

Then for the Planets (Heav'ns save 'em!)
 No mortal Man knows where to have 'em;
 They move by Eccentrics, Epicicles,
 And outchange three-score Madam Fickles.
 Nay more, the rambling roguy Gipsies
 Amaze the World by dire Eclipses,
 Cause Battels, Famines, Death, Diseases,
 And whate'er Mischief Gadbury pleases:
 But tho' these rove and live at random,
Their Comets still go much beyond 'em.
A Comet is a rambling Blade
 That scours thro' Heav'n in Masquerade;
 Sometimes in antick Dress he appears,
 And frights the Angels from their Spheres;
 Sometimes stuck round with Links and Torches,
 To sublunary Worlds he marches;
 And sily entring on a sudden,
 Scares silly Boors from eating Pudding;
 Then before *Flamstead* with his Glasses
 Can tell ye whereabouts his Place is;
Whip, Sir, he's gone! to th' Antipodes,
 Where deeper Heads * think his Abode is.
Within the bound of Heavens high Wall
Is kept a constant Carnival,
And there, e'er since the World's Creation,
Rambling has been the Recreation.
Thus what's the Harmony o'th' Spheres,
 (Which deafens ev'ry Mortal's Ears)
 But Musick made in Serenading,
 And thrum'd Guitars in Masquerading?
Then as for Thunder, pray what is't else,
 But noise of Rival Angels Pistols?
 When one in dark doth t'other juffle,
 And shakes the Welkin in the Bustle?
So when the Stars (that serve for Torches
 To guide the Gods in rambling Marches)
 Grow dim and twinkle (as you know
Our earthly Flambeau's often do)
 The cunning *Link-boy* whirls it round him,
 To make the Light be more abounding,
 Or knocks it full against some Planet,
 For want of Post or Porter's Banner:
 Hence a vast Sphere of fiery Drops,
 Fly all about as thick as Hops;
 And some o' these which downward go,
 Do pass for Meteors here below;
 Cheat Rusticks ignorant and fearful,
 And make 'em think they see a Star fall.

* Some of
 the Royal
 Society.

Thus far for Heaven: Pray, now let's see
 What Rambles in this World there be:
 And first, our *Modern Virtuosi*,
 Who with new Problems daily pose ye;
 Say, that this very earthly Ball,
 Towns, Cities, Rivers, Men and all,
 Runs round the World with all us in it,
 And circles sixty Miles a minute.
 The Elements their Places change,
 And into foreign Regions range;
 They ramble so contus'dly round,
 They're no where Simple to be found:
 Fire does from highest Concave go,
 And lurks in Flints and Stones below;
 Air enters Earth's vast hollow Caverns,
 And there like Gallies drunk in Taverns,
 Rours, Swaggers, Scours——

*And here the Author was most graciously pleas'd to Ramble a
 somewhat else.*

Paradox VII.

*The same numerical Voice of a Preacher is not heard by
 any Two of his Auditors; but every Man, and every
 Ear, is affected with a distinct Voice, &c.*

FOR the better proving this And (2.) the Pernicency of the Air's
 strange and amazing Para- Motion when exploded from the
 dox, 'twill be necessary (and per- Lungs in Speech. And then shall
 haps very entertaining to the conclude this Paradox with another
 Curious Reader) that I prove, Paradox (worthy the Wonder even
 1. The Necessity of a certain Confi- of Scholars) proving, That all
 guration in a Sound. 2. How the Voices and Sounds are of equal
 Air is the Material of all Voices. Swiftnes in the Dilation.
 3. I shall proceed to our Para- I am first to prove that a cer-
 dox, and shew, that one and the tain Configuration of its minute
 same numerical Voice is not heard Particles is essentially necessary to
 by two Men, nor both Ears of one every Sound, and this may be
 Man; and the proving of this will concluded safely even from hence;
 occasion me to treat of two Problems that so great variety of Sounds,
 not yet solv'd by any Philosopher. and chiefly of Words, or Letters,
 (1.) How such infinite Variety of as well Vowels as Consonants,
 Words is form'd only by the various could not be so exactly distin-
 Motions of the Tongue and Lips. guish'd by the Hearing, unless
 the

the Sensory were variously, or in a peculiar manner parcelled and affected by each: Nor can that Variety of Affection be made out, but by a Variety of *Sigillation* or Impression, dependent respectively on the various *Configuration* of those (*Molecule*) small Masses, that compose the Sound.

I am next to prove that --- *The Air is the Material of all Voices.* By this Assertion I do not mean all the Breath expir'd from the Lungs, together with those fuliginous Exhalations, that the Den- sation of the Air in cold Weather, subjects to the Discernment of our Sight; but only the most *subtle Part of the Air* inspir'd, and modulated in the vocal Ar- tery; and other Organs of Speech: because such only can be judg'd capable of Configuration. Nor can so small a Quantity of purest Air be thought insufficient upon Dispersion to possess so capacious a Sphere, as that of every ordi- nary Voice; so that of a whole Theatre of Auditors, each one shall distinctly hear it: infomuch as only a Mouthful of Water blown from a Fuller's mouth, is so diffus'd as to irrigate the Air, replenishing a Room of conside- rable amplitude. Especially when the Analogy holds quite thro: For as the Drops of Water are so much both larger and denser, by how much nearer they are after Exsufflation to the Mouth of the Fuller; so also are the vocal Masses of Air so much more large and dense or agminous, by how much nearer they are to the Mouth of the Speaker, and *è con- tra*. Which alone is the reason why the *Voice of an Orator in a Theatre is more strong and distinct* to those of his Auditory than his near at hand, than to those far off; provided the place afford no *Concurrent Echo*: for in that case the reflex Voice entering the Ear, united with the Direct or Original, magnifies the Im- pression on the Sensory.

Now, infomuch as it is con- sentaneous to right Reason to conceive, that the Voice at its first Emission from the Mouth, is one *General Configuration* of the most tenuous Particles of the Air, with some vehemency effla- ted from the vocal Organs, after frequent Collisions and tremulous Repercussions, and that this Ge- neral Voice, in its diffusion thro the Medium, is contracted and dispers'd into Myriads of minute vocal Configurations or particular Voices, some of which invade the Ears of one Person, others of another, &c. Hence it is a clear, tho perhaps new and very paradoxical Truth, *That the same numerical Voice of a Preacher, is not heard by any two of his Audi- tors, nay not by the two Ears of any one; but every Man and every Ear is affected with a distinct Voice.* And yet he incurs no Contradiction, that affirms the whole Auditory to receive the same Voice. For, as all the Water exsufflated into a Mist from the Mouth of an *Italian Sewer*, or common Fuller, may be said to be one and the same Water; tho all the minute Drops, diffus'd into several parts of the Aer, and irrigating the several parts of the Floor or Cloth, on which they are rain'd down, be not the same Drops: so likewise may we allow all the Aer efflated from the Mouth of the Speaker,

to be one and the same Aer, tho' the particular Voices, dilated to particular Ears, are not the same numerically. Besides, should we, with the major part of Scholars, admit a Voice to be an Entity merely *Intentional*, or simple *Quality* or *Accident*, yet should we not detract one Grain of weight from this our *Paradox*: since, to conceive any one particular Voice to be in divers Places or Subjects at once, is manifestly absurd.

I am next to explain two Problems (not yet solv'd by any Philosopher) viz. 1. *How such infinite Variety of Words is form'd only by the various Motions of the Tongue and Lips.*— And, 2. *The Pernicity of the Aer's Motion, when exploded from the Lungs in Speech.*—

To answer the first Problem, I should insist upon the admirable *Conformation* of an *Articulate Sound*, and enquire how each Vowel and Consonant is created by such and such Motions of the vocal Instruments: but the exceeding Difficulty countermands that Inquiry. For tho' *Cassorius* & *Placentinus* have attempted laudably in these abstruse Themes, yet the Audit of their Discoveries rises no higher than this single Rule, That the vocal Artery and Lungs only conduce to the *Acuteness* and *Gravity* of the Voice, as they discharge the inspir'd Air more pressly or laxly. But the Difficulty seems to consist chiefly in this, *How from the various Motions of one single Organ, the Tongue (the Author of Distinction in all articulate Sounds) and that two-leaf'd Door of the Mouth, the Lips, such infinite Variety of Letters and Words does most*

easily and almost insensibly result. To solve this, the General Answer is, that the wonder ought to be no greater, how one Tongue can suffice to the *Articulation* or *Distinction* of innumerable Words, by its various Motions; than that, how one Hand sufficeth to the Distinction of innumerable Characters. But the Motions of the Hand requisite to Distinction of every Character, are observable by the Sense; and those of the Tongue and Lips requisite to the Formation of every Word, together with the Proportion of the Aer's Elision in every Articulation, is deeply obscure: and therefore the Disparity being manifest, the Problem remains untouched, and our Admiration not so much as palliated.

I come now to the *Second Problem*, as terrible to the most daring Curiosity as the former; and that is, *the ineffable Pernicity, whereby the Aer is exploded from the Lungs, that so it may attain the Form of a Voice.* For, to the Creation of a Voice Consonant, or Unison to the Sound of some one String on a Lute, it is necessary that the Aer be exploded by the Lungs, with the same Pernicity, as the other Aer is impell'd by the String in each of its most rapid Vibrations, or alternate Recurses, after its smart Percussion by the Finger or *Plectrum*. But this *Arcanum* requires a *Galileo* or *Mersennus* at least, to its due Speculation.

However, I shall take notice (to make this *Second Problem* as intelligible as I possibly can) that as for the Motion of Aer, after its Formation into a Sound, from the Sonant to the Ear, therein is one
Paradox

Paradox more (worthy the wonder even of Scholars) and that is, *Whatever be the Vehemence or Remissness of the Collision, or Force by which the Aer is excited, yet is the Translation of the Sound thence resulting, thro the intermediate Space, to the Term of its Sphere, always equally swift.* For Experience demonstrates, that all Sounds small and great, excited in one and the same place, tho they differ much; in the extent of their Spheres of Audibility, are dilated to that place in which they are heard, in equal time. This is easily observable in the Reports of a Cannon and a Musket, successively discharg'd at a mile distance. For standing on a Tower, or other eminent Place, and noting the Moment, first when the Cannon is fir'd (the Report and Flash being made both at the same instant) and numbring how many Pulses of your Artery, or how many Seconds in a Watch denoting them, intercede betwixt your Sight of the Flame and hearing the Report, and then accounting how many Pulses, or seconds intervene betwixt the Flash and Report of a Musket; you shall find the number of these equal to the number of those.

Paradox VIII.

The Virgin-Paradox, or a Young Lady may Love and Hate the same Person at the same time.— Being an Answer to this Question --- Madam, why do you love, and yet refuse to marry Sir F. B?

WHY do I Love? I can't the Reason scan;
For as I love, so I do hate the Man,
And Love and Hatred all my Passion ran.

'Tis not his F A C E, I've sense enough to see

'Tis that I hate, when doated on by me:

Nor is't his Parts that have this Conquest won,

For they at least are equal'd by my own:

His Carriage can to none obliging be,

'Tis rude, affected, full of Vanity;

Strangely Ill-natur'd, Peevish, and unkind,

Inconstant, and to Jealousy inclin'd,

He han't one Charm in Body or in Mind!

The vigorous Years, that Women use t'adore,

Are past in him, he's twice my Age and more:

And yet I LOVE this false, this worthless Man,

With all the Passion that a Woman can;

Doat on his Imperfections, tho I spy
 Nothing to LOVE, ——— I Love I know not why.
 And yet (if PARADOXES you approve)
I hate my Self and Him, for all this Love.
 Sometimes with Books I would divert my Mind,
 But nothing there but *J.* and *B.* I find,
 And yet to burn those Letters I inclin'd.
 At other times my Pen and Ink I take,
 But still no MARKS but *J.* and *B.* I make,
And yet I hate those Letters for his sake.
 Sure 'tis decreed in the dark Book of Fate,
 That I should be undone—By LOVE and HATE.

Paradox IX.

Corporeal Affections remain after Separation ——— or a Paradox proving the Senses External and Senses Internal are Organical in Heaven as they were on Earth, and subservient to the Soul in their several Stations and Places of Residence; as Eye, Ear, Nose, Palat, Nerves, Brain, by which the Soul doth exercise its several Faculties of Seeing, Hearing, Smelling, Tasting, Touching, and the rest.

THOSE Organical Parts of the Body in which the Soul was exercis'd, and without which it could not operate (in which respect the Soul as to such Faculties and Operations might be term'd *Mortal*) are reviv'd with the Body, and useful to the Soul in their several Stations.— And if so, *Corporeal Affections remain after Separation.*

I do not, I dare not here affirm, that all the Parts of the Body do still remain *Organical after this Life*, so as the Soul may exercise all the Powers of her triple Life, *Vegetative, Sensitive and Intellectual*, as she did in her Natural and Physical State, according to those several Organs in which the Faculties were resident and peculiarly seated. *Nourishment, Growth and Generation* (the proper Effects of the *Vegetative Life*) accomplish their ends in this Life, whereunto when they have obtain'd, those Operations cease, and the Organs rest from that Labour and Employment. but since the *Senses are Operative in a glorify'd Body* (for it's not depriv'd of Sense) I have no reason to think the Soul hath utterly rejected her manner of Operation by bodily Organs, declining those old Servants as useless and inconsistent with such a glorify'd State; *Eyes, Ears, Nose, Mouth,*

Mouth, Palat, Hands, Feet, and all to be quite emancipated and freed from the Service of the glorified Body and Soul in their Works of that kind, but to believe the Senses External, and Senses Internal are Organical in Heaven as they were on earth, and subservient to the Soul in their several Stations and Places of Residence, as Eye, Ear, Nose, Palat, Nerves, Brain, by which the Soul doth exercise its several Faculties of Seeing, Hearing, Smelling, Tasting, Touching, and the rest.

The *EYE* (the noblest of the external Corporeal Organs) offers it self first to our Consideration, which is not obscurely prov'd by Holy Writ, to be useful and serviceable to those in the state of Glory; for this the Damned in Hell so far enjoy, tho to their torment and woe, as to see *Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob* in the Kingdom of Heaven, and they themselves thrust out. But the Saints, to their endless Joy and Comfort, have the use of their *Eyes and Sight*, to see and behold the Splendor and Beauty of their own Bodies, being changed from vile to glorious, after the fashion of Christ's most glorious Body, which exceedeth the Brightness of the Sun, as the Apostle witnesseth, *Acts 26. 13.* What Delight and Pleasure must it needs be to the Saints in Heaven, to see every part of their Body, Hands, Feet, and all issuing forth such Rays and Beams of Light, sufficient to dispel all Mists and Darkness from them, without further Assistance of Sun, Moon, Stars, or other Luminaries?

Nor is this *Optick Faculty* of the

Eye limited to its own Body, so as not to be of use to discern other Objects; for all the Saints and Servants of God, whose Bodies are likewise glorified, yea, and the glorious Body of Christ himself, Christ the Head with all his Members, are all of them visible Objects of this Sense; I know (saith Holy Job) that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter Day upon the earth——whom I shall see for my self, and my Eyes shall behold, and not another.

It is not enough for the Eye to behold its own glorified Body shining as the Sun, but it beholdeth an infinite number of Suns together, no *Parelia*, nor yet in their Eclipse, but the glorious Company of the Apostles, the goodly Fellowship of the Prophets, the noble Army of Martyrs, and the Holy Church throughout all the World, whose Bodies do not only send forth a glorious Shine, but every Member, Part and Organ of those Bodies are bespangled with the like Rays of Glory and Splendor, to the admiration of the Beholder.

Who doubts (saith Bishop Hall) that these Eyes shall see the glorious Manhood of our blessed Saviour advanced above all the Powers of Heaven? And if one Body, why not more? If our elder Brother, why no more of our Spiritual Fraternity?

Certum est, beatos homines omnes ab omnibus videri & sciri, & inter se familiariter versari ut amicos & proximos, says a-

Bellarmin. in Præfat. ad Lib. de æterna Felicitate.

another Doctor. So then there is

a Communion of Saints in Heaven as well as on Earth, a Society of Bodies visible one to another.

Besides, the Vision of New Jerusalem appertains to the glorious Saints; to them it is given to see Jerusalem built up with Sapphires and Emeralds, and precious Stones; the Walls, Towers, and Battlements with pure Gold; the Streets thereof paved with Beryl, Carbuncle, and Stones of Ophir; and the Citizens thereof singing *Hallelujah*; and saying, *Praised be God who hath exalted it for ever*: which was the Prophecy of Tobias, and of Isaiah; which also St. John in his Revelation saw (together with a new Heaven and a new Earth) to wit, the Holy City, the New Jerusalem descending from God out of Heaven, having the Glory of God, and her Light was like unto a Stone most precious, even like a Jasper Stone, clear as Chrystal; it had no need of the Sun nor the Moon to shine in it, for the Glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the Light thereof; and the Nations of them that are saved do walk in the Light of it.

Yea, we our selves (together with the whole Creation) do with most earnest Expectation wait for a Renovation and Melioration of the State of all things at the coming of the Day of God, wherein the Heavens that now are, being on fire, shall be dis-

solv'd, and the Elements shall melt with fervent Heat, and we shall (as it is promised) see new Heavens and new Earth, wherein dwelleth Righteousness, as the Apostle Peter hath it, 2 Pet. 3. 10.

What neither the *EYE* here can see, nor the *EAR* can hear, nor the Heart of Man conceive in their natural state, shall all be visible to the Eye in the state of Glory. So says S. Bernard; *Erit quando jam non dicetur, Audi filia, & vide, & inclina aurem tuam, sed leva potius oculos tuos, & contempera; quid? plane ex modo quæ invenim quidem, etsi non videre adhuc & audire tamen credere potes; verum etiam quod sicut non videt oculus, sic nec auris audit, nec in cor hominis ascendit, quod preparavit deus diligentibus se: nimirum tanta capiet Oculus Resurrectionis, quanta nec Auditus nec Animus nunc capiat.* These Eyes shall behold them, and not another's. Therefore in another place he addeth, *Nec novos tibi instaurandos putes, sed tuos utique restaurandos*; not that they shall be of another Nature, but of another Glory.

The *EAR* also is exercis'd with variety of Sounds and Voices, both articulate and inarticulate. The Organs of Speech are as intire and perfect (yea more) in Heaven than on Earth. We may not conceive a Deficiency in any part; there are,

[—————Guttur, Lingua, Palatum,
Quatuor & Dentes, & duo Labra simul.]

For the Bodies of the glorified Saints are True, Real, and Lively

Bodies, and perfect in every Member, even as our Blessed Saviour
after

after his Resurrection was manifested to be, both by his Conversation and Confabulation with his Apstles and Disciples, speaking of many things pertaining to the Kingdom of God, and by his hearing and answering of Questions; and further, from his Voice from Heaven to St. Paul, and his Reply to the Query of St. Paul.

Such Bodies and Bodily Organs for vocal Musick have all the Saints, coming and hear *Hallelujahs* 1. 12. A great Voice was heard of many People in Heaven, saying and singing *Hallelujah* in a most melodious Tune, the Ditty whereof was, *Salvum, and Glory, and Honour, and Power unto the Lord our God.* There is a full Choir of Saints, Thousands of Thousands harmoniously singing the Praises of the Lord; and as full a Chorus with the like affectionate Melody, again and again echoing and resounding the like Praises and Loving-kindness of the Lord.

And as the Company of Singers is great, so are the Songs and Canticles various, tho all of them *Eucharistical*; some in memory of our Creation, others in memory of our Redemption; some in triumph of the Holy Martyrs, some in joy of Converts and Penitents, others in honour of Chastity and Virginity, and those who were not *defiled with Women, the Redeemed from amongst Men,* being the First-Fruits unto God and to the Lamb; others for the Victory of all Saints over the World, the Flesh and the Devil, over the Beast, and over his Mark, and over the number of his Name; others for the Judg-

ments of God inflicted upon the Ungodly. There is sung, the Song of *Moses*, and there is sung the Song of the Lamb; yea, there is sung the Psalm of *David*, *Misericordias Domini in eternum, &c.* Austin affirms: *Et fortasse non solius Dei Laudes in Civitate illa canentur, sed etiam triumphum sanctorum Martyrum, & Confessorum praemia, & Virginum gloria, & Sanctorum omnium contra Diabolum victoriae cantibus extollentur; haec enim omnia in Dei laudes & gloriam redundabunt.* And all these Songs and Cantons cannot but be wondrous pleasant and delightfom to the Ears of all the blessed and glorified Saints of God; for which cause, the *Ear* is *Organical*, and serviceable to the Soul and Body in their state of Glory.

In the next place consider we the Sense of *Olfaction*, and those sweet-smelling Savours and Odors in the Nostrils of all the Saints; to shew that the Body is not destitute of an Organ for the Exercise of this sensitive Faculty of the Soul, no more than of the rest which are so useful to her in this state.

For tho the Scriptures afford not so pregnant Proofs for the two Senses of *Smelling and Tasting*, as for the other three, yet may we not in reason conceive a total Deprivation or Annihilation of them more than of the rest, nor without injury to the Human Nature (to which we attribute so great Perfection and Integrity of Parts in that condition) debar her the Freedom of exercising any of her faculties (other than what argue and favour Corruption) which so much tends to the

the Perfection of a human Body ; there's no Privation of Sight, of Hearing, or of Touching, why then of the other ? Are the Saints *Hofmci*, and are not *Gog-lites* ? If the Want of an Eye or an Ear be such a Blemish and Imperfection, as may not befall a glorified Body, is not the want of a Nose as great a Deformity ? But Odors and Olfaction there is in this state, and this Sense hath its Objects of Delight as well as the rest.

Glorified Bodies are Odoriferous Bodies, sending forth most fragrant Scents ; as they are glorious to the Eye, so are they Aromatical to the Smell.

But above all is *the Glorious Body of our Blessed Saviour*, being perfum'd with Myrrh and Frankincense, and whose Garments smell of Myrrh, Aloes, and Cassia : whereupon the Church, that Spiritual Spouse, cries unto Christ her Head and Husband ; *Meliora sunt ubera tua vino, fragrantia unguentis optimis, oleum effusum nomen tuum : ideo Adolescentule dilexerunt te ; trahere me post te, curremus in odorem unguentorum tuorum* : thus says St. Bernard. Now if the Body of Christ be so Odoriferous, it is most probable the Saints are likewise so, the Members in a due proportion to their Head, as in Brightness, so in Sweetness.

The like Probability is of the Sense of *TASTING*, that it should remain in the glorified Estate. For if the Power of Eating, then the Sense of Tasting. But the first is granted, then why not the latter ? Christ after the Resurrection did eat and drink with his Disciples, yet not,

as his Disciples, for Refreshment and Nourishment, *non alimentorum indigentia, sed ea qua hoc poterat potestate* : And therefore the Paraphrase of venerable Bede upon those Words of our Saviour (*Have you here any thing to eat ?*) is worthy our Observation. So glorified Bodies may sometimes eat to shew their Power and Freedom, but never for Hunger or Satisfaction of a natural Appetite or an empty Paunch.

And this Comestion is real and true, not a fictitious and feign'd Eating of the Angels, as that of *Raphael's* ; for the Bodies which Angels sometimes assume (*being no human lively Bodies*) have not the true and real Faculty of eating, tho' happily of chewing or grinding, and swallowing down into the interior Parts of the Body : For a true Comestion is accompanied with a Gust or Taste, which Sense continues to the glorified Bodies, and hath its Recreation and Delight as well as the other Faculties, tho' not in the Act of eating.

As for the Sense of *TOUCHING*, there is no difference amongst Divines, nor indeed can be any doubt but that it hath its Operations in this blissful State ; since *the Glorified Bodies* may be felt and touch'd, as all other true and lively Bodies may, and as our Blessed Saviour's was after his Resurrection, as well palpable as visible, not miraculously, but according to its own nature : *Handle me, says he, and see, for a Spirit hath no Flesh and Blood as you see me have.*

Thus much of the *Senses Corporal External*, and those Parts of

of the Body which are instrumental and serviceable in the state of Glory to the Human Nature, as they were to her in her natural Condition. So that 'tis evidently prov'd, — *Corporeal Affections remain after Separation,* only with these Exceptions and Limitations.

1. From hence are banish'd all sensual Lusts and carnal Concupiscence; the Eye hath no lascivious Looks, the Ear's infected with no blasphemous Breath or impious Sound, nor the Sense deflowred with any adulterous Touch; here is no Lust or Desire of Generation, no respect of Blood; *they neither marry, nor are given in marriage;* this grosser Acquaintance and Pleasure is for the Paradise of Turks, not the Heaven of Christians; here, as there is no Marriage (save betwixt the Lamb and his Spouse the Church) so no Matrimonial Affections.

2. Banish we likewise from hence all Impatibility of Sense; no Vehemency of Object can destroy the Sense; in their natural Estate their Objects many times confound and wound them. Too great a Light may make a Man blind, too great a Sound may make him deaf, *we may not long gaze upon the Sun* without injury to our Eyes; 'tis otherwise here, for the Senses are blessed and glorious, *and so made Impassible and Immortal.* He who strengthens the Eyes of the Soul with such a Measure of Light and Glory, that they may see God face to face, and yet not be dazzled and confounded with his Glory, doth also so confirm and strengthen the Eyes of the Body,

that without any hurt or damage to themselves they may behold *not one, but infinite Suns and illuminated Bodies,* tho in themselves ever so glorious.

3. All Acts of Necessity are hence excluded; the Soul doth not exercise her Sensitive Faculties necessarily, but freely, and rules with the Body and bodily Organs when she pleaseth, and when she pleaseth the Soul rules alone; for she hath *other ways of Operation out of the Body, more Excellent and Noble.* The Senses are secondary Means for acquiring Knowledg, not the Primary; only subservient, and at command of the Soul. In the natural Estate the Sensitive Knowledg precedes the Intellectual; *nihil est in Intellectu quod non prius fuit in Sensu;* and without Sense there is no Intelligence. Not so in the Resurrection; the Soul knoweth all things as fully and infallibly by *Intuitive Vision* and Innate Forms, at once, *unico intuitu,* by one single Aspect, as by those various multiply'd Forms imprinted from sensible Objects under so many several Notions and Conceptions. *The Understanding stands not in need of an Eye, or an Ear, or other bodily Organ,* to evidence the Truth of what it apprehendeth; it is not subject to Sense, but Sense to that, not the Soul to the Body, but the Body to the Soul: *For the Nature of a glorified Body is to be Spiritual, that is, subject to the Spirit;* not that it hath no Flesh and Bones, but that it is so subject to the Spirit, that at the beck and command thereof, without any pains and difficulty, it moves most swiftly,

swiftly, ascending, descending, coming, going, and thro every place penetrating, as if it were not a Body but a Spirit. And therefore it is in the power of the Soul to see or hear, or the like, to use or not to use these bodily Organs, when and as often as she pleases; without which in her natural Condition she could not operate or reduce all her Faculties into Act. Having finish'd our Paradox proving the Senses External and Senses Internal are Organical in Heaven as they were on Earth, and subservient to the Soul in their several Stations and Places of Residence, as Eye, Ear, Nose, Palate, Nerves, Brain, &c. I shall conclude this Paradox with this Advice to the Five Senses.

Let Eye, Ear, Touch, Taste, Smell, let every Sense,
Employ it self to praise his Providence,
Who gave an Eye to see; but why was't given?
To guide our Feet on Earth, our Souls to Heaven.
An Ear to hear; but what? No Jest o'th' time,
Vain or profane, but Melody Divine.
A Touch to feel; but what? Grievs of our Brother,
And t'have a Fellow-feeling one of other.
A Taste to relish; what? Man's sovereign Bliss,
" Come taste and see the Lord, how sweet he is!
A Smell to breathe; and what? Flowers that afford
All choice Content, the Odors of his Word.
" If our * Five Senses thus employ'd be,
" We may our Saviour Smell, Taste, Touch, Hear, See.

* Alluding to that Sacred-secret Mystery of his Five Wounds, curing and crowning our Five Senses.

Paradox X.

*That it is better to be Half-starv'd than to fare
Sumptuously.*

If Verily believe, however I have titled this Opinion, yet it will by no means be allow'd for a PARADOX by a number of those, whose Judgment ought to bear the greatest Sway. And to speak freely, it would seem to me very uncouth, that any Man that makes profession of more Understanding than a

Beast, should open his Mouth to the contrary, or make any scruple at all of readily subscribing to the Truth and Evidence of this Position, *That it is better to be half-starv'd, than to fare sumptuously* (that is, just eat enough to keep us alive.)

Tell me, you that seem to demur on the business, whether I

spare and austere Diet serves not without further help, to chase away that racking Humour of the *Gout*, which by all other Helps that can be us'd, scarce receives any Mitigation at all; but, do what can be done, lies tormenting the Body, till it hath spent it self. Tell me, whether this holy Medicine serves not to the driving away of *Headach*, to the cure of *Dizziness*, to the stopping of *Rheums*, to the stay of *Fluxes*, to the getting away of *loathsome Itches*, to the freedom from dishonest *Belchings*, to the prevention of *Agues*; and in a word, to the clearing and draining of all ill Humours whatsoever in the Body.

Nor do the Benefits thereof stay only in the Body, but ascend likewise to the perfecting of the Soul it self: for how manifest is it, That thro a spare and strict Diet, the Mind and all the Faculties thereof become *Waking, Quick, and Cheerful!* How is the Wit sharpen'd, the Understanding solidated, the Affections temper'd; and in a word, *the whole Soul and Spirit of a Man freed from Encumbrances*, and made apt and expedite for the Apprehension of *Wisdom*, and the Embrace of *Virtue*?

*How happy is the harmless Country Maid,
Who, rich by Nature, scorns superfluous Aid;
Whose modest Clothes no wanton Eyes incite,
But, like her Soul, preserve the native White!
Whose little Store her well-taught Mind does please,
Not pinch'd with Want, nor clog'd with wanton Ease.
Who, free from Storms, which on the Great ones fall,
Makes but few Wishes, and enjoys them all.
No Care but Love can discompose her Breast;
Love, of all Cares the sweetest and the best.
While on sweet Grass her Bleating Charge does lie,
One happy Lover feeds upon her Eye.
Not one whom on her Gods or Men impose,
But one whom Love has for this Lover chose.
Under some Favorite Myrtle's shady Boughs,
They feed their Passions with repeated Vows.
And whilst a Blush confesses how she burns,
His faithful Heart makes as sincere Returns.
Thus in the Arms of Love and Peace they lie;
And whilst they live, their Blames can never die.*

The ancient Sages were, I'm sure, of this Opinion: and *Plato* in particular made notable Remonstrance of it; when upon his coming into *Sicily* from *Athens*, he did so bitterly condemn the *Syracusan Tables*, which being furnish'd with *precious and dainty Cakes*, provoking *Sauces*, and rich *Wine*, sent away their Guests twice a day full of Good Cheer. But what wouldst thou have said, *O Plato*, if thou hadst perhaps lit upon such as we Christians

now-a-days are ; amongst whom, he that eats but *two good Meals a day* (as we term them) boasts himself, and is applauded by others for a Person of *great Temperance* and singular good Diet ?

Undoubtedly our Extravagancy in this matter (having added *Prologues* of Breakfasts, *Interludes* of Banquets, and *Epilogues* of Rear-suppers to the *Comedy*) would have caus'd thee to turn thy Divine Eloquence to the Praise of those *Syracusan Gluttons*, who, 'in respect of our Usages and Customs, might seem *great Masters of Temperance*.

Nay, even *Epicurus* himself, however (he may thank *Tully's* Slanders) his Name is become in this regard so inia'mous, yet placed his chief Delight this way in no greater Dainties than *savoury Herbs and fresh Cheese*.

But I would fain once understand from these *Belly-Gods*, that seem born only to *waste good Meat*, what the reason may be, that now-a-days the Store of Victuals is so much abated, and the Price enhaunced of what it was in time of

old ; when yet the World appears to have been then much fuller of People than it now is. Undoubtedly that Scarcity and Deerness, under which we labour, can proceed from nothing but our *excessive Gluttony*, which devours things faster than Nature can bring them forth. And that Plenty and Cheapness which crown'd their happy Days, was maintain'd and kept on foot chiefly thro their eating but just enough to keep 'em from *starving*.

St. Jerom, writing of the Course of Life held by those good Fathers that retir'd themselves into the Deserts of *Egypt*, the better to serve God, tells us, That they *eat but just enough to keep 'em alive* ; that they censur'd it in themselves for a kind of Riot, to feed on any thing that was drest with Fire, and that they were half-starv'd. The same in every point doth *Cassian* report, in his Relations of the Holy Monks and Hermites of his time.

*Health seems a Cherub most divinely bright,
More soft than Air, more gay than morning Light.
Hail blooming Goddess ! Thou propitious Power,
Whose Blessings Mortals next to Life implore ;
Such Graces in your Heavenly Eyes appear,
That Cottages are Courts when you are there.
Mankind, as you vouchsafe to smile or frown,
Find Ease in Chains, or Anguish in a Crown.*

'Tis Health is that *Salt of Life* which gives a *Relish* to all our Enjoyments, and for this reason we find in antient Physicians, that the Inhabitants of the Old World were such strict Followers of *Sobriety*, that they kept them-

selves precisely to *Bread in the morning*, and at night they made their *Supper of Flesh* only, without addition of Sauces, or any first or second Courses. And by this means it came to pass, that they lived so long and in continual

nual Health, without so much as once hearing the Names of those many grievous Infirmities, that now-a-days vex Mankind.

What think you might be the Cause, that the Romans, the Arcadians, and the Portuguese liv'd so many hundred of years, without having any Acquaintance at all with *Physick* or *Physicians*? Surely nothing else but their spare Diet; which when all is done, we are oft times constrain'd to undergo, and ever indeed directed and advis'd unto, by those who really practise this Divine Science of *Physick*, for the Recovery and Conservation of their Patient's Health, and not covetously for their own Gain.

I read in approv'd Histories, that *Ptolomy*, upon some occasion or other, outriding his Followers in *Egypt*, was so press'd with Hunger, that he was fain to call in at a poor Man's Cottage, who brought him a piece of Rye Bread; which when he had eaten, he took a solemn Oath, That he never in all his Life had tasted better, nor more pleasing Meat; and from that day forward, he set light by all the costly sorts of Bread, which he had been formerly accusom'd unto.

The *Thracian* Women, that they might bear healthful, strong, and hardy Children, eat nothing but *Milk* and *Nettles*. And the greatest Dainties that the *Lacedaemonians* had amongst them, was a certain kind of black Pottage, that look'd no better than melted Pitch, and could not by computation stand in above three half pence a Gallon at the most.

The *Persians*, who in their time were the best disciplin'd

People on the Earth, eat a little Cresses, or wild Mint, with their Bread; and that was all the Victuals that this brave Nation us'd, when they made Conquest of the World.

Artaxerxes, the Brother of *Cyrus*, being overthrown in Battel, was constrain'd in his Flight to sit down with dry Figs and Barley Bread; which upon proof he found so good, as he seriously lamented his Misfortune, in having (thro the continual cloying of artificial Dainties, wherewith he had been bred up) been so long time a Stranger to that great Pleasure and Delight, which natural and simple Food yields, when it meets with true Hunger.

True it is, our Belly is a troublesome Creditor, and oft times shamelessly exacts more than its Due; but undoubtedly, if we were not partial, and corrupted by the Allurements of that base Content which *Dainties* promise, we might easily quiet the Grudgings and Murmurings thereof.

It's not the Belly, which would rest well contented with that which is at hand; but the Satisfaction of our capricious Fancies, that makes us wear out our selves, and weary all the World besides with uncessant Travel in the search of Rarities, and in the compounding of new Delicacies. If we were but half as wise as we ought to be, there need none of all this ado that we make, about this and that kind of *Manchester*: *Dutch Bread* and *French Bread*, and I know not what new Inventions are brought on foot to make more Business in the World; whereas with much less Cost and Trouble we might be much bet-

ter serv'd with that which grows at Home, and is to be found ready in every thatch'd Cottage. That which is most our own, and that which we therefore perhaps (Fools as we be) most contemn in this kind, *Barley-Bread* I mean, is by all the old Physicians warranted for a most sound and healthful Food: He that eats daily of it, say they, shall undoubtedly never be troubled with the *Gout in the Feet*.

Shew me such a Virtue in any of these new Inventions, and I'll yield 'tis better to fare sumptuously than to be half starv'd: But to buy them at the Price of so much Pains, Time and Hazard as they cost us, were undoubtedly too much, altho they brought

as much Benefit as they do Prejudice.

Consider well, I pray, whether it be not enough to make a wise Man run beside himself, to see such a ransacking of all the Elements by *Fishers, Fowlers, and Hunters*; such a turmoiling of the World by *Cooks, Confit-makers, and Tavern-keepers*, and a numberless many of such needless Occupations; such a hazard-ing of Mens Lives on Sea and Land, by Heat and Cold, and a thousand other Dangers and Difficulties; and all forsooth in procuring Dainties for the Satisfaction of a greedy Maw, and senseless Belly, that within a very short while after must of Necessity make a Banquet of it self to Worms.

*O wretched Man! in what a Mist of Life,
Inclos'd with Dangers, and with noisy Strife,
He spends his little Span; and over-feeds
His cram'd Desires with more than Nature needs,
For Nature wisely stints our Appetite,
And craves no more than undisturb'd Delight.*

But what an endless Maze of Error, what an intolerable Hell of Torments and Afflictions hath this wicked *Gluttony* brought the World unto? And yet, -wretched Men that we are, we have no mind to get out of it; but, like silly Animals led by the Chops, go on all day long, digging our Graves with our Teeth, till at last we bring the Earth over our Heads, much before we otherwise need to have done.

And yet there was a certain odd Fellow once in the World (I would there were not too many of the same mind now-a-days) *Philoxenus* by name, that seri-

ously wish'd he might have Swallow as long and as large as the Cranes, the better to enjoy the savorish of his licorish Morsels. Long after him I read of another of the same Fraternity, *Apitius*, that plac'd all his Happiness in good Cheer; but little Credit, I assure, he hath got by the means; no more than *Maximinus*, altho he was an Emperor, by his using every Meal to stuff into his Paunch thirty pounds of Flesh, beside Bread and Wine to boot. *Getz* deserves in my Opinion the Monarchy of *Gluttons*, as he had of the Romans: His Feasts were always according to the Letters of

the Alphabet; as when P's turn came, he would have *Plovers*, *Partridges*, and *Peacocks*, and the like; and so in all the rest, his Table was always furnish'd with Meats whose Names began with one and the same Letter.

But what do I raking up this Carrion? Let them rot in their Corruption, and lie more cover'd over with Infamy than with Earth. Only, to give the World notice who have been the great Masters of this worthy Science of filling the Belly, and following good Cheer, I have been inforc'd to make this remembrance of some of their goodly Opinions and Pranks: Which let who so will be their Partner in; for my part, I solemnly avow, that I find no greater Misery than to *visual the Camp* (as the Proverb is) cramming in lustily over night, and to be bound next morning to rise early, and to go about serious Business: And for this Reason (if the Reader dares believe me) *chuse rather to be half starv'd than to fare sumptuously*.

O what a piece of Purgatory is it, to feel within a Man's self those *Qualms*, those *Gripings*, those *Swimmings*, and those *flushing Heats* that follow upon over-eating! And what a shame (if our Foreheads were not of Brass, and our Friends before whom we act them, infected with the same Disease) would it be, to stand *Yawning*, *Stretching* and *Belching up* the Crudities of the former days Surfeit.

On the contrary, what a Happiness do I prove, when after *half a Meal*, or *half a Belly full*, I find sound and quiet Sleep all night long, and at peep of day

get up as fresh as the Morning itself, full of Vigour and Activity both in Mind and Body, for all manner of Affairs! Let who will take his Pleasure in the Fulness of *Delicates*, I desire my part may be in this happy Enjoyment of my self, altho it should be *to the half starving my Body*.

When I was last at *Messina*, my Lord *Antonie Doria* told me, that he was acquainted in *Spain* with an old Man, who had liv'd above an hundred Years: One day having invited him home, and entertain'd him sumptuously, as his Lordship's manner is, the good old Man, instead of Thanks, told him, *My Lord, had I been accuslom'd to these kind of Meals in my Youth, I had never come to this Age which you see, nor been able to preserve that Health and Strength both of Mind and Body, which you make shew so much to admire in me.*

See now, here's a Proof even in our Age, That the Length and Happiness of Mens Lives in the old World was chiefly caus'd by the means of bless'd *Temperance*.

But what need more words in a matter as evident as the Sun at Noon-day, to all but those whose Brains are sunk down into the *Quagmire* of their Bellies? I'll make an end with that which cannot be deny'd, nor deluded, nor resisted; so plain is the Truth, and so great is the Authority; and this it is, *Peruse all Histories*, of whatever Times and People, and you shall always find the Haters of a *sober Life* and *spare Diet*, to have been sworn Enemies against Virtue and Goodness: Witness *Claudius*, *Caligula*, *Heliogabalus*, *Clodius* the

Tragedian, *Vitellius*, *Verus*, *Tiberius*, and the like: And on the contrary, the Pinch-Guts, and Friends and Followers of Sobriety and Frugality, to have been Men of divine Spirits, and most heroical Performances for the benefit of Mankind; such as were *Augustus*, *Alexander Severus*, *Paulus Aemilius*, *Epaminondas*, *Socrates*, and all the rest who are registred for excellent in the Lists of Princes, Soldiers and Philosophers.

Thus have I fairly prov'd, that 'tis better to be half starv'd, than to fare sumptuously; and let the *Sardanapalus's* of our Age prattle what they list, *Nature*, and *Reason*, and *Experience*, and the *Example of all virtuous Persons*, prove it to be so. He that goes about to persuade me otherwise, shall lose his Labour, tho he had his Tongue and Brain furnish'd with all the Sophistry and Eloquence, that ever *Greece* and *Italy* could jointly have afforded.

Paradox XI.

That the Eye sees no more at one Prospect than at another; or, that the Eye beholds as much when it looks on a Shilling, or any other Object of as small Circumference, as when it speculates a Mountain, nay the whole Heaven.

WHEN the Eye is open, there always is pourtray'd in the bottom of the Eye some one *Total Image*, whose various Parts may be call'd the *Special Images* of the diverse Things at once objected. For, as the whole Hemisphere Visive includes the reason of the whole Visible; so do the Parts thereof include the Reason of the special Visibles, tho situate at unequal Distance. And since the Hemisphere may be, in respect either of its Whole, or Parts, more remote, and more vicine; hence comes it, that no more Rays arrive at the Eye from the Remote, than the Vicine; because in the Vicine, indeed, are less or fewer Bodies than in the Remote; but yet the Particles, or Faces of the Particles of

Bodies, that are directly obverted to the Pupil, are more: Which certainly is the Cause, why of two Bodies, the one great, the other small, the Dimensions seem equal; provided the Great be so remote, as to take up no greater a part of the visive Hemisphere, than the Small: because in that case, the Rays emanent from it, and in direct Lines incident into the Pupil of the Eye, are no more than those deradiate from the small, and consequently cannot represent more Parts thereof, or exhibit it in larger Dimensions. Whereupon we may conclude, that the visive Faculty doth judg of the Magnitude of Objects, by the proportion that the Image of each holds to the amplitude of the Concave of the
Retina

Retina Tunica : or, that by how much every special Image shall make a greater part of the general Image, that fills the whole Hemisphere Visive, and so possesses a greater part of the Concave of the *Retina Tunica* ; by so much the greater doth the Faculty judge the quantity thereof to be, and *è contra*. And, because a thing, when near, doth possess a greater part of the visive Hemisphere, than when remote ; therefore doth the special Image thereof also possess a greater part of the Concave in the *Retina Tunica*, and so exhibit in greater Dimensions : and it decreaseth, or becometh so much the less, by how much the farther it is abduc'd from the Eye ; for it then makes room for another Image of another thing, that is detected by the Abduction of the former, and enters the space of the Hemisphere obvert-ed. And hereupon may we ground a *PARADOX*, That the Eye sees no more at one Prospect than at another ; or, that the Eye beholds as much when it looks on a Shilling, or any other Object of a small Circumference, as when it speculates a Mountain, nay the whole Heaven.

Which tho obscure and despicable at first planting, will yet require no more time to grow up to a firm and spreading Truth, than while we investigate the Reasons of two Cousin-German optical *Phænomena*.

(1.) Why an Object appears not only greater in Dimensions, but more distinct in Parts, when look'd upon near at hand, than afar off ?

(2.) Why an Object, speculated thro a *Convex* Glass, appears both larger and more distinct, than when beheld only with the Eye ; but thro a *Concave*, both smaller, and more *confus'd* ?

To the Solution of the *First*, we are to reflect on some of the precedent Assumptions. For, since every Visible diffuseth Rays from all points of its Superfice, into all Regions of the Medium ; and since the Superfice of the most seemingly smooth and polite Body, is variously interspers'd with Asperities, from the various Faces whereof innumerable Rays are emitted, tending according to their Lines of Direction, into all points of Medium circularly ; and since those Swarms of Emanations must be so much the more dense and congregate, by how much the less they are elongated from their Fountain, or Body exhalant ; and *è contra*, so much the more rare and disgregate, by how much farther they are deduc'd : Therefore, by how much nearer the Eye shall be to the Object, by so much a greater number of Rays shall it receive from the various Parts thereof, and the Particles of those Parts, and *è contra* : and consequently by how much a greater number of Rays are receiv'd into the Pupil of the Eye, by so much greater do the Dimensions of the Object, and so much the more distinct do the Parts of its Superfice appear. For it is axiomatical among the Masters of the Opticks, and most perfectly demonstrated by *Scheinerus* (in *lib. 2. Fundament. Optic. part. 1. cap. 13.*) that the visive Axe consisteth not

of one single Ray, but of many concurring in the Point of the Pyramid, terminated in the Concave of the *Retina Tunica*; and as demonstrable, that those Rays only concur in that conglomerated Stream, which enters the Pupil, that are emitted from the Parts of the Object directly obverted unto it; all others tending into other Quarters of the Medium. And hence is it, that the Image of a remote Object, consisting of Rays (which tho streaming from distant Parts of the Surface thereof, do yet, by reason of their Concurrence in the retus'd Point of the visive Pyramid, represent those Parts as conjoin'd) thin and less united, comparatively; those Parts must appear as contiguous in the visifical Representation, or Image, which are really incon- tiguous or separate in the Object: and upon consequence, the Object must be apprehended as contracted, or less, as consisting of fewer Parts; and also confus'd, as consisting of Parts not well distinguish'd. This may be truly, tho somewhat grossly, *exemplify'd* in our Prospect of two or three Hills situate at large distance from our Eye, and all included in the same visive Hemisphere; for, their Elongation from the Eye makes them appear contiguous, nay one and the same Hill, tho perhaps they are, by more than single Miles, distant each from other: or, when from a Place of Eminence we behold a spacious Campania beneath, and apprehend it to be an intire Plain; the non-appearance of those innumerable interjacent Fosses, Pits, Rivers, &c. deprest Places, imposing upon the Sense, and exhibiting it

in a smooth continu'd Plain.

And to the Solution of the *second Problem*, a concise Enquiry into the Causes of the different Effects of *Concave* and *Convex* Perspicils, in the Representation of Images visible, is only necessary. A Concave Lens, whether Plano-Concave, or Concave on both sides, whether it be the Segment of a great or small Circle, projects the Image of an Object, on a Paper set at convenient distance from the Tube that holds it, confus'd and insincere; because it refracts the Rays thereof even to Disgregation, so that never uniting again, they are transmitted in divided Streams, and cause a Chaos, or perpetual Confusion. On the contrary, a Convex Lens refracts the Rays before divided, even to a Concurrence and Union, and so makes that Image distinct and ordinate, which at its Incidence thereon was confus'd and inordinate. And so much the more perfect must every Convex Lens be, by how much greater the Sphere is, of which it is a Section. For, as *Kircher* well observes (*in Magia Parsiatica*) if the Lens be not only a Portion of a great Sphere, *V. Gr.* such a one, whose Diameter contains twenty or thirty *Roman* Palms; but hath its own Diameter consisting of one or two Palms: it will represent Objects of very large Dimensions, with so admirable Similitude, as to inform the visive Faculty of all its Colours, Parts, and other Discoverables in its Surface. Of which sort are those excellent Glasses, made by that famous Artist, *Eustachio Divini*, at *Rome*; by the help whereof the Painters of *Italy* use to

draw the most exquisite Chorographical, Topographical, and Prosopographical Tables, in the World.

Now, to draw these Lines home to the Center of our Problem; since the Rays of a visible Image trajected thro a Convex Perspicil, are so refracted, as to concur in the visive Axe: it is a clear Consequence, that therefore an Object appears both larger in Dimensions, and more distinct in Parts, when speculated thro a Convex Glass, than when lookt upon only with the Eye; because more of the Rays are, by reason of the Convexity of its Extreme, obverted to the Object, conducted into the Pupil of the Eye, than otherwise would have been. For whereas some Rays proceeding from those Points of the Object, which make the Center of the Base of the visive Pyramid, according to the Line of Direction, incur into the Pupil; others emanent from other Parts circumvicine to those central ones, fall into the Iris; others from other Parts circumvicine fall upon the Eyelids; and others from others more remote, or nearer to the Circumference of

the Base of the Pyramid, strike upon the Eyebrow, Nose, Forehead, and other Parts of the Face: the Convexity of the Glass causeth, that all those Rays which otherwise would have been terminated on the Iris, Eyelids, Brows, Nose, Forehead, &c. are refracted, and by Refraction deflected from the Lines of Direction, so that concurring in the visive Axe, they enter the Pupil of the Eye in one united Stream, and so render the Image impressed on the *Retina Tunica* more lively and distinct, and increas'd by so many Parts, as are the Rays superadded to those which proceed from the Parts directly confronting the Pupil. On the contrary, because an Image trajected thro a *Concave* Perspicil, hath its Rays so refracted, that they become more rare and disgregate: the Object must therefore seem less in Dimensions, and more confus'd in Parts; because many of those Rays, which according to direct Tendency would have intinuated into the Pupil, are diverted upon the Iris, Eyelids, and other circumvicine Parts of the Face.

Paradox XII.

Pious Contradictions, or a System of Divinity in Paradoxes.

I. THE Saint (or true Believer) believeth that which he cannot comprehend, because it is above Reason. That there are three distinct Persons in the God-

head, yet but one God; that God is the Father of Christ; that the Holy Ghost proceedeth from them both, and yet that they are all three Coeternal and

but one in Substance.

2. He believeth that Christ, who was before all Time, and created the World, was yet born in the Fulness of Time, and became Man in the World. That he who fills both Heaven and Earth, and can neither be included nor excluded any where, was shut up and confin'd within the narrow Womb of a Virgin. That he who is the Omnipotent, and can do whatever pleaseth him, could neither go nor stand. That he who is Wisdom it self, could not understand. That he who is the Word, could not speak. That Christ was killed before he was alive, and slain before he was born. That he who is Almighty, was held in Arms, and bound in the Hands of a weak Woman. That the Mother of Christ was both his Daughter, Creature, Spouse, and a pure Virgin, even after her Son was born. And that if Jesus had not been slain for her from the Beginning of the World, *Mary* had not lived.

3. A true Believer is both a Pebble and a Diamond, a Pillar and a Troubler of the World. He is both the Honour and Scorn, the Love, Envy and Hatred of Men. In the Arithmetick of the Wicked he standeth but for a Cypher, but in the account of a Holy God he is a Sum. In the Scales of the World, he is Dross; but in the Ballance of the Sanctuary, Gold.

4. A true Believer is a merry Mourner, one cheerfully sorrowful. And as sometimes the Clouds and Sun do rain and shine together; so while Rivers of penitent Grief and Tears

spring up in his Heart, and run out at the Floodgates of his Eyes, Celestial Beams of unknown Joy, Comfort, Gladness, dart upon, irradiate and revive his dark, troubled drooping Spirit.

5. He riseth by falling. Humiliation is his Exaltation. He goeth to Heaven by Hell; and is never so high and precious in God's Eyes, as when he is vilest and lowest in his own.

6. A true Believer is cured by Sickness, being never so well as when he fainteth, and is even ready to die of Love for Christ. Affliction is his Physick, Julip, Happiness. He is sav'd by Shipwreck, landed by Storms, and deeply rooted by Winds and Shakings.

7. He believeth God to be most just, and yet that the Lord from all Eternity decreed, that the Innocent should be condemn'd and suffer to acquit the Guilty: And also that the greatest Sinners should be sav'd by one who should die for Sin, and yet never committed any Sin. He believeth himself to be freely pardon'd, and yet knows that a Price was paid for his Redemption worth more than 10000 Worlds. He believes God to be most merciful, most loving, and yet knows, that God deliver'd up his own, his only Son, and permitted him to suffer not only the most bitter, painful and cruel, but also the most shameful Death. And likewise that the Lord poured out upon him the fullest Viols of his fiercest Wrath; and that all this was done, endur'd and suffer'd for those who were both Enemies and Traitors to God and his Son.

8. A true Believer hateth all the World, yet is no man's Enemy. He is implacable, yet without Malice; inexorable, yet easy to be persuaded. He prayeth for, and heartily forgiveth his very Murderers. His worst Enemies are Friends to him, and do him good. He sinneth least, when he is most angry; taketh revenge on no body but himself; and never pleaseth God more, than when he is most offended and displeas'd with himself.

9. A true Believer is the most ambitious Man in the World; for nothing can satisfy or bound his aspiring Mind but a Kingdom and Crown: yet he is the most loyal Subject, and the greatest Contemner of all sublunary Things. He wagemeth and maintaineth with Courage, Resolution, Delight and Constancy, perpetual Wars; and yet he is the greatest Lover of Peace, lives in Peace, is the most quiet Man, and dies in Peace. He is victorious, yea invincible; yet fights without Men against both Men and Devils. And tho he be plunder'd, beggar'd, and lose all, yet he groweth rich and great by Wars without Pay or Pillage.

10. He is born both alive and dead. He dies twice, and lives a threefold Life, of Nature, Grace, Glory. He hath one Resurrection before another after he is dead.

11. He studieth with Delight and Diligence to know that which he is assur'd will both grieve and trouble him when known. He is never so wise as when he knoweth himself to be a Fool. He is never so likely to get safe to shore, as when he is most

fearful of being cast away. He is never beautiful, until he see and acknowledg himself to be ugly and deform'd; and the more he loaths himself, the more God loves him.

12. He is born of mean and base Parents, and yet he is the only truly Noble Man: For he hath the Royallest Blood, greatest Alliances and Relations, highest Titles, choicest Honours, honorablest Attendants, and the best Estate of any Man. For God is his Father, Christ is his Husband, Heaven is his Mansion, Saints are his Brethren, Angels are his Servants, and Glory is his Inheritance.

13. A true Believer is born both a Beggar and an Heir. He often lives poor, yet is always rich, and dies wealthy, tho without Lands, Mony, Goods. He keepeth his Estate by sending it away, and increaseth it by spending it; when others not only lessen, but lose theirs, by sparing and saving it. And he taketh his Treasure with him to his Grave, and beyond it.

14. He is never whole till he hath been broken. He is never rightly thoroughly cured, till he hath been deeply wounded. He is never on Earth more really happy, than when he seems to be truly miserable. Injuries are Favours to him; Losses, Gain; Calamities, Mercies; Afflictions, Consolations. The breaking of his Bones sets them, and makes them both strait and strong.

15. A true Believer liveth in Heaven, whilst he sojourns upon Earth; he speaketh in Company without being heard, receives Answers which no Man can either

ther intercept, demur, or perceive; enjoys the best Company tho alone. He walks while he lies still, and is not there where Men behold him.

16. He hath a continual Feast without Flesh and Eating: A Banquet without Sweet-meats, Melody without Musick, and Joy in the midst of Sorrow. He is dear, beloved, owned, when he thinks himself despised, rejected, hated. He believes he shall find Pleasure in Pain, Honey in Gall, Life in Death, and doth so.

17. He hath all things in the midst of his extremest Wants, yet is beholden to the World for nothing; for he fetcheth his Meat, Drink, Clothes, Mercies, Comforts, and whatever he possesseth, from Heaven. He sends by faithful, frequent, fervent Prayers, to Christ for them, bids Patience wait, and appoints Hope to bring him an Answer; which believing he shall receive, it cometh indeed either according to his Desires and Expectation, or beyond them. He always speeds and obtains, even when his Suit is deny'd. He hath what he will, because he will have but what he may; and therefore he sits down both contented and thankful tho he be cross'd.

18. A true Believer is afraid of that, which with Zeal, Courage, Sincerity, and Constancy he is resolv'd to do, to serve God. He delighteth in it, yet is griev'd that he can perform Duty no better. He seeketh diligently for that which he knows he shall not find, and beggeth that importunately which he is assur'd will be both deny'd and

granted in this World unto him. He is what he seems to be, yet is not what he seems; being like *Solomon's Tents*, black without, but adorn'd with precious things within. He is both black and white, weak and strong, contemptible and honourable, sick and well, at liberty and in prison, a Sinner and a Saint; fearful, and yet bold as a Lion.

19. He leaves the dirty broad way of the World, and by crossing that, he goeth on directly in the right way toward Heaven. Tho he be far from home, and from his Friends in a strange Country, yea in the darkest night, yet he can go to his Father almost in a moment without wandring. Tho all the Men in the World should lie armed in ambush to surprize him, yet he can pass either safely by them, or victoriously thro them. For altho he may be taken or kill'd, yet he cannot be kept or overcome.

20. A true Believer loveth God's Words and Ordinances as dearly as his Life; because by them he was wounded to his healing, humbled to his raising, enlighten'd to the beholding his Blindness, Emptiness, Nakedness, Nothingness, Filthiness; and because without them (tho he had been the sole Monarch of the whole World) he had been everlastingly undone, and a very Beggar. He trembles at the Good, the Holy Word of God; yet both rejoiceth in it, and findeth transcendent Sweetness, spiritual, yea soul-ravishing Joy and Gladness by it.

21. He honoureth highly, loveth dearly, and obeyeth willingly

lingly his natural Parents; yet and when kill'd crowned.

prizeth and affects his spiritual Father, a Godly Minister, above and beyond all Men, tho he be not at all akin to him: Because he knoweth that it's better never to be, than to be everlastingly miserable; and never to be born, than not to be born again.

22. He will not, he dare not spare his own Flock, and take another's only Lamb. He therefore dedicates and consecrates the Sabbath-day, which is none of his own, wholly, cheerfully, joyfully, thankfully, heartily, and religiously to the Lord. And by so doing he getteth six for one to himself, together with a Promise of God's Guidance, Favour, Protection, and Blessing upon him, his, and his Labours in his calling in them. And so by serving God he serves himself too; and by giving God his due, he both keeps his own, and gets more than he had.

23. A true Believer increases his Estate by giving it away; gathereth by scattering. By clothing others, he adorns himself with Robes; by relieving others, he supplies his own Wants; and by sowing Charity, he reaps Mercy.

24. He saves his Life by confessing his Guiltiness; whereas others condemn themselves by concealing their Crimes. He's the only happy Man, for nothing can make him miserable, because he is comforted when afflicted. He is at liberty in bondage, at home when banish'd, fed when famish'd, full tho empty, satisfied when hungry, advanced tho degraded, safe when most cruelly persecuted,

25. He is naturally heavy and drossy, yet ascends; and the nearer his Body comes to its Center, the Earth, and its long Home, the Grave, by Age and Sickness, the faster and the higher his Soul mounts towards Heaven. And at length his Soul is divorced from his Body, both with Joy and Grief, Exultation and Mourning.

26. A true Believer is never satisfied, yet always contented. He seareth continually, yet seldom wants Hope. He doubts, yet steadfastly believes; he is not worldly-minded, and yet he is so covetous, that he never thinks he has enough. He is most temperate and sober, yet is always thirsty. He is a modest Suiter, yet is resolv'd to take no Denial. He knoweth and confesseth himself to be unworthy to ask, and unworthy to receive either a gracious Answer or any Mercy, and yet he will not cease begging till his Prayers be heard, and his Petitions granted.

27. He never sits, stands, nor lies, but is always walking. His Motion is neither retrograde nor circular, but progressive; yet the longer, faster, and further he travels, the stronger and fresher he is. All things are become new in him, yet the old Man is not destroy'd. He is very pitiful and tender-hearted, yet so merciless and implacable an Enemy to Sin, that he is never quiet or pleas'd till it be mortified, crucified and dead in him. He is both in the World, and out of it at the same time. He is willing, yea desirous to keep his Estate, yet freely parteth
with

with it, if God will have it; and accounts the Loss of all for Christ, the greatest, the truest Gain.

28. He enjoys that which he doubts he wants, loves unfeignedly that which he fears he doth not care for, and prizeth above all things that which others trample under their feet. He is assur'd of his Salvation, and that he is an Heir of Glory, yet

* *Nulla sunt
firmiora quam
que ex dubiis
facta sunt certa.*

questions his Evidences, and by *doubting makes them firm and good.

29. A true Believer matters not his Life, nay he desires to die, yet strives more than any Man to save himself. He is terribly afraid of Hell and Damnation, yet would not knowingly and with Delight and Perseverance commit, or live in any one Sin to obtain Heaven.

30. He is diligent in his Calling, yet doth not mind earthly things. He alone hath a true comfortable and religious Right to the Creature; yet accounts himself an Usurper, till his Title be confirm'd by his Interest in Christ. Tho he hold his Land in free Socage, yet he acknowledges 'tis but *in Capite*. Tho his Tenure be in *Fee-simple*, yet he confesseth himself to be but a Tenant at Will. Tho his Goods be his own, yet he knows and believes himself bound, freely and liberally (if he be able) to distribute and communicate them unto others. He believeth all things without Christ are nothing but Vanity and Vexation of Spirit, and that Christ alone is all Things without any thing else.

31. That which others fear, fly and abhor, he courts, desires and welcomes. That which is their Funeral, is his Nuptials; for Death doth not kill, but translate him; it doth not execute, but remove him. He dies daily, and so doth not die at all, but depart. His Sleep is a short Death, and his Dissolution is but a long Sleep. Death, which is a destructive Deluge to the Wicked, is only an Ark to him, preserving and carrying him safe to Mount *Ararat*, Heaven, and there it both lands and leaves him.

32. A true Believer anticipates the last Day. He accuseth, arraigneth, and condemneth himself, and so is both acquitted and discharg'd by God at his Death. He is no Incendiary, yet desires nothing so much as to see both Heaven and Earth on fire. He trembles at the Presence of God, yet longs for, and will both rejoice and triumph at his glorious appearing, because then he shall meet Christ as a Saviour and Husband, not as a dreadful confounding Judge. He believes his mortal Body, tho it be burned, drownea, devoured by wild Beasts, or buried in the Earth and consumed to Dust, and altho that very Dust should be scattered and lost, shall yet be collected, raised again intire, and beautiful (tho before it was deform'd) and be made a glorious Body. And that both his Body and Soul, tho they have been absent and Strangers unto one another for many hundreds, yea thousands of Years, shall meet again, be marry'd in Joy and Bliss, and enjoy one another with-

cut all Fear, or Possibility of in Felicity and Glory to all Eternity.
 ever being separated any more,

Paradox XIII.

Green come from the Dead, or a Paradox proving that no Man lives, but he that is hang'd.

To which is added (as a Confirmation of this strange Paradox) the Narrative of what happen'd to Anne Green from her Execution at Oxford, Decemb. 4. 1650. to the Time she reviv'd, and (by the Care of Physitians) perfectly recover'd. Which is so scarce, as not to be purchas'd in London.

Hippelitus was dead, and (as the Strain
 Of Poets tells) was made a Man again.
 Poetick Figments are turn'd Truths, for we
 Have seen a dead Maid's *Palingenesis*.
 He twice a Man, *she twice a Maid* : 'tis brave,
 She had one Life to lose, and one to save:
 Or else it was our *Logick* dy'd, not She,
 For from Privation a Regress we see.
 Let's not admire then *Bacon's Brazen Head*,
 When we see one that speaks, and yet was dead.
 You that so much for new Inventions give,
 Observe a way found out, *by Death to Live*.
 Cats have for every Muse a Life; but she
 For every Grace: For by this History,
 The Author doth a *Third Life* to her give,
 And makes her Innocence and Fame to live.
 Her Life is writ here to the Life: She fell,
At a cheap rate, when 'tis describ'd so well.
 For th' Author's Pen's so good, that one would die,
 To be REVIV'D by such a History.
 And if to Hang thus on the *Fatal Tree*,
 Shews Innocence and Immortality,
Then no Men live, but such as hanged be.
 E'en *Green's Last Words* were Guilt and mere Pretence,
 Had not her *New Life* prov'd her Innocence;
But Hanging 'twas, gave Life to ev'ry Sense.
 But Fate, why dost thou double thus thine Ire,
Not suffering her to live, nor to expire?

Law sends the Halter, which while Art unties
 Into Life's Thread, her Cross it multiplies.
 GREEN seated on Fate's Tropick, doth survey
 With either Eye the Courts of Night and Day.
 So Phœbe's Orb in th' Equinox appears
 With oblique Looks, viewing Two Hemispheres :
 Thus Eagles, when they to the Confines fly
 Of th' Atmosphere, dwell not in Air nor Sky :
 Such Pyrrha's unripe Issue is display'd,
 When it was yet Half-Carcass and Half-Maid.
 Here GREEN triumphs in Tragicomick Shrouds,
 As Rainbows glister yet in weeping Clouds ;
 Or as a Protean Picture's different Sire,
 Here shows Democritus, there Heraclite :
 Thus GREEN was hang'd, but not executed ;
 She hang'd for Life, and found it being dead.
 (The PARADOX ! her Blood for Life was shed)
 For from her Urn this unchang'd Phoenix rose,
 Offspring her self, and Midwife to her Throws :
 And antedates by this mysterious Birth
 Her RESURRECTION, born again from Earth.
 Life's Circulation's now found out, by this
 We learn that Death's a mere Parenthesis.
 Anne Green reviv'd in each disjointed Part,
 Sure 'twas by Magick or Poetick Art :
 Sybilla saw, then left the Ghosts below,
 But she did in, not from the Body go :
 The Shades sent back Euridice to Day,
 Yet fainting; she return'd scarce half the way,
 This Wonder surmounts all; see here is bred
 Posthumous Life, e'en when the Mother's dead.
 Lovers, Courage ! all Stains Death purifies,
 The Mother slain, then doth a Virgin rise !
 Forgetful GREEN did Gallow Lots try,
 And Lethe taste : Let all cry Amnesty.
 For who can think her guilty, whom the Tomb
 Does thus declare unworthy of her Doom ?
 Whom Law, whom Physick could not kill, whose Date
 Soldiers repriev'd ; three Committees of Fate ?
 If ye doubt still, her dying Words receive,
 Howe'er distrust, her risen must believe.
 Rare Innocence ! a Wench re-woman'd ! See
 What the small Sophs say to this Fallacy.
 Up to the ears in Death, a c' scape ! no kind
 Was thought more fit, than to tie up her Wind.
 Women in this with Cats agree, I think,
 Both live and scratch after they have tipt the Wink.

But don't admire, my Friends; ne'er think it strange;
 'Twere wonder if a Woman should not change:
 They have mysterious Ways, and their Designs
 Must be read backward still, like Hebrew Lines:
 See these with Death dissemble, and can cheat
 Charon himself to make a fair Retreat:
 Well, for this Trick, I'll never so be led,
 As to believe a Woman, tho' she's dead.
 If hang'd, she lives; then trust no Female: she
 That escapes Hemp Casements, Rivals take for me.
 Lo! here's Life's Gemini, two Lives in one!
 Or th' same in'ts Tropical Reversion!
 Death's Puzler! Self-surviver! Thy strange Fate
 Does Contradictions legitimate.
 Entwined Miracles constellate here,
 And complicated Wonders co-insphere:
 Thy uncouth Paradox Resuscitation,
 Tempts to believe, that from a pure Privation,
 Nature's Propension signs a free Regress
 To pristine Habit; tempts e'en to confess
 Plurality of Souls in one, since thou
 Canst prodigally one to Death allow,
 Another keep thy self; whilst both maintain,
 Castor and Pollux-like, alternate Reign.
 Are Fates grown kind? Have they thus chang'd their Doom,
 From Murderers to supply the Midwife's room?
 Or were they not o'er-power'd, since Life had spun
 Two Strings unto her Bow, and Death but one?
 That Belgian Headsman, whose rare artful Hand
 Could slice off Heads, and they yet seem to stand;
 Had he thee executed, had sham'd his Skill,
 When finding thee not dead, but living still.
 Strange Sophister! that grant'st it to Destiny,
 The Premises, Conclusion dost deny,
 Dost yield to suffer Death, but not to die.

To the Hangman.

Come Fleck-crow, tell me what's the Cause that you
 Rigour to Men, to Women Favour shew?
 Your Office you have not perform'd, 'tis plain;
 See here's the Wench you hang'd, alive again.
 Yet for this once I'll clear you; it was not
 Your Slack Rope fav'd her, nor your Fast-loose Knot:
 Her Fatal Halter she (to end the Strife)
 Untwisted spun into a Thred of Life.
 Thou more than Mortal, that with many Lives
 Hast mockt the Sexton, and the Doctor's Knives,

Athenian Sport.

The Name of *Spinster* thou mayst justly wed,
Since there's no *Halter* stronger than thy Thred.

To the Gallows.

Hang up the *Gallow-Tree*, since 'twould not root,
The Maid was hang'd for her abortive Fruit.
Yet do not; for tho weak, perhaps next year
It may, like her, get Strength again and bear.
Strange Wench! what Character may fit thee best,
That still canst live, tho thou art hang'd and prest?
So sportive *Atropos*, what must we see
Some *Hocus Tricks?* the Thred of Life to be
Asunder cut, and yet intire remain?
A Body—banish'd—Soul recall'd again?
Now may the Nine-liv'd Sex speak high and say,
That here they fought with Death and won the Day.
The *Fatal Tree*, which first began the Strife,
Sided with them, and prov'd a *Tree of Life*.
Death spare your Threats, we scorn now to obey,
If Women conquer thee, surely Men may.
How came this *Champion* on, I cannot tell,
But I ne'er heard of one came off so well.

To the Physicians, the happy Instruments of the
(Executed) Maid's Recovery:

To raise a PYRAMID unto your Skill,
Were to mistrust Experience, and still
Think Death a Gyant, whose vast Gripe could span,
And squeeze to nought both *Memory and Man*.
Ye are not mortal, nor need fear to die;
To conquer Death is Immortality.
Ye have done that, Marble may serve to hide
Its own Dust now, or tell who *should have dy'd*:
There is no other use for't. And thou Death,
Vaunt not henceforth, 'tis with thy Leave we breathe.
Thou'rt vanquisht quite, and this thy Mulf shall be,
To write *Probatum* to their Victory.
Come, *Sophister*, distinguish, you that call
Restor'd Privation, *Supernatural*;
To solve your Ignorance, come view in one,
An Antedated Resurrection.
Some rigid ones perhaps this Act will spell,
With the strange Letters of a Miracle;
But know, *Physicians* have a larger Call,
Apollo and Physick are Collateral.

Think not *Physicians Atheists*, since they do
 Profess Divinity, and practise't too.
 Brave *Esculapian Friends* ! whose Art could give
After the Execution a Reprieve :
 And yet 'twas timely too ; for tho' grim Death
 Had seiz'd the Passage of her vital Breath,
 Yet you a new one made : and the same Vein
That let out Blood, receiv'd in Life again.
 In all her *Mazes*, Nature's Face you view'd ;
 And as she disappear'd, you still pursu'd :
 You find her dubious now, and then as plain ;
 Here she's too sparing, there profusely vain :
 Now she unfolds *the faint and dawning Strife*
 Of Infant Atoms kindling into Life :
 How ductile Matter new *Meanders* takes,
 And slender *Trains of twisting Fibres* makes :
 And how the viscous seeks a closer Tone,
By just degrees to harden into Bone ;
 Whilst the more loose flow from the vital Urn,
 And in full Tides of purple Streams return :
 How from each Sluice a briny Torrent pours,
 T' extinguish *feverish Heats* with ambient Showers ;
 Whence their *Mechanick Powers* the Spirits claim ;
 How great their Force, how delicate their Frame !
 How the same Nerves are fashion'd to sustain
The greatest Pleasure, and the greatest Pain.
 Why bilous Juice a golden Light puts on,
 And Floods of *Chyle* in Silver Currents run :
 How the dim Speck of Entity began
T' extend its recent Form, and stretch'd to Man.
 To how minute an Origin we owe
Young Ammon, Cæsar, and the Great Nassau.
 Why paler Looks impetuous Rage proclaim,
 And why *Chill Virgins* redden into Flame :
 Why *Envy* oft transforms with wan Disguise,
 And why *Gay Mirth* sits smiling in the Eyes :
 How Fumes of Wine the thinking Part can fire,
Past Hopes revive, and present Joy inspire :
 Why our Complexions oft our Souls declare,
 And how the *Passions* in the Features are.
 The Soul which is in every Part intire,
 Can undiscern'd by you to none retire ;
 Since you no less the Track of Souls do know,
 Than that of *Liverets* in new-falln Snow.
 Others can by their *Chymistry* reduce
 A Plant or Flower from its Dust or Juice ;
 But your sublimer Art hath done much more,
 Whilst *human Souls* you from their Urns restore.

Yet tho your Skill and Pity could dispense
 More Days to her beguiled Innocence:
 No *ART* removes a ruin'd Virgin's Shame,
 Unless *REVIVED* she, be not the same.
Thus 'tis more easy to recal the Dead,
Then to restore a once-lost Maidenhead.

*The Woman's (or Anne Green's) Case put
 to the Lawyers.*

Mother or Maid, I pray you whether?
 One or both, or am I neither?
The Mother died: may't not be said,
 That the Survivor is a Maid?
 Here, take your *Fee*, declare your Sense;
 And free me from this New Suspence.

*The Conclusion of GREEN's Paradox, or a
 POEM on She that was hang'd, but not executed.*

Orpheus to fetch his Wife did go
 A Voyage to the Shade below,
(Twas more than many a Man would do.)

The bloodless Ghosts did weep (they say)
 And *Pluto* groan'd as he did play,
 Yet she came back but half the way.

Now we have seen a *stranger Sight*,
 Whether it was by *Physick's* Might,
 Or that (it seems) the *Wench* was *Light*.

But sure 'twill spoil her *Marriage-Day*,
 For who so hardy to assay
 Such an *Immortal Virbia*?

WIVES may deceive and do their best,
 To counterfeit in all the rest;
 Only let them not *Die in jest*.

Having proved (in a *Paradoxical Poem*) that no *Man* lives
 but he that is hang'd, I shall here add (as a further *Confirmation* of this strange *Paradox*)
 The *Narrative* of what happen'd to *Anne Green* from her *Execution*

tion at Oxford, Decemb. 4. 1650.
 to the Time she revived, and (by
 the Care of Physicians) perfectly
 recovered. And I shall print it in
 the same Words 'twas written by
 an Oxford Scholar, and publish'd by
 Tho. Robinson, A. D. 1651, viz.
 There

Here happened lately in Oxford a very rare and remarkable Accident, which being variously and fallily reported amongst the Vulgar (as in such Cases it is usual) to the end that none may be deceived, and that so signal an Act of God's Mercy and Providence may never be forgotten, I have here faithfully recorded it, according to the Information I have received from those that were the chief Instruments in bringing this great work to Perfection.

In the House of Sir Tho. Read at Duns-Tew in Oxfordshire, there liv'd a Maid nam'd Ann Green, born at Steeple-Barton in the same County, being about 22 years of Age, of a middle Stature, strong, fleshy, and of an indifferent good Feature; who being (as she said) often solicited by fair Promises and other amorous Enticements of Mr. Jeffery Read, Grandchild to the said Sir Thomas, a Youth of about 16 or 17 years of Age, but of a forward Growth and Stature, at last consented to satisfy his *unlawful Pleasure*. By which Act (as it afterward appear'd) she conceiv'd, and was deliver'd of a Man-Child; which being never made known, and the Infant found dead in the House of Office, caus'd a Suspicion, that she being the Mother had murder'd it, and thrown it there on purpose to conceal both it and her Shame together. Thereupon she was immediately taken into Examination, and carry'd before several Justices of the Peace in the Country; and soon after, in an extreme cold and rainy day, sent to Oxford Goal, where having

pass'd about three Weeks more in continual Affrights and Terrors, in a place as comfortless as her Condition, she was at a Sessions held in Oxford, arraign'd, condemn'd, and on Saturday the 14th of December last, brought forth to the Place of Execution; where after singing of a Psalm, and something said in Justification of herself, as to the Fact for which she was to suffer, and touching the Leudness of the Family wherein she lately liv'd, she was turn'd off the Ladder, hanging by the Neck for the space of almost half an Hour, some of her Friends in the meantime thumping her on the Breast, others hanging with all their weight upon her Legs; sometimes lifting her up, and then pulling her down again with a sudden Jerk, thereby the sooner to dispatch her out of her Pain: inso-much that the Under-Sheriff fearing lest thereby they should break the Rope, forbade them to do so any longer. At length, when every one thought she was dead, the Body being taken down, and put into a Coffin, was carry'd thence into a private House, where some Physicians had appointed to make a Dissection. The Coffin being open'd, she was observ'd to breathe, and in breathing (the Passage of her Throat being straitned) obscurely to rattle: which being perceiv'd by a lusty Fellow that stood by, he (thinking to do an Act of Charity in ridding her out of the small Relicks of a painful Life) stamp'd several times on her Breast and Stomach with all the Force he could. Immediately after, there came in Dr. Petty our Anatomy-Professor, and Mr. Thomas Willis

of *Christ-Church*, at whose Coming, which was about nine a Clock in the Morning, she yet persisted to rattle as before, laying all this while stretched out in the Coffin in a cold Room, and Season of the Year. They perceiving some Life in her, as well for Humanity as their Profession-sake, fell presently to act in order to her Recovery. First, having caus'd her to be held up in the Coffin, they wrench'd open her Teeth, which were fast set, and pour'd into her Mouth some hot and cordial Spirits; whereupon she rattled more than before, and seem'd obscurely to cough: then they open'd her Hands (her Fingers also being stify bent) and order'd some to rub and chafe the extreme Parts of her Body, which they continu'd for about a quarter of an Hour; oft, in the meantime, pouring in a Spoonful or two of the Cordial Water; and besides, tickling her Throat with a Feather, at which she open'd her Eyes, but shut them again presently. As soon as they perceiv'd any Heat in her extreme Parts, they thought of letting her Blood; and no sooner was her Arm bound for that purpose, but she suddenly bent it, as if it had been contracted by a Fit of the Convulsion: The Vein being open'd, she bled about five Ounces, and that so freely, that it could not easily be stopt. All this while her Pulse was very low, but otherwise not much amiss. Her Arm being bound up again, and now and then a little Cordial Water pour'd down her Throat, they continu'd rubbing her in several Places, caus'd Ligatures to be made in her Arms and Legs, and then order'd her to be laid in a Bed well warm'd: Then they caus'd her Neck, and also her Temples to be anointed with comfortative Oils and Spirits, and so likewise the Bottoms of her Feet; and upon this she began to open her Eyes, and to move the lower Parts of her Body. About this time came in Mr. Bathurst of Trinity College, and Mr. Clerke of Magdalen College, whose Advice and Endeavours were then and all the time afterwards concurrent with those of the other two above-mention'd. Then they apply'd a Plaster to her Breasts, and order'd an heating odoriferous Clyster to be cast up in her Body, to give Heat and Warmth to her Bowels: After that, they persuaded a Woman to go into Bed to her, and to lie very close to her, and gently to keep rubbing her. After all which, she seem'd about Noon to be in a Sweat. Her Face also began somewhat to swell, and to look very red on that side on which the Knot of the Halter had been fastened.

Whilst the Physicians were thus busy in recovering her to Life, the Under-Sheriff was soliciting the Governor, and the rest of the Justices of Peace, for the obtaining her Reprieve, that in case she should for that present be recover'd fully to Life, she might not be had back again to Execution. Whereupon those worthy Gentlemen, considering what had happen'd, weighing all Circumstances, they readily apprehended the Hand of God in her Preservation; and being willing rather to co-operate with Divine Providence in saving her, than to overstrain

strain Justice by condemning her to double Shame and Sufferings. they were pleas'd to grant her a Reprieve until such time as her Pardon might be compleatly obtain'd.

All this while she had no sooner open'd her Eyes, but presently she shut them again; and being call'd upon to try whether she could hear or speak, there appear'd no sign that she could do either. Soon after, they made Trial again; bidding her, if she understood them, to move her Hand, or open her Eyes: Whereupon she obscurely open'd her Eyes. The Physicians fearing lest her Face might swell more and more, and a Fever come upon her, by reason of the former Suffocation, took from her right Arm about nine Ounces more of Blood, and then order'd her a Julep, and other Cordial Things to be administered upon occasion, and so left her for that Night: and about two Hours after she began to speak many Words intelligible.

On Sunday the 15th about eight in the Morning they return'd, and found her much amended, being able to answer to any Question propounded unto her. She then complain'd of her Throat (but not much of any other part) whereunto they order'd a Cataplasim to be apply'd; after which, she complaining of Drought, a Julep was offer'd her, which she first took with difficulty, and at last refus'd: Warm Beer being given her, she dislike'd it, but of cold she drank and thank'd them.

All this while she lay often sighing and talking to her self, as if she had been still to suffer.

About Noon she felt an extreme Soreness in her Breast and Sides, but there appear'd nothing discoloured or like a Contusion: That Night they order'd her a Clyster, and a Cataplasim to be apply'd to her Breasts and Sides, with other means to prevent what Evil might ensue by reason of coarcted Blood, and so left her to rest. About nine of the Clock she laugh'd and talk'd merrily, looking fresh and of a good Colour, being a little feverish, her Tongue not turr'd nor clammy.

Monday the 16th, they found that she had taken some Rest, and her Fever not much increas'd: they then took from her left Arm about six Ounces of Blood more; she fainted not, but talk'd very cheerfully, complaining somewhat of her Neck, Stomach and Throat.

But before they let her Blood, having first caus'd all to depart the Room, except those Gentlemen that were of the Faculty, they ask'd her of her Sense and Apprehension during the time of her Suffering. She answer'd, That after she put off some of her Clothes, bequeathing them to her Mother (which was early in the Morning before her Execution) and heard some one say that one of the Prisoners was let out of the Chain to put her to Death; she remembred nothing at all that had been done unto her, and that she knew not when her Fetters were knock'd off, or how she came out of Prison, or that she had been upon the Gallows; neither could she remember that any Psalm had been sung, or that she said any thing there: notwithstanding those that were present do testify that she spake very sensibly; only about a Fortnight after, she seem'd

to remember somewhat of a Fellow wrapt up in a Blanket, which indeed was the Habit of her Executioner.

It is observable also. that when she came to her self again, she fell into the like Speeches as she had us'd in Prison before the Execution; seeming there to go on, where she had so long time left off, like to a Clock whose Weights had been taken off a while, and afterwards hung on again.

That Night she was fomented at the Sides and other contus'd Places, her Neck being very sore, especially on the right Side, where it was all black, and began to blister; there appear'd also divers Spots of settled Blood on her right Cheek.

Tuesday the 17th in the Morning, they found her Pulse slow, but very unequal; her Tongue not very dry nor rough: the Night before she slept well. In the Morning she arose, but her Head was so light that she could hardly stand upright: she now complain'd of Pain beneath the Pit of her Stomach; she complain'd also of a Deadness in the Tip of her Tongue, thinking she had bitten it in the time of her Suffering. She call'd this day for some Bread, which she did eat, being first toasted and moistned in Beer. At Night, when they visited her again, the Pain of her Neck and Throat was decreas'd, the Spots of settled Blood about her Cheek and Neck lessen'd, but the Deadness of her Tongue still remain'd. That Night she slept six or seven Hours, and on the 18th in the Morning had no Fever; her Pulse was much amend- ed, all Symptoms lessen'd, the

Pains in her Breast seem'd to descend into the Region of the Belly, being (as 'twas conceiv'd) not in the Bowels, but only in the muscular outward Parts.

The 19th she was up, and did eat part of a Chick. All Symptoms decreas'd, yet could she not go, without the help of somewhat to uphold her; her Neck still sore, but mending; the Deadness of her Tongue lessen'd: That Night she slept well. About four or five Days after, being hard frosty Weather, there appear'd a Blackness over the lower part of her right Arm, and upon her Flanks on the same side; which by degrees wax'd yellow, and in four or five Days vanish'd.

By this time, the Care of the Physicians was well over; the Pains in her Breast and Side when she drew in her Breath, as also the Inequality of the Pulse (which caus'd a suspicion of a Contusion and extravasated Blood spilt on the Lungs) being now fully ceased; the Deadness of her Tongue and Soreness of her Neck quite gone; there remain'd only a Giddiness in her Head when she walked or stirr'd her Body, which in a short time likewise left her. And now being able to walk about the Town, eat, drink and sleep, as well as before this Accident had befallen her, she had liberty to repair (and is since gone) with her Friends in the Country, taking away with her the Coffin wherein she lay, as a Trophy of this her wonderful Preservation.

Thus, within the space of a Month, was she wholly recover'd; and in the same Room where her Body was to have been dissected for the Satisfaction of a few, she

came a greater wonder, being reviv'd, to the Satisfaction of Multitudes that flock'd thither daily to see her.

One thing more I had almost forgotten; that when the Numbers of People still pressing into the House began to be too impetuous, and the Physicians had obtain'd of the Governor to have a Guard plac'd at the Door; yet because those of the better sort could not altogether be deny'd Admission, they thought it a seasonable Opportunity, for the Maid's behalf, to invite them either to exercise their Charity, or at least to pay for their Curiosity. And therefore (themselves first leading the way) they commended it to those that came in, to give every one what they pleas'd, her Father being there ready to receive it. After a few days, the Governor (a Gentleman as much to be lov'd for his Courtesy, as he is honor'd for his Prudence) coming himself to see her, did not only contribute to her in a liberal manner, but also improv'd his Charity with many pertinent and wholesom Instructions. By this means there was gather'd for her to the Sum of many Pounds, whereby not only the Apothecary's Bill, and other Necessaries for her Diet and Lodging were discharg'd, but some Overplus remain'd towards the suing out of her Pardon.

And now, having done with the Sufferings and the Cure, it will not be amiss to look back, and take a Review of the Cause of them, or matter of Fact for which she suffer'd; which (as I have said) was the suppos'd Murder of her own Infant.

There are two things, very considerable, alledg'd on her behalf, and that may seem to clear her Innocence as to that Business.

The first is, that the Child was Abortive or Stilborn, and consequently not capable of being murder'd. The other, that she did not certainly know that she was with Child, and that it fell from her unawares, as she was in the House of Office.

As for the first, it is evident that the Child was very unperfect, being not above a Span in length, and the Sex hardly to be distinguish'd; so that it rather seem'd a Lump of Flesh, than a well and duly form'd Infant. The Midwife said also, That it had no Hair, and that she did not believe that ever it had Life. Besides, her Fellow Servants do testify, that she had certain Issues for about a month before she miscarri'd, which were of that Nature (Physicians say) as are not consistent with the Vitality of a Child. Lastly, it is not likely that the Child was living, the Mischance happening not above seventeen Weeks after the time of her Conception.

For the second, that she might not know certainly that she was with Child, it is not improbable; for she was not ten Weeks without the usual Courses of Women before she had those continual Issues which lasted for a Month together; which long and great Evacuation might make her judge, That it was nothing else but a Flux of those Humors which for ten Weeks before had been suppress'd; and that the Child which fell from her unawares, was not living.

but a Lump of the same Matter coagulated.

Add to all this, that at her *Trial* she ingenuously confess'd as much as was alledg'd by the Witnesses, and continu'd in the same Assertions; not only before, but at her Execution, the last suppos'd minute of her Life; and the very first Words, after she came to her self again (which certainly were not spoken with Design or Purpose to deceive) confirm'd the same.

There is yet one thing more which hath been taken notice of by some, as to the Maid's Defence; That her Grand Prosecutor, Sir *Thomas Read*, died within three days after her Execution, even almost as soon as the probability of her reviving could be well confirm'd to him. But because he was an old Man, and such Events are not too rashly to be commented on, I shall not make use of that Observation.

Perhaps it may be expected by some (and 'tis pity I can give them no better Satisfaction) that I should here relate some fine Story (like those of *Orpheus* or *Aeneas* in the Poets) of what *Visions* this Maid saw in the other World; what *Celestial Musick*, or *Hellish Howling* she heard; what *Spirits* she convers'd with, and what *Revelations* she brought back with her, concerning the present Times, or the Events of Things to come. But for such Matters the Reader must rest contented, since she (as you have heard) was so far from knowing any thing whilst she was dead, that she remembered not what had happen'd to her even when she was yet alive. Her Spirits, at that time, being ei-

ther so fix'd or benum'd with Fear, as not to admit of any new Impressions; or otherwise so turbulent and unquiet, as presently to discompose and obliterate them. As we often see it fares with Men that are buzzed in the Head with Drink, or transported with Madness, who, tho' they seem sensible enough of every present Object that moves them, yet after they recover can own but little of what they did or said before.

And this Account of what happen'd to *Ann Green*, from her Execution at Oxford, to the Time of her perfect Recovery, is further confirm'd by *Dr. Plot* in his [*History of Oxfordshire*] which take in his own Words, viz. 'After some time *Dr. Petty* hearing she had discours'd with those about her, and suspecting that the Women might suggest unto her to relate something of strange Visions and Apparitions she had seen during the Time she seem'd to be Dead (which they had already begun to do) telling about that she said she had been in a fine Green Meadow, having a River running round it, and that all things there glitter'd like Silver and Gold: He caus'd all to depart the Room but the Gentlemen of the Faculty, who were to have been at the Dissection, and ask'd her concerning her Sense and Apprehensions during the time she was hang'd.

To which she answer'd at first somewhat impertinently, talking as if she had been to suffer: And when they spake unto her concerning her miraculous Deliverance, she answer'd, That she hop'd God would give her Patience, and the like. Afterward

when

when she was better recover'd, she affirm'd That she neither remembered how the Fetters were knock'd of, how she went out of the Prison, when she was turn'd off the Ladder, whether any Psalm was sung or not, nor was she sensible of any Pains that she could remember; what is most observable, is, that she came to her self as if she had awaked out of a Sleep, not recovering the use of her Speech by slow degrees, but in a manner all together, beginning to speak just where she left off on the Gallows.

Being thus at length perfectly recover'd, after Thanks given to God, and the Persons instrumental in it, she retir'd into the Country to her Friends at Steeple-Barton, where she was afterwards marry'd, and liv'd in good Repute amongst her Neighbors, having three Children afterwards, and not dying (says Dr. Plot) as I am inform'd, till the year 1659. Which Occurrence was thought worthy of Remembrance by the Author of the Continuation of the History of the World, who esteem'd it no less than the Finger of God pointing out the Maid's Innocency; and by Mr. Heath, who thought fit to transmit it to Posterity, for God's Glory and Man's Caution in judging and punishing.—Thus far Dr. Plot.

Having here done with the Story of Ann Green, I cannot but reflect upon the generous Attempt of those Gentlemen that freely undertook, and have so happily perform'd the Cure. That whilst they missed the Opportunity of improving their Knowledg

in the Dissection of a Dead Body, they advanc'd their Fame by restoring to the World a Living One, who now (deservedly) accounts it her Happiness to have risen into such courteous and skilful Hands; not only for their successful Endeavours us'd in her Recovery, but for being a means to vindicate her from that foul Stain of Murder, which, in most Mens Judgments, was so harshly charged upon her.

Having done with the Narrative of Ann Green, from her Execution at Oxford, to the time of her Coming to Life, perhaps it will be ask'd in this Place, Pray tell us what is Death? seeing that (tho nothing else can do it) will open the Door to the other World, and give us a Prospect of Heaven or Hell.

To this I answer, That Death (as seen by the Relation of Ann Green) is no more than a soft and easy Nothing. Should you ask me then, What is Life? I'd answer with Crates, who being asked this Question, said nothing, but turned him round and vanish'd, and 'twas judged a proper Answer. But whatever it is to live, sure I am (if you credit Seneca) 'tis no more to die than to be born, we felt no Pain coming into the World, nor shall we in the Act of leaving it; we see this verified in ANN GREEN: So that Death is but a Ceasing to be what we were before we were; we are kindled and put out; to cease to be, and not to begin to be, is the same thing.

There have been Men that have tried, even in Death it self, to relish and taste it, and who have bent their utmost Faculties of Mind

Mind to discover what this Passage is, but there are none of them come back to tell us the News.

— No one was ever known to wake,
Who once in Death's cold Arms a Nap did take.

Lucul. Lib. 3.

Canus Julius being condemned by that Beast *Caligula*, as he was going to receive the Stroke of the Executioner, was asked by a Philosopher, *Well Canus* (said he) *whereabout is your Soul now? what is she doing? what are you thinking of?* I was thinking (replied *Canus*) to keep my self and the Faculties of my Mind settled and fixt, to try if in this short and quick Instant of Death, I could perceive the Motion of the Soul, when she starts from the Body, and whether she has any Repentment of the Separation, that I may afterwards come again to acquaint my Friends with it. So that I fancy there is a certain way by which some Men make Trial what *DEATH* is. *John Smith* who was executed at *Tyburn* the 12th of Decemb. 1705. and afterwards brought to Life again, had an Opportunity for this Trial; for *Mr. Ordinary* tells us, That he was carried to the Place of Execution, where (before he was turned off the Ladder) he desired that all would take warning by his untimely Death, which none but himself had brought himself to by his Sins. After this *Mr. Lorain* commended his Soul to the Divine Mercy, and then (as his dying Speech tells us) he was turned off, while calling upon God in these and such like Ejaculations, *Lord have Mercy upon me! Dear Jesu I come, I come.* But *Smith* liv'd after his Execution;

for (*Mr. Ordinary* tells us) ' When he had been hanging almost a quarter of an Hour, as I can judg, they cry'd, *A Reprieve.* Upon which he was taken off the Tree, and carried to the House hard by; where being presently let Blood, he came to himself again. I hope that he, who was just now warning others from Sin, will take Warning himself, and never forget how near Death he has been; and that he will carefully employ that Life to the Glory of God, which he has now receiv'd as by Miracle; for had the Reprieve come *Ten Minutes later*, I do believe it would have been an impossible thing to have restored him to this Land of the Living. And therefore let me beseech him here, as I intend to do elsewhere, that he would forsake all evil Ways, and become in every respect a good Christian and godly Liver. And that it may prove so, is the most hearty Prayer of

Paul Lorain,

Ordinary of Newgate.

Thus fir *Mr. Lorain*; then judg whether *Smith* was not able to give us a better account of Death than even *Canus* the Philosopher;—as he had actually tasted what Death was, which *Canus* had not. But perhaps you'll still object;

object, Tho Smith hang'd a quar- they are past; but Dying deprives
 ter of an Hour, yet he was not ac- us of knowing what we are do-
 tually dead; therefore neither ing, or what other State we are
 Smith, nor Green, as they had commencing. 'Tis a Leap in the
 breath left, could give us any cer- Dark, not knowing where we
 tain Account what Death is. To shall light, as a late Na-
 this I answer, I own in all the En- turalist * (to say no * Hobbs.
 terprizes we take in hand in this worse of him) told his
 Life, we have the Satisfaction of inquisitive Friend when he was
 Reflection, and a Review when going to die.

I.

*It must be done (my Soul!) but 'tis a strange,
 A dismal and mysterious Change;
 When thou shalt leave this Tenement of Clay,
 And to an unknown Somewhere wing away:
 When Time shall be Eternity, and thou
 Shall be thou know'st not what, and live thou know'st not how;*

II.

*Amazing State! no wonder that we dread
 To think of Death, or view the Dead;
 Thou'rt all wrapt up in Clouds, as if to thee
 Our very Knowledg had Antipathy.
 Death cou'd not a more sad Retinue find,
 Sickness and Pain before, and Darkness all behind,*

III.

*Some courteous Ghost, tell this great Secrecy,
 What 'tis you are, and we must be;
 You warn us of approaching Death, and why
 May we not know from you what 'tis to die?
 But you, having shot the Gulph, delight to see
 Succeeding Souls plunge in with like Uncertainty.*

IV.

*When Life's close Knot by Writ from Destiny,
 Disease shall cut, or Age untie;
 When after some Delays, some dying Strife,
 The Soul stands shivering on the Ridg of Life;
 With what a dreadful Curiosity
 Does she launch out into the Sea of vast Eternity!*

V.

*So when the spacious Globe was delug'd o'er,
 And lower Holds cou'd save no more,
 On th' utmost Bough th' astonish'd Sinners stood,
 And view'd th' Advances of th' encroaching Flood,
 O'ertopp'd at length by th' Elements Encrease,
 With Horror they resign'd to the untry'd Abyss.*

However

However some Persons (such as *Green* and *Smith*) have advanced so far towards *actual Dying*, that they have *walked at least half thro the Valley of the Shadow of Death* (*Psal. 23. 4.*) and such Persons, I verily think, can tell us *what Death is*. And I rather assert this, as I had (said *Mr. Sault* a Member of *Athens*) the Curiosity to visit two certain Persons, one had been hanged, and the other drowned, and both of 'em very miraculously brought brought to Life again.— I asked what Thoughts they had, and what Pains they were sensible of? The Person that was hang'd, said, *He expected some sort of a strange Change, but knew not what, but the Pangs of Death were not so intolerable as some sharp Diseases; nay, he could not be positive whether he felt any other Pain than what his Fears created. He added, That he grew senseless by little and little, and at the first his Eyes represented a brisk shining red sort of Fire, which grew paler and paler, till at length it turned into a black: After which he thought no more, but insensibly acted the part of one that falls asleep, not knowing how or when.— The other gave me (almost) the same account, and both were dead (apparently) for a considerable Time. Thus far Mr. Sault.—* These Instances are very satisfactory in Cases of *violent Death*; and for a *natural Death*, I cannot but think it yet much easier: *Diseases make a Conquest of Life by little and little*; therefore the Strife must be

less, where the Inequality of Power is greater.

I have met with one * arguing thus: *Death, which is accounted the most dreadful of all Evils, is nothing to us* (saith he) *because while we are in Being, Death is not yet present. So that it neither concerns us as Living nor Dead; for while we are alive, it hath not touched us; when we are dead, we are not.*— Neither need they fear the Consequence of Death, who have lived a Godly Life: 'Tis true, Conscience makes Cowards of us all (*Lewis XI. King of France*, when he was sick, forbade any Man to speak of Death in his Court) *but there's nothing in Death it self that can affright us; 'tis only Fancy gives Death those hideous Shapes we think him in. 'Tis the Saying of one, I fear not to be dead, yet am afraid to die.* There are no Po-niards in Death it self, like those in the Way or Prologue to it. Then who would not be content to be a kind of Nothing for a Moment, to be within one Instant of a Spirit, and soaring thro Regions he never saw, and yet is curious to behold?

Thus far we may venture to speak of our *Passage to the other World*, and of *Death that sets us ashore*; but further I dare not wade; for by venturing (in *PARADOX*) beyond our Depth, we are liable to all the Dangers that are out of Ken.

Paradox XIV.

The Queendom, or a Paradox proving none but Women are fit to Govern.

Stick not to affirm, that Domination and Government is not only lawful and tolerable in Women, but justly, naturally, and properly theirs.

First then, tho some crazy Philosophers, drunk and besotted with Aristotelism, have endeavoured to devance them from the same Species with Men; and others, madder than they, to deny them Souls; yet when we shall oppose Holy Scripture, which makes Man the Consummation of the Creation, and them the Consummation of Man, if we would cite those high Attributes the Rabbits ascribe unto 'em, or instance those particular Indulgences of Nature which Agrippa reckons unto them, or those peculiar Advantages of Composition and Understanding, which Zacutus Lusitanus ascribes them, not to mention that of Trismegistus, who calls them Fountains and Perfections of Goodness; nay, and shall add to this that which must even stop the mouth of Barbarism itself, to wit, the high Estimation put upon them even by the Mahometans, who in them place the greatest Pleasures of their Paradise; it must needs be acknowledged, that those Assertions are as irrational as may be, and consequently consonant to that Philosophy.

And indeed, this is a Quarrel wherein Nature hath declared

her self a most interested Party, that we need go no farther than the Judgment of our Eyes to decide the Controversy. For whom can we imagine to be so insensible, as not to be presently touched with the delicate Composure and Symmetry of their Bodies, the Sweetnesses and killing Languishments of their Eyes, the Harmony of their Colours, the Happiness and Spirituality of their Countenances, the Charms and Allurements of their Mein, the Air and Command of their Smiles? So that it is no wonder if Plato said, That Souls were unwilling to depart out of such fair Bodies: whereas Men are mere rough-cast, bristly, and made up of tough Materials; and if they approach any thing near Beauty, do so much degenerate from what they are.

This gains us our main Topick. For if the Majesty or Comeliness of the Person of a Governor gain so much upon the People, as Politicians have observed, and Experience teaches it doth, what advantage have they in magically chaining and winning the People given them by Nature, which the other cannot obtain by Art?

That this is a Truth, needs so little Demonstration, that looking but into any Story, you shall find, even the greatest Conquerors, lusty and proud in their Triumphs, humbled and brought on their

their *Knees* by some fair *Enchantress*. This we account admirable in *Alexander* and *Scipio* that they could avoid; in *Cæsar* and *Mark Anthony* we pardon it, in respect of the Greatness of their other Actions.

But a *Martial Man*, you will say, is a *savage* brutish thing, a thing that knows how to run into *Dangers* and to *despise* them, one whose Thoughts are always at *random* and abroad, seldom

withdrawn and upon their *Guard*; and therefore it is no wonder if such Men be easily surprized with such *dazling* Trifles. But when a Man tells you, that even the *wisest* Men have been strange *Doaters* on this Sex, and absolutely given up to them, it will change the Case. I suppose there is no Man thinks *Solomon* a *Fool*, and it is well known how these *white Devils* seduced him.

Yes! Beauty, with a bloodless Conquest, finds
 A welcome Sov'reignty in rudest Minds,
 And Female Rulers are what Heaven designs.
 With gay and vigorous Youth their Eyes are crown'd,
 Sweetness and charming Graces, all around
 Their noble Form do make their bright Abode,
 Like Beams of Lustre, circling in a God.
 Love in their Looks so plays, that they might move
 Fear e'en in Friends, and from an Enemy Love.
 Not purple V'lets, in the early Spring,
 Such graceful Sweets, such tender Beauties bring;
 The Orient Blush, which do their Cheeks adorn,
 Makes Coral pale, vies with the Rosy Morn.
 Cupid has took a Surfeit from their Eyes,
 Whene'er they smile, in Lumbent Fire he fries;
 And when they weep, in Pearls dissolv'd he dies.

Yes, *Augustus*, that was certainly one of the steddier Men in the World, one that in his *Youth* outwitted the *hoary Senate*, was all his Life-time led by one *Livia*, who had that great Power over him, that he by her means disposed the Succession of the *Empire* upon a Son of her Womb by a former Husband, tho he had nearer Kindred of his own. But to make this yet plainer, Age we say begets Wisdom: now how general the Affection of old Men is to Women, needs no proof; especially the older they grow, some of *Threescore* marrying *Girls*

of *Sixteen*: and therefore it is a clear Argument of the Truth of this Point, and of the Wisdom of those reverend *Seniors* that proceed accordingly.

Besides, as certainly there wants not its reason in *Philosophy*, that all *Virtues* are of this we plead for; so we may, in the perusal of *History*, find as many fair and brave Examples of *Virtue* given by *Women*, as there have been by *Men*. Look over the Roll of them, and you may easily fill each of them into a sufficient common Place, where many things put down as nobly done by

by Men, it may be, are either *Brutish, Heady or Passionate*; whilst in the Woman things appear more smooth and temperate. Or if there be any thing of *Passion or Exorbitancy*, it is but an Addition of *Lustre* to their Sex; as a Blush, or glowing in the Face sets off their Beauty.

Now if it be necessary, that *Governours* should be of good Entertainment, *affable*, open of *Countenance*, and such as seem to harbour no crooked or dark Design, no Men can be so fit for *Government as Women are*. For besides their natural *Sweetness* and *Immocency*, their Talk is commonly directed to such things, as it may easily be infer'd, that their Heads are not troubled about making of *Wars*, enlarging of *Empires*, or founding of *Tyrannies*. So if we consider both what hath been said, and that even those Attributes, which are to be most wish'd for in a *Governour*, are in them, we shall clearly gain our Desire. What greater Happiness to a People than to have a *Governour* that's *Religious*? Now all *Philosophy* and *Experience* teaches us, that the softest Minds are most capable of these *Impressions*, and that *Women* are for the most part more violently hurried away by such Agitations than Men are. How few Men *Prophets* do *Histories* afford us, in comparison to *Prophetesses*; and even at this day, who such absolute Followers of *Priests* as the *Women* are? If you wish them *merciful*, these are the *tenderest* things on Earth. They have *Tears* at command; and if *Tears* be the Effect of *Pity* and *Compassion*, and *Pity* and

Compassion be the Mother of *Virtue*, must we not think that *Mercy* rules most in them, and is the soonest expected from them? If you wish *Affection* to the *Country*, where can you better have it? Have not the *Women* many times cut off their *Hair*, to make *Ropes* for *Engines*, and *Strings* for *Bows*? Have they not given up all their *Rings* and *Jewels* to defray *Charges*? And how great would this be, if a *Woman* looks upon herself as the *Mother* of her *Country*? What *Tenderness* would she not have towards the *People* her *Children*, when you see private *Women* sometimes shew such extraordinary Effects thereof, that it comes near *Dotage* or *Madness*?

Thus were this Noble Sex restor'd to that Right which *Nature* hath bestowed on it, we should have all *Quiet* and *Serene* in *Commonwealths*. *Courts* would not be taken up with *Factions* and *Underminings*, but all would flow into *Pleasure* and *Liberty*. Instead of molding of *Armies*, we should be preparing of *Masks*; and instead of depressing of *Factions*, we should have *Balls* and *Amorous Appointments*. So that *Men* might follow their *Handicrafts*, *Oxen* might plow, *Mill-horses* drive about the *Wheel*; whilst all this Labour and Sweat should serve but for the *Furtherance* and *Ease* of the *Court*.

Neither for several Emergencies have they wanted their *Active* Valour, whereof they want not their several Instances. Nay, some Nations have unanimously grown up into it, as the *Amazons* of old; and I believe, were it

it not for the Usurpation of Men at this day, we might have seen something modern very like them; and Sir *Walter Raleigh* need not have been at the trouble to have fetcht them from *Guiana*.

Withal we know how necessary it is in every *Statesman* to be Master of all the *Artifices* and *Slights* that may be, to gain upon them he deals with. Now if any can be fitter for this than Women, I am much deceived. For by reason of their *Importunities*, *Glances*, *Trains*, *Slights*, *Ambushes*, *Artifices*, and little *Infidelities*, it is impossible to escape them.

But I see a *Volly* of *Objections* coming on, but yet such, as I shall easily escape unhurt. You will say they will be *Inconstant*; fitter they for all occasions of *Business*. They can turn and *tack about* according as the *Wind* serves, and so will never *shipwreck*; whereas many *Princes* have split themselves and their *Posterity* by being too *obstinate* in one course. You'll say, they will be *proud*. But what more proper than *Majesty* and high *Deportment* in a *Governour*? Without *Pride* how should there be *Reverence*, and without *Reverence* how should there be

Subjection? You'll say they are *Talkative*. So much the better for the *People*; whereas dark and obscure *Princes*, that either mean nothing, or ambiguously, leave the *People* in suspense, and make *Liberty* either dangerous, or thro *Flattery* misconstrue it. You'll say they'll be *Cruel*. I would fain know what *King*, take the wisest or the best, ever boggled much if a *Head* or two were in his way. And therefore why should we condemn them for what is so usually practised? And lastly, you will say, they are *Unwise*. But I pray you how many *Sots*, and *Naturals*, and *Changelings*, by virtue of *Succession*, have mounted the *Throne*?

We must therefore conclude, that as Women *bring forth* Children into the World, as they *multiply* themselves into these *visible* and *corporeal* Souls, and after they have brought them forth, are most tender and careful to bring them up; so it is most fitting, having all these *Preheminences* and *Indulgences* of *Nature*, that when they are brought up, they should also have the *Government* of them. For a *Potter* would think it hard measure, if after the *Pitcher* were made, it should fly in his face.

Paradox XV.

That no Man can see the same Particle of an Object with both Eyes at once; nay, not with the same Eye, if the Level of its Visive Axe be chang'd.

THE Visible Image, tho' really diffused thro' the Space of the Medium within the Sphere of Projection, is notwithstanding neither total in the total Space, nor total in every Part thereof, as is supposed: but so manifold, as there are Parts of the Medium from which the Object is adspicable.

Here may we introduce a Paradox, which yet doth not want a considerable Proportion of Verisimilitude to justify the Sobriety and Acuteness of his Wit, who first started it; which is, *That of divers Men, at the same time speculating the same Object, no one doth behold the same Parts thereof, that are beheld by another: nay more, that no Man can see the same Parts of an Object with both Eyes at once: nay more, not the same Parts with the same Eye, if he remove it ever so little, because the Level of the visive Axe is varied.* This may be verified by a single Reflection on the Cause hereof, which is the Inequality or Asperity of the Superfice of Bodies, seemingly most polite: for in respect of that, it is of necessity that various Rays proceeding from the various Parts thereof, variously convene in the Parts of the Medium; and infomuch as each of those Rays doth represent that Particle only, from which it was effused, and no

other, in their Concourse they cannot but represent other and other Parts, according to the respective Places or Regions of the Medium, in which the Eye is posited that receives them. However, we shall familiarize it by Example. Let two Men at once behold a third, one before, the other behind; and both may be said to behold the same Man: but truly not the same Parts of him; because the Eyes of one are obverted to his Anterior, and those of the other to his Posterior Parts. Take it yet one Note higher. Let the Face of a Man be the Object, on which tho' divers Persons gaze at the same time, one on the right, a second on the left side, a third confrontingly, a fourth and a fifth obliquely betwixt the other three; and all may be said to have an equal Prospect of the Face: yet can it not be asserted, that they do all see the same Parts thereof, but each a particular Part. Whence it may be inferred, that albeit we may allow them all to behold his *Forehead, Eyes, Nose, Cheek, Mouth, &c.* yet can we not allow them all to see the same Parts of *Forehead, Eyes, Nose, Cheeks, &c.* because of their unequal Situation, which cause; that the whole Species proceeding from the Face, does not tend into the whole Medium,

but into various Parts of it, respective to the various Faces of the deradant Parts. Moreover, because this presumed Inequality is not competent only to the greater Parts of the Face, such as the Eyes, Nose, Mouth, Chin, &c. but as justly considerable in the very Skin, which hath no designable Place, wherein are not many smaller and smaller Eminences and Depressions, deprehensible (if not by the Opticks of the Body, yet) by the Acies of the Mind : hence it is, that having imagined the Eyes of the five Spectators to

move their visive Axes from Part to Part successively, and as slowly as the Shadow of the Gnomon steals over the Parts of a Dial, until they have ranged over the whole Face ; we may comprehend the Necessity of the Discovery of a fresh Part by every new Aim or Level of each Eye, and the baulking of others ; as if in Particles of devex Figure ; no Particles can be detected a-new, but as many of those formerly discerned must be lost, and as many, nay more, remain concealed.

Paradox XVI.

Proving 'tis a Happiness to be in Debt.

Reader,

YOU see by this *Paradox*, 'tis a very strange case which can find no Advocate : What is it that Fancy cannot put a varnish on ? A poison'd Pill may be gilded over, as well as that which is wholesom. The *Foul Disease* hath not wanted a Pen to excuse and commend it : Others have made a very bad Wife the Subject of their Commendation, because (they say) she brings a Man to Repentance. But of all barren Subjects that have been yet writ upon, this of proving 'tis a Happiness to be in Debt, I judg, will be most surprizing. 'Tis true, for my own part I'd rather sell my Coat from my Back than owe any thing : and 'tis my Advice to every Citizen (that is in Debt) that he pays every Man

his own, tho he leaves himself not worth a Groat ; or if he compounds to pay a part, nevertheless let him resolve to satisfy all to the full, if his Endeavours and God's Blessing ever again inhable him. If our Citizen acts thus—By suffering he shall conquer. The Romans overcame, sitting still. 'Tis a comfort to remember Job's Beginning and Ending. Tribulation refines the Understanding. Hannibal deservedly boasted of himself, Age, Prosperity, and Adversity have so instructed me, that I had rather follow Reason than Fortune. He had never attain'd this pitch of Discernment, had not his declining Fortunes obliged him to surmount all Difficulties by his Conduct. The rich Chabot would be symboliz'd by a Ball with this Inscription.

scription—Being smitten, I rise higher—Men in Prosperity are seldom Religious. But no Whip is more likely to reform the Unfortunate, or gives a threuder Lash, than the Labels of a Bond, or Obligation with a Noverint *Univerſi*. He therefore, and only he, gets by his breaking, who is more humble, pitiful, mortified, given to Prayer, &c.

Thus, Reader, having first told you my *Notions of Justice*, I hope I may now, without offence to thoſe few I'm engaged to, prove — 'Tis a *Happineſs to be in Debt*, and moſt live as if they believed as much— For to run in Debt now-a-days is the *Faſhion from the Lord to the Cobler*: 'tis become a Saying, *He pays like Quality*; that is, he is Dun-proof, and thinks it a mean thing to pay his Debts.

I'm ſure the Earl of — was of this Opinion: for Mr. *Grange* dunning often for the Money he ow'd him, it came at laſt to my Lord's Ears, who ordered his Steward to ſend *Grange* to his Chamber the next time he came for his Money. *Grange* being admitted to the Earl's Preſence, he ſpoke to him in this manner: *Mr. Grange, my Steward tells me you have call'd often for the Money I owe you, and having a particular Kindneſs for you, I was willing to ſee you now, to inform you I will never pay you a Farthing; which will ſave you all future Trouble of coming for it: But there's a Company of Dogs now dunning below for Money, for whom I have no Kindneſs, and for that reaſon I don't tell 'em they ſhall never be paid; but Grange, I have a Kindneſs for you, and*

therefore tell you I'll never pay you, to prevent your Loſs of any more time.

Grange having dun'd for his Money ſeveral Months, return'd his Lordſhip his hearty Thanks for the particular Kindneſs ſhew'd him in this matter; and ſo departed as well contented, as a Man diſappointed of a juſt Debt can be ſuppos'd to be.

But this deſpiſing of Creditors is not only the Practice of ſome rich Men (for the greateſt part are of a nobler Principle) but alſo of the poorer Gentry. Mr. *Marſhal* of *B—mer* told me yeſterday of a Gentleman that drop'd 2 s. 6. d. as he was mounting his Horſe, the Hoſtler ſtoop'd for it, and would fain have given it him; *Prithee, Friend, take it*, ſaid the Gentleman, *for 'twan't worth my ſtooping for*; when at the ſame time he owed more than he was worth. *Sure ſuch as theſe think 'tis a Happineſs to be in Debt, or they'd never be thus prodigal!* But I wonder how they can ſleep in quiet that are thus injurious to others; and I find *Augustus Ceſar* of the ſame mind: for hearing it talk'd in his Court what a huge Sum of Money a certain Knight in *Rome* ow'd at his Death, and that all his Goods were to be ſold to make Payment of his Debts, he commanded the Maſter of his Wardrobe to buy for him that Bed wherein this Knight uſed to lie; for, ſays he, *If I cannot ſleep ſoundly in that Bed wherein he could ſleep that owed ſo much, then ſurely I ſhall ſleep in none.*— Yet ſome have not been ſo forward to run in Debt, but others have been as forward to puniſh their

their Injustice— The Debt being confessed (*among the Romans*) thirty Days were allowed the Debtor for the Payment of the Mony. The Mony not paid, the Debtor was delivered up as a Servant to his Creditor; he was sometimes cast into Prison, and unless the Creditor were in the mean time compounded with, he remained *threescore days in Prison; and three Market-days* being brought before the Judg, the Debt was solemnly proclaim'd, and upon the third Market-day he was either sold to Foreigners for a Slave, or else was punished with Death; each Creditor being suffered, if he would, to cut a piece of his dead Body instead of

Payment (a)—

(a) Roman Antiquities.

Asychis made as odd a Law against bad Debtors: it

was, That the dead Bodies should be in the Creditors keeping, till the Debt were paid; and I'm told, 'tis common in *England* to arrest the Corps of a Debtor as 'tis carrying to the Grave.

But one would admire that Men (*who stand in need of Mercy themselves*) should be thus sharp upon their poor Debtors. For in the whole Course and Frame of Nature we see that nothing is made for it self, but each hath a Bond of Duty, of Use, or of Service, by which it is indebted to others. The Sun by his Splendor to enlighten all the World; by his Warmth and Heat to cherish and comfort each living and vegetable Creature.— Yea, even Man (*the Lord of the Creation*) is so framed of God, that not only his Country, his Parents, and his Friends, claim

a Share in him, but he is also indebted to his *Hound* and to his *Ox*, the one for hunting for his Pleasure, and the other for labouring for his Profit; and therefore a good Man is merciful to his Beast. His Judgment, Wit, Discretion, he hath them for others as much as for himself: and as to his Wealth, he han't a Penny but what he is accountable for. But such is the Mystery of this Stewardship (*where even God himself is Debtor, and Man Creditor*; for is it not said, *He that hath pity on the Poor, lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him again? Prov. 19. 17.*) that present Payment is the least and worst; the Lender oweth more than the Receiver; the Poor (*whose Prayers are heard*) bestowing more than he receiveth; and his Box is more the rich man's Treasury than his own! Then would we have a Policy on Heaven (of our uncertain Riches) we must make the Poor our Insurers. Sure I am, every Man stands in need of this Advice; seeing, had he the Riches of Solomon (*whose Wealth was so great, that it would puzzle our Accomptants to find new Names for Sums*) of all we may say as he said of the Ax-Head that fell off, to *Elisha* the Prophet, 2 Kings 6. 5. *Alas, Master, it is but borrowed.* Do you count such a one rich, saith *Seneca*, because of his rich Sumpter Horse, or because he has a Plough going in every Province, or for his large Account-Book, or such large Possessions near the City! When you have said all, he is poor. But you will say why? Why because he oweth all; unless you make a difference