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### Montaigne's Essays

In Three Books. With Notes and Quotations. And an Account of The Author's Life ; With a short Character of the Author and Translator, by the late Marquis of Halifax; With the Addition of A Complete Table to each Volume

**Montaigne, Michel Eyquem de**

**London, 1743**

Chap. 12. Apology for Raimond de Sebonde.

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C H A P. XII.

Apology for Raimond de Sebonde.

Learning is, indeed, a very great, and a very useful Accomplishment; and those who despise it, sufficiently discover their own want of Understanding: But yet I do not prize it at the excessive Rate that some others do. As *Herillus*, the Philosopher, for one, who therein places the Sovereign Good, and maintain'd, *That it was only in her to render us wise and contented*, which I do not believe; no more than I do what others have said, That Learning is the Mother of all Virtue, and that all Vice proceeds from Ignorance, which, if it be true, requires a very long Interpretation. My House has long been open to Men of Knowledge, and is very well known to be so; for my Father, who govern'd it Fifty Years, and upwards, inflam'd with the new Ardour with which *Francis* the First embrac'd Letters, and brought them into esteem, with great Diligence and Expence hunted after the Acquaintance of Learned Men, receiving them into his House, as Persons Sacred, and that had some particular Inspiration of Divine Wisdom; collecting their Sayings and Sentences as so many Oracles, and with so much the greater Reverence and Religion, as he was the less able to judge; for he had no knowledge of Letters, no more than his Predecessors. For my Part, I love them well, but I do not adore them. Amongst others, *Peter Bunel*, a Man of great Reputation for Knowledge in his Time, having, with some others of his Sort, staid some days at *Montaigne*, in my Father's Company; he presented him, at his Departure, with a Book intituled, *Theologia naturalis; sive Liber Creaturarum Magistri Raimondi de Sebonde*. And as that the *Italian* and *Spanissh* Tongues were familiar to my Father; and this Book being

*Learning  
brought into  
esteem by  
Francis the  
First, in  
France.*

wrote in *Spanish*, sustain'd with *Latin* Terminations, he hop'd, that with a little Help, he might be able to understand it, and therefore recommended it to him for a very useful Piece, and proper for the Time wherein he gave it to him; which was, when the Novel *Doctrines* of *Martin Luther* began to be in Vogue, and in many Places to stagger our ancient Belief: Wherein he was very well advis'd, wisely, in his own Reason, foreseeing, that the Beginning of this Distemper would easily run into an execrable *Atheism*, for the Vulgar not having the Faculty of judging of Things, suffering themselves to be carried away by Appearance, after, having once been inspired with the Boldness to despise and controul those Opinions which they had before had in extreme Reverence, such as those wherein their Salvation is concerned, and that some of the *Articles* of their *Religion* were brought into Doubt and Dispute; they afterwards throw all other Parts of their Belief into the same Uncertainty, they having in them no other Authority or Foundation, than the other they had already compos'd; and shake off all the Impressions they had receiv'd from the Authority of the Laws, or the Reverence of the Ancient Custom, as a Tyrannical Yoak;

*Nam cupide conculcatur nimis ante metutum* \*.

For with most Eagerness they spurn the Law,  
By which they were before most kept in awe.

Resolving to admit nothing for the future, to which they had not first interpos'd their own Decrees, and given their particular Consent. It happen'd that my Father a little before his Death having accidentally found this Book under a Heap of other neglected Papers, commanded me to translate it for him into *French*. It is good to translate such Authors as this, where there is little but the Matter itself to express; but such wherein the Ornament of Language and Elegancy of Style is the main Endeavour, are dangerous to attempt; especially, when a Man is to turn them into a weaker Idiom. It was a strange and a new Undertaking for me: But having, by chance, at that Time, little else to do, and not being

*What Books  
are proper  
to translate.*

\* *Lucr. lib. 5.*

able to resist the Command of the best Father that ever was, I did it as well as I could; and he was so well pleas'd with it, as to order it to be printed; which also after his Death, was perform'd. I found the Imagination of this Author exceeding fine, the Contexture of his Work well followed, and his Design full of Piety; and because many People take a Delight to read it, and particularly the Ladies to whom we owe the most Service, I have often been ready to assist them to clear the Book of two principal Objections. His *Design* is bold and daring, for he undertakes, by human and natural Reasons, to establish, and make good against the Atheists, all the *Articles* of the *Christian Religion*: Wherein (to speak the Truth) he is so firm, and so successful, that I do not think it possible to do better upon that Subject; nay, I believe he has been equall'd by none. This Work seeming to me to be too beautiful, and too rich for an Author whose Name is so little known, and of whom all that we know is, that he was a *Spaniard*, who professed Physick at *Thoulouse* about two hundred Years ago; I enquir'd of *Adrian Turnebus*, who knew all Things, what he thought of that Book; who made answer, *That he thought it was some Abstract drawn from St. Thomas of Aquin; for that, in Truth, his Wit full of infinite Learning, and absolute Subtilty, was only capable of those Thoughts.* So it is, that, whoever was the Author and Inventor (and 'tis not reasonable, without greater Certainty, to deprive *Sebonde* of that Title) he was a Man of great Judgment, and most admirable Parts. The first thing they reprehend in his Work is, *That Christians are to blame to repose their Belief upon human Reason, which is only conceiv'd by Faith, and the particular Inspiration of Divine Grace.* In which Objection, their appears to be something of Zeal to Piety, and therefore we are to endeavour to satisfy those who put it forth with the greater Mildness and Respect. This were a Task more proper for a Man well read in Divinity, than for me who know nothing of it; nevertheless, I conceive that, in a Thing so Divine, so high, and so far transcending all human Intelligence, as this Truth, with which it has pleased the Bounty of Almighty God to enlighten us, it is very necessary that he should, moreover, lend us his Assistance after a very extraordinary Method of Favour, to conceive and imprint it in our Understandings: And do not believe, that

Means purely human, are in any sort capable of doing it: For, if they were, so many rare and excellent Souls, and so abundantly furnish'd with natural Force, in former Ages, could not have fail'd by their Reason, to arrive at this Knowledge. 'Tis *Faith* alone, that livelily and certainly comprehends the deep Mysteries of our Religion; but withal, I do not say, that it is not a brave, and a very laudable Attempt, to accommodate those natural and human Utensils with which God has endowed us, to the Service of our Faith: It is not to be doubted, but that it is the most noble Use we can put them to; and that there is not a Design in a Christian Man more noble, than to make it the Aim and End of all his Studies, to extend and amplify the Truth of his Belief. We do not satisfy ourselves with serving God with our Souls and Understandings only, we moreover owe and render him a Corporal Reverence, and apply our Limbs and Motions, and external Things, to do him Honour; we must here do the same, and accompany our Faith with all the Reason we have, but always with this Reservations, not to fancy that it is upon us that it depends, nor that our Arguments and Endeavours can arrive at so supernatural and Divine a Knowledge. If it enters not into us by an extraordinary Infusion; if it only enters, not only by Arguments of Reason, but moreover, by human Ways, it is not in us in its true Dignity and Splendour: and yet, I am afraid we only have it by this way. If we laid hold upon God by the Meditation of a lively *Faith*: If we laid hold upon God by him, and not by us: If we had a Divine Basis and Foundation, human Accidents would not have the Power to shake us as they do; our *Fortress* would not surrender to so weak a Battery; the Love of Novelty, the Constraint of Princes, the Success of one Party, and the rash and fortuitous Change of our Opinions, would not have the Power to stagger and alter our Belief: We should not then leave it to the Mercy of every new Argument, nor abandon it to all the Rhetoric in the World: We should withstand the Fury of these Waves with an immovable and unyielding Constancy.

*Illis fluctus rupes ut vasta refundit,  
Et varias circum latrantes, dissipat undas  
Mole sua.*

As a vast Rock repels the rowling Tides,  
That foam and bark about her Marble Sides,  
From the strong Mole.

If we were but touched with this Ray of Divinity, it would appear throughout; not only our Words, but our Works also, would carry its Brightness and Lustre; whatever proceeded from us, would be seen illuminated with this noble Light. We ought to be ashamed, that, in all the human Sects, there never was any of the Faction, what Difficulty and strange Novelty soever his Doctrine impos'd upon him, that did not, in some Measure, conform his Life and Behaviour to it, whereas so Divine and Heavenly an Institution, does only distinguish *Christians* by the Name. Will you see the Proof of this? Compare our Manners to those of a *Mahometan* or *Pagan*, you will still find that we fall very short; whereas out of regard to the Reputation and Advantage of our Religion, we ought to shine in Virtue, and that it should be said of us; Are they so Just, so Charitable, so Good? Then they are *Christians*. All other Signs are common to all Religions; Hope, Trust, Events, Ceremonies, Penance and Martyrs. The peculiar Mark of our Truth ought to be our Virtue, as it is also the most Heavenly and difficult, and the most worthy Product of Truth. For this our good St. *Lewis* was in the right; when the King of the *Tartars*, who was become *Christian*, design'd to come to *Lyons* to kiss the Pope's Feet, and there to be an Eye-witness of the Sanctity he hoped to find in our Manners, immediately to divert him from his Purpose; for fear lest our inordinate Way of Living shou'd on the contrary put him out of conceit with so holy a Belief, and yet it happen'd quite otherwise since to this other, who going to *Rome* to the same End, and there seeing the Dissoluteness of the *Prelates*, and People of that Time, settled himself so much the more firmly in our Religion, considering how great the Force and Divinity of it must necessarily be, that could maintain its Dignity and Splendour among so much Corruption, and in so vicious Hands. *If we had but one single Grain of Faith, we should remove Mountains from their Places*, saith the Sacred

*Virtue, the particular Mark of the Christian Religion.*

cred Word ; our Actions, that would then be directed and accompanied by the Divinity, would not be merely human, they would have in them something of miraculous, as well as our Belief: *Brevis est institutio vitæ honestæ, beatæque, si credas.* Some impose upon the World that they believe that which they do not ; others, more in number, make themselves believe that they believe, not being able to penetrate into what it is to believe. We think it strange, if in the Civil War, which at this Time disorders our State, we see Events float, and vary after a common and ordinary Manner ; which is, because we bring nothing to it but our own. *Justice*, which is in one Party, is only there for Ornament and Palliation ; it is indeed pretended, but 'tis not there receiv'd, settled and espoused : It is there, as in the Mouth of an *Advocate*, not as in the Heart and

*God assists our Faith and Religion, not our Passions.*

Affection of the Party. God owes his extraordinary Assistance to *Faith* and *Religion* ; but not to our *Passions*. Men there are the Conductors, and therein serve themselves with *Religion*, which ought to be quite contrary. Observe, if it be not by our own Hands that we guide and train it, and draw it like Wax into so many contrary Figures, from a Rule in itself so direct and firm. When and where was this more manifest, than in *France* in our Days ? They who have taken it on the Left-hand, they who have taken it on the Right ; they who call it black, they who call it white, alike employ it to their violent and ambitious Designs, conduct it with a Progress, so conform in Riot and Injustice, that they render the Diversity they pretended in their Opinions, in a Thing whereon the Conduct and Rule of our Life depends, doubtful and hard to believe. Can a Man see, even from the same School and Discipline, Manners more united, and more the same ? Do but observe with

*Proposition, Whether it be lawful to take Arms against the King in Defence of Religion ?*

what horrid Impudence we toss Divine Arguments to and fro, and how irreligiously we have both rejected and retaken them, according as *Fortune* has shifted our Places in these Intestine Storms. This so solemn Proposition, *Whether it be lawful for a Subject to rebel, and take up Arms against his Prince for the Defence of his Religion ?*

ligion? Do you remember in whose Mouths the last Year, the Affirmative of it was the Prop of one Party, and the Negative the Pillar of another? And hearken now from what Quarter comes the Vote, and Instruction of both the one and the other; and if Arms make less Noise and Rattle for this Cause, that for that. We condemn those to the Fire, who say, *That Truth must be made to bear the Yoak of our Necessity*; and how much more does *France* then say it? Let us confess the Truth; whoever should draw out the Army lawfully rais'd by the King's Authority, those who take up Arms out of pure Zeal to Religion, and also those who only do it to protect the Laws of their Country, or for the Service of their Prince, could hardly, out of both these put together, make one compleat Company of *Gens de Armes*. Whence does this proceed, that there are so few to be found who have maintain'd the same Will and the same Progress in our Civil Commotions, and that we see them one while move but a Foot-pace, and another run full Speed? and the same Men one while endamage our Affairs by their violent Heat and Austerity, and another by their Coldness, Gentleness and Slowness; but that they are push'd on by particular and casual Considerations, according to the Variety whereof they move? I evidently perceive, that we do not willingly afford Devotion any other Offices but those that best suit with our own Passions. There is no Hostility so admirable as the *Christian*. Our Zeal performs Wonders, when it seconds our Inclinations to Hatred, Cruelty, Ambition, Avarice, Detraction and Rebellion: But when it moves against the Hair towards Bounty, Benignity and Temperance, unless, by Miracle, some rare and virtuous Disposition prompts us to it, we stir neither Hand nor Foot. Our Religion is intended to extirpate Vices; whereas it screens, nourishes and incites them. We must not mock God. If we did believe in him, I do not say by Faith, but with a simple Belief, that is to say (and I speak it to our great Shame) if we did believe him as we do any other History; or as we would do one of our Companions, we should love him above all other Things, for the infinite Bounty and Beauty that shines in him: At least he would go equal into our Affection, with Riches, Pleasures, Glory, and our Friends. The Best of us is not so much afraid to injure him, as he is afraid to injure his Neighbour, his Kinsman,



man, or his Master. Is their any Understanding so weak, that having on one Side the Object of one of our vicious Pleasures, and on the other (in equal Knowledge and Persuasion) the State of an immortal Glory, would dispute for the first against the other? and yet we often renounce this out of meer Contempt; for what Lust tempts us to blaspheme, if not, perhaps, the very Desire to offend? The Philosopher *Antisthenes*, as the *Priest* was initiating him in the *Mysteries* of *Orpheus*, telling him, *That those who profess'd themselves of that Religion were certain to receive perfect and eternal Felicities after Death.* If thou believ'st that, answer'd he, *why dost not thou die thyself?* *Diogenes* more rudely, according to his Manner, and more remote from our Purpose, to the *Priest* that in like Manner preach'd to him, *to become of his Religion, that he might obtain the Happiness of the other World:* What, said he, *thou wouldest have me to believe, that Agesilaus and Epaminondas, who were so great Men, shall be miserable, and that thou, who art but a Calf, and canst do nothing to Purpose, shall be happy, because thou art a Priest?* Did we receive these great Promises of Eternal Beatitude with the same Reverence and Respect that we do a Philosophical *Lecture*, we should not have Death in so great Horror.

*Non jam se moriens dissolvi conquereretur,  
Sed magis ire foras, vestemque relinquere ut anguis  
Gauderet, praelonga senex aut cornua Cervus \*;*

We should not then dying, repine to be  
Dissolv'd, but rather step out chearfully  
From our old Hut, and with the Snake be glad  
To cast the old uneasy Slough we had:  
Or with th' old Stag, rejoice to be now clear  
From the large Head, too pond'rous grown too bear.

I desire to be dissolv'd, we should say, and to be with *Jesus Christ*. The Force of *Plato's* Arguments, concerning the Immortality of the Soul, sent some of his Disciples to untimely Graves, that they might the sooner enjoy the Things he had made them hope for. All which is a most evident Sign, that we only receive our Religion after our own Fashion, by our own Hands, and no otherwise than other Re-

\* *Lucret. lib. 3.*

Religions are receiv'd. Either we are come into the Country where it is in Practice, or we bear a Reverence to the Antiquity of it, or to the Authority of the Men who have maintained it, or fear the Menaces it fulminates against Miscreants, or are allur'd by its Promises. These Considerations ought, 'tis true, to be apply'd to our Belief, but as Subsidiaries only, for they are human Obligations. Another Religion, other Witnesses, the like Promises and Threats, might, by the same Way, imprint a quite contrary Belief. We are *Christians* by the same Title that we are *Perigordins* and *Germans*. And what *Plato* says, *That there are few Men so obstinate in their Atheism, that a pressing Danger will not reduce to an Acknowledgement of the Divine Power*, does not concern a true *Christian*; 'Tis for mortal and human Religions to be receiv'd by human Recommendation. What Kind of Faith can we expect that should be, that Cowardice and want of Courage establishes in us? A pleasant *Faith*, that does not believe what it believes, but for Want of Courage to disbelieve it. Can a vicious Passion, such as Inconstancy and Astonishment, cause any regular Product in our Souls? *They are confident, in their own Judgment, says he, That what is said of Hell and future Torments, is all feign'd: But an Occasion of making the Experiment presenting itself, that old Age or Diseases bring them to the Brink of the Grave, the Terror of Death, by the Horror of that future Condition, inspires them with a new Belief.* And by Reason that such Impressions render them timorous, he forbids in his Laws all such threatening *Doctrines*, and all Persuasions that any Thing of Ill can befall a Man from the Gods, excepting for his great Good, when they happen to him, and for a medicinal Effect. They say of *Bion*, that infected with the *Atheism* of *Theodorus*, he had long had religious Men in great Scorn and Contempt, but that Death surprizing him, he gave himself up to the most extreme Superstition; *as if the Gods withdrew and return'd according to the Necessities of Bion.* *Plato* and his Examples would conclude, that we are brought to a Belief of God, either by Reason or by Force. *Atheism* being a Proposition as unnatural as monstrous, so difficult also and hard to sink into human Understanding, how arrogant and irregular soever; there are Men enough seen, out

Bion an  
Atheist.

What Athe-  
ism is.

out

out of Vanity and Pride, to be the Authors of extraordinary and reforming Opinions, and outwardly to affect the Profession of them; who, if they are such Fools, have, nevertheless, not the Power to plant them in their own Conscience. Yet will they not fail to lift up their Hands towards Heaven, if you give them a good Thrust with a Sword into the Breast; and when Fear or Sicknes has abated, and suppress'd the licentious Fury of this giddy Humour, they will easily re-unite, and very discreetly suffer themselves to be reconcil'd to the publick Faith and Examples. A Doctrine seriously digested is one thing, and those superficial Impressions another; which springing from the Disorder of an unhinged Understanding, float at random and great Uncertainty in the Fancy. Miserable and senseless Men who strive to be worse than they can! The Error of Paganism and the Ignorance of our Sacred Truth! Let this great Soul, but great only in human Greatness, fall yet into this other Mistake, *That Children and Old Men were most susceptible of Religion*, as if it sprung and deriv'd its Reputation from our Weakness. The Knot that ought to bind the Judgment, and the Will that ought to restrain the Soul and join it to the Creator, must be a Knot that derives the Foldings and Strength not from our Considerations, from our Reasons and Passions; but from a Divine and Supernatural Constraint, having but one Form, one Face and one Lustre, which is the Authority of God and his Divine Grace. Now the Heart and Soul being govern'd and commanded by Faith, 'tis but Reason that they should muster all their other Faculties, forasmuch as they are able to perform to the Service and Assistance of their Design. Neither is it to be imagin'd, that all this *Machine* has not some Marks imprinted upon it by the Hand of the mighty *Architect*, and that there is not in the Things of this World, some Image, that in some Measure resembles the Workman, who has built and form'd them. He has, in his stupendous Works, left the Character of his Divinity, and 'tis our own Weakness only that hinders us from discerning it. 'Tis what he himself is pleased to tell us, *That he manifests his invisible Operations to us by those that are visible.* *Sebonde* applied himself to this laudable and noble Study, and demonstrates to us, that there is not any Part or Member of

*Divinity im-  
printed in the  
outward Fa-  
brick of the  
World.*

*Sebonde* applied himself to this laudable and noble Study, and demonstrates to us, that there is not any Part or Member of

of the World that disclaims or derogates from its Maker. It were to do wrong to the Divine Bounty, did not the Universe consent to our Belief: The *Heavens*, the *Earth*, the *Elements*, our *Bodies* and our *Souls*; all these concur to this, if we can but find out the Way to use them. For this World is a sacred *Temple*, into which Man is introduced, there to contemplate *The World a Sacred Temple* Statues, not the Works of a mortal Hand, but such as the Divine Purpose has made the Objects of Sense; the *Sun*, the *Stars*, the *Water*, and the *Earth*, to represent those that are intelligible to us. *The invisible Things of God*, says St. Paul, appear by the Creation of the World, his *Eternal Wisdom and Divinity* being considered by his Works.

*Atque adeo faciem cæli non invidet orbi  
Ipse Deus, vultusque suus corpusque recludit  
Semper volvendo, Seq; ipsum inculcat & offert,  
Ut bene cognosci possit doceatque videndo.  
Qualis erat, doceatque suas attendere legis \*.*

And God himself envies not Men the Grace  
Of seeing and admiring Heaven's Face:  
But rowling it about, does still anew  
Object its Face and Body to our View;  
And int' our Minds himself inculcate so,  
That we may well the mighty *Mover* know;  
Instructing us, by seeing him the Cause  
Of all, to rev'rence and obey his Laws.

Now our Prayers and human Discourses are but as steril and undigested Matter: The Grace of God is the Form: 'Tis that which gives Fashion and Value to it. As the virtuous Actions of *Socrates* and *Cato* remain vain and fruitless, for not having had the Love and Obedience of the true *Creator* of all Things for their End and Object, and for not having known God: So is it with our Imaginations and Discourses, they having a kind of Body, but it is an inform Mass without Fashion, and without Light, if *Faith* and *Grace* be not added to it, *Faith* coming to tinct and illustrate it. *Sebonde's* Arguments render them firm and solid, and to that De-

\* *Manil. l. 4.*

gree, that they are capable of serving for Directions, and of being the first Guides to an Elementary *Christian*, to put him into the Way of this Knowledge: They in some Measure form him to, and render him capable of the *Grace of God*, by which Means he afterward compleats and perfects himself in the true Belief. I know a Man of Authority, bred up to Letters, who has confes'd to me, to have been *reduc'd from the Errors of Unbelief by Sebonde's Arguments*. And should they be stripped of this Ornament, and of the Assistance and Approbation of the Holy Faith, and be looked upon as meer human Fancies only, to contend with those who are precipitated into the dreadful and horrible Darknes of Irreligion, they will even there find them as solid and firm as any others of the same Quality that can be oppos'd against them; so that we shall be ready to say to our Opponents,

*Si melius quid habes, accerse, vel imperium ser.*

If you have Arguments more fit,  
Produce them, or to these submit.

Let them admit the Force of our Reasons; or let them shew us others, and upon some other Subject better woven and a finer Thread. I am unawares half engaged in the second Objection, to which I propos'd to make answer in the Behalf of *Sebonde*. Some say, *That his Arguments are weak, and unable to make good what he intends*; and undertake with great Ease to confute them. These are to be a little more roughly handled; for they are more dangerous and malicious than the First. Men willingly wrest the Sayings of others to favour their own prejudicate Opinions; to an *Atheist* all Writings tend to *Atheism*; he corrupts the most innocent Matter with his own Venom; these have their Judgments so pre-possess'd, that they cannot relish *Sebonde's* Reasons. As to the rest, they think we give them very fair Play, in putting them into the Liberty of our Religion with Weapons meerly human, which in her *Majesty*, full of Authority and Command, they durst not attack. The means that I shall use, and that I think most proper to subdue this Frenzy, is, to crush and spurn under Foot Pride and human Fierceness; to make them sensible of the Inanity, Vanity and Vileness of Man, to wrest the wretched Arms of their Reason out of their Hands, to make them bow down  
and

and bite the Ground under the Authority and Reverence of the Divine Majesty. 'Tis to that alone that Knowledge and Wisdom appertain, that alone, that can make a true Estimate of itself, and from which we purloin whatever we value ourselves upon,

*Wisdom only  
belongs to the  
Divinity.*

Οὐ γὰρ ἔα Φρονεῖν ὁ Θεὸς μέγα τ' ἄλλον ἑαυτὸν \*.

God not permits, that any one should be  
More wise than he.

Let us subdue this Presumption: The first Foundation of this Tyranny of the Evil Spirit. *Deus superbis resistit: Humilibus autem dat gratiam. Gods resists the Proud; but gives Grace to the Humble* †. *Understanding is in the Gods, says Plato, and not at all, or very little, in Men.* Now it is in the mean Time a great Consolation to a Christian Man, to see our frail and mortal Parts so fitly suited to our Holy and Divine Faith, that when we employ them to the Subjects of their own mortal and frail Nature, they are not even there more equally or more firmly adjusted. Let us see then, if Man has in his Power other more forcible and convincing Reasons, than those of *Sebonde*; that is to say, if it be in him to arrive at any Certainty by Arguments and Reasons. For *St. Augustin*, disputing against these People, has good Cause to reproach them with Injustice, *in that they maintain the Part of our Belief to be false, that our Reason cannot establish.* And to shew that a great many Things may be, and may have been, of which our Nature could not find the Reason and Causes, he proposes to them certain known and undoubted Experiments, wherein Men confess they see nothing; and this he does, as all other Things, with a curious and ingenious Inquisition. We must do more than this, and make them know, that to convince the Weakness of their Reason, there is no Necessity of culling out uncommon Examples: And that it is so defective and so blind, that there is no Faculty clear enough for it; that to it the easy and the hard are all one; that all Subjects equally, and Nature in general, disclaim its Authority, and reject its Mediation. What does Truth mean when

\* *Horacum Adagium.*

† *1 Pet. v. 5.*

she preaches to us to fly *Worldly Philosophy*, when she fo  
 often inculcates to us, *That our Wisdom is but Folly in the*  
*Sight of God: That the vainest of all Van-*  
*The Wisdom of the World Folly with God.* *ities is Man: That the Man who presumes*  
*upon his Wisdom, does not yet know what*  
*Wisdom is; and that Man, who is nothing*  
*if he thinks himself to be any Thing, does seduce and deceive*  
*himself?* These Sentences of the *Holy Ghost* do so clearly  
 and lively expresse that which I would maintain, that I should  
 need no other Proof against Men, who would with all Hu-  
 mility and Obedience submit to his Authority: But these  
 will be whipp'd at their own Expence, and will not suffer  
 a Man to oppose their Reason, but by itself. Let us then,  
 for once, consider a Man alone, without Foreign Assistance,  
 arm'd only with his own proper Arms, and unfurnish'd of  
 the Divine Grace and Wisdom, which is all his Honour,  
 Strength, and the Foundation of his Being. Let us see  
 what Certainty he has in his fine Equipage. Let him make  
 me understand, by the Force of his Reason, upon what  
 Foundations he has built those great Advantages he thinks  
 he has over other Creatures: Who has made him believe,  
 that this admirable Motion of the Celestial Arch, the Eter-  
 nal Light of those Tapers that roll over his Head, the won-  
 derful Motions of that infinite Ocean, should be establish'd  
 and continue so many Ages for his Service and Conveni-  
 ence? Can any Thing be imagin'd so ridiculous, that this  
 miserable and wretched Creature, who is not so much as  
 Master of himself, but subject to the Injuries of all Things,  
 should call himself Master and Emperor of the World,  
 of which he has not Power to know the least Part, much  
 less to command the Whole? And the Privilege which he  
 attributes to himself, of being the only Creature in this vast  
 Fabrick, that has the Understanding to discover the Beauty  
 and the Parts of it; the only one who can return Thanks  
 to the Architect, and keep Account of the Revenues and  
 Disbursements of the World; who, I wonder, seal'd him  
 this Patent? Let us see his Commission for this great Em-  
 ployment. Was it granted in favour of the Wise only?  
 Few People will be concern'd in it. Are Fools and wicked  
 Persons worthy so extraordinary a Favour? And being the  
 worst Part of the World, to be prefer'd before the rest?  
 Shall we believe *Cicero*? *Quorum igitur causa quis dixerit*  
*effectum*

*effectum esse mundum? Eorum scilicet animantium, quæ ratione utuntur. Hi sunt Dii & Homines, quibus profecto nihil est melius\*. For whose Sake shall we therefore conclude, that the World was made? For theirs who have the Use of Reason: These are Gods and Men, than whom certainly nothing can be better. We can never sufficiently decry the Impudence of this Conjunction. But wretched Creature, what has he in himself worthy of such an Advantage? To consider the incorruptible Existency of the Celestial Bodies, their Beauty, Magnitude and continual Revolution, by so exact a Rule:*

— *Cum suspicimus magna Cælestia mundi  
Templa super, stellisque micantibus Ethera fixum,  
Et venit in mentem Lunæ, Solisque viarum †.*

When we Above the Heavenly Arch behold,  
And the vast Roof studded with Stars of Gold,  
And call to Mind, the Courses that the Sun  
And Moon in their alternate Office run.

To consider the Dominion and Influence those Bodies have,  
not only over our Lives and Fortune;

*Facta etenim, & vitas hominum suspendit ab astris †.*

Men's Lives and Actions on the Stars depend.

But even over our Inclinations, our Thoughts and Wills,  
which they govern, incite and agitate at the Mercy of  
their Influences,

— *Speculataque longe  
Deprendit tacitis dominantia legibus astra,  
Et totum alterna mundum ratione moveri,  
Fatorumque vices certis discernere signis §.*

Contemplating the Stars, he finds that they  
Rule by a secret and a silent Sway;  
And that the enamell'd Spheres which rule above,  
Do ever by alternate Causes move.  
And studying these, he also can foresee,  
By certain Signs, the Turns of Destiny.

\* Cicero de Nat. Deor. lib. 2.

‡ Manil. l. 3.

† Lucret. l. 5.

§ Id. lib. 1.



To see that there is not so much as a Man, no not a King, exempt from this Dominion, but that Monarchies, Empires, and all this lower World follow the Influence of the Celestial Motions,

*Quantaq; quam parvi faciant discrimina motus:  
Tantum est hoc regnum, quod Regibus imperat ipsis\*.*

How great a Change a little Motion brings;  
So great the Kingdom is, that governs Kings.

If our Virtue, our Vices, our Knowledge, and this very Discourse we are upon, of the Power of the Stars, and the Comparifon, we are making betwixt them and us, proceed, as our Reason fuppofes, from their Favour:

*— Furit alte, amore,  
Et pontum tranare potest & vertere Trojam  
Alterius fors est scribendis legibus apta:  
Ecce patrem nati perimunt: Natosque parentes,  
Nutuaque armati coeunt in vulnere fratres,  
Non nostrum hoc bellum est, coguntur tanta movere,  
Inque suas ferri pœnas lacerandaque membra †.*

One mad in Love may cross the raging Seas,  
T'oreturn proud *Ilium's* lofty Palaces;  
Another's Fate inclines him more by far,  
To spend his Time at the litigious Bar,  
Sons kill their Fathers, Fathers kill their Sons,  
And one arm'd Brother against another runs.  
This War's not theirs, but *Fate's* that spurs them on,  
To shed the Blood, which shed, they must bemoan.

If we derive this little Portion of *Reason* we have from the Bounty of Heaven, how is it possible that *Reason* should ever make us equal to it? How subject its Essence and Condition to our Knowledge? Whatever we see in that Body does astonish us; *Quæ molitio, quæ ferramenta, qui vestri, quæ machineæ, qui ministri tanti operis fuerunt? What Contrivance, what Tools, what Materials, what Engines, were employed about so stupendious a Work?* Why do we deprive it of Soul, of Life and Discourse? Have we discovered in it any immove or insensible Stupidity, we who have no Commerce with the Heavens, but by Obedience? Shall we

\* *Manil. l. 1.*

† *Id. Ibidem.*

say that we have discover'd in no other Creature, but Man, the Use of a reasonable Soul? What, have we seen any Thing like the Sun? Does he cease to be, because we have seen nothing like him? And do his Motions cease, because there are no other like them: If what we have not seen, is not, our Knowledge is wonderfully contracted. *Quæ sunt tantæ animi angustie? How narrow are our Understandings?* Are they not Dreams of human Vanity, to make the Moon a Celestial Earth? There to fancy Mountains and Vales, as *Anaxagoras* did? There to fix Habitations and human Abodes, and plant Colonies for our Convenience, as *Plato* and *Plutarch* have done? Of our Earth to make a beautiful and resplendent Star? *Inter cætera mortalitatis incommoda, & hoc est, fuligo mentium: Nec tantum necessitas errandi, sed errorum amor. Corruptibile corpus aggravat animam, & deprimit terrena inhabitatio sensum multa cogitantem* \*. Amongst the other Inconveniencies of Mortality, this is one, to have the Understanding clouded, and not only a Necessity of Erring, but a Love of Error. The Corruptible Body stupifies the Soul, and the Earthly Habitation dulls the Faculties of the Imagination. Presumption is our natural and original Disease. The most wretched and frail of all Creatures, is Man, and without the proudest. He feels, and sees himself lodged here in the Dirt and Filth of the World, nailed and rivetted to the worst and deadeft Part of the Universe, in the lowest Story of the House, and most remote from the Heavenly Arch, with Animals of the worst Condition of the three; and yet in his Imagination will be placing himself above the Circle of the Moon, and bringing the Earth under his Feet. 'Tis by the same Vanity of Imagination, that he equals himself to God, attributes to himself Divine Qualities, withdraws and separates himself from the Croud of other Creatures, and cuts out the Shares of Animals his Fellows and Companions, and distributes to them Portions of Faculties and Force, as himself thinks fit. How does he know by the Strength of his Understanding, the secret and internal Motions of Animals? And from what Comparison betwixt them and us, does he conclude the Stupidity he attributes to them? When I play with my Cat, who knows whether I do not

\* *Sen. de ira, lib. 2. cap. 9.*

make her more Sport, than she makes me? We mutually divert one another with our Play. If I have my Hour to begin, or to refuse, she also has hers. *Plato* in his Picture of the Golden Age, under *Saturn*, reckons, amongst the chief Advantages that a Man then had, his Communication with Beasts, of whom enquiring and informing himself, he knew the true Qualities and Differences of them all, by which he acquir'd a very perfect Intelligence and Prudence, and led his Life more happily than we could do. Need we a better Proof to condemn a human Imprudence in the concern of Beasts? This great Author was of Opinion, that *Nature*, for the most Part, in the corporal Form she gave them, had only Regard to the Custom of Prognosticks that were derived from thence in his own Time. The Defect that hinders Communication betwixt them and us, why may it not be in our Part as well as theirs? 'Tis yet to determine, where the Fault lies, that we understand not one another; for we understand them no more, than they do us, and by the same Reason, they may think us to be Beasts, as we think them. 'Tis no great wonder if we understand not them, when we do not understand a *Basque*. And yet some have boasted, that they understood them, as *Apollonius*, *Tyanæus*, *Melampus*, *Tiresias*, *Thales* and others. And seeing it is so, as *Cosmographers* report, that there are Nations that receive a *Dog* for their King, they must of necessity be able to interpret his Voice and Motions. We must observe the Parity betwixt us: We have some competent Apprehensions of their Sense, and so have Beasts of ours, and much by the same Reason: They care for us, threaten us, and beg of us, and we do the same to them.

*Communication of Beasts amongst themselves.*

As to the rest, we manifestly discover, that they have a full and absolute Communication amongst themselves, and that they perfectly understand one another, not only those of the same but of divers Kinds.

*Et mutæ pecudes, & denique septa ferarum  
Dissimilis fuerunt voces, variasque cluere  
Cum metus, aut dolor est, aut cum jam gaudia gliſcunt\**

\* *Lucr. l. 5.*

The tamer Herds, and wilder Sort of Brutes,  
Though we, and rightly too, conclude them Mutes,  
Yet utter dissonant and various Notes,  
From gentler Lungs, or more distended Throats,  
As Fear, or Grief, or Anger do them move,  
Or as they more approach the Joys of Love.

In one Kind of Barking of a Dog, the Horfe knows he is angry; of another Sort of Bark he is not afraid. Even in the very Beasts that have no Voice at all, we easily conclude from the Society of Offices, we observe amongst them, some other Sort of Communication; their very Motions discover it.

*Non alia longè ratione, atque ipsa videtur  
Protrahere ad gestum pueros infantia linguæ.*

As we may see in Tongue-ty'd Infancy,  
Children by Signs, their Want of Speech supply.

And why not, as well as our *Mutes* dispute, contest, and tell Stories by Signs? Of which I have seen some by Practice, so subtil and active that Way, that in earnest, they wanted nothing of the Perfection of making themselves understood. Lovers are angry, reconcil'd, intreat, thank, appoint, and finally speak all Things, by their Eyes.

*El silentior ancor suole  
Haver prieghi, & parole\*.*

Even Silence in a Lover,  
Love and Courtship can discover.

What with the Hands? We require, promise, call, dismiss, threaten, pray, supplicate, deny, refuse, interrogate, admire, number, confess, repent, fear, confound, doubt, instruct, command, incite, encourage, swear, testify, accuse, condemn, absolve, injure, despise, defy, provoke, flatter, applaud, bless, submit, mock, reconcile, recommend, exalt, entertain, congratulate, complain, grieve, despair, wonder, exclaim, and what not? And all this with a Variation, and Multiplication, even to the Emu-

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\* *Aminto del Tasso.*

lation of Speech. With the Head we invite, remand, confess, deny, give the lye, welcome, honour, reverence, disdain, demand, rejoice, lament, reject, carets, rebuke, submit, huff, encourage, threaten, assure, and enquire. What with the Eyebrows? What with the Shoulders? There is not a Motion that does not speak, and in an intelligible Language without Discipline, and a publick Language that every one understands: From whence it should follow, the Variety and Use distinguish'd from others consider'd, that these should rather be judg'd the Propriety of human Nature. I omit what Necessity particularly does suddenly suggest to those who are in need; the Alphabets upon the Fingers, Grammars in Gesture, and the Sciences which are only by them exercis'd and expres'd with the Nations that *Pliny* reports have no other Language. An Embassador of the City of *Abdera*, after a long Conference with *Agis*, King of *Sparta*, demanded of him, *Well, Sir, What Answer must I return to my Fellow Citizens? That I have given thee leave (said he) to say what thou wouldest, and as much as thou wouldest, without ever speaking a Word.* Is not this a silent Speaking, and very easy to be understood? As to the rest, what is there in us, that we do not see in the Operations of Animals? Is there a Polity better order'd, the Offices better distributed, and more inviolably observ'd and maintain'd, than that of *Bees*? Can we imagine that such, and so regular a Distribution of Employments, can be carry'd on without Consideration and Prudence?

*His quidam signis, atque hæc exempla sequuti,  
Esse apibus partem divinæ mentis, & haustus  
Æthereos dicere.*

Having contemplated the working *Bees*,  
Their Civil Regiment, and Policies,  
Some have not stuck presently to conclude,  
That they in part with Reason are endu'd.

The Swallows that we see at the Return of the Spring, searching all the Corners of our Houses for the most commodious Places wherein to build their Nest; do they see, without Judgment, and amongst a thousand, chuse out the most proper for their Purpose, without Discretion? In that elegant and admirable Contexture of their Building, can Birds rather make choice of a square Figure than a round,

round, of an obtuse than of a right Angle, without knowing their Properties and Effects? Do they bring Water, and then Clay, without knowing that the Hardness of the latter grows softer by being wet? Do they mat their Palace with Moss or Down, without foreseeing, that their tender Young will lye more safe and easy? Do they secure themselves from the wet and rainy Winds, and place their Lodgings towards the East, without knowing the different Qualities of those Winds, and considering that one is more comfortable than the other: Why does the Spider make her Web streighter in one Place, and flaker in another? Why now make one Sort of Knot, and then another, if she has not Deliberation, Thought, and Conclusion? We sufficiently discover in most of their Works, how much Animals excel us, and how unable our Art is to imitate them. We see nevertheless in more gross Performances, that we employ all our Faculties, and apply the utmost Power of our Souls; why do we not conclude the same of them? Why should we attribute to I know not what natural and servile Inclinations the Works that excel all we can do by Nature and Art? Wherein, before we are aware, we give them a mighty Advantage over us, in making Nature, with a maternal Sweetness, to accompany and lead them, as it were, by the Hand, to all the Actions and Commodities of their Life, whilst she leaves us to Chance and Fortune, and to seek out by Art, the Things that are necessary to our Conservation, at the same time denying us the Means of being able, by any Instruction or Contention of Understanding, to arrive at the natural Sufficiency of Beasts: So that their Brutish Stupidity surpasses, in all Conveniences, all that our Divine Intelligence can do. Really, at this rate, we might with great Reason call her an unjust Step-Mother: But it is nothing so, our Polity is not so irregular and deform'd. Nature has been generally kind to all her Creatures, and there is not one, she has not amply furnished with all Means necessary for the Conservation of his Being. For the common Complaints I hear Men make (as the Liberty of their Opinions, do one while lift them up to the Clouds, and then again depress them to the Antipodes) that we are the only Animal abandon'd naked upon the bare Earth, ty'd and bound, not having wherewithal to arm and cloath us, but by the Spoil of others; whereas Nature has cover'd all  
other

other Creatures, either with Shells, Husks, Bark, Hair, Wool, Prickles, Leather, Down, Feathers, Scales, and Silk, according to the Necessities of their Being; has arm'd them with Talons, Teeth and Horns, wherewith to assault and defend, and has herself taught them, that which is most proper for them, to swim, to run, to fly, and sing, whereas Man neither knows how to walk, speak, eat, or do any thing but weep, without teaching.

*Tum porro puer ut sævis projectus ab undis,  
Navita, nudus humi jacet infans, indigus omni  
Vitali auxilio, cum primum in luminis oras  
Nexibus ex alvo matris Natura profudit,  
Vagituque locum lugubri complet, æquum est  
Cui tantum in vita restet transire malorum:  
At variæ crescunt pecudes, armenta, feræque,  
Nec crepitacula eis opus est, nec quicquam adhibenda est  
Almæ nutricis blanda atque infracta loquela:  
Nec varias quærunt vestes pro tempore cæli:  
Denique non armis opus est, non mœnibus altis  
Queis sua tutentur, quando omnibus omnia largè  
Tellus ipsa parit, naturaque dædala rerum\*.*

Like to the wretched Mariner when tost  
By raging Seas upon the desert Coast,  
The tender Babe lies naked on the Earth,  
Of all Supports of Life, stript by his Birth:  
When Nature first presents him to the Day,  
Free'd from the Womb where he imprison'd lay,  
He fills the ambient Air with doleful Cries,  
Foretelling thus Life's future Miseries;  
But Beasts, both wild and tame, greater and less,  
Do of themselves in height and bulk increase:  
They need no Rattle, nor the broken Chat,  
By which the Nurse first teaches Boys to prate,  
They look not out for different Robes to wear,  
According to the Seasons of the Year:  
And need no Arms nor Walls their Goods to save,  
Since Earth and liberal Nature ever have,  
And will in all abundance still produce,  
All Things whereof they can have need or use.

\* *Lucret. l. 5.*

Those Complaints are false ; there is in the Polity of the World a greater Equity and more uniform Relation. Our Skins are as sufficient to defend us from the Injuries of the Weather, as theirs are them ; witness several Nations that yet know not the Use of Cloaths. Our ancient *Gauls* were but slenderly clad no more than the *Irish*, our Neighbours, in so cold a Climate : But we may better judge of this by ourselves : For all those Parts, that we are pleas'd to expose to the Air, are found very able to endure it : If there be a tender Part about us, and that seems to be in danger of Cold, it should be the Stomach where the Digestion is ; and yet our Forefathers were them always open, and our Ladies, as tender and delicate as they are, go sometimes bare as low as the Navel. Neither is the binding or swathing of Infants more necessary ; and the *Lacedemonian* Mothers brought up theirs in all liberty of Motion of Members, without any Ligature at all. Our Crying is common with the greatest part of other Animals, and there are but few Creatures, that are not observ'd to groan, and bemoan themselves a long time after they come into the World ; so far as it is a Behaviour suitable to the Weakness wherein they find themselves. As to the Custom of Eating, it is, as in them, natural, and without Instruction.

*The Skin of a Man sufficient Proof against Weather.*

*The Ancients us'd to wear their Bosoms open.*

*The swathing of Infants not necessary.*

*Sentit enim vim quisque suam quam possit abuti \**.

For every one soon finds his natural Force,  
Which he, or better may employ, or worse.

Who doubts but an Infant, arriv'd to the Strength of feeding himself, may make shift to get his Living ? And the Earth produces and offers him wherewithal to supply his Necessity without other Culture and Artifice ; and if not at all times, no more does she do it to Beasts, witness the Provision we see *Ants* and other Creatures hoard up against the dead Seasons of the Year. The late discover'd Nations, so abundantly furnish'd with Meat, and natural Drink,

\* *Lucret. l. 5.*

without



without Care, or without Cookery, may give us to understand, that Bread is not our only Food, and that without Tillage, our Mother Nature has provided us sufficiently of all we stand in need of; nay, it appears more fully and plentifully than she does at present, now that we have added our own Industry:

*Et tellus nitidas fruges, vinetaque læta  
Sponte sua primum mortalibus ipsa creavit,  
Ipsa dedit dulces fœtus, & pabula læta,  
Quæ nunc vix nostro grandescunt aucta labore,  
Conterimusque boves, & vires agrorum\*.*

The Earth spontaneously did first afford  
Choice Fruits and Wines to furnish out the Board:  
She pretty Off-springs gave and verdant Fields,  
Which scarce, by Art, a better Harvest yields;  
Tho' Men and Oxen mutually have strove,  
With all their utmost Force, the Soil t'improve.

The Debauchery and Irregularity of our Appetites, outstrip all the Inventions we can contrive to satisfy it. As to Arms, we have more that are natural, than the most Part of other Animals, more various Motions of Members, and naturally and without Lesson; and extract more Service from them: Those that are trained up to fight naked, are seen to throw themselves into the like Hazards that we do. If some Beasts surpass us in this Advantage, we surpass them in several others; and the Industry of fortifying the Body, and covering it by acquir'd Means, we have by Instinct and natural Precept. That it is so the *Elephants Teeth*, sharpens and whets the Teeth he makes use of in War (for he has particular ones for that Service, which he spares, and never employs them at all to any other Use); when *Bulls* go to fight, they toss and throw the Dust about them; *Boars* whet their Tusks; and the *Ichneumon*, when he is to engage with the *Crocodile*, fortifies his Body, covers and crufts it all over with a certain close-wrought, and well-temper'd Slime, as with a Cuirass: Why shall we not say, That it is also natural for

\* *Lucret. l. 2.*

us to arm ourselves with Wood and Iron? As to Speech, it is certain, that if it be not natural, it is not necessary. Nevertheless, I believe that a Child, which had been brought up in an absolute Solitude, remote from all Society of Men (which would be a Tryal very hard to make) would have some Kind of Speech to express his Meaning by: And 'tis not to be supposed, that Nature should have deny'd that to us, which she has given to several other Animals: For, what is this Faculty, we observe in them, of complaining, rejoicing, calling to one another for Succour, and the softer Murmuring of Love, which they perform with the Voice, other, than Speech? And why should they not speak to one another? They speak to us, and we to them. In how many several *Tones* do we speak to our *Dogs*, and they answer us? We converse with them in another Sort of Language, and other Appellations, than we do with *Birds*, *Hogs*, *Oxen*, and *Horses*; and alter the *Idiom* according to the Kind.

*Cosi per entro loro scbiera bruna  
S' ammusà l'una con l' altra formica,  
Forse à piar lor via, & lor fortuna.*

Of provident Ants thus do the fable Bands,  
'Gainst one another Head to Head make stands,  
T'observe each others Ways perhaps, and some  
Perhaps to spy what Prizes are brought home.

*Lactantius* seems to attribute to Beasts, not only Speech but Risibility also. And the Difference of Language, which is manifest amongst us, according to the Variety of Countries, is also observ'd in Animals of the same Kind. *Risibility attributed to Beasts.*  
*Aristotle*, in Proof of this instances the various Calls of *Partridges*, according to the Situations of Places:

*Variaque Volucres  
Longè alias alio jaciunt in tempore voces,  
Et partim mutant cum tempestatibus una  
Raucifonos cantus\*.*

\* *Lucr. l. 5.*

And

And several Birds do from their warbling Throats,  
At several Times utter quite different Notes,  
And some their hoarse Songs with the Seasons change.

But it is yet to be known what Language this Child would speak; and of that, what is said by guess, has no great Appearance. If a Man will alledge to me, in Opposition to this Opinion, that those who are naturally Deaf speak not: I answer, that that follows, not only because they could not receive the Instruction of speaking by Ear; but rather because the Sense of Hearing, of which they are depriv'd, relates to that of Speaking, and hold together by a natural and inseparable Tye; in such manner, that what we speak, we must first speak to ourselves within, and make it sound in our own Ears, before we can utter it to others. All this I have said to prove the Resemblance there is in human Things; and to bring us back, and join us to the Crowd. We are neither above, nor below the rest. All that is under Heaven (says the wise Man) runs one Law, and one Fortune.

*Impedita suis fatalibus omnia vinculis* \*.

—————All Things remain,  
Kept short and bound in the same fatal Chain.

There, is indeed, some difference, there are several Orders and Degrees; but it is under the Aspect of one and the same Nature.

—————*Res quæque suo ritu procedit, & omnes  
Fœdere Naturæ certo discrimina servant* †.

All Things by their own Rites proceed, and draw  
Towards their Ends, by Nature's certain Law.

Man must be compell'd, and restrain'd within the Bounds of this Polity. Miserable Creature! he is not in a Condition really to step over the Rail: He is fetter'd and circumscrib'd, he is subjected to the same Necessity that the other Creatures of his Rank and Order are; and of a very mean Condition without any Prerogative, or true and real Preheminence. That which he attributes to himself

\* *Lucr. l. 5.*

† *Ibid.*

by vain Fancy and Opinion, has neither Body nor Taste : And if it be so, that he only of all the Animals hath this Privilege of Imagination and Irregularity of Thoughts, representing to him that which is, that which is not ; and that he would have the False, and the True ; 'Tis an Advantage dearly bought, and of which he has very little Reason to be proud : Seeing that from thence springs the principal and original Fountain of all the Evils that befall him ; Sin, Sickness, Irresolution, Affliction and Despair. I say then (to return to my Subject) that there is no appearance to induce a Man to believe, that Beasts should, by a natural and forced Inclination, do the same Things that we by our Choice and Industry do. We ought from like Effects to conclude like Faculties, and from greater Effects greater Faculties : and consequently confess, that the same Meditation, and the very same Ways by which we operate, are common with them, or that they have others that are better. Why should we imagine this natural Constraint in them, who experiment no such Effect in ourselves ? Considering that it is more honourable to be guided, and obliged to act regularly by a natural and irresistible Disposition, and nearer ally'd to the Divinity, than to act regularly by a temerarious and fortuitous Liberty ; and more safe to entrust the Reins of our Conduct in the Hands of Nature, than our own. The Vanity of our Presumption is the Cause, that we had rather owe our Sufficiency to our own Industry, than to her Bounty, and that we enrich the other Animals with natural Goods, and abjure them in their Favour, to honour and ennoble ourselves with Goods acquired, very foolishly in my Opinion ; for I should as much value Parts and Virtues, naturally and purely my own, as those I had begg'd and obtain'd from Education. It is not in our Power to obtain a nobler Reputation, than to be favour'd of God and Nature. For this Reason should we see the *Fox*, the People of *Thrace* make use of, when they will attempt to pass over the Ice of some frozen River, and turn him out before them to that Purpose, lay his Ear upon the Bank of the River, down to the Ice, to listen if from a more remote or nearer Distance, he can hear the Noise of the Waters Current ; and, according as he finds by that, the Ice to be of a less or greater Thickness, to retire or advance ; have we not Reason

Reason to believe from thence, that he had some Thought that we should have upon the like Occasions; and that it is a Ratiocination and Consequence drawn from natural Sense; that, that which makes a Noise, runs; that which runs, is not frozen; what is not frozen, is liquid; and that which is liquid, yields to impressi<sup>o</sup>n? For to attribute this to a Vivacity of the Sense of Hearing, without Meditation and Consequence, is a *Chimera* that cannot enter into the Imagination. We are to suppose the same of so many Sorts of Subtilties and Inventions, with which Beasts secure themselves from, and frustrate the Enterprizes we complot against them. And if we will make an Advantage even of this, that it is in our Power to seize them, to employ them in our Service, and to use them at our Pleasure, 'tis but still the same Advantage we have over one another. We have our Slaves upon these Terms; and the *Climacide*, were they not Women in *Syria*, who being on all Four, served for a Ladder and half Pace, by which the Ladies mounted the Coach? And the greatest part of free Persons surrender for very trivial Conveniences, their Life and Being into the Power of another. The Wives and Concubines of the *Thracians* contend who shall be chosen to be slain upon their Husbands Tomb. Have Tyrants ever fail'd of finding Men enough vow'd to their Devotion: Some of them moreover adding this Necessity of accompanying them in Death, as well as Life. Whole Armies have obliged themselves after this Manner to their Captains. The Form of the Oath in the rude School of *Fencers*, who were to fight it out to the last, was in these Words: *We swear to suffer ourselves to be chain'd, burnt, hurt and kill'd with the Sword, and to endure as that true Gladiators suffer from their Master, religiously engaging both Bodies and Souls in his Service:*

*Ure meum si vis flamma caput, & pete ferro  
Corpus, & intorto verbera terga seca \**

Wound me with Steel, burn off my Head with Fire.  
Or scourge my Shoulders with well-twisted Wire.

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\* *Tib. l. 1. Eleg. 10.*

This was an Obligation indeed, and yet there were some Years, some Thousands who entred into it, and lost themselves in it. When the *Scythians* interr'd their King, they strangled upon his Body the most beloved of his Concubines, his Cup-bearer, the Master of his Horse, his Chamberlain, the Usher of his Chamber, and his Cook. And upon his Anniversary, they kill'd fifty Horses, mounted by fifty Pages, that they had empal'd all up the Spine of the Back to the Throat, and there left them fixt in Triumph about his Tomb. The Men that serve us, do it cheaper, and for a less curious and favourable Usage than what we treat our *Hawks, Horses, and Dogs* withal. To what Solitude do we not submit for their Convenience. I do not think, that Servants of the most abject Condition, would willingly do that for their Masters, that Princes think it an Honour to do for their Beasts. *Diogenes* seeing his Relations solicitous to redeem him from Servitude: *They are Fools*, said he, 'tis that which treats and nourishes, and that serves me; and they who make so much of Beasts, ought rather to be said to serve them, than to be served by them. And withal, they have something more generous, that one *Lion* never submitted to another *Lion*, nor one *Horse* to another, for want of Courage. As we go the Chace of Beasts, so do *Tygers* and *Lions* to the Chace of Men; and do the same Execution upon one another, *Dogs* upon *Hares*, *Pikes* upon *Tenches*, *Swallows* upon *Flies*, and *Spar-hawks* upon *Black-birds* and *Larks*:

Obsequies of  
the Scythian  
Kings.

—Serpente *Ciconia pullos*  
Nutrit, & inventa per devia rura lacerta,  
Et Leporem, aut Capream famulae Jovis & generosae  
In saltu venantur Aves\*.

The *Stork* her young ones nourishes with *Snakes*  
And *Lizards*, found in Meadows and in Lakes:  
*Jove's Eagle* tresses *Hares*, and Birds of Prey  
Hawk in the Woods.

We divide the Quarry, as well as the Pains and Labour of the Chace with our *Hawks* and *Hounds*. And above *Amphipolis*, in *Thrace*, the *Hawkers* and wild *Faulcons* equally

\* *Juven. Sat. 14.*

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L

divide

divide the Prey in the Middle: As also along the Lake *Mæotis*, if the *Fisherman* do not honestly leave the *Wolven* an equal Share of what he has caught, they presently go and tear his Nets in pieces. And as we have a Way of *Fishing* that is carried on more by Subtilty than Force, namely *Angling* with Lines and Hooks, there is also the like amongst other Animals. *Aristotle* says, that the *Cuttle-Fish* casts a Gut out of his Throat as long as a Line, which he extends and draws back at pleasure; and as she perceives some little Fish approach her, she lets it nibble upon the End of this Gut, lying herself conceal'd in the Sand, or Mud, and by little and little draws it in, till the little Fish is so near her, that at one Spring she may surprize it. As to what concerns Strength, there is no Creature in the World exposed to so many Injuries, as Man: We need not a *Whale*, an *Elephant*, or a *Crocodile*, nor any such like Animals (of which one alone is sufficient to defeat a great Number of Men) to do our Business: *Lice* are sufficient to vacate *Sylla's* Dictatorship; and the Heart and Life of a great and triumphant Emperor, is the Breakfast of a little contemptible *Worm*. Why should we say, that it is only for Man, by Knowledge improv'd by Art and Meditation, to distinguish the Things commodious for his Being, and proper for the Cure of his Diseases, and to know the Virtues of *Rhubarb* and *Polypody*; when we see the *Goats* of *Candie*, when wounded with an Arrow, among a Million of Plants, choose out *Dittanie* for their Cure; and the *Tortise*, when she has eaten of a *Viper*, immediately go to look out for *Origanum* to purge her; the *Dragon* to rub and clear his Eyes with *Fennel*; the *Storks* to give themselves Clysters of *Sea-Water*; the *Elephants* to draw not only out of their own Bodies, and those of their Companions, but out of the Bodies of their Masters too (witness the Elephant of King *Porus*, whom *Alexander* defeated the Dart and Javelins thrown at them in Battle, and that so dextrously, that we ourselves could not do it with so little Pain to the Patient; why do we not say the same, that this is Knowledge and Prudence? For to alledge their Disparagement, that 'tis by the sole Instruction and Dictate of *Nature*, that they know all this, is not to take from them the Dignity of Knowledge and Prudence; but with greater Argument to attribute it to them, than to us.

for the Honour of so infallible a Mistress. *Chryssippus* tho' in all other Things as scornful a Judge of the Condition of Animals, as any other *Philosopher* whatever, considering the Motions of a *Dog*, who coming to a Place where three Ways met, either to hunt after his Master he has lost, or in pursuit of some Game that flies before him, goes snuffing first in one of the Ways, and then in another, and after having made himself sure of two, without finding the Trace of what he seeks, throws himself into the third without Examination; he is forc'd to confess, that this Consideration is in the *Dog*, *I have followed my Master by the Foot to this Place, he must of necessity be gone one of these three Ways, he is not gone this Way, nor that, he must then infallibly be gone this other*: And that assuring himself by this Conclusion, he makes no use of his Nose in the third Way, nor ever lays it to the Ground, but suffers himself to be carried on by the Force of Reason. This Sally, which is purely logical, and this Manner of stating Propositions divided and conjoin'd, and the right Enumeration of Parts, is it not every whit as good, that the *Dog* know all this of himself, as to have learnt it by Rules of Art? And Animals are not incapable however, of being instructed after our Method. We teach *Blackbirds, Ravens, Pies and Parots* to speak; and the Facility and Complacency wherewith we see they lend us their Voices, and render both them and their Breath so supple and pliant, to be form'd and confin'd within a certain Number of Letters and Syllables, does evince, that they have an Examination of Things within, which renders them so docile and willing to learn. Every body, I believe, is glutt'd with the several Sorts of Tricks that *Tumblers* teach their *Dogs*, the Dances, where they do not miss any one Cadence of the Sound they hear, the several various Motions and Leaps they make them perform by the Command of a Word: But I observe this Effect with the greatest Admiration, which nevertheless is very common, of the *Dogs* that lead the *Blind*, both in the Country and in Cities: I have taken notice how they stop at certain Doors, where they were wont to receive Alms; how they avoided the Encounter of Coaches and Carts, even there were they have had sufficient Room to pass; and have seen them by the Trench of a Town, forsake a plain and even Path, and take a worse, only to keep their Mas-



ters further from the Ditch. How could a Man have made this *Dog* understand, that it was his Office to look to his Master's Safety only, and to despise his own Conveniency to serve him? And how had he the Knowledge, that a Way was large enough for him, that was not so for a blind Man? Can all this be apprehended without Ratiocination; I must not omit what *Plutarch* says he saw of a *Dog* at *Rome* with the Emperor *Vespasian*, the Father, at the Theatre of *Marcellus*. This *Dog* serv'd a Player, that play'd a Part of several Gestures, and had therein his Part. He was, amongst other Things, to counterfeit himself for some Time dead, by reason of a certain Drug he must be suppos'd to have eaten: After he had swallow'd a Piece of Bread, which must pass for the Drug, he began, after a while, to tremble and stagger, as if he was astonish'd: At last, stretching himself out stiff, as if he had been dead, he suffer'd himself to be drawn and drag'd from Place to Place, as it was his Part to do; and afterward, when he knew it to be Time, he began first gently to stir, as if newly awak'd out of some profound Sleep, and lifting up his Head, look'd about him after such a Manner, as astonish'd all the Spectators. The Oxen that serv'd in the Royal Gardens of *Susa*, to water them and turn certain great Wheels to draw Water for that Purpose, to which Buckets were fasten'd (such as there are many in *Languedoc*) being order'd every one to draw a hundred Turns a Day: They were so accusom'd to this Number, that it was impossible, by any Force, to make them draw one Turn more; but, their Task being perform'd, they would suddenly stop and stand still. We are almost Men before we can count a Hundred, and have lately discovered Nations that have no Knowledge of Numbers at all. There is more Understanding requir'd in the teaching of others, than in being taught. But setting aside what *Democritus* held and prov'd, that most of the Arts we have were taught us by other Animals: As the Spider, to weave and sew; the Swallow to build; the Swan and Nightingale, Musick; and several Animals, by their Imitation, to make Medicines. *Aristotle* is of Opinion, that the Nightingales teach their young ones to sing, and spend a great deal of Time and Care in it; from whence it happens, that those we bring up in Cages, and have not had Time to learn of their Dams, want much of the Grace of their Singing.

Singing. We may judge by this, that they improve by Discipline and Study: And even amongst the Wild, it is not all one and every one alike, every one has learnt to do better or worse, according to their Capacity. And so jealous are they one of another, whilst learning, that they contend with Emulation, and by so vigorous a Contention, that sometimes the vanquish'd fall dead upon the Place, the Breath rather failing than the Voice. The Younger ruminat, are pensive, and begin to mutter some broken Notes; the Disciple listens to the Master's Lesson, and gives the best Account he is able; they are silent by Turns, one may hear Faults corrected, and observe some Reprehensions of the Teacher. *I have formerly seen (says Arius) an Elephant having a Cymbal hung at each Leg, and another fasten'd to his Trunk, at the Sound of which all the others danced round about him, rising and falling at certain Cadences, as they were guided by the Instrument, and took a Delight in Harmony.* In the Spectacles of Rome there were ordinarily seen Elephants taught to move and dance to the Sound of the Voice, Dances wherein were several Changes and Cadences very hard to learn. And some have been privately so intent upon their Lesson, as to practise it by themselves, that they might not be chidden nor beaten by their Masters. But this other Story of the *Pie*, of which we have *Plutarch* himself for warrant, is very strange: *She was in a Barber's Shop at Rome, and did Wonders, in imitating with her Voice whatever she heard. It happened one Day, that certain Trumpeters stood a good while sounding before the Shop: After that, and all the next Day, the Pie was pensive, dumb, and melancholick; which every Body wonder'd at, and thought the Noise of the Trumpets had so stupify'd and astonish'd her, that her Voice was gone with her Hearing: But they found at last, that it was a profound Meditation, and a retiring into herself, her Thoughts exercising and preparing her Voice to imitate the Sound of those Trumpets; so that the first Voice she utter'd was perfectly to imitate their Strains, Stops and Changes; having by this new Lesson quitted and disdain'd all she had learned before.* I will not omit this other Example of a Dog also, which the same *Plutarch* says he saw being

Elephants  
wearing  
Cymbals.

Elephants  
taught to  
dance.

The Story of  
a Magpy at  
Rome.

*The Cunning-  
ness of a Dog  
to get the Oil  
out of a Jar.*

on Shipboard. *This Dog being puzzled how  
to get the Oil that was in the Bottom of a  
Cruise, which he could not reach with his  
Tongue, by reason of the narrow Mouth of  
the Vessel, went and fetch'd Stones and*

*them fall into the Jar, 'till he made the Oil rise so high  
that he could reach it. What is this but an Effect of a very  
subtile Capacity? 'Tis said, that the Ravens of Barbary do  
the same, when the Water they would drink is too low.*  
*This Action is something a-kin to what Juba, a King of  
their Nations, relates of the Elephants; That, when by the  
Craft of the Hunter, one of them is trapt in certain deep Pits*

*The Subtilty  
of Elephants  
to disengage  
one another.*

*prepared for them, and cover'd over with  
Brush to deceive them, all the rest, in great  
Diligence, bring a great many Stones and  
Logs of Wood to raise the Bottom, so that  
they may get out. But this Animal, in several*

*other Effects, comes so near to human Capacity, that should  
I particularly relate all that Experience hath deliver'd to  
us, I should easily have, what I usually maintain, granted  
namely, that there is more Difference betwixt such and such  
a Man, than betwixt such a Beast and such a Man. The  
Keeper of an Elephant, in a private House of Syria, rebuffs  
him every Meal of the Half of his Allowance: One Day his  
Master would himself feed him, and poured the full Measure*

*An Elephant  
discovers the  
Cheat of his  
Keeper.*

*of Barley he had order'd for his Allowance  
into his Manger; at which, the Elephant  
casting an angry Look at his Keeper, with  
his Trunk separated the one Half from the  
other, and thrust it aside, by that declaring*

*the Wrong was done him. And another, having a Keeper  
that mixed Stones with his Corn, to make up the Measure,  
came to the Pot where he was boiling Flesh for his  
Dinner, and fill'd it with Ashes. These are particular  
Effects: But that which all the World has seen, and all  
the World knows, that in all the Armies of the Levant  
one of the greatest Forces consisted in Elephants, with  
whom they did, without Comparison, much greater Execution  
than we now do with our Artillery; which as it were,  
as it were, in their Stead in a Day of Battle (as may be  
easily be suppos'd by such as are well read in ancient  
History.)*

— Siquid

—Siquidem Tyrio servare solebant  
Annibali, & nostris ducibus, Regique Molosso  
Horum Majores, & dorso ferre Cohortes,  
Partem aliquam Belli, & euntem in prælia turmam\*.

Of these, those of the largest Size were wont  
The Carthaginian *Hannibal* to mount:  
Our *Leaders* to these mighty Beasts besride;  
An Elephant great King *Molossus* ride;  
Nay more, upon their Backs they us'd to to bear  
Whole Bands and Cohorts when they went to War.

They must necessarily very confidently rely upon the Fidelity and Understanding of these Beasts, when they entrusted them with the Vantguard of a Battle, where the least Stop they should have made, by Reason of the Bulk and Heaviness of their Bodies, and the least Fright that should have made them face about upon their own People, had been enough to spoil all. And there are but few Examples where it has happen'd, that they have fallen foul upon their own Troops, whereas we ourselves break into our own Battalions, and rout one another: They had the Commission not of one simple Motion only, but of many several Things they were to perform in the Battle: As the *Spaniard* did to their *Dogs* in their new Conquest of the *Indies*, to whom they gave Pay and allow'd them a Share in the Spoil; and those Animals shew'd as much Dexterity and Judgment in pursuing the Victory and stopping the Pursuit; in charging and retiring, as Occasion requir'd; and in distinguishing their Friends from their Enemies, as they did Ardour and Fierceness. We more admire and value Things that are unusual and strange than those of ordinary Observation. I had not else so long insisted upon these Examples: For I believe, whoever shall strictly observe what we ordinarily see in those Animals we have amongst us, may there find as wonderful Effects as those we fetch from remote Countries and Ages. 'Tis one and the same Nature that rules her Course, and whoever had sufficiently considered the present State of Things, might certainly conclude both the future and the past. I have

\* *Juvenal.*

L 4

formerly

formerly seen Men, brought hither by Sea from very distant Countries, whose Language not being understood by us, and moreover their Mien, Countenance and Habit, being quite differing from ours; which of us did not repute them Savages and Brutes? Who did not attribute it to Stupidity and want of common Sense, to see them mute, ignorant of the *French* Tongue, ignorant of our Salutations and Cringes, our Post and Behaviour, from which all human Nature must by all Means take its Pattern and Example. All that seems strange to us, and that we do not understand, we condemn. The same Things happen also in the Judgments we make of Beasts; they have several Conditions like to ours; from those we may, by Comparison, draw some Conjecture: By those Qualities that are particular to themselves, what know we what to make of them? The *Horses, Dogs, Oxen, Sheep, Birds*, and most of the Animals that live amongst us, know our Voices, and suffer themselves to be govern'd by them: So did *Crassus's Lamprey*, and came when he call'd it; as also do the *Eels* that are in the Lake *Arctusa*: And I have seen several Ponds, where the *Fishes* run to eat at a certain Call of those who use to feed them.

— *Nomen habent, & ad Magistrum  
Vocem quisque sui venit citatus* \*.

They every one have their own Names, and all Straightway appear at their own Master's Call.

We may judge of that; we may also say, that the Elephants have some Participation of Religion, forasmuch as after several Washings, and Purifications, they are observed to lift up their Trunk like Arms, and fixing their Eyes towards the rising of the Sun, continue long in Meditation, and Contemplation, at certain Hours of the Day, of their own Motion, without Instruction, or Precept. But because we do not see any such Signs in other Animals, we cannot for that conclude, that they are without Religion, nor make any Judgment of what is conceal'd from us. As we discern something in this Action, which the Philosopher *Cleanthes* took notice of, because it something

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\* *Mart. l. 4. Epig. 30.*

resembles

resembles our own. He saw, he says, *Ants go from their Ant-hill, carrying the dead Body of an Ant towards another Ant-hill, from whence several other Ants came out to meet them, as if to speak, and expostulate with them; where after having been a pretty while together, the last return'd, to consult, you may suppose, with their Fellow-Citizens, and so made two or three Journeys, by reason of the Difficulty of Capitulation: In the Conclusion, the last Comers brought the first a Worm out of their Burrow, as it were for the Ransom of the Defunct, which they first laid upon their Backs, and carried home, leaving the dead Body to the others.* This was the Interpretation that *Cleanthes* gave of this Transaction, giving us by that to understand, that those Creatures that have no Voice, are not, nevertheless, without Practice, and mutual Communication, whereof 'tis through our own Defect, that we do not participate; and for that Reason foolishly take upon us to pass our Censure. But they yet produce other Effects, far beyond our Capacity, to which we are so far from being able to arrive by Imitation, that we cannot so much as by Imitation conceive it. Many are of Opinion, that in the great and last Naval Engagement, that *Anthony* lost to *Augustus*, his Admiral Gally was stay'd in the middle of her Course, by the little Fish the *Latins* call *Remora*, by Reason of the Property she has of staying all Sorts of Vessels, to which she fastens herself. And the Emperor *Caligula*, sailing with a great Navy, upon the Coast of *Romania*, his Galley only was suddenly stay'd by the same Fish, which he caused to be taken, fastned as it was to the Keel of his Ship, very angry that such a little Animal could resist both the Sea, the Wind, and the Force of all his Oars, by being only fasten'd by the Beak to his Galley (for it is a Shell-fish) and was moreover, not without great Reason astonish'd, that being brought to him in the Long-boat, it had no more the Strength it had without. A Citizen of *Cyzicus*, formerly acquired the Reputation of a good Mathematician, for having learnt the Condition of the *Hedge-hog*: He has his Burrow open in diverse Places, and to several Winds, and foreseeing the Wind that is to come, stops the Hole on that Side, which that Citizen observing, gave the City certain Predictions of the Wind, which was presently

Communica-  
tion of Ants.

fently to blow. The *Camelion* takes her Colour from the Place upon which she is laid; but the *Polypus* gives himself what Colour he pleases, according to occasion, either to conceal himself from what he fears, or from what he has a Design to seize: In the *Camelion* 'tis a passive, but in the *Polypus* 'tis an active Change.

We have some Changes of Colour, as in Fear, Anger, Shame, and other Passions, that alter our Complexions; but it is by the Effect of Suffering, as with the *Camelion*. It is in the Power of the *Jaundice* indeed to make us turn Yellow, but 'tis not in the Power of our own Will. Now these Effects that we discover in other Animals, much greater than ours, seem to imply some more excellent Faculty in them, unknown to us; as 'tis to be presumed several other Qualities and Abilities of theirs are, of which no Appearances have arrived at us.

Amongst all the Predictions of Elder Times, the most ancient and the most certain, were those taken from the *Flight of Birds*, we having nothing like it, not any Thing to be so much admired. That Rule and

Order of the moving of the Wing, from whence they derived the Consequences of future Things, must of Necessity be guided by some excellent Means to so noble an Operation: For to attribute this great Effect to any natural Disposition, without the Intelligence, Consent and Meditation of him by whom it is produced, is an Opinion evidently false: That it is so, the *Cramp-fish* has this Quality, not only to benumb all the Members that touch her, but even through the Nets transmit a heavy Dulness into the Hands of those that move and handle them; nay, it is further said, that if one pour Water upon her, he will feel this Numbness mount up the Water to the Hand, and stupify the Feeling through the Water. This is a miraculous Force; but 'tis not useles to the *Cramp-fish*; she knows it, and makes use on't; for to catch the Prey she desires, she will bury herself in the Mud, that other Fishes swimming over her, struck and benumb'd with this Coldness of hers, may fall into her Power. *Cranes*, *Swallows*, and other Birds of Passage, by shifting their Abode according to the Seasons, sufficiently manifest the Knowledge

*Change of Colour in the Camelion and Polypus.*

*Augury, the most certain Way of Prediction.*

*Apology for Raimond de Sebonde.* 155

Knowledge they have of their divining Faculty, and put it in Use. Huntsmen assure us, that to cull out from amongst a great many Puppies, that which ought to be preserv'd for the Best, the best Way is to refer the Choice to the Dam; as thus, take them and carry them out of the Kennel, and the first she brings back, will certainly be the Best: Or if you make a shew as if you would environ the Kennel with Fire, those that she first catches up to save. By which it appears they have another Sort of Prognostick than we have; or that they have some Virtue in judging of their Whelps, other and more certain than we have. The Manner of coming into the World, of engendring, nourishing, acting, moving, living and dying of Beasts, is so near to ours, that whatever we retrench from their moving Causes, and add to our own Condition above theirs, can by no means proceed from any Meditation of our own Reason. For the Regimen of our Health, Physicians propose to us the Example of the Beasts Manners, and Way of Living; for this Saying, has, in all Times, been in the Mouth of these People.

*Tenez chaud les pieds, & la teste,  
Au demeurant vivez en beste \**

Keep warm thy Feet and Head, as to the rest,  
Live like a Beast.

Generation is the principal of all natural Actions. We have a certain Disposition of Members most proper and convenient for us in that Affair: Nevertheless, we are ordered to conform to the Posture of Brutes, as the most effectual.

*More ferarum,*

*Quadrupedum; magis ritu, plerumq; putantur,  
Concipere uxores: Quia sic loca sumere possunt,  
Pectoribus postis, sublatis semina lumbis †.*

And condemn, as hurtful, those extravagant and indiscreet Motions the Women have superadded to the Work, reducing them to the Example and Practice of Beasts of their own Sex, more sober and modest.

\* *Plutarch.*

† *Lucr. l. 5.*



*Nam mulier prohibet se concipere atque repugnat,  
 Clunibus ipsa viri Venerem si læta retractet,  
 Atque exossato ciet omni pectore fluctus  
 Ejicit enim sulci recta regione viaque  
 Vomere, atque locis avertit seminis ictum \*.*

If it be Justice to render to every one their Due, the Beasts that serve, love, and defend their Benefactors, and that pursue and fall upon Strangers and those who offend them, do in this represent a certain Air of our Justice: As also in observing a very equitable Equality in the Distribution of what they have, to their Young; and as to Friendship, they have it without Comparison more lively, and constant than Men have. King Lyfmachus's Dog, Hyracan, his Master being dead, lay on his Bed, obstinately refusing either to eat or drink; and the Day that his Body was burnt, he took a run, and leap'd into the Fire, where he was consum'd. As also did the Dog of one Pyrrhus; for he would not stir from off his Master's Bed, from the Time he dy'd; and when they carry'd him away, let himself be carry'd with him, and at last leap'd into the Pile, where they burnt his Master's Body. There are Inclinations of Affection, which sometimes spring in us, without the Consultation of Reason; and by a fortuitous Temerity, which others call Sympathy: Of which, Beasts are as capable as we: We see Horses take such an Acquaintance with one another, that we have much ado to make them eat or travel, when separated: We observe them to fancy a particular Colour in those of their own Kind, and where they meet it, run to it with great Joy and Demonstrations of Good Will, and have a Dislike and Hatred for some other Colour. Animals have Choice, as well as we, in their Amours, and cull out their Mistresses; neither are they exempt from our Jealousies and implacable Malice. Desires are either natural and necessary, as to eat and drink; or natural and not necessary, as the coupling with Females: Or neither natural or necessary: Of which last Sort, are almost all the Desires of Men: They are all superfluous and artificial: For 'tis not to be believ'd, how little will

\* *Lucr. l. 5.*

satisfy Nature, how little she has left us to desire: Our Ragoufts and Kickshaws are not of her Ordinary. The Stoicks say, *That a Man may live on an Olive a Day*: Our Delicacy in our Wines is no part of her Instruction, nor the over-acting the Ceremonies of Love.

— *Neque illa*

*Magno prognatum deposcit Consule Cunnum* \*.

These irregular Desires, that the Ignorance of Good and a false Opinion have infus'd into us, are so many, as they almost exclude all the natural; no otherwise, than if there were so great a number of Strangers in a City, as to thrust out the natural Inhabitants, or usurping upon their ancient Rights and Privileges, should extinguish their Authority, and introduce new Laws and Customs of their own. Animals are much more regular than we, and keep themselves with greater Moderation within the Limits Nature has prescrib'd; but yet not so exactly, that they have not an Analogy with our Debauches. And as there have been furious Desires, that have hurry'd Men to the Love of Beasts, so there has been Examples of Beasts that have fallen in love with us, and been caught with monstrous Affection betwixt Kinds: Witness the *Elephant*, who was Rival to *Aristophanes* the Grammarian, in the Love of a young Herb-wench in the City of *Alexandria*, who was nothing behind in all the Offices of a very passionate Suitor: *For going through the Market where they sold Fruit, he would take some in his Trunk, and carry them to her: He would as much as possible keep her always in his Sight, and would sometimes put his Trunk under her Handkerchief into her Bosom, to feel her Breasts.* They tell also of a *Dragon* in love with a Maid; and of a *Goose* enamour'd of a Child; of a *Ram* that was Servant to the Ministrelles *Glaucia*; and we see with our own Eyes *Baboons* furiously in love with Women. We see also certain Male Animals that are fond of the Males of their own Kind. *Oppianus* and others give us some Examples of the Reverence that Beasts have to their Kindred in their Copulations; but Experience often shews us the contrary.

*Animals more regular than we.*

\* *Hor. lib. 2. Sat. 2.*

— *Nec*

————— *Nec habetur turpe juvencæ  
Ferre patrem tergo : Fit equo sua filia conjux :  
Quasq; creavit, init pecudes caper : Ipsaq; cujus  
Semine concepta est, ex illo concipit ales* \*.

The *Heifer* thinks it not a shame to take  
Her curled Sire upon her willing Back :  
The *Horse* his Daughter leaps, *Goats* scruple not  
T' increase the Herd by those they have begot.  
And *Birds* of all Sorts do in common live,  
And by the Seed they have conceiv'd, conceive.

And for malicious Subtilty, can there be a more pregnant Example than in the Philosopher *Thale's* Mule ? *Who fording a River laden with Salt, and by Accident stumbling there, so that the Sacks he carry'd were all wet, perceiving that by the melting of the Salt his burden was something lighter, he never fail'd so oft as he came to any River to lie down with his Load ; 'till his Master discovering the Knavery, order'd that he should be loaden with Wool, wherein finding himself mistaken he ceas'd to practice that Device.* There are several that very lively represent the true Image of our Avarice ; for we see them infinitely solicitous to catch all they can, and hide it with exceeding great Care, tho' they never make any Use of it at all. As to Thrift they surpass us, not only in the Foresight and laying up, and saving for the Time to come, but they have, moreover, a great deal of the Science necessary thereto. The *Ants* bring abroad into the Sun their Grain and Seeds to air, refresh and dry them, when they perceive them to mould and grow musty, lest they should decay and rot : But the Caution and Prevention they use in gnawing their Grains of Wheat, surpass all Imagination of human Prudence : For by reason that the Wheat does not always continue sound and dry, but grows soft, thaws and dissolves as if it were steeped in Milk, whilst hasting to Germination ; for fear lest it should shoot and lose the Nature and Property of a Magazine for their Subsistence, they nibble off the End by which it should shoot and sprout. As to what concerns War, which is the greatest and most magnificent of human Actions, I would very fain know, whether we would serve for an Ar-

\* *Ovid. Met. lib. 10.*

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gument of some Prerogative, or, on the contrary, for a Testimony of our Weakness and Imperfection; as in Truth the Science of undoing and killing one another, and of ruining and destroying our own Kind, has nothing in it so tempting as to make it be coveted by Beasts who have it not.

*Quando Leoni*

*Fortior eripuit vitam Leo, quo nemore unquam  
Expiravit Aper majoris dentibus Apri?*

Who ever yet beheld  
A weaker *Lion* by a stronger kill'd?  
Or in what Forest was it ever known,  
That a small *Boar* dy'd by a mighty one?

Yet are they not univ'rsally exempt, witness the furious Encounters of *Bees*, and the Enterprizes of the Princes of the contrary Armies.

*Wars betwixt Bees.*

*Sæpe duobus*

*Regibus incessit magno discordia motu,  
Continuoque animos vulgi, & trepidantia bello  
Corda licet longè præsciscere †.*

Betwixt two Kings strange Animosities,  
With great Commotion, often do arise;  
When strait the vulgar Sort are heard from far,  
Sounding their little Trumpets to the War.

I never read this Divine Observation, but that, methinks, I there see human Folly and Vanity represented in their true and lively Colours. For these Preparations for War, that so fright and astonish us with their Noise and Tumult, this Rattle of Guns, Drums and confus'd Voices:

*Fulgur ubi ad cælum se tollit, totaque circum  
Ære renidescet tellus subterque virum vi  
Excitur pedibus sonitus, clamoreque montes  
Isti rejectant voces ad sidera mundi ||.*

When burnish'd Arms to Heav'n dart their Rays,  
And the Earth glows with Beams of shining Brass;  
And trampled is by Horses and by Men,  
Until the Center even groans again;

† *Virg. Geor. lib. 4.*

|| *Lucret. lib. 2.*

And

And that the Rocks, struck by the various Cries,  
Reverberate the Sound unto the Skies.

In the dreadful embattelling of so many Thousands of  
armed Men, and so great Fury, Ardour and Courage, 'tis  
pleasant to consider by what idle Occasion they are exci-  
ted, and by how light ones appeas'd.

—*Paridis propter narratur amorem,  
Græcia Barbariæ diro collisa duello* \*.

Of wanton *Paris* the illicit Love,  
Did *Greece* and *Troy* to ten Years Slaughter move.

*Laws of Asia* All *Asia* was ruin'd and destroy'd for the  
*about the* ungovern'd Lust of one lascivious *Paris*.  
*Lives of Paris* The Envy of one single Man, a Despiter,  
*and Helen.* a Pleasure, or a Domestick Jealousy, Cau-  
ses that ought not to fet two Oyster-wen-  
ches by the Ears, is the Mover of all this mighty Bustle.  
Shall we believe those, who are themselves the principal  
Authors of these Mischiefs? Let us then hear the greatest  
and most victorious Emperor that ever was, making  
Sport of, and with marvellous Ingenuity, descanting upon,  
and turning into Ridicule several Battles fought both by  
Sea and Land, the Blood and Lives of five hundred  
thousand Men that followed his Fortune, and the Strength  
and Riches of two Parts of the World drain'd for the Ex-  
pence of his Expeditions.

*Quid futuit Glaphyram Antonius, hanc mihi pœnam  
Fulvia constituit, se quoque uti futuam.  
Fulviam ego futuam? Quid si me Mœnius ore  
Pœdicem, faciam? Non puto, si sapiam.  
Aut futue aut pugnemus, ait: Quid si mihi vita  
Charior est ipsa mentula? Signa canant †.*

(I use my *Latin* with the Liberty of Conscience you are  
pleas'd to allow me.) Now this great Body has so many  
Fronts, and has so many Motions, as seem to threaten  
Heaven and Earth,

*Quam multi Lybico volvantur marmore fluctus  
Sævis ubi Orion Hybernis conditur undis:*

\* *Hor. lib. 1. Epist. 2.* † *Mart. lib. 11. Epig. 21.*  
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*Vel cum Sole novo dense torrentur Arisæ,  
Aut Hermi campo, aut Lyciæ flaventibus arvis,  
Scuta sonant, pulsuque pedum termit excita tellus †.*

As num'rous as the *Lybian* Waves that roll,  
When in those Seas *Orion* does controul;  
Or thick-set Ears, scorch'd by the Summer's Ray,  
On *Hermus* Banks, or fruitful *Lycia*,  
Are the bright Shields that dreadfully resound,  
And as they march, their Footing shakes the Ground.

This furious Monster, with so many Heads and Arms,  
is yet *Man*, feeble, calamitous and miserable *Man*. 'Tis  
but an Ant-hill of *Ants*, disturb'd and provok'd by a Spurn.

*It nigrum campis agmen \**.

The black Troop marches to the Field.

A contrary Blast, the Croaking of a Flight of Ravens, the  
Stumble of a Horse, the casual Passage of an Eagle, a  
Dream, a Voice, a Sign, a Morning Mist, are any one of  
them sufficient to beat down and overturn him. Dart but  
a Sun-beam in his Face, he is melted and vanish'd. Blow  
but a little Durst in his Eyes, as our Poet says of the *Bees*,  
and all our Ensigns and Legions, with the Great *Pompey*  
himself at the Head of them, are routed and crushed to  
Pieces: For it was he, as I take it, that *Sirtorius* beat in  
*Spain* with those brave Arms; which also serv'd *Eumenes*  
against *Antigonus*, and *Surena* against *Crassus*:

*Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta  
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent †.*

This mighty Anger, and these furious Blows,  
A handful of Dust thrown will soon compose.

Let us but slip our *Flies* after them, and they will have  
the Force and Courage to defeat them. Of fresh Memory  
the Portuguese having besieg'd the City of *Tamly*, in the Territory of *Xiatine*, the  
Inhabitants of the Place brought a great many Hives, of which are great Plenty in  
that Place, upon the Wall; and with Fire drove the Bees

The Siege of  
*Tamly* rais'd  
by the Bees.

† *Aeneid*. lib. 7.  
*Geor.* lib. 4.  
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\* *Virg. Aen.* lib. 4.

† *Virg.*

so furiously upon the Enemy, that they gave over the Enterprize, and truss'd up their Baggage, being not able to stand their Attacks, and endure their Stings: And so their City, by this new sort of Relief, was freed from the Danger, with so wonderful a Fortune, that at their Return from the Pursuit, they found they had not lost so much as one Man. The Souls of Emperors and Coblers are cast in the same Mould. The Weight and Importance of the Actions of Princes consider'd, we persuade ourselves, that they may be produc'd by some as weighty and important Causes. But we are deceiv'd, for they are push'd on, and pull'd back in their Motions, by the same Springs that we are in our little Undertakings. The same Reason that makes us wrangle with a Neighbour, causes a War betwixt Princes; the same Reason that makes us whip a Lacquey, falling into the Hands of a King, makes him ruin a whole Province. They are as hasty, and as easily mov'd as we, but they are able to do more Mischief. In a Gnat and an Elephant the Passion is the same. As to what concerns Fidelity, there is no Animal in the World so treacherous as Man. Our Histories have recorded the violent Pursuits that Dogs have made after the Murtherers of their Masters. King Pyrrhus observing a Dog that watch'd a dead Man's Body, and understanding that he had for three Days together perform'd that Office, commanded that the Body should be buried, and took the Dog along with him. One Day he was at a general Muster of his Army, this Dog became aware of his Master's Murtherers, and with great Barking, and extreme Signs of Anger, flew upon them, by the first Accusation awaking the Revenge of this Murtherer, which was soon after perfected by Form of Justice. As much was done by the Dog of the wise Hesiod, who convinced the Sons of Ganistor, of Naupactus, of the Murther committed on the Person of his Master. Another Dog being sent to guard a Temple at Athens, having spied a sacrilegious Thief, who carried away the fairest Jewels, fell to barking at him with all the Force he had; but the Watchmen not awaking at the Noise, he followed him, and Day being broke, kept off at a further Distance, without losing Sight of him; if he

Dogs revenge  
the Death of  
their Masters.

The Fidelity  
of a Dog in  
pursuing a  
sacrilegious  
Person.

fer'd him any Thing to eat, would not take it, but would wag his Tail at all the Passengers he met, and took whatever they gave him at their Hands; and if the Thief laid down to sleep, he likewise staid upon the Place. The News of this Dog being come to the Warders of the Temple, they put themselves upon the Pursuit, enquiring of the Colour of the Dog, and at last found him in the City of Cromion, and the Thief also, whom they brought back to Athens, where he got his Reward: And where the Judges taking Cognizance of the good Office, order'd a certain Measure of Corn for the Dog's daily Sustenance, at the publick Charge, and the Priests to take care in it. Plutarch delivers this Story for a most certain Truth, and that it happen'd in the Age wherein he liv'd. As to Gratitude (for I doubt, we had need bring this Word into a little Repute) this one Example, which Appion reports himself to have been an Eye-witness of, shall suffice. One Day (says he) at Rome, they entertain'd the People with the Pleasure of fighting of several strange Beasts, and principally of Lions of an unusual Size; there was one amongst the rest, who, by his furious Deportment, by the Strength and Largeness of his Limbs, and by his loud and dreadful Roaring, attracted the Eyes of all the Spectators. Amongst other Slaves that were presented to the People in this Combat of Beasts, there was one Androdus, of Dacia, belonging to a Roman Lord of Consular Dignity. This Lion having seen him at a Distance, first made a sudden Stop, as it were in a wondring Posture, and then softly approached nearer in a gentle and peaceable Manner, as if it were to enter into Acquaintance with him. This being done, and being now assur'd of what he sought for, he began to wag his Tail, as Dogs do when they flatter their Masters, and to kiss and lick the Hands and Thighs of the poor Wretch, who was beside himself, and almost dead with Fear. Androdus being by this Kindness of the Lion, a little come to himself, and having taken so much Heart, as to consider and know him; it was a singular Pleasure to see the Joy and Caresses that passed betwixt them. At which, the People breaking into loud Acclamations of Joy, the Emperor caus'd the Slave to be call'd, to know from him the Cause of so strange an Event; who, thereupon

The Gratitude of a Lion towards a Slave.



thereupon told him a new and a very strange Story: My Master (said he) being Pro-consul, in Africk, I was constrained by his Severity and cruel Usage, being daily beaten, to steal from him and run away. And to hide myself securely from a Person of so great Authority in the Province, I thought it my best way to fly to the Solitudes, Sands and uninhabitable Parts of that Country, resolving that in case the Means of supporting Life should chance to fail me, to make some shift or other to kill myself. The Sun being excessively hot at Noon, and the Heat intolerable, I accidentally found a private, and almost inaccessible Cave, and went into it. Soon after there came in to me this Lion, with one Foot wounded and bloody, complaining and groaning with the Pain he indur'd: At his coming I was exceeding afraid; but he having spied me hid in the Corner of his Den, came gently to me, holding out, and shewing me his wounded Foot, as if he demanded my Assistance in his Distress. I then drew out a great Splinter he had got there, and growing a little more familiar with him, squeezing the Wound, thrust out the Dirt and Grawel which was got into it, wiped and cleansed it the best I could: He finding himself something better, and much eased of his Pain, laid him down to rest, and presently fell asleep with his Foot in my Hand. From that Time forward he and I lived together in this Cave three whole Years, upon one and the same Diet; for of the Beasts that he killed in Hunting, he always brought me the best Pieces, which I roasted in the Sun for want of Fire, and so eat it. At last growing weary of this wild and brutish Life, the Lion being one Day gone abroad to hunt for our ordinary Provision, I escaped from thence, and the third Day after was taken by the Soldiers, who brought me from Africk to this City to my Master, who presently condemn'd me to die, and to be thus expos'd to the Wild Beasts. Now by what I see, I perceive that this Lion was also taken soon after, who would now have recompens'd me for the Benefit and Cure that he received at my Hands. This is the Story that Androchus told the Emperor, which he also conveyed from Hand to Hand to the People: Wherefore at the general Request, he was absolv'd from his Sentence, and set at Liberty, and the Lion was, by order of the People, presented to him. We afterwards saw (says Appion) Androchus leading this  
Lion,

Lion, in nothing but a small Lash, from Tavern to Tavern at Rome, and receiving what Money every body would give him, the Lion being so gentle, as to suffer himself to be covered with the Flowers that the People throw upon him, every one that met him saying, There goes the Lion that entertained the Man, there goes the Man that cured the Lion. We often lament the Loss of Beasts we love, and so do they the Loss of us.

Weeping of  
Beasts for the  
Loss of those  
they love.

*Post bellator equus, postis insignibus, Æthon,  
It lacrymans, guttisq̄ humectat grandibus ora\*.*

The Triumph more to grace,  
Æthon his Horse of War came next in place,  
Who of his Trappings stript shew'd such Regret,  
That with large Tears his hairy Cheeks were wet.

As some Nations have their Wives in common, and some others have every one his own: Is not the same evident amongst Beasts, and Marriages better kept than ours? As to the Society and Consideration they make amongst themselves, to league themselves together, and to give one another mutual Assistance; is it not manifest, that Oxen, Hogs, and other Animals, at the Cry of any of their Kind, that we offend, all the Herd run to his Aid, and embody for his Defence: *The Fish Scarus, when he has swallowed the Anglers Hook, his Fellows all crowd about him, and gnaw the Line in Pieces; and if by chance one be got into the Leap or Wheel, the others present him their Tails on the out-side, which he holding fast with his Teeth, they after that manner disengage and draw him out.* Mullits, when one of their Companions is engaged, cross the Line over their Back, and with a Fin they have there, indented like a Saw, cut and saw it asunder. As to the particular Offices that we receive from one another, for the service of Life, there are Several like Examples amongst them. 'Tis said, that the Whale never moves, that she has not always before her a little Fish, like the Sea-Gudgeon, for this reason call'd the Guide-Fish; whom the Whale follows, suffering himself to be led and turned with

Society  
amongst  
Beasts.

A Fish that  
chews.

*Virg. Æn. lib. II.*

M 3

as

as great Facility as the Stern guides the Ship: In recompence of which Service also, whereas all the other Things, whether Beast or Vessel, that enters into the dreadful Gulph of this Monster's Mouth, is immediately lost and swallowed up, this little Fish retires into it in great security, and there sleeps, during which, the Whale never stirs: But so soon as ever it goes out, he immediately follows: And if by Accident he loses the sight of his little Guide, he goes wandering here and there, and strikes his Sides against the Rocks, like a Ship that has lost her Rudder: Which Plutarch affirms to have seen in the Island of Anticyra. There is a like Society betwixt the little Bird call'd a Wren and the Crocodile: The Wren serves for a Centinel over this great Animal: And if the Ichneumon, his Mortal Enemy, approach to fight him, this little Bird, for fear lest he should surprize him asleep, both with his Voice, and Bill, rouses him and gives him Notice of his Danger. He feeds of this Monster's Leavings, who receives him familiarly into his Mouth, suffering him to pick in his Jaws, and betwixt his Teeth, and thence to pick out the bits of Flesh that remain; and when he has a Mind to shut his Mouth, he first gives the Bird warning to go out by closing it by little and little, and without bruising or doing it any harm at all. The Shell-Fish, call'd a Naker, lives also with the Shrimp in the same Intelligence; a little sort of Animal of the Lobster Kind, serving him in the Nature of a Porter, sitting at the opening of the Shell, which the Naker keeps always gaping and open, till the Shrimp sees some little Fish, proper for their Prey, within the Hollow of the Shell, where she enters too, and pinches the Naker so to the Quick, that she is forced to close her Shell, where they two together devour the Prey they have trapp'd in their Fort. In the Manner of Living of the Tunnies, we observe a singular Knowledge of the three Parts of Mathematicks. As to Astrology, they teach it Men, for they stay in the Place where they are surpriz'd by the Brumal Solstice, and never stir from thence till the next Equinox: For which Reason Aristotle himself attributes to them this Science. As to Geometry and Arithmetick, they always form their Body in the Figure of a Cube, every way square, and make up the Body of a Battalion, solid, close and environed round with six equal Sides, so that swimming in this square Order, as large behind, as before; who-

ever

ever in seeing them can count one Rank, may easily number the whole Troop, by reason that the Depth is equal to the Breadth, and the Breadth to the Length. As to Magnanimity, it will be hard to give a better Instance of that than in the Example of the great Dog, sent to Alexander the Great, from the Indies: They first brought him a Stag to encounter, next a Boar, and after that a

Magnanimity of an Indian Dog.

Bear, all which he slighted, and disdain'd to stir from his Place; but when he saw a Lion, he then immediately rous'd himself, evidently manifesting that he declared that alone worthy to enter the Lists with him. As to what concerns

Repentance, and the Acknowledgment of Faults, 'tis reported of an Elephant, That having in the Impetuosity of his Rage, kill'd his Keeper, he fell into so extreme a Sorrow that he

Repentance of an Elephant.

would never after Eat, but starv'd himself to Death. And as to Clemency, 'tis said of a Tyger, the most cruel of all Beasts, that a Kid having been put into him, he suffer'd a two Days Hunger rather than hurt it, and the third broke the Grate he was shut up in, to seek elsewhere for Prey;

so unwilling he was to fall upon the Kid, his Familiar and his Guest. And as to the Laws of Familiarity and Agreement, form'd by Conversation, it ordinarily happens that we bring up Cats, Dogs, and Hares Tame together: But that which Sea-men experimentally know and particularly in the Cilician Sea, of the Quality of the Halcyons, surpasses all human Thought. Of what Kind

Marvellous Condition of the Halcyons.

of Animal has Nature even so much honoured the Sitting, Enlivening and Disclosing? The Poets indeed say, that one only

Isle of Delos, which before was a floating Island, was fix'd for the Service of Latona's lying in; but God has order'd that the whole Ocean should be stay'd, made stable and smooth'd without Waves, without Winds or Rain, whilst the Halcyon broods upon her Young, which is just about the Solstice, the shortest Day of the Year, so that by her Privilege, we have seven Days, and seven Nights, in the very Heart of Winter, wherein we may sail without Danger. Their Females never have to do with any other Male, but their own, who they always serve and assist, without ever forsaking him all their Lives: If he happen to be weak, and broken with Age, they take him upon

their Shoulders and carry him from Place to Place, and serve him till Death. But the most Inquisitive into the Secrets of Nature, could never yet arrive at the Knowledge of the wonderful Fabrick and Architecture wherewith the

*The Structure of their Nests, and the Matter whereof they are built.*

*Halcyon* builds her Nest for her little ones, nor guesses at the Matter. *Plutarch*, who has seen and handled many of them, thinks it is the Bones of some Fish, which she joins and binds together, interlacing them some lengthwise and others across, and adding Ribs, and Hoops in such manner, that she forms at last a round Vessel fit to launch, which being done, and the Building finish'd, she carries it to the Wash for the Beach, where the Sea beating gently against it, shews where she is to mend what is not well jointed and knit, and where better to fortify the Seams that are leaky, that open at the beating of the Waves; and on the contrary, what is well built, and has had the due finishing, the beating of the Waves does so close and bind together, that it is not to be broken or crack'd, by Blows either of Stone or Iron, without very much ado. And that which is more to be admired, is the Proportion and Figure of the Cavity within, which is compos'd and proportion'd after such a Manner, as not possible to receive, or admit any other thing than the Bird that built it: For to any thing else it is so impenetrable, close and shut, nothing can enter, not so much as the Water of the Sea. See here a very clear Description of this Building, and borrowed from a very good Hand; and yet methinks, it does not give us sufficient Light into the Difficulty of this Architecture. Now from what Vanity can it proceed, to despise and disdainfully to interpret Effects, that we can neither imitate, nor comprehend? To pursue a little further this Equality and Correspondence betwixt us and Beasts; the Privilege our Soul so much glorifies herself upon, of bringing all things she conceives to her own Law, of stripping all things that come to her, of their mortal and corporeal Qualities, of ordering and placing things she conceives worthy her taking notice of, stripping and divesting them of their corruptible Qualities, and making them to lay aside Length, Breadth, Depth, Weight, Colour, Smell, Roughness, Smoothness, Hardness, Softness, and all sensible Accidents, as mean and superfluous Vestments, to accommodate them to her own immortal, and spiritual Condition:

Condition: As *Rome* and *Paris*, for Example, that I have in my Fancy. *Paris* that I imagine; I imagine, and conceive it without Greatness, and without Place, without Stone, without Plaster, and without Wood: This very same Privilege, I say, seems to be evidentially in Beasts: For a Courier accustomed to the Danger of Trumpets, the Rattle of Musket-shot, and the Bustle of Battles, we see him start and tremble in his Sleep, and stretch'd upon his Litter as if he were in a Fight; it is almost certain, that he conceives in his Soul the Beat of a Drum without Noise, and an Army without Arms and without Body.

*Quippe videbis equos fortes, cum membra jacebunt  
In somnis, sudare tamen, spirareque sæpe,  
Et quasi de Palma summas contendere vires\*.*

You shall see manag'd Horses in their Sleep,  
Sweat, Snort, Start, Tremble and a Clutter keep,  
As if with all their Force they striving were,  
The Victor's Palm proudly away to bear.

The *Hare* that a *Grey-bound* imagines in his Sleep, after which we see him pant so whilst he sleeps, stretch out his Tail, shake his Legs, and perfectly represents all the Motions of a Course, is a *Hare* without Furr, and without Bones.

*Venantumque canes in molli sæpe quiete  
Jactant crura; tamen subito, vocesque repente  
Mittunt, & crebras reducunt naribus curas,  
Ut vestigia si teneant inventa ferarum:  
Expergesactique sequuntur inania sæpe  
Cervorum simulacra, fuge quasi dedita cernant:  
Donec discussis redeant erroribus ad se †.*

And Hounds stir often in their quiet Rest,  
Spending their Mouths, as if upon a Quest,  
Snuff, and breathe quick, and short, as if they went  
In a full Chase upon a burning Scent:  
Nay, being wak'd, imagin'd *Stags* pursue,  
As if they had them in their real View,  
Till having shook themselves more broad awake,  
They do, at last, discover the Mistake.

The *Ban-dogs*, we often observe to snarl in their Dreams,  
afterwards bark out, and start up on a sudden, as if they

*Lucr. l. 4.*

† *Ibid.*

perceiv'd

perceiv'd some Stranger at Hand : The Stranger that the Soul discerns, is a Spiritual Man, and imperceptible, without Dimension, without Colour, and without Being.

*Consueta domi catulorum blanda propago  
Degere, sæpe levem ex oculis volucremque soporem.  
Discutere, & corpus de terra corripere instant,  
Proinde quasi ignotas facies, atque ora tuentur\*.*

The fawning Issue of *House-Dogs* will rise,  
And shaking the soft Slumber from their Eyes,  
Oft wildly stare at every one within,  
As upon Faces they had never seen.

As to the *Beauty* of the Body, before I proceed any further, I should know whether or no, we are agreed about the Description: 'Tis likely we do not well know what *Beauty* is in Nature; and in general, since to our own human *Beauty* we give so many divers Forms; of which, were there any natural Rule and Prescription, we should know it in common, as the Heat of the Fire. But we fancy the Forms according to our own Appetite, and Liking.

*Turpis Romano Belgicus ore color †.*

The fair Complexion of a *German Lass*  
Would be thought ugly in a *Roman Face*.

*Beauty of the* *Indians* paint in black and tawny, with  
*Indians.* great swell'd Lips, great and flat Noses,  
and load the Cartilage betwixt the Nostrils  
with great Rings of Gold, to make it hang down to the  
Mouth; as also the under Lip with great Circles, enrich'd  
with Stones, that weigh them down to fall upon the Chin,  
it being with them a singular Grace to shew their Teeth  
even below the Roots. In *Peru*, the greatest Ears are the  
most Beautiful, which they stretch out as far as they can  
by Art. And a Man now living says, that he has seen in  
an *Eastern Nation*, this care of enlarging them in so great  
Repute, and the Ear loaded with so pondrous Jewels, that he  
did with great Ease, put his Arm, Sleeve and all, through  
the Hole of an Ear. There are elsewhere Nations, that  
take great care to black their Teeth, and hate to see them

\* *Lucre* l. 4.

† *Propert.* l. 2. *Eleg.* 13.  
white,

white, whilst others paint them red. The Women are reputed more beautiful, not only in *Biscay*, but elsewhere, for having their Heads shaved: And which is more, in certain frozen Countries, as *Pliny* reports, the Mexicans esteem a low Forehead a great Beauty, and tho' they shave all other Parts, they nourish Hair on the Forehead, and increase it by Art; and have great Breasts in so great Reputation, that they affect to give their Children suck over their Shoulders. We should paint Deformity so. The *Italians* Fashion is Gross and Maffy; the *Spaniards*, Gaunt and Slender; and amongst us, one has made it White, another Brown; one Soft and Delicate, another Strong and Vigorous: One will have his Mistress Soft and Gentle, others Scornful and Proud. Just as the Preference in Beauty, that *Plato* attributes to the spherical Figure, the *Epicureans* gave rather to the Pyramidal, or Square, and cannot swallow a God in the Form of a Bowl. But be it how it will, Nature has no more privileg'd us in this from these common Laws, than in the rest. And if we will judge ourselves aright, we shall find, that if there be some Animals less favoured in this, than we; there are others, and in great Number that are more. *A multis animalibus decore vincimur* \*; even the *Terrestrial*, our Compatriots: For as to those of *Sea* (setting the Figure aside, which cannot fall into any manner of Proportion, being so much another Thing) in Colour, Clearness, Smoothness, and Disposition, we sufficiently give Place to them; and no less in all Qualities to the Aereal. And this Prerogative that the Poets make such a mighty Matter of, our erect Stature, looking towards Heaven our Original,

White Teeth despised.

*Pronaque cum spectent animalia cætera terram,  
Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque videre  
Jussit, & erectos ad sydera tollere vultus †.*

And whereas other Animals do bow  
Their prone abjected Looks to Earth below,  
He gave Men Looks erected to behold  
The Heavenly Arch studded with Stars of Gold.

is truly poetical: For there are several little Beasts, who have their Sight absolutely turn'd towards Heaven; and I

\* *Senec. Epist. 124.*

† *Ovid. Met. lib. 2.*



find the Countenances of *Camels* and *Ostriches*, much higher rais'd, and more erect than ours. What Animals have not their Faces above and not before, and do not look opposite as we do; and that do not in their natural Posture discover as much of Heaven and Earth as Man? And what Qualities of our bodily Constitution in *Plato* and *Cicero*, may not indifferently serve a thousand Sorts of Beasts? Those that most resemble us, are the most despicable, and deformed of all the Herd: For those in outward appearance and form of Visage, are *Baboons* and *Monkeys*:

*Simia quam similis, turpissima bestia, nobis \*?*

How like to Man in Visage, and in Shape,  
Is, of all Beasts the most deform'd, the *Ape*?

For the internal, and vital Parts, the *Hog*. In earnest, when I imagine Man stark naked (even in that Sex that seems to have the greatest Share of Beauty) his Defects, natural Subjection, and Imperfections, I find that we have more Reason than any other Animal to cover ourselves; and are to be excus'd for borrowing of those, to whom Nature has in this been kinder than to us, to trick ourselves with their Beauties, and hide ourselves under their Spoils, their Wool, Feathers, Hair and Silk. Let us observe, as to the rest, that Man is the sole Animal, whose Nudities offend his own Companions, and the only one, who in his natural Actions withdraws and hides himself from his own Kind. And really, 'tis also an Effect worth Consideration, that they who are Masters in the Trade, prescribe as a Remedy for amorous Passions, the full and free View of the Body a Man desires, so that to cool the Ardour, there needs no more, but a Liberty to see and contemplate the Part he loves.

*Ille Quod obscenas in aperto corpore partes  
Viderat, in cursu qui fuit, hæsit amor †.*

The Love that's tilting, when those Parts appear  
Open to View, flags in the hot Career.

And altho' this Receipt may peradventure proceed from a nice and cold Humour; it is notwithstanding, a very great

\* *Cic. de. Nat. Deor. lib. 1. ex Ennio.*

† *Ovid. de Rem. Amor. l. 2.*

*Apology for Raimond de Sebonde.* 173

Sign of our Want of Strength and Metal, that Use and Acquaintance should make us disgust one another. It is not Modesty, so much as Cunning and Prudence, that makes our Ladies so circumspect, to refuse us Admittance into their Cabinets, before they are painted and trick'd up for the publick View.

*Nec Veneres nostras hoc fallit, quo magis ipse,  
Omnia summpere hos vitæ postscenia celant,  
Quos retinere volunt adstrictoque esse in amore.*

Of this, our Ladies are full well aware,  
Which makes them with such Privacy and Care,  
Behind the Scene all those Defects remove,  
Should check the Flame of those they most do love.

Whereas in several Animals there is nothing that we do not love, and that does not please our Senses: So that from their very Excrements, we do not only extract wherewith to heighten our Sauces; but also our richest Ornaments and Perfumes. This Discourse reflects upon none but the ordinary Sort of Women, and is not so sacrilegious as to comprehend those divine, supernatural and extraordinary Beauties, which we see shine among us like Stars under a corporeal and terrestrial Veil. As to the rest, the very Share that we allow to Beasts, of the Bounty of Nature, by our own Confession, is very much to their Advantage. We attribute to ourselves imaginary and fantastick Goods, future and absent Goods, for which human Capacity cannot of herself be responsible: Or Goods, that we falsely attribute to ourselves by the Licence of Opinion, as Reason, Knowledge and Honour: And leave to them for their Dividend, essential, durable and palpable Goods, as Peace, Repose, Security, Innocence, and Health: Health, I say, the fairest and richest Present that Nature can make us. Infomuch that the Philosopher, even the *Stoick*, is so bold as to say, *That Heraclitus and Pherecides, could they have truck'd their Wisdom for Health, and have deliver'd themselves, the one of his Dropsy, and the other of the Lousy Disease that tormented him into the Bargain, they had done well.* By which they set a greater Value upon Wisdom, comparing and putting it into the Balance with Health, than they do with this other Proposition,

*Health the  
best and rich-  
est Gift of  
Nature.*

fition, which is also theirs. They say, that if *Circe* had  
*Circe's two* presented *Ulysses* with the two Potions,  
*Potions.* the one to make a Fool become a wise  
 Man, and the other to make a wise Man  
 become a Fool, that *Ulysses* ought rather to have chosen  
 the last, than consent to that by which *Circe* had chang'd  
 his human Figure into that of a Beast: And say that  
 Wisdom itself would have spoke to him after this Man-  
 ner: *Forsake me, let me alone, rather than lodge me  
 under the Body and Figure of an Ass.* How the Philosophers  
 then will abandon this great and divine Wisdom, for this  
 corporeal and terrestrial Covering? It is then no more by  
 Reason, by Discourse, and by the Soul, that we exceed  
 Beasts: 'Tis by our Beauty, our fair Complection, and  
 our fine Symmetry of Parts, for which we must quit our  
 Intelligence, our Prudence, and all the rest. Well I ac-  
 cept this natural and free Confession: Certainly they knew,  
 that those Parts, upon which we so much value ourselves,  
 are no other, than mere Fancy. If Beasts then had all  
 the Virtue, Knowledge, Wisdom, and *Stoical* Perfection,  
 they would still be Beasts, and would not be comparable  
 to Man, miserable, wicked and mad Man. For, in fine,  
 whatever is not as we are, is nothing considerable: And  
 God, to procure himself an Esteem among us, must put  
 himself into that Shape, as we shall shew anon. By  
 which it does appear, that it is not upon any true ground  
 of Reason, but by a foolish Pride and vain Opinion, that  
 we prefer ourselves before other Animals, and separate  
 ourselves from their Society and Condition. But to re-  
 turn to what I was upon before; we have for our Part,  
 Inconstancy, Irresolution, Incertitude, Sorrow, Supersti-  
 tion, Solicitude of Things to come, even after we shall be  
 no more, Ambition, Avarice, Jealousy, Envy, irregular,  
 frantick, and untam'd Appetites, War, Lying, Disloyalty,  
 Detraction, and Curiosity. Doubtless, we have strangely  
 over-pay'd this Fine, upon which we so much glorify our-  
 selves, and this Capacity of Judging and Knowing, if we  
 have bought it at the Price of this infinite Number of  
 Passions, to which we are eternally subject. Unless we shall  
 yet think fit, as *Socrates* does, to add to the Counterpoise,  
 that notable Prerogative above Beasts, *That whereas Na-  
 ture has prescrib'd them certain Seasons and Limits for the  
 Delights*

Apology for Raimond de Sebonde. 175

Delights of Venus, she has given us the Reins at all Hours, and all Seasons. \* *Ut vinum ægrotis quia prodest rarò, nocet sæpissimè, melius est non adbibere omnino, quam, spe dubiæ salutis in apertam perniciem incurrere: Sic haud scio, an melius fuerit humano generi motum istum celerem, cogitationis acumen, solertiam, quam rationem vocamus, quoniam pestifera sint multis, admodum paucis salutaria, non dari omnino, quam tam munificè & tam largè dari.* As it falls out, that Wine often hurts the Sick, and very rarely does them good, it is better not to give them any at all, than to run into an apparent Danger, out of hope of an uncertain Benefit: So I know not, whether it had not been better for Mankind, that this quick Motion, this Penetracy of Imagination, this Subtilty, that we call Reason, had not been given to Man at all; considering how pestiferous it is to many, and useful but to few, than to have been conferr'd in so abundant Manner, and with so liberal a Hand. Of what Advantage can we conceive the Knowledge of so many Things was to Varro and Aristotle? Did it exempt them from human Inconveniences? Were they by it freed from the Accidents that lay heavy upon the Shoulders of a Porter? Did they extract from their Logick any Consolation for the Gout? Or, for knowing that the Humour is lodg'd in the Joints, did they feel it the less? Have they compounded with Death, by knowing that some Nations rejoice at his Approach: Or with Cuckoldry, by knowing, that in some part of the World, Wives are in common? On the contrary, having been reputed the greatest Men for Knowledge, the one amongst the Romans, and the other amongst the Greeks, and in a Time when Learning did most flourish, we have not heard nevertheless, that they had any particular Excellence in their Lives: Nay, the Greek had enough to do, to clear himself from some notable Blemishes in his. Have we observ'd that Pleasure and Health have had a better Relish with him that understands Astrology and Grammar, than with others?

*Illiterati num minus nervi rigent †?*

Th' illiterate Plough-Man is as fit  
For Venus Service as the Wit.

\* Cic. de Nat. Deor. l. 3.

† Hor. Ep. 8.

And

And Shame and Poverty less troublesome to the first, than the last?

*Scilicet & morbis, & debilitate carebis,  
Et luctum & curam effugies, & tempore vitæ  
Longa tibi post hæc fato meliore dabuntur †.*

————— Thou shalt be free  
Both from Disease, and from Infirmity,  
From Care and Sorrow, and thy Life shall be  
Prolong'd under a better Destiny.

I have known in my Time a hundred *Artizans*, and a hundred *Labourers*, wiser and more happy than the *Rectors* of the *University*, and whom I had much rather have resembled. Learning, methinks, has its Place amongst the necessary Things of Life, as Glory, Nobility, Dignity, or at the most, as Riches, and such other Qualities, which indeed are useful to it, but remotely, and more by Opinion than by Nature. We stand very little more in need of Offices, Rules and Laws of Living in our Society, than *Cranes* and *Emmets* do in theirs. And yet we see that they carry themselves very regularly, and without Erudition. If Man was wise, he would take the true Value of every Thing according as it was more useful and proper to his Life. Whoever will number us by our Actions and Deportments, will find many more excellent Men amongst the Ignorant, than the Learned: I say, in all Sorts of Virtue. Old *Rome* seems to me, to have been of much greater Value, both for Peace and War, than that learned *Rome* that ruin'd itself. And tho' all the rest should be equal; yet the Prowess, Integrity and Innocency would remain to the Ancients, for they cohabit singularly well with Simplicity. But I would leave this Discourse, that would lead me farther than I am willing to follow; and shall only say this farther, 'tis only Humility and Submission, that can make a compleat good Man. We are not to leave the Knowledge of his Duty, to every Man's own Judgment: We are to prescribe it to him, and not suffer him to choose it at his own Dis-

*Humility and  
Submission  
the Parents  
of Virtue.*

† *Juv. Sat. 14.*

cretion:

cretion: Otherwise, according to the Imbecility, and infinite Variety of our Reasons and Opinions, we should at large Forge our selves Duties, that would (as *Epicurus* says) enjoin us to eat one another. The first *Law* that ever God gave to Man, was a *Law* of pure Obedience: It was a Commandment naked and simple, wherein Man had nothing to enquire after, or to dispute; forasmuch as to obey, is the proper Office of a rational Soul, acknowledging a heavenly Superior and Benefactor. From Obedience and Submission spring all other Virtues, as all Sin does from Self-Opinion. And on the contrary, the first Temptation, that by the Devil was offer'd to human Nature, its first Poison insinuated itself by the Promise was made us of Knowledge and Wisdom. *Eritis sicut Dii, scientes bonum & malum* \*. *Ye shall be as Gods, knowing Good and Evil.* And the Syrens, in *Homer*, to allure *Ulysses*, and draw him within the Danger of their Snares, offered to give him Knowledge. The Plague of Man, is the Opinion of Wisdom: And for this Reason it is, that Ignorance is so recommended to us by our Religion, as proper to Faith and Obedience. *Cavete, ne quis vos decipiat per Philosophiam, & inanes seductiones, secundum elementa mundi* †. *Take heed, lest any Man deceive you by Philosophy and vain Deceit, after the Tradition of Men, and the Rudiments of the World.* There is in this a general Consent amongst all sorts of Philosophers, that the sovereign Good consists in the Tranquility of the Soul and Body: But where shall we find it?

*Ad summam sapiens, uno minor est Jove, dives,  
Liber honoratus, pulcher, Rex denique Regum:  
Præcipue sanus, nisi cum pituita molesta est* ‡:

He that is wise, inferior is to none,  
If he be wise indeed, but *Jove* alone,  
Rich, free, and graceful, these to reverence bring,  
And lastly of the greatest Kings, a King:  
And chiefly sound, unless sometimes there flow  
A trickling Rheum upon his Lungs, or so.

\* *Gen* iii.  
*Epist.* i.

† *Colos.* ii.

‡ *Horat.* l. i.

It seems, in Truth, that Nature, for the Consolation of our miserable and wretched Estate, has only given us Presumption for our Inheritance. 'Tis as *Epicetetus* says, *That Man has nothing properly his own, but the use of his Opinion*: We have nothing but Wind and Smoak for our Portion. The Gods have Health in Essence, says *Philosophy*, and Sicknes in Intelligence. Man on the contrary, possesses his Goods by Fancy, his Ills in Essence. We have reason to magnify the Power of our Imagination; for all our Goods are only in *Dream*. Hear this poor calamitous *Animal Huff*. There is nothing, says *Cicero*, so charming as the Knowledge of Letters; of Letters, I say, by means whereof the Infinity of Things, the Immense Grandeur of Nature, the Heavens, even in this World, the Earth, and the Seas are discovered to us: 'Tis they that have taught us Religion, Moderation, and the Grandeur of Courage, and that have rescued our Souls from Obscurity, to make her see all Things, high, low, first and last, and indifferent: 'Tis they, that furnish us wherewith to live happily and well, and conduct us to pass over our Lives without Displeasure, and without Offence. Does not this Man seem to speak of the Condition of the Ever-living and Almighty God? And as to the Effect, a thousand little Country-women have lived Lives more equal, more sweet and constant than his,

—*Deus ille fuit Deus, inclyte Memmi,  
Qui princeps vitæ rationem invenit eam, quæ  
Nunc appellatur sapientia, quique per artem  
Fluctibus è tantis vitam tantisque tenebris,  
In tam tranquilla, & tam clara luce locavit* \*.

That God, great *Memmus*, was a God no doubt,  
Who, Prince of Life, first found that Reason out,  
Now Wisdom call'd; and by his Art, who did  
That Life in Tempests tost, and Darkness hid,  
Place in so great a Calm, and clear a Light.

Here are brave ranting Words: But a very light Accident put this Man's Understanding in a worse Condition than that of the meanest Shepherd: Notwithstanding this Instructing God, this Divine Wisdom. Of the same Stamp

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\* *Lucr. l. 5.*

and Impudence is the Promise of *Democritus's* Book: *I am going to speak of all Things.* And that foolish Title that *Aristotle* prefixes to one of his, *Of the Immortal Gods*: And the Judgment of *Chryseppus*, *That Dion was as virtuous as God.* And my beloved *Seneca* does indeed acknowledge, that God has given him Life: But that to live well is his own. According to this other, *In virtute verè gloriatur; Quod non contingeret, si id donum à Deo non à nobis haberemus* \*. *We truly glory in our Virtue: Which would not be, if it was given us of God, and not by ourselves.* This is also *Seneca's* Saying, *That the Wise Man has Fortitude equal with God: But in human Frailty he surmounts him.* There is nothing so ordinary, as to meet with Sallies of the like Temerity: There is none of us, who take so much Offence to see himself equal with God, as he does to see himself undervalu'd by being rank'd with his own Creatures; so much more are we jealous of our own Interest, than that of our Creator. But we must trample under Foot this foolish Vanity, and briskly and boldly shake the ridiculous Foundation, upon which these false Opinions are founded. So long as Man shall believe he has any Means and Power of himself, he will never acknowledge what he owes to his Maker; *his Eggs shall always be Chickens*, as the Saying is: We must therefore strip him to his Shirt. Let us see some notable Example of the Effects of his *Philosophy*: *Possidonius* being tormented with a Disease so painful, as made him writh his Arms, and gnash his Teeth, thought he sufficiently baffl'd the Dolour, by crying out against it: *Thou dost exercise thy Malice to much Purpose, I will not confess that thou art an Evil.* He is as sensible of the Pain as my Footman, but he mightily Values himself upon bridling his Tongue, at least, and restraining it within the Laws of his *Sect*. *Res succumbere non oportebat verbis gloriantem* \*. *It did not become him that spoke so big, to confess his Frailty when he came to the Test.* *Archefilaus* being ill of the Gout, and *Carneades* coming to see him, was returning troubled at his Condition, who having call'd him back, and shewing him

*Temerity and  
Presumption  
of some Phi-  
losophers.*

\* *Cicero de Nat. Deor. l. 3.*  
N 2

† *Cic. Tusc. l. 2.* his



his Feet and his Breasts: *There is nothing comes from thence hither*, said he. This has something a better Grace, for he feels himself in Pain, and would be disengag'd from it. But his Heart, notwithstanding is not conquer'd nor subdu'd by it. The other stands more obstinately to his Point, but I fear, rather verbally than really. And *Dionysius Heracleotes*, afflicted with a vehement Smarting in his Eyes, was reduc'd, and made to quit these *Stoical Resolutions*. But tho' Knowledge should, in Effect, do as they say, and could blunt the Point, and dull the Edge of the Misfortunes that attend us, what does she more, than what Ignorance does more purely and evidently do? The *Philosopher*, *Pyrrho*, being at Sea in very great Danger, by Reason of a mighty Storm presented nothing to the Imitation of those who were with him in that Extremity, but a *Hog* they had on Board, that was fearless and unconcerned at the Tempest. *Philosophy*, when she has said all she can, refers us at last to the Example of a *Wrestler*, or a *Muleteer*, in which sort of People we commonly observe much less apprehension of Death, sense of Pain and other Infirmities, and more Constancy than ever Knowledge furnish'd any one withal that was born without those Infirmities, and of himself prepared by a natural Habit. What is the Cause, that we make Incisions, and cut the tender Limbs of an Infant, and those of an Horse, more easily than ours; but Ignorance only? How many has meer force of Imagination made sick? We often see Men caule themselves to be let blood, purg'd and physick'd, to be cured of Diseases they only feel by Opinion. When real Infirmities fall us Knowledge lends us hers: That Colour, that Complexion portend some Defluxion: This hot Season threatens us with a Fever: This Breach in the Life-line of our Left-hand gives you Notice of some near and dangerous Indisposition, and at last, roundly attacks Health itself; saying, the Sprightlines and Vigour of Youth cannot continue in this Posture; there must be Blood taken, and the Heat abated, least it turn to your Prejudice. Compare the Life of a Man subjected to such Imaginations, to that of a Labourer that suffers himself to be led by his natural Appetite, measuring Things only by the present Sense, without Knowledge, and without Prognostick, that feels no Pain or Sicknes

*Diseases*

*caus'd by*

*Imagination.*

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but when he is really tormented or Sick: Whereas the other has the Stone in his Soul, before he has it either in his Reins or Bladder: As if it were not time enough to suffer the Evil when it shall come, he must anticipate it by Fancy, and run to meet it. What I say of *Physick*, may generally serve in Example for all other Sciences: From thence is derived that ancient Opinion of Philosophers, that placed the sovereign Good in the Discovery of the Weakness of our Judgment. My Ignorance affords me as much occasion of Hope, as of Fear: And having no other Rule for my Health, than that of the Examples of others, and of Events I see elsewhere upon the like Occasion; I find of all Sorts, and rely upon those which by comparison are most favourable to me. I receive Health with open Arms, free, full and entire, and by so much the more whet my Appetite to enjoy it, by how much it is at present less ordinary, and more rare: So far am I from troubling its Repose and Sweetness, with the Bitterness of a new and constrain'd Manner of Living. Beasts sufficiently shew us, how much the Agitation of the Soul brings Infirmities and Diseases upon us. That which is told us of those of *Brazil*, that they never died but of old Age, is attributed to the Serenity and Tranquility of the Air they live in; but I rather attribute it to the Serenity and Tranquility of their Souls, free from all Passion, Thought or Employments, tender'd or unpleasing, as People that pass over their Lives in an admirable Simplicity and Ignorance, without Letters, without Law, without King, or any Manner of Religion. And whence comes that, which we find by Experience, that the greatest and most rough-hewn Clowns are most able, and the most to be desired in amorous Performances? And that the Love of a *Muleteer*, oft renders itself more acceptable than that of a well bred Man? If it be not, that the Agitation of the Soul, in the latter, disturbs his natural Ability, dissolves and tires it, as it also troubles and tires itself. What puts the Soul besides itself, and more usually throws it into Madness, but her own Promptness, Vigour and Agility, and finally, her own proper Force? Of what is the most subtile Folly made, but of the most subtile Wisdom? As great Friendships spring from great Enmities, and vigorous Health from mortal Diseases: So from the rare and quick Agitations of

our Souls, proceed the most wonderful and most deprav'd Frenzies; 'tis but a half Turn of the Toe from the one to the other. In the Actions of Mad-men, we see how infinitely Madnes resembles the most vigorous Operations of the Soul. Who does not know how indiscernible the Difference is betwixt Folly and the Elevations of a sprightly Soul, and the Effects of a supreme and extraordinary Virtue? *Plato says, that melancholick Persons are the most capable of Discipline, and the most excellent*; nor indeed is there any so great a Propension to Madnes. Great Wits are ruin'd by their own proper Force and Quickness.

*Ariosto.*

What a Condition through his own Agitation and Promptness of Fancy, is one of the most judicious, ingenious, and best form'd Souls, to the ancient and true Poesy, of any other *Italian Poet*, that has been these very many Years, lately fall'n into? Has he not great Obligation to this Vivacity that has destroy'd him? To this Light that has blinded him? To this exact and subtile Apprehension of Reason, that has put him besides his? To this curious and laborious Scrutiny after Sciences, that has reduc'd him to a Brute? And to this rare Aptitude to the Exercises of the Soul, that has render'd him without Exercise, and without Soul? I was more angry, if possible, than compassionate, to see him at *Ferrara* in so pitiful a Condition survive himself; forgetting both himself and his Works, which without his Knowledge, though before his Face, have been publish'd, deform'd and incorrect. Would you have a Man sound, would you have him regular, and in a steady and secure Posture? Muffle him up in the Shades of Stupidity and Sloth. We must be made Beasts to be made wise, and Hood-wink'd before we are fit to be led. And if you shall tell me, that the Advantage of having a cold and stupid Sense of Pain and other Evils, brings this Disadvantage along with it, to render us consequently less sensible in the Fruition of Good and Pleasure; this is true: But the Misery of our Condition is such, that we have not so much to enjoy, as to avoid, and that the extreamest Pleasure does not affect us to the Degree that a light Grief does: *Segnius homines bona, quam mala sentiant.* We are not so sensible of the most perfect Health, as we are of the least Sicknes.

————— *Page*

Pungit

*In cute vix summa violatum plagula corpus,  
Quando valere nihil quemquam movet. Hoc juvat unum  
Quod me non torquet latus, aut pes: Cætera quisquam  
Vix queat, aut sanum sese, aut sentire valentem\*.*

The Body with a little Stripe is griev'd,  
When the most perfect Health is not perceiv'd.  
This only pleases me, that Spleen nor Gout  
Either offend my Side, or wring my Foot,  
Excepting these, scarce any one can tell,  
Or does observe, when he's in Health and well.

Our Well-being is nothing but the Privation of Evil.  
Which is the Reason why that *Sett* of *Philosophers*, who  
sets the greatest Value upon Pleasure, has yet fixt it chiefly  
in Insensibility of Pain. *To be freed from Ill is the  
greatest Good that Man can hope for or desire*: According  
to *Ennius*,

*Nimum boni est, cui nihil est mali.*

For that every tickling and sting, which are in certain  
Pleasures, and that seem to raise us above simple Health  
and Insensibility; that active moving, and I know not how,  
itching and biting Pleasure; even that very Pleasure it-  
self aims at nothing but Insensibility, as its Mark. The  
Lust that carries us headlong to Women's Embraces, is di-  
rected for no other End, but only to cure the Torment of  
our ardent Desires, and only requires to be glutted and  
laid at rest, and deliver'd from the Fever. And so of the  
rest. I say then, that if Simplicity conducts us to a State  
free from Evil, she leads us to a very happy one, accord-  
ing to our Condition. And yet we are not to imagine it  
so stupid an Insensibility, as to be totally without Sense:  
For *Crantor* had very good Reason to controvert the Insen-  
sibility of *Epicurus*; if founded so deep, that the very  
first Attack and Birth of Evils were not to be perceiv'd. I  
do not approve such an Insensibility, as is neither possible,  
nor to be desir'd. I am very well content not to be sick:  
But if I am, I would know that I am so; and if a Caustick  
be apply'd, or Incisions made in any Part, I would feel

\* *Lucret.*

them. In Truth, whoever would take away the Knowledge and Sense of Evil, would at the same Time eradicate the Sense of Pleasure, and finally annihilate Man himself. *Istud nihil dolere, non sine magna mercede contingi immanitatis in animo, stuporis in corde †.* An Insensibility that is not to be purchas'd, but at the Price of Humanity in the Soul, and of Stupidity of the Body. Evil appertains to Man of course. Neither is Grief and Pain always to be avoided, nor Pleasure always pursu'd. 'Tis a great Advantage to the Honour of Ignorance, that Knowledge itself throws us into its Arms; when she finds herself puzzl'd to fortify us against the Weight of Evil, she is constrain'd to come to this Composition, to give us the Reins, and permit us to fly into the Lap of the other, and to shelter ourselves under her Protection from the Strokes and Injuries of Fortune. For what else is her Meaning, when she instructs us to divert our Thoughts from the Ills that press upon us, and entertain them with the Meditation of Pleasures past, and gone to comfort ourselves in present Afflictions, with the Remembrance of fled Delights, and to call to our Succour, a vanquish'd Satisfaction, to oppose it to that which lies heavy upon us? *Levationes ægritudinum in avocatione à cogitanda molestia, & revocatione ad contemptandas voluptates ponit ||*; if it be not that where her Power fails, she will supply it with Pollicy, and make use of Slight, and a cunning Trip, where the Force of Limbs will not serve her turn? For not only to a Philosopher, but to any Man in his right Wits, when he has upon him the Thirst of a burning Fever, what Satisfaction can it be to remember the Pleasure of drinking *Greek Wine*? It would rather be a greater Torment to him.

*Che ricordar si il ben doppia la nosa \**.

Who so remembers, all the Gains,  
Is, that he doubles his own Pains.

Of the same Stamp is this other Counsel that Philosophy gives, only to remember good Fortunes past, and to forget the Misadventures we have undergone; as if we had the Science of Oblivion in our own Power and Counsel, wherein we are yet no more to seek. *Suavis est laborum*

† *Cicer. Tusc. l. 1.*

|| *Cicer. Tusc. l. 3.*

\* Proverb.  
*præter.*

*præteritorum memoria* \*. The Memory of past Evil is sweet. How? Does Philosophy that should arm me to contend with Fortune, and steel my Courage to trample all human Adversities under Foot, is she arriv'd to this Degree of Cowardice, to make me hide my Head at this rate, and save myself by these pitiful and ridiculous Shifts? For the Memory represents to us, not what we chuse, but what she pleases; nay, there is nothing that so much imprints any thing in our Memory, as a Desire to forget it: And 'tis a good way to retain and keep any thing safe in the Soul to sollicit her to lose it. And this is false, *Est situm in nobis ut & adversa quasi perpetua oblivione obruamus, & secunda jucunde & suaviter meminerimus* †. And it is in our Power to bury, as it were in a perpetual Oblivion, all adverse Accidents, and to retain a pleasant and delightful Memory of our Successes. And this is true, *Memini etiam quæ nolo: Oblivisci non possum quæ volo*. I do also remember what I would not; but I cannot forget what I would. And whose Counsel is this? His, *qui se unus sapientem profiteri sit ausus*. Who only durst profess himself a Wise Man.

*Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, & omnes  
Perstrinxit Stellæ, exortus uti æthereus Sol* ||.

Who from Mankind the Prize of Knowledge won,  
And put the Stars out like the rising Sun.

To empty and disfurnish the Memory, is not this the true  
Way to Ignorance?

*Iners malorum remedium ignorantia est* ‡.

Ignorance is but a dull Remedy for Evils.

We find several other like Precepts, whereby we are permitted to borrow frivolous Appearances from the Vulgar, where we find the greatest Reason cannot do the Feat: Provided they administer Satisfaction and Comfort. Where they cannot cure the Wound, they are content to palliate and benumb it. I believe they will not deny this, that if they could add Order and Constancy in an Estate of Life that could maintain itself in Ease and Pleasure by some Debility of Judgment, they would accept it:

\* *Cic. de Fin. l. 2.* † *Cic. de Fin. l. 1.* || *Lucr. l. 3.*  
‡ *Senec. Oed. Act. 3.*

—————*Potare, & spargere flores  
Incipiam, patiarque vel inconsultus haberi* \*.

I'll drink and revel like a jovial Lad,  
Tho' for my Pains the World repute me Mad.

There would be a great many Philosophers of *Lycas's* Mind: This Man, being otherwise of very gentle Manners, living quietly and contentedly in his Family, and not failing in any Office of his Duty, either towards his own or Strangers, and very carefully preserving himself from hurtful Things, was nevertheless, by some Distemper in his Brains, possess'd with a Conceit, that he was perpetually in the Theatre, a Spectator of the finest Sights, and the best Comedies in the World; and being cur'd by the Physicians of his Frenzy, had much ado to forbear endeavouring by Suit to compel them to restore him again to his pleasing Imagination.

—————*Pol me occidistis amici  
Non servastis, ait, cui sic extorta voluptas,  
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error* †.

By Heaven you've kill'd me, Friends, outright,  
And not preserv'd me, since my dear Delight  
And pleasing Error, by my better Sense  
Unhappily return'd, is banish'd hence.

With a Madness, like that of *Thrasylaus* the Son of *Pythadorus*, who made himself believe, that all the Ships that weigh'd Anchor from the Port of *Pyreum*, and that came into the Haven, only made their Voyages for his Profit: Congratulating them from their happy Navigation, and receiving them with the greatest Joy, whom his Brother *Crito* having caus'd to be restor'd to his better Understanding, he infinitely regretted that Sort of Condition, wherein he had liv'd with so much Delight, and free from all Anxiety of Mind. 'Tis according to the old *Greek Verse*, that there is a great deal of Convenience in not being over-wise.

*Ἐν τῷ φρονεῖν γὰρ μὲν, ἠδίστος βίος.*

And *Ecclesiastes*, *In much Wisdom, there is much Sorrow* :

\* *Horat. Ep. lib. 1.* † *Horat. lib. 2. Ep. 2.*

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And who gets Wisdom, gets Labour and Trouble. Even that to which Philosophy consents in general, that last Remedy which she applies to all Sorts of Necessities, to put an End to the Life, we are not able to endure it. *Placet? Pare: Non placet? Quacunqve vis exi: Pungit dolor? Fodiat sane: Si nudus es, da jugulum: Sin tectus armis Vulcani, id est, fortitudine, resiste\**. Does it please? Obey it. Not please? Go where thou wilt. Does Grief prick thee? Nay, if it stab thee too: If thou art naked, present thy Throat: If cover'd with the Arms of Vulcan, that is Fortitude, resist it. And this Word so us'd in the Greek Festivals, *aut bibat, aut abeat*, That sounds better upon the Tongue of a Gascoign, who naturally change the *V* into *B* than that of Cicero;

*Vivere si recte nescis, decede peritis,  
Lussisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti:  
Tempus abire tibi est, ne potum largius aequo  
Rideat, & pulset lasciva decentius aetas †.*

If to live well and right thou do'st not know,  
Give Place, and leave thy Room to those that do.  
Th'ast eaten, drank, and play'd to thy Content,  
'Tis Time to make thy parting Compliment,  
Lest, being over-dos'd, the younger Sort,  
Laugh at thee first, and then exclude thee for't.

What is it other than a Confession of his Impotency, and a sending back not only to Ignorance, to be there in Safety, but even to Stupidity, Insensibility and Non-entity?

— *Democritum postquam matura vetustas  
Admonuit memorem, motus languescere mentis,  
Sponte sua letbo caput obvius obtulit ipse.*

Soon as through Age Democritus did find  
A manifest Decadence in his Mind,  
He thought he now surviv'd to his own Wrong,  
And went to meet his Death that stay'd too long.

'Tis what Antisthenes said, That a Man must either make Provision of Sense to understand; or of a Halter to hang himself: And what Chrysippus alledg'd upon this Saying of the Poet Tyrtæus,

\* Cic. Tusc. l. 2. † Hor. l. 2. Epist. 2. ‡ Luret. l. 1.  
De



*De la vertu, ou de mort approcher* \*.

Or to arrive at Virtue, or at Death.

*How Love is to be cur'd.* And *Crates* said, That Love would be cur'd by Hunger, if not by Time: And whoever disliked these two Remedies, by a Rope.

That *Sextius*, of whom both *Seneca* and *Plutarch* speak with so high an Encomium, having applied himself (all other Things set aside) to the Study of *Philosophy*, resolv'd to throw himself into the Sea, seeing the Progress of his Studies too tedious and slow. He ran to find Death, since he could not overtake Knowledge. These are the Words of the Law upon this Subject. *If Peradventure some great Inconvenience happen, for which there is no Remedy, the Haven is near, and a Man may save himself by swimming out of his Body, as out of a leaky Skiff; for 'tis the Fear of Dying and not the Love of Life, that ties the Fool to his Body.* As Life renders itself by Simplicity more pleasant, so more innocent and better, as I was saying before. The simple and Ignorant, says *St. Paul*, raise themselves up to Heaven, and take possession of it; and we, with all our Knowledge, plunge ourselves into the infernal Abyss. I am neither sway'd by *Valentinian*, a profest Enemy to all Knowledge and Literature, nor by *Licinius*, both Roman Emperors, who called them the Poison and Pest of all Politick Governments: Nor by *Mahomet*, who (as 'tis said) interdicted all Manner of Learning to his Followers: But the Example of the Great *Lycurgus*, and his Authority, with the Reverence of the Divine *Lacedemonian* Policy,

*The Lacedemonian Policy without Letters.*

*The new World without Law or Magistrate.*

so great, so admirable, and so long flourishing in Virtue and Happiness without any Institution or Practice of Letters, ought certainly to be of very great Weight. Such as return from the new World discover'd by the *Spaniards* in our Father's Days, can testify to us, how much more honestly and regularly those Nations live without Magistrate and without Law, than ours do, where there are more Officers and Lawyers than there are of other Sorts of Men, and Business.

\* *Plutarch.**Dicittatorie*

*Dicittatorie & di libelli,  
D'esamine & di carte, di procure  
Hanno le mani & il seno, & gran fastalli  
Di chi se, di consigli & di lettere,  
Perci le faculta de poverelli  
Non seno mai ne le citta sicure,  
Hanno ditro & dinanzi & d'ambi I lati,  
Notai procuratori & advocati\*.*

Her Lap was full of Writs, and of Citations,  
Of Procefs, of Actions and Arrests,  
Of Bills, of Answers, and of Replications,  
In Courts of Delegates and of Requests,  
To grieve the simple Sort with great Vexations;  
She had resorting to her as her Guests,  
Attending on her Circuits and her Journeys,  
Scriv'ners and Clerks, and Lawyers and Attorneys †.

It was what a Roman Senator said of the latter Ages, *That their Predecessors Breath stunk of Garlick, but their Stomachs were perfum'd with a good Conscience: And that, on the contrary, those of his Time were all sweet Odour without, but stunk within of all sorts of Vices; that is to say, as I interpret it, that they abounded with Learning and Eloquence, but were very defective in Moral Honesty. Incivility, Ignorance, Simplicity and Roughness, are the natural Companions of Innocency: Curiosity, Subtilty and Knowledge, bring Malice in their Train: Humility, Fear, Obedience and Affability (which are the principal Things that support and maintain human Society) require an empty and docile Soul, and little presuming upon itself. Christians have a particular Knowledge, how natural and original an Evil Curiosity is in Man. The Thirst of Knowledge, and the Desire to become more Wise, was the first Ruin of Mankind, and the Way by which he precipitated himself into eternal Damnation. Pride was his Ruin and Corruption? 'Tis Pride that diverts from the common Path, and makes him embrace Novelties, and rather chuse to be Head of a Troop, lost and wandring in the Path of Error; to be Regent and a Teacher of Lies, than to be a Disciple in the School of Truth, suffer-*

\* *Arist. Cant. 15.* † Sir John Harrington's Trans.  
ing

ing himself to be led and guided by the Hand of another, in the right and beaten Road. 'Tis peradventure, the Meaning of this old Greek Saying, ἡ δεισιδαιμονία καὶ δαίμων πατρὶ τῷ τυφλῷ πείθεται \*. That Superstition follows Pride, and obeys it as if it were a Father. Ah! Presumption, how much dost thou hinder us? After that Socrates was told, That the God of Wisdom had attributed to him the Title of a Sage; he was astonish'd at it, and searching and examining himself throughout, could find no Foundation for this Divine Sentence. He knew others as Just, Temperate, Valiant and Learned as himself: And more Eloquent, more Handsome, and more Profitable to their Country than he. At last he concluded, that he was not distinguish'd from others, nor Wise, but only because he did not think himself so. And that his God consider'd the Opinion of Knowledge and Wisdom as a singular Brutality in Man; and that his best Doctrine was the Doctrine of Ignorance, and Simplicity the best Wisdom. The Sacred Word declares those miserable, who have an Opinion of themselves: *Dust and Ashes*, says it to such, *What hast thou wherein to glorify thyself*; and in another Place, *God has made Man like unto a Shadow*, of whom, who can judge, when by the removing of the Light, it shall be vanish'd? Man is a Thing of nothing, whose Force is so far from being able to comprehend the Divine Height; that of the Works of our Creator, those best bear his Mark, and are with better Title his, which we the least understand. To meet with an Incredible Thing, is an Occasion to Christians to believe; and it is so much the more according to Reason, by how much it is against human Reason. If it were according to Reason, it would be no more a singular Thing. *Melius scitur Deus nesciendo*, says St. Austin †, *God is better known by not knowing*. And Tacitus, *Sanc-tius est ac reverentius de actus Deorum credere quam scire* ||. *It is more Holy and Reverent to believe the Works of God, than to know them*. And Plato thinks there is something of Impiety in it, to enquire too curiously into God, the Word, and first Causes of Things. *Atque illum quidem hujus Universitatis invenire, difficile*: Et,

\* Socrates apud Stobæum. † Div. Aug. l. 2. de Ord.  
|| Tacit. de Mor. Ger.

*quum jam inveneris, indicare in vulgus, nefas, says Cicero\*.*  
 To find out the Parent of the World, is very hard: And  
 when found out to reveal him to the Vulgar, is Sin: We  
 pronounce indeed Power, Truth and Justice, which are  
 Words that signify some great Thing; but that Thing we  
 neither see, nor conceive at all. We say that God fears,  
 that God is angry, that God loves:

*Immortalia sermone notantes †.*

Giving to Things immortal, mortal Names,

Which are all Agitations and Emotions, that cannot be in  
 God according to our Form, nor we imagine it according  
 to his; it only belongs to God to know himself, and to  
 interpret his own Works; and he does it in our Language,  
 improperly, to stoop and descend to us who grovel upon  
 the Earth. How can *Prudence*, which is the Choice be-  
 twixt Good and Evil, be properly attributed to him, whom  
 no Evil can touch? How the Reason and Intelligence  
 which we make use of, be obscure to arrive at apparent  
 Things; seeing that nothing is obscure to him? And *Justice*,  
 which distributes to every one what appertains to him, a  
 Thing begot by the Society and Community of Men,  
 how is that in God? How *Temperance*, which is the Mo-  
 deration of corporal Pleasures, that have no Place in the  
 Divinity? *Fortitude* to support Pain, Labour, and Dan-  
 gers as little appertains to him as the rest; these three  
 Things have no access to him. For which Reason, *Aristotle*  
 holds him equally exempt from Virtue and Vice. *Neque*  
*gratia, neque ira teneri potest, quod quæ talia essent, imbe-*  
*collia essent omnia †.* He can neither be affected with Fa-  
 vour nor Indignation, because both these are the Effects of  
 Frailty. The Participation we have in the Knowledge of  
 Truth, such as it is, is not acquir'd by our own Force.  
 God has sufficiently given us to understand that, by the  
 Witnesses he has chosen out of the common People, simple  
 and ignorant Men, that he has been pleas'd to employ, to  
 instruct us in his admirable Secrets: Our Faith is not of  
 our own acquiring, 'tis purely the Gift of another's Bounty.  
 'Tis not by Meditation, or by Virtue of our own Understand-

\* Cic. in Frag. † Luc. l. 5. † Cicer. de Nat. Deor.  
 ing,

ing, that we have acquir'd our *Religion*, but by Foreign Authority and Command: Wherein the Imbecillity of our Judgment does more assist us than the Force of it, and our Blindness more than our Clearness of Sight. 'Tis more by the Meditation of our Ignorance, that we know any thing of the Divine Wisdom. 'Tis no wonder, if our natural and earthly Parts cannot conceive that supernatural and heavenly Knowledge: Let us bring nothing of our own, but Obedience and Subjection. For, as it is written, *I will destroy the Wisdom of the Wise, and will bring to nothing the Understanding of the Prudent. Where is the Wise? Where is the Scribe? Where is the Disputer of this World? Hath not God made Foolish the Wisdom of this World? For after that in the Wisdom of God, the World knew not God, it pleased God by the Foolishness of preaching to save them that believe* \*. Finally, should I examine whether it be in the Power of Man to find out that which he seeks, and if that Quest, wherein he has busied himself so many Ages, has enrich'd him with any new Force, or any solid Truth: I believe he will confess, if he speaks from his Conscience, *that all he has got by so long Disquisition, is only to have learn'd to know his own Weakness*. We have only by a long Study confirm'd and verify'd the natural Ignorance we were in before. The same has fallen out to Men truly Wise, which befalls Ears of Corn; they shoot and raise their Heads high and pert, whilst empty; but when full and swell'd with Grain in Maturity, begin to flag and droop. So Men having try'd and founded all Things, and having found in that Mass of Knowledge, and Provision of so many various Things, nothing solid and firm, and nothing but Vanity, have quitted their Presumption, and acknowledge their natural Condition. 'Tis what *Vellius* reproaches *Cotta* withal and *Cicero*, that they learn'd of *Philo*, that they had learn'd nothing. *Pherecydes*, one of the seven Sages, writing to *Thales* upon his Death-bed; *I have*, said he, *given Order to my People, after my Interment, to carry my Writings to thee. If they please thee, and the other Sages publish; if not, suppress them. They contain no Certainty with which I myself am satisfy'd*. Neither do I pretend to

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\* 1 Cor. i. 19, 20, 21.

know the Truth, or to attain to it. I rather open than discover Things. The wisest Man that ever was, being ask'd *what he knew?* made Answer, *He knew this, that he knew nothing.* By which, he verified what has been said, that the greatest Part of what we know, is the least of what we do not; that is to say, that even what we think we know, is but a Piece, and a very little one, of our Ignorance. *We know Things in Dreams, says Plato, and are ignorant of them in Truth. Omnes pene Veteres nihil cognosci, nihil percipi, nihil sciri posse dixerunt: Angustos sensus, imbecilles animos, brevia curricula vitæ †.* Almost all the Ancients have declared, that there is nothing to be known, nothing to be understood: *The Senses are too weak, Men's Minds too weak, and the little Course of Life too short.* And of Cicero himself, who stood indebted to his Learning for all he was worth, *Valerius says, That he began to disrelish Letters in his old Age. And when most incumbent upon his Studies, it was with great Independency upon any one Party; following what he thought probable, now in one Sect, and then in another, evermore wavering under the Doubts of the Academy. Dicendum est, sed ita ut nihil affirmem, quæram omnia dubitans plerumque, & mihi diffidens ‡.* I am to speak, but so as to affirm nothing: I shall enquire into all Things, but for the most Part in Doubt and Distrust of myself. I should have too fair a Game, should I consider Man in his common Way of Living and in Grofs: And might do it however by his own Rule; who judges Truth, not by Weight, but by the Number of Votes. Let us let the People alone,

*Qui vigilans stertit:*

*Mortua cui vita est, prope jam atque videnti\*.*

Who waking snore: Whose Life is but a Dream,

Who only living and awake do seem.

who neither feel nor judge: And let most of their natural Faculties lie idle. I will take Man in his highest Station. Let us consider him in that little Number of Men, excellent and cull'd out from the rest, who having been endowed with a remarkable and particular natural Force, have

† Cicer. Acad. lib. I.  
Vol. II.

‡ Cicer. Acad.

\* Lucret.  
moreover

moreover hardned and whetted it by Care, Study and Art, and raised it to the highest Pitch of Wisdom, to which it can possibly arrive. They have adjusted their Souls to all Senses, and all Biasses; have propt and supported them with all foreign Helps proper for them, and enrich'd and adorn'd them with all they could borrow for their Advantage, both within and without the World. Those are they that are plac'd in the utmost and most supreme Height, to which human Nature can attain. They have regulated the World with *Polities* and *Laws*. They have instructed it with *Arts* and *Sciences*, and do yet instruct it by Example, by their admirable Manners. I shall make account of none but such Men as these, and only make use of their Testimony and Experience. Let us examine how far they have proceeded, and on what they repos'd their surest Hold. The Errors and Defects that we shall find amongst these Men, the World may boldly declare to be purely their own. Whoever goes in search of any Thing, must come to this, either to say, *that he has found it out*, or *that it is not to be found out*, or *that he is yet upon the Search*. All Philosophy is divided into these three Kinds. All her Design is to seek out *Truth*, *Knowledge* and *Certainty*. The *Peripateticks*, *Epicureans*, *Stoicks* and others, have thought they have found it. These established the Sciences, and have treated of them, as of certain Knowledges. *Clitomachus*, *Carneades*, and the *Academicks*, have despaired in their Search, and concluded, *that Truth could not be conceiv'd by our Understandings*. The Result of these are Weakness and human Ignorance. This Sort has had the greatest Number, and the most noble Followers. *Pyrrho* and other *Scepticks*, whose Doctrines were held by many of the Ancients, taken from *Homer*, the seven *Sages*, *Archilochus*, *Euripides*, *Zeno*, *Democritus* and *Xenophon*, say *that they are yet upon the Enquiry after Truth*. These conclude, that the other, who think they have found it out, are infinitely deceiv'd; and that it is too daring a Vanity in the second Sort, to determine that human Reason is not able to attain unto it. For this establishing a Standard of our Power, to know and judge the Difficulty of Things, is a great and extreme Knowledge, of which they doubt whether or no Man can be capable.

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*Nil sciri quisquis putat, id quoque nescit;  
An sciri possit, quo se nil sciri fatetur\*.*

He that says nothing can be known, o'rethrows  
His own Opinion, for he nothing knows,  
So knows not that †.

The Ignorance that knows itself, judges and condemns itself, is not an absolute Ignorance: Which to be, it must be ignorant of itself. So that the Profession of the *Pyrrhonians* is to waver, doubt and enquire, not to make themselves sure of, or responsible to themselves for any thing. Of the three Actions of the Soul, *Imaginative*, *Appetitive*, and *Consentive*, they receive the two first; the last they keep ambiguous, without Inclination or Approbation, either of one thing or another, so light and valuable it is. *Zeno* represented the Motion of his Imagination, upon these Divisions of the Faculties of the Soul, *an open and expanded Hand signified Appearance: A Hand half shut and the Fingers a little bending, Consent: A clinch'd Fist, Comprehension: When with the Left he yet thrusts the Fist closer, Knowledge.* Now this Situation of their Judgment upright and inflexible, receiving all Objects without Application, or Consent, leads them to their *Ataraxie*, which is a peaceable Condition of Life, temperate and exempt from the Agitations we receive by the Impression of Opinion and Knowledge that we think we have of Things. From whence spring Fear, Avarice, Envy, immoderate Desires, Ambition, Pride, Superstition, Love of Novelty, Rebellion, Disobedience, Obstinacy, and the greatest Part of bodily Ills: Nay, and by that they are exempt from the Jealousy of their Discipline. For they debate after a very gentle Manner. They fear no Revenge in their Disputes. When they affirm *that heavy Things descend*, they would be sorry to be believ'd, and love to be contradicted, to engender Doubt and Suspence of Judgment, which is their End. They only put our Propositions to contend with those they think we have in our Belief. If you take their Arguments, they will as readily maintain the contrary:

*Doubt and  
Suspence of  
Judgment the  
principal Ef-  
fect of Pyr-  
rhoneism.*

\* *Lucr. l. 4.*

† *Mr. Creech.*



'Tis all one to them, they have no Choice. If you maintain that *Snow is Black*, they will argue on the contrary that it is *White*; if you say it is neither the one nor the other, they will maintain that it is both. If you hold by a certain Judgment that you *know nothing*, they will maintain that you do. Yes, and if by an affirmative Axiom you assure them that *you doubt*; they will argue against you, that *you doubt not*; or that you cannot judge and determine that Doubt. And by this Extremity of Doubt, which justles itself, they separate and divide themselves from many Opinions, even of those they have several ways maintain'd, both concerning *Doubt* and *Ignorance*. *Why shall not they be allow'd, say they, as well as the Dogmatists, one to say Green, another Yellow, and even of those to doubt? Can any thing be propos'd to us to grant, or deny, which it shall not be permitted to consider as Ambiguous?* And where others are carried away, either by the Custom of their Country, or by the Instruction of Parents, or by Accident, as by a Tempest without Judgment, and without Choice; nay, and for the most Part, before the Age of Discretion, to such and such an Opinion, to the Sect of the *Stoicks* or *Epicureans*, with which they are pre-possess'd, enslav'd and fast bound, as to a Thing they cannot forsake: *Ad quamcumque disciplinam velut tempestate, delati, ad eam, tanquam ad saxum, adhærescunt* \*: Every one cleaves to his Principles, as to a Rock, against which he had been thrown by Tempest. Why shall not these likewise be permitted to maintain their Liberty, and consider Things without Obligation or Slavery? *Hoc liberiores & solutiores quod integra illis est judicandi potestas. In this more unconstrain'd and free, because they have the greater Power of Judging.* Is it not of some Advantage to be disengag'd from the *Necessity* that curbs others? Is it not better to remain in Suspence than to entangle himself in the innumerable Errors that human Fancy has produc'd? Is it not much better to suspend the Persuasion, than to intermeddle with these wrangling and seditious Divisions; *What shall I chuse? What you please, provided you will chuse.* A very foolish Answer: But such a one nevertheless, as all Doctrine seems to point at, and by which we are not permitted to be ignorant of what we are Ignorant.

\* *Cicer. Acad.*

Take the most eminent Side, that of the greatest Reputation; it will never be so sure, that you shall not be forc'd to attack and contend with a hundred and a hundred Adversaries to defend it. Is it not better to keep out of this Hurly-burly? You are permitted to embrace *Aristotle's* Opinion of the *Immortality of the Soul*, with as much Zeal as your Honour and Life, and to give the Lie to *Plato*, and shall they be interdicted to doubt him? If it be lawful for *Panetius* to maintain his Opinion about *Augury, Dreams, Oracles, Vaticinations*; of which the *Stoicks* made no doubt at all; why may not a Wise Man dare to do the same in all Things, that he dar'd to do in those he had learn'd of his Masters, establish'd by the common Consent of the School, whereof he is a Professor, and a Member? If it be a Child that judges, he knows not what it is: If a Wise Man, he is prepossess'd. They have reserv'd for themselves a marvellous Advantage in Battle, having eas'd themselves of the Care of Defence. If you strike them they care not, provided they strike too, and they turn every Thing to their own Advantage. If they overcome, your Argument is lame; if you, theirs; if they fall short, they verify Ignorance; if you fall short, you do it; If they prove, that *nothing is known*, it goes well; if they cannot prove it, 'tis as well: *Ut quum in eadem re paria contrariis in partibus momenta inveniuntur, facilius ab utraque parte Assertio sustineatur. That when like Sentiments happen pro and con in the same Thing, the Assertion may on both Sides be more easily suspended.* And they make account to find out with much greater Facility why a Thing is false, than why 'tis true; that which is not, than that which is, and what they do not believe, than what they do. Their Way of speaking is, *I assert nothing, it is no more so, than so, or than neither one nor t'other: I understand it not.* Appearances are every where equal: The Law of speaking pro or con, is the same. Nothing seems true, that may not seem false. Their Sacramental Word is *ἐπιχω*, that is to say, *I hold, I start not.* This is the Burthen of their Song, and others of like Stuff. The Effect of which is a pure, entire, perfect and absolute Suspension of Judgment. They make use of their Reason to enquire and debate, but not to fix and determine. Whoever shall imagine a perpetual Confession

*The Immortality of the Soul maintain'd by Aristotle.*

tion of Ignorance, a Judgment without Bias, Propension or Inclination, upon any Occasion whatever, conceives a true *Idea of Pyrrhonism*. I express this Fancy as well as I can, by reason that many find it hard to conceive, and Authors themselves represent it a little variously and obscurely. As to what concerns the Actions of Life, they are in this of the common Fashion. They yield and give up themselves to their *natural Inclinations*, to the Power and Impulse of *Passions*, to the Constitution of Laws and Customs, and to the Tradition of Arts. *Non enim nos Deus ista scire, sed tantummodo uti voluit* \*. For God would not have us know, but only use those Things. They suffer their ordinary Actions to be guided by those Things, without any Dispute or Judgment. For which Reason I cannot consent to what is said of *Pyrrho*. They represent him *stupid and immovable, leading a kind of savage and unsociable Life, standing the Jusse of Carts, going upon Precipices, and refusing to accommodate himself to the Laws*. This is to enhance upon his Discipline. He would never make himself a Stock or a Stone, he would shew himself a living Man, discourging, reasoning, enjoying all natural Conveniences and Pleasures, employing and making use of all his corporal and spiritual Faculties in Rule and Reason. The fantastick, imaginary and false Privileges that Man had usurp'd of Lording it, Ordaining and Establishing, he has utterly quitted and renounced. Yet there is no *Sect* but is constrain'd to permit her *Sage* to follow several Things not comprehended, perceiv'd, or consented to, if he means to live. And if he goes to Sea, he follows that Design, not knowing whether his Voyage shall be successful or no; and only insists upon the Tightness of the Vessel, the Experience of the Pilot, and the Convenience of the Season, and such probable Circumstances. After which he is bound to go, and suffer himself to be govern'd by Appearances, provided there be no express and manifest Contrariety in them. He has a Body, he has a Soul; the Senses push them, the Mind spurs them on. And altho' he does not find in himself this proper and singular Sign of Judging, and that he perceives that he ought not to engage his Consent, considering that there may be some false, equal to these true Appearances, yet

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\* *Cicer. de. Divin. l. 61.*

does he not for all that fail of carrying on the Offices of his Life with great Liberty and Convenience. How many Arts are there that profess to consist more in Conjecture than Knowledge? That decide not true and false, and only follow that which seems the one or the other? There are, say they, true and false, and we have in us wherewith to seek it; but not to make it stay when we touch it. We are much more prudent, in letting ourselves be carried away by the Swing of the World without Enquiry. A Soul clear from Prejudice, has a marvellous Advance towards Tranquility and Repose. Men that judge and controul their Judges, do never duly submit to them. How much more docile and easy to be govern'd, both in the Laws of Religion and civil Polity, are simple and incurious Minds, than those over-vigilant Wits, that will still be prating of Divine and Human Causes? There is nothing in human Invention that carries so great a shew of Likelihood and Utility as this. This present Man, naked and empty, confessing his natural Weakness, fit to receive some foreign Force from above, unfurnish'd of Human, and therefore more apt to receive into him the Divine Knowledge, undervaluing his own Judgment, to make more room for Faith: Neither believing amiss, nor establishing any Doctrine against the Laws and common Observances, Humble, Obedient, Disciplinable, Studious, a sworn Enemy of Heresy; and consequently, freeing himself from vain and irreligious Opinions, introduc'd by false *Sects*, *Sectaries* and *Hereticks*. 'Tis a blank Paper prepar'd to receive such Forms from the Finger of God, as he shall please to write upon it. The more we resign and commit ourselves to God, and the more we renounce ourselves, of the greater Value we are. *Take in good part, says Ecclesiastes, the Things that present themselves to thee, as they seem and taste from Hand to Mouth: The rest is out of thy Knowledge. Dominus novit cogitationes hominum, quoniam vanae sunt, the Lord knoweth the Hearts of Men, that they are but Vanity\**. Thus we see, that of three general Sects of *Philosophy*, two make open Profession of *Doubt* and *Ignorance*; and in that of the *Dogmatists*, which is the third, it is easy to discover, that the greatest Part of them only assume this Face of Confidence and Assurance, that they may have

\* *Psal.* xciv.

the better Grace. They have not so much Thought to establish any Certainty for us, to shew us how far they have proceeded in their Search of Truth, *Quam docti fingunt magis quam norunt. Which the Learned rather feign than know.* *Timæus* being to instruct *Socrates* in what he knew of the Gods, the World and Men, proposes to speak to him as a Man to a Man, and that it is sufficient, if his Reasons are probable, as those of another; For that exact Reason were neither in his, nor any other mortal Hand. Which one of his Followers has thus imitated: *Ut potero, explicabo; nec tamen ut Pythius Apollo, certa ut sint, & fixa, que dixerò: Sed ut homunculus probabilia conjectura sequens.* I will, as well as I am able, explain; yet not as *Pythius Apollo*, that what I say, should be fix'd and certain, but like a Man that follows Probabilities by Conjecture. And that other, upon the natural and common Subject of the Contempt of Death, he has elsewhere translated from the very Words of *Plato*, *Si forte, de Deorum natura, ortuque Mundi differentes, minus id quod habemus in animo consequimur, haud erit mirum. Æquum est enim meminisse, & me qui disseram, hominem esse, & vos qui judicetis: Ut si probabilia dicentur, nihil ultra requiratis.* If perchance, when we discourse of the Nature of God's and the World's Original, we cannot do it as we desire, it will be no great Wonder. For it is just you should remember, that both I who speak, and you who are to judge, are Men: So that if probable Things are deliver'd, you shall require and expect no more. *Aristotle* does ordinarily heap up a great Number of others Opinions and Beliefs, to compare them with his own, and to let us see how much he has gone beyond them, and how much nearer he approaches to Possibility and Likelihood of Truth. For Truth is not to be judg'd by the Authority and Testimony of others; which made *Epicurus* religiously avoid quoting them in his Writings. This is the Prince of all *Dogmatists*, and yet we are told by him, That much Knowledge does administer many Occasions of doubting more. In earnest, we see him sometimes so throw and muffle up himself in so thick and so inexplicable Obscurity, that we know not what use to make of his Advice. It is in effect a *Pyrrhonism* under a concluding and

\* *Cicero Tusc. lib. 1.*† *Cicero in Timæo.*  
determining

determining Form. Hear Cicero's Protestation, who expounds to us another's Fancy by his own. *Qui requirunt, quid de quaque re ipsi sentiamus: Curiosus id faciunt, quam necesse est. Hæc Philosophicæ ratio, contra omnia differendi, nullamque rem aperte judicandi, profecta à Socrate, repetita ab Arcefilao, confirmata à Carneade, usque ad nostram viget ætatem. Hi sumus, qui omnibus veris falsa quædam adjuncta esse dicamus, tanta similitudine, ut in iis nulla insti judicandi & assentiendi nota \**. They who desire to know what we think of every Thing; are therein more inquisitive than is necessary. This Practice in Philosophy of disputing against every Thing, and of absolutely concluding nothing, begun by Socrates, repeated by Arcefilaus, and confirm'd by Carneades, has continu'd in use even to our own Times. We are they, who declare that there is so great a Mixture of Things false, amongst all that are true, and they so resemble one another, that there can be in them no certain Mark to direct us, either to judge or assent. Why hath not Aristotle only, but most of the Philosophers, affected Difficulty, if not to set a greater Value upon the Vanity of the Subject, and amuse the Curiosity of our Wits, by giving them this Bone to pick. Clitomachus affirm'd, That he could never discover by Carneades's Writings, what Opinion he was of. This was it that made Epicurus affect to be abstruse, and *Obscure*. that procur'd Heraclitus the Epithet to his Name of *obscurus*: Difficulty is a Coin the Learn'd make use of, like Jugglers, to conceal the Vanity of their Art, and which human Sottishness easily takes for current Pay.

*Clarus ob obscuram linguam, magis inter inanes:  
Omnia enim stolidi magis admirantur amanti,  
Inversis quæ sub verbis latitantia cernunt †.*

Bombast and Riddle best do Puppies please,  
For Fools admire and love such Things as these:  
And a dull Quibble wrapt in dubious Phrase,  
That to the Height does their wise Wonder raise.

Cicero reprehends some of his Acquaintance and Friends, for giving more of their Time to the Study of *Astrology*, *Law*, *Logick* and *Geometry*, than they were really worth;

\* Cicero de Nat. Deor. lib. 1. † Lucret. lib. 1. saying,

faying, *That they were by those diverted from the Duties of The liberal Life, and from more profitable and gentle Arts despis'd.* Studies. The Cyrenaick Philosophers, did equally despise Natural Philosophy and Logick. Zeno, in the very Beginning of the Books of the Commonwealth, declar'd *all the liberal Arts of no use.* Chrysippus said, *That what Plato and Aristotle had writ concerning Logick, they had only done it in sport, and by way of Exercise:* And could not believe that they spoke in earnest of so vain a Thing. Plutarch says the same of Metaphysicks. And Epicurus would have said as much of Rhetorick, Grammar, Poesy, Mathematicks, and (Natural Philosophy excepted) of all the other Sciences; and Socrates of them all, excepting that of *Manners, and of Life.* Whatever any one requir'd to be instructed in by him, he would ever, in the first Place, demand an Account of the Conditions of his Life present and past, which he examin'd and judg'd; esteeming all other Learning subsequent to that, and supernumerary. *Parum mihi placeant ea literæ, quæ ad virtutem Doctoribus nihil profuerant\*.* *That Learning is in small Repute with me, which nothing profited the Teachers themselves to Virtue.* Most of the Arts have been in like Manner decry'd by the same Knowledge. But they did not consider that it was from the Purpose, to exercise their Wits in those very Matters, wherein there was no solid Advantage. As to the rest; some have look'd upon Plato as a *Dogmatist*, others as a *Doubter*, others in some Things the one, and in other Things the other. Socrates, the Introducer of Dialogisms, is eternally upon Questions and stirring up Disputes, never determining, never satisfying: And professes to have no other Science but that of *opposing* himself. Homer, their Author, has equally laid the Foundations of all the Sects of *Philosophy*, to shew how indifferent it was which Way we should choose. This said, that ten several *Sects* sprung from Plato; and in my Opinion, never did any Instruction halt and stumble, if his *Call'd Wise Women in French.* does not: Socrates said, *That Mid-winter, in taking upon them the Trade of helping others to bring forth, lest the Trade of bringing forth themselves; and that by the*

\* *Sal. de Bello Jug.*

Title of a Wise Man or Sage, that the Gods had conferr'd upon him, he was disabled in his virile and mental Love, of the Faculty of bringing forth, consenting to help and assist those that could; to open their Nature, anoint the Passes, and facilitate their Birth: To judge of the Infant, kiss, nourish, fortify, swath and circumcise it, exercising and employing his Understanding in the Perils and Fortunes of others. It is so with the most part of this third sort of Authors, as the Ancients have observ'd in the Writings of *Anaxagoras*, *Democritus*, *Parmenides*, *Xenophon* and others. They have a way of Writing, doubtful in Substance and Design, rather enquiring than teaching. Tho' they mix their Stile with some dogmatical Periods. Is not the same Thing seen in *Seneca* and *Plutarch*? How many Contradictions are there to be found, if a Man pry narrowly into them? So many, that the reconciling Lawyers ought first to reconcile them every one to themselves. *Plato* seems to have affected this Method of *Philosophizing* in Dialogues; to the End, that he might with greater Decency, from several Mouths, deliver the Diversity and Variety of his own Fancies. To treat variously of Things, is as well to treat of them, as conformably, and better, that is to say, more copiously, and with greater Profit. Let us take Example from ourselves. Judgments are the utmost Period of all dogmatical and determinative Speaking: And yet those *Arrests* that our Parliaments give the People, the most Exemplary of them, and those are most proper to nourish in them the Reverence due to that Dignity, principally through the Sufficiency of the Person's acting, derive their Beauty, not so much from the Conclusion, which with them is *quotidian* and common to every Judge, as from the Dispute and Heat of diverse and contrary Arguments, that the Matter of *Law* and *Equity* will permit. And the largest Field for Reprehension, that some Philosophers have against others, is drawn from the Diversities and Contradictions, wherein every one of them finds himself perplexed; either on Purpose to shew the Vacillation of human Wit concerning every Thing; or ignorantly compell'd by the Volability and Incomprehensibility of all Matter. What means this Clink in the Close? In a *slippery and sliding Place let us suspend our Belief*: For as *Euripides* says,

Les



*Les œuvres de Dieu en diverses  
Façons, nous donnent des Traverses* \*.

The Works of God in sundry wise,  
Do puzzle Men's Capacities.

Like that which *Empedocles*, as if transported with a Divine Fury, and compell'd by Truth, often strew'd here and there in his Writings. *No, no, we feel nothing, we see nothing, all Things are conceal'd from us; there is not one Thing, of which we can positively say, it is this*: According to the Divine Saying, *Cogitationes mortalium timidae & incertae adinventiones nostræ, & Providentiæ* †. For the Thoughts of mortal Men are miserable; and our Devices are but uncertain. It is not to be thought strange, if Men, despairing to overtake what they hunt after, have not however lost the Pleasure of the Chace; Study being of itself so pleasant an Employment; and so pleasant, that amongst other Pleasures, the *Stoicks* forbid that also which proceeds from the Exercise of the Wit, will have it curb'd, and find a kind of Intemperance in thirsting too much after Knowledge. *Democritus* having eaten Figs at his Table that tasted of Honey, fell presently to considering with himself, from whence they should derive this unusual Sweetness; and to be satisfy'd in it, was about to rise from the Table, to see the Place from whence the Figs had been gather'd; which his Maid observing, and having understood the Cause, she smilingly told him, That he need not trouble himself about that, for she had put them into a Vessel, in which there had been Honey. He was vex'd at this Discovery, and that she had depriv'd him of the Occasion of this Inquisition, and robb'd his Curiosity of Matter to work upon. *Go thy Way*, said he, *thou hast done me an Injury*; but for all that, I will seek out the Cause as if it were natural; and would willingly have found out some true Reason, for a false and imaginary Effect. This Story of a famous and great Philosopher, does very clearly represent to us the studious Passion, that puts us upon the Pursuit of Things, of the Acquisition of which we despair. *Plutarch* gives a like Example of some one, who

\* *Petrarch*.

† *Wisdom v. 14.*

would

would not be satisfy'd in that whereof he was in doubt, that he might not lose the Pleasure of enquiring into it: Like the other, who would not that his Physician should allay the Thirst of his Fever, that he might not lose the Pleasure of quenching it by drinking. *Satius est supervacua discere, quam nihil* \*. 'Tis better to learn more than necessary, than nothing at all. As in all sorts of Feeding, the Pleasure of Eating is very often single and alone, and that what we take, which is acceptable to the Palate, is not always nourishing or wholesome: So that which our Understandings extract from Science, does not cease to be pleasant, tho' there be nothing in it, either nutritive or healthful. Thus, they say, *the Consideration of Nature is a Diet proper for our Minds, it raises and elevates us, makes us disdain low and terrestrial Things, by comparing them with those that are celestial and high*: The Inquisition of great and occult Things is very pleasant, even to those who acquire no other Benefit than the Reverence and Fear of judging it. This is what they profess. The vain Image of this sickly Curiosity is yet more manifest in this other Example, which they so often urge. *Eudoxus wish'd and begg'd of the Gods, that he might once see the Sun near at hand, to comprehend the Form, Greatness, and Beauty of it; on the Condition to be immediately burn'd*. He would at the Price of his Life purchase a Knowledge, of which the Use and Possession should at the same time be taken from him: And for this sudden and vanishing Knowledge, lose all the other Knowledges he had in present, or might afterwards have acquir'd. I cannot easily persuade myself, that *Epicurus, Plato, and Pythagoras*, have given us their *Atoms, Ideas, and Numbers* for current Pay. They were too wise to establish their Articles of Faith upon Things so disputable and uncertain: But in the Obscurity and Ignorance in which the World then was, every one of these great Men endeavour'd to present some kind of Image or Reflection of Light; and work'd their Brains for Inventions that might have a pleasant and subtile Appearance; provided, that, false as they were, they might make good their Ground against those that would oppose them. *Uni-*

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\* *Seneca Epist. 89.*

*cuique ista pro ingenio funguntur, non ex scientiæ vi.* The Things every one fancies according to his Wit, and not by any Power of Knowledge. One of the Ancients, who was reproach'd, That he professed Philosophy, of which he nevertheless in his own Judgment made no great Account; made Answer, That this was truly to philosophize: They would consider all, and balance every Thing, and have found that an Employment well suited to our natural Curiosity. Some Things they have writ for the Benefit of publick Society, as their *Religions*; and for that Consideration it was but reasonable that they should not examine publick Opinions to the Quick, that they might not disturb the common Obedience to the Laws and Customs of their Country. *Plato* treats of this Mystery with a Raillery manifest enough: For where he writes according to his own Method, he gives no certain Rule. When he plays the *Legislator*, he borrows a magisterial and positive Style, and boldly there foists in his bold fantastick Inventions, as fit to persuade the Vulgar, as impossible to be believ'd by himself: Knowing very well how fit we are to receive all sorts of Impressions, especially the most immoderate and wicked. And yet in his *Laws*, he takes singular Care that nothing be sung in publick but Poetry; of which, the Fiction and fabulous Relations tend to some advantageous End: It being so easy to imprint all sorts of *Phantasms* in human Minds, that it were Injustice not to feed them rather with profitable Untruths, than with Untruths that are unprofitable and hurtful. He says very plainly in his Commonwealth, That it is very oft necessary for the Benefit of Men to deceive them. It is very easy to distinguish, that some of the Sects have more follow'd Truth, and the others Utility, by which the last have gain'd their Reputation. 'Tis the Misery of our Condition, that often that which presents itself to our Imagination for the truest, does not appear the most useful to Life. The boldest Sects, as the *Epicurean*, *Pyrrhonian*, and the new *Academick*, are yet constrain'd to submit to the *Civil Law*, at the End of the Account. There are other Subjects that they have tumbled and toils'd about, some to the Right, and others to the Left, every one endeavouring, right or wrong, to give them some kind of Colour; having found nothing so absolute, as that they would not venture to speak to: They are

are very often forc'd to forge weak and ridiculous Conjectures; not that they themselves look'd upon them as any Foundation, or established any certain Truth, but merely for Exercise. *Non tam id sensisse, quod dicerent, quam exercere ingenia materie difficultate videntur voluisse\**. Not so much that they themselves believ'd what they said, as that they seem to have a Mind to exercise their Wits in the Difficulty of the Matter. And if we did not take it thus, how should we palliate so great Inconstancy, Variety, and Vanity of Opinions, as we see have been produc'd by those excellent and admirable Men? As, for Example, what can be more vain than to imagine to guess at Almighty God by our Analogies and Conjectures? To direct and govern him and the World, by our Capacities and our Laws? And to serve ourselves at the Expence of the Divinity, with that small Portion of Knowledge he has been pleas'd to impart to our natural Condition? And because we cannot extend our Sight to his glorious Throne, to have brought him down to our Corruption, and our Miseries? Of all human and ancient Opinions concerning Religion, that seems to me the most likely, and most excusable, that acknowledg'd God an incomprehensible Power; the Original and Preserver of all Things, all Bounty, all Perfection, receiving and taking in good part the Honour and Reverence that Man paid unto him, under what Method, Name, or Ceremonies soever.

*Jupiter omnipotens rerum, regumque Deumque,  
Progenitor, Genitrixque*

This Zeal has universally been look'd upon from Heaven with a gracious Eye. All Governments have reap'd Fruit from their Devotion: Men with impious Actions, have every where had suitable Events. *Pagan Histories acknowledge Dignity, Order, Justice, Prodigies, and Oracles, employ'd for their Profit and Instruction in their fabulous Religions.* God, perhaps, thro' his Mercy, vouchsafing by these temporal Benefits, to cherish the tender Principles of a kind of

*What the Knowledge of God was among the Pagans.*

\* *Incerto.*

brutish

brutish Knowledge, that natural Reason gave them of him, through the deceiving Images of their Dreams. Not only deceiving and false, but impious also and injurious are those that Man has forg'd from his own Invention. And of all the Religions that St. Paul found in Repute at Athens, that which they had dedicated to

*The unknown God ador'd at Athens.*

*an unknown Divinity, seem'd to him the most to be excus'd. Pythagoras shadow'd the Truth a little more closely : Judging*

that the Knowledge of this first Cause, and *Being of Beings*, ought to be indefinite, without Limitation, without Declaration : *That it was nothing else than the extreme Effort of our Imagination towards Perfection ; every one amplifying the Idea according to the Talent of his Capacity.*

*Numa's Religion.*

But if *Numa* attempted to conform the Devotion of his People to this Project ; to tie them to a Religion purely mental, without any prefix'd Object and material Mixture, he undertook a Thing of no use. Human Wit could never support itself floating in such an Infinity of inform Thoughts, there is required some certain Image to be presented according to its own Model. The Divine Majesty has thus, in some sort, suffered himself to be circumscribed in corporal Limits for our Advantage : His supernatural and celestial Sacraments have Signs of our earthly Condition : His Adoration is by sensible Offices and Words ; 'tis Man that believes and prays. I shall omit the other Arguments upon this Subject : But a Man would have much ado to make me believe, that the Sight of our Crucifixes, that the Picture of our Saviour's Passion, that the Ornaments and ceremonious Motions of our Churches, that the Voices accommodated to the Devotion of our Thoughts, and that Emotion of Senses, do not warm the Souls of the People with a religious Passion of very advantageous Effects. Of those, to whom they have given a Body, as Necessity required in that universal Blindness, I should, I fancy, most incline to those who ador'd the Sun.

————— *La lumiere commune,  
L'œil du monde ; & si Dieu en chef porte des yeux,  
Les rayons du sole il font ses yeux radeux,*

Qui donnent vie a tous, nous maintiennent, & gardent,  
Et les faits des humains en ce monde regardent :  
Ce beau, ce grand soleil, qui nous fait les saisons,  
Selon qui l'entre, ou sort de ses douze maisons :  
Qui remplit l'univers de ses vertus cogneues :  
Qui d'un traict de ses yeux nous dissipe les neus :  
L'esprit, l'ame du monde ardent, & flamboyant,  
En la course d'un jour tout le Ciel tournoyant,  
Plein d'immense grandeur, rond, vagabond, & ferme :  
Lequel tient dissoubs luy tout le monde pour terme :  
En repos, sans repos, oysif, & sans sejour,  
Fils aisne de Nature, & le Pere du jour\*.

The common Light that shines indifferently  
On all alike, the World's enlightning Eye:  
And if the Almighty Ruler of the Skies  
Has Eyes, the Sun-beams are as radiant Eyes,  
That Life to all impart, maintain and guard,  
And all Men's Actions upon Earth regard.  
This great, this beautiful and glorious Sun,  
That Seasons gives by Revolution?  
That with his Influence fills the Universe,  
And with one Glance does fullen Shades disperse.  
Life, Soul o'th World, that flaming in his Sphere  
Surrounds the Heavens in one Day's Career.  
Immensely great, moving, yet firm and round,  
Who the whole World below has fix'd his Bound,  
At Rest without Rest, Idle without Stay,  
Nature's first Son, and Father of the Day.

Forasmuch as beside, this Grandeur and Beauty of his, 'tis  
the only Piece of this *Machine* that we discover at the remotest  
Distance from us; and by that means so little known, that  
they were pardonable for entring into so great Admiration  
and Reverence of it. *Thales*, who first enquired into this  
Sort of Matter, believ'd God to be a Spirit that made all  
*Things of Water*. *Anaximander*, that the Gods were always  
dying, and entring into Life; and that there were an infinite  
Number of Worlds. *Anexamines*, that the Air was God,  
that he was procreate and immense, always moving. *Anaxa-*

goras the First, was of Opinion, *that the Description and Manner of all Things were conducted by the Power and Reason of an infinite Spirit.* Alcæon gave Divinity to the Sun, Moon, and Stars, and to the Soul. Pythagoras has made God a Spirit sprinkled over the Nature of all Things, from whence our Souls are extracted. Parmenides, a Circle surrounding the Heaven, and supporting the World by the Ardour of Light. Empedocles pronounc'd the four Elements, of which all Things are compos'd, to be Gods. Protagoras had nothing to say, whether they were or were not, or what they were. Democritus was one while of Opinion, *that the Images and their Circutions were Gods; another, this Nature that darts out those Images, and then our Science and Intelligence.* Plato divides his Belief into several Opinions. He says, in his *Timæus*, *That the Father of the World cannot be nam'd; in his Laws, That Men are not to enquire into the Being.* And elsewhere in the very same Books, he makes the World, the Heavens, the Stars, the Earth, and our Souls Gods; admitting moreover those which have been received by ancient Institution in every Republick. Xenophon reports a like Perplexity in Socrates's Doctrine. One while that Men are not to enquire into the Form of God, and presently makes him maintain, *that the Sun is God, and the Soul God; and at first, that there is but one God, and afterwards, that there are many.* Speusippus, the Nephew of Plato, makes God a certain Power governing all Things, and that he has a Soul. Aristotle one while says, it is a Spirit, and another, the World; one while he gives the World another Master, and another, makes God the Ardour of Heaven. Zenocrates makes eight, five nam'd amongst the Planets, the sixth compos'd of all the six Stars, as of so many Members, the seventh and eighth, the Sun and Moon. Heraclides Ponticus does nothing but fluctuate in his Opinion, and finally deprives God of Sense, and makes him shift from one Form to another, and at last says, *'tis Heaven and Earth.* Theophrastus wanders in the same Irresolution amongst his Fancies, attributing the Superiority of the World, one while to the Understanding, another while to Heaven, and another to the Stars. Strabo says, *that 'tis Nature, she having the Power of Generation, Conservation, and Diminution, without Form and Sentiment.* Zeno says, *'tis the Law of Nature commanding God, and prohibiting*

prohibiting Evil; which Law is an Animal, and takes away the accustom'd Gods, Jupiter, Juno, and Vesta. Diogenes Apollonates, that 'tis Age. Zenophanes makes God round, seeing and hearing; not breathing, and having nothing in common with human Nature. Ariosto thinks the Form of God to be Incomprehensible; deprives him of Sense, and knows not whether he be an Animal, or something else. Cleanthes one while supposes it to be Reason, another while the World; another the Soul of Nature; and then the supreme Heat rolling about, and environing all. Perseus, Zeno's Disciple, was of Opinion, That Men have given the Title of Gods to such as have been useful, and have added any Advantage to human Life, and even to profitable Things themselves. Chrysippus made a confus'd Heap of old Sentences, and reckons, amongst a thousand Forms of Gods that he makes, the Men also that have been Deified. Diagoras and Theodorus flatly deny'd, that there were any Gods at all. Epicurus makes the Gods shining, transparent, and persable, lodg'd as betwixt two Forts, betwixt the two Worlds, secure from Blows, cloath'd in a human Figure, and with such Members as we have; which Members are to them of no use.

*Ego Deum genus esse semper duxi & dicam caelitem,  
Sed eos non curare opinor, quid agat humanum genus \**

I ever thought that Gods above there were,  
But do not think they care what Men do here.

Trust to your Philosophy, my Masters: and brag, that you have found the Bean in the Cake: What a Rattle is here with so many Philosophical Heads! The Perplexity of so many Worldly Forms have gain'd this over me, that Manners and Opinions contrary to mine, do not so much displease as instruct me; nor so much make me proud, as they humble me in comparing them. And all other Choice than what comes from the express and immediate Hand of GOD, seems to me a Choice of very little Privilege. The Policies of the World are no less opposite upon this Subject, than the Schools, by which we may understand, that Fortune itself is not more variable and inconstant, nor more blind and inconsiderate, than our Reason. The Things that

\* Cicer. de Divin. l. 2, ex Ennio.



are most unknown, are most proper to be Deified; wherefore to make Gods of ourselves, as the Ancients did, exceeds the extreamest Weakness of Understanding. I would much rather have gone along with those who ador'd the *Serpent*, the *Dog*, or the *Ox*: Forasmuch as their Nature and Being is less known to us, and that we have more Authority to imagine what we please of those Beasts, and to attribute to them extraordinary Faculties. But to have made Gods of our own Condition, of whom we ought to know the Imperfections; and to have attributed to them *Desires*, *Anger*, *Revenge*, *Marriages*, *Generation*, *Alliances*, *Love*, *Jealousy*; our *Members*, and *Bones*, our *Fevers*, and *Pleasures*, our *Death*, and *Obsequies*; this must needs proceed from a marvellous Intoxication of human Understanding.

*Quæ procul usque adeo divino ab numine distant,  
Inque Deum numero quæ sunt indigna videri\*.*

From Divine Natures, which so distant were,  
They are unworthy of that Character.

*Formæ, ætates, vestitus, ornatus, noti sunt: Genera, conjugia, cognationes, omniaque traducta ad similitudinem infirmitatis humanæ; nam & perturbatis animis inducuntur. Accipimus enim Deorum cupiditatis, ægritudines, iracundias †. Their Forms, Ages, Cloaths, and Ornaments are known: Their Descents, Marriages and Kindred, and are appropriated to the Similitude of human Weakness; for they are represented to us with anxious Minds, and are void of the Lusts, Sicknes, and Anger of the Gods. As having attributed Divinity not only to Faith, Virtue, Honour, Concord, Liberty, Victory, and Piety; but also to Voluptuousness, Fraud, Death, Envy, Old Age, Misery; Fear, Fever, ill Fortune, and other Injuries of our frail and transitory Life.*

*Quid juvat hoc, templis nostros inducere mores?  
O curvæ in terras animæ, & cœlestium inanes †.*

In our Temples, to what End or Use,  
Do we our Ceremonies introduce?

\* *Lucret. lib. 5.*

† *Per. Sat. 2.*

† *Cicer. de Nat. Deor. lib. 2.*

Oh crooked Souls that to the Earth bow low,  
And nought of Heav'nly Mysteries do know!

The *Aegyptians*, with an impudent Prudence, interdicted, upon Pain of Hanging, that any one should say, *that their Gods, Seraphis and Isis, had formerly been Men*: And yet no one was ignorant that they had been such. And their Effigies represented with the Finger upon the Mouth, *signify'd*, says *Varro*, *that mysterious Decree to their Priests, to conceal their mortal Original, as it must by necessary Consequence cancel all the Veneration pay'd to them. Seeing that Man so much desir'd to equal himself to God: He had done better, says Cicero, to have attracted those Divine Conditions to himself, and drawn them down hither below, than to send his Corruption and Misery up on high.* But to take it right, he has several Ways done both the one and the other, with like vanity of Opinion. When *Philosophers* search narrowly into the Hierarchy of their *Gods*, and make a great Bustle about distinguishing their *Alliances, Offices, and Power*, I cannot believe they speak as they think. When *Plato* describes *Pluto's Verger* to us, and the bodily Conveniencies or Pains that attend us after the Ruin and Annihilation of our Bodies, and accommodate them to the Feeling we have in this Life.

*Secreti celant colles, & myrtea circum  
Syba teget, curæ non ipsa in morte relinquunt\*.*

In Vales and mirtle Groves they pensive lie,  
And their Cares do not leave them when they die.

When *Mahomet* promises his Followers, a *Paradise hung with Tapestry, gilded and enamell'd with Gold and precious Stones, furnished with Wenches of excelling Beauty, rare Wines, and delicate Dishes*; it is easily discern'd, that there are Deceivers that accommodate their Promises to our Sensuality, to attract and allure us by Hopes and Opinions, suitable to our mortal Appetites. And yet some amongst us are fallen into the like Error, promising to themselves after the Resurrection, a *Terrestrial and Temporal Life*, accompany'd with all Sorts of Worldly Conveniencies and

\* *Virg. Æneid. l. 6.*

Pleasures. Can we believe that *Plato*, he who had such Heavenly Conceptions, and was so well acquainted with the Divinity, as thence to derive the Name of the *Divine Plato*, ever thought that the poor Creature, *Man*, had any Thing in him applicable to that incomprehensible Power? And that he believ'd that the weak Holds we are able to take were capable, or the Force of our Understanding sufficient to participate of Beatitude, or eternal Pains? We should then tell him from human Reason, if the Pleasures thou dost promise us in the other Life are of the same Kind that I have enjoy'd here below, this has nothing in common with Infinity: Tho' all my five natural Senses should be even loaded with *Pleasure*, and my Soul full of all the *Contentment* it could hope or desire, we know what all this amounts to, all this would be nothing. If there be any Thing of mine there, there is nothing Divine; if this be no more than what may belong to our present Condition, it cannot be of any Value. All Contentment of Mortals is mortal. Even the Knowledge of our *Parents*, *Children* and *Friends*, if that can effect and delight us in the other World, if there that still continues a Satisfaction to us, we still remain in earthly and finite Conveniencies. We cannot as we ought, conceive the Greatness of these high and divine Promises, if we could in any sort conceive them: To have a worthy Imagination of them, we must imagine them unimaginable, inexplicable, and incomprehensible, and absolutely another Thing than those of our miserable Experience. *Eye hath not seen, faith St. Paul, nor Ear heard, neither hath entred into the Heart of Man, the Things that God hath prepared for them that love him.* And if to render us capable, our being reform'd and chang'd (as thou *Plato* say'st in thy *Purifications*) it ought to be so extreme and total a Change, that by *Physical* Doctrine, it will be no more.

*Hector erat tunc cum bello certabat, at ille  
Tractus ab Aemonio non erat Hector equo\*.*

He *Hector* was, whilst he could fight, but when  
Dragg'd by *Achilles* Steeds, no *Hector* then.

\* *Ovid, Trist. l. 3. El. 11.*

It must be something else that must receive these Recompences.

— *Quod mutatur, dissolvitur, interit ergo ;  
Trajiciuntur enim partes atque ordine migrant* \*.

What's chang'd dissolv'd is, and doth therefore die,  
For Parts are mixt, and from their Order fly.

For in *Pythagoras's Metempsychosis*, and the Change of Habitation that he imagin'd in Souls, can we believe that the *Lion*, in whom the Soul of *Cæsar* is inclos'd, does espouse *Cæsar's* Passions, or that the *Lion* is he? For if it was still *Cæsar*, they would be in the right, who, controverting this Opinion with *Plato*, reproach him, that the Son might be seen to ride his Mother transform'd into a *Mule*, and the like Absurdities. And can we believe, that in the Mutations that are made of the Bodies of Animals into others of the same Kind, that the new Comers are not other than their Predecessors? From the Ashes of a *Phoenix*, a *Worm*, they say, is engendred, and from that another *Phoenix*; who can imagine that this second *Phoenix* is no other than the first? We see our *Silk-worms*, as it were, die and wither; and from this wither'd Body, a *Butterfly* is produc'd, and from that, another *Worm*; how ridiculous would it be to imagine that this were still the first? That which has once ceas'd to be, is no more:

*Nec si materiam nostram collegerit ætas  
Post obitum, rursusque redegerit, ut sita nunc est,  
Atque iterum nobis fuerint data lumina vitæ,  
Pertineat quidquam tamen ad nos id quoq; factum,  
Interrupta semel cum sit repententia nostra* †.

Neither tho' Time should gather and restore  
Our Matter to the Form it was before,  
And give again new Light to see withal,  
Would that new Figure us concern at all;  
Or we again ever the same be seen,  
Our Being having interrupted been.

And *Plato*, when thou say'st in another Place, *That it shall be the Spiritual Part of Man that will be concern'd in*

\* *Lucr. l. 1.*

† *Ibid.*

*the Fruition of the Recompence of another Life, thou tell-  
est us a Thing wherein there is as little Appearance of Truth.*

*Scilicet avolsis radicibus, ut neque ullam  
Despicere ipse oculus rem seorsim corpore toto\*.*

No more than Eyes once from their Opticks torn,  
Can ever after any Thing discern.

For by this Account, it would no more be Man, nor con-  
sequently us, who should be concern'd in this Enjoyment:  
For we are compos'd of two principally Essential Parts,  
the Separation of which is the Death and Ruin of our  
Being.

*Inter enim jacta est vitai pausa, vageque  
Deerrarunt passim motus ab sensibus omnes †.*

When Life's extinct, all Motions of Sense  
Are tak'n away, dispers'd and banish'd thence.

We cannot say, that the Man suffers much when the  
Worms feed upon his Members, and that the Earth con-  
sumes them:

*Et nihil hoc ad nos, qui coitu conjugioque  
Corporis atque animæ consistimus uniter apti ||.*

What's that to us, who longer feel no Pain,  
Than Body and Soul united do remain?

Moreover upon what Foundation of their Justice can the  
Gods take notice of, or reward Man after his Death for  
his good and virtuous Actions, since it was themselves that  
put them in the Way and Mind to do them? And why  
should they be offended at, or punish him for wicked ones,  
since themselves have created him in so frail a Condition,  
and when with one Glance of their Will, they might pre-  
vent him from falling? Might not *Epicurus* with great  
Colour of human Reason object that to *Plato*, did he not  
often save himself with this Sentence, *That it is impossible  
to establish any Thing certain of the immortal Nature by the  
Mortal? She does nothing but err throughout, but especially  
when she meddles with Divine Things.* Who does more  
evidently perceive this than we? For altho' we have given

\* *Lucr. l. 1.* † *Ibid.* || *Ibid.*

her certain and infallible Principles ; and tho' we have enlightened her Steps with the Sacred Lamp of Truth, that it has pleas'd *God* to communicate to us ; we daily see nevertheless, that if she swerve never so little from the ordinary Path ; and that she strays from, or wander out of the Way, set out and beaten by the *Church*, how soon she loses, confounds and fetters herself, tumbling and floating in this vast, turbulent and waving Sea of Human Opinions, without Restraint, and without any determinate End. So soon as she loses that great and common Road, she enters into a Labyrinth of a thousand several Paths. Man cannot be any thing but what he is, nor imagine beyond the Reach of his Capacity : 'Tis a greater *Presumption*, says *Plutarch*, in them who are but Men, to attempt to speak and discourse of the Gods and Demi-Gods, than it is in a Man, utterly ignorant of Musick, to judge of Singing ; or in a Man who never saw a Camp, to dispute about Arms and Martial Affairs, presuming by some light Conjecture to understand the Effects of an Art he is totally a Stranger to. Antiquity, I believe, thought to put a Compliment upon, and to add something to the Divine Grandeur, in assimilating it to Man, investing it with his Faculties, and adorning it with his ugly Humours, and more shameful Necessities : Offering it our *Aliments* to eat, presenting it with our *Dances*, *Masquerades* and *Farces* to divert it ; with our *Vestments* to cover it, and our *Houses* to inhabit, caressing it with the Odours of *Incense*, and the Sounds of *Musick*, *Festoons* and *Nosegays* : And to accommodate it to our vicious Passions, flattering its Justice with inhuman Vengeance, that is delighted with the Ruin and Dissipation of Things by it created and preserv'd : As *Tiberius Sempronius*, who burnt the rich Spoils and Arms he had gained from the Enemy in *Sardinia*, for a Sacrifice to *Vulcan* : And *Paulus Æmilius*, those of *Macedonia* to *Mars* and *Minerva* : And *Alexander* arriving at the *Indian Ocean*, threw several great Vessels of Gold into the Sea, in honour of *Thetes* ; and moreover loading her *Altars* with a Slaughter, not of innocent Beasts only, but of Men also ; as several Nations, and ours among the rest, were commonly used to do : And I believe there is no Nation under the Sun, that has not done the same.

— Sulmone

—*Sulmone creatos*

*Quatuor hic juvenes, totidem quos educat Ufens  
Viventes rapit, inferiis quos immolet umbris\*.*

At *Sulmo* born he took of young Men four ;  
Of those at *Ufens* bred, as many more ;  
Of these alive in most inhitman wise,  
To offer an infernal Sacrifice.

The *Getes* hold themselves to be immortal, and that their  
Zamolxis the Death is nothing but a Journey towards  
God of the *Zamolxis*. Once in five Years they dis-  
Getes. patch some one among them to him, to  
entreat of him such Necessaries as they  
stand in need of : Which *Envoy* is chosen by Lot, and  
the Form of his Dispatch, after having been instructed  
by Word of Mouth what he is to deliver, is, that of  
the Assultants, three hold out so many Javelins, against the  
which the rest throw his Body with all their Force. If it  
happen to be wounded in a mortal Part, and that he im-  
mediately dies, 'tis reported a certain Argument of Divine  
Favour ; but if he escapes, he is look'd upon as a wicked  
and execrable Wretch, and another is dismiss'd after the  
same manner, in his stead. *Amestris*, the Mo-  
Sacrifice of ther of *Xerxes*, being grown old, caus'd  
14 young at once fourteen young Men, of the best  
Men. Families of *Persia*, to be buried alive, ac-  
cording to the Religion of the Country, to gratify some  
infernal Deity. And even to this Day, the Idols of *Fe-  
mixtitian* are cemented with the Blood of little Children,  
and they delight in no Sacrifice but of these pure and in-  
fantine Souls ; a Justice thirsty of innocent Blood.

*Tantum Religio potuit suadere malorum †.*

Such impious Use was of Religion made,  
So many Ills and Mischiefs to persuade.

Carthaginian The *Carthaginians* immolated their own  
Children sa- Children to *Saturn* ; and who had none of  
crific'd to Sa- their own, bought of others, the Father and  
turn. Mother being in the mean time oblig'd to  
assist at the Ceremony with a gay and

\* *Aeneid* l. 10.

† *Lucretius* l. 1.

contented Countenance. It was a strange Fancy, to gratify the Divine Bounty with our Affliction; like the *Lacedæmonians*, who regal'd their *Diana* with the tormenting of young Boys, which they caus'd to be whipp'd for her Sake very often to Death. It was a savage Humour, to think to gratify the *Architect* by the Subversion of his Building, and to think to take away the Punishment due to the Guilty, by punishing the Innocent: And that poor *Iphigenia*, at the Port of *Aulis*, should by her Death and being sacrific'd, acquit towards God the whole Army of the *Greeks*, from all the Crimes they had committed:

*Et casta incesse nubendi tempore in ipso  
Hosia concideret maculatu mæsta parentis\*.*

And that the Chaste should in her nuptial Band,  
Die by a most unnat'ral Father's Hand.

And that the two noble and generous Souls of the two *Decii*, the Father and the Son, to incline the Favour of the Gods to be propitious to the Affairs of *Rome*, should throw themselves headlong into the thickest of the Enemy. *Quæ fuit tanta Deorum iniquitas, ut placari populo Romano non possent, nisi tales viri occidissent †?* How great an Injustice in the Gods was that, that they could not be reconcil'd to the People of *Rome* unless such a Man perish'd? To which may be added, that it is not in the Criminal to cause himself to be scourg'd according to his own Measure, nor at his own Time; but that it purely belongs to the Judge, who considers nothing as Chastisements, but the Penalty that he appoints; and cannot call that Punishment, which proceeds from the Consent of him that suffers. The Divine Vengeance presupposes an absolute Dissent in us, both from its Justice and our own Penalty; and therefore it was a ridiculous Humour of *Polycrates*, the Tyrant of *Samos*, who, to interrupt the continued Course of his good Fortune, and to balance it, went and threw the dearest and most precious Jewel he had into the Sea; believing that by this voluntary and antedated Mishap, he brib'd and satisfied the Revolution and Vicissitude of Fortune; and she to delude his Folly, order'd it so, that the same Jewel came again

\* *Lucret. l. 1.*

† *Cicero de Nat. Deor. lib. 3.*

into



into his Hands, found in the Belly of a Fish. And then to what End are those Tearings and Demembrations of the *Corybantes*, the *Menades*, and in our Times of the *Mahometans*, who slash their Faces, Bosoms and Limbs, to gratify their *Prophet*: Seeing that the Offence lies in the Will, not in the Breast, Eyes, Genitals, in the Beauty, the Shoulders or the Throat? *Tantus est perturbatæ mentis, & sedibus suis pulsæ, furor, ut sic Dii placentur, quemadmodum ne homines quidem sæviunt* \*. So great is the Fury and Madness of Troubled Minds, when once displac'd from the Seat of Reason: As if the Gods should be pleas'd, with what even Men are not so mad as to approve. The Use of this natural Contexture has not only respect to us, but also to the Service of God and other Men. And its unjust, willing to wound or hurt it, as to kill ourselves upon any Pretence whatever. It seems to be great Cowardice and Treason to exercise Cruelty upon, and to destroy the Functions of the Body, that are stupid and servile, to spare the Soul the Solitude of governing them according to Reason. *Ubi iratos Deos timent, qui sic propitios haberi merentur. In regie libidinis voluptatem castrati sunt quidam, sed nemo sibi, ne vir esset, jubente Domino, manus intulit.* Where are they so afraid of the Anger of the Gods, as to merit their Favour at that Rate? Some indeed have been made Eunuchs for the Lust of Princes: But no Man at his Masters Command, has put his own Hand to unman himself: So did they fill their Religion with several ill Effects.

————— *Sæpius olim*

*Religio peperit scelerosa, atque impia facta †.*

————— In elder Times

Religion did commit notorious Crimes.

Now nothing of ours can in any sort be compar'd, or liken'd unto the Divine Nature, which will not blemish and smut it with much Imperfection. How can that infinite Beauty, Power and Bounty, admit of any Correspondence, or Similitude, to such abject Things as we are, without extreme Wrong, and manifest Dishonour to his

\* *Div. Aug. de Civitat. Dei, lib. 6. cap. 10.*

† *Lucr. l. 1.*

Divine Greatness? *Infirmum Dei fortius est hominibus: Et stultum Dei sapientius est hominibus.* For the Foolishness of God is wiser than Men, and the Weakness of God is stronger than Men\*. Stilpo, the Philosopher, being ask'd, Whether the Gods were delighted with our Adorations and Sacrifices? You are indiscreet, answer'd he, let us withdraw apart if you talk of such Things. Nevertheless we prescribe him Bounds, we keep his Power besieg'd by our Reasons (I call not our Ravings and Dreams Reason, with the Dispensation of Philosophy, which says, That the wicked Man, and even the Fool, go Mad by Reason; but by a particular Form of Reason) we will subject him to the feeble Appearances of our Understandings; him, who has made both us and our Knowledge. Because that nothing is made of nothing, God therefore could not make the World without Matter. What, has God put into our Hands the Keys and most secret Springs of his Providence? Is he oblig'd not to exceed the Limits of our Knowledge? Put the Case, O Man, that thou hast been able here to mark some Foot-steps of his Effects: Dost thou therefore think that he has employ'd all he can, and has crowded all his Forms and Ideas in this Work? Thou seest nothing but the Order and Revolution of this little Vault, under which thou art lodg'd, if thou dost see so much: Whereas his Divinity has an infinite Jurisdiction beyond: This Part is nothing in Comparison of the Whole.

—omnia cum caelo, terraque marique  
Nil sunt ad summam summam totius omnem †.

All Things, both Heaven, Earth, and Sea, do fall Short in the Account with the great All of All.

'Tis a municipal Law that thou alledgest, *thou know'st not what is universal.* Tie thyself to that to which thou art subject, but not him; he is not of thy Brotherhood, thy Fellow-Citizen, or Companion: If he has in some sort communicated himself unto thee, 'tis not to debase himself unto thy Littleness, nor to make thee Comptroller of his Power. A human Body cannot fly to the Clouds: 'Tis for thee, the Sun runs every Day his ordinary Course: The Bounds of the Sea and the Earth cannot be confound-

\* 1 Cor. i. 25.

† Lucr. l. 6.

ed: The Water is unstable and without Firmness: A Wall, unless it be broken, is impenetrable to a solid Body: A Man cannot preserve his Life in the Flames; he cannot be both in Heaven and upon Earth, and corporally in a Thousand Places at once. 'Tis for thee, that he has made these Rules; 'tis thee that they concern. He has manifested to Christians, that he has enfranchis'd them all when it pleased him. And in Truth, why, Almighty as he is, should he have limited his Power within any certain Bounds? In favour of whom should he have renounc'd his Privilege? Thy *Reason* has in no other thing more of Likelihood and Foundation, than in that wherein it persuades thee that there is a Plurality of Worlds.

*Terramque & solem, lunam, mare, cæteraque sunt,  
Non esse unica, sed numero magis innumerabili* \*.

That Earth, Sun, Moon, Sea, and the rest that are,  
Not single, but innumerable were.

The most eminent Wits of elder Times believ'd it; and some of this Age of ours, compell'd by the Appearances of human Reason, do the same: Forasmuch as in this Fabrick, that we behold, there is nothing single and one,

—————*cum in summa res nulla sit una,  
Unica quæ gignatur: Et unica solaque crescat* †.

Since nothing's single in this mighty Mass,  
That can alone beget, alone increase.

And that all the Kinds are multiply'd in some Number: By which it seems not to be likely, that God should have made this Work only without a Companion: And that the Matter of this Form should have been totally drain'd in this sole Individual.

*Quare etiam, atque etiam tales fateare necesse est,  
Esse alios alibi congressus materiai,  
Qualis hic est avido complexu quem tenit æther* †.

Wherefore 'tis necessary to confess,  
That there must elsewhere be the like Congress  
Of the like Matter, which the airy Space  
Contains and holds with a most strict Embrace.

\* *Lucr. l. 2.*

† *Ibid.*

‡ *Ibid.*  
Especially

Especially if it be a living Creature, which its Motions render so credible, that *Plato* affirms it, and that many of our People do either confirm, or dare not deny: No more than that ancient Opinion, that the Heavens, the Stars, and other Members of the World, are Creatures compos'd of Body and Soul: *Mortal* in respect of their Composition, but *Immortal* by the Determination of the Creator. Now if there be many Worlds, as *Democritus*, *Epicurus*, and almost all Philosophy has believ'd, what do we know but that the Principles and Rules of this of ours, may in like manner concern the rest? They may peradventure have another Form, and another Polity. *Epicurus* supposes them either like or unlike. We see in this World an infinite Difference and Variety, only by Distance of Places. Neither the Corn, Wine, nor any of our Animals are to be seen in that new Corner of the World discover'd by our Fathers, 'tis all there another thing. And in times past, do but consider in how many Parts of the World they had no Knowledge either of *Bacchus* or *Ceres*. If *Pliny* and *Herodotus* are to be believ'd, there are in certain Places a kind of Men very little resembling us. And there are mungrel and ambiguous Forms, betwixt the human and brutal Natures. There are Countries, where Men are born without Heads, having their Mouth and Eyes in their Breast: Where they are all *Hermaphrodites*; where they they go on all four; where they have but one Eye in the Forehead, and a Head more like a Dog than one of us: Where they are half Fish, the lower Part, and live in the Water: Where the Women bear at five Years old, and live but eight: Where the Head and Skin of the Forehead is so hard, that a Sword will not touch it, but rebounds again: Where Men have no Beards: Nations that know not the Use of Fire, and others that eject Seed of a black Colour. What shall we say of those that naturally change themselves into Wolves, Colts, and then into Men again? And if it be true as *Plutarch* says, that in some Place of the *Indies*, there are Men without Mouths, who nourish themselves with the Smell of certain Odours, how many of our Descriptions are False? He is no more risible, nor perhaps, capable of Reason and Society. The Disposition and Cause of our internal Composition would then for the most Part be to no purpose, nor of no use; moreover,

moreover, how many things are there in our own Knowledge, that oppose those fine Rules we have cut out for, and prescribe to *Nature*? And yet we must undertake to circumscribe God himself! How many things do we call miraculous and contrary to *Nature*? This is done by every Nation, and by every Man, according to the Proportion of his Ignorance. How many occult Properties and Quintessences do we daily discover? For, for us to go according to *Nature*, is no more but to go according to our Understanding, as far as that is able to follow, and as far as we are able to see into it: All beyond that must be monstrous and irregular. Now by this Account, all things shall be monstrous to the wisest and most understanding Men; for human Reason has persuaded them, that there was no manner of Ground or Foundation, not so much as to be assured that Snow is White; And *Anaxagoras* affirm'd it to be Black: If there be any thing, or if there be nothing: If there be Knowledge or Ignorance: Which *Metrodorus Chius* deny'd that Man was able to determine: Or whether we live, as *Euripides* doubts, whether the Life we live is Life, or whether that we call Death be not Life:

*Who knows if Life been't that which we call Death,  
And Death the thing that we call Life.*

And not without some Appearance. For why do we from this Instant derive the Title of Being, which is but a Flash in the infinite Course of an eternal Night, and so short an Interruption of our perpetual and natural Condition? Death possessing all that pass'd before, and all the future of this Moment, and also a good Part of the Moment itself. Others

*Motion of* swear there is no Motion at all, as the Followers of *Melissus*, and that nothing stir.  
*things below* For if there be but one, neither can that  
*deny'd.* Spherical Motion be of any use to him, nor

Motion from one Place to another, as *Plato* proves, That there is neither Generation nor Corruption in *Nature*. *Protagoras* says, That there is nothing in *Nature* but Doubt: That a Man may equally dispute of all Things; and even of this, whether a Man can equally dispute of all Things: *Mani-phanes*, that of things which seem to be, nothing is more than it is not. That there is nothing certain, but Incertainty. *Parmenides*, that of that which seems, there is no one thing

in general. That there is but one thing. Zeno, that one same is not; and that there is nothing. If there were one thing, it would either be in another, or in itself. If it be in another, they are two: If it be in itself they are yet two; the comprehending, and the comprehended. According to these Doctrines, the Nature of Things is no other than a Shadow, either false or vain. This way of speaking in a Christian Man, has even seem'd to me very indiscreet and irreverent. God cannot die; God cannot contradict himself: God cannot do this or that. I do not like to have the Divine Power so limited by the Laws of Men's Mouths. And the Appearance which presents itself to us in those Propositions, ought to be more religiously and reverently express'd. Our speaking has it's Failings and Defects, as well as all the rest. Grammar is that which creates most Disturbance in the World. Our Suits only spring from the Debate of the Interpretation of Laws: And most Wars proceed from the Inability of Ministers, clearly to express the Conventions and Treaties of Amity of Princes. How many Quarrels, and of how great Importance, has the doubt of the Meaning of this Syllable *Hoc* created in the World? Let us take the clearest Conclusion that Logic itself presents us with. If you say, *It is fair*, and that you say true, *it is then fair Weather*. Is not this a very certain Form of speaking? And yet it will deceive us: that it will do so, let us follow the Example. If you say, *You lie*, and that you say true, *then you do lie*. The Art, the Reason, and Force of the Conclusion of this, are the same with the other, and yet we are gravell'd. The *Pyrrhonian* Philosophers, I discern, cannot express their general Conception in any kind of Speaking: For the World requires a new Language on purpose. Ours is all form'd of affirmative Propositions, which are totally antartick to them. Infomuch that when they say *I doubt*, they are presently taken by the Throat, to make them confess, that at least they know, and assur'd that they *do doubt*. By which means they have been compell'd to shelter themselves under this medicinal Comparison, without which their Humour would be inexplicable. When they pronounce, *I know not*: Or, *I doubt*; they say, that this Proposition carries of itself with the rest, no more, nor less than Rhubarb, that drives out the ill Humours, and carries itself off with them. This Fancy will be more certainly

certainly understood by Inrerrogation: *What do I know?* (as I bear it in the Emblem of a Balance.) See what use they make of this irreverent way of speaking. In the present Disputes about our Religion, if you press the Adversaries to it too hard they will roundly tell you, *that it is not in the Power of God to make it so, that his Body should be in Paradise and upon Earth, and in several Places at once.* And see what Advantage the old Scoffer made of this? At least, says he, *it is not little Consolation to Man, to see that God cannot do all things: For he cannot kill himself, tho' he would; which is the greatest Privilege we have in our Condition: He cannot make Mortals Immortal, nor revive the Dead: Nor make it so, that he who has lived, has not; nor that he who has had Honours, has not had them, having no other right to the past, than that of Oblivion.* And that the Comparifon of a Man to God may yet be made out by pleasant Examples, *he cannot order it so, he says, that twice ten shall not be twenty.* This is what he says, and what a Christian ought to take heed shall not escape his Lips. Whereas on the contrary, it seems as if all Men study'd this impudent kind of blasphemous Language, to reduce God to their own Measure.

—Cras vel atra

*Nube polum pater occupato,  
Vel sole puro, non tamen irritum  
Quodcumque retro est, efficiet: neque  
Distinget, infectumque reddet,  
Quod fugiens semel hora vexit\*.*

To morrow, let it Shine or Rain,  
Yet cannot this the past make vain:  
Nor uncreate and render void,  
That which was yesterday enjoy'd †.

When we say, *that the Infinity of Ages, as well past as to come, are but one Instant with God: That his Bounty, Wisdom and Power are the same with his Essence: Our Mouths speak it, but our Understandings apprehend it not.* And yet such is our vain Opinion of ourselves, that we must make the Divinity to pass through our Sieve: And from thence proceed all the Dreams and Errors with which the

\* *Hor. Car. l. 3. Od. 2.*

† *Sir Rich. Fanshawe.*  
Wald

World abounds, whilst we reduce and weigh in our Ballance a Thing so far above our Poize. *Mirum quo procedat improbitas cordis humani, parvulo aliquo invitata successu*\*. 'Tis a wonder to what the Wickedness of Man's Heart will proceed, if elevated with the least Success. How magisterially and insolently does *Epicurus* reprove the *Stoicks*, for maintaining that the truly good and happy Being appertain'd only to God, and that the wise Man had nothing but a Shadow and Resemblance of it? How temerariouly have they bound God by *Destiny* (a thing which by my consent, none that bears the Name of a Christian shall ever do again) and both *Thales*, *Plato*, and *Pythagoras*, have enslav'd him to *Necessity*. This Arrogancy of attempting to discover God with our Weak Eyes, has been the Cause that an eminent Person of our Nation, has added to the Divinity a corporal Form; and is the reason of what happens amongst us every Day, of attributing to God important Events, by a particular Assignment: Because they sway with us, they conclude that they also sway with him, and that he has a more intent and vigilant regard to them than to others of less Moment, or of ordinary Course. *Magna Dii curant, parva negligunt* †. The Gods are concern'd at great Matters, but slight the small. Observe his Example, he will clear this to you by his Reason: *Nec in regnis quidem Reges omnia curant*. Neither indeed do Kings in their Administration take notice of all the least Concerns. As if to that King of Kings it were more or less to subvert a Kingdom, or to move the Leaf of a Tree: Or as if his Providence acted after another manner in inclining the Event of a Battle, than in the Leap of a Flea. The Hand of his Government is laid upon every thing after the same manner, with the same Power and Order: Our Interest does nothing towards it; our Inclinations and Measures sway nothing with him. *Deus ita artifex magnus in magnis, ut minor non sit in parvis*. God is so great an Artificer in great Things, that he is no less in the least. Our Arrogancy sets this blasphemous Comparison ever before us. Because our Employments are a Burthen to us, *Strato* has courteously been pleas'd to exempt the Gods from all Offices, as their *Priests* are. He makes *Nature*

\* *Plin. Nat. Hist. l. 2.* † *Cicer. de Nat. Deor. lib. 3.*  
 Q 2 produce



produce and support all Things; and with her Weights and Motions make up the several Parts of the World; discharge human Nature from the Awe of Divine Judgments. *Quod beatum, æternumque sit, id nec habere negotii quicquam, nec exhibere alteri* \*. What is blessed and eternal, has neither any Business itself, nor gives any to another. Nature will that in like Things there should be a like Relation. The infinite Number of Mortals, therefore concludes a like Number of Immortals; the infinite Thing that kill and destroy, presupposes as many that preserve and profit. As the Souls of the Gods without Tongue, Eyes, or Ear, do every one of them feel amongst themselves what the other feel, and judge our Thoughts; so the Souls of Men, when at liberty and loosed from the Body, either by Sleep or some Extasy, divine, foretell and see Things, which whilst join'd to the Body they could not see. *Men* (says St. Paul) *professing themselves to be wise, they become Fools; and changed the Glory of the uncorruptible God, into an Image made like corruptible Man* †. Do but take notice of the Juggling in the ancient *Deifications*. After the great and stately Pomp of the Funeral, so soon as the Fire began to mount to the Top of the Pyramid, and to catch hold of the *Hearse* where the Body lay, they at the same time turn'd out an Eagle, which flying upward, signified that the Soul went into *Paradise*. We have yet a thousand Medals, and particularly of that virtuous *Fostina*, where this Eagle is represented carrying these deified Souls with their Heels upwards towards *Heaven*. 'Tis pity that we should fool ourselves with our own Fopperies and Inventions,

*Quod fixere timent* ‡.

Like Children who are frightened with the same Face of their Play-fellow, that they themselves had smear'd and smuttled. *Quasi quicquam infelicius sit homine, cui sua figment a dominantur*. As if any thing could be more unhappy than Man, who is insulted over by his own Imagination. 'Tis far from honouring him who made us, to honour him that we have made. *Augustus* had more Temples than *Jupiter*, serv'd

\* *Cic. de Nat. Deor. lib. 1.*

† *Rom. i. 22, 23.*

‡ *Lucan. l. 1.*

with as much Religion and Belief of Miracles: The Thracians, in return of the Benefits they had receiv'd from *Ageflaus*, coming to bring him word, that they had Canoniz'd him: *Has your Nation*, said he to them, *that Power to make Gods of whom they please? Pray first deify some one amongst yourselves, and when I shall see what Advantage he has by it, I will thank you for your Offer.* Man is certainly stark Mad; he cannot make a Flea, and yet he will be making Gods by Dozens. Hear what *Trismegistus* says in praise of our Sufficiency: *Of all the wonderful Things, it surmounts all Wonder, that Man could find out the Divine Nature and make it.* And take here the Arguments of the School of Philosophy itself.

*Nosse cui Divos, & cæci numina, soli  
Aut soli nescire datum\*.*

To whom to know the Deities of Heav'n,  
Or know he knows them not, alone 'tis given.

*If there is a God, he is a living Creature; if he be a living Creature he has some Sense; and if he has Sense, he is subject to Corruption. If he be without a Body, he is without a Soul, and consequently without Action: And if he has a Body, it is perishable. Is not here a Triumph? we are incapable of having made the World; there must then be some more excellent Nature that has put a Hand to the Work. It were a foolish and ridiculous Arrogance, to esteem ourselves the most perfect Thing of the Universe. There must then be something that is better and more perfect, and that must be God. When you see a stately and stupendious Edifice, tho' you do not know who is the Owner of it, you would yet conclude, it was not built for Rats. And this Divine Structure that we behold of the Cœlestial Palace, have we not reason to believe that it is the Residence of some Possessor, who is much greater than we; is not the most Supream always the most Worthy? And we are subjected to him. Nothing without a Soul, and without Reason, can produce a living Creature capable of Reason. The World produces us, the World then has Soul and Reason. Every Part of us is less than we. We are Part of*

*Heaven God's  
Palace.*

\* *Lucan. l. 1.*

the World, the World therefore is endued with Wisdom and Reason, and that more abundantly than we. 'Tis a fine Thing to have a great Government. The Government of the World then appertains to some happy Nature. The Stars do us no harm, they are then full of Bounty. We have need of Nourishment, then so have the Gods also and feed upon the Vapours of the Earth. Worldly Goods are not Goods to God; therefore they are not Goods to us; offending, and being offended, are equally Testimonies of Imbecility: 'Tis therefore Folly to fear God, God is good by his Nature; Man by his Industry, which is more. The Divine and human Wisdom have no other Distinction, but that the first is eternal. But Duration is no accession to Wisdom, therefore we are Companions. We have Life, Reason, and Liberty; we esteem Bounty, Charity, and Justice: These Qualities are in him. In Conclusion, the Building and Destroying, and the Conditions of the Divinity, are forg'd by Man according as they relate to himself. What a Pattern, and what a Model! let us stretch, let us raise and swell human Qualities as much as we please. Puff up thyself, vain Man, yet more and more, and more.

*Nec si te ruperis, inquit\*.*

Swell till thou bursts, said he,  
Thou shalt not match the Deity.

*Profecto non Deum, quem cogitare non possunt, sed semet ipsos pro illo cogitantes; non illum, sed seipsos, non illi, sed sese comparant. Certainly they do not imagine God, whom they cannot imagine; but they imagine themselves in his stead: They do not compare him, but themselves, not to him, but to themselves. In natural Things the Effects do but half relate to their Causes. What's this to the Purpose? His Condition is above the Order of Nature, too elevate, too remote, and too mighty to permit himself to be bound and fettered by our Conclusions. 'Tis not through ourselves that we arrive at that Place: Our Ways lie too low. We are no nearer Heaven on the Top of Mount Senia, than in the Bottom of the Sea: Take the Distance with*

\* *Hor. l. 2. Sat. 3.*

your *Astrolabe*. They debase God even to the carnal Knowledge of Women, to so many times, and so many Generations. *Paulina*, the Wife of *Saturninus*, a Matron of great Reputation at *Rome*, thinking she lay with the God *Serapis*, found herself in the Arms of an *Amoroso* of hers, through the Pandarism of the Priests of his Temple. *Varro*, the most subtile and most learn'd of all the *Latin* Authors, in his Book of *Theology* writes, That the Sexton of *Hercules's Temple*, throwing Dice with one Hand for himself, and with the other for *Hercules*; plaid after that manner with him for a Supper and a Whore: If he won, at the Expence of the Offerings; if he lost, at his own. The Sexton lost, and paid the Supper and the Whore: Her Name was *Laurentina*, who saw by Night this God in her Arms, who moreover told her, that the first she met the next Day, should give her a heavenly Reward: Which prov'd to be *Tarunicus*, a rich young Man, who took her home to his House, and in time left her his Inheritix. She on the other side, thinking to do a Thing that would be pleasing to the God, left the People of *Rome* Heirs to her; and therefore had divine Honours attributed to her. As if it had not been sufficient that *Plato* was originally descended from the Gods of a double Line, and that he had *Neptune* for the common Father of his Race, it was certainly believ'd at *Athens*, that *Aristo* having a Mind to enjoy the fair Perictione, could not, and was warn'd by the God *Apollo*, in a Dream, to leave her unpolluted and untouch'd till she should first be brought to Bed. These were the Father and Mother of *Plato*. How many ridiculous Stories are of like Cuckoldings, committed by the Gods against poor mortal Men? And how many Husbands injuriously scandall'd in favour of the Children? In the *Mahometan* Religion there are *Merlins* enough found by the Belief of the People, that is to say, Children without Fathers, spiritual, divinely conceiv'd in the Wombs of Virgins, and carry Names that signify so much in their Language. We are to observe, that to every Thing, nothing is more dear and estimable than its Being (the *Lion*, the *Eagle*, and the *Dolphin*, prize nothing above their own Kind) and that every Thing assimilates the Qualities of all other Things to its own proper Qualities, which we may indeed extend or contract, but that's all; for beyond that

Q 4

Relation

Relation and Principle our Imagination cannot go, can guess at nothing else, nor possibly go out thence, or stretch beyond it: From whence spring these ancient Conclusions. Of all Figures, the most beautiful is that of Man; therefore God must be of that Form. No one can be happy without Virtue, nor Virtue be without Reason, and Reason cannot inhabit any where but in a human Shape: God is therefore clothed in a human Figure. *Ita est informatum, anticipatumque mentibus nostris, ut homini, quum de Dea cogitet, forma occurrat humana* \*. It is so imprinted in our Minds, and the Fancy is so prepossess'd with it, that when a Man thinks of God, a human Figure ever presents itself to the Imagination. Therefore it was that Xenophanes pleasantly said, That if Beasts do frame any Gods to themselves, as 'tis likely they do, they make them certainly such as themselves are, and glorify themselves in it, as we do. For why may not a Goose say thus, All the Parts of the Universe I have an Interest in; the Earth serves me to walk upon; the Sun to light me; the Stars have their Influence upon me: I have such Advantage by the Winds, and such Conveniencies by the Waters: There is nothing that you heavenly Roof looks upon so favourable as me; I am the Darling of Nature? Is it not Man that treats, lodges and serves me? 'Tis for me that he both sows and grinds: If he eats me, he does the same by his Fellow-Men, and so do I the Worms that kill and devour him. As much might be said by a Crane, and with greater Confidence, upon the Account of the Liberty of his Flight, and the Possession of that high and beautiful Region. *Tam blanda conciliatrix, & tam sui est lena ipsa natura* †. So flattering and wheedling a Bawd is Nature to herself. Now by the same Consequence the Destinies are then for us; for us the World, it shines, it thunders for us, and the Creator and Creatures are all for us. 'Tis the Mark and Point to which the Universality of Things does aim. Look into the Records that Philosophy has kept for two thousand Years and more, of the Affairs of Heaven: The Gods all that while have neither acted nor spoken but for Man: She does not allow them any other Consultation or Vacation. See them here against us in War.

\* Cicero de Nat. Deor. lib. 1.

† Ibid.

— Domi.

Apology for Raimond de Sebonde. 233

—*Domitusque Herculea manu  
Tellurius juvenes, unde periculum  
Fulgens contremuit domus  
Saturnis veteris*—\*

The brawny Sons of Earth, subdu'd by Hand  
Of *Hercules* on the *Phlegræan* Strand ;  
Where the rude Shock did such a Rattle make,  
As made old *Saturn's* sparkling Palace shake.

And here you shall see them participate of our Troubles,  
to make a return for our having so often shared in theirs.

*Neptunus muros magnoque emota tridenti  
Fundamenta quatit, totamque à sedibus urbem  
Eruit ; hic Juno Scæas sævissima portas  
Prima tenet* — †.

Whilst *Neptune* with his massy Trident strake,  
He made the Walls of the Foundation shake,  
And the whole City from its Platform threw ;  
Here, to befriend the *Greeks*, fair *Juno* drew  
Into the *Scæan* Ports.

The *Caunians*, jealous of the Authority of their own peculiar *Gods*, arm themselves on the Days of their Devotion, and the whole Power of their Precincts run cutting and slashing the Air with their Swords, by that means to drive away and banish all *foreign Gods* out of their Territory. Their Powers are limited according to our Necessity. That cures Horses, that cures Men, that cures the Plague, the Scurf, the Phtisick ; one to cure one Sort of Itch, another another : *Adeoî menimis etiam rebus pava Religio insertit Deos* : At such a rate does false Religion create *Gods* for the most contemptible Uses : That makes the Grapes to grow, the Waters to flow. That has the Previdence over Lechery, Superintendency over Merchandise ; for every Sort of Artizan a *God* : That has his Province and Reputation in the East, and that has his in the West.

*Hic illius arma.* — *Hic currus fuit* †.

Here she her Arms, here she her Chariot had.

\* *Hor. l. 2. Ode 12.*  
† *Ibid. l. 1.*

† *Virg. Æneid. l. 2.*

O sancte

*O sancte Apollo, qui umbilicum certum terrarum obtinens:*\*

O sacred *Phæbus*, who with glorious Ray,  
Over the Navel of the Earth dost sway.

*Pallada Cecropidæ, Minoia Creta Dianam,  
Vulcanum tellus Hipsipylæa colit.*

*Junonem Sparte, Pelopeiadesque Mycenæ,  
Pinnigerum Fauni Mænalis ora caput,  
Mars Latio venerandus ——— †.*

Th' *Athenians Pallas*, *Cynthia Crete* adore,  
*Vulcan* is worship'd on the *Lemnian Shore*.  
Proud *Juno's* Altars are by *Spartans* fed,  
Th' *Arcadians* worship *Faunus*; and 'tis said,  
That *Mars* at *Latium* is ador'd.

That has only one Town or one Family in his Possession:  
That lives alone or in Company, either voluntary or upon  
necessity.

*Junctaque sunt magno templa nepotis avo. ‡*

And Temples to the Nephew joined are,  
To those were rear'd to the Great-Grandfather.

There are some so wretched and mean (for the Number  
amounts to Six and thirty thousand) that they must pack  
five or six together, to produce one Ear of Corn, and  
thence take their several Names. Three to a Door: That  
of the Plank, that of the Hinge, and that of the Thre-  
shold. Four to a Child: Protectors of his Swathing-Cloths,  
his Drink, Meat, and Sucking. Some certain, some un-  
certain and doubtful, and some that are not yet enter'd  
Paradise.

*Quos, quoniam Cæli nondum dignamur honore,  
Quas dedimus certe terras habitare sinamus.*

Whom, since we yet not worthy think of Heaven,  
We suffer to inhabit the Earth we've given.

There are amongst them Physicians, Poets, and Civilians  
Some mean ones, betwixt the Divine and human Nature,  
Mediators betwixt God and us, ador'd with a certain fe-

\* *Cicer. de Divin. l. 2.*

‡ *Ibid. l. 1.*

† *Ovid. Fast. lib. 3.*

cond and diminutive Sort of Adoration: Those are infinite in Titles and Offices: Some good, and others ill; some old and decipit, and some that are mortal. For *Chryſippus* was of Opinion, that in the laſt Conflagration of the World, all the Gods were to die but *Jupiter*: And makes a thouſand pretty Societies betwixt God and him. Is he not his Countryman?

*Jovis incunabula Creten* \*.

And this is the Excuse, that upon Consideration of this Subject, *Scævola*, a High Priest, and *Varro* a great Divine in their Times, make us: *That it is necessary that the People should be ignorant of many Things that are true, and believe many Things that are false. Quam veritatem, qua liberetur, inquirat: Credatur ei expedire, quod fallitur* †. Seeing he inquires into the Truth, by which he would be made free, 'tis fit he should be deceiv'd. Human Eyes cannot perceive things, but by the Forms they know. And we do not remember what a Leap miserable *Phaeton* took, for attempting to guide his Father's Horses with a mortal Hand. The Mind of Man falls into as great a Depth, and is after the same Manner bruis'd and shatter'd by his own Rashness. If you ask Philosophy of what Matter the Sun is? What Answer will she return, if not, that it is Iron and Stone, or some other Matter that she makes use of? If a Man require of *Zeno*, what Nature is? *A Fire*, says he, an Artisan proper for Generation, and regularly proceeding. *Archimedes*, Master of that Science, which attributes to itself the Precedency before all others, for Truth and Certainty; the *Sun*, says he, is a God of red-hot Iron. Was not this a fine Imagination, extracted from the inevitable Necessity of Geometrical Demonstrations? Yet not so inevitable and useful, but that *Socrates* thought it was enough to know so much of Geometry only, as to measure the Land a Man bought or sold; and that *Polyænus*, who had been a great and famous Master in it, despised it, as full of Falſity and manifest Vanity, after he once tasted the delicate Fruits of the Garden of *Epicurus*. *Socrates*

*Geometry how far useful.*

\* *Ovid Met. lib. 8.* † *Aug. de Civit. Dei. l. 4. cap. 27.*  
in



in *Xenophon*, concerning this Affair, says of *Anaxagoras*, reputed by Antiquity learn'd above all others in Cœlestial and Divine Matters, *That he had crack'd his Brain, as all other Men do, who too immoderately search into Knowledges, which nothing belong to them.* When he made the *Sun* to be a burning Stone, he did not consider, that a Stone does not shine in the Fire; and which is worse, that it will there Consume. And in making the *Sun* and *Fire* one, that *Fire* does not turn the Complexions Black in shining upon them: That we are able to look fixtly upon *Fire*: And that *Fire* kills Herbs and Plants. 'Tis *Socrates*'s Opinion, and mine too, *That it is the best Judgment of Heaven, not to judge of it at all.* *Plato*, having Occasion in his *Timæus* to speak of the *Dæmons*: *This Undertaking,* says he, *exceeds my Ability.* We are therefore to believe those Ancients, who have pretended to have been Begotten by them. 'Tis against all Reason to refuse a Man's Faith to the Children of the Gods, tho' what they say should not be prov'd by any necessary or very probable Reasons; seeing they engage to speak of domestick and familiar Things. Let us see if we have a little more Light in the Knowledge of human and natural Things. Is it not a ridiculous Attempt, for us to forge for those, to whom, by our own Confession, our Knowledge is not able to attain, another Body, and to lend a false Form of our own Invention: As is manifest in this Motion of the Planets; to which seeing our Wits cannot possibly arrive, nor conceive their natural Conduct, we lend them material, heavy, and substantial Springs of our own, by which to move?

————— *Temo aureus, aurea summa  
Curvatura rotæ, radiorum argenteus ordo* \*.

A golden Beam, Wheels tir'd with golden Strokes,  
About the Ring with sets of Silver Spokes.

You would say that we had had Coach-makers, Wheelwrights, and Painters, that went up on high to make Engines of various Motions, and to range the Carriages and Interlacings of the heavenly Bodies of differing Colours about the Axis of Necessity, according to *Plato*.

\* *Ovid. Met. lib. 2.*

*Mundus domus est maxima rerum,  
Quam quinque altionæ fragimine Zonæ  
Cingunt, per quam limbus bis sex signis  
Stellimicantibus, altus in obliquo æthere, lunæ  
Bigas acceptat ———\**

The World's a Mansion that doth all Things hold,  
Which thundering Zones, in Number five enfold,  
Thro' which a Girdle painted with twelve Signs,  
And that with sparkling Constellations shines,  
In th' oblique Roof marks the Diurnal Course,  
For the Sun's Chariot, and his fiery Horfe.

These are all Dreams and fantastick Follies. Why will not *Nature* please once for all to lay open her Bosom to us, and plainly discover to us the Means and Conduct of her Movements, and prepare our Eyes to see them? Good God, what Abuse, what Mistakes should we discover in our poor Science! I am mistaken, if that weak Knowledge of ours holds any one thing, as it really is, and I shall depart hence more Ignorant of all other things than my own Ignorance. Have I not read in *Plato* this Divine Saying, That, *Nature is nothing but an ænigmatick Poesy!* As if a Man might perhaps say, a veil'd and shady Picture, breaking out here and there with an infinite Variety of false Lights to puzzle our Conjectures. *Latent ista omnia crassis occultata & circumfuta tenebris: Ut nulla acies humani ingenii tanta sit, quæ penetrare in Cælum, terram intrare possit †.* All those Things lye conceal'd and involv'd in so caliginous an Obscurity, that no Point of human Wit can be so sharp, as to pierce Heaven or penetrate the Earth. And certainly *Philosophy* is no other than a falsified *Poesy*. From whence do the ancient Writers extract their Authorities, but from the *Poets?* and the first of them were *Poets* themselves and writ accordingly. *Plato* is but a *Poet* unript. All super-human Sciences make use of the *Poetick* Stile. Just as Women make use of Teeth of Ivory, where the Natural are wanting, and instead of their true Complexion, make one of some artificial Matter; as they stuff themselves with Cotton to appear plump, and in the sight of

\* *Vârro in Catal.*

† *Cicero in Acad.*

every

every one, do paint, patch, and trick up themselves with an adulterate and borrow'd Beauty: So does Science (and even our *Law* itself has, they say, Legitimate Fictions, whereon it builds the Truth of its *Justice*) she gives us in Presupposition, and for the current Pay, Things which themselves inform us were invented: For these *Epicycles*, *Excentricks* and *Concentricks*, which *Astrology* makes use of to carry on the Motions of the Stars, she gives us for the best she could contrive upon that Subject; as also in all the rest, *Philosophy* presents us, not that which really is, or what she does really believe, but what she has contriv'd with the greatest and most plausible likelihood of Truth, and the quaintest Invention. *Plato*, upon the Discourse of the State of human Bodies, and those of Beasts, *I should know that what I have said is Truth*, says he, *had I the Confirmation of an Oracle: But this I will affirm, that, what I have said, is the most likely to be true of any Thing I could say.* 'Tis not to Heaven only that Art sends her Ropes, Engines, and Wheels; let us consider a little what she says of us ourselves, and of our Contexture. There is not more Retrogradation, Trepidation, Accession, Recession, and Astonishment in the Stars and Cœlestial Bodies, than they have found out in this poor little human Body. In earnest, they have good Reason upon that very Account, to call it a *little World*, so many Tools and Parts have they employ'd to erect and build it. To assist the Motions they see in Man, and the various Functions that we find in ourselves, in how many Parts have they divided the Soul? In how many Places lodg'd it, into how many Orders have they divided, and to how many Stories have they rais'd this poor Creature *Man*, besides those that are natural, and to be perceiv'd? And how many Offices and Vocations have they assign'd him? They make an Imaginary of a Publick thing. 'Tis a Subject that they hold and handle: And they have full Power granted to them, to rip, place, displace, piece and stuff it, every one according to his own Fancy, and yet they possess it not. They cannot, not in reality only but even in Dreams, so govern it, that there will not be some Cadence or Sound that will escape their Architecture, as enormous as it is, and botch'd with a thousand false and fantastick Patches. And it is not Reason to excuse them; for tho' we are satisfy'd with *Painters*  
when

when they paint *Heaven, Earth, Seas, Mountains,* and remote *Islands,* that they give us but some flight Mark of, and, as of Things unknown, are content with a faint and obscure Description: Yet when they come to draw us by the Life, or any other Creature which is known and familiar to us, we then require of them a perfect and exact Representation of Lineaments and Colours, and despise them if they fail in it. I am very well pleas'd with the *Milesian Girl,* who observing the Philosopher *Thales* to be always contemplating the cœlestial Arch, and to have his Eyes still<sup>ly</sup> gazing upward, laid something in his Way that he might stumble at, to put him in mind, *That it would be time to take up his Thoughts about Things that are in the Clouds, when he had provided for those that were under his Feet.* Doubtless she advis'd him very well, *rather to look to himself than to gaze at Heaven.* For, as *Democritus* says, by the Mouth of *Cicero,* *Quod est apte pedes, nemo spectat: Cœli scrutantur plagas\*.* No Man regards what is under his Feet, they are always prying towards Heaven. But our Condition will have it so, that the Knowledge of what we have in hand is as remote from us, and as much above the Clouds, as that of the Stars: As *Socrates* says, in *Plato,* *That whoever tampers with Philosophy, may be reproach'd as Thales was by the Woman, that he sees nothing of that which is before him, For every Philosopher is ignorant of what his Neighbour does: Yes, and of what he does himself, and is ignorant of what they both are, whether Beasts or Men.* And these are the People who find *Sebonde's* Arguments too weak, that are ignorant of nothing, that govern the World, and that know all:

*Quæ mare compeſcant cauſæ, quid temperet annum,  
Stellæ ſponte ſua, juſſæve vagentur, & errent:  
Quid premat obſcurum Lunæ, quid proferat orbem,  
Quid velit, & poſſit rerum concordia diſcors †.*

What governs ſwelling Tides, what rules the Year?  
Whether of Force, or Will, the Planets err,  
What wax and wain to *Cynthia's* dark Orb brings,  
What the concurring Diſcord of all Things,  
Or would or can affect.

\* *Cicer. de Divin. l. 2.* † *Horat. l. 1. Epist. 2.*  
Have

Have they not sometimes in their Writings, scattered the Difficulties they have met with of knowing their own Being: We see very well that the Finger moves, that the Foot moves, that some Parts assume a voluntary Motion of themselves without our Leave and Consent, and that others work by our Direction; that one sort of Apprehension occasions Blushing; another, Paleness; such an Imagination works upon the Spleen only, another upon the Brain; one occasions Laughter, another Tears, another stupifies and astonishes all our Senses; at one Object the Stomach will rise, at another a Member that lies something lower. But how a Spiritual Impression should make such a Breach into a massy and solid Subject, and the Nature of the Connexion and Contexture of these admirable Springs and Movements never Man yet knew: *Omnia incerta ratione, & naturæ majestate abdita* \*. *All uncertain in Reason, and conceal'd in the Majesty of Nature, says Pliny.* And St. Austin, *Modus, quo corporibus adherunt Spiritus, communis, nec comprehendi ab homine potest: Et hoc ipse bonus est* †. *The manner whereby Souls adhere to Bodies, is altogether wonderful, and cannot be conceiv'd by Man, and yet this is Man.* And yet it is not so much as doubted: For the Opinions of Men are receiv'd according to the ancient Belief, by Authority and upon Trust, as if it were Religion and Law. 'Tis receiv'd as Gibberish which is commonly spoken; this Truth with all its clutter of Arguments and Proofs, is admitted as a firm and solid Body, that is no more to be shaken, no more to be judg'd of. On the contrary, every one according to the utmost of his Talent, corroborates and fortifies this received Belief with the utmost Power of his Reason, which is a supple Utensil, pliable, and to be accommodated to any Figure. And thus the World comes to be fill'd with Lies and Fopperies. The Reason that Men do not doubt of many Things, is, that they never examine common Expressions: They do not dig to the Root, where the Faults and Defects lie; they only debate upon the Branches: They do not examine whether such and such a Thing be true, but if it has been so, and so understood. It is not enquired into, whether

\* *Plin. l. 2. cap. 37.*† *St. Aug. de spir. & anim.*  
Galen

Galen has said any thing to purpose, but whether he has said so or so. In Truth it was very good reason, that this Curb to the Liberty of our Judgments, and that Tyranny over our Opinions, should be extended to the Schools, and Arts. The God of Scholastick Knowledge is *Aristotle*: 'Tis Irreligion to question any of his Decrees, as it was those of *Lycurgus* at *Sparta*: His Doctrine is a magisterial Law, which peradventure is as false as another. I do not know why I should not as willingly embrace either the Ideas of *Plato*, or the Atoms of *Epicurus*, or the *Plenum* or *Vacuum* of *Leucippus* and *Democritus*, or the Water of *Thales*, or the Infinity of Nature of *Anaximander*, or the Air of *Diogenes*, or the Members and Symmetry of *Pythagoras*, or the Infinity of *Parmenides*, or the One of *Musæus*, or the Water and Fire of *Apollodorus*, or the similar Parts of *Anaxagoras*, or the Discord and Friendship of *Empedocles*, or the Fire of *Heraclitus*, or any other Opinion (of that infinite Confusion of Opinions and Determinations, which this fine human Reason does produce by its Certitude and Clear-sightedness in every thing it meddles withal) as I should the Opinion of *Aristotle* upon this Subject of the Principles of natural Things; which Principles he builds of three Pieces, Matter, Form, and Privation. And what can be more vain, than to make Inanity itself the Cause of the Production of Things? Privation is a Negative: Of what Humour could he then make the Cause and Original of Things that are: And yet that were not to be controverted, but for the Exercise of *Logick*. There is nothing disputed neither to bring it into doubt, but to defend the Author of the School from foreign Objections: His Authority is the *non ultra*, beyond which it is not permitted to enquire. It is very easy upon approv'd Foundations to build whatever we please; for according to the Law and ordering of this Beginning, the other Parts of the Structure are easily carry'd on without any Failure. By this way we find our Reason well-grounded, and discourse at a Venture; for our Masters prepossess and gain before-hand as much room in our Belief, as is necessary towards concluding afterwards what they please: As *Geometricians* do by their granted Demands: The Consent and Approbation we allow them, giving them Power to draw us to the Right and Left, and to whirl us about at their own Pleasure.

Vol. II.

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Whatever

Whatever springs from these Presuppositions, is our Matter and our God: He will take the Level of his Foundations so ample and so easy, that by them he may mount us up to the Clouds, if he so please. In this Practice and Negotiation of Science, we have taken the Saying of *Pythagoras*, *That every expert Person ought to be believ'd in his own Art, for current Pay.* The *Logician* refers the Signification of Words to the *Grammarians*, the *Rhetorician* borrows the State of Arguments from the *Logician*, the *Poet* his Measure from the *Musician*, the *Geometrician* his Proportions from the *Arithmetician*, and the *Metaphysicians* take the Physical Conjectures from their Foundations. For every Science has its Principle presuppos'd, by which human Judgment is every where limited. If you come to rub against the Bar, where the principal Error lies, they have presently this Sentence in their Mouths, *That there is no disputing with Persons, who deny Principles.* Now Men can have no Principles, if not reveal'd to them by the Divinity, of all the rest the Beginning, the Middle, and the End, is nothing but Dream and Vapour. To those that contend upon Presupposition, we must on the contrary presuppose to them the same *Axiom* upon which the Dispute is. For every human Presupposition and Declaration has as much Authority one as another, if Reason do not make the Difference. Wherefore they are all to be put into the Balance, and first the Generals, and those that tyrannize over us. The Perswasion of Certainty, is a certain Testimony of Folly and extreme Incertainty; and they are not a more foolish Sort of Men, nor that are less Philosophers, than the *Philodoxes* of *Plato*. We must enquire whether Fire be hot? whether Snow be white? if there be any such Things as Hard or Soft. And as to their Answers of which they make old Stories, as he that doubt-ed if there were any such Thing as Heat, whom they bid throw himself into the Fire; and he that deny'd the Coldness of Ice, whom they bid to put a Cast of Ice into his Bosom, they are pitiful Things unworthy of, and much below the Profession of *Philosophy*. If they had let us alone in our Natural Being, to receive the Appearance of Things without us, according as they present themselves to us by our Senses; and had permitted us to follow our own natural Appetites, and be govern'd by the Condition

our Birth, they might then have reason to talk at that Rate ; but 'tis from them, that we have learned to make ourselves Judges of the World ; 'Tis from them that we derive this Fancy, that *human Reason is Controuler-General of all that is without and within the Roof of Heaven, that comprehends every Thing, that can do every Thing* : By the means of which, every Thing is known and understood. This Answer would be good among *Cannibals*, who enjoy the Happiness of a long, quiet and peaceable Life without *Aristotle's* Precepts, and without the Knowledge of the Name of *Physicks*. This Answer would perhaps be of more Value and greater Force than all those they borrow from their Reason and Invention. Of this, all Animals, and all, where the Power of the Law of Nature is yet pure and simple, but those they have renounc'd, would be as capable as we. They need not tell us it is true, for we see and feel if it be so : They must tell me whether I really feel what I think I do ; and if I do feel it, they must then tell me why I feel it, and how, and what : Let them tell me the Name, Original, the Parts and Junctures of Heat and Cold, the Qualities of the *Agent* and *Patient* : Or let them give up their Profession, which is not to admit or approve of any Thing, but by the Way of Reason, that is their *Test* in all sorts of Essays. But certainly 'tis a *Test* full of Falsity, Error, Weakness and Defect. Which way can we better prove it, than by itself ? If we are not to believe her when speaking of herself, she can hardly be thought fit to judge of Exotick Things ; if she know any Thing, it must at least be her own Being and Abode. She is in the *Soul*, and either a Part or an Effect of it : For true and essential *Reason*, from which we by a false Colour borrow the Name, is lodg'd in the Bosom of the *Almighty*. There is her Habitation and Recess, and 'tis from thence that she imparts her Rays, when *God* is pleas'd to impart any Beam of it to Mankind ; as *Pallas* issued from her Father's Head, to communicate herself to the World. Now let us see what *Human Reason* tells us of herself, and of the Soul : Not of the Soul in general, of which almost all *Philosophy* makes the *Cœlestial* and first Bodies Participants ; nor of that which *Thales* attributed to Things, which themselves are reputed inanimate, drawn on so by



the Consideration of the *Load-stone*: But of that which appertains to us, and that we ought the best to know.

*Ignoratur enim quæ sit natura animæ,  
Nata sit, an contra nascentibus insinuetur,  
Et simul intereat nobiscum morte dirempta,  
An tenebras Orci vicet, vastasque lacunas,  
An pecudes alias divinitus insinuet se\*.*

For none the Nature of the Soul doth know,  
Whether that it be born with us, or no;  
Or be infus'd into us at our Birth,  
And dies with us when we return to Earth,  
Or does descend to these black Shades below,  
Or into other Animals does go.

*Crates and Diæarchus were of Opinion, that there was no Soul at all: But that the Body thus stirs by a natural Motion: Plato, that it was a Substance moving of itself: Thales, a Nature without Repose: Asclepiades, an exercising of the Senses: Hesiod and Anaximander, a Thing compos'd of Earth and Water: Parmenides, of Earth and Fire: Empedocles of Blood:*

*Sanguineum vomit ille animam †.*

He vomits up his bloody Soul.

*Posidonius, Cleanthes and Galen, that it was Heat or a hot Complexion:*

*Igneus est ollis vigor, & cælestis origo †.*

Their Vigour is of Fire, and does prove  
Itself descended from the Gods above.

*Hippocrates, a Spirit diffus'd all over the Body: Varro, that it was an Air receiv'd at the Mouth, heated in the Lungs, moistned in the Heart, and diffus'd throughout the whole Body: Zeno, the Quintessence of the four Elements: Heraclitus Ponticus, that it was the Light: Zenoocrates and the Ægyptians, a Mobile Number: The Chaldeans, a Virtue without any determinate Form.*

*Habitu quendam vitalem corporis esse,  
Harmoniam Græci quam dicunt ||.*

\* *Lucr. l. 1.*

† *Æneid. lib. 9.*

|| *Lucr. lib. 6.*

‡ *Id.*

A *vid.*

A vital Habit in Man's Frame to be,  
Which by the Greeks is call'd a Harmony.

Let us not forget *Aristotle*, who held the Soul to be that which naturally causes the Body to move, which he calls *Eutelechia*, with as cold an Invention as any of the rest: For he neither speaks of the *Essence*, nor of the Original, nor of the Nature of the Soul, only takes notice of the Effect. *Lactantius*, *Seneca*, and most of the *Dogmatists*, have confessed, that it was a thing they did not understand. After all this Enumeration of Opinions: *Harum Sententiarum quæ vera sit, Deus aliquis viderit*, says *Cicero*\*: Of these Opinions, which is the true, let some God determine. I know by myself, says *St. Bernard*, how incomprehensible God is, seeing I cannot comprehend the Part of my own Being. *Heraclitus*, who was of Opinion, that every Place was full of Souls and Demons, did nevertheless maintain, that no one could advance so far towards the Knowledge of his Soul, as ever to arrive at it, so profound was the *Essence* of it. Neither is there less Controversy and Debate about seating of it. *Hippocrates* and *Hierophilus* place it in *Ventricle of the Brain*: *Democritus* and *Aristotle* throughout the whole Body:

*Ut bona sæpe valetudo cum dicitur esse  
Corporis, & non est tamen hæc pars ulla valentis †.*

As when the Body's Health they do it call,  
When of a sound Man, that's no Part at all.

*Epicurus* in the *Stomach*:

*Hic exultat enim pavor, ac metus, hæc loca circum  
Lætitiæ mulcent ‡.*

For this the Seat of Horror is and Fear,  
And Joys in turn do likewise triumph here.

The *Stoicks*, about and within, the *Heart*: *Erasistratus*, adjoining the Membrane of the *Epicranion*: *Empedocles*, in the *Blood*; as also *Moses*, which was the Reason why he interdicted eating the Blood of Beasts, because the Soul is there seated. *Galen* thought, that every Part of the Body had its Soul: *Strato* has plac'd it betwixt the

\* *Cic. in Philof.*

† *Lucr. lib. 3.*  
R 3

‡ *Ibid.*  
*Eye-brows:*

*Eye-brows: Qua facie quidem sit animus, aut ubi habitare quærendum quidem est* \*: *What Figure the Soul is of, or what Part it inhabits, is not to be enquir'd into, says Cicero.* I very willingly deliver this Author to you in his own Words: For should I go about to alter Eloquence itself? Besides, it were but an easy Prize to steal the Matter of his Inventions. They are neither very frequent, nor of any great Weight, and sufficiently known. But the Reason why *Chrysippus* argues it to be about the *Heart*, as all the rest of that Sect do, is not to be omitted. *It is, says he, because when we would affirm any Thing, we lay our Hand upon our Breasts: and when we will pronounce eye,* which signifies I, *we let the lower Mandible fall towards the Stomach.* This Place ought not to be overslipt without a Remark upon the Vanity of so great a Man: For besides that these Considerations are infinitely light in themselves, the last is only a Proof to the *Greeks*, that they have their Souls lodg'd in that Part. No human Judgment is so sprightly and vigilant, that it does not sometimes sleep. Why should we be afraid to speak? We see the *Stoicks*, who are the Fathers of human Prudence, have found out that the Soul of a Man crushed under a Ruin, long labours and strives to get out, like a Mouse caught in a Trap, before it can disengage itself from the Burthen. Some hold that the World was made to give Bodies, by way of Punishment, to the Spirits fallen, by their own Fault, from the Purity wherein they had been created: The first *Creation* having been no other than incorporeal: And that according as they are more or less deprav'd from their Spirituality, so are they, more or less jocundly or dolorously incorporated. And that thence proceeds all the Varieties of so much created Matter. But the Spirit that for his Punishment was invested with the Body of the Sun, must certainly have a very rare and particular Measure of Thinking. The Extremities of our Perquisition do all fall into, and terminate in, Astonishment and Blindness. As *Plutarch* says of the Testimony of *Histories*; that, according to *Charts and Maps*, the utmost Bounds of known Countries are taken up with *Marshes, impenetrable Forests, Desarts*.

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\* *Cic. Tusc. l. 1.*

and uninhabitable Places. And this is the Reason why the most gross and childish Ravings were most found in those Authors who treat of the most elevated Subjects, and proceed the furthest in them: Losing themselves in their own Curiosity and Presumption. The beginning and end of Knowledge, are equally reputed foolish. Observe to what a Pitch *Plato* flies in his Poetick Clouds: Do but take notice there of the Gibberish of the *Gods*. But what did he dream of when he defin'd a Man to be a two-legg'd Animal without Feathers: Giving those who had a mind to deride him, a pleasant Occasion; For having pull'd a Capon alive, they call'd it the Man of *Plato*. And what did the *Epicureans* think of, out of what simplicity did they first imagine, that their *Atoms*, that they said were Bodies having some Weight, and a natural Motion downwards, had made the World: Till they were put in Mind by their Adversaries, that according to this Description, it was impossible they should unite and joyn to one another, their Fall being so direct and perpendicular, and making so many parallel Lines throughout? Wherefore there was a Necessity that they should since add a fortuitous and side-ways Motion, and that they should moreover accoutre their *Atoms* with hooked Tails, by which they might afterwards unite and cling to one another. And even then do not those that attack them upon this second Invention, put them hardly to it? If the *Atoms* have by chance form'd so many sorts of Figures, why did it never fall out that they made a House or a Shoe? Why at the same rate should we not believe, that an infinite Number of *Greek Letters*, strow'd all over a certain Place, might possibly fall into the Contexture of the *Iliad*? *Whatever is capable of Reason, says Zeno, is better than that which is not capable: There is nothing better than the World: The World is therefore capable of Reason.* *Cotta*, by this way of Argumentation, makes the World a *Mathematician*: And 'tis also made a *Musician* and an *Organist*, by this other Argumentation, of *Zeno*: *The Whole is more than a Part; We are capable of Wisdom, and are part of the World: Therefore the World is wise.* There are infinite like Examples, not only of Arguments that are false in themselves, but silly ones, that do not hold in themselves

The Atoms of the Epicureans, What?

selves, and that accuse their Authors not so much of Ignorance, as Impudence, in the Reproaches the Philosophers dash one another in the Teeth withal, upon their Dissensions in their Sects and Opinions. Whoever should bundle up a lusty Faggot of the Fooleries of human Wisdom, would produce Wonders. I willingly muster up these few for a Pattern, by a certain Meaning not less profitable, than the most moderate Instructions. Let us judge by these, what Opinion we are to have of Man, of his Sense and Reason; when in these great Persons that have raised human Knowledge so high, so many gross and manifest Errors and Mistakes are to be found. For my Part, I am apt to believe, that they have treated of Knowledge casually, and like a Toy, with both Hands; and have contended about Reason, as of a vain and frivolous Instrument, setting on Foot all sorts of Fancies and Inventions, sometimes more sinewy, and sometimes weaker. This same *Plato* who defines Man, as if he were a Cock, says elsewhere, after *Socrates*, *That he does not in Truth, know what Man is, and that he is a Member of the World the hardest to understand.* By this Variety and Instability of Opinions, they tacitly lead us, as it were, by the Hand to this Resolution of their Irresolution. They profess not always to deliver their Opinions bare-fac'd and apparent to us; they have one while disguis'd them in the fabulous Shadows of Poetry; and another in some other Vizard: For our Imperfection carries this also along with it, that crude Meats are not always proper for our Stomachs; they must dry, alter and mix them: They do the same: They oft conceal their real Opinions and Judgments, and falsify them to accommodate themselves to publick Custom: They will not make an open Profession of Ignorance, and of the Imbecility of human Reason, that they may not fright Children: But they sufficiently discover it to us under the Appearance of a troubled and inconstant Science. I advis'd a Person in *Italy*, who had a great Mind to speak *Italian*, that provided he only had a Desire to make himself understood, without being ambitious to excel, that he should only make use of the first Word that came to the Tongue's end, whether *Latin*, *French*, *Spanish*, or *Gascon* and that in adding the *Italian* Terminations, he could not fail of hitting upon some *Idiom* of the Country, either  
*Tuscan,*

Tuscan, Roman, Venetian, Piedmontois or Neapolitan, and to apply himself to some one of those many Forms. I say the same of *Philosophy*, she has so many Faces, so much Variety, and has said so many Things, that all our Dreams and Ravings are there to be found. Human Fancy can conceive nothing good or bad that is not there: *Nihil tam absurde dici potest, quod non dicatur ab aliquo Philosophorum*\*. Nothing can be so absurdly said, that has not been said before by some of the Philosophers. And I am the more willing to expose my Whimfies to the Publick; forasmuch as tho' they are spun out of myself, and without any Pattern, I know they will be found related to some ancient Humour, and some will not stick to say, *See whence he took it?* My Manners are natural, I have not call'd in the Assistance of any Discipline to erect them: But weak as they are, when it came into my Head to lay them open to the World's View, and that to expose them to the Light in a little more decent Garb, I went to adorn them with Reasons and Examples; it was a Wonder to myself, accidentally to find them conformable to so many Philosophical Discourses and Examples. I never knew what Regimen my Life was of, till after it was near worn out and spent. A new Figure: An unpremeditate and accidental *Philosopher*. But to return to the Soul, inasmuch as *Plato* has plac'd the Reason in the Brain, the Anger in the Heart, and the Concupiscence in the Liver; 'tis likely that it was rather an Interpretation of the Movements of the Soul, than that he intended a Division and Separation of it, as of a Body into several Members: And the most likely of their Opinion is, that 'tis always a Soul, that by its Faculty, reasons, remembers, comprehends, desires, and exercises all its other Operations by divers Instruments of the Body, as the *Pilot* guides his Ship according to his Experience, one while straining or slacking the Cordage, one while hoisting the Main-yard, or removing the Rudder, by one and the same Strength carrying on so many several Effects: And that it is lodg'd in the Brain, which appears in that the Wounds and Accidents that touch that Part, do immediately offend the Faculties of the Soul; and 'tis not incongruous, that

\* *Cicero de Divin. l. 1.*

it should thence diffuse itself into the other Parts of the Body :

*Cæli Phæbus iter, radijs tamen omnia lustrat* \*.

*Phæbus* ne'er deviates from the *Zodiack's* Way ;  
Yet all Things does illustrate with his Ray.

As the Sun sheds from Heaven's Light and Influence, and fills the World with them.

*Cætera pars animæ per totum diffusa corpus*

*Paret, & ad numen mentis, nomenque movetur* †.

The other Part o'th' Soul diffus'd all o'er

The Body, does obey the Reason's lore.

Some have said, that there was a General Soul, as it were a great Body, from whence all the particular Souls were extracted, and thither again return, always restoring itself to that universal Matter.

————— *Deum namque ire per omnes*

*Terrasque tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum :*

*Hinc pecudes, armenta, viros, genus omne ferarum :*

*Quemque sibi tennes nascentem arcessere vitas,*

*Scilicet hoc reddit deinde, ac resoluta referri*

*Omnia : Nec morti esse locum* ‡ :

————— For they suppose

That God through Earth, the Sea and Heaven goes.

Hence Men, Beasts, Reptiles, Insects, Fishes, Fowls

Take all their Issue to the Light, their Souls ;

And there again restore them when they die,

They being not subject to Mortality.

Others, that they only rejoin'd and re-united themselves to it ; others that they were produc'd from the Divine Substance : Others by the *Angels* of Fire and Air : Others that they were from all Antiquity ; and some that they were created at the very Article of Time the Bodies wanted them : Others make them to descend from the Orb of the Moon, and return thither. The generality of the Antients, that they were begot from Father to Son, after a

\* *Claud. in Paneg. de Consul Hon.*

‡ *Virg. Georg. lib. 4.*

† *Lucr. l. 3.*

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like Manner, and produc'd with all other natural Things ;  
raising their Argument from the Likeness of Children to  
their Fathers.

*Instillata patris virtus tibi,  
Fortes creantur fortibus, & bonis\*.*

Thou hast thy Father's Virtues with his Blood ;  
For the Brave still spring from the Brave and Good.

And that we see descend from Fathers to their Children,  
not only Bodily Marks, but moreover a Resemblance of  
Humours, Complexions and Inclinations of the Soul.

*Denique cur acrum violentia trisfe leonum  
Seminium sequitur, dolus vulpibus, & fuga cervis,  
A patribus datur, & patrius pavor incitat artus,  
Si non certa suo quia semine seminioque,  
Vis animi pariter crescit cum corpore toto †.*

For why should Rage from the fierce Lion's Seed,  
Or from the subtle Fox's Craft proceed,  
Or why the tim'rous and flying Hart  
His fear and trembling to his Race impart,  
But that a certain Force of Mind does grow,  
And still increases as the Bodies do ?

That thereupon the Divine Justice is grounded, punishing  
in the Children, the Faults of their Fathers : Forasmuch  
as the Contagion of paternal Vices is in some Sort im-  
printed in the Soul of Children, and that the ill Govern-  
ment of their Will extends to them. Moreover, that if  
Souls had any other Derivation than a natural Conse-  
quence, and that they had been some other Thing out of  
the Body, they would retain some Memory of their first  
Being, the natural Faculties that are proper to them of  
discourfing, reasoning, and remembring, consider'd.

*— Si in corpus nascentibus insinuat,ur,  
Cur superantes actam ætatem meminisse nequimus,  
Nec vestigia gestarum rerum ulla tenemus † ?*

For at our Birth if it infused be,  
Why do we then retain no Memory  
Of our foregoing Life, and why no more  
Remember any Thing we did before ?

\* *Hor. lib. 4. Ode 4.* † *Lucr. l. 3.* ‡ *Ibid.*  
For



For to make the Condition of our Souls such as we would have it to be, we must suppose them all-knowing, even in their natural Simplicity and Purity. By these Means they had been such, being free from the Prison of the Body, as well before they enter'd into it, as we hope they shall be after they are gone out of it. And from this Knowledge it should follow, that they should remember being got in the Body, as *Plato* said, *That what we learn is no other than a Remembrance of what we knew before*; a Thing which every one by Experience may maintain to be false. Forasmuch, in the first Place, as that we do not justly remember any Thing but what we have been taught: And that if the Memory did purely perform its Office, it would at least suggest to us something more than what we have learned. Secondly, That which she knew being in her Purity, was a true Knowledge, knowing Things as they are by her Divine Intelligence: Whereas here we make her receive Falseness and Vice, when we instruct her; wherein she cannot employ her Reminiscence, that Image and Conception having never been planted in her. To say, that the corporal Prison does in such sort suffocate her natural Faculties, that they are there utterly extinct, is first, contrary to this other Belief of acknowledging her Power to be so great, and the Operations of it that Men sensibly perceive in this Life so admirable, as to have thereby concluded this Divinity, and past Eternity, and the Immortality to come:

*Nam si tantopere est animi mutata potestas,  
Omnis & actarum exciderit retinentia rerum,  
Non ut opinor ea ab letho jam longior errat\*.*

For if the Mind be chang'd to that Degree,  
As of past Things to lose all Memory,  
So great a Change as that, I must confess,  
Appears to me than Death but little less.

Furthermore, 'tis here with us, and not elsewhere, that the Force and Effects of the Soul ought to be consider'd: All the rest of her Perfections are vain and useles to her; 'tis by her present Condition, that all her Immortality is to be

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\* *Lucr. l. 3.*

rewarded and paid, and of the Life of Man only that she is to render an Account: It had been Injustice to have stript her of her Means and Powers, and to have disfarm'd her, only from the Time of her Capacity and Imprisonment in the Flesh, of her Weakness and Infirmary, from the Time wherein she was forc'd and compell'd to extract an infinite and perpetual Sentence and Condemnation, and to insist upon the Consideration of so short a Time, peradventure but an Hour or two, or at the most but an Age (which have no more Proportion with Infinity, than an Instant) for this Momentary Interval to ordain, and definitively to determine of her whole Eternity. It were an unreasonable Disproportion to extract an eternal Recompence in Consequence of so short a Life. *Plato* to defend himself from this Inconvenience, will have *future Rewards limited to the Term of a hundred Years, relatively to human Duration*: And of us ourselves there are enow, who have given them temporal Limits. By this they judg'd that the *Generation of the Soul follow'd the common Condition of human Things*: As also her Life according to the Opinion of *Epicurus* and *Democritus*, which has been the most received, in consequence of these fine Appearances, that they saw it born, and that according as the Body grew more capable, they saw it increase in Vigour, as the other did; that its Feebleness in Infancy was very manifest, and in Time its better Strength and Maturity, and after that its Declension and Old Age, and at last its Decripitude:

— *Gigni pariter cum corpore, & una  
Crescere sentimus, pariterque senescere mentem* \*.

Souls with the Bodies to be born we may  
Discern, with them t'increase, with them decay.

They perceiv'd it to be capable of divers Passions, and agitated with several painful Motions, from whence it fell into a Lassitude and Uneasiness, capable of Alteration and Change, of Chearfulness and Stupidity, and Faintness, and subject to Diseases and Injuries, as the Stomach or the Foot:

\* *Lucret. l. 3.*

————— *Mentem sanari, corpus ut ægrum  
Cernimus, & flecti medicina posse videmus* \*.

Sick Minds, as well as Bodies, we do see,  
By Med'cines Virtue oft restor'd to be.

Dazzled and intoxicated with the Fumes of Wine; juttled  
from her Seat by the Vapours of a Burning Fever, laid  
asleep by the Application of some Medicaments, and rous'd  
awake by others.

————— *Corpoream naturam anima esse necesse est,  
Corporis quoniam tellis ictuque laborat* †.

There must be of Necessity, we find,  
A nature that's corporeal of the Mind,  
Because we evidently see it smarts,  
And wounded is with Shafts the Body darts,

They saw it in Astonishment, and such a one as overthrew  
all its Faculties, through the meer Contagion of a mad  
Dog, and in that Condition to have no Stability of Reason,  
no Sufficiency, no Virtue, no Philosophical Resolution,  
no Resistance that could exempt it from the subjection of  
Accidents: The Slaver of a Contemptible Curr, shed upon  
the Hand of *Socrates*, to shake all his Wisdom, and all  
his great and regular Imaginations, and so to annihilate  
them, as that there remain'd no Tracing or Footstep of  
his Former Knowledge:

————— *Vis animai  
Conturbatur — & ad-visa seorsum  
Disjectatur eodem illo distracta veneno* ‡.

The Power of the Soul's disturb'd, and when  
That once is but sequestred from her, then  
By the same Poyson 'tis dispers'd abroad.

And this Poyson to find no more Resistance in that great  
Soul, than in that of an Infant of four Years old: A  
Poyson sufficient to make all Philosophy, if it were in-  
carnate, to become furious and mad; insomuch that *Cato*,  
who ever disdain'd Death and Fortune, could not endure  
the sight of a Looking-glass, or of Water, confounded

\* *Lucr. l. 3.*

† *Ibid.*

‡ *Ibid.*

with

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with Horror and Affright at the Thought of falling by the Contagion of a mad Dog into the Disease call'd by Physicians, *Hydrophobia*.

——— *Vis morbi distracta per artus  
Turbat agens animam, spumantes aequore falso  
Ventorum ut validis fervescunt viribus undæ \**.

Throughout the Limbs diffus'd, the fierce Disease,  
Disturbs the Soul, as in the briny Seas,  
The foaming Waves to swell and boil we see,  
Stirr'd by the Winds Impetuosity.

Now as to this Particular, *Philosophy* has sufficiently arm'd Man to encounter all other Accidents either with Patience; or if the Search of that costs too dear, by an infallible Defeat, in totally depriving himself of all Sentiment: But these are Expedients, that are only of use to a Soul being itself, and in its full Power, capable of Reason and Deliberation: But not at all proper for this Inconvenience where even in a *Philosopher*, the Soul becomes the Soul of a Madman, troubled, overturn'd, and lost. Which many Occasions may produce, as a too vehement Agitation that any violent Passion of the Soul may beget in itself; or a Wound in a certain Part of the Person, or Vapours from the Stomach, any of which may stupify the Understanding and turn the Brain.

——— *Morbis in corporis avius errat  
Saepe animus, dementat enim deliraque fatur,  
Interdumque gravi lethargo fertur in altum  
Aeternumque soporem, oculis nutuque cadenti †*

For when the Body's sick, and ill at ease,  
The Mind does often share in the Disease;  
Wonders, grows wild, and raves, and sometimes by  
A heavy and a stupid Lethargy,  
Is overcome and cast into a deep,  
A most profound and everlasting Sleep.

The *Philosophers*, methinks, have not much touch'd this String, no more than another of the same Importance: They have this *Dilemma* continually in their Mouths to

\* *Lucr. l. 3.*

† *Ibid.*

consolate our mortal Condition: *The Soul is either mortal or immortal; if mortal, it will suffer no Pain; if immortal, it will change for the better, they never touch the other Branch; what if the change for the worse, and leave to the Poets the Menaces of future Torments. But thereby they make themselves a good Game. They are two Omissions that I often meet with in their Discourses: I return to the first: This Soul loses the use of the Sovereign Stoical Good, so constant and so firm. Our fine human Wisdom must here yield, and give up her Arms. As to the rest, they did also consider by the Vanity of human Reason, that the Mixture and Association of two so contrary Things as mortal and immortal, was unimaginable:*

*Quippe etenim mortale æterno jungere, & una  
Consentire putare, & fungi mutua posse,  
Dissipere est. Quid enim diversus esse putandum est,  
Aut magis inter se disjunctum, discrepitanisque,  
Quam mortale quod est, immortale atque perenni  
Junctum in concilio, sævas tolerare procellas?*

To join the Mortal then and the ætern  
And think they can agree in one Concern,  
Is Madness. For what Things more differing are  
Unlike betwixt themselves, and fit to jarr?  
How can it then be thought that these should bear,  
When thus conjoin'd, of Storms an equal Share?

Moreover, they perceiv'd the Soul tending towards Death, as well as the Body.

*Simul ævo fessu fatiscit\*.*

Which, according to *Zeno*, the Image of Sleep does sufficiently demonstrate to us. For he looks upon it as a fainting and Fall of the Soul, as well as of the Body. *Contrahi animum, & quasi labi putat, atque decidere †.* He thinks the Mind is transported, and that it slips and falls. And what they perceiv'd in some, that the Soul maintained its Force and Vigour to the last Gasp of Life, they attributed to the

\* *Lucr. l. 3.*

† *Cic. de Divin. l. 2.*

Variety of Diseases, as it is observable in Men at the last Extremity, that some retain one Sense, and some another, one the Hearing, and another the Smell, without any manner of Defects or Alteration; and that there is not so universal a Deprivation, that some Parts do not remain vigorous and entire:

*Non alio pacto quam si pes cum dolet ægri,  
In nullo caput interea sit forte dolore.*

As if a sick Man's Foot in Pain should be,  
And yet his Head perhaps from Dolors free.

The Sight of our Judgment is to Truth, the same that the Owl's Eyes are to the Sun, says *Aristotle*: By what can we better convince him, than by so gross Blindness in so apparent a Light? For the contrary Opinion of the Immortality of the Soul, which *Cicero* says, was first introduc'd (by the Testimony of the Authors at least) by *Pherecides Syrius* in the Time of King *Tullus*; (tho' others attribute it to *Thales*, and others to others) 'tis the part of human Science, that is treated of with the utmost Doubt, and the greatest Reservation. The most positive *Dogmatists*, are in this Point, principally to fly to the Refuge of the *Academy*. No one knows what *Aristotle* has established upon this Subject, no more than all the Ancients in general, who handle it with a wavering Belief: *Rem gratissimam promittentium magis quam probantium: A Thing more acceptable in the Promisers, than the Provers.* He conceals himself in Clouds of Words of difficult and unintelligible Sense, and has left to those of his Sect as great a Dispute about his Judgment, as the Matter itself. Two Things render this Opinion plausible to them: One, that without the Immortality of Souls, there would be nothing whereon to ground the vain Hopes of Glory, which is a Consideration of wonderful Repute in the World: The other, that it is a very profitable Impression, as *Plato* says, that Vices, when they escape the Discovery and Cognizance of human Justice, are still within the Reach of the Divine, which will pursue them even after the Death of the Guilty. Man is excessively solicitous to prolong his Being, and has to the utmost of his Power provided for it. Monuments are erected, and Embalming in use, for the Conservation of the Body, and Glory to preserve the Name. He has employ'd all

his Wit and Opinion to the rebuilding of himself (impatient of his Form) and to prop himself by his Inventions. The Soul, by reason of its Anxiety and Impotence, being unable to stand by itself, wanders up and down to seek out Consolations, Hopes, and Foundations, and alien Circumstances, to which she adheres and fixes. And how light or fantastick soever Invention delivers them to it, relies more willingly, and with greater Assurance upon them, than itself. But 'tis wonderful to observe, how short the most constant and obstinate Maintainers of this just and clear Persuasion of the Immortality of the Soul do fall, and how weak their Arguments are, when they go about to prove it by human Reason. *Somnia sunt non docentis sed optantis* \*. They are Dreams not of the Teacher, but Wisber, says one of the Antients. By which Testimony Man may know, that he owes the Truth he himself finds out to Fortune and Accident; since that even then, when it is fallen into his Hand, he has not wherewith to hold and maintain it, and that his Reason has not Force to make use of it. All Things produc'd by our own Meditation and Understanding, whether true or false, are subject to Incertitude and Controversy. 'Twas for the Chastisement of our Pride, and for the Instruction of our Misery and Incapacity, that God wrought the Perplexity and Confusion at the Tower of *Babel*. Whatever we undertake without his Assistance, whatever we see without the Lamp of his Grace, is but Vanity and Folly. We corrupt the very Essence of Truth, which is uniform and constant, by our Weakness, when Fortune puts it into our Possession. What Course soever Man takes of himself, God still permits it to come to the same Confusion, the Image whereof he so lively represents to us in the just Chastisement wherewith he crush'd *Nimrod's* Presumption, and frustrated the vain Attempt of his proud Structure. *Perdam sapientiam sapientum, & prudentiam prudentum reprobo* †. I will destroy the Wisdom of the Wise, and will bring to nothing the Understanding of the Prudent. The Diversity of Idioms and Languages with which he disturbs this Work, what are they other, than this infinite and perpetual Alteration and Discordance of Opinions and

\* *Cic. Acad. l. 4.*† *1 Col. i. 19.*  
Reasons.

Reasons, which accompany and confound the vain Building of human Wisdom? and 'tis to very good Effect, that they do so. For what would hold us if we had but the least Grain of Knowledge; this Saint has very much oblig'd me. *Ipsa utilitatis occultatio, aut humilitatis exercitatio est, aut elationis attritio. The very concealment of the Utility, is either an exercise of Humility, or a quelling of Presumption.* To what a pitch of Presumption and Insolence do we raise our Blindness and Folly? But to return to my Subject, it was truly very good Reason, that we should be beholden to God only, and to the Favour of his Grace, for the Truth of so noble a Belief, since from his sole Bounty we receive the Fruit of Immortality, which consists in the Enjoyment of eternal Beatitude. Let us ingeniously confess, that God alone has dictated it and the Faith to us: For 'tis no Lesson of Nature and our own Reason. And whoever will enquire into his own Being and Power, both within and without, without this divine Privilege; Whoever shall consider Man impartially, and without Flattery, will see nothing in him of Efficacy, nor any kind of Faculty, that relishes of any thing but Death and Earth. The more we give and confess to owe and render to God, we do it with the greater Christianity. That which this Stoick *Philosopher* says, he holds from the fortuitous Consent of the popular Voice; had it not been better, that he had held it from God? *Cum de animorum aternitate differimus, non leve momentum apud nos habet consensus hominum, aut timentium inferos, aut colentium. Utor hac publica persuasione \**. When we discourse of the Immortality of Souls, the Consent of Men, that either fear or adore the infernal Power, is of no small Advantage. I make use of this publick Perswasion. Now the Weakness of human Arguments upon this Subject, is particularly manifested by the fabulous Arguments they have superadded as Consequences of this Opinion; to find out of what Condition this Immortality of ours was. Let us omit the Stoicks, *Usuram nobis largiuntur, tanquam cornicibus; diu mansuros aiunt animos; semper, negant †.* They give us a long Life, as also they do to Crows; They say our Soul shall

\* Seneca. Epist. 117.

† Cicero. Tusc. l. 1.



*continue long, but that it shall continue always, they deny. Who gives to Souls a Life after this, but finite. The most universal and receiv'd Fancy, and that continues down to our Times, is that, of which they make Pythagoras the Author; not that he was the original Inventor, but because it receiv'd a great deal of Weight and Repute by the Authority of his Approbation, is, That Souls, at their departure out of us, did nothing but shift from one Body to another, from a Lion to a Horse, from a Horse to a King, continually travelling at this rate from Habitation to Habitation. And he himself said, that he remembred he had been Athalides, since that Euphorbus, and afterwards Nermotimus; and finally from Pyrrhus, was pass'd into Pythagoras, having a Memory of himself of two Hundred and six Years. And some have added that these very Souls sometimes mount up to Heaven, and come down again.*

*O pater anne aliquas ad cœlum hinc ire putandum est  
Sublimes animas iterumque ad tarda reverti  
Corpora? Quæ lucis miseris tam dira cupido\*?*

Is it to be believ'd, that some sublime  
And high-flown Souls, should hence to Heaven climb,  
And thence return t'immure themselves in flow  
And heavy Prisons of dull Flesh below?

*Origen makes them eternally to go and come, from a better to a worse Estate. The Opinion that Varro makes mention of, is, that after four Hundred and forty Years Revolution, they should be re-united to their first Bodies. Chryssippus held, that that would happen after a certain Space of Time unknown and unlimited. Plato (who professes to have embrac'd this Belief from Pindar, and the ancient Poets) thinks they are to undergo infinite Vicissitudes of Mutations, for which the Soul is prepar'd, having neither Punishment nor Reward in the other World, but what is Temporal, as its Life here is but Temporal, concludes that it has a singular Knowledge of the Affairs of Heaven, of Hell, of the World, thro' all which it has past, repast, and must stay in several Voyages; fit Matters for her Memory. Observe her Progress elsewhere; the Soul that has liv'd such is re-united to the Star, to which it is assign'd: That re-*

\* *Virg. l. 6.*

moves into a Woman, and, if it do not there reform, is again remov'd into a Beast of Condition suitable to its vicious Manners, and shall see no End of its Punishments, 'till it be return'd to its natural Constitution, and that it has by the Force of Reason purg'd itself from those gross, stupid and elementary Qualities it was polluted with. But I will not omit the Objection the Epicureans make against this Transmigration from one Body to another, and 'tis a pleasant one. They ask, what Expedient would be found out, if the Number of the Dying should chance to be greater than that of those who are coming into the World. For the Souls, turned out of their old Habitation, would scuffle and crowd which should first get Possession of this new Lodging. And they further demand, how they shall pass away their Time, whilst waiting till new Quarters were made ready for them: Or, on the contrary, if more Animals should be born than die, the Body, they say, would be but in an ill Condition, whilst in Expectation of a Soul to be infused into it; and it would fall out, that some Bodies would die before they had been alive.

*Denique connubia adveneris, partusque ferarum,  
Esse animas præsto deridiculum esse videtur,  
Et spectare immortales mortalia membra  
Innumero numero, certareque præproperanter  
Inter se, quæ prima potissimaque in sinuatur\*.*

It seems ridiculous, that Souls should be,  
Always attending on Beasts Venerly,  
And being immortal, mortal Bodies shou'd  
Covet to have, and in vast Numbers crowd,  
Strive and contend with Heat and Eagerness,  
Which should the first and most desired possess.

Others have arrested the Soul in the Body of the Deceased, with it to animate Serpents, Worms, and other Beasts, which are said to be bred out of the Corruption of our Members, and even out of our Ashes; others divide them into two Parts, the one Mortal, the other Immortal. Others make it Corporeal, and nevertheless Immortal. Some make it Immortal without Science or Knowledge. And there are even of us ourselves who have believ'd that Devils were

\* *Lucr. l. 3.*  
S 3

made of the Souls of the Damned; as *Plutarch* thinks, that *Gods* were made of those that were saved. For there are few Things which that Author is so positive in, as he is in this; maintaining elsewhere a doubtful and ambiguous Way of Expression. *We are to hold*, says he, *and stedfastly to believe, that the Souls of virtuous Men, both according to Nature and the Divine Justice, become Saints, and from Saints Demy-Gods, and from Demy-Gods, after they are perfectly, in Sacrifices of Purgation, cleansed and purified, being deliver'd from all Passibility and all Mortality, they become not by any civil Decree, but in real Truth, and according to all Probability of Reason, entire and perfect Gods, in receiving a most happy and glorious End.* But who desires to see him, I say, who is the most sober and moderate of the whole Gang of *Philosophers*, lay about him with greater Boldness, and relate his Miracles upon this Subject, I refer him to his *Treatise of the Moon*, and his *Dæmon of Socrates*, where he may as evidently as in any other Place whatever, satisfy himself, and affirm, that the *Mysteries of Philosophy* have many strange Things in common with those of *Poetry*; human Understanding losing itself, in attempting to sound and search all Things to the Bottom: Even as we, tir'd and worn out with a long Course of Life, return to Infancy and Dotage. See here the fine and certain Instructions which we extract from human Knowledge concerning the Soul. Neither is there less Temerity in what they teach us touching our corporal Parts. Let us chuse out one or two Examples; for otherwise we should lose ourselves in this vast and troubled *Ocean of Medicinal Errors*. Let us first know, whether at least they agree about the Matter whereof Men produce one another. For as to their first Production, it is no Wonder, if in a Thing so high, and so long since past, human Understanding finds itself puzzled and perplexed. *Archestratus* the Physician, whose Disciple and Favourite *Socrates* was, according to *Aristoxenus*, said, *That both Men and Beasts were made of a lacteous Slime, express'd by the Heat of the Earth.* *Pythagoras* says, *that our Seed is the Foam or Cream of our better Blood.* *Plato*, *that it is the Distillation of the Marrow of the Back-bone*, and raises his Arguments from this, *that that Part is first sensible of being weary of the Work.* *Alcmeon*, *that it is Part of the Substance of the Brain, and that it is so*, says he, *it causes Weakness of the Eyes.*

Eyes in those who are over-immoderately addicted to that Exercise: Democritus, that it is a Substance extracted from the whole Mass of the Body: Epicurus, extracted from Soul and Body: Aristotle, an Excrement drawn from the Aliment of the last Blood which is diffused over all our Members: Others, that it is a Blood concocted and digested by the Heat of the Genitals, which they judge, by reason that in excessive Endeavours a Man voids pure florid Blood: Wherein there seems to be the most Likelihood, could a Man extract any Appearance from so infinite a Confusion. Now to bring this Seed to do its Work, how many contrary Opinions do they set on Foot? Aristotle and Democritus are of Opinion, that Women have no Sperm, and that 'tis nothing but a Sweat that they distil in the Heat of Pleasure and Motion, that contributes nothing at all to Generation. Galen on the contrary, and his Followers, believe, that without the Concurrence of Seeds, there can be no Generation. Here are the Physicians, the Philosophers, the Lawyers and Divines, by the Ears with our Wives about the Dispute, upon what Terms Women conceive their Fruit. And I, for my Part, by the Example of myself, stickle with those that maintain a Woman going eleven Months with Child. The World is built upon this Experience; there is not so pitiful a little Female that cannot give her Judgment in all these Controversies; and yet we cannot agree. Here is enough to evidence, that Man is no better instructed in the Knowledge of himself, in his corporal, than in his spiritual Part. We have proposed himself to himself, and his Reason to his Reason, to see what she could say; and, I think, I have sufficiently demonstrated how little she understands herself in herself. And who understands not himself in himself, in what can he possibly understand? *Quasi vero mensuram ullius rei possit agere, qui sui nesciat* \*. As if he could understand the Measure of any other Thing, that knows not his own. In earnest, Protagoras told us a petty Flam, in making Man the Measure of all Things, that never knew so much as his own. If it be not he, his Dignity will not permit, that any other Creature should have this Advantage. Now he being so contrary in himself, and one Judgment so incessantly

\* Plin. Nat. Hist. l. 2. cap. 1.

stantly subverting another, this favourable Proposition was but a Mockery, which induc'd us necessarily to conclude the Nullity of the Compass and the Compasser; when *Thales* repute the Knowledge of Man very difficult for Man to comprehend, he at the same Time gives him to understand, that all our Knowledge is impossible. You, for whom I have taken the Pains, contrary to my Custom, to write so long a Discourse, will not refuse to maintain your *Seconde*, by the ordinary Forms of Arguing, wherewith you are every Day instructed, and in this will exercise both your Wit and Learning: For this fancying Trick is never to be made use of, but as an extreme Remedy. 'Tis a desperate Thrust wherein you are to quit your own Arms, to make your Adversary abandon his: And a secret Slight, which must be very rarely, and then very reservedly put in Practice. 'Tis great Temerity to lose yourself, that you may destroy another; you must not die to be reveng'd, as *Gobrias* did: For being hotly grappled in Combat with a Lord of *Persia*, *Darius* coming in with his Sword in his Hand, and fearing to strike lest he should kill *Gobrias*, he called out to him boldly to fall on, tho' he should run them both thorough at once. I have known the Arms and Conditions of single Combat to the utmost, and wherein he that offer'd them put himself and his Adversary upon Terms of inevitable Death to them both, censured for unjust. The *Portuguese* in the *Indian* Sea, took certain *Turks* Prisoners, who, impatient of their Captivity, resolv'd, and it succeeded, by striking the Nails of the Ship one against another, and making a Spark to fall into the Barrels of Powder (that were set in the Place where they were guarded) to blow up and reduce themselves, their Masters, and the Vessel to Ashes. We have touch'd the Out-plate and utmost Limits of Sciences; wherein the Extremity is vicious, as in Virtue. Keep yourselves in the common Road, it is not good to be so subtle and cunning. Remember the *Tuscan* Proverb.

*Chi troppo s'assottiglia, si scavezza.*

Who makes himself too wise, becomes a Fool.

I advise you, that, in all your Opinions and Discourses, as well as in your Manners, and all other Things, you keep yourselves moderate and temperate, and to avoid all Novelty,

velty. I am an Enemy to all extravagant Ways. You, who by the Authority of your Grandeur, and yet more by the Advantages which those Qualities give you that are most your own, may with the Wink of an Eye command whom you please, ought to give this Caution to some one who made Profession of Letters, who might after a better Manner have proved and illustrated these Things to you. But here is as much as you will stand in need of. *Epicurus* said of the *Laws*, *that the worst were necessary for us, and that without them Men would devour one another.* And *Plato* affirms, *that without Laws, we should live like Beasts.* Our Spirit is a wandring, dangerous and temerarious Utensil, it is hard to couple any Order or Measure to it. In those of our own Time, who are endued with any rare Excellence above others, or any extraordinary Vivacity of Understanding, we see them almost all lash out into Licentiousness of Opinions and Manners; and 'tis almost a Miracle to find one temperate and sociable. 'Tis all the Reason in the World to limit human Wit within the strictest Limits imaginable. In Study, as in all the rest, we ought to have its Steps and Advances number'd and fix'd, and that the Limits of its Inquisition be bounded by Act. It is curb'd and fetter'd by *Religions, Laws and Customs, by Sciences, Precepts, mortal and immortal Penalties*: And yet we see, that it escapes from all these Bounds by its Volubility and Dissolution. 'Tis a vain Body which has nothing to lay hold on, or to seize; a various and deform Body, incapable of being either bound or held. In earnest, there are few Souls so regular, firm, and well descended, as are to be trusted with their own Conduct; and that can with Moderation, and without Temerity, fail in the Liberty of their own Judgments, beyond the common and receiv'd Opinions. 'Tis more expedient to put them under Papillage. Wit is a dangerous Weapon, even to the Possessor, if he knows not how to use it discreetly; and there is not a Beast to whom a Head-board is more justly to be given, to keep his Looks down and before his Feet, and to hinder him from wandring here and there out of the Tracks, which Custom and the Laws have laid before him. And therefore it will much better become you to keep yourselves in the beaten Path, let it be what it will, than to fly out at a venture with this unbridled Liberty. But if  
any

any of these new *Doctors* will pretend to be ingenious in your Presence, at the Expence both of your Soul and his own, to avoid this dangerous Plague, which is every Day laid in your Way to infect you, this Preservative, in the extreamest Necessity, will prevent the Danger and hinder the Contagion of this Poison from offending either you or your Company. The Liberty then, and frolick Forwardness of these ancient Wits, produced in Philofophy and human Sciences several Sects of different Opinions, every one undertaking to judge and make choice of what he would stick to and maintain. But now that Men go all one Way, *Qui certis quibusdam destinatisque sententiis addicti & consecrati sunt, ut etiam, quæ non probant, cogantur defendere* \*. Who are so tyed and obliged to certain Beliefs, that they are bound to defend even those they do not approve. And that we receive the *Arts* by civil Authority and Decree; so that the Schools have but one Pattern, and a like circumscribed Institution and Discipline, we no more take notice what the Coin weighs, and is really worth, but every one receives it according to the Estimate that common Approbation puts upon it: The Alloy is not disputed, but how much it is current for; and in like Manner all Things pass. We take *Physick* as we do *Geometry* and Tricks of *Hocus pocus*, *Enchantments*, *Codpiece Points*, the Correspondence of the Souls of the Dead, *Prognostications*, *Domifications*, and so much as this ridiculous Pursuit of the Philosophers Stone, all things pass for current Pay, without any Manner of Scruple or Contradiction. We need to know no more, but that *Mars's* House is in the Middle of the Triangle of the Hand, that of *Venus* in the Thumb, and that of *Mercury* in the Little-finger, that when the Table Line cuts the *Tubercle* of the Fore-fingers, 'tis a Sign of Cruelty; that when it falls short of the Middle-finger, and that the natural *Median-Line* makes an Angle with the Vital in the same Side, 'tis a Sign of a miserable Death, that if in a Woman the natural Line be open, and does not close the Angle with the Vital, denotes that she shall not be very chaste. I leave you to judge, whether a

*Sign of Cruelty.*

*Of a miserable Death.*

*Of Unchastity.*

\* *Cicero.*

Man thus qualified may not pass with Reputation and Esteem in all Companies. *Theophrastus* said, that human Knowledge, guided by the Senses, might judge of the Causes of Things to a certain Degree; but that being arrived to first and extreme Causes, it must stop short and retire, by reason either of its own Infirmity, or the Difficulty of Things. 'Tis a moderate and gentle Opinion, that our own Understandings may conduct us to the Knowledge of some Things, and that it has certain Measures of Power, beyond which, 'tis Temerity to employ it. This Opinion is plausible, and introduc'd by Men of well-compos'd Minds; but 'tis hard to limit our Wit, 'tis curious and greedy, and will no more stop at a thousand than at fifty Paces. Having myself experimentally found, that wherein one has fail'd, the other has hit, and that what was unknown to one Age, the Age following has explained; and that *Arts* and *Sciences* are not cast in a Mould, but are form'd and perfected by Degrees, by often handling and polishing, as Bears leisurely lick their Cubs into Form; what my Force cannot discover, I do not yet desist to found and to try: But handling and kneading this new Matter over and over again, by turning and heating it, I lay open to him that shall succeed me, a kind of Facility to enjoy it more at his Ease, and make it more maniable and supple for him:

—ut *Hymettia* sole  
*Cera remollefcit, tractaque pollice multas*  
*Vertitur in facies, ipsoque fit utilis usu* \*.

As Wax does softer in the Sun become,  
And temper'd 'twixt the Finger and the Thumb,  
Will various Forms, and sev'ral Shapes admit,  
'Till for the present Use 'tis render'd fit.

As much will the second do to the third, which is the Cause that the Difficulty ought not to make me despair, and my own Imbecillity as little; for 'tis nothing but my own. Man is as capable of all Things, as of some: And if he confesses, as *Theophrastus* says, the Ignorance of first Causes, let him almost surrender to me all the rest of his Knowledge: If he is defective in Foundation, his Reason

\* *Ovid. Met. l. 10.*



is on the Ground: Disputation and Enquiry have no other Aim nor Stop but Principles; if this do not stop his Career, he runs into an infinite Irresolution. *Non potest aliud alio magis minusve comprehendi, quoniam omnium rerum una est definitio comprehendendi: One thing can no more be comprehended than another, because the Definition of comprehending all Things is the same.* Now 'tis very likely, that if the Soul knew any Thing, it would in the first place know itself; and if it knew any Thing out of itself, it would be its own Body and Case, before any Thing else. If we see the Gods of Physick to this very Day debating about our Anatomy,

—*Mulciber in Trojam, pro Troja stabat Apollo\**.

*Vulcan against, for Troy Apollo stood.*

When are we to expect, that they will be agreed? We are nearer Neighbours to ourselves, than Whiteness of Snow, or the Weight of Stone are to us. If Man do not know himself, how should he know his Forces and Functions? it is not, perhaps, that we have not some real Knowledge in us; but 'tis by Chance; and forasmuch as Errors are receiv'd into our Soul by the same Way, after the same Manner, and by the same Conduct, it has not wherewithal to distinguish them, nor wherewithal to chuse the Truth from Fallhood. The *Academicks* admitted a certain Partiality of Judgment; and thought it not too crude to say, that it was not more likely, that Snow was white than black, and that we were no more assur'd of the Motion of a Stone, thrown by a Hand, than that of the eighth Sphere. And to avoid this Difficulty and Strangeness, that can, in Truth, hardly lodge in our Imagination; though they did conclude, that we were in no sort capable of Knowledge, and that Truth is ingulfed in so profound an *Abyss*, as is not to be penetrated by human Sight: Yet do they acknowledge something to be more likely than others, and receiv'd into their Judgment this Faculty, that they had a Power to incline to one Appearance more than another. They allow'd him this Propensity. Interdicting all Resolution. The *Pyrrhonians* Opinion is, more

\* *Ovid Tr. lib. 1. El. 2.*

bold, and also more likely. For this *Accademic* Inclination, and this Propensity to one Proposition rather than another, what is it other than a Discovery of some more apparent Truth in this, than in that? If our Understanding be capable of the Form, Lineaments, Comportment and Face of Truth, it might as well see it entire, as by Halves, springing and imperfect. This Appearance of Likelihood, which makes them rather take the Left Hand than the Right, augments it: Multiply this Ounce of Verisimilitude, that turns the Scales to a hundred, to a thousand Ounces, it will happen in the End, that the Balance will itself end the Controversy, and determine one Choice and entire Truth. But why do they suffer themselves to incline to, and to be sway'd by Verisimilitude, if they know not the Truth? How should they know the Similitude of that whereof they do not know the Essence: Either we can absolutely judge, or absolutely we cannot. If our intellectual and sensible Faculties are without Foot or Foundation; if they only *pull* and *drive*, 'tis to no Purpose that we suffer our Judgments to be carried away with any thing of their Operation, what Appearance soever they may seem to present us. And the surest and most happy Seat of our Understanding, would be that, where it kept itself temperate, upright, and inflexible, without tottering, or without Agitation. *Inter visa, vera, aut falsa, ad anima assensum, nihil interest\**. Amongst Things that seem, whether true or false, it signifies nothing to the Assent of the Mind. That Things do not lodge in us in their Form and Essence, and do not there make their Entry by their own Force and Authority, we sufficiently see. Because if it were so, we should receive them after the same Manner: Wine would have the same Relish with the Sick, as with the Healthful. He who has his Finger chapt or benum'd, would find the same Hardness in Wood or Iron that he handles, that another does. Strange Subjects then surrender themselves to our Mercy, and are seated in us as we please: Now if on our part we did receive any thing without Alteration, if human Grasp were capable and strong enough to seize on Truth by our own Means, being common to all Men,

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\* *Cic. Acad. l. 4.*

this

this Truth would be conveyed from hand to hand, from one to another; and at least there would be some one thing to be found in the World amongst so many as there are, that would be believ'd by Men with an univerval Consent. But this, that there is no one Proposition, that is not debated and controverted amongst us, or that may not be, makes it very manifest, that our natural Judgment does not very clearly discern what it embraces: For my Judgment cannot make my Companions approve of what it approves: Which is a Sign that I seized it by some other Means, than by a Natural Power that is in me, and in all other Men. Let us lay aside this infinite Confusion of Opinions, which we see even amongst the *Philosophers* themselves, and this perpetual and univerval Dispute about the Knowledge of Things. For this is truly presuppos'd, that Men, I mean the most knowing, the best born, and of the best Parts, are not agreed about any one Thing: Not that *Heaven* is over our Heads: For they that doubt of every Thing, do also doubt of that; and they who deny that we are able to comprehend any Thing, say, that we have not comprehended, that the *Heaven* is over our Heads, and these two Opinions are without Comparison the stronger in Number. Besides this infinite Diversity and Division, through the Trouble that our Judgment gives ourselves, and the Incertainty that every one is sensible of in himself, 'tis easy to perceive that it's Seat is very unstable and unsecure. How variously do we judge of Things? How often do we alter our Opinions? What I hold and believe to Day, I hold and believe with my whole Belief: All my Instruments and Engines seize and take hold of this Opinion, and become responsible to me for it, at least as much as in them lies; I could not embrace, nor conserve any Truth with greater Confidence and Assurance, than I do this. I am wholly and entirely possessed with it: But has it not befallen me not only once, but a thousand Times, every Day to have embraced some other Thing with all the same Instruments, and in the same Condition, which I have since judg'd to be false? A Man must at least become wise at his own Expence. If I have often found myself betray'd under this Colour, if my Touch proves commonly false, and my Balance unequal and unjust, what Assurance can I now have more, than

than at other Times? Is it not Stupidity and Madnes to suffer myself to be so often deceiv'd by my Guide? Nevertheless let Fortune remove and shift us five hundred Times from Place to Place, let her do nothing but incessantly empty and fill into our Belief, as into a Vessel, other and other Opinions; yet still the present and the last is the certain and intallible: For this we must abandon Goods, Honour, Life, Health and all.

——— *Posterior res ille reperta  
Perdit, & immutat sensus ad pristina quæque* \*.

The last things we find out are always best,  
And make us to disrelisht all the rest.

Whatever is preach'd to us, and whatever we learn, we should still remember, that it is Man that gives, and Man that receives; 'tis a mortal Hand that presents it to us, 'tis a mortal Hand that accepts it. The Things that come to us from Heaven, have the sole Right and Authority of Persuasion, the sole Mark of Truth: Which also we do not see with our own Eyes, nor receive by our own means: That Great and Sacred Image could not abide in so wretched a Habitation, if God for this End did not prepare it, if God did not by his particular and supernatural Grace and Favour, fortify and reform it: At least our frail and defective Condition ought to make us behave ourselves with more Reservedness and Moderation in our Innovations and Change. We ought to remember, that whatever we receive into the Understanding, we often receive Things that are false, and that it is by the same Instruments that so often give themselves the Lye, and are so oft deceived. Now it is no Wonder they should so often contradict themselves, being so easy to be turn'd and sway'd by very light Occurrences. It is certain that our Apprehensions, our Judgment, and the Faculties of the Soul in general, suffer according to the Movements and Alterations of the Body; which Alterations are continual. Are not our Wits more spritely, our Memories more prompt and quick, and our Meditations more lively in Health, than in Sicknes? Do not Joy and Gaiety make us receive Subjects that present themselves to our Souls, quite other-

\* *Lucr. l. 13.*

wife than Care and Melancholy? Do you believe that *Catullus's* Verses, or those of *Sappho* please an old doing Miser, as they do a vigorous amorous young Man? *Clemenes*, the Son of *Anaxandrias*, being sick, his Friends reproach'd him, that he had Humours and Whimfies that were new and unaccustom'd; *I believe it*, said he, *neither am I the same Man now, as when I am in Health: Being now another Thing, my Opinions and Fancies are also other than they were before.* In our Courts of Justice, this Word which is spoken of Criminals, when they find the Judges in a good Humour, gentle and mild, *Gaudeat de bona Fortuna, Let him rejoice in his good Fortune*, is much in Use. For it is most certain that Men's Judgments are sometimes more prone to Condemnation, more sharp and severe; and at others more facile, easy, and inclin'd to excuse. He that carries with him from his House, the Pain of the Gout, Jealousy or Theft by his Man, having his whole Soul possess'd with Grief and Anger, it is not to be doubted but that his Judgment will lean this Way. That venerable Senate of the *Arcopagites*, was used to hear and determine by Night, for fear lest the Sight of the Parties might corrupt their Justice. The very Air itself, and the Serenity of Heaven, will cause some Mutation in us, according to these Verses in *Cicero*:

*Tales sunt Hominum Mentis, quales pater ipse  
Jupiter, auctifera lustravit lampade terras\*.*

The Minds of Men do in the Weather share,  
Dark or serene, as the Day's foul or fair.

'Tis not only *Fevers*, *Debauches*, and great Accidents that overthrow our Judgments; the least Things in the World will do it. We are not to doubt, tho' we are not sensible of it, but that if a *continued Fever* can overwhelm the Soul, a *Fertian* will in some proportionate Measure alter it. If an *Apoplexy* can stupify, and totally extinguish the Sight of our Understanding, we are not to doubt but that a great *Cold* will dazzle it. And consequently there is hardly one single Hour in a Man's whole Life, wherein our Judgment is in its due Place and right Condition, our Bodies

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\* *Cicero ex Incerto.*

being subject to so many continual Mutations, and stuff'd with so many several sorts of Springs and Devices, that I believe *Physicians* know how hard it is, but that there must be always some one or other out of Order. As to what remains, this Malady does not very easily discover itself, unless it be extreme and past Remedy: Forasmuch as Reason goes always lame, halting, and that too as well with Falshood, as with Truth; and therefore 'tis hard to discover her Derivations and Mistakes: I always call that Appearance of Meditation which every one forgets in himself, Reason: This Reason, of the Condition of which there may be an Hundred contrary ones about one and the same Subject, is an Instrument of Lead and of Wax, ductile, pliable and accommodate to all sorts of Biasses, and to all Measures; so that nothing remains but the Art and Skill, how to run and mould it. How uprightly soever a Judge may resolve to demean himself, if he does not look well to himself, which few are careful to do, his Inclination to Friendship, to Relation, to Beauty or Revenge, and not only Things of that Weight, but even the fortuitous Instinct, that makes us favour one Thing more than another, and that without Reason's Permission, puts the Choice upon us in two equal Subjects; or some Shadow of like Vanity, may insensibly insinuate into his Judgment, the Recommendation or Disfavour of a Cause, and make the Ballance dip. I that watch myself as narrowly as I can, and that have my Eyes continually bent upon myself, like one that has no great Business to do elsewhere,

————— *Quis sub Arcto*  
*Rex gelidæ metuator oræ,*  
*Quid Tyridatem terreat, unice*  
*Securus.\**—————

————— Secure whatever King  
Does rule the stubborn North, or whatsoe'er  
The mighty *Tyradates* puts in fear.

dare hardly tell the Vanity and Weakness I find in myself.  
My Foot is so unstable, and stands so unsteady, I find

myself so apt to totter and reel, and my sight so disordered, that fasting I am quite another Man than when full; if Health and a fair Day smile upon me, I am a very affable good natur'd Man; if a Corn trouble my Toe, I am fullen, out of Humour, and not to be seen. The same Pace of a Horse seems to be one while hard, and another easy, and the same way one while shorter, and another longer: And the same Form, one while more, another less taking. I am one while for doing every Thing, and another for doing nothing at all; and what pleases me now, would be a Trouble to me at another Time. I have a Thousand senseless and casual Actions within myself. Either I am possess'd by Melancholy, or sway'd by Choler; now by its own private Authority, Sadness predominates in me, and by and by I am as merry as a Cricket. When I take a Book in Hand, I have then discover'd admirable Graces in such and such Passages, and such as have struck my Soul; let me light upon them at another Time, I may turn and tofs, tumble and rattle the Leaves to no Purpose, 'tis then to me an inform and undiscover'd Mass. Even in my own Writings, I do not always find the Air of my first Fancy: I know not what I would have said, but am often put to it to correct and pump for a new Sense, because I have lost the first that was better. I do nothing but go and come: My Judgment does not always advance, it floats and roams,

— *Velut minuta magno  
Deprensa navis in mari vesariante vento* \*.

Like a small Bark upon the swelling Main,  
When Winds do ruffle up the liquid Plain.

Very often (as I am apt to do) having for diversion undertaken to maintain an Opinion contrary to my own, my Mind bending and applying itself that Way, does so rarely engage me in the Quarrel, that I no more discern the Reason of my former Belief, and forsake it. I am as it were misled by the Side to which I incline, be it what it will, and carried away by my own Weight. Every one would almost say the same of himself, if he consider'd himself as I do.

\* *Catullus.*

Preachers very well know, that the Emotions which steal upon them in speaking, do animate them towards Belief; and that in Passion we are more stiff in the Defence of our Proposition, take ourselves a deeper Impression of it, and embrace it with greater Vehemence and Approbation, than we do in our colder and more temperate Sense. You only give your *Council* a simple Brief of your Cause, he returns you a dubious and uncertain Answer, by which you find him indifferent, which Side he takes: Have you see'd him well, that he may relish it the better, does he begin to be really concern'd, and do you find him truly interested and zealous in your Quarrel? His Reason and Learning will by degrees grow hot in your Cause, behold an apparent and undoubted Truth presents itself to his Understanding; he discovers a new Light in your Business, and does in good earnest believe, and persuade himself that it is so. Nay, I do not know whether the Ardour that springs from Spite and Obstinacy, against the Power and Violence of the Magistrate and Danger; or the Interest of Reputation, may not have made some Men, even at the Stake, maintain the Opinion, for which at Liberty, and amongst Friends, he would not have burn'd his Finger. The Shocks and Juffles, that the Soul receives from the Body's Passions can do much in it, but its own can do a great deal more: To which it is so subjected, that perhaps it is to be made good, that it has no other Pace and Motion, but from the Breath of those Winds, without the Agitation of which, it would be becalm'd and without Action, like a Ship in the Middle of the Sea, to which the Winds have deny'd their Assistance. And whoever should maintain this, siding with the *Peripatetick*, would do us no great Wrong. Seeing it is very well known, that the greatest and most noble Actions of the Soul proceed from, and stand in need of this Impulse of Passions. Valour, they say, cannot be perfect without the Assistance of Anger.

*Semper Ajax fortis, fortissimus tamen in furore* \*.

Ajax was always brave, but most when mad.

\* *Cicer. Tusc. l. 4.*



Neither do we encounter the Wicked and the Enemy vigorously enough, if we be not angry: Nay, the *Advocate* is to inspire the *Judges* with Indignation, to obtain Justice. Illicit Desires disorder'd *Themistocles* and *Demosthenes*, and have push'd on the *Philosophers* to Watching, Fasting, and Pilgrimages; and lead us to Honour, Learning and Health, which are all very useful Ends. And this Meanness of Soul, in suffering Anxiety and Trouble, serves to breed Remorse and Repentance in the Conscience, and to make us sensible of the Scourge of *God*, and politick Correction for the Chastisement of our Offences. Compassion is a Spur to Clemency and Prudence; and the Prudence of preserving and governing ourselves is rous'd by our Fear; and how many brave Actions by Ambition? How many by Presumption? Finally, there is no brave and spiritual Virtue, without some irregular Agitation. Should it not be one of the Reasons that mov'd the *Epicureans* to discharge *God* from all Care and Solitude of our Affairs; because even the Effects of Bounty could not be exercis'd in our Behalf, without disturbing his Repose, by the Means of Passions, which are so many Spurs and Instruments pricking on the Soul to virtuous Actions; or have they thought otherwise, and taken them for Tempests, that shamefully hurry the Soul from her Tranquility? *Ut maris tranquillitas intelligitur, nulla, ne minima quidem, aura fluctus commovente: Sic animi quietus & placitus statim cernitur; quum perturbatio nulla est qua moveri queat* \*. As it is understood to be a calm Sea, when there is not the least Breath of the Air stirring: So the State of the Soul is discern'd to be quiet and appeas'd, when there is no Perturbation to move it. What Variety of Sense and Reason, what Contrariety of Imagination does the Diversity of our Passions inspire us with? What Assurance then can we take of a Thing so mobile and unstable, subject by its Condition to the Dominion of Trouble, and never going other than a forced and borrowed Pace? If our Judgment be in the Power even of Sicknes and Perturbation; if it be from Folly and Rashness, that it is held to receive the Impression of Things, what Assurance can we expect from it? Is it

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\* *Cicer. Ibid. l. 4.*

not a great boldness in Philosophy, to believe that Men perform the greatest Actions, and nearest approaching the Divinity, when they are Furious, Mad, and besides themselves? We better ourselves by the Astonishment and Privation of Reason. The two natural Ways to enter into the Cabinet of the *Gods*, and there to foresee the Course of Destiny, are Fury and Sleep. This is pleasant to consider. By the Dislocation that Passions cause in our Reason, we must become Virtuous: By its Exterpation occasioned by Madness, as the Image of Death, we become *Divinors* and *Prophets*. I was never so willing to believe Philosophy in any Thing, as this. 'Tis a pure *Enthusiasm*, wherewith sacred Truth has inspir'd the Spirit of *Philosophy*, which makes it confess, contrary to its own Proposition, that the most calm, compos'd and healthful Estate of the Soul, that *Philosophy* can feat it in, is not its best Condition. Our Waking is more a Sleep, than Sleep itself; our Wisdom less Wise than Folly: Our Dreams are worth more than our Meditation; and the worst Place we can take is in ourselves. But does not Philosophy think that we are Wise enough to consider, that the Voice that the Spirit utters, when distant from Man, so clear-sighted, so great, and so perfect, and whilst it is in Man terrestrial, ignorant and dark, is a Voice proceeding from the Spirit of a dark, terrestrial and ignorant Man, and for this Reason a Voice not to be trusted and believed? I have no great Experience of these vehement Agitations, being of a soft and heavy Complexion, the most of which surprize the Soul on a sudden, without giving it leisure to recollect itself. But the Passion that is said to be produc'd by Illness in the Hearts of young Men, tho' it proceed leisurely, and with a measured Progress, does evidently manifest to those who have try'd to oppose its Power, the Violence our Judgment suffers in this Alteration and Conversion. I have formerly attempted to withstand and repel it. For I am so far from being one of those that invite Vices, that I do not so much as follow them, if they do not haule me along: I perceiv'd it to spring, grow and increase in spite of my Resistance; and at last, living and feeling as I was, wholly to seize and possess me: So that, as if newly rous'd from Drunkenness, the Images of Things began to appear to me quite other than they used to be: I evidently saw the Person, I desired, grow and increase

in Advantage of Beauty, and to expand and blow fairer by the Influence of my Imagination, and the Difficulties of my Attempt to grow more easy and smooth; and both my Reason and Conscience to be laid aside: But this Fire being evaporated in an Instant, as from a flash of Lightning, I was aware that my Soul resum'd another kind of Sight, another sort of State, and another Judgment. The Difficulties of my Retreat appear'd great and invincible, and the same Things had quite another Taste and Aspect, than the Heat of Desire had presented them to me. Than which *Pyrrho* himself knows nothing more truly. We are never without Sicknes. Agues have their hot and cold Fits; from the Effects of an ardent Passion, we fall again to shivering. As much as I had advanc'd, so much I retir'd.

*Qualis ubi alterno procurrrens gurgite pontus,  
Nunc ruit ad terras scopulisque superjacet undam.  
Spumens, extremamque sinu perfundit arenam:  
Nunc rapidus retro, atque æstu revoluta resorbens  
Saxa fugit, littusque wado labente reliquit\*.*

As spumy *Neptune* with repeated Waves,  
Now the pale Shoar, and craggy Beaches laves,  
And like a Drunkard vomits up the Sand,  
That deepest lay, in heaving Tides to Land;  
And now retiring thence, as loud does roar,  
Sucking in Pebbles from the new wash'd Shoar.

Now from the Knowledge of this Volubility of mine, I have accidentally begot in myself a certain Constancy of Opinions, and have not much altered those that were first and natural in me: For what Appearance soever there may be in Novelty, I do not easily change, for fear of losing by the Bargain: And besides I am not capable of chusing, I take other Men's Choice, and keep myself in the Station wherein *God* has placed me, I could not otherwise keep myself from perpetual rolling. Thus have I, by the Grace of *God*, preserv'd myself entire, without Anxiety or Trouble of Conscience, amidst so many Sects and Divisions, as our Age has produc'd. The Writings of the Ancients, the best Authors I mean, being full and solid, temper and carry me which Way almost they will: He, that I am reading, seems always to have the most Force, and I find

\* *Æn.* l. 11.

that every one has Reason, tho' they contradict one another. The Facility that good Wits have of rendring every Thing likely they would recommend; and that nothing is so strange to which they do not undertake to give Colour enough to deceive such a Simplicity as mine, this evidently shews the Weakness of their Testimony. The Heaven and the Stars have been three thousand Years in Motion, and all the World were of that Belief, till *Cleanthes* the *Samian*, (or, according to *Theophrastus*) *Nicetas* of *Syracusa* bethought him to maintain, that it was the Earth that mov'd, turning about the *Axis* by the oblique Circle of the *Zodiac*. And *Copernicus* has in other Times so grounded this Doctrine, that it very regularly serves to all *Astrological* Consequences. What Use can we make of this, if not, that we ought not much to care which is the true Opinion? And who knows but that a third, a thousand Years hence, may overthrow the two former?

*Sic volvenda etas commuta tempora rerum,  
Quodque fuit in pretio, fit nullo denique honore,  
Porro aliud succedit, & è contemptibus exit,  
Inque dies magis appetitur, floretque repertum  
Laudibus, & miro est mortales inter honore\*.*

Things are so chang'd by Revolution,  
That what had Credit once, had after none,  
To which some other Thing, despis'd before,  
Succeeds, and grows in Vogue still more and more,  
And once receiv'd, all Praise too little seems,  
So highly it is rais'd in Men's Esteems.

Why new Opinions are to be rejected. So that when any new Doctrine presents itself to us, we have great Reason to mistrust, and to consider, that before that was set on Foot, the Contrary had been generally receiv'd; and that, as that has been overthrown by this, a third Invention, in Time to come may start up which may damn the second. Before the Principles that *Aristotle* introduc'd were in reputation, other Principles contented human Reason, as these satisfy us now. What *Patent* have these People? What particular Privilege, that the

\* *Lucr. l. 5.*

Career of our Invention must be stopped by them, and that the Possession of our whole future Belief should belong to them? They are no more exempt from being thrust out of Doors than their Predecessors were. When any one presses me with a new Argument, I ought to believe, that what I cannot answer, another can: For to believe all Likelihoods that a Man cannot confute, is great Simplicity: It would by that means come to pass, that all the Vulgar (and we are all of the Vulgar) would have their Belief as turnable as a Weathercock: For the Soul being so easy to be impos'd upon, and without any Resistance, must of Force incessantly receive other and other Impressions, the last still effacing all Footsteps of that which went before. He that finds himself weak, ought to answer according to Practice, that he will speak with his *Council*, or refer himself to the Wise, from whom he receiv'd his Instruction. How long is it that *Physick* has been practis'd in the World? 'Tis said, that a new Comer, call'd *Paracelsus*, changes and overthrows the whole Order of antient Rules, and maintains that, till now, it has been of no other Use, but to kill Men. I do believe, that he will easily make this good: But I do not think it were Wisdom to venture my Life, in making Trial of his own Experience. *We are not to believe every one*, (says the Precept) *because every one can say all Things*. A Man of this Profession of Novelties and Physical Reformatations, not long since told me, *that all the Ancients were notoriously mistaken in the Nature and Motions of the Winds, which he would evidently demonstrate to me, if I would give him the hearing*. After I had with some Patience heard his Arguments, which were all full of Likelihood of Truth, *What then*, said I, *did those that sailed according to Theophrastus, make Way Westward, when they had the Proa towards the East, did they go sideward or backward? That's Fortune*, answer'd he, *but so it is, that they were mistaken*. I then reply'd, *that I had rather follow Effects than Reason*. Now these are Things that often interfere, and I have been told, that in *Geometry* (which pretends to have gained the highest Point of Certainty of all Science) there are Demonstrations found so inevitable, as subvert the Truth of all Experience. As *Jaques Pelletier* told me at my own House, *that he had found out two Lines stretching themselves one towards the other to meet, which nevertheless he affirmed,*

tho' extended to all Inunity, could never happen to touch one another; and the Pyrrhonians make no other Use of their Arguments and their Reason, than to ruin the Appearance of Experience; and 'tis a Wonder, how far the Suppleness of our Reason has followed them in this Design of controverting the Evidence of Effects. For they affirm, that we do not move, that we do not speak, and that there is neither Weight nor Heat, with the same Force of Argument, that we verify the most likely Things. Ptolemy, who was a great Man, had establish'd the Bounds of this World of ours; all the ancient Philosophers thought they had the Measure of it, excepting some remote *Isles*, that might escape their Knowledge. It had been *Pyrrhonism* a thousand Years ago, to doubt the Science of *Cosmography*, and the Opinions that every one had receiv'd from it: It was Hereby to hold the *Antipodes*; and behold in this Age of ours, there is an infinite Extent of firm Land discover'd, not an Island or a Greatness to that we knew before. The Geographers of our Times stick not to assure us, that now all is found, all is seen;

*Nam quod adest præsto placet, & pollere videtur* \*.

What present is does please, and seems the best.

But the Question is, whether, if Ptolemy was therein formerly deceiv'd, upon the Foundations of his Reason, it were not very foolish to trust now in what these People say? And whether it is not more like, that this great Body, which we call the World, is not quite another Thing than what we imagine; Plato says, that it changes Countenance in all Respects: That the Heavens, the Stars and the Sun, have all of them sometimes Motions retrograde to what we see changing East into West. The Egyptian Priests told Herodotus, that from the Time of their first King, which was Eleven Thousand and odd Years, (and they shew'd him the Effigies of all their Kings in Statues taken by the Life) the Sun had four times alter'd his Course: That the Sea and the Earth did alternately change into one another. Aristotle and Cicero both say, that the Beginning of the World is undetermined. And some amongst us are of Opini-

\* *Lucr. l. 5.*

nion,

nion, that it has been from all Eternity, is mortal and renewed again by several Vicissitudes; calling Solomon and *Isaiab* to witness: To evade those Oppositions, that God has once been a Creator without a Creature; that he has had nothing to do, that he has contradicted that Vacancy, by putting his Hand to this Work; and that consequently he is Subject to Change. In the most famous of the Greek Schools, the World is taken for a God, made by another God greater than he, and is composed of a Body and a Soul, fix'd in his Center, and dilating himself by musical Numbers to his Circumference: Divine, infinitely Happy, and infinitely Great, infinitely Wise and Eternal. In him are other Gods, the *Sea*, the *Earth*, the *Stars* who entertain one another with an harmonious and perpetual Agitation and divine Dance: Sometimes meeting, sometimes retiring from one another; concealing and discovering themselves changing their Order, one while before, and another behind. *Heraclitus* was positive that the World was compos'd of Fire, and by the Order of Destiny was one Day to be enflam'd and consum'd in Fire, and then to be again renew'd. And *Apuleius* says of Men: *Sigillatim mortales, cunctim perpetui*. That they are Mortal in particular, and Immortal in general. *Alexander* writ to his Mother the Narration of an *Egyptian Priest* drawn from their Monuments, testifying the Antiquity of that Nation to be infinite, and comprizing the Birth and Progress of other Countries. *Cicero* and *Diodorus* say, that in their Time, the Chaldees kept a Register of Four Hundred Thousand and odd Years. *Aristotle*, *Pliny*, and others, that *Zoroaster* flourished Six Thousand Years before *Plato's* Time. *Plato* says, that they of the City of *Sais* have Records in Writing of Eight Thousand Years: And that the City of *Athens* was built a Thousand Years before the said City of *Sais*. *Epicurus*, that at the same Time, Things are here in the Posture we see, they are alike and in the same Manner in several other Worlds. Which he would have delivered with greater Assurance, had he seen the Similitude and Concordance of the new discovered World of the *West Indies*, with ours present and past in so many strange Examples. In earnest, considering what is arriv'd at our Knowledge from the Course

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\* *Apuleius*.

of this terrestrial Polity, I have often wondred to see in so vast a Distance of Places and Times, such a Concurrence of so great a Number of popular and wild Opinions, and of savage Manners and Beliefs, which by no Means seem to proceed from our natural Meditation. Human Wit is a greater Worker of Miracles. But this Relation has moreover, I know not what of Extraordinary in it, 'tis found to be in Names also and a thousand other things. For they found *Nations* there (that, for ought we know, never heard of us) where Circumcision was in Use : *Circumcision.* Where there were States and strict Civil Governments maintain'd by Women only, without Men : Where *Feasts* and *Lent* were represented, to which was added, the Abstinence from Women : Where our Crosses were several Ways in Repute : Where they were made use of to honour and adorn their Sepulchres, where they were erected, and namely, that of *St. Andrew*, *St. Andrew's Cross.* to protect themselves from nocturnal Visions, and to lay upon the Cradles of the Infants against Inchantments : Elsewhere there was found one of Wood, of very great Stature, which was ador'd for the *God* of Rain ; and that a great *ACross ador'd for the God of Rain.* Way into the firm Land, where there were seen an expres Image of our shivring Priests, with the Use of Mitres, the Cœlibacy of Priests, the Art of Divination by the Entrails of sacrific'd Beasts, Abstinence from all Sorts of Flesh and Fish in their Diet, the Manner of *Priests* Officiating in a particular and not a vulgar Language : And this Fancy, that the first *God* was dishonoured by a Second, his younger Brother : That they were created with all sorts of Necessaries and Conveniencies, which have since been taken from them for their Sins, their Territory chang'd, and their natural Condition made worse. That they where of Old *The Creation of the World.* overwhelmed by the Inundation of Water from Heaven ; that but few Families escap'd, who retired into Caves of high Mountains, the Mouths of which they stopp'd ; that the Waters could not get in, having shut up, together with themselves, several sorts of Animals : That when they perceiv'd the Rain to cease they sent out Dogs, which returning clean and wet, they judg'd that the Water was not much abated : Afterward sending



sending out others, and seeing them return dirty, they issued out to re-people the World, which they found only full of Serpents. In one Place they met with the Belief of a Day of Judgment; insomuch that they were marvellously displeas'd at the *Spaniards* for discomposing the Bones of the Dead, in rifling the Sepulchres for Riches, saying, that those Bones so disordered could not easily rejoin: The Traffick by Exchange, and no other Way, Fairs, and Markets for that End: *Dwarfs* and deform'd People for the Ornament of the Tables of Princes: The Use of Falconry, according to the Natures of their Hawks; tyrannical Subsidies; Curiosity in Gardens, Dances, tumbling Tricks, Musick of Instruments, Armories, Tennis Courts, Dice and Lotteries, wherein they are sometimes so eager and hot, as to stake and play themselves and their Liberty: *Physick*, no otherwise, than by *Charms*: And the Way of Writing in *Cypher*: The Belief of only one first Man, the Father of all Nations: The Adoration of one God, who formerly liv'd a Man in perfect Virginitie, Fasting and Penitence, preaching the *Law of Nature*, and the Ceremonies of *Religion*; and that vanished from the World without a natural Death; the Opinion of *Giants*; the Custom of making themselves drunk with their Beverages, and drinking to the utmost; the religious Ornaments painted with Bones and dead Men's Skulls: Surplices, holy Water sprinkled, Wives and Servants, who present themselves with Emulation, to be burnt and interr'd with the dead Husband or Master: a Law by which the Eldest succeeds to all the Estate, no other Provision being made for the Younger, but Obedience: The Custom that upon Promotion to a certain Office of great Authority, the Promoted is to take upon him a new Name, and to leave that which he had before: Another to strew Lime upon the Knee of the New-born Child: with these Words, *From Dust thou camest, and to Dust thou must return*: As also the Art of *Augury*. These vain Shadows of our Religion, which are observable in some of these Examples, are Testimonies of its Dignity and Divinity. It is not only

*The Day of Judgment.*

*Dwarfs at the Tables of Princes.*

*Divers Sorts of Games.*

*Adoration of one God made Man.*

in some fort insinuated into all the infidel Nations on this side of the World, by a certain Imitation, but in the forenam'd Barbarians also, as by a common and supernatural Inspiration: For we find there the Belief of Purgatory, but of a new Form; that which we give to the Fire they give to the Cold, and imagine, that the Souls are purged and punished by the Rigour of an excessive Coldness. And this Example puts me in mind of another pleasant Diversity: For as there were in that Place some People who took a Pride to strip and unmuffle the Glands of their Instruments, and clipt off the Prepuce after the *Mahometan* and *Jewish* Manner; there were others who made so great Conscience of laying it bare, that they carefully pursed it up with little Springs, to keep that End from peeping into the Air. And of this other Diversity, that whereas we, to honour Kings and Festivals, put on the best Clothes we have; in some Regions, to express their Disparity and Submission to their King, his Subjects present themselves before him in their vilest Habits, and entring his *Palace*, throw some old tatter'd Garment over their better Apparel, to the End that all the Lustre and Ornament may solely remain in him. But to proceed; if Nature inclose within the Bounds of her ordinary Progress, the Beliefs, Judgments and Opinions of Men, as well as all other Things; if they have their Revolution, their Season, their Birth and Death, like Cabbage-plants; if the Heavens agitate and rule them at their Pleasure, what magisterial and permanent Authority do we attribute to them? If we experimentally see, that the Form of our Beings depends upon the Air, upon the Climate, and upon the Soil where we are born: And not only the Colour, the Stature, the Complexion and the Countenances, but moreoyer the very Faculties of the Soul itself: *Et plaga Cæli non solum ad robur corporum, sed etiam animorum facit*\*: The Climate is of great Efficacy, not only to the Strength of Bodies, but to that of Souls also, says *Vegetius*: And that the Goddesses who founded the City of *Athens* chose to situate it in a Temperature of Air fit to make Men prudent, as the *Ægyptian* Priests told

*A new sort of Purgatory.*

\* *Veget. l. 1. Cap. 2.*

*Solon:*

*Solon: Athenis tenue Cœlum: Ex quo etiam acutiores putantur Attici: Crassum Thebis: Itaque pingues Thebani, & valentes\*:* The Air of Athens is subtle and thin; from whence also the Athenians are reputed to be more acute: And at Thebes more gross and thick; wherefore the Thebans are looked upon as more heavy-witted and more strong: In such sort, that as the Fruits and Animals differ, the Men should also be more or less warlike, just, temperate, and docile; here given to Wine, elsewhere to Theft or Uncleaness: Here inclin'd to Superstition; elsewhere to Unbelief: In one Place to Liberty, in another to Servitude; capable of one Science or of one Art, dull or ingenious, obedient or mutinous, good or ill, according as the Place where they are seated inclines them, and assume a new Complexion, if remov'd, like Trees: Which was the Reason why Cyrus would not grant the *Persians* leave to quit their rough and craggy Country to remove to another more pleasant and plain: Saying, *That fertile and tender Soils made Men effeminate and soft.* If we see one while one Art and one Belief flourish, and another while another, thro' some celestial Influence; such an Age to produce such Natures, and to incline Mankind to such and such a Propensity; the Spirits of Men one while gay, and another grum; like our Fields, what becomes of all those fine Prerogatives we so sooth ourselves withal; seeing that a wise Man may be mistaken: A hundred Men, a hundred Nations, nay, that even human Nature itself, as we believe, is many Ages wide in one Thing or another, what Assurances have we that she sometimes is not mistaken, or not in this very Age of ours? Methinks, that amongst other Testimonies of our Imbecility, this ought not to be forgotten, that Man cannot, by his own Wish and Desire, find out what is necessary for him; that not in Fruition only, but in Imagination and Wish, we cannot agree about what we would have to satisfy and content us. Let us leave it to our own Thought, to cut out and make up at Pleasure: It cannot so much as cover what is proper for it, and satisfy itself.

— *quid enim ratione timemus  
Aut cupimus? Quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te  
Conatus non pœniteat; votique peracti †?*

\* Cicero de Fato.

† Juv. Sat. 10.

For what with Reason does Man wish or fear,  
Or undertake upon a Ground so clear,  
That afterward he may not well repent  
Both the Attempt and the desir'd Event.

And therefore it was, that *Socrates* begg'd  
nothing of the *Gods* but what they knew  
to be best for him. And the both private  
and publick Prayers of the *Lacedæmonians* were only simply  
to obtain good and useful Things, referring the Choice and  
Election of them to the Discretion of the Supreme Power.

*Socrates's  
Prayers.*

*Conjugium petimus, partumque Uxoris, at illis  
Notum qui pueri, qualisque futura sit Uxor\*.*

We pray for Wives and Children, they above  
Know only when we have them, what they'll prove.

And *Christians* pray to *God*, That his Will may be done:  
That they may not fall into the Inconvenience the Poet  
feigns of the King *Midas*. He prayed to the *Gods*, that  
all he touch'd might be turn'd into Gold: His Prayer was  
heard, his Wine was Gold, his Bread was Gold, and the  
Feathers of his Bed, his Shirt and Clothes were turn'd into  
Gold; so that he found himself ruin'd and overwhelmed  
with the Fruition of his Desire; and being enrich'd with  
an intolerable Wealth was fain to unpray his Prayers:

*Attonitus novitate mali, divesque, miserque,  
Effugere optat opes, & quæ modo voverat odit †.*

Attonish'd at the Strangeness of the Ill,  
To be so rich, yet miserable still;  
He wishes now he could his Wealth evade,  
And hates the Thing for which before he pray'd.

To instance in myself, being young, I  
desir'd of Fortune, above all Things, the  
Order of *St. Michael*; which was then  
the utmost Distinction of Honour amongst  
the *French Nobles*, and very rare. She  
pleasantly gratify'd my Longing. Instead of raising me,  
and lifting me up from my own Place to attain to it, she

*The Order of  
St. Michael of  
high Esteem  
in France.*

\* *Juv. Sat. 10.*

† *Ovid. Met. l. 11.*

was much kinder to me ; for she brought it so low, and made it so cheap, that it stoop'd down to my Shoulders, and lower. *Cleobis and Biton, Trophonius and Agamides*, having requested, the first of their Goddesses, the last of their God, a *Recompence worthy of their Piety*, had *Death* for a Reward : So differing are heavenly Opinions, concerning what is fit for us ; for our God might grant us Riches, Honours, Life and Health sometimes to our own Hurt : For every thing that is pleasing to us is not always good for us ; if he sends us Death, or an Increase of Sickness instead of a Cure, *Virga tua, & baculus tuus ipsa me consolata sunt* \* : *Thy Rod and thy Staff have comforted me* : He does it by the Rule of his Providence, which better and more certainly discerns what is proper for us than we can do ; and we ought to take it in good part, as coming from a wise and most friendly Hand.

— *Si consilium vis,  
Permittis ipsis expendere numinibus quid  
Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris ;  
Charior est illis homo, quam sibi †.*

If thou'lt be rul'd, leave to the Gods in Pray'rs  
To weigh what's fit for us in our Affairs ;  
For Man to them, by infinite Degrees,  
Than he is to himself, far dearer is.

For to require Honours and Commands, is to require, that he may throw you into a Battle ; set you upon a Cast of Dice, or something of the like Nature ; whereof the Issue is to you unknown, and the Fruit doubtful. There is no Dispute so sharp and violent amongst the *Philosophers* as about the Question of the *sovereign Good of Man* : From whence, by the Calculation of *Varro*, two hundred and fourscore *Sects*. *Qui autem de summo bono dissentit, de tota Philosophiæ ratione disputat ‡.* For, whoever enters into Controversy, concerning the *Supreme Good*, disputes upon the whole Reason of *Philosophy*.

*Tres mihi convivæ prope dissentire videntur,  
Pascentes vario multum diversa palato,  
Quid dem? Quid non dem? Renuis tu quod jubet alter:  
Quod petis, id sane est invisum, acidumque duobus ||.*

\* *Psal.* xxiii. † *Juv. Sat.* 10. ‡ *Cicero de Fin.* 2b. 5. || *Hor. lib.* 1. *Epist.* 2.

T'invite three Guests of differing Palates home  
To a Man's Table, sure is troublesome ;  
What one likes thou dislik'st : What shall I do ?  
And what thou lik'st dislikes the other two.

Nature should say the same to their Contests and Debates. Some say, that our well-being lies in *Virtue*, others in *Pleasure*, others in your *submitting to Nature* : One in *Knowledge*, another in *being exempt from Pain*, another in *not suffering ourselves to be carried away by Appearances* : And this Fancy seems to have some relation to that of the ancient *Pythagoras*.

*Nil admirari prope res est una Numaci,  
Solaque quæ possit facere, & servare beatum* \*.

Nothing t'admire's the only Thing I know  
Can make us happy, and can keep us so.

Which is the Drift of the *Pyrrhonian Sect*. *Aristotle* attributes the admiring of nothing to *Magnanimity*. And *Arcefilaus* said, that *Constancy, and a right inflexible State of Judgment were the true Goods* : But that *Consent and Application the Evils* ; and there, it is true, in being thus positive, and establishing it by a certain Axiom, he quitted *Pyrrhonism*. For the *Pyrrhonians*, when they say, that *the Ataraxy*, which is the *Immobility of Judgment, is the sovereign Good*, do not design to speak it affirmatively ; but that the same Motion of Soul which makes them avoid *Precipices*, and take shelter from the Cold, presents them such a Fancy, and makes them refuse another. How much do I wish, that whilst I live, either some other, or *Justus Lipsius*, the most learned Man now living, of a most polite and judicious Understanding, and truly resembling my *Turnebus* ; had both the Will and Health, and Leisure sufficient, sincerely to collect into a Register according to their Divisions and Classes, as many as are to be found of the Opinions of the ancient Philosophers, about the Subject of our Being and Manners, their Controversies, the Succession and Reputation of *Sects* ; with the Application of the Lives of the Authors and their

Character of  
Justus Lip-  
sius.

\* *Hor. lib. 1. Epist. 6.*

Disciples to their own Precepts, in memorable Accidents, and upon exemplary Occasions. What a beautiful and useful Work that would be! As to what remains, if it be from ourselves that we are to extract the Rules of our Manners, upon what a Confusion do we throw ourselves? For that which our Reason advises us to, as the most probable, is generally *for every one to obey the Laws of his Country*, as it was that of *Socrates*, inspir'd, as he pretends himself, by a divine Counsel. And by that what would it say, if not that our Duty has no other Rule but what is accidental? Truth ought to have a like and univ'ersal Visage: If Man could know *Equity and Justice*, that it had a Body and a true Being, he would not fetter it to the Conditions of this Country or that. It would not be from the Whimfies of the *Persians* or *Indians* that Virtue would receive its Form. There is nothing more subject to perpetual Agitation than the *Laws*. Since the Time that I was born, I have known those of the *Englishs*, our Neighbours, three or four times chang'd, not only in Matters of *Civil Regimen*, which is the only Thing wherein Constancy is dispensed with, but in the most important Subject that can be; namely, *Religion*. At which I am the more troubled, and of which I am the more ashamed, because it is a Nation with whom those of my *Province* have formerly had so great Familiarity and Acquaintance; that there yet remains in my House some Footsteps of our antient Kindred. And here with us at home, I have known a Thing that was capital to become lawful; and we that hold others, are likewise, according to the Chance of War, in a Possibility of being found one Day guilty of High-Treason, both divine and human, should the Justice of our Arms fall into the Power of Injustice: And after a few Years Possession taking a quite contrary Being. How could that ancient God (*Apollo*) more clearly accuse the Ignorance of human Knowledge, concerning the divine Being, and give Men to understand, that their *Religion* was but a Thing of their own Contrivance, useful as a Bond to their Society, than declaring as he did to those who came to his *Tripod* for Instruction: *That every one's true Worship was that which he found in Use in the Place where he chanced to be?* O God, what infinite Obligation have we to the Bounty of our sovereign Creator, for having disabused our Belief from wandring and arbitrary

rary Devotions, and for having seated it upon the eternal Foundation of the Holy Word? But what will then *Philosophy* say to us in this Necessity? Why, that we follow the *Laws* of our Country, that is to say, this floating Sea of the Opinions of a *Republick*, or a *Prince*, that will paint out Justice for me in as many Colours, and reform it as many Ways as there are Changes of Passions in themselves. I cannot suffer my Judgment to be flexible. What a kind of Bounty is that which I shall see one Day in repute, and that To-morrow shall be in none, and that the crossing of a River shall be made a Crime? What Truth is it that these Mountains impale, and keep it from the World beyond them? But they are pleasant, when to give some Certainty to the *Laws*, they say, that *Natural Laws* there are some firm, perpetual and immovable, which they call natural, that are imprinted in human kind by the Condition of their own proper Being, and those some reckon three, some four, some more, some less, a Sign that it is a Mark as doubtful as the rest. Now they are so unfortunate, (for what can I call it else but Misfortune) that of so infinite a Number of *Laws*, there should not be found one at least, that Fortune and the Rashness of Chance has suffer'd to be universally receiv'd by the Consent of all Nations? They are, I say, so miserable, that of these three or four select *Laws*, there is not so much as one that is not contradicted and disown'd, not only by one Nation, but by many. Now, the only likely Sign, by which they can argue, or infer some *Laws* to be natural, is the Universality of Approbation; for we should, without doubt, follow that which Nature had truly ordained us; and not only every Nation, but every particular Man would resent the Force and Violence that any one should do him, who would tempt him to any Thing contrary to this *Law*. Let them produce me but one of this Condition: *Protagoras* and *Aristo* gave no other Essence to the Justice of *Laws* than the Authority and Opinion of the Legislator, and that these laid aside, the Honest and the Good would lose their Qualities, and remain empty Names of indifferent Things. *Thrasymachus*, in *Plato*, is of Opinion, that there is no other Right but the Convenience of the Superior. There is not any Thing where- in the World is so various, as in *Laws* and *Customs*; such a Thing is abominable here, which is elsewhere in Esteem, as



in *Lacedæmonia*, the Dexterity of Stealing. Marriages within the forbidden Degrees are capitally interdicted amongst us, they are elsewhere in Honour.

———— *Gentes esse feruntur,  
In quibus & nato genitrix, & nata Parenti,  
Jungitur, & pietas geminato crescit amore* \*.

There are some Nations in the World, 'tis said,  
Where Fathers Daughters, Sons their Mothers wed:  
And their Affections still do higher rise,  
More firm and constant by these double Ties.

The Murder of Infants, Murder of Fathers, Communication of Wives, Traffick of Robberies, Licence in all Sorts of Voluptuousness: Finally, there is nothing so extreme, that is not allowed by the Custom, and the common Usage of some Nation or other. It is credible that there are natural *Laws*, but they are lost in us; this fine human Reason every where so insinuating itself to govern and command, as to shuffle and confound the Face of Things, according to its own Vanity and Inconstancy. *Nilil itaque amplius nostrum est; quod nostrum dico, artis est: Therefore nothing is any more truly ours: What we call ours belongs to Art.* Subjects have divers Lustres, and divers Considerations; and from thence the Diversity of Opinions principally proceeds. One Nation considers a Subject in one Aspect, and stops there; another takes it from another Prospect. There is nothing of greater Horror to be imagin'd, than for a Man to eat his Father; and yet the People, whose ancient Custom it was so to do, look'd upon it as a Testimony of Piety and natural Affection, seeking thereby to give their Progenitors the most worthy and honourable Sepulture; storing up in themselves, and as it were in their own Marrow, the Bodies and Relicks of their Fathers; and in some sort regenerating them by Transmutation into their living Flesh, by Means of Nourishment and Digestion. It is easy to consider what a Cruelty and Abomination it must have appear'd to be to Men possess'd and imbute with this Superstition,

*The Bodies of  
their deceased  
Fathers eaten  
by some Peo-  
ple, and why.*

\* *Ovid. Met. lib. 10.*

to throw their Father's Remains to the Corruption of the Earth, and the Nourishment of Beasts and Worms. *Lycurgus* consider'd in *Theft*, the Vivacity, Diligence, Boldness and Dexterity of purloining any Thing from our Neighbours, and the Benefit that redounded to the Pub-

*Theft allowed by Lycurgus, and why.*

lick that every one may look more narrowly to the Conservation of what was his own, and believed, that from his double Institution of Assaulting and Defending, Advantage was to be made for Military Discipline (which was the principal Science and Virtue, to which he would inure that Nation) of greater Consideration than the Disorder and Injustice of taking another Man's Goods. *Dionysius*, the

*Dionysius, the Tyrant, offered Plato a Robe of the Persian Fashion, long, damask'd, and perfum'd; Plato refused it, saying, That being born a Man, he would not willingly dress himself in Woman's Cloath's; but Aristippus accepted it with this Answer,*

*That no Accoutrement could corrupt a chaste Courage.* His Friends reproaching him with *Meanness of Spirit*, for laying it no more to Heart, that *Dionysius* had spit in his Face; *Fishermen*, said he, *suffer themselves to be dash'd with the Waves of the Sea from Head to Foot to catch a Gudgeon.* *Diogenes* was washing Cabbages, and seeing him pass by; *If thou couldst live on Cabbage*, said he, *thou wouldst not fawn upon a Tyrant.* To whom *Aristippus* reply'd, *And if thou knewest how to live amongst Men, thou wouldst not be washing Cabbages.* Thus Reason finds Appearance for divers Effects. 'Tis a Pot with two Ears, that a Man may take by the Right or Left.

*bellum, o terra hospita portas,  
Bello armantur equi; bellum hæc armenta minantur:  
Sed tamen iidem olim curru succedere sucti  
Quadrupedes, & frena jugo concordia ferre,  
Spes est paces\*.*

O, Earth, it is thy Womb that War does bear,  
Horses are arm'd for; Herds do threaten War:

\* *Æn. l. 3.*

And yet these Brutes having with Patience bore  
The Yoak, and yielded to the Reins before,  
There's Hopes of Peace.

Solon's Tears  
for the Death  
of his Son.

*Solon*, being importun'd by his Friends  
not to shed powerless and unprofitable Tears  
for the Death of his Son: *It is for that*  
*Reason that I the more justly shed them,*  
said he, *because they are powerless and unprofitable.*

The Mourn-  
ing of So-  
crates's Wife.

*Socrates's Wife*, exasperated her Grief by  
this Circumstance, *Oh, how unjustly do*  
*these wicked Judges put him to Death!*  
*Why; reply'd he, hadst thou rather they*  
*should justly execute me?* We have our Ears bor'd; the  
*Greeks* look'd upon that as a Mark of Slavery. We retire  
in private to enjoy our Wives, the *Indians* do it in pub-  
lick: The *Scythians* immolated Strangers in their Tem-  
ples, elsewhere Temples were a Refuge.

*Inde furor vulgi, quod numina viciniorum  
Odit quisque locus, cum solus credat habendos  
Esse Deos, quos ipse colit \**

This 'tis the popular Fury that creates,  
That all their Neighbours Gods each Nation hates;  
And that the more, because conceive they do  
None but their own should be reputed so.

I have heard of a Judge, that where he met with a sharp  
Conflict betwixt *Bartolus* and *Baldus*, and some Point con-  
troverted with many Contrarieties, writ in the Margent of  
his Book, *A Question for a Friend*, that is to say, that *Truth*  
was there so controverted and disputed, that in a like Cause,  
he might favour which of the Parties he thought fit:  
'Twas only for want of Wit, that he did not write, a *Ques-  
tion for a Friend*, throughout. *The Advocates* and *Judges*  
of our Times, find Bias enough in all Causes to accommo-  
date them to what they themselves think fit: In so infinite  
a Science, depending upon the Authority of so many  
Opinions, and so arbitrary a Subject, it cannot be, but that  
of Necessity, an extreme Confusion of Judgments must  
arise. There is also hardly any Suit so clear, wherein *Opi-*

\* *Juven. Sat. 15.*

nions do not very much differ; what one Court has determin'd, another determines quite contrary, and itself contrary to that at another Time. Of which we see very frequent Examples, which is a marvellous Blemish to the Ceremonious Authority and Lustre of our Justice, not to stick to positive Sentences, but to run from Judge to Judge, and Court to Court, to decide one and the same Cause. As to the Liberty of Philosophical Opinions concerning *Vice* and *Virtue*, 'tis not necessary to be insisted upon; and wherein are found many Opinions that are better conceal'd than published to weak Spirits: *Arcefilaus* said, *That in Fornication it was no Matter where, or with whom it was committed* \*. *Et obscenas voluptates, si natura requirit, non genere, aut loco, aut ordine, sed forma, etate, figura metiendas Epicurus putat, ne amores quidem sanctos a sapiente alienos esse arbitrantur; Quæramus ad quam usque etatem juvenes amandi sint. And obscene Pleasures, if Nature requires, Epicurus thinks are not to be measur'd, either by Kind, Place, or Order, but by Age and Beauty. Neither are Holy Loves thought to be strangers to wise Men; we are to enquire 'till what Age young Men are to be lov'd.* These two last Stoical Quotations, and the Reproach that *Diogarebus* threw into the Teeth of *Plato* himself upon this Account, shew how much the soundest Philosophy indulges Licences and Excesses, very remote from common Custom. *Laws* derive their Authority from Possession and Custom: 'Tis dangerous to trace them backward to their Beginning; they grow great, and ennoble themselves like our Rivers by running: But follow them upward to their Source, 'tis but a little Spring, scarce discernable, that swells thus, and thus fortifies itself by growing old. Do but consult the ancient Considerations that gave the first Motion to this famous Torrent, so full of Dignity and Reverence; you will find them so light and weak, that it is no Wonder if these People, who weigh and reduce every Thing to Reason, and who admit nothing by Authority, or upon Trust, have their Judgments very remote and differing from those of the Publick. It is no Wonder if People who take their Pattern from the first Image of Nature,

*Laws authoriz'd by Customs.*

\* *Cicero. Tusc. lib. 5.*

should in most of their Opinions swerve from the common Path: As for Example, few amongst them would have approv'd of the strict Conditions of our Marriages, and most of them have been for having Wives in common, and without Obligation: They would refuse our Ceremonies. *Chrystippus* said, That a certain Philosopher would have made a Dozen Somersaults, and turn'd up his Tail without his Breeches, for a Dozen of Olives. That Philosopher would hardly have advis'd *Calisthenes* to have refused *Hippoclides* the fair *Agarista* his Daughter, for having seen him stand on his Head upon a Table. *Metrodus* let a Fart a little indiscreetly in Disputation, in the Presence of a great Auditory in his School, and kept himself hid in his own House for Shame, 'till *Crates* coming to visit him, and adding to his Consolations and Reasons, the Example of his own Liberty, falling to Fart with him who should let most, cur'd him of that Scruple, and withal drew him to his own Stoical *Sett*, more free than that more reserv'd one of the *Peripateticks*, of which he had been 'till then. That which we call Decency, not to dare to do that in publick which it is decent enough to do in private, the *Sticks* call Foppery; and to mince it, and to be so modest as to conceal and disown what Nature, Custom, and our Desires publish and proclaim of our Actions, they reputed a Vice. The other thought it was to undervalue the Mysteries of *Venus*, to draw them out of the private Oratory, to expose them to the View of the People: And that to bring them out from behind the Curtain, was to lose them. Modesty is a Thing of Weight; Secrecy, Reservation, and Circumspection are Parts of Esteem. Pleasure did very ingeniously, when under the Mask of Virtue, she sued not to be prostituted in the open Streets, trodden under Foot, and exposed to the publick View, wanting the Dignity and Convenience of her private *Cabinets*. Hence some say, that to put down publick Stews, is not only to disperse Fornication into all Places that was confin'd to one, but moreover, by the Difficulty to incite wild and wanton People to this Vice.

*Mæchus es Ausidiæ qui vir, Corvine, fassis,  
Rivalis fuerat qui tuus ille vir est  
Cur aliena placet tibi, quæ tua non placet Uxor?  
Nunquid se curus non potes arrigere \*?*

\* *Mart. lib. 3. Epig. 68.*

This Experience diversifies itself in a thousand Examples.

*Nullus in Urbe fuit tota, qui tangere vellet  
Uxorem gratis, Cæciliane, tuam,  
Dum licuit: Sed nunc positis custodibus, ingens  
Turba futurorum est. Ingeniosus homo es\*.*

A Philosopher being taken in the very Act, and asked what he was doing, coldly reply'd, *I am planting Man*; no more blushing to be so caught, than if they had found him planting Garlick. It is, I suppose, out of Tenderness and Respect to the natural Modesty of Mankind, that a great and religious Author is of Opinion, *that this Act is so necessarily bound to Privacy and Shame, that he cannot persuade himself there could be any absolute Performance in those impudent Embraces of the Cynicks, but that they only made it their Business to represent the lascivious Gestures of Lust; to maintain the Impudence of their Schools Profession; and that to eject what Shame had withheld, it was after-ward necessary for them to withdraw into the Shade.* But he had not

*The Embraces of the Cynicks impudent, and in open Sight.*

thoroughly examin'd their Debauches; for *Diogenes*, playing the Beast with himself in Publick, with'd in the Presence of all that saw him, *that he could fill his Belly by that Exercise.* To those who asked him, *Why he did not find out a more commodious Place to eat in, than the open Street;* he made Answer, *Because I am hungry in the open Street.* The Women Philosophers, who mixt with their Sect, mixt also with their Persons in all Places without Reservation: And *Hipperchia* was not receiv'd into *Crates's* Society, but upon Condition that she should in all Things follow the Practice and Customs of his Rule. These Philosophers set a great Price upon Virtue, and renounce all other Discipline but the Moral: and yet in all their Actions they attributed the Sovereign Authority to the Election of their Sage, and above the *Laws*, and gave no other Curb to Voluptuousness but Moderation only, and the Conservation of the Liberty of others. *Heraclitus* and *Protagoras*, for as much as Wine seem'd bitter to the Sick, and pleasant to the Sound, the Rudder crooked in the Water,

\* *Mart. lib. 1. Epig. 74.*

and

and strait when out, and such like contrary Appearances as are found in Subjects, argued from thence, *That all Subjects had in themselves the Causes of these Appearances; and there was some Bitterness in the Wine, which had some Sympathy with the sick Man's Taste, and the Rudder some bending Quality, sympathizing with him that looks upon it in the Water.* And so of all the rest, which is to say, *that All is in all Things, and consequently Nothing in any one; for where All is, there is nothing.* This Opinion put me in mind of the Experience we have, that there is no Sense or Aspect of any Thing, whether bitter or sweet, strait or crooked, that human Wit does not find out in the Writings he undertakes to tumble over. Into the cleanest, purest, and most perfect Speaking that can possibly be, how many Lies and Falsities have we suggested? What Heresy has not there found Ground and Testimony sufficient to make itself embrac'd and defended? 'Tis for this, that the Authors of such Errors will never depart from Proof of the Testimony of the Interpretation of Words. A Person of Dignity, who would prove to me by Authority, the Search of the

*The purest Way of Speaking, capable of various Interpretations.*

*The Philosophers Stone approv'd.*

Philosophers Stone, wherein he was over Head and Ears engag'd, allerdg'd to me at least Five or Six Passages in the *Bible*, upon which he said, he first founded his Attempt, for the Discharge of his Conscience (for he is a Divine) and in Truth was not only pleasant, but moreover very well accommodated to the Defence of this fine Science. By this Way the Reputation of divining Fables is acquir'd. There is no Fortune-teller, if we have this Authority, but, if a Man will take the Pains to tumble and tofs, and narrowly to peep into all the Folds and Glosses of his Words, he may make him, like the *Sibyls*, say what he will. There are so many Ways of Interpretation, that it will be hard but that, either obliquely, or in a direct Line, an ingenious Wit will find out in every Subject some Air that will serve for his Purpose; Therefore there is a cloudy and ambiguous Style in this so frequent and ancient Use; let the Author but make himself Master of that, he may extract and busy Posterity about his Predictions; which not only his own Parts, but the accidental Favour of the Matter itself, may as much or more assist him to obtain. That, as to the rest, he expresses

presses himself after a foolish or a subtle Manner, whether obscurely or contradictorily, 'tis no Matter; a Number of Wits shaking and sifting him, will bring out a great many several Forms, either according to his Meaning, or colateral, or contrary to it, which will all redound to his Honour. He will see himself enrich'd by the Means of his Disciples, like the Regents of Colleges by their Pupils and yearly Presents. This it is which has given Reputation to many Things of no worth at all; that has brought several Writings in Vogue, and given them the Fame of containing all Sorts of Matter can be desir'd; one and the same Thing receiving a Thousand and a Thousand Images and various Considerations; nay, even as many as we please. Is it possible that *Homer* could design to say all that we make him:

And that he design'd so many and so various Figures, as that the *Divines, Law-givers, Captains, Philosophers*, and all Sorts of Men who treat of Sciences, how variously and oppositely soever, should indifferently quote him, and support their Arguments by his Authority, as the Sovereign Lord and Master of all Offices, Works and Artizans, and Counsellor General of all Enterprises; whoever has had Occasion for Oracles and Predictions, has there found sufficient to serve his Turn. 'Tis a Wonder how many, and how admirable Concurrences an intelligent Person, and a particular Friend of mine, has there found out in Favour of our Religion; and cannot easily be put out of the Conceit that it was *Homer's* Design: And yet he is as well acquainted with this Author, as any Man whatever of his Time. And what he has found in Favour of ours, very many anciently have found in Favour of theirs. Do but observe how *Plato* is tumbled and tost, every one ennobling his own Opinions by applying him to himself, make him take what Side they please. They draw him in, and engage him in all the new Opinions the World receives; and make him, according to the different Course of Things, differ from himself: Every one makes him according to his own Sense, the Manners and Customs lawful in his Age, because they are unlawful in ours; and all with this Vivacity and Power, according to the Force and Spriteliness of the Wit of the Interpreter. From the same Foundation that *Heraclitus* and this Sentence of his had,  
*That*

*Homer, the general Leader of all Sorts of People.*



That all Things had in them those Forms that we discern, Democritus drew a quite contrary Conclusion; namely, Honey is sweet to one and bitter to another; he thence argued, that it was neither sweet nor bitter. The Pyrrhonians would say, that they knew not whether it is sweet or bitter, or neither the one or the other, or both; for those always gain the highest Point of Dubitation. The Cyrenaicks held, that nothing was perceptible, from without, and that That only was perceptible, that internally touch'd us, as Grief and Pleasure; acknowledging neither Sound nor Colour, but certain Affections only that we receive from them, and that Man's Judgment had no other Seat. Protagoras believ'd, that what seem'd to every one is true to every one. The Epicureans lodg'd all Judgment in the Senses, and in the Knowledge of Things, and in Pleasure. Plato would have the Judgment of Truth, and Truth itself deriv'd from Opinions and the Senses to belong to the Wit and Cogitation. This Discourse put me upon the Consideration of these Senses, in which lies the greatest Foundation and Proof of our Ignorance. Whatsoever is known, is doubtless known by the Faculty of the Knower; for seeing the Judgment proceeds from the Operation of him that judges, 'tis Reason that this Operation performs it by his Means, and will not by the Constraint of another; as it would happen, if we knew Things by the Power, and according to the Law of their Essence. Now all Knowledge is convey'd to us by the Senses; they are our Masters:

— *via qua munita fidei*

*Proxima fert humanum in pectus, templaque mentis\*.*

It is the surest Path that Faith can find  
By which to enter human Heart and Mind.

Science begins by them, and is resolv'd into them. After all, we should know no more than a Stone, if we did not know that there is a Sound, Odour, Light, Taste, Measure, Weight, Softness, Hardness, Sharpness, Colour, Smoothness, Breadth and Depth. These are the Platforms and Principles of the Structure of all our Knowledge. And, according to some, Science is nothing else but Sense. He that could make me contradict the Senses, would have me

\* *Luc. l. 5.*

by the Throat, he could not make me go further back. The Senses are the Beginning and the End of human Knowledge.

*Invenies primus ab sensibus esse creatam  
Notitiam veri, neque sensus posse refelli.  
Quid majore fide porro quam sensus haberi  
Debet \* ?*

You'll find of Truth, that all Discoveries made,  
Are first by Senses to the Soul convey'd ;  
Neither will Sense be baffled, and on what  
Can we rely more safely than on that ?

Let us attribute to them the least we can, we must however of Necessity grant them this, that it is by their Means and Mediation that all our Instruction is directed. Cicero says, that Chrysiippus, having attempted to extenuate the Force and Virtue of the Senses, presented to himself Arguments and so vehement Oppositions to the contrary, that he could not be satisfied in himself therein : Whereupon Carneades, who maintain'd the contrary Side, boasted, that he would make use of the same Words and Arguments that Chrysiippus had done, with them to controvert and confute him, and therefore thus cry'd out against him : O Miserable ! Thy Force has destroy'd thee. There can be nothing absurd to a greater Degree, than to maintain that Fire does not warm, that Light does not shine, and, that there is no Weight nor Solidity in Iron, which are Advertisements convey'd to us by the Senses : neither is there Belief nor Knowledge in Man that can be compar'd to that for Certainty. The first Consideration I have upon the Subject of the Senses is, that I make a Doubt whether or no Man be furnish'd with all natural Senses. I see several Animals who live an intire and perfect Life, some without Sight, others without Hearing : Who knows whether to us also, One, Two or Three, or many other Senses may not be wanting ? For if any one be wanting, our Examination cannot discover the Defect. 'Tis the Privilege of the Senses to be the utmost Limit of

*Doubt whether  
Man have all  
the Senses.*

\* Luc. lib. 4.

our Discovery: There is nothing beyond them that can assist us in Exploration, not so much as one Sense in the Discovery of another.

*An poterunt oculos aures reprehendere, an aures  
Tactus, an hunc porro tactum sapor arguet oris,  
An confutabunt nares, oculive revincent.\*?*

Can Ears the Eyes, the Touch the Ears correct?  
Or is that Touch by Tasting to be check'd?  
Or th' other Senses shall the Nose, or Eyes  
Confute in their peculiar Faculties?

They all make the extreamest Limits of our Ability.

————— *seorsum cuique potestas*

*Divisa est, sua vis cuique est †.*

Each has its Power distinctly, and alone,  
And every Sense's Power is its own.

It is impossible to make a Man naturally blind, conceive that he does not see, impossible to make him desire Sight, or to be sensible of his Defect. For which Reason we ought not to derive any Assurance from the Soul's being contented and satisfy with those we have: Considering that it cannot be sensible herein of its Infirmity and Imperfection, if there be any such thing. It is impossible to say any thing to this blind Man, either by Argument or Similitude, that can possess his Imagination with any Apprehensions of Light, Colour, or Sight. There nothing remains behind that can push on the Senses to Evidence. Those that are born blind, whom we hear to wish they could see, it is not that they understand what they desire: They have learn'd from us that they want something, that there is something to be desired that we have, which they can name indeed, and speak of its Effects and Consequences, but yet they know not what it is, nor apprehend it at all. I have seen a Gentleman of a good Family, who was born blind, or at least blind from such an Age that he knows not what Sight is: who is so little sensible of his Defect, that he makes use as we do of Words proper for seeing, and applies them after a Manner wholly particular, and his own. They brought him a Child to which he was God-father, which having

\* *Luc. lib. 4.*

† *Ibid.*

taken

taken into his Arms: *Good God*, said he, *what a fine Child is this, how beautiful to look upon, what a pretty Face it has!* He will say, like one of us, *this Room has a very fine Prospect, it is clear Weather, the Sun shines bright.* And moreover, being that Hunting, Tennis and Buts are our Exercises, and he has heard so, he has taken a liking to them, will ride a Hunting, and believes he has as good Share of the Sport as we have; and will express himself as angry or pleas'd as the best of us all, and yet knows nothing of it but by the Ear. One cries out to him, *here's a Hare*, when he is, upon some even Plain where he may safely ride; and afterwards when they tell him, *the Hare is kill'd*, he will be as over-joy'd and proud of it as he hears others say they are. He will take a Tennis-ball in his Left-hand and strike it away with the Racket. He will shoot with a Musket at random, and is contented with what his People tell him, that he is over, or wide. Who knows whether all Human Kind commit not the like Absurdity, for want of some Sense, and that thro' this Default the greatest Part of the Face of Things is conceal'd from us? What do we know but that the Difficulties which we find in several Effects of Animals, which exceed our Capacity, are not produc'd by Faculty of some Sense that we are defective in? and whether some of them have not by this Means a Life more full and intire than ours? We seize an Apple as it were with all our Senses: We there find Redness, Smoothness, Odour and Sweetness; but it may have other Virtues besides these, as to Heat or Binding, which no Sense of ours can have any reference unto. Is it not likely, that there are sensitive Faculties in Nature that are fit to judge of, and to discern those which we call the occult Proprieties in several Things, as for the Load-stone to attract Iron; and that the Want of such Faculties is the Cause that we are ignorant of the true Essence of such Things? 'Tis perhaps some particular Sense that gives *Cocks* to understand what Hour it is of Midnight, and when it grows to be towards Day, and that makes them crow accordingly; that teaches *Chickens*, before they have any Experience of what they are, to fear a *Spar-hawk*, and not a *Goose* or a *Peacock*, tho' Birds of a much larger Size: That cautions them against the hostile Quality the *Cat* has against them, and makes them not to fear a *Dog*: To arm themselves against the *Mewing* (a Kind of flattering Voice)

of

of the one, and not against the *Barking* (a shrill and threatening Voice) of the other. That teaches *Wasps*, *Ants* and *Rats* to fall upon the best Pear and the best Cheese before they have tasted them, and inspires the *Stag*, *Elephant* and *Serpents* with the Knowledge of a certain Herb proper for their Cure. There is no Sense that has not a mighty Dominion, and that does not by its Power introduce an infinite Number of Knowledges. If we were defective in the Intelligence of Sounds of Music, and of the Voice, it would cause an unimaginable Confusion in all the rest of our Science. For, besides what belongs to the proper Effect of every Sense, how many Arguments, Consequences and Conclusions do we draw to other Things, by comparing one Sense with another? Let an understanding Man imagine human Nature originally produced without the Sense of Seeing, and consider what Ignorance and Trouble such a Defect would bring upon him, what a Darknes and Blindnes in the Soul; he will then see by that, of how great Importance to the Knowledge of Truth, the Privation of such another Sense, or of Two or Three, should we be so depriv'd, would be. We have form'd a Truth by the Consultation and Concurrence of our Five Senses; but perhaps, we should have the Consent and Contribution of Eight or Ten to make a certain Discovery of our own Being. The *Sects* that controvert the Knowledge of Man, do it principally by the Incertainty and Weaknes of our Senses. For since all Knowledge is by their Means and Mediation convey'd unto us, if they fail in their Report, if they corrupt, or alter what they bring us from without, if the Light, which by them creeps into the Soul, be obscur'd in the Passage, we have nothing else to hold by. From this extreme Difficulty all these Fancies proceed, that every Subject has all we there find in itself: That it has nothing in it of what we think we there find; and that of the *Epicureans*, that the *Sun* is no bigger than 'tis judg'd by our Sight to be:

*Quicquid id est nihilo fertur majore figura,  
Quam nostris oculis quam cernimus esse videtur.\**

\* *Lucret. l. 5.*

But be it what it will in our Esteems,  
It is no bigger than to us it seems.

That the Appearances, which represent a Body great to  
him that is near, and less to him that is more remote, are  
both true :

*Nec tamen hic oculis falli concedimus hilum ;  
Proinde animi vitium hoc oculis adfingere noli \**.

Yet that the Eye's deluded we deny ;  
Charge not the Soul's Fault therefore on the Eye.

And resolutely, that there is no Deceit in the Senses ; that  
we are to lie at their Mercy, and seek elsewhere Reasons to  
false and excuse the Difference and Contradictions we there  
find ; even to the inventing of Lyes and other Flams, if it  
come to that, rather than accuse the Senses. *Timagoras*  
vow'd, that by pressing or turning his Eye, he could never  
perceive the Light of the Candle to double, and that the seem-  
ing so proceeded from the Vice of Opinion, and not from the  
Instrument. The most absurd of all the *Epicureans* Absur-  
dities, is, in denying the Force and Effect of the Senses.

*Proinde quod in quoque est his visum tempore, verum est.*

*Et si non potuit ratio dissolvere causam,*

*Cur ea quæ fuerint juxtim quadrata, procul sint*

*Visa rotunda : Tamen præstat rationis egentem*

*Reddere mendose causas utriusque figuræ,*

*Quam manibus manifesta suis emittere quæquam,*

*Et violare fidem primam, & convellere tota*

*Fundamenta, quibus nixatur vita salusque.*

*Non modo enim ratio ruat omnis, vita quoque ipsa*

*Concidat extemplo, nisi credere sensibus ausis*

*Præcipitesque locus vitare, & cætera quæ sint*

*In genera hoc fugienda †.*

Whatever, and whenever seen, is true,  
And if our Reason can't the Knot undo,  
Why Things seem to be Square when very near,  
And at a greater Distance Round appear ;  
'Tis better yet for him that's at a Pause,  
To give of either Figure a false Cause,  
Than to permit Things manifest to go  
Out of his Hands, to give the Lye unto

\* *Lucr. lib. 4.*

† *Ibid.*

His first Belief, and the Foundations rend  
 On which all Life and Safety do depend.  
 For not alone Reason, but Life and all  
 Together will with sudden Ruin fall;  
 Unless we dare our Senses trust to miss  
 The Danger of a dreadful Precipice,  
 And other such like Dangers, that with Care  
 And Weariness to be evaded are.

This so desperate and unphilosophical Advice expresses only this, *That Human Knowledge cannot support itself but by Reason; that it is unreasonable, foolish and mad; but that it is yet better that Man, to set a greater Value upon himself, make use of any other Remedy, how fantastick soever, than to confess his necessary Ignorance; a Truth so disadvantageous to him.* He cannot avoid owning, that the Senses are the Sovereign Lords of his Knowledge; but they are uncertain, and falsifiable in all Circumstances. 'Tis there that he is to fight it out to the last; and if his just Forces fail him, as they do, to supply that Defect with Obstinacy, Temerity and Impudence. In case that what the *Epicureans* say be true, *viz. That we have no Knowledge if the Senses Appearances be false;* and if that also be true which the *Stoicks* say, *That the Appearances of the Senses are so false, that they can furnish us with no Manner of Knowledge:* We shall conclude, to the Disadvantage of these Two great Dogmatical Sects, *that there is no Science at all.* As to what concerns the Error and Uncertainty of the Operation of the Senses, every one may furnish himself with as many Examples as he pleases; so ordinary are the Faults and Tricks they put upon us. In the *Echo* of a Valley the Sound of the Trumpet seems to meet us, which comes from a Place behind.

*Extantesque procul medio de gurgite montes*

*Idem apparent longe diversi licet.*

*Et fugere ad puppim colles, campique videntur*  
*Quos agimus propter Navim\*.*

And Rocks i'th' Seas that proudly raise their Head,  
 Tho' far disjoyn'd, tho' Royal Navies spread

\* *Id. lib. 4.*

Their Sails between ; yet if from Distance shown,  
They seem an Island all combin'd in one.  
Thus Ships, tho' driven by a prosperous Gale,  
Seem fixt to Sailors, those seem under sail  
That ride at Anchor safe ; and all admire,  
As they row by, to see the Rocks retire.

—*Ubi in medio nobis equus acer obhæsit  
Flumine, equi corpus transuersum ferre videtur  
Vis, & in aduersum Flumen contrudere raptim* \*.

Thus, when in rapid Streams my Horse had stood,  
And I look'd downward on the rowling Flood ;  
Tho' he stood still, I thought he did divide  
The headlong Streams, and strive against the Tide,  
And all Things seem'd to move on every Side. }

Like a Musket Bullet under the Fore-finger, the Middle-finger being lapp'd over it, which feels so like Two, that a Man will have much ado to persuade himself there is but One ; the End of the two Fingers feeling each of them one at the same Time. For that the *Senses* are very often Masters of our *Reason*, and constrain it to receive Impressions which it judges and knows to be false, is frequently seen. I set aside the Sense of *Feeling*, that has its Functions nearer, more lively and substantial ; that so often by the Effect of the Pains it helps the Body to, subverts and overthrows all those fine Stoical Resolutions, and compels him to cry out of his Belly, who has resolutely establish'd this Doctrine in his Soul, that the Colick, and all other Pains and Diseases are indifferent Things, not having the Power to abate any Thing of the Sovereign Felicity, wherein the wise Man is seated by his Virtue. There is no Heart so effeminate, that the Rattle and Sound of our Drums and Trumpets will not inflame with Courage ; nor so sullen, that the Harmony of our Musick will not rouse and chear ; nor so stubborn a Soul, that will not feel itself struck with some Reverence, in considering the gloomy Vastness of our Churches, the Variety of Ornaments, and Order of our Ceremonies, and to hear the solemn Musick of our Organs, and the Grace and devout Harmony of our Voices. Even

\* *Id. lib. 4.*  
X 2

those



those that come in with Contempt feel a certain Shivering in their Hearts, and something of Dread that makes them begin to doubt their Opinions. For my Part, I do not think myself strong enough to hear an Ode of *Horace* or *Catullus* sung by a beautiful young Mouth without Emotion. And

*The Voice the Flower of Beauty.* *Zeno* had Reason to say, *That the Voice was the Flower of Beauty.* One would once make me believe, that a certain Person, whom all we *Frenchmen* know, had imposed upon me, in repeating some Verses that he had made;

that they were not the same upon the Paper that they were in the Air, and that my Eyes would make a contrary Judgment to my Ears: So great a Power has Pronunciation to give Fashion and Value to Works that are left to the Efficacy and Modulation of the Voice. And therefore *Philoxenus* was not so much to blame, hearing one give an ill Accent to some Composition of his, for spurning and breaking certain Earthen Vessels of his, saying, *I break what is thine, because thou corruptest what is mine.* To what End did those Men, who have with a positive Resolution destroy'd themselves, turn away their Faces that they might not see the Blow that was by themselves appointed? And that those, who for their Health desire and command Incisions to be made, and Cauteries to be apply'd to them, cannot endure the Sight of the Preparations, Instruments and Operations of the *Chyrurgeon*; being that the Sight is not any Way to participate in the Pain? Are not these proper Examples to verify the Authority the Senses have over the Imagination? 'Tis no much Purpose that we know these *Tresses* were borrow'd from a *Page*, or a *Lacquey*; that this *Vermillion* came from *Spain*, and this *Cerufs* from the Ocean Sea: Our Sight will nevertheless compel us to confess that Subject more agreeable and more lovely against all Reason. For in this there is nothing of its own.

*Auferimur cultu, gemmis, auroque teguntur  
Crimina: Pars minima est ipsa puella sui.  
Sæpe ubi fit quod ames inter tam multa requiras,  
Decipit hac oculos, Ægide, dives amor\*.*

\* *Ovid. de Rem. Amor. l. 1.*

Faults are with Jewels hid, we're gull'd by Art,  
The Girl is of herself the smallest Part ;  
When 'mongst so many Things, we seek for her  
We love, our Eyes often deceived are.

What a strange Power do the *Poets* attribute to the Senses,  
that make *Narcissus* so desperately in love with his own  
Shadow !

*Cunctaque miratur, quibus est mirabilis ipse,  
Se cupit imprudens, & qui probat, ipse probatur,  
Dumque petit, petitur : Pariterque accendit & ardet \**.

Admireth all ; for which to be admir'd :  
And inconsiderately himself desir'd.  
The Praises which he gives, his Beauty claim'd,  
Who seeks, is sought, th'Enflamer is inflam'd.

And *Pygmalion's* Judgment, so troubled by the Impression  
of the Sight of his Ivory Statue, that he loves and adores  
it as if it were a living Woman.

*Oscula dat, reddique putat, sequiturque tenetque,  
Et credit tactis digitos insidere membris,  
Et metuit pressos veniat ne livor in artus †.*

He kisses, and believes he's kiss'd again,  
Seizes, and 'twixt his Arms his Love doth strain,  
And thinks the polish'd Ivory thus held,  
Does to his Fingers amorous Pressure yield,  
And has a tender Fear, lest black and blue  
Should in the Parts with Ardour press'd ensue.

Let a *Philosopher* be put into a Cage of small thin set  
Bars of Iron, and hang him on the Top of the high Tower  
of *Nostredame* at *Paris* ; he will see by manifest Reason, that  
he cannot possibly fall, and yet he will find (unless he has  
been used to the Plumbers Trade) that he cannot help, but  
the excessive Height will fright and astonish him. For we  
have enough to do to assure ourselves in the *Galleries* of our  
Steeple, if they are made with Rail and Ballaster, altho'  
they are of Stone ; and some there are that cannot endure  
so much as to think of it. Let there be a Beam thrown

\* *Ovid. Met. lib. 3.*

† *Ibid. l. 10.*

over betwixt these two Towers, of Breadth sufficient to walk upon, there is no Philosophical Wisdom so firm that can give us the Courage to walk over it, as we should do upon the Ground. I have often try'd this upon our Mountains in these Parts; and yet I am one who am not the most subject to be afraid, that I was not able to endure to look into that infinite Depth without Horror and Trembling, tho' I stood above my Length from the Edge of the Precipice, and could not have fallen down if I would. Where I also observ'd, that what Height soever the Precipice were, provided there were some Tree, or some Jutting out of a Rock, a little to support and divide the Sight, it a little eases our Fears, and gives greater Assurance; as if they were Things by which in falling we might have some Relief: But that direct Precipices we are not able to look upon without being giddy; *ut despici vertigine simul oculorum animique non possit.* Which is a manifest Imposture of the Sight. And therefore it was that the fine Philosopher put out his own Eyes, to free the Soul from being diverted by them, and that he might philosophize at greater Liberty. But by the same Rule, he should have damm'd up his Ears, that *Theophrastus* says are the most dangerous Instruments about us, for receiving violent Impressions to alter and disturb us; and finally, should have depriv'd himself of all his other Senses, that is to say, of his Life and Being; for they have all the Power to command our Soul and Reason. *Fit etiam sæpe specie quadam, sæpe vocum gravitate & cantibus, ut pellantur animi vehementius: Sæpe etiam cura & timore* \*. For it oft falls out, that the Minds are more vehemently struck by some Sight, by the Quality and Sound of the Voice, or by Singing; and oft-times also by Grief and Fear. Physicians hold, that there are certain Complexions that are agitated by the same Sounds and Instruments, even to Fury. I have seen some, who could not hear a Bone gnaw'd under the Table without Impatience; and there is scarce any Man, who is not disturb'd at the sharp and shrill Noise that the File makes in grating upon the Iron; as also to hear Chewing near them, or to hear any one speak, who has an Impediment in the Throat or Nose, will move some People

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\* *Cicero de Divin. l. 1.*

even to Anger and Hatred. Of what Use was that piping Prompter of *Gracchus*, who softned, raised and moved his Master's Voice, whilst he declaim'd at *Rome*, if the Movements and Quality of the Sound had not the Power to move and alter the Judgments of the Auditory? In earnest, there is wonderful Reason to keep such a Clutter about the Firmity of this fine Piece, that suffers itself to be turn'd and twin'd by the motion and Accidents of so light a Wind. The same Cheat that the Senses put upon our Understanding, they have in turn put upon them. The Soul also sometimes has its Revenge, they lie and contend which should most deceive one another. What we see and hear when we are transported with Passion, we neither see nor hear as it is.

*Et solem geminum, & duplices se ostendere Thebas \**.

The Sun did seem as if two Suns it were,  
And *Thebes* a double City did appear.

The Object that we love appears to us more beautiful than it really is ;

*Multimodis igitur pravos, turpesque videmus,  
Esse in deliciis, summoque in honore vigere †.*

Hence 'tis, that ugly Things in fancy'd Dress  
Seem gay, look fair to Lovers Eyes, and please.

and that we hate more ugly. To a discontented and afflicted Man the Light of the Day seems dark and overcast. Our Senses are not only deprav'd, but very often stupified by the Passions of the Soul. How many Things do we see that we do not take notice of, if the Mind be taken up with other Thoughts?

— *in rebus quoque apertis noscere possis,  
Si non advertas Animum, proinde esse, quasi omni  
Tempore semotæ fuerint, longeque remotæ †.*

Nay, even in plainest Things, unless the Mind  
Take heed, unless she sets herself to find,  
The Thing no more is seen, no more belov'd,  
Than if the most obscure, and most remov'd.

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\* *Aeneid. l. 10.* † *Luc. l. 4.* † *Ibid.* It  
X 4

It appears, that the Soul retires within, and amuses the Powers of the Senses. And so both the inside and the outside of Man is full of Infirmities and Mistakes. They who have compared our Lives to a Dream, were, perhaps, more in the right than they were aware of; when we dream, the Soul lives, works and exercises all its Faculties, neither more nor less than when awake; but more largely and obscurely; yet not so much neither, that the Difference should be as great as betwixt Night and the Meridional Brightness of the Sun, but as betwixt Night and Shade; there she sleeps, here she slumbers: but whether more or less, 'tis still dark, and *Cymmerian* Darknes. We wake sleeping, and sleep waking. I do not see so clearly in my sleep; but as to my being awake, I never found it clear enough, and free from Clouds. Moreover, Sleep, when it is profound, sometimes rocks even Dreams themselves asleep, but our waking is never so sprightly, that it does rightly and as it should, purge and dissipate those Ravings and Whimsies, which are waking Dreams, and worse than Dreams. Our Reason and Soul receiving those Fancies and Opinions that come in Dreams, and authorizing the Actions of our Dreams with the like Approbation that they do those of the Day; wherefore do we not doubt, whether our Thought and Action is another sort of Dreaming, and our Waking a certain kind of Sleep? If the Senses be our first Judges, it is not ours that we are to consult; For in Faculty, Beasts have as great, far greater Right than we. It is certain that some of them have the sense of hearing more quick than Man; others that of seeing, others that of feeling, others that of touch and taste. *Democritus* said, *that the Gods and Brutes had the sensitive Faculties more perfect than Man*. But betwixt the Effects of their Senses and ours, the Difference is extreme. Our Spittle cleanses and dries up our Wounds, it kills the Serpent.

*Tantaque in his rebus distantia, differitasque est,  
Ut quod aliis cibus est, aliis fuit acre venenum.  
Sæpe etenim serpens, hominis contacta saliva,  
Disperfit, ac sese mandendo conficit ipsa\*.*

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\* *Luc. l. 4.*

And in those Things the Difference is so great,  
That what's one's Poison is another's Meat ;  
For Serpents often have been seen, 'tis said,  
When touch'd with human Spittle to go mad,  
And bite themselves to death.

What Quality do we attribute to our Spittle, either in respect to ourselves, or to the Serpent ? By which of the two Senses shall we prove the true Essence that we seek for ? Pliny says, that there are certain Sea-Hares in the Indies that are Poison to us ; inasmuch, that with the least Touch we kill them. Which shall be truly Poison, the Man, or the Fish ? Which shall we believe, the Fish of the Man, or the Man of the Fish ? One Quality of the Air infects a Man, that does the Ox no harm ; some other infects the Ox, but hurts not the Man : Which of the Two shall, in Truth and Nature, be the pestilent Quality ? To them who have the Jaundice all Things seem yellow and paler than to us :

*Lurida præterea sunt quæcunque tuentur \**  
*Arquati*

Besides whatever Jaundice Eyes do view,  
Look pale as well as those, and yellow too :  
For lurid Parts fly off with nimble Wings,  
And meet the distant coming Forms of Things :  
And others lurk within the Eyes, and seize,  
And fraim with pale the entring Images.

They who are troubled with the Disease that the Physicians call *Hyposphragma*, which is a Suffusion of Blood under the Skin, see all Things red and bloody. What do we know, but that these Humours, which thus alter the Operations of Sight, predominate over Beasts, and are usual with them ? For we see some, whose Eyes are yellow, like our People who have the Jaundice ; and others of a bloody Colour. 'Tis likely, that the Colour of Objects seem other to them than to us : Which of the Two shall make a right Judgment ? For, it is not said, that the Essence of Things have a Relation to Man only ; Hardness, Whiteness, Depth

\* *Lucr. l. 4.*

and

and Sharpness have Reference to the Service and Knowledge of Animals as well as to us; and *Nature* has equally design'd them for their Use. When we press down the Eye, the Body that we look upon we perceive to be longer and more extended; many Beasts have their Eyes so pressed down: This Length therefore is, perhaps, the true Form of that Body, and not that which our Eyes give it in the usual State. If we close the lower Part of the Eye, Things appear double to us.

*Bina Lucernarum florentia lumina Flammiis,  
Et duplices hominum facies, & corpora bina* \*.

One Lamp seems two, and each Man does appear  
Upon a double Bulk two Heads to bear.

If our Ears be hindred, or the Passage stopp'd with any Thing, we receive the Sound quite otherwise than we usually do; the Animals likewise, who have either the Ears hairy, or but a very little Hole instead of an Ear, do not consequently hear as we do; but another Kind of Sound. We see at *Festivals* and *Theatres*, that opposing a painted Glass of a certain Colour to the Light of the *Flambeaus*, all Things in the Room appear to us Green, Yellow, or Violet.

*Et vulgo faciunt id lutea, ruffaque vela,  
Et furruginea, cum magnis intenta Theatris  
Per malos vulgata trabesque trementia pendent:  
Namque ibi concessum cavvai subter, & omnem  
Scenai speciem, patrum matrumque deorumque  
Inficiunt, cogantque suo volitare colore* †.

Thus when pale Curtains, or the deeper red,  
O'er all the spacious Theatre are spread,  
Which mighty Masts and sturdy Pillars bear,  
And the loose Curtains wanton in the Air;  
Whole Streams of Colours from the Top do flow,  
The Rays divide them in their Passage thro',  
And stain the Scenes, and Men and Gods below. }

'Tis likely that the Eyes of Animals, which we see to be of divers Colours, do produce the Appearance of Bodies the same with their Eyes. We should therefore, to make

\* *Lucr. l. 4.*

† *Ibid.*

a right

a right Judgment of the Operations of the Senses, be first agreed with Beasts, and secondly, amongst ourselves, which we by no Means are, but enter at every Turn into Dispute; forasmuch as one hears, sees, or tastes something otherwise than another does, and contests as much as upon any other Thing of the Diversity of the Images that the Senses represent to us. A Child, by the ordinary Rule of Nature, hears, sees and tastes otherwise than a Man of Thirty Years old, and he than one of Threescore. The Senses are in some, more obscure and dusky, and more open and quick in others; and we receive Things variously according as we are, and accordingly as they appear to us. Now our Perception being so uncertain and uncontroverted, it is no more a Wonder if we are told, that we may declare that Snow appears white to us, but that to affirm that it is in its own Essence really so, is more than we are able to justify: And this Foundation being shaken, all the Knowledge in the World must of Necessity fall to Ruin. What, do our Senses themselves hinder one another? A Picture seems raised and embossed to the Sight, in the handling it seems flat to the Touch: Shall we say, that Musk, which delights the Smell, and is offensive to the Taste, is agreeable or no? There are Herbs and Unguents, proper for one Part of the Body, that are hurtful to another: Honey is pleasant to the Taste, but offensive to the Sight. They, who to assist their Lust, used in ancient Times to make use of magnifying Glasses, to represent the Members they were to employ, bigger, by that ocular Tumidity, to please themselves the more; to which of their Senses did they give the Prize, whether to the Sight, that represents the Members as large and great as they would desire; or to their Feeling, which represents them little and contemptible? Are they our Senses that supply the subject with these different Conditions, and have the Subjects themselves nevertheless but one? As we see in the Bread we eat, it is nothing but Bread, but by being eaten, it becomes Bones, Blood, Flesh Hair and Nails.

*Ut cibus in membra atque artus cum diditur omnes  
Disperit, atque aliam naturam sufficit ex se\*.*

\* *Id. lib. 3.*

As



As Meat, diffus'd thro' all the Members, lose  
 Their former Nature, and different Things compose.  
 The Humidity suck'd up by the Root of a Tree, becomes  
 Trunk, Leaf and Fruit: And the Air being but one, is  
 modulated in a Trumpet to a Thousand sorts of Sounds.  
 Are they our Senses, I would fain know, that in like Man-  
 ner form these subjects into so many divers Qualities, or  
 have they them really such in themselves? And upon this  
 Doubt, what can we determine of their true Essence?  
 Moreover, since the Accidents of Diseases, of Raving, or  
 Sleep make Things appear otherwise to us than they do to  
 the Healthful, the Wise, and those that are awake: Is it  
 not likely, that our right Posture of Health and Under-  
 standing, and our natural Humours, have also wherewith  
 to give a Being to Things that have a relation to their own  
 Condition, and accommodate them to themselves, as well  
 as when they are disorder'd; and our Health as capable of  
 giving them an Aspect as Sickness? Why has not the Tem-  
 perate a certain Form of Objects relative to it as well as the  
 Intemperate? and why may it not as well stamp it with  
 its own Character as the other? He whose Mouth is out of  
 Taste, says the Wine is flat? the healthful Man commends  
 its Flavour, and the Thirsty its Briskness. Now our Con-  
 dition always accommodating Things to itself, and trans-  
 forming them according to its own Posture, we cannot  
 know what Things truly are in themselves, being that no-  
 thing comes to us but what is falsified and altered by the  
 Senses. Where the *Compass*, the *Square*, and the *Rule*  
 are crooked, all Propositions drawn from thence, and all  
 Building erected by those Guides, must of Necessity be also  
 defective. The Incertainty of our Senses renders every  
 Thing uncertain that they produce.

*Denique ut in fabrica, si prava est regula prima,  
 Normaue si fallax rectis regionibus exit,  
 Et libella aliqua si ex parte claudicat bilum,  
 Omnia mendose fieri, atque obstipa necessum est,  
 Prava, cubantia, prona, supina, atque absona testæ,  
 Jam ruere ut quædam videantur velle ruantque  
 Proditæ judicis fallacibus omnia primis:  
 Hic igitur ratio tibi rerum prava necesse est,  
 Falsaque sit falsis quæcunque à sensibus orta est\*.*

\* *Id. l. 4.*

Bat lastly, as in Building, if the Line,  
Be not exact and strait, the Rule decline,  
Or Level false, how vain is the Design;  
Uneven, an ill-shap'd, and tottering Wall  
Must rise, this Part must sink, that Part must fall,  
Because the Rules were false that fashion'd all:  
Thus Reason's Rules are false, if all commence,  
And rise from failing, and from erring Sense.

As to what remains, who can be fit to judge of, and to determine those Differences? As we say in Controversies of Religion, that we must have a Judge, neither inclining to the one side nor the other, free from all Choice and Affection, which cannot be amongst Christians; just so it falls out in this; for if he be old, he cannot judge of the Sense of old Age, being himself a Party in the Case: If young, there is the same Exception; if healthful, sick, asleep, or awake, he is still the same incompetent Judge: We must have some one exempt from all these Propositions, as of Things indifferent to him; and by this Rule we must have a Judge that never was. To judge of the Appearances that we receive of Subjects, we ought to have a deciding Instrument, to prove this Instrument we must have Demonstration, to verify this Demonstration, an Instrument, and here we are upon the Wheel. Seeing the Senses cannot determine our Dispute, being full of Incertainty themselves, it must then be Reason that must do it; but no Reason can be erected upon any other Foundation than that of another Reason, and so we run back to all Infinity. Our Fancy does not apply itself to Things that are strange, but is conceiv'd by the Mediation of the Senses, and Senses do not comprehend a Foreign Subject, but only their own Passions, by which Means Fancy and Appearance are no Part of the Subject, but only of the Passion and Sufferance of Sense, which Passion and Subject are different Things; wherefore, whoever judges by Appearances, judges by another Thing than the Subject. And to say, that the Passion of the Senses convey to the Soul the Quality of strange Subjects by Resemblance; how can the Soul and Understanding be assur'd of this Resemblance, having of itself no Commerce with foreign Subjects? As they who never knew *Socrates*, cannot, when they see his Picture, say it is like him.

him. Now, whoever would notwithstanding judge by Appearances, if it be by all, it is impossible, because they hinder one another by their Contrarieties and Discrepancies, as we by Experience see. Shall some select Appearances govern the rest? You must verify this Select by another Select, the second by the third, and consequently there will never be any End to it. Finally, there is no constant Existence neither of the Objects Being, nor our own. Both we, and our Judgments, and all mortal Things, are evermore incessantly running and rowling, and consequently, nothing certain can be establish'd from the one to the other, both the Judging and the Judged being in a continual Motion and Mutation: We have no Communication with *Being*, by reason that all human Nature is always in the midst, betwixt being born and dying, giving but an obscure Appearance and Shadow, a weak and uncertain Opinion of itself. And if, perhaps, you fix your Thought to apprehend your Being, it would be but like grasping Water, for the more you clutch your Hand to squeeze and hold what is in its own Nature flowing, so much more you lose of what you would grasp and hold: So seeing that all things are subject to pass from one Change to another, Reason, that there looks for a real Substance, finds itself deceiv'd, not being able to apprehend any Thing that is subsistent and permanent, because that every Thing is either entering into Being, and is not yet wholly arriv'd at it, or begins to die before it is born. *Plato* said, *That Bodies had never any Existence, but only Birth; conceiving, that Homer had made the Ocean, and Thetis, Father and Mother of the Gods, to shew us, that all Things are in a perpetual Fluctuation, Motion and Variation; the Opinion of all the Philosophers, as he says before his Time, Parmenides only excepted, who would not allow Things to have Motion, on the Power whereof he sets a mighty Value. Pythagoras was of Opinion, That all Matter was flowing and unstable: The Stoicks, That there is no Time present, and that what we call so, is nothing but the Juncture and Meeting of the Future and past. Heraclitus, That never any Man entred twice into the same River: Epicharmus, That who borrow'd Money but an Hour ago, does not owe it now; and, that he, who was invited overnight to come the next Day to Dinner, comes nevertheless uninvited, considering, that they are no more the same Men,*

*but*

but are become others; and that there could not a Mortal Substance be found twice in the same Condition: For, by the Suddenness and Quickness of the Change, it one while disperses, and another resembles; it comes and goes after such a Manner, that what begins to be born never arrives to the Perfection of Being; forasmuch as that Birth is never finish'd and never stays, as being at an End, but from the Seed is evermore changing and shifting one to another. As human Seed is first in the Mother's Womb made a formless Embryo, after delivered thence, a sucking Infant; after-wards it becomes a Boy, then a middle-aged Man, and at last a decrepid old Man. So that Age and subsequent Generation is always destroying and spoiling that which went before.

*Mutat enim Mundi naturarum totius ætas,  
Ex alioque alius status excipere omnia debet,  
Nec manet illa sui similis res, omnia migrant,  
Omnia commutat natura, &vertere cogit\*.*

For Time the Nature of the World translates,  
And gives all Things new from preceeding States:  
Nought like itself remains, but all do range,  
And Nature forces every Thing to change.

And yet we foolishly fear one Kind of Death, whereas we have already pass'd, and do daily pass so many other. For not only, as Heraclitus said, *the Death of the Fire is the Generation of Water*: But moreover, we may more manifestly discern it in ourselves: The Flower of Youth dies, and passes away when Age comes on; and Youth is terminated in the Flower of Age of a full grown Man; Infancy in Youth, and the first Age dies in Infancy: Yesterday died into To-Day, and To-day will die into To-morrow; and there is nothing that remains in the same State, or that is always the same Thing. And that it is so, let this be the Proof; If we are always one and the same, how comes it then to pass, that we are now pleased with one Thing, and by and by with another? How comes it to pass that we love contrary Things, that we praise or condemn them? How comes it to pass that we have different Affections, and no more retain the same Sentiment in the same Thought? For it is not likely that without Mutation we should assume

\* *Idem. l. 5.*

other Passions ; and that which suffers Mutation does not remain the same, and if it be not the same, it is not at all. But the same that the Being is, does, like it, unknowingly change and alter, becoming evermore another from another Thing : And consequently the natural Senses abuse and deceive themselves, taking that which seems, for that which is, for want of well knowing what that which is, is. But what is it then that truly is? That which is eternal: that is to say, that never had Beginning, nor never shall have Ending, and to which Time can bring no Mutation. For

*Time a moving thing without Permanency.*

*Time is a mobile Thing, and that appears as in a Shadow, with a Matter evermore flowing and running, without ever remaining stable and permanent : And to which belong those Words, before and after, has*

been, or shall be : Which at the first Sight evidently shew, that it is not a Thing that is ; and it were a great Folly, and an apparent Falsity, to say that that is, which is not yet in being, or that has already ceased to be. And as to these Words, *Present, Instant and Now*, by which it seems that we principally support and found the Intelligence of *Time*, Reason discovering, does presently destroy it ; for it immediately divides and splits it into the *Future and Past*, being of Necessity to consider it divided in two. The same happens to *Nature*, that is measur'd, as to *Time* that measures it ; for she has nothing more subsisting and permanent than the other, but all Things are either born, bearing, or dying. By which Means it were a sinful Saying to say of God, Who is He who only is, that He was, or that He shall be : For those are Terms of Declension, Transportation and Vicissitude, of what cannot continue, or remain in Being. Wherefore we are to conclude, That God only is, not according to any Measure of Time, but according to an immutable and an immoveable Eternity, not measur'd by Time, nor subject to any Declension : Before whom nothing was, and after whom nothing shall be, either more new, or more recent, but a real Being, that with one Sole Now fills the for ever, and that there is nothing that truly is, but he alone ; without being able to say, He has been, or shall be, without Beginning, and without End. To this Religious Conclusion of a Pagan, I shall only add this Testimony of one of the same Condition, for the Close of this long

and tedious Discourse, which would furnish me with endless Matter. *What a vile and abject Thing, says he, is Man, if he do not raise himself above Humanity?* 'Tis a good Word and a profitable Desire, but withal absurd; for to make the Handle bigger than the Hand, and the Cubit longer than the Arm, and to hope to stride further than our Legs can reach, is both impossible and monstrous; or that Man should rise above himself and Humanity: For he cannot see but with his Eyes, nor seize but with his Power. He shall be exalted, if *God* will lend him his extraordinary Hand; he shall exalt himself, by abandoning and renouncing his own proper Means, and by suffering himself to be raised and elevated by Means purely cœlestial; it belongs to our Christian Faith, and not to the Stoical Virtue, to pretend to that divine and miraculous *Metamorphosis*.



C H A P. XIII.

*Of judging of the Death of another.*

WHEN we judge of another's Constancy and Courage in Dying, which, without Doubt, is the most remarkable Action of human Life, we are to take notice of one Thing, which is, that Men very hardly believe themselves to be arriv'd to that Period. Few Men die in an Opinion that it is their last Hour, and there is nothing wherein the Flattery of Hopes does more delude us. It never ceases to whisper in our Ears, others have been much sicker without dying; my Condition is not so desperate as 'tis thought, and at the worst, *God* has done other Miracles. Which happens by reason that we set too much Value upon ourselves. It seems as if the Universality of Things were in some measure to suffer by our Dissolution, and that it did commiserate our Condition. Forasmuch as our deprav'd Sight represents Things to itself after the same Manner, and that we are of Opinion they stand in as much need of us as we do of them? Like

*No very resolute Assurance at the Article of Death.*