

dervaluing, so long as without Oppression or Insolence he can sit uppermost in the warm Sunshine of his Master's Favour? Shall he fear to amass Riches, so long as he doth but *tondere pecus*, not *deglubere*? or doth not by Gripping too much, amass a publick Envy and lose all? Shall he fear Enemies abroad, that hath such a sure Friend at home, a good Conscience? *Amicus Socrates, Amicus Plato, sed magis Amica Veritas*, should be the Result of every honest Man; for he that can preserve Truth and Honesty in his Breast, is happy without other Friends, and need not fear any Enemies.

Well then, since the Rich and Powerful that have so many Emulators and bitter Enemies are yet most happy, then certainly the poor man who hath no such Enemies, and whose pitiful Estate and Condition no man envies, is of all men most miserable; for all his days are miserable. Nay, tho the poor man be never so wise, honest, learned, or well-deserving, yet is he neglected and slighted of all his Neighbors, *Projeclâ vilior Algâ*. Homer must

stand without door, sing Ballads, or beg, if he want Money; for unhappy Poverty makes a man not only ridiculous and contemptible, but base; forces him to ill Actions, steal and be hang'd, and what more miserable?

This Necessity is so terrible, as well as it is *Ingens telum*, that in *Japonia* to avoid Hunger and Beggery, if they be poor, they stifle their Children, or make 'em abort, which *Aristotle* cruelly commends. The like has been done in *China*. Nay, Christians (if we may believe *Munster*) in *Lithuania*, have mangled, and sold themselves, Wives and Children to rich men, to prevent those fatal Extremities of Want, Sicknes, Hunger and Starving.

Since then no man doth, or can live without some Enemies, but the wretched Beggar (whose only one is a Constable) and no Juments so servile, slavish and miserable as poor men, who are the Packhorses or Footstools for the Rich to get up on and ride: I may positively conclude, That such poor men, who only have no Enemies, are most miserable.

Paradox CXXVII.

Dignior inter Pedites primus, quam inter Equestres secundus.

That it is better to be Head of a private House, than the Tail of a Noble Family.

—Famæ servit ineptus,
Qui stupet in titulis & imaginibus.—

L Brutus at the first Rise of the then Roman Aristocracy, tho he had Title fair enough to the Crown, yet perceiving the Peoples Disaffection to Monarchy, chose rather to be the first Consul than the last Prince. Like that worthy Gentleman, who resolv'd rather to sit still at the upper end of the Bar-Table, than below his Puiſnees at the Bench, who were otherwise beneath him both in Learning, Judgment and Desert.

'Tis true, the People

—*Stultus honores*

Sæpe dat indignis; —

Even a wise Prince will prefer none but the best that best deserve.

The *Savoy*, *Ragusan*, and United Provincial Democracies (as the *Turks* do at this day advance their *Bassa's*) admit none to wear Honours Hereditary, nor any to bear Office, but the most learned, wisest and best qualify'd. He that is Heir to the Virtues as well as Fortunes of a noble Family, is fittest to govern an Estate. And such *Hæphestions* only being more honourable in Birth and Education, are, for their Valour and Integrity, fit Pillars for a Commonwealth.

There a young Lordling possess'd of many Mortgag'd Manors, as crack'd as his Manners, is turn'd Spendthrift, and makes more haste to Poverty than all his griping Ancestors did to grow rich. Here's one runs his Estate out with his Dogs and Horses: Another makes it fly with his Hawks after Butterflies, or Birds of small value. Here's one with the Palsy in his Elbow, shakes it and the House so long, till it crack or fall at one stroke. Another Sybaritical Glutton, *Apicius*-like, entombs his Father's Lands and Houses in his Belly; or being given to Wine, pisses out his Patrimony against a Wall. Here one consumes all in sumptuous Building, and buries all in the Rubbish: Another prodigious Prodigal prostrates his Estate to a prostitute *Cleopatra*, consumes himself and Fortune amongst Women, thro the Saltness of whose Tails he entails Shame and Beggary to his half-pockify'd Posterity.

If such be the end of most of our Nobility and Gentry, they may well get Supporters to their Arms: Tho when they are Crest-fallen, and reduc'd to Poverty, all their Crests and glorious Coats

will hardly keep them warm: nor when hungry, will their painted Lions and Eagles feed them. And thus their Shame as well as Misery is greater, because entail'd. *Fui Caius*, or *fui Dives*, are both but lamentable *Motto's*, when a Patrician in his old Age must be entomb'd in a Prison or Hospital.

*Stemmata quid faciunt, quid prodest Pontice longo,
Sanguine conferti? —*

The twinkling Stars on their Clokes are little minded, when the golden Sun shines not in their Pockets. Alas! Thread-bare Nobility without other Endowments is a *Non ens*, a mere flash of Lightning and airy Fancy, which so many boast of.

— Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.

An upstart *Horace*, *Libertino Patre natus*, or *Terræ filius*, who by his admir'd Worth and supereminent Qualities steps forward, though he be but a Carpenter's Son, and so knows best how to raise his House, is more honourable, than such out-side Glow-worms, who swell with Honours, and shine with long-winded Titles, and carry no true and constant heat of Virtue and Magnanimity in their Breasts.

He's no small Prince who every day,
Thus to himself can say,
Now will I sleep, now eat, now sit, now walk,
Now meditate alone, now with Acquaintance talk,
This will I do, here will I stay,
Or if my Fancy calleth me away,
My Man and I will presently go ride,
For we have nothing to provide.
If thou but a short Journey take,
As if thy last thou we'rt to make;
Bus'ness must be dispatch'd e'er thou canst go,
Nor canst thou stir unless there be
A hundred Horse and Men to wait on thee;
And many a Mule, and many a Cart,
What an unweildy Man thou art!
The Rhodian Colossus so,
A Journey too might go.
If thou be wise, no glorious Fortune chuse,
Which 'tis but vain to keep, yet Grief to lose;
For when we place e'en Trifles in the Heart,
With Trifles too unwillingly we part.
A humble Roof, plain Bed, and homely Board,
More clear unpainted Pleasures do afford,

*Than all the Tumult of vain Greatness brings
To Kings, or to the Favourites of Kings.*

Why then should a mean Ex- traction be despis'd? *E tenui casa saepe Vir magnus exit.* The great- est Houses were once but lean Cottages, and the Capitol was at first cover'd with Thatch. How many from private Soldiers have risen up to be Emperors? as *Regillianus, Pertinax, Maximinus, Probus, &c.* How many Popes and Cardinals, for their Cardinal Virtues, have been advanc'd to the Chair *ex infima Plebe*? How many in all Ages, of all Profes- sions, have rais'd themselves out of nothing to great Honours? And set aside our City Mayors (who are seldom elected to that Government but for their Riches only) who better deserve them? For tell me, What doth our noble *Hero* so much boast of? Of his great, great, great Grand- father's noble Exploits and Servi- ces done perhaps in such a King's Reign, and the Barony, or the like, confer'd upon him for that Action.

———*Ole quid ad te?
Nam genus & proavos & qua non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco.*———

What if

*Aous tibi maternus fuit atque paternus,
Clim qui magnis regionibus imperitavint?*

What is all this to the present In- heritor, if he degenerate into a *Pisnirc*, into a Funge and base *Neoptolemus*? What boot all those fair Houses and antient De- mesnes descended to him, when he hath not Wit enough to keep them, or sometimes an Accompt, but suffers his Stewards and Bai- liffs to lett and sell him? where- as the modest private Person of mean, tho honest Parentage, who strives in a serious Emulation of others Vertues, to excel them in the Goods of Nature, meets with the Goods of Fortune also, and in that is much happier in the raising of his elegant Superstruc- ture. As that Architect was more famous that built *Diana's Temple*, than *Erostratus* infamous that burnt it down: Or as that Mason hath more Skill that can build a stately Edifice, than the ignorant Workman that only knows how to pull it down. To conclude then, It is more honourable to say, This was got by my own Industry and careful Endeavours, than when it is too late, with shame enough to say, This I lost, sold or spent by my Luxury and Folly. And there- fore 'tis

*Superfluous Poms and Wealth I don't desire,
But what Content and Decency require;*

Plautus

*Pleasures abroad the Sport of Nature yields,
Her living Fountains, and her smiling Fields :
And then at home, what Pleasure is't to see
A little, cleanly, chearful Family ?
Which if a chaste Wife crown, no less in her
Than Fortune I the Golden Mean prefer.
Too noble; nor too wise, she should not be,
No nor too rich, too fair, too fond of me :
Thus let my Life slide silently away,
With Sleep all Night, and Quiet all the Day.*

*Let Woods and Rivers be
My Quiet, tho inglorious Destiny :
In Life's cool Vale let my low Scene be laid,
Much will always wanting be
To him who much desires :
Thrice happy he,
To whom the wise Indulgency of Heaven,
With sparing Hand but just enough has given !*

Besides, I am sure a Farthing and reduc'd to its last Snuff,
Candle new lighted and set up, which always goes out with the
is much better than one of Four greatest Stink.
in the Pound almost blaz'd away

Paradox CXXVIII.

Every Subject (and wise Man) is a King.

I'L L mount my Thoughts to Giant Height,
I'm Constellation in Conceit ;
I'll pluck down Sol, and mount his Sphere,
Then sullen Daphne shall appear,
And seeing me grasp Phæbus Rays,
Shall cringe and crown me with her Bays.
I'll rape the Moon, it shall be said,
Cynthia hath chang'd the name of Maid ;
Her twinkling Girls shall all be ta'en,
No Virgin left to bear her Train.
Thus conquering Sun, Moon, and Stars,
'Gainst Gods themselves I'll levy Wars.
Or if on Earth my Mind can rest,
I'll be a Monarch at the least.
Our dull Plebeians shall grow quicker,
Rincing their maddy Brains in Liquor.

The Miser then shall scatter Cash,
 For Wine shall change his Balderdash;
 And sing and drink, and drink and sing,
 Till every Subject turns a King.
 The conquer'd Gods shall make us Legs,
 Intreating they may sip the Dregs.
 Thus will we tipple till the World
 Into Oblivion is hurl'd:
 And when we feel old Age does come,
 We'll post into Elysium,
 And there our chiefest Joys shall be
 To think of past Felicity.

Having prov'd every Subject is a King in his Drink, it remains that I prove the same of every wise man. This Position flow'd from Zeno's School too, and the Sophies of the Stoa (*quorum p̄cipuaτα θαυματα, whose Words sound like Wonders and Oracles*) That every wise man is not only a free man, but a free Prince, a King. This Doctrine hath pass'd current thro many Hands and Pens. *Non qui regit, non qui dominatur, est Rex,* saith *Ausonius* in his *Monosyllables*: He that doth well is a King, tho he be not a King; and *Rex est qui posuit metus, &c.* saith *Seneca* in *Thyest.* He that hath subdu'd his Fears and Perturbations, deserves the Crown. *Regnum & Diadema deferes, &c.* Reach him the Crown and Scepter, saith *Horace*, and let him reign, in whom no base Covetousness reigns. But this Kingdom, we speak of, is an invisible one, seated in the mind of Man; *Mens bona regnum possidet,* My Mind, saith the Poet, to me a Kingdom is;

But 'tis a Kingdom wanting Form and Matter,
 Just like the Moonshine in the Water.

Every Body Natural is a Body Politick, or a little Commonwealth, where Reason commands in chief, and the Passions (like dutiful Subjects) obey her Check and Controul. And tho the Territories of this little Republick seem but small and narrow, being bounded within the Circuit of Man's Breast, yet the Command and Royalty is great. *Imperare sibi maximum est imperium,* saith *Seneca*, *lib. 113.* he that can command himself may command far and wide, yea farther * *Turk.* the King that wears the Moon for his Crest; or the † other that wears † King of the Sun for his Helmet. Spain. *Latius regnes avidum dmando Spiritum, quam si Lybiam remotis Gadibus jungas, & uterq; Pœnas servit uni:* As the Lyrick || Poet hath || *Car. lib. 2. Od. 2.* This Doctrine is quadrate to that Saying in the Holy Scripture, *Rev. 1. 16.* That Christ hath made us Kings and Priests unto God his Father; which being understood in a moral and not a literal sense, doth aptly concur with

with this Maxim of the *Stoicks*: As I have observ'd a great *Harmony* and *Conformity* in many Points both of *Doctrine* and *Discipline*, between the *Christians* and the *Stoicks*; and if *Aristotle* was *Christ's Præcursor in naturalibus*, as the *Divines of Collen* affirm'd, I may as boldly affirm, and demonstrate it too, that *Zeno* and his *Successors* were his *Præcursors in moralibus*, whose Teaching did enlighten much the Dark-

ness of those Times, and dispel their Ignorance; creating a glimmering Light, like the Dawn before the *Sunrising*, and preparing the way for the *Light*. which enlightneth every Man that cometh into the World. Tho *St. John* (that bright *Phosphorus*) did it in a higher degree and measure, yet these had a share in it, and season'd their Minds with previous Dispositions to receive the lively Oracles of *Christ* and his *Preachers*.

Paradox CXXIX.

That the Imagination is able to produce Diseases.

AS Health is a natural Disposition fit for performing the several Operations of the Body's Organs, and consisting in the due Temper of the similar Parts, the Symmetry of the organical, and the Union of both together; so a Disease is a Disposition contrary to Nature, hindering the same Functions by destroying the Temperament of the first Qualities, the Proportion and laudable Conformation of the Organs, and the Union of both; whence arise three sorts of Diseases, viz. Intemperies, ill Conformation, and Solution of Continuity. Now the Question is, Whether the Imagination can of it self hinder the ordinary Functions of the similar Parts, by destroying the Harmony and Temper of the four first Qualities, which is the Principle of their Actions; as also those of the Organical Parts, by changing the natural Figure, Magnitude, Number and Situation of these Parts, and the Admixture of both by the Dissolution and Divorce of them asunder. Diseases of bare Intemperature, which is either simple or with matter, the Imagination may produce by moving the Spirits and Humors, which it hath power to do. For the Spirits being aerious and naturally very hot, when they are sent by a strong Imagination into some part, they may so heat it as by the excess of their Heat to destroy the Temper of such part; as Anger sometimes heats the Body into a Fever. And as the too great Concourse of these Spirits makes hot Intemperatures, so their Absence from other parts causes cold Diseases; as Crudities and Indigestions, familiar to such as addict themselves to Study and Meditation after Meat; the Spirits which should serve for Concoction being carry'd from the Stomach to the Brain. In like manner the Imagination having domi-

dominion over the Humors, which it moves by Mediation of the Spirits; as Joy, Shame, and Anger bring Blood and Heat into the Face and outward Parts, and Fear and Sadness give them a contrary Motion; it appears that it hath power to produce Maladies of Intemperies with Matter, by the Fluxion or Congestion of the Humors into some Part, and out of their natural Seat. But if the Fancy can disorder the Work of Conformation in another Body than its own (as that of an Infant, whose Marks and Defects wherewith he is born, are Effects of his Mother's Fancy) much more may it cause the same Disorder in its own Body, whereunto it is more nearly conjoin'd. Wherefore, since it can destroy the Temper of the Similar Parts and the Harmony of the Organs, *it may also cause Diseases.*

Paradox CXXX.

We ought to hate Sleep, and (were it possible) live always awake.

BEFORE I prove this Paradox, I shall first own the Empire of Sleep (whom Orpheus calls King of Gods and Men) is so sweet, that not to be of its party is to be an Enemy to Nature.

*'Tis soft Repose without an Air of Breath
Dwells here, and a dumb Quiet next to Death.*

'Tis the Charm of all Grievs both of Body and Mind, and was given to Man not only for the Refreshment of both, but chiefly for the Liberty of the Soul; because it makes both the Master and the Slave, the Poor and the Rich equal.

*Sleep is a God too proud to wait in Palaces,
And yet so humble too as not to scorn
The meanest Country Cottages:
His Poppy grows among the Corn.
The Halcyon Sleep will never build his Nest
In any stormy Breast.*

*'Tis not enough, that he does find
Clouds and Darkness in the Mind,
'Tis not enough, he must find Quiet too.
In vain, thou drowsy God, I thee invoke,
For thou, who dost from Fumes arise,
Thou, who Man's Soul dost overshadow,
With a thick Cloud by Vapours made,*

Canst have no pow'r to shut his Eyes,
 Or Passage of his Spirits to choak,
 Whose Flame's so pure, that it sends up no Smoke.
 Thou who dost Men, as Nights to Colours do,
 Bring all to an Equality:
 Come, thou just God, and equal me
 Awhile to my disdainful she:
 In that condition let me lie,
 Till Love does the Favour shew:
 Love equals all a better way than thou.
 Thou never more shalt be invoc'd by me:
 Watchful as Spirits and Gods I'll prove,
 Let her but Grant, and then will I
 Thee and thy Kinsman Death defy:
 For betwixt thee and them that love,
 Never will an Agreement be,
 Thou scorn'st th' Unhappy, and the Happy thee.

Again, Sleep is a sign of Health in young People, and causes a good Constitution of Brain, strengthening the same, and rendering all the Functions of the Mind more vigorous; whence came the Saying, *That the Night gives Counsels*, because then the Mind is freed from the Tyranny of the Senses, it reasons more solidly, and its Operations are so much the more perfect, as they are more independent on Matter: and 'twas during the Repose of Sleep that most of the Extasies and Prophetical Visions happen'd to the Saints. Moreover, frequent Sleep is a sign of a very Good Nature: For being conciliated only by the Benignity of a Temper moderately hot and moist, the sanguine and phlegmatick, whose Humour is most agreeable, are more inclin'd thereunto than the bilious and melancholy, in regard of their Heat and Dryness, which resolve and dissipate the animal Spirits, as a vaporous Humidity hinders their Effusion, by the Obstruction

which it causeth in the Original of the Nerves; or, which is most probable, because the Clouds of those Vapours occupying the Ventricles of the Brain, by their Humidity moisten and relax the animal Spirits, which remain immovable till they be deliver'd from the Importunity of those Vapours; which moreover more easily ascending, when the Body is at rest, it happens that Sleep is frequently caus'd, not only by Watchings, Cares, Labour, Bathing, Heat, and other things which dissipate the Spirits, but also by Sounds, gentle Murmurs of Water, Frictions and Motions, Silence and Darkness; unless we had rather say, that the animal Spirits being most subtil and luminous Bodies, retire inwards during the Darkness which is contrary to them.

But notwithstanding what I have here granted in behalf of Sleep, yet still I assert that Sleep being not only a Deprivation, but a total Privation of Actions, since a Thing exists but so far as it acts;

acts; at the same proportion that we love our own Being, we ought to hate Sleep, and (were it possible) live always awake. The great George Castriot, the Scourge of the Turks, never slept more than two hours; and the Poets had reason to term Sleep, *The Image of Death*, which the Scripture also expresses by sleeping.

*Somnus, the humble God that dwells
In Cottages and smoaky Cells,
Hates gilded Roofs and Beds of Down;
And tho' he fears no Princes Frown,
Flies from the Circle of a Crown.
Nature alas! why art thou so
Oblig'd unto thy greatest Foe?
Sleep, that is thy best Repast
Yet of Death it bears a Taste,
And both are the same thing at last.*

As therefore Death is to be avoided as much as possible, so also ought Sleep; were it not that both of them being inevitable Evils, all we can do is to keep as far off them, and suffer our selves to be led as little to them, as may be. The Poets themselves seem willing to imprint in us a Horror of Sleep, when they feign it the Son of Hell or *Erebus*, and Night, the Brother of Death, the Father of *Morpheus*, and that his Palace was amidst the Darkness of the *Cimmerians*. Moreover, the most imperfect Animals sleep more than others, which is the reason *Zoophytes*, or Plant-Animals, as the Sponge, Coral, and Oysters, sleep continually; Snails, and some Flies, three or four months; Bears, longer than other Animals; and amongst these, Birds, as partaking more of the Nature of Heaven, sleep less than four-footed Beasts. A Child, so long as it approaches a bestial Life in its Mother's Belly, and for the first years, sleeps more than when 'tis grown to Manhood; and being again become by Age a Child, sleeps more than formerly, till he comes to the last Sleep of Death, which reduces him to nothing. Phlegmatick Persons, Drunkards, and Blockheads, sleep more than sober and witty Persons. For we are no more to refer to the Abuse of these Times in sleeping very much, than to other Vices of the Age; amongst the rest Idleness, Eating and Drinking, wherein there is none sober at this day but exceed their just measure.

Paradox CXXXI.

They that wed for Money are but Half-marry'd.

AS wretched, vain, and indiscreet,
Those Weddings I deplore,
Whose bartering Friends in Counsel meet,
To half-join in a Wedding-Sheet
Some miserable Pair that never met before.

Poor Love of no account must be,
Tho ne'er so fix'd and true,
No Merit but in Gold they see ;
So *Portion and Estate* agree,
No matter what the Bride and Bridegroom do.

Curst may all covetous Husbands be,
That wed with such Design,
And curst they are ; for while they ply
Their Wealth, some Lover by the by
Views the *Half-Match*, and digs the richer Mine.

Paradox CXXXII.

Proving that Witches can, and yet cannot raise the Dead.

To the Athenian Society.

Gentlemen, you told us not long since that you had in the Press a *Paradoxical Project*, wherein you intended to defend Two Thousand *Paradoxes* (or nice *Theses*) that seem'd strange and contrary to the common Opinion ; now pray, Gentlemen, let an Answer to a *Paradoxical Question* be one of 'em.——We read, 1 Sam. 28. 11. *The Woman said, Whom shall I bring up to thee? He said, Samuel, &c.* But Rom. 4. 17. 'tis there said, *God raiseth the Dead.*——Now my *Paradoxical Question* is this :

' Is there any Deity in Witches? Why is it the incommunicable Property of God which can be given to no other, to raise the Dead, and yet a Witch of *Endor* shall have this privilege to raise a dead Body at her pleasure? How can this *Paradox* be reconcil'd?

Ans. 1. A vanishing Spectrum in shape of a living Body is one thing : The true natural Body of a Man or Woman, is another.

2. To take up a bare Body only, being a dead Carcase, is one thing : But to animate and make a living

M m

Body

Body of it, as before, that's another.

The first of these Distinctions most Men resolve themselves in, about this raising of *Samuel*, supposing it to be nothing else but a mere cozening of *Saul's* sight, seeming to see that which indeed was not either real or substantial. Neither is the latter improbable, that it might be the very Body of *Samuel*, that was bury'd a little before. The Reason and Ground of whose Opinion is from the Body of *Moses*. Why should the Devil so earnestly contend with the Angel about it (for it is believ'd their Disputation was not so much about the Holiness of the Body, as the hiding of it) where the Angels had hid it? or why they should? Otherwise they might have as well disputed about his Soul as his Body. But here is Body only mention'd, for that was it which the Devil drove at, to have made use of, with the best Inventions his Art could do, to have erected it by some of his spiritual Engines, mantled it with his former or some other Garment like it, counterfeited a Voice speaking thro' the Palate of this dead Body; whereby (if he could have brought it to pass) the People should have cry'd out, *Here is Moses risen again from the Dead!* Enough to have carry'd them all away from believing in Christ, and have overthrown their Faith in the true Saviour; the only thing which the Devil works for. And if it were possible for the Body of *Moses* to have been rais'd, why not *Samuel's*? As for the Words that *Samuel* seem'd to have spoken about disturbing of him, &c. no Argument can be drawn from that to prove any

thing but this, that the Devil is a Deceiver, and can use Language of all fashions to make us believe Lies.

But how then are the Saints Bodies kept, that the evil one toucheth them not? *Answer.* He shall not, to hurt them. This whole Frame of theirs God so preserves, that Satan hath no power to diminish a Hair, or shatter a Bone, but must lay it where he had it. Then let this *Paradoxical Question* issue in this Prayer.

Just and righteous art thou, O Lord, in all thy Works, especially in thy Executions on such as have sought by the Devil's Help to raise the Dead; this only hast thou permitted, to bring Death on themselves. Wicked Men, O Lord, have one who can bring them to Death, but not raise them from Death; this alone is thy Privilege to bring us from Death. O blessed be thy glorious Name for preserving us as well in Death as in Life, that no evil Spirit hath power to disturb us, save only to delude others with that which is but a feign'd Disturbance. Lord! let there never such Weakness befall my Faith, as once to believe there is any Power in Devils or Witches to hurt me, tho' enough, by thy Permission, to hurt their own Followers. If at any time these Magicians of Egypt raise the dead body of a Stick into the Life of a Serpent, let there not be wanting an Aaron's Rod to devour them, or that brazen Serpent to prevent them in all their Designs of hurting him who trusts only in thee, to be preserv'd from them against the glorious Appearance of Christ for the Resurrection of the Dead in that day.

Parade

Paradox CXXXIII.

In Praise of a Fickle Lover.

L E T Love no more your Heart inspire,
 Tho Beauty every hour you see ;
 Pass no farther than Desire,
 If you'll truly happy be.
 Every day fresh Objects view,
 And for all have Complaisance ;
 Search all places still for new,
 And to all make some Advance :
 For where Wit and Youth agree,
 There's no Life like Gallantry.
Laura's Heart you may receive,
 And to morrow *Julia's* prize
 Take what young *Diana* gives,
 Pity *Lucia* when she dies :
Portia's Face you must admire,
 And to *Clorin's* Shape submit :
Phillis Dancing gives you Fire,
Celia's Softness, *Clara's* Wit :
 Thus all at once you may pursue,
 'Tis too little to love two.
 The powerful smiling God of Hearts
 So much Tenderneſs imparts,
 You must upon his Altars lay
 A thousand Offerings every day :
 And so soft is kind Desire ;
 Oh ! so charming is the Fire,
 That if nice *Adraste* scorns,
 Gentler *Ariadne* burns.
 Still another keep in play,
 (If one refuse) and say you nay.
 Cease therefore to disturb your Hours,
 For having two Desires,
 A Heart can manage two Amours,
 And burn with several Fires :
 The Day has Hours enough in store,
 To visit two, or half a score.

Parador CXXXIV.

That a Wise Man may live without Anger, Hatred, &c.

I Wonder not that Man should be so miserable, since he himself is a Conspirator against his own Felicity; since he makes Vanity of augmenting Nature's Defects, since he takes pride in his own Miseries, and employs all her Benefits to make himself unhappy or guilty. Those that have exercis'd their Eloquence in deciphering corrupted Nature, thought it sufficient to be the Sons of *Adam* to render us disobedient, that the Sin of that first Revolter against his God, was the Spring of all our Evils.

Altho' the Authors of this Doctrine be to me very venerable, and tho' the Opinion which they maintain be approv'd by all Christians; nevertheless, I persuade my self that they will not absolutely deny to allow me, that we derive not all our Defects from his Crime, that we may as well bewail the Perfections which we still retain as those we have lost, and that we find orderly Motions in our Bodies which are rather Arguments of the Excellency of the Soul, than the Defection of Nature. Some Men would be innocent, if Heaven had not honour'd them with Favours; their rare Qualities occasion their Misery; they are poor because they are too rich.

To augment their own Miseries and add to Nature's Defects voluntary Errors, they take counsel from the Noise of the People, they regulate their Lives by their

Reports, they act but by their Example; and they approve all for reasonable that hath many Approbators, and not that wherein Truth most consisteth. Likewise they who have made so many Invectives against the Sin of our first Father, have almost deprav'd the whole Stock of Mankind, by endeavouring to explain the most difficult Principle of our Religion; and have taught them undesignedly to justify their Defects, and to form Excuses for their Leudness.

When these famous Men that laid the Foundation of *Rome's* Empire would instruct their Subjects by their Precepts, or reform them by their Laws, they rather disorder'd than settled them; they taught them Crimes of which before they were ignorant, and they made many guilty Persons in designing to keep Men innocent. Parricides, says *Seneca*, first began in *Rome* by the Prohibition thereof; the Punishment threaten'd to those that should be found so monstrous, inspir'd them with Cruelty; Men became Barbarians when they were forbidden to be inhuman, and they fear'd not to murder them from whom they had receiv'd Life, after the Law had inform'd them that such a Sin might be committed. So that those Men must be Enemies to Nature who throw all their Faults upon her Infirmities; and we must deny that we often employ

employ our Perfections to procure our own Unhappiness. This Truth appears evidently in the Subject of this *Paradox*. We render *Passions*, which are but the pure Effects of Opinion and the Will, to be the Productions of Nature; we fancy that they are born with us, and we conclude from our Weakness, that a wise Man cannot defend himself from them but by a Miracle. In fine, we deem all things difficult which we fear to undertake; and judging of other mens Strength by our own, we take all for Impossibilities which we our selves cannot perform.

Aristotle, Father of the *Academia*, is not more virtuous than *Epicurus*, tho he seem more reasonable; for he moderates the Violence of mens Inclinations to render their Conduct easy, and allowing them ordinary Distempers, he hath taught them that they cannot be healthy unless they have Infirmities, that they cannot become liberal without Coverousness, that to be valiant they must have the help of Ambition, and that Virtue would be of no use to them, if they had not *Passions* to execute what she projects. This Opinion seems so little generous to *Zeno's* Disciples, that they cannot forbear vigorously to oppose it; and *Seneca* has condemn'd it for so unreasonable a Tenet, that he thinks he pleads Virtue's Cause so often as he is engag'd in the Combat.

Where, replies he, is the Freedom of the wise Man, if he may not act but by the Intermediation of his *Passions*? if he be oblig'd to fly to their Counsels, and if he must borrow of them all the

Forms of his Government?

It avails not his Adversaries to fly to Nature's Imperfections for a Reply, and to say that Reason is become blind and weak, since she suffer'd herself to be seduc'd by the Serpent. This Reply, tho' true, proves nothing in Morality; and whatsoever Foundations they draw from Divines to support it, yet must they confess that it makes not so much for Reason as for Faith: For again, saith this wise *Roman*, if Reason be not strong enough to hinder *Passions* from making Excursions into her Dominions, how will they have her to keep them in order when they have enter'd her Territories? If she sink under their Violence when she is dispos'd to expect them, how shall she be able to give them Laws when she is become their Captive? We must then infer either that a wise Man may prevent their Assaults, or that he cannot moderate their Inclinations.

Tranquillity is one of the Qualifications of a wise Man; Men cannot rob him of it till he change his Condition, and he may boast of Happiness so long as he preserves it: but *Passions* violently bereave him of it in every of their Assaults, and he ceaseth to be his own when he has any thing of Dispute with them.

For be they never so well moderated, they cease not to disturb his Quiet, they throw Dissension among the Parties that compose it, and they so much occupy his Mind, that nothing is left him but a weak and languishing Liberty. The *Peripateticks* are not so just as to abate him any of his Evils

for the Elevation of his Grandeur: They render him subject to all the Maladies of the Soul, they allot him all *Passions* to vanquish or tame: And without considering that many times one violent Evil is preferable to a multitude of wasting Diseases, they will that he have Fear, but it must be moderated; that he be spur'd by Ambition, but it must be restrain'd; that he form Desires and Hopes, but they must be limited, &c.

Virtue is so delicate in this point, that she could never yet suffer *Passions* to be assign'd her for Companions, as she knows that they hold Intelligence with Vice; she rejects all their proffer'd Services, she believes that he unjustly triumphs who owes Victory to any thing but his Valour; that he is unworthy the Name of Conqueror, if he may be reproach'd that in the Combat he mixt Cowardice with his Courage, and did not overthrow his Enemy, but because he was somewhat fearful and imprudent.

Truly what Art soever hath been us'd by human Prudence to allay their Fury, the method of reducing them to Reason's Obedience is yet to seek; and which way soever they be consider'd, it wants Dexterity to subject them to her Empire.

But to return to my matter; if *Passions* be inevitable, and if all our Prudence be too weak to prevent the Assaults of *Fear*, the Attacks of *Grief*, the Snares of *Love*, and the Surprizals of *Anger* upon our Will, who can assure himself of staying their Carrier, and of obliging them that prepare for Battel without our

leave, to proceed no farther than we shall direct? One of these two Extremes must be chosen, either to stifle them in the Cradle, or resolve to become their Slaves.

What I have said of Desire and Fear may be apply'd to all our *Passions*; and as they arm without our Command, and the Objects that support them depend not on us, it must be confess'd that it's not in our power to bring them to Reason, to moderate their Fury, or hinder their running into excess. It's a sort of folly to think that we have an Enemy at our command whose Insolence we may suppress, and to imagine that that Governour is able to keep Rebels in awe, who was not prudent enough to prevent their taking up of Arms, coming into the Field, and forming an Army to offer him open Battel.

Altho this Arguing be bold, yet it is unanswerable even in *Aristotle's* Opinion; and they that would enervate it must have recourse to their own Weaknesses to lessen its Force. They say it is very difficult for a Man to gain so absolute a Power over himself, as to command all his Inclinations; to see beautiful Faces, and to be insensible of Love, to look upon a threatening Evil, and not to fear its arrival. Such Favours are only bestow'd upon beatify'd Persons; we must be separated from human Commerce to obtain them, and we must mount the Heavenly Mansions to consider the Glories of this World with Indifference, and to behold all the Revolutions that are wrought in it without disturbance.

If this Objection be the chief Foundation of the contrary Opinion, yet it is not very strong but in shew; *it reproves our Practice, but diminisheth nothing of our Ability*; it declares the Faults of Fools, and hides the Perfections of Wise Men; and without surveying Man's Nature, it excuses his Sordidness, and considers not his Advantages. Man is naturally generous, he hath not yet attempted any thing but what his Industry hath overcome; and all those Difficulties which the *Academia* oppos'd to his Undertakings, have only serv'd to augment his Glory, and admire his Courage.

The most wild and savage *Passions* have yielded to his Power; and all that Fury wherewith they were animated, could not hinder his constraining them to the Obedience of his Laws. Some Humourists have refrain'd *Smiling*; and pursuing their Resolution, have banish'd from their Countenance that pleasant Property which distinguisheth us from other Creatures. *Temperance* hath taught others to suppress their Appetites, and hath so much forc'd their own Inclinations as never to taste Wine. Some have defended themselves against the violent Assaults of *Love*, have had in derision all those pleasant Faces that have made so many Idolaters in the World; and have so much conquer'd themselves as to become Masters of a *Passion* that hath all Men for Slaves. In fine, Man is *absolute* in his Government, he hath not

undertaken any thing which he brought not to Perfection; Difficulties have discover'd his Strength, and we have seen nothing so irksom which he hath not surmounted, when he join'd Perseverance to his Courage.

The Labours then which he ought to employ to gain this Perfection, ought not to divert him from so *glorious a Design*; and without hunting for many Reasons to prompt him to it, it will suffice that he reflect upon his own Life, to be taught that it is as easy to conquer, as to moderate his *Passions*. The greater part of his Actions are real Punishments, all that he does is mix'd with Disquiet; and I know not but it might be more easy for him to live without *Passions*, than to act what he daily performs. For what is more delightful than a virtuous Vacation, and what is more toilsom than Anger? What is more tranquil than Clemency, and what more turmoiling than Cruelty? Continnence begets Content, but Lust is unsatiable.

In fine, Virtue is treatable with Satisfaction, but *Passions* are not conversable without hazard of Conscience, Rest, or Liberty. From all these things it's not difficult to conclude, that a Wise Man may be without Anger, Envy, Hatred, &c. since they are not natural to him, since Sense and Opinion are their Springs, since their Services are dangerous, and that he cannot employ them in his Necessities, without injury to his Liberty or Courage.

Paradox CXXXV.

The Author Rhimes in his Sleep.

SOME look upon me, as one rude,
 Quite erring in my Altitude;
 For above *Atlas* Shoulders I
 Am plac'd, and all the World do eye:
 When I took form, the earthly Sign
 Of *Scorpio* in's Ascent did shine.
 Just in the Planetary Hour
 Of *Saturn* (who doth ever lowre)
 I view'd the Light; it much doth win me,
 I have part of that Planet in me.
 No way facetious am I
 To roysish Mirth or Jollity,
 Yet in one Dream I can compose
 A Comedy in Verse or Prose;
 Behold the Action, apprehend
 The Jest, and the quaint Plot commend,
 And so much of the Sense partake,
 As serves to laugh my self awake.

Paradox CXXXVI.

In Praise of Weeping; or a Paradox proving that Tears are more diverting and fitter to nourish Affection than Singing.

THAT fair God, who for his being the most beneficial to the World, might above all other excuse the Idolatry of blind Gentilism, becoming enamour'd of a young Maiden, descended from the Throne of the Gods, to try whether that Divinity, which had been able to obtain the Adoration of the Universe, could gain an amorous Affection in the Heart of a Virgin. He pursu'd, implor'd, tempted; but she conspiring with Nature, was transmuted into a Laurel, either to triumph over his Power, or to shew that the Resolutions of Women many times do not partake of the Instability of the Female Sex.

Miserable *Apollo*! truly thou mightest rather have thought to have found, even amongst the Rocks, a Heart that should have been mollify'd at thy Requests, than amongst Hearts a Stone that would

would not relent for all thy Prayers. How much he was astonish'd, every one may guess. A certain Poet writes that immediately that God was seen to weep, who otherwhile was ever wont to sing. And who knows? perhaps he would try, since his cruel *Daphne* already, as Woman, did not accept his Singing, whether as a Tree she would love his Tears, which he pour'd on her, from those two weeping Fountains of his Eyes.

This Fable, courteous Reader, gives an occasion to doubt, whether Singing or Weeping are the most potent Instruments in a fair Face to captivate a Heart: and from hence arises matter of Contention betwixt these two; the fair Weeper, and the fair Singer. Nor would the Decision of their Discord be so easy to end, had they not equally agreed to refer it to your Sentence, in whom they are confident to find together both the Judgment of *Paris* and the Integrity of *Aristides*.

The Tears vaunt to be the more powerful, as having even *Apollo's* Decision already in their favour; since after he saw his Dearest converted into a Tree, he laid aside his Musick, and makes trial of his Tears, as if he thought them even so potent, as to move the very Trees therewith.

Consider, Reader, that all Tears are the Offspring of the Eyes, the pretty Sisters of the Sight, taught and instructed in those Schools of animated Brightness, where they profess no other Doctrine but to enamour. Let Singing therefore yield its Pretences, which proceeding from the Mouth, is as much inferior to Weeping, both in Power and Efficacy, as the Tears are superior in the Sublimity of their Birth, and Nobleness of their Progenitors.

Nature has assign'd our Tears to no others Custody but the Heart; nor would she have their Pomp and Glory appear in any other place but in the Eyes, as if she esteem'd them worthy to have those Kings of the Members for their Guardians, and the fairest Part of the Body to be the Throne of their Majesty. The Eyes were created to be the Miracles of Beauty, and the Tears to be the Miracles of the Eyes; and who is not astonish'd to behold them pouring forth such Floods of Water from their Spheres or Element of Fire? These in our Sorrows serve us for Funeral Poms and Mournings, and in our Joys they solemnize our excessive Contentment. 'Twas this made *Cowley* cry,

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

Dearest Tears, which in all occasions deserve to be the Ornaments of the Face! Perhaps 'twas for this reason that a Philosopher fell so in love with Tears, that he spent all his time constantly

stantly in weeping: You will never find any Man so in love with Singing as to judge it worthy of his continual and virtuous Employment. Consider therefore the Efficacy of Tears, which even makes Philosophers enamour'd with them.

They that call them by the simple Name of Pearls, do not fully express their Dignity and Worth. Those are generated by the Influence of the Sun, but at a far distance from the Sun; and these by the Influence of two Suns, and within the very Sphere of those Suns themselves. Those are nourish'd in the Water, and these in the midst of Flames. Those are made fit by Art to adorn the Purity of a whiter Neck, and these are reserv'd by Nature to enrich the Beauties of a rosy Cheek. Then let us call

them precious; and if they be so, they may inform us thus much, that if one of those being dissolv'd by *Cleopatra*, had power to force *Mark Anthony* to confess his Heart was overcome, one of these liquify'd even by the hands of Nature her self, with greater power shall constrain us to acknowledge that our Affections are vanquish'd.

Love, the great God of War, does still invent new and various Stratagems to conquer and subdue our Hearts and Souls. Sometimes he attempts to overthrow us only with the Sounds of precious Metals, sometimes erects his Bridg upon the Base of our most instable Hopes, sometimes assaults us with the Sweetness of an enchanting Voice. This made *Waller* say,

*While I listen to thy Voice,
Chloris! I feel my Life decay;
That powerful Noise
Calls my sitting Soul away.
Oh! suppress the Magick Sound,
Which destroys without a Wound.
Peace, Chloris! Peace! or singing die,
That together you and I
To Heaven may go:
For all we know
Of what the Blessed do above,
Is that they sing, and that they love.*

But alas, the finest Musick, whether Vocal or Instrumental, is nothing if compar'd to a fair weeping Face. Many times there are such, who being stor'd with Principles and Resolutions of Chastity, will repel all those Assaults and Trials, tho' seconded and assisted with many tempting Caresses and other provoking Ar-

tifices; but when he besieges us with a *Sea of Tears*, there's no Humanity can resist him, none but such as glory in their Inhumanity: and we may well believe he will expugn that obdurate Soul of its strongest Fortrefs, when he comes rolling and showering in with such Torrents of overflowing Tears.

Smiths do use to besprinkle their Coals with Water, which being after blown upon, do burn with the greater Ardour: And Love, being a Smith's Son, does often use his Father's Policy: For when he is resolv'd to inflame a Heart most, he first lets fall a soft shower of Tears to moisten it, and after with deep Sighs blows it into a most consuming Flame.

Even the Sun, to make his Beams become more hot and scorching, does seem to unite them together, and dart them thro a Cloud, which is no other than rarify'd Water; which being condens'd, dissolves and drops in Tears from Heaven again.

There is nothing which communicates more Vigour and Nourishment to Plants than Heat conjoin'd with Moisture, If then it be true, what some have said, that Love is a Plant, we may truly believe that nothing else is able to advance its Growth so much, as the Sunshine of two fair Eyes, mix'd with the soft showers of their distilling Tears.

The Globes of those bright Suns, being environ'd with Floods of Tears, can be esteem'd no other than artificial Fireballs which burn under the Water, and are the more ardent by reason of the *Antiperistasis*.

Excuse me, Reader, if this Conceit seem strange to you, that I should say, Tears are the Milk of the Eyes: and why must that be esteem'd so unlikely, that those Eyes should flow with Milk, which do so often bring forth Love? And if you do grant this *Capriccio*, give me leave to conclude, that there is nothing more

proper to nourish Affection than Tears, since they are Milk, and Love is still a Child.

If any one should ask a Lover, they would return this Answer, that the Tears are no other than the Quintessence of the Soul distill'd thro those Eyes, which pretend to teach us thereby, how liberal we should be of Love to them, who do so prodigally waste their Souls for us.

Others have said, that Tears are extracted from the purest Blood in the Heart; which may serve us for an Argument, that if the Blood of *Cæsar* dead, had power to move the Souls of the *Romans* to a Mutiny, much more will these living Drops of the fair Weeper's Eyes, be able to stir up our Affections to Mutinies and Tumults. And if you say, that this might be tumultuous, because a Tyrant's, remember that Beauty likewise is no other than a Tyrant.

But to know whether the Power of Tears be greater than of Singing, consider that these move by Nature only, and Singing all by Art.

I know you will not deny, but that a Spring, which casts forth pure and murmuring Streams out of its Rocky Bosom naturally, does flatter and delight our Senses more than those magnificent and stately *Roman* Fountains, tho those artificial Structures have no Stone in them, which is not worth a Treasure.

A pure and unsophisticated Beauty, how much more it does charm and captivate our Hearts, than such as are made handsome only by Art, your selves may judg, who have so often yielded

to their commanding Sweetness. The Poets feign'd *Cupid* always naked, to shew us that a natural Beauty, naked of all false Clothing Artifice, does soonest tempt, insnare and wound the Soul: but if you reflect upon Singing, you shall not find one Note which is not artificial, nor hear one Sigh but what is feign'd; sometimes it seems to languish in a whining Passion, and tell sad Tales, then strait turns into joyful strains again, dissembling all its Passions, and cunningly changing it self into a hundred several Humours of Mirth and Sadness; and if it have any thing pleasing in it, it must be something only natural.

*Behold, and listen, while the Fair
Breaks in Sweet Sounds the willing Air;
And with her own Breath fans the Fire,
Which her bright Eyes do first inspire:
What Reason can that Love controul,
Which more than one way courts the Soul?
So when a Flash of Lightning falls
On our Abodes, the Danger calls
For humane Aid, with hopes the Flame
To conquer, tho' from Heaven it came:
But if the Winds with that conspire,
Men strive not, but deplore the Fire,*

Then how can the Soul possibly love that Singing, which glories in its bewitching Fraud and Vaunts, that it obtains Respect and Reverence only by a sweet Nothingness?

To express the power of Singing, says one, it is an Inchantment; but, *Reader*, if you will know how much Weeping prevails above it, remember that that *Armida*, who otherwhile triumph'd over the Martial Squadrons by power of her Inchantments, was forc'd to make use of her Tears, to add more Vigour to those very Inchantments. So that the Spirits and Furies themselves are too weak to resist the Charms of a beauteous Weeper. Nor need we wonder at it, for theirs at most is but an infernal Power, and the Tears dropping from a handsome Face, are no less

than the Showers even of a clouded Heaven.

Musicians themselves confess, that to add more Vigour to their Singing, they are necessitated to make use of frequent Sighs, trembling Quavers, and soft languishing strains: and what else are these, but parts of Sorrow and Weeping? These they make use of, because otherwise that Musick would seem to have no Life or Spirit in it, that could not humour its Passion with a deep Sadness and sighing Affection.

Consider therefore the Power of Weeping, from which even Singing it self does borrow so much help.

That ambitious Musician glory'd that he had redeem'd his dear *Euridice* from Hell, by the powerful Sweetness of his Voice; but let me rather say, that if he did

did obtain her, because he sung so excellently well, perhaps he lost her so suddenly again, because he did not weep sufficiently.

And what can you imagine the Heavens desire or expect from us, unless it be Love? When it so often pours down showers of Tears, *Pythagoras* believ'd that the Spheres were ever making a sweet Harmony; but I see that we often return Thanks to Heaven for its Weeping, but never for its imaginary Musick.

Poets have sometimes commended a Beauty, hid under a mourning Cypress Veil, as if the resplendent Beams of such a Beauty, being concentred together, should thro that Obscurity thus united, have the more power to make a speedy Conquest over the Soul. Now observe, *Reader*, that a weeping Beauty is a Beauty clad in its Morning Weeds, which should merit our Affections the sooner, because it seems to put on that sad Habit, to perform the Obsequies for your expir'd Liberty.

By the Law of Nature we should give credit to their Affections, which can bring good witness that they love. Now what are such Tears else but Testimonies of a Heart that loves sincerely, which come to Nature's Tribunal attending on the Soul, to demand a reciprocal Correspondence?

Aristotle says, That our Tears are a kind of Sweat; and if we justly merit Wages for Sweat and Labour, who can deny the Reward of Love to those fair Eyes, which perhaps sweat and pant,

lying under the burden of an amorous Affection?

Tears have such Efficacy to enamour, that I believe the Offerings of *Myrrh* and *Incense* are grateful and pleasing to the Gods, for no other reason, but because they are Tears, tho shed by senseless Trees. Those lighted Candles which often shine upon a sacred Altar, where we implore the Grace of Heaven, if you but mark it, do never burn without letting fall some Drops like Tears; perhaps to teach fair Eyes, that if the Tears, even of inanimate Lights, have power to move the Heavens, the Drops of two such bright and living Torches must needs have as much influence on Men.

We do not ordinarily ascribe any other *Epithets* to Musick, than those of Melody and Sweetness. But when we treat of Tears, we use to call them by a more viril Name, Womens Arms or Weapons. Now do you guess *Sirs*, whether they be not potent, since they have obtain'd even the Name of Weapons. And I believe it was for no other reason that the Gods blinded *Cupid's* Eyes; but only because if he could have added Tears to the Power he hath already, there were no means left for any to resist his Power and Might.

Our Infant Age does most require the Love and tender Affection of others, by reason of our own Insufficiency; and yet Nature's Care has provided us with nothing else in that Age but only our Tears.

And are they so potent in our Infancy, that even a Child, tho bound

bound by Nature and Reason to be under the Father's Tuition and Jurisdiction, yet Weeping tenderly does seem to claim, and often overways the Parents Will? Who will say then, that Tears are not most powerful Instruments, since they have so much Strength, tho' manag'd by a weak unskillful Child.

Tears are the Language of the Soul and Passions, taught us by Nature's self, that it might be the better understood by every one. Tears are the Soul's Ambassadors, which being sent to declare the state of its own Affections, does often lie in wait, and catch the liberty of others. They require no other Audience but our Eyes, knowing those Requests are most potent, which pass thro' them into the Heart. They express their Message without a Tongue, and are silent with wonderful Efficacy. Consider then the power of those Tears, which being dumb can yet persuade so sweetly. Nature it self seems in this Contest to yield the palm of Victory to Tears, since she has fram'd the Arches of the Eyebrows over their Cisterns, to declare that they are triumphant.

Such are the Prerogatives of Tears, that they may be thought injur'd, when but compar'd to Singing. Consider, Sirs, that if at any time a disdainful Passion turns, Giant-like, a Rebel against

that Heaven of Beauty, they opening their Flood-gates can quickly drown them in the precious Deluge. Or if at any time a stubborn Soul resolves to be reconcil'd again to the offended Deity of Love, these Advocates present the humble Petitions, which never are rejected. If sometimes the Thoughts reflect upon a wish'd-for Happiness, these officious Associates do straitway wait upon the grateful Memory. If sometimes one does absent it self from its dear Country, or from its dear belov'd Object, these alone are wont to be left behind; I know not if I should say, together as Companions with the Soul, or as Pledges for it. If sometimes the Affection be gasping and dying, nay quite dead, in the Breast of disdainful Lovers, nothing but these can bring it to Life again; an extinguish'd Affection being often rais'd into a Flame again, by being only deplorated. Now what can be compar'd or parallel'd with these tears, which have the Power and Virtue even to revive the Dead?

But, *Reader*, if you please briefly in one Argument to comprehend the Power of Tears, consider that they have not been afraid to appear and fill in a *House of Musick*, and even contest with that Musick it self for the Preheminence.

Paradox CXXXVII.

That Lovers die often.

BENEATH a cool Shade, where some here have been,
 Convenient for Lovers, most pleasant and green;
Alexis and *Cloris* lay pressing soft Flowers,
 With Kissing and Loving they past the dull Hours.
 She close in his Arms with her Head on his Breast,
 And fainting with Pleasure; you guess at the rest:
 She blust'd and she sigh'd with a Joy beyond measure,
 All ravish'd with Billing, and dying with Pleasure.
 But while thus in Transports extended they lay,
 A handsome young *Shepherd* was passing that way.
 She saw him and cry'd—Oh, *Alexis*, betray'd!
 Oh what have you done!—you have ruin'd a Maid:
 But the *Shepherd*, being modest, discreetly past by,
 And left 'em again at their leisure to die.
 And often they languish'd with Joy beyond measure,
 All ravish'd with Billing, and dying with Pleasure.

Paradox CXXXVIII.

The kind Husband is brought to Bed with his Wife.

WITH what Delight and Joy, methinks I see
 Thy swelling *Womb* increase its Treasury!
 What a sweet *Poison* 'twas! if all *Maid*s past
 Fifteen, could themselves poison so, how fast
 They'd kick up Heels, be venom'd in their Beds,
 And murder thote *Chimera*'s, *Maidenheads*:
 How stately my *Amanda* looks! she seems to me
Diana in her Cre'cent Majesty.
 What frozen Creature is't, won't wish, as soon
 As *Phebe* spy'd himself, the Man i'th' *Moon*?
 What *Virgin* thy fair *Lunar Globe* can see,
 And not strait wish to be i'th' full like thee?
 I wish, my Dearest, I could hear thee say
 The little Boy kicks, willing to make his way
 Into his *Father's Arms*: Oh may he be
 His own sweet *Mother's Picture*, not like me!
 Ah could I hear it [I have often smil'd
 To think upon't] *Amanda's great with Child!*

She

She looks within a Month ; wou'd, past all fear,
 I once might say, *Welcome down Stairs, my Dear ;*
 Would thou wer't church'd, and the *good Wives* were come
 A *Gossiping !* now 'twill be guest by some
 The main thing that I wish implicitly
 Is this, wou'd I were *brought to Bed* with thee.

Paradox CXXXIX.

*That actually to enjoy a Woman, consists only in the
 Desire of Fruition.*

THERE is not half so warm a Fire
 In the *Fruition* as *Desire* ;
 When I have got the Fruit of Pain,
Possession makes me Poor again :
 Expected Forms and Shapes unknown,
 Whet and make sharp Temptation.
 Sense is too niggardly for Bliss,
And pays me dully with what is :
 But Fancy's liberal, and gives All
 That can within her Vastness fall ;
 Veil therefore still, while I divine
 The Treasure of this hidden Mine ;
And make Imagination tell
 What Wonders do in Beauty dwell.

F I N I S,