

Let me my Time, my Books, my self enjoy,
Give me from Cares a sure Retreat ;
Let no Impertinence my Hours imploy,
That's in one word, kind Heaven, let me ne'er be great.

III.

In vain from Chains and Fetters free,
The great Man boasts of Liberty :
He's pinnion'd up by formal Rules of State,
Can ne'er from Noise and Dust retire ;
He's haunted still by Crowds that round him wait,
His Lot's to be in Pain, as that of Fools t' admire.

IV.

Mean while the Swain has calm Repose,
Freely he comes, and freely goes :
Thus the bright Stars, whose Station is more high,
Are fix'd, and by strict Measures move ;
While lower Planets wanton in the Sky,
Are bound to no set Laws, but humerfomly rove.

And that Happiness consists in Ease, is clear from this ; that either we want what we need as the Accomplishment of our Nature, and then Nature most moves towards the Acquisition of what it wants ; or else we want nothing, and then Nature will enjoy it self without any further Motion : *nam natura nihil agit frustra* ; and it were most frustaneous for Nature to seek what it wants not. From which we may conclude, when we see any Creature restless and in Motion, that certainly it either wants something to which it moves, or is oppress'd by a surcharge of somewhat from which it flies. This hath made Philosophers conclude, that all Motion tends to some Rest ; Lawyers, that all Debates respect some Decision ; Statesmen, that all War is made in order to Peace ; Physicians, that all Fermentation and Boiling of the Blood or Humors, betokens some Dissatisfaction in the Part affected (and to show how much Happiness they place

in Ease, they term all Sicknes Diseases) which imports nothing more than the Absence of *Ease*, that happiest of States, and root of all Perfections. And that Divinity may sing a part in this Requiem, Scripture tells us, that God hallow'd the seventh Day, because upon it he rested from his Creation ; and that Heaven is call'd an eternal Sabbath, because there we shall find Ease from all our Labours. That then wherewith I shall task my self in this Paradox, shall be to prove, *That Virtue is more easy and pleasant than Vice.*

For clearing whereof, consider, That all Men who design either Honour, Riches, or to live happily in the World, do either intend to be virtuous, or at least pretend it ; those who resolve to destroy the Liberties of the People, will stile themselves Keepers of their Liberties ; and such as laugh at all Religion, will have themselves believ'd to be Reformers : and of these two the Pretenders have

the difficultest part; for they must not only be at all that Pains which is requisite in being virtuous, but they must superadd to these *all the Troubles which Dissimulation requires*, which certainly is a new and greater Task than the other; and not only so, but these most over-act Virtue, upon design to take off that Jealousy, which because they are conscious to themselves to deserve, they therefore vex themselves to remove. *Moses* the first, and amongst the best of the Reformers, was the meekest Man upon the face of the Earth: But *Jehu*, who was but a counterfeit Zealor, drove furiously, and call'd up the By-standers to see what else he knew they had reason not to believe. And such is the Laboriousness of these *seeming Copiers of Virtue*; that in our ordinary Conversation, we are still jealous of such as are too studious to appear virtuous, tho we have no other reason to doubt their Sincerity, but what arises from their too great Pains. From which we may conclude, that those who intend to be virtuous, have a *much easier and pleasanter Task* than these Pretenders have, because they have not their own Conscience, nor the Jealousy of others to wrestle against; and which is yet worse, these want that habit of Virtue, which renders all the Pains of such as are really virtuous easy to them: and what is more difficult than for these to act against Custom, which Time renders a second Nature; and which, as shall be said hereafter, is so prevalent, as to facilitate to virtuous Persons the hardest part of what Virtue com-

mands? Besides this, *these Dissemblers have a difficult part to act*, seeing they act against their own Inclinations, which is to offer Violence to Nature, and is working not only without the help of that strongest of all Seconds, but the toiling against it, and all the Assistance it can give; which how great a torment it proves, appears from this, That those who have as much Generosity as may intitle 'em to the name of Man, will rather weary out the rage of Torture, than injure their own Inclinations. I imagine that *Haman* was much distressed, by being put to lead *Mordecai's* Horse in compliance with his Master's Commands; and one who is oblig'd by that Interest, which makes him dissemble, to counterfeit a Kindness for one whom he hates, or emit an Applause of what he undervalues, is certainly by that necessity more tormented a thousand Times, than such as intend upon a virtuous account to love the Person, and really to praise that in him which they are forc'd to commend; which is so far from being a Torment, when it is truly virtuous, that that real Love makes him who has it, desirous of an occasion to shew it, and to pursue *all means for heightning that Applause*, which torments the other. Consider what difficulty we find in going one way, whilst we look another, and with what hazard of stumbling that Attempt is attended, and ye will find both much difficulty and hazard to wait on Dissimulation, wherein we are ty'd to a double Task: for we must do what we intend, because of our Inclinations;

tions ; and what we pretend, be- cause of our Professions : and if we fail in either, which is more probable, than *where Simplicity only is profess'd* (two Tasks being difficulter than one) then the World laughs at us, for failing in what we propos'd ; and we fret at our selves, for failing in what was privately design'd. And not only

does Dissimulation tie us to a double, but it obliges us to two contrary Tasks ; for we needed not dissemble, if what we intend be not contrary to what we pretend : And thus Men in Dissimulation do but (like *Penelope*) undo in the Night, what they were forc'd to do in the day time.

*Unhurt, untouch'd, did I complain,
And terrify all others with my Pain !
But now I feel the mighty Evil,
Ah ! there's no fooling with the Devil.
So wanton Men, while they wou'd others fright,
Themselves have met a real Spright ;
Darts and Wounds, and Flame, and Heat,
I nam'd but for the Rhime, or the Conceit ;
Nor meant my Verse shou'd raised be
To this sad Fame of Prophecy.
Truth gives a dull Propriety to my Stile,
And all the Metaphors does spoil ;
In Things, where Fancy much does reign,
'Tis dangerous too cunningly to feign.
The Play at last a Truth does grow,
And Custom into Nature go.
By this curst Act of Begging I became
Lame, with counterfeiting Lame :
My Lines of amorous Desire
I wrote to kindle, and blow others Fire.
And 'twas a barbarous Delight
My Fancy promis'd from the Sight :
But now, by Love ! the mighty Phalaris I,
My burning Bull, the first do try.*

Dissimulation makes Vice like- wise the more difficult, in that Dissemblers are never able to re- cover the Loss they sustain by one Escape ; for if they be caught in their Dissimulation, or found out to be Impostors (which they cannot miss, but by a more watchful Attendance than any that Virtue requires) then they of all Persons are most hated, not only by those whom they intend- ed to cheat, but by all others, tho unconcern'd in the Crime ; and both the one and the other do yet hate it, as what strikes at the root of all human Society.

Dissimulation is from this like- wise more painful than the Vir- tue which it emulates ; that the Dissembler is oblig'd not only so to dissemble, as that those whom he intends to cheat, may be- lieve him serious ; but so like- wise,

wife, as that others may understand that he is not serious.

*Thou shalt not break yet Heart, nor shall she know
My inward Torment by my outward Show ;
To let her see my Weakness, were too base,
Dissembled Quiet sits upon my Face :
My Sorrow to my Eyes no Passage find,
But let it inward sink and drown my Mind ;
The spacious Tow'r no Ruin shall disclose,
Till down at once the mighty Fabrick goes.*

Thus I have my self seen a Gentleman, who dissembled a Love and Fondness for one whom he was oblig'd to persuade that she was his Mistress, act so covertly that perfidious part, that his real Mistress was really jealous that he dissembled with her, and not with the other: and to remove this, put the Gallant to as much new Pains as the former Cheat had cost him. And I have heard of the like Accidents, tho in different Actions; as of a Rebel, who counterfeited Loyalty so, that his Complices did really distrust his fixedness to those damn'd Principles which he still retain'd. And in ordinary Conversation you will often find, that in dissembling with the one Party, you still lose the other; and it is impossible to regain them who are so lost; but by a shameful Discovery of the former Cheat: and after all that Loss, this Doubt is still left, *How can I know but this man dissembles with me; who is so exquisite in that Art,* as even to have made me jealous that his Dissimulation was not counterfeit?

Let us a little consider how few Instruments Virtue requires, and we shall find it easy and pleasant to be virtuous: It requires no Arms, Exchequer, Guards nor Garison; it is all these to it self, in every sense wherein it needs them; whereas Vice is a Burden to its Votaries, as well in the abundance of those Attendants which it requires, as in the difficulty of those Attainments which it proposes. And this is that happy Topick, from which our wise Saviour reprov'd Martha, when he told her, *That she weary'd herself about many things, whereas there was one thing necessary.* The ambitious Man is oblig'd to have his House planted with a Wood of Partizans, as well to secure that Condition which so many envy and rival, as to magnify himself by so unequal'd Attendance. This Desire to Command made Hannibal force a passage thro the rocky Alps; Caesar to commit himself to the mercy of a stormy Sea, and so many weary Journies.

*Ambition's never safe till Pow'r be past,
As Men till impotent were seldom chaste ;
One World suffic'd, not Alexander's Mind,
Coop'd up he seem'd; in Earth and Seas confin'd :*

And Strugling stretch'd his restless Limbs about
 The narrow Globe to find a Passage out :
 Yet enter'd in the Brick-built Town he try'd
 The Tomb, and found the Streight Dimensions wide.
 Death only this mysterious Truth unfolds,
 The mighty Soul how small a Body holds :
 Yet true Renown is still with Virtue join'd,
 Tho Lust of Pow'r lets loose th' unbridl'd Mind.

So much doth Ambition tie its one Dish, and his Body with one
 Dependens to depend upon such Vesture.

Numbers, that tho those Armies of Lacquies which attend them signify no more than so many following Cyphers; yet the subtracting of any one of these, doth by so much lessen the value of what they follow. Doth not Pride require Flatterers? and those Flatterers Salaries? and the provision of these Salaries much Pains and Anxiety? Doth it not require Precedency, a sutable Estate and Applause? and are not these inattainable without more Toil and Fatigue than any thing that Virtue enjoins? Covetousness requires assiduous Drudgery, and Mines as bottomless as the Desires which crave them. Lust requires plurality of Women, abundance of Strength, numbers of Pimps, and much Money: whereas Virtue craves only what is fit, and persuades us to believe that only to be fit, which is absolutely necessary. *Cato's Table* is compleatly furnish'd with

Hinc Epula vicisse famem.

And the Philosopher going by well and rich furnish'd Shops, cou'd cry out with pleasure, *Oh! how many Things are there of which I stand not in need?* Not only are these many Instruments troublesome, because they are superfluous, but likewise because by their number they add to those natural Necessities, under which even virtuous Men are weigh'd as long as they are Men. Those who have so numerous Families, cannot remove when their necessity calls them, but they must expect till their *Retinue* be ready; and when these are prepar'd, it is no easy clog to draw so many after them; or when any Misfortune overtakes any of these many, they must suffer in these as oft as each of these suffers in themselves, and their Miseries are augmented by every new Increase that is added to their Fortunes.

I.

Well I have thought on't, and I find
 This busy World is Nonsense all,
 I here despair to please my Mind,
 The sweetest Honey is so mix'd with Gall :
 Come then, I'll try him, 'tis to be alone,
 Live to my self a while, and be my own.

II.

I've try'd, and bless the happy Change,
 So happy, I could almost vow
 Never from this Retreat to range,
 For sure I ne'er can be so blest as now:
 From all th' Alloys of Bliss I here am free,
 I pity others, and none envy me.

III.

Here in this shady lonely Grove,
 I sweetly think my Hours away,
 Neither with Business vex'd, nor Love,
 Which in the World bear such Tyrannick Sway.
 No Tumults can my close Apartment find,
 Calm as those Seats above, which know no Storm nor Wind.

IV.

Let Plots and News embroil the State,
 Pray what's that to my Books and me?
 Whatever be the Kingdom's Fate,
 Here I am sure t' enjoy a Monarchy:
 Lord of my self, accountable to none,
 Like the first Man in Paradise alone.

V.

While the Ambitious vainly sue,
 And of the partial Stars complain;
 I stand upon the Shore, and view
 The mighty Labours of the distant Main:
 I'm flush'd with silent Joy, and smile to see
 The Shafts of Fortune, still deep, short of me.

VI.

Th' uneasy Pageantry of State,
 And all the Plagues to Thought and Sense
 Are far remov'd, I'm plac'd by Fate
 Out of the Road of all Impertinence:
 Thus tho my fleeting Life runs swiftly on,
 'Twill not be short, because 'tis all my own.

A great Treasure or high Post, it is fitted for all Places and Oc-
 is not only an Inticement to | cations; whereas Vice is stinted
 make its Master be assaulted or | to select ones. One may be just
 betray'd, but it is likewise un- | every where, but Bribing requires
 easy to be transported: And Cre- | Opportunity, Mediation of o-
 sus's many Bags are overtaken, | thers, and that those others be
 when money-less Solon escapes | dextrous in the conveyance, and
 with Safety. I shall then con- | close as to their Humour.
 clude, that Virtue is easier and | Adultery must busy it self to
 pleasanter than Vice, because it re- | find a convenient Room, it re-
 quires fewer Instruments. | quires the Husband's Absence, a
 Virtue is likewise easy, because | faithful, and yet a faithless Ser-

vant. And albeit with the con-
course of these Provisions, it
may attain its aim oftner than
is fit, yet will it want that Satis-
faction oftner than it wishes ;
whereas *Chastity is circumscrib'd by*
no such Limits, but is as free as
pure, depending upon nothing
that is extrinsick, and Debtor for
its Happiness to nothing that is
not it self.

I cannot here but reproach
Vice, for tying us not only to
Place, Times, and Numbers of
Instruments ; but which is worse,
for referring all our Endeavors to
Designs, that are either *unfeisa-*
ble in themselves, or at best do
become so, because of our Fancy
or Excess. *Vanity is not satisfy'd*
without Applause from others,
which being an act of their Free-
will who bestows it, doth there-
fore depend upon their Election ;
whereas Virtue is satisfy'd with
its own Testimony, and is satisfi-
fy'd with nothing that others say,
except it be bottom'd upon what
they are conscious to themselves
to deserve. O then happy Vir-
tue ! who art thy own Treasure
and Expectation ! thou alone
may'st dote upon thy self with-
out a Fault, and in thee only
Self-love is no way criminal :
Whereas Vice is uneasy, because
it fetches its Satisfactions from a-
broad ; and is barren, because it
cannot find them at home. Co-
vetousness must scorch its Suitors
in the *Indies*, it must freeze
them in *Nova Zembla*, it terrifies
them at Sea, and shipwracks them
upon the Shore : Whilst Virtue
recommends to us to seek our
Happiness in no foreign Pleasures.
And *Diogenes* finds without dan-
ger in his Tub, what these Sailors

pursue in their dangerous Bor-
toms. But Vice might plead it
self less guilty, if its Designs
were only difficult ; but Difficul-
ty is not all : for Vice either re-
quires what is impossible, or
what, by not being bounded,
may very easily become so. *Co-*
vetousness makes nothing enough,
and proposes not only what may
satisfy ; but what may be acquir'd.
Ambition likewise will have every
Man to be highest, which is im-
possible, because there cannot be
many highests ; and the first At-
tainer leaves nothing to his im-
placable Rivals, but the Impati-
ence of being disappointed ;
which not only disquiets their
present Ease, but begets in them
Projects of attacking him by
whom they conceive themselves
vanquish'd.

Philosophers have divided all
Vices into those which consist in
Excess, and those which imply a
Defect, the one shooting as far
over the Mark, as the other comes
short of it : and if we compare
Virtue with either of these, we
shall find it more easy and plea-
sant than either ; for as to those
which over-reach Virtue, they
must be as much more uneasy
than it, as they exceed it ; for
having all in them which that
Virtue possesses which they ex-
ceed, they must require, either
in Acquisition or Maintenance, all
the Pains that the exceeded Vir-
tue extracts.

Thus *Prodigality* requires all the
Spending and Pains that Libera-
lity needs ; and running equally
with it all its length, it begins
to require more Pains and Travel
where it out-shoots the other :
and thus Prodigality bestows not
only

only enough, as Liberality does, but it lavishes out more than is fit, taking for the standard of its Bounty all that it hath to bestow, and not either what it self can spare, or what its Object needs. *Jealousy* pains it self more than *true Love*, with all those Extravagancies which are so unsufferable to the Party lov'd, and so disquieting to the Lover himself, that Physicians have accounted this a Disease, and the Law hath made it a Crime.

*What State of Life can be so blest
As Love, that warms a Lover's Breast!
Two Souls in one: the same Desire
To grant the Bliss, and to require.
But if in Heaven a Hell we find,
'Tis Jealousy, thou Tyrant of the Mind!
All other Ills, tho sharp they prove,
Serve to refine and perfect Love:
In Absence or unkind Disdain,
Sweet Hope relieves the Lover's Pain;
But Jealousy, to do thee Right,
Thou art the Fire of endless Night,
The Fire that burns and gives no Light.*

But tho *Jealousy*, and other Vices, by being plac'd in defect, seem to require less Trouble than the Virtue they fall short of; yet so uneasy is Vice, that even those, tho they exceed not Virtue in their measures, do yet exceed it in their Toil. We see a Miser more tormented by his scanting Penuriousness, than a noble Person by his generous Liberality; for those are oblig'd to keep themselves out of these Occasions of spending (a Task great enough, because all Men endeavour, both out of Envy, and out of Humour and Sport, to draw them into these Snares) and when they are within their own Circle, they are forc'd by that restless Vice, to descend to thousands of Tricks, which are as wearying as unhandson.

Vice likewise is therefore less easy and pleasant than Virtue; because *Virtue* proposes only one Aim; which is fix'd and stable, whilst Vice and Fancy leave us to an Indetermination, that is uneasy as well as dangerous. When it hath prest us to make Armies fall as sacrific'd to the Idol of our Ambition, and for humouring of that Passion, to bring Cities as well as Men level with the Ground; then it will in the next thought persuade us, even to exchange it for love to a Mistress or Companion, as it once serv'd the otherwise *Great Alexander*.

As Virtue makes good Neighbours, so all the Virtues are so far such amongst themselves, that not only they interfere not with one another, but the exercise likewise of the one facilitates the practice of the others: Thus whilst we practise *Temperance*, we learn to be just, because *Temperance* is the just measure of enjoying and using all Contingents; and

we learn by it to be patient, *Patience being a Temperance in Grief, Sorrow or Affliction.* Patience is likewise the exercise of Fortitude, and Fortitude is a just proportion of Courage, and a temperate exercise of Boldness. And this occasion'd the Philosophers to term this noble Alliance, the *golden Chain of Virtue*, each being link'd with and depending upon its Fellow. But if we turn the Prospect, we shall find, that tho' Dissension be a special Vice so character'd, yet all *Vices have somewhat of that ill-natur'd Humour in them, and agree in nothing but in this, that each of them doth disagree with each other*; which makes the practice of them both tedious and unpleasant: for all of them consisting, the one in Excess, the other in Defect, they cannot but disagree; Excess and Defect being in themselves most contrary. Thus *Prodigality* opposes *Avarice*, *Cowardliness* *Courage*, and *Fondness* *Hatred*: and as virtuous Persons have a kindness for one another, because the Object of their Love requires as well as admits Rivals; so *Vice, endeavouring to ingross what it pursues, makes Rivals altogether unsupportable.* Ambition incites each of its Dependents to be chief, and yet allows only one of these many to enjoy what it makes all of them desire. Thus *Avarice's* Task is to impropriate the possession of what it created, and is necessary to be distributed amongst many Thousands: And *Envy* will not only have its Master to be full of Applause, but will likewise starve the Desires and Merits of others, judging that it self cannot be happy, if others

be so. Vice then must be less easy and less pleasant than Virtue, because it hath more Enemies than Virtue, and because the Virtues are more harmonious amongst themselves than Vices are.

Vices not only make Enemies to themselves, but by a Civil War (as a just Judgment upon them) they destroy one another; Providence intending thereby to hinder the Growth of what, tho' it prosper not well, yet is already too noxious to Mankind: And upon the same Principle of kindness to what bears his Image, God Almighty, and his Providence, do design the *Unsuccessfulness of Vice*, as being obstructive of his Glory, as well as destructive to his Creatures; being equally thereto engag'd, by a love to his own Honour and Service, and by a Hatred as well to those who commit Vice, as to the Vice which is committed. Thus God confounded those Tongues which had spoke so much Blasphemy against him, whilst they were endeavouring to raise a Tower as high as their Sins.

The Law likewise by its Punishments, contributes all its Endeavours to crush Vice, and to hinder its Success, forbidding by its Edicts any Person to assist it: and making not only Assistance, but Counsel; not only Counsel, but Connivance; not only Connivance, but *Concealment of it*, to be in most Cases so criminal, that all the Honours which Vice promisseth, or the Treasures it gives, cannot be able to redeem those who are found to have slighted this Prohibition. *Must it not then be difficult to be Vicious?* where Assistants and Counsellors are so

over-

over-aw'd, and the Intenders so terrify'd, that few will ingage as Instruments; and those who do, are so disorder'd by Fear, that vicious Projectors are as little to expect Success, as virtuous Persons are to wish it for them. And to evidence how much Opposition the Law intends for Vice, it not only punishes Vice with what it presently inflicts, but it presumes it still guilty for the future, *Semel malus, semper presumitur malus*: And upon that presumption, many vicious Persons have suffer'd for that whereof they were otherwise innocent. Tho' Rebellion hath promising Charms to allure the Idolaters of Ambition and Fame, yet the Law doth so far stand against it, that few will concur with the Contrivers, except such Fools as have not the Wit to promote it. Vice then must be uneasy, seeing the Law opposes it, and renders its Commission dangerous as well as odious.

Men likewise join with God and the Law in a Confederacy against Vice; and tho' they too oft approve it in the Warmness and Disorder of their Passions, yet in their Professions and Conventions they laugh at it, and inveigh against it; and tho' the Pressure of a present Temptation overcomes them so far as to commit what they disallow, yet they do it but seldom, and with so many Checks from within, as that its Commission cannot be thought easy. Consider, how amongst Men, we hate even those Vices in others which we are guilty of our selves, and how we even hate those Vices in others

by which we our selves reap no small Advantage. *Alexander* glory'd to destroy that base Person who had murder'd his greatest Enemy, *Darius*; and *David* is commended for having caus'd him to be kill'd, who but said, that he had kill'd *Saul*. Who will employ one who is perfidious? And so uneasy is Vice, that much Pains and Discourse will not persuade us to believe one who uses to lie, whilst we will soon believe what is really a Lie from one that uses not to abuse our Trust. Few Judges are so precisely just, as not to think that they may favor a virtuous Person. So that seeing Reward as well as Inclination, and Just Men as well as Unjust, advance Virtue and oppose Vice, Vice cannot but be more uneasy and more unpleasant than Virtue, which is all that was to be prov'd.

I am, from reflecting upon the Progress and Growth of Vice, convinc'd very much of its *Uneasiness*: If we look upon Rebellion, Revenge, or Adulteries, we find them hatch'd in Corners, as remote from Commerce as those Vices are themselves from Virtue, and as black as the Guilt of their Contrivers, and almost as terrifying as the worst of Prisons are to such who are but in any measure virtuous. None of the Contrivers dares trust his Colleague; and which is yet worse, none of them have courage enough to reflect upon what he is to do; he must be too bad to be successful, who is so desperately wicked, as not to tremble at the Wickedness he projects, or that which his Conscience accuses him of.

*Amidst your Train this unseen Judg will wait,
 Examine how you came by all your State;
 Upbraid your impious Pomp, and in your Ear
 Will hollow Rebel, Traitor, Murderer;
 Your ill-got Power, wan Looks and Care shall bring;
 Known but by Discontent to be a King:
 Of Crouds afraid, yet anxious when alone;
 You'll sit and hood your Sorrows on a Throne.*

And those very Blushings which Stains and Blemishes, when they adorn the Face, when they are are sent there by Fear, or a troupe the Motions of Modesty; become bled Conscience.

*Severe Decrees may keep our Tongues in awe,
 But to our Thoughts what Edict can give Law?
 E'en you your self to your own Breast shall tell
 Your Crimes, and your own Conscience be your Hell;
 Seek not thy self without thy self to find,
 For Conscience is the Test of ev'ry Mind.*

And it is very pretty to observe, run the Counter-track of Nature, with how much Art and Pains, being either above, against, or *such as are guilty of Vice*, endeavour to shun all Discourses that beside its Assistance. But so it can renew to them the least Reflection upon their former Failings, and how they most oftentimes disoblige their own Envy and Malice, in not daring to vent or reproach others with that Guilt with might be easily reported. And thus vicious Men it less infests Nature than Vice does, and because Nature discovers more of a bent to act virtuously than vitiously, which are the only two senses in which any thing is said to be *natural*.

That Virtue of these two prejudices *Nature least*, is clear from this, that Sobriety cherisheth it, when it is run down by Intemperance; Murder kills it, Gluttony chokes it, and Jealousy keeps it not alive but to torment it: and generally whenever *Nature is distressed*, it flies to Virtue either for Protection, as to Courage, Justice and Clemency; or for Recovery, as to Temperance, Industry and Chastity: *few grey Hairs owe their Whiteness, except to that Innocence whose Livery it is*. Rapine, Oppression, and such other Vices

Another Argument to inforce that Virtue is more easy than Vice, is, That *seeing Nature is the Spring of all Operations*, certainly that must be most easy which is most natural; and when we wou'd exprefs any thing to be easy to a Person or Nation, we say, *It is natural to them*: and Miracles are uneasy and difficult, because they

ces, heightning their Insolence against Man to that point, that he must serve them in being his own Cut-throat, to be commended for nothing else, save that they rid the World of such, who came only into it to deface that glorious Fabrick, whereof the Almighty so much resented the pleasure of having created it, that he appointed a day of each seven to celebrate its Festivals. Are not some Sins said to be *Sins against our own Bodies*? Not because all are not so in some measure, but because some are so in so eminent a measure, that the Apostle, who knew much of all *Mens Inclinations*, thought that their being so much such, was enough to restrain such Persons from committing them, as were yet so wicked as not to obey a Saviour who dy'd for them. And why is it that Laws are so severe against Vice, but because it destroys and corrupts the Members of the Commonwealth? I have oft been driven to that Excess of Compassion for the state of vicious Persons, that I have no more remembered even the Wrongs that they have done me. To see the Pox wear out a Face which had been very Fair and Beautiful, and the Gout fetter Feet, that as the Psalmist says, *were swift to do Ill*, are but too ordinary Encounters to excite Compassion: But to see the Wheel farned with the Marrow of tortur'd Miscreants, is a great Instance how great an Enemy Vice is to Nature, under whose ill Conduct, and for whose Errors it suffers Torments, which are much sooner felt than express.

Since then Nature is so oppos'd

by Vice, it cannot be it self so unwise, in the lowest of these many degrees which we ascribe to many Creatures whom it makes wise, if it dispos'd not Mankind to entertain an Aversion to Vice, which is so much its Enemy. *Shall the Sheep, the silliest of all Animals; or the Earth, the dullest of all the Elements, flee from its Oppressors? And shall Nature, which should be wiser than these, because it bestows those Inclinations upon them which makes them pass for wise, be so imprudent as not to mold Men so as to incline them to hate Vice which so much hurts it? Is there any Vice committed, to which we may not find another impulsive Cause than Nature? And are not most Vices either committed by Custom, by being mistaken for Good, by Interest or Inadvertence, as shall be shew'd in the close of this Paradox? And seeing Nature designs to do nothing in vain, it is not imaginable that it shou'd prompt us to Vice, wherein nothing but Vanity can be expected, or from which nothing else can be reap'd.*

All Vices have their own peculiar Diseases, to which they inevitably lead; *Envy* brings Men to Leanness, as if it were fed with its Master's Flesh, as well as with its Enemies Failings; *Lust*, the Pox and Consumptions; *Drunkenness*, Cattarhes and Gouts; and *Rage*, Feavers and Phrenzies; which is a demonstration of their uneasiness and unpleasantness. And I might almost say, that those Vices are like Frogs, Lice, and other despicable and terrible Insects, generated and kneaded out of excrementitious Humors.

Lust

Lust is occasion'd by the Superfluity and Heat of the Blood ; Drunkenness by a Driness of the Veissels, and Rage by the Corruption and Exuberancy of Choler. Consider how much the frowns of Anger disfigure the sweetest Face, how much Rage discomposes our Discourse ; and by these and its other Postures, ye will find *Vice an Enemy to Nature*. So that in all these Nature labours under some Distemper, and is distressed in its Operations, and acts them not out of Choice, but as sick Men rise to hunt for what their Physicians deny them. And from all this it follows, that Vice is neither natural or pleasant in its Productions, nor in its Tendencies ; not being design'd by Nature in the one, nor designing to preserve Nature in the other.

I confess there is a rank of Virtues, which are supernatural, such as *Faith, Hope and Repentance* ; but either there could be no contradistinction of these from such as I treat of ; or else these of which I here speak, must be natural. To deny our selves, if we will follow Christ ; and that Flesh and Blood did not teach *Peter* to emit that noble Confession of Christ's being the Son of the E-

ternal God, proves that some spiritual Truths are above the reach of Reason. Are not all Sins, even in the Dialect of Philosophers and Lawgivers, as well as in the Language of *Canaan*, term'd unnatural ? What is *Parricide, Ingratitude, Oppression, Lying, &c.* but the subversion of those Laws, whereof our own Hearts are the Tables ? Doth not Nature, by giving us Tongues to express our Thoughts, teach us, that to disguise our Thoughts, or to contradict them, is to be unnatural ? And seeing the not acknowledgment of Favours, obstructs the future relief of our Necessities, it must be as unnatural to be ungrateful, as it is natural to provide Supplies for our craving Wants.

I will not fully exhaust the Miseries that wait upon Vice, by telling you, that no Man who is *really vicious* sinneth without reluctance in the Commission ; but I must likewise tell you, that tho all the preceding Disadvantages were salv'd, yet the natural Horror which results from the Commission of Vice, is great enough to render it a Miracle that any Man shou'd be vicious ; our Conscience can condemn us without Witnesses. 'Tis true,

*Nature has made Man's Breast no Windows
To publish what he does within Doors ;
Nor what dark Secrets there inhabit
Unless his own rash Folly blab it ;
And a large Conscience is all one,
And signifies the same with none.*

No Remissions can secure us against all external Punishments, yet the Arm of that Executioner cannot be stop't ; and if you consider how Men become thereby

inconsolable, by the attendance of Friends, and the advantage of all exterior Pleasures, you cannot but conclude *that Vice is to be pit, 'd as well as shun'd*, and that

this alone makes it more uneasy than Virtue, whereby the greatest of Misfortunes are sweetned, and outward Torments, by having their Prospect turn'd upon *future Praise and Rewards*, render'd Pleasures to such as suffer them, and are look'd upon as Ornaments by such as see them inflicted.

Virtue afflicts at most but the Body, and in these Pains Philosophy comforts us; but *Vice afflicts our Souls*, and the Soul being more sensible than the Body, certainly the Torments of Vice must be greatest. And this seems the reason why our Saviour, in describing the Torments of Hell, placeth *the Worm which never dies*, before *the Fire that never goeth out*: And that the rebukes of a natural Conscience are of all Torments the most insupportable, appears from this, That albeit Death be the most formidable of all Torments, yet Men, in exchange of these, will not only welcome Death, but will assume it to themselves; adding *the Guilt and Infamy of Self-murder*, *the Confiscation of an Estate*, and *the infamous want of Burial*, to the horrors of an ordinary Death; and all this to shift the present Gnawings of a Conscience. The Horrors likewise of a guilty Conscience do in this appear most disquieting, that those who have their Conscience so burden'd, do acknowledge, *That after Confession*, they find themselves as much eas'd as a sick Stomach is reliev'd by vomiting up those Humors, whose Disquietness makes such as suffer'd them, rather sick Persons, than Patients: Whereas, *whatever be the present Troubles which arise from Virtue*, yet if they

continue not, they are tolerable; and if they continue, Custom, and the Assistance of Philosophy, will lessen their weight; and at best, the Pain is to be but temporary, because the Cause from which they descend is but momentary. If they be not sharp and violent, they are sufferable; and if they be violent, they cannot last, or at least *the Patient cannot last long to endure them*: Whereas those Reflections that disquiet us in Vice, arising from the Soul it self, cannot perish whilst that hath any Being. And so *the vicious Soul must measure its Grief by the length of Eternity*, tho' Vice did let out its Joys but by the length of a Moment, and did not fill even the narrow Dimensions of that moment with sincere Joy; the Knowledg that these were to be short-liv'd, and the Fear of succeeding Torment, possessing much of that little room.

The first Objection, whose Difficulty deserves an Answer, is, That Virtue obliges us to oppose Pleasures, and to accustom ourselves with such *Rigors, Seriousness and Patience*, as cannot but render its Practice uneasy. My Answer is, That *Philosophy enjoins not the Crossing of our own Inclinations*, but in order to their Accomplishment, and it proposes Pleasure as its End, as well as Vice; tho' for its more fix'd Establishment, it sometimes commands what seems rude to such as are Strangers to its Intentions in them. Thus Temperance resolves to heighten the Pleasures of Enjoyment, by defending us against all the Insults of Excess and oppressive Loathing; and when

when it lessens our Pleasures, it intends not to abridg them, but to make them fit and convenient for us: Even as Soldiers, who tho they propose not Wounds and Starvings; yet if without these they cannot reach those Laurels to which they climb, they will not so far disparage their own hopes, as to think they shou'd fix them upon any thing whose Purchase deserves not the suffering of these. Physick cannot be call'd a cruel Employment, because to preserve what is sound, it will cut off what is tainted; and those vicious Persons, whose Laziness forms this Doubt, do answer it when they endure the sickness of Drunkenness, the toiling of Avarice, the attendance of rising Vanity, and the watchings of Anxiety; and all this to satisfy Inclinations, whose Shortness allows little Pleasure, and whose Prospect excludes all future Hopes.

The Pleasures of Vice can have no room in any part of our time, beside the *Present*; which Present is by many Philosophers scarce allow'd the name of time, and is at best so swift, that its Pleasures must be too transient to be possess'd. I confess that Revenge is the most enticing of all Vices, insomuch that a wicked *Italian* said, that God Almighty had reserv'd it to himself, because it was too noble and satisfying a Privilege to be bestow'd upon Mortals; yet it discharges at once its Pleasure with its Fury, and like a Bee, languishes after it hath spent its Sting; and when it is once acted, which is oft in one moment, it ceaseth from that moment to be a Plea-

sure; and such as were tickled once with it, are afraid of its remembrance, and think worse of it than they did formerly of the Affront, to expiate which it was undertaken. Thirty pieces of Silver might have had some Letchery in them at *Julius's* first Touch; but they behov'd to have a very unressembling effect, when he took no longer pleasure in them than to have come the next Week to offer them back; and because they were refus'd, to rid himself of his Life and them together.

The Pains of Vice may be concluded greater than those of Virtue, from this, that virtuous Persons are in their Sufferings assisted by all the World; vicious Persons doing so to expiate their own Crimes; and virtuous Persons doing the same, do reward the Virtue they adore: and if these Endeavours prove unsuccessful, every Man by bearing a share in their Grief, does all he can to lessen it; but *vicious Persons have their Sufferings augmented by the Disdain,* and just Reproaches thrown upon them, by such as were Witnesses to their Vices; and such as had any Inclination for them, dare not appear to be their Well-wishers, lest they be reputed Complices of their Crimes.

What is more laborious than *Pride*? wherein, by robbing from others what is due to them, the Acquirers are still oblig'd to defend their new Conquests with more vigilance than Virtue needs. The proud Man must be greater than all others, and so must toil more than they all, his Task being greater than all theirs jointly. And the *jealous Man* must never

be satisfy'd till he know not only what is Truth, but what he fears to be so; being most unhappy in this, that if he get assurance of what he suspects, then he is made really miserable; or if he attain not to that assurance, *he must still toil for it*, and must make himself miserable by his Pains, till he become really so, by being inform'd of what at one instant he wishes to be false, and endeavours to make true. Revenge is most painful, both in persuading us that these are Affronts, which of their own nature are no Affronts, and then in bringing on us much more hazard than their Satisfaction can repay: For one word spoke to us, which (it may be) the Speaker intended as no Injury; how many have, by *murdering the Speaker*, or some such rash Attempt, depriv'd themselves of the Privilege of seeing their Friends without Horror, or of coming abroad without imminent Danger, skulking in Dens like Thieves, imprison'd for fear of a Prison, and dying daily to shun the Death they fear? *Whereas* Socrates, by *laughing at him who spit in his Face*, had then the pleasure to see himself at present satisfy'd, and did foresee the hopes of future Praises. And he acted as noble a Part, who, being kick'd on the Breech, was desir'd by his Friend to draw his Sword and revenge it. *No, I wou't*, said the Person affronted, *for what is this to a Man that hath read Seneca?* But *Guiltiness* must search out Corners, it must at all rates secure Favourites, it must shun to meet with such as are conscious to its Guilt; and whenever two Men speak privately in Presence of such as are Vicious, they persuade themselves that somewhat is there spoke to their Disadvantage; and like one who labours of a Sore, they must still be careful that their Wound be not touch'd.

To conclude then this Period, consider, that every thing that is uneasy, must be unpleasant; and that Vice is more uneasy than Virtue, appears from the whole foregoing Paradox.

I hope the preceding Discourse hath clear'd off all those Doubts that can oppose this well-founded Paradox, leaving only this Objection here to be answer'd, *If Vice be less easy and less pleasant than Virtue*, why do the greater part of Mankind range themselves to its side, leaving Virtue as few Followers, as it professes to desire Admirers? In answer whereunto, I confess that this Objection proves Men to be mad, but not *Vice to be easy or pleasant*; even as when we see Men throw away their Clothes, run the Fields over, and expose themselves to Storms, leaving their convenient Homes and kind Family; we conclude such as do so to be mad, but are not induc'd to believe that what they do is easy. And certainly *Vice is a Madness*, as may appear convincingly from this; That when we see others run to these Excesses (which we thought Gallantry in our selves, when we were acting the like) we ask them seriously, *What, are ye mad?* The Prodigal, when he freed himself from those vicious Rovings, is said to have *come to himself*; by which word Madness is usually express'd: *Men are said to be mad, when they offer Violence to their Body*; and it

is a more advanc'd degree of Madness to offer Violence to our Souls; which we then do (besides the ruining of our Bodies) when we are vicious. And to such as prefer their Bodies to their Souls, I recommend the Survey of such Bodies as have wasted themselves in Stews and Taverns, or have left Limbs upon the Field where they last quarrel'd after Cups for Vanity, or Mistresses. The second Answer is, that Men mistake oft-times Vice for Virtue, and are inclin'd to it by an Error in their Judgments, rather than any Depravedness in their Affections. Thus Drunkenness recommends it self to us, under the notion of Kindness; and Prodigality, under that of Liberality. Complacency likewise is the great Pimp of much Viciousness to well dispos'd Persons, and many are by it inclin'd to err, to gratify a mistake in their Friendship; for they are persuad'd that Friendship and Kindness are so innocent and sweet Qualities, that they cannot command what are not just as themselves.

Custom also, as it is a second Nature; so it is a Step-mother to Virtue; and whilst we endeavour to shun the Vice of being vain and singular, we slip into those Vices which are too familiar to be formidable, and which we wou'd not have committed, if the Mode and Fashion had not determin'd us thereto against our first and pure Inclinations. But above all, want of Consideration is the frequent occasion of many of those Disorders; so that Virtue is not postpon'd by Choice, but by Negligence: Neither wou'd it be more difficult for us to be Virtuous

in many of our Actions, than it wou'd be for us to consider what we are about to do.

It is indeed hard for one who is drunk to stand upright, or for one who hath his Eyes cover'd with Mire to see clearly: and yet Standing upright, or Seeing clearly, are not in themselves difficult Tasks. Just so Virtue is easy and pleasant in it self, tho' our pre-engagement to the contrary Habit, rather than to the Vice it self, renders its Operations somewhat uneasy: whereas, if we had once imb'd our Souls with a habit of Virtue, its exercise would be far easier to us, than that of its contrary; for it would be assisted by Reason, Nature, Reward and Applause, all which oppose the other. He who becomes temperate, finds his Temperance much less troublesome than the most habitual Drunkard can his Excess, who can never render it so familiar, but that he will be constrain'd to make Faces when he quaffs off a tedious Health, and will at sometimes find either his Quarrels, the betraying his Friends Secret, or his Crudities, to importune him. No Liar hath so much accusom'd himself to that Trade, but he will discover himself sometimes in his Blushes, and will be oft distress'd to shape out Covers for his Falseness; whereas he who is free from the bondage of that Habit, will always find it so easy and pleasant, that he will never hear a Lie, without admiring with what Confidence it cou'd have been forg'd.

Whereas to know the easiness and pleasantness of Virtue, we need only this Reflection, That every vicious Person thinks it ea-

fier to conquer the Vice he sees in another: *He who Whores*, admires the Uneasiness and Unpleasantness of Drinking, and the *Drunkard* laughs at the fruitless Toil of Ambition; which shews that Vice is an easy Conquest, seeing the meanest Persons can subdue it.

Tho *Truth and Novelty* do of all other Motives court us soonest to complacency, and tho my present *Paradox* may pretend to both; yet so studious am I of

Success, where I have a tenderness to the *Paradox* for which I contend, that for further Conviction of its Enemies, I must recommend to them to go to the *Courts of Monarchs*, and there learn the Uneasiness and Unpleasantness of Vice, from its splitting those in Oppositions and Factions; which afford the reasonable Lookers-on as disagreeable a Prospect, as that of a shipwreck'd Vessel.

I.

*Then I shan't envy him, whoe'er he be,
That stands upon the Battlements of State;
Stand there who will for me,
I'd rather be secure, than great.
Of being so high the Pleasure is but small,
But long the Ruin, if I chance to fall.*

II.

*Let me in some sweet Shade serenely lie,
Happy in Leisure and Obscurity;
Whilst others place their Joys
In Popularity and Noise.
Let my soft Minutes glide obscurely on,
Like subterraneous Streams, unheard, unknown.*

III.

*Thus when my Days are all in Silence past,
A good plain Country-Man I'll die at last;
Death cannot chuse but be
To him a mighty Misery,
Who to the World was popularly known,
And dies a Stranger to himself alone.*

From all which it is but too clear, that all vicious Persons, how rich or how great soever they be, are Slaves; which tho the *uneasiest and most unpleasant* of States, yet to shun a Loss of suppos'd Liberty, most Men refuse to be virtuous. If we go to Physicians, we shall find their Shambles hung round with the Trophies of Vice; for *Temperance*,

Chastity, or the other Virtues, send few thither: but *Wantonness* repays there its one *moment's Pleasure* with a year's Cure, and makes them afraid to see that disfigur'd Face, for whose Representation they once doted upon their flattering Mirrour. There lie such Prisoners as the *drunken Gout* hath fetter'd, and there lie roaring such as *Gluttony* hath oppress'd:

Let

Let us go to *Prisons and Scaffolds*, and there we shall see such furnish'd out with the Envoyce of *Injustice, Malice, Revenge and Murders*: Let us go to *Divines*, and they will tell us of the horrid Exclamations of such, as have upon their *Death-bed* seen murder'd before them those Sins, which as soon as they had their *Vizards* of *Sensuality and Lust* pull'd off, did appear in *Figures* monstrous enough to terrify a Soul which took leisure to consider them.

And tho' the *Consciences* of *Soldiers* have oft-times their *Ears* so deafned with *warlike Sounds* or

welcome Applauses, that they cannot hear; and their *Eyes* so cover'd with their *Enemies Gore*, that they cannot see those terrifying *Shapes* of *inward Revenge*: yet, if we believe *Lucan*, neither cou'd the *Wrongs* done to *Caesar* so far legitimate his *Fury*, nor the present *Joy* or *future Danger* so far divert him from reflecting upon his *by-past Actions*; nor could the *want of Christianity* so far favour his *Cruelty*, but that he and his *Soldiers* were the night of *Pharsalia's Battel* thus disturb'd; *Lucan, Book 7.*

*But furious Dreams disturb their restless Rest,
Pharsalia's Fight remains in every Breast;
Their horrid Guilt still works, the Battel stands
In all their Thoughts, they brandish empty Hands
Without their Swords; you would have thought the Field
Had groan'd, and that the guilty Earth did yield;
Exhaled Spirits, that in the Air did move,
And Stygian Fears possess the Night above.
A sad Revenge on them their Conquest takes,
Their Sleeps present the Furies; hissing Snakes
And Brands; their Countrymens sad Ghosts appear,
To each the Image of his proper Fear:
One sees an old Man's Visage, one a Young,
Another's tortur'd all the Evening long
With his slain Brother's Spirit; their Father's Sight
Daunts some, but Caesar's Soul all Ghosts afright.*

But, *Reader*, that I may rest your *Thoughts* from the *Noise* and *Horror* of these *Objects*, let me lead them into a *Philosopher's Cell* or *House* (for *Virtue* is not like *Vice*, confin'd to *Places*) and there you will see measures taken by no less noble nor less erring *Pattern than Nature*.

His *Furniture* is not the *Offspring* of the last *Fashion*, and so he need not be at the *Toil* to keep *Spies* for informing him

when the succeeding *Mode* must cause these to be pull'd down.

He is not troubled that another's *Candlesticks* are of a later *Mold*, nor vex'd that he cannot muster so many *Cabinets* or *Knacks* as another does.

He spends no such *idle Time* as is requisite for making great *Entertainments*, wherein *Nature* is oppress'd to please *Fancy*, and must be by the next day's *Physick* tortur'd to cure its *Errors*.

His

His Soul lodges cleanly, neither clouded with the Vapours, nor cloy'd with the Crudities of his Table; he applies every thing to its natural use, and so uses Meat and Drink, not to express Kindness (Friendship doing that Office much better) but to refresh, and not to occasion his Weakness.

His Dreams are neither disturb'd by the horrid Representation of his last days Crimes, nor by the too deep Impressions of the next days Designs; but are calm as the Breat they refresh, and pleasant as the Rest they bring. His Eyes suffer no such Eclipse in these, as the Eyes of vitious Men do when they are darkned with Drunkenness or excessive sorrow; for all his Darkneses succeed as seasonably to his Recreations, as the Day is follow'd by the Night.

In his Clothes, he uses not such as requires two or three hours to their laborious Dressing, or which over-awe the Weather so, that he must shun to go abroad to all Places, or at all Occasions, lest he offend their Lustre; but he provides himself with such as are most easy for use, and fears not to stain these, if he keep his Soul unpotted.

He considers his Body and Organs, as the Easement and Servants of that reasonable Soul he so much loves; and therefore he eases them, not upon design to please them, but to refresh them, that the Soul may be thereby better serv'd, and enjoy the pure and spiritual Pleasures of Philosophy.

But leaving this outer Court; let us step into a Philosopher's Breast (a Region as serene as the Heaven whence it came) and there view

how sweet Virtue inspires gentle and pleasant Thoughts, whose Storms raise not Wrinkles like Billows in our Face, and blow not away our disoblig'd Friends. Here no *mutinous Passion* rebels with Success, and those petty Insurrections of Flesh and Blood serve only to magnify the Strength of Reason in their Defeat. Here all his Desires are so satisfy'd with Virtue, as their Reward; that they neither need, nor do run abroad, begging Pleasures from every unknown Object: And therefore it is, that not placing his Happiness upon what is subject to the Empire of Fate, capricious Fortune cannot make him miserable, for it can resume nothing but what it hath given. And as few Men are griev'd to see what is not their own destroy'd; so the virtuous Philosopher, having always consider'd what is without him as belonging to Fortune, and not to him, he sees those burnt or robb'd with a disinterested Indifferency; and when all others are alarm'd with the Fears of *ensuing Wars and Battles*, he stands as fix'd (tho' not as hard) as a Rock, and suffers all the foaming Waves of Fate and Malice to spend their Spite and Froth at his Feet: *Virtue, and the remembrance of what he hath done, and the hopes that he shall still act virtuously, are all his Treasures; and these are not capable of being pillag'd, these are his inseparable Companions, and therefore he can never want a pleasant Conversation.* And seeing he is a Citizen of the World, all places are his Country, and he is always at home, and so can never be banish'd; and seeing he

can still exercise his Reason equally in all places, he is never (like *vitious Persons*) vex'd that he must stay in one place, and cannot reach another: like a sick Man, whose Disease makes him always tumble thro' all the Corners of his Bed. He is never surpriz'd, because he forecasts always the worst; and as this arms him against Discontents, so if a milder Event disappoint his Apprehensions, this heightens his Pleasure. He lives without all design, except that one of obeying his Reason. The Frowns or Favours of Grandees alter him not, seeing he neither fears the one, nor expects Promotion from the other. He desires little, and so is easily happy, seeing those are without Controversy happy who enjoy all they desire; and that Man puts himself in great Debt, who widens his Expectations by his Desires. Thus he who designs to buy a neighbouring Field, must straiten himself to lay up what will reach its Price, as much as if he were Debtor in the like Sum; and Desire leaves still an Emptiness which must be fill'd. He finds not his Breast invaded (like such as are vitious) by contrary Passions: His Passions do not interest him with extreme Concern in any thing; and seeing he loves nothing too well, he grieves at the Loss of nothing too much. He looks upon

all Mankind as sprung from one common stock with himself, and therefore is as glad to hear of other Mens Happiness, as others are to hear of their Kindred and Relations Promotion.

Injuries do not reach him, for his Virtue places him upon a height above their Shot; and what Calumnies or Offences are intended for him, do but, like the Vapours and Fogs that rise from the Earth, not reach the Heaven, but fall back in Storms and Thunder upon the Place from which they were sent. Injuries may strike his Buckler, but cannot wound himself, who is sensible of no Wounds, but of those his Vices give him: And if a Tyrant kill his Body, he knows his immaterial Soul cannot be stab'd, but is sure it will flee as high as the Spheres.

Thus have I prov'd from Reason, Experience, and the Example of the virtuous Philosopher, That 'tis much easier and pleasanter to be Honest and Chast, than Leud and Wicked: And tho' this Paradox will be contemn'd by the Rakes, and the Town Misses, &c. yet I have spoke my real Thoughts upon this Subject, and don't fear but the time I have spent upon it, will always give me a greater Ease and Pleasure, than the time I have spent in seeing the most wealthy or recreating Vice.

Paradox

Paradox XXIX.

Asserting Rational Nonsense.

WHEN *Neptune's* Blasts, and *Boreas* blazing Storms,
 When *Triton's* Pitchfork cut off *Vulcan's* Horns ;
 When *Eolus* boist'rous Sun-beams grew so dark,
 That *Mars* in Moon-shine cou'd not hit the Mark :
 Then did I see the gloomy day of *Troy*,
 When poor *Aeneas* Legless ran away,
 Who took the torrid Ocean in his Hand,
 And failed to them all the way by Land:
 An horrid Sight to see *Achilles* fall,
 He brake his Neck, yet had no hurt at all.
 But being dead, and almost in a Trance,
 He threatned forty thousand with his Lance.
 Indeed 'twas like such strange Sight's then were seen,
 An ugly, rough, black Monster all in Green ;
 That all about the white, blue, round, square Sky,
 The fixed Stars hung by Geometry.
Juno amaz'd, and *Jove* surpriz'd with Wonder,
 Caus'd Heaven to shake, and made the Mountains thunder.
 Which caus'd *Aeneas* once more to retire,
 Drown'd *Aetna's* Hill, and burnt the Sea with Fire.
Nilus for fear to see the Ocean burn,
 Went still on forward in a quick return :
 Then was that Broil of *Agamemnon's* done,
 When trembling *Ajax* to the Battel come ;
 He struck stark dead (they now are living still)
 Five hundred Mushrooms with his martial Bill.
 Nor had himself escap'd, as some Men say,
 If being dead, he had not run away.
 O monstrous, hideous Troops of Dromedaries,
 How Bears and Bulls from Monks and Goblins varies !
 Nay wou'd not *Charon* yield to *Cerberus*,
 But catch'd the Dog, and cut his Head off thus :
Pluto enrag'd, and *Juno* pleas'd with Ire,
 Sought all about, but could not find the Fire :
 But being found, well pleas'd, and in a spite
 They slept at *Acharon*, and wak'd all Night :
 Where I let pass to tell their mad Bravadoes,
 Their Meat was roasted Cheese and Carbonadoes.
 Thousands of Monsters more besides there be
 Which I, fast hoodwink'd, at that time did see ;
 And in a word, to shut up this Discourse,
 A Scholar's Whip is good to spur a Horse.

Paradox XXX.

The Loving Shrew: or, a Paradox proving the Kindest Women are the most Cruel; in a Letter to the Fair Sex.

Ladies,

THIS Paradox will appear an undoubted Truth, in spite of all your Crocodile Tears and Pretence to good Nature, by an Induction of Particulars.

You are evidently more cruel to *Enemies*, and even to *Friends*; to your *Rivals*, and your *Lovers*, and your very own dear selves, which wou'd make one less wonder at your Barbarity to all the rest.

And first for your *Enemies*, whom if you conquer'd by Right of *War*, and only made use of the Advantages which *Fortune* gave you, as did your strapping *Amazonian Predecessors*, when they rambled about the World, and carry'd Slaughter and Destruction with them wherever they came; this wou'd be somewhat more excusable: But a Coward no more dares be brave than merciful, nor is therefore likely to attack o-

penly one he hates. And the kinder you are, still the more cruel; for you have sure and private Methods of Destruction: You outdo the very *Crocodile*, who is said to weep over her Prey; for you kill *smiling*, and destroy *embracing*; like the *Tyrant's Daughter*, as he call'd her, who had an Engine dress'd up like a beautiful Woman, to whom he led those he had a mind to be rid of, who advancing to salute her, she immediately clos'd her Arms, and crush'd 'em to Death.

'Tis a common Observation, that we never hear of any remarkable Mischief, rarely of any *bloody Murder*, but there's a Woman at one end on't: and that you exceed the most barbarous Thieves and *Banditti* in Thirst of Blood, those poor Travellers feel, who fall into the hands of such People, when they have any of your Sex among them.

*Compassion proper to Mankind appears,
Which Nature witness'd when she lent us Tears :
Of tender Sentiments we only give
Those Proofs ; to weep is our Prerogative.
To shew by pitying Looks and melting Eyes
How with a suffering Friend we sympathize ;
Who can all sense of others Ills escape,
Is but a Brute at best, in human Shape.
This natural Piety did first refine
Our Wit, and rais'd our Thoughts to Things Divine.
This proves our Spirit of the Gods Descent,
While that of Beasts is prone and downward bent :*

To them, but Earth-born-Life they did dispense ;
To us, for mutual Aid, Celestial Sense.

This is the true Character of our Tender Sex, but (Ladies) you have a Touch of the wild Irish in ye ; you do ten times more Mischief than the Men ; and if Candles are to be made of heretical Tallow, or a sprawling Child or two to be roasted, who but a Woman to dip her Hands in the Grease of one, and spit and bast the other ?

And if you can do this in cold Blood, and from an innate Love to Cruelty, with little or no Provocation, what is the Viper then when his Spirits are intrag'd ? What a Figure d'ye make when possess'd with your own proper Spirit (for you need no worse) that I mean of Malice and Revenge ? How amiable do you all look when you are angry ? How sweetly are all your Muscles turn'd ? How mild your Eyes ? How soft your Voice ? and how like incarnate Women all over ?

The Worm turns a Serpent, and that a Dragon ; you breathe as many Knives as a Juggler ever swallow'd, you vomit Ropes as he does Ribbons, and have as many sorts of Poisons as he brings Liquors from the Sponge between his Teeth ; you run-a-muck at all Mankind, ranverse Nature, and fire the World.

This in ordinary Cases, but if you are once wrought to the height, if your Jealousy or your Ambition urges you on new Methods of Ruin ; if your Desires are defeated, or your Loves refus'd, or your Crimes expos'd, you are then a thousand times worse than I've yet describ'd ; more Nests of

Hells and Furies swarm within you, you are more venomously, more rancorously implacable ; all Blasting, Lightning and Hurricane : In short, so superlatively cruel, that none but you yourselves can conceive or describe it.

Tho' after all, I think, you are less dangerous when you appear thus in your own proper Shapes, than when disguis'd, almost past knowledg, in those of Love and Friendship : For then you perfectly drill us to Death, and murder us, as they say Witches do, by turning us into Pincushions, and sticking us all over with Nails and Bodkins, like an Orange with Cloves, or Bergerac with his Flies, to give us the more lingering Torments.

Or else, to return to Witches gain, when you have once metamorphos'd a Man into that Brute of a Lover, you strait clap a Broomstaff behind him, and switch him thro' thick and thin in all your Aerial Journeys, which way soever the Fate happens to turn, the unaccountable Faunts, and endless wild-Goose Chases of your own Jack-a-lent Fancies and unaccountable Humours.

A famous Doctor is of Opinion, that Spirits, tho' separate, have yet a Plastic Power over Matter and can mould a Body into whatsoever Form or Shape they please, as we can a bit of Wax : For Example — A Man into a Padding, — a Woman into a Snake or Cat, or any other mischievous Creature ; an old Man and a Child into a Cockle, or an Oyster ; which last may the more easily be brought

brought about, if that will but hold, which is very positively asserted by another *grave Philosopher*, that their Souls are the same already, or that he can hardly imagine any *Difference* between 'em. But whether or no one word of this be true, 'tis sure enough, you make us what you please, and most maliciously alter the very Form and Figure of many a poor *Lover*; sometimes you draw out his Neck, till by virtue of a loosning Plaster of Hemp, 'tis as long as the Glutton with'd his own: but much oftner his Ears, to that prodigious length, that *Midas* was a mere *Roundhead* to him.

At one time you skrew his Face into a thousand *antick Forms*, at another his whole Body, which looks askint after you have once over-look'd him, as much as those Eyes which did it. His Chap falls, he hears with his Mouth, and only *eats with his Eyes*; his Hands dangle, if they don't happen to fall cross one another; and in a word, you steal him away from himself, and leave a perfect Changeling in his room. And if there can be a higher or baser Instance of barbarous Cruelty, than not only to do this, but to *triumph* in it; and when you have adorn'd your *Courts and Antichambers* with such Erutes of your own transforming, as *Circe's Palace* was stock'd with, to divert your selves with setting the poor *Creatures* together by the Ears, to tear one another's Hearts out: I say, if you can show me any thing more *brutally cruel* than this, which is your constant Practice (and even there where you pretend to be

most kind) why then I must own your Sex has one Reserve of Mischief, wherewith I was never yet acquainted.

But it's in vain for Man to expect better *Quarter*, when your own Sex, if any thing handsom, are as implacably hated by you as old Age, or a foolish *faithful Friend*, that tells you all your Faults, in hopes to make you better. You wou'd all be *Eleanor's* if you had *Rosamond's* to deal with; and what *maze* so intricate, that you have not a *Model* on't in your own Minds? Pulling *Quoifs* is nothing, — 'Tear out the
' Jade's Eyes, off with her Nose,
' (tho war' *Coventry*) stamp
' her under Feet, *she have my*
' *Man!* *she seduce my Husband!*
' she pretend to be as handsom
' as me! I'll eat her Heart! I'll
' gnaw her Soul! I'll grind her
' till she's inviible! So that if
you can *love and hate* to this Excess, my *Paradox* is fairly prov'd, *That the kindest Women are the most cruel*. Nay, your Cruelty is extended even to your selves, as dearly as you dote upon them: Never were there elsewhere any *Cannibals* so fierce, as to eat themselves, and feed on their own Flesh; but *Envy* makes you gnaw your own Entrails, defeated *Malice* or *Revenge* sets you oftentimes quarrelling with your selves, and wreaking your Spite on your own Minds or Bodies, because you can't reach others: But *Pride* is the most *vexatious Devil* of all your Tormentors.

To this you are *half-Martyrs*; for this 'tis that you so often wear a *Scotch Boot* all over ye: The *Thumbkin's* a Jest to't, and no more than a fruit pair of
Gloves.

Gloves. You are so far from allowing your selves room to eat, that you care not whether you can breathe or no, so you can but look fine, and have your admirable Shape commended. What a *Bastile* of *Whalebone* you drag about with you? You are more than chain'd, for you are both pinion'd and manacled, and can stir no otherwise than a poor Reynard caught in a Trap, which he drags after him;— tho subtle as you are, his Cunning here goes beyond ye; for he'll gnaw off his own Leg to get out of Prison, but you wou'd do the same rather than be deliver'd — any more than *S—n* in the Jakes, on his own *Sabbath*; and since you are so fond of your Cage, 'twere, I think, pity to disturb you, and there I leave ye.

Paradox XXXI.

Proving, That the Matter of a Body when rarified, doth possess no more of true Place, than the Matter of the same Body condensed.

THE Difficulty of understanding the formal and immediate Reason of *Rarity and Density* in Bodies, by that so popularly applauded Hypothesis of an *Æthereal Substance* (imagin'd to maintain an absolute Plenitude, and so a Continuity thro the whole vast Body of Nature) being evinc'd by several learned Men; let us a while consider, how easily even the meanest Capacity may comprehend the full Nature of those primary and eminent Affections, from the Concession of *small Vacuities*. When a *Fleece*, or *Lock of Wool* is deduc'd or distended, we say, it is made more rare; and when compress'd, more dense: Now the rarity thereof consisteth only in this, that the Hairs, which were formerly more confociate, united, or at closer Order among themselves, are dissociated, dis-united, or reduc'd to more open Order; and the Spaces betwixt them, become either more, or larger, in which no Particle of Wool is contain'd; and on the contrary, the Density thereof consisteth only in this, that the Particles or Hairs, which were before more dissociated, or at open Order, are by Compression brought to more Vicinity, or to closer Order, and the Spaces betwixt them become fewer and lesser. And thus we are to conceive, how the same Matter, without Augmentation or Diminution of Quantity, may be now rarified into Air, and anon condensed into Water; for, instead of the Hairs in the Fleece of Wool, we need only put the Particles of the Matter, which in Rarefaction are dissociated, in Condensation coadunited. And this Conception may be extended also to a Sponge, Flax, or any other porous and lax Body; because they are capable of Expansion
and

and Contraction only in this respect, that the small Spaces intercepted in the Incontiguities or Distances of their Particles, are now enlarg'd, now contracted. We confess this Similitude is not adequate in all points, there being this *Difference*, that when a Fleece of Wool is expanded, the ambient Aer doth instantly insinuate into the small Spaces intercepted betwixt the dissociated Particles of it, and so possess them; but nothing of Aer, or Æther, or other Substance whatever doth insinuate it self into the small Spaces intercepted betwixt the dissociated Particles of Aer or Water, when either of them is rarify'd: we say, notwithstanding this Disparity, yet doth it hold thus far good and equidistant, that as nothing of Wool possesseth those Spaces, which would therefore remain absolutely empty, in case the sociable Aer did not instantly succeed in possession of them; so, since the Parts of the Matter of Water are expanded or dissociated after the same manner, as are the Hairs of Wool, and after the same manner contracted or united; and certain small Loculaments are likewise intercepted betwixt the Particles of that Matter, in which nothing of Water can be contain'd, during the state of Rarification, and which no other Substance can be prov'd to possess; it must thence follow, that those deserted small Spaces, or Loculaments remain absolutely empty: And more than that, our Similitude is not concern'd to impart.

But, that we may make some farther Advantage thereof, we observe; that as when a Fleece of Wool is expanded, it is of a greater Circumference, and so includes a greater Capacity therein, than when it is compress'd; not that the single Hairs thereof take up a greater Space in that Capacity, for no Hair can possess more Space than its proper Bulk requires, but because the inane Spaces or Loculaments intercepted betwixt their Divisions are enlarg'd: exactly so, when the same Matter is now rarify'd into Aer, anon condensed into Water, the Circumference thereof becomes greater or less, and the Capacity included in that Circumference is augmented or diminish'd accordingly; not that the single Particles of the Matter possess a greater part of that Capacity in the state of Rarification, than in that of Condensation; because no Particle can possess more of Space than what is adequate to its Dimensions; but only because the inane Spaces intercepted betwixt their Divisions are more ample in one Case than in the other. And hence it is purely consequent, *That the Matter of a Body rarify'd cannot be justly affirm'd to possess more of true or proper Place, than the Matter of the same Body condens'd*; tho' when we speak according to the customary Dialect of the Vulgar, we say, that a Body rarify'd doth possess more of Space, than when condens'd: insomuch as under the term Place, is comprehended all that Capacity circumscrib'd by the Extremes or Superfice of a Body; and to the Matter, or Body it self are attributed not only the small Spaces possess'd by the Particles thereof, but also all

those inane Spaces interjacent among them; just as by the word *City*, every Man understands not only the Dwelling-Houses, Churches, Castles, and other Edifices, but also all the Streets, Piazza's, Church-yards, Gardens, and other void Places contain'd within the Walls of it. And in this sense only are our precedent *Definitions* of a *Rare* and *Dense* Body to be accepted.

The Reasons of Rarity and Density thus evidently commonstrated, the Pleasantness of Contemplation would invite us to advance to the Examination of *the several Proportions of Gravity and Levity among Bodies, respective to their particular Differences in Density and Rarity; the several ways of Rarifying and Condensing Aer and Water, and the means of attaining the certain weights of each, in the several Rates, or Degrees of their Rarification and Condensation; according to the Evidence of Aerostatick and Hydrostatick Experiments.* But in regard these things are not directly pertinent to our present Scope and Institution, and that *Galileus* and *Mersennus* have enrich'd the World with excellent Disquisitions upon each of those sublime Theorems, we conceive our selves more excusable for the Omission than we shou'd have been for the Consideration of them in this place. However, we ask leave to make a short Excursion upon that *Problem*, of so great importance to those, who exercise their Ingenuity in either *Hydraulick* or *Pneumatick* Mechanicks, *viz. Whether may Aer be rarify'd as much as condensed? or, Whether it be capable of Rarification and Conden-*

sation, to the same Rate, or in the same Proportion?

That common Oracle for the Solution of Problems of this abstruse Nature, Experience, hath assur'd, that Aer may be rarify'd to so great a height, in red-hot *Æolipiles*, or *Hermetical Bellows*, that the 70th part of Aer formerly contain'd therein, before Rarification, will totally fill an *Æolipile* upon extreme Rarification thereof. For, *Mersennus*, using an *Æolipile*, which being cold, wou'd receive exactly 13 Ounces, one Drachm and an half; and when hot, wou'd suck in only 13 Ounces; found, that the whole quantity of Aer ignify'd, and replenishing the same *Æolipile*, when glowing hot, being reduc'd to its natural state, did possess only the 70th part of the whole Capacity, which was due to the Drachm and half of Water. We say, upon *Extreme Rarification*; because this seems to be the highest Rate to which any Rarification can attain, in regard the Metal of the *Æolipile* can endure no more violence of the Fire, without Fusion.

As for the *Task*, or Rate, of its utmost *Condensation*; tho many are perswaded, that Aer cannot be reduc'd, by Condensation, to more than a third part of that Space, which it possesseth in its natural state; because they have observ'd, that Water infus'd into a Vessel of three *Heminæ*, doth not exceed two *Heminæ*, in regard of the Aer remaining within: yet certain it is, that Aer may be condens'd to a far higher proportion. For, Experience also confirms, that into the Chamber of a *Wind-Gun* (of usual Di-

menfions) Aer may be intruded, to the weight of a Drachm, or fixty Grains : and that in that Capacity, which contains only an Ounce of Water, it may be fo included, as that yet a greater proportion of Aer may be injected into it. Now therefore, inſo-much as the Aer in *Merſennus's* *Æolipile* amounts to four Grains (at leaſt) or fix (at moſt) which number is ten times multiply'd in fixty; and that the Concave of the *Æolipile* is to the Concave of the Pipe of the Wind-Gun, in proportion ſeſquialteral : by Computation it appears, that the Aer condens'd in the Chamber of the Wind-Gun muſt be ſufficient to fill the *Æolipile* ten times over, or the ſame Chamber fifteen times over, if reſtor'd to its natural Tenour. And hereupon we may ſafely conclude, that Aer may be compress'd in a Wind-Gun, to ſuch a rate, as to be contain'd in a Space fifteen times leſs than what is poſſeſs'd during its natural Laxity; and that by the force only of a Man's Hand, ramming down the Embolus, or charging Iron : which Force being capable of Quadruplication, the Aer may be reduc'd into a ſpace ſubquadruple to the former. If ſo, the Rate of the poſſible Condensation of Aer, will not come much ſhort of that of its extreme Rarification : at leaſt, if a quadruple Force be ſufficient to a quadruple Condensation; and Aer be capable of a quadruple Compreſſion : both which are Difficulties not eaſily determinable.

Paradox XXXII.

'Tis more honourable to Beg than to wear a Crown; or a Paradox in praise of Poverty.

THERE is a Play, call'd, *The Merry Beggars, or the Jovial Crew*; and indeed I wonder we ar'nt all Beggars, for no Man wou'd wear a Crown, did he know the Honour and Happineſs of a poor Condition. I confeſs few Monarchs are of this Opinion : For *Julius Cæſar*, when he ſtood in competition with *Q. Catulus* for the Pontificate, and his Mother diſſuaded him from it, told her, That e're night he wou'd be either the greateſt Man in Rome, or be baniſh'd out of it; he wou'd

be firſt, or none at all. So another time paſſing by a little Town in *Savoy*, he told the Company that was with him, that he had rather be the chiefeſt Man in that Town, than the ſecond man in *Rome*. Of this Spirit was *Cæſar Borgia*, as his Motto diſcover'd, *Aut Cæſar, aut Nullus*. The Spirits of ſome Men (by ſome natural Elevation) are made for Rule; they are too high for the low Roofs they were born in, and therefore cannot live in the Sphere of Privacy and Subjec-

tion. As *Julius Cæsar* cou'd brook no Superiour; so *Pompey* cou'd bear no Peer. *Themistocles* was wont to speak openly, that he was born for Empire and Command; and *Jason Pheræus* wou'd say, that he cou'd not live a Fool, that is, a private Man, and

that he was hungry till he did bear Rule, as *Aristotle* hath recorded of him. — These Men did sweat (in a manner) within the narrow Bounds that their Fathers had left them, as *Alexander* did within the Compass of the known World.

Æstuat infelix angusto limite mundi.

Juv. Sat. 10.

They were straitned and uneasy, and therefore made way with their Swords for more room to breathe in. — But as strange and surprizing as this *Paradox* is, I hope to prove, 'Tis more honourable to beg, than to wear a Crown; or (in plainer words) that the Life of a Beggar is much richer and greater than that of a King.

Sir Walter Raleigh, in a Letter to his Wife, after his Condemnation, hath these Words, *If you can live free from Want, care for no more, the rest is but Vanity.* A little Meat sufficeth to nourish us, a straw Bed (without rich Curtains) will serve to repose us, and a little Earn may well defend us, both from the extremity of Heat, and bitterness of Cold. I cou'd wish with all my heart, that every Man wou'd set before the

Eyes of his Understanding, the two principal Extremities of this Life, and that he wou'd likewise consider, in what *Poverty* we are born, and depart again out of this World: *Naked we first entred into this vain World, and naked must we again leave it.* Is it not then a stupendous Folly, knowing for certain that we are born very poor, and must also die without carrying any thing with us, to torment our selves so much for the Loss of our Goods? It is observ'd that there is this noble and magnanimous Spirit in the *Eagle*, that when she is in want, and greatly suffers hunger, she scorns to pout, and make a noise and a clamour, as other Birds will do, but rests herself satisfy'd, *If I have it not now, I shall have it hereafter.* —

*And none can be unhappy, who
'Mongst all his Ills, a Time does know,
Tho' e'er so ill, when he shall not be so.* —

' The greatest Misfortunes be-
' come tolerable
Moral Essays, ' in time, the
Vol. 1. p. 27. ' Sentiment we
' have of them is
' lost, and vanishes away. *Po-*
' verty, Shame, Diseases, the Loss
' of our being abandon'd by

' *Friends, Parents, Children,* give
' us Blows whose smart lasts not
' long; the Agitation they give
' us, by degrees grows less, till
' it quite ceases. Nay, *Zeno*
' was wont to say, That the Goods
' of the World did more hurt than
' good; which was the cause that
made

made *Crates the Theban*, passing one day from his Country of *Athens* to follow the Study of *Philosophy*, to throw all the Gold and Silver he had about him into the Sea, imagining, that *Virtue and Riches* could never consist to-
 gether. Men of the greatest Sense have generally dy'd Poor; *Valerius, Agrippa, &c.* as also the good *Aristides*, dy'd so poor, that they were fain by Alms to be bury'd.

*Great Butler's Muse the same ill Treatment had,
 Whose Verse shall live for ever to upbraid
 Th' ungrateful World that left such Worth unpaid.
 The BARD at summing up his mis-spent Days,
 Found nothing left but Poverty and Praise;
 Of all his Gain by Verse, he could not save
 Enough to purchase Flannel and a Grave.
 Reduc'd to Want, he in due time fell sick,
 Was fain to die, and be inter'd on Tick.*

}
}

I might also instance in *Epaminondas*, King of *Thebes*, in whose rich House and Palace was found but one poor straw Bed, or base Mattress to put in his Inventory.

What (says *St. Chryostom*) doth distinguish *Angels* from *Men*, but that they are not needy, as we are? And 'tis ever observ'd, that *Mens Desires* increase with their *Riches*; and consequently, they that have most, are the most needy; and therefore the Poor, who have the least in the World, come nearest to *Angels*; and those are the furthest off, who need the most.—He who needs (says *this Father* in another place) many things, is a Slave to many things, is himself the Servant of his Servants, and depends more on them, than they on him.—

So that the Increase of worldly Goods and Honours, being but the Increase of our Slavery and Dependance, reduces us to a more real and effective Misery.—What

hath the *Bravest of Mortals* to glory in? Is it *Greatness*? Who can be Great on so small a Round as this *Earth*, and bounded with so short a course of Time? How like is that to Castles built in the Air, or to Giants model'd (for a Sport of Snow) which at the hotter Looks of the Sun do melt away? But for all this (says the ambitious Man) were I to chuse my Station, I'd be a King at least. How full of Charms is it to imitate the Divine Original of Beings, to see whole Kingdoms crouching to me, to be encompass'd with bare Heads where e'er I go, to have the power of exalting one, and debasing another, of disposing of Life and Death; and, in short, to be an Earthly God?

To this I answer, There appears to me a greater Honour and Happiness in an unenvy'd Cottage (or in the Beggars Life) than in the noisy Crouds of Flatterers.

*Nothing looks in my Retreat
 Discontented or unsweet:*

True, 'tis private, and you know
 Love and Friendship shou'd be so;
 Solitude dissolves the Mind,
 Makes it pleasant, free and kind:
 But the Grandeurs you have known,
 I mean those in London Town;
 These (kind Reader) you'll confess,
 Fears and Dangers make 'em less.
 Crouds, Diseases, Feuds and Noise,
 Render 'em imperfect Joys:
 But in Shades and Silence given
 E'ery Extacy is Heaven.——

Little does the Plebeian know how
 heavy a Crown weighs, how great
 the Trust is, and how hard to be
 manag'd: 'Tis the Court that's
 full of *Ambition, Bribes, Treachery, &c.* The Watch must be
 kept so strictly, that there's no
 time to act virtuously: But in
 the retir'd Solitudes of Poverty,
 one fourth of our Temptations
 are lost, the Uneasiness of the
 Flesh causes a search after the
 Quiet of the Mind. I might
 name *Charles V. Dioclesian,* and
 several others, who laid by their
 Scepters for Spades, and I might
 here tell you how happy the
 Change was.——

But 'twill be again objected,
That the Rich have many Friends,
but few (if any) care for the
Beggar. I shall therefore be
 thought to be half mad to write
 thus in Praise of Poverty, which
 is universally despis'd, but with-
 out any good reason; for abun-
 dance of this World is a Clog to
 the *Christian Pilgrim:* With what
 difficulty do those that have
 Riches enter into the Kingdom of
 Heaven?—— I hear *Israel* pray-
 ing in *Egypt*, quarrelling in the
 Wilderneis; when they were at
 their Brick-Kilns, they wou'd
 see at their Devotion; and no

sooner are they at Ease, but
 they are wrangling for their
Flesh-Pots. I dare say, many a
 Man had not been so wicked, if
 he had but been Poor. It is the
 Saying of a Great Divine, *That*
Solomon's Riches did him more
hurt than his Wisdom did him good.
 Affliction and Want do that ma-
 ny times, which fair means can-
 not; Wealth, like Knowledge,
 puffs up, when Poverty makes
 Men flock to Christ. 'Tis the
Poor receive the Gospel: Then
 how much better is Poverty than
 Riches, if it carries me to Hea-
 ven? Who wou'd not be a *Laza-*
rus for a day, that he might sit in
Abraham's Bosom for ever? Po-
 verty is despis'd, but 'tis the
 best Physick: I know not whether
 Prosperity have lost, or Adversity
 recover'd more: None prays
 so heartily for his daily Bread as
 he that wants it: Misery, like *Jo-*
nah's Fish, sends them to their
 Prayers, that never thought of
 God under their Gourd. It is pity
 fair Weather shou'd do any harm;
 yet it is often seen Riches make
 many forget those Friends which
 Want wou'd make crouch to——
 But Man cannot be so much above
 Man, as that the Difference shou'd
 legitimate his Scorn (*Diogenes's*
Tab)

Tub was a poor House, and yet Alexander wou'd come thither to talk with him) Then how welcome shou'd that State be which keeps us humble, and brings us acquainted with God? Who wou'd pursue the World, when Poverty makes us happy? *Alas Reader!* This World is a Liar, and he will find it so that does not retreat from it. But tho Men wou'd come to Heaven, yet they do not like this way; they like well of *Lazarus* in *Abraham's* Bosom, but not at *Dives's* Door. But, alas! Riches, like the Rose, are sweet but prickly; the Honey doth not countervail the Sting, they end in Vexation; and like *Judas*, while they kiss, they betray. Riches; like their Master, are full of Deceit, promise what they have not. How many have I seen in *London*, that by much Toil have gotten a vast Estate, that at last have envy'd the quiet Rest and merry Meals of their Labourers? *Diogenes* laying his Money at his Head, a Thief was very busy to steal it from him, which troubled him so much, that he cou'd take no rest; so at last, rather than he wou'd deprive himself of his sweet Sleep, he threw it to him, saying, *Take it to thee, thou Wretch, that I may take my Rest*: And I think he was much in the right. My Companion in my present Solitude is much of *Diogenes's* Temper; for he has parted with all he has, and is now (*being Poor*) happy in no bodies Opinion but his own. There is no true Rich Man, but the Contented; nor truly Poor, but the Covetous. If we can but make the best of our own, and think our selves well, even when

others think not so, we are happy Persons. *Socrates* passing thro the Market, cries out, *How much is here I do not need?* Nature is content with little, Grace with less; *Poverty lies in Opinion*. The Characterizer of Mr. *Pym*, pag. 4. tells us of a noble Man, who once acted the *Beggar's part* in a Comedy, and ever after persuaded himself to be in his whole Life what he had personated on the Stage for one hour. — So that 'tis clear, *Opinion is the Rate of Things*: What is needful is soon provided, and enough is as good as a Feast: *I am worth what I do not want*. My Occasions being supply'd with but 500 l. what cou'd I do with more? I will not look at what I have, but what I deserve; and I shall never think my own little, or another's too much.

It is a greater Misery to desire much, than to have nothing: The Rich are ever envy'd, but (tho 'tis hard) 'tis both Safe and Honourable to be contented with a little. Nay, were we so contented, we are happy with nothing, or with a small Pittance.

The Poor of *B——r* Village (where I now live) are as well pleas'd with their Hempen S—cks (for the Parish allows no better) as your fine Ladies, whose delicate Skins are cover'd with Lawn. — Contentation is a Blessing, not Wealth. True Riches and Honour consist not in having much, but in not desiring more. Some think they havenot enough if they have not all. Thus have I seen some Beasts, not knowing when they were well, burst with feeding.

Did not *Diogenes* well perceive this, being not illuminated with

any other Knowledge, than only that which *Nature taught him*; when he chose such a kind of *Life*, which (I think) is unknown to no Man, whereby he made himself equal, and fellow (as it were) with Fortune? Surely, his Estate was most happy, and yet had he neither *Money, Possessions, Meadows, Gardens or Houses*; neither wou'd he that *Alexander* shou'd bestow any on him. For, as the History noteth, *Alexander* came one day to behold him as a Wonder, and said unto him, *Diogenes, behold I am ready to supply thy need, because I see thee Poor*. *Diogenes* thus boldly answer'd him; I pray thee which of us two seemeth to be most indigent or needy? I, who have nothing but my *Mantle and my Wallet*, neither do desire any more; or thou, who not contented with thy Father's Kingdom, dost offer thy self to so many Dangers, only thro' desire thou *hast to Rule*; and that Desire is so great, as it seemeth the whole World will scarce content it? Certainly, whosoever judgeth the state of *Diogenes* unhappy, by like reason may repute himself most unhappy; perceiving the poor Man to be pleas'd, and himself never satisfy'd. The Things of this World are in a manner but Apparitions, not so indeed; why then do we so labour to abound, and not rather to be content? But some Men are in such *hast to be rich*, that they do not climb, but vault into Preferment at a Leap. I know not their sleight, I mistrust their quickness; few Men were ever *Great and Good in an Instant*: all the harm I wish these, is, that their early Rising do them no harm. But what does their Wealth signify, seeing Earth is but our Road to Heaven, and Riches such mean things, that like High-way-Fruit, they are common to all?—Besides, *what will it profit a Man to gain the whole World, and lose his Soul?* I will grudge no Man *Riches and Honours*, if he has 'em (as most have) upon those Terms. It shall suffice me there is another World to come, and that mine shall begin when this is ended.—I will be content to want this for a while, that I may enjoy that other for ever. What is *Dives* the better to *outshine Lazarus*, and at last die and be damn'd? The good Man takes his God as he doth his Wife, for *Richer for Poorer, in Sickness and in Health*: We may not always judg of God's Favour by his Bounty; I am but a *Novice in Religion*, if I think I can be God's *Son and miserable*. A rich Court is a goodly Sight, but he that looks up to Heaven, will not care for the World. All the Afflictions of this World cannot answer the Joys of that other. Then where is the *Dis honour in Begging?* For as *Fortune is not my Landlady*, so I fear not her *Displeasure*; and, which still adds to the Happiness of a poor Condition, if I possess nothing, my Account is less. But to the Disgrace of Riches, 'tis hard in Prosperity for Men to remember themselves, and what they have receiv'd of God; we are apt to forget what we have been, when we are *chang'd for the better*. *Pharaoh's Butler* forgot he was a Prisoner. It is too true that many love God for their own sakes; either they are poor,

poor, and wou'd be rais'd, or they are sick, and wou'd be heal'd; and like Beggars, no sooner are they serv'd, but they are gone. — I cou'd tell you, Reader, of a Miser worth Hundreds, that never did a generous Act, but promis'd mighty things if he arriv'd to such an Estate. If I had his Wealth (as I am Heir to it) and do no more good, I shall add to my Condemnation, together with my Store. I will therefore study rather to use my little well, than to increase it——God is therefore bountiful to us, that we might be so to others: *He alone hath the true use of Wealth, that receives it only to disburse it.*

Dionysius the Elder, entering into his Son's Lodging, and beholding there great store of rich Jewels and Gold, said unto him, *My Son, I did not give thee these Riches to use in this sort, but to impart them to thy Friends.* But so few spend their Riches as they ought, that I think Poverty preferable to Wealth; and the rather, as Poverty comes not from the East, nor from the West, but from God himself. He hath

said to every Man, *Rule thou here, or work thou there, be this, or thus.* Then why do Men grudge at their Wants, when it is not Chance, but Providence? *It is less Honour to be rich, than to be able to despise the World;* the less I have here, the more I have to come. No *Lazarus* wou'd change states with that *Dives*, who if he might but live again, wou'd be *Lazarus* to chuse: Then who'd make haste to be Rich or Great? I hear *Israel* chide, not for eating, but for laying up their Manna. — If Prosperity make me fond of Life, or afraid of dying, it had been better for me, if it had not been so well. 'Tis true, when Fortune smiles upon a Man, his Relations that shunn'd his Company when it frown'd upon him, flock to him again, as if he were come from a strange Country, to welcome him home; they now offer their Services, with a thousand Protestations of the sincerest Friendship to him, whom a little before they denied to have a drop of their Blood in his Veins.

*Money being the common Scale
Of Things, by Measure, Weight and Tale,
In all th' Affairs of Church and State,
Is both the Ballance and the Weight;
For Money is the only Pow'r
That all Mankind fall down before.
The Soldier does it every Day
(Eight to the Week) for six Pence Pay;
Your Petty-Foggers damn their Souls
To share with Knaves in cheating Fools:
And Merchants ventring thro the Main,
Slight Pirates, Rocks and Horns, for Gain.
This Money has a Pow'r above
The Stars and Fates to manage Love;*

Those Arrows, learned Poets hold,
That never fail, are tip'd with Gold.

And tho' Love's all the World's Pretence,
Money's the Mythologick Sense:

The real Substance of the Shadow,
Which all address, and Courtship's made to:

For Money 'tis that is the great
Provocative to amorous Heat;

'Tis Beauty always in the Flow'r,
That Buds and Blossoms at Fourscore;

'Tis Virtue, Wit, and Worth, and all,
That Men Divine and Sacred Call:

For what's the Worth of any thing,
But so much Money as 'twill bring?

Virtue now, nor noble Blood,
Nor Wit by Love is understood;
Gold alone does Passion move,
Gold monopolizes Love.

A Curse on her, and on the Man
Who this Traffick first began!

A Curse, all Curses else above,
On him who us'd it first in Love!

Gold begets in Brethren Hate,
Gold, in Families Debate,

Gold does Friendship separate.
These the smallest Harms of it,

Gold, alas! does Love beget.

Hence 'tis no Lover has the Pow'r
To enforce a desperate Amour;

As he that has two Strings to's Bow,
And burns for Love and Money too;

For then he's brave and resolute,
Disdains to render in his Suit:

Has all his Flames and Raptures double,
And hangs and drowns with half the Trouble.

It guides the Fancy and the Mind,
No Bankrupt finds a Fair One kind.

Thus Money, like the Swords of Kings,
Is the last Reason of all Things.

But tho' the only thing Men are valu'd for is their Money, yet a moderate Fortune is the only thing to be wish'd and pray'd for in this World, lest we be either tempted to Wantonness, thro' a too great Plenty, or press'd into Despair by the Sting of a pinching Necessity. I will pray therefore with Agur, Lord, give me neither Wealth, nor Poverty, but a Mean; or if Wealth, Grace to employ it; if Poverty, Patience to endure it; if I'm Poor and Religious, I can ne'er be unhappy, but am richer and greater than an Earthly King;

King; for then God is my Father, the Angels are my Fellows, Heaven is my Inheritance, and what can I ask more, save to be in that blessed Place, where Riches have no Wings, and every Lazarus wears a Crown?—And as in Heaven the poorest Beggar is a King, so on Earth they are so dear to God, that Solomon tells us, *He that mocketh the Poor, reproacheth his Maker*; and, which wou'd make one in love with Poverty, they that have least, are freest from Cares. The Poor are in no danger from Plots or Robbing—*The Money-less Traveller can sing before a Thief*; neither is he that's as poor as Job, in any danger of Starving; for in most Churches they have that respect for the Needy, that 'tis writ in Capital Letters (as in Cripplegate Church) —*Pray remember the Poor*— And Heaven it self has taken that care of 'em, that in Cases of Wrong, Restitution must be made to the Poor, where the right Owner is dead; and to encourage the Rich to be kind, nothing makes their Names shine so much as Charity.

Salvian saith, that Christ himself is *Mendicorum maximus*, the greatest Beggar in the World, as one that shareth in all his Saints Necessities, and will never forget the charitable Person. Cicero cou'd say, *That to be rich, is not to possess much, but to use much*. And Seneca cou'd rebuke them that so studied to increase their Wealth, that they forgot to use it. I have read of one Evagrius a rich Man, that lying upon his Death-bed, being importun'd by Synesius a pious Bishop, to give something to charitable Uses, he

yielded at last to give three hundred Pounds; but first took Bond of the Bishop that it shou'd be repay'd him in another World. Before he had been one day dead, He is said to have appear'd to the Bishop, delivering in the Bond cancel'd, as thereby acknowledging, what was promis'd was made good according to that Promise.

What we give to the Poor, we secure from the Thief; but what we withhold from his Necessity, a Thief possesses. God's Exchequer is the *poor Man's Box*; when we strike a Tally, he becomes our Debtor. Felix the Fifth being demanded whether he kept any Hounds? He brought them that ask'd him to a place where a great Company of poor People sat down together at Dinner, saying, *Behold, these are my Hounds which I feed daily*, with the which I hope to hunt for the Kingdom of Heaven. St. Chrysostom was a rare Spokes-man for the *Almighty's Box* (such are the Poor) when he said, That God commanded Alms, not so much for the Poor's sake, as the good of the Rich. — Another callis Charity to the Poor, *An Art the most thriving of all Arts*. Nay, the Almighty often maketh present payment (knowing how hardly he can get Credit from our Infidelity) and even in Temporals. Thy Bread cast upon the Waters, makes better Returns than *East-India Voyages*. But if the Rich shou'd be hard-hearted, the Poor have Law on their side, and can force the Parish, where they were born, to keep 'em.—And if they happen to be kin to Estates, and han't Money to claim their Right,

Right, yet they can sue in *Forma Pauperis*; and if the Lawyers were honest, I don't see but the Poor are the most likely to carry the day, as their Necessities plead, as well as the Lawyer, and the Justice of their Cause.— Or if they are baulk'd in a just Suit, the worst that can be said, is,——*There goes a poor (injur'd) honest Man*, which is more honorable than to have it said,——*There goes a rich Knave*. But suppose they had no Advocate, yet at worst they can beg for their daily Bread; and then when they sleep, Heaven is their Canopy, and *Mother Earth their Pillow*. Beggars, more than others, seem to be the peculiar Care of Providence: *Then who'd be a King, when a Beggar lives so well?* Or if all Support for their Bodies fail, to stand their Ground, and look to Heaven for *a handful of Supply*, speaks their Faith. *At a Lion's Den, or a fiery Furnace*, not to turn our Back, is a Commendation worthy a Prophet.— When our Saviour wou'd put to silence the Disturbers of his Time, he points them to the *Lillies of the Field* (not of Gardens, which are dig'd and dung'd) but of the Field, which have *no Gardiner but the Sun*, no watering Pots but the Clouds; and your Heavenly Father (*says he*) clothes these.— Then who'd be afraid of Beggary, that has such a merciful Father to go to?——'Tis true, the Poor are Slaves to the Rich, and their Words little regarded. We read of a poor wise Man, *that by his Wisdom deliver'd a City*, yet no

Man remember'd that poor Man. Yet this Text adds to the Honour of Poverty, as it makes it the Touchstone to try a Friend.— *A Friend in need is a Friend indeed*.—And there be some (tho very few) that have Souls brave enough to own a Friend in a Prison. Prov. 17. 17. *A Friend loveth at all times, and a Brother is born for Adversity*.—— For my own share (for I'll speak the Truth, tho to my own Praise) I never lov'd a Friend the worse for being either *poor, miserable or despis'd*.——

Thus have I made it out (to the Praise of Poverty) *That 'tis more honourable to beg than to wear a Crown*. Earth is a place of Penance, but *brown Bread and the Gospel * is good* **'Twas a Fare*. Earth is a place of Toil and Labours, *piou's Dod and Men go not to work in their best Clothes*. Men shou'd do well to *furnish their Insides* a little better, and let the Body shift. I never heard any Man blam'd for his *Rags*, but I hear it upbraided to one, that he went in *Purple*.——I might further add, to the Honour of Poverty, That the Saviour of the World was *born in a Stable*; and *tho the Foxes have Holes, and the Birds of the Air have Nests*, yet the Son of Man *had not where to lay his Head*. In the † *Beggar we honour the Poverty of Jesus Christ, his Humility in those that are Humble, and his Sufferances in the Afflicted*. † *Moral Essays, V. 1. p. 145.*

Paradox XXXIII.

That Ambition is a most commendable Virtue, and inseparable from a Gallant Spirit.

AS Water serves for a *Medium* of Union in natural Composition; so Ambition serves to familiarize Pains and Dangers in great Enterprizes. For it makes Children strive to get Credit in little Exercises, and Men think nothing so high but may be soar'd to by the Wings of *Ambition*, which is a desire of exalting our selves, and over-topping the common sort. The Object of it is *Honour*, in the pursuit of which, three things are consider'd; namely, the *Mediocrity*, the *Excess*, and the *Defect*. The *Mediocrity* is call'd *Magnanimity*, or Greatness of Courage, by which we seek the great Honours which we merit: The *Excess* is call'd *Vanity*, when we pursue great Dignities which we deserve not: The *Defect* is call'd *Pusillanimity*, when a Man hath so little Spirit that he deprives himself of Honours, tho he is worthy of them. Now as *Liberality* answers to *Magnificence*, so to *Magnanimity* answers another Virtue which hath no name in *Aristotle*, and differs from it but in degree. For that hath regard to great Honours, and this to moderate; and, as all other Virtues, it hath its two vicious *Extremes*; its *Excess*, which is call'd *Ambition*; and its *Defect*, which is *want of Ambition*. Moreover, there are *two* kinds of *Ambition*; *one* which is bounded within the Limits of each Condition, whereby every one desires to become perfect in his Art, and to excel others of the same Condition; which is very laudable, and argues that he whom it possesses hath something in him more excellent than the *Vulgar*. The *Other* is that which carries us to Honours, which greatly exceed the Bounds of our Condition, and are not due to us. This is very blameable and dangerous, because it causes great Confusion in Mens Minds, and consequently in States. For what is more absurd, than for a Citizen to act a Gentleman, or a Gentleman a Prince? Yea even this last ought to set bounds to his Ambition; for extreme and immoderate Ambition is a perpetual Rack and Torture to the Soul, and begets an *Hydropick Thirst* in it, which all the Waters of the World cannot allay.

*Then from great Noise and factious Strife,
From all the busy Ills of Life;
Take me, my Daphne, to thy Breast,
And lull my weary'd Soul to rest;
For ever in this humble Cell,
Let thee and I, my fair one, dwell:*

To painted Roofs and shining Spires,
 Th' uneasy Seats of high Desires ;
 Let the unthinking Many croud,
 Who dare be Covetous and Proud ;
 In golden Bondage let them wait,
 And barter Happiness for State.
 But, Oh ! my Daphne, when thy Swain
 Desires to see a Court again ;
 May Heav'n around this destin'd Head,
 The choicest of its Curses shed ;
 To sum up all the Rage of Fate,
 In the two Things I dread and hate,
 May'st thou be False, and I be Great.

But Ambition, which is moderate, in my Judgment, is not only unblameable, but very Praise-worthy, since it is a Desire of Perfection: and never any Person was ambitious in this manner, but he was either virtuous, or in the way to be so. For this Ambition proceeds from a desire of Glory, and being accounted better, greater, and wiser than others; and it is grounded upon the knowledg we

have, and wou'd derive to others of our peculiar Merit. And tho the Man be not virtuous, yet there is nothing more proper to render him so, than such Ambition; one of the most powerful Spurs to encourage a well-temper'd Soul to Virtue. 'Tis an Instrument that smooths all its rough Paths: 'Tis a Flame that enkindles generous Purposes in the Soul to surmount all kinds of Obstacles.

*Great Souls discern not when the Leap's too wide,
 They Jump, and only view the farther side.*

Wou'd you see its Excellence? Compare this Ambition, from whence sprang those brave Thoughts which brought so great Glory to Alexander, Cesar, and all those other Heroes of Antiquity, with the shameful Sloth of the infamous Sardanapalus, Heliogabalus, and other Epicures bury'd in the Ordures of their Vices, for want of this noble desire of Glory. But it is most remarkable, in reference to Ambition, that they who blame it, are themselves ambitious: for they do so only to ostentate themselves; and they who have writ-

ten Books against *Vain-glory*, have yet set their Names in the Frontispiece; and wherefore, but to be talk'd of?

In short, it is so true that there is a *laudable Ambition*, that not only all that is rare in Arts and Sciences, but also all the bravest heroick Actions owe their being to it. 'Tis one of the most commendable Virtues natural to Man, and inseparable from a gallant Spirit: It is so much the more excellent, in that it hath for its Object the most excellent of all external Goods, namely Honour, which Men offer to God,

God, as the most precious thing they have, and which Legislators (finding nothing more valuable) propose for the Guerdon of Virtue. This may serve to explain what is commonly said, *That Virtue is a Reward to it self*: Legislators having determin'd that virtuous Men shou'd find the recompence of their brave Actions, in that noble desire of the Glory which they deserve. So that he is no less blameable, who deserving Honours and Dignities, and being able to support and exercise them worthily and profitably to the Publick, doth not seek them, than he that strives for them and is unworthy thereof. Yea, the former seems to me much more blame-worthy than the latter, *whose Ambition*, tho' immoderate, denotes Greatness of Spirit; whereas the former, too much distrusting himself, and not daring to attain or reach forth his Hand to what appertains by Right unto him, shews abundantly *the Lowness of his Mind*, or the little account he makes of Virtue, by slighting Honour, which is the shadow and reward of it, and depriving himself of the means to perform virtuous Actions, which he may better exercise in *Offices and Dignities*, than in a private Life: And which is more, he sets a pernicious Example to his Fellow Citizens to neglect that Recompence of Virtue, which costs the State less than any other.

Paradox XXXIV.

Nescience: or, a Paradox proving we know Nothing.

THIS nice Paradox was merrily argu'd [*Pro & Con*] by the whole *Athenian Society*: The first Member asserting, That all our Knowledg *seems to be false*. First, on the part of the Object, there being but one true of it self, *namely God*, whom we know not, and cannot know; because to know adequately is to comprehend, and to comprehend is to contain; and the thing contain'd must be less than that which contains it: To know a thing inadequately, *is not to know it*. Secondly, on the part of our Intellect, which must be made like to what it knows, or rather turn'd into its Nature; whence he that thinks of a serious thing, becomes serious himself; he that conceives some ridiculous thing laughs without design, and all the Longings of Child-bearing Women end where they began. But 'tis impossible for us to become perfectly like to *what we would know*. Thirdly, this Impossibility proceeds from our manner of knowing, which being by some Inference or Consequence from what is already known, *we can never enjoy any thing*, because we know nothing at all when we come into the World.

Seeing aright, we see our Woes,
 Then what avails it to have Eyes?
 From Ignorance our Comfort flows,
 The only wretched are the Wise.

But shou'd we acquire any Knowledge, it wou'd be only by our internal and external Senses: both are fallacious, and consequently cannot afford certain Knowledge. For, as to the external, the Eye which seems the surest of all the Senses, apprehends things at distance to be less than they really are, a straight Stick in the Water to be crooked, the Moon to be of the bigness of a Cheese, tho'tis near that of the Earth; the Sun greater at Rising and Setting than at Noon; the Shoar to move, and the Ship to stand still; square Things to be round at a distance, an erect Pillar to be less at the top. Nor is the Hearing less subject to mistake, as the Eccho, and a Trumpet sounded in a Valley, makes the Sound seem before us when 'tis far behind us: Pronunciation alters the sense of Words. Besides, that both these Senses are erroneous in the time of their Perception, as is seen in felling of Woods and Thunder. The Smell and Taste, yea the Touch itself, how gross soever it be, are deceiv'd every day in sound Persons as well as in Sick; and what do our Drinkers in rubbing their Palates with Salt and Spice, but wittingly beguile it, grating the Skin thereof, that so the Wine may punge it more sensibly. But the great fallacy is in the Operation of the inward Senses. For the Phansey oftentimes is persuaded that it hears and sees what it doth not; and our Reasoning

is so weak, that in many Disciplines scarce one Demonstration is found, tho this alone produceth Science. Wherefore 'twas Democritus's Opinion that Truth is hidden in a Well, that she may not be found by Men.

The Second said, That to know, is to understand the Cause whereby a thing is, and to be certain that there can be no other but that; the word Cause being taken for Principle. Therefore when Men know by the Senses, by Effects, by external Accident, or such other things which are not the Cause, they cannot be said to know by Science; which requires that the Understanding be fully satisfy'd in its Knowledge, wherein if there be any Doubt it hath not Science, but Opinion. This scientific Knowledge is found in no other Discipline but *Logick and Geometry*, in regard of the certainty of their Principles, which are so clear that they are alike known by all, even the most ignorant, who need only understand their Terms to assent to their Truth: Such as these are, Every thing which is said of the Genus, is also said of the Species; and what is not said of the Genus, is not said of the Species; which they call, *Dictum de omni, & de nullo*. If to equal things you add equal things, the remainder will be equal; and if to unequal things you add unequal things, the remainder will be unequal. For whereas Beasts have a natural Faculty, which is the common

common Sense, or estimative Faculty, whereby they judg of the Convenience or Inconvenience of Objects the first time the same are presented to them: Man, beyond this natural Power inhabling him to judg of sensible Objects, hath a peculiar one, which is the Intellectual, by means whereof he is said to be every thing in power, because it inhabling him to know every thing, and to judg of the Truth or Falseness of universal things, which are Principles. And as the Eye beholding White or Black judges sufficiently what colour it is, without seeking reasons thereof elsewhere than within it self; so the Intellect discerns the Truth of Principles by it self, without the help of any other Faculty, yea without the habit of any Science; because these Principles being before the Science, whereof they are Principles, must be more clear and known than it: whence Intelligence is defin'd the Habit or Knowledg of such first Principles. Thus, ask a Geometrician why the whole is greater than its part, he can give you no other reason but that 'tis a Principle known of its own Nature.

The Third said, That Geometry being the Knowledg of eternal Truths by infallible Principles, is most certain. And 'tis an evidence of its certainty that it neither proposes nor demonstrates why a thing is such, but only that it is such. As 'tis propos'd and demonstrated that in the same Segment of a Circle all the Angles are equal, but not why they are so, because 'tis a Truth which comes to our Knowledg by certain Principles, and Proposi-

tions formerly demonstrated, as certain as the Principles themselves. Hence this Truth is demonstrated, which nevertheless hath not any Cause of its Existence, as frail and perishing things have; no material, being abstracted from all Matter; nor efficient, for the Agent is not in any way consider'd therein; nor formal, an Angle being of its own nature only the Inclination of Lines; nor yet final, this being not made to any Intention. In like manner 'tis demonstrated, that four Numbers or four Lines being proportional (that is, when there is such reason of the first to the second, as of the third to the fourth) the square of the two Extremes is equal to the square of the two middlemost; but not why 'tis so, this Question occurring only in dubious Things.

The Fourth said, That Knowledg being desir'd by all Men, who for this end are endu'd with an Intellect capable of all sorts of Notions, it must needs be found in some Subjects, otherwise Nature shou'd have given us a general desire of a thing which is not: And since there are Causes of every thing, there must be a Science of those Causes. But the multitude of apparent Causes is the reason that we are oftentimes ignorant of the right, and take one for another, the Shadow for the Body, and Appearance for Truth; which argues not that there is no Knowledg, but rather few knowing Persons. For Socrates, who said he knew nothing but that he knew nothing, and the Pyrrhonians, who doubted of every thing, had even a Knowledg of their Ignorance. Moreover,

the exact Knowledg Men have by the Senses of particular things, necessarily carries them to that of Universals, wherein Science consists: As he that often experienc'd in divers Persons that *Sena* purg'd their melancholy, acquires of himself this general Notion, that all *Sena* purges melancholy. And, on the contrary, he who understands a general proportion in gross, may of himself apply the same to all Particulars; so great a Connexion there is between Things universal and particular, in which the fruit of Science consists.

The Fifth said, Since all Knowledg depends upon another Proposition, which is what they call Principles, those which compose the Sciences must also distinguish the same. Wherefore Sciences are to be term'd *certain or uncertain*, according as the pre-existent Notions whereupon they are founded are certain or not. Now amongst those Principles some are universal, common to all Sciences, as those of Metaphysics, in all things either the Affirmative or the Negative is true; that which is not, hath no Propriety. Besides which, 'tis necessary to have particular ones proper to the Science, which are true, first, immediate Causes of the Conclusion, preceding and more known than it. The six Conditions requisite to Principles in order to a Demonstration: They must be *true, not false*; for that which is false, exists not; that which exists not, cannot be a Cause of that which exists, nor consequently a false Principle be the Cause of a true Demonstration. First, that is not proveable by others

immediate, so conjoyn'd with the Attribute that there is nothing between them two to join them more nearly: Causes of the Conclusion, that is, this Principle must be the necessary Cause of this Truth; and consequently precede, and be more known than it. As taking this for a Principle, that the Interposition of an opaque Body between Light, and a Body illuminated, causes a Shadow upon this Body; we conclude, that as often as the Earth is found interpos'd between the Sun, which is the Light, and the Moon which is the Body illuminated, it will necessarily come to pass that there will be a shadow upon the Body of the Moon, which is its Eclipse.

The Sixth said, 'Twas the Error of *Socrates*, that observing our Sciences depending on other preceding Notions, he apprehended *that we learned nothing new*, but that Science was nothing but the remembrance of what the Soul formerly knew before its being inclos'd in this Body: not considering that the Knowledg of Principles and Notions is confus'd and not distinct, and that the Knowledg of them in gross is not sufficient to denominate a Person knowing; but that we must first draw universal Conclusions from them, then apply the same to Particulars, without which application those Principles wou'd be unprofitable, and not produce any Science. Thus the *Divine* applies this general Principle, That that which is contrary to the Law of God is evil, to particular Conclusions, as to Murder, Theft and Perjury. The *Physician*, who holds for a Principle

ciple that Contraries are cur'd by their Contraries, draws these other Conclusions from it, that a cold Distemper is cur'd by hot Medicaments, a Hot by refrigerating; Obstruction by Openers, which he applies again to particular Subjects. *The Statesman*, from this general Principle, That every thing that disturbs the public Quiet is to be repress'd, concludes that the Seditious are to be punish'd. So, 'tis not enough for a *Mathematician* to know that equal Things added to equal Things are likewise equal, unless he apply this universal Principle to particular Lines, Surfaces and Bodies: Which, is done either by the Synthetical, or by the Analytical way (which nevertheless must be follow'd by the Synthetical.) Now 'tis in the application of these general Rules to Particulars, that Error is committed even in the most certain Sciences.

The Seventh and Eighth said, That there are few Sciences, because there are few Principles and Propositions demonstrable; as the Contingent and the Absolute are not. Whence it is that the future is not demonstrable, and hence follows the *Incertainty of Politicks*. Wherefore only necessary Propositions, whereof (the Truth is) permanent and eternal are demonstrable; and all these are necessarily demonstrable because they have infallible Principles; yet only such of these whose Principles are known by Men, are demonstrable by Men. So 'tis certain that the Inundation of *Nilus*, and the *Flux and Reflux of the Sea* are not demonstrable, because Men know not, the Prin-

ciples are not known; and if we know nothing certain, it appears how ridiculous they are who undertake to demonstrate *every thing*.

The Ninth positively prov'd we knew nothing, and introduc'd this *Paradox*, with saying, The greatest Divines have acknowledg'd many *Δυσνόητα*, Things hard to be understood; yea, diverse *ἄλυτα*, Knots that cannot be untied, till there either come further light into this World, or we be translated into a better. Such as every modest Christian will be ready to say of, as the learned *Cajetan* did concerning the reason of that Difference, which in the *Hebrew* Text is observable betwixt the Title of *Psalms* 121. and those *Other* Psalms of Degrees, *Reservo Spiritui Sancto*, I reserve the Solution of this and that doubt to the holy Spirit: For to him, and the other Divine Persons, such things are no Riddles; tho' to us they be dark and enigmatical, yea perhaps unsearchable. Altho' we ever and anon meet with Cause of crying out as *St. Paul* once did: *Rom. 11. 33. How unsearchable are his Judgments, and his Ways past finding out!* Let us always remember and believe that of *St. James*, *Acts 15. 18. Known unto God are all his Works from the beginning of the World.* And this *Divine Omniscience* should put the wisest of Men in mind of their *Abscience*, keep them from leaning to their own Understandings, and give them just occasion to think of an Answer to *Zophar's* Question, *What canst thou know?* If the Secrets of Nature do so puzzle thee, what canst thou know concerning those much greater

Secrets of Grace and Glory? Of which Luther very excellently, *Philosophy receives them not, Faith doth. The Authority of Scripture is greater by far than the Capacity of our Wit, and the Holy Ghost than Aristotle.* Well may the death of Divine Understanding (which the Psalmist saith is infinite, *Great is the Lord, and of great Power, his Understanding is infinite*) cause us to reflect upon the Shallowness, the Finiteness, yea the Folly of our own. For if the Foolishness of God be wiser

than Men, as the Apostle telleth us it is, 1 Cor. 1. 25. what is his Wisdom? And, if the Wisdom of this World be Foolishness with God, 1 Cor. 3. 19. what is its Folly? No wonder if one * learned Man wrote a Book of the *Vanity of Sciences*, others † of the *Nullity*, *Quod nihil scitur*: And under such Uncertainties how can we say that we know any thing? or at least these Uncertainties in human Knowledge convince me, that Learning is but the Cobweb of the Brain.

*A Trade of Knowledge as replete
As others are with Fraud and Cheat;
A Cheat that Scholars put upon
Other Mens Reason and their own:
A sort of Error to insconse
Absurdity and Ignorance;
That renders all th' Avenues
To Truth, impervious and abstruse:
By making plain Things in Debate,
By Art perplex'd and intricate:
As if Rules were not, in the Schools,
Deriv'd from Truth, but Truth from Rules.
This Pagan Heathenish Invention
Is good for nothing but Contention:
For as in Sword and Buckler Fight,
All Blows do on the Target light;
So when Men argue, the greatest part
O' th' Contest falls on Terms of Art:
Until the Puzilian stuff be spent,
And then they fall to th' Argument.*

However if the wise || Heathen profest, *The only thing he knew was this, that he knew not any thing at all*: If Friar ** Paul of Venice, the judicious Author of that excellent History of the Council of Trent, was wont to say, *The more we study, the more we see how little or nothing we understand*; yea, if more knowing

* Cornel. Agrip. † Autor. Verderius, Franc. Zanch. M. D.
|| *Hoc unum scio quod nihil scio*, Socrates. ** *Quo magis studiis incumbimus et magis nos videre quam nihil scimus*, Ap. Jo. Bevoritium, Epist. quast. p. 36.

Men than any of these abounded in acknowledgments of their own Ignorance; <i>Asaph</i> , Psal. 73. 22. So foolish was I and ignorant, I was as a Beast before thee; <i>Agur</i> , Prov 30. 23. Surely I am more brutish than any Man, and have not the	Understanding of a Man; I nei- ther learned Wisdom, nor have the knowledg of the Holy. Then true is that of our great Apostle, 1 Cor. 3. 2. If any Man think that he knows any thing, he knows nothing at as he ought to know.
--	--

Paradox XXXV.

That Nature doth not abhor all Vacuity per se, but only
 ex Accidenti, or in respect to Fluxility.

<p>Naturam abhorere Vacuum, is indeed a Maxim, and a true one; but not to be under- stood in any other than a <i>meta-</i> <i>phorical</i> Sense. For, as every Animal; by the instinct of Self- conservation, abhors the Solution of Continuity in his Skin, caus'd by any Puncture, Wound, or La- ceration; tho it be no Offence to him to have his Skin pink'd or perforated all over with in- sensible Pores; so also by the in- dulgence of a Metaphor, may Nature be said to abhor any great or sensible Vacuity, or Solution of Continuity, such as is ima- gin'd in the Desert Space of the Tube; tho it be familiar, nay useful and grateful to her, to ad- mit those insensible Inanities, or minute Porosities, which consti- tute a <i>Vacuum Disseminatum</i>. We say, by the <i>Indulgence of a Me-</i> <i>taphor</i>, because we import a kind of sense in Nature, analogous to that of Animals. And, tolerat- ing this metaphorical Speech, that Nature hath a kind of sense like that of Animals; yet, if we al- low for the vastity of her Body, can it be conceiv'd no greater</p>	Trouble or Offence to her, to ad- mit such a Solution of Conti- nuity or Emptiness, as this sup- pos'd in the Desert Space of the Tube, than to an Animal, to have any one Pore in his Skin more than ordinarily relaxed and expanded for the Transudation of a drop of Sweat. This perpended, it can seem no <i>Antiaxiomatism</i> to affirm, <i>That Nature doth not abhor</i> <i>Vacuity per se, but only ex Acci-</i> <i>dentibus: i. e.</i> upon this respect, that in Nature is somewhat, for whose sake she doth not, without some reluctancy, admit a Coacer- vate or sensible Vacuity. Now that somewhat existent in Nature <i>per se</i> , in relation to which she seems to oppose and decline any sensible Vacuity, can be no other than the <i>Fluxility</i> of her Atomi- cal Particles, especially those of <i>Fire, Air and Water</i> . And, for ought we poor Haggard Mortals do, or can, by the Light of Na- ture, know to the contrary, all those vast Spaces from the mar- gent of the Atmosphere, whose Altitude exceeds not 40 Miles (according to <i>Merfennus</i> and <i>Gas-</i> <i>sendus</i>) perpendicular, up to the
---	---

Region of the fix'd Stars, are not only fluid, but *inane*; abating only those Points, which are pervaded by the Rays of the Sun and other Celestial Bodies. But, why shou'd we lead the Thoughts of our Reader up to remote Objects, whose Sublimity proclaims their Incertitude; when from hence only, that the Aer is a *fluid* Substance, it is a manifest direct and unstrained Consequence, that the immediate Cause of its avoidance of any sensible or coacervate Vacuity, is the Confluxibility of its Atomical Particles; which being in their natural Contexture contiguous in some, tho' not all Points of their Superficies, must of necessity press or bear each upon other, and so mutually compel each other, that no one Particle can be remov'd out of its place, but instantly another succeeds and possesses it; and so there can be no Place left empty; as hath been frequently explain'd by the simile of a heap of Sand? Now, if the Confluxibility of the insensible Particles of the Aer, be the immediate and *per se* Cause of its avoidance of any aggregate sensible Solution of Continuity; we need no farther justification of our Position, that Nature doth oppose Vacuity sensible not *per se*, but only in order to the affection of Confluxibility, *i. e. ex Accidenti*.

Again, shou'd we swallow this precarious supposition of the *Æther*, with no less Pertinacity

than Ingenuity asserted by many Moderns, but professedly by *Naturalis*, in both his Treatises (*Physica Vetus & Nova, & Plenum experimentis nris confirmatum*) and admit, that Nature provided that most tenuious and fluid Substance chiefly to prevent Vacuity; yet cannot the Appetite of our Curiosity be satisfy'd, that the Desert Space in the Tube is replenish'd with the same, penetrating thro' the Glass; until they have solv'd that Apparence of the violent Interruption of the ambient Air into the Orifice of the Tube, so soon as it is educed out of the subjacent Liquors, the Quicksilver and Water, by the same Hypothesis. Which whether they have done, so as to demonstrate, that the sole cause of the Aer's impetuous rushing into the Canal of the Tube, and prodigiously elevating the ponderous Bodies of Quicksilver and Water residuous therein, is not the Reflux of the incumbent Aer; by the Ascension of the restagnant Quicksilver in the Vessel, compressed to too deep and diffus'd a Subingression of its insensible Particles, to recover its natural Laxity, by regaining those Spaces, from which it was expelled and secluded; and to supply the defect of this reason, by substituting some other Syntactical to their Hypothesis of the *Æther*, which shall be more verisimilous and plausible: this we ought to refer to the judgment of those, who have attentively and equitably perus'd their Writings.

Paradox XXXVI.

Proving, That Women ought to Paint; in a Letter representing a Lady who had been Satyriz'd by a Person of Quality for Painting her Face, &c.

Sir Richard,

YOUR main Argument against our Sex in this particular proves *too much*, and therefore nothing at all: We cannot make use of a little innocent Art, in order to please and oblige you, and preserve your *fickle Hearts*, but you exclaim immediately that we are for *quarrelling Nature*, that we are guilty of intolerable *Pride* and *Vanity*, and discontented with him that made us. And why do you not bring the same *Accusations* against us for wearing *Clothes*, or such *Colours* as we find most become us— as you your *Wigs*, according to your *Complexion*? *Deformity* is not *Nature*, and consequently one that endeavors to hide her *Crookedness* for Example, only strives to conceal what is *unnatural*, to throw that behind the *Scenes*, which wou'd not so well bear a *publick View*.

Nature it self endeavours to hide whatever is *undecent* and *unseemly*: If we do the same, we only *imitate* her, and you cannot blame us for it without great *Injustice*.

But you will perhaps say, What is all this to *Painting* and *Dawbing* our *Faces*, at which you are so highly *displeas'd*? Yes, it affects even that so much, that it takes off your greatest *Objection* against it, that it is mending the

work of *Nature*, which certainly may be *innocently attempted*, or at least *rectifying* her *Mistakes*; otherwise you cou'd not cut a *Hair-Lip*, or a *Wen*, that hinder'd the *Sight*, which you will hardly say is *unlawful*.

Whatever then the *Inconveniences* may be in any such *Practices*, they can hardly amount to any more than what may be fancy'd in many sorts of *Dresses*, which may appear a little *oddly* at first, but *Use* and *Custom* reconciles 'em: And this is so evident, even in the point that is here most in *Controversy* between us, that in some *Countries* of *Europe* it is so far from being *scandalous*, that the *Ladies* let their *Lovers* hold their *Glasses* to 'em, while they are *Painting* themselves, who esteem it as a *Favour*, and are no ways *displeas'd* at it.

You are as *angry*, I perceive, with all kind of *Washes*, as you are with *Painting* it self; and I must confess, with almost as much reason. For what is *Paint*, but a little more *substantial Wash*, which lasts something *longer*, or is more *visible* than the other?

But if you are against any of those, if you are so zealous against a little innocent *Wash*, to clear the *Face* from *Freckles*, or any such *Inconvenience*,

shorly expect you will forbid us *Fountain-Water* too, and we must not have leave to wash in that, because it looks like *Pride*, and being discontented with *Nature*. Nay, we may carry it yet higher, for all know some sort of *Water*, as 't's simp'ly taken from the *Well*, will bid a *pink* colour to the face, and both increase and preserve the *Beauty*: But will you likewise allow us of such as these, or are you ready to deny us the most common *Blessing* of *Nature*?

You dare not say it is *unlawful* to remove any thing, even from the face itself, which renders it *deform'd*, or *unpleasing* to the *Spectator*: If you thought so, you wou'd scarce practise quite contrary to your *Opinion*. It is plain, that *Nature* design'd Man a *grave* and *awful* Creature; it gave you *Beards* to strike us with *Reverence*; why then do you envy your selves such an *Advantage*? What mean all these *Wash-balls*, and *Tweezers*, and *Razors*, and *Depilatories*, which you use once or twice a *week*, and all that you may look like *Women*, whom you so much despise?

But what is yet much more *inexcusable*, you have many of you now learnt to *Patch*, nay to *Paint*, as well as we. If you had as *lawful* an *Excuse* for this as the *Women*, and did use these *Arts* merely to please your *Wives*, as we do to oblige our *Husbands*, none could justly blame you: But we have reason to fear there is something worse at the bottom. It is not for nothing you rail at all *Women*. *Osphens* did it first, and you know the reason, and he met with too easy a *Punishment*.

You are very careful to communicate your grave *Advice* to all our *Sex*, whether *Beauties* or otherwise; but in this one thing you are *ingenuous*, when you own you do not expect it will have any great effect upon us. No body loves to have good *Counsel* cram'd down their *Throats*, and to take in like *Pills*, or a *Potion*. Besides, shou'd a *declar'd Enemy* just before an *Engagement*, or in the very heat of *Fight*, have such an extraordinary *Qualm* of *Civility* come upon him, as to desire you to taste of a *Cordial* that he carry'd about with him; wou'd you not, to return his *Compliment*, desire him to taste it before you, and think that after him was *Manners*? Which if he refus'd, you wou'd have just reason to suspect that all was not right at bottom. But so it is here, You give us some *snarling Documents* against *Vanity*, *Pride*, *Infidelity*, *Scurrility*, *Inconstancy*, and a hundred other *Vices*, when your own *Sex* so notoriously wants *Reformation*, in all those *Instances*, more than *ours*. And you do this in a sour and magisterial *Manner*, when you are at open *Wars* against us, which looks not so much like kind *Admonitions*, as *unjust Reproaches*; for when you your selves, who call us your *Slaves*, and at least make us your most *humble Subjects*, at the same time you give us such good *Instructions*, never value how much you *unravel*'em all by leud *Examples*, it wou'd be a miracle if we shou'd not be more injur'd by one, than profited by the *other*.

I shall here rest our *Defence* against this *Head* of *Accusations*, when I have observ'd one thing more