

M^r HOBBS'S

State of Nature

Considered; In a

Dialogue

BETWEEN

Philantus and Timothy.

To which are Added

FIVE LETTERS

From the AUTHOR of the

GROUNDS, and OCCASI-

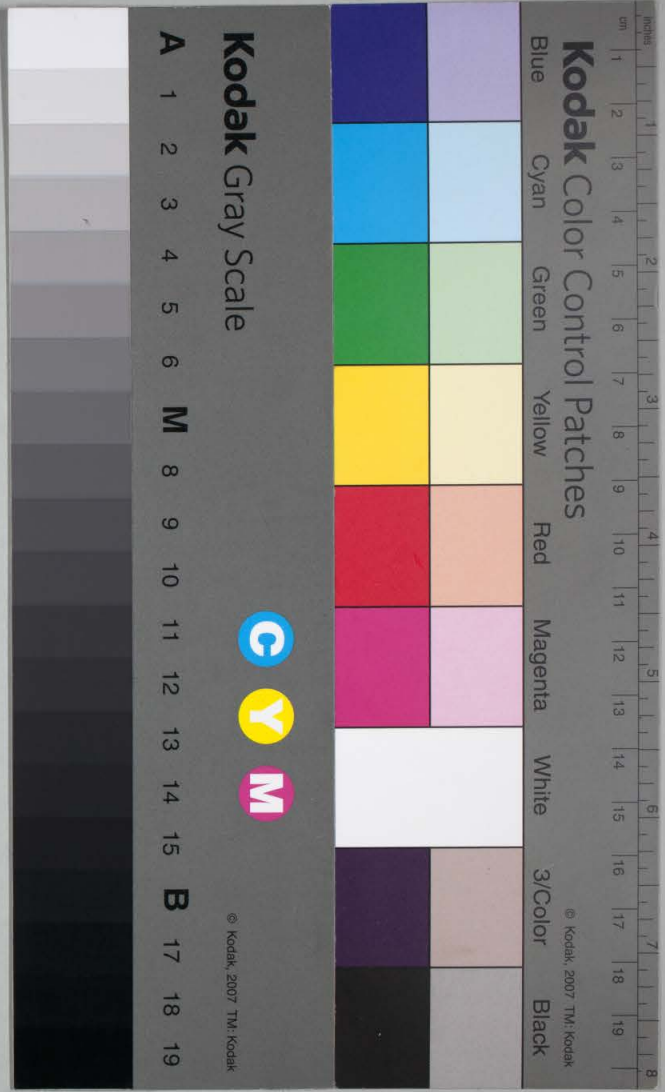
ONS of the CONTEMPT

OF THE

CLERGY.

The Second Edition.

London, Printed by E.T. and R.H. for
Nath. Brooke, at the Sign of the Angel
in Cornhil, near the Royal Exchange, 1672.





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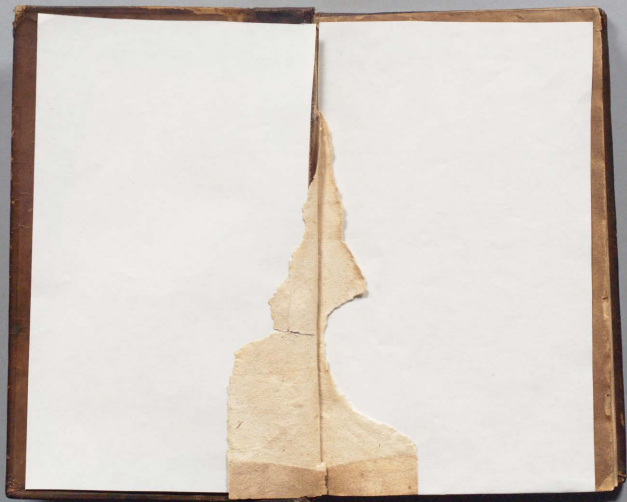


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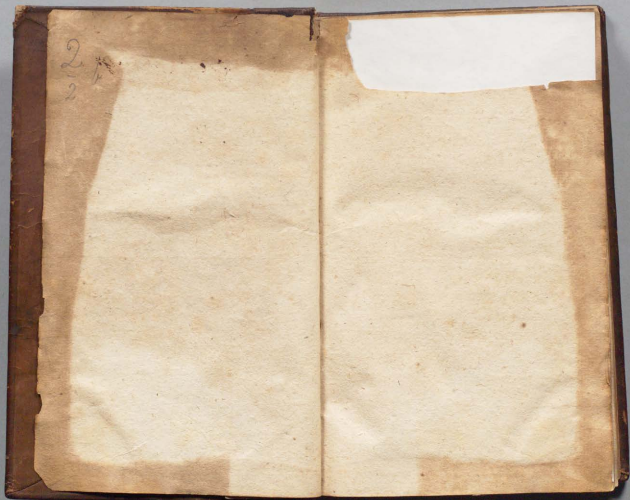
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- 1 Mr Hobbs set of letters
contained by eachard
- 2 Some papers of Mr Hobbs
contained in a second
velope by eachard





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Considered; In a

Q. M. Hobbes
1672
Dialogue

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To the most Reverend Fa-
ther in God, GILBERT
by Divine Providence
Lord Archbishop of CAN-
TERBURY, PRIMATE
of all England and ME-
TROPOLITAN: and one of
His MAJESTIES most
Honourable Privy Coun-
cil, &c.

May it please your Grace,

Although for se-
veral reasons I
ought in duty to
lay all my en-
deavours at your Graces
A 2 feet,



The Epistle

fect, and beg your acceptance of them; yet I was the more encourag'd to make this address, because the subject seems naturally to have recourse to your *Graces* 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 *Adversarie's* malicious suggestions, that
he

Dedicatory.

he is willing indeed to suffer such a word as *man* still to remain amongst us, but what was always meant, and design'd thereby, he has endeavoured 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 pleased to have given on-
ly
A 3 ly



The Epistle

ly a History or Roll of the unjust or unfaithfull; there would not then have been such occasion to importune your *Graces* 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 *Graces* Patronage this
small

Dedicatory.

small discourse: wherein I have endeavoured to shew that those that are wicked and unrighteous are not such by *Reason*, or any advice of *Humane Nature*, but onely 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 of Nature*, and my *Introduction* thereunto, it may appear to your *Grace*, that it would not have been an impossible thing to have
A 4 said



The Epistle

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 inconueniency 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

Dedicatory.

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 those that writ before me. But yet however from some experience of your *Graces* favours towards me, what I have performed, I hope may not be altogether rejected: notwithstanding the manner of it, being to appearance not so grave and solid, does a little dishearten



The Epistle

hearten 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 haughtinesse, confidence and the like, had cheated some people into a vast opinion of himself, and into a beliefe of things very dangerous and false; I did presume, with your *Graces* pardon, to think his *writings* so fond and extravagant, as not to merit

Dedicatory.

rit being opposed in good earnest: and thereupon I was very loth to give them too much respect, and add undue weight to them by a solemn and serious confutation. And I hope my *Dialogue* will not find the less acceptance with your *Grace* for those *Letters* which follow after: for although 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



The Epistle

I hope, is satisfied that the *Autor* of them, did heartily therein study the credit and advantage of the *Church*, and that our *Clergy* would certainly be better reputed and more serviceable, were it possible they all could be, as learned and as bountiful as your *Grace*. What I have now perform'd, I humbly submit to your *Graces* favourable judgment; desiring that it may be accepted of, as an expression of most dutiful and

Dedicatory.

and grateful observance
from

Your *Graces*

in all Duty

and Service

most devoted.

Decemb. 20.
1671.

J. E.





THE
PREFACE
TO THE
READER.

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



The Epistle

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 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
suppo-

to the Reader:

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

a



The Epistle

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 Ma-
gistrate, and yet notwith-
standing I have endeavoured
to 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 there-
unto convenient, that it is
perfectly unjust and unrea-
sonable for any one of them
to

to the Reader.

to take his utmost advantage,
and to do whatever he thinks
he is able, or pleases him
best.

Thou mightest possibly ex-
pect, 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 under-
stand unless thou readest the
Book) that I should have
proceeded and set out eve-
ryman's share: and so have
answered to Mr. Hobbs's
sixth Article, Cap. i. de
Cive. Wherein he saies,
a 2 that



The Epistle

that a great and necessary occasion of quarrelling and war is, that severall men oftimes have a desire to the same thing; which thing 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 chauce 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

to the Reader.

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 meerly 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;



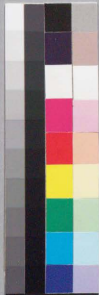
The Epistle

Estate; or his Cattle might
all dye, and be forc'd to sell
Land to get more Stock.
Neither have I told you
what was Tumbler's first
Complement to Towler,
nor what was Towler's re-
part; nor whether they
bow'd only half way, or
down to the ground; nor
which leg the one and t'other
drew back. Which, had I in-
tended 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

to the Reader.

(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 Pre-
faces and his Titles to
Books would make thee be-
lieve; Neither is he so
great a dispeller of clouds,
but that thou mayst buy an
ell of them under a Mark.
Neither is Humane Na-
ture (or reason) so very vile
and raskally, as he writes
his own to be, nor his ac-
count of it altogether so de-
monstrative, 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. **W**ELL 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.

B

Tim.

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 maintain but one; and if I can shift it, that shall take no hurt, for want of looking after. But I begg 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

fire 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 *poised Kingdoms*, counted up all the *advantages of bodily strength*, and am throughly acquainted with all the *humours* and *passions* 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 *acknowledgement* 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 crie 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 M^r *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.

Phi. Now indeed you have mended the business much: what, is there ever an *Act* of *Parliament* against your beating me particular-ly?

ly? And if there be, where's the *Constable*, to put it in execution?

Tim. Well: I see I must discover my self, 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 dayes. If you'll forbear all such language, and keep close to your own side, and not look behind you, I'll venture to take two

B 3 or



or three turns with you: otherwise I shall leave your company forthwith.

Tim. Most certainly, *Philantus*, you are the most wary, mistrustful and suspicious creature, now living upon the face of the whole earth.

Pbi. 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 mould*, but of some peculiar *thin and brittle stuff*; or else you would never talk thus.

Pbi. 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, *Philantus*, I understand you

you not. What, have you been often affronted, abused, choused, trepann'd, flung down stairs, tossed in a blanket——

Pbi. 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 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 or other of this so very great *jealousie*, and *mistrustfulness* of yours.

Pbi. Then as a secret, *Tim*, I must tell thee, that men naturally are all *ravenous* and *curriish*, of a very *snarling* and *biting nature*; to be short, they are in themselves mere *Wolves*, *Tygers* and *Centaures*.

Tim. Heavens forbid! What are you and I *Wolves*, *Tygers* and *Centaures*?

B 4 *Pbi.*



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
horns.

Tim. Methinks honest *Tim* has no mind at all to be a *Centaure*; 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 that all *mens recta* 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, *Philantus*,
tq

to accuse any man of *bad nature*: it being such a great bundle of *mischiefs* in it self, and so very troublesome to the *Common-wealth*. 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,



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 *Timothees* 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 thing

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 *stender 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



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 *Aerfennus* and *Gassendus* have said concerning my *Book de Cives*; but I shall not speak of that now.

Tim. And, to say nothing now of *Aerfennus*: 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 acknowledged things new phrased, and trim'd up with the words *power, fear, City, transferring of right,* and the likes; 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

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 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 *Philantus* was born, and will be, let a man be *Σὺν πολιτείῳ* or not *πολιτείῳ*, *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



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 my life;) I'll 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 so?

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 ve-

ry

ry 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 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) I'll 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, *Philantus*, because it has 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

of *Government*, a 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 oftentimes 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, *Philantus*, of the *Scriptures* being the word of God?

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

Tim.

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: 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 served: 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 vertue 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* sans-box? I cannot forbear.

Tim.

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) oaly to disguise a little what every body has said.

Phi. I do very much wonder, *Tim*, where thou didst pick up all this impudence, being so young.

Tim. My Grandam, Sir, I thank her, gave me a little, and wished 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 towardsly for the future, and as modest as the meekest of your disciples.

© 2

plas?



plies: 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 establish a Syllogisme 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,

sitions, or *Ingredients*, or *Elements*, or *Premises*, or *Principles*, or *Preambles*, or *Prologues*, or *go before*s, 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 accidentium omnium tam in agentibus, quam in patiente, ad propositum effectum concurrentium, quibus omnibus existentibus effectum non existere, 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 chorded close together, they may then truly be said in Law to constitute a compleat and essential pack: but if any one *trangam* be

C 3 taken



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 aile 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 myself long ago 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 is qui loquitur, concipere se, nomen posterius ejusdem rei nomen esse, cuius est nomen prius;* which agrees very well with what

Zacutus

Zacutus saies in his Treatise of a Spoon, which he thus defines. *Instrumentum quoddam concavo-convexum, quo posito in aliquod, in quo aliud quoddam diversum à posito, ante positum fuit, & retro posito in os ponitur, 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, adequate and perfect conception of an interrogation and a request, let him take them thus: *Interrogationes sunt orationes quæ desiderium significant cognoscendi;* as, *what's 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 wouldest 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 per-

C 4 haps



haps 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 *chaptring*, *modelling*, and *marshalling* of *Sciences*.

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

Tim. You may do as you will for that; but you know *Doct̄or Wal's* 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 baffled 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

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. You have now said that which I wished and watched 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.



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 carry 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 some certain numbers. One he is sorely smitten 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 the *Inner Temple* and *Middle* are the same, for they are both *Temples*; *Easter Term* and *Trinity Term* differ but a few daies; *Spring* and *Autumn* are all

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 rattle 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*



phers 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 knowledg 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 *powers*. 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

it is all upon the accompt 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 *stageolet* 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, *Philantus*, 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 saucy of all that belong to the whole race of *mankind*. For thou



thou railest at a venture ; and dost only skip up and down my Writings, as if thou didst intend to pick my pocket. If thou resolvest to continue in this Humour, and to think thy self worthy to speak in my *antient* and *Philosophical* presence, let's pitch upon some *fundamental point*, such as, *Status naturæ est Status belli* ; and thou shalt see that thou art ten time more an *Owle*, than I am a *cheat* and *Jingler*.

Tim. And I pray, *Sir*, may I be so 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

is such a very silly question. I do hold then, that all men naturally are *Bears*, *Dragons*, *Lions*, *Wolves*, *Rogues*, *Rascals*—

Tim. I beseech you, *Sir*, hold no more : there's enough for any one man to hold. I remember, *Philautus*, you told me a while ago that all men by nature were *doggish*, *spightful* 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 withall 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.

Phi. I wonder you'l 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 *Σωφροσύνη*, and of the great worth of *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Epictetus*, and *Tully*, that I much wonder at your *Doctrine*.

Phi. Then, upon my word, you have heard a very story of a tub, and of a company of children, fools, fotts, and dunces.

Tim. Enough, enough.

Phi. But I say, not enough: And if you'l 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'l but make out this handfomly.

Phi.

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, *Philautus*, 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*, *dispositions*, *passions*, and *heart of mankind*.

Tim. And did you, *Sir*, find there written *Status naturæ 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
D *fundam*



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 Lawes 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 commonly known or asserted*; there's not a word of any more *fundamentals*, than is to be found in *Jack Seton*, *Stierius* or *Magirus*; besides some small matter that was shirk'd up in *France* from some of *Carter's* acquaintance, and spoyled in the telling. I say, as for all the

the rest, *Philantus*, 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 soakers undertood 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 *Philantus* 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*; and when the *action is present*, the *conception it produceth is called sense*: (there called *stand*



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 would 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 set in the stocks, before thou gettest to *Rocheſter* bridge for undervaluing worth.

Tim. You talk, *Philautus*, of your *Humane Nature* containing the *Elements of Policy*; there's one cunning reflexion (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*

nister of State, viz. that the absence or destruction of things once imagined, 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 phanſie 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 phanſie 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 mind.

Phi. And is it not a good saying?

Tim. Yes, it is pretty good, but nothing near so enlightning as your en-



largement 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 up a *Mark*. I had a kind of a gheſſing 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 tall'eſt *Maypole* in the whole *Nation*.

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

Tim.

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 accompt 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, 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. 80. 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 conſe-*

quence

D 4



quence 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 bove mentioned *Zacutus* says concerning a teame of *Links* in his sixth Chapter of *mine'd meats: a Teame 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 third, &c. so that every terme, 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

rally 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 *Consequences*, in a *Scheme* of yours concerning the *Sciences* (Lev. p. 40.) that my stomach has scarce stood right towards *Consequences* 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 *Consequences: which is also called Philosophy.* And *Consequences* from the accidents of bodies natural, is called natural philosophy. And *Consequences* from accidents of politick bodies, is called Politicks or civil philosophy. And *Consequences* from the stars, *Astronomy.* *Consequen-*
ces



ees from the Earth, *Geography*: Consequences from vision, *Opticks*: Consequences from sounds, *Musick*. And so Consequences from the rest are to be called the rest. I profess *Philautus*, these same Consequences did so terribly stick in my head, that for a long while after, I was ready to call every body that I met, *Consequence*.

Pbi. 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?

Pbi. 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.

Pbi. So I thought, by that little knowledge which I perceive will fastise thee. But I prethee, *Tim*, how
came

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*.

Pbi. It is no matter, *Tim*, what's written on the outside of *Books*, be
it



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 not come into their mind to write a *Book*, concerning the *five Senses*, *Imagination*, *Dreams*, *Prædicables*, *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 *Vision 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

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 *Ecchoes*, 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 infallible 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 *infallibles*, 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 dye, 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 *beats* and *courses* of the *Passions*.

Phi. Thou gettest away all the talk, *Tim.* I prethee listen to me, and learn. I tell thee that I have by my great skill in *Mathematicks*, and great wariness so ordered the business, that most of my *Books* depend closely one upon another.

Tim. So I find it said by the *Publisher* of your *Humane Nature*, in his *Epistle to the Reader*. Our *Author* (says he) hath written a body of *Philosophy* upon such *Principles*, and in such order as is used by men conversant in demonstration: which being distinguished into three *Parts*, de *Corpore*, de *Homine*, de *Cive*, each of the *Consequents* begin at the end of the *Antecedent* (like *Zacutus's* liuks)

and

and insist 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 in *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 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



Body Politick: that is, as he is leg, arm, finger or toe of the *Common-wealth*; and therefore let us have one *Book de Homine*, as he is a *natural Body*, and another *de Cive*, as he is a *limb of the huge Giant*, the *Common-wealth*; and so there's an *Euclidean trap* laid, that *de Cive* 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 governed *Common-wealths* (now any one by that word may perceive, that

de

de Cive is just at *Towns end*) for better trading, bargaining, commerce, &c. there's great use of *Deputies, Proxies, Factors, Sponsors, Embassadors* and the like; therefore let the chief of this Chapter be spent in the employments of such *fictitious men* in a *Common-wealth*; and then turn over the leaf, and behold, there stands to the honour of *Euclid*, and the admiration of all *Philantians*, the *Book de Cive*.

Phi. What, would you have *Arts* and *Sciencēs* 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 fetched contrivances; and to swagger them off for *demonstrations*, and

E there-



thereupon to defie all former Ages, is so very idle, that I had rather people would speak *Proverbs*, or only say, *these four leases I intend to speak of a Horse, the next two shall be concerning Mackerel, and what is to be spared, shall be concerning Caterpillars.*

Pbi. 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, Jack-daw, and Pye*, after many Months spent in dressing, ranking, stringing, and hanging them together, at last entered 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

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 *Trojane horse* the *Common-wealth*. And that we may be sure to lay a solid foundation, and neither to repent, nor recal, 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, Jack-daw, 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 phantasmie or Conception of a *Bird* is a flying phantasmie 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
E 2 them

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 Jack-daw; 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 prethee, *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 circumspection.

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

don't mean your little *English 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*, *Diopticks*, *Catoptricks*, *Telescopes*, *Microscopes*, and all 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 searched into Nature.* I tell you, *Philautus*, he that has a mind to take advantage of this humour 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

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 easy 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 *mind's pyes*, than of any *Policy* or government. Be pleased to go on, *Sir*, and shew some *other reasons* 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,
very

very certain that they are not? perhaps you may have taken yours upon trust, 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, have 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



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 construe two words of *Greek* *ἄνθρωπος κοινωνικός*; I mean 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 *mans 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

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 they do not.

Tim. You know, *Philantus*, that men are apt to sort, 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



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, *Philautus*, how comes it about that they desire or seek after company? I don't mean, that when the Nurfes back is turned, they skip out of the cradle, and with a huge ashen plant run away to the next fair, *Bull-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.

Phi. All this is only for *vitnuals*.

Tim. Some of it, I grant you, may be for *vitnuals*. But they can't eat, from one end of the Nation to the other. And one *child* oftimes 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 *Camrades*: 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



And now I suppose thy thick skulfe 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 sence? for they *seek* it so soon as they are able, and do perceive the intentions thereof.

Phi. 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 sociable.

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

Phi.

Phi. What need is there of any more?

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 t'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 goe into the bowels and heart blood of Nature to bring up nothing else but this?

Phi. I prethee, *Tim*, don't make such long sentences: for thou wilt have nothing to say by and by. I tell



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 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 *Common-wealth*.

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 *Major* with his *Mace-bearer* and *tipt staves* before him.

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

Tim.

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 Cive*: wherein you say that *to man, by nature, as man, 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 & rattle set swagging in *Commision* upon the bench with my *Lord*. A child I suppose may be admitted to be born apt to walk,
F speak;



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, *Philantus*, that *Children*, *fools* and *madmen*, 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, *Philantus*, 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 *Philantus* 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, *Philantus*, I gave you an hint of this at first, *viz.* That if your *opinions* were throughly 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

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 ached; and I could find nothing but ancient venerable stuff new *cased* and *dawb'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 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 & positively say
 F 2 say



say that *the state of nature is a state of war*: which is a truth so great, bold, and generous, that all the *Antients* 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 versed 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 the true state of nature, cannot covenant, or bargain, release or transferr; 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 no body 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 Civitate*) 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, de-*

F 3 *cept*



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 *poringer* of *sweetned milk*, with its topling white bread, rousing up and down upon the uncertain floor: and the *little state of Nature* as hard worrying the righteous & inoffensive *Nurse*, as ever poor *Dog* was worried by *Hare*. 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,

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 perswaded, *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* as you should miss) that intimates a settled resolution to quarrel, and seems to design absolute batel: for, what you mentioned before, may possibly be by *chance*. And that is, many children are observed to come into the *world* with all



all their *fingers* close bent over their *thumbs*; and they oftimes continue in this *ferce condition* a long while after: & if any one goes about to order the *hand* into 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 fisty-cuff*.

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: for it was one of the silliest things that ever I said in my whole
life.

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 ribband*.

Phi. What then, art thou resolved not to stir? Must I go on further to convince thee? I prethee, *Tim*, tell me, how much *conviction* will serve thy turn, & I'll underrake 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 whereabouts you are: this is to
whoodle



wheadle me into your *Misbroom* state of men suddainly springing out of the earth, without 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; lest 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 calves 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,

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 of some hopes. I don't question now but I shall get thy heart, and soul too, before it be long. I prethee 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 humane 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*: Doit not know



Know that the *wise men* came out of the East?

Tim. That's only *Scripture*, *Sir*; and you know if the *Supreme Magistrate* does but so interpret it, there shall come as *wise ones* out of the *West*: but however to content you, wee'l have no wind at all: but only wee'l have it *rain* a good lusty *shower*; and amongst the rest of the *great drops*, there shall come down four *well complexioned, upright Gentlemen*: about *fifteen hands* high: which shall all happen to fall upon an *Ishand* of four hundred acres, *viz.* the *Ile of Pines*; and that we may be better acquainted with them, their names shall be *Dick, Roger, Tumbler, & Towser*.

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

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 Mounsiere*s 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: because if you remember, *Sir*, in the *eighth Chapter* of your *dominion*; those same *mush-room-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



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 *Ile 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, although 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 *Watchmen, Bell-men, Lanterns, and Psalms*:
for

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 *controverse*: Is this you that promised to suppose so fairly? thou shalt e'en be called *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 gun-powder* in the road; you may put out 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
G question



have *Roger* speak to the next tree to run away in all haste, and out of pure natural kindness, and sweet 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 summe of all, *Philantus*, 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

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 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 cursings of humane nature within me, or any prickings, and 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 severely upon my Merchant men. Neither, *Philantus*, would I have you think (supposing it were worth the while to insist upon a phrase) that you have justified this kind of supposed 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* last. For I grant that *war* consists not in the *number* or *length* of *battels*, but in a *readiness* 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 *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, *Philantus*, 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

hind *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 the controversy; 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*, *unmuzzle*, and let them off the *flip*. And now hola *Roger*! *over with him* there *Dick*; *collar him close* *Towler*; *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 eye out of the Island.*

Phi. I prethee, *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 *first view*, *pricks up its ears*, and *sets up its sküt*, and falls presently to *tearing*, *slicing* and *flashing*;

flashing; then the *battle 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.

Phi. 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 *prejudice*, *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*, when ever 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:



war: For whether these *Pineyards* fight or not, so long as they have not treated and bargained, they cannot properly be said to be *so- ciabile*.

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 *Pine-an* packet boat?

Tim. I need not go so far for my *Intelligence, Philantus*. I had it nearer home: For (to save *Journeys* and charges of *Forreign Letters*) I alwaies love to keep a little *right reason*

son in the house; 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 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



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 *siddle saddle* of mens seeking society, for its own sake; and dividing or compounding the common right by natural equity and justice. Whereas it is plain to me and all right Reasoners, that men merely lye upon the lurch for society, and 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

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 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



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 *traffique*, 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 *diversion* and *recreation* of mind) to discourse; is not here visibly at the bottom either *advantage* or *vain glory*?

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 eyebrows; 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 *eyebrows*, *stature*, *complexion*, *friendship* and *society*, and let them be very well boyl'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 *sociable* 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



draw him in to set me a *shoe*.

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 *bugg* 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

of the *way*; (for there's design) this would be *pure love* indeed, and a most unexceptionable argument of *sending to society*. And therefore, as you well observe, people may prate and talk of entering into *society* for its 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.

Tim. 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

H

going



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 chafe 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 not the least noise, for fear of waking *Original sin*, and the *quarrelsome state of Nature*; this possibly might pass for *unfeigned friendships*, 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

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 design. How ever 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 choose *society* as the *safest condition*?

Tim. I'll give you free leave, *Philantus*, 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, *Philantus*, 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 prethee, *Tim*, which will certainly beat, the *French* or *Dutch*? which sinks the first *Ship*, and where will the *wind* be upon the *fifteenth of May*? poor creature! that thou should thus cut out work for thy own disparagement, and engage before hand to be silly! and yet because it shall never be
said

said, that *Tim* wanted means of growing wiser, I care not much if I sling 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*, & 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 *Doomsday*.

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.

Phi. What? I hope (whilst I am endeavouring to *cure* thee of thy



errors) thou dost not intend to *bluff*,
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 *judgement* and *common*
observation. I confess now and then,
Tim, I have met some rash *incon-*
siderate *younsters* (like thy self) who
 would try to be of thy *opinion*, and
 pertly to *contradict* me would *gain-*
say themselves. And to such I use to
 say thus. "What mean you *Gentle-*
 " *men* to approve of that in your
 " *discourses*, which your actions per-
 " *fectly* *disavow*? Do you not see
 " *all* *countriers*, though they be at
 " *peace* with their neighbours, yet
 " *guarding* their frontiers with
 " *armed* *men*, their *Towns* with
 " *walls* and *ports*, and keeping con-
 " *stant* *watches*? Do you not see even
 " *in* *well* *governed* *States*, where there
 " *are* *Laws* and *punishments* appoin-
 " *ted*

" *ted* for *offenders*, yet particular
 " *men* travel not without their *sword*
 " *by* their *sides* for their *defences*,
 " *neither* sleep they without shut-
 " *ting* not only their doors against
 " *their* *fellow* *subjects*, but also their
 " *Trunks* and *Coffers* against *do-*
 " *mesticks*? 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 is not yet quite ended?
 " *and* therefore are you not ashamed
 " *to* *fight* against your selves, that you
 " *may* quarrel me? Thus I use to
 " *school* over such small *objectors*,
and little *observers* of humane *af-*
 " *fairs*.

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

Phi. E'en as much as thou art able
 to say now. What dost think
 all people in the world are as
 malepert as thy self, and talk a-

H 4 gain



gain, when there is nothing to be said?

Tim. However, *Philantus*, if I had been there, rather than my tongue should have catch'd cold, I'd have said over the *alphabet*, or somewhat or other; if it had been only this. *viz.* We see indeed Castles, Walls, Draw-bridges, Guards, Guns, 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 *Cut-purse*, &c. But because there be *Dogs*, *Foxes*, *Hogs*, *Children*, *Fools*, *Madmen*, *Drunkards*, *Thieves*, *Pyrats* and *Philantians*. 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 suddain the *Sow*, having some small scruples about *men* and *turkeys*, may rush in with her train of
little

little thoughts, and *invading* the *Milk-bowls* should rejoice in the confusion? And in like manner I am almost throughly 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* amongst the *Eay-leaves*: because perhaps the *wagging 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 of a new fashioned *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, *Philantus*, 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 up-
on



on 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 *firing of houses*: and there be such things as *Quakers* and *sifted 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 here and there some besides, call'd *Pilferers*, and *Thieves*, who count it a piece of dull pedantry to live by any *set forme* 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

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 mischief he could do in his whole life-time: or because the *Cæsars* 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* as (unless highly provoked) to stay at *home*.

Phi.



Phi. You never found that I asserted that all the *people* in the *world* are shirks 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 Musquetteers* walk constantly before you, and as many *subjugating ones* behind; plant a *defending blunderbuss* upon the top of your stairs; put on a *head-piecc* 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

the *Tower*; and let him be extraordinarily obliged, that you awake in *safety* next morning. In short, take 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 alarme 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 write your *Politicks*: And now since you have such an excellent gift of making things plain, be pleased to exercise a little upon *'other reason*, why men that are in the *state of nature* do chooſe



choose 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 seem'd to say further, that *society* was a thing meerly by chance, because that no man in the *state of nature* could have any *right* or *pre- tence* 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 whilst 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 farther, that whereas a company of *Meta- physical 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 ap- point.

Tim.

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: Where- in 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 thy might take and enjoy what they find.

Phi. I prethee, *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 welcome, 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



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 *starrs-crow*, and t'other *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* cattel: 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*, though he be not able to say, this *rope* is *mine*; and t'other is my *neighbours*: And a hundred several men may have a *common*, and yet 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.

Phi. This is said so like one not capable of improvement, that I am alham'd to be seen in thy *company*: For when thou talkest of *common rights*, I am confident thou meanest such *grounds* as are called *Common* (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, *Philantus*, 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 *hear sence*, 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*,
I right,



right, 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 handkerchiefs, 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

ask thy self, or that same thing within thee, which silly 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. I shall do it, *Sir*, immediately. Here, where art thou (as they call thee) *Conscience*? Come forth and let *Tim* (according to *Philautus'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 bud, 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 *Antient 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 come 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 shouldst examine thy self from *top* to *toe*. *Viz.* That every thing thou hast, or ever hadst, is all upon some immediate or foregoing *compact*: Neither is there any natural way of distinguishing between *meum* and *tuum*, but only by such means as I have laid down.

Tim. Truly, *Philantus*, 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 Manour*, 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 all *shorn manes* and *cropt ears*. You have

have been several times, *Philantus*, *angry*, since we began to discourse; it is time, I think, for me to be so now.

Phi. With whom?

Tim. E'en 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, I'll suppose an *Island* where there's not so much as one *dogg*: And then I'll determine, that *jus* shall signify nothing in the world but a *dogg*; and then I will conclude against all *man-kind*, that if *Roger* comes thither, he shall not have a bit of right: *i. e.* he will find never a *dogg*. If you suppose, *Philantus*, suppose one thing with another, *viz.* that which is possible: As for your *state of nature*

13 (though



(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 satisfy 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* t'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, *Philantus*, than to make *men* out of *bladders*. Now here's no *Law* in the case, for the

I 4 *Purcha-*



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's 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 *witneses* are dead, and his *writings* lost, and he might e'en pick his seat wherever 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 *witneses*, 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?

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 trisles got from the *Schools*, shall prate and swagger, as if they were 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



good of *mankind*, he should spightfully 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 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

general fashion? I shall not do so, indeed *Tim*: supple and soften as long as you will. And therefore to ruine 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.

Tim. What has *Nature* given to *Dicks*; 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



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. He have the *Rogues* 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 *flasks*, eat nothing that has an *Englissh* name, and wipe his mouth only with *Indian Almanachs*. But how shall poor *Roger* make shift to live? He must e'en try to earn his penny with lighting home *Northfolk 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 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,

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 *anchovie-sauce*! This 'tis to have joyned *Logick* with *Mathematicks*! For take one for cunning, and t'other for soundness, and betwixt them both, they'l make up such a *title*, as would have puzzled old *Prin* himself to have found out a pattern of it. But what becomes of *Tumbler* and *Tomfer* 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. I am quite tired with calling
thee



thee fool, though I perceive the occasion increases 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?

Pbi. 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?

Pbi. No; thou perverse trifler; 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, gagged or cop'd; but having a free *power*, *faculty* or
May

May to open it, and order it as he think fit; therefore he *May* stretch it out as wide as he please, and 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 *Countrymen*. And when he has done this; if he be not tired, and his hands do not much shake, he *May* also cut his own.

Pbi. 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 *injustitia*



justitia be not deriv'd of *jus*.

Tim. I perceive we are 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 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 *dog*: 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

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 declar'd that blindness is any inconvenience; nor that such as should occasion it in others, ought to be punish'd.

Phi. Thou thinkest now that thou talkest wisely: and 'tis as like a *Woodcock* as can be. For if *Roger's* stomach require it, or he thinks that it does, *Roger* may certainly doe it.

Tim. Yes, yes: He may doe it several wayes, either with a *Steelette*, 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

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we may take occasion to talk a little more of this by and by, wee'l go on, and see if these people may not be guilty of doing or requiring that which is *unreasonable*.

Phi. 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 therein a man may be guilty of doing of that which is *unreasonable*.

Phi. 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 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

no Humane Law; 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 cleaverly off, but to devise some cunning distinction between breaking a *Law of Reason*, and doing that which is *unreasonable*.

Phi. 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 *thuum*.

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 they should *fight* for the *Island*. Shall we give them

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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 *sift*, and a great *gripe*, yet *Tomser* may be in better breath, and have longer nails.

Phi. 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*.

Phi. 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*

equity to be content with less.

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

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 *Tomser* 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, same right to the whole, and one of them having a



right to the fourth part, and no more.

Phi. Pish! *Tim.*, thou talkest (as thou usest to do) very weakly. For when I said that every one of them had a *right* to all: I meant 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. A *Dog* or a *Cat* or any thing else. For still *Dick's Dog* will be every whit as good as *Roger's*, and *Tomser'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

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; 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

K 4 very



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 stradling upon their hundred acres: which might have stretch'd their *thighs*, and would have spoyled 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 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.

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.

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

Tim. So I remember you say (*Cap. I. 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*?

Phil. 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 dayes* (which I hope will never come) I'll alter my opinion, upon such childish and insignificant persuasions 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*,
rights

right or *wrong*, *good* or *evil*, but what the *Magistrate* does *sign* and *determine*?

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 Dog*. 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 Prin-
ted



ted 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 Supreme has committed the interpretation of his Laws.

Tim. When you jumble all those words together, *Philantus*, viz. just, unjust, &c. I phansie that you still lie upon the old cheat. And because by Bargain, Indenture or Patent, I hold such a Farme, such a Coalemine, or such and such Privileges; 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 toole: as
thou

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 Messuages 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. 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 shows 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.



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?

Tim. I'll tell you what shall direct him——

Phi. Hold: do you know what you are going to say? *Rex in regno suo*—— *Stat pro ratione voluntas. Supremus sive 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

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 send it to the *Pope* or *Emperour*, or I know not whither, to have it touched and tried, to know whether 'twill pass.

Tim. He need not send 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 controversy (which are the proper object of such authority;) but which will acquaint him and all mankind besides (excepting *Philantus*) that there be several things most firmly and undoubtedly good in themselves, and will continue 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



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 *irresistible pleasure*? And therefore, say I 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, *Philantus*, the *Magistrate* has no reason at all to be angry, or to think himself checked & affronted; if there be some such things that decree themselves to be *good* and *bad*, long before *Terme* 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 hereby he'll be very much assisted towards well *governing*,

cerning, 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

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

Pbi. 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 wouldest 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*, *Philantus*? is it a thing altogether indifferent, till the *Magistrate* has given his opinion in the case?

Pbi. 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,

ence, than thou dost imagine. For the *windows* are not as yet glazed, not 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. But is it not very bad husbandry to make an hundred steps for that, which might have been done as well with forty?

Pbi. 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 itself, but because (now, *Tim*, keep thy eye fixed) I say again, but because 'tis inpolitick, 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

L 2 *reason*,



ver 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 *unnatural* 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 wouldst there have found no less than twenty *good* and *bad* things, all fetched from *reason*; such as *faihfulness*, *mercy*, *humility*, *temperance*, *reproach*, *ingratitude*, &c. which

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 hindrance 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

L 4 it



it be what it will, with a little artifice of phrase may be so twisted, as it shall certainly be all driven upon your common shoar 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 *vertues* and hang them upon several strings, or tye them to the end of some sticks, 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 *humane 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;

please; but I am resolv'd 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. 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 acknowledgement of what you said before; and shews plainly that *Hypocrisie* in the very *state of Nature* is an *unreasonable* thing.

Phi.



Phi. You may fool your self, *Tim*, and gape for as many *acknowledgements* 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 second Article of your fifth Chapter. But, if you had not forgot, what you had said upon the 18. Art. of your 3. Chap. you would have granted that some natural Laws do more than merely *buz* 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

servation 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 that the *Laws of nature are silent in the state of nature*.

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



ally 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 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,

Phi. Thou needest not speak any more, *Tim*, for I do say thus much unto thee, that unless thou dyest 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 *overmind* 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 *quickness* of *sight*. *Interest*, *Philantus*, is a word innocent enough, but only when it crosses *equity* and *reason*: which, according to you, it never can doe, being the *first dictate* of *right reason*. And therefore if *righteousness* or *mercy*, or any other good thing happen to be against this my *first dictate* of
rights



right reason; I must desire them to withdraw for a time: for at present they are very *troublesome* and *non-sence* 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 shun'd 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.

Tim. By your leave, *Philantus*, 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 lie back from all things that hurt them, *even as a stone comes downward*: Yet it is to be supposed that what *men* desire or avoid, they do it not *as a stone comes downward*, but with *consideration* and *reason*: and thereupon ought to submit to *poverty* and other *inconveniencies*, rather than to reproach *Humane 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 *lasse Lubber* that spends his time in the *Chimney-corner* and *Ale*, should snatch it away, and not cry for't first.

Phi.

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 *Lawfull* cordial, so that it be but his opinion that he wants at present, or may afterward want. For seeing that right reason tells him that *life* is to be preserved: it tells him also (as you well advise *Ch. 1. Art. 8.*) that *he must use the meanes 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 preserver*,
 " There's a company of people
 " who, when I was out of the way,
 " have gon 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 alwayes
 " very

" very careful, and intended every man a sufficient share. And
 " therefore if they'l 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*, oft-
 " time calls for a glass of *Wine*, and
 " (with shame to these *dividers* be
 " it spoken) it comes not, for want
 " of *money*. I find also that my
 " head is much given to aking, for
 " want of a lighter *Peruke*; 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 stock-
 " ings presently *plough up my Legs*:
 " and if I have not a *Watch* and a
 " few *Guineas* about me, I present-
 " ly *yawn* and am as *chill* as if I
 M " had

“ had an *Ague*. And therefore, I
 “ say, I must make use of my *parts*,
 “ and some of *Reason's dictates* to
 “ preserve me from *sorrows* and the
 “ *Grave*.

Phi. Thou hast now, *Tim*, talk-
 ed together, more than becomes
 thee by *fourty years*. To all which I
 say, that I do give thee and all
 mankind besides leave, to shew me
 any thing better for *Peace* and *Go-*
vernment 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 of which they
 are not, though it be never so false
 and ridiculous.

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

Tim. Truly, I believe not ma-
 ny 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

Offices: you will there find that there
 was a sort of small *philosophers* that
 were of your *opinion*.

Phil. What, perhaps they talked
 somewhere in their writings of *self-*
interest: but that was not the *found-*
ation and *first principle* of their
Philosophy.

Tim. If *summum bonum* be Latin
 for *foundation* or *first principle*
 (which in *moralis*, I suppose it is)
 and that *suis commodis metiri* signi-
 fic to measure by *self-interest*; then
 I tell you there were a sort of unrea-
 sonable people whose *Philosophy* stood
 upon your very *Principle*. Concern-
 ing whom the *Oratour* justly sayes,
 that if they lived a life exactly an-
 swerable to their own opinions,
 and were not sometimes overcome by
 good nature, they must be perpetual
knaves.

Phi. I don't understand what you
 and your *Oratour* meane; but this
 I'll swear, that if there be any
knavery in my principles, I know
 not what will become of your *Bible*.

M 2

FOR



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. I. ch. 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. He tell you, *Philantus*, 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, *Philantus*, 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 stayed thus long: for thou hast been so *perverse*, that I am afraid I have done thee but little *good*. And so farewell.

F I N I S.

A
LETTER

TO HIS

Old dear Friend

R. L.

From T. B.



L O N D O N,

Printed by *E. Tyler and R. Holt*, for
Nathaniel Brooke, at the Sign of
the *Angel in Cornhil*, near the
Royal Exchange. 1672.





A LETTER, &c.

S I R,

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 raylings of others, as to give under his

his hand no better Grounds and Arguments for his Reproof.

After him, *Sir*, comes a very smart *hot-spur*, who like a *Whistler* 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 wondred at) this *Gentleman*, *Sir*, with nothing but the poor helps of *Wits Commonwealth*, *Godwyn's Antiquities*, *Clerk's Formula*, *Spencer's Similitudes*, or *Things new and old*, *Theatrum vite humane*, 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

sick brain, a *dream*, *device*, and *cavawimple*. He did but whistle, and call for his small *Greek Diving*, *ωδύσασθαι*, 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 served the *Academick Youngster* that made the chief of his speech of *Muses*, *Nesegays*, and his own *tennity*. He durst not absolutely say that his name was *Nicholas Nemo*; but, which is very near unto't, he things 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, & coruscantem vestrorum oculorum fulgurationem mecum reputo, professus Academici, instar Niobes, pallidus & tremebundus obstupefco:*



stupescio : Et cum oratio mea nullis verborum stellis ornata, nullis phrasium sideribus illuminata, nullis eloquentiae luminibus distincta, denique cum ambrosia & nectaris succo penitus est vacua, ad stillicidia vestri favoris & benevolentiae, & ad Achilleam vestri patrocinii 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 ; both which he has so horribly discouraged, by pressing the great duties and conveniences 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 begging ; and that it will be a very hard matter ever to perswade either Clergy-men or others to undergo again the trouble and scandal of being wise or rich. It cannot but be expected that hereupon Lands must necessarily

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 perhaps six pence a bushel, heaped as long as they'l 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 withall. In one place of his Preface, he drives me up so very close, concerning my writing my Book, either to inform 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 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'l bring



bring in at a venture, I know not how much, though it be nothing at all to the purpose. If you remember, *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 poverty, to choak me, he gives me that golden scrap of *Pythagoras*, (as he calls it.)

δίδωμι δ' ἀνάγκης ἕρποντα παύει. Hoping, poor Gentleman! that δίδωμι had signified virtue, and ἀνάγκη poverty; and he might e'en as well have quoted that scrap of *Camden*, 'Αἰσθητικὴ δύναμις οὐκ ἐστὶν ἐν τῷ πνεύματι. For δίδωμι there signifies power, and ἀνάγκη necessity or fate: which is plain by their being so rendered, and by the foregoing Verse, in which *Pythagoras* advises a man not to quarrel or part with a friend for a small fault, but to forgive him, ὡς ἐξ ἀνάγκης, as far as he was able; δίδωμι δ' ἀνάγκης ἕρποντα παύει. For he that forgives another to the utmost

almost of his power, will very near & 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 inconveniences, which are difficultly to be avoided: such as dishonour, false friends, sickness, or the like. But as for ἀνάγκη signifying poverty, I phansie it will be a very hard matter to find it, not only in *Pythagoras*, but any where else, except it bein 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 myself. And so he does another piece of Greek, in what he says concerning *Schools*; viz. πᾶσα μετὰ πολλὴν φύσιν ἐσθραπέτην by which he intended doubly to kill me: First, because 'twas Greek, and then because



because he tells me, *plodding Aristotle*, said it; and that it was as well said as if *Cartes* himself had said it: and think he, that same *ἀσθενὴς* is a *thundering word*, and will make the *Rogue* eat his very flesh for madnes. And I'll translate it thus; *πᾶσα μεταβολὴ φερεῖ ἀσθενήν*, *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 *ἀσθενήν* does not signifie a *calf* with five legs, a *colt* with three heads, or any such frightful and monstrous thing;

thing; but very mildly, as one can desire. For *Aristotle*, in the fourth of his *Physicks*, *de iis quæ in tempore fiunt*; finding fault with those that thought that time it self did alter, and corrupt things, put in these words, *ἢ ὡς κίνησις ἐξίσται τῷ ἰσώδοντι*, *i. e.* that 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: *πᾶσα μεταβολὴ φερεῖ ἀσθενήν*; that is, if an old barn or an old tree tumble down; it is not meer time that rots them, or tumbles them down; but it is *ἀσθενήν* 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

N being

being a *fundamental principle* of his *Philosophy*, that *all alteration is caused by motion*.

And so let this much at present serve for the *second Answerer*: after whom 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 for me, and all the *curses* in the *Bible*; he bundles up all this together, and in as dreadful *black* as ever was branded upon *wool-pack*, he writes *Hexagonisticon*, 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*, *Antiscipturist*, *Antichrist*, *Antiprovidentialist*, *Atheist*, to whom, *Sir*, I have said very little, but only told him that he was *mad*, and that I was not singular,

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. *Say you so! What are you thereabouts?* Nay, even off with your *Maskado*, and profess your self a right down *Atheist*, or *Antiprovidentialist*; 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 *Answers* more that possibly 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 *Letter*, as to desire those (if there be any such) who are still offended at what I said 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 Sowers*; 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

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 apprehension*; I have 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 Sanderfon* 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 favouring of an unsanctified 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)*

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 sober, serious, grave deportment. Those Preachers therefore by a little vanity in this kind, take the readiest way to bring both 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
LETTER
To B. O.

The Publisher of M^r HERBERTS
Country Parson.

From T. B.



L O N D O N,

Printed by *E. Tyler and R. Holt*, for *Nathaniel
Brooke*, at the sign of the *Angel in Corn-
hill*, near the *Royal Exchange*. 1672.



A
LETTER

To B. O.

The Publisher of M. HERRING'S

County Parson

From T. B.



LONDON,

Printed by R. Taylor and R. Smith for M. Herring,
at the sign of the Dragon in
the Strand near the Royal Exchange 1722.

[187]



A LETTER, &c.

Honour'd Sir,

I Received your fifth *Paragraph*
(as you call it) long since;
wherein you tell me, that I am
the *Authour* of a *scandalous Book*:
and if I had the very next day
sent you word back again, that I
am not the *Authour* of any such
Book; I had given you just as full
an answer, as you have given
reasons that I am so. For that
great service, *Sir*, that you have
done the *Church*, and are able still
to do it, I have a very great re-
spect for you: but I do much
wonder, that you would not a lit-
tle defer calling any *Book scandalous*,
till you had thought of some bet-
ter



ter ways to make it appear so: or have told me what you meant by *scandalous*. For you know, *Sir*, the word has been taken in so many senses that there has been a time when *Almond butter* has been counted *rebellion*, *minced Pye* *Idolatri*, and if a little *Wine* were put thereunto, it was as ill as *worshipping the host*: and to eat *Custards* with *spoons* was abominably *scandalous*, but to be engag'd in *Sack-poffett* 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 staring 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,

way, that at a venture they wish 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 up*, that if *I had known the man that preached upon Weep not*, &c. *I ought to have cryed: That my Book has given offence to diverse eminent, grave and Learned men; and is loathsome to all good men. That Henry the Eight 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*

chi 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 intended some better reasons, if you had not forgot them. But I pray, *sir*, how come you to think that I was puffed up? I profess, *sir*, I don't find my constitution to be a whit more *scandalous* than formerly: My pulse beats neither faster nor loftier: the same girdle still takes me in. I neither sleep deeper, 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 cryed 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

ver affronted or offended me; but because I knew of no better instance to represent the vanity of such kind of idle *shreddings*; 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 resolved to think, that I am a *Devil* I know not how big. However, my Conscience tells me what was my design; and I bless God Almighty that he put it into my mind, and that I was enabled to finish it.

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



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 sixpence 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 thing (as you think I am, *Sir*,) it is not I'll assure you with any jest, story or gloss, that you there find; but to hear of some that are thoroughly 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, useless *fineries*.

I suppose, *Sir*, I am to look upon my self concerned in all your fifth *Paragraph*: But when you tell me

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
 O you



[194]

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.

A
LETTER
TO THE
AUTHOR
OF THE
Vindication of the
CLERGY:
From T. B.

—*Silvestrem tenni.*

L O N D O N,

Printed by *E. Tyler and R. Holt*, for
Nathaniel Brooke, at the Sign of
the *Angel in Cornhil*, near the
Royal Exchange. 1672.





A LETTER, &c.

SIR,

Although for your own convenience and service, you have appointed me to be *young Shimci, Fanatical ship-jack, 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 goe and call you *Giles of Tilbury, Philip of Southampton, Gabriel of Doncaster, or the like;* your name perhaps all this while

O 3 may



may be *Zoroaster*, *Zerubbabell*, *Boreas* or *Boanerges*. But let it be what it will, and live where you can, on this 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 miscarry: 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

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 chasing *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 *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 need 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

O 4 have



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*: and if you had reflected but a little more, I am confident you might have easily persuaded your self to have burnt your *Copy*. For in all your *Vindication*, if any man, that does but understand sence 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

ply 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 *Heroick 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 piece 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 pennies*, 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 understanding that is in man does indeed early discover it self, yet memory is the great storehouse of understanding:*
and



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 *Vindicationer*, 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 or Phancy,*

much

much less understanding and judgment 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? You tell me that a *childs brain is like soft wax*: and I tell you, that if you had put to your *soft wax, plaister of Paris, Puff'd past, 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 *Assiria*, the *Priests* of *Aegypt*, and of every one of the *Philosophers* of *Greece*; I am so very busie and surly 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



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-goe 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 ἐξαρτητόν, '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 *Caspian seas*; or for *Cleopatra* that, which divided the *red Sea* from *Egypt*; nay, 'tis not only ἐξαρτητόν, but τὸ ναυόρατον: 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

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 vengeably 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 defie all reason, that might be given: not knowing but that there might be one in *Banko*. 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 all challenged them every one. For
I'll



I'll warrant you besides *Burgersdicius*, *Heereboord*, *Craccanthorp*, and *Keckerman* 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 *men*, nor *Logicks*. Indeed I must will again, that you had thought of it a little better: for this same *Europe*, *Sir*, that you so daringly challenge, is a very large place, and will hold many *Bushels* of *Logick*. For as I find in a

*Quær. in-
terod. in Geog.*

learned *Authour*; *Europe* reaches *Eastward* as far as the *Aegean Sea*, *Helle-spont*, *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 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

of by *W. S.* but whether he overlooked 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 Picture*, 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



dying day) that a *Break-fast* may 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 oppositis*. 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 after, 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 spiteful, 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 saies

saies 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 store of such as were *poor and ignorant* mixed with 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 *Schollars, and some poor Gentry* amongst the rich, there would be no *harmony of things*; but 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 summe, and spend his penny*. Now

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I



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 registred and allowed of as an unanswerable objection against me ; and wholly of your own invention. I'll take care it shall be fill'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.* so much right, as to confess, 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,

it, to distinguish himself from such who preach altogether in *English* at *Conventicles*. Admirable well contrived ! for if they were distinguished by nothing else, but by observing the *Canons* and the *A&C* 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, though the people do not understand a tittle of it, 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 *divōvōvōvō* in a chapter of *St. Paul* read in *English*. Is it not great pity, that you were not matched to that

P 2 same



same *seeming 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 fence? but for all that, I shall take up my self according to the *Philosophers Rule*, *πᾶσι μακρῶς ἐὼς φησὶ ἐκαστῶν*: 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

quainted 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 than 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, *Pag. 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 of its being unlikely, than that: for though by chance I take the Jest



rant 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 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 outside of *Books*, viz. *et dicitur*, *Hobbs his Creed*, *the Gentleman's calling*, *Ignoramus*, and such like; for they lying very obvious to every ordinary phanſie, 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 handſomly managed, by rea-

son

son that they are a great promoter of health in general, and an easie amulet against some distempers 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 *Witts Common-wealth* says in the first part, pag. 215. concerning *Musick*, viz. *it is the bodies best 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



couched a *catarrh* of seven years standing: and of another who quibbled a *Wen* of the forehead, as big as a *Goofes* 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 *jest*s. 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 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 *sympatbetick powder*,) and being carried up into his *Bed-chamber*, he let go a *phantse* of a good moderate size, (but whether it was *quibble* or *joque*, my *Authour* does not say,) upon which the *stone* presently turned; and

adding

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 beppissed his breeches, after a long stoppage of *Urine*, meerly by one *jest* of the *Dollers*; when all his *drugs* 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) *S. John* went a *Partridge* catching when he writ his *mysterious Revelations*; and what is more like a *Partridge* than a *quibble* in *Feathers*?

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



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 *serap* (as you call it) of the *Poet*

— *Quid enim tentare nocbit ?*

And then your saying immediately after, that you did it on purpose, because *you knew it would trouble me wilely*; and I'll assure you it was well ghesed; for I hate such a *serap* 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* 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 for good
and

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 codshead*: 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 Thesopolis 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 in a *Printed Sermon*



Sermon, which was preached thirty eight years ago; it is no *flam*, nor *whisker*: it is the 43. Page upon the right hand. Yours go thus: viz. *Papist and Puritan like Sampson's Foxes, though looking and running two several wayes, yet are ever joined together in the tail: my Authour has it thus; viz. the Separatists and the Romanists (there's for your Puritans and Papists) consequently to their other-wise 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 wayes.* I phanied a good while those two Stories you tell, pag. 41. how that *Socrates (though his Mother was a Midwife) could not make his Scollars 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*

Clerk's formulæ (out of which I used to steal my *Themes*) upon that close and elegant discourse, *E quovis ligno non fit Mercurius*; there I found them both in the very beginning 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 *Authour*, 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 accompt.) But I must seriously tell you that as to the *beards being made of certain sive Asses manes*, I have very little hopes of putting that off; (and I am somewhat afraid that the *shoulder of Autson or Triangle*, will lie upon my hand;) but you may



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 an *Hypothese*, which I had like to have forgot; the truth of it is, it was a very pretty thought, and I am confident will alwaies be so accepted.

Now, I must confesse 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 guess, 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 *Nicholds Nemo*, with *Pun's quibbles* and *small jests*; a thousand times said before, and with all the feattiness that three *Languages* can afford

afford towards a *poor phansie*, I would advise you to take that course which you think I do, and write *farces*, *sar-dalles*, *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 *bull*, an *horse-shoe* or a *mares nest*: I would make friends and get to be *Secretary* to some learned *Committee*, (*Boccaline* perhaps may sell you his place, for two hundred *Guineas*; for he hath got stock enough to set up 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 thing 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

Q care,

care, I beseech you, of *necking* your judgment; but above all things be very wary of calling that *Euclid* that does not conclude 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. 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* phausie!

phanfie! 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 this confident swaggerer, 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 grow already, and sunk 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 random, is a cause of contempt; boldly said for a skip-jack indeed! but I pray Mr. Apothecary answer me this then,

then. Is not Magistracy as well as Ministry an Ordinance of God? How comes it then about that a Thatcher, suppose he be but Mayor of a Town, although he can neither write nor read, shall be as much wondred at, and admired, be called as often Worshipful, be stood 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 on, I don't pity you at all, and if I thought it would vex you as much (as quid tentare noceret?) I would make you hang your self. I could carry you in to 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 Conjurers; and yet it is granted by all that the Diuel 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 teyt's; and in the mean time, neglect all solid Learning, and Godwin's Antiquities. But say when you have enough, and are sufficiently ashamed; for I have a whole cloak-bag full of pure Mathematical stuff still. What think you of your present Popish Priests, that can scarce tell how to read the Service, and yet with a little of Joseph's Humm, and the Virgin Marys 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 Schollars? I pray answer

answer me to that, Mr. Castle-keeper. But why should I goe about to pour forth such Historical rarities into an empty hogs-head? for although be should want parts to perceive the violence, and breaking in of a demonstration, yet his Mistres 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 be more learned; whereas it is plain that the unlearned Weavers and Taylours in the late times, could swing the people more after them, than we can do now with all our Learning. Populus aliquando vult decipi; et 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 re-



nounce 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 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 deifyed 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, *wher they had*

had put money to't, was but a Golden Calf. Because Cræsus and Midas 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 foreman 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 Clergyman 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 but 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 have him presently sent home, and never be suffered to conclude again. Now, Sir, doe you think that I will spend any time in exposing such nonsense as this, which is so very plain and palpable that all



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 *Clergy-man* 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

not so much as one 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*: frow whence it follows as fast as hops, that some body else must doe it (for no man can be himself, and some body else with all the little *things* about him *Secundum idem, ad idem, &c.*) It remains therefore to be examined, who this some body is. And it will be found to be either the *King* himself, or some *Nobleman*, 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*



full of all allegiance and have so little dread of Majesty, as to dishonour the broad Seal, and beg its favour, in that wherein he knows himself unworthy? Ite, procul ite profani. Nothing certainly is comparable to it, but stealing the 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 beg the handsomest, or love an Horic most, or play at

Bowls

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! 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 Patrons? and was there never a Gentlewoman in all the Nation to inveigle, but you must put the House 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



Broth either not half boyl'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 House, 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 a kin but to thy little toe? 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

tle too triumphantly done, to defy me to pick out ten Clergy-men 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 maintain'd 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 the best of all can desire no more than to live. But after this general proof of their



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 prefer'd 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 goe: I won't repent; that's forty. 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*

low four more for Civil Law, and as many for Physick, and then I'll give you six to commence that intend no calling at all (which is more by half than I need to do) and then out of pure love, I'll fling 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 goe; 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 phansie and jest is lost if you should chance to be mistaken. I shall begleave,

R Sir,

Sir, to press 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 therefore you must not look upon your self as the *Author* of that *suspicion*: only he did not make to good a *quibble* as you did. But to go on, *Sir*, I pray why are you so very mistrustful? what? have you bespoken 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

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 *νεβς εαυτον* 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 you may have or make. I am confident there is no true gentile *English* spirit, but would have scorn'd to have done as you did. And then after you had abused one in *Greek*, calling me *τις μεγας*, and *νεβς εαυτον*, 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. B.*, that they are as far from

R 2 flattery



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 ghesse that I am of some *Reformado Congregation*, by my stile and canting expressions, and way of talking: which (say you) is the proper and characteristic note of a *separatist*. Thou art a most excellent characteristic ghesser indeed. I'd have the *Catholick Church* employ you to ghesse what the *Turk* does really intend in his heart, and how much hurt he can possibly do to the *Christi-
stian*

stian 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 *saddled-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 *Characteristic* notes of a *separatist*. I beseech you, dear Sir, don't ghesse any more, you had better work all out of your own phanfie, when you intend to abuse



one: and say that which 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 halt 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 *Basards* are at Nurse. Can't you live where you list, and let me do so too? I shall not enquire

quire 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, 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 ghefs 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

R 4 besprinkle



besprinkle her with *cumming* 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.) Puffe, 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; 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, pur'd, and said: *Sir*, I must always acknowledge the great favours that I have received from this place: for whereas for many years I liv'd only upon course Mice and Ratts; now I have my belly full of Triangles, and Pyramids, Globes

and

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 Pease, and once a week fresh Salt-Peter: But whether they'll come or not upon this invitation, I cannot yet tell.

The next piece 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



(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 fourth part. Lastly, there is a fifth *Cubit*, called *Geometrical*, which containeth six common *Cubits*. Now when you say *Above a Cubit*; if you chance to mean this same last sort of *Cubits*, and withall 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 sate 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

is of your own invention: for how is it likely that every man should set down according to his *own mind*, because another might have a mind to set 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 $\tau\acute{\iota} \tau\acute{o} \kappa\alpha\pi\acute{\omicron}\tau\epsilon\tau\omicron\nu$, that I do not intend to believe one tittle of it, till at least 7 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: they make no more of a Pentagon or Pyramid, than a Porter would*

do



do of a farthing Custard. And if there be not some stop put to them, they'l 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 Boccaline, can shew them the way; his teeth are ready set for such a design, and to fall on, if they'l but follow him: he has made havock of all Religion already, and abused and discouraged all witty and saving preaching. I suppose next he'l 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 Boccaline 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

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 cross! 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 eggifie 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 order'd 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

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 cars are so very large, that the one reaches down to *mid-legs* 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 accompt 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 soft *corns* upon the left foot, they never fail of one about the bigness of an ordinary Pillion, which they lay under their head in stead of a bolster. They have a great kindness for *Tripes* and *Cow-beels*: but that which they chiefly worship is a *Calf's gin*, stuffed full of six penny *nayls*. If any thing offends their stomach, they take two or three pounds of lead or iron, and wrapping it up in a *hedge-hogs skins*, swal-
low

low 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 to 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 custome of *pickling* most of their *children* at three years of Age: and after a great frost, they eat them, with *gunpowder* and *mustard*; about three months ago, one of them was *burnt* for maintaining that an *Eele* was a living creature. The greatest part of them hold with the *Balo surgians*, that the *Sun* is only an *Oxe'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 hairy 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 *Theopolis'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*.

Callisthenes King of Sicyon, having a Daughter marriageable, commanded that it should be proclaimed at the Games of Olympus, that he that would be counted Callisthenes's Son in Law, should within sixty days repair to Sicyon. When many Woers had met together, Hippoclidus 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, Callisthenes 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 flams, 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 any bodies else but your own ; unless you would give one five or ten pieces to imitate and labour out so much *Nonsense*.



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 *flam*; that's a most deadly *whisker*; here's right down *coyning*, and *forgery*; there's *hammering* and *filig* in abundance: but rather put on your *night-cap*, and be very much afraid: bind up your head very close, and fall to *doubling*, *suspecting*, *mis-trusting* 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 St. John Baptist's head, be at all the Parishes in the Nation, at the same time ? and hear all the Sermons that*

that were ever preached ? If T. B. happens to be at St. Antholins upon a Sunday, must the bells be stopt, and be 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 and 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 *w^ee*, 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 *w^ee*, signifying *Lords*. Well; take that man to your self; much good may he do you: but now *Logick!* now *Wheel-barrow!* 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*

S 2 in



ing 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 his whole life he did so much as name the word *we* 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, He 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 scramble for them so fast that I have not
half

half enough: there be no less than three several men that do offer to take off that concerning Faith; Hope and Charity of 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 *Sun-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 fourscore 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*, *reviving*, *intrenching*, &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, me thinks, *ex pede Herculem*, would do much
S 3 better



better for me than for you, if you had not got it away first. *Parson 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 *Easier* last; and *the triangular heart of man*, say you, *is as old as Paul*: 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 great *rappers* are wholly upon your own side. I do acknowledge that I added—*silvestreni tenui* to quicken a little *hic labor hoc opus*, and *per varior 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

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 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*)



face) 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 home again with

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 firework in the powder-room; it blows up all into confusion and brings in Sedition and Schisme, as thick as Hogs go to *Rumford*.

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 hast farewell.

T. B.

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



A
LETTER

To T. D.

The AUTHOR of

Hieroglyphicon,

OR

Corah's Doom.

From T. B.

The Second Edition.

μηδὲ ἐν ἑσπέρῃ φλογεῖν τρεμέσσαι
φωρέτην.

LONDON,
Printed by E. Tyler and R. Holt, for
Nath. Brooke, at the Sign of the Angel
in Cornhill, near the Royal Exchange, 1672.





A LETTER, &c.

Devonshire. Jan. 20. 1671.

S I R,

UNderstanding that you are very much concern'd for my wellfare (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

and thanks you for sending me to the *Devil*. *Bette* had sent you a cake, but she, poor child! was *corrupta* with an ague about the last *equinox*, wherewith she is so *valde 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 Wamford* was *vulpeculated* of her brood *Goose*.——*latet anguis in herbâ*. The *Turkie Cock* grows very melancholy.——*Sed forsiter occupa portum*. Mr. *Davis* does not at all question, but he shall get a Decree in *Chancery*.

You may possibly hereupon think,
Sir,

Sir, that I have read your *Book*: but if you doe, 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 cutts; *Mandringo's* *Pismires* rebuffed, and retro-con-founded, *Is qui nil dubitat*, or a *flie-slap* against the maggot of *Heresie*, *efflorescentia flosculorum*, 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



to have gone on *E.F.G.H.I.K.&c.* but I pray, *Sir*, was not *Hexagonisticon* enough for your *Hellogabuluship* & was not that sufficiently confoundative, debellative, and depopulative? but you must put in—or *Corah's Doom*. If you had had such a mind to an *Or*—it should have been thus. *Beroza Almacanberah*: or a mouse-trap to catch *Moles*. *Dæmonico*—*Diabolico*—*Satanico*—*Trescãmiano*: or a certain amulet against the *Devil* and *fleas*. *Phlogerosticon*—*polu terastaton*—*Boroaston*: or *Oliver's Porter* got out of *Bedlam* with his breeches full of *Bibles*, raging against the *wbore* of *Babylon*.

I tell you once again that I have not as yet read your *Book*, neither doe 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,

violently, that you prove them twenty or thirty pages together. I have nothing theretore 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 than 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 shave 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 threecore ounces of *blood*, at several times, according as it shall be found that you come to yourself. 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 *mild men*. Till your distemper abates, avoid all strong meats, *Tobacco*, hot spices, and especially *Coffee*, for
T the



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 plotts, spiritual Maskarados, Popery and Atheisme*. 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
LETTER
TO
I O.

From T. B.

The Second Edition.

L O N D O N,

Printed by E. Tyler and R. Holt, for
Nathaniel Brooke, at the Sign of
the *Angel* in *Cornhil*, near the
Royal Exchange. 1672.





A LETTER, &c.

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 perceiv'd 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

T 3 them



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 shewes 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 *Fanatick* (which I could never give my mind to as yet, and I suppose never shall) and thought that my designe was to ballance the
impru-

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 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 chooling 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 distraction, 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 Debater*,
 T 4 and



and *Ecclesiastical Policy*. Whom you think fit, I perceive, in your *Epistle*, to let pass for a couple of pretty, phantifull and *witty men*: but I am afraid, *sir*, you have to your shame, so far felt the very great weight of their *judgements*, as well as the briskness of their *phansties*, that you'll scarce ever be thoroughly reconciled again, either to *wit* or *understanding*.

And truly, no body need much to wonder why you should fear that *Religion* it self would be *contemn'd* and *sighted* 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 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

same men, that had *justly* made you so.

Neither again is it at all strange, that you should esteeme those same *Witty mens* *indeavours* to be in vain; because one may ghes at the full reach and extent of your *judgement* 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 ever any *Book* was, that *W. B.* or any body else *Printed*. And because you think that *W. B's* *writings* are very found 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



understand *sence*) 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 is under 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 many such things which would be very harsh and nauseous to any person of understanding, and make him very loth to rely

rely upon such a judgement-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 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



God doth often cross hands in the matter of our salvation. Friends, stay but a little until the day of Judgment, and then you will see what crossing of hand 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; 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;

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 somewhat more than ordinary haste, or else I would a little further endeavour to make you think it more convenient to read Books better before you commend them, or at least not to challenge the
World



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 commanding 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 oftentimes 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 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 believing *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 Judgements) you must take



take up your Cudgel and Gloves, and
troop out and meet the *Lord*.

Now, *Sir*, as I told you just now,
I am in haste; but I must stay to
tell you that as I always looked up-
on *W. B.* to be very *sickly* and *crazy*,
so I think you are *stark mad*, for
being an occasion that any *such Ser-
mons* 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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