W.

SATIRE V[24].

Saw'st thou ever Siquis[25] patch'd on Paul's
church door,
To seek some vacant vicarage before?
Who wants a churchman that can service say,
Read fast and fair his monthly homily?
And wed and bury, and make christen-souls?
Come to the left-side alley of Saint Poules.
Thou servile fool, why couldst thou not repair
To buy a benefice at steeple-fair?
There moughtest thou, for but a slender price,
Advowson thee with some fat benefice:

[24] This satire levels a rebuke at the Simoniacal traffic for livings then openly practised by public advertisement, affixed to the door of St. Paul's.

[25] *Si quis* (i. e. if any one), was the first word of advertisements often published on the doors of St. Paul's. Decker says, "The first time that you enter Paules, pass through the body of the church like a porter; yet presume not to fetch so much as one whole turne in the middle ile, nor to cast an eye upon Siquis doore, pasted and plaistered up with servingmens supplications, &c." Gul's Hornbook. W.

The *Si quis* has a more particular reference to ecclesiastical matters. A candidate for holy orders who has not been educated at the university, or has been some time absent from thence, is still obliged to have his intention proclaimed, by being hung up in the church where he resided (perhaps this is the origin of the *Si quis* door); and if, after a certain time, no objection is made, a certificate of his *Si quis*, signed by the churchwarden, is given him, to be presented to the bishop when he seeks ordination.

Or if thee list not wait for dead men's shoon,
Nor pray each morn th' incumbent's days were doon:
A thousand patrons thither ready bring,
Their new-fall'n churches to the chaffering;
Stake three years stipend; no man asketh more:
Go take possession of the church-porch door,
And ring thy bells; luck-stroken in thy fist:
The parsonage is thine, or ere thou wist.
Saint Fool's of Gotam mought thy parish be
For this thy base and servile simony.

SATIRE VI[26].

A GENTLE squire would gladly entertain
Into his house some trencher-chappelain;
Some willing man that might instruct his sons,
And that would stand to good conditions.
First, that he lie upon the truckle-bed[27],
Whiles his young master lieth o'er his head.
Second, that he do, on no default,
Ever presume to sit above the salt[28].

[26] This is one of the most perspicuous, easy, and, perhaps, one of the most humorous satires in the whole collection. It exhibits the servile condition of a domestic preceptor in the family of an esquire. Several of the satires in this second book are intended to show the depressed state of modest and true genius, and the inattention of men of fortune to literary merit. W.

[27] The *truckle-bed* was a small bed made to run under a larger one, quasi *trocle-bed* from *troclea*, a low wheel or castor. It was generally appropriated to a servant or attendant of some kind. This indulgence allowed to the pupil is the reverse of a rule anciently practised in the Universities. In the statutes of Corpus Christi College at Oxford, given in 1516, the scholars are ordered to sleep respectively under the beds of the Fellows in a truckle-bed. Much the same injunction is in the statutes of Magdalen College, given 1459, "*Sint duo lecti principales, et duo lecti rotales* trookyll beddys *vulgariter nuncupati*," cap. xlv. And in those of Trinity College, given 1556, it is called a *troccle-bed*, which ascertains the etymology. In The Return from Parnassus, Amoretto says, "When I was in Cambridge, and lay in a trundle bed under my tutor," &c. Act ii. Sc. 2.

[28] Towards the head of the table was placed a large and lofty piece of plate, the top of which, in a broad cavity, held the salt for the whole company. One of these stately saltcellars is still preserved at Winchester College. In Jonson's Cyn-

Third, that he never change his trencher twice.
Fourth, that he use all common courtesies;
Sit bare at meals, and one half rise and wait.
Last, that he never his young master beat,
But he must ask his mother to define,
How many jerks she would his breech should line.
All these observ'd, he could contented be,
To give five marks and winter livery.

thia's Revels it is said of an affected coxcomb, "His fashion is, not to take knowledge of him that is beneath him in clothes. He never drinkes *below the salt.*" Act. ii. Sc. 2. So in Dekker's Gul's Hornbook, "At your twelvepenny ordinary, you may give any justice of the peace, or young knight, if he sit but one degree towards the equinoctial of the saltsellar, leave to pay for the wine," &c. In Parrot's Springs for Woodcocks, 1613, a guest complains of it as an indignity,

"And swears that he below the salt was sett."
Lib. ii. Epig. 188. W.

Mr. Gifford, in a note on Massinger's Unnatural Combat, Act iii. Sc. 1, remarks, "It argues little for the delicacy of our ancestors, that they should have admitted of such distinctions at their board; but, in truth, they seem to have placed their guests *below the salt* for no better purpose than that of mortifying them." Mr. Gifford thinks a passage in Nixon's Strange Foot Post furnished Hall with his subject; and has given the following extract: the writer is describing the miseries of a poor scholar: "Now for his fare, it is lightly at the cheapest table, but he must sit *under the salt*, that is an axiome in such places:—then having drawne his knife leisurably, unfolded his napkin mannerly, after twice or thrice wiping his beard, if he have it, he may reach the bread on his knife's point, and fall to his porrige, and between every spoonful take as much deliberation as a capon craming, lest he be out of his porrige before they have buried part of the first course in their bellies."

SATIRE VII[29].

In th' heaven's universal alphabet
All earthly things so surely are foreset,
That who can read those figures, may foreshew
Whatever thing shall afterwards ensue:
Fain would I know (might it our artist please)
Why can his tell-troth Ephemerides
Teach him the weather's state so long beforn,
And not foretell him, nor his fatal horn,
Nor his death's-day, nor no such sad event;
Which he mought wisely labour to prevent?

[29] From those who despised learning he makes a transition to those who abused it by false pretences. Judicial astrology is the subject of this satire. He supposes that astrology was the daughter of one of the Egyptian midwives, and that having been nursed by Superstition, she assumed the garb of Science. The numerous astrological tracts, particularly called *Prognostications*, published in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, are a proof how strongly the people were infatuated with this sort of divination. One of the most remarkable was a treatise written in the year 1582, by Richard Harvey, brother to Gabriel Harvey, a learned astrologer of Cambridge, predicting the portentous conjunction of the primary planets, Saturn and Jupiter, which was to happen the next year. It had the immediate effect of throwing the whole kingdom into a most violent consternation. When the fears of the people were over, Nash, in his Pierce Penniless, gave a droll account of their opinions and apprehensions while this formidable phenomenon was impending; and Elderton, a ballad-maker, and Tarleton, the comedian, joined in the laugh. This was the best way of confuting the impertinences of the science of the stars. True knowledge must have been beginning to dawn when these profound fooleries became the objects of wit and ridicule. W.

Thou damned mock-art, and thou brainsick tale
Of old astrology: where didst thou veil
Thy cursed head thus long, that so it mist
The black bronds of some sharper satirist?
Some doting gossip 'mongst the Chaldee wives,
Did to the credulous world thee first derive;
And Superstition nurs'd thee ever since,
And publish'd in profounder art's pretence:
That now, who pares his nails, or libs[30] his swine,
But he must first take counsel of the sign.
So that the vulgars count for fair or foul,
For living or for dead, for sick or whole.
His fear or hope, for plenty or for lack,
Hangs all upon his new year's almanack.
If chance once in the spring his head should ach,
It was foretold: thus says mine Almanack.
In th' heaven's high street are but a dozen rooms,
In which dwells all the world, past and to come.
Twelve goodly inns they are, with twelve fair signs,
Ever well tended by our star-divines.
Every man's head inns at the horned Ram,
The whiles the neck the Black-bull's guest became,
The arms, by good hap, meet at the wrastling
Twins,
The heart, in the way, at the Blue-lion inns.
The legs, their lodging in Aquarius got;
That is the Bride-street[31] of the heaven I wot.

[30] *Libs*, i. e. *gelds*.

[31] This passage is animadverted upon by Milton in his Apology for Smectymnus, in the following manner: "Turn-

The feet took up the Fish with teeth of gold;
But who with Scorpio lodg'd may not be told.
What office then doth the star-gazer bear?
Or let him be the heaven's osteler,
Or tapster some, or some be chamberlain,
To wait upon the guests they entertain.
Hence can they read, by virtue of their trade,
When any thing is miss'd, where it was laid.
Hence they divine, and hence they can devise,
If their aim fail, the stars to moralize.
Demon, my friend, once liversick of love,
Thus learn'd I by the signs his grief remove:
In the blind Archer first I saw the sign,
When thou receiv'dst that wilful wound of thine;
And now in Virgo is that cruel maid,
Which hath not yet with love thy love repaid.
But mark when once it comes to Gemini,
Straightway fish-whole shall thy sick liver be.
But now (as the angry heavens seem to threat
Many hard fortunes and disasters great)

ing by chance to the sixth (seventh) satire of his second book, I was confirmed; where having begun loftily in *heaven's universal alphabet*, he falls down to that wretched poorness and frigidity as to talk of *Bridge Street in heaven*, and the *ostlers of heaven:* and there wanting other matter to catch him a heat (for certainly he was on the frozen zone miserably benumbed), with thoughts lower than any beadle's, betakes him to whip the sign posts of Cambridge alehouses, the ordinary subjects of freshmen's tales, and in a strain as pitiful." Hall supposes the Zodiacal sign Aquarius to be in the *Bridge Street* of Heaven. He alludes to *Bridge Street* at Cambridge, and the signs are those of inns at Cambridge.

If chance it come to wanton Capricorn,
And so into the Ram's disgraceful horn,
Then learn thou of the ugly Scorpion,
To hate her for her foul abusion:
Thy refuge then the Balance be of right,
Which shall thee from thy broken bond acquite:
So with the Crab, go back whence thou began,
From thy first match, and live a single man.

SATIRES.

BOOK III.

PROLOGUE[1].

SOME say my satires over loosely flow[2],
Nor hide their gall enough from open show:
Not, riddle-like, obscuring their intent;
But, pack-staff plain[3], utt'ring what thing they meant:
Contrary to the Roman ancients,
Whose words were short, and darksome was their sense.
Who reads one line of their harsh poesies,
Thrice must he take his wind, and breathe him thrice:
My Muse would follow them that have foregone,
But cannot with an English pinion;
For look how far the ancient comedy
Past former satires in her liberty:
So far must mine yield unto them of old;
'Tis better be too bad, than be too bold.

[1] In the prologue to this book our author strives to obviate the objections of certain critics who falsely and foolishly thought his satires too perspicuous. Nothing could be more absurd than the notion that because Persius is obscure, therefore obscurity must be necessarily one of the qualities of satire. If Persius, under the severities of a prescriptive and sanguinary government, was often obliged to conceal his meaning, this was not the case with Hall. But the darkness and difficulties of Persius arise, in a great measure, from his own affectation and false taste. He would have been enigmatical under the mildest government. To be unintelligible can never naturally belong to any species of writing. Hall of himself is certainly obscure: yet he owes some of his obscurity to an imitation of this ideal excellence of the Roman satirists. W.

[2] Sunt quibus in satyra videar nimis acer et ultra, &c. *Hor.*

[3] This proverbial phrase is still in use; we say, *as plain as a pike-staff*, alluding to the staff of a pike. The old form *pack-staff* alludes to the staff on which a pedler carried his pack. So Marston uses '*pack-staff* rhymes' and a '*pack-staff* epithet.'

BOOK III.

SATIRE I[1].

TIME was, and that was term'd the time of gold,
When world and time were young that now are old
(When quiet Saturn swayed the Mace of lead,
And pride was yet unborn, and yet unbred).
Time was, that whiles the autumn-fall did last,
Our hungry sires gap'd for the falling mast
Of the Dodonian oaks[2].
Could no unhusked acorn leave the tree
But there was challenge made whose it might be.
And if some nice and licorous appetite
Desir'd more dainty dish of rare delight,
They scal'd the stored crab[3] with clasped knee,
Till they had sated their delicious eye:

[1] The opening of this satire, which contrasts ancient parsimony with modern luxury, is a witty, elegant, and poetical enlargement of a shining passage in Juvenal. W.

[2] This hemistich is thus placed in the original. I should have thought it a marginal note which had found its way by mistake into the text, but that we have several others in the course of these satires.

[3] *i. e.* climbed the stored crab-tree. *Delicious eye*, in the next line, is a hardy poetical licence; but *delicious* was formerly used for *dainty*.

Or search'd the hopeful thicks of hedgy rows,
For briery berries, or haws, or sourer sloes:
Or when they meant to fare the fin'st of all,
They lick'd oak-leaves besprent with honey-fall.
As for the thrice three-angled beech nut-shell,
Or chestnut's armed husk and hid kernell,
No squire durst touch, the law would not afford,
Kept for the court, and for the king's own board.
Their royal plate was clay, or wood, or stone;
The vulgar, save his hand, else he had none.
Their only cellar was the neighbour brook:
None did for better care, for better look.
Was then no plaining of the brewer's scape[4],
Nor greedy vintner mix'd the strained grape.
The king's pavilion was the grassy green,
Under safe shelter of the shady treen.
Under each bank men laid their limbs along,
Not wishing any ease, not fearing wrong:
Clad with their own, as they were made of old,
Not fearing shame, not feeling any cold.
But when by Ceres' huswifery and pain,
Men learn'd to bury the reviving grain,
And father Janus taught the new-found vine,
Rise on the elm, with many a friendly twine:

[4] A *scape* is a trick, shift, or evasion. Thus Donne:

——— Having purposed falsehood, you
Can have no way but falsehood to be true!
Vain lunatic, against these *scapes* I could
Dispute and conquer if I would.

And base desire bade men to delven low,
For needless metals, then gan mischief grow.
Then farewell fairest age, the world's best days;
Thriving in ill as it in age decays.
Then crept in pride, and peevish covetise[5],
And men grew greedy, discordous, and nice[6].
Now man, that erst hail-fellow was with beast,
Woxe on to ween himself a God at least.
No airy fowl can take so high a flight,
Tho' she her daring wings in clouds have dight;
Nor fish can dive so deep in yielding sea,
Though Thetis self should swear her safëty[7];
Nor fearful beast can dig his cave so low,
All could he further than earth's centre go;
As that the air, the earth, or ocean,
Should shield them from the gorge of greedy man.
Hath utmost Inde aught better than his own?
Then utmost Inde is near and rife[8] to gone.
O nature! was the world ordain'd for nought
But fill man's maw, and feed man's idle thought?
Thy grandsires' words savour'd of thrifty leeks,
Or manly garlick; but thy furnace reeks
Hot steams of wine; and can aloof descry
The drunken draughts of sweet autumnity.

[5] *Peevish* covetise is *foolish* covetousness.

[6] *Nice* here signifies *effeminate, wanton, fantastical.*

[7] Safëty is frequently used as a trisyllable by Hall's contemporaries.

[8] *Rife* to gone, i. e. *frequent* gone to, or gone to *commonly.*

They naked went; or clad in ruder hide,
Or home-spun russet, void of foreign pride:
But thou canst mask in garish gaudery,
To suit a fool's far-fetched livery.
A French head join'd to neck Italian:
Thy thighs from Germany, and breast from Spain:
An Englishman in none, a fool in all:
Many in one, and one in several.
Then men were men; but now the greater part
Beasts are in life, and women are in heart.
Good Saturn self, that homely emperor,
In proudest pomp was not so clad of yore,
As is the under-groom of the ostlery,
Husbanding it in work-day yeomanry.
Lo! the long date of those expired days,
Which the inspired Merlin's word fore-says;
When dunghill peasants shall be dight[9] as kings,
Then one confusion another brings:
Then farewell fairest age, the world's best days,
Thriving in ill as it in age decays.

[9] *Dight*, i. e. decked, adorned.

SATIRE II[10].

GREAT Osmond knows not how he shall be known
When once great Osmond shall be dead and gone:
Unless he rear up some rich monument,
Ten furlongs nearer to the firmament.
Some stately tomb he builds, Egyptian wise,
Rex Regum written on the pyramis.
Whereas great Arthur lies in ruder oak[11],
That never felt none but the feller's stroke.
Small honour can be got with gaudy grave;
Nor it thy rotten name from death can save.
The fairer tomb, the fouler is thy name;
The greater pomp procuring greater shame.
Thy monument make thou thy living deeds;
No other tomb than that true virtue needs.
What! had he nought whereby he might be known
But costly pilements of some curious stone?

[10] One of the vanities of the age of Elizabeth was the erection of monuments equally costly and cumbersome, charged with a waste of capricious decorations, and loaded with superfluous and disproportionate sculpture. They succeeded to the rich solemnity of the Gothic shrine, which yet, amid profusion of embellishments, preserved uniform principles of architecture. In this satire the author moralizes on these empty memorials, which were alike allotted to illustrious or infamous characters. W.

[11] He alludes to the discovery of King Arthur's body in Glastonbury Abbey. In digging up a burrow, or tumulus, on the downs near Dorchester a few years since, the body of a Danish chief, as it seemed, was found in the hollow trunk of a large oak for a coffin. W.

The matter nature's, and the workman's frame;
His purse's cost: where then is Osmond's name?
Deserv'dst thou ill! well were thy name and thee,
Wert thou inditched in great secrecy;
Whereas no passenger might curse thy dust,
Nor dogs sepulchral sate their gnawing lust.
Thine ill deserts cannot be grav'd with thee,
So long as on thy grave they engraved be *.

* The reader may be pleased to see Bishop Hall's thoughts on this subject in his eloquent prose. "A man's best monument is his virtuous actions. Foolish is the hope of immortality and future praise by the cost of a senseless stone; when the passenger shall only say, 'here lies a fair stone and a filthy carcass.' That only can report thee rich; but for other praises, thyself must build thy monument alive, and write thy own epitaph in honest and honourable actions; which are so much more noble than the other, as living men are better than dead stones. Nay, I know not if the other be not the way to work a perpetual succession of infamy, whiles the censorious reader, upon occasion thereof, shall comment upon thy bad life; whereas in this every man's heart is a tomb, and every man's tongue writeth an epitaph upon the well-behaved. Either I will procure me such a monument to be remembered by, or else it is better to be inglorious than infamous."

Meditations and Vows, Century I. 69.

SATIRE III[12].

THE courteous citizen bade me to his feast,
With hollow words, and overly[13] request:
" Come, will ye dine with me this holiday?"
I yielded, though he hop'd I would say nay:
For had I maiden'd it, as many use;
Loath for to grant, but loather to refuse.
" Alack, sir, I were loath—another day,—
I should but trouble you;—pardon me, if you may."
No pardon should I need; for, to depart
He gives me leave, and thanks too, in his heart.
Two words for money, Darbyshirian wise;
(That's one too many) is a naughty guise.
Who looks for double biddings to a feast,
May dine at home for an importune guest.
I went, then saw, and found the great expense;
The fare and fashions of our citizens.

[12] This satire contains a description of a citizen's feast, to which he was invited out of hollow courtesy. The great profusion of the entertainment was not the effect of liberality, but a hint that no second invitation must be expected. The effort was too great to be repeated. The guest who dined at this table often had only a single dish. W.

[13] *Overly* is slight, superficial. Thus Baret in his Alvearie, 1575, " Perfunctorie istud facis; Thou doest this *overlie*, or onely for an outward shew." Hall uses the word again in his QUO VADIS? " So have we seen an hauke cast off an heron-shaw to looke and flie quite another way, and after many carelesse and *overly* fetches, to towre up to the prey intended."

Oh, Cleopatrical! what wanteth there
For curious cost, and wondrous choice of cheer?
Beef, that erst Hercules held for finest fare;
Pork for the fat Bœotian, or the hare
For Martial; fish for the Venetian;
Goose-liver for the licorous Roman,
Th' Athenian's goat; quail, Iolan's cheer;
The hen for Esculape, and the Parthian deer;
Grapes for Arcesilas, figs for Plato's mouth,
And chestnuts fair for Amarillis' tooth.
Hadst thou such cheer? wert thou ever there before?
Never.—I thought so: nor come there no more.
Come there no more; for so meant all that cost:
Never hence take me for thy second host.
For whom he means to make an often guest,
One dish shall serve; and welcome make the rest.

SATIRE IV[14].

WERE yesterday Polemon's natals kept,
That so his threshold is all freshly steept
With new-shed blood? Could he not sacrifice
Some sorry morkin[15] that unbidden dies;
Or meagre heifer, or some rotten ewe;
But he must needs his posts with blood embrew,
And on his way-door fix the horned head,
With flowers and with ribands garnished?
Now shall the passenger deem the man devout.
What boots it be so, but the world must know't?
O the fond boasting of vainglorious man!
Does he the best, that may the best be seen?
Who ever gives a pair of velvet shoes
To th' Holy Rood[16], or liberally allows

[14] This satire is an arraignment of ostentatious piety, and of those who strove to push themselves into notice and esteem by petty pretensions. The illustrations are highly humorous. W.

[15] A *morkin* is an animal that dies by mischance or sickness. Philips says, a *deer:* others, any *wild animal. Mortling* seems to have had the same meaning. But the Danish, Swedish, and Icelandic languages have a similar word to *morkin* to signify rotten, putrid; and a *mauk* is a maggot in some northern counties.

[16] In a gallery over the screen at entering the choir (called the rood-loft) was a large crucifix or rood, with the images of the Holy Virgin and Saint John. The velvet shoes were for the feet of Christ on the cross, or of one of the attendant figures. A rich lady sometimes bequeathed her wedding-gown, with necklace and ear-rings, to dress up the Virgin Mary. W.

But a new rope to ring the curfew bell,
But he desires that his great deed may dwell,
Or graven in the chancel window glass,
Or in the lasting tomb of plated brass?
For he that doth so few deserving deeds,
'Twere sure his best sue for such larger meeds.
Who would inglorious live, inglorious die,
And might eternize his name's memory?
And he that cannot brag of greater store,
Must make his somewhat much, and little more.
Nor can good Myson wear on his left hond,
A signet ring of Bristol diamond,
But he must cut his glove to show his pride,
That his trim jewel might be better spy'd:
And, that men mought some burgess[17] him repute,
With satin sleeves hath grac'd his sackcloth suit.

[17] *i. e.* some rich citizen.

SATIRE V[18].

FIE on all court'sy and unruly winds,
Two only foes that fair disguisement finds.
Strange curse! but fit for such a fickle age,
When scalps are subject to such vassalage.
Late travelling along in London way,
Me met, as seem'd by his disguis'd array,
A lusty courtier, whose curled head
With abron[19] locks was fairly furnished.

[18] The author here presents us with a droll portrait of a seemingly *lustie courtier*, or fine gentleman, whose periwinkle, or peruke, was suddenly blown off by a boisterous puff of wind while he was making his bows. W.

[19] *i. e. auburn.* Light *auborne*, Subflavus; Un peu jaulne, says Baret. And under "feather" that worthy lexicographer has the following apposite illustration of the fashionable folly here ridiculed. "*Pluma*," says he, "A feather worne in hatts or caps, and also the *curled bush of frizzled heare wherewith* LUSTY GALLANTS *of late would seeme to counterfaite this jolly feather*, were so strange novelties in old time, and so unacquainted among the ancient writers, that there is no proper Latin or Greek worde left in their bookes that I can finde for their commendacion. Belike they thought them so vaine thinges that they were not woorthy to have any laudable mention or memory made of them in their grave warkes. St. Paule, suerly, 2 Tim. ii. and Pet. i. 3, very vehemently inveigheth against the broyded and crisped lockes: accompting them *Inverecundos* that use to weare the same. *Plautus* also, in *Asinaria*, calleth these *frizled fellowes* Cinædos Calamistratos, i. e. riotous and wanton dauncers, in great derision. And as this fine frizled heare is more fit for women then for modest men: so the wearing of a feather, methinke, of both is more tolerable in warriors than women. For it hath some shew of valiant courage in capitaines and lusty

I him saluted in our lavish wise:
He answers my untimely courtesies.
His bonnet vail'd, ere ever he could think,
The unruly wind blows off his periwinke.
He lights and runs, and quickly hath him sped,
To overtake his overrunning head.
The sportful wind, to mock the headless man,
Tosses apace his pitch'd Rogerian[20]:
And straight it to a deeper ditch hath blown;
There must my yonker fetch his waxen crown.
I look'd and laugh'd, whiles in his raging mind,
He curs'd all court'sy and unruly wind.
I look'd and laugh'd, and much I marvelled,
To see so large a causeway in his head,
And me bethought, that when it first begon,
'Twas some shrewd autumn that so bar'd the bone.
Is't not sweet pride, when men their crowns must shade,
With that which jerks the hams of every jade,
Or floor-strew'd locks from off the barber's shears?
But waxen crowns well 'gree with borrow'd hairs.

souldiours, but in women it smelleth somewhat of vanitie," &c. Sir John Harington has an Epigram, b. i. 66, on Galla's goodly *periwigge*. And there are two others to *Periwiggians* in Hayman's Quodlibets, 1628.

[20] As a *Gregorian* was a species of *wig* or *peruque*, so a *Rogerian* appears to have been a nickname for a *false scalp* The *Corona veneris*, proceeding from a certain disease, is a perpetual source of jocularity to our old writers, under the name of a French crown.

SATIRE VI[21].

WHEN Gullion died (who knows not Gullion)?
And his dry soul arriv'd at Acheron,
He fair besought the ferryman of hell,
That he might drink to dead Pantàgruel.
Charon was afraid lest thirsty Gullion,
Would have drunk dry the river Acheron.
Yet last consented for a little hire,
And down he dips his chops deep in the mire,
And drinks, and drinks, and swallows in the stream,
Until the shallow shores all naked seem.
Yet still he drinks, nor can the boatman's cries,
Nor crabbed oars, nor prayers make him rise.
So long he drinks, till the black caravell[22],
Stands still fast gravell'd on the mud of hell.
There stand they still, nor can go, nor retire,
Though greedy ghosts quick passage did require.
Yet stand they still, as though they lay at rode,
Till Gullion his bladder would unload.
They stand, and wait, and pray for that good hour;
Which, when it came, they sailed to the shore.
But never since dareth the ferryman,
Once entertain the ghost of Gullion.
Drink on, dry soul, and pledge, sir, Gullion:
Drink to all healths, but drink not to thine own.

Desunt nonnulla.

[21] This satire is levelled at drunkards in general. The fable of the thirsty Ghost of Gullion drinking the river Acheron dry is told with considerable humour.

[22] A *caravell* was a swift, light, round vessel, with a square poop, rigged and fitted out like a galley.

SATIRE VII[23].

SEEST thou how gaily my young master goes,
Vaunting himself upon his rising toes;
And pranks his hand upon his dagger's side;
And picks his glutted teeth since late noontide?
'Tis Ruffio: Trow'st thou where he din'd to-day?
In sooth I saw him sit with Duke Humfray[24].

[23] The figure of a famished gallant, or beau, in this satire, is much better drawn than in any of the old comedies. His hand is perpetually on the hilt of his rapier. He picks his teeth, but has dined with Duke Humphrey, who keeps open house for every *straggling cavalier*, where the dinners are long and enlivened with music, and where many a gay youth, with a high plumed hat, chooses to dine much rather than to pay his shilling, He is so emaciated for want of eating, that his sword belt hangs loose over his hip, the effect of *hunger and heavy iron*. Yet he is dressed in the height of the fashion. He pretends to have been at the conquest of Cales (Cadiz), where the nuns worked his bonnet. His hair stands upright in the French style, with one lock hanging low on his shoulders, which, the satirist adds, puts in mind of a *native cord*, the truly English rope which he will one day wear. W.

[24] The phrase of *dining with Duke Humphrey*, which is still current, originated in the following manner. In the body of old Saint Paul's was a huge and conspicuous monument of Sir John Beauchamp, buried in 1358, son of Guy, and brother of Thomas Earl of Warwick. This, by a vulgar mistake, was at length called the tomb of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, who was really buried at Saint Alban's, where his magnificent shrine now remains. The middle aisle of Saint Paul's is called the Duke's gallery, in a chapter of the Gul's Hornebook,—"How a gallant should behave himself in Powles Walkes." Of the humours of this famous ambulatory, the general rendezvous of the busy and the idle of all classes who found it convenient to frequent the most fashionable crowd in London, a more particular description may be

Many good welcomes, and much gratis cheer,
Keeps he for every straggling cavalier.
An open house, haunted with great resort;
Long service mix'd with musical disport.
Many fair yonker with a feather'd crest,
Chooses much rather be his shot-free guest,

seen in Dekker's Dead Terme, or Westminster's Complaint for long Vacations and short Termes, 1608, under the chapter, Pawle's Steeple's Complaint. A humorous poem was published in 1674, by Sam. Speed, entitled, "The Legend of his Grace Humphrey Duke of St. Paul's Cathedral Walk, Surveyor of the Monuments and Tombs of Westminster and the Temple, Patron to the Perambulators in the Piazzas in Covent Garden, Master of King's Bench Hall, and one of the Colleges Honourable Privy Council;" in which the shifts of the needy and idle loungers are humorously depicted. In the following passage he seems to have imitated Hall:

Nor doth the DUKE his invitation send
To princes, or to those that on them tend,
But pays his kindness to an *hungry maw*;
His charity's his reason and his law.
Shall any mortal then that knows a verse
Withdraw his pen his bounty to rehearse?
How many poor distressed knights has he
Freely relieved in their necessity!
How open is his table unto all,
To those that come without or with a call!
Nay which is more, his genius so is bent,
He'd ne'er admit one penny should be spent!
For, to say truth, *Hunger* hath hundreds brought
To *dine with him*, and all not worth a groat.
Some with their beads unto a pillar crowd;
Some mutter forth, some say their graces loud;
Some on Devotion came to feed their Muse;
Some came to sleep, or walk, or talk of news.
For though they came to *dine*, they loathed meat;
For many had almost forgot to eat."

He then proceeds to describe the guests. From this poem

To fare so freely with so little cost,
Than stake his twelvepence to a meaner host.
Hadst thou not told me, I should surely say
He touch'd no meat of all this livelong day.
For sure methought, yet that was but a guess,
His eyes seem sunk for very hollowness,
But could he have (as I did it mistake)
So little in his purse, so much upon his back?
So nothing in his maw? yet seemeth by his belt,
That his gaunt gut no too much stuffing felt.
Seest thou how side[25] it hangs beneath his hip?
Hunger and heavy iron makes girdles slip.
Yet for all that, how stiffly struts he by,
All trapped in the new found bravery.

it appears, that when the fire of London had burnt down St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey became the place of resort. The guests, on separating, had agreed to come again:—

> But ere that happy day was fully grown,
> A dreadful fire consumes the kitchen down:
> Which fire began not in *his grace's* house,
> But thither came, and burnt both rat and mouse.
> On which the Duke, to shun a scorching doom,
> Perambulated to Ben Jonson's tomb,
> Where Shakspeare, Spenser, Camden, and the rest,
> Once rising suns are now set in the west;
> But still their lustres do so brightly shine
> That they invite our worthies there *to dine;*
> Where their moist marbles seem for grief to weep
> That they, but stone, should sacred reliques keep:
> And some have fancied that they've heard them sing,
> *Within this place is Aganippe's spring,*
> There our ingenious train have thought it fit
> To change their diet and to dine on wit."

[25] *i. e.* Long, or loose.

The nuns of new-won Cales his bonnet lent,
In lieu of their so kind a conquerment.
What needed he fetch that from farthest Spain,
His grandam could have lent with lesser pain?
Though he, perhaps, ne'er pass'd the English shore,
Yet fain would counted be a conqueror.
His hair, Frenchlike, stares on his frighted head,
One lock amazonlike disheveled[26],

[26] The *love-locks*, which afterwards called forth such bitter invective at the hands of the Puritanic Prynne, were then in high fashion. So, in Lily's Midas, Act. iii. Sc. 2, "Your love-locks wreathed with a silken twist, or shaggie to fall on your shoulders." Sir John Davies, in one of his Epigrams, describes one of these same fine fashionmongers, and there are several points of resemblance,

"And still the newest fashion he doth get,
And with the time doth change from that to this:
He wears a hat now of the flat crowne blocke,
The *treble ruffes*, long cloke, and dublet French;
He takes tobacco, and doth *wear a locke*,
And wastes more time in dressing than a wench."
Epigram 22. *In Ciprum.*

This hanging lock was called the French lock. In the Letting of Humors Blood in the Heade Vaine, 1612, Epigram 27.

Aske Humor why a feather he doth weare,
Or what he doth with such a horsetail *locke*.

So in Perrot's Springes for Woodcockes, 1613, L. i, Ep. 1. Of a Beau.

And on his shoulder weares a dangling *locke*.

And in The Returne from Parnassus, Act iii. Sc. 2.

Must take tobacco and must weare a *locke*.

Barnabe Rich says: "Some by *wearing a long locke* that hangs *dangling* by his eare, do think by that lousie commodity to be esteemed by the opinion of foolery." *Opinion Deified,*

As if he meant to wear a native cord,
If chance his fates should him that bane afford.
All British bare upon the bristled skin,
Close notched is his beard both lip and chin;
His linen collar labyrinthian set[27],
Whose thousand double turnings never met:
His sleeves half hid with elbow-pinionings,
As if he meant to fly with linen wings.
But when I look, and cast mine eyes below,
What monster meets mine eyes in human show?

1613, p. 53. The reader will remember Dogberry's pleasant mistake about "One Deformed who wears a key in his ear, and a *lock hanging by it.*"

Much Ado about Nothing, Act v. Sc. 1.

[27] The fashion of wearing collars, or ruffs, of lawn or fine linen, set into intricate plaits by means of an implement called a *poking stick*, was then prevalent with the beaux, as well as the belles, of the time. The reader must be familiar with the nature of this ornamental part of dress from representations in old pictures and prints. To *set* a ruff, as it is sometimes represented, in labyrinthian folds, must have required no mean degree of skill in the operator. Stubbes, in his Anatomy of Abuses, ascribes the invention to the devil, and tells a tremendous story of a young lady who, being dissatisfied with her ruff, the devil appears to her in likeness of a handsome young man to *set* it for her, after which he kissed her, and destroyed her in the most wretched manner. The story at length is in a note to Greene's Tu Quoque in Dodsley's old plays, vol. vii. p. 19. The effeminacy of a man's ruff being nicely plaited is well ridiculed in the Nice Valour of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"For how ridiculous wert to have death come
And take a fellow pinn'd up like a mistress!
About his neck *a ruff* like a pinch'd lantern
Which schoolboys make in winter."

So slender waist with such an abbot's loin[28],
Did never sober nature sure conjoin.
Lik'st a strawne scarecrow in the new-sown field,
Rear'd on some stick the tender corn to shield.
Or if that semblance suit not every deal,
Like a broad shak-fork with a slender steale[29].
Despised nature suit them once aright,
Their body to their coat, both now misdight.
Their body to their clothes might shapen be,
That nill their clothës shape to their bodiè.
Meanwhile I wonder at so proud a back,
Whiles th' empty guts loud rumblen for long lack:
The belly envieth the back's bright glee,
And murmurs at such inequality.

[28] This alludes to the ridiculous fashion of *trunk hose*, as the preposterous, round, swelling breeches then in fashion were called. They are ridiculed in the old play of Damon and Pithias: and in the following passage of Wright's Passions of the Minde, 1601: "Sometimes I have seene Tarleton play the clowne, and use no other breeches than such *sloppes or slivings* as now many gentlemen weare; they are almost capable of a bushel of wheate, and if they bee of sackecloth they would serve to carrie mawlt to the mill. This absurde, clownish, and unseemly attire only by custome now is not misliked, but rather approved."

[29] A broad *shak-fork* with a slender *steale* was a broad hay fork, a fork for shaking out grass, now called a pitch-fork; a slender *steale* was a slender handle; ſtele, Saxon, being the handle or stem of any thing. Thus *Hastile* is interpreted by Fleming in his Nomenclator, A speare-staff, or the staffe and *stale* of a javelin. "*Steele* (says Philips), a term in archery; it signifies the body of an arrow, or shaft made of wood." Ascham uses it in this sense: in Barnabie Gouge's translation of Heresbachius's Husbandry we have it for stalk. "The stalke or *steale* thereof (i. e. of barley) is smaller than the wheate stalke, taller and stronger."

The back appears unto the partial eyne,
The plaintive belly pleads they bribed been:
And he, for want of better advocate,
Doth to the ear his injury relate.
The back, insulting o'er the belly's need,
Says, thou thyself, I others' eyes must feed.
The maw, the guts, all inward parts complain
The back's great pride, and their own secret pain.
Ye witless gallants, I beshrew your hearts,
That sets such discord 'twixt agreeing parts,
Which never can be set at onement more,
Until the maw's wide mouth be stopp'd with store.

THE CONCLUSION.

THUS have I writ, in smoother cedar tree
So gentle Satires, penn'd so easily.
Henceforth I write in crabbed oak tree rind,
Search they that mean the secret meaning find.
Hold out ye guilty and ye galled hides,
And meet my far-fetch'd stripes with waiting sides.

SATIRES.

BOOK IV.

The Author's Charge to his second Collection of Satires, called BITING SATIRES.

YE luckless rhymes, whom not unkindly spite
Begot long since of truth and holy rage,
Lie here in womb of silence and still night,
Until the broils of next unquiet age:
  That which is others' grave shall be your womb,
  And that which bears you, your eternal tomb.

Cease ere you 'gin, and ere ye live be dead;
And die and live ere ever ye be born;
And be not bore ere ye be buried,
Then after live, sith you have died beforn.
  When I am dead and rotten in the dust
  Then 'gin to live, and leave when others lust[1].

For when I die shall envy die with me,
And lie deep smother'd with my marble stone;
Which while I live cannot be done to die,
Nor, if your life 'gin ere my life be done,
  Will hardly yield t' await my mourning hearse,
  But for my dead corpse change my living verse.

What shall the ashes of my senseless urn
Need to regard the raving world above?
Sith afterwards I never can return,
To feel the force of hatred or of love.
  Oh! if my soul could see their posthume spite,
  Should it not joy and triumph in the sight?

Whatever eye shalt find this hateful scroll
After the date of my dear exequies,
Ah, pity thou my plaining orphan's dole
That fain would see the sun before it dies.
  It died before, now let it live again,
  Then let it die, and bide some famous bane.

Satis est potuisse videri.

[1] To *lust*, like to *list*, which is frequently used by Hall, signifies to *will*, to *choose*, to *desire*, to *like*. It has come down to us in this form in our valuable translation of the Psalms still used in the Liturgy: "Their eyes swell with fatness, and they do even what they *lust*." Ps. lxxiii. 7.

BOOK IV[1].

SATIRE I[2].

Che baiar, vuol, bai.

WHO dares upbraid these open rhymes of mine
With blindfold Aquines, or dark Venusine[3]?
Or rough-hewn Teretismes[4], writ in th' antique vein
Like an old satire, and new Flaccian?

[1] The fourth book breathes a stronger spirit of indignation, and abounds with applications of Juvenal to modern manners, yet with the appearance of unborrowed and original satire. W.

[2] This first satire is miscellaneous and excursive, but the subjects often lead to an unbecoming licentiousness of language and images. In the lines beginning

Who list excuse, when chaster dames can hire, &c.

He has caught and finely heightened the force and manner of his master. It is in Juvenal's style to make illustrations satirical. They are very artfully and ingeniously introduced here. W.

[3] *Aquines* or *Venusine; Juvenal* or *Horace.*

[4] *Teretismes*, a word apparently coined by Hall, or rather adopted from the Greek Τερετισμα, cantus lascivus et procax. The allusion is to the licentiousness and obscurity of the old Fescennine verses or satires mentioned by Horace and Livy, with which the latter describes the ancient histriones attacking each other: "Qui, non sicut ante fescennino versui similem, *incompositum ac rudem* alternis jaciebant." And which Horace describes as inconditi, rudes, incompti.

Which who reads thrice, and rubs his rugged brow,
And deep intendeth[5] every doubtful row,
Scoring the margent with his blazing stars,
And hundreth crooked interlinears,
(Like to a merchant's debt-roll new defac'd,
When some crack'd manor cross'd his book at last)
Should all in rage the curse-beat page out-rive,
And in each dust-heap bury me alive,
Stamping like Bucephall, whose slackened reins
And bloody fetlocks fry with seven men brains.
More cruel than the craven satire's ghost,
That bound dead bones unto a burning post;
Or some more straight laced juror of the rest,
Impanel'd of an Holyfax inquest:
Yet well bethought, stoops down and reads anew;
('The best lies low, and loathes the shallow view,'
Quoth old Eudemon, when his gout-swoln fist
Gropes for his double ducats in his chist:)
Then buckle close his careless lids once more,
To pose the purblind snake of Epidaure.
That Lyncius may be match'd with Gaulard's sight,
That sees not Paris for the houses' height[6];
Or wily Cyppus, that can wink and snort
While his wife dallies on Mæcenas' skort:

[5] To *intend* here signifies *to regard with earnest attention*; to be *deeply intent upon.*

[6] This alludes to a story told in the *Contes du Sieur Gaulard* by the facetious des Accords, or Tabourot, "Quand il fut à Paris: passant par les ruës: il disoit: Chascun me disoit que je verrois une si grande et belle ville, mais on se mocquoit bien de moi: car on ne la peut voir, à cause de la multitude des maisons qui empeschent la veuë."

Yet when he hath my crabbed pamphlet read
As oftentimes as PHILIP[7] hath been dead,
Bids all the furies haunt each peevish line
That thus have rack'd their friendly reader's eyne;
Worse than the Logogryphs of later times,
Or hundreth riddles shak'd to sleeveless rhymes.
Should I endure these curses and despight
While no man's ear should glow at what I write?
Labeo is whipp'd, and laughs me in the face:
Why? for I smite and hide the galled place.
Gird but the cynic's helmet on his head,
Cares he for Talus[8], or his flail of lead?
Long as the crafty cuttle lieth sure
In the black cloud of his thick vomiture,
Who list complain of wronged faith or fame,
When he may shift it to another's name?
Calvus can scratch his elbow and can smile,
That thriftless Pontice bites his lip the while.
Yet I intended in that self[9] device
To check the churl for his known covetise.

[7] Frequent false reports of the death of Philip, King of Spain, were raised to amuse the news-seeking people.

[8] The allusion is to Spenser's *Talus:*

His name was *Talus*, made of yron mould,
Immoveable, resistlesse without ende;
Who in his hand an yron flaile did hould,
With which he thresht out falshood, and did truth unfould."
F. Q. b. v. c. 1. s. 12.

He adds, that the guilty person, when marked, destroys all distinction, like the cuttle-fish concealed in the black fluid which he throws around him when in danger.

[9] *Self*, i. e. *same*.

Each points his straight forefinger to his friend,
Like the blind dial on the belfry end.
Who turns it homeward, to say this is I,
As bold Socràtes in the comedy?
But single out, and say once plat and plain
That coy Matrona is a courtesan;
Or thou, false Cryspus, chok'dst thy wealthy guest
Whiles he lay snoring at his midnight rest,
And in thy dung cart didst the carcass shrine
And deep entomb it in Port-esquiline.
Proud Trebius lives, for all his princely gait,
On thirdhand suits, and scrapings of the plate.
Titius knew not where to shroud[10] his head
Until he did a dying widow wed,
Whiles she lay doting on her deathës' bed,
And now hath purchas'd lands with one night's pain,
And on the morrow woos and weds again.
Now see I fire-flakes sparkle from his eyes,
Like to a comet's tail in the angry skies;
His pouting cheeks puff up above his brow,
Like a swoln toad touch'd with the spider's blow;
His mouth shrinks sideward like a scornful plaice[11].
To take his tired ear's ingrateful place.

[10] To *shroud*, i. e. to *hide*.

[11] That is, he *makes a wry mouth* at it. So in Dekker's Honest Whore, part ii: "I should have made a *wry mouth* at the world like a *playse*." And Nashe in his Lenten Stuffe, 1599. "Save only the *playse* and the butt, that made *wry mouths* at him, and for their mocking have wry mouths ever since."

His ears hang laving[12] like a new lugg'd swine,
To take some counsel of his grieved eyne.
Now laugh I loud, and break my spleen to see
This pleasing pastime of my poesy;
Much better than a Paris-garden bear[13],
Or prating puppet on a theatre;
Or Mimo's whistling to his tabouret[14],
Selling a laughter for a cold meal's meat.

[12] *Laving*, i. e. *flapping down*. We have *lave-eared* before at p. 33.

[13] *Paris Garden* was a famous bear garden on the Bank-side, in Southwark, contiguous to the Globe Theatre. It was so called from Robert de Paris, who had a house and garden there in the reign of Richard II. Sir John Davies, in one of his Epigrams, The Meditations of a Gull, says,

"Or of a journey he deliberates
To Paris garden, cocke pit, or the play."

And in another, in Publium, No. 43:

Publius, student at the common law,
Oft leaves his bookes, and for his recreation,
To *Paris Garden* doth himselfe withdraw,
Where he is ravisht with such delectation,
As downe amongst the bears and dogs he goes,
Where, whilst he skipping cries, to head, to head.
His satten doublet and his velvet hose,
Are all with spittle from above be-spread.
When he is like his father's country hall,
Stinking with dogges, and muted all with hawkes.
And rightly too on him this filth doth fall
Which for such filthy sports his bookes forsakes,
Leaving old Ploydon, Dier, and Brooke alone,
To see old *Harry Hunks* and *Sacarson* *.

[14] Mr. Warton thought Kempe, the player, was here ridiculed; but a *tabor*, or *tabouret* and pipe was the usual appendage of the clown on the ancient stage. Tarleton is repre-

* Names of two celebrated bears.

Go to then, ye my sacred Semones[15],
And please me more the more ye do displease.
Care we for all those bugs of idle fear?
For Tigel's grinning on the theatre?
Or scar-babe threatenings of the rascal crew;
Or wind-spent verdicts of each ale-knights' view?
Whatever breast doth freeze for such false dread,
Beshrew his base white liver for his meed.
Fond were that pity, and that fear were sin,
To spare waste leaves that so deserved bin.
Those toothless toys that dropp'd out by mishap,
Be but as lightning to a thunder-clap.
Shall then that foul infamous Cyned's hide
Laugh at the purple wales of others' side?
Not if he were as near as, by report,
The stews had wont be to the tennis court:
He that, while thousands envy at his bed,
Neighs after bridals, and fresh maidenhead;
While slavish Juno dares not look awry,
To frown at such imperious rivalry;
Not though she sees her wedding jewels dress'd
To make new bracelets for a strumpet's wrest;
Or like some strange disguised Messaline,
Hires a night's lodging of his concubine;

sented with one in a print on the titlepage of his Jests, printed in 1611: and there is a much more ancient representation of a fool with a tabor in Mr. Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare.

[15] He uses *semones* for *satires*. The semones were the inferior deities, among which were the Satyrs.

Whether his twilight-torch of love do call
To revels of uncleanly musical,
Or midnight plays, or taverns of new wine,
Hie ye white aprons to your landlord's sign,
When all, save toothless age or infancy,
Are summon'd to the court of venery.
Who list excuse? when chaster dames can hire
Some snout-fair[16] stripling to their apple-squire,
Whom staked up like to some stallion steed,
They keep with eggs and oysters for the breed.
O Lucine! barren Caia hath an heir,
After her husband's dozen years despair.
And now the bribed midwife swears apace,
The bastard babe doth bear his father's face.
But hath not Lelia pass'd her virgin years?
For modest shame (God wot!) or penal fears?
He tells a merchant tidings of a prize,
That tells Cynedo of such novelties,
Worth little less than landing of a whale,
Or Gades' spoils[17], or a churl's funerale.
Go bid the banns and point the bridal day,
His broking bawd hath got a noble prey;
A vacant tenement, an honest dower
Can fit his pander for her paramour,

[16] Marston has this epithet: Scourge of Villanie, b. i. 3.
" Had I some *snout-fair* brats, they should endure
The newly found Castilion calenture
Before some pedant," &c.
For *apple-squire* see page 8.

[17] Cadiz had then recently been taken.

That he, base wretch, may clog his wittol'd head,
And give him hansel of his Hymen bed.
Ho! all ye females that would live unshent,
Fly from the reach of Cyned's regiment.
If Trent be drawn to dregs and Low refuse,
Hence, ye hot lecher, to the steaming stews.
Tyber, the famous sink of Christendom,
Turn thou to Thames, and Thames run towards Rome.
Whatever damned stream but thine were meet
To quench his lusting liver's boiling heat?
Thy double draught may quench his dogdays' rage
With some stale Bacchis, or obsequious page,
When writhen Lena makes her sale-set shows
Of wooden Venus with fair-limned brows;
Or like him more some veiled matron's face,
Or trained prentice trading in the place.
The close adultress, where her name is red,
Comes crawling from her husband's lukewarm bed,
Her carrion skin bedaub'd with odours sweet,
Groping the postern with her bared feet.
Now play the satyr whoso list for me,
Valentine self, or some as chaste as he.
In vain she wisheth long Alcmena's night,
Cursing the hasty dawning of the light;
And with her cruel Lady-star uprose
She seeks her third roost on her silent toes,
Besmeared all with loathsome smoke of lust,
Like Acheron's steams, or smouldring sulphur dust.

Yet all day sits she simpering in her mew[18]
Like some chaste dame, or shrined saint in show;
Whiles he lies wallowing with a westy[19] head
And palish carcass, on his brothel bed,
Till his salt bowels boil with poisonous fire:
Right Hercules with his second Dejanire.
O Esculape! how rife is physic made,
When each brass bason[20] can profess the trade
Of ridding pocky wretches from their pain,
And do the beastly cure for ten groats gain?
All these and more deserve some blood-drawn lines,
But my six cords been of too loose a twine:
Stay till my beard shall sweep mine aged breast,
Then shall I seem an awful satirist:
While now my rhymes relish of the ferule still,
Some nose-wise pedant saith; whose deep-seen skill
Hath three times construed either Flaccus o'er,
And thrice rehears'd them in his trivial floor.
So let them tax me for my hot blood's rage,
Rather than say I doted in my age.

[18] *Mew*, a place where falcons were kept; but here used metaphorically for a *close retreat*.

[19] A *westy* head, is a dizzy, confused head. Coles renders *westy*, by *Scotomaticus*, vertigine laborans, i. e. troubled with *scotoma*, or dizziness.

[20] i. e. *barber*, designated by one of his chief implements.

SATIRE II[21].

Arcades ambo.

Old driveling Lolio drudges all he can
To make his eldest son a gentleman.
Who can despair to see another thrive,
By loan of twelvepence to an oyster-wive?
When a craz'd scaffold, and a rotten stage,
Was all rich Nænius his heritage.
Nought spendeth he for fear, nor spares for cost;
And all he spends and spares beside is lōst.
Himself goes patch'd like some bare cottyer,
Lest he might aught the future stock appeyre[22].
Let giddy Cosmius change his choice array,
Like as the Turk his tents, thrice in a day,
And all to sun and air his suits untold
From spiteful moths, and frets, and hoary mould,
Bearing his pawn-laid lands upon his back
As snails their shells, or pedlers do their pack.
Who cannot shine in tissues and pure gold
That hath his lands and patrimony sold?
Lolio's side coat is rough pampilian
Gilded with drops that down the bosom ran,

[21] This satire contains the character of an old country squire, who starves himself to breed his son a lawyer and a gentleman. It appears that the vanity or luxury of purchasing dainties at an exorbitant price began early. W.

[22] *Appayre*, says Baret, *to diminish:* to make worse. Attenuo; minuo. Amoindrir; amenuisir.

White carsey[23] hose patched on either knee,
The very emblem of good husbandry,
And a knit nightcap made of coarsest twine,
With two long labels button'd to his chin;
So rides he mounted on the market day,
Upon a straw-stuff'd pannel[24] all the way
With a maund[25] charg'd with household merchandise,
With eggs, or white meat, from both daïries:
And with that buys he roast for Sunday noon,
Proud how he made that week's provision.
Else is he stall-fed on the worky-day,
With brown bread crusts soften'd in sodden whey,
Or water gruel, or those paups of meal
That Maro makes his simule, and cybeale[26]:
Or once a week, perhaps for novelty,
Reez'd bacon soords[27] shall feast his family;

[23] i. e. *kersey*, a sort of coarse woollen stuff then much in use.

[24] A *pannel* is a *pack-saddle*, or *sumpter-saddle*. Dossualia, Sagma, Clitella.

[25] A *maund* is a *basket*; Mand, Saxon. Hence Maundy Thursday, the day preceding Good Friday, on which it is customary for the King to distribute alms to a certain number of poor people at Whitehall. It was so named from the *maunds* in which the gifts were contained.

[26] *Similago*, Lat. *semoule*, Fr. *semola*, Ital. is that kind of coarse meal of which *porridge* was usually made. *Cibale*, Lat. *cibaglia*, Ital. is *food* or victuals in general. Hall probably means to say that Maro made those *paups* or miserable portions of coarse meal both his *meat* and *drink*.

[27] *Reez'd* is *rusty*, and *soords* a corruption of *swards*, *skins*, or *rinds*.

And weens this more than one egg cleft in twain
To feast some patron and his chappelain:
Or more than is some hungry gallant's dole[28],
That in a dearth runs sneaking to a hole,
And leaves his man and dog to keep his hall,
Lest the wild room should run forth of the wall.
Good man! him list not spend his idle meals
In quinsing plovers, or in winging quails[29];
Nor toot[30] in cheap-side baskets earne and late
To set the first tooth in some novel cate.
Let sweet-mouth'd Mercia bid what crowns she please,
For half-red cherries, or green garden peas,
Or the first artichokes of all the year,
To make so lavish cost for little cheer:
When Lolio feasteth in his revelling fit,
Some starved pullen scours the rusted spit.

[28] *Dole*, i. e. portion.

[29] These are termes in the noble art of *Kerving*. In that curious list of '*the dewe termys to speak of brekynge or dressynge of dyvers beestys and foules*,' printed in the Boke of St. Albans. (I quote from the fac simile of the edition of 1496.) the proper terms appear to be, *a quayle wynggyd, a plover mynsyd.*

[30] To *toot* is to pry, to search, to peep. So Spenser, in the Shepherd's Kalendar, March, 66:

"With bow and bolts in either hand,
For birdes in bushes *tooting*."

And in Cranmer's Defense of the Sacrament, 1550, fol. 101. a. "Peeping, *tooting*, and gazing at that which the priest held up in his hand." *Circumspectans*, looking hither and thither, *tooting* to and fro. *Hutton's Dictionary.*

For else how should his son maintained be
At inns of court or of the chancery:
There to learn law, and courtly carriage,
To make amends for his mean parentage;
Where he unknown and ruffling as he can,
Goes current eachwhere for a gentleman?
While yet he roosted at some uncouth sign,
Nor ever read his tenure's second line.
What broker's lousy wardrobe cannot reach
With tissued panes[31] to pranck each peasant breech?
Couldst thou but give the wall, the cap, the knee,
To proud Sartorio that goes straddling by.
Wert not the needle pricked on his sleeve,
Doth by good hap the secret watchword give?
But hear'st thou,—Lolio's son?—'gin not thy gait
Until the evening owl or bloody bat:
Never until the lamps of Paul's been light[32],
And niggard lanterns shade the moonshine night;

[31] *Panes* were openings in the cloth where other colours were inserted in silk or rich stuff, and drawn through; in fact, the pane of a window is perfectly analogous, and of the same origin. *Panniculus.* "The Switzers weare no coates, but doublets and hose of *panes* intermingled with red and yellow, and some with blew, trimmed with long puffes of yellow and blew sarcenet rising up between the *panes.*" *Coriat's Crudities*, 1611 (*repr. vol. i. p.* 41). These slashed garments were, of course, expensive, and therefore unsuited to the lower classes.

[32] The lamps about St. Paul's were at that time the only regular night illuminations of London. But in an old collection of Jests, some Bucks coming drunk from a tavern, and reeling through the city, amused themselves in pulling

Then when the guilty bankrupt, in bold dread,
From his close cabin thrusts his shrinking head,
That hath been long in shady shelter pent
Imprisoned for fear of prisonment.
May be some russet-coat parochian
Shall call thee cousin, friend, or countryman,
And for thy hoped fist crossing the street
Shall in his father's name his godson greet.
Could never man work thee a worser shame
Than once to minge[33] thy father's odious name?
Whose mention were alike to thee as lieve[34]
As a catch-poll's fist unto a bankrupt's sleeve;
Or an *hos ego* from old Petrarch's spright
Unto a plagiary sonnet-wright.
There, soon as he can kiss his hand in gree,
And with good grace bow it below the knee,
Or make a Spanish face[35] with fawning cheer,
With th' Iland congée like a cavalier,

down the lanterns which hung before the doors of the houses. A grave citizen unexpectedly came out and seized one of them, who said, in defence, "I am only snuffing your candle." JESTS TO MAKE YOU MERIE, 1607, 4to. page 6, Jest 17. W.

[33] To *minge*, to *mention*, to *mind* or *remember* one of a thing: mynȝian, Saxon. The word was in use in Northamptonshire in the times of Ray and Lye. Hall uses it again in his Elegy on Dr. Whitaker—

Ay *ming'd*, ay mourn'd, and wished oft in wast.

[34] *As lieve*, that is, *as agreeable, as pleasing.*

[35] A *Spanish-face* meant a *courtierlike* one, no doubt. The Spaniards courtesy was then held in universal estimation. The *Island congee* I cannot explain. This *Spanish face* is

And shake his head, and cringe his neck and side,
Home hies he in his father's farm to bide.
The tenants wonder at their landlord's son,
And bless them at so sudden coming on,
More than who vies[36] his pence to view some trick
Of strange Moroco's[37] dumb arithmetic,
Or the young elephant, or two-tail'd steer,
Or the rigg'd camel, or the fiddling frere.
Nay then his Hodge shall leave the plough and wain,
And buy a book, and go to school again.

the *Castaliano volto* of Shakspeare, in Twelfth Night, Act i. Sc. 3; where the editions erroneously read, "Castiliano *vulgo*."

[36] To *vie* was to wager, stake or put down money: it is a term borrowed from the old game of Gleek.

[37] *Morocco*, or *Marocco*, was the name of Banke's wonderful horse, celebrated by all writers of the day. Sir Kenelm Digby, in his Treatise on Bodies, p. 393, says, "This horse would restore a glove to the due owner after the master had whispered the man's name in his ear; would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coin newly showed him by his master; and even obey presently his command, &c. &c. He was celebrated also for his dancing, and among other exploits, he went up to the top of St. Paul's in 1601. The fate of man and horse is not known with certainty, but it has been asserted, that they were both burnt at Rome, as magicians, by order of the Pope, after having exhibited through Europe. The best account of Bankes and his horse, says Mr. Douce, is to be found in the notes to a French translation of Apuleius's Golden Ass, by Jean de Montlyard. 1602. They were the subjects of one or two curious English pamphlets.

Why mought not he as well as others done,
Rise from his festue to his Littleton?
Fools they may feed with words and live by air,
That climb to honour by the pulpit's stair:
Sit seven years pining in an Anchore's chair,
To win some patched shreds of minivér[38];
And seven more plod it at a patron's tail
To get a gelded[39] chapel's cheaper sale.
Old Lolio sees, and laugheth in his sleeve
At the great hope they and his state do give.
But that which glads and makes him proud'st of all,
Is when the brabling neighbours on him call
For counsel in some crabbed case of law,
Or some indentments, or some bond to draw:
His neighbour's goose hath grazed on his lea,
What action mought be enter'd in the plea?
So new fall'n lands have made him in request,
That now he looks as lofty as the best.
And well done, Lolio, like a thrifty sire,
'Twere pity but thy son should prove a squire.

[38] *Miniver* (says Philips, World of Words), a kind of fur; being, as some think, the skin of a squirrel's belly; or, as others say, of a little white beast (like to a weasel), breeding in Muscovy. Minsheu thus defines it: "Pellis est cujusdam albe bestiolæ, quæ utuntur Academici, Senatores et Juridici, ad duplicanda super humeralia togas et stolas purpureas." Cotgrave makes it the fur of the small weasel. *Menu vair.*

[39] So in the Return from Parnassus, Act. iii. Sc. 1: "He hath a proper *gelded* parsonage."

How I foresee in many ages past,
When Lolio's caitive[40] name is quite defac'd,
Thine heir, his heir's heir, and his heir again
From out the loins of careful Lolian,
Shall climb up to the chancel pews on high,
And rule and reign in their rich tenancy;
When perch'd aloft to perfect their estate
They rack their rents unto a treble rate[41];
And hedge in all the neighbour common lands,
And clog their slavish tenants with commands;
Whiles they, poor souls, with feeling sigh complain,
And wish old Lolio were alive again,
And praise his gentle soul and wish it well,
And of his friendly facts full often tell.
His father dead! tush, no it was not he,
He finds records of his great pedigree,
And tells how first his famous ancestor
Did come in long since with the conqueror.
Nor hath some bribed herald first assign'd
His quarter'd arms and crest of gentle kind;

[40] *Caitive*, i. e. base, servile; from *chetif*, Fr.

[41] He predicts with no small sagacity, that Lolio's son's distant posterity will rack their rents to a treble proportion "And hedge in all the neighbour common lands." Enclosures of waste lands were among the great and national grievances of our author's age. He dwells again upon this evil in the first and third satires of the fifth book. It may be presumed, that the practice was then carried on with the most arbitrary spirit of oppression and monopoly. W.

That Scottish barnacle, if I might choose,
That of a worm doth wax a winged goose[42];
Natheless some hungry squire for hope of good
Matches the churl's son into gentle blood,
Whose son more justly of his gentry boasts
Than who were born at two pied painted posts[43],

[42] "There are, in the North parts of Scotland, certain trees, whereon do grow shell fishes, &c. &c. which falling into the water, do become fowls, whom we call *barnakles*; in the North of England brant geese; and in Lincolnshire tree geese." *Gerard's Herbal*, 1597, p. 1391. Again he says, "Many of these shells I brought with me to London, which after I had opened, I found in them living things without form or shape; in others, which were nearer come to ripenesse, I found living things that were very naked, in shape like a bird: in others, the birds covered with a soft downe, the shell half open, and the birds ready to fall out, which, no doubt, were the fowles called *barnakles*." Dr. Bullein, in his Bulwarke of Defence, 1562, not only believes this himself, but bestows the epithets *ignorant* and incredulous on those who did not; and in the same breath maintains that crystal is nothing but ice! Gaspar Schott, in his Physica Curiosa, has collected from a multitude of authors whatever has been written concerning this *Clakis*, or tree goose. See also Drayton's Polyolbion, xxvii Song. There is much humour in choosing such a transformed crest for the new made gentleman.

[43] Posts painted and ornamented were usually set up at the doors of sheriffs, mayors, and other magistrates, on which the royal proclamations were fixed. These were usually new painted on entering into office. Shakspeare alludes to these posts in Twelfth Night, Act i. Sc. 5. "He says he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post." Bishop Earle, in his Microcosmography, in the character of an Alderman, says, "His discourse is commonly the annals of his mayoralty, and what good government there was in the days of his gold chain, though the *door posts* were the only things that suffered reformation."

And had some traunting[44] merchant to his sire,
That traffick'd both by water and by fire.
O times! since ever Rome did kings create,
Brass gentlemen, and Cæsar's laureate.

[44] To *traunt*, is to traffic in an itinerary manner like a pedler.

SATIRE III[45].

Fuimus troes. Vel vix ea nostra.

WHAT boots it, Pontice, though thou couldst
discourse
Of a long golden line of ancestors?
Or show their painted faces gaily drest,
From ever since before the last cònquest?
Or tedious bead-rolls of descended blood,
From father Japhet since Deucalion's flood?
Or call some old church windows to record
The age of thy fair arms;——
Or find some figures half obliterate
In rain-beat marble near to the church gate
Upon a cross-legg'd tomb: what boots it thee
To show the rusted buckle that did tie
The garter of thy greatest grandsire's knee?
What to reserve their relics many years,
Their silver spurs, or spils[46] of broken spears?

[45] He here touches on the pride of pedigree. The introduction is from Juvenal's eighth satire; and the substitution of the memorials of English ancestry, such as were then fashionable, in the place of Juvenal's parade of family statues without arms or ears, is remarkably happy. But the humour is half lost, unless by recollecting the Roman original, the reader perceives the unexpected parallel. Some well known classical passages are afterward happily mixed, modernised and accommodated to his general purpose. W.

[46] *Spils* are splinters, or broken fragments. The word has been recently revived to express small slips of paper.

Or cite old Ocland's verse[47], how they did wield
The wars in Turwin, or in Turney field[48]?
And if thou canst in picking straws engage
In one half day thy father's heritage;
Or hide whatever treasures he thee got,
In some deep cock-pit, or in desp'rate lot
Upon a six-square piece of ivory,
Throw both thyself and thy posterity?
Or if (O shame!) in hired harlot's bed
Thy wealthy heirdom thou have buried:
Then Pontice little boots[49] thee to discourse
Of a long golden line of ancestors.
Ventrous Fortunio his farm hath sold,
And gads to Guiane[50] land to fish for gold,

[47] Christopher Ocland, a schoolmaster of Cheltenham, published, in 1582, two poems in Latin Hexameters, one entitled *Anglorum Prælia*, the other *Elizabetha*. To these poems, which are written in a low style of Latin versification, is prefixed an edict from the lords of privy council, requiring them to be publicly read and taught in all schools instead of some of the heathen poets, as it styles the ancient classics. It appears from an introductory sonnet by Thomas Watson, author of the Hecatompathia, that Ocland was a very old man, hence he is called old Ocland by our author. See *Warton's History of Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 314.

[48] The battles of *Terouanne* and *Tournay*, in the reign of Henry VIII, are meant.

[49] *Boot* is *profit, advantage.* The meaning is, therefore, "*it little profits thee* to discourse," &c.

[50] There was then a spirit of adventure afloat, and many fruitless expeditions in search of gold mines were undertaken: the reader will recollect those of Sir Walter Raleigh to Guiana and Orinoco, in which he was attended by many young men of spirit and slender fortune misled by golden dreams.

Meeting, perhaps, if Orenoque deny,
Some straggling pinnace[51] of Polonian rye:
Then comes home floating with a silken sail,
That Severn shaketh with his cannon peal;
Wiser Raymundus, in his closet pent,
Laughs at such danger and adventurement,
When half his lands are spent in golden smoke,
And now his second hopeful glass is broke.
But yet if hap'ly his third furnace hold,
Devoteth all his pots and pans to gold[52]:
So spend thou, Pontice, if thou canst not spare,
Like some stout seaman or philosopher.
And were thy fathers gentle? that's their praise;
No thank to thee by whom their name decays;
By virtue got they it, and valorous deed;
Do thou so, Pontice, and be honoured.
But else, look how their virtue was their own,
Not capable of propagation.
Right so their titles been, nor can be thine,
Whose ill deserts might blank their golden line.
Tell me, thou gentle Trojan, dost thou prize
Thy brute beasts worth by their dam's qualities?
Sayst thou this colt shall prove a swift-pac'd steed
Only because a Jennet[53] did him breed?

[51] A *pinnace* was a small light vessel: "q. *pinnata* (says Philips), i. e. *winged*; or from *pinus*, a pine tree; of which it is commonly made."

[52] Alluding to the follies and dupery of Alchemical pursuits, then very prevalent, and so admirably ridiculed by Ben Jonson in his Alchemist.

[53] A *Jennet*, according to Philips, was a *Barbary horse*; but

Or sayst thou this same horse shall win the prize,
Because his dam was swiftest Trunchefice,
Or Runcevall his sire? himself a Galloway[54]?
Whiles like a tireling jade he lags half-way.
Or whiles thou seest some of thy stallion race,
Their eyes bor'd out, masking the miller's maze[55],
Like to a Scythian slave sworn to the pail,
Or dragging frothy barrels at his tail?
Albe wise nature in her providence,
Wont in the want of reason and of sense,
Traduce the native virtue with the kind,
Making all brute and senseless things inclin'd
Unto their cause, or place where they were sown;
That one is like to all, and all like one.
Was never fox but wily cubs begets;
The bear his fierceness to his brood besets:
Nor fearful hare falls out of lion's seed,
Nor eagle wont the tender dove to breed.
Crete ever wont the cypress sad to bear,
Acheron banks the palish popelar:
The palm doth rifely rise is Jury field[56],
And Alpheus' waters nought but olives wild.

Spanish horses, which were most probably the same breed of small, well proportioned animals, were also called *Jennets*.

[54] i. e. a *common hackney*. Thus Pistol, in K. Henry IV. p. 1, uses it as a contemptuous phrase—"Know we not galloway nags?"

[55] That is, *treading the round in a mill;* for which purpose a blind horse is preferred.

[56] i. e. Judea: *rifely* is commonly.

Asopus breeds big bulrushes alone,
Meander, heath; peaches by Nilus grown.
An English wolf, an Irish toad to see,
Were as a chaste man nurs'd in Italy.
And now when nature gives another guide
To humankind that in his bosom bides,
Above instinct his reason and discourse,
His being better, is his life the worse?
Ah me! how seldom see we sons succeed
Their father's praise, in prowess and great deed?
Yet certes if the sire be ill inclin'd,
His faults befall his sons by course of kind.
Scaurus was covetous, his son not so;
But not his pared nail will he forego.
Florian the sire did women love a-life,
And so his son doth too, all but his wife.
Brag of thy father's faults, they are thine own:
Brag of his lands if those be not foregone.
Brag of thine own good deeds, for they are thine,
More than his life, or lands, or golden line.

SATIRE IV[57].

Plus beau que fort.

CAN I not touch some upstart carpet-shield
Of Lolio's son, that never saw the field[58];
Or tax wild Pontice for his luxuries
But straight they tell me of Tiresias' eyes?
Or luckless Collingborn's feeding of the crows[59],
Or hundredth scalps which Thames still overflows,
But straight Sigalion nods and knits his brows,

[57] In this satire the diversions of a delicate youth of fashion and refined manners are mentioned, as opposed to the rougher employments of a military life. Some of the most nervous and spirited of Hall's verses are those in which he ridicules the foolish passion which then prevailed of making it a part of the education of our youth to bear arms in the wars of the Netherlands. W.

[58] *Carpet-knights* was a prevalent term of reproach for knights dubbed in peace on a carpet by mere court favour, not in the field for military prowess. Shakspeare has described one—"a knight dubb'd with unhack'd rapier, and on *carpet considerations*." Twelfth Night, Act iii. Sc. 4.

> A knight, and valiant servitor of late
> Plain'd to a lord and counsellor of state,
> That captains, in these days, were not regarded,
> And only *carpet knights* were well rewarded.
> *Harington's Epigrams, IV.* 65.

[59] Collingborne is the same whose legend is in the Mirrour for Magistrates, and who was hanged for a distich he made on Catesby, Ratcliff, Lovel, and King Richard, about the year 1484. W.

The distich, which is given by Grafton and the other chroniclers, was as follows:

And winks and wafts[60] his warning hand for fear,
And lisps some silent letters in my ear?
Have I not vow'd for shunning such debate?—
Pardon ye satires,—to degenerate!
And wading low in the plebeian lake,
That no salt wave shall froth upon my back.
Let Labeo, or who else list for me,
Go loose his ears and fall to alchemy:
Only let Gallio give me leave a while
To school him once or ere I change my style.
O lawless paunch! the cause of much despite,
Through ranging of a currish appetite,
When spleenish morsels cram the gaping maw,
Withouten diet's care or trencher-law;
Tho' never have I Salerne rhymes profess'd[61]
To be some lady's trencher-critic guest;
Whiles each bit cooleth for the oracle,
Whose sentence charms it with a rhyming spell.

> The ratte, the cat, and Lovell our dogge,
> Rule all England under the hogge.

Meaning, by the *hog*, King Richard, whose cognisance was a wild boar.

[60] *Wafts*, i. e. *waves*, or *beckons* with his hand. Shakspeare uses the word in this sense in Timon of Athens—

> Whom Fortune, with her ivory hand, *wafts* to her.

[61] The allusion is to the Schola Salernitana, an old medical system in rhyming Latin verse, which chiefly describes the qualities of diet. W.

It had been translated into English under the title of the School of Salerne, not long before. "There is much humour in *trencher-critic*," says Warton. Shakspeare has trencher-knight for a sycophant, in Love's Labour Lost, Act v. Sc. 2.

Touch not this choler, that melàncholy,
This bit were dry and hot, that cold and dry.
Yet can I set my Gallio's dieting,
A pestle[62] of a lark, or plover's wing;
And warn him not to cast his wanton eyne
On grosser bacon, or salt haberdine[63],
Or dried flitches of some smoked beeve,
Hang'd on a writhen wythe[64] since Martin's eve[65],
Or burnt lark's heels, or rashers raw and green,
Or melancholic liver of a hen,

[62] A PESTLE *of pork* was a *leg of pork*, or *gammon of bacon*, among our ancestors, and has the same meaning still in the Exmoor dialect. Mr. Nares says, that *pestle* was the term for the leg and leg-bone of any animal, and that it was probably so called from the similarity between a leg bone and the pestle used in a mortar. The humour of the present passage is increased by naming the leg of a lark, a thing ridiculously small, by the name applied to a ham or gammon. In May Day, by Chapman, however, the truncheons or short staves of serjeants or constables are called pestles.

[63] *Haberdine* is *salt-cod*, most probably from its Dutch name, *Abberdæn*, whence also the French have it *Habordèan*.

[64] A *writhen wythe* is a band made of withy; or twisted willow twigs.

[65] The feast of St. Martin, or Martlemas, the 11th of November, was the customary time for hanging up provisions to dry, which had been salted for winter provision: as our ancestors lived chiefly upon salted meat in the spring, the winter-fed cattle not being thought fit for use; hence it was called Martlemas-beef; in French, Boeuf bresillé, from its being red like brasilwood. The good old Tusser says:

"For Easter at Martilmas hang up a beef,
With that and the like ere grasse beefe come in
Thy folke shall look cherely, when others look thin."

Which stout Vorano brags to make his feast,
And claps his hand on his brave ostridge breast;
Then falls to praise the hardy Janizar
That sucks his horse side, thirsting in the war.
Lastly, to seal up all that he hath spoke,
Quaffs a whole tunnel of tobacco smoke.
If Martius in boist'rous buffs be dress'd,
Branded with iron plates upon the breast,
And pointed on the shoulders for the nonce[66],
As new come from the Belgian garrisons,
What should thou need to envy ought at that,
Whenas thou smellest like a civet cat?
Whenas thine oiled locks smooth platted fall,
Shining like varnished pictures on a wall.
When a plum'd fan[67] may shade thy chalked face,
And lawny strips thy naked bosom grace.
If brabbling Make-fray, at each fair and size,
Picks quarrels for to show his valiantize,
Straight pressed for an hungry Switzer's pay
To thrust his fist to each part of the fray,

[66] That is, ornamented with *tags* or shoulderknots *for the purpose.*

[67] Fans of feathers were then chiefly used. So Harrington, Epig, 70, l. 1:

When Galla and myselfe do talk together
Her face she shrowds with *fan of tawny feather*,
And while my thoughts somewhat thereof deviseth,
A double doubt within my mind ariseth:
As first, her skin or fan which looketh brighter,
And second, whether those her looks be lighter,
Than that same plume wherewith her looks were hidden,
But if I cleer'd the doubts I should be chidden.

And piping hot, puffs toward the pointed plain
With a broad Scot, or proking-spit of Spain[68];
Or hoyseth sail up to a foreign shore,
That he may live a lawless conqueror[69].
If some such desp'rate hackster shall devise
To rouse thine hare's-heart from her cowardice,
As[70] idle children striving to excell
In blowing bubbles from an empty shell;
Oh Hercules! how like to prove a man,
That all so rath[71] thy warlike life began?
Thy mother could thee for thy cradle set
Her husband's rusty iron corselet;
Whose jargling[72] sound might rock her babe to rest,
That never plain'd of his uneasy nest:
There did he dream of dreary wars at hand,
And woke and fought, and won, ere he could stand.
But who hath seen the lambs of Tarentine,
May guess what Gallio his manners been;
All soft as is the falling thistle-down,
Soft as the fumy ball, or Morrian's crown[73].

[68] A *proking-spit* seems to mean a long *Spanish rapier*, in contrast with a Scotch broad-sword.

[69] i. e. turn pirate. [70] *As*, for *like*, or, *It will be as.*

[71] *Rath* is *precocious*, *early*, *soon*. Milton has the word:

Bring the *rathe* primrose that forsaken dies.

[72] *Jargling*. This word, I believe, is Hall's own creation; its sense as connected with *jarring* is obvious.

[73] Warton says, a *fumy ball* means a *ball of perfume*. I doubt this; perhaps the sort of fungus called a *puff-ball* may

Now Gallio, gins thy youthful heat to reign
In every vigorous limb and swelling vein;
Time bids thee raise thine headstrong thoughts on high,
To valour and adventurous chivalry:
Pawn thou no glove for challenge of the deed,
Nor make thy Quintain[74] others armed head
T' enrich the waiting herald with thy shame,
And make thy loss the scornful scaffold's game.
Wars, God forfend! nay, God defend from war;
Soon are sons spent, that not soon reared are.
Gallio may pull me roses ere they fall,
Or in his net entrap the tennis-ball,
Or tend his spar-hawk mantling in her mew,
Or yelping beagles busy heels pursue,
Or watch a sinking cork upon the shore[75],
Or halter finches through a privy door[76],
Or list he spend the time in sportful game,
In daily courting of his lovely dame,

be intended. *Morrian*, Warton explains, *the fool in a play*; but *Morrian* seems to be used here for a *moor*, or negro; *morien*, old French, whose soft woolly crown is alluded to; this agrees better with the preceding similes of lamb's-wool, thistle-down, &c. Cotgrave interprets the French word, "*more*, a moore; *morian*, black-a-more."

[74] *A quintain* was a figure set up for tilters to run at in mock resemblance of a tournament. Sometimes it was only a post with a transverse movable piece, to which, at one end, was affixed a broad board for a mark, and at the other a bag of sand, which it required considerable dexterity to escape from if the tilter hit the mark full with his lance.

[75] *i. e.* Angle for fish.

[76] A privy door is a pitfall, or trap-cage.

Hang on her lips, melt in her wanton eye,
Dance in her hand, joy in her jollity:
Here's little peril, and much lesser pain,
So timely Hymen do the rest restrain.
Hie, wanton Gallio, and wed betime,
Why should'st thou leese the pleasures of thy prime?
Seest thou the rose-leaves fall ungathered?
Then hie thee, wanton Gallio, to wed.
Let ring and ferule meet upon thine hand,
And Lucine's girdle with her swathing-band.
Hie thee, and give the world yet one dwarf more,
Such as it got when thou thyself wast bore:
Look not for warning of thy bloomed chin,
Can ever happiness too soon begin?
Virginius vow'd to keep his maidenhead,
And eats chaste lettuce, and drinks poppy-seed,
And smells on camphor fasting; and that done,
Long hath he liv'd, chaste as a vailed nun;
Free as a new absolved damosell
That friar Cornelius shrived in his cell,
Till now he wax'd a toothless bachelor,
He thaws like Chaucer's frosty Janivere,
And sets a month's-mind[77] upon smiling May,
And dyes his beard that did his age bewray;

[77] A *month's mind*, i. e. a longing. The origin of this phrase has been conjectured with much probability to have arisen from a woman's longing in the first month of pregnancy. Shakspeare has the phrase in The Two Gentlemen

Biting on annis-seed and rosemarine,
Which might the fume of his rot lungs refine:
Now he in Charon's barge a bride doth seek,
The maidens mock, and call him withered leek,
That with a green tail hath an hoary head[78],
And now he would, and now he cannot wed.

of Verona, Act. i. Sc. 2: "I see you have a *month's mind* to them." And Hudibras, p. 1. c. ii, iii.

"For if a trumpet sound, or drum beat,
Who hath not a *month's mind* to combat."

[78] This witty comparison is also to be found in Sir John Davies's Epigrams, printed with Marlowe's Translation of Ovid's Love Elegies at Middelbourg, 12mo. without date, Epig. 25. In Septimium:

Septimius lives, and is like garlike seene,
For though his head be white, his blade is greene.

SATIRE V[79].

Stupet albius ære.

WOULD now that Matho were the satirist,
That some fat bribe might grease him in the fist,
For which he need not brawl at any bar,
Nor kiss the book to be a perjurer;
Who else would scorn his silence to have sold,
And have his tongue tiëd with strings of gold?
Curius is dead, and buried long since,
And all that loved golden abstinence.
Might he not well repine at his old fee,
Would he but spare to speak of usury?
Hirelings enow beside can be so base,
Tho[80] we should scorn each bribing varlet's brass;
Yet he and I could shun each jealous head,
Sticking our thumbs close to our girdle-stead[81].

[79] The fifth satire (says Warton) is the most obscure of any. It exhibits the extremes of prodigality and avarice, and affords the first instance I remember to have seen of nominal initials with dashes. Yet in Hall's Postscript to these Satires, he professes to have avoided all personal applications.

[80] *Tho* for *then:* as before at p. 35, see note there. The modern editor here again takes it for a contraction of *though*. It occurs again three lines lower.

[81] The *girdlestead*, that is, the *waist*, the place of the girdle. So in Stubbe's Anatomy of Abuses: "Some short, scarsly reaching to the *girdle-stead*, or waste, some to the knee," &c.

Tho were they manicled behind our back,
Another's fist can serve our fees to take.
Yet pursy Euclio cheerly smiling pray'd
That my sharp words might curtail their side trade:
For thousands been in every governall[82]
That live by loss, and rise by others' fall.
Whatever sickly sheep so secret dies,
But some foul raven hath bespoke his eyes?
What else makes N—— when his lands are spent
Go shaking like a threadbare malecontent,
Whose bandless bonnet vails his o'ergrown chin,
And sullen rags bewray his morphew'd skin[83]:
So ships he to the wolfish western isle
Among the savage kernes[84] in sad exile;
Or in the Turkish wars at Cæsar's pay
To rub his life out till the latest day.
Another shifting gallant to forecast
To gull his hostess for a month's repast,

[82] i. e. government, kingdom.

[83] *Morphew* is a leprous eruption appearing like a white scurf upon the body. Philips says, "from the French *mort feu*, dead fire, because it looks like the white sparks that fall from a brand extinguished." The epithet *sullen*, applied to rags here, means *dismal.*

[84] *Kernes* were light armed foot soldiers, either from Ireland or the Western Isles, and are always represented as very poor, wild, and savage: "*Kerne* (says Stanihurst), *Kighegren*, signifieth a shower of hell; because they are taken for no better than *rakehells*, or the *devil's blacke garde.*" *Description of Ireland, ch.* 8, *fol.* 28.

Shakspeare in Macbeth says, the Rebel Macdonwald

"——— ——— from the *Western Isles*
Of *Kernes* and Gallowglasses is supplied."

With some gall'd trunk, ballac'd[85] with straw
and stone,
Left for the pawn of his provision;
Had F——'s shop lien fallow but from hence?
His doors close seal'd as in some pestilence,
Whiles his light heels their fearful flight can take,
To get some badgeless blue upon his back[86].
Tocullio was a wealthy usurer,
Such store of incomes had he every year,
By bushels was he wont to mete his coin,
As did the old wife of Trimalcion[87].
Could he do more that finds an idle room
For many hundred thousands on a tomb?
Or who rears up four free schools in his age
Of his old pillage, and damn'd surplusage?
Yet now he swore by that sweet cross he kiss'd
(That silver cross, where he had sacrific'd
His coveting soul, by his desire's own doom,
Daily to die the devil's martyrdom)

[85] The old substantive was "*balase*, wherewith ships are poysed to go upright." The participle of the verb *to balase* was therefore *balased*, as we find it in the old dictionaries. The old copies read *ballac'd*, but the modern editor changed it unwarrantably to *ballast*.

[86] A *blue* coat and *a badge* being the dress of a servant, probably *badge-less blue* here means *a soldier's coat*. In Green's Tu Quoque, one says,

"A *blue coat* with a *badge* does better with you."

[87] *Uxor* (inquit) *Trimalchionis*, Fortunata appellatur, *quæ nummos modo metitur*.

Petronii Satyricon, cap. xxxvii.

His angels[88] were all flown up to their sky,
And had forsook his naked treasury.
Farewell Astrea and her weights of gold,
Until his lingering calends once be told;
Nought left behind but wax and parchment scrolls,
Like Lucian's dream that silver turn'd to coals.
Shouldst thou him credit that nould credit thee?
Yes, and mayst swear he swore the verity.
The ding-thrift[89] heir his shift-got sum misspent,
Comes drooping like a penniless penitent,
And beats his faint fist on Tucullio's door,
It lost the last, and now must call for more.
Now hath the spider caught a wand'ring fly,
And drags her captive at her cruel thigh:
Soon is his errand read in his pale face,
Which bears dumb characters of every case.
So Cyned's dusky cheek and fiery eye,
And hairless brow, tells where he last did lie.
So Matho doth bewray his guilty thought,
Whiles his pale face doth say his cause is nought.
Seest thou the wary angler trail along
His feeble line, soon as some pike too strong
Hath swallowed the bait that scorns the shore,
Yet now near-hand cannot resist no more.

[88] *Angels* were gold coins worth about ten shillings.

[89] *Ding-thrift*, i. e. *spendthrift*, one who *dings* or throws away *thrift*, who spurns prudence and economy.

> No, but because the *ding-thrift* now is poore,
> And knows not where i'th'world to borrow more.
> *Herrick. Hesper. p.* 186.

So lieth he aloof in smooth pretence,
To hide his rough intended violence.
As he that under name of Christmas cheer
Can starve his tenants all the'ensuing year.
Paper and wax (God wot!) a weak repay
For such deep debts and down-stak'd sums as they:
Write, seal, deliver, take, go spend and speed,
And yet full hardly could his present need
Part with such sum; for but as yester-late
Did Furnus offer pen-worths at easy rate,
For small disbursment; he the banks hath broke,
And needs mote now some further plain o'erlook;
Yet ere he go fain would he be releas'd,
Hie you, ye ravens, hie you to the feast.
Provided that thy lands are left entire,
To be redeem'd or ere thy day expire:
Then shalt thou tear those idle paper bonds
That thus had fettered thy pawned lands.
Ah fool! for sooner shalt thou sell the rest
Than stake aught for thy former interest;
When it shall grind thy grating gall for shame,
To see the lands that bear thy grandsire's name
Become a dunghill peasant's summer-hall,
Or lonely hermit's cage inhospitall[90];
A pining gourmand, an imperious slave,
A horse-leech, barren-womb, and gaping-grave;
A legal thief, a bloodless murderer,
A fiend incarnate, a false usurer:

[90] i. e. inhospitable.

Albe such main extort scorns to be pent
In the clay walls of thatched tenement;
For certes no man of a low degree
May bid two guests,—or gout, or usury:
Unless some base hedge-creeping Collybist[91]
Scatters his refuse scraps on whom he list
For Easter-gloves, or for a shrovetide hen,
Which bought to give, he takes to sell again.
I do not mean some glozing merchant's feat,
That laugheth at the cozened world's deceit,
When as a hundred stocks lie in his fist,
He leaks, and sinks, and breaketh when he list.
But Nummius eas'd the needy gallant's care
With a base bargain of his blowen[92] ware
Of fusted hops, now lost for lack of sale,
Or mould[93] brown paper[94] that could nought avail;

[91] *Collybist*, Κολλυβιστης, a money changer, one who gains by usury, or change of money.

[92] *Blowen* for *blown*, i. e. stale, worthless.

[93] *Mould* for *mouldy*.

[94] Shakspeare alludes to these dishonest practices in Measure for Measure, where the clown enumerates the inhabitants of the prison: "— First, here's young master Rash; he's in for a commodity of *brown paper* and old ginger; nine score and seventeen pounds." Act iv. Sc. 3. The passages in contemporary writers, alluding to this custom of the usurers, are extremely numerous. It forms the subject of a chapter in Dekker's English Villanies; and is well illustrated by Mr. D'Israeli, in his Curiosities of Literature, first series, vol. iii. p. 78. These nominal purchases of any trumpery which were to be turned into money by selling to a great loss, and often to a confederate of the usurer, have been heard of even in our times. Greene, in his Quip for an Up-

Or what he cannot utter otherwise,
May pleasure Fridoline for treble price;
Whiles his false broker lieth in the wind,
And for a present chapman is assign'd,
The cut-throat wretch for their compacted gain
Buys all but for one quarter of the main;
Whiles if he chance to break his dear-bought day
And forfeit, for default of due repay,
His late intangled lands; then, Fridoline,
Buy thee a wallet, and go beg or pine.
If Mammon's self should ever live with men,
Mammon himself shall be a citizen.

start Courtier, says, "For the merchant he delivered iron, tin, lead, *hops*, sugars, spices, oyls, *brown paper*, or whatever else, from six months to six months; which when the poor gentleman came to sell again, he could not make threescore and ten in the hundred besides the usury."—And in his Defence of Cony Catching: "—— so that if he borrow an hundred pounds, he shall have forty in silver, and threescore in wares; as lute-strings, hobby horses, or *brown paper*, or cloath," &c. All rich citizens were engaged in this traffic. Hence in Cymbeline, Belarius says:

"Did you but know the *City's usuries*
And felt them knowingly."

SATIRE VI[95].

Quid placet ergo?

I WOT[96] not how the world's degenerate,
That men or know, or like not their estate;
Out from the Gades up to th' Eastern morn,
Not one but holds his native state forlorn.
When comely striplings wish it were their chance,
For Cænis' distaff to exchange their lance,
And wear curl'd periwigs, and chalk their face,
And still are poring on their pocket-glass.
Tir'd[97] with pinn'd ruffs, and fans, and partlet[98] strips,
And busks[99]; and verdingales[100] about their hips;

[95] In this satire, from Juvenal's position that every man is naturally discontented, and wishes to change his proper condition and character, he ingeniously takes occasion to expose some of the new fashions and affectations. W.

[96] To *wot* is to *know*. [97] i. e. Attired.

[98] A *partlet* was a *neckerchief, gorget*, or *rail*, say the old Dictionaries. But Minshew adds: *Partlet*, mentioned in the statute 24 H. VIII. c. 13, seemeth to be some part of a man's attire, viz. some loose collar of a doublet, to be set on or taken off by itselfe, without the bodies, as the *picadillies* now a daies, or as men's *bands*, or women's *neckerchiefs*, which are in some places, or at least have been within memorie, called *partlets*."

[99] *Busks* were pieces of wood or whalebone worn down the front of women's stays to keep them straight. It seems that such beings as are now popularly called *dandies* were not unknown in the good old times: the same accusation of wearing *stays*, and other articles of female attire, has been brought against their descendants.

[100] A *verdingale*, or farthingale, a kind of *hoop*.

And tread on corked stilts[101], a prisoner's pace,
And make their napkin[102] for their spitting place,
And gripe their waist within a narrow span:
Fond Cænis that wouldst wish to be a man!
Whose mannish housewives like their refuse state,
And make a drudge of their uxorious mate,
Who like a cot-quean[103] freezeth at the rock[104],
Whiles his breech'd dame doth man the foreign stock.
Is't not a shame to see each homely groom
Sit perch'd in an idle chariot room[105],

[101] This kind of high shoe was called a *moyle*. "Mulleus, a shoe with a high sole, which kings and noblemen use to weare, nowe common amonge nice fellowes." Junius's Nomenclator, by Fleming, 1585.

[102] *Napkin*, i. e. *handkerchief*. Baret, in his Alvenrie, has *Napkin, or handkerchief*, wherewith we wipe away the sweat, *Sudarium*; distinguished from a table napkin, *Mantile*.

[103] A *cot-quean* is an effeminate fellow, one who busies himself about female affairs; probably a corruption of *coquine*, which Cotgrave interprets a *cockney*, a *simper de cockit, nice thing*. Addison compares a woman interfering with state affairs to a man interfering in female business, a *cot-quean*.

[104] The *rock* is the *distaff*, that is the staff on which the flax was held when spinning was performed without a wheel; or the corresponding part of the spinning wheel.

[105] "In the year 1564 Guylliam Boonen, a dutchman, became the queene's coachmanne, and was the first that brought the use of coaches into England. And after a while, divers great ladies, with as great jealousie of the queene's displeasure made them coaches, and rid in them up and downe the countries to the great admiration of all beholders, but then by little and little they grew usual among the nobility and others of sort, and within twenty years began a great trade of coach making. And about that time began long wagons to come into use, such as now come to London from Caunter-

That were not meet some pannel to bestride,
Sursingled[106] to a galled hackney's hide?
Each muckworm will be rich with lawless gain,
Altho' he smother up mowes of seven years grain,
And hang'd himself when corn grows cheap again;
Altho' he buy whole harvests in the spring,
And foyst in false strikes to the measuring:
Altho' his shop be muffled from the light
Like a day dungeon, or Cimmerian night:
Nor full nor fasting can the carle take rest,
Whiles his George-Nobles rusten in his chest,
He sleeps but once, and dreams of burglary,
And wakes and casts about his frighted eye,
And gropes for thieves on ev'ry darker shade;
And if a mouse but stir he calls for aid.
The sturdy ploughman doth the soldier see
All scarfed with pied colours to the knee,
Whom Indian pillage hath made fortunate,
And now he 'gins to loath his former state:
Now doth he inly scorn his Kendall-Green[107],
And his patch'd cockers[108] now despised been.

bury, Norwich, Ipswich, Gloucester, &c. with passengers and commodities. Lastly, even at this time, 1605, began the ordinary use of caroches."

Stowe's Annales, 1615, fol. p. 867, 2.

[106] A *sursingle* was a long upper girth which often went over the pannel, or saddle.

[107] A sort of forester's green cloth for which *Kendal*, in Westmoreland, was famous. It is celebrated as the livery of Robin Hood and his men: and is still the favourite colour of woodsmen and gamekeepers.

[108] *Cokers* were hedgers' or ploughmen's boots, made of rude materials, sometimes of untanned leather. *Carpatinæ.*

Nor list he now go whistling to the car,
But sells his team and fettleth[109] to the war.
O war! to them that never tried thee, sweet!
When his dead mate falls groveling at his feet,
And angry bullets whistlen at his ear,
And his dim eyes see nought but death and drere.
Oh happy ploughman! were thy weal well known:
Oh happy all estates except his own!
Some drunken rhymer thinks his time well spent,
If he can live to see his name in print;
Who when he is once fleshed to the press,
And sees his hansell have such fair success,
Sung to the wheel, and sung unto the pail[110],
He sends forth thraves[111] of ballads to the sale.

[109] To *fettle* is to go intently upon any business. Its origin is not known, but it seems to me to have the appearance of a corruption of *to settle*, as Mr. Nares has also observed. He has adduced another instance of its use from Sylvester:

They to their long hard journey *fettling* them.
Maiden's Blush.

[110] By 'Sung unto the wheel, and to the pail,' he means, sung by the maids when spinning and milking. Lord Surrey says:

My mother's *maids*, when they do sit and *spin*,
They sing a song made of a fieldish mouse.

Shakspeare, in Twelfth Night, says of a ballad,

The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
Do use to chant it.

[111] *Thraves* or *threaves*, Ðȝeaƿ, Saxon, were a collection of sheaves of corn, some say *two*, others *four*, shocks of six sheaves each. It was often used metaphorically for a great number or huge collection of other objects. In the curious list of "The companyes of bestys and foules" in the Book of

Nor then can rest, but volumes up bodg'd rhymes,
To have his name talk'd of in future times.
The brain-sick youth that feeds his tickled ear
With sweet-sauc'd lies of some false traveller,

St. Alban's, ed. 1486, "a *thrave* of thrashers" is humorously put for a company or number of thrashers; because a *thrave* of straw was a heap of bundles; and *thraves* here has the same humorous effect of ludicrous exaggeration.

These lines seem to be levelled at William Elderton, a celebrated drunken ballad-writer. Stowe says he was an attorney of the Sheriff's Court, in the City of London, and cites some verses he made on the images over the Guildhall gate. He was afterward master of a company of players. Nash, in his Apology of Pierce Pennilesse, says: "Tarleton at the Theater, made jests of him (speaking of Gabriel Harvey), and W. Elderton consumed his ale-crammed nose to nothing in baiting him with whole *bundles of ballads*." Ed. 1593, Sig. E. Gabriel Harvey had drawn down his vengeance by mentioning him irreverently in his Four Letters, 1592. "If Mother Hubbard, in the vaine of Chaucer, happen to tell one canicular tale, Father Elderton and his son Greene, in the vaine of Skelton or Scoggin, will counterfeit an hundred dogged fables and libels," &c. p. 7; and in p. 6, he says, Elderton and Greene are the "ringleaders of the rhyming and scribbling crew." And again, "Who like Elderton for ballading, Greene for pamphleting; both for good fellowship and bad conditions? Railing was the ypocras of the drunken rhymester." "Elderton (says Camden), who did arme himselfe with ale (as ould father Ennius did with wine) when he ballated, had this [Epitaph] in that respect made of him,

Hic situs est sitiens ebrius Eldertonus
Quid dico hic situs est? hic potius situs est.

Of him also was made this:

Here is Elderton lyeng in dust,
Or lyeng Elderton, choose which you lust:
Here he lies dead, I doe him no wrong;
For who knew him standing all his life long?"

Camden's Remaines, 1657, p. 397.

Which hath the Spanish decades[112] read awhile,
Or whetstone leasings of old Mandeville;
Now with discourses breaks his midnight sleep,
Of his adventures through the Indian deep,
Of all their massy heaps of golden mine,
Or of the antique tombs of Palestine;
Or of Damascus' magic wall of glass,
Of Solomon his sweating piles of brass,
Of the bird Ruc that bears an elephant,
Of mermaids that the southern seas do haunt;

[112] The 'Spanish Decades' is an old black letter quarto, a translation from the Spanish into English about 1590. In the old play of Lingua, 1607, Mendacio says, "Sir John Mandevile's Travels, and great part of the Decads were of my doing." Act ii. Sc. 1. W.

To give the *whetstone* as a prize for lying was a standing jest among our ancestors, as a satirical premium to him who told the greatest lie. The origin of the jest has not been exactly made out, but perhaps it was with the idea of sharpening the wits for fresh exploits. Mr. Nares, to whom I am indebted for this explanation, cites a passage from Randolph's interlude of the Pedlar in proof of this; Baret and Cooper, in their Dictionaries, interpret the 'Fungar vice cotis' of Horace, "I will quicken or sharpen you, I will be a *whetstone* to you." And in Bullein's Dialogue bothe pleasant and pitiful, &c. 1564, Mendax, the liar, who relates many such strange wonders as those in the text, brings a *whetstone* in his hand and says, "My name is Mendax, a younger brother, lineally descended of an ancient house before the conquest. We give three *whetstones* in gules, with no difference." Many other allusions to it are to be found in our old writers, which the curious reader may see in the Glossary of Mr. Nares. It is remarkable that it is not yet out of use in the north. "It is a custom in the north, when a man tells the greatest lie in the company, to reward him with a whetstone."

Budworth's Fortnight's Ramble to the Lakes, 1792.

Of headless men, of savage cannibals[113],
The fashions of their lives and governals:
What monstrous cities there erected be,
Cayro, or the city of the Trinity.
Now are they dunghill cocks that have not seen
The bordering Alps, or else the neighbour Rhene;

[113] The reader will recollect Othello's

"——— cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders."—

A curious passage in another work of Hall's may be adduced here to show the wonders related by the traveller of that age, who probably met with numerous and believing readers; as one dissuasive to travel, he says, "Let him but travell through the world of bookes, and hee shall easily be able to out-talke that tongue whose feet have walked the farthest; what hath an eye seene, or imagination devised, which the pen hath not dared to write? Out of our bookes can we tell the stories of the *Monocelli*, who, lying upon their backes, shelter themselves from the sunne with the shadow of their one onely foote. We can tell of those cheape dieted men, that live about the head of Ganges, without meat, without mouthes, feeding onely upon aire at their nosthrils. Or of those headlesse Eastern people, that have their eyes in their breasts (a mis-conceit arising from their fashion of attire, which I have sometimes seene). Or of those Coromandæ, of whom Pliny speakes, that cover their whole body with their eares. Or of the persecutors of S. Thomas, of Canterbury, whose posterity (if we beleeve the confident writings of Degrasalius) are born with long and hairie tails, souping after them; which, I imagine, gave occasion to that proverbial jest, wherewith our mirth uses to upbraid the Kentish. Or of the Amazons, or Pygmees, or Satyres, or the Sarmacandean lambe, which growing out of the earth by the navell, grazeth so far as that natural tether will reach. Or of the bird Ruc, or ten thousand such miracles, whether of nature or event. Little need we to stirre our feete to learne to tell either loud lies or large truths."—*Quo Vadis? or, a Censure of Travel*, p. 37.

And now he plies the news-full grasshopper[114],
Of voyages and ventures to inquire.
His land mortgag'd, he sea-beat in the way,
Wishes for home a thousand sithes[115] a day.

[114] 'The news-full grasshopper,' i. e. the *Royal Exchange*, the steeple of which was surmounted by a grasshopper, the crest of Sir Thomas Gresham. It was a place of resort for newsmongers and idlers as well as the busy. Hall himself remarks, "So may we oft times better heare and see the newes of France, or Spaine, upon our Exchange, than in their Paris or Madrill." And in the Letting of Humours Blood in the Head Vaine, by S. R. 1611, Satire the first, we have a portrait of one of the swaggering, lying news venders who were to be found there:

Sometimes into the Reall Exchange he'll drop,
Clad in the ruins of some broker's shop.
And there his tongue runs byass on affairs,
No talk but of commodities and wares —
If news be hearken'd for, then he prevails,
Setting his mint to work to coin false tales.—
He'll tell you of a tree that he doth know,
Upon the which rapiers and daggers grow,
As good as any Fleet Street hath in shop,
Which being ripe, down into scabbards drop.—
His wondrous travels challenge such renown,
That Sir John Mandeville is quite put down.
Men without heads, and pigmies handbreadth high,
Those with no legs, that on their backs do lie;
Or do the weather's injury sustain,
Making their legs a pent-house for the rain.

This curious little volume was reprinted by Sir Walter Scott in 1815.

[115] A thousand *sithes*, that is, a thousand *times*. The Oxford Editor has changed this to *sighs*, but unwarrantably. It is a Spenserian word:

The foolish man thereat woxe wondrous blith,
As if the word so spoken were halfe donne,
And humbly thanked him *a thousand sith*
That had from death to life him newly wonne.
Faerie Queene, b. iii. c. 10, s. xxxiii.

And now he deems his home-bred fare as leefe[116]
As his parch'd biskit, or his barrel'd beef.
Mongst all these stirs of discontented strife,
Oh let me lead an academic life;
To know much, and to think we nothing know;
Nothing to have, yet think we have enow;
In skill to want and wanting seek for more;
In weal nor want, nor wish for greater store.
Envy, ye monarchs, with your proud excess,
At our low sail, and our high happiness.

So in Bevis of Hampton:

> Of his comming the King was blith,
> And rejoyced *a hundredth sith.*"

Thus also in a ballad in Ritson's Ancient Songs, p. 44:

> I thonke you all *a thousand sithe.*

[116] As *leefe* is the same thing with as *leive*, i. e. as *agreeable*, as *pleasing*; from Leof, Saxon, v. p. 61.

SATIRE VII[117].

POMH PYMH.

WHO says these Romish pageants been too high
To be the scorn of sportful poesy?
Certes not all the world such matter wist
As are the seven hills, for a satirist.
Perdie I loath a hundred Matho's tongues,
A hundred gamesters shifts, or landlord's wrongs,
Or Labeo's poems, or base Lolio's pride,
Or ever what I thought or wrote beside.
When once I think if carping Aquine's spright
To see now Rome, were licens'd to the light,
How his enraged ghost would stamp and stare,
That Cæsar's throne is turn'd to Peter's chair.

[117] This satire (which was added in the second Edition) attacks the pageantries of the papal chair, and the superstitious practices of popery, with which it is easy to make sport. But our author has done this by an uncommon quickness of allusion, poignancy of ridicule, and fertility of burlesque invention. He pictures to us the effect which the change between Modern and Ancient Rome would have on the enraged ghost of Juvenal, if he were permitted to return to earth to witness it. He makes very free with the ceremonies of the eucharist, &c. But this sort of ridicule is improper and dangerous. It has a tendency, even without an entire parity of circumstances, to burlesque the celebration of this awful solemnity in the reformed church. In laughing at false religion we may sometimes hurt the true. Though the rites of the papistic eucharist are erroneous and absurd, yet great part of the ceremony, and above all, the radical idea, belong to the protestant communion. W.

To see an old shorn Lozel[118] perched high,
Crossing beneath a golden canopy;
The whiles a thousand hairless crowns crouch low
To kiss the precious case of his proud toe;
And for the lordly Fasces born of old,
To see two quiet crossed keys of gold,
Or Cybele's shrine, the famous Pantheon's frame,
Turn'd to the honour of our Lady's name.
But that he most would gaze and wonder at,
Is th' horned mitre, and the bloody hat[119],
The crooked staff[120], their cowl's strange form
and store[121].
Save that he saw the same in hell before;
To see the broken nuns, with new-shorn heads,
In a blind cloister toss their idle beads,
Or lousy cowls come smoking from the stews,
To raise the lewd rent to their lord accrues,
(Who with rank Venice doth his pomp advance
By trading of ten thousand courtesans)
Yet backward must absolve a female's sin,
Like to a false dissembling Theatine,
Who when his skin is red with shirts of mail,
And rugged hair-cloth scours his greasy nail;
Or wedding garment tames his stubborn back,
Which his hemp girdle dyes all blue and black.

[118] *Lozel*, a worthless fellow, one lost to all goodness: from the Saxon lorian, to perish, or be lost.

[119] The Cardinal's scarlet hat. [120] The crozier.

[121] And *store*, i. e. and multitude of them.

Or off his alms-bowl three days supp'd and din'd,
Trudges to open stews of either kind:
Or takes some cardinal's stable in the way,
And with some pamper'd mule doth wear the day,
Kept for his lord's own saddle when him list.
Come Valentine, and play the satirist,
To see poor sucklings welcom'd to the light
With searing irons of some sour jacobite,
Or golden offers of an aged fool,
To make his coffin some Franciscan's cowl;
To see the pope's black knight, a cloked frere,
Sweating in the channel like a scavenger.
Whom erst thy bowed ham did lowly greet,
When at the corner-cross thou didst him meet,
Tumbling his rosaries hanging at his belt,
Or his berretta, or his towred felt[122]:
To see a lazy dumb Acholithite[123]
Armed against a devout fly's despight,
Which at th' high altar doth the chalice veil
With a broad fly-flap of a peacock's tail,
The whiles the licorous priest spits every trice
With longing for his morning sacrifice,

[122] The berretta and the high felt cap were worn by different orders of priests.

[123] Ακόλουθος, Acolythus. The next in grade to a subdeacon in the Catholic Church. "*Acolyte* (says Philips), one that is forbidden to say Divine service, yet may bring the light and attend Mass." It appears from a passage in Durandus. Divin. Offic. l. ii. c. 7, cited by Spelman, that one of the offices of an *Acolyte* was the administration of the wine in the eucharistic ceremony.

Which he rears up quite perpendicular,
That the mid church doth spight the chancel's fare,
Beating their empty maws that would be fed
With the scant morsels of the sacrists' bread:
Would he not laugh to death when he should hear
The shameless legends of St. Christopher,
St. George, the Sleepers, or St. Peter's well,
Or of his daughter good St. Petronell?
But had he heard the female father's groan,
Yeaning in mids of her procession;
Or now should see the needless trial-chair,
(When each is proved by his bastard heir)
Or saw the churches, and new calendar
Pester'd with mongrel saints and relics dear,
Should he cry out on Codro's tedious tomes[124]
When his new rage would ask no narrower rooms?

[124] This is spelt *toomes* in the old edition, and the modern editor altered it to *toombes*. The allusion is to the tedious poetry of Codrus, the *Theseide Codri* of Juvenal.

In the copy of the edition of 1599 (formerly Mr. Park's), which I have used upon the present occasion, this satire is placed at the end, as the *second* of the *sixth* book. But there is a reference in the *errata* which directs it to be placed as SAT. vii. B. 4. This errata is prefaced thus: "After this impression was finished, upon the Author's knowledge, I had the view of a more perfect copy, wherein were these additions and corrections, which I thought good to place here, desiring the reader to refer them to their places." The additions are;—this Satire;—what is called "A postscript to the reader;" and two lines omitted in SAT. ii. B. 4.

SATIRES.

BOOK V.

BOOK V.

SATIRE I[1].

Sit pæna merenti.

PARDON, ye glowing ears; needs will it out,
Tho' brazen walls compass'd my tongue about
As thick as wealthy Scrobio's quick-set rows
In the wide common that he did enclose.
Pull out mine eyes, if I shall see no vice,
Or let me see it with detesting eyes.
Renowned Aquine, now I follow thee,
Far as I may for fear of jeopardy;

[1] The argument of this first satire of the Fifth Book is the oppressive exaction of landlords, the consequence of the growing decrease of the value of money. One of these had, perhaps, a poor grandsire, who grew rich by availing himself of the general rapine at the dissolution of monasteries. There is great pleasantry in the line

Begg'd a cast abbey in the church's wane.

In the meantime, the old patrimonial mansion is desolated; and even the parish church unroofed and dilapidated through the poverty of the inhabitants, and neglect or poverty of the patron. By an enumeration of real circumstances, he gives us a lively draught of the miserable tenement yet ample services of the poor copyholder. The lord's acceptance of his presents is touched with much humour. W.

And to thy hand yield up the ivy-mace
From crabbed Persius, and more smooth Horàce;
Or from that shrew the Roman poetess,
That taught her gossips learned bitterness;
Or Lucile's muse whom thou didst imitate,
Or Menips old, or Pasquillers of late.
Yet name I not Mutius, or Tigilline,
Though they deserve a keener style than mine;
Nor mean to ransack up the quiet grave;
Nor burn dead bones, as he example gave:
I tax the living; let dead ashes rest,
Whose faults are dead, and nailed in their chest.
Who can refrain that's guiltless of their crime,
Whiles yet he lives in such a cruel time?
When Titio's grounds, that in his grandsire's days
But one pound fine, one penny rent did raise,
A summer snow-ball, or a winter rose,
Is grown to thousands as the world now goes.
So thrift and time set other things on float,
That now his son swoops[2] in a silken coat,
Whose grandsire, haply a poor hungry swain,
Begg'd some cast abbey in the church's wane:
And but for that, whatever he may vaunt,
Who now's a monk had been a mendicant?
While freezing Matho, that for one lean fee
Wont term each term the term of Hilary,
May now instead of those his simple fees,
Get the fee-simples of fair manories.

[2] i. e. *sweeps along.* See p. 10, and note there.

What, did he counterfeit his prince's hand,
For some streave[3] lordship of concealed land?
Or on each Michaël and Lady Day,
Took he deep forfeits for an hour's delay?
And gain'd no less, by such injurious brawl,
Than Gamius by his sixth wife's burial?
Or hath he won some wider interest,
By hoary charters from his grandsire's chest,
Which late some bribed scribe for slender wage,
Writ in the characters of another age,
That Ployden's self might stammer to rehearse,
Whose date o'erlooks three centuries of years.
Who ever yet the tracts of weal so try'd,
But there hath been one beaten way beside?
He, when he lets a lease for life, or years,
(As never he doth until the date expires;
For when the full state in his fist doth lie,
He may take vantage of the vacancy)
His fine affords so many trebled pounds
As he agreeth years to lease his grounds:
His rent in fair respondence must arise
To double trebles of his one year's price.
Of one bay's[4] breadth, God wot! a silly cote,
Whose thatched spars are furr'd with sluttish soot

[3] In the first edition it is printed *brave*, but erased with a pen and *streav* inserted in the margin, in cotemporary hand-writing. The second edition reads *streave*, which should seem to mean stray, possibly from the old Italian *straviare*. I have not met with the word elsewhere.

[4] A *bay* is a principal division in a building; a barn of

A whole inch thick, shining like black-moor's brows,
Through smoke that down the headless barrel blows.
At his bed's feet feeden his stalled teem;
His swine beneath, his pullen o'er the beam.
A starved tenement, such as I guess
Stands straggling in the wastes of Holderness;
Or such as shiver on a Peake-hill side,
When March's lungs beat on their turf-clad hide,
Such as nice Lipsius would grudge to see
Above his lodging in wild Westphalie;
Or as the Saxon king his court might make,
When his sides plained of the neat-herd's cake[5],
Yet must he haunt his greedy landlord's hall
With often presents at each festival:
With crammed capon's every new-year's morn,
Or with green cheeses when his sheep are shorn:
Or many maunds full of his mellow fruit,
To make some way to win his weighty suit.
Whom cannot gifts at last cause to relent,
Or to win favour, or flee punishment?
When griple patrons turn their sturdy steel
To wax, when they the golden flame do feel:

three bays is a barn twice crossed by beams. Houses were estimated by the number of bays they contained. Coles defines a bay to measure 24 feet. It was, therefore, a wretched cottage with a headless barrel for a chimney.

[5] Alluding to the story related of King Alfred the Great.

When grand Mæcenas casts a glavering[6] eye
On the cold present of a poesy:
And lest he might more frankly take than give,
Gropes for a French crown in his empty sleeve.
Thence Clodius hopes to set his shoulders free
From the light burden of his napery[7],
The smiling landlord shows a sunshine face,
Feigning that he will grant him further grace,
And leer's like Æsop's fox upon a crane
Whose neck he craves for his chirurgian:
So lingers off the lease until the last,
What recks he then of pains or promise past?
Was ever feather, or fond woman's mind,
More light than words? the blasts of idle wind!
What's sib[8] or sire, to take the gentle slip,
And in th' exchequer rot for suretiship?

[6] To *glaver* is to *flatter*; Glipan, Saxon. *Glavering* here means leering, ogling, i. e. flattering by looks. "Do you hear stiff-toe, give him warning to forsake his sawcy *glavering* grace and his goggle eye."

Jonson's Poetaster, Act iii. Sc. 4.

So Marston, in his sixth satire of his Scourge for Villanie.

"Ha! now he *glavers* with his fawning snoute."

And in another place:

"Leave *glavering* on him in the peopled presse:"

Examples from more recent authorities may be found in Todd's Johnson.

[7] *Napery* is here used for clothes, linen worn on the person; but its general meaning was household or table linen. From *Naperie*, old French.

[8] *Sib* is a cousin, or kinsman. Saxon.

Or thence thy starved brother live and die,
Within the cold Coal-harbour sanctuary[9]?
Will one from Scots-bank bid but one groat more,
My old tenànt may be turn'd out of door,
Though much he spent in th' rotten roof's repair,
In hope to have it left unto his heir:
Though many a load of marle and manure laid,
Reviv'd his barren leas, that erst lay dead.
Were he as Furius, he would defy
Such pilfering slips of petty landlordry:
And might dislodge whole colonies of poor,
And lay their roof quite level with their floor,
Whiles yet he gives as to a yielding fence,
Their bag and baggage to his citizens,

[9] *Coal Harbour*, or Cold Harbour, was an ancient mansion in Dowgate Ward, London. It was the residence of Bishop Tunstal, in the reign of Henry VIII, when probably it obtained the privileges of a sanctuary. These were still retained, when small tenements were afterward built upon the spot, which let well, as being a protection to persons in debt. "Here is that that ancient model of *Coal Harbour*, bearing the name of the Prodigal's Promontorie, and being as a sanctuary for banque-rupt detters."

Healy's Discovery of a New World, p. 182.

Stowe gives a minute history of this place in his Survey of London; and Mr. Lodge, in his Illustrations of English History, vol. i. p. 9, says, that "Richard the III. granted it *for ever* to the Herald's College, who had lately received their Charter from him; and Henry VII., willing to annul every public act of his predecessor, gave it to the then Earl of Shrewsbury."—It was pulled down by Earl Gilbert about the year 1600, according to Mr. Lodge, but I should judge rather earlier, from the above allusion.

And ships them to the new-named Virgin-lond,
Or wilder Wales, where never wight yet wonn'd [10].
Would it not vex thee where thy sires did keep,
To see the dunged folds of dag-tail'd sheep?
And ruin'd house where holy things were said,
Whose free-stone walls the thatched roof upbraid,
Whose shrill saint's-bell hangs on his lovery [11],
While the rest are damned to the plumbery?
Yet pure devotion lets the steeple stand,
And idle battlements on either hand:
Lest that, perhaps, were all those relics gone,
Furius his sacrilege could not be known.

[10] *Wonn'd*, i. e. dwelt.

[11] A *Lover*, or Loover, was a tunnel or opening in the top of a great hall to avoid smoke. Hence the turret or small belfry is so called by Hall. The bells were all melted down and sold; except that for necessary use, the *Saint's-bell*, or Sanctus-bell, was suffered to remain. It was a small bell which called to prayers and other holy offices; called also *Saunce-bell and Sacring-bell.*

SATIRE II[12].

Heic quærite Trojam.

HOUSEKEEPING'S dead, Saturio, wot'st thou
where?
Forsooth they say far hence in Brecknockshire.
And ever since, they say that feel and taste,
That men may break their neck soon as their fast.
Certes, if pity dy'd at Chaucer's date[13],
He liv'd a widower long behind his mate:
Save that I see some rotten bedrid sire,
Which to outstrip the nonage of his heir,
Is cramm'd with golden broths, and drugs of price,
And each day dying lives, and living dies;
Till once surviv'd his wardship's latest eve,
His eyes are clos'd, with choice to die or live.

[12] In this satire he reprehends the incongruity of splendid edifices and worthless inhabitants. He beautifully draws, and with a selection of the most picturesque natural circumstances, the inhospitality, or rather desertion of an old magnificent mansion. W.

[13] Chaucer places the sepulchre of Pity in the Court of Love:

——————— A tender creature
Is shrinid there, and Pity is her name;
She saw an egle reek him on a flie,
And plucke his wing, and eke him in his game,
And tender harte of that hath made her die.
Court of Love, v. 700.

This thought is borrowed by Fenton in his Mariamne. W.

Plenty and He died both in that same year,
When the sad sky did shed so many a tear,
And now, who list not of his labour fail,
Mark, with Saturio, my friendly tale.
Along thy way thou canst not but descry
Fair glittering halls to tempt the hopeful eye,
Thy right eye 'gins to leap for vain delight,
And surbeat[14] toes to tickle at the sight;
As greedy T- — when in the sounding mould
He finds a shining potshard tip'd with gold;
For never siren tempts the pleased ears,
As these the eye of fainting passengers.
All is not so that seems, for surely then
Matrona should not be a courtesan;
Smooth Chrysalus should not be rich with fraud,
Nor honest R—— be his own wife's bawd.
Look not asquint, nor stride across the way
Like some demurring Alcide to delay;
But walk on cheerly, till thou have espied
St. Peter's finger at the churchyard side.
But wilt thou needs when thou art warn'd so well
Go see who in such garish walls doth dwell?
There findest thou some stately Doric frame,
Or neat Ionic work:———
Like the vain bubble of Iberian pride,
That over-croweth all the world beside[15].

[14] *Surbeat*, i. e. battered, galled, or weary with treading or walking. *Soubattu*, French. So Spenser, F. Q. II. ii. 22.

Espy a traveller with feete *surbet*,
Whom they in equal prey hope to divide.

[15] The Escurial, in Spain.

Which rear'd to raise the crazy monarch's fame,
Strives for a court and for a college name;
Yet nought within but lousy cowls doth hold,
Like a scabb'd cuckow in a cage of gold.
So pride above doth shade the shame below;
A golden periwig on a black-moor's brow.
When Mævio's first page of his poesy,
Nail'd to a hundred posts for novelty,
With his big title, an Italian mot[16],
Lays siege unto the backward buyer's groat;
Which all within is drafty, sluttish geere,
Fit for the oven or the kitchen fire.
So this gay gate adds fuel to thy thought,
That such proud piles were never rais'd for nought.
Beat the broad gates, a goodly hollow sound,
With double echoes doth again rebound;
But not a dog doth bark to welcome thee,
Nor churlish porter canst thou chafing see;
All dumb and silent, like the dead of night,
Or dwelling of some sleepy Sybarite.
The marble pavement hid with desert weed,
With houseleek, thistle, dock, and hemlock seed:
But if thou chance cast up thy wond'ring eyes,
Thou shalt discern upon the frontispiece

[16] It was fashionable to have sounding and imposing title-pages, with Italian mottos and devices, to the pamphlets of the time. It is not easy to say which, among the numerous rhymers of the day, is here pointed at.

ΟΥΔΕΙΣ ΕΙΣΙΤΩ[17] graven up on high,
A fragment of old Plato's poesy:
The meaning is, " Sir fool, ye may be gone,
Go back by leave, for way here lieth none.
Look to the tow'red chimneys which should be
The windpipes of good hospitality,
Through which it breatheth to the open air,
Betokening life, and liberal welfare;
Lo! there th' unthankful swallow takes her rest,
And fills the tunnel with her circled nest;
Nor half that smoke from all his chimneys goes
Which one tobacco-pipe drives through his nose.
So raw-bone hunger scorns the mudded walls,
And 'gins to revel it in lordly halls.
So the black prince[18] is broken loose again
That saw no sun save once (as stories saine)
That once was, when in Trinacry I ween,
He stole the daughter of the harvest queen,
And gript the maws of barren Sicily
With long constraint of pineful penury;
And they that should resist his second rage,
Have pent themselves up in the private cage
Of some blind lane, and there they lurk unknown
Till th' hungry tempest once be overblown:
Then like the coward after neighbour's fray,
They creep forth boldly, and ask, Where are they?

[17] This motto, on the front of the house, which he calls a fragment of Plato's poetry, is a humorous alteration of Plato's ΟΥΔΕΙΣ ΑΚΑΘΑΡΤΟΣ ΕΙΣΙΤΟ. W.

[18] The Prince of Darkness: Pluto, or the Devil.

Meanwhile the hunger-starv'd appurtenance
Must bide the brunt, whatever ill mischance:
Grim Famine sits in their fore-pined face,
All full of angles of unequal space,
Like to the plane of many-sided squares,
That wont be drawn out by geometers;
So sharp and meagre that who should them see
Would swear they lately came from Hungary.
When their brass pans and winter coverled
Have wip'd the manger of the horse's bread,
Oh me! what odds there seemeth 'twixt their cheer
And the swoln bezzle[19] at an alehouse fire,
That tuns in gallons to his bursten paunch,
Whose slimy draughts his drought can never stanch?
For shame, ye gallants! grow more hospital,
And turn your needless wardrobe to your hall.
As lavish Virro that keeps open doors,
Like Janus in the wars,——
Except the twelve days, or the wake-day feast,
What time he needs must be his cousin's guest.
Philene hath bid him, can he choose but come?
Who should pull Virro's sleeve to stay at home?
All year besides who meal-time can attend:
Come Trebius, welcome to the table's end.

[19] *Bezzle* is here put for a drunkard; to *bezzle*, or *bizzle*, was to drink to excess. Marston also calls a drunkard, foule drunken *bezzle*, and sots are also called *bezelers* by him.

What tho' he chires[20] on purer manchet's crown,
While his kind client[21] grinds on black and brown,
A jolly rounding of a whole foot broad,
From off the mong-corn[22] heap shall Trebius load.
What tho' he quaff pure amber in his bowl
Of March-brew'd wheat, yet slakes thy thirsting soul
With palish oat, frothing in Boston clay[23],
Or in a shallow cruise, nor must that stay
Within thy reach, for fear of thy craz'd brain,
But call and crave, and have thy cruise again:

[20] To *chire*. Mr. Nares seems to think this may be the same as to *chirre*, or chirp, as birds do; but it appears to me nothing more than a varied orthography of to *cheer*, to feast upon. Speaking of *bread*, Holinshed says: "The first and most excellent is the *mainchet*, which we commonly call white bread."

[21] *Client* then signified a dependent, or humble friend.

[22] Mong-corn, Bol-mong, Mastlin, Messlin, &c. a medley of different sorts of grain mixed together, sometimes as food for cattle, but often for the purpose of grinding into flour to make bread. Rye and wheat were a common mixture for household bread. It is the mixed grain which was called *Mong-corn*, *Mastlin*, &c. but Hall uses *Mong-corn heap* for the huge, brown, coarse loaf made of the mixture. Old Tusser in homely phrase describes the advantage, in point of quantity, by using Mastline for bread. The humble guest is treated with a round, a foot broad, off this coarse loaf.

"The tone is commended for graine,
Yet bread made of beans they do eat:
The tother for one loaf has twain,
Of mastline of rie and of wheat."—*Tusser*, chap. iii.

[23] *Wheat* was used in brewing the ale of our ancestors; and *oats* even were sometimes used instead of malt: it appears that the small beer brewed from oats was not in great repute. Clay and even lime were used by fraudulent brewers to give a head to their beer. Hall had before mentioned the brewer's scapes, or tricks.

Else how should even tale be registred,
Or all thy draughts, on the chalk'd barrel's head?
And if he list revive his heartless grain
With some French grape, or pure Canarian,
When pleasing Bourdeaux falls unto his lot,
Some sourish Rochelle cuts thy thirsting throat,
What though himself carveth his welcome friend
With a cool'd pittance from his trencher's end,
Must Trebius' lip hang toward his trencher side?
Nor kiss his fist to take what doth betide?
What tho' to spare thy teeth he employs thy tongue
In busy questions all the dinner long?
What tho' the scornful waiter looks askile[24],
And pouts and frowns, and curseth thee the while,
And takes his farewell with a jealous eye,
At every morsel he his last shall see?
And if but one exceed the common size,
Or make an hillock in thy cheek arise,
Or if perchance thou shouldest, ere thou wist[25],
Hold thy knife upright in thy griped fist,
Or sittest double on thy backward seat,
Or with thine elbow shad'st thy shared meat,
He laughs thee, in his fellow's ear to scorn,
And asks aloud, where Trebius was born?
Tho[26] the third sewer takes thee quite away
Without a staff, when thou wouldst longer stay,
What of all this? Is't not enough to say,
I din'd at Virro his own board to day?

[24] i. e. *askew*; aslant; obliquely.

[25] *Wist*; thought, or imagined. [26] *Tho*, for *then*.

SATIRE III.

ΚΟΙΝΑ ΦΙΛΩΝ.

THE satire should be like the porcupine[27],
That shoots sharp quills out in each angry line,
And wounds the blushing cheek and fiery eye,
Of him that hears, and readeth guiltily.
Ye antique satires, how I bless your days,
That brook'd your bolder style, their own dispraise,
And well near wish, yet joy[28] my wish is vain,
I had been then, or they were now again!
For now our ears been of more brittle mould,
Than those dull earthen ears that were of old:
Sith[29] theirs, like anvils, bore the hammer's head,
Our glass can never touch unshivered.
But from the ashes of my quiet style
Henceforth may rise some raging rough Lucile,
That may with Æschylus both find and leese[30]
The snaky tresses of th' Eumenides:
Meanwhile, sufficeth me, the world may say
That I these vices loath'd another day,

[27] This ingenious thought, though founded on a vulgar error, has been copied by Oldham; who, speaking of a true writer of satire, says:

"He'd shoot his quills just like a porcupine
At view, and make them stab in every line."

[28] *Joy*, i. e. *rejoice*.

[29] *Sith*, i. e. *since*.

[30] *Leese*, i. e. *lose*.

Which I have done with as devout a cheer
As he that rounds Poules pillars in the ear[31],
Or bends his ham down in the naked quire.
'Twas ever said, Frontine, and ever seen,
That golden clerks but wooden lawyers been.
Could ever wise man wish, in good estate,
The use of all things indiscriminate?
Who wots not yet how well this did beseem
The learned master of the academe?
Plato is dead, and dead is his device,
Which some thought witty, none thought ever wise,
Yet certes Mæcha is a Platonist
To all, they say, save who so do not list;
Because her husband, a far-traffic'd man,
Is a profess'd Peripatecian.
And so our grandsires were in ages past,
That let their lands lie all so widely waste,
That nothing was in pale or hedge ypent
Within some province or whole shire's extent.
As nature made the earth, so did it lie,
Save for the furrows of their husbandry;
Whenas the neighbour-lands so couched lain
That all bore show of one fair champian:

[31] The humour of this line was quite lost upon the Oxford editor who printed it erroneously:

"As he that rounds Poul's pillars in the *yeare.*"

To *round* here means to *whisper*. *Poules* is the cathedral of St. Paul's, constantly so called by ancient writers. It is a ludicrous way of describing one who mutters his prayers, to say, that *he whispers the church pillars in the ear*. How the rounding, or going round, the pillars once in the year could be taken for an act of devotion by the modern editor I cannot imagine.

Some headless cross they digged on their lea,
Or roll'd some marked mere-stone[32] in the way.
Poor simple men! for what mought that avail,
That my field might not fill my neighbour's pail,
More than a pilled stick can stand in stead,
To bar Cynedo from his neighbour's bed;
More than the threadbare client's poverty
Debars the attorney of his wonted fee?
If they were thriftless, mought not we amend,
And with more care our dangered fields defend?
Each man can guard what thing he deemeth dear,
As fearful merchants do their female heir,
Which (were it not for promise of their wealth)
Need not be stalled up for fear of stealth;
Would[33] rather stick upon the bellman's cries,
Tho' proffer'd for a branded Indian's price.
Then raise we muddy bulwarks on our banks,
Beset around with treble quickset ranks;
Or if those walls be overweak a ward,
The squared brick may be a better guard.
Go to, my thrifty yeomen, and uprear
A brazen wall to shend thy land from fear.
Do so; and I shall praise thee all the while,
So be thou stake not up the common style;
So be thou hedge in nought but what's thine own;
So be thou pay what tithes thy neighbours done[34];

[32] *Mere-stone*, terminalis lapis, a stone set to mark a boundary, a landmark, a *mere* being a *boundary*.

[33] *But* would, &c. *But*, must be understood.

[34] *Done* for *doon*, or *do*.

So be thou let not lie in fallow'd plain
That which was wont yield usury of grain.
But when I see thy pitched stakes do stand
On thy encroached piece of common land,
Whiles thou discommonest thy neighbour's kine,
And warn'st that none feed on thy field save thine;
Brag no more, Scrobius, of thy mudded banks,
Nor thy deep ditches, nor three quickset ranks.
O happy days of old Deucalion,
When one was landlord of the world alone!
But now, whose choler would not rise? to yield
A peasant half-stakes of his new-mown field,
Whiles yet he may not for the treble price
Buy out the remnant of his royalties?
Go on and thrive, my petty tyrant's pride,
Scorn thou to live, if others live beside;
And trace[35] proud Castile that aspires to be
In his old age a young fifth monarchy:
Or the red hat that tries the luckless main,
For wealthy Thames to change his lowly Rhene.

[35] *Trace*, i. e. *follow*. I will here just observe by the way, that the commentators have sadly mistified a passage in Othello, by substituting *trash* for *trace*, which is the reading of the folio; the word is used exactly in the sense in which it here stands. Iago, speaking of Roderigo, says:

"If this poor trash of Venice whom I *trace* (i. e. follow)
For his quick hunting, bear the putting on," &c.

The fact is, that to *trace*, originally a hunting term, signifies '*to follow the track* of an animal.' The old French *tracer*, *tracher*, *trasser*; and the Italian *tracciare*, have the same meaning.

SATIRE IV[36].

Possunt, quia posse videntur.

VILLIUS, the wealthy farmer, left his heir
Twice twenty sterling pounds to spend by year:
The neighbours praisen Villio's hidebound son,
And say it was a goodly portion.
Not knowing how some merchants dow'r can rise,
By Sunday's tale to fifty centuries[37];
Or to weigh down a leaden bride with gold,
Worth all that Matho bought, or Pontice sold.
But whiles ten pound goes to his wife's new gown,
Nor little less can serve to suit his own;
Whiles one piece pays her idle waiting man,
Or buys an hood, or silver-handled fan[38],

[36] In this satire he enumerates the extravagances of a married spendthrift, a farmer's heir of forty pounds a year. W.

[37] *By Sunday's tale to fifty centuries.* The meaning, though obscurely expressed, appears to be, that the enormous portions which some merchants can leave their children would arise, by a reckoning (tale), made on Sundays (as a day of leisure for such a long process) to fifty hundred (centuries), or £5000 by the year; an enormous dower indeed for those times.

[38] The fans of the ancient belles were not at all in the shape of the implement now used under the same name, but more like a hand screen. They had round handles, often of silver or other precious materials; the upper part was generally composed of feathers. They were often very costly even as high as £40. Delineations of several may be seen

Or hires a Friezeland trotter, half yard deep,
To drag his tumbrell[39] through the staring Cheap;
Or whiles he rideth with two liveries,
And's treble rated at the subsidies;
One end a kennel keeps of thriftless hounds;
What think ye rests of all my yonker's pounds
To diet him, or deal out at his door,
To coffer up, or stock his wasting store?
If then I reckon'd right, it should appear
That forty pounds serve not the farmer's heir.

in the Variorum edition of Shakspeare, in a note on The Merry Wives of Windsor. Tom Coryat describes the Italian fans apparently such as are now used, but they were quite a novelty to him.

[39] A *tumbrel* properly signified a *dung cart*, but Hall humorously calls the farmer's son's *carriage*, whatever it was, by that name. It was, perhaps, a low four wheeled carriage. His Friesland poney, half a yard high, is another ludicrous piece of exaggeration.

SATIRES.

BOOK VI.

BOOK VI.

SATIRE I[1].

Semel insanivimus.

LABEO reserves a long nail for the nonce,
To wound my margent thro' ten leaves at once,
Much worse than Aristarchus his black pile
That pierc'd old Homer's side;———
And makes such faces that meseems I see
Some foul Megæra in the tragedy,
Threat'ning her twined snakes at Tantale's ghost,
Or the grim visage of some frowning post

[1] The last book, consisting of one long satire only, is a sort of Epilogue to the whole, and contains a humorous ironical description of the effect of his Satires, and a recapitulatory view of many of the characters and foibles which he had before delineated. But the scribblers seem to have their chief share. The character of Labeo, already repeatedly mentioned, who was some cotemporary poet, a constant censurer of our author, and who from pastoral proceeded to heroic poetry, is here more distinctly represented. He was a writer who affected compound epithets, which Sir Philip Sidney had imported from France, and first used in his Arcadia. W.

Mr. Warton thought the character, in many respects, suited *Chapman*, though he does not appear to have written any pastorals; but it seems to me more probable that *Drayton* was meant. It is difficult, at this distance of time, to appropriate satirical delineations of character so lightly sketched. If the author is to be believed, his satire was not personal but general.

The crabtree porter of the Guildhall gates;
While he his frightful beetle elevates,
His angry eyne look all so glaring bright,
Like th' hunted badger in a moonless night:
Or like a painted staring Saracen;
His cheeks change hue like th' air-fed vermin's skin[2],
Now red, now pale, and swoln above his eyes
Like to the old Colossian imageries.
But when he doth of my recanting hear,
Away, ye angry fires, and frosts of fear,
Give place unto his hopeful temper'd thought
That yields to peace, ere ever peace be sought:
Then let me now repent me of my rage
For writing satires in so righteous age.
Whereas I should have strok'd her tow'rdly head,
And cry'd *evæe* in my satires' stead;
Sith now not one of thousand does amiss,
Was never age I ween so pure as this.
As pure as old Labulla from the baynes[3],
As pure as through-fare channels when it rains;
As pure as is a black-moor's face by night,
As dung-clad skin of dying Heraclite.
Seek over all the world, and tell me where
Thou find'st a proud man, or a flatterer;
A thief, a drunkard, or a parricide,
A lecher, liar, or what vice beside?

[2] The chameleon.

[3] The *baynes*, i. e. the *baths*.

Merchants are no whit covetous of late,
Nor make no mart of time, gain of deceit.
Patrons are honest now, o'er they of old,
Can now no benefice be bought or sold?
Give him a gelding, or some two years tithe,
For he all bribes and simony defi'th.
Is not one pick-thank[4] stirring in the court,
That seld was free till now, by all report.
But some one, like a claw-back parasite,
Pick'd mothës from his master's cloak in sight,
Whiles he could pick out both his eyes for need,
Mought they but stand him in some better stead[5].
Nor now no more smell-feast Vitellio
Smiles on his master for a meal or two,
And loves him in his maw, loathes in his heart,
Yet sooth's, and yea's, and nay's on either part.
Tattelius, the new-come traveller,
With his disguised coat and ringed ear,
Trampling the bourse's marble[6] twice a day,
Tells nothing but stark truths, I dare well say;

[4] *Pickthank*, a flatterer, a person who is studious to gain favour, or to *pick* occasions for obtaining *thanks*.

[5] This line is omitted in the first edition, but is supplied in MS. by a cotemporary hand in my copy.

[6] *The bourse's marble* is the Royal Exchange, now newly erected. It appears to have been as much frequented by hungry walkers as St. Paul's. See before, p. 62. In Hayman's Quodlibets, 1628, p. 6, we have the following epigram *To Sir Pierce Pennilesse:*

Though little coin thy purseless pockets line,
Yet with great company thou'rt taken up;
For often with Duke Humfray thou dost dine,
And often with Sir Thomas Gresham sup.

Nor would he have them known for any thing,
Tho' all the vault of his loud murmur ring.
Not one man tells a lie of all the year,
Except the Almanack or the Chronicler.
But not a man of all the damned crew,
For hills of gold would swear the thing untrue.
Pansophus now, though all in the cold sweat,
Dares venture through the feared castle-gate,
Albe the faithful oracles have forsaine,
The wisest senator shall there be slain:
That made him long keep home as well it might,
Till now he hopeth of some wiser wight.
The vale of Stand-gate, or the Suter's hill,
Or western plain are free from feared ill.
Let him that hath nought fear nought, I areed:
But he that hath aught hie him, and God speed.
Nor drunken Dennis doth, by break of day,
Stumble into blind taverns by the way,
And reel me homeward at the ev'ning star,
Or ride more eas'ly in his neighbour's char.
Well might these checks have fitted former times,
And shoulder'd angry Skelton's breathless rhymes[7].

[7] Skelton's verses are well characterized by this epithet, they are, indeed, *breathless rhymes*, for nothing can be more tiresome to the ear than the quick recurrence of the rhyme in the short measure which he used; a paragraph will sometimes occupy several verses, so as to give no pause to the reader or reciter. Puttenham has thus described him: "Such were the rimes of Skelton, being indeed but a rude rayling rimer, and all his doings ridiculous; he used both short distaunces and short measures, pleasing only the popu-

Ere Chrysalus had barr'd the common box,
Which erst he pick'd to store his private stocks;
But now hath all with vantage paid again,
And locks and plates what doth behind remain;
When erst our dry-soul'd sires so lavish were,
To charge whole boots-full to their friends welfare[8];
Now shalt thou never see the salt[9] beset
With a big-bellied gallon flagonet.
Of an ebb cruise[10] must thirsty Silen sip,
That's all forestalled by his upper lip;
Somewhat it was that made his paunch so peare[11],
His girdle fell ten inches in a year.
Or when old gouty bed-rid Euclio
To his officious factor fair could show,

lar eare."—*Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, p. 69. Yet when he chose to depart from his light skipping style, he has sometimes shown himself not destitute of poetical imagination, and capable of spirited and picturesque personification.

[8] The ancient carouse was indeed drinking deep; it was necessary, in doing complete justice to a pledge, to empty the capacious vessel at a draught. To drink a boot full of liquor may have been a particular act of drunken gallantry, for there was a Dane in London at that time, named Keynaldo, "who would carouse out of his boot." Marston asks what a traveller brings from Holland:

"From Belgia what, but their deep bezzeling,
Their *boot-carouse*, and their beer buttering."—SAT. II.

[9] The reader will see an account of the Salt at p. 41, ante.

[10] An *ebb-cruise* is a vessel half empty, in which the liquor stood at ebb, or very low.

[11] *Peare*. I have not been fortunate enough to find this word elsewhere. It is apparently used in the sense of *spare*, for which word I should have supposed it a typographical error but for the rhyme.

His name in margent of some old cast bill,
And say, Lo! whom I named in my will,
Whiles he believes, and looking for the share
Tendeth his cumbrous charge with busy care
For but a while; for now he sure will die,
By his strange qualm of liberality.
Great thanks he gives—" but God him shield and save
From ever gaining by his master's grave,
Only live long and he is well repaid:"—
And wets his forced cheeks while thus he said;
Some strong-smell'd onion shall stir his eyes
Rather than no salt tears shall then arise.
So looks he like a marble toward rain,
And wrings and snites, and weeps, and wipes again:
Then turns his back and smiles, and looks askance,
Seas'ning again his sorrow'd countenance;
Whiles yet he wearies heav'n with daily cries,
And backward death with devout sacrifice,
That they would now his tedious ghost bereaven,
And wishes well, that wish'd no worse than heaven.
When Zoylus was sick, he knew not where,
Save his wrought night-cap, and lawn pillowbear[12].

[12] Davies has an Epigram which turns upon this piece of ridiculous vanity:

Brumus, which deemes himselfe a faire sweet youth,
Is thirty-nine yeares of age at least;
Yet was he never, to confesse the truth,
But a dry starv'ling when he was at best;

Kind fools! they made him sick that made him fine;
Take those away, and there's his medicine.
Or Gellia wore a velvet mastic-patch
Upon her temples when no tooth did ach[13];
When beauty was her rheum I soon espied,
Nor could her plaster cure her of her pride.
These vices were, but now they ceas'd of long:
Then why did I a righteous age that wrong?
I would repent me were it not too late,
Were not the angry world prejudicate.
If all the seven penitential[14],
Or thousand white-wands might me aught avail;
If Trent or Thames could scour my foul offence,
And set me in my former innocence,
I would at last repent me of my rage:
Now, bear my wrong, I thine, O righteous age.
As for fine wits, a hundred thousand fold
Passeth our age whatever times of old.
For in that puisnè world, our sires of long[15]
Could hardly wag their too unwieldy tongue

This gull was sicke, to show his night-cap fine,
And his wrought pillow, over-spread with lawne,
But hath bin well since his griefes cause hath line
At Trollup's, by Saint Clement's Church, in pawne.

[13] Here is another proof that *ache* was not pronounced *ake*, as is now the case. Hall does not, however, follow Baret's dictum, who makes *ache* the substantive, and *ake* the verb.

[14] That is the seven penitential *psalms*. The *white wands*, in the next line, have reference to doing the act of penance in a church, by being wrapt in a sheet or white garment, and bearing a white wand in the hand.

[15] *Of long*, i. e. for a long period of time.

As pined crows and parrots can do now,
When hoary age did bend their wrinkled brow:
And now of late did many a learned man
Serve thirty years prent'ship with Priscian;
But now can every novice speak with ease
The far-fetch'd language of th' Antipodes.
Wouldst thou the tongues that erst were learned hight,
Tho our wise age hath wip'd them of their right:
Wouldst thou the courtly three in most request[16],
Or the two barbarous neighbours of the West?
Bibinus self can have ten tongues in one,
Though in all ten not one good tongue alone.
And can deep skill lie smothering within,
Whiles neither smoke nor flame discerned bin?
Shall it not be a wild-fig[17] in a wall,
Or fired brimstone in a minerall?
Do thou disdain, O ever-learned age!
The tongue-tied silence of that Samian sage:
Forth, ye fine wits, and rush into the press,
And for the cloyed world your works address.
Is not a gnat, nor fly, nor seely ant,
But a fine wit can make an elephant.

[16] In that age three modern languages were studied to affectation. In the Return from Parnassus, 1606, A fashionable fop tells his page, "Sirrah, boy, remember me when I come in Paul's Church-yard, to buy a Ronsard and Dubartas in *French;* an Aretine in *Italian;* and our hardest writers in *Spanish.* W.

[17] *Wild-fig* is the reading of both the old editions. I suspect that the *Wild-fire*, or *Greek-fire*, as it is called by old writers is meant. See Blount's Glossography.

Should Bandell's throstle die without a song,
Or Adamantiùs' dog, be laid along[18],
Down in some ditch without his exequies,
Or epitaphs, or mournful elegies?
Folly itself, and Baldness may be prais'd[19],
And sweet conceits from filthy objects rais'd.
What do not fine wits dare to undertake?
What dare not fine wits do for honour's sake?
But why doth Balbus his dead-doing quill
Parch in his rusty scabbard all the while;

[18] Poems on petty subjects or occasions, on the death of a favourite bird or dog seem to have been as common in Hall's time as at a later period. In the old comedy, The Return from Parnassus, we are told of a coxcomb who could bear no poetry—"but fly-blown sonnets to his mistress and her loving pretty creatures, her monkey and her parrot."

[19] The allusion is to Erasmus's *Moriæ Encomium*, and the *Encomium Calvitiei*, written about the same period. A cotemporary of Hall's has enumerated some of the subjects that have been thus sported with:

> Ovid his *Nux*, the *Culex* Virgil writ;
> Erasmus did in *Folly* dye his wit.
> The *Frog-fight* Homer made, and of *Dame Mouse*,
> And Janus Dousa prais'd *Pediculus*.
> Hubaldus on *Bald-men* did versifie
> Each of whose numbers' words began with C.
> Beza prais'd *Nihil*, Apuleius *th' Asse*,
> Plutarch *Grillus*, who by Circe changed was.
> A *Quartan Ague* Favorine did commend;
> His darling *Sparrow* so Catullus pen'd.
>
> *The Opticke Glasse of Humors*, 1606.
> Epistle to the Reader.

"Sweet conceits from filthy objects" probably refers to Harington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, to which Hall has other allusions.

His golden fleece o'ergrown with mouldy hoar
As though he had his witty works forswore?
Belike of late now Balbus hath no need,
Nor now belike his shrinking shoulders dread
The catch-poll's fist—The press may still remain
And breathe, till Balbus be in debt again.
Soon may that be! so I had silent been,
And not thus rak'd up quiet crimes unseen.
Silence is safe, when saying stirreth sore
And makes the stirred puddle stink the more.
Shall the controller of proud Nemesis
In lawless rage upbraid each other's vice,
While no man seeketh to reflect the wrong,
And curb the range of his misruly tongue?
By the two crowns of Parnass evergreen,
And by the cloven head of Hippocrene
As I true poet am, I here avow
(So solemnly kiss'd he his laurel bough)
If that bold satire unrevenged be
For this so saucy and foul injury
So Labeo weens it my eternal shame
To prove I never earn'd a poet's name.
But would I be a poet if I might,
To rub my brows three days and wake three nights,
And bite my nails, and scratch my dullard head,
And curse the backward Muses on my bed
About one peevish syllable; which outsought
I take up Thales' joy[20], save for forethought

[20] *Thales' joy.* The allusion is to the ecstasy of the Greek philosopher on discovering how to detect the quantity of brass

How it shall please each ale-knight's censuring eye,
And hang'd my head for fear them deem awry:
Whiles threadbare Martiall turns his merry note
To beg of Rufus a cast winter-coat;
Whiles hungry Marot leapeth at a bean,
And dieth like a starved Capuchin;
Go, Ariost[21], and gape for what may fall
From trencher of a flattering cardinal;
And if thou gettest but a pedant's fee,
Thy bed, thy board, and coarser livery,
O honour far beyond a brazen shrine,
To sit with Tarleton[22] on an ale-post's sign!
Who had but lived in Augustus' days,
'T had been some honour to be crown'd with bays;
When Lucan streaked on his marble bed
To think of Cæsar, and great Pompey's deed:

mixed with the gold in making a crown by a fraudulent goldsmith; or, in other words, on discovering the mode of ascertaining the specific gravity of bodies by weighing them in water. The story is usually told of *Archimedes*. I know not on what authority Hall attributes it to Thales. It is said that being in a bath when he observed it, in the madness of his joy he ran out into the streets naked, crying out, Eureka, eureka, I have found it, I have found it.

[21] Alluding to Ariosto's dependence on the Cardinal Hippolito d'Este.

[22] Meres commends Tarleton, the player, for his facility in extempore versification.—*Wits' Treasury*, fol. 286. Mr. Warton enumerates several of his publications chiefly of the humorous cast and ballad form.—*Hist. of Poetry*, vol. iv. p. 48.

Or when Achelaus shav'd his mourning head,
Soon as he heard Stesichorus was dead.
At least, would some good body of the rest
Set a gold pen on their bay-wreathed crest;
Or would their face in stamped coin express,
As did the Mytelenes their poetess.
Now as it is, beshrew him if he might,
That would his brows with Cæsar's laurel dight.
Though what ail'd me, I might not well as they
Rake up some forworn tales that smother'd lay
In chimney corners smok'd with winter fires,
To read and rock asleep our drowsy sires?
No man his threshold better knows, than I
Brute's first arrival, and first victory;
St. George's sorrel, or his cross of blood,
Arthur's round board, or Caledonian wood,
Or holy battles of bold Charlemain,
What were his knights did Salem's siege maintain:
How the mad rival of fair Angelice
Was physic'd from the new-found paradise.
High stories they, which with their swelling strain
Have riven Fronto's broad rehearsal plain.
But so to fill up books, both back and side,
What needs it? Are there not enow beside?
O age well thriven and well fortunate,
When each man hath a muse appropriate;
And she, like to some servile ear-bor'd slave
Must play and sing when and what he would have!
Would that were all——small fault in number lies,
Were not the fear from whence it should arise.

But can it be aught but a spurious seed
That grows so rife in such unlikely speed?
Sith Pontian left his barren wife at home,
And spent two years at Venice and at Rome,
Returned, hears his blessing ask'd of three,
Cries out, O Julian law! adultery!
Tho Labeo reaches right (who can deny?)
The true strains of heroic poesy;
For he can tell how fury reft his sense,
And Phœbus fill'd him with intelligence.
He can implore the heathen deities
To guide his bold and busy enterprise;
Or filch whole pages at a clap for need
From honest Petrarch, clad in English weed:
While big *but oh's!* each stanza can begin,
Whose trunk and tail sluttish and heartless been.
He knows the grace of that new elegance,
Which sweet Philisides[23] fetch'd of late from France,
That well beseem'd his high-styl'd Arcady,
Tho' others mar it with much liberty,

[23] *Philisides.* One of the poetical names of Sir Philip Sidney, evidently formed from portions of the two names, *Philip* and *Sidney*. The name appears to have been invented by himself, for we have the lad Philisides in the Arcadia, B. iii. Eclogue the 3d. He is almost always distinguished by this name among his poetical cotemporaries. Thus in verses prefixed to Browne's Britannia's Pastorals, by E. Heyward:

"Numbers, curious ears to please,
Learn'd he of Philisides."

In epithets to join two words in one
Forsooth, for adjectives can't stand alone[24]:
As a great poet could of Bacchus say,
That he was *Semele-femori-gena.*
Lastly he names the spirit of Astrophel;
Now hath not Labeo done wrondrous well?
But ere his Muse her weapon learn to wield,
Or dance a sober pirrhique[25] in the field,
Or marching wade in blood up to the knees,
Her *arma virum* goes by two degrees,
The sheep-cote first hath been her nursery,
Where she hath worn her idle infancy,
And in high startups[26] walk'd the pastur'd plains,
To tend her tasked herd that there remains,
And winded still a pipe of oat or breare,
Striving for wages who the praise shall bear;
As did whilere the homely Carmelite,
Following Virgil, and he Theocrite[27];

[24] The arts of composition must have been much practised, and a knowledge of critical niceties widely diffused, when observations of this kind could be written. W.

[25] The Pyrrhic dance, performed in armour.

[26] *Startups* were a kind of rustic high shoes, sometimes also called bagging shoes. In Junius's Nomenclator, by Fleming, *Pero* is rendered a country shooe: *a startop:* a high shooe. The *Soccus* of the ancients is also rendered in the old Dictionaries, "A kind of bagging shoes, or manner of startups, that men and women did use in times passed, a socke." Chapman uses *startups* in this sense in his Hymn to Cynthia, 1595.

[27] Though these lines bear a general sense, yet at the same time they seem to be connected with the character of Labeo,

Or else hath been in Venus chamber train'd
To play with Cupid, till she had attain'd
To comment well upon a beauteous face,
Then was she fit for an heroic place.
As witty Pontan[28] in great earnest said,
His mistress' breasts were like two weights of lead.
Another thinks her teeth might liken'd be
To two fair ranks of pales of ivory,
To fence in sure the wild beast of her tongue,
From either going far, or going wrong;
Her grinders like two chalk-stones in a mill,
Which shall with time and wearing wax as ill
As old Catilla's, which wont every night
Lay up her holy pegs till next daylight,
And with them grind soft-simpering all the day,
When lest her laughter should her gums bewray
Her hands must hide her mouth if she but smile;
Fain would she seem all frixe and frolic still.
Her forehead fair is like a brazen hill
Whose wrinkled furrows which her age doth breed,
Are daubed full of Venice chalk for need:

by which they are introduced. By the *Carmelite*, a pastoral writer ranked with Theocritus and Virgil, he means *Mantuanus*. W.

[28] "Pontan, here mentioned," says Mr. Warton, "I presume is Joannis Jovianus Pontanus, an elegant Latin amatorial poet of Italy at the revival of learning." This I very much doubt; at least, I have not found the simile after a pretty diligent search for it in the Poems of Pontanus, printed by Aldus, at Venice, 1518. It is more probable that Hall here ridicules one of his cotemporaries.

Her eyes like silver saucers fair beset
With shining amber, and with shady jet,
Her lids like Cupid's bow-case, where he hides
The weapons that doth wound the wanton-ey'd:
Her chin like Pindus, or Parnassus' hill,
Where down descends th' o'erflowing stream doth fill
The well of her fair mouth.—Each hath his praise.
Who would not but wed poets now-a-days!

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY

BISHOP HALL.

ANTHEMS.

FOR THE CATHEDRAL OF EXETER.

LORD, what am I? A worm, dust, vapour, nothing!
What is my life? A dream, a daily dying!
What is my flesh? my soul's uneasy clothing!
What is my time? A minute ever flying:
My time, my flesh, my life, and I;
What are we, Lord, but vanity?

Where am I, Lord? down in a vale of death:
What is my trade? sin, my dear God offending;
My sport sin too, my stay a puff of breath:
What end of sin? Hell's horror never ending:
My way, my trade, sport, stay, and place
Help to make up my doleful case.

Lord, what art thou? pure life, power, beauty, bliss:
Where dwellest thou? above in perfect light:
What is thy time? eternity it is:
What state? attendance of each glorious spright;
Thyself, thy place, thy days, thy state
Pass all the thoughts of powers create.

How shall I reach thee, Lord! Oh, soar above,
Ambitious soul: but which way should I fly?
Thou, Lord, art way and end: what wings have I?
Aspiring thoughts, of faith, of hope, of love:
Oh, let these wings, that way alone
Present me to thy blissful throne.

FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

IMMORTAL Babe, who this dear day
Didst change thine Heaven for our clay,
And didst with flesh thy godhead veil,
Eternal Son of God, all hail!

Shine, happy star; ye angels, sing
Glory on high to Heaven's King:
Run, shepherds, leave your nightly watch,
See Heaven come down to Bethlehem's cratch.

Worship, ye sages of the east,
The King of gods in meanness dress'd.
O blessed maid, smile and adore
The God thy womb and arms have bore.

Star, angels, shepherds, and wild sages,
Thou virgin glory of all ages,
Restored frame of Heaven and Earth,
Joy in your dear Redeemer's birth!

LEAVE, O my soul, this baser world below,
O leave this doleful dungeon of woe,
And soar aloft to that supernal rest
That maketh all the saints and angels bless'd:
Lo, there the Godhead's radiant throne,
Like to ten thousand suns in one!

Lo, there thy Saviour dear, in glory dight,
Ador'd of all the powers of Heaven's bright:
Lo, where that head that bled with thorny wound
Shines ever with celestial honour crown'd:
That hand that held the scornful reed
Makes all the fiends infernal dread.

That back and side that ran with bloody streams
Daunt angels' eyes with their majestic beams;
Those feet, once fastened to the cursed tree,
Trample on Death and Hell, in glorious glee.
Those lips, once drench'd with gall, do make
With their dread doom the world to quake.

Behold those joys thou never canst behold;
Those precious gates of pearl, those streets of gold,
Those streams of life, those trees of Paradise
That never can be seen by mortal eyes:
And when thou seest this state divine,
Think that it is or shall be thine.

See there the happy troops of purest sprights
That live above in endless true delights;
And see where once thyself shalt ranged be,
And look and long for immortality:
And now beforehand help to sing
Hallelujahs to Heaven's King.

ON

MR. GREENHAM'S BOOK OF THE SABBATH.

WHILE Greenham writeth on the Sabbath's rest,
His soul enjoys not what his pen express'd:
His work enjoys not what itself doth say,
For it shall never find one resting day.
A thousand hands shall toss each page and line,
Which shall be scanned by a thousand eine;
That Sabbath's rest, or the Sabbath's unrest,
Hard is to say whether's the happiest.

ELEGY ON DR. WHITAKER[1].

BIND ye my brows with mourning cyparisse,
And palish twigs of deadly poplar tree,
Or if some sadder shades ye can devise,
Those sadder shades veil my light-loathing eye;
I loathe the laurel bands I loved best,
And all that maketh mirth and pleasant rest.

If ever breath dissolv'd the world to tears,
Or hollow cries made Heaven's vault resound:
If ever shrieks were sounded out so clear,
That all the worldis waste might hear around:
Be mine the breath, the tears, the shrieks, the cries,
Yet still my grief unseen, unsounded lies.

Thou flattering Sun, that ledst this loathed light,
Why didst thou in thy saffron-robes arise?
Or fold'st not up the day in dreary night?
And wak'st the western world's amazed eyes?
And never more rise from the ocean,
To wake the morn, or chase night-shades again.

[1] King's professor, and master of St. John's College, Cambridge; he died in 1595. The Elegy was annexed to the Carmen Funebre Caroli Horni, 1596.

Hear we no bird of day, or dawning morn,
To greet the Sun, or glad the waking ear:
Sing out, ye screech-owls, louder then aforn,
And ravens black of night; of death of drear:
And all ye barking fowls yet never seen,
That fill the moonless night with hideous din.

Now shall the wanton devils dance in rings
In every mead, and every heath hore:
The Elvish Fairies, and the Gobelins:
The hoofed Satyrs silent heretofore:
Religion, Virtue, Muses, holy mirth
Have now forsworn the late forsaken Earth.

The Prince of Darkness 'gins to tyrannize,
And rear up cruel trophies of his rage;
Faint Earth through her despairing cowardice
Yields up herself to endless vassalage:
What champion now shall tame the power of Hell,
And the unruly spirits overquell?

The worldis praise, the pride of Nature's proof,
Amaze of times, hope of our faded age:
Religion's hold, Earth's choice, and Heaven's love,
Pattern of virtue, patron of Muses sage:
All these and more were Whitaker's alone,
Now they in him, and he and all are gone.

Heaven, Earth, Nature, Death, and every Fate
Thus spoil'd the careless world of wonted joy:
Whiles each repin'd at others' pleasing state,
And all agreed to work the world's annoy:
Heaven strove with Earth, Destiny gave the doom,
That Death should Earth and Nature overcome.

Earth takes one part, when forced Nature sends
The soul, to flit into the yielding sky:
Sorted by Death into their fatal ends,
Foreseen, foreset, from all eternity:
Destiny by Death spoil'd feeble Nature's frame,
Earth was despoil'd when Heaven overcame.

Ah, coward Nature, and more cruel Death,
Envying Heaven, and unworthy mould,
Unwieldy carcass and unconstant breath,
That did so lightly leave your living hold:
How have ye all conspir'd our hopeless spite,
And wrapt us up in Grief's eternal night.

Base Nature yields, imperious Death commands,
Heaven desires, durst lowly dust deny?
The Fates decreed, no mortal might withstand,
The spirit leaves his load, and lets it lie.
The senseless corpse corrupts in sweeter clay,
And waits for worms to waste it quite away.

Now 'gin your triumphs, Death and Destinies,
And let the trembling world witness your waste:
Now let black Orphney raise his ghastly neighs,
And trample high, and hellish foam outcast:
Shake he the Earth, and tear the hollow skies,
That all may feel and fear your victories.

And after your triumphant chariot,
Drag the pale corpse that thus you did to die,
To show what goodly conquests ye have got,
To fright the world, and fill the wond'ring eye:
Millions of lives, of deaths no conquests were,
Compared with one only Whitaker.

But thou, O soul, shalt laugh at their despite,
Sitting beyond the mortal man's extent,
All in the bosom of that blessed spright:
Which the great God for thy safe conduct sent,
He through the circling spheres taketh his flight,
And cuts the solid sky with spiritual might.

Open, ye golden gates of Paradise,
Open ye wide unto a welcome ghost:
Enter, O soul, into thy bow'r of bliss,
Through all the throng of Heaven's host:
Which shall with triumph guard thee as thou go'st
With palms of conquest and with crowns of cost.

Seldom had ever soul such entertains,
With such sweet hymns, and such a glorious crown.
Nor with such joy amids the heavenly trains,
Was ever led to his Creator's throne:
There now he lives, and sees his Saviour's face,
And ever sings sweet songs unto his grace.

Meanwhile, the memory of his mighty name
Shall live as long as aged Earth shall last:
Enrolled on [the] beryl walls of fame,
Aye ming'd, aye mourn'd; and wished oft in waste.
Is this to die, to live for evermore
A double life: that never liv'd afore?

The two following Poems, on the DEATH OF PRINCE HENRY, were printed in "Lachrymæ Lachrymarum; or, The Spirit of Teares Distilled for the untimely Death of the incomparable Prince Panaretus, by Joshua Sylvester."

Upon the unseasonable times that have followed the unseasonable death of my sweet master Prince Henry.

FOND Vulgar, canst thou think it strange to find
So *watery* winter, and so wastefull *wind?*
What other face could Nature's age become,
In looking on Great Henry's herse and tomb?
The world's whole frame his part in mourning bears:
The *winds* are sighs: the rain is Heaven's tears:
And if these tears be rife, and sighs be strong,
Such sighs, such tears, to these sad times belong.
These show'rs have drown'd all hearts: these sighs did make
The church, the world, with griefs, with fears to shake,
Men's sighs and tears are slight, and quickly done,

J. HALL.

OF

THE RAINBOW,

THAT WAS REPORTED TO BE SEEN IN THE NIGHT,

OVER

St. James, before the Prince's Death;

AND OF

THE UNSEASONABLE WINTER SINCE.

WAS ever nightly rainbow seen?
Did ever winter mourn in green?
Had that long bow been bent by day
That chased all our clouds away?
But now that it by night appears,
It tells the deluge of our tears.
No marvel rainbows shine by night,
When suns e'er noon do lose their light.
Iris was wont to be, of old,
Heaven's messenger to earthly mould;
And now she came to bring us down
Sad news of Henry's better crown.
And as the eastern star did tell
The Persian sages of that cell
Where Sion's King was born and lay;
And over that same house did stay:
So did that western bow descry
Where Henry, prince of men, should die:

Lo there this arch of heavenly state
Rais'd to the triumph of his fate;
Yet rais'd in dark of night to show
His glory should be with our woe.
And now, for that men's mourning weed
Reports a grief not felt indeed;
The winter weeps, and mourns in deed,
Though clothed in a summer weed.

J. HALL.

GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

TERMS WANTING EXPLANATION.

Chiswick:
FROM THE PRESS OF CHARLES WHITTINGHAM.
M DCCC XXIV.