

ly it may know much; and how much is not safe to fix or determine. Ten Thousand Men cannot pass the Gates of a City at once; but in Succession of Time, many Millions may do it.

3. Whatsoever is known of God in the future State, will be either by natural or supernatural Revelation. God will be known by the illustrious Works of his Hands. The Objects that adorn the *New Jerusalem*, will declare the glorious Perfections of their Maker; every Thing there will set forth his Praise, unveil his Glory, and render it conspicuous to those that shall be admitted to behold it there: As peradventure, there may be some supernatural Ways of Revelation, which may uncover something of the Divine Excellencies, even there as well as here.

4. The Objects or Works that reveal and discover the Attributes and Perfections of God to the Blessed, in the World to come, will be very great and many; and how great and many they may be, can neither be determined, nor imagined. Those that reveal him here are many, and some of them very great and magnificent: And surely, it cannot be justly thought, but that the Things that shall reveal God in the other State, will be as numerous, and much more great and glorious; it being designed to illustrate and set forth the Glory of God in a most Resplendent Manner. Hence there be glorify'd in his Saints, and admir'd in those that believe. And he cannot attain this Glory, unless there be something very Great to reveal, and lay him open before us.

Having premised these few Things concerning the Perfections of God; I proceed to prove this Stupendous Novelty, *That 'tis possible in Heaven to arrive to a perfect Knowledge of the Trinity, Incarnation, Resurrection, and other Divine Mysteries, merely by Ratiocination*: To prove which I shall again lay down the following *Theses*

1. Ratiocination is an inferring of one Thing from another, or a Proceeding from Things known, to those that are unknown; and a concluding of one from the other. Thus we conclude, that the Sun is near the *Summer-Solstice*, because the Days are at their greatest Length; and that it is near the *Winter-Solstice*, because they are of the greatest Shortness. Thus we conclude, that the Sun approaches the *Equinox*, when we see the Grass grows green and flourishing, and the Trees put forth their Buds and Leaves.

2. The reasoning Power, and discursive Faculty, will be of Use in the *World to come*. From the Consideration of what God is, from the Memory of what He hath done, and from the Knowledge of what He doth do, the Blessed will certainly conclude, the Necessity of Love and Obedience to him. When they consider that He is the First Cause

giveth Being to all Creatures, and to Men, Life and Death, and all Things: When they remember, that he made them after his own Image; and when they had lost it by sinning against him, he sent his Son into the World, to take away their Guilt, to renew and sanctifie their Natures, and to restore his Image to them again. When they call to mind, that he supports their Beings and Faculties, and furnishes them with suitable Objects for their Employment and delight; they do immediately infer, the great Necessity of loving and Serving this Great and Good God.

If the Understandings of the Blessed were Infinite, I think they would have no Use of Ratiocination: But for much as they are certainly of limited and definite Nature, I cannot understand how they will be able to perform Duty, and exercise those Affections upon God without which all Men confess are the Employment and Happiness of the Blessed. Can they love God, without Consideration of his transcendent Excellencies and amiable Perfections? Can they obey him, without considering his Rightful Sovereignty, and many and great Benefactions? Or is not Consideration, and Love and Obedience consequent unto, a manifest Ratiocination, and Use of their discursive Faculty and Power?

That some Things in this World are more obvious, and better known than others, cannot be deny'd; and I believe, were so to *Adam*, whilst he remained innocent. I doubt not, but that the first Principles of Things were more plain to his Understanding, than the numerous Conclusions deduced from them, as well as they are to ours. 'Twas very obvious to him, that the several Lines drawn from the Centre of a Circle, were equal among themselves; that all the Sides of an *Æquilateral Triangle*, are the *Radii* of equal Circles; with many others that might be mentioned, the Thing were not plain, beyond all reasonable Doubt or Example. And if it be thus on Earth, and were so even before the Fall, why may it not be so in Heaven?

If from Moral Principles the Blessed do infer Moral Conclusions, (which I think cannot be deny'd) why may they not do the like from natural? If from the Being, Goodness, and Providence of God, they do infer Love, Reverence and Obedience, why may they not infer from such Things as are natural and well known, those Things that are unknown, yet naturally consequent unto them?

The Science of *Theology* will not only continue, but be much enlarged. Much more of God will be revealed in the future State, than ever was revealed in this; and our Faculties will be much more capable of considering and understanding those Discoveries and Revelations. I do not doubt,

doubt, but that Heaven will present to the Blessed far more  
 Illustrious Demonstrations of the Divine Perfections, than  
 any that have been made here below. The Creation, Providence,  
 and *Word of God*, I do acknowledge, have unfolded  
 much of God; yet I do believe, that Heaven will disclose  
 much more: For Here we see thro' a *Glass* darkly, but there  
*Face to Face*. Here we see him very obscurely and imper-  
 fectly; but there we shall see him as he is. And as the Re-  
 velations of him will be more clear and full, so will our  
 Minds be more capable of receiving and entertaining them.  
 From which I think 'tis evident, that 'tis possible in Heaven  
 to arrive to a Knowledge of the Trinity, Incarnation, Resur-  
 rection, and other Divine Mysteries, merely by Ratiocina-  
 tion.

But who can guess what *Abysses* there may be in the  
*Theology* of the Blessed? Who can imagine what may be  
 the Treasures thereof? and what Time may be spent to ex-  
 haust them? and whether, after Millions of Ages there  
 not remain much unexhausted? The Enquiries that  
 makes, (*Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou  
 out the Almighty to Perfection? It is as high as Heaven; What  
 canst thou do? Deeper than Hell; What canst thou know? The  
 Measure thereof is longer than the Earth, and broader than  
 Sea*) may be as truly made in the other World, as in this.  
 And in my Apprehension, the Perfections of God, and  
 Knowledge and *Theology* of them are truly inexhaustible  
 both.

7. The Mysteries of the Sacred Trinity, and Perfect  
 Union, may afford Subject and Matter for *Eternal Contem-  
 plations*; and it may be, there may be those Depths into  
 which the Blessed may never be able to fathom or compre-  
 hend; they are such Things, as in this World we cannot  
 understand; our Reason draws back at the Contemplation  
 of them: And had we not some Reverence for the Holy  
 Scriptures, that do reveal and propose them, we should  
 utterly refuse all Assent unto them. They are too high  
 for our Minds, in the present State; and therefore, were we  
 under some Temptation to reject them; and were we not  
 aw'd by the Word of God, we shou'd certainly do it. In  
 the other World these Things will be more clearly revealed  
 and more fully understood: But whether there be not some-  
 thing, which after all Search and Enquiry, will remain  
 unknown even to the Blessed themselves, I think very probable  
 if not absolutely certain: However, I see no Reason why  
 the Blessed may not obtain the Knowledge of them, as of  
 other Things before-mentioned by Ratiocination. We  
 may not much of the Knowledge that they have there, but  
 of Bodies and Spirits, be gotten by Inference and Deduction.

may they not argue from those Things that are plain, those that are dark? Why may they not argue from Causes to their Effects, and from Effects to their Causes

Here 'tis the ordinary Method of proceeding: Men from the Fabrick of Heaven and Earth, and the severall Creatures in it, the Certainty of a First Cause, of Infinite Power, Wisdom and Goodness; and from the Immortality of the Divine Essence, its Incorruptibility; and its Spirituality, its Simplicity; with sundry other Properties of like Nature: And why the Blessed may not be the same, I cannot understand. If their Reasonable Faculties continue, (as surely they do) the Use of them may continue. If it be consistent with the Glory and Happiness given to enjoy them, I see no valid Reason, why the Use and Exercise of them may not consist with it.

What hinders, but that there may be such Effects and Arguments of a Trinity in Unity, and of an Hypostatical Union, which may much reveal the Nature of those Mysteries; and make the Inference as necessary and easie, as from an Effect to a Cause, or from a Copy to an Original? Some Instances of them we do observe here. In the Humane Mind, there is a Trinity of Essential Principles, and yet but one Person. In Man, the Body and Soul do constitute but one Person: But 'tis not improbable, but there may be more distinct Images of them there; and that those that here do observe, will be more fully understood. And in consequence thereunto, these Mysteries may be as evident to the Blessed, as that the Whole is bigger than any Part, and that all the Parts taken together, are equal to the Whole. I do not mean, they shall fully understand them; but they shall clearly understand them, and to the Satisfaction and Quiet of their Souls.

The Reconcilableness of the Infallibility of God's Word with the Liberty of Man's, is an insuperable Difficulty; but perchance, it may be none then. The Blessed may possibly see and understand those Principles, Premises, and Propositions; from whence they may be easily deduced, without any Inconsistency or Opposition. The Difficulty of reconciling these Things, proceeds from our Ignorance of the Nature of God and Man, and the Influence that the one and the other hath upon humane Actions. Did we know what God, and what Man is, and what are the Operations peculiar to one, and the other, in the producing Effects that are ascribed to Men; probably much, or this Difficulty wou'd disappear. Now 'tis not questioned, but that the Blessed will very much understand all these;

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these; and from them will argue; and infer an easie and obvious Agreement between them.

11. The Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God are finite; they are Oceans, without either Bank or Bottom. I may so express it. His Power is Omnipotent. God accomplish whatsoever he pleases. No Opposition can be made to his Mighty Arm: If he will work, none can hinder it. His Wisdom is unsearchable; the Depths thereof are unfathomable; no created Being can find them out: His Perfection. His Goodness is of very vast Extension: Who can take the just Measures of it? 'Tis wider than the Earth, larger than the great Abyss; yea, more extensive than the Poles of Heaven. And what vast Numbers of Inferences and Conclusions may be made from the Consideration of this? How far may they be propagated? And where will they terminate?

12. From the Knowledge of the Divine Nature and Attributes, the Blessed may, 'tis like, infer and deduce the Manner of the Divine Agency upon the Minds of Men. It is certain that God doth move and act upon the Souls of Men here, is certain both in Scripture and in Experience; and there is no doubt, but he will do so hereafter; but how he doth, is an insuperable Difficulty. God is a pure Act of Life and Immense Presence; without any Accidents, properly called. His Attributes being his Essence, according to the general Opinion of Divines; I say, how God doth influence the Minds of Men, and what that Influence is, *Ex parte Dei* is past the Reach of Mortals to determine. 'Tis commonly said, That 'tis nothing but God himself; by God, meaning his Act; and thereby understanding his Essence and Act: But how an Essence equally, and eternally Active, produce those various Impressions upon various Minds, and on the same Minds, at sundry Times, is past our present Imagination. And so it is also how they can receive the Divine Influx, if it be nothing but his Active Essence. It may be, that the Blessed may have Knowledge of these *Præcognita*, from whence the Knowledge of these Things may be inferr'd by plain and easie Ratiocination.

13. That there is a Creative Power in God, is confessed by all Christians; and some sober *Philosophers* have said many things in Favour of it. By Creative Power, I mean a Power of giving Being to Things, without any Pre-existent Matter. This is such a Perfection as we cannot comprehend; but the other State may furnish us with such Knowledge of the Divine Omnipotence and Fecundity, that giving Being to Things by Creation, will be an easie and obvious Effect of it: And the Blessed will as easily infer thence, as we do infer the Growth and Fructification

and Trees, and Fruits, from a fruitful Soil, the  
Smile of the Sun, and the Dew of Heaven.

The Doctrine of the Resurrection is a Thing that we  
see, out of Reverence to the Holy Scriptures, and God  
is the Author of them: But how dead Bones, and scat-  
ter'd Dust can live; how those Bodies that have been eaten  
by wild Beasts and Fishes, or burnt to Ashes, and those  
cast into the Sea, can be recollected, and become an  
Habitation for the Soul, we are not able to understand. But  
not improbable, but that the Blessed may from the  
Witness that they have of the Power of God, and the  
several subordinate Causes thereof, infer and conclude it,  
with no more Difficulty, than we infer the Building of a  
Wall or House again, after its ruin'd and laid in Rubbish;  
with the Knowledge that we have of the Power and Skill of  
the Architect, the Advantages of the Place where it was situate,  
the Plenty of Materials for the Re-edification of it.

The Nature of that Influence and Support, by which  
we live and move and have our Being, is a Thing that we are  
generally ignorant of. That there is such a Thing, is gene-  
rally confess'd by all considering Men; for Creatures do  
not become Independent as soon as they do subsist. They  
depend on God in *Facto esse*, as well as in *Fieri*: They need  
Divine Causation, as well when they are made, as when  
they are making. But what this Divine Influence and Cau-  
se is, we do not understand; but 'tis not unlikely, but  
that the Blessed may by Searching find it out. They may  
from the Knowledge of those Premises, from which the  
Truth of it may be easily deduced. In those Sciences that  
we employ our selves in, and exercise our Contemplations  
in, there are many Propositions, that in themselves,  
irrespective of their Premises, are unintelligible, and past  
our Comprehension; which nevertheless, are plainly dedu-  
cible from their Premises, and evident enough to him that  
is prepar'd for the understanding of them, by necessary an-  
cient Knowledge. Thus 'tis in Thousands of Mathema-  
tical Propositions. That in all plain right-angled *Triangles*,  
the Square of the *Hypotenuse* shou'd be equal to the Squares  
of the other two Sides, is a Thing that no Man understands  
intuitively and irrespectively: But if he understands the ne-  
cessary Premises and Principles, 'tis plain enough, and the  
Truth thereof is not difficult. And if Things dark and  
obscure may be infer'd from Things more plain and ob-  
vious in this World, I know not why it may not be so in  
the other.

Thus I have argued a Possibility of encreasing Know-  
ledge by Ratiocination in the Future State; and I have  
mentioned several Instances, in which an Encrease thereof  
may

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may be so made: But they are but a few of those very many that I might have remember'd. And what Thousands Instances the other World may present unto the Blessed, and the Augmentation of it, in that Manner, who can answer us? What Bodies of Science may be raised from the dead, who can divine? Perhaps each single Instance, and Particular, may minister Subject for a large and ample Science. And where those Instances are innumerable, who can set Bounds to the Encrease of Knowledge thereby; or in what Thus far may it proceed, and no farther? Or, what probability is there in the Eternal Progress of it?

17. Again, Is it worthy, or doth it become a Rational Creature, to act or do any thing for which he can give Account? Is it congruous and decorous, for Intellectual Essences to act like natural Agents, or like Brutes? What is their Manner of Acting, if they act without Ratiocination, and Discourse. Is that Obedience and Worship worthy of God, that is irrational, and performed without any previous Exercise of the Reasonable Faculty? Or is it possible, that Worship, Love, and Obedience can be performed without it? Is that Worship or Love, is that Service or Obedience, that hath no Consideration of the Excellency, Goodness, or Authority of God, as the Cause and Foundation of it? I know not what it may seem or appear to others; but I must acknowledge, I am of contrary Apprehensions; and do think, that all Obedience and Love to God, proceeds from Ratiocination; and consequently that 'tis of Use for the Encrease of Knowledge, as well for the producing of Love and Obedience in the other World.

These Things I have suggested, to make it fairly probable That the Knowledge of the Blessed, in the Future State, will increase by Ratiocination. What Force or Weight there may be in them, I must leave to the Judgment of the Reader.

Q. One DREW first set my Heart on Fire,  
 I burn in Love and can't retire;  
 But when I smile and forward prove,  
 Then DREW flies off, and cannot love.  
 Then DUNTON tell me if you can,  
 How I may catch this fickle Man?  
 Shou'd I seem always stout and COY,  
 Or shou'd I press him to enjoy?  
 Direct me, lest his Love shou'd cool,  
 For your APOLLO is my Rule.

I.

A. All Men confess they strait despise  
A too too easie gotten Prize;  
Then hasty Nymph, be Coy a while,  
Nor grant one gracious Look, or Smile;  
Then ev'ry little Grace from you,  
Will seem a Heaven on Earth to *DREW*.

II.

If thou wou'd'st have *DREW* still love on,  
With all the Flames he first begun,  
Then you must still as scornful shew,  
For if you once but burn like *DREW*,  
His Flames will languish and be gone,  
Like Fire shin'd on by the Sun.

III.

All Things that are obtain'd with Ease;  
As soon as gotten we despise,  
*Carneys* does much the Value raise,  
For this we far fought Jewels prize,  
For which o'er Seas the Merchant runs,  
As worthless else as Pibble-Stones.

IV.

Be prudent then, and have a Care,  
Lest *DREW* surprize thee unaware;  
Let Pride and Scorn thy Guardians be,  
And a dissembled Modesty,  
That Curse by which poor Womenkind  
Are always forc'd to hide their Mind.

V.

Nor lay these Arts too soon aside,  
In hopes your Lover fast is ty'd;  
For I have oft an Angler seen,  
With over Hast loose all again;  
When if the Fool had longer stay'd,  
The harmless Fish had been betray'd.



## VI.

Things to Perfection quickly grown  
Do still decay and die as soon;  
*DREW*'s Love as yet imperfect is,  
And born just like an *Embryo*, dies.  
Thus early Flowers we often see,  
Just blossom forth, then fade and die.

Q. *I am that Rachel* \* *that you did approve,*  
*To whom you said a Thousand Things in Love;*  
*But being marry'd, I no Love can find,*  
*Sure Love is nothing, or at best is blind;*  
*Then tell me PHIL.* † *that have true Love profess'd,*  
*What Thing is Love; or is it all a Jest?*

## I.

*A. Mysterious Query!* for 'tis strange that she  
Should ign'rant be;  
Who gave this Knowledge first to me:  
But so the less bright Fire does Warmth beget,  
And what it wants it self, distributes Heat.

## II.

Well then, I am resolv'd I'll boldly tell  
What Pains I feel,  
And what I know of Love too well;  
'Tis that of which none ignorant can be,  
Who have but had the least dear Glimpse of Thee.

## III.

Love is the pretty Babe that proudly plays  
In your bright Face,  
And wounds him who presumes to gaze;  
And Painters say, Poets with them agree,  
He in no Dress but Nakedness should be.

## IV.

The Darts he uses here, and glowing Arms  
Are only Charms,  
With which some meaner Beauty warms;

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\* Rachel Seaton, the first Woman I ever courted. † I  
for Philaret, a Name that Mrs. Rachel was us'd to call me.

But when he 'enflames the Gods, and burns the Skies,  
He lights his Torch at Mrs. Rachel's Eyes.

V.

Wings are to him (I know not how) assign'd,  
But now I find,  
He uses them in Womankind;  
But when he storm'd my Heart he laid 'em by,  
And never, never from my Breast will fly.

*What is Knowledge by Intuition?*

Intuition is a present Inspection of Things; or a View  
of them, as they are presented to us, and set before us.  
The Knowledge of Things by present Intuition is distinguished  
from that Knowledge of Things that we have by consider-  
ing Signs, Images and Representations of them. The  
Knowledge that I have of Persons, Cities, Villages and  
Countries, by ocular and present Inspection, differs from  
the Knowledge that I have of them by viewing their Pictures  
and Statues, or inspecting the Maps and Delineations of  
them. The Knowledge that we have of the Glory of the  
Person of God, and the Person of our Saviour in it, differs  
from that which the Blessed Saints and Angels have  
in viewing them. Theirs is present and intuitive, ours is  
remote and abstractive. We obtain it by considering the  
Signs that are made, and the Descriptions that are given  
of them in the *Book of God*; whereas theirs is attained by  
the direct Presence and Inspection of those Things them-

These Things will very much augment and encrease the  
Knowledge of the Blessed; and those are the Ex-  
tensions of their Presence, and a Facility of moving from  
one Place to another. These I do humbly conceive will be very  
Advantages unto them therein. Peradventure, their  
Presence may be so extensive, that by Means thereof, they  
may inspect and behold more Things at one View, than we  
can successively, and one after another in many Years:  
Their Motion may be almost as quick as the  
Motion of Light; and they may pass the Immease Spaces  
of the Universe in the Twinkling of an Eye; or at least with  
incredible Swiftnes, and in a very small Space of Time.  
These Things must be spoken to something more at  
large, and something more particularly, that they may ap-  
pear a little probable, if not undoubtedly certain.

The Presence of the Blessed in the future World; will  
not be infinitely definite and limited; for their Advancement to  
greater Honour and Glory will not make them so many Gods; their  
proper

proper Natures will still remain: They will be Men in Heaven, as truly as they were on Earth. But tho' they continue Men, yet I do (with Submission) conceive, that their Prefence will be much more extensive and large, than it is: And in all likelihood, the Extension of their Prefence may be varied there, according to the Variety of their Graces and Virtues, their Faith and their Obedience here.

Our Lord *Jesus* remains a true Man in his glorious State; and yet certainly his Prefence is much more extensive, than when he dwelt upon Earth. When he was on Earth, 'twas as much limited and confin'd as that of other Men: But it seems to me utterly improbable, that it should continue or remain so, now he is in Heaven. Then he is able to inspect, and view by Intuition, no more than could that were of humane Race; for *He was in all Things* *unto them, Sin only excepted*: But now, perhaps, he can easily inspect the whole Globe of this Earth, and the Heavens that encompass and surround it, as any of us can a Globe or Circumference of an Inch Diameter.

If Extension of Prefence be reconcileable, and consistent with the Humane Nature of our Saviour, in his glorious State; it may be reconcileable with it in the Blessed: He be a true Man, notwithstanding his Prefence is extended to very vast Distances: The Blessed may be so, tho' that Prefence be extended in some good Degree and Measure: If the Humane Nature in the Holy *Jesus* be capable of such Extensions; and this Amplitude, the same Nature is capable of it in the Blessed, in their Degree and Proportion: By this Extension of Prefence will very much encrease their intuitive Knowledge; they will be able to see and observe at one View, much of the Works of God, and many of the Productions of his Infinite Power, Wisdom and Goodness: By it they will be able to observe the Connexion and Dependence of Things on each other; and consequently the Beauty and Harmony of them, which will very much affect and delight them.

Q. *How is Vision made? I have often sent this Query to the Athenian Society, but have never yet seen it answered to Satisfaction.*

A. *Aristotle* and his Scholars will have Vision to be made by certain Qualities commonly call'd the *Intentional Species*; which as is reported, joyn the visive Power, that is the Eye with the visible Object, and the Powers represent the Object. These Species, according to this Opinion, are dispersed and are in the Air as in their proper Subject: But they are not to be endured; for if these are Accidents, and have no Substance, the Air being chang'd by the least Blast of Wind; the Accident would pass from one Subject to another.

ther, which is refractory to the Principles of these Philosophers. These Species bring in a great many other Difficulties, which relate to their Nature, Production, Propagation in the Air, Eduction, Extension, and Reception into the Eye; all which cannot be solved without captious Conclusions, and when all shall be thoroughly canvass'd, no Body will be e'er the wiser; from whence it happens, that all these Accidents, which are neither Bodies nor Spirits, I am oblig'd to send back to School with their Doctors.

Some believe Vision is made by an Emission of visual Rays out of the Eyes; but neither will this Opinion subsist, much as it supposes, that to see an Object ten Leagues distant from us, it is of Necessity that the Eye shou'd send Rays thither, and even to the very Heavens, to see the Stars there.

*Gassendus* wou'd have Vision made by the Species or Figures of the Object, compos'd of Corpuscles or most subtile Particles proceeding from the Object, and received by the Eye. But it cannot be conceived, that a Man plac'd in the middle of a Plain, can continually emit (without Diminution) Corpuscles from every Part, or that these Corpuscles move in the Air without Perturbation and Confusion at the same Time, whilst other Objects emit an infinite Number of theirs; and all this transmitted in a right Line thro' the Cavities of the Air, from whence it follows that thro' a little Space of a Vacuum in the Air, that Number of Atoms or Corpuscles must pass without Perturbation and Confusion. *Gassendus* answers, that the Difficulty arises from this, that we do not enough conceive the Mobility of Atoms, nor the Rapidity of their Motion.

Reason does not satisfy, since we know that the Cavities of the Air are not greater than Atoms. How then can a thousand Atoms or Matter pass in a right Line thro' a Vacuum, no bigger than one single Atom, without Perturbation? This Difficulty, besides some others, hath mov'd some Philosophers to say, That the Eye is a natural See-glass, endued with such a Convexity, as those Glasses which are put into Perspectives, by which we see Things at a great Way distant.

Some Philosophers say, That Light wherein is contain'd a great deal of divers Colours, as it is determin'd upon the Eye by the Angles of the Atoms, does also comprehend a great deal of Objects too, and represents them with all Varieties of Colours, according to the diverse Determination of Rays: Or to say more truly, that Light represents Objects to the Eye, as it is determin'd by Objects, and it is not we see nothing but Light and Colour, that is, Light with

with its Determination; and when we distinctly see an Object, its Extention and Figure, that proceeds from nothing else, than that we see Light determined by the Direction and Circumstances of the Object.

The Nature of Light therefore is solely to be considered, and it will no Ways hinder, but that we shall avoid the Difficulties of the others, by embracing an Opinion which rests upon Truth; which very well, and with the Consent of all, conceives that Light is seen by it self, nor is there of any Species to see Light; and since we, to speak properly, do not see the Objects, but Light the Object of Sight, there is no Necessity, that the Object shou'd transmit Atoms or Corpuscles, as if Light cou'd not be seen of itself.

From this Doctrine, that which appears new is, that Light is to be consider'd in a threecold State; and of all, in the Quality of the Object; Secondly, in the Quantity of the Term.

The first State is Light, determined by the Object; the second is Light expanded in the Air, the third is Light received by the Eye, and represented with all its Determinations. And this is it which we call the Image of the Object in the Eye, as it were in a Glass.

In prosecuting this Subject, I might have treated of the Reason why we see Objects by the help of Perspective Glasses multiplying their Figure; or by Microscopes, a new Invention, by the help of which many Things are discovered which before lay hid; such as are Worms in Wine, and Gnat, Gnats in Water and Dew, as also Pores in Glass, and a thousand little Animals in Seeds. But these are Subjects that have been all handled by the ingenious and learned Hook. I shall therefore wave 'em here, being resolved to insert nothing in Duntou's APOLLO, but what is very or very uncommon.

Q. Whether such as have been raised from the Dead, the second time, yea, or no? Because it is said, It is appointed Men once to die. I speak not of those who have been raised to be dead, and have been stretch'd out, and yet their Souls been within them; tho' divers, for divers Days, and were sick, Sicknesses, have had neither Heat, nor Breathing, but only of such, who have suffer'd a true Separation of Souls from their Bodies: Whether these have again deliv'd the Ghost and dy'd, is what I desire to know?

A. Before I answer this nice Question, I hold it best to propound to your View, a few Stories out of other Authors. Theodoret, lib. 10. de sine & judicio, hath two Relations. The first is out of Plato, of one Ariston; Clemens Alexandrinus, Stromat. 5. relateth from Zoroaster,

that it was Zoroaster, the Son of Armenius; He who only, the World, laughed so soon as he was born (saith P'm. 7. and was so famous a Magician: One of these two, either Father or Son, the twelfth Day after he and others fell in battle, and was to be bury'd, *ante pyram constitutus revivens* being come to himself, told what he had seen, *apud* *is*: Namely, that his Soul being divided from his Body came with many others, (who died with him) to an admirable and incredible Place, in which there were two Clefts, or Ruptures of the Earth, and two open Places of Heaven right over them. In the midst of these *Hiatibus*, Judges did sit; who, when Judgment was ended, the just Souls ascend by the heavenly Openings and the Judges lowering on their Breasts, the Notes of their Judgment. But the Souls of the wicked Men were commanded to go on the left Hand, and to be hurried to Hell, along with them, on their Backs, the Memorial of their Life. But as for himself, being now come in Sight, the Judges bade him diligently hear and see all Things, and all those Things which were done, when he revived, were Sayings worthy of Philosophy, saith Theodoret.

A second Story is cited in the same Place, by Theodoret, Plutarch, among those Things which he wrote *De Animalibus*, Heracleon, and I (saith Plutarch) were present when Antillus told us this of himself: The Physicians thought Antillus to be dead; but he came to himself, as one out of deep Sleep, and neither said, nor did any other thing, which might give him to be crazy or light-headed; but he told us, that he was dead, and that he was again revived; and that his Death, by that Sickness, was not altogether irrevocable; but that the Physicians, who brought him to Judgment, were sharply blamed by the Governours, because they brought Antillus instead of Nicandrus. Within a while after, Nicandrus died, and Antillus recovered Life and Health. And Plutarch, in my Opinion, seems to insinuate, that he was present at the Recovery of Antillus. Of both these (if each Particular were true, that they died and revived) we may boldly aver, that they died and revived. Neither doth Plato, Plutarch, or Theodoret doubt of the Truth of this strange a Story, though more remote from our Subjunctive than you may find in *Alexander ab Alexandro, Genialium dialogo*. 21.

Another Instance you shall find in Bellarmine, *De arte bene vivendi*, lib. 2. cap. 1. taken out of Joannes Climachus, in his *Scala*, grad. 6. who relates thus of a Man that died in his first Life (saith he) he lived most negligently; and his Soul being perfectly separated from his Body, after an Hour he returned again, and he desired Climachus, and he desired to depart. Whereupon they walled up the Cell, and he lived.

lived (as an Anchorite) within the Cell, twelve Years; speaking to Man 'till he was ready to die again; eating nothing but Bread, and drinking Water: Sitting so, he astonishedly revolved those Thoughts only, which he had seen in his Separation, with so exact Thought, that he never changed Countenance, but continuing that Amazement, secretly wept bitterly. When he was at Death's Door the second Time, they forced open the Entrance into the Cell, and coming to him, humbly desired him to speak some Words of Doctrine. He answer'd nothing but this only, "The serious Remembrance of Death will not consist with Sin. The like Sermon you may find in Venerable Bede—— All these, if he liv'd again, dy'd again.

Q. Whether was Christ in his Face, and outward Features beautiful, as Psal. 45. 2. Thou art fairer than the Children of Men?

A. That Text speaks not of his outward Beauty, but of his inward and spiritual Beauty, by Reason of his Wisdom, Holiness, Righteousness, Meekness, &c. Yet its very probable, that in his Body he had much Comeliness: For the following Reasons.

1. The Jews never twitted him with any corporal Deformity, which they would out of Malice have done, if he had any Deformity.

2. He was not subject to any Miscarriages in his Conception or Birth, whence Weakness and Deformities ensue.

3. He was not subject to Diseases, which come by Age, and often deface the Beauty of the Body; nor to any Intemperance in Life, which spoils the Comeliness and Comeliness. Indeed Christ took some universal Infirmities of Man, as Hunger, Thirst, Mortality, &c. but he took no particular Infirmities, or Blindness, Lameness, &c. He that was perfect God, was made also perfect Man. Some think, and it is very probably, that the first and second Adam were as comely and well-featur'd in Body as ever any in the World; being both formed without Sin and without Man, and being more immediately compleated and perfected by God. The Perfections of the Person of our Saviour (I mean of his humane Nature) are without all scruple exceeding great and large; and there is not an Essence (unless God himself) equal with it, much less superior to it in the whole Universe of Beings. The shining Lustre of his Body with several Perfections of it will be exceeding great, but the Powers, Excellencies and Capacities of his Soul will be more stupendious, Admirable and Amazing.

Hence it appears, Great is the Mystery of Godliness; certainly, even the Man Christ Jesus is a far more Glorious Person than the most of Christians, yea, or of Christian Divines, do conceive or apprehend. He is called the Son of Righteousness.

Righteousness, and compared to *Light*; and doth enlighten all the Intellectual World. He is the *Express Image of his Father's Person*: That is, perhaps, the most lively Character and Expression of the Deity that is among created Beings. He is set down on the *Right Hand of the Majesty on High*: That is, he is next the pure Godhead, the most *Illustrious Essence* in the World. His Power, Wisdom, Goodness, Presence, and other Attributes, are far superiour to those of any other Creatures; and they approach so near those of God himself, as to be an apt and fair Resemblance of them.

Q. *Why does not God by his Omnipotent and supream Power, in one and the same Instant, sanctifie and glorifie his Elect ?*

A. Because as God did not condemn us, so he will not save us without our selves. He saves us without our Merits, indeed, not without our Work. He hath therefore in his infinite Wisdom, annexed Conditions to his Covenant, and ordained Faith, Repentance, and all other good Works to be as so many Degrees, in our Ascent to Happiness: That so Earth might be our School, to fit us for Heaven, and the Life of Grace, which is imperfect Glory, might prepare us for the Life of Glory, which is Grace in Perfection.

Reader, I have receiv'd many other nice and curious Questions, concerning Conversion, which you'll find answer'd in my *Awakening Letter to the Unconverted*. For I told you, in my Preface to *Dunton's Apollo*, I shou'd *ATHENIANIZE*, or answer all those curious Questions that occur'd under all my six hundred Projects.

Q. *Whether the Happiness of the Blessed is ever encreasing ?*

A. The Happiness of the Blessed is ever encreasing. This News will seem incredible to wicked Men, but is certainly a great Truth; for the Happiness of the Saints in Heaven is not a thing fixed, steady, and incapable of any Variation: It doth not change or vary indeed for the worse, or to their Prejudice and Disadvantage; but it changes to their Benefit and Profit exceedingly. 'Tis like a Rising Sun, that shines more bright by its Motion and Alteration. 'Tis an Eternal Spring: 'Tis an Everlasting May; the Beauty and Verdure of it encreases continually. We cannot say of the Happiness of the Saints in Glory, hereunto shall it proceed, and here shall it determine.

The Blessed will never want Employment. Matter for Everlasting Contemplations will be presented to them, by which their Knowledge will be encreased; and with the Encrease of Knowledge, an Encrease of Affection; and consequently of grateful Adoration. And thus will they be exercised for evermore: The Days of Eternity will be thus consummate: Thus will the Inhabitants of the heavenly *Jerusalem* pass their Time, and exercise themselves to all Durations. Hea-



ten is no inactive State; the Blessed there are perpetually employ'd, and in that Employment they find their Rest. Idleness is no Pleasure to such Beings, whose Natures are active by their very Constitution; and such is that order of Faculties, and in Action suitable to it; and upon the most raised and glorious Objects, consists their Happiness: That it is, and there they may find it, but no where else.

There will be no Satiety in the Kingdom of Heaven: In this World Men are satiated, and sometimes even loath'd with their Enjoyments and Fruitions: Those Things which they most earnestly and passionately desired, and for which they laboured with the greatest Endeavour, they are sometimes soon glutted withal, and sometimes grow weary of them. But 'twill not be so in Heaven: No Man will ever be over-fill'd with knowing God, or searching out his Perfections; and God is a Being which cannot be fathom'd, or fully searched out: There will be something new to be discover'd in him for ever. No Man will ever be tired with loving God, or being beloved of him: No Man will be surfeit'd of rejoicing and delighting in him, or of expressing it in Psalms and Hymns of *Hallelujah*. The Reason why Men are even cloy'd with their Enjoyments here below, is because they find not that in them they expected; they were deceived by them, and therefore grow into a Displeasure against them; but there will be no such thing Above; God will abundantly satisfy all Expectations: Heaven will deceive no Man; they will there find more, not less than they did expect.

The future State may, perhaps, present us with *New Things* continually, or at least as often as there is Occasion for them. Who knows, but that when ever the Blessed have sufficiently consider'd and exhausted the Beings that are with them, or presented to them; more may be proposed and set before them, or that they may be removed to some other Part of the Universe, to observe what is worthy of Observation there? And this Variety of Things and Objects will take away all Possibility of an offensive Fulness. In this State, few Men are full to loathing, whilst they have continual Variety of Things in Enjoyment, or in Hopes and Prosecution. Variety of Things keeps up their Expectations; and they do hope to find that in one or more Things, which they have in vain sought after in others. In Heaven the Blessed are never deceived in their Expectations: In all things they seek to know something more of God, and that they find in them: And when they have drain'd one they go to another, and in such Variety there can be no Nauseousness.

Q. Will there not be as great Diversity in the Bodies of the Blessed, as there is in their Minds?

A. An Inequality of Glory among the Blessed; perhaps may be ascribed to some, but is what I prov'd before, in answer to a Poetical Question upon that Subject: I shall further shew, An Inequality of Glory among the Blessed, is asserted by many Divines; and from what hath been said, we may have some probable Account wherein it doth consist. Perchance, their Minds may be of very various Capacities; some may be more large and extensive than others: If God will here freely and arbitrarily, as a Benefactor, give unto our Minds of very different Capacities, I know not why I may not do it as a Judge, or as the bountiful Rewarder of those that serve Him. I am not ignorant, that many Philosophers suppose an Equality among Souls; and that those Differences that are so observable in them, proceed from the various Structure and Conformation of the Organs, and the Nature of the Elements, which constitute our Bodies. I easily grant, that some of the Differences observ'd among us, may arise from thence; but that all do so, I cannot believe. That there is no Difference between the Soul of the greatest Divine, Philosopher, or Statesman, and that of the vilest Dolt or Idiot, is to me an improbable Paradox; I cannot but think, that there is a gradual Difference, at least among Souls themselves.

This Diversity (I humbly conceive) is found in all the Faculties and Powers of the Soul; I mean in the Understanding, Will, and active or executive Power. In all these a Difference is various, according as Mens Love, Service, and Good Works may have been various here below. Those that have been most pious, holy, and abundant in the Works of Righteousness, will have the largest Understandings, the most vigorous Affections of Love, Delight and Joy, and the most prompt and ready Power and Method of expressing them, in such Ways, and by such Means as are fit and convenient thereunto. They will know most, and love and reverence most, and express this Love and Joy most readily in the other World, that serv'd the Honour of God, and the Good of Men most industriously in this. They that have lived most holy, and lived most to the Acceptation of God in Time, will know him most fully, and love him most passionately in Eternity: And yet their Knowledge and Love, as well as that of others, may be capable of Encrease and Augmentation.

And there may be as great Diversity in the Bodies, and in the Organs and Senses of the Blessed, as there is in their Minds: Some may be more pure and spiritual than others; consequently, more agile and fit for Motion: Some may have their Senses, and the several Organs and Instruments

ments thereof, more perfect and compleat than others; and consequently more capable of apprehending their Objects and perceiving all the Perfections and Curiosities in them. Some may have a more large and extensive Presence than others; and therefore be capable of inspecting, at one View, more of the Works of God; which renders them more affecting and more amazing. He that stands upon a high Hill or Turb, beholds more things than he that stands in a Valley, and is much more pleased and delighted therein; yea, is much more ravished with Admiration of them.

How great may be the Variety, and gradual Difference among the Blessed, in these things, is News that e'it yet discovered. Great have been the Numbers of Men that since the Creation have dwelt on the Face of this Earth; and yet, perhaps there were never two among them, in all things and totally alike. Some Difference in the Mixture of the Elements, and which they were compounded, in the Shape, Figure, and Proportion of their Bodies, in the Features of their Faces, and Beauty of their Countenances, might be seen and observed upon them: And as various may be the Differences of the glorious Bodies of the Blessed. The Stars are very numerous; and yet, perchance, the Difference of their Glories may be as great as their Number, and that none of them are in all things alike and equal: And such may be the Inequalities among the Inhabitants of the Celestial Court.

And it may be modestly suppos'd, that the Love of God to the Blessed, may be as various as their Glory and Perfections are. The more glorious and perfect any Creature is, the more like he is to God; and certainly, the more like any Creature is to God, the more it is beloved of him. Why else doth God despise the Heaven and the Earth? Comparison of an humble and contrite Spirit, and our trembling at his World? Isa. 66. 1, 2. Is it not because there is more of his Image on such a Person, than on the Foundation and Fabrick of the material Earth and Heavens? Why doth God love, and take more Delight in the Man Christ Jesus than in Men and Angels, and all the holy Myriads that surround about his Throne? (of which, I think, there is no doubt.) Is it not for this Reason, that he is a far more illustrious Image of his Attributes and Perfections, than any or all of them?

How God will manifest a various and different Affection to the Blessed, according to the Difference of their Perfections, is what my Christians Gazette cannot declare. Whether he will do it by internal Effusions of Joy and Consolation, or by external Effects and Demonstrations, or by both, (which seems most probable) I know not; that's a Question, that I will leave for the Determination of the other World.

God can, and doth do it, is past Doubt with me. He manifests a peculiar Love to his only beloved Son; and do so to all the Members of his Body, in several Measures and Proportions.

This great Variety of Love and Affection will cause no Envy or Emulation among the Blessed; for they are free from all sinful Passions, Affections, and Inclinations; and do rejoyce in the Effusions and Manifestations of the Love of God to others, as well as to themselves. Particular Advantages are Matter of common Joy. As all the heavenly Spirits do rejoyce in the Preheminence of *Christ Jesus*; so do they in the Advantages of each other.

But tho' this Variety causes no Envy or Emulation in Heaven; yet, methinks, the Meditation of it should be a great Spur and Incentive to Piety, Virtue and good Works on Earth. Certainly, it ought to make us abound in the Fruits of Righteousness, that so we may be capable of the greatest Manifestations of the Love of God; since those that are most diligent in his Service, since those that are the most pious and virtuous in this World, will be the most glorious and excellent in the other.

*Q. The Bless'd so take Eternity in View,  
As makes its future Pleasures present too;  
Each single Comfort carries in its Womb,  
The luscious Foretaste of still more to come.  
One brings the Relish of the Rest in Hand,  
As Joshua's Grapes did of the promis'd Land.  
Their Joys are ne'er adjourn'd, but always near,  
For Expectation is Enjoyment here.  
Thus all have now Eternity of Bliss,  
And yet 'tis still in Prospect to possess.  
This aggravates their Joys, and serves their Thoughts,  
To Heights scarce vented in Seraphick Notes;  
As with what Joy these jocund Spirits move  
Round in the Orb of God's suffusive Love!  
Their Souls so strut with Joyfulness, that some  
Take up ev'n Heaven it self for Elbow-room.  
Ointments of Love still sweetning as they fall,  
Bedew, embalm, and over-run them all:  
Thus are they all delighting in their God,  
And gladed with their Being and Abode:  
The lowest Saint in the Celestial Round,  
Is made a King, and every King is crown'd.  
All this is own'd, but DUNTON, your GAZETTE \*  
Does say, in Heav'n the Saints have all Respect,  
According as they serv'd their God on Earth.*

Alluding to a Book I lately publish'd, entitl'd, *The Christian Gazette*, sold by John Morphew near Stationers-Hall.  
Then

Then let your NEW APOLLO ( if you please )  
 Tell how the Bless'd do differ in Degrees ?  
*The Task is hard, but you can do't with Ease.*

A. Glory is shar'd in common, all unite  
 In one Community of Love and Light ;  
 Here are no Guardians of forbidden Fruit,  
 But Happiness is free and prostitute :  
*Yet Blessedness has its Degrees ; nay such*  
 As make the blessed Spirits differ much :  
 Glory is carv'd and parcell'd out, but yet  
 Its Portions are not all commensurate.  
 Heaven is no lawless lev'ling Anarchy,  
 But a Monarchical Theocrisie ;  
 And therefore we've no Reason to conclude,  
*That all are uniformly Great or Good.*  
 In Monarchies we own the King supream,  
 The Princes next, the Viceroy next to them ;  
 And so thro' all Degrees which represent  
 The great Decorum of a Government.  
 So here, *JEHOVAH* superceeds the State,  
 Beneath his Footstool *Seraphims* are set ;  
 Next *Cherubims*, and Thrones, Dominions then,  
 So 'till we take the Hierarchy in ;  
 As Angels, so no doubt but Saints do bear  
 Their gradual Subordinations here :  
 The Elders are a Rank of Worth, but yet  
 Th' Apostles Order is transcending that,  
 For they with Christ, as sacred Writings tell,  
 Shall judge the Tribes, the Twelve of *Israel* :  
 To each God gives that Portion of his Love,  
 To which by Faith he did a Title prove :  
 Each Order and Degree of Grace shall meet .  
 A Form in Glory that shall answer it :  
 He whose Five Talents gain'd five more, and he  
 Whose two got two, do differ in Degree.  
 A Patron of Religion shall have Store  
 Of glorious Dowries, but a Martyr more :  
 A late Repentant shall have Room prepar'd,  
 But long Obedience shall have large Reward.  
 Yet tho' they differ. he that has the least,  
 Has what contents his Will and fills his Breast,  
 He has as much as he can grasp, his Soul  
 Is complacentially stuff'd and full ;  
 He murmurs not that other Saints have more,  
 Or he has least, but rather does adore  
 In Love and Gratitude his God that gave  
 What he enjoys, and all his Fellows have :

Such are the Dignities, they here abide,  
 As those to whom they're giv'n are qualify'd ;  
 All their Perfections are array'd and dress'd,  
 To suit those Pow'rs by which they are possess'd :  
 For were they modell'd more or less to crave,  
 Than by Eternal Charter they can have,  
 'Twould 'bate so much of Happiness, 'twould be  
 The long Complaint of Endless Misery :  
 If they had more than they could bear the Weight,  
 Finding no Powers to preponderate,  
 Would in the Cruelty of Kindness kill,  
 And press their Souls from Heaven into Hell.  
 If less, they'd still be hunting in Pursuit  
 Of what must ever be forbidden Fruit.  
 Thus Disappointments would torment the Mind,  
 Finding it self for Misery design'd :  
 So that if This, This also must be true,  
 That Saints are happy and unhappy too.  
*What if the whole Humanity of Christ was taken from the  
 Mary?*  
 Christ is like unto us in all things, Sin only excepted; and  
 taken for granted, that his Soul was created of nothing:  
 is used not only as one of the chief Weapons to main-  
 the Creation of ours; but also as a Shield to defend  
 from the Force of many other Arguments, which can-  
 otherwise possibly be avoided. It is very necessary  
 fore fully to clear this Point, and to shew both that it  
 mediately ( tho' extraordinarily ) produced from Adam,  
 as ours, and how so it could be free from Sin.  
 at the Soul of our Saviour was not immediately created  
 thing, may appear; First, Because it is more than is  
 Scripture. The Holy Ghost in the Description of  
 s Incarnation, saith nothing of any such Thing, no  
 thstanding it is thought to be such a notable, yea,  
 necessary Way to clear him from Sin. And who  
 ay or think the holy Ghost should omit one of the most  
 pal Things, in the mightiest Matter that ever was re-  
 to Men or Angels? Yea, how contrary to all Rea-  
 it, that when the four Evangelists were so careful to  
 the every material Circumstance ( touching his Birth,  
 Death, &c. ) so as that which is wanting in one, is  
 d by another; yet in this alone, which is the chief  
 they should all forget to mention it, if there had been  
 ch Matter? And why then should we thrust in our  
 ts of such Things as never were heard of in the Scrip-  
 For from the Beginning of the World ( since Adam )  
 never heard that a Soul was created of nothing: And  
 e then father our Imaginations upon the Scripture?  
 Yea,

Yea, why, or how dare Man speak where the holy Ghost is silent? Know that *curst is he that addeth ought to the Word of God.*

But not only do the Scriptures not speak it, but they plainly affirm the contrary: As where it saith, *The Seed of the Woman shall break the Serpents Head: And in thy Seed shall all the Nations of the Earth be blessed.* Where by Seed is meant the whole Nature of Man, which Christ took: And how can it be denied then, but his Soul as well as his Body was their Seed? Again, *Christ was made of the Seed of David according to the Flesh*; that is, his whole Humanity, for it is there opposed to his Divinity; as also where it is said *God raised up Christ, of the Fruit of his Loins, according to the Flesh*: And how else can he be in all Things, except he be like unto us, who are mediately traduc'd from Adam, by Soul and Body?

Again, If his, and all Souls, be immediately created by God, then the Imputation of *Adam's Sin* to all Men, cannot lay hold on Christ as Man: Neither is it sufficient to say that he is more than a Man; for if *Adam's Sin* be imputed unto all Men, *co nomine*, even because they are Men, it cannot be avoided, but it must light upon him also, so far forth as he is Man. And thus they must needs fall into that which they so much fear, the making of Christ's humane Nature sinful: So slippery is it to walk out of the right Way, tho' never so warily.

This appeareth also in that his Soul and Body were conceived together both at once; and not after the Perfection of the Vegetative and Sensitive Souls; as they say it is in us. For this is generally confessed, because the divine Nature is immediately united to the Soul, and by the Soul to the Body; so that unless we shou'd say, that his Soul did subsist by it self out of the divine Nature, before it was assumed; or else that the divine Nature was united to a brute Body, (or unform'd un-inform'd Embrio) which is not Man, I believe, is so brutish to affirm; it must of necessity be granted (so forcible is the Truth) that however it is said, his Soul and Body was conceived together. Which being so, it followeth by the same Reason that if he be like unto us, and we like unto him in all things, except that our Souls and Bodies also conceived together as his were. And if it be granted that all Souls are present at the first Conception; there will be small Reason to think they are by immediate Creation.

Besides, it is manifest from the Manner of his Conception; for if his Soul had come immediately from God, it might have been begotten after the common Manner of Men without Sin; but this could not be, and therefore the

is not. The Connexion of the Proposition is manifest, if his and all Souls do come immediately from God, Original Sin cannot possibly come by Propagation; but either because God bereaves it of supernatural Gifts, where- it becomes evil; or by the Union with the Body at Instant whereof it is guilty of *Adam's* Sin, because the of Man. But seeing Christ's Soul, so soon as it was, together with the Body one Person with the Eternal God: He must needs be exempted from the common Con- dition of Men, and so even (by their Doctrine) neither should be bereaved of those Gifts, nor guilty of *Adam's* Sin, being more than a Man. Neither can it be said, that there is evil in the Act of Generation, for that is naturally Good; the Soul (they say) is not then present, and the Body is not capable of Sin; no tho' the Soul were present, as they say) Man propagate the Body only. Where- if his Soul had been immediately created by God, he might well have been propagated without Sin; but the As- sumption that this cou'd not be, is no less apparent, if for more but this; that if it cou'd, no question it shou'd. God and Nature do nothing in vain; and we cannot deny the Truth of that saying, *Frustra fit per plura quod fit potest per pauciora*. So that either this extraordinary Work of the Holy Ghost was in vain, or else Christ's Soul was not immediately created.

Lastly, For the Confirmation hereof, I will only add one Reason more, taken from the Reasoning of the Adversaries of this Doctrine, who therefore prove the Holy Ghost not to be Christ's Father (tho' he overshadow'd the Virgin) because the Matter of his Humanity was not from the Holy Ghost, but from the Virgin. From whence I might con- clude,

First, That Christ's Soul comes not immediately from the Holy Ghost; for then the greatest Part of his Humanity shou'd have been from the Holy Ghost; because all external Works of God are common to each Person in the Trinity.

Secondly, That his Soul was taken from the Virgin, for the same Reason as I say his Humanity was; whereof I am sure the Soul is the principle Part; yea that without which it cannot be Humanity.

But that which I do especially conclude from hence is, that if the Holy Ghost cannot be Christ's Father, because he is not the Matter of his Humanity, Christ cannot be the Son of *Adam* nor *David*, according to the Promise: No, he cannot be the Son of Man (and so no Saviour) unless he receive the Matter of his Humanity (whereof the Soul is the chief Part) from them. And herein indeed they speak the Truth, for it is impossible to be a natural Father to that



whereunto we give not the whole Matter, yea and Form too; as we shall see when we come to the Rules of Nature which God hath instituted, and from whence the Truth of this is also to be fetch'd.

I conclude therefore, that Christ's whole Humanity, both Soul and Body, was traduced from *Adam*; that is, taken out of his Substance, tho' not after the common Manner but separated from the Person of the Virgin, only by the miraculous Work of the Holy Ghost, which useth to be taken from both Sexes in ordinary Generation. And the Soul cannot by the Power of Nature be produced of a Body, no more than a Body; yet it being performed by supernatural Power, it is a true Soul no less than the Body is a true Body; and both together makes a true Man, no less than *Eve* was a true Woman (whom *Adam* call'd *Brave* *his Bone, and Flesh of his Flesh*, even his other self-Woman altho' she was taken only out of Man: For that which the Apostle spake in a spiritual Sense, is true also literally that *we are Members of his Body, of his Flesh and of his Bone* and consequently so is he of ours, which could not be if he had not the true Nature of Man, tho' taken out of a Woman only, as well as *Eve*, who was made only of a Man yea, much more because she was immediately made perfect at the first; and he conceived of Seed, formed, nourished and brought forth by Degrees; like unto us in all things excepting only the Manner of his first Conception, that he might be free from Sin. And here let us stay a little to behold and wonder at the admirable Correspondency, or double Concordancy in the four-fold production of Mankind, to wit, in *Adam* and us: *Eve* and *Christ*, immediately and mediately, after this Manner.

*Adam* made immediately without Man or Woman.

Other Men mediately, both of Man and Woman.

*Eve* partly both Ways, of Man and Woman.

*Christ* also both Ways, of no Man but Woman.

Thus by the same Authority that they would prove our Souls created of nothing, because Christ's was; I can prove they were not, because his was not; yea, by so much more as there are abundance of Scriptures and Reasons to confirm this, and none at all for, but against that.

I shou'd next proceed to answer those several *Natural* *curious Questions* that were lately sent me concerning *Beatifick Vision* — *The fixed Stars* — *The perpetual* *Virginity of the Virgin Mary* — *The Fish that devour'd Jonah* — *Diversity of Faces* — *The Love of Spaniels* — *The* *degrees of Spirits* — *The Nature of Death* — *The* *Resurrection* — But for want of Room, I must beg the *Christ's* *Patience* 'till the Publishing of my next *Apology*.

## PROJECT VII.

## PARNASSUS HOA!

*Frolick in Verse: Being Poems on none merry, odd, barren and trifling Subjects—Introduc'd with Apollo's Proclamation to all the Masters in Poetry, by what they soever dignify'd or distinguish'd. — which is added, A Character of the GREAT (or beggarly Crew) from Homer, down to the famous Dryden— With Improvements from all the most celebrated Poets, both Ancient and Modern— Attempted by JOHN DUNTON, Author of the Satyr, intitled, The Rump; or a Touch at the Ladies Tails.—*

## PART I.

*contin'd, 'till the Rhimeing Frolicks are all publish'd.*

*them leave, that Poem is my Son — Randolph.*

*more merry, odd, barren and trifling any Subject is, more Brains must be allow'd for Sauce — Osborn.*

*Parnassus Hoa! Or, a Frolick in Verse.*

*Worthy Reader.— I intend in this Seventh Project, to present thee with the scatter'd Papers of my green Years, which if they want that SERIOUSNESS and solemn Thoughts, which please the grave Palates of so late an Age as this; let me beseech thy Pardon, had I not in thy View, a Volume of Poems beyond Exception,*

tion, it had anticipated thy good Nature, and left thee an Occasion to have exercised thy Patience. However, Reader, this I can warrant for my *Rhiming Frolick*, that it will deceive thee; for thou wilt find (as thou art told in the Title Page) no Poems in it, but such as are either *odd, barren and trifling*; for I consider'd (now that my *House* is under Disgrace) a *Poetical Comedy* could either please or displease no Man; and therefore, Reader, if my *looser Minutes* shall either please or profit thee, I have no more to say but  
End.

But perhaps, Reader, your Inclinations lead you to expect more solid Learning than any you'll find in this *Rhiming Frolick*; yet guessing that a VARIETY may not be unpleasing to you, I have ventur'd to publish this *Frolick in Verse*, hoping it will serve your Diversion when tyr'd with Business, or when you are engaged in more serious Studies. In these *Frolicks* there is a Mixture of Poems as well as of Authors, some of which I hope may give you the Satisfaction I wish, in their Perusal; I can justly boast that the *Frolicks* (and Translations) are taken from the most celebrated Poets, both Ancient and Modern; which of themselves wou'd need no Apology for their appearing in Publick, were it not for the Blame they may have receiv'd in passing thro' my Hands: How to make amends, I resolve to compleat my own Performances in Verse, from all the merry, odd, barren, and trifling Poems that were ever publish'd, resolving to make this *seventh Project*, not only a *Rhiming Frolick*, but a universal Entertainment for all the Lovers of *Verse and Mirth*.

I might alledge several Reasons for the Publication of this *RHIMING FROLICK*, namely, gratification of my Curiosity, Importunity, Prevention of spurious Impressions. But these are in Print already in many grave Authors, with their Apologies to express the Bashfulness of the Author, and the Badness of the Work.

There are another Sort of Reasons not express'd in the Title; as, an Ambition to be in Print, to have a *Wreath* in Copper, with a *Lawrel* about my Head, a *Motto* and a *Device* underneath, made by my self, in my own Commission, and to be accounted a *Wit*, and call'd a *Poet*.

These Reasons being laid aside as TRIFLING, it was not expected that I shou'd present you with better; but I will have them not about me; and for that Reason, I will not to affirm, that I am not bound in Strictness to give you any Man any Reason for doing this: For why I make these *FROLICKS*, I can give no other Account than that I do as he does, why he gets Children; that is his Pleasure, and that is his Reason. And as with him in his Case, 'tis with me in mine; and

ght our *Brats* into the World, 'tis our Duty to provide  
their Preservation.

I dare not say these *FROLICKS* are witty, nor do I  
only know whether they be or not; for the Wits are  
agreed of a Standard; nor shall I declare them dull,  
others out of Respect to me, shou'd be of the same  
Opinion.

But this I assure you, that I have been told to my Face,  
that these *Frolicks* are all either *merry, odd, barren, or*  
*(i. e. Diverting)* and I was such a *fond Fool* to  
believe it; else you may be confident, they had ne'er been  
brought to View; for upon my Credit, I have no Ambition  
to be laugh'd at: And 'twere a great Disingenuity to offer  
to my Friends, which I my self shou'd dislike.

But be these *Rhiming Frolicks* witty, or be they dull, yet  
I shou'd not be too rash, in disparaging 'em, for cou'd I soar  
higher than *John Bunyan, or Ben. Keach* (*i. e. were I a*  
*TASTER,*) yet 'tis as unkind and unmanly to abuse  
a Man for being a bad *Poet*, as it is to rail at a *Dwarf* for being  
small and weak; it being my Desire to be as good as any  
Man can jeer me; and if I come short by the Head, who can  
blame it?

You ask me, what I mean by [*Parnassus Hoa!*] And  
by [*A Frolick in Verse*]? I answer, you are told what  
I mean by it in the two Poems entitl'd — *Frolick 1.* and  
*Frolick 2.* — which have been printed several Times. But  
as I am now Re-printing a general Collection of all my  
Poems, I was loath to omit 'em in this PROJECT, and the  
first, as *Frolick 2.* is a Sort of Abridgement of all *Frolicks*,  
and consequently the fittest to lead the Way in this *Rhim-*  
*ing Frolick*, which (to render the more diverting) shall conclude  
with — *A Character of the Laureat (or beggarly) Crew, from*  
*DRYDEN down to the famous DRYDEN.*

And further I call this *Rhiming Frolick*, *PARNASSUS*  
As I here invite all ingenious Gentlemen and Ladies  
(and especially my *Athenian Friends*) that are Lovers of  
Poetry, to send me whatever *POEMS* they have by 'em  
that are properly *Frolick*, (I mean that are either *merry,*  
*barren or trifling*) and they shan't fail of a Place in  
my *Rhiming Frolick*, with their Names to each, ex-  
cept they forbid it; and the same Justice I shall do my self,  
to by affixing every Man's Name to his own *Frolick*,  
that the *BENEFACTOR* may fairly own (and protect) the  
whole Issue of his own Brain.

*PARNASSUS Hoa!* For if our *English Bards* will  
bring them to the Court of *APOLLO* in the Streams of *Heli-*  
*con* our *RHIMING WHERRY* shall stop to take them  
and if the celebrated Poets (such as *Garth, Addison,*  
*Congreve,*

*Congreve, Prior, Chudleigh, Singer, &c.*) will but fill our BOAT, I won't stick to assert, this merry Frolick diverting enough to tempt the Beaus (of either Sex) into *Dunton's Projects*, in which (I mean in the grave Projects) I hope they'll be caught with something that make 'em serious in Earnest; for as *HERBERT* says,

*A Verse may hit him whom a Sermon flies,  
And turn Delight into a Sacrifice.*

And now being taught by Custom, to beg something of the Reader, it shall be this, that in reading and perusing these *Rhiming Frolicks*, he will consider his own frailty and Fallibility; and read with the same Temper and Application as if himself had written and I were to judge; and if he does not find Matter here, to please himself and love himself, I pity my disastrous Fate, that threw me into the Distemper of Rhiming.

But as to the Men of a severer Brow, who may be scandaliz'd at this merry Way of Writing, I desire them not to conceive those FROLICKS which may seem wild and not to be Ideas of my own Mind, but Characters of the *Humours* set out in their own Persons: And when on the Times, to be but Expressions of what was thought and designed by the Persons represented; there being another Way to reprove the Vices now raging among us, to lash them smilingly; and that my Fellow Travellers *PARNASSUS* may observe that merry Rule in all their Letters, what Assistance is requested of them, for their better understanding this *Rhiming Frolick*, I shall introduce it with a Proclamation to all the Masters in Poetry, by what Titles ever dignify'd or distinguish'd.

By *A P O L L O* a PROCLAMATION

**A** *P O L L O* by the Grace of Fate, Lord of *Mount Parnassus* and *Helicon*, Sovereign of the *Hippocretian* *Waters* &c. To our Right Trusty and Beloved Subjects, the Masters of the Libraries and Closets of the Learned, Masters of Poetry, Judges and Councillors of Wit, Treasurers and Keepers of Records of Verses, by what Titles soever dignify'd or distinguish'd, and all others whom it may concern, Greeting. Whilst the Heroick Deeds of the *British* *QUEEN* make the *Gallick* Throne shake, and raise the Admiration of the Universe; we are not our selves exempted from Fear, but ought to be mindful of our Glory; lest we be incapable from paying to her Merit the Praises it deserves.

Therefore that none henceforth make an ill Use of our  
Enthusiasms and Poetical Furies, we have resolv'd, order'd  
and commanded, and by these Presents resolve, order and  
command, with and by the Advice of our dearly beloved  
Masters the Nine Muses, That from the Time of the Publica-  
tion of these Presents, none presume to make or compose  
throughout our whole Dominions (without our special Li-  
cense first had and obtain'd for the same) any Manner of  
Heroic Verses, Passionate Stanza's, soft and tender Madri-  
gals, *Billets Doux*, or any other Amorous Poetry whatsoe-  
ver. Forbidding them for the Present, to all Intents and  
Purposes, and strictly inhibiting to all Poets, on the Penalty  
of being whipt most piteously, the lavishing their Pension of  
the Crown, or draining themselves dry, and wasting our Divine  
Gifts in Matters so idle and inconsistent. This Prohibiti-  
on shall last and remain in Force during the War, wherein  
our Victorious Queen is now engag'd for the Liberty of  
our Country: There being no Reason to devote to Love, a Time  
so peculiar due to Glory, and only record the Victories and  
Triumphs of our Nymphs, when hers may better employ their  
Talents. Be it therefore enacted by Virtue of our Sovereign  
Authority, That it shall not be lawful to speak of any  
Conquests than hers, whatever Indulgence we may be  
oblig'd to allow for other Matters in Time of Peace. And  
that none may prophane our Mysteries, we rigorously for-  
bid all *Pedants*, *Poetasters* and *Hedge-Rhymers* the Use of  
any such Poem, it being enough for them to huzza and cry, *God  
save the QUEEN*, with the grand Chorus of the People,  
forbidding them from all Manner of Duty, on Pain of Im-  
prisonment with other Lunaticks. And to this intent we  
do direct and create a Court like that at *Lyons*, where for-  
ever bad Writers were condemn'd publickly to wipe off  
their Tongues all they had written. We also com-  
mand our Satyrists to suspend their Talent in this so just  
Season of writing *Panegyricks*; to which End we will in-  
dignify them with all the necessary Genius to compose some  
*Odes*, *Heroic Verses*, and *finish'd Poems*, whilst we will  
employ that QUEEN's Enemies with *Elegies* and *Epitaphs*.  
The Poets of the first and second Magnitude shall make *Hoch-  
rejoice* the inimitable Valour of him that made it  
us, and the *Thames* celebrate the undaunted Resolution  
and matchless Prudence of the Victorious *ANNE*; *Bucolic*  
Poets shall be inspired with *Pastorals*, and the *Lyric* with  
Poems in their Praise. *Dogzrel* Poets shall be supplied with  
all sorts of Fancies and merry Thoughts to ridicule the Folly  
and Vanity of their Enemies; wherein the Quibbles and  
Puns, those Insects of *Parnassus*, will be of great  
Use to them. And in all Cases we promise to aid and  
assist

assist all our good Subjects in this good Work, provided they  
humbly beg and require our Assistance in the same.

Given at our Court on Mount Parnassus, the 1138th. Olym-  
piad of our Reign, the first Day of the Year wherein we  
part our Gifts to Poets.

By Apollo's Command. Sign'd Mnemosyna, Secretary of Pa-  
nassus.

Thus, Reader, I have presented thee with a Copy of the  
Proclamation to all the Masters in Poetry (as formerly  
publish'd by the ingenious *Motteux*). And now PROSE is  
well, for I am come to the FROLICKS in VERSE.

## FROLICK I.

Parnassus Hoa! By Mr. Dunton.

**B** Rentford! — No! No! Parnassus Hoa! I mean  
For now I row i'th' Heliconian Stream:  
The lab'ring Oar is now a barren Line,  
A merry Catch, or else some Love Design.  
Yes, I'll attempt — A Frolick now in Verse,  
For in Apollo's Boat they do rehearse  
Such bauling Jests as do the Brain refine,  
And set even Dunton on a merry Pin:  
Then call a Boat where Rhimes both odd and merry,  
May mix with Barren till we trim the Wherry,  
For all shall sing old Rose, if Dunton steer ye.  
Parnassus Hoa! — For I now row for Wit,  
To the nine Muses (great Apollo's Seat);  
Where bright *Urania* shall my Mistress be,  
And cou'd I wed a Muse, wou'd marry'd be.  
'Tis but a Frolick, and for want of Pence,  
I now must Frolick with Impertinence,  
But take no Fare but what are Men of Sense.  
Then let no Nymph these merry Frolicks scorn,  
For Cupid was a rambling Maggot born:  
Cry'd out — Parnassus Hoa! — and still did roar,  
'Till he got Bow and Arrows for an OAR,  
And then dip'd both in the Castalian Spring,  
And ever now — Parnassus Hoa! — will sing.

Then being fix'd in great Apollo's Boat,  
Row on bold Muse, the Wind does move you both:  
Make all the sail you can, and never spare,  
For merry, bold and humourfome they are,  
That truly sail in great Apollo's Chair.

*Parnassus Hoa!* No, Sir, we mean to steer  
 Far from rich Sots, for Poets are our Fare.  
*Farewel all Lands*— for now our Brains do flow  
 I'th' narrow Seas, and merrily we go.  
 Bless me, 'tis hot! Another Bowl of Wine,  
 Cry'd Cowley, that did row with all the Nine \*,  
 And then his Bards did cut the Burning Line. }  
 Ho Boys! She skuds away, so fast does row,  
 We round *Parnassus Mount* are sailing too.  
 Thus on a very fair and Star light Noon †,  
 Our Boat launch'd out and gently left the Moon, }  
 Excuse the *Frolick* for it might be done.  
 So stoops the Sun to kifs his watry Fare ||,  
 And with bright Footsteps paints the ambient Air.  
*Boreas* had lock'd his *Bullies* in their Cave,  
 And— *Birds of Calm* brood o'er the marble Wave \*\*. }  
 That's we got safe unto *Parnassus Coast*,  
 Where what we saw, 'tis he that knows can boast—  
 But since these *Frolicks* look a Thousand Ways,  
 That *Hoa Parnassus!* may deserve the Rays,  
 We'll now row back— that's *Frolick* all our Days. }

\* *The Nine Muses.*

† [ Thus on a very fair and *Star-light Noon.* ]

*Lucian, and the Ship's Crew, had taken a Voyage to the Land  
 the Moon, (without the Help either of Domingo's Feathery,  
 others Chrystal or Brazen Chariot, or so much as the French  
 Smith's Wings) and after many strange Adventures met with  
 you need not question) in so strange a Place, is now just bound  
 or Earth and Sea again.*

|| [ So stoops the Sun to kifs his watry Fair. ]

*Apollo's pretty Hostess, whom he uses a Nights to call upon.  
 at they are both very civil Persons, and certainly mean no man-  
 of harm in the World.— I forgot to tell you her Name is  
 Petis.*

\*\* [ And *Birds of Calm* brood o'er the Marble wave. ]

*These are a kind of Creatures the Poets have had the Happiness  
 discover, as Harpys, Chymara's, &c. when all the other less  
 quisitive, or less lucky Part of the World know nothing of 'em.  
 they are said to brood on the Sea, at a set Time in the Year;  
 and Neptune while they are hatching, is so complaisant to give  
 all fair Weather. If any would see any more of 'em, let 'em  
 enquire at *Lucian's true History, second Part, and they shall  
 know farther.**



## FROLICK II.

The Poetick Ramble : Or, a Frolick in Verse. By Mr. D...  
The Third Edition.

**O**ne Night, when Fumes of charming Bottle  
Had Fermentation rais'd in Noddle ;  
When various Troops of Airy Notions  
Danc'd in my Brain *Morisco* Motions ;  
*Judgment*, that us'd to guide the Rudder,  
Was quite amaz'd i' th' horrid Pother ;  
So that the Ship was steer'd by Chance,  
As Chaos was by Atom's Dance ;  
My Soul ( as all wise Men aver )  
*Was here, and there, and every where ;*  
A Shuttlecock which you might than see  
Tofs'd by the *Battle-door of Fancy*,  
—— And spinning wildly here and there,  
Danc'd Jigs and Frolicks in the Air.  
Thus while my Thoughts were on the *Ramble*,  
I scribbled down this long Preamble ;  
And tustian Fancy eas'ly ambling,  
Did thus descant in Praise of Rambling.

“ *Nothing i' th' World is steady found,*  
“ *But an eternal Dance goes round.* [Cont.]  
And jarring Seeds of Nature be  
Still constant in *Inconstancy*.  
*The Sun* ( as all Men know his Course is )  
Rides round the World with *Coach and Horses*,  
And like a wicked Fornicator,  
Leaves his true Bed, the warm *Æquator* ;  
And let old *Jove* say what he can Sir,  
Rambles to *Capricorn* and *Cancer*.  
*The fix'd Stars too* ( tho' *Erra Pater*  
Swears they ne'er mov'd, nor will hereafter )  
Yet ha' been found by *Optick Engines*  
To've rambled backward a whole Sign since.  
*Then for the Planets* ( Heav'n save 'em ! )  
No mortal Man knows where to have 'em ;  
They move by *Excentrics*, *Epicicles*,  
And outchange threescore *Madam Fickles*.  
Nay more, the rambling roguy *Gipsies*,  
Amaze the World by dire *Eclipses*,  
Cause *Battles*, *Famines*, *Death*, *Diseases*,  
And whate'er *Mischief Gadbury* pleases :

But tho' these rove and live at Random,  
 Ye'r Comets still go much beyond 'em.  
 A Comet is a rambling Blade  
 That scours thro' Heav'n in Masquerade;  
 Sometimes in antick Drefs he appears,  
 And frights the Angels from their Spheres;  
 Sometimes stuck round with Links and Torches,  
 To sublunary Worlds he marches;  
 And sily entring on a sudden,  
 Scares silly Boors from eating Pudding;  
 Then before *Flamstead* with his Glasses  
 Can tell ye whereabouts his Place is;  
*Whip, Sir, he's gon!* to th' Antipodes,  
 Where deeper Heads, \* think his Abode is.  
*Within the Bound of Heavens high Wall*  
*Is kept a constant Carnival,*  
*And there, - e'er since the World's Creation,*  
*Rambling has been the Recreation.*  
 Thus what's the Harmony o'th' Spheres,  
 ( Which deafens ev'ry Mortal's Ears )  
 But Musick made in Serenading,  
 And thrum'd Guittars in Masquerading?  
 Then as for Thunder, pray what is't else,  
 But Noise of Frolick Angels Pistols?  
 When one in dark doth t'other juffle,  
 And shakes the Welkin in the Bustle?  
 So when the Stars ( that serve for Torches  
 To guide the Gods in rambling Marches )  
 Grow dim and twinkle ( as you know  
 Our earthly Flambeau's often do )  
 The cunning Link-Boy whirls it round him,  
 To make the Light be more abounding,  
 Or knocks it full against some Planet,  
 For want of Post or Porter's Bannet:  
 Hence a vast Sphere of fiery Drops,  
 Fly all about as thick as Hops;  
 And some o' these which downward go,  
 Do pass for Meteors here below;  
 Cheat Rusticks ignorant and fearful,  
 And make 'em think they see a Star fall.  
 Thus far for Heaven: Pray, now let's see  
 What Frolicks in this World there be:  
 And first, our Modern Virtuosi,  
 Who with new Problems daily pose ye;  
 Say, that this very earthly Ball,  
 Town, Cities, Rivers, Men and all,

---

Some of the Royal Society.

Runs round the World with all us in it,  
 And rambles sixty Miles a Minute.  
 The Elements their Places change,  
 And into foreign Regions range;  
 They ramble so confus'dly round,  
 They're no where Simple to be found:  
 Fire does from highest Concave go,  
 And lurks in Flints and Stones below;  
 Air enters Earth's vast hollow Caverns,  
 And there like Bullies drunk in Taverns,  
 Roar, Frolicks, Scours——

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

### F R O L I C K III.

*Pegasus: Or the Muse on Horse-back. By Mr. Anonymus.*

**T**HUS to be ridden, whip'd and spurr'd,  
 In Silence cannot be endur'd:  
 Blows did a silly Ass provoke;  
 With Reason, and with Cause she spoke.  
 Nay, Tubs and Pans with sullen Dub,  
 Murmur at Stroak of Massy Club:  
 The empty Bagpipe and the Drum,  
 When squeez'd or beaten, are not dumb:  
 And shan't I for my self dispute,  
 Since nothing's got by being Mute?  
 The Samian Wrestler lost by Wrong,  
 His Prize, which made him find a Tongue:  
 Then will I speak, tho' of Discourse  
 I know as little as a Horse.

Ye Gods! Since first I was a Fool,  
 There's not a Transmigrating Soul,  
 Has suffer'd half such sad Disasters  
 In Change of Shapes, as I in Masters.  
 Most of Mankind have been my Plaguers,  
 Few Kings, some great Men, many Beggars:  
 The great rid neither high nor far,  
 They both themselves and keeping spare:  
 The Lovers kept me at a Gallop,  
 In vain pursuit of Flying Trolop:  
 The Philomath Astrologers,  
 Wou'd Post upon me to the Stars;  
 To fetch Advice, and make Relation,  
 In high Flown Monthly Observation:

But I've play'd such a Coltish Trick,  
 And cast them down so Lunatick,  
 Thro' *Grubstreet* they came stumbling back,  
 To warble forth an *Almanack* ;  
 Judge when poor Rogues, like these, do back me,  
 If I am not a wretched Hackney ?

Poets and Poetesses, Millions,  
 I without Saddles bore, or Pillions.  
 The First that mounted was *Belerophon*,  
 Without a Bridle or a Styrum on,  
 Thinking, 'twas only Up and Ride,  
 Like *B—more* whip'd me Back and Side ;  
 Above the Stars he thought t' ascend,  
 But like *Furator* mis'd his End ;  
 And as high Lookers in an humble  
*Sir-reverence* may chance to tumble,  
 He daring such a lofty Pitch,  
 Fell Giddy backward on his Breech :  
 I forward went, but was kick'd down,  
 By th' fiery Stallions of the Sun.

With founder'd Feet, and weary'd Hams,  
 Then in sad Tones, I neigh'd the *Psalms* ;  
 But since I have better Riders found,  
 I prance on that uneven Ground :

Must I be us'd wh' am Flesh and Blood,  
 As if I were a Horse of Wood ?  
 Nay, worse ; for Wooden Horse is made  
 To punish, not be punished :

Henceforth they shall no more provoke  
 My Flight, than were I Heart of Oak.  
 Tell me, ye Powers ! Shall such a Nag as is  
 Great *PRIOR*'s, and the Muses *Pegasus*,  
 Starve ? By such needy Scriblers fed,  
 Who want alike both Sense and Bread.

I feed with Men, and what is stranger,  
 Live worse than if at Rack and Manger.  
 No Wonder Poets often fall,  
 Whose Bread the Staff of Life's so small.

The *Trojan Horse*, that like a Tow'r,  
 Many Stout Men in's Belly bore,  
 In his full Paunch had never stow'd,  
 Of Heroes, half so great a Load,  
 As I must carry to *Parnassus*,  
 Of Poets dire, and Poetesses ;

Like Trooper's Horse, I shou'd not care,  
 Were I to carry Provinder ;  
 The Proverb says, That he's a proud  
*Ass*, that refuses such a Load :

But I'm like *Elephants*, who bear  
 For others, Castles in the Air,  
 Whom they Support, whilst all they get,  
 Is to be burthen'd with the Weight.

Great *Jove* to free me from this Curse,  
 Transform me to a *Baker's Horse*,  
 And let the Wings I whilom bore,  
 With *Dryden* when I us'd to soar,  
 Be into *Panniers* turn'd, and ty'd  
 Full of *Brown Loaves* on either Side.

## F R O L I C K IV.

DUNTON: — Or, the Projector of the Rhiming Frolick:  
 Being a merry Character of himself, the meanest of all the  
 erick Tribe.

I Don't pretend (as some of late I've seen)  
 To've ev'r been drunk with th' *Muses Hypocrene*;  
 Nor on *Parnassus Top* to've laid me down,  
 And there dreamt *Lawrels* should my *Temples* crown  
 And waking find my self a *Poet* grown.  
 I'm none of those; I leave the *Muses Seats*,  
 And silent *Groves*, those shady blest *Retreats*,  
 To th' happier *Laureats* of the Age, whose *Fame*  
 Obscures the *Glory* of my meaner *Name*.  
 If you shou'd ask me who those *Laureats* were  
 That sat as **FIRST RATES** in the *Poets Chair*,  
 I'd name some few, and leave the rest to steer.

*Chaucer* shall live, whilst this our *British Land*,  
 Or the vast *Cornwal-Mount* in it shall stand:  
 Or whilst (almost a *Sea* it self) the *Thames*,  
 To th' *Ocean* rowls his tributary *Streams*.  
*Sidney's* great *Name* shall last, whilst there are *Swains*  
 That feed their *Flocks* on the *Arcadian Plains*;  
 Each *Nymph* shall tune his *Praises* on her *Reed*,  
 Whilst *Beris*, to hear their *Songs*, forget to feed:  
 Ecchoing *Groves* aloud their *Joys* shall tell,  
 And praise that *Swain* that sung their *Praise* so well.  
 The *Majesty* of mighty *Cowley's Name*,  
 Shall travel thro' the farthest *Coasts* of *Fame*;  
 His noble *Works* for ever shall impart,  
 The *Height* of *Judgment*, *Nature*, *Wit* and *Art*.  
*Dryden*, great *King* of *Verse*, shall ever live,  
 Judicious *Dryden* shall himself survive.  
 Whilst in this *Town* there's a *procuring Bawd*,  
 Or a smooth *flattering Whore* that plies the *Trade*,

A wily Servant, cruel Father known,  
The Lawrel shall the matchless *Johnson* crown.  
*Shakespear*, tho' rude, yet his immortal Wit  
Shall never to the Stroke of Time submit,  
And the loud thund'ring Flights of lofty *Lee*  
Shall strike the Ears of all Posterity.  
*Creeches* sublimest Verse in God-like State,  
Shall soar above the Reach of humble Fate;  
Nor shall he die 'till the World's mighty Ball  
Shall be dissolv'd, and to a Chaos fall.  
*Spence's* Heroick Lines no Death shall fear,  
His *Fanny Queen*, and *Shepherd's Kalendar*,  
Shall be admir'd, whilst to our new Room [London.]  
The Vassal Isle to pay their Tribute come.  
As long as Flames last, Torches, Bows, and Darts,  
(Love's great Artillery to conquer Hearts)  
Shall witty *Strephon's* wanton Verse be read  
By many a melting Youth, and yielding Maid.  
From East to West *Suckling's* soft Muse shall run,  
So bright as the Light, and glorious as the Sun;  
Each Pole shall eccho his Eternal Fame,  
And the bright Mistress he vouchsafes to name.  
When solid Ir'n shall be eat up with Rust,  
And Marble Statues crumbl'd into Dust,  
To deathless Verse Time's Spight shall do no Wrong,  
For that must ever last, be ever young.  
Kings and their Triumphs, all the Pomp they boast,  
In dark Oblivion would be quickly lost,  
Did no bless'd Poet the vast Loss repair,  
Making them deathless, as his Numbers are.  
*Jagus* to Verse must yield altho' it roll'd  
In Floods of Treasure, and a Tide of Gold.  
All these were *First Rates* and did Frolick oft  
Unto *Parnassus* in the *Laureat Boat*;  
But *DUNTON* is the meanest Rhiming Thing,  
That ever *SIPT* in the *Castalian Spring*.  
Yet tho' a rude, unpolish'd Muse I have,  
A Place among the rest I humbly crave.  
What is't that makes the chattering Parrot learn  
His Master's Name, and when he calls discern?  
Want makes mute Birds an humane Accent get;  
And Poets write in Spite of Sense and Wit.  
From Want the best Supplies of Fancy grow,  
To her the Invention of most Arts we owe.  
Should Birds but once the Use of Money find,  
(Money the adored Hope of frail Mankind!)

Then Crows and Pies wou'd learn to course a Muse,  
 They'd learn to dedicate and to abuse,  
 And all the Tricks that flattering Poets use.  
 But tho' the Mob will Prose and Gold admire,  
 Let Love and Poetry my Breast inspire.  
 Let me *Apollo*, and the Muses quaff  
 In full charg'd Bowls, *Castalian Rivers* off:  
 The sacred *Heliconian* Streams shall be  
 A *Tagus*, and a *Ganges* both to me;  
 Our Life feeds all the Envy we shall have,  
 With us it sleeps in quiet in the Grave:  
 When dead, the Honours we from Verse receive  
 Shall guard us, and that Fame our Merits give,  
 So that when Nature shall dissolve this Frame,  
 And turn me to that Dust, from whence I came;  
 Ev'n then o'er Death I shall a Triumph gain,  
 And the best Part of me shall still remain.  
 For as was said by a Poetick DON \*,  
 If I a Poem leave, that Poem is my Son.

---

 F R O L I C K V.

*The Boat's Crew: Or, a merry Health to the Triclers  
 Parnassus*—— By Mr. Herrick.

1.  
**B**Rave Lads now squeeze for Room,  
 So while we here sit crown'd,  
 We'll drink a merry Health  
 Until the Boat turn round.

2.  
 O! You the *Virgins Nine*!  
 That do our Souls inspire;  
 Refine our Muse with Wine,  
 Lest *Pegasus* shou'd tire.

3.  
 Now's the Time for Mirth,  
 Nor Cheek or Tongue be dumb:  
 Let's drink a Rhiming Health,  
 To Frolick we are come.

4.  
 Homer this Health to thee,  
 In Sack of such a Kind,  
 That it wou'd make thee see,  
 Tho' thou wert ne'er so blind.

V.

Next *Virgil* I'll call forth,  
To pledge this second Health  
In Wine, whose each Cup's worth  
An *Indian* Common-wealth.

VI.

A Goblet next I'll drink  
To *Ovid*, and suppose,  
Made he the Pledge, he'd think  
The World had all *one Nose*.

VII.

Then this immensive Cup  
Of *Aromatick* Wine;  
*Catullus*, we'll quaff up  
To that *Terce Muse* of thine.

VIII.

Wild I am now with heat;  
O *Bacchus*! cool thy Rays!  
Or frantick I shall eat  
Thy *Thyrse*, and bite the *Bays*.

IX.

Round, Round, the Boat do's run;  
And being ravish'd thus,  
Come, we will drink a Tun  
To my *Propertius*.

X.

Now to *Tibullus* next,  
This Flood we'll drink to thee:  
But stay; I see a Text,  
That this presents to me.

XI.

Behold *Tibullus* lies  
Here burnt, whose small Return  
Of Ashes, scarce suffice,  
To fill a little Urn.

XII.

Row to *Parnassus* then,  
Verse only will aspire,  
When Pyramids, as Men,  
Are lost i'th' funeral Fire.

XIII.

And when all Bodies meet  
In *Lethe* to be drown'd;  
Then only Numbers sweet,  
With endless Life are crown'd.



## FROLICK VI.

The Superannuated Maid: A Paraphrase upon the XIIIth Ode  
in Horace Lib. 4. *Audivere Lyce, &c.*

## I.

Long have my Pray'rs flow Heav'n assail'd,  
But Thanks to all the Powers Above  
That still revenge the Cause of injur'd Love,  
*Lyce at last they have prevail'd:*  
Now full Amends by Heav'n is made  
For who can *Providence* upbraid,  
That sees thy former Pride with hast'ned Age repay'd

## II.

Thou'rt old, and yet by awkward Ways dost strive  
Th' unwilling Passion to revive,  
Dost dance, and drink, and teach thy Lyre,  
And all, to set some puny Heart on Fire:  
Alas! in *Chloe's* Cheeks Love basking lies,  
*Chloe* great Beauties, fairest Prize,  
*Chloe* that charms our Ears, and ravishes our Eyes.

## III.

The vig'rous Boy flies o'er the barren Plains,  
Where sapless Oaks their wither'd Trunks extend  
(For Love like other Gods disdains  
To grace the Shrine that Age has once profan'd.)  
He too laughs at thee now,  
Scorns thy gray Hairs, and wrinkled Brow,  
How should his youthful Fires agree with hoary

## IV.

In vain with wond'rous Art, and mighty Care  
You strive your ruin'd Beauty to repair,  
No far-fetch'd Silks one Minute can restore,  
That Time has added to the endless Score,  
And precious Stones, tho' ne'er so bright  
They shine with their own native Light,  
Will but disgrace thee now, and but enhance thy

## V.

Ah me! Where's now that Mien! That Face!  
That Shape! That Air! that every Grace!  
That Colour! whose enchanting Red  
Me to Love's Tents a Captive led:  
Strange Turn of Fate, that she  
Who from my self so oft has stol'n poor  
Now through the just Revenge of Time stol'n from

VI.

Time was, when *Lyce's* pow'rful Face,  
 To *Phillis* only gave the Place,  
 Perfect in all those little Tricks of Love,  
 That charm the Sense, and the quick Fancy move;  
 But Fate to *Phillis* a long Reign deny'd,  
 She fell in all her blooming Beauty's Pride,  
 She conquer'd whilst she liv'd, and triumph'd as she dy'd.

VII.

Thou (like some old Commander in Disgrace,)  
 Surviving the past Conquests of thy Face,  
 Now the great Business of thy Life is done,  
 Review'st with Grief what Trophies thou hast won:  
 Doom'd to be parch'd with Lust in frozen Age,  
 And tho' past acting, doom'd to keep the Stage.  
 That all might laugh to see that glaring Light  
 Which lately shone so fierce and bright,  
 And with a Stink at last, and vanish into Night.

F R O L I C K VII.

*Against Knowledge. By Mr. Hawkshaw.*

I.

If none but Fools which are in Error blest,  
 Can truly here be said to hope for Rest;  
 Why do I then pursue, and try  
 To read the Volumes of Philosophy?  
 I say they're gawdy Nonsense all,  
 And do like Flowers in the Autumn fall;  
 There is no Knowledge in this World below,  
 For all we've read, we scarce our selves can know.

II.

The thoughtless Man is never wrack'd by Cares,  
 Tho' the Storm rise, he entertains no Fears,  
 On any thing he can take hold,  
 He cares not for the sparkling Gold,  
 He never does the Metal slight,  
 So that his *Cesar's* Image be on it;  
 Tho' the Bark's but small, the Bottom's sound,  
 And tho' he sleeps, she'll never run a Ground.

III.

The Man that did to high rais'd Sense pretend,  
 Confess'd that after all it had no End,  
 So much deceiv'd, he did repine,  
 So lavishly he'd spent his Time,  
 Vowing that nothing here below,  
 Bought so much Sorrow, as this Thing to know,

But we, as foolish Gamesters use to do,  
Still know the Trick, yet still are cheated too.

## IV.

The *Stagirite* who knew all Nature's Laws,  
Prov'd the first Martyr in this silly Cause;  
But thou my Soul, with what thou'lt see  
Sit down, ne'er go behind the Skreen  
Of Nature, for the Cause of Things,  
T' observe the Motions, and the hidden Springs:  
Aspire not too high; if you'll improve  
Your Time, be sure to spend it *all in Love*.

## FROLICK VIII.

Narcissus \* : Or, an Elegy on a certain Beau (commonly call'd handsome F——) who (falling in Love with himself) admiring his own Person—— By Mr. Anonymus.

UNmanner'd Death, thus rudely to alarm  
So fine a Thing, that all but thee could charm  
Of such Address, and such a courtly Mien;  
What tho' his Years were ripe? His Brains were gone  
If Age had made him for thy Sickle fit,  
Thou might'st have spar'd him for his Infant Wit:  
Had'st stay'd 'till that did to ripe Judgment grow,  
He'd then been certain an *Immortal Beau*.

How could thy Barb'rous Hands their Force exert  
So neat a Pile of Structure to destroy?  
Who daily to repair it did endeavour,  
*As if he had design'd to live for ever.*

Had he e'er rail'd against thy Sithe and Glass,  
Or dar'd thy Force, like an unthinking Ass;  
Or call'd thee with Reproach the greatest Evil,  
(As some have done) to Mankind next the Devil,  
'Twere just; So far was he from Thoughts to vex  
*That he ne'er once so much as thought upon thee;*  
Yet to thy slender Form he look'd so big,  
One'd think he might have scar'd thee with his Wig.

If nothing could retrieve his fatal Pass,  
Thou might'st have gi'n him leisure at the Glass,  
To've taken formal Leave of his sweet Face,  
And then the Stage he'd quited with a Grace;

\* Narcissus, the Poets tell you was a Beautiful Youth (sighting Eccho, and falling in love with his own Shadow in Water) pin'd away to a white Daffadil.

But thus to steal upon him by Degrees,  
 And all his Charms repudiate with Disease,  
 Was such a gross Affront, that I durst swear,  
*No Beau henceforth will for thy Presence Care.*

Fair Albion's Sons and Daughters loudly bawl  
 Your Sorrows out, his Loss affects you all:  
 Your Fears, and Sighs, and Lamentations joyn,  
 Until your Grief is swell'd as great as mine.

Ye learned Artists, whose deep Knowledge can  
 Make of a Log, a Clod of Earth, a Man;  
 Taylors and Peruke-makers, you have cause  
 To mourn; who now shall give your Skill applause?  
 You've lost your Patron, nor thus only cross,  
 But 'tis fear'd also, that your Debts are lost.

*Ye Sempstresses, you've Reason too to whine,  
 How often have you help'd to make him fine?*  
 Whilst on his PHIZ he wou'd so often leer,  
 With *E'nt I Handsome, prithee, speak my Dear.*

But for the D———es, she does sing and laugh,  
 For C——— on F——— bestows this Epitaph.

Here lies *Narcissus* that did so admire  
 His pretty Face, he dy'd with *Self-desire*:  
 But being dead, this *Epitaph* shall have,  
 And so I'll leave him stinking in his Grave.

Here lies Beau F——— that two Deaths did pass,  
 First made a MAN, and after made an Ass:

He also had a *double Death*, or Wound,  
*For he that's pox'd, rots 'bove and under Ground.*  
 Two Burials too, it was his Fate to have,  
 First in a WIG, and after in a Grave.

FROLICK IX.

*A King turn'd Thresher* \*. By Mr. Dunton.

Farewel ye gay Bubbles, Fame, Glory, Renown!  
 Farewel you bright *Thorns* that are pinn'd to a *Crown*!  
 Your little Enchantments no more shall prevail;  
 Look, look where my Scepter is turn'd to a Flail!  
 O who can the Bliss of a Monarch discern,  
 Whose Subjects are *Mice*, and whose Palace a *Barn*?

\* [ *A King turn'd Thresher.* ]

I think I may adventure to pronounce this an Incredible Paradox  
 and so others that know no better, may be apt to think too;  
 I can assure 'em, the Foundation of the Story is as infallibly  
 as any in——— *Lucian's true History.*

In spite of curs'd Fortune he *Kings* it below,  
 While he looks all around him, and sees not a Foe.  
 The Groans of the *murder'd* in Death and Despair,  
 Ne'er reach his calm Kingdom, but die in the Air:  
 Fierce *Battles* roar on, but too weak is the Voice,  
 For he *threshes* and *threshes*, and drowns all the Noise.  
 \* The Soul of *Domitian* sunk into a Clod,  
 † *Dionysius's* Scepter was as light as his Rod;  
 || And the *Little-Great Charles* with his Shovel and Spade  
 Dug a Hole, and lay down in the Grave he had made  
 But a thousand Times brighter my Stars do appear,  
 And I ne'er was a *Monarch* in earnest till here:  
 On a Heap of fresh Straw I can laugh and lie down,  
 And pity the Man that's condemn'd to a Crown.  
 No Armies of *Frogs* here croak by my Throne,  
 I can rise, I can walk, I can eat all alone:  
 Reliev'd from the Siege of importunate Men,  
 I enjoy my original Freedom agen.  
 Scarce peeps out the Sun with a blushing young Ray,  
 \*\* E'er my brisk feather'd Bell-man will tell me 'tis Day,  
 Proud with his *Serallio* behind and before,  
 He cheerly triumphing, struts along by the Door.  
 Here's an honest brown *George* which my Scrip does store,  
 Here's a true *Household-Loaf* of the Hue o' my Corn;  
 Here's a good *Rammel-Cheese*, but a little decay'd,  
 As fat as the *Cream* out of which it was made.

\* [The Soul of *Domitian* sunk into a Clod.]  
 When his Envy could not be satiated on the *Christians*, he left  
 the Empire in Discontent, and retir'd to the *Salonian Garden*  
 as Cowley.

† [Dionysius his Scepter was as light as his Rod.]  
 That Tyrant driven from his Kingdom, travel'd into Greece  
 and set up Schoolmaster; where his Caves are here affirm'd as  
 by as when a King.

|| [And the *Little-Great Charles* with his Shovel and Spade  
 Dug a Hole, and lay down in the Grave he had made.]  
 Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany, who after as great  
 a Ruffle in the World as has been made these several Centuries  
 after War, not only against most of Europe, but *Argiers* in Africa  
 ca too; at last on some Discontent, or the displeasing Face of  
 Business; resign'd the Empire, and retir'd to a little House in  
 Garden, which he cultivated with his own Hand, and there he  
 and dy'd.

\*\* [E'er my brisk feather'd Bell-man will tell me 'tis Day]  
 Meaning Chaunticleer, — as *Gransire* Chaucer has it; or  
 new English, no better nor worse than a Cock, — that Bird  
 Tell-Clock of the Night, as *Cleveland* christens him.

When Death shall cross Proverbs, and strike at my Heart;  
 When the best of my Flails is no Fence for his Dart;  
 I'll open my Arms, not a Groan, not a Sigh,  
 Dropt soft on the Straw, with a Smile I will die.

FROLICK X.

Astors old Fellow having taken Occasion to hang himself a  
 ; another comes in, in the Nick, and cuts him down;  
 instead of thanking him for his Life, he accuses him for  
 hanging the Rope. — By Mr. Dunton.

Oh Dog! y' ha' spoild my Rope! 'Twas strong and tight,  
 And cost I'm sure a Groat but t'other Night;  
 'Tis a substantial Rope to give its Due,  
 'T would hold an hundred heavier Rogues than you.  
 Fear the Peace! I stood in fear o' my Life;  
 As 't' his arms came; he brought a Knife;  
 Which, tho' I for certain cannot know't,  
 'T was the Villain meant to cut my Throat.  
 E'er he spoil'd my Goods, the best I had,  
 'T was my Rope, I'm sure, and that's as bad;  
 I'll bounce the Rogue; I'll try from Court to Court,  
 'Till I see any Law in England for't:  
 'Tis such an Arbitrary Cur as he,  
 'T would take one of one's Right and Property?  
 'Tis if the Judge such Tricks as these allows,  
 'Till he shan't hang himself in his own House:  
 'Tis who dreads not such Presidents as that?  
 'Tis 'tis in vain! I'll ne'er referr't; that's flat.  
 'Tis sweetly dangling 'twixt the Earth and Sky,  
 'Tis wrap'd up in *Hempen-Extasie*;  
 'Tis which all who view'd my lovely Snout might know,  
 'Tis all my Dregs of Man were drop'd below: )  
 'Tis an envious Wretch dragg'd back my staring Soul,  
 'Tis clambing up against the steepy Pole,  
 'Tis when with Liberty grown free and wild,  
 'Tis 't' he'd it to a Corps, (an't please ye!) all defil'd:  
 'Tis a Soul alive for both the Indies Riches,  
 'Tis and e'er descend to such a Pair of Breeches?  
 'Tis hang him up for saving me, and then  
 'Tis I cut him down, e'en hang me up agen!

When Death shall cross Proverbs, and strike at my Heart,  
 When the best of my Flails is no Fence for his Dart.]

The common old Proverb here meant, is, that  
 — There's no Fence against a Flail.

## FROLICK XI.

*The Wedding Bell. By Mr. Forde.*

**N**OW, now, the Hurly Burly's done,  
 Now the Battle's lost and won:  
 Eye upon't, why sneak you thus?  
 Eye upon't, what makes you blush?  
 No intruding Wag was nigh,  
 None was under Bed but I.  
 Fee me well and never fear,  
 None alive a Word shall hear,  
 True, it is the babling Bell,  
 Did a little Motion tell.  
 What of that we Three can swear,  
 'Twas the Intemperance of the Air.  
 Or the *Fleas* 'twas, who does know,  
 That did make you tumble so?  
 Or the *Bridegroom* and the *Bride*  
 Quarrel for the better Side:  
 And dispute when none was by,  
 Which should in the Middle lye.  
 Or a Reason may be shown,  
 That he's us'd to lie alone,  
 And now with powerful Brandy sped,  
 Kicks the Lady out of Bed.  
 But whatever may be guest,  
 You can tell the Cream o'th' Jest.  
 Mum for that, no more I'll say,  
 Lest we all the Sport betray.  
 See what 'tis to trust a Friend,  
 Give you Joy, and there's an End.

Blessings in Abundance come,  
 To the *Bride* and to her *Groom*;  
 May the Bed, and this short Night,  
*Know the Fulness of Delight!*  
 Pleasures many here attend ye,  
 And e'er long, a *Boy Love* send ye,  
 Curl'd and comely, and so trim,  
*Maids (in time) may ravish him.*  
 Thus a Dew of Graces fall  
 On ye both; good Night to all.

Now (Sirs) th' unwilling willing *Bride*,  
 With th' busie *Virgin Crew* aside  
 Was stol'n to undress.

The Youth whose active Blood began  
To strike up *Love's Tantarra*, came  
Within an Hour and less.

In came he, where she Blushing lay,  
Like to a Musk-Rose into a  
Lapfull of Lillies cast.

What pity 'tis we still should stay,  
And make them riper Joys delay,  
*Only a Kiss to taste!*

But still as 'twere to cross their Blifs,  
The Bridemaids Banquet enter'd is,  
The Youth devour'd it half,  
To End it, not his Tast to please.  
For minding those *SWEETS* coming, these  
*Were dull, as Whey and Chaff.*

At last, the Lights and we went out ;  
Now what remain'd to do, they do't:  
*Some say they danc'd a Fig.*  
If so (Sirs) 'twas but such as that  
That you and I'th' Bower had  
With *Betty* and with *Peg.*

---

F R O L I C K XII.

To *Chloe*, who wish'd her self young enough for me.  
By *Mr. Cartwright.*

*Chloe*, why wish you that your Years  
Would backwards run, 'till they meet mine,  
That perfect Likeness which endears  
Things unto Things, might us Combine?  
Our Ages so in Date agree,  
That Twins do differ more than we.

There are two Births, the one when Light  
First strikes the new awak'ned Sense ;  
The other when two Souls unite ;  
And we must count our Life from thence :  
When you lov'd me, and I lov'd you,  
Then both of us were born anew.

Love then to us did new Souls give,  
And in those Souls did plant new Pow'rs ;



Since when another Life we live,  
 The Breath we breath is his, not ours;  
 Love makes those young, whom Age doth chill,  
 And whom he finds young, keeps young still.

Love, like that Angel that shall call  
 Our Bodies from the silent Grave,  
 Unto one Age doth raise us all,  
 None too much, none too little have;  
 Nay, that the Difference may be none,  
 He makes two not alike, but one.

And now since you and I are such,  
 Tell me what's yours, and what is mine?  
 Our Eyes, our Ears, our Taste, Smell, Touch,  
 Do (like our Souls) in one combine;  
 So by this, I as well may be  
 Too old for you, as you for me.

## FROLICK XIII.

*On the Bear-fac'd Lady. By Mr. Dunton.*

**T**OO charming Maid, whose Viznomy divine,  
 Shoots Darts around like any Porcupine\*:  
 Who gives to Cupid's Arrows new Supplies,  
 Heading 'em from your Face, and not your Eyes:  
 Like Cleaveland's Lover, pallizado'd in †,  
 And fenc'd by the sharp Turn-pikes of your Chin.  
 Happy the Man to whom you must disclose  
 The flaming Beauties of your Rainbow Nose.  
 What tho' in vain t'approach your Lips he seek?  
 He may with Leave come near and kiss your Cheek;

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

\* [ Shoots Darts around like any Porcupine. ]  
*She's pictur'd with a Bear's-Head, and consequently, to be all bairy.*

† [ Like Cleaveland's Lover, pallizado'd in. ]  
*Alluding to that in Cleaveland's Souldier.*

“ [ O let the Turn-pikes of my Chin  
 “ Take thy Half-moon Fortrefs in.

As when *Turks* expect they should be heard  
At Prayer, you will but turn aside your Beard \* :  
All this were true, tho' *Art* should you disgrace,  
And shew her own, instead of *Nature's* Face.  
But you discreetly chuse the *Russian* Way †,  
And closely veil it till the *Wedding-Day*;  
Not *Stega*-like, by too sincere a Carriage ‡,  
Your Imperfections shew, and mar your Marriage.  
You are resolv'd that *Faith* and *Stomach* too  
Shall meet in him who must be bless'd with you ;  
And by so just a *Touch-stone* mean to prove  
The Mettal of his Courage and his Love :  
May, *Joan* her self, whom he'll i'th' dark embrace,  
When the Light comes, may have my *Lady's* Face :  
He has his Chance, it may be good enough,  
For all Love's but a Game at *Blind-man's Buff*.  
Who to meet a Devil does prepare,  
Like *Spencer's Knight*, may find an Angel there ||.  
Kissing a Snake, he may at last prevail  
To hold a fat, tho' slipp'ry *Eel* by th' Tail.  
When *Psyche* thro' the Air to *Cupid* rode \*\*,  
She fear'd a Dragon, but she found a God.

---

[ If, as when *Turks* expect they should be heard  
At Prayer, you will but turn aside the Beard. ]  
Late Traveller, and ingenious Observer, at Constantinople,  
In Relation he gives of their Customs in Devotion, has this  
to the rest; That when in the highest Fit of Zeal, and Top of  
Service, for an Amen, they are to manage their Beards,  
The Work is left uncompleat.  
[ But you discreetly choose the *Russian* Way,  
And closely veil it 'till the *Wedding-Day*. ]  
The Description of *Russia*, among *Struys's Voyages*, he de-  
scribes this for one Humour religiously observed in all their Mar-  
riages— They never see one another 'till made fast.  
[ Not *Stega*-like, &c. ]  
The old Lady, in the Play, out of Sincerity, us'd to let her  
Imperfections see all her Imperfections— as her no-Teeth, no-Eyes,  
&c., and so frighted 'em all away.  
He who to meet a Devil does prepare,  
Like *Spencer's Knight*, may find an Angel there. ]  
Like *Spencer's Fairy Queen*; In one of the first Canto's, in-  
terview'd an old Witch, the Knight found a brisk young Lady.  
[ When *Psyche* thro' the Air to *Cupid* rode,  
She fear'd a Dragon, but she found a God. ]  
As she was required by the Oracle to be expos'd to a Dragon;  
And *Andromeda* to the Whale— When in pops *Cupid*, like *Perseus*  
sets her at Liberty, carries her Home, and all that ———

Suppose