

deftly, as Beza calls it, to declare their Dissatisfaction thereat, but yet not make an open Schism and Rupture, nor defill from their respective Duties, unless requir'd to submit to such Usages as they deem'd not only less convenient, but even sinful, or to testify and subscribe their Approbations of such things, as their Consciences, after the calmest and strictest Examination, could not approve. For default of which Compliances, if forc'd out, yet using all Candour towards such as remain'd within the Pale; interpreting all things fairly, not widening the Breach, but heartily desiring its Closure. In State—albeit they would be thought far from encouraging the Licentiousness of the Rabble, or private Persons, who have nothing to do in the Government; yet they must own, they cannot, nor ever could, serve themselves up to those high-flown Principles, whereto some have only restain'd Loyalty and Obedience. Nor can they believe that God and Nature made all the World for no other end than to be Slaves to the Lusts of some few great Robbers, but that the Good and Happiness of Mankind is the truest Law and surest Rule wherunto all Obedience is to be squar'd; and that this Obedience has Protection for its Correlate so essentially, that there can be no more one without the other, than a King without Subjects.— On which account they also think there is neither Treason nor Heresy in those Words of Calvin so often exclaim'd against as contrary to all Government.—*Si qui nunc sint, &c.* If there be, &c. Being of the Opinion that the Estates of a Realm may and ought to inquire into Abu-

ses of that nature, when notorious, intolerable, and remediless.—

And that in such cases Arms are Lawful, albeit for the ill Consequences, never to be taken without the greatest Extremity.

Here is (as they say) their Plot and no Plot, &c. if you will credit them and them; and herein have been induc'd to embark, the way or other, all those of other Reform'd Communions, who have not been so zealous as others for the Continuance of those long and dark Ages (as they call them) amongst us; or who in Civil Matters have not primitive Zeal enough to hold up their Throats by Legions, till the words of Tyrants were blunted, and their Arms weary with teaching them the Exercise of Passive Obedience.— The Instances of which in both kinds, and their many Plotting Non plotting to obtain their Ends, shall be track'd in this *Par dix*, from the Days of John Calvin (that Grand Fanatick) down to this present Year 1706.

And here I shall first observe, that John Calvin wrote to that young King Edward VI. in order to the Reformation of our Church, and Plotted matters so well (in order to prevent all future Plots against the Church and State) that he did at last (as well as the Heretick Bishops about him) instil into him so much Piety, Temper and Moderation, as deserv'd to have been engraven and eterniz'd in his own Statue of Brass. And this Project of Calvin's was such a Plot and no Plot (against the Sacred Hierarchy) that I dare assert, it was none of the Felicities of the Church of England, that this Prince dy'd so soon.

But what yet deeper Designs *Calvin* manag'd at this time against (I mean for) the Church, and how he *Plotted* the forming of it after the *Primitive Model*, we may more than conjecture from the Letters of a vigilant Catholick found in *Queen Mary's Closet of Sanguine Memory*, and communicated to *Queen Elizabeth* some years after her coming to the Crown, by a Minister of State; wherein the Politick Priest acquaints his Correspondent that it was the Result of the most refin'd Thoughts in their Communion, by all means to heighten Animosities among Hereticks; their Uniting having been fear'd, and terribly alarm'd the Romish See, inasmuch as *Calvin* himself had made Proposals to young *Edward*, on some terms to admit of Episcopacy among the foreign Protestants, to join all in the same Confession of Faith, and acknowledg that King to be their Protector and Head; which would have been of fatal consequence to the Catholick Cause, on which account they bent their utmost Endeavours to have his Proffers rejected, and accordingly accomplish'd the same. When this was shown *Queen Elizabeth*, she protested she had rather than halt a year's Revenue her Brother had seen this, and than a year's Revenue that she her self had seen it before. But what matter is it what *Queen Bess's* Judgment was in the case? She will have enough to do, to answer for her self, whose Reign we are now come to.

In whose long, should I add tedious Reign, all the Church and State began to contract those ill

Humours which afterwards overrun both, and made us a Scorn to Lookers on, then, since, and now. It was then that the open profess'd Puritan fell foul on *undry Rites and Ceremonies*, as the *Cross, Surplice, &c.* as stinking to much of *Romish Superstition*; complaining moreover the Church wanted farther refining. But all this was but a sort of *Nonplotting*: for what could they have done, had not the moderate Men join'd their Cause, and promoted it more than they themselves? For albeit they were satisfy'd in the Rationality of all those Ecclesiastical Decrees and Usages; yet for the sake of Peace, and quieting those Complainers, and easing their Consciences, and avoiding the Scandal of Schism, in those particulars they were inclining towards a Relaxation; nay, had great hopes also to have accomplish'd this their notorious *Plot* and *No-Plot*, had not the ever-loyal Catholick Party, in mere Zeal for the *Protestant Religion by Law establish'd*, obstructed their Intentions, and baffled their Hopes: So saith *Bishop Horn* in a Letter to that Arch-Heretick *Bullinger* at *Zurich* about this time. ' We have labour'd, saith he, to get the Act of *Garments, &c.* to be repeal'd, and had obtain'd it the last Session of Parliament, and hope to accomplish it in this, had not the *Papists* hinder'd it. And several more of them write to the same purpose, albeit they had before but overmuch damag'd the Church, by persuading the Queen to have Images remov'd therefrom.

See we next how these subtle Serpents prevail'd with that Queen to be in a *Plot* (or rather *No Plot*) against her self, and embark'd the Lords and Commons in the same Design. This they accomplish'd by inducing sundry Principles destructive to General Power and Absolute Impery, both into her Judgment and her Kingdoms, whether Laity or Clergy; namely, that *Kings might be resisted*, if they endeavour'd to destroy their Subjects: which Position they contriv'd a Bishop well-inclin'd to their Party should impudently write, and in barefac'd Print dedicate to the Queen; with whom that and such Advice had such Success, that she assisted the rebellious Subjects both of *France* and *Holland* against their Liege Lords and Tyrants, the Kings of *France* and *Spain*. Whereunto the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, as being likewise sour'd with the same Leven, intirely consented; and granted liberal Supplies for that purpose, and the Clergy Subsidies; daring moreover, in their very Acts of Parliament, to stile these Just, Necessary, and Religious Purposes. From which Practice how is it possible but evil-minded Nations will subsume, That if Queen, Lords and Commons, if Clergy and Laity, Persons of all Estates and all Characters, once and again did own and defend, assist and promote such an Action, they either were all the grandest Hypocrites, or else did truly in their Judgment think it was in some Cases lawful to defend Religion and Rights by Arms, and by consequence lop off that luxuriant Branch of Power; whereby Prin-

ces might use their Subjects how they please, and be worship'd by them as a certain *Great Prince* is by the *Indians*, that he may do them no harm?

It is a very melancholy Consideration how many Great Men among us were leaning to these same Opinions with these *Plotting Non-Plotters*.— *Horn, Grindal* himself; with many other Prelates, and as we are told, a great part of one Convocation: And in the State, *Knolls, Leicester, North, &c.* all judging that on account of much Mischief in that and succeeding Ages, felt and foreseen by some things call'd by them *Not Essential* to our Church, they might with much more Profit than Damage suffer some Retrenchment. But these their Wishes and *Plotting Nonplottings* succeeding; as well as *Hacker's, Coppinger's, &c.* Blasphemies (which yet we cannot persuade them to own) all fell to the ground, without any Fruit to their Content during her Reign. In which even the Defection of the Papists from our Communion, which they join'd the first ten years, is by the admirable *Heylin* charg'd on these same Persons as a perfect Branch of their Plot, in pag. 259. notwithstanding the World is so unhappily mistaken, as to think the direct contrary. Consequently, what more clear than that all the Attempts made on that Queen by the Papists, *Parry's Conspiracy, Babbington's*. the Queen of *Scots*, and even 88 it self and the *Spanish Invasion*, are justly chargeable on this Party? and therefore.— *Christi- nos ad Leones.*

The succeeding Reign of King *James* would afford a very large Field, and tempt to expatiate on their *No-Plots*. I call 'em so as all their Plots were only to serve and support the Government. I might instance in their *Spain-plot* of the *Gunpowder Treason*, thrown upon the Catholics to render them odious, albeit they have so frequently, when thereon interrogated, assur'd the World it was a mere Trick of *Cecil's* (their Religion not permitting them to equivocate or lye) with other truly innumerable. We might for the more account somewhat of their principal *Plotting Nonplotters*, the first, *Arch-Bishop* Patron of the moderate Party; *Abbot*, and his Followers and Admirers, who refus'd to judg in so luscious a Case as that of the *Lady Essex's* Virginity.

King *Charles I.* was hardly warm in his Throne, but the *Plotting Nonplotting*, before begun was carry'd on with more Life than ever. Pursuant whereunto, they and the Party which favour'd them of our own, caus'd sundry of the King's Ministers to be remov'd, question'd that Supreme, Imperial, Absolute, Unaccountable, Unlimited Power, so often intimated as inseparably inherent in the Crown of *England*; pretending things were not well manag'd, good Men not advanc'd, Viciousness not restrain'd, but encourag'd, the Laws not executed against Popish Recusants, but suspended, the Trust concredited not observ'd, *Many* illegally exas'd, and *Property* invaded; and finally no hope left to have things fairly remedy'd, subsuming that Arms were necessary and lawfu

to remove ill Counsellors and vindicate Liberties, tho' pretending the King's Name and Authority. Here again was their *Plot* and *No Plot*; because,

1. Our Liberties had no Invasion. Some small things might be, as are in the best Governments, but not worth minding or speaking of—only sending all over *England*, to demand Money by Prerogative without Parliament, and force the Stubborn and Rebellious, who refus'd to give to *Cesar* the things which were not *Cesar's*, suffer Contumelias for their pertinacity. Moreover, our Religion was not in jeopardy, nor our Laws transgress'd, inasmuch as albeit some hundreds of Popish Recusants were liberat'd from legal Du-rance, and likewise the Pope's Nuncio was here actually resident, and Plots discover'd, and offer'd to be depoyed, against the King's Person, Government, and Laws, by the *Papists*. Moreover, albeit that the Queen was a zealous Propugner of their Religion, and likewise mortally averted the Protestants, Name and Thing; and was so intirely trusted, as to obtain and dispose of blank Commissions, of which use had enough was made, yet still we believed to contradict our own Senses, and in no wise believe that either our Laws or Religion were endanger'd.

Furthermore, it ought to be well adverted, what fore Mischiefs *Moderation* wrought in the Councils and Actions of that Age, seeing those still'd *Moderate Men*, the *Frimmers* of that Disposition, were even more noxious and obnoxious than others openly

openly enlisted, as was observ'd in former Reigns, and shall be in that succeeding. They were in the late to capitulating with Sovereignty, preserving Liberty, their great *Diana*; nor thought it damnable to keep their own by any lawful means, or refuse to part with it, saving in a Parliamentary way. In *Church* for *Accommodation* and *Moderation*, and rather inclining to favour the Dissenter than the Catholick.——

Accordingly not overtend of Additions or Superstructures, or Retinings on the Ceremonies. They believ'd a Man might be sav'd by the Merits of Jesus, without *Bowing* at his Name within Church, and Swearing by it as soon as he came out: That it was not absolutely necessary to salvation to have the Church windows render'd devout, by darkning them with pictures of the Trinity: That it was not a mortal Sin to call the *Altar* a *Table*; nor of the Essence of the Sacrament, to have *that* rail'd in. Nay worse, they believ'd a *Calvinist* might be sav'd, and dar'd hope as much of *Jack Calvin* himself; tho' many others would as soon be of *Origen's* charitable Opinion, that the Devil might. Neither did they conclude all those Reprobates who believ'd *Predestination*. They thought, by *Dr. Heylin's* leave, it was lawful, yea even praiseworthy, to keep the *Lord's Day* as a *Sabbath*, and that time full as well employ'd in reading God's Word, and singing Psalms, as in playing at *Football* or *Morrice-dancing*. Nay, to lay open the very Core of those *Fanatical Pustles* and *Blains* that infected the sick Nation, they would have

been condescending to amove or leave indiffere the *Cross* and *Surplice* themselves, to save the Souls of their weak Brethren, and induce Peace and Unity in the Church. What need we name all the *Plotting Nonplotters* who promoted these pernicious Designs, and avow'd the bynam'd Principles? Who more notic'd that way than the Puritanical *Usher*?——Of whom need we any worse Character, than that the *Dissenters Honour'd and lov'd him*? Who was nothing else, as *Dr. Heylin*, so much his Superior equally in Learning, Piety, Gravity, and Good Nature, tells the World, but a *walking Bookellers Shop, with a deal of old Lumber in his Head*, and who was notoriously Puritanical in most Points of their foremention'd Creed. Of the same Batch was the Bishop of *Lincoln*——The Name——and——Thing, Man. Bishop *Downham*; *Prideaux* Bishop of *Worcester*; Bishop *Wilkins*, who might as soon get to the Moon in one of his own Chariots, as accomplish the less improbable Project of Union with these Dissenters, to whom he was himself too near ally'd.——One Fanatical Principle more I had e'en slip't, to which all these foremention'd, and numbers of the same Leven, were almost sworn; namely, that *his Holiness was Antichrist*, and his Metropolis, the famous City of *Rome*, mere *Babylon*.——Wherein he that cannot smel a *Plot* (and yet no *Plot*) against the very Root of all Government, has no Nose. For his Holiness being, it is well known, a great Temporal Prince, thus reflecting

upon him in that Capacity, does so likewise upon all others; on which account no wise Prince would suffer those in his Dominions, who defend such a dangerous Maxim. Let me add the reviving that unmannerly Position in the late Disputations against the Catholicks, after it had been given them so frankly by so many great Doctors; the asserting and vindicating, and *almost quoting Homily for it*, could bode no Good to the Church, but too plainly indicate that some Designs were hatching, which have since been produc'd into Maturity.

But to return from this Digression: while I am describing to my unwary Countrymen the *Plots* (and *No-Plots*) in this Reign, and the brooding Mischief of *Fatal Moderation*; let not those excellent Persons be forgot, who stem'd the Tide against it, or rather rush'd down the Stream, and overbore all Opposers: like good Soldiers very generously letting the Ship split all to shivers, and sink to the bottom, rather than suffer any *Interloping*.

Shall those great Names, *Sibthorp* and *Manwaring*, be ever forgotten, or how bravely and freely, like Kings, they gave to the King?—It is true, it was what was none of their own,—but *there's the Rarity!*—It is mean and vulgar only to give what is so.—But to give Rights of Kingdoms, Power of Parliaments, Liberty of levying what Taxes he pleas'd, without the old dull Formalities of saying, *By your Leave*, to the Lords and Commons; and on the other side Preaching the People into Dam-

nation, if the stingy Wretches should refuse even to send their Heads in a Bandbox, were it their Sovereign's Will and Pleasure to ask for them: This in good truth, was worth both giving and taking, and really deserv'd between Man and Man as good a Deanery or Bishoprick, in consideration, as any in *England*.

Of the other side—The making so many Complements, kind Faces and Cringes to his Holiness at *Rome*; the leaning that way, in a just Detestation of Fanatical Zeal, which swagg'd to the other; the pressing the very highest Pinnacles, nay Vanes of what one aptly enough terms *Sejquiconformity*; the abominating, and almost excommunicating all foreign Churches; the running down Law, *Ignoramus Lawyers* (*Selden* and such like) and the sawcy Tribe of *Jack-Gentlemen*. — These were some of the noble Expedients by which those worthy Men oppos'd the *Plotting Non-plotters*, and took such effectual Care to prevent and cure the Schism in Church and State, and all deplorable Effects thereafter arising.

Among those memorable Persons signally instrumental therein, let us by no means forget the grave, ingenuous, and good-natur'd *Dr. Heylin*. How much is really owing to his Pains and Honesty, we have already occasionally accounted, tho' too much can scarce be said on such a Subject; of whose truly remarkable Works, and those two especially, his *History of the Reformation*, and *the Presbyterians*—we may without invidious Reflections or

Comparisons boldly affirm, that hardly ever were two Books written like them, and that they deserve only to be compar'd with one another.

But graver and sadder Matters exact more Seriousness. These perillous Persons, the Subjects of the present Discovery, carry'd Matters yet much higher: and having first seduc'd a vast Body of the Church of *England* into their Cause, and much the larger part of both Houses of Parliament, at that time to take Arms for the Vindication of those Liberties and that Religion, they, you see how unjustly, pretended in so much danger; nay, having insinuated (as they are certainly a very cunning sort of People) some of their own Principles into the King himself, who had formerly assisted the *French* Protestants against the Oppressions and Contraventions of their own King; and so fully imbib'd him with the Lawfulness thereof, that to the very day of his Martyrdom, after the severest Examination of his closest Thoughts, and acknowledging some Evils, which Reason of State had, he thought, push'd him on formerly; he yet never was known to look on this as any Sin or Error, in Word or Writing, tho' grantedly so pious a Man, and of so tender a Conscience.

After they had by these Methods, and a long War, ruin'd the *Royal* Interest and Family, they erected a pretended Court of Justice, whereon by a Process for that end then laid before them, they condemn'd their *Royal* Master. They will deny this without doubt, as confidently

as if they were innocent, charge the guiltless Catholics as guilty of contriving, effecting, and rejoicing at it, and pretend their Detestation of a Fact so devilishly barbarous and inhuman.—

For defence of the poor Catholics against their Calumnies, suffice it, they have no solid Argument to make good their Assertion, only that during the War, more Papists were in the Rebels Army than in the Royal, as appears by a publick Proclamation under that *Martyr's* own Hand: That his Death was before consulted and agreed on at *Comé*, and in the *Soulonne*: That several known Priests were actually present, some disguisedly, even in Office, and assisting at that Execrable Villany: That there was publick Joy and Triumph thereupon, and a Sword flourish'd over his Head by a *Jesuit*, when it was accomplish'd. But these are Arguments must be blown away, instead of being answer'd.

And under the same Class may we rank the Excuse of the Party against their having any hand in this Innocent Blood. They urge, forsooth, That the Ends of War attain'd, they were now, and had been openly for Peace; were satisfy'd with the King's Concessions, embrac'd a Treaty, even agreed on Terms, expected to have made themselves and him happy: That the *House of Lords*, *Commons*, *City* and *Country* were all of this mind: That it was only the Usurper and his Army, who acted what was thereafter done; yet not daring to attempt it till the *City* was disarm'd, the *House of Lords* dissolv'd, the *Commons* purg'd and alter'd:

That when the Usurper's Intent was perceiv'd, seventy odd of their Ministers went in a Body to him, dissuaded him from it, reprobated against it—and when the fatal Blow was over, regretted it as deeply, bewail'd it as truly, as a Mother would have done the untimely Death of her only Child. That there were of their Number, who after all Entreaties, Careless and Persuasions, absolutely refus'd ever to see him more. That for this and other as pregnant Reasons, they no more think the Body of them, either indiscriminately or eminently concern'd in the Action, than in all the wild and wicked Blasphemies and Immoralities of the Ranters, and other Enthusiasts of that Age; which thereafter poster'd and expos'd the Nation, and which with just as much Reason are by their Enemies most injuriously charg'd upon them.—But all this, as in the Case aforesaid, it is not worth the while to attempt to answer.

It is time now to remind my loving Countrymen of what many of them, as well as I myself, if they will take the pains of Reflection, cannot chuse but remember, to wit, the restless Endeavours and Intrigues of that Party, who you see have been Flattering Non-Plotters from their very Cradles, since the happy period of the Restoration.

At which time the Expectations of the Faction and their Friends could not but be great, and their hopes extremely Sanguine, to attain their long desir'd ends—

confounding the Church by uniting to it, or as the Dissenters

would rather phrase it, happily closing the long bleeding Wounds of these Kingdoms; which fairly proves, When Dissenters Plot to subvert the Church of England, in that very Plot they do their utmost to serve and support it; for all their Plot is to unite all the dissentant Subjects in the Three Kingdoms. Or if Lejley and the Facking Crew are still so impatient as to deny this, see it confirm'd by the Dissenters late Address to the Queen, which was this following:

May it please your Majesty,

THE late surprizing Progress of your Majesty's Forces, and those of your Allies in Flanders, under the most illustrious Prince the Duke of Marlborough, and of those in Spain commanded by the noble Earls of Peterborough and Galway, happily supported by your Royal Navy, under the Conduct of your Prudent and Valiant Admirals, engages us humbly to congratulate your Majesty on so glorious an Occasion.

The Signal Answer it has pleas'd God to return to those devout Prayers which your Majesty, and your People, by your pious Direction, address'd to Heaven, inspires us with a Joy equal to the Mortification it gives your Enemies: And while your Majesty ascribes your many Victories to the Arm of the Almighty, and repeats your Royal Commands to your People to offer him their Solemn Thanksgivings, we can't but look on your Majesty's Piety as a hopeful Pledg of like future Successes,

' As the important Consequen-
 ' ces of your Majesty's Tri-
 ' umphs make a daily Accession
 ' to your Glory; so they give
 ' us a agreeable Prospect of the
 ' speedy Reduction of the Power
 ' of *France* to its just Limits,
 ' the Restitution of Liberty and
 ' Peace to *Europe*, the effectual
 ' Relief of the Reform'd Chur-
 ' ches abroad, and the security
 ' of that Provision the Law has
 ' made for a Protestant Succession
 ' to the Crown of this Kingdom,
 ' We gratefully acknowledg
 ' the Share we have in the Bless-
 ' ings of your Majesty's auspici-
 ' cious Reign, which preserves
 ' to us both our Civil and Reli-
 ' gious Liberties; and take this
 ' occasion to renew to your Ma-
 ' jesty the Assurance of our in-
 ' violable Fidelity, to which not
 ' only our Interest and Inclina-
 ' tion, but the sacred Ties of
 ' Gratitude and Conscience ob-
 ' lige us: And we shall use our
 ' utmost Endeavours in our se-
 ' veral Stations to promote that
 ' Union and Moderation among
 ' your Protestant Subjects, so of-
 ' ten recommended by your Ma-
 ' jesty as highly necessary to the
 ' common Safety.

' May the Divine Providence,
 ' that has made your Majesty not
 ' only the Head of the Protestant
 ' Interest, but Chief in the Con-
 ' federacy for the Glorious Cause
 ' of Common Liberty, give your
 ' Majesty the Satisfaction of see-
 ' ing both more firmly establish'd
 ' than ever, by the Influence of
 ' your Councils and Success of
 ' your Arms. May your Ma-
 ' jesty's exemplary Piety, Zeal
 ' for the Reformation of Man-
 ' ners, and Parental Care of all

' your People, even those of the
 ' remotest Colonies, be eminently
 ' rewarded by the Great God,
 ' with the constant Prosperity of
 ' your Government: May your
 ' Reign be honour'd with a hap-
 ' py Union of your two King-
 ' doms of *Great Britain*: May
 ' your Royal Consort the Prince
 ' enjoy a confirm'd Health: May
 ' your Majesty continue to rule
 ' in the Hearts of your People,
 ' and be late advanc'd to a
 ' Throne of Glory in the King-
 ' dom of Heaven; so pray

' Your Majesty's most Loyal
 ' and most Obedient Sub-
 ' jects and Servants.

'Tis plain by *the Presbyterians, In-*
dependents and Anabaptists here
 unanimously joining in one Ad-
 dress, that all their *Plot* is for
 Peace and Union (*i. e.* no Plot
 at all.)

And how all things seem'd that-
 way dispos'd, had not Provi-
 dence and some good *Catholick*
Tackers order'd it otherwise, is a
 melancholy Reflection to any
true Lover of his Country and Re-
ligion. For the long and fatal
 mischiefs,—the Sins and Scandal,
 and Shame and Opprobry, and
 yet uncur'd Wounds given and
 taken on all sides, *for what was*
not worth half the Cost and Pains;
 had inclin'd many considering
 men to desire an end of them,
 by taking away the very Root of
 these Distempers, to wit, *our un-*
happy Divisions, with which none
 but were sufficiently tired.——

Thereupon fair Advances were
 made, and strong Inclinations, e-
 ven in the *Heads of Parties,* to
 make

make an end of what they were so much ashamed of. But to return,

I shall next mention the Conference at the Savoy, wherein ten to one but the Work had been accomplish'd, many deep Heads being laid together on the Design; which had it been done, who can guess the Mischiefs had thereupon succeeded inevitably? The poor Catholics must never have hop'd to have breath'd, or had one push more for *Holy Mother*; Trade had flourish'd, *England* had been strong, famous and invincible (what to do, but to make it proud and factious?) The *Most Christian King* had never arriv'd to that height of Grandeur and Glory in Plundering, Burning, Massacring his own, and all other Nations in *Europe*, and letting in the yet more *Christian Turk* on the other side of *Germany*; had we been all well at home, and fit to keep our ancient Station, the Ballance of *Europe*. All those Heats and Ferments amongst us had been avoided, and a great deal of brave Blood unspilt, or made better use of. (But as for that, being such as inclin'd to this Party, you will say no great matter.) Peace, Quietness and eternal Security had been entail'd on these Nations to future Ages, instead of still remaining *Spite, Malice and such Animosities*, as God knows when we shall see the end of them.— (But what then had become of *Doxors Commons*?) so that after all plausible Pretences, you see there lie very heavy Inconveniences of the other side, besides some yet to be nam'd, to overbalance this Union. Then enter'd into this *Plot and no Plot*,

Bishop *Wilkins* and others, pretendedly ours: But how concern'd and intent on this fruitless *Embryo*, and how handsomely were they and the hopes of the Dissenters disappointed by that means, we shall further shew, by these weighty and subsequent Reasons.

Had it come to maturity, and the People of *England* had leisure to be all intent on the common Good both here and abroad, in probability a certain Favourite could not have grown so great and topping as he afterwards did, on the Ruins of his Country's Liberties and Glory.

Moreover, neither had the Royal Power been exalted, nor Prerogative extended to signify what the King and his Judges thought meet; nor those Rights which cost our foolish Ancestors so much Blood, and so many thousand Lives, generously sacrific'd to our Resentments, had not the Breach been left open, and Opportunity still to play *Party against Party*, when thought necessary by State-Ministers.

The prudent means us'd to hinder what would certainly have obstructed these great Ends, were near one and the same on both Parties. That is to say, exasperating former Sufferers, rubbing their old Galls and Wounds, foretelling future Repetitions of the same; encouraging both Sides to stand upon higher Terms than of themselves inclin'd to, assuring them they should be granted; Smiles on those who were most averse to Union, or the stiffest, fourest, straitest-lac'd Consciences or Humours; Frowns and Sights on the contrary, who might

might look for their next Preferments in Heaven.

See but what Councils this threw the *Plotting Non-Plotters* upon soon after, how it exasperated and intrag'd them, and what Calumnies they invented on the State, in succeeding times, to bring about their Ends,

One of the most notorious of which was, The two Royal Brothers being reconcil'd to the See of *Rome* before their Return. It was, truth is, an unlucky Motto plac'd on the Pedestal of the then Duke of *York's* Statue, at their triumphant Entrance into *London* in the year 1660. out of the Poet, *Magna Spes altera Roma*, the second mighty Hope of *Rome*. It is also as unhappy a Circumstance, that we have the Word of this second Hope (that Word never yet forfeited) that the first made good the implied Character, and died, as he had in his Heart lived, in the *Roman Communion*. But yet again we have his own Royal Word so often of his being cordial in the *Protestant*, that it must still remain a *Moot-case*, whether of the two we are to believe.

Other as pernicious Insinuations they had, were, That the Nation grew sensibly and notoriously debauch'd; and such as would not be courtly enough to kick their Wives out of Bed and House too, and take a Thing genteeler in their room, were counted and nam'd *errant Fanatics*, and Enemies to the Government, no good Churchmen, loyal, nor any thing else that was good or fit for Preferment. Yea, that the Influence, and Poison of those cursed *Prattlers* to make

men Villains and Atheists, that they might be fit for Slaves and Papists, prevail'd so strongly, and was rooted so deeply, that it is not yet eradicated, and is like to find work for one Age more, as it then produc'd a Fire and Plague, both too weak to conquer it.

The last of which, the *Fire*, they are so impudent to charge on the *Papists*; albeit they have not a Syllable for it, but some old Bundles of Depositions to that purpose before the House of Commons. The positive Confessions of Parties ingag'd in it, and a disaffected Inscription on the Monument since raz'd; but on the other side two or three whole *Observators* contrary thereunto. By the way see a certain Mark who are in the Number of these *Plotting Non-Plotters* all along discover'd——namely, whoever believes the *Papists* burnt the City, and the Duke had any hand in it.—And all who dare be so impudent, deserve to be stigmatiz'd for *Plotting Non-Plotters*.

The next Method *Dissenters* had to blacken the Government and innocent *Catholicks* together, was the pretended *Popish Plot*. As for *Coleman's* Letters, whereof they so much flourish, how easily might they be forg'd by that Party? or, which is more likely, he himself a *Fanatick*; or what is more dangerous, a Beast, a Trimmer in his Heart, contriving all only to disgrace his good Master, and being hang'd for nothing but *the good of the Cause*.—And for all the rest of the *Plot*, *Roger's* Writing and *Oats's* Whipping has sunk it so deep, that it must never expect to rise more.

To

To let pass their *Plot* to *Blunderbuss* the King and all the Royal *Coach-Horses* at the *Rye-house*, which (be it a *Plot* or no *Plot*) they, as well as the *Jesuits*, had Impudence enough at their Deaths to profess themselves as *innocent of it as the Child unborn*. To omit that, and their contumacious Refusals to deliver up *Charters* and all the *many Liberties* of their Forefathers—Go but into King *James the Second's* Reign, and if you do not see enough of their Practices to surfeit you, never believe *Heylin*, *Lesley*, or me again.

How eagerly those *Gudgeons* leapt at the *Toleration*, how greedily they swallow'd it, what *universal* unanimous *Addresses* they made, how many amongst them took up the *extraordinary* *Vocations* of *Test-Members*, *Government-Patchers* and *Regulators*—who has yet forgot?

What matters it if they pretend in their Defence, that their accepting the *Toleration* amounted to no more than not plainly telling the King they would not take it; whereas they ought to have petition'd him to have set the *Rabble* once more a pulling down their *Meeting-houses* about their Ears. Or further, that they were *Flesh and Blood*, and being surpriz'd with unwonted *Ease*, after what is better forgotten than recounted, should some few of them run too far before they stopt to see where they were going. That those who went thorough with it, were for the most part only the *meanest of their Rascality*; scarce a man of Name or Credit engag'd, and all their *Body* plainly disapproving it. That

the *Addresses* were nothing but *Words* without *Hearts* or *Hands* either—unless a very few, and those *dirty ones*, and such as writ more *Marks* than *Names*. That they honour'd and reverence'd the *Clergy* esteem'd, for their vigorous and noble Defence or both *Law* and *Gospel* by their *Writings* and *Sufferings*; and no Persons in *England* more sincere and hearty Rejoicers at the *Dissolution* of the *Plot* more satisfi'd with their *behaviour*.—

Their *Plot*, in their *Plea*.—But there is an easy way of *undoing* it altogether, for it might be troublesome to do it by *piece-meal*, and that is, *over-ruling* it—and there's an end of it. After adding,—That the moderate men (who are all *Plotting* *Non-Plotters*) notoriously join'd them in *Disobedience* all this Reign. The *Bishops* before mention'd—*Maudlin College*,—*Oxford*,—*Cambridge*, *Towns* and *Corporations*, refusing to give *Liberties*, and *Religion*, *Plotting* (*i. e.* not *Plotting*) in concert with *Fiendishly*, and not fearing the *Wrath* of the *King*.

It is now high time, and no doubt the Reader greedily expects it, to enquire what further Steps they have made in their continu'd *Conspiracy*, since the last great *Turn of Affairs*—which is here my particular Province to declare and depone, if need be, and for which Intent principally I undertook to prove this Paradox, that *when Dissenters Plot to subvert the Church, they don't plot at all*.

That their old *Plot* is still on foot, to accomplish those bynam'd *Designs*, no honest man

but firmly believes as much as I myself do; it is the general Dislike of both City and Country, how far they have proceeded therein, and the Methods they have lately us'd, and do so at present, to bring it to perfection.

You were told before in her Majesty's speech, and by the unanimous Votes of both Houses of Parliament, all assuring of us, *That the Church of England is in no danger*; so that here has been a great Noise about nothing: for the main stroke of their *Plot and Plot*, was, to infect all Degrees of the Nation with their *bygone Maxims*, concerning *Government and Allegiance*—whereunto we are indebted for all the late and present *Holy-burly*. For had the People still continu'd in their old *governable Opinion*, that their *Troats were to be cut for God's sake*; and they were by no means to lift up their Hands against his Anointed, tho' to repel the Stab of a Villain commissioned by him—Had they but remain'd possess'd with that *juvenile Desire of Martyrdom* some of the Primitive Christians were, and run their Necks to the Block, as fast as they themselves upon Racks, Wheels and Wild Beasts: Had we still believ'd a King to be *such an Image of the Divinity*, that he could no more cease to be what he is, than that can—but that the Obligation of all the rest of Mankind, to the first-born of *Adam*, and so downwards in the *Patriarchal Line*, by *Fergus* the first to King *James*, were inviolable and Eternal, and 'twas an *unpardonable Sin* on any account whatever, to oppose or infringe it—Then

undoubtedly we had still continu'd, I say, not in the same, but a much less pitiable Condition than we were before *our great Deliverance*—as it must be call'd. It was the parting with these Principles made way for what since hapned, *and indeed drove the King away* more effectually than either his *own Conscience* or the *Prince's Army*. Now whence came this Alteration, but from such Principles as before-named, industriously disseminated, we may know by whom, *and now, alas! embrac'd by every body*; and this further proves *the Dissenters Plot to subvert the Church no Plot at all*.

Oh! where is the Glory of *Passive-Obedience!*—The Honour of *Non-resistance!*—The Decency, the Utility, the Bravery of those *Particularities and Characteristicks*, of which our Enemies began very tartly, but a little too early, to *WISH—MUCH—GOOD—MIGHT—THEY—DO—US!* What a small Sacrifice had it been to have had Two or Three Hundred Thousand—Hereticks small brains beat out, or *Weasons whittled?* and all the Churches in *England* whip out of their *Heretical Pravity* into *Catholick Mass-Houses?* And how much better and more acceptable had this been, than thus for the *moderate Men* to have run hand in hand with *Fanaticks*, and loaded us with so many *Dung-Carts* full of *Shame and Ignominy*, *that we shall hardly ever be sweet again?*

But observing there were many of their Party, after things were come to a kind of a Settlement, who seem contrary to all Government, *Discontented and A-murmuring*

at this, and all Affairs not manag'd the way that pleas'd their Fancies; restless and uneasy, neither *Fearing, nor Loving God, nor the Queen*; for a Commonwealth, or rather Anarchy, and nothing at all: Of too good and keen Memory as to others Faults, and the *most forgetful things alive of their own*; desirous to embroil all again, like a troubled Sea ever working, muddy and uneasy; finally down right against Monarchy and the Government establish'd in *Church and State*: cunningly adverting, I say, there were such Persons among them, and such as often *made a great Noise* about nothing, and were notic'd by all who valu'd their own Liberties, as Persons dangerous, and to be suppress'd; lest these should be thrown on the *whole Party*, and thereby injure and destroy them all, which they now began to apprehend; they totally disclaim, and loudly protest against such *Persons and Actions*, most *uncivilly* refusing to own them or their Tenents, acknowledging there are so many of them they could be very well spar'd, and heartily wishing any other Party had them; also concluding, they could no where go, but they must meet some of their Fellows.

But the main Hinge of their Plot and no Plot, the very Poison and Point of it, is that which follows. They are desirous of having several *Essential Nails and Pins*, pull'd out of the Ecclesiastical Model, which they have been often enough told is of such an exact and nice Constitution, as the least Alteration therein, would infallibly ruin all the Build-

ing: *And if this be not a Plot (and no Plot) there was none to kill the late King at New-market.* In this they had as many Abettors as there are *Latitudinarians* in the Kingdom——Some notorious ones they had in the last Reigns, not now alive to help them, particularly *Judg Hales*, who was dipt in this Plot (and no Plot) *over Head and Ears*, and so lost to any sense of Honour and Religion, as to be acquainted with *Baxter himself*. Several living both then and now——*All the moderate Divines*, once well met in a Lampoon, lashing them so smartly, that the Blood almost came thorow *Gowns, Cassocks*, and all; altho they (*as their way is*) aver, that Vengeance fell on him who made it, being a little after accidentally kill'd in a Quarrel (which is a Truth we cannot deny.)

Could we but *purge the Convocation*, how many of this *Kidney* might be garbled out of it; and especially how thin would the *Upper House* remain? To tell Truth, there is hardly any *Distinction* between these moderate men, and those *Plotting Non-Plotters* themselves, their Desires being the same, whether in the Church or out of it, *namely, to have Alterations*. Whereafter the Minds of Men are so notoriously gadding, that it may be good Service, and a pardonable Digression to insert sundry of the *closest and most remarkable Arguments* which have or may be urg'd against them, to confirm that are not quite lost (by *Plotting Non-Plotting*) of the *chief and Unreasonableness of Moderation*,

1. Because any such thing would mortally disoblige all good *Catholicks*. Scandal is not to be given, they have had too much already, as was touch'd in the *Reign of Queen Elizabeth*—— Some, it's true, believe we ought to take more care of *disobliging our Friends* than Enemies, and that we are not quite so distant from them as from the Papists, since three Articles are not so many as almost all Nine and Thirty; and if those could care less them, *how much more we?* And that on one, there is no hope of doing any good, as there is on the other.——But this it may be said the second Argument takes off.

2. Because the Parties complaining will never be satisfy'd——and so they say all, protest and resolve, *Man, Woman and Child*——Whatever Offers have, may, shall be made——*never talk,——propose——argue.*——Here could we put in a word, some would ask two or three short Questions——*When? Where? What?* And till those were answer'd, dispute no further——Let them alone, and on unto the next:

3. Because there are several good Men who ought to be, and cannot be present at such Alterations——therefore they would not be legal.——If any says, who hinders them——they are very impertinent to ask such a Question as no body can answer.

But there are more yet, as

4. Because by *reasonable Ease* formerly promis'd them, is meant *none at all*——for if all they desire be *unreasonable*, why then a *due Temper* is such a one, as all things

were in before. Altho it be extremely probable, this neat Interpretation was not thought on when the *Promise* was made, any more than at present approv'd by such as then made it; yet all must confess, it was a dextrous turn, and as handsom a Trial of Skill, as any in that excellent Author who lately made use of it, [*The pretended History of the Convocation.*]

5. Because one may safely pronounce of every individual Word, Syllable and Letter in Controversy——*That it can't, shan't, nor ought to be amended.*

The two first Branches of the Argument it is acknowledg'd are the strongest, it cannot——because all things are so *consummate-ly* perfect, as to deny any Addition or Subtraction. It shall not——that shows Power, and what more great than——*sic volo*——on which account, not much need of the last. It ought not——for several under Causes and Reasons.

1. Should we begin, there would be no ending, that is to say, there is no difference *between Staring* and, &c,

2. It would argue Weakness——in other Terms would convince us *fallible*, and as *mere Men* as our Forefathers——a most egregious *Imputation!*

But there is one dormant Reason stronger than all these, and a thousand more, which none but Friends are admitted to hear.

6. Because——the *French King* may divide and so ruin us,——which is so clear by its own light, there needs no farther Illustration; and if all these weighty ones prevail not to dissuade

suade from *Luke-warm Moderation*, I know not what will. —
But do an Enemy justice, let us therefore, to avoid Partiality, account what Arguments the Party have for *Moderation and Accommodation*—In which Reader you will still perceive more and more of the Venom of that *Plot* (and *no Plot*) the Dissenters are now engag'd in.

These momentous Arguments which they think carry Demonstrations in their Bellies for Moderation, and compromising Differences, are only such weak ones as follow: The Glory of God, the Interest of *Europe*, the Good of *England*, and all the Queen's Majesty's Dominions in general, and of all Parties, even particularly taken.

They pretend that God's Glory is engag'd in, because it would prevent sundry Scandals and inevitable Mischiefs in Religion. The *Atheist* would no more argue, that the great Duties of Natural and Reveald Religion, and Vice and Virtue themselves, about which there was such a Noise and Clutter, were nothing but Trick and politick Contrivance, not believ'd by such as teach others to obey them; because he saw them as earnest, and more, for small Trifles, what they themselves acknowledg'd, but the Gauds and Trappings of Religion. Were this *Schism* cur'd, wherever the Fault lie, or whether of both sides, the People would be, they think, more solicitous about Matters of more Concern, their Care and Study taken off from what is less considerable, and true saving Christianity and a good Life much more

heeded, now almost totally neglected, once 'tis impossible for the Minister Man to be at once equally intent upon two different Objects. Furthermore, many heinous Scandals avoided, whereas different Parties now snatch up and keep alive whatever ill things they hear one of the other, not valuing how much common Christianity is injur'd by their so doing. *The very Office of the Ministry rendred vile and contemptible to the World*, all sacred Mysteries slighted and ridicul'd. Yea, as different Parties are under or at the top of the Wheel, this Murmuring and Repining at them above; that Preaching and Cramming such as are below; which Mischiefs they think it is impossible to avoid, considering the Passions and Weaknesses of even the best of Men, as long as there are different and separate Interests and Communion.

And the next thing they urge (like subtle *Plotting Non-Plotters* as they are) is, The Interest of *Europe*, pretending all *Christendom* to be affected with *England's* Concerns, that Island having been always accounted its Ballance, unless when we our selves break the Beam. Were we united here, how would the Ravishers of *Europe's* Liberties tremble, who already are not very secure? This has been touch'd in another Reign, but deserves, they think, deeper Consideration. What one thing would *France* with like a War within our own Bowels, to divert us from piercing into those of his own Country; which if Tacking the Money Bill had succeeded, the contrary had been rather wish'd for, than expected. Next to that,

a Division of our Councils, Interests and Designs, whereupon ill Men would still work, to widen them and distract us, must needs hugely gratify him and all our Enemies.

And what would more conduce either to our Profit or Glory? they farther urge: For even making Allowances for the Vanity every Nation has for it self, and for its Force, as well as a particular weakness that way where-with we are charg'd by our Neighbours, how unjustly let others determine: One thing is certain, that in the Field there is not a braver People under the Sun, and Number for Number, we make our Party good against any Opposers whatsoever. I will not say, as one did, *While God stands Neuter*, but may, *While he does not fight against us*. Not to instance in our late Fights with the *French* (for they seem only made to be kick'd, beaten and run away) all other *indifferent Judges* acknowledg it; on which account, and our happy Situation, none care to meddle with us, if they could help it. So that were this *present Rub well over*, whose happy Success in the common course of things, nothing can hinder but our selves; nothing here but our *new sprouting cursed Animosities, Divisions, Fears, Jealousies, and Whimsies of one another*, effectually making what we fear: Were this once well over, we might expect that Happiness, Tranquillity, flourishing Wealth and Ease, which God only knows when we had, or are like to have.

Moreover they pretend it would be likewise the true In-

terest of every particular Party. Could this be prov'd and believ'd, without any doubt we should be all Friends to morrow. For ingeniously after all, there is the great *Diana* that sets us together by the Ears; and, in truth, worth a wise or honest Man's Concern, every one being oblig'd to provide for his own House, and secure his own Happiness, so it be by lawful ways, and not contrary to publick Good. But there we generally slip, few but minding more what they feel, than what they see. Unite these together, and the Business is done; to which they persuade themselves this plain account will much conduce (albeit ten to one but it displeases all sides, as these *Moderators* are the most unlucky Men in the World for that.)

Let's consider, say they, the Churchman as establish'd in his Possessions and Privileges, by the *Law of the Land, the Inclinations, Promises, Oaths of his Sovereign Lady*, and the Genius of the larger part of the People (which were there need, this demonstrates, in late Elections, no Dissenters have poll'd on one side, many Churchmen of the other, together with all the Dissenters; yet the last outnumbered, where we have been so unhappy, they say, as to fall into Parties.) His Interest is to preserve what he is legally instated in, and to get and keep the Love and Esteem of the People.

He apprehends all this in danger, from what has formerly happen'd in *Scotland*, from the *Dissentions, Folly and Wickedness* of many, who are Professors of that tolerated Party, which dissent

from the establish'd Form. whom he vinds, hears, sees, and is assur'd to wish his Destruction, and his own Party's Exaltation; albeit he be morally certain from his Life and Manners, that this cannot be Conscience whereupon he acts. On this he is, a ought certainly to be, solicitous to preserve what he is in actual possession of.— Who blames him?— And is assiduous to condemn those Designs, or rather hopes of ill-meaning Persons.— Nor is he to be discommended.— But when ten to one, breaks into a Passion, cries they are all factious, and this is the bottom of their Conscience and Pretence to Religion; it Tooth and Nail against any Moderation and Accommodation with them, and very probably wipes their Toleration again taken from them, of which he thinks they make so ill use; and is resolv'd to promote the doing it. Now the question is, if here he go not too far; which will be presently answer'd by these Moderators, who will take upon them to prove, he mistakes his true Interest, or rather over-runs it. For, say they, the thing he desires is not oppressing others Consciences, but securing himself, and what he has, from such as either *have none at all, or very large ones*,—and to this they will shew him the infallible way. Take off what Objections, such as are of undoubted Probity and Religion make against your Communion,—lighten their Burdens, and *these Men will love you for ever*. Then the best, of most Name, Estate and Honesty, are yours.— The Remain, a headless,

witless, senseless, pretenceless Rabble, that must drop of themselves, and in a few years all things be peaceable again, and run in their own proper Channel. But then comes Interest, and says, *What shall we do with their Clerg?*— We have (at least) enough of our own,— whom they will take Bread from. Answer me never.— But the Fleece will accompany the flock, and many a *Golden Fleece* too will return with these Shepherds,— more than enough to build New Churches, and maintain them sufficient, for that no very considerable Number of their Pastors is now left. For if in one Parish in this City there are *Meeting-Houses*, and the Parish Church is already more than fill'd guess what might be done by all those, or but the most considerable, if once united to the same Communion.—

The Interest of the *modest and moderate Dissenter* is to live comfortably in this, and secure the other World hereafter; which he cannot do, if he act contrary to his Conscience here, which he says he has endeavour'd to satisfy concerning the Points controverted, but cannot think Compliance lawful; and therefore is sure whatever it may be in those otherwise persuaded, it would be a Sin in him. And if this be true, of *which God only can be Judg*, who can justly blame him. Especially when he adds, and solemnly protests, that he thinks Schism a great Sin and Plague, and would part with any thing but his Conscience to avoid it: That he would be very unwilling to have the Imputation of doing

or not doing any thing out of mere contradiction to lawful Authority, which he thinks a silly, spiteful and sinful Practice: That if he did not come into Church, were the Gates made but a little wider for him, without desiring to have them pull'd down for that purpose, he must of necessity submit to be look'd upon as one of no Principles, Conscience, Faith, nor Honour. And what seems fairer than all this? He thinks it on the other side well worth his Care to consider of a way of living for himself and Family, and would be willing to have some Security of what he enjoys, and suitable Provision made in other Circumstances;— still who can blame him? But the mischief is, a warm Contribution of sometimes 2 or 300 *l.* per an. is a very comfortable Importance, not easily parted with. Hence *Desires of Union are apt to languish*—The Heats of ill Men on the other side charg'd on the whole Party, magnify'd into a Design to ruin them, or a malignant Spirit at enmity with God and the Gospel, and the Conversion of Souls; and alledging that they only make the Breach so incurable, and that they will ne'er hope nor desire its Remedy more — He is, as well as all other Parties, too tender towards ill Men who espouse his, tho' a Disgrace to any. It is very possible, a little impos'd upon by too sanguine Hopes, in numbers here, and success in other places. — There he does as certainly mistake, as others in other things mistake him; or those Commonwealth's Men, who throwd themselves under his Name, whom he no more approves, than he thinks

the State ought to fear, since those that are of them, are for Number and Discretion much like *Venner's Gang*, and must believe *one shall buy a thousand*, to make their Castle sprout again. But however, secure once this troublesome Interest, and all will be well enough. And that is not impossible to be done: for if he has a Church and preaches in it, the most of his People have such a respect for him, they certainly follow him; and who shall forbid them to drop as much in a Church-Basin, as in a Plate at a Meeting-house?— Or ought a little Difference here to outweigh the Inconvenience of so many great ones in other cases?— Or were there but a hearty *Desire of Union* appearing, would not Authority take care of those matters?

At this long tedious rate do these neither Flesh nor Fish preach about their *Isl. Moderation!* If as much as this cannot be accomplish'd, they are for the *Next Best* till that shall be attain'd: *A Union in Hearts and Affections*, cordial Kindness, Allowances, Forbearance, Meekness, and *I know not what* (Plotting Non-plotting) *to attain those ends they drive at.*

They will say, That one Side is very immodest, if not content with *Toleration* granted by Parliament, assur'd by the Queen's Word; it grasps at either half or all that which is none of its own; murmurs at the Government, because it gives not on till it has nothing left; faint in their Allegiance, and give colour to what their Enemies assert, that they will never be contented under

any Government ; or favour or encourage those indeed of that humour.

That the other side is very unkind, as well as impolitick, if from Heats and Follies on both sides, it should forget what it formerly promis'd in the Days of Adversity, what Kindness it then receiv'd from those who on provocation enough were courted to destroy them ; and had they intirely join'd that Interest at that time, whereto they had such advantageous Proffers, things had been now in another manner of posture than they are. If be-

cause some would have too much, they would take away all that they have already given, and tread the Steps of one who took not very prosperous Councils—to render Friends Enemies, and then make those Enemies desperate ; and if they forget to consider, that the more Conscience a Man has himself, the tenderer he is of another's ; while he that has none, is like the Debauchee, who because he has no Honour or Virtue himself, thinks no body else has any, and deals with them accordingly.— And so much for—*The Plot and No Plot, &c.*

Paradox LXXXI.

In Praise of an old (Impotent) Gentleman. By a young Lady to whom he made Love.

THE Soul with noble Resolutions deck'd,
The Body stooping does her self erect ;
Clouds of Affections from the younger Eyes,
Conceal that Happiness which Age descries.
The Soul's dark Cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new Light thro Chinks that Time has made.
Loving by Weakness wiser Men become,
As they draw near to their eternal Home ;
Leaving the old, both Worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the Threshold of the new.

However, Sir, Age being honourable in it self, it must certainly be a great Honour for me to receive Respects from it ; nor am I ignorant of the many Advantages accruing from your Proposals : That I shall enjoy the double Affections of a Father and a Husband. Your Woollens and Searchcloths will keep me in a due Sense of my Mortality, from the

Thoughts of the Woollen Ast and the Egyptian Mummies. Your Impotency and Jealousy may keep me to the Performance of my Baptismal Vow, in renouncing the World and the Flesh, and then we may defy the Devil. Your Deafness will secure my Brawlings from Reprehension, and your Dimness my Imperfections from Detection. Your Cough

Cough and Prysick will serve me for a Larum to call me up to my household Occasions. I shall daily profecute the principal End of my Creation, which in our Sex is to be a Nurse. I shall not be in danger of the certain Troubles, but uncertain Comforts, of Children. *Shou'd I find my Body wickedly inclin'd, your flabbering Kisses wou'd recover me to an Aversion for the whole Sex. My Days wou'd pass away in grave and wise Instructions, and my Nights in continual Rest, free from those Disturbances Youth might give me.*

*Thus some, by Temp'rance taught, approaching slow,
To distant Fate by easy Journies go;
Gently they lay them down, as evening Sheep
On their own woolly Fleeces softly sleep.
By daily changing, with a duller Taste
Of less'ning Joys, they by degrees do waste;
Still quitting Ground by unperceiv'd Decay,
And steal themselves from Life, and melt away.*

But shou'd I not be satisfy'd with this Course of Life, *your Years wou'd keep me in continual hopes of a better, and secure me from pining away for Grief at your Departure. In consideration of these and many more Advantages, I most thankfully accept your noble Proffers: But since old Men are said to be a second time Children, I wou'd only stay till you are grown up to be a Man, and then be assur'd of a full Compliance of all within the power of,*

Sir, &c.

Paradox LXXXII.

That by Discord Things increase.

*Nullos esse Deos, inane Cœlum
Affirmat Cœlius, probatque quod se
Factum vidit, dum negat hæc, beatum.*

I Assert this the more boldly, because while I maintain it, and feel the contrary Repugnancies and adverse Fightings of the Elements in my Body, my Body increases; and whilst I differ from common Opinions, by this *Discord* the Number of my *Paradoxes* increases. All the rich Benefits we can frame to our selves in *Concord*, is but an even Conservation of things; in which Evenness we can expect no Change, no Motion, therefore no Increase or Augmentation, which is a Member of Motion. And if this Unity and Peace can give Increase to things, how

C c 3 mighty.

mighty is Discord and War to deny but Controversies in Religion are grown greater by Discord, and not the Controversy, that purpose, which are indeed the only ordinary Parents of Peace. but Religion it self? For in a troubled Misery men are always more religious than in a secure place. The number of good Men, the only charitable Nourishers of Concord, we see is thin, and daily melts and decreases; Discord is never so barren that it affords no fruit; for the Fall of one Estate is at the worst the Increase of another, because it is as impossible to find a Discommodity without Advantage, as to find Corruption without Generation: But it is the Nature and Office of Concord to preserve only, and grows hourly. We are as which Property when it leaves, certain'd of all disputable Doubts, it differs from it self, which is only by arguing and differing in the greatest Discord of all. All Opinion; and if formal Disputations (which is but a painted, Victories and Emperies gain'd by counterfeit and dissembled Discord) War, and all judicial Decidings can work us this Benefit, what of Doubts in Peace, are Children of Discord. And who can shall not a full Discord accomplish?

*What tho some Fits of small Contest,
 Sometimes fall out among the Best?
 That makes no Breach of Faith or Love,
 But rather (sometimes) serves to improve:
 For, as in running, ev'ry Pace
 Is but between two Legs a Race,
 In which both do their uttermost
 To get before, and win the Post:
 Yet when they're at their Race's ends,
 They're still as kind and constant Friends;
 And to relieve their Weariness,
 By turns give one another Ease:
 So all those false Alarms of Strife,
 Between the Husband and the Wife,
 And little Quarrels often prove
 To be but new Recruits of Love:
 When those who're always kind or coy,
 In time must either tire or cloy.
 In all Amours a Lover burns
 With Frowns, as well as Smiles by turns;
 And Hearts have been as oft with sulen
 As charming Looks, surpriz'd and stolen.
 Then why should more bewitching Clamour
 Some Lovers not as much enamour?
 For Discords make the sweetest Air,
 And Curses are a kind of Prayers.*

Truly, methinks I owe a Devotion, yea a Sacrifice to <i>Discord</i> , for casting that ball upon <i>Ida</i> , and for all that <i>Eufiness</i> of <i>Troy</i> , whom ruin'd I admire more than <i>Babylon</i> , <i>Rome</i> , or <i>Quinzay</i> .	Lastly, between <i>Cowardice</i> and <i>Despair</i> , Valour is gender'd; and so the <i>Discord</i> of <i>Extremes</i> begets all Virtue, but of the like things there is no Issue without a <i>Miracle</i> .
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*Uxor pessima, pessimus Maritus,
Miror tam male convenire.*

He wonders that between two so like, there could be any *Discord*, yet perchance for all this *Discord*, there was ne'er the less *Increase*.

Paradox LXXXIII.

In Praise of a Rotten Cheese.

Pinguis & ingrata premeretur Casus Vibi. Virg.

A Pastoral.

A MORET and Strephon lay
 On a Couch of downy Hay,
 In the wither'd Age of Day:
 Blest that one the other sees,
 Blest with a spicy western Breeze,
 Blest with a noble Rotten Cheese.
 Each at t'other darts their Eye,
 Each at the glittering Treasure by.
 A sight that Strephon's Passion moves;
 Scarce Amoret he better loves:
 To Amoretta's Heart so near,
 Strephon's self was scarce more dear:
 Scarce the Pride o'th' blooming Vale,
 Woven round her May-day Pail;
 Nor could either prove ungrate
 For such a Gift to smiling Fate:
 Oft with Vows and Flowers they ran
 To smiling Fate and smiling Pan;
 Thus they pray, and thus they sing,
 While all the answering Valleys ring.

Strephon.

Sprinkle all the dappled Mead:
 Round the Turfy Altars lead!

Every *Nymph* and *Fawn* invite,
 To laugh and revel here at night!
 Jolly Toasts shall never fail,
 Quite drunk with nappy nutbrown Ale:
 Here's a *Rotten Cheese* would feast,
 If a King might be the Guest.

Amoretta.

Stay, my *Strephon*! 'tis in vain;
 Too low and humble is your Strain:
 You the Gift must higher raise,
 Or you'll *satyr* while you praise.
 Let stiff Princes dream alone
 On their steep unenvy'd Throne!
 Our *Rotten Cheese* outshines their *Crown*,
 And weighs the gilded Bauble down:
 We'll a nobler Note begin;
 Call and rouse the God within!
 Sing the *Cheese*, and by his Aid,
 Whence it came, and how 'twas made.

Strephon.

Each Flower that e'er in Garland grew,
Amoretta! move for you,
 And every Herb that sips the Dew;
 Each their distant Influence join
 To an Invention so divine:
 The *Daisy's* pretty twinkling Eye,
 The Infant *Violet* blooming by;
Primrose of refreshing Smell,
 And the *Couflip's* spotted Bell;
 Fragrant *Thyme*, and new-born *Grass*,
 Where no rude Feet did ever pass;
 All their Essences combine
 To an Invention so divine:
 Each of these transfus'd, agrees
 First in *Milk*, and then in *Cheese*;
 In the *Cow's Alembic* wrought,
 Whence, when to perfection brought,
Amoretta's whiter Hand
 Springs of *Nectar* can command;
² *Cataracts* which oft prevail
 To overflow the largest *Pail*:
 And when the laughing Virgins come
 With their new-found Treasure home,
Amoretta shall declare
 How the Miracle they rear.

Amoretta.

Soft as *Wool*, and white as *Lambs*
 Lickt by their officious Dams:

White as those fair *Lillies* grow
 In our *Copps*,—as white as Snow.
 Next the Creamy Curds arise,
 And with calm *Glories* greet the Eyes:
 He that sees 'em dawning, sees
 The Image of an *Embrio Cheese*.
 † So from Clay *Promethews* can
 Mould the mighty Form of Man:
 So the rising Vision shows,
 As when the World from *Chaos* rose.
 Then 'tis bruis'd, and prest till all
 The pale Tears around it fall.
 Thus when *Jove* intends to mould
 A *Hero* out of purer Gold,
 He'll shut him up in Pain and Care,
 And like *Alcides*, pinch him there;
 Till he by kind Afflictions trod,
 Emerges more than *Half a God*.

Strephon.

Thence in happy Triumph born,
 Like groaning Loads of welcome Corn,
 On a cleanly Shelf 'tis plac'd,
 With so rich a Burden grac'd;
 Or lest the *Foes* its Walls attack,
 On a well-munited *Rack*;
 † Like *Atlante's* Palace fair,
 Towing high in yielding Air,
 By *Ariosto* built aloft,
 All the Walls of costly *Thought*,
 Or that sturdy *Indian Rock*,
 † Which *Ammon's* Son so long did mock;
 There it reigns, and there defies^t
 The feeble Hosts of *Rats* and *Mice*:
 Up they squint, but all in vain,
 Up they leap with fruitless pain,
 Down they drop, a-down again.
Reynard so with longing Eyne,
 Views the cluster'd loaden *Vine*:
 But 'tis in vain he views such things,
 For *Rotten Cheese* is Food for Kings.

Amoretta.

† So the *Titans* hissing fell,
 When of old they dar'd rebel:
Olympus they on *Ossa* pack,
 Both on *Pelion's* craggy Back;
 And against the Thunderer hurl'd
 Half his own dismantled World:

' On the calm Couch of golden Peace,
In undisturb'd eternal Ease ;
He scorns their Plots, and laughs above ;
So sits my Cheese, and so sits Jove :
And Rotten Cheese is all I love.

Strephon.

This dear Day the happy Birth
Of *Amoretta* bless'd the Earth ;
All the Lads of Mirth and Song,
O'er the Plains shall dance along :
And he that best can sing each Grace
In my *Amoretta's* Face,
Shall have the Present Jove has given,
² Shall have the *Ancile* dropt from Heaven.
This prais'd, this lov'd, this Rotten Cheese,
For a Reward shall all be his.

NOTES.

¹ [Bless'd with a noble Rotten Cheese.]

Rotten is a word, I think, not much us'd about London, but common in the West, oppos'd to *Skim-Cheese*. Thus you find it pretty often in *Mr. Creech's Theocritus*.

² [Springs of *Nectar* can command.]

Hony soit qui mal y pense.

³ [So from *Clay Prometheus* can
Mould the beauteous Form of Man.]

Prometheus being 'tis likely, us'd to build Castles and *Dirtys* in his Youth, when he came to Age, set up the Trade of a *Mr. founder*, for which *Jove* was so nangry (as well he might, when t'other took his work out of his hands, without ever serving his Time to the Trade) that, what do me he but trusses him up, vint him on *Mount Caucasus*, and sent an unconscionable *Vulture* to tear at the Heart of him.

Read the Story in *Lucian's Dialogues*, Book I. p. 48.

⁴ [Like *Atlante's Palace* fair.]

A gaudy magical *Palace* in *Orlando Furioso*, which cost *Poet* and *Painter*, and at least *Ingraver*, a great many fine strokes to express it. The *Louvre* or *Escorial* are but *Hog-sties* to't, as any body may be satisfy'd that will but take the pains to compare 'em.

⁵ [Or that sturdy *Indian Rock*,
Which *Ammon's Son* so long did mock.]

A *Fortress* long besieg'd by *Alexander*, in *Sagitiana*, I think 'twas, but 'tis good to be sure, and therefore ask *Quintus Curtius*, who knows better than any of us!

⁶ [So the *Titans* hissing fell.]

Qu. Pray, *Mr. Author*, why is your *Shepherdes* so learned here and in other places? How comes she to talk against *Decorum* in *Pastorals*.

Pastorals, and to fly upon the high ropes at this rate?

Ans. Because all things here are design'd to be alike extravagant—
let this serve once for all; for I'll trouble my self no more about it!

[On the calm Couch of Golden Peace.]

Any one may discern this is a Stroke of Lucretius, alluding to that
first Principle of the Epicureans, so well express'd by that Poet, and
so much better made English by Mr. Creech——thus:

For whatsoever's Divine must live in peace,

In undur'd and everlasting Ease, &c.

I have forgot the rest, but you shall have it all as soon as I can
get it my self.

[Shall have the Ancile dropt from Heaven.]

The Ancile was a certain very holy Relick among the Romans,
being the very Handywork of Jupiter himself: but lest this precious
Balmess should be stole from the Temple, while Gods and Men were
asleep, two more were made so exactly like the right, and one another,
that a Thief must have very good luck to be able to distinguish the Original
from the Counterfeit. In the safe keeping it, they believ'd the City's
Safety consisted.

Paradox LXXXIV.

That Good is more common than Evil.

I Have not been so pitifully tir'd
with any Vanity, as with silly
old Mens exclaiming against these
Times, and extolling their own.
Alas! they bewray themselves;
for if the Times be chang'd, their
Manners have chang'd them. But
their Senses are to Pleasures, as
sick Mens Tastes are to Liquors;
for indeed no *New Thing* is done
in the World: all things are
what, and as they were; and
Good is, as it ever was, more plen-
teous, and must of necessity be
more common than Evil, because
it hath this for Nature and Per-
fection, to be *commm*. It makes
love to all Natures, and all affect
it. So that in the World's early
Infancy, there was a time when
nothing was *Evil*; but if this

World shall suffer Dotage in
the extremest Corruption thereof,
there shall be no time when no-
thing shall be *Good*. It dares ap-
pear and spread, and glister in
the World, but Evil buries it
self in Night and Darkness, and
is chastis'd and suppress'd when
Good is cherish'd and rewarded.
And as Imbroiderers, Lapidaries,
and other Artisans, can by all
things adorn their Works; for
by adding better things, the bet-
ter they shew in Lustre and in
Eminency; so *Go d* doth not on-
ly prostrate her Beauty to all, but
refuses no end, no not of her
contrary *Evil*, that the may be
the more *common* to us. For evil
Manners are Parents of good
Laws; and in every Evil there
is

is an Excellency, which in common Speech we call *Good*. For the Fashions of Habits, for Phrases in our Speech, we say they were *good* as long as they were us'd, that is, as long as they were *common*; and we eat, we walk, only when it is, or seems *good* to do so. *All fair, all profitable, all virtuous Things are good*; and these three things, I think, embrace all things, but their utter Contraries; of which also *Fair* may be *Rich* and *Virtuous*, *Poor* may be *Virtuous* and *Fair*, *Vicious* may be *Fair* and *Rich*; so that *Good* hath this means to be *common*, that some Subjects she can possess intirely, and in Subjects poison'd with *Evil*, she can humbly stoop to accompany the *Evil*. And of indifferent things many things are become perfectly *good* by being *common*, as Customs by use are made binding Laws. I remember nothing that is therefore *ill*, because it is *common*, but *Women*, of whom also, *They that are most common, are the best of that Occupation they profess*.

Paradox LXXXV.

In Praise of the Bear-fac'd Lady.

TOO charming *Maid*, whose *Vixnomy* Divine
 Shoots Darts around like any *Porcupine* !
 Who give to *Cupid's* Arrows new Supplies,
 Heading 'em from your *Face*, and not your *Eyes*,
 Like *Cleaveland's* Lover, pallizado'd in,
 And fenc'd by the sharp *Turnpikes* of your *Chin*.
 Happy the Man to whom you must disclose
 The flaming Beauties of your *Rainbow Nose* !
 What tho in vain t' approach your *Lips* he seek,
 He may with leave come near, and kiss your *Cheek* ;
 If, as when *Turks* expect they should be heard
 At *Prayer*, you will but turn aside your *Beard* .
 All this were true, tho *Art* should you disgrace,
 And shew her own, instead of *Nature's* Face.
 But you discreetly chuse the *Russian* way,
 And closely veil it till the *Wedding-Day* ;
 Not *Stega-like*, by too sincere a *Carriage*,
 Your Imperfections shew, and mar your *Marriage*.
 You are resolv'd that *Faith* and *Stomach* too
 Shall meet in him who must be blest with you ;
 And by so just a *Touchstone* mean to prove
 The Metal of his *Courage* and his *Love* :
 Nay, *Joan* her self, whom he'll i'th' dark embrace,
 When the *Light* comes, may have my *Lady's* Face :

He has his Chance, it may be good enough,
 For all *Love's* but a Game at *Blindmans-buff*.
 He who to meet a *Devil* does prepare,
 Like *Spencer's Knight*, may find an *Angel* there. ⁶
 Missing a *Snake*, he may at last prevail
 To hold a fat, tho' slip'ry *Eel* by th' *Tail*.
 When *Psyche* thro' the *Air* to *Cupid* rode, ⁷
 She fear'd a *Dragon*, but she found a *God*.

Suppose the worst a *Rival's* spite has said,
 Here's *Spouse* enough, tho' she had ne'er a *Head*.
 A just *Proportion* every where behold,
 And *Gold*, the *Cream* o'th' *Jest*, remember *Gold* ;
Gold ! Gold ! those subtle *Charms* must needs prevail ;
Gold ! Gold enough ! had she nor *Head*, nor *Tail*.
 Sure this must e'en the *flintiest Heart* subdue ;
 Those *Chains*, those *Pearls*, those *Lockets* all for you !
 What if no *Cubs* bless the ill-natur'd *Joys* ;
 Look, she's already stock'd with *yellow Boys* ;
 And she
 May live like *Etheldreda*, undefil'd, ⁸
 While you
 Lie with her *Coin*, and get her *Bags* with child.

NOTES.

This Story, and the Lady's Picture—appertaining thereunto—are notorious enough about *London*, without *Explication* of the *Subject* in general.

¹ [Shoots Darts around like any *Porcupine*]

She's pictur'd with a *Bear's Head*, and consequently her *Face* all hairy.

² [Like *Cleaveland's Lover*, pallizado'd in.]

Alluding to that in *Cleaveland's Soldier* ;

³ O let the *Turnpikes* of my *Chin*

⁴ Take thy *Halfmoon* *Fortress* in.

⁵ [If, as when *Turks* expect they should be heard

At *Prayer*, you will but turn aside the *Beard*.]

Alate Traveller, and ingenious Observer at *Constantinople*, in the *Relation* he gives of their *Customs* in *Devotion*, has this among the rest: That when in the highest *Fit* of *Zeal*, and *Time* of their *Service*, for an *Amen*, they are to manage their *Beards*, or else the *Work* is left not-compleat.

⁶ [But you discreetly chuse the *Russian* way,

And closely veil it till the *Wedding-day*.]

In the *Description* of *Russia*, among *Struys's Voyages*, he describes this for one *Humour* religiously observ'd in all their *Marriages*—They never see one another till made fast.

⁷ [Not *Stega-like*, &c.]

This old *Lady*, in the *Play*, out of *sincerity* us'd to let her *Courtiers*.

see

see all her Imperfections,—as her No-Teeth, No-Eyes, One-Leg, and so frighted them all away.

⁶ [He who to meet a Devil, &c.

Like Spencer's Knight, &c.]

See Spencer's Fairy Queen: In one of the first Canto's—instead of an old Witch, the Knight found a brisk young Lady.

⁷ [When Psyche, &c.

She fear'd a Dragon, &c.]

Psyche was requir'd by the Oracle to be expos'd to a Dragon, as Andromeda to the Whale—When in pops Cupid, like Perseus himself, sets her at liberty, carries her home, and all that—

⁸ [She—may live like Etheldreda, undeni'd,]

Vid. Fuller's Church-History, p. 91. This Etheldreda, would you think it, was marry'd to a Prince and a King, and yet by her own Desire, liv'd still as pure a Virgin as ever—her Mother was when she was born.

Paradox LXXXVI.

That all Things kill themselves.

TO effect their own Death all living things are importun'd, not by Nature only, which perfects them, but by Art and Education, which perfects her Plants quicken'd and inhabited by the most unworthy Soul, which therefore neither will nor work, affect an End, a Perfection, a Death; this they spend their Spirits to attain; this attain'd, they languish and wither. And by how much more they are by man's Industry warm'd, cherish'd, and pamper'd; so much the more early they climb to this Perfection, this Death. And if amongst Men not to defend, he to kill, what a heinous Self-murder is it not to defend one's self. This Defence, because Beasts neglect, they kill themselves; because they exceed us in Number, Strength, and a lawless Liberty: yea, of

Horses and other Beasts, they that inherit most Courage, will run to their own Deaths, neither solicited by Spurs which they need not, nor by Honour which they apprehend not. If then the Valiant kill himself, who can excuse the Coward? Or how shall Man be free from this, since the first Man taught us this, except we cannot kill our selves, because he kill'd us all? Yet let something shou'd repair this common Ruin, we daily kill our Bodies with Surfeits, and our Minds with Anguishes. Of our Power Remembering kills our Memory. of Affections, Whoredom our Lust; of Virtues, Giving kills Liberality. And if these kill themselves, they do it in their best and supreme Perfection: for after Perfection immediately follows Excess, which changes the Natures

Natures and the Names, and own *Death*; yea the Frame of the makes them not the same things. | whole *World*, because it began, If then the best things kill them- | must die. Then what could kill selves: soonest (for no *Affection* the *World* but it self, since out of endures and all things labour to | it nothing is? this *Perfection*) all travel to their |

Paradox LXXXVII.

That it is possible to find some Virtue in some Women.

I Am not so courageous, that I | Revengers of the same Sins. For I dare defend *Women*, or pro- | I have seldom seen one who con- nounce them good; yet we see | sumes his Substance and Body Physicians allow some Virtue in | upon them, escape Diseases or every Poison: Then why shou'd | Beggery; and this is their Ju- we except *Women*? since cer- | stice. And if *Suum cuique dare* tainly they are good for Physick | be the fulfilling of all *Civil Ju-* at least, so as some Wine is good | stice, they are most just, for they for a Fever. And tho they are | deny that which is theirs to the Occasioners of many Sins, | no Man. they are also the Punithers and

Tanquam non liceat nulla Puella negat.

And who may doubt of great | And tho they be most intempe- Wisdom in them, that doth but | rate, I care not, for I under- observe with how much labour | took to furnish them with some and cunning our Justices and o- | Virtue, not with all. Necessity, ther Dispensers of the Laws study | which makes even bad things to embrace them, and how zea- | good, prevails also for them; lously our Preachers deliort Men | for we must say of them, as of from them, only by urging those | some sharp pinching Laws, *If* Subtilties, and Policies, and Wif- | *Men were free from Infirmities,* dom which are in them? Or | *they were needless.* These or who can deny them a good mea- | none must serve for Reasons, and sure of Fortitude, if he consi- | it is my great happiness that Ex- der how valiant Men they have | amples prove not Rules; for to overthrown; and being them- | confirm this Opinion, the World selves overthrown, how much | yields not one Example. and how patiently they bear?

Paradox

Paradox LXXXVIII.

The Vicar of Bray : Or a Paradox in Praise of the Turncoat Clergy.

THAT Clergymen are changeable, and teach
 That now, 'gainst which they will to morrow preach.
 Is an undoubted Truth ; but that in this
 Their *Variation* they do ought amiss,
 I stedfastly deny : The World we see,
 Preserves it self by *Mutability* ;
 And by an Imitation each thing in it
 Preserves it self by *changing* ev'ry minute.
 The Heavenly Orbs do move and change, and there's
 The much-admired *Musick of the Spheres* ;
 The *Sun*, the *Moon*, the *Stars* do always vary,
 The Times turn round still, nothing *Stationary* :
 Why then shou'd we blame *Clergymen*, that do,
 Because they're Heavenly, like the *Heavens* go ?
 Nay th' *Earth* it self, on which we tread (they say)
 Turns round, and's moving still ; then why not they ?
 Our Bodies still are changing from our Birth,
 Till they return to their first Matter, *Earth*.
 We draw in Air and Food, that Air and Food
 Incorporates, and turns our *Flesh* and *Blood* :
 Then we breathe out our selves in Sweat, and vent
 Our *Flesh* and *Blood* by *Use* and *Excrement* :
 With such continual Change, that none can say,
 He's the same Man that he was yesterday.
 Besides, all *Creatures* cannot chuse but be
 By much the worse for their *Stability* ;
 For standing Pools corrupt, while running Springs
 Yield sweet Refreshment to all other things.
 The highest *Church-things* oft'nest change, we know,
 The *Weathercock* that stands o'th' top does so :
 The Bells when rung in Changes best do please ;
 The *Nightingal*, that Minstrel of the Trees,
 Varies her Note, while the dull *Cuckoo* sings
 Only one Note, no Auditory brings.
 Why then shou'd we admire our *Levites* Change,
 Since 'tis their nat'ral Motion ? 'Tis not strange
 To see a *Fish* to swim, or *Eagle* fly ;
 Nor is their *Protean* Mutability
 More worth our wonder, but 'tis so in fashion,
 It merits our *Applause* and *Imitation*.

But I conclude, lest while I speak of Change,
I shall too far upon one Subject range;
And so become *Unchangeable*, and by
My *Practice* give my *Doctrine* here the Iye.

Paradox LXXXIX.

That Old Men are more fantastick than Young.

WHO reads this *Paradox*, doubtless thinks me more fantastick now, than I was yesterday, when I did not think thus: And if one day make this sensible Change in Men, what will the Burden of many years? To be fantastick in young Men is conceited Distemperature, and a witty Madness; but in old Men, whose Senses are wither'd, it becomes natural, therefore more full and perfect. For as when we sleep our Fancy is most strong, so it is in Age, which is a Slumber of the deep Sleep of Death. They tax us with *Inconstancy*, which in themselves young they allow'd; so that reproving that which they did approve, their *Inconstancy* exceedeth ours, because they have chang'd once more than we. Yea, they are more idly busy'd in conceited Apparel than we; for we, when we are melancholy, wear black; when lusty, green; when forsaken, tawny; pleasing our own inward Affections: But they prescribe Laws, and constrain the Noble, the Scholar, the Merchant, and all Estates to a certain Habit. The old Men of our time have

chang'd with patience their own Bodies, much of their Laws, much of their Languages, yea their Religion; yet they accuse us. To be *Amorous*, is proper and natural in a young man, but in an old Man most fantastick. And that *ridling Humour* of Jealousy, which seeks and wou'd not find, which requires and repents his Knowledg, is in them most common, yet most fantastick. Yea, that which falls seldom on young Men, is in them most fantastick and natural, that is, *Covetousness*; even at their Journey's end, to make great Provision: for 'tis to be observ'd, that *Covetousness* is the only Sin that grows young as Men grow old. Is any Habit of young Men so fantastick, as in the hottest Seasons to be double-gown'd or hooded, like our Grandfathers? Or seems it so ridiculous to wear long Hair, as to wear none? Truly, as among the Philosophers the Sceptick, who doubts all, was more contentious than either the Dogmatick who affirms, or Academick who denies all; so are these old Men (who are led by their own Humours) more fantastick than young.

Paradox XC.

That Nature is our worst Guide.

SHALL she be Guide to all the *Ability* of communicating *whole Essence* with any but God, one? Or if she also have a *Guide*, shall any *Creature* have a better Guide than we? The *Affections* of *Lust* and *Anger*, yea even to *err*, is *natural*; shall we follow these? Can she be a good *Guide* to us, which hath corrupted not us only, but her self? Was not the *First Man*, by the *Desire* of *Knowledg*, corrupted even in the *whitest Integrity* of *Nature*? And did not *Nature* (if *Nature* did any thing) infuse into him this *Desire* of *Knowledg*, and so this *Corruption* in him into us? If by *Nature* we shall understand our *Essence*, our *Definition*, or *Reason*, then this being alike common to all (the *Idiot* and the *Wizard* being equally *reasonable*) why shou'd not all *Men*, having equally all one *Nature*, follow one course? Or if we shall understand our *Inclinations*; alas! how unable a *Guide* is that which follows the *Temperature* of our *slimy Bodies*? For we cannot say that we derive our *Inclinations*, our *Minds*, or *Souls* from our *Parents* by any way: to say that it is *all from all*, is *Error* in *Reason*, for then with the first nothing remains; or is a *part from all*, is *Error* in *Experience*, for then this part equally imparted to many *Children*, would, like *Gaelkind Lands*, in few *Generations* become nothing; or to say it by *Communication*, is *Error* in *Trinity*, for to communicate

the *Ability* of communicating *whole Essence* with any but God, is utter *Blasphemy*. And if thou hit thy *Father's Nature* and *Inclination*, he also had his *Father's*, and so climbing up, all comes of one *Man*, and have one *Nature*, all shall embrace one *Course*: but that cannot be, therefore our *Complexions* and *whole Bodies* we inherit from *Parents*; our *Inclinations* and *Minds* follow that; for our *Mind* is heavy in our *Body's Afflictions*, and rejoices in our *Body's Pleasures*. How then shall this *Nature* govern us, that is govern'd by the worst part of us? *Nature*, tho' oft chas'd away, it will return, 'tis true; but those good *Motions* and *Inspirations* which be our *Guides*, must be woo'd, courted, and welcom'd, or else they abandon us. And that old *Axiom*, *nihil invita*, &c. must not be said thou shalt, but thou wilt do nothing against *Nature*; so unwilling he notes us to curb our *natural Appetites*. We call our *Bastards* always our *natural Issue*; and we define a *Fool* by nothing so ordinary, as by the name of *Natural*. And that poor *Knowledg* whereby we conceive what *Rain* is, what *Wind*, what *Thunder*, we call *Metaphysical*, *Supernatural*; such small things, such no things do we allow to our pliant *Nature's* *Apprehension*. Lastly, by following her, we lose the pleasant and lawful *Commodities* of this *Life*; for we shall drink *Water* and eat *Roots*,

Roots, and those not sweet and delicate, as now by man's Art and Industry they are made: We shall lose all the Necessities of Societies, Laws, Arts, and Sciences, which are all the Workmanship of Man; yea, we shall lack the last best Refuge of Misery, Death, because no Death is

natural: for if ye will not dare to call *all Death violent* (tho I see not why *Sicknesses* be not *Violences*) yet the *Causes* of all *Deaths* proceed from the *Defect* of that which *Nature* made perfect, and would preserve, and therefore are all against *Nature*.

Paradox XCI.

In Praise of a Miser. By the same that was courted by the old Gentleman mention'd in Paradox 81.

Worthy Sir,

SINCE Money commands all things, and you command that, of what extent must my Empire be, that have the Dominion over you, as you let me understand! And over a Person who hath all the Arts, not only to keep, but to improve his Wealth, and by such laudable ways, tending to the Increase of Piety, and the Good of the Commonwealth! By ruining of Widows and Orphans, you raise Objects for Charity; and if some did not make Objects, others wou'd want Objects to exercise their Charity upon, and so Charity wou'd be banish'd out of the World. You prevent young Heirs (committed to your charge) from being debauch'd with the Allurements and Temptations of the World, by cheating them of their Estates. By your supplying of Prodigals, you occasion the Circulation of Money; and if you take their Land at half the Value, it is yet a kindness to them, since you disburden them of a Load above

their management. If you lend Money to young Merchants at Forty in the Hundred on good Pledges, to pay foreign Bills and Custom, you occasion thereby that the King hath his Due, and the Merchant is kept on his legs: And since it is the Will of Heaven that some shou'd fall and others rise, you are the Instruments of Providence, to pull down the first, to make room for the last. You are the most loving Husbands in the world, since you love your Wives infinitely above your selves, sending them to *Heaven* thro Afflictions, whilst you are contented your selves to run headlong to *Hell* thro Oppressions; and the most tender Fathers in nature, going to the Devil your selves, to make your Children great in the World; nay, your last Breath expires in an Act of Justice, for then you give the Devil his due, and defraud him not of his Purchase, after he hath taken so much pains to make you his own. What tho your Memory stink and rot?

Why shou'd that fare better than
the Body, which at the best must
stink and rot? But since it is
necessary I shou'd shake hands
with all Pleasures, which I must
expect to be debar'd of when I
am your Wife (except you wou'd
let me out to use, as well as your

Money) and also to take leave of
all my Friends, not being likely
then to be in a Capacity of re-
ceiving Visits: All which when
I have done to my satisfaction,
you shall receive Advice thereof,
from

Sir, &c.

Paradox XCII.

Being a Pindarique in Praise of a Grunting Hog.

Freeborn Pindarick never docs refuse,
Either a lofty, or a humble Muse:
Now in proud *Sophocleian* Buskins sings,
Of Heroes and of Kings,
Mighty Numbers, mighty Things;
Now out of sight she flies,
Rowing with gaudy Wings
A-cross the stormy Skies;
Then down again,
Her self she flings,
Without Uneasiness or Pain,
To Lice and Dogs,
To Cows and Hogs,
And follows their *melodious Grunting* o'er the Plain.

II.

Harmonious Hog, draw near!
No bloody Butcher's here,
Thou need'st not fear:
Harmonious Hog draw near; and from thy *beauteous Snout*,
Whilst we attend with Ear,
Like thine prick'd up, devout;
To taste thy *Sugry Voice*, which here and there,
With wanton Curls, vibrates around the circling Air.
Harmonious Hog! warble some Anthem out,
As sweet as those which quivering *Monks* in days of yore
With us did roar,
When they, alas,
That the hard-hearted *Abbot* such a Coyl shou'd keep,
And cheat 'em of their first, their sweetest Sleep;
When they were ferretted up to *Midnight Mass*:
Why shou'd not other *Figs* on *Organs* play,
As well as they?

III.

III.

Dear Hog! thou King of Meat!

So near thy Lord Mankind,
The nicest Taste can scarce a difference find!
No more may I thy glorious *Gammans* eat!

No more

Partake of the *free Farmer's Christmas Store*,
Black Puddings which with Fat wou'd make your mouths run o'er;
If I, tho I should ne'er so long before the Sentence stay,
And in my large Ears Scale, the thing ne'er so discreetly weigh,

If I can find a difference in the Notes,

Belch'd from th' applauded Throats
Of rotten Playhouse *Songsters All-Divine*,
If any difference I can find between their Notes and thine.

A noise they keep with *Tune*, and out of *Tune*,

And Round and Flat,

High, Low, and This and That,

That *Algebra*, or Thou or I might understand as soon.

IV.

Like the confounding *Lutes* innumerable Strings,
One of them sings;

Thy easier Musick's ten times more divine;
More like the one-string'd, deep, majestic *Trump-Marine*:
Prithee strike up, and cheer this drooping Heart of mine?

Not the sweet Harp that's claim'd by *Jews*,
Nor that which to the far more antient *Welch* belongs,

¹ Nor that which the *Wild Irish* use,
Frighting e'en their own *Wolves* with loud *Hubbubbaboo's*.

² Nor *Indian Dance*, with *Indian Songs*,

Nor yet

(Which how shou'd I so long forget?

The Crown of all the rest,

The very Cream o'th' Jest)

Amphion's noble *Lyre*—the Tongs:

Nor the Poetick *Jordan* bite his *Thumbs*,

At the bold word, my *Lord Mayor's Flutes* and *Kettledrums*;

Not all this Instrumental dare

With thy soft, ravishing Musick e'er compare.

NOTES.

¹ [Not that which the *Wild Irish* use,

Frighting e'en their own *Wolves* with loud *Hubbubbaboo's*.]

'Tis a Custom of the *Irish*, when any thing is stoln, or other sudden Accident, presently to set up that Note, *Hubbubbaboo*; the next that hears it does the like, and so Intelligence is convey'd swifter than by any Hue and Cry with us.

² [Nor *Indian Dance*, with *Indian Songs*.]

A Taste of whose Humour and Harmony has been often enough presented at the *Playhouse* by the *Indian Girls*.

Paradox XCIII.

In Praise of Deformity; or, a Paradox proving that it is better to be Foul than Fair.

WHO knoweth not, how much the Deformity of Body and a hard-favour'd Face is to be esteem'd, principally in Women (for in Men it was never in so great request) how many *amorous Sparks* are daily to be seen, under an ill-favour'd Countenance, and deform'd Body, choicely hid and cover'd; which in a fair Face finely polish'd, gives often occasion of leud Flames and cruel Passions? But the strong and invincible Bulwark, which the *foul Face* (not only of old, but likewise in these times) hath erected for it self, will encounter the Fires of Love that are so dangerous. Do you believe, *Reader*, if fair *Helen the Greek*, and the gentle *Trojan Shepherd*, had been hard-favour'd or deform'd in Person, that the *Greeks* would ever have taken so much Pains in pursuing them? Nor had poor *Troy* endur'd such cruel Ruin and Destruction, in a long Description whereof so many great Wits were tir'd. And if we shall compare and unite together the Beauty of the Mind with that of the Body, shall we not find a greater number of *deformed People* to be more wise and ingenious than the Fair and Beautiful? Let *Socrates* be our Witness, whom the Historians and antient Figures represent, to be as ill-favour'd as might be: notwithstanding, by the Oracle of *Apollo*, he was acknowledg'd to be the wisest man of his time. *Esop*, the most excellent Fabulist, was in Form of Body strange and mishapen.

*His livid Eyes retreated from the Day,
Deep in their hollow Orbits bury'd lay:
His Back-bone starting out drew in his Breast,
This Shoulder elevated, that depress'd,
And his foul Chin his odious Bosom press'd:
Long little Legs, such has the stalking Crane,
His short ill-figur'd Body did sustain.*

Nevertheless, as each one may read, he was most rich in Virtues, and in Spirit (beyond all others) most excellent.

Of great Deformity were the Philosophers, *Zeno* and *Aristotle*, *Empedocles* foully compos'd, and *Galba* a very ugly Figure; nevertheless they were of excellent Tempers. Could any impeach the Deformity of *Philopæmet*, who after he was seen to be a good and hardy Soldier, came to the Dignity of a most valiant Captain? And was he not reverenc'd among his People for

his high and excellent Virtues? Consider, *Reader*, on such as are of fair Complexion and very fat, and you shall commonly find them to be sickly, more weak, and less able to travel; more soft, delicate and effeminate than the other kind of People. Again, you shall seldom see it happen, that in a *beautiful Body* there is much Chastity, because it is to be kept with great Difficulty, being by so many sought after so earnestly.

What shall we say of such, who (*not contenting themselves with Nature*) do daily frame very great Complaints against her. But of such Fools I demand, seeing Nature (the most careful and discreet Mother of all things) hath given them what she thought meet and profitable in *the Form of their Bodies*; for what Cause they should be displeas'd with her? Nature gives not to her Friends the Things that may quickly be wasted by Sicknes, or overthrown by the course of Age; therefore true Liberality is known, by the firm and long Continuance of the Gift bestow'd upon any one; and what see you of less Permanence than Beauty?

Consider how it hath headlong thrown down young People into *secret Grievs and perillous Dangers*, and allur'd them to such *hateful Sins*, as right happy might he count himself, that could escape them with his Honour unstain'd. Contrariwise, note the Good and Profit *accruing by Deformity*, when all they in general, that of old time have been, and yet at this day are studious in Chastity, do openly confess, that nothing hath

like force in them to tame and check the *Lust of the Flesh*, neither long Watchings, grievous Disciplines, or continual Fastings, as one only look upon an ill-favour'd and deform'd Person. Hence ensueth that, which is us'd as a common Proverb, concerning a very foul deform'd Woman, that she serveth *as a good Receipt and sovereign Remedy against fleshly Temptations*.

O sacred and precious Deformity, dearly belov'd of Chastity, free from all scandalous Dangers, and a firm Rampart against all amorous Assaults! O what Desire I have to persuade my Friends, how they should know (henceforth) to adorn and embellish themselves with the Beauty that for ever endureth! I mean that *Beauty*, that keeps us Company even to our Grave, and leaves us not till the latest Gasp: That which we may *truly call our own*, no way due or attributable to our Parents. Gainsay me who please, I will rest my self on this Opinion, that much better is it to be *adorn'd with such a Colour*, than to trust or repose only in borrow'd corporeal Beauty, which so easily corrupteth, even by the least touch of any Fever that may come upon us.

I remember a young Maiden of *Perigourd*, who perceiving her Beauty to be a very great and capital Enemy to her good Fame, and that in regard thereof she was daily requir'd and sollicitated by many young Gallants; her self with a Razor, or some piece of Silver made sharp for the purpose, so *disfigur'd her fair Face*, that her two Cheeks, which seem'd before like Roses or shin-

ing Carbuncles, contain'd nothing at all of their former and natural-Beauty. The like Act did many wise Damsels and holy Virgins of the *Primitive Church*.

What say you of our *Courtezans*? whom God (by his especial Grace) having not given the Gift, to be the fairest of all other; how daily they cease not to invent new and strange manners of *Paintings*, to counterfeit and disguise their Age and first natural Shape, with false Hairs, *Spanish White*, *Pomades*, *Targon*, distil'd Waters, pounded Drugs, Oils, Pouders and other Follies, too long to be recounted. Oftentimes they shave or burn their artificial Hair, and then again, rub, slick, chafe and wash themselves, only to seem fair; yet notwithstanding, look on them at Night or in the Morning, and you shall find them more deform'd than before. But what ensueth soon after upon this great Industry? *Sin, Death, and the Anger of God*.

Never was I of any other mind, since the time I had power of reason, to discern and know

Truth from Falshood, but that deform'd People deserv'd more Praise than the Beautiful; nor is it without cause, considering such as are hard-favour'd, are commonly chaste, humble, ingenious, holy, and have ever some sweet commendable Grace.

But for them that boast of Beauty, I leave to you, Reader, the consideration of their Behaviour, which is oftentimes so counterfeit, as nothing can be said to agree less with Nature. You shall see them of lofty Countenance, inconstant Demeanor, and wandring Looks. Then let none deny, but conclude that it is much better to be foul than fair: and let no Adversary reply against this Assertion; for I am determin'd, and sufficiently furnish'd, to make him answer.

Had I no more but the Testimony of *Theophrastus*, who hath left us in Writing, that *bodily Beauty is nothing else but secret Deceit*; and he that will not herewith content himself, to him let me produce the Saying of *Theophrastus*, That *Beauty is an unknown Detriment*.

Paradox XCIV.

In Praise of a Shock-Bitch.

LET lofty Greek and Latin go,
And Priscian crack'd from Top to Toe,
Since he at School full often so

Misus'd us;

From High and mighty Lines I fall,
At powerful Shock's imperious Call,
And now in downright Doggrel crawl

My Muse does

The

Tho my froze Hog's Head e'en is burst²,
I'll do what none before e'er durst,
And on her Praises make the first

Adventure;

O for some *Album Græcum* now!

'Twould clear my musty Pipes I trow,
Then would I yelp as loud as thou³,

Old Stentor.

Come hither *Shock*, I'll ne'er complain,
Nor kick thee from my *Lap* again,
Tho other Lips thy Mouth so dain-

ry touches;

Give me one Bus, I'll prize thee more

Than *tinsil'd* Lord does *brazen* Whore;

Or than——or than——or than——or than

No body.

Let lousy Poets sit and chat

Of *Money*, and they know not *what*!

Of *Love*, and *Honour*, and all that,

So filly!

Let *Play-house* Hero's live or die,

Or spew, or stink, or swear, or lie,

To court the *Glance* of one bright Eye

From *Philly*!

Let the entranced *loving* Afs

A Picture woo, and bus the Glafs,

Covering his *Mistresses* surpas-

sing Beauty!

Then steal from *Cowley*, or from *Done*

(Since none will miss 'em when they're gone)

Two hundred thousand Stanza's on⁴

Her Shoo-ty!

All other Fairs avaunt, avaunt,

For *Shock's* sweet Praise my *Muse* must chaunt,

And sweat (ah, wou'd she wou'd!) in Rant⁵

Extatic.

'Tis *Shock* alone is my Desire,

She does my addled Pate inspire

As much as any *Muse* with Fire

Poetic.

View every *Limb* in every part

From *Head* to *Tail*, from *Rump* to *Heart*,

You'll find she not one *Pin* from Art

Has gotten;

When Courtly *Dames* so gaudy, tho

They dress their Mouths in *Pinlico*,

A *Dog* won't touch them, they are so

Ripe-rotten.

Muse,

Muse, what d'you mean? what Flesh can stay,
And dive in *Helicon* to day,
Or swim in any Streams but A-

qua vita?

Put up your Pipes, to Dinner go,
Whilst I dismiss the *Guests* below:
You're welcome Gentlemen, and so

Good-buy-t'y'.

NOTES.

¹ [Let lofty Greek and Latin go.]

And here let me tell you is a fair occasion to give you to understand the Author has a smatch of Latin Verses too — for some were made before these English on the same Subject: But for fear of clapping in a false Concord or Position, or so (the very thoughts whereof will be dreadful, as long as I can unbutton my Breeches) I think it best as 'tis.

² [Tho my froze Hog's head e'en is burst.]

See the *Academy del' Cimento*, and others, about the nature of Freezing, which rarifies and dilates, not condenses or lessens the Water. Thus a Vessel stop'd close, with no vent, when frozen, if precisely full, will burst out the Hoops for Enlargement.

—— 'Twas in the middle of a great Frost these were wrote.

³ [Then would I yelp as loud as thou

Old Stentor!]

Stentor was a kind of a City Cryer in Horner, — A speaking Trumpet was but a Bagpipe to him (tho by their Names they shall be Cousins) he would lift up his Voice just as loud as fifty men, not more, nor one less.

⁴ [Two hundred thousand Stanza's on

Her Shoo-ty.]

Just so many in *Quevedo's Buscon*, the Poet makes on a Pindar from his Mistress's Sleeve — I think sincerely a greater Paradox than all mine put together.

⁵ [And sweat (ah, wou'd she wou'd) in Rant

Extatic.]

Once more, lest you should forget it, 'twas very cold Weather when this was on the Anvil.

Paradox XCV.

That Brutes have Reason.

I judge no *Paradox* in this Volume is more contrary to the common Sentiments of Mankind than this, *That Brutes have Reason*; and 'tis almost impossible there should be a fair Discussion of this Matter, because Men are Parties; and none is competent to determine the Question but either he that is above both Man and Beast, or equally participates of both: it being as likely in the general Cause, as 'tis usual in all particular, that men will arrogate the Advantage to their own Species. Yet Man's Dominion over Beasts, the Conformation of his Body, the Operations of his Mind, and the Works of both compar'd to those of other Animals, seem to decide the Question. For Man alone knows, not only God, and the other Creatures, but also himself, by a reflection of the Understanding, which is the highest act of Reason. His Body alone is shap'd so that his Eyes are erected towards Heaven, his Members are flexible and versatile, especially his Hand (the Organ of Organs) he fits down most commodiously and gracefully at the exercising of all Arts; and his manifold artificial Productions, perfecting and surpassing those of Nature, find nothing comparable to them amongst those of other Animals. And therefore I adhere to the Holy Scripture, which denies understanding to Beasts; and to what Antiquity, especially Philosophy, determines, which hath found no more peculiar difference whereby to distinguish Man from Beast than Reason.

But to my Paradox: Since Reason is the hand of Judgment, as the Speech is of Reason, and the Hand it self is the Instrument subservient to Speech; one of these degrees must lead us to the knowledg of the other. I mean, that since Reason is the hand of the Judgment, such Animals as shall be found to have Judgment, can no more be without Reason than a Man naturally without a hand. Now all are constrain'd to acknowledg some judgment in Animals, for otherwise they could not exercise the Functions of their external and internal Senses, which divers have in a more eminent degree than we. They have a *common Sense*; for they distinguish the Objects of the Senses; a Fancy, since they are all equally led to sensible good; many of them are indu'd with memory, as Dogs and Horses, who bark and neigh in their Sleep; which cannot be done but by some higher Faculty, uniting and joining the Species drawn out of their memory: an effect not possible to proceed from any other Cause than Reason. But that which removes all scruple, is, that they are capable of Discipline; and there's no feat of Activity but they learn it

it sooner than Man; witness the Elephants which danc'd upon the Rope at *Rome*, and the Apes which do as much here at this time; not to mention Dogs, Horses, and other Creatures which are manag'd, and Birds which are taught to speak.

It further appears that *Brutes have Reason* by the Example of the Elephant, who before the Tinker was paid, try'd whether the Kettle (wherein he us'd to have his Food) was well mended, by filling it with Water; of the Ox, who never drew up above a certain number of Buckets of Water; of the Fox, who caus'd the Water in a Fitcher to ascend by filling it with Stones, and always lays his Ear to a frozen River, to hear whether the Water moves under the Ice, before he trusts himself upon it; of the Dog, who having scented two Paths, casts himself into the third without Smelling at all, and concludes that the Tract of his Game; of the Cat, which altho hungry, dares not eat the Meat she sees for fear of the Whip which she sees not. All which are so many Syllogisms.

Further, that Brutes have Reason, appears by sundry Animals, which gave Man the Knowledge of Building, as the Swallow; of Spinning, as the Spider; of hoarding Provisions, as the Pismire, to whose School *Solomon* sends the Sluggard; of presaging fair Weather, as the King's-fisher; the downfall of Houses, as Rats and Mice; of making Clysters, as the Ibis; of letting Blood, as the Hippopotamus, or Sea-horse: so that 'tis evident, *Brutes have Reason.*

Besides, Faculties are discover'd by their Actions, and these are determin'd by their End. Now the Actions of Men and Beasts are alike, and have the same End, Good, Profitable, Delightful or Honest. There is no Controversy concerning the two former. And Honesty, which consists in the exercise of Virtue, they have in an eminent degree. Witness the *Courage of the Lion*, in whom this Virtue is not produc'd by Vanity or Interest, as it is in Men. Nor was it ever seen that Lions became Servants to other Lions (as we see Men are to one another for want of Courage) which prefer a thousand Deaths before Servitude. Their Temperance and Continence is apparent, in that they are contented with Pleasures lawful and necessary, not resembling the disorderly Appetites of Men, who not contented with one sort of Food, depopulate the Air, the Earth, and the Waters, rather to provoke than satiate their Gluttony. The Fidelity of the Turtle, and the Chastity of the Dove, are such as have serv'd for a Comparison, in the Canticles, of the Spouse. The Fidelity of the Dog to his Master exceeds that of Men. The Raven is so continent, that 'tis observ'd to live 600 years without a Male, if her own happen to be kill'd. For their good Constitution gives them so long a Life, which in Men, Nature or their own Disorders terminate within a few years. As for Justice, the foundation of all human Laws, 'tis common to Beasts with Men.

Therefore 'twas not without Reason that the first Age of Innocence,

innocence, and afterwards *Pythagoras*, upon the account of his *Metempsychosis*, *spar'd the Lives of Beasts*; that when God sav'd but four Couple of all Mankind from the Deluge, he preserv'd seven of every clean Animal, and made the Angel which withstood the Prophet *Balaam* rather visible to his Ass than to him; that this Animal, and the Ox (whose acknowledgment towards their Masters is alledg'd by *Isaiah*, to exprobrate to the *Israelites* their Ingratitude towards God) were the first Witnesses of our Saviour's Birth, who commands us to be innocent and prudent, like some of them. Which presupposes *not only Reason in them*, but that they have more thereof than

Man, with whatever Cavillation he may disguise their Virtues, saying, that what is Knowledge in God, Intelligence in Angels, Reason in Man, Inclination in inanimate Bodies, is Instinct in Brutes. For since a Beast attains to his End better than Man, and is not so subject to Change as he, it may seem that a nobler Name should be given to that Faculty which accomplisheth its Work best, than to that which is for the most part deficient therein. And therefore *either a Brute hath more Reason than Man*, or that which Man calls Instinct in a Beast is more excellent than his Reason, a Faculty ordinarily faulty, subject to surprize and to be surpriz'd.

Paradox XCVI.

Mourning Joy: or a Paradox in praise of Sadness.

A Wise Man is a Man as well as other Mortals: *Seneca* (who was *Germanissimus Stoicus*, as one calls him, a true bred *Stoick*) did confess as much: *non educo sapientem ex hominum camera*, &c. And *Antoninus* firm'd the *Philosopher* (who had imbibed as much *Stoicism* as any other) did betray as much by the Tears that he shed for his Foster-Father; and when he seem'd by some severe Gravities to lament beyond *Decorum*, his Father *Antoninus Pius* ingeniously excus'd him; *Permitte illi ut homo sit*, &c. Permit him (saith he) to be a Man; for neither *Philosophy* nor *Empire* takes away Affections.

Seneca also in his consolatory Epistle to *Polybius*, is so far from condemning him for his Sorrowing, that he condemns those that did condemn him, and calls them, *Dura magis quam fortis prudentie Viros*, rather hard-hearted than valiant Men.

An unchangeable Tenor and Temper of Affections is not only above the Conditions of Men, but of the holy Angels also: for they have an Alternation of Joys and Sorrows; as they rejoice over penitent Sinners, so they grieve and mourn for the Fall of a holy Man, or some bright Star in the *Firmament* of God's Church below.

Having

Having premis'd these Things (for the better understanding the following *Paradox*) I now proceed to the *Mourning Joy, or Praise of Sadness*.

I know, but fear not, the Danger of cherishing and defending so unwelcome a Guest as *Sadness*. To shun'd, so abhor'd: For since I am well assur'd, they have condemn'd rather her Countenance than her self, and that both her Judg, Jury and Hangman, have been that airy Monster *Opinion*, that taketh all upon trust, and answers nothing with Reason; I was the rather inclin'd to be her Friend, because *Opinion* was her Enemy; the first proof of her Goodness, since she is hated by so false and obstinate an Enemy to Wisdom and Judgment.

First then, because our human Weakness, and chiefly those that I desire to instruct, understand best by Contraries; as Health is best known by Sickness, Plenty by Want; it is fit I shew them what Mirth is made of, and over what a Troop she commands; that beholding her, and her Band disrob'd and anatomiz'd, weary and ashamed of the Sight. they may by putting off their prejudicate Obstinacies, be made first Hearers, and consequently Obeyers of a worthier Conductor.

That Mirth is a natural quality of Man's, I deny not; but without, I think it one of those that he hath little cause to boast of: it is true that he makes Mirth and Sadness the Balance of his Affections and Passions, and is weigh'd by them. Thus he accounts his Winnings and Losings,

and the same is express'd in Sadness or Mirth: but whether most of these suppos'd Winners are not rather betray'd than supported; loosned, disorder'd and corrupted, than strengthened, grounded and instructed, I think there is no Man that hath well observ'd himself, and his Actions considerately, but will affirm. Who can doubt of this that knoweth the Slightness of her Composition? Children make her of Babies and Hobby-Horses; young Men of Sports, Hawks, Horses, Dogs, or worse; old Men of Riches; Statesmen of Adorers, Honour and Advancement; Women of gay Clothes, many Lovers and flattering Glasses: It is one God they adore, tho worship'd in several Shapes; and tho the difference amongst them makes them Despisers of one another's Choice, yet to the disinterested Beholder, they play all at one Game, tho not all for one Sum: *Et quæ veneraris & quæ despicias, unus exæquabit cinis.*

We have touch'd the Aim and End, let us now see the Pursuers and Adorers of Mirth, and they that make her the Goddess of their Actions; a People either so light and imperceptible, as nothing can come beyond their Senses; or so opinionative and obstinate, or rather so drunk with Pleasure, as they scarce know what they do or say. I shall only instance in the *Transports of a Lover that gains his Mistress*. he smiles and capers at every word, and thus addresses his charming *Celia*.

Oh the dear Hour in which you did resign!
 When round my Neck your willing Arms did twine.
 And in a Kiss you said, Your Heart was mine.
 Thro each returning Year may that Hour be
 Distinguish'd in the Rounds of all Eternity.
 Gay be the Sun that Hour in all his Light,
 Let him collect the Day to be more bright,
 Shine all that Hour, and all the rest be Night.

And as the Mirth of the fortunate Lover is all Extasy, so there is another sort of Men that clap Mirth between them and their Consciences, for fear of Corrosives, that keep her up like a Ball, and run after her, to be the farther off from themselves, who might know, tho *Vinum, Cantus, Somnus, commotianculas illas primas, non raro sanant iræ doloris, amaris at nunquam ægitudine, quæ radices egit & fixit pedem.* To characterize these further then in general, were needless; for what shall the Picture need, where the Original is so common? With what other are Brothel-houses and Taverns stuff'd? *Voluptas, humile, servile, imbecillæ, caecumq; cuius Statio & formicæ & popinæ sunt?* What are the Inhabitants of Theaters, Masks, Feasts, Triumphs, but such as either acknowledg no God so willingly as Mirth and Pleasure; or such as dare not come home into themselves, for fear of their Errors and Miscarriages?

In the mean time, O poor Reason! at how base a Price art thou sold? Or art thou but a Name without an Essence? or a broken Reed that the Will of Man dares not stay it self upon, for fear of falling? Or else what a blue-ey'd Choice is theirs, that for the most idle, momentary,

and sick Effects of Mirth and Pleasure, exchange not only their time (which is unredeemable) but themselves, which they think too well sold to repurchase?

But now it is fit I hasten to them, who seek not Mirth, but are sought of her; for such is the Lust of Fortune's Benefits, as whilst the Body feeleth her self able to purchase her Desires, and to gorge her Senses, she abandons her self to all Sensualities, and rejoiceth in her own Fulness; to you then, upon whom none but fair Winds have ever blown in this career of your suppos'd Happiness, can you see for all your high and overtopping Places, your end and resting Place? Or are you not rather the Arrows of the Omnipotent Arm that are yet flying, not at yours, but at his Mark; and are no more Owners of your own purpos'd Ends, than you were Causes of your own Beginnings? In the mean time effeminated with your Prosperity, and as it were still sucking upon the Breast of Fortune, if she turns her Back and retires, how miserable doth she leave you? Still bleating after the Teat, and like those nice Creatures, that become tame with taking their Bread from others hands, unable to administer to your selves the least Help or Comfort.

We

We do see that Nature and all her Productions supports them and her self by incessant Changes and Revolutions; Generation and Corruption being to the Earth like Rivers to the Sea, in a restless Current, and perpetual Progress. Do we see the Flourishing and Falling, not only of Kings and Princes, but of Kingdoms and Commonwealths, Cities, Trophies, and whatsoever the vain Imagination of Man hath contriv'd for the overcoming of Time? And can we upon some small remnant of Fortune's Bounty, think to establish a Perpetuity of Mirth and Pleasure? No, no, he that takes not this time to provide for a World, and in the midst of his Pleasures doth not think how frail and transitory they are, will pay dearly for his Jollity; when surpriz'd by Death, or some Disaster, they leave him in an instant so much more miserable than others, as he hath depended upon such Uncertainties; without which, his Life is most loathsome unto him, and with which, Death most fearful and abhor'd.

But to what end is all this tendered to the Adorers and Lovers of Mirth? Their Heads and Hearts are already fill'd with their own Delights; which must be consum'd by Affliction, before the precious Balm of Sadness can either enter or work. *Fabius* said, he fear'd more *Minutius's* Victories than Overthrows: which may be rightly apply'd to the general Disposition of Man, his Successes infecting him with an ignorant Confidence, intoxicating his Reason with Presumption and Ostentation, which are such daily effects of Worldly Prosperities,

as they that think themselves Lords, are often the unworthiest sort of Slaves; and their Opinionative Happiness, the most wretched Misery. Not unlike the mad *Athenian*, who imagin'd himself possess'd of all, when indeed he was true Owner but of his own Distemper and Lunacy.

To young Men there belongs more Piety, as well because Nature hath her Hand in this their Thirst of Pleasure; they being yet by the Heat of Blood, and the Quickness of their Spirits, and the Strength of their Senses, jolly and gamesome: as also that it must be Time, and the Wounds and Scars, gotten by their wretched Carelessness, that must make them capable of Advice: Since (as *Plutarch* saith) their heady Passions and Pleasures set over them more cruel and tyrannous Governors, than those that had the Charge of their Minorities. Now who is it that leadeth this distracted Dance of Youth, but Mirth? for whose sake and Pleasures they are inseparable Companions. What is irregular, indiscreet, unlawful, dishonest; nay, what Laws, either of Man's, Nature's, or God's, are in these Apprehensions strong enough to contain them within their Bounds? *Galba* in his Adoption of *Pis*, amongst his other Praises, saith, *You whose Youth hath needed no Excuse*: A Commendation so rare and glorious, as there needed no more to illustrate his Name and Fame to all Posterity; for who else, unless fetter'd and chain'd with Nature or Fortune, but in their first wearing the fresh Garment of Youth, have not soild and spotted it, as their whole
Life

Life after (tho painfully and industriously directed) hath not been able to wipe out their Faults, and refresh the Gloss of their Reputation? Hence it is, that *Delicta Juventutis mee & ignorantias meas ne memineris Domine*, is taught by all, and us'd by all; so inevitable a Disesteem is Youth: of which we need no Witness, since every Man's Conscience doth justify it: the Generality and Antiquity having made it venial; and by consent, we bind none from these Slips and Stumbles but old Men and Women, the rest pass the Masters so far from checking, that they produce many of their Follies as the Marks of Spirit and Generosity, and by their Will would make of an old Vice a young Virtue. Who can hope now to deliver this flourishing Season of Youth from these Caterpillars? Since Mirth and Pleasure allures, Opinion animates, and Community hides them from the Sight of themselves and Actions. This it is that makes nothing more current, than to pay one another with our Faults, and no Man trusts so much to his own Virtue, as to his Neighbours or Companions Vices. We repose ourselves in the Desert of others, and no Man strives further than to be comparatively good: We advance our selves upon Ruins, and think our selves well, because another is worse. O lame Shift! O drunken Remedy! I will then say but this to those young Men that will hear me: Since you know not the way to true Happiness and Contentment, ask not of them that are yet in the Race, but of them that have pass'd it;

Propose unto your selves some Pattern to imitate (*nisi ad regulam pravam non corrigis*) and to strengthen your Judgments, behold those that have already acted their Parts. Take one of these Admirers of Mirth and Pleasure, and another that hath ever made his Reason the Taster of all his Actions, and compare these together, and then chuse which of them you would be: there cannot thus far off be so corrupted a Judgment, as not to know the best; the Difference is then a little time, *& hoc quod senectus vocatur, pauci sunt circuitus amorum*: Behold then the Match, for a few years to boot, this vicious hateful Person is taken, that devour'd his own Honour and Reputation; and with his Pleasure swallow'd even his very Soul, and that lives now but in his Infamy; rather than that well-order'd Spirit, that hath left a true and perfect Circle of a discreet govern'd Life and Death, and left the World Heir of many rich and worthy Examples: Who in this Consideration but must cry out with the Psalmist, *O what is Man, that thou art so mindful of him!* &c. Or why, having taken our Judgment thus halting, should we rely upon its carrying us thro the World, that in our Entrance hath thus stumbled and fallen? He hath then the first sign of Recovery, that in this his Beginning mistrusts his own ways, and dares offer his Wounds to the Surgeon: It is an incurable Ignorance, that dares not put it self to Mending. *Plato* would have Offenders repair to the Judge and Magistrate, as to the Physicians

of the Soul, and submit themselves to Punishment, as to the Medicine of Recovery; but this was too high an Imagination for Practice. Yet thus far we may go, and upon the Ground, and not in the Air: having, upon a due Examination, found it fit to mistrust our selves, it follows even in common reason, not to throw our selves rashly into any Action, but to assist our Weakness with gaining Consideration-Time: This disarms our Passions of their Violence; for their Motion being out of Heat, and never going but running, being once stay'd, and overtaken by Reason, they after willingly submit themselves unto her, and are easily manag'd. It is an Axiom in Philosophy, that our first Motions are not in our own Power, which is true no longer than we list; for he that will not embark himself, without a Pause and Deliberation, dissolves the Acrimony of his Affections, and makes them of the cruelest Tyrants the most profitable Servants. It is true, our Ignorance and Sloth make every thing terrible unto us; and we will not, because we dare not; and dare not, because we will not. This makes us submit our selves to any thing that doth either flatter or threaten us; and like some foolish Cowards, that give the Reins of their Government into the Hands of their Wives or Servants, thinking then they buy their Peace, when they sell it. Thus do they grow upon us, and by Composition, not Force, become Masters of the Place, being just so strong as we are weak.

The Scouts of *Antigonis* relat-

ing unto him the multitude of his Enemies, and advising by way of Information the danger of a Conflict that should be undertaken with so great an Inequality; he reply'd, *And at how many do you value me?* In this Civil War of our selves, the first Disorder, and consequently our Overthrow, proceeds from a false valuation of our own Strength. We are content to embrace our own true natural Worth, so we may have leave to yield our selves to some furious Passion or soothing Affection; but would we now take a true knowledg of our own value, we might easily redeem our selves. God and Nature have not dealt so tyrannically with Man, as to give him Charge of that he cannot hold; if we lose the Game, it must be by Play: Wherefore since we are likely to be besiegd by the World, and her Allurements, lest Famine or Treason surprize us, let us turn out of the Walls all unprofitable Pleasures, and know betimes that Mirth becometh neither the Fortune nor Condition of Man; so is he environ'd with Dangers, and so subject to Intrappings, *Omnis vita supplicium est*, there is no Day, Hour or Moment that brings a certain Cessation of Arms; but on the contrary, our Life is a continual Warfare, representing unto us incessant Dangers and Perils: Wherefore we must always stand upon our Guard, and keep a strait Watch upon our selves; not only examining the Humors that go in and out, their Errands and Pretences, but even every Motion and Thought; for of so many different