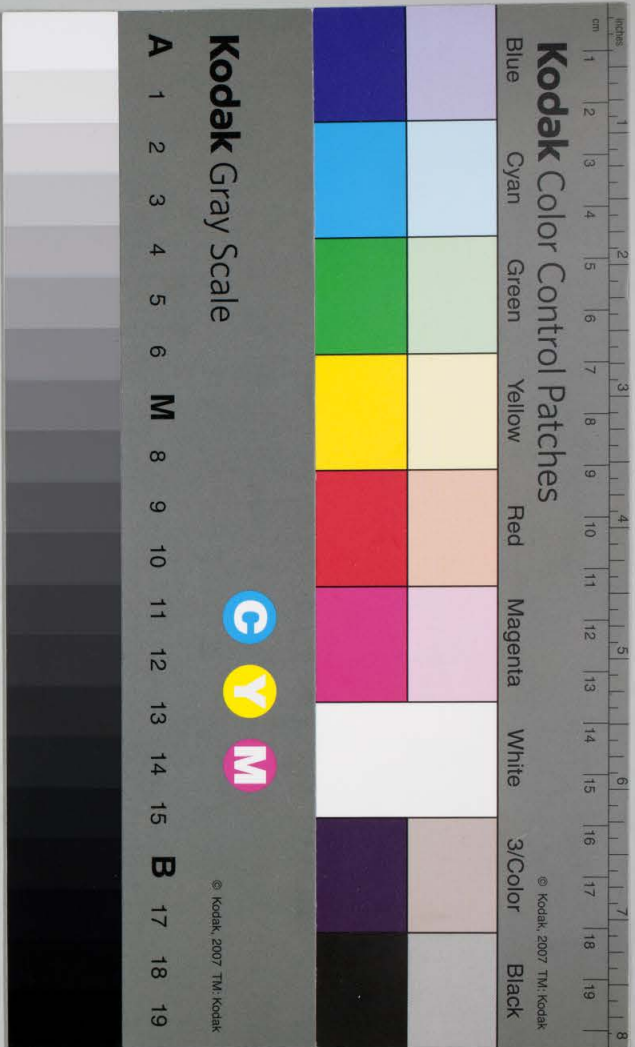


Mr. H O B B S 's
State of NATURE considered:
IN A
DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
PHILAUTUS and TIMOTHY.

To which are added
FIVE LETTERS,
FROM THE
Author of the *Grounds and Occasions of
the Contempt of the* CLERGY.

The Fourth Edition, Corrected by the Author.

L O N D O N :
Printed for E. Blagrave, and Sold by the
Booksellers of London and Westminster,
M DC XCVI.





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not, it is all one; for I can say no more at present, being suddenly sent for into *Devonshire*; where I expect to find such employment, as will certainly secure the World, from me being ever troublesome in this kind again. I am, once more,

Sir,

May 22.
1671.

Your Humble Servant,

T. B.

FINIS.

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IN A

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*To the most Reverend Father
in God GILBERT,
by Divine Providence Lord
Archbishop of Canterbu-
ry, Primate of all Eng-
land, and Metropoli-
tan; and one of His Ma-
jesty's most Honourable
Privy Council, &c.*

May it please your *Grace*,

Although for several Reasons
I ought in Duty to lay all
my Endeavours at your *Grace's*
Feet, and beg your Acceptance of
them; yet I was the more encour-
rag'd to make this Address, be-
cause the Subject seems naturally

A 2 to

The Epistle Dedicatory.

to have Recourse to your *Grace's* Protection. For the same *Divine Providence* that has made your *Grace Father* of the Church, has made you also *Guardian* of *Humane Nature*; which (as your *Grace* well knows) has been so vilely aspersed and persecuted by our *Adversary's* malicious Suggestions, that he is willing indeed to suffer such a Word as *Man* still to remain among us; but what was always meant, and design'd thereby, he has endeavour'd to chase quite out of the World. The Vindication therefore of *Humane Nature* could not but seek for Protection from that *great Example* of *Humanity*, whose constant Practice doth alone abundantly confute all the *Slanderers* of *Mankind*.

If Mr. *Hobbs* had been pleas'd
to

The Epistle Dedicatory.

to have given only a History or Roll of the Unjust or Unfaithful, there would not then have been such occasion to importune your *Grace's* favouring such Attempts as this. But when he teaches that Cheating is not only according to *Reason*, but that it is the first Principle and Dictate thereof; for the very Credit of being on *Reason's* side, People shall count themselves engaged to be *Knaves*. And therefore I have presumed to offer to your *Grace's* Patronage this small Discourse, wherein I have endeavour'd to shew, that those that are Wicked and Unrighteous are not such by *Reason*, or any Advice of *Humane Nature*, but only because they have a mind to be so. And I am not altogether discourag'd from thinking, that by this Consideration of Mr. *Hobbs's*
State



The Epistle Dedicatory.

State of Nature, and my Introduction thereunto, it may appear to your Grace, that it would not have been an impossible thing to have said somewhat to the rest of his Writings, wherein he differs from what is generally believed. But for me to go about to inform your Grace of the Folly or Inconveniency of Mr. Hobbs's Principles, would be, next unto his Undertaking, to read Lectures to all Mankind.

Your Grace cannot but understand, that the Matters insisted on in this Dialogue have been often recommended to the Protection of great Persons, and by those of Eminent Worth and Learning. And if there be any Reason demanded why this comes so late from me; I have nothing to offer in Excuse, either to your Grace, or to those that

The Epistle Dedicatory.

that writ before me. But yet however from some Experience of your Grace's Favours towards me, what I have perform'd, I hope may not be altogether rejected; notwithstanding the manner of it, being to appearance not so grave and solid, does a little dishearten me. But, since Mr. Hobbs, by affected Garbs of Speech, by a starch'd Mathematical Method, by Counterfeit Appearances of Novelty and Singularity, by Magisterial Haughtiness, Confidence, and the like, had cheated some People into a vast Opinion of himself, and into a belief of things very dangerous and false, I did presume, with your Grace's Pardon, to think his Writings so fond and extravagant, as not to merit being oppos'd in good earnest; and thereupon I was very loth to give them too much Re-



The Epistle Dedicatory.

spect, and add undue Weight to them by a solemn and serious Con-
futation. And I hope my *Dialogue*
will not find the less Acceptance
with your *Grace* for those *Letters*
which follow after: For altho' some
are loth to believe the first *Letters*
to be innocent and useful (being
a little troublesome and uneasy to
their own Humour) yet your *Grace*,
I hope, is satisfied that the *Author*
of them, did heartily therein stu-
dy the Credit and Advantage of
the *Church*, and that our *Clergy*
would certainly be better reputed,
and more serviceable, were it possi-
ble they all could be as Learned
and as Bountiful as your *Grace*.
What I have now performed, I
humbly submit to your *Grace's* fa-
vorable Judgment; desiring that
it may be accepted of, as an Ex-
pression

The Epistle Dedicatory.

pression of most dutiful and grate-
ful Observance, from

Your GRACE's

in all Duty and Service

most devoted.

Decemb. 10.
1671.

J. E.

THE

THE
P R E F A C E
TO THE
R E A D E R.

Reader,

THE Design of this Preface is not to advise, or encourage thee to read what follows; for I should not take it well my self to be so drawn in: But if thou chancest to look into it, and be not already acquainted with Mr. Hobbs's State of Nature, this is to let thee know, that thereby is to be understood a certain supposed time, in which it was just and lawful for every Man to hang, draw, and quarter whom he pleased, when he pleased, and



The Epistle

and after what manner he pleased ; and to get, possess, use and enjoy whatever he had a mind to ; and the reason of this so large a Charter, was, because it was supposed that these People had not as yet any ways abridged themselves of their utmost Liberty, by any voluntary Bargains or Agreements amongst themselves ; neither could they be restrained by any Humane Laws, because the Magistrate was not as yet chosen.

In this Dialogue therefore (because Mr. Hobbs shall not say that I am stingy) thou wilt find, Reader, that with him I have allowed (though there's very small Reason for't) such a time or state, wherein People came into the World (after his own Humour) without being obliged either to God, Parents, Friends, Midwives, or Publick Magistrate ; and yet notwithstanding I have endeavoured to make

to the Reader.

make out (how far or how well, that's no matter) that those that are feigned to be in this Condition, have all such a Natural Right to their own Lives, and what is thereunto convenient, that it is perfectly unjust and unreasonable for any one of them to take his utmost Advantage, and to do whatever he thinks he is able, or pleases him best.

Thou mightest possibly expect, after I had given each of the four Inhabitants of the Isle of Pines a right to the fourth part (which thou dost not deserve to understand, unless thou readest the Book) that I should have proceeded and set out every Man's share ; and so have answered to Mr. Hobbs's sixth Article, Cap. 1. de Cive, wherein he says, that a great and necessary occasion of Quarrelling and War is, That several Men oft-times have a Desire to the same thing ; which thing,
if



The Epistle

if it happens not to be capable of being divided, or enjoyed in common, they must needs draw and fight for't. Instead of which he should have said, If these Men chance to be mad, or void of Reason, it is possible they may fight for't: For being that every one of them have an equal Right to this same that is in Controversie, they may either compound for it as to its Value, or decide it by Lot, or some other way that Reason may direct (which is a Law of Reason and Humane Nature, and not merely positive, because it is in Law Books.)

Neither did I proceed to shew what kind of Government they fix'd upon; or how long they continued in that even Condition; or how every one of them thrived. For perhaps before the Year ran round, Roger might fuddle, or game away all his Estate; or his Cattle might all die, and he forced to sell
Land,

to the Reader.

Land to get more Stock. Neither have I told you what was Tumbler's first Complement to Towser, nor what was Towser's Repartee; nor whether they bow'd one half way, or down to the Grotund; nor which Leg the one and t'other drew back: Which, had I intended an absolute Discourse, should not have been omitted. All that I shall venture to say, is this, That I hope it may appear to three or four, (for I durst not presume to convert many) that Mr. Hobbs is not such a great Discoverer and Afforder of new things as his own Prefaces and his Titles to Books would make thee believe: Neither is he so great a Dispellor of Clouds, but that thou mayst buy an Ell of them under a Mark, Neither is Humane Nature (or Reason) so very vile and raskally, as he writes his own to be, nor his Account of it altogether so demonstrative, as Euclid.
There's



The Epistle, &c.

There's nothing now wanting, Reader, but only to give thee a Hundred and Fifty Reasons why I writ this; and tell thee of most wonderful things that happen'd, or else it had been much better. Thou mayst read on, if thou pleasest; if thou wilt not, thou mayst let it alone; however thou art heartily welcome thus far.

[1]

A

DIALOGUE

Between

TIMOTHY and PHILAUTUS.

Tim. WELL met *Philautus*, how does your best self this Morning? What, stout and hearty?

Phi. I take care of my self, *Sir*, my Body is pretty well, I thank you.

Tim. Then all is well I suppose.

Phi. Yes truly in my opinion, all is well, when that is so.

Tim. In your opinion? Why, do not all count that well which you count well; or are you a man by your self?

Phi. I am just what you see me to be. But some People I find, have two *Men* to take care of; an *outward Man*, and an *inward Man*: For my part, I am able to

B maintain

A

maintain but one; and if I can shift it, that shall take no hurt, for want of looking after. But I beg your Pardon, *Sir*, for I know you not.

Tim. No matter for that: Come, shall we take a turn or two in the *Walks*?

Phi. No, I thank you, unless I knew your tricks better: You may chance to get behind me, and bite me by the Legs. Let them take a turn with you that have not searched into the *Fundamental Laws of Humane Nature*, and the *first rise of Cities and Societies*. I know better things than to trust my self with one that I never saw before. I have but one *Body*, and I desire to carry it home all to my Chamber.

Tim. You had better I profess, have no *Body* at all; or compound to be kick'd and beaten twice a day, than to be thus dismally tortur'd; and solicitous about an *Old rotten carcase*.

Phi. Come, come, *you talk like a young man*. Let me tell you the *Body* is a very precious thing: and when you can make me believe otherwise, who have *posseſſed Kingdoms*, counted up all the *advantages of bodily strength*, and am throughly acquainted with all the *Humours and Pas-*

sions

sions of Mankind, then will I stay with you, and venture a kicking. And so farewell.

Tim. I beseech you, *Sir*, stay a little: upon my *Honour* I intend nothing but a walk, and civil discourse.

Phi. I know no *honour* any man has but an *acknowledgment of his power and greatness*: So that all the security that I have that you will not injure me is, that you can certainly do it, if you have a mind to't. And therefore, I pray, do so much as take your *honour* along with you into that other walk, or else I shall cry out *murder*. I don't care for trusting my self with *unknown honour*.

Tim. Then as I am a *Gentleman*, and my name is *Timothy*, I do not intend you the least mischief.

Phi. What, *Sir*, do you take me for a Fool? Do not I know that a *Gentleman* is one that keeps a man to quarrel, fight, beat and abuse? you must not think to catch old Birds with Chaff. And therefore once more farewell Mr. *Timothy*, if your name be so.

Tim. I pray, *Sir*, be not gone yet; upon my *honesty*, and as I am a *Christian*, you shall suffer no hurt.

B 2

Phi.



Phi. Now indeed you have mended the business much: What, is there ever an *Act of Parliament* against your beating me particularly? And if there be, where's the *Constable*, to put it in Execution?

Tim. Well, I see I must discover myself, or nothing is to be done: I am, *Sir*, to put you out of all doubt then, a relation of a great *Friend* of yours. Do you know this Picture, *Sir*?

Phi. Indeed I think I did once almost see some such thing or something a little like it, in his study, a great while ago, if my eyes, memory, and the rest of my faculties do not fail me.

Tim. So then, now I hope you are past all fears. Therefore if you will we'll walk towards *Lamb's Conduit*; there's better Air.

Phi. I profess, *Sir*, you make me shake most horribly. There's a word indeed next one's heart! I much question whether I shall eat again these two days. If you'll forbear such language, and keep close to your own side, and not look behind you, Ple venture to take two or three turns with you; otherwise I shall leave your company forthwith.

Tim. Most certainly, *Philautus*, you
are

are the most wary, mistrustful and suspicious creature, now living upon the face of the whole earth.

Phi. I thank my Stars, I have had some time to look into *Histories*; and I have made some *observations* of my own; and I find they very much tend to my good and welfare. In short, I think I know as well as another, what *man* can do, and what is his *full value*.

Tim. Surely you are not made of the ordinary *mortal Mold*, but of some peculiar *thin and brittle stuff*; or else you would never talk thus.

Phi. Your pleasure for that, I only say what I said before; I think, I know what is that which all wise men ought to cherish, refresh, make much of, love and regard.

Tim. Still, *Philautus*, I understand you not. What, have you been often affronted, abused, choused, trepann'd slung down stairs, tossed in a blanket—

Phi. No, I'll assure thee, *Tim*, I have always kept (as they say) out of *harm's way*, as much as could be; especially since I studied *Morals*, and understood the *true price* of a *whole man*.

Tim. What should be the business than?



then? Is it that you are descended of some very *timorous family*; or was your *mother* buried alive, with two *sucking children*? Come, *Sir*, be free; for I am confident there must be some occasion of other of this to very great jealousy, and mistrustfulness of yours.

Phi. Then as a secret, *Tim.* I must tell thee, that men naturally are all *ravenous* and *currish*, of a very *snarling* and *biting nature*; to be short, they are in themselves meer *Wolves*, *Tigers* and *Centaurs*.

Tim. Heavens forbid! What are you and I *Wolves*, *Tigers* and *Centaurs*?

Phi. You may start at it for the present, but when you have read as much, observed as much, and considered as much, as I, you'll find it to be as true, as that I have a pair of *Boots*.

Tim. Methinks honest *Tim.* has no mind at all to be a *Centaur*; he had much rather be a *Sheep*, a *Pigeon*, a *Lark* or any such pretty tame thing, if you can afford it. And now in the name of all that's good, I hope you do not mistake and call that *humane nature* in general, which is only your own; measuring all moral actions thereby, and pronouncing

nouncing that all mens *teeth* are very long and sharp, because you find your own to be so.

Phi. Why should you suspect me to be more peevish, surly, and worse natur'd than other men, and so recommend or impose my own temper and inclinations upon the *World* as a general Standard?

Tim. I am very loth, *Philautus*, to accuse any man of bad *nature*; it being such a great bundle of *mischief* in it self, and so very troublesome to the *Commonwealth*. But when I find one so very tender and studious of his own welfare and pleasure, so little concern'd for any mans good but his own, so great an admirer of his own humour and opinions, so ready to call things *demonstrations* that do not at all, or very weakly prove, and so apt to vilifie and under-value, to hate and rail at three quarters of the *Creation*, (if they stand in his way and give him not due honour and respect) I am very much afraid that such an one when he comes to talk of the general disposition of Mankind, of the best and most *fundamental Laws* of *Life*, *Government*, and *Religion*, will consult a little too much



his own sweet *Elephants tooth*, and the wambings of his own *dear Bowels*.

Phi. I shall not now stand to vindicate, much less boast of my own temper. It is well known that I have kept company with *Gentlemen*, and *Persons of Honour*; and they are able to judge what humour and carriage is decent and allowable better than all the *Timothies* in the *Nation*. I prethee, *Tim.* What's the difference between a *Bustard* and a *Chevin*?

Tim. I love our *Nation*, and all men in it so well, that I wish they had given you less entertainment; it had been more for their *honour* and *credit*; and the good of this *Realm*.

Phi. That is somewhat enviously said, I hope you'll give people leave to keep the best and most improving *Company*: Would you have them die in mistakes, and not listen to those that lay down the plainest Truths, give best proof of them, and in the *purest English*?

Tim. Nay, hold you there; be not proud of your *Company*, *Profelytes* and *discoveries*: for I scarce know one *person* of sobriety and parts in the whole *Nation*, that is heartily of your opinion, in
any

any thing wherein you differ from what is commonly taught and received: For most of those that talk over those places of your *Books*, wherein you are singular, do it either out of *humour*, or because they are already *debauch'd*, or intend to be so, as soon as they can shake off all *modesty* and *good nature*, and can furnish themselves with some of your little *slender Philosophical pretences* to be *wicked*.

Phi. Then indeed I have spent my time finely, and studied to much purpose. But methinks, *Tim.* thou art very peremptory for one of thy years. It becomes *gray hairs*, and a *staff* to lean on, to be thus dogmatical.

Tim. I care not for that; for if need be, I can be peremptory and dogmatical without a *staff*; especially when I meet with one that is so incurably immodest.

Phi. What then, will you maintain that I have discovered nothing at all? Is nothing true that I have said in my several *Books*? I am sure my *Works* have sold very well, and have been generally read and admired. And I know what *Mersennus* and *Gassendus* have said concerning



cerning my *Book de Cive*; but I shall not speak of that now.

Tim. And, to say nothing now of *Mersennus*: I know what people have said of *Gassendus*; but I shall let that go also now.

Phi. But surely you cannot deny but there is somewhat true and considerable in my Writings.

Tim. O doubtless a great deal of them is true; but that which is so, is none of yours; but common acknowledg'd things new phras'd, and trim'd up with the words *power, fear, City, transferring of right,* and the like; and such is most of that part of your *Book*, called *Dominion*; which chiefly consists of such things as have been said these thousand years, and would follow from any other Principles, as well as yours.

Phi. You may talk what you will, and if I were sure you would not beat me, I'd tell you right down that you lye.

Tim. Do so; that's as good for me as your *humble Servant*: But I go on, and say, that *Monarchy is the best Government*; that it is the duty of *Princes to respect the common benefit of many, not the peculiar interest of this or that man*; that *Eloquence*

without

without discretion is troublesome in a Common wealth; that he that has power to make *Laws*, should take care to have them known; that to have *Souldiers, Arms, Garrisons,* and money in readines in times of Peace is necessary for the peoples defence, and a thousand such things I might repeat out of the forementioned place, which were true many Ages before *Philautus* was born, and will be, let a man be *Zaor* *αδαριος* or not *αδαριος*, *Mouſe* or *Lion*. But it is an easie matter to scatter up and down some little insinuations of the *state of nature, self-preservation,* and such like *fundamental phrases*, which to those that do but little attend, shall seem to make all hang close together.

Phi. Why do you only say *seem, &c*? I perceive now that you are not only very confident, but spiteful too, and have a mind to lessen my credit.

Tim. No indeed; I do not envy you in the least; but I very much wonder at those that will disparage themselves so much, as to be led away with any such small and manifest cheats, and if you'll promise me not to be dejected (which I think I need not much fear; for I never knew a man so much beyond all humiliation

in



in my life;) Ple briefly shew you the chief of those things, by which you became famous. But hold, *Sir*, we forgot to look underneath the *bench*; there may lie a *Wolf* that may quite spoil us.

Phi. Say you it?

Tim. Come, come, *Sir*, no hurt at all; I pray sit down again: I had only a mind to see how nimble you were; I perceive you jump very well for an *old man*: and therefore I proceed, and say in the first place, that one way by which you got a kind of a name amongst some easie sort of people, was by crowding into your *Book* all that you could pick out of *Civil Law*, *Politicks* and *Morals*: and then jumbling all together (as was before hinted) with frequent mention of *power*, *fear*, *self-defence*, and the like; as if it had been all your own.

Phi. This is very pertly said, if you could make it good.

Tim. 'Tis so very plain, as I need not: However if any body doubts of it, let him but read over your eighth and ninth Chapters of *Dominion*, which contain the *Rights of Lords* over their *Servants*, and of *Parents* over their *Children*; and if he find any thing considerable more than

than what is commonly delivered in the ordinary *Civil Law-books* upon that occasion, *viz. de potestate Parentum & Dominorum* (except it be that a *great Family is a Kingdom, and a little Kingdom a Family*) Ple become an earnest spreader of your fame, and have you recorded for a great *discoverer*. And so in like manner it might be easily shewn, how all the rest (so much of it as is true) is the very same with the old plain *Dunstable stuff* that commonly occurs in those that have treated of *Policy* and *Morality*: In so much, that I do not question, but that poor despicable *Eustachius* may come in for a good share. Now, *Philautus*, because it hath so happened that some *young Gentlemen* have not been at leisure to look much into *Machiavel*, *Justinian*, and such like *Books*; but yet, for no good reasons have been tempted to read yours; these presently are ready to pronounce you the *prodigy* of the *Age*; and as very a *deviser*, as if you had found out *gun-powder*, or *printing*.

Phi. If thou hast a mind to rail, *Tim*. I advise thee to stay till thou hast discretion to do it. What wouldest thou expect in a discourse of *Government*, a
Trap



Trap to catch *Sun-beams*, or a Purse-net for the *Moon*? I grant, that the chief heads I insist on, have been largely treated on by others: but the *method, contrivance and phrase* is all my own; do so much as consider of that, poor *Tim*.

Tim. I need not consider of it now, because I have done it oftimes heretofore; and it puts me in mind of *another thing*, by which you have cheated some into an opinion of you, *viz.* You take *old common things*, and call them by *new affected names*, and then put them off for *discoveries*.

Phi. I profess, *Tim*. I expect to see thee hang'd some time or other for thy crossness: Where is it that I do any such thing?

Tim. If I were at leisure, I could shew you an hundred several places: What think you, *Philautus*, of the *Scriptures* being the word of God?

Phi. I think, as others do, that they are.

Tim. What need then was there of that, in your Third Chapter *de Cive*; the *Sacred Scripture is the Speech of God commanding over all things by greatest right*? It sounds, I must confess, somewhat stately

stately: So does that in your *Leviathan*, (p. 12.) *the general use of Speech is to transfer our mental discourse into verbal; or the train of our thoughts into a train of words.* And also that, *Religion contains the Laws of the Kingdom of God*: It had been nothing to have said that *Religion* teaches how *God* will be serv'd; but the *Kingdom of God* is a new Notion, if the word *Law* does but lie near at hand: So to have said that *somnia sunt Phantasmata dormientium*, or that *Tempus* was *Phantasma corporis*, &c. had been old: But go thus: *Phantasmata dormientium appello somnia*, and *Phantasma corporis*, &c. *appello tempus*, and then by virtue of the word *appello*, and the stately placing of it, it becomes all your own.

Phi. And is not *appello* a good word, you *Timothy* sauce-box? I cannot forbear.

Tim. Yes, may it please your worship, 'tis almost as good as *pronuncio*; but it is never a whit the better for standing at the *latter end* of a *sentence* (which I find an hundred times over in your *Books*) only to disguise a little what every body has said.

Phi. I do very much wonder, *Tim*.
where



where thou didst pick up all this Impudence, being so young.

Tim. My *Grandam*, Sir, I thank her, gave me a little, and wish'd me to use it upon occasion; but most of it I got by keeping company with some of your admirers.

Phi. Surely thou wilt go to the Devil, if any such thing there be.

Tim. But before I go, Sir, I must desire those that are not satisfied concerning the truth of what I just now mentioned, to look a little into your *Logick*; and if they do not there find a whole Book full of nothing but new words, I'll promise you to be very towardly for the future, and as modest as the meekest of your disciples: And therefore, in the first place, I do, in your name, decree, that in all following Ages *Logick* shall not be called *Logick*, but *Computation*; because that *ratiocinor* signifies not only to reason, but to count or reckon; and *rationes* the same with *computa*: And therefore let the art of reasoning be called the art of computation or counting: of which there be two parts; addition and subtraction; to add being all one as to affirm, and to subtract all one as to deny: from whence also I do

establisht

establisht a Syllogism to be nothing else but the collection of a Summ, or Aggregate: the major and minor Propositions being the Particulars, and the Conclusion, the Summ or Aggregate of those particulars,

Phi. And what fault can you find with all this? is it not all new? did ever any of the Philosophers say so before?

Tim. No truly; nor was there ever any need that they should say so: For let people call the two first Propositions either plainly Propositions, or Ingredients, or Elements, or Premises, or Principles, or Preambles, or Prologues, or go—before, or Particulars, or any thing else, so that I do but understand their meaning, and *Timothy* is as well contented as any man alive.

Phi. Why then do you sneer, as if you disliked my *Logick*?

Tim. 'Tis a most excellent Computation as ever was written; There's a definition of *causa* (which in the second Page we are learnt to call *generation*) that is alone worth a pound at least; viz. *Causa est summa sive aggregatum accidentiarum omnium tam in agentibus, quam in patiente,*

C

ad



ad propositum effectum concurrentium, quibus omnibus existentibus, effectum non existit, vel quolibet eorum uno absente existere, intelligi non potest. A Cause is a certain pack or aggregate of *Trangams*, which being all packed up and corded close together, they may then truly be said in Law to constitute a compleat and essential Pack: But if any one *Trangam* be taken out or missing, the Pack then presently loses its packishness, and cannot any longer be said to be a Pack.

Phi. And now what ail you with this definition? Is not the true notion and perfect Idea of a cause very necessary? And is not this, that I have laid down, full, exact, and compleat?

Tim. So very full, *Sir*, that if you had gone on but a little further, it would have served for a Catalogue of the Great Turk's Dominions: But I hope you will not take it ill, if I forget it; because I promised my self long ago to that little short Gentleman——*cujus vi res est.* You have also, *Sir*, another very magnificent one of a Proposition; which I care not much if I bestow upon the Emperour: viz. *Propositio est oratio constans ex duobus nominibus copulatis, quæ significat*

significat is qui loquitur, concipere se nomen posterius ejusdem rei nomen esse, cuius est nomen prius; which agrees very well with what *Zacutus* says in his Treatise of a Spoon, which he thus defines. *Instramentum quoddam concavo-convexum, quo posito in aliquid, in quo aliud quoddam diversum à posito, antè positum fuit, & retroposito in os ponentis, concipitur is, qui posuit primum positum in secundum, ex his positis aliquid concludere.* These and the like are only for huge *Potentates*: But if any private Gentleman has a mind to be informed in the just, adæquate and perfect conception of an interrogation and a request, let him take them thus: *Interrogationes sunt orationes quæ desiderium significant cognoscendi*; as, *Whats a clock?* *Precationes sunt orationes quæ desiderium significant aliquid habendi*; as, *Give me an apple.*

Phi. Surely thou art broken loose out of Hell, to quarrel thus upon no grounds. What is it that thou wouldst have in a Logick?

Tim. Those that have nothing else to do but to put in a few new phrases (under pretence of notions and discoveries) and to alter perhaps the place of two or



three *Chapters*, I would not have them trouble the World with *Logick*, or any thing else. For as my Lord *Bacon* wisely observes, nothing has more hindred the growth of Learning than peoples studying of *new words*, and spending their time in *chapping*, *modelling*, and *marshalling* of *Sciences*.

Phi. Then it seems I must learn of you how to spend my time. What *Tim.* wouldst thou have me to go to *School* again?

Tim. You may do as you will for that; but you know *Doctor Wallis* thought you had sufficient need of it long ago.

Phi. Come, *Tim.* I prethee tell me one thing, and tell me true: Hast not thou been lately amongst some of my *Scholars*, and lamentably troubled and run down by them? And does not this make thee fret and fume, and dislike all that I have written? I am confident, so it is; for otherwise thou couldst not but be of their opinion, who discern and declare, that they never perceived such *connexion* of things, and such *close arguing*, as I have in all things given the world an instance of.

Tim.

Tim. You have now said that which I wish'd and watch'd for: Because it gives me opportunity of mentioning another *device* you make use of to deceive people, and get applause; *viz.* you get together a company of words, such as *power*, *fear*, and the like (as was said before) and thrust these into every page upon one pretence or other; and then you call this *connexion*, and boast (as you do in your *Preface de Cive*) that there is but one thing in all your Book which you have not demonstrated.

Phi. I hope you will not betray your judgment so much, as to find fault with my *Language*, which all the World admire. Are there any words more truly *English* and natural than *power*, *fear*, &c?

Tim. Questionless they are very good words, when rightly made use of: But to hale them in where there is no need at all, merely to cary on the great work of *power* and *fear*, and by a forced repetition thereof, to make thence a *seeming connexion* (with reverence be it spoken) is very idle and impertinent. It seems to me to favour very much of their humours, who fall wofully in love with

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with



with some certain *Numbers*. One he is forely finitten with the complexion and features of the *number Four*. And so he calls presently for his four *Inns of Courts*, his four *Terms*, his four *seasons of the year*, and abundance of *fours* besides. Nay, the *senses* are also his; for *smelling* is only a *gentiler way of feeding*. Another tears his hair, and is raving mad for the *number Three*: And then *Inner-Temple* and *Middle* are the same, for they are both *Temples*; *Easter Term* and *Trinity Term* differ but a few days; *Spring* and *Autumn* are all one, and rather than he'll acknowledge above three *senses*, he'll split his *mouth* up to his *ears*.

Phi. What dost think, *Tim*. that I have nothing else to do, but to hear thee tattle over a company of foppish *Similitudes*? If thou hast a mind to talk, Child, speak sense, if thou canst; and learn of me to reason closely.

Tim. You are a most special pattern for *reasoning* indeed: One may plainly see that, by what you say in the tenth Chapter of your *Leviathan*, and in the eighth of your *Humane nature*; where you fall into a great rapture of the excellencies

of *power*; making every thing in the whole World that is good, worthy and honourable, to be *power*: And nothing is to be valued or respected but upon the account of *power*.

Phi. And is not *power* a very good thing?

Tim. A most excellent thing! I know nothing like it but the *Philosophers stone*: For it does all things, and is all things, either at present, or heretofore, or afterward. Thus *Beauty* is *honourable*, as a precedent sign of *power generative*: And actions proceeding from strength are *honourable*, as signs consequent of *power motive*. Now if *faculty* had come in there instead of *power*, it would not have done so well. Again, *Riches* are *honourable* as signs of the *power* that acquired them: And gifts, cost, and magnificence of houses are *honourable*, &c. as signs of *riches*. A *Mathematician* is *honourable*, because if he brings his knowledge into practice, he is able to raise *powerful fortifications*, and to make *powerful engines* and instruments of War. A prudent man is *honourable*, because he is *powerful* in advice: And a *person* of good *natural wit*, and



judgment is honourable, because it signifies *strong parts* and *power*. In short, *Sir*, I perceive there is nothing either in actions or speeches, in Arts or Sciences, in wit or judgment, in man, woman or child that is good and valuable, but it is all upon the account of *power*.

Phi. I defie thee, if thou goest about to make any thing that I have said ridiculous.

Tim. No, I need not: Because you have already done it to my hand; for with such tricks and devices as these, I'll undertake to make a *Flageolet* the most dreadful and powerful thing upon the face of the whole earth. For it either shall be *powerful* in it self, or recommend me to the favour of those that have *power*, or be a defence against *power*, or it shall hire and purchase *power*, or be in the road to *power*, or a sign of *power*, or a sign of somewhat that is a sign of *power*. And such things as these, *Philautus*, you call close *connexion*, and *demonstration*, which are nothing else but a company of small cheats, and jingling fetches.

Phi. Before I go any further, *Tim*. I do pronounce thee to be the most sauey of all that belong to the whole race
of

of *Mankind*. For thou railest at a venture; and dost only skip up and down my Writings, as if thou didst intend to pickle my pocket. If thou resolvest to continue in this Humour, and to think thy self worthy to speak in my *ancient* and *Philosophical* presence, let's pitch upon some *fundamental point*, such as, *Status natura est status belli*; and thou shalt see that thou art ten times more an *Owl*, than I am a *Cheat* and *Jingler*.

Tim. And I pray, *Sir*, may I be bold, which side do you intend to hold?

Phi. Which side? that's a question very fit indeed for a *Timothy* to ask. I hold that side that all *Wise*, *Sage*, *Learned*, and *Discreet Men* in the whole *World* do hold.

Tim. I am sorry, *Sir*, that I have disturbed you: But I must pray once again to know which that is.

Phi. I am ashamed to tell thee; It is such a very silly question. I do hold then, that all Men naturally are *Bears*, *Dragons*, *Lions*, *Wolues*, *Rogues*, *Rascals*—

Tim. I beseech you, *Sir*, hold; no more: There's enough for any one
Man



Man to hold. I remember *Philautas*, you told me awhile ago that all Men by nature were *doggish, spiteful and treacherous*. But I thought you had only said it, because you found *your self* so inclined, or in jest to scare me.

Phi. What dost think that I studied forty or fifty Years, only to find out and maintain a *jest*? Dost think that the happiness and security of all the *Kingdoms* of the Earth depend upon a *jest*? Thou art a very pretty fellow to discourse withal indeed!

Tim. I pray, *Sir*, by your favour, how came it about that it was not found out by former *Philosophers* that all Men as well as *your self*, are naturally *brutish and ravenous*?

Phi. I wonder you'll come over so often with *as well as your self*, when I have so plainly told you, that it is naturally so with all Men.

Tim. Nay, *Sir*, be not angry; I have so often heard an old story of *Zéno modérateur*, and of the great worth of *Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle, Epictetus, and Tully*, that I much wonder at your *Doctrin*.

Phi.

Phi. Then upon my word, you have heard a very story of a Tub, and of a company of Children, Fools, Sotts, and Duncas.

Tim. Enough, enough.

Phi. But I say, not enough: And if you'll hold your prating, I'll shew you how it came about, that the *Morals* and *Politicks* that have been written since the *Creation* (as they call it) of the *World*, were not all worth a rush, till I set forth mine.

Tim. I'll not speak again this half hour, if you'll but make out this handsomely,

Phi. It was thus then: They went in a *wrong method*; they took things for granted that were *lies*, and did not so much as consult common *History* and *Experience*.

Tim. I profess, *Philautas*, this seems to go to the very bottom of the business. I long to hear this as much as ever poor *child* did for the Teat: In the *first place*, you say they did not use a *right method*: Wherein, I pray did they fail?

Phi. They should have done as I did; they should have search'd into the *humours*



humours, dispositions, passions, and heart of mankind.

Tim. And did you, *Sir*, find there written *Status nature est status belli*: As 'tis said *Calis* was upon *Queen Marie's*?

Phi. I perceive thou beginnest to prate again. Hast thou seen a little *Book* of mine called *Humane Nature*?

Tim. Yes, I think so.

Phi. You may easily know it; 'tis called *Humane Nature*, or the *fundamental Elements of Policy*.

Tim. 'Tis so: And you might have call'd it as well *Tu quoque*, or the *jealous Lovers*, or the *fundamental Laws of catching of Quails*, as of *Policy*.

Phi. Did you not promise me to be modest, and not to prate? Does this become you? Go home and look in the glass.

Tim. Why? have you discoursed me into a *Bear*? I tell you, *Sir*, I have read over that same little *Book* called *Humane Nature*; and whereas you'd make the Reader believe, by the *Title*, that he should find such strange *fundamentals of Policy*, and (as you there add) according to *Philosophical Principles*
not

not commonly known or asserted; there's not a word of any more *Fundamentals*, than is to be found in *Jack Seton*, *Stevius* or *Magirus*; besides some small matter that was shirk'd up in *France* from some of *Carter's* acquaintance, and spoiled in the telling. I say, as for all the rest, *Philautus*, it is as common, as the *Kings* high way; only according to your usual manner, you labour much to disguise it with your own phrases, and to displace words to cheat children.

Phi. Why do you talk thus?

Tim. For no reason at all but only because it is true. Thus we know that old *Aristotle*, and his dull foakers understood no further of the great mysteries of the *senses*, and their several *Objects*, but only bluntly to say, that *sense was a kind of knowledge occasioned by some outward thing*, &c. and that an *object is a thing that causes that knowledge*: and that *colour is the object of the eye*, and that *sound is the object of the ear*. But when *Philautus* comes to *Town*, he brings us news to purpose: Informing us, that *all conception proceeds from the action of the thing it self*, whereof it is the *conception*;



conception; and when the action is present, the conception it produceth is called sense; (there called stands in the right place) and the thing by whose action the same is produced, is called the Object of the sense. (That's well placed again :) And that by sight we have a conception of colour, which is all the notice and knowledge the object imparteth to us of its nature by the eye. This ravishes! and by hearing we have a conception called sound, which is all the knowledge we have of the quality of the object from the ear. Now who could not immediately spurr forth as far as Dover to meet a Philosopher that should bring home such rarities as these?

Phi. If thou shouldst set out, *Tim.* thou wouldst be fet in the Stocks, before thou gettest to Rochester bridge, for undervaluing worth.

Tim. You talk *Philantus*, of your *Humane Nature* containing the *Elements of Policy*; there's one cunning reflection (p. 5.) concerning *Imagination*, which is so full of novelty and subtilty, that it is enough alone to set up a man for chief Minister of State, viz. that the absence or destruction of things once imagined,

med, doth not cause the absence or destruction of the imagination it self.

Phi. Why, does it?

Tim. No: For suppose I have a house in *Cheapside*, which I have sometimes seen, and sometimes imagined, according as I was best at leisure; and this house, upon a day, either runs away from me, or I from that; yet still I may phantasie my self trading in my own Shop, and eating in my own House: Nay, though it should be burnt down to the very ground; yet for a need I can make shift once or twice a year to phantasie it still standing, or at least to wish that it were. And surely upon this is founded that old friendly Saying, viz. though absent in body, yet present in the mind.

Phi. And is it not a good Saying?

Tim. Yes, it is pretty good, but nothing near so enlightning as your enlargement thereupon. For by that you make out the whole business to be as plain as can be: And so you do another thing, which I have often wondred at. I have seen sometimes a Man set up his staff in the middle of a great field, and a while after he has gone back and
put



put up a *Hare*. I had a kind of a guessing how this might possibly be; but durst never be confident, till I was made happy by that ample and satisfactory definition you give of a mark p. 44. *A mark (say you) is a sensible object which a man erecteth voluntarily to himself, to the end to remember thereby somewhat past, when the same is objected to his sense again.*

Phi. Why do you laugh, *Tim*? there's nothing left out, is there?

Tim. Not in the least: It will do, I'll undertake, for the tallest *Maypole* in the whole *Nation*.

Phi. But for all that I am confident, *Tim.* that thou dost not approve of it thoroughly.

Tim. I must not, *Sir*, lay out all my approbation hereupon; because there's abundance more of such fine things (were I at leisure to look them out) that do also highly deserve to be approved of. Who would not save a good large corner of his heart, for such an accurate account as you give (p. 35.) of an experiment, viz. the remembrance of succession of one thing to another, that is, of what antecedent has been followed by what

Consequent

Consequent, is called an Experiment. As if I put my Finger into a *Pike's* mouth, to see if he can bite; my Finger is the *Antecedent*, and if he bites, there's a *Consequent* for my *Antecedent*; which I suppose, *Philautus*, I should remember, and according to your Directions call it an Experiment. I hope also that I shall never forget what you tell me, p. 8. where speaking of *Musick* and *Sounds*, you lay down this admirable and standing Definition of an *Aire*, viz. *An Aire is a pleasure of Sounds, which consisteth in consequence of one Note after another, diversified both by Accent and Measure.*

Phi. Surely, *Tim.* thou beginnest to be mad: Is it not very just, and very punctual?

Tim. Truly, *Sir*, I know nothing comparable to it, and what you said before about an experiment, for absolute exactness, except it be what the above mentioned *Zacutus* says concerning a *Team of Links* in his sixth Chapter of *mine'd meats*: a *Team of Links* (says he) is a certain train of oblong terms, where the consequent of the first is concatenated to the Antecedent of the second, and the consequent of the second to the antecedent of the

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third, &c. So that every term, in the whole train, is both antecedent and consequent.

Phi. You don't seem to like these same Antecedents and Consequents, *Tim.*

Tim. A little of them, *Sir*, now and then I like very well, especially when they are brought in so naturally as they are by *Zacutus*. But when any such words are needlessly forced upon me, I have enough of them for I know not how long after. I once, *Sir*, got such an horrible surfeit with a long story of Consequents, in a Scheme of yours concerning the Sciences (*Lev. p. 40.*) that my stomach has scarce stood right towards Consequents ever since,

Phi. What do you find fault to see all kind of knowledge lie fairly before your eyes?

Tim. I have seen it, *Sir*, several times, but all the art is in the catching: And I count my self never a whit the nearer, for being told, as I am there by you; that Science is the knowledge of all kind of Consequents; which is also called Philosophy. And Consequents from the accidents of bodies natural, is called natural philosophy. And Consequents from accidents of politick

bodies, is called Politicks or civil Philosophy. And Consequents from the stars, Astronomy. Consequents from the earth, Geography: Consequents from vision, Opticks: Consequents from sounds, Musick. And so Consequents from the rest are to be called the rest. I profess *Philautus*, these same Consequents did so terribly flick in my head, that for a long while after, I was ready to call every body that I met, Consequence.

Phi. And now, as nice as you are, *Mr. Timothy*, I pray let me hear you define any of those things better: Come, hold up your Head, and like a Philosopher tell me what's Geography.

Tim. Alas! *Sir*, I know nothing of it; but only I have heard People say, it is about the Earth.

Phi. About the Earth! What dost mean, round about the Earth?

Tim. Yes, *Sir*, if you please, round about, and quite through, and about and about again; any thing will serve my turn.

Phi. So I thought, by that little Knowledge which I perceive will satisfy thee. But I prithee, *Tim.* how came we to ramble thus from the state of War?



Tim. We have been all this while close at it, *Sir*: For if you remember, I was to shew you (which I think I have done) that the old *Philosophers* might have written as well concerning *Politicks*, as *your self*; notwithstanding you call your *Humane Nature* the *fundamental Elements of Policy*, in which there's nothing at all towards any such purpose, except it be in the *Title*, and at the end of the *Book*, where there stands these Words (*Conclusion* being written over them) *viz.* Thus have we considered the Nature of Man, so far as was requisite for the finding out of the first and most simple Elements, wherein the Composition of *Politick Rules and Laws* are lastly resolved. Which *Conclusion* honest *Will Lilly* might e'en as well have set to the end of his *Grammar*, as you have done to your *Humane Nature*.

Phi. It is no matter *Tim.* what's written on the our-side of *Books*, be it at beginning or ending, so that that which is *within* be excellent and serviceable.

Tim. I am very nigh of your Mind, *Philautus*; but yet I would not have all the *Philosophers* before you be counted *Dunces* and *Loggerheads*, only because it did

did not come into their Mind to write a *Book* concerning the *Five Senses, Imagination, Dreams, Predicables, Propositions, &c.* and call it the *fundamental Elements of Policy*.

Phi. And is not the knowledge of the *Five Senses*, and the rest that you mention, very useful?

Tim. So is the knowledge of the *Eight parts of Speech*. But I must confess that I can scarce think, that supposing the People of *England* had generally believed with you, that *Wisdom* was not made by *Species intentionales*; that the *Image of any thing by Reflection in a Glass* is not any thing in or behind the *Glass*; that the *interiour Coat of the Eye* is nothing else but a piece of the *Optick Nerve*; that *Universals* do not exist in *rerum natura*. I say, I cannot think, notwithstanding all this, but possibly we might have had *Wars* in this Nation; no more than I can believe, that a false Opinion of *Echoes*, and *Hypothetical Syllogisms* took off the *King's Head*.

Phi. I perceive you are resolved to make the worst of every thing.

Tim. I make it neither better nor worse: For in your *Epistle Dedicatory* to



the Duke of Newcastle, you tell him, that all that have written before you of Justice and Policy, have invaded each other, and themselves, with Contradiction; that they have altogether built in the Air; and that for want of such insalible and inexpugnable Principles as you have Mathematically laid down in your Humane Nature, Government and Peace have been nothing else to this day but mutual Fear. And when one comes to look for these same Insalibles and Inexpugnables, there's nothing but about Conception and Phantasms, and a long Race amongst the Passions; where to endeavour is Appetite, to turn back is Repentance, to be in Breath is Hope, to be weary Despair, and to forsake the Course is to die, and the like. So that the only way to make a Mathematical Governour, is for himself to be a good Jockey, and for his Subjects rightly to understand the several Heats and Courses of the Passions.

Phi. Thou gettest away all the Talk,
Tim. I prithee listen to me, and learn. I tell thee, that I have by my great Skill in Mathematicks, and great Weariness, so ordered the business, that most of my Books depend closely one upon another.

Tim.

Tim. So I find it said by the Publisher of your Humane Nature, in his Epistle to the Reader. Our Author (lays he) hath written a Body of Philosophy upon such Principles, and in such Order as is used by Men conversant in Demonstration: which being distinguish'd into three parts, de Corpore, de Homine, de Cive, each of the Consequents being at the end of the Antecedent (like Zacutus's Links) and exist thereupon, as the latter Books of Euclid upon the former.

Phi. And whoever he was, he spoke like a Man of Understanding; it was my Design that they should, and by great Industry I brought it to pass.

Tim. And I pray, Sir, how many Pounds of Candle did it cost you, to tie de Corpore and de Homine together? Methinks you need not be long about that; for Body is either taken in general or particular; in general, that is de Corpore: and Man being a particular sort of Body, de Homine must needs follow close at the Heels, and so they are taken care of. But indeed to fasten de Homine and de Cive cleverly together, requires a little more knocking and hammering; and therefore to do that exactly, we

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must



must scratch and rub our Heads very well, and warily call to mind, that a man is to be considered in two respects; either as he is a Body Natural, consisting of Flesh, Blood, and Bones; or as he is a Member of the Body Politick: That is, as he is Leg, Arm, Finger, or Toe of the Commonwealth; and therefore let us have one Book *de Homine*, as he is a Natural Body; and another *de Civitate*, as he is a Limb of the huge Giant, the Commonwealth; and so there's an Euclidean Trap laid, that *de Civitate* shall follow *de Homine*; and so it does, but not bluntly: For though one would have thought that this had jointed them so close together, that Archimedes himself could never have pulled them asunder; yet to put all out of danger, it is best to rivet them a little faster, by putting in a most obliging Transition in the last Chapter, intitled *de Homine Fictitio*, where we are learnt further to consider, that a man is either by, or for himself a Man, called a real Man; or he is a Man for another, called a fictitious Man. Such a one is he that acts another, is deputed for another, engages for another, or the like. Now because in all well-govern'd Commonwealths (now any one
by

by that word may perceive, that *de Civitate* is just at Towns-end) for better Trading, Bargaining, Commerce, &c. there's great use of Deputies, Proxies, Factors, Sponsors, Ambassadors, and the like; therefore let the chief of this Chapter be spent in the employments of such Fictitious Men in a Commonwealth; and then turn over the Leaf, and behold, there stands to the Honour of Euclid, and the Admiration of all Philautians, the Book *de Civitate*.

Phi. What, would you have Arts and Sciences tumbled down together, like Coals into a Cellar? Would you not have Men make use of their Parts and Reason; and for smoothness, and memory sake, put somewhat before, that should relate to, and occasion what follows?

Tim. I am, Sir, a great Friend to the very least Pretences of Connexion, where it is not phantastical, or manifestly inconvenient: But to have Books tailed together by far-fetch'd Contrivances, and to swagger them off for Demonstrations, and thereupon to desire all former Ages, is so very idle, that I had rather People would speak Proverbs,
or

or only say, *These four Leaves I intend to speak of a Horse, the next two shall be concerning Mackerel, and what is to be spared shall be concerning Caterpillars.*

Phi. And do you, *Tim.* approve of this illogical, unphilosophical, and unmathematical way of writing?

Tim. No; but I had ten times rather do so, than as the *Natural Philosopher*, who being employed to write the *History* of a *Crow*, *Jackdaw*, and *Pye*, after many Months spent in dressing, ranking, stringing, and hanging them together, at last entred upon the business after this elegant and digested manner. Being about to treat of the *Natural Rights and Powers* of *Crows*, *Jackdaws*, and *Pyes*; *Subjects* often handled by weak and heedless *Observers*; we shall be forced so to write, as if none had been before us in this kind: All which must be performed with such *Prudence and Consideration*, as justly become so very great an *Affair*; seeing that hereupon depend not only the knowledge of the chiefest and best of *Birds*, but also of all *Beasts* in general; nay, even of *Man* himself, and the great *Trojan Horse* the *Commonwealth*. And that we may be sure to lay a solid *Foundation*, and neither

to repent, or recall, it will be necessary in the beginning exactly to state the true Conception or Idea of a *Bird*; for as much as the particular Conceptions of *Crow*, *Jackdaw*, and *Pye*, are comprehended under that common one of *Bird*: And therefore that we may avoid all *Equivocation*, which is the *Original* of *Errors*; and that there may be no quarrelling or disputing in following *Ages*, we do ram down for the future *Peace and Government* of all *Nations*, that the *Phantasm* or *Conception* of a *Bird* is a flying *Phantasm* or *Conception*: Having thus warily and fundamentally determined what is a *Bird* in general, we proceed now to the three *Birds* themselves; and that we may do nothing without *Method*, the blackest and largest of them we call a *Crow*; and seeing that likeness of *Colour* begets likeness of *Conception*, we go on to the next, whose *Conception* is full out as black as a *Crow*, but not altogether so large, and this we call a *Jackdaw*; and because that black strictly taken only for black, is a more simple *Conception* than black and white together; therefore we thought fit to speak of a *Pye* in the last place, which partakes of the two former *Conceptions* as to black, but differs from both as to white.



Phi. I prithee, *Tim.* what was the Name of this *Philosopher*?

Tim. 'Tis no matter for his Name, *Sir*; you must needs acknowledge him to be a *Philosopher of Worth*, and very little inferior to your self, both as to Reason and Circumpection.

Phi. But where's the *State of War* all this while? That's the thing I long to be at, *Tim.* and to shew thee for a *Fish*.

Tim. Let me but consider a little, how that same Book *de Homine* (I don't mean your little *Englisb Humane Nature*) came to be filled with such a heap of *Opticks*, and then the *Fish* shall begin as soon as you will.

Phi. To make out that is as needless, as to shew how a *Coach* goes down *Holborn Hill*.

Tim. I think I remember how it is, viz. *A Man is a Creature that has Body and Mind; his Mind has several Faculties; and amongst the rest there be Five Senses; and the most excellent of all these is Seeing; and then presently pull away with Perspective, Dioptricks, Catoptricks, Telescopes, Microscopes, and all*
the

the rest for fifty Pages together, as long as there's a Star to be seen in the Skie.

Phi. And why, is it not proper to put in *Opticks* into a *Treatise de Homine*?

Tim. Not after the manner as you have done; because we have an Art by it self for that purpose. You might as well have put in Fifty Pages about *Musick* as about *Opticks*; for Man you know has as many *Ears* as *Eyes*. But here's the business, *Philautus*, you take very great Pains in all things to be singular. Where you should use *Mathematicks*, there you will scarce let us have any at all; and when there's not the least need, then you pour them forth as if you were bottomless. And thus many a *Reader* comes, suppose, to one of your Books that has an ordinary Title; and there finding a Company of strange *Mathematical Schemes*; and not understanding them, he presently cries out, *What a brave man is this Philautus? What Wonders and Rarities does he afford upon such a common Subject? Surely he has gone the deepest that ever search'd into Nature.* I tell you, *Philautus*, he that has a mind to take Advantage of this Humour



mour of yours, and to run things together by force that have no relation, he may easily thrust the Fifteen *Books of Euclid* into the *London Dispensatory*, or *Justinian's Institutes* into a *Common Almanack*. I shall not now stand to tell you after what *Pills*, and under what *Month* they might come in, because I am loth to hinder the *Show*.

Phi. Be not too secure and presumptuous, *Tim*: for if I don't shew thee for a *Fish*, I'll shew thee to be a *Beast*, and all *Mankind* besides.

Tim. Nay, if I have so much good Company, I had much rather turn out to *Grass*, than stand in alone, and be melancholy: Come, *Sir*, flourish then, and let's begin.

Phi. You know *Tim*. that I have laid a Foundation for this in my *Humane Nature*, and 'tis an easie matter now to finish the business.

Tim. Yes truly I have (as I told you before) looked over that same Foundation of yours, called *Humane Nature*, and I think it much more fit for the bottom of *Minc'd Pyes*, than of any *Policy* or Government. Be pleased to go on, *Sir*, and shew some other *Reasons*, why

why the ancient *Philosophers* did not think, as you do, that all Men are naturally *Beasts*. You told me, as I remember, somewhat else, wherein they miscarried; besides that they went in a wrong *Method*, and did not first design a *Treatise of Humane Nature*.

Phi. I did so; and it was thus: *viz.* They all blindly running one after another, and taking several things for granted that were perfectly false, they laid down that for a *fundamental Truth*, which is no otherwise than a *fundamental Lie*.

Tim. That was a great Oversight indeed; a *fundamental Truth*, and a *fundamental Lie*! I profess, *Sir*, they dwell a great way asunder. But I pray, what was that *fundamental Lie*?

Phi. That Man was a sociable Creature.

Tim. 'Lack a day! How easie a matter is it for old Folks to dote and flaver, and for young ones to be deceived, and lick up the Spittle? I'd have laid three Cakes to a Farthing, that my old *Masters* had been in the right. But are you very certain that they are not? Perhaps you may have taken yours upon trust,

as



as well as they did theirs; and if so, then Courage Cakes, for I don't intend to be a *Centaure*.

Phi. That's a good one indeed: As if they who had all their Philosophy from the Tap-droppings of their *Predecessors*, and the moral Tradition of the *Barber's Chair*, were not much more subject to take things upon trust, than one, who suspecting all kind of Opinions, hath turn'd over the whole *History* of the *World*, and *Nature* her self.

Tim. And there belike you found, that *Man is not a sociable Creature*. I wish there were some way to compound this business; for you know, *Sir*, the World is full of Trade, Acquaintance, Neighbours and Relations; and for the most part *Man* has had the Crack and Fame, for Five or Six Thousand Years, of being tolerably tame; and methinks it is a great pity now at last to be sent to the *Tower* amongst the *Lions*, or to be driven to *Smithfield* with a Mastiff and a great Cudgel. I pray, *Sir*, what do you mean by those Words, when you say, that *Man is not a sociable Creature*.

Phi. What, canst not contrue two words of Greek *ἄνθρωπος κοινωνικός*: I mean

as

as all people mean, that *man is not born fit for Society*.

Tim. He is usually born with two Legs to go about his business; with a pair of Hands to tell Money, with a couple of Eyes to see if there be any Brass; and with a Tongue to discourse, when he has nothing else to do. And therefore I must be troublesome once more, and desire you to explain, what you mean by a *man being not born fit for Society*.

Phi. Thou askest questions, *Tim.* as if thou didst intend to send me to market: When I say, that a man is not born fit for Society, I mean that men *naturally* do not seek Society for its own sake.

Tim. I must desire of you, that you would let *own sake* alone for the present; and let us first see, whether men do *naturally* seek Society; and I'll promise you, not to forget to have it considered, for *whose sake*, or upon *what account* they do it. And therefore, I pray, *Sir*, answer me punctually, whether naturally men do seek Society or not.

Phi. To be punctual, *Tim.* and please thee, I answer thee do not.

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Tim.

Tim. You know, *Philantus*, that men are apt to fort, to herd; they love to enquire, to confer, and discourse: And when people get into corners, and covet to be alone; we usually count such to be sick, distemper'd, melancholy or towards mad. And I suppose the question is not concerning such, but concerning *healthful* and *sober men*.

Phi. There you are quite out, *Tim.* for when I say that men *naturally* do not seek *society*, or *are not born fit for society*; I don't mean *full grown men*, such as are able to carry or eat a quarter of Beef, but I mean *Children*, which is plain in the very *phrase* it self, *Tim.* if thou wouldst mind any thing; it being there said, *not born fit*; so that to say, a man is *not born fit* for society, is all one as to say, that a man *newly born* is *not fit for society*, or does not *seek society*.

Tim. Well, let it go so; we'll see what will become of this business, it begins to drive bravely: We are got thus far, that *Children* do not *desire* or *seek society*. But if so, *Philantus*, how comes it about that they *desire* or *seek* after *company*? I don't mean, that when
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the Nurse's back is turn'd, they skip out of the Cradle, and with a huge ashen Plant run away to the next *Fair*, *Ball Baiting*, or *Football-match*; but they do not care for being in the dark; they are discontented, and cry when they are left alone, and love to see now and then a *humane face*, if it does not look, as if it would bite.

Phi. All this is only for *virtuals*.

Tim. Some of it, I grant you, may be for *virtuals*: But they can't eat, from one end of the Nation to the other. And one *Child* oft-times takes delight in the company of another, to whom it has never a load of Corn to sell; neither does it intend to eat, or suck up that other child.

Phi. Thou art quite beside the Saddle again, *Tim.* For when I say a *Child* doth not seek or desire *society*; by *society* I don't mean crying for the *pap* or *sucking-bottle*, or to be daunc'd by Dad, or to giggle it amongst its *Comrades*: But I mean by *society*, bonds, contracts, covenants, leagues, *transferring of Rights*, and such like things which are proper to *Cities*, *Communities* and *Societies*. Dost hear me, *Tim.*



I mean by society these sort of Common-wealth affairs, which thou knowest *Children* do neither understand, nor are able to mannage. And now I suppose thy thick skull begins to open a little, and to be enlightened: One had as good have half a score to inform, as one heavy *Tim*.

Tim. Indeed, *Sir*, it must be acknowledged that you have taken great pains. But for all that, I pray, may not I make bold to say, that *Children* desire society in your sense? for they seek it so soon as they are able, and do perceive the intentions thereof.

Phil. Thou wilt never leave this dull trick of not understanding. I must therefore condescend, and let thee know, that by *seeking* society, I mean *actual* entering into society; that is, being engaged in Conveyances, Bargains, publick Offices, and such things as I before mentioned. This and only this is truly to be said lociable.

Tim. And is this all that you have now to say? have you nothing more to add?

Phi. What need is there of any more?

Tim.

Tim. Then do I very much pity the poor distressed creatures, that have been thus long gulled with fame and phrases.

Phi. How so?

Tim. How so, do you say? What would you have a *Child* come out of the womb, saying over *Noverint Univerſi* with a Pen in one Hand, and Wax in the other, and fall presently to signing, sealing and delivering? or before it be dressed, shriek aloud, and cry *Faggots, faggots, five for six pence?* is this the principle that you were so many years a finding out? is this the fruits of *Mathematicks, long observation, fundamental casting about, and bottoming* of things? did you go into the bowels and heart blood of Nature to bring up nothing else but this?

Phi. I prithee, *Tim*, don't make such long Sentences; for thou wilt have nothing to say by and by. I tell thee that this Principle that I have now revealed to thee, is the most weighty principle that belongs to all *Humane Nature*.

Tim. 'Tis very weighty indeed: And it is great pity but that you should be entomb'd at *Westminster*, and statued up

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up



up at *Gresham Colledge* for the great moral discoverer of the Age.

Phi. Why? for all your jeering,
Tim. I hope you do not imagine that a child can trade, and covenant, or bear any publick office for the good of the *Commonwealth*.

Tim. No indeed, I do not think it can; unless you would have it jump off the *Nurses* lap, and run away to the *Exchange*, and there ask for the *Spanish*, or *Virginia* walk; or have a *Woman* brought to bed of a *Justice of Peace*, or a *Mayor* with his *Mace-bearer* and *Tipt-slaves* before him.

Phi. Very good, very good: Then it seems at last, you are willing to acknowledge that I said true.

Tim. And so did all men before you.

Phi. Nay, pardon me there, for they say quite contrary.

Tim. Which of them ever said that any man was actually born a *Constable* or *Silk-weaver*?

Phi. But they say he's born fit.

Tim. So do you, or else I cannot read your own *Annotations* upon the second *Article* of your first *Chapter de Crve*: wherein you say, that *to man, by nature,*

as soon as he is born, *Solitude is an Enemy.* And that all Men are desirous of *Congress* and *mutual Correspondence*, and do enter into *Society* as soon as they understand it.

Phi. But this is not pure *Infant Nature*, but *Education*.

Tim. I should laugh indeed to see a *Merchant* to ship away a *Baby* in *Blankets* to be his *Factor* beyond *Sea*; or to see a *Child* of half a Year old, with its *Whistle* and *Rattle* set *swaggering* in *Commission* upon the *Bench* with my *Lord*. A *Child*, I suppose, may be admitted to be born apt to walk, speak, reason and discourse; although it be above a *Week* before it leaps up the *Table*, and cry *Nego minorem*. The short of your *Opinion* is this, *Philautus*, That *Children*, *Fools* and *Maamen*, are not very ambitious of being of the *Privy Council*; and if they were invited thereunto, would do themselves and the *Nation* but little *Service*. So that if *right Reason* (which, *Philautus*, you so much talk of, and pretend to) does determine that the *Cradle*, *Bedlam*, and a *Gentleman's Kitchen* shall be the only *Standard* and *Measure* of *Humane Nature*, then truly *Philautus* must be acknowledged



by all for a most mighty *Philosopher*; but if otherwise, he must e'en be content to sit down with his *Neighbours*. And if you remember, *Philautus*, I gave you an Hint of this at first, *viz.* That if your *Opinions* were thoroughly search'd into, and that all Disguise of *Phrase* was laid aside, they would either be found to be absolutely *false*, or else to be the same, that every *Mortal* believes. And this gave me hopes of *compounding* the business.

Phi. Nay, hold you there; for I am against sharing or dividing of Truth. I don't like that cowardly Trick of *Compounding* for an Assertion, or having my *Opinions insured*. Sink or swim, I love to run the whole Venture, and to get all or lose all. And certain I am that I say somewhat quite different from what is commonly *known* or *asserted*.

Tim. So you know you promised us in the Title of your *Humane Nature*; where I looked till my Eyes aked, and I could find nothing but ancient venerable stuff new *cased* and *damb'd* over. And I perceive you are of the same mind still, and think that you hold and maintain such things as were never held or
maintained

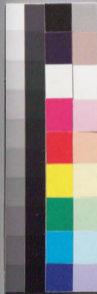
maintained before. I pray, *Sir*, let's hear one of those same things, that you thus swagger of.

Phi. Then let me tell you, *Tim.* that I do hold, maintain, and positively say, that *the state of Nature is a state of War*: Which is a Truth so great, bold, and generous, that all the *Ancients* wanted Parts, Wit and Courage to find it out, or defend it.

Tim. I am confident that this will prove just such another *Story*, as that of the *Sociable Creature*: And I must needs say that it was done like a *Wit*, and *Hec.* besides, to find out, and hold that which every *Child* may hold.

Phi. That's as good, as I heard this Fortnight: Thou speakest like one that is veried in business, and the World. What, shall a *Child* be able to defend that which lay hid for so many *Ages*, and took me such pains to discover?

Tim. You shall hear the *Child* hold it, and *demonstrate* it too, that's more, *viz.* thus: The *state of War* (you know) is a *state* wherein *People* have not engaged or obliged themselves to one another by any *Covenants*, *Bargains*, or transferring of Rights. So far is true: Is it not?
Phi.



Phi. Well, go on.

Tim. And you know that *Children* or *Infants*, which are in a true state of *Nature*, cannot covenant or bargain, release or transfer; and therefore you cannot but know, that that dreadful business called the *state of War* must needs follow.

Phi. Thou art, *Tim.* certainly the worthiest of thy kind. This is my very Proof; you make use of my very way.

Tim. I do so; because nobody but a *Child* would ever have made such a Noise and Rattle with a company of Words, and to mean so little by them.

Phi. Why, what's the matter now? What is it that you would have had meant?

Tim. Alas! *Sir*, when you told me (as you do in your *Epistle Dedicatory de Cive*) That *Man to Man is an arrant Wolf*, except it be for his Interest to be otherwise: That *there's no living amongst Strangers, but by the two Daughters of War, Deceit and Violence*: That naturally men are all *brutal, ravenous, and rapacious*; I say, when I heard this, I expected the whole *World* naturally to be all in Arms and an Uproar, tearing and worrying

rying one another like mad; and to hear nothing but down with him there, hang him with his own Guts, give him a Pound of melted Lead for a *Julip* to cool his Pluck, split him down the *Chine*; or flea him alive, and roast him with a couple of *Awls* in his Eyes; when I, *Philautus*, heard of a *state of War*, I profess, I could think of little less than all this, and so did most People besides; and when all comes to all, *Philautus* has found out a great *Moral Secret*, viz. That *Whelps* can't see till they be Nine Days old, nor a *Child* can't speak unless it has a *Spoon*, nor go to *Market* before it can go alone.

Phi. Is this all as I say?

Tim. 'Tis all; and every bit and scrap of all. For like a great *Searcher* into *Nature*, you only observe that we are *Children* before we are *Men*, and *Children* can't speak; and where no Speech, there can be no Bargain or Engagement, or treaty for terms of *Peace*; and where no Bargain, &c. there must needs be the *Devil* and *War*.

Phi. I profess, *Tim.* this Confidence of thine does almost anger me, to utter some vast Sense beyond thy worth.

Tim. If



Tim. If I thought that were the way to make you *speake wiser*, I'd carry on the Design, and endeavour to improve my self for that very purpose; and I'd not only be very *confident*, but I'd be as *savvy* as I could contrive.

Phi. Then know, *Tim.* that I have reserved a Reason for such *Savciness* as thine; and therefore I do pronounce, that *Children* may not only be said to be in a *state of War*, meerly because they cannot enter into *Leagues*, and offer and receive *Terms of Peace*; but that we oft-times see that they *actually gripe* and *demand* things to which they have not the least Right or Title; which if denied, they presently out of Fury-cry, quarrel, fight and scratch poor *Nurse*, or *Parent* it self: Now this, *Tim.* does not only *demonstrate* their natural Dispositions to *War*; but that without any Affront, Reason or Pretence of Justice, they actually fall on, and have no respect at all to our *Meums* and *Tuums*.

Tim. Thus have I seen a *Spanish-leather Shoe* kick'd into the Fire, and perished in the involving Flames; and (which would make a Heart to bleed) a whole *Porringer* of *sweetned Milk*, with
its

its topling *White-bread*, rowling up and down upon the uncertain *Floor*; and the *little state of Nature* as hard worrying the righteous and inoffensive *Nurse*. And inquiring into the *Quarrel*, and occasion of the *War*, I found, that the *wicked* and *ravenous young Centaure*, against all Conscience and the establish'd *Laws of the Realm*, had most *unjustly* and *feloniously* sate upon a whole *Yard of Red Inkle*.

Phi. And did it not affect thee, *Tim.* and make thee sigh again? And wert not thou converted thereby, and fully convinced that the *state of Nature* was a *state of War*? This methinks was a very *Providential Instance*.

Tim. I was fully persuaded, *Sir*, by that and some other Instances, that *Children* do not know the exact difference between *Freehold* and *Copyhold*. And when they take a Frolick to scratch and quarrel, they do not always consult the *Law of Nations*, giving convenient Warning, and printing a *Proclamation of War*, with a long *History* of the Justice thereof. But, *Sir*, there's another thing to be taken notice of in *Children* (which I wonder such an *Observer*



server as you should miss) that intimates a settled Resolution to quarrel, and seems to design absolute Battel; for what you mentioned before, may possibly be by *Chance*. And that is, many Children are observed to come into the *World* with all their *Fingers* close bent over their *Thumbs*, and they oft-times continue in this *fiere Condition* a long while after; and if any one goes about to order the *Hand* into a more *peaceful* Posture and Circumstances, it's presently snatched away with great Fury and Violence, and by a *natural* kind of *restitution*, returns to the *primitive state* of *Fisly-Cuffs*.

Phi. I profess, *Tim*. I did not think that thou hadst had so much Stuff in thee. I am confident that if thou hadst not been spoiled in thy *Education*, and tainted with some foppish and squeamish *Principles*, thou mightest in time have come to some tolerable degree of *Moral Prudence*.

Tim. Why, *Sir*, do you like what I now said?

Phi. Like it? Why, who does not?

Tim. Nay, if you like that, surely (in your *Opinion*) I may be *Professor* in time;

time; for it was one of the silliest things that ever I said in my whole Life. I did it only, *Sir*, to *pair* it with your Reason which you quoted just before out of your *Preface*, about *Childrens* clawing for a *Flower*, or bit of *Riband*.

Phi. What then, art thou resolved not to stir? Must I go on further to convince thee? I prithee, *Tim*. tell me, how much *Conviction* will serve thy turn, and I'll undertake thee by the *Lump*, that I may know when I shall make thee a *Man*? I am confident, I fully understand why thou stickest, and art so difficultly to be brought to my *Opinion*; thou perceivest that most People are born in *Families* and *Towns*, and whilst they are *Children* they are kept from doing Mischief by their *Parents* and *Nurses*; and when they are grown up, they are restrained by *Law*; and were it not for this pitiful Prejudice, thou wouldst believe as fully as I, that the *state of Nature* is a *meer state of War*.

Tim. I know now as well as can be where abouts you are: This is to wheedle me into your *Mushroom state* of *Men* suddenly springing out of the *Earth*, without



out any kind of engagement to each other.

Phi. O that I could but get thee to grant any such thing, then I should flie thee home presently.

Tim. I don't care much for *Men springing out of the Earth*; left sitting upon the Ground, some Fellow or other should leeringly put up his *Head* between my *Legs*; but, which is as well, I'll grant you a *Shower of pure natural Men*; and the rather, because *Pliny* has a little scoured the Roads with a *Rain of Calfs* long ago.

Phi. And wilt thou not flinch, but be ingenuous, and suffer me to *suppose* freely?

Tim. Suffer you, *Sir*? Don't question that: If you please, *Sir*, I'll *suppose* it for you.

Phi. And won't you put in a little of *Moses's Tale*, of the *World* being inhabited first by *Adam*, to whom *God* transferred the right of all things, and he to his *Posterity*?

Tim. Not a Word; it does not become a *Philosopher*, and an *Inquirer* into *Principles*, to tell *Stories*.

Phi. Now thou speakest like a *Child*
or

of some *Hopes*. I don't question now but I shall get thy *Heart* and *Soul* too, before it be long. I prithee then begin; and be sure, *Tim.* to be very just and exact in thy *Supposition*.

Tim. Thus then: Upon the Tenth of *March*—

Phi. How? Not a Word further: Thou must begin all again. The tenth of *March*, *Tim*? that's not *natural*, but a meer *Human Institution* of the *Almanack-men*; an absolute *Contrivance of State*, to find out *Fairs* and *Markets*, and other *Publick Places of transferring of Rights*.

Tim. Then let it be thus: Once upon a time, the *Wind* being full *East*—

Phi. Out again; we shall have a *Shower* of nothing but *Judges*, *Doctors*, and *Philosophers*: Dost not know that the *Wise Men* came out of the *East*?

Tim. That's only *Scripture*, *Sir*; and you know if the *Supream Magistrate* does but so interpret it, there shall come as wise ones out of the *West*. But however to content you, we'll have no *Wind* at all; but only we'll have it *rain* a good lusty *Shower*; and amongst the rest of the great *Drops*, there shall come
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down Four well-complexioned, upright Gentlemen, about Fifteen Hands high, which shall all happen to fall upon an Island of Four Hundred Acres, viz. the Isle of Pines; and that we may be better acquainted with them, their Names shall be Dick, Roger, Tumbler, and Townsir.

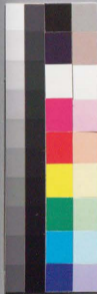
Phi. Here's at least half a Load of Contradiction, in what thou hast now said. First of all you say, they shall be upright. I pray whose Rights or Laws can they keep or break, they having not as yet taken any Oath of Allegiance or Supremacy? Next of all you say they are Gentlemen. Perhaps so; but if they be, you must needs go back again, and speak for a small Dagger-Cloud for their Foot-boys: And then besides all this, I see no great Necessity that you should make them so very tall and large, when less Monst'rs would serve as well for a Supposition.

Tim. Truly, Sir, when I said that they were upright Gentlemen, I only meant that they were streight limb'd and right up ones; and by Gentlemen, I only meant ordinary Men: But as to their Stature, I think I was discreet enough;

enough; because if you remember, Sir, in the Eighth Chapter of your Dominion, those same Mulsbroom-men which you ordered to spring out of the Earth, were suddainly to come to full maturity; and if mature perfect Men may come up, I saw no reason but as perfect ones might come down. And when we had once appointed it to rain Men, I thought we had better have a Shower to some purpose, and have it rain good, stout, speaking, understanding Men, than only a Scottish Mist of Babies, which would have entangled us again in the Old Story of Children not being sociable.

Phi. But how comes it about that you suppose these People to speak? Speech is so very an artificial thing, that we are forced to have Masters and Mistresses for that very purpose; and all the World perceives that Children do not speak naturally.

Tim. But you know, Philautus, that the very same Man Cadmus, that had a Plantation of Armed Men, not far from the Isle of Pines, is said to have had also a small Nursery of Letters; and we may properly enough say, that there is some Hopes that Children may speak, altho'



they do not immediately after Nine or Ten Months *close Imprisonment*, call for their *Boots and Horse*, to take *fresh Air*. And besides, you promised to talk no more of *Children*, but *Substantial Men*; and you need not be afraid at all, that it shall rain any *Absurdities*, so long as we do not suppose it to rain *Watch-men, Bell-men, Lamborns, and Psalms*; for we intend only an ordinary *Civil Shower* of *perfect Men*.

Phi. I am likely to do thee much good indeed! We are inquiring what is the *pure candid Condition of Nature*, and thou comest in with thy *Civil Shower*, which supposes *Government, Society*, and all the *Absurdities* imaginable, and begs the whole *Question* that is in *Controversie*: Is this you that promised to *suppose* so fairly? Thou shalt e'en be call'd *Tim* the *fair Supposer*.

Tim. This 'tis to be so much for *Self-preservation*! It makes People as *curious and fearful* of their *Reputation*, as of their *Limbs*. I speak, *Philautus*, only of an ordinary *Shower of Men*, and you snort and boggle, as if I had laid a *thousand Fox-traps, and Barrels of Gunpowder* in the Road; you may put out
the

the Word *Civil*, if you please; I intended no Advantage by it.

Phi. Well then, If you'll leave out your *Tricks*, and keep to your *pure, plain, ordinary Men*, I do not at all question, but the *Battle* will go on my side.

Tim. What are you resolved then that they must needs have a *Brush* at *Boxes* before they set on the *Old Hen* and *Bacon*? Must they needs upon first fight set up their *Tails*, and *Bristles*, and fall a snarling, and swearing, and tearing one anothers *Throats* out?

Phi. You do not hear me say so: But you must be forced to grant me, that they are as yet in a most absolute *state of War*.

Tim. Why so?

Phi. Because they have not as yet entered into any *League*, nor concluded any *Treaty*, nor so much as made any *Overtures* for *Alliance*.

Tim. That's right; unless they happened (as they came tumbling down) to call in at old *Jones* of *Upper Enfield*, two Miles beyond *Caucasus*, and there *crack'd a Pot, and shak'd Hands*.



Phi. But if they did so, they did not come down *in parvis naturalibus*.

Tim. And is this all the Reason you have that these Men are in a *state of War*, *viz.* Because they have not as yet *discoursed, made Overtures, covenanted?*

Phi. Yes truly; and it is a most able one upon my *Reputation*.

Tim. Now could I be tempted to go home, and spend a little time in *laughing*, and not to talk one word more; for this proves just such another *Discovery* as we had before: For after much *Wrangling and Dispute*, we found out (I remember) at last, that a *sucking Child* was not fit to command an *Army*, or to make a *Speech* at the Head of it; and now we have found out that these same *dropt Men* can't enter into a *League*, till they have spoken one with another, neither can they *speak* till they open their *Mouths*; and therefore they are in a most dismal *state of War*; because when they do meet, it is possible for them to *fight*, having not sworn any thing at all to the contrary. What, *Philautus*, would you have *Roger* speak to the next *Trec* to run away in all haste, and out of *pure natural Kindness*, and *sweet sincere*

sincere Humanity invite *Dick* and the rest of the *Pineyards* to a *Westphalia Ham and Pigeons?* Whereas *Roger* never saw any of them as yet, nor knows any thing of their being come to *Pines*. Or would you have *Dick* to testify his *inward Disposition* to pure *Society* it self, grasp a whole *Armful of Air*, and fall to treating and *covenanting*, and at last enter into a close *League* therewith? The *Sum* of all, *Philautus*, amounts only to this, That there are four honest *Rogues* come to *Town*, from the four several *Quarters* of the *World*, and falling either upon *several places* of the *Island*, or being a *great Mist*, or coming *before day-light*, they have not as yet seen one another; and having not seen one another, they have not as yet *discoursed, treated or compounded*, and therefore they are actually in a *state of War*, i. e. they having not *spoken* at all, it is impossible that they should have *spoken* to each other. Now if you take *Delight* in the *Phrase*, you may, if you please, call this a *state of War*, a *state of Devils*, or what *state* you will; but for my part, I think there's nothing in it, only a small *Trick of Words*. There's the

F 4 huge



huge King of China, and another great Man that dwells t'other way; I never made any Overtures, Treaty, or Composition with them; and yet for all that I don't find any grumbings or curfings of Humane Nature within me, or any prickings or pushings forth toward any War. Indeed I have found my self sometimes at some small Variance with the Turk, but that is, because his Rogues use to droll a little too feverely upon my Merchant-men. Neither, Philautus, would I have you think (supposing it were worth the while to insist upon a Phrase) that you have justified this kind of supposing state of Nature to be a state of War, by saying as you somewhere do, that the state of War is not only actual fighting, but it is the whole time that the Variance or Quarrel lasts. For I grant that War consists not in the number or length of Battels, but in a readines and resolution to contend. But withall we may easily conceive much more reason to call the Intervals between Battle and Battle, War; or the whole time from Proclamation thereof to the concluding of Peace; than to call that a state of War, which has no Pretence for any such

such Name from any Quarrel that ever was yet, but from one that unreasonably may be. I say, I think there ought to be some difference made between these two states; and you your self, Philautus, must not be too backward to acknowledge it, because of your very own Definition of War, Cap. 1. Art. 12. where you say, that War is that same time in which the Will of contesting by force is fully declared by Words or Deeds. Now if Roger had challenged Dick to play with him to morrow, three first Hits for the Kingdom; or that Dick had come behind Roger, and struck up his Heels, here had been Declaration enough to signify and justify War: But to say that they are at War without either Words or Deeds, (only because they have not bargain'd) is not agreeable to what you say your self.

Phi. You have talked, and talked I know not what, Tim. But for all that, will you venture to say that these four Strangers are actually a Body Politick?

Tim. I'll say no such thing at all: But I say, that this same state of War which you make such a clatter with, is only a War of meer Words; and therefore to lay aside this same Blind-mans-buff, and decide



decide the Controversie, let us see a little what these same *Pineyards* will do when they first meet. And so, if you please, *Sir*, about *Sun-rising* we'll give them a *View*, *unmuzzel*, and let them off the *slip*. And now hola Roger! *over with him there, Dick; collar him close, Tower; gripe him under the small Ribs, and pluck out his Spleen, Tumbler. O bravely recovered! Now hold it out for the Credit of the state of Nature, and the Family of the Dicks. Now fall upon his Chest, and strike his Heart out of his Mouth, and dash that Rogues Eyes out of the Island.*

Phi. I prithee, *Tim*, what art thou doing of? What an Uproar and Noise thou makest! Thou didst talk just now of four honest *Rogues* that were come to *Town*, and thou hast sent for four *Furies*, I think.

Tim. I did it only, *Sir*, to give you a small *Sample* of the *state of Nature*. They must have a *Brush*, I suppose, *Sir*, before they go to *Breakfast*.

Phi. I pray, *Tim*, do so much as part them, and let's go on softly and soberly, and then see what will follow.

Tim. I can exactly tell you, *Sir*, what will follow, *viz.* if *Humane Nature*, upon

upon first *View*, *pricks up its Ears*, and *sets up its Skat*, and falls presently to tearing, slicing and slashing; then the *Rattle* goes on your side: But if Reason and *Humane Nature* directs these People to treat, and live peaceably together, then I count the *Day* is mine.

Phil. Nay, *Tim*, the *Field* is not so easily gained: You think of your *Trophies* a little too soon.

Tim. However methinks at present I am a little apt to value my *Hopes*; for here's nothing of *Prejuice, Education, Custom, Father or Mother, League or Covenant*, but only *pure terse Humane Nature*, newly drawn out of the *Clouds*.

Phi. Let me consider a little: You say if they fall to *quarrelling* and *fighting*, whenever they first meet, then, and not else, it is to be judged that *Humane Nature* inclines to *War*, or that the *state of Nature* is a *state of War*. Now I thought thou didst go on too quick: For let me tell thee, *Tim*, that that is as much false, as I am older than thou art. For *actual Fighting* and *destroying* is not that alone which is to be termed *War*: For whether these *Pineyards* fight or not, so long as they have not treated and



and bargained, they cannot properly be said to be *soiabile*.

Tim. This we have had over so often, that I am quite tired, *viz.* They cannot properly be said actually to have made *Covenants, Leagues, and Bonds*, till they have actually made *Covenants, Leagues, and Bonds*. Do but resolve to hold to that, and you may easily defend your self against all the *Forces* in the *World*, by *Sea* or by *Land*.

Phi. But for all you are so brisk, *Tim.* how do you certainly know that they will not fall to breaking of *Heads* and *Legs*? Did you stand behind a *Tree* and hear the *Parley*? Or had you word sent you by the *Pinean Packet-boat*?

Tim. I need not go so far for my *Intelligence, Philautus*; I had it nearer home: For (to save *Journeys* and *Charges* of *Foreign Letters*) I always love to keep a little *Right Reason* in the *Houfe*, with which your *Book of Politicks* is so crawlingly full, and from which alone (not from general *Agreement* of the most *wise Men* and *learned Nations*, or the *common Consent* of *Mankind* which you there despise) you lay down for the *first* and *fundamental Law* of *Nature*, that

Peace

Peace is to be sought where it may be found. Now in this same little *Land* of *Pines* we do suppose there grows abundance of *Peace*, if the late come *Guests* will but seek for't; because being never inhabited, there was never so much as a *Cut Finger* dropt upon't.

Phi. Now I have catch'd thee bravely, *Tim.* now I do not question but to make abundance of *Money* of thee. I do say indeed, that right *Reason* tells us, that the *first* and *fundamental Law* of *Nature* is to seek *Peace* where it may be had; and that the *first* special *Law* of *Nature* derived from that *fundamental one*, is this, That the *Right* of all *Men* to all things ought not to be retained, but that some certain *Rights* ought to be transferred or relinquish'd. But you must consider, *Tim.* that I establish these *Laws* upon quite different *Grounds* from those which are generally given by old *Moralists*. For they flatter you, and feed you with a *Fiddle fiddle* of *Men's seeking Society* for its own sake, and dividing or compounding the *common Right* by *natural Equity* and *Justice*. Whereas it is plainly to me and all right *Reasoners*, that *Men* meerly lie upon the lurch for *Society*, and seek



seek it only for *Pleasure* or *Profit*; (or in one word, out of *mutual fear*) and they are willing to share or divide the *common Right*, not because there is any inward Reason they should do so, but because it is much safer than to be engaged in *War* perpetually. Take this along with thee, *Tim*. there's *Doctrine* enough for this Fortnight.

Tim. There's a little too much for once, *Sir*; and therefore I must desire you to cast it into *Two Parts*. You say in the first place, that we have held for *many Ages*, that Men seek *Society* for its *own sake*. I pray why may we not hold it one *Summer* more?

Phi. Why? If by *Nature* one *Man* should love another, that is, as *Man*, every *Man* would equally love every *Man*, as being equally *Man*; and not pick here and there, according as *Profit*, *Honour*, or other things do direct him.

Tim. Now, upon my *Conscience*, *Philantus*, you mean by a *Man* only a thing standing right up (like a *Heron*) with a *Head* and a few *Eyes* thereunto belonging: For if he chance to speak or listen, to buy or sell, give or receive;

if

if he be peaceful, faithful, modest, affable, temperate, prudent, ingenious, or be of any worth or use imaginable, then we seek after such, and sort with such, not for *Society*, but out of *mutual Fear*: So that to enter into *Society* for its *own simple single sake*, were only to enter into it for the sake of a *good word*, that must not signify any thing. For if it does, it must not be called *Society*, but *Plot*, *Profit*, *Design*, or the like.

Phi. And dost thou think, *Tim*. that I will not believe my own Eyes and Ears, before this nothing that thou sayest? Is there any better way to understand by what advice, and upon what account People *meet*, and enter into *Society*, than by observing what they do when they are *met*? For suppose, *Tim*. they meet for *Traffick*; is it not plain that every *Man* minds his business, and endeavours to dispatch what he design'd? If to discharge some *Office*, is it not to carry on a kind of a *Market-Friendship*, which has more of *Jealousie* than *True Love*? And lastly, if (for *Diversions* and *Recreation* of *Mind*) to discourse, is not here visibly at the bottom either *Advantage* or *Vain-glory*?

Tim. This



Tim. This must needs be right; and I wonder how I came to mistrust it. For suppose I go to *Market* to buy *Corn* and *Meat* for my *Family*; and when I come there, I only take a good view of the *Butcher*, the length and colour of his *Eye-brows*; and also an exact account of the *Stature* and *Complexion* of the *Man* that stood at the *Sacks* mouth; and affect them both most dearly, and return home most vehemently in *Love*, and next day bid my *Servant* set on the *Pot*, and fill it full of *Eye-brows*, *Stature*, *Complexion*, *Friendship* and *Society*, and let them be very well boil'd; I am afraid, for all my *true Love*, some of the *Family* may chance to be hungry before next *Market-Day*. And so in like manner, if upon the *Road* my *Horse* casts a *Shoe*, and thereupon I call in upon the next *Smith*; I may pretend indeed that I came only to tender him a *social* Visit, to look upon his *fair Countenance*, to *kiss* him, and to be *sweet* upon his *Humanity*; but for all that, it is five to one before we part, if I don't so *plot* and *fetch* things about, as to treat concerning *Iron*, and so by degrees cunningly draw him in to set me a *Shoe*.

Phi. But

Phi. But why so many Instances?

Tim. Because you have two whole Pages upon the same occasion; and besides, I have a mind to convince my self thoroughly, that People do not enter into *Society* purely for its *own sake*. And therefore I cannot but think again, if I should call a *Coach*, and when I have done so, speak to *Bay* and *Brown* to set me down at *Charing-Cross*; for, as for their *Master*, he should ride along with me in the *Coach*, because I did intend to *love* him, and *hug* him a whole *Shillings* worth. I believe the *Coachman* may go to *Bed* supperless for all this, and that I might have been sooner at my *Journeys* end, if I had gone on foot. Or lastly, suppose I should be lost upon the *Road* at *Midnight*, and call a *Man* out of his *Bed*, only to ask him whether he be in *Health*, how he *slept*, and how all his *Family* does; and not say one *Word* concerning my being ignorant of the *way*; (for there's *Design*) this would be *pure Love* indeed, and a most unexceptionable Argument of *tending to Society*. And therefore, as you well observe, People may prate and talk of entering into *Society* for its

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own sake, and of going to *Market* out of meer good Will; but when you dive into the business, it is very great odds, if there be not some *Timber* to sell, some *Corn* to buy, a *Shoe* to set, a *Question* to ask, or some such *politick* and *inveigling* *Trick*.

Phi. I am very glad, *Tim.* to hear thee give such apt Instances: It is a Sign that thou beginnest to understand my *Doctrine*, and to be satisfied therewith.

Phi. O, *Sir*, I am so wonderfully satisfied, that I am even ready to split again with *satisfaction*. For now I plainly perceive what it is which *justly* and *morally* ought to be called *seeking Society for it self*; to wit, if the *Inhabitants* of every *Town*, once or twice in a *Week*, instead of going to *Church*, or *Market*, without either *Bell* or *Trumpet*, would *naturally meet* together, and like a company of *Turkies* get side-long upon a *Pole*, and sometimes plume and gently chase one another, and now and then put about a true *Love-jogg* to the whole Company; or like a *Brood of Ducklings*, for *mutual Consolation sake* get close into a *Corner* with *Head* under *Wing*, and make

make not the least *Noise*, for fear of waking *Original Sin*, and the *quarrelsome* *state of Nature*: This possibly might pass for *unfeigned Friendship*, and *Society without Design*. But if Men do either give or receive, counsel or take advice, discourse or jest, if they speak but the least *Word*, then presently a *Reason* is to be tickled up, that this was not *Society*, but *Plot* and *Design*. Nay, if a Man does but look earnestly upon another, and ask, *what's a Clock*, it spoils the whole *Integrity* and *Sincerity* of the business, and can be nothing less than a very *Fetch* and *Stratagem*, if it be at all considered of by one that knows the *World*.

Phi. I perceive, *Tim.* that thou hast profited but very little, by the late Instances I gave thee, of *Peoples* entering into *Society* merely upon *Delign*. However, surely thou canst not deny that there's great *Safety* and *Convenience* in seeking of *Peace*; and many a mischief there would be, if it should be neglected. And therefore, why ought not I, foreseeing those mischiefs, be said to endeavour to avoid them only out of *fear*, and thereupon chuse *Society* as the *safest Condition*?



Tim. I'll give you free leave, *Philautus*, to say that *Peace* is better than *War* in *English*, *Latin*, or any other *Language*, upon that very account your self mention; but I would not have you say that that's the only or chief Reason. For there's great difference, *Philautus*, in saying that I do this or that, merely and only because I am afraid of a *bloody Nose*, or *broken Shins*; and in saying that I do it for a better Reason, and that a *Leg* or an *Arm* may chance to go off, if I neglect to do it.

Phi. Upon better Reason, dost thou say? What, can a Man spend his time better, than to *suspect*, *take heed*, be *watchful* and *afraid*? And dost thou think that thou canst ever find out any other Reason to make the *four Men of Pines* compound, besides *Fear*?

Tim. Yes, I have one worth ten of that, (which I shall give you by and by) and moreover not only shew you, that in all *Justice* and *Equity* they ought to compound, but also what Terms they ought to offer towards an *Accommodation*.

Phi. I prithee, *Tim.* which will certainly beat, the *French* or *Dutch*? which
sinks

sinks the first *Ship*, and where will the *Wind* be upon the *fiftenth of May*? Poor Creature! that thou shouldest thus cut out Work for thy own Disparagement, and engage before-hand to be silly! and yet because it shall never be said, that *Tim.* wanted means of growing wiser, I care not much if I fling away one *Demonstration* more upon thee, to prevent, if possibly, this great Plot thou hast laid to discredit thy self, whereby it will experimentally appear, that Men at first were not only in a *state of War*, and did as it were lay down their Weapons, and combine out of *meer Fear*; but that the *state of War* really is not yet ended, nor ever will be. For that *every Man is still to this very Day afraid of every Man*. And (now observe me, *Tim.*) that this is a *natural Taint* and *Infection* that runs through the whole *Humane Blood*, and is so deeply seated therein, that it will never be utterly wash'd out till *Doomesday*.

Tim. Always provided, that you had excepted your Servant *Timothy* from being afraid of every body. For as fierce as you look, *Sir*, he is not in the least afraid of you.

G 3 *Phi.*



Phi. What? I hope (whilst I am endeavouring, to *cure* thee of thy Errors) thou dost not intend to *huff*, *quarrel*, and *challenge* me. I don't much like the very *Phrases* that belong to *fighting*.

Tim. I intended no Affront at all to you, *Sir*; for there's abundance more that I am not afraid of.

Phi. Then upon my word, it is for want of *Judgment* and *common Observation*. I confess now and then, *Tim.* I have met some rash *inconsiderate Youngsters* (like thy self) who would try to be of thy *Opinion*, and pertly to *contradict* me would *gainsay* themselves. And to such I use to say thus: 'What mean you, *Gentlemen*, to approve of that 'in your Discourses, which your Actions perfectly disavow? Do you not 'see all *Countries*, though they be at 'Peace with their Neighbours, yet guarding their Frontiers with *Armed Men*, 'their *Towns* with Walls and Ports, 'and keeping constant Watches? Do 'you not see even in *well-govern'd States*, 'where there are *Laws* and *Punishments* 'appointed for *Offenders*, yet particular 'Men travel not without their *Sword* 'by their *Sides* for their Defences; nei-
'ther

'ther sleep they without shutting not 'only their Doors against their *Fellow Subjects*, but also their Trunks and 'Coffers against *Domesticks*? Can Men 'give a clearer Testimony of the *Fear* 'and *Distrust* they have each of other, 'and all of all; and that the first stop 'that was put to the *state of War*, was 'upon the account of *Fear*, and that it 'was not yet quite ended? And there- 'fore are you not ashamed to *fight* a- 'gainst your selves, that you may quar- 'rel me? Thus I use to *school* over such small *Objectors* and little *Observers* of *Humane Affairs*.

Tim. And I pray, *Sir*, how did they use to take such a *Demonstration*? And what did they use to say again?

Phi. Even as much as thou art able to say now. What dost think all People in the World are as malapert as thy self, and talk again, when there is nothing to be said?

Tim. However, *Philautus*, if I had been there, rather than my Tongue should have catch'd Cold, I'd have laid over the *Alphabet*, or somewhat or other, if it had been only this, *viz.* We see indeed Castles, Walls, Draw-bridges,
G 4 Guards,



Guards, Swords, Doors, Locks, and the like. But surely it is not absolutely necessary to say that all this Care is taken, and these Defences made, because *Humane Nature* at first was, and in general still is a *Whore*, a *Bitch*, a *Drab*, a *Cat-purse*, &c. But because there be *Dogs*, *Foxes*, *Hogs*, *Children*, *Fools*, *Madmen*, *Drunkards*, *Thieves*, *Pyrrats* and *Philautians*. And upon that account (considering the Wickedness of the *World*) it is a most dangerous and frightful thing to leave the *Dairy-door* open; for who knows, but on a sudden the Sow, having some small Scruples about *meum* and *tuum*, may rush in with her Train of little Thoughts, and invading the *Milk-bowls*, should rejoice in the Confusion? And in like manner I am almost thoroughly convinced, that if I have a *Diamond* of considerable Value, it is not the safest way to fling it into the *Shoe-hole*, or to lay it in the Window among the *Bay-leaves*, because perhaps the *waggish Rats*, to make me spend Candle, may carry it away, and hide it up in the *Cock-loft*; or a *Child* may have a mind to try whether it will sink or swim, or may swallow it
instead

instead of a new-fashion'd Sugar-plumb; or lastly, because I may chance to have a *Servant*, who being not *well dried* of the *state of Nature*, may make use of the *Members of his Body* to remove it from the place where I laid it. And I must needs tell you, *Philautus*, if a *Friend* or so should intend me a Visit, who, I was sure, did really believe no Good or Evil before the *Statutes* of the *Kingdom*, I should count my self in all Prudence oblig'd to set a very strong Lock upon my *Mustard-pot*. But to go on, *Philautus*, you observe besides from Constables and Watches, that *Man* is a most dreadful *Creature*; but before you be very sure of that Conclusion, I would have you call to mind, that there be such things in the *World* as *Madmen*, who may get from their Fetters, and fall to *fring of Houses*; and there be such things as *Quakers* and *Fifth Monarchy-men*, whose Religious Frenzy may disturb the Peace; and there be also such things, which in the Morning were true *lawful Men*, who by Night with *Intemperance* have lost that *Privilege*; and these for a time may be as troublesome in the Streets, as a *Wild Boar* or *Ox*; and lastly, there may
be



be here and there some besides, called *Pilferers* and *Thieves*, who count it a piece of dull Pedantry to live by any *set Form* and *Profession*, or to be guided by any *Reason*, or to stand to any *Laws*: And for you to conclude from hence, that *Humane Nature* in general is a *shirking, rooking, pilfering, padding Nature*, is as extravagant, as to say that the chief of *Mankind* are perfectly distracted, and that the true *state of Nature* is a state of *perpetual Drunkenness*. And what if most *Nations* have Guards, and Castles, and be upon Defence? You must not infer that all Men are *Rogues*, because *Alexander* had a mind to try an Experiment, and to see how much Mischiefe he could do in his whole Life-time; or because the *Cesars* spoiled many *Kingdoms*, and brought them into Slavery, for the excellent Jest of *pure Latin*, and *Roman Liberty*; or because the *Turk* gave Two Pence for a *Pigeon* to tell him from above that *all the Earth was his*. You know, *Philautus*, our own *Nation* never wanted *Horses, Ships, Men, and Valour*, to have trampled down many of its *Neighbours*; but such have been the *Equity* and *Generosity* of our *Kings*,

Kings, as (unless highly provoked) to stay at *Home*.

Phi. You never found that I asserted, that all the *People* in the *World* are *Shirkers* and *Raskals*: But I may confidently assert, that there be *some*; and seeing that we do not *know* them, and cannot *distinguish* them from the good, *there's a necessity* (as I tell you in my *Epistle*) of *suspecting, heeding, anticipating, subjugating, and self-defending*.

Tim. I pray do so much as understand me, *Philautus*; I am not against your putting all those *Words*, and forty more, into practice. Ride with eight *suspecting Pistols*, and half a dozen *heeding Swords*; let a File of *anticipating Musqueteers* walk constantly before you, and as many *subjugating ones* behind; plant a *defending Blunderbuss* upon the top of your *Stairs*; put on a *Head-piece* instead of a *Quilted Cap*, and sleep in perfect *Armour*: Or if this be not sufficient, beg leave of his *Majesty* that you may have a *Bed* set up in the *Exchequer*, or surrender your self *every Night* to the *Lieutenant of the Tower*, and let him be extraordinarily obliged, that you awake in *Safety* next morning. In short, take

as



as much care of your self, as you think most just, (for you know your Worth best) but from your own *Distrust* and *Fear*, I do earnestly desire that you would not determine any thing concerning the general *Disposition* and *Temper* of *Humane Nature*; and that if a *Mouſe* comes to lick the *Save-all*, you would not alarm the whole *Chriſtian World*, and cry out that the *Turk* is landed. This, I ſay, is all that I deſire of you; for when you tell us that there be *Thieves*, and that we don't know them; and if we did, we do not know what Day we may meet them; this was very well and very fully understood by every *Carrier* and *Drover* many Years before you writ your *Politics*. And now ſince you have ſuch an excellent Gift of making things plain, be pleaſed to exerciſe a little upon *another Reason*; why Men that are in the *ſtate of Nature* do chuſe to enter into *Society*. For, as for People compounding out of *Fear*, or not ſeeking *Society* for its *own ſake*, I now fully underſtand. As I remember you ſeemed to ſay further, that *Society* was a thing meerly by *Chance*, becauſe that no Man in the
ſtate

ſtate of Nature could have any *Right* or *Preſence* to any part of this *World*.

Phi. I ſcorn to be one of thoſe that ſeem only to ſay things; if there be any *Doubt*, I ſay nothing; if there be none, then I *ſpeak*, *declare*, and *publiſh*. And therefore I do now make it known, that no Man whilt he is in the *ſtate of Nature* has *Right* or *Title* to ſo much as one Foot of *Land* or *Spire* of *Graſs*. And now my Mouth is open, I do declare further, that whereas a Company of *Metaphyſical Term-drivers* do love to talk of *intrinsic* and *eſſential Right* and *Wrong*, *Good* and *Evil*, and the like, they are every one utterly beſotted, there being no ſuch thing at all, but what the *Magiſtrate* pleaſes ſo to appoint.

Tim. As for the latter part of your *Declaration*, I ſhall not meddle with it as yet; but of the former I am obliged to take preſent notice, wherein you ſay, that by *Nature* no Man has any *Right* to any part of this *World*; which if true, then our *four natural Gallants* have perfectly loſt their Journey, and muſt forthwith entreat the *Sun* to draw them back again, there being no living here, unleſs they might take and enjoy what they find.
Phi.

Phi. I prithe, *Tim.* what *Figure* is this *Objection* in? Thou talkest juſt as if thou cameſt reeking hot from *Barbara*— I muſt therefore teach thee that theſe *People* that came lately down, are very welcom, and may live very happily, if they endeavour, and agree ſo to live: But till they have agreed and bargained, not any one of them can poſſibly claim any peculiar Right or Intereſt in the very leaſt ſpot of the whole *Iſland*.

Tim. Your *Inſtructions*, *Sir*, I thank you, begin now to enter; becauſe *Jonas Moor* is not as yet come to divide, and ſet out the *Ground*, and to call this piece *Starve-crow*, and ſoother *Long-acre*; and becauſe the *White Poſts* or *Blew Balls* are not as yet up at *Roger's door*; and that *Dick* has not determined what *Livery* to give, and what *Coat of Arms* to ſet upon his *Sheeps Backs*; and becauſe there are no *Hedges*, *Ditches*, or *Walls*, to keep aſunder the *Inhabitants Cattle*: Therefore, ſay you, none of theſe have any reaſon to demand the leaſt Right to any part of the whole *Iſland*. You know, *Sir*, a Man may have a *Right* to a *fourth*, *eighth*, or any other part of a *Ship*, tho' he be not able to ſay, this *Rope* is *mine*, and ſoother is my *Neighbours*. And a hundred

dred ſeveral Men may have a *Common*, and certain Right to a piece of *Ground*, and yet never a one of them can ſet forth that his Share lies juſt at the *Gate*, and another Man's next the *Water ſide*.

Phi. This is ſaid ſo like one not capable of Improvement, that I am aſham'd to be ſeen in thy *Company*: For when thou talkeſt of *common Rights*, I am confident thou meaneſt ſuch *Grounds* as are called *Commons* (where the *Town Herd* and *Town Geefe* go) which are held by as much *Bargain* and *Covenant* as thou holdeſt thy *Hat* or *Coat* by.

Tim. To be juſt, and honeſt, *Philautus*, I did mean ſo, I profeſs; and I ſaid it on purpoſe to ſee how angry you would be at one of your own ſort of *Tricks*, when put upon you by another.

Phi. I do abominate all ſuch *Tricks*, and thoſe that deviſed them. If you'll bear *Senſe*, then attend: When I ſay that no Man by Nature can have any *Eſtate* or *Right*, I don't only underſtand thereby, that *Roger* is not as yet fixed in the *Eaſt*, nor the reſt in their particular *quarters*; but till they have bargained, they can make no *Claim* to any part or *proportion* whatever, either in *Equity*, *Right*,
Law



Law or Justice. Surely thou canst not be so ignorant, but one of those Words will fall to thy share to understand.

Tim. I thank you, *Sir*, that you were so generous, as to give me such Choice: For now I understand you as fully, as if you had blown up your meaning into my Head with a *Quill*. For as much as *Roger* forgot to bring his Black Box of *Evidences*, and transferred *Rights* along with him, and thereupon has not been able as yet to obtain a *Decree* in *Chancery*, or a *Verdict* at *Common Law* for his share; therefore *Roger* has none, nor in *reason* is likely to have any. What, would you have had him to have tied up twelve *Judges* in a corner of his *Handkerchief*, and brought down *Westminster-Hall* in his *Trouzes*?

Phi. I shall not now be so idle as to say what I'd have him to have done: But I'll tell thee, *Tim.* what I would have such a *Child* as thou art to do, (unless thou art very eager of continuing a *Fool*) namely ask thy self, or that same thing within thee, which *filly People* have got a custom of calling *Conscience*, whether thou now hast, or ever hadst any thing in thy whole Life, or right to any thing but by *Covenant*, *Contract* and *Law*?

Tim.

Tim. I shall do it, *Sir*, immediately. Here, where art thou (as they call thee) *Conscience*? Come forth and let *Tim.* (according to *Philantus's* advice) ask thee a question. How camest thou by those *shoes*? By what *means*, and upon what *design* didst thou acquire a *right* and *propriety* in them, and *dominion* over them? Did thy *feet* *bad*, and bring forth *shoes*? Don't *cogg* now and *shuffle*, but *speak plain*, for very much depends hereupon. *Consc.* Truly, *Tim.* having looked a little into the *World*, and *Ancient Writers*, and observing that some *stones* were very *hard*, some very *sharp*, and others very *dirty*, for fear I should *bruise*, *cut* or *offend* the *lower part* of the man called the *feet*: I thought fit to *treat* with a *Shoemaker*; and after some *parly* and *overtures*, we came at last to *close Covenant*: And, as I was saying before, for fear of catching cold, I took the *Shoes*, and for fear he should never see me again, he took my *Money*.

Phi. And thus thou wouldst find it, *Tim.* if thou wouldst examine thy self from *top* to *toe*, *Viz.* That every thing thou hast, or ever hadst, is all upon some *immediate* or *foregoing compact*:

H

Neither



Neither is there any natural way of distinguishing between *meum* and *tuum*, but only by such means as I have laid down.

Tim. Truly, *Philautus*, I am very nigh of your Opinion: *Viz.* That it would be a very hard matter for the most cunning and experienced *Midwife*, to distinguish exactly between a *child* that is born *Lord of a Manor*, and a *Tenant*. Unless such as the first were born with the *Court-rolls* in their *Mouth*, or had all *Stars* in their *Forehead*; and the latter had ill *shorn Manes* and *cropt Ears*. You have been several times, *Philautus*, angry, since we began to discourse; it is time, I think, for me to be so now.

Phi. With whom?

Tim. Even with your own *Political self*, as old as you are: For you go and appoint a *Company of People* to come, I know not whence; and to bring with them nothing but their *pure personalities*; and to arrive at a *place*, where's not the least *Custom*, *Law*, or *Statute*: And then in your *Discourse*, you fetch all your *Arguments* from want of such *Customs*, *Laws* and *Statutes*. That is,
Ile

Ile suppose an *Island*, where there's not so much as one *Dogg*; and then Ile determine, that *jus* shall signify nothing in the *World* but a *Dogg*; and then I will conclude against all *Mankind*, that if *Roger* comes thither, he shall not have a bit of right: *i.e.* he will find never a *Dogg*. If you suppose, *Philautus*, suppose one thing with another, *viz.* that which is possible: As for your *state of Nature* (though it be sufficiently extravagant) yet I was resolved to keep you *Company*; and to be either for *Mushrooms*, or *Bubbles*, or *Bladders*, or *Teeth*, or *Cherry-stones*, or any thing that could be devised. But when you determine with your self, that there shall be no *Acts of Parliament*, and yet all the while reason so, as if there were such, I must confess that I must then leave you.

Phi. Now I have no mind at all to part with thee; but to put my self into such an odd kind of displeasure, as to suffer thee to talk on without pity; only to see how far thou wouldest abuse thy self, if thou hadst but thy full swing. And therefore I do say again, that where there is no *Law*, there can be no *Right*. Now, it is five to one, if thou dost not



prate presently; do so, thy whole Gut full. Perhaps this may bring thee into some moderation, and better respect of those that are aged.

Tim. Truly under favour, *Sir*, I am thinking thus---

Phi. Nay, for thinking, think till thy heart strings crack: but that won't satisfie thee, for thou must prate I know.

Tim. Yes, *Sir*: Suppose a man pays down five thousand pounds for an *Estate*: and accordingly receives *writings* before sufficient *witnesses*: And it happens that the following night his *Writings* are all burnt, and his *Witnesses* all die. What *Law* now has he for his money? His *conveyances* are gone towards the Moon, and his *witnesses* r'other way.

Phi. Thou dost not understand, that he of whom the *Estate* was purchased, may be brought upon his oath: There's *law*, *Tim*, that thou didst not think of.

Tim. But I'll have that *man* the same night to die also; and his *Heir* shall be five hundred miles off, when the bargain was made. This is much easier to suppose

pose. *Philautus*, then to make *men* out of *bladders*. Now here's no *Law* in the case, for the *Purchaser*: but he has much *right* and *reason* on his side.

Phi. This 'tis to talk of *Law* and not understand it: I say there is no reason at all that he should ever have, or enjoy the least part of the *Estate*. For if this were allowed, whenever a man wanted a good *house*, and *gardens*, it were but saying that his *witnesses* are dead, and his *writings* lost, and he might e'en pick his feat where-ever he pleased.

Tim. I grant you, it is not *reasonable* *i. e.* it is not *convenient* that there should be room made for such pretences: But the man notwithstanding hath never the less *right* to the *Estate*: Which consisted in the *bargain* and true performance of *Covenants*; not in the *Parchments*; wax and *writings*, which are requisite only by reason of death, mistakes, forgetfulness, ambiguity of words, knavery, and the like.

Phi. And art thou now so very silly as to dream that any of this is against me: For thou hast given an instance of *right* in a *Common-wealth*; where there's *bargaining* and *Law*: and our business



lies all this while about the *State of Nature*, where there's neither one nor t'other. But indeed how can any thing less impertinent, be possibly expected from such who having only gone through a course of the *Predicaments*---

Tim. And run over your *Race of the Passions*: I pray don't forget that.

Phi. Who, I say, having saved together a few *Academical Shreds*, and pedantically starched up a few distinctions and trifles got from the *Schools*, shall prate and swagger, as if they were very well acquainted with both the *Poles*, and every thing that lies between them.

Tim. And as if they could *Square the Circle*, as well as your self: Let that come in I beseech you. It was most *pedantically* done of the *University Doctor*; that when you had so painfully squared it for the general good of *mankind*, he should spitefully go and *unsquare* it again. But hold, Sir, we forget our selves: For we are in a *State of Nature* or *war*, and we fall to complementing, as if the peace were concluded: And therefore I shall return to my instance concerning *Right and Law*. Which, now I tell you, *Philautus*, I gave not, intending therein

therein any great store of *proof*, (much less any *demonstration*, as you use to do) but I did it only to supple and soften you into a little less difficulty of distinguishing between that which is *right and reasonable*, and that which is according to the *Laws of the Realm*.

Phi. What, dost talk of suppling of me, *Tim*? I prethee go home and put thy head into a *pipkin*, and there stew it till thou gettest more wit. What, dost think, because I look upon my *body* as a good *considerable* thing, that therefore I am so great a *Coward* as to submit to *nonsense*, and comply with *impossibilities*; and to be mistaken only because it is the general fashion? I shall not do so, indeed *Tim*: Supple and soften as long as you will. And therefore to ruin all your hopes at once, I do say that those *four men* that we have supposed in the *State of Nature*, have not the least *right* to any part of the *Island*; not only because their share or portion is not as yet bounded and marked out, or because they cannot require any part by *Humane Law*: But besides, because *Nature* has given to every one of them an absolute, compleat, total right to every thing that's there to be found. H 4 *Tim.*



Tim. What has *Nature* given to *Dick* ; suppose, a right to the whole *Kingdom* ; with all the profits, priviledges, perquisites, and appurtenances ?

Phi. I prethee, *Tim*, climb up some high Steeple or Tower, and wonder there. I have other business to do than to stay only to see thee stare at *Sunshine truths* and *demonstrations*. What I have said, I have weighed, which young toys, as thou art, never do.

Tim. Then truly *Dick* has reason to speak very laudably of *Nature* ; for he's in a very fine thriving condition. I'll have the *Rogue* add a pair of horses more to his *coach*, and to keep two *foot-boys*, one for *sack* and another for *claret* ; in *Liveries* answerable to the *colour* of their duties. I am resolv'd he shall never sit but in a *box*, drink nothing but *flaskes*, eat nothing that has an *English* name, and wipe his mouth only with *Indian Almanacks*. But how shall poor *Roger* make shift to live ? He must e'en try to earn his penny with lighting home *Norfolk Attorneys Clerks*.

Phi. Thou art so infinitely incapable, *Tim*, that one had as good pick up old rags for paper, as labour to make thee under

understand. For if thou hadst any brains thou mightest know, that *Nature* has given to *Roger* all, notwithstanding *Dick's* grant.

Tim. Say you so ? Then rise up *Roger*, and tumble down *Dick*.

Phi. I prethee, *Tim*, away presently, and according as I gave order, set on thy head ; for it will never make shift to do, as it now lies. Who, except *Tim*, but would easily have apprehended, how that *Roger* might have a *right* to it all, notwithstanding *Dick* to all of it had a *right* ?

Tim. Oh the wonderful works of a *black pudden* with *anchovise-sauce* ! This 'tis to have joyned *Logick* with *Mathematicks* ! For take one for cunning, and t'other for foundnes, and betwixt them both, they'll make up such a *title*, as would have puzzled old *Prim* himself to have found out a pattern of it. But what becomes of *Tumbler* and *Towser* all this while ? The world certainly is very low with them : For if *Dick* has got All and *Roger* has got the same All, over besides, and notwithstanding : the *Devil* is of it, if between them both, they don't keep out t'other two.

Phi.



Phi. I am quite tired with calling thee fool, though I perceive the occasion increaseth very much. I don't say that *Dick*, and *Roger* have got it all; but I say they have got a *right* to get it all, and so have the rest.

Tim. And may *Dick* or any other of them, in *right* and reason, get it all if they can?

Phi. I prethee step to the gate, and ask the *Porter* that. Must I spend my self to tell thee again, that we are in the *state* of *Nature*; in which, whatever a man has a mind to do, and can do, he may do?

Tim. Why so? What, because *may* and *can* are of the same Mode and Tense, or that *possum* is *Latin* for them both?

Phi. No; thou perverte'st it; that's not the reason: But because in the *state* of *Nature*, there's no difference at all between *May* and *Can*.

Tim. That is; because *Roger* has a *vocal instrument* between his chin and his nose, called a *mouth*, and being not muzzled, gagg'd or cop'd; but having a free power, faculty or *may* to open it, and order it as he think fit; therefore he *may* stretch it out as wide as he please, and swear

swear quite cross the *Island*, that he'll have the whole, or at least half: And because he has other *instruments* called *hands*, which have an ability of holding and directing a *knife*; therefore again he *may* make use thereof, to cut the Throats of all his *Country-men*. And when he has done this; if he be not tired, and his Hands do not much shake, he *may* also cut his own.

Phi. Surely I ought not to forgive my self this month for being within the noise of such childish talk. My reason that *Roger*, whilst in the *state* of *Nature*, may do any thing (except hurting himself) or require any thing, was because he cannot be *injurious* or *unjust* to any Man: *Injury* or *Injustice* being the breach of some *Humane Laws*, such as in the *state* of *Nature* there be none. Do so much, as go to thy *Dictionary*; *Tim.* and see if *injuria* and *in-justitia* be not deriv'd of *jus*.

Tim. I perceive we have wheel'd about to *Westminster Hall* again: Notwithstanding you promised not to come there any more. And indeed I see now, *Philautus*, 'tis in vain to expect any better reason from you, why *Roger* may get and possess what he list; by reason what you



you said just before, *viz.* that, that only was *injustice* which was the breach of some *humane law*, is in your own *Annotations* upon the tenth *Article* of your first *Chapter*. So that we see whereabouts we still are; the *Parliament* is not as yet met, or at least have not as yet made any *Laws*, and we'll call nothing *unjust*, but what shall be done against somewhat that they afterward shall establish; and so we are come again into the old story of the *Dogg*: And no further are we likely to proceed, unless we change *Injury* and *Injustice* for some other Words. And therefore let's try, *Philautus*, if *Roger* may not do that which is *hurtful* or *mischievous*, or that which is *unreasonable*. As suppose, when all the rest are asleep, he should contrive some way to pluck out all their *eyes*, and to suck them instead of *raw Eggs*. 'Tis very ingenious, and not the least mischief or hurt at all; for the *Parliament* have not as yet declared, that blindness is any inconvenience; nor that such as should occasion it in others, ought to be punish'd.

Pbi. Thou thinkest now that thou talkest wisely: And 'tis as like a *Woodcock*

cock as can be. For if *Roger's stomach* require it, or he thinks that it does, *Roger* may certainly do it.

Tim. Yes, yes: he may do it several ways, either with a *Stiletto*, or a *Penknife*, or a pair of *Pincers*, or many other ways. And so he may contrive to lop off a *leg* of each of them: And when the *Parliament* meet, if they find it unjust, they may vote it on again. But because we may take occasion to talk a little the more of this by and by, we'll go on, and see if these people may not be guilty of doing or requiring that which is *unreasonable*.

Pbi. I don't at all see how.

Tim. That is, because you are so busie in weighing of *Kingdoms*, and making remarks upon *humane affairs*, that you don't mind your own *writings*. For if you did, you might there find that in your very *state of Nature*, the *will* is not the only measure of *right*, and that there-in a man may be guilty of doing of that which is *unreasonable*.

Pbi. I do not know why I should say so, or any thing like it.

Tim. Why you said it I know not: And I suppose it had been better for you
not



not to have said it, because it contradicts much of your design: But thus you say at the beginning of the forementioned Annotations, *Though a man in the State of Nature cannot be injurious to another, because there are as yet no Human Laws; yet in such a State he may offend God, or break the Laws of Nature: Which very Laws, you your self call the Laws of Reason.* So that you have no way to come cleverly off, but to devise some cunning distinction between breaking a Law of Reason, and doing that which is unreasonable.

Pbi. What dost think, *Tim*, that at these years, and after so much experience, and after so many victories in discourse, that I will be taught by such a *whisper* as thou art, to come off. It is sufficient at present, to the case in hand, to say that nothing can be done or demanded unreasonably as to the matter of *meum* and *tuum*.

Tim. You had best have a care of granting any kind of thing whatever to be unreasonable in the State of Nature: because you know the *Magistrate* has not as yet sealed and stamp'd good and evil; but let that pass now. Suppose then that

that they should fight for the *Island*. Shall we give them a *second view*, and another loose? we had best not. For you know, as you teach us: that *Men by Nature are all equal.* i. e. though *Roger* may chance to have huge *Legs*, yet *Dick* may have the quicker *Eye*; and though *Tumbler* may have a very large *stif*, and a great gripe, yet *Towser* may be in better breath, and have longer nails.

Pbi. No; no; I prethee don't let them fight by any means; for that is so very foolish and unreasonable, that it is unreasonable to hear of it.

Tim. Well; imagine then that they do not fight; may not *Roger* when they come to treat, demand more than his share; as suppose (as was before hinted) he should demand *half*.

Pbi. So he may, if he please; and get it too; there's no *Under-Sheriff* to hinder him: Neither has he subscribed to any agreement, nor sworn that he'll be content with less.

Tim. But he ought in reason and equity to be content with less.

Pbi. I prethee, *Tim*, with how much less? Thou lookest as if thou couldst tell to an *inch*.

Tim.



Tim. So I can. For he ought to be content just with a *fourth part*.

Phi. This surely is very pleasant. Why so, *Tim*?

Tim. Because you say that he has a right to no more.

Phi. Where and in what company did I ever say, that *Roger* had a right but to a *fourth part*? but that I don't care to talk of *dying*, or else I'd be hang'd if I ever said any such thing in my whole life.

Tim. You said it just now. For you said that *Roger* has a *right* to the whole *Island*, and *Dick* has a right to the *whole*, and *Tumbler* and *Towser* have each of them a *right* also to the *whole*. And now shew me if there be any difference at all between four men having exactly the very same, sameright to the whole, and one of them having a *right* to the *fourth part*, and no more.

Phi. Pish! *Tim*, thou talkest (as thou uselt to do) very weakly. For when I said that every one of them had a *right* to all: I mean by *Right*—

Tim. Nay, I care not what you did mean, or ever can mean by it. I'll give you leave to mean by *right* what you please.

please. A *Dogg* or a *Cat*, or any thing else. For still *Dick's Dogg* will be every whit as good as *Roger's*, and *Towser's Cat* as big as *Tumbler's*. And so the case will be the same.

Phi. If I may not be suffered, *Tim*, to make an end of my Sentence, who have instructed above these *Threescore Years*, I shall be gone.

Tim. Not so, I pray, *Sir*: You shall say what you please, for indeed I had like to have forgot your *age* and *privilege*.

Phi. I say then, that there can be no *right* to any part of this world by *Nature*. For we see People dwell in their *Fathers Houses*, and possess their *Ancestors Estates*; and all by custom and *right of Law*.

Tim. You said all this many times before: And I say so too: And you know I told you, how I got an *interest* in these *shoes*; and I could tell you also that I got my *Gloves* by a meer *stratagem*, and that I hold them only by the *Laws* of the *Realm*. But we must not conclude, *Philautus*, because most of the world is now shar'd out, and by gift, Fortune, Labour, Learning and other means gain'd and possessed;



possession; that therefore if *Four Men*, with *equal pretences*, shall fall upon a place never sought for, nor possessed, one of these (if he so pleases) may in good reason *broil* all the rest, to see what *mouths* and *faces* they'll make upon the *coals*.

Phi. This is nothing; give me in short all that you have said, or can say to prove that the forementioned people have any *right* to any part of *Pines*: And I don't at all question, but that I shall discover all that thou hast said to be very empty and *Scholastically dull*.

Tim. I say thus; the Men that we supposed are true *Natural men*, the place they come to, is perfectly *unpossessed*, they all arrive with *equal pretences*, and you your self besides have given them an *equal right*. And I know nothing wanting, unless like Snails each of them should have brought their Houses on their Heads, and rid down straddling upon their Hundred Acres; which might have stretched their *Thighs*, and would have spoiled the *supposition*. This is that which I have to say, which I venture only to think *reasonable*. Now for your opinion, you have offered nothing but a company of *impossible things* (excepting

cepting only that *May* and *Can* is all one) such as Mens shaking *hands* at a *Mile's* distance, treating and bargaining before they *speak*, *Acts of Parliament* before there be any *Parliament*, and the like, and this you take your accustomed liberty to call *demonstration*.

Phi. I thought I should take thee in some foolery or other: Thou talkest of these peoples coming together, and thereupon of having equal pretences; and thou forgettest all this while that *possession* and *invention* (as they call it) are pieces of meer *positive humane Law*, not of any *Natural right*. If thou wilt call upon me one day, I'll shew thee how to turn the *Books*, where thou maist find abundance about them.

Tim. I believe I might, and about a hundred things more, that are never the less equitable and *reasonable* in themselves, because they are to be found in the *Law of Nations*, or the particular *Law* of any *Kingdom*.

Phi. What, can that be intrinsically and in reason good or bad, that is made so by *Constitution* or *Canon*?



Tim. What think you, *Philautus*, of a Man's hanging himself? is there any intrinsic natural evil in it?

Phi. Evil! there's Death in the case; the chiefest of all natural evils.

Tim. So I remember you say (*Cap. 1. Art. 7.*) but there is the severest Law against him that does it, that can be devised; unless he could be fetch'd to life, and hang'd again. For he forfeits all his Estate. Do you hear me, *Sir*?

Phi. Yes: But I am not of such a young mans mind, as you are: neither do I ever intend to be.

Tim. That's spoken like a Philosopher indeed.

Phi. It is spoken like one, that good manners might oblige you, to be more attentive to. Do you think, *Tim*, that towards my last days (which I hope will never come) I'll alter my opinion, upon such childish and insignificant perfwasions as thine? And believe that a Man can have any Natural right or title to Land, when I so certainly know, that in general there's no kind whatever of just or unjust right or wrong, good or evil, but what the Magistrate does sign and determine?

Tim.

Tim. Upon my word, *Philautus*, you improve very much as to daringness in your Assertions. For seeing that we have found out already in the very state of Nature just, and unjust, as to absolute dirt and earth, I hope we shall be able with much more ease, to find out a little good and evil.

Phi. You must have better eyes, than ever I met any body had yet.

Tim. However I'll bestow a little looking; and I hope I shall not lose it altogether so much, as they that went to see the invisible dogg. Especially, *Philautus*, if you will but continue courageous, and when you talk of justice, not fetch about as you did before to my Lord Chief Justice, and Justices of the Peace, and the like.

Phi. What need you fear my giving back? When as you'll find it Printed in my Preface, that there are no Authentical Doctrines concerning just and unjust, right and wrong, good and evil, but what is so determined by the constituted Laws in each Realm and Government. And by those, to whom the Supream has committed the interpretation of his Laws.

I 3

Tim.



Tim. When you jumble all those words together, *Philantus*, viz. *just*, *unjust*, &c. I phantasie that you still lie upon the old cheat. And because by *Bargain*, *Indenture* or *Patent*, I hold such a *Farm*, such a *Coal-mine*, or such and such *Priviledges*; therefore I must send for a *Lawyer* to draw me up a *Conveyance* for modesty and mercy; and get the *Broad-seal* to give me title to be *faithful* and *sober*.

Phi. Thou talkest of *Titles* and *Conveyances*; thou wantest some body to *make over* a little understanding to thee. For what can be more intelligible than *just* and *unjust*? but yet because my *Book* might possibly meet with such a tool as thou art, I added besides *right* and *wrong*.

Tim. You know, *Philantus*, (as was before hinted) that that's as very a fetch, as t'other. For, because of the relation that is between *jus* and *lex*, we face presently about again to *Freehold* and *Copyhold*, to *Messuage* and *Appurtenances*.

Phi. Because, *Tim*, I would gladly be rid of thee; thou shalt put in *lawful* and *unlawful*: My side is so true, that I may give thee leave to pick thy words.

Tim.

Tim. Now you are sweet indeed: For you suppose a time, wherein there's no *Law*; And then to use your own words, by *firm reasons* you demonstrate that no *Law* can be broken during that time: And he that does thus, say you (meaning your self) is to be looked upon as a great *dispeller* of clouds, and as one that shews the high way to peace, and that teaches to avoid the close, dark and dangerous by-paths of *Faction*, and I know not what more.

Phi. What a slavery 'tis to do one good, that labours so hard against it?

Tim. You need not trouble your self any further, *Philantus*; for you have your self put in two words that will fully try the business, viz. *good* and *evil*. Each of which, say you, are to be determined by the *Supreme Power*.

Phi. Yes: I say it; and I am sure no man is able to contradict me: For who is so fit to judge what is *good* or *evil*, as the *Supreme Power*? And what shall direct or determine his opinion but his own pleasure?

I 4

Tim.



Tim. Ile tell you what shall direct him—

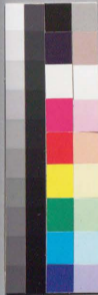
Phi. Hold : Do you know what you are going to say ? *Rex in regna suo---Stat pro ratione voluntas. Supremis sine Summus.* What *Tim.* art thou so utterly barren, that thou hast neither *Divinity, Poetry,* nor *Grammar* within thee ? Thou speakest of a *supreme power*, and then talkest of his being awed and controuled by somewhat else. To have such a *supreme power* is not worth the smoak of a ladle. Such a one is *supreme*, suppose, and he thinks such a thing very good and convenient, and he must fend it to the *Pape* or *Emperour*, or I know not whither, to have it touched and tried, to know whether 'twill pass.

Tim. He need not fend so far ; he may consult *common equity*, and his own *reason* ; which will not only direct him, in determining of those things that are indifferent, or in controverſie (which are the proper object of such authority :) but which will acquaint him and all mankind besides (excepting *Philautus*) that there be severall things most firmly and undoubtedly *good* in themselves, and will continue

tinue so, let all the *Supremes* in the *World* meet together to vote them down ; and there be others which are so famously *bad* and *unreasonable*, that all the *Princes* upon earth (if they should conspire) can never set them up, and give them credit.

Phi. And is not this very *pragmatical*, and somewhat *treasonish* besides, to go about to confine the Power of the *Supreme Magistrate*, who is therefore called and acknowledged such, from his *undeniable* and *irresistable pleasure* ? And therefore, I say again, he ought most certainly to determine all things.

Tim. So say I, if they be not too nimble for his *Power*, and determine themselves before his *Supremacy* can get hold of them. And truly, *Philautus*, the *Magistrate* has no reason at all to be angry, or to think himself checked and affronted ; if there be some such things that decree themselves to be *good* and *bad* ; long before *Term* begins ; *viz.* in that same supposed *Vacation* of yours, the *state of Nature*. For, when he comes to open, and give sentence, he will not only find much work done to his hands, but he'll find besides that here-
by



by he'll be very much assisted towards well governing, and towards his deciding such matters as require deciding, and which do belong to his place and profession to decide. But as for those things we have been now speaking of; he must not by any means go about to alter or repeal them: For, if he should, it would be altogether as vain, as to call a *Council* to make two and three to be nineteen; or to issue out an Order against the next *Eclipse*, or to mount all the *Canons* at the *Tower* against the next *spring-tide* that should offer to come up to *London-Bridge*.

Phi. Certainly, *Tim*, these same unalterable and irrevocable goods and bads that thou talkest of in the *state of Nature* are very fine things. The *Magistrate*, thou sayst, did not make them; I wonder who did, whence they came, and who brought them?

Tim. They came down, *Sir*, the last great rain, we talked of a while ago; for the very same four men that brought word to *Pines*, that the *Whole is equal to all its parts*; and that if four have equal right to the whole, each have a right to the fourth part; brought also abundance of

of moral rules, that is of goods and bads; reasonables and unreasonable.

Phi. Abundance dost say? I don't think that thou hast enough to stop a *hollow-tooth*. I would brush up my eyes most mightily, if thou wouldst but shew me one of those rarities. But I am afraid that they are like those same *perpetual Lamps*, that some *Philosophers* speak of, which have got a trick of going out always when people go to see them.

Tim. What think you of *drunkenness*, *Philautus*? is it a thing altogether indifferent, till the *Magistrate* has given his opinion in the case?

Phi. Truly, *Tim*, I must tell you, that whilst *Dick*, *Roger*, and the rest continue in the *state of Nature*, they may take a cup of the *Creature* with more freedom and less inconvenience, than thou dost imagine. For the *windows* are not as yet *glazed*, nor the *Constables* chosen: And if one of them having received an occasion of being more than ordinary thoughtful, should, by chance, set his foot not exactly in the path; here's no breach of *Law*, *Trespass* or *Action* in the Case, because the *Land* as yet stands wholly undivided.

Tim.



Tim. But is it not very bad husbandry to make an hundred steps for that, which might have been done as well with forty?

Phi. Now, *Tim.* I advise thee to take leave of thy Friends; for thou hast said that, which will prove thy utter destruction. I do grant indeed that *intemperance* is very silly and unreasonable; not because it is so in it self, but because (now *Tim.* keep thy eye fixed) I say again, but because 'tis impolitick, and perfectly against my interest: For it makes me obnoxious to many dangers, and several diseases; and besides it destroys and weakens the use of my reason, and so renders me unable either to defend my estate from cheats, or my life and limbs from such as are quarrelsome.

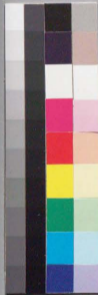
Tim. Truly, *Philautus*, I did never look upon *temperance* to be altogether so good to kill Rats, as *Arsnick* and *Raysons*; nor to carry one over the water, as a sculler or oars: But if there be any reason to be given, why it ought to be approved of before the contrary, besides the *Magistrates* determination therein, then (as was before mentioned) you are not so
great

great a dispeller of Clouds; as you promised to be, when you said, that by firm reasons you would demonstrate that there was no good or evil till the Supreme Power had set it out: And therefore at present I resolve to defer speaking to self interest, and shall shew you another rarity. What think you of faithfulness, i. e. of keeping your promise, or standing to your bargain? Is it not a very reasonable thing, though there were never a *Magistrate* in the whole World?

Phi. You talk of shewing me rarities, *Tim.*; and you draw out some of my fundamental wares: For to perform Contracts, or to keep trust is my second Law of Nature. That is, when People are resolved to end the state of War, by relinquishing their right to all things, it is very requisite that Contracts should be stood to, for they direct to peace and self-defence.

Tim. But is it not a good and reasonable thing in it self to perform Contracts, in the very state of Nature.

Phi. What time didst thou go to bed last night, *Tim.* What, would you have a thing good, before there be any such thing



thing at all? You ask whether it be not good to stand to *Contracts*; when 'tis supposed, that there has not been so much as one ragg dealt for in the whole world.

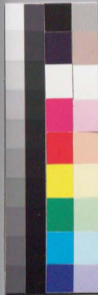
Tim. For all that, I can conceive it very *just* and *reasonable* for a man to keep his word, although he never spoke as yet, nor perhaps never shall. For suppose there were not one drop of *Liquor* in the whole *Island*, that we have been talking of; yet I count it as *unreasonable* for *Roger* to be drunk, as if he were just ready to set the great *pitcher* to his mouth, and had sufficient matter to proceed upon. And it seems, I believe, to most men (except your self, *Philantus*) a very *unatural* and *unjust* thing for a *Judge* or *Arbiter* to incline to either side; though there never was as yet one *Case* put to *reference*, nor should be these *thousand years*.

Phi. Thou hast gone on, *Tim*, in thy careless shuffling way, I know not whither; and now I must *dash* thee all in pieces, and tell thee that thou talkest like one not at all conversant in my Writings; for if thou hadst, thou wouldest there have found no less than twenty

good

good and *bad* things, all fetched from *reason*; such as *Faithfulness*, *Mercy*, *Humility*, *Temperance*, *Reproach*, *Ingratitude*, &c. which I call my *Laws of Nature*. But here's the pinch of the business, and that which thou didst never attend to; these things I say are *good* and *bad*, not because they are so inwardly in themselves, but because they either conduce to peace in general, or are for a man's own quiet and safety, or for his health, or profit, or recreation, or for the advantage of his Family or Relations, or are a hinderance of these; in short, because they are for, or against, a man's *interest*.

Tim. This was a great *dash* indeed, *Philantus*; and I have improved more by it, than by all that you have said I know not how long: For if we be discoursing concerning some action, or disposition of mind that is *good*; and if the same chance to prove convenient either to *King* or *Subject*, *Church* or *State*, for my self or any body else, for *this life* or *next*: That is, if it be good for any thing that has but a name, then is it not *good* in it self, but *good* upon another account; which, let it be what



what it will, with a little artifice of phrase may be so twisted as it shall certainly be all driven upon your common shore of *interest*. Truly, *Philantus*, I can scarce tell what you would have meant by things being *good* in *themselves*, unless you would have them only to be pictured with pretty eyes, mouths and lips: Or have a man get the *virtues* and hang them upon several strings, or tye them to the end of some stick, and so sing over his most excellent and dainty *Justice*, his curious amiable *Temperance*, his bright angelical *Mercy*, and the like. But I might have taken much less pains, *Philantus*, to have shewn against you, that all *good* and *evil* does not depend either upon *self interest*, or *human Law*; because you are so very over kind as to acknowledge it, and confute your self.

Phi. You may as well say, that the second *Proposition* of *Euclid* does contradict and void the first.

Tim. You may say so, if you please; but I am resolved I won't, when I see so much reason to say otherwise.

Phi. About what place, and in what *Article*, canst thou possibly pick out any such absurdity?
Tim.

Tim. I did shew you one place, you know, long ago; where you said, that a Man in the very *state of Nature*, might be guilty of breaking the *Laws of Nature*; which is all one, according to your self, as to say, that a Man may act against *reason*, before there be any *positive Laws*; and that's all that I desire you would acknowledge: Neither do I suppose, that you did intend to excuse your self, by what you say a little after, *viz*. If any Man pretend somewhat to tend necessarily to his preservation, which yet he himself doth not confidently believe so, he may offend against the *Laws of Nature*: For this is a further acknowledgment of what you said before; and shews plainly that *Hypocrisis* in the very *state of Nature* is an *unreasonable* thing.

Phi. You may fool your self, *Tim*, and gape for as many *Acknowledgments* as you will; but I hold and say, that the *Laws of Nature*, in the *state of Nature* are silent; provided that they be referred not to the *Mind*, but to the *Actions of Men*.

Tim. I remember you say this, in the 2d *Article* of your 5th *Chapter*. But, if you had not forgot, what you had said
K upon



upon the 18th Article of your 2d Chapter, you would have granted that some natural Laws do more than merely *bu*z in the *Mind*, during the very *state* of war or *nature*.

Phi. Why, what do I say there?

Tim. No great matter, *Sir*; only I find there these Words; *viz.* but there are certain natural Laws whose Exercise (I pray mind that word) ceaseth not even in the time of War it self: For (as you go on) I cannot understand what Drunkenness or Cruelty (that is revenge which respects not the future good) can advance towards Peace, or the preservation of any Man.

Phi. Now what dost thou infer from this, *Tim*? What purchase dost thou intend to make?

Tim. No great purchase, *Sir*; only I do think that the second Proposition of *Euclid* does not altogether contradict the first so much, as these Two Places do one another.

Phi. And now thou thinkest, thou hast got me so fast; whereas I can come off easily, only by saying, that I did not mean all the Laws of Nature, when I said
 the Laws of Nature are silent in the
 of Nature.

the
 state

Tim.

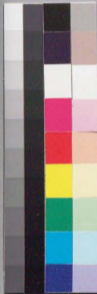
Tim. If you please, *Sir*, you may so explain your self: But however, if you your self, *Philautus*, will bestow upon me only One or Two Laws that ought to be observed in the *state* of Nature, I take it more kindly, than if any body else had given me half a score.

Phi. I always found it an endless thing to reason and discourse People into any soundness of Mind, (especially as to *Morals*) who would not make any Observations of their own. And therefore I prethee, *Tim.* go spend one quarter of an Hour in the Streets, and I'll stay here, and observe well, what People are doing of; and when thou comest back again, I do not at all question but that thou wilt fully believe what I have taught thee to be true; namely, that the World is wholly disposed of, and guided by self-interest.

Tim. I need not go now, *Sir*; because in the Morning as I came hither, I found it exactly so as you say. In one place there was a Man buying a Cloak, as hard as ever he could, not in the least for me, but for himself wholly; and the seller he claws up the Money, and without saying one word to his Neighbours, pockets

K 2

it



it all up : In another place there was a *Porter* lying close upon the lurch at a *Tavern-door*, who, had he no *interest* to drive on there, might e'en as well have been here, upon the *Walks*.

Phi. Thou needest not speak any more, *Tim*, for I do say thus much unto thee, that unless thou diest a *Fool*, thou wilt perceive that *Interest* is the very first principle of *Nature*, and *Reason*; and that Men must mind themselves, if they intend to live.

Tim. Yes, *Sir*, So let them; if they do not over-mind themselves; and cry only *Milk*, when they should cry *Milk* and *Water*; and score up *Claret*, when it should be *Cider*. People ought, *Sir*, to take care of themselves: But I would not have them pick *Blind Mens Pockets*, and cheat *Children* of their *Bread* and *Butter*, and then admire their own *Parts*, and then admire their own *Parts*, and quickness of *Sight*. *Interest*, *Philautus*, is a Word innocent enough, but only when it crosses *Equity* and *Reason*; which according to you, it never can do, being the first *Diclate* of *Right Reason*. And therefore if *Righteousness* or *Mercy*, or any other good thing happen to be against this my first *Diclate*

Diclate of *right Reason*; I must desire them to withdraw for a time; for at present they are very *troublesome*, and *non-sense* beside.

Phi. And wilt thou be so childish, after all these *Instructions*, as not to believe that *Interest* is, and ought to be the first *Principle*?

Tim. It must needs be the first, *Sir*, for that very *Reason* your self give; (concerning seeking of *Peace*) namely, *because the rest follow*. Which you might easily make sure of, if the *Printer* did not misplace things, and so disappoint you.

Phi. I perceive *Tim*, that thou art much given to delight in *toys*, and to neglect things of *Moment*. My main *Reason* that *Self-interest* is to be looked upon as the first *Principle* of *Nature*, was, because I found that every *Man* was desirous of what was good for him, and shoud what was hurtful and evil; and this he did by a certain *impulsion* of *Nature*, no less than that whereby a *Stone* moves downward.

Tim. By your leave, *Philautus*, I think that this *Reason* seems to promise



somewhat *bigger* than the former, but it is not so *true*. For though Children desire, and use means to get all things that please them; and avoid and flie back from all things that hurt them, *even as a Stone comes downwards*: Yet it is to be supposed that what *Men* desire or avoid, they do it not as a *Stone comes downwards*, but with *Consideration* and *Reason*; and thereupon ought to submit to *Poverty* and other *Inconveniences*, rather than to reproach *Human Nature*, and be guilty of an *unreasonable Action*. And therefore a *Child* that pulls hard for a *Jewel*, which cost the *Owner* perhaps much trouble, and many dangerous *Voyages*, shall be excused: But there's little reason that a great lazy *Lubber*, that spends his time in the *Chimney-Corner* and *Ale*, should snatch it away, and not cry for't first.

Phi. If he and his Family be ready to *starve*, that alters the case very much; for 'tis great pity that any *Rational Creatures* should be lost.

Tim. *Starve* or not *starve*, 'tis all one for that; for 'tis a very lawful *Cordial*, so that it be but his *Opinion* that he wants at present, or may afterward want.

For

For seeing that right *Reason* tells him, that *Life* is to be preserved, it tells him also (as you well advise, *Chap. 1. Art. 8.*) that *he must use the means to preserve it*: and seeing that no *Man* can know when another is sufficiently *alive*, so well as he himself, therefore (as you advise further, *Art. 9.*) *he is to judge what is requisite and convenient for that purpose*. And therefore says the *self-preserved*, "There's a Company of *People*, who, when I was out of the way, have gone and divided the *World*, without asking my leave, or taking my *Counsel* or *Consent*; I am sure there's no fault to be found with *Nature*, for she was always very careful, and intended every *Man* a sufficient share. And therefore if they'll begin once more, and divide all over again, and consider all *Mens Deserts*, *Strength* and *Constitution*, well and good: But otherwise I see no reason to stand to this *blind bargain* they made in my absence. For I find that my *Stomach* is very cold, and *Nature* that is famous for *doing nothing that is Idle*, oftentimes calls for a *Glass of Wine*, and (with shame to these *Dividers* be it spoken) it comes not, for want of

K 4

Money.



“ *Money*: I find also that my *Head* is much given to aking, for want of a lighter *Péruke*: and for want of a *Boy* to comb it, I had lately like to have lost the use of my *Thumb*. I can’t do as other People; for my *Flesh* is so soft and gentle, that ordinary *Stockings* presently *plough* up my *Legs*: and if I have not a *Watch* and a few *Gurnees* about me, I presently *yawn*, and am as *chill*, as if I had an *Ague*. And therefore, I say; I must make use of my *parts*, and some of *Reason’s* *Dishes* to preserve me from *Sorrows* and the *Grave*.

Phi. Thou hast now, *Tim*, talked together, more than becomes thee by *Forty* *Tears*. To all which I say, that I do give thee and all Mankind besides, leave to shew me any thing better for *Peace* and *Government*, than that first principle of *Self-interest* which I laid down, and discovered to the *World*.

Tim. It is strange *Ambition*, when People will take upon them to be the *Author* of that which they are not, though it be never so false and ridiculous.

Phi.

Phi. Why, who did ever hold *Self-interest* to be the first principle of *Nature* and *Government*?

Tim. Truly, I believe not many ever held it long, because it was so egregiously silly. But if you look no further than the 3d Page of an ordinary *School Book*, viz. *Tully’s Offices*; you will there find that there was a sort of small *Philosophers* that were of your *Opinion*.

Phi. What, perhaps they talked somewhere in their Writings of *Self-interest*; but that was not the *Foundation* and *first Principle* of their *Philosophy*.

Tim. If *Summum Bonum* be *Latin* for *Foundation* or *first Principle* (which in *Morals*, I suppose it is) and that *sum commodis metiri*, signifie to measure by *Self-Interest*; then I tell you, there were a sort of *Unreasonable People*, whose *Philosophy* stood upon your very *Principle*. Concerning whom, the *Orationist* justly says, that if they lived a *Life* exactly answerable to their own *Opinions*, and were not sometimé overcome by good nature, they must be perpetual *Knaves*.

Phi.



Phi. I don't understand what you and your *Orator* mean; but this I'll swear, that if there be any *knavery* in my *Principles*, I know not what will become of your *Bible*. For I tried all my *Laws* of *Nature*, which I deduc'd from *self-interest* by that *Book*, and I found (as I tell you, *Art. 1. Chap. 4.*) that they are exactly the same, with those that have been delivered from the *Divine Majesty*, for the *Laws* of his *Heavenly Kingdom*, by our *Lord Jesus Christ*, and his *Holy Prophets* and *Apostles*.

Tim. I'll tell you, *Philautus*, how that might be easily done: You went to the *Bible*, suppose, and thence pick'd out a company of very good *Laws*, and then having ordered and wrested them to your own *Design*; then you go again to the *Bible*, and finding that they were not flown away, you cry, see here what ignorant People are they that shall go about to find fault with my *Principles*; when as *Christ* and I hold forth the same *Doctrine*; as is plain by a whole Chapter full of *Scripture* which I produce?

Phi. Do not I recommend the same *Justice*, *Mercy*, *Equity*, &c. that are recommended in the *Bible*?

Tim.

Tim. Yes; but you don't recommend them every day in the *Week*: For perhaps at present there may be no inconvenience in being *Just* and *Righteous*; but to Morrow it may be against my *Interest*: And the *Castle-principle* must never be forsaken. This is so very plain, as it need not be insisted on, and besides, it begins to be time, *Philautus*, to think of some *protection* for that inward *Member* of the *Body*, called the *Stomach*.

Phi. In that, *Tim*, I agree with thee, but in nothing else. And I am e'en sorry that I have stay'd thus long; for thou hast been so *perverse*, that I am afraid I have done thee but little *good*. And so farewell.

FINIS.



A
LETTER
TO HIS
Old Dear Friend
R. L.
From T. B.

LONDON,

Printed for E. Blagrove, and Sold by the
Book-sellers of London and Westminster,
1696.



A
LETTER.

Sir,

YOU had received this, and what follows, long before this time; but I was loth to trouble the World on purpose, upon so small an occasion: And therefore I rather chose to wait the pleasure of a *Friend*, who had promised me the running of Two or Three *Letters*, in his *Dialogue* concerning Mr. *Hobbs*. The *first* whereof concerns one, who was pleased to send only a short friendly Admonition, with his Name to't; who being a Person of great Worth, Piety and Gravity, I am very sorry that he should be so imposed upon by the Heats and Railings of others, as to give under his Hand no better Grounds and Arguments for his Reproof.

After

After him, *Sir*, comes a very smart *Hot-spur*, who, like a *Whisper* at my *Lord Mayor's Show*, runs up and down with a *spit-fire*; crying, *Make-room* there for *Euclid*; bear back, and take in *Ten Demonstrations* against *Learning* and *Riches*: And (which is much to be wondrous at) this *Gentleman, Sir*, with nothing but the poor helps of *Wits Common-wealth*, *Godwyn's Antiquities*, *Clerk's Formulae*, *Spencer's Similitudes*, or *Things new and old*, *Theatrum vite humanæ*, and *Two or Three* smaller *Books* besides, such as *A help to Discourse*, the *Pearl of Eloquence*, *Blunt's Academy of Eloquence*, proves the strangest kind of things that ever you heard of in your whole life; and all ordered and managed according to *Euclid*. He and *Antoninus* together, make nothing to prove, you, *dear Sir*, are no body at all; that you are a meer *Fiction*, a *Cheat* of *Sir Politick* Would be, an *Imposture* of a *sick brain*, a *dream*, *device*, and *carawimble*. He did but whistle, and call for his small *Greek Divelling*, ^{words} *words*, and if I had not made great haste; and pull'd you back by the *Leg*, you had been quite gone: And so he had like to have

have served the *Academick Youngster* that made the chief of his *Speech of Muses, Nofegays*, and his own *tennity*. He durst not absolutely say that his Name was *Nicholas Nemo*; but, which is very near unto't, he thinks it much more probable that the *Sea burns*, than that there should ever be such stuff put together. Now, *Sir*, were it not for the *Kings* and *Merchants Ships* that are now *Abroad*, I had a great Mind to have fired the *Sea*; and told it him in *Latin*. However, look to your selves *Ships*, for I profess I cannot forbear, but I must try to call to mind a little of it. *Cum tenellam meam in dicendo peritiam, & corruscantem vestrorum oculorum fulgurationem mecum reputo, profecto Academici, instar Niobes, pallidus & tremebundus obstupesco: Et cum oratio mea nullis verborum stellis ornata, nullis pbrafium syderibus illuminata, nullis eloquentiæ luminibus distincta, denique cum ambrosia & nectarie succo penitus est vacua, ad stillicidia vestri savoris & benevolentia, & ad Achilleam vestri patrociniæ panopliam confugio: And so much concerning Nicholas Nemo: But these are but things by the by; for this *Author's* masterpiece is concerning *Riches* and *Wisdom*;*

L both



both which he has so horribly discourag-
ed, by pressing the great duties and con-
veniences of being *ignorant* and *poor*, from
the History of the *Jews*, the *Grecians*,
the *Romans*, both *Pagan* and *Christian*,
and from our *Saviour* himself and his
Disciples; that I am afraid that *Money* it
self, as well as *Learning*, will go a beg-
ging; and that it will be a very hard
matter ever to persuade either *Clergy-
men* or others to undergo again the trou-
ble and scandal of being *wise* or *rich*.
It cannot but be expected that hereupon
Lands must necessarily fall to eight years
purchase, *Money* to fifty Shillings *per cent*.
and as for *History*, *Philosophy*, *Languages*,
and other parts of *Learning*, take one
with another, and they may fetch per-
haps Six-pence a Bushel, heaped as long
as they'll run; and that's all. And then
for running a Man up in a corner, he is
the most severe and persecuting that you
ever met withal. In one place of his
Preface, he drives me up to very close,
concerning my writing my *Book*, either
to enform my *self*, or others, that I began
to suspect, *Sir*, whether I ever writ any
Letter to you or not; but looking upon't
again, I found at last, that he only proved
that

that I ought not to have written one:
And this further I observe of him, that
where-ever he gets any advantage, he
has no more mercy than a *Tyger*. He
knows, as well as I do my right Hand
from my Left, that I do not much care
for a bit of *Greek*, and yet to vex and
spight me, and to make me tired of the
World, he'll bring in at a venture, I
know not how much, though it be no-
thing at all to the purpose. If you re-
member, *Sir*, we have such a Saying in
English, that a Man that is brought to be
very *poor*, is brought to *great necessity*;
and *ἀνάγκη* being *Greek* for *necessity*, he
thought it had been *Greek* for *poverty* too;
and so urging the great conveniences of *po-
verty*, to choak me, he gives me that
golden scrap of *Pythagoras* (as he calls it)
ἡσυχία ἢ ἀνάγκη ἐγγύστην εἶναι. Hoping, poor
Gentleman! that *ἡσυχία* had signified *ver-
tue*, and *ἀνάγκη* *poverty*; and he might
e'en as well have quoted that scrap of
Camden, *ἡσυχία ἀσθενία καὶ ἰσχυρὸν
κακότητος*. For *ἡσυχία* there signifies *power*,
and *ἀνάγκη* *necessity* or *fate*; which is plain
by their being so rendered, and by the
foregoing Verse, in which *Pythagoras* ad-
vises a Man *not to quarrel or part with a
Friend*



Friend for a small fault, but to forgive him, *ἵκεν δὲν*, as far as he was able; *ἡ δὲ αὐτοῦ ἀρετὴ ἐστὶν αἰσῆς*. For he that forgives another to the utmost of his power, will very near as certainly forgive him, as if it had been so decreed by the Fates. I think somewhere in the New Testament, that *ἀνάγκη* do signifie necessities, or as we say *streights*; under which are comprehended not only money *streights*, but all kind of *inconveniencies*, which are difficultly to be avoided: such as *dishonour*, *false Friends*, *sickness*, or the like. But as for *ἀνάγκη* signifying *poverty*, I phanck it will be a very hard matter to find it, not only in *Pythagoras*, but any where else, except it be in such a Book as *Lycosthenes*. Now, Sir, after all this, it is all one to me what the true meaning of the word is: And I had not taken any notice of it, but only I know, as I said before, he quoted it out of malice, on purpose to make me fret, and hang my self. And so he does another piece of *Greek*, in what he says concerning *Schools*, *ὡς, ἢ οὐκ ἔμελλεν ἄνθρωπον ἐκτελέσειν*; by which he intended doubly to kill me: First, because 'twas *Greek*; and then because he tells me, *plodding Aristotle said it; and that it was as*

well

well said, as if *Cartes himself had said it*; and thinks he; that same *ἔκκρισις* is a *thundering word*, and will make the *Regue* eat his very *Flesh* for *Madness*. And I'll translate it thus; *ἵκεν οὐκ ἔμελλεν ἄνθρωπον ἐκτελέσειν*, *changing foundations* is oftentimes of *dangerous consequence*. Being, Sir, (as you must needs think) deadly mad to hear a Sentence out of *Aristotle*, so magnificently translated against me; I was resolved, if possible, that the Sentence should not be in *Aristotle*; or if it were, it should require nothing near such a glorious and dreadful *Translation*. And I profess, to be short, *Sir*, I was made happy, and had my *Design*; for (as I believe) that Sentence is no where to be found in *plodding Aristotle*, but in *plodding Themistius*; a *plodding Commentator* upon *plodding Aristotle*; and besides, *ἔκκρισις* does not signifie a *Calf* with *five Legs*, a *Colt* with *three Heads*, or any such frightful and monstrous thing; but very mildly, as one can desire. For *Aristotle*, in the fourth of his *Physicks*, *de iis quæ in tempore sunt*, finding fault with those that thought that *Time* it self did alter, and corrupt things, put in these Words, *ἢ ὅτι ἀίωνα ἔστιν ἢ ἄμετρον, ἰ. ε. that*

L 3

motion



motion (not time it self) is that which alters things, or that puts things out of that state and condition in which they are; upon which Words Themistius thus comments: Πᾶσι πανταχόθεν ἔσται ἀεὶ ἀεὶ ἰσχυρὸν; that is, if an old Bara, or an old Tree tumble down, it is not meer time that rots them, or tumbles them down; but it is ἀεὶ ἰσχυρὸν that does it, i. e. the Wind, the Weather, or somewhat else that makes holes in them, and puts them out of their Place. Now, Sir, as I told you before, it is very indifferent to me, what this, and what t'other word signifie; only, I would have had him left out the abuse, and not have told me, that it was as well said as if Cartes had said it; because it is just as well, and no better; it being a fundamental principle of his Philosophy, that all alteration is caused by motion.

And so let thus much at present serve for the *second Answerer*: After home comes the *Doomster*, or *Fire and Brimstone* it self; who pulling out of his *Magazine*, four or five *Sermons* concerning the existence of a *God*, the *Authority of the Scriptures*, *Providence*, &c. and raking together an hundred or two of

names

names for me, and all the *curses* in the *Bible*; he bundleth up all this together, and in as dreadful black, as ever was branded upon wool-pack, he writes **Diagonisticon**, or an answer to my two Letters. I looked, Sir, upon some few Pages, and I find all this comfort for my self; an *Universal repaganizer*, *Popeling*, a *worshipper of the beast*, *Loyalite*, *Jesuited Pandor*, *Herod*, *Judas*, *Pilate*, *Antiscripturist*, *Antichrist*, *Antiprovidentialist*, *Arbeits*, to whom, Sir, I have said very little, but only told him that he was *mad*, and that I was not singular, for the rest of the world did think so. Perhaps, Sir, you may have a mind to know how it is possible that a *Sermon* for *Providence* should be against me, and how he should get it in, or any thing like it. If you remember, Sir, speaking somewhere in my first Letter concerning the great convenience of a tolerable maintenance, for the *Ministry*; it is there said, that *people should not be suffered to take away from God's Priests, what he had designed them, lest some thereupon should think that he seemed to take no care of them*: Upon which, he springs forth. *Sry you so! What are you thereabouts! Nay,*

L 4

even



even off with your Maskarado, and profess your self a right down Atheist, or Anti-providentialist: Which if you do, then (by the grace of God) I'll pull out one of my best Sermons concerning Providence, and so shamefully rout you, as never Heathen was routed: And so away he goes, proving Providence as hard as ever he can. I hear, Sir, of eight or ten Answerers more that possible may come out this Spring, if it be seasonable and warm: But if they do, I shall make some interest to get my reply into Muddiman's Letter, or to stand at the bottom of the Gazette, amongst the strayed Horses and Apprentices. For you know, Sir, I have nothing more to say; unless it may be here convenient, Sir, to beg so much room in your Letters as to desire those (if there be any such) who are still offended at what I say concerning Allegories, to read one place of Scripture, as well as another: and when they have read, and well weighed, what is said by S. Luke c. 8. v. 9. That his Disciples did not understand the Parable of the Sower; and not understanding, desired the meaning; and (as the Learned Dr. Hammond notes) Christ answered, that he did it on purpose, as a punishment

to those that had had clear means and perspicuous expressions and manifestations; that seeing, they might not see; that is, clear means was now denied unto them, and none but parables was allowed, as a punishment of their former obduration against his means: As also, upon what occasion it was that our Saviour said, S. Matth. 13. 14. And seeing they shall see, and not perceive, i. e. (as the same Doctor observes) being an obstinate people they shall not receive so much profit as otherwise they might: things shall be so enigmatically and darkly represented to them, as that they (having before shut their eyes) shall now discern but little; and what follows, v. 15, For this peoples heart is waxed gross, &c. i. e. (speaking still of making use of Parables) and this is a just judgment of God's upon them, for their former obduration and obstinacy; in that they would not see nor hear heretofore: I say, when they have considered of these, and many such like places of Scripture; and after all, they shall still think, that they have as much reason to punish their Auditors, as our Saviour had some of his: Nay, to torture them with Allegories ten times more remote from common apprehensions; I have nothing



nothing to say to them, but only to leave them to their own way, and understanding.

But it is time now, Sir, to take my leave of you, and (setting aside all fashionable conclusions) I desire that I may do it with what *Bishop Saunderson* says in his first *Sermon ad Aulam*; which possibly may do some body or other more good, than any Complement could ever have done you service. He speaking, Sir, of making use of *Rhetorical Ornaments and Elegancies in popular Sermons*, says thus; *That as such things are sometimes very allowable, useful and approved of by Scripture it self, if it be discreetly and sparingly done; and counts those uncharitable, and unjust, that in general condemn all such Rhetorical Ornaments, as savouring of an un sanctified spirit: So (says he) I confess there may be a fault this way, and in young Men especially, before their Judgments are grown to a just ripeness) many times there is. For (as he continues) affectation in this, as in every thing else, is both tedious and ridiculous; and in this by so much more than in other things, by how much more the condition of the person, and the nature of the business require a so-*
ber,

ber; serious; grave deportment. Those Preachers therefore by a little vanity in this kind, take the readiest way to bring forth their own discretions into question, and the Sacred Word they handle into contempt, that play with Words, as Children do with a Feather.

I have been mistaken by some, but however I hope you will always think that I am,

Sir,

Your most Humble Servant,

T. B.

A

A
LETTER
To B. D.
THE
PUBLISHER
OF
Mr. HERBERTS's
Country Parson.

From T. B.

LONDON,

Printed for E. Blagrove, and Sold by the
Book-sellers of London and Westminster,
1696.



A

LETTER.

Honoured Sir,

I Received your fifth *Paragraph* (as you call it) long since, wherein you tell me, that I am the *Author* of a *scandalous Book* : And if I had the very next day sent you word back again, that I am not the *Author* of any such *Book* ; I had given you just as full an *Answer*, as you have given *Reasons* that I am fo. For that great *Service*, *Sir*, that you have done the *Church*, and are able still to do it, I have a very great respect for you ; but I do much wonder, that you would nor a little defer calling any *Book scandalous*, till you had thought of some better ways to make it appear so ; or have told me what you meant by *scandalous*. For you know, *Sir*, the word
has



has been taken in so many senses, that there has been a time when *Almond butter* has been counted *Rebellion*, *minced Pye Idolatry*, and if a little *Wine* were put thereunto, it was as ill as *Worshipping the hoast*: And to eat *Custards* with *spoons* as abominably *scandalous*, but to be engag'd in *Sack-poffet* up to the eyes, with *Ladles*, was *Christian*, *Orthodox*, and *Brotherly*. Therefore when you say that that *Book* is *scandalous*, if you mean that it puts men in mind of their follies, that it abates the glory of some mens preaching, that some people now are longer making their Sermons, if you mean that some dislike it, with that it never had been Printed, are very angry, nay are flaring raving mad; I know then that it is so very *scandalous*, that there be those that are lovers of themselves and only of their own way, that at a venture they with the Author hang'd, a thousand and a thousand times over.

But if you meant any thing more by *scandalous*, I wish you had made it out. For I would not have you think, Sir, that you have done enough towards it, only by saying (as you do) that *I am*
puffed

puffed up, that if I had known the Man that preached upon *Weep not*, &c. I ought to have cried: That my *Book* has given offence to diverse Eminent, Grave and Learned Men; and is loathsome to all good Men. That Henry the Eighth had like to have been in Orders, &c. and that you know of Two or Three Noble Mens Sons, that in former times were in Orders, and of Six or Seven that at this present are; and that an Holy Man in a poor Living, is in the Kingdom of Heaven, if there be one upon Earth; which (you say) you believe, because you durst undertake to hold this Thesis against any Jesuit, viz. *Status inopis parochi in Ecclesia Anglicana, est perfectior statu cujuslibet Monachi in Ecclesia Romana*. But I suppose, Sir, when you design'd me a Paragraph, and to call my *Book scandalous*; you intend'd some better Reasons, if you had not forgot them. But I pray, Sir, how come you to think that I was puff'd up? I profess, Sir, I don't find my Constitution to be a whit more *scandalous* than formerly: My Pulse beats neither faster nor lofter: The same Girdle still takes me in. I neither Sleep deeper,

M nor



nor eat more. I have not, I confess, lately examin'd my Foretop; that possibly may be a little started forth; but otherwise I know of no alteration in my self.

Again, Sir, you'd have me to have *cried and pittied him that preached upon Weep not, &c. rather than have, &c.* I pray, Sir, to what purpose? That Man is quiet in his Grave, and I did it not because he or his *Executors* had ever affronted, or offended me; but because I knew of no better instance to represent the vanity of such kind of *idle shewings*; and to put an end to the extravagancy of them. I intended to vex no Man now alive in the whole World, nor to please and delight my self in triumphing over the imprudences of the Dead; but yet, for all that, some People are resolv'd to think, that I am a *Devil* I know not how big. However, my Conscience tells me, what was my Design: And I bleis God Almighty that he put it into my Mind, and that I was enabled to finish it.

Neither

Neither would I have you, Sir, so over-confident, that that same *Book* you call *scandalous*, is so very *offensive and loathsome to all good Men*. For I am sure you have not lately spoke with all the *good Men in the Nation*: For I know several that are not of your Opinion; and that are very good *Men* too: And for ought I know, as good as yours; they being as eminent for Learning, for Piety and for *Suffering* too; and then I am sure, you'll acknowledge them to be without all doubt good: I say, I know several, and such who were born much above Forty Years since, (for if they had not, with some they would not be worth Six-pence a Hundred) that at the first reading thought the Design to be honest, and the Book still to be useful: and if I be puffed up with any think (as you think I am, Sir,) it is not I'll assure you, with any Jest, Story or Glofs, that you there find, but to hear of some that are throughly convinced, that it is not the best way to spend Two Days of Three, either in dressing up plain sense and meaning, with obscure *Rhimes* and *Jingles*, or with other sorts of elaborate, useles *fineries*.

M i

I



I suppose, Sir, I am to look upon my self concerned in all your Fifth *Paragraph*? But when you tell me of some Persons of *Honour*, that have been heretofore, and of others, that are now in Holy Orders; I know not how it should come into your Mind, to think any thing of that against me; whose great Design it was, that there might be Ten times as many; and though you are pleased to say, that an *Holy Man in a poor Living, is in a Kingdom*; yet I hope, *Sir*, that your Intentions of augmenting your own *Living*, for the advantage of your Successors, will not remove you ever a whit the further, from that *Kingdom* you there mean.

If you desire, Sir, any further satisfaction, I must refer you to my Second Letter; which I think is plain, even to those very Men, that would not understand my first; notwithstanding those Two Objectors that now follow.

I have nothing more, Sir, but to let you know, that notwithstanding all this, I have a great esteem for you:

you: Not only because you dealt friendly with me, but because you ought to be esteem'd by all, as you are by

Your Humble Servant,

T. B.

M ;

A



A
LETTER
TO THE
AUTHOR
OF
The Vindication of the
CLERGY.

From T. B.

— *Sylvestrum tenui.*

LONDON,

Printed for E. Blagrove, and Sold by the
Book-sellers of London and Westminster,
1696.



A

LETTER.

Sir,

ALTHOUGH for your own convenience and service, you have appointed me to be *young Shimei, Fanatical skipjack, Secretary to a Committee of plundered Ministers, and Secretary besides to another company that believe no life after this* (which is very nigh, as bad as the former) yet, for my part, I am fully resolved to apply my self to you, only by the way of *dear Sir, sweet Sir, and sometimes plainly, Sir.* For if I should go and call you *Giles of Tilbury, Philip of Southampton, Gabriel of Doncaster,* or the like; your name perhaps all this while may be *Zoroaster, Zerubbabel, Boreas or Boanerges.* But let it be what it will, and live where you can, on this side



side or beyond *Trent*; nay, live as far as *Barwick upon Twede*, *Sir* still holds good, and will find you out there.

And now, *Sir*, in the first place; I must return you many thanks, for your extraordinary kindness towards me, in respect of what I found from your *Brother Answerer*, *W. S.* For though you tell me (p. 26.) that *he was too civil to his old Acquaintance, and too free and prodigal in his concessions*: And though by your *fiery and fierce Latin* (*facit indignatio*) you put me into a most dismal fright, and had like to have made me military: Yet I plainly perceive, where there is any thing of sound and substantial tenderness at the bottom, nature cannot dissemble long, but must needs discover some of its sweetnesses. For whereas severe *W. S.* confin'd me wholly to *cracking of Nuts*; you are pleas'd, *Sir*, to give me my choice of Happiness and Employments. For when I am altogether tired and scorch'd with chafing *Butterflies*, then have I your most gracious leave to retire either to my *pillow of Straws*, or to cool my self, and my *Chicken broth*, or to call in at the *Market Cross*, and rest my self in the *Pillory*, a
very

very *laudable place*, and allowed of by *Authority*.

And therefore, I say, I must upon all occasions acknowledge my self to be yours, for these and many the like affectionate Expressions, in your *Vindication*; which, when I well consider, are so very sweet and engaging, that I must needs hold my self obliged, for your sake, at any time, either to skip off a *Steeple*; or to make an end of that odd jobb of work which *Nicanor Seleucus* left unfinished between the *Euxine and Caspian Seas* (If you be very sure, that it was ever begun, for I have a scurvy Fellow, that doubts of it:) nay, when my Hand is in, I care not a Farthing, if I carry on that other *massy business* in *Achaia*; for what's *massiness* to me, when there's a Friend in the case. In short, *Sir*, you cannot easily devise a Task, to which I shall be unwilling, unless it be to *answer your Book*. And, as to that, I must by all means beg your pardon; being not at all in the humour to reply to that which was fully answered, long before it was Printed; *viz.* in my *second Letter*, called *Observations*; upon which you have some short Reflections in a
Postscript;



Postscript: And if you had reflected but a little more, I am confident you might have easily perswaded your self to have burnt your *Copy*. For in all your *Vindication*, if any Man that does but understand Sense from Words, can shew me but Six Lines that pretends to Argument or Objection, that was not half a Year before, urged by *W. S.* and to which some Reply was not thereupon made; then will I oblige my self to get all your *Book* by heart (which I would not do for a small matter) or be at the charge, to procure some body to turn it into most stately *Heroic Verse*.

Now, I do suppose, it may be convenient for you to call this (as you do all that I say) a *flam*, a *whisker*, a *Caprice*, a picce of *spight*, *malice*, *calumny* and *spleen*. But I care not for that; for if the same *whole World* (to which you so often appeal) be not of my Opinion, I'll give you all my interest in it; for those same *three poor penies*, which you know is the full price of my *Planet*. If you please, *Sir*, we'll try two or three places. My Friend *W. S.* comes forth, and desires to dissent from me, as to the business of Schooling. For says he, (*p. 37.*) *Though*
the

the understanding that is in Man does indeed early discover it self, yet Memory is the great Store-house of Understanding; and if the Memory be sufficiently employed at School, it will lay a good Foundation for the perfecting the Understanding afterwards. This was *W. S.* his Opinion, and Objection: To whom I reply'd, your *Humble Servant* *W. S.* and some little more besides, according as I was able. I know not how long after, out comes the *Vindication*, and spruces up this Objection; with some fine bedeckings and embellishments, and a needless Quotation out of *Plato*, and brushes forth, as if he had discovered a third *Indies*; saying, *Every body knows, but the Contemner of the Clergy, that Children have a moist and supple Brain, like soft Wax capable of any impressions, and that Memory is the most early faculty of the Soul, which exerts it self in the very dawning of Sense and Cogitation, (whereupon Plato calls it the Mother of the Muses) and is in its prime and meridian vigour, before Imagination and Phancy, much less Understanding and Judgement come perfectly to them.* Now, *Sir*, do you think that I am such a Fool and Owl, as to reply to any such thing as
this?



this? You tell me, that a *Child's Brain* is like *soft Wax*: And I tell you, that if you had put to your *soft Wax*, *plaster of Paris*, *Puff'd Paste*, *Curds* and *Apple Sauce*, I would not have answered you one Word. And what do I care, if *Plato* calls *Memory* the *Mother of the Maids*? I have nothing to say against *Plato*: But I have only this to say, that if that be the Opinion not only of *Plato*, but of the *Brachmans* and *Gymnosophists* of *India*, the *Bards* and *Druids* of *Gaul*, the *Magi* of *Persia*, the *Chaldeans* of *Babylonia* and *Assyria*, the *Priests* of *Aegypt*, and of every one of the *Philosophers* of *Greece*; I am so very busie and furly at present, that I will not speak to any such thing. Indeed, as to what I said, of mixing at *School*, some other pleasant Learning with *Greek* and *Latin*; you differ a little in your Accounts. For all that *W. S.* objected was, that it is more proper to learn those things which I mentioned afterwards. But that you may be sure to out-go him, and not to grant so much as he, you are of Opinion, that to go about to teach a *Lad* of *Twelve Years* of Age a little *Arithmetick*, or the *circles* of the *Globe*, or the like; it is *impossible*;

'tis

'tis every whit as impossible, as it was for *Nero* to cut a *Channel* from the *Lake Avernus*, to the *Mouth* of *Tiber*, and to pierce the *Massy Isthmus* in *Achaia*: Or as it was for *Nicanor Seleucus*, to cut the *Streight* between the *Euxine* and *Caespian Seas*; or for *Cleopatra*, that which divided the *Red Sea* from *Aegypt*; nay, 'tis not only *impossible*, but *incredible*; such a *Monster*, as that *teeming Africk* never brought forth the fellow of it; and every whit as ridiculous, as if you put *Hercules's shoes* upon a *Dwarf*, or as if *Lambs* could wade, where *Elephants* are forced to swim, or as if every little *Philistine*, could play at *Quarter-Staff* with *Goliath's Beam*. Now, *W. S.* did not think it thus vengeanably impossible; but only that it was not the most proper time.

In like manner, there is some little difference between you, about your believing that there might be a Reason, why *Lawyers* and *Physicians* prove better than *Divines*, having the same Education. As for modest *W. S.* he only wonders a little at it, and says, it is very strange if it should be so; but he does not deny all Reason that might be given; not knowing

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ing but that there might be one in *Banco*. But when you come to consider of it, half a Year after the Reason was repeated out of my first Letter, you fall on to purpose, and challenge all the *Logicks* in *Europe* to make it out. I wish with all my Heart, *Sir*, you had not challenged them every one. For I'll warrant you besides *Burgersdicius*, *Heereboord*, *Crackantborp*, and *Kockerman*, there be vourty at least. The *King of Spain* (to my knowledge) has abundance of *Logicks*, and I'll assure you, the *French King* wants neither *Mew*, nor *Logicks*. Indeed I must wish again, that you had thought of it a little better; for this same *Europe*, *Sir*, that you so dangerously challenge, is a very large Place, and will hold many *Bushels* of *Logick*. For, as I find in a learned *Autor*;
Cleaver. Introd. *Europe* reaches *Eastward* as far as the *Aegean Sea*, *Hellespont*, *Propontis*, nay, as far as your very *Pontus Euxinus*, and beyond; and then *Southward*, *Northward*, and *Westward*, I know not how far.

I must confess that there be Two or Three things against my *Letter*, that are near

near upon as *massy*, as the very *Isthmus* it self; that wound me for ever, and make me groan again; which were not at all taken notice of by *W. S.* but whether he over-looked them out of Friendship, or tenderness of Nature, or weakness of Eyes or Understanding, I am not able to say; but sure I am, he says not one word of them. The first that I took notice of, is *pag. 38.* where you are very severe upon me, for maintaining that a *Break-fast* is like a *Fast*; and that any *Text in the Bible* is more like an ingenious *Pillure*, than a *Break-fast* is like a *Fast*; and you desire the *World* to judge, if it be not a very odd similitude. Now because this is an absolute new Objection, wherein my Reputation is much concern'd, and a matter of so great moment, that it is quoted again, as an everlasting abuse to me; therefore I must answer as warily and distinctly as the case will admit of; which I shall do in these Three following Propositions. First, I confess, grant, and acknowledge, that a *Break-fast* strictly and severely taken, is not at all like a *fast*. In the Second place, I do lay down and hold (and resolve to do it to my dying day) that a *Break-fast* may be

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be



be as dreadful as a *Faſt*, provided it be an *old Parliament one*; for that alters the caſe very much; for the clearing of this, turn to plodding *Ariſtotle*, *de opoſitiſis*. In the laſt place, I do moſt ſtiffly maintain, that I never ſaid that a *Break-faſt* is as dreadful as an *old Parliament-faſt*: But I'll tell you what I ſaid, that the repetition day for the *Grammar* is uſually as dreadful as an *old Parliament Faſt*. And Fourteen Lines aſter, I ſaid (and will ſay it again for all you) that to be bound to get *Two or Three Hundred Verſes out of Homer for break-faſt*, is no very pleaſant Task. Now I profeſs it was a ſpightful, fanatical, skip-jack trick of mine; that I did not right down ſay, that a *Break-faſt* is like a *Faſt*; (the *Two Words* are but *Fourteen Lines* diſtant one from the other;) for then you might have enlarged the Title of the *Accuſation*, that was to be written under me—*The Author of the Contempt of the Clergy, &c. and that ſays, that a Faſt is like a Break-faſt.*

Another thing that was wholly forgotten by *W. S.* is, that he takes no notice at all, how greatly convenient it might be, if there were pretty ſcore of ſuch as were *poor* and *ignorant*, mixed with the

the reſt of the *Clergy*; for as you very well obſerve, *pag. 21*, this makes up the *Harmony of things*: for, ſay you, were there not an *Ignoramus* or *Two* amongſt the *Lawyers*, ſome *Quacks* and *Empiricks* amongſt *Physicians*, ſome *Idiots* in the *Schools* of *Philoſophers*, ſome *Dunces* in the number of pretended *Scholars*, and ſome poor *Gentry* amongſt the rich, there would be no *harmony of things*; not any at all, moſt certainly; but all the *Clergy* would be as dull as a *Barn-door*.

There is alſo one thing more that you urge againſt me, *p. 93*, that muſt go wholly for your own; and it is this: *Suppoſing a Vicar has but a Groat in the Houſe, it is a moſt unimaginable thing, that he ſhould break ſuch an entire Sum, and ſpend his Penny.* Now I durſt not for my Ears, go about to make any Reply to this; becauſe you ſay, *it is a calumny that has ſo little of probability in it, that the Devil himſelf cannot believe it*; and I have no mind at all to diſpute with him: And therefore this muſt be regiſtered and allowed of as an unanswerable Objection againſt me; and wholly of your own Invention. I'll take care it ſhall be ſil'd amongſt the *Gazetts*, and *Philoſophical*



News-Books. But indeed, as to the advantage and convenience of using of *Latin* in *Sermons*, where no body understands it; I must needs do *W. S.* for much right, as to confels, it was not altogether forgotten by him; but withal it must never be denied, but that the four Reasons that you have added, have so very much strengthened and advanced that business, that *W. S.* cannot come in for above a fifth part of the glory. For, first of all, say you, *It may be convenient for the Minister, to quote out of the Learned, Greek or Latin,* though no body understands it, to distinguish himself from such who preach altogether in *English* at *Conventicles.* Admirable well contriv'd! for if they were distinguished by nothing else, but by *observing* the *Canons*, and the *Act of Uniformity*, it would be very hard to know one from t'other. Secondly, *because Authority is a more effectual Argument ad hominem, than a Demonstration.* That must needs be, because it is supposed, that these same *homines* do not understand a word of it; and so it must work most wonderfully and effectually. Thirdly, it is very convenient; for *the People do not understand a tittle of it,*
yet

yet so long as they understand more than they can commonly remember, it is well enough. O 'tis extraordinary well! And lastly, because a *Man* may so preach in *English*, that all *People* shall not understand him; (that is, if he gives his *Mind* to it, and makes it his business;) For there be *Sermons* in a *Chapter of St. Paul* read in *English.* Is it not great pity, that you were not matched to that same *teeming Africa* you speak of? What a breed of *Reasoners* would the *World* have had?

Now, would it not make any one in the *World* raving mad, to hear such stuff as yours boasted of for *Sense*? but for all that, I shall take up my self according to the *Philosophers* Rule, *Non morabor* *non irascens*; and not be so angry as to answer your *Book.* Nay more than that, I intend to be reconciled to you, to love you, and entertain some hopes of you, upon condition you'll promise me Three or Four things, which I must heartily request of you; and if all the *World* do not say that they are very seasonable and proper for your *Constitution*, I'll undertake never to beg any thing again.



In the first place therefore I do most earnestly request of you, that you do not for the future print any *quibbles*. Be as merry as you please, and as witty as you can afford; but for one so extraordinary full of *demonstration*, and so very well acquainted with *Euclid*, even from a *Shoulder of Mutton* to a *Dish of Wild Fowl*, for such an one to play and trifle with Words, will certainly in time very much abate your Reputation, and more then that, weaken your Rational parts. What an easie matter had it been for you, when you were speaking of *English Disputations* and *Declamations* being used in *St. Pauls*; to have said, that it was allowed of by the Usurper, or by *Oliver the Tyrant*? but you must go and say, *it was conniv'd at by one Tyrannus, but you did not mean him in the Acts*. It was great pity indeed that you did not mean him, because he was dead Five or Six Hundred Years before *St. Pauls* was built. In like manner, when you tell us, *Page 75.* that *it is not at all likely that Star-board and Lar-board, &c. should ever come into a Sermon, since Pulpits made of Ships beaks, have been out of Fashion*: You had better have given any other Reason

Reason of its being unlikely, than that; for though by chance I take the Jest of it, because I have read *Godwin's Antiquities*; yet how shall those poor Readers make shift to admire you, that do not understand the full signification of *Rostreum*, and the History of *Roman Pulpits*?

I desire also that you would consider that there be some *Phanxies* which at their first foundation were very good and laudable; but when they have been torn, and tossed up and down, by every body, for an Hundred Years together, they then become tiresome, and degenerate into all the iniquity and nauseousness of a *quibble*. For Example; suppose you have a mind to abuse a Man to death, and to tell him that he talks like an *Apothecary*: Do so; spare him not at all, but down with him, and make the Rogue sufficiently ashamed of his folly, and *Apothecaryship*: But (if you love the prosperity of your *Family*) I desire by all means, that you do not train it in with a Story of *Doſtor Three or Four Lines* before; telling him, that *for such a thing to be so or so, is indeed the Opinion of one Doſtor; but what if he should*

N 4 talk

talk all the while like an *Apothecary*? So to tell a Man that he is an *Hogshead*, is searching questionless, and goes very deep; but if you put *empty* before it, and tell him that he is an *empty Hogshead*, then I count there's little hopes of Life: But if he chance to find the word *Tun* within five or six Lines of this abuse, he presently takes heart thereupon, begins to crawl again, and does not care at all for dying. We must always grant, *Sir*, that it was very well done of him, who first observed, that *where God had his Church, the Devil had his Chappel*; and it was pretty well done of him, that observed the same in the second place; but to go on, and observe it over and over again, without all doubt does take very much away from the primitive glory of your Observation. And thus *Nicholas Nemo, diebus illis his days*, to be born under a *Three penny Placket*, to render *quantum dabis* into pure current *English Money*, to correct the defect of *Nature's Pencil*, and many such like (which you abound with) were questionless at first very ingenious, and without all exception; but the jestingness of them, by too much using, is so utterly worn out, that

that they will work no more than the powder of an old Post.

But amongst all *quibbles*, as you desire to flourish, and be for ever famous, be very sparing of such that depend wholly upon the *Title* and out-side of *Books*, viz. *de iavari*, *Hobbs's Creed*, the *Gentleman's Calling*, *Ignoramus*, and such like; for they lying very obvious to every ordinary Phantasie, you may chance to make a Jest, that has been made an Hundred times before. You'll find this, I promise you, to be very good Advice, if you consider well of it.

Now I am, I must confess, perfectly of your Mind, as to what you say, pag. 59. concerning the great advantages and excellent use of *quibbles*, if handsomely managed, by reason that they are a great promoter of *Health* in general, and an easie amulet against some *Distemper* that hang about *sedentary Men* in particular; that they unbend the *Mind*, loosen the distended *Nerves* of the *Soul*, and revive its drooping *Spirits* after a wonderful manner: Which agrees very well with what the worthy *Author Wits Common-wealth* says in the first part, pag. 215. concerning *Musick*, viz. *It is the Body's best Recrea-*



Recreation, it overcometh the Heart, and comforts the Mind; it is the Queen and Mistress of the Soul; it is the Loadstone of Fellowship, the chearful reviver of dulled Spirits, the sole delight of Dancing, and sweet-meat of sorrow----- But let me tell you, that neither your self, nor that Learned Author, have spoken half home to the business. Alas! dear Sir, you speak but timorously and modestly; this is nothing to what I can tell you. What think you of him, that without any vulgar Instruments used for that purpose, only by the help of a good lusty *Joque*, and a *Jews Trump*, couched a Cataract of Seven Years standing; and of another who quibbled a *Wen* of the Forehead, as big as a Gooses Egg. Great Cures upon my word! and the greater, because these sorts of *Medicines* work chiefly upon the lower parts. You would wonder, Sir, to see what a vast Quantity of *Gravel* hath come away upon Two or Three *Jests*. It is reported of one *Harmonides* (not your *Harmonides* the Fidler, but another that I have) who having been tortured several Days with the *Stone*, and trying several *Medicines* to no purpose, was advised at last to send for
some

some ingenious *Jester*: No sooner was the Ingenious come into the House, but presently the pain much abated, (for a *Jest*, you must know, if it be strong, works at a distance, as well as the *Sympathetick Powder*;) and being carried up into his Bed-chamber, he let go a *Phanste* of a good moderate size (but whether it was *Quibble* or *Joque*, my Author does not say,) upon which the Stone presently turned; and adding to that, one a little stronger, it was soon after voided. Neither is this at all unlikely, when we call to mind how plentifully a great Person of our own Nation, bepisid his Breeches, after a long stoppage of *Urine*, meerly by one *Jest* of the *Doctors*, when all his *Urugs* would not draw one Drop. But were there nothing in all this, that tended to the commendation of a *Jest*, yet certainly they (from what you say) are very Allowable, Sacred and Orthodox; because (you know) *St. John* went a *Partridge-catching*, when he writ his mysterious *Revelations*; and what is more like a *Partridge*, than a *Quibble* in *Feathers*?

Now,



Now, I would not have you think me so spiteful and malicious, as to say, that there is nothing of real Wit in your Vindication: For let People say what they will, and carp, and catch, and except, and caprice, yet they are forced to acknowledge in spite of Malice and Calumny, that there are in the whole *Vindication*, four or five as good, clear, and well dressed Humours, as ever were made: And lest you should think I flatter, I'll tell you the very places; that you may know what is approved of, how to value your self, and to do well again when occasion requires. The first happy thing that is approved of by all, is your putting in that *scrap* (as you call it) of the *Poet*,

—*Quid enim tentare nocet?*

And then your saying immediately after, that you did it on purpose, because *you know it would trouble me vilely*; and I'll assure you it was well guessed; for I hate such a *scrap* of *Latin*, as I do a *Viper* or *Toad*: and though I made shift to take a slumber of seven or eight hours that night; yet I found that your

Poet
re-

rejoiced next morning most horribly: And I'll assure you, it cost me a glass of *aqua mirabilis* to compound with him, to be quiet. The next humour that they all grant to be good and very allowable, is your telling me that *you had got ground of me, more than I did allow the Vicar for his Glebe*. It was well observed, for I do confess I do allow him but little. The next is (that is allowed) your calling *Cicero's son Mark a codhead*: They acknowledge it to be well said, and true; for the *Rogue* proved not otherwise. A fourth is your forgetting the *Roman Lady's Bitch's name that Thesimopolis had the tuition of*: These are all that I can get to be generally allowed. I have put in hard, I'll assure you in all companies, for two or three more: As for example; *the Papist and the Puritan being tyed together like Sampson's Foxes*: I liked it well enough, and have beseeched them to let it pass for a Phansie; but I could never get the Rogues in a good Humour to do it: For they say, that *Sampson's Foxes* have been so very long, and so very often tied together, that it is high time now to part them. It may be, because something very like it, is to be

found



found in a *Printed Sermon*, which was preached Thirty Eight Years ago; it is *no fiam*, nor *whisker*: It is the 43d Page upon the right hand. Yours go thus; viz. *Papist and Puritan, like Sampson's Foxes, though looking and running two several ways, yet are ever joyned together in the Tail*: My Author has it thus; viz. *the Separatists and the Romanists* (there's for your *Puritan's* and *Papists's*) *consequently to their otherwise most distant principles do fully agree, like Sampson's Foxes tyed together by the Tails, to set all on fire, although their Faces look quite contrary ways.* I phansied a good while those Two Stories you tell, pag, 41. how that *Socrates* (though his *Mother was a Midwife*) could not make his *Scholars bring forth any Science, unless they had understanding to conceive it: And that it was ill done of Cicero that he did not examine the Boy Mark's parts before he went to Athens.* But I profess, (I know not how) it came at last into my Mind, that I had learnt this at School; and looking into my *Clerk's Formule* (out of which I used to steal my *Themes*) upon that close and elegant Discourse, *E quovis ligno nin fit Mercurius*; there I found them both in the very beginning of

of the *Speech*, viz. *Socrates, &c.* But this I must confess was *Mr. Clerk's rudeness*; for if he had taken care (as he ought to have done) to have placed those *Two Historical Observations* a little deeper into that great Controversie, you might then have been supposed to have fetched them from some other *Author*, that was nearer to the *Original*. I have heard very often mention made, of your calling a *Dish of Wild Fowl a Pyramid*; but whether they approve of it, or laugh at it, I cannot yet certainly tell; (when I certainly know, you shall have an account.) But I must seriously tell you, that as to the *Beards being made of certain Ibe Asses Manes*, I have very little hopes of putting that off; (and I am somewhat afraid that the *Shoulder of Matton* or *Triangle*, will lie upon my Hand;) but you may be sure I'll do my best endeavour. Perhaps, you may think it convenient to write some small thing, and explain it: But if it never goes off for a *Phansie*, seeing there be Three or Four that *Hell* it self can't except against, especially that of the *Chasing-dish being a Hypothesis*, which I had like to have forgot; the truth of it is, it was a very pretty thought,
and



and I am confident will always be so accepted.

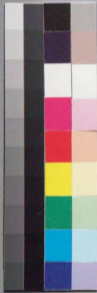
Now, I must confess to you, that this same phrase of *pretty thought*, is none of my own; but (as I remember) 'tis in some late *Play*) which I thought fit to tell you, that you may be sure of what you ghes, *that I do sometimes borrow*, and (as I am your Friend) I advise you to learn to do so too. For rather than I would stuff out a *Book* with *Lot* and *Lottery*, *Churches* and *Chappels*, *Jachin*, and *Boaz*, with my old Friend *Nicholas Nemo*, with *Pun's*, *Quibbles*, and *Small Jest's* a Thousand times said before, and with all the feattiness that *Three Languages* can afford towards a *poor fustie*, I would advise you to take that course which you think I do, and write *farces*, *fardles*, *frequent Company*, and *steal from Clubs*, *ransack all Romances* and *Plays*, written *before or since the King came in*. I would not stick at that; I would be for *heyte teyte*, a *Cock* or a *Ball*, an *Horse-shoe*, or a *Mares Nest*: I would make *Friends*, and get to be *Secretary* to some *Learned Committee*, (*Boecaline* perhaps may sell you his place for *Two Hundred Guineas*; for he hath got stock enough to set up

for

for himself) and then get by heart their *Dogmes*, *Resolves* and *Decrees*; nay, rather than fail; I would get another to write the *Preface*, or do any such thing: For, upon my word, if you go on thus, you'll be in as great danger of *breaking the neck of your Parts*, as you think the *poor Lads* to be at *School*, by venturing upon any *solid Learning*. And as I would request you for the future, that you would be very careful of breaking the neck of your *Phansie*; so take some care, I beseech you, of *necking your Judgment*; but above all things, be very wary of calling that *Euclid*, that does not include at all. If you had only said that you would endeavour to make such a thing out, or that you did not much question but that you should do it, and that very plain too; People would not then have called for their *Rule* and *Compasses*: But to say, that you would make it out as clear as any *Demonstration in Euclid*, and moreover to write, *quod erat demonstrandum*, after such loose and wide Reasonings, that would scarce hold a *Pike* of half a *Yard* long, (a *Metaphor* taken from a *Net*, which I have seen as well as a *Ship*) was very rashly done.

O

You



You had much better have sworn it off, as the Poet did his Play; although you had never so little reason for it.

What then belike (say you) Ignorance and Poverty must be grounds and occasions of Contempt in the Clergy, I marry, that's a likely business indeed! that was well devised by a Skip-jack phanfic! a most excellent Jachin and Boaz! a pair of special good Pillars or Poles for an Airy Castle! but if I do not rattle down Poles and Pillars, if I do not wholly subvert and unbinge the confident Swaggeter, and venter of Paradoxes, if I do not unjachin and unboaz him, before I have done, I'll e'en renounce Euclid and all Pretences to him. Come, Mr. Confident, you go and impudently say, that Ignorance and Poverty are causes of Contempt. I pray, by your leave, Sir, how then comes it about that Poverty was always counted a sacred thing, and Ignorance the Mother of Devotion and Admiration? Sure you will not venture to say that Godliness and Devotion are contemptible things: There's one Nut for you to crack. I think there's one brush for your Poles; and it is very strange if your Castle does not tumble by and by. Now, Sir, for a little of your skill in Astronomy,

to tight and straighten your Poles. Your bold Hypothesis begins to groan already, and sink it must, unless you can reconcile admiration and contempt. I'll teach you to talk at random about things you do not at all understand. I'll teach you the meaning of Sumite materiam vestram qui scribitis æquam Viribus--I know you don't love it, but I'll make you eat Latin and Greek too, before I have done with you. Do you see Mr. Clergy-mender, how I have tript up both your Poles at one stroak; but lest you should say that this was a surprize, or think, that I am stinted for demonstrations; I'll give you your Jachin and Boaz again: But then look to your self; for now I'll take them both away one by one, so fairly, so evidently, and scientifically, that pull and hold what you can, you shall plainly perceive your self a very Sot and Fool: I say, look closely to it; for I intend to make an home thrust. My demonstration shall go in just at your Navel, and so let out the very Guts of all your Discourse. Ignorance, say you, at randome, is a cause of Contempt; boldly said, for a Skip-jack indeed; but I pray Mr. Apothecary answer me this then. Is not Magistracy as well as Ministry an Ordinance



of God? How comes it then about, that a Thatcher, suppose he be but a Mayor of a Town, although he can neither write nor read, shall be as much wondred at, and admired, be called as often Worlshipful, be flood bare to as much, have the Mace carried as dreadfully before him, as if he had learning enough to, be Lord Chief Justice: And how comes it to pass that hereditary Kings have been honoured and obeyed, that have had so little parts as to be forced to dispatch all things by their Council; and if these, though never so Ignorant, are to be honoured; are not we bound to seek out, and elect such; suppose we can tell where to find them? Now you had best cry for one of your causes of Contempt; do so, cry out, I don't pity you at all, and if I thought it would vex you as much (as quid tentare nocebit?) I would make you hang your self. I could carry you into the bowels and secrets of former Ages, and give you an historical demonstration. What think you of the Roman Curiones, Augures, Auspices, Flamines, Extispices, Pontifices, Salii, Aruspices, Cultuarii, Victimarii, Capnomantes, Diales, and Cantharides, who have no reason to be believed to be any great

great Conjurers; and yet it is granted by all that the Devil and they together, kept the people in sufficient awe: But you must be for your Astronomy forsooth, and your Atoms: You must be for your new projects and models, and for your heYTE teYTE's; and in the mean time, neglect all solid Learning, and Godwyn's Antiquities. But say, when you have enough, and are sufficiently asham'd; for I have a whole cloak-bag full of pure Mathematicall stuff skill. What think you of your present Popish Priests, that can scarce tell how to read the Service, and with a little of Joseph's Humm, and the Virgin Mary's Milk, are very well respected and admired? Do you think they would do half so much good and be half so much respected, if they were considerable Scholars? I pray answer me to that, Mr. Castle-keeper. But why should I go about to pour forth such Historical rarities into an empty hogs-head? for although he should want parts to perceive the violence, and breaking in of a demonstration, yet his Mistress Experience may teach him so much; how Idle a thing it is to prate of Ignorance being a cause of Contempt, or of wishing any Clergy-man should

should be more learned; whereas it is plain, that the unlearned Weavers and Taylors in the late times, could swing the people more after them, then we can do now with all our Learning. *Populus aliquando vult decipi; & si aliquando cur non nunc?* And therefore from all this you had much reason to wonder how egregiously mistaken the little *Historian* was. For alas! Ignorance is so far from exposing a publick Person to contempt, that (give him but Power and Authority with it) his only way and means to arrive to a great esteem amongst the generality of men is to renounce all learning, and get as much Ignorance as possible: for the more ignorant, the more valued. And why? It seems strange at first: But when we hear the reason it is plain: Because the generality of mankind are unlearned themselves.

And thus, *Sir*, having demonstrated not only that Ignorance is full out as serviceable as Learning (for to have done that would not have argued any superfluity of parts,) but that of the two, it is much to be prefer'd: In the next place you shew that poverty carries it
at

at least a length and half before convenient maintenance. And why? Because no wise man esteems things by their gaudy outsides, the Horse by his trappings, the Ass by his burden. Because the learned Heathens never deified money, and Pythagoras recommended golden Precepts, not gold. Because Lucian lashes the blind God of wealth, as if he were a blind Bear. Because the Peripatetical summum bonum, when they had put money to't, was but a Golden Calf. Because Croesus and Mides were but jingling Pack-horses. But this is Heathenish proof, now for Divinity. For, Was not Christ himself in a low condition? Was not his Jury of life and death most of them poor? And did not the fore-man of the Jury *S. Peter* say, silver and gold have I none? Now from such Premises as these would not every novice (say you) in Logick conclude that it were better for a Clergy-man to have but twenty pounds a year and half a dozen books, than an hundred and a good Library? No; I am confident he would not, if he had read two Chapters in Logick: Nay, if his Tutor had only promised the poor creature a little of that same, and he should conclude so, I would
O 4 have



have him presently sent home, and never be suffered to conclude again. Now, *Sir*, do you think that I will spend any time in exposing such nonsense as this, which is so very plain and palpable that all the malice in the world cannot misrepresent or make it worse? Not I, I'll assure you. You talk somewhere of bestowing your *Mother* upon me: Alas! You don't offer like a *Chapman*. For if you should fling in your *Grandmother*, *Aunts* and all your *Sisters* into the bargain I will not put my self to so much trouble. But yet I cannot forbear just to shew what a great *demonstrator* you are of your *second proposition*, as you were of your first: Which you set upon p. 19. But it pierces not deep till p. 24. And if any one desires to see *Euclid* in a nutshell, there he may find him.

The case is this (or as you are pleased to read it *the ball of contention*) Whether there may not be here and there a *Clergyman* so ignorant, as that it might be wished, that he were wiser. For my part I went and ghes'd at random, and thought there might be one or so: But my *adversary* holds and maintains, not only that there is not so much as one
now

now in the whole Nation; but shews it to be impossible that there ever was one, or ever shall be one. And for doing all this he only lays down one very small request, viz. That no man can present himself to a *Living*: From whence it follows as fast as hops, that some body else must do it (for no man can be himself, and some body else with all the little *thingums* about him *Secundum idem, ad idem, &c.*) It remains therefore to be examined, who this somebody is. And it will be found to be either the *King* himself, or some *Noblemen*, or *Colledge*, or *Corporation* or *private Gentleman* (for these are all the some-bodies that can be thought of) but it is as plain as any thing in *Euclid*, that it is perfectly impossible that any man unfit or unable should by any of these means get into a *Living*. For suppose we try a little and begin at the highest. *Will any body be so bold, saucy and impudent, so forgetful of all Allegiance and have so little dread of Majesty, as to dishonour the broad Seal, and beg it's favour, in that wherein he knows himself unworthy? It's procul It's profani. Nothing certainly is comparable to it, but stealing the Crown*



Crown it self. In like manner it is as unconceivable, that any man that is not sufficiently improved, should procure a presentation from any person of Honour: For these being all Cousins to the King, whatever inconvenience or disgrace falls here, reflects at last upon the Crown it self. I need not shew how impossible it is that either a Colledge or Corporation should prefer an Hocus, when they have their choice of so many. There is nothing therefore now hinders the topping of the demonstration, and for ever confounding all that hold the contrary; but that some Gentlemen possibly out of fondness, kindred, &c. should not present such as they think fittest, but those that can leg the handsomest, or love an Horse most, or play at Bowls or Tables best: But he is not worthy to breath in English air that can think so meanly of a true English man. But suppose there should be one or so that should wholly forget himself, and his Nation, so much as to enquire into some other abilities, and dispositions of mind, besides common learning, where is that bold Son of Simon? O that I could but set my eyes upon that Varlet! How would I tear and confound that Rogues Conscience!

ence! I'd teach him to fall in love with Horses, Gentlewomen, and to play at Tables and Bowls! What? Was there never an Horse in all the Country that would please you, but after such great bounty you must get away your Patron's Horse? Would no pace nor trot serve you but just your Patron's? And was there never a Gentlewoman in all the Nation to inveigle, but you must put the Horse into an uproar, and steal away my Ladys, and leave her to catch cold, and the sweet meats to grow mouldy, and the morning Broth either not half boy'd, or not rightly seasoned? And to do all this where you were so very much oblig'd, and so very civilly us'd? Can't you receive a kindness, and then go home and meditate, and be meek and thankful, but you must grow saucy and insolent thereupon, and challenge your Patron to play at Bowls, or Tables, and cheat him of his pennies? So that it is very plain now (as any thing in all Euclid) that if one should offer five hundred pounds for a benefic'd Hocus, there is not one to be bought: For they are every one demonstrated out of the Kingdom. O Euclid, Euclid! Who would not dye twenty deaths to be akin but



to thy little too? What a foolish and silly thing is *Astronomy*? What a man in the Moon, Will' with the wisp, Jack with the Lantern? 'Tis all a bubble, a cheat and imposture. But as for *Euclid* he is stout, sincere and solid at the bottom. But I must tell you, *Sir*, that it was a little too triumphantly done to *desy me to pick out ten Clergymen not fit to discharge their duty*, when you had got such a *demonstration*, that there could not be so much as one in the whole *Nation*. It was ill husbandry in you to spend so much defiance upon me alone, when your reasons were big enough to have challenged the whole world.

Not less admirable and full are your *Answers*, than your *demonstrations* are binding. I enquire, suppose, how those two hundred that usually commence shall be maintained or live. Live? *I answer* (say you) *first in general that they do live somewhere*. For as long as we do not hear that they dye in a ditch, or are knocked on the head, or starved; so long we have sufficient reason to conclude that they are all alive, and *enough is as good as a feast*; and

and the best of all can desire no more than to live. But after this general proof of their *Metaphysical existence*; then you set upon a more *particular* resolution of the case. Two hundred it seems I hold yearly commence. Now, say you, *let us bring things a little to standard, and but observe closely how our small Conjecturer talks at random*. First of all say you, many Gentlemen commence, then *Lawyers Common and Civil*, then *Physicians*, and then a *fifth part* are preferred in the *University*: And if all these were deducted out of his two hundred, the remnant will not be very great. Six or Seven I suppose or thereabouts. But however, *Sir*, if you please we'll a little examine this same remnant; a *fifth part*, say you, *I must deduct because I have said so*; Well: Let that go: I won't repent; that's *fourty*. Next, the *Common Lawyers* are to be deducted. Let me see, I cannot afford above *four* at the most; for most of them go to the *Inns of Courts*, before they take any *degree*: And I care not much if I allow *four* more for *Civil Law*, and as many for *Physick*, and then I'll give you *six* to commence that intend no calling at



at all (which is more by half than I need to do) and then out of pure love, I'll sing in *two* more, all which put together make just *sixty*. Now if these same *sixty* be carefully taken out of *two hundred* according to the best rules which either Ancient or Modern *Arithmeticians* have laid down for this great affair; I am cruelly afraid that there will remain an *hundred and forty*. A jolly company I profess for a *remnant*! But however let them go: They'll make shift well enough, so long as you know a way how to make them all *exist*.

The next thing that I must get you to promise me is, that you would not ghes where men *dwell*. For it is nothing to your purpose: And besides many a phanie and jest is lost if you should chance to be mistaken. I shall beg leave, *Sir*, to pres this upon you only in two or three instances. If you remember, *Sir*, at the very first *Page* of all your *Book*, you fall into a most dismal strong fit, that *T. B.* and *R. L.* are all one: And that they are intended only for blinds, to cheat and gull the World. Now I must in the first place tell you that *W. S.* was the first that found out this; and

and therefore you must not look upon your self as the *Autbour* of that *suspicion*: Only he did not make so good a *quibble* as you did, but to go on, *Sir*, I pray why are you so very mistrustful? What? Have you bespoak or bought up all the *R. Ls.* in the *Nation*, that you will not let a man have one? Or is the *family* so very small, that amongst them all there should not be one poor dear *R. L.* that should fall to my share? Fear not, *Sir*; for upon my word if you were acquainted with them, so well as I am, you would acknowledge the *R. Ls.* to be a very large and spreading *family*: There's a plentiful *stock* of them in *Middlesex*: and several in other parts of the *Nation*. And if amongst all these there be but *one*, whom it is worth the while to admire, to observe or send *Letter* to; then as to your *Greek quibble*, of *περὶ ἰατροῦ* you are as utterly undone, as ever was *Oyster*. Suppose you had writ by way of a *Letter*, and directed yours to *Z. X.* do you think that I would have suspected your integrity, or interest, in that small *family*; and abuse you with the outside of *Antoninus*. How do I know what
interest



interest you may have or make? I am confident there is no true gentle *English* spirit, but would have scorn'd to have done as you did. And then after you had abused one in *Greek*, calling me *zic' uóyac*, and *απεδ' αυτις*, your malice must hold out to *Latin* too, *Qui nescit simulare nescit vivere*. Whereas all the world will say, that know any thing concerning the *T. Bs*, that they are as far from flattery and false heartedness, as all your *Greek* and *Latin* that you crowd together is from any wit.

It was *Sir*, a little more modestly done, what you say in the following page, viz. that I write so as if I had been *Secretary to some Committee of plunder'd Ministers in the blessed times*. For you do not absolutely say that you stood just behind me, when I leaped a Yard and half to snap at the *Covenant*. Neither are you certainly sure that I am an *Anabaptist*, *Independent* or the like; but only that any one may guess that I am of some *Reformed Congregation*, by my stile and canting Expressions, and way of talking; which (say you) is the proper and Characteristical note of a *Separatist*. Thou art a most excellent characteristical

cal gheser indeed. I'd have the *Catlick Church* employ you to guess what the *Turk* does readily intend in his heart, and how much hurt he can possibly do to the *Christian Religion*. You can easily do it *Sir*, by your signs and badges, by your *Characterists* and *Indications*. O it is a most admirable thing to have quick senses, and to be able to compare things, and lay all ends together right! And to find out a *Separatist* only by his whip and saddle-cloth: And to be so tender-nosed as to smell a *Fanatick* as far as another man shall do broil'd *Herrings*, or a burnt *froise*. But do you hear, *Sir*, have you quite forgot since you were at my house, when *Tyrannus his Sequestrators* and *Troopers* carried away my whole Stable of Horses, not leaving me so much as old *Sorrel* to ride on? And do you remember nothing of your coming to see me when I was kept close Prisoner at *Basing-house*, for carrying a Letter privately to his Majesty? These are most Characteristical notes of a *Separatist*. I beseech you, dear *Sir*, don't guess any more, you had better work all out of your own phansie, when you intend to abuse one: And say that which

P shall



shall certainly and presently take; and not what may possibly be a *jest*, if you be not mistaken, or if I please. You know, *Sir*, you have ordered me to be a *Doctor*; which if I will accept of, then to be called *Mountebank* and *Apothecary*, are great discouragements. But suppose I am already engaged in the *Tin-mines*; or am in no haste of Commencing, then when I shall be pleased to go out *Doctor*, you may possibly creep out for a *small wit*.

Thus, *Sir*, you tell me, (*pag. 84.*) that you have a *fine story* for me, and that you will give me the honour to bear a *considerable part* in it. Now, I tell you, that I do not intend to receive any Honour from you, nor any disgrace, nor to be concerned in any story that you can tell, unless you can find out where my *Bastards* are at *Nuric*. Can't you live where you list, and let me do so too? I shall not enquire after you, I'll assure you; nay, I would not know you, if you should lay me down half a *Crown* towards it. I tell you therefore once again, I don't live any where, nor ever intend (as far as you shall know) to live any where,

where, but only to *exist*, after that manner you provide for the younger Clergy. But, say you, I must needs know him, and have him live somewhere, or else the best story, and the greatest piece of wit in my whole Book, will be utterly spoiled. Well! because I am willing to encourage all witty attempts, though they be never so slender, therefore for once I'll hear some of your fine story (upon condition you'll engage never to ghes again.)

Belike then in the first place, you give me to understand, that in your *Travails*, you met with a certain *Covent* where there was an ancient *Pigeon-house*, but the inhabitants were all fled. The best way certainly will be to roast a *Cat*, and besprinkle her with *Cummin Seed*. They say this will fetch back the Creatures again presently; if they were not very much offended. And thereupon, *Sir*, I mentioned the business to the *Cat*; (for you know *Boccaline* can make a *Cat* to speak.) Pussè, said I, we have lost all our *Pigeons*, and thou knowest as well as any *Man* in France, that a *Covent* without *Pigeons*, is like a *Cow* without *Cymbals*;

P 2 and

and therefore, if thou wilt resign up thy self to the Spit, and be roasted for the bringing home of the Pigeons; thy Picture shall be hung in the Library, thou shalt be shown with the Phoenix's Feathers, and Remora's finnes, and be constantly commemorated with the Benefactors. Upon which the Cat, first kissing her foot, purr'd, and said, *Sir, I must always acknowledge the great favours that I have received from this place; for whereas for many Tears I liv'd only upon course Mice and Rats; now I have my Belly full of Triangles, and Pyramids, Globes and Circles: But as to what you propound concerning my being roasted, I must confess I am not altogether free; because I remember my Grandfire once told me, that it was much worse than a Sieve and Scissars; and therefore charged me; as I loved my life, to avoid it as the most vile of all Conjurations. But this, Sir, I'll do if you please; I'll wait upon them, and let them know that if they'll come home again, they shall be very civilly respected, have every Morning a Peck of Peate, and once a Week fresh Salt-Peter: But whether they'll come or not upon this invitation, I cannot yet tell.*

The

The next picce of honour you do me, is to let me know that there be People belonging to this foresaid *Covent*, that have beards above a cubit long. Indeed, *Sir*, you would have added very much to this kindness of yours, if you had been pleas'd to have discovered what cubit you meant; for amongst the Learned, I find there be five several sorts of *Cubits*: The first kind of *Cubit* (called the common) containeth one Foot and a half, measured from the sharp of the Elbow, to the point of the Middle Finger. The second, (the *palm cubit*) taketh one handful more than the common. The third, is called *Regius Cubitus*, or the *Persian Cubit*, which exceedeth the common *Cubit* three inches. The fourth, is the *sacred Cubit*, which containeth the common or vulgar *Cubit* double, wanting but a quarter or forth part. Lastly, there is a fifth *Cubit*, called *Geometricaly*, which containeth six common *Cubits*. Now when you say *Above a Cubit*; if you chance to mean this same last sort of *Cubits*, and withal let but *above*, signifie a good way bit, the Story thereby will become much the stranger; and your telling of it the greater favour. But



then, as to what you tell me, that you being invited to Dinner, observed, that every Man sat down where he pleased, and fell to, where he liked best. Give me leave, Sir, to tell you, that I am afraid that a great part of this is of your own invention; for how is it likely that every man should sit down according to his own mind, because another might have a mind to sit in the same place; and therefore some of them must be disappointed; unless you will grant penetration of Bodies, which, you know, neither your Philosopher nor mine, will by any means allow: And as to what you say of every Man falling to, where he liked best, it is such a *πῶς ἄλλοιως*, that I do not intend to believe one tittle of it, till at least Seven Years after the Sea be burnt. What? for every one of them to fall to where he liked best! *Credat Judæus Apella!* 'tis Epicurisme, Sadducisme, Sorcery, Extortion, and I know not how much more besides; and indeed it cannot possibly be less; especially, if we do but consider, what strange kind of Idolatrous diet these Covent Rascals feed upon. They have already eat up almost all the Fifteen Books of Euclid:

clid: They make no more of a Pentagon or Pyramid, than a Porter would do of a farthing Custard. And if there be not some Stop put to them, they'll be for fresh pasture shortly; and gobble down Archimedes too. Nay, I won't trust them, to stick at the Polyglott Lexicon it self: There's that snarling cur, and son of a Bitch Bocaline, can shew them the way; his teeth are ready set for such a design, and to fall on, if they'll but follow him: He has made havock of all Religion already, and abused and discouraged all witty and saving preaching. I suppose next he'll be for the Word of God it self, and set his Eleutherians to eat up the Bible, as well as they have done, Euclid; if some care be not taken with him. And then we shall neither have left a Demonstration from the Broad Seal, nor Divine Authority to withstand and confound the wicked. Oh that I had but this gurning Rogue Bocaline in an iron chest! I'd take down the drumminess of his gut, without goose grease, I'd learn him to rail against fasts, and to stuff his ungodly paunch, with circles and cylinders; and to unhinge the Government. O that the High Commission Court would but awake once again,



and appoint a time and place for his suffering at the Market crofe! How many miles would I ride to see such villany chastised? And how many Hen's nests would I examine, to pelt his impudent forehead that stands before, and to egggifie his the Asses Mane that hangs behind? But my dear, my duck, my sweet, my honey: I prithee, why so very fierce and furious? You tell me that you know a place where there's a company of Phantasticks, Sotts, Hypocrites, and Atheists; who despise all the world, eat and drink till they can't see, abuse all Religion, believe no life but the present, and that had a good Library of Books, but ordered all them to be burnt. Now, if you'd have my opinion in the case, to make up the harmony of things, I would have every one of them to be hang'd; and, I think, that's as fair as any man in the world can say.

It is very strange to observe the great difference that is in *Climats*. It is storied of a certain sort of people living towards the *South*, whose Ears are so very large, that the one reaches down to *mid-leg*; and attends to all that's done below; the other stands right up into the sky, like

a large cabbage leaf, and listens to all that comes from above; upon the same account their eyes are accordingly placed: For they have one just at the *bottom* of the foot, the other is fixed upon the very crown of the head: These people are very much given to lost *cornes* upon the left foot, they never fail of one about the bigness of an ordinary Pillion, which they lay under their head instead of a bolster. They have a great kindness for *Tripes* and *Cow-heels*: But that which they chiefly worship is a *Calf's gin*, stuffed full of six penny nails. If any thing offends their stomach, they take two or three pounds of lead or iron, and wrapping it up in a *bedge-hogs skin*, swallow it whole: The *pores* of their body are very near as large as those of a *Nutmeg-grater*, and so they had need; for they never *piss* but once a Month, and never go stool but once a *quarter*; and that exactly upon the *quarter-day*, except it be *Leap-year*; these People for the most part are kind and obliging; only they have got a scurvy custom of *pickling* most of their *Children* at Three Years of Age; and after a great Frost, they eat them, with *Gunpowder* and *Mustard*;
about



about Three Months ago, one of them was burnt for maintaining that an *Ele* was a living Creature. The greatest part of them hold with the *Balo-jurgians*; that the *Sun* is only an *Ox's Liver*; that the *Heavens* turn round upon a *Farthing Candle*; and that the *Earth*, some time or other, will take a frolick, and run into the *Sea*; and so make a *huge hasty Pudden*.

Now, *Sir*, I must desire of you that you would do your self so much right, as to bear a part in this *Story*. I hope you'll interpret all candidly: There's no foul play at all; 'tis only *trick for trick*: You may easily perceive where your share lies; as also in another, which I have out of a very *learned Author*, such as you chiefly trade in. You know, *Sir*, you tell me, *pag. 49.* how horribly *Theſemopolis's* beard was abused by a *Roman Ladies* bitch. I know there is some deadly *Moral*, or other, intended for me; and therefore I must desire you to take this one *trick more*.

Calisthenes King of Sicyon, having a Daughter Marriageable, commanded that it should be proclaimed at the Games of Olympus, that he that would be counted Cal-
listhenes's

listhenes's Son in Law, should within Sixty Days repair to Sicyon. When many Woers had met together, Hippocles the Athenian, Son of Tisander, seemed the fittest; but when he had trod the Laconick and Antick measure, and had personated them with his Legs and Arms, Calisthenes stomaching it, said, O thou Son of Tisander! thou hast danced away my Daughter. I cannot conveniently stand to explain it, because I have one thing more to request of you, viz. that you do not absolutely pronounce such things to be fables, forgeries and whiskers, which for ought you know, may be all solid, and massy truths.

I have heard some people say, that you did not write the *Preface*: But do you think I would venture to say so, unless I certainly knew it? No, I would not do it for my right hand; for though it is said towards the latter end of it, that you have some charity for *T. B.* Which makes me doubt whether it be yours, (you having not so much for him in your whole *Book*, as will lie upon a knives point.) Yet all the beginning of it smells so very rank of your own kind of *reasoning*, that it can scarce possibly
 be



be any bodies else but your own ; unless you would give one five or ten pieces to imitate and labour out so much Non-sense. I say therefore once again, suppose you have a mind to believe that such and such things are no where to be found, either in *printed Sermons*, nor were ever preached out of the *Pulpit* : I advise you by all means, that you do not presently run on, and say, this is a very flim ; that's a most deadly whisker ; here's right done coyning, and forgery ; there's hammering and filing in abundance : But rather put on your night-cap, and be very much afraid : Bind up your Head very close, and fall to doubting, suspecting, mistrusting, as hard as ever you can. But, I beseech you, go not one Inch further, till you have considered and said thus to your self. *Have I read all the Sermons that were ever printed since--- ? and do I exactly remember every Sentence that is in them ? Was there never Two Men in England preached upon the same Text ? and can I, like S. John Baptist's head, be at all the Parishes in the Nation, at the same time ; and hear all the Sermons that were ever preached ? If T. B. happens to be at S. Antholins upon a Sunday,*

must

*must the bells be stopt, and he not suffered to go to Church till I be sent for from Edingborough ? And was there never yet one in the world, that thought it lawful to alter his Copy ? These are such like things, I would have you consider of, before you be absolute, and peremptory ; for upon my word, if you do otherwise, you'll find a very great inconvenience of it : For instance : You are of opinion that no one ever preached upon *scelus*, after that manner, that I have described ; and why ? Because you heard once a man upon that *Text*, that did not do so ; but only just reflected upon the word *scelus*, signifying *Lords*. Well ; take that Man to your self ; much good may he do you ; but now *Logick* ! now *Wheelbarrow* ! may not I, for all that, have another Man that did insist upon it, three quarters of a good *statutable English Hour* together ? You may call it *gliding, glancing or reflecting* ; I call it *Preaching*. I tell you, I have such an one, and will have him in spite of your Teeth ; and you shall not have one bit of him. Neither could I possibly ever intend to meddle with yours ; for I verily think I know whom you mean ; and I never heard that*

in



in his whole life, he did so much as name the word *scam* upon any such occasion, till a long time after my *Letter* was Printed: And now how can I help it; if he be offended, or think himself slandered? So you tell me, *that you know a very worthy Person, who preaching upon that of St. Matth. Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, did only observe in transitu, that Monarchy was the best Government.* It may be so; it was well for him; but for all that, I have, I'll assure you, one that was in no such great haste at all. I perceive, *Sir*, you are most wofully afraid that I should want vent for my *Stories*: But, I must tell you plainly and truly, that they scamble for them so fast, that I have not half enough: there be no less than three several men that do offer to take off that concerning Faith, Hope and Charity off my hands: but I desire them to forbear; for it is already promised. Another sends me word from about *Epping in Essex* (it is no *flam* I profess) that he'll undertake for all that business about the *Text* being like a *Sw-Dial*, if I'd alter but two or three things; to which I answered, No; for I had not mine near that place by above four-

score

miles: But if he would take it altogether, as I found it, he should be very welcome: And I have one that will engage, think you as you will, not only for *flanking, rering, entrencing, &c.* But for forty more *Military terms* than I mentioned; and you must know that I did not tell you half that *Astronomy* which I heard in a *Countrey Village*; and, for a need, I could tell you the rest, and never use either forge, file, or hammer. And now, methinks *ex pede Herculem*, would do much better for me than for you, if you had not got it away first. *Parsin Slip-Stockin*, say you, *quitted the Stage long since*; so he might perhaps; but if he did, I'll swear he came again; for the Man died but a little before *Easter* last; and *the Triangular Heart of Man*, say you, *is as old as Pauls*: Let it be as old as it will; but for all that, I'll lay a *Pot* and a *Cake* that I'll shew it in a *Sermon* printed within these Seven Years, and bring you at least Three or Four Men that have preached it within the same compass of time. I profess, *Sir*, you had a great deal better not be altogether so forward to charge People with *flams* and *whiskers*, when as

the



the great *rappers* are wholly upon your own side. I do acknowledge, that I added-----*Silvestrem tenui*, to quicken a little *hic labor hoc opus*, and *per varios casus*-----Which methought went off but heavily alone; and I do suppose that the points of the *Compass* are not in the *Original*: and no body but a *Child* could have thought they had; and I care not much, if I let you know besides, that amongst that which I quoted, I did mistake one word; and if you had but hit on't, then *Boccaline* had been a *Rogue* to purpose. I shall not help you in the case, make it your business; all that I shall say, is this, that it was since the Conquest.

And thus, *Sir*, I have given you my Reasons why I do not at present answer your *Book*: and I desire that the same may serve, why I never intend to answer it; nor any such: The *Preface* I must confess, were I not in great haste, might deserve some little peculiar respect, for the sake of two as pretty, pretty objections as ever were devised. I shall only reverentially mention them; and keep the same awful distance from them,

as

as from the rest of your *Book*, not daring to meddle with such *impregnable pieces*. The first horrible absurdity that I have committed, is this, *viz.* That I should pretend (as I do in my *Preface*) to have a special reverence for the *Clergy* of *England*, and yet go about to give Reasons in the *Book*, why some of the *Clergy* are contemned; and besides (which is far worse) should put in the Word *Contempt*, into the very Title Page, which is, I know not how many Leagues off from *Reverence*. Now, say you, let all the Men in the World make these things hang together. Yes; let them; for I don't intend to try.

The next absurdity that you catch me in, is this, *viz.* that I ought not to have enquired into what I did; because it was done *either for the information of my self, or of others*; (for belike there's no back door to make any escape at.) *If of himself; what need was there of its being Printed? Could not he have locked up himself close in his Study, and there have enlightened and clarified his own Understanding; Or could not he have gone into a Grove, and there (for his own information) have said it over softly to himself, and come*

Q

home



home again with his Lips close shut? It remains therefore, as plain as can be, that he must needs Print his Letter, that others might read it; and if so, then would I fain understand, whether they knew of it before or not; if they did, then this is full out as idle and absurd, as to inform himself; and if they did not, then your only Design must be to unhinge the Government; for 'tis just like a Fire-work in the Powder-room, it blows up all into Confusion, and brings in Sedition and Schism, as thick as Hogs go to Rumsford.

Sir, you must needs excuse me, that I cannot stay to reply to this, because there's a new Brother of yours, with a deadly hard Name, that I must say Two or Three Words to; and therefore in great haste farewell.

T. B.

R. L. is well, and presents
his Service to you.

A

A
LETTER
To T. B.

THE
AUTHOR
OF
Hieragonisticon
OR
Corah's Doom.

From T. B.

The Fourth Edition.

Μηδὲν ἄνευ ἐλεγκτῆς περιουσίας παρέρχου.

LONDON,

Printed for E. Blagrave, and Sold by the Book-
sellers of London and Westminster, 1696.



A
LETTER.

Devonshire, Jan. 20th, 1671.

Sir,

U^Nderstanding that you are very much concerned for my welfare, (as appears at large by several Places in your *Letter*,) and having not the convenience to let you know so by the *Gazette*, according as you desired; these are only to acquaint you, that (thanks be to God) I am in very good bodily health at the present Writing hereof, wishing that you had been as well in your *Wits*, when you writ your *Book*. My *Wife* remembers her love to you, and thanks you for sending me to the *Devil*. *Bette* had sent you a *Cake*, but
Q 3 she,

she, poor Child! was *correpta* with an Ague about the last *Aequinox*, wherewith she is so *valide dilacerated*, that she has *parum* left but skin and bones. We durst not venture upon the *Jesuits powder*, lest the *Ague* should have gone out, and the *Devil* and the *Pope* should have enter'd in. Last *Market day* wheat was three shillings a *Bushel* at *Exeter*. But—tush; not a word of the *Captain*. Because the *Dun Cow* went a *maskarado* last Night, and is not as yet returned. Upon the fourth of this Month our neighbour *Geoffrey's* barn was eclipsed *ab ovo ad mala*. And the night before *Widdow Wamsford* was *vulpeculated* of her brood *Goose*.---- *Latet anguis in Herba*. The *Turkie Cock* grows very melancholy.---- *Sed fortiter occupa portum*. *Mr. Davis* does not at all question, but he shall get a Decree in *Chance-ry*.

You may possibly hereupon think, *Sir*, that I have read your *Book*: but if you do, you are much mistaken. For so long as I can get *Tolambus's* History of *mustard*, *Frederigo's* devastation of *Pepper*, and the *Dragon* with cuts; *Mandringo's*

dringo's Pismires rebuffed, and retro confounded. *Is qui nil dubitat*, or a *stie-flap* against the maggot of *Haeresie*, *efflorescentia soscularum*, or a choice collection of the elegancies of *F. Wither's Poems*, or the like, I do not intend to meddle with it. Alas! *Sir*, I am so unlikely to read your *Book*, that I can't get down the *Title*, no more than a *Duck* can swallow a *yok'd Heifer*. How is it? **Hieragonisticon**, Or—but hold—let me see—tush—have a care—*latet anguis*—not a word—*vulpes*—tread softly—there's a *Bear*—once more—on—*Jesuits Powder*—**Hieragonisticon**, *Sir*, without the *Or*, is more than I can digest these Twelve Months. And whereas you subscribe your self *T. D.* you ought to have gone on *E. F. G. H. I. K.* &c. but I pray, *Sir*, was not **Hieragonisticon** enough for your *Helioabulusship*? was not that sufficiently confoundative, debellative, and depopulative? but you must put in— or *Corab's Doom*, If you had had such a Mind to an *Or*—it should have been thus. *Beroza Almacantberah*: or a Mouse-trap to catch *Moles*. *Demonico*—*Diabolico*—*Satanico*—*Tresleamiano*: or



a certain amulet against the *Devil* and *Fleas*, *Phlogerosticon* — *polu terastaton* — *Boraston*: or *Oliver's Porter* got out of *Bedlam* with his *Breeches* full of *Bibles*, raging against the *Whore* of *Babylon*.

I tell you once again, that I have not as yet read your *Book*, neither do I ever intend to read it. I heard some People say, that have stag'd it over, that you hold a *God*, the *Trinity*, *Providence*, the *Divine Authority* of the *Scriptures*, the *Protestant Religion* to be the best, &c. and hold many of these things so violently, that you prove them twenty or thirty pages together, I have nothing therefore to say to you, but only to let you know that I firmly believe all those things; and I believe besides (which is no more then the rest of the world do) that you are quite out of your wits, and are run away from your keepers. And therefore instead of reading your book, in the first place I advise you to have very close all the hair off your Crown. You need not fear turning *Friar*, you may lay on an *antipapal plaster*, that shall certainly secure you. Then take away fifty or three score ounces of blood, at several times, according as it shall

shall be found that you come to your self. If you make use of *Leeches*, be sure that they be well cleans'd. If you purge, use very gentle things, such as *Manna* and *Syrup of Roses*, which they give to *children* and *mad men*. Till your distemper abates, avoid all strong meats, *Tobacco*, hot *Spices*, and especially *Coffee*, for the powder has been sometimes observed to settle into a *Saracens-head* at the bottom of the dish. And above all things have a great care of studying, or of writing of *Books*, till your head be better; and of sleeping upon your back. For the vapours will be apt to rise, and you'll dream of nothing but *invasions*, *inquisitions*, *gun-powder plots*, *spiritual Maskarados*, *Popery* and *Atheism*. When you have observed, Sir, these directions for a while, and that your brain be a little cool'd, I desire that you would look over your own *Book* again: And then I do not question, but that you'll freely forgive not only me, but all the rest of the world that can't read it.

T. B.

A



A
LETTER
TO
I. O.
From T. B.

The Fourth Edition.

LONDON,

Printed for E. Blagrave, and Sold by the
Book-sellers of London and Westminster,
1696.



A
LETTER.

Sir,

Just as the foregoing *Papers* were ready for the Press, I happen'd upon *Seven Sermons of W. B's*. Printed since his Death. Before which, I found standing an *Epistle* to the *Reader* from your self; beginning with a very large and solemn Commendation of the departed *Divine's* Labours, both in *Print* and *Preaching*: That, think I, it is not for me to help; for some People take a delight to commend things only out of *spight*: But, reading a little further, I perceived, that I must be pull'd in to thrust forward *W. B's* praises; or at least to defend his *Writings* against those that
thought



thought them very blameable, and good for little. For, say you, *this Reverend Author's Labours have already praised him in the Gate, and his Name and Memory will continue like a precious Ointment, notwithstanding the vain endeavours of some, to make both himself and his Writings ridiculous: For there's a late Author* (meaning I suppose *T. B.*) *who shews, that there's as much folly in the Preaching of the Conformists, as of W. B. and such as are of his way.* Now, in the first place, I must desire you to unbelieve all that you have said; for, this is to let you know, that I was never able to shew any such thing at all, and that if I should go about it, my parts would not hold out to do it.

Some of you I believe, were not a little pleased with my *first Letter*; taking me for a very hopeful and towardly *Fauatick* (which I could never give my Mind to as yet, and I suppose never shall) and thought that my design was to ballance the *imprudences* of some of our *Clergy*, against the *follies* and *frenzy* of your *Party*. I tell you truly, I did endeavour to relate very freely, what I found *Sober* and *Judicious Men* to blame amongst

amongst some of our *Preachers*; but when you appoint me to make out, that such of our *Clergy*, who are too painful in dividing of a *Text*, or too careless in choosing their *Prefaces*, &c. are to be compared with your *People*, who are not only full out as blameable in that *very kind*, but whose whole *Discourses* under pretence of *inspiration* and great acquaintance with the *Scriptures*, &c. shall be nothing else but *madness* and *distractions*, *noise*, *cheat*, and *words*; I must then tell you, that you give me a task so very unreasonable, as I am no ways able to perform it; and truly I am the more unwilling to undertake it, because I am much discouraged by the late *Writings* of Two very Learned and Worthy *Authors*, viz. the *Friendly Debates* and *Ecclesiastical Policy*. Whom you think fit, I perceive, in your *Epistle*, to let pass for a couple of pretty, phansiful and *witty Men*: But I am afraid, *Sir*, you have to your shame, so far felt the very great weight of their *Judgments*, as well as the briskness of their *Phantasies*, that you'll scarce ever be thoroughly reconciled again, either to *wit* or *understanding*.

And



And truly, no body need much to wonder why you should fear that Religion it self, would be contemned and slighted by the practices of such Witty Men. For, when you had brought your self into notorious Disgrace, by going about to reply to Books, which neither your self nor all your Party was able to say a Word to; then you thought of another Answer, which was, that you would e'en turn Martyr, and be persecuted, and suffer with Religion it self; which you now found very much to languish, being made ridiculous and contemptible, by those very same Men, that had justly made you so.

Neither again is it at all strange, that you should esteem those same Witty Mens Endeavours to be in vain; because one may guess at the full reach and extent of your Judgment, by the Commendations you give of those Sermons. Which, though you hope (as you say) are free from all exception, yet he that looks but very little into them, will soon see, that they are as full of slovenly Metaphors, of canting Phrases; and nonsensical Applications of Scripture;

as

as ever any Book was, that *W. B.* or any body else Printed. And because you think that *W. B.*'s Writings are very sound in themselves, and only made ridiculous by Witty Men; therefore I shall only transcribe some few Places, by which it may appear, whether there's any need of Wit, to help them to be Ridiculous.

In the first place I offer to any Mans Judgment (let him live as far off as he will, from the censorious Church of England, so he does but understand Sense) whether it was at all Prudent, Modest or Reverential, for *W. B.* to say, that none but God alone can rate off Satan: Though he explains himself, and shews whence he had the Metaphor; as he does, thus: viz. If a great Dog, or Mastiff be worrying a Child, or a Sheep, a Stranger comes and strikes him, and calls him off, but the Dog takes no notice of him, but when the Master comes, he rates him off presently; none but the Master can do it. So here it is, none but God that can rate off Satan from worrying the poor drooping Soul, when it

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is upon Temptation, none but God the Master.

I desire also to know by what Laws of Rhetorick he tells us, that *there's a time when God will hew down Sinners, and lay them upon the Ground, a drying for Hell; and that People that are upon God's Work, must not pocket up: And mend such things which would be very harsh and nauseous to any Person of Understanding, and make him very loth to rely upon such a Judgment as yours.*

Neither do I think, that any Body will suddainly trust you again, for a Recommender of Sermons, when he finds such *idle and extravagant Cantings; as God's crossing of Hands in our Salvation, of reading of Graces, and Gathering up of Evidences.* Because 'tis said in Scripture, that the last shall be first, and the first last: Therefore says *W. B.* *there's crossing of Hands in our Salvation; and God doth cross Hands in the matter of our Comforts.* When Jacob blessed Joseph's Two Children, he *cross his Hands; so God when he comes to comfort, does cross Hands.* We find sometimes, that the greatest

greatest Sinners are Converted, and soonest comforted: Now what is this but crossing of Hands in the matter of our Comforts; and whence is, the free Grace of God more abundantly manifested to the Soul, but by this crossing of Hands? a Rich Man shall hardly enter into the Kingdom of Heaven; and what is this, but only to shew that God doth often cross Hands in the matter of our Salvation. Friends, stay but a little until the Day of Judgement, and then you will see what crossing of Hands there will be. Now when any body reads such idle stuff as this, I pray, *Sir,* do you think he need send for a *Witty Man* to make it *ridiculous?*

Neither need the *Witty Man* be sent for, to make him laugh at that which *W. B.* has concerning Peoples reading of their Graces, viz. *When a Man is under great Temptations, Sorrows and Afflictions, it is a hard thing to read his Graces; some will say, they cannot read their Graces; they lie at the bottom: As to explain it, take this plain Comparison: There are many Fishes in a Fish-Pond, but now in rainy and foul weather, the Fish lie all at the bottom, and are not to be seen;*

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but in fair weather, the fish swim, and are visible: So if it be foul weather upon a Soul, if it be dark and gloomy weather, the Soul cannot read his Graces: but now when God shines upon him, then he is enabled to read them; yea though his Graces lie at the bottom, as I may say, yet the poor Soul is able to read them; and if it be so, it is no small thing, it is no small matter to read our Graces, our other Graces. And I believe the Witty Man may stay at Home, and yet the Work will go on apace, about gathering up of Evidences. You know (says your Reverend Divine) how it is with a Countrey man that makes hay; the hay lies abroad, and he sees a black cloud a coming, and he calls to his men to cock up, and gather up the hay: Why, look into the Nation, and see what a Cloud is over us; this calls upon the People of God, to gather up their Evidences: Here is a black Cloud over us; O all ye People of God, gather up your Evidences: That is, cock up for Heaven.

I am, Sir, in some what more then ordinary hast, or else I would a little further endeavour to make you think it more convenient to read

Books

Books better before you commend them, or at least not challenge the World to find fault with them. However I cannot omit to take notice how strong W. B's parts were to his very dying day, at commending and applying of Scripture.

I suppose, Sir, you could not but take special notice of that melting observation that your friend has concerning *Brotherly love*, viz. That there are often times *breakings and loosings in the love of the Saints*. But this is nothing in respect of that clear Paraphrase which from hence he makes upon that of *St. John*: a new Commandment I give unto you, that you love one another: For, says he, because many times there are *breakings and loosings in the love of Saints*, upon this account it is, that the Commandment of Love is called a new Commandment, because it is broken so often, and so often renewed again. I would by all means have you endeavour to get Mr. Poole to enter down this note of your friends, when he comes at *S. John*: For this will certainly add very much to the

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preciousness of his name and memory.

Neither ought he to be forgotten, neither I believe will he, for pouring forth such abundance of *Scripture History* upon one *Observation* which he makes in his seventh Sermon, viz. those that intend to honour God, must go forth and meet God; Abraham and Lot intended to honour the Angel, and therefore they went forth to meet him; Joseph would honour his Father Jacob, and therefore he went forth to meet him: Moses would honour his Father Jethro, and therefore he went forth to meet him: Abigail would honour David, and therefore she went forth to meet him: Martha would honour Christ, and therefore went out to meet him: Cornelius, and the unbelieving Romans, would honour Paul, and therefore they went forth to meet him. And so if a Man be coming to your house, if you would honour him, you go forth to meet him: And so if a man intend to honour God (thereby intending to prevent his Judgement) you must take up your Cudgel and Gloves, and troop out and meet the Lord.

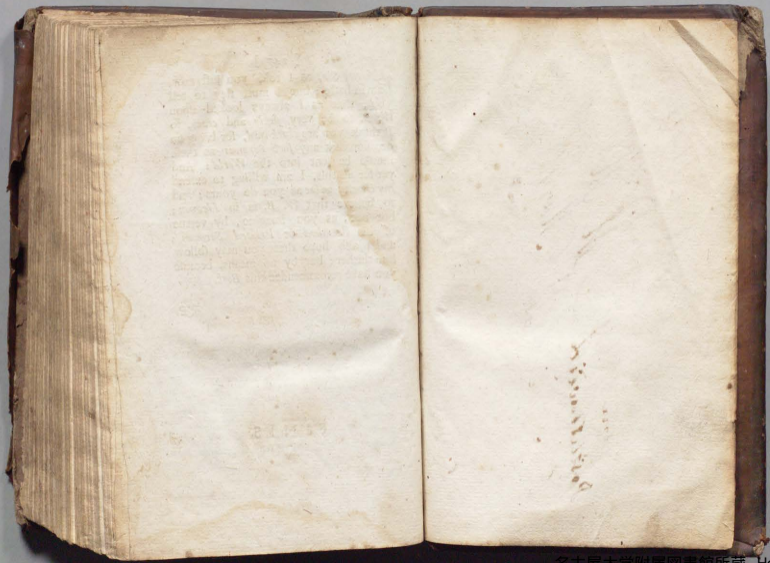
Now,

Now, Sir, as I told you just now, I am in haste; but I must stay to tell you, that as I always looked upon *W. B.* to be very sickly and crazy, so I think you are stark mad, for being an occasion that any such Sermons as these should be sent into the World: And yet for all this, I am willing to extend my charity as far as you do yours; and to believe that *W. B.* is in Heaven; but not, as you imagine, by vertue of his Preached or Printed Sermons; and I also hope that you may follow him thither; but by no means, because you have recommended this Book.

T. B.

FINIS.





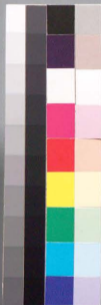
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