

Athenian Sport :

O R,

Two Thousand Paradoxes

MERRILY ARGUED,

To Amuse and Divert the Age :

A S

A Paradox in praise of a Paradox.
Corporeal Affections remain after Separation.

The Eye beholds as much when it looks on a Shilling, as when it speculates the whole Heaven.

Inconstancy is a most commendable Virtue.

Every Man is corporally born twice.

No Man sees but he that is stark blind.

The Restor'd Maidenhead, or a marry'd Woman may be twice a Virgin.

Athenian, or Intellectual, Sport is the Recreation of Pre-existent Spirits.

'Tis the Pleasantest Life to be always in Danger.

The same numerical Voice of a Preacher is not heard by any two of his Auditors.

What we call Life, is Natural Death.

Content is the greatest Misery. He is the Happiest Man who has neither Mony nor Friend.

Fruition's nothing, or a Paradox proving there's no Pleasure in Copulation.

To imprison a Debtor is to set him at Liberty.

Green come from the Dead, or no Man lives but he that is Hang'd.

The Virgin-Paradox, or a Young Lady may Love and Hate the same Person at the same Time.

The Loving Shrew, or the Kindest Women are the most Cruel.

And so on, to the Defence of 2000 *Paradoxes* (or Pleasant *Theses*) which seem Strange, and Contrary to the Common Opinion.

With Improvements from the Honourable Mr. *Boyle*, *Lock*, *Norris*, *Collier*, *Cowley*, *Dryden*, *Garth*, *Addison*, and other Illustrious Wits.

By a Member of the Athenian Society.

L O N D O N, Printed for B. Bragg in Pater-noster-Row. 1707

T H E
P R E F A C E.

TH E *Thurians* had a Law, That whoever abolish'd an Old Law or establish'd a New, shou'd present himself before the People, with a Rope about his Neck; that if his Project was not approv'd, he might be presently strangled. I shou'd scarce have ventur'd our *Question Project* (tho an Invention of general Use) upon that Bottom; and much less this *Paradoxical Project*: For tho its Design is both to Amuse, Instruct, and Divert the Reader at the same time, (for the *Athenians* never recreate themselves merely to PASS THE TIME, but to sweeten and relieve deeper Thoughts) yet as this *Merry Project* fights the common Sentiments of Mankind upon all Subjects, I must expect the mistaken World will be raising all the Forces they can against it; so that if it shou'd conquer (I mean surmount as many Difficulties as the *Athenian Oracle*) it must dispute every Inch of Ground, and as it were flourish among Devils.—

This *Athenian Sport* is a new Project to reform the Age, (by answering and opposing its mistaken

Notions of Virtue and Vice) and it has been my Observation for twenty years, That *New Opinions* (tho perhaps unjust) rather gain, than lose Repute by Opposition.

Then I can't see how this Paradoxical (or Contradictory) Project can miss of Encouragement, as 'twill owe its very Success to its being dislik'd; so that I won't thank the Ingenious to encourage this Quarrelsome Work, for they are in a manner oblig'd to read it, as it opposes the Celebrated Notions of Learned Men, and advances nothing (so very new is the Project) but what seems strange and contrary to the common Opinion. But whatever the Success of this Work be, my *Athenian Brethren* declar'd (in a Full Society) I shou'd undertake it. And tho I can't deserve the Honour of this Vote, yet I resolve to search into the Truth and Nature of Things; and rather than not run counter to all the World, will imbibe the Principles of *Apemantus* and the old *Cynic*; or rather reveal out of my own Experience, such Real, but *Contradictory Truths*, as will surprize the World.

Then have at ye, *Physicks* and *Metaphysicks*! Methinks I long to begin the Search. Honest Men will confess their Errors; and think and practise a-new; but for Heterodox Readers, and such as say there is nothing NEW, they must live and perish in their OLD Mistakes. I confess, *Solomon* says———*There is nothing New under the Sun*——— But none of our Society doubts, that there are still Things to be known; and consequently, 'tis easy to defend Two Thousand (or had I leisure, Six Thousand) *Paradoxes* that seem strange and contrary to the common Opinion.—

Sir *Philip Sidney* says of one of his Heroes, that
 “ his Sports were such as carry'd the Riches of
 “ Knowledg upon the Stream of Delight. I dare
 not boast of my own Performance in projecting and
 teaching

teaching *Athenian Sports*; but I may venture to say, I have attempted in this Work to *instruct and divert the Age*: And if my *Intellectual Pastime* make some tedious Hours believe that we think not of them, I hope at least that the melancholy and pensive Reader will thank me for it. 'Tis true, *Athenian* (or *Intellectual*) *Sport* is scarce understood by Men of a *Vulgar Genius*, or *Little Soul*; but the graver Sports carry their Meaning and Usefulness in their Title, and the more Jocular are not without their most Solid Morals: So that the whole *Paradoxical Project* is a *Just Mixture of Grave and facetious Pastime* [*Merrily argued*] to put the mistaken Age on a *Melius Inquirendum*, or searching a-new into old Errors; and thereby as 'twere to set Men right [*by their thinking wrong*:] For here you'll find,

*Some Men by fixing on a false Delight
Instruct, and by mistaking set us right.*

So that this *Paradoxical Project* (or *Athenian Sport*) is Mirth and Profit united; and if the Novelty you find here, don't cure the *Athenian Itch*, there is nothing will: For, to gratify the curious Palates of Learned Persons, I have advanced many things wholly New, and unblown upon; but more especially in three several Paradoxes, where *The Generous Miser*——*The Plot and No-Plot* (or *Noise about the Church's Danger*)——and *The Recreation of Pre-existent Spirits*, are distinctly treated of.——These three Paradoxes (cull'd out of 2000 not less curious) will very much surprize the World with their Novelty—

“ Ay, *Novelty*! says the grave Critick, 'tis for
“ that we dislike your *Sports*. Not that we wou'd
“ dissuade the *Athenian Society* from inventing of
“ New Projects, but we wou'd not have 'em forget

“ the Old, or slight the Dictates and Opinions of
 “ the antient Champions of Learning. Why mo-
 “ dern Innovators, how dare ye oppose the com-
 “ mon Opinion, and write counter to all the
 “ World? Ye are but Dwarfs and Pigmies, com-
 “ par’d to those Giants of Wisdom, on whose
 “ Shoulders ye stand; and yet ye cannot see so far
 “ as they without them. Then ne’er amuse the
 “ World with your New Projects (or *Athenian*
 “ *Sports*) but keep to the OLD WAY, both as
 “ to Principles and Practice; nor lose the Sub-
 “ stance whilst you catch the Shadow. Women and
 “ Children love New Wine, because pleasant in the
 “ Palat; but Wise Men chuse the Old, because
 “ wholesomer for the Stomach.

To this I answer — I present you with what is
 NEW in every Paradox, either as to the Subject,
 or Method of handling it; and if it be too New
 for your Practice, or too Gay for your Spirits, ’tis
 wholly owing to your own Stupidity: for if I am
 ask’d for my Authorities, I answer (in the Words
 of an Athenian Brother (a) “ What appears rea-
 “ sonable wants no other Recommendation than be-
 “ ing so; and as to what seems strange and con-
 “ trary to the common Opinion, let the Reader con-
 “ sider, that Philosophy had never been improv’d,
 “ had it not been for new Opinions, which after-
 “ wards were rectify’d by abler Pens: And so the
 “ first Notions were lost under new Superstructures.
 Or supposing there was no Project we cou’d call
 New; yet by composing a Book in a new Manner,
 Method and Stile, by altering, adding to, abridg-
 ing, and sometimes converting to other purposes,
 the same may seem to be (and be as useful) as if it

(a) Mr. Richard Sault, who lately departed this Life, and was ho-
 nourably bury’d at Cambridge.

were all New: And which to do, is often as difficult, and requires as much Art as wholly the Invention of New Matters; and is better to be esteem'd, because more Authentick—— And therefore, altho it be said, *That no New Thing can be spoke or writ, which hath not been (to the same effect) before*; yet may it be said of this Project in general, as well as of the Composition thereof, that the same is *New*, inasmuch as never any Man (that I can hear of) hath publish'd a *System of Paradoxes*, till the *Athenian Society* propos'd and encourag'd that nice and difficult Project: And therefore, were there no other Reason, 'tis fitly entitled—— *Athenian Sport*.

Having dispatch'd the grave Criticks, come others less squeamish, but more impertinent, buzzing in my Ears: “Doctor (an't please you) we like your *Athenian Sport* (or *Paradoxical Project*) but don't approve of your Stile and Method in writing; 'tis Obscure, Conceited, Impertinent——Strain'd——Tedious——Unpolish'd, &c.

Stop, Sir Critick, stop! Whither do you run? For as to the Stile and Method of this Work, I confess I affect not too much *Niceness* and *Curiosity*——Nor on the other side too much *Looseness* and *Indigestion*——My Endeavours have been to compose the Whole in a serious, yet free and pleasing way. Then is any thing strain'd or obscure on such strange and uncommon Subjects? So purely out of the Road, how can the Superstructure be otherwise? Pray what Author cou'd I consult to pillage a sparkling Thought from here and there; or like some *Chymick Angel*, as another *Athenian Brother* has (a) it, to *nim a Golden Fancy on such Themes as these*. 'Tis true, to render this Project a *Compleat System of Paradoxes*, I have consulted the Writings of

(a) The Reverend W————

the Honourable Mr. Boyle, Locke, Norris, Collier, Cowley, Dryden, Garth, and other Illustrious Wits. Yet I have borrow'd but little from those who have written on the same Subject with my self. So that the *Essays* entitled—*The Wisdom in waiting for dead Men's Shoes*—*No Man is honest but he that is rich*—*To imprison a Debtor is to set him at Liberty*—*The Pleasure of being Sick and Lame, &c.*—*The Honest Lawyer, &c.* with a great part of the *Athenian Sport*, consist of *Paradoxes* wholly of my own writing.

These Intellectual Infants are the natural and sole Issue of my Brain-pan, bred and born there, and only there. I know those who love to shew their Wit, in making exception against every thing but the Product of their own Brain, will scarce allow me the Honour of this Performance.

But I wish some good Body wou'd advise what Auction (a) I shou'd consult to find—*The Restor'd Maidenhead*, (b) a Thought entirely mine—*Black's White*—*That Blind Men see*; or, *The Resurrection of Anne Green* (c)—

In what Royal Society I shou'd find—*The Eye beholds as much when it looks on a Shilling, as when it speculates the whole Heaven*—*That the Moon lies hid in the Sun*—*That the Thoughts of Man, before they are brought forth into Word or Work, have a Real Being*—

In what University shall I meet a Sach—

(a) Where I've been purchasing all that's rare and scarce these seven Years, in order to compleat this Paradoxical Project, and make it a Universal Entertainment for the Ingenious.

(b) Occasion'd by Madam W——n's being unmarry'd by Act of Parliament.

(c) With the Narrative of what happen'd from her Execution at Oxford, (A Rarity not to be purchas'd in London) to the time of her perfect Recovery.

to assert, *No body Whores, Tacks, or sows Divisions?*
 — In what College shall I find a Fellow to prove
 — *That the greatest Fool is the Man of Learning?*
 Or in what Private Academy (except where *W — y*
 has made 'em Blockheads) shall I find a Paradox
 proving — *We know nothing?*

What *Philosophy* must I consult to prove, *Those we
 call Men are Women?* — By what Physician (*a*) or
 'Potheary's Shop shall I find *there is no such thing as
 a Distemper* — Or what Bookseller can sell me a
Paradox in Praise of an Owl? —

In what *System of Divinity* shall I find, *That some
 Men are worse than Devils* — *That the same Nu-
 merical Voice of a Preacher is not heard by any two of
 his Auditors* — *That a modest Woman may go stark
 naked* — *That Content is the greatest Misery* —
That Corporeal Affections remain after Separation? —
 Or in what *Pulpit* shall I find a Paradox proving —
*The Senses external, and Senses internal, are Organi-
 cal in Heaven, as they were on Earth, and subservient
 to the Soul in their several Stations and Places of Re-
 sidence, as Eye, Ear, Nose, Palate, Nerves, Brain;
 by which the Soul doth exercise its several Faculties,
 of Seeing, Hearing, Smelling, Tasting, Touching,
 and the rest?* —

In what *Country, Age, or Reign*, shall I find —
That Absolute Tyranny is the best Government — *That
 he is the Happiest Man that has neither Mony nor
 Friend* — *That the greatest Whore is the chastest Wo-
 man* — *That the Dumb can speak* — *That Drun-
 kards are Persons of the greatest Sobriety?* — And where
 shall I find (except in my own Brain) that a *Hang-
 man is the most Honourable Calling?* —

In what *Shipwreck, Camp, or Prison*, shall I find
 — *'Tis the pleasantest Life to be always in danger* —

(a) Hypocrates or Galen.

————— *That 'tis better to be half-starv'd than to fare sumptuously* ————— *That it is good to be much in debt* ————— *That great Courage and Conduct is mere Cowardice?*

What keeping Lord or Cully (for they are synonymous Terms) cou'd discover to me — *That every kept Miss is a common Whore?*

What Malefactor (except *Green*, who dangl'd in the Halter till she was quite dead) wou'd tell me — *No one lives but he that is hang'd?*

What Bridegroom (especially in the time of *Hony-Moon*) wou'd prove — *There is no such thing as Love after Marriage* ————— Or what Husband wou'd say — *That Ill-nature is most desirable in a Wife?*

What Martyr has ever rose from his Ashes to prove — *Burning alive is no Pain or Torment* — And what Law cou'd discover to me — *That to steal is to act justly?*

What Midwives have ever disprov'd *Due Benevolence*; or once suspected (what I prove in the following Sheets) — *That every Man is corporally born twice?* —

In what Garret (the usual Apartment of such Cattel) shall I find a *Hackney Author* has no Soul, and but half a Body? — And in what Parish-Register shall I find — *The Funeral of Mankind, or a Paradox proving we are all Dead and Bury'd?* —

I might proceed in my *Queries* with respect to the other *Sports*, or *Paradoxes*; but I'll not be tedious for here's enough to convince the Criticks what little Help I cou'd possibly have in the compiling of this Work, and that (had they any Conscience) they'd give me at least Grains of Allowance for what they call *Obscure*, *Strain'd*, *Unpolish'd*, &c. seeing most of the Subjects in this Work were never handled before or at least, not in this Method.

As to the *Incongruities*, which these Criticks make such a clutter about, I shall answer 'em in the Word

of a certain Poet (that had once the Honour to be a Member of *Athens*) “ I remember I’m neither writing a Supposition in Philosophy, nor a System of Divinity, nor an Epic Poem; where indeed all ought to be most religiously observ’d. What was said by a Person, however by Wits of a greater Genius expos’d, yet certainly, if thirty years Experience be any thing, no Fool in Poetry, has a great deal of Truth in’t:

— *He that servilely creeps after Sense,
Is safe, but ne’er shall reach at Excellence.*

Thus far the *Athenian W*— And if his Testimony (whose very Life is a Paradox) ben’t enough, I wou’d desire such Criticks as are yet dissatisfy’d, to give me a Friendly Visit; but how they’ll find me (for I’ll be as cross as they are impertinent) I shan’t resolve ’em in this *Preface*; neither am I (like *Sam. W*—) over-ambitious of seeing my Worthy Name adorning a *Pissing-Post*, or *glittering in a Term-Catalogue*. And indeed, *Sir Critick*, who is the Author of these *Sports* is not worth enquiring: “ He is one that has been better employ’d in his time, than in praising a *tir’d Jade*—*The Itch*—*A Sirreverence*—or in proving *Nothing’s Something* (a)——

It wou’d please him a great deal better to be reading in the Polyglot Bible, or in the Abstract of the Criticks, if he had them; but every Man must comply with *the Law of his Condition*, provide for his Belly, and thankfully accept his present Circumstance — Then, *Sir Criticks* (whether grave or impertinent) let it suffice, without further Enquiry, that the Author of these *Sports* is one that never opens

(a) *These are Four Paradoxes to be inserted in our Athenian Sport.*

his Mouth to profelyte Men to this or that disputable Opinion, or concerns himself of what Judgment or Party his Reader is: but truly endeavours, by defending Two Thousand Paradoxes [that seem strange, and contrary to the common Opinion] to set People in the *Right Way* (who are run astray in their Religion, or Morals) that they may be Orthodox Christians, and Honest Men ———

I had much rather be imploy'd in *reconciling all good Men* [as you'll find by that Paradox which proves, *When Dissenters Plot to subvert the Church, in that Act they do their Utmost to serve and support it*] than to side with the TACKING or Occasional DEVIL, describ'd in the following SPORTS, or to try any dangerous Experiment that may ruin my Native Country. Having therefore had more Leisure than sometimes I wish'd to have had, and therein also the Opportunity to read many Books that were rare and scarce, I thought it not amiss (to avoid Idleness, and to recreate my self) to search into the common receiv'd Opinions of Learned Men, to know whether they were Right or Wrong. I should have done well indeed to have cited Authors; but most of the Paradoxes being written for private Use, I neglected the same, and now cannot redeem that Neglect: or if I could, the Paradoxes (in respect of the Stile, Intermixions, Abstractions, Additions and Alterations in divers Places) would not well admit thereof.

To sum up all in a Word: How necessary this Project is, it self will shew; for I conceive there cannot be a greater Motive to stir up to Piety, Charity, Humility, and a Good Life, &c. than to shew (against those that assert the contrary) ———“ That
 “ the Ways of Religion are not Sour and Dirty, but
 “ Fair and Pleasant ——— That to give to the Poor,
 “ is

“ is to increase our Wealth——That mortify’d
 “ Livers feel more corporeal Pleasure than such leud
 “ Persons who cloy their Senses with the Surfeit of
 “ them——That to be Humble and Lowly, is to
 “ exalt our selves——That our Desire of Truth,
 “ is the grand Occasion of our Error.———And
 so on, to a distinct *Paradox* upon every *Virtue and*
Vice.———

So that you see, Reader, I should not say [*Better employ’d*] but ought to correct my self, and even make an Orthodox Paradox of the Novelty and Usefulness of this Project, &c. For what can be more innocent and praise-worthy (the Acts of Religion excepted) than to publish *Athenian Sports*, or *merry Paradoxes*, to divert and instruct the Ingenious? &c. Some time is, no doubt, allowable for mere Recreations; this is certainly harmless. I hope nothing will be found here, that may either make me (justly) blush to own, or another to read: even the Paradoxes, entitul’d [*Primitive Innocence, or a Modest Woman may go stark naked*——*Innocent Guilt, or the Praise of Insufficiency*——*The chaste Disease, or a Paradox in praise of a Clap*]——may be heard by the chastest Ear, and read by the gravest Hermit.———Or suppose many of the Paradoxes were as sportive and merry as a *Christmas Gambol*, or *Message sent by an April Fool*, it follows not that those Paradoxes are the less useful to a thinking Reader; witness——*My Paradox in Praise of a Paradox; or the Pleasure and Benefit of reading Subjects that seem strange, and contrary to the common Opinion*——*The Queendom; or a Paradox proving none but Women are fit to Reign.*——*The Begary; or a Paradox in praise of Rambling.* . . . *The best Perfume; or a Paradox in praise of Farting.*——These four Paradoxes I wou’d request the Criticks to read thro, and then I don’t fear their being prejudic’d at the Gaiety or Sport they’ll

they'll find in any of the other Paradoxes.

Crates (a merry Philosopher) calls SPORT "A wonderful Help, and great Means to preserve our Health.——Then, as I said before, what can be more innocent and Praise-worthy (the Acts of Religion excepted) than to publish *Athenian Sports*? But Recreations are various:——BOWLING is good for the Stone and Reins: SHOOTING for the Lungs and Breast: Gentle WALKING for the Stomach: RIDING for the Head: and Reading of *Merry Paradoxes* is a Sport fit to *Amuse and Divert the Mind*. For that the Mind has as much need of *Sports* as the Body, I prove from *The Whole Duty of Man*, which says, "Recreations are sometimes necessary both to the Body and Mind of a Man, neither of them being able to endure a constant Toil, without somewhat of Refreshment between; and therefore there is a very lawful Use of them (a). So that 'tis clear from this great Author, That SPORTS are as necessary to divert the Mind as the Body; and that's another Reason why I call this Paradoxical Project *Athenian*, or *Intellectual Sport*.——*Athenian*, as 'tis to amuse and divert the Inquisitive (or *Athenian* Part of the World) For you know the *Athenians* were great Lovers of Novelty; *they spent their Time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new Thing*, Acts 17. 21.——And I call it SPORT, as 'tis to recreate the Mind, cheer our melancholy Thoughts, remove Mistakes, contradict the World; and in particular to convince the Libertine that there is no *Honest Mirth*, but in an innocent chaste Life.——And therefore as *Point of Honour* (abstracting from all other Ties) obliges Men to be Virtnous; so

(a) *Whole Duty of Man*, pag. 199.

for that Reason my 28th Paradox shall be to prove——'Tis much easier and pleasanter to be Honest and Chaste, than Leud and Wicked.—— I wou'd have all Men say with Seneca; " Tho God " did not know, nor Men wou'd not punish " Vice, yet wou'd I not commit it; so mean a " Thing is Vice.——

I think this may suffice for calling my new Project *Athenian Sport*, or *Two Thousand Paradoxes* merely argu'd, to amuse and divert the Ingenious.—— And I hope; Reader, you'll grant these *Athenian Sports* a little more excusable than fooling away five or six Years, and it may be as many Reams of Paper, in doleful Ditties on a coy Mistress, &c. Not that our Sports are wholly clear of amorous and trifling Subjects; for in some part of this Work (with *Domitian*) I'm killing of Flies; witness the Paradoxes entitl'd,——'Tis honourable to boast of a Lady's Favours.——'Tis a Sin to marry an old Maid.—— We court in Earnest, and marry in Jest.—— A fond Wife is a Whore.—— Fruition's nothing; or a Paradox proving there is no Pleasure in Copulation.—— A House to be lett; or the chaste Widow.—— There's a Sex in Souls.—— The rich Poet.—— The wise Fool.—— The Paradox in Praise of a Stinking Breath.—— Julian the Apostate.—— Sadness.—— The Quartan Ague.—— And I even trifle so far as to prove,—— That next to a Man a Louse is the noblest Creature.—— But, Reader, if you chance to stick here and there on such amorous and trifling Sports, that seem to out-do even *Doggett* in Comedy; yet know, that to ballance these merrier Passages, I have intermix'd every SPORT (or Paradox) with a great many serious Hints; and therefore the Reader is desir'd to look upon the more chearly Passages as intended to sweeten those that are more weighty: So that the whole still is but *A-*

a

thenian

thenian Sport; or a new Project to reform the Age, by making it innocently merry.

Having related the Novelty and Usefulness of the *Athenian Sport* (or *Paradoxical Project*) and therein discover'd what Recreation the *Athenian Society* approve and encourage; 'twill be proper in the next place that I tell the World what Sports they account sinful. I have read of one, that by hearing *Musick*, tun'd his Heart to think of, and admire the Melody and Musick in Heaven. Truly; I see no Reason but a Christian may cause his *Recreation* to do that which Naturalists deny to Odours, even both to refresh and nourish him: But, Reader, take this Caution along with thee; Be sure thy SPORTS be innocent—neither dishonourable to God, nor disadvantageous to thy Neighbour—for I am not (by *Athenian Sports*) about to teach thee how to reform thy Life, by doing the Devil's Work. (That's such a Paradox that none but an Atheist will assert) They that study the Devil's Books, will hardly learn Christ's Lesson —— *There be some that take Pleasure in Unrighteousness (b)*. But, Reader, remember this, Holy Things are too good to be sported with, and vicious Things are too bad. Things of an indifferent Nature, such as —— *The Virgin Paradox, or a young Lady may hate and despise that very Man she passionately loves and dotes upon* —— *Half is more than the Whole* —— *A right Widow can cry and laugh in the same Breath* —— *Brutes have no Souls, but are pure Machines* —— *The Rose in Winter has no Real Being* —— with Paradoxes in Philosophy, History, Politicks, Morality, Astronomy, Opticks, Poetry, &c. are only fit for *Athenian Sport*.

(b) Rom. I. 32.

I cou'd here give the Names of those *Sports* and *Pastimes*, that 'tis a Scandal for any sober Person to be diverted with: But I'll only mention——
the Sport of Cock-fighting, &c.——and the *Comedies* acted at the *two Theaters*.——

As to *Cock-fighting, &c.* the Scripture saith,
That a Good Man is merciful to his Beast.——

They then that make themselves SPORT with putting Dogs, Bulls and Cocks, &c. to Misery, do greatly sin in their Pastime; for they make SPORT with exercising Cruelty on dumb Creatures, which had never been miserable, had not the Sins of Men made them so. Then is the *Cock-Pit* (or *Bear-Garden, &c.*) a fit Place for Diversion? 'Tis said in the *Daily Courant* (c), “ That the *Cock-Pit* on the back side of *Grays-Inn-Walks* “ is now to be lett or sold.—— And (as 'tis the House where they SPORT with Cruelty) I wish it may always be so. But this is so little consider'd, that the Fighting of Cocks, &c. (which cruel Men call their SPORT) is become a National Pastime; for we see it practis'd in the open Streets every *Shrove-Tuesday*——(and in the *Cock-Pits* every Week) But to SPORT with these *Cock-Battles, &c.* upon that day, is Vanity and Heathenish Superstition——and *Cock-fighting* no Royal Sport, but a cruel Sin——as I shall prove in a distinct Paradox upon that Subject.

Another sinful Pastime that no good Man should encourage, is the *Comedies* acted at the *Two Theaters*. 'Tis here few sacred Things are spar'd, but make up the Decorum of the Act; here all that may raise the Flesh into Action and Desire, is advanc'd: 'Tis here that the Devil sports, and (if I may so say) diverts himself: 'Tis here all

(c) *March. 15. 1706.*

those wanton Looks, and Gestures and Postures, that in the Mode, *act a Part* to divert the Audience. Are these Sports fit for a Christian to see?

“ I think (says Mr. *Baxter*) I never knew, or heard of a lawful Stage-Play, Comedy or Tragedy, in the Age that I have liv'd in. — He that frequents Plays, sports on the Devil's Ground, and if he dies on the Spot, the DEVIL (as Lord of the Mannor) has a Right to him. *Sports! Sports!* with a Vengeance! where the Actors are R---k---s and Wh---s, and the Spectators (without a Miracle) debauch'd and ruin'd. And don't think this a rash Censure; for (tho 'twill startle the Actors and Frequenters of Plays) I have just finish'd a Paradox, proving — *The New Playhouse is not the Queen's, but the Devil's Theatre.* —

I might proceed to other Sports that are wholly sinful; but *Athenian Sport* is all the Recreation we should now think of; for sinful Sports only debauch the Mind, but *Athenian Sports* reform and divert at the same time, and are fit for all Men that would credit Religion and Learning by a chearful Life. — 'Tis true, our *Athenian Sports* contradict the Pleasures and Sentiments of such as frequent Plays (and unlawful Games) but 'tis much better to run counter to all the World (both in Principle and Practice) than to go with a Multitude in the broad way of Mistake and Error.

Having given a brief account of the Novelty and Usefulness of our *Athenian Sport* (or *Paradoxical Project*) — of the Objections that the grave and impertinent Criticks will raise against it — of what Sports are lawful, and what not — I shall next, as a further Explanation of this Project, discover the Rise, and Occasion of it, and with that conclude our *Preface* to the *Athenian Sport*.

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I might proceed in a larger account of this merry Project, but I won't tire my Readers with more Preface, as believing 'twill give a much clearer Light into the meaning of these Sheets, if I

nourable to God, nor disadvantageous to thy Neighbour——for I am not (by *Athenian Sports*) about to teach thee how to reform thy Life, by doing the Devil's Work. (That's such a Paradox that none but an Atheist will assert) They that study the Devil's Books, will hardly learn Christ's Lesson —— *There be some that take Pleasure in Unrighteousness (b).* But, Reader, remember this, Holy Things are too good to be sported with, and vicious Things are too bad. Things of an indifferent Nature, such as —— *The Virgin Paradox, or a young Lady may hate and despise that very Man she passionately loves and dotes upon —— Half is more than the Whole —— A right Widow can cry and laugh in the same Breath —— Brutes have no Souls, but are pure Machines —— The Rose in Winter has no Real Being ——* with Paradoxes in Philosophy, History, Politicks, Morality, Astronomy, Opticks, Poetry, &c. are only fit for *Athenian Sport*.

(b) Rom. I. 32.

version: 'Tis said in the *Daily Courant* (c), "That
" the Cock-Pit on the back side of *Grays-Inn-Walks*
" is now to be lett or sold. — And (as 'tis
the House where they SPORT with Cruelty) I
wish it may always be so. But this is so little
consider'd, that the Fighting of Cocks, &c. (which
cruel Men call their SPORT) is become a Na-
tional Pastime; for we see it practis'd in the o-
pen Streets every *Shrove-Tuesday* — (and in the
Cock-Pits every Week) But to SPORT with
these Cock-Battles, &c. upon that day, is Vanity
and Heathenish Superstition — and Cock-fighting
no Royal Sport, but a cruel Sin — as I shall
prove in a distinct Paradox upon that Subject.

Another sinful Pastime that no good Man should
incourage, is the *Comedies* acted at the *Two Thea-
tres*. 'Tis here few sacred Things are spar'd, but
make up the Decorum of the Act; here all that
may raise the Flesh into Action and Desire, is ad-
vanc'd: 'Tis here that the Devil sports, and (if
I may so say) diverts himself: 'Tis here all

(c) *March. 15. 1706.*

those wanton Looks, and Gestures and Postures, that be in the Mode, *act a Part* to divert the Audience. Are these Sports fit for a Christian to see?

“ I think (says Mr. *Baxter*) I never knew, or heard of a lawful Stage-Play, Comedy or Tragedy, in the Age that I have liv'd in. — He that frequents Plays, sports on the Devil's Ground, and if he dies on the Spot, the DEVIL (as Lord of the Mannor) has a Right to him. *Sports! Sports!* with a Vengeance! where the Actors are R---k---s and Wh---s, and the Spectators (without a Miracle) debauch'd and ruin'd. And don't think this a rash Censure; for (tho 'twill startle the Actors and Frequenters of Plays) I have just finish'd a Paradox, proving — *The New Playhouse is not the Queen's, but the Devil's Theatre.* —

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begin my—*Athenian Sport*—with—*A Paradox in praise of a Paradox; or the Pleasure and Benefit of reading Subjects that seem strange and contrary to the common Opinion.*

PHILARET,

A Member of Athens.

PRO.

P R O E M I U M:

'TIS strange how some Mens Tempers fute,
Like Bawd and Brandy, with Dispute,
Make True or False, Unjust or Just,
Of no use but to be discuss'd;
Dispute and set a PARADOX,
Like a strait Boot upon the Stocks;
And stretch it more unmercifully
Than *Helmont, Montaign, White* or *Tully*:
And when Disputes are wearied out,
'Tis Interest still resolves the Doubt.

Hudibras.

THE
CONTENTS
OF THE
PARADOXES
Of this VOLUME.

- P**ARADOX 1. *In Praise of a Paradox; or the Pleasure and Benefit of reading Subjects which seem strange and contrary to the common Opinion.* pag. 1.
2. *That no Colours are Real; but what we call Green, Red, Yellow, Blue, &c. only appear such to us, according as Bodies variously receive their Light.* 7
3. *Fruition's Nothing, or rather Something which destroys Love: A Paradox proving there is no Pleasure in Copulation.* 9
4. *That Physicians kill (at least Two Hundred to One) more than they cure,* 11
5. *That it is the Pleasantest Life to be always in Danger.* 14
6. *The Fegary; or a Paradox in Praise of Rambling.* 18
7. *The same numerical Voice of a Preacher is not heard by any Two of his Auditors; but every Man, and every Ear is affected with a distinct Voice, &c.*

- Paradox 8. *The Virgin-Paradox, or a young Lady may love and hate the same Person at the same time—Being an Answer to this Question,---Madam, why do you love, and yet refuse to marry Sir J. B?* 23
9. *Corporeal Affections remain after Separation: or a Paradox proving the Senses External and Senses Internal are Organical in Heaven as they were on Earth, and subservient to the Soul in their several Stations and Places of Residence; as Eye, Ear, Nose, Palat, Nerves, Brain, by which the Soul doth exercise its several Faculties of Seeing, Hearing, Smelling, Tasting, Touching, and the rest.* 24
10. *That it is better to be Half-starv'd than to fare Sumptuously.* 30
11. *That the Eye sees no more at one Prospect than at another; or, that the Eye beholds as much when it looks on a Shilling, or any other Object of as small Circumference, as when it speculates a Mountain, nay the whole Heaven.* 36
12. *Pious Contradictions, or a System of Divinity in Paradoxes.* 39
13. *Green come from the Dead, or a Paradox proving that no Man lives, but he that is hang'd. To which is added (as a Confirmation of this strange Paradox) the Narrative of what happen'd to Anne Green from her Execution at Oxford, Decemb. 4. 1650. to the Time she reviv'd, and (by the Care of Physicians) perfectly recover'd. Which is so scarce as not to be purchas'd in London.* 45
14. *The Queendom, or a Paradox proving none but Women are fit to govern.* 61
15. *That no Man can see the same Particle of an Object with both Eyes at once; nay, not with the same Eye, if the Level of its visive Axe be chang'd.* 65
16. *Proving 'tis a Happiness to be in Debt.* 66
17. *In Praise of a Cow's Tail.* 71
18. *Being a Satyr upon Honour; in a Letter to a Person of Quality that has lost his Place and Dignities at Court.* 75
19. *The Restor'd Maidenhead, or a Paradox proving a marry'd Woman may be twice a Virgin—occasion'd*

- casion'd by Madam W—n's being unmarried by Act of Parliament, &c.* 86
 Paradox 20. *That Inconstancy is a most commendable Virtue.* 92
 21. *That Content is the greatest Misery.* 98
 22. *That a Black-a-moor Woman is the greatest Beauty; in a Letter to a Lady exceeding Fair.* 103
 23. *That a Hangman is the most honourable Calling; in a Letter to the most redoubtable Executioner of High Justice; Jack Ketch, Esq;* 106
 24. *That the same Object speculated by the same Man, at the same distance, and in the same degree of Light, doth always appear greater to one Eye than the other.* 109
 25. *Is to prove that all Men see distinctly but with one Eye at once, contrary to that eminent Optical Axiom, That the Visive Axes of both Eyes concur and unite in the Object.* 112
 26. *The best Perfume, or a Paradox in praise of Farting.* 114
 27. *There never was such a thing as a Cuckold.* 115
 28. *'Tis much easier and pleasanter to be Honest and Chaste, than Leud and Wicked.* 118
 29. *Asserting Rational Nonsense.* 140
 30. *The Loving Shrew: or a Paradox proving the kindest Women are the most cruel; in a Letter to the fair Sex.* 141
 31. *Proving, That the Matter of a Body when rarify'd, doth possess no more of true Place, than the Matter of the same Body condensed.* 144
 32. *'Tis more honourable to beg than to wear a Crown; or a Paradox in praise of Poverty.* 147
 33. *That Ambition is a most commendable Virtue, and inseparable from a Gallant Spirit.* 157
 34. *Nescience: or a Paradox proving we know Nothing.* 159
 35. *That Nature doth not abhor all Vacuity per se, but only ex Accidenti, or in respect to Fluxility.* 165
 36. *Proving, That Women ought to Paint; in a Letter representing a Lady who had been Satyriz'd by a Person of Quality for Painting her Face, &c.* 167

- Paradox 37. *The Intellectual Kingdom; or a Paradox proving that Poets. (alias Beggars) are rich; in a Letter to a Poet Laureat, who courted a young Virgin for Marriage.* 171
38. *There is but one External Sense, &c. and not Five, as is generally thought—merrily argu'd by the whole Athenian Society.* 172
39. *That Burning alive is no Pain or Torment.* 175
40. *Married Women are Men by Conquest; or a Paradox proving a true Wife wears the Breeches.* 179
41. *That the Proportion of Solar Rays reflected by the superiour Aer or Æther toward the Earth, is so small as not to be sensible.* 184
42. *Athenian (or Intellectual) Sport is the Recreation of Pre-existent Spirits.* 187
43. *In praise of Red Hair; in a Letter to Madam Stroud.* 215
44. *A Gentleman proving himself in Love with Twenty Mistresses.* 217
45. *That there are no Colours in the Dark.* 219
46. *That there never was an Hermaphrodite.* 222
47. *The Moon lies hid in the Sun.* 226
48. *There is no Evil.* 231
49. *Every Man is corporally born twice.* 233
50. *That the shortest Life is the best; or a Paradox proving that we may justly wish either never to have been, or to have died as soon as we came into the World.* 241
51. *That it is better to be Lame or Bed-rid, than able to ride or walk abroad.* 245
52. *That 'tis both a Happiness and Honour to be Gelt.* 248
53. *That our Enemies are our best Friends.* 250
54. *Proving Black's White.* 252
55. *In praise of the Tooth-Ach, and most Diseases incident to the Body of man.* 257
56. *In praise of a Coward; in a Letter to an Athenian Brother.* 264
57. *In praise of a Wife who is Black, Blind, Wrinkled, Crooked and Dumb.* 268
58. *We live in Heaven; or a Paradox proving we are perfectly happy in this World.* 270

- Paradox 59. *Proving Fishes are the most docible Creatures living.* 304
60. *That every kind Mistress (be she e'er so Ugly) is truly Beautiful.* 306
61. *That only Cowards dare die.* 307
62. *That a wise Man is known by much Laughing.* 308
63. *That every True Wife is False.* 309
64. *That the Self-Murder of the Pagans was justifiable.* 310
65. *In praise of a Tired Horse that was stolen.* 313
66. *That the Gifts of the Body are better than those of the Mind.* 314
67. *A King turn'd Thresher.* 316
68. *That an absolute Tyranny is the best Government.* 317
69. *That a Batchelor may love his Mistress, and yet never know how, or why.* 320
70. *That Drunkenness is better than Sobriety.* 321
71. *Proving there is nothing New under the Sun.* 327
72. *That it is best for a young Maid to marry an old Man.* 337
73. *In praise of Slandering; in a Letter to a Noble Lord who had been slander'd for his Conduct in the last Campaign.* 337
74. *The Loving Duel.* 349
75. *The chaste Disease; or a Paradox in praise of a Clap.* *ibid.*
76. *Proving Nothing's Something.* 354
77. *Further Proving Nothing's Something.* 355
78. *That Ignorance is better than Knowledge, and Fools more happy than wise Men.* 357
79. *In praise of a Lie.* 366
80. *A Plot and no Plot: Or a Paradox proving, when the Dissenters plot to subvert the Church of England (in that very Plot) they do their utmost to serve and support it. With a Narrative of the Plotting Non-plotters, their Names and principal Consults, discover'd by one of the Conspirators for discharging his own Conscience (by way of Paradox) and undeceiving the World.* 367
81. *In Praise of an old (impotent) Gentleman. By a young Lady to whom he made Love.* 388

Paradox 82.	<i>That by Discord Things increase.</i>	389
83.	<i>In praise of a Rotten Cheese.</i>	391
84.	<i>That Good is more common than Evil.</i>	395
85.	<i>In praise of the Bear-fac'd Lady.</i>	396
86.	<i>That all Things kill themselves.</i>	398
87.	<i>That it is possible to find some Virtue in some Women.</i>	399
88.	<i>The Vicar of Bray; or a Paradox in praise of the Turncoat Clergy.</i>	400
89.	<i>That Old Men are more fantastick than Young.</i>	401
90.	<i>That Nature is our worst Guide.</i>	402
91.	<i>In praise of a Miser. By the same Lady that was courted by the old Gentleman mention'd in Paradox 81.</i>	403
92.	<i>Being a Pindarique in praise of a Grunting Hog.</i>	404
93.	<i>In praise of Deformity; or a Paradox proving that it is better to be Foul than Fair.</i>	406
94.	<i>In praise of a Shock-Bitch.</i>	408
95.	<i>That Brutes have Reason.</i>	411
96.	<i>Mourning Joy; or a Paradox in praise of Sadness.</i>	413
97.	<i>In praise of a Dearth; or a Paradox proving that Scarcity is better than Abundance.</i>	435
98.	<i>Infinite Space or Time cannot be said to be either a Whole, or One, &c.</i>	438
99.	<i>Proving nothing is so Dark as Light, with the curious Debates of the Athenian Society upon that Subject.</i>	439
100.	<i>Being Verses sent to a Virgin (by a Poet that lov'd her) proving that he, and his chiming Brethren, could perform Things impossible to be done; which she sending back unread, were return'd with an Inscription.</i>	444
101.	<i>The Hieroglyphick Rose, or Love discover'd in Flowers.</i>	445
102.	<i>Every Man his own Surgeon; or a Paradox proving Nature of her own accord heals Wounds.</i>	449
103.	<i>The Amorous Mystery, or Fruition without Enjoyment.</i>	450

- Paradox 104. *In Praise of Banishment, in a Letter to the Earl of S—y upon his Flight to Holland, after he had been wrongfully accus'd of plotting against the Government.* 451
105. *The Brutal Amour: or a Paradox proving that Birds and Fishes have been (passionately) in love, &c. With an account of the strange Affection of an Athenian Brother who courted a Statue of Marble, &c.* 462
106. *A Fair Nymph scorning a Black Boy courting her.* 465
107. *'Tis good to be Uxorious.* 466
108. *Proving that the Understanding and Will are really and formally one.* *ibid.*
109. *Proving true Love has no Lust in it.* 472
110. *Friendship cannot be Real (or lasting) between Two Persons, if there is not a Third to encourage it.* 474
111. *In Praise of a mere Doudy.* 477
112. *That 'tis harder for a virtuous Man to do that which is evil, than for a vitious Man to do that which is good; being a Paradox fairly argu'd by the whole Athenian Society.* 478
113. *That Time is a pure Creature of our Fancy, and hath no real Existence in Nature.* 481
114. *That the whole World, and all Things in it, are Black; prov'd in a Letter sent by a Black Maid to a Fair Boy, with whom she was deeply in Love.* 485
115. *The Soul in an Extasy may meditate by it self, without any Commerce with the Body and its Sentiments; or a Paradox proving the Possibility of the Soul's being freed from the Incumbrances and Distractions of the Body before its Dissolution.* 486
116. *Primitive Innocence; or a Paradox proving that modest Women may go stark naked.* 491
117. *The Kissing Lady grants even what she denies, and (which is yet stranger) the more she pays, the more she is still indebted.* 497
118. *That all Sciences may be profitably reduc'd to one.* 498
119. *It is absurd to assert Man does a thing ignorantly.* 501

- Paradox 120. *That Life is nothing but Motion.* 502
121. *The Female Devil; or a Paradox proving the adjusting a (proud) Lady's Dress in a Morning, is Conjuratation.* 504.
122. *That the Agreement between Man and Wife is chiefly owing to their being of a disagreeable Temper.* 507.
123. *Against a Kiss.* 510
124. *That the Thoughts of Man, before they are brought forth into Word or Work, have a real Being.* 512
125. *That the profoundest Scholars are the shallowest Asses.* 514
126. *That those that have no Enemies are most miserable.* 517
127. *That it is better to be Head of a private House than the Tail of a Noble Family.* 520
128. *Every Subject (and wise Man) is a King.* 523
129. *That the Imagination is able to produce Diseases.* 525
130. *We ought to hate Sleep (and were it possible) live always awake.* 526
131. *They that wed for Mony are but Half-marry'd.* 529
132. *Proving that Witches can, and yet cannot raise the Dead.* *ibid.*
133. *In Praise of a Fickle Lover.* 531
134. *That a Wise man may live without Anger, Hatred, &c.* 532
135. *The Author Rhimes in his Sleep.* 536
136. *In Praise of Weeping, or a Paradox proving Tears are more diverting and fitter to nourish Affection than Singing.* *ibid.*
137. *That Lovers die often.* 543
138. *The kind Husband is brought to Bed with his Wife.* *ibid.*
139. *That actually to enjoy a Woman, consists only in the Desire of Fruition.* 544

Athenian Sport:

O R,

Two Thousand Paradoxes

MERRILY ARGUED,

To Amuse, Instruct, and Divert the Age, &c.

Paradox I.

In Praise of a Paradox; or the Pleasure and Benefit of reading Subjects which seem strange and contrary to the Common Opinion.

Paradoxology is a speaking by *Paradoxes*.

PARADOXES are Things which seem strange, absurd, and contrary to the Common Opinion.

Which having explain'd, I proceed to *A Paradox in Praise of a Paradox*— I call it so, as I don't present the Reader with a System of what is common and obvious, Subjects that we read every Day, and in every Shop; but with a *System of Paradoxes*; (2000 *Theses*, that seem strange and contrary to the common Opinion.) And this I do on purpose to rouse and awaken the Reason of Men asleep, into a *Thinking and Philosophical Temper*; that if

possible, when they will wink, and sleep, and learn to spend a serious Thought upon *Common Subjects*, they may startle at *Paradoxes*, and wind up their Reason a little higher, upon the sight of *Wonders*.

As for the Matter of a *Paradox*, tho' it seem CONTRADICTORY, yet it doth but seem so; for *utraque pars est vera*. And tho' our *Athenian Sport* be made up of 2000 *Paradoxes*, yet they being grounded not on *Stoicism*, but *Christianity*, or at least upon the Author's Experience and Reading for twenty Years, I hope they will answer the Name of *Orthodox*. But what can a Man call *Orthodox* in this *Heterodox*

Age? Wherein scarce any one Thing is spoken or written, but every Man comments or glosses upon it; interpreting, not as the Truth requires, or the Author means, but as his Fancy pleases to criticize. And this indeed might have been an Argument sufficient for me to have kept these 2000 *Paradoxes* within my Closet, and not have publish'd them; but being persuaded by the *Athenians* to compose a *System of Paradoxes*, I thought it better to lay my self open to Censure, than to conceal any thing which (by contradicting the *Sentiments of Mankind*, and shewing the *World how much it has been mistaken*) may conduce to common Good: And for this reason — *A Paradox in Praise of a Paradox* — leads the way in this *Daring Project*.

I call it so, as to convince Men of their Errors, and answer *Paradoxical Questions*, is a very difficult Task. However, I hope to make that clear in a *Paradox*, which many Volumes have left under a Veil: For the main Design of a *Paradox* is, as our Title says, both to *Amuse and Divert the Age*; or rather to bring that to light under a seeming Contradiction, which could scarce be discovered any other way. So that a *Paradox* is a pleasant and bold *Ænigma*; and aims at nothing but Reformation, or innocent Mirth. And I hope this *Paradoxical Project* will answer all the Ends I design by it; for 'twas chiefly written for my innocent *Pastime*, and to set *Vice and Error* in a true light. And here, Reader, 'tis proper to let you know, that since I have search'd into

the Lives and Notions of our *Town-Wits*, I find so much reason to run counter to all the *World*, that I could almost resolve, for the future, neither to speak nor write, except in *Paradox*.

And therefore I shall answer all *Paradoxical Questions* as they are properly *Athenian Sport*. — And the first I shall insert, are those *Amazing Paradoxes* taken out of *Gordon's Geographical Grammar*; which he avers to be as true as any *Demonstration of Euclid*: the Solution of which, the Reader will find in the *Second Volume*.

1. There is an Island in the *Ægean Sea*, upon which if two Children were brought forth at the same time, and living together for several Years, should both expire on the same Day, yea at the same Hour and Minute of the Day; yet the Life of one would surpass the other several Months.

2. There is a certain Hill in the South of *Bohemia*, on whose Top, if an *Equinoctial Sundial* be duly erected, a Man stone blind, may know the Hour of the Day by the same, if the Sun shines.

3. There is a remarkable Place, on the Globe of the Earth, of a pure wholsom Air, and yet of such a strange detestable Quality, that it's absolutely impossible for two of the intirest Friends to continue in mutual Love and Friendship for the space of two Minutes.

4. There is a certain noted Place of the Earth, where the Sun and Moon (*ipso tempore Plenilunii*) may both happen to rise at the same Instant, and

and upon the same Points of the Compass.

5. There is a famous Country on the Continent of *Africa*, many of whose Inhabitants are born perfectly deaf, and stone blind, and continue so their whole Lives: Yet such is the amazing Faculty of those Persons, that the Deaf are capable to judg of Sounds, as well as those that hear; and the Blind, of Colours, as well as those that see.

6. There is a certain *European* Island, the North Part whereof doth frequently alter both its Longitude and Latitude.

7. There is a certain People in *South America*, who are properly furnish'd with only one of the five Senses, *viz.* that of Touching; and yet they can both Hear and See, Taste and Smell as nicely as we *Europeans*, who have all five.

8. There is a remarkable River on the Continent of *Europe*, over which there is a Bridg of such a breadth, that above 3000 Men a-breast may pass over it, and not croud one another.

9. It may clearly be demonstrated by the Terrestrial Globe, that it is not above 24 Hours Sailing from the River *Thames* in *England*, to the City of *Messina* in *Sicily*, at a certain time of the Year, provided there be a brisk North Wind, a light Frigate, and an Azimuth Compass.

Having given this brief account what a Paradox is, and prov'd Paradoxical Questions to be Athe-

nian Sport, I shall next shew (that we may return to our Paradox in Praise of a Paradox) — The Pleasure and Benefit of reading Subjects that seem strange, and contrary to the common Opinion.

And here 'tis easy to prove, that they who treat of Paradoxical Subjects, tho they seem to trifle, yet do not, but may and do merit, not only Pardon, but Praise; and so much the more Praise, as the Subject is strange, and contrary to the common Opinion, so the Discourse be good.

The way to Elegance of Stile, says *Osborn*, is to employ the Pen upon every Errand: And the more trivial and barren it is, the more Brains must be allow'd for Sauce. Thus, by checking all ordinary Invention, your Reason will attain to such a Habit, as not to dare to present you but with what is Excellent. — This old *Homer* knew full well, when he wrote a Poem concerning a Fight betwixt Frogs and Mice. — So did *St. Basil*, when he praised a Pismire. — So did *Senertus*, when he praised a Quartan Ague. — And so did *Erasmus*, when he printed a large Oration in the Praise of Folly. — And as the Antients have found a Pleasure and Benefit in writing upon Subjects that seem'd strange, and contrary to the common Opinion; so our Modern Authors have sported and delighted themselves upon several Things of small consequence: as, upon the Foot of a Fly, upon a Straw, upon a Point; nay, upon Nothing; striving as it were to shew the Greatness of their Wit, in the Smallness of the Subject: and have by treating of barren

and trifling Subjects, produc'd
 fundry Inventions, both Philo-
 sophical and Mathematical, to
 solace the Mind and recreate the
 Spirits.— 'Twas this made
 W—— write in Praise of a
 Maggot—— That made Foe
 sing a Hymn to the Pillory——
 That made Mr. S—— tell a Tale
 of a Tub—— That made Mr.—
 apologize for the Failures of Dr.
 Walker—— That made Dr. Wil-
 kins fly to the World in the Moon
 —That made a Reverend Brother
 spin 200 Verses out of a Cow's
 Tail—— And that made a
 Hundred Learned Men I could name,
 write upon barren and uncommon
 Subjects.——

Now, Reader, he that tread's
 in the steps of such Great Au-
 thors, should not be accus'd of
 going amiss. There is so much
 reason for writing *Paradoxes* (or
*Notions contrary to the common Opi-
 nion*) that I could well have
 spar'd Authority to prove this,
 seeing the very Arguments from
 Reason are natural. Reader, be
 you Judg in the case: Is it not
 ridiculous, when *Mountains fall
 in travel, and are delivered of a
 Mouse?* And on the other hand,
 Is it not as excellent, and for
 their honour, when *Mice fall in
 travel, and bring forth Moun-
 tains?*—— Reader, had
 you not rather have Noble
 Thoughts from Barren Subjects,
 than Useless ones from Great?
 A small Tree bearing a great
 deal of Fruit, than a great Tree
 with little but Leaves upon it?

Give me an *Iliad* out of a Nut-
 shell, an *Army* out of one Horse,
 like the Trojan. I hate a great
 Cry and a little Wool; a great deal
 of Wool, and a small Cry, is far
 better.

The Virtue of things lies in a
 little compass; witness the Bi-
 tings of Pismires, which by se-
 parating some little Particle from
 each Grain of Corn, destroy the
 Fruitfulness of it, and make it
 unable ever to grow again.

The most Virtuous Part of a
 Plant is its Seed; and yet how
 small, and Atom-like, are the
 Seeds of most Plants?

Nature is for producing an Oak
 out of an Acorn.

The least things in Nature are
 usually the most fruitful: The
Vine is a small and tender Plant,
 but in Fruitfulness excels most
 others. *Fertility* is a grateful
 thing, and therefore it may well
 be said, *Inest sua gratia parvis*;
 there is a *Gracefulness* in little
 things. The small and humble
 Vallies produce great Crops, whilst
 the high and great Mountains
 are extremely barren. Some
Themes appear like small *Points*,
 no bigger than the *Points* of
Needles (and they are so barren
 and contradictory, we know not
 what to make of 'em). But give me
 leave to say those *Puncts* are
Centers, from which innumerable
 Lines of good Sense may be
 drawn.

How small a thing is the Ma-
 riner's *Compass*? How much
 smaller is the trembling *Needle*,
 belonging thereto? And yet the
 greatest Ships are steer'd, and
 the longest Voyages conducted
 by means thereof.

The Materials of many things
 are little worth, and yet the
 Things themselves are of great
 Value, in respect of the Work-
 manship: *Materiam superabat o-
 pus*. A *Brass Watch* may be
 more worth than a *Watch* of *Gold*,
 according

according as the Workmanship may be. Barren and trifling Subjects are cheap Materials; but could we bestow so much Art upon them as some can and do, they would be accounted far from despicable.

What old Nurse knows not how to distil a Good and Spirituous Water out of excellent Herbs, such as *Mint* and *Balm*? But he must needs be a *Chymist*, and an *Artist*, who from *Soot* and *Chamber-Lye*, yea from hard and poisonous Metals, can extract (as they say some do) both safe and sovereign Medicines.

They that know the Benefit of *Coarctation*, or of some things being pent up and straitned, may from thence conceive a good Opinion of *Paradoxes* (or such strange and barren Subjects) which do, as it were, pen up the Wits of Men, till serious Meditation begin to dilate them.

What but the shutting up, and crouding together of Powder in a Musket or Pistol, makes so small Quantity thereof (when rarified by Fire) go off with so great a Report? Nature straitned (as well as otherwise vex'd) will discover it self: By the same reason barren and straitning Subjects, when a little rarified by Reflection, should sound best, and purchase most Applause.

Some Things are great in point of Esteem, only for their Smallness: The *Lord's Prayer*, *Creed* and *Decalogue*, written in the compass of less than a Groat (tho the best Eyes can hardly read it) may doubtless be sold for a hundred times so much as will be given for them in a fair or legible Character. If an admirable

Smallness commends other things, why not Subjects and Arguments? Nay, if the World applaud those who make *Great Things* extraordinary *Small*, why not them much more (which seems the harder Work of the two) who make *Small Things Great*? who fetch a great deal of good Sense out of a dry Subject. The Industry and Ingenuity of a Husbandman is not tried by a Soil that is fruitful to his hand, but by so manuring a barren Soil, as to make it fat and fruitful. To write upon barren Subjects, is to try what Ingenuity will do, when put hard to it; whether like the Sun, whose Beams brought into a narrow compass, that is, concentrated in the Body of a Burning-Glass, are far more warm and forcible, than when dispers'd and scatter'd far and near, throughout the Region of the Air.

Moreover, this may be said, That if the Subject be *Small*, *Barren*, and *Contradictory*, the Loss is not great, if it be spoil'd in the handling. Which, had I said no more, is *Paradox enough in Praise of a Paradox*. But that the World may be fully convinc'd what a *Pleasure and Benefit 'tis to read Subjects that seem strange and contrary to the common Opinion*, I shall further shew, 'tis not only a *Pleasure and Benefit*, &c. but almost our Duty, to read *Paradoxes*. For when God made us, he stamp'd his own Image upon us; which Image is most clearly apparent in those two great distinguishing Faculties of Human Nature, the *Understanding* and *Will*. The one disposes us to a Subtilty and

Sublimity of Knowledge, [i. e. to study Things strange and uncommon] the other to a Goodness of Temperance and Beneficence in our Actions: And 'tis worthy a sober Remark, and pretty to observe, how Man hath exercis'd these two Faculties in pursuit of these Ends, from the first Creation; how his Intellectuals have mounted above the Sphere of Sense, transgress'd the common Limits and Horizon of the dull unthinking Multitude, and pecc'd about with a Sagacity of Reason, into all the Crevices and secret Recesses of Nature, to find how wide the Wit of Man might be stretch'd and extended; and how (by the help of a Paradox) we may contradict the Opinions in vogue. We admire the Industry and Skillfulness of the Bee, in gathering Honey out of the Flowers, carrying it home, and disposing it in several Cells, ingeniously contriv'd for the purpose; the Wisdom of the little Ant, in a hundred particular Instances of her Polity and Management of Burrows; the curious Embroidery and Net-work of the busy Spider, in making Webs, and pursuing her Game, for the catching of Flies; the strange and almost stupendous Artifice of the poor Silkworm, which, by the Impulse of mere Nature, works her self out of breath, and spins out of her own Bowels that which clothes and adorns the gayest part of Mankind. Let us sit a while at home, and call back our rambling Thoughts, to contract our Meditation and Prospect; view our selves, and see what Dis-

coveries we can make in the Intellectual World; that so thro' the dark Glass of a Paradox, we may see our own Mistakes, and set such a Pattern of a Paradoxical Life, as might convince others that their Notions of Things are false and erroneous — 'Tis true, as Cowley says, — *The Voyage Life is longest made at home.* — But were we active and bold, what brave Schemes might we draw of Architecture! What high Scaffolds might we raise! What wonderful Projects might we contrive! What ingenious and subtil Ideas might we form! *The Quadrature of the Circle, the perpetual Motion, the jailing of the Skies, and a perfect Discovery of the Lunar World, the Philosopher's Stone, Flying, Diving, Any thing, Every thing,* would be but mean and ordinary to employ our Wits upon. In short, were we *Virtuosi* in earnest, those things which now seem strange and uncommon, would be easy and familiar to us. But God has wisely prevented our Projection of these *Babels*, by reducing our Time to a short Scantling of a *Span-long*, and confounding our Thoughts with a thousand Cares, and abbreviating our Necessities to a little Compendium of *fearing God, and keeping his Commandments, as the whole of Man.* Notwithstanding we have all of us (almost) some spare Minutes left from our necessary Offices, which we might, if we would, spend in a more noble way, upon more generous Exercises; either of Viewing or Doing, of Speculation or Action. I am not for *Domitian's pricking*

pricking Flies with a Pin; nor the Hungarian's Wooden Coat of Mail, the Work of fifteen Years; nor Myrmerides's Τεθρίππων, Coach with four Horses, so little, you might hide them under a Fly's Wing; nor Collicrates's Elegies, writ so small, that a Cherry-stone might hold them, &c. These are all certainly but χροὸν ἀγαθάλωμα, a lab'ricus Lots of Time, an Ingenious Profusion of two of the best Talents we are entrusted with, viz. Our Time and Wit. Yet give me leave to say, that when we are dispos'd to be innocently merry (as in the following Paradoxes) it is not fit that all our Subjects should be serious: For tho' it be highly commendable to point at serious Things in the midst of Drollery and Barren Subjects, &c. (like a Fable that hath a good Moral) yet to droll upon serious Things is as much a Crime on the other hand.

'tis both a Pleasure and Benefit to read Subjects that seem strange and contrary to the common Opinion. But if any say, that this Paradox in Praise of a Paradox— is not so strange or contradictory as they did expect, such will do well to consider, That all, or most things, in their first beginnings are small and imperfect; and this — Paradox in Praise of a Paradox— is the first Essay of this nature, that ever came in Print; and being such, doth beg for such Allowance as ought to be given to those who are the first Founders of any Project: For, you know, *Facile est Inventis addere.*— However, Reader, what has been wanting in Strangeness and Contradiction in our First Paradox, will be abundantly made up in the Second: For 'tis — A Paradox proving that no Colours are Real; but what we call Green, Red, Yellow, Blue, only appear such to us, according as Bodies variously receive the Light.

Thus I have fairly proy'd, that

Paradox II.

That no Colours are Real; but what we call Green, Red, Yellow, Blue, &c. only appear such to us, according as Bodies variously receive the Light.

THE Knowledg of Men is never compleat: What they know in one manner, they are ignorant of in another. Nothing is so manifest to the Sense as Colour; nothing so obscure to the Understanding, which doubts whether it hath a Real Existence, or whether it

only appears such to us, according as Bodies variously receive the Light. Indeed Green and Blue seem all one by a Candle, and the same Colour seems different by Day-light; which again makes the Species vary according to its Diversity: For, we judg of them otherwise in the Twilight, in the

Sun, and in the Shadow; otherwise beholding them slopingly, directly, or thro a Colour'd Glass, or near some other lively Colour. Are any Colours fairer than those of the Rainbow? And yet they are *no more Real*, than those of the Clouds. The Whiteness which we behold in the *Milky Way*, ariseth only from the Light of many small Stars. The Necks of Pigeons seem of a thousand more Colours than they have. *The Heavens, the Air, and the Water have none but what we fancy, or what their Depth, and the Weakness of our Sight gives them.* The Scales of Fish, some small Worms, and certain kinds of rotten Wood, shining in the night, seem to us to be colour'd. And Pictures are apprehended well or ill drawn, according to their Situation.— So that this Paradox [That *No Colours are Real, &c.*] however strange and surprizing it looks, is what no Man can ever disprove, and I scarce think our *Virtuosi* will ever attempt it; for every one knows, Colours cannot proceed from the *Temperament or Mixture of the four first Qualities, because mix'd Bodies of different Temperature have the*

same Colour. Sugar, Arsenic, and all Salts are White, the Crow and Raven are Black; and, on the contrary, one and the same mix'd Body, of the same Temperature in all its Parts, is nevertheless of several Colours, which it changes without Mutation of its Temper. *Ebony* is Black in its Surface, and Grey within: *Marble, Jasper, and Porphyry* delight the Sight chiefly by the Variety of their Colours: *Yellow Wax* grows *White*, and *White* becomes *Black* in the Sun. Nor can any one say, that that Part of a Tulip which differs in Colour from all the rest, is therefore distinct in Quality. *Wherefore, since Colours proceed not from the first Elementary Qualities, they are no more Real than the Intentional Species of the Sight; yea, they are the very same thing: for, the Visible Species are nothing else but Qualities streaming from every terminated Body, which alter the Medium, filling the same with their Images, which they diffuse even into the Organ. Now Colours are the same, being Qualities which actually change and alter the Diaphanous and Illuminated Body.*

Paradox

Paradox III.

Fruition's Nothing, or rather Something which destroys Love : A Paradox proving there is no Pleasure in Copulation.

LOVE is our Reason's Paradox, which still
Against the Judgment doth maintain the Will ;
And governs by such arbitrary Laws,
It only makes the Act our Likings Cause :
*We have no brave Revenge, but to forgo
Our full Desires, and starve the Tyrant so.*

They whom the *Rising Blood* tempts not to taste,
Preserve a Stock of Love can never waste :
When easy People who their Wish enjoy,
Like Prodigals, at once their Wealth destroy.

*Adam till now had stay'd in Paradise,
Had his Desires been bounded by his Eyes.*
When he did more than look, that made th' Offence,
And forfeited his State of Innocence.

Fruition therefore is the Bane t' undo
Both our Affection, and the Subject too,
And is that NOTHING we shall ever rue.

'Tis *Love* into worse Language to translate,
And make it into *Lust* degenerate :

'Tis to dethrone, and thrust it from the Heart,
To seat it grossly in the Sensual Part.

Seek for the *Star* that's shot upon the Ground,
And nought but a dim Jelly there is found.

Thus foul and dark our Female Stars appear,
If fall'n or loosened once from *Vertue's Sphere* :

*Glow-worms shine only look'd on, and let lie ;
But handled, crawl into Deformity :*

So Beauty is no longer Fair and Bright,
Than whilst unstained by the Appetite ;

And then it withers like a blasted Flow'r
Some poisonous Worm, or Spider, hath crept o'er.

Pigmalion's Dotage on the carved Stone,
Shews Amorists their strong Illusion.

Whilst he to gaze and court it was content,
He serv'd as Priest at Beauty's Monument :

*But when by looser Fires t' Embraces led,
It prov'd a cold hard Statue in his Bed.*

Love that's irregular, like mad Mens Dreams,
Presented by false Lights and broken Beams,

So long contents us, as no near Address
 Shews the weak Sense our painted Happiness.
 But when thote pleasing Shadows us forsake,
 Or of the Substance we a Trial make,
 Like him, deluded by the Fancies mock,
 We shipwreck 'gainst an Alabaster Rock.
 What tho thy Mistress far from Marble be?
 Her Softness will transform and harden thee.
Lust is a Snake, and Guilt the Gorgon's Head,
Which Conscience turns to Stone, and Joys to Lead.

Turtles themselves will blush, if put to name
 The Act whereby they quench their am'rous Flame.
 Who then, that's wise or vertuous, would not fear
To catch at Pleasures which forbidden were;
 When those which we count lawful, cannot be
 Requir'd without some Loss of Modesty?
 E'en in the Marriage-Bed, where soft Delights
 Are customary and authoriz'd Rites:
 What are those Tributes to the wanton Sense,
But Toleration of Incontinence?
 For properly you cannot call that Love,
Which does not from the Soul, but Humour move.
 Thus they who worship'd Pan or Isis Shrine,
 By the fair Front judg'd all within Divine:
 Tho' entering, found 'twas but a Goat or Cow,
 To which before their Ignorance did bow.
 Such Temples and such Goddesses are these,
 Which foolish Lovers and Admirers please:
 Who if they chance within the Shrine to pry,
Find that a Beast they thought a Deity,
 Nor makes it only our Opinion less
 Of what we lik'd before, and now possess;
 But robs the Fuel, and corrupts the Spice
 Which sweetens and inflames Love's Sacrifice;
After Fruition once, what is Desire
But Ashes kept warm by a dying Fire?
 This is (if any) the *Philosopher's Stone,*
 Which still miscarries at *Projection.*
 For when the *Heat ad Osto* intermits,
 It poorly takes us like Third-Ague Fits;
 Or must on Embers as dull Drugs infuse,
 Which we for medicine, not for Pleasure use.

Since Lover's Joys then leave so sick a Taste,
 And soon as relish'd by the Sense, are past;
They are but NOTHING sure; lost if possess,
And therefore only in Reversion best.
 For, bate them Expectation and Delay,
 You take the most delightful Scenes away.

These two such Rule within the Fancy keep,
As Banquers apprehended in our Sleep;
After which pleasing Trance, next Morn we wake,
Empty and angry at the Night's Mistake.

*Give me long Dreams and Visions of Content,
Rather than Pleasures in a MINUTE spent.*

And since I know before, the shedding Rose
In that same Instant doth her Sweetness lose;

Up on the virgin-stock still let her dwell
For me, to feast my Longings with her Smell.

These be but Counterfeits of Joy at best,
Which languish soon as brought unto the Test.

No, can I hold it worth his Pains, who tries
To Inn that Harvest which by reaping dies.

Resolve me now what Spirit hath Delight,
If by full Meals you kill the Appetite?

*That Stomach healthy'st is that ne'er was cloy'd,
Why not that Love the best then, ne'er enjoy'd?*

Since naturally the Blood, when tam'd or sated,
Will cool to fast, it leaves the Object hated.

Pleasures, like Wonders, quickly lose their Price,
When Reason or Experience makes us wise.

To close my Argument then, I dare say,
(And without Paradox) as well we may,

*Enjoy our Love, and yet preserve Desire,
As warm our Hands by putting out the Fire.*

Paradox IV.

*That Physicians kill (at least Two Hundred to One) more
than they cure.*

A New Physician had need of with the Honour due to him;
a new Church-yard: I dis- for in the sight of Great Men he
pute not who kills safest, the Ga- shall be had in Admiration.
lenist or the *Paracelsian*. 'Tis all But you'll reply, What shall
one whether a Man die by a Sti- become of poor Men that cannot
letto, or a broad Sword. Yet I entertain them? Marry at that
say, no doubt but God hath ap- Distance, best; admire their Con-
pointed the Means as well as the fidence only, and have least to do
Cure, tho' but few know the with them; for such only are the
right Cause. For the Lord hath Healthiest and Happiest. Where
created Medicines of the Earth, do they live longer, than in the
and he that is wise will not ab- *Orcades, Forest of Arden, Nor-*
hor them, *I honour the Physician way, &c.* or sounder, than where
the

the name of Physick is not once heard of?

Quot Themison agros Autumnno occideret uno?

Nay, they are rewarded too for their Murders: They are the common Executioners [kill at least 200 to One more than they cure] their Art (if one) is but conjectural, full of Imposture, the Devil *Apollo* the Inventor of it. And if Success follow, it is by Chance, not their Cunning; or Nature had done it without them. And for this very reason, *Avicen* (an eminent Physician) wept every time he prescrib'd a Purge; and well he might, for he could not but know that many Diseases no Physick can cure; as the Stone, Apoplexy, Strangury, Gout, &c.

Tollere nodosam nescit medicina Podagram.

What wise Man then, like the tender Lady, or rich pamper'd Citizen, would be so jealous of his Health, that if his Finger or Head but ake, or a *Stitch* vex his Side, will strait consult the Physician, aggravate his slender Malady, make himself sick with Conceit, as a Doctor with his Impertinence; stir up a silent Disease with frequent Purgations; Purge his Soul out of his Body, and kill himself in good earnest?

*God and the Doctor Men alike
(adore,
Just at the Brink of Danger, 'not
(before;
The Danger o'er, both are alike re-
(quited,
God is forgotten, and the Doctor
(sighted.*

What is this but to provoke Nature, trouble the Humour, and not to remove it? Or at least, make a strong Body weaker, as by often Brushing, fine Cloth is worn thin; to play with Death, or rather to fight with it; to tempt God, and to tire out our frail Bodies with Physick, when Nature alone is the best, safest, and wisest Physician: A *Jove Principium*. Prayer and a Bunch of Figs, and that but outwardly apply'd, prolong'd *Hezekiah's* Life fifteen Years. With this *Panpharmacum* alone, *Luke* the Evangelist cur'd all Diseases.

And tho our Saviour would work by Means, and cure the blind Man with Clay and Spittle; yet how often was only his *Fiat*, or, *Be thou Whole*, the Restorative? No matter then whether *Hippocrates* or *Paracelsus* administer, *Paul* or *Apollo*, it is God that gives [the increase of Health] the Blessing.

As *Paracelsus* therefore ascribes *Hippocrates's* fortunate Cures, not to his Skill, so much as to the People's strong Conceit of his Worth and Skill; so am I persuaded, that many Patients, thro the strong Fancy they have of the Doctor (let the Remedy be ever so ordinary) and by God's Help together, recover. The Physician's Modesty with the sick man's Patience, work it out sooner, than the desperate Practices of Mountebank Quacking Harpies, who to get a Fee will purge the Purse to be sure, and prescribe Death to the next Comer; or like Tinkers, stop one Hole, and make two for it. Change of Air (which alone cures rotten Sheep) or Linnen, do refresh, and often change

change the Sick from the worse to the better; *Miserè vivit, qui Me-* be bury'd alive, as observe the
dicè vivit. A Man has as good *Lessians* and *Galenists*.
strict nice Rules of our severe

An inner Room receives the numerous Souls
Of such as pay to be reputed Fools:
Globes stand on Globes, Volumes on Volumes lie,
And Planetary Schemes amuse the Eye.
The Sage in Velvet-Chair, here lolls at Ease,
To promise future Health for present Fees.

The Physician here is the only very Shame of all Physicians,
Disease, or worse; their Method what can *Æsculapius* prescribe
is a Torture: First, Phlebotomy; better than Exercise and Sweat-
a preparative Clyster; then a ing, which a labouring Man can-
Purge, Vomit, Phlebotomy and not avoid? What cures a *Surfeit*,
Clyster repeated; and then a *Quartan Ague*, &c. like Fasting?
Purge, a Purge, a Purge, till no- For the *Small Pox*, a careful Nurse
thing is left either in Purse or to keep the Patient in, and to
Body. This causeth that *Caco-* drive them out, is best: *Experi-*
chymia they observe in the ener- *ence tells us, they only die that tam-*
vated Body. And then indeed *per*; for, where one miscarries of
Remedium omnium malorum, Death it in the Country, 200 dies of it
follows, the certain Cure of all in the City, tho visited by the
Diseases. whole College.

In the Cure of an *Ague*, the

No. ——— *Physick can but mend our crazy State,*
Patch an old Building, not a New create;
The first Physicians by Debauch were made,
Excess began, and Sloth sustains the Trade.
The Wise for Cure, on Exercise depend;
God never made his Work for Man to mend.

I approve not of *Magick Charms*, Regimen of his own Health, and
Exorcisms, nor *Holy Water* nei- what is most useful. Let him
ther; that's to drive out one De- but shun that, and use but these
vil with another worse: Nor of Three, *Prayer*, *Fasting* and *Pati-*
the *Turks* *Obstinacy* to neglect *ence*, and the Cure is done: But
the Means, because their Days if Men will murder themselves by
are numbred. No, read the running to this and the other
Book call'd [*Every Man his own Doctor*] and remember, *Every*
Man is a Fool, or Physician to him- in it; for it has fairly prov'd,
self at least; and best knows the *That Physicians kill* (at least 200
to one) *more than they cure.*

Paradox V.

That it is the Pleasantest Life to be always in Danger.

THOU I am not ignorant, what *Danger* I incur both with timorous and severe Men, in asserting this *PARADOX*; yet since it pleases me extremely, and carries not with it the least Allay, either of Suspicion or Fear, I am apt to believe, that all Actions of this Nature, are to a wise Man, accompany'd with the same Assurance and Satisfaction: And this I the rather affirm, because (according to the right Method of Disputation) first stating the Word, and freeing it from Ambiguities, I find that this is just a Chimera, and a Notional Nothing. For if we say there is such a Thing as *Danger* beforehand, it may be Fear or Misinformation, yet possibly the *Danger* may never touch us: If we consider it in the present Tense, 'tis not *Danger* but Misery. And if we consider it in the preter Tense, 'tis *past and gone*. Now since all Time is comprehended under these *Three Terms*, and this falls under none of them, it follows that this hath no Time at all, which being inseparable to every Existence, as the Measure of its Duration, it will be evident, that *Danger* is a mere Non-entity, and those that fear it, fear just nothing.

In the Comparison of Good and Evil, we ever account those Evils the least, which are the least Lasting; and *è contra*, those Goods the Best, which are the most constant and durable. Now

for *Dangers*, supposing that we should grant them to be Evils, what more courteous and slight Evils could we wish for, than those that are come and gone in a Minute? But *Dangers* are so far from that, that they are commonly sooner past than known; but the *Remembrance* of them remains perpetually fresh, and brings every Day new Circumstances to claw the Understanding. Nay, and such a faithful Good it is, that no Malice of Fortune can bereave us of, but it stays with us in other Miseries; whereas Friends, Patrimony, Honour, can quickly vanish: And as we can no more grasp them than a Shadow, so can we no more recommend them, than call back Yesterday.

But supposing *Danger* such a thing as ought to be fear'd, since all wise Men agree with the Stoicks in this, That we ought not to be troubled for Things which are not in our Power, and we cannot help; and that the Life of Man is beset with so many Contingencies, which may every minute either surprize or assault us; what a Madness were it, to anticipate our inevitable Miseries? and like him in *Florus*, throw away our Gold for fear of losing it: *Furore est ne moriatur mori*. Yet since Death will at last conquer us, and they call it the *ποβερὸν ποβερῶτατον*, the Madness of Men has not shew'd it self more in any thing than in their Fear of it.

Some

Some Assassinating themselves for fear of Assassination; and there-
in shewing at once, an Act of the
greatest Cowardice and Cruelty
(for every thing must needs love it
self the best) that is possible.

Others execute themselves by lin-
gling Deaths, and Tortures of
their Fears, and so make it a Pu-
nishment greater than Nature e-
ver meant it.

Morsq; minus pœnæ, quod mora mortis habet.

Whilst the gravest and most so-
ber Men, put it only *inter muner-*
Naturæ, and by their frequen-
Composures, even at the very
Instant of their Dissolution, con-
fate the Horror of it. And if
this great Bugbear of Mankind,
when its Vizard is off, proves such
a tame Foolery, I wonder what
the petty Dangers must shrink
into.

There is nothing among all the
Excellencies of Mankind, more
flaming than Knowledg and Cou-
rage; and both these without
Dangers, would be dull, heavy,
and unactive Habits. What Use
were there for knowledg, if we
met not with the *Mazes and Intri-*
cacies of Life? And what more
wise, than a present Ingenuity in
avoiding Dangers, or a vast Con-

duct in preventing them, or a sly
Dexterity in weakening them?
If there were no Storms at Sea,
what use were tilts of, but tal-
kative Burdens? but upon the
first Outrage of a Storm, they on-
ly are call'd upon and worship'd.

For Courage, 'tis only seen in
Dangers; and without them,
Hares and Lions are of equal For-
titude. Great Souls that dare af-
front Dangers are therein try'd,
and move at that time in their
natural Element, and to its own
proper Sphere every Thing hath
a Tendency, and therefore *must ne-*
cessarily delight in it. And can
there be a greater Pleasure to a
Man than for so a small a Trifle as
his own Heart, to inable him to
conquer a Monster, or a Multi-
tude?

*In wishing nothing, we enjoy still most;
For e'en our Wish is in Possession lost:
Restless we wander to a new Desire,
And burn our selves by blowing up the Fire:
We toss and turn about our Fear'ish Will,
When all our Ease must come by lying still:
For all the Happiness Mankind can gain,
Is not in Pleasure, but in Rest from Pain.
We barbarously call those bless'd,
Who are of largest Tenements possess'd;
While swelling Coffers break their Owners Rest:
More truly happy those that can
Govern the little Empire, Man:
Bridle their Passions, and direct their Will
Thro all the glittering Paths of charming Ill:*

Who in a fix'd unalterable State,
Smile at the doubtful Tide of Fate,
And scorn alike her Friendship and her Hate.
Who Poison less than Falshood fear,
Loth to purchase Life so dear ;
But kindly, for their Friend, embrace cold Death,
And seal their Country's Love with their departing Breath.

Moreover, Man delights in nothing so much as in *Fame* ; and how can he be more glorious than by shewing a Serenity, nay Gladness, amidst so many Enemies as *Dangers* are? Or what can be more delightful to him, than to see he is so much his own Master, that he can defy all Casualties, and either carefully contemn them, or expect them with Confidence?

What more pernicious to whole Armies, nay, even insulting Conquerors, than *Security*? What better Means to frighten away Securities than *Dangers*? Which must needs be of a very Sovereign Virtue, that are a Means to preserve whole Armies ; and of a most diffusive fruitful *Nature*, that when they appear least, are greatest.

Besides, Rewards are proportion'd to *Dangers* ; which shews them of a worthy, and deserving Nature ; and therefore many Men have been call'd the Saviours of their Country at one Time, for some little Performances, which if they had done at another, would hardly have been noted : and hence it is that many great stratagematick Wits, have no better ways either of startling their *Enemies*, or retaining their *Friends*, than by increasing the Shew of their *Dangers*.

Now what other means have Tyrants had to possess themselves

of *Guards*, to bring the People into Commiseration, than by this only Pretence? Which necessarily shews how powerful and popular *Dangers* are, and what Attendance they require (which discovers their Majesty) that they whom they once threaten, must immediately be secur'd ; for what else are *Guards* but honourable Imprisonment.

But if the Shadow, and mere Representation of *Dangers* be so, what is the Substance and *Dangers* themselves? When a Man's in Safety, few regard him ; many may envy him : But falling once into *Danger*, Tears, Commiseration, Relief, and that possibly from his Enemies, which is the sweetest of all, come unto him.

Since we have manifested the rare life and Necessity of *Dangers*, it will not be hard for us now to shew them to be of that *Gallant Cordial* Nature, that they closely accompany the best Things, and immediately flow from our most apparent Happinesses, from which they are no more separable than Heat from Light.

Are not, I pray you, the best Things ever in the greatest *Danger*? *Porcelain* and *Venice* Glasses are the most apt to be broke ; the richest Flowers are the soonest pull'd ; the goodliest Stag will be soonest shot ; the best Faces do the soonest decay ; the best Men are most liable to *Envy*, the richest

est to *Spoil* : What better Thing in all the World, than that Divine Stone of the *Chymists* ? Yet Men in the achieving of it, do commonly hazard both their Brains and Substance ; and in case they come near an End, it is a very good Escape, if their *Glasses* be not melted or broken ; or evil Spirits (as *Flamell* admonishes) do not thro *Envy* blind their Eyes, and spoil all the *Work*.

But indeed, to consider the Thing aright, *Dangers* are so incorporated and mingled with the best Courses of Life, that like *Hippocrates's* Twins, they both live and die together.

What more fortunate, than to be the Favourite of a *Prince* ? Yet the Thrones of *Princes* themselves are not plac'd on *Cubes* ; nor are those *Cubes* founded on Rocks, or cemented with *Brass* : There is a Sword hangs by a Horse-Hair perpetually o'er their Heads ; and they may die by the Kernel of the Grape, by a *Hair*, by a Prick, as well as other Men ; and then where's the Favourite ? Does not he hold by a poor *Tenure*, that has no more Assurance ?

Again, if we will consider the principal Courses of Life which Men imagine to themselves will be the most *Pleasant* and fullest of *Delight*, we shall find them attended with depending *Inconveniences* and *Dangers*. What greater Piece of Allurement than the Company and Conversation of *Women* ? And yet this, for the most part, brings on *Veneereal* Diseases, which are the most nasty, dangerous, and worst to be root-ed out, of any whatsoever. What *Life* seems more royal and mag-

nificent, than to be perpetually *Feasting* ? And yet this brings on *Surfeits*, *Gouts*, and other Diseases, that make a Man miserable, even to his Grave. What greater or more compendious Way to Profit than *Merchandize* ? Which notwithstanding is every Hour so subject to Hazard, that a Man's Life and Substance being committed to Wind and Water (*two of the most uncertain Things in the World*) are continually but two or three Inches from Destruction.

Since we have been so far in *Danger*, it were a Sin not to be in *Debt*, since *Debt* and *Danger* accompany one another ; and methinks, if a Man would but consider these great Enjoyments, which Men in *Debt* have, he must needs say there is somewhat in it, much more pleasant than the *Vulgar* imagine ; who tho they think *Debt* an Estate, wherein there is nothing but *Misery* and the uttermost *Calamity* of Fortune, yet it is quite otherwise : For, First, a Man having past the *Meridian* of his Fortune, sets and rests without Noise ; he is not intangl'd with *Dependences*, needs neither to care for publick Burdens or *Miseries*, but is wholly withdrawn into himself. Besides, what nobler Duty is there of Mankind, than to give every Man his own ? And this the *Debtor* is perpetually sollicitated to : Nor does he want his daily *Attendance* and *Visitations*, which the greatest *Favorites* in the Cadence of their Fortunes, miss ; nor can he ever be unprovided for, since at the utmost, he is sure of *Lodging* and good *Company*.

All which put together, will amount to this, That since *Dan-*

gers are not only *unavoidable*, but of a Royal Entertainment, when even *consequential* to the greatest for fear of the Sword hanging Pleasures, it were a Madness to by a Horse Hair over his Head, avoid the one for fear of the o he cou'd not enjoy himself out ther. And certainly *Damocle* of that noble Feast that was set very little understood the Value before him.

Paradox VI.

The FEGARY; or a Paradox in Praise of Rambling.

ONE Night, when Fumes of charming Bottle
 Had fermentation rais'd in Noddle;
 When various Troops of Airy Notions
 Danc'd in my Brain *Morisco* Motions;
 Judgment, that us'd to guide the Rudder,
 Was quite amaz'd i' th' horrid Pother;
 So that the Ship was steer'd by chance,
 As Chaos was by Atom's Dance;
 My Soul (as all wise Men aver)
 Was here, and there, and every where;
 A Shutecock which you might then see
 Toss'd by the Battledoor of Fancy,
 ——— And spinning wildly here and there,
 Danc'd Jigs and Galliards in the Air.
 Thus while my Thoughts were on the Ramble,
 I scribbled down this long Preamble;
 And fustian Fancy eas'ly ambling,
 Did thus descant in praise of Rambling:

“ Nothing i' th' World is steady found,
 “ But an eternal Dance goes round.
 And jarring Seeds of Nature be
 Still constant in *Inconstancy*.
 The Sun (as all Men know his Course is)
 Rides round the World with Coach and Horses,
 And like a wicked Fornicator,
 Leaves his true Bed, the warm *Equator*;
 And let old *Jove* say what he can Sir,
 Rambles to *Capricorn* and *Cancer*.
 The fixt Stars too (tho *Erra Pater*
 Swears they ne'er mov'd, nor will hereafter)
 Yet ha' been found by Optick Engines
 To've rambled backward a whole Sign since.

[Cowley]