

My Best, or Happiest, for Unhappy I  
Must love but one of all, or by Love die ;  
I'll leave all therefore, and my self incline  
To court *Urania*, she's a Love Divine.

## Paradox XLV.

*That there are no Colours in the Dark.*

**H**AVING in *Paradox II.* prov'd, That *No Colours are Real, &c.* we will here (for the Reader's Diversion) own that what we call *Green, Red, Yellow, Blue, &c.* are real Colours in the Day-time, but that *there are no Colours in the Dark.*

Reader, To prevent the Excess of your Wonder at that so Paradoxical Assertion, *That there are no Colours in the Dark,* or that all Colours vanish upon the Amotion or Defection of Light, we are to observe, that it is one thing to be *Actually* Colorate, and another to be only *Potentially*, or to have a *Disposition* to exhibit this or that particular Colour, upon the access of the Producent, Light. For, as the several *Pipes* in an Organ, tho in themselves all equally *insonorous*, or destitute of Sound, have yet an equal Disposition, in respect of their Figuration, to yield a Sound, upon the Inflation of Wind from the Bellows; and as the Seeds of *Tulips*, in Winter, are all equally *Exflorous*, or destitute of Flowers, but yet contain, in their seminal Virtues, a Capacity or Disposition to emit various colour'd Flowers, upon the access of fructifying Heat and Moisture, in the Spring: so like-

wise may all Bodies, tho we allow them to be actually Excolor in the Dark, yet retain a Capacity, whereby each one, upon the access and sollicitation of Light, may appear clad in this or that particular Colour, respective to the determinate Ordination and Position of its superficial Particles.

To inculcate this yet farther, we desire you to take a yard of Scarlet Cloth, and having extended it in an uniform Light, observe most exactly the Colour, which in all parts it bears. Then extend one half thereof in a Primary Light, *i. e.* the immediately incident, or direct Rays of the Sun; and the other in a Secondary, or once reflected Light: and then, tho perhaps, thro the Pre-occupation of your Judgment, you may apprehend it to be all of one Colour; yet if you engage a skilful Painter to pourtray it to the Life, as it is then posited, he must represent the Directly illuminate half, with one Colour, *viz.* a bright and light-some Red, and the Reflexly illuminate half, with another, *i. e.* with a duskith or more obscure Red; or shamefully betray his Ignorance of *Albert Durer's* excellent Rules of Shadowing, and fall  
much

much short of your Expectation. This done, gently move the extended Cloth thro' various degrees of Light and Shadow; and you shall confess the Colour thereof to be varied upon each Remove, respondent to the degree of Light striking thereupon. Afterward fold the Cloth, as Boys do Paper for Lanthorns, or lay it in Waves or Pleights of different magnitude; and you shall admire the variety of Colours apparent thereon; the permanent and directly illustrate Parts projecting a lively Carnation, the lateral and averted yielding an obscure sanguine clouded with Murrey, and the profound or unillustrate putting on so perfect Sables, as no Colour drawn on a Picture can counterfeit it to the Life, but the dearest Black. Your Sense thus satisfy'd, be pleas'd to exercise your Reason a while with the same Example, and demand of your self, *Whether any one of all those different Colours can be really inherent in the Cloth?* If you pitch upon the Scarlet, as the most likely and proper; then must you either confess that Colour not to be really inherent, since it may, in less than a moment, be vary'd into Sables, only by an interception of Light: or admit that all the other Colours exhibited, are equally inherent; which is more, we presume, than you will easily allow. And therefore you may attain more of satisfaction, by concluding that indeed no one of all those Colours is really so inherent in the Cloth, as to remain the same in the absence of Light; but that the superficial Particles of the Cloth have inhe-

rent in them (*ratione Figure, Coordinationis & Positis*) such a Disposition, as that in one degree of Light it must present to the Eye such a particular Colour; in another degree, a second gradually different from that; in another, a third discriminate from both, until it arrive at perfect Obscurity, or Black.

And if your Assent hereto be obstructed by this Doubt, *Why that Cloth doth most constantly appear red,* rather than green, blue, willow, &c. you may easily expedite it, by admitting, that the Reason consisteth only herein, that the Cloth is tinged in a certain Liquor, whose minute Particles are, by reason of their Figure, Ordination and Disposition, comparate or adapted to refract and reflect the incident Rays of Light, in such a Manner, Temperation, or Modification, as must present to the Eye the Species of such a colour, *viz.* scarlet, rather than a green, blue, willow, or any other. For every Man well knows, that in the Liquor or Tincture, wherein the Cloth was dyed, there were several Ingredients dissolv'd into minute Particles; and that there is no one Hair, or rather no sensible part in the Surface thereof, whereunto Myriads of those dissolv'd Particles do not constantly adhere, being agglutinated by those fixative Salts, such as *Sal Gemmæ, Alum, calcin'd Talk, Alabaster, Sal Armoniac, &c.* wherewith Dyers use to graduate and engrain their Tinctures. And therefore of pure necessity it must be, that according to the determinate Figures and Texture of those adherent Granules

to the villous Particles in the Surface of the Cloth, such a determinate Refraction and Reflection of the Rays of Light should be caus'd; and consequently such a determinate Species of Colour, and no other, result therefrom.

Now, inasmuch as it is demonstrated by Sense that one and the same Surface doth shew itself into various Colours, according to its Position in various degrees of Light and Shadow, and the various Angles, in which it reflecteth the incident Rays of Light, respective to the Eye of the Spectator; and justly inferable from thence by Reason, that no one of those Colours can be said to be more really inherent than other therein, all being equally produc'd by Light and Shadow gradually intermixt, and each one by a determinate Modification thereof: What can remain to interdict our total Expulsion of that Distinction of Colours into *real* or *inherent*, and *false* or *only apparent*, so much celebrated by the Schools? For since it is the genuine and inseparable Propriety of Colours in general, to be apparent; to suppose that any Colour apparent can be false, or less real than other, is an open Contradiction, not to be dissembled by the most specious Sophistry; as *Des Cartes* hath well observ'd (*in Meteor. cap. 8. art. 8.*) Besides, as for those evanid Colours, which they call *Ἐπιφανειαὶ*, merely apparent ones, such as those in the Rainbow, Parhelia's, Paraselens, the Trains of Peacocks, Necks of Doves, Mallards, &c. we are not to account them evanid, because they are not True; but because the

Disposition of those superficial Particles in the Clouds and Feathers, that is necessary to the Causation of them, is not constant, but most easily mutable; in respect whereof those Colours are no more permanent in them, than those in the Scarlet Cloth, upon the various Position, Extension, Plication thereof. And Charity would not dispense, should we suppose any man so obnoxious to Absurdity, as to admit that the greater or less Duration of a thing doth alter the Nature of it. Grant we, for example, that the Particles of Water constituting the rorid Cloud, wherein the Rainbow shews itself, were so constant in that determinate Position and mutual Co-ordination, as constantly to refract and reflect the incident Beams of the Sun in one and the same manner; and then we must also grant, that they would as constantly exhibit the same Species of Colours, as a Rainbow painted on a Table: but because they are not, and so cannot constantly refract and reflect the irradiating Light, in one and the same manner; it is repugnant to Reason thereupon to conclude, that the Instability of the Colours doth detract from the Verity or Reality of their Nature. For it is only accidental or unessential to them, either to be varied or totally disappear. So that if you admit that Sea-green observ'd in the Rainbow, to be less true than the Green of an Herb, because its Duration is scarce momentary in comparison of that in the Herb; you must also admit that Green in the Herb which in a short progress of time de-

degenerates into an obscure Yellow, to be less true than that of an Emerald, because its Duration is scarce momentany, in comparison of that of the Emerald.

But perhaps Prejudice makes you yet inflexible, and therefore you'll farther urge, that the difficulty doth chiefly concern those evanid Colours, which are ap-pinged on Bodies, reflecting Light by Prisms or Triangular Glasses, vulgarly call'd Fools Pa-radises: because these seem to have the least of Reality, among all other reputed *merely apparent*. And in case you assault us with this your last Reserve, we shall not desert our Station, for want of strength to maintain it. For that those Colours are as real as any other the most durable, is evident even from hence; that they have the very same *Materials* with all other, *i. e.* they are the Substance of Light it self reflected from those objected Bodies, and (what happens not to those Eyes, that speculate them without a Prism) twice refracted.

## Paradox XLVI.

*That there never was an Hermaphrodite.*

**N**OT many years since, there liv'd a Creature in Moor-fields, that they call'd an *Hermaphrodite*; but they did but call her so, for this *Paradox* shall make it appear there never was an *Hermaphrodite*. 'Tis true, *Randolph* says,

*Sir or Madam, chuse you whether,  
Nature twists you both together;  
And makes thy Soul to each confess,  
Both Petticoat and Breeches dress.  
Thus we chastise the God of Wine  
With Water that is feminine,  
Till the cooler Nymph abate  
His Wrath, and so incorporate.  
Adam till his Rib was lost,  
Had the Sexes thus ingroft.  
When Providence our Sire did cleave,  
And out of Adam carved Eve,  
Then did Man 'bout Wedlock treat,  
To make his Body up compleat.  
Thus Matrimony speaks but thee,  
In a grave Solemnity;  
For Man and Wife make but one right  
Canonical Hermaphrodite.  
Ravel thy Body, and I find  
In every Limb a double Kind.*

Who would not think that Head a Pair,  
 That breeds such Factions in the Hair?  
 One half's so churlish in the Touch,  
 That rather than endure so much,  
 I would my tender Limbs apparel  
 With Regulus his nailed Barrel;  
 And the other half so small,  
 And so amorous withal,  
 That Cupid thinks each Hair to grow,  
 A String for his invisible Bow.  
 When I look Babies in thine Eyes,  
 Here Venus, there Adonis lies;  
 And though thy Beauty be high Noon,  
 Thy Orbs contain both Sun and Moon.  
 How many melting Kisses skip  
 Betwixt thy Male and Female Lip;  
 Betwixt thy upper Brush of Hair,  
 And thy nether Beard's Despair?  
 When thou speak'st (I would not wrong  
 Thy Sweetness with a double Tongue)  
 But in every simple Sound  
 A perfect Dialogue is found.  
 Thy Breasts distinguish one another,  
 This the Sister, that the Brother.  
 When thou join'st hands, my Ears struck, fancies  
 The Nuptial Sound, I John take Frances.  
 Feel but the difference, soft and rough,  
 This is a Gauntlet, that a Muff.  
 Had sly Ulysses at the Sack  
 Of Troy, brought thee his Pedlar's Pack  
 And Weapon too, to know Achilles  
 From King Nicomedes Phyllis,  
 His Plot had fail'd; this Hand would feel  
 The Needle, that the warlike Steel.  
 When Musick doth thy Pace advance,  
 Thy right Leg takes thy left to dance;  
 Nor is't a Galliard danc'd by one,  
 But a mixt Dance, altho alone.  
 Thus every Heteroclite Part  
 Changes Gender, but the Heart:  
 And those which Modesty can mean  
 (And dare not speak) are Epicene.  
 That Gamester needs must overcome,  
 That can play both Tib and Tom.  
 Thus did Nature's Mintage vary,  
 Coining thee both Philip and Mary.

And *Plato*, speaking of *Hermaphrodites*, saith, that *Man-kind* began by *Hermaphrodites*, our first Parents being both Male and Female; and that having then nothing to desire out of themselves, the Gods became jealous of them, and divided them into two: which is the reason that they seek their first Union so passionately, and that the sacred Tye of Marriage was first instituted. All which *Plato* undoubtedly learn'd out of *Genesis*; for he had read where 'tis said (before *Eve's* Formation or Separation from *Adam* is mention'd) *That God created Man, and that he created Male and Female.*—

But (by your leave, Sir *Plato*) I shall prove *Natural Reason* admits no *Hermaphrodites*; for we consider not those who have only the Appearances of genital Parts which Nature may give them, as to Monsters two Heads, four Arms, and so of the other Parts, thro' the Copiousness of Matter; but those who have the Use and Perfection of the same, which consists in Generation. For Nature having never put into the Subject an internal and radical Principle of two contrary Desires, as that of Man is to that of Woman (the one consisting in Action, the other in Passion; the one in giving, the other in receiving) they cannot belong to one single Individual; which should also be both Agent and Patient, contrary to the common Axiom founded upon the first Principle, That a Thing cannot be and not be at the same time. Moreover, the Qualities of the Genitures being contrary, that of the Woman cold and moist, and that of

the Man hot and dry, they cannot meet in the same Subject in so excellent a degree as is requir'd to Generation. For the Strength divided, is never so vigorous as united, especially when its Subjects are different. No *Hermaphrodites* ever us'd both Sexes perfectly, but at least one of them weakly and abusively; and consequently, they are justly punish'd by the Laws. For were both Parts equally fit for Generation, 'twere contrary to Policy to hinder them from using the same, Propagations being the chief Nerves of a State.

But, Reader, I know you'll object, *There's nothing in Nature so disunited, but is rejoin'd by some Medium.* As there are Spirits apart and Bodies apart, so there are animated Bodies consisting of both. Amongst Beasts, Leopards, Mules, Dogs, and many others, partake of two different Natures; the Bat is between a Beast and a Bird, as Frogs, Ducks, and other amphibious Creatures, partly Fish, and partly Terrestrial Animals. The Bonaretz is a Plant and an Animal; the Mushroom is between Earth and a Plant. So since there is Man and Woman, there may also be some Nature containing both. As to the Cause of them, besides Nature's general Inclination to reunite different things, it seems that the same which produces Monsters, produces also *Hermaphrodites*; especially when the matter is more than needs a single Man or Woman, and too little for two. Nature herein imitating a Founder, who casting his Metal in a Mold, if there be any Overplus, it sticks to the Piece which he intended to form. Unless you had rather say, *that*

That if both the Seeds be of equal Power, and neither predominant over the other, the formative Virtue then produces both Sexes, which it wou'd have distinguish'd into two Twins, had there been Matter sufficient for two Twins.

To this I reply, ' That Hermaphrodites being of those rare and extraordinary Effects, which fall no more under Law than under Reason, 'tis very difficult to assign the true natural Causes of them, or to say there is any at all: Yea, even when Nature acts regularly, we cannot but be more at a loss in the Combinations of Forms and Species, and coupling of Sexes, which are Deviations from the Rule of Nature.

I confess *Hippocrates* affirms, in 6 *Epid.* that a Woman nam'd *Phaetusa*, who after she had had Children by her Husband *Pytheus* the *Abderite*, this her Husband being long absent from her, she came to have a Beard, and the other Badges of Virility. The same he also testifies to have happen'd to *Namysia*, the Wife of *Gorippus* in the Isle of *Thasus*. Of which Effects we shall easily find the reason, if we say with *Galen*, that Woman is an imperfect Animal, and a Fragment of Mankind; and so 'twill be no more wonder to see a Woman become a Man, than to see all other things acquire the Perfection due to their Nature, which they ought to attain, lest their Inclination thereunto be in vain. Moreover, 'tis certain that a Woman desires a Man, as Matter doth Form, Power, Act; Imperfection, Perfection; Deformi-

ty, Beauty; In a word, the Female the Male: Nature affording us many Examples of these *Changes of Sexes*, and *Metamorphoses*. So Metals and Elements are turn'd one into another; Wheat into Cockle; Rye into Wheat; Barley into Oats; Origanum into Wild Thyme; Sisybrium into Mint: Which caus'd *Anaxagoras* to say, *That every thing is in every thing*. According to which Principle, the Male is actually in his Female; and Hermaphrodites are no more, saving 'tis more conspicuous.

But to this I again reply, *That the Transmutation of Sexes is impossible*, by reason of the diversity of the Genitorics in Men and Women, which is greater than is here fit to be display'd; and consequently there are no Hermaphrodites. For those Maidens who have been thought to change their Sex, retain'd the Marks of the Feminine Sex only till a certain Age, as that of Puberty, when the increas'd Heat driving the Virilities forth, did the same thing as it doth in Children, whom it enables to speak at a certain Age. Unless you will say, that the *Clitoris* caus'd the Mistake by its Resemblance; as it happens in that Symptom call'd by *Ægineta*, *Cereosis* or *Cauda*, which makes Tribades pass for Hermaphrodites. The Change of Men into Women, (not like that of *Nero* and *Sardanapalus*, but of *Tiresias* mention'd by the Poets) is more impossible; unless they suppos'd that some Causes destroying the Heat of the Genital Parts, and weakening the Strength, the Virilities came to wither and retire inwards, as the *Umbilical Vessels*

do after the Fœtus is born ; and cold Temper superven'd in the that Nature conform'd to the whole Boay.

## Paradox XLVII.

*The Moon lies hid in the Sun:*

**T**HE living and vivifying Heat of the Sun, is in itself a true Spiritual Essence ; and out of the same, as from their Universal Father, all real tangible Bodies are produc'd.

*Mark how the lusty Sun salutes the Spring,  
And gently kisses every thing ;  
His loving Beams unlock each maiden Flower,  
Search all the Treasures, all the Sweets devour :  
Then on the Earth with Bridegroom Heat  
He does still new Flowers beget.*

*The self-same Sun  
At once does slow and swiftly run ;  
Swiftly his Daily Journey goes,  
But treads his Annual with a statelier pace,  
And does three hundred Rounds inclose  
Within ore yearly Circle's space.  
At once with double Course in the same Sphere,  
He runs the Day, and walks the Year.*

And forasmuch as we see, that by means of the swift Motion of a little common Fire, so vast a quantity of combustible Matter is reduc'd into a Spiritual Being, as into Fire or Heat ; and also that afterwards this invisible Being is brought to a Body again : This premis'd, it is well worth our Consideration, what a vast quantity of Matter and corporeal Substance the Sun (who as the Father, Source and Original of all Fire, doth by the central Effu- sion of his Rays, feed and maintain all comprehensible tangible Beings of this World, whether they be above or below) doth daily and without ceasing produce and work out or give forth from himself ; as shall be more amply evidenc'd in what follows, when of all the several Parts we shall have made a Whole, and shew'd how all and every comprehensible Body works together, in order to one only Being.

*Thus the Great Lamp by which the Globe is blest,  
Constant in Toil, and ignorant of Rest,  
Thro different Regions does his Course pursue,  
And leaves one World, but to revive a new ;*

*While*

While by a pleasing Change the Queen of Night  
 Relieves his Lustre with a milder Light :  
 And thus the Sun by Day, or Moon by Night,  
 Strike on the polish'd Grass their trembling Light ;  
 The glittering Species here and there divide,  
 And cast their dubious Beams from side to side :  
 Now on the Walls, now on the Pavement play,  
 And to the circling flash the glaring Day.  
 The Disk of Phœbus, when he climbs on high,  
 Appears at first but as a blood-shot Eye ;  
 And when his Chariot downward drives to bed,  
 His Ball is with the same Suffusion red :  
 But mounted high in his meridian Race,  
 All bright he shines, and with a better Face.

Quest. It is easy to prove that the Light or Heat of the Sun, which is call'd the Light of the Day, is the Male or Father of all comprehensible Beings, and so consequently must be a true spiritual Being in it self: now the Query is, How we are to understand, that the cooling and refrigerating Power of the Moon (which is the Night Light) and the Stars, is the Mother of all comprehensible Beings, and likewise in it self a true Spiritual Being?

Ans. The Sun, as the Father, generates and produces an essential Birth in the Water, forasmuch as in the same the Heat of the Sun becomes corporify'd, from whence afterwards Stones, Metals, Trees, Herbs, and Animals are brought forth. Now it is notorious, that no Birth can be produc'd without the Union of Father and Mother: Now then if Father and Mother must be united, that so from their Union a Birth, as a third thing, may be accordingly brought forth, it is necessary that they, viz. the Male or Father, and the Female or Mother, must be of kin, and

symbolize with each other; forasmuch as the Birth which proceeds from them both, must be compleatly, and in all its parts, Partaker of both their Natures and Essences, without which it cannot be a true and perfect Birth.

Now this Union of Father and Mother, in order to a Birth, can by no means be perform'd in and according to the Body as Body, (yet not for the reason which our modern Philosophers assign, who suppose that all Bodies, as such, and in themselves, are devoid of all Life, and can never be made Partakers of the same) but in and according to the Spirit, of which the Body is made and doth consist, and into which, after it hath attain'd its Perfection, it must with Improvement and Advance be again reduc'd. For a Body, when consider'd and look'd upon as a dead and wholly lifeless thing, and as being an Aggregate only of corporeal Parts put together corporeally, may touch another Body, but cannot be united with it, tho its Parts were brought to the utmost Smallness imaginable: for that

Union is to be perform'd in Unity and Indivifibility, that is to fay, in Spirituality and Indefiniteness which hath made the Body, and cannot be attributed to a Body as a Body.

To which we may superadd this, that no Union can be perform'd, unless the things to be united, do thro and thro penetrate or pierce one another. Now it is notorious, that sensible and comprehensible Bodies cannot so intimately pervade and pierce one another, but can only outwardly touch, and be contiguous. It follows therefore, that all Union is to be perform'd in and according to the Spirit, and by no means in and according to the Body, as being that which is not fufceptive of inward and penetrating Union, except it be first reduc'd to a kind of spiritual Body.

And fuch a spiritual, and not

corporeal Being, must we fup-  
pofe the Coolness of the Moon to  
be, by means of the spiritual Co-  
alition and Commixture of which  
with the spiritual Warmth of the  
Sun, all comprehensible Beings  
are produc'd, and in due time a-  
gain reduc'd into Spirit.

*Quest.* How is this Union of  
Father and Mother (the Sun and  
Moon) perform'd, and how is  
the said Birth brought forth by  
and from them?

*Anfw.* A Birth cannot be with-  
out a preceding Impregnation,  
neither can this Impregnation be  
without two, viz. Father and  
Mother. For according to the  
common and usual course of Na-  
ture, the Father cannot impreg-  
nate himself, nor the Mother  
herself, neither can the Mother  
impregnate the Father; so then  
it only remains, that the Father  
must impregnate the Mother.

*He smooth'd the rough-cast Moon's imperfect Mold,  
And comb'd her beamy Locks with sacred Gold:  
Be thou, said he, Queen of the mournful Night;  
And, as he spoke, she rose clad o'er in Light,  
With thousand Stars attending on her Train,  
With her they rise, with her they set again.*

Now if this Impregnation is to  
be perform'd (which is nothing  
else but the spiritual Union of  
both their spiritual Natures and  
Essences, in order to the birth  
of a third Being or Body which  
resembleth them) they the Pa-  
rents must needs (according to  
Nature) be of the same specifi-  
cal Nature, or of Kin, and sym-  
bolize together; so as the Fa-  
ther must be Partaker of the  
Mother's, and the Mother of the  
Father's Nature. Now forasmuch  
as naturally they are of Kin, and  
both of them work together in  
one, in order to the bringing  
forth of one only third Being; it  
must needs follow, that before  
the said Impregnation, they both  
proceeded from the same Unity,  
and were once united together.

*It was the Time when witty Poets tell,  
That Phœbus into Thetis Bosom fell;*

*She blush'd at first, and then put out the Light,  
And drew the modest Curtains of the Night.*

And that the Union of both was in the Man, as he that hath the Pre-eminence above his Wife, and doth not come from the Woman, but the Woman from the Man.

From whence then it is evident, *That the Mother (the Moon) must of necessity lie hid in the Father (the Sun) and be one and the same*; and that in a far more high and noble degree than she is in her self, *viz.* according to the Nature and Property of the Father, *viz.* the Sun.

Forasmuch then as we may suppose it evident from what hath been said, that the Sun impregnates the Moon, and that he dwells in her; and not that the Moon impregnates the Sun, or that she shou'd dwell in him: Neither can it in like manner be

demonstrated, that as the Sun (which is a Fire, and the Day-light) becomes corporify'd in the Water (which is an out-working and out birth of the Night-light, *viz.* the Moon and Stars) so the Moon and Stars cannot become corporeal in the Sun, which (if it were so) would cause a great Confusion in Nature.

*Quest.* What kind of Essence or Being is that, which the Night-lights, the Moon and Stars (after they are impregnated by the Sun their Male) do work out and bring forth?

*Answer.* The Night-light, *viz.* the Moon and Stars, do by day, with great Desire and Longing, draw in, for their Life, Increase, and Melioration, the Sun, as the Day-light.

*Nor equal Light th' unequal Morn adorns,  
Or in her waxing, or her waning Horns;  
For e'ery day she wanes, her Face is less,  
But gath'ring into Globe she fattens at Increase.*

Now every Star, as well as the Moon, have each of them their own distinct substantial Life, Essence and Nature; and every one of them draws in the power of the Sun, according to the kind and property of their own Essence, and in it self changeth the same into its own Property; and afterward by night gives forth again in part this attracted Virtue of the Sun, together with some part of its own Essence, *viz.* the Night. And thus the Out-birth, or Working and Efflux of the Stars downwards into the Moon,

as the Center of the Night-light, happens according to the kind and property of the distinct Essence of each Star. And in this manner the universal distinct Efflux or Out-birth of all and every Star, becomes concentrated in the Moon, into an upper aethereal Water, which in comparison of the lower and grosser, is a spiritual Water; which also is cool and more subtle than that in and upon which the Birds fly (*viz.* the Air) even as the Fish swim in the lower grosser Waters; which last Water is made or produced

duc'd under the Quick-sand in the Center of the Earth.

This foresaid living essential Virtue of all and every Star, which at first proceeded from the Sun (in which they, in and with the Moon, as an Army under their General, were all hid) as their Seed, which was sow'd above in the Heavens; these Virtues of the Stars, I say, after that by their entring into the Moon they are united and centred in the same, as the universal Night-light, do work and bring forth out, of, or from themselves (by means of an universal Co-operation of all and every one) these lower Waters; which forasmuch as they be the universal common Effect and Out-working of all and every Star, it follows that every part of the same, even the very least and most imperceptible Drop, must comprehend and contain in it self the innumerable multiplicity of Powers, Essences, and Out-births of all and every Star; that is, of all together, and each in particular: all which are comprehended together in one only indivisible Being, which is the very Body and essential Out-birth of the Stars, who therein have conjoin'd themselves into a Body.

And as the outward Water is produc'd out of the universal Night-light (*viz.* the cooling refrigerating Virtue) which is a spiritual Essence; so can likewise this Coolness (as being the Spirit of this Water-body) pierce thro the said Water, and all Bodies proceeding from the same, nourish, support and work in them, altogether in the same manner as the Heat of the Sun goes thro all Bodies.

From hence therefore we may plainly see and acknowledg, that as the Out-birth of the Sun in these lower Waters (as before-mention'd) is an Oil, Balsam, and sulphurous Essence, into which the Heat or Light of the Sun is chang'd in the Water; so likewise the Out-working or Out-birth of the Moon and Stars is this lower and material Water, which is without Form, and therefore susceptible of all, *as being the Mother of all sublunary Creatures, that are produc'd from the spiritual Union of all Stars and the Moon*; and that the Coolness of the Night-lights is as well a true spiritual Being, from whence all sublunary Creatures do in part receive their Support and Nourishment, as the Heat of the Sun.

Paradox XLVIII.

There is no Evil.

AMONG the Writings of the Stoicks, there are many Singular Strains which we call Paradoxes; and what Cicero \* calls *mirabilia Stoicorum*, the rare and wonderful Cabal of the Stoicks; of which kind divers are scatter'd by the Learned in their Writings, whereof this is one: That the Evil of Sin only, and not the Evil of Punishment; that which we do, not that which we suffer, deserves the Name of Evil. And this Doctrine hath been deliver'd from an eloquent † Father from the Pulpit, saying, || *Maximum fieri ex tribulationibus lucrum; & supplicia mortalibus a Deo immissa, esse divinæ pietatis beneficia*: which is as much as to say, That our greatest Foes are our best Friends; that Sufferings are Blessings, and that we often gain by our Losses. These may seem Paradoxes, but (upon serious Deliberation) they are found sober Truths: Poverty, Exile, Imprisonment, bodily Infirmities, and the like, which most Men account the chiefest of Evils, are not Evil indeed, but partake more of Good than Evil.

1. Poverty is the Harbour of Peace and Security, where undisturb'd Sleeps and undissembled Joys do dwell, *fidelius rident turgria*. Some rich Men have aban-

don'd their Wealth, and some great ones have degraded themselves of their Greatness to enjoy the Blessings that attend the low Estate of the Poor: Low Shrubs are not annoy'd with Thunder-strokes; and Envy, Cares and Turmoils do not haunt the Cell. If a Man can match his Mind to his Means, and level his Desires with his Fortune, and make them *commensurate*, he may dispute Happiness with the Gods, saith that brave Roman, *Seneca*, *Epist. 23.*

2. For Imprisonment, if it be not just, there is no Evil in it, no Disgrace at all, since *Socrates* was Prisoner at *Athens*, and since *Phocion* and *Miltiades* (the Ornaments of their Country) dy'd in a Prison; the very Presence of their Persons did purge away the Infamy of that Place, and made it sacred, and far more honourable than the Court where their Judges sat. A Jail was made for Malefactors, but if innocent and good Men be thrown therein, it must lose that Appellation, and be rather any thing else than a Jail: as it is true, that *Causa, non Pœna, facit Martyrem*; so it is as true, that *Causa, non Pœna, facit Carcerem*.

3. Banishment: none need to fear it, or startle at it; it hath been the Lot and Fortune of the most virtuous and deserving Men that ever liv'd amongst Men; they that have often preserv'd their Country from Ruin have

been (by their Countrymen) driven out of it: This was the Reward of *M. Cicero*, *Qui conservata patriæ pretium calamitate exitit*, as *V. Paternus* speaks of him. \* *L. 2. Hist.* And thus have many other worthy Patriots been rewarded. If such noble Examples will not serve to reconcile us to a good Opinion of Banishment, sure the Letter of *Malvezzi* will, which is a persuasive Apology for the same, and is fraught with learned Arguments to that effect.

Lastly, for *bodily Infirmities*; they have wrought much good, by fitting some Men for good Arts and Studies, and others for Heaven by a pious and holy Life.

*Ah! lovely Amoret, the Care  
Of all that know what's Good or Fair!  
With such a Grace you entertain,  
And look with such Contempt on Pain,  
That languishing you conquer more,  
And wound us deeper than before.  
So Lightnings, which in Storms appear,  
Scorch more than when the Skys are clear.  
And as pale Sickness does invade  
Your frailer Part, the Breaches made  
In that fair Lodging, still more clear  
Make the bright Guest, your Soul, appear:  
So Nymphs o'er pathless Mountains born,  
Their light Robes, by the Brambles, torn  
From their fair Limbs, exposing new  
And unknown Beauties to the View  
Of following Gods, increase their Flame,  
And haste to catch the flying Game.*

† *Thucid.* Plato † did set up his Academy in an unhealthy Air in *Attica*, which was as barren for Corn, as it was fertile in good Wits and Arts: for an *Athletick* Habit of Body is not so useful for the Mind; the Strength of the one is perfected in the Weakness of the other. *Imbecilitas carnis* || *In Epist. ad Caturum.* (*Latin. Salvian*) *mentis vigorem exacuit, & affectibus artibus, vires corporum in virtutes transformantur animorum; & multis sanitatis genus quoddam esse videtur, hominem interdum non esse sanum: this is very full and home to our Business. Eudoxius* a famous Orator in *St. Basil's* time, and who had been converted to the Christian Faith by that holy Father, lay long under a languishing Sickness.

*And now the Health of Doxius still impairs,  
From bad proceeds to worse, and mocks the Leeches Cares;  
Swoll'n in his Breast, his inward Pains increase,  
All means are us'd, and all without Success.*

The clotted Blood lies heavy on his Heart,  
 Corrupts, and there remains, in spite of Art :  
 The Mold of Nature's Fabrick is destroy'd,  
 Her Vessels discompos'd, her Virtue void ;  
 The Beilows of his Lungs begin to swell,  
 All out of Frame is e'ery secret Cell,  
 Nor can the Good receive, nor Bad expel.  
 Those breathing Organs thus within oppress'd  
 With Venom, soon distend the Sinews of his Breast ;  
 And in his Heart, as in a Fort, remains,  
 But yields at last to her resistless Pains.  
 Thus while the Fever, am'rous of his Prey,  
 Thro all his Veins makes his delightful way,  
 His Fate, like Semele's, the Flames destroy  
 That Beauty they too eagerly enjoy.  
 His charming Face is in its Spring decay'd,  
 Pale grew the Roses, and the Lillies fade :  
 His Skin has lost that Lustre which surpass'd  
 The Sun's, and did deserve as long to last :  
 His Eyes, which us'd to pierce the firmest Hearts,  
 Are now disarm'd of all their Flames and Darts.  
 Those Stars now heavily and slowly move,  
 And Sicknes triumphs in the Throne of Love.  
 Nought profits him to save abandon'd Life,  
 Nor Vomits upward aid, nor downward Laxative.  
 The midmost Region batter'd and destroy'd,  
 When Nature cannot work, th' Effect of Art is void.

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Thus languishing and diseas'd was the Fam'd Eudoxius, but he was so far from Murmuring and Dis- content under it, that he made an excellent Grace or Thanksgiving to God for the same ; <i>Gratias ago</i>	(saith he) <i>tibi pater, O Conditor                  hominum tuorum, quod nos (etiam                  invitos) recte fingis ; &amp; per ex-                  ternum hominem, internum purgas ;                  &amp; per adversa ad beatum nos fi-                  nem producis. Basil. Epist. 117.</i>
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Paradox XLIX.

*Every Man is Corporally born twice.*

<p><b>A</b>S strange and surprizing as                  this Paradox looks, I shall                  prove (by way of Question)                  that every Man is corporally born                  twice.</p> <p>Q. 1. The following Testimo-</p>	nies taken out of the New Tes- tament, will they not give a full Evidence to this Doctrine? As for instance, <i>John 9. 1. till v. 39.</i> where a large account is given concerning the Man that was born
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born blind, how the same in a wonderful manner was heal'd by our Saviour, and how his Disciples upon their first Information about the Concern of this blind Man, ask'd their Master (conformably with this Catholick Doctrine of the Jews) ver. 2. *Whether he (the blind Man) had sinned, or his Parents, that he was born blind?* And doth not this Question plainly imply, that this Man had been in Life and corporal Being, antecedently to this his last Birth? For how cou'd it else in a natural way be suppos'd of him, that he shou'd sin before he was born? And that for the same he was now punish'd, by being born blind. And doth not our ever blest'd and most wise Saviour most wisely answer this Question? For he seems to allow, that this possibly might have been the Cause which they propounded and suppos'd to be; and therefore doth not in the least reprove his Disciples for the extravagance of these their Thoughts, consonant to this Catholick Doctrine of the Return of Human Souls; but did much more seem to approve of it, and grant that this might have been the Cause; yea, tacitly to assert the same: But yet at last shews them, that this Hypothesis was not applicable to the Case before them; for he tells them, ver. 3. *Neither hath this Man sinned, nor his Parents (so as for his or their Sin this Punishment had betided him) but that the Works of God should be made manifest in him, viz. that this wonderful Cure of Jesus, to the admiration of the Spectators, and the exaltation of the Glory of God, might be per-*

form'd upon him: as likewise that he might serve for a Type and Instance of the great Works of Christ, who was come into the World to open the Eyes of the Blind.

Q. 2. Forasmuch as in the foregoing Question it hath been shew'd, that the Revolution of Human Souls, was not only known amongst the Jews, and acknowledg'd for a certain and incontestable Truth; but likewise confirm'd by our ever blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ himself, it is worth our Enquiry, whether by this means a Door be not open'd, for a better and more clear Understanding of the Intent and Aim of our Saviour, in all or most of the Parables he us'd to propound to the People, as well as his Disciples: As for instance, the Parable of the unjust Steward, recorded *Luke 16. 1. till ver. 8.* who when his Master demanded of him an account of his Stewardship, in the management of which he had not answer'd the Trust repos'd in him, and therefore knew well enough that he must lose his Place; doth not he most craftily make provision for his future Condition, which he was in the prospect of, concluding with himself to employ the small remainder of time he had left in his Employment, in providing for, and promoting his own Interest, as he found wou'd be most serviceable to his future Condition: and this he did by dealing friendly with the Debtors of his Lord, thereby to ingage them to the like Friendliness and Beneficence towards him, when he shou'd be put out of his Employment, e-

ven by rebating to them a great part of their Debts to his Master, as may be seen at large in that Parable. In the ninth Verse our Saviour begins to open and declare his meaning and aim in this Parable, in these words: *And I say unto you, make unto your selves Friends of the Mammon of Unrighteousness, that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting Habitations.* And afterwards further expresseth himself in the following Verses. Now that the explication of this ninth Verse hath occasion'd much trouble to the learned Expositors of Scripture, as meeting with great difficulty in their Endeavor of clearing and explaining the same, is sufficiently known; whereas, if they had well understood this Doctrine of the Revolution of Human Souls, would they not have done it with much more Ease? For our blessed and wise Master Christ, hath not only in this Parable recommended to us the good use and charitable communication of these earthly good things which the Divine Providence affords us, placing us as Stewards over them; but also excited and persuaded us to this Love and Beneficence towards our Neighbours. For is it not plainly hinted to us, when any one lends a helping hand to the Poor, to Widows, and Orphans, or any other that are in distress; that by this means he is taken in, and gets a place in the Hearts and Souls of those who are freed from distress by him, inso-much as his Image is so deeply imprinted and rooted in their Mind and Soul, that when this rich Person comes to die, he

then in and with the said Poor, whom formerly he hath deliver'd from their Distress, and into whom he hath been plauted, by means of his Love and Beneficence, comes into Poverty and other Distress, in order to his Purification?

Is it not likewise well worth our Animadversion here, that the greatest Riches must be chang'd into the greatest Poverty? And that those rich Persons, who in this manner enter into the Poor, being in want with them, are by means of such their Sufferings advanc'd towards a Spiritual and Heavenly Birth, Growth, and Increase, and that much more than ever they cou'd have been in all their former Riches and high State? And may not we by this means arrive at the true and proper meaning of that hard Saying of Christ to his Disciples, *Mark 10. 23, 24.* (and is also mention'd by the other Evangelists) *viz. That it is a hard thing for a rich Man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven?* but afterwards he adds, that by a rich Man he meant *one that trusts in his Riches*; and, *Luke 18. 17.* that *what was impossible with Man was possible with God, viz. in the way and manner as hath been said, when the rich Man dies and is born again, or is taken in it to the Poor (to whom he hath shew'd himself loving and charitable) who are yet alive, to bud and bloom anew; and that by means of suffering he may grow up to a full Heavenly Stature and Proportion.*

May we not likewise to this same purpose alledg that other Parable of Christ in the same Chapter

Chapter of *Luke*, concerning the rich Man and *Lazarus*? But we will leave this to the Enquiry and Consideration of him that is a Lover of these Mysteries, and pass by several other places of Holy Writ, pointing to the Case in hand, and proceed to those Testimonies and Proofs of this Doctrine of the Revolution of Souls, which we meet with in the Writings of the Apostles.

Q. 3. If any one will read the 11th Chapter to the *Romans* with attention, and exactly weigh and consider the same, making use of his understanding and sound Judgment without Partiality or Prejudice, will he not thereby be enabled to find out a true and right Explication of many Passages in the said Chapter concerning the breaking off of the natural Branches, and their casting away, in order to the grafting in of other strange Branches, which formerly did not belong to the Tree; and then the ingrafting again of the natural Branches, which before were cut off, as is most expressly declar'd in the 23d and following Verses? At the 25th Ver. Paul calls it a *Mystery*, and ver. 26. saith, that *when the Fulness of the Gentiles shall be come in, then all Israel shall be sav'd*. Besides several other remarkable Passages in the same Chapter, both before and after the Verses now cited, which wou'd prove very dark and hard to be understood, without being illustrated by this Hypothesis of the Revolution of Souls. And we may plainly perceive from hence, that this Doctrine was held for a certain and approv'd Truth by the Apostles.

Q. 4. And besides these Testimonies, is it not worth our consideration, what the Apostle mentions, 1 *Thess.* 4. 14. to the end, concerning the Resurrection of the Dead, &c? And will it not be a difficult thing to find out the Apostle's Meaning and Sense in those Verses, without laying this Doctrine for a Foundation?

Q. 5. That we may by way of over-poise draw some Arguments from Nature, and the Condition and State of Man, we'll propound this Query: Seeing we find that a Child doth not come into the World, till he hath held out nine Months, or ten Lunar Revolutions in his Mother's Body, as was already mention'd, until he hath attain'd all his Parts and Members; and forasmuch as all the Works of God are perfect, must not therefore the Life also, which dwells and operates in Bodies, have time allow'd to arrive at its perfection by divers Steps and Degrees, even as well as the Bodies of Children stand in need of so much time to attain their Perfection? And forasmuch as we see that Children when they are newly born, are like clean white Paper (that is without all Images) to the end they may be fit and dispos'd, every one according to his Property, to take in all Objects that present themselves to them, and to work out the same; and seeing that this out-working is very imperfect in Children; yea, that but very few are found amongst old People, which have attain'd to perfection: must not we then conclude, from the power a Man hath to obtain the highest perfection

fection possible in this World, that the said Power must at one time or other be brought into Act and perfected? And that in this World; seeing it is very probable that Man must attain his End, where he hath had his Beginning: For seeing Man consists of many Parts, and that during his Life-time he doth not only work out some few of them to any Perfection, as from his Childhood to his Youth, from his Youth to Manhood, and from thence to old Age; all which Parts are again multifariously diversify'd, as we may perceive that from one Man many do proceed, and they of different Properties. Must not he therefore also have different times allotted him for the working out of those Parts to Perfection? And what other Medium can we imagine for to attain to this perfection, than by dying to their former Body, by which means the Ungodly are snatch'd away from the Stage of this World, that they may no further proceed in their Wickedness, but may be prepar'd to enter into another Body, therein to be punish'd for the Sins of their former Life, and receive the Measure they have measur'd out to others, in order to their being better'd thereby? Whereas on the contrary, to the Pious and Good, a way is made by means of the suffering of Death, for them to attain to a higher degree of perfection, than yet they are arriv'd to.

And do not we thus perceive the reason, why Men must be several times born into this World? For by getting of Children, in whom they partly propagate

themselves, they are dispos'd to receive new Idea's, both Good and Bad, and thereby to enlarge their Circumference, which is their Kingdom: Good Idea's, that by working out of the same, they may be advanc'd to further Perfection; and evil Idea's, that they may subdue and rule over them? And to the end they may be fitted for the reception of both these, is it not necessary, that by Death they lose the remembrance of their former Images?

But if we will not allow and admit of this Doctrine of the Revolution of Souls; then we must assert either that Souls are made perfect in this one Life (which contradicts our daily experience) or that they never arrive to it, which is contrary to the Wisdom and Goodness of God: Or lastly, that somewhere without this World (where yet they had their first bodily beginning, and were plac'd, to the end that therein they might work out their Perfection) they shall attain to Perfection; the which for many Reasons (for brevity here past by) cannot be admitted.

Q. 6. Is it not likewise well worth our consideration, that even as the Hands and Feet are form'd the last of all the other Members in the Womb of the Mother; so they are the first that die, as Experience teacheth? And doth it not deserve our serious Thoughts, that whereas a Child during the time of nine Months is form'd in his Mother's Womb, amidst so many Cares, Sufferings, and Dangers of Life, and all this (according to the aim of Nature) in order to a degree of out-work-  
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ing of Life in this World? Now when it happens that a Child dies within a day or two after its Birth, must not we own that the said Child did not reach the aim and end of Nature, to which its formation in the Mother's Womb was directed? And tho indeed there must be a Cause of this sudden cutting off, yet cannot the said Cause be so prevalent and powerful, as is the Divine Wisdom and Providence, and the aim and mark of the Workmaster himself, in cutting off the Child's Life; which is, that the Child by means of Revolution should be wrought out and made perfect, to the end that what hath had a beginning may likewise attain its end.

Q. 7. Moreover, when we find that Children in the Womb be form'd out of Eggs; of which there are so great a number in every Woman, that we do not find one that bears so many Children as she hath Eggs, which she brought into the World with her: Must not we therefore conclude, that the rest of these Eggs were created in vain, in case they should not at some time or other attain to their full perfection? Now to remove this difficulty, must not we conclude, that the Life of these Eggs doth propagate itself another way, to the end that what doth not arrive at perfection one time, may attain it at another? And that therefore the remaining Eggs must necessarily be revolv'd in order to their perfection, at which, in the production of them, Nature had directed her Intention?

In like manner, what can we suppose to be the reason of that

express Command of God, which we read, *Deut. 23. 2.* That no *Bastard* should enter into the Congregation of the Lord to the tenth Generation; but this, that by means of ten Revolutions, the Evil might be wrought out?

Q. 8. If any should query, seeing that Man is constantly chang'd and renew'd, from one Life into another; how is it possible that notwithstanding all these Changes, his Memory should continue with him; may not we return this answer? That how great soever the Efflux or Emanation from any Man may be, yet he continues still as the General and Commander over all his Out-workings and Emanations, only he grows older, that is, approacheth nearer and nearer to perfection, according to the proportion of his Work he hath wrought out in this World; and that the Spirits which he hath given forth are his Remembrancers and Monitors, and still abide with him. And therefore, when a Man brings Wisdom with him into this World, is it not a proof that he hath attain'd, and wrought out the same in another Life or preceding Revolution?

Q. 9. But in case it should be further objected, how is it possible that a Man should several times be born into the World, and yet not be able to call to mind the least of any thing that hath pass'd in the former times of his Life; may not we return this Answer, That the only end of a man's being in this World, is, that he may attain to perfection; and if he attains the same in any of his Life-times (so as he works it out himself) it abides with

with him, and accompanies him ther, and at the same time? thro all his Lives and Revolutions. And that it is not at all material that a Man cannot call to mind, or give any account of the trouble he hath had, before he arriv'd so far as now he is come; no more than it is any trouble to us, or matter of Disquiet, that we cannot remember how we first learn'd to go, or how many Difficulties and Accidents we met with in that Undertaking. It is enough for us that we can go now, and upon all occasions make use of our Feet, without troubling our selves about the Circumstances and Means whereby we attain'd the same at first. In like manner, seeing that Man is possess'd of all these things as his Propriety; yea, that he is all these things himself, would it not be uneasy and troublesom to him, to have his Head always fill'd with these unprofitable Images? And is not this the reason why it is needful for Man, during the time of his Life, as well as at his Death, to die to many of these Images, and that in order to his forgetting of those things, which it is not needful for him to keep in his Memory?

Q. 10. Forasmuch as we find that the Children of Men are differently gifted, viz. that some are wise and understanding, others simple and dumb born; we may put this Query concerning those that are wise, viz. Whether or no those Spirits which come from wise Persons, — have not heretofore appear'd, and acted their Parts upon this Theater? As also whether or no any one can be a Man and a Child toge-

Which if it be answer'd in the Negative (as certainly it must) it may be query'd further, Whether all Children be alike fitted and dispos'd for Wisdom? or whether there be not a great difference between them in this respect? Now we know that nobody can reach the uppermost round of a Ladder, but by passing all that are between it and the lowest; and to pass over all these in the Life of one Body, is not possible. And in case any one should go about to leap over some of these Steps, wou'd he not find this altogether impracticable? forasmuch as this wou'd be contrary to the Order of the Creation. Yea, wou'd it not be the same as if any one should think from the first beginning of Childhood, immediately to become a young Man, which is impossible? Is it not therefore necessary, in case a Man shall ever attain to his full perfection, as to the uppermost Round of the Ladder, that in order thereto, he appears several times upon this Theater, and be born again; until at last, thro often Dyings and Revolutions, he attain to a perfect Conquest and Dominion over Death?

Q. 11. Is it not likewise very observable, what we see in the transplanting of Herbs and grafting of Trees, that the said Vegetables by frequent Eradications, Amputations, and Transplantations, are meliorated? And that a young Twig, when frequently ingrafted into its own Stock, becomes thereby much better'd and advanc'd; and that every transplanting, cutting off, and

and grafting, is a kind of Death and Suffering? And Man in like manner, being created in' this World, must therein work out his Salvation and Happiness, and that by means of frequent and reiterated dying. And is it not upon this very account, that *Adam*, if he had continu'd in Innocence, would have been able to have wrought out his Salvation in one only Life? But that now since his Fall, it must be otherwise; that is, in several Lives, or times of Life?

Q. 12. Lastly, and to conclude, can it be deny'd that all of us proceed from one Unity? Now if any one pondering this in his Mind, shou'd be troubled how to reconcile the great Variety and Difference which is found amongst Men, with the Uniformity of their Original; wou'd not such a one, in order to the clearing of this difficulty, find it of use to him to consider the manifold Members of Man's Body, all of which (tho ever so different) make up but one Man? And wou'd not he by this means come to understand the true ground of this Variety which is found amongst Men, and acknowledg, that notwithstanding all this, they are but an Emanation from the highest Unity? And when we compare this Body, consisting of many Members (every one of which are operative and working to a higher degree of perfection) to an Army, can we make any other inference from what hath been said, but that every Soldier in this Army that hath well discharg'd his Place, and done his Duty, which belong'd to him at such a time, is afterwards

made an Officer, and so proceeds till he comes to be a General?

But if any Man shou'd object, that this doth too far surpass all bounds of Number, as well as the Reason and Comprehension of Man: May not we answer this Objection, by saying, that it is so much the better, forasmuch as this doth the more magnify and set forth the Glory of God, who is, and is stil'd the Lord of Hosts, and hath created us after his own Image, that we might bear a resemblance with him? Upon which account we are likewise call'd Kings and Priests, because of the surpassing great Increase and Glorification of our Beings, by means of this never-ceasing Melioration and Revolution.

As also this may teach us to have more certain, proper, and becoming Thoughts of God; forasmuch as one only World is much too little to know God in, and find him out to perfection: And that therefore there are Worlds without end, for that we can never come to an end in the Knowledg of God.

For whatsoever the Mind can comprehend, is less than the Mind it self; and consequently Man is much more happy in feeling and perceiving God, than he wou'd be in comprehending him, which is altogether impossible. For there is another way of perceiving God in Man's Mind, besides that which is merely intellectual in the Understanding; which when it is felt, the Mind loseth it self in the perception of a Sweetness which is altogether incomprehensible, and therefore inexpressible,  
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and doth not proceed from Man's own Will, or from himself, but purely and alone from God, and surpasseth all Understanding.

## Paradox L.

*That the Shortest Life is the best ; or, a Paradox proving that we may justly wish either never to have been, or to have died as soon as we came into the World.*

Reader,

I know the Persons that pray for a long Life (being afraid of Death) will object against this Paradox, saying, ' Nature not contented to produce all things, hath given them a Desire of Self-preservation. Even inanimate Bodies redouble their Activity at the approach of their destructive Contraries, whence proceeds Antiperistasis. But this Desire appears chiefly in Animals, and above all in Man, being grounded upon the Love he bears to himself: Which extreme Love, instigating him to seek all good things contributory to his Contentment, makes him likewise desire long Life, whereby he may continue his other Enjoyments, and consequently avoid all Occasions of Death, as that which interrupts the Course of this Life, and makes him cease to be. Hence, as by general Consent, Death is the most Terrible of Terribles; so, by the reason of Contraries, Life is the most agreeable, and consequently most desirable and best thing in the World; and not desirable only by all Men who are indu'd with Knowledg, but also by all liv-

ing Things, each after its Mode, and according as they are capable of desiring; Plants attracting their Nourishment, and Animals seeking their Food with Difficulty, and carefully avoiding all Dangers that lead to Death. For tho Nature loves change (whereof she is the Principle) yet 'tis only that of Generation, or of a less into a more noble Substance; that of Corruption and Death she abhors, being not further pleas'd in the Vicissitudes of Mutations, than she gains by the Change; but she is a Loser by Death, which separates the Body from the Soul, in the Union whereof she hath all that she can wish. She may disguise her self, by changing of Shape and Countenance, but can never light upon any more agreeable, than that which she makes appear in the Marriage of a Body with a Soul; which are so perfectly united, that, after their Dissolution, our Souls always retain an Inclination toward their antient Mates which they once animated.

To these Advocates for Long Life I reply as follows: If the

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Sentiment of Nature makes us conceive long Life desirable ; Reason, which evinceth it full of Miseries and Calamities, teaches us, That the shortest is best, and that we may justly wish, either never to have been, or to have dy'd as soon as we came into the World,

*Oh Life ! thou Nothing's younger Brother,  
So like, that one might take one for the other !  
What's Some-Body, or No-Body ?  
In all the Cobwebs of the Schoolmens Trade,  
We no such nice distinction woven see,  
As 'tis to be, or not to be ;  
Dream of a Shadow ! a Reflection made  
From the false Glories of the gay reflected Bow ;  
Is a more solid thing than thou,  
Thou weak-built Isthmus ! which does proudly rise  
Up betwixt two Eternities :  
Yet canst not Wave nor Wind sustain,  
But broken and o'erwhelm'd, the endless Ocean meets again ;  
From the maternal Tomb,  
To the Grave's fruitful Womb,  
We call here Life ; but Life's a Name,  
Which nothing else can truly claim :  
This wretched Inn, while we scarce stay to bait,  
We call our dwelling Place ;  
We call one Step a Race.  
We grow at last, by Custom, to believe  
That really we live ;  
Whilst all those Shadows, that for Things we take,  
Are but the empty Dreams, which in Death's Sleep we make.*

This was the Judgment not only of the greatest Sages of Pagan Antiquity, many of whom cheerfully quitted Life to escape its Miseries ; but the sometimes famous Republick of *Marseilles*, gave Licence to the miserable to take Poison, which was kept in a publick Store. Yea, even the holiest Personages have been of the same Advice ; as *Job*, amongst others, who calls Man's Life a warfare upon Earth, and curses the day of his Birth ; *Moses* and *Elias*, who pray'd to God they might die ; and *St. Paul*, who desires nothing so much as to be loos'd from this mi-

serable Body ; in which, as in a dark Prison, the reasonable Soul is inclos'd, and remains against its Will : since being of a Celestial Nature, and so continually longing after the place of its Extraction, Death, which delivers it from its Fetters, must be as desirable to it, as contrary to the Body ; which having nought to hope for after this Life, but to be the food of Worms and Corruption, hath all reason to dread it, and avoid the Occasions of it ; as accordingly all such do who live only for the Body, resenting no other Motions in themselves but of desire to live long. Where-

as Reason instructs us, that here we never possess the Good where- of the immortal Soul is capable by its two Powers, the Under- standing and the Will; which never find any Truth or Goodness in the things of this World but what is sophisticate; it makes us also conceive Life as a violent State, and contrary to the Felicity of our better part.

But perhaps it may here be objected (by the Advocates for *Long Life*) ' That since Life is ' the duration of Being, which ' undoubtedly is the greatest of ' all Goods (Entity and Good ' being convertible) that must be ' the most desirable which is of ' greatest Continuance, because ' it comes nearest Infinity and ' Eternity, under which all Per- ' fection is compris'd, and which ' being therefore passionately de- ' sir'd by all Men, but not at- ' tainable by any, they endea- ' vour to partake as much of ' it as they can by Prolon- ' gation of Life, which is the

foundation not only of the Goods of the Body and For- tune (whose Sweetness makes amends for some Evils of Life) but also of the Mind, in which natural Felicity consists; where- unto, amongst other Condi- tions, long Life is requisite both for attaining of Knowledg and Virtue, not to be gotten without long time (which ren- der men knowing and prudent) as for making others taste the Fruits of an exemplary Life.

To this I reply, That Beasts, and even Stones, having the good of Existence as well as we, that alone is not sufficient to render Life desirable, in regard Non-existence is much rather to be with'd, than a Being always miserable, whatever some say to the contra- ry; since even our Saviour saith, it had been better for *Judas* never to have been born, than to have fallen into the Crime of Treason. Moreover, *Seneca* saith, No Per- son wou'd accept of Life, if he knew how dear it must cost him,

*When I consider Life, 'tis all a Cheat,  
Yet, fool'd with Hope, Men favour the Deceit;  
Trust on, and think to morrow will repay;  
To morrow's falser than the former Day;  
Lies more, and while it says we shall be blest  
With some new Joys, cuts off what we possess'd:  
Strange Coz'nage! none wou'd live past Years again,  
Yet all hope Pleasure in what yet remain;  
And from the Dregs of Life think to receive  
What the first sprightly Running could not give.  
I'm tir'd with waiting for this Chymick Gold,  
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.*

Hence we enter into the World weeping, as if it were against our Consent; and as our Lives begin with Tears, so they are continu'd with Labour, and ended with

Pain. Nor have we more reason to desire long Life for the Goods of the mind, which consist in Virtue alone. For if we be Vi- cious, 'tis expedient both for

our selves and the Publick, that we live but little, for fear of corrupting others by our evil Examples. If Virtuous, 'tis much to be fear'd lest we be corrupted by the Converse of the Wicked, who are very numerous; which was the Cause why God by a special favour took away *Enoch* in the midst of the Course of his Life, and transported him into the Terrestrial Paradise.

But here the Advocates for *Long Life* will again object: 'If a long Life were less desirable than a short, God shou'd have deceiv'd those that honour their Parents, by promising them a bad Salary in recompence of a good Action: Nor ought Physick to trouble it self and those that use it, by so many Rules and Receipts, were a short Life (that is to say, a speedy Death) so desirable; nor would the Laws punish Criminals with Death, if what they give them were better than what they take from them. Moreover, as the long-liv'd Oak and Palm-Tree are more

excellent than the Mushroom, Hyssop, and the Rose; Stags, Elephants, Eagles, Ravens, and the Phoenix, more perfect than Butterflies, and those Insects which they call *Ephemera*, because they live but one day; so amongst men, those that live long, seem to have some advantage above those that are of a short Life, having the Principles of their Generation more vigorous: wherein nevertheless the Sex, Temperament, Climate, Habitation, and manner of Living, make a notable difference; Sanguine men, and the Inhabitants of temperate Regions, commonly living longer than Women, cholerick Persons, and such as live under intemperate Climates.

To these I again reply, Reason having been given man to correct the Inclinations of the Sensitive Appetite, 'tis that alone must judg whether it be expedient for him to live long; not Sense, which makes us judg like Beasts, That nothing is dearer than Life.

*'Tis not for nothing that we Life pursue,  
It pays our Hopes with something still that's new;  
Each Day's a Mistress unenjoy'd before,  
Like Travellers, we're pleas'd with seeing more.  
Indulge, and to thy Genius freely give;  
For not to live at Ease, is not to live:  
Death stalks behind thee, and each flying Hour  
Does some loose Remnant of thy Life devour;  
Live while thou liv'st, for Death will make us all  
A Name, a Nothing, but an old Wife's Tale.*

But Reason, illuminated either by Faith or by Philosophy, teaches us that this World is the place of our Banishment, the Body the Soul's Prison, which she always carries about with her, Life a continual Suffering and War: and therefore he fights against natural Light, who maintains it expedient to prolong so miserable a State.

State. For, besides the Incommodities attending a long Life, which after 70 years, as *David* testifies, *is only Labour and Sorrow*, long Life is equally unprofitable towards attaining Knowledge and Virtue. He that lives long, can learn nothing new in the World, which is but a Revolution and Repetition of the same Effects produc'd always by the same Causes; not only in Nature, whose Course and Changes may be seen in the Revolution of the four Seasons of the Year, but even in Affairs of State, and private matters, wherein nothing is said or done, but what hath been practis'd before. And as for Virtue, the further we are from Childhood, the less Innocence and Sanctity we have, and Vices ordinarily increase with Years. The long Life of the first men having, according to some, been the probable Cause of the depravation of those Ages.

*Gods ! Life's your Gift ; then season't with such Fate,  
That what you meant a Blessing, prove no Weight ;  
Let me to the remotest Part be whirl'd  
Of this your Play-thing, made in haste, the World :  
But grant me Quiet, Liberty, and Peace ;  
By Day what's needful, and at Night soft Ease ;  
The Friend I trust in, and the She I love :  
Then fix me, and if I e'er wish remove ;  
Make me as Great, that's wretched, as you can ;  
Set me in Pow'r the wofull'st State of Man ;  
To be by Fools misled, to Knaves a Prey,  
But make Life what I ask, or take't away.*

### Paradox LI.

*That it is better to be Lame or Bed-rid, than able to ride or walk abroad.*

**M**ANY Things which to Appearance and Taste are gay and wholesom, are in the Use and Fruition clean the contrary; and many such Things which we think make other Men happy, are but *Burdens* and *Inconveniences* to them; and such, as if we our selves were condemn'd to enjoy, we shou'd make it part of our first Wishes to be dispens'd withal.

To go no farther for instance than the very business of *Walking*, and Confinement to a *Bed* or *Chamber*; how much seems the one to be valu'd, and how much irksom appears the other! where-as if they were both strip'd into a *naked Consideration*, there is nothing but *Trouble*, and a kind of *Servitude* in the one, and *Rest* and *Acquiescence* in the other.

Not that this is to be understood of *fix'd* and painful *Chronical* Diseases, which rend and tear the Mind afunder, even with the Body (*for certainly it's very pleasant to hear the Stoicks direct a Man not to groan or change Countenance at a Fit of the Stone or Cholic*; as tho' a Man's Mind cou'd absolutely be abstracted from his Senses, to which it is so straitly conjoin'd) but I mean of such Imperfections or Weaknesses, as confine a Man only to his *Chamber or a Couch*, leave him his Soul free and at liberty to exercise those noble Functions that her Nature leads her to. It may be objected, that the freest and most active Men might take such Enjoyment, if they pleas'd, and confine themselves at their pleasure. But it is answer'd, when it is said that all the *Businesses, Troubles and Inconveniences* of Life are hereby avoided, that a Man is free within himself, *uningag'd* to any long or tedious *Attendances*, unconcern'd in any *Factions* ruling in a State; they must needs acknowledge, that it were much better for a man thus *quietly and serenely to be his Prisoner*, than with a great deal of Pains and Trouble carry Shackles about him under the mere denomination of a *Man*.

We may add to this, that *Going in Man* seems to be one of the greatest Marks of his *Animality* and *Weakness*; *Serpents*, which were curs'd to *crawl* upon their Bellies, *curl* and vary themselves so finely in their progressive Motion, that it is no less Wonder and Delight to see them, than to behold man himself, that claims the Monarchy, walk upright, and

hale one Leg after another.

Besides, we are to consider the *means*, by which men commonly arrive at *Lameness*, and those for the most part are *honourable*. For as there are but few Diseases that cause it, so it proceeds for the most part either from hurts, or loss of *Members*, which must needs be from a *man's particular Valour*, or else receiv'd in the defence of his *Country*. If it be the former, what greater assurance can you have of a high and a daring Soul, than to *sacrifice ones Limbs* to the *Sense and Tenderness of Honour*? If the latter, what more noble and generous Martyrdom can be imagin'd, than to lose part of what we brought into the World with us, as a *Sacrifice* to that *common Mother*, to whom we owe all we have; or to speak a little more precisely, to all the *Interests* both of our *Altars and Chimneys, Friends, Children, Laws and Liberties*? Certainly upon this occasion one man may safely and rationally be more proud of a pair of *Castles*, than another man, who but merely obey'd the Agitations and Strings of *Ambition*, ought in conscience to be of a *Triumphal Chariot*.

But to go no further than the *Mind* of man, all the *Passions* and *Traverses* of it are but so many *Hurries* and *Tempests*, and they must be calm'd before a man can see himself, as Waters must be smooth'd which a man would make a *Mirror* of.

Or if a man give himself to the pursuit of *Sciences*, there is no way so advantageous as a quiet and serene attendance upon our *Thoughts*. Hence it was that the

*Fæces* confined the *Muses* to Mount *Parnassus*, to *Fountains* and *Groves*, as knowing that *Cities* were not Places for any profound and *abstracted* Meditations, and consequently much *Conversation* an Enemy unto it. From this reason I believe it was that *Sir Henry Wotton*, after so many *Embassies* and *Negotiations*, concluded an *Epigraph* of his, *Tandem hoc didici animas sapientiores fieri quiescenda.*

But lest I may seem to speak without ground, and not out of Experience, and the Things themselves, as many subtle and airy Wits have done, whose *Contemplations* have been rarify'd into such Thinness, that they have vanish'd into nothing: It will be but necessary that I quote an Example or two, the one of a *Spaniard*, the other of a *Countryman*. 'Tis *Ignatius Loyola*, and *Mr. Anthony Bacon*, Son to the *Lord Keeper Bacon*, Brother to the *Lord Chancellor*.

The first being a *Spanish Soldier*, and becoming *Bed-rid* of his *Wounds*, recollected that great Mind of his which had been usually employ'd in *War*, into that fatal Invention of the Order of the *Jesuits*, which as in its *Increase* it is in a manner miraculous, so in its *Discipline* it is no less. For of what Profession, *Physick* excepted, hath it not brought forth excellent men in great Numbers? How have they out-strip all other Orders in a few years? And were it not for their blind curs'd dependance upon the *Pope*, whereby they even wilfully put out their own Reason, they were certainly to be imitated by the best Governments on the

Earth. But as Physicians say, That too good a Posture of Health is *Sickness*, because the *Humors*, being in an *Equilibration*, may the sooner be over-turn'd; and we see the most admirable Inventions have brought along with them their Inconveniences; so is this sort of men, out of an intended harmless Society, grown up into such *Artifice* and *Insinuation* of *State*, that like your subtlest Poisons, they work most dangerously and subtly unseen, and have been so inconsistent with civil Government, that *France* once banish'd them for a time, and the *State of Venice* for ever.

For the other, as he writ nothing, so his *Infirmity* withheld him from doing much. He that cou'd but consider the marvellous Spirit of his Brother, the difference of *Lameness* put into the Scale, might easily shape an *Idea* of him, but with this disproportion: the one tower'd into all the heights of *Sciences*, and, like an *Eagle*, was one of the first that cou'd behold *intellectual Truth*; the other div'd into the secrets of *State*, and like a cruel *Mineralist*, left no *Vein* unsearch'd. When he lay *Bed-rid*, he got *Essex House* in the *Strand* given him at one time, which, what he sold it for, *Sir Henry Wotton* will tell you, and also ask you this Question, What he wou'd have done if he had been able to walk? Certainly he was a man of a vast and a regular Mind, so great a *Commander* of himself, and so much a *Master* in the *Arts* of *Life* and *Government*, that his Brother the *High Chancellor* was not to be blam'd, when he wish'd his *Infirmity* upon himself, so that the o-

ther might go abroad about her Majesty's Service.

What I have said of this Head, that is to say, of *Natural Restraint*, as I may so call it, I believe may very well serve also for *Civil Restraint* or Imprisonment, which tho' for the most part it be but temporary, as the other is, and assures not of a Continuation so long as Life; yet it seems to be accompany'd with more Horrors and more Dangers. For being inflicted by the civil Magistrate, it seems but as an earnest of some further Punishment. But if we examine the grounds upon which most men are thrown into Jails, which we find to be either for the *breach* of some Law, or for denying to act somewhat against Law, or else such as

whose *Attempts* have not been answer'd with Success, there will not any thing so formidable be found in *Lameness*, which by keeping us at home, keeps us out of all Dangers.

Upon the whole it will appear, that since *Restraint* is the most high, happy and wholesome Course of Life; and that our *Souls*, which are much nobler than our *Bodies*, are much *advantag'd* thereby; and yet these *Souls*, tho' such immortal and noble Substances, are but *imprison'd* and *pent* up in our *Bodies*; it were a very great Injustice that the *Body* shou'd ill resent any *Confinement*, when the immortal *Soul* that *actuates* it, is so close a *Prisoner* to the *Body* it self.

## Paradox LII.

*That 'tis both a Happiness and Honour to be Gelt.*

THE Canons make three sorts of Eunuchs; the Natural, the Factitious, and the Voluntary; congruently to our Lord's Division in the Gospel, that some are born, others are made by Men, and others make themselves Eunuchs for the Kingdom of Heaven: which is no more to be taken literally than the plucking out of the Eyes, or the cutting off the Hands when they offend us; but mystically, for those who voluntarily renounce the Pleasures of their Flesh. Their Original is as ancient as the Law of Nations, whereby the Conquerors giving Law to the Conquer'd,

chang'd the Punishment of killing them into mutilation of some Members, and amongst the rest of these, to make them more faithful and affectionate by depriving them of the means of getting Children, and more trusty in keeping of their Goods and Wives. Hence they have come to be so highly esteem'd, that not only the Emperors of *Constantinople*, the Kings of *Egypt*, *Persia* and *Chaldea*, have intrusted them with the management of all their Affairs; but also, in the *Roman Empire*, an Eunuch slave was valu'd at five times as much as another. Besides that their

their Purity has qualify'd them amongst the Heathen for Priests of their Deities ; amongst which the Goddesses *Isis* and *Cybele* admitted no other ; which possibly, by Antiphrasis, were call'd *Galli*. Even in Christianity, the Eunuch of the Queen *Candace* was the first Gentile call'd to the light of the Gospel ; the Expressions whereof *Origen* understanding literally castrated himself, by an Example so singular, that *St. Jerom* chose rather to admire, than to blame the Greatness of his Courage.

I confess if it be true, that Good consists in the perfection of all Parts, and Evil in their least defect, the Deficiency of those necessary to the Conservation of the Species, is the greatest of all, since it divests us of the noble Quality and Character of Man, which an Eunuch is no longer, nor yet a Woman, but something less than both. And as the propagation of Men is an effect of the divine Benediction at the beginning of the World, so the Barrenness and Impotence of Eunuchs, contrary to that Fruitfulness, is abhor'd by all the World, and was taken by the *Jews* for a Curse. Moreover, Nature, which is the Principle of Motions and Generations, seems to disown those who want the Parts requisite to this Action. The Laws forbid them the Privilege of Adoption, and most Offices and Dignities. God himself, in the old Law, prohibited them entrance into his Church ; and in the New, the Church forbids them the use of her Sacraments. Nor is it any wonder, since every thing in Nature is fruitful, even Accidents

reproducing their Species, which are so many Generations. Wherefore finding no place among natural things, nor in the Categories, it follows that they are Monsters. The Emperor *Adrian* extended the penalty of the Law *Cornelia* against those who make Eunuchs, or consent any way thereunto, *L. 4. S. ad L. Corn.* And before him the Pretors had introduc'd divers Actions touching this Matter, as the Action of Injuries, of the Edict of the *Ædiles*, and of Quadruple in the Law, *27. S. ad leg. Aquil.* And, lastly, the Emperor *Constantine*, expressly interdicted Castration in all the Empire, under pain of Life, and others contain'd in two Laws, *De Eunuchis* in the Code.

But notwithstanding these seeming Objections against Castration, I still assert this odd Paradox, That whether you consider Eunuchs in reference to the Body or the Mind, they are happier than others. They are out of danger of being Gouty and Bald, two Maladies, whereof the one extremely torments a Man, and the other dishonours him ; and it cures the most horrible of all Maladies, the Leprosy. On the other side, it puts the same difference between the Manners of Men as it doth between untractable Horses and others. Hence the Castiared are more pleasant company ; and to contribute thereunto, Nature has afforded them the grace of a delicate Voice all their Lives, which forsakes Children as soon as they come to Puberty ; and being exempted from the Diseases which the Excess of Venery brings to others,

others, they are longer-liv'd, and more easily bear the Exceis of Wine. They are deliver'd from the cruel Servitude of Lust, and all the other Passions which attend it. And in recompence of those Parts wherewith Asses and Mules are better provided than Men, they are early furnish'd with Wisdom and Contineuce, which (as the Example of *Susanna's* old Lovers shews) happens later to Man than gray Hairs. Moreover, Eunuchs have a fit Temper for Goodness of Wit, which, according to some, occasion'd the Greek Name Eunuch, and not their Charge of guarding the Bed, and observing the Deportments of Wives, whose Subtily and Infidelity may delude their Husbands, but cou'd never deceive the Vigilance of these *Argus's*; who in this alone shew what they can do, since they have the Skill to govern that Sex which is indisciplinable by all others.

### Paradox LIII.

*That our Enemies are our best Friends.*

**T**WILL be a *Paradox* of general Use, if we can prove our Enemies our best Friends, which I shall here attempt to do, tho with great difficulty; for 'tis a Point of great Wisdom to be able to draw benefit from ones Enemies; whercof the Principal is, that they oblige us to stand upon our Guard, to order our Demeanor well, and so to frame our Lives, that they may have no hold against us. For, as Friendship is the Parent of Confidence and Liberty; this, of Negligence: So Enmity begets Diffidence, and this Circumspection, with a great desire of Virtue, and shame of Vice, whose Turpitude makes us blush more in the presence of an Enemy than of a Friend, who being our other self, complies with our Humours and Inclinations. And as natural Agents are more vigorous in presence of their Contraries (whence Fire

flourishes more in Winter than in Summer) so the presence of Enemies redoubles our Strength and Courage; their Neighbourhood obliges us to have always our Arms in our Hands, and keep good Guard: which made *Cato* declaim against those who raz'd the Cities of *Carthage* and *Namantia*, both Enemies to *Rome*. And if a Man be vicious, 'tis more expedient still that he have Enemies than Friends; these too easily adhering to his Debauches; but those withdrawing him from them, either by Reproaches, or by the Example of a contrary Life. If he be Virtuous, his Enemies make his Virtue shine forth, whilst it serves him for a Defence and Apology against all their Accusations and Calumnies; and he finds it his Interest to continue his virtuous Practice, that he may still refute them; whereas the Flatteries and Compliments

pleasures of his Friends insensibly corrupt him. Besides, seeing a virtuous Man cannot be call'd absolutely perfect, but only to have fewer Defects than another, his dissembling or flattering Friends sometimes know them not; but an Enemy takes notice of them, and blazing them abroad, gives him warning to correct them. Yea, it seems a sign of a virtuous Man to have Enemies: For, besides that *Virtue hath been always enviy'd and hated*, and the higher a Man is in Merit and Dignity above others, he hath the more Enemies; resemblance of Manners begets Friendship, and Disparity Enmity, and more without comparison are Vicious than Virtuous: But the Vicious being unable to love any but those like themselves, hate all who follow not their Example, as the Virtuous do not, and so have the greatest part of the World against them.

I must confess that in some sense *Enmities can produce no Good*, since either Vice, or Malice, or Ignorance is the Cause; it not being possible but either he that is hated must be Vicious, or else they that hate him malicious or ignorant. For, *as Friendship is founded upon, and cannot subsist without Virtue*; so neither can Enmity, without the Vice and Malice of him that hates, or his that is hated, or both together. And as the Effects of Amity are Union, Concord, Security, and Peace; so those of Enmity are Division, Discord, Diffidence, Suspicion, Treachery, Hatred, and other such Effects, noxious not only to a private Person, who cannot draw any benefit from what tends only to his Ruin (as

all Hatred doth) but also prejudicial to the Publick, which is totally destroy'd by Enmity, which breaks the Bonds of Civil Society. On the other side, *If all were Friends*, one Man wou'd be a God to another (as that Ancient said) and all Men concurring together by mutual help, to the accomplishment of one another's Desires, there wou'd be no more difficulty in Affairs, because no Opposition; and the World wou'd be nothing but a Harmony of favourable Successes. Contrarily, 'tis *Enmity makes one Man a Wolf to another*, a Stone of Offence, and the Damon of his bad Fortune: For, the Benefit of understanding our own Vices by our Enemies Reproaches, is not to be compar'd to that which we receive from the good Counsels of Friends, who are better qualify'd for redressing our Imperfections, because *Converse affords the means to know them*; whereas the rude *Censures and Affronts of an Enemy*, being never taken in good part, cannot any wise contribute to the Correction of our Manners. A wise and virtuous Man, who voluntarily endeavours to practise Virtue in all Occurrences, finds ways enough to do it, without waiting to be constrain'd thereunto by the Injuries and Censures of Enemies: But the Vicious will draw nothing from them but Fuel to his Rancour and Revenge, without being instructed concerning his Faults by the mouth of those whom he utterly disbelieves. *However, we must draw as much Profit as we can from our Enemies*; and 'tis the only Comfort can be had against Hatred, to make use of

of it as an Antidote against its own Poison. But then, as it would be more expedient to have no Grievances or Poisons, than to be at the trouble of finding Anodines and Counter-poisons; so we may be allow'd to derive some Remedy from Enmities against their Mischiefs, and make as much Profit of Vice as 'tis possible; but 'twou'd be expedient to have neither Enemies nor Vices.

## Paradox LIV.

### *Proving Black's White.*

THERE is a Play publish'd not long since, intitul'd, *The Funeral, or Grief a-la-mode*; the ingenious Author of this Play makes the Mourners act the *DISMAL* in long Clokes, which he calls *Black*; but the Cheat's discover'd in this *Paradox*, and rich Heirs must now think of some other Colour than *Black* to dissemble their Grief, or else own that they wear Cloth (which is call'd *Black*) to denote their Joy for the Death of their Friends. Nay, Gentlemen, never startle at this Advice, for if you refuse to take it, *you are all Hypocrites*; for I shall here discover your Disimulation, by proving that *Black's White*; so that for the future when you see a Man in Mourning (*in Cloth, which he calls Black*) say there goes a *Man in White*, rejoicing for the Death of his rich Father, Brother, Uncle, &c. I own this is the most difficult *Paradox* to prove of the two thousand I intend to publish; for all the World but my self is of this Opinion, that *Black's Black*, and for that reason the most common Mourning (to express sadness for the Death of a Friend) now us'd throughout all *Europe* is *BLACK*, which also was always worn by the *Romans* when they went into Mourning, except during sixty years that they wore *White*. The wearing of Mourning continu'd ten Months at *Rome*; the *Athenians* wore it but one Month, the *Spartans* no more but e'even days. The reason why they have all chosen *Black* for denoting Sadness, is, because *Black* is the privation of *White*, and proceedeth from the defect of Light; so Death is the privation of Life and Light. Possibly too, the reason why the *Cypress Tree* was esteem'd a *Funeral Tree*, was, because the Leaves were of a dark Green, and the Nuts tincture *Black*, and being cut, it never puts forth again; as also *Beans* were, in regard of the *Blackness* which appears in them and their Flowers.

Further (say our Advocates for mourning in Cloth, which they call *Black*) Experience shews us sufficiently that the *black Colour* doth not only put us in mind of our Grievances and Sadnesses pass'd, but also is apt to excite new. This

is known to the Senses, and unknown to Reason, by a certain Divine Appointment, which hath caus'd that what is manifest to the one, is hidden to the other. As appears, for that nothing is so natural to the Sense of Seeing as Light and Colours. But yet there is nothing in which our Mind sooner finds its Weakness, than in the Enquiry into the Nature and Properties of Colours and Light. Now (say these Men) *this Blackness* is internal, when the Soul turning it self towards the Images, upon report of which a judgment is made, if that Image is black and deform'd, the Soul must conceive that the Objects represented by it, are so also, and thence ariseth Horror and Sadness.

Hence ariseth the Sadness and Terror which a deep Silence, and the sight of extreme Blackness and Darkness excite in the Soul. For the Soul knows well, that Life is nothing else but Exercise of its Faculties, of which as soon as any thing is depriv'd, there remains nothing to be expected but Death. She wou'd fain exert her Action and cannot; she distinguishes not whether it be thro default of the Object, or whether her Faculty be lost, but she finds a privation of her Actions, and represents to her self to be in the state of Death; whence ariseth Sadness and Fear. For as our Soul dreadeth nothing so much as Death, so the least suspicion, the least sign and umbrage of Death, is apt to put her into great dejection. And this (say these black Advocates) makes way for the second Reason, why the Soul becomes sad at the sight

of a *black Colour*, namely, because it never appears in the Body, but Death is at hand. For this Colour is produc'd by the Mortification and Extinction of the Spirits, as a Gangreen, which is either caus'd by Adustion (whereby Coals become black) or by extreme Coldness; thus old Men are of a leaden Colour *tending to Blackness*. Now the Excess of Heat and Coldness is equally contrary to Life. Wherefore as often as the Soul perceives Blackness, either in her own Body or in another, she remembers the *Qualities* which produc'd it, and are contrary to Life which she loves; hence ariseth Sadness. And hence also it is that we naturally love a Countenance well-proportion'd with an agreeable Colour, wherein there is found a Redness mingled with Whiteness, bright and lively with Spirits; which is nothing else but an effect of the Love which our Soul bears to Life. For knowing this to be the Colour of Health, it affects the same even in another; as, on the other side, it abhorreth Death. Look upon a living Body, it is full of brightness, but a dead one is gloomy and dismal; and at the instant that the Soul parts from the Body, a dark Shade seems as it were to veil the Countenance. Now that the Soul may understand, it must become like to its Object. Whence *Aristotle* said, that the *Intellect* is *potentially* all things, forasmuch as it can form it self into as many Shapes as there are Objects. So then, if it will perceive Blackness, it must become conformable to Black, which it cannot be without great resentment

ment of Grief and Sadness, since its natural Colour is its Brightness; and to deprive the Soul of Brightness and Splendor is to deprive it of Life. This is all that our *Mock-mourners* have to say for their Hypocritical mourning in what they call *black Cloth*. But I'll now pull off the Vizard, and prove all Men are Hypocrites that wear *Black* to express Grief, for our *Black* signifies Joy, which can't be deny'd, if I make it appear that *Black's White*: which must be granted, if you consider that the Object of Vision is Colour; the Organ, the Eye; the *Medium* is a diaphanous Body illuminated. Provided these three be rightly dispos'd, the Organ and the *Medium* free from all Colours, and the Object at a convenient distance, all Men will necessarily behold Colours as they are, and always alike; which wou'd not be so if they were imaginary, or fortuitous. Besides, being the Object of the Sight, the finest of all Senses, they ought to have a real Existence, as all the Objects of the other Senses have. For the Object of the outward Sense must be real, otherwise it cannot act upon the Organ; and the Agent and the Patient ought to agree in the same Genus.

This premis'd, it naturally follows, *That Black is nothing but Light wholly extinct, and a kind of Darkness; and consequently, Black hath nothing of Reality, but is a pure Privation which our Eyes perceive not: as our Ear discerneth or perceiveth not Silence, but only by not hearing any Sound; so neither doth the Sight behold Black (or Darkness) but when it sees neither Colour nor Light: so that this*

*evidently proves Black's White; for to hear Silence, and see Blackness (or Darkness) is to speak properly a vain attempt of the Soul, which would fain exert its Action of Hearing and Seeing, and cannot.*

Further to prove *Black's White*, consider *Red, Purple*, and other lively and bright Colours, according as they degenerate, attain at length to (what we call) *BLACK*, which is made by *Abduction*. But when Mixtions take a contrary course by *Cold*, then arise all dead Colours, which terminate in *Black* too by a contrary Cause, namely, the total extinction of Heat; as 'tis seen in old men and dead Persons, who are of a leaden and blackish Colour. As therefore *Green* is the first, so *Black* is the last of Colours, yea 'tis properly no Colour, especially when the Humidity is already all consum'd, as in *Coals*; or is separated from the dry parts, as in things become *black* by putrefaction, as the gangrenous Parts of an Animal. Neither is *White* (it self) a Colour, but a mean between Colour and Light.

'Tis true that we are ignorant of the reason of the Mixtion of every Body, and *why such a Body hath such a Colour*, but not that Colours are not true and real: Yet with this distinction, that the Colours alone which are seen with the Conditions requisite to Sensation are real, that is to say, *exist really, and not in the Imagination*. For if it were not so, we shou'd see them as well by Night as by Day, and with our Eyes shut as open; as that foolish *Antiphon* did, who thought he always saw his own Image before him.

And

And a sensible Faculty ought to have a real and sensible Object, since the Object must be of the same nature with the Faculty. But there are Colours (such as we call *Black*) which are not really in the Surface of Bodies, tho they appear so to us by reason of the *divers reception of Light*, or of some other extrinsecal Colour of a transparent diaphanous Body, or some other external Cause, which hinders the Eye from discerning the true Colour of the mix'd Body.

And here 'tis worth observing, that the Providence of the Creator chose the azure Tincture to invest the Firmament withal, as the middle Colour between the two Extremes, *White and Black*, that so our Sight might not, when we speculate that universal Canopy, be either perswaged with the excessive Lustre of the one, nor terminated by the absolute Opacity of the other. Because, if the natural Colour of the Firmament were *azure*, as some presume; then wou'd it, by reason of the vast Space betwixt it and our Sight, and the repercussion of the greatest part of the Rays of Light from our Eye, by those *Myriads of Myriads of Myriads of small Bodies*, replenishing that intermediate Space, necessarily appear of some other Colour; the Experience of Seamen assuring, that all Colours (*White and that of pure Flame, retaining to Whiteness, only excepted*) lose themselves in long trajection thro the Medium, and that even Land, which is but a few degrees remov'd from Opacity, appears to the first discovery like a *bleuish Cloud* lying level to the Horizon. It being certain,

therefore, that by how much the farther any Colour recedeth from Whiteness, by so much the less way it is visible; which the *Grecian* intimates in the word λευκος, *albus*, ὄψις τὸ λεύκω, quod procul videatur.

So that from the very Nature of *Black*, we have reason to conclude *Black's White*, and can no ways doubt it, if we consider the Diversity of Colours proceeds only from the divers Aspect of Light, which varies the Colours of certain Bodies to our Eye, as in the Rainbow, the Camelion, and the Necks of Pigeons, in things expos'd to the Sun, which seem far whiter than before. To which you must add the Distance and Station of the Beholders; so *Water seems Black or Blue afar off, but near hand colourless*: Turpentine, Chrystal, and the Whites of Eggs in several Situations do the like. Besides, there are four Colours answering to the Elements, *viz. Black to Earth, White to Water, Yellow to Air, and Red to Fire*. For discovering the Causes of whose Diversities, the ancient Philosophers prepar'd a Matter, which by the degrees of Fire, they pass'd thro all the Colours of Nature, and perceiv'd sometimes in their Vessel what they call'd the *Peacock's Tail*, representing all Colours in one single Matter; whence they concluded the variety of Colours to proceed from that of external Fire, moving the Matter less in one part than another. Thus Antimony, which is at first *Black*, is rais'd into *White, Yellow, Red*, and mix'd Flowers, according as they are sublim'd more or less.

Having

Having fairly (and largely) prov'd *Black's White*, 'twill be necessary I conclude my Paradox with shewing the Nature of a *white Colour*, and how 'tis caus'd in the Optick Nerve; for (*Jay our black Advocates*) if we must deny our Senses, and say *Black's White*, pray let us know what *white Colour is*, which we, and our Fathers before us, have taken for *Black*.

To this I answer: It being more than probable, that the various Species of Colours have their Origin from only the various *Manners*, in which the incident Particles of Light, reflected from the Exterior of Objects, strike and affect the principal Sensory; it cannot be improbable, that the sense of a *White Colour is caus'd in the Optick Nerve*, when such Atoms of Light, or Rays consisting of them, strike upon the *Retina Tunica*, as come directly from the lucid Fountain, the Sun, or pure Flame, or reflexedly from a Body, whose superficial Particles are *Polite and Spherical*, such as we have formerly conjectur'd in the smallest and hardly distinguishable Bubbles of Froth, and the minute Particles of Snow.

And, as for the perception of its contrary, *Black*, generally, tho' scarce warrantably reputed a Colour; we have very good ground for our Conjecture, that it ariseth rather from a mere *Privation of Light*, than any *Material Impression* on the Sensory. For, *Blackness* seems identical, or co-essential with *Shadow*; and all of it that is positively perceptible, consisteth in its participation of Light, which alone causeth it not to be

absolutely invisible. And hence is it, that we have several *Degrees*, or gradual *Differences* of *Black*, comparative to the several degrees of *Shadow*, progressing till we arrive at perfect *Darkness*; and that we can behold nothing so black, which may not admit of deeper and deeper *Blackness*, according to its greater and greater *Recess* from Light, and nearer and nearer access to absolute *Opacity*. To reason, therefore, it is consonant that all Bodies, whose natural Hew is *Black*, are compos'd of such insensible Particles, whose Surfaces are *scabrous*, rough, or craggy, and their Contexture so rare, or loose, as that they rather *imbibe*, or swallow up the incident Rays of Light, than reflect them outwardly toward the Eye of the Spectator. Of this sort, the most memorable, yet discover'd, is the *Obsidian Stone*, so much admir'd and celebrated among the *Romans*; whose Substance being constituted of scabrous and loosely contexted Atoms, causeth it to appear a perfect *Negro*, tho' held in the Meridian Sunshine; because the Rays invading it are for the most part, as it were, absorpt and stilled in the small and numerous *Caverns* and *Meanders*, variously interspers'd among its component Particles. Which common and illiterate Eyes beholding, delude their Curiosity with this Refuge, that it hath an *Antipathy* to Light, and doth therefore reflect it converted into *Shadows*.

The Generation of the two *Extreme* and *Ground Colours*, *White* and *Black*, being attain'd by this kind of *Inquest* into the *Rolls*  
of

of Reason; the former deriving it self from Light, either immediately and in direct Lines profluent from its Fountain, or by Reflection from Bodies, whose superficial Particles are spherical and polite; the latter from the Negation of Light: there can be no great difficulty remaining concerning the Genealogy of all other *Intermediate* ones, since they are but the Offspring of the Extreme, arising from the *Intermission of Light* and Shadow in various Proportions; or more plainly that the Sense of them is caus'd

in the *Retina Tunica*, according to the Variety of Reflections and Refractions, that the incident Light suffers from the superficial Particles of Objects, in manner exactly analogous to that of the evanid Colours; observ'd in *spherical Glasses* replete with Water; in Prisms interpos'd betwixt the Object and Eye; in angular Diamonds, Opals, &c. For even our Sense demonstrates, that they are nothing but certain Perturbations, or *Modifications of Light*; interspers'd with Umbrella's, or small Shadows:

### Paradox LV.

*In Praise of the Tooth-Ach, and most Diseases incident to the Body of Man.*

I Have known many, as well Men as Women, who would have been easily persuaded, that they had obtain'd all the Quietness which it was possible to reach unto, if *Nature had not troubled them with Bodies much apt and ready to Sickness*: but because they languish'd sometimes with the *Tooth-Ach*; sometimes with Burning Fevers, sometimes with Aches in the Bones, whereto (by Alteration of Weather) they were very often subject; therefore they should fall into such Despair, as Life was very hateful to them:— I had acquaintance with a Gentleman endu'd with all such things as both Nature and Fortune are wont to enrich their dearest Friends withal, but so tormented beside with continual *Sickness and Waking*, that he imagin'd himself more afflicted and troubled than any other Person whatsoever could be: Thus,

*In the close Covert of a Cypress Grove,  
Where Goblins frisk, and airy Spectres rove;  
Tawns a dark Cave most formidably wide,  
And there the Monarch's Triumphs are descry'd;  
Within its dreadful Faws those Furies wait,  
Which execute the harsh Decrees of Fate.  
Febris is first; the Hag relentless hears  
The Virgin's Sighs; and sees the Infant's Tears;*

*In her parch'd Eye-Balls fiery Meteors reign,  
 And restless Ferments revel in each Vein.  
 To:n Hydrops next appears amongst the Throng,  
 Bloated and big she slowly sails along;  
 But, like a Miser, in Excess she's poor,  
 And pines for Thirst amidst her wat'ry Store.  
 Now loathsome Lepra, that offensive Spright,  
 With foul Eruptions stain'd, offends the Sight;  
 She's deaf to Beauty's soft persuading Power,  
 Nor can bright Hebes Charms her Bloom secure.  
 Whilst meagre Phthisis gives a silent Blow,  
 Her Strokes are sure, but her Advances slow:  
 No loud Alarms, nor fierce Assault are shown,  
 She starves the Fortress first, then takes the Town.  
 Behind stood Crouds of more inferior Fame,  
 Too numerous to repeat, too foul to name;  
 The Vassals of their Monarch's Tyranny,  
 Who at his Nod on fatal Errands fly.*

I could proceed to describe other Distempers, but alas what need more Words? To have our Bodies oppress'd with many Diseases, was ever a great Let to the Mind's Quietness, and the cause of living in a most troubled Estate: What shall we then say to such Men? Let us declare unto them after the best manner we can, that all the forenamed

Evils are not of such force, neither do so much displease as the World thinks.— Let us begin then with the burning Heat of Ague: If our Bodies be bridled with a fiery Ague, let us remember, it is much better that our Bodies burn, than our Souls; and how know we, but that the Heat of the one may be profitable for the Health of the other?

*When raging Fevers boil the Blood,  
 The standing Lake soon floats into a Flood,  
 And ev'ry hostile Humour, which before  
 Slept quiet in its Channel, bubbles o'er.*

But happy is that short burning at hand. So it can be no occasion, which doth lovingly warn us of the eternal flames. When we appear in this World to be so hotly burn'd, let us then imagine, that the Meat appointed for Worms is but a broiling.—

Now to the Tooth-Ach; I must needs confess, that it is an extreme Pain, yet I cannot but say withal, that the greater the Grief is, the sooner the end thereof is

at hand. So it can be no occasion to rob or disappoint us of our desir'd Tranquillity. Here with likewise let us remember the Gout, to observe the Order I have undertaken; for it is to no purpose to speak of small Diseases. Many there are that exclaim on the Gout, thinking themselves thereby most unhappy; but truly they complain wrongfully, for what Grief receive they thereby, being

being pain'd only in the very vilest part of their Bodies? What would we do, if we were griev'd in the most noble and excellent Parts, as in the Heart, the Head, or the Liver? There are many Duties belonging to a noble and vertuous Man, in all which there is little need of Foot-labour: The Pain in the Feet is sent for a singular Exercise of the Mind; the Profits which we may have by the Gout are infinite, seeing thereby we understand what Hope of right we should have in the Cost of their Building, the Foundation being so weak. That the Head is the Ruler, and not the Foot, was well declar'd by *Septimius Severus*, after he had discover'd the Conspiracy of those Noblemen, who went about to make his Son Emperor in his own Life-time. This *Severus* was wonderfully pain'd with the Gout, notwithstanding he did most prudently foresee the Conspiracy against him. And after he had punish'd (to the great admiration of the People) not only them that conspir'd, but likewise all others that either knew or were privy thereto, he put his Hands upon his Head, and turning to the People, with a loud Voice said, *Now ye may be sure it is the Head, and not the Foot that doth rule.*

I shall next say somewhat of waking, or loss of Sleep, a Disease (as the Physicians say) very strange and hurtful; I mean now to speak thereof, and prove that there cometh more Profit thereby, than Hurt or Damage. He that cannot sleep, may in his waking rejoice, that the time by such means is increas'd; for

what difference can be made between Sleep and Death, but that the one is eternal, and the other for a time? therefore Sleep may properly be call'd a short Death, and Death a long Sleep. Who-soever wanteth Sleep, wanteth likewise the Terrors of the Night, horrible Visions, fearful Phantasies, and dreadful Dreams; he perceiveth not what Grief ensueth, by the strange Illusions of the Devil, and many other loathsome Shadows. And as Death is by wise Men call'd Sleep, so likewise Life is term'd Waking; therefore *he that waketh liveth a double Life.* But to conclude, if thou have lost thy Sleep thro' Sickness, persuade thy self Health will bring it again; if Fear hath taken it from thee, Assurance will restore it again; and if Old Age have bereav'd thee of it, Death being at hand will render it thee again.

The like Arguments may be alledg'd for him that is griev'd in any other part of his Body: let him draw near that is so displeas'd, because his Limbs are *Crazed, Lame, and Weak*, and I will shew him that he griev'd without cause; and altho' the Body be broken and afflicted in every part, yet he may nevertheless attain the blessed Quietness of the Mind. What tho' all the Body languish, so the Royal Guest within, which is the Mind, continue safe and sound? I stand on this point: What Grief soever happens to the Body, whether it be sharp or gentle, doth accordingly require either a short or a long Patience. Most sure it is that all such Complaints and all inward Grief receiv'd by

Sickness, are no other thing but even an Increase of their Evil. What availeth then such Sorrow for the bad Disposition of the Body, lamenting and complaining thereof day and night, which maketh us more wretched and unfortunate? Let us then think that he who from Heaven beholdeth our Calamities, and noteth withal our Patience, will either ease us with present Remedy, or else bestow on us some singular or excellent Gift.

If *Leprosy* grieve us, a Disease so much to be eschew'd, should we therefore be so disquieted, as to be utterly void of all Patience? So far as my Judgment reacheth, I say, no; seeing it is no other thing but a Defect or Want in the foremost Parts of the Body, and never, or very seldom of the whole Constitution. If it chance to enter deep, to eat and consume the Members, as it did in the Platonist *Plotinus*, yet it reacheth not so far as to infect the Soul, except the Soul consent thereto: It bringeth with it this singular Benefit, it keepeth us from the Company of Men, yea and oftentimes of such Men as are more to be shun'd than *Leprosy* it self. Let it suffice thee, that the King of Heaven hateth thee not; let it suffice thee, that God the righteous Judge, as well of Angels as of Men, of whom it is written, *That the wicked shall not dwell with him, neither shall the Unrighteous stand before his eyes*; that he, I say, never abhor'd Lepers, but did visit them in their own Houses, and was a Partaker of their Banquets.

Again, whensoever I go to any famous Temple or Cathedral Church, and see the Gates beset with *Poor People, Deaf, Blind, Dumb, Stammering*; some with ugly Sores, or others toothless with Age, who with pitiful Gestures crave Peoples Charity; immediately I say to my self, Behold how many Accidents happen to Men, whereby they persuade themselves that they lose all Contentation, and are plung'd in a whole Sea of Miseries. But the Deaf Man hath no sufficient reason to be sad, or to deem himself unhappy, considering thro those Entries or Passages many offensive things make their entrance to the Mind. But will ye more apparently perceive that some kind of Felicity abideth with Deafness? Mark then: how the Deaf are receiv'd with Laughter, and sent away with Smilings; and tho seldom or never our Hearts do relent, or wax pitiful at the sight of a deaf Body, yet may he rejoice the rather, because he heareth not the Scoffs, Taunts and Rebukes of load dispos'd and mannerless Persons.—*Ulysses*, that wise Grecian, whom *Homer* praises so much, did with Art endeavour to be deaf; when neither Nature nor Fortune would be so kind as to grant him so pleasing a Benefit, this wise Captain could by no other means escape with assurance from the cursed Songs of the enticing Mermaids. O how happy and fortunate were deaf Men, if they understood their own Good, or would sometime consider, how because those Entrances are shut up, there cannot pass thro to the Mind any Lies, Errors, false Opinions, Blasphemies, or wanton Songs!

Songs! True it is, that a deaf Man heareth not him, who with a dainty cunning Hand toucheth the Lute, or the sharp-sounding Cittern; in recompence whereof, he is free from hearing the braying of Asses, the grunting of Swine, the howling of Wolves, the barking of Dogs, the roaring of Lions, the crying of Bears, and gnashing of wild Boars: He is likewise deliver'd from the loud and ridiculous Laughter of Fools, and the imperfect Complaints of desperate Persons. I remember how a Gentleman once told me, that he being in the furthest Parts of *Calabria*, desirous to pass the Isle of *Sicily*, wish'd that he might be deaf for a time, because he would not hear the dolorous Cries which were made all over the Country for the loss of *Serica*, the Worm which maketh Silk, and whereby the People had most part of their Living. Likewise, being once in the *Bay of Biscay*, I was glad to stop my Ears that I might not hear the hideous roaring of those rowling Seas. Deaf Men are safe from many Deceits, seeing we are by no means oftner deceiv'd, than by dissembling Speeches. The Ears are very dangerous Plagues to our Bodies, especially to Princes, who being puff'd up with the venomous Breath of mighty Flatterers, with extreme displeasure, do bring both themselves and others to miserable Ruin. If we can talk with no other body because we are deaf, then let us talk with our selves, remembering what *Tully* saith, *That he who can talk with himself, let him not desire to talk with any other; for deaf Men may* talk with those that are dead long ago, reading their witty Sayings, and profiting by them. The same man's Counsel doth likewise wonderfully please me, where he saith, *The Blind may comfort himself with the help of his Ears, and the Deaf may receive Comfort by his Eyes.* Why then should it offend any one to be blind or deaf? Peradventure you are hereby hinder'd from understanding the sweet Notes of Musick, the Numbers of either *Diapente* or *Diapason*, and such-like Proportions of Pleasure: Why, if you hear not with bodily Ears the Differences of mens Voices, the Harmony of Organs, or whatsoever other Instruments, may it not content you to comprehend the self-same matters in your Mind, seeing the Delectation of the Mind is much more to be esteem'd than that of the Ear? Admit that ye can have no knowledg of Musical Numbers, is not the knowledg of the Numbers of Vertues sufficient to attain a blessed Life, therein by Exercise to grow perfect, wherein Deafness can be no hindrance at all? I remember that once I believ'd assuredly that I was suddenly become deaf, nor did it seem any Grief at all to me, but rather urg'd me, with my Heart lifted up to Heaven, to say, *I render thee thanks, O Lord, for all that thou hast sent me, and blessed be thy Name for ever, seeing I chanc'd not to become deaf, before, by hearing, I receiv'd thy Holy Faith.* And further, I thus commun'd with my self: Albeit I shall no more hereafter listen to the sweet Notes of the Nightingale, Lark, Linet, or any other Bird, yet

will I direct the Ears of my Heart to the Melody of Heaven, and Heavenly Voices. And tho I hear not him that shall talk of me, or to me, yet may I nevertheless hear God, who speaketh within my Heart, whose Communication is always of Truth and Peace, whereas the Conference of Men savoureth of Wrath and Discord.—

Now it followeth, that I should let you understand, that neither the Dumb, nor the Stammerer or imperfect Speaker, have any more just occasion to complain, or to despair of their own Happiness than any of them before-mention'd; for the Tongue hath commonly done most grievous Displeasures to many, and been the occasion of much more Evil than Good. He told a Lye, who long ago said, that he had slain the King of *Israel*, and his Son also; yet not being guilty of that wicked Deed, did suffer thereby the Punishment due to a Murderer. If *Calisthenes*, *Cicero*, and *Demosthenes*, who were so eloquent, had been dumb, they had surely liv'd a far longer time, and not have ended their days with so much Heart-ferrow as they did. O how many have I known, both Men and Women, more vile and infamous of their Tongue, than of their Deeds? Truly there is not any one Part of our Body more ready to do hurt than the Tongue is, no nor more hard and difficult to govern; therefore the Prophet said well, *I will look to my ways, that I offend not with my Tongue.* And in another place, the Holy Ghost, considering how proud and apt this Member is to offend, saith, *Blessed is*

*the Man that hath not offended with his Tongue.* I am sure that (for the most part) all Wars would cease, all Deceits, Fornications, and an infinite number of detestable Deeds would utterly be ended, if the Togue (with its evil Food) did not still nourish and maintain them. Now, if the Dumb have no just cause to complain, or thereby to think themselves any jot the less happy, the Stammerer or unready Speaker hath less occasion of sorrow, especially being thereby compar'd to *Moses*, who was so much belov'd, and familiar with God. I have seen divers possess'd with some Impediments in their Speech, who have been endu'd with many rare and singular Vertues; and on the contrary part, I have noted many, very fluent and eloquent of their Tongue, polluted with manifold ugly Vices. And well may I say, that it is no less Wisdom to hold one's Peace, than to be fine and curious in Talk; for whosoever cannot readily communicate his Thoughts to another, he talketh the more familiarly with himself, or else continueth much better contented with such Testimony, as only appertaineth to what he would say, and not to that which indeed he delivereth imperfectly.—

Again, if you say, what Comfort shall we minister to *such whose Bodies are punish'd with Sores, Bails, or other putrifying Corruptions*, and thereby do become the more unquiet in their Minds? I see many that do very much complain thereof, and yet without any just cause: But what would such do, if they were compell'd

compel'd to suffer sharp pains indeed, wherewith no Ease at all were mingled, that repine so much at Sores, Blisters, or Boils, which have both their Original and Assuaging, and by the Opinion of many learned Physicians are very wholsom for the Body? He seemeth to me not only too tender, but likewise very effeminate, that will forsake a rough and thorny Path, which brings him at length to a Field full of all Pleasures and Delights. The Body troubled with these Infirmities, needeth no Clock in the night to raise it to holy and virtuous Exercises; and for my own part, if it be my lot to be afflicted with the like Condition, I think it would make me more quick and ready to do good Works, wherein I find my self too slothful and negligent.—

Let us now descend a little lower, and come to *Decrepid, Wrinkled, and Toothless Age*, which many exclaim against, and bitterly cry out upon: To such I answer, that their Complaints are very unjust; and more easy it is for them to attain the true Heaven and Felicity of the Mind, than young, rash and inconsiderate Heads, who are no way capable of so great a Benefit. Stand before me, I pray you, you that so extremely grieve at Old Age: Are you sorry that you are old? Why, what is this murmuring, but merely to repine and grudge that you have liv'd so long: You travel'd on upon your way, and yet it seems you are sorry for arriving so near your Journey's end. What, would you still travel, and not every day be wearier than other? Do you storm be-

cause you are at your Journey's end? Methinks you ought much rather to be sorry, if you come not thither; and who doubteth, seeing still we go on toward the End, but that the quickest haste and speed is the most natural? Alas, alas, Youth hath no other Guide but Rashness and Impatience, whereas Age bringeth with it sound Judgment and Prudence. Youth hath more Follies than the Peacock painted Feathers, but Age more Honours than can be recounted. In brief, every Age is good to such as are good, and evil to none but such as are evil, or do apply their time to evil Conversation. It is very true, that King *Evander* (as *Virgil* rehearseth) complaining of his Old Age, cry'd out lamentably after this manner: *O that Jupiter would restore to me those Years which are past!* But *Socrates* never spake such a word, nor *Plato*, *Fabius*, or learned *Cato*, all which were wise and Reverend Old Men. But had *Evander* tasted but the Sweetness which good old *Simeon* did, could we think he would with such earnestness have call'd for his past Days, or have wish'd the renewing of so many Troubles? Assuredly I am persuaded to the contrary. I think he would rather have said with the Prophet *David*, *Who is me, because my Dwelling upon Earth is thus prolong'd!* To conclude, the Instability of our Desires is wonderful; we blame Old Age, and yet are afraid at first that we shall not live to it. What a thing is this, that every Man coveteth to live to be old, and yet when he is so, he can hardly endure to be call'd so? But some Man perhaps may

here alledg to me, that willingly he could be content to be old, but then the loss of his Teeth, which makes his Cheeks sink, and his Gums grow mishapen, these are unseemly Sights in an Old Man or Woman. To this I answer, That there is more Use and Benefit to be made of our loss of Teeth, than any thing we can have by enjoying them. First, we may learn thereby to repose small Confidence in our inward and softest Parts, when hard Bones are so weak, and quickly leave us. Secondly, we may learn what a frail and brittle Creature Man is, seeing those Parts which seem'd so hard and strong in him, are found to be not only weak, but many times the Causes of intolerable Pains and Anguish, and being appointed for the Beauty and Strength of the Mouth, thro their own Defects they become such an Enemy thereto. We read that *Zenobia* Queen of the East, as one of her chiefest Ornaments of Beauty, had such fair Teeth, that whensoever she talk'd or laugh'd, they seem'd like two Ranks of rich orient Pearls; but go to her Grave, and look for them now, and thou shalt find that Death hath favour'd her no more than

another, they are all converted into their first Substance. One Benefit more *Toothless Age* may put thee in mind of, to wit, that as thou hast had here a time of Sojourning, where thou hast fed daintily, and enjoy'd all worldly Pleasures; so now there is another Country to be sought after, another Home, and more certain Habitation, where thou art not to feed on material Meats, such as are chew'd, receiv'd and digested in the Stomach, but such whereto thy Teeth are not availing, nor any Organ of thy Body helpful; the Heavenly Table spread in the Land of the Living, the neverfailing Plenty of all true Abundance, which God (in his good time) make us all Partakers of, *Amen.*—

I shall conclude, with asserting, that as Gold alter'd by the Artificer into ever so many shapes, or used upon all kinds of Ornaments, continueth the self-same true Metal still; so the Wise and Vertuous-minded Man, both in *Sickness and in Health*, retaineth still his honourable Constancy. As in a Fire (saith *Socrates*) we discern a clear Brightness, so in a moderate Soul is worldly Felicity soonest seen.

## Paradox LVI.

*In Praise of a Coward. In a Letter to an Athenian Brother.*

*My dear and only Brother,*  
**T**HOU your Commission for a Captain's Place (in the Spanish Descent) shou'd make me think you a Man of COURAGE, yet I know you have too much Wisdom and Prudence ever to advise a Man to a Duel,

*The*

*The Good we ask, the Ill that we endure,  
'Tis all for fear, to make our selves secure :  
Merely for Safety after Fame we thirst,  
For all Men wou'd be Cowards if they durst.*

This, Brother, being my case, I ask your Counsel as to a Duel that I am provok'd to fight : for (as you know very well) *Honour cannot be wash'd clean but with Blood.*—— Yesterday I was call'd Fool, and one took the boldness before my face to give me a Box on the ear. Some that are ignorant in composing such matters tell me, that I must revenge my self, or shall be posted for a Coward if I don't : but let him have a care of provoking me ; for,

*Let fear upon the prosperous Hearts take hold,  
Cowards themselves in Miseries grow bold,*

But (now I think 'on't) 'tis best sleeping in a whole Skin, and therefore in mere Prudence I forgive the Affront. Besides, those Men whose Judgment is too good to excite me to a Duel, tell me, that I have been too much abus'd already by the Tongue, and the Hands of this Coward, to provoke his Sword too, For altho it troubles me to be call'd Fool, yet 'twould much more vex me, if a Scandal should be rais'd that I was dead. If I were thut up in my Grave, he might at his pleasure and in safety speak ill of my Courage : And yet he would never affront me, if he thought I durst fight him.

*As Cheats to play with those still aim,  
That do not understand the Game ;  
So Cowards never use their Might,  
But against such as will not fight.*

Had I not better then stay in the World, that I may be always ready to chastise him, when his saucy Tongue shall provoke me? Infallibly, those that advise me to the Tragedy, do not consider that if I am the Catastrophe, he'll laugh at my Valour ; if I kill him, People will be apt to think, that I sent him out of the World, because I durst not stay here whilst he was alive : If I take away his Sword, they'll say I dreaded his being arm'd ; or if I should run from him, they'll perhaps say,

*Disguis'd in all the Masks of Night,  
We left our Enemy on his flight,  
In equal Fear of Night and Day,  
He fear'd himself, and run away :*

He never was in greater need,  
 Nor less Capacity of Speed.  
 Disabled, both in Man and Beast,  
 To fly, and run away his best;  
 To keep the Enemy, and Fear  
 From equal falling on his Rear:  
 And tho' with Kicks and Bangs he ply'd  
 The further and the nearer side,  
 (As Seamen ride with all their force,  
 And tug as if they row'd the Horse,  
 And when the Hackny sails most swift,  
 Believe they lag, or run adrift)  
 So tho' he posted e'er so fast,  
 His fear was greater than his Haste;  
 For Fear, tho' swifter than the Wind,  
 Believes 'tis always left behind.  
 But timely Running's no small part  
 Of Conduct in the Martial Art;  
 By that some glorious Feats achieve,  
 As Citizens by Breaking thrive.  
 It saves th' Expence of Time and Pains,  
 And dangerous beating out of Brains;  
 For they that fly may fight again,  
 Which he can never do that's slain.  
 And they who run from th' Enemy,  
 Engage them equally to fly;  
 And then the Fight's become a Chace,  
 They win the Day, that win the Race.

But if we come off with equal Honour, to what purpose should we expose our selves to the worst of all Dangers (which is Death) and decide nothing? Besides, altho' I had Mars's Power, and could end the Combat to my Honour, he might nevertheless brag that he had forc'd me to commit a great Folly. No, no, Brother, I'll not unsheath, to drive my Enemy by Death from me: For my part, I fear not to be, or to let him be. He thinks it an Honour to him, that he never stood in fear of the Parca; if he'll have me believe it, let him kill himself. I'll consult all the Wise Men for this threescore or fourscore years, and if I find he hath done well, I'll then endeavour to live as many more, and repent, to expiate my Cowardliness. You'll think perhaps this proceeding (in a Man of Courage) very strange; but, Brother, to speak my mind freely to you, I find that Life is a fine thing, that I had rather content my self with this that I enjoy, than hazard for a better, and get a worse. This Aggressor would, it may be, die, that he might be quickly out of his pain; But I that am more stout, will endeavour to live a great while, that I may run the hazard of being a long time in a capacity to die. Doth he think

think to advance his Credit, by  
 declaring that he is weary, and  
 desire to return to Darkness, his  
 first Lodging? What, is he afraid  
 of the Sun? Poor Fool! if he  
 knew what a scurvy thing it is to  
 be deceas'd, he would not make  
 so much haste. 'Tis not bravely  
 done in a Man to hazard his Life  
 before he is thirty years old, be-  
 cause he exposes what he knows  
 not; but if after that Age he  
 ventures it, I'll maintain he's  
 mad, having known it, to venture  
 it. For my part, I like Day-light  
 well, and love not to sleep under  
 ground, because one cannot see there.  
 Let him not be puff'd up thro' at  
 this Refusal; for I'd have him  
 know, that I have two or three  
 Killing-Thrusts, besides other  
 Sights; and I will not fight for  
 fear of discovering them. I say  
 it again, for fear of discovering  
 them, and yet Reader don't think  
 that [Fear] any Cowardice nei-  
 ther: For,

*Who would believe what strange Bugbears  
 Mankind creates it self of Fears?  
 That Spring, like Fern, that insect Weed,  
 Equivocally without Seed;  
 And have no possible Foundation,  
 But merely in th' Imagination:  
 And yet can do more dreadful Feats  
 Than Hags with all their Imps and Teats,  
 Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,  
 Than all their Nurseries of Elves:  
 For Fear does things so like a Witch,  
 'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which;  
 Sets up Communities of Senses,  
 To chop and change Intelligences:  
 As Rosicrucian Virtuosi's  
 Can see with Ears, and hear with Noses,  
 And when they neither see nor hear,  
 Have more than both supply'd by Fear,  
 That makes them in the dark see Visions,  
 And hag themselves with Apparitions;  
 And when their Eyes discover least,  
 Discern the subt'lest Objects best,  
 Do things not contrary alone  
 To th' Force of Nature, but its own;  
 The Courage of the bravest daunt,  
 And turn Poltroons to Valiant:  
 For Men as resolute appear,  
 With too much, as too little Fear;  
 And when they're out of hope of flying,  
 Will run away from Death by dying,  
 Or turn again to stand it out,  
 And those that fled, like Lions rout:*

For Fear oft braver Feats performs,  
 Than ever Courage dar'd in Arms ;  
 It is an Ague that forsakes  
 And haunts by Fits those whom it takes.

There are a Hundred other Reasons that make me abhor Duels. But doth he think, if he had taken away my Life, that he had done with me? To the contrary, I should by it become more terrible, and I am confident in a Fortnight after, he could not look upon me without being frighted. However

Brother, you are a Soldier, and shall determine this Point of Honour ; but (except you are in very great haste for my Estate) do not advise me to draw my Sword, for the Sleeping in a whole Skin is most agreeable to

Your most Affectionate Brother, &c.

### Paradox LVII.

In Praise of a Wife who is Black, Blind, Wrinkled,  
 Crooked and Dumb.

WHICH of thy Virtues shall I first admire?  
 (Rare piece of Nature's Wonder) O inspire  
 My over-amorous Soul, ye Virgins Nine,  
 That bless the Fount of flowing Hippocrene !  
 Create a Fancy in me that may fly  
 Above the towering Head of Rhapsody.  
 Negra, thou art not fair, I cannot say  
 The blushing Morn (bright Herald to the Day)  
 Riseth in either Cheek ; nor yet suppose  
 The blameless Lilly and chaste bashful Rose  
 Have a Contention there, for these (we know)  
 Change with their Seasons ; they but bud, and blow,  
 And then expire for ever ; all their Story  
 Is at an end, when they begin their Glory.

But thou art Black, and therein lovely (too)  
 Constant, as Fate, unto thy changeless Hew,  
 (Like to thy inward Soul) where we may find  
 Thy Face to be fit Emblem to thy Mind ;  
 Constant in all chaste Thoughts, and a black Night  
 Sometimes allows more Pleasure than the Light  
 Of a clear Summer-Morning, when we please  
 To dedicate our wearied Brains to ease  
 On a soft Pillow ; Marriage Beds allow  
 The Night for Lover's Actions, and (we know)