

more to our Sexes Advantage, | sort of Arts to please you, and
 from your own Concessions. You | that virtuously and honestly.
 don't deny but we often use these |

As Pyrates all false Colours wear,
 T' intrap th' unwary Mariner:
 So Women, to surprize you, spread
 The borrow'd Flags of White and Red;
 Lay Trains of amorous Intrigues
 In Tow'rs, and Curls, and Perriwigs,
 With greater Art and Cunning rear'd,
 Than Philip Nye's Thanksgiving Beard.
 Prepost'rously t' entice and gain
 These to adore us, we disdain.
 Why Sir, if you're impos'd upon,
 'Tis by your own Temptation done;
 That with your Ignorance invite,
 And teach us how to use the slight;
 And when we find you're still more taken
 With false Attracts of your own making,
 Swear that's a Rose, and that's a Stone,
 Like Sots, to us that Laid it on:
 And what we did but slightly Prime,
 Most ignorantly daub in Rhime:
 You force us in our own Defences
 To copy Beams and Influences;
 To lay Perfections on the Graces,
 And draw Attracts upon our Faces:
 And in compliance to your Wit,
 Your own false Jewels counterfeit;
 Which when they're nobly done, and well,
 The simple Natural excel.
 How fair and sweet the planted Rose,
 Beyond the Wild in Hedges, grows?
 For, without Art, the noblest Seeds
 Of Flow'rs degenerate to Weeds.
 How dull and rugged, e'er 'tis ground
 And polish'd, looks a Diamond!
 Tho Paradise was e'er so fair,
 It was not kept so without Care.
 The whole World, without Art and Dress,
 Wou'd be but one great Wilderness;
 And Mankind but a savage Herd,
 For all that Nature has confer'd:
 This does but ROUGH-HEW and design,
 Leaves Art to polish and refine.

But, Sir Richard, I know you'll tell us, that Painting will extremely decay our Faces, and make us old before our time. Now take all this for *Truth*, and reflect upon it again, and try if you can blush at your own Gratitude: For if we suffer so much, and part with what is so dear to us, only to please you for a little while, certainly we shou'd deserve something better from you, than Reproaches for our dear *Complaisance* in those *Matters*. — Upon the whole, I think *Painting* reasonable and modest; and therefore I resolve to continue the Practice. And, Sir Richard, if you consider the Matter, you can't be against it, for *Foulness* is loathsome; then can that be so which helps it? Who forbids his Beloved to gird in her Waste? to mend, by shoeing, her uneven Lameness? to burnish her Teeth, or to perfume her Breath? Yet that the *Face* be more precisely regarded, it concerns more: For as open confessing Sinners are always punish'd, but the wary and concealing Offenders without Witness, do it also without Punishment; so the secret Parts need the less respect; but of the *Face*, discover'd to all Examinations and Surveys, there is not too nice a Jealousy. Nor doth it only draw the busy Eyes, but it is subject to the divinest Touch of all, to *Kissing*, the strange and mystical Union of Souls. If she shou'd prostitute her self to a more unworthy Man than thy self, how earnestly and justly wouldst thou exclaim? That for want of this easier and ready way of repairing, to betray her Body to Ruin and Deformity (the ty-

ranous *Ravishers*, and sudden *Deflowerers* of all Women) what a heinous Adultery is it? What thou lovest in her *Face* is *Colour*, and *Painting* gives that; but thou hatest it; not because it is, but because thou knowest it. Fool, whom Ignorance makes happy! The Stars, the Sun, the Sky whom thou admirest, alas, have no *Colour*, but are fair, because they seem to be colour'd: If this seeming will not satisfy thee in her, thou hast good assurance of her *Colour*, when thou seest her lay it on. If her *Face* be *Painted* on a Board or Wall, thou wilt love it, and the Board, and the Wall: Canst thou loath it then when it speaks, smiles and kills, because it is *Painted*? Are we not more delighted with seeing Birds, Fruits and Beasts *Painted*, than we are with Naturals? And do we not with pleasure behold the *Painted* Shape of Monsters and Devils, whom true, we durst not regard? We repair the Ruins of our Houses, but first cold Tempests warn us of it, and bite us thro it. We mend the Wrack and Stains of our Apparel, but first our Eyes, and other Bodies, are offended: but by this Providence of Women this is prevented. If in *Kissing* or *Breathing* upon her, the *Painting* fall off, thou art angry; wilt thou be so if it stick on? Thou didst love her; if thou beginnest to hate her, then 'tis because she is not *Painted*. If thou wilt say now, thou didst hate her before, thou didst hate her and love her together, be constant in something, and love her who shews her great love to thee, in taking this Pains to seem lovely to thee.

Paradox XXXVII.

The Intellectual Kingdom: or, a Paradox proving that Poets (alias Beggars) are Rich; in a Letter to a Poet Laureat, who courted a young Virgin for Marriage.

Mr. Laureat,

AT the reading of yours, a thousand shining Ideas presented themselves to my Imagination; nor had Rapture a Tongue, cou'd I with it aim at the expressing the Joys flow'd upon me from them. To have Marriage offer'd me by one of the Sons of *Apollo*, Heir-apparent to a fair Estate in *Parnassus*! What an Advantage thou'd I have! *Cupid* for a Page, the *Graces* for my Maid of Honour; and then, for other Attendants, I wou'd put the *Muses* into Breaches (they must be good confident Wenches, they are so familiar with the Poets.) If I have a mind to hunt with *Diana*, up flies *Pegasus* ready bridled and saddled, and prays me to mount. Should I have a mind to pay a Visit to some of the Goddesses, doubtless *Apollo* wou'd lend his Daughter-in-law his Chariot, there we are treated with *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*. Besides,

*You Rhimes appropriate can make
To e'ery Month in th' Almanack:
When Terms begin and end can tell,
With their Returns in Doggerel:
When the Exchequer opes and shuts,
And Sowgelder with Safety cuts;
When Men may eat and drink their Fill,
And when be temperate, if they will;
When use, and when abstain from Vice,
Figs, Grapes, Phlebotomy and Spice.
In Lyricks you can write an Ode on
Your Mistress eating a black Pudding;
And when imprison'd Air escapes her,
It puffs you with Poetick Rapture.
A Carman's Horse cannot pass by,
But stands ty'd up to Poetry:
The Gallow-Tree, when cutting Purse
Breeds Business for Heroick Verse;
Which none does bear, but wou'd have hung
To have been the Theme of your Song.*

But this Repast, and the other Honours, being only to be enjoy'd by the Mind, so might I wed that without being troubled with your Body,

Body, I shou'd study to value you above your contempt of it, the Blessing; therefore must wait by your favour, maintaining of till their Separation happens. it, and enjoying all I dignities. 'Tis true, as he tells Nor do I believe you think your us, *His Mind to him a Kingdom is.* Corporal Person worthy to be brought into the Articles, since

*But 'tis a Kingdom wanting Matter,
Just like the Moonshine in the Water.*

Even poor Prince *Homer* begg'd for small Beer, whilst his Mind drank immortal Liquor with the Gods: But then his Memory grew famous after, thro the whole World, which is that part alone of you I can fancy. Therefore, if your Passion for me be really more than one of your Fictions, make haste to die, and I'll fly to embrace it. For, alas! what shou'd you do in this World, whose Estate, Interest, and Acquaintance lie wholly in another? Nor is this worthy of your Conversation, from the little regard it hath of you. Shou'd it be my Fate to go first, I doubt not but you will fix me a Star in the Firmament; and question not there of my Influence continually towards you, till we meet in *Elizium*, where (if I pop not into *Lethe* by the way, and forget all) be assur'd of enjoying an eternal Spring of Youth and Love in those Fields of Light and Floods of endless Pleasures, with,

Sir, &c.

Paradox XXXVIII.

There is but one External Sense, &c. and not Five, as is generally thought — merrily argu'd by the whole Athenian Society.

THE First Member stood up and said; That *Maxim*, that Things are not to be multiply'd without Reason, is founded upon the Capacity of the Humane Mind, which being one, tho its Faculties be distinct in their Operations, conceives things only under the Species of Unity. So that when there are many in number, it makes one Species of them; of many specifically different, one Genus, and consequently can much less suffer the making two things of that which is but one. This has given ground to some to affirm, That there is but one External Sense, which ought no more to be distributed into five Species under pretext that there are five Organs, than one and the same River, which here makes Bellows blow, and Hammers beat, presses Cloth, and

and decorticates Oats, or grinds Flower; for 'tis one Breath which passing thro' several Organs and Pipes renders several Tones; one and the same Sun, which penetrating thro' various Glasses represents as many Colours. Moreover, their end is to all the same, namely, to avoid what may hurt, and pursue what may profit the Creature.

The Second said, This wou'd be true, if the Soul alone were the subject of Sensation: but when the Eye is pull'd out, altho' the visual Spirits remain entire; or if the Eye being sound and clear, yet some Obstruction hinders the Afflux of the Spirits to it (as in a *Gutta Serena*) there is no Vision made: An Evidence that Seeing is an Action of both, and consequently, the Senses are as many as the several Organs which determine and specificate the same. But the Taste being comprehended under the Touch, by the Philosopher's Definition, must be a Species thereof; and therefore there are but four Senses, as four Elements, the Taste and the Touch (which it comprehends) being exercis'd in the Earth gross as themselves; the Sight in Water, in which its Organ swims, and of which it almost wholly consists; the Smelling by the Fire, which awakens Odours, and reduces them out of power into Act; and the Hearing in the Air, which is found naturally implanted in the Ear, and is the sole *Medium* of this Sense, according to *Aristotle*; the hearing of Fishes being particular to them in the Water, and very obscure.

The Third said, He was of *Scal-*

iger's Mind, who reckons Titillation for the sixth Sense. For if the Taste, tho' comprehended under the Touching (as was said) constitutes a distinct Sense, why not Titillation, which is a Species of Touching too; considering that it represents things otherwise than the ordinary Touch doth, and hath its particular Organs, as the Soles of the Feet, the Palms of the Hands, the Planks, the Arm-pits, and some other Places. Yea, Touching may be accounted the Genus of the Senses, since all partake thereof.

The Fourth said, That those Actions which some Animals perform more perfectly than we (as the Dog exceeds us in Smelling, the Spider in Touching, the Eagle in Seeing, and many in pre-aging the Seasons and Weather) seem'd to be the effects of 6, 7, or 8 Senses; there being no proportion between such great extraordinary Effects and their Organs, the Structure whereof is the same with those of other Animals, which come not near the same. Yea, that 'tis by some supernumerary sense found in each Animal, that they have knowledg of what is serviceable or hurtful to them in particular. For example, who teaches the Dog the virtue of Grass, the Hart of Dittany? their ordinary Senses cannot. Nor is it likely that so many occult Properties have been produc'd by Nature, to remain unknown. But they cannot be understood unless by some Sense, which is not Vulgar, considering that all the Senses together understand not their Substance.

The

The Fifth said, There are five external Senses, neither more, nor less; because there need so many, and no more, to perceive and apprehend all external Objects. And as when one of our Senses is deprav'd or abolish'd, another cannot repair it, nor succeed it in all its Functions; so if there were more than five, the Overplus wou'd be useless, there being no Accident but falls under the cognizance of these five Senses: And altho each of them is not sufficient thereunto severally, yet they serve well enough all together; as in the perception of Motion, Rest, Number, Magnitude and Figure, which are common Objects to divers Senses. Now if there were need of more than five Senses, 'twou'd be to judg of Objects wherein the others fail. So that the Supernumeraries being unprofitable, 'tis not necessary to establish more than five. And as for Substance, 'tis not consistent with its Nature to be known by the external Senses.

The Sixth said, Man being compos'd of three Pieces, a Soul, a Body, and Spirits, of a middle Nature between both; the five Senses suffice to the Perfection and Support of these three Parts. Knowledg, which is the sole Good of the Soul, is acquir'd by Invention and Discipline; for which we have Eyes and Ears: Good Odours recreate and repair the Spirits: The Touch and Taste are the Body's Guards, the first by preserving it from hurtful Qualities which invade it from without; and the second, from such as enter and are taken in by the mouth. And therefore

'tis in vain to establish more.

The Seventh said, Since, according to the Philosophers, Sense is a passive Quality, and Sensation is made when the Organ is alter'd by the Object; there must be as many several Senses as there are different Objects, which variously alter the Organs. Now amongst Colours, Odours, and other sensible Objects, there are many different Species; and the Qualities perceiv'd by the Touch are almost infinite. Nor is it material to say that they all proceed from the first Qualities, since Colours, Odours and Tastes, are likewise second Qualities arising from those first, and nevertheless made different Senses.

The Eighth said, Altho it be true, that Faculties are determin'd by Objects, yet must not these Faculties be therefore multiply'd according to the multitude of Objects. So, tho White and Black are different, nevertheless because they both act after the same manner, namely, by sending their intentional Species thro the same *Medium* to the same Organ, the Sight alone sufficeth for judging of their Difference.

The Ninth said, Since four things are requisite to Sensation, to wit, the Faculty, the Organ, the *Medium*, and the Object; 'tis by them that the number of Senses is determin'd. The Object cannot do it, otherwise there wou'd not be five Senses, but infinitely more. Nor can the Faculty do it, being inseparable from the Soul, or rather the Soul it self, and consequently but one; and to say that there is but one Sense, is erroneously to make an external Sense of the common
Sense,

Sense. Much less can the *Medium* do it, since one and the same *Medium* serves to many Senses, and one and the same Sense is exercis'd in several *Mediums*, as the Sight in the Air and Water. It remains therefore that the Diversity proceeds from that of the Organs, which being but five, make the like number of Senses.

Paradox XXXIX.

That Burning alive is no Pain or Torment.

BEFORE I come directly to prove this *amazing Paradox*, 'twill be necessary that I say something of the Nature of Fire; which having done, I shall proceed to prove, *That Burning alive is no Pain nor Torment.*

The first Quality of Fire is *Levity with Rarity*. *Rarity* is a Subtility, or Minority of Parts, whereby its *Minima's* are contiguous one to the other. Who ever doubted of the Lightness of Fire? Doth not Fire diffuse its Heat equally from its Center to the Circumference? Doth not the Fire in a Torch cast its Light circularly from its Center? That Fire abhors a Continuity, we perceive by its Burning; for we see that the Flames in Spirits of Wine do terminate into Points, which Points make a Roughness; whereas were the Fire continuous, its Terms wou'd be smooth, like unto those of Water and Air. Doth not the Fire work thro the smallest Pores? *ergo* thro its contiguous Points. Hence it is that Fire passes, where Air is shut out. Its relative Nature is constituted by its Contiguity of Parts; for thro it, it is fitted for the embracing of Earth. Were it contiguous and light, it wou'd flun

the Earth; or if admitted into the Earth, the Earth wou'd disrupt and expel it, like as it disrupts and expels Air. Wherefore thro its Porosity and Contiguity it enters the Earth, and the Earth enters it, each opening its Pores at this friendly reception: Nevertheless, supposing that Contiguity had no contrariety to Continuity, yet wou'd the Air not be light enough to sustain the weight of the Body of the Earth; besides, there must be two Gravities conceiv'd for one Lightness, and two or three Continuities for one Contiguity; so that of absolute necessity a fourth Element must be added, that might be answering to the Earth's Gravity and Density, thro its Levity and Rarity. That which is light and rare, is more vibrating, and by far of greater Activity and Energy, than that which is light and thin. Summarily, let us take a view of all their first Qualities, and compare them together: Water and Air do communicate in a perfect Friendship, and so do Earth and Fire; Water and Earth, Air and Water, Fire and Air, are all beholden to one another; yet not in the same respect, but divers. *Water and Fire*

Fire at an immediate Contact are absolutely disagreeing, but mediately accompanying other Elements, prove good Friends; the same Law is between Earth and Air. Observe, altho I have explain'd their Forms by more words than one, yet apprehend that in their sense they move a single Concept. Levity with Rarity is really distinct from Levity with Tenuity; their Operations, and manner of operating being also different; for Levity with Rarity is more penetrating, vibrating, and of a stronger Force; and therefore Fire exceeds the Air in Levity. The like is to be understood of the Earth and Water: to wit, that the former is more weighty than the latter. These concur equally to the Constitution of one another, of the World, and of its Parts; the one contributeth as much as the other, and therefore they are of an equal Dignity and Time.

Having given a brief account of the Nature of Fire, I proceed to prove, *That Burning alive is no Pain or Torment.*

Stoical Indolency is that *Apathy*, Imperturbation and constant Tenor of Mind that is imputed to the *Stoicks*; who taught that a *discreet wise Man* shou'd be never affected either with other Mens Disasters or his own. They teach that a wise Man is so good a Commander of himself and his own Passions, that he is never transported by them, or (like *Phaeton*) hurry'd headlong: But his Reason doth still possess the Throne and Scepter, and holds the Golden Reins of Sovereignty in her hand; and doth exercise her Jurisdiction, not by killing these *Gibeonites*, but by keeping them in Obedience, and making them serviceable. As no outward Misfortunes can make any Wound or Bruise in the Mind of a wise Man, so neither can bodily Pains make him miserable, or bereave him of inward Joy and Felicity; *Si uratur Sapiens, si crucietur in Phalaridis tauro, dicet, quam suave est hoc?* Cic. 2. *Tusc. qu.* The inward Peace and Contentment of Mind, which he enjoys, doth stupify the sharpest Torments, and rebate the Edg and Sense of them.

*Patience in Cowards is tame hopeless Fear,
But in brave Minds a Scorn of what they bear.*

————— Then come what may,
Patience and Time run thro the hottest Day.

* *Epist. 85.* Seneca tells * us, He looks with an undaunted Spirit upon his own Torments and Tormenters, as tho he were a Spectator, and not a Spectacle, and as tho his Body did not belong unto him, or that were not his own that he carry'd about him. *Tunde Anaxarchi follem, &c.* so *Anaxarchus* jeer'd

him that belabour'd himself in tormenting his Body.

Tho some will not approve of this Paradox, concluding it under an Impossibility, yet the great *St. Basil* doth not stick to commend it: *Laudo Ep. 180. animi dexteritatem* (says he) *q̄ prasantiam in Stoicis, qui nihil earum que extra hominum sunt*

sunt a felicitate impedire dicunt : sed felicem cum esse qui virtute studio incumbit, licet in Phalaridis turo cremetur. And the ready willingness of the Primitive Christians to be *Martyrs*, and their wonderful Constancy and Chearfulness under those sharp and exquisite Torments that were inflicted on them, may acquit this Doctrine of the *Sticks* both from *Arrogancy*; and from a seeming *Impossibility*.

For I shall endeavour to prove, (beyond all Contradiction) that *Burning alive is no Pain or Torment*. But here the trembling Christian condemn'd to the *Flames*; will be apt to say, The Bitterness of the Punishments, that I am enjoyn'd to suffer, doth so terrify me, that I know not scarce what to do; *I shall be burned alive*, Oh how shall I be torment-ed in that dolorous kind of Death! Think you that I may patiently bear the Rage of the Fire? I am persuaded that my Pains will be so grievous, that I cannot either keep my Mind quiet and patient, or remember and think on Christ; so that in that Anguish and Agony I shall quite forget my Saviour, and what shall become of me then? How can I resist the Temptations of Satan,

who then (no doubt) will be very busy about me?

To this I answer. *Cicero*, an Heathen Philosopher, saith, That in *India*, when any Man was dead, and his Carcass ready to be burnt; his Wives (for there they had many Wives) contended among themselves, who shou'd be burnt with him: And she whom he lov'd best, having vanquish'd the rest, was cast quick into the Fire with the Body of her dead Husband, and burnt; the other being full of Sorrow, for that they were overcome, departed with great Moan and Lamentation; wishing rather to have been burnt than to live. And shall we be afraid of Burning, seeing we are certain of that which they hop'd for? Die once you must, whether you will or no (how soon, God knoweth) seeing then you must die, will you not die willingly for God's sake, especially considering that they are thrice happy; to whom God vouchsafeth such an honourable Death? Shall not we for God's sake suffer that, which divers Pagans suffer'd for their Country's sake? *Curtius* fear'd not to die for the City of *Rome*, *Mencothus* for *Thebes*, nor *Cordus* for *Athens*.

And *Hudibras* who scorn'd to stoop
To Torment, or be said to droop;
Chear'd up himself with Ends of Verse;
And Sayings of Philosophers.

Quoth he, —————
I am not now in Fortune's Power:
He that is own, can fall no lower;
And as the Sun, th' Eclipsed Sun
By clouds is not more gaz'd upon.

The same is said of *King Lear*,
When he is told that *Edmund* is dead,
He says, 'Tis but a little while more,
I shall be dead, and then I shall be dead.

So Courage, in a low Estate,
Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.

These Heathenish Examples might make Christians asham'd, if they be so cowardly as to fear Death. Burning is not such a grievous Punishment as you imagine; for God is faithful, he will lay upon us no more than we can bear. Fear not (saith the Lord, by *Ishaiab* the Prophet, *Iza.* 43. 1, 2.) for I have redeem'd thee, I have call'd thee by thy Name, thou art mine: When thou passest thro the Waters, I will be with thee; and thro the Floods, that they do not overflow thee: When thou walkest thro the very Fire, thou shalt not be burnt, neither shall the Flame kindle upon thee (for thy destruction) I am the Lord thy God. And for the better Confirmation hereof, many Examples, both antient and late, might be alledg'd; only I will content my self with one or two which happen'd in the time of

K. Henry VIII. and
* *Acts and Monuments*, part 2. p. 939. of the last Ed. col. 2.

Q. Mary *: Mr. James Bainham, a holy Martyr, being sentenced to be burnt, for the constant Confession of Christ Jesus and his Gospel, as he was at the Stake (in the year of our Lord 1522) in the midst of the flaming Fire, his Arms and Legs being half consum'd, spake these Words: *Oh ye Papists! behold, ye look for Miracles, and here now ye may see a Miracle, for in this Fire I feel no more Pain, than if I were in a Bed of Down, but it is to me a Bed of Roses.*

In like manner, in the time of Queen Mary, Mr. Thomas

Hawks †, a faithful † *Ibid.* pag. 1446. c. 2. Servant of Christ, and holy Martyr also, having Judgment to be burnt for the same Cause; at what time he shou'd be burnt, some of his familiar Friends being terrify'd and dismay'd with the sharpness of the Punishment that he was going to, privily desir'd, That in the midst of the Flame he wou'd shew them some Token (if he cou'd) whereby they might be more certain, whether the Pain of such Burning were so great, that a Man might not therein keep his Mind quiet and patient: which thing he promis'd them to do, and so secretly it was agreed, that if the Rage of the Pain were tolerable, and might be suffer'd, then he shou'd lift up his Hands above his Head towards Heaven, before he gave up the Ghost. Now then, when he was at the stake, and the Fire set unto him, in which when he continu'd long, and when his Speech was taken away by the violence of the Flame, his Skin also drawn together, and his Fingers consum'd with the Fire, so that now all Men thought certainly he had been gone; suddenly, and contrary to all expectation, this blessed Servant of God, being mindful of his Promise || before made, || A Token given in the Fire that Burning alive is no Pain, or Torment.

reach'd up his Hands burning on a light Fire (which was marvellous to behold) over his Head to the living God, and with great rejoicing (as

seem'd)

seemed) struck, or clasp'd them three times together. At the sight whereof there follow'd such Applause and Outcry of the People, and especially of them which understood the Matter, as the like hath not commonly been heard: And so the blessed Martyr of Christ straightway sinking into the Fire, gave up his Spirit in the year 1555, June 10. By these Examples, among a thousand which might be alledg'd, you see (from the very Mouths of the Martyrs, whilst actually in the Flames) that Burning alive is no Pain or Torment.

Then burn and conquer, God will soon dispose
To future Good our past and present Woes;
Resume your Courage, and dismiss your Care,
And then let not your proud Tormentors spare:
An Hour will come with Pleasure to relate
Your Sorrows past, as Benefits of Fate,
Oh! thou secure of Soul, unbent with Woes,
The more thy Faggots burn, the more oppose:
Dare Fire and Terror in the publick View,
No frightful Sight of Danger can be new.

Paradox XL.

Married Women are Men by Conquest; or, a Paradox proving a true Wife wears the Breeches.

I Don't mean that she always wears the Breeches, but that she is so consummately perverse, that there's no manner of way to work upon her: A Tiger may be tam'd, a Lion may have his Teeth knock'd out and Claws par'd, and any other sort of Viper its Sting pull'd out; but do all this to a marry'd Woman, 'twill so provoke her, she'll still act the Man (I mean wear the Breeches in spight of your Teeth) If you knock out her Teeth, she'll mumble you with her implacable Gums; nay, if you pull out her Tongue, she'll certainly scold with the stump on't; while the least Bit is left, A Ducking-Stool is but a sort of Chair of State with 'em; when enthron'd there, they are at the top of their Preferment: The Water is so far from cooling a sea-sou'd Scold, that she is more likely to heat the Water, she fizzes as she goes down, and makes it at least Summer about her. She's like Achilles dip'd in Styx, perfectly invulnerable, and contracts as much additional hardness as Steel, by being quench'd in Water. The whole Sex are akin to the Taylor's Wife, they'll be snapping their Fingers as soon as they rise, sink 'em as deep as you will; and when you see an Anvil

the softer for being hammer'd | same good effect from disciplining
every day, you may hope the | Woman.

So sullenly addicted still
To'r only Principle, her Will,
That whatso'er it chance to prove,
No Force of Argument can move :
Nor Law, nor Cavalcade of Holbourn
Can render half a Grain less stubborn :
For she at any time wou'd hang
For th' Opportunity to harangue ;
And rather on a Gibbet dangle,
Than miss her dear Delight to wrangle :
In which her Parts are so accomplish'd,
That right or wrong she ne'er is non-plus'd :
But still her Tongue runs on, the less
Of weight it bears, with greater Ease ;
And such its everlasting Clack,
Sets all Mens Ears upon the Rack.
No sooner does a Hint appear,
But up she starteth to pickeer ;
And makes the Stoutest yield to Mercy,
When she's engag'd in Controversy :
Not by the force of carnal Reason,
But indefatigable Teazing ;
With Voileys of eternal Babble,
And Clamour more unanswerable.
For tho' her Topicks, frail and weak,
Cou'd ne'er amount above a Freak ;
SHE still maintains 'em, like her Faults,
Against the desperat'st Assaults,
And backs their feeble want of Sense,
With greater Heat and Confidence.
Thus Scolds are stubborn in their way,
As Coins are harden'd by the Alloy ;
And Obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong Belief.

Were I to direct a Painter to draw the *Labourer* in vain, he shou'd throw aside the old Story of *Lathering the Blackamoor*, and instead of it, shou'd paint the *Taming of the Shrew*, which is scarce probable enough to make a *Play* of it, because none can affirm 'tis a true *Image of Life*. An *Opera* indeed might be made on't, such another Business as the *Tempest* ; but the Characters wou'd be as incredible, and much stranger than the *two Cubbs* begot by an *Incubus*. There's a dark Sullenness, a black rooted Obstinacy in all the Sex, the same keen Sturdiness that we find in the Blacks ; and tho' ye shou'd cut the *Snakes* all

to pieces, every bit of 'em wou'd fly in your Faces. In short, a true Wife thinks her self wiser and better than her Husband, and will wear the Breeches, tho' she fights for 'em.

*They were for Breeches made, Obedience we,
Courage their Virtue, ours is Chastity;
Th' offending Woman, when she lowest lies,
Submits to conquer, and but kneels to rise.*

Well, will fair means do any better with 'em? Will Kindness and Lenity work on their good Natures? Yes, just as much as 'twill upon a Wolf's, whom ye have sav'd from a Tree, and brought home to make a House-Dog of: Have at your Mutton, if he can any ways get a fling at it, and if he once breaks loose, he's ten times worse than ever.

Who ever knew a Woman the better for being kindly us'd? No, 'tis your Duty, you ought to do no less; nay, you dare do no otherwise, and who shou'd thank you only for paying them their own?

This 'tis to be so very well opinion'd of themselves; they have such an abundant stock of Conceit, that they merit more than all; they are out of reach of Civility, and 'tis impossible to oblige them.

It shows indeed the Generosity of their Temper, that the more they are lov'd, the more still they insult. They have then a Handle, an Excuse for domineering, the couchant Husband or Lover must bid farewell to the Reins and Saddle, know his Distance, and learn Obedience to his He-Wife.

*Thus Wedlock, without Love, some say,
Is but a Lock without a Key:
It is a kind of Rape to many,
One that neglects or cares not for ye:
For what does make it Ravishment,
But being 'gainst the Mind's Consent?
'Tis Slavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of our own procuring:
As Spiders never seek the Fly,
But leave him of himself t' apply;
So Men are by themselves betray'd,
To quit the Freedom they enjoy'd;
And run their Necks into a Noose,
They'd break 'em after to break loose.*

So that Women are dangerous things to meddle with, especially for better for worse. They are then (a sort of) Men by wearing the Breeches, and tho' they don't

command you under the Title of your Masters, yet they act as such, and you must submit or expect no Quiet; and tho' by thus unmanning your selves, you shew how

much you admire 'em, yet your Patience shall prevail as little as your Love: Who wou'd not tread upon a Footstool? And the more you have been already, the more you are like to bear, as you are the better able. Your Brains lie in your Shoulders, for there is all your Wisdom. It's pity such excellent Virtues shou'd rust, for want of due Exercise and Employment: Doubtless, *Matrimony* is a state of great perfection, it has in it so much Mortification.

*Marriage! thou Curse of Love and Snare of Life,
That first debas'd a Mistress to a Wife!
Love, like a Scene, at distance shou'd appear,
But Marriage views the gross-daub'd Landscape near.
Love's nauseous Cure! thou cloyst whom thou shou'dst please,
And when thou cur'st, then thou art the Disease.
When Hearts are loose, thy Chain our Bodies ties,
Love couples Friends, but Marriage Enemies.*

————— We hope to find

*That Help which Nature meant in Womankind;
But prove a burning Caustick when apply'd,
And Adam sure could with more Ease abide
The Blow, when broken, than when made a Bride.*

*What ragged Ways attend the Noom of Life,
Our Sun declines, and with what anxious Strife,
What Pain we tug, that gauling Load, a Wife?
All Courfers, the wild Heat, with Vigour run,
But 'tis with Whip and Spur the Race is won.*

*Marriage is but the Pleasure of a Day,
The Metal's base, the Gilding worn away:
Here for an Hour, a Week, perhaps a Night,
Long Penitence succeeds a short Delight:
Minds are so hardly match'd, that e'en the first,
Tho pair'd by Heav'n, in Paradise were curst.*

*For Man and Woman, tho in one they grow,
Yet first or last return again to two.*

*Thus Woman's a true Copy of the first,
In whom the Race of all Mankind was curst;
Their Sex, by Beauty, is to Heaven ally'd,
But their great Lord, the Devil, taught 'em Pride:
He too an Angel, till he durst rebel,
And they are sure the Stars that with him fell.*

*Weep on! a Stock of Tears, like Vows, you have,
And always ready when you wou'd deceive.*

Be the Wife (or rather *Hector* in Woman's Clothes) Virtuous or False, 'tis much the same thing, as to the Man's Ease and Happiness; for if she's incorrigibly Virtuous, there's nothing in the World so imperious and assuming; and because she is not a

Where,

Whore, expects you can do no less than fall down and worship her; tho it may be, 'tis want of Beauty or Opportunity that keeps her— I won't say honest, but as she is: An honest Shrew there's as little hopes of, as of a precise Hypocrite. They stand upon their Honour, and are both so good, you know not how to mend 'em; neither do they envy the World the knowledg of their Virtues, for you never need fear but you shall hear of 'em. *Ab, — did I serve you as other Women do their Husbands, and keep a brace or two o' Gallants under your Nose, I shou'd not be us'd thus, I shou'd not wear*

such a Toad of a Gown here, nor sit to make shoe-Clarets: I shou'd have more Respect and Reverence, and Worship, and Obedience.

O'tother side, if she's a Grain too light, tho you throw in whole Mountain, you can't not turn the Scale. *For man: not believe your own dear Eyes in those Cases, much less your Ears, tho your Eithr may be buzzing in 'em every moment. Baste, Jealous, Suspicious Dog in a Manger, are it may be some of the finest Sanctifications the poor humble Wretch must expect, to make his Horns sit easy.*

*All Women wou'd be of one Piece,
The virtuous Matron and the Miss;
The Nymphs of chaste Diana's Train,
The same with those in Lutener's Lane:
But for the Difference Marriage makes,
'Twixt Wives and Ladies of the Lakes.*

Or if she once fear he begins to use his Eyes, and resent it in earnest, then all the Sexes Magazine is presently open'd, the Dressing-Box of their Minds, which they can paint too, when they please, and disguise beyond Knowledge, as well as their Faces. *The Sobs, and Tears, and Smiles, and Fits, and cunning half Confessions,*

and impudent sturdy Denials, as occasion serves, and she finds it most convenient: So that she's resolv'd to conquer as MAN, and to coax and wheedle as Woman, according as his Heart is unguarded, and his soft side lies open. *Milton will once more show 'em their Picture, and they can't deny but 'tis to the Life.*

*—These are thy wanted Arts,
And Arts of every Woman false like thee,
To break all Faith, all Vows, deceive, betray,
Then, as Repentant, to submit, beseech,
And Reconcilement move, with feign'd Remorse,
Confess, and promise Wonders in her Change,
Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her Husband, how far urg'd his Patience bears,
His Virtue or Weakness which way to assail:
Then with more cautious and instructed Skill,
Again transgresses, and again submits.*

Like to a Miracle; for if he doars on, and believes heartily, they are safe enough, and just as much alter'd as the Sea is by the shining of the Sun, or the Motion of the Wind. The Surface is a little vary'd, but the unfathomable bottom is still the same, the Water as salt and bitter as ever, and the Waves as dangerous and unconstant. What it loses in one place, it gain in another; and tho it can't dash the Rock in pieces, at one stroke, 'twill wear it by degrees, and in time it may make it moulder away to nothing.

And thus 'tis, if a Husband arms himself with ever so much Resolution against his *vexatious Spouse*, for this (a: 'twere) S H E- M A N will find a way to get within him some way or other, and trip up his Heels, tho ever so much upon his Guard. She'll weather out even his Patience, and make him as weak and peevish as her self, if he han't a sharp Eye upon her, and observe how she works in her, and how ill a Physician he must needs be esteem'd, who's himself infected

by that Disease he pretends to cure.

Nay, tho he help himself with his Wit tho he takes ever so many different Methods, turns his Thoughts ever so many ways, the'll easily countermine and conquer him, the natural Wit and Vanity of a Woman renders all ineffectual. The Symptoms change every Hour, and then there's little likelihood of so much as discovering the Distemper, much less removing it. The Wind roars round the Compass every Glass, and then the most skilful Steersman in all the Watry World, must needs be at a Loss.

There are so many Mazes in a *Female Mind*, that they often lose themselves in 'em; much more may they lose us. I despair to find a Clue to conduct me quite thro it, and therefore here I leave it, without venturing any farther, and indeed I dare not; for I have fairly prov'd that *a True Wife is a Min* (if not by Sex) yet she is by Conquest, and I dare not gaze any longer at such a Monster.

Paradox XLI.

That the Proportion of Solary Rays reflected by the superior Aer or Æther toward the Earth, is so small as not to be sensible.

Reader,

BEFORE I prove this *strange Paradox*, I shall first acquaint thee that all *Masters in the Opticks* clearly demonstrate that the

Image of an illustrate Object, speculated thro Water in the bottom of a Vessel indiaphanous, doth appear less lively so those that

that look on it obliquely, than to those that behold it in direct Lines respective to the tendency of the Light refracted by the Water; and that the Superfice of every Object hath so much the fewer Parts discernable, by how much more obliquely it is speculated; therefore it is purely necessary, that the Image of an Object appear more contracted, when speculated by a *Vertical* Line, than when exhibited to the Eye in a direct and unrefracted one. And this also we judge to be in some part the Cause, why the Sun when nearest to our Horizon, either Orient or Occident, appears in a Figure more Elliptical or Oval, than Spherical; for then do we behold it *per lineam Verticalem*. We say, *in part*, because the same Effect may also be induc'd by the Form of the vaporous Sphere. However this may be controverted, yet most certain it is, that the lucid Image of the Sun is always more *vitiated*, when it arrives at our sight from an humble Position, than a sublime or Meridional.

I shan't here deny the necessary Reflection of many of the luminous Rays proceeding from the Sun, by those Myriads of Myriads of Particles floating in the Atmosphere; and so the remission of them back again toward their Source, and the consequent Diminution of the Shadow environing the same; but that we conceive the proportion of Rays so diverted, to be so small, as to be much below the Observation of our Sense. For, he that is in the bottom of a deep Mine, hath his Sight so little advantag'd by the Aer, illuminated by the

Meridian Beams of the Sun, that tho he can clearly behold the Stars in the Firmament, immensely beyond that vast tract of Aer then illustrate; yet can he hardly perceive his own Hand, or ought else about him, since all the Rays of Light, which affect his Eyes, are only those few that have escap'd Repercussion upward, by those many oblique Refractions in the sides of the Mine. Thus also in the night are we no whit reliev'd by the Aer, or Æther surrounding our Horizon, or more properly, our Hemisphere beyond that Region, to which the Cone of the Earth's shadow extends; tho the Sun doth as freely and copiously diffuse its light thro all that vast Ocean of Aer, or Æther beyond the extent of the Earth's shadow, at our Midnight, or when it is vertical to the Antipodes, as at our Noon when it is vertical to us: which cou'd not be, if any sensible proportion of Light were reflected toward us by the Particles of the Aer, or Æther, replenishing the subcaelestial Space. Hence comes it, that what Light remains to our Hemisphere in the Night, ought to be refer'd, not to any Reflection of the Sun's Rays from the sublime Aer, or Æther, but to the Stars, or Moon, or both. And this is also no contemptible Argument, that the Concave of the Firmament is *Opacè*, and not *Azure*, as most suppose.

And here I must acquaint the Reader, that every lucid Body is considerable in a double Capacity; (1.) *Qua Lucidum*, as shining with either native, or borrow'd Light, it illuminateth other Bodies;

(2.) *Quæ*

(2.) *Qua Visibile*, as it emits the visible Image of it self. In the *First* Respect, we may conceive it to be the *Center*, from which all its luminous Rays are emitted by Diffusion *Spherical*, according to that establish'd Maxim of *Alhazen*, *Omne punctum luminosum radiare sphericaliter*. In the *Second*, we may understand it to emit Rays in a Diffusion *Pyramidal*, the Base whereof is in it self, and Cone in the Eye of the Spectator, For, particularizing in the Sun, which being both a lucid Body and a visible Object, falls under each Acceptation; we must admit the Rays thereof illuminating that vast Ocean of Space circumscrib'd by the Concave of the Heavens, to be deradiated from it spherically, as so many Lines drawn from one common Center; because they are diffus'd throughout a Region far greater than the Sun it self: and those Rays, that constitute the visible Images of it, stream from it in Cones or Pyramids; because they are terminated in the Pupil of the Beholders Eye, a body by almost infinite degrees less than it self. This is fully demonstrated by the Forms of Eclipses, which no Man can describe but by assuming the Sun as the Base, from whose Extremes Myriads of Rays emanent, and in their Progress circulari, environing the Margin of the Earth, or Moon, pass on beyond them till they end in a perfect Cone; the Orbs of the Earth and Moon being in many degrees less in circumference, than that of the Sun. This confirms us, that those *Optico-mathematicians* are in the Center of Truth, who teach, that the Rays of the Sun, and all other luminous Objects as they constitute its visible Species, are darted only pyramidally; inso-much as they are receiv'd in the Eye of each Spectator, so much less than the Sun, or other Luminary: but that they progress in a spherical Diffusion, in respect of the circumambient Aer, in each point whereof the Luminary or Lucidum is visible. Since, should we allow the Concave of the Firmament to be as thickly set with Eyes, as *Jove's* vigilant *Pandar's* Head was imagin'd by Poets; we cou'd not comprehend how the Orb of the Sun cou'd be discernable by them all, unless by conceding this spherical Diffusion of Pyramids to all parts of the same. And this doth as well illustrate as confirm this *Antiperipatetical Paradox* of ours, That *the visible Species of an Object is neither total in the total Space, nor total in every part thereof; but the general Image is in the whole Medium, and the partial or particular Images, whose Aggregate makes the general Image, in the singular Parts of the Medium; because no singular Eye from any singular Part of the Medium, can perceive the whole of the Object, but those Parts only, which are directly obverted to that part of the Medium, in which the Eye is posited.* Which Assertion we infer'd from hence, that not only the whole, but also every sensible Particle of an Object doth emit certain most subtle Rays, constituting the Species of it self, in a spherical Diffusion; so that the various Particles emit various Rays, that variously decussate and intersect each other, in all parts of the Medium: and as these Rays are emitted spherically,

cally, *ex se*, according to that Maxim, *Omnis visibilis sui speciem effundere*; to do most of them, *convenire* in their Proportions, and reciprocally intersect, as to form the figure of a Pyramid. Whence it naturally follows, that because some Rays must convene, in all parts of the Medium, in this manner: therefore are Pyramids of Rays made in all parts of the Medium, from whence the Object diffusing them is visible. Notwithstanding this, we shall so far comply with the vulgar Doctrine, as to allow, that in respect even of *one single Eye*, in whatever part of the Medium posited, the Diffusion of Rays from an Object may be affirm'd to be *Spherical*: inasmuch as no part in the Object at considerable distance singly discernable, can be assign'd, which is not less than the Pupil of the Eye.

Paradox XLII.

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

Reader,

I Told you in the Preface to our *Paradoxical Project*, that I shou'd advance many things in it wholly new, and in particular, that this Paradox [*The Recreation of Pre-existent Spirits*] shou'd contain many things so new and diverting, as would delight the Curious, &c.—The occasion of this Paradox was the extravagant Doctrine of *Pre-existence*, which of late hath been so warmly manag'd, that it wants but a little more to be made a 13th Article in the Creed of some Persons. I have pursu'd the Humour, but yet as Comedians do, when they dress up an Ape to make it appear more ridiculous, the Ingenious will discern it at first sight.

This *Intellectual Sport* is manag'd in *Nine Conferences between pre-existent Spirits*; and I believe many of 'em, but more especially

the *Paradoxical Debates concerning the Nature, Conceptions, and Actions of unbody'd Spirits*, will surprize the World.—One thing I have to offer, That wherever the Reader meets much such Terms as *Time, Place or Matter*, attributed to Spirits, he take 'em not according to the common Acceptation, but as something that bears such proportion to Spirits, as *Time, Place and Matter*, do to Bodies—I shall only add (*by way of Preface*) whether this *Athenian (or intellectual) Sport* please or no, 'tis all one to the Author, for (be it hiss'd or applauded) he resolves to continue as secret and invisible as the Being of *Pre-existent Spirits*.

I proceed now to the *Nine Paradoxical Conferences*, and the first is *between the Secretary of Fate, and the Author's Soul*.

Author's

Author's P Ray look over the *Soul*. I Minutes of the *Parca*, and amongst those Eternal Volumes, see when I am tated to commence *Temporality*.

Secret. Fate. In June, Anno Domini 1664, according to human Computation, in that part of the Globe which you are design'd for.

A. S. Well, and what Fortune, what Post hath the Lottery of Fate assign'd me? What Recreations am I to expect in a new material Mansion?

S. F. Your Curiosity seems to argue a Desire of fixing there; but you'll be of another Mind when I tell you, that *Incorporation* is a Penalty inflicted upon Souls for their Extravagances in this World: *That the Body is a Prison, a Clog*, the most officious Enemy you can meet with in betraying you to false Perceptions, and irregular Conclusions. In short, you'll find no agreeable Object, but at such times as you withdraw, and converse with *Beings* as simply immaterial as your self. Now you are an unconfined Agent, a Stranger to those grosser Terms of *Body, Place, and Time*: As yet you know nothing of *Magnitude, Quantity, or Motion*, and those innumerable Errors that result from them, by false Notions of their Nature. And when you come into the other World, you'll be as great a Stranger to the Nature of *Angels, Spirits, and immaterial Beings*, as now you are of those material ones.

A. S. What surprizing Relations are these! Shall I ever forget this inorganical way of Con-

verse? these immediate Conceptions without the Assistance of Sense? this simple Particularity of Perception, without Composition or Division? in short, this Nature that I carry about me? If so (*dear Minister of Fate*) lay down some Rules for me to take along with me, which, after I am embodied, may restore this Knowledge to me, and the unhappy Tribe of Humanity: 'Twill be a great Office of Charity, if possible, to be accomplish'd.—

S. F. 'Tis utterly impossible.

A. S. — Why so?

S. F. Because *a finite Power and an infinite Subject are incompatible*.

A. S. How far then is it possible for Humanity to conceive?

S. F. When the *infinite Eternal Mind* was pleas'd to create *Matter, Time and Place*, he extended the *Cælum Empyreum* to confine 'em in. Whatever is beyond this *vast Convex, this spacious Canopy*, is what has been from Eternity: Shou'd I say really what that is, Mankind cou'd not understand it, because of an incongruity (as urg'd before) betwixt the *Power and Subject*: I might as well enjoin 'em to *smell with their Eyes, or tune an Instrument by their Taste*. But however, to speak as near as I can to their Capacities, — *Quantity and Place, beyond the Cælum Empyreum, are swallow'd up, as Time is, in Eternity*. Before this *Cælum Empyreum*, and its material Inclosures were created, all was, as now is, beyond it; and when the last Fire (a part of that material Fabrick) shall burn up all the rest of Matter, and by the *Fiat* of its *awful Creator* consume

sume it self, there shall be no more *Matter*, *Time*, or *Place*, but all return to the first eternal Constitution. Not so much as Bodies immortaliz'd shall be *Matter*, according to the Definition now made of it; but a new inexpressible *Something*, which cannot be translated out of the Language of Spirits, into that of Men: *Matter* is not so perfect as *Immateriality*, *Time* as *Eternity*, *Place* as *Incircumscribibility*.— And whatever human *Philosophers* wou'd be at, I can experimentally assure 'em, that they come as near an adequate Conception of these things, when they think not at all of them, as they do in their most *elevated Contemplations*. However, not to leave 'em altogether in the dark, a Collection of what you now do in this *pre-existent State* will (if deliver'd according to their Capacities) not make 'em less ignorant, especially when they are put in mind of the Method of their own Living before they came into their Bodies.

A. S. Perhaps they will not believe they ever acted such things, but look upon all as a *Dream* or *Fiction*— What think you of *Pythagoras* his Collections before he went into his Body? A Copy of such an *Original* must be authentick upon your Subscription, and consequently useful to Mankind.

S. F. I must attend the *Destinies*, who are now Sitting in Council; but when I return, I'll bring you the *Original* out of the *Registry*, which you may translate, as near as the Language of Spirits can be adapted to the Language of Men.

The Second Paradoxical Conference is between the Spirit of a Poet, and that of a Drunkard.

Drunkard. WELL met, Brother: Which way is your Flight design'd?

Poet. I have just left the *Bosom of Causes*, to take a Prospect of the lower World, to see if there be any Preparation for my Reception there: And yet I'm much troubled at the Apprehension of being clog'd with that uneasy, restless Lump of Humanity, and the attending Consequences make me very impatient.

D. Why so? what Conjectures have ye?

P. 'Tis the want of reasonable Conjectures; for by all the Observations I can make of my Temper, I cannot resolve myself whether *I'm a Male, or a Female Spirit*. But why do I thus busy my self about Sexes? Certainly 'tis ominous, and argues my Imbodying near at hand: But if after *Six Thousand Years Expectation* I shou'd be ty'd to a *Poet*, I shall reckon it a Fore-stalling my Damnation, and had e'en as good commence Devil, without any more ado, and take up with one Hell— See you not that Wretch in yonder Grove, with his Hat over his Eyes, scratching his Head, tearing his Nails, and sending his poor Hackney Soul about, like a Spaniel Dog, to fetch and carry Similitudes, Rhimes, Composition? &c. I remember, about thirty Years since, when he was our Companion, he wou'd sometimes break off in the midst of a Discourse, without bidding God b'w'ye, and
away

away to the Brooks, Groves and Preferment. — But, hark! —
Fountains; which made me sus- | The Humour of our late Com-
pect the nearness of a Poetick | panion in his new Lodging!

*When formless and inanimate I lay,
Sleeping in Chaos with my Fellow-Clay,
Or e'er those teeming Particles had met,
To make this wretched Composition so compleat,
Without my Knowledg or Concurrence, thou
Bidst me awake and live. —*

Well, and what then —
Why the Sense is out before the
Rhime: Now 'twould be charita-
ble to assume an Airy Organ, and
help him out, viz — *I know
not how.*

Poor Wretch! He knows not
what to do, unless he undoes all,
and begins again, which he'd as
lieve be hang'd as attempt, hav-
ing taken so much pains about it
already. Oh, for *Sisyphus's* rest-
less Stone, or *Beulles's* leaking
Tun! They are minute and pet-
tite Tasks to his. Not *Ixion's*
Wheel has half the Torture of
an over-hasty Period. — But this
is not all: When he has under-
gone the bitter *Throws and Pains*
of *Rhimeship*, then the Darling
Off-spring of his Brain turns
prostitute to the Abuses of all the
World: The Praises of wise Men
are so few, that their Voice is
lost in so large a Theatre; and
the numerous Applauses of Fools
are too loud a Scandal. — And
after all this, is't not pity the
poor Rogue shou'd take such
pains to be damned? For there's
not one Poet in Five Thousand
that escapes. It had gone hard
with *Oldham* himself, if it had
not been for the Penance of his
own Satyrs. Say *Fellow-Imma-
teriality*, What shall I do? I can
never look down upon a Couple

of Lovers, but I'm afraid their
Toying will end in making an *He-
liconian* Prison for me; especially
if the *Inamato* is for Balls,
Masquerading, and Love-Sonnets.

D. Alas, Brother! I'm all Re-
sentment and Pity. Little do
Mortals think what Plague we are
at, about the Lodging and Enter-
tainment we expect at their Hands.
— But for my part, your Ap-
prehensions of Incorporation are
all Charms, and Sweetness, to
the dismal Reception I look for.

P. — Why, what's the matter
with you?

D. — I can never leave our hap-
pier Regions, to visit the lower
Elements, but, before I am a-
ware, I find my self amongst Sea-
fowl, hovering over Rivers,
Ponds and Marshes, admiring the
Scaly Sholes, and envying the
Pastime of those ever thirsty
Revellers. Now, what can this
mean, but that I'm ordain'd to
actuate a *Drunkard*? And if so,
Hell is a Toy to such a Confinement:
This Moment would I
plunge into the boundless Depths,
to be secur'd from such a Com-
panion. But why that rash
Thought? Is not Hell also crowd-
ed with them? And are not its
Horrors doubled by their Confes-
sion? Yet, if Hell could be
Hell without 'em, 'twould be a
happy

happy Place, and nothing in't of the Beast, Antick or Nonsense, but a rational Complaint of Despair. Wonder not, dear Brother, at my deeper Reflections, till you've consider'd yonder Figure at the *Old D--l Tavern*. What think you of their Motions, Converſe, and Paſſions? Suppose all their Diſcourſe were taken in *ſhort-hand*, and the weakeſt Perſon amongſt 'em thou'd have a View of the whole when he's in a *Mood of Thinking*: Wou'd not he bluſh at ſuch Hollies, at ſuch an unaccountable Expence of Time; eſpecially if he thought an Hour ſo ſpent was of equal length with any other Hour in the Line of Life, and muſt be equal-

ly accounted for? Alas! Who wou'd ſuppoſe that Souls, cloiſter'd up in theſe ſensualiz'd, unthinking Statues, were ever our Companions! Come, let's retire towards our peaceful Regions, and not be Witneſſes of what a Midnight Scene produces. A *Poet's Structure!* afraid of a *Poetick Muſim!* 'Tis a Paradise, to what I dread. Nor is there any Spirit in all our Order, that can be afraid of ſuch a Body, but I muſt meet with it in this *Epitome* of all Plagues. A *Drunkard* can be *Poet, Beggar, Cully, Buffoon,* or any thing: So that I am like to meet with the moſt abject Slavery in Nature.

The Third Paradoxical Conference is between two Spirits upon the Ramble, and the Spirit of an Ujurer that had ſtrangled himſelf, and walk'd in a Church-yard about his own Tomb.

1 Spirit. **M**E thinks (tho I know no reaſon for't) I tremble to come ſo near theſe Regions of Death and Horrour. What ſhou'd we do here, amongſt the *Graves* and *Tombs* of the *Deceas'd*? Is it pleaſant to view the Triumphs of that pale-fac'd Tyrant?

2 Spirit. —No: But if we can find ſome of our old Acquaintance, hov'ring o'er the Prisons

of their Bodies, it may be a Satisfaction to aſk ſome Questions. There is one that often viſits his *Tomb* (and Body, which he left too haſtily) he can't be long abſent, the *Clock* has ſtruck Twelve. — Huiſh, here he comes, — Stand ſtill, and put on Inviſibility.

Suicide. — Hail, dear *Tomb*? the dear Repository of my other part. — But why ſhou'd I love and pardon the adulterous Lump, which left me for the Embraces of *Death*; and being deaf to all Intreaties and Reaſons, violently thruſt me out of Poſſeſſion? But yet I can't but love my *old Habitation*.

*Juſt thus the Miller midſt his Store,
He grasps and grips, till he can hold no more;
And when his ſtrength is wanting to his Mind,
Looks back and ſighs for what he left behind.*

Am I then bewitch'd, to viſit the old, ingrateful *Mauſon*, and aſſume an Aerial Reſemblance of

what I once was! Aſſiſt me, *Fancy*; What Hair had he? — Right. And what a Face! — That's

That's exact.—Now, for a Body; Arms, Thighs, Legs and Feet? They are more easy.—

So.—Now, for Clothes?—

That's truly imitated. Now methinks I am A—B—; the very same throughout: How I hug my self in this Figure!—

There's nothing wanting now, but to tell Moneys upon this *Grave Stone*, till the envious *Cock* proclaims a too too eager Flux of Time. — Very well: Now I am seated.— Perhaps some Fools may be frightened at me.

2 *Spirit*.—Why ha'now, old Comrade? What's the meaning of this wealthy Posture? Come, will ye give a Bag or two for old Acquaintance sake?

Suicide.—Why upon this Errand at such an unseasonable Hour? You are come on purpose to give me a Visit: Are n't ye?

2 *Spirit*.—Yes, we are so: And we hope your Entertainment will be suitable to *Visitants*; especially, since we expect no more from you, than the Solution of a few Questions.

Suicide. — Pray, what are they? I'll oblige ye, if I can.

2 *Spirit*.—What Apprehensions have Mankind, when they see this *Airy Vehicle* that you assume every Night? Whether is the Spectacle pleasant thro the Novelty of it, or dismal for want of understanding it?

Suicide. Mankind has very different Apprehensions of me: Some, when they see me, run stark mad immediately. Others come on purpose, swearing all's Delusion, a Cheat, or an Imposition on the Senses; and when they see us, won't believe their Eyes; only sometimes we have

particular Commissions to undeceive 'em, with a witness. A third sort, a little wiser than both, keep so much *Presence of Mind* as to see us, and troop off quietly, with their Hair bolting up an end. But here and there are a very few that have more adequate Conceptions of us, and neither seek nor fly our Company, knowing that we Souls and Spirits have no more Power over them in Bodies, than we have out; and that whatever Power we have at any time is only lent us, and also limited, and not to be extended when and where we please: So that we are really no more in our own Nature and Power, than what their Fancy makes us. Thus Reason secures some against us, and Religion a very few, who can master all the little Suggestions of Fear by their Faith.

2 *Spirit*.—Very well.—Next, Why do ye thus hanker after a rotten, putrifying Body; chusing that Shape that it once bore, before all others?

Suicide.—Because I was turned out of doors by violence, without so much as taking my Leave of it, or its bidding me Farewell.—And cou'd I quietly brook such an abrupt, hasty Separation from a Comrade, I had been so intimate with for near seventy Years? What tho it was deaf to my Counsels and Reasonings; yet it was my other Part; and as before. Incorporation I found my self imperfect, but half an Entity, now I am so again, and shall be so, till I am re-united to my old Companion. But this is all Riddle to you, who have not yet known how Souls act in Bodies,

dics, how the Intellect conceives Ideas of material Objects by the Senses. Did you but know how the visive Power conveys the Similitude of the Thing seen to the Soul, you'd wish to be incorporate, tho it were in one single Eye: How much more when you'd have all the Senses to command? When you'd have a whole Microcosm to rule in, like a Deity? Now, after all this, which of you wou'd not love the Remembrance of such an Union, and imitate it, till the time of Re-union renders ye a perfect, compleat Being again?

Quest. But what was the Reason of your sudden Separation from the Body?

Ans. The Body being part of my self, I was willing to gratify it as far as I cou'd, even to a Weakness; which I continu'd so long, till it grew habitual, and I lost my Command, fixing my Happiness upon wrong Objects, viz. the little Concerns of the World; which bearing no Analogy or Proportion to the Greatness of a Soul, caus'd an Uneasiness. 'Tis incongruous to try Sounds by the Taste, they being the only proper Objects of the Ear.

*Content is Wealth, the Riches of the Mind,
And happy he who can that Treasure find;
Content alone can all our Wrongs redress,
(Content, that other Name for Happiness)
But the base Miser starves amidst his Store,
Broods on his Gold, and griping still for more,
Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.*

There is no Object for the Soul but God; as appears by its Rest when fix'd on him, and Uneasiness every where else. And thus I, by the Importunity of my Body, and the Defectibility of just Perception, expecting Happiness where it was not to be had, grew impatient under the Disappointment, even to Strangling, to be rid of the Burden.

2 Spirit. — Alas, unfortunate Brother! We can do no more than pity thee, and own our Obligations for these Discoveries. — Farewell,

*The Fourth Paradoxical Conference
is between a Spirit and his Friend,
lately embodied in an Infant.*

Spirit. **W**HAT, have you forgot your old Companion? or are you asleep as well as your Body?

Friend. — Who's that?

Sp. — Your late Friend A — When we parted, you desir'd me to pay you a Visit in your new Lodgings, and you knew I was always punctual at an Ass-nation, where Friendship was the Motive: I long to know what Entertainment you have lit on; what Liberties you enjoy; or what Confinements you lie under, that I may take an Estimate thereby what I have to trust to, when my Turn comes.

Et.—If tender Infants, who imprison'd stay
 Within the Womb, prevail'd to break away,
 Were conscious of themselves, and of their State,
 And had but Reason to sustain Debate,
 The painful Passage they wou'd dread, and show
 Reluctance to a World they do not know.
 They in their Prisons still wou'd chuse to lie,
 As backward to be born, as we to die.

Oh Friend! it e'en grieves his Coffers and Leases, when he
 me to think what Miseries you Father's a dying. But as to me
 must run thro in your Conception, first Motion, I thought 'twas just
Birth and Infancy. — To give a like a half-drown'd Fly, when the
 Journal of my Entertainment, Sun begins to shine upon it, which
 will be just the same Satisfaction first puts out a Leg, then a Wing,
 that a Criminal has when he is no and so by degrees gathers Motion,
 longer perplex'd betwixt Hope till it presumes upon its own
 and Despair, but is assur'd he Strength, and new Adventures;
 shall be hang'd; but you are not so I, first a Knee, then an El-
 deny'd the Criminal's Comfort, bow, then a Heel, and so on, till
 to wit, *Company.* But not to de- I grew so troublesome a Guest,
 tain you from Particulars, when that my Mother cry'd out for
 I parted with you, I immediate- help, to be shut on me; and so
 ly shot into the *Embryo* I told you by a *Writ of Ejection* dispossest'd
 of, as swift as a *Falling-Star*, and me of my warm Tenement, and
 before I was aware, I was dis- turn'd me out into the wide
 pers'd thro the whole Lump; not World, naked, helpless, and full
 a Finger or Toe but I was busy of *Tears.*
 in't, as the hasty Heir is amongst

*Thus like a Sailor by a Tempest hurld
 Ashore, the Babe is shipwreck'd on the World;
 Naked he lies, and ready to expire,
 Helpless of all that human Wants require:
 Expos'd upon unhojpitable Earth,
 From the first Moment of his hapless Birth.
 Strait with foreboding Crys he fills the Room,
 (Too sure Presages of his future Doom)
 But Flocks and Herds, and ev'ry savage Beast,
 By more indulgent Nature are increas'd.
 They want no Ratties for their forward Mood,
 No Nurse to reconcile 'em to their food
 With broken Words, nor Winter Blasts they fear,
 Nor change their Habits with the changing Year:
 Nor for their Safety Citadels prepare,
 Nor forge the wicked Instruments of War:*

*Unlabour'd Earth her bounteous Treasure grants,
And Nature's lavish Hand supplies their Wants.*

But to return to my *Incorporation and Infancy*, I no sooner peep'd into this World, but then began the Plague of Dependance, and the Date of my Misfortunes; for you will find when you come into a Body, that a Soul does sympathize, and receive an Impression of Pleasure or Pain, according to the resentment of the Senses; & *vice versa*, the Body participates in the Ease or Disturbance of the Soul. I am now but just six Weeks old, and methinks 'tis longer than the Six Thousand Years of my *Pre-existence*; for I'm horribly abus'd Night and Day. 'Tis said, *The Ape is so very tender of her young ones, that she frequently hugs 'em to Death*; but my Nurse only mocks me with such a Kindness; for when she has almost strangled me for want of Breath, she recovers me to strangle me again. And if I itch or smart, am swaddled too straight or too loose, am hungry, or over-cramb'd, 'tis all one; for I've no way to declare my Grievance, but by sprawling, making a foul face, or exercising my treble Organs; and that does not avail me neither; for I'm only look'd upon to be peevish, and out of Humour. Whether this Usage will kill me, or whether I shall weather it out to abide worse, I know not: But this I know, That if I was to begin my *Pre-existent State* again, I'd take heed of such extravagant Rambles as cou'd be aton'd by no less a Penance than such an Incorporation.

Sp.— If you find such Penance for *Pre-existent Extravagan-*

ces, alas what will become of me, who am in, ten times deeper than you; the foot of my Account will be amazing, when your small Debt has such severe Exactions.

Pr.— I don't know that, but pray withdraw; here comes the Nurse to bellabber me with Caudle; if she finds the Body without me, and unactive, the House will be all in an uproar, and my new Companion will be laid out, and starv'd to death; and I dread a second Change, remembering the old Proverb, — *Seldom comes a better.*

The Fifth Paradoxical Conference, between two Spirits, that made a Contract to keep a Correspondence, whenever came to be embodied first.

The Unbodied Spirit. Certainly he can understand me, now I have assum'd this Body of Air, — *Ho-to Brother* — I have been calling these two hours to no purpose, do you hear me now?

Bodied Spirit. — Hear ye! Yes; who are ye? and what's your Business?

Unbodied Spirit. — What, have you forgot me your old Comrade, and your Contract? Has this Lump of Humanity spoil'd all your Faculties, or are you ungrateful, or over-proud of your new Lodging?

Bodied Spirit. — I don't know what you mean by Forgetfulness, or Contract.

Unbodied Spirit. — That's very strange: I'm certain, *This is the Body you were to animate*, and

by consequence, you must be the same *Individual* that agreed with me to keep a *Correspondence*, when you came into this Body. I had forgot my self, and have been all this time speaking to you in the *Language of Spirits*, not knowing it was too fine for the Perceptions of an organiz'd Body.

Bodied Spirit.—By this you'd make me believe a *Pre-existent State of Souls* before they come into the Body: But if there be such a State, I have *wholly forgot it*; only I have some *dark Ideas* of things when they are mention'd, that I never saw nor heard of before; which probably may proceed from the *Cognizance* I took of 'em before I was embodied.

Unbodied Spirit.—That's no Argument at all; since that *Idea* gives you neither the *Species*, nor the *Form* of the Thing spoken of, if neither be mention'd: as for instance, If I shou'd tell you in general Terms, That at the *West-end of the Vatican at Rome*, there's a curious Picture, you'd presently *form an Idea* of it in your Mind; but perhaps it may be a *Saint*, instead of a *Landship*. But to pass over that, have you any *Idea of the Language of Spirits*?

Bodied Spirit.—None but such as is *Organical*.

Unbodied Spirit.—By this you may see your Error again; for *Spirits speak to one another as Man does, when he speaks to God in his Mind*. Again, Man's Voice is limited; I mean, when he speaks, he is not heard but at such a distance; but when one *Spirit* speaks, all the *Thousand Millions of Spirits*, wherever dispers'd thro-

out the Creation, have a distinct perception of such Speech, if directed to them all at once; or if directed to any one *Spirit*, he be never so far off, *he only hears*, and not one of all those that are betwixt him and the Speaker. So that 'tis *as ordinary a thing for Spirits to converse one with another* at the most protracted distance as 'tis face to face; but this is only to your Capacity: for there is no such thing as distance amongst *Spirits*; for they are as near one another, when the whole *Cælum Empyreum* is betwixt 'em, as they are when both together, and yet they are not like God, *everywhere at once, or omnipresent*.

Bodied Spirit.—This is strange Doctrine to Mortals;——pray how do *Spirits move*? whether locally by a *Medium*, or in an instant, or in time, or how?

Unbodied Spirit.—None of all this—for what is impartible, is not moveable; for, according to *Humane Philosophy*, which holds in this Case, any thing that is moving, whilst it is moving, is partly in *termino a quo*, and partly in *termino ad quem*, which is inconsistent with *Impartibility*. Nor can a Spirit move so, as to pass thro a *Medium*: As for instance, to go from *London* to *Rome*, or *Constantinople*, without passing over the distance, or places betwixt 'em. Now every thing that passes, passes thro a *Place equal to it self* (as suppose thro Air, Water, &c.) the place that the Body is in, is equal to the Body which fills it. But the Place equal to an indivisible Spirit (speaking *ad Humnum Caput*) is a *Point*; and therefore an Angel or Spirit, by his Motion, passes thro a *Medium*, he

must necessarily pass thro or number many Points in termino ad quem, which is impossible. To speak yet nearer the common Apprehension of Mortals, a Man may in his Mind think of France, and then immediately of Syria, without thinking of Italy, which is the Medium betwixt both: And this comes nearest the Motion of Spirits. Now whether this Motion is effected in Time, or in an Instant (as thus, when God Almighty commissioned an Angel to go and appear to Manoah, whether incoming from Heaven he might be a Day, an Hour, or a Minute; or whether he was there in the same successive Moment wherein he receiv'd the Commission) To this we answer in respect of Men, who are ty'd up to the gross Rules of Time, Place, Matter, &c. There was a Flux of Time betwixt the receipt of the Commission, and the Execution of it: But in respect of the Nature of Angels, the Receipt of their Commission, the Execution of it, and a Thousand Years after the Execution of it, were all included in one successive Now. The Reason of it is this, If there were a Time for the Beginning of an Action, and another Time for the Ending of it, then there wou'd be Succession, and by consequence Partibility; but that's inconsistent (as above) with the Nature of an Indivisible Being, as an Angel or a Spirit is.

Bodied Spirit. But supposing Motion, Time, Place, &c. to be attributed to Angels and Spirits, in respect to Mankind, as really they are: As it may be said, A Spirit is in such a Place now, and was not two Hours since. Sup-

posing (I say) such a way of speaking, in reference to Mankind, how is it feasible for a Spirit, a Witch, &c. to be so, or to go thro the Keyhole of a Door?

Dabbling Spirit. Well, allowing such a Condescension ad Humum Captum, yet 'tis a vulgar Error. First, As to Witches: They never do it, 'tis their Spirits, and they (I mean their Bodies and Animal Life) are all the while in an exanimated Trance, wherein the Devil does make use of their Fancy, to inform them of what pass'es at a distance in those Aerial Bodies that resemble them, and in which their Spirits really are: As Mankind want not many Instances of such Truths. A Spirit's passing thro a Key-hole is absurdly ridiculous; for since Matter is not determinative on Spirits, 'tis all one to them to pass thro Gold, Glass, or the most continuous Solidities in Nature, as to pass thro Air only. So that when a Spirit assumes an Aerial Body, since Air it self is Matter, or a Body, and since there can't be Peretration of Bodies, it follows, that a Spirit which is to go thro Glass, Stone, &c. leaves the Aerial Body which it has, and only passes thro the Glass, Stone, &c. in its own Nature, and assumes a new Body of Air on the other side. And here also may be a Solution of those strange Riddles (for so they are to some Mortals) how a Witch receives the Wound in the same Part, in which the Aerial Representation of her receiv'd it: As for instance; a fallen Angel prompts a Witch to afflict such a Person: She consents; and being under this Angel's Power, he makes use of natural

tural Methods, so as to invert the ordinary Operation of her animal Powers (as above) that she falls into a Trance, insensible of Burns, Cuts, &c. Now this wicked Angel having a permissive Possession of her Spirit, forms a Body of Air for it, organiz'd and fit for Perception, in which it assaults and afflicts the Person design'd: But in all the Instances that Mankind can bring of such Aerial Representations that have been struck at, whether in Human or Brutal Shape, the Persons that struck never felt that they hit any thing but Air; which is a certain Evidence that 'twas not the true Body of what it represented. Now this wicked Angel being present with the Witch's Spirit, and taking notice where, and what the Wound wou'd have been, had it been a real Body, amongst other the Occurrences that he represents to the Witch's Fancy, he insinuates the Wound, and at the same time inflicts it himself upon the real Part of the Body, which was representatively cut or wounded in the Phantasm; the Witch all the time believing the whole to be a real Truth, and acted personally.

Body'd Spirit. Possibly 'tis so. But, pray, is there a Number of Spirits, or different Species amongst 'em?

Unbody'd Spirit. Humanly speaking, there's Thousands of Thousands; but in the Language of Spirits there's no such gross Term as Number; for Number is a discrete Quantity, caus'd by a Division of Continuity: But this is inconsistent with the Nature of Spirits.— And as to Difference of Species, to which we might add

Equality or Inequality, they are Terms adapted to Matter; and therefore amongst Immaterial Beings, 'tis the most egregious Nonsense that can be imagin'd.

Body'd Spirit. What's the difference betwixt a Spirit's Perception and ours?

Unbody'd Spirit. A great deal. Men think, by means of the Senses. Suppose the Eye: First, there must be an Union betwixt the Sight, and the thing seen; for Vision is not in Act, except the thing seen is after a certain manner in the thing seeing; and this not by an Assumption of the Substance, but of the Similitude of the thing seen, into the Eye. Now this visive Power having assum'd a Similitude of the thing seen into the Eye, the Intellect abstracts Universals from it; which Act is call'd the Perception, and according to this Perception we judg and act. But 'tis not so with Spirits, they have no Perception from divisible or sensible Objects; for what by our Senses we know of material Objects, that they know from the Effluvia of the Deity. As for instance, God is the Cause of every Substance, both as to its Matter and Form; therefore God, according to his Essence (which is the Cause of all things) is the Similitude of all things. Hence Angels and Spirits, when they look upon God, do (as in a Glass) see and know all material and immaterial Objects and Things whatever, when he pleases to communicate a Knowledg: And thus it is that departed Souls have Knowledg of things happening in this Life.

Body'd Spirit. What's the difference betwixt a Spirit's Thoughts

and Language, since you say that their Language is like our Thoughts?

Unbody'd Spirit. I have already told you, that as Men have their Perceptions by means of their Senses, so Spirits have theirs from the immediate Emanations and Ideas of all things which they see originally in God. This is the manner of their Perception, and the making known this Perception, by directing the Result of it to one another, as Men do their Minds to themselves, when they speak to themselves internally, without Lip or Voice. This, I say, is the *Language of Spirits*; which is as different from their Perceptions as the Act of receiving and communicating is amongst Men.

Body'd Spirit. Whether do Spirits and Angels love, fear, are angry or pleas'd, &c. as Men are?

Unbody'd Spirit. Not at all; 'tis inconsistent with their Nature, these being Acts adapted to the Powers of the *Sensitive Soul*: So that when *Speech, Love, Hate, Fear, Courage, Temperance, &c.* are attributed to Angels or Spirits, 'tis an *Humanism*, or a *Condescension* adapted to human Dialect. To love amongst Spirits, is to wish Good to one another: To rejoice, is to rest the Will in some good Habit: *Temperance* is a Moderation of the Will; according to the Rule of the Divine Will: *Fortitude* is a firm and resolute Execution of the Divine Will: And so of all other concupiscible Powers.

Body'd Spirit. Whether can several Spirits be in one place at the same time?

Unbody'd Spirit. I have already told you, that Spirits have no such thing as Place; 'tis as incongruous a Term to their Nature as *Time* is. So that what you call *Place*, is the same thing to them as *no Place*; and if so, Spirits, according to that Notion you have of *Place*, may be *Five Millions* together in a *Quart Bottle*, and yet never a one be there: but 'tis impossible to make you understand the manner how, farther than by a dark Similitude. Suppose *Five Millions* of Persons should all desire at the same time to be upon the *Top of the Monument* (erected in remembrance of the Conflagration of the *Fire of London*) now these *Five Millions* desiring to be there at the same time, it follows that their Minds must be there all at once; yet not one of 'em can say, his Thought or Mind was crowded there by other Minds which were there also: And thus might *Five Millions* of Spirits be in a *Quart Bottle* at one time, without jostling one another for room; but thus only by a *virtual Application* of themselves thither. ----- I must be gone, there's a *General Assignation* of our Order to meet at the *Musick of the Spheres*, and if my Place be found empty, my Name will be dash'd out of the *Catalogue*, upon a *Supposition* that I am *inbody'd*.

Body'd Spirit. Well, I acknowledge my Obligations for this Favour: Pray, let me converse with you as oft as you can. It won't be long but I shall put off this Clog, and change Circumstances with you; and then I'll be as kind in informing you of such things as you will also forget when you come into a Body.

The Sixth Conference amongst the whole Consistory of Spirits, examining a Heretick Soul about some new Doctrines held forth in opposition to the common-receiv'd Opinions of the Æthereal Fraternity.

Consistory. **P**roduce the Prisoner, and his Pamphlet; and let's hear what he can say in proof of his new Doctrines: if we admit of one Innovation here, no wonder the World below us is all in Flames and Divisions.

Register of Fate. He is ready here, and his Pamphlet too.— Will ye be pleas'd that I or he read.

Consist. No, let him begin, and make his Defence to every particular Article as he goes along.

Prisoner. I accept the freedom of making my Defence to the mysterious Truths that I have discover'd, as a very great Favour, and shall without any Preface begin as follows.

The first Canon I lay down, is, *That the Sun and Moon are no Planets (as is vulgarly believ'd) but the two Eyes of the World; and that which you call Eclipses, is nothing else but the World's winking when tis sleepy.*

Consist. How! the World sleepy? Prove that.

Pr. You'll allow the World to be Matter, and as soon as it was created, to be sent of an Errand,

and ride Post until this very minute, without any intermission whatever: You will also grant, that the Whole is of the same nature with all its Parts, and that Motion wears away, and destroys what is material; unless it have some Reparations, 'tis impossible always to run, move, act, &c. I speak of particular Parts of *Matter*, and the same also holds good concerning the Whole. I know the great Objection that you'll make, and therefore will obviate it, to save your labour, *viz.* 'Tis impossible to pretend to particular Functions in Nature, and at the same time to be asleep. — To

which I answer — That the Soul of the World is never sleepy, no more than the Spirit in human Bodies; but you can't deny it impossible for a Man in's sleep to walk, saddle Horses, Mow, Plow, &c. of which there are Instances enough: Just so the Soul of the World follows on its Task, tho its material Frame may be asleep; for if it did not, it would break its Commission, by leaving some part of the World in too long a Darkness. But this is not a Position entertain'd only by me, take the Sentiments of the lower World upon it, some of which call the Eclipses *πασσι*, or the Labours of the Moon; some shew at it to keep it awake, some held up Torches and sounded Instruments of Brass to ease it: whence one of their Poets;

Cum frustra resonant ora auxiliaria Lunæ. Metam. lib. 2.

And another,

Una laboranti poterit succurrere Lunæ. Juven. Sat. 6.

All which consider'd, perhaps may render the Doctrine as reasonable as 'tis new.

Consist. — Well, we shall weigh your Reasons by and by, what's your next Thesis?

Pr. Second Canon; *That the Constellations in the Heavens, call'd the Dragon's-Head and Tail, are nothing else but pieces of a pickled Whale.* To prove which, I have the Man in the Moon to be my Voucher, who is a Person of so great Credit and Reputation, that Noah made him the *Boatswain* of his *Ark*. His Relation is this, That one morning, during the Flood, being very curious to take his leave of an old Neighbour or two that were got upon a Windmill, to secure themselves from drowning as long as they cou'd, the Moon being at full (that is, broad awake) and according to her usual Method going to take a Draught of Sea Water (which by the way, is the reason why Tides swell, on purpose for a full Draught) she suckt up a Whale, and the *Boatswain* of the *Ark* at once, with a bundle of Cable Ropes at his back; but being not us'd to such Victuals, she pickled the Fish, and presented it to the Astrologick Souls (who have eat up all but the Head and Tail) but kept the *Boatswain* to be her *Valet de Chambre*.

Consist. A very strange Relation, but we shall know whether true or no, when we have sent a Messenger for the Man in the Moon: In the mean time proceed.

Pr. Third Canon; *That the Moon is drunk once a month.* I don't positively assert this, but am willing to recant if any of you can show me a better reason why

her Face should be so red, when she takes a Dole of the great *Salt-Bowl*, alias the Sea.

Consist. We shall consider of that also. — Proceed.

Pr. Fourth Canon; *That the Occasion of the Universal Deluge, was the Tears of the Devil and his Angels, who wept for grief to be routed and cast out of Heaven.* They had two Designs by their Tears, for when they found they could not get in again, they hang'd about the Concave and Battlements thereof, as Flies do upon the Ceiling of Houses, weeping as well to ease themselves, as to be reveng'd of Mankind: so finding themselves to be very many, they wept a numerous Company of Clouds, which were all that time in falling down upon the Earth, as is betwixt *Adam* and *Noah*. But I'm not so conceited and positive, as to believe this the reason, if you can give me a better. — But however I must beg the liberty to be positive in my next Canon, viz.

Fifth Canon; *That the cause of Winds flying backward and forward, is the breathing of the World, just as Mankind sucks Breath in and out.* To prove this (for I know you expect no less than Demonstration) I need not say you must consider (for you do) that there can be no Effect without a Cause, no Motion without a Mover. The Opinions that pass in this, and the lower World too, have not been enough examin'd; viz. That the Sun, Moon, and Stars being monstrous Bodies, and continually upon the hurry, 'tis suppos'd that they moving, drive the Winds along with 'em, and that the difference of their Motions causes

causes different Winds, or an Agitation of the Air this and that way ; which is impossible, because then we should have no Westerly Winds, most of the Erratick Stars moving Westward, which hinder the Winds from coming that way : besides, all Southern and Northern Winds would be unnatural, but we know that they are as common as Easterly Winds. Nor would the Rarification of Water (as the Philosophers in the lower World dream) be enough to supply such great Winds and Hurricanes, as sometimes happen ; for they only proceed immediately from the Lungs of the World, when it has catch'd cold, or is dispos'd to laugh or whistle, which makes the Air fly faster out. I might add here, instead of putting it into another Canon, That all Earthquakes proceed from the sighing of the World when 'tis in a melancholy Humour : for it raising up its Body (as Man does his Breast when he sighs) and being brittle where it has the fewest Ribs (I mean Mines, Quarries, &c. as vulgarly call'd) the Buildings and Cities standing in those places, tumble into's Bowels to secure themselves from a Transport into the World of the Moon. — Well, Gentlemen, I hope 'tis your silence that gives consent unto these Truths, and not an Amazement at their Novelty. In confidence whereof, I proceed to my

Sixth Canon ; viz. *That Stars are the Bubbles of the World, at which all Astrologers suck, and that all that don't love Astrology were put off by nurse, and wean'd with grosser Diet.* But I beg your Par-

don, Gentlemen, I tur'd over a wrong leaf ; this is your own receiv'd Principle, therefore no need to prove it : I meant thus ; *That 'tis as possible for an Ass to drink up the Moon, as to cure Wounds by Sympathy.*

Consist. Ay, indeed now you say something ; that is as much as to say, 'tis possible for an Ass to suck out one of the Eyes of the World ; for so you call'd it but just now : but pray before you prove it, prove a possibility that it may be prov'd.

Pr. Pray, Gentlemen, let me have fair play, I mean the liberty of a Philosopher. If I prove it, I also prove a possibility of proving it ; don't I ?

Consist. Yes.

Pr. Very well. To proceed then : I am to tell you, that my Correspondence from the other World is very good and creditable, and 'tis often found there, that the Man travels in pains of Childbirth, when the Woman herself is deliver'd without pain : That if some sort of Leaves are rub'd (whilst growing) upon a Corn, Wart, &c. that Corn or Wart shall die as the Leaf withers away : Thus small ideal Parts, or fancy'd Representatives of what is real, have the same sympathick Effect that a true Cause would have, when you come into the other World : Read Sir Kenelm Digby's Works in this kind. Now those that can deny an Ass to have no Fancy, deny themselves any. But to be short, and give you an Instance that is matter of fact — One of my Correspondents (*Ludov. Vives*) gave me an account of a certain People that did imprison an Ass for drinking

drinking up the Moon; the manner was thus.— The Aſs being driven to the Water to drink, the Moon ſhined very bright, and reflected in the Water juſt where the Aſs drank: The Aſs fancy'd ſtrongly, pull'd hard to draw in the Moon, and it had the effect accordingly; tho' ſome were ſo ſilly, as to believe the Moon being in danger, ſlipt out of ſight behind a Cloud. Hereupon the Aſs was brought to the Bar, to receive a Sentence according to his Deſerts; and as the Senate were gravely debating the matter, one ſtarts up, a little wiſer perhaps than the reſt, and made the following ſhort Speech.— Gentle- men, 'tis my private Opinion (and I hope not unreaſonably) that 'tis no trifling buſineſs for our Town to loſe its Moon; and I know but of one way to recover it again, viz. by giving the Aſs a ſtrong Vomito to weaken his Fancy, for 'tis that which keeps the Moon a Priſoner in his Maw.— No, ſays another, I think it much better that the Aſs be cut up, and the Moon taken out of him. In ſhort, they handled the Aſs ſo ſeverely, that he had forgot his Supper, and the Moon ſtole whole and undigeſted again into its own place againſt the next night, but ever after play'd at Bo-peep, when ſhe ſaw the Aſs come near

the Water.— Gentlemen, 'tis all matter of fact, and as great a Truth as my next Poſition.

Seventh Canon; *That thoſe Devils that were furtheſt purſu'd by Michael and his Angels, viz. as far as the middle Region of the Air, are all Taylors, and cut out the Clouds into Shapes of Hogs, Trees, Ships, Dromedaries, &c. on purpoſe to be talk'd on and wonder'd at by the ignorant Country People of the World below.*

To prove which, you may be pleas'd to remember, the Prince of wicked Angels fell by Pride in endeavouring to be like his Maker; and when he was excluded and chas'd out of Heaven, he cou'd not forget the Notion, but wou'd yet be *imitating*, and make the Representations of all Creatures in Clouds and condens'd Bodies of Air. I might (if there was occaſion to ſtrengthen this Argument) add, that he has alſo his Oracles, Miracles, Sacrifices, Prieſts, in ſhort above one half of the World his true and faithful Servants; and all this becauſe the *old Notion of Imitation* was ſo deeply rooted in his mind. Now it being prov'd, that the Prince of fallen Spirits does act ſo and ſo, it follows, that all the ſubordinate Mob have an itch to imitate their Head; it being a great Truth,

Regis ad Exemplum totius componitur Orbis.

Subjects will be imitating their King, and Children their Parents, let 'em act good or bad. By Taylor and cutting out Clouds, I mean only metaphorically, a ſhaping of Clouds; and I ſhall think

none of you Hereticks, if you call 'em Carpenters or Statuaries.

Conſiſt. Well, and the next.

Pr. That never any Spirit was ſent into a human Body, to join with it

it as its proper Half, or as a convenient Residence, but as into a Prison for Debt, purely for Debt; and not (as is pretended) for rambling, or other Extravagancies.

To prove which, you need only to consult the Records of our honourable Court of Equity, and you'll find the Decrees generally run thus: ' That having upon the
' humble Suit of the Plaintiff A,
' impartially weigh'd and consider'd the Defendant B's Charge,
' wherein is prov'd, that besides
' bilking his Lodging, he never
' paid for the cleansing his Wings,
' nor whitening his Wand; he
' it therefore enacted by the
' Prerogative of this Honourable
' Court of Spirits, That the
' said B. be forthwith transported
' into the other World, and be
' kept close Prisoner in a human
' Body for seventy two years (or
' some other Number, proportion'd to the nature of the
' Debt.)— And this is farther prov'd by my Correspondents in the other World, who tell me, they often get into the Ear to listen if there be any Subject of Dissolution, and sometimes mount up into the Eye, and take a view of the Skies, their old Lodgings; and when the Eye (that is to say, the Wicket-door, or rather the Grate of the Prison) is clos'd up, 'tis more terrible to 'em than garnishing or double Irons to a Criminal; and thus much for Incorporation Penalties.

Eighth Canon; 'Tis as easy a thing for Ships to sail in the Clouds of the Air, as in the Sea; and 'tis an Invention that will be found out, when Mankind shall discover the way into the World of the Moon.

This Canon consists of two

parts, viz. Hypothetick and phetick. To prove the
Clouds are form'd
ther ordinarily
ordinarily
thin and m
the Steam of a
ascends, which meeting
and justing in the Air, by fine
and little are condens'd into thick
Clouds or airy Rivers, which by
degrees empty themselves again
into the Sea, as all other Rivers
do upon the Earth. Extraordi-
narily, when several Winds meet
together (as 'tis frequent in some
Seas) the equal strife causes a
whirling violent Ascension of
fighting Particles, which form a
Vacuum in the shape of a leaden
Pipe or Pump, as high as the
Clouds; but Nature abhorring a
Vacuum, fills that vast Pipe with
Water, by way of Suction or
drawing up. So that presently
there are form'd Clouds of many
Millions of Tuns of Water, which
can easily enough bear up a Ship;
for Water loses not its nature in
being less, as is evident by a Ship
swimming as well in twenty Fa-
them deep, as twenty thousand.
Nor has it less Power in the Air
than on the Earth; for a Tub of
Water upon the top of a House,
will bear up a Hat, Stick, &c. as
easily as the Well in the ground,
from whence that Water was taken.
But tho we have prov'd, that
Ships may sail in the Air, we
shan't promise prosperous Voya-
ges; which brings me to the Pro-
phetick part of my Canon, viz.
That Mankind shall discover the
way into the World of the Moon,
when they find out the way of
Sailing in the Air. I could prove
this also, but that it wou'd lessen
the

the Credit of Prophecies, which admit of no Demonstration, but *matter of fact*: Therefore I shall wave it, not desiring to be believ'd, till it be fulfill'd.

Consist. That's reasonable enough—What else have you to offer?

Pr. Ninth Canon; *That Saturn is neither Base nor Tenor, but Counter Tenor in the Musick of the Spheres.*

I have my own Reasons for this Negative, and I expect the same Liberty that the Philosophers have in the World below, that is, *not to prove the Negatives*. Let all the Musical Souls amongst ye prove the Affirmative, and I'll not only yield the Cause, but give 'em both my Ears for a Demonstration, so soon as I have 'em. But to proceed, if I may speak without offence, or particular Reflections on this honourable *Consistory*, who are now my Judges, I have a great many more Negatives to offer in opposition to as many receiv'd Opinions amongst you, which ye have taken upon Trust, without examining the Reasonableness of 'em; in which (provided I may be freed from my Confinement, and the Calumny of it) I shall oblige all our Fraternity with my farther Discoveries.

Consist. We'll do you justice, and upon performance of your Promise, you shall have your Liberty.

The Seventh Paradoxical Conference between the whole Consistory of Spirits, being RECREATIONS (or a Discovery of vulgar Errors) receiv'd in that Society by the late

suppos'd Heretick Spirit, yet a Prisoner.

Prisoner. THE Goodness of my Cause is to me instead of Questions; therefore I shall immediately begin to discover the vulgar Errors of our Society—The Condition of my Releasement.

Secretary of Fate. Hold a little! Here's the *Man in the Moon* come now; let's hear what he can say about the *Pickled Leviathan*. If upon Oath he confirms not your Testimony already deliver'd, how shall we believe what you shall offer hereafter?—Swear him there, and administer the Interrogatories already drawn up to that end.

Notary Publick. 'Tis done.—*Imprimis*, do you know the Prisoner at the Bar? Have you ever held Correspondence with him? And if so, how long.

Man in the Moon. Yes, I do know the Prisoner at the Bar, and have held a particular Correspondence with him, ever since 35 years before the *Flood*.

Not. Pub. Item, was you the *Boatswain of Noah's Ark*? Did the Moon suck a Whale and you up with a *Bundle of Cables* at your back, at full Tide in the Universal Deluge? Declare the Truth, and nothing but the Truth.—You are upon your Oath.

Man in the Moon. The Affirmative of every particular of this second Interrogatory is Truth.

Not. Pub. Item—Are you now *Valet de Chambre* to the Moon?

Man in the Moon.—I am.

Consist.

Consist. He's very positive: Pray examine about his *Humanity, Sustenance, &c.* this looks very suspicious.

Not. Pub.—Item, Were you a Man or a Spirit, when you were *Boatswain of the Ark?* If the first, how come you to live so long without putting off the *Body?* If the last, were there any more Spirits with you there at the same time? Remember you are upon your *Oath*, and therefore speak the whole Truth, and nothing but Truth.

Man in the Moon.—I was then, and yet am of *Human Race*, and possibly shall continue lively and well till the Day of Judgment, by reason of the *Agreeableness of that Æther* to my Stomach. I am never sick, hungry, thirsty, nor weary; for there's no crude Vapours, or gross Matter to turn into Diseases. Nor is it at all strange, since the lower World tells you of one *Epimenides* (*Viridiar. lib. 4. prob. 24.*) that slept seventy five years without Meat and Drink, and of a whole Nation in *India*, that lives upon pleasing Odors (*Nat. Hist. lib. 7. c. 3.*) and of *Democritus* that was fed divers days with the Smell of hot Bread (*Diog. Laert. lib. 1. cap. 9.*) Why should it seem strange to you, that pure *Æther* shou'd afford such a Nourishment, when your common, gross, vaporous Air nourishes *Vegetables?* Onions and the *Sempervive* shoot forth and germinate, when hang'd in the open Air. What think ye of the *Birds of Paradise*, that have nothing else to feed upon but Air? Go and ask *Rondoletius*, how it was possible for his Priest to live forty

years upon nothing but Air? Or what he meant, when he said he was an Eye-witness of one that had lived ten years with another Nourishment? From all which 'tis no wonder that the pure *Æther* shou'd have such Effect upon me, as you now see; tho' if there were occasion for it, there's all sorts of Diet: but they are given only as *Physick* to new Comers into our World in the Moon, as preparatory to a perpetual *Abstinence*.

—Gentlemen, I hope what I have said is satisfactory; and so I desire the liberty to withdraw: The Moon is awake, and ready to get up by this time, and if I miss my Attendance, I may be turn'd out of my Office.

Consist. —Very well; discharge the Witness, and see him take home in the Moon again. —In the mean time, —do you, Mr. *Philosopher*, proceed in your Discoveries; you shall have a very favourable Construction of what you offer.

Pr. —I acknowledg my Obligations (*most judicious Patrons*) and shall impart what I have found out, with as much Humility and Modesty as Truth can stoop to. —

First then I shall presume to call this receiv'd Opinion a vulgar Error:

That Taurus has any Horns, or that he feeds on the Schemes and Draughts of Astrologers in the lower World.

Astrol. Sp. —How's that? Blasphemy, I protest! What will you make a sucking Calf of one of the great Supporters of the Stars?

Pr. — Pray, Mr. Astrologer, not so fast, lest you shou'd tire ; and then your Bull (I assure you) cannot carry you, tho you offer every day a Bundle of Schemes to him. Suppose there's no such a Being in all the Heavens as *Taurus*, but only a nominal Division of the Heavens, what will become of Horns and Fodder then ?

Astrol. Sp. — He raves certainly. — Prove what you say.

Pr. Nay, hold there ; what, bid a Philosopher prove Negatives ! Do you prove the Affirmative if you can ; if not, tell this honourable Court why you believe it.

Astrol. Sp. — Let me consider a little. —

Pr. — Come, never vex yourself to find out *what is not* ; when the Sun goes thro that Part or Division of the Heavens (or if you will, when that part of the Heavens moves by the Sun) it is said to be in *Taurus*, because it happens at the time of the Year when the Countryman tills, manures, and plows his Lands by the help of Oxen or Bulls : likewise when the Sun is in *Gemini*, 'tis said to be so, because of the Pairing and Copulation of most Creatures at that time ; and so of the rest of the Signs, which are only Appellations, and no real Beings. I cou'd tell you, that there's some in the World below us that know as much ; but this wou'd be too like one of their Proverbs, *viz. If you would know what News at Court, you must enquire in the Country :*

And this puts me in mind of another false Opinion among us, *viz.*

That the Devil is a Male Spirit.

This is taken upon Trust too, without Examination of his Testicles : if there be ever a Midwife-Spirit among you, that knew him out at nurse, or that had any private Familiarity, or learn'd it by his own Confession before he fell ; stand forth.

Midwife Sp. — I knew him out at Nurse, but was never very curious in that particular ; but he told me himself that he was a Male Spirit.

Pr. He told you ! If you have no better Evidence than that, it proves nothing. 'Tis well known, *The first Word he spoke was a Lye.* 'Twas a bold and masculine sort of Impiety, when he pretended himself to be a God, and gave Oracles and prophesy'd ; but 'twas a feminine sort of Wickedness, to be afraid of the Pentangle of Solomon, the Liver of Tobias's Fish, the Sound of Tetragrammaton, the Virtue of *Hipericon*, the Root of *Baaras*. Cou'd any thing but a Feminine Devil be commanded by Charms, Spells, Conjurations, Letters, Notes, and Dashes ? In short, can the Devil be any thing else but a *Rigil*, that is, either Man or Woman, to gratify the Witches and Wizards of the World below ? Can he be any thing else but an *Hermaphrodite*, whose Language looks both ways at once, and is either true or false ?

Aio te Æacidem Romanos vincere posse.

No,

No, no, the Case is plain; and I hope this Honourable Convention will order it to be register'd accordingly. And so I shall proceed to take notice of another vulgar Error amongst us, viz.

That the Soul of the World is not subject to the Passions of human Spirits, or that it is not sometimes merry, sad, &c

I suppose, if I prove the contrary, you'll look so wistfully on one another, that you'll have an immediate Confirmation of it by the World's laughing at you: 'Tis a certain Truth, and if you will but peep out of the Wickets of your Stars, and view the Face of the Elements, you will just now see it look with a pair of blubber'd Eyes, the reason of it is this; Taking a view of the Creation, it casually fixt one of its Eyes upon the Gallick Territories, and seeing so much Tyranny, Pride, Extortion, Blasphemies, &c. it cou'd not refrain from weeping, the Inhabitants of the World below us call it raining, not believing that the frequent Showers of Tears that fall amongst 'em, are a bewailing their Irregularities. And thus, when it sees some good and virtuous Actions, it looks with a pleasant Air, and smiles upon 'em, and that they call Sunshine. The other Night the World had got the Hiccough, which is very often mistaken for Thunder.—— We are in almost a hundred mistakes about the World's common Actions: when it spits, 'tis erroneously suppos'd to be a shooting of Stars; when it turns its head on one side, either

in a fit of Laughter, or by being alarm'd at some unhandfom Actions it sees, presently concludes there's an Eclipse of the Sun; and in this Opinion the World below us are deeply rooted. Now since I am not stingy or partial in communicating my Observations, I wou'd have some of you Astrologick Souls, when you come to have Bodies, to undeceive your Neighbours about that which they call an Eclipse of the Sun; for 'tis laid down as a Maxim amongst 'em, That the Sun being a greater Body than the Moon, can never be totally eclipsed; which Error does so much affront the harmonious Order and Make of the Universe, that the World, as unable to put up such Indignities, has been in the humour sometimes to close both her Eyes at once, and leave Mankind muffled up in a perpetual Night; for you must believe, that if the Face of the World be proportion'd to its Body, it must be pretty broad, at least some 100000 Miles.—— So that the Eyes must stand a great distance one from another; nay, the Inhabitants of the lower World grant as much in effect when they say the Sun is in an Orb vastly higher than the Moon; now taking their Opinion for granted, the Sun may be totally eclips'd according to their own Principles.——

Another vulgar Error, which I have met with, is this:

That there are no more Worlds habitable by Men, than the Earth, Moon, Sun, and the rest of the Planets, with a few fix'd Stars.

Now this I know, by my own Experience, to be a Falshood, for coming home *late one Night* by the Seven Stars, I peep'd into the least amongst 'em, which you know is seldom visible to the lower World; and I saw Thousands of *little Men and Women* going to a Fair, but they were no *bigger than Rats*. I cou'd not forbear *Philosophizing* upon it, and at last I satisfy'd my self with this Conclusion, that all *Stars were Worlds*, and the People in 'em were proportion'd according to the bigness of 'em: and I was confirm'd in my Opinion, when I consider'd that the Inhabitants of the Earth were about *two Yards high*, that those in the Moon were as high as the *largest Steeples*, and that the People in the Sun wou'd make nothing of stepping *seven Miles at a step* in their common walking, and that an ordinary sucking Flea had a Trunk as big as an *Elephant*. Now, Gentlemen, that you may be satisfy'd as well as I, that the least Star is an *Habitable World*, 'tis but taking a little more notice of 'em in your Rambles. —

Another vulgar Error amongst us, is,

That there are some new Stars since the Creation, or at least old ones mended, as that in Cassiopeia, that in Sagittarius, and many others.

For First (as introductive to what follows) I shall prove that Stars don't borrow their Light from the Sun, but have their own innate light, as Fish-Scales, rotten Wood, &c. notwithstanding all the plausible Pretences of

Earthly Philosophers; because, if they borrow'd their Light from the Sun, or by Reflection, they wou'd not always have the same appearance, since the World moves its face sometimes so, that *both its Eyes* are hinder'd from looking upon such and such Stars, and sometimes by reason of the Interposition of one another: but such and such Stars have always the *same Lustre*, provided the Clouds don't interpose or hinder the Light from making a right Judgment. — Secondly, They are not matter *solid and compact as the Earth is*; for 'tis evident to every bodies Experience, that *Motion* wou'd in time wear 'em away, but they are only *globulous Formations out of the first Light*, which finish'd the Circumrotation of Heaven and Earth, e'er the Sun, Moon, or themselves were created; and if so, *Light is not subject to Attrition* or wearing away, no more than Darkness, which in some sense is a *Quality, rather than a Body*: Hence no Stars grow old, or wear away; and if so, no need either of *mending 'em, or making new ones*, for a convenient perfect number was at first created; besides, if they shou'd be mended, what wou'd have become of their *Inhabitants the same time*, or where must they have dwelt till their World had been *new rigg'd*? Those Stars talk'd on, in *Cassiopeia, Sagittarius, &c.* were nothing else but *Meteors, or Evaporations from the Bodies of other Planets*, caus'd by the Sun; and as the Matter whereby they were fed ceas'd, they disappear'd. And the Truth of all this is well known by many of our Society,

who were at the same time upon the Ramble in those Quarters.— The next vulgar Error I observe, is this,

That in a few Ages the People in the World below us will teach the Rucks in Madagascar to fly with them into the World in the Moon, and steal some of those Inhabitants to show 'em at Bartholomew-fair.

By what wild Notion this Opinion came to be propagated, I know not; but the Authors of it do also tell us, that a *Ruck is a Bird with Wings twelve foot long*, and that they make no more of sooping up a Horse and his Rider, than a *Kite does of a Mouse*, so that they can easily carry a Man any whither between their Pinions, or in their Talons. But tho' I grant this to be truth, yet the *Voyage is too long to undertake*; for according to my last Calculation, the distance between the *Earth and the Moon is 179712 Miles*; so that supposing it possible for a Man and his *winged Courser* to fly half a year together, it would be 980 Miles a day (*too violent a Motion for breathing*) before he cou'd get to the Moon, which wou'd be a very hard Task without Meat, Drink, or Sleep. And lastly (for I'll mention but one more at present) 'tis an erroneous Opinion,

That a Spirit can't carry away the whole Universe at once, if he might be permitted to do it.

If a Spirit can *heave* a Chair, a Stool, a Man, &c. he can also remove the World. The reason

is, *Matter is not determinative upon Spirits*. first, not as to *Place*; for if a Spirit cannot be circumscrib'd, it follows that all Places are the same to him, and that if a Spirit moves a Chair from its first Station, he can also move it ten thousand Miles further, all the Labour being only *willing such a Motion*. Nor is it the Quality of *Matter* that can hinder this Motion, all Matter being the same to him; we have daily Instances of *Spirits passing thro' Glass, and the most continuous Matter*, as easily as thro' Air, which is a more extended *Body*. Nor is it *Quantity* that can hinder this Motion, for 'tis granted that a Spirit can as easily *move a Man as a Flea*; and if so, he can as easily *run away with a Star as a Man*: but this he is not permitted to do, since such a Motion wou'd spoil the *harmonious and regular Position of the Heavens*. But to prove it possible to remove *Sun, Moon, Stars, Earth, Sea, nay and the whole Cœlum Empyreum* at once, I shall offer, — That a Spirit moves not Matter by application of Matter to the thing moving, (as when a Man moves his Hat off his Head, he moves it with his Hand, which is another Body) but by a *virtual Contact* or application of the Will, just as a Man moves his own Body, which is only by *willing* a Motion to it; just so when a Man moves his Hand, he moves it not by help of the other hand, but by the *immediate act of his Will*. Now the Spirit in a Man is limited by *Incorporation*, and can move nothing but only its Members, or what it applies its Members to; which also being Matter, are *confid*

fin'd to Proportions in respect of that other Matter which they are apply'd to : yet an *unbodied Spirit* being confin'd to no particular Matter, can *will* a Motion to any Matter, which is effective upon Matter, as greater Powers command lesser. Nay, I might yet further offer, that a Spirit might move *all the Universe at once* (I mean the *Cælum Empyreum*, and all the Globes within it) without displacing the particular Parts, as the Wheels, Weights, &c. of a Clock, when the whole Clock is mov'd away at once ; for a Clock will follow its regular Motions in *Italy* as well as in *England* : so that (*Gentlemen Spirits*) if you have a mind to examine *matter of Fact*, there's no more to do than to make a Trial ; only I have this to tell you, that you cannot tell whether you move the *Whole* or no, because you *carry all Matter and Place* with you, so that there will be left no place behind to measure from, and if so, no distance, and consequently no Motion to be judg'd of ; nor can we who are within the Globe, perceive it, since we shall be always at the same distances, just as a Fly wou'd be in a House, if the House were remov'd. This is all I have to offer at present, by which I hope I may have not only perform'd the Conditions of my Liberty, but deserve a *Philosophers's Body* in the other World.

Consistory. Very well, be it enacted forthwith, that he supply the first Vacancy in the *Athenian Society*.

The Eighth Paradoxical Conference between the Spirit that is to be last imbodyed, and the Spirit that

is to be first Re-united to the Body at the Day of Judgment.

1 Spirit. **H**old, hold, *Brother*, don't leave me yet. — Alas, he's gone, and with him all the whole Society of Spirits : what have I to converse with now but inanimate Globes, and senseless Constellations ? What signifies it that I am *Lord of all*, when I have no Subjects to reign over, no agreeable Mate (I mean of the same Species) to accompany me ? Unkind Fate, to imbody all the *Thousand Thousands of my Brethren*, and to leave me to wander up and down the Universe by myself ! — The World is to me a sort of *Prison*, not by *Diminution*, but by *Deprivation* ; for a *Prison* is not properly call'd a *Prison*, for being so *great or so little*, but being a *Conjnement from such and such Enjoyments*. — Oh that I cou'd cease to be, or transmigrate into any other *Classis of Creatures* ! For what state is more unhappy than that which gives a power of enjoying Good, and denies a Subject to exercise this Power upon ? — But stay, why do I repine ? some Spirit must necessarily have been the last ; and tho it is I, yet it cannot be long but my Turn will quickly come.

2 Spirit. Nine hundred ninety nine Millions of Millions, — Let me see again ; possibly my Calculation may be false. — Suppose once more, that every Man (computing one Man with another) is compos'd of a handrul of pure *Earth*, all the Particles of the other Elements being separated from it ; then it follows, that just so many Handfuls of Earth as the Globe contains in it,

may be made into Men, but no more, unless the God of Nature will make more *Earthly Globes*; for when every Man rises at the Day of Judgment, and assumes his own particular handful of Earth, if there shou'd be more Men than Earth, — Ha — Some Souls must go without Bodies; which is very absurd. — Nor is it very reasonable, that the Earth shou'd not every bit of it be made into Men, that when they come to take every one their own, there may be no Earth left, and then 'tis an easy thing for the *Left Fire* to consume the other Elements. No, — that won't do neither; — for I'd forgot that Man is made of all the Elements; and therefore when all the Earth is spent in making Men, the Elements must be spent likewise, that is, the whole *Earth*. *Air, Fire and Water*, will (when every one takes their own) be equally divided, and march up and down an eternal *indefinite Space*, or *Vacuum*, in living glorify'd *Humanity*. — Very well, now I have it, there were at first 9999999999 Spirits, and there are just so many handfuls of Dust in the Earth. Now if I cou'd tell how many Spirits are yet unbodied, 'tis but subtracting the Remainder from the first Number, and the difference is the Handfuls of Earth that are yet to be made into Men; and when I know this, I shall know how long it will be before I shall be re-united again to my *Body*, which I was separated from about three thousand years since. — Methinks I long to renew the old Acquaintance.

1 Sp. — What Mathematical Soul is this that's computing the

1 Sp. — *Figurat*? It has always been to keep a secret for Humanity to pry into.

2 Sp. — I have laid by that dull heavy Lump a great while since.

1 Sp. — But 'tis said, that Angels themselves are ignorant of that Day.

2 Sp. — Yes, they were so at that time, when such Words were spoken, because they knew not how fast Spirits wou'd be unbodied, or how the Age of Man might shorten, nor consequently how long it wou'd be before the World was made into Men; but if you can give me an account how many Spirits are yet unbodied, I will tell you just now how long it is till the Day of Judgment.

1 Sp. — None of 'em but my self.

2 Sp. — How! are all the 9999999999 Souls (which were made upon the same day that the Angels were) sent into Bodies, except you?

1 Sp. — Yes, all but my self, I've just now parted with my last Companion.

2 Sp. If so, the date of your Pre-existence is just at an end, perhaps within this quarter of a Minute; for there's always some young Body or other gaping for a Soul to actuate it.

1 Sp. — I shall be very glad of it, for 'tis afflicting to be the only remaining Creature of one species.

2 Sp. — 'Tis so, But —

1 Sp. — Farewel; I am call'd away too, and with me the whole Race of unbodied Souls lose their Name, and change their very Nature.

2 Sp.

2 Sp.——Is he gone?—— I knew it cou'd not be long that he had to tarry.——Let me see,——No,——That won't do,——That's right; upon a modest Computation, the World must expire within these seventy Years; for it's great odds this last unbodied Soul will be separated again before that *Period*: Besides, there must be some left alive, which will undergo the same change without dying, as the Body and Soul will do at their *Reunion*; therefore perhaps within these seventy Years all will be over.——Now methinks I see that little share of Dust that belongs to me, receive its first Impression, and beckon to me to renew our old Acquaintance and Union; methinks I see my self as eager in my Embraces of my old Comrade, and as busy in exercising my Offices of *Perception*, &c. as ever. But I'm at a loss as to the manner how, because of the inexpressible Change that my *Organs* must undergo. But I'll let that Thought alone, since I am satisfy'd, Experience will teach me that, and every thing else, within a very small Revolution of Time.

The Ninth Paradoxical Conference between Two Spirits; one that pretends to deny Pre-existence, and the other to prove it.

1 Spirit. **W**HAT am I? Whence is my Original? And to what end am I design'd?

2 Spirit.—You are a pre-existent Spirit, made upon the—— Day of the Creation; *Your Original is Nothingness, as to the Sub-*

ject; but as to the Cause, it is the Eternal Mind; who, when he sees it ting, will provide you a Body to act in.

1 Sp.—What do you mean? For my part, I believe you and I are both of us just now created; but if you are pre-existent, and it now is 5000 Years and more since the beginning of your Existence, pray answer me, *How many Sens Adam had, what part of the Year the World was made in: but don't answer after the old Evasion, viz. at all times of the Year; but in what Sign the Sun was first plac'd?*

2 Sp.—I have forgot now, 'tis so long since.

1 Sp.—I thought Reminiscence had been co-essential with, or a part of the Nature of Spirits; for according to the best Definitions, the Soul is a *Cognitive Faculty*. Now if Thinking, Disposing, Meditating, Examining, Compounding, Dividing, Apprehending, Joining the Subject and the Attribute, Affirming, Denying, Suspending, &c. be the Function and natural Acts of the Soul, it is necessary that Memory be an essential Attribute of it; for how is it possible to compare two Things together, unless we remember the First after we have examin'd the Second? for to think of two Things at once, is impossible, and it is so granted by all that make a fine distinction between a Finite and an Infinite Being; being what comes nearest this Act, is the quick distinction of Letters in Reading, or the swift, yet regular Motion of the Fingers in Musick. Now since Reminiscence is co-essential with Souls, an Argument may be

drawn from hence to prove you *degenerate*, if not a *Non-Existent*.

2 Sp.—That I have a Being I am certain, and this Converse with you, demonstrates it.

1 Sp.—Come, I'll grant you for once, that you are pre-existent, if you'll grant me, that my Body which I'm just now going into, is also pre-existent, and was created before *Adam* had a Being; but I'll ask for no Concessions, which I'll not first deserve by demonstration: ——— For I may prove my Body contemporary with *Adam's*, who not visible till about 5000 Years after he was created.

2 Sp.—Pray how can that be?

1 Sp.—When Matter was created, 'twas a great Storehouse of all other Beings that were to be created from it, all which lay confusedly sleeping in their *Chaos*; but of this *Lump* was *Adam* created, and if so, he himself was potentially in it before he had a specific Being. After his Creation, he was maintain'd from the Productions of Earth and Water, by a destruction of, or more properly, thro a Conversion of their Natures into his. Hence *Adam's* Children were only a Transmutation of other material Bodies, or the Effect of Meat and Drink in new *Figures*, which lay once in such and such Creatures, and before that in the material *Chaos* we first spoke of. Now since the Mechanism of Nature is order'd that it cannot be destroy'd (unless by its Author) but only transmuted or chang'd into other Matter; as a Fire that burns; part of it goes to Ashes,

part into Soot, part into Air but yet is always somewhere, or in something; so that all the visible Changes we see, are nothing else but a Conversion of one Element into another, backwards and forwards, according to the adaptness and modifications of Agents and Patients. This consider'd, it will plainly appear, that that Body which I am just now going into, was the last year part of it growing in such a Crop of Corn, part of it in such an Apple-tree, part of it in such a River, part of it in such an Ox, Sheep, Fowl, &c. and only by a proper Revolution of Particles under different Species, so aptly disposited, that Nature found the Composition to fit one new distinct Species by it self; and according to its Commission, or first settled Chain of Causes, produc'd a human Body, fit for the Actuation and Conjunction of a Spirit. Hence 'tis manifest my Body was as soon in the Bosom of its Causes as *Adam's*, and the last Body that shall be created, as soon as mine. Nay, to go farther, since from Eternity the great *Creator* did design to make a World, from which my Body was to be produc'd, I might say, that my Body was from all Eternity *designedly* and *potentially*, tho *actually* in time; which is the utmost that can be said of the Pre-existence of Spirits. And I defy every Spirit in the Universe, to prove the least difference in Time betwixt the actual Commencement of the Existence of its Body, and its self, or that the Potentiality of both is not equal, to wit, eternal.

1 Sp. This Argument wou'd hold, if it cou'd be prov'd, *That the Soul is not so clog'd and incapacitated in its Act of Reminiscence by coming into the Body, but that it might easily recollect what has happen'd in its Pre-existent State.* For we have innumerable Instances of the Soul's being more incapacitated in its Functions one time than another, in the same Body, and this by Fits, Distractions, Diseases, &c. which to me appears demonstrative, that if the Indispositions of the Body, which are only accidental, hinder a regular Operation of the Soul, much more may the Body it self, when first ty'd to, and made coessential with it.

2 Sp. We'll grant much depends on the Body, as to the Mode of Perception and Action, but not so very much as is suppos'd: To mention that leisure time of Dreams; when perhaps the Body and Soul have the least actual dependance one of another, we shall find the habit of Reminiscence fresh at awaking a-

gain. But to shew for once, that the Soul does not forget what it acts, when separate from the Body, by reason of the Body's Indisposition; consider the Cases of Trances, Examinations of Witches, &c. What think ye of a Soul that has rambled out of the Body for two or three days together, and when it has return'd, and the Body reviv'd, it has told of infallible Truths some hundred Miles distance, where it self actually was? This we have hundreds of creditable Instances to prove; which consider'd, does fully (from the first presuppos'd consequence of Reminiscence) destroy the Doctrine of *Pre-existence*.

1 Sp. — Well, I shall consider of it as soon as I have any leisure; in the mean time (I mean till *Pre-existence* is fully disprov'd) our Conferences shall pass for *Intellectual Sport, or the Recreation of Pre-existent Spirits.* — Farewell.

2 Sp. Farewell.

Paradox XLIII.

In Praise of Red Hair; in a Letter to Madam Stroud.

Madam,

I Well know that we live in a Country, where Opinions of the Vulgar are so unreasonable, that *Red Hair*, a Colour that is an honour to the fairest Heads, is in great contempt; but I know very well likewise, that these Stupids who are animated with the froth of reasonable Souls,

cannot judg as they ought of things excellent, because of the great distance that is betwixt the lowness of their Fancy, and high excellence of those Works of which they ignorantly give their Judgment. But whatever be the false Opinion of this hundred-headed Monster, permit me to

speak of your *Divine Hair* like a Man of Understanding. Glorious Fruit of the Essence of the most beautiful visible Being ! Intelligent Reflection of the radical Fire of Nature ! Image of the Sun, the most perfect ! A young Head, cover'd with *Red Hair*, is nothing else but the Sun in the midst of his Rays, or the Sun himself is only a great Eye, under a red Perriwig ; yet all the World speaks ill of it, because few have the Honour to be so. And among a hundred Ladies, you shall hardly find one, because they being sent from Heaven to command, it's necessary there shou'd be more Subjects than Sovereigns. Do we not see that all things in nature are more or less noble, according as they are *more or less red* ? Amongst the Elements, that which contains the most Essence, and the least Matter or Substance, is the *Fire*, because of its Colour ; Gold hath receiv'd of its Dye, the honour to reign over the Metals ; and of all the Planets, the Sun is most considerable, only because he is most *Red* ; the hairy Comets that fly up and down the Skies at the death of Heroes, are they not the *red Mustachoes* of the Gods, that they pluck off for Grief ? *Castor* and *Pollux*, those little Fires, that make Seamen foretell the end of a Storm, can they be any thing else, than the *Red Hairs* of *Juno*, which she, in token of Love, sends to *Neptune* ? In fine, had it not been for the desire Men had to possess the *Fleece of a red Sheep*, the Glory of thirty Demi-gods wou'd be in the Cradle of those things that never were born. *Apollo*, *Venus*,

and *Love*, the fairest Divinities of the Pantheon, are *crimson red*, and *Jupiter* is brown but by accident ; because of the Smoak of his Thunder, which hath black'd him. But if the Examples of Mythology do not satisfy the obstinate, let them consult History. *Sampson*, whose Strength hung at his Locks, did he not receive his miraculous Energy from the *Redness of his Hair* ? Did not the Destinies make the Conservation of the Empire of *Athens* depend upon one *red Hair* of *Nisus* ? *Adam*, that was created by God's own Hand, ought to be the most accomplish'd of Men, *he was Red*. And all perfect Philosophy ought to teach us, that Nature, which inclines to the most perfection, always endeavours in forming a Man, to make a *red one* ; just as she aspires to make Gold, by making of Mercury, but that she seldom hits upon it. An Archer is not esteem'd unskilful, who letting thirty Arrows fly, but five or six hits the Mark. As the best-ballanc'd Constitution is that, which is between flegmatick and melancholy, one must needs be very happy to hit exactly an indivisible Point. The *Flaxen* and the *Black* are besides it, that is to say, the Fickle and the Obstinate ; between both is the Medium, where Wisdom, in favour of *red Men*, hath lodg'd Virtue : so their *Flesh* is much more delicate, their *Blood* more pure, their *Spirits* more clarify'd, and consequently their *Intellect* more accomplish'd, because of the perfect mixture of the four Qualities. This is the reason why *Red Men* become not so soon Grey, as those that are Black, *as if Nature*

were angry and unwilling to destroy that, which she took a Pleasure in making. In truth, I seldom see a flaxen Head of Hair, but I think of a Distaff ill-perriwig'd. But I grant, that fair Women, when they are young, are pleasing; but as soon as their Cheeks begin to grow woolly, wou'd one not think that their Flesh divides it self into little Threds, to make them a Beard? I speak not of black Beards, for 'tis well known, if the Devil wear any,

it cannot but be very dark. Since then we must all become Slaves to Beauty, is it not far better to be depriv'd of our freedom by Golden Chains, than by Hempen Cords, or Iron Fetters? Madam, I write thus, as you are Bright and Fair; and those that admire a Red Colour, cry there's no Sun but in your Eyes; then sure, Madam, you won't be angry when I subscribe,

Your, I know not what, &c.

Paradox XLIV.

A Gentleman proving himself in Love with Twenty Mistresses.

I Prithee leave me Love, go place Desire
 In those Cold Hearts that ne'er felt am'rous Fire:
 Or let me be thy Martyr, let me burn,
 Till I am nought but Ashes, and my Urn
 Translated to some common Spicery,
 May serve thee more than thy Artillery.
 Coy Madams tasting me in their hot Spice,
 Shall feel more Flames than all the learn'd Advice
 Of *Æsculapius* can allay, tho' he
 Descend from Heaven to teach new Mystery.
 If this may not be granted, let me crave
 As many Hearts as Flames, then shall I have
 A multitude of Fair Ones; then I may
 Enjoy my *Rosa*, spend the am'rous Day
 Within her Arms, and at the Night retire
 To *Violetta*, quench another Fire
 In her cold Bosom, but e'er Day doth rise,
 Salute the Morn in my *Aurora's* Eyes:
 There like to an Idolater I'll gaze,
 Till my *Honoræ* rids me of the Maze;
 And draws me to her Bower, where having spent
 Some Heavenly Hours, Ill find out *Millescent*,
 That wonder of perfection, we two
 Can teach the Turtles what they ought to do:

With

With Kisses moist her Ruby Lips I'll cover,
 But then *Castara* says I do not love her ;
 Who with a witty sweet indulgent Smile,
 Tells me I do forget her all this while.
 Then do I kiss, and study to excuse :
 But yet am strait instructed by my Muse,
Bellarz wants me, there's a Mind as Fair
 And Beautiful as all the other are :
 In their external Features, such a one
 Might have persuaded desperate *Phaeton*
 To have forsook his Chariot; her I love
 Next to my Beads, till Fancy bids me prove
 My chaste *Eliza*; in her Virgin Breast
 Lies far more Worth than Poets have express'd
 In Painting out *Pandora*; I confess
 I honour her as I do Happiness;
 But not like my belov'd *Beata*, she
 Can give Instructions to Mortality ;
 How we may 'scape Hell's fatal Fire, and come
 To Love's blest Paradise, *Elizium*;
 Except *Thalia* (one as Fair and Kind)
 Persuades us to be of another Mind ;
 Makes us believe *Elizium* is a Place
 But feign'd, unless it be in her Embrace,
 Where I could ever rest, thence never part,
 Would *Eglentina* send me back my Heart :
 Yet such sweet Chains of Love she binds it in,
 That should I think to lose, 'twould be a Sin
 Too great for Absolution ; I must rest
 Until *Dulcella* (not more fair than blest)
 Please for to give release, in her it lies,
 To make me hug my own dear Perjuries ;
 And yet she knows, *Ambrosia* being by,
 I can neglect her, and her Potency.
Ambrosia can conduct my happy Feet
 To *Columbina* (she that is more sweet
 Than Nature's perfum'd Violet) he that knows
 Her Sweetness, as I do, will say the Rose
 Breathes but Contagion ; yet *Candora* shall
 Maintain, tho she be sweet, she has not all
 Kind Nature did bestow, for in her Breast
Arabia's, and the chaste Phoenix Nest.
 Must I tho lose *Fidelia*, and deny
 My Faith to *Anabella* ? Let me die,
 When I remember not the Sacred Love
 'Twixt me and my *Musea*; the fond Dove
 Affects not like *Lucella*, they are all
 So Fair, so Sweet, I know not which to call