

ference between borrowing from Men, and from Providence.—

Then let not him that has lost an Estate mourn, for another lost it before he had it; perchance if he had not lost it now, it had lost him for ever: and therefore in such a case as this, let us rather think what we have escaped than lost, and what we owe, rather than what we are.

Even Kings owe Protection to their Loyal Subjects, and their Subjects of all Ranks owe Allegiance to their Sovereign Lord. Our Lands and Lives (if we are Loyal) are the Queen's, and nothing can we call our own, but Death.—

Then again let us look into our selves, and see how our constitutive Parts are Debtors each to other. The Soul doth quicken and give Life to the Body, and the Body like an Automaton (as one expresses it) doth move and carry it self and the Soul.—

Again, if we survey Man in his Parts, the Eye sees for the Foot, the Foot standeth for the Hand, the Hand toucheth for the Mouth, the Mouth tasteth for the Stomach, the Stomach eateth for the whole Body; the Body repayeth again that Nutriment, which it hath received, to all the Parts, discharging the Recrements by the Port Esquiline; and all this (as an Eminent Physician observes) in so comely an Order, and by a Law so certain, and in so due a

time, as if Nature had rather Man should not have been at all, than not to be a Debtor in every Part of him.

The Alchymists who promise to themselves to turn Tin into Silver, and Copper into Gold, how will they be transported out of themselves with Joy, if they should but see a happy Issue of their Attempt? How much more a Creditor, when he shall recover a desperate Debt? It is like the Joy of a Father that receives his lost Child.

Again, he that is in Debt hath this great Privilege above other Men, that his Creditors pour out hearty Prayers for him; they wish that he may live, thrive, prosper, and grow rich. And for all they are so often put to their shifts, I must say this, to the honour of Debtors, that they have a great Influence over their Creditors, they become in a manner their Land-Lords, to whom they cringe, kneel, as if they did owe them all imaginable Service; and are as ambitious of their Debtors Favours, as they who in King Charles's Reign did care for the Royal Misses to attain the Lives of their condemn'd Friends, or some Place at Court.—

Without Debt and Loan, the Fabrick of the World will be disjointed and fall asunder into its first Chaos. I might first instance in what it owes for Drink: For, as Cowley tells us,

*The Thirsty Earth soaks up the Rain,
And drinks, and gapes for Drink again;
The Plants suck in the Earth, and are
With constant Drinking fresh and fair:
The Sea it self, which one would think,
Should have but little need of Drink,*

Drinks ten thousand Rivers up,
 So fill'd that they o'erflow the Cup.
 The busy Sun (and one would guess
 By's drunken fiery Face no less)
 Drinks up the Sea; and when h'has done,
 The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun.
 They drink, and dance by their own Light,
 They drink and revel all the Night.
 Nothing in Nature's sober found,
 But an Eternal Health goes round.

And if the World runs thus in Debt for Bub, what does it owe for its other Supports? Or rather what does it not owe? For first as to the Beauty of the Stars, what would it be but Vastness and Deformity, if the Sun did not lend 'em Light? The Earth would remain unfruitful, if it did not borrow refreshing Dews from the watery Signs and Planets. The Summer is pleasant, and promiseth great Hopes of Plenty; but it is because it taketh up much upon Trust from the friendly and seasonable Temperament of the Elements. And to say the Truth, there is Nothing Good, or Great in the World, but that it Borroweth something from others to make it Great, or lendeth to another to make it Good.——

The Elements, which are link'd together by a League of Association, and by their symbolizing Qualities, do barter and truck, borrow and lend one to another, as being as it were the Royal Exchange of Nature. They are by this Traffick and Intercourse the very Life and Nourishment of all sublunary Bodies.

Well, if it be such a Happiness to be in Debt, and every thing lives under a Necessity of owing something.——Then farewell Dis-

genes, thou surly Clown; for who ever lived more like a Souc'd Mackerel, amongst Men, barrelling up thy self in a Tub, like a Kegg of Sturgeon; and this because thou hadst not Soul enough to treat thy Friends, or to live in Debt?

I also bid farewell to Coke, Littleton, Shephard, and other Lawyers, and Molesters of Causes, who accounted (as their surviving Brethren do to this day) being in Debt a very great Evil.——

I also pity Zeno's Weakness, who blush'd to borrow —— Crates's Pride, for scorning to be trusted——and do as much despise that Poet Laureat, who forfeited his Wreath of Bays, rather than owe a Farthing; and afterwards made Prayers to his Purse to supply his Wants: tho, as I've proved, ——'Tis a Happiness to be in Debt.—— But let Men that either will not, or cannot be trusted, act as they please; for my own share, whilst I live, I am willing to live in Debt. —— In Debt to the Creator of all things, for his so curiously framing me in my Mother's Womb, Psal. 139. 13, 15. In Debt to Christ, for hopes of a blessed Resurrection: And as I owe, so I will be ever ready to lose my
 Life

Life for my Country's Service.— I have left to pay ; and for
 I will also owe, and be ever that reason I'm still learning *the*
 paying Love and Tenderneſs to *Art of Living Incognito* : For as
 my very Enemies, and a *heartly Philoſtratus* lived ſeven Years in
Reconciliation whenever they de- his Tomb to acquaint himſelf
 fire it.—And e'er long I ſhall with Death, ſo I ſhall pray that
 pay my *Great Debt unto Nature*, my *Private Life* may have the
 which is the moſt difficult Debt ſame effect.

Paradox XVII.

In Praise of a COW'S TAIL.

THOU who didſt round *Cecropian* Paſtures rove,
 Turn'd Bull, an *horny* and an *hairy* Jove !¹
 (Tho ſure that Shape had better ſerv'd than now,
 When beauteous *Io* was transform'd to *Cow*)²
 Who a mere *Brute* didſt of mere *Thunder* make,
 A *Four-legg'd* Lover for *Europa's* ſake ;
 And when thy Purchase was from Shore convey'd,
 (The ſhining *Cargo* of a *Royal* Maid)
 Didſt to a *Rudder* turn thy well-hung *Tail*,
 Whiſt her looſe flowing *Garments* ſerv'd for *Sail* :
 Pilot my tottering *Bark* with Aid Divine,
 Vent'ring thro Seas far more unknown than thine !
 Help me in my *Cow's Tail*, the reſt ſhall be
 Part of a grateful *Hecatomb* to Thee.³

The *Tail* full oft above the *Head* prevails,
 And *Heaven* and *Earth* reſound the Praise of *Tails*.
 See where in *Heaven* the *Dog's* bright *Tail* does ſhine,
 A *Cynofure* not half ſo long as mine :⁴
 On *Earth* walk where you will, in every place,
 One *Tail* or other flaps you o'er the Face.
 The Kingly *Lion* whirls his *Sceptral Train*,
 Roaring at the encountring *Gnat* in vain ;
 The Victor *Gnat* in the next Fight does fail,
 And drops beneath the *Cow's* all-conquering *Tail* ;
 That *Tail* which kills, whate'er its Force withſtands,
 As ſure's a *Club*,—in *Hercules's* Hands.
 When the *mad Dog-star* ſcatters *ſultry* Beams,
 And drives the *tossing Herd* to *Shades* and *Streams* ;
 Armies of *Flies*, of different Notes and Wings,
 Goad 'em all o'er with their vexatious Stings ;
 Vainly does now the *bare-dockt* *Horse* complain,
 And wiſh for his diſmember'd *Tail* again ;

Who of his Freedom us'd before to boast,
 Then gain'd, when such a Burden he had lost.
 (So the sly Fox who of his Tail could make
 Hook, Net and Line, at every Brook and Lake;
 And when too faint he the hot Hunter flies,
 With pissen Tail strike out the Terrier's Eyes:
 When not so well he from the Trap had fled,
 But with his Tail compounded for his Head;
 To 'scape his salt Companions Mockery,
 He'd have 'em Tail-less all as well as he.)⁵

But now the Cow with brandish'd Tail falls on,
 Proclaiming open War with Accaron;
 Millions of Insect-Warriors at her fly,
 Millions of Insect-Warriors murmuring die.
 So falls a murdering Chain-shot whizzing round,
 (Amazing, like less dreadful Thunder's sound)
 When thro a Troop of Iron Horsemen born,
 Beneath the Reaper's Hook so drops the Corn.
 So when the scaly Lord of Fruitful Nile,
 The dreadful Spear-contemning Crocodile,
 Is by his trembling Enemies beset,
 Trusting in vain a feeble Dart or Net;
 With his Tail's Whisk he long long Ranks o'erthrows,
 And stalks in Triumph o'er his prostrate Foes.

The Turks when they'll their Enemies assail,⁷
 For a Red Flag hang out an Horse's Tail:
 Unjustly done, when it must be confess'd
 From this, the Cow's the far more valiant Beast.
 But if from cloudy Wars we start away
 To downy Pleasure's happy Sunshine Day,
 There the Cow's Tail does other Tails surpass,
 As far as the brisk Horse the lazy Ass.
 This the sage Priests of mighty Apis knew,
 Whate'er the rude unthinking Vulgar do.
 Apis is gone; hark! the lamenting Croud
 Raving about, bellow his Loss aloud:
 Apis is gone, nor can their Tears prevail;⁸
 Yet they'd not care, had he but left his Tail.⁹
 Priests, Prince and People search the Stalls around,
 Until the happy, happy Tail is found;
 Whilst every trembling Son of Nile prepares
 T'adore the Sacred Tail with two white Hairs.¹⁰

Nor less should th' Indian this blest Relique prize,
 Without whose kind Support, he sinks and dies.
 Where Orellana's Sea-like Waters lave¹¹
 The steepy Banks with a resounding Wave,
 Or De-la-plata's headlong Floodgates roar,¹²
 Rolling fresh Oceans down each mouldring Shore;

Where

Where no proud Bridg dares the wild River ride,
 At a *Cow's Tail* the *Indian* items the Tide ;¹
 Ferry'd without Expence of Coin or Breath
 Safe, tho but a hair's length 'twixt him and Death :
 Safer than *Damocles*, when at the Board²
 A single Hair sustain'd the shining Sword.

Ladies by the soft Magick of their Eyes,
 Like Angels, waiting thro the scattering Skies,
 Weak prostrate Mortals dazle and surprize. }
 From head to foot, their Charms, their Port and State,
 A *Cow's Tail* to the life does imitate.
 Have you e'er seen a Nymph at some bright Hall,
 In a Triumphaut Masquerade or Ball,
 Move soft and smooth like Gales of Western Wind,
 Whilst her loose flowing *Train* sweeps far behind ?
 Even so believ't, the *Cow's Tail* dangles down,
 Like supernumerary piece of Gown :
 The Antients or Historians Lies have told,
³ Pure *Carrots* call'd pure Threds of beaten Gold :
 Tho Goats *Pulvilio's* hardly ranker smell,
 Nor any wrizzled *Succubus* of Hell:
 But all which to our nicer World appear
 For Marks of Beauty, all concenter here ;
 The Tail's Complexion is a lovely Fair,
 Shaded around with charming *Cole-black* Hair.
 Now, *Tail Right Worshipful* ! I'll lead thee home,
 As great as conquering *Scipio* entring *Rome* ;
 Thee to a Place of Rest I'll calmly bear,
 Like *Turky Rams* in a triumphant *Carr*.⁴
 For such as Faults with my *Cow's Tail* have found,
 Here's a fair Rump ;——Genteels, you're welcom round.
 Hur *Cow* shall now with any *Cow* compare ;
 Let any say *hur Cow is hurs, that dare*.⁵

Notes on the foregoing Paradox.

¹ [Turn'd Bull, an horny and an hairy Fove.]

See the Tale of Jupiter's transmogrifying his Divinity into a Bull for the Love of Europa, at every Postdauber's in Town !—— but rarely well describ'd in Lucian, in a Dialogue between Notus and Zephyrus. Quere, in this case, as was said in another of the fighting Bishop; If a Butcher had here saucily knock'd down the Bull, what had become of the Godship ?

² [When beauteous *Io* was transform'd to Cow.]

Related in the authentick Chronicle of Ovid's Metamorphosis.—— The Chapter and Verse you may find at your leisure.

³ [Part of a grateful Hecatomb to thee.]

This——Hecatomb is a hard Greek Word usually taken for a Sacri-
 fice

face of a hundred Oxen.——But tho mine be a Cow, every body won't see the Bull in the case.

⁴ [A Cynosure not half so long as mine.]

The Constellation call'd the little Bear, in Greek is Cynosura, which is in plain English, Dogs-Tail.

⁵ [Proclaiming open War with Accaron.]

The God of Flies——The same with Belzebub in Sacred, and Mui-oides and Jupiter Apomuyus in Profane Authors. Vid. Cowley's Annotations on the Plagues of Egypt, p. 82.

⁶ And Accaron, the Airy Prince, led on their various Host.

⁶ [With his Tail's Whisk he long long Ranks o'erthrows]

That Creature is reported to have a prodigious Force in his Tail, with which he sweeps down whate'er comes near.

⁷ [The Turks, when they'll their Enemies assail,
For a Red Flag, hang out a Horse's Tail.]

This is a Custom common with them to the Tartar, and many other of those barbarous Nations. If I misremember not, they deduce this Custom from their great Ottoman, the Top of the Oguzian Family.

⁸ [Apis is gone, nor can their Tears prevail,]

⁹ [Yet they'd not care, had he but left his Tail.]

The Egyptians worshipping an Ox, is notorious; nay, that was one of their Dii majorum Gentium; their Saints and little sucking Gods, were Rats, Birds, Cats; and Leeks, Onions, (Welch Deities). But the manner of Devotion to their Oxe, under the name of Apis, Serapis, Isis, Osiris,——made even that too as extravagant as all the rest. Among other Perquisites necessary for the Election of a new God, which was every year after they had drown'd the old; one indispensable was,——Two peculiar Hairs, and no more, on the Tail——But why no more nor less, as Dr. Fuller says, the Devil knows. This too explains the following Verse;

¹⁰ [T'adore the sacred Tail with two white Hairs.]

¹¹ Ovellana and ¹² De-la-plata, two famous Rivers in the Indies.

¹³ [At a Cow's Tail the Indian stems the Tide.]

Thus Peter Martyr in his Decads——He says, 'tis common with the Indians to tie a Stick cross-ways at the Tail of a Cow, and seating themselves thereon, drive her into the Water; who being used to the Sport, swims very faithfully with the Cargo behind.——If any doubt of the Truth on't, 'tis but stepping over for a day or two to the Indies, and they may be speedily satisfy'd.

¹⁴ [Safer than Damocles, when at the Board,
A single Hair sustain'd the shining Sword.]

Damocles one of Dionysius's Flatterers, admiring the Tyrant's Felicity, was by his order to taste what 'twas, adorn'd with Royal Robes, and waited on as a Prince: but for the sharp Sauce with his sweet Meat; when thus in all his Grandure at Table, a naked Sword was hung over his Head, ty'd only by a Hair, which soon spoil'd his Sport, and made him glad of Liberty again.

¹⁵ [Pure Carrots call'd pure Threds of beaten Gold.]

Yellow Hair was accounted a great piece of Beauty, not only by the old Romans, and that part of the World; but here in England too: Among other Receipts for *finifying the Face*, &c. in an old English Book, there's a way to make the Hair Yellow.

¹⁶ [Like Turkey Rams in a Triumphant Carr.]

Mr. Sands and others that write of the Eastern Countries, describe a kind of Sheep there, whose Tails weigh forty pound apiece, and are always drawn after 'em by a little Cart.

¹⁷ [Let any say his Cow is hers, that dare.]

Alluding to a Story of a Welchman who stole a Cow with a cut Tail, and brought it to Market, but artijually sew'd on another Tail. The Owner sees it at the Market, looks wistly on't, and concludes, if it had not a Tail too much, he durst swear 'twas his own: At this his Welch Plud draws his Knife, cuts the Tail off above the Place where 'twas sew'd on, throws t'other piece into the River, and bids him now own it if he dar'd.

Paradox XVIII.

Being a Satyr upon Honour; in a Letter to a Person of Quality that has lost his Place and Dignities at Court.

Worthy Sir,

I Have been at a long Debate with my self, First, *Whether I should write 'unto you; and then What I should write:* To condole you, had been dangerous; if Grief had possessed your Mind already, it would have increased its Strength; if it had not, it would have given it a Beginning. To comfort you, raised these Doubts within me; either there were Reasons for so doing, and then it would have been supposed, that I had done it long since; or there were no Reasons, and then it would have been an Undertaking as unnecessary in the one Case, as fond and vain in the other; *you have lost your Dignities,* nay you lost none, if your Virtues adhere to you; and they do so, if you can despise and scorn that which sticks not to you. 'Tis true, nothing charms us like Titles of Honour, which feed our two darling Sins, *Pride and Revenge;* for by them we may take place of those who have affronted us, and look down on them at a distance. Honour sets the Stamp on us, and distinguishes us from the common Clay of the World. *It gives us the Familiarity of the Great, and the Adorations of the Vulgar;* makes our Healths, Sleeps, and Dreams enquired after: It enhanceth our Virtues, and casts a Veil over our Vices; *nay, turns our Vices into Virtues:* It gives us the Encomiums of the Poets whilst living, and brave Epitaphs when dead.

But

But supposing all this were true, yet consider (*my noble Friend*) as long as you continued in your *High Place and Dignity*, that *Circle of Friends*, that did compass you round and applaud you, were so many *Enemies*; they rather besieged you and laid wait for you: *The Friends of Honours* swarm to the place where they reside, because they affect those Honours; they hate those that do enjoy them, because they would enjoy them themselves.

———Honour's
A painful Burden which great Minds must bear,
Obtain'd with Danger, and possess'd with Fear!

He that feels the weight of Honours, thinks them insupportable, and too heavy for him; and he that feels them not, is insupportable to them: He that is not burdened with them, is a Burden to them; should a Courser that is deck'd with Trappings of Gold and Purple, and carries a General in Triumph to the Capital, take a Pride in the Arches, the Shouts and Acclamations of the People? or rather complain of his Accoutrements, which are a Burden rather than an Ornament unto him, when Gold as it is glorious, so it is ponderous too. Alas! there are few that talk with you, but with your Fortune only; few that make Obeisance to you, but to the Dignities (a) which you bear; and therefore no share remains to you, no more than to the Steed, but the Pains and the Burden.

*Happy the Man, whom bounteous Gods allow,
With his own Hand Paternal Grounds to plow!
Like the first golden Mortals happy he,
From Bus'ness and the Cares of Money free.
No humane Storms break off at Land his Sleep,
No loud Alarms of Nature on the Deep;
From all the Cheats of Law he lives secure,
Nor does th' Affronts of Palaces endure.
Oh happy! if he knew his happy State,
The Swain, who free from Bus'ness and Debate,
Receives his easy Food from Nature's Hand,
And just Returns of cultivated Land.
No Palace, with a lofty Gate, he wants
To admit the Tides of early Visitants;
With eager Eyes devouring, as they pass,
The breathing Figures of Corinthian Brass:
But easy Quiet, a secure Retreat,
A harmless Life, that knows not how to cheat;
With homebred Plenty the rich Owner bless,
And rural Pleasures crown his Happiness;*

(a) *Pauci Reges non regna colunt*, Sen. Herc. Oct.

*Unwea'd with Quarrels, undisturb'd with Noise,
The Country King his peaceful Realm enjoys.*

If by the Divine Goodness and Clemency, Ambition were once quite exterminated or rooted up out of the Hearts of Men, it would be a greater difficulty (I doubt not) to persuade Men to bear rule, than to obey: O unhappy and wretched Commanders, that is thus fool'd by Ambition, which makes Men believe that they command others, when themselves are Slaves both to it and others! He that commands, commands only for to (b) serve, and to serve those who stoop to him, only that they may command him. Behold the Shepherd, who is an Emblem of him that governs People; and tell me whether the Flock serves him, or he the Flock. To squeeze their Milk, and their Wool, doth not make him not to be a Servant; it makes him not to be a free noble Servant, but a mercenary one. If a Man must seek out dainty Viands for Food, if he must be clothed with Gold and Purple, if armed with Sword or Firebrands, he hath no cause to complain of Nature, that she hath left him (alone) among all Creatures, as if he were without Clothes, or Food, or Arms. But if he would bear Rule and Dominion over Men, he hath some Cause to complain of her, because to him (alone)

of all other Creatures, hath she assigned Dominion and Sovereignty over all other Creatures. Have you lost your Dignities? you have not lost them, but (c) surrendered them; they are the Favours of Fortune, being seldom Characters of Merit, but of Audacity. What other Goodness have they in them, but what he stamps on them that doth enjoy them? if he be not good, they are not Dignities but Indignities; you have not then lost your Dignities, but they have lost him that gave them that Denomination, and made them (d) Dignities.

Some Men are born to command, and some to obey. Principality should be measured by the Intellect, not by Cities and Provinces: He is not always a Master of others, that hath others under him; it is Fortune that confounds the Works of Nature: our Lord God hath stamped the Character of the worthiest Man in the noblest and worthiest part of Man. In a Play, the Actors Habits and Disguises may well deceive those Spectators that are below, but not those that see them near hand. The wise Man was upon the Stage to behold the Comedy, when he said, *Prov. 10. 17. I see the Master walk on foot, while the Servants ride on Horse-*

(b) *Magna servitus est magna fortuna; ex quo Caesar orbi terrarum dedicavit sibi eripuit. Sen. Consol. ad Polyb.*

(c) *Laude manentem fortunam, si celeres quatit pennas resigno quæ dedit. Horat. od.*

(d) *Epaminondas honores ita gessit, ut ornamentum non accipere sed hæc ipsi dignitati videretur. Just. 1. Hist.*

back. Our World here below is (for the most part) Antipodes, or counter to that of the Intelligences; there they argue the greatest Dignity from the greatest measure of Knowledg, and here he hath the greatest Dignities (often) who hath the least portion of Knowledg: When a Man is born in a higher Degree or Condition, and is inferior in Brain, he is an Error or Oversight of Nature, a Monster; or if so be she had an Intention to make him such, it was either to chastise, or to instruct, to shew that all that are born in this World are not born for the World.

Would you know what kind of things those Dignities were which you enjoyed? Consider what those are that do enjoy them: With how many would

you change Conditions, if you were to change Persons withal? wherefore they are not good of themselves, since they do (e) not make Men good. I have seen them more apt to corrupt Goodness, than to beget it: our Nature is too frail to attain to Perfection in Goodness. It is rashness to seek an Augmentation of Virtue from Temptation; for they do (oftentimes) change it, but always impair it. To subdue our own Affection is a difficult Task: but to vanquish both our own and others too is almost impossible. What Mind will bound its Contentment with a little that enjoyeth much? what Humility that meets with Obsequiousness and Homage, doth not turn to Pride? So that Honour

*Is Pride's Original, but Nature's Grave,
The Hero's Tyrant, and the Coward's Slave;
Born in the noisy Camp, it lives on Air,
And both excites by Hope and by Despair.
Angry whene'er a Moment's Ease we gain,
And reconcil'd at our Returns of Pain.
It lives when in Death's Arms the Hero lies,
But if his Safety he consults it dies.*

Dignity is like a Purple Attire, which doth embellish Dirt, because it hides the Ugliness of it; but disgraceth Gold, because it hides the Splendor of it. Every thing is bright where the Sun shineth; but a Carbuncle, if you will have it glitter and sparkle, place it in the Dark; remove it out of another Light, if you will see its own. Virtue desires to be naked, despoiled of Dignities, and sequestred from Wealth; it is a Gem that shews all its Worth, when it is all discovered; it cannot be so neatly enchas'd, but the Beauty of that part will be concealed that is enchas'd.

You are come down from the Hill, not thrown down thence; and now since we are all upon the Plain and Level, we will measure

(e) *Quicquam ne bonum est, quod non eum qui possidet meliorem facit.* Cic. parad. 1.

them together. The Distance of the Eye deceiveth it: in Figures that are handsom, it perceives not all the Beauty of them; and in those that are mishapen, it discovers not all their Defects. A little Statue becomes not greater by being placed on a Hill, nay Statues being placed on high do lessen, or (at least) seem lesser to the Eye of him that beholds 'em, tho not to him, who, raking the Basis with the Statue, doth measure both together.

Men are not therefore nearer Heaven because they are advanced above us: he that mounts higher hath the more need to descend; the way to climb high, is not to climb: you may see one exalted upon the Throne above others, who is far below others. The Thoughts of that Man who seems to you to touch the Stars, are oftentimes as low as Hell: that Body which you see is not the Body of him you see, it is his Carcase (f), there Man is where his best part resides; or if he be not there, he shall go thither.

Heaven is made for humble Men, not for the great ones; he that is sometimes nearest unto it, sees it least; he that stands on the top of a Mountain, sees nothing else but the Sun; whereas he that is in the bottom of a Well, can thence number the Stars also. You may (perhaps) be aggrieved that your Command is taken from you: Nature, which hath planted in Man that most (g) ardent de-

fire of Command, would have shew'd her self an envious Mother, if she had not also given something to command. There is no Man but hath a Kingdom within himself, and he is not worthy to be a King over others, that is not first a King over himself: rejoice that you are a Commander over your own Affections, to see your Passions so good Subjects. This Harmony brings you to hear that of the Spheres, and to contemplate that of God himself; and in this most delightful Symmetry, you shall taste that Peace and Tranquillity of Mind, which was by antient Sages reputed the Felicity of the Blessed. If you may not come in place to right the Oppressed, and do them Justice, yet you may procure it to be done: if you have nothing left to relieve Men withal, yet you have whereby to pity them, and that Poverty which you cannot relieve, you can support and bear. In all Places there is a Place for the Exercise of Virtue, for one that would exercise Virtue and not Ambition; and there it appears greatest, where the least Reward is expected by it.

What avails it a Man to be a Commander over others, if he be (h) a Slave to his own Passions? What availeth it to dwell in Palaces (to whose sumptuous Fabrick even the remotest Provinces of the World are Tributary) if in the mean while the

(f) *Scito te mortalem non esse, sed corpus hoc: nec enim is es quem forma ista declarat; sed mens cujusque is est quisque.* Cic. in Somn. Scip.

(g) *Cupido dominandi cunctis affectibus flagrantior.* Tacit. 2. Hist.

(h) *Si vis omnia tibi subjici, teipsum subjice rationi.* Sen. lib. 1. Ep. 36. *Multos reges si ratione rexerit.* Idem.

Soul inhabits a fordid nasty Body? What Harmony can recreate that Man that is composed of nought but Discord within himself? And what Food can nourish him that labours with a thousand Diseases, and is upon the Rack of Torments? Is not this Body of Clay enough to press down the Soul, except we clog it also with the weight of Cities, and Provinces and Kingdoms? The Greatness of Dignities is a Circumstance which doth always add weight unto our Faults, but never to our Services; and this is sometimes Mens Reward in the World, that have deserved well of it. It is very true that this Transition from a Place of eminent Command, unto a private Life, is not easily (i) conceited, except only by those, who do not change their Intellect by changing their Condition. If a Painter blot out a Picture that was drawn in a Table, and makes a new one in its Place, that Table is not the same tho it be the same; because the Table doth not give the Name to the Picture, but the Picture to it: our Understanding is a (k) *sheene Tablet* wherein no Lines are drawn; the Pictures and *Phantasms* of great ones, which are imprinted in it, are not the same with those of private Men; therefore the same Man's Intellect, is not the same when he becomes a private Man: The Change of a Man's Condition is the Death of one Man, and the Generation of another; and a good Death it is, if it be the Generation of a good Man. Troubles, my Friend, are (when we err) the Rewards of our Errors; and when we do not err, an Augmentation of our Merit; either they abate and expiate the Ill, or augment the Good. They are always Good themselves, because he is always Good that sends them; if they appear Evil, it is because he is Evil that suffers under them. Thus

*Honour is like that glassy Bubble,
Which finds Philosophers such Trouble:
Whose least part crackt, the Whole does fly,
And Wits are crackt to find out why.*

But you are not unfortunate because you have lost your Dignities; rather you are happy if you look not after them: he obtains enough who obtains this, even to desire nothing. Those Men are happy from whom Fortune cannot take away, not they on whom she may bestow. She is not unpleasing but to him, who was too much pleased with her: She cannot take away but from him that was her Almsman: we call her unjust, when we our selves are so. We complain of her for taking that which she had bestowed, instead of giving her Thanks that she had bestowed it.

(i) *Infelicissimum infortunii genus est aliquando fuisse felicem.* Boetius de Consol. l. 2.

(k) ὁσπερ γυμναστήριον, velut tabularasa. Arist. 3. de anima.
She

She doth not rob, but re-assume: our worldly Felicities are but borrowed; when they are not restored back, they leave us of themselves. Death is a Minister of (l) Fortune; and see what Ar-rears of Debts are unpaid unto this, they will be exacted of that other.

He that (in misfortunes) looseth not the String of Virtue, is like an Arrow which (when it looseth not the String of the Bow) doth fly so much the more forward, by how much the more it was drawn backward. Fortune doth not retreat with an Intention to forsake, but to prove us; and where it finds great Spirits, there it returns with the greater Equipage. He deserves not to entertain Fortune at her best, when he cannot bear her Company at the worst: whilst we seek her unseasonably before the time, we oftentimes meet our Death; and whilst she returns to us at her own leisure, she doth often find us dead. He that hoisteth Sails, and displays them upon the Sailyards, when the Sea is rough and boisterous, either sinks the Vessel or splits it; we must be content to keep below when our being higher may endanger our Sinking. He that cannot obtain a Calm; and yet by all means will needs sail in a Tempest, doth not sail, but run a ground, and

doth (many times) make himself unfit to entertain calm Weather when it comes and smiles upon him, because it finds him either already split or drown'd. Ad-versity hath not the power to disturb much, but such a (m) Mind as was enervated by Prosperity: If the *Stoicks* had not confounded together the Pains of the Body with the Passions of the Mind, they had not (perhaps) fancied an Impassibility, when they fancied an Indolency: for as in one Case, it cannot consist with a sound Mind; so in the other Case, it may be imputed (perhaps) to the Greatness of Wisdom. Disasters are light or (n) heavy, as we are pleased to make them; for they have no other Being or Existence than in Opinion; if they were (o) real things, they would be alike in all.

Consider in your Case how many Men there be who have not those Dignities which you possess; and yet do not complain. If you reply that they do not complain for not having them, because they have not had them; you complain (it seems) not for what you are, but for what you have been, and so you grieve for Good; and not for Evil. Nay tell me also how many infirm Men; how many Beggars and other sorts of People would deem them-

(l) He means Fate or Providence.

(m) *Quem res plus justo delectaveré secundé, mutaté quatiént;* Horat. Ep. l. 1.

(n) *Ad opinionem dolemus; tam miser est quisq; quam credit:* Senec. Epist. 78. lib. 1.

(o) *Nemo aliorum sensu miser est:* Salvia. de provid. lib. 1.

selves (p) happy, if they were in your Condition: And do you call it an Unhappiness to be that which so many Men would account Happiness to arrive at? If you be upon those Terms (which I scarce believe) you are no way unhappy, but that you understand not your own Happiness.

All Estates and Conditions of Men in the World are (q) equal: If a Man will not change Crosses with any other when he sees what comes to every Man's Lot and Share; much less will he change Felicities with any: for those also are equal, if not in the scales of Weight, yet (at least) in the ballance of Justice: and if (at any time) the Freshness or Novelty make a Difference, it is the Difference but of a few Days; Assuefaction will presently produce it to a Geometrical Equality. The Felicities of this World are not in things themselves, they subsist in Opinions only, and so become great or small, according as they are apprehended; and they have the greatest share of them, that believe they have it. Sovereignty is like a Mountain which seems to the Subjects (who are at the foot of it) with its trowning Head to touch the Sky; but to those that are at the top, it seems with its Basis to reach Hell.

There is no Degree or Condi-

on of Man but is subject to Satisfaction: we ever desire what we do not possess; and our Will (since it lives under those Spheres, which are in perpetual Motion) can never be at rest. Private Persons do envy the Greatness of Princes, and Princes do envy the quiet Repose of (r) private Persons; yet they will never descend or reduce themselves to this state of Life, but rather still fear what they sometimes desire; as though they are ashamed to become such as they wou'd seem to desire to have been at first. Be not therefore troubled that you are arriv'd at that state of Life, which you have often envy'd in them that did enjoy it. There are some sort of Maladies incident to Men, that the Party must be well beaten before he can be cur'd. What things do Men use to wish to Souls departed, that they may be happy? Not incessant Motion, surely, but everlasting Rest. Behold you are this day invested in that Bliss which you shall enjoy in Eternity, if you can bear it well in this temporal Life. Every Man that hath his Quietness is not at Ease: but as that Motion is best, the Author and Cause whereof is ever quiet; so that Quietness is worst, which hath within it an active Principle that loves no Rest.

(p) *Nullum tam miseram nominabis dominum quæ non inveniat in miseriore solatium.* Sen. Conf. ad Marciam, cap. 12.

(q) *Mihi videtur rerum natura quod gravissimum fecit, commune fecisse: ut crudelitatem fati consolaretur equalitas.* Sen. Conf. ad Polyb. cap. 21.

(r) *Si non essem Alexand. Diogenes esse vellem.* Plut. de Fortuna Alexand.

Rest you quietly, my Friend, under the cover of that Harbour to which that Wind of *Envy* hath driven you, with thought to drown you; avoid the angry and unquiet Ocean, that Sea which hath swallow'd even *Palmures* and expert *Pilots*, or when they could not break them with a Storm, have lull'd them fast asleep. You have already bury'd *Envy* under your Ruins, and over them you may build *Colossuses*, or Monuments of Glory; you are not fallen, you have only laid your self down, not by any Fever or Malady, but with a purpose to take your Repose. *Envy* is left behind to wait upon those Dignities which you enjoy'd; which are no way good if they be envy'd: *Envy* is a Worm which breeds only among Corruption; it doth not fly at true Worth and Goodness, if it doth not find it wrapt in secular Affairs, which are attended with Profit and Glory.

There is no other way of Goodness than to be good in God's Eyes; and he that is such, is so secure from *Envy*, that he oftentimes falls within the Compass of Compassion. Consider those who live like wild Beasts among craggy Rocks, and horrid Woods, who being full of Grace and celestial Virtues, and being seque-

str'd from Men, do mix Conversation with the Angels in the Contemplation of their Creator: and then tell me, I pray you, whether any doth envy their Condition? either they are pity'd or commended. Moreover let us regard those Virtues rather, which make a Man good, than those which make a Man great; so we should live safe from the *Envy* of Men, who measure Goodness by Greatness, and think him the better Man who is the higher. Leave, Friend, these Walls which hinder your Prospect, and contract your Horizon; these Walls which take away the Prerogative which God gave unto Man, to contemplate Heaven, without discomposing his Head: What other thing doth those black Habits import (which at first entrance do greet our Eyes) than Grief and Sorrow, for the Loss of Liberty which unawares they are depriv'd of? To live in a great City, what is it but to live in a spacious Prison, where Men are so wretched and lost, that they know not their own natural Necessities, except the senseless Clock (which is in perpetual Motion) put them in mind of them? as tho all things here depended upon the Wheel of Fortune, or of the Clock.

*Oh let me in the Country range! ———
Nature makes Abours here, and ev'ry Tree
Disposes all its Boughs to favour me;
Here warbling Birds in airy Raptures sing
Their glad Pindaricks to the welcome Spring:
The Valleys too, here Echo's do repeat,
Here gentle Winds do moderate Summers Heat;
Clear is the Air, and verdant is the Grass,
My Couch of Flowers, the Streams my Looking-glass.*

*The beautiful Scene of aged Mountains,
Smiling Valleys, murr'ring Fountains;
Lambs in Flow'ry Pastures bleating,
Eccho our Complaints repeating;
Bees with busy Sounds delighting,
Groves to gentle Sleep inviting;
Whispering Winds the Poplars courting,
Swains in Rustick Circles sporting;
Birds in chearful Notes expressing
Nature's Bounty and their Blessing.*

*These afford a lasting Pleasure,
Without Guilt, and without Measure.*

Then, my Friend, leave these Walls, which can never so defend you, but they, at the same time, may oppress you with their Fall. Come with me under the cool shades of Cedars and Beech: come where no other Inchantment shall fill your Ears, than the chanting of the Nightingal, nor any other Murmurs than that of the chrystal Brooks; where all Favours and Benefits are expected from the Bounty of Heaven, not of Men. Here you shall see the *Philomel* innocently displaying her Wings, and freely roving in the Woods from Tree to Tree, and with the Air of her Wings, mingle the sweet Air and warbling Notes of her Voice: not like the *City Birds* which are constrain'd to make their Voices mercenary, to beg their Meat in Tune, and earn it with a Musick Lesson; so that I know not whether these Prisoners (being also bewitch'd with these Walls) do lament or sing the Loss of their own Liberty. But in the Country, — 'Tis there we breathe, 'tis there we live! — Then who wou'd live in the City that has a *Coach or Legs* to carry him out of it; or seek *Honour*, except it dwells in a Grove, or a Country Village?

*Hail old Patrician Trees! so Great and Good,
Hail the Plebeian Underwood!
Where the Poetick Birds rejoice;
And for their quiet Nests and plenteous Food,
Pay with their grateful Voice:
Hail the poor Muses, richest Mannor Seat!
Ye Country Houses and Retreat!
Which all the happy Gods so love,
That for you oft they quit
Their bright and great Metropolis above.
Here Nature does a House for me erect,
Nature the wisest Architect!
Who those fond Artists does despise,
That can the fair and living Trees neglect,
Yet the dead Timber prize.*

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
 Hear the soft Winds above me flying;
 With all the wanton Birds dispute,
 And the more tuneful Birds to both replying;
 Nor be my self too mute,
 A Silver Stream still rous his Waters near,
 Gilt with Sun-beams here and there,
 On whose enamel'd Bank I'll walk,
 And see how prettily they smile, and hear
 How prettily they talk.

O Fountains! when in you shall I
 My self, eas'd of unpeaceful Thoughts, espy?
 Oh Fields! Oh Woods! when, when shall I be made
 The happy Tenant of your Shade?

Here's the Spring-head of Pleasure's Flood,
 Where all the Riches lie
 That she has coin'd and stamp'd for Good.
 Pride and Ambition here
 Only in far-fetch'd Metaphors appear;
 Here nought but Winds can hurtful Murmurs scatter,
 And nought but Eccho flatter.
 The Gods, when they descended hither
 From Heaven, did always chuse their way;
 And therefore we may boldly say,
 That 'tis the way too thither.

<p>Then farewell Honours! Fare- wel Courts and Cities! for what are these (not worth naming) if compar'd with the Pleasures and Innocence of a Country Life? 'Tis here the Waters run under the harmless Laurel with chaste and undefil'd Beauty, and sometimes running gently out of their Channels, leaving Pearly Drops upon the golden Flours, and sweetly kissing the enamel'd Herbs, do make them teemingly fertile with their amorous Embraces: There (in the Cities) you may</p>	<p>see them forc'd from their natu- ral Course, and deflower'd, and (being convey'd thro close Pri- sons and Channels) taught to as- pire proudly towards Heaven, to fall afterwards more violently to the Earth. See how these Matters do instruct us, that in the Cities Men cannot, in their own natural state, be advanc'd, that have not first lost their native Liberty; and that the end of their Exaltation and Mounting up, is to (s) fall with the greater Precipitation.</p>
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(s) Tolluntur in altum, ut casu graviore ruant. Claud.

Paradox XIX.

The Restor'd Maidenhead: or, a Paradox proving, A marry'd Woman may be twice a Virgin—Occasion'd by Madam W—n's being unmarry'd by Act of Parliament, &c.

Ye spiteful Powers (if there can be
That boast a worse and keener Spite than I)
Assist with Malice, and your mighty Aid,
My sworn Revenge, and help me, rhyme her Dead.

Oldham's Satyr.

Mulieri ne credas, ne mortuae quidem—

Horat.

The PREFACE to the following PARADOX.

I*T would be almost a ridiculous Excuse for a (Paradoxical) Satyr, that it is rough and undress'd, since in my Judgment that is one of the principal Characters of that way of Writing. At least, what Spencer says of Love, is true of Grief, that 'tis nothing nice; and the more carelessly the Flowers are strow'd on the Herse of the Deceas'd, the more natural and gracefully they'll appear. Were I in a humour to make Excuses, the next should be, for some strokes here, severe enough on the fair Sex; for which they may, if they please, be angry without weighing the high Occasion: But for those who are so just to do so, I shall be so civil to own I except them out of those ge-*

neral Rules hereafter deliver'd. As for those concern'd; if they are angry, I'm glad on't; if they rave, 'tis what I desire; and if they hang themselves, 'twould be the best Action they ever did in their Lives; and, I believe, the only good one. Friends or Enemies be they, I'll detain 'em no longer in the Preface, but finish that, and fall to work on the main Business. As Sir John J——n (who was hang'd for it) contriv'd the Wedding of Madam W——n, who is here unmarry'd (or rather restor'd to her Maidenhead by Act of Parliament) 'tis necessary this Gentleman should lead the way in this fatal Paradox.

BRAVE

BR A V E Man ! the Sacrifice of *Female* Spite,
 In *Tears* or *Blood* thy loud-tongu'd Wrongs we'll write ;
 Whilst e'en thy *Step-dame*, *England*, pities thee,
 Whilst thy distracted Mother *Albany*
 Her dear lov'd Son's untimely Fall laments,
 His sudden Loss, and too hard Fate *resents*.
 Her Groans are heard to both her distant Seas,
 From the *Pills* Wall to frozen *Orcades* ;
 Nor shall she mourn alone, nor shall he go
 All unreveng'd to th' empty Shades below.
 Her *Fame*, t' appease our murder'd Hero, dies,
 We'll on his Herse her *Honour* sacrifice ;
 All her bewitching Charms just Victims made,
 Expiring round the Tomb t' atone his Shade.
 Nay, her whole treach'rous perjur'd Sex comes in,
 Those Serpents made to tempt the World to Sin ;
 Then damn 'em, and despise 'em for't—— O why,
 (Might we thus reason with the Deity)
 Are the less harmless *Fiends* in Darkness chain'd,
 While *Woman*, subtler *Woman*, free remain'd.
 How blest were *Man*, how free from Pain and Vice,
 And all the Earth e'en yet one Paradise ;
 Had not hard Fate, for the *alloy* of Life,
 Doom'd him to that *Familiar Devil*, Wife ;

Woman ! There's Ropes and Daggers in the Name,
 The *Dregs* of the Creation, Nature's Shame :
 Yet *This* is worse than all, if worse can be,
 They're the *Epitomy* of Hell, and she
 Is all her Sexes curs'd *Epitomy*.

Poor harmless *Infant* ! I her Fate deplore,
Fourteen Hands high the Beast, nor less, nor more ;
 Scarce large enough, alas ! to make a W——
 Weak new-spawn'd *Toad*, innocent pretty thing,
 Young *Viper* ; who wou'd think it yet shou'd sting ?
 Or *Scorpion* rather, for her Venom lies
 Not in her Mouth (*tho wide*) nor in her Eyes ;
 Tho, like a *Basilisk's*, they the Heart assail,
 The *Scorpion* bears its Poison in its Tail.
 In her swol'n *Veins*, Hells of hot *Sulphur* roll,
 Some lustful Devil supplies the place of *Soul* :
 Of nobler humane Off-spring name her not,
 By salt *Asmodeus* on a She-Goat got ;
 Yet falter than the Linage whence she came,
 See how she do's e'en her black Parents shame,
 She's ten times hotter than her Sire or Dam.
 She who was by lost *Anthony* ador'd,
 That *Queen of Whores* her self scarce earlier whor'd :

Tho in her *Leading-strings* 'tis thought she stray'd,
 And e'er she learnt her own, forgot the name of *Maid*.
 Nor with the Brand of *Common Fame* content,
 She's a *State-W*—— by *Act of*——
 For tell me that wise *Oedipus* that can,
 What is she else, who having *tasted Man*,
 Tasted, and gorg'd her self, and pleas'd to th' *Life*,
Is neither Widow, Ravish'd Maid, nor Wife?
 This monstrous Sight (expos'd to publick View,
 An odder, fruitful *Africk* never knew)
 Wou'd raise her Fortune soon, and make it more
 Than those vast Sums which damn'd her deep before!
August Assembly! might the Muse presume,
 With rude unhallow'd Feet, your Sacred Room
 T' approach and view, she'd search a-round and try
Where the miraculous secret Power did lie:
 That Power by which you what you please effect,
 And, like the *Guardian Minds* above, direct
 Our Under-World: But as my Reason may
 Th' Eternal Law-Giver's just Dictates weigh,
 Before I this believe, or that obey;
 Fate cannot, what is lost, the same restore,
 Nor all the *Wit* and Power on Earth do more,
 What's past is past——a *W*—— is still a *W*——.
 The nimble God may argue while he will,
 Yet spite of's Wit, *Sofia is Sofia still*.
 How long soe'er he drub him, still's the same,
 And keeps the *Person*, tho he lose the *Name*.
 Poor modest Creature! must thy wish'd *Escape*
 From jealous *Guardian Dam* be call'd a *Rape*?
 How oft hast thou been *ravish'd* thus before?
 How oft the same sweet Peal rung o'er and o'er?
 The first blest Night, by the most blest of Men,
 All Bridegrooms such be sure are reckon'd then,
 How often didst thou wish the same again?
 What *tickling Pleasure*, mounted to the height,
 Swam in thy *foolish Eyes* that fatal Night,
 And did the eager Youth to thy hot Arms invite?
 Thus *Helen* ravish'd was, when *Theseus* bore
 The *willing Plunder* from the *Grecian Shoar*:
 She cry'd, but *softly* 'twas——quite dumb with Fear——
 Poor cautious Fool——lest any one shou'd hear.
 And when the dreadful *Warrior* had convey'd
 To some convenient Place the trembling *Maid*,
 She bore, or else the Poet says not true,
 His *Amorous Rage* as peaceably as you.
 She's ne'er the worse, fair *Helen's Helen* still,
 These Fortunes ever may do what they will;

A Bride for *Menelaus* as compleat,
 As you for the next Plier in the Street.
 But if no Rape's i'th' Case, 'tis yet confest
 By all, the Fact was Felony at least.
 O Crime abhor'd! no sign of Discontent,
 No least Effort the Robbery to prevent,
 Surely he stole her with her own Consent.
 Others with higher Crimes *Lysander* load,
 'Twas as flat *Robb'ry* as any o'th' Road.
 But that he bid her *stand*, she dares not tell,
 For e'er he drew his Pistol, *down she fell*.
 Tho down she fell she was not baffled quite,
 But on all four, like *Venner's* Gang, did fight;
 Aloud the subtle Frigate Quarter roar'd,
 Till with th' Assailant she was board and board:
Broadside for Broadside then so briskly fir'd,
 That *Man of War* sheer'd off and first was tir'd:
 So greedily the hungry Bride fell to,
 The Bridegroom's haste could hardly hers out-do:
 She almost curs'd the *Parson* to his Face,
 For bantring 'em with such a *tedious* Grace.
 But never did that *Tail-less* Fox accuse
 For knitting 'twixt 'em both the fatal *Noose*:
 That curs'd enchanted Knot of Hand or Heart,
Death and the P——t alone cou'd part.
 (Tell me ye shackled Mortals! is't not true?)
 The happiest Law that ever *England* knew:
 That those who Nature's *Freeborn* Subjects join
 In Matrimonial Twist—————
 Lose all their Rights both Humane and Divine:
 (Invent a heavier Sentence he that can!)
 At once degraded both from *Priest* and *Man*.
 Cou'd I believe there was no *After-Doom*,
 But all were endless Sleep beyond the Tomb;
 As *Malmsbury* the ravish'd Sparks wou'd tell,
 The rest o'th' Doctrine I cou'd credit well,
 And think a *married* Life the only Hell.
 Wou'd the kind *Man in black* but go quite thro,
 And those whom he has marry'd, bury too,
 The Knot h' has ty'd wou'd he but strait undo:
 'Twou'd be so very good, and very kind,
 We wou'd forget he bound, wou'd he unbind,
 And frankly cancel all the Scores behind.
 If not, the *gentler* Hangman shou'd supply
 His vacant Cure; for easier 'tis to die
 In one half Hour, than rack'd with Cares and Fears,
 For twenty, thirty, forty tedious Years,

Hang'd up in *Marriage-Chains*, and Hour by Hour
 Have some sharp rav'nous Wife the mangl'd Corps devour.
 Who in his Wits at least that wou'd not choose,
 Before he thrust his Head in that curs'd Noose,
 That *Matrimonial brake*, the Bridal Bed,
 Whence he ne'er draws his Horns without his Head:
 Who wou'd not rather to the World commend
 That brave, that generous, God-like thing—a *Friend*?
 A *Friend*—there's every thing contain'd i'th'Name,
 A *Second Self's* too narrow——'tis the same:
 Two Lutes in one Angelick Consort join'd,
 Two Bodies mov'd by one harmonious Mind.
 Pure all their Pleasure, noble and refin'd,
 It leaves no Guilt, nor Stain, nor Sting behind:
 No dirty base *ally* of Shame or Sin,
 Here no unlucky *Sex* comes *stealing* in.
Flattery, the greatest Plague by Hell design'd
 To ruin Mortals next to *Woman-kind*;
 That noble *Link* does neither twist nor break,
 In Friendship's Language *Things* not *Words* they speak.
 If one of these can an ill Action do,
 Or suffer ill, the other feels it too.
 Two *Unions*, so even and so like,
 This gently trembles if on that you strike:
 Rude Hands in vain to murder *one* pretend,
 A *Friend* is still immortal in his *Friend*.

Thus, Ah! in vain we our wild Griets express,
 But can't thy miserable Fate redress.
 In vain the World thy Worth and Thee commends,
Stiles thee the Bravest and the Best of Friends.
 What then remains, but with new Rage to fall
 On that accurs'd Sex that caus'd it all;
 Th' Eternal Springs of Murder, Mischief, Strife,
 Th' Inquisitors, the Racks, the Plagues of Life.

What Place, what Cavern, subtle Nature knows,
 Does not hard Fate to the curs'd Sex expose?
 Not only they, while here on Earth rebel,
 But make as bad Disturbance e'en in Hell.
 Grim *Pluto* can't his Iron Scepter sway,
 But *Proserpine* must strive to snatch't away,
 And make the Ghosts their Sovereign disobey:
 Ah poor *Belphegor*——did the black Divan
 Order thee to indue the Form of Man,
 To taste the Sweets and Eiterness of Life,
 And bless and double damn thee in a Wife!

Nor have they pester'd Earth and Hell alone,
 Since from the Sex *Jove* scarce secures his Throne;

With Fear and Awe do's his dread Scepter hold,
 For reverence of his immortal Scold.
 Her Tongue outdoes his feebler Thunder's Sound,
 And shakes scar'd Nature's universal Round.
 His dreadful twy-fork'd Bolt not nimbler flies,
 Nor Sheets of Flame wide-wasting thro the Skies,
 There is no Lightning like her Hands and Eyes.
Juno does his illustrious Tresses tear,
 Twists her long Fingers in his Beard and Hair,
 And throws the precious Spoils around the Air.
 Hence bearded Comets thro the Clouds are hurl'd,
 And dreadful hairy Meteors fright the World,
 Portending Battel, Murder, every Woe,
 Poor sympathetick *Husbands* feel below :
 O Emblem of a Wife, as curs'd as proud,
 As restless, fierce, unconscionable, loud !
 What Cyclops wou'd within her hearing venture,
 She out-roars *Mars*, as far as *Mars* did *Stentor*,
 And with her very Whispers shakes the Center.
 These and a thousand more, which Stories tell,
 The Plagues of groaning Earth, of Heaven and Hell ;
 I'd honour, dote on, idolize, commend,
Before the Wretch who ruin'd such a Friend.
 Nor shall she, tho so fain she wou'd escape,
 And louder than before cries out a Rape !
 Is this the *Thing* for which *Lysander* dy'd ?
 This *Bubble* of ill Nature, Lust and Pride ?
 Since *Fate* foresaw she was for *Mischief* born,
 Why was she not expos'd to Want and Scorn ?
 Why did it not those *Weapons* from her take,
 Which her curst Sex so formidable make ?
 Well it begun the Work, but did not hold ;
 It gave not *Beauty* ; Ah ! why gave it *Gold* ?
Gold ! which so high can raise the amorous Fire,
 And more than *Wine* it self inflame Desire.
Gold ! which like *Thunder* breaks, like *Lightning* flies,
 And pierces deeper far than *Silvia's* Eyes.
 More fair than the fair Sex, to give't its due,
 Far the more *lasting Beauty* of the two.
 Twenty or thirty Years make Women old,
 But who finds fault with bent *Jacobus Gold* ?
Gold ! which can make a *Virgin* of a W———
 And stranger yet, can *Maidenheads* restore :
 For here's an Act that has a *Virgin* made,
 That was a *Wife* (or W———) as some have said :
 But had she wanted *Mony*, or been poor,
 What Act cou'd pass? She still had been a W———
 If you shou'd ask me what's a *Maidenhead*,
 I know not, but as *Madam W——n* said,

' A Thing I have long * enjoy'd, if that I may
 ' Be said t' enjoy a Thing I wish'd away ;
 ' And the first Knowledg of it that I boast,
 ' Is that I know my valu'd Trifles lost.

* i.e. About
14 Years.

The Morning after Marriage, thus she cry'd,
 (At least her Actions with these Words did fide)
 And Sir John F——n for her LUST has dy'd.
 But lo ! the modest Creature having Store
 Of Gold, she wou'd her Maidenhead restore,
 And now by ACT, she's neither Wife, nor W——
 Ah ! had she been but despicably poor,
 No Wealth nor Quality to lard the W——
 But for a Bottle and a Supper ply'd
 At Court or Play-house, Fleetstreet or Cheapside ;
 The worst she e'er had done, or e'er cou'd do,
 Had been t'have Clap'd an eager Fool or two ;
 Then sent 'em home, their Veins and Pockets drain'd,
 To boast of what they lost and what they gain'd.

But since, poor Wretch, she has been wrong'd before,
 Let's use her tenderly, for yet she's sore,
 And wish she never may be ravish'd more.
 May that fair Reputation you possess,
 Ever remain: Still may the People bless
 Your Memory, Madam, as they yet have done,
 Stark mad for Love and Admiration run ;
 And wish, tho they despair t' obtain the Grace,
 To view a little nearer your sweet Face,
 And get a Look, a Kiss, or an Embrace ;
 Supply your abdicated Drudges room,
 E'er some foul Sin your nauseous Corps consume.

Parador XX.

That Inconstancy is a most commendable Virtue.

ALL Things must obey this fatal Law of Change ; not to mention more remote Instances, I'll go no farther than your self, Reader, who've no doubt chang'd from Infancy to Youth, and 'tis to be hop'd have chang'd your Ignorance to a little Understanding, and it may be, a Hobby-horse for a Mistress, your Innocence for some experienc'd Evil, your Money for many changeable Trifles : nay, to shew you how impossible 'tis to avoid Change, consider but your Respiration, you'll find every puff of Breath you send out changes Atoms with what we receive. And now, I hope, I've said enough for your Conviction, let me, pray, but recommend one Change

Change to you, which will be much for your Ease, do but change from a ——— to a wise Man, and then I'll engage the Inconstancy of Men will never trouble you, nor of Women neither: for, Reader, before I prove Inconstancy a Virtue, I'll prove the Women as inconstant as the Men. ——— Yes Ladies, so various you are, that it can't satisfy you to change Servants, Humours, Lovers, Fashions, Complexions, Eyes, Teeth, and Hair, nay, your Religion (if one knew what 'twas) but you must sometimes take a Regaty to change even Sexes too, and really transform your selves into ours, on purpose to disgrace it. For we have several modern Instances, which satisfy us, the Story of *Tiresias* was more than Fable. See but to what a Condi-

tion your *Levity* exposes both your selves and us: We can never be sure of you, you are the *Moral* of *Proteus*; and how sadly wou'd it scare any poor *Husband* (as who knows whose *Case* it may be next) to go to Bed with a smooth soft *Wife*, and when he turns about the next Morning, shou'd find her perfectly alter'd, a huge *Hee-Face* and *brawny Shoulders*, ten times worse than the bare-fac'd Lady?

What is there to which you are ever true and constant, so much as *Fortune* her self, to your own *Inconstancy*? for if you ever happen to remain *five long Minutes* in the *same Mind*, 'tis purely our of *Crossness*, and for the sake of dear *Variety*. You will, you will not, you doat, you scorn, you hate, you love by turns, and all in a quarter of an hour.

For as a Pythagorean Soul
Runs thro' all Beasts, and Flesh, and Fowl,
And has a Smack of e'ery one;
So Love does, and has ever done.
And therefore, tho' 'tis ne'er so fond,
Takes strangely to the Vagabond.
'Tis but an Ague that's reverst,
Whose hot Fit takes the Patient first;
That after burns with Cold, as much
As Ice in Greenland does the Touch.
Melts in the Furnace of Desire
Like Glass, that's but the Ice of Fire:
And when his Heat of Fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a Lover.

Those who compare you to the Moon, are hardly so near the Truth as she is to the Earth; for she changes but once a Month, and we know when to expect it: but your Circle is much shorter, and all the *Flamsteeds* in the World cou'd never give us your exact Theory. One great Benefit however this is to *Mankind*, that you can scarce be resolv'd, even in *Mischief*; at least *Variety* pleases there too, and you are in search of another, before you've finish'd the former. 'Tis said, our Nation is richer in *Humour* than any in *Europe*; and tho' the Stage has large Supplies from it, yet it can never

never be exhausted. If it be so, Ben. Johnson stands fairest for Treasurer, tho he need not have gone farther than any one of his *Merry Wives of Windsor* to have employ'd him all his Life: He needed but have shown one Face in one Play to have had sufficient Variety. The Vulgar are apt to stare at strange Customs and Habits; and shou'd there happen to meet in the Exchange but one Person of every several Dress in the World, 'twou'd be thought a very odd medley. There's this and more in Women, they are all Rainbow in their Minds, whatever Colour their Faces; or rather it's a Scandal on that more beautiful and stable Meteor to be compar'd with them, for that remains fix'd as long as the Sun and Clouds that make it: Nay, tho the Rain is but successive, and new Drops are still a falling, that unites it self with them all, and is still immoveable; nor does it so much as shift its Colours, but the Blue, and Red, and Green, and Yellow, and that lovely mixture of them all, which we can scarce describe, remain in the same Order, when it begins to faint and wither, as they did when it first appear'd or shin'd in its greatest Glory. But what's all this to Women? Truly not much, for they are quite the contrary. They are all shift and alteration; have the perpetual Motion in their Minds as well as Heads, and think it as ridiculous to stay long in the same Opinion as in the same Gown or Toppings, or to have the same Lover.

And there indeed is the Cream of your Constancy, for you are as

remarkable for your stability in Love, as you are in Vertue. Forsaken Lovers, we are to believe, are only Tales invented by the Malicious, the Unfortunate, and the Undeserving. So that we durst not think so unworthily of your Sex, as that you'd suffer a Person of Merit to languish, or that any of you cou'd prove false to him, or forsake him, had we not almost as many Instances of it as we have of such Lovers, who after all perhaps ought to be made Examples, because by their own they infect others with the same Folly. She that has not a new Amour to appear in once a Month, is as melancholy as a poor Girl at a Country Wake, that's taken out to dance without a new Waistcoat. 'Tis well the World is not now much in the Humour of dying for Love; if it were, what wou'd you have to answer for? and how many Graves wou'd you tread on of your own making? and how many Lovers Ghosts wou'd haunt you, and upbraid you with your Infidelity and their Ruin?

Having shewn (what every one finds) the Inconstancy of both Sexes, I'm next to prove Inconstancy (which every one thinks a Vice) a most commendable Virtue in all, but more especially in the fair Sex.

That Women are Inconstant, I with any Man confess; but that Inconstancy is a bad Quality, I against any Man will maintain: For every thing as it is one better than another, so it is fuller of Change.

There's no such thing as Constancy we call,
 Faith ties not Hearts, 'tis Inclination all;
 Some Wit deform'd, or Beauty much decay'd,
 First Constancy in Love a Virtue made;
 From Friendship they that Landmark did remove,
 And falsely plac'd it on the Bounds of Love.
 The World's a Scene of Changes, and to be
 Constant in Nature, were Inconstancy:
 For 'twere to break the Laws her self has made,
 Our Substances themselves do fleet and fade:
 The most fix'd being still, does move and fly
 Swift as the Wings of Time 'tis measur'd by.
 T' imagine then that Love shou'd never cease,
 Love! which is but the Ornament of these,
 Were quite as senseless as to wonder why
 Beauty and Colour stay not when we die.

The Heavens themselves continually turn, the Stars move, the Moon changeth, Fire whirleth, Air flieth, Water ebbs and flows, the Face of the Earth altereth her Looks, Time stays not; the Colour that is most light, will take most Dyes: So in Men, they that have the most Reason are the most inalterable in their Designs; and the darkest or most ignorant, do seldomest change; therefore Women changing more than Men, have also more Reason. They cannot be immutable like Stocks, like Stones, like the Earth's dull Center; Gold that lieth still, rusteth; Water corrupteth; Air that moveth not, poisoneth: Then why should that which is the perfection of other Things, be imputed to Women as the greatest imperfection? because thereby they deceive Men. Are not your Wits pleas'd with those Jest, which cozen your Expectation? You can call it Pleasure to be beguil'd in Troubles, and in the most excellent Toy in the World, you call it Treachery: I wou'd you had your Mistresses so constant, that they would never change, no not so much as their Smocks, then shou'd you see what a fluttish Virtue Constancy were. Inconstancy is a most commendable and cleanly Quality, and Women in this Quality are far more absolute than the Heavens, than the Stars, Moon, or any thing beneath it; for long Observation hath pick'd Certainty out of their Mutability. The Learned are so well acquainted with the Stars, Signs and Planets, that they make them but Characters, to read the meaning of the Heaven in his own Forehead. Every simple Fellow can bespeak the Change of the Moon a great while before hand; but I wou'd fain have the learnedst Man so skilful, as to tell when the simplest Woman meaneth to vary. Learning affords no Rules to know, much less Knowledg to rule the Mind of a Woman: For as Philosophy teacheth us, that light Things do always tend upwards, and heavy Things decline downward; Experience teacheth us otherwise, that the Disposition of a light Woman, is to fall down; the nature

ture of Women being contrary to all Art and Nature. Women are like *Flies*, which feed among us at our Table, or *Fleas* sucking our very Blood, who leave not our most retir'd Places free from their Familiarity, yet for all their Fellowship will they never be tam'd nor commanded by us. *Women are like the Sun, which is violently carry'd one way, yet hath a proper Course contrary*: so tho they, by the mastery of some over-ruling churlish Husbands, are forc'd to his Bias; yet have they a Motion of their own, which their Husbands never know of. It is the nature of nice and fastidious Minds to know things, only to be weary of them: Women by their fly *Changeableness*, and pleasing *Delusions*, prevent even the dislike of those, for they can never be so well known, but that there is still more unknown. *Every Woman is a Science*; for he that plods upon a Woman all his Life long, shall at length find himself short of the Knowledge of her; they are born to take down the Pride of Wit, and Ambition of Wisdom, making *Fools* wise in the adventuring to win them, *wise Men* Fools in conceit of losing their Labours; witty

Men stark mad, being confounded with their Uncertainties. *Philosophers* write against them for spite, not desert, that having attain'd to some Knowledge in all other things, in them only they know nothing, but are merely ignorant. *Active* and *Experienc'd* Men rail against them, because they love in their lifeless and decrepit Age, when all Goodness leaves them. These envious *Li-bellers* write against them, because having nothing in themselves able to deserve their Love, they maliciously discommend all they cannot obtain, thinking to make Men believe they know much, because they are able to dispraise much; and rage against *Inconstancy*, when they were never admitted into so much favour as to be forsaken. In my Opinion such Men are happy that Women are *inconstant*, for so may they chance to be belov'd of some excellent Women (when it comes to their turn) out of their *Inconstancy* and *Mutability*, tho not out of their own Desert. And what reason is there to clog any Woman with one Man, be he ever so constant? But to the *Honour* of *Inconstancy*, there is no such thing as a *constant Man*.

*I never yet cou'd see that Face,
Had not a Dart for me
From Fifteen Years to Fifty's space;
They all victorious be.
Colour or Shape, good Limbs or Face;
Goodness or Wit in all I find;
In Motion or in Speech a Grace,
If all fail, still 'tis Womankind.
If Tall, the name of Proper slays;
If Fair, she's Pleasant as the Light;
If Low, her Prettiness does please;
If Black, what Lover loves not Night?*

The Fat, like Plenty, fills my Heart,
The Lean with Love makes me so too;
If Streight, her Body's Cupid's Dart,
To me if Crooked, 'tis his Bow.

Nay Age it self does me to Rage incline,
And Strength to Women gives, as well as Kine:
Him, who loves always one, why shou'd we call
More constant, than the Man loves always all?

And for the Women they had rather, and it is far better and more agreeable, to enjoy all the Virtues in several Men, than but some of 'em in one; for otherwise they lose their Taste, like divers sorts of Meat ming'd together in one Dish; and to have all Excellencies in one Man (if it were possible) is Confusion and Diversity. Now who can deny but such as are obstinately bent to under- value Female Charms, are those that have not Soul enough to comprehend their Excellency; Women being the most excellent Creatures, in that Man is able to subject all things else, and to grow wise in every thing, but still persists a Fool in Woman? The greatest Scholar, if he once take a Wife, is found so unlearned, that he must begin his Horn-book, and all is by Inconstancy.

All my past Life is mine no more,
The flying Hours are gone,
Like Transitory Dreams gi'en o'er,
Whose Images are kept in store
By Memory alone.

Whatever is to come, is not;
How can it then be mine?
The present Moment's all my Lot,
And that as fast as it is got,
Phillis, is wholly thine.

Then talk not of INCONSTANCY,
False Hearts and broken Vows,
If I by Miracle can be
This live-long Minute true to thee,
'Tis all that Heav'n allows.

To conclude therefore, this Name of Inconstancy, which hath so much been poison'd with Slanders, ought to be chang'd into Variety; for the which the World is so pleasant, and a Woman for that the most delightful thing in this World.

Paradox XXI.

That Content is the greatest Misery.

THERE is no one Question which hath so violently tortur'd the Moralists, or variously divided them than that of a *chiefest Good*, which they cou'd never yet so determine, but that it lies open to further Objections, and begets new Doubts: they might (methinks) with more Ease have consider'd the variety of Mens Complexions, and neglecting the search of an Universal Happiness, have affirm'd that the *Summum bonum* was only that which the particular Fancy and Humour of every Man wou'd be pleas'd to make it; for so long as their Temperature, Clime, Education, Custom and Interests are so different, 'tis impossible to bring them to a Conformity.

Or if they were all agreed, there cannot be a greater Plague to Man, nor can Fate more completely punish him than by resigning him over to the Injoyment of his own Wishes.

*Content is Wealth, the Riches of the Mind,
And happy he who can that Treasure find;
But the base Miser starves amidst his Store,
Broods on his Gold, and griping still for more,
Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor:
Th' unhappy Man, Slave to his wild Desire,
By feeding it foment's the raging Fire.
His Gains augment his unextinguish'd Thirst,
With Plenty poor, and with Abundance curs'd:
Sour Discontent that quarrels with our Fate,
May give fresh Smart, but not the old abate.
Th' uneasy Passion's disingenious Wit,
The Ill reveals, but hides the Benefit.*

Or put the Case a Man shou'd enjoy his own Wishes, since he is so stupid that he cannot wish any thing truly good, he did but please himself under his Burden, and deceive his Understanding with glittering Misery; and then what better were he than some jovial Madman, who imagines himself to be some great Prince amidst his Fetters and Straw? but in case he miss, and shou'd sit down without murmuring, is not that Man miserable, who is frustrated of his Riches and dearest Aims, and is forc'd cowardly to undergo the contrary Wants? 'Tis true,

*Content is all we aim at with our Store,
And having that with little, what needs more?*

But put the Case that some few Men arrive at *Wealth*, or any of those dull Complacences which most do so studiously court, what one Condition wants its Sting and Venome? *Wealth* cannot make a Man invulnerable; *Honour* cannot make a Man secure, but it raises up a multitude of Enemies; *Fame* can neither render a Man more strong or wise, yet it is easily blasted, and when once it declines brings double Ignominy; *Health* may render a Man active, and save a Groan or two, yet at such a state it may arrive that it may prove a Sickness; or suppose it ever so constant, one poor Stiletto can in an instant destroy it.

Then Oh Contentment!—

I.

Spark of pure Celestial Fire,
Port of all the World's Desire,
Paradise of Earthly Bliss,
Heaven of the other World, and this;
Tell me, where thy Court abides,
Where thy glorious Chariot rides?

II.

Eden knew thee for a Day,
But thou wouldst no longer stay;
Outed for poor Adam's Sin,
By a flaming Cherubin;
Yet thou lov'st that happy Shade
Where thy beauteous Form was made,
And thy Kindness still remains
To the Woods, and flow'ry Plains.

III.

Happy David found thee there,
Sporting in the open Air;
As he led his Flocks along,
Feeding on his Rural Song:
But when Courts and Honours had
Snatch'd away the lovely Lad,
Thou that there no room cou'dst find,
Let him go and staid behind.

IV.

His wise Son, with Care and Pain,
Search'd all Nature's Frame in vain;
For a while Content to be,
Search'd it round, but found not thee;
BEAUTY own'd she knew thee not,
PLENTY had thy Name forgot:
MUSICK only did aver,
Once you came and danc'd with her.

V.

*All the World still hunt about,
Happy he that finds thee out ;
Some have dream't thou still dost sit
Circled round with Mirth and Wit,
In a Cloister or a Pew :
Others always seek for you ;
But their Search alike is vain,
These Morose, and those Profane.*

VI.

*Mothers with indulgent Care
Hug their Child, and find thee there ;
Kiss it while asleep it lies,
And upon it feast their Eyes ;
When the little Bantling came
Just to lisp its Mother's Name,
All her airy Hopes are fled,
There it dies, and leaves her Dead.*

Oh then Contentment !

*Since thy Throne thou dost not place
In a Palace, or a Face ;
Since thou coyly passest by
Pleasures, Riches, Harmony ;
Since we cannot find thee out
With the Witty or Devout ;
Since I here of thee despair,
I'll fly to Heaven and find thee there.*

But for *Earthly Contentment*, who in his Senses wou'd be contented with it ; for 'tis infected with such bitter Ingredients as make it the *Greatest Misery* ; so that our Contentment is only imaginary, whilst our Miseries are real.

But we'll suppose that *Worldly Contentment* cou'd be enjoy'd without their inherent Evils, yet surely a consideration of the Uncertainty of all sublunary Things, might now and then suggest a Possibility of surviving them ; and then what more hideous Misery than to have been fortunate ? And since *Death* must either sur-

prize all Men, or overcome all Men, and his Stroke is as uncertain as inevitable ; what Man can fully please himself with that which he is not certain to enjoy a minute ?

But suppose a man were entirely possess'd of a Happiness, such a one as were perfect in it self, and he might perpetually enjoy without the least fear of Loss : If it were but single, and such a one as runs in one continu'd Current, Time wou'd make it burdensom, and Repetition loathsom ; for that Eternity is but Durance, that is not diverted by Change. Who wou'd not rather chuse the Rack

at length, than perpetual Repose upon a Bed of Roses? *What Taste wou'd not be soon weary of the sweetest Delicacies?* Among all the Terrors of Men, Death is the sharpest; of all their Desires, Life the strongest: Yet we see *Tython* after he had obtain'd a petty Immortality, grew weary of himself, and after a great many Wishes, was very glad to shrink into a Grasshopper.

But suppose this Happiness were chequer'd with *Variety*, and that there wou'd be ever new Entertainment, and new Diversions, this were not *CONTENT*, but rather a Transportation: And how can we say the Soul is satisfy'd, when she is ever labouring of new Desires, and ever strok'd with fresh Entertainments, which if ever they come to repetition, grow much more wearisom, and much more gall and spurn her? Thus have we seen many Persons great and glorious in their several Ages, tir'd with the Formality of their Greatness, and willing to fall back even to Solitude and Ease. Thus did *Lucullus* surfeit on *Asiatick* Victories, and providently retire to a strange and unheard of Luxury. Whence we may deduce, that as the most capacious Souls are the most eager in their Delights, so are they the least satisfy'd with them, and have the most violent Appetitions of Change; and what is this but to hate Content, which is nothing but a tame Slavery, under the Tyranny of one Condition?

Nay, were it possible, that *Variety* cou'd be endless and infinite, yet this Variety wou'd be so troublesom, that a Man wou'd naturally grudg and decry an in-

ordinate Flux and Change, and bless those Lives as happiest, that regularly over-acted the same things, and spent every minute according to Rule and Prescript.

And if we look somewhat more nicely into the thing it self, we shall find that the *sluggish name of Content* never came from any other Forge than the dull multitude, who tho they be Masters of Words, are commonly Enemies to Reason.

For alas! what is Content? *hath it not a sound of Restraint and Sufferance?* and doth it not rather imply a Lethargy, than any actual Pastime? Joy it doth not amount unto, but rather a heavy privation of Joy. *It signifies Rest, and imperfect Acquiescence:* but Joy is quickned by perpetual Motion, and tickl'd with change of Pastimes, and may be content, tho not happy; but Joyfulness immediatly includes Happiness. Now what a contemptible Condition is that, wherein a Man must be patient without either? And how can that Man not be weary of himself who wants that sweet Charm, that bewitches Man's Life into all that is lovely, *Joy*? And if he wants Joy, he wants Happiness.

Besides, *Content* is a mere Mortification and Eradication of the Passions, those excellent Wings and Engines of the Soul; but *Joy* doth both enliven and heighten them, she both stirs them up and tutors them, whereas the other mangles and fetters them. And whereas *Joy is like an Itch, which spreads further by that delightful Madness of Rubbing and Chafing;* Content merely mortifies the Mind, and so brings in a

Gangreen, and a Gangreen is follow'd with no milder Attendants, than *Cutting and Burning*.

But suppose you miscall Happiness *Content*, yet were there no such thing in nature. For as *Boetius* hath demonstrated, *There is but one great Happiness, and that is made up of a compleat Variety of those things, whose shadows we so much adore; and that no Man can be happy till he be made in some measure a Deity.* And how far we poor Pismires that crawl upon this Hill, are from it, let any body judg. Some Emperors indeed, drunk with their Prosperity, have and still assume this Title, yet they die like Men. Nor indeed if we shou'd feign a reality in such a Conceit, is the Soul capable of receiving it. For as she hath a kind of *circumscrib'd Ubiquity* within her self, so hath she a limited, as I may say, *Immensity*; and therefore is restless and extravagant in her Appetitions and Desires, and like the Hea-

ven from whence she first came, is carry'd on in a perpetual Motion, which *Content* endeavouring to stop, doth but in a manner stifle her.

Since it is thus, it easily follows *what an unworthy thing it is in Man to set up his rest upon any of these Toys, and to dote upon one particular shadow in a broken Mirror, where he cannot see that Face which wou'd irradiate one intire Image in the whole: for since all Pleasures here are but petty Frustrations, and Parcels of the Whole, and therefore have lost of its nature, like Chrystal beaten to pieces, being Opake, which otherwise wou'd have been diaphanous; 'tis but a Folly to look after them, since we can never find them all, or if we wou'd, cannot unite them. But tho' it appears by this that Content is the greatest Misery (and next to impossible to be attain'd on Earth) yet 'tis a Comfort to think*

*We to our selves may all our Wishes grant;
For nothing coveting, we nothing want;
They cannot want, who wish not to have more,
Who ever said an Anchorit was poor?
Forgive the Gods the rest, and stand confin'd
To Health of Body, and Content of Mind.
A Soul that can securely Death defy,
And count it Nature's Privilege to die;
Serene and manly, harden'd to sustain
The Load of Life, and exercis'd in Pain:
Guiltless of Hate, and Proof against Desire,
That all things weighs, and nothing can admire,*

Paradox

Paradox XXII.

*That a Black-a-moor Woman is the greatest Beauty ;
in a Letter to a Lady exceeding Fair.*

Madam,

TAKE 'em as they come, for you a *Mark*, that tho you flatter I don't pretend Power of yourselves, you may not be able *Creation*, and none who is with- out it can bring any *Order* out of a *Sex* that's all *Confusion*. This *Bomb* is level'd directly against one *Angle* of your *Pride*, and I hope will lay it low enough. You generally show that *Judgment* for which some so much admire you, in being most pleas'd with the *vainest* and most *ridiculous* things you can think of, among which I may justly reckon your *Complexions*: I call 'em *yours* on supposition you came *honestly* by 'em, and that they were fairly *bought* and *paid* for: But supposing for once you shou'd be beholden to *Nature* only for 'em, and *Art* had nothing to do in their *Composition*, han't you, pray, great reason to be *proud* of what a *Tulip* enjoys in so much greater *Perfection*, and yet a *stinking useless Flower* after all, good for nothing, but like your selves, to be set a top of a *Cupboard*, or adorn a *Chimney*? *Nature* has however in one thing been so *civil* to *Mankind*, that we can't but admire both her *Kindness* and her *Justice*. She has generally given

you a *Mark*, that tho you flatter yourselves, you may not be able to *deceive* us; and the *Fairer* you are—I'll only say, we know you are *not the wiser*. But after all, since there will be some *womaniz'd Fools* of our own *Sex*, that can't be kept from running mad for the *outside* of a *Skin*, and doating on a *fine Complexion*, I shall prove this *Paradox* to mortify their *Pride* and yours, that a *despis'd Moore's* is really a greater *Beauty* than all your *finical chalky-fac'd European Ladies*: The *Sun* has but *half-bak'd* you, you are not arriv'd to the perfection of *Mullattos*, much less are such *finish'd Pieces*, such double-refin'd *Earthen Ware* as the charming *Negro Ladies*?

D'ye start at the very thoughts of such a *Comparison*, and pray what reason? You are all *Blacks* as soon as the *impartial Night* has drawn her *Veil* over the *World*, and clapt her *Velvet Mask* on the *Face* of *Nature*. And who knows whether you are not so by *day* too? Nothing more deceitful than *Colour*, your *Hearts* are hardly greater *Cheats* than your *Faces*.

*Beauty, thou wild fantastick Ape;
Which dost in every Country change thy Shape;
Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white,
Thou Flatterer, who comply'st with e'ery Sight;*

Who hast no certain what nor where,
But vary'st still, and dost thy self declare
Inconstant, as thy She Professors are;

The Cause of Love can never be assign'd,
'Tis in no Face, but in the Lover's Mind.

Madam, you more properly appear to be, than are; and all your Red and White may have no more reality than the gaudy Colours of the Rainbow: And wou'd you be persuaded to part but with as much of your Skin, as you cover with one indifferent Patch; I can't tell but a good Microscope wou'd show so much Deformity in't, that it might almost make you out of Love with your self. How Yellow and Tawny might it appear? What an odious Scurf upon it? How many Armies of Living Creatures might we there discover? Most of which Inconveniences 'tis very probable a darker Face never has, for 'twou'd be but black still, and perhaps much smoother and softer than yours. If you don't in your own Judgment give the Garland to a black Beauty, why are you all so fond of Patches? If 'tis an addition to your Charms to have a part of your Face of that Colour, must you not yield to theirs who are so all over? 'Tis true, they have some among 'em, born much after the same manner that you are dress'd, some motly jac'd Creatures, with sick unwholesom Complexions; but then these are hated and abhor'd amongst them. They reckon that the Leprosy or the Plague, which you affect and admire: They make these their Conjurers and Witches, and with Congruity enough to their Opinion, that the Devil himself is White, and ac-

cordingly they paint him in that manner; and I believe all our European World are so far of their Mind, that they believe there's more danger in white Witches and white Devils (tho old Wives say, nothing that's hurtful can appear in that Colour) than in the blackest, ugliest, smoke-dry'd Hag or Fiend, that ever yet frighted the World.

Nor can you deny, that their Complexion is infinitely more lasting than yours, the consequence whereof seems to be that 'tis also more perfect. A Fright, a Fit of Sickness, a Cold, an Ague, changes yours, disturb'd and alter'd like these lower Regions, while theirs are, like the pure Æther above, free from all Storms and Alterations; or rather like the Space beyond the World, there's something in it that's venerable and almost divine, and it remains undisturb'd in the Serenity of Darkness.

But surely there are the Beauties of the Mind too, as well as of the Body, and those as much more charming, as well as lasting, than the other, as you think your Faces beyond a Negro's: But if you once come to a Comparison there, Paris himself wou'd give it against you. What is there that makes a Wife handsomely humor'd, but Industry, Fidelity, Humility and Obedience? And where can Europe show us any thing of these, like what we find in the African Ladies?

Even

Even the poor Slaves enjoy these Virtues to Admiration. One of 'em shall be more useful, and do more work than a whole Seraglio of lazy white-liver'd Europeans. Indeed they are good Slaves, and consequently answer the end for which Nature invented their Sex, will patiently endure Hunger, Cold, or any Hardship. No Gossipings to torment ye, no costly Lyings-in, or Churchings to plague and ruin ye; but as soon as Pickaninny's horn, and soundly

souc'd in the next cold Water they meet with, up it goes upon the Mother's Back, and no further trouble about it.

Then they are the humblest, dociblest, most obedient Creatures; Oh that every English Lady Wife had one of 'em in her House for an Example, or wou'd but often look upon Behn's Imoinda for the same reason. Eur Oh Imoinda! how can they look upon you, for

I.

Those Heavenly Attractions of yours, your Eyes
And Face, that all the World surprize,
Do dazle all that look upon ye,
And scorch all other Ladies tawny.

II.

Imoinda's sparkling Wit and Eyes
United, cast so fierce a Light,
As quickly flashes, quickly dies;
Wounds not the Heart, but burns the Sight;
Love is all Gentleness, all Joy,
Smooth are his Looks, and soft his Pace;
Her Cupid is a Black-guard Boy,
That runs his Link full in your Face.

Then, Madam, wou'd you gaze more on our Black-a-moor Beauties, it may be it might work some good upon ye, and the poor Heathens might shame ye into Duty and Obedience. When, I wonder, shall we see one of you so meekly, so gently hold out your Necks, like innocent Lambs, when your Lord and Husband intimates his Will and Pleasure, that you shou'd resign your Lives to his Disposal? But I can't tell how far such bright Examples may work upon ye: You may have something of Generosity, some Sparks of noble Emulation yet remaining, and I'll nor yet despair of ye, but that in time you may all come to be Imoinda's, in every thing but her End.

Paradox XXIII.

That a Hangman is the most Honourable Calling; in a Letter to the most redoubtable Executioner of High Justice, Jack Ketch Esq;

Noble Sir,

THIS is certainly the first Paradox that hath been dedicated to you, and you look on a Present of this nature to be so rare, its Novelty will surprize you. You will possibly fancy I go about to court your good Opinion, as all Authors do by their Dedications; but I assure you there is nothing of it: I neither have nor desire to have any Obligation to you. This is the first *Paradoxical Dedication* that was ever made without Interest; by so much the more valuable, in that it contains neither disguis'd nor corrupted Conceptions. I have been long weary of seeing Authors sacrifice to such as perhaps came short of you in Merit, allur'd by hopes of *Pensions* and *Recompences* they scarce ever attain to; nay they seldom acquire such *Favours* as cannot with *Justice* be refus'd them: and it is not long since I saw a deserving Person purchase at a very dear rate a place under a pretended *Mecenas*; yet was excluded by the *Intrigues* of a prating *Parasite*, that had made a Party amongst his *Servants*. Having heard so many Rascals in the Equipage of great Persons, and so many great Persons that have the Souls of Rascals commended, I was strangely tempted to do the like for you, and certainly with no less reason than such Flatterers. How many of those they so highly vaunt, will never rightly understand themselves, till they come under your hands? They are not so honest in their *Profession* as you in yours, none more punctually executing the *Orders of Justice*, whose principal Pillar you are. I do not go about to maintain a Paradox; nor with *Isocrates* and other Orators, commend a *Busiris*, the *Gout*, or a *Tertian Ague*. It seems to me that you may be very conscientiously applauded, if for no other reason, that you bring many into the right way, and open them the Gates of Paradise, according to the Proverb, *That more go thither from the Gallows than from the Churchyard*. Now to shew that your Employment is not ignoble, is there not a Country in *Asia* or *Africk* (I know not whether) where the King thinks it an honour to hang his Subjects with his own hands, and takes this to be so inseparable from his Crown, that any that shou'd go about to concern himself in it, wou'd be punish'd as a Traitor? When the Holy Fathers call'd *Attila*, *Saladin*, and so many other Princes, the *Executioners of Divine Justice*, did they not assign you illustrious Companions? Neither is your Dignity a little manifested

by your Train; for at performance of the Functions of your *Magistracy*, you are attended by Guards and a multitude of Followers. How many *Officers* are there that labour only for you, and to give you Employment? How happy wou'd it be, were they faithful to you? *Your Wealth* were without end, could you get into your Clutches all that of right appertain to them, notwithstanding whose Frauds it is very considerable. No Revenues are certainer than yours, being settled on the wickedness of Mankind, that increases daily: you ought yet to act with moderation, because it is in your hand to extend your Fortune without Limits. He that is in an extraordinary manner happy, is said to carry about him *a piece of the Rope in which a Man hath been hang'd*, and who can have more of these than you? Your Merit of late comes to be so far own'd, that Persons of Quality are no more scrupulous of keeping you Company, nor of drinking with you; your Wine being reputed excellent. Let none therefore admire to see you insensibly crouded in amongst *Hero's* and *Mæcenas's*, in which rank Flatterers and Hyperbole's having of late plac'd so many Thieves and Murderers, I know not why you shou'd be excluded, whom I take for one of their best *Friends*; I am sure I have seen you give them very close Embraces. It is true indeed, that soon after you use them ill. But do not Courtiers and Great Men the like? nay at the same time that they kiss and complement, betray and precipitate? If any reproach you that you strip Men, you do it not till they are dead; but how many *Lawyers* and *Usurers* suck the Marrow out of their Bones and flea them alive? In a word, all things consider'd, I find your Merit a *Paradoxical Panegyrick*, as well as many others. I shou'd yet apprehend this wou'd scarcely pass for one, did I not beg something; I therefore beseech you not to deny your Friendship to certain poor Authors, that stand in need of your charitable Assistance: for the Injustice of the Age is arriv'd to such a height, that many of the best qualify'd, forsaken by their *Mæcenas's*, starve; and unable to support Contempt and Poverty, are reduc'd to Despair. Now these wanting the Courage of Judas to hang themselves, you, by taking that Pains, might ease them of a great deal of Misery. Neither can they be (justly) angry at this Hint, for I have prov'd *A Hangman a most honourable Calling*, and shall prove Hanging a necessary Thing.

*For in the World all things so hanged are,
That any thing unhang'd is strange and rare;
Earth hangs in the Concavity of Water,
And Water hangs within the Airy Matter;
The Air hangs in the fiery Continent,
Thus Element doth hang in Element:
And to prove Hanging natural, I'll prove
We in a Hanging World do live and move.*

Man is a little World, wherein we see
 The great World's Abstract, or Epitomy ;
 And if we note each Lin'ament and Limb,
 There are not many Parts unhang'd of Him :
 His Hair which to his Head and Beard belongs,
 Hangs, if not turn'd up with the Barber's Tongs :
 His Arms, his Hands, his Legs and Feet, we know,
 Do all hang pendent downwards as they grow ;
 There's nothing of him that doth hanging skip,
 Except his Ears, his nether Teeth, and Lip :
 And when he's crost or sullen any way,
 He mumps, and lowres, and hangs the Lip we say.
 Then World to World, and Man to Man, doth call,
 And tells him, Hanging is most natural ;
 The Word Dependant doth inform our Reason,
 That Hanging will be never out of Season :
 All that depends doth hang, which doth express,
 That * Great Men are like Gibbets for the Less.
 It is an old Phrase, many years past gone,
 That such a Lord hath many Hangers on ;
 Thereby describing that all Mens Attendants,
 As it were Hangers on, were call'd Dependants ;
 And some spend all on Hangers on so fast,
 That they are forc'd to steal and hang at last.
 There are a many sorts of Hangings yet
 Behind, which I by no means must forget ;
 One Hanging is a necessary thing,
 Which is a pretty Gambol call'd a Swing †.
 And Men of good Repute I oft have seen
 To hang, and stretch, and totter for the Spleen.
 Thus e'ery Morning, for a little spurt,
 A man may hang himself, and do no hurt.
 This hanging oft (like Tyburn) hath a Trick,
 Saves Charge of Physick, or of being sick.
 Besides, the word HANG is so much in use,
 That few or none will take't as an Abuse :
 It doth a Great Man's Kindness much approve,
 When he shall bid a man be hang'd in Love.
 And with some men 'tis common Courtesy
 To say, Farewel, be hang'd, that's twice Goodby.
 It is a good man's Life, and 'tis their Death,
 That rob and rifle men of Goods and Breath.
 I from the Hangman this Conclusion draw,
 He is the fatal Period of the Law :
 'Tis many Warnings mend them not, therefore
 The Hangman warns them, they offend no more :
 So he is one that cannot wanted be,
 But still God keep him far enough from me.

* Rich Men
 are poor
 Mens Gal-
 lows.

† A Swing or
 Stretch for Ex-
 ercise and
 Health.

Now, Sir Hangman, I would end here; did not one thing come in my head, that usually accompanies such *Encomiums* as are written in haste; I mean the Promise I should here make you of writing *A Hymn to Tyburn*; where I may properly bestow on you an ample Commemoration, and celebrate your Prowesses and memorable Actions. In the meantime believe, that as much as your Merit and Condition permits me, I am

Yours, &c.

Paradox XXIV.

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.

HERE first of all occurs to our Consideration that curious PROBLEM, *Quomodo objecti distantia deprehendatur ab oculo*; How the Distance of the Object from the Eye is perceiv'd in the Act of Vision.

This would *Des Cartes* have solv'd, (1.) By the various Figuration of the Eye. Because in the Conspectio of Objects remote, the Pupil of the Eye is expanded circularly, for the admission of more Rays, and the Chrystalline Humour somewhat retracted toward the Retina Tunica, for the Determination of the Point of Concourse in the same, which otherwise would be somewhat too remote: and on the contrary, in the Conspectio of Objects vicine, the Pupil is contracted circularly, and the Chrystalline Lens protruded somewhat outwardly, for the contrary respects. (2.) By the distinct or confused Representation of the Object; as also the Fortitude or Imbecility of Light illustrating the same. Because things represented confusedly, or illustrated with a weak Light, always appear remote; and on the contrary, things presented distinctly, or illustrated with a strong Light, seem vicine.

But all this we conceive unsatisfactory. (1.) Because, unless the Variation of the Figure of the Eye were Gradual, respective to the several degrees of Distance intercedent betwixt it and the Object, it is impossible the Sight should judg an Object to be at this or that determinate Remotion: and that the Variation of the Figure of the Eye is not gradual respective to the degree of Distance, is evident even from hence, that the Pupil of the Eye is as much expanded, and the Lens of the Chrystalline Humour as much retracted toward the Retina Tunica, in the Conspectio of an Object situate at one mile's distance, as of one at two, three, four,

four, or more miles; there being a certain Term of the Expansion of the one part, and Retraction of the other. (2.) Because the Vision be distinct or confused, both according to the more or less Illustration of the Object by Light, and to the greater or less Distance thereof from the Eye; yet doth this Reason hold only in mean, not large Distance: since the Orbs of the Sun and Moon appear greater at their rising immediately above the Horizon, that is, when they are more remote from the Eye, than when they are in the Zenith of their Gyre, that is, when they are more vicine to the Eye; and since all Objects illustrated with a weak Light, do not appear remote, nor *è contra*, as common Observation demonstrateth.

And therefore allowing the Acuteness of *Des Cartes's* Conceit, we think it more safe, because more reasonable, to acquiesce in the Judgment of the grave *Gassendus*; who in *Epist. 2. de apparente Magnitud. solis humilis & sublimis*, most profoundly solves the Problem, by desuming the Cause of our apprehending the Distance of an Object in the Act of Vision, from a Comparison of the things interjacent between the Object seen, and the Eye. For tho' that Comparison be an Act of the Superior Faculty, yet is the Connexion thereof to the Sense necessary to the making a right Judgment concerning the Distance of the Visible. And most certainly therefore do two things at distance seem to be continu'd, because they strike the Eye with coherent or contiguous Rays. Thus doth the Top of a

Tower, tho' situate some miles beyond a Hill, yet seem contiguous to the same, nay to the visible Horizon; and this only because it is speculated by the Mediation of contiguous Rays: and the Sun and Moon, both orient and occident, seem to cohere to the Horizon, because tho' the Spaces are immense that intercede betwixt their Orbs and the Horizon, yet from those Spaces doth not so much as one single Ray arrive at the Eye, and those which come to it from the Sun and Moon are contiguous to those which come from the Horizon. And hence is it, that the Tower, Hill, and Horizon seem to the Sight to be equidistant from the Eye; because no other things are interpos'd, at least seen interpos'd, by the comparison of which, the one may be apprehended more than the other. Besides, the Distance of the Horizon it self is not apprehended by any other Reason than the diversity of things interjacent betwixt it and the Eye: for look how much of Space is possess'd by Valleys and lower Grounds interjacent, so much of Space is defalcated from the Distance; the Sight apprehending all those things to be contiguous or continu'd, whose Rays are receiv'd into the Eye as contiguous or continu'd, none of the Spaces interjacent affording one Ray. Of which Truth *Des Cartes* seems to have had a Glimpse, when (*in Dioptrices, cap. 6. sect. 15.*) he concedes: *Objectorum, quæ intuemur, præcedaneam cognitionem, ipsarum distantia melius dignoscendæ inservire*; that a certain Precognition of the Object doth much conduce

to the more certain Dignotion of its Distance.

And on this Branch we may ingraft a PARADOX; *That one and the same Object, speculated by the same Man, in the same degree of Light, doth always appear greater to one Eye, than to the other.*

The Truth of this is evincible by the joint Testimony of those incorruptible Witnesses of Certitude, Experience and Reason. (1.) Of *Experience*, because no Man can make the Vision of both his Eyes equally perfect; but beholding a thing first with one Eye, the other being clos'd or eclips'd, and then with the other, the former being clos'd or eclips'd; shall constantly discover it to be greater in dimensions in the apprehension of one Eye than of the other: and *Gassendus* making a perfect and strict Experiment hereof, testifies of himself (in *Epist. 2. de apparent. Magnitud. Solis, &c. Sect. 17.*) that the Characters of his Book appear'd to his right Eye, by a fifth part greater in dimensions, tho somewhat more obscure, than to his left. (2.) Of *Reason*; because of all *Twin Parts* in the Body, as

Ears, Hands, Legs, Testicles, &c. one is always more vigorous and perfect, in the performance of its Action, than the other. Which Inequality of Vigour, if it be not the Bastard of Custom, may rightfully be father'd upon either this; that one Part is invigorated with a more liberal *Afflux of Spirits* than the other; or this, that the *Organical Constitution* of one Part is more perfect and firm, than that of the other. And therefore one Eye having its Pupil wider, or the Figure of the Chrystalline more convex, or the Retina Tunica more concave than the other; must apprehend an Object to be either larger in Dimensions, or more distinct in Parts than the other, whose Parts are of a different Configuration: either of these Causes necessitating a respective Disparity in the Action.

If this sound strange in the ears of any Man, how will he startle at the mention of that much more Paradoxical Thesis of *Johann Baptist Porta* (*lib. 6. de Refraction. cap. 1.*) *That no Man can see (distinctly) but with one Eye at once?* So that,

Paradox

Paradox XXV.

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.

THIS PARADOX is seemingly repugnant not only to common Persuasion, but also to that high and mighty Axiom of *Alhazen, Vitellio, Franc. Bacon, Nicéron*, and other the most eminent Professors of the Opticks; *That the visive Axes of both Eyes concur and unite in the Object speculated*, is yet a Verity well worthy our Admission and Assertion. For the Axes of the Eyes are so ordain'd by Nature, that when one is intended, the other is relaxed; when one is employ'd, the other is idle and unconcern'd: nor can they be both intended at once or employ'd, tho both may be at once relax'd or unemploy'd; as is experimented when with both Eyes open we look on the Leaf of a Book, for we then perceive the Lines and Print thereof, but do not *distinctly* discern the Characters, so as to read one word, till we fix the Axe of one Eye thereon; and at that instant we feel a certain sudden Subsultation, or gentle Impulse in the Center of that Eye, arising doubtless from the rushing in of more Spirits thro the Optick Nerve, for the more efficacious Performance of its Action. The Cause of the Impossibility of the Intention of both visive Axes at one Object, may be resum'd from the *Parallelism* of the

Motion of the Eyes; which being most evident to Sense, gives us just ground to admire, how so many subtil Mathematicians and exquisite Oculists have not discover'd the Coition and Union of the visive Axes in the Object speculated, which they so confidently build upon, to be an absolute Impossibility. For tho Man hath two Eyes, yet doth he use but one at once, in the case of *distinct* Inspection, the right Eye to discern Objects on the right side, and the left to view Objects on the left: nor is there more necessity, why he should use both Eyes at once, than both Arms, or Legs, or Testicles at once. And for an *Experiment* to assist this Reason, we shall desire you only to look at the top of your own Nose, and you shall soon be convicted, that you cannot discern it with both Eyes at once; but the right side with the right Eye, and afterward the left side with the left Eye: and at the instant of changing the Axe of the first Eye, you shall be sensible of that Impulse of Spirits, newly mention'd. Nor indeed is it possible, that while your right Eye is level'd at the right side of your Nose, your left should be level'd at the left side, but on the contrary averted quite from it: because the Motion of the Eyes being conjugate

gate or Parallel, when the Axe of the right Eye is converted to the right side of the Nose, the Axe of the left must be converted toward the left Ear. And therefore, since the visive Axes of both Eyes cannot concur and unite in the Tip of the Nose; what can remain to persuade, that they must concur and unite in the same Letter or Word in a Book, which is not many Inches more remote than the Nose? And that you may satisfy your self, that the visive Axes do never meet, but run on in a perpetual Parallelism, *i. e.* in direct Lines, as far distant from each other, as are the Eyes themselves; having fix'd a Staff or Lance upright in the ground, and retreated from it to the distance of ten or twenty paces, more or less; look as earnestly as you can on it with your right Eye, closing your left, and you shall perceive it to eclipse a certain part of the Wall, Tree, or other Body situate beyond it. Then look on it again with your left Eye, closing your right, and you shall observe it to eclipse another part of the Wall; that Space being intercepted, which is call'd the Parallax. This done, look on it with both Eyes open; and if the Axes of both did meet and unite in the Staff, as is generally suppos'd, then of necessity would you observe the Staff to eclipse either both parts of the Wall together, or the middle of the Parallax: but you shall observe it to do neither, for the middle shall never be eclips'd; but only one of the Parts, and that on which you shall fix one of your Eyes more intently than the other. This

consider'd, we dare second *Gassendus* in his Promise to Gunners, that they shall shoot as right with both Eyes open, as only with one: for levelling the Mouth of the Piece directly at the Mark with one Eye, their other must be wholly unconcern'd therein, nor is it ought but the Tyranny of Custom that can make it difficult.

Here, to prevent the most formidable *Exception* that lies against this Paradox, we are to advertise you of two Considerables. 1. That as well Philosophers as Oculists unanimously admit three *Degrees* or gradual Differences of Sight. (1.) *Visus Perfectissimus*, when we see the smallest (visible) Particles of an Object most distinctly. (2.) *Perfectus*, when we see an Object distinctly enough, in the whole or parts, but apprehend not the Particles, or *minima Visibilia* thereof. (3.) *Imperfectus*, when besides the Object directly obverted to the Pupil of the Eye, we also have a glimmering and imperfect Perception of other things plac'd *ad latera*, on the right and left side of it. Secondly, that the Verity of this Paradox, that we see but with one Eye at once, is restrain'd only to the *First* and *Second* Degrees of Sight, and extends not to the *Last*. For Experience assures, that as many things circumvicine to the principal Object, on which we look only with one Eye open, present themselves together with it, in a confus'd and obscure manner: so likewise when both Eyes are open, many things, obliquely incident unto each Eye, are confus'dly and indistinctly apprehended. So that in confus'd and imperfect Vision, it may be

truly said, that a Man doth see | with both Eyes at once; but not
| in distinct and perfect.

Paradox XXVI.

The best Perfume, or a Paradox in Praise of Farting.

I SING the Praises of a Fart;
 That I may do't by Rules of Art,
 I will invoke no Deity,
 But butter'd Pease and Furmity,
 And think their Help sufficient
 To fit and furnish my Intent.
 For sure I must not use high Strains,
 For fear it bluster out in Grains:
 When *Virgil's* Gnat, and *Ovid's* Flea,
 And *Homer's* Frogs strive for the day,
 There is no reason in my mind,
 That a brave Fart should come behind;
 Since that you may it parallel
 With any thing that doth excel:
 Musick is but a Fart, that's sent
 From the Guts of an Instrument:
 The Scholar but farts, when he gains
 Learning with cracking of his Brains,
 And when he 'as spent much pain and toil,
Thomas and *Dun* to reconcile;
 And to learn the abstracting Art,
 What does he get by't? Not a Fart.
 The Soldier makes his Foes to run,
 With but the Farting of a Gun;
 That's if he make the Bullet whistle,
 Else 'tis no better than a Fizzle:
 And if withal the Wind do stir up
 Rain, 'tis but a Fart in Syrrup.
 They are but Farts, the Words we say,
 Words are but Wind, and so are they.
 Applause is but a Fart, the crude
 Blast of the fickle Multitude.
 Fine Boats that lie the *Thames* about,
 Be but Farts several Docks let out.
 Some of our Projects were, I think,
 But Politick Farts; oh, how they stink!
 As soon as born, they by and by,
 Fart-like, but only breathe and die.

Farts are as good as Land, for both
 We hold in Tail, and let them both:
 Only the difference here is, that
 Farts are let at a lower rate.
 I'll say no more, for this is right,
 That for my Guts I cannot write,
 Tho I should study all my days,
 Rhimes that are worth the thing I praise.
 What I have said, take in good part,
 If not, I do not care a *FART*.

Paradox XXVII.

There never was such a thing as a Cuckold.

THIS seems strange, but 'tis a *Paradox* easily prov'd. 'Tis true, the World is of another Opinion, for that tells us, some are Cuckolds, and know no-
 thing of it: Some think they are Cuckolds, but are not; and these are more miserable, than if they were, and knew it not.

*The greater Care, the higher Passion shews;
 We hold that dearest, we most fear to lose:
 Distrust in Lovers is too warm a Sun,
 But yet 'tis Night in Love when that is gone:
 No sign of Love in jealous Men remains,
 But that which sick Men have of Life, their Pains;*

Again, if we believe Histories, some Men are Cuckolds, and some are Cuckolds without their Wives fault, who have mistaken others for their own Husbands. Some Men are Cuckolds, and half see it, yet believe nothing of it, by reason of the good Opinion which they have of their Wives.

*False Women to new Joys unseen can move,
 There are no Prints left in the Paths of Love:
 All Goods besides by publick Marks are known,
 But that we most desire to keep, has none.*

Further, some assert they are hindered by it. Such was *P. Cornelius* and *Corn. Tacitus*.
 Cuckolds, but do all they can to

*So Inquisitive do jealous Cuckolds grow,
 Rather than not be knowing, they will know
 What being known, creates their certain Woe.*

And some think they are Cuckolds; and suffer it, not being able to hinder it; and these are infamous, *were there such a thing as a Cuckold*, which (whatever jealous Men may think) I assert **there never was**.

Cuckoldry is but an imaginary thing. He that is rob'd, not wanting what is stolen; let him not know't, and he's not rob'd at all. The Unchastity of the Wife cannot dishonour the Husband, considering that what is out of us and our power, does not any ways concern us; and it being impossible for the wisest Man in the world, by the consent of all, to hinder the Lubricity of an incontinent Woman. Now no body is oblig'd to what is impossible; and as a vicious Action ought to be only imputed to its Author, so ought the Shame and Dishonour which follow it; and 'tis as absurd to reflect it upon him who contributed not at all to the Crime, as 'tis to ascribe the Glory of a virtuous Action to him, who not only did nothing towards it, but withstood it as much as he could.

The Lawyers hold that a Contract made in secret, and without calling all the Parties who have interest in it, cannot prejudice them; so neither can what Wives do, without Privity of their Husbands, be any thing to their prejudice. So that, *were there such a thing as a Cuckold* (which I shall never grant) yet 'twere no Infamy to the Man that was made so; for *Horns* (the Hieroglyphick of a Cuckold) were always Badges of Grandeur and Power.

When one dreams that Horns are upon his Forehead, 'tis always a Prefage of Dignity. Thus at the Birth of *Cl. Albinus*, a Cow of his Father's having brought forth a Calf with two red Horns, the Augurs foretold the Empire to him; which accordingly came to pass. And to honour those Horns which had been the Omen of his Grandeur, he caus'd them to be hung up in *Apollo's Temple*. The Majesty of *Jupiter Hammon*, *Bacchus* and *Pan*, is represented by Horns. Plenty also is signified by a Horn fill'd with all sorts of Fruits.

*First Wheat and Barley shall be sown,
And sprout again on London-stone;
First Cure for Corns! i'th' Stillyard range,
And Thro-bridg Ho! roar round the Change;
And Guildhall Cross the Thames be born,
E'er I forget renowned Horn:
When late with Ribbons all bedress'd,
So gaudy at the Cockney's Feast,
Each little Master struts along,
Shouted by the Blue-apron'd Throng,
Which of the pretty Lads confess'd
Amongst 'em all their Father's Crest?
Tho many a one his Glory owes
Unto the Sweat of Mother's Brows;*

Who by the Childrens Looks could find,
 She ever was to others kind?
 (The Calf is still without it born,
 Tho Parent Bull wears dreadful Horn)
 His Wardrobe, when set out in State,
 Drops from his Father's fertile Pate;
 Which does whole Cornucopia's shed,
 To signify him, round his Head.

What glorious Things! what Trinkets rare!
 In Forest Cart, when jolted there,
 Are yearly bought at Charlton Fair.
 Horn-Fair that better Tricks can shew,
 Than Greengoose, or than Bartholmew.
 When Mistress drinks, and John does thank her,
 At the King's-Head, or the Blue-Anchor;
 How harmless does she smiling come,
 To bring best Husband Fairings home!
 Fairings to make him fine and gay,
 Against next Training Holiday!
 Which more than Silver Headpiece grace
 His brazen Brow, and copper Face:
 Natural Half-pikes, which more adorn,
 Than that upon the Unicorn;
 If one such famous Feats can do,
 What Miracles are found in Two?
 Two grafted in the place of Frontlets,
 A Princely Pair of large Brow-antlets:
 Which if the Herald plays his part,
 And draws his Harchment out with Art;
 Tho Fields of Gules should overwhelm it,
 Must peep at top of Argent Helmet:
 The Motto——Decus & Tutamen,
 (a) And I'll for Rhime, write under

——Amen.

After all I have said in Praise, as a Cuckold; for if the Cuckol-
 of Horns, I affirm there is no dom were real, it would be so
 Cornuto, or such a horned Beast every where; and to all Men:

For Jealousy is but a kind
 Of Clap, and Crincom of the Mind;
 The natural Effect of Love,
 As other Pains and Aches prove.

(a) If this seems a little of the dullest, consider what Muse I'm
 thro all this Copy inspir'd with.

But Cuckoldom is no real most honourable of their time, thing, for there are whole Nations who account not themselves dishonour'd by the Business. The *Abyssines* take it not ill that their High Priests lie with their Wives on the Marriage-night, to purify them. The People of the *East-Indies* permit the Enjoyment of their Wives to those who give them an Elephant, being proud of having a Wife valu'd at so high a Price. The Romans, tho the

were so little sollicitous what their Wives did in their Absence, that returning out of the Country, they always us'd to send some body to advertize them of their Arrival; so afraid they were to surprize them. And indeed, *Pompey, Caesar, Augustus, Lucullus, Cato* (had they been Cuckolds as was never prov'd) were not the less esteem'd for having the *Bull's Feather* given 'em by their Wives.

Paradox XXVIII.

'Tis much easier and pleasanter to be Honest and Chast, than Leud and Wicked.

I Shall endeavour in this Paradox to clear, from Reason and Experience, that *Moral Virtue* is of less weariness, and suits better with our natural Inclinations, than Vice or Passion doth; or take the Paradox in these Words, *'Tis much easier and pleasanter to be honest and chast, than leud and wicked.*

All Creatures design Ease; and for this, not only Brutes do toil, but inanimate things likewise show for it so much of Inclination, that they will destroy all intermediate Objects, that hinder 'em from joining to their Center; to which they have no other tendency, but because there they find that Ease, which is desir'd by their Nature; and because all things find Ease in it, therefore all things flee thither, as to the loveliest of all Stations.

I.

*I do not ask thee, Fate, to give
This little Span a long Reprieve;
Thy Pleasures here are all so poor and vain,
I care not hence how soon I'm gone:
Dare as thou wilt my Time, I shan't complain,
May I but still live free, and call it all my own.*

II.

*Let my Sand slide away apace,
I care not so I hold the Glass;*