

The Learned and the Brave survive the Tomb,
 Poets and Heroes Death it self o'ercome * ;
 By what they Write or Act, Immortal made,
 They only change their World, but are not dead :
Norris can never die, of Life secure,
 As long as Fame or Aged Time endure.
 A Tree of Life is sacred Poetry,
 Whoe'er has leave to taste can never die :
 Many Pretenders to the Fruit there be,
 Who against Nature's Will do pluck the Tree :
 They nibble and are damn'd ; but only those
 Have Life, who are by partial Nature chose,
Norris is Nature's Darling, free to taste
 Of all her Store, the Master of the Feast :
 Not like old *Adam*, stinted in his Choice,
 But Lord of all the spacious *Paradise*.
 Mysteriously the bounteous Gods were kind,
 And in his Favour Contradictions joyn'd :
 Honest, and Just, yet courted by the Great ;
 A P O E T, yet a plentiful Estate ;
 Witty, yet Wise ; unenvy'd, and yet prais'd ;
 And shews the Age can be with Merit pleas'd :
Minerva and *Apollo* shall submit,
 And *Norris* be the only God of Wit.
 Press on bright *Saint*, and nobly climb the Sphere,
 You yet at your Meridian don't appear ;
 Still soar, and nearer still to Heaven retire,
 Be high, that we may leisurely admire ;
 So that great *Light* to which we owe the Day,
 With Distance qualifies, th' exorbitant Ray ;
 The *Levites* Soul we best of all define,
 When from afar the lavish Virtues shine ;
 Let's now no more the Partial Planets damn,
 That each low Mortal does the Muse contemn :
 None dare when *Levites* wear the Name deride ;
 We boast our *Laurel* to the Gown ally'd :
 Let future Chronicles then silent lie,
 Nature now in her *Zenith* seems to be,
 T' enrich our Age, beggars *Posterity*.
 Oh, may the World ne'er lose so brave a Flame !
 May one succeed in *Genius* and in *Fame* ;
 May from his Urn, some *Phoenix-Norris* rise,
 Whom the admiring World like him may prize :
 May he in his Immortal Numbers sing,
 And paint the Glories of our Matchless Queen.

* He printed a Volume of Divine Poems, that will spread
 Fame to the End of Time.

may his Verse of Learned *Norris* taste!
 I mend the coming Age, as he the last.

If these fam'd Preachers have thy Art refin'd,
ANTON, draw *MOSS*; that's dazzling yet behind;
 Sweetness in his Eyes at oncè, and Awe,
 And make his Looks preach Piety and Law;
 Pulpit-Notes, or Angel ever sung
 More Harmony than dwells upon his Tongue:
 Happy in Preaching, Dignity and Parts;
 And (which is strange) the Lawyers he converts *,
 Who all Men know, have sear'd, Stony Hearts.
 By his Pulpit Art and Eloquence,
 These Stones are fisch'd †, and Fools made Men of Sense.
 His Voice sure is by Nightingales advanc'd!
 He does but speak, and all Men lie intranc'd,
 Being thus distinguish'd for a Man of Sense;
 Who 't'ent MY LORD, yet as he serves his Prince,
 Shall call him BISHOP in the Future Tense.

Paint *FLAMSTEAD* next in his high *Greenwich* Seat,
 Where all the Arts of his Profession meet,
 Dignify his Gown, and make him Great.
 He is no Pulpit Fool, nor e'er will be,
 Preaches from Heav'n by Astronomy.
 His Rev'rend Man from his Auspicious Hill,
 Makes all the Secrets of the Stars reveal.
 His *Astrologues* are made with so much Art,
 They can the Distance of the Sun impart:
 Discover a Parallax i'th' Heavenly Sphere,
 And shew the Place of ev'ry wandring Star.
 — Stars themselves think it no Scorn to be
 Guided and directed in their Way by thee;
 Thou know'st their Virtue, and their Situation,
 The Fate of Years, and ev'ry great Mutation.
 With the same Kindness let them look on Earth,
 When they gave thee first thy happy Birth:
 The gentle *Venus* rose with *Mercury*,
 Presage of Softness in thy Poeste.)
 And *Jove* and *Mars* in Amicable Trine,
 Shall still give Spirit to thy polish'd Line.
 Thou may'st do what thou wilt without Controul,
 Only thy self and Heaven can paint thy Soul.

* He was chosen Preacher to a Society of Honourable and Pious
 Myrrors.

† Ezekiel II, 19.

Flamsteed, you wisely Preach— at least we see
 Celestial Motions all set right by thee.
 In this *Divine*, Great *Archimedes* Sphere
 Is so reviv'd, his GENIUS does appear!
 His Text is Heav'n, (he does ev'n Gaze by Rule,)
 And is too WISE to aft the Knave, or Fool :
 One thus *Distinguish'd* has a *Double Soul*.

Thus *dignify'd* and thus *distinguished*,
 Are all those PRIESTS that I have here display'd :
 And for such other *Levites* that CONFORM,
 (Tho' not plac'd here, as being too forlorn)
 If you'd your Lives and Characters adorn,
 Neglect in *Pulpit* no befitting Grace,
 Ascend with Modesty — *the sacred Place* ;
 And by your venerable Carriage show,
 That you the Reverence of your Function know :
 And if I might presume to give Advice,
 To such whose Office 'tis to make us WISE ;
 Let not the *Pulpit SATYRS* e'er infest,
 For fear *Damnation* should attend the Jest :
 Shun *Rhetorick*, which Improvement does bereave,
 And does our Mind but just diverted leave ;
 Preaching thus does indeed the World content,
 But ne'er Reform'd, or made one Penitent.
 'Tis *Preaching* — where the alarmed Soul betakes
 Its self to a New Life, old Sins forsakes,
 For he no Sermon, who no Convert makes.
 Speak from the Heart, and then the Heart you'll touch,
 Don't say too little, nor yet over-much,
 Ne'er cloy nor starve, the Preaching Art is such ;
 Lash ev'ry Sinner, 'till his Conscience hears,
 Words please the great ones best, the People, Tears :
 To please by Turns, their different Palates seek,
 Cry at *John Shewers* — — — and at *St. Lawrence* speak ;
 Manage your Voices, Tone, and Latitude,
 That without Pain you may be understood :
 This shunning Slowness, Gallops on Post-haste.
 The other Jades, in Fear to march too fast.
 One I can't follow, nor for t'other stay,
 And neither pleasing me I go my Way :
 Too fast their Sermons, or too Lagging go,
 When they by Heart say what by halves they know ;
 Valour was never judged by a Noise,
 Nor Eloquence beholden to a Voice :
 In vain to kindle Fires the Preacher tries,
 Which want of Zeal to his own Breast denies ;

74 *Dignify'd and Distinguish'd ; or,*

To these add *Hickman, Mayo, Shute and Long,*
Barthop, Hayes, Drake, Woodward, and Addison,
Whose Fame's as universal as the Sun.

Thus has my MUSE impartially describ'd,
The Eminent Priests that have been dignify'd,
 From the CHIEF-PRIEST down to the meanest Tribe
 The Names of other Levites I cou'd give,
Who Preach on Earth, but do in Heaven live :
 Who (like these I have nam'd) so well are wrought,
 They scarce do err in Looks, in Word, or Thought.
All these are Preachers, Pious, Learned, Mild,
 Free from all tricking and affected Stile.
 Then COPY from these, you ne'er can Preach amiss,
Their Life and Doctrine is the Road to Bliss.
 Thus Mod'rate Men who to the Pulpit rise,
 Honour the Gowr, and make their Hearers wise ;
 But Fiery Levites burn their DIGNITIES.
 And 'tis but Just, for why shou'd any Fool
 Be dignify'd, or rise in Honour's School ?
 Such RAIL, as if to War with Church and State
 Were Preaching, when 'tis only *Billinggate.*
 But those DIVINES that I have here describ'd,
 Are Men of PEACE, and such are dignify'd ;
 If not on Earth, yet in the SEE Above,
 Where the ARCH-BISHOP— is the God of Love.

Then Pulpit-Fools——— repent, and learn of these
 How you shou'd Preach, and how your Fortunes raise:
 'Tis not by Railing, but by preaching Peace.
 All we yet know o' th' blessed Saints above,
Is that they Sing, and live in Peace and Love.
 Here Pious Souls of all Religions came,
 Their Worship various, but their God the same.
 Here Doolittle with Comber Friendly twines,
 Here Scot does fly, to clasp the pious Vines.
 Here Mead and Patrick in Embraces meet,
 And Alsop joins in Praise with Stillingfleet.
 Horneck and Aunesley, and Millions more,
 Alike are Happy, and alike Adore :
All, All is Peace, all Prejudice forgot ;
 From sev'ral Stations, at one Mark they shot.
 The Just reach Heav'n, although by different Ways,
 God is their SUN, and they his spreading RAYS.
 Tho' at the Circle some are opposite,
They meet and center in Eternal Light.

Pulpit-Fools, your causeless Feuds remove :
 If you below, be blest like them above ;
 Each Peace like them, and learn from them to love.
 PEACE be Heav'n to ev'ry Saint that dies,
 Pulpit Quarrel can be counted wise *.
 He's L—y, B—ch—— and Do——ton who scolds,
 All three Railers,— That's Three Pulpit Fools †.
 Al B—ret J—ne and staring H—ks,
 Cast the Fool in all their Railing Tricks ;
 If you Rail i'th' Pulpit, Press, and ev'ry where,
 If you'd Rail in Heav'n, were but Dissenters there ;
 Nothing is all their Z E A L, their Death-bed Theam,
 If might they live, they'd bite the Whigs agen :
 In Sermons, Spight and Prayers do always mix ;
 In dying Words are — Whigs are Schismaticks.
 Pulpit-Fools are Enemies to Love,
 For they think, 'tis how to Fend and Prove ;
 If you'd drop the Fool, and wisely Preach,
 Preach that Doctrine which you Weekly teach,
 Let your M O T I V E S still be Love and Peace ;
 Sermons convert not the Ideal Fool,
 Parson's Practice is the People's Rule.

See this confirm'd in that excellent Sermon (to repeat the Cha-
 rter given of it by the House of Commons) preach'd before the
 King and the two Houses of Parliament, Decemb. 31. 1706.
 By the Right Reverend Father in God, Gilbert Lord Bishop of
 Exeter, where are these Words ; Peace is a Word of an
 agreeable Sound, it strikes, and has Charms in it. God forbid
 that any who carry the Name of a Christian, shou'd re-
 peal against Terms of Peace, [and then adds this truly Pious
 Learned Prelate] It wou'd ill become a Minister of the
 Gospel of Peace, to sound the Trumpet of War. —
 A Friend of Mr. Philip Henry's (as the Learned Author of
 his Life tells us, p. 179.) writing to him not long before he dy'd,
 sent him his Thoughts concerning the Differences among the London
 Dissenters. To which he return'd this Answer : I can say little
 concerning our Divisions ; which when some Mens Judg-
 ments and Tempers are heal'd, will be also healed : But
 what will that be ? They that have most Holiness are most
 peaceable, and have most Comfort — This excellent Re-
 lation of the pious Henry, gave Rise to the Line above ; for if
 Ministers of the Gospel (who are call'd the Ambassadors of
 Christ, Isaiah 33. 7.) who Rail in the Pulpit (and thereby lose
 the Comfort they might expect from a Peaceable Temper) are
 Pulpit-Fools, there never was, or will be, such a thing in
 the World.

But

But above all, don't sordid Avarice love ;
 Your Work is Heav'n, and you must live above.
 If (as in S——) vile Avarice controuls,
 Old Nick may take us, you'll not mind our Souls.
 His Flock think him DIVINE—— Poor blinded Elders
 But they must cramb his Cupboard and his Shelves,
 Or Souls might starve, and Kids baptize themselves.
 He'd ne'er more CANT, or shew the Whites of Eyes,
 But for Reward—— *His God is Avarice.*
 Then loath his Vice—— *And Preach up Peace and Love,*
 You were *Distinguish'd* for to act the DOVE.
 You'll ne'er be BISHOPS (But for Fools decry'd,)
 If that your Preaching e'nt thus *Dignify'd.*

P R O J E C T I I I .

The Court and Character of Queen Mary
*With a Brief History of her private Cabals
 and the Methods she us'd for Introducing Popery ; containing Secrets that our English
 Chronicles have wholly omitted : To which
 added, The Fiery Trial, or the Case of the
 Protestants in Great Britain, in Case the Pretender
 (or Sham Prince) had succeeded
 his late Attempt upon Scotland.*

S EVERAL Persons of great Worth and Learning
 have already given Account of the great Cruelties
 that have been exercised by Papists on Protestants ; and
 some particularly have wrote of the Dismal Condi-
 tion of the Reformed Christians in Q. Mary's Days ; but no
 have yet, as I remember, acquainted the World with Queen
 Mary's private Cabals, and the Method she used to intro-
 duce Popery ; which was at her coming to the Crown a
 fair Way of being extirpated : And considering that the
 discovering of a Rock on which some have formerly stee-
 may be of great Use for others to avoid it (especially
TACKLING GENTLEMEN, who were lately
 ing to ruin their Native Country by their Dangerous Ex-
 periments) I have undertaken to give you this following
 Account of the Court and Character of Queen Mary I.

Edward VI. only Son to Henry VIII. succeeded in the Crown of England; a Prince that was good to live long, *The Phoenix of English Kings*, he had time to prosecute his Intentions, and mature his Genius; but the Sun in him did shine too bright in the King: God gave England only the Representation of a King, but wou'd not, in Judgment, let us be blest with him: Religion began to revive, Liberty to bud the People to peep out of their Graves of Slavery and Age, (just as they did at the Landing of King *William* of glorious Memory) and to have their Blood fresh and ring in their Checks; but all is presently blasted by his Death, and the People (who have seldom more than Hopes of their Comforts) are now fainting for Fear; England is darkned and hung with Black; Queen *Mary*, that Aleo of Women succeeds, and now both Souls and Bodies of the People are enslav'd, and nothing but Bone-fires of the Flesh and Bones of the best Christians. 'Tis after the Death of Edward VI. the Lady *Jane*, fourth Son to the Duke of *Norfolk*, was proclaim'd Queen, as given to her by Edward VI. But Lady *Mary*, Eldest Daughter to King *Henry*, had the greater Party, and so came to the Crown: after which she assisted at several private Cabals, to restore her Protestant Subjects; and in a few Weeks restor'd the Pope and Cardinal, &c. to his former Supremacy over England, darkned the Reformation begun, and appointed the Church Service again in Latin; and such a Bloody Tyrant, to make sure of the Crown, she beheaded the Lady *Clifford*, and others; yet she did not sit quiet on the Throne; for to compleat her Sin, she drunk deep of the Blood of the Saints, and sent Multitudes to Heaven in fiery Chariots. (And the like Fiery Trial we must have had again in England, had the Pretender succeeded in his Attempt upon Scotland, as I shall prove in the Conclusion of this Essay.) This Bloody Queen married *Philip* of Spain; yet the Lord shut up her Womb that she bore no Child, and cut her off when she had reigned over this Nation Five Years, four Months and odd Days, Anno. 1559. But 'tis too much to Name her as a Tyrant in the English Tongue; I shall therefore proceed to describe her Court and Character, as she was a Bloody Tyrant and Persecutor of God's People.

Henry VIII. King of England, having left the Kingdom of England in great Peace, and in a fair Way to shake off the burdensome Yoke of Rome, Edward VI. his Son, (as I hinted before) succeeded him; a Prince so hopeful, that in six Months Time, he had almost perfected the good Work begun by

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by his Father King *Henry*, but unkind Death snatch'd him away on the 6th of *July* 1553, in the 16th Year of his Age, whose Death was much lamented throughout the Nation; most People prophetically Prefaging the Misfortune which were coming on them: And tho' the Lady *Jane* (as I observ'd before) was proclaim'd Queen; her Reign lasted only ten Days; for the Council turning to the Lady *Mary* in the latter End of *July* 1553, caus'd her to be proclaim'd Queen of *England* in *London*, and other Parts of the Realm: Upon which she remov'd from her Castle of *Framlingham* towards *London*; and being come to *Warsted* in *Essex*, on the Thirtieth of *July*, the Lady *Elizabeth* her Sister, with a Train of a Thousand Horse, went from her Place in the Strand to meet her: On the Third of *August* the Queen rode through *London* to the *Tower*, where she set free *Stephen Gardiner*, late Bishop of *Winchester*, and restor'd him to his Bishoprick: On the fifth of *August* *Edmund Bonner*, late Bishop of *London*, Prisoner in the *Marshalsea*, and *Cuthberd Tunstal*, the old Bishop of *Durham*, Prisoner in the *Kings Bench*, had their Pardons, and were restor'd to their Sees.

Soon after this, 'twas resolv'd by Queen *Mary* (in her Private Cabals) that all Bishops whatever which had been depriv'd in the Time of *Edward VI.* shou'd be restor'd to their Bishopricks, and the New remov'd; and according to this Resolution, all that would not then forsake their Religion were turn'd out of their Livings; and several new Laws were again reviv'd by Act of Parliament, for the Trial of Heresie; and Commissions and Inquisitors were sent Abroad into all Parts of the Realm: Whereupon many were apprehended, and afterwards most of them burnt to Death, or else through cruel Usage died in Prison, and were bury'd in Dunghils in the Fields, to the Number of near 300 Persons, Men, and Women, in the short Reign of Queen *Mary*. But notwithstanding Queen *Mary's* Reign was the Bloody, yet at the Beginning of it, viz. " On the Twelfth of *August*, she made an open Declaration in Council " That tho' her Conscience was staid in Matters of Religion, yet she would not restrain or compel others, otherwise than as God should put it into their Heatts to embrace that Religion she was in; which she hop'd would be done by putting of Godly and Virtuous Men into Livings to Preach the Word of God.

Upon this all Parties hop'd for a Toleration to worship God their own Way; but the *Papists* presuming upon the Queen's being of their Religion, openly commended their own Religion, and reproach'd the Reformed: So that on the Thirteenth, one *Bourn*, Canon of *Pauls*, Preaching at *Pauls Cross*, not only pray'd for the Dead; but declar'd

Dr. *Bourner*, Bishop of London, (late restored, and then in
ence) for a Sermon by him made four Years before on
same Text, and in the same Place, had been unjustly
into the *Marshalseas*: Which Speech so offended the Peo-
who had a great Veneration for the good King *Edward*,
a great Disturbance arose, and a Dagger was thrown
im; but he with much Difficulty was convey'd into
's School by Mr. *Rogers*, whilst Mr. *Bradford* stept into
Pulpit and appeas'd the People. This being reported
the Queen, she makes another Declaration, That she
uld have all her Subjects live in Amity, and charg'd
n not to use the Words *Papist*, or *Heretick*.

Shortly after, all the Bishops which had been depriv'd
the Time of King *Edward VI.* were restor'd to their
opricks, and the New removed; also all benefic'd
n that were marry'd, and would not renounce their Re-
on, were put out of their Livings, and others of a con-
y Opinion were put into their Room.

These Men when restor'd, urge the Queen to re-establish
ery; whom she answers, That she designs nothing more,
must act with so much Secrecy and Caution, as not to
ame her Reformed Subjects. In the mean time, private
ls were held by the Queen, and some of the most vigo-
s *Papists*, and after several Consultations: it was fully
lv'd that *Popery* should be suddenly restor'd.

On the Nineteenth of *August*, *John Duke of Northumber-*
(who professed himself a Protestant in King *Edward's*
e, and perswaded the King to declare his Daughter the
y *Jane* his Successor) was try'd and condemn'd for
h Treason, and on the two and twentieth executed; and
his Death declar'd himself a *Papist*, and to have been so
ays. (By which you may note what Temporizers *Pa-*
s are, who can seem to be any thing for Interest.)

Now Things seeming to be a little settled, the Queen
ks it convenient to make another Step towards *Popery*;
ch is by a Proclamation to prohibit Preaching; it being
ain that when Man is ignorant, he is ready to embrace
Novelty, not being capable of considering whether it
ood or evil. Many Censures past upon this Proclama-
, but none durst openly testify their Resentment; for
of being clapt up; and though the Queen seem'd to
y all things fair, yet some of the wisest of the Reform-
being sensible that Persecution was coming on them)
several Consultations, but their Consciences will not
them rebel against their Sovereign: Yet on the Fifteenth
September, Arch-bishop *Cramer* courageously declares
ust the Mass; of which *Bourner* makes use to enflame the
en against him, and within two or three Days *Cramer*
and

and *Latimer* are sent to the *Tower* : Upon it several Reformed Christians fly beyond Sea.

The Queen, who had all this while contented herself with being Queen, by Proclamation, seeing things for nothing settled; proceeds to her Coronation; which was accordingly splendidly performed on the last of September. After which she discharges a Tax, publish'd a general Pardon; but interlac'd with so many Exceptions of Matters and Persons, that very few took Benefit of it; and those that did, were by the Commissioners assign'd to comply with them, despoil'd of Offices and Estates.

Soon after this Justice *Hales* was imprison'd, for that a Quarter Sessions in *Kent*, he gave Charge upon the Statutes of *Henry VIII.* and *Edward VI.* in Derogation of the Primacy of the Church of *Rome*; which was a Ingratitude in the Queen; he having in King *Edward's* Time, refused to sign a Warrant for disinheriting the *Lady Mary* and *Lady Elizabeth*.

On the Tenth of *October*, the Queen summons a Parliament, and Members are chose by Force and Threats in some Places; and in others, those employ'd by the Court did by Violence hinder the People from coming in to elect in many Places false Returns were made, and when the Parliament met, some were violently turn'd out of the House. Several Bishops were thrust out of the House of Lords, for not *Worshipping the Mass*, and soon after imprison'd.

On the Third of *November*, *Cranmer* was arraigned in *Westminster-Hall*, and found guilty of High Treason, (which *the Way, note, was only for not worshipping Mass, tho' other things were alledged against him*) and was condemn'd to die.

After which an Act was made for repealing the Law made by King *Edward*, touching Religion; (See what a Parliament can do when one is pick'd out for the Purpose.) then they pass'd another Act for preventing Affronts to Popish Priests who then began mightily to appear.

Then another Act was pass'd for preventing *Unlawful Assemblies*, which was meant the Meeting of the Reformed Protestants.

The Queen having brought Things to this Point, began to shew herself more openly, and publicly declared her Resolution of being reconcil'd to the See of *Rome*, and accordingly sends Cardinal *Pool* to the *Pope* for his Blessings and Directions; but he was stop'd by the Emperor as he was on his Journey: But the Queen sending to the Emperor to fire him not to hinder, Cardinal *Pool* went on his Journey.

In the mean while *Gardiner* at Home proposes to the Queen, several private Methods for rooting out the

and Religion, which are accepted of, but not put in Execution, 'till other Necessaries are dispatch'd; viz. the Match with Prince Philip of Spain, which Match the House of Commons dislik'd; alledging that it would bring England under a foreign Yoke; and since the Commons cannot be perswaded to consent to it, the Parliament is dissolv'd, (as was their constant Practice, when they wou'd not do what they thought sufficient to the Nation) and a new one pick'd out (by the same Methods) to agree to the Match; they were such as cou'd be brib'd to do any thing the Queen wou'd command them, for there were 1200000 Crowns sent from Spain to corrupt them. They confirm the Marriage, set up the same, and concur with the Queen in all Acts for persecuting Protestants: But Thanks be to God, we are not now in danger of such Parliaments, Peoples Understandings being now more where enlightned, and the whole Nation sensible of the ill will be the Consequence of such Parliaments who shall concur with a Popish King, for destroying the Lives, Liberties and Properties of those that are of the Protestant Religion. A Religion which authorizes not Murders and Rapines, that teacheth the Way to Heaven, by Meekness and Charity, by Loyalty and Faithfulness to their Prince, and Love to one another: But on the contrary, the Popish Religion pretends to convert People by Goals, Fire, and the Sword. The first Instance of which in this Queen's Reign, was Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer (three Reformed Bishops) being adjudg'd Hereticks and condemn'd to die. After which follows the burning of Rogers a Minister, Hooper and Barlow, two Bishops, and Bradford another Minister.

In the 25th of July, 1554, Prince Philip comes to Winchester, attended by several Nobles who were sent to Spain to fetch him; and on the 25th the Marriage was solemniz'd. An infinite Number of Papists of all Countries came to see him. The King and Queen send for Cardinal Pole from Rome, who being come, his Attainder was taken off, and he makes a Speech to the Parliament, exhorting them wholly to the Mother Church; upon which they deplore their former Errors, and profess themselves ready to abrogate all Laws prejudicial to the Church of Rome; upon which he gives them and the whole Nation Absolution. In March the Queen delivers up all the Irish Lands, and leaves them to the Disposal of the Pope and his Legate. So that by this Gentlemen may see what are to expect from a Popish Prince, viz. to have all their Estates taken away, their Families ruin'd, and even their Lives at his Pleasure —

Soon after this Ridley, Latimer and Cranmer, are burnt; Thousands all over England, the Repetition of who they were;

were, and where executed, I shall not trouble you with, but publish'd at large in *Fox*—I shall next discover Queen Mary's Designs, how she intended to have persecuted the Protestants in *Ireland*, but was by Providence prevented; as you shall further know by the following Relation, in which I shall only insert (as I have hitherto done) such material Passages, which have been omitted by other Historians, but have been asserted (as you'll hear anon) by several sufficient Persons, as well Ecclesiastical as Civil. Then to come to Queen Mary's Designs against the Protestants in *Ireland*.

Queen *Mary* having dealt severely with the Protestants in *England*, about the latter End of her Reign, sign'd a Commission for to take the same Course with them in *Ireland*: And to execute the same with greater Force, she nominates Dr. *Cochran* one of the Commissioners, sending the Commission by a Doctor; who in his Journey coming to *Chester*, the Mayor of that City hearing Her Majesty was sending a Messenger to *Ireland*, and he being a Churchman, waited on the Doctor, who, in Discourse with the Mayor, taketh out of a Cloak a Leather Box, saying unto him, *Here is a Commission that I have sent to the Hereticks of Ireland*, calling the Protestants by that Title. The good Woman of the House being well affected to the Protestant Religion, and also having a Brother named *John Edmonds* of the same, then a Citizen in *Dublin*, was troubled at the Doctor's Words; but watching her convenient Time, whilst the Mayor took his Leave, and the Doctor complementing him down the Stairs, she opens the Box, and takes the Commission out, placing in lieu thereof a Sheet of Paper with a Pack of Cards, the Knave of Clubs fac'd uppermost, wrapt up. The Doctor coming up to his Chamber, suspecting nothing of what had been done, put up the Box as formerly. The next Day, going to the Water-side, with good Wind and Weather serving him, he sails towards *Ireland*, and arriveth on the 7th of *October*, 1558. at *Dublin*; then coming to the Castle, the Lord *Fitz-Walters* being Lord Deputy, sent for him to come before him and the Privy Council; who coming after he had made a Speech, relating upon what Account the Commission came over, he presents the Box unto the Lord Deputy; causing it to be opened, that the Secretary might read the Commission, there was nothing save a Pack of Cards, the Knave of Clubs uppermost; which not only startled the Lord Deputy and Council, but the Doctor, who assur'd them he had a Commission, but knew not how it was gone: The Lord Deputy made answer, *Let us have another Commission, and we will shuffle the Cards in the mean while.* The Doctor being troubled in his Mind, went away, and return'd into *England*, and coming to the Court, obtain'd another Commission; but staying for a Wind at the Water-side, News

to him, that the Queen was dead: And thus God preserv'd the Protestants in *Ireland*.

This is a Copy of *Richard Earl of Cork's* Memorials, as also of *Henry Usber*, sometime Lord Primate of *Armagh*, being enter'd amongst *Sir James Ware's* Manuscripts, who hath often heard the late *James Usber*, Nephew to the said *Henry*, and also Primate of *Armagh*, aver the same, and wonder'd that *J. Fox* had not inserted it in his *Acts and Monuments*. There is yet living a Reverend Father of the Church, *Henry* now Lord Bishop of *Meath*, who can affirm this Relation from the said *James Usber*, late Lord Primate of all *Ireland*.

Upon the recalling of the Lord *Fitz-Walters* into *England*, Queen *Elizabeth*, who succeeded her Sister, discoursing with the said Lord, concerning several Passages in *Ireland*; amongst her Discourses, he related the aforesaid Passage that had happen'd in *Ireland*; which so delighted the Queen, that her Majesty sent for the good Woman, nam'd *Elizabeth Edmonds*, by her Husband nam'd *Mattershad*, and gave her a Pension of Forty Pound, *durante vita*, for saving her Protestant Subjects of *Ireland*.

I shall conclude this *Brief Account of the Court and Character of Queen Mary I.* (wherein I chiefly insert such *State Secrets* our *English Chronicles* have wholly omitted) with a brief Account of those dreadful Judgments that fell upon *Bishop Bonner* and *Bishop Gardiner*, (the two chief Persecutors of *Queen Mary's* Reign) with the Remarkable Judgments that fell her self.

1. *Bishop Bonner*, Bishop of *London* (and the greatest Persecutor in *Queen Mary's* Days) being imprison'd by *Queen Elizabeth*, dy'd in his Bed impenitent, and was deny'd Christian Burial, being at Midnight tumbl'd into a Hole amongst Thieves and Murderers.

2. *Bishop Gardiner*, a cruel Persecutor, died despairing, having a Bishop with him, who put him in mind of *Peter's* denying his Master; he said, *I have denied with Peter, but never repented with St. Peter*. He rejoicing at News of *Bishop Ridley's*, and *Bishop Latimer's* burning, at a Dinner that Day, was that Instant struck sick, deny'd use of Nature, either by Urine or otherwise for fifteen Days, and then dy'd with a sad inflam'd Body. And

3. As to *Queen Mary*, while she promis'd her Protection to the Gospel, she prosper'd, and by the Help of the Gospel she got the Crown; but afterwards breaking her Promise, and bringing in of *Popery*, and burning of *God's People* for the Gospels sake, she and her Nation was much punish'd, she was especially punish'd these several Ways, 1. Her Ships were burn'd. 2. She was oppos'd in her Endeavours to restore the *Abby-Lands*. 3. Her Subjects suffer'd almost

almost a Famine, so that the Poor People were forced to eat Acorns instead of Bread. 4. She lost *Calice*, or *France*, which had been the *English* Kings Right for the Reign of eleven Kings. 5. She was depriv'd of Children, which she greatly desir'd, and the whole Nation was cheated by the Rumours of her bringing forth a Son—— And lastly She having marry'd *Philip* King of *Spain*, and so subjugated her Subjectts to a Stranger (with whom she promis'd her self a Felicity) was very unhappy by his withdrawing from her and the short Time she reign'd, does of it self shew God's Displeasure for her burning so many eminent Protestants.

And now I shall only beg every honest *English* Man, who is willing to serve his God in Peace, and enjoy the Priviledges which God and the Laws hath given him, to consider how sad the Change of the present Religion and Government wou'd be, when it shall lie in the Power of the Pope to order the Destruction of Protestants, and a *Papish* Priest think himself oblig'd to execute such his Holiness's Orders when we who are free-born *English* Men, shou'd be persecuted, when those that will not rack their Conscience to save their Estates and Lives, shall be murder'd: For such and much worse, will be certainly the Consequence of it, if they, since all their Learned Authors do publish, That every Man is oblig'd to convert or confound Hereticks; and by that Name they stile us. Let us reflect a little upon the late Designs of the *Pretender* (or sham Prince) against *Scotland*. Was not the Scene of converting *England* and *Scotland*, laid in Blood? What Care ought then to be taken in preventing the Designs of such Men? How diligent ought we to be in Counter-plotting? How Industrious ought we to be in chusing good Members for Parliament, who it is known (I mean *Tackers* or *Pipists*) can make such a Figure in altering the Government, and bringing the Country to Destruction? How ought we to amend our Lives and be answerable to God's great Mercies hitherto bestow'd upon us, and send up our hearty Prayers that God would continue her Majesty's Life to us, and destroy and confound her Enemies and the Nations Enemies, and give a Blessing to our Forces both at Sea and Land; for shou'd the *French* King (or the *Pretender*, that sham Prince he lately sent to *Scotland* to burn and ruin us) ever get footing in *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*, we cou'd expect no other than a *Second Fiery Trial*.

And this leads me to discourse of the *Fiery Trial* it is or to state the Case of the Protestants in *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, in Case the *Pretender* (or sham Prince) had succeeded in his late Attempt upon *Scotland*: So that we have Reason sufficient why we shou'd resist the *Pretender*, even if

The most pressing Reason that can be urg'd, *Self-Preservation*; to refuse to receive him in *Scotland*, and return him again to the *French Tyrant* to avoid *Imprisonment, and Inquisition, the Stake and Fagot, Massacres, Racks, Gibbets, and the whole Fiery Trial*, the known Methods by which the *Romanists* support their Cause, and propagate their Faith. Shou'd the *Papists* prevail, the *Nonconformists* shall no longer complain of a *Sabbath-Day*; the *Parisian Vespers*, which bore that Date, shall be resum'd again, and silence all Complaints of them or of any other. And as his Holiness thought fit to celebrate that barbarous Villany, calling together, as *Thuanus* * tells us, his *Cardinals*, solemnly to give Thanks to Almighty God for so great a Blessing confer'd upon the *Roman See, and the Christian World*; by which a *Jubilee* was to be proclaim'd thro' the *Christian World*, whereof the Cause was express'd, *To give Thanks to God for destroying in France the Enemies of the Truth and of the Church*. There may be found on this Side the Sea, Men who will imitate the *Princes of the French Dominions*, who upon such encouragements from the *See of Rome*, and for the greater glory of God, (as they pretend) will be ready to consecrate their hands in a *Massacre* here with us. It is vulgarly known what was done to the poor *Albigenses* and *Waldenses*: How many hundred thousand of Lives the planting of the *Roman Gospel* in the *Pyrenies* cost: What Cruelties were practis'd in the *Low-Countries* by the *Duke d'Alva*: What Blood in this *Island* in the days of *Queen Mary*, what design'd to be shed in the *Powder Treason*, and that by the Privity and Direction of the *Pope himself*, as *Delrio* † informs us in Spight of all the *Palliations* that are now suggested; who withal adds, that his Holiness *Clement VIII.* by his Bull a little before that Time, gave order that, *No Priest should discover any thing that came to his Knowledge in Confession to the Benefit of the secular Government*: It seeming safer to these good Men to break all obligations of *Duty and Allegiance*, tho' bound by Oaths, than violate the *Seal of Confession*, or put a Stop to that meritorious Work, at one Moment to destroy their *Sovereign* with all his *Royal Family, his whole Nobility and Estate, and subvert the Government of their Native Country*. But we need not seek for Instances without our own *Memoires*, the Carriage of the *Irish Rebellion* ‡, where the *Papists* in a few Months cut the *Throats* of about two hundred thousand *Innocent Protestants* of all Sexes and Ages, cannot be yet forgotten. Which Act was so meritorious as to deserve from his Holiness; a most plenary *Indulgence* for all that were

* *Thuan. Hist. l. 53.*

† *Disq. Magic. l. 6. c. 1. §. 3.*

‡ *Lord Orrery, Pag. 29.*

concerned in it, * *Even Absolution from Excommunication, Suspension, and all other Ecclesiastical Sentences and Censures, whomsoever, or for what Cause soever pronounced or inflicted on them; as also from all Sins, Trespases, Transgressions, Crimes, and Delinquences, how heinous and atrocious soever they be, &c.* And if all these Burnings and Martyrdoms (which had been our Fate had the Pretender succeeded) don't deserve to be call'd— *A Fiery Trial*— there never was such a Thing which the Holy Martyrs were *flaming in Smithfield*, in Queen Mary's Reign.

Nor let any Man be so fond to hope for better Terms, or Liberty of Conscience, if the Pretender, or his Governour, the *French King*, shou'd now prevail. Let us look in the World, and we shall see on all Hands, that nothing any where suffer'd to grow, either under or near the *French Tyrant*, or *French Papists*. Where *Protestantism* has been strongly fix'd, as not to be batter'd down at once, it has been Degrees been perpetually undermin'd; witness the Proceedings against them in *Poland* and *Hungary*, and several Parts of *Germany*, the late Persecutions in the Vallies of *Piedmont*, and the Methods us'd in *France* to demolish the Temples, and disable them for their Employments, as almost exclude them from common Trades. I need not enquire what was lately done in the fruitful *Palatinate* by the *Rhine* and *Neckar*, for this Country has suffer'd more than any other during this long and dreadful War, by the frequent Invasions and repeated Conquests of the *French*; more than Two Thousand of their greatest Cities, Mark-Towns and Villages have been burnt down to the Ground by the *French Incendiaries*, as *Hydleburgh*, *Manheim*, *Worms*, *Spire*, *Frankendale*, *Baccarac*; all their Fortifications, state Castles, and Magnificent Churches at vast Expence were blown up into the Air, the very Graves of Princes laid open, their Skulls and Bones kick'd up and down the Churches and Streets; their *Vines* destroy'd, and in many Places rooted up, with a Design to make so fatal a War that this Country might never be peopled and inhabited again: Vast Numbers of those People perish'd in Woods and Caves, amongst the Wild Beasts, by Hunger, Cold, and Nakedness.

(Is not Divine Vengeance this Day judging the Authors and Instruments of such Barbarities?) These poor Refugees are the Survivors of them, who during a short Interval of Peace, had built up a few Cottages, and began to cultivate their Country, in hopes of some Means of Subsistence, but by reason of the late Irruptions of the *French*, who have

* *Lord Orrery, Pag. 61.*

in ruin'd their Country, carry'd away their Cattle, and do continue to this Day to exact vast Contributions from them, besides the many heavy Taxes from their own Government, who have stripp'd them of all the Enemy's Lives; seeing themselves in a manner Starving, destitute of all Conveniencies for humane Life, have thrown themselves into the Arms of *Britain's* Charity (A great Honour to the *English* Nation to be own'd the Refuge of the Distressed).

We see by four Thousand of these poor *German* Protestants who are now fled hither for Refuge, what Ruin, and (doubtless) *Fiery Trials* we must have gone thro' had the Pretender succeeded: However, this we are sure of, whatever Articles are, or can be made of Favour and Compli-
 ce, 'tis somewhat more than a probable Doctrine *,
 that Faith is not to be kept with Hereticks. The Jesuited Ro-
 mist is at large by Equivocations to say any thing, and by
 recting of Intention to do any thing; they can with a
 very good Conscience dissemble their own, and pretend to
 the Protestant Profession, come to the Devotions of Hea-
 then Idolaters, and that from express License from his Ho-
 nours Pope *Clement VIII.* upon Account of which, *We may,*
say Tho. à Jesu †, be present without any Scruple at the
rites and divine Offices of Infidels, Hereticks and Schismatics.
say, Peter Maffei †† makes it his boast, that Ignatius
Loyola imitated the Devil in all his Tricks, Cheats and Cunning,
 to convert Souls; and how his Followers have transcrib'd
 that Pattern, the World does know.

Yet farther, they, some of them at least, can set up a
New Gospel, where there is not one Word of the Cross of
 Christ; can worship heathen Idols, with that pitiful Re-
 serve of having in their Sleeve a Crucifix, to which they pri-
 vately direct their Adoration: All which as they are noto-
 rious for, being complain'd of to the Pope **, so are they
 incontroll'd, for ought appears, and permitted by him.
 Indeed what Conversation can there be with these Men, who
 are under no Obligations of Society, no Character of Notice
 or Distinction; who at the same time are Priests and Hectors,
 Jesuits and Artificers, Atheists, and Robbers; and amidst all
 this very good Catholicks. Let any honest sober Man judge
 what Kind of Religion this is, in it self, and how fit to be
 encourag'd and submitted to, which had been our Case (or

* Concil. Const. Myst. Jesuitism.

† De convers. infid. p. 854.

‡ In vit. Ignat. Loyol.

** Palafox Bp. of Angelopolis in his Letter to Pope Inoc. X.

else the undergoing the *Fiery Trial*) had the Pretender or power'd us with his *French Cut-throats*.

To close up all that has been said, from uncontroll'd Testimonies and Proofs, we have seen *the Influence* which *Popery* has either heretofore or may hereafter have amongst us in all the great Concerns of our Religion, our Prince, our Laws, our Property, our Country, our Families and Lives; and found it evidently destructive unto all; the Inference from whence can be no other, but that if we have any Love for our Religion, any Abhorrence of the *grossest Superstition Error or Idolatry*, any Regard for the Safety of her Majesty, any Care of our Laws or our Estates; any Concernment for the Strength, the Wealth or Numbers of our Nation; any Desire to hold the Freedom of our Conscience, the Virtue and the Honour of our Families; and lastly any Care for *Self-Preservation*, to escape *Massacres, the Fiery Trial*, and the utmost Rage of Persecution; it will behove us always to resist the *Pretender*, and his Abetter the *French Tyrant*, whose Successes we have Reason to expect to forfeit all our Interests, perish our selves, and bequeath *Idolatry, Ignorance, and Servitude*, to our Posterity.

P R O J E C T I V.

The Mathematic Funeral; or a Monument erected to the Memory of the late Pious and Learned Dr. JOHN WALLIS, in Algebraic Terms.

The Second Edition.

To which is added, A Satyr on the Present Mathematic Professors of London, Oxford and Cambridge.

To the Well-Wishers to the *Mathematics*.

Gentlemen,

WOND'ring to find so great a Man as Dr. Wallis, go uncom-
 mended by the World without so small a Tribute as that of a
 poetical Eucomium; I have here endeavour'd (tho' with
 little Skill in ARCHITECTURE is submitted to your Censure)

And him a Mathematical Tomb ; the Model whereof is herewith
I give you, either to demolish as it may obstruct, or to shew to the
Mathematic Professors of London, Oxford and Cambridge, as
shall not interfere with the Method of your daily Studies : I
his great M A N E S may forgive this Impertinence ; and
you'll Pardon the Trouble given you by,

Gentlemen,

Your Admirer and very

Humble Servant.

The Mathematic F U N E R A L.

As the Calm Night had chas'd away
The Noise, and tedious Hurry of the Day ;
And grateful Sleep with gentle Rest,
Had of all Cares relax'd my Breast,
Within my Brain did such Ideas play,
With this Scene supply'd the Absence of the Day.

Amidst the Shade, and Silence of a Grove,
Where not a Bird did sing, or Leaf did move,
Methought a grave Majestick Matron sat,
That seem'd oppress'd by some severer Fate ;
The Coronet she wore did quake,
And both her Hands convulsed shake ;
Which One held a Book, and One a Cypress Bough,
And Trouble sat in Wrinkles on her Brow ;
Nor could I guess what 'twas the Pageant meant,
All in these Words abrupt, — She gave her Sorrow vent :

Not so — Dear Wallis — Must thou quit the Stage,
Unheeded, unlamented by the Age ?
I'll rather raise up some unthought of Muse,
My thankless Offspring to accuse,
And tell — How deeply learn'd in Mathematic Lore,
Thou went'st in Paths scarce trod before,
And taught'st my tender Sons the Way,
(Such as wou'd follow and obey.)
To trace ev'n unto Demonstration's Top,
The most mysterious Problems up ;
Whate'er they do, I cannot chuse but moan
Their Tutor and their Father gone,
Nor hast thou left me such another Son.
As these last Words she spake, methought I saw
Another Shape near to the former draw,

Which

Which like the First, in all things did appear,
 (*Granta* her Name) for they two Sisters were,
 But that there sat not such a *Reverend Snow*,
 Upon her Head, or so much Sorrow on her Brow;
 She soon advanc'd, and with respectful Air
 Enquir'd, What meant the Words that struck her Ear:
 Why her Fair Sister shew'd such mighty Grief,
 Who 'midst so many Sons could never want Relief?
 The first replies, Ah *Granta* did you know
 The righteous Cause, you would not blame my Weal:
 Hear then — For if it must be said,
 Why *Rhedicina* grieves, it is for *Wallis* dead.
 To whom in *Algebraic Numbers* skill'd,
 Did ev'ry arduous Problem yield,
 Who taught what sure Vicissitude did guide,
 The Flux and Reflux of the Tide:
 What Laws confine the Sun, and Moon, and Stars,
 And guide the Motions of the Spheres,
 That could with Astronomic Eyes,
 On *Jacob's Staff*, as on his *Ladder* rise:
 Nay, as he Nature's larger *Volumes* did,
 And Heav'n's fair Characters spell out, and read;
 So could below abstrusest Things reveal,
 Tho' *Cryptic Symbols* strove and would conceal,
 However mingled and obscure, his Eye
 Could thro' the Mystic Veil th' intended Sense espie;
 When lab'ring Tongues impregnant went,
 When in articulate Sounds, he gave 'em easie Vent.
 Taught by him ev'n the Dumb did Silence break,
 And without Miracle learn'd to speak:
 Of what in any wise was great,
 His mighty Genius knew to treat.
 Who to the Sum of all his Arts would mount,
 Almost with his Arithmetic of Infinites must count;
 Well, as I can't but mourn, his Fall,
 I'll give him at my Charge the following *Funeral*.

I'll have the Solemn Pomp, and stately Show,
 In *Geometrical Progression* go:
 Sage *Algebra*, with Eyes cast down,
 By *Cubes* and *Roots* encompass'd round,
 Shall lead the Van, and by her widdow'd side,
 A gentle Band of *Flaxions* glide;
Equations with affected Pace,
 Shall gravely next take Place;
 Tall *Axioms* then shall march, upon whose State,
 Long *Corollaries* shall await,

The Mathematic Funeral.

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This learned and lamenting Tribe,
An huge *Ellipsis* shall describe ;
Whose two *Focusses* shall be
Algebra and *Geometry* :
Geometry, which mighty Queen,
Shall in her Robes the next be seen ;
Her *Mathematic Guard* among
Slow *Cylinders* shall roll along,
And all her *Curves*, and *Squares*, and *Circles* joyn'd,
In Figures properly combin'd,
Shall make her up a flowing Train behind.

This *Cavalcade* upon the *Bard* shall wait,
And in their Way participate his Fate ;
Fluxions shall weep so long, 'till they be grown
Most of 'em *Niobes* of *Stone*,
Carv'd with + and — upon his Grave fall down ;
The whole Contributors shall be
Of something to the luckless Treasury ;
And thus erect, (or rather shall become
Themselves) his Monument and Tomb,
(Not *Epicurus* Atoms could advance
The choicest of 'em in a happier Dance)
Thick *Cubes* shall down the lowest fall,
And make the solid Base of All ;
Then shall tall *Cylinders* stand up, and close,
Beauteous Pillars to compose,
Whereon small *Cones* themselves shall rear,
And at due Distances appear,
Superinduc'd from End to End,
Shall the *Catenaria* bend ;
Upon whose high and arched Top,
Held by an *Archimedes* up,
A wide stretch'd *Hemisphere* shall grow,
And be of all the *Cupilo*.
Laid underneath shall the Dear *Wallis* be,
And truly *Rhodycina* thinks that She
Can't a more sweet Interment have,
To lie down and take a Slumber in his Grave.
Methought here *Granta* answer'd —
Our Loss, indeed, I truly moan,
As he was also once my Son ;
But let not Sorrow to Excess,
Thus your Matronal Breast possess,
There are that ought to wipe our Tears away,
And Consolation may display ;
Your *Gregory* lives, who may maintain,
Business, and Grandeur, the Mathematic Train.

I have, how'er, a Son whose vaster Mind,
 By Ancient Limits not confin'd,
 O'er Learning's former Mounds has step'd,
 And the *Herculean* Pillars leap'd;
 He can, I'm sure, the mighty Loss supply;
 And cherish all the Orphan Progeny:
 He tells how of *Projectile Force*
Attraction did divert the hasty Course,
 And Subject to that only Law above,
 All the Celestial Bodies justly move;
 Which one great Principle unknown before,
 Supercedes the Need of more;
 And on all Nature's Works imprest,
 Does all Things solve like once the mighty *Alkabeji*.
 For, what in vain preceding Ages fought,
NEWTON produc'd at one prodigious Thought.

More was the *Matron* ready to have spoke,
 But that that mighty Name Sleep's tender Fetters broke
 The Vision fled away, and I surpriz'd awoke.

A S A T Y R on the present Mathematic Professors
 London, Oxford and Cambridge.

THUS, Reader, dy'd and was bury'd (in *Algebraic* by
 the Pious, Learned and Famous *Mathematic* Prof.
 of Oxford, Dr. *Wallis*, and with him (in a *Manuscript*
 dy'd and was bury'd *The whole Mathematic Science*; but
 has so little to do with his *TIME* as to bestow a *Panegyric*
 on the *Present Mathematic Professors* of London, Oxford
 and Cambridge? Not that I have any Aversion to the
Mathematic Science, or to the present Professors of it, for I
 own that as to the *Mathematic Sciences*, the superlative
 cellency of them transcends most other Sciences in
Perस्पicity and Certainty, and also in their Uses and many
 Benefits, and I as freely acknowledge the present *Mathe-*
matic Professors of London, Oxford and Cambridge, exceed
 other Mathematicians now living in *Europe*; but notwithstanding
 this, I shall presume to satyrize them so far as
 say that (since Dr. *Wallis's* Death) the *Mathematical*
 sciences in the General, are but either slightly and superficially
 handled in Definitions, Divisions; Axiomes, and Demon-
 strations, without any solid Practice, or true Demon-
 strations, either artificial or mechanical; or else the most
 struse, beneficial, and noble Parts are altogether pass-
 and neglected, which I shall discover in tracing over
 of the several Parts thereof.

For the prime and main Stone in the Building, upon which all the rest of the Fabrick is erected; the noble Art of Arithmetick, so highly esteem'd (and that not without Reason) in the Schools of *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, *Euclide*, nay, of *Aristotle* himself, is quite rejected by the present *Mathematical Professors of London, Oxford and Cambridge*, who notwithstanding would be esteem'd the great and most expert Master-Builders, though they throw away the chief Corner-stone; and is not only slighted and neglected as useless, and of no Value, but transmitted over to the Hands of Merchants and Mechanicks, as tho' it were not a liberal Science, or not worthy the Study and Pains of an ingenious and noble Spirit: And but that some private Spirits have made some Progress therein, as *Napier*, *Briggs*, *Mr. B.*, and some others, it had lain as a fair Garden un-tilled or uncultivated, so little have the present *Mathematicians* done to advance Learning, or promote Sciences.

And for the noble and most necessary Art of *Geometry*, the handling of it hath been with the same superficial Lightness, and supine Negligence, never bringing into practice; nor clear Demonstration, that which many Years ago *Euclide* compil'd with so much Pains and Exactness; and therefore are far from making any further Discoveries therein, contenting themselves with the sole verbal Disputes of Magnitude, Quantity, and the Affections thereof, leaving the Practice and Application thereof to *Masons, Carpenters, Surveyors*, and such like manual Operators, as if they were too good to serve so divine and noble a Mistress.

There hath been little Progress made in the *Optical* Art, which tho' it affords many, and wonderful Secrets, both for Profit and Pleasure, for by it Things far off are brought as at Hand, minute and small Things magnify'd, the wonderful Interfection of various Species, without confounding one another, demonstrated, the Sight of Men thereby succour'd, the *System* of the World thereby more perfectly view'd, and innumerable other Rarities, both of Art and Nature, thereby discover'd; yet have the Schools proceeded no further therein, than to verbal Disputes, and some *Axiomatical* Institutions and Doctrines; and but for the noble Attempts of some few, such celebrated *Mathematicians* as *Sault*, *Gregory*, *Harris*, *Newton*, and the like, the Arts and Mysteries of it had lain bury'd in Oblivion, and this Age never seen those stupendious Effects that thro' their Industry in this Art hath been brought forth.

4. As for *Musick* it hath had some little better Fortune, in that vulgar and practical Part, which serves as a Spur to Sensuality and Voluptuousness, and seems to be the

Companion of Melancholicks, Fantasticks, Courtiers, Ladies, Taverns, and Tap-houses, that hath had some Part taken about it, and some Honour done unto it, that Professors thereof might become *Graduates*; yet for the most mysterious Part thereof, which consists in the discovering Nature, Quality, Distinction, Sympathy, Dispathy, Significancy, and Effects of all Sounds, Voices and Tones that are in Nature, these are altogether unknown and neglected by the *London Mathematicians, &c.* as also how they might be serviceable to *Natural Philosophy*, and the laying open of the universal *Harmony* of the whole *Mundane Fabrick*, that remains untry'd and unattempted.

5. The *Astronomy* that the Schools teach being according to the *Peripatetick*, and *Ptolemaick System*, which they maintain with much Rigour, Severity, and Earnestness, is by the *London Mathematicians, &c.* extoll'd to the Heavens, as a *Harmoniacal*, regular and stately *Fabrick*, which without a *Demonstration*, or punctual *Observation*, they obtrude on the tender Understandings of unwary Youth; hold it forth with that Magisterial Confidence, as tho' they wou'd clearly solve all the *Phænomena*, and render the Causes, Grounds and Reasons of the Motions, and Effects of all the *Celestial Bodies*, and as tho' no Fault, Irregularity, or Defect cou'd be found in this so complete beautiful and orderly Structure; yet I must confess, that in all the *Scholastick Learning* there is not found any Part (to my Apprehension) so rotten, ruinous, absur'd and deform'd as this appears to be, and which may from evident Principles be everted, and cast down; and therefore I shall take the more Time in enervating the same, and to bring it from undeniable Principles both of *Physicks* and *Mathematics*.

First, Our *London, Oxford* and *Cambridge Mathematicians* take that for granted, or at least unprov'd, which is not only controvertible and indemonstrable, but untrue, namely that *the Earth is the Center of the Universe*, and that the heavenly Bodies do in their Motions so observe it, and from thence deduce the Causes of Gravity and Levity; the contrary or uncertainty of which appears thus. First, it is manifest that the Earth is not the Center of the most of the *Planetary Orbs*, because by their own Confession, some of them (*Sol* and *Saturn*;) are sometimes in their *Apogæum*, and sometimes in their *Perigæum*, that is sometimes nearer and sometimes further off from the Earth; which they cou'd not do if the Earth were their true and proper Center, because according to the Definition of *Euclide*, *the Circumference of a Circle is every where equidistant from the Center*, and all Lines drawn from the Center to the Circumference are equal to one another.

erwise it wou'd cease to be a Circle, and one Circle can
no more than one Center, and therefore the Earth is not the
Center of the Planetary Orbs.

Secondly, If the Earth were the Center of the Orbs of the
Planets, the Division of the Orbs wou'd be needless into
Eccentrics and Concentrics, which being their own Te-
nter, manifests that the Earth is not their true and proper
Center.

Thirdly, If the Earth were their Center, the *Æquinoctial*
Line dividing both the Earth and Heavens into two equal
Parts, the *Sun* in his Annual Motion cou'd not be longer
Time in the one half Circle than in the other, unless he did
pass over equal Intervals, or Spaces of the Line, in
equal Times, and so should intend and remit his Motion,
which is deny'd by our *London*, Mathematicians; and
before it being found by certain and yearly Observa-
tions, that he stays some Days longer on the North-
side of the *Æquator*, than on the South, it is manifest that
the Earth is not the Center of his Orb.

Fourthly, There are divers Planetary Bodies that move cir-
cularly, that observe not the Earth as their Center at all,
those *Mediceal*, and *Jovial Planets* about *Jupiter*, and those
about *Saturn*, *Mercury* and *Venus* about the *Sun*, and the *Sun*
about his own Center, and none of these respect the Earth,
therefore cannot be their Center, and so not the Center
of the Universe.

Fifthly, For the *Eighth Sphere*, no certain Rules of Art
can demonstrate that the Earth is its Center, because it
has no sensible Magnitude unto it, so that no Angle can
be assign'd to know the Distance, and the Eye cannot be a
certain and proper Judge, because it judges not of Distance
as its proper and immediate Object, but to do that is the
Business of the common Sense, and where the Distance is
great and vast, tho' the Eye be far Distant from the Cen-
ter, yet the Things seen will seem to stand in a Circle about
the Earth, tho' they be not truly and exactly so; and therefore
this is rather a Postulate than a Proof, and may justly be
deny'd, because it cou'd not be prov'd, either by the late
celebrated *Dr. Wallis*, or any of our present Mathematicians;
that all the Stars that we call or account fix'd, (tho'
we cannot prove that any of them are so) stand all in one
Plane or Orb, cannot be true; for doubtless the Difference
of their apparent Magnitude, is a certain Argument that
they are not all equidistant from the Earth, and therefore is
a strong Argument against the Earth the Center of the Universe.

Sixthly, For their Arguments taken from Gravity and
Density, our *London*, *Oxford* and *Cambridge* Mathematicians
do therein usually *petere principium*, beg the Question, and
thereby

thereby commit a most palpable *Paralogism*, for they de-
 Gravity to be that *quod tendit deorsum*, which tends downwards
 and if the Cause is demanded, why Bodies severed from
 Earth do tend downwards thither again, they answer
gravia sunt, which in effect is this, They tend to the Earth
 because they do tend to the Earth, which is *idem per se*.
 And if it were granted that the Earth were the Center of
 Universe, how cou'd a Center any way understood, be
 Cause of any Motion at all, or Locality, which is defin'd
 be a Space void of Bodies, and capable of them, have
 Power to give or cause Motion in a Body? These are
 groundless *Chymera's* of our present Mathematicians,
 knowing that Bodies separate from the Earth do move
 ther again from an intrinsic *Magnetick* Quality, which
 the Earth is by way of Attraction, and in the Part separ-
 by Motion of Coition, besides some other clear Reas-
 that may be given from *Statical* Principles, which for Be-
 ty's sake I am forc'd to omit: For from this is clearly e-
 dent, that the Earth not being the Center of the Universe,
 the whole Order and Frame of the *Scholastick* System, is dis-
 pated and out of Course.

2. And as our *London* Mathematicians, &c. have mis-
 en the Mark, in making the Earth the Center of
 Universe, they are as far wide in their Determination
 of the Circumference or Orbs, which they make
 be of a *Quintessential* Nature (as they term it) and
 be incorruptible, and free from Change and Mutation;
 it is believ'd that this erroneous Opinion of our pre-
 Mathematicians, is chiefly ground'd upon this, That
Heavenly Bodies remain still in the same State wherein they
 been observ'd to be many Ages before, and no sensible Alter-
 cou'd ever be perceiv'd in them.

To which I answer, That, this concludes nothing,
 cause it argues from *Knowing* to *Being*, when *Being* has
 Dependance of, nor Connexion with our *Knowing*, for
 Knowledge is not the Cause nor Measure of the Universe
 nor of the Things therein contained. *Falso enim est
 sensum humanum esse mensuram rerum: Quin' contra, est
 Perceptiones, tam sensus, quam Mentis, sunt ex Analogia
 non ex Analogia Universi.* It is falsly asserted, (by our
 Mathematicians) that *Man's Sense* is the Measure of the
 verse: But on the contrary, all Perceptions, as well of the
 as of the Intellect, are from the Analogy of *Man*, and not
 the Analogy of the Universe.

Again, there may be many Alterations in the *Celestial*
 Bodies, which by Reason of their vast Distance, we do
 nor can perceive, especially if we consider, that *Mutation*
 understood either as it relates *ad totum*, or *ad partes*, the

there may be; and without doubt are (whatever our present Mathematicians say to the contrary) many Alterations in the Parts of the Heavenly Bodies, tho' no Change at all as to the whole of any of them; for the Earth is immutable and incorruptible, in Relation to the Earth, as any other of the *Starry* or *Planetary* Bodies are, and the Change that appeareth in it, is but in the external superficial Parts, and tho' sensible to us, yet is not perceivable at a great Distance, for we can discern diverse Mountains and Parts of the Earth, far remote from us, yet we do not discern the Alterations that are in the Parts thereof; so if ones Eye were plac'd in the *Moon*, *Mars*, *Jupiter*, or any of those Stars which we call fix'd, we should perceive little Change then on the Earth, as we being plac'd here on those *Starry* Bodies.

Neither is it true that there appears no Mutation in the Heavenly Bodies or Orbs, because many Men of great Note, Experience and Skill, have observ'd that *Comets* have been seen in the Sublunary Orb, and evidently demonstrated the Motion of them by their *Parallax*, as *Tycho Brahe*, *Copernicus*, *Kepler*, *Wass*, and others, which clearly demonstrates (beyond the Refutation of our *London* Mathematicians, &c.) that there are Changes and Mutations in the Heavens; and so they are not incorruptible Bodies, as is falsely asserted. And the Evidence that appears to the Eye in the Use of the *Telescope* doth fully evince that there is an *Atmosphere* about the Body of the *Moon*, which cou'd not be if the *Heavens* were unchangeable. Another thing that our present Mathematicians grossly maintain is, that the Heavens or Orbs are as hard as Steel, as transparent as Glass, and yet have so many several Orbs of solid Orbs, *Eccentrics*, and *Concentricks*, *Epicycles*, &c. the like, which are all concamerated one within another, the Absurdities and Impossibilities of which I shall demonstrate in some clear Arguments.

For First, If they were solid Bodies (as some of our *London* Mathematicians assert) and that every Star were but *densior pars* of the *Orbit*; then either the convex Superficies of the contained Orb must exactly touch the Concave Superficies of the circumjacent Orb, or else not, but some Space to intercede between them, which must be either implete with some other Body, or else be a meer Inanity and Vacuity; neither of which can be according to their own Tenets; nor indeed according to the Truth it self. For if the convex Superficies touch the Concave exactly in all Parts; and there be neither Vacuity, nor Body interjacent, then, as our *Athenian* Brother, Mr. *Kinsault* has often asserted, *They must touch in infinite Points*, so there cou'd be no Motion at all, because there cou'd be no Approach nor Retraction; and where there is neither of those,

it is impossible there shou'd be local Motion, or Lation; two exact, smooth and equal Superficies of hard and Bodies joyn'd together, the uppermost will, if it be up, lift up the Lower also, if the Force of Elevat in the Center of the solid Bodies so fitted, as may be in *Brass, Marble;* and the like; so that consequently cou'd be no Motion at all. And if there were any Motion at all it must needs be with Confrication, and Attrition and so without Plenty of some oily Substance, would cause *Pythagoras* his spherical Musick, but an unbecoming rumbling Noise, such surely as possess'd the Brains of those that were the first Authors of this mad and extravagant Opinion: But if our present Mathematicians say that there is a Vacuity interjacent, then there cou'd be no Motion together, because according to the Schools, *Motus in vacuo non datur*; and if they say, there is some other Body between them what is it? for if it be any Elemental Body, they can not be, because they have incarcerated them all within the concave Superficies of the *Moon*; and if there were any other Body included between, then seeing according to *Aristotle* that *Motus est causa caloris*; how cou'd it be but that the Body wou'd be heated even to Ignition? Seeing that the Heat doth continually rarifie, and the Orbs continue moving with such an incredible Swiftnes, and no Place for Evaporation, but is close pent in by the superior Orb, how cou'd all not be of a Flame, or forcibly torn, and scatter'd afunder? unless we must have all solv'd with that frequent Shift, that they are eternal, and ingenerable Bodies, and are but *Analogously* like ours, and so suffer none of those things that elemental Bodies do: When our *London Mathematicians* have clearly shew'd what that *Analogy* is, wherein they are neither absolutely like our sublunary Bodies, nor absolutely different from them, then it will be Time enough to return them a more plenary Respect: until then let this suffice.

Secondly, If the Orbs were solid, how cou'd it possibly be that there cou'd be *Eccentrics,* and *Concentricks,* the one having a more dense or thick Part in one Side of the Circle or Orb, and the other having so likewise on the Part opposite? Now how these shou'd have Motions of their own if they be solid, to me seems impossible; and I could not but to see our present *Mathematicians* produce one good Argument to the contrary, and that they'd tell us, how or why the *Wav Epicycles* shou'd be affix'd to these extending only from the Concave Superficies to the Convex; how this shou'd be done in *Spherical Solids,* or Orbs, without either Penetration, or Dimensions, admitting of Vacuity; or some other fluid Body to be interjacent; I don't know what our *London,* Or

Cambridge Mathematicians will say to these Difficulties, to me they seem more difficult to unloose, than the Gordian Knot was to *Alexander*, and will never be untied unless some one have learn'd of his great Patron to cut that asunder which he cannot untie.

Thirdly, If the Orbs were solid, and impenetrable, then it is not possibly any Comets be above the Superficies of the Moons Orb, or if it be certain that they have been observed above, (which is true) then of Necessity the Orbs are not solid, but fluid Bodies; neither could any new Star appear if they were solid, but such have been known undoubtedly to be seen sometimes, and yet were no Comets, therefore of Necessity they are fluid, and not solid Bodies. It is undeniably true, that if the Orbs were hard as Marble, and of such Solidity, as is alledg'd by our present Mathematicians, then they could not possibly intersect or enter into the Orbs of one another; but it is certainly known by exact Observation, and *Mathematical Demonstration*, that when *Mars* is in the lowest Part of his *Epicyle*, or *Perigee*, he is then within the Orb of the *Sun*, which he could not penetrate if it were solid, and therefore unquestionably they are not hard, but fluid Bodies; and so the *Ptolemaick System* is ruinous and groundless.

Fourthly, I shall urge one *Optical Argument*, which is this. That if the Heavens were all solid, and divided into many Orbs, and they again subdivided into others, (as is pretended by our *London, Oxford and Cambridge Mathematicians*) then it must follow necessarily, that according to the Multitude of Superficies, so must the Multiplieity of Refractions be, which in this Case wou'd be very numerous, so none of the Perfection thereof, especially in the mutual Correspondence and Application of the Heavens, and the Stars; neither are the other brought into Practice, especially the *Theoremes of Hydrography*, whereby Men might be enabled and fit for Navigation, one of the most necessary Employments and Advantages of our Nation.

What shall I say of the Science, or Art of *Astrology*, which the blind Fury of *Misotechnists*, and malicious Spirits, have kept me from giving it the Commendations that it deserves? Shall our present Mathematicians, who have not only slighted and neglected it, but also scoffed at it, terrify me from expressing my Thoughts of so noble and beneficial a Science? Shall the Arguments of *Picus Mirandula* and others, who have bitterly inveigh'd against it, frighten me from owning the Truth? Shall the railing Pulpit-Preacher (I mean the *Tacking Clergy*) who wou'd have all Mens Opinions pinn'd upon their Sleeves, and usually condemn all that they understand not, make me be silent in so just a

Cause? No truly, I must needs defend that which Judgment evidences me to be laudable and profitable; but that I utterly condemn the Ignorance, Knavery, and Delusion of many pretending *Sciolists*, that abuse the same; but shall the Art of Medicine or *Chymistry* be condemn'd and rejected, because many Ignorant *Empiricks* and false *Alcumists* do profess them? Surely no, let Blame be upon the Professors, not upon the Profession itself. For the Art it self is High, Noble, Excellent, and Useful to all Mankind, and is a Study not unbefecming the best and greatest Scholars, and no Way offensive to God or true Religion. And therefore I cannot without detracting from Wisdom and Virtue, pass without a due Elogij in the Commentaries of my learned Kinsman Mr. *Tanner* of *Amersham*, Dr. *Patridge*, Mr. *Lilly*, and others, who have taken unwearied Pains for the Resuscitation, and Promotion of this noble Science and with much Patience against many unworthy *Sciolists* have labour'd to propagate it to Posterity, and if it were not beyond the present Scope I have in Hand, I should have given sufficient Reasons in the Vindication of *Astrology*.

7. What shall I say of *Staticks*, *Architecture*, *Pneumatick*, *Stratarithmetrie*, and the rest enumerated by that excellent and learned Man, Dr. *John Dee* in his Preface before *Eutocius*. What excellent, admirable and profitable Experiments every one of these afford? Truly innumerable, the least of which is of more Use, Benefit and Profit to the Life of Mankind than almost all that Learning that our two Universities boast of and glory in, and yet by them utterly neglected and never look'd into; but what huge, stupendious Benefits these can bring to pass, let our learned Countrymen, and late pious and learned Dr. *Wallis*, *Flamstead*, *Harris*, *Gregory*, *Newton*, and many others speak, who remain as a Cloud of Witnesses against the supine Negligence of most of our *London*, *Oxford* and *Cambridge* Mathematicians, who for many Centuries have done nothing therein: Is this to be the Fountains of Learning, and Well-spring of Science? Let all rational Men judge and determine.

Thus has the *Mathematic Funeral* (or the Loss of that accomplish'd Mathematician Dr. *Wallis*) seasonably led me to satyryze the Errors found in the present Mathematic Professors of *London*, *Oxford* and *Cambridge*; and if any Master of that noble and useful Science thinks good to reply to the Errors I have here discover'd, he may expect a Vindication of all I have here writ, in the *Second Volume* of my Writings, entitul'd, *ATHENIANISM*, which will be publish'd about six Months hence.

PROJECT V.

WINTON'S SHADOW:

*The Character of a Summer Friend —
With a Postscript on the same Subject, spoke
extempore by the famous NAT. LEE,
whilst in Bedlam, and never printed be-
fore.*

When as the SUN flings down his richest Rays,
And with his shining Beams adorns my Ways;
See how my SHADOW tracks me where I go,
I stop, that stops, I walk, and that doth so:
With winged Flight, and still I spy
My SHADOW run as fast as I;
When a sable Cloud doth dis-aray
The SUN, and robs me of my smiling Day,
SHADOW leaves me helpless all alone,
When I most need Comfort I have none.
So it is; let him that hath the Height
Of outward Pomp, expect a Parasite;
You art Great, thy HONOURS will draw nigh,
And are the SHADOWS to Prosperity.
When the Summer Friend makes suit to thee,
Cap in Hand, and with a bended Knee;
If disastrous Fate shou'd come betwixt
And thy SUN, thy Splendor's all eclips'd:
Friends forsake thee, and thy SHADOW's gone,
Thou (poor Sunless Thou) art left alone.
Faddy People follow Fortune's Flows,
Adverse Fortune, real Friendship shows.
Gold's unknown, by Fire not purify'd,
Friendship by Adversity is try'd *.

*For my own Share, I never saw the Man that wou'd own
Gold in Adversity; I confess, if any thing cou'd beget us
to it, it wou'd be the freely venturing all one has, to serve
in their Distress: But this I have done for several; but
the first Cloud that arose, I found those that I had most
the very first that wou'd cut my Throat: So that (as*

Whilst we can give, or Fortune seems to smile,
 Friends follow SUN-SHINE as the Soldiers Spoil,
 Whilst I was Rich, — I was the best of Men
 'Twas then proclaim'd (so high my Praises ran)
 Oh what a Blessing is our Brother John!
 But when my Fortune did begin to wain,
 But two of all my Crowd of Friends remain *,
 The rest were Fortunes Rabble and not mine.
 That Reverend, Sacred Name of Friendship, lies
 Without Regard, as Things they most despise.
 Whilst thou art wealthy, thou some Friends may'st see
 If Fortune CLOUD, thy SUN will scarce amount
 To SHADOWS, for these Friends, like ANTS, will run
 To better Stocks, when all thy Store is gone.
 Yet here's my Comfort, Lord, if I can see
 My SHADOW, I must needs a SUBSTANCE be.
 Oh let me not with Worldly Shadows clog
 My self, grant me more Wit than Æsop's Dog.

Cowley says) [There are fewer Friends on Earth
 Kings.] FRIENDS! What hard Word was that! Really
 you ever see any of those Creatures? Are they Men and Women?
 If they are, they come from Bantam or Japan; for my part
 never saw any such born in England (save those few mentioned
 in this Poem). 'Tis true, I have seen something like 'em, call'd
 the delicate Name of Well-wishers; Persons that have
 in their Mouths, Well, Mr. Dunton, I'm glad to see you
 and shou'd mightily rejoyce to see you as happy as formerly;
 these Shadows of Friends wou'd not step over the Threshold
 do me a Kindness — So that except I'd put my self in
 Gazette, or stand at the Exchange, like an Irish Man, with
 Breeches full of Petitions, delivering 'em like Doctor's Bills,
 I see, I shall get nothing; nor scarce so neither; for now my
 is empty, no Body knows me; (neither Sisters, Uncles, or
 Cousins, &c.) The surest Friend I have found in my Retirement
 and since I have abdicated the World and Business, is my
 der'd Waistcoat, presented me by Mrs. Ann Goddard, which
 stuck to me for twenty Years, and I cou'd almost grow
 ous over the very Ruins of it. I might also mention my
 METTLE; for like a Winter-Friend, he sticks close
 Master in all Weathers — He's a DOG of Honour,
 teaches Fidelity, Love, and Gratitude to all such as
 their Friends in Distress — Well might Job say, Ask
 the Beasts, and they shall teach thee — There is
 Love and Gratitude in some Brutes, (but more especially
 English Spaniel) that my Summer Friends (the greater
 of the two) are meer Strangers to —

* Sister W — ly, and Sister S — ry are here mentioned

his Man's a SHADOW, and his Friendship is,
Shadow's Shadow, yet don't judge amiss.
 Tho' our *Summer-Friends* are SHADOWS all,
 Have a *Friend* in Heav'n will never fail.

At *Shadow-Friends* of diff'rent Sorts we find,
 Some Rich, some Poor, and some of spightful Kind,
 Some so base they only stab behind.
 Nothing is true—— (when ev'ry Word's a Lye)
 Some Friends whisper as a Secrecy,
 When you tell't ne'er own you had't from me.
 Which your honest Reputation's tofs'd
 From one to t'other 'till your Credit's lost.
 In all such *Shadow-Friends* I'm wholly free,
 Now no Person ever slander'd me,
 W— F—— and *Thou Humility* *.
 If these durst but Once approach my Face,
 I'd eat their Words— (That's spew their own Disgrace).
 When Lyes spread with— Sir, I dare not name
 The Man who said it— For he won't be known:
 The Thing was spoke— But I must not pretend
 To tell the Author—— Then I lose my Friend.

By *Thou Humility*, I mean a certain Quaker now living
 at Albans, who might with as much Honour and Justice
 cut my Throat as have list'ned to the HEAR-SAYS of
 an Nicholas, who wou'd have slander'd her own Husband
 for a Two Pence, not considering (for what does a scrap-
 miser consider, that prefers the World to a good Conscience!)
 A Man's Eye and his Honour are two tender Things; the one can-
 not abide the rough Touch of the Hand, nor the other endure the
 Jerk of the Tongue, and therefore by the Owners they are
 usually preserv'd; so by others that deal with them, they should
 be tenderly us'd: This made Plato commend the Law of the Lydi-
 ans that punish'd Detractors with the like Punishment as they
 Murderers, for one takes away the Life of a Man, and the
 other his good Name, which is more worth (saith Solomon) than
 worldly Wealth; For what is so Precious to a Man as his
 Reputation? Which to a good Man is above all his Goods, and Life it
 self; for Riches and Life are things brittle and fleeting, our
 Reputation is going often away before us, and our Lives always with us,
 our Fame is that which doth always eternize us; that only
 remains when we are rotten; which made Herbert say,

'Tis only the Religious Actions of the Just,
 That flourish in the Grave, and blossom in the Dust.

When Lyes are told thus, ne'er to be reveal'd,
Good Names are murder'd and the Rogue conceal'd.
 Such Friends (such Monsters) when they are in Vogue,
 Deserve to hang more than the *Highway Rogue* ;
For when he robs, he fairly bids you stand,
 But these Fame Cut-throats never shew their Hand.
 From all such SHADOWS in Adversity,
Good Lord deliver— is my LETANY.

Another Sort of *Shadow Friends* I'll prove,
 Who are RELATIONS, but are void of Love.
 Go to their House, or meet them in the Street,
 'Tis then *Dear Brother* (and with Joy they greet)
How have you done? I hope you're come to stay,
What can you eat, your're welcome as the Day ;
 And twenty other tender Things will say.
 But be but POOR, your Company they shun,
 For SHADOWS vanish with the setting Sun.
 This is my Friend for ever one wou'd think,
Where Blood and Inclination ties the Link :
 But all's AMUSEMENT, there's no Friend but Chink.
 For Friends and Fish in three Days ever Stink.
I have no Friend in Consanguinity !
 If I have Friends, 'tis only such as be
 Meer Strangers to my Father's House and me.
 Sisters, 'tis true, by Nature shou'd be kind,
 But to a haughty, or a scraping Mind
 In Love with Gold, which does true Friendship prove,
 There's no more Honour, Tenderness nor Love.
 Children said DAD (but just before he dy'd)
Love, dearly Love, (and at those Words he cry'd.)
 Let every one a *Tender Father* be
 Unto the rest, and love by Sympathy,
 Visit your Brother, and remember me ;
 But *Stately MOLL* can pass my very Door,
 To visit *T* ———, where she expects the Oar *,
 But never calls on JACK -- for he is poor.
 And *BETTY* too, who I shou'd most commend †,
 Is such a SHADOW of a real Friend,
 She'll pass thro' *London* unto *Brentford* Town,
 To visit this, and that, and all but *JOHN* :
 No! He's eclips'd, and can't deserve Respect,
 For SHADOWS vanish when the SUN is set.

* *A good Estate.*

† *As she made me a Noble Present, and is a Sister that writ to me.*

Will speak me fair, and cut my Throat anon,
 They are such very SHADOWS every one.

Then farewell, *Summer-Friend*, for at the best
 Thou art a Trencher-Snake, a Swallow Guest,
 It flies in *Winter*, and still loves in jest. }
 When Fortune shines DEAR FRIEND was then the Word,
 Thou'rt, *come borrow*, what my House affords;
 Now my SUN is set, you han't to lend,
 We are but just the SHADOW of a Friend.

Then view the *Chances* of Inconstant Fate,
 And you'll abhor the Thoughts of being Great.
 No wou'd on Favour or on Words depend,
 When there is no such Thing as *Real Friend!*
 No constant Love, no grateful Action due,
 No Man that's *Profit-Proof*, nor Woman true.
 Your Friend, if wanted, shall soon weary prove,
 Your Mistress tempted shall desert your Love;
 Friendship's—SHADOW—but what shines Above. }
 O, your Self, against your better Self shall hold,
 And the Vices of your Body damn your Soul.

If this be *Dunton's Shadow*, some may say,
 What is his SUBSTANCE, (has he such a Stay);
 Substance is, who smiles when Wealth is gone,
 Or Shadows fly when SUN is but withdrawn).
 And Cowley has describ'd the Friend indeed,
 Like *WILL. LUTWICH*; he's a Friend in need.
 Like *CLIMENE* * he dares not flatter you,
 He hates your Vice, or else cou'd not be true,
 He is in SUBSTANCE all he is in Shew. }
 Like *GEORGE* † was that Friend, and he does still survive,
 The noblest Friend alive:
 How freely always wou'd he give or lend,
 Like *Lutwich*, he was SUBSTANCE to the End,
 He's only proud when he cou'd serve a Friend. }
 On his Word, you as on Fate might rest;
 He rather if it cross his Interest:
 His TRUTH ev'n his most trivial Thoughts did tend,
 When heavy Bodies sink, and Flames ascend.
 His Contraries his Meekness reconcil'd,
 As soon as Anger touch'd his Breast 'twas mild.

* My present Wife.

† Mr. George Larkin, Senior, lately deceased.

My worthy Friend, Mr. William Lutwich, now living at
 No. 10 in New-Street, is here meant.

His

His Frown's so stern (when he did Vice reprove)
 Through his Aversion made, you see his Love:
 From most Resentment does in Hate conclude,
 But his Concern was always for your Good:
 Fix'd to his Friend, inviolably true,
 And wisely chusing, for he chose but few.
 Some *GEORGE* must have, but in no one cou'd find,
A Tally fitted for so large a Mind,
GEORGE was no *Shadow-Friend*, (that's *Knave* resign'd.)
 Then wonder not to see his Soul extend
 The Bounds, and seek some other felt, a Friend!
 As swelling Seas to gentle Rivers glide,
 To seek Repose, and empty out the Tyde;
 So his full Soul in narrow Limits pent,
 Unable to contain him sought a Vent,
 To issue out, and in some friendly Breast
 Discharge his Treasures, and securely rest.
 'Tunbosom all the Secrets of his Heart,
 To take Advice, but better to impart.
 For 'tis the Bliss of Friendship's holy State,
 To mix their Minds, and to communicate;
 Tho' Bodies cannot, Souls can penetrate.
GEORGE— was in *SUBSTANCE* what he was in Tongue
 And what he said you might depend upon.
 He said the same of me (*True Friendship's often blind*)
 For in his *Book* * these Complements I find.

" What have I got? Why I have got a Friend,
 " Whose Friendship does it self to me commend.
 " From *SUMMER-FRIENDS* (Thanks to my Stars I hate)
 " None can for private Ends be Friends to me.
 " In this then I the richest Man exceed,
 " *He that's a Friend, to me's a Friend indeed.*
 " The Union of two Friends is nearer far
 " Than Man and Woman join'd in Wedlock are.
 " Man and his Wife indeed *One Body* be,
 " But here a Union of *Two Souls* we see,
 " 'Tis verify'd in *DUNTON's* Love to me.
 " True to his Friend, as to the *North* the *Stone*,
 " And is that *SUBSTANCE* I can rest upon,
 " I know none like him, he's — *A Friend alone.*
 " And since this *PHEENIX* to my Share does fall,
 " I still am *RICH*, tho' I have lost my *A L L.*

* A Book he was wont to carry in his Pocket, in which
 (occasionally) writ some extempore Verses, among which
 Complement to me is one.

Dear George, thy *ALL*—My Loss did highest fly,
 When you launch'd into Vast Eternity,
 That Solemn Journey you describ'd to me *.)
 As, dear George Larkin, my Esteem for thee,
 As equal to thy Worth and Love for me.
 Dearer than my Soul! If I may call it mine,
 Or sure we had the same—'Twas very thine.
 Thou wer't no SHADOW but a real Friend;
 At *GEORGE* is dead, and Friendship's at an End;
 End! — No! It has got one more Reprieve
 From Honest *WILL*, the Noblest Friend alive.
 He scorns to borrow where a Friend wou'd give,
 Without ONCE asking (had he but to live)
 He's truly honest and above Deceit,
 He scorns by Little Actions to be Great.
 If (by Chance) he drops what causeth Strife,
 He wou'd not eat his Words to save his Life,
 He sticks as close to TRUTH as to his Wife.
 He ne'er betrays what's in Confession given,
 Nor Represents you wrong, cries Six is Seven,
 No Mortal do't, *Will. Lutwich* merits Heaven.
 In Quarrel with some †, all Secrets then come out,
ALL ne'er betrays,— *He'd starve before he'd do't.*

Alluding to that Letter he sent to me whilst lying on his death-bed (to be found in my first Answer to Dr. Kennet's Sermon) where is this Expression, My best and dearest Friend, I think and hope I shall be before you in that Mount-Sion which is Above, even the City of the Living God, the Heavenly Jerusalem, thither I am hast'ning, the Lord be my good Speed in this most important and momentous Journey.
 † Friendship once broken is hardly piec'd, and piec'd Enmity never surely solder'd, yea the very Guilt of having done a Wrong to a generous Friend, hath such a deep Impression in the Injurer (or Shadow Friend) as he never after trusteth in the Party injured, nor treateth with him in any Sincerity. Reconcilement being such is like the supple Ointment which only easeth the present Smart, and skins the Sore, but searcheth not the Root, eat out the rank Flesh, and draw out the malign Humour. It is therefore impossible to cure this exulcerate Wound, and establish a sound and sincere Friendship between them, because the old Humour of Malice is never well purged from the Dreggs of Diffidence and Desire of Revenge: There is no Security against such an enemy, but Diffidence, and holding him out at the Sword's Point;
 I'll say no more of this Shadow, or seeming, Friend (the latter) for I shou'd be more troubled to keep Measure, than to furnish'd with Matter, if I had a Mind any further to expose
 In's

108 DUNTON'S SHADOW.

In's *Breast* you may your self and Secrets lay,
 He *Locks* it up, and gives to you the *KEY* :
 Kindness less true, can have no faithful End,
 'Tis *SHADOW*, Trencher Snake, and Summer-Friend,
 Some are *huge kind*, whilst you carests and pay,
 But cease to shine, such *SHADOWS* fly away.
 Such *Shadow-Friends* can be no Friends of mine,
 Their greatest Kindness is but meer Design,
They deal in Friendship as Men trade in Wine.
 Thus *Lutwich's* Friendship is by *SHADOWS* prov'd,
 'Tis *Substance*, and as such 'tis truly lov'd.
 Still to one End we both so justly drew,
As courteous Doves together yok'd wou'd do.
 No Weight of Birth does on one Side prevail,
 Two Twins less even lie in Nature's Scale ;
 We mingle Fates, and both in each do share,
 Where *Lutwich* grieves, go look for *Dunton* there :
 If any Joy to one of us is sent,
 It is most his to whom it least is meant :
 And Fortune's Malice betwixt both is crost,
For striking One, it wounds the Other most.
 Never did Marriage such true Union find,
(For Marriage-Friendship is but Lust resin'd).
 'Tis but a *SHADOW* to this Friend of mine,
 For there is still some Tincture left of Sin,
And still the Sex will needs be stealing in ;
 Those Joys are full of Dross, and thicker far,
 These without Matter, clear and liquid are.
 O ye bless'd One, whose *LOVE* on Earth became
 So pure, that still in Heaven 'tis but the same :
 There now ye sit, and with mix'd Souls embrace,
 Gazing upon *Great Love's* mysterious Face ;
 And pity this base World, where Friendship's made
 A Bait for Sin, or else at best a Trade.
WILL—— is exempted from this *Summer Crew*
Of Cupboard Friends ; he loves not yours but you.
 Ah Noble *WILL*, who a true Friend cou'dst be,
 When all the World turn'd *Shadows* unto me,
 Save honest *George*, and Pious *Climene*.
 To this strange Pitch our high Affections flew,
 'Till Nature's self scarce look'd on us as two.
WILL. think on this, for now *George Larkin's* dead,
 My Fate depends upon your single Thread :

*this Judas-like Traitor ; and therefore without any Hopes of a
 Repentance and Amendment, I'll leave this Judas (the false
 Friend) to hang himself.*

Therefore

Before with Care, pray cultivate your Health,
 In your CARGO doth consist my Wealth ;
 Wish your Constitution still serene,
 Not a discolour'd Feature may be seen :
 Diseases are follow'd by obsequious Shades,
 When Sickness makes you droop my Pleasure fades ;
 Feel the previous Symptoms of your Urn,
 When the least Fever warms you, I must burn ;
 And when Anomalous Cold doth make you quake,
 In the Torrid Zone, yet I must shake :
 That which did kindle shall put out our Light,
 In Needles the same Magnet did excite :
 Circle terminates where it first begins,
 All die like old Hippocrates's Twins ;
 Live in Life, in Death we'll be the same,
 In Piles shall make one Pyramid of Flame.
 Thus WILL. is Dunton's SUBSTANCE, for you'll find
 A SHADOW-Friend with such a Noble Mind.
 Can't be match'd his Friendship is so sweet,
 True, so Great, so every Way Compleat :
 And when he (and *Clamene*) goes to Rest,
 Ring the Bell, my Friends are all deceas'd ;
 The Pious *WAG.* *, and Bookish *Sudbury*,
 The *Cock*, kind *Field*, and *Dick* that guarded me †.
 Who had their UPS and DOWNS as well as me :
 Not being Men of Thought, and 'bove a selfish End,
 Whilst these FIVE live—— I have a Winter Friend.

But Dunton, prithee Dunton, now importune
 Your Friendship from your self, and not from Fortune :
 For your Estate, Affection, and Opinion,
 Are Things still subject to your own Dominion :
 Don't Friends nor Lands, such SHADOWS but bewitch
 That can Advance you to a wealthy Pitch,
 But contented, you are truly Rich. }
 's poorer far, and still will have that Title,
 That covets much, than that possesseth little. }
 'Tis an empty Mind inflicts the Curse
 Poverty, and not an empty Purse, }
 Which is the DEVIL, and nothing can be worse,
 Except a Summer-Friend, that worst of Evil,
 Who's ungrateful, that's he's twice a Devil.

Mr. Daniel Waghorn now living in Noble-Street, near
 Old-Street, is here meant.

Mr. Richard Taylor of Islington, who attended me in my
 Chesham Adventure, to secure the Income of Madam Ni-
 cholas's Estate.

Once more then (*TIMON'S*) *Summer-Friend* adieu,
 Thou'rt but a SHADOW, and I'll not pursue;
 Give me the *Glow-worm Friend*, that noble Spark,
 For he's the FRIEND that shines to me i'th' Dark:
 But *Summer-Friend*, I need not bid you go,
 When Fortune flies, you freely will do so:
 Worship the RISING, not the SETTING Sun;
 When Houses fall the Vermin quickly run,
 Then *Friends and Riches*, still shou'd cling together,
 For both are SHADOWS, and deceive us ever,
 May *Dunton's Substance* * ne'er be plagu'd with either.
 Fam'd *Cowley* try'd, and found there are such Things
 As FRIENDS—— *And that they fewer are than Kings.*
 I've try'd as long as he, and found but Three,
 Dear *George*, kind *Will*, and Pious *Climene*,
 And all the rest are SHADOWS unto me.

Having finish'd *Dunton's Shadow*, or Character of a *Summer-Friend*; I shall subjoyn a POEM on the same Subject, by the famous *Nat. Lee*, whilst in *Bedlam*, and never printed before: *This witty Lunatick*, being ask'd by a friend who came to visit him in *Bedlam*, how to translate

Nullus ad amissos ibit Amicos Ope.

He reply'd extempore.

*Whilst Fortune keeps thee warm,
 Then Friends about thee swarm,
 Like Bees about a honey Pot;
 But if once she frown,
 And rudely kick thee down,
 Why then B— G — lie there and rot.*

* *By Substance here is meant the immortal Part.*

PROJECT VI.

DUNTON'S APOLLO:

a Continuation of the Athenian Oracle (or Question Project) upon none but uncommon Subjects, and such as were never handled, either by the Athenian Society, or that Interloper, who calls himself the British Apollo— With a brief Account of the Rise, Design, and Novelty, of the Athenian (or Question) Project.

is Athenian Oracle will be continu'd in all the Six Hundred Projects entitel'd Athenianism, (as well as in that call'd DUNTON'S APOLLO) 'till the Question Project is compleated; the Author designing to ATHENIANIZE all his Projects (i. e. answer whatever uncommon Questions shall occur under each Project) 'till the whole Six Hundred are publish'd under the general Title of Athenianism.

THE PREFACE.

Reader,

Don't call this Sixth Project Dunton's Apollo, out of Ostentation, or that I think my self wiser or better than other Writers (for no Man can have a meaner Opinion of me, than I have of my self) but purely to shew how very sordidly Mr. it———
asked to interlope with my Question Project, and to continue several Months under the Title of British Apollo; but the Question Project was first and entirely mine, and therefore if the Athenian Oracle (or Question Project) must be continu'd under the Title of an Apollo, 'tis both modest and reasonable it should be call'd Dunton's, and that's the Reason, besides my writing of it for as I begun the Question Project my self, so I resolve to compleat it with my own Hand, and with such Assistance as I can get from my learned Friends) why I call this
Sixth

Sixth Project, DUNTON's Apollo, or a Continuation of Athenian Oracle.

As to the Interloper's calling his stol'n Project, the Apollo, I shall say but this, I think it the greatest Arrogance ever I saw in a Hackney Writer (for so I count all such scribble under Twenty Shillings per Sheet, which Mr. B—n, B—s, W—n, B—l, and Mr. H—y can tell you I did, nor never will) for you know, Reader, APOLLO The Laureat God, or Master of the Delphian Oracle; yet Mr. H— to give the World a Taste of his great Modesty pleas'd to call his weekly Paper, The British Apollo, for that Men of the brightest Parts, as the British Apollo CLUB (which I suppose consists of no more Men than he muster up in his own Person) should be so barren of New Papers that he is forc'd to interlope with mine; and the Hardship is the greater upon me, as I never interlop'd with any Copy, or Project, in my whole Life, and therefore I take Liberty to tell this APOLLO (or wise Gentleman) it was very prudently done of him to make a PASS either at my Writings (which he does in some of his weekly Papers in a mean, silly, spiteful Manner) whilst he lies so open himself (as he shall find by my re-answering all his Questions in his weekly Paper, if I hear any more of him). However, Reader, my Athenian Oracle (or Project of answering all Nice and curious Questions, concealing the Querist) being intirely new, and what I declar'd in several News Papers, I would continue to the End of my Life, for these Reasons, (as well as to avoid the sordid Treatment of the interloping Apollo) I call this Project, DUNTON's APOLLO, and tho' APOLLO looks like a proud and bouncing Title, APOLLO being, (as I said before) The Laureat God, or Master of the Delphian Oracle, yet I hope this Continuation Oracle will deserve to be call'd Dunton's Apollo, as 'tis a Continuation of the QUESTION-PROJECT upon none but uncommon Subjects, and such as were never handled either by the Athenian Society, or that Interloper, who calls himself The British APOLLO.

I shou'd further acquaint my ingenious Querists, that tho' (for sake of Variety) DUNTON's Apollo shan't consist wholly of Questions and Answers, yet my Athenian Oracle shall be continued in all my Six Hundred Projects, entituled — ATHENIANISM (as well as in that call'd Dunton's Apollo) till my Question-Project is compleated, my Design being to ATHENIANIZE all my Projects, till the whole Six Hundred are publish'd under the general Title of ATHENIANISM, so that (you see Reader) Athenianism is the only (Proper) Title that cou'd be given to the general Collection of all my Writings.

Thus have I given a brief Account why I call my Sixth Project

*T O N's APOLLO, and a further Reason for call-
ing a general Collection of all my Writings, A T H E N I-
S M.*

*I will conclude this Preface to Dunton's Apollo, with telling
the Reader, that tho' Tom. Brown in his Lacedemonian Mer-
cury, De Foe in his Weekly Review; Povey in his General Re-
view upon Trade, and H—— in his British Apollo, have
done a sensible Wrong, by interloping with my Question Pro-
ject, Povey not only steals my Project, but Re-prints those
Questions and Answers I formerly publish'd in the Athenian
Oracle (yet seeing these Four Interlopers have answer'd very
many Questions but what have been answer'd before in the Atheni-
an Oracle, printed for Mr. Bell; or at least have answer'd no
new Questions, but such as will fall in my Way to answer be-
cause I have compleated my Question-Project. For these Reasons I
take no further Notice of these Interlopers (resolving to com-
mence my Question-Project, under my own Title of Athenian Oracle)
and that they can be contented with interloping, without giving
any scandalous and spiteful Reflections: And therefore, that I may
set Dunton's Apollo (or Continuation of the Athenian
Oracle) in the clearer Light, I will at the Conclusion of this Pre-
face give the Reader A brief Account of the Rise, Design and
Utility of the Athenian, or Question, Project, and then
return to my Continuation Oracle, which I call DUNTON'S
APOLLO.*

*Rise, Design, and Novelty of the Athenian,
Question PROJECT.*

*Reader, Having said all that I think necessary, concern-
ing those weekly Scriblers (or British Apollo's) that have
interlop'd with my Athenian (or Question) Project, I shall
entertain the Reader with an Account of the Rise, De-
sign and Novelty of that Undertaking, as 'twas Dunton's
Project; and here, Reader, I am to acquaint you that I have
been sufficiently convinc'd, that unless a Man can either
discover or perform something out of the old beaten Road;
he can find nothing but what his Fore-fathers have found be-
fore him. A Bookseller, (for such I was when the Question-
Project was first set on foot) if he's a Man of any Capacity
and Observation, can tell best what to go upon, and what
has the best Prospect of Success: I have, 'tis true, been very
unjustly loaded with the Imputation of Maggots; and
what's the Reason? Why, because I have usually started
something that was New, whilst others, like Foot-Pads, ply
about the high Roads, and either abridge another Man's
H Book;*

Book, or one way or other contriv'd the very Life and Soul out of the Copy, which perhaps was the only Subsistence of the first Proprietor. I once printed a Book, I remember under the Title of *Maggots*, but 'twas written by a Divine in the *Church of England*. However, I'm willing to stand by my self, and to stand or fall by the impartial Judgment of the Reader; for my first and darling Project was the *Athenian Oracle* (or *Question-Project*).

The humane Mind, tho' it has lost its Innocence, and is made Shipwreck of the Image of GOD, yet the Divine Knowledge is undestroy'd. Mankind are sunk as it were into *Shadows and Darknes*, and now and then they see a glimmering Apparition of Truth; but yet, tho' it be glorious, 'tis fleeting as a Vision. The Soul is also assailed and jilted and jugged with a walking Kind of Happiness, which is promising enough, but always unperforming. The *Humane Understanding* and the *Will* being under penal Bondage, from Truth and Goodness, and yet tantaliz'd with the Appearance of both; the Soul must suffer under a sort of Uneasiness and Pain, for what Misery more exquisite than when the Faculties and their Objects are divorc'd?

Now under this Condition, what Project cou'd be more agreeable, than that which promises, at least, to open *Avenues*, raise the Soul as 'twere, into DAY-LIGHT, and restore the Knowledge of *Truth* and *Happiness*, that has wandred so long unknown, and found out by few?

This was the great Design of our *English Athens*, which was a Thought entirely (if you'll forgive me the Vanity of my own Creation).

As the *Athenian Society* had their first Meeting in my Brain. So it has been kept ever since religiously SECRET: But now oblige the Reader with a true Discovery of the *Rise, Design and Novelty* of the *Athenian, or Question-Project*, and of several Persons that engag'd in it.

I had receiv'd a very flaming Injury, which was solaced with Aggravations, that I cou'd scarce get over it; my Thoughts were constantly working upon't, and made me strangely uneasy; sometimes I thought to make Application to some Divine, but how to conceal my self and my ungrateful Wretch, was the Difficulty. Whilst this Complexity remain'd upon me, I was one Day walking over *George's-Fields*, and Mr. Larkin, and Mr. Harris were along with me, and on a sudden I made a Stop, and said, *Sirs*, I have a THOUGHT I'll not exchange for Fifty Guineas; they smil'd, and were very urgent with me to disclose it, but they cou'd not get it from me. The first notion of it, was no more than a confus'd Idea of concealing the *Christ* and answering his Question. However, so soon as I

I manag'd it to some better Purpose, brought it into
 and hammer'd out a Title for't, which happen'd to
 be very lucky, and those who are well acquainted with
Ancient History, may discover some peculiar Beauties in
 The Inhabitants of *Athens* were mighty fond of being
Athenians, in Regard they fancy'd the Title did di-
 stinguish 'em from the rest of Mankind, whom they stil'd
Barbarians, which is well known to those that are conversant
 with their Writings; and from them the *Romans* receiv'd
 the same Custom, which indulg'd their Humour of fancying
 themselves the only refined Part of the World. 'Tis very
 discover'd, that the *Holy Spirit* in the *sacred Writings*,
 for wise Reasons, to sooth the Vanity of these *Athe-*
nsians for when *St. Paul* was to defend himself in their *Areopagus*
 or *Court of Darkness*, he gives 'em no higher Title
 than that of *ἀνομάτοι*. However, the Honest Reader
 who knows nothing of *Criticism*, may see the Reason why
 the Project was entitl'd the *Athenian Gazette*, (for so I
 call'd it at first) if he only turns to *Acts* 17. 21.

When I had thus form'd the Design, I found that some
 Assistance was absolutely necessary to carry it on, in Regard
 the Project took in the whole *Compass of Learning*, and the
 Execution of it requir'd *Dispatch*. I had then some Acquain-
 tance with the Ingenious *Mr. Richard Sault*; who turn'd
 French into *English* for me; writ the *Essay upon all Sorts of*
Learning; approv'd and corrected that *Discourse on the Ori-*
gin and Antiquity of the Hebrew Points, (which is inserted in our
 Students Library) and was admirably well skill'd in
Mathematicks; and over a Glass of Wine I unbosom'd my
 Design to him, and he very freely offer'd to become concern'd.
 As soon as the Design was well advertis'd, *Mr. Sault* and
 I, without any more Assistance, settled to it with
 Diligence, (and *Number* 1, 2, 3. was entirely of *Mr.*
Sault's Composure and mine). The Project being surprizing
 and new thought of, we were immediately over-loaded with
Queries, and sometimes I have found several Hundreds
 of them at *Mr. Smith's Coffee-House* in *Stocks-Market*, where
 we usually meet to consult Matters. We were always much
 oblig'd to the Secrecy and Faithfulness of *Mr. Smith* the
 Man, who has read much, and his Judgment is se-
 verely good. Our Society met at his House ev'ry *Tuesday*
Evening, and thither our Querists directed all their

The *Athenian Gazette* made now such a Noise in the
 World, and was so universally receiv'd, that we were
 oblig'd to look after more Members; and *Mr. Sault*, I re-
 member, one Evening came to me, in great Transport, and
 told me he had been in Company with a Gentleman, who was

the greatest Prodigy of *Learning* he had ever met with: In Enquiry, we found 'twas the Ingenious Dr. N——, who very generously offer'd his Assistance *gratis*, but refus'd to become a stated Member of *Athens*: He was wonderful useful in supplying *Hints*; for being universally read, his Memory very strong, there was nothing cou'd be said but he cou'd very easily say something to the Purpose of it.

In a little Time after, to oblige Authority, we alter'd the Title of *Athenian Gazette*, into *Athenian Mercury*.

The Undertaking growing every Week upon our Heads, the Impatience of our Querists, and the Curiosity of Questions, which requir'd a great deal of Accuracy and Care, did oblige us to adopt a Third Member of *Athens*: the Reverend Mr. W—— being just come to Town new from the University, and my Acquaintance with him being very *Intimate*, I easily prevail'd with him to engage himself upon the same Bottom, and in the same Cause.

With this *New Addition* we found our selves to be Master of the whole Design; and thereupon we neither less'n'd nor increas'd our Number.

The Success of *Athens* growing so very considerable, Mr. Brown and Mr. Pate began to Ape our Design, in a Paper entitl'd the *Lacedemonian Mercury*; which immediately enter'd with us, under a Title, which 'tis true, was plain and pertinent enough. Upon this, I was resolv'd one Way or other to blow 'em up, in Regard 'twas both ungenerous and unjust, to interlope upon a Man, where he has the sole Right and Property; for the *Children of the Brain*, are as much to be valued as those we beget in *lawful Wedlock*.

I first of all advertis'd, That all the Questions answer'd in the *Lacedemonian Mercury*, shou'd be answer'd over again in the *Athenian Mercury*, with Amendments, with the Life of Mr. Brown, the chief Antagonist: This News startled them very much. At that Time I was altogether unacquainted with Mr. Brown; however, one Evening he comes to me, with all the *Civility* imaginable, and desires to take a Glass with me; I sent for my *Athenian Brethren*, and we went to *Three Cranes*, where we discours'd the Matter with him at large; but Mr. Sult being a Gentleman of Courage, and a little inclin'd to Passion, was going to draw upon Mr. Brown, for an uncivil Reflection; upon which Mr. Brown cry'd *Peccavi*, and promis'd very faithfully that he'd not meddle any more with the *Lacedemonian Mercury*; and they had not drop'd it, yet the flaming *Wickedness*, and Blasphemy that was in it, wou'd have ruin'd the Design.

A little after this, was publish'd, *The NEW ATHEIST AN COMEDI*, containing, *The Politicks, Occurrences, and*

ticks, Crypticks, Apocalypticks, Stypticks, Scepticks, Pneu-
ticks, Theologicks, Poeticks, Mathematicks, Sophisticks, Prag-
ticks, Dogmaticks of the Athenian Society.

This Play was a poor Performance, writ however, on
purpose to expose us, but fail'd so far in the Design of it,
it promoted ours. There was nothing of Wit thro'
whole of it, and the Reader may take Notice, that Mr.
Genius was quite run out towards the Conclusion of
Third Act, and cou'd not carry it an Inch farther. There
indeed something very pretty in the Author's Quotati-
on of *Juvinal* towards the Bottom of his Title Page,
which *Fornaby's Rhetorick* might help him to, if he was un-
acquainted with the *Original*; the Lines were these, which
I think have a peculiar Reference to my Humour, and the
Story of my Life.

Ede, quid illum

*Esse putes? Quemvis Hominem secum attulit ad nos,
Grammaticus, Rhetor, Geometres, Pictor, Alyptes,
MIGUR, Schenobates, Medicus, MAGUS omnia novit,
ATTICUS esuriens, ad Cælum Jusseris, ibit.*

The Earl of—— was once pleas'd to frown upon the
Athenian Mercury, and forc'd us into Silence; but when Men
pleas'd to make personal Application, (for the Offence
was only taken at a Question that was sent us, of a *Father
that had two Daughters*) tis a Sign there's a sore Place, else
I shou'd never wince for the Matter: However Captain *M——*
grac'd us Liberty to proceed, and had Twenty Five Gui-
neas for that Service; and now the *British Apollo* (I thank
God) has the Honour and Conscience to interlope with me
in my Project that was entirely mine, and that has cost me
very dear.

I have waded thro' these, and many other Difficulties,
in my Question-Project, and nothing cou'd discourage me,
because my Cause was so great and good.

The *Athenian Mercury* began at Length to be so well ap-
preciated, that Mr. *Gildon* (a Gentleman of great Wit and
Learning) thought it worth his while to write *A History of
the Athenian Society*, to which was prefix'd several Poems
written by the chief Wits of the Age, (*viz.* Mr. *Motteux*,
Mr. *Foe*, Mr. *Richardson*, &c. and in particular Mr. *TATE*
Poet Laureat) was pleas'd to honour us with a Po-
directed

To the ATHENIAN SOCIETY,

In these Words, viz.

*The Warmth your Beams produc'd, you must excuse;
 Your Commendation first inspir'd my Muse:
 Your friendly Praise supports her feeble Wing:
 You both invite and teach her how to sing;
 And while by Art your charming Numbers move,
 Her Wood-wild Notes instruct her to improve.
 Censure, in this Attempt, can only say,
 That I my Debt of Thanks too poorly pay;
 That from your Bounty I my Tribute raise,
 And but return the Product of your Praise.
 Yet Mortals thus, to Sacred Altars go,
 With Presents which the Gods did first bestow:
 We treat them from the Stores which they dispense,
 Not to requite, but show our grateful Sense.
 To sing your Toils, let abler Bards aspire,
 While I at Distance silently admire,
 How much oblig'd your Country is to you,
 If Wit, and Learning, here, those Charms renew,
 That Arts Admirers once to Athens drew.
 If thither conqu'ring Rome for Knowledge sought,
 What Miracles have you for Britain wrought,
 Who Athens home to us at your own Charge have brought
 Aspiring Lewis's Self must yield to you,
 In that sole Praise which he can call his Due;
 Translated Learning France too dearly buys,
 Which cheaply your Compendious Book supplies.
 This Diff'rence too your Preference secures,
 His Aim was Glory, Publick Good was Yours;
 For while you move the various Orbs of Wit,
 Conceal'd the great Intelligences sit.*

N. T.

In the History of the Athenian Society is inserted a
 POEM, in which the Ingenious Author is pleas'd to

*When first the spreading Fame, the Rumor run,
 That Athens had another World begun,
 And clear'd the Gloomy Shades of Ignorance,
 And form'd new sparkling Orbs ———
 This soon employ'd each Tongue; all Ears, all Eyes
 Were full of Athens, and the Enterprize.*

Mr. Richardson concludes his *Panegyrick* upon the *Athenian* Society, with these Words.

*The Chain of Causes, and their Order shine,
And clearly shew they're fram'd by Hands Divine.
The Great Unknown, this you have aim'd at now;
And tho' Coy Nature flies, our searching View,
Yet many, who long dead in Ign'rance lay,
Now speak and think, reviv'd by your bright Day;
Go on — Learning, and solid Truth advance,
They're Noble Subjects for such Noble Pens.
Let your Opposers trifling Jest's pursue;
They write for MINUTES, but for AGES you.*

The *Pindarick Lady* (Madam Elizabeth Singer) was pleas'd to complement our *Athenian Project*, in this Manner; viz.

*And now methinks I rise,
But still the lofty Subject baulks my Flight,
And still my Muse despairs to do Great Athens right;
Yet take the Zealous Tribute which I bring,
The early Products of a FEMALE Muse,
Until the GOD into my Breast shall mightier Thoughts
(infuse,
When I with more Command, and prouder Voice shall sing.
But how shall I describe the matchless Men!
I'm lost in the bright Labyrinth agen.*

Mr. Swift, a Country Gentleman, sent an ODE to the *Athenian Society*; which being an *Ingenious Poem*, was prefix'd to the *Fifth Supplement* of the *Athenian Mercury* —
Many other Persons did also RHIME in the Praise of our *Question-Project*; but 'twou'd tire the Reader to insert half Poems that were sent us on that Occasion.

Our *Athenian Project* did not only obtain among the *Polite*, but was well receiv'd by the *Politer Sort* of Man-

at Great and Learned Noble Man, the late *Marquess of* *Salisbury*, was once pleas'd to tell me, that he constantly per-
our *Mercuries*, and had receiv'd great Satisfaction from
many of our Answers.

The late *Sir William Temple*, a Man of a clear Judgment,
wonderful Penetration, was pleas'd to honour me with
gent Letters and Questions, very curious and uncom-
; in particular, those about the *Talismans* are his.

The honourable *Sir Tho. Pope-Blunt*, when he resided in
London, has very frequently sent for me to his Chamber, and
me particular Thanks for my *Athenian Project*; and