

rent pieces is the little World of Man compounded, so stirring, so indefatigable, so full of Changes and Counter-changes, so suddenly elevated, as soon dejected; and in a word, such a composition of Contrarieties; as he that doth not continually observe himself, and steadily fix his Eyes upon all his Actions, shall suddenly grow a Stranger to himself, and be utterly ignorant of his own Proceedings. If this then be a time for Mirth, he may easily imagine, who doth not alone call all the Parts and Faculties of Man from their Duties and Charge, to feast and glut themselves with Sensualities; but returneth them so corrupt and debauch'd, as, like *Hannibal's* Army, after their wintering in *Campania*, they cannot be known for the same men; so have they melted their Courages with Delicacy, and with Riot made themselves impatient, and almost incapable of Discipline. To conclude, such is the weakness of Man, and so strong are his bodily Inclinations, as if he doth not divert or break the force of his Affections, Reason alone is not able to resist them. Wherefore as *Plato* allow'd old men Mirth and Wine to revive Nature almost tir'd in her long Journey, and to refresh their Spirits benumm'd with the Coldness of their Dwelling: by the same reason it is forbidden Youth, whose Blood being now at the hottest, by the least Addition or Increase, falls into the Diseases of Excess, the most violent and unresistable Extremes. We see then it is prescrib'd but for a Medicine; and by the difference of the Constitutions of young Men and old,

it can be no more wholesome for the one, than dangerous for the other. Howsoever since it is prescrib'd medicinally, the too frequent use must either destroy the Operation, or leave only the malignant quality alive and uncorrected: unto those whom the outside of Fortune dazzles and allures, there is nothing to be said by way of Advice; being such, as neither Nature nor Education hath favour'd, but are left to act the base and illiberal Parts upon this Stage of the World. This is the Multitude, the Vulgar, the People that are bought and sold, and reckon'd by the hundred and the thousand, and bear no Price single and alone. A Madness it were then to think to move and convert them together, when our Saviour that fed 5000 of them, and as many as heard him, could neither with the admirableness of his Miracles, nor the Excellency of his Doctrine prevail with them all, and return them all Believers. This were sufficient to deter me even from but touching upon this Quicksand, were they not the Harbour of Opinion, where she is still rescu'd from the Lovers of Truth. Neither is it impossible that some, yet of her and their Party, upon a truer Information, may forsake and be asham'd of their Station, or to be a piece of the Body of this great Beast.

There is nothing can enter into consideration more strange and improbable, than to see even the most active and understanding Spirits, to refer themselves and their Proceedings to the multitude, to esteem themselves at their Price, exceed their Memories and Powers of Satisfaction.

The young Man that thought to escape the being seen in a Tavern, with retiring further into it, was justly reprehended for going further in. But such is the nature of Vice, it hath an alluring Look, and a detaining Tail; our Desires first allure us to things unlawful, and when we are there, our Fear bars us in: But if every Man knew how much more right he might have from his own Tribunal, if he will freely and sincerely give his Reason her own Power, and how justly an unabus'd Conscience will proceed, and how sweetly and securely he sleeps, that hath receiv'd from them his *Quietus est*, he would for ever disclaim the Censure of Opinion, and with *Phocion* mistrust himself, because the People prais'd him; *Erubuit quasi peccasset quod*

placuerit. And as the Prince of Morality adviseth, *Non respuit quid homines turpe judicent aut miserum, qua populus; sed ut sidera contrarium mundo iter intendunt, ita hic adversus opinionem omnium vadit.* But thus far had I gone out of the way, had I not pursu'd Opinion.

To come now near our purpose; in Examinations Circumstances are not neglected, if they any way conduce to the end of our Inquiry. Thus Judges and Magistrates make their Uses and Advantages of Names and Countenances, tho' it be impossible to make either so much as accessory. First then we find, that *Sadness* hath ever been receiv'd as a Witness of Truth, which made *Cowley* say,

*I'll teach him a Receipt to make,
Words that weep and Tears that speak;
I'll teach him Sighs like those in Death,
At which the Soul goes out too with the Breath.*

Sadness amongst honest Men is taken for an infallible Asseveration; whereas Mirth hath so little Credit, as when Rashness or Falseness hath made an Escape by the Tongue, the refuge is to lay it to Mirth's Charge; who, as a licens'd Buffoon, hath often leave to pass the Bounds of Modesty and Truth. Again, Mirth is so like Drunkenness, that they are at this day, but as two Names of one thing; and merry, means drunk, and drunk merry: whereas Sober expresseth a discreet Temper, to raise and deject themselves at the pleasure of their Breaths, to take warrant from their Countenances; and in a word, to live and die at their Appointments. When single, they scorn and despise them, and think even their best Thoughts scarce worthy of their Footboy, yet the Pattern and Piece differeth not; and any one, as far as Sufficiency expresseth the whole: as Physicians say of the Diseases of the Body, that the same may come from different Causes; so this of the Mind proceedeth either from the laying their ambitious hopes upon Popularity, or such as, guilty of their own Intentions, dare not put themselves upon the Trial of their Consciences.

A third sort there are, that feed, and cloath, and talk, and waik, and have deliver'd themselves and their Behaviour to be brought up by *Opinion*. These since they cannot be separated from the multitude, neither can be, nor are worth the singling; for those that Ambition hath persuaded to this popular Folly, they are worthy to be deceiv'd; and were it not that in all inordinate Desires, Reason is first vanquish'd, they could not but know this Beast is tame but in fair Weather. They love that part of you which they understand, which is your Fortune. Love and Friendship begins in the Soul, and ends in the Body; and theirs begin in the Body, and ends in the Fortune. The two Ligaments that tie the Men to a Justness and *Decorum* in all their Actions, are Wit and Honesty; which they being defective in, can no more love truly, than he can speak that is born dumb. Wherefore further than Commiseration, and the common Duties of Humanity, it is a Madness to be popular; for as they say, the chief Strength of the Lion lieth in his Tail, so theirs in their Mouths; which as it devours all you give, so they go no further to pay for all they take. It is true, *Ubiunque homo est, ibi beneficio locus est*: Thus far Charity commands, and further is ridiculous or dangerous, or both. In Princes unto whom they belong as a Charge, and who have Power to make them fear, if they will not love, Popularity is no Vice, but a part of use, and as dangerous for them to neglect, as for a private Man

and a Subject to follow and affect.

We have nothing more common and in practice amongst decay'd Beauties, bankrupted by Time or Accidents, than to hide it from others Eyes with Art, and from their own with false Glasses: no otherwise is it with them, that from the reflection of *Opinion* behold the State and Condition of their Minds; surely he is afraid to hear Truth, that dares not inquire of himself. It is against our Wills if we transport to foreign Eyes or Ears any Wares that are not substantial, or at least formal: they are in the dark, and visible but to our selves, that are fit for Reformation. And as we know best their Begettings and Births, so are they the natural Subjects for our own Consciences to work upon. It is long since receiv'd, that in one and the self-same Man, there may be a good Man and an ill Citizen; Men and Laws take knowledg of Vice no farther than their own Interest. Diseases that threaten but one, are oppos'd but by one; they are contagious and infectious that are resisted by a Generality. They then that go to *Opinion*, to know the Temper and Disposition of their Minds, go to the Market, rather to sell than to buy, and love better to paint the Walls and Outsides of themselves, than to rectify and repair their inward Errors and Defects; but far worse it is with them that dare not come to Trial, where their Facts and Actions are known, which is at home: Is not this like Children; which shunning the Reprehension and Chastisements of one fault, multiply it to ma-

ny? or like the careless Debtor, that suffers the Interest to outgrow the Principal? How truly doth this prove the Cowardice of Vice, or rather the Sottishness? since he considers not, that as fast as he runs from Fear, the same haste he makes to Desperation, where they inevitably end, that never reckon with themselves, till the Sum be impeach'd by Drink or some other Excess.

For the continuance, what Men carry more mistrust before them, than those that have worn out the Sobriety of an honest Look with a continual grinning or laughing? A Mark of Nature so seldom failing, as it is in every Observation held for an irrecoverable Defect either of Wit or Honesty. Of such stuff are commonly Flatterers, Time-pleasers, and Sycophants made; People so obnoxious to Virtue and Worth, as were it not that they breed and live only upon the Lust of Fortune, it were impossible to keep them from a general Extirpation: For it is they that have bereav'd Greatness and Riches of Innocency, and made it of a dead and indifferent Instrument in the power of the Disposer, to have hatch'd more Monsters than all the Brood of Vices besides; and in a word, have been the most visible and chief Procurers of the heavy Sentence of our Saviour against Rich Men, *That it is easier for a Camel to pass thro' a needle's Eye, than for a Rich Man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.*

In the contemplating *Sadness* and *Mirth*, methinks I see the true Forms of the two Ladies that offer'd themselves to Her-

cules at his Entrance into the way of the World, *Virtue* and *Pleasure*; the first with a settled compos'd Countenance (not unlike the South Sea) full of Peace, Certainty, and Truth, no overruling Passion disordering or raising the least Billow, or moving the smallest Breath of Perturbation; the other like a Shop that sets out the best Wares to the view, and offers many pleasing Morsels to the Senses, and at the first seems to resemble Bounty it self in Freeness and Sweetness; but alas she is too soon won to be constant, she brings not in your Reckoning, till you have consum'd what she set before you, and then you shall know they are too dear, when it is too late to refuse them; her Smiles and Allurements are like the sunshine Days of Winter, Storm-breeders; her Clearness, Warmth and Calmness produce ever Clouds and Tempests, Repentance, Grievs and Anxieties of the Soul: and as Physicians hold a continual requiring Stomach an infallible *Symptom* of a corrupt and diseas'd Body, so may be said of the Lovers of Mirth, that pass from one Pleasure to another, and dare not let their Brains settle, lest they should see their own Deformities, their corrupted Manners, and the Leprosy of their Minds.

Hitherto *Sadness* hath gotten but a Pre-eminence, and hath but prov'd her self better than Mirth, nor approv'd her own Goodness; it is now time to display her in her own Excellency, not such a one as reverts all things upon it self, and regards no Quality that returns not laden with

with Profit, but such a communicative Goodness, as grows not poor by imparting, but redoubles its own Strength, Riches, and Splendor, with lending, assisting, and dividing its influence on others. But before I offer her and her Qualities to the view, it is necessary I decipher her. *Philoxamen*, for want of an Interpreter, was set to cleave Wood by his Hostess, for his own entertainment. The Eye is a nice, busy, and undertaking Sense, if Reason or Judgment prepare not her way.

I mean not then under the name of *Sadness* to defend effeminate Bemoanings and Lamentations; let them that subject themselves to this weakest Impatience, be also subject to the *Lylian* Law, that bound these kind of Lamenters to be array'd like Women: nor am I an Approver of a rigid, sour, morose Austerity, since it is seldom other than the Vizard of Envy or Vainglory; such were *Nero's* Philosophers, *nec deerant qui voce vultuq; tristi inter Oblectamenta Regia spectari cuperent*: neither is it a small Motive to their Condemnation, that the Novice and Inquirer after Virtue is deter'd, to see her Disciples so over-clouded and drown'd in heaviness, rather like the Followers of a Funeral, than her Minions and Beloved, whose Power and Bounty doth not only extend it self unto all Deservers, but makes all Lives, Fortunes and Accidents, not only tolerable and to be endur'd, but sweet, wholesome, easy, and oftentimes glorious and exemplary: neither will I praise a Sorrow that, as *Pythagoras* says, eats his own Heart,

that abandons the Rudder in a Storm, and dares not live for fear of dying.

Wise Men know, it is the Condition of Humanity to be toss'd with contrary Winds, and those are the seasons of distinction between Wise Men and Fools. Every man looks gayly in a holiday Fortune, but to be basely set by, and to shine thro an obscure Fortune, illustrates the Riches and Pretiousness of the Mind. Man hath not the throwing of the Dice, but the playing of the Cast: He is Lord over his Intentions, the other part reaches up to Heaven, where Successes and Effects are deliver'd back, not according to the Appetite of Man, but the inscrutable Wisdom of God; and upon that we ought to rest our selves not only with Patience, but with Comfort, that the only Fountain of Knowledg hath taken it into his own hands, of whose better disposing it were the greatest Impiety and Infidelity to make the least doubt or question. But it is *Sadness* that prepares us for the acting of this and the rest of our Life truly and as we ought; which must not be understood to be of the Descent of *Niobe*, still labouring in Tears and Exclamations, nor a vainglorious or envious Philosopher, that big with his own Profession, labours to proclaim it in his Looks; nor a silent fretting Sorrow, that will needs marry his Afflictions: But *Sadness*, whose Portraiture I wou'd present from the general State and Nature of Man, hath drawn her self into a Habit or Posture, in some places fit to resist the IncurSIONS of her Enemies,

mies, in others to divert them, them, and rather to the Profit of
and sometimes like a wise Con- Nature and her Conservation,
queror, making them of the than for their particular Benefit,
cruellest Foes, assur'd Friends, or which as at first it is strait and nar-
loving Subjects; her Outside is row, so Time ripens it not nor di-
sober, calm, constant, modest, lates it: Far otherwise it is with
and for the most part silent; Man, whose Reason grows with
her Inside full of Peace, Industry him, and whose Judgment (as
and Resolution. not compatible with his Youth)

To reduce these into a shorter is deliver'd unto him when he
and sounder way, what Know- comes to age; at least his Mino-
ledg, Art or Science is there more rity is but the Seedtime; in his
necessary and important, than Autumn comes his Harvest, that
that which is wholly devoted to is, the time of his Instruction;
the ordering of our Life? This this of Use.

doth *Sadness* most aptly and ef- Now whether it be from the
fectually, first instructing, then Pride of Man, that loves not to
adorning, and lastly governing look so low as his Infancy, or
the Life of Man, with so much the contempt he hath to impair
Tranquillity, Certainty, and Hap- his Time to a poor Lump of
piness, as if we will trust either Flesh, or that since Nature hath
Reason or Example, we shall find forc'd him upon Women, he
no Lives to carry so continual a thinks to turn the Imperfections
Contentment as these, nor none of Time upon the Imperfections
so often and so continually mis- of Nature, and that they are
carry as the contrary. fittest to breed and hatch their

Since then in these is com- puling wayward weaknesses; whe-
prehended the whole Course of ther from one, or from all, or
man's Life, we will draw the Pic- from some more hidden Cause,
ture of *Sadness* within this com- certain it is, that to the most
pact; so shall I not praise her Men in particular, and to the
more than profit my Reader: or Commonwealth in general, there
if I fail, an unskilful Painter arises great Loss by sacrificing
may spoil a Picture, but not a these their first Years unto their
Face; and a worthier Under- Tuitions: from hence it comes,
taking may purchase Glory by that when Poets wou'd set
the Spoils of my Imperfections. up a Mark for Imitation, they
Since it is not with Man as durst never trust a Woman so
with other Creatures that are en- much as with their nursing, but
dow'd with the greatest part of borrow'd of their Imagination ei-
their Understanding at the very ther a Goddess or a Nymph, or ra-
entrance into the World, which ther than fail, a meaner Creature.
being bounded and limited with- Some Philosophers wou'd allow
in Self-preservation, extends no them no more Interest in our Con-
further than to a present Consi- ception, than to receive, cherish,
deration of them and theirs; as foster, and re-deliver us; but
it is a natural Property infus'd alas, the large Portion of the Im-
rather into their Being, than into perfections that we inherit from
them,

them, assures us the contrary. But since it is so much, as Time, Reason, Instruction, and whatsoever the Wit of Man can apply, can never utterly expel, hardly correct or temper, what a stupid Carelessness reigns over the World, to increase our Defects, by enlarging their Time of Government?

But neither to offend them, nor stray further from my Subject, their Dispositions will not take the rich Colour of *Sadness*, which ever yields that Tranquillity and Settledness of Mind, which can propose the End, and prosecute the Way, without diversion or error, at least without those that disjoin our Intentions, and overthrow our Purposes; whereas the very Springs of Passions and Affections take and change their Forms at the pleasure of every Representation, not upon a deliberated Judgment, but according to the Consultation and Conclusions of their Senses.

Thus then we may see the Power of *Sadness* for Instruction, since they that want it are not to be trusted with Education, yet not to leave Enemies behind us; tho I wish we might observe their Order, who set wild Birds Eggs under those that are domestick and tame, to alter their wild Condition into their Foster-mothers more mild and familiar; and so cou'd wish our dry Nurses were Men, and such as cou'd reach them Words made of Reason, as well as Wind: And tho there be many severe (if not malicious) Censures given us, by our Forefathers, against them in all Ages, and by all Countries, and by all Professions; of which

infinite Concurrence of Censure, I will give but one Instance, *nelle cose di consiglio in una donna, e capace di poterlo dare ne meno di pigliarlo per se e tanto peggio da teneo secreto mai*; yet doubt I not but they are Owners of such Perfections, as bounded and kept in their own Circumference, are of much use and pleasure; and they are to be honour'd by us no less than our Mother Earth, from whom we no sooner come, but we strive to return again. To conclude, since we cannot be without them, it is great reason they shou'd be entertain'd with a due Respect, which is rather sweetly than seriously; let them have their own Interest religiously answer'd: And for more, since it but corrupts them, and shackles us, whatsoever old Men and mad Men do or have done, wise Men, for their sakes, will attend their Charge with more Circumspection.

If then we desire to frame a Man that shall deserve his Being, and to be Master of himself and Time, let us begin betimes to set such Governours over him, as may both by their Examples and Instructions daily reflect upon him, and infuse into him the Grace and most instructive Influence of *Sadness*; for by this means he lives fortify'd against the grand Corrupter of Youth, *Pleasure*, and the violent Enemy of Age, *Grief*. Surely the Beam that keeps the Cogitations of Man even, is no other than *Sadness*; for he that thinks to buy his Peace with accumulating Riches, or to be too strong for Fortune with making himself powerful, doth but apply an outward Medicine

dicine for an inward Disease; which tho it may sometimes ease, seldom cures: But *Sadness* that keeps us at home, daily shews us the brittle Frailty of all exterior things (which makes us like an Army pester'd with too much Baggage, neither fit to fly nor fight) unites our inward Powers, defends our Reason from the Vapours and Mists of our Affections; and standing between the Extremes of Mirth and Sorrow, is the only perfect Moderator of our human Actions. *Cato*, tho he had many learned Slaves, wou'd not commit the Education of his Son to them, but himself became his Instructor; which I attribute to no other Consideration, than that he rather chose to frame him to a well-compos'd *Sadness*, than to be excellent in any Art or Profession; *ut modestior, non ut lepidior fiat*: A Perfection fitter for a mechanick Earner, than a true Owner of himself; since it is the forming of the Mind, not the Tongue or Hand, that can prefer us to true Felicity.

Now that we may touch, as it were with our finger, how much *Sadness* confers towards a perfect Instruction, what is more proper and peculiar to the forming and framing of the Mind to Wisdom and Goodness, than first to keep out Vice, and then so to work, prepare, and temper the Mind, as it shall be always fit to receive and contain the wholesom Documents of Virtue and Honesty? Which *Sadness* does so naturally and effectually, that all other things which offer themselves for this use, are in comparison left-handed, and Stepmothers to Education.

First then, as one says prettily of his imagin'd Wife, that he would have her of a denying Behaviour; as if a Fort accessively situated could not be impregnable, since assaultable; and as he says therefore he comes too near that comes to be deny'd, and as *Ovid*, that great Trader into those Parts, cou'd never find Armour of proof for Chastity, but not to be prov'd, *casta est quam nemo rogavit*, she's chaste whom no Tongue yet did taste; so doubtless he shall pass the narrow way of Virtue with fewer Impediments, that is Owner of this sober preventive Behaviour, than those alluring Countenances which keep open house for all Comers. One Philosopher wou'd have Bolsters made to stop the ears of young Men from contagious noisom Sounds; but he that hath made *Sadness* his Porter, shall not need them, since his very Presence deters and checks their loose Imaginations, and they dare not confess themselves to him that hath their Condemnation written in his Face: *Hoc seculum certe tulisset, neminem coram Catonem peccare*. Pedlers open their Wares most willingly to Women and Children. In a word, as they say the Amethyst prevents Drunkenness, so is *Sadness* the Preservative against the entrance of a number of Vices.

Wou'd we then frame a Man fit to command and obey, to govern others and direct himself; a Man so squar'd by the infallible Rules of Wisdom and Judgment, as to know how to become all Places, and to use all Fortunes; he must be a Man full of *Sadness*, but not in the least dejected: Mean

*Mean time no squallid Grief his Looks defiles,
He gilds his sadder Fate with nobler Smiles:
Thus the World's Eye, with reconciled Streams,
Shines in his showers, as if he wept his Beams.*

Such a Man as this can neither seduce his Minority with ill Examples, nor mar his waxen Age with a false Impression; too common a Condition of these dissolute Times, where our Children with their Milk, and their very first Words, suck in obscene Speeches and dissolute Behaviour; and Imitation and Custom hath given them the very Habit of Vice, before they have either lov'd or chosen them.

But this falls not out to the Pupils that are govern'd by Men of this Carriage: for since it is resolv'd, that this *Sadness* is not an Accident of their Complexions, but a Gard hammer'd out of their Discourse, and the Issue of a happy-match'd Discretion and Experience; they do already so well know, that all the Allurements of Vice offer themselves but like Players and Jugglers, to shew you Sport and to gain by you: and this word *Recreation* is but the Outside of Time's wastful and wilful Consumption; and that not only the Hours so spent are utterly lost, but which is far worse, this continual Excitation of the bestial Part of Man, provokes his Lusts and Sensualities unto an unquenchable Dropsy.

Doubtless, as Complexions are apter to the Infection of bodily Diseases, one than the other, so Behaviours to the Contagion of the Mind: Mirth is made of Pleasure, and with Pleasure all Vices

are baited; whereas this *Sadness* is the Complexion of a Mind that knows this, and therefore hates and disdains Mirth. I know Experience is the chiefest Evidence that Age can produce to prove their Right to Wisdom; but that which makes their Judgments strong enough to make their Experience of more use than a bare Tale, is a Decay of their Senses, grown too weak to trade for themselves, and the fitter to be set to our Reason to make up a true Harmony of all the Parts, to the Good and Preservation of the Whole. The same effect hath *Sadness* with young Men, that this Decay of Nature hath with old; for when the consenting Part or Will of Man is so rectified with a Consideration of the true Value of all that the Senses present unto her, well may they long to please themselves with their several Objects; but when that Desire hath no other Advocate but it self, it soon languishes and forsakes its Suit. *Eschines* Advice to an Inquirer after the best Course of Life, was, *to go to the Church willingly, to the Wars upon necessity, but to Feasts upon no terms.* What was this but to praise the Conservation of *Sadness*, which in these Assemblies is for the most part betray'd; and in the Heat of Wine, Meat and Company, melted into the Customs of dissolute Mirth? Which made the wise *Roman* complain, that he never came
amongst

amongst Men, but return'd less Man than when he came in.

This made the Philosopher, who fell asleep at a Feast, hold his Tongue with one hand, and with the other, the part *that they say Women love best*, but not to speak of, as the two Taps at which Mirth and Pleasure are drawn out.

But may I not seem to go too much of one hand, when proposing Instructions, I incline rather to Preventions than Additions? Surely if the Nature of Man were so pure and simple, as it had no Participation nor Commixture with Contrarities and Repugnances, there were no way but one, and that one direct: But as he is first in his Mass or corporeal Substance, the Issue or Production of the four grand Heterogeneous Bodies, and after by the several and most differing Powers of his Reason and Will, as unlike, in their Likeness and Natures, as Light and Darkness, there being as much to shun as to follow; I hope I shall not err in my way, if the Situation of the End propos'd draws me sometimes about, since I undertake to conduct not the Eye, but the Understanding.

Neither will my Reader (I hope) hold himself deceiv'd, if *Sadness* alone, and by it self only, brings not in all the Materials necessary to the composing of a perfect Man, and the framing a Happiness to the full extent of our Earthly Condition; for such an Extract is not to be drawn from a Knowledge so overclouded as mine: let it suffice then (and it will any indifferent Judg) that it is of so much use and impor-

tance, as tho with it only you cannot make this Purchase, yet without it, if it be not impossible, yet at least most difficult; and withal, that tho the Soul in her Revolvings and Travels, may meet those solid Considerations that are most like her self, wherein, as in a Glass, she beholds her own Beauties; yet are they transitory, and but the Flashes of her Agitation; the habitual possession of the Graces of the Mind being to be fix'd upon no body that *Sadness* hath not first prepar'd. This made so many of the Ancients, and of those most memorable for the Excellencies of the Mind, some to throw away their Wealth, others to refuse Riches, the Graces of Princes, and the favour of the People; others pull out their own Eyes, and some to abandon the Society of Man: And even he that might truest be intitul'd, *Delicia humani generis*; he that had the Attribute to fetch Virtue from Heaven, and to place her in Cities; to bring her from the Paradise of the Gods and transplant her into the Breasts of Men, no doubt embrac'd a wilful Poverty: Nay even Life it self, which he was offer'd at the easiest rate, he would not yet accept of, as too delicate and nice a thing for a worthy and heroick Spirit to make account of. If now we enter into the consideration of the Motive that made these Men shun what all the World so earnestly pursue; what could it be but to keep these Wants afoot, continually to admonish them of their Condition, and to cut off all ways by which Mirth or Pleasure might make their Approaches, or come to the Assault?

Alex.

Alexander, in the Excess of abundance, kill'd *Clytus*; *Fabritius* in his Poverty refus'd the golden Bribes of the *Samnites*: upon Abundance waits Mirth and Pleasure, and upon them all, the Leprosies and Deformities of our Minds.

There is not so incorrigible a Creature as Man in Prosperity, nor so modest and reform'd as they that Fortune have no rock'd but wak'd; the consequence of which being Mirth and Sadness, behold them in their Operations, and we must reject the one as a most dangerous Poison, and imbrace the other for the most precious Preservative.

If yet I have not prov'd *Sadness* Instruction it self, yet I hope she doth not look with so disfigur'd a Countenance, as when Opinion paints her; and tho I cannot say she is the End of Knowledge, yet I may well maintain her the Beginning: Since it is *Sadness* only that prepares the Understanding, and makes every Man fit to philosophize, and to be Disciples in the School of Virtue.

If now it be determin'd, and truly, that the Graces and Beauties of the Soul ought to have the Place and Honour above those of the Body; and the Sweetness, Beauty and lovely proportion of the Body to be prefer'd before the effeminate Deckings that the Body doth rather carry than enjoy; since it often happens, that a foul and deform'd Carcase hath a fair and rich Wardrobe: And if all these in their original Estimations were first valu'd, not for their own

Sakes, but as the Ambassadors of those inward Qualities and Excellencies, that such Complexions, Shapes and Proportions inseparably foreshew: *Sadness*, I doubt not, both for her outward Loveliness, and inward Virtue and Use, will be allow'd for an Adornment, that doth not alone please the Eye, but the more judicial and intellectual Parts.

First then, Tho I am not ignorant these merry Companions are the most acceptable to the most, yet not always to the best: and if they be at times welcome to the understanding sort, they are receiv'd to their Tables, not Counsels, and us'd rather for Sauce for their Meat, than Seasoning for their Judgments; and are, as was said of *Athens*, Places that tho many desir'd to be entertain'd in, yet few to inhabit. From whence cometh this, but that as they are Adorers of Mirth, they are Haters of all sad and serious Considerations? To keep Life in Laughter, the whole stream of their Wits is spent upon the Motion of their Tongues. In a word, they sacrifice their Earnest to Jest, their Friends to their Humour, and to present Satisfactions all the Duties of Humanity, Honesty and Discretion. And if so, where shall we lay hold of them, or to what use would they serve, but to such a one as all honest Natures cannot but scorn and disdain? Whereas the sad and sober Behaviour makes it one way to Allowances, and if it gets not Acquaintances so fast, it wins Friends faster; and tho perhaps it be not always so readily entertain'd, yet it is evermore respected; and Reason, since the

one with his incessant Motion wears out it self, loads the Ear, and loaths the Eye ; whereas the other, in his Reservedness, maintains his Understanding in his united Vigour, and not troubling his Brain with his Tongue, falls not into the Disadvantages of many Words ; but still holding more in his Breast than upon his Shoulders, is strong enough for any Assault, and prepar'd to make the best use of Company and Conference. Surely, if Behaviour be of such estimation, as Beauty without it is deform'd, and Deformity with it is lovely, and agreeable to all Eyes : If Behaviour be the Soul of the Form, *Sadness* is the Soul of the Soul ; for such a compos'd settled Smoothness, as distastes not to day, pleaseth to morrow, and gets by Continuance. No Fashion wins so universally and continually, as that which hath receiv'd the true Tincture of *Sadness* : for it suppresseth the Inconstancy and busy Turbulency of the Passions and Affections ; it receives nothing upon Trust or at first sight, and therefore is always one ; neither being troubled with the Floods and Ebbs of Fortune, the Vanity of the World, the ill employ'd Power of Greatness, nor the fluctuary Motions of the humerous Multitude ; or at least, if he be sensible of their Irregularities and Confusions, yet his Thoughts are not written in his Face, his Countenance is not significant : Whereas the Face and Disposition of Mirth ever resembles his last Thoughts, and upon every Touch or Taste of that which is displeasing, and follows not the stream of his Appétite, it deforms it self, and like the Moon, is in as many Changes as his Fortune. Now if the wrangling of Children be troublesom, the waywardness of Men must to a Stranger be ridiculous, and to our Acquaintance odious ; and consequently *Sadness* a goodly Ornament, that neither displeaseth others, deforms it self, nor at any time passeth the Bounds of Judgment and Discretion : and tho he must, as he is Man, have many Thoughts to repent, yet few Actions. *Primum argumentum composita mentis existimo, posse consistere & secum morari* ; as it is commonly taken for a sign of a strong Estate and a settled Disposition, to keep a certain House and to love home ; and that such Men are the best, both Comforters and Counsellors of their mean and needy Neighbours. So is it with those Minds that retire into their own Meditations, and scatter not themselves upon the irresolute and inconstant Invitations of Opinion, being most profitable in their Examples, and most sound in their Counsels, outwardly goodly marks of Direction for them that are ignorant in their Course ; and within, most happy and safe Harbours and Havens for them, that either by Weather, or Weakness, or any other, either Suspicion or Knowledge of Impediment, dare not put out into the vast and profound Mutabilities and Dangers of this Ocean of the World. If now a Mole on the Cheek be an Ornament to Beauty, *Sadness* is the same to Wit ; and if Wit, like Quicksilver, be too nimble for its own Conservation, *Sadness* doth more than contain it, for
it

it refines and fixes it. Jewels and rich Apparel adorn the Possessor, and exact from strange Eyes a Reverence and Respect. *Sadness*, the grave and ever becoming Robe of Judgment, represents to all Understandings the venerable Countenance of all so adorn'd: If the all-concealing Apparel of Women, that measur'd by their Modesty, leaves nothing for the Incurfions of greedy wanton Eyes to make spoil of, and doth not only proclaim their Souls fairer than their Bodies, but their Bodies fairer than they are; with leaving the Face, Eye and Hand, as a broken Sentence to be perfected by Imagination: *Sadness* doth the same; for the interior Parts doubling and redoubling the Perfections of the Mind, in such sort, that even Fools that Nature hath ever hidden under this Behaviour, have often escap'd Censure; and under Title of a hidden Fellow, hath hidden a most empty and senseless; for who can tell the Contents of a clasp'd Book, or Inventory of a lock'd Wardrobe? Now as it conceals the Fool, it illustrates the wise Man. For as the Sun, breaking thro a Cloud, lets fall the golden Tresses of his Beams upon the gloomy airy Morning, after his Absence, with a much more resplendent Majesty than when continually unmask'd, he prostitutes his Beauties unto every Eye, and makes not only the Shepherd, but his Flock weary of his Company, and seek shade and shelter to hide themselves from his too fast fix'd Sight; even so the well-weigh'd Motions of the sad Behaviour commands Attention, and the Stayedness of his Carriage prepares a Consent before Hearing, as due to him that lets nothing pass without due consideration.

To conclude, if one of the greatest Philosophers determin'd Silence a more excellent quality than Eloquence, I have the Aid of his Authority, since *Sadness* is the Seat of Silence, where she only resides in Safety, and where, without all Noise, Trouble or Tumult, she enjoys the Intelligence and Contemplations of the Soul, which the Children of Mirth cannot hear for their own Noise, nor taste, their Mouths are so furr'd with bodily Pleasures.

And now I will appeal to the Eye, if these Lineaments and Features of *Sadness* be not more goodly and becoming than those of Mirth: Surely if they be not more delightful, they are more contenting; the difference of which I refer to the Judicious, and to those that value things by their Nearness and Resemblance to those of Heaven.

Lastly, for Government: Tho the World be not made of Atoms, yet the Body of Man's Reputation is the Concurrence of his Speeches, Actions and Passions; which ought to advise all Men, not to neglect the least Motion either of Mind or Body, lest it fastens a Deformity upon all: Shall we expect this from Mirth? It were in vain, and to prescribe it, were lost Labour. It is compos'd wholly of Contraries; for take a quantity of idle Breath, sublimated into a Jest, a proportion of Laughter, some mimick Tricks, either of the Face or the Body, and boil them

them so thorowly in Wine that you cannot know one from another, and you have the most receiv'd receipt of Mirth: But who will undertake to give assurance that this inspir'd Crue shall not violate the Dignity of Men, and so govern themselves, that Shame and Derision shall not have more right to them than they to themselves?

Ulysses drank of *Circe's* Cup, and was not transform'd: The Moral is, a wise man may wash his Mouth, but not quench his Thirst, with Pleasure; for he that aims only at Mirth and Pleasure, gets Sorrow and Repentance, as well because it makes him rash and inconsiderate in his Courses; when to buy Mirth, he sells all the Respects and Duties that he owes to inestimable Virtue and his own Preservation; as that it being to the Mind as a Stove to the Body, that so opens the Pores, as the least Air gives a Blow to the Health, so the least Adversity or frown of Fortune dejects their Minds, and lays them open either to a ravening Fury, or a base Bewailing: Wherefore he that will not seal the worst of Sorrow, let him beware of devoting himself to Mirth, for they only feel the Water intolerable cold, that go into it extraordinary hot. The Philosophers that impos'd Silence upon their Scholars for their first Instruction, could intend nothing else but the settling and composing the Mind; from whence ariseth that Habit of Sadness that gave them power of themselves; and withal, of all things that came within the Bounds of their Knowledg, if not to gain by, yet not to lose.

To what end should I produce the Witness of many famous Antients, from whom scarce a Smile was ever drawn, and yet were such as never lost Opportunity, that presented it self, to do others good, or themselves right; nor ever lost that Power, Force and Tranquillity of their own Minds, in any of Fortunes Transformations, that is wont so to overcome the Reason of men, as like transform'd Creatures, there can be nothing more different than them to themselves? Neither will I authorize my Opinion by the Example of our blessed Saviour, who was never seen to laugh; nor *Solomon's* sacred Counsel, That it was better to go to the House of Mourning than Mirth; lest the worldly man, that makes provision only for the Building of his *Babel*, cast me off as an unseasonable and impertinent Counsellor. Tho it shall then (*gentle Reader*) insensibly, and without thy trouble prepare thee for the best work of thy Life, which is the Life eternal; yet whilst thou wilt be attentive to thy temporal Employments, it is also of most effectual Importance.

Desirest thou to be reputed wise? It is her visiblest Form, not to be importun'd with vain and idle Company, who fear Sadness too much to follow thee.

To be the safe Cabinet of thy own and thy Friends Secrets? Sadness is the Parent of Silence, Silence of Secrecy.

To be temperate? where Sadness is Porter, few vain Desires are admitted.

Not to be precipitate in thy Actions? where Sadness keeps the Lists of Consideration always clear

clear and free from the Intrusions of Passion, the Soul cannot but govern all things by the regular and judicial Power of Reason, as she that knows time calls to Consultations, shuts out Repentance.

In a word, if there be any way to be trod in by our Feet of Clay, we are out of the reach of Fortune, out of the power of our Passions, and in the full possession of ourselves, we may live in a continual Calm; where from the height of a clear and impregnable Judgment, we may safely and insensibly behold the World, by this time so far under us, that all such vain Desires as had wont to make us Suitors and Followers to her, have lost sight of their immor'd Objects: it is by the way of *Sadness*, who doth not only enrich us by that it brings, but preserves us so, by keeping out all inordinate Appetites, distemper'd Affections, and those Humors of Blood and Opinion, which, where they are favour'd, do usually destroy and expel not only all honest and virtuous Actions, but even the very Thoughts that do but seem to be well affected.

Thus have I (*good Reader*) presented to thy Acquaintance the sweetest and best condition'd Companion of the Life of man; which if you will but believe upon Trial, I desire no more. Be not seduc'd by Opinion, and thou may'st be as happy as this World can make thee; for tho' the outward Power makes men great, yet 'tis the inward that makes men virtuous, and Virtue only that produceth a Happiness, that can endure the Test of all Times and Changes.

Neither must I omit to answer them that would hide their base Choice in the Confusion of Words, and so will have their Mirth to be Joy: but he is worse than blind, that knows them not asunder; Mirth being rather an apish Unquietness, than a solid Contentment. Besides, it lives not of it self; it depends upon Fortune, Time, Health, and many outward Accidents, and lives but upon borrowing; whereas Joy being as the shadow of Virtue, or the effect of the inward and inseparable Cause of a good Life, is never from home, never in a Cloud, never subject to Alteration, always one, and therefore not only always happy, but Happiness it self. And yet to make the difference more apparent, behold their Pictures drawn by two excellent Masters, *Res severa est verum gaudium*; which if *Sadness* resembles not more lively than *Mirth*, let your Judgment determine. And now for *Mirth* I am sure this was made, it is so like her, *Risu inepto, res ineptior nulla est*. If you define *Mirth* without Laughing, you speak of somewhat else, and leave your Errand behind you: but it hath been so often determin'd, that they are so far from all one, that they are not so much as alike; as further to labour in so manifest a Truth, will rather obscure than enlighten it.

I will then include this Question in this definitive Sentence, *Falso de Latitia opinantur, siquidem ab utrisque, gaudio scilicet & natura, diversa est*: it hath not only lost the Challenge to Joy, but to Nature. He then that crew man within the Compass of *Animal*

rifible, was rather a Confessor to good Companions, than a wise Surveyor of the little World of Man.

And now to conclude, If thou hast but Melancholy enough to suspend thy Opinion, whatsoever thou art, thou hast me in the power of thy Censure. I doubt not but you shall be beholden to your Judgment, to free me from the Merely of *Paradoxes*.

If some other think that I have restrain'd the Liberty of man, in commending *Sadness* unto him; let him know I have not determin'd it the End, but the Way only, an Entry or Passage: that of the other side hath a World much more spacious and pleasant than that of this side, comprehended by Mirth, which is little, poor and transitory. If yet there be some that will bring this Evidence for their Liberty, *Letitia juvenem, frons decet tristis senem*; it is but like a Licence to eat Flesh in *Lent*, for them that are weak and sickly; or like a Law that prohibited all Persons to wear gay Clothes and Jewels, but Players and Courtezans: which was then taken for a mark of Scorn, not for a Privilege of Grace and Advantage; which if they shall please to take so too, they shall have the less to answer for, and I shall neither have lost my Labour, nor their Favour: If not, I must yet challenge the allowance of the wisest, which are the oldest, who if they should yield to an Extreme, would rather ratify that Philosopher that ever wept, than this that took no more pity of himself, and of the Madness of Mankind, than to spend his Life in Laughter.

Thus, *Reader*, you see there *Joy in Mourning, or many Joys*, and that he that weeps (and spends his Life in Sadness) is much happier than him that lives a *frivolous merry Life*: And that no Man may doubt this, *Solomon* in his Proverbs hath left us in Writing, that it is better to sleep and repose in the *House of Sorrow*, than in that of *Joy and Pleasure*.

By Laughter many Souls have been sever'd from their Bodies, to the infinite Grief of their good Friends; but by *Sadness*, not one (which I ever heard of) at any time departed but well pleas'd. *Laughter* hath evermore been particularly proper to Fools Mouths, or People without Sense: And it is not read in any one place of the Holy Scripture, that our blessed Saviour ever laugh'd at any time; but that he wept and sorrow'd, is to be found in sundry Passages of the Evangelists: For this Cause hath he promis'd eternal Felicity to such as *mourn*, and them that laugh he hath menac'd with Death.

To weep is a sign of Penitence and Compunction, whereto we are often invited and exhorted by the Holy Prophets; but *Laughter* hath been the Cause of mocking itself, as the evident sign of overmuch Boldness. If we would regard the great Advantage of Tears, how many Passions and Quarrels have been qualify'd by one little Tear of the Eye? How many poor Lovers have they united and confirm'd together, that before liv'd not but in Languishment and Distress? How many great and honest Recompences have been obtain'd by the weight of Tears? I am of Opinion,

Opinion, that all the Force and Power of Men, assembled together, cannot so soon win or compass what it would have, as one Tear can; yea, oftentimes it hath obtain'd Grace even from obstinate and pitiless Persons.

For proof hereof, *Hercules* was always more esteem'd for his Weeping, than ever was *Democritus* for his Laughing. See how many things worthy of eternal Memory, *Crassus* by this Virtue accomplish'd, purchasing the Name of a Scornor of Vanities. If we should need to produce the Profit of Tears and often Weeping, let us consider, that while our Bodies are but young and tender, they make them to grow and increase. Wherefore many Nurses (for this very Reason) are not very hasty to quiet their Infants, when they lie crying in the Cradle; but (by these means) suffer them to dilate and stretch forth their Members, for so they come to the suddener Growth. And if Proofs should fill me against *Laughing*, I would content my self with this only of good *Hippocrates*, who hath told us, *That the Diseases which ensue*

by accident of Laughing, without any manifest Cause, are the most difficult to be heal'd.

Let us then set Laughing apart, seeing it bringeth such Offence to Man, and agreeth not with his Gravity. To conclude, *Laughing* wrinkles and makes old the Face, counterfeit the Person, makes the Heart ache, woundeth the Lungs and inwards of the Belly; so that after long *Laughing* many Grievs do follow, whereof we never make doubt till we feel them. So that if *Laughing* be not refrain'd, it makes the Pallat of the Mouth to fall, the Throat sore, the Voice hoarse, and oftentimes shakes the Body very grievously.

Wherefore very excellently said the wise Man, *That the end of Laughing was Grief and Tears*; which usually endureth more space of Time, and hath a longer Tail behind it than ever had *Mourning*. But the end of continual Tears (after this mortal Life) is Joy and perpetual Delectation, which never hath ending, and such as are promis'd by Him who is Truth it self.

Paradox XCVII.

In Praise of a Dearth; or a Paradox proving that Scarcity is better than abundance.

THE good Lady of *Alimault* bemoan'd the great Dearth, which the Turbulence of the War had caus'd; and among other things, she wept for the Fertility of the former years past,

whenas she call'd to mind what store of Corn and Wines she had, and that before a Week would be past, both she and all her House should scarce tell where to get Food or Drink once a Day.

But the sober and frugal *Solonist* saith well to the contrary, that *the less store of Victuals are in a Country, the less is the Insolence of the Inhabitants*; who (in time of abundance) disdain the Service of their Superiours.

What may we think will be the Plenty of one or two years, when we give our selves to so great feasting, but even an earnest of the Dearth in them that may or will follow soon after? The Interpretation that just *Joseph* made of *Pharaoh's* Dream, may serve for Witness hereof. What is it that better gives knowledg of the price of any thing, be it never so excellent, than the Dearth or Scarcity thereof? In the *East-Countries*, among the Savages, no more esteem is made of Gold or precious Stones, than we in these Parts do make of Iron, Lead or Brass. In *Madera*, *Cyprus*, and other Islands, where the Sugars do grow, they give them to their Swine to eat; as we in the Countries nearer hand, give them abundance of Fruits. And wherefore do they thus? Even because exceeding Plenty maketh the Contempt of most excellent things. But when Scarcity comes, then it is that we turn unto God, and cry for Mercy, then confess we his divine, incomparable Bounty, Greatness and Excellence.

The Value of *Bread and Wine*, which are things needful for nourishing the Body, and to preserve the Soul therein, is never known in the time of Abundance, when we make Spoil thereof, cast it at our Feet, and give it to feed Dog. Nor may I forget how in some Countries it is

with Vineyards, when one plentiful year comes, they will be so insolent as to make waste thereof in every place. But when they have little store of Wine and Grain, then they taste, favour so well, and use them in so small quantities, as nothing at all is lost.

Let us now discourse of Countries fertile and abounding in all Goods, comparing them with such as are *barren and unfruitful*; and let us see if their Inhabitants are better natur'd or dispos'd than they that dwell in the *Deserts*, or Regions never till'd, and not fertile. First of all, in *Hircania* (if it be true, which that most faithful *Greek* hath written in his History) one only stock of a Vine, yieldeth about a Tun of Wine. The Bees do naturally work their Honey on the Trees, from whence (even as *Manna* from Heaven) it droppeth continually down on the Earth, and there are none will take the pains to gather it. All this notwithstanding, the People of that Country are accounted the most cruel, fierce, and wicked'st Nation in all the World.

In the *Indian Countries* the Earth beareth twice a year, and they have two Seasons for gathering their Fruits; nevertheless, if you knew the People of the Country, you shall find them Fantastical, Liars and Deceivers to the uttermost. In *Babylon*, every little Corn of Wheat bringeth forth two hundred others for it. Besides this, the *Millet* and other Bread Grain (through the strange and wonderful nature of the Soil) stretcheth up in such height as do the Trees. Yes, notwithstanding all these things,

the

the Inhabitants of the Country are more abounding in a vile Life and Villanies than all other Nations are besides. In *Tacapa*, a great City of *Africa*, is to be found such store and abundance of whatsoever can be desired for the Nourishment and Life of Man, and all things at so small a Rate or Price, as they scarce make any Reckoning thereof. In like manner is there to be found the very plentifullest store that can be nam'd of *Thieves, Adulterers, Treasons and Infidelities*.

Now let us inspect the barren Regions, or less fertile in Goods, and let us see if they be not altogether industrious, Friends to Virtue, and greatly hardned for Pains and bodily Labours. In the first place let us consider what the Country of *Denmark* is, and what the *Franconians* and *Danes* have been, that thence issu'd: Let us remember withal the *Scythians*, that live at this day in Travel, without any certain Habitation, now in one place, then in another. What and how many brave Warriours have come from this People?

But let us leave Strangers, and only make Discovery of our selves. How many men of Wisdom and Authority, in our Memory, have issu'd from the untill'd and mountainous Countries of *Savo*, *Dauphine*, *Gascoigne*, &c. How many Chancellors, Presidents, Counsellors, Knights, Captains, and such like, have you seen, and daily do behold, in honour of these Quarters more than any other? Yet their Countries are of such nature, as their Coleworts, Mulletts, Turneps and Chestnuts, do there

give them better Nourishment than will the most precious Wheat or Grain in the World. This fairly proveth, that without this scarce and frugal Parsimony, which to them is natural, never would they have been such as now they are.

I own that after they have once dwelt in a Country more abounding, they become finer and foolisher, like the savage *Spaniards*, who leaving their first untill'd Region, where they wore Hempen Shoes, Shirts, Clothes, and such like, came afterwards to their *Pumps of Velvet*. But all this (proceeding from their original Nursing) hath given them such Heart and Industry, as makes them nothing inferior to other strange Nations.

True it is, that the over-great plenty of Grain, even in such as are covetous, serves them to tatten Fowls, Pigeons, Partridges and other Birds, the Flesh whereof (soon after) serves but to abridg and shorten their Lives. But withal they should remember, that this huge store in *Lofts and Garners*, draweth thither a million of Rats, Mice, Weefels, and other Vermin. And when all this Corn is gotten together, it troubles the Master to lock it up, by reason of the abundance; so that the Torment of safe keeping, and well looking to it, makes him sometime incline to forgoe the Land for the Corn, because of the Disappointments, Grievs and Vexations he receiveth thereby, in recompence of his Labours.

In brief, *Dearth of Victuals* makes poor People careful, and willing to work, contented (besides) with how little soever they

get, to withstand the Necessity and Danger of time to come. It exciteth good Minds to their Duty and Endeavour, to the great Profit of the *Weal publick*, which otherwise would but slenderly rejoice. if by occasion of *Plenty*, they should run at their own Liberty. It maketh known the Bounty, Strength and Virtue of him, who, of nothing, raiseth mighty Matters. It rebateth the *Pride* of the richest men. It maketh that seem sweeter which one labourerth for, than if he receiv'd it from the hand of never so liberal a Benefactor. Lastly, in times of *Scarcity*, all good things augment and increase; but in the times of *Plenty* and *Superfluity*, they fade, diminish and utterly die.

PARADOX XCVIII.

Infinite Space or Time cannot be said to be either a Whole, or One, &c.

SPACE or Time is said to be *Infinite in Power*, or *Terminable*, when there may be assign'd a Number of finite Spaces or Times, as of Paces or Hours, than which there can be no greater Number of the same measure, in that Space or Time; and *Infinite in Power* is that Space or Time, in which a greater Number of the said Paces or Hours may be assign'd, than any Number that can be given. But we must note, that altho in that Space or Time which is infinite in Power, there may be number'd more Paces or Hours than any Number that can be assign'd; yet their Number will always be finite. for every Number is finite. And therefore his Ratiocination was not good, that undertaking to prove the World to be finite, reason'd thus: *If the World be Infinite, then there may be taken in it some Part which is distant from us an infinite number* of Paces; But no such Part can be taken, wherefore the World is not Infinite: because that Consequence of the major Proposition is false; for in an infinite Space, whatsoever we take, or design in our Mind, the distance of the same from us is a finite Space; for in the very designing of the place thereof, we put an End to that Space, of which we ourselves are the Beginning; and whatsoever any man with his Mind cuts off both ways from Infinite, he determines the same, that is, he makes it finite.

Of Infinite Space or Time, it cannot be said that it is a *Whole*, or *One*; not a *Whole*, because not compounded of Parts; for being Parts, how many soever they be, are severally finite, they will also when they are all put together make a whole finite: Nor *One*, because nothing can be said to be *One*, except there be another to compare it with; but it cannot be

be conceiv'd that there are two Spaces, or two Times Infinite. Lastly, when we make question whether the World be Finite or Infinite, we have nothing in our Mind answering to the name *World*; for whatsoever we imagine, is therefore Finite, tho our Computation reach the fix'd Stars, or the ninth and tenth, nay the thousandth Sphere. The meaning of the Question is this only, Whether God has actually made so great an Addition of Body to Body, as we are able to make of Space to Space.

And therefore that which is commonly said, That Space and Time may be divided infinitely, is not to be so understood, as if there might be any infinite or eternal Division; but rather to be taken in this sense, *Whatsoever is divided, is divided into such*

Parts as may again be divided: Or thus, The least divisible Thing is not to be given: Or as Geometricians have it, No Quantity is so small, but a Less may be taken; which may easily be demonstrated in this manner. Let any Space or Time (that which was thought to be the least divisible) be divided into two equal Parts A and B; I say either of them, as A may be divided again. For suppose the part A to be contiguous to the part B of one side, and of the other side to some other Space equal to B; this whole Space therefore (being greater than the Space given) is divisible. Wherefore if it be divided into two equal Parts, the Part in the middle, which is A, will be also divided into two equal Parts; and therefore A was divisible.

Paradox XCIX.

Proving nothing is so Dark as Light, with the curious Debates of the Athenian Society upon that Subject.

THE Paradox now to be prov'd is this, *Nothing is so Dark as Light*—which was no sooner asserted but it engag'd the Athenian Society in several curious Debates upon this Subject.

The gravest Member stood-up, and said, I conceive Light is of two sorts; one radical and essential, which is found perfectly in the Stars, the Fire, and some o-

ther Subjects; but imperfectly in colour'd Bodies, because Clour is a Species of Light: The other secondary and derivative, which is found in Bodies illuminated by that Light. Both are made in transparent Bodies; those of the Stars in the Heaven, and that of Flame and Bodies ignited in the Fire, Whiteness in the Air, and Blackness in the Water.

*Thro the rude Chaos thus the running Light
Shot the first Day that pierc'd the Native Night:*

*Then Day and Darkness in the Mass were mix'd,
Till gather'd in a Globe, the Beams were fix'd.
Last shone the Sun, who, radiant in his Sphere,
Illumin'd a Heaven and Earth, and roll'd around the Year.*

But these transparent Bodies must be condens'd, that those Lights and Colours may appear; and therefore the Principle of Light is in Transparency alone, whereof neither Tenuity, Rarity, Tenuity, nor Equality of Surfaces, are the Causes, but they all proceed from the quantity of Matter; some Bodies having more Matter than others, not by Rarity alone, or local Extension, but by formal Extension or internal Quantity; and consequently, that a little Matter under a great internal Quantity, is the principal Cause of Tenuity, Rarity and Transparency, to which the evenness of Surfaces is also requisite in gross Bodies. So that Light consists in a proportion between the Quantity and the Matter of its Subject; and Light is great when the Matter is little under a great Quantity, as in the Heavens: on the contrary, the Body is dark, when a very small Quantity is join'd to a great deal of Matter, as is seen in the Earth. To prove this, you must observe that all simple Bodies are luminous, excepting the Earth, which is opaque; and we find Light in sundry animated Bodies, as in the Eyes of Cats, and of those *Indian Snails* which shine like Torches, and in our Glow-worms, whose Light proceeds from their Spirits; which being of a middle nature between the Body and the Soul, are the least material thing in the World. Whence it follows that Light is a form with

the most of Essence amongst sensible Forms, as Obscurity hath the least.

The Second said (and prov'd this Paradox) *That nothing was so Dark as Light.* For if Transparency be the Subject of it, why doth Crystal heated red hot in the Fire, come forth more luminous and less transparent than it was? The same may be said of Rarity: for we see that Air and *Aqua Vitæ* are well rarity'd by the Fire which inflames them, but cease to be transparent as soon as they are made more rare and luminous; which is an evident sign that Rarity and Transparency are not Causes, nor yet Conditions of Light. So the whole Remainder of Heaven is lucid; but only the less rare Parts, and such as you might call Vapours in respect of the pure Air, and the Light which proceeds from the Sun, the most luminous of all those Celestial Bodies, would never be visible, but be depriv'd of all its Effects which are Heating and Enlightning, if it were not reflected by some solid Body: Then it not only appears, but exerts its Activity. And if Things be produc'd by the same Causes which preserve and multiply them, the Solidity of burning Mirrors made of Steel, the hardness of all Metals, which make the Sun-beams do more than their own Nature impowers them to, shews sufficiently that their Light cannot arise from a rare and diaphanous Cause. Nor may

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the Light of rotten Wood be assign'd to its Rarity alone, since many other Bodies of greater Rarity shine not at all; nor that of Glow-worms and Cats Eyes to their Spirits, since the Flesh of some Animals shines after their Death; as 'tis affirm'd of Oxen, that have frequently eaten a sort of Moon-wort: and not only the Scales of divers Fishes shine after Separation from their Bodies, but Sparkles of Fire issue from the Hair of some Persons in great Droughts, whereunto the Spirits contribute nothing. Which would persuade me to believe, that Light is a Form, to the Introduction whereof several Conditions are requisite, according to the diversity of Subjects; just as we see the Souls of some irrational Creatures need great Dispositions for their Reception, a Brain, a Heart, and a Liver, with their Dependances. Whereas others, as Insects, require less, and are contented with something that may supply this Defect; some are generated in an instant, without any apparent Preparation, as Frogs in a summer Shower; and therefore to assign the Cause of Light, is to seek the Reason of Forms, which is unknown to us. Which Similitude the vulgar Speech confirms; for the People say, The Candle is dead when it is extinguish'd, presupposing that it had Life before; as an Animal hath, so long as its Form is conjoin'd with its Body. Moreover, Fire hath a local Motion (as Animals have) to obtain its Food.

The Third said, Light is a Substance, for it was created by

God; but 'tis a sixth Essence, more subtle than that of Heaven which is call'd a Quintessence in respect of the Four Elements. A Substance which subsisted before the Sun, having been created three days before it; and nothing hinders but it may be communicated in a moment from Heaven to Earth, since the intentional Species of visible things is so. Indeed, whereunto shall we attribute the effect of Light, which heats at distance, and blinds being too great, which colours and gives Ornament to the Universe, if it be not a Substance? And the Penetration of Dimension objected hereunto, is salv'd by saying that it hath no more Place here, than when an Iron is red hot with the Fire, which yet none will affirm to be an Accident; and nevertheless it enters into the whole Substance of the Iron, and Light with it; for 'tis transparent and luminous as its Centre, when 'tis thoroughly heated in the Fire.

The Fourth said, The Excellence of Light appears, in that nothing hath greater resemblance with the Deity: which made some Heathen Philosophers say, that Light is God's Body, and Truth his Soul. Moreover, the Scripture teaches us, *That God dwells in inaccessible Light.* And the blessed Spirits are stil'd Angels of Light, as Demons Spirits of Darkness. Light enlivens and animates all things; it rejoices all Creatures by its Presence; Birds begin to sing, and even Flowers to display their Beauties at its Arrival.

Firstborn of Chaos! who so Fair didst come
 From the old Negro's dark som Womb!
 Which, when it saw the lovely Child,
 The melancholy Mass put on kind Looks and smil'd.
 Thou Tide of Glory! which no Rest doth know!
 But ever ebb! and ever flow!
 Hail active Nature's watchful Life and Health!
 Her Joy, her Ornament and Wealth!
 Hail to thy Husband Heat and Thee!
 Thou the World's beautiful Bride, the lussy Bridegroom He.
 Say from what Golden Quivers of the Sky,
 Do all thy winged Arrows fly?
 Swiftness and Pow'r by Birth are thine,
 From thy Great Sire they came, thy Sire the Word Divine!
 Swift as light Thoughts their empty Career run,
 Thy Race is finish'd when begun.
 Thou, in the Moon's bright Chariot, proud and gay,
 Dost thy bright Wood of Stars survey;
 And all the Year dost with thee bring
 Of Thousand Flow'ry Lights, thy own Nocturnal Spring.
 Thou, Scythian-like, dost round thy Lands above
 The Sun's Gilt-Tent; for ever move.
 And still as thou in Pomp dost go,
 The shining Pageants of the World attend thy Show.
 Nor amidst all those Triumphs dost thou scorn
 The humble Glow-worms to adorn;
 And with those living Spangles gild
 (O Greatness without Pride!) the Bushes of the Field.
 Night, and her ugly Subjects, thou dost fright,
 And Sleep, the lazy Owl of Night:
 Asham'd and fearful to appear,
 They skreen their horrid Shapes with the black Hemisphere.
 With them there haunts and wildly takes th' Alarm
 Of painted Dreams a busy Swarm.
 At the first op'ning of thy Eye,
 The various Clusters break, the Antick Atoms fly.
 The guilty Serpents and obscener Beasts
 Creep conscious to their secret Rests:
 Nature to Thee does Rev'rence pay,
 Ill Omens and ill Sights remove out of thy way.
 At thy Appearance Grief it self is said
 To shake his Wings, and rouse his Head;
 and Cloudy Care has often took
 A gentle beamy Smile, reflected from thy Look:
 As thy Appearance Fear it self grows bold,
 Thy Sun-shine melts away his Cold:

Ev'n Lust, the Master of a harden'd Face,
 Blushes, if thou be'st in the Place;
 To Darkness Curtains he retires,
 In sympathizing Night he cools his Smoky Fires.
 When, Goddess! thou lift'st up thy waken'd Head
 Out of the Morning's Purple Bed,
 The Quire of Birds about thee play,
 And all the joyful World salutes the rising Day.
 All the World's Beauty, that delights our Eyes,
 Is but thy several Liveries.
 Thou the rich Dye on them bestow'st,
 Thy nimble Pencil paints this Landskip as thou go'st.
 A Crimson Garment in the Rose thou wear'st,
 A Crown of studded Gold thou bear'st:
 The Virgin Lilies in their White
 Are clad, but with the Lawn of almost naked Light.
 The Violet, Spring's little Infant, stands
 Girt in thy Purple Swaddling Bands:
 On the fair Tulip thou dost doar,
 Thou cloath'st it with a gay and Parti-colour'd Coat.
 But the vast Ocean of unbounded Day,
 In the Empyrean Heav'n does stay;
 Thy Rivers, Lakes, and Springs below,
 From thence first took their Rise, thither at last must flow.

And because Nothing gives what, that might alter and corrupt it, it hath not, therefore some have as the nature of Contraries received, that Light, the Enquirer; whereas all Qualities have a power of all the World, is it self each their particular Enemy. And indu'd with Life, and that 'tis 'tis upon this very reason that the Universal Spirit, and the Light acts in an instant; because Soul of the whole World. having no contrary Quality to Whence *Plato*, in his *Timæus*, expel from its Subject, it needs no brings no other Argument to Time, or successive Motion, which prove that Fire is an Animal, is necessary to other Qualities, as but that it is luminous. And, in to Heat, to warm cold Water. the sixth Book of his *Common-wealth*, he makes the Sun (who The Fifth said, Light is a real is the known Father of all liv- Form produc'd in the *Mædium* by ing things) the Son of Light: a luminous Body; *Aristotle* calls it the Act of the *Perspicuum*, as without which *Pythagoras* forbade it is *Perspicuum*. This Form is to do any thing. Moreover, it accidental, and falls under the hath no contrary, Darkness be- Head of patible Qualities, be- ing oppos'd to it only privative- cause 'tis sensible by it self, ly. For its Being is so excel- which is the Property of Acci- dent, that Nature found not her dents alone; whereas Substance is self so able to make any thing not sensible (that is, falls not un- der the perception of Sense) but that might be equal'd with it, by

by means of Accidents: and as it is the Principle of Action, which belongs only to a Quality; for it cannot be a corporeal Substance, as *Democritus* and *Epicurus* conceiv'd, saying, that Light is an Emanation of Particles, or little Bodies from a lucid Body; or as they who make it a Species of Fire, which they divide into that which burns and shines; that which burns and shines not, and that which shines but burns not, which is this Light. For no natural Body is mov'd in an instant, nor in all sorts of Places, as Light is; but they have all a certain difference of Position or Tendency, some towards the Centre, others towards the Circumference, and others circularly.

The Sixth said, 'Tis true, Light is not of the nature of our sublunary Bodies, for it is not generated and corrupted as they are. It is not generated, since Generation is effected by Corruption of one Form, and Introduction of another. But we have Instances of incorruptible Light even here below; as that in the Temple of *Venus*, which could not be extinguish'd nor consum'd, tho' neither Oil nor Wick were put to it; and that other found in a Sepulchre where it had burn'd for fifteen hundred Years, but as soon as it took Air went out. And indeed the Subtily and Activity of Fire is such, that it may be reasonably conceiv'd to attract the sulphurous Vapours for its Substance, which are in all parts of the Air; but especially in Mines, whose various Qualities produce the diversity of subterranean Fires, as to their lasting Continuance and Interval; which some compare to the intermitting Fevers excited in our Bodies by a preternatural Heat.

Paradox C.

Being Verses sent to a Virgin (by a Poet that lov'd her) proving that he, and his chiming Brethren, cou'd perform Things impossible to be done; which she sending back unread, were return'd with this Inscription:

READ (fair Maid) and know, the Heat
 That warms these Lines is like the beat
 Thy chaste Pulse keeps, thy Morning's Thought
 Hath not more Temper; were there ought
 On this Virgin Paper shed,
 That might to Crimson turn thy Red,
 I should blush for thee; but I vow
 'Tis all as spotless as thy Brow.

Read then, and know what Art thou hast,
That thus canst make a Poet chaste.

The VERSES.

ON a Day ('tis in thy Power
To make me bless or curse that Hour
I saw thy Face, thy Face then mask'd
Like Ivory in Ebon cask'd ;
But that dark Cloud once drawn away,
Just like the Dawning of the Day,
So brake thy Beauty forth, and I
Grew sad, glad, neither, instantly :
Yet thro thy Mercy, or my Chance,
Methought I saw a pleasing Glance
Thou threw'st on me, a Sugar Smile
Dimpled thy Cheeks, and all the while
Mirth danc'd upon thy Brow, to prove
It came from Kindness, if not Love.
Oh make it good! in this let me
Not Poet, but a Prophet be.
And think not (fairest) that thy Fame
Is wrong'd by a Poet's Mistress's Name.
Queens have been proud on't, for their Kings
Are but our Subjects ; nay all things
Shall unto all Posterity
Appear as we will have them ; we
To Men give Valour, to Whores Chastity
And Beauty too : If *Homer* wou'd,
Helen had been an Hag, and *Troy* had stood.
And tho far humbler be my Verse,
Yet some there may be will rehearse,
And like it too ; perhaps and then
The Life that now thou lend'st my Pen,
The World shall pay thee back agen.

Paradox CI.

The Hieroglyphick Rose, or Love discover'd in Flowers.

I Should now (clothing the Sentiments of my Soul, with the Beauty and Ornaments of handfom Words) bless and thank that Hand, which being prodigal of its Favours, hath vouchsaf'd to bestow a Rose on me, the Queen of Flowers (tho its Purple did not claim that just Preheminnence) such Gifts are common, which

which oblige us but to common Expressions. My Tongue has not so much Sweetness or Sufficiency as to satisfy those Obligations which my Heart is bound to acknowledge; and I am the less capable to do it, because the late learned Discourser of Dreams has so possess'd and charm'd my Intellects, that I can only wonder at the height of his inimitable Eloquence that made it.

And then if I should say, it has the Precedency above all Flowers, and for that Cause perhaps it wears the Regal Ornaments: that if Gardens were Heavens, the Rose would be the Sun in those Heavens; that it shuts it self up with the day, because it fears to be in the Obscurity, or blasted by the Malignity and Treachery of the Night: That 'tis the Image and perfect Mirror of Princes, bearing in it self both the Rewards and

Punishment: That to beautify it self, it rob'd *Venus* of her Blood, and the Gods of their *Nectar*: That 'tis the Glory of the Spring, a Miracle of Nature, and an Excess of the Benignity and Bounty of Heaven; all these, notwithstanding, would be but poor Conceits of a mendicated Eloquence, either blaz'd already a thousand times by the common breath of Fame, or infinitely beneath the just Encomiums it deserves, and the Grandeur of its Merits.

The Rose it self is a Praise to its own self, and for no other reason do its Leaves sprout forth in the Forms of Tongues, but to declare that it self is only worthy to proclaim and publish its own just Praises; and having not the benefit of Speech, tho' the Proverb says, *That Roses speak*, yet it expresses it self sufficiently by its perfum'd Breath.

*Within the Chambers of the Globe we spy
The Beds where sleeping Vegetables lie;
Till the glad Summons of a Genial Ray,
Unbinds the Globe, and calls them out to Day.
Hence Paeonies tick themselves in various Hue,
And hence Jonquils derive their fragrant Dew;
Hence the Carnation, and the balmy Rose,
Their virgin Blythes to the Morn disclose:
Hence Arbours are with Twining Greens array'd,
To oblige complaining Lovers with their Shade.*

But how much the more worthy the Rose is amongst all other Flowers, so much the more uncertainty does it breed in this question, whether it can presage happiness or Infelicity to Lovers.

The *Etymology* of the name of Rose, coming from *Ris*, promises Joy to my Affections; but as

it may possibly come from the *Vero Rosere*, it threatens me with the continual gnawings and languishing of my Soul by Concupiscence.

The sanguine Colour in the Rose prognosticates the Blushes of my Cheeks, if I should give my Soul the Liberty to doat and admire too much the Beauties of any

any Face. But it may also pre-
sage, that I shall love a Beauty so
singular and excellent, that it
shall force each one to blush that
shall but dare to contend with
her for the Priority of Beauty.

I might fear lest the bloody
Colour of the Rose should pre-
dict my Martyrdom for Love.

But on the other hand, I am as-
sur'd that 'tis a sign of Felicity
and Grandeur, it being the Co-
lour which most great Monarchs
use for their chief Ornament.

The Multiplicity of the Roses
Leaves may seem to point out
her Avarice, whom I shall love, as
if she would pretend to have
many rich Gifts; but yet I
know she cannot so much cover
Gifts and rich Presents, who
like the Rose, shall have already a
Crown of Gold in her own Bo-
som.

The many Rose Leaves, which
resemble Tongues, do tell me,
that a thousand several Tongues
shall proclaim my happy Love:
Nevertheless I remember, that
the Rose is the *Hieroglyphick* of
Silence, and was therefore by the
Grecians consecrated unto *Harpo-*
crates.

The Prickles join'd to the
Rose, do menace me with many
sharp Troubles, which may ac-
cruer from my Affections; yet
this again secures me, that as the
Rose does flourish and triumph
amidst those many Thorns, so I
in despite of all Opposition
and Difficulty, shall yet attain
the Fruition of my Desires.

The Prickles also may portend
Danger and mortal Wounds:
But the Leaves on the other part
do promise a perfect Cure, being

very effectual to stanch the Blood,
and heal the Wound.

Again, the Prickles may inti-
mate that I shall be assaulted by
many Rivals; but *Homer* tells us,
that *Venus* anointed the Body of
Heſtor with Oil of Roses, to pre-
serve him from the Bittings of
mad Dogs.

The Green at the Extremities
of the Rose Leaves, are call'd
Nails of Fingers by *Dioscorides*:
which seem to declare, that if I
will enjoy my Desires, I must
steal that Happiness; but on the
contrary I am promis'd the free
Gift of it. The Rose being the
Symbol of Kindness, freely im-
parting its ravishing Odours to
every one.

The Rose receives its Nourish-
ment and Perfume from the
Rain and Morning Dews, which
makes me fear it prophesies that
my Affection and Amours must be
fed with the daily Aliment of my
Tears. On the other side, my
hopes are flatter'd by this Consi-
deration, that as Water does ea-
sily make the Rose to spring and
bloom, so my Tears shall soon
make me obtain the Sweets of
my Desires.

I fear some Infelicity in my
Love, because I know the Rose
yields Poison to the Spider; but
then the pretty *Bee* does comfort
me again, who from the self-same
Rose extracts the sweetest Honey.

From the frail Beauty of the
Rose, which begins to wither and
decay as soon as it is born, I might
raise a Doubt of the Frailty and
Inconstancy of my Love; but
that I know they do not truly
love, who do not continue to
love even after Death; as the

Rose,

Rose, tho dead and dry, pre- | the *Antients*, strewed upon their
serves a pleasing Sweetness, and | Kindred's Graves.
was perhaps for this Cause, by

Go, lovely Rose,
Tell her that wastes her Time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.
Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her Graces spy'd,
That hadst thou sprung
In Desarts, where no Men abide,
Thou must have, uncommended, dy'd.
Then die, that she
The common Fate of all things rare
May read in thee ;
How small a part of Time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

It might be guess'd, that my Love should not be true and faithful to me alone ; because the Rose is a Flower that is common to all : did not I know on the contrary, that a Rose, if handled or touch'd by many, presently loses its Lustre, and native Sweetness, and that its Beauty and Glory is its Virginity.

To extract the Water from a Rose, it must be done either by Pressure and Stamping, or by the Violence and Heat of the Fire : from whence it may be conceiv'd, that my choicest Affections shall not obtain their wish'd end, but by much Trouble and Labour ; and yet we know the Rose ever communicates its Odours and Fragrancy with Freedom and Liberality.

The Rose delights, attracts, and sweetly courts every one that beholds or approaches it, which may infer that she may have but little Honesty whom I shall adore ; that Treasure being unte-

cure which lies within the reach of every covetous hand, as seeming to invite and tempt any fond Passenger. But this is my Comfort, when I consider how it is arm'd and surrounded with a strong guard of Prickles, for the Defence of its own Honour and Chastity, wherewith it bears off and destroys all those little envious Insects, which come to soil its Beauty and innocent Sweetness.

In fine, for all those other many Contrarieties, yet nevertheless since the Rose, if well consider'd, appears to be a little Paradise to the Eye, Honey to the Taste, and a Cordial to the Heart, I think I may safely conclude, that it does really presage future Happiness and Felicity to Lovers.

But whilst I have so long discours'd of the Rose, I seem to have forgot (*Reader*) that I make you feel the Prickles, and sit on Thorns, by my too prolix Harangue.

Paradox CII.

Every Man his own Surgeon; or a Paradox proving Nature of her own accord heals Wounds.

WHEN we get any desperate Wound (or Bruise) we presently run to the Man that we call a Surgeon, for Cure: but this Paradox proves that we lose our Labour, and put our selves to a needless Charge; for *'tis Nature, and not the Surgeon, that of her own accord heals our Wounds*, provided they be not in the noble Parts, and be kept clean from the Impurities generated in them thro their Weakness, which hinder Union, which is an effect of the natural Balsam of the Blood, and therefore not to be attributed to those Chimerical Inventions, which have no Affinity with the Cure wherunto they are intitled. For every natural Agent is determin'd to a certain Sphere of Activity, beyond which it cannot act; so the Fire burns what it touches, heats what approaches it, but acts not at any remote distance whatever. Moreover, Time and Place would in vain be accounted inseparable Accidents from natural Motions, if this Device held good; considering that Contact is requisite to every natural Action, which is either Mathematical, when Surfaces and Extremities are together; or Physical, when the Agents touch the Patients by some Virtue that proceeds from them. Neither of which can be, *unless the Body which heals touches that which is* heal'd. For all Medicinal Effects being to be refer'd to Elementary Qualities, there is none of them more active than Heat; which being circumscrib'd within its Bounds, even in the Aliment of Fire, can be no less elsewhere.

When God created the World immediately with his own hands, he was pleas'd to commit the Conduct of natural Causes to the Heavens, that he might not be oblig'd to make *every day new Miracles*, as were those of the Creation. For this end he fill'd them with Spirits sufficient to inform all sorts of Matters, whose Mixture requir'd some new Form and Change. This made the Philosopher say, that the Sun and Man beget Man; and *Hermes*, in his *Smaragdine Table*, that the things which are below; are as those which are on high. And the Astrologers hold that there is nothing here below but hath some proper and peculiar Star; some of which appear, but more appear not in the Heaven. in regard of their Disproportion to our Sight, or their near Conjunction as in the milky way. But if the respective Correspondencies of all the Celestial Bodies be not so clearly evident in other sublunary Bodies as that of the Pole-star is with the Loadstone, of Dew with the Sun, of this and the Moon with the Helio-

trope and Selenotrope, yet are they no less true. 'Tis credible therefore that *Nature hath such Sympathy with the Constellation* which is to make the Cure of the Wound, that by its magnetick Virtue it attracts its Influence from Heaven, and reunites it (as a Burning-glass doth the Sun-beams at as great distance) by which means it is deriv'd to the Instrument that made the Wound, communicating its healing Virtue to the same, as the Sun likewise communicates his Heat to the Earth, which heats us afterward: And thus this Instrument being indu'd with a sanative Virtue, communicates the same to the Wound made by it; the Cure of which, besides the Form and Connexion of the instrumental Cause with the Effect, is further'd by Nature (which always tends to preserve it self) and the Imagination of the wounded Person for this (as its contrary ruins many by dejecting their Strength) doth Miracles towards a Recovery.

Paradox CIII.

The Amorous Mystery, or Fruition without Enjoyment.

AFTER a pretty amorous Discourse,
 She does resist my Love with pleasing Force ;
 Mov'd not with Anger, but with Modesty,
 Against her Will she is my Enemy.
 Her Eyes the rudeness of her Arms excuse,
 Whilst those accept what these seem to refuse;
 To ease my Passion, and to make me blest,
 Th' obliging Smock falls from her whiter Breast :
 Then with her lovely Hands she does conceal
 Those Wonders Chance so kindly did reveal.
 In vain, alas! her nimble Fingers strove
 To shield her Beauties from my greedy Love ;
 Guarding her Breasts, her Lips she did expose,
To save a Lilly she must lose a Rose.
 So many Charms she has in ev'ry Place,
 A hundred Hands cannot defend each Grace
 Sighing, at length her Force she does recal,
 For since I must have Part, she'll give me All.
 Her Arms she joyful Conqueror embrace,
 And seem to guide me to the sought-for Place.
 Her Love is in her sparkling Eyes express'd,
 She falls o'th' Bed for Pleasure, more than Rest.
 But Oh strange Passion ! Oh abortive Joy !
My Zeal does my Devotion quite destroy.

Come to the Temple where I should adore
 My Saint, I worship at the Sacred Door.
 Oh cruel Chance! the Town which did oppose
 My Strength so long, now yields to my Dispose;
 When, overjoy'd with Victory, I fall
 Dead at the foot of the surrender'd Wall:
 Without the usual Ceremony, we
 Have both fulfil'd the am'rous *Mystery*.
 The Action which we shou'd have jointly done,
 Each has unluckily perform'd alone;
 The Union which our Bodies shou'd enjoy,
The Union of our eager Souls destroy.
 Our Flames are punish'd by their own Excess,
 We'd had more Pleasure had our Loves been less;
 She blush'd and frown'd, perceiving we had done
 The Sport she thought we scarce had yet begun.
 Alas! said I, condemn your self, not me,
 This is th'effect of too much Modesty:
 Hence with that peevish Virtue, the Delight
 Of both our Victories was lost i'th'Fight:
 Yet from my Shame your Glory does arise,
 My Weakness proves the Vigour of your Eyes;
 They did consume the Victim, e'er it came
 Unto the Altar, with a purer Flame.
Phillis, let then this Comfort ease your Care,
 Y'ad been more happy, had you been less fair.

Paradox CIV.

In Praise of Banishment, in a Letter to the Earl of S—y upon his Flight to Holland, after he had been wrongfully accus'd of Plotting against the Government.

<p>WHEN I had the Happiness (<i>Noble Sir</i>) to see you at <i>Amsterdam</i>, and to enter myself in the number of your Servants, I conceiv'd you Triumphant, tho you told me you were an Exile. I knew you innocent, tho you cry'd guilty by flying <i>England</i>. I had scarce departed out of <i>London</i>, but our Reverend Archdeacon P—</p>	<p>(I know not whether to comfort me, or undeceive me) did send me a Letter fraught with clear and irrefragable Demonstrations of your Innocence. If I had not cause so much to grieve for your Nobleness, I should grieve for him: Let him defend his Remonstrances and Apologies to those that never saw you; your very Looks and the Li-</p>
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naments of your Countenance, are more convincing Arguments to me than any other, of your good Cause and Innocence.

He that hath eyes which can penetrate beyond the Surface and Outside, may by discoursing with a Man find that Speech of the Wise Man true: *A Man is known by the Eye, and the Face discovers Wisdom*, Ecclus. 19. 29. Not that we can read in that (b) Tablet what a Man shall be, but what he is. He speaks not sure of the superstitious Art of *Metoposcopy*; he intends perhaps natural Philosophy. Man is an harmonious Organ; the Heart tunes and plays it, the Tongue sings, and every Part and Particle in it, tho never so little, yields a distinct Sound, and varies the Effect according to the Variety of Affections*; because all the Parts are sustain'd by the Spirits, and all the Spirits are the Issue of the Heart: As this is affected with Joy or Sorrow, Love, Hatred, or Fear; so it doth strike a different Note or Sound. When the Heart touches one String, and the Tongue sings to another, the Speech and the Countenance do not make Consort; and he that cannot perceive this Solocism, and observe this Dissonancy, must accuse his Senses of much Weakness, and fly to that unfavoury, tho much-season'd

Maxim, written for blind Men only; *That it is necessary to eat a Bushel of Salt with a Man, before you can well understand him*. Your Lordship must subscribe to my Opinion herein; for having seen many Provinces of the World, been made known to Kings and Princes, and having convers'd with so many Men of Honour, it will be no small Comfort to you to have left so little need of justifying you by other Mens Writings, that your very (c) Visage hath already excus'd and acquitted you among all that have seen you.

Sir, you bear your Banishment with that Temper and Equanimity as *Scipio* did his, who upon his Departure from the City, spake in this gentle Strain: *Utere sine me beneficio meo, Patria; causa tua Libertatis fui, ero & argumentum; exeo, si plus quam tibi expedit crevi*. And that good man *Aristides* being sentenc'd to Banishment, said no more but this: *I wish my Country no more harm than that they may never have any more need of Aristides*. My Lord, the same Respect all honest Men know you bear to *England*, and none but Papists and the *Tory Party* give you an ill word.

I have taken indeed my Pen in hand with an intent to solace you with a few Lines, which discover rather my Affection than

(b) *Vultus animi janua & tabula*. Cic. de Pet. Consul.

* *Omnis motus animi suum quendam à natura habet vultum, & sonum & gestum; totumq; corpus hominis & ejus omnis vultus omnesq; voces, ut nervi in fidibus, ita sonant, ut à motu animi sunt pulsæ*. Cic. de Orat. lib. 2.

(c) *Dominatur maxime vultus, hoc amamus, hoc odimus, hoc plurimè intelligimus*. Quintil. Instit. Orator.

your Necessity. To write Letters consolatory unto you, were to go to cure a man in perfect Health; tho it is true that healthful men sometimes have need of Physick, tho not to restore, yet to preserve Health. Yet I do not write to solace you but my self: your Mind hath no need of Cordials, but my Heart hath. I that had a Breast of proof, and could bear my own Disasters without Perturbation, do find my Heart most relenting and tender toward yours. A Stoical Indolency doth not well consist with Friendship: A Friend that undertakes to comfort, is not like a Physician that undertakes a Cure. A Physician cannot heal others, except he be in health himself; but a Friend is so much the fitter to administer Physick (if I may so speak) by how much the more affected and diseas'd he is himself. I am sensible of your Lordship's Innocency and Banishment; I cannot entertain any Joy, except I shew my self impious; and yet I cannot be sorry, except I should with you culpable: yet I am not griev'd for that you are innocent, but I am sorry for that you are banish'd; for I may properly call your living in *Holland* a *Banishment*, as you can't abide with Safety in your native Country: And now since you are banish'd, I am glad you are innocent. There be some of such weak minds that they bear their Troubles with the more impatience, when they know themselves to be innocent of the Crime that is laid to their charge; whereas indeed they might bear them the better, because they know themselves such. *Virtue is not restrain'd or confin'd, it hath a Place or Theatre to shew it self in all fortunes.* A man that is condemn'd, if he be innocent, and doth not vex, he doth exercise the Virtue of Patience; if he be guilty, and doth acknowledg himself so, he doth co-operate with that of Justice. When a Subject complains of some unreasonable Pressures and Molestations, he is unjust, because he would be so; but when he complains of just and deserv'd Punishment, he is not only unjust because he is so, but because he grieves, and because he grieves that others are not so too. To complain of Sufferings, is either to complain of an occasion given to merit thereby, or at least to complain of a Punishment inflicted for having demerited. To grieve for the one is weakness, and not to grieve for the other is Perverseness. Such a one hath cause to complain, not of Fortune, but of himself; not for what he suffers, but for what he hath committed. There is no Evil in the world, but what is committed; that which is inflicted rather seems evil than is so, because it comes to pass by the (d) Will of God, which is always good, and either permits it, or is the Author of it.

(d) *Quicquid patimur mortale genus, quicquid facimus, venit ex alto.* Senec. Herc. Oeteo.

Whereas men should stoop and strike sail to *Fortune*, they revile and blaspheme it: If there were not some cause to bear with their Ignorance, there would be just cause to chastise their Rashness; for we call that *Fortune*, which happens or falls out we know not how nor why, or else quite without and beyond our expectation: wherefore to complain of *Fortune*, and not to blame our own Ignorance, is to complain of the Divine Providence. Such things as happen unto us, and not by us, we should rather adore than censure, because there God's Wisdom hath a greater stroke and share, where ours hath the lesser. A man should take care to deserve that which is good, tho' not to obtain what he deserves; and yet he hath in effect obtain'd it, when he hath deserv'd it: For the greatest Good that we can have, is (e) to deserve that greatest Good that we can enjoy. He that studies to merit that he may enjoy some Good, makes *Merit* become *Interest*, and cannot arrive at Good which is purely so, because he hath adulterated and tainted the Good, when he hath tainted the *Merit*. *Fortune* hath no share in meriting, it hath in obtaining; and he that hath obtain'd, is not now secure altogether, because he is not altogether in the condition of *Merit*.

It is a highway Saying, That

we are (f) Architects of our own *Fortune*. He that said so, said not well, because he meant not well. He that builds *Fortune*, doth demolish it: It cannot be wrought or fram'd but with the Tools of *Virtue*; and so it becomes a Statue of *Virtue*, which was carv'd for the Statue of *Fortune*: yet is it true that tho' we be not Authors of its Entity, yet we are of its Quality. It is never that which we make, yet it is always such as we make it: It doth not consist with *Merit*, if it be not a sorry one; *Merit* doth destroy it where it finds it, but where she doth find *Merit*, she doth increase it; if she be good, with Moderation; if bad and wretched, with Patience. She would stand and stay with your noble Lordship, and therefore returns to you in your Disasters, that she may improve that *Merit* which in your *Felicity* she did impair.

An adverse *Fortune* is rather to be wish'd (in my opinion) tho' we deserve a prosperous one. In this vast Ocean men are oftner shipwreck'd in the Haven of Tranquillity, than amidst the Surges and Billows of Disasters: Miseries do humble us, and therefore we hold under them, but Prosperity swells us with Pride, and therefore they (g) spoil us. *If every Man hath his Fortune, and every Fortune its Wheel, how*

(e) *Est quidem vera Felicitas felicitate dignum videri.* Plin. Paneg. ad Trajan.

(f) *Faber est unusquisque fortunæ suæ.* Cic. in Catone Maj. *Ædopol sapiens fingit fortunam sibi.* Terent.

(g) *Miseria tolerantur, felicitate corrumpimur.* Verba Galbæ apud Tacit. l. i. Histor.

can we complain that our Wheel descends? since one part of the Wheel doth not descend so much one way, but it ascends another way. Those Men only complain of Fortune, who have their Souls so tack'd to their Bodies, that when one falls and precipitates, the other doth so too: But those who possess one part of the Wheel with their Souls, and another with their Bodies, do wish always the adverse or contrary part of the Wheel; and if they have it not, they make it so, because one part mounts towards Heaven, when the other hurries down towards Hell.

A wise Man bears his Head above the (b) Clouds; Tempests cannot reach him, he is not shaken with Winds, nor batter'd with Thunder. Princes and States may well be Lords of our Bodies, but cannot of our (i) Souls; or if they be of any Souls, it is of such Souls as were before made by their Owners Slaves to their Bodies. He that is immers'd both Soul and Body in this Punctilio or narrow Point, such as the Globe of the Earth is, doth live always in the Center of this Point, both Soul and Body: When he doth by his better part raise himself to higher Speculations, he lives happily with the Body, wherever his Mind enjoys any Felicity.

If all the Circumference of the Earth be but (k) a Point of the Universe, if all Times that were, or shall be, are compriz'd under one Instant of Eternity; what thing is Man, who is but one Point of that Circumference? And what is his Life, but one Moment of that Eternity? Shall then your Lordship complain, that you are secluded London, which (tho of a good bigness) is but a little little Point of a little Point? And that you are secluded for a certain day, which is but a short Instant of that time which cannot be well term'd an Instant?

Your Lordship is sent out of your Country, not cashier'd; by the Peers, not by the Judges; and that to reward, not to banish you. Malefactors are us'd to be banish'd (l); so that Banishment must lose its Name where it finds Innocence. A Man is born with an Obligation to serve his Country; he is born a Slave, and the more Slave, by how much his Country is the more free: but to manumise a Slave, is a Reward, not a Punishment; it doth testify how well he hath merited by his Service, when it makes him a Freeman.

Time hath been, that in some Kingdoms Banishment hath been in a manner their chiefest Guerdon: (F) *It was often bestow'd upon*

(b) *Talis est sapientis animus qualis mundi status supra lunam, semper illic serenum est.* Sen. Ep. 59.

(i) *Servitus non cadit in totum hominem; pars melior ejus excepta est.* Sen. de Benefic. l. 3. c. 20.

(k) *Punctum est in quo navigatis, in quo bellatis, in quo regna dispositis, &c.* Sen. Nat. Quaest. l. 1. Praefat.

(l) *Nescis exilium scelerum esse poenam?* Cic. Parad.

the best deserving. If the Citizens be Slaves, even the Republics could not free any of them from Slavery, but they must fall themselves into it: But when they found a *Subject (G) of great worth*, being ashamed to see him a Slave, and not willing to make him a Servant, they cashier'd him; being content to see him a Freeman, tho' not to make him a Master. He that said he would be either an *Exile* out of his Country, or a *Consul* in it, did believe perhaps that a Person of Worth could not contain himself in a Republick, if he did not obtain to be a *Consul* in it, or did not banish himself out of it. You have taken pains, Noble Sir, a long time, that others might take their rest; and you could not betake your self to your Rest, without losing all the Glory that you have acquir'd by Motion. He that hath perform'd brave Exploits, and then retreats voluntarily, seems to have perform'd them out of Heat and Fury, not Love; to have serv'd his own Ambition, not his Country. It is not the part of a valiant Man to take pains that he may take rest, as it is not the part of a stout Man to fight that he may live: *Even Plebeian Spirits will rashly hazard their Lives, that they may not lose 'em.* To bestow upon your Country the Prime of your Youth, and to deny it the Fruit of your Age, is to sacrifice the Arms and deny the

Brains. Those that are weak of Body, are exempted from the Wars; and they that are weak of Understanding, from the Senate. The danger of shortning our Life, by cumbring Old Age with Businesses, will not serve for an Excuse, no more than the danger of Blows will excuse a Soldier from fighting. He that, being young, did expose himself to Danger by serving his Country by his Arms, why shou'd not he, being old, expose himself to the like danger, by the Service and Labour of his *(m)* Brains? Wherefore Banishment, Noble Sir, is a great Reward bestow'd upon you. Quietness, which is ever desir'd by all, when it is the Period of glorious Motions or Actions, and is not always laudable when it is voluntary, cannot be reprehended in you, when it is become necessary. It is a great Felicity, no doubt, to be now at leisure to recount with your self the honourable Memorials of former Exploits, the Applause you have receiv'd, and the Honours you have deserv'd. This is like God's Joy, to rejoice within ones own self and of himself. High and noble Actions that have been perform'd, are Dainties kept in store, and Companions prepar'd to solace and *(n)* sweeten old Age, and make Retiredness a Blessing.

But what do I talk of Banishment out of one's Country? It is true that your Lordship is ex-

(m) Nullis annis vacationem damus, canitiem galeâ premimus. Sen. de Vita beata, cap. 28.

(n) Conscientia vitæ benè actæ multorumq; benefactorum recordatio jucundissima est. Cic. Cat. Maj.

it'd out of *London*, but not from your Country; I must not contract the Bounds of that, it hath not so small a Circumference as *England*. Every place pretends to be your Country, and every Country is ambitious to be that place. But it was the Country that you were born in, you may say; if that Place be your Country where you were born, it is but a small Plot of Ground; if it be a City where this Plot of Ground is, why not rather the (o) World which contains this City? You will say again that it is your Country, because your Ancestors have there inhabited: If your Ancestors either had not been banish'd, or had not banish'd themselves from their first Habitation where they were born, *England* had not now been your Country; wherefore Banishment doth not make you lose your Country, but gain it rather. It is your Country, you will say, because there lies your Estate and your Goods: Alas! those you mean are not your Goods; you have found them, and you must again leave them. The Goods of a man are his Understanding, yea his Country is his Understanding. That Man is not banish'd, who being excluded one City, can live in any (p) other Climate of the habitable World; but he that cannot live in any other Portion of the World, but in the Circle of such a City. To expel the other out of such a City, is not Banishment, but an Enfranchisement. But how many men doth an Ambition of Greatness, and a Desire of Lucre detain there as *Exiles*, who never complain, and yet live in a harder condition than the other? You live under a good Commonwealth, to which by Nature you ought, and by Choice you do render Obedience. But those men do live under two Tyrants, Avarice (q) and Ambition, which by Nature they ought to command, and not to obey. Your Lordship is transplanted from the Country of your Fathers into your Mother Country: For how can you be any other than the Son of *Amsterdam*, if this City be the Mother of Arts and Studies? Surely you are her Son, and a pregnant one too, the many Births and Conceptions of your Brain do approve you so. Send forth those that are not yet publish'd; bring them, I pray, not to the Light, but to be a Light to the learned World; let them come abroad both to so-lace (r) your self and others.

(o) My City and Country, as I am *Antoninus*, is *Rome*; as a Man, the whole World. *Anton. de vita sua*, l. 6. *Civitatis nostræ terminos cum sole metimur*. *Sen. de vita beata*, c. 31.

(p) *Exilium illis terribile, quibus quasi circumscriptus est habitandi locus; non iis qui omnem terrarum orbem unam urbem esse ducunt*. *Cic. Parad.*

(q) *Libido honoris, imperii, provinciarum, quam dura est domina, quam imperiosa?* *Cic. Parad.*

(r) *Quid jucundius est Senectute stipatâ studiis juventutis?* *Cic. Cat. Maj.*

The wise men reside among the vulgar in this elementary World, yet they have another within them full of various Images and noble Ideas, springing from the purer Spirits of the Heart, and inhabited by the noblest parts of the Intellect. It were a great Unhappiness and Disparagement to Mankind, if those men shou'd dwell in the same Commonwealth, that have not the same Brains. Ignorance is a Veil that hinders us to know this Truth: He that shou'd have the Happiness to remove this Veil but for a moment, wou'd be astonish'd to see a strange Metamorphosis, he shou'd see a new Heaven, and a new World: But since Ignorance is dispel'd but by degrees, that which is clear in itself, doth not presently appear so clear. From this Country your Lordship can never be banish'd, in this you can endure no trouble.

The Philosopher hath left it recorded, that Stones do not make a City, but Bones; not Walls, but Men. *Pompey* cou'd say, that *Rome* (s) went along with him, when the better part of the Citizens went. Your Lordship hath carry'd away a great part of your Country with you, when you carry'd away your self: I may say that you carry'd away all of it, not all the Walls, but all the Hearts therein. Who can say that he is an Exile who is so great a part of the admirable Frame and Building of his

own Country? You are not gone to Banishment, but have left your Country in Banishment; because all those remain Exiles who have made you one. It cannot be believ'd that *Cæsar* did chase *Pompey* from *Rome*, but rather that *Pompey* did chase *Cæsar* out of it, if he carry'd with him the City when he was exil'd. The Inhabitants of seven celestial Spheres, which convey their Influence by Motion and Light into this nether World, which in the number of the second Causes are the first, or certainly next to the first, are never fix'd in their own Country, but are erratick and itinerant: They have their proper Houses, it is true: but where they have their House, they have not their Habitation; only *Mercury* the God of Wisdom hath his (t) House, his Exaltation, and his Triumph in one and the same Sign; nevertheless he hath greater force and efficacy in his unfortunate House, than in his own; to shew that Wisdom doth then shew her Virtues and Power most, when she is most unfortunate.

Let no man wonder that I make here a *Paradoxical Panegyrick* on Banishment; I am not a little oblig'd unto it, it hath created me your Friend, Servant, Slave. It is enough that I have said Friend, since he is not a Friend who is not a Servant, yea a Slave; tho there be those that are Servants and Slaves, who are not Friends: for there are some

(s) *Me exulem putas cum omnes meo discessu exulasse Remp. putent* Cic. de seipso, Parad. 1. *Veios habitante Camillo illic Roma fuit.*

(t) *Terms of Judiciary Astrology.*

in this Age that name themselves by no other stile than *Slaves*, who notwithstanding know no other Friendship than that of Profit and Interest.

My Lord, I wou'd farther expatiate in commendation of this your Banishment from your Country, if (by being not allow'd to stay at this time in my own) I were not banish'd out of your Lordship's sight: otherwise I do so far like and wish your Banishment, that if I had your Worth and Innocence (if this were not to wish my Master guilty) I wou'd wish my self banish'd. But since I live under a Prince, who crowns Merit with Reward, and never punishes the Innocent, since I cannot be an Exile, I wou'd make my self one; and I do not know whether I do not make my self one at this present, or am not made so; but I am innocent, and therefore I do make my self: I should glory rather to be made one, because it would be a glory to be made like to your Lordship.

When Worthiness doth not advance a Man higher, he gains the more Favour if it casts him lower, than if it mov'd him not at all: If he be not gracious with a man, or if he be out of his favour, there is no better way to make him gracious, than to be (*u*) disfavour'd. Mens Tongues run in his Commendations, and their Hearts melt in compassion

to him: great Worth is not without Reward, even in this World; for it is found some times among men, who always promise that it shall be rewarded: If those Men do not reward it, who are the principal Debtors, those Men will that have any share in the Benefit. Payments do cancel the Obligation, but he that is not paid is still a Creditor, and feels the Debt still to grow, because the Merit still increases. So that Rewards are then most ample, when they are never receiv'd.

There is nothing that man (*w*) affects more than *Praise*, and there is nothing hinders it more than *Envy*, nor doth increase it more than *Pity*. He that desires the one without the other, let him make himself deserving, and let him wish himself unfortunate. Merit in distress doth produce the greater Compassion, by how much in felicity it produces the greater Envy. We are mov'd with Compassion, because we love the Worth of him who is our Inferior, and because we fear the like chance, by his Example who was our Equal. (*x*)

Your Lordship hath with your Resoluteness of Mind amidst Adversity, united two things, which were wont to be at great odds and distance before, to wit, *Envy* and *Compassion*; and hath brought Misfortunes into Credit, and hath render'd them even desirable,

(*u*) *Quos injuriæ invisos faciunt, gratiso miseriæ reddunt.* Val. Max. lib. 5. c. 3.

(*w*) Ἡδυσίαν ἀκρομα ἐπαίῳ. Xenoph.

(*x*) *Ego Pompeii casum deploro, sed meam fortunam metuo:* The Words of *Cæsar*, when *Pompey's* Head was brought unto him. *Suet.* whilst

whilst in the midst of them, you have rendred your Virtues even to Envy glorious. It was the Saying of (y) a Poet, that he that would draw Tears from others, must shew his own. I know not whether he spake well, because I know not whether Affection moves the greater Compassion. This I know, that Behaviour moves a better; whatever Circumstances are us'd to bewail the Chance, are turn'd to the Admiration of the Person. Some Authors believe and teach (tho perhaps amiss) that the Carriage and Courage of a Man do take away Compassion, because they take away the Appearance and Likelihood of Misfortunes; as tho Men cannot believe a Disaster, if they do not see Tears. This Appearance of Fortitude (drawing all to the admiration of the Person) makes the Acerbity of the Disaster to be forgotten; it doth not make it not to be truly believ'd, but not to be well consider'd. But Admiration is not without Delight, nor Compassion without Grief; Weeping proceeding (most commonly) from a mixture of Sorrow and Delight, and Behaviour uniting these Passions together, will make us (perhaps) to thaw into many Tears; whereas Affection will rather make us to nauseate than to weep.

My Lord, I have heard you speak so honourably and respectfully of that Kingdom which hath banish'd you, and so affectionately of your Country, that

you would desire (in a manner) to be reputed culpable, that she might not be thought unjust: But, noble Lord, he defends his Country, who defends his own Innocence. It is easier to demonstrate that they have not once consented to banish your Lordship, than to go about to make Men believe that they have been so often overseen in advancing you; as if their Prudence did neither let them foresee and know the Vices of his younger years, nor direct them how to curb those of his riper Age; but had so often entrusted the Helm of their Vessel to the Valour and Prudence of a young Man, who in the maturity of his Age must be cashier'd, as unworthy of those Favours.

Kingdoms do often give way to Calumny, that they might not take away the Trade of Informers: They had rather banish an innocent Man, than suffer Damage by not punishing a guilty Man. I say not that *England* is unjust, such Thoughts are far from me; I am not so uncivil, nor so disrespectful. I honour it much, and I would be as good to serve it, as I am ready to respect it: and if I would not respect it for any other reason, I wou'd for this, that it is your Lordship's Country; otherwise in lieu of obtaining your Love and Favour, I should purchase your Hatred. I shou'd not comfort you, but exasperate you rather, since you that are innocent, will needs be innocent,

(y) *Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi.* Hor. de Art. Poet.

only because you are condemn'd and judg'd to be so.

It is no contradiction to be justly condemn'd and to be innocent: How many Offenders are acquitted by Justice without Injustice? Thrice happy Kingdom! Were all the Citizens like you, she could never commit an Error: Banishment should never be thought unjust, nor the Banish'd innocent; if at any time she were not just, such men would make her so, when they affirm and teach that the Will of their Peers or Senators is their Law.

NOTES.

(F) Bestow'd upon the best deserving. §. The Romans reward'd *Rutilius* and *Camillus* with Banishment, and many other Worthies, to whom Rome did owe not a little of her Greatness and Glory: So they dealt with the African *Scipio*, who was *Carthaginis horror & cui Roma debet quod semel tantum capta est*, as *Seneca*, *Epist.* 91. expresseth him, who was the Terror of *Carthage*, and who rescu'd Rome from a second Rape, that *Hannibal* had not his Will and Pleasure upon her, as the Gauls once had. *Cicero* and *Seneca* (two men that were the Honour of the Gown) receiv'd the like Kindness; the former having by his great Care and Activity preserv'd Rome from the Fury of *Catiline* and his Complices; and the latter having been not only the Emperor *Nero's* Tutor, but was also (for his personal worth) *Romani nomi-*

nis magnus Sol, as *Lipsius* * stiles him. The Athenians cashier'd not only their *Miltiades* and *Themistocles*, who had often preserv'd their Lives and Fortunes; but also their *Phocion* and *Aristides*, which are not so much Names of Men, as of *Virtue* and *Goodness* †. Some of these were proscib'd, because their Deserts were above requital; and some others, not because they had done any harm, but for fear they should do any, in regard of their Power and Greatness. Eminent Men are always suspected by the higher Powers, whether one or more sit at the Stern; for the same Faults and Enormities are incident to popular States, as are to Monarchies. *Non minus periculum ex magna fama quam ex mala; and multis exitio fuit incautus populi favor*, are true Maxims in both States. Great Merit and a high Fame, are like a high Wind and a large Sail, which do often sink the Vessel. And *Machiavel* in his Discourses puts it to the Question, Whether the Prince or the People use to be more ungrateful toward their deserving Ministers? and he concludes them equally guilty.

(G) Of Great Worth. §. Neither Comparatives nor Superlatives are allow'd of in the Grammar Rules of Democracy: A Man may be good here, but not better than his Fellows, nor richer nor wiser, nor any way better qualify'd; we are all Peers here. *Nemo de nobis unquam excellat, si quis extiterit, alio loco, & apud*

* In his Notes on Tacitus. † Beneficia eo usq; Lata sunt dum videntur posse exsolvi. Tac. 4. Ann.

alios sit: so the levelling Ephesians decreed*, when they turned out *Hermodurus*. And this is the Practice of the *Venetian State* at this present, as *Jovius* † tells us, *Neminem temere ex Optimatibus, qui vel insigni virtute vel spiritu in gerendis rebus antecellat, nimio plus crescere, vel collecta gratia potentem & clarum esse patiuntur*. In these popular States no man may be popular, or a *Motion* of the People. *Multis exitio fuit, &c.* the unwary and undissembled Love of the Multitude hath been often fatal to their *Favourite*, and hath cost him his Life or his Liberty, as it did *Petro Loredano* † a Senator of *Venice*, who because he had more Discretion than his Fellows, and so much Authority as to *becalm* a Tempest by Land, I mean a great Commotion and Tumult rais'd by the *Seamen*, which threatned much danger to the City, was soon after this good Service clapt up in Prison by the

Senate, *par racion di stato*.

It is a fundamental Rule and Maxim of *State* in these kinds of Governments to suffer no man to grow *ἄρα τὴν συμμετρίαν*, as *Aristotle*, 5. *Polit. cap. 8.* expresseth it, *ultra Commensurationem, beyond his Line and Tedder*. Every man here hath his Bounds which he may not pass, and his *maximum quoad sic* (for Wealth and Dignity) beyond which *Dimensions* and Pitch he may not grow. The Temper of these *Bodies Politick* are stated *ad temperamentum, ad pondus aequale*, and stinted to an *Equiponderation* by the *Project* and Design of the first *Founder*: No Element may *predominate* here, this brings all to Disorder and Distemper.

But how agreeable this is to Nature's Laws, and whether this be not a *Dwarfing* of a State, and a *Damping* of Mens Spirits and Industries, I leave to others to determine.

Paradox CV.

The Brutal Amour: or a Paradox proving that Birds and Fishes have been (passionately) in love, &c. With an account of the strange Affection of an Athenian Brother who courted a Statue of Marble, &c.

TO see Men affection'd to Women, and Women to Men, is a natural thing, and to be believ'd. But here Blindness is

come to that height, that that which I intend to speak of, seems impossible and incredible. Historiographers write it for Truth,

* *Arist. 3. Pol. c. 13. Cic. lib. 1. Tusc. Qu.* † *Lib. 1. de Ven. Repub.* † *Mach. Discur.*

That in the Town of *Athens* there was a young Man, of an honest Family, competently rich and well known, who having curiously observ'd a Statue of Marble, excellently wrought, and in a publick Place in *Athens*, fell so in love with it, that he could not keep himself from the Place where it stood, but he always embracing of it; and always when he was not with it, he was discontented, and blubber'd with Tears.——This Passion came to such an Extremity, that he address'd himself to the Senate at *Athens*, and offer'd them a good Sum of Mony, beseeching them to do him the favour that he might have it home with him. The Senate found that they could not, by their Authority, suffer it to be taken away, nor to sell any publick Statue; so that his Request was deny'd, which made him marvellous sorrowful even at the Heart. Then he went to the Statue, and put a Crown of Gold upon it, and enrich'd it with Garments and Jewels of great Price; then ador'd it, and seriously beheld it, musing always upon it, and in his Folly persever'd many days, that at last being forbidden these things by the Senate, he kill'd himself with Grief; this thing was truly wonderful. But if that be true which is written upon *Xerxes*, and affirm'd by so many Authors, indeed he excel'd in Folly all the Men in the World: They say he fell in Love with a Palm-tree, a Tree well known, tho a Stranger in *England*; and that he lov'd it, and cherish'd it, as if it had been a Woman.——Seeing then these things happen to rational Men,

we may believe that which is written of Brute Beasts, which have lov'd certain Men and Women, especially when we find it certify'd by great and famous Writers; as *Glaucus*, that was lov'd of a Sheep, that it never forsook him. Every one knows that the Dolphin is a Lover of Men. *Eliau* writes, in his Book of Beasts, a Case worthy to be read: He saith, that a Dolphin seeing upon the Sea-shoar, where Children were a playing, one among the rest which he lik'd very well; he fell so in love with it, that every time that the Dolphin saw him, he came as near as he cou'd to the edge of the Water to shew himself. At the first the Child being afraid, did shun it; but afterwards, by the Dolphin's Perseverance one day after another, and shewing signs of Love to the Child, the Child was encourag'd; and upon the kind usage of the Dolphin, the Child was emboldned to swim upon the Water near unto the Fish, even to go ride upon the Back of it, and the Fish would carry him for a good space of time even to the bottom of the Water, till the Child made a sign to rise again.——In this Solace and Sport they spent many days, during which the Dolphin came every day to present himself at the Brink of the Sea. But at one time the Child being naked, swimming in the Sea, and getting upon the Dolphin, willing to hold fast, one of the sharp Pricks in the Fin of the Dolphin run into his Belly which wounded him so that the Child died immediately in the Water; which the Dolphin perceiving, and being

the Blood and the Child dead upon his Back, he swam presently to the Shore; and as tho he would punish himself for this Fault, swimming in great Fury, he leap'd out of the Water, carrying with him, as well as he could, the dead Child which he so much lov'd, and dy'd upon the Shore with him.—This very thing is recited by *Pliny* and others, with Examples of Dolphins which have born love to Men. And particularly he saith, that in the time of the Emperor *Octavian*, another Dolphin, in the same manner, took love to a Child upon the Sea-coast near to *Pusoll*, and that every time this Child call'd *Simon* (they say this Fish will run at that Name) it came presently to the Sea-brink, and the Child mounted upon the Back of it, and the Child was carry'd into the Sea as little a way as he would, and brought back again safe. He saith also, that this Child dying by accident of Sicknes, and the Dolphin coming divers times to the accustomed Place, not finding the Child there, died also.—In *Argis*, the Child *Olenus* was affected by a Goose: So likewise *Lycidas* the Philosopher, who would never depart from him, nor be driven out of his Company, but was his continual Associate, in publick and private, in the Bath, in the Night, in the Day, without any Intermission, *Plin. lib. 10. cap. 22.* *Glauce* the Harper was be-

lov'd of a Ram; a Youth of *Sparta* by a Daw. *Nicander apud Calium* witnesseth, That one *Selandus*, Butler to the King of *Bithynia*, was belov'd of a Cock, whom they call'd *Centaurus*. A Cock doted likewise on a young Lad, whose Name was *Amphilochus*, by Nation an *Olenian*. Why may we not then as well give Credit, that *Semiramis* was affected by a Horse, and *Pasiphae* by a Bull; when *Pliny* tells us, that in *Leucadia* a young Damsel was so belov'd of a Peacock, that the enamour'd Bird never left her in Life, and accompany'd her in Death? For seeing the Virgin dead, she never would receive Food from any hand, but so pin'd away, and dy'd also. In the City of *Sestos*, a young Eagle (taken in a Nest) was carefully brought up by a Virgin: The Bird being come to full growth, would every day take her Flight abroad, and all such Fowl as she could catch, bring home and lay them in the Lap of her Mistress: And this she us'd daily, as it were to recompense her for her Fostering and Bringing up. At length this Virgin dying, and her Body being carry'd to the Funeral Fire, the Eagle still attended; which was no sooner expos'd unto the Flames, but the Bird likewise cast her self, with a voluntary Flight, amidst the new kindled Pile, and to her Mistresses Herse gave her self a most grateful Sacrifice.

Paradox CVI.

A Fair Nymph scorning a Black Boy courting her.

Nymph.

STAND off, and let me take the Air,
Why shou'd the Smoke pursue the Fair?

Boy.

My Face is Smoke, thence may be gueſt
What Flames within have ſcorch'd my Breast.

Nymph.

The Flame of Love I cannot view,
For the dark Lanthorn of thy Hue.

Boy.

And yet this Lanthorn keeps Love's Taper
Surer than yours, that's of white Paper;
Whatever Midnight hath been here,
The Moonſhine of your Light can clear.

Nymph.

My Moon of an Eclipse is 'fraid,
It thou ſhould'ſt interpoſe thy Shade.

Boy.

Yet one thing (Sweet-heart) I will ask,
Buy me for a new falſe Mask.

Nymph.

Yes: but my Bargain ſhall be this,
I'll throw my Mask off when I kiſs.

Boy.

Our curl'd Embraces ſhall delight
To chequer Limbs with Black and White.

Nymph.

Thy Ink, my Paper, make me gueſs,
Our Nuptial Bed will make a Preſs;
And in our Sports, if any came,
They'll read a wanton Epigram.

Boy.

Why ſhould my Black thy Love impair?
Let thy dark Shop commend thy Ware:
Or if thy Love from Black forbears,
I'll ſtrive to waſh it off with Tears.

Nymph.

Spare fruitleſs Tears, ſince thou muſt needs
Still wear about thee Mourning Weeds:
Tears can no more Affection win,
Than waſh thy *Æthiopian* Skin.

Paradox CVII.

'Tis Good to be Uxorious.

FRIEND, thou art yolk'd, and canst not help the Thing,
 (Thou seest what Power there's circled in a Ring)
 Better or worse, 'tis in the power of Fate,
 And not in Man, to alter thy Estate :
 Therefore take Counsel, *it is meritorious*
In Husbands (sometimes) for to be Uxorious.
 Thou say'st she's clamorous, yea will disimbogues
 Too often, and not stick to call thee Rogue.
 To strike is barbarous, a better way
 Observe ; laugh at her, on thy *Viol* play.
 If she will needs in Folly be prolix,
 Sometimes inform her that she shames her Sex.
No better way to calm a Woman's Ire,
Than to breathe Water when she belcheth Fire.
 But thou wilt not can Flesh and Blood dispense
 With such incredible Impudence ?
 Know that you are incorporate ; but one
 Connex by a Celestial Union.
 She's but thy self, cast in another Mold,
 Thou art a Verbalist, if she's a Scold.
Women like Tortoises, are ever won,
 Throw her upon her Back and all is done.

Paradox CVIII.

Proving, That the Understanding and Will are really and formally one.

THE Operation, whereby the Soul doth embrace the greatest Good and Happiness, is from the Understanding, as it is speculative and practick, and not as it is a two-fold Faculty, *formally distinct thro' the Understanding and the Will* ; for these are not really and essentially distinct. I prove it ; if the Understanding cannot understand without the Will, or the Will without the Understanding, then they are not really and essentially distinct ; because it is proper to Beings, which are really and essentially distinct, to operate without each other. But the Understanding cannot understand without the Will, neither can the Will will with-

without the Understanding; therefore they are not really distinct.

I prove the *Minor*: The Will is primarily a bending of the Understanding to an Action of the Mind, but the Understanding cannot understand, unless it bends to that Action of the Mind: So neither can the Understanding be bent to Action, unless it understandeth. Wherefore the one doth imply the other: The most there is between them is a modal distinction.

You may object, That it follows hence, that a Man may be said to will when he understandeth, to understand when he willeth; which Predications are absurd.

I answer, That it includes no Absurdity at all; for a Man, when he understandeth, doth will every particular Act of the Understanding which he understandeth, or otherwise how could he understand? On the other side, a Man understandeth, when he willeth; according to that trite Saying, *Ignoti nulli Cupido*, That which a Man doth not know, he cannot desire or will. Wherefore I argue again, that the one includeth the other; the Will implyeth the Understanding, and the Understanding the Will. Possibly you may deny my supposed definition of Will, which is a bending to an Action of the Mind. If you refuse it, propose a better. Your Opinion, it may be, is to wander with the multitude, and so you commend this: The Will is, thro which a Man, by a fore-going Knowledg, doth cover a futable or convenient Good, and shunneth an inconvenient Evil.

I will first account the Absur-

lities of this Definition, and afterwards prove them to be *1st*, You affirm, That there foregoeth a Knowledg before a Man willeth. *2ly*, That a Man doth always cover a convenient Good. *3ly*, That a Man shunneth all inconvenient Evil. *4ly*, That the Will always either covereth or shunneth. *5ly*, The Definition containeth superfluous Words, as Inconvenience and Convenience. *6ly*, You assert that two contrary Acts proceed from one formal Habit. *7ly*, This Definition is a Division of a Habit into its Acts. *8ly*, You do positively affirm, That the Will is really and essentially distinct from the Understanding. Many more I might deduct, but these being sufficient, I shall now direct my Pen to them particularly.

1st, You say, That there foregoeth a Knowledg before every Act of the Will. Upon this I demand from you, How cometh the Understanding to know? You may answer, thro her self: and what is it else, to know thro ones self, but to know thro ones own Will? *Ergo*, the Will is a concomitant of the Understanding, and the Understanding of the Will, and consequently the one doth not precede the other. Or thus, Can the Understanding know against her Will, or without her Will? If so, then Man is no voluntary Creature, in that he acteth without a Will.

2ly, You declare, That a Man doth always cover a convenient Good. Herein you contradict your self; for before you said, that the Understanding did understand a volible Object without or before the Will; but to un-

derstand a volible Object, is to will to understand it, and yet not covet it; therefore, according to your own Words, a Man did not always covet thro his Will. A Man doth covet Evil as Evil; wherefore he doth not always covet Good: the Antecedence I have prov'd above. A Man doth sometime covet an inconvenient Good; for he covets Arsenick to kill himself. You will answer to this, that he doth covet it as a convenient Good, for to ease him from some Trouble or Grief. By this Solution you confound your self, in taking objective Good and formal Good for the same thing, which according to *Aristotle* are different: If so, then your Answer will not hold: for the Question is concerning objective Good, whereas your Answer relates to a formal Good. The Ease which a Man findeth thro the removal of Trouble, is the formal Good; the Arsenick is the objective Good: this presuppos'd, the Arsenick is good in it self, but relatively it is inconvenient to that Man, for it destroyeth his Essence. You may reply, that a Man doth not take it to destroy his Essence, but to release himself from his Misery. Notwithstanding, I say, he knew before he took the Ratsbane, that it would kill him; wherefore this Knowledge of Inconvenience fore-going the willing of Inconvenience, doth, according to your own Definition, infer that he will'd it as inconvenient, because he fore-knew it to be inconvenient.

3ly, I say, That a Man doth not always shun an inconvenient Evil; because he doth not shun

Sickness, when he is discas'd: neither can he shun all Inconveniences, for he falleth into many. So likewise, in the fore-given Instance, he cannot shun Sickness or Death, altho he may wish it remote from him, but that is not shunning of it; wherefore Shunning is an improper Term to be us'd in this Definition.

4ly, You conceive, That the Will always doth either covet or shun: This is against most *Peripateticks*, who say, that the Will can suspend its Action, which Suspension is neither Coveting or Shunning.

5ly, Since that Good implieth Convenience and Evil Inconvenience, what need you to add Convenience and Inconvenience; wherefore both must be superfluous.

6ly, To shun Evil and to covet Good, are two Acts formally contrary: If so, how can these flow from one Habit? Possibly you endeavour to escape the force of this Objection, in saying, that the one may proceed *per se*, and the other *per accidens*, from a formal Habit. If I should grant this, your Definition will prove illegal, because there must nothing be inserted into a Definition, but what agreeth *per se* with the *definitum*.

7ly, This is rather an accidental Division of a Habit into its Acts: wherefore this Division is not so much as essential, because it is not grounded upon the form of the *Divisum*.

8ly, You conclude the Will to be really and essentially different from the Understanding. You make too much haste; you should first shew that the Will