

Democracy, which is nothing but Dregs and Confusion, and an audacious Licence to do every thing, and indeed an Interstice of Government: Aristocracy, when only the Nobles have the Rein in their hands, and are so apt to burst in Factions, that it could not thrive nor prosper any where. Aristotle indeed in his *Politicks* mentions some few obscure ones; and we know but one extant at this day. And Monarchy, which is the only perfect System of Government, which indeed includes Oligarchy within it self; for a Prince must have Counsellors,

who if they were Guardians to him, and might impose their Advice, what a repugnant, inconsistent, contrary thing were a Monarch to himself? But if the last Judgment of every thing be to be left to him, and no Man can so absolutely rule his Understanding, but that it must be somewhat sway'd and byass'd by his Will, it will follow, that it is necessary to the very Essence of a Prince, to have his own Will free and uncontrollable; and then what a poor thing is a Prince if he be not obey'd? or if he e'nt, he is still absolute: For,

*Princes by Disobedience yet command,
And by new-quell'd Rebellions firmer stand:
Till by the boundless Offers of Success,
They meet their Fate in ill-us'd Happiness.*

You will say, they may be vicious Persons, but their Vices are only as private men, and cannot render them in their publick Capacity either less just or less skillful: Besides, they stand open to the Eyes, and Envy of all Men, and so every little slip of theirs may be observ'd and blaz'd, which if they had been private Persons, had been as obscure as Midnight. Or put the case their Vices be high and big, they seldom want superior Vertues to cloud and shadow them.

But perhaps you will say further, that the Rays of these Suns will but quicken bad Humours, and beget abundance of Insects and Monsters; and among all Monsters, none so eminently evil as Flatterers and Favourites. But I pray you, will you not give People that do great things leave

to enjoy the poorest Reward, the Relation and Report of them? Or in case they did nothing memorable, would you not allow them that groan under the Burden of publick Affairs, so small a Diversion and Entertainment as Flattery? Which indeed, soberly consider'd, is so necessary to allay the Miseries of Life, that the most unfortunate Men, when they want others to do it to them, do it for themselves, and pleasantly chase away all ugly Thoughts and Ideas, by their happy feeding themselves with a few lovely Dreams.

In a word, since the very Heavens could see that Royalty stream'd forth immediately from *Jove* himself, and that Royalty is but a dull languid thing, if it be clog'd with the least Restriction: That Monarchy which enjoys

joys the most perfect *Liberty* is
 the most *Majestick* and *Excellent*,
 and is cloth'd with the greatest
 abundance of Names and Attri-
 butes: And since *Duality* is the
 very Damm of *Division*, and the
 utter Destroyer of all *Preroga-*

tive, it is but just that all So-
 vereignty reside in one. And
 even those Philosophers, who
 stand most stoutly for the *Inji-*
nity of Worlds, do also consent
 and acknowledg that there is but
 one God.

Paradox LXIX.

*That a Batchelor may love his Mistress, and yet never
 know how, or why.*

I.

TIS not my Lady's Face that makes me love her,
 Tho Beauty there doth rest,
 Enough t'inflame the Breast
 Of one that never did discover
 The Glories of a Face before;
 But I that have seen thousands more,
 See nought in hers, but what in others are,
 Only because I think she's fair, she's fair.

II.

'Tis not her Vertues, nor those vast Perfections
 That croud together in her,
 Ingage my Soul to win her,
 For those are only brief Collections,
 Of what's in Man in Folio writ;
 Which by their imitative Wit,
 Women like *Apes* and *Children* strive to do;
 But we that have the *Substance*, slight the *Show*.

III.

'Tis not her *Birth*, her *Friends*, nor yet her *Treasure*,
 My freeborn Soul can hold;
 For *Chains* are *Chains*, tho *Gold*;
 Nor do I court her for my *Pleasure*,
 Nor for that old *Morality*,
 Do I love her, 'cause she loves me:
 For that's no *Love*, but *Gratitude*, and all
 Loves that from *Fortunes* rise, with *Fortunes* fall.

IV.

If *Friends* or *Birth* created Love within me,
 Then *Princes* I'll adore,
 And only scorn the *Poor*;
 If *Vertue* or good Parts could win me,

I'll turn *Platonick*, and ne'er vex
My Soul with difference of Sex ;
And he that loves his Lady, 'cause she's fair,
Delights his Eye, so loves himself, not her.

V.

Reason and *Wisdom* are to love high *Treason*,
Nor can he truly love,
Whose *Flame's* not far above,
And far beyond his *Wit* or *Reason*,
Then ask no reason for my *Fires*,
For infinite are my *Desires* :
Something there is moves me to love, and I
Do know I love, but know not how or why.

Paradox LXX.

That Drunkenness is better than Sobriety.

<p>I Find that the great Virtue and Excellency of Wine, hath been of our Elders so intirely known and approv'd, that the highly esteem'd <i>Asclepiades</i> did it so much honour, as to couple the Faculties and Virtues thereof with those of the very chiefest Gods: Which is agreeable with the Consent of Holy Scripture, whereby was authentickly pronounc'd, that Wine was sent to Men, as by the especial Grace and immortal Gift of God, therewith oftentimes to refresh and recreate their Spirits, overmuch weaken'd and travel'd with long Cares, which they suffer continually in this World. And herewith altogether agreeth the Opinion of good <i>Homer</i> in many places of his divine Poesy. And whosoever shall require of me greater Proof and Assurance, I desire them to consider how that Truth it self (which is the thing</p>	<p>that hath; and yet at this day doth over-rule the greatest Case in the world) from all Antiquity applauds the Virtue of Wine. This is it which made place for the ancient Proverb; known sufficiently of every one; that in <i>Wine is Truth to be found</i>; wherein Fools, Children and drunken Men, are most accusom'd to display it.</p> <p>Wherefore I cannot sufficiently marvel at the great fault of learned <i>Democritus</i>, who would sometimes maintain, that Truth lodgeth her self in the bottom of a Well. This is greatly against the Advice and Opinion of all the <i>Greeks</i>; who evermore defended, that her Lodging continually was in Wine: Whereto very well consenteth <i>Horace</i>; one of the most excellent Latin Poets, who so soundly confirm'd this matter in his learned Verses; made and compos'd by the help</p>
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Y of

of this *sweet Liquor*, wherewith bounded, as he could deliver it his stomach so plentifully a- | back again at his eyes.

*Crown high the Goblets with a cheerful Draught,
Enjoy the present Hour, adjourn the future Thought;
Indulge thy Genius, and o'erflow thy Soul
Till thy Wit sparkle like the cheerful Bowl.*

To the same purpose the great Philosopher *Plato* would prove and maintain, that Wine was a very firm and sure Foundation of mens Spirits; by the Favour and Virtue whereof, I may easily conjecture, that he found the Invention of his goodly Ideas, of his Numbers, and of his Laws so magnificent: also that with the Aid of this sweet Drink, he spake so deeply on the charming Argument of Love, and likewise dispos'd his so well-order'd Commonwealth. Withal he maintain'd that the Muses flourish'd far and near in the very Smell of *Bacchus* Liquor; and the Poet that drunk not profoundly thereof, could frame no Verse excellent, high-flown, or of good measure.

But leaving Verse and Poesy. let us come to the kind Drinkers of clear Water; I would willingly demand of them, what Good they can receive in this World, by using such an unfavoury Drink? In the first place, how can a Drinker of Water well accomplish household Duty, when the natural Seed is more moist than any thing 'else, and less strong for the Procreation of Children? which is the cause such People are always weak, feeble, sick and colour-less. Likewise ye never saw a Drinker of Water, but was depriv'd of the true Strength of all his Members, and hardy Courage of Heart.

He hath so little Stomach, and so weak an Appetite to digest his Meats, as commonly his life is short or else unhealthful. For this cause it was, that *St. Paul* knowing *Timothy* (albeit he was very young, and in the Strength of his Age) to take delight in drinking nothing but Water, admonish'd him to use therewith a little Wine, if it were but for the Health of his Stomach, and prevention of such Diseases, whereto (by his Complexion) he was overmuch subject.

I wait, upon this point, the Reply of some opiniative Person, who will tell me, that such was not the Advice of *Cistus Bellingerus*, nor yet of *Novellus Trincogius*, who drank three measures of Wine daily, call'd *Congii*, which contain'd three Gallons and three Pints of our measure; for which the Emperor *Tiberius* promoted him to Honour, and at the last made him Consul of *Rome*. I again reply on the contrary, that such was the Opinion of the most wise and prudent King *Solomon*, who said in his Proverbs, *That Wine comforteth and refresheth the Hearts of Men*: likewise it is witness'd by the Consent and Testimony of all modern Physicians, as the most singular Remedy to chase Grief from the Mind of Man. Then,

Underscored

Underneath this myrtle Shade,
 On flow'ry Beds supinely laid,
 With od'rous Oils my Heads o'erflowing,
 And around it Roses growing;
 What should I do, but drink away
 The Heat and Trouble of the Day?
 In this more than Kingly State,
 Love himself shall on me wait.
 Fill to me, Love, nay fill it up,
 And mingled cast into the Cup
 Wit and Mirth, and noble Fires,
 Vig'rous Health, and gay Desires:
 The Wheel of Life no less will stay
 In a smooth than rugged way:
 Since it equally does jive,
 Let the Motion pleasant be.
 Why do we precious Ointments show'r,
 Noble Wines why do we pour,
 Beauteous Flowers why do we spread
 On the Monuments of the Dead?
 Nothing they but Dust can show,
 Or Bones that hasten to be so.
 Crown me with Roses whilst I live,
 Now your Wines and Ointments give;
 After Death I nothing crave,
 Let me alive my Pleasures have,
 All are Stoicks in the Grave.

}

But if peradventure the mis-
 believing Miser will not give
 credit to our modern Physicians;
 let him then consider what is to
 be found written by *Hippocrates*,
Galen and *Oribasius*, that Wine
 serves for a Medicine to the cold
 and dull'd Sinews, gives Comfort
 to the weary and heavy Eyes, be-
 stows an Appetite on the taste-
 less Stomach; rejoices the sad and
 afflicted Spirits, banishes the Im-
 becillity of the Members, gives
 Warmth to the Body, provokes
 Urine, restrains Casting, moves
 Sleep, takes away ill Digestion,
 consumes moist Humours, and
 makes a kind Harmony in the

Body. *Galen* saith; moreover,
 that Wine lengthens the Life,
 and prevents Sicknes, moves
 the Hearts of Men to Force
 and Prowess, recreates natural
 Heat, and gives Vigor to the
 Spirits.

O how well did that good La-
 dy *Hecuba* (of whom *Homer*
 speaks so honourably) know the
 precious nature of Wine, when
 (above all things) she exhorted
 her valiant Son *Hector*, to cheer
 up and revive his Members, wea-
 ry'd by continual Travel which he en-
 dur'd in Arms, with drinking of this
 Divine Liquor? And *Cowley* cries,

Here's to thee, Dick, this whining Love despise,
 Pledge me, my Friend, and drink till thou art wise;
 It sparkles brighter far than she,
 'Tis pure and right without Deceit,
 And such no Woman e'er will be;
 No! they are all sophisticate!

Here's to thee again, thy senseless Sorrow drown,
 Let the Glass walk, till all things too go round;
 Again till these two Lights be four:
 No Errors here can dangerous prove,
 Thy Passion, Man, deceives thee more,
 None double see, like Men in love:
 Fill the Bowl with rosy Wine,
 Around our Temples Roses twine,
 And let us cheerfully awhile,
 Like the Wine and Roses smile.
 Crown'd with Roses we contemn
 Gyges wealthy Diadem:
 To day is ours, what do we fear!
 To day is ours, we have it here.
 Let's treat it kindly, that it may
 Wish at least with us to stay;
 Let's banish Business, banish Sorrow,
 To the Gods belongs To-morrow.

The Learned *Pindar* was no less a Lover of Wine than *Cowley*. 'Twas this made him a peerless Heroical Poet: Never could he have accomplish'd his so high and excellent Poem by the Virtue and Goodness of Water, but by changing his Stile into the great Praise and noble Description of the Virtue of Wine. The chiefest and most notable Men in the world, made likewise such account and estimation thereof, as the most part of them join'd on his side, and march'd under his Ensign. For example, let us remember that Holy man *Noah*, who first planted the Vine, and the Favour that he bare to Wine. Neither was it less lov'd by *Agamemnon*, *Mark Anthony*, *Lucius Cotta*, *Demetrius*, *Tiberius*, and their Children, *Bonofus*, *Alcibiades*, *Homer*, *Ennius*, *Paccuvius*, *Cossus*, *Philip*, *Heraclides*, and many others, who for this cause were never reputed the less wise or vertuous.

And if we should need to make a more ample Discourse on this behalf, by such Nations as were addicted to this Drink, we shall find that the *Tartars* greatly subjected themselves thereto, and much more the *Persians*, whose Custom was, to consult of their gravest and greatest matters of importance amongst their Cups and Bottels of Wine: And so were the *Germans* wont to do, according as *Tacitus* witnesseth, making Wine their principal Oracle. The *Macedonians* in like manner were beyond all things

things else great Lovers of Wine, for whom their Emperor *Alexander* instituted the most brave fight of drinking with Carousing

King *Mithridates* was greatly given to Wine, and yet for all that ceas'd not to war manfully against the *Romans* for the space of forty years together. I am very sorry, that I want apt words and worthy terms, whereby to express the singular Virtue which Wine of it self bestows on the Hearts of men: I am well assur'd, that if I could recount them all unto you, they would drive you into no little admiration.

But you'll say perhaps, doth not Wine deserve supreme Praises, in making a Sluggard, or gross conceited Person to become a sweet, pleasant, and affable man? a Blockhead or Lobcock, to be a Man apt and skilful? of a Coward or faint-hearted Craven, to make a Man hardy, bold and courageous? who (without good Wine) should find himself alone, even stark naked, as it were, tho he be arm'd with a thousand other Defences. Hath not *Greece*, by the means of Wine, won Fame and Honour thro all *Europe*? And in like case, *Bohemia* and *Germany*. What shall I say of *Polonia*, and generally of all *Dalmatia*? What is spoken of *Italy*, I will refer my self to the Report of *Pliny*, who writes that Drunkenness reign'd there in his time in such sort, as they would not only drink themselves under-foot, but likewise compel their Horses and Mares to drink Wine unmeasurably: So much was Drunkenness (thro all Parts of the World) prais'd, celebrated,

and held in such account and esteem, that he that would not be drunk, at the least once a month, was not reputed a friendly Companion.

Young *Cyrus* would needs be accounted worthy to rule, because he especially undertook to drink a greater quantity of Wine than any other in his Kingdom; yet felt he not thereby any Perturbation of Spirit. *Plutarch*, in the Life of *Lycurgus*, gives this good note on the *Spartans*, That it was a custom amongst them, to wash their new-born Childrens Noses and Eyes with Wine, to make them more strong, healthful, and the better able to endure all pains whatsoever. Infinite Power of Wine! in how many kinds dost thou shew and discover thy self helpful to men! Well hast thou acquainted them with sufficient Proof of thy Virtue, when the very least part of thy Power can abate and utterly destroy the Strength of deadly Hemlock!

Wherefore do ye think honest *Hesiodus* recommended and enjoin'd by his learned Verses, that twenty days before the rising of the Dog-star, and twenty days after, only pure Wine should be drunk, without tasting one drop of Water? If this Custom had been entertain'd and observ'd by the great *Lycurgus* of *Thrace*, he had not been so barbarously cast headlong into the Sea, for putting Water into his Wine. To this effect serves the Opinion of *Celsus*, a very excellent Physician, who among other Precepts ordain'd (touching the Government of Health) to drink sometimes beyond measure. And to

proceed a little further, let us consider how many profitable Medicines, Baths, and Emplasters are made with Wine. The *Hircanians* would wash the Bodies of their Dead with Wine, either to purify them, or perhaps because they imagin'd that by the Virtue of this good Liquor, they might be recall'd or brought to life again.

Marvel not then, if good Drink be pleasing to common People, seeing we find, that the very wisest and best learned have always maintain'd the Law held and allow'd among the *Greeks* in their Meetings and Banquets, which was, that so soon as any one came among them, during their Feast-time, they would constrain him to drink or get him gone; which yet at this day is observ'd in *Germany*, if not of all, yet at least of the greater number.

I will not assert that the Puissance of Wine had sometime such Authority, as to make the *Senes* take Arms, and thereby to obtain such Victories, as are worthy to be register'd in perpetual Annals. Nor will I tell how in the Year of the Foundation of *Rome*, three hundred and eighteen, *Lucius Pyrrhus* was sent against the *Sarmates*, whom by the Aid of Wine only he

conquer'd, made subject, and yield Tribute to the People of *Rome*. Wine was afterward in so great Reputation with our Forefathers, as *Mezentius* to recover only some quantity thereof for his Disease (according as *Virg* hath left to us in writing) gave succour to the *Rutillians* against the *Latins*.

And if it were lawful in this case to produce Holy Scripture, do we not find, that our Lord at the Wedding in *Cana* of *Galilee*, miraculously vouchsaf'd to change Water (being a thing less good and excellent) into Wine most delicate and precious? With Wine were the Wounds of the poor *Samaritan* wash'd. And besides, some say that good old *Abraham* made his daily Offerings to God, with the best Wine in his Vaults.

I could willingly proceed further in this matter, which especially pleases me beyond all other, were it not I have always thund' Prolixity; wherefore I will stop my self in this place, earnestly intreating my Reader to embrace this so sweet Desire of Wine, and to forsake the insipid drinking of Water or small Beer, because it makes men so melancholy, and bestows on them such slender Strength and Vigor.

Paradox LXXI.

Proving, There is nothing New under the Sun.

Nature is so much pleas'd with Diversity, as it seems a kind of Novelty, that she hath imprinted a Desire of it in all things here below. This is truly the *Athenian Itch*, which will never be quite cur'd, till men are possess'd, *There is nothing New*; for whilst there is, they'll be itching after it. Then seeing I told my Reader that my *Athenian Sport* would consist of two thousand *uncommon*, which looks as if my meaning was, *new Subjects*; for fear he should apprehend me in that sense, 'tis time now that I tell him, that by *uncommon* I do not mean *New*, but only *Paradoxes* that are curious, or very rarely handled. — No, Reader, it had been a great Presumption in me to have pretended to any thing *New*, when *Solomon* tells us, *There is nothing New under the Sun*, Eccl. 1. 9. And *Dr. Winter* adds, *Nor in the Moon neither* (a Picture of this mutable World) of whose Increase tho we have every year new ones a full dozen, yet all is but the *Old one over and over*. Even that which we call the *New Year*, is no more than the old one run out, and turn'd up again, like an Hourglass to run out, the same Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, Months and Days, as before.

The Sun returneth every morning to the same place he came from, with like Form, and self-same Substance. — The Days

and Nights pass by course, and ever continue of like Essence. —

The Fields are every year deck'd with the same Flowers, like pleasant Herbs, and the very same Accidents yearly. Nothing is the Object of our Senses, but what is ordinary and familiar. We see nothing strange and *New*: What we do to day, that we do to-morrow, and every day. What Men call a *Discovery*, is a mere Banter upon our Understanding; for my Lord *Bacon*, in his Book of Aphorisms, proves that which we call *New and Upstart*, to be the truest *Antiquity*. —

And the sage Commonwealth of the *Lycians* heretofore ordain'd, that all those who should propose any *Novelty in matter of Law*, should deliver it in publick with a Halter about their necks, to the end that if their Propositions were not found to be good and profitable, the *Authors thereof should be strangled in the place*. —

The Ancients held it ominous to pretend to any *New Form*, even of matters of Indifferency. When *Darius* had alter'd the Fashion of his Sword, which us'd to be *Persian*, into the Form of *Macedonian* (in the year immediately before he fought with *Alexander*) the *Chaldees* or *Southeyers* prophesy'd, That into what Nation *Darius* had alter'd his Sword, so Time would reduce his State; and that the *Persian Empire* was drawing unto her last End, by subjecting her self unto the

Sovereign of *Macedon*: Which Prediction was soon confirm'd by the next year's Conquest. —

And as the Antients held it ominous to pretend to any New Form, so 'tis as clear in the Instance I gave in the Sun, Moon, &c. and other parts of the Creation; That things here below seem New to many, and are so miscall'd, which in themselves are old, and known so to founder Judgments.

'Tis true, Mr. *Sault* tells us, that *Philosophy* it self had never been improv'd, had it not been for new Opinions. — Nay, the very Mob, since the War with *France*,

are turn'd *Athenians* too; and you can scarce meet a Porter in the street, but he'll question you, *What News?* And some take as much pleasure to spread what they call *News*, as others do to hear it. *R. B.* in his Book of *Extraordinary Adventures*, tells us of a *Barber*, who kept shop at the end of the Suburbs call'd *Pyreum* in *Athens*; he had no sooner heard of the great Discomfiture of the *Athenians* in *Sicily*, from a certain Slave fled from thence out of the Field, but leaving his Shop at sixes and sevens, he ran directly into the City to carry the Tidings fresh and new,

*For fear some other might the Honour win,
And he too late, or second should come in.*

Now upon reporting these unwelcome Tidings, there was a great stir within the City, the People assembled to the Market-place, search was made for the Author of this Rumour. Hereupon the Barber was haled before the Body of the People, and being examin'd hereof, he knew not so much as the Name of the Party from whom he had heard the News; upon which the whole Assembly were so mov'd to Anger, that they cry'd, *Away with the Villain, set the Rascal upon the Rack, have him to the Wheel, who had devis'd this Story of his own fingers ends.* — The Wheel of Torture was brought, and the Barber was tormented upon it. In the mean while, there came certain News of that Defeat, and thereupon the Assembly broke up, leaving the Barber rack'd out at length upon the Wheel, till it was late in the Evening, at

which time he was let loose; yet was no sooner at liberty, but he must inquire News of the Executioner, what he had heard abroad of the General *Nicias*, and in what manner he was slain. —

So that Men have such a hankering after Novelties, that they'd even die to see something New; and this Itch after News is become as general as 'tis fallacious. — The poor *Taylor* that works in a Garret, can scarce forbear leaving his Goose, to run to a Coffee-House, to ask where the Descent must be. A constant Companion to this House, going in all haste for a Midwife, or to save the Life of a Friend who was dying, must call in, and drink at least two Dishes of Coffee, and smoke his Pipe, that he may know how the World goes abroad, let it go how it will at home. — O what precious Time do the London Coffee-

Coffee-Houses devour ? And therefore 'tis Dr. *Wilde* tells us, *News and New things do the whole World bewitch.* But by your leave, Doctor, you may be mistaken; for all are not born or live in *Athens*, tho' (to their shame) most are sick of the *Athenian Disease*, in a Desire to hear and seek *News*, which they never find: For, Doctor, I shall prove anon there is no such thing. Neither do they reflect upon what they hear; for they seek only *News for News sake*, and make it their business to go to the

* By *Covent-Garden* Wits * *Coffeeshouse*, to *Dick's*, to *Jonathan's*, to *Bridge's*, to *Joe's*, to *Fellowes's*, to *Smith's*, to pick up *News*, and then to report it to the next they meet, and to be sure it loses nothing by carrying.—— But there are

some that were never tainted with this *Athenian Itch*.—— I have heard my Father often say, he never was at a *Coffee-House* in his whole Life; but he's the only Instance of that kind that I ever knew: yet I can't think him a new Instance, for doubtless there be Men of the same Principle. There be no human Actions that we see now-a-days, but what have been practis'd in times past; yet I must own, that before the War the *Coffee-House* was the place whither People only came, after Topping all day, to purchase at the expence of their last Penny the Repute of sober Companions, for *Coffee is a sober Liquor*; but now they are the Congress of *Rome, Venice, Spain, Geneva, Amsterdam*, and are flock'd to by all, as the *Mint of Intelligence*.——

*Hither the idle Vulgar come and go,
Carrying a thousand Rumors to and fro;
With stale Reports some list'ning Ears do fill,
Some coin fresh Tales in Words that vary still;
Lies mixt with Truth, all in the telling grows,
And each Relator adds to what he knows.
All Acts of Heaven and Earth it boldly views,
And thro' the spacious World inquires for News.*

The *Coffee-House*, where *News* is so much inquir'd for, is no better than a Nursery for training up the smaller Fry of *Virtuosi*, in confident tatling. But en't it strange, that any should be so mad as to run from *Coffee-House* to *Coffee-House* to pick up *News*, when in reality there is no such thing? For what has the Name of *News*, which like the *Athenians* of old they so itch after, is no other, as my Poem shews, than newly augmented Lyes. Relations found diversly, as the *Air of Affection* carries them; and sometimes in a whole Volly of *News*, we shall not find one true Report: and therefore 'twas the Advice of a Father to his Son, ' Let the greatest part of ' the *News* thou hearest, be the ' least part of what thou believest, lest the greatest part ' of what thou believest be the ' least part of what is true. And where Lyes are admitted for *News*, the Father of Lyes will not easily

easily be excluded.—Perhaps what they miscall *News*, may have some ground of Truth for its beginning; but being tost from one to another, it is bury'd and lost in the multitude of *New Additions*, and there's nothing we can warrant for *pure News*.—

But then you'll object, these *Additions* are new. No, Reader, *Terence* tells you the contrary, by saying, *Nihil est jam Dicitum quod non Dicitum sit prius*: Nothing is spoken now, but what has been said in former times. And that Philosopher *Renaudots* tells us, our very Thoughts, tho they be innumerable, yet if they were register'd, would be all found ancient,— Then to what purpose do we hunt for *News*? 'Tis true those Papers that pretend to *News*, tell us sometimes of a King's being beheaded (and what is King *James's* Abdication but a Parallel Case?)— of an Earl's cutting his own Throat, and then flinging the Razor out of the Window;— of the penitent Death of some great Lord;— of a bloody Fight;— of a Lover hanging himself;— of a Virgin ravish'd;— of a wise Alderman;— and now and then of a Woman C—ding her Husband, &c. But these (tho real Truths) are no *new Things*, but what we have seen over and over.

— Not but I must own, if there were a *new Thing* under the Sun, the *Author of the Post-Man* would find it out. But he's an honest Gentleman, and writes nothing but Truth, and Truth is always the same; and if his Papers be always the same, what *News* can there be in them?— Or say, his Papers were all *Invention* (which

comes nearest to *News*, of any thing that is not so) yet still they are void of *News*; for *Invention* is nothing else (for the most part) but a simple Imitation in Deeds or Words. — So that the *Flying-Post*, *Post-Man*, and *Post-Boy*, do Weekly labour in vain; for all their pretence to *News*, is no better than an old Design to enrich the Bookseller, which I don't tell as a piece of *News*, but as a thing acknowledg'd by ev'ry Hawker. But tho we are disappointed of *News* where we most expect it, yet whoever is troubled with impertinent Fancies, or would hear ridiculous Stories, he need but step to the Coffee-house, and hear the several Humours of the pretended *Newsmongers*, as worth Remark.

One begins ye the Story of a *Sea Fight*; and tho he never was so far as *Whipping*, yet having pirated the Names of Ships and Captains, he tells y^e Wonders, that he waded up to the middle in Blood on the Quarter Deck, and never thought Serenade to his Mistress so charming as the *Bullets Whistling*; how he stop't a Man of War of the Enemies, under full Sail, till she was boarded with his single Arm, instead of Grapling Irons: and then concludes with railing at the Conduct of some Great Officers (which he never heard of till last Week) and protests, had they taken his Advice, not a Soul had escap'd them.

He has no sooner done, but another begins Remarks — upon the *London Gazette*; — and here he nick-names the *Spanish-Towns*, &c. and enquires whether *Madrid* and *Barcelona* be

Turks,

Tinks or Saracens?—*Stilo No-*
u, he interprets some Warlike
 Engin invented by the Duke of
Savoy to confound *Vendome*,—
 and for *Hungary*, &c. he believes
 it to be a Place where People are
 ready to starve.—Neither is
 any thing more common than to
 see one of these *News-Hunters*
 spend half an hour in searching
 the Map for *Counter-scarp* and *Bri-*
gadeer, — not doubting but
 to find them there, as well as *Ve-*
nice, *Rome* and *Amsterdam*, &c.

Another relates tye all the
 Counsels of the *French Court*, the
German Diet, the *Roman Con-*
clave; and those of *Portugal*,
Spain and *China* are as well known
 to him as his Right hand; and
 this *Gibberish* is listened to with as
 great attention as *Orpheus's* *Beasts*
 did to his charming Musick.—

Then a Fourth stands up, and
 (he pretending to be a Traveller)
 tells the Company, That in his
 late Voyage to *Ophir* (tho no bo-
 dy knows where 'tis) the Master
 of his Vessel fill'd his Ship with
 300 Tun of Gold in one Night.
 — This tickles the *Auditors!*
 so on he goes to tell them, that
 from thence he went to the *Ju-*
bilee, from whence (after kissing
 the Pope's Toe) he went to *Ve-*
nice, to see the Carnival; and

'Tom. Coryat
 gives a plea-
 sant Character
 of her in his
 Book he enti-
 tles, *Crudities.*

here he met with
 the Harlot 'Tom.
 Coryat marry'd,
 lay with her one
 Night, and swears
 he thinks her a
 very demure piece
 of Impudence.—

Being weary of *Italy* (perhaps)
 he tells us in the next place he
 travel'd to the *Indies* (I have a
 Brother there, I hope he did not

meet him) where he view'd the
 Chambers of the Rising Sun,
 learnt the number of his Horses,
 and their several Names—*His*
Eyes being not yet satisfy'd, he
 rambles next to *Persia*, where he
 shok Hands with the *Great Mo-*
gul, *Prester John*, and lay three
 Nights with the King of *Bantam*.
 — from thence (being resolv'd
 to out-ramble *Drake*) he took
 Shipping for the *Holy Land*, but
 that being now overgrown with *Su-*
perstition, he staid there but two
 Nights, and then embark'd for
New-England, where he fairly
 kiss'd an *Indian Queen*, and din'd
 with 200 *Sachems*. At length be-
 ing quite tir'd, he embark'd for
England, but took *Tartary* in his
 way home, where he got a Hair
 from the *Great Cham's Beard*;
 and to convince ye, Gentlemen

all, this is no Lie, here 'tis.—

The Traveller having told 'em
 all that he saw, and a great deal
 more, an old Beef-eater falls to
 rubbing their itching Ears. He
 pretends to discover all the Se-
 crets of the *Cabinet-Council*; he
 knows all the Affairs of *Whitehall*
 to a Cow's-Thumb, and (which
 is a thing I never minded) which
 Lady is Painted, and which not.

Efore his Discourse is ended,
 perhaps comes in a fresh *News-*
Hunter—Egins, Gentlemen
 have you heard any thing of a
 strange Whale now at *Greenwich*?
 Have any of you seen the *Moroc-*
co Ambassador, who they say is
 landed incognito? or which of
 ye have seen the second *Sampson*
 that carries 2000 l. weight on his
 Shoulders, outdraws all the Horses
 in Town, and will snap asunder a
 Cable Rope as if 'twere Sewing
 Thread? If these Queries are
 slighted,

slighted, his next words are —
What do ye think Gentlemen of
the new Design (or an Act of
Parliament) to make Usurers cha-
ritable, and Misses forsake their
Gallants?

By this time an old Toast that
had been fast asleep with his Hat
over his Face,
² *Moral Essays*, (for there's ² al-
Vol. 2. p. 178. ways some shame
in being burden'd
with an useless Knowledg) a-
wakes, and having 500 Inventions
dancing in his Noddle, resolves
he won't be out-ly'd, and so tells
them their News is nothing to
his——He has an Advice-Boat
on the Stocks that shall go to
Riga, and come back again in
three Hours. A Trick to march
under Water, by which he'll sink
all the French Fleet as it lies at
Anchor; and which (Gentlemen)
is beyond this, I've just now
found a way to catch Sun-beams
for making the Ladies new-fash-
ion'd Towers, that Poets may no
more be damn'd for telling Lies
about their Curls and Tresses.

Thus, Reader, you see there
is nothing New at the Coffee-house
(and I shall prove anon, nor any
where else) and what stuff that
is which they tell for News. Men
come to the Coffee-houses purely
to vent their strange and wild
Conceits; and an Opinion, how
foolish or fond soever, here re-
ceives Entertainment. You'll be-
lieve this, when I tell you that
in the time of Monmouth's Inva-
sion, I stept to a Coffee-house, where
I found several asking for News.
Gentlemen, said I, I can tell you
what's very surprizing:——
Come; let's have it, said one;—
Nay, tell it, said another.——

Why, 'tis this, *The West is strange-
ly victorious*, and I am told but
an hour ago,——*The Duke of
Monmouth is to be made Prince
George*. Oh strange! said one:
'Tis no more than I expected,
said another. Nay, said a third,
I did not doubt but he'd be our
Deliverer.——And to add to the
Jest, 'tis no new Thing to the West
Countrymen, to say, the Duke
of Monmouth is yet alive. One
wou'd ha' thought this Report,
That the Duke of Monmouth was
to be made Prince George, had
been News; for
tho Dr. ³ Burnet ³ *In his Travels*
tells us of *Two to Italy*. p. 246.
*Nuns being chang-
ed into Men*, yet I never before
heard of one Man's being trans-
form'd to another: Tho had it
been true, it had been no News;
for I doubt not but those skil'd
in *Natural History* can give Instan-
ces of it. *But this was a Fable,
and the Moral to it is this.*——

That there is no News, nor
new Thing, and that the News
we so itch after, is nothing but
Satan's Policy to abuse our Ears
in hearing, our Tongues in speak-
ing, and our Hearts in believing
Lies, to disable us from discern-
ing the Truth.——So much for
News in Prose, and King James
the First said, he'd never believe
any News in
Verse, since the 'See his Ap-
hearing' of a *theems*, p. 14.
Ballad made of
the Bishop of Spalata, touching
his being a Martyr, &c.

But perhaps you'll say, Tho the
Coffee house, Weekly Papers, and
Mens Humors, have nothing new,
yet search further, and you'll
find Novelties——What think ye

of the *Athenian Mercury*? Was not that a new Project? Was not a Pretence to answer all nice Questions, and Cases of Conscience (yet so as the Querist might never be known) a new Attempt? Was it ever practis'd in England, Holland, France, Germany, &c. till you set it a foot under the Title of the *Athenian Mercury*? If not, 'twas a new Project, and (being yours) will ye disown a Brat of your own begetting?

To this I answer, — I wou'd not rob my *Athenian Brethren* of the Honour justly due to them for that nice and difficult Undertaking; yet I a'n't so vain as to think the *Athenian Mercury* was a new Project. 'Tis true, the answering any reasonable Question which shou'd be propos'd, was a thing of such a Nature as all the *Ingenious* appear'd highly pleas'd with; nor has the Esteem and Success it met in the World, given us much Reason to repent of that Undertaking; for 'twas a Whim that pleas'd the Ladies (who honour'd it with several Poems) and was continu'd to Twenty Volumes, but is far from being a new Project: for don't we read something like it in the Queen of Sheba, 1 Kings 10. 1, 3. who hearing of the Fame of Solomon, came to prove him with hard Questions? and her Questions, however Nice and Curious (to use the Phrase in our *Athenian* Title) were all told her by Solomon: Neither was there any thing hid from the King, which he told her not. — And as we took the Subject from the Queen of Sheba, so we took the Title from the old *Athenians* St. Paul speaks of, Acts 17. 21. who spent their time in no-

thing else, but in asking of Questions, and reporting what they thought was new. — And if Arts and Inventions flourish'd at Athens, whilst they were unknown in England, yet you see (in that one Instance of the *Athenian Mercury*) they were afterwards to appear in their Time; yea, the *Mysteries of Salvation* were always — in intellectu Divino ('tis an Affront to English it to a Paradoxical Reader) which made our Saviour say — That Abraham had seen him. And this is the Sense wherein it is true, — There is nothing new under the Sun. —

Then en't it odd, that the *Athenians* (being Men of Learning) shou'd tax St. Paul for being a Setter forth of strange Gods, and a Broacher of new Doctrine? Acts 17. 18, 19. When Solomon, who was many hundred Years before St. Paul, pronounces of his own Times, that there was not then, nor shou'd ever be any new Thing? How much more then is it true in our Time, being so many years after him? — Thus have I prov'd there is Nothing New. Or, Reader, if ye think I han't, I might further consider the *Formæ Substantiales*, as *Renaudots* calls 'em; and we shall find there is not one of that sort new, nor only in its Species, but even in its individual Qualities, which indeed appear New to our Senses, but yet are not so for all that: as the Shape of a Marble Statue was in the Stone, not only in Possibility, but also in Act, before the Graver made it appear to our Eyes, by taking away that which was superfluous, and hinder'd us from seeing it. 'Tis a saying, there is but one good Wife in the World,

World, and every Man enjoys her (or, in other words, if he that's marry'd cou'd see another good Wife besides his own, he'd see something wou'd be *thought New*) but it is not because *it is so*, but because *it seems so*; other Wives, as good, or better than ours, never coming to our Knowledge.— Much less likely is it that *New Diseases* shou'd be produc'd, as some have believ'd, imagining that the Antients were not curious enough to describe all those of their Times, or their Successors diligent enough to examine their Writings, to find them there. That Diseases, some hundred years ago, were the very same as they are now, is evident in that one Distemper the *French Poax*— which tho' charg'd to Monsieur's Account, as a *new Disease* of his own begetting, yet 'tis easily prov'd by *Sennertus* and other Authors, that 'twas found at *Naples* many hundred years before 'twas call'd the *French Disease*; and I cou'd as easily prove it had not its Rise at *Naples*, but was frequent in other Places, before it was heard of there.— So that (as I said before) many things appear new which are not so, if we look into 'em.— Thus Printing, and Guns, which we believe were invented within these 200 years, are found to have been in use among the *Chinenses* above a thousand years ago.— A like Instance we have in the *London-Lotteries* (and that establish'd by Act of Parliament) which some will tell ye were ne-

ver heard of till the *English Wits* set them on foot; tho' 'tis not a month since I heard an *Italian* say, these Lotteries were practis'd in *Venice* many years before they were mention'd in *London*.

And so again for the *Penny-Post*; some assert 'twas a new Invention of *M——y's*, when he never once dream't of such a thing, till that ingenious and industrious Citizen *Mr. Dockwra*, had first propos'd it to the World; and I sha'lever think the Citizens of *London* owe him a *signal Mark of their Favour*, for the Service he has done to them and their *Childrens Children* on that account: For my own part, whenever the present *Chamberlain* dies, had I right to a thousand Votes, he shou'd have 'em all for his Advancement to that Honour, and that out of the sense of the great Service he has done (even *me*, as a *Member of this City*) in bringing the *Penny Post* to Perfection.— But yet, Reader, to keep to my Text, I don't think the *Penny Post* is a new Project. For what can the Man do that cometh after the *King*, but that which hath been a'ready done? And I don't doubt but the *Penny Post* is practis'd in some far Country, but I must own (to *Mr. Dockwra's Honour*) I cou'd never learn when nor where.

Finding nothing new among the *Men*, I'll next visit the *Ladies*, for they love to be gaz'd upon; and for that reason, if there's any thing new, to be sure they have it: but if you'l believe a Poet, —

————— They've nothing New, not scarce their Faces,
Every Woman is the same. —————



Tho I'm the *softest Creature in Nature*, yet am I bad Company for Ladies, for they'l sit a whole day in talking of nothing but the *newe; Fashions* (and how much they're admir'd by this Beau and t'other Beau) —How can I have Patience to hear this, when I'm positive *there's nothing new?* And when they ask me when I saw any *new Play*, I bluntly tell 'em, there is no such thing. For you know, Madam, and so would they, if they'd look into old Authors, that Dryden stole from *Shakelpear*, and *Shakelpear* from *Ben. Johnson*; and they all so steal from one another, that there's no Wit in any *Play*, but what we had fifty years ago. — But tho there's *nothing new in Plays*, yet one would think there were *something new in Ladies Dresses* (they dress in such a towering manner) but if you examine their Wardrobe, you'll find what they call *new Fashions*, are but old Fashions reviv'd; for Fashion brought in Silks and velvets at one time, and Fashion brought in Ruffets and Grays at another. — Fashion brought in deep Ruff

and shallow Ruffs, thick Ruffs and thin Ruffs, double Ruffs and no Ruffs; Fashion brought in the Tunick and Vest, the broad kneed Breeches, the narrow brim'd Hat, the Shoulder Knot, the Top-knot, &c. But these are so far from being *new*, that they are Fashions that have been several times *out and in, and in and out*, and so wil succeed each other (perhaps) to the end of time. — This we see verify'd in the *Vardingale*; for Fashion brought in the Vardingale and carry'd out the Vardingale, and hath again reviv'd the Vardingale from Death, and plac'd it behind, like a *Rudder or Stern*, to the Body; in some so big, that the Vessel is scarce able to bear it. — So much as the wearing of *Top-knots*, which is thought to be a *new Fashion*, was practis'd of old; this *Monumental Pride, or High Building of Head-Gear* is not of a new Invention, as Men take it to be, but of an old Edition; for *Juvenal* in his *Sixth Satyr* makes mention of them. — *Tot premi ordinibus, &c.*

*Such Rows of Curls press'd on each other lie,
She builds her Head so many Stories high,
That look on her before, and you wou'd swear
Hector's tall Wife, Andromache, she were;
Behind a Pigmey, so that not her Waste,
But Head seems in the Middle to be plac'd.*

And as *Top-knots* are an old Fashion, so is *Womens wearing the Breeches* (as much as 'tis wonder'd at) a Custom as old as the *Fall of Man*: 'tis no new thing to see Women fight and rave, and to forget Obedience to their tender Husbands; not but there was

a time in England when Men wore the Breeches, and debar'd Women of that gadding Liberty which they now take; but *Eve* got the start of *Adam* in sinning, and ever since for a Woman to wear the Breeches is no new thing. If you won't believe it on my word,

read

read Mr. Turner's *History of Providence*, and there you'll find (in Chap. 51.) *That the first Man Adam, the righteous Lot, the faithful Abraham, the meek Moses, the strong Sampson, the wise Solomon, the zealous Peter, the Philosopher Socrates, the Orator Cicero, were all either over-reach'd or over-power'd with Women.*—So that 'tis no new thing for Women to wear the Breeches. And tho one wou'd think it a new thing, 'tis none to find some of the fair Sex first at making Love, or taking upon them the part that once belong'd to Men. Neither are *She-wits* any new thing. I know one can resolve the nicest Points in Divinity (I mean the Divine Sabina) another that understands and teaches *Algebra*, a third that understands *Latin*—and a Fourth, call'd *Philomela*, who has taken the Name of the Nightingale, and her Notes are as sweet as the Voice of that is Musical. And for the ingenious *Daphne* (that's dead and gone) she was an Angel dress'd in Flesh and Blood. But *She-wits* flourish'd in former Ages as well as now: So that I visit the Ladies to as little purpose as I do the Men, for there's nothing new in Petticoats. And I think, Reader, 'tis as clear as the Sun, there's nothing new under it. And since I believ'd this, I've laid aside my Thoughts of Travelling; for to what purpose should I travel, when the whole World has nothing to shew me, can be call'd New? And you have heard this was Solomon's Opinion, who was one of the wisest of mere Men: and well hath he said, *There is nothing new under the Sun*; because (as Dr. Winter observes) *Things subject to Mutation are eve-*

ry Minute growing old, until at last they be no more. The State of Glory and blest Eternity is above the Brightness of the Sun: But the Starry Heavens come far short of it; *They wax old as doth a Garment, and they shall pass away,* Psal. 102. 26. 2 Pet. 3. 10. There is indeed a Day of Renovation coming, when he who of old made out of nothing all new things in the World, shall out of a ruin'd old World, worse than nothing, *make all things new,* Rev. 21. 5. But this will be a work above the Sun, and till then, *there is nothing New.*

Yet we see nothing pleases the deluded World but the Name and Thought of Novelties.—The Devil and his vile Instruments cry up their deluding Trash for New, as Women do their Oysters, whenas they stink of Age. Custom is a great Matter, — *New-England, New-York, and New-Market* (which has been built this hundred Years) is like to be so call'd to the World's end.—Cunning Salesmen give a sudden turn to an old Coat, and then sell it for a new Garment, and thus we are trick'd out of our Money. Thus old forsaken Errors are become new cry'd up Lights: and the *Quakers Thee and Thou*, and selling Goods — at a word — is no more than we find in the *Gnostici* and *Carpocratists* of former Ages.—

Or if we look amongst the *Jacobites*, we shall still despair of any thing new: for 'tis no new thing for Men to pack Juries to serve a turn, to deliver up Charters, to sell their Country, to murmur after a great Deliverance, or to refuse taking the Oaths

Oaths till a good Deanery greases
the Passage.— All this is no
new Thing, divers hundred of
 Years since the Christian Gover-
 nor of the Castle
Turk. History. of *Abydus*, was
 himself and Cas-
 tle betray'd into the hands of the
Turks by his own Daughter; and
 an hundred and forty years be-
 fore that, *Aleppo*, the strongest
 City of the Christians in those
 parts, was betray'd to the *Turk*
 by the Governor.——*To swear*
and forswear, and to play at fast
 and loose with a Crown (as a
 late Author observes) *is no new*
thing. Neither is it any *new*
thing for Men to cheat, slander,
 duel, whore; and to pick a Poc-
 ket under the Gallows, is a *Custom*
as old as Tyburn.——Neither
 is it a *new thing* to see a *Man* ac-
 cuse himself (for a guilty Consci-
 ence e'nt easy without it) or for
 Men of a mean Birth to grow
 proud, if they grow rich, and
 to forget their Duty both to God
 and Man: This is but *Shakespear*
 and *Ben. Johnson* brought again
 upon the Stage: And now I talk
 of Poets, I may venture to say
 'tis no *new thing* to see Poets
 starve.——(*Oldham* cou'd scarce
 pay for his Garret and a Sunday's
 Dinner; and for the famous *But-*
ler, he was kept so poor, that *he*
was forc'd to die and be inter'd on
Tick)——But 'tis no *new thing* to
 see *Poets* build Castles in the Air;
 and I'm sure 'tis no *new thing* to
 see a *Chymist* spend his Estate in
 searching after the *Philosopher's*
Stone.——
 And lastly, To see Men of Pi-
 ety and Sense slighted, and Fools
 and idle Persons regarded, is no
new Thing.——For Merits and
 good Service to be starv'd in the
 Poor, for high Crimes to be par-
 don'd and dignify'd in the Rich;
 and in a word, for plain-hearted
 Men neither to be patiently heard,
 nor at all believ'd, is no *new*
Thing. Reader, shall I stop here?
 For you see the further I search,
 the less hopes I have of finding
 any *Thing new*.

Paradox LXXII.

That it is best for a Young Maid to marry an Old Man.

FAIR one, why cannot you an old Man love?
 He may as useful, and more constant prove:
 Experience shews you that maturer Years
 Are a Security against those Fears
 Youth will expose you to; whose wild Desire
 As it is hot, so 'tis as rash as Fire.
 Mark how the Blaze extinct in Ashes lies,
 Leaving no Brand nor Embers when it dies,
 Which might the Flame renew: thus soon consumed
 Youth's wandring Heat, and vanishes in Fumes.

When Age's riper Love, unapt to stray,
 Thro loose and giddy change of Objects, may
 In your warm Bosom like a Cinder lie,
 Quickned and kindled by your sparkling Eye,
Was not dem'd, there are Extremes in both,
 Which may the Fancy move to like or loath:
 Yet of the two, you better thal endure
To mope with the Cramp than Calenture.
 Who would in Wisdom choose the Torrid Zone,
 Therein to settle a Plantation?
 Merchants can tell you, those hot Climes were made
But at the length for a three Years Trade:
 And tho the Indies cast the sweeter Smell,
 Yet Health and Plenty do more Northward dwell;
 For where the raging Sun-beams burn the Earth,
 Her scorched Mangle withers into Dearth;
 Yet when that Drought becomes the Harvest's Curse,
 Snow doth the tender Corn most kindly nurse:
 Why now when woo you not some *Snowy Head,*
 To take you in mere Pity to his Bed?
 I do but the harder Task were to persuade
 Him to love you: for if what I have said
 In Virgins. Vegetable like, holds true,
He'll prove the better Nurse to cherish you.
 Some Men, we know, renown'd for Wisdom grown,
 By old Records and antique Medals shown;
 Why ought not Women then be held most wise,
Who can produce living Antiquities?
 Besides, if Care of that main Happiness
 Your Sex triumphs in, doth your Thoughts possess,
 I mean your Beauty from decay to keep,
No Wash nor Mask is like an old Man's Sleep.
 Young Wives need never to be Sun-burnt fear,
Who their old Husbands for Umbrella's wear;
 How ruffet looks an Orchard on the Hill,
 To one that's water'd by some neighb'ring Drill?
 Are not the floated Meadows ever seen
 To flourish soonest, and hold longest green?
 You may be sure no murthering lacks that Bride,
Who lies with Water throwing by her Side.
 She should be fruitful too, as Fields that join
 Unto the melting waste of *Apennine:*
 Whilst the cold Morning-Drops bedew the Rose,
 It doth nor Leaf, nor Smell, nor Colour lose;
Then doubt not Sweet! Age hath Supplies of Wet
 To keep you like that flower in Water set.
 Dripping Catarrhs and Furinells are things
Will make you think you grew betwixt two Springs.

And should you not think so, you scarce allow
 The Force or Merit of your Marriage-Vow;
 Where Maids a new Creed learn, and must from thence
 Believe against their own or others Sense.
 Else Love will nothing differ from Neglect,
 Which turns not to a Virtue each Defect.
 I'll say no more but this; you Women make
 Your Childrens reck'ning by the Almanack.
 I like it well, so you contented are
 To choose their Fathers by that *Calendar*;
 Turn then old *Erra Pater*, and there see,
 According to Life's Posture and Degree,
 What Age or what Complexion is most fit
 To make an *English* Maid happy in it:
 And you shall find, if you will choose a Man
 Set justly for your own Meridian;
 Tho' you perhaps let One and Twenty Woo,
 Your Elevation is for Fifty Two.

Paradox LXXIII.

*In Praise of Slandering; in a Letter to a Noble Lord who
 had been slander'd for his Conduct in the last Cam-
 paign.*

My Lord,

THO my Friendship pays its
 Incense no where with so
 much Devotion, as when it bows
 to your Merit; and tho' your
 charming Letter had a bait hung
 at its each Line, yet I am equal-
 ly afraid and asham'd to return,
 in answer to either, that desir'd
 Consolation which may shew ve-
 ry much Vanity in me to under-
 take, and very little Friendship
 to be able to perform. For, ei-
 ther your Misfortunes are not so
 pointed as you represent; and
 then I must shew your Weakness,
 when I detect the Defects of what
 conquers you: Or, if they have
 Powers resembling the Greatness
 of those Complaints which you
 form of them; then it will shew
 too much Disunion in our Friend-
 ship (pardon the Presumption of
 that word, seeing you have autho-
 riz'd what it expresses) to be a-
 ble to comfort you, when you are
 not able to comfort your self,
 and not to be compos'd by the
 same Absence of Spirit and Cou-
 rage, that obliges you to crave
 that Assistance which my Mo-
 desty or Sympathy should make
 me decline to offer. Yet, seeing
 you possibly crave this, to try ra-
 ther my Obedience than to supply
 your Necessities; I will expose
 my own real Defects, to help
 those

those imaginary ones in you: and this being the last thing I am ever to print, I shall think my Reputation expires nobly, when it dies a Martyr in your Quarrel.

The Misfortune you complain of, is; that your Name is loaded with Slanders and Misreports; and that your Innocence doth not protect you against that Injustice: and albeit I am sorry to see so Noble a Name as yours so ill lodg'd, as in the venomous Mouths of the indiscreet World; yet I am glad to hear that your Fortunes are so full, as that you find no Incommodity but what is so foreign, and may be so easily remov'd.

Be pleas'd therefore to consider, that tho you imagine all the World talks of you, yet that is your and not their Error; for, few have either Time, Convenience or Humour, to enquire into or hear such Reports, as those which trouble you: And I know by Experience, that where Men fall into your Misfortunes, or under any Affront, they conceive all they meet or know consider nothing so much as their Case: Whereas I my self have met such Persons without any lessening Thoughts of them, and without any change in my Humour towards them, besides what was wrought by a Pity to see reasonable Men slip into such an Error. It is the nearness of Concern which induces Men to believe this; and so they should consider, that seeing others are not so concern'd in these Mis-informations, they will not apprehend them with the same Feelings.

Every Man imagines his own Distress the greatest, and admires why others are not sensible of his Suf-

ferings; whilst those admire why he sees not his own to be much less than he imagines. And as Self-Love makes us imagine that all the World hears of our Advantages; so it is an equal Error to believe, that all Men are inform'd of our Misfortunes; and I have discover'd to my Friends (who of all others should have known best my Misfortunes) what they knew not, but from my own Apologies.

Of those few who hear such Reports, Reason should oblige us to believe, that fewer believe them; for, Reason teaches us to presume Men to be just, and really they are so, except they be bias'd by Prejudice or Interest, whereas if they be just, they will little credit such Discourses, it being so indispensable an Essential of Justice, not to condemn such as we have not heard to defend themselves against what they are accus'd of; that tho God could not but know what *Adam* had done when he had sinn'd in *Eden*, yet he would not sentence him till he cited him to appear in his own Defence: *Adam, where art thou?* And when the Cries of *Sodom's* Sins were become as great as the Guilt was which occasion'd them; yet God says, *We will go down and see.*

It were likewise Injustice to condemn Men upon the Depositions of such as shall have no Warrant for what they talk, but *common Fame*; which is so infamous a Witness, that it hath been convicted of a thousand Millions of gross Lies, and stands condemn'd in the Registers both of sacred and profane Story. And so unworthy is the Off-spring of this common

common Whore, that you will scarce find one in an Age who will own it for his; and as if every Man condemn'd it, even those who relate these Discourses will still disown to be the Authors of them: and I may say of them, as the Law says of Bastards, that *Patrem demonstrare nequeunt*. Why then should we think, that just Men will believe what even unjust Men are ashamed to maintain? and what is told with so much Caution and Secrecy, as may convince such to whom it is told, that the Relater dares not undergo the Trial? The other Warrants of their Discourses are the Testimonies of such, as Men may see by the feverish Zeal of the Relaters, that they are too much interested to be believ'd; and when we hear such Discourses, we should examine why was the Relater at the pains to disperse these Informations: which if we do, we shall find, that Interest or Prejudice does prompt them; and so in believing those, we give the Informer reason to laugh at our Simplicity, in being so easily deceiv'd by him (which may justly give him ground to prefer his Wit to ours) and we become but the Executioners of his Revenge and Malice. Should not, and will not, reasonable Men think, that those who are so officious as to report such Discourses, wherein they are not interested, will be so unjust, as to make, as well as tell such Calumnies; and those who are busy Bodies in interesting themselves in such Tattles, may be Liars in forging what they want? None should be believ'd but such as are virtuous, and such will never be Authors of

Misreports, or curious to talk of other Mens Affairs; for virtuous Persons will be ashamed to have it thought, that they spend their time so meanly, as to have leisure to hear or enquire into what does not concern them: And as the Law, so Men should always suspect Witnesses, who offer themselves to depose without being commanded or interrogated. Wise Men will likewise examine upon what ground the Relater founds himself; and if they do not, they are unjust; or if they do, they will easily find that the weakest Presumptions make the strongest of his Arguments: And in place of making you criminal, your Accusers will thus make themselves ridiculous. Who will condemn upon Presumptions? and upon such as are only Presumptions to Persons ignorant and malicious? What may be, may not be; and therefore it's bad Logick to infer, that such an evil thing is done, because it may be so: for the Conclusion should follow the weakest Proposition; and therefore we should rather conclude, that such an Evil is not done, because it may be that it is not done. No rational Man should judge of any Action, whereof he knows not the design of the Actor; for some Actions are Good or Evil, according as the Design is. St. Jerom went to Taverns, to observe and reform; which was a Virtue in him, tho' it was a Crime in others: and therefore seeing we know not either mens Designs, we should not censure their Actions. One Circumstance also will vary the Case: and seeing few men know all Circumstances of others mens Ac-

sions, it is Rashness to censure what may but perhaps be vicious; and Injustice to be rash in censuring, seeing what we censure may be virtuous.

Another ground which persuades me that few believe what is disadvantageous to another man's Honour, is; that the Fame and Life be but parallel'd in Law, yet in Honour, *Fame is much dearer than Life*: because it lasts longer than Life, and because Life without it is a Torment; but *Fame* without Life is so much a Happiness, that more die for Fame than by Courage. Seeing then we need not fear that just men will pronounce against our Life without impregnable Evidences, why should we fear that they will pronounce against our Honour, upon groundless and slight Misreports? It is likewise mens own Interest not to believe such Discourses of others, lest they thereby establish a Precedent against themselves: for will not they think that the next Turn may be theirs; and that being mortal as you, they are liable to the same Accidents; and that if such Discourses should receive Access, their Innocence and Pains are easily disappointed? And therefore, I hope you will think, that common Interest is a sufficient Security for your Fame amongst wise men; and that upon that score, prudent men will not believe such Reports, and just men will not up on the former. It is alio most ordinary to find that such as have been once cheated, will be more cautious for the future: Brutes themselves being so wise, as to beware of that Snare wherein they were once entrapt. It

is then most probable, that seeing most men have once, and many too often been cheated by Misreports, having been induc'd to wrong their Friends themselves and their Relations; that fact therefore even amongst those who can be unjust, will yet be so no more; and that we shall be secur'd by their Experience, tho' not by their virtue.

As to those who will talk to your Disadvantage, I shall rebuke them thus: some will out in Raillery, some will thro' Misinformation, some by Interest and Malice. Those who out in Raillery, deserve not your Anger, nor should their Discourses be to you, seeing their Honour is generally known to designe less than Truth: and so what they say may divert others as a treat of Wit, but cannot wrong you as a disobliging Truth, no more than *Virgil* can be believ'd a Fool, because he is tick'd in Barlesque Verse. And seeing these use you as they use their Friends and themselves, you should be no more angry than the King is, when he sees his Face posted up for a Sign to a Country Tavern. Scripture and Devotion suffer with you on this account; and because the fact things are most universally known, therefore they are most ordinarily the Subject of such Entertainment. That being the Object thought only worthy to rail at, which deserves not to be so us'd; and men being us'd to make that appear ridiculous, which is not so in it self.

Those who talk to your Prejudice thro' Misinformation, receive so slight an Impression, as will

make them speak but faintly, and as will not hinder them from being easily remov'd from their receiv'd Intelligence; and after they are reclaim'd by your Friends, or a ripen'd Information, they will judge it a Duty to expiate their former Error, by confessing to the World their former Injustice: so that by one of these Penitents more will be regain'd, than can be debauch'd by twenty Misinformers; Men being generally more inclin'd to believe such as have experienc'd both, than such as pretend only an Acquaintance with one of the opposite sides.

As to such who speak out of Malice, they do either press their Design with such Vehemency, as they may easily be suspected; or else they overact themselves, by telling so improbable Untruths, that they are easily discover'd: few likewise are unacquainted with the humour of such, and God has in a manner put *Cain's* Mark upon them, that they may not be believ'd. Malice cannot conceal it self, no more than it can the Faults of others; and the Authority of such is ordinarily of so little advantage to the Cause they manage, that it hangs in Contempt upon a Report, that they spread it; and as soon as it is known to have begun at them, it leaves off to be either regarded or believ'd.

Those whom Interest persuades to talk of you, as being Rivals to either your Fame or Love, do soon discover themselves and their Passion; and by that Discovery they secure you: For, after that, the Hearers consider more their Interest than your Crimes; and

instead of hating you, because of that alledg'd Guilt, they pity and favour you as a Person who is so persecuted. Others do spread such Misreports; not because they rival you, but because they would have you to rival them; designing to have you loaded with the like Guilt, with which themselves stand charg'd; and expecting either to divert thereby the publick Noise, and make you the Seat of that War, or hoping to lessen their own Guilt by sharing it with you. These you should pardon, even as we pardon those who cling to us when they are like to drown: neither need you fear such Informers, seeing their Interest is known; and therefore none will believe them but such who are so simple, as that their Belief is not worth your Pains or Anger.

Having thus clear'd off many of those whom your Lordship suspected as Enemies, my next Work shall be to comfort you against what Impression those who remain can leave on you. In pursuance whereof, my first Conclusion shall be, That nothing can be Arbitrer of your Fate, but what hath Power to make you happy as well as miserable; by the application whereof, and of the Rule of Contraries, pardon me to assure you, that except you thought the Rabble might have made you happy by making you great or famous, you had never fear'd or courted their Suffrage: and seeing they are so miserable and unconstant a Crew, what an empty and unfix'd Happiness must that be which you expected? The way then not to value common Reports, is not to value what fa-

vours the Multitude can do you ; what Happiness which you pursue amongst them, your own Ereast, and it only, can bestow : And as nothing that is not spiritual can make your Spirit happy ; so nothing can wound a Spirit that is nothing it self but Breath and Air. And I assure you that those detract too much from the Nobleness of Man's Soul, who imagine that there is any thing else under the Sun, whereupon his Happiness or Unhappiness doth depend ; for all exterior Enjoyments do no otherwise enrich or impoverish it, than those Rivolets which discharge themselves into that Basin of the Ocean, do by their Access or Recess fill or empty its still equal Waters. How can Man be said to be Lord of all the Creation, if his Happiness does depend upon Riches, Territories, or any thing without him ? And therefore it was nobly concluded by *Epiſtetum*, that what is without us, and does not depend upon our Choice, should not affect us.

And therefore seeing Reports cannot reach us, they should not grieve us : unjust Calumnies fall no otherwise upon a wise man, than Hail upon a strong House ; whose Fall causeth greater Noise than Prejudice. It is true, that these may hinder us from being prefer'd ; but a virtuous Person knows, that his Happiness lies not in Preferment, and so he values no more what can obstruct that, than a covetous Man does the Loss of what may promote his Knowledg ; or the Amorous what cannot disappoint his Love. A virtuous Man may, by want of Preferment, be stop't from doing

what good the Diffusiveness of his noble Humour would stretch towards others : But his Country is only a Loser in this, and not he ; for he pleases himself in the doing what good is within his present reach, and in being willing to do more if Occasion offer'd.

I confess that Misreports do sometimes grieve our Spirits ; but it is our Fancy, and not those, who have that Ascendant over us, as is clear from this : That the same Words spoke by a Friend or Fool, will not trouble us, which would intrage us if they slip from any other Person ; and till we know what is spoke of us, what is spoken does not trouble us ; which shews that not our Enemies, but we wound our selves. And seeing they never trouble us, but when, and at what proportion we do value them ; it is clear, that not these, but our own Reflections do grieve us. For if these griev'd us, the measures of our Grief would not be rul'd by any thing in us, and all Affronts and Injuries should be to all equally disquieting ; whereas now they yield to our Humors. Nor is a jovial serene Spirit troubled like a melancholy man, whose Humour gives much of that black Tincture to our Crosses which so affright us. The way then to assure our selves against Misreports, is, not by informing all that great Mass of our Acquaintance, or by shunning what displeases others (for what will persuade them that they have a right to judg us ?) but the nearer cut is to tame our own Affections, and make them so subject to our Reason, that nothing may offend us, but what offends it ;

it; even as the way to preserve a Body from Diseases, is to purge away those noxious Humours which corrupt the best of Aliments.

Let us consider that Men are either just or unjust; if just, we

need not fear their Reproaches, for they never reproach Innocency, and we should not fear to have our Guilt reproach'd: If unjust, we should not fret, because it is natural to them to reproach even the Innocent.

*There is a Lust in Man no Charm can tame,
Of loudly publishing his Neighbour's Shame:
On Eagles Wings immortal Scandals fly,
While virtuous Actions are but born and die.*

But shall we think our selves unhappy because Dogs bark at us, or the Winds and Storms stop our Journies? This requires Submission, but not Grief, and is a Misfortune to them, but not to us. And as we should conform our selves to the Laws of the place where we live; so seeing the Decrees of Providence have appointed the Wicked to persecute the Just, it is reason to obey, not only because we cannot help it, but because our Maker hath commanded it. Such as calumniate us, do, in so doing, shew either *Ignorance or Malice*; and that being the worst of Ills, they prejudice themselves more than us, and we have our Revenge in their Offence. Fear not that their Malice will be constant if it be vigorous; for it must want in length what it grows to in height, and some fresh Object will divert them from fastening upon you: or at least, their natural Inconstancy will make them stagger from what they are at; and they will sooner fix no where, than fix long any where; and like a Swing, they will probably run as far in the other Extreme of admiring you, as they did to that of speaking to your

Prejudice: and as those upon whom the Plague breaks, need never fear a Relapse; so your surmounting this Report, will secure you against all future Invasions.

Men should do generous things, not for Esteem, but for Virtue; and I may say they are then most generous, when they meet not with Applause; for then they make the World their Debtors: but when the World applauds them, they pay them. And whereas they use the World in the one case, as a Prince does his Subjects; the World uses them in the other case, as a man doth his Merchant or Servant.

Nothing that is not in our Power should grieve us; and so it holds truer in Philosophy than Policy, that *Quisquis est faber sue fortunæ*: a wise man's Inclinations are his Stars, and nothing can make him unhappy, but what can pollute those. Seeing then we are not answerable for other mens Follies, why should their Misreports (which are the chiefest of these) trouble us? and if it be made arbitrary to them to grieve us, what a precarious Happiness is ours? which is subject to the Caprice of such as
are

are capricious, ignorant and malicious; to escape one of which three, is as impossible as to please them all. No man is worsted in his esteem, because another commits a Fault; why then should I be grieved, as if I were guilty, because another man is so guilty as to calumniate me? and it is too much Compassion in me to be sorry for him who wrongs me.

There is no man so foolish as to pursue a Prize not worthy of his Pains, or to grapple with one who is not worthy to be defeated. Consider then that your Adversaries acknowledg, that they fear your Worth when they endeavour to lessen it by Calumny, knowing that they dare not enter the Lists with you upon equal Terms; and therefore they call the World by this *common Fame* to their Assistance, which imports, that nothing less than a multitude can overcome so heroic a Spirit. No place is undermin'd, but what is too strong for the Assailants open Force; and no man was ever painfully malign'd, but such as were of so noble an Humour, that nothing but Malice join'd with Pains could ruin. Levelling is the natural effect of man's Pride; and as no great Soul will descend to consider his Inferiours, so such as Fate hath plac'd below you, do naturally design either to rise to your height, or to pull you down to their own Stature. And hence it is, that your Endowments making the first unpracticable, Self-interest makes the second necessary, and the liberty of repining is a charitable Allowance; which should be indulg'd to those, to whom Providence having deny'd

what we possess, we should, in recompence of that Partage, suffer some Expressions from them; which when granted, do no ways make up that Loss. The consideration whereof made that generous Prince, *Henry the 5th of France*, say, when he heard of his Subjects talk'd of his wish for more Liberty than Justice, that he could not but pardon them, seeing they had nothing else to recompense their not being Kings of *France*. It were imprudence in you to desire both the Prize, and the Thing whereof you have the Prize: So that seeing you possess that Happiness which deserves publick Envy, it were unjust that you should not suffer it, and unmerciful that you should not suffer a word to pass with the Losers.

Consider likewise that all Mankind is born to misery; that is a Law, not a Punishment, and Envy is too too common to be a misfortune. Who escapes it in some measure, but such as never attempt any thing that was worthy of Consideration? And who thinks Death a misfortune, since all must submit to it? So that I may say to your Lordship, that nothing can cure this better, than to wear about your Arm the Names of three Persons, who have past thro this Valley of Tears, without being soil'd by some Drops of Calumny; and to find these three, will be as hard as to find the Philosopher's Stone. Men should not repine then, because they are pursu'd by some Trouble; but they should consider whether their Trouble be greater than that of other men: and by this Rule we shall find,

that

that they escape easily to whose share of this general Taxation, nothing falls but *Misreports*; for, such as lie entomb'd in Prison, or are starv'd in Poverty, to be reliev'd; and which is less, the Ambitious for Preferment, or the Vindictive for satisfying his Revenge, would allow the World to talk of them at their own Rates: So that your Torment is but their Choice, and you do at the same Altars complain of what they would beg from them.

No Merchant esteems himself miserable because he owes some Debt; but he compares his Debt and Credit, and is satisfy'd if more be owing to him than he owes to others. Do you then, my Lord, consider what Advantages you possess, and think not that Providence deals churlishly with you, when you perceive that even Malice must find more things to admire in you, than it can find to carp at: for, to have but one Trouble is a Happiness, seeing if you wanted all you would be a God, and it is sufficient Happiness to possess that Quiet which differs but by one Remove from his. Number your Friends, and I am confident you will find those to surpass the number of such, as dare say they are your Enemies. But tho' they were fewer than your Enemies, yet be not so unjust to your Friends, as to think that one Friend is not worth a thousand Enemies. Wise Men number not, but ponder Vices, but you may securely do both. Will not a Courtier value the Opinion of his Prince, and a Lover the Esteem of his Mistress, above all the Suffrages of all the rest of Mankind? And should

not a virtuous Person content himself with the approbation of God Almighty? and which is next, with the esteem of a Friend? whose Knowledg and Virtue makes him all these to such as rightly rate Friendship.

—*Sat, amico te, mihi felix.*

His Friendship is a constant Purchase, but the Multitude's Applause is uncertain and painful; and those should rather be laugh'd at who court it, than they who want it.

Consider seriously, whether it be not more easy and pleasant to be enjoying your self with a generous Friend, than be running up and down the World gaining such as serve for nothing, but to say, *You are a brave Gentleman*; which if it were a fine thing, they would not have it to bestow: for it is not reasonable to think that Providence would deposite fine things in such Hands; and it chooses its Servants ill, if these be its Stewards.

I having then spoken formerly to you as a Philosopher, let me use the stile of Gentleman; and in that tell you, that the World hath no right to judg you. You are a Peer, and should not be judg'd by Commons: Laugh at them when they usurp, and let not your Melancholy be the Executioner of their Sentence. It is alledg'd, that no Beast dares pursue a Man, if he hold his Face undauntedly to it; these pursue not Men, but Cowards: and the Rabble knows not when you err, but because you blush. Do not then by your Anxiety wrong Innocency; and establish

establish not a Precedent by your yielding, whereby other virtuous Persons may be oppress'd; but be so charitable even to those unjust Creatures who calumniate you, as to reclaim them from that Humour, by laughing them out of it. For I assure you, they will use you as Men do Children, who continue to hold out their Fingers to them, when they find it vexes them. No man will lose his Pains; and upon this account, you will find, that seeing Men calumniate you because they think to vex you, they will give themselves no longer that Trouble, than they find they are able to give it you.

The Example of those *Bethshemites*, who fell the Sacrifice of their own Sin, for prying into the Bosom of the Ark, forbids my Eyes to be so sacrilegious as to look too inwardly into the Designs of God Almighty (whereof it was but a Type) in raising that Dust wherewith your Name seems to be at present somewhat sully'd. And seeing it is unjust to judg of those mens Actions, with whose Designs we are not too intimate; it were unmannerly to repine at God's Dispensations, whose Actions are fitted more for our Wonder than our Enquiry. But yet I may at a pious distance judg, that Providence hath design'd these Reports rather for Trophies than Trials to your Courage; intending, in your Patience, to teach the World, that it is as easy for a

generous Soul to conquer, as to complain of Calumnies: and so I hope your Repute will rise more glorious after this Resurrection. Do then, my Lord, retire from under the Empire of *Fame*, to the Sanctuary of Friendship, where generous Souls, by mingling together, become themselves greater. And from that secure Post, consider, how the happy Angels admire to see us, who are design'd to be Sharers of their Happiness, so foolish as to be vain of *Fame*, or vext when we want it; seeing they possess those Joys for which we pray, and yet value not a far more noble *Fame* than that after which we pant. You are innocent, and may adore your Maker, which compleats the Pleasures of those blessed Spirits: and what can be wanting to one who possesses so much? Consider likewise how these Hummings, and this Noise of us poor Mortals, outlive not the present Age; for, who knows what was said of the noblest Ladies who liv'd in Queen *Elizabeth's* Court? much less in the Country during her Reign? And History scorns to preserve such ridiculous Fopperies, as have no surer Foundations than Rumour or Malice: But tho it did, yet a little time shall consume us and them. And therefore I shall finish this *Paradox*, in praise of *Slandering*, as *Virgil* doth his Reflection upon the Battles, Toil, and Noise of the Bees;

*Hi motus animorum, atq; hæc certamina tanta,
Pulveris exigui jactu, compressa quiescunt.*

Paradox LXXIV.

The Loving Duel.

LADY, what's your Face to me?
 I was not only made to see;
 Every silent Stander by,
 Thus enjoys as much as I:
 The Rose and Lillies are not mine
By praising them into Divine.
 Nature's Wealth upon your Brow,
 In your Cheek and Lips doth show,
 That within are to be found
Rocks of Pearl and Diamond.
 To which a Lapidary's Art,
 Must Lustre and the Price impart.
Here a Vein with golden Threds,
 To a Mine of Pleasure leads;
 Which who once enjoys, has Power
To make new Indies every Hour.
 Come let us mix our selves, and prove
 'Tis Action that perfects Love;
 Your Smiles and Kisses, fruitless Toying,
 Stay me not, but tempt enjoying:
 Shall we Coward-gazing stand,
Like Armies in the Netherland?
 Taking Fear at either's Sight,
 Till we grow too weak to fight.
 Give the Signal, let us try
 Who shall fall, your self, or I:
 'Tis Love's War, if either yield,
Both are Masters of the Field.

Paradox LXXV.

The chaste Disease; or a Paradox in praise of a Clap.

<p>SOLOMON says a WHORE is a deep Ditch (and 'tis said <i>Whoremongers and Adulterers God</i> <i>will judg</i>) but tho Whoring is a heinous Sin, yet it must be</p>	<p>own'd 'tis a natural Fault, for the Desire of Procreation is born and bred in all Animal Creatures. 'Tis true, one lustful Thought is e- nough to sink us to Hell, yet Ve- nery</p>
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very is an Original Appetite, and has more to say for it self than Gluttony, which was the Cause of Man's Fall (*witneſs Eve, and the Forbidden Fruit.*)

Gluttony, tho' it destroys many Lives thro' Barkeits, &c. yet the Law takes no notice of it; but Procreation that begets and makes Life, is punish'd by Law, which seems ſtrange to corrupt Nature. However the Adulterer has this to plead, that if he gets a CLAP (or the French Diſeaſe) he dies a Martyr to Venus.

As for the female Offender, ſhe has this to ſay for her ſelf, that ſhe is ſeduc'd by Nature, as Eve by the Devil, and that Women being of ſoft and tender Diſpoſitions, do eaſily yield to an enticing Appetite: Beſides, men being eloquent in Perſuading, prevalent in Flattering, free in Proteſting, and earneſt in Vows and Promiſes; all have ſuch Force with Females (who are credulous and yielding Creatures) as they have ſeldom Power to deny men their carnal Deſires.

Beſides it muſt be conſider'd that Adultery is not caus'd thro' Spite, Envy, Malice, Revenge, Scorn, Pride, or the like Sins; but thro' ſeeming Love, Kindneſs, Friendſhip, and ſuch like Virtues. So that Adultery (or Whoredom) is a Sin that ſeems to be built upon Virtues; and it muſt be own'd 'tis a Sin that produces Life (*i. e.* coins Heaven's Image in Stamps that are forbid) But would Fleſh and Blood liſten to Prov. 22. 14. and remember, that the Child often proves the Picture of the Lover, and diſcovers it (*Bleſſ'd Concluſion of Hol'n Sweets!*) they'd ac'er invade the

Right of another. But tho' Whoredom is a ſcandalous and damning Sin, yet it muſt be own'd 'tis a natural Vice, and you may as ſoon deſtroy all Animal Creatures as their Inclination to Venery: Or if there be ſome Men and Women purely chaſte, thoſe are of Divine Compoſitions, and not perfect Naturals, their Souls and Bodies having more of the purity of Heaven, than the groſs Corporeity of Nature. But moſt Men (*the more is their Sin and Shame*) are Nature's Creatures: and for the Women, they are the Daughters of Eve, and all the harm I wiſh 'em, is, That every Whoremaſter may be as great a Penitent as David, and every Whore as great a Saint as Mary Magdalene; for ſhe beg'd Pardon by Repentance, and waſh'd out her Sin with her Tears.—Yet ſtill it muſt be confeſſ'd there is a ſeeming Pleaſure in Whoredom (and when a Man or Woman is kept, a ſeeming Profit) but 'tis a Pleaſure and Profit that is always curs'd: For they who commit Whoredom do often leave themſelves little, beſides their humane Shape, to difference them from Beaſts. 'Tis a Sin that clouds the Underſtanding, and deſtroyes the reaſonable Soul: therefore Solomon very well deſcribes the young man that was going to the Harlot's Houſe, Prov. 7. 22. *He goeth after her as an Ox goeth to the Slaughter.*—Nor are the Effects of it better to the Body than to the Mind; *the Shame, Poverty, Theft, Murders, and many filthy Diſeaſes* which often attend, or follow this Sin, are ſufficient Witneſſes how miſchievous it is to the Body. And, alas! how

how many are there that have thus made themselves the Devil's Martyrs & suffer'd such Torments in the pursuit of this Sin, as would exceed the Invention of the greatest Tyrant? Surely they that pay thus dear for Damnation, very well deserve to enjoy the Purchase.——And as Uncleanness is a damning Sin, so it must be own'd, if Whoredom should be suffer'd, Property and the Right of Inheritance would be lost in the Obscurity of *hidden Adultery*, or in the Uncertainty of the Right Children or Fathers.

Having said the most I can in the praise of Whoredom, I shall next speak of that chaste Disease that attends it: (i. e. say all the nine things I can, in praise of a Clap, &c.)

It is the Complaint of an ancient Writer, *Nulla tam modesta felicitas est quæ malignitatis dentes vitare possit*; There was never any felicity, whether moderately season'd, or compleat in Perfection, so happy that could avoid the Teeth of Envy and Slander; and therefore no wonder Men do not stick to defame that illustrious Disease, a Clap (*alias* the Circums, *alias* the French Pox, &c.) which is honourable enough to have its Original from many Kingdoms.——Nay the name of Pox (for I'll keep most to that as 'tis a word better known than Clap or Circums) is of so Reverend Estimation, that even Diana her self, whom the *Pagans* ador'd for their Goddess of Chastity and Honesty, took her Name from them, whom the *Latins* call *Palles*, the *French* *Bubas*, and the *Spanish* *Bucas*; so she is call'd *Bubastis*. Yea the

famous *Star Bootes*, which guides *Charles's Wain*, admits the Syllables into his Name, and is call'd *Bubulo*. And why then should men here on Earth think scorn of this Name?

But because *Derivations* do many times drive Words out of Fashion, and a Notation of Names is of all the artificial Arguments in Logick one of the weakest; lest by seeking to lift the Party by one end, we mar all, let us fasten upon something more material, and from the Original of the word come to the Beginning of the thing.

Amongst those rich Treasures, which *Christophe Columbus* brought home into *Spain*, after his Discovery of the *Indies*, one of the chiefest was the *Pox*: For in his Fleet (amongst other traight) were wafted over certain *Indian* Women, with whose happy Conversation the *Castilians* came home plentifully furnish'd with this holy Contagion. *Holy*, I call it, because the Cure of it is that which they call *Lignum sanctum*, or *Guaiacum*: *Holy*, for the place where it is heal'd, which is the Hospital, call'd by the *French*, *Maison Dieu*: and *Holy*, because it is a great help to make them that have it Saints. For whosoever shall behold the outward Mortification of a pocky Companion, the Delicacy of the Tone of his Voice, his pale and meagre Face, his wan Colour, and his whole Body broken and disjointed (that a Man may shake all his Bones together in his Skin) and lastly shall see him wholly made a very Picture and painted Table of Repentance, he may see sufficient Tokens of
apparent

apparent Holiness; for you never see fat Paunches, and plump'd Cheeks, and idle Fellows once admitted into the School of Repentance, nor into the Stews, the Work-house of Courtizans, nor into the Hospital of the Pock-rotten Adventurers.

Among the *three Capital Enemies*, which with Fire and Sword do assail the Soul, the greatest of them, which is the Flesh, is wholly subdu'd by the *Pox*, because thereby it is made unable to exercise any *unlawful Act*; and for that reason I call this Paradox *the chaste Disease, or a Paradox in praise of a Clap*. For is there any thing in the World that doth more open the Gates to Holiness, than to take away the Occasions of Sinning? And what is there that hath more Efficacy to withdraw a Man or a Woman from occasions of Evil, than the *French Disease*? For if a Woman knows that a Man hath the *Pox*, she flies from him as a ragged Sheep from a Bramble-bush. Again, what greater Token of *Holiness* can there be in a man, than to have a *Sense and Feeling of his Sins*? Now who is he that doth suffer greater Grief and Pains for his Sins, than he that hath the *Pox*? Who are more frank and more bountiful in Gifts than such men? For a *Pox-master* was never accounted a paltry Fellow. For as when we see a common Woman, we say, speaking by the contrary, there goes a *good one*; so we call this holy Infection the *peeling Disease*, understanding that such a one will *part with his very Skin*.

All other Aches and Pains have some Enemy that may destroy

them; or by a Bill out of the Apothecary's Shop, like a Writ of Remove, they may be dislodg'd; but the *Pox* hath made its Peace with all Drugs and Confections. There is not found among all the Vials and Gally-pots any Simple or Syrup so powerful, that can disturb the *Pox* out of its Possession: whence it is plain, that it is wrongfully and abusively call'd an Infirmity; for the word *Infirmity* argueth and importeth want of Firmness, whereas the *Pox* is so far from not being firm, that to him that hath once caught it, it continues so firm, so stable, and so well settled, that it never forsakes him, but accompanys him to his Grave; and I think into *Purgatory* too, because no Lenitives or Purgations can either assuage the Pain, or drive it out.

They that set out the Worth and Greatness of that excellent Poet *Homer*, ascribe it much to his Honour, that he drew his beginning from many Cities and Islands, as *Smyrna, Rhodes, Colophon*, and the like; how much greater is the Honour of this spreading Gangreen the *Pox*, which derives its Descent not from Islands and Cities, but from great Kingdoms and Provinces? Some call it the *Neapolitan Disease*, others the *French Evil*; some the *Scab of Spain*, others the *Indian Sarampion*, or *Tetter and Ring-worm*; others that speak with some Reverence and Respect, do not say plainly to a man, you are a *pocky Knave*, but rather *Vous avez, Sir you are pepper'd*: And indeed such is the Dignity and Greatness of this Malady,

Malady, that they speak of it, after the stile of Kings, and Dukes, and Grandees, in the plural Number. For whereas we commonly call Blains and Sores in the singular Number; the *Scurf*, or the *Scab*, or the *Winchester-Goose*, these are all saluted in the Plural Number, the *Pocks*, as if they should stile themselves, *nos Bubones, & Pustula Gallicana*.

And seeing that Nature doth Trees a Favour, in making them to shed their Leaves, and Fowls to moult their Feathers, that she may clothe them yearly with new; she doth not deal so with men, but leaves them to themselves to effect it by their own Industry and Providence, whereunto when they are dispos'd to moult, and to do off their Perriwigs, the *Pox* in this Case is *Nature's Agent*, which doth maintain her self with that which is most delicate in that Subject, such as are *the thin Locks of the Head, the daintiness of the Eye-lids and the Eye-brows, the venerable Beards, and the most valiant Mustaches*: for never any timorous and white-liver'd Cowards have the *Pox*; but the most fool-hardy Adventurers are admitted into this Corporation.

How doth the World dote upon Astrologers and Star-gazers, that can foretel and divine of things to come? Whereas there is no Astrologer more weather-wise than a *Pock-master*, or whose Predictions are more certain? For if there be any Change of Weather or Season approaching, presently *the intrinsecal Accidents that cleave to his Bones and Sinews*, do give him a perfect notice of it, in that he feeleth any

Ache in every Commissure of his Joints, and his Bones do even rattle in his Skin.

Add hereunto, that Men thus affected (or infected rather) have this great Privilege above other Men, that altho they be in *Vassalage and Slaves by Condition*, yet they are observ'd and respect'd as absolute Lords, and are serv'd of every body; whereas *they serve none but God*, whom by the *Pox* they are brought to remember. And see, I pray you, to what a Lordliness they are advanc'd, in that not only *their Persons are in a manner sacred*, and may not be approach'd but at a certain distance; but whatsoever is about them and belongs to their necessary use, cannot safely be touch'd of any man, as if they were some *holy Relicks*; for no man dares to *lie in their Bed, or to wear their Clothes, or to drink in their Cup, or to sit in their Chairs*.

Howbeit, it is not greatly to be marvell'd at, that the *Pox* hath attain'd to so high a pitch and prerogative of Excellency, considering that the same *Ail and Operation*, and the same Instruments which Nature imployeth to produce a man, which is the noblest of her Creatures, the same are also the general Causes of the *Pox*, I mean the great and honourable *Pox*; for those other *Pushes and Inflammations that arise in the Body from Cold, or from an over-heated and exulcerated Liver*, are not properly *Pox*, but *Pouts and Pimples*. So then, this Reason being consider'd, the *Pox* may very justly take state upon them, and stand upon *Punctilio's* of Honour, and out-brave a man

to his Face, and say, that they are issu'd from *as good Parents as he*. And surely it seems no less: for as they that are nobly born, the better to shew their Greatness and to maintain their State, do live retiredly in the inmost and remotest rooms of their House; so doth the *Pox*, out of the same Rule and Reason of State, keep Residence in the very *sinus* and the *Marrow* of him that hath them. And lastly, what greater Token can there be of a noble Nature, than to shew Thankfulness to those that have suffer'd any thing for their sakes, or done ought to procure their good? In which kind of Retribution the *Pox* are no way deficient. For where is the Nose in the purchase of the *Pox* doth suffer a kind of Lesion and Hurt by the Arroasion of its Gristle; to make it ample Amendments and Satisfaction, the *Pox* do make the Nose the Trumpet or Horn-pipe of their own Praises, whose graceful Tone vary'd chromatically upon the Musicks and Half-notes of Snuffing and Snorting, is much like the untram'd Voice and Braying of *Silenus's* Hobby-horse.

Paradox LXXVI.

Proving Nothing's Something.

NOTHING, thou elder Brother, even to shade,
Thou hadst a Being e'er the World was made,
And well fix'd art alone, of Ending not afraid.

E'er Time and Place were, Time and Place were not,
When Primitive Nothing, Something strait begot;
Then all proceeded from the great united—*WHAT?*

Something, the general Attribute of all,
Sever'd from thee its sole Original,
Into thy boundless Self must undistinguish'd fall.

Yet Something did thy mighty Pow'rs command,
And from thy fruitful Emptinesses Hand,
Snatch'd Men, Beasts, Birds, Fire, Air and Land.

Matter, the wicked'st Off-spring of thy Race,
By Form assisted, flew from thy Embrace,
And Rebel Light obscur'd thy Reverend dusky Face.

With Form and Matter, Time and Place did join,
Body, thy Foe, with these did Leagues combine,
To spoil thy peaceful Realm, and ruin all thy Line.

But Turncoat Time assists the Foe in vain,
And to thy hungry Womb drives back thy Slaves again,
And brib'd by thee assists thy short-liv'd Reign.

Tho Mysteries are barr'd from Laick Eyes,
 And the Divine alone with Warrant pries
 Into thy Bosom, where the Truth in private lies ;
 Yet this of thee the Wise may freely say,
 Thou from the Virtuous nothing tak'st away,
 And to be part of thee the Wicked wisely pray.

Great Negative ! how vainly would the Wise
 Enquire, define, distinguish, reach, devise,
 Didst thou not stand to point their dull Philosophies !

Is, or is not ! the two great Ends of Fate,
 And true or false the Subject of Debate,
 That perfect or destroy the vast Desigs of Fate ;

When they have rack'd the Politicians Breast,
 Within thy Bosom most securely rest,
 And when reduc'd to thee are least unsafe and best.

Nothing, who dwell'st with Fools in grave Disguise,
 For whom they Rev'rend Shapes and Forms devise,
 Lawn Sleeves, and Furs and Gowns, when they like thee look
French Truth, Dutch Prowess, British Policy, (wise,
Hibernian Learning, Scotch Civility,
Spaniards Dispatch, Danes Wit, are mainly seen in Thee.

The Great Man's Gratitude to his best Friend,
 Kings Promises, Whores Vows, to thee they tend,
 Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end. *Rochester.*

Paradox LXXVII.

Further proving Nothing's Something.

PARDON, Grave Sages, Nature's Treasures,
 Earth's best Surveyers, Heaven's best Measures;
 Who in the Depths of Sciences do wade,
 Teaching that *Nothing* of *Nothing* can be made.
 I will untwist the strength of your Decree,
 And from your Errors lab'rinth set you free,
 Since to the making of this *All-Theater*,
 Nothing but *Nothing* had the *All-Creator* ;
 And as the Structure of this World's great Mass,
 Out of vast Emptiness first reared was,
 Embellish'd with each curious Ornament,
 Without or Stuff, or Matter prejaent ;
 So by great *Nothing's* frank and free expence,
 We yet enjoy each rarest Excellence.

For *Nothing* is more precious than Gold,
 'Mongst all those things which *Neptune's Arms* unfold,

'Mongst sublunary Bodies which do range
Near the World's Center, suffering daily change,
Which fill Fates Mort-main, and which Death doth mierce,
Driving them from their Cradle to their Hearse:

Amongst all these, and what so else we have,
Nothing did ever yet escape the Grave.

Nothing's immortal, *Nothing* ever joys,
Nothing was ever free from all Annoys.

Why shou'd not *Nothing* then of us expect,
That Shrines and Altars we to her erect?

Nothing more joyous is to us than Light,
Or the Springs flowry Mantle all bedight
With *Pinks* and *Primrose*, when sweet *Zephirs* Breath
Inspireth Life after long Winters Death.

Nothing is safe in War, *Nothing* in Peace
Is just; which made *Tibullus* once confess,
That to avoid all Danger, Dread and Scath,
The happist man is he that *Nothing* hath.

He thieves by Land, nor Pirates fears, nor Wracks,
Nor bribed Judg, whose Sentence often racks
The richer Client, who must seldom spare
To waste his Wealth in Fees, his Health with Care.

So *Zeno's* wife Man only doth aspire
Nothing to covet, *Nothing* to admire.

And *Socrates* it his Profession made,
Nothing to know, which is a thriving Trade;
Since not to know, but to have much to give,
Is that which purchaseth best means to live.

The *Alchymist*, who with Spagyrick Tricks,
Doth sometimes sublimate, and sometimes fix
His baser Metals by a *Chymick* Fire,
Extracting them by Art and fell Desire;

From ¹ *Stannar* and ² *Calaminary* mold,
To turn crude *Mercury* into liquid Gold:

How! how doth he in this Gulf's *Baltick* Sound,
His Wit, his Wealth, himself and all confound!

And all for *Nothing*, t'whom he is in Thrall,
And 'mongst Fool's Moral, a pure *Natural*.

Nothing to *Phæbus* is unknown, unscann'd,
Of him that number could the *Lybian* Sand.

¹ *Stannar* is
the Mother
of Metals.

² *Calumnia-
ris Lapis*, out
of which
Brass is
drawn.

And you, great Clerks, who dry and waste your Brains
Thro sleepless Nights, and with incessant Pains,
To compass Knowledg, if I should but ask
Th'intended end of all your toiling Task:
Your Answer, I suppose, to this would tend,
That you know *Nothing*, *Nothing* comprehend.

Yet *Nothing* is more bright than Summer's Sun,
Or purest Flame. *Nothing* can swiftly run,

And

And fly as swift without both Feet and Wing,
Without a Voice *Nothing* can sweetly sing.

Nothing without a Body can be touch'd,
As wise *Lucretius* gravely hath avouch'd.

Nothing can move without exchange of Place ;
Nothing is seen without fair Colour's grace.

Nothing's more helpful to assuage our Smart,
Than noble *Physick's* Evil-curing Art :
Whoever then is Liver-sick of Love,
And fain would Philtres and Love-Potions prove ;
Let him not seek to th' help of *Magick* Charms,
For no such Spells will ever heal his Harms :
Only of this let him himself assure,
That *Nothing* can Love's hot Impostumes cure.

Yea those who once have past the *Stygian* Lake,
Nothing can them from *Death* recover back :

Nothing can conquer the infernal Furies,
Nothing can alter their eternal Juries.

The *Giants* felt, when with the Heavens they strove,
Nothing more fearful than the Wrath of *Jove* :

The Gods fear *Nothing* ; *Nothing* keeps in awe
Rebellious Men that care not for the Law.

Nothing with God may be compared right,
For Justice, Wisdom, Majesty and Might ;
And tho' within God fills this spacious Round,
Yet *Nothing* may without it well be found.

This is the Task that I did undertake,
Of *Nothing's* *Nothing* Something for to make.

Paradox LXXVIII.

*That Ignorance is better than Knowledg, and Fools more
happy than Wise Men.*

THE more I think hereon, the more I resolve and rest in this Opinion, *That it is better to have no Knowledg in Letters, than to be expert or skilful therein ;* considering, that such as have consum'd the most part of their Age in the Study of Sciences, have in the end repented themselves thereof, and have oftentimes found very evil Success thereby.

*Great Wits and Valours, like great States,
Do sometimes sink with their own Weights ;
Th'Extremes of Glory and of Shame,
Like East and West become the same.*

No Indian Prince has to his Palace
More Followers than a Thief to th' Gallows.

Valerius the Great, writing of (Learning) saith, That in his latter years he conceiv'd such an Hatred against Letters, as if they were the Cause of his many Grievous Travels.

*His Foppery without the help of Sense,
Could ne'er have risen to such an Excellence:
Nature's as lame in making a true Fop,
As a Philosopher: the very Top
And Dignity of Folly, we attain
By studious Search and Labour of the Brain;
By Observation, Counsel and deep Thought,
God never made a Coxcomb worth a Groat:
We owe that Name to Industry and Arts,
An eminent Fool must be a Man of Parts.*

The Emperor Licinius, Valentinius, Heracides, Licinius, and Philonides of Malta, have openly term'd the Skill in Letters, sometime, to be a publick Plague, and common Poison to Men.

*Wisdom's too forward to let any find
Truth in himself, or Pleasure in his Mind;
She takes by what she gives, her Hatred destroys,
She shakes our Courage, and disturbs our Joys:
Thus Wisdom is to Slaves too great a Slave,
None are so busy as the Fool and Knave.*

And I have found written in many good Authors, that he who covets Knowledge, covers Vexation; and that from great Experience, ensueth (oftentimes) the greatest Danger. Likewise it is certain, that all Heresies, as well ancient as modern, came from Men of Knowledge; and contrarywise, that in People, esteem'd Idiots, or Men of little Knowledge, have been usually noted express Signs of virtuous Works and good Examples.

I highly commend the Order among the Lucines, that no one

possessing Capacity of Letters, or esteem'd Learned, may obtain any Office, or sit as a Magistrate in their Parliament; for they stand in fear, lest these learned Men (by their great Knowledge, which makes them presume so much on their Persons) should trouble the good Order and Tranquillity of their Commonwealth. Nor may this be reckon'd but a very good purpose, if we would well consider their Insolency, who under shadow of Probation in a College, would have every one stand beholden to them, and think

think under colour of their fair Allegations, with Interpretations sometimes crooked enough, to overthrow the best natural Sense in the world; and they of Duty ought to be above all only heard and listned to. Some of them there be, who (like to *Alydas*) confound in their obstinate Opinions and stiff-neck'd Conceits, all things whatsoever they take in hand.

I cannot imagine, to what end are available these Men so highly learned, who (in honor of their Followers) are call'd, *fine, polished, curious and ingenious Wits*. For if they might serve to govern any publick Cause, how many Nations are seen without the Knowledg of Laws Imperial, or of Stoical or Peripatetical Philosophy, so to govern and entertain themselves, that they out-go all antient Commonwealths?

To think that they may serve

for the *Art Military*, I dare boldly witness thus much, that I have known more than one or two Gentlemen, and some learned Captains, who (by the help of their Books) have labo'rd and busy'd themselves to levy an Army, put Men in array, and furnish their Squadrons; which Practice never return'd them any Honour. For in truth in matters of War we daily behold incident Novelties and unaccustom'd Stratagems, which never before were register'd or put in use by the very skilfullest Writers in times past. How can we then with reason affirm the Books of *Frontinus* or *Vegetius* to be profitable for the Art of War? In my conceit, *the good Judgment of a Captain*, join'd with his long Use and Experience in these matters, is sufficient enough for him, without troubling him to turn over Books of the *Art Military*.

*Unequally th' Impartial Hand of Heaven
Has all but this one only Blessing given;
In Wit alone 't has been munificent,
Of which so just a Share to each is sent,
That the most Avaritious are content;
For none e'er thought (the due Division's such)
His own too little, or his Friend's too much.*



That learned People are fit to guide a House, or govern a Household (which the Philosophers call'd *Oeconomia*) how can I agree thereto? when at this day 'tis to be noted, both in *London* and elsewhere, how many good and honest Mothers of Families, who never in their Lives study'd in any University, yet both have and do well order their Houses and guide their Houtholds. Yea, above one or two hundred Wo-

men for example, who (no displeasure to *Aristotle* or *Xenophon*) may learnedly read them a Lecture, and turn them confusedly out of their Houthold Catalogues. And I do not doubt, but if those Philosophers or *Oeconomicks* of Times past, were at this day present to see how our Housewives govern themselves, each one, themselves, and their Children, that they might be oblig'd to give new Precepts and Instructions,

that would better become their learned Books and Volumes.

Besides 'tis easy to prove, that these expert Fellows in Letters (even as by another *Cyrce*) are transform'd, and depriv'd of the greater part of their natural Power. Find me out a young Man, lusty and bravely dispos'd, of affable Temper, endu'd and garnish'd with all such things as are best befitting his Age; let him follow the *Study of Letters*, you shall find him in a short time loutish, unapt to all things; and as little while can he tarry from his Book, as can the Filth out of Water.

Observe the Looks of poor Students, how sad they are, melancholy, grim, dreadful, languishing, humorous and heavy: In brief, the very nearest Portraiture to a deadly Counterfeit, or a long-dry'd Anatomy. And as for their Complexions, they are the hardest in choice that can be amongst Men; they are ever suspicious of some Evil, so bad they are themselves, proud, presumptuous, despising all honest Companies, mortal Enemies to the Female Sex, Vaunters to the uttermost, and frantick Inventers of Tales and Trifles: Which *St. Paul* divinely foreseeing, admonish'd us, *not to be wise, but soberly minded*; fearing lest by over-plunging our selves in the Depth of human Doctrines, we should fall into far greater Perils and Dangers; therefore he counsels us not to seek after high and difficult matters, but to abide in fear, without passing the Bounds of Obedience. Likewise did he not shew himself to have left and despis'd all Lite-

rature and worldly Knowledg, after he had gotten the true Knowledg of God, when he said, nothing was more to be desir'd, than *to know his Master crucify'd*? That he was not come to preach, garnish'd with human Wisdom or rhetorical Cunning; and that the Wisdom of this World was nothing else but Folly before God; and that it did nothing else but puff up the Hearts of Men; and that whosoever sought after things over high, should find themselves shut quite out of Glory? And these Words agree with the Saying of *Ecclesiasticus*, that we should seek after nothing which surmounteth the Capacity of our Spirit. To prove the same, hath not God menac'd by the Mouth of his Prophet, to destroy the Wisdom of the Wise, and to reprove the Prudence of the Skillful?

What shall hinder me from believing that the Wisdom of this World was the Invention of the Enemy, whom our Elders call'd *Dæmon*; seeing the word *Dæmon* signifies wise and learned? This was he that promis'd to poor *Adam* (so easy to be deceiv'd) *the Knowledg of Good and Evil*, if he wou'd but taste of the Fruit which God had forbid him. *Plato* rehearses to this purpose, that an evil Spirit nam'd *Theudas* was the first Inventer of Sciences; and hence it follows, as I think, that we see so few learned Men, but some of them are wicked, seditious, envying the Glory one of another, great Deceivers, and cruel Revengers, which tho' it be not done by Arms in Field like Men, yet have they the means of performing

forming the same in Comedies, beastly Satyrs, sharp and biting Verses, cruel Iambicks, and furious Epigrams.

I wou'd willingly demand of such as make doubt of the Disprofit of Letters, if they were of such value and esteem as they make them to be, our great Lords, who are (as every one perceives) very curious of the most fair and precious things in the world, wou'd they endure such Dearth in their Houses? Why doth not Learning make them so rich and magnificent as other temporal Goods do? And were it so greatly profitable for Youth, as also such an honest Recreation for Age, I am asham'd to see, that in our great Cities and Towns the Professors thereof go from House to House, like such as beg Bread with empty Wallets. For in truth this is the End of Learned Men in these critical and inquisitive Times, not only to be Beggars, but beyond all other to be most miserable and malecontent. That this is true, do but note the very first Figure, Character, or Letter, which we teach our Children in their Infancy; *is it not the Cross?* Beginning with all Poverty, going on with Anguish, Trouble and Grief, and ending with like dolorous Death?

For example, see what was the End of *Socrates* and *Anaxagoras*; who by Sentence and Decree of the Senate of their Countries were both miserably poison'd? *Thales* likewise, who dy'd with Thirst; *Zeno*, who was slain by Command of the Tyrant *Phalaris*; *Anaxarchus*, who was detestably murder'd by the Com-

mand of *Nicocreon*; the great Philosopher and most singular Mathematician *Archimedes*, who was slain by the Soldiers of *Marcellus*; and *Pythagoras* likewise, who was slain in company of threescore of his Scholars.

Think on the glorious Recompence made to the Philosopher *Plato*, when after his long Travel for the publick Good, he was in the end sold as a Slave by *Dimysius* the Tyrant. *Anacharsis* dy'd suddenly: *Diodorus* dy'd in despight, because he cou'd not resolve a Question, which was propos'd to him by the Philosopher *Stilpo*: *Aristotle*, when he saw himself out of credit with *Alexander*, drown'd himself in *Chalcide* in the River *Eurypus*; and *Calisthenes* his Scholar was cast forth of the windows. *Cicero* had his Head and Hands cut off, and his Tongue pull'd out, having been before banish'd from *Rome*, where he saw his House ruin'd, his beloved Daughter dead before his face, and his Wife in the Arms of his utter Adversary. *Seneca* dy'd a violent and outrageous Death; *Averroes* the great Commentator of *Aristotle*, was broken with a Wheel that pass'd over his Body: *Johannes Scotus* making his Lecture in *England*, was stab'd to death by his Scholars with their Penknives.

But leaving these anient matters, and to speak of them of later times, let us consider the Death of *Hermolaus Barbarus*, who was banish'd from the Signory of *Venice*, because without the Consent of them he had accepted the Patriarch's Authority of *Aquilea*; he dy'd by a Coal that

that took hold of one of his Toes. *Domitius Calverinus* dy'd also of the Plague. The learned Counsellor or Peacemaker was burn'd after he was dead, because they could not catch him in his life-time. *Angelus Politianus* ended his days, beating his Head against the Walls. *Savonarola* was burnt at Florence by the command of Pope *Alexander*. *Peter Lion* of *Spoleta* was thrown into a Well. *Johannes Tisserus* dy'd in an Hospital; *Erasmus* in Exile; the French Poet in like manner, by the miserable and implacable Suit of the Court, even in his old Age: The Lord *John Francis Pica Mirandola* was slain by the People of his own Country. If I would stand to number all, I should undertake one of *Hercules's* Labours; especially to recite the Misery of them that have been, and even now are glad to go seek their Fortune, only thro the cause of Learning.

Wherefore is it, that a Cook, a Horse-keeper, a Gardiner or a Peasant, shall be receiv'd more honourably, and be better provided for in the Courts of Princes and great Lords, than shall a Man of great Wisdom? It is because they receive more Profit by such Fellows, than they do by curious Students or Learned Men; the Countenance of whom makes them in the Court so little regarded, as they are but mock'd at for every word; so that if any one of them think to advance himself in Company, by pronouncing three poor Words of Latin, hardly can he have open'd his mouth, but one is ready to call him Master of the Town, or School-master of the College, which are

words of no more regard (by the Report of themselves that utter them) than if one should call him *poor and miserable wretch*, for that is understood without the speaking; as under the Name of an unthankful man are comprehended all the Faults that may be alledg'd against him.

Did not one make a Law, that whosoever should speak of Letters should be grievously punish'd and corrected, and he that should touch a Book, of what Science soever, should have his hands either burnt or cut off, with particular Commands to every one (under the pain of hanging) no more to use *Paper, Ink, Pens, or Inkborns*, with utter abolishing of the Arts of Impression, Cutting, Graving, or other kind of Stamp, in what manner soever it should be? to the end that Learning being by this Edit driven forth of the sight of Men, by the same means might be prevented the Unhappiness that from thence daily ensues, as well thro the grievous Afflictions which Learning's Followers suffer in themselves, as also in respect of the great danger and loss in those places where the Academies are assembled.

Better it is then to be ignorant than skilful; better to hate Letters than so dearly to cherish and love them. Moreover, our poor ignorant People shew not themselves astonish'd or confounded, of whom (God be prais'd) I know a great number: but they rejoice and thank God in their hearts, for the great Fortune happening to them by reason of their Ignorance. For they remember, that when *Socrates* was judg'd generally,

and held by the Oracle to be wise, when himself openly manifested to every one, that it was because he knew nothing. Likewise they forget not the Proverb of St. Austin, That the Simple are lifted on high, and rejoice the Heavens; but the Learned, with their curious Lessons and Sciences, shall be overturned. Lastly, they call to mind that which was so highly said and reprov'd in St. Paul by Festus the Judge, That the multitude of Sciences, and deep Knowledge in things, oftentimes puts a Man beside himself, and carries him quite from all good sense.

Having prov'd the first part of my Paradox, That Ignorance is better than Knowledge, — I come next to prove — Fools more happy than Wise Men.

As there is but one right Line, and infinite crooked, so there is but one Wisdom, and one way to obtain it; namely, to follow right Reason.

*Wisdom's an Evenness of Soul,
A steady Temper which no Cares controul,
No Passions ruffle, no Desires inflame,
Still constant to it self, and still the same.*

But Wit and Follies are of all sorts (as we see by daily Experience) and of as many fashions as there are different Minds, which conceive things under divers appearances of Goodness.

*Wit e'nt a Flash of Fancy, which sometimes
Dazzling our Minds, sets off the slightest Rhimes,
Bright as a Blaze, but in a moment done;
True Wit is everlasting, like the Sun.
Wit, like Beauty, triumphs o'er the Heart,
When more of Nature's seen, and less of Art.
A thousand different shapes it bears,
Comely in thousand shapes appears,
'Tis not a Tale, 'tis not a Jest,
Admir'd with Laughter at a Feast,
Nor florid Talk which can this Title gain,
The Proofs of Wit for ever must remain.
'Tis not to force some lifeless Verses meet,
With their five gouty Feet;
All ev'ry where, like Man's, must be the Soul,
And Reason the inferior Powers controul:
Yet 'tis not to adorn and gild each part,
That shows more Cost than Art;
'Tis not when two like Words make up one Noise
(Jests for Dutch Men and English Boys)
In which who finds out Wit in't, the same might see
In Anagrams and Acrostick Poetry.
Much less in that have any place,
At which a Virgin hides her Face;*

Such Dross the Fire must purge away.

'Tis just

The Author blush there, where the Reader must.

'Tis not such Lines as almost crack the Stage,

When Bajazet begins to rage :

Nor a tall Metaphor in the Bombast way,

Nor the dry Chips of short-lung'd Seneca ;

Nor upon all things to intrude,

And force some odd Similitude.

What is it then which like the Power Divine,

We only can by Negatives define ?

In a true piece of Wit all things must be,

Yet all things there agree :

As in the Ark, join'd without Force or Strife,

All Creatures dwelt, all Creatures that had Life :

Or as the primitive Forms of all,

Which without Discord and Confusion lie

In that strange Mirror of the Deity.

Moreover, if Happiness be well defin'd by Contentment, who is there but accounts Fools more happy than the Wise? Witness he who otherwise intelligent enough, was a Fool in this only point, that he would diligently repair alone to the Theatre, and fancy that he saw and heard the Actors, and applauded them, altho nobody was there besides himself; but being cur'd of his Folly, he complain'd of his Friends instead of thanking them, for having been too careful to render him miserable, being a happy man before. Besides, Folly hath this Privilege, that we bear with that Truth from the mouth of a Fool, which wou'd be odious in another: and the Tribe of Fools is indeed exceeding great, since we are born such; for a Child is agreeable upon no other account but its Simplicity, which is nothing else but Folly; by which many Faults are excusable in Youth, which are not to be endur'd in other Ages. And those whom we account happiest, and that die of old Age, end thus, and are therefore call'd twice Children; and Folly serves to take away the Sense of all the Discontents and Inconmodities of Old Age. Yea he that more nearly considers the Course of our Life, will find more of Folly in it than of Wisdom.

*A formidable Figure! black as Night!
That does in Shades and Labyrinths delight,
Exceeding fierce, but destitute of Sight.*

But if Self-conceit, Play, Love, and the other Passions, be so many Follies, who is free from it? happy, is justly accounted a Stoical Paradox, since 'tis contrary to true natural Sentiments, which shew us that the Happiness of this Life

Life consists only in two Points, namely, in the Privation of Grief, and the Possession of Good. As for the first, not to speak of bodily Pains, from which the Wise are no more exempt than Fools, the strongest Minds are more intelligent by their more vigorous Reasoning, and consequently more susceptible of inward Grief and Affliction, of *Hope, Fear, Desire*, and all other Passions; besides that they are ordinarily of a melancholy Temper, and more fix'd upon their Objects than Fools, who are more inconstant; to say nothing of the Scruples of Conscience, which many times rack their Spirits, of the Points of Honour, of Civilities, nor of the knotty Questions in the Sciences. As for the latter, the Possession of Good, Fools have a better share than the Wise, be-

cause there is no absolute, but only relative Good in this world; whence proceeded the many different Opinions touching the chief Good, and the Saying, that none is truly happy, unless he thinks himself so. And therefore there are *more Fools than Wise happy*. For the latter discerning the Meanness and Vanity of the Goods of the World, account it no Happiness to possess them, but strain their Wits to find others more solid, which they will never find in this world: Whereas the former live contented and happy in the quiet Enjoyment of their present Goods, beyond which they wish no others. Moreover, our Happiness and Contentment depends upon our selves, that is, upon our own Imagination:

*Fools are known by looking wise,
As Men find Woodcocks by their Eyes.*

This appears in the Hospitals of Fools, who are so far from resenting the Horror and Misery wherein they really are, that on the contrary they flatter themselves with their agreeable Fancies of being Kings, Emperors, and very Gods; from which they take more pleasure than they give to others: As also in that Athenian, who imagining all the Ships in the Piræan Haven to be his, rejoic'd for their Return; and su'd his Friends at Law for curing him of this agreeable Folly. In fine, according to the mere Sen-

timents of Nature, the People of the World addicting themselves to all sorts of Pleasures, are more happy than those who deny the same to themselves, in obedience to the Counsels of the Gospel; and yet in the Judgment of God, who is the Rule of true Wisdom, these are Wise, and the other Fools. Lastly, the Law is favourable to Fools in the perpetration of great Crimes, their Defect of Will being their Security; for which reason we call them Innocents.

Paradox

Paradox LXXIX.

In Praise of a Lye.

I.

FOR naked *Truth* let others write,
 And fairly prove that *Black's not White*,
 Quarrel and scold, then scratch and bite,
Till they're with Cuffing weary,
 Give me a *Lye*, trick'd neat and gay,
 As fine as any *Hedg* in *May*;
 Most think so too, altho they'll say,
Perhaps the clean contrary.

II.

The *Courtier* first is counted rude,
 If he's with *Lying* unendu'd,
 Nay when he's in his *Altitude*,
He gives it Oaths for clenching.
 The *Brisk* and *Young* sour *Truth* despise,
 And kick her back to th' *Old and Wife*;
Wenching's the *Gallant's* *Life*, a *Lye's*
The very Life of Wenching.

III.

Room for the *Man of Parchment* next,
 Whose *Comments* so confound the *Text*,
 And *Truth's* *High Road* so much perplex,
One scarce can e'er get at it.
 With his own *Practice* not content,
 He'll either quote, or he'll invent,
 He'll find or make a *Precedent*,
And gravely lye by Statute.

IV.

Next the poor *Scholar* laden comes,
 With *Packs* of *Sentences* and *Sums*,
 Scratches his *Head* and bites his *Thumbs*,
For Truth is all his Vigour.
 Like * *Lynceus* wise, O who but he
 The *Essences* of things can see,
 When he deceives but orderly,
And lyes in Mood and Figure.

* This *Mr. Lynceus* was, you must know, a mighty quick-sighted Fellow, he could see thro' *Walls*, *Houses*, *Ships at Sea*, at the greatest distance, and—— But that's enough already to believe at once.

V.

Who but the Poet ought t' appear
 T'ch' end? Who shou'd bring up the Rear,
 But he, who without Wit or Fear,
 Lays on his Lyes by clusters;
 Never of sneaking Truth afraid,
 He'il her with open Arms invade,
 And dreadful Armies in his Aid,
 Of his own Heroes musters.

VI.

Well, since on all sides 'tis confest
 A quiet Life must needs be best,
 Who'd think it hard to purchase Rest,
 By such a small complying?
 Let him that will, speak Truth for me,
 Truth the worst Incivility!
 I'd rather in the Fashion be,
 Since all the World's for Lying.

Paradox LXXX.

A Plot and no Plot: Or a Paradox proving, when the Dissenters Plot to subvert the Church of England, (in that very Plot) they do their utmost to serve and support it. With a Narrative of the Plotting Non-Plotters, their Names and principal Consults, discover'd by one of the Conspirators for discharging his own Conscience (by way of Paradox) and undeceiving the World.

GREAT Cry and little Wool! — There has been a great Noise (made by the Tackers and their Brethren the Jacobites) that the Church of England is in great danger from the Dissenters, &c. but upon a narrow Search into this Report, I find it a Whim, a Dream, a Sham, a Lye, a Seditious Memorial, a great Noise about Nothing; for that the Church of England is in no danger (except from such as say she is, &c.) is prov'd by her Majesty's Speech from the Throne (spoke on Saturday the 27th Day of October, 1705.) where are these words, viz. *I am willing to hope not one of my Subjects can really entertain a Doubt of my Affection to the Church, or so much as suspect that it will not be my chief Care to support it, and leave it secure after me; and therefore we may be certain, that they who go about to insinuate things of this Nature, must be mine and the Kingdoms Enemies, and can only mean to cover Designs,* which

which they dare not publicly own, by endeavouring to distract Us with unreasonable and groundless Distrusts and Jealousies. 'Tis here plain from her Majesty's own Words from the Throne, That the Church of England is in no danger from the Dissenters.

The House of Lords and Commons being also satisfy'd the Church of England is in no danger, in the Votes of the House of Commons, Decemb. 14. 1705. I find these Words: Resolv'd by the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons in Parliament assembled, that the Church of England as by Law establish'd, which was rescu'd from the extremest Danger by King William the Third of glorious Memory, is now by God's Blessing under the happy Reign of her Majesty in a most safe and flourishing Condition; and that whoever goes about to suggest and insinuate that the Church is in Danger under her Majesty's Administration, is an Enemy to the Queen, the Church and the Kingdom.

So that 'tis clear from her Majesty's Speech from the Throne, and the unanimous Votes of both Houses of Parliament (for they both join'd in the same Address to the Queen) that all the Noise of a Dissenters Plot to subvert the Church, was (as her Majesty words it) only an endeavouring to distract us with unreasonable and groundless Distrusts and Jealousies.

From the Premises (as here stated) I shall prove, when Dissenters plot to subvert the Church, that very Plot is to serve and support it, &c. I own this Paradox is very strange; for the Reader may well ask, How can Dissenters plot and not plot at the

same time? To this I answer, If there were not some difficulty to prove it, it were no Paradox; neither can any Subject that is not obscure and strange enough to be call'd a Paradox, pass for Athenian Sport.——

Without any more Digression, I come now to prove, when Dissenters plot to subvert the Church, in that very Act they do their utmost to serve and support it.——

How! a Dissenters Plot, and (as the Tackers call it) a Plot to subvert the Church, but as good luck would have it, 'tis a Plot and no Plot. And here to prove our Paradox, it will be needful, first to give some general Scheme of the whole Design of these Plotting Non-plotters, &c. which will make it evident, that their Plot to subvert the Church was no Plot at all.

The Design (or Plot and no Plot) which you will say is a terrible one, and therefore had need be well prov'd, as it shall be beyond all possibility of Answer, was this in short.—— To go as far as possible from their Catholick Mother, whom they most rudely call'd the old Whore of Rome, and never to have any Correspondence or Symbolizing with her, nor give her any hopes of future Accommodation: by consequence to entertain nothing in God's Service, which had been notoriously abus'd by her to Superstition; insomuch that the Use in such cases they thought hardly separable from the Abuse. Heartily to desire all Churches might be settled by this Rule, according to God's Word and right Reason; but if their Lot was cast in any, in their judgment yet wanting somewhat of what they desir'd, modestly,