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Title: A Satyr Against Hypocrites

Author: John Phillips
Author of introduction, etc.: Leon Howard

Release date: June 29, 2015 [EBook #49323]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by David Starner and the Online Distributed
Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net>

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK A SATYR AGAINST HYPOCRITES ***

The Augustan Reprint Society

JOHN PHILLIPS
A Satyr Against Hypocrites
(1655)

With an Introduction by
Leon Howard

Publication Number 38

Los Angeles
William Andrews Clark Memorial Library
University of California
1953

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INTRODUCTION

John Phillips' anonymous poem, *A Satyr Against Hypocrites*, was entered in the Stationers' Register on March 14, 1654-55 as the work of his brother Edward and the property of his publisher Nathaniel Brook, and it was probably published on August 17 (David Masson, *The Life of John Milton* [London, 1877], V, 228n., cites the "Thomason copy" as indicating the date of publication). Actually, two issues appeared in 1655. One gave no indication of the publisher and is reproduced here, as perhaps the rarest, from the copy in the William Andrews Clark Memorial Library. The other was "Printed for N.B. at the Angel in Corn-hill." The 1655 text was reprinted in 1661 as *The Religion of the Hypocritical Presbyterians in Meeter*, and a revised and enlarged edition appeared in 1671 under the original title. It was this rather than the original version which is known through the summary given by William Godwin (*Lives of Edward and John Phillips* [London, 1815], pp. 49-51) and quoted by Masson as the most "exact description" possible of the 1655 "performance" (*ibid.*, V, 228). Other editions have been recorded for 1674, 1677, 1680, 1689, and 1710, the last being attributed to the author's uncle, John Milton. Of these, the editions which I have seen show only minor revisions of the 1671 text. A holograph manuscript, preserved in the Bodleian Library, includes a two-page dedication to the successful barrister John Churchill, but the dedication was apparently never printed.

Neither the unpublished dedication nor the poem itself contains a clear indication of the purpose or the direction of the satire. In pleading her case for John Phillips' authorship of the anonymous life of Milton, Miss Helen Derbyshire (*The Early Lives of Milton* [London, 1932], pp. xxii-xxv) has taken issue with the common statement that it marked Phillips' departure from his uncle's teachings and has described it as a satire against the Presbyterians from an Independent position with which Milton might well have sympathized. Yet the text hardly supports these contentions. The Sunday service which Phillips burlesques shows no signs of Presbyterian discipline. In fact, sectarianism is almost at its worst in his picture of a congregation crying destruction against Covenant-breakers, making grinning appeals for free grace, and screaming for the Fifth Monarchy in a state of revelation-madness. Furthermore, the Brother Elnathan who makes his appearance at the dinner following the Wednesday service received his name in a Baptist "Ducking-pond" rather than from the customary Presbyterian sprinkling. There may be some significance, too, in the fact that the particularly satiric reference to "the man midwife," Dr. Peter Chamberlain, was to a noted Independent.

On the other hand, the church specifically identified as the scene of the weekday service was St. Mary's Aldermanbury, and its minister was the Reverend Edmund Calamy, whose inclinations were Presbyterian and whose personally conducted fastday services were notoriously popular. Although Calamy's custom of preaching from the desk rather than from the pulpit makes it unlikely that he was the minister satirized in the early part of the poem, he would normally have been identified as the object of Phillips' most severe and scandalous attack; and the device of having him refer to "the Laud" instead of the Lord may have had reference to the rumors of early conformity which still haunted Calamy despite his service to the Puritan cause as one of the Smectymnuans and a member of the Westminster Assembly of Divines. There is no evidence, however, that Presbyterianism as a particular nonconformist sect stirred Phillips to any special antagonism.

In any case, it seems impossible to represent *A Satyr Against Hypocrites* seriously as a document of which John Milton would have approved. If he could have tolerated the violation of the Scriptures and the punning obscenity of his nephew's introduction of the Prophet Habakkuk into the poem, he might have felt a personal offense in the use of such material for an attack upon the church in which he was to register his espousal of the pure-minded Katharine Woodcock. At best, Milton could have considered this first rhymed flowering of his nephew's satiric humor a pointless piece of scurrility which lacked real wit, coherence, or character. If Phillips did not publish it in open recalcitrance, he published it with less confidence in his uncle's sympathy than in his blindness and in the decent reluctance of friends to disclose the extent of a young man's departure from the paths of good instruction.

The republication of *A Satyr Against Hypocrites* as *The Religion of the Hypocritical*

Presbyterians, in 1661, was no more than an attempt to attract new interest with a title which would appeal to the post-Restoration tendency to condemn the strongest of the Puritan sects. The incongruity between the new title and the old poem, though, seems to have been more evident to the author than to later readers; for in the 1671 edition he introduced a satire on the ceremony of infant baptism which nullified the allusion to the "Ducking-pond" by making the Sunday congregation, at least, clearly Presbyterian. The other major revisions and additions were in the direction of greater licentiousness and more frequent references to "the Laud." The editions of 1680 and 1689 (which are the only two later versions I have seen) are based upon that of 1671 and contain only such minor changes as might have been made by a printer alert to the possibility of introducing new bawdy implications by the change of an occasional word or letter.

The Bodleian manuscript is an approximate but not a true copy of the version which was first printed. A few lines appear in the published poem which are not to be found in the manuscript, the printed marginal annotations are fewer in number and considerably changed, and there are some differences in the musical notation. Except for an indication that the old Robin mentioned at the beginning of the poem was a particular "fool well known in the city," however, the manuscript annotations are similar in character to those printed and add little to the comprehensibility of the text. The author's signed dedication to Churchill shows an inclination (like that revealed in the concluding lines of the published text) to justify his poem as a defense of true religion against the sectaries whose words and actions brought it into contempt; but A Satyr Against Hypocrites appears to have been, in reality, little more than the irresponsible outburst of a young man of twenty-three who was tired of discipline, disappointed in his expectations of political preferment, and angry at the sort of people who had taken over the country but who seemed incapable of appreciating his peculiar merits.

Leon Howard
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A SATYR Against HYPOCRITES

Juvenal. Sat. 1.

Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum.

Juvenal. Sat. 14.

—*Velocius & citius nos*—

*Corrumpunt vitiorum exempla domestica, magnis
Cum subeant animos autoribus.*



Printed in the Year, 1655.



A Satyr against Hypocrites.

Tedious have been our Fasts, and long our Prayers;
To keep the Sabbath such have been our cares,
That *Cisly* durst not milk the gentle Malls,
To the great dammage of my Lord Mayors Fooles,
Which made the greazie Catchpoles swear and curse
The Holy-day for want o'th' second course;
And men have lost their Body's new adorning
Because their cloathes could not come home that morning.
The sins of Parlament have long been bawl'd at,
The vices of the City have been yawl'd at,
Yet no amendment; Certainly, thought I,
This is a Paradox beyond all cry.

Why if you ask the people, very proudly
They answer straight, That they are very godly.
Nor could we lawfully suspect the Priest,
Alas, for he cry'd out, *I bring you Christ*:
And trul' he spoke with so much confidence,
That at that time it seem'd a good pretence:
Then where's the fault? thought I: Well, I must know;
So putting on cleane cuffes, to Church I goe.

Now 'gan the Bells to jangle in the Steeple,
And in a row to Church went all the people.
First came poore Matrons stuck with Lice like Cloves,
Devoutly come to worship their white loaves,
And may be smelt above a German mile.
Well, let them goe to fume the Middle-Ile.
But here's the sight that doth men good to see't,
Grave Burghers, with their Posies, Sweet, sweet, sweet,
With their fat Wives. Then comes old *Robin* too,
Who although write or reade he neither doe,
Yet hath his Testament chain'd to his waste,
And his blind zeale feels out the proofs as fast,
And makes as greasie Dogs-ears as the best.
A new shav'd Cobler follows him, as it hapt,
With his young *Cake bread* in his cloak close wrapt;
Then panting comes his Wife from t'other end
O'th' Town to hear Our Father and see a friend;
Then came the shops young Fore-man, 'tis presum'd,
With hair rose water'd, and his gloves perfum'd,
With his blew shoo-strings too, and besides that,
A riband with a sentence in his hat.
The Virgins too, the fair one, and the Gypsie,
Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ.
And now the silk'n Dames throng in, good store,
And casting up their noses, to th' pew dore
They come, croud in, for though the pew be full
They must and will have room, I, that they wull;
Streight that she sits not uppermost distast
One takes; 'Tis fine that I must be displac'd
By you, she cries then, Good Mistris Gill Flurt;
Gill Flurt, enrag'd cries t'other, Why ya dirt-
-ie piece of Impudence, ye ill-bred Thief.
I scorn your terms, good Mistris Thimble-mans wife.
Marry come up, cries t'other, pray forbear,
Surely your husband's but a Scavenger,
Cries t'other then, and what are you I pray?
No Aldermans wife for all you are so gay.
Is it not you that to all Christenings frisk it?
And to save bread, most shamefully steal the bisket,
At which the other mad beyond all law,
Unsheaths her talons, and prepares to claw.
And sure some gorgets had been torn that day,
But that the Readers voice did part the fray.

Now what a wardrobe could I put to view,
The cloak-bag-breeches, and the sleek-stone shoe,
The Gallimafry cloak that looks like nonsense,
Now wide, now narrow, like his Master's conscience:
The grogram gown of such antiquity,
That *Speed* could never finde its pedigree;
Fit to be doted on by Antiquary's,
Who hence may descant in their old Glossary's,
What kinde of fardingale fair *Helen* wore,
How wings in fashion came, because wings bore
The Swan transformed *Leda* to *Jove's* love

The Swan-transformed *Leaa* to *Jove*'s lap,
Our Matrons hoping thence the same good hap;
The pent-house bever, and calves-chaudron ruff,
But of these frantick fashions now enough,
For now there shall no more of them be said,
Lest this my ware-house spoil the French-men's trade.

And now as if I were that wollen-spinster,
That doth so gravely show you *Sarum* Minster,
He lead ye round the Church from pew to pew,
And shew you what doth most deserve your view,
There stood the Font, in times of Christianity,
But now 'tis tak'n down, men call it Vanity;
There the Church-Wardens sit, hard by the dore,
But know ye why they sit among the Poor?
Because they love um well for love o'th' box,
Their money buys good beef, good wine, good smocks.
There sits the Clerk, and there the reverend Reader,
And there's the Pulpit for the good flock-Feeder,
Who in three lamentable dolefull ditty's
Unto their marriage-fees sing *Nunc dimittis*.
Here sits a learned Justice, truly so
Some people say, and some again say no,
And yet methinks in this he seemeth wise
To make *Stypone* yeild him an excise,
And though on Sundaies, Ale-houses must down,
Yet wisely all the week lets them alone,
For well his Worship knows that Ale-house sins
Maintain himself in gloves, his wife in pins.
There sits the Major, as fat as any bacon
With eating custard, beef, and rumps of capon;
And there his corpulent Brethren sit by,
With faces representing gravity,
Who having money, though they have no wit,
They wear gold-chains, and here in green pews sit.
There sit True-blew the honest Parish-masters,
With Sattin Caps, and Ruffs, and Demi-casters,
And faith that's all; for they have no rich fansies,
No Poets are, nor Authors of Romances.
There sits a Lady fine, painted by Art,
And there sits curious Mistris Fiddle-cum-fart:
There sits a Chamber-maid upon a Hassock,
Whom th' Chaplain oft instructs without his Cassock:
One more accustom'd unto Curtain-sins,
Than to her thimble, or to handle pins.
O what a glosse her forehead smooth adorns!
Excelling *Phœbe* with her silver horns.
It tempts a man at first, yet strange to utter,
When one comes neere, fogh gudds, it stinks of butter.
Another tripping comes to her Mistris's Pew,
Where being arriv'd, she tryes if she can view
Her young mans face, and straight heaves up her coats,
That her sweet-heart may see her true-love knots.
But having sate up late the night before
To let the young-man in at the back-doore,
She feeleth drowzinesse upon her creeping,
Turnes downe one prooffe, and then she falls a sleeping.
Then fell her head one way, her book another,
And surely she did dream by what we gather;
For long she had not slept, when a rude flea
Upon her groyn sharply began to prey;
Straight she (twixt sleep and waking) in great ire,
As if sh'ad sitting been by th' Kitchin fire,
Pulls up her coats with both hands, smock and all,
And with both hands to scratch and scrub doth fall.
Truly the Priest, though some did, saw her not,
For he was praying and his eyes were shut.
Alas had he seen as much as a by-stander,
Much more from's Text it would have made him wander.

That's call'd the Gallery, which (as you may see)
Was trimm'd and gilt in the yeare Fifty three.
Twas a zealous work, and done by two Church-wardens,
Who for mis-reckoning hope to have their Pardons.
There *Will* writes Short-hand with a pen of brasse,
Oh how he's wonder'd at by many an asse
That see him shake so fast his wartie fiet

Ingredients that
compound a
Congregation.

Maids beware of
sleeping at Church.

Hang it

That see him shake so fast his wattle rest,
 As if he'd write the Sermon 'fore the Priest
 Has spoke it; Then, O that I could (sayes one)
 Doe but as this man does, I'de give a crowne.
 Up goes another hand, up goe his eyes,
 And he, Gifts, Industrie, and Talents cryes.

Many it.

Thus are they plac'd at length: a tedious work.
 And now a bellowing noise went round the Kirk,
 From the low Font, up to the Golden Creed.
 (O happy they who now no eares doe need!)
 While these cough up their morning flegme, and those
 Doe trumpet forth the snivel of their nose;
 Straight then the Clerk began with potsheard voice
 To grope a tune, singing with wofull noise,
 Like a crackt Sans-bell jarring in the Steeple,
Tom Sternholds wretched Prick-song to the people:
 Who soon as he hath pac'd the first line through,
 Up steps *Chuck-farthing* then, and he reads too:
 This is the womans boy that sits i'th' Porch
 Till th' Sexton comes, and brings her stoole to Church.
 Then out the people yaule an hundred parts,
 Some roare, some whine, some creak like wheels of Carts,
 Such Notes that *Gamut* never yet did know,
 Nor numerous keys of Harpsicalls in a row
 Their Heights and Depths could ever comprehend,
 Now below double *Ae* some descend.
 'Bove *Ela* squealing now ten notes some flie;
 Straight then as if they knew they were too high,
 With head-long haste downe staires againe they tumble;
 Discords and Concords O how thick they jumble!
 Like untam'd horses tearing with their throats
 One wretched stave into an hundred notes.
 Some lazie-throated fellowes thus did baule,

Robert Wisdome's
 delight.

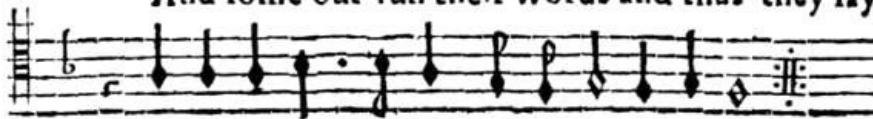


They a i hin a moy a meat uh ga have



a ha me uh a ha a gall a.

And some out-run their words and thus they say,



Too cruell for to think a hum a haw.

They a i hin a moy a meat uh ga have
 a ha me uh a ha a gall a.
 And some out-run their words and thus they say,
 Too cruell for to think a hum a haw.

Now what a whetstone was it to devotion
 To see the pace, the looks, and every motion
 O'th Sunday Levite when up stairs he march't,
 And first beheld his little band stiff-starcht,
 Two caps he had, and turns up that within,
 You'd think he wore a black pot tipt with tin,
 His cuffs asham'd peept only out at 's wrist
 For they saw whiter gloves upon his fist,
 Out comes his kerchief then which he unfolds
 As gravely as his Text, and fast he holds,
 In's wrath-denouncing hand; then mark when he pray'd
 How he rear'd his reverend whites, and softly said
 A long *most Murcifull*, or *O Al*—
 Then out he whines the rest like a sad ditty,

In a most dolefull *recitative style*,
 His buttocks keeping Crotchet-time the while;
 And as he slubbers ore his tedious story
 Makes it his chiefest aime his chiefest glory,
 T' excell the City Dames in speaking fine,
 O for the drippings of an old Sir loyne,
 Instead of *Aron's* ointment for his face,
 When he cries out for *greace* instead of *grace*.
 Up stept another then, how sowre his face is!
 How grim he lookt, for he was one oth' *Classis*,
 And here he cries, *Blood, blood, blood, destroy, O Lord!*
The Covenant-breaker with a two-edg'd sword.
 Now comes another, of another strain,
 And he of law and bondage doth complain:
 Then shewing his broad teeth, and grinning wide,
 Aloud, *Free grace, free grace, free grace*, he cry'd.
 Up went a Chaplain then, fixing his eye
 Devoutly on his Patron's gallery,
 Who as duty bindes him, cause he eats their pyes,
God blesse my good Lord and my Lady, cries,
And's hopefull Issue. Then with count'nance sad,
 Up steps a man, stark revelation-mad,
 And he, *Cause us thy Saints, for thy dear sake,*
That We a bustle in the World may make,
Thy enemies now rage, and by and by
 He tears his throat for the *fifth Monarchy*.
 Another mounts his chin, East, West, North, South,
 Gaping to catch a blessing in his mouth,
 And saying, *Lord! We dare not ope our eyes*
Before thee, winks for fear of telling lies.

Mean while the vulgar frie sit still, admiring
 Their pious sentences, as all inspiring;
 At every period they sigh and grone,
 Though he speak sometimes sense, and sometimes none:
 Their zeal doth never let them minde that matter,
 It is enough to hear the Magpye chatter;
 They croud, they thrust, are crouded, and are thrust,
 Their pews seem pasties, wherein they incrust,
 Together bake and frie; O patience great!
 Yet they endure, though almost drown'd in sweat,
 Whose steaming vapours prove most singular
 To stew hard doctrines in, and to prepare
 Them, lest they should breed some ugly disease
 Being tak'n raw in queasie consciences.
 But further mark their great humility,
 Their tender love and mutual charity,
 The short man's shoulder bore the tall man's elbow,
 Nor he so much as call'd him Scurvy fellow,
 Wrath was forgot, all anger was forborn,
 Although his neighbour trod upon his corn;
 And in a word, all men were meek and humble,
 Nor dar'd the Sexton, though unfeed, to grumble;
 He honest man went with his neck a skew,
 Gingling his bunch of keys from pew to pew;
 Good man to 's Market-day he bore no spleen,
 But wish'd the seven dayes had Sabbaths been;
 How he worships sattin, with what a Gospel-fear
 He admires the man that doth a bever wear,
 Room, room, bear leave, he cries, then not unwilling
 With a *Pater noster* face receives the shilling.

But what was more religious than to see
 The women in their strains of piety,
 Who like the Seraphins in various hews
 Adorn'd the Chancell and the highest pews.
 But now good middle-Ile-folks all give room,
 See where the Mothers and the Daughters come!
 Behinde the Servants looking all like Martyrs
 With Bibles in plush jerkins and blew garters,
 The silver-inkhorn and the writing book,
 In which I wish no friend of mine to look.
 Now must we not forget the Children too,
 Who with their fore-tops gay stand up ith pew,
 Alas-a-day! for there is great contention
 To tie this lock who hath the best invention.
 Well, be good children, for the time shall come,

Practice of Piety.

Hey-day!

When on the Pulpit-stairs ye shall have room,
There to be asked many a Question deep,
By th' Parson, with his dinner, half a sleep.

But now aloft the Preacher 'gan to thunder,
When the poor women they sit trembling under,
And if he name *Gehenna* or the Dragon,
Their faith, alas! was little then to brag on;
Or if he did relate, how little wit
The foolish Virgins had, then doe they sit
Weeping with watry-eyes, and making vows
One to have Preachers alwaies in her house,
To dine them well, and breakfast um with gelly's
And candles hot to warm their wambling belly's,
And if the cash where she could not unlock it
Were close secur'd, to pick her husbands pocket:
Another something a more thrifty sinner
To invite the Parson twice a week to dinner;
The other voves a purple Pulpit-cloth
With an embroider'd Cushion, being loth
When the fierce Priest his Doctrine hard unbuckles,
That in the passion he should hurt his knuckles:

Jack-a-Dandy!

Nay, in the Church-yard too was no small throng,
And on the window-barres in swarms they hung:
Nay, I could see that many Short-hand wrote,
Where listning well, I could not hear a jote;
Friend, this is strange, quoth I, but he reply'd,
Alas! your ears are yet unsanctify'd.

But Sermon's done, and evening now approaches,
The people walk, for none dare go in coaches;
And as they go, God, Grace, and Ordinances,
Is all their chat, they seem in heav'nly trances;
Thus they trim up their souls with holy words,
Shaving off sin as men shave off their beards,
To grow the faster; sins, they cry, are fancies,
The Godly live above all Ordinances.

To be heard of men.

Now they're at home, and have their suppers eat,
When *Thomas*, cries the Master, come repeat;
And if the windows gaze upon the street,
To sing a Psalm they hold it very meet.
But would you know what a preposterous zeal
They sing their Hymnes withall? then list'n well,
The Boy begins, Hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum,
Hum, hum, hum, hum, *Thomas* hum, hum,
Did you enter down the ten yards of water'd-tabby to the Lady in
Covent garden?

To the Tune of *S.*
Margarets Chimes.

Hum, hum, Yes Sir, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum.

—
Pray remember to receive the hundred pound in *Gracious-street* to morrow.—
Hum hum hum.

Hum hum hum hum *Mary*, hum hum hum hum,
Anon forsooth.

Pray remember to rise betimes to morrow morning, you know you have a great many cloathes
to sope, hum hum, hum hum, hum hum, &c.

But Sunday now good night, and now good morrow,
To thee oh Covenant Wednesday full of sorrow,
Alas! my Lady *Anne* wont now be merry,
She's up betimes and gone to *Alderman-bury*,
Truly 'twas a sad day, for every sinner
Did feast a supper then, and not at dinner;
Nor men not women wash their face to day,
Put on their cloathes, and pisse, and so away;
They throng to Church just as they sell their ware,
In greasie hats, and old gowns worn thread-bare,
Where, though th' whole body suffered tedious pain,
No member yet had more cause to complain
Than the poor nose, when little to its ease,
A Chandlers cloak perfum'd with candle-grease,
Commixing sents with a Sope-boylers breeches,
Did raise a stink beyond the skill of Witches.
Now steams of Garlick through the nostrils passage
Made thorough-faires, hell take their bold embassage,
With these *mundungus* and a breath that smells
Like standing-pools in subterraneall cells,
Compos'd Pomanders to out-stink the Devil,
Yet strange to tell, they suffer'd all this evil,

Behold the zeal of the
people.

Nor to make water all the while would rise,
The women sure had sponges 'twixt their thighs:
To stir at this good time they thought was sin,
So strictly their devotion kept them in.

Now the Priest's elbows doe the cushion knead,
While to the people he his Text doth read,
Beloved, I shall here crave leave to speak
A word, he cries and winks, unto the weak,
The words are these, *Make haste and doe not tarry,*
But unto Babylon thy dinner carry,
There doth young Daniel want in the Den,
Thrown among Lyons by hard-hearted men.
Here my Beloved, and then he reaches down
His hand, as if he'd catch the Clerk by th' crown.
Not to explain this pretious Text amisse
Daniel's the subject, Hunger th' object is,
Which proves that *Daniel* was subject to hunger,
But that I mayn't detain you any longer,
My brethren all prick up your ears, and put on
Your senses all, while I the words unbutton.

Make haste, I say, make haste and doe not tarry,
Why? my Beloved, these words great force doe carry.
Au! 'tis a waundrous emphaticall speech,
Some men Beloved, as if th' had lead i' their breech,
Doe walk, and some (as snails) doe creep as fast:
Truly, my Brethren, these men doe not make haste.

But be ye quick, dear Sisters, be ye quick,
And lest ye fall take hope, hope's like a stick.

To Babylon] Ah *Babylon!* that word's a weighty one,
Truly 'twas a great City, and a mighty one.
Which as the learned *Rider* well records,
Semiramis did build with brick and bords.
Wicked *Semiramis*, Oh how I stretch!
My spirit is mightily provok'd against that wretch.
Lustfull *Semiramis*, for well I wist
Thou wert the mother of proud Antichrist.
Nay, like to *Levi* and *Simeon* from antiquity,
The Pope and thee were sisters in iniquity.
Strumpet *Semiramis*, like her was *non*,
For she built *Babylon*, Ah! she built *Babylon*.

But, Brethren, be ye good as she was evil,
Must ye needs go because she's gone to the Devil?
Thy dinner carry.] Here may we look upon
A childe of God in great affliction:
Why what does he' aile? Alas! he wanteth meat,
Now what (Beloved) was sent him for to eat?
Truly a small matter; one a dish of pottage.
But pray what pottage? Such as a small cottage
Afforded onely to the Countrey swains,
From whence, though not a man the place explains,
'Tis guess'd that neither Christmas pottage 'twas,
Nor white-broth, nor cap'n-broth, good for sick maws,
Nor milk-pottage, or thick pease-pottage either,
Nor was it mutton-broth, nor veal-broth neither,
But sure some homely stuff crum'd with brown-bread,
And thus was *Daniel*, good *Daniel* fed.
Truly, this was but homely fare you'l say,
Yet *Daniel*, good *Daniel* was content that day:
And though there could be thought on nothing cheaper,
Yet fed as well on't as he had been a reaper.

Better eat any thing than not at all,
Fasting, Beloved, why? 'tis prejudiciall
To the weak Saints, Beloved 'tis a sin,
And thus to prove the same I will begin:
Hunger, Beloved, why? this hunger mauls,
Au! tis a great mauler, it breaks stone-walls,
Now my Beloved, to break stone-walls you know,
Why 'tis flat felony, and there's great woe
Follows that sin, besides 'tis a great schisme,
'Tis ceremonious, 'tis Pagan Judisme.
Judisme! why beloved, have you ere been
Where the black Dog of *New-gate* you have seen?
Hair'd like a Turk, with eyes like Antichrist,
He doth and hath ye Brethren long antic't

The Exposition.

1 Use.
Not like an anchor.

Babel battered.

2 Use.

Would he have been so content?

3 Use.

Several Reasons.

Description of Antichrist

Claws like a star-chamber bishop, black as hell,
 And doubtlesse he was one of those that fell.
 Judisme I say is uglier than this dog:
 Truly & *cætera's* not so foul a hog.
Thrown among Lyons by hard hearted men,]
 Here *Daniel* is the Church, the *world's* the Den.
 By Lyons are meant Monarchs, Kings of Nations,
 Those worse than heathenish abominations:
 Truly dear friends, these Kings and Governours,
 These Byshops too, nay all superiour powers,
 Why they are Lyons, Locusts, Whales, I Whales, beloved,
 Off goes our ears if once their wrath be moved;
 But woe unto you Kings! woe to you Princes!
 'Tis fifty and four, now Antichrist, so saies
 My book, must reign three daies, and three half daies,
 Why that is three years and a half beloved.
 Or else as many precious men have proved
 One thousand two hundred and threescore daies,
 Why now the time's almost expir'd, time staies
 For no man; friends then Antichrist shall fall,
 Then down with *Rome*, with *Babel*, down with all,
 Down with the Devil, the Pope, the Emperour,
 With Cardinals, and the King of *Spaine's* great power;
 They'l muster up, but I can tell you where,
 At *Armageddon*, there, Beloved, there,
 Fall on, fall on, kill, kill, alow, alow,
 Kill *Amaleck*, and Turk, kill *Gog* and *Magog* too.
 But who deare friends fed *Daniel* thus forsak'n
 Truly (but there's one sleeps, a would do well to awak'n.)
 As 'tis in th' English his name ends in Ock
 And so his name is called *Habacuck*.

And hey then up goe we.



But in th' originall it ends in Ock
 For that deare sisters calls him have-a-Cock.
 And truly I suppose I need not feare
 But that there are many have a cocks here:
 The Laud increase the number of have a cocks,
 Truly false Prophets will arise in flocks;
 But as a farding candle shut up quite
 In a dark Lanthorn never giveth light;
 Ev'n such are they. Ay but my brethren deare
 I am no such Lanthorn, for my horns are cleare.
 But I shall now conclude this glorious truth
 With an exhortation to old men and youth:
 Be sure to feed young *Daniel*, that's to say
 Feed all your Ministers that Preach and pray.
 First, of all cause 'tis good, I speak that know so,
 Fourthly, cause 'tis no evill for to doe so.
 Thirdly, because 'tis very good, and twelfthly
 Cause there's nought better, unlesse I my selfe lye.
 But now he smells the pyes begin to reak,
 His teeth water, and he can no longer speak:
 And now it will not be amiss to tell ye
 How he was troubled with a woman's belly;
 For she was full of caudle and devotion,
 Which in her stomach raised a commotion,
 For the hot vapours much did damnifie,
 The woman went to walk in Finsbury:
 So though a while she was sustain'd with ginger,
 Yet at the length a cruel paine did twinge her;
 And like as marble sweats before a shower,
 So did she sweate, and sweating forth did poure
 Her mornings draught of Sugar sops and Saffron
 Into her sighing neighbours cambrick apron.
 At which a Lard she cry'd full sad to see
 The foule mishap, yet sufferd patiently:
 How doe you then she cry'd? I'me glad 'tis up:
 Ah sick, sick, sick; cryes one, oh for a cup
 Of my mint water that's at home.
 As patt as might be, then the Parson cry'd,
 'Tis good; one holds her head, let't come let't come.
 Still crying; just i'th' nick, the Priest reply'd,
 Yea like a streame you ought to let it flow,
 And then she reach'd and once more let it goe.
 Streight an old woman with a brace of chins.

The Doctrine of Generation.

For Ministers may be Cuckholds.

Use of Exhortation.

Motives 1.

4.

3.

12.

Hunger a great enemy to Gospel duty.

A crop-sick Sister.

A bunch of keys, and cushion for her pins,
 Seeing in earnest, the good woman lack it
 Drawes a strong water bottle from her placket;
 Well heated with her flesh, she take's a sup,
 Then gives the sick, and bids her drink it up.
 But all in vain, her eyes begin to rowle,
 She sighs, and all cry out, alas poore soule!
 One then doth pinch her cheek, one pulls her nose
 Some blest the opportunity that were her foes,
 And they reveng'd themselves upon her face,
 S. *Dunstans* Divell was ne're in such a case.
 Now Priest say what thou wilt, for here's a chat
 Begun of this great Empirick, and that
 Renowned Doctor, what cures they have done:
 I like not *Mayern*, he speaks French sayes one.
 Oh sayes another, though the man be big,
 For my part, I know none like Dr. *Trig*.
 Nay, hold you there sayes t'other, on my life
 There's none like *Chamberlain* the man midwife.
 Then in a heap, their own receipts they muster
 To make this gelly, how to make that plaster,
 Which when she heares, but that now fainting lay,
 Up starteth she, and talkes as fast as they.
 But they that did not mind this dolefull passion
 Followed their businesse on another fashion,
 For all did write, the Elder and the Novice,
 Me thought the Church look't like the six Clerks office.

A very great Creature-comfort.

A great crie, and a little wooll.

But *Sermon's* done, and all the folks as fast
 As they can trudge, to Supper now make haste:
 Downe comes the Priest, when a grave Brother meets him,
 And putting off his narrow-brimm'd hat, thus greets him:
 Deare Sir, my Wife and I doe you invite
 O' th' Creature with us to partake this night:
 And now suppose what I prepare to tell ye,
 The City-dame, whose faith is in the belly
 Of her cramm'd Priest, had all her cares in order,
 That *Gracious-street*, or *Cheapside* can afford her.

A great sign of grace.

Loe first a Pudding! truly 't had more Reasons
 Than forty Sermons shew at forty seasons.
 Then a Sur-loyne came in, as hot as fire,
 Yet not so hot as was the Priests desire.
 Next came a shoulder of Mutton roasted raw,
 To be as utterly abolishe as the Law.
 The next in order was a Capon plump,
 With an Use of Consolation in his rump.
 Then came a Turky cold, which in its life
 Had a fine taile, just like the Citizens wife.
 But now by'r leave, and worship too, for hark ye,
 Here comes the Venson put in Paste by *Starky*:
 Which once set downe, there at the little hole
 Immediately in whips the Parsons soule.
 He saw his Stomacks anchor, and believ'd
 That now his belly should not be deceiv'd.
 How he leanes ore the cheere toward his first mover!
 While his hot zeale doth make his mouth run over.
 This Pastie had Brethren too, like to the Mayor,
 Three Christmas, or Minc'd pies, all very faire.
 Methought they had this Motto *Though they flirt us,*
And preach us down, Sub pondere crescit virtus.
 Apple tarts, Fooles, and strong cheese to keep downe
 The steaming vapours from the Parsons crown.
 Canary too, and Claret eke also,
 Which made the tips of their eares and noses glow.

Bill of fare.

Up now they rise, and walk to their severall chairs,
 When loe, the Priest uncovers both his eares.

Most gracious Shepherd of the Brethren all,
 Thou saidst that we should eate, before the Fall;
 Then was the world but simple, for they knew
 Not either how to bake, or how to brew.
 But happily we fell, and then the Vine
 Did *Noah* plant, and all the Priests drank wine.
 Truly we cannot but rejoyce to see
 Thy gifts dispenc'd with such equality.
 To us th'ast given wide throats, and teeth to eate;

Grace before meat.

To the women, knowledge how to dress our meat.
Make us devoutly constant in thy cup,
And grant us strength when we shall cease to sup,
To beare away thy creatures on our feet,
And not be seen to tumble in the street.
We are thy sheep, O let us feed, feed on,
Till we become as fat as any Brawne.
Then let's fall to, and eate up all the cheer;
Straight *So be it* he cryes, and calls for beer.

Now then, like *Scanderbeg* he falls to work,
And hews the Pudding as he hew'd the Turk.
How he plough'd up the Beefe like Forrest-land,
And fum'd, because the bones his wrath withstand?
Upon the Mutton he fell not like a Lamb,
But rather like a Wolfe he tore the same.
At first a Sister helpt him, but this Elfe sir,
Wearying her out, she cryes, *Pray help your self sir!*
Upon the Pasty though he fell anon,
As if 't had been the walls of *Babylon*.
Like a Cathedrall downe he throwes that stuffe,
Why, Sisters, saith he, *I am pepper-prooffe*.
Then down he powres the Claret, and down again,
And *would the French King were a Puritan*
He cryes: swills up the Sack, and I'le be sworn
Quoth he, *Spaine's King* is not the *Popes tenth horne*.
By this his tearing hunger doth abate,
And on the second course they 'gan to prate.
Then quoth *Priscilla*, Oh my brother deare:
Truly y'are welcome to this homely cheare,
And therefore eate, good brother, eate your fill,
Alas for *Daniel*, my heart aketh still.
Then quoth the Priest, *Sister be of good heart;*
But she reply'd *good brother eate some Tart*.
Rebecca then a member of the 'lection
Began to talk of brotherly affection;
For this, said she; as I have heard the wise
Discourse, consisteth much in exercise.
Yet I was foolish, and would oft resist,
But you had more grace, Brother, than to desist.
Streight he reply'd, there is a time for all things,
There is a time for great things and for small things,
There's a time to eate, and drink, and reformation,
A time to empty, and for procreation.
Therefore deare Sister let us take our time,
There's reason for't, I never car'd for Rhyme.
Then truly answer'd she, tis a good motion,
And I embrace it with a warme devotion.
Why you know Brother you did never prove
That I was ere ingratefull for your love,
But sometimes Angels did attend your Purse,
At other times you know I did you nurse,
With many a secret dish of lusty meat,
And presently we went and did the feat.
Truly quoth *Dorcas* then, I saw a Vision,
That we should have our foes in great derision.
Quoth *Martha* straight (and then she shook the crums
From off her apron white, and pickt her gums)
So I doe hope, for so our Brother said;
O what a heavenly piece of work he made!
But I am ign'rant, and my memory short,
I shall forget, were I to be hang'd for't.
Then quoth the Priest, The cheere that here we see,
Is but an Emblem of Mortality.
The Oxe is strong, and glories in his strength,
Yet him the Butcher knocks down, and at length
We eate him up. A Turkie's very gay,
Like worldly people clad in fine array;
Yet on the Spit it looks most piteous,
And we devoure it, as the wormes eate us.

Then full of sawce and zeale up steps *Elnathan*,
[This was his name now, once he had another,
Untill the Ducking-pond made him a Brother]
A Deacon, and a Buffeter of Sathan.
Truly, quoth he, I know a Brother deare,

Much good may doe
you Sir.

Christian forgivenessse.

No Grace after meat.

Nothing beyond
ingratitude.

Would gladly pick the bones of what's left here.
Nay he would gladly pick your pockets too
Of a small two-pence, or a groat, or so,
The sorry remnants of a broken shilling;
Therefore I pray you friends be not unwilling.
But as for me, tis more than I doe need,
To be charitable both in word and deed;
For as to us, the holy Scriptures say,
The Deacons must receive, the Lay-men pay.
Why Heathen folks that doe in Taverns stray,
Will never let their friends the reckning pay.
And therefore poure your charity into the bason,
Brethren and Sisters eke, your coats have lace on.
Why Brethren in the Lord, what need you care
For six pence? we'll one houre enhance our ware.
Your six pence comes againe, nay there comes more;
Thus Charity's th' encreaser of your store.
Truly well spoke, then cry'd the Master-feaster,
Since you say so, here, you shall have my tester:
But for the women, they gave more liberally,
For they were sure to whom they gave, and why:

Then did *Elnathan* blinke, for he knew well
What he might give, and what he might conceale.
But now the Parson could no longer stay,
'Tis time to kiss, he cryes and so away.
At which the sisters, once th' alarum tak'n,
Made such a din as would have serv'd to wak'n
A snoring brother, when he sleeps at Church;
With bagg and baggage then they gan to march;
And tickled with the thoughts of their delight,
One sister to the other bids Good night.
Good night quoth *Dorcas* to *Priscilla*, she,
Good night deare sister *Dorcas* unto thee.
In these goodly good nights much time was spent,
And was it not a holy complement?
At length in steps the Parson, on his breast
Laying his hand. A happy night of rest
Reward thy labours sister: yet ere we part,
Feel in my lips the passion of my heart.
To another straight he turn'd his face, and kist her,
And then he cryes, *All peace be with thee Sister.*
To another in a godly tune he whines,
Deare Sister from thy lip Ile take my tines.
With that he kist, and whispers in her eare,
The time when it should be, and the place where.
Thus they all part, the Parson followes close,
For well the Parson knoweth where he goes.

This seem'd a golden time, the fall of sin,
You'd think the thousand years did now begin,
When Satan chain'd below should cease to roare,
Nor durst the wicked as they wont before
Come to the Church for pastime, nor durst laugh
To heare the non-plust Doctor faigne a cough.
The Devill himselfe, alas! now durst not stand
Within the switching of the Sextons wand,
For so a while the Priests did him pursue,
That he was faine to keep the Sabbath too,
Lest being taken in the Elders lure,
He should have paid his crown unto the poore;
And lest he should like a deceiver come
'Twixt the two Sundays *inter stitium*,
They stuff up Lecturers with texts and straw,
On working-dayes to keep the Devill in awe.
But strange to thinke, for all this solemn meeknesse,
At length the Devill appeared in his likenesse,
While these deceits did but supply the wants
Of broken unthrifts, and of thread-bare Saints.

Oh what will men not dare, if thus they dare
Be impudent to Heaven, and play with Prayer!
Play with that feare, with that religious awe
Which keeps men free, and yet is mans great law:
What can they but the worst of Atheists be,
Who while they word it 'gainst impiety,
Affront the throne of God with their false deeds,
Alas, this wonder in the Atheist breeds.

A man may love his
brother

but

Not better than
himselfe.

Christian Liberty.

Nere a profane kisse
among all these.

Are these the men that would the Age reforme,
 That Down with Superstition cry, and swarme
 This painted Glass, that Sculpture to deface,
 But worship pride, and avarice in their place.
 Religion they bawle out; yet know not what
 Religion is, unlesse it be to prate.
 Meeknesse they preach, but study to controule;
 Mony they'd have, when they cry out the soule.
 And angry, will not have Our Father said,
 'Cause it prayes not enough for daily bread.
 They meet in private, and cry Persecution,
 When Faction is their end, and State-confusion,
 These are the men that plague and over-run
 Like Goths and Vandalls all Religion.
 Every *Mechanick* either wanting stock
 Or wit to keep his trade must have a flock.
 The Spirit, cryes he, moveth me unto it,
 And what the Spirit bids, must I not do it?
 But having profited more than his flock by teaching,
 And stept into authority by preaching
 For a lay Office, leaves the Spirits motion
 And straight retreateth from his first devotion.
 But this he does in want, give him preferment,
 Off goes his gowne, God's call is no determent.
 Vaine foolish people, how are ye deceiv'd?
 How many severall sorts have ye receiv'd
 Of things call'd truths, upon your backs lay'd on
 Like saddles for themselves to ride upon?
 They rid amaine, and hell and *Satan* drove,
 While every Priest for his own profit strove.
 Can they the age thus torture with their lyes,
 Low'd bellowing to the world Impieties,
 Black as their coates, and such a silent feare
 Lock up the lips of men, and charme the eare?
 Had that same holy Israelite bin dumb,
 That fatall day of old had never come
 To *Baals* Tribe, and thrice unhappy age
 While zeale and piety like mask'd in rage
 And vulgar ignorance. How we doe wonder
 Once hearing, that the heavens were fir'd to thunder
 Against assailing Gyants, surely men,
 Men thought could not presume such violence then:
 But 'twas no Fable, or if then it were,
 Behold a sort of bolder mortals here,
 Those undermining shifts of knavish folly,
 Using alike to God and men most holy;
 Infidels who now seem to have found out
 A suttler way to bring their ends about.
 Against the Deity then op'nly to fight
 By smooth insinuation and by flight:
 They close with God, seem to obey his Lawes,
 They cry aloud for him and for his cause.
 But while they doe their strict injunctions preach,
 Deny in actions what their words doe teach.

*O what will men not dare, if thus they dare
 Be impudent with Heaven, and play with Prayer!*

Yet if they can no better teach than thus,
 Would they would onely teach themselves, not us:
 So while they still on empty out-sides dwell,
 They may perhaps be choakt with husk and shell:
 While those, who can their follies well refute,
 By a true knowledge, doe obtaine the fruit.

FINIS.

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Numbers 1-6 out of print.

SECOND YEAR (1947-1948)

7. John Gay's *The Present State of Wit* (1711); and a section on Wit from *The English Theophrastus* (1702).
8. Rapin's *De Carmine Pastoralis*, translated by Creech (1684).
9. T. Hanmer's (?) *Some Remarks on the Tragedy of Hamlet* (1736).
10. Corbyn Morris' *Essay towards Fixing the True Standards of Wit, etc.* (1744).
11. Thomas Purney's *Discourse on the Pastoral* (1717).
12. *Essays on the Stage*, selected, with an Introduction by Joseph Wood Krutch.
THIRD YEAR (1948-1949)
13. Sir John Falstaff (pseud.), *The Theatre* (1720).
14. Edward Moore's *The Gamester* (1753).
15. John Oldmixon's *Reflections on Dr. Swift's Letter to Harley* (1712); and Arthur Mainwaring's *The British Academy* (1712).
16. Nevil Payne's *Fatal Jealousy* (1673).
17. Nicholas Rowe's *Some Account of the Life of Mr. William Shakespeare* (1709).
18. "Of Genius," in *The Occasional Paper*, Vol. III, No. 10 (1719); and Aaron Hill's Preface to *The Creation* (1720).
FOURTH YEAR (1949-1950)
19. Susanna Centlivre's *The Busie Body* (1709).
20. Lewis Theobald's *Preface to The Works of Shakespeare* (1734).
21. *Critical Remarks on Sir Charles Grandison, Clarissa, and Pamela* (1754).
22. Samuel Johnson's *The Vanity of Human Wishes* (1749) and Two *Rambler* papers (1750).
23. John Dryden's *His Majesties Declaration Defended* (1681).
24. Pierre Nicole's *An Essay on True and Apparent Beauty in Which from Settled Principles is Rendered the Grounds for Choosing and Rejecting Epigrams*, translated by J. V. Cunningham.
FIFTH YEAR (1950-51)
25. Thomas Baker's *The Fine Lady's Airs* (1709).
26. Charles Macklin's *The Man of the World* (1792).
27. Frances Reynolds' *An Enquiry Concerning the Principles of Taste, and of the Origin of Our Ideas of Beauty, etc.* (1785).
28. John Evelyn's *An Apologie for the Royal Party* (1659); and *A Panegyric to Charles the Second* (1661).
29. Daniel Defoe's *A Vindication of the Press* (1718).
30. *Essays on Taste* from John Gilbert Cooper's *Letters Concerning Taste*, 3rd edition (1757), & John Armstrong's *Miscellanies* (1770).
SIXTH YEAR (1951-1952)
31. Thomas Gray's *An Elegy Wrote in a Country Church Yard* (1751); and *The Eton College Manuscript*.
32. Prefaces to Fiction; Georges de Scudéry's Preface to *Ibrahim* (1674), etc.
33. Henry Gally's *A Critical Essay on Characteristic-Writings* (1725).
34. Thomas Tyers' *A Biographical Sketch of Dr. Samuel Johnson* (1785).
35. James Boswell, Andrew Erskine, and George Dempster. *Critical Strictures on the New Tragedy of Elvira, Written by Mr. David Malloch* (1763).
36. Joseph Harris's *The City Bride* (1696).
37. Thomas Morrison's *A Pindarick Ode on Painting* (1767).

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